

**A MONTH IN THE HIMALAYAS,**

---

---

**From 12th May 1933 to  
11th June 1933,**

---

---

**PART I & PART II.**

---

---

Printed at the "Job" Printing Press, S. B. Meerut.



# **A MONTH IN THE HIMALAYAS.**

## **PART I.**

**From 12th May to 22nd May.**



## **RANIKHET TO SOMESHWAR.**

*12th May.*

I left Ranikhet at 3 P. M. arriving at Someshwar about 5 P. M. This part of the journey was carried out in a motor car and was one of the most unpleasant drives I have ever had. The route lies along the ALMORA road for about 28 miles and then there is a sharp turn to the left, almost a hairpin, which on this occasion was blocked by a lorry which had broken down. Along this road for about 15 miles and Someshwar is reached. The village is small but I believe has a promising school. The Dak Bungalow is comfortable, and on arriving there I found that my coolies were already there. The car was unloaded and that was the end of civilisation for a bit as far as I was concerned. I was left surrounded by a vast quantity of flies, my bearer, and sundry Hangers on who, as is the way with these people, had decided that the sight of a young sahib was definitely a thing to look at until it was too dark to look any more. Very embarrassing!

**SOMESHWAR TO BAGESWAR.***13th May.*

After a fairly good night, and a very good breakfast I started for this, to my mind, fairy tale of a place, having previously ascertained the night before that it was a bare 14 miles distant. It seemed to me to be a fairy tale as I had been shewn the route, and that lay over the top of a mountain which from the valley beneath appeared to be at least rising in a gradient of one in three. However off I went, after a few remarks with the coolies who thought that they had for too much to carry (Incidentally I discovered that they had, poor devils) and seven A. M. saw me well on my way. I soon found that the road lay over the hill but it was not nearly so bad as I had imagined that it would be and after a bit I got tired of going with the coolies and went on by myself. At one period I met an ex KUMAON RIFLEMAN who regaled me with much talk, not one word of which was I able to understand, however I smiled politely at him and this seemed to satisfy him but it did not get rid of him and he continued to walk along with me for ages., chatting all the time. At 9-45 A. M., I was at the top of the apparently insurmountable hill and there I waited for my wretched perspiring coolies. I had a long wait and watched them coming up the hill through my telescope. When they arrived I set off again and walked and walked and walked (Going down now) and after I thought that I must be nearly at my destination I halted again and waited for an hour and a half again for the coolies. Whilst waiting I happened to go to sleep and on waking up I found about six of the populace sitting on the road

eying me in the most marked manner. Not a little shaken, I waved them away in the most haughty manner and went to sleep again, this time to be awakened by my bearer who told me that I was only about 2 miles from Bageswar. On I went again, and finally arrived in the village. Bowing regally right and left I stalked through it and reached the Bungalow where my host was already in stalled. He did not quite say "Doctor Livingstone I presume" but what he did say was "Nicol I presume" and that was much the same. After a short talk and a drink with him, of I went to fish, Unfortunately I did not catch anything but I did manage to fall into the water several times, again much to the delight of the bystanders. Coming home again I was told that a strange individual in the shape of one of the local patriarchs desired speech with me and as a preliminary had handed out a few fish an some vegetables (cf; Moses etc. a little bread and a little honey). A most delightful conversation ensued neither of us having the slightest idea of what the other was saying, however I discovered that the language of smiles will work in that sort of way as well as in the more normal way. After that a little more chat with the coolies (to whom much money was disbursed) a bath, dinner, and so to bed very tired, with the cheering thought that 6 A. M. in the morning would see us on our way. Luckily only a bare nine miles to our next stop.

## **BAGESWAR TO CHAURA.**

*14th May.*

This has been such a remarkable day, that as I sit here writing in the pouring rain, I wonder if we are really living

in the year of grace 1933 or whether I am asleep and am dreaming that I am mixed up in one of Grimm's delightful stories. Honestly I never dreamed that such things could be. I knew before we started that the Commissioner had work to do but I never visualised what was to happen.

We started off from Bageswar at 6 A. M. like so much royalty and after walking for about ten minutes the first halt occurred when a man appeared on the road and begged the Commissioner to come and intercede for him as his unkind neighbours had been spoiling his land by flooding. How I wish I could speak this language properly. That being accomplished we went on and after a bit as if by magic a pony appeared for my use. This turned out to be the property of one of the men who had elected to walk with us, and very glad of it I was too as again the route lay over the top of what from the bottom looked to be almost impassable hills.

Well as I say, on we went and when we had reached the top of a hill, a posse of people awaited us, who turned out to be one of the parties concerned in the case with which the Commissioner was dealing. This case I might add was to do with the rights of certain property. Well after a certain amount of conversation with that lot we went on and they all came too, making small presents of flowers and raspberries on route.

The column was now swelling appreciably all along and after a bit a madman appeared in the way blowing a trumpet and saying Hurrah for the Government or words to that effect; which ceremony being completed he presented the Commissioner with a very delightful bunch of Autumn crocus and throwing himself to the ground, most tenderly kissed the Commi-



ssioner boots (No accounting for tastes is there?) He then fell in behind and on we went. Finally we reached the other party in the case, and there side of the story was heard; then A Himalayan Court was held at which the Commissioner sat surrounded by about 50 people and dispensed justice, telling them I gather, in no uncertain terms where they got off.

The next thing was breakfast, and on again after that with the entire congregation following. The following I might add was swelled the whole way along until finally one felt rather like a personally conducted tour round the Kumaon Hills! The Commissioner had further litigation to deal with before we got to Chaura and it was after 12 when we got there, after a delightful walk through very pretty country.

At the entrance to the village we were met by the head man who gently placed garlands round our necks, bowing deeply at the same time. This embarrassed me considerably, as I did not know the correct way to say thank you, however I again smiled and that seemed to suffice, and once again I felt very regal.

Unfortunately it has rained all the afternoon, but it cleared up enough for us to visit the head man's house, a charming place consisting of stable and dwelling place combined. As I write now the Commissioner is interviewing the Head man who has brought his son with him. This son is of lowly stature and his father desires to know what to do. As he was married at the age of two, one feels that there is little hope for him and as the Commissioner so aptly remarked "These things when practised at immature ages are apt to complicate matters".

Too true I fear. That is all that has happened up to date in this lovely place and I wish that I could write better to describe it all as it should be described. However I hope that I have done a little to keep it in mind. If anything else happens here I shall have to put it in to-morrow at KAPKOT. Incidentally we are living in the School! Another man has just come to see me at whom I have again smiled, but he would appear to be a most superior being and all was well.

## **CHAURA TO KAPKOT.**

*15th May.*

A really remarkable day this. Amongst other things I have achieved very rapid promotion, in fact I have now reached that august rank of Colonel; but I go too fast. We started off this morning about a quarter past six with a ten mile march before us. I need hardly say that an enthusiastic crowd accompanied us for the first part of the way and I was lent another horse to see me up the steep hill, which I have now come to accept as the inevitable when proceeding from one valley to another. Nothing much happened for the first hour or two until we got to the top of the hill where we had the most wonderful view of the snows and I took four photographs. Here we had breakfast and afterwards the D. C. went into a small matter of property again which did not take long. Then we started to go down the hill; that took some time as it was very steep and we had to walk along the dried up bed of a river. Not much incident except that various beings thrust posies of flowers in to the hand of the D. C. or failing that bunches of bananas. I somehow felt though that there was more to come and sure enough there was, for when we got back to the SARJU

VALLEY again, there was a gentleman there, who made an elaborate speech in the course of which he gave three cheers for the D. C. This took place about three miles from Kapkot and was but a small edition of what was to come. As we went on, under the shade of a large tree two recumbent figures were discovered; these the D. C. delicately prodded with the point of his stick, and to my horror, one of them turned out to be an elderly female, who in place of a neck had no less than five strange protuberances, so that when she gave tongue (which she did in no uncertain voice when she was roused from her matutinal slumbers) an odd bulging, as of one doing deep breathing exercises, occurred. Most alarming as one was inclined to wonder which was going to burst first. However all was well. Well on we went and soon we had to cross the river, having already observed that drawn up on the other side was the local covey of school children, who had contrived to make a form of the "Union Jack" in the shape of triumphal arch. Having crossed the river on the back of a horse we had to dismount to receive the welcoming address from Kapkot. This done they all proceeded to give a hearty cheer for the D. C. and then they happened to notice me standing there a bit spare and doubtless feeling that they ought to do something about it proceeded to give a cheer for the Colonel Sahib. All most embarrassing, but remembering my military upbringing and also how Colonels behave when taking a salute I, with great gravity, and incidentally blushing hotly through my beard, returned this compliment with a charming salute, really quite in the old world style. I forgot to say that we had both been again covered with rather evil smelling floral tributes. The D. C. then decided that all this being what

it was, he should ride into the village in the approved style. Up we got again, and before we had gone very far another triumphal arch appeared in the road; this turned out to be the low caste people who were determined not to be outdone. They presented an address, and then we were permitted to continue in peace to the Bungalow; naturally enough the entire crowd fell in behind, but unfortunately they had a little difficulty in keeping up as, owing to the fact that it had begun to rain, we trotted the rest of the way in.

We had lunch about three o'clock and then I went and tried to catch a fish, again with no success I fear, but as we are to be here all to-morrow I hope to have more success in the morning. All the locals are most helpful to me and tell me how the fish may be caught, but as I cannot understand one word of what they say it is all very difficult. I shall be quite good at smiling by the time that this trip is finished!

I quite forgot to say that the "Union Jack" preceded us all the way into Kapkot after we had passed underneath it. And also all the assembled schoolchildren sang their version of the National Anthem to a quite incomprehensible tune, the D. C. and I meanwhile standing there with bare heads, he having ascertained that it was the National Anthem through catching the word King in an otherwise completely garbled mass of unintelligible words. I almost felt that it was a School Treat and that I should be assisting in the distribution of prizes, and clapping at the appropriate moments when votes of thanks were called for. What a life!

