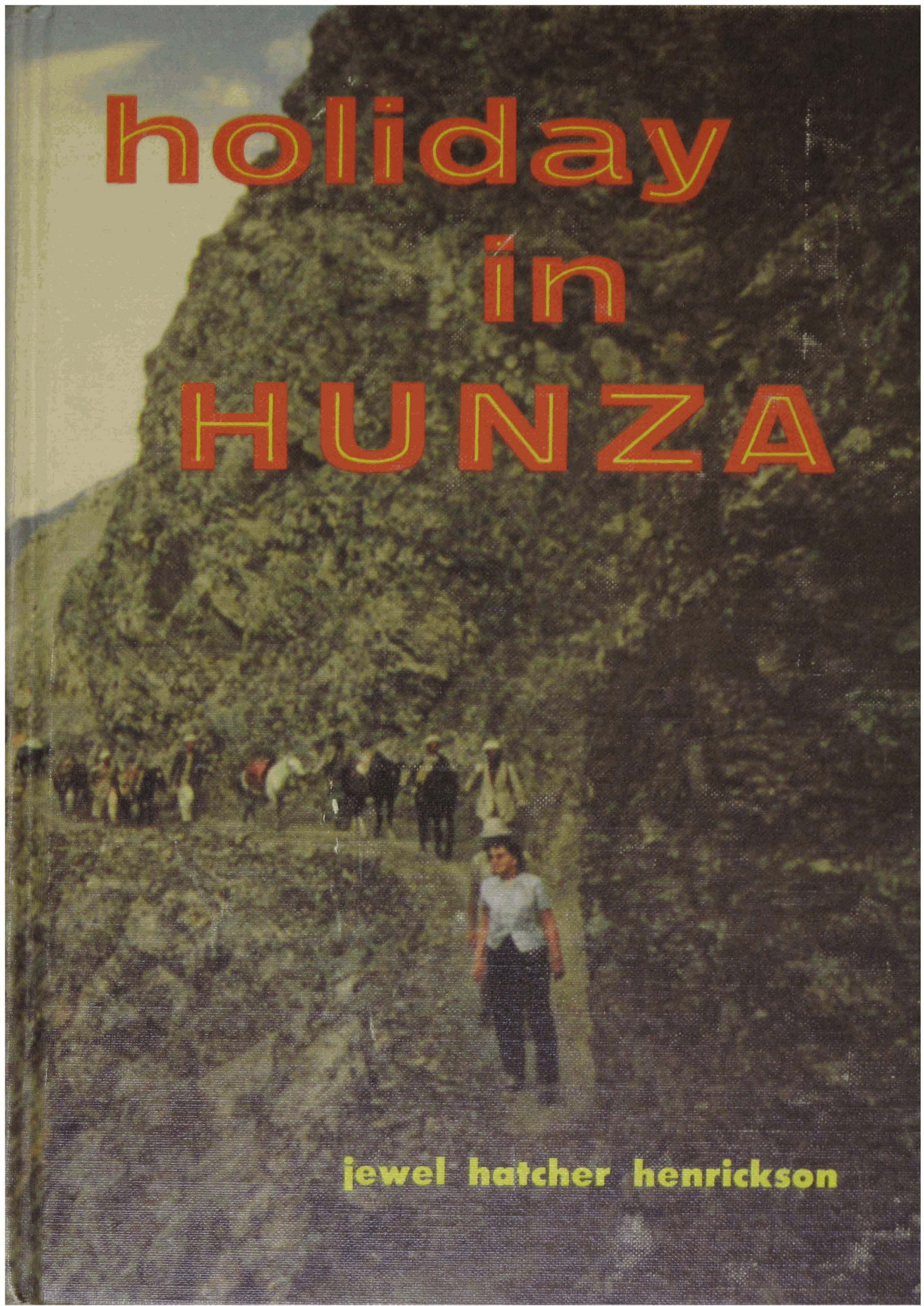
