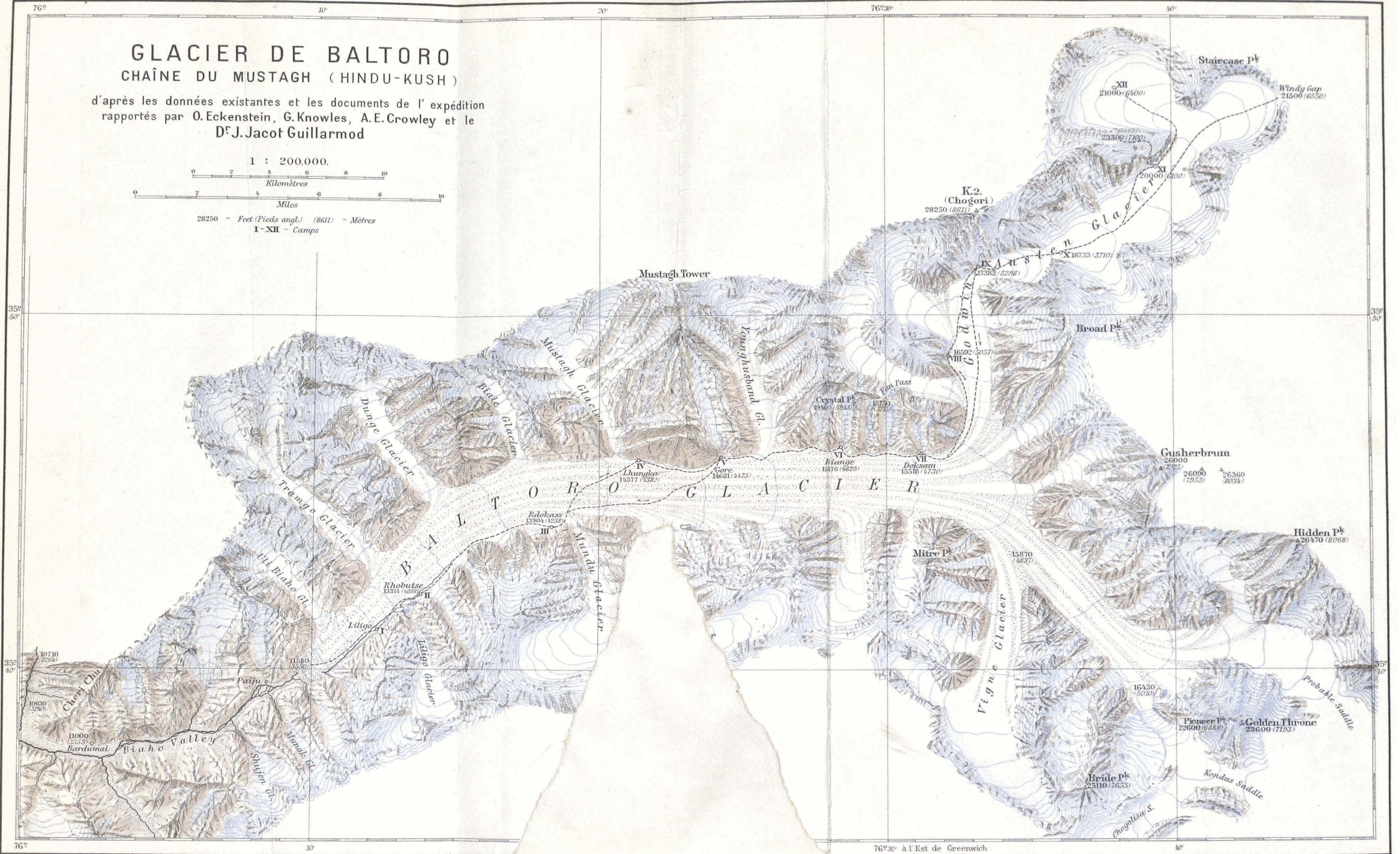
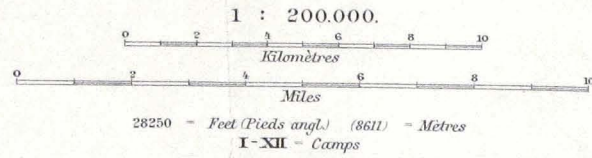


# GLACIER DE BALTORO CHAÎNE DU MUSTAGH (HINDU-KUSH)

d'après les données existantes et les documents de l'expédition  
rapportés par O. Eckenstein, G. Knowles, A. E. Crowley et le  
D<sup>r</sup> J. Jacot Guillarmod





## I N T R O D U C T I O N.

The origin of the expedition, the narrative of which is set forth in this book, was due to Mr. Eckenstein, who on returning from his travels with Sir Martin Conway in 1892 in the Hindu Kush, was far from satisfied that a really high ascent was unfeasible. Later experiences in Mexico, where in the summer of 1901 it was found that a heavy day's work could be endured at altitudes up to 18,000 ft. without any more distress than accompanied similar efforts at sea-level, confirmed him in his belief and the present expedition was arranged. The object of the expedition was first and foremost to get a definite solution to the very much vexed question of 'mountain-sickness' (so-called), or to put it more broadly to find out the physiological action of reduced atmospheric pressure on the human body and at what elevation it became consequently

impossible to proceed. With this object in view we had to look about for a mountain which reached a high elevation and presented as far as one could judge very small climbing difficulties. From photographs taken by Sir Martin Conway and Mrs. Bullock Workman it appeared that the E and NE sides of the mountain known in the Indian Survey as K<sub>2</sub> were composed of snow-slopes at an easy angle and that, if one excepted bad conditions of snow such as all high mountains are liable to, there should be no technical difficulties of a climbing character to contend with.

This mountain was accordingly decided upon as a suitable one. It was nevertheless a long time after this decision had been reached that the expedition took place. This was due to the fact that we desired to go as a party of 5 or 6 in order to minimise chances of defeat from individual illness or breakdown, and it is not an easy task to find 6 men suitable to an undertaking of this description who can take a year's holiday at short notice, including one of the medical profession

Eventually however a party of six was made up all of whom were ready to leave in the early part of 1902: the members were O.Eckenstein, A.Crowley; with 2 Austrians Drs.Pfannl and Wessely; a Swiss-French medical man Dr.Jacot-Guillarmod, and myself.

Our party being settled in the autumn of 1901, it then remained to prepare all the equipment for a resolute siege of our mountain: for it was not a belief of ours that a rush would be successful - on the contrary we fully expected to have to spend a considerable period of time gradually raising our camps on the flank of the mountain, and with this before us, and a knowledge of the distance of the peak from any base of supplies, we set about making a provisionment which would suffice to keep six men for 3 months perfectly independent of any food to be got from the nearest village. Tinned foods of all sorts and makers were tried and tested, tents were made to our designs, crampons fitted to boots, axes made, instruments adjusted and so forth.\* And so gradually we got our things



together. Then Eckenstein and I addressed ourselves to the somewhat Herculean labour of packing all our goods for safe transit to India. A mutual friend of ours - Mr.L.A.Legros - was good enough to place his workshop entirely at our disposal; and there we worked pretty continuously from December till the end of February (when we left England) at testing all the equipment, putting final touches to it, and packing it into cases for shipment. It turned out in the result that our precautions were not wasted, for when we came to unpack our things at Srinagar, we found that nothing had suffered at all in transport.

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- A full account of the equipment employed will be found in the Appendix.

**C H A P T E R I .**  
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In these days of universal travel it would be quite out of place to relate the small incidents of a journey from London to Bombay, which town we reached after a good voyage on March 20th, 1902. We anticipated some trouble here in clearing our luggage through the Customs as, in spite of the fact that the greater part had been sent out direct from London to Rawal Pindi, we yet had some ton and a quarter with us and that too of a very miscellaneous description; ranging (in the official declaration forms) from timber i.e. ski to hardware i.e. cramp-pons. This matter having been adjusted by the Customs officials accepting our estimate, we got on board the train for Rawal Pindi on the 21st and arrived there three days later. At Delhi on the way we picked up the last member of our party, Crowley, who had been living in the East for some time.

To the European, Indian Railway travel is a revelation in comfort, though certainly not in speed.



We stayed at Pindi till the 29th as we had to collect our previously despatched equipment and make some alterations to its shape for transport by ekka to Kashmir.

The comments made on us at Pindi were excessively amusing. I confess that our exterior was not entirely prepossessing and taken with our polyglot conversation justified the assumption that we must be Boer officers on parole! (We had all grown beards, or tried to, in order to facilitate our dealings with the Mahomedan natives of the country we were going to travel in). When subsequently our objects were explained, we were considered - and not inaudibly - madmen to think of getting all that luggage up to Kashmir and as for getting it further; well it was out of the question.

After some arrangements had been made with the transport department it was agreed that 15 ekkas should be ready at an early hour on the morning of the 29th March. An ekka is as near the elementary vehicle, as, I imagine, can be seen to-day. It is rather like a three foot cube packing case with a lid on

but open before and behind, mounted on a pair of wheels, and entirely innocent of all springs: it is usually in a state of utter decay which is brought home to one well by the proverb "It is bad to go on an ekka with less than one wheel." Though the ekkas were there at 7 o'clock in the morning it was not till 3 o'clock that they started and then two more were required before we got the whole of the luggage stowed away. Starting thus late we only made a short stage that day to Tret - some 25 miles - and did not get there till 10.45.

The road to Srinagar crosses a pass in the Himalaya chain at Murree (8,000 ft.), dips right down again to the Jhelum valley which it then follows till it debouches on the plain of Kashmir.

The next morning we were woken to the startling news that our expedition was detained by a police officer and on enquiry we found we had to wait for the Deputy-Commissioner. He arrived at 10.30 and did not solve our puzzle when he told us that the Government had forbidden Eckenstein to enter



Kashmir, but that the rest might proceed. Accordingly Eckenstein returned with the Deputy-Commissioner to make enquiries and the rest of us continued the long ascent to Murree. The jolting of the ekkas which had seemed literally unendurable but yesterday had already become but a minor evil to me, but unfortunately the third day from Pindi it had a bad effect on Wessely who developed slight internal inflammation and had to be left at Kohala with the Doctor, to follow when he had recovered by the more comfortable vehicle on the road i.e. a tonga. These are four-seated and well sprung carriages which are really quite comfortable and having changes of horses every 7 or 8 miles cover large distances in the day.

At Kohala one reaches the Jhelum and crossing it one enters Kashmir. So more Customs formalities, but here they were not 'exigent'. From Kohala to Baramullah the road is a remarkable one both from an engineering and scenic point of view. Tho' following the Jhelum valley, it runs, now hundreds of feet above that great torrent, now on its banks; beautifully

graded and kept in wonderfully good condition considering the frequent landslides which are always occurring.

The hills rise each side of the river to some three thousand feet and their steepness, the largeness of the massifs, and grand outline make a striking difference to anything one can see in the Alps. Here and there through the long side valleys one gets a glimpse of the Pir-Panjal's snowy summits and eastwards of those of the Western Himalayas. The road itself was flanked by masses of spring verdure - maidenhair fern, pomegranate, and hosts of wild flowers - and the slopes above were everywhere green. Along this road our caravan of 17 ekkas slowly jogged, doing 30 to 35 miles a day. Six days took us to Baramullah at the entrance of the Kashmir plain: this is a fine level stretch of country lying in a ring-fence of great snow summits, and traversed by the winding Jhelum (here a broad, peaceful river with no thought of its rapids and gorges a little lower down) and by poplar-avenued roads which rival those of France for straightness. On all sides cultivated



land and dotted here and there the quaint Kashmiri villages with their clumps of trees. The Kashmiris themselves are a fine race: tall deep-chested men and fine women - the latter with an ease and grace of carriage that can only be seen where such things as a heel or a corset are unknown and with a walk more graceful than the best of our dancing.

At Baramullah Parni and I went for a walk in the evening up a few hundred feet on one of the foot-hills to watch the sun set over this paradise - it was indeed enough to make a poet of an engineer's fitter or a sentimentalist of a coal miner.

On the 4th April we reached Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, and took up our abode in the one hotel of the place; a big structure but distressingly modern and European. As the road ends and coolie transport begins here, we set to work to unpack all our cases and repack the goods in suitable loads.

The news we had from Rokenstein all this while was

as unpleasant as it was inexplicable. He had been referred from official to official in an ascending scale with the plea that his detention was "Government orders" and that no reason had been assigned. He travelled back to Lahore and from there started for Simla to interview the Foreign Secretary. This gentleman he was, however, lucky enough to meet on the way and the reasons then given were that he had misbehaved at Gilgit and in Kashmir in 1898 - a year spent by him entirely in England. The only fact that could with certainty be elicited was that the order had emanated from the Viceroy. From Brinagar we had telegraphed and written petitions to the Viceroy and done our utmost. From time to time we got letters and news from Eckenstein but never anything definite. The whole affair seemed, and does so too to-day, most un-English, perhaps the most repulsive feature being that Eckenstein's letters were tampered with.

Eventually after a great deal of petitioning and a suggestion or two that the matter might form a good casus belli



for the Irish party in the House, Eckenstein was allowed to proceed to Srinagar on April 22nd. And the mystery of this detention has as far as I know never been cleared up at all.

There was a touch of humour in it too - for a guarantee was insisted on from Crowley and myself with regard to Eckenstein's conduct before he was permitted to proceed. This we gave by wire, asking subsequently by letter what conduct on the part of Eckenstein would be construed as breach of the guarantee. However the conundrum was more than the Indian Government could solve and the letter remained unanswered.

While all this had been proceeding, the 5 of us in Srinagar had not been idle. All the cases had been unpacked and their contents stored in the hotel go-down. <sup>(a suit of shoes which the native servants like)</sup> Then kiltas were purchased. These are lidded wicker baskets covered with sheepskin leather and are made in two shapes, a truncated cone and rectangular. They are very light, stand a lot of knocking about and are convenient for carrying loads in. Our next move was to fill these and this needed some arrangement and method.

For the 3 months food our plan was to make 3 kiltas contain 4 days food for the 6 of us; including everything necessary (fuel &c) except the actual cooking utensils. The final total amounted to 110 loads of from 47 - 58 lbs each.

All was ready for a start on Saturday the 26th April, but as it took some time even for a transport officer as energetic as was Captain Lemesurier to get porterage to such a large extent, it was not till the 28th that we got off. Our first stage was by pony transport and the 50 ponies were in the paddock by the hotel quite early. When the whole caravan had got loaded up and under weigh, Crowley and I remained behind to get two very necessary things, a supply of small change and a parvana.

The former was a large item both in importance and weight, and we intended to pay each coolie individually to obviate the usual trouble travellers have with coolies owing to their incontinently bolting: this they do if their <sup>wage</sup> time is paid to their head man or to the traveller's servants for dis-

tribution, as the idea of distribution is not entirely just on Western ideas and the native who has the money retains nearly all or all for himself and gives the unfortunate coolies kicks instead of halfpence. A parwana is a circular letter to all village officials (their name is legion: <sup>h</sup> tahsildars, lumbar-dars, tekidars &c, &c.,) to command them in the name of the British Raj to do all they can to help the traveller by supplying him with food and coolies. Captain Lemesurier who was to give us this document was in camp on the Dal Lake, so we journeyed thither on a shikara or native punt which is paddled by 5 or 6 paddles. The Dal Lake is in one of the most beautiful situations conceivable - a deep blue sheet of water, studded with lotus plants, set in a hollow of the hills over whose shoulders appear the snows. On one side of it is a perfect natural park shaded by patriarchal chensam trees, and it was here - the Nassim Bagh - that we found Captain Lemesurier encamped. He quickly issued orders about the parwana which he

promised to send to meet us at our first camping place the next morning early by mounted messenger.

By the time we had got back to Srinagar it was already late so we determined to do the first stage by water during the night and catch the rest of the party up the next morning. For this purpose we chartered a dunga or native houseboat. They are built like a big punt (35 ft. long by 8 ft beam) with a roof and sides of matting and are punted, paddled and towed - often all three together.

Thus towards evening we drifted down the Jhelum right through Srinagar. The town has been called the Venice of the east and if this be a synonym for beauty, it indeed deserves its name. Right down to the water's edge on each side of the Jhelum, which forms the great highway, crowd the wooden native houses, their roofs all grass-grown and their outline quaint beyond description. Here and there a break where stands an elaborate Mohammedan Mosque or else a Hindu temple with a silver or golden roof flashing in the sunlight. Across the river

seven wooden bridges whose construction makes more for effect than strength. There is but one thing to mar the effect and that is the Maharajah's palace - a flat modern plastered and whitewashed erection.

Night soon came on and we turned in, to be woken at 7.30 at Gunderbal - our first stage. A short half-hour brought us to Bokenstein and <sup>Dr. Guillemin</sup> Pfanz who were talking to the native lumbadar and we all went on together.

At Gunderbal one enters the Sindh valley in which one continues for 5 marches to the foot of the pass - the Sogi-la- which leads over into Baltistan. The valley is deservedly reckoned one of the great beauty spots of Kashmir and it was too early in the year for it to be at its best when we passed through it. Flanked on both sides by ranges of mountains which were still covered to a great extent with snow, the torrent follows a very tortuous course so that one always appears to be approaching a barrier of rock.

All the lower parts of the valley are forest-covered

and so the marches were very pleasant. The path is like a Welsh mountain-track, if anything not so good, which seems curious when one considers that it leads to the one pass in the Hindu Kush - the Karakoram pass - through which all the trade to Turkestan and China goes. As we got higher up the valley we came across the débris of large winter avalanches which had thundered right down to the torrents: the largest left a cliff of snow some 30 feet high and 150 yards long with a tail streaming up to the heights.

Our pony transport had only taken us two marches and we then continued with coolies who mostly went but one march. Here I may explain our system of checking in order that each coolie got his full pay and was responsible for his load. We gave to each man a ticket with his name and the number painted on his load on it and paid them individually on presentation of the ticket after the loads had been inspected. This involved a considerable amount of work with a hundred and odd



loads but amply repaid itself in that we had no difficulties of any kind with our men who were always willing and contented.

On May 3rd we arrived at Baltal (9,000 ft.) at the foot of the Soji-la where we found a fine bungalow: it was very heavily built, obviously to resist the immense winter snowfall. As it was still early in the year to cross this pass, especially with so large a caravan, Pfannl and Wessely had gone on to inspect the condition of the snow and report.