We have the whole day here to-morrow and there should be more amusements to record to-morrow evening.

**KAPKOT.***16th May.*

As we were to be here all to-day, I thought that I would stay late in bed. Therefore I did not get up till 9 A. M. and found that the D. C. had got up at six and gone off to receive more addresses of welcome, this time from the Military School. He got back as I was having breakfast, once more almost hidden by the floral tributes. After breakfast we went down to the river and fished till lunch time. I fear that again we had no success but I have since discovered a pool in the other direction that I feel must be tried on the return journey. After lunch there was another heavy fall of rain. I went to sleep but the D. C. told me that he had upwards of a hundred people to see him during the afternoon.

It cleared up after tea and we went out for a walk, round the policies so to speak, calling at various houses on route including the local chemist and the local HARRODS. This latter, a truly wonderful place stocked with every conceivable sort of thing from umbrellas to Ladies and Gents suitings.

The children up here are all most pale skinned and really some of them are quite pretty. The D. C. had a mild flirtation with one small girl aged about five (as far as one could judge) and she was almost white in colour. Continuing the walk we went up the river to this pool where were these large fish just asking to be caught. Coming back, a cuckoo was discovered to be making a noise on the tree above the bungalow. This bold bird (Bold indeed to be worrying D. C. Sahib Bahadur) I had a shot at and sent about its

business; then seeing a passing crow I shot that, in the most brutal fashion. To-morrow we go about twelve miles up the hill and thence down to the valley again at Tejam. Reports have come in to the effect that the MILAM road is badly blocked but we are hoping for the best.

The temperature at lunch time to-day was 79. Quite warm.

Remark by a beginner at fishing:—

“I saw one small fish swimming round the Spoon and sniffing it but unfortunately, it took no interest in the subsequent proceedings”.

## **KAPKOT TO SAMADHURA.**

*17th May.*

This of course sounds too marvellous, but the high sounding name of SAMADHURA is rather apt to mislead one if one has never been there. Actually it is a village consisting of one house (Or is it two ?) perched on the top of a hill. This hill I may add is so steep that one does not even notice the house or houses when coming up. However once more I go too fast.

We started of this morning from KAPKOT about six and continued up the SARJU VALLEY for about two and a half miles; thence we struck off to the right up a branch valley still keeping on the LOHARKHET road for another mile or so until the road forked. Taking the right fork we went on up this valley, which is an exceedingly beautiful one, for nearly four miles when it was nine o'clock and time for breakfast. We got away from KAPKOT without any undue formality; of course flowers were thrust upon us, but fortunately only small

posies which could be cast aside with ease as soon as the following populace had dispersed to their homes. The march was rather devoid of incident before breakfast, except for one unfortunate gentleman who appeared in the path, and almost in tears begged that his life might be spared. What he had done ( or rather had not done ) was to repair a certain bridge over which the august majesty of the D. C. and following ought to pass. As he had failed to do this the train was forced to ford a small stream in which there was practically no water; incidentally there were stepping stones as well. Today I had no horse; I rather feel that the D. C. did me down over that, as a very kind gentleman ( Incidentally a District Officer who should be elsewhere) who had come with us so far and whose horse I had heretofore rode, offered to remain in KAPKOT so that I could take his horse on with me. A most generous and kindly thought, but doubtless it was a good excuse for him to get off a bit of work. Anyhow the D. C. told him that the Sahib could quite easily walk as there was not much of a hill to go up. He told me this too. I began to suspect a bit at breakfast, when he suggested that I go on by myself at my own pace as he could catch me up on his horse "on you go if you like", he said, "there is a gentle slope of about a mile and a half at the end of the journey, and I expect that I shall go quicker than you on the horse". Well off I went; according to the map there were another five miles to go. I thought this was all right, flat for three and a half miles and then a gentle hill at the end. I walked along to the end of the valley, and thought to myself what a delightful day it was for walking; then I found myself staring up at a thing that looked more like the "Woolworth" building in NEW YORK than anything else. This apparently

was the D. C.'s gentle slope. I still did not worry much as I thought that I had only about a mile and a bit to do. Up this mountain I went and after the first hour, I thought things were a bit odd, so I stopped the first local inhabitant I saw and asked him how much further it was. He replied three miles\*! (The asterisk denotes the one mild expletive of wrath I permitted myself to give vein to). Actually his estimation was a bit wrong, because as it happened there was only about another hour's walk. After that I found myself at the top of the hill, where the road forked again. I stopped here as I had spied the D. C. on his horse coming up the hill. Up till now I had seen no sign of any habitation on the hill, except two houses on the face and a camp of "Bhotias" almost at the top. After sitting here for about half an hour, an exhausted native appeared and told me that I had gone too far and had in fact passed the village, and that I was to come down the hill again. More expletives! However fortunately there was not far to go and I found the D. C. taking his ease on the Khud side looking down on the "Bhotia" camp. He of course was garlanded and surrounded by an admiring populace, the entire population of SAMADHURA in fact, all seven of them, augmented by a few "Bhotias". I was somewhat relieved to hear that we were not going to camp with the "Bhotias", but as they had already taken the only camping ground we were to make the best of a bleak piece of Hillside; meanwhile as all the Coolies had been passed some miles down the track we were to wait there arrival to get our tents pitched. This was at 12-45 p m. At 3-15 approximately, it may have been later, the coolies arrived and it was just beginning to rain. However the tents were got up in time and we sat down to a late lunch. We lunched in the D. C.'s tent in



the company of about half a million flies but it was very good all the same. Afterwards we both changed our clothes as the temperature by now was very low. Who would go Mountaineering ? I managed to get a few quite amusing photographs before the rain. The time is now 5-35; it is pouring with rain and beastly cold and it looks as though it is going to go on far ever.

## **SAMADHURA TO TEJAM.**

*18th May.*

There was rather a lovely sunset last night. I fear that I finished off yesterday's account on rather a gloomy note; actually the rain stopped quite soon and the sun came out again just in time to set. Perched up on top of a hill as we were it looked very fine over the tops of the adjacent hills. It was cold too; we both put on warmer garments for dinner, and the bath before it was not so welcome as usual.

Today we set off a bit later, not till after half past six in fact, as we had a short march of only six miles. These six miles were the worst that we have had so far, as the going was sheer down hill all the way except for the last mile. TEJAM itself is a hamlet right down in the valley of the Ramganga River, and according to the text book, is chiefly noted for its venomous flies. The text book is quite right, I have never encountered so many flies in my life. They all seem to bite too. As we set off this morning, we met an elderly lady weeping bitterly; it transpired that her husband had died (Presumably sometime ago) and she was left with a small child. The D.C's chauprassie in the most unfeeling way at once asked her whether the baby was legitimate or not. This remark not

unnaturally produced a further avalanche of tears. All most heart rending. All along the route we met flocks of sheep and goats being driven down to the warmer climes, and from the herdmen we definitely heard that the way to MILAM was open. That was most cheering news. Nothing else of interest happened on the way down and we got into TEJAM about 11-30 a. m. very hot and tired. However the tents had been put in a delightfully shady place and there we sat and consumed Lemonade until lunch time., the D. C. having first interviewed the local head men. About tea time various people arrived to see the D. C. amongst them being a Lieutenant in a territorial Kumaon Regiment. He is a man of some wealth and apparently at one time was the representative trader in Thibet but got removed from that responsible post owing to his grave misconduct with the ladies there. He now has a permanent feud with the man who has superseded him. After these interviews we bathed, fished a little ( again with no success; the water was too big ) had dinner and went to bed. We spend tomorrow here too, and I am going to try and get a Gurral of which there are reported to be not a few, though one has to climb up huge mountains to get them. The TEJAM fly is truly awful. We have both been bitten, and the iodine bottle is most useful not to say essential.

## TEJAM.

*19th May.*

I quite forgot to say that our camp here is sited on the ground that is really a praying place, so that the populace have had to forgo their visits to the temple for two days, whilst we use the altar as a pantry. It really is a very good spot for a

camp as it is right underneath two delightfully shady trees. As I said, I intended to go and shoot a Gurrall today and with that object in view I set off this morning at six. This place is absolutely at the bottom of a valley with very high hills all round, which are quite liable to crumble at any minute. They have been periodically bursting for years, so much so that the inhabitants are now too nervous to cultivate any more land. I asked the local who was conducting me, where we were going and he pointed out the highest peak of all those surrounding. I gulped twice and started. After walking up hill steadily for about an hour, I stopped to have a "spy" but saw nothing and continued the ascent. About half way up the hill a beast was seen but only for an instant, and it was gone so quickly that I had not even time to see if it was a man or a woman. I chased this animal for a bit but it was no good and it eluded me with some ease. After that setback I went on up but still saw nothing else, in fact I never saw another sign of life for the rest of the morning. After breakfast I decided to stop chasing what was not there to chase, and to concentrate on getting to the top of the hill. I had thought I was pretty good on hills but I had never tried to climb anything like this before. When I got within sighting distance of the top, the hill got so steep that I had to use my hands to get on at all. I never thought of the coming down part of it at all. I wish I had now. Eventually I did get to the top and I must say that I got the most lovely view. At one place about half way I came across an absolute garden of Autumn Crocus all in bloom. Lovely. Coming down was a nightmare; I walked about on tiny ledges and if I did happen to look down, all I could see was a bottomless pit looking thing. I occasionally threw stones down and could not hear them reach the bottom. By the Grace of a kind Providence I

got home safely, and so tired was I that I could do nothing else all day except go for a short stroll after tea with the D.C. having spent the afternoon striving to master the intricacies of his new camera, intermingled with seeing various suppliants, one of whom expressed a desire to go bankrupt. This is the last really hot spot for a bit and tomorrow we start our ascent to the highland regions.

