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Pangnamdim. Tuesday, September 20th 1938

Min 66° Max 70°. B (6 a.m.) 26.45, B (6 p.m.) 26.47.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 p.m. 51" 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 reversed in direction, blowing downstream for 15 minutes, force 2; after which it rained 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. today, 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 [[Vol 2, p002](#)] 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 reserved. Then 5" of rain between 6 a.m. and noon seems to me to be nothing 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 'Kharka' but KHARK Bahadur, and his jat is SUNUWA. Then there were 2 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 Nihal Chaud gave him about a fortnight ago, I am trying him on the Quinine cure only to see what happens. Today he has had 20 grams 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, tonight, as there was no aerial. The last of my cheroots [[Vol 2, p003](#)] 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 (6 a.m.) 26.55, B (6 p.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. today. 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 midday 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 stratus clouds and a few small patches of nimbus by 1 p.m., wind SW 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 river level, and since then (up to 8.30 p.m.) conditions have remained the same.

Not much news today. 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. [Vol 2, p004] 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 and saltpetre; dried them off with wood ash; strung them to the frames; and put on fresh A&S almost before Tony was up, as he didn't breakfast until 8.30 today. 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 tomorrow, I shall give him Atebrin injections after all, and conclude that a simple course of 20 gram 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, [Vol 2, p005] and think it will. We can't possibly get another spell of rain like the last at this time of year.

Today 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 today 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 today. [Vol 2, p006] Breakfast of the remains of last night's pulao. Dinner of Maggi consommé, marrow and potato curry, with kangra and onion salad, fried bamboo shoots, and dhal.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, September 22nd 1938

Min 65.5° Max 80°. B (6 a.m.) 26.61, B (6 p.m.) 26.44.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 0.8" rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 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 S 1. 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. From then on conditions remained unchanged, with wind S 1. 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 today, and there was no return of fever, so that I think the Quinine treatment is working all right. I had a lot 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 any [Vol 2, p007] away; 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 Tanugok (whose wife arrived on foot from Putao on the 19th and had a girl baby on the 20th – mother and child both doing well!) came along to say that the local blacksmith was working today, 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" diameter) cylinders with a small pipe at the bottom leading to the embers. The pistons were like those in Tibetan tea [???], and were most ingeniously made to fit close by means of a circle of feathers as a piston ring. He worked one 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 Tisang Valley [[Vol 2, p008](#)] 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 warp, 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 hemp 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 halfway 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 [[Vol 2, p009](#)] a blade about 6" long, costs As 2/-; and a small dah with a blade some 15" long, round about As 12/- – so they're 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 Jemima out again today, 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. Blister flies very bad today.

Pangnamdim. Friday, September 23rd 1938

Min 68° Max 83°. B (6 a.m.) 26.61, B (6 p.m.) 26.60.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. rain nil. Between 6 a.m. and 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. [[Vol 2, p010](#)] 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. and 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.

A youth was weaving 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 – made from what seems to be the bark of some kind of palm (actually tree fern). The red was dyed with dye bought 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"x9", 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 [Vol 2, p011] 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. À propos 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 and things.

A great tragedy this morning, when Tony woke up and found that he had overlaid Helen, just as I did Jane 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!

After 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 and 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 [Vol 2, p012] heavily off down the valley and landed in a field some 300 yards away. We galloped 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 over 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 I 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, by the breech, and with a finger on the trigger. He somehow managed to push forward the safety catch, and the gun went off with the barrel at 6" from my leg! Luckily it was lying 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 [[Vol 2, p013](#)] enough; and both the Daru 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 Daru 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.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, September 24th 1938

Min 66° Max 74°. B (6 a.m.) 26.64, B (6 p.m.) 26.63.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 0.2" rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 0.2" rain fell, making a total for this month of 70.4". Light rain began to fall at 4.30 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 tonight (9.30 p.m.) a [Vol 2, p014] heavy drizzle is falling; wind nil. At 6 a.m. the river was 1 foot lower than last night; but between then and 2 p.m. it rose 2½ feet, and finished by falling 6" to 6 p.m.

Not much news today. 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 could 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 today, 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 of 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 on skinning most of the day, and then developed a film. In view of the [Vol 2, p015] 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 (6 a.m.) 26.69, B (6 p.m.) 26.65.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 0.2" rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.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 stratocumulus clouds and 1/10 with very fine stratus clouds. Wind W 1 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 stratocumulus cloud. Wind W 2. Conditions remained unchanged until 5 p.m. when stratus cloud began to come over. By 5.30 p.m. the sky was 8/10 covered with stratus 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 [Vol 2, p016] the following: 1. Millet: 2. Dry Rice: 3. Maize: 4 Yams: 5 Marrows: 6 Pumpkins (both these two being small): 7. [???] (a Kanung 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) Gadawng Nai: 21. Sweet Potatoes: 22. Karela: 23. Pingwang si: 24. Chillies. Then from the jungle they eat 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 Darus 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 mithun (a bull), 15-20 rupees, a couple of ceremonial dahs, a spear, cloth, and rice. Then, when [[Vol 2, p017](#)] the marriage draws near, a cow mithun 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 mithun 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 Tanugok (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 in the same light as the Lohit Valley. We only administer up to Makhung dam, which is 6 marches from here. For the first 4 marches up the Taron (as far as [???]), the people are Darus. Then follow Tsewangs, whom I take to be a branch [Vol 2, p018] of Darus; and finally (until you reach the Tibetans) the Tarongs, who give their name to the river, which is misspelt Taron. These sound very like Mishenis 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 p.m., 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 [Vol 2, p019] 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 hack 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 animal's 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 Tanugok); and a tragedy in the shape of the duck. I had [[Vol 2, p020](#)] ordered it roast as a savoury, but Lewa thought he knew better. He mashed 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 (6 a.m.) 26.69, B (6 p.m.) 26.70.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. no rain fell. Between 6 a.m. and 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 stratocumulus 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 SW 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.

[[Vol 2, p021](#)] 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 Dr Malcolm Smith. In the morning the Tanugok 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 Ha. 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 Dinodon flavozonatum, unfortunately a female like the first, but very well worth having. 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 whether they were or not, and after some discussion I gave him a consolation prize of As 1/- and [[Vol 2, p022](#)] told him to go and put them somewhere where they would hatch out, promising to pay for the young at the regular Draco or Comma 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, or we will miss it altogether and have to wait till we get back at the beginning of November. Breakfast of rice and 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.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, September 27th 1938

Min 66.5° Max 87°. B (6 a.m.) 26.74, B (6 p.m.) 26.71.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. there was no rain. Between 6 a.m. and 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 SW wind arose, force 1, and by 8.30 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear. By 10 a.m. [Vol 2, p023] 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 SW 1.

Not much news today except that I soldered the snake tin again (as we opened a hole or two in it when putting it into the crate) and wrote to Leyden and Mrs L; besides sewing up snakes and packing insects. However, the mail came this evening, with the two cheeses we had ordered from Barnett's. We have begun on the 11 pound Dutch one, and it's a perfect boon. Nihal Chaud 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 hearing, and he will probably be back with us by the time we return to Pangnamdim. John'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.

Thilikawng Thi R.H. (Mungdung). Wednesday, September 28th

1938

B (9.30 a.m. P) 2670.74°, B (6.30 a.m.) 26.55. T 70°.

No rain last night or 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 [Vol 2, p024] mist in the valley. Wind nil. At 6.30 a.m. a SW 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 SW 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, Durrant 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 ass 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 learnt 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 [Vol 2, p025] mule-track, except that the bridges

would take nothing but foot traffic. Taking the march as starting from our house, we forded a moderate stream at 600 yards, close to the Rest House, and a second at $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, the path so far running beside fields and cleared ground to a large extent. At $\frac{3}{4}$ 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 $2\frac{3}{4}$ 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 $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles, then descending perhaps 800 feet to $3\frac{3}{4}$ 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 [[Vol 2, p026](#)] do the route again when we go down the Ninai 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 shell hole, 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 macaque (very young, and called Töndrup by the servants on account of the strong family likeness to N.T.!) and two young phalangers, silver grey like Jemima and 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 ½ 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 [Vol 2, p027] it all for making rice beer and arak – chiefly the latter. The headman met me ½ 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 and Daru. 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. T 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 W 2. 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 W 3. 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 W 3) 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 W 2.

A march of 8 miles over a moderate mule-track. [[Vol 2, p028](#)] From ford the path descends gradually 100' to ford a moderate stream (5^x wide) at ½ m; and thence continues to descend very slowly and irregularly, mainly through a secondary growth of long grass, reeds and bushes. At 2 miles a moderate stream is forded (6^x wide) and the path enters thick jungle. At 2½ miles it crosses 5^x 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 150^x it continues at this level, and this stretch 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 Dablen [???] 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 Dablen [???] Wang is deep and 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 and 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 6¼ miles 8 yards of good gallery are crossed over a rock face, and at 7¼ miles [[Vol 2, p029](#)] a moderate stream is forded (6^x wide) flowing in a steep gully. At 8 miles the Rest House is reached, 250^x short of the village of Renam (9 houses, mixed Khanung and Daru), and 50^x short of a large stream. It is about 100' above the river.

As far as the march was concerned, the weather was glorious, and, compared 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 today 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 [Vol 2, p030] which could 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 and 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 Tanugok'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 localised, and only occurred in a stretch of water about 200^x 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 Mungdung 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 frankly that they are afraid when it comes to the point. The Tanugok 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 [Vol 2, p031] 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 scabbard) and today 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 should like confirmation of this. 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 Daru and Khanung, both lots intermarrying with each other occasionally. They are a cheery lot and very friendly, full of smiles. Today they [[Vol 2, p032](#)] 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 Hosea and companion in the box. Hosea, I may say, is a female!

It was a much cooler march today, 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 grateful 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 Wang on tomorrow's march is unfit for transport, but that the chaps are hard at work repairing it. Everyone seems very pleased to see us, if only because we are [Vol 2, p033] 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 stratus cloud with some nimbus: wind SW 2. Conditions remained unchanged until 3 p.m. (except that there was slight drizzle between 9 a.m. and 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, 10^x long – the stream flowing in a steep gully. After 250^x 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 west of the village. At ½ m however, the path runs immediately below some large fields of maize, rice and millet, which continue for some 400^x. At ¾ m there is a steady descent of 100' in 200^x to the right bank of the Taron, after which the path runs fairly close to the water, climbing slightly up and 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 $\frac{1}{4}$ m. At $2\frac{1}{4}$ m it begins to descend gradually and irregularly, occasionally making short climbs of 50-100'. At 3 m a stretch of good [Vol 2, p034] gallery, 5 yards long, is crossed over a rock face, and at $4\frac{1}{2}$ m the descent steepens considerably. At $4\frac{3}{4}$ m the path crosses a moderate stream by light log bridge, 8^x long, not more than 20' above river level, and after crossing this stream it climbs easily 150' to $5\frac{1}{4}$ m, coming out of the jungle into cleared ground covered with long grass and small bushes. At $5\frac{1}{2}$ m it enters jungle again, and begins to descend steadily, reaching the bank of the Taron at the confluence with the Tatsi Wang at $5\frac{3}{4}$ 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 and 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 50^x long, with a tread 2 bamboos in width, and it is capable of taking only 1 man at a time. From the bridge, 20^x of bad path climbs steeply up to join the mule-track. This continues to climb steadily to $6\frac{1}{4}$ m when it reaches the crest of a very narrow ridge; and then irregularly and more easily along this ridge to $6\frac{3}{4}$ 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, Daru). At $7\frac{1}{2}$ m a moderate stream is crossed by bamboo bridge, 20^x long, and 30^x further on is the Rest House Wangtsitap in a small clearing in the jungle. [Vol 2, p035] The hut consists of 1 small room, a bathroom and a verandah. There is a kitchen, and accommodation 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 wider 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 trousers, boots and 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 doleful 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 vigil and pushed on to the bungalow. One of the men at the bridge had a fish spear and long bamboo with a bamboo safety [[Vol 2, p036](#)] rope fastened to the butt end. The head had four iron prongs, like this [[see sketch 1](#)], unbarbed, and the fish were generally, but not always, caught at night over a torch.

A rumour came to us at the bungalow that 2 sahibs had arrived from China at Yungtang the day before yesterday, with 15 or 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.

More 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

its 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 and Jane are getting on better too, and though Jane teases her a bit, it generally ends by them both falling asleep in a [???]. 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 today by stepping backwards so that a freshly cut [Vol 2, p037] 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 tomorrow'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 Lewa (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.