They thought that there would be very little difficulty provided we started early enough which we accordingly determined to do. In the evening the Doctor examined the eyes of all the coolies and we issued smoked glasses (of which we had some 80 pairs) to those who ~~seemed~~ to need it. This caused a lot of amusement, as they coveted the glasses; and when a big man screwed up his eyes but was passed sound by the Doctor, he was promptly chaffed by all his companions.

On May 4th we got off before four o'clock, Pfannl and Wessely led the party, Crowley and Bakanstein went up with the

centre of the caravan and Dr. Guillarmod and I brought up the rear. The coolies went well over the snow to which we got twenty minutes from the start and the head of the caravan reached the summit at 6.15.

After an hour or so one of the older coolies showed symptoms of distress, so Dr. Guillarmod went on to find a good man with a lighter load with whom to effect an exchange, while Eckenstein who had now joined us behind took the man's load for a bit. This made things better but we had to assist nearly all the way up and we did not get to the top (under 12,000 ft.) till just before 8. The snow, though much of it was avalanche débris was in good condition. We reached the bungalow at the other side of the pass at 10.20. Thinking that our troubles were now over and all that remained was a saunter down a valley similar to the one we had come up, I sat down for about an hour and indulged in a pipe. I had made however a bad mistake as the rest of the way lay over an undulating snow field crossed by a river and its tributaries - making many

detours necessary. And the snow had by now softened under the sun, so that Crowley and I did not arrive at our stopping place - Matayan - till 4.30 after a rather tiring day. Matayan is a little village of huts (into one of which we packed like sardines), at that time an oasis in a desert of snow, but in the summer a village in a mountain pasture. Indeed later on in the year the pass is quite clear of snow and easily negotiable on horseback. The next day's walk took us to our first stage of any importance since Srinagar, namely, Dras. This is not properly a town nor even a village but an alluvial plain with huts scattered over it and supporting quite a large population. The Dras valley is of an entirely different character to the Sindh: no trees or indeed vegetation of any kind (save where the villages are placed) but bare rock topped by snowy peaks, with here and there a deep gorge cut out by the Dras river in violet rock. The houses too are quite different - no more wooden chalets but flat-roofed, cubical mud built

erections with tiny windows and doors, often built in ranks one on the roof of the other. The villages are nearly always placed strategically, as if to guard against hostilities; which was probably indeed the reason of their position.

At Dras we changed to pony transport and proceeded down the valley on our way to Skardu. At our first stage, Karbu, there was a great tamasha (jollification) going on which consisted of pole, very statuesque dancing and music played on an instrument which gives forth a noise similar to the chanter of bag-pipes. Here too we met our first illustration of the very deep hold that their religion has on natives and our first case of serious illness. The Doctor had treated hosts of cases at every stage - mostly trivialities, such as wounds which would not heal owing to dirt, burns, tooth extraction, ~~etc~~, etc hoc genus omne. But here the tekidar's wife needed an operation to save her life. The nearest place where this could be performed was Leh - some 8 marches on - the tekidar, however,

though offered money for the journey and operation, refused, as he was the only Hindu in the village and he could not leave his duties, so that there would have been no Hindu to have gone with her to prepare her food. Just Kismet. -

After leaving Karbu we began to get into more fertile country and found at every village, apricot, mulberry and almond trees in full flower and leaf and the first crop of barley coming up. All along these valleys there is a village wherever water can be obtained in quantities for agriculture, but, while the villages themselves are miracles of fertility, the spaces in between are stone and sand desert with no vegetation showing. To an English farmer it is indeed a land of promise, for they get three crops a year, barley, wheat and oats, and then da capo. Still this is not done without labour, for they construct aqueducts sometimes two miles in length to irrigate every field.

At Hardas our first Rajah. He started by handing us a bag of rupees which we touched and returned - a ceremony to

demonstrate, on his side that he was our servant to command, on ours that we wished him well and were on a peaceful errand.

He then talked about his own health, got medicine from the Doctor and left us a present of a large plate of dried apricots. This performance was characteristic of all local royalty and was repeated almost without variation, save that now and then they gave us tea and cakes. The tea they prepare in two ways: firstly with sugar and cardomans and other spices but no milk - secondly with butter and salt. The first kind was universally popular but the latter - well I find in my notes at the time "this is what one would expect train oil to taste like after it had trickled through a farmyard." Yet it is so disgusting at first taste that one tries it again and it was not long before I used to have it every evening and enjoy it! Just before Hardas one crosses the Dras river and leaves the road to Leh, Ladakh and Turkestan, and the march after that one reaches the Indus valley down which one proceeds to Skardu.



The marches along this valley were long and rather arduous too as, owing to local irregularities, the road continually ascended and descended - sometimes 3,000 feet in a day. The Rajah of Tolti sent his brother out to meet us and indeed he accompanied us through the whole time of our stay inside his territory. An extraordinary type of native he was - a complexion as fair as any European, red hair and moustache, shaved, and clothed in clean white linen.

Our last two marches to Skardu were very pleasant ones, as we were mounted by the Rajah on excellent country-breds who carried us wonderfully. I ride some 14 stone and I must say felt some compassion for a 12.3 pony which they assured me would carry me easily. It not only did so but after cantering the greater part of the way, ended up quite fresh and in no way distressed. Eight or nine miles from Skardu the valley changes completely in character. Instead of the stream being bounded by either scree slopes or rock faces, the valley opens

out to a grey plain of Indus silt - in places four miles broad, - with large masses of rock dotted about rising to 1,000 or 1,500 feet. The mountains recede to form a kind of great amphitheatre, the greater part of which is completely filled by the greenery of Skardu and its dependencies. On the North the Shigar valley opens out and the junction of the Shigar and Indus rivers takes place quite close to Skardu.

For the last five miles the road ran through an avenue of trees, first willows, then poplars bringing us eventually to a comfortable and clean dak bungalow, at which we rested a few days before proceeding. We arrived on the 14th of May, 17 days out of Srinagar.

All the way we had been the best of friends with the natives, who were excessively keen to be our porters. On two occasions indeed there was an actual fight for the loads, where there were more coolies than we required. Generally speaking the Baltis are a finer lot than the Kashmiris, but both are equally courteous and everywhere honest.

## Chapter II.

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### Skardu to the Glacier foot.

At Skardu we rested for several days before resuming our journey towards the glacier and made some slight reprovionments, e.g. sugar and salt which had evaporated en route at a rather alarming pace. Tho' the town is a large place containing some 25,000 inhabitants, yet like the smaller vil-lages the houses are so completely swallowed up by the masses of fields and fruit trees that barely one is visible without a search. Soon after our arrival we were called upon by the Rajah of Shigar, the brother of the Rajah of Kapaloo and the Rajah of Kiriz. The first named was far the finest man, with a very kindly and intellectual face: incidentally I may mention that he was a master mason - the last one I met on my way North from Kashmir. After they had gone came the Maib (assistant),

Tahsildar, as his superior was ill; he talked quite good English, offered us every assistance and brought as a present a great mountain trout.

In the evening the Doctor had a nasty case. A man was brought to our Dak bungalow with his leg cut to the bone from knee to ankle from an accident in a stone quarry. Moreover it was all filled with fine sand and dirt. So there was a big bustle to find kiltas containing antiseptics, candles &c and it was 2 hours before the Doctor had satisfied himself that all that could be done had been done. I am glad to say that on our return we found that the man had completely recovered and was about again.

The man was a good example of what we found with all natives that were operated on in any way - namely an insensibility to pain which would have been wonderful in a European. They seemed to look on anything of this kind as a great and interesting joke and we rarely met a man who objected to have a bad tooth extracted on the spot.

Next day we had a sample of the Skardu sand-storm, a phenomenon which repeats itself most days in the afternoon. A strong wind blows down the Indus valley over the broad expanses of silt and whisks this up thousands of feet, completely blotting out the view and rendering everything so sandy that one has perforce to retire and shut windows and doors.

Our rest of seven days at Skardu passed quickly enough, tho' we did nothing in particular but an occasional walk up a neighbouring hill and an attempt to catch trout in the Indus with very elementary tackle which was not much of a success. We had one more visit from local royalty in the shape of the Rajah of Shigar and his sons. Their power has been taken from them and vested in the Tahsildar who is a representative of the British Raj. The etiquette of these social functions is rather difficult and the way is beset with pitfalls for the beginner e.g. never eat or drink anything from your left hand; take your shoes off before sitting down (you all sit on the table-cloth); remember that your guests cannot

leave till you rise and give them their 'songs' &c. One day we tried the tobacco which they grow here and found it excellent it had the further merit of being distinctly reasonable in price, 1 1/4 d per lb!

Before we left I went with the Doctor to see the Tahsildar and to interpret the prescriptions. We found him a cheerful and jovial person who talked English excellently and was only unhappy because, being a Punjabi, he felt solitary: so he welcomed us right royally.

On Monday, May 19th, we finally got our caravan under weigh and started for Askole, the highest village in the Bralduh valley. There are two ways there from Skardu: (1) over a high pass, the Skoro-la, which descends right on Askole; this route is 5 days march: (2) along the Shigar valley till the Bralduh valley meets it and then straight up that. We chose the latter way, as the pass was reported very deep in snow and it is at any time rather an arduous one.

Before leaving we went to say farewell to the



Tahsildar and to arrange with him to send on our mails by special coolies as far as Askole. He gave us little bunches of yellow roses, and as we had already received others, we had our hats and coats all decorated as for a wedding. It is rather a pleasing custom which all the natives of these parts have, to deck one with flowers by way of wishing one good luck. The Tahsildar could not and would not believe that we were not an important Government mission of some political character and treated our denials as polite prevarications.

From Skardu we went back along the way we had come for some two miles and then ferried across the Indus.

The ferry was a large punt-shaped vessel, almost exactly like the big Cambridge grinds and was propelled by five men paddling at the ~~side~~ with ~~two~~ small paddles and two men working big stern paddles. The river was some 160 yards broad where we crossed and the boat was carried down 200 yards in crossing. From the ferry the way lay for miles across wastes of Indus silt, - very hot and tiring for the horses; for

we rode for some marches up the Shigar valley.

Soon we turned into a steep and rocky gorge which led up till it debouched high up on the side of the main Shigar valley which lay stretched out before us. Shigar itself is a long straggling patch of cultivated land and fruit trees extending over several miles in length. On each side of the valley tower great snow summits which overpower the valley so much that it seems quite narrow tho' in reality quite 3 miles wide in most places.

Here we laid in stores of flour to the extent of some 12 maunds (960 lb) for the use of our coolies on the glacier, as we were uncertain how much we could get further up. We also bought some dried apricots, as those from this valley are far famed: they stone the fruits, dry them in the sun, and roll several together into a ball. The next day from Shigar was a very pleasant march as the track led the whole time through groves of mulberry and apricot trees with stretches of park-like land on each side. At Alchori we met the Wasir of

the place - a fine well set-up young man who was destined to remain a long time with us and be very useful to us too. From Achori to the place where the Shigar river takes its birth from the junction of the Bralduh and Basha torrents was tedious marching over stony and bare ground, but fording the rivers gave us some amusement. The river forks out into several branches in the broad valley floor and so we had some six fords to cross. Some were narrow and shallow, others broad and deep; but all ice-cold and rapidly flowing. At one ford at a Y junction of 2 streams I missed the track and found myself in deep water. To get out I was obliged to go to the wrong side. On the return journey my horse was swept right off his feet but pluckily swam ashore further down. At the same place one of our servants was carried off his legs and rolled over, but was fortunately washed ashore on the right side without mishap. At another place Eckenstein's horse came over and Eckenstein dismounted rather hastily right into the deepest place. The

Doctor's fording costume was very effective, shirt, bathing drawers, rope-shoes, a big straw hat with a black veil and a green and white parasol! The coolies went very well; steady-ing one another through the deepest places by taking hands.

After the fording was over we turned into the Bralduh valley passing on our way vast debris which must at one time have been a terminal moraine of the Baltoro glacier. The mountain scenery hereabouts is very imposing. The striking feature is the extraordinary steepness of the rock-walls and aretes when compared to Swiss ones: this adds a grandeur quite apart from the size of the mountains.

At our stopping place just in the Bralduh valley the Doctor operated on a dropsical man: the man was carried to us and walked away on his own legs. To the natives the thing was incredible: without doubt it appeared a miracle to them.

All the way up the valley the track keeps rising and falling, often many thousands of feet, on account of the very precipitous sides which frequently rise straight from the

torrent beneath.

As we proceeded up the valley the vegetation between villages became very scarce. Indeed excepting a quantity of *Artemisia* (absinthe scrub) there was nothing but a little wild asparagus and here and there some wild rhubarb: this latter the natives chew on the march. Between Dusso and Ghombore the track ascends to a col some 1500 ft above the river bed to avoid a big buttress of rock. It was here that I saw for the first time that mighty bird the *Lammergeyer*. The particular one I saw was not I believe at all an exceptionally large specimen, but even he had a spread of wings of 15 to 18 feet and as he came over me quite close, he looked colossal. The opposite slope of the valley at this point is composed of a wall of rock of a bright bluish colour seamed with waterfalls which join the Bralduh below in tremendous leaps.

It is curious to notice the very different customs which prevail with regard to native womankind at successive villages along a valley. For, while at one no women will be

seen at all, at the next they will crowd round one's encampment with the male villagers and evince much interest in one's doings. I suppose we must have represented something even more strange than is a circus procession to the average child. They are of course all Mahomedans.

We knew that we had 2 nullahs (valleys) down which flowed mud avalanches to cross on the day's march above Ghombore, so started early as they are likely to be less active early in the day. The first one was about ten yards wide. The sides were very steep (75° - 80°) and at the bottom through the débris of an old mud avalanche flowed a black stream. Crowley cut a way down the slopes and up the other side with an ice-axe and as there were no avalanches flowing at the time of crossing there was no difficulty. The second was a much larger one; some thirty yards wide with a thick fan of mud spreading out into the river. Luckily this was also quiescent at this time and the village people had built a causeway of stones for us to cross the soft mud on. Shortly after the



second and nullah the track crosses to the left bank of the Brahdah - which is through all its course a series of tremendous boiling rapids - by means of a rope bridge some seventy yards long and slung high above the river.

These bridges are made of a bundle of ropes of plaited birch twigs about eight inches wide on which one walks, while two similar ropes are provided to hold on to with ones hands. The three main ropes are connected at intervals by thin side ropes and at two or three places are put pieces of wood from hand-rope to hand-rope to preserve the V arrangement of the structure and prevent the hand-ropes coming in and pinching one. The bridge hangs, of course, in a catenary curve which modifies as one goes along it: one's movement too gives rise to a series of oscillations which are perhaps the only unpleasant part of what after all is not much of an undertaking. Occasionally however with a strong side-wind blowing, or on an old bridge with the pieces of wood missing, crossing is not

quite so easy.

The next day we crossed the stream again by a similar bridge, the detour of the track being simply to avoid a high rock pari (wall). Soon after getting on to the right bank again, we came to a hot sulphur spring, which had also carbonate of lime in solution. The hot spring was in a cup of pure white limestone about 12 yards across and waist-deep with 2 or 3 streams of sulphurated hydrogen bubbling through it. The overflow of the basin had left terrace on terrace of beautiful flowerlike and tendril shaped deposits right down the hillside. Some of us stopped here and had a good bath, for we had not had an opportunity to bathe in anything but ice-water since leaving Srinagar.

An hour from the spring brought us to Askole - the last village in the Braiduh valley. It is a very worlds'end of a place, for North, South and East are the big mountains and the ice and West the valley we had ascended. It seems extraordinary to see heavy corn crops growing at this altitude

(10,300 ft) but there are no fruit trees.

Here we pitched a big camp intending to stop for a few days and get everything ship shape before proceeding to our real work of getting up the Baltoro glacier to the foot of the peak.

Next morning we held a durbar with the old natives and by means of much translation from English to Hindustani and Hindustani to Balti elicited the information that the glacier Spout was 4 days march from Askole and that the last place where much wood was obtainable was at Bardumal, the third parao (stage). The natives name these places, tho' there are no huts there; they are used in summer to pasture flocks of sheep and goats.

So we arranged to send off 60 coolies under one of our shikaris to take the first instalment of loads to Bardumal and to take the rest up with us. The day before they were to start, however, they came to us with a petition to be allowed to delay for one day owing to a Mahomedan festival: this we

of course permitted, as so very much depends on not ruffling the coolies' feelings; especially their religious ones.

Pfannl and Wessely were continually climbing about neighbouring small rock peaks and one day crossed the river by the Askole rope-bridge and ascended the slopes across the valley. They returned almost too full of news to speak. They had seen K<sup>2</sup> in the distance - "such a big fellow" said Pfannl "that the others scarcely reach his waist"; and with fine enthusiasm explained to us that the W ridge was quite doable and had but one difficulty, a Bergschrund high up on the mountain. Meanwhile we had much to occupy us in camp: instruments to adjust, altitude tables to work out and packing to do. All duplicates we intended to leave at the glacier foot, taking with us only necessaries and plenty of food.

A curious epidemic ran through our men while we were halted at Askole which very closely resembled influenza. I suppose we must have brought it up with us from Srinagar. It soon appeared to have run its course but reappeared later on

in uncomfortable circumstances when we were on the glacier.

There are a great quantity of a species of blue rock pigeons that live in the rock-faces near the village, which afforded us some sport in the mornings and evenings and gave us a change in our menu from the eternal mutton and chicken. We had a rather unpleasant incident with our 3 down-country servants: the head-man came to us with 5 lbs of sugar which he said was all that remained of our store. We had bought 80 lb at Skardu, so that it was clear that much of it must have been stolen. We decided however not to fine them the value of the sugar, as that would have led to their making up the amount of the fine in other ways, but to note a full account of the matter and defer their punishment till we got back to Srinagar. This had the double advantage of giving them a chance of discounting their thefts by really good behaviour and also of bringing a written document into the business - and a written thing is every native's terror.