## TEJAM TO GIRGAON.

*20th May.*

With some feelings of relief we set off from TEJAM at the usual time this morning. Relief at the thought that we were at last out of the venomous fly regions, and also that now we were on the road to the Highlands. That always cheers me whether the Highlands are those of Scotland or India. Unfortunate, the bites received at Tejam take a long time to go away and even now we are still scratching in the most horrible manner. A very hot and sticky walk indeed today. I swear that TEJAM must be the hottest place in KUMAON. Even at six in the morning it was quite hot and by nine it was awful. The first part of the march led along the valley for about four or five miles. A valley completely shut in by hills with a burning sun on one's head. We had breakfast by the river and even there the sun got us and we had no shade and the bites still bit. There were rather more suppliants for the D. C. than usual, and I fear that I laughed at the wrong moment once when a poor wretched man was on bended knee before the D. C. spouting out his tale of whilst tears streamed down his face. Every day the people look more like Chinese. At last we reached the head of the valley and then it was SAMADHURA all over again only

more so. The precipice this time was almost sheer, and all we knew about it was that somewhere on it we were to camp. Well I went on ahead, not having a horse, and after the most awful walk in the heat of the day lasting for about two hours I arrived at the most delightful little grove of trees on the hillside, and discovered that this was our halting place. I lay down and gasped (literally) for about ten minutes and then drank about a gallon of water. (I am sure my solicitous friends would say most unwise). Eventually the D. C. got there and finally the coolies; whilst waiting for the latter we both went to sleep. We had lunch about two and during the afternoon did nothing. After tea we went, and examined a glorious waterfall which was quite close, and on coming back found the populace assembled in mass. By that time I had sworn that I was going to get a horse for tomorrow, and I did. The kind "Kaunungo", having seen my condition when I arrived had already arranged for a beast to be at my disposal. Without it I think I should give up as the mountain to be crossed tomorrow morning is about six times worse than today. It is much cooler up here and there are no flies that bite though plenty of the other kind. These we are used to by now. This is undoubtedly a grand life though tiring and I think that already I might apply for membership of the "Alpine Club". Tomorrow we get to MUNSIARI Shops on the road side.

## **GIRGAON TO MUNSIARI.**

*21st May.*

This really was the most lovely march through quite the finest scenery we have seen yet. I was thankful for my pony

and I must say that these Hill ponies are the most splendid creatures. The actual road was awful; very stony and slippery practically the whole way. Setting off at six as usual we at once began to climb. In fact the road was merely a continuation of the hill we came up yesterday. There were two miles of this and then we were at the top of the hill, crossing the pass at 9000 feet, and from there looking over to the NEPAL snows, which appeared to be right on top of us. Straight in front of us rose up another mountain with a huge gorge between us and it. This had to be crossed and the bit to come was just as steep as the hill over which we had already come. Half way across the gorge we stopped for breakfast by a water fall, and sitting as were at the foot of it the spray came down on our heads, making things delightfully cool. Going on afterwards we eventually reached the next top and again had the most lovely view of the snow. All along the way we met flocks of sheep and goats being driven by very Chinese looking people of Bhotia origin. These people when they get to the top of a pass put a stick into the ground and tie a piece of coloured paper to it (or in some cases a Rhododendron bloom) thus thanking God that they have arrived safely. From this pass we were able to look down on MUNSIARI; this village is a whole series of villages altogether in the valley of the GORI RIVER and the entire mass is called MUNSIARI, though that name as such will not be found on the map. It is well in the Bhot country and therefore has the reputation of being very immoral. The D C. calls all this region the "land of Night Clubs" as in each village there is a local dance hall where all the youngmen and maidens make merry nightly with much wine and dancing and it is not

considered correct for a young woman of sixteen to be ignorant of any of defects of life. (Rather neatly put I thought; quite drawing room). Rather a dull descent from the last top; the only thing of interest being a lot of black faced monkeys who hopped from tree to tree. I went on ahead and when I got to the village, all the children thought it an enormous joke and rushed about roaring with laughter. Most undisciplined but perhaps it was my beard ! I also had to explain that I was not the D. C. when the Patwari prostrated himself before me. All the way down the country was carpeted with violets in bloom and wild strawberries, and seated on this rather lovely carpet at one place were a party of little Bhotia women with young. One of the young took the fancy of the D. C. and he advanced towards it in the most friendly way. Mother unfortunately took umbrage as did her girl friends and we had to walk away feeling slightly abashed rather in the manner of a young man who has approached some "lovely" only to be told that she is not that kind of a girl. More embarrassment. There is a Bungalow here and for a wonder it is in a good place half way up the hill and not right down in the hottest place, and here the D. C. can have his office in more or less comfort.

It was very pleasant this morning to wake up at 5 A. M. and find a large mail awaiting one, which was what happened to me this morning. And when the letters are from all the people whom you want to hear from, it is all the more pleasant. Actually it came last night but as I had gone to bed at my usual time i. e. nine o'clock I had missed it. On these sort of trips the mail assumes far greater importance than under more normal conditions, especially as there is always the delightful

uncertainty of when it will come. The TEJAM bites are with us yet. There seems to be no way of getting rid of them, and the awful thing is that they are poisonous. Much iodine is necessary.

From here you get a grand view of the hill that has a lot to do with the Hindu religion, the reasons for this I will not put down on paper, even though this diary is not likely to be censored. There is no doubt that the scenery is marvellous only I fear that the photographs will not be very good as it is very difficult to get a good part to take. We have a lot of fun over the D.C.'s camera which is a very complicated affair and neither of us know much about photography; however he takes pictures and trusts to providence that the results will be all this I fear is doubtful as at the moment we neither of us know whether the films are in the right way up.

We stay here all tomorrow and I don't suppose there will be much to write about as we both intend to have a European day and do nothing much except laze and write letters. I am hoping that my morals will not be affected unduly in these rather free and easy places. At the moment the chief amusements of the locals is to come and watch us at whatever we happen to be doing and if the local watchers happen to be children they just shriek with laughter. Very good soil here and therefore very good cultivation, to say nothing of running water (I do not mean by that, H & C. and the usual offices) but burns running down the hillside; everything is green and rather remind one of the country side at home.



**MUNSIARI.*****22nd May.***

I said last night that I did not think that there would be much to write about today. There I was very wrong, as much has happened. This morning I did not get up till nine o'clock breakfast but found that the D. C. had already visited the school and received garlands and welcoming addresses from there. Apparently we have run short of meat and therefore a lamb has been bought for the princely sum of Rs. 4/-/- and it is going to march with us tomorrow and be killed at a later date. At the moment it is tied up under a tree awaiting its destiny. After breakfast I wrote letters and lazed till lunch time but the D. C. had certain litigation to attend to. A woman appeared who since her own husband had died was now living with her brother in law and had two children by him; now she was having a row with the legitimate wife of said brother in law who desires to turn her out of the house. The wretched man has now agreed to keep the two on and make love to them in turn. These women! Lunch over, the entire village arrived, crowds of them, to listen to a case of child marriage which had occurred; this the D. C. is going to try when we return to the place. Amongst others in the crowd was a man with only half a face, the other half having been burnt off when he fell into the fire. Not a nice sight. Another comic was tastefully attired in a pair of co-respondent shoes. You can buy them here! I got some photographs of the crowd this afternoon. After tea we thought that a short walk would be a good thing, but having gone ten yards the same woman who was here this morning

came and embraced the D.C.'s shoes and the whole story began again. Eventually we were permitted to go on and we inspected the local shops. Sad to relate the Druggist was upstairs and the D. C. in his efforts to effect an entry a) nearly fell off the steps, (b) could not get into door as his beam was unfortunately a shade broad. Much laughter on the part of the attendant crowd. Continuing the walk we visited a neighboring house where the D. C. was allowed to examine the prodigy and I held Susie the dog. Coming back we found a man waiting whose wife had given birth to young and was now having fever. Would master please help? Well neither of us being certified midwives we were at a slight loss. However ten grains of Aspirin were handed out and let us hope that she does not die. When these crowds congregate the older men all bring their little spinning machines, or as the D.C. puts it "They all bring their knitting and prepare to make a day of it". Owing to the weather these wretched people have to have three homes, one here, one at MILAM and one at Tejam and therefore they are for ever moving about. Slight trouble with the Coolies who say that they have too much to carry over the glaciers which is a Legitimate flee to. Four more have been ordered.

# **A MONTH IN THE HIMALAYAS.**

## **PART II.**

**From 23rd May to 11th June.**



## MUNSIARI TO LILAM.

*23rd MAY.*

A dull day to report; a very short march and almost no incident. We were away by half past six this morning and having gone a short distance a suppliant appeared and behaved in the usual way i. e. threw himself at the D. C.'s feet and craved an audience; when he was helped to his feet, he then sat down next the D. C. on a stone and nearly embraced him. Moving on we came to a school which had to be inspected, but the Headmaster was away and there were only two underlings, the senior of whom had a garland which was intended for the D. C. but the poor young man became so overcome with confusion that he could not find any suitable moment at which to place it over the august head. We marched on and except for another pause at the next school on the road, and a further halt for breakfast nothing else happened. We are camped here right beside the river (The Gori) and it is very muddy in colour and flows fast being completely formed by Glacier water. LILAM consists of three small thatched roofed cottages on the mountain side and that is all. A lovely view last night at MUNSIARI just before dark: the hills seemed to be sapphire in colour on a sky that was amethyst, whilst the snow peaks stood out like so many sugar cakes.