Patsarlamdam R.H. Saturday, October 1st 1938

B (W. 6.30 a.m.) 26.45. T 64°, B. (P. 6.30 p.m.) 26.38. T 68°

At 5 a.m. the sky was 3/10 covered with light stratus clouds. Wind SW 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 $\frac{1}{4}$ m begins to descend steadily 200', reaching the river bank at $\frac{1}{2}$ m. For the next $\frac{1}{2}$ m it continues very level on the whole, due to [Vol 2, p038] the river, and running slightly up and down. At $\frac{3}{4}$ m a path branches off to the left, up the side of the valley, leading to Saidam (a Daru village of 3 huts) about $\frac{1}{4}$ 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, 5^x, and climbs easily some 350', passing a small field at $1\frac{1}{4}$ m, and reaching the top of the climb at $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. There is then a moderately steep descent of 100', after which the path runs slightly up and down at about 250' above the river. At $2\frac{1}{2}$ m it begins to descend steadily, and crosses the Maliau Wang, a moderate torrent 20^x wide and 2-3 feet deep, by light bamboo bridge at rather less than 3 m. [The Maliau Wang is about 20' above river level and the crossing is 40^x from the right bank of the Taron. After heavy rain the stream would be impassable. Four hundred yards below the confluence with the Maliau Wang, the Taron is spanned by a cane rope bridge, used only by hunters and men collecting cane.] From the Maliau Wang the path climbs steadily up to 350' above the river, reaching the top of the climb at $3\frac{3}{4}$ m. At 4 m it starts to descend; reaches the river bank at $4\frac{1}{2}$ m; and arrives at the Rest House [???] [???] [Vol 2, p039] (Hkusanlam?) at rather less than $4\frac{3}{4}$ 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 and water.

A very short march which we finished by about 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 and 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 Töndrup (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 cake of mud.

Bees were very bad here today, and were a damn nuisance. Tony was stung once, and N.T. on the tongue. Onion brought down the swelling. [Vol 2, p040] cake of mud. Töndrup runs about a good deal now, and generally makes tracks from the kitchen for our quarters where it roams about gibbering, and climbs onto one or other of us to go to sleep. Today, 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. À propos work, it is all rather difficult on the march, even with weather like this, as there is no time for anything. Tony and I arrive pretty early as a rule with K.B., closely followed by N.T. and 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 midday. However, we're getting a few things, and they will all help to swell the [Vol 2, p041] 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 height, and quite sheer, on this side at least, for three or four hundred feet. The Darus 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 hardy enough to go near them – or practically no one. A Daru 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 Darus, 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 and dhal.

[[Vol 2, p042](#)]

Yungtan. 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 midday 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 Patsarlamdam 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 (6^x 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 gully with precipitous sides, at 5 m. It turns down this bank for some 350^x (by which time it has descended a total of 1500 feet), crosses to the left bank by light log bridge, 6^x 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 ford a small stream at 6 m. From the stream it climbs [[Vol 2, p043](#)] 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 $\frac{3}{4}$ m, after which it drops into a narrow valley and enters jungle again, descending steadily 500' by $7\frac{3}{4}$ m and fording a small stream. It then climbs as steadily 500' up, reaching the top and coming out of the jungle at $8\frac{1}{4}$ 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 gullies, but otherwise little or none, although the opposite side of the valley is still thickly wooded with but one or two small clearings.] From $8\frac{1}{4}$ to $8\frac{1}{2}$ m the path is very level. It then begins to descend fairly steeply a distance of 1300 feet to the Daru village of Yungtang (9 houses) 300' above the river at $9\frac{1}{4}$ m, close to which is a small R.H., with a kitchen and accommodation for about 40 coolies. No supplies can be relied on, but it is probably that maize, marrows, pumpkins, a few eggs and perhaps a fowl may be bought.

A grand march in every way. For one thing I have got about sick of creeping along within a few hundred feet of the river, and today's switchback path has brightened me up enormously. It's shaken my liver up too I think, and that's all to the good. I climbed the [[Vol 2, p044](#)] 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 Rongto, although there, of course, the forest is pine. It's superb to be able to get 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 'Yungtang's'. Since it appears however that from now on for a few days at any rate every village claims to be a 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 and 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 brought a salaami of 2 hens and 10 [Vol 2, p045] fresh eggs, and was such a cheerful old soul, with his 3 wives (unfortunately either he is important, or they are barren that I donated a hunting knife and 3 small mirrors, for his womenkind, as well as the usual Rs 2/-. As regards the mysterious 'sahibs', they did not come lower than Makumgang, 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 Makumgang, 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 Makumgang when we get there tomorrow. Jane and 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 Piata caught a

new snake on the march, which [[Vol 2, p046](#)] I think is a coronella, though I'm not at all sure. And a panda skin was brought in today, which I hope will delight old Pocock's heart. No leeches on the march, but sand flies 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.

Makumgang RH. Monday, October 3rd 1938

B (Y 9 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. and 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 on 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 higher 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 on the 4th day. At 3¼ m a second [[Vol 2, p047](#)] moderate stream is crossed by light bamboo bridge, 5x long, and at about 4¼ m the Daru village of Hkushen (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 Daru village of Makumgang (4 huts) can be seen at a distance of about 600^x upstream, on a ridge 150' above the left bank of the river. From this point there is a steady descent of 300' to Makumgang RH at 5¼ m, close to the right bank of the Taron, and some 30' above the water. A small RH, but in first class repair, built largely of planks and with a thatched roof. A short distance below the RH is a cane rope bridge across the Taron, connecting with the path to Makumgang village; and immediately opposite is the confluence of the Taron with the Makumgang Wang, a fairly large stream flowing down a steep valley from the south. From Makumgang 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 various fields; and only a hunter's track up to Makumgang Wangdong, further than a settlement of 5 huts at ¼ m, there being no pass at the head of the valley. Makumgang is at the end [margin note: *see note in 4.10.38*] [[Vol 2, p048](#)] 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 limestone 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 (though 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 Darus 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 lintel 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 and figures outside,

though I examined every inch of the rock face for some minutes. I have decided to wait here tomorrow 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". Thus at Renam, between 3 p.m. [[Vol 2, p049](#)] and 7 a.m. the difference was 0.21", though that is not a very good illustration, as we had rain that night. At Patsalamdam between 6.30 p.m. and 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 Wangtsitap), 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 [[Vol 2, p050](#)] 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 nigromarginatus ♀) 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 and 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 [[Vol 2, p051](#)] 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 and 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 tomorrow's rest will do it a power of good. In the last three days and 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 and solid, and it will be fun to wait here a day before trekking 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 [[Vol 2, p052](#)] 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!

Makumgang RH. Tuesday, October 4th 1938

Min 58° Max 86°. B (6 a.m.) 26.08, B (6 p.m.) 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 today. 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 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 and 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 and 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 [[Vol 2, p053](#)] that's how it's spelt. Makumgang 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 Makumgang 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, Makumgang 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 today 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 salaami 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 Isewang, (No! A Tarung!), (or Dzewang) today, 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 and jacket, and over the jacket a fairly patterned kind of waistcoat [[Vol 2, p054](#)] 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 Darus today, entirely for types. Tony has a very trying habit of invariably taking exactly the same things as I do from exactly the same positions. I wish he wouldn't, though, I suppose, for no good reason. The hourly variation was as follows:

6 a.m. 26.08 (+0.36) T 58°

7 a.m. 26.10 (+0.38) T 58°

8 a.m. 26.09 (+0.37) T 58° The sun reached the bottom of the valley at 8.15

a.m.

9 a.m. 26.05 (+0.33) T 63.5°

10 a.m. 26.98 (+0.26) T 69.5°

11 a.m. 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°

[\[Vol 2, p055\]](#)

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

Tsingardamtap Camp. Wednesday, October 5th 1938

B (M 6.30 a.m.) 26.04. T 59°, B (T 3 p.m.) 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 stratus cloud began to come over on a SE 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 Makumgang 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 ¼ m the path enters jungle, emerging from the forest into cleared land at ½ m, still close to the river bank. There are bamboo brakes and light forest some 80^x above, and at this point the Taron makes [[Vol 2, p056](#)] a sharp bend to the north. At rather more than ¾ m a moderate stream (15^x 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 200^x 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 60^x, and then enters thick jungle. At rather more than 1½ m it begins to climb steeply 250', reaching the top 200^x later; the Taron here running through a narrow gorge of which the east side is very steep for 800'. After about 40^x 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 $2\frac{3}{4}$ 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 Makumgang, [[Vol 2, p057](#)] and vice versa. It rejoins the footpath close to Makumgang.] At $2\frac{3}{4}$ m a moderate stream (5^x wide) is crossed by two bamboos, and the path then descends about 30' gradually to the river, reaching the bank in 200^x, and continuing to the river, reaching the bank in 200^x, and continuing along this over sand and among stretches of boulders for about $\frac{1}{4}$ m. [At low water a path continues along the bank to rejoin the wet weather path at $3\frac{3}{4}$ m.] At rather less than $3\frac{1}{4}$ m a bad stretch of path leads steeply up 200' in 100^x to a large field (no village), reaching the top at $3\frac{1}{4}$ m. The path then improves to quite good, descending through jungle gradually and irregularly to the river bank which it reaches at $3\frac{3}{4}$ m. [$\frac{1}{4}$ m below this point is a cane rope bridge over the river, used only by hunters and when cutting sago palms. About $\frac{1}{4}$ 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 30^x wide only, with a steep gradient.] For $\frac{1}{4}$ 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 $4\frac{1}{2}$ m there is a small yam field along the path, followed soon after by a field [[Vol 2, p058](#)] of rice and millet. At $4\frac{3}{4}$ m a moderate stream called the Dadung Wang (10^x wide 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 Dadung.] 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 Dadung (a Tsewang village of 1 large house, making a total of 2 in all with that beyond the Dadung Wang). There follows a short, moderately steep descent of about 40', 50' 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 and water good, but no supplies can be relied on from Dadung, 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 Makumgang at the end of September. From Dadung up, and including that village, the Taron Valley is administered by the Chinese.

I thoroughly enjoyed today's march, more especially as it was the first time we have [[Vol 2, p059](#)] 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 and 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 and 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 one 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 otherwise beautiful women I have seen, if they are built on too large a scale they come 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 [Vol 2, p060] little magenta trumpet flowers, the one blazing patch of colour in a stretch 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 Makumgang. They seem to have had bamboo bashas 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 comfortable. The people here are Tsewangs, and now that I have seen a good many of them, it is clear that they are very like Darus 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 men and 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 having 2 or 3 heavy embossed rings of some silvery metal (mined and cast in the upper Taron Valley) strung on as well. The headman of Dadung brought a salaami of 10 eggs, and the one drawback to the camp was a plague of bees which [Vol 2, p061] 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 Makumgang, 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. and 6 a.m. was since 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 Makumgang. 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.

Dadung Camp. Thursday, October 6th 1938

B (T 7 a.m.) 25.66. T 66°, B (D 5.30 p.m.) 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 SW 1. By 5.30 a.m. this had been replaced by light stratus cloud. At 11 a.m. the wind increased to SW 2. At 3 p.m. [Vol 2, p062] heavy nimbus clouds began to come over, and at 3.30 p.m. light rain began to fall, continuing until 6 p.m. By 3.45 p.m. until about 6 p.m. the sky was entirely covered with heavy nimbus cloud; but after 6 p.m. 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 p.m. 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 SW 2.

From Tsingardam a moderate path runs through cleared ground for 200' to cross a stream (5' wide) by a bridge 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 Tsingardam, and from there a good path descends fairly steadily for 1300' to the 2¼ m point, passing opposite the Tsewang village of Manghku (4 houses, about ½ m to the left of the path) at ¾ m from the top. At 2¼ m a small stream (4' wide and 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 Dadung (1 house. The name is precisely the same as [Vol 2, p063] that of the village above Tsingardam, but the two are otherwise unconnected) at 2¾ m, some 5' below the path; and from there an undulating path continues for about 300' to the camping ground Dadung at rather less than 3 miles, some 30' 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 Dadung.

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 Dadung it also is almost wholly open.

A sweaty climb up from Tsingardamtap 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 onto the grass about halfway down, and I went back for her then and collected her; but just short of Dadung she jumped out again (my shirt being very wet by then) and ran off into the long grass and bushes which covered the side of the valley. I whistled and 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 [Vol 2, p064] where I had lost her and whistled and called for a long time, but in vain. 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 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 and 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 10 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 [Vol 2, p065] 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 ends. I must try and 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 fussy devil; and in that connection it was amusing when Lewa and K.B. were giving me a fresh shirt and 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 smelt 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 today 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 [Vol 2, p066] variation as found at Makungang this afternoon, and it must most certainly have been an exceptional day, with the barometer falling very rapidly until about 11 a.m., and then behaving 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 a.m. to 8 p.m., continuing it on to 6 a.m. and 10 p.m. I used that to work out 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 small a variation. I must try and 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 fair visiting the camp.

There was a good deal of buckwheat growing in fields along the path today. 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 today's march the river has flowed in a very deep gorge, [[Vol 2, p067](#)] 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.

Mayadam Camp. Friday, October 7th 1938

B (D 6.30 a.m.) 24.74. T 62°, B (M 2 p.m.) 25.06. T 78°

At 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with light stratus cloud, and the river gorge, for 1200 feet below the camp, was filled with mist. Wind SW 1. By 8.30 a.m. the mist had risen and vanished, and the sky was 3/10 clear; wind SW 2. Between 9.30 a.m. and 10.30 a.m. the sky was entirely covered with cirrostratus cloud, which cleared to some extent after 10.30 a.m., so that it was 4/10 clear by 11 a.m. 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 SW 1. The night is cloudless; wind SW 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 descends fairly steadily through jungle for some 800', reaching the bottom of the descent at rather more than $\frac{3}{4}$ 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 [[Vol 2, p068](#)] runs up a notched log 12'; continues very level for some 200' 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 100' to the 1½ m point, after which it descends moderately steeply 700' through long grass and 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 Madamjagon (a Tanung 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 400' 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 Tanung village Mapalangchang (2 houses). [From here [???) (Tarun, 3 houses) is about 1 m distant on the north side [[Vol 2, p069](#)] 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 300', 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 Mayadam, some 350' above the river and 30' beyond a small stream. [At 5 m the path forks thus [see [sketch 2](#)]. It is the right-hand fork which leads back some 20' to

Mayadam. The other runs to the village of Mawnmareng (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 Mayadam 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 (1 hut, bearing 40° from Mayadam). Mawndamtap is the camping ground for travellers moving down the valley just as Mayadam is that for those moving up. From Mawndam a path continues up the Taron Valley above the left bank. Some 300' above the camp it forks, the upper branch climbing steeply up the side of the valley to the camping ground Ssepi (Sapi?), and crossing one pass into the Salween Valley on the second day. This pass is [[Vol 2, p070](#)] open throughout the year, though after a heavy fall of snow it is sometimes difficult for a short time.