The Baltis have remembered and tell one a lot about

Conway's expedition to these parts 10 years ago. One man showed us the frost bites he had got on his hand on that occasion. Indeed the coolies seem, by their accounts, to have suffered rather severely from cold and insufficient food arrangements: one or two died and many were badly frostbitten. It is not surprising therefore to find that the natives did not form a favourable impression of Conway at all.

We had 14 men whom we had engaged for a month with us at Askole to make the ascent of the glacier: they were the pick of all the coolies we had employed from Skardu and were, to a man, keen to come with us. The rest of the necessary porterage we made up from Askole men. Besides these we had two shikaris and 12 nauka-coolies i.e. men who carried a load on a march and were servants in camp, helping in the cooking, cleaning and cutting wood: they had been engaged in Srinagar for the whole journey. Before we left we gave these month men and our naukas a small feast consisting of 2 sheep and some tea. They made a regular tamasha of it and the rest of the

village joined in and sang far on into the night.

As to the number of coolies obtainable in Askole, no one had any idea at all; for the simple reason that they could not count so far; so we adopted the simple plan of telling them all to come and counting ourselves. The whole caravan when it did get started amounted to the large total of 230. Once away from Askole there are no more villages and consequently no food: so we had to face the problem of feeding all these men as long as they were in our employ. Their normal food is 1 seer (2 lb) of flour a day. The flour is ground from barley, wheat and oats mixed and they cook it into round loaves which they usually eat partly at midday and partly in the evening. They rarely eat meat. In addition to the flour we had bought at Shigar, we got large amounts at Askole where stores from all the valley had been collected against our arrival. Besides flour we took a quantity of ghi (melted and clarified butter), and a herd of 13 sheep and 15 milk-goats.

So on Thursday June 15th we started for the glacier.

All the officials from neighbouring villages had come to be paid for their flour and one of them proved to be an old friend of Eckenstein's whom he had known when he was out with Conway 10 years ago. Two hours walking along the bare valley brings one to the snout of the Biafo glacier. Crossing this we got our first experience of the interminable moraines we were to meet on the Baltoro: for the long glaciers of the Hindu Kush are mostly at a gentle angle and covered for the greater part of their length with moraine which affords the worst of walking. The sheep and goats however proved trained mountaineers for they went splendidly. The glacier once past an hour along the valley floor brings one to the first stage Korop<sup>h</sup>ron: the position of which is marked by a colossal boulder round and under which we pitched our camp.

From here the ordinary route runs some miles up the side valley of Purnah till a rope-bridge is reached by which to cross Purnah torrent (vide map); now it occurred to us that as it was still early in the season the torrent might be ford-



able and that thus we might save a long detour. On suggesting this to the coolies they very sensibly proposed sending on four of their number to the fording-place the same evening to meet us as we started the next morning and report. Next morning they returned to say that it would go, as at day-break the water was scarcely more than knee-deep. When we got there, after an hour's walk over a goodish track with here and there a rock scramble in it, the water came about half-way up one's thigh: it was of course ice-cold and swift but did not present much difficulty.

The sheep and goats were carried over on coolies backs - a comical sight. When half of them were over the other half started bleating, so the first half made a dash to rejoin them. Luckily they were headed before they got to the deep arm of the river or they must have infallibly been carried away. From the ford to our halting place was a tedious march along the valley - sometimes on the alluvial cliffs above, sometimes on the river bed of loose stones and sand, sometimes

on shifting slopes - all bad walking. Eventually we reached Bardumal, a name given to a large overhanging rock close to a good spring of water. Here we found the luggage we had sent on stored. Now however some of our men came to tell us that a long march further on there was a good supply of wood quite near to the glacier end, so we resolved to move look, stock and barrel on in order to have our reserve base as close to the mountain as possible.

Their report proved to be quite true and the next afternoon saw us installed at Paiyu within 40 minutes of the glacier end in a well-sheltered place. There were several willows under which we pitched our camp and right up the hillside grew a little jungle of woody bushes - chiefly terebinths - enough wood to last us for months. On the way in the morning we got our first view of the Baltoro and some of the peaks on it; the finest and highest which we could see appeared to be the Mustagh Tower which by a rough elevation I took on a clinometer was about 23,000 ft. There is a lot of game in these

parts: I saw the slot marks of ibex on the valley sand and we see many herds of them on the hillside. Pfanni got within a hundred yards of three sharpu.

We had a long talk in the evening to our natives and incidentally discovered the name which the natives call K<sup>2</sup> namely Chogo-Ri. It means 'the Giant Mountain' and I think the name should be retained, as a native name is always far more desirable than one called after some surveyor or explorer.

The next day we had to take rather a serious step - discharge our three servants and send them back. Not content with stealing our sugar before Askole they had refused to be warned and had continued to take cocca and tea and finally told us that two of our fowls had 'died' on the road: no doubt they did. They had also given trouble by attempting to cheat and rob the inhabitants we dealt with. As it was obvious they were untrustworthy to leave behind in a base-camp such as this, we formed a solemn court of justice, enumerated their crimes, paid them up to date and told them to be gone homewards, send-

ing before them a letter to the Tahsildar of Skardu and the  
Lumbadar of Askole to prevent them causing trouble en route.  
There was quite a touch of humour in the proceeding when the  
second man tried to extract one rupee from a little Balti boy  
who we had engaged to help in the cooking department for an  
old coat which he had given him. Crowley told the boy to  
return the coat and then told the man to take the coat he wore  
(which was ours, as we had given all our servants warm clothes  
for the journey) and give it to the boy. This piece of orien-  
tal justice appealed to everyone - especially the Balti.]

Before starting up the glacier I should like to ex-  
plain the organization which we decided upon in order to get  
such a large body of men up such a long way from food without  
in any way starving them and with a view to making their night  
quarters as comfortable as possible.

It was obvious that we could not get 200 coolies up  
in one batch, as (1) if the food ran short there would be no  
means of getting more (2) many of the side valleys where we

found shelter at night would give good accomodation for 60 but not for 200. So we decided to break the expedition up into three parties. Firstly Crowley with one of the shikaris and 22 coolies to find a way and settle on a point for the highest camp. Secondly Pfanni and Wessely with some 60 coolies. Thirdly Dr. Guillarmod and myself with another lot of coolies. Eckenstein was meanwhile to stay below at the base camp with a certain number of picked men. Each party took with them food for eight or nine days and as this got eaten, so did the food carrying coolies become free. These were then sent back to the base with notes to Eckenstein, telling him our position, track, and the amount of food that each party had. He kept a constant record of the amount of food each party had, and how many men remained in each party. When necessary he despatched a <sup>(post)</sup> dak of picked men carrying light loads (30 lb) of flour to catch up any party which he knew required food. The men who had returned empty to him he either employed to go down to Askole and bring up more food or else paid off altogether. On

one occasion the chain of organization very nearly broke through the Askole lumbadara failing to despatch promised food to Eokenstein. This left him with a lot of men in his camp and only two days supply for them and none to send on up the glacier. He had to resort to energetic measures and send down picked men to do forced marches. These, with the great willingness which formed such a characteristic of the Balti natives we met, did five marches in one day and saved the situation. Otherwise I think I may say that the system worked perfectly and that everyman had his full allowance of food every day. Further we made the coolies build wall shelters of stones at every stage where the rock was not sufficient protection with the result that we did not have a single case of frost-bite during the whole time - or indeed any illness or accident.

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## Chapter III.

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### Ascent of Baltoro Glacier.

Crowley started with his party from our base at Paiyu on June 9th and the two Austrians on the 10th so that when Dr. Guillarmod and I went off early on the 11th we already had received reports of the way for two stages ahead. We got off early with a total caravan of 58 after many salaams and handshakes from those remaining below.

After forty minutes along the valley we got to the glacier which was everywhere moraine covered and ascending a steep scree shoot found ourselves on the glacier at eight o'clock. The going was not at all bad as the moraine was tightly packed and thick and so afforded firm footing. Our way lay obliquely across to the true left bank. Once on the glacier it began to rain and later to sleet and snow tho' we

could see the valley we had left still in sunshine. The first stage was not a long one and we soon reached Lilligo - the parao. This is a mullah in the mountains of the left bank with steep earthy sides containing many large blocks of stone, whence as the natives said it is not a good place to stay in if there is much wind and rain. Up the valley is a large quantity of absinth scrub which the coolies soon collected for fuel. I weighed them out two days food here as at the next stopping place there is little fuel so they cook for tomorrow. During the afternoon and evening the messengers from Pfennl and Crowley passed me on their way down. The former is all right but Crowley has met such bad weather and his natives do not want to proceed to Camp IV to-morrow unless the weather ameliorates as it is unsheltered.

June 12th. It was a cold night but in the morning it was fine with a north wind blowing. We sent off the coolies and then climbed on to a high ice-hummock to photograph.



The surface of the glacier as far as eye can reach is like a series of waves thrown up by a boiling rapid - the crests stand often 300 feet above the troughs and the moraine covers it all - no ice to be seen. The mountains which were yesterday hidden now were clear - great steep walls of rock, seamed with chimneys and caves, with castellated and often pillar-shaped summits. We soon followed and caught up the coolies, continuing in the ravine between glacier and mountain side till we came to the junction of the first side-glacier with the main one. At this point a little lake was formed which forced <sup>us</sup> cut <sub>^</sub> on to the glacier to get round it, cutting a few steps in the ice for the following coolies. A little further was our stage Khobutse - a fine sheltered place for the coolies, but with little or no fuel. In the afternoon the first sack of food for Crowley arrived having done two stages to-day. Eckenstein was thoughtful enough to send up some fresh meat for us as well.

As we go along I keep asking the natives names of

the valleys, peaks, etc. Those that they all agree about are at variance with the names Conway gives in his map, and indeed the more I see of the country the less I think of this map which is intended to represent it. The inaccuracies are great: far greater indeed than those in the Indian Survey map which it aspires to improve upon. A boiling point determination gave 13,300 ft. Pfanni's report came so late that I kept the messenger and gave him food for the night, sending him on the next day.

June 13th. The Doctor and I were ready at 6.40 but as it was a sharp morning the coolies were not unnaturally reluctant to leave their fires and so it was after 7 before we got going. We soon got to another side glacier joining the main one - a pleasant change for it was clean ice without moraine. A little further on we got our first view of the giants - Gusherbrum 26,000 ft towering up majestically at the end of the glacier. Its neighbour Broad Peak was also visible

but the long ridge of the latter is not so impressive at a distance as the cone-shaped Gasherbrum with its maze of aretes running down from the summit. After crossing a shoot full of ice and snow avalanche debris we got to the stage called **Edokas**. It is a large stretch of hillside covered with luxuriant grass with much good brushwood growing everywhere and a good stream flowing down from the snow above. This being the last place at which we knew there was a sufficiency of fuel, my first care on arrival was to see that the food **dak** for Crowley which had accompanied me so far to-day converted all its stock of flour into baked loaves. This they did quickly and resumed their march in the afternoon hoping to catch Crowley to-morrow. Then I issued rations to my own men for eight days telling them also to bake it here. The height of the place worked out at about 13,900 ft. I found a fine pair of ibex horns here, belonging no doubt to some luckless animal which had fallen from the rocks above. The messages from the others did not arrive till late: Crowley is uncertain

of his position, as Conway's map does not agree with what he has passed, and says that the shelter is bad and fuel nil at the next two camps.

June 14th. There was a sharp snow storm as we started this morning and during the whole day it never was really clear, tho' we did not get very much wet on the march. We now left the south bank of the glacier and traversed it in a north-easterly direction to the right bank. The going was very bad as the glacier preserves its character of a solidified ground-swell and the moraine covering seems to be freely moveable in every direction when one walks on it. Here and there one comes across a streak of clean ice which is undoubtedly a bit of a side glacier which has become incorporated. The Doctor has a very pretty method of differentiating between the ice which belongs to the main glacier and that which comes from a short side one. It appears that all glacier ice is granulated and that the further ice has travelled the bigger are the granules. So one hacks off a piece of ice, puts it in the

sun to melt the water out of the interstices and then daubs on a little aniline colouring. At the end of the Baltoro the granules were some two inches in diameter, whereas the side glaciers rarely show anything bigger than an eighth of an inch. Everywhere on our track (which we marked with large stone-men) were ice-lakes, down the steep ice-walls of which there was a frequent cannade of falling blocks. Two of these lakes had been drained by some fissure and had left beautiful ice-grottoes one nearly 100 ft high - supported by grand stalactitic pillars of ice: their walls looked, in the occasional glimpses of sun we got, like a great mosaic of peridots and aquamarines. The stopping place was a bare stretch of sand between the lateral moraine and a steep rock wall lying just east of the ~~Pale~~ Glacier up which lies the way to Younghusband's Mustagh pass to Yarkand. As soon as the coolies arrived they rushed off in search of wood. Nothing less likely than a stick on this rocky face, yet somehow they accumulated two loads. I wrote my

message for Eckenstein and was just about sending it off when a man was seen approaching. He turned out to be the first post-dak wallah carrying up our mails: we had arranged a service all the way from the last post-town Skardu. Eckenstein had certainly picked a magnificent goer, for the man Hazi had left Paiyu the same morning at 5 o'clock. My mails were dated "London May 9th": so that made 36 days for the journey from London to half-way up the Baltoro glacier, which must be a good record. I sent the mail for the others on by another messenger and the original dak-wallah returned with one of my food coolies whose load had been eaten. We then literally devoured our letters which were, I cannot say, how welcome.

With the mail came news from Eckenstein: he expects another consignment of flour from Askole and will then move up the base to Rakass which is eminently suitable for it. In the evening it cleared up a bit and we got a glimpse of the whole mass of Masherbrum 25,000 ft high of which quite 11,000

it are visible - a wonderful maze of hanging glacier and rock ridge with a snow capped rocky summit.

June 15th. To-day's stage to Ghoré (14,681 ft) was partly very good walking along a sandy valley between moraine and hillside until we were forced out on to the glacier again. The coolies go wonderfully on this kind of footing and do not seem in the least inconvenienced by a load of 50 lbs: they wear a form of footgear known as "pabu's" which is simply a long boot made of sheep's skin with the wool side turned inwards. As often as not however if the stones are warm they go bare-foot. In the afternoon we had a sharp sleet storm after which the clouds lifted and we had once more an uninterrupted view of Kasherbrum. Later on I had most unmistakable symptoms of 'flue' coming on and retired to my sleeping bag hoping to be well enough to go on the next day as a day's delay of any party would have very much disorganized our arrangements.

June 16th. I felt much better this morning, so, as it was a beautiful clear day we got off as usual at 7 o'clock.

I intended to go slowly to-day so asked Dr. Guillarmed not to wait for me. He unluckily, instead of immediately going out on to the main glacier followed along the hillside and some ten coolies followed him. When I became aware of this from their shouts I had to go across and bring them back to the better way; a proceeding which involved about a score of steps being cut in the ice. This small amount of work undermined my reserve forces and I began to go slower and worse. In fact to cut a long story short, it took me more than seven hours to finish the stage to Biange.

From this I can lay down a sound rule for the use of families - and others -; don't try a long glacier parse on your second day of 'flue' - it's a bad game, even played slowly.

All day long we had magnificent views of Masherbrum and Gasherbrum: the latter is a ponderous pyramid of rock with the top cut flat, powdered all over its western face with snow so much that only a rib or two of naked rock shows - it is the impersonation of stolidness and dignity. Passing the Younghusband



glacier we had a fine view of the Mustagh Tower: Conway's description of it is a good one: "Away to the left .... rose an astonishing tower. Its base was buried in clouds and a cloud-banner waved on one side of it, but the bulk was clear, and the right-hand outline was a vertical cliff. We afterwards discovered that it was equally vertical on the other side. This peak .... is one of the most extraordinary mountains for form we anywhere beheld." But I cannot but think that Conway is mistaken in comparing it as a rival in height to K<sup>2</sup>. It seems nearer 23,000 ft than 28,000 ft.

News from Crowley in front is that he is on the Godwin-Austen glacier within a day of the base of K<sup>2</sup> and is looking around for a suitable spot for a main camp. My food question is getting a little urgent as the coolies stock is rather low and they do not seem inclined to go on without some reserve. However I explained to them thro' their headman, who is an excellent fellow and talks Hindustani pretty well, that

the Sahib behind will send us up some more before all is eaten and at the same time despatched a note to Eckenstein asking for more and that quickly. He should have arrived bag and baggage at Dokass by now. The height of this camp is 15,176 ft.

June 17th. An excellent night left me once more fit again. Just before leaving came a nauka-coolie down from Pfannl and Wessely - they found him no use to them in communicating with the coolies. This did not surprise me for, as the nauka explained to me very volubly, he could not guess their orders and they could not talk Hindustani. To-day's march was a short one and not so bad going as some to Doksam which is very near the junction-point of the Godwin-Austen and Baltoro glaciers. On the way we passed a wonderful hill-side meadow carpeted with thick grass and a variety of purple primula with a strong scent reminding one of a carnation and a stock. Also even at this height there are quite a number of birds - big ravens and an animal rather smaller than a thrush

who has a peculiar song - like a man running his finger up the E string of a violin and finishing on the E again. The chief new summit which became visible to-day is the not unaptly named Mitre: it is so to speak the Matterhorn of the district. Not very high (21,000 ft to 22,000 ft) but most wonderfully shaped: looked at in full face it presents a mitre-shaped wall of rock of great steepness, while in profile it is seen to be made of a wedge so thin that it gives one an impression of instability and at every gust of wind one unconsciously expects it to topple over. Our camp to-day is placed between a hanging glacier which keeps volleying stones on to its white marble moraine and an ice-lake bordered by the high ice walls of the Baltoro. Crowley's news came at 6.30: he is under the rocks of K<sup>2</sup> and intends pushing on to-morrow to make a camp on "the pass" on the eastern ridge of K<sup>2</sup>. I sent down another messenger this evening to Eckenstein about my coolies food supply which begins to disquiet me. At the same time I tell them that I am sure the food will arrive long before their's

is gone.