**LILAM TO BAGAUDIAR.***24th May.*

I honestly think that I am a candidate for the local mad-house, if any, as I seem to do the most senseless things. We started at half six this morning and walked on up the GORI Valley for seven miles. The most difficult road all up and down and very rocky. Amongst other things in the Baggage Train were two goats whose main object in life is to supply us with milk. Unfortunately they were neither of them ever brought up to be Nursing Mothers and the result of unbounded effort only produced enough to cover the bottom of a tin. Most distressing, so now we have to use Tinned milk. The first snow was sighted today, huge thrill, only it does not look like the snow one is accustomed to as it is the result of various avalanches and therefore dirty, however it is very pleasant to walk about in. Having arrived at the camping place the next puzzle was to find BAGAUDIAR; it is not. To get to it one crosses a snow bridge which is most dangerous as one can see the water through the holes beneath one's feet. All the orderlies assured me that here was a grand place for shooting so off I went, and this is where my madness appears. I advise nobody to go off shooting having just walked over the vilest ground in Asia. We had a Shikari with us and he assured me that there was much game, but first of all it was essential to climb up a precipice rising sheer from the valley. What it is to be young; I climbed up this mountain and very nearly had a heart attack in so doing and of course having done so there was nothing to see much less shoot. All there was left to do was to come down again. This I accomplished

with rather more difficulty than I had going up. The time was roughly seven P. M. and I was beginning to think how welcome a small drink would be, when suddenly from about half way down the hill we observed frantic signals from those below. Completing the descent at the double at the risk of breaking my neck I learnt that certain Thar had been seen on the top of another hill. This was almost too much but off I went again; when I had got about half way through my stalk the Shikari became excited and started to talk in a loud voice. The Thar not unreasonably stopped feeding and began to walk away. The result was that I had to shoot at a long range, and of course missed; this through may have been partly owing to my heart jumping up and down like a grasshopper. I was very angry about the whole thing. Actually I should never have gone up the hill again as it was really too dark and I was much too tired. However I was too much of a coward in the face of all the excitement to say so. Never again do I shoot on a marching day. We had dinner muffled up to the eyebrows in overcoats and scarves !

## **BAGAUDIAR TO RILKOT.**

*25th May.*

Snow, snow. and more snow, to say nothing of ice. What a walk ! For about four out of the seven miles march we had to walk over glacier, and that is about all there is to say for the day. Glorious scenery and nothing but snow. We did not start till nine this morning owing to the cold and then we just walked over glaciers trying not to fall down. As a matter of fact one coolie did fall down and at the worst place too; crossing a glacier

about a hundred feet about the river bed. This man slipped and only just managed to pull himself up about ten feet from the water. If he had fallen in he would have been killed as it was only in that one place that the water could be seen; everywhere else it went beneath the snow, and if he had gone in there he would have gone beneath the snow too. RILKOT consists of one deserted house and for the rest nothing except a patch of grass on which our tents are pitched. Bitterly cold wind blowing from the South and we sit huddled in our tents and dare not go out. It was all right walking but when you stop, you know all about it. The height here is actually only about ten thousand but I am thankful we are not going any further than MILAM which we reach tomorrow. I shall wear my Gilgit boots for dinner to-night. I got into camp before the D.C. and a wretched man came and gabbled at me. Not a word did I understand but it afterwards transpired that he had suffered from Nose Bleed three days before and what was he to do about it all. Poor man! I told him that I did not think he was going to die. It is rather lovely to be sitting in a valley completely surrounded by snow covered hills, even though the temperature is somewhere about freezing point. Actually it is only just under sixty but the wind is awful. To-night we are going to have fires in the tents, otherwise I fear that we should both become members of the great unwashed.

## RILKOT TO MILAM.

*26th May.*

Really the most remarkable day we have had for some time. It was bitterly cold last night and the fires and warm clothes were very necessary. This morning too it was a wrench leaving



one's bed, as the North wind had now started, and the tents were facing North! However after a chilly breakfast in the open air (The tents had been struck) we got away about nine with ten miles to go. The road was quite easy and apart from the wind which blew all the time it was'nt so bad. I went on ahead and after about six miles I sat on the top of a hill and waited the others as I thought that by the time the D. C. arrived it would be time for lunch. The hill on which I was sitting overlooked the valley and I could see a road on the other side which was also going towards MILAM. The snow bridge over the river that led to this road was nearly two miles from where I was, and to my horror I saw the rest of the party turn off there to get on to it. Farewell to any hopes of lunch. From where I was I could see MILAM in the distance and as there was one coolie with me I thought that it must be all right, so on I went to the city! According to the map, to get to MILAM by my way there was a bridge to cross just below the village, but the map did not say that there had been no bridge there for five years. When I got to the place where it had been in the dim past, I soon found this out and the river is reputed to be unfordable. What was one to do? Actually what I did do was to remove all my garments and, having previously thrown my hat and stick to the other side (Incidentally the topee did not reach the other bank but luckily got stuck against a stone) leapt into the torrent clutching my bundle of clothes and with my telescope slung over my naked back. I knew that I had no hope of being able to resist the current but trusted that I should be carried over to the other bank. Luckily I was, and apart from the fact that I and my clothes all got very wet survived the day. By now I had forgotten all about the wretched coolie who was travelling the same route as

myself, but as I was trying to dry myself in the sun he appeared. I hastily put on my wet trousers and told him to stop where he was. Then I walked on up to the camp and sent some coolies down to help him. About an hour afterwards the D. C. arrived rather hot; apparently he expected that I would be a corpse, but actually found me having a sun bath. Knowing that I had gone by an almost impossible route he had despatched one man to stop me and left another miles behind with my lunch, so not, unnaturally he was somewhat annoyed, especially as it transpired that the coolie the wrong side of the river had got his tent. Now there were two persons to be got across the river somehow. This was achieved by throwing two logs across, over which the two men walked, one carrying his load. I advise nobody to try bathing at an altitude of over 11,000 in a river that has its source in a glacier a bare three miles distant. However to use a bromide, "all's well that ends well".

There actually is a MILAM; it consists of a few houses very close together rather like a farmyard at home. The summer season at MILAM has not yet begun however so these are still uninhabited. The valley is broader here, and we are on a large patch of bare land, which might make a landing ground for aeroplanes. The hills all round are very bare except for the snow, and it is much warmer than at RILKOT. We are here for two days; one I think I shall try and shoot and the other we are going to look at the MILAM glacier I believe the D. C had a suppliant today, the first for some time, all about a temple or something. Apparently the District Board wish to take away the surrounding trees to build a school. Too trying of them.

We got a glimpse of NANDA KOT and NANDA DEVI from the back. Rather interesting to see them the wrong way on so to speak.

## MILAM.

*27th May.*

A strange place this. As there are no beasts here yet the ploughing is done by man power. That is to say two wretched youths are yoked to the plough, whilst an old man drives them. Amongst other attractions is a wall covered with Thibetan prayers and writings, at which the Bhotias pray, and the word NANDA DEVI picked out in delicate white stones on the hillside. This is the lowest altitude at which the Yak can live, normally they spend most of their time in THIBET.

Today I went out shooting and for the benefit of those persons who think that shooting in INDIA consists of sitting or lying in idle dalliance in a Machan awaiting the unsuspecting Tiger to come and be shot underneath, I would like to describe the arrangements for a days stalk in the big Himalayas First of all you must be called at 5 A. M. (This is quite essential so that you may see the frost outside your tent) Then having hastily swallowed a cup of tea, which will get cold in ten minutes, having been boiling when brought to you, you leap out of bed and hurl yourself into all the thickest garments you possesses. Avoiding the cold water in your basin, you poke a nose outside the tent and find with surprise that it remains on your face. Pausing only to glance at the snows all round you, you step briskly off with a terribly energetic Shikari in tow. Oh yes you must have a very strong Coolie too, as his job is to save your

life at intervals during the morning. Having walked along the bed of an icy river for about a mile, your Shikari suddenly spots the steepest hill in the world, and to your horror proceeds to climb same. The object of the shoot is to get a Bharal. Having reached the top of that hill in safety you pause and have a look for a beast. You do not see one so go on. Suddenly a huge ravine looms in view with precipices each side. This the Shikari at once decides must be crossed, and over you go; the descent is just possible but the ascent the other side is not so easy. Here is where your strong coolie comes in. When you begin to slip, he saves you. Thanking him politely you go on a bit, and then the Shikari realises that it was quite unnecessary to come that way at all, and he points out the precipice on the other side of the river and says you must go up it. Getting down the hillside somehow (Again the strong Coolie is necessary) you cross the river by means of an ice bridge which is already cracking, and proceed to climb up to the other side. Having got to the top there, you think that it is about breakfast time, and to the utter disgust of the Shikari you proceed to eat it. Afterwards the same procedure goes on until you think that perhaps you might as well go home. More disgust on the part of the Shikari, however you remain firm, and turn your face in the direction of home. The Shikari still has one more little joke to play; having led you along a track that he swears is the way home he suddenly discovers that it is broken down and therefore impassable. So back you have to go, and cross the river again (Usual up and down work on both sides and great risk of life; more strong coolie work and cutting of steps in the hillside). You walk along the top for a bit, and then down again to the river, over it and up the other side again, about a mile along and there you are back

again at camp. You then have to have a strong dose of Brandy to restore your nerves, and then your Shikari appears and (a) tells you that you did not walk far enough and (b) that you should go up the hill again in the evening. Dealing with him in the appropriate way, you sink on to your bed and thank your maker that you are alive. Of course it would all be such fun if there were any Bharal, but there is nothing to be seen except an odd crow or two, but doubtless there would be if one were to be in the place for any length of time, and could go out every day. Everything that I have written is quite true, and I honestly have never been so frightened in my life; the whole point being that all the hills here are made of loose rubble and there is no place for a proper hand or foothold. The result is that you are scrambling about on this loose stuff with a spear drop into the river below you. Fortunately I did have a very good coolie with me and he stopped me from falling lots of times, in fact he earned every bit of the As. 8 he got afterwards.