Not very much news today (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 Makumgang, that we renounced this stretch (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 and down the whole time to avoid cliffs or 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 today, 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 or five feet, and was none the worse. It's infinitely more fun spending [[Vol 2, p071](#)] 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 or three days I've been able to feast my eyes on miles and miles of steep ridges rising one above the other, in varying shades of green, to bare light-hewn rocky summits, with very occasionally a glimpse of the green and 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, or Scotland, or 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 the road scattering paper bags and 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 Khanungs, and Darus alike call it Tarung also – Wang, Hku or Hka as the case may be. These Tarungs look very like Lihsaws, though their language is very different. There is a great variety of dress, some wearing blue cotton Chinese jackets and [[Vol 2, p072](#)] trousers, and others going about like Tsewangs or Darus; but a common peculiarity is a homespun garment like an abbreviated chuba, reaching only to halfway 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 and 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 down 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 bamboos; the floor of bamboos laid close to each other and 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 Tasung who acts as Tanugok for the Chinese; but then it was decided to make it a camp, so he has moved to another about 1 mile away. [Vol 2, p073] The headman of Mapalangchang, 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 Tanugok 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 one 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 mimira 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 Renthok 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 8/- and told him to do his best anyway; and we will wait here tomorrow 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 [[Vol 2, p074](#)] 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 Lakhata, from which place we climb out of this valley into that of the Adung, 4 days' march. The Tanugok, 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 trader I have already mentioned brings cattle, hens, cotton cloth, salt, buttons and pins from China, and barter them for mimira, lily bulbs, skins (especially of bear and 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 pig's 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 (a 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.

Mayadam Camp. Saturday, October 8th 1938

B (6 a.m.) 25.19. B (6 p.m.) [no figure]. Min 59°, Max 83°

At 5 a.m. the sky was entirely covered with light stratus clouds. [Vol 2, p075], wind nil. At 6 a.m. a SW wind arose, force 2, and by 6.30 a.m. the mist was rising rapidly from the river. By 7 a.m. it had vanished entirely and by 8 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear. By 9 a.m. it was cloudless, wind SW 2; and after that conditions remained unchanged. The night is cloudless. Wind SW 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 tomorrow. The old Tanugok 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 other, all but 8 say that they are [Vol 2, p076] 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 Tanugok another Rs 2/- for good work at which he was overjoyed, saying that if we come again to Mayadam, 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ hour) which I hope will be better than the last. It is odd though that the maximum is just before 8 a.m., with the minimum at 3.30 p.m. and the second maximum at about 9.30 p.m. One would expect the first maximum to be about an hour later. Furthermore, it is .09" higher than the second maximum, and the greatest variation is .27". I also did insects and a couple of reptiles in the intervals. The coolies spent the day mainly in making new bamboo head-bands [[Vol 2, p077](#)] 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.

Mawmbalidamptap Camp. Sunday, October 9th 1938

B (Mây 6.30 a.m.) 25.16. T 60.5°, B (Maw 11 a.m.) 25.27. T 77°

At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist; wind nil. By 7.30 a.m. the mist was rising rapidly, and by 8.30 a.m. it had entirely vanished, the sky then being cloudless; wind SW 1. Conditions remained the same until 11 a.m. when the wind increased to SW

2; and after that until 6 p.m. when stratus cloud began to come over. At about 6 p.m. the wind dropped to SW 1. By 9 p.m. the sky was 5/10 covered with stratus cloud. A good path descends nearly 400' in some 200^x from Mayadam to a bamboo rope bridge 20' above river level. [B at bridge, 7 a.m., 25.53, T 59°.] This bridge is 40^x long, made of 3 thin ropes, on which wooden sliders are used as in Tibet. With 28 loads and coolies, and 6 extra persons, the crossing occupied 2¼ hours. From the bridge, a good path climbs easily for some 300^x over cleared ground to pass Mawndam Camp (1 hut, 20^x below the path and 150' above the river), and at rather more than ¼ m from Mayadam. 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 [[Vol 2, p078](#)] valley. Shortly after this, the path descends slowly to river level, passing a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes, 35^x long, at slightly less than 1 m. [From this bridge a path climbs above the right bank of the river to Mawn Mareng, and thence both up and down the valley.] After passing this bridge the path enters a belt of light forest, about 100^x in width, with cleared land above, and continues on 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, comprised largely of bamboos. It continues on this close to the river bank for 1 m more to a small clearing with a bamboo hut, called Mawmbalidamptap, 20^x from the left bank of the Taron and 15' above the October water level. Some 250^x 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 Mawmbali (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 Mawmbalidamtap.

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 core, and so three (and sometimes [Vol 2, p079] 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 Töndrup was lugged over by a coolie, and Tony and Lewa 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 freshly done up for us by the headman of Marengdam (the man whom I took to be a Tsweang at Makumgang!), and he brought a noble salaami 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 pica; 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 [Vol 2, p080] bed and been silently snapped up at that crucial moment by a yellow dog which had been seen hovering on 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 Mayadam, having done well by us all the way up. I gave him Rs 10/- and a good chit, together with Quinine, Epsom salts and iodine for the road. He was going to Makumgang in one day, and would reach Pangnamdim in 3. Today 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 [[Vol 2, p081](#)] 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 Morstead. I have a vague idea that the Duke of Orleans crossed from the Adung over into the Taron and then into the Salween, but I'm not sure about it.

Sherawthuk Camp. Monday, October 10th 1938

B (M 7 a.m.) 25.38. T 61°, B (S 2.30 p.m.) 25.08. T 67°

At 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with a 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 a.m. and continued until

11 a.m.; and between 1 p.m. and 2.30 p.m. there was also light drizzle. The night sky is completely covered with light nimbus; wind apparently nil.

From Mawmbalidamtap a good path leads through light forest (largely comprised of bamboos) and climbs slightly up and down close to the left bank of the Taron. At about 200^x a moderate stream (8^x wide x swift) is crossed by two bamboos, there being a short bamboo rope bridge some 5^x below this for use in the wet season. At about 250^x a bamboo rope bridge crosses the Taron, from which a path leads to Marengdam (2 houses). At rather more than 1¼ m there is a bad stretch of path some 250^x in length, first along a steep rock face, and then over large rocks on the [[Vol 2, p082](#)] river bank, 10'-20' above the water. The path then enters light forest again. At a little more than 1½ 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 Maren (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 25^x wide between sheer rock walls some 40' from the top to the October '38 water level. The bridge is 40^x 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 and coolies, and 6 extra persons, the crossing occupied 3 hours 10 minutes – the extra 55 minutes over the time taken at Mayadam 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 river level and runs among boulders on the right bank for about 150^x 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 (10^x wide and 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 10^x, the second 25^x in length – and [Vol 2, p083] 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 notched logs, to the river bank at 4¼ m, opposite the fields of Kwidzung – though the village itself cannot be seen. For 150^x the path runs over boulders close to the water, and for a further 150^x it is bad with many notched logs to surmount. After those 300^x, 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 (driftwood) and water are good.

A dampish 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 Patsarlamdam, and the people here say there are none in this part of the [Vol 2, p084] valley 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 today owing to the headman of Marengdam who gave us detailed instructions as to

how to recognise 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 Mawmbalidamtap he estimated the bridge to be 1½ m off, where it was really about 2, but the path was good, except for one stretch, there. There was one very bad bit today, when the path came down pretty well nothing but notched logs for the best [Vol 2, p085] 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 seize, to avoid falling himself; and by bad luck he hit on a freshly cut bamboo, which gashed him deeply between the thumb and forefinger. He had bound it up with a dirty rag, and though there is not much tetanus here normally I have been anxious tonight 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 Pangnamdim 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 tent 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 [Vol 2, p086] the remaining tent flies over them. For the whole of today 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, Lewa and Nyima Töndrup all came over the bridge today without help!

Prahkawa Camp. Tuesday, October 11th 1938

B (S 7 a.m.) 25.25. T 61°, B (P 11.30 a.m.) 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 p.m., when the drizzle stopped. At about 8.30 a.m. a SW 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 tonight or not.

From Sherawthuk a moderate path leads through forest (comprised mostly of bamboos) and fords a fair sized stream (8^x wide and swift) at 20^x. At rather less than ¼ m the path begins to climb steadily, reaching a point 400' above the river at a little more than ½ m. From there to the ¾ m point the climb [Vol 2, p087] is less regular and more gentle. At rather more than ¾ m the path emerges from forest into cleared

land with a few trees at intervals (as in an orchard) and from there the climb becomes steep, up a broad ridge with a strip of forest 200^x to the south of the path. At a little less than 1¼ 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 1½ 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 1800' 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 100^x, 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 2¼ m. With 28 coolies and 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. [The Prahka Wang is some 30^x 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 20^x [Vol 2, p088] from the left bank of the Prahka Wang, is the good camping ground Prahkawa. 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 Prahkathuk there is a bad path up the valley of the Prahka 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. Above and including Prahkathuk, the right bank of the

Taron is administered by Tibet, only the left bank paying taxes to China. See 13.10.38 to 15.10.38, and see 22.10.38.

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, where I make it out to be only 2¼! From the top of the climb there was a simply grand view both up and 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 Taron 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 Rongtő. 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, [Vol 2, p089] 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 Pangnamdimites. 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 Mayadam) 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 today, 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 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 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 put matters 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 [[Vol 2, p090](#)] 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 not many blister flies. I saw one or two pines yesterday, and today there were numbers of them like an advance guard moving down the crests of the ridges. The skyline is all pines. It is a great sight to see them at last, even though the jungle lower down is still much the same.

Shangingumbutap Camp. Wednesday, October 12th 1938

B (P 7 a.m.) 25.10. T 60°, B (S 11 a.m.) 25.01. T 69°

Drizzle or rain continued all night, and at 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with heavy nimbus clouds and light rain was falling. There was no apparent wind. From about 6.30 a.m. 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 covered 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 ¼ m, by which time it is some 80'

above the river. It then begins to descend gradually and irregularly, and at 500^x passes the Prahka Wang-Tawn confluence, turning up the right bank of the Taron. From here to the 1½ m point the path runs through alternate stretches [[Vol 2, p091](#)] 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 gullies.] Just short of 1½ m there is a moderately steep descent of some 40' to a small stream (3^x wide) at 1½ m, crossed by 3 saplings; and the path then climbs fairly steeply for the next 200^x to some 250' above the river. From here it descends easily through cleared land towards the river, passing opposite the Tarung village of Showathang (5 houses on a bluff 100' above the left bank of the Taron) at 1¾ 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 Showathang 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 Tarung village of Pordam (5 houses) is passed, standing on the top of 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 Tarung village Kandi (2 houses), while the main road [[Vol 2, p092](#)] continues close to the river for a further ¼ m to the good camping ground Shangringgumbutap, in a small meadow 30^x from the right bank of the Taron 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 Nyima Töndrup, with advance guard, hesitated to make camp until I had arrived in the scene. But it had to be. For one thing, opposite this is the abode of the Tanugok 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 1933 tent – by stretching 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 Tanugok turned up, resplendent, comparatively speaking, in a dark blue Chinese gown of cotton, with a blue kenja [[Vol 2, p093](#)] 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; 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 lbs 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 brought the stuff, and I was seriously considering providing the coolies with rice out of our own rather meagre stock and trusting to find less of a profiteer somewhere higher up the valley. Then Lewa discovered that the Tanugok and I were rather at cross purposes. He was talking in Chinese rupees and I in Indian, which appears [[Vol 2, p094](#)] to be worth about 2½ of the former. That put an entirely different complexion on the affair; and when the millet arrived in the middle of the afternoon my opinion of the Tanugok 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 Mayadam, 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 and 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 Tanugok's stock slumped again and I finally decided to keep to the right bank after all, starting tomorrow. 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 tomorrow, as our fowl had already been killed by the time the pork arrived. We bought some [[Vol 2, p095](#)] 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'oeuvre tonight (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 and 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, fish several times, sago lower down, and greens occasionally. Rice and 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. À propos 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 how long it will take to the Seinghku confluence, but I imagine about 10 days, as the path won't be very good. [\[Vol 2, p096\]](#) That is already the 31st October, without allowing for any hitches en route; and if we go up to the Diphuk Ha and spend about 4 days there looking for takin (even without crossing into the Di Cha 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 realised 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 a.m.) 24.98. T 61°, B ([???) 2 p.m.) 24.56. T 71°