June 18th. To-day's march being a long one and containing much snow we intended an early start. Just as we were off at 6 o'clock two men appeared from down glacier: they were the advance guard of a food dak for me which Eckenstein had sent up - timed to a nicety. It was a great relief. At the same time arrived our friend Hazi the record-breaker: he came with notes from Eckenstein and had started from Paiyu on June 17th at 4 a.m. apparently without stopping - a wonderful performance. We spent a good deal of time in rearranging the loads, for I sent as many men of the food dak back to Eckenstein as possible giving my own men a little more each to carry. This they did not object to, seeing that it was food. Finally we got off, going, at the beginning, for a short way due south across the glacier over a moraine of white marble. This only took us some ten minutes, but when Eckenstein crossed it later took more than an hour, as it was then covered with snow so that it was impossible to tell where a firm footing could be

obtained: he had to try every step with the point of an axe before proceeding.

Then we turned eastward and soon reached an excellent moraine which was really the medial one of the Godwin-Austen glacier which flows down due south from  $K^2$ , and sweeps round a right angle to join the Baltoro. This moraine we followed all day, eventually camping just west of it under the shelter of the mountains on its right bank. We had now got to snow, and even tho' our late start had made us find it soft, it was a great relief coming as it did after seven days of moraine trotting. The excitement of to-day was the first view of  $K^2$ . As we got round the corner of rock which bounds the Godwin-Austen glacier on the west, so gradually did the monster Chogori appear, until when we got out to the junction, he was fully revealed.

Its size rather overwhelmed one at first and it took me sometime before I could begin to take in its details. The

mountain is a fairly symmetrical pyramid with a very slightly flattened summit, ridges descending east and west. The southern face is an inextricable maze of rock with no well-defined ridges but rather a series of broken aretes beginning and ending nowhere. On the higher parts snow is lodged wherever it is not too steep; down below are a series of hanging glaciers which blend off into the Godwin-Austen. The western ridge does not look promising as it is bare rock all the way and tho' not very steep taken altogether, yet contains many steep pitches. The eastern arete was not wholly clear to-day and we could not judge much of its climbing difficulties.

When we could spare a moment from our contemplation of the object of our desires - Chogo-Ri - and turn to the rest of the panorama which was unfolded, we saw a collection of giants to which I suppose it would be hard to find equals. The vista of the Baltoro end opened up, getting more and more free from moraine till it terminated in Conway's Golden Throne (another good name by the way). The mountain is entirely of

snow and ice with no vestige of rock appearing. Along one side there is a fine ice-fall, but excepting these seracs there is not a hard line: all soft curves and slopes. It reminded one very much of Monte Rosa with all the aretes filed round.

A little further east, the top of Hidden Peak peered over its lesser neighbours, but tho' the mountain is the second highest in the neighbourhood (26,400 ft) its outline is not particularly characteristic. East again were Gusherbrum and Broad Peak towering right over our heads with the glister of fresh snow on their rocks. Westwards a long view down the glacier we had ascended, with the thin wedge of Mitre in the foreground and two un-named twin peaks just behind.

Our camp was an unsheltered one and was the first at which we had to pitch the tent actually on the ice: the coolies built good stone-walls for themselves against the rock and were quite snug. Height 16,590 ft.

I had news from Crowley that he has pitched the main-

camp and sent his coolies down. Pfannl and Wessely will reach him to-morrow: they thought I was shorter of food than actually the case and considerately left a large bag of baked flour for my men here.

June 19th. Last night was our coldest so far  $-10^{\circ}\text{C}$  ( $16^{\circ}\text{F}$ ) and it was not far above the minimum when we started this morning. We thought of going two marches to-day to rejoin the others at the big camp but there was some slight illness among our coolies so that delays ensued and by the time we had finished the first march the snow had already become very soft. So I decided that the caravan should halt and go on the next day. On the way we had for a short time an unclouded view of  $K^2$ . The eastern arete looks far more inviting than the western: it is less steep, less rocky and seems to have snow-slopes behind it, as indeed we had expected from the distant photographs we had seen before we started. On the way to-day the Bride Peak rose on our southern horizon:- a long snow and ice ridge 25,000 ft high and resembling rather a



magnified Lyskampp. The way to-day was more interesting than it has been. The main direction was due north towards the Peak of Chogo-Ri with here and there a detour to avoid an ice-fall and one crossing through some easy seracs which descended from the eastern branch of the Godwin-Austen glacier. The coolies show no dislike to ice and are perfectly willing to go unroped among crevasses or seracs provided one of us leads them: some of them were, as I before mentioned, slightly ill to-day, their illness taking the form of a bad headache. One cannot tell whether this is real mountain sickness from altitude (the height of our Camp IX was 17,382 ft) or whether it is due to their food. For they are accustomed to eat the unleavened bread fresh and what they now have is six days old.

To-day's camp was under one of the rock-ribs that descend from the southern face of Chogo-Ri and afforded with a little assistance excellent shelter for the coolies. Soon after our arrival came a band of coolies from Pfannl and Wessely; they have been sent down after leaving the luggage

at the main Camp X where half our party is now assembled.

Later I gave out to the headman food for the homeward journey of my men; they will leave it here and pick it up on the return to-morrow after leaving us aloft.

June 20th. Our men wanted to do at least two stages on their homeward way to-day, so we got off at 5.40. After traversing a fairly level snowfield, we crossed some seracs and finally ascended a very crevassed snow and ice slope to the flat col on which the camp was placed. Soon after starting it had begun to snow and continued to do so pretty continuously during the march. The coolies were immediately sent back and we tried somewhat unsuccessfully to make ourselves comfortable. The tent had been put up hastily and faced the wrong way, so the wind drove fine snow in everywhere which soon made our valises wet and cold. Meals, too, were not easy to get as the cooking things were in Crowley's tent and crossing there meant getting wet. Eventually how-

ever we got fairly snug before turning in for the night. The other three had a good journey up here and are in the best of health.

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## Chapter IV.

### Camps IX & X.

(18,500 & 20,000 feet).

June 21st. Last night we had a minimum of  $-15^{\circ}\text{C}$  ( $5^{\circ}\text{F}$ ) and this morning things were not much improved. It was still snowing hard and clouded to below our level, so there was not much to be done but to keep as warm as possible in one's sleeping bag and sally forth for food in the lulls of the storm. Large avalanches thundered down all day. A messenger braved the elements and arrived at the camp; he brought a note from Eckenstein which gave us little news save that one message down had gone astray.

June 22nd. This morning there was a gleam of sunshine, in which we all promptly tried to dry our wet things. The weather did not, however, let us do much, as it soon clouded over. It did not, however, start snowing before we

got up another tent as a cooking tent in a place adjacent to our two pools. These are holes we have made in the ice and lined with tins, so that we get a little water when the sun is shining without having to melt all of it from snow. To-day, I'm sorry to say, I relapsed into another attack of the flue, or something closely resembling it, and retired to my sleeping bag, to remain there the rest of the night and day.

June 23rd. At last a fine day this morning, which cheered everyone up a lot after all this cold and wet. Last night was again cold (  $-15^{\circ}\text{C.}$  ), but there was a good sun early, and we had our things out to dry in it. Another message from Eckenstein from Rdokass, he hopes to start up here to-day, and I expect he will take three days over the journey, as he is going by forced marches. I am a good deal better to-day, but by no means brilliant. Crowley maintains this has nothing to do with the reduced atmospheric pressure (which at this height, 18,600 ft, is about 15.5 inches of mercury). This, I have no

doubt is true, as a good dose of flue, under these conditions of heat and cold, is enough to make an ordinary person pant a bit after any exertion. But all the others (except Crowley) say that they can distinctly feel a difficulty in breathing, which retards their pace considerably in walking, and makes them pant very hard if they make any exertion.

June 24th. Last night, just as we had turned in, a violent wind sprang up (apparently from the N.E.) and kept going all night. We had not fixed up our tent particularly tight, as snow looked possible, and in that case one has to have the ropes loose. Result, the tents flapped about and made a fiendish noise which made sleep rather impossible. The weather was pretty well unchanged this morning, the strong wind whisking the snow everywhere. To-day there is too much general cloudiness to let the sun through, but when it shines clearly like yesterday one gets curious temperature effects, e.g., we were eating our dinner at about 6.30 p.m. outside,

with the thermometer in the sun at 39°C. (102°F) when the sun dropped behind a ridge of K<sup>2</sup>., and it was promptly -2°, and -5° before we could get into bed. During the night it was -14°C. I have not yet tried to describe the conformation of this piece of mountain chain, of which the glaciers take the form of a T, the main stem being the Godwen-Austen glacier running nearly due north and south (the southern extremity ending in the Baltoro). At the north of the stem join the two side glaciers, both rather steep and crevassed, and both going a bit N. of E. and W. The whole space north of these glaciers is filled by the mass of K<sup>2</sup>. We are on the true left hand (eastern glacier), high above its junction with the Godwen-Austen down below. Just opposite to us is a kind of pseudo arete of K<sup>2</sup> - it does not continue to the summit, but runs E.S.E. here from the point where it branches off from the true N.E. arete, which extends right along the valley. It shows us an ice-slope of nearly 6,000 feet before it becomes interspersed

with rocks, and finally forms a ridge, from which depends a hanging glacier. Further up our valley the glacier rises and is much crevassed. The end of the valley is rounded in by the N.E. arête of  $K^2$ , joining the mountains which run along the south of the valley - making a high pass. On each side of us, and high above, are fantastic glaciers hanging in crags of ice; but the valley is broad (about one-and-a-half miles here), so the frequent snow and ice avalanches are all far from us - our tents being pitched on the ice in the middle of the glacier. This evening the wind went down, and things looked a bit clearer promising for to-morrow, when we hope to see Eckenstein again.

June 25th. Practically no improvement all day - snowing persistently - clouds occasionally rising a few hundred feet above us, but generally well down. In the evening a gleam of sunshine before turning in, just to accentuate the frost. Not unnaturally, no sign of Eckenstein to-day. Spent the whole day (when not sleeping) in playing chess with



the Doctor, also innumerable patiencees and reading - our library consists of Shakespeare, Omar Khayam, and Browning.

The second named seems particularly amusing when he tells one so "out loud" what a fool one is to be freezing in a continuous snowstorm on a glacier on tinned food, when there are rose-gardens and rivers, and things down below which are far nicer.

Pfanni was a bit ill to-day with indigestion - a complaint it's very hard to guard against with such a hopeless revolution in one's diet. The chief trouble is to get anything cooked at all, as the water boils at 82°C. (180°F.) here, and so one has to continue cooking a long time. One excellent thing we have is called a self-cooking apparatus, and consists of a long cylinder, lined with very good non-conducting material with four cooking-pots in it. If one gets the contents of these real hot and puts them in the apparatus over night, they are still hot in the morning and have gone on cooking appreciably.

June 26th. A quiet night, but this morning the usual heavy downpour of fine snow still continuing. The nightly minimum temperature is very uniform - since we've been here it's always been between  $-12^{\circ}\text{C}$ . and  $-15^{\circ}\text{C}$ . ( $21^{\circ}$  and  $27^{\circ}$  below freezing point, Farenheit). Avalanches from the mountains have been almost unceasing this morning, so there must have been a heavy fall in the night also. These tents are pretty snug, but have developed some uncomfortable defects, e.g., the weight and warmth of one's body apparently melts snow through the pores of the flooring, so just by my head (which happens to be the lowest portion of the tent) there is a little lake of about half an inch of ice. Another mean habit these tents (and any others, of course) have, is to snow inside: they get well below zero in the night, and then the moisture one breathes out freezes, and descends as snow. The day passed as usual, with chess, reading, etc. In the evening it looked better.

June 27th. We awoke this morning at about 7.30 to

hear that Eckenstein and his caravan were visible right down the glacier, and Pfanni went off on ski to meet him. The day was sunny and fine - at last! The party arrived here at nine o'clock, Eckenstein, the old shikari, a naukhar, and the coolies. He brought with him several loads of wood, which will be excellent if the lamps give out. Eckenstein was rather done up, having had a very unenviable journey up - he started June 24th, and did two stages every day for three days, and one stage today; all the time in filthy snowy weather. We are all glad to be together again. The food supply got to a great deal nearer pinch than we up above knew and, in fact, food only reached me when it did by men doing six marches in one day. It has kept glorious and fine, and we are getting all our things dry in the sun. At the same time the fresh snow is melting fast, and we have seen tremendous avalanches falling from the mountains all the morning. The glacier, too, is waking up.

and all the snow bridges are falling into the crevasses. One specially fine avalanche from K<sup>2</sup>, when it reached the valley, was going with such momentum that it carried a part of itself, and a snow-cloud some 150 feet thick, right across the valley to the other side. Eckenstein was thoughtful enough to bring up with him a fine store of fresh meat and bread, which we appreciate no end. Even sixteen days on tins has got the tin taste into everybody's mouth so that everything seems to be the same. We have an excellent larder - all the meat has been tied on to a rope and let down into a crevasse.

June 28th. This morning Eckenstein was down with flue - a pretty severe attack. However, as the weather was fine, and something had to be decided on, we held a durbar in his tent, and resolved that a party of three should start with a Mummery tent and five day's food to attack the mountain straight up from this side. The selection of the three was not an easy task. The Doctor, our doctor, was unanimously

decided upon, and subsequently Crowley and Pfannl. This is, undoubtedly, the strongest party we could send, with Bakenstein cut of consideration. Unfortunately, at this point Wessely made some remarks at his non-inclusion which I can only describe as being as unreasonable as they were unsportsmanlike. Of course, everyone of us wanted to go in the first party, but a Mummy tent holds three, and we are six! The rest of the day was occupied in packing up the food kiltas for the party, and in devising fastenings to fix it securely on to a pair of ski so as to make a self-contained sledge. The idea is to pull this sledge up the ice-slope to a patch of level looking rocks some 4,000-5,000 feet above here; there to make a camp for the night, and try and reach the summit the next day.

June 29th. The original idea was that the party should start this morning at six o'clock, with Wessely and myself also accompanying (anyhow, part of the way) and also two or three coolies to help with the haulage - we have, up

here, five coolies, the elder shikari and a naukar, they all live in seven-foot square Whyper tent - but the weather in the night interfered. It blew hard from the N.E. all night, with a lot more snow. When we got up the wind was still a gale, and though it was clear above, yet down here the snow was being whisked about in whips. Thinking this was only temporary, we got our boots on and went to the kitchen tent to cook something warm before starting - the kitchen tent had been blown down in the night and was, of course, chock full of snow. This was soon re-erected, and with pardonable profanity we dug for, discovered, and eventually lighted, a paraffin stove, over which we got some cocoa hot. After this, on inspecting the weather, we found it worse than ever, so the start was definitely postponed till to-morrow. I had had a wretched night, as in addition to the wind and snow (which finds its way in somehow) my valise and sleeping-bag were very wet, so that I was, not unnaturally, cold this morning. About this time I found my feet freezing solid, and they were only saved

from frost-bite by twenty minutes' hard work on the part of the Doctor. The others then went out on ski some way up the valley and returned late, saying that on the N.E. side of the mountain was a gentle snow slope, up which a much easier route lay; the only question left being how to get on to the snow slope. The N.E. ridge breaks suddenly at a point about two to three hours further up the valley. There is a deep cleft and then, in continuation of the main direction, is a high (25,000 feet, about) rock mountain. So the ways which seemed probable for getting on to the snow slope behind the arête were: (1) into the cleft (which runs N.W. and S.E.) and from there up a steep slope on to a col which had been seen from far off; or, (2) up the N.E. arête itself from the corner of the cleft where a spur descends to the valley.

June 30th. This morning, Pfanni, Wessely and the Doctor went off to make a reconnaissance of the new route on ski. Crowley had gone out yesterday, without black glasses, on

the snow, and so his eyes were in a very bad way this morning and he had to stay at home. I was also somewhat fluey, so Eckenstein, Crowley and I did nothing. Weasely, for some reason best known to himself, instead of going with the other two, to reconnoitre, went right up the valley to the summit col, some four or five hours from here. The Doctor and Pfanni went right up into the cleft, but the distance and heat was too great to allow them to get up the col and see definitely if it connected with the snow-slope on the other side; so they returned without having settled the point in question. In the evening we saw the most colossal avalanche we have yet seen. As it started, it looked as if the whole mountain side to a considerable thickness were falling, and the snow clouds from it blotted out that side of the valley. By and by the wind brought the spray over to us and it coated our tents thick - like a heavy snow storm. It was decided this evening that as the reconnaissance of the positions N. of the N.E.



arete was so important, Pfannl and Wessely should take a tent and food up, and sleep at the entrance to the cleft to-morrow, and thoroughly explore the following day.

July 1st. This morning Pfannl and Wessely got off fairly early with their goods on sledges made of ski, which enabled them to do with many less coolies. We are now waiting for news from them of their reconnaissance. To-day is my birthday, and I spent it in perfect laziness, playing chess pretty nearly all the day long, besides writing a few letters. In the evening we had a little tamasha, our special menu (Crowley and the Doctor being chefs) was clear soup and fried sausages, followed by various biscuits, and also a bottle of whiskey which was opened for the occasion. In the evening there was another tremendous avalanche to windward of us, but as the sun was still powerful, there was a curious effect: the snow cloud bearing down on us melted as it came through the air, and eventually disappeared before it reached us. We also

saw a great shadow effect from K<sup>2</sup>, the shadow of the mountain, right up to the summit, being thrown on the clouds and being magnified in the process, so that the shadow mountain we saw was of colossal dimensions.

July 2nd. Another lazy day, as we could not prepare to start and follow Pfannl and Wessely till we had news from them to say that where they are leads definitely to the better way up. Consequences: more lase and chess, two-handed and four-handed in all combinations. I forgot to mention that yesterday arrived a food dak with a maund (80 lb.) of food for the coolies we keep here. In the evening the weather got a bit bad and it started to snow.