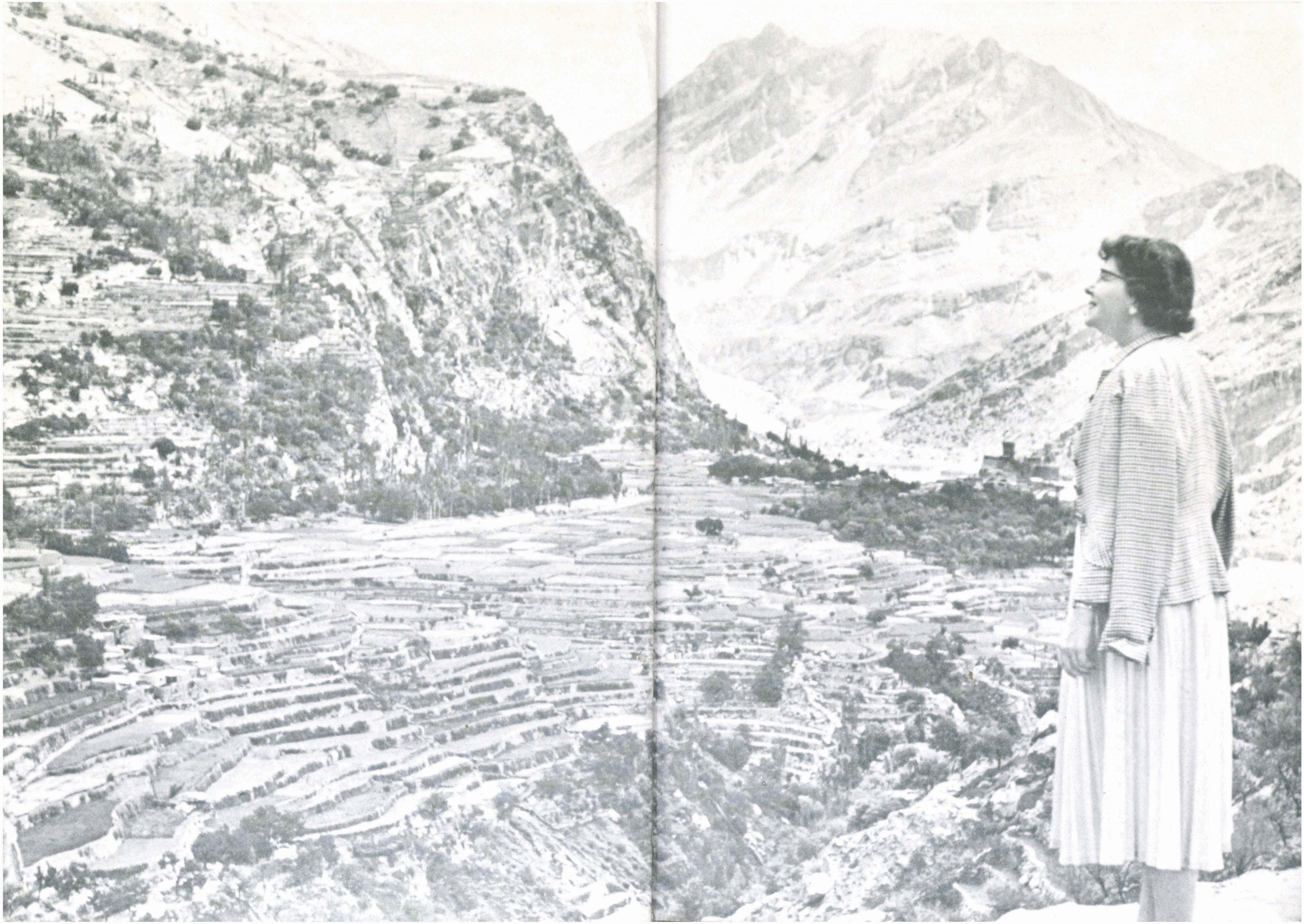