Heavy drizzle fell throughout the night, and at 5 a.m. it was still falling, the sky being covered with a uniform layer of light nimbus. Wind apparently nil. During the day there appeared to be a S or SW 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 runs very close to the river bank of the Taron. The path is open only during the dry season. From Shangring- [Vol 2, p097] gumbutap a moderate path leads up the right bank of the Taron, varying in height from 10' to 100' above the water. [For 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 Tarung village of Nungia (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 Nungia and thence to [???]; 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 Nungia. 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 (4× 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 along [Vol 2, p098] 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 200×. 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 Maga Wang (a swift river from the NE (or E?) some 20× wide) and the Taron. [Immediately below the confluence, on the left bank of the Taron, is the Tarung village Matsalthuk (1 house). There is a bamboo rope bridge of 3 ropes (A) over the Maga 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 Matsalthuk to the right bank of the Taron. A footpath runs up the right bank of the Maga Wang to the Tarung village Asum (3 houses) about 4 (?) miles up the river, and thence for 2 days up the Maga Wang to the Paru Lakha Pass on the Taron-Salween divide, from which it is a further three days to Sh'olang, 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 [Vol 2, p099] series of notched 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 notched 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 (8' 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 out of sight of the path, is the Tarung village Karzawng (2 houses); and, at the bend of the river, the east side of the valley also is clear of forest for some 300' 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 notched logs and rock ledges; followed by a short gradual descent; and finishing with a very bad descent down almost vertical notched logs for the last 100'. The river bank [[Vol 2, p100](#)] is reached again at 5½ 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 Tanung 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 Sherambum (Tarung, 2 houses) immediately opposite Shenjung, and thence, at some considerable distance

from the Taron, to [??] – 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 Tanugok yet, but as a result of today'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 or five men on the worst stretches. But there were no complaints and they plodded along grimly, doing pretty [Vol 2, p101] well to cover the 6¼ m in a little more than 7½ hours. The Tanugok is coming with us as far as Lakhata (clearly in the hope of more backsheesh) and he was most useful today in giving information. In fact, if he keeps this up, he will get his tips without a doubt. The order of march was I, the Tanuhok, K.B., and 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 [Vol 2, p102] 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 Taron; and even the descent, though comparatively gradual and not difficult for unloaded men, needed a good deal of negotiation before all the boxes and bales were safely down. The worst bit of the lot, though, was between 5 m and 5¼ 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 good at these damned logs. There are sometimes 2 close together, but generally 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 wings came down the valley 50' above the river. They swung back on seeing the coolies and for 3 or 4 minutes circled up and down [Vol 2, p103] 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 J.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 Shenjung 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 [see [sketch 3](#)] 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 Taron is actually administered by Tibet as far down as, and including, Prahkathuk, the Chinese having both banks from there to Dadung (1 day from Makumgang) and the left bank above Prahkathuk – though I don't yet know for [[Vol 2, p104](#)] how far. So, technically speaking, we've been in Tibet for the last 2 days! The Tanugok of [???] 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, mimira (a Kachin word for a certain medicinal root; also called 'Kamtok' in Kachin: and, in Khanung, '[???]' or 'Man') and beeswax. The role 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 handed up and down the ladders. There are a few [???] here at Shenjung, 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 tonight 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 [Vol 2, p105] a temporary man from Kraungmu to carry his load. The sufferer came along today looking, and, I imagine, feeling like death, with a temperature of more than 102° and a pulse of 134! He 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/grammes of Quinine today. 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 good.

Luktsongdap. Friday, October 14th 1938

B (S 6.30 a.m.) 24.64. T 60.5°, B (L noon) 24.50. T 69.5°

Heavy drizzle fell throughout the night and until 4.30 a.m. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist down to some 300' above the river; the sky was covered with a uniform layer of nimbus cloud; and there was no apparent wind. During the day there were frequent short showers, with a SW wind, force 2; and between 11 a.m. and noon there were one or two glimpses of blue sky through the clouds. At 2.30 p.m. steady heavy drizzle began, and this continued until 5.30 p.m., after which the sky remained completely covered with nimbus clouds. Wind SW 2.

Throughout this march the path runs close to the right bank of the Taron. In the first mile the west side of the valley is largely clear of forest, except in the ravines and gullies, but there is a considerable amount of secondary growth in the shape of young trees and bushes. [Vol 2, p106] 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 gullies. From Shenjung a moderate path leads downhill for 100^x to cross a stream 8^x wide and swift) by light log bridge. It then climbs easily up to about 150' above the river (which has a steep gradient on this march), reaching the top at a little more than $\frac{1}{4}$ m; and descends very gradually, arriving on the river bank, some 10' above the water, at rather less than $\frac{3}{4}$ m. The next 250^x are bad, mainly up notched logs and along galleries of 1 or 2 saplings at some 50' above the river. At rather more than $\frac{3}{4}$ m there is a descent of 40' by notched logs to a swift stream (7^x 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 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ m there is a short descent to ford 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 fording 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), [[Vol 2, p107](#)] invisible from the path. At 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ m the path is 200' above the river, and from here it continues very level, neither rising nor falling much. At 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ 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 Pabo.] From 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ m the path climbs up about another 100', passing through the Tarung village Palip (6 houses) at a little more than 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ m, and thence running up and down without either gaining or losing much height. At 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ m the path runs opposite the Tarun village Pabo (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 second house of Chuthi, which is 40^x from the left bank and 30' above the water. [40^x north 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 [[Vol 2, p108](#)] a moderate stretch (including several notched logs) for a further 60' to a large and very swift stream (here only 15^x wide) which is crossed by log bridge some 30^x from the right bank of the Taron. [About 100^x 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 thence 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 200^x above the east end of this bridge is Walika (Tarun, 1 house). At 4¾ m the good camping ground Luktsongdap is reached, on a small level space, 20^x from the right bank of the Taron and 15' above the water. At this camp there is a bamboo rope bridge of 2 ropes across the river, from which a path runs 250^x 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 stretch. The headman of Shenjung is coming with us as far (I think) as Lakhata, and [[Vol 2, p109](#)] the Tanugok 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 Kraungmu and Mayadam, 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 contrast 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 [[Vol 2, p110](#)] that the main routes of advance from the north must have been down the Salween and across into the Ninai. 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 [Vol 2, p111] 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 vigorous orders of the Shenjung headman (who is apparently over-headman 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 and 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 and 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 stretches and is getting a little chillier. I took the

temperature [[Vol 2, p112](#)] of the water here at noon and then it was 56°F. It's 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 one either yesterday or today, 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 (L 7 a.m.) 24.61. T 59°, B (LY 10 a.m.) 24.36. T 64°

At 5 a.m. heavy drizzle was falling; the sky was wholly covered with nimbus clouds; and there was no apparent wind. Drizzle continued until 4 p.m., varying from light to heavy, and after about 7 a.m. there was a SW wind, force 2. At about 5.30 p.m. 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 and gullies where the forest is untouched. From Luktsongdap a good path runs up the right bank of the Taron, [[Vol 2, p113](#)] mainly through a narrow strip of forest which lies close to the river. At 250^x 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 Pawahku Wang (a large stream from the NW), and shortly after this it forks – the left-hand branch continuing up the right bank of the Pawahku Wang for 200^x 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 Pawahku Wang being here 15^x wide, deep and 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 Tungong (Tarung, 3 houses, about 50^x above the path) at 2½ m. At rather more than 2½ m it begins to descend steadily, fording a moderate stream (6^x wide) at 3 m, and reaching the river bank, about 3' above the water, at 3¼ m. Thence it runs up and down through forest at between 20' and 60' above the Taron, and at 3½ m it emerges from the forest [[Vol 2, p114](#)] 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 50^x above the path, and 1 close to the left bank of the river. At 4 m it crosses a small torrent (4^x wide) by log bridge, and 50^x further on reaches a thatched, plank-built Rest House, 80^x from the right bank of the Taron and about 50' above the river. Supplies of millet, maize, crushed maize, and possibly a few fowls and eggs can generally be obtained here: and, in the autumn, pumpkins, beans and chillies. From Lungyen a bad path runs up the west side of the valley, cross the Tala Pass into the Adung Long on the sixth day. No Chinese traders ever use this route, all going up via Lakhata.

A short and very easy march today, so that I was here with the headman of Shenjung by 9.30 a.m. and all the baggage had arrived by about 11 a.m. 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 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 crushed 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 [Vol 2, p115] a dig into our meagre (and expensive) stock of ata 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 wash-out in every other way, and in Tibet he's going to be perfectly useless I'm afraid, and just another mouth to feed.

Maria and 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 visiting 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 sand flies about, and I had to sleep with my head under the sheet. This was the signal for both my pet phalangers [???] 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 outer 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 today, and [Vol 2, p116] 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 Makumgang, 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 these points nobody seems to administer at all, but both Chinese and 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); with about 1 lb of mirmira; or 4 or 5 lbs of beeswax of good quality. No daos 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 today and says he feels all right, [[Vol 2, p117](#)] 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 today after we arrived in plotting a new graph to collect 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 a.m. and 3.30 p.m., instead of the 0.27" we have been having.

Another 8 of the coolies (men from Mayadam) 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 today'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 four days up to the pass, and in those four days we shall still be in the Taron Valley. Tony had a bath tonight. A great event!

Lungyen. Sunday, October 16th 1938

At 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with dense nimbus clouds; light drizzle was falling; the valley was full of mist to [Vol 2, p118] within 300' of the river; and there was no apparent wind. During the day there appeared to be a SW wind, force 2 (although the clouds were so uniform that it was difficult to say) until about 5.30 p.m.; but otherwise conditions remained unchanged.

Little of note today. I paid off the coolies who were going back, and gave the remainder (19 there are now) Rs 2/- 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 Rs 2/- 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 Tanugok 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 Tanugok 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 least I've found out about the Chinese who cross 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 cross over altogether – a much more reasonable figure than the 300 I was given at Pangnamdim.

This wet weather is [Vol 2, p119] an infernal nuisance, as I've practically been able to take no photos at all since the day we arrived at Mayadam – 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 Tarungs will be nil.

There has been no rice since Makumgang, but only millet, buckwheat, pumpkins, maize, chillies, and 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 1 loaf of bread each time, or about 2½ loaves between lunch and tea. Accordingly, I have stopped puris and chapatis, 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 Taron as a beginning, that being the most elementary form of exploring I can think of. I told him exactly what things to write, so as to make it easier for him, [Vol 2, p120] and he did it, indifferently, for about 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 on 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 courier, bear-leading idle young men about Asia. Besides I can't stand his habits, which are those of a monkey. He breaks wind and belches continually; he guzzles his soup; and he doesn't wash. As far as he's concerned I'm nearly at the end of my tether. It's going to be a bit difficult over the cash question as (after we've settled up what he owes the trip) 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 RGS 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 tries and has got the manners of a gentleman; but this fellow Howey is beyond the pale altogether. If the worst comes to the worst and no one else is forthcoming, I'd far rather be on [\[Vol 2, p121\]](#) than have him. He's no help at all and gets on my nerves to the most colossal extent.

Lakhata. Monday, October 17th 1938

B (Lu 7 a.m.) 24.34. T 57°, B (La 10.30 a.m.) 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 a.m. heavy drizzle began once again, and by 7 a.m. a SW wind was blowing, force 1-2. Conditions remained unchanged until about 5.30 p.m. when the wind died away. Heavy drizzle is falling tonight, 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 200^x the path climbs easily about 50', reaching the top at $\frac{1}{4}$ m and then descending gradually to the river bank again, (10' above the water) at rather less than $\frac{1}{2}$ m. At a little less than $\frac{3}{4}$ m a moderate stream is crossed, flowing in 2 branches (20^x apart; 7^x x 4^x wide respectively) by log bridges, about 100^x from the confluence with the Taron. The path turns up the left bank of this stream and after 250^x begins to climb very steadily and moderately steeply up the side of the prominent ridge immediately [Vol 2, p122] north of this stream. [There is no path directly up the Taron which runs in a deep, narrow gorge with very steep sides from about $\frac{1}{2}$ m north of the confluence with this stream to rather less than 1 mile south of Lakhata. Unloaded men have occasionally been through this gorge, but even for them it was very difficult.] The south side of this ridge is very open with a few scattered trees. At 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ m the climb becomes very easy, and the path reaches a narrow cleft in the top of the ridge 300^x later, at a height of 3200' above Lungyen. The crest of the ridge is very narrow, and is less than 1^x. The path (now moderate only) begins to descend moderately steeply through thick forest with much bamboo. At 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ m it reaches bean and millet fields; crosses a large and very swift stream (Razhi Wang, 10^x wide) by log bridge at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ m; and reaches the Tarung village Lakhata (10 houses) at a little more than 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ m.

We put up in a thatched, log-built house, 20' x 30', at the south end of the village, this house being 120^x from [[Vol 2, p123](#)] 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 salt or darning 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 foul day, cold and wet, and I shall have to produce a pair of stockings when we leave here, I think, to keep Maria and Josiah warm. They were both very chilly at the end of today's march, and from now on we'll 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 Mayadam, 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 [[Vol 2, p124](#)] nature, however, and made certain allowances on the grounds of his sickness – though I couldn'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. Today, however, our latrine was exactly the same – foul beyond words – when I repaired thither directly after him; and once again he had made no attempt to leave it decent after him. I should have thought one learnt all these things before going to a prep school.