July 3rd. A boisterous, windy night with a heavy snowfall, so we did not bother to get up till just before eleven, when the reports from Pfannl and Wessely arrived. These were very long, and stated that they had gone to the col in the cleft, but that there was no way for us, as there was a

long bit of difficult ice and rock climbing which it would be impossible to get coolies up (our intention being, if possible, to get a camp on the snowfield itself - 22,000 or 23,000 feet). Pfanni had reached 20,700 feet, and both of them had been, apparently rather done up. They are taking a day's rest today, and are going to reconnoitre this arête way to-morrow. They made a suggestion that after this reconnaissance we should abandon K<sup>2</sup>, for the moment and climb the rock-faced mountain N.E. of the cleft. This they wanted because (1) there is a definite easy way up this mountain - a snow ridge of gradual angle leading from the col at the head of this valley; (2) it would at the same time break all existing height records; (3) we should get a good idea of the north-east sides of K<sup>2</sup>. However, the other four of us definitely refuse to abandon K<sup>2</sup> till we have tried it and failed. They also tell us that camp XI is much more sheltered than here, and is about 19,800 feet. The reconnaissance to-morrow being of such vast importance to

us, it was thought that the more on it the better, and Crowley prepared to start off this afternoon to join Pfannl and Wessely. Eckenstein and I packed him a sledge of a food unit (12 men days), but before we got to attaching the tent and valise the weather, which had looked doubtful all day, gave out, and it began to snow heavily, so Crowley's start was postponed till to-morrow.

July 4th. An abominable night, tearing S.W. gale with snowstorm all the time. It is impossible to prevent snow coming into the tent, and so I did not sleep much. The blizzard continued all day, so Crowley did not start. Still, Pfannl and Wessely had to be relieved, having very little food. Two coolies and a naukar took up a kilita load of food for them in spite of the weather. The other four of us collected in our tent and tried to keep warm - playing chess, smoking and cursing the weather all day.

July 5th. Night, if possible, worse than yester-

days: more wind and snow and increased violence. The coolies who had gone up to Pfannl and Wessely yesterday returned this morning after having had rather a poor time. Pfannl and Wessely are, however, all right. Eckenstein's tent was banked up to nearly half its height with snow this morning, and we had a cheerful time clearing it away. Also, last night was the coldest we have had, as water bottles froze hard under our pillows. This morning our mails arrived (May 30th from London): it really is a very plucky thing of our dak-wallahs to have come through here in the inexpressibly vile weather we have had. We are at present engaged in devouring their contents. The weather remained unchanged - gales and snow, snow and gales all day. But now we had our mails to read and answer, and also a couple of magazines to read, which a fellow-passenger on the way out had been thoughtful enough to send us up. So the chessboard had a rest.

July 6th. Last night was a very windy and sleep-

less night, and this morning the wind had grown so strong that one was a little doubtful whether the tents would stand it. The two dak-wallahs went off with our returning mail - they are fine specimens. The reason they went to-day in spite of the weather, was - our old shikari told us - that they were more than the right number in the tent. The right number was eight - the tent is seven feet square! The day passed as usual, i.e. the four of us collected in the tent of the Doctor and myself, and we read, smoked, chessed, etc., all day. The Doctor has really been exceedingly good through all this bad weather in cooking, and it's no joy to go out into a violent snowstorm and cook. In the evening the wind dropped and it only snowed lightly, and generally looked better.

July 7th. At last a pukka fine day - no wind, no clouds and plenty of sun. I find on looking back in my diary that the last complete fine day occurred on June 27th - ten days ago. So we lost no time this morning in getting out our

accumulation of soaked things (of course all frozen stiff) to dry in the sun. It had been arranged that should fine weather come Crowley should go off immediately to Camp XI (where are Pfannl and Wessely) with a good sledge-load of provisions. However, after Eckenstein had called him this morning he was discovered to be unwell, so did not start. Instead, two coolies went with a kilita of food for them. Then came a great work of scraping away some of the drifted snow from the kiltas - they were entirely covered up of course. Then they were opened to get some of the snow, which had drifted in, evaporated out. In the afternoon we changed tents - the Doctor went into Crowley's and I into Eckenstein's (both of them had had tents to themselves). This gave us an empty tent, which we struck in readiness for to-morrow when Crowley and the Doctor go off to join Pfannl and Wessely at Camp XI. Eckenstein and I stay behind to pack up anything we may want at the next camp on to ski sledges, so that the coolies can pull them up to us

without necessitating one of us going down. After dinner we saw a most extraordinary effect on the eastern side of Broad Peak. Just in front of this camp is a fine series of ice-cliffs, and above these - a long way behind and higher - is to be seen another series on the summit ridge. All our valley was in shadow, but the sun just caught the higher cliffs and produced this wonderful sight. They were all golden and appeared to be at an altogether prodigious height ("a million feet if you like", as Eckenstein said) and seemingly floating in the air.

July 8th. A grand, still night last night, so though the thermometer stood at somewhere about  $-20^{\circ}\text{C}.$ , we had all of us a good sleep. We brought out Instras with us to burn in our sleeping bags at night, but unfortunately they are mountain-sick at this height, i.e. there is not enough oxygen in the air to keep the charcoals alight in the instra-cases. However, Eckenstein has discovered a grand arrangement which is



nearly as good. We put three of the charcoals in a Huntley and Palmer's biscuit box, where they have more air, and then, when that gets real hot put it inside. Crowley and the Doctor were up, getting ready, pretty early this morning, and were off with their sledge at about 6.30. They were very lucky in their day as there was no wind and the snow was good and firm. Further, there was just enough cloud to prevent the sun softening the snow before they arrive. We received hints from Crowley and the Doctor later than we expected (with their returning coolies). They had not had a very good time getting up, as the sledge had not gone well, and had fallen once bodily into a crevasse, from which they had some difficulty in rescuing it. Eventually the coolies had left the sledge and carried the loads in on their backs. They took four hours to get up. Crowley was done up on the road, and in rather bad condition. Later on the weather again got abominable - wind and snow. A food-dak arrived to-day from below with chaput-

ties for our coolies. So now, having thirteen coolies up here, we intend to utilize them by sending them all up to the next camp with loads to-morrow.

July 9th. Last night it snowed a bit, but there was not much wind, so we had a fair night. Eckenstein woke up with pains in his limbs, and what looks like a recurrence of flu, though we hope it is only a cold. Eleven coolies went off with loads this morning to Camp XI. They got there in two-and-a-half hours. From Crowley's chit, which he sent back with them, it appears a far more sheltered spot than here - as indeed it must be, as here we have hardly had a minute still. To-day it is again blowing great gusts and whisking the snow everywhere. One difficulty here is that the kiltas - which should be re-packed to be taken up - are full of driven snow and buried in snow-drifts, so that unless we get a still, fine day, it is quite impossible to re-arrange them for further transport. Later on in the day the weather showed symptoms of

clearing, and we got out and prepared five kiltas, which will go up to-morrow with some loads of wood. After we had turned in, we saw, to our joy, the tapes on the top of the tent blowing out in an opposite direction to what they have been doing - meaning a northerly wind at last.

July 10th. The night was rather blowey, but it didn't matter, as it was a N. blow, and this morning is perfectly sunny and fine. May it only keep so for ten days, and let us settle things one way or the other. The eight loads went off this morning, leaving us with not more wanted at the next camp than can accompany Eckenstein and myself when we go up to-morrow. The coolies returned at 11.30 with a brief chit from Crowley saying that Pfannl and himself are ill, but that the Doctor and Wessely have gone out scouting. The day remained perfectly fine, and in the afternoon Eckenstein and I tackled the kiltas, which we arranged into three groups:-

1. Regulation food units;

2. Kiltas containing spare miscellaneous food;

3. Kiltas containing spare clothes and equipment.

The chief worry was getting the cooking-tent clear - it had crystallised out with general dirt and tins to an alarming extent. However, we managed to get everything ready for to-morrow, and then indulged in a mild aldermanic banquet, which consisted of a tin of turtle soup and a half-bottle of champagne. We finished with cheese and cocoa-nut biscuits, so you can imagine it was a regular tamasha.

July 11th. We both of us forgot to fasten up the window of our tent last night: result, woke up this morning in a more or less freezing condition. Having thawed ourselves with some instra-charcoals, we got up and made breakfast. Then, on going to pack our valises, we found a small lake and about half-an-inch of ice in mine, but the whole of Eckenstein's mattress was soaked through and frozen hard. It was a long job cleaning it out. Also, the tents gave us infinite trouble, as

they could not be removed till the inner coating of ice - from one-eighth of an inch to one inch thick - had been got off, and also they had become unfrozen from the ice outside by the sun. Eventually, all was ready, but it was now 10.30 a.m. and the sun was already very hot. We got off and followed what has developed into a regular track from going and returning coolies. One goes up on the true left bank of the glacier - which is at present everywhere snow-covered, and not much crevassed on our way - till above a big ice-fall, whence one starts across to the right bank, under some rocks of which lies Camp XI. Eckenstein started out on ski, but the snow quickly became so bad that he discarded them and left them on the glacier. The heat was very intense on the ice and the going was by no means of the best, as the snow was softening all the time. So we panted and puffed, and could not go for long stretches without stopping. Eckenstein says he found no difficulty in breathing, only that his joints hurt after a

spell of walking. I distinctly felt breathing difficult when trying to walk very rapidly, but nothing else at all. I got in with the coolies at 1.45 and Eckenstein at 2.15 p.m. We find that Pfannl had a touch of bronchitis, which made him ill yesterday, but he is much better to-day. Crowley is still pretty bad - he has had bad indigestion, says the Doctor.

Yesterday the Doctor and Wessely went reconnoitring up the arete which leads to the north east arete of K<sup>2</sup> from here - they reached a height of 22,000 feet without any material distress though, unfortunately, they report that the way was bad, with ice and powdery snow. This camp is by far better than our last, which was undoubtedly a mistake - I have been at the latter now twenty-one days, and during the whole time barely a still night. Here we are sheltered from nearly all winds, and they say it is very much warmer. The aneroid says its height is about 19,500 feet. On arrival I took my pulse and

breathing, which were 145 and 49 respectively: after one-and-a-half hours they were 108 and 16 - rather curious figures? In the evening I took a boiling-point, which gave our height as 19,450 feet, though we have reason to believe it may turn out a good deal higher when we get the corresponding readings at sea level.\*

July 12th. Last night was really grand compared to all that we have had at the last camp - perfectly still, and not nearly so cold - so we did justice to it by sleeping the clock round. Pfannl and Wessely went off early this morning up the side valley which starts out from here, to make a more thorough reconnaissance of the possible gap, which they had only partly seen before. They took with them a tent and food, meaning to stop there to-night and start out early

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\* The height eventually worked out at almost exactly 20,000 ft.

to-morrow morning. Their coolies returned about two o'clock, and brought a chit, saying they had found the snow in a very bad state, and had taken four hours to get to the foot of the gap, instead of two hours as they did last time. Crowley was a great deal better this morning, and able to get about and eat a bit. We spent the day resting, i.e. chiefly picquet and chess problems. The day was gloriously fine overhead, but underfoot the snow was still bad. Eckenstein and the Doctor walked out a bit on to the glacier to look at the mountain and possible ways up it. From here it is visible right up to the summit. There is a ridge which runs straight up from behind the camp to join the north-east arête of K<sup>2</sup>. Behind this arête one can see a vast snowfield (E. to N.E. faces) which goes right up till the summit itself rises. This appears to start with rock and hanging glacier, with a snow-cap merging into the hanging glaciers. All the morning long a large crow



was making any amount of noise outside our camp, so 20,000 feet does 'nt seem to hurt him much.

July 13th. Last night was as calm as the one before, but neither Eckenstein nor myself had such a good one. I had only a trifle of indigestion, but Eckenstein passed a very sleepless night with what he himself says is his first attack of mountain sickness. His breathing went up to 38 a minute, pulse 86. Headache and general discomfort. These symptoms have continued more or less all the day, gradually abating, however, so I hope he will be himself again very soon. Crowley is again nearly well. We did nothing much again to-day. In the evening the summits clouded over, and down the valley looked again black - a prediction of bad weather again, I am afraid.

July 14th. The prediction was verified only too soon, as all last night it blew and snowed hard, and continued to do so all day. Of a truth we are cursed with weather.

One touch of humour comes in - in the native accounts. They call this the fine month of the district, and say the weather does not really "break" till six weeks hence! Ekenstein taught me a new two-handed card game to-day ("66") and we passed the time, as usual, in camp, in execrable weather. Towards two o'clock arrived a coolie with a note from Wessely. They did not reconnoitre yesterday, owing to Pfannl being indisposed. It seems that his digestion has gone pretty badly wrong. To-day of course, reconnaissance was out of the question. Then follows a request for more food of a rather comprehensive nature. He specifies no less than twenty-two articles wanted - many of them down at our store at Camp X. He must know that, with the very limited transport we have, this is quite impossible for us. Our other invalids - Ekenstein and Crowley - continue to improve, but are not yet quite restored to their usual strength and activity.

July 15th. All night it snowed heavily (about eight inches fell) and blew in gusts, and it continues to do much the same this morning. So there is nothing to do but sit "like patience on a monument" (here, for monument, read sleeping-bag) and wait. In the afternoon a note came down from Wessely, from their camp, by a naukar, to say that Pfanni is really seriously ill, and that it was advisable that the Doctor should come and see him, and that he should be brought down as soon as possible. His lungs seem to have gone rather badly wrong. So we both made preparations for the Doctor to start to-morrow early. He goes on a pair of ski, which will be used to sledge Pfanni down as he is unable to walk. In the evening it cleared up a little and left off snowing.

July 16th. The Doctor got off at 6.15 a.m. this morning, taking with him every available coolie. We have only two invalids left, one naukar, and one shikari who has influenza. The weather is sunny this morning, but there is much cloud

about and it does not seem settled. Where our very bad Kismet comes in is the fact that this continued vile weather has put about four feet of fresh snow on the mountain, so that, with perfect weather from now on, at least a week must elapse before the thing becomes at all climbable. The first coolies get back to camp at twelve o'clock, saying that the sahibs were following. As they brought the ski with them, we knew that Pfanni was anyhow well enough to walk. Pfanni, the Doctor and Wessely arrived at 12.40. The former was very tired out, and obviously ill. What he has is oedema of one lung, which is, of course, very serious, in view of his doing any more violent exercise. He has had the same thing once before, after doing a climbing tour de force in the Alps. Pfanni's breakdown though he is a very hard and muscular man, does not surprise me so very much. It is, in my opinion, due absolutely to over-training. Ever since he got on the boat at Suez he has never

ceased taking exercise on every opportunity. The result was, that he arrived on the glacier trained fine. Now, there is nothing that I know that takes it out of one so, or for which one needs a reserve of adipose so much, as standing bad weather and cold like we've had to do - and Pfanni had no reserve at all. In the evening it cleared up, and once more we begin again to hope for that spell of sunny weather.

July 17th. Last night I woke up about an hour after going to sleep, with a most racking earache. I hung on for a bit, but it got to more than I could stand, so Eckenstein was good enough to go for the Doctor, and the Doctor was ditto to look after me, which resulted in my going to sleep eventually. This morning it is much less acute, though still painful. Of course the weather gave way in the night, and we had some four or five inches of snow - it is still continuing. Pfanni's condition is not much better this morning as, though his

originally affected lung is better, the other is slightly touched. These bad conditions are beginning to tell on our Kashmiris, who have all along shown great hardihood. Salama - the old Shikari who has stayed with us up here all along - is really rather bad with flue and will go down, when Pfannl does, for some days, to recuperate, if he does not get better.

July 18th. Last night Eckenstein had another attack similar to the one he had on the night of the 12th-13th. Cough, panting, and shortness of breath generally to a rather acute stage. He does not think now that this is at all due to rarefied air, but that it is one of his (more or less) ordinary asthmatic bronchitic attacks to which he has always been liable. Pfannl's condition remains practically unchanged. As the coolies wanted some more wood to re-bake their chaput-ties (there is a fair amount of wood left at Camp X), Salama came and told us that he was going to send down for some. Food supply up here is getting rather short, and also some

things are required for Pfanni (e.g., milk and light rusks), so Wessely offered to go down with the coolies and sort out the things required to-morrow. All day long it snowed persistently and violently - certainly not less than eight inches remained on the ground in the evening.

July 19th. Hokenstein had a good night and was much better this morning. These attacks of his usually take him a long time to get over, but the Doctor gave him a drug which has not before been tried on him, and apparently with great success. At last again we have a more or less fine day - the sun has got the better of the clouds, and it is not snowing. Wessely got off with the coolies pretty early this morning. I expect they will have heavy going with all this fresh snow on the ice. Pfanni says he does not feel so well to-day, and is groaning very much, but the Doctor says he is not worse, but even better: later, he got slightly delirious, so the Doctor gave him morphia injection. In the afternoon the Doctor and I

went for a short stroll on to the glacier with photographic intentions, but everything was too clouded up. Weasely returned at 3.30 p.m., and the coolies soon after, they had not found the going so bad as was expected, except lower down. They also reported seeing a dak of sorts right down the glacier - coming up. This dak arrived late in the evening (six o'clock) and consisted of our mail, and also several loads of chaputties for the natives. With the dak our cook had sent up some eggs which our remaining fowls at Rdokass had been considerate enough to lay. Also, Weasely had brought up the fresh meat from Camp X. It had remained in our larder-crevasse for a month (they had considerable difficulty in recovering it, as it had of course, froze fast, and required a man to be lowered to cut it out), and was still perfectly fresh. With all this good food and sundry magazines sent up by friends we had a regular tamasha of an evening.

July 20th. Last night Eckenstein had another -



though less severe - access, and is again unwell this morning. Pfannl is gradually improving. As the day is quite fine, and we are not blessed with a superabundance of fine weather, we held a kind of council to decide what was to be done. Now, this K<sup>2</sup> is out of the question till a long spell of fine weather has removed the six feet, or more, of fresh snow which has fallen on it. There is another mountain close (24,000 or 25,000 feet) which has a snow-ridge the whole way up, and on which we might settle some of the disputed points with regard to rarefaction of air. Also, being a ridge, the going is likely to get better sooner. So we intend to profit by the possible short spell of fine weather beginning to-day, to make an attempt on this mountain. Also wishing to profit by the extra number of coolies up here (the food dak which arrived yesterday), Pfannl is going down to-morrow with them; Wessely is going the whole way with him, and the Doctor the first few paras to see he gets on all right. This leaves Eckenstein,

Crowley and myself here - Bekenstein is, however, too unwell to go on a mountain just yet, so Crowley and I start off to-morrow morning for the above-mentioned attempt. The first day's work will be to put a tent and food on the summit col of this glacier (called by Wessely Windy Gap) from which the snow-ridge starts. May the weather only keep fine for both parties.