The D. C. had an idle day and the post came too so he was able to answer letters etc, tomorrow we go to the MILAM glacier, and hope for a safe return Face cream if very necessary here as the wind is bitter and catches you wherever you go.

## **MILAM.**

*28th May.*

T'was ever thus I suppose. Today, having gone out for a walk, without any thought of shooting we saw no less than 19 Bharal. Fourteen on our side of the river, quite easy to stalk and with two shootable heads, and five the other side of the river, all shootable heads but difficult to get at. When we

saw them it was too late to send back to camp for the rifle, as we were nearly five miles away and it was getting dark. It really was too annoying for words. We had decided to devote today to inspecting the MILAM glacier, and with this object in view we set off about ten this morning, taking lunch with us. It is rather a wonderful sight. The first thing one comes to is a mass of loose stones that have been brought down from the hillside by avalanches; after crossing these you come to the glacier itself which for about five miles looks like a mass of coal mines or the refuse heap of many suburban villas. Below this horrible mess is solid ice; this we discovered by walking on the rubbish, as every time we slipped, here was this sheet ice. Out of this comes the GORI RIVER having travelled below it for miles. We actually only went up the valley for four or five miles, and in so doing climbed another two thousand feet or so. This affected us both so much that we could not go any further. As we only reached this point, we never got on to the actual white icy part of the Glacier but could see it in the distance. I used a whole roll of films on this one march as all round us were big snow peaks and also biggish side glaciers. A short way beyond the point that we reached is a pond called the "KUND" this is a place of worship of the Hindus (Those that ever get as high) and all the followers were very anxious that we should go on a bit further and visit it. As I say the height and already affected us and we could not manage it. The D. C. I am sorry to say has got the most awful headache as the result of today and I am hoping that it will not stop him marching tomorrow when we leave. It was a difficult walk as most of it was on this loose stuff, which was for ever

slipping leaving the sheet ice underneath. We did not get back to camp until seven this evening so it was a long day. More she goats have arrived to provide us with milk but they are in the same condition as there prodecessors and unable to do what is required of them, so we still have to use tinned stuff. Noise of falling avalanches.

## **MILAM TO RILKOT.**

*29th May.*

The march today seemed to be much shorter as it was more or less downhill all the way. During our stay at MILAM the bridge had been mended so that we were all able to come back the way that I went. Before, I had to swim the river in my birthday suit. Yesterday, a bathing suit arrived for me, and crossing over the river again reminded me of my most unwelcome bathe. The snow bridge that all the others had crossed by on Friday was almost away today and I should think by now is quite broken up.

Why is it that whenever I take a rifle with me I never see anything to shoot. Today I was determined that I was not going to get caught again like yesterday, and took on another man to carry the rifle all the way. Actually we saw nothing, during the morning but having done the first seven miles before lunch, I thought that I would complete the rest of the way by coming over the hill, as I was assured that there would be game to be got that way. Well I had the most lovely walk, that really did remind me of SCOTLAND, but of beasts not a sign. I went as high up the hill as I could and found myself right

amongst the heavy snow drifts, and as I say it was a grand walk, but apart from that nothing. It really is too annoying.

This MILAM VALLEY is the most odd place; wherever you go and which ever way you face there is always a biting wind in your face. Back here at RILKOT again it is awful, and is in fact the coldest place on the whole route so far. One notices the difference in altitude almost at once and now we are both feeling our normal selves again. Last night I too got the most horrible head ache, though later than the D. C. His went away quite soon but unfortunately mine then began. Even though it is only four days since we were here there is a great difference in the mount of snow to be seen. Places that were covered when we went up are now quite green; in fact the grass is definitely more green everywhere. Most of the snow bridges too are broken, so we are rather wondering what will happen tomorrow as we have to cross quite a number of them, and if they are down we shall have to take more involuntary bathes, as there will not have been time to get the ordinary road ones repaired.

Iris es grow here though much smaller than the ordinary "Flags" one gets at home; they are to be found all over the hill and also various other wild flowers whose names I do not know. Small Rhododendrum bushes grow on the high parts of the hill.

## **RILKOT TO BAGAUDIAR.**

*30th MAY.*

Very sad; today we have seen the last of the snow. That is to say the snow that you walk about on. Of course we shall



continue to see the snows in the distance for a long time yet, but from now on we go back to warm weather clothes as opposed to our thick tweeds. It really is a lovely walk down from RILKOT to this place, and somehow today it seemed even nicer than it did going up; perhaps that was because we felt that we must make the best of things and look our last on the low lying snow. As we expected a great many of the snow bridges have melted and where we had walked over the river on snow before, we today had to climb up the mountainside to avoid falling into the river. An incident occurred today that shows that the snow is melting very fast. One coolie was walking quite gaily over the snow (On top of the river) when suddenly the part on which he was walking gave way and he found himself in the water. Fortunately he was a fairly sensible sort of person and he clutched on to a large piece of the broken snow and by hanging on to it got carried down the river and finally fetched up against the shore. If he had been a fool and panicked he would have been drowned and his load would have gone with him; actually a very lucky escape. The piece of glacier, down which the coolie slipped on the way up, was quite melted and without snow the place did not look nearly so dangerous. Again I took my rifle with me but the place where I intended shooting was no good, as crowds of Bhotias had loosed sheep, goats and horses all over the ground, and if there had been any beast there before, they would have all been thus driven away. It now looks rather as though the weather is going to break, as heavy clouds have come down all rounds us and even now it is trying to rain.

We saw some huge birds this morning of the Vulture type; which may or may not have been Golden Eagles. They certainly

were very golden in appearance but we were both doubtful about them, neither of us having ever seen a Golden Eagle; anyhow they were splendid birds. The D.C. uprooted a whole lot of blue Primulas to put in his garden: these are to be found all over the lower slopes of the hill and are very pretty. We had lunch today in a strange place; high up on the hill in a sort of rock cavern, which I think is normally used by the Bhotias for a camping ground. Anyhow it smelt rather like it. As I said before there is no BAGAUDIAR but this time it looks like a Brigade camp as there are masses of Bhotias here, all travelling up to MILAM.

## **BAGAUDIAR TO LILAM.**

*31st May.*

We are now almost back to our normal routine; not quite though. We did not start till seven this morning, and then we said our farewells to the high hills, though the walk down from BAGAUDIAR is very fine and some of the hills on this march are just as grand as those higher up. The very last of the snow was passed this morning and the D. C. in his determination to keep it till the final moment, picked up bit off the last drift and kept it in his hand untill it melted away. We met a terrible lot of sheep and goats this morning. The thing is that all the Bhotias are now going up to MILAM as they have discovered that we have had the bridge mended up there. How the animals do smell!! A very hot and sticky march today, at any rate the part after breakfast, and ownhill all the way over sharp flinty stones. I should recomend any body travelling over this route to make sure to bring a pair of rubber soled shoes, as coming down these steep hills one is very apt to

slip. LILAM again was very hot, at least when we arrived it was, but as we were sitting down to lunch, the rain came on, and it poured, and has continued to pour ever since. We had the pudding part of lunch under two umbrellas held over our heads by a coolie. When it was time for the cheese it was too much for the D. C. and hastily seizing a hunk of cheese in one hand and a glass of water in the other, he dashed to his tent with attendant coolie endeavouring to hold the umbrella in position. The same thing happened with me only unfortunately I was laughing so much at the wretched D. C. that I got my toast and butter all wet. It has been trying to do this for days now and it really does now look as though it may set in.

Coming along the road today, I observed a crowd of Bhotias having a bit of trouble on the roadside; going closer I saw that an unfortunate mule had fallen over the edge of the precipice and was being hauled up with ropes; the poor beast was half dead from fright, and anyhow it could'n't breathe properly as the men had tied part of the rope round its jaws and were pulling madly on this. However it did get up safely and then in a fit of fury lashed out at its recuers. Passing an old Bhotia lady on the road, I smiled politely at her, as is my habit, and the naughty old thing got all coy, much to my intense embarrassment as she was quite old enough to know better, and anyhow at her age she should not think of such things. Honestly the ring in her nose fairly waggled with excitement, and so blushing hotly I hastily moved on. Not so the D. C. he stopped and peered at her for some time, until she really thought she had got off. Once again she was foiled as he too passed on.

**LILAM TO MUNSIARI.***1st June.*

After the rain of yesterday, it was very hot and sticky walking the remaining five miles to here. We did not start till after seven and we got here for a late breakfast about ten. The D. C. told me that he had a busy day before him but I never expected anything quite like what did happen. On the road we passed another of the travelling shops that we passed coming from TEJAM, and there apparently the cook bought some dried fruit which we eat for lunch. When we got here the first thing we saw were some peculiar looking saffron coloured garments which belong to a holy man who was passing through the District. He spent most of the morning sitting under an umbrella of the same hue, doubtless saying his prayers. Unfortunately he had gone away when we tried to visit him after tea

Just as we had finished breakfast and were sitting smoking a female with an infant appeared and promptly burst into tears; this display of emotion was apparently only a way of saying that she desired speech with the D. C. a fact that was obvious to one of the lowest intelligence. Actually she had been a naughty girl and had (As they say in the 'News of the World') deceived her husband, and what was more had been caught in the act with her boy friend all most difficult as of course now, having been found out, nobody would have anything more to do with her, and she had this infant by her husband. He not unnaturally was justly indignant and did not appear in that or any of the subsequent proceedings. The young woman was actually quite

comely, only she would spoil everything by her rather horrible habit of making sure that the son and heir got his lunch regardless of who might be looking on. I am not in the habit of witnessing these rather more intimate practices, but it is all in the day's work for the D. C., at any rate he sat in his chair quite unmoved with the operations going on not more than two feet away from him. I even took a photograph; rather sweet if it comes out, and if published might cause the parentage of the child to be questioned. Of course nothing was done about her one way or the other until the afternoon when the official court was held, so the wench spent a happy few hours seated on the verandah of the bungalow. We met a record number of sheep and goats on the road this morning, which made the march far worse than it would have been, and the eagle eye of the D. C. (Ever prepared) spotted a number of fair Bhotia ladies. One gentleman driving his flocks was attired in the thickest of clothes and had a heavy Astrakhan cap on his head.