I went off with the headman of this place this morning, hotly 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 1 hour 40 minutes, 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 [[Vol 2, p125](#)] 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 Taron 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 one, 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 [[Vol 2, p126](#)] 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 or without rice), pumpkins, maize, beans, and chillies since Makumgang 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 Taron or Nam Tamai where I have heard anybody singing. There have been several today, 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 about 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.

Lakhata. 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 SW wind, force 2, and I could see that snow [[Vol 2, p127](#)] had fallen in moderate quantities to about 12500' or a little less. At 10 a.m. the clouds came down again to about 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 stratus clouds. Since then conditions have remained unchanged.

We remained here today 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 hurrying through as we shall be I don't suppose we shall see any. There are goral and serow also up the valley, but the same applies to them.

There was a little trouble over coolies today 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 Dadung and Mawndam were going back. There seemed [[Vol 2, p128](#)] 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 halve 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 get to work. The crisis was averted, however, by one of the Mawndam 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 and 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 [Vol 2, p129] 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 and mist rose today we could see snow down to 12500' or so on the sides of the valley. It will probably be cold on the pass.

Tamagan Camp. Wednesday, October 19th 1938

B (L 7 a.m.) 23.98. T 51°, B (T 10.30 a.m.) 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 SW 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 SW 2. Between 7 p.m. and 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 SW 2.

From our house in Lakhata the path (moderate) runs back towards the Razhi Wang for rather more than 100^x through fields, and then starts to climb [Vol 2, p130] steeply up the side of the valley and into that of the Razhi Wang over open hillside

very lightly covered with trees, mainly pines. [Up to the $1\frac{3}{4}$ m point the north 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 $\frac{1}{4}$ m the climb becomes slightly less steep, and at $\frac{3}{4}$ m the top is reached, about 1650' above Lakhata. 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 $1\frac{1}{4}$ 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 $1\frac{3}{4}$ 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 $2\frac{1}{2}$ m. This camp consists of a small level space (5' x 3') [[Vol 2, p131](#)] 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 20' to the NE and a short distance above the path.

Even for the coolies this was a short march, but apparently can't be any longer as there is no other possible camping ground short of tomorrow'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 and 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 [Vol 2, p132] 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 on to at all apart from the log itself) and had very small notches. Underneath was a tumble of boulders sufficient to break one up if one fell even from that height. Then came a short scramble up a ledge 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 tottery; 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 a forest on a very steep hillside. On the way back we got down to [Vol 2, p133] botany, and collected 16 different kinds of flowers which I pressed this evening; and I 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.

Paladap Camp. Thursday, October 20th 1938

B (T 7 a.m.) 22.35. T 49°, B (P 1.30 p.m.) 19.84. T 51°

At 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with light stratus cloud, wind nil. By 7 a.m. there was a SW 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 SW 2.

From Tamagar a moderate path runs above the left bank of the Razhi Wang, descending [Vol 2, p134] slightly through light forest with many rhododendron trees. At ¼ m it is about 100' above the confluence of the Razhi Wang with a smaller

torrent from the NW, and from here it descends to reach the left bank of the latter stream in rather more than 100'. It climbs up this bank moderately steeply over boulders for some 40'; crosses the stream (here 15' 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 $\frac{3}{4}$ 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 $1\frac{1}{4}$ 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 $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. At $2\frac{1}{4}$ m the path turns away from the Razhi Wang and emerges from forest onto open hillside covered with bushes, there being scattered pines and rhododendron trees a short way above; and 200' 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 $2\frac{1}{2}$ m it leaves the stream bed to the east and continues to [\[Vol 2, p135\]](#) climb through bushes some 4'-5' high. At $2\frac{3}{4}$ m the ascent becomes more gradual, and at rather less than 3 m the path enters light forest again, composed almost entirely of bamboo, rhododendron trees and 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 $3\frac{1}{4}$ m and continuing thereafter close to the stream. The ascent is now gradual, mainly through small rhododendron and other bushes up to 3' in height, with some pines 50'-100' away on each side of the path. At $4\frac{1}{4}$ m the valley floor becomes very flat, and about 100' wide, with the Razhi Wang flowing on the south side. The floor of the valley is carpeted with small

rhododendron bushes up to 2' in height, and there is a fair amount of aconite. Two hundred yards after this the good camping ground Paladap is reached, 15^x 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 blister flies at Tamagar, but [[Vol 2, p136](#)] 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 Taron 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 [[Vol 2, p137](#)] (for there is no wind here today, and even the Razhi Wang makes no noise, the gradient is so slight) with very 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 Taron-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 tomorrow, 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 Taron-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 Long in general, is used not only by the Chinese trading in lily bulbs, but by the Tarungs from this part of the Taron 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 town from China, being exchanged for mirmira or skins. But there is no great amount of traffic over this road. The 30 or 35 Chinese provide the bulk of it every year, for a dao lasts a long time and the population of the Taron is not great. Occasionally, men cross from the Adung (apart from [[Vol 2, p138](#)] the Chinese on their way home) bringing knives for salt, 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 get 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 nuts which fasten on the back of Tony's chair. Lewa was trying to put it on, forgetting that his right hand is still out 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.

Latage Camp. Friday, October 21st 1938

B (P 7 a.m.) 19.87. T 32°, B (L 4.30 p.m.) 19.30. T 44°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless and there was no apparent wind. By 6.30 a.m. there was a SW wind, force 2, and by 9 a.m. the sky was 4/10 covered with moderate stratus cloud. By 11 a.m. the sky was 9/10 [[Vol 2, p139](#)] covered with moderate stratus cloud, and at 2.30 p.m. the wind increased to SW 3, bringing over nimbus cloud. By 3.30 p.m. the sky was wholly covered in nimbus cloud, and heavy drizzle began to fall, lasting until 7 p.m. After 6 p.m. the clouds rapidly became much thinner, and by 7 p.m. the sky was 4/10 clear. By 8 p.m. the sky was 6/10 clear, and the wind had dropped to SW 2. Up till 9 p.m. conditions had not changed.

From Paladap, a moderate path runs up the left bank of the Razhi Wang, climbing very slowly through very light pine woods and low rhododendron bushes some 2' in height. At ¼ m it finds the Razhi Wang (here 20' wide and about 1' deep, flowing slowly), the ford running first to a small island in mid-stream, and, from the west end of that, rather upstream to the right bank. The path then continues fairly close to the stream, through clumps of small bamboo 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 1¼ m the Razhi Wang (here 10^x wide and shallow, flowing gently) is forded to the left bank, and 200^x later (at [Vol 2, p140] 1¼ m) the path enters light forest and begins to climb easily and irregularly 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 about 600^x, varying from 50^x to 100^x 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 (5^x wide, shallow and sluggish) is forded to the right bank; and 300^x later the path (now good) begins to climb steadily and easily up the grassy side of the valley, now very bare and 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 150^x west of the Shera Lakha is a small saddle between two prominent dark rocks, roughly on a level with the Shera Lakha. Over this saddle runs the bad footpath from Lungyen, to join that from Lakhata some 200^x NW 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 NW, over a surface composed largely [Vol 2, p141] of small boulders, into the valley of the Pilmang Wang, a large stream which flows into the Taron some 2 or 3 miles above Lakhata. [There is no path down this valley to the Taron.] At rather more than 3¼ m the path is about 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 4^x wide and shallow) and soon after this the path begins to descend steadily a further 600', entering light forest of pines and rhododendrons at 4¹/₄ m and reaching the flat grassy floor of the Pilmang Wang Valley at 4¹/₂ m. About 100^x later the second source stream of the Pilmang Wang is forded, this being 3^x wide and shallow, falling in a cascade from a low rocky ridge forming the head of the valley, about 1/2 m to the SW. 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 4³/₄ m the moderate camping ground Latage is reached, [[Vol 2, p142](#)] 30^x 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 Taron-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 [[Vol 2, p143](#)] of 50° and over for months now, and we were only in shirt and shorts. From the top we could see tomorrow'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 Zayul 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 11280'), 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 from 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 [[Vol 2, p144](#)] 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 he'll 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 hare droppings all round the camp, but no pygmy hares so far. Tonight Maria drank my Oxo with every sign of delight, and that 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 (L 8.30 a.m.) 19.39. T 41°, B (TL 4 p.m.) 19.15. T 42°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless; wind SW 2. By 7.30 a.m. light stratus clouds were coming over, and by 8.30 a.m. the sky was 5/10 covered. By 10.30 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with heavy stratus cloud and the wind had increased to SW 3. By midday heavy nimbus cloud was beginning to come over, and at 12.30 p.m. the sky was entirely covered with nimbus and light snow began to fall (12700') in very [Vol 2, p145] small crystals, mostly six-pointed and about 0.5mm 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 SW 4 and light rain began to fall. Since then (up to 8.30 p.m.) conditions have remained unchanged.

From Lataga 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 on 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 very bare. At ½ m a stream from the south (10' wide x 6" deep) is forded, and at 1 m the Pilmang Wang (here 5' wide and 2' deep) is forded to the left bank. At 1½ m the path begins to climb steadily and more steeply at about 50' from the Pilmang Wang; and at rather more than 1¾ m a very level

terrace, some 200^x wide, is crossed, at the north end of which, and slightly above the level of the path, is a shallow lake about 80^x long and 40^x wide. The path then climbs fairly steeply for 150' to the Pilmang Lakha Pass, at rather more than 2 miles. [This pass is on a flat-topped limestone ridge some 30^x across. The valley immediately west of the pass is that of the Tangdam Wang, (called Prakha Wang further down) which flows into the Taron 500^x below Prahkawa Camp – see 12.10.38. From this [Vol 2, p146] the Shera Lakha bears 119°.] From the Pilmang Lakha the path continues to climb easily about 50' to the WNW, 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 west, and reaches a grassy saddle at 2¾ m from which a bad footpath runs down the Tangdam Wang Valley, reaching Prahkathuk in 4 days. From this saddle there is a moderately steep descent of about 500' into the Lungshen Wang Valley to the north, and at 3 m the path is joined by a bad footpath which runs up the Lungshen Wang from Naktai Mareng, a Tarung village of 3 houses close to the right bank of the Taron, and 4 marches from this point. [Naktai Mareng is one day's march from Lakhata for an unloaded man, or 2 days with coolies.] Immediately after 3 m the path finds the Lungshen Wang (here only 1^x wide and very shallow) and begins to climb fairly steeply up the west 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 50^x east of a small lake 100^x long and 30^x wide. At 3½ m the ascent becomes very gradual indeed, and at rather less than 4 m the path reaches the south end of a small lake [Vol 2, p147] (150^x long and 40^x wide, with an outlet to the east into the Lungshen Wang). It

follows up the east bank of this lake, and from the north 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 $2\frac{3}{4}$ 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 $4\frac{1}{2}$ m the path fords the Tala Wang (2' 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 $4\frac{3}{4}$ m the path leaves the Tala Wang and runs to the south 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 and rhododendron bushes 2'-3' high) for 200' 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 Toula 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 hadn't been rather funny – though it's taken me all day to see the humour of it, so the morning was a gloomy one after all! [Vol 2, p148] 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 abstractedly, and then, finding it was ice, not unnaturally cast it

into the blaze; and it was only then that Lewa realised my one ewe lamb was frozen within. We attacked that fire with water and 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 Air Mail from Pangnamdim, 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 Lakha, 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 and colder, and though the snow changed to rain before we reached [[Vol 2, p149](#)] this camp it didn't make much difference to the temperature. We had to wait here some time before the coolies and 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 haven't 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 Zayulis 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 [[Vol 2, p150](#)] 'Lakha' for 'pass'; 'shing' for 'word', 'yakpo'; 'gar' for 'camp', 'mi' for 'me' (five), 'lung' for 'an open space in a valley'. On the other hand many other words are Daru, such as 'wang' for 'water' and 'dong' for 'valley', so that the language seems to be much of a cross between the two. 'Sanguyi' for 'tomorrow' is common to both Daru and Tibetan of course. They also use head straps alone in carrying loads (like the Zayulis) without the yoke used by Darus, Kachins, Hkunungs and Tsewang. They all have wooden phorpas, and, in the Tibetan fashion, they have a midday meal on the march. 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 Zayulis do.

I saw no pygmy hares at Latage, but two were brought in this morning which one of the coolies had trapped. I am sleeping in all my clothes tonight (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'.

Paladetap Camp. Sunday, October 23rd 1938

B (TL 8.30 a.m.) 19.17. T 38°, B (P 3 p.m.) 20.06. T 44°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless; wind SW 2. By 7 a.m. heavy stratus clouds were coming over in moderate quantities, and by 8 a.m. the sky was wholly covered.

About 8.30 a.m. heavy nimbus cloud began to come over and at 9 a.m. light [Vol 2, p151] snow began to fall (11000'). By 11 a.m. (10500') the snow had changed to light rain, and this continued throughout the day. Tonight light rain is falling; the sky is wholly covered with dense nimbus clouds; wind SW 2.