In the morning we got ready some ski as a sledge to convey Pfannl down - he is still too weak to walk. We got one of the oblong kiltas and fastened it on to the ski at each side, having first cut out the front to allow him to stretch out his legs. With his sleeping bag behind, this made a comfortable arm-chair arrangement, and, of course, very light to pull. In view of the larger bundobust of getting Pfannl's caravan off to-morrow, and of the fact that the snow improves daily, we (Crowley and I) deferred our start a day.

July 21st. Pfannl's caravan, with the Doctor and Wessely, got off this morning at about seven o'clock. Pfannl

seemed - not unnaturally - rather despondent, but I've no doubt he will get down without any serious difficulty. The weather remained fine and sunny. When we went to pack our goods for the start to-morrow, we met the fact that there was much less food here than we had thought (it's very difficult to keep an accurate account of things when there is continued bad weather). So we are obliged to send down all our coolies for more food from our store at Camp X to-morrow, and delay our start up another day. In the afternoon we all went out on to the glacier for a walk, and I took a lot of photographs. Eckenstein and Crowley went up some way on ski, and saw a perfectly good coolie-way leading on to the arete going to K<sup>2</sup> snowfields.

July 22nd. Still fine this morning, though many many more clouds about. The coolies got off early and returned with five kiltas of provisions. During the day the weather again showed bad symptoms, and our start to-morrow was

accordingly arranged conditionally on its keeping fine, as it would be exceedingly unpleasant - if not impossible - to keep in camp on a col as exposed as the one we are going to in a spell of bad weather.

July 23rd. There was no question about starting this morning, as it had persistently snowed and hailed all night, and continued to do so. About 10.30 arrived the Doctor, alone, - without his coat, - and in a state of great excitement. He explained to us, somewhat incoherently, that his coolie had fallen into a crevasse a little way above Camp X, and that, in spite of his efforts for three-quarters of an hour he had been unable to get him out. Eckenstein and Crowley lost no time in getting on their ski and starting down to get the man out. Two coolies and a naukhar went also: they literally trotted the whole way, and only arrived a short time after Eckenstein and Crowley. Meanwhile, the Doctor, who had returned from accompanying Pfannl as far as Camp VIII told me

that Pfannl was ever so much better, and well on the road to recovery. About the coolie's accident, he told me that they were roped at the time, and that he had crossed a snowbridge over a crevasse safely: the coolie following broke through and fell some ten feet before the rope held him up. This was due to the fact that the coolie had not got the rope tight between them, but had a good deal of slack in his hand. At this stage the Doctor sat down and drove in his axe, round which he made fast his end of the rope. He then proceeded to try to pull the coolie out (still in the sitting position), which he was unable to do - not unnaturally, when one considers that the rope was ploughing through three feet of snow, to which it was constantly freezing. He then put the coolie's stick on the edge of the crevasse for the rope to run over, but said he had to desist, as he could see the rope wearing on the stick! He then got the man to undo his load - the Doctor's valise - but was still unsuccessful. The man by this time was lowered

to the bottom of the crevasse - some twenty-five feet down - where he had fair standing room. Then the Doctor lowered him his coat and came up here for assistance. At 1.10 p.m. three coolies arrived - roped (and a naukar a little later - unroped), the man who had been in the crevasse - Hassan - in the middle. He was quite unhurt, except for a scratch on his nose, and did not get any part of him frost-bitten in the crevasse, tho' he was there about two and three-quarter hours. When the Coolie met his Balti confreres here there was quite an affecting scene: they each in turn mutually tucked their heads into each other's waistcoats and howled. All their spirits were quite restored, however, after a cup of tea. The only perplexing thing was that there was no Doctor's valise - the natives gave no explanation of its absence, except that they had not got it. Bokenstein and Crowley had not yet turned up, nor were they in sight. At about two o'clock the Doctor began to think that they had fallen into a crevasse too, and suggest-

ed that I should take men and go to look for them! However, I told the Doctor that if they had fallen in, they deserved to stay there for at least an hour or two, and we had better finish our six parties of picquet first. Needless to say they turned up half an hour later, they had come back slowly, as they were neither well and both tired. Eckenstein's account of the place was: a crevasse about twenty-five feet deep, one wall vertical and the other 65° - 70°, about six or seven feet wide at the top. As it was pretty well an ideal place to get man out of, it is rather inexplicable that the Doctor did not succeed: I fancy he may have got rather flustered. The valise is still in the crevasse, as neither Eckenstein nor Crowley knew it was there, and the Balti mentioned not a word about it; presumably he was in such a hurry to get out himself that he forgot. We made up, however, a sleeping kit for the Doctor for the night - a spare sleeping bag, sundry spare rugs, etc. - and they will go down for the valise to-

morrow morning.

July 24th. Snowed, hailed and blew all night, and is continuing so to-day - S.W. gale. Coolies went off this morning to get the Doctor's valise out of the crevasse, and returned this afternoon with it. They had some trouble in extricating it, as it had frozen on and they had to lower two men down to cut it out. The day continued bad - of course.

July 25th. The night was certainly far the worst we have spent at this camp, as the wind - which was very violent - came from our most unprotected quarter - S.W. With it came a trifle of eight inches of snow, not to count the hail. This morning at about six o'clock we had a few isolated gusts of extraordinary intensity. These have given place to a steady blow again, with intermittent snow, etc., etc., etc., Crowley was rather ill in the evening, and his eyes have not quite recovered from going down to the coolie crevasse without glasses.



July 26th. A better night, as far as wind was concerned, but nearly another foot of fresh snow. Our weather record, so far, is forty-eight days on the glacier, of which eight have been fine (more or less) - never more than two of these consecutive! This morning, as we were sitting with the tent doors open (they face away from the wind), a sudden whirling gust came, bringing with it masses of snow. We made a rush for the doors and held them shut, while one side of the tent was quickly covered thick in snow. It was the remains of an avalanche from K<sup>2</sup> which we had heard falling some little time before. This weather -! -! -! well, it's getting a little too much, especially as the monsoon is due up here soon, and then it is supposed to get definitely bad. So, unless there is a very positive amelioration we shall probably be compelled to give it up and go down when the next food-dak comes up. We have here only eight men, so we must wait till the dak arrives before we have enough transport to get down.

We expect this day about August 1st. The Doctor was somewhat unwell in the night, and is not very fit this morning.

Day passed as usual - snowing.

July 27th. Last night again broke all records for general discomfort. The wind was a gale and the snow very fine, so we had to stuff up the window of the tent with a muffler to prevent the snowstorm continuing inside. All day there was no intermission - blinding, driving snow which cut off one's view all round the camp to 150 yards. The Doctor was much better again to-day, but Crowley was not up to much. Eckenstein and I keep pretty fit, though the former has, at times, slight coughing fits in the night from a cold he has got.

July 28th. Woken by the Doctor in sunlight at about eight o'clock! The last snowstorm we have had was still active at six o'clock to-day - its duration then amounted to 124 hours. When we awoke, though the sun was shining bright, there was still some fine snow falling. There are still many

clouds about, and cross winds blowing overhead so things are by no means settled. The fine weather lasted for about two and a half hours, then a strong S.W. wind once more set in up the valley, and the normal condition of things was soon restored. At about six p.m. the storm was much more violent than any we have yet experienced at this camp.

July 29th. Storm continued all night and to-day.

Crowley has got an access of malaria to-day - the first since Brinagar. I had a bad night and woke up feeling very uncomfortable - it is my third go of flue.

July 30th. Mist and fine snow all to-day, through which the sun could not quite pierce. Crowley still with a good deal of fever, and not much better. I am only left with a head and throat - a good deal more comfy than yesterday. Towards evening it cleared up, and we had an hour or so of sun. Also, a dak of flour men arrived from Rdokass with chaputties for our men here. They also brought two chickens and some

fresh mutton for us. I'm sorry to say that the coolies had eaten some of our meat provision on the way - it's the first instance of the kind we've had. The two letter-dak-wallahs did not arrive, so it was resolved to send down two men at top speed to get up all our men from Rdokass and shift down. News from Pfanni satisfactory - he did not find much trouble getting down, and is now proceeding well.

July 31st. Strange to say quite a decent day, with a bright, unclouded sun - though the wind still keeps S.W., which doesn't promise continuance. Crowley's diurnal accesses of malaria still continue, though rather abating in violence. Personally, I had a bad night, and am not up to very much this morning - lungs pretty much congested, and feverish. I never knew what a hopeful set we were till to-day. Seven weeks of frightful snowy, stormy weather - then the first fine day Eckenstein, the Doctor and I start making plans that if the sun will only hold on for three or four days we'll go up to

the cool and try to rush that arête for a record, good snow or bad. We find we have run out of sugar and similar groceries, so will send men for some supplies from Camp X to-morrow.

August 1st. Our great plans yesterday were - needless to say - quite as useless as all the rest. Soon after turning in, the eternal snow started again, and has'nt left off yet. About six inches fell in the night, but now it's coming down more violently, and with three-quarters of a gale of wind. Crowley is apparently a good bit better to-day. I am about the same as yesterday. About twelve o'clock appeared three men from Pfanni and Wessely at Rdokass - a special dak with very serious news. It appears that the whole of the Bralduh valley has got an epidemic of cholera. At Askole - our last village - already forty deaths are reported and, of course, the whole district is officially closed, except the village of Teste, which is just across the river from Askole (on its southern bank). Skardu is not yet affected, nor Shigar, so our

way back is possible by the Skoro La, a high (18,000 feet) pass, which leads direct from the head of the Bralduh valley to Shigar. The usual starting place for this pass is Askole, but we shall, of course, go from Toste, having crossed the Bralduh somewhere higher up. There is only one rope bridge across it - at Askole - so that if it is too big to ford we may have to follow its southern bank from the source, i.e. the snout of the Baltoro glacier - three or four days from the base of the pass. I am afraid that we've lost practically our store of things left at Askole, including nearly all our thin clothes, guns, rifles, revolvers and spare food for the road here. It is a bad worry.

Later. After hearing what our shikari has to say on the subject, it appears that to go down the left bank of the Bralduh from the glacier snout is impossible, owing to the side rivers which flow in being too big to ford - and, of course there are no bridges. So there are only two possible

routes to Teste. One is by crossing a ford over the Bralduh four miles this side (E.) of Askole: this will be very likely impracticable, as the river is fordable nowhere, except when low. Second route: to cross by the rope bridge at Askole avoiding the village itself by a detour beneath the cliffs on which it is built. All this, of course, presupposes that the disease will not have spread across the river also. It is rather bad luck that this cholera epidemic should come on us on the top of our other troubles, as there is now no doubt we must go down at the earliest opportunity. For if we stay and the disease spreads to the south bank, it is more than probable that we shall have to remain in the valley till the epidemic has run its course, as coolies from the affected valley will not be allowed into the unaffected Shigar one. We have still about three weeks food and might have hung on that time, tho' it seems unlikely that the weather will ameliorate now.

August 2nd. Yesterday was too hopeless to do any preparations for the descent, and when we woke this morning there was no doubt that a start was out of the question - the usual violent storm and wind. Crowley is now rid of his malaria, and I am much better and hope to leave the sick list to-morrow. I regret to say that this morning the Doctor was not up to much, and that it has developed later into "la grippe". So Eckenstein has done the cooking for the whole crowd to-day. Also, in the intervals of the storms, he succeeded in getting the first sledge put together. As we have more loads than men, we are adopting the sledge method to get down to Camp IX. It is downhill, snow-covered glacier all the way. To that camp will also be brought all the things from Camp X we take with us. Then, of the total at Camp IX we shall be able to take one half with us with our available men, and send them all back from Raekass for the second half while we wait there. While they are fetching the second consignment a man will be



sent down the valley to get up enough men from the village on the south of the Braalduh - if the cholera infection has not spread there by then - to take from there on, all in one shift, straight away to Skardu. Such are our plans at present, though it is only too probable that circumstances may alter them. In a chit received from Pfanni the other day stating our food resources at Bdokass, he mentioned that there were four sheep still left. This did not agree with Eckenstein's calculation, as he left eight, and since then only two have been accounted for. We consequently surmised that our men had taken advantage of our absence to make away with the other two. It appears that we did the poor native an injustice on this occasion. The Baltis' sorrowful story (told us by Salama yesterday) is that they were promised a feast of meat by Wessely on their arrival at Bdokass. Of course the sahibs would take what meat they required from the sheep and give the rest to the Baltis. When these latter enquired for their repast, it

appeared that not only was there nothing left of the first sheep, but that a second had travelled the same road - also without leaving any remainder! It will be interesting to hear Wessely's account of this somewhat stupendous performance.

August 3rd. To-day again one of the usual kind of days. When it came to building the second sledge the ski for it could not be found - they had, ~~of course,~~ completely disappeared under the snow. Later in the day two coolies (naukar) arrived from Adokass, or rather, from Camp VI, where they were with Wessely when our despatch for all available men reached him. He (Wessely) had been induced by fine weather to start up again from Adokass to rejoin us, and had been stopped at Camp VI both by news of our return and by the renewed breakdown of the weather. This evening it looks a bit more promising for a descent to-morrow, as it is still and has left off snowing. Possibly it is a trifle tired as, in addition to the length of time it has been going on, it put in three inches

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. This is essential for ensuring the integrity of the financial statements and for providing a clear audit trail. The second part of the document outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data, including interviews, focus groups, and surveys. The third part of the document describes the results of the research, highlighting the key findings and the implications for practice. The fourth part of the document discusses the limitations of the study and suggests areas for future research. The fifth part of the document provides a conclusion and a summary of the main points.



## Chapter V.

### The Descent.

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August 4th. This morning, when we awoke at six o'clock, it looked a promising day for a descent, so, having got up and had breakfast, we made a start at getting things ready. It always takes a long time to strike a camp when one's stay has been prolonged, and when there has fallen eighteen feet or so of snow during the period it doesn't facilitate things a lot. The tents gave most trouble, as they were naturally, well frozen on to the ice, and their pegs were buried three to four feet below the surface, and had to be cut out. Eventually this was done, and a number of coolies started with Crowley and the Doctor. We had at our disposal fifteen coolies and had eighteen loads: seven of the loads went on the sledge with four to pull. The Balti coolies have an

inordinate love of tins, and we had to absolutely forbid them to take them, or they would have loaded themselves up to an alarming extent. I have no doubt that there will be a fine and large expedition of natives on their own to Camp X after our departure from the valley, to gather tins! Eokenstein and I did not get off finally from the camp till 12:15 p.m. We accompanied the sledge which was very much trouble in hauling over the first part of the way, which traverses a long plateau with no down grade; in addition, the snow was execrable walking - about eight inches of absolutely soft new surface. The weather kept quite (comparatively) fine, and K<sup>2</sup> and Broad Peak gave us glimpses of their summits and flanks as a sort of farewell. It really is rather hard luck having to abandon a job of this sort in this way, and it was quite painful to have to turn our back on Camp XI and feel one's feet once more on the downward slope, but there is no doubt Kismet has been too strong for us; yet I confess that after the doing we've had,

warmer and less exposed quarters have a great attraction. We came up with the other coolies, the Doctor and Crowley about two hours from the start. They had been going very slowly, not only owing to bad snow, but because the coolies are very cautious when walking anywhere near crevasses. We reached Camp X at 3.30 p.m., and immediately set to work to get the rest of our goods into order. Of course, we take down no more food than is necessary to bring us to habitation, and only such equipment as repays portorage. Thus we abandon such things as ski, self-cooking apparatus, etc. After an hour or so's work we got all our stuff condensed into ten loads, which we send for tomorrow morning. At 4.45 I proceeded downwards to Camp IX with the Doctor, who was somewhat restored by a rest at Camp X (and a tin of Nestlé): he is somewhat better to-day and walked well, though he is still some way from being right again. Eckenstein and Crowley left Camp X on ski, but they had to abandon them subsequently, owing to the fact that

the going was very uneven and we soon got to the seracs. We got to Camp IX at 5.30 p.m., and found there, to our unbounded joy, three dak-wallahs with a large mail for us, and two other coolies sent up from Rdokass. So engrossed did we get over our letters that we quite forgot to have anything to eat till quite late. There is no more news about the cholera at Askole, but we hear that Pfannl has sent down the Chuprassie to get up coolies from non-infected villages to Rdokass, so on their return we shall surely know more about it.

August 5th. A lazy day in camp for us while the men went up to Camp X for the remaining loads. The weather didn't keep fine long - it snowed and sleeted most of the day, so we remained in tents and read our large stock of new magazines. The Doctor put in most of the day sleeping, and got better rapidly.

August 6th. A really cold night - we had about one-eighth of an inch of ice on the inside of the tent walls this

morning, so we did not get off till the sun had melted off the ice and warmed things up generally a bit. Two more coolies arrived from Rdokass early to-day. It was 10.15 before we were off, and we soon found a great difference in the glacier since we came up. Where we had crossed a uniform snowfield there was now chiefly morained glacier alternating with stretches of dry glacier, which afforded mostly quite good going. The Godwin-Austen Glacier runs in long ribs parallel to its length, and we found crossing the streams which run between these ribs troublesome at times. It was sunny and fine, though far from cloudless. The wind remained S.W., and the last view we had of the glacier on which were camps X and XI. was one of mist, so the weather there had not altered. K<sup>2</sup> clouded up and then unclouded at intervals - one had some fine cloud-effect glimpses. The day was hot and we were far from being in as good condition as when we came up, so it was past one o'clock before we passed Camp VIII.; from there on, it became



still more wearisome, and the halts became more frequent.

Unfortunately, the worst part comes at the end - one-and-a-half hour's bad moraine from the corner of the Godwin-Austen in here

(Camp VII). We did not arrive till just about seven o'clock,

and very weary we were. The Baltis and naukars go grandly:

two of the former took two tents each, and seemed to take no

notice of them - the weight is 94 lb. We felt that a day's

rest here would be very acceptable, so arranged to send back

men to get loads remaining at Camp IX to-day, while we waited.

This does not retard us, on the whole, at all, but simply means

that the men have one day less to go from Rdokass, and that,

consequently, we shall stay there one day less. It was a

blessing to see the tents pitched once more on the ground -

it's now seven weeks since I slept off snow.