The D. C. was allowed a little peace until lunch time; when I say peace, I mean that not more than about three people appeared to see him, but they all got chased away and told to come back after lunch. All the time that we were having lunch the entire population of BHOT was massing preparatory to coming to see the fun afterwards. We had barely finished our after lunch cigarettes when the D. C. gave the signal that he was ready to begin. The signal given there was one mad rush by all the populace to obtain the best seats. Of course they all brought their knitting again and this time their umbrellas, and then the fun began. Actually the object of holding the court was to try two cases of child marriage, but before that

could be even started, there were about ten pleas to be considered. All the same old things, gun licences and depressed classess longing to be relieved from their tyrannous overlord, to say nothing of the Divorce case the beginnings of which we had heard from the woman that morning. The spectators numbered upwards of a hundred, and as they were all sitting on the ground, it was slightly unfortunate that it began to rain. Then all the umbrellas went up as one, and those that had no umbrella stormed the Verandah and sat there. This intensified the atmosphere not a little. The ordinary litigants having finally been dealt with (With some difficulty as one of them was a former Patwari, now quite blind but still very talkative) the divorce case came on. Fortunately the child was not feeling hungry at the time. The bold bad lover in the case was a very weedy young man and it looked more as thou he had been led on against his better self by the lady. The D. C. decided that the case should be settled by the Patwari and the Kanungo; this was done and when the woman came back having agreed to go the house of her lover, she was again helping the infant. This time with its tea I suppose.

The child marriage cases were rather pathetic as the poor wretched infants were very young (Though as the D. C. remarked the girls were comely) and it seemes very lenient of the D. C. to let the parents and the priests off with a five rupee fine, though, as he said, in these remote parts, they might not know the law. The fines were all paid on the spot, and the court finally desolved at five P. M. having begun at two. The populace however did not go away and when we went to look at a certain piece of land that had entered into the days' discussions there

was a following of about thirty. They are so trying as they all talk at once and none of them know what the other is saying.

We eventually escaped by going for a walk in the rain, and when the crowd followed, carefully went another way. Even when we tried to snatch a cup of tea after the court, the crowd peered into the room, as though it was a very remarkable thing to do, to drink a cup of tea. They are still here, some of them, though it is now dark. I suppose that it is a sort of holiday for them to see this sort of thing. They all come, even the wee boys; they all seem to wear a light blue cap on their heads. This pleases the D. C. and he remarked that he was pleased to see that the youth of MUNSIARI were of the Cambridge persuasion. They all seem to wear rather startling clothes here; one young man was attired in a pair of bright purple trousers and Co. respondent shoes though these latter got rather badly damaged in the rain.

It seems sad to have left the GORI RIVER, when we have followed it to its source and back again, some sixty odd miles, but it was a very cold river, and it will be nice to see some proper coloured water again.

The Jemadar trader who marched with us to MILAM and back, today produced some Turquoise for our inspection. Of course these are the actual stones and not the polished things one sees in the shops. We each bought some, and I think they should be nice when the Jewellers have had a go at them. I also bought some strange cigarettes at as. 1 per packet of ten. They sound awful but actually they are quite good.

The territorial Lieutenant, who we met at TEJAM is here and proposes coming on to NAMIK with us. He incidentally was one of these who had cases for the D. C. today.

**MUNSIARI TO WACHAM.***2nd June.*

This march had to be changed as it was found that DHARI, the original place to which we were going today, was too far. As it was, starting at nine this morning we had a job to get here. We didn't get in till about six in the evening. Perhaps we were unduly delayed by the fact that the D. C. had a certain amount of stuff to finish before we left MUNSIARI. Actually he was working at six this morning when I was still in bed. When I appeared for breakfast at eight I found him besieged in the normal way by several persons. After breakfast there was still more work, though we did manage to move off at nine, having been joined by the Lieutenant. This latter had something for the D. C.'s attention on the way and that took a little time to settle, and after that there were certain other matters that had to be arranged before we actually got marching. When we did get going finally, we discovered that practically the whole road was up hill. Actually out of the nine miles walked, seven were uphill and the final ascent was up a steep precipice, the top of which was at an altitude of 10000 and over; a very stiff walk, especially for the wretched coolies. They as a matter of fact struck at the bottom of the last bit, and refused to go any further, but they were told to go on and go on they did. At the top we were in snow again; I thought that we had seen the last of this but not a bit of it. The actual camp is on the edge of a hill and everything is at an angle at the moment, the table on which I have the typewriter is on the most dangerous slant, likewise the chair on which I am sitting. The whole place is completely



enshrouded in mist, rather reminiscent of a London fog, and added to this it is raining (Monsoon sort of weather).

On arrival at camp, the only things or people who were the least lively were (a) Susie, and (b) a cock and a hen who had been carried all the way to be killed and eaten by us at a later date. When these birds were set down, they at once started to behave in the normal way of such livestock to much to the disgust of the D. C. against whose tent they had been tied. We imagine that they, knowing that they had not much longer to live were trying to make the most of life while it lasted.

Rather lovely scenery all today; masses of purple primroses (Or Poyeanthus) to say nothing of whole lots of Rhododendrons in full bloom. From the tops we got our last look of the MILAM VALLEY. Rather sad having been there so long.

## WACHAM TO NAMIK.

*3rd June.*

This was a lovely walk though unfortunately spoilt by rain at the end. We started off at half past six this morning to finish off the descent of the awful hill; when we reached the bottom we found, several military gentlemen awaiting. As usual I was a bit ahead of the D. C. and had to carry on a laboured conversation with these people till he arrived; by some means I contrived to talk to them, but they must have thought I was mad, as all I did was to agree with everything they said, not having the least idea what half of it was about. Fortunately the D. C. arrived in the course of time and all was well. They would insist on giving us mugs of slightly warm milk, which I

loathe at the best of times but when it has a thick coating of skin on the outside it is worse, and anyhow it had the most disastrous effects on my stomach. All these individuals insisted on accompanying us to N A M I K. It was icy cold getting up this morning, and everything was wet and soggy especially clothes. Having gone down the hill, we of course had to go up another (This is inevitable in KUMAON, where we are now back) but this was not quite such a bad one and we had breakfast half way up. The coolies also stopped here for food. When we got to the top of this next hill, we had about four or five miles to go down the other side though the locals optimistically had said two! All downhill there was the most lovely country, just like English Park land, with masses and masses of Rhodos of all colours. Amongst other things there was a loch, just like an ornamental lake at home. Just before we actually got here there was an awful shower of rain, and this sad to relate, lasted till about five o'clock. I being ahead got soaked, though I did wait in the Lieutenant's house (This place belongs to him) and also the D. C. sent on my macintosh. When he arrived we spent a happy hour under a tree waiting for the coolies and thinking of all the nice hot food and drink we wanted (The time was after three and we had breakfast at ten) However they finally arrived and we got the tents up, but they had not dug adequate trenches round the D. C.'s tent and he got drowned out. The Lieutenant arrived about six and we have arranged to try and shoot tomorrow if the weather is fine The cock has been killed and we eat a bit of him night for dinner. The poor hen is thus bereft! Oh How it did rain. No photographs possible today owing to that and we think that it really is Monsoon.

**N A M I K .*****4th June.***

I fear that the rather depressing circumstances of yesterday's descent made the account sound some what gloomy. Actually it was a very nice walk, though it was certainly spoilt by the rain, and I think the lack of food rather tended to make one more annoyed still. We came down from 10,000 feet to 7,000 in a distance of rather more than four miles. In fine weather one would have loved it but unfortunately the rain started just as we got to the steepest bit of the hill and then it was slippery and nasty. As I said, The D. C. got flooded out of his tent in the afternoon, and we had to hastily improvise what turned out to be an extremely effective drainage system, and by this method we managed to get the water away. The wretched servants in their small tents got soaked and I fear had to sleep in damp bedding on a foully wet ground, but they survived the ordeal well, the only casualty being the tiffin coolie who got a touch of fever, but has now recovered.

NAMIK is quite an attractive little place perched on the bank of the same river as TEJAM (The RAMGANGA) but so far we have not met any more of the loathly TEJAM flies. The particular kind of pest here apart from the ordinary flies, is a particularly large type which I think is a horse fly. The houses here are all roofed with thatch, and nobody wears any trousers. They all seem to be of a military nature and one gets saluted by all, in fact one has great difficulty in getting anybody to stand in any way other than strictly to attention. Doubtless the Lieutenant has brought them up in this fashion

being of the military persuasion himself and also owning the village. The men do not seem to cut their hair much, in fact most of them do it up in a bun at the back, or failing that, allow it to grow round their necks, so that it is somewhat difficult to distinguish between the males and the females, Though I will say that the latter do wear some clothing round their lower limbs. I am quite in the fashion here as regards hair, as mine has not been cut for weeks and is also somewhere round my ankles. There are masses of wild flowers here as I said, but I think that they are more noticeable after the rain, as this makes everything appear like spring at home. The young bracken is just coming up and all the ferns are those that one grows as ornamentation at home. The rain of course does not do much good to the crops and most of the wheat is still standing owing to this. They say that they normally get it cut and away by the end of May. There are no pine woods here and the local type of tree is called by some In lian name that is hard grasp.

Today has been lovely; not too warm though, in fact I am now back in my cold weather clothes. Not so the D. C and I am afraid that he got rather badly bitten on the knees as the result. Never move an inch in these parts without something in the nature of "Citronella".