From Toula Lunggar a moderate path (with a few good stretches) 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 $\frac{1}{4}$ m the Tala Wang (4' wide and 6" deep) is forded to the right bank, and at $\frac{3}{4}$ m (6' 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 simple sloping log with a handrail, at a point where it flows between 2 steep rocks, the stream being 4' wide and about 4' deep; and from here the path continues close to the river, descending gradually. At rather more than $2\frac{1}{4}$ m it enters a strip of light forest (mainly of pines and 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 [Vol 2, p152] moderate stream (6' wide and 6" deep) is forded; and 150' later (at 3 m) a second moderate stream (3' wide and 1' deep) is also forded. From here the path runs through thick bamboos, up to 10' high, for $\frac{1}{4}$ m, and then through bracken and low bushes. At rather more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ m the path enters light forest of pines, birches, and rhododendron trees; and at $3\frac{3}{4}$ m it begins to climb very gently, close to the right bank of the Tala Wang. At $4\frac{1}{4}$ 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 300^x, and once more enters forest; arriving at the small camping ground Paladetap at 5 m. This camp is in moderate forest (composed mainly of pines, birches and rhododendron trees) about 150' above the right bank of the Tala Wang and 30^x 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 off snow began to fall, which melted on us 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, [[Vol 2, p153](#)] 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 Tamagar K.B. 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 halfway 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 and 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. This sudden break in [[Vol 2, p154](#)] 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 Paladap 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-track 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 tonight, 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 got 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 [[Vol 2, p155](#)] finally decided never again to sleep in my clothes. It's too foully uncomfortable. Tony has slept in his ever since Tamagar and intends to go on doing so. This morning the snow was down to 11500', just above the camp.

Shaihpungdap Camp. Monday, October 24th 1938

B (P 8 a.m.) 20.15. T 41°, B (S 3.30 p.m.) 20.79. T 49°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless, wind SW 2. By 7.30 a.m. heavy nimbus cloud was coming over, and by 8.30 a.m. the sky was wholly covered and light rain was falling. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day, and tonight the sky is entirely covered with heavy nimbus cloud and light rain is falling; wind SW 2.

On this march both sides of the valley are steep and well-wooded down to the river. From Paladetap 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 $\frac{1}{4}$ 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 $\frac{1}{2}$ m. It continues very close to the water and partly over boulders in the river bed for about 150', and at $\frac{1}{2}$ 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 [Vol 2, p156] the same height above the river. At 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ m it emerges from forest and descends steadily about 200' through low bushes, crossing a small, and very marshy, level space about halfway down. At a little less than 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ m it crosses a moderate stream (3' wide and 4' deep) into forest, 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 20' to reach the right bank of the Tala Wang at 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ 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 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ 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 Thioldang 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 Lihsaw hunters and gatherers of lily bulbs – the latter being found in the second valley to the west of the Thioldang Wangdong – but it must also be the only possible summer route from the Tala Lakha down the Tala Wang Valley, as much of [Vol 2, p157] the path we used runs within a few feet of the October water level. None of my Tarung 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 ford the Thioldang Wang (10' wide and 1' deep) at a little more than 4¾ m, some 50' 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 Shaihpongdep 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 [Vol 2, p158] to the point 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 realised 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 Thiroldang Wang, crossed by a sloping tree trunk, and so went into the jungle the other side in the hope of getting a bird of sorts 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 [Vol 2, p159] head, and I shot it. As far as we're 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 and 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 filthy weather. Incidentally, the daily range of temperature seems to be amazingly small during this rainy period. At 8 a.m. (when it may have been as much as 2° above the minimum) it was 41.5"; and at 3.30 p.m. (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 Paladetap this morning the snow was down to 11000' – some 400' below our last camp.

Chakharthuktap Camp. Tuesday, October 25th 1938

B (S 8.30 a.m.) 20.88. T 45°, B (C 3 p.m.) 21.70. T 50°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless; wind SW 2. By 8 a.m. light stratus cloud was coming over and by 9 a.m. the sky was wholly covered. At 10.30 a.m. light nimbus cloud began to appear, and between 11 a.m. and 11.30 a.m. there was some light drizzle. After midday 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 stratus cloud; wind SW 2.

On this march both sides of the valley are steep and [[Vol 2, p160](#)] thickly wooded. From Shaipungdap 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 ¼ 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 ½ 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. From 1½ 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 ford a small stream, after which the path descends gradually, keeping at about 50' above the river. At just over 2¾ 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 4¼ m. [[Vol 2, p161](#)] The path then enters forest, keeping very close to the river bank, crosses a second short stretch of boulders at 4½ m, and re-enters forest in which it continues to 5 m, when it reaches the poor camping ground Chakharthuktap, 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 and 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 realised our mistake; but, as so often happens, it was well worth it, as we found the fresh tracks of bear (Himalayan), sambhur and barking deer. On our way back we saw Tony and 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° [[Vol 2, p162](#)] over the Tala Wang, which was eddying through a narrow cleft between rock walls 9^x 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 laughing 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 clouted heavily more than once.

Chithuktap Camp. Wednesday, October 26th 1938

B (Ank 8 a.m.) 21.86. T 41°, B (Chi 3.30 p.m.) 22.14. T 51°

At 5 a.m. the sky was 2/10 covered with light stratus cloud; wind SW 1. At 7 a.m. the wind was NW 1, and at 8.30 a.m. NE 1. After 9 a.m. it died away altogether until 10.30 a.m. when a SW wind, force 2, arose bringing over moderate quantities of stratus cloud. Between 11.15 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. [[Vol 2, p163](#)] the sky was 9/10 covered with stratus cloud. After 12.30 p.m. it cleared rapidly, and by 1.30 p.m. the sky was cloudless. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. The night sky is cloudless; wind SW 2.

On this march both sides of the valley are very steep and thickly wooded right down to the river. From Chakharthuk Camp a bad path runs down the left bank of the Tala Wang over boulders on the edge of the water. After 100^x the path enters forest

(consisting largely of pines, bushes and bamboo thickets, with some rhododendron trees) and continues in this for 300^x, very close to the river, emerging onto boulders by the edge of the water again at just under ¼ m. It runs along these, with one or two very short stretches through the edge of the forest, and crosses a moderate stream (6^x, 1' deep and swift) by a fallen tree at 1¼ m. At a little less than 1½ m it enters the forest and climbs fairly steeply 150', then running very level. At 1¾ m it begins to descend irregularly 200' to the bank of the river, which it reaches after a further 250^x at the confluence of the Tala Wang with the Tung Wang, a large stream from the NAW. 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 notched log (most difficult for loaded coolies) to reach the boulders on [Vol 2, p164] the river bank again at 3 m. The path then improves to bad, running over these boulders and fording a moderate stream (which flows in several small channels) after 50^x. It then runs through a dense patch of tall plants (4'-5' high) for 200^x, at a height of 30' above the river, and then through forest for a further 300^x, 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 20^x wide, deep and 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, 10^x 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 and water [[Vol 2, p165](#)] good.

There was a pretty grim log ladder on today's march, coupled with a slippery descent across the edge of a cleft 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 got down as far as the tree trunk and two men went up to help him over. They got 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 good long [[Vol 2, p166](#)] time ago – and no one had repaired it as this path is used so little. There were three big rocks stretching in a line across the river (which was only 20' 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 strip 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 onto the rock. I had to take my chaplis off there, 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 2/3 of the way over when it broke in two over the edge of the rock – and that [[Vol 2, p167](#)] 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.

Hpanbong Camp. Thursday, October 27th 1938

B (C 8 a.m.) 22.26. T 43.5°, B (H 5 p.m.) 22.60. T 50.5°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless; wind SW 1. By 7.30 a.m. the wind had increased to SW 2 and small quantities of stratus cloud were coming over. By 8 a.m. the sky was 4/10 covered with moderate stratus cloud, after which [[Vol 2, p168](#)] conditions remained unchanged till 5 p.m. when the sky rapidly cleared altogether. At about 6 p.m. the wind dropped to SW 1. The night is cloudless, wind SW 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 (3' wide and 1' deep) after 50' 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 100' 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 50', descending by an even worse track to reach the boulders on the river bank in a further 50'. From here the path [[Vol](#)

[2, p169](#)] 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 and 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 today, except that the path is getting pretty bad, and that it's said to be worse tomorrow and still worse the day [[Vol 2, p170](#)] after. As far as I can gather, for the whole length this valley is completely uninhabitable 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 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.

À propos animals, while the coolies were climbing up one of the worse stretches today, 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 and 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 we fired and missed! The reason the coolies were so anxious [[Vol 2, p171](#)] 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 Lungyen) 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 sambar 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 tonight at 6 p.m., just as it was getting dark.

Tomlung Camp. Friday, October 28th 1938

B (H 7.30 a.m.) 22.72. T 46°, B (T 5.30 p.m.) 23.19. T 52°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless, wind nil. By 6 a.m. there was a SW wind, force 2, and a few light stratus clouds were coming over. By 8 a.m. the sky was 3/10 covered with light stratus clouds; wind SW 2. Conditions remained unchanged until 5 p.m. when the sky cleared rapidly. By 6 p.m. it [[Vol 2, p172](#)] 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 Hpanbong a bad path runs down the right bank of the Tala Wang, over boulders close to the river. After 40^x it enters thick forest (composed mainly of pines, birches and 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 250^x, 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 (4^x 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. 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 [[Vol 2, p173](#)] for loaded coolies), followed by a stretch of narrow log gallery across a cliff face and into a steep gully. The path climbs round the west wall

of the gully, and, 100^x later, crosses a crumbling layer of earth on a steeply sloping rock 15^x 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 gully, 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 gully. 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 fords 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. [[Vol 2, p174](#)] 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 very small camping ground Tomlung. This camp consists of a level space 10^x long and 3^x 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 today – so bad, in fact, that 8 of the coolies (with Lewa to look after them) have not arrived at all tonight 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 shan't know till they turn up tomorrow morning. I was frankly scared by that earth traverse today 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 [Vol 2, p175] river. Almost every step sent a shower of earth and pebbles shooting out of sight, and there was nothing to hold onto. Solid rock I don't mind, but this loose earth business gives me the jumps. I had to stop halfway 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., K.B. and Yonga 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 and 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 tomorrow we have our dried eggs and more rice. We have very little wood tonight for fires, because it was too dark for the coolies to see to cut away when they arrived. The only one who produced some was the old man from Lakhata, and he (being also the only [Vol 2, p176] one who knows the path) arrived first. He's a stout old chap and does great work. He went back tonight 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 midday tomorrow, 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.

Madungsa Camp. Saturday, October 29th 1938

B (T 8.30 a.m.) 23.34. T 45°, B (M 4 p.m.) 23.42. T 55°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless, wind SW 1. About 7.30 a.m. the wind increased to SW 2, and after 11 a.m. small quantities of light stratus cloud began to come over, the sky being never more than 1/10 covered. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. The night sky is 1/10 covered with light stratus cloud, wind SW 2.

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 [[Vol 2, p177](#)] logs. The top of the climb is reached at rather more than ½ m, and from here the path descends steeply, until, at a little less than ¾ m, it is some 8' above the October level of the river. It then runs very level; crosses 15' of narrow log gallery across a cliff face; and arrives on the boulders, close to the edge of the water, at ¾ m. The path then improves slightly to bad, and continues over these boulders (with one short stretch through forest) to 1¼ m; after which it climbs steeply 150' through forest, and descends as steeply to reach the boulders on the

edge of the water in 300^x from the 1¼ m point. After a further 50^x a moderate stream (6^x wide and 1' deep) is forded some 15^x from its confluence with the Tala Wang; and at a little less than 1½ m the path once more enters forest. It continues in this, close to the river, for 250^x, 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 2¼ m. After 150^x 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 250^x over 2½ m. After 100^x over boulders [[Vol 2, p178](#)] 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 100^x over these, the small camping ground Madungsa is reached at 3 m. This camp is on a patch of nearly level land, 20^x long and 5^x wide, between the forest and the river, not more than 2' above the October water level. It is 30^x north-east 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 ¾ 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, [Vol 2, p179] though it needed a good deal of earnest tying up with strips of bamboo before anyone could venture on it. It was the approach down to it, along a slippery grassy ledge (sloping out of course) with a most grisly lack of handholds. It was quite a job getting onto the ladder at all, and 40' is a lot 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 L, 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 even stood up to it!

Both yesterday and today 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 getting [Vol 2, p180] 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 gully. 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. 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 [[Vol 2, p181](#)] are relieving those from Lakhata. They were mainly Talangs but there were 5 Lihaws 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. More 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 tonight, 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 and carrots. Chinese tinned vegetables are first class.

Tala Long. Sunday, October 30th 1938

B (M 8 a.m.) 23.64. T 42°, B (T 3.30 p.m.) 24.14. T 62°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless; wind apparently nil. By 6.30 a.m. there was a SW 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 [Vol 2, p182] 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 SW 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 Madungsa 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 m is about 15' above the river, after which it runs very level for 200' 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 100' 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 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 gully, where it crosses a moderate [Vol 2, p183] stream (4' 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 150× 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 50× or 60× 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 100× (the sides of the valley now closing in again to the river); and at 3½ m it starts to climb steadily, through tall reeds and 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 [Vol 2, p184] 4½ m the path descends on to boulders in the bed of the river, runs over these for 50× downstream; and at 4½ m crosses to the left bank of the Tala Wang by a bridge of saplings, the river being here 15× wide, deep, and flowing very swiftly between two large rocks. [This bridge exists only in the dry season, and is wasted 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 200× from the bridge and 100' above the river. These huts are used only while the fields

are bearing, the inhabitants coming up from Talathu (6 houses, containing Tarungs, Darus and Talangs). Wood and water are provided here by the headman of Talathu.

The path was reasonable today 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 [Vol 2, p185] money from the other man who was apparently at Madungsa 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 and 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 record Trimeresurus monticola, several inches longer than the big one Wall got 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 taken 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 today, between 1 m and 2¼ m when it was not at all bad, I stepped out with K.B. and left him far behind in order to [Vol 2, p186] 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 Tarung 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 [Vol 2, p187] store as a roof. I should think it's 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.

Talathutap Camp. Monday, October 31st 1938

B (TL 8 a.m.) 24.32. T 44°, B (T 1 p.m.) 25.08. T 69°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless, wind SW 1. Conditions remained unchanged until 1 p.m. when light stratus 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 SW 1.

Up to 300' above the river the south 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 and bamboos. Above 300' it is well-wooded. The north 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 $\frac{1}{4}$ m it crosses a moderate stream (5' wide and 9" deep) by light log bridge, and thence runs through a secondary growth of bamboos, bushes and banana trees, close above the left bank of the Tala Wang. At $\frac{1}{2}$ m it enters thick deciduous forest, and at 1 m there is [[Vol 2, p188](#)] a steep descent of 30' by log ladder on to the boulders by the edge of the river. After 30' 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 $1\frac{1}{4}$ m the path again descends on to the boulders by the water; runs over these for 200'; and once more enters secondary growth and small fields. At a little less than $1\frac{1}{2}$ m it crosses a moderate stream (5' wide and 1' deep) by light log bridge, the gully in which the stream runs being well-wooded and narrow. After $1\frac{1}{2}$ m the path becomes moderate only, with a few good stretches; and soon after $1\frac{3}{4}$ 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 $2\frac{1}{4}$ m. It runs over these for 100', 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 200^x 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 (3^x wide and 1' deep) by log bridge, and 170^x later passes a cane suspension [[Vol 2, p189](#)] 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 200^x later the path reaches the boulders on the left bank of the combined river, now called Wang Thu. After 60^x 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 150^x, and then through secondary growth and maize fields, reaching Talathu (6 houses, mixed Tarung, Daru 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 35^x wide, deep and swift) by a narrow cane suspension bridge, with a footway 3-4" wide. [From the north end of the bridge a footpath runs up the right bank of the Wang Thu and so into the Adung Long.] 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 [[Vol 2, p190](#)]

of path. It continues very level from here through secondary growth to the good camp Talathutap, in a maize field, at 5¾ m. This is a Government camp, consisting of 2 bamboo huts (thatched), 35^x from the right bank of the Wang Thu, 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 Tala 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 30^x off. I missed it however and we started the march birdless. We hadn't 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 100^x 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 a eunuch, [Vol 2, p191] 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 and whimper (though not all do, by any means); but for an Englishman to do so is rather too much of a good thing. It isn't 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 Talathu (headman also of Tala 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 none the less for which I admired

him. Where the path was good he kept up 3 mph, 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 Tala Lakha. It is at Talathu, a mixed village of Tarungs, Talangs and Darus, in which the Tarun houses stand out prominently being built of planks like those from Shenjung up to Lakhata (and, presumably, beyond); while the Talang and Daru 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 Sheduthang, now residing in Meting, whom I well remembered from 1935. We had quite a chat, and they are going to collect [Vol 2, p192] butter and milk for us if they can to bring along to tomorrow'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. Tony went back and took one of the bridge though and that was something.

Shortly after we got here (that was at about 1 p.m.) the headman brought the most enormous salaami I have had in Burma. 3 cocks, 29 eggs, 4 huge pumpkins, 12 lbs of millet, 6 lbs of beans, 6 lbs of maize 'tsamta', 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 materialise we shall want for nothing. I gave the headman Rs 1/- and a knife and I think he deserved it all.

A young monkey was brought in today, which we bought on principle; but after our experiences with Thomas [[Vol 2, p193](#)] and Töndrup we killed it at once and Tony will skin it tomorrow.

We apparently reach the Adung Seinghku confluence the day after tomorrow, and I imagine we camp across the Seinghku at Tazungdap and reach Gawai the following day. There are some sand flies 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 and 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.

Dizartap Camp. Tuesday, November 1st 1938

B (T 8.30 a.m.) 25.22. T 43°, B (D 12.30 p.m.) 25.29. T 58°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless; wind SW 1. By 8 a.m. small quantities of light stratus cloud was 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 4.50 p.m. The nimbus cloud then passed over, and by [[Vol 2, p194](#)] 5 p.m.

the sky was 9/10 covered with woolly stratus clouds; wind SW 1. Since then conditions have remained unchanged.

On this march the south side of the valley is thickly forested. The north side is wooded in patches, but is mainly cleared ground. From Talathutap a good path runs down the right bank of the Wang Thu, varying in distance from 5^x to 60^x 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 40^x 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 250^x. The path runs level for 50^x and descends smoothly to 1¼ m, when it crosses a small stream (3^x 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 30^x 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 40^x 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 [[Vol 2, p195](#)] on either side, and at 2 ¼ m enters the forest close to the bank of the river. After 40^x it descends onto sand and boulders by the water's edge (the path then becoming moderate) and continues over these to rather more than 2½ m, when it climbs 30^x through forest to a height of 20' above the water, and reaches a cane suspension bridge (40^x long, with a 4" footway of bamboos) over the Wang Thu. The river is here 30^x wide and deep, with a current of 8 knots. [From the north end of the bridge a path leads up the

side of the valley to fields only; and a second path continues for $\frac{1}{2}$ m down the right bank of the Wang Thu 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 Thu by this bridge, and turns down this bank close to the water, becoming good again at $2\frac{3}{4}$ m. At a little more than $2\frac{3}{4}$ m it reaches the right bank of the Tashe Wang (a large stream 15 \times wide, 2' deep and swift) and crosses to the left bank, some 30 \times above the confluence with the Wang Thu, by a cane suspension bridge, 20 \times long with a 4" bamboo footway. [From the west end of this bridge a path runs up the left bank of the Tashe Wang for 200 \times to Tashe Long, a Tibetan grazing ground of 5 huts. When we passed this way the suspension bridge was in need of repairs, and a [Vol 2, p196] temporary log bridge had been built 30 \times further up the Tashe Wang.] From the bridge the path runs over a flat grassy space. [At a little less than 3 m a track branches off up the west side of the Tashe Wang Valley for about $\frac{1}{2}$ m to Dizar Mareng (Talang, 5 houses) which is invisible from the main path.] At 3 m the path runs through forest for 50 \times and descends on to the boulders on the left bank of the Wang Thu where it becomes only moderately good. It crosses these boulders for 300 \times and enters forest. At $3\frac{1}{4}$ 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 $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. From here it continues through secondary growth of small trees and bushes (with forest close to the path) and over occasional patches of boulders until, at 200 \times over $3\frac{3}{4}$ m, it reaches a cane suspension bridge (40 \times long with a footway of bamboos, 4" wide) over the Wang Thu. The path comes to the right bank of the river by this bridge (the Wang Thu being here 25 \times wide, deep, and with a current of 12 knots) and (good once more)

climbs to about 40' above the water through light forest, then descending gradually down this bank. At 4 m it crosses a moderate stream (5^x wide and 6" deep) flowing in a narrow gully, and 50^x later it reaches the camping ground Dizartap, 20^x from the right bank of the Wang Thu and 20' above the [Vol 2, p197] water. This is a Government camp of 2 thatched bamboo huts and a lean-to. Wood is provided by the headman of Dizar Mareng, and water is brought from the stream 50^x up the path. Small supplies of millet, millet flour, maize, maize flour, chickens and eggs can be obtained from Dizar Mareng; and milk, butter and cheese from the Tibetans of Tashe Long.

A short and very easy march on which nothing of note occurred except that when we reached the Tashe 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 about 8 lbs of good butter and half a gallon of beautiful milk from them, not to mention ½ a lb 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 Mareng produced as a salaami 2 hens, 25 eggs, about 4 lbs of millet flour and 8 or 9 lbs of millet, together with a packet of very welcome tobacco, so I have 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 [Vol 2, p198] 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 chapatis.

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 authorisation to change his home from here to the lower Seinghku Valley. I told him I didn't see why he shouldn't roost 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 and tonight I gave an iodine injection to one of the coolies who has [[Vol 2, p199](#)] 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 Chaud! We reach the Seinghku confluence tomorrow, and I gather we camp in the old place, called, as far as I remember, Tazungtap. And Pangnamdim with chocolate, mail and cheese on the 7th!

Seinghkuthutap. Wednesday, November 2nd 1938

B (D 8 a.m.) 25.48. T 46°, B (S 1.30 p.m.) 25.55. T 63°

At 5 a.m. the sky was cloudless, wind apparently nil. At 11 a.m. a few light stratus clouds were beginning to come over on a westerly wind, force 1. By midday the sky was 2/10 covered with light stratus cloud, and by 1 p.m. it was 5/10 covered. At 3 p.m. it was 9/10 covered and some nimbus was appearing over the top of the

valley. At 4 p.m. a few heavy drops of rain fell for 10 minutes, and after 4.30 p.m. the nimbus clouds had disappeared. At 6 p.m. the wind dropped to 0, the sky being still 9/10 covered with moderate stratus 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 Thu, through thick forest, keeping close to the [Vol 2, p200] river and varying in height from 20' to 150' above it, with no steep climbs or descents. At a little more than $\frac{1}{2}$ m a moderate stream (3^x wide and 1' deep) is crossed by light log bridge; and between 1 m and $1\frac{1}{4}$ m much of the ground below the path is cleared and planted with yams. At rather less than $1\frac{3}{4}$ m a cane rope bridge of 4 ropes crosses the river, from which a path runs to Dizarkasaphu (Talang, 1 house) a short way from the bridge. At $1\frac{3}{4}$ m a moderate stream (5^x wide and 2' deep in the middle) is crossed by a log. [There is a hunter's track up the right bank of this stream.] At $2\frac{1}{4}$ 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 50^x and re-enters forest, climbing steeply for 80'. From the top there is a slight descent to $2\frac{1}{2}$ 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 $2\frac{3}{4}$ m. It continues over these for 200^x; runs through forest, close to the bank, for 100^x; and comes on to the boulders again at 3 m. It runs over these (with several bad patches) to $3\frac{1}{2}$ m, and

then enters [[Vol 2, p201](#)] forest, climbing easily and steadily about 80' and reaching the top at 3¾ 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 turns 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 and 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 ford.] 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 4½ m it descends steeply on to the boulders by the river (becoming moderate once more) and continuing over these to a little more than 4¾ m. It then enters forest again (becoming good) and climbs steadily about 120' in 200x, descending slowly and irregularly from the top. At 5 m a path turns 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 Seinghkuwangthu (Daru, 4 houses). Two hundred yards west of the village the path reaches the left bank of the [[Vol 2, p202](#)] Seinghku, pronounced 'Shangku' by the Darus, about 50' above the water, and turns down this, descending moderately steeply soon after to reach a cane suspension bridge over the Seinghku, 30x long with a bamboo footway 4" wide. [This bridge is 350x wide from Seinghkuwangthu, and 50x above the confluence of the Seinghku with the Wang Thu. The Seinghku is here 20x wide, deep and very swift in the middle.] From the west end of the bridge the path climbs up steeply 70' to the good camp Seinghkuhutap 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 Seinghkuwangthu, 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 Seinghku and are once more in the Nam Tamai (though only just!) there's much the same feeling I had when we reached Theronliang 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 – just the end of a trip – for all trips, difficult or easy, are good at the time, even if one is sometimes cold and wet and hungry; and they are doubly so in retrospect.

Today the path was easy, and tomorrow we get on to the mule-track and will [Vol 2, p203] simply buzz along. It's been extraordinary having no leeches at all since the day we arrived at Prahkawa, and (especially in the Tala 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 Seinghku from here, as I would like to know what they are like above Miting at this time of year. Other pests too have been very few. Some sand flies up to Luktsongdap (and there have been some from Talathutap as well); not many blister flies, half a dozen ticks; and nothing else barring fleas, which we got rid of at Palatap. What could be better?

There were no excitements on the road till we got on to the boulders by the river at 4½ m. There we were met by the headman of Seinghkuwangthu, 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 recognised 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

Wangtsitap – but where he picked it up and put it down, and why, I have no idea. Then at Seinghkuwangthu itself Adruk 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 [Vol 2, p204] was at Lungphuk when B.C. and I arrived there in 1933, and who came through to Shikathan with John and me in 1935. I was really pleased to see him, and when he came to the camp as well I gave him As 8/-, and told him to see if a load of butter could be sent down to Pangamdim, 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 today 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 [Vol 2, p205] Rangoon, as they seem to be popular presents. The yams are ripe and we got a very few today. There will be more lower down, and they are as good as potatoes.

Salungdamtap. Thursday, November 3rd 1938

B (S 8.30 a.m.) 25.68. T 50°, B (S 1.30 p.m.) 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 a.m. the mist had vanished and the sky was cloudless. By 7 a.m. there was a SW wind, force 2, and by 8 a.m. light stratus clouds were coming over in small quantities. By 11 a.m. 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 p.m. it was cloudless, wind nil.