August 7th. A perfectly heavenly night, of course,

far warmer than we've had for ever so long, and quite still.

This morning the coolies got off very early to make the double journey, and two were sent on to Rdokass to bring back food for our men. After breakfast we went in for the luxury (?) of a wash in an ice lake just by the camp - it was my first effort in that way since June 9th, and was not altogether pleasant. Furthermore, I wish to state that, except my hands, I was not at all dirty. The folly of my ways was duly brought home to me, as I now find I've caught a fine "coup de soleil" on my shoulders and back, so that lying down is very uncomfortable, and I shall be compelled to take my meals off the mantelpiece for the next few days. We also washed sundry of our things, and generally got ship-shape again. We find that down here we have inordinate appetites and thirst, but that, far from breathing more easily, it seems, if anything, rather an effort. This afternoon I went for a stroll on the glacier for three-quarters of an hour with my camera to try and catch Gusherbrum, Mitre,

and Golden Throne between the frequent clouds blowing up from S.W. Here it has been fair all day, but I don't think it means the same for the higher camps, as from here during snow-storms (or rather, in the lulls of them) we could see the identical sort of sky there now is over this part of the valley. One thing which gives us much pleasure on getting down, is that we can smoke a pipe through with comfort. Up at the high camps, owing to the smaller amount of oxygen in the air, it was almost impossible to keep our tobacco (which is a slow-burning one) alight without constantly relighting it. The coolies returned with the rest of our luggage at about seven o'clock.

August 8th. In view of the long journey made by our coolies yesterday, we decided to do only a single parao today, and that, too, is a short one. We did not get off till 9.30, and got in at various times from eleven, to one o'clock. On the way we passed the spot that was a garden of purple

primulas on the way up: these had, of course, gone, but in their place was a rich variety, buttercup, rock rose, celandine, edelweiss, gentian, wild rhubarb, forget-me-nots, and one or two plants whose names neither the Doctor nor I know. Crowley is again ill to-day, and had to go very slow - I'm afraid he has contracted a chill. In the afternoon the two coolies sent to Adokass returned with chaputties: they had gone four paras yesterday (taking ten hours to do them) and three to-day - truly, at this kind of walking (moraine) they are marvels. Crowley did not get much better, so we determined to stop here tomorrow, and send back coolies to get all our luggage on here, at the same time giving the invalid time to recover. In the evening Eckenstein and I joined our men round their fire (we have got down to burnable scrub now) for a smoke. There is no doubt that they will come all the way up the glacier to our high camps for the tins left there after we have done

with them.

August 9th. A lazy day in camp. Even here, at 14,500 feet, it gets real warm in the day 82° - 85°F. (28° - 30°C). The coolies got off early, and were back with the loads from Camp VII before ten o'clock. Crowley is better, and will be able to go on all right to-morrow. During the afternoon a band of coolies arrived from Rdokass - they are some of the men who have been sent up from down the valley. So now we have enough men to proceed with all our luggage, and need leave none behind to be sent for later. Their news of the cholera at Askole is reassuring: for five days before they left Teste there had been no deaths at Askole, and their own village was still uninfected. We saw a grand boulder - thirty to forty tons - fall off the hanging glacier above us, and come crashing down the scree slopes towards us: the coolies were rather alarmed lest it should reach them, but it got held up in the bed of <sup>a</sup> stream.

August 10th. It was nearly 7.30 this morning before

the last of us got off from Camp VI. The morning was a grey one with low and scudding clouds, though down below it was comparatively still. The parao here (Camp V) is a very long one, and over the usual damnable moraine all the way: it was a good deal worse on the way down than when we came up, as the glacier is now much more crevassed and the moraines are more unstable, so one has to make detour after detour, and eventually covers quite double of the straight-line distance.

Eckenstein and I arrived at 11.45, and Crowley at about one o'clock - he is ever so much better to-day. All the summits remained in cloud except the Mustagh Tower, of which we had a good glimpse as we passed the mouth of the Younghusband Glacier. We had a few drops of rain on the way, and now and then the sun showed through half-heartedly - it's obviously quite unsettled. The camping place here, at Camp V., was a broad, flat stretch of sand at the bottom of a nullah when we came up.

but now it is, for at least three-quarters of its extent, a lake. The tents were pitched on the dry part, but towards evening the water began to rise, and threatened to flood us till our Balti coolies made a waterway through a little bit of moraine and let the water into a big hollow - this saved the situation. Before turning in, Eckenstein and I had a smoke round our naukars' fire while they sang; their songs are usually a chorus, which they all sing, while their leader improvises a patter verse. Of course, when we were there they sang about us - I wish we could have understood what it was, but Kashmiri-pattersong beats both of us entirely.

August 11th. Last night was a bad one - it rained all night, and there was a gale, which we could hear screaming and growling through the crags above us. Luckily, the camp is well sheltered. This morning, too, it was pelting (rain, and not snow, here), so, though we had our breakfast at six o'clock, we waited to see what it was going to do. A good

lull, and even some glimpses of sun, induced us to start at about 9.15. Crowley wasn't well, but as the Doctor thought he was well enough to go, he was induced to start with the latter - he got better on the way, and eventually reached here only an hour and a quarter after we did. To-day we have decided to go two paraos, to Rdokass (Camp III). The usual way is one parao along the hillside and one slanting across the glacier from the N. side to the S., but now the first parao is practically under water, so we went straight out on to the glacier, and the bulk of the way lay along the middle parallel to the banks. The first hour was execrable walking - then an hour or so of good going, reverting soon to the original variety. Eckenstein, the Doctor and I got in about the same time - 3.30 p.m. For the greater part of the way it rained pretty consistently, though it occasionally tried to delude us by clearing up for a few minutes. We were quite glad to get in here, where, of course, we encountered effusive



welcomes from the other Shikaris and our two cook-naukars, who have been here all the time. The vegetation on the place has enormously increased during our absence - it is now thick with long grass, and all the shrubs are in full leaf. Our goats, too, have improved out of all recognition, and are now as fat as pigs - but it unfortunately does not seem to increase their supply of milk. The first meal on fresh food was better than the best "diner fin" in the world - we have been, practically, exclusively on tins for eight weeks. The effect of these latter was to upset Crowley and the Doctor occasionally, but, strange to say, the interior economy of both Eckenstein and myself has been perfect the whole time. We also found a disk (July 5th, ex London) awaiting us here, so altogether it was a joyful evening.

August 12th. A rainy night, and the same this morning. We indulged in all manner of luxuries - chota hazri at seven o'clock, etc. It is a blessing to be once more where

there are people to cook for one, and there is not a perpetual question as to who is going to cook for the next meal.

While at Rdokass the expedition was for sundry reasons disintegrated. The two Austrians decided to go off ahead while the rest of us waited a day to condense and repack our equipment. So they started on the 13th and we on the 14th. Before we left our shikaris showed us a red bear who lives on our little grass hillside and has hankerings after our goats - he must be a timid specimen however as he had no success.

On the 14th we did two marches downwards to Camp I. with an interval at Camp II. during which we had news of the only accident that happened to any coolie while with us. A man was reported to have hurt himself and to be unable to proceed, so we sent two coolies back to help him on and another forward to stop the Doctor who was a little way ahead. The damage was limited to a scraped shin and strained sinew and when the Doctor had bound him up the sufferer proceeded quite

gaily on his own legs.

We came across one uncomfortable place to cross - a steep ice slope covered with fine debris to a depth of about eighteen inches, and studded with boulders. Hokenstein brought most of it away with him but dodged the falling mass: I got helped across what remained but it was now no coolie road and they had to make a long detour. A little further on we found that a side-glacier torrent had invaded what had been our highway between glacier and hillsides, so we had perforce to keep to the moraine - so it was late before we got in.

This parao is vastly changed; for instead of a broad sandy nullah, there is just room to pitch two tents - the rest is stream.

On August 15th we at length shook the dust of the Baltoro moraine from our feet and everyone of us were heartily glad to be on firmer ground again. Moraine walking is

enjoyable enough in the Alps where one can rarely get more than an hour or two at most but when it goes on for days and days, there is a sameness which tires even an enthusiast.

A little way before we reached Paiyu we were met by the Tahsildar's Chuprassie and an old head-man coolie whom we used to call Bubbles (for no better reason than that we could not pronounce his name) - they gave us a most effusive greeting.

After settling into camp, we sent for one of our natives who was reputed to be a tonsorial artist and had our hair and beards attended to. We needed it too, as my hair covered both my ears and reached the tip of my nose in front. However the barber quickly changed all that and we resembled a gang of convicts when he had finished with us. The Doctor provided the admiring audience with much amusement by the way he instructed the heathen how to trim his beard into a Parisian point, and then objurgated because it was not to his liking - all in very colloquial French.

He is so continuously jodelling and singing that the natives have a little saying "Jab Doctor sahib, tab tamasha".

(Wherever the Doctor is, there is there a jollification).

The news of Askole's epidemic is satisfactory, as it is apparently dying rapidly.

The next day we pursued our way to our old Camp at Bardusal noticing as we went the enormous size to which the Bralduh has swollen since we ascended: it is a stupendous torrent.

On August 17th I had the only thing approaching an adventure in my whole journey, for we attempted to re-ford the Purnah torrent and save the detour to the rope-bridge.

Eckenstein crossed first having roped himself to a long Alpine rope at the other end of which I was. I went as far upstream as I could and holding the rope tight gave him something to pull against when he got into the current: he got across all right though at the worst place the water was over

waist deep and flowing at some 20 miles an hour. Next I had a try while the two shikaris held the rope. All went well till the middle when I stepped on a rolling stone and the rope was simultaneously allowed to dip and touch the water. When this happened there was naturally a fine side pull on me which sent me head over heels. In a current like there was running, getting up is out of the question and I felt very thankful as the shikaris began to haul me in that the rope was a pukka one. Thirty feet or so under ice-water was enough to land me very like a played ~~off~~ fish and it was quite a time before I could in anyway do justice to the situation.

Then I found shikaris and coolies in a great state of alarm - indeed Eckenstein had to restrain his on his side from dashing in after me when I fell, which would have infallibly been fatal to them - , but the climax was reached when I suggested trying again. They alternately said they would not hold the rope and prayed me to desist, adding that Allah had

warned me once and that was enough. I had of course to eventually consent to go round to the rope-bridge whither indeed the coolies had incontinently bolted once they saw me hauled in. The only real catastrophe involved in my ducking was the loss of my one and only hat.

The detour was an interesting one as it contained a rope-bridge without cross-stays and 1,000 feet of real quite decent rock climbing on the opposite hillsides, - the only place where I saw the Baltis take off their loads and pass them on before coming on themselves.

The next day we approached Askole. And though the lumbadar of the place came out to inform us that the epidemic was over, we deemed it best to camp at Teste on the S. side of the stream over which the infection had not spread. Our instructions to our men to follow us and cross the rope-bridge without passing through the village were without avail, for the villagers crowded down to the bridge hard to embrace their

returned relatives.

Our property left at Askole was brought over the bridge and stacked in one of our tents in which we set a quantity of disinfectant burning and then closed hermetically.

The Doctor and Crowley have come to the conclusion that they would prefer to return down the Bralduh valley to have a wash at the hot springs and then, as they considered the cholera had sufficiently abated, proceed right down to the junction with the Shigar river whence they would raft down and rejoin us at Skardu. Eckenstein and I preferred to go over the Skoro-la pass, so we separated.

August 20th was a very busy day for us. It began by the Lumbadars of Askole and district turning up (seven in all) to receive payment for all the supplies they had sent up the glacier. In all, for all our coolies, during the two and a half months we have used 130 maunds (say five tons) of flour, twenty-nine sheep, thirty dozen eggs and twenty-nine fowls,



also 60 lb. of ghi - this includes, naturally, our own consumption. You can imagine that the payment of each lumbadar for his contribution - each with odd quantities of everything - was a matter not unattended with difficulty, and occupied a long time, with many discussions. Just before the Doctor arrived an amusing incident happened. The Shikari had put out the empty flour bags for the lumbadars to take back - however, the coolies thought the lumbadars had had enough luck in getting all this cash, so rushed the bags and seized them. One old coolie of ours afterwards showed us that he had stolen one, with much pride and a broad grin on his face. After tiffin we had out the contents of the tent, sorted and repacked them. The food we had left (e.g., tea) we threw into the Bralduh, to be on the safe side. A lot of miscellanies turned up (e.g. tins of various things) which we gave to the natives, who will, no doubt, treasure them as heirlooms. The greatest amusement was produced by a scramble for candles, of

which we had an excess. An interruption occurred in our packing when a violently excited native rushed up and began talking at express speed at one of the lumbadars, who talked back with equal vehemence. When we had quieted both down, we understood that the lumbadar would not pay the man for his share of what had been sent up to us - the lumbadar collects from us what is due to all the men under his control. So we held a court of summary jurisdiction on the spot. First, the claimant was taken aside and the amount of the claim determined. Then, on cross-questioning, we found that the defendant contradicted himself. Also, we had good evidence that the claimant (who was head-man of my coolies on my shift on the way up the glacier, and always behaved very well) was a man of excellent reputation, whereas the defendant seemed universally to be thought a bad man. So we issued a hukm on the spot that the money should be paid over in our presence - and, of course, it

was; for a hukm is a hukm.

Yesterday evening Abdullah Bat - our chota shikari - and two naukars started off to go over the Skoro-la to Skardu in advance, to bring us back to Skoro (the foot of the pass in the Shigar valley) some money, as, after discharging all our Askole debts, we have not enough left to pay off all these coolies, some of whom have been with us for three months. We originally intended to pay all in Skardu, but as there has been cholera in the Braiduh valley, the men must not mix with those of the Shigar, but must turn back from Skoro.

August 21st. We were ready soon after six this morning, but the usual odd things turned up to be settled - a few odd eggs to be paid for, and several discharged coolies to pay - so it was 7.30 before we got started. The way led for half an hour through the fields of Monjeon and adjoining villages before it began to mount. Their second crop is now nearly ripe - it is wheat everywhere, and wonderfully thick,

compared to English ones. Then the road began to mount, and continued very steep to within thirty minutes of the parao, where it rounds a corner and gets into the Skore valley proper. It was excessively warm walking, as in addition to the steep ground there was an unclouded sun, and we were on a rock face which reflected a lot of heat. We arrived at 10.40, having come up some 3,000 feet. Five minutes before the camping ground we passed through a small collection of hovels, which is the village of Tla Brok. It is a fine upland valley here, terminating in a glacier (which we ascend to-morrow) and, naturally, covered with greenery wherever there is a little water. After some tiffin, as it was still fine and sunny, I photographed various groups of our best men, e.g. the nine Baltis who stayed up at Camp XI. with us all the time - they were very amused at the proceeding. The place is literally covered with edelweiss on all the high pastures, and apparently

here the cattle like it, as we've seen many patches cropped close by them.

August 22nd. As we had a lot of snow to cross to-day, and it was some hours before we got to it, we made an early start. Breakfast at 4.30, and the last man off at 5.15. We started by moonlight, but soon after the day broke - fine and almost cloudless. For a couple of hours or so we wound up the valley, which was fine pasture nearly all the way. At nine o'clock we got on to the glacier, which has very little moraine, and what there is of it good going. It runs nearly level for a bit, and then the ~~real~~ ascent to the col begins. Most of the slopes were of great steepness, and the snow (though it might have been much worse) was not good - there were about three inches of fresh-fallen stuff on the old snow, and the two coats had not combined at all. So the way up was distinctly tedious and hard work. We did not reach the top till one

o'clock, having risen in all some 5,500 feet from our camping place. All the way the views of mountains had not been impressive, as the glacier flows down from a small amphitheatre of peaks of no distinctive character, or great size. These cut out all further view, except down the valley we had ascended, where we saw some great peaks on the further side of the Biafo Glacier. But, once on the col the view towards S.S.E. and S.W. was amazing - seas of peaks were visible rising wave on wave till they lost themselves in the cloud banks on the horizon. Here and there a giant pushed its head up through the clouds, and we thought we caught a glimpse of Rakipushi, near Gilgit - 130 miles off. The average height of all the points in view - and there were literally thousands - must have been 19,000 feet. On the S. (Skoro) side of the pass there is no snow, but an exceedingly steep valley leading into the Skoro nullah - it is the steepest grass, earth and scree valley I have yet come across. Down this our way lay, the

first part was bad going - Eckenstein avoided it by glissading on some snow debris lying in a gully - but then a path, of sorts, developed on a grass ridge which led nearly all the way down to our parao here - 4,000 feet below the col. We got in at 3.20 - ten hours of pretty hard work. It is far the longest stage we have had. From Tla Brok to the foot of the glacier, and from the col down to here, there has been literally one continuous carpet of edelweiss - a wonderful profusion compared with Switzerland. There is a second variety here which, though identical in form with the ordinary kind, has a strong scent. When we arrived we found another Sahib camping here - he is on a shooting expedition, and this valley is reputed excellent for ibex. His is the first white face - bar our party - we have seen for more than three months now. So in the evening we had a little tamasha - we invited the Englishman round and drank two of our remaining half-bottles of champagne: emergencies are unlikely to turn up now, and it's

quite useless to cart it back to Srinagar.

August 23rd. Off at 6.35 on our way down the Skoro

Lungsa. The way first wound through a veritable rose garden on the top of the cliffs on the right-hand bank of the stream. Then, in a long, steep descent, it went to the stream bed. The valley here is very narrow, and the walls are vertical rocks which take it in turn to project right into the stream, so one has to be continually crossing from one side of the torrent to the other. It is not very broad, but naturally rapid - the first three times we crossed, Eckenstein and I took the trouble to jump from stone to stone, thus getting across more or less dry; but, as the crossings became more and more frequent, we found it too much worry, and waded through. In all, we crossed that torrent fifteen times. At about nine o'clock we reached a junction of a large side nullah, at which were three apricot trees growing, so we had a rest there, and noticed with pleasure that there were apricots on it in an



unripe state, which augured well for our not finding the crop quite over when we arrive down in the main valley. A short way off from this place we met our old friend the Wazir of Acheri, who had come up to meet us, and from there he led us down at a terrific pace, but it didn't so much matter, as the path was good.

Where these natives beat one is racing over really bad going, when there is no living at their pace.