Last night we had arranged to go out shooting if fine and so all being well in that way we set off to slay the wily Monal. The normal shooting routine was followed; we were pulled out of our warm beds and away by six, (Apparently it is impossible to shoot anything in these parts unless you get up at crack of dawn; at least so they all say, but the actual reason we think

is that if you don't, it interferes with the food questions of the locals). The Lieutenant (his name by the way is HAYAT SINGH) had told us last night that we only would have to go about a mile and a half up the hill and then the birds would be brought to us. Well, having gone about two miles straight up a steep face we began to wonder, and having gone another mile or so we began to wonder a bit more. However we eventually got to the appointed place, which turned out to be just short of the top we had come over yesterday, and then we waited to kill something; we had reached our positions about half past eight, and there we sat till ten. There was an awful lot of shouting and yelling and that was about all. I think I saw five birds in all, and actually did fire one cartridge at a bird some way from me; the D. C. was more fortunate, he fired two cartridges, and he tells me that his bird was within shot. I should think there must have been quite twenty beaters, but apparently they had never done any beating before, and they therefore were not too good. At ten we came down the hill a bit and had breakfast, and while eating it the Lieutenant informs us that anyway Moal were out of season and we ought never to have come. So back we came to camp in time for lunch. Afterwards I fear that I went to sleep, but the poor D. C. had sundry Military gentleman to deal with and was working all the afternoon. We took Susie for a walk after tea and as we went through the jungle she was for ever running off mush to our alarm as there are supposed to be bears about. When we came back all the military men were present to say farewell. After seeing the D. C. they all appeared outside my tent as I was typing, formed up in line and taking the time from the right saluted me. My dignity was rather spoilt because

as I was gravely returning the salute, one of the big flies bit me

I leapt about four feet into the air. However they didn't laugh until I had given them leave to fall out; such is military discipline. We have one more day here, and I may try and shoot something else, but I think rest is indicated.

## **NAMIK.**

*5th June.*

A day of complete rest after which I think we both feel decidedly the better. Breakfast at nine and a morning of idleness for me at any rate; the D. C. had a few people to cope with, and for the rest, read the papers and wrote letters. I had half thought of chasing about on the hilltops but it was just as well I didn't as it rained from about midday onwards. We had lunch with the tent flap shut as the rain was pouring into the D. C. tent. I had a big shikar this morning with the large flies: they are really dreadful and the Lieutenant gaily said that they give one a nasty bite. I managed to put twenty in the bag, and failed to pick about another ten; these I expect are still alive and are awaiting the moment when I shall be asleep to come out of their lair and attack me with all force. The D. C. only got about five but he had more of a hate against the ordinary ones. Only one more mountain to cross and we shall be once more on the SARJU; I have now been looking at that mountain for three days and the more I look at it the less I like it. It is going to take us two days to get over and if it rains all the time it is going to be most annoying.

Nothing much has happened today; there has been no post, and we have been really left more or less to ourselves. Of course there have been the usual crowd of hangers on from the

village to watch our movements but that one is now quite used to. It is rather strange perhaps at first to look up from your bed and find an interested little bunch of spectators waiting to see what your next movement will be, but as I say, one is now blasé about such matters. After tea this evening I went out for a quiet walk with a gun, and actually got no less than five pigeons; unfortunately I was by myself and could not find a single one of them after I had shot. I badly wanted Susie with me as they all fell into the most dense jungle. Again most annoying as there is nothing more infuriating than failing to pick birds. As I say my luck with the shooting seems to be definitely out. Today has been a big washing day; the visitors to the camp were met with the entrancing sight of the more intimate of the D. C.'s undergarments lying about on his tent in a fashion rather similar to what one sees from Railway trains, when passing through the suburbs of big towns. Doubtless the locals were a little surprised to see such a lavish display, as they of course do not see any point in having such things and if they did they would not know how to wear them. Probably they would put them on top of everything else.

## **NAMIK TO LAMTARA.**

*6th June.*

An uneventful day, and in some ways rather a trying one. I have lain abed most of the time since we got into camp, as things internal seem to have gone wrong. We left NAMIK about a quarter to seven this morning, sped on our way by the Lieutenant and numerous saddle-lites of his. He did his best to provide us with a sheep but the D. C. was firm owing to the fact that Mr. Hayat Singh is still a bad boy as far as the

Government of India is concerned, and that being so, too much friendliness must be avoided. All extremely awkward as he has virtually been our host for the last three days, and really he has done a good deal. Possibly though, it may be partly that he wishes to get back into the good graces of the powers that be. We have not walked very far today; the first part was downhill as far as the river, and then we had to go uphill the other side. After about a mile it was possible to ride, and actually to keep on riding for another mile or so. We then had breakfast, and made it rather a lengthy one as there was no particular hurry to get anywhere. After climbing up a bit more, there suddenly began a steep descent. Most annoying as we thought that we really were getting somewhere near the top of the mountain. However the Indian frame of mind is such, that, rather than go up a hill by the direct route, he will make about three hills of it, doubtless so that he can develop his calves. It is perfectly true; all these people have the most remarkable legs, particularly calves, and it is not to be wondered at, as to get anywhere at all in these regions, it is essential to climb up at least three hills, all with an altitude of about ten thousand feet. When this particular descent started we were at an altitude of roughly eight thousand; we went down about three thousand, and then up to eight thousand again. Too absurd. The camping ground itself is charming; it is a glade in the middle of the forest. Completely open, with tree covered hills all round. The approach to the place is fairly steep, and the ground is one mass of wild strawberries, which the D. C. has picked, and having eaten some for lunch, proposes to eat the remainder for dinner. I hope he does not get my complaint as the result. As I say, I was unfortunately compelled to take to my bed this afternoon, but



I now feel better and doubtless tomorrow will see me restored to my pristine robust health. No work for the D. C. today at all, and there is still no post owing to blunders somewhere. The result is again no bread; so we shall have to exist on other substitutes once more.

## LAMTARA TO BHADARTUNG.

*7th June.*

This has been a longer march than some we have had lately, but on the whole quite an easy one. I forgot to say that yesterday afternoon there was an awful thunderstorm, and the rain came down in torrents. It did dry up though about teatime, and the D. C. was able to get his walk. For some reason, last night the syce thought that panthers would come down off the hill and eat Billy, so he insisted on shooting off small bits of gun powder in the fire till well after dark. Most disconcerting for those who were unaware of what was in progress. Actually all was well and the D. C. still had his horse to ride this morning, and it was very necessary in certain places, though in others quite impossible to go any how else than on foot. We started at seven; up the hill again to finish climbing the hill that I had been looking at for three days. It took about an hour to finish the ascent, and we crossed the pass at the top at an altitude of just over ten thousand. The last part of the climb was very steep but the view at the top was lovely. We saw all the high hills before they got covered with cloud and TRISUL was particularly clear, though from where we were, it looked anything but the hill that one is used to seeing from ALMORA or RANIKHET. The D.C. took one photograph but unfortunately his yellow filter had been left behind and he

had to use the ordinary lense. All these passes over the high bits of the low lying hills are exactly the same; you go up for a bit and then come to a grassy patch where you usually rest and then you tackle the last bit which is always infernally steep. On reaching the top you look down on the other side and see the very same thing only it always seems to be much steeper going down ! There was a glorious grassy patch on the other side of today's pass and here we had breakfast, gazing meanwhile on the high snows and watching the clouds gradually coming up to envelope the tops. It was a grand place and the sun was just not too hot for us to sit in and just hot enough to give a feeling of warmth. We set there for an hour trying not to contemplate the look of the next part of the walk, because it really did look most awfully steep, and the look turned out to be correct when we did start. However having sat over our breakfast we did not mind so much at the time of starting. Incidentally, as there was no bread we had to eat scones made by Aziz; though an undoubtedly good cook, scones are not his strong point, and he always seems to put too little flour into them with the result that they sit a bit heavy; my stomach being what it is somehow does not like this, but it has survived. In fact I am all right again now I think. The first part of the walk after breakfast was not so bad though to begin with it went steep downhill. Then it went across some more grass ( Again true to form) and then down very steep. I went on ahead, and skirting gently past a tribe of monkeys, who did not greet me in at all a friendly way, I found myself on the edge of a precipice looking down to the river. I went down this and crossed the river, and then to my horror saw all the coolies coming back; apparently it was quite the wrong way and I and they had taken the wrong path through the forest. I had visions of having to go back up the

hill, but luckily we had not really come far out of the way and all that was necessary, was to go up the hill a little way and we got back on to the right road. Not so the D.C. He apparently carried on along the wrong road, and to get to the camp had the most awful climbs up and down the mountain. I think that I may have missed quite a good sight as he tells me that sundry of the populace tried to help him to get down the worse bits and I can guess what that meant. I went on and eventually came to the place that had been selected for the camp; seeing that it was perched on the edge of a hill, I decided that it would not do so went on only pausing to open the post bag and extract my letters from it. After about a mile and a half (Having been told that it was only a furlong) I came to the most delightful spot and there I said we would camp. Actually it is the site of a temple, very shady, the tents being under Cypress trees, and the whole just above the river. We are now on the SARJU once more. I was able to get the tents up and everything ready for the D. C.'s arrival about an hour later, and I met him rather hot, blaspheming at the Orderly who had led him astray; however he cheered up when he had polished off a cold drink and had lunch which was about ready (Luckily). The whole camp site is surrounded by a wall and here the populace stand and gaze at our peculiar ways; they have actually built a fire for themselves and look like spending the night here. Three posts awaited us and the bread has come so all is well as regards food. The D. C. bathed this afternoon and after tea we went for a stroll by the river, the D. C. having had a few minor conversations with some of the gentry preparatory to a Moca tomorrow. The river is lovely here, and compared to the GORI is most refreshing to look at. No rain to day.