On this march, for the first 4½ m, both sides of the valley are steep and thickly forested down to the river. After 4½ m, though still steep, there are several clearings on both sides. From Seinghkuthutap [[Vol 2, p206](#)] a good mule-track runs down the valley of the Nam Tamai Hka called Tholo Ramai by the Darus and local Khanungs – Nam Tamai Hka being the name used by the Khanungs of the Ninai Hka (that being the name of the combined Wang Thu and 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 ¼ m it runs over once-cleared ground, now covered with tall bushes and young trees; and after ¼ 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 ½ m the path enters forest, and at ½ m it descends 30' and crosses a moderate stream (5' and 1'

deep) by light log bridge. After a further 50^x 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 $\frac{3}{4}$ 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 $1\frac{1}{4}$ m it begins to descend irregularly, and at $1\frac{1}{2}$ m it reaches the right bank of the Nam Tamai, about 15' above the water, and crosses a moderate stream (2^x wide and 2' deep) 150^x later, by 3 small logs. From this stream it climbs to 60' above the river and runs up and down to $2\frac{1}{4}$ m, when there is a moderately steep descent of 40' [[Vol 2, p207](#)] to the bank of the river, 20' above the water. The path then climbs to 150' above the Nam Tamai, reaching the top at $2\frac{3}{4}$ 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 $3\frac{3}{4}$ m, and thence continuing very level for $\frac{1}{4}$ m, when it starts to climb easily. At $4\frac{1}{4}$ m it fords a small stream, and it arrives at the top of the climb, 200' above the river, at $4\frac{1}{2}$ m. It then runs over a flat, cleared terrace (an old bed of the river, covered with long grass, bushes and some trees) for 200^x, and descends steadily, apart from one short level stretch in the middle of the descent. At $4\frac{3}{4}$ 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 50^x later the main path crosses the Tyen Wang (a large stream 10^x wide, 2'-3' deep and swift) by a cane suspension bridge 16^x 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, [Vol 2, p208] cleared space, planted mainly with millet and rice. [There is no rice higher up the valley than this.] It runs level over this clearing for 200^x, and descends very gradually through alternate stretches of old cleared land, fields and forest to 5¾ m, when it enters forest 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 6¼ 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 (Daru, 6 houses) is responsible for the upkeep of this camp, and his house is 60^x 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 300^x back along the path and 150' below the camp. [There is a path leading from the kitchen down the side of the valley for 40^x 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.]

[Vol 2, p209]

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 clean 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 Tanugok has sent orders to all the headmen to have the path cleared. I left Seinghkuthutap in the belief that we would reach Gawai today (stupidly) and it wasn't until halfway 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 [Vol 2, p210] mistaken in that gloomy suspicion! The headman met us 1¼ 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 Daru, part Khanung, and part Lihsaw – a rich mixture! He is a most cheerful individual, and a great drinker of anack, 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 trek, 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 today and were cast into outer darkness; but I'm 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 we'll be able to get them all through the winter. The stalks too make [[Vol 2, p211](#)] a delicious vegetable.

We had three young Tibetans as coolies today. They came down specially from Tashe Long to take over at Seinghkuthutap, 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 Dadung, 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 today (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.

Gawai. Friday, November 4th 1938

B (S 7 a.m.) 25.76. T 46°, B (G 12.30 p.m.) 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 200^x. Conditions remained unchanged until 8 a.m. when the mist began to rise slowly. By

10 a.m. it had vanished and [Vol 2, p212] the sky was cloudless; wind nil – apart from the light valley wind, which was now blowing down the valley. At about 10.30 a.m. a westerly wind arose, force 1, bringing over small quantities of light stratus cloud; and from now on the valley wind changed very often, blowing as much up as downstream. After 10.30 a.m. the sky was never more than 1/10 covered with light stratus 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 Seinghkhuthutap, and from Selungdamtap up the weather today appears to have been the same as that recorded for 2.11.38 and 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 for fields here and there. From Selungdamtap a good mule-track runs down the valley, above the right bank of the Nam Tamai, descending gradually through secondary growth of young trees and bamboos. At a little less than ¼ m it enters forest, and at ¼ m on begins to descend steadily and more steeply, reaching the right bank of the river at ½ m, 40' above the water, and emerging from forest into a large clearing planted with maize. After a further 300× 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 1¼ m it descends 30' to cross a moderate stream (3× wide and 1' deep) by log bridge; and runs for 100× along the bank of [Vol 2, p213] the Nam Tamai to a cane suspension bridge across the river, which is here 30× wide, deep, and flowing at about 6 knots. [The bridge is 50× long, with a bamboo footway 2' 6" wide. It is intended for mules, but in November 1938 the footway was very rotten, and 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 1½ m it crosses a small clearing, and reaches the top of the climb at 1¾ 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 east 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 west side also there are many clearings.] After 400' along this terrace, the path runs slightly up and down, and at a little more than 2¼ 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, 50' to the south, 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 2½ m, and continuing up and down to 2¾ 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 for 250' into a gully to ford a small stream, [[Vol 2, p214](#)] 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 and millet (belonging to Gawai) immediately above the path, and 300' 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 (4' wide, 2'-3' deep and swift) by a bamboo bridge, at 4¼ m. [Up the right bank of this stream there is a path, which was 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 200^x 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 gullies) running up and down at between 250' and 100' above the river. At 6 m it crosses a moderate stream (5^x wide and 18" deep) by 2 bamboos; and from here it climbs slowly 50' to 6¼ m, thence descending regularly and very [Vol 2, p215] gently to 7 m, when it crosses a moderate stream (5^x wide and 9") by a single bamboo with a handrail. From this stream it climbs 80', to about 180' above the river, reaching the top in 300^x and thence continuing level. [Some 200^x from the stream 30^x 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 Gawai (Marung, 7 Daru 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 Gawai Camp 200^x 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 50^x horizontal from the river. Wood is provided by the headman of Gawai, who is also responsible for the upkeep of the camp; and water must be brought from the stream 200^x up the path.

Sand flies 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 [[Vol 2, p216](#)] 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 off the cane strip 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 midday, 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 and very clean, with a grand view both up and 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 tonight, my baths will be out of a bucket, and provided the water is hot it's quite a comfortable way of having one. À propos 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 two sahibs had come out and only one was going on; but [[Vol 2, p217](#)] in a little while Lewa 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 (Lewa) was my right hand, and I was his father and his mother (metaphor a little mixed!) and he would see that all went well when I was alone.

I think I mentioned that we got some maize 'tsamba' in Talathutap. 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 Ninai. 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 Lhakpa'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 Tala 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 cormorant [[Vol 2, p218](#)] 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 p.m. till about 9 p.m., 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 cheekbones. I asked what he was, and he said "A Kradzi", which had me stumped; but after a good many questions it turned out that that is the name of a Daru clan. All the same, he looks very different from the average Daru.

Hpalalangdamtap. Saturday, November 5th 1938

B (G 7 a.m.) 26.22. T 47°, B (H 11 a.m.) 26.27. T 58°

At 5 a.m. the valley was full of thick mist down to about 200' above the river and there was no wind. About 5.30 a.m. 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 a.m. the mist began to grow thinner without rising, and by 9.30 a.m. 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 a.m. a westerly wind arose, force 1, bringing [Vol 2, p219] over very small quantities of light stratus cloud. Between 3 p.m. and 5 p.m. the sky was 1/10 covered with thin light stratus 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 east 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, and 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 and secondary growth up to some 250' above the river. The west side is wooded down to the river throughout, with some clearings for fields. From Gawai 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 250' 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 there 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 [Vol 2, p220] once more becomes gradual. At 2½ m it crosses a moderate stream (6' wide and 9" deep) by light log bridge, and enters forest,

continuing to descend slowly to $2\frac{3}{4}$ 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 $3\frac{1}{4}$ m, when it starts to climb steadily about 200'. It reaches the top of the climb at a little more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ m, and passes through some small fields of buckwheat and yams, re-entering the forest $3\frac{3}{4}$ m and climbing a further 50' to 4 m. From here the path is fairly level, climbing very slowly 50' to 4 m. From here the path is fairly level, climbing very slowly 50' more to $4\frac{1}{2}$ m, and then descending 100' to ford a small stream. From this stream it climbs some 60' to $4\frac{3}{4}$ m, and descends 100' to rather more than 5 m, after which the path is very level to $5\frac{1}{2}$ m when it emerges from forest into secondary growth (largely of reeds) and descends slowly. At rather more than $5\frac{3}{4}$ 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 Taren Wang (a large stream 10^x wide and 2'-3' deep) which it crosses by cane suspension bridge at a little less than 6 m. [This bridge is 15^x long, with a bamboo footway 4" wide. In November 1938 it was in need of repair and we therefore crossed the stream by a temporary bamboo bridge some 30^x lower down.] From the Taren Wang the path is very level, emerging from forest into secondary growth of bamboos, reeds, and bushes at $6\frac{1}{4}$ m. At a little less than $6\frac{3}{4}$ m it [[Vol 2, p221](#)] fords a moderate stream (5^x wide and 6" deep), and reaches the good camp Hpalalangdamtap 200^x later, at just over $6\frac{3}{4}$ m. The camp consists of a small bamboo Rest House, in excellent repair, together with a kitchen and quarters for the coolies, on a cleared level space (planted mainly with rice and millet) about 150^x from the left bank of the Nam Tamai, and 100' above the river. The village of Hpalalangdamtap (8 Daru and 2 Lihsaw houses) is $\frac{3}{4}$ m south 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 250' below Hpalalngdamtap. The headman of the village is responsible for the upkeep of the camp, and provides wood. Water is brought from the stream 200' up the path. A small amount of rice, some eggs and perhaps a fowl can be obtained here.

Howey persists in fouling the latrine, and this evening it was only by the mercy of God that I didn't step in his leavings. There must be something mentally wrong with him I think, what with one thing and another; and I feel hardly towards his people that they let me bring him without giving me warning. As regards the latrine, 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 today and stalked it apparently to about 20 yards before missing it. He's quite a good stalker, and his only trouble [[Vol 2, p222](#)] 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 (and millet flour), chillies, yams (of several kinds), rice, garlic and maize – to mention only the things we are getting from the country – and our own tea, ata and salt. The maize, of course, is very dry and 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 one wall and the bathroom, and those were finished in another couple of hours.

A good many skins were brought in today, 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 7 a.m.) 26.27. T 47°, B (N 11.30 a.m.) 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 [Vol 2, p223] by 11 a.m. 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 150^x are through secondary growth of tall reeds, the path then entering forest. At 200^x 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, emerging from forest into rice fields and passing a cane suspension bridge over a river ([??]) 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 track runs to a field 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 200'; and descends a further 100' to cross a moderate stream (5' wide and 9" deep) by a single bamboo with a handrail, at a little less than 3¼ m. [[Vol 2, p224](#)]

From here there is an easy climb of 60' in the next 300', 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, crossing a moderate stream (9' 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 200'. [From this point the east 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 (20' 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 and bamboos at 5¼ m. The path now runs very level for 250', then descending easily 50' to cross a moderate stream (5' 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 of 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 Ngawn (18 Daru 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 and coolie quarters, on a level, cleared space about 30' horizontal from the left bank of the Nam Tamai and 50' above the water. The [Vol 2, p225] headman of Ngawa is responsible for the upkeep of this camp, and for the provision of wood. Water is brought from a small stream 50' down the path. Small supplies of rice, millet and 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 today, 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 hasty tempered, and I must try and keep a check on it.

More skins when I got 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 tomorrow [Vol 2, p226] 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 a.m.) 26.47. T 49°, B (L 11 a.m.) 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 east side of the valley (which is otherwise thickly forested down to the river) for the first 4½ m. After that there appear to be few or none. The west side is forested to the river with some small clearings. From Ngawatap a good mule-track descends 30' to ford a small stream at 50^x, 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 [??] Wang (a large stream 20^x wide and about 2' deep) by cane suspension bridge at a little less than 1 m. [This bridge is 30^x long, with a footway 4" wide. When the stream is low, however, a temporary bamboo bridge is used 50^x further down.] From the bridge the path turns down the left bank [Vol 2, p227] of the [??] Wang for 100^x, and then down the Nam Tamai Valley, climbing closely 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 (6' 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' and 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 runs very level through a large field of maize and millet. At 3¾ m a footpath turns off towards the river (leading for 50' 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 and secondary growth. At about 4¼ m it passes 200' west of Terathu Mareng (13 Daru houses, 1 Lihsaw, 1 Tibetan), and at a little less than 4½ m it crosses the Tera Wang (a large stream, 15' wide, 2'-3' deep, and swift) by cane suspension bridge. [This bridge is 20' long, with a footway 4" wide. When the stream is low, a [\[Vol 2, p228\]](#) bridge of 1 log, with a handrail, is used, 20' below the suspension bridge.] From 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 200' 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 Lungnatap at 5½ m. This camp consists of a small bamboo Rest House (November 1938 in poor repair), a kitchen and a hut for coolies, in a clearing in the forest some 50' long and 20' wide. It is about 50' from

the left bank of the Nam Tamai and 50' above the river. The headman of Terathu 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 east of the south 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 galumph over my face, waking me up to a realisation 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 exercise somewhere else. Of course by this morning [[Vol 2, p229](#)] she had ventured 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 I remembered what I'd done, and knew at once I shouldn't 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 nosing about in my shirt and all her confiding little ways more than I can say.

It's odd that there is a Tibetan and his family living in Terathu. 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 or Seinghku valleys and became acclimatised to jungle. Their baby (in a queer little blue linen jat 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 into 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; a salaami of 2 hens. 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 and get through the jungle in the dark.