Our last rencontre was a dak-wallah carrying our mails. He turned back with us, and we all went on till we came to another clump of trees, where the Wazir suggested a rest and produced Balti sweet cake, and two big baskets of peaches and apricots. We made a scrumptious meal, reading our mails the while. Then on down the valley, till at 11.15 we met Abdullah Bat (the man we sent on to Skardu), and also the Munshi of Skore, who had ridden out to meet us. Also, they had brought their horses for us, and it was a comfort to get

four legs under one once more - the mere fact that my stirrup leathers were permanently fixed eighteen inches too short, and that the irons were too small for my mountain boots, were trifles. Twenty minutes brought us into Skoro at 11.15. The reception we have had in this valley has been quite overwhelming, something between a returning general and a perpetual coronation. It started at Skoro, where awaited us a banquet of fruit: apricots, grapes, peaches, etc., etc., etc. After partaking of this, we found:

(1). Owing to the Tahsildar's absence from Skardu we had no money.

(2). That restrictions had been removed from the Bralduh valley, and that our men could, consequently, go on to Skardu. So we decided to proceed to Shigar for the night, and galloped the whole way there in under an hour. They had provided us with excellent nags who (contrary to the habits of these beasts) jumped all the ditches clean - there is a water course every

few yards here. At Shigar, as soon as we were encamped, visitors rolled up in crowds, all with many men bearing offerings - apricots by the stone, peaches, melons, grapes, vegetable marrows, beans, chilis, tea, etc., etc., etc., - till we were built into a regular kind of house of fruit and vegetables. They also brought us big bunches of garden flowers - all bright-coloured and sweet-smelling. So it looks as if these good people approved of our methods of treating them. We also heard that a universal tamasha had been ordered in our honour, and in the cool of the evening went out to watch it. The band started the proceedings - it consisted of three men playing a kind of pipe-organ, one big drum, two side drums, and one performer who blew into a most gorgeous coach horn (some five feet long and sixteen inches across the end) whenever the spirit moved him. Then dancing - this was, as usual, very statuesque and rather like Du Maurier's aesthetic attitudes in Punch. Afterwards came the polo match, for which the sides

were chosen by a kiddie picking whips into two heaps, the owners forming the two sides. They played seven a side on a tremendous ground - over 400 yards long and about 65 yards wide - and a very fast game they played. Needless to say, Eokenstein and I had the pavilion to ourselves. They did not finish till nearly 7.30, and then we said good-night to them. There is no doubt that polo is the national game here as before and after the game, and even during the interval, all the children of the place rush about the ground hitting round stones with diminutive polo sticks.

August 24th. We sent off Salama to Skardu to-day to arrange for crossing the Deosai Plains while we took a day's rest here. In the morning all the notables of the place turned up to be photographed. The Wazir and all his relations were photographed on the polo ground on their ponies, and later on the Rajah of Shigar turned up with all his relations and suite, and were duly taken. He (the Rajah) is a very fine man

indeed, and plays polo with the best of them. In the middle of the photographing a jodel announced to us the arrival of the Doctor and Crowley. They had gone down the whole Bralduh valley and taken a raft from Yuno here. From early morning more presents began to shower in on us - still fruit and vegetables - in quantities far greater than we know what to do with - it's a regular milk-and-honey land.

Here in Shigar, they work a beautiful green soapstone into cups, little lamps, and pipes, etc., so we had up the merchants and bartered with them at various times in the day and acquired some lovely specimens of the work. This evening, the Rajah and suite came to give us their salaams before our departure, and to receive chits from us. We are going down to-morrow by raft. Late this evening the missionary who lives here came over to see us - he has been quite well all the time, and has made no converts.

August 25th. It took us some time to get started

this morning, as endless petitioners for chits, etc., turned up. So it was 8.10 before we were afloat on the Shigar. Our raft consisted of twenty-seven goat skins blown up not very tight, with a light framework of wood on the top, this supported ten of us in all. I was glad to have the chance of trying one, but cannot recommend the craft for comfort, as the irregular sticks which form the framework are anything but comfortable to sit on. The raft soon gets lower in the water than when one starts, and then the men are, more or less, continually employed in blowing up the skins. Meanwhile, one gets very wet, both by sitting more or less continually in the water, and also by the waves which sweep over when one traverses rapids. One has one great advantage: the scenery is continually revolving round like a panorama as the raft spins in the current. We got down to the junction of the Shigar and Indus in two hours. The junction is some way below Skardu, so the men carried the raft up stream a bit, and then paddled

across the Indus stream with sticks while the raft drifted far down. This landed us three-quarters of an hour from Skardu, where we arrived at twelve o'clock. Soon after our arrival the usual streams of fruit began to pour in with the tea and cakes, etc., - some twenty melons, among other things. Our coolies were very late arriving so we could do practically nothing to-day. Another Sahib turned up late - he has been shikaring without a great deal of success, and is going on to Srinagar, across the Deosai, in a day or two.

We stayed at Skardu for a few days owing to the fact that we had not enough money to pay off our coolies. Indeed we thought we should have to wait till we got it sent up from Srinagar; but our old friend the Tahsildar told us to telegraph to have the amount paid in to the Srinagar treasury when he could disburse it to us at Skardu.

Growley and the Doctor did not wait for us while these arrangements were being made but started off 2 days ahead.

We did not follow the same valley route to Srinagar as we had taken early in the year but a shorter if more arduous one across the Deosai Plains.

These are very high (13,000 to 15,000 feet) tablelands which are free from snow only in the summer when they become the mail route to Skardu from Kashmir. The marches are too long for a loaded coolie and pony-transport is invariably used.

It was the 29th of August that we set off on our final stage and late before we got off, for the men took long in getting the loads ready. They sew them into the two ends of a goat-hair rug, which is thrown across the animal's back. Another cause of delay was an accident which befell a naukar who was sent to fetch the riding horses. He got up on one and was thrown from it. Unluckily, he caught his foot in the stirrup, and as the horse bolted he was dragged along the ground a considerable distance before being jerked loose. By



some good luck, however, he got nothing worse than bruises.

The way follows a valley, which is of a ravine character - entirely steep rock faces and scree slopes, with no vegetation except scrub and bushes - to its end, at which is our first pass - the Burje-la. We did one and a half parasos here through the dreary valley, arriving at four o'clock. The way is a steep ascent the whole time, and we must have risen some 6,500 feet - we are now about 14,000 feet. The pass is visible from here, some 2,000 feet above us - there is a little snow on it. Our nags are real good ones, as you can imagine from the fact that they carried us easily up all this height and distance. It rained at intervals during the day, but never really persistently till we had arrived, when a sleet storm set in, which apparently lasted all night. We met a caravan on its way down to-day - they told us that Crowley had been unwell, and that, consequently, he and the Doctor were halting one day on the way.

August 30th. was a miserable day, and a rather miserable march. Eokenstein and I were both ill this morning - his interior economy was seriously deranged and all the day he was unable to go for any length of time on his horse, as the motion made him feel bad. I was not nearly so bad as Eokenstein, just a bit seedy. We started at 7.40, in a sleet storm, which changed to snow and hail as we got up to the summit of the col (about 15,800 feet) and back again to sleet when we got down again to the Deosai plains. Our men told us that it was the dastur (custom) for everyone to get ill crossing the Burje-la, as there lived a bad devil in the valley who invariably troubled travellers in this way. Incidentally, the Deosai are also known as The Devil's Plains. The last piece up the pass was over snow-covered glacier (much crevassed in places): our ponies went over this excellently and, not knowing the decisions of the Alpine Club, neither wanted to be roped, nor stepped into crevasses instead of over them. We rode all the

way up, reaching the summit at 9.30. From there a short piece of descent brings one to the Deosai proper, which lies between 14,000 and 15,000 feet. As far as I have seen it to-day, it is a high, bare and stony plateau with round rocky or grassy humps rising irregularly. The vegetation is not very thick, but then it is only out of snow for a very few months in the year. It's rather reminiscent of a large range of English downs without the grass, and with the hills much further apart. By a stream in one of the valleys we plodded on for hours; the sleet was quite continuous and we got excessively cold, so had to get off and walk at intervals. Eventually, I reached this parao at 1.30, it is one and a half paraos from our starting place to-day. As we felt we had had enough, we stopped and pitched camp, though it was our original intention to go two and a half paraos, and get back to habitations to-morrow night. Soon after our arrival it ceased sleeted, and now (four o'clock) is fine and sunny. It's a characteristic of this place for the

weather to change suddenly and violently.

August 31st. This morning, when we got off at 7.35 it seemed unsettled, but inclined to clear up - it did so subsequently. The local devil had not finished with us yesterday as Eckenstein and I were still very far from well this morning, and had to take liberal doses of opium at intervals to make riding on horseback endurable. Also, three of our men with the horses were bad. Devil, or no devil, there does seem to be something in the place that upsets people, whether some dissolved mineral in the water, or some plant near the camping places I do not know. We meant to do three parasos to-day, and land at the first dak bungalow on this road, i.e., at Bursil, where the Gilgit road and Deesai route diverge. We had finished two stages at 12.30, going fairly well. The scenery was unchanged - the same long, flat valleys with humps of rock or stones flanking them. The valleys all have good streams flowing in them and are, consequently, thick with grass

and wild flowers. We crossed many of these streams, fortunately now low, so not troublesome. After a heavy rainfall, however, they rise rapidly, and people sometimes have to wait a day or so till they subside. The next parao is a tremendous one, and includes going over the second pass, the Stakpi-la (about 13,700 feet) to which there is a small rise from the end of the plains. The way was very wearisome indeed, and we didn't get to the top till five o'clock. At the top of the pass there is a big lake, which drains on both sides. From there an hour's continuous descent brought us to an excellent maiden by a river, so, as the Burzil bungalow was an unknown distance off, and as Eckenstein felt pretty done up, we pitched our camp and stayed the night there. It's quite impossible to extract the real distance of a place, even from the Shikari who has been with us all the time; they insist on trying to please, e.g., to-day they said the last parao was quite short - two hours or so - whereas it is some four and a half hours, even

to here. A very tiring day, especially as we were both out of sorts.

September 1st. Eckenstein improved in the night,

but my condition was much the same this morning, when we started at eight o'clock. After three quarters of an hour's riding I met a Sahib, who was going over to Skardu, he was just then busy shooting at marmots, a rather large variety of which abound near here. He turned out to be a Doctor, so was promptly consulted, and ordered us to keep on milk diet exclusively. I reached the Bursil bungalow at ten o'clock, having descended steeply most of the way. Here one gets on to the Gilgit road, which is the first worthy of the name we have travelled over since leaving Srinagar - it's quite pleasant to have from eight to twelve feet of good surface under one, instead of the usual one-foot track, mostly choked with stones, or steering through marshes. So, after a rest, we continued on for an hour, and reached the first village out of Skardu, i.e., Minni-

merg, whence on here (Pushwari) at 1.20. A very good march, and the scenery is a rest to one's eyes after the dreary Deosai. All the way, after Bursil, runs through a heavily deodar-clad valley. It is very like a Swiss scene, especially as the inhabitants live in chalets instead of the ordinary mud or stone hut - only these villages look cleaner than most Swiss ones do. Here there is a bungalow, with chairs and a table, luxuries we have begun to forget the use of.

September 2nd. Both of us were a good deal better this morning. It was a very pleasant march here, as the valley becomes more and more wooded and beautiful at every one of its many turns. The pine woods have much beech in them, and everywhere are dotted about the chalet villages. With a good road under us we went very fast for more than half the journey, when Eckenstein's pony lost a shoe and went rather lame, so he walked him for a bit, and subsequently took the

shikari's nag. We got here at 12.45. It is not the regular parao at Gurais, but some mile or two further on, near a faquir's tomb, at a spot where Eckenstein camped ten years ago. Round Gurais the valley widens out into a plain for a few miles - highly cultivated, and with many villages.

September 3rd. We wanted to get over our third and last (I'm thankful to say) pass to-day. As it is two marches over the top we started a bit earlier than usual. The first part of the way led through a grand beech forest with a thick undergrowth of sweet-smelling flowers (many orchids), so it was cool and pleasant. This brought us out near the end of a side valley, up which the way led to the pass - the Tragbal-Chok - goes. The next stretch was rather trying, as it was over a quite tree-less hillside in a blazing sun. Here we met an officer and his mensahib coming down - the latter in a dandy - and subsequently a road engineer and his wife too. We arrived at the first parao (Gorai) at twelve o'clock, and from



there on the road wound now through pines, and now on the open hillside, ascending steadily all the time. After about an hour we were suddenly greeted with shouts from behind - it turned out to be Radcliffe, a forest officer, whom we had met at Srinagar before leaving, and who was also going over the pass. We stopped, had a talk, and then he went ahead (being much better mounted), we following after. Eventually, we reached the top at 3.15 p.m., or at least what I took to be the top, as there is no well-defined col, but a long ridge, along which the way runs, gently ascending and descending, for a long time. The height is 11,000 feet, some 5,000 feet rise from Gurais. When one reaches the end of the ridge, an extraordinary view breaks in on one. In the foreground, the pine-covered hills and nullahs of Kashmir stretching away on both sides. Then the big expanse of the Woolar lake in front, blending in the heat haze at its edges into the plain of Kashmir which stretches right away, till in the distance it meets the

spurs of the Himalayas, which bound it. Running through the landscape is the silver meander of the Jhelum, and the whole of this is lying 5,000 feet below one. The clouds, unfortunately, hid from us Hanga Parbat, up N.W. in the Indus valley, but certainly beautified the rest. Then down - again in long zig-sags - till we reached Tragbal at 5.30. Here we found a regular concourse at the bungalow. To begin with, we had caught up the Doctor and Crowley who had come one march to-day, then Radcliffe and a friend of his, the officer we had met at Skardu (he had come across the Deosai with the Doctor and Crowley), and finally, a man on telegraph work.

September 4th. The Doctor and Crowley got off before us to-day, as they intend to go down to Bandipur (the end of the Gilgit road on the Woolar lake) to-day, and take a dunga from there across to Baramullah - some five hours by water. They sleep there to-night, and go on to Srinagar by tonga to-morrow. They do this in order to avoid being on the

Woolar or the Jhelam after nightfall, when there are crowds of mosquitoes. The ordinary waterway to Srinagar is across the Woolar, and then up the river. This way we intend to go, avoiding the skeeters by starting very early in the morning and travelling fast, in which case we should be out of their region before nightfall. We, therefore, to-day only came down as far as Kralpur, which is some three miles from the lake, and a little above it. It was only a short march of less than two hours down colossal zig-zags on the hillside. Eckenstein found running down the short cuts more congenial to his comfort, whereas I trotted down the road on my nag. We are going to stay a day in camp here to-morrow to have a rest and give our insides a chance of getting properly better, which they have not been able to do with this continuation of long days in the saddle. This neighbourhood is that from which our shikaris and naukars came from, so we have said "how-d'you-do" to innumerable fathers, brothers, cousins, etc., of

all of them, who have come up and presented us with all manner of good things to eat - which we cannot touch. In the evening we were informed that Crowley had commandeered our two dungs, which we had ordered beforehand, without telling us anything about it, so we had to send off a man post haste to Srinagar to get others down. He is going to walk all night, so that, with luck, they may arrive to-morrow.

September 5th. A perfectly lazy day in camp. I think the only thing we did - besides dozing - the whole day was to look at and choose some pieces of pūtōe (native cloth) made in the villages round here - it is infinitely better than the stuff they sell in Srinagar.

September 6th. The return to their homes had a very bad effect on our naukars, so this morning, when we especially wanted to get off early, to avoid the mosquitos of the lower reaches of the Jhelam, they were not there. Furthermore, there was some trouble in getting them. Then all manner of

other delays turned up, absence of coolies or horses to take our goods down to the boat, etc. It was an hour's ride to the dunge through Bandipur and its neighbouring villages, which are nearly level with the lake and all planted with rice. At the boat, more delay, milk, water and wood for the cruise had to be shipped. So it was twelve o'clock before we got off. The boat had been brought up a canal, and down this they paddled to the lake proper. The naukars very much wanted me to shoot them a heron - there are quantities all over the lake - as they esteem them a great delicacy. I managed to get one at the second attempt. Again, later, I indulged in a stalk of a bird which they said was excellent eating - he was rather like a small cormorant to look at, but Nokenstein says he tasted very good. The lake is very weedy, so progress through it, by paddling, was slow. Eventually, we got across, however, and turned up the Jhelam, which, though low still, flows with a fairly rapid stream. Here they started towing. As the banks

are high, and the country flat, one does not see much from the river except the edges of the never-ending ricefields. Ever since we had got to the lake there were a certain amount of mosquitos about, but never in very large numbers. Towards evening, when, of course, they start getting bad, a strongish breeze arose and kept them clear. So we did not anticipate a bad night. However, as soon as we got to the stopping place the wind fell, and the beasts came out in their legions. We got a tent up quickly, and having got inside it, shut up door and window. Then smoked till the inside was solid with 'baccy. As we heard none we thought we were pretty safe, and went to sleep.

September 7th. They woke us at 5.45 this morning, but this was not the first time I had woken up by any means. In fact, I had been engaged in waking up most of the night. When we came to examine ourselves by daylight I found that I had suffered a great deal more than Eckenstein, who only had a

comparatively few bites. Unfortunately, I got about twenty to twenty-five on each arm and hand, and six or seven on my face, and am, at present, trying not to scratch any of the fifty.

We proceeded straight away by towing up the river. We had a long day of it, doing nothing, in the boat, and did not arrive at the outskirts of Srinagar till after seven o'clock. As it was a long way up through the town by river, and manipulating the craft through the bridges is also slow, we got out and walked the last four miles on the high road, leaving the boat to follow. When we got here we found every room in the hotel full, but they managed to put us up. Crowley and the Doctor arrived two days ago. The former, with his beard off and short hair is unrecognisable. The place is full of disgusting smart people who dress - it makes one think of Camp XI.

Here the 6 of us were once more together only to separate again almost immediately.

Bokenstein and I stayed on in that beautiful city of Srinagar and spent a pleasant month living in idleness and looking at the lovely things that the astute Kashmiri merchant would sell one, while the others dispersed and found their divergent ways to Europe once more.

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