**BHADARTUNG TO LOHARKHET.***8th June.*

This has been a day of joyful reunions; that is to say that the D. C. has once more been resotred safe and intact to the bosom of his family. Once more I seem to be going too fast with the story. The place where we were last night was so remote that the populace, at least the younger members thereof, had not seen any sahibs before. Therefore this morning there were many people to watch us get up. I, having hastily removed a few small girl who were showing too much interest in my morning toilet, got up and dressed; I was actually a bit earlier doing this than the D. C. and on going to his tent I found him shaving in his pyjamas, quite unmoved by the admiring crowd of children of doubtful sex who were watching him. I am informed by my bearer that certain persons have asked him why I do not shave, imaging doubtless that by refraining from so doing I am carrying out some very religious vow. Well any way we left our grove of Cypress tress about seven this morning and walked towards LOHARKHET with the usual attendant crowd, once more chiefly composed of military men. This following rather showed that a Moca was to be held and so it proved, for after going about a mile there hove into view the usual posse of half naked persons perched on a piece of high ground. This little pause lasted about half an hour, the military gentry getting quite heated in their demands; however the D. C. with his customary tact and charm settled matters to a degree and we moved on. The next village we came to possessed a baby bear which was produced for our delectation, and I must say that it was rather sweet, though possibly inclined

to be slightly flea ridden. On the road we met a man who is rather a clever one; apparently he spends most of his time skipping up and down hills chasing those persons who commit dacoities. At the moment he is on leave recuperating from his arduous duties. We had breakfast in the only cool place we could find and then continued our very hot and sticky walk. The last bit up to the bungalow is steep and I arrived in the most horrible condition; hearing that Mrs. Sale had already arrived and fearing that she might be rather pained if I appeared as I was, I hastily changed and then went to get my drink. Both Mrs. Sale and her sister met me on the verandah looking just as though they had both been staying there for days and not in the least as though they had just come nine miles which they had, how do women always manage to do this? I of course even though I had washed was still looking very moist and unpleasant.

On my way up through the village, I had been presented with two dead roses; these Her Singh took one look at and told me to throw away, but I thought that might hurt the feelings of the man who had given them to me so I put them into my pocket, out of which place they came even worse than they went in. At the bungalow a triumphal arch had been erected for the D. C. to pass beneath, and of course crowds were in waiting for the presence. After a bit, a hush descended on those assembled, this meant that the great man was coming. Then the nose of a horse appeared and the D. C. (Perspiring freely) rode up the hill. The effect of his entry was somewhat spoilt as the horse Billy objected to the arch and instead of going under it as a D.C.'s horse should, he swerved to one side and broke through the decorations. I fear that the D. C. was

chiefly concerned with the matter of drink at that moment, but let it pass. We sat round and discussed the terrors of the MILAM VALLEY doubtless feeling rather bold and brave males when listening to the womanly shrieks of horror at the appropriate places in the story, and then the D. C. went of and changed afterwards to hold a small Moca there and then. At Lunch, we consumed beef; the first time for ages and I am deputed to say by Mrs Sale that her husband took more interest in his plate of hump than in his wife. Once again we will let it pass After lunch we departed to our various ploys, some to sleep, others to work. I personally wrote an inconceivable number of "Chits" for various persons. We met again at tea, and the ladies having read this diary seemed to find amusement therein so perhaps my efforts have not been altogether wasted. I hope not. Went walking after tea, after Mrs Sale had ministered to the medical wants of almost all the populace, and now we are about to dine. It certainly feels strange to be eating in a room again; though I am actually still sleeping in my tent. Well, this tour is now almost ended and tomorrow I set off by myself for the heat. It is all very sad and I wish it were longer, but what with this army and all, where are you? Susie got her first meal of meat today and not only ate it all but also ate most of the portion that should have been eaten by the Sausage dog that has come to join the party of sixty three which sets off for the Pindari tomorrow.

## LOHARKHET TO KAPKOT

*9th June.*

What a difference in my travelling once I have left the D.C. Instead of being received like so much royalty in every village

I now slink through them unnoticed except for some "funny" child who occasionally says Salaam. This is especially noticeable in KAPKOT for when we came through here before, it was all very wonderful but today I have been unobserved entirely I left LOHARKHET this morning at six, having said all my farewells last night. I was sorry to part with the D. C. as we have had great fun together and got on well. Coming down the hill from the bungalow this morning I heard sounds as of one running and looking round I saw a small boy who was endeavouring to catch me up This he did and whatever I said or did he would not go away so I eventually suffered him in silence. After a bit though, he was joined by a lot his small friends of both sexes; this was a little too much and I said so in no uncertain language, so that they fortunately all fled. I did not stop at all on the way here and got in after two and a half hours exactly. Quite good going I think, though I was a fool to do it as I have been feeling tired ever since. It is just under ten miles, but it was such a relief to be walking on a good road again. Hanif arrived about half an hour after and I had breakfast. Going for a short stroll after breakfast I came round a corner and found a lady who had divested herself of all her garments; frightful consternation on both sides and I fled hastily. I tried the river again this evening but again had no luck and unfortunately managed to break a trace. As usual I fell into the water but it was rather pleasant as this place is like a furnace. Today I have purchased a goat for the coolies as some slight reward for their services which have been magnificent, but of course this procedure could not be carried out without a whole lot of talking, during the course of which the wretched animal was produced for me to see before it was taken off to be killed. How they can

eat a whole goat I don't know but they swear they can, and I wish them joy. During the argument, several children appeared to laugh, one of whom was completely devoid of clothing, and on my pointing at him and making certain comments he burst into tears; this seemed to amuse everybody frightfully, but it left me slightly shaken and I hastily had to drink whiskey to restore me. Tomorrow I get to BAGESWAR and almost civilisation. It does seem strange to be in a bungalow again, and I have almost forgotten how to use the things one does use in houses, such as glasses etc; but doubtless it will all come back in time.

## **KAPOT TO BAGESWAR.**

*10th June.*

An altogether foul and uninteresting march and very long at that. I left KAPKOT at six this morning and got in here at about half past eleven, very hot and bad tempered. Nothing at all exciting happened on the way down except that one old man remembered me as having been with the D. C. going up and we had a laboured conversation together. I do not think that either of us had the least idea what the other was talking about but it did not seem to matter; he at any rate seemed quite pleased and I was too hot to worry much. All these people seem to think of the D. C. as one would think of the Almighty and I suppose to them he is the one and only power, as he does more or less control their destinies. I had breakfast at nine o'clock having walked ten miles, and feeling very hot and weary afterwards I was searching for a cool place in which to rest and smoke my pipe, when a young woman hove into view. I think she thought I was trying to follow her and make advances; at any rate she was most haughty and walked away at



an enormous speed, after tossing her head at me in the approved style. Not that I minded in the least; as I say I was very weary. At breakfast I met Major Hutchinson of the Xth who is staying here; he was on his way up the river to fish; he did catch one today but he tells me that he has been here now for five days and so far has only managed to catch two fish, neither of them big. When I got in here I had to wait for two hours for the coolies; they poor devils, as I expected, had dined too well last night off the goat and were finding it rather heavy going today as the result. It is absolutely awful being here after the high places, as the heat is terrible. I thought that it was bad enough at KAPKOT but here it is far worse, so what it will be like tomorrow going over to SOMESWAR I cannot think. Last night the people in the village, doubtless feeling a bit playful, set alight to half the hill side and when I went to bed there was a blaze that must have been seen for miles; apparently they often do this and it means nothing as it always goes out soon. There is an aged man here called POONA RAWAL: his official position is head keeper of the local temple but he is something of a person in the district and is known to all for his unswerving loyalty to the British Raj; he presented me with a basket of fruits and vegetables which were most welcome; he does this to everyone who passes through BAGESWAR and has a book in which he expects you to write a chit. He has chits from everybody from the Governor downwards. Altogether quite a character, but his ways make him unpopular with the other people of BAGESWAR.

## **BAGESWAR TO RANIKHET.**

*11th June.*

One of the few occasions in my short life in which I have really done a twenty-four hour day, and in this particular

instance, the hours were very full ones. I got up at 3 a. m. and was on the road by four. The coolies had left at midnight as the walk to SOMESWAR is a long and steep one from the BAGESWAR side. The old Rawal came and saw me on my way, as he said that he might die at any time and therefore he must see me before I left. It is 15 miles to SOMESWAR and I got there at 9 a. m. without any incident; very hungry I was but there is a good Khansama at the bungalow and he soon had breakfast ready for me. I had passed the coolies having their food about six o' clock and they arrived on the stroke of ten which was the time I had ordered them to be there. The car arrived; we loaded up and off I started for RANIKHET: of course before I did get away the coolies all came round and demanded Baksheesh but this they did not get as I had already given them a goat at KAPKOT and also they had got their blankets. I actually got away in the car by 11-30 but after about twenty miles we met a bus with a wheel off; naturally it had chosen the narrowest part of the road to put on a new one and there we had to wait for half an hour whilst the operation was performed. Eventually I arrived at the Hudson's bungalow at three in the afternoon; extremely hungry again. I was mildly surprised by the effect of the beard; by now I am quite used to it, but I suppose that those who knew me before would become rather firm about it; at any rate I received orders to remove it at once, and this I had to do, much to my chagrin as it will be a bore having to start shaving again. Well seemingly I am now back in a civilised world, and I must adjust my outlook accordingly, but it certainly seems strange to be once more eating one's food with different knives and having a proper basin in which to wash, but doubtless I shall return to normal habits ere long.

I shall not get to bed till three tomorrow morning as we are to go out picnicing by the light of the moon. That will be strange too for one who has gone to bed at nine every night for a month but this I expect will be quite a pleasant change. Whilst eating my sardine, I shall think of the D. C. on his way to the Glacier, even now once more beyond the snow line and wearing his thick clothes and having a fire in the tent, whereas here it is really frightfully hot. What will Meerut be like? One shudders to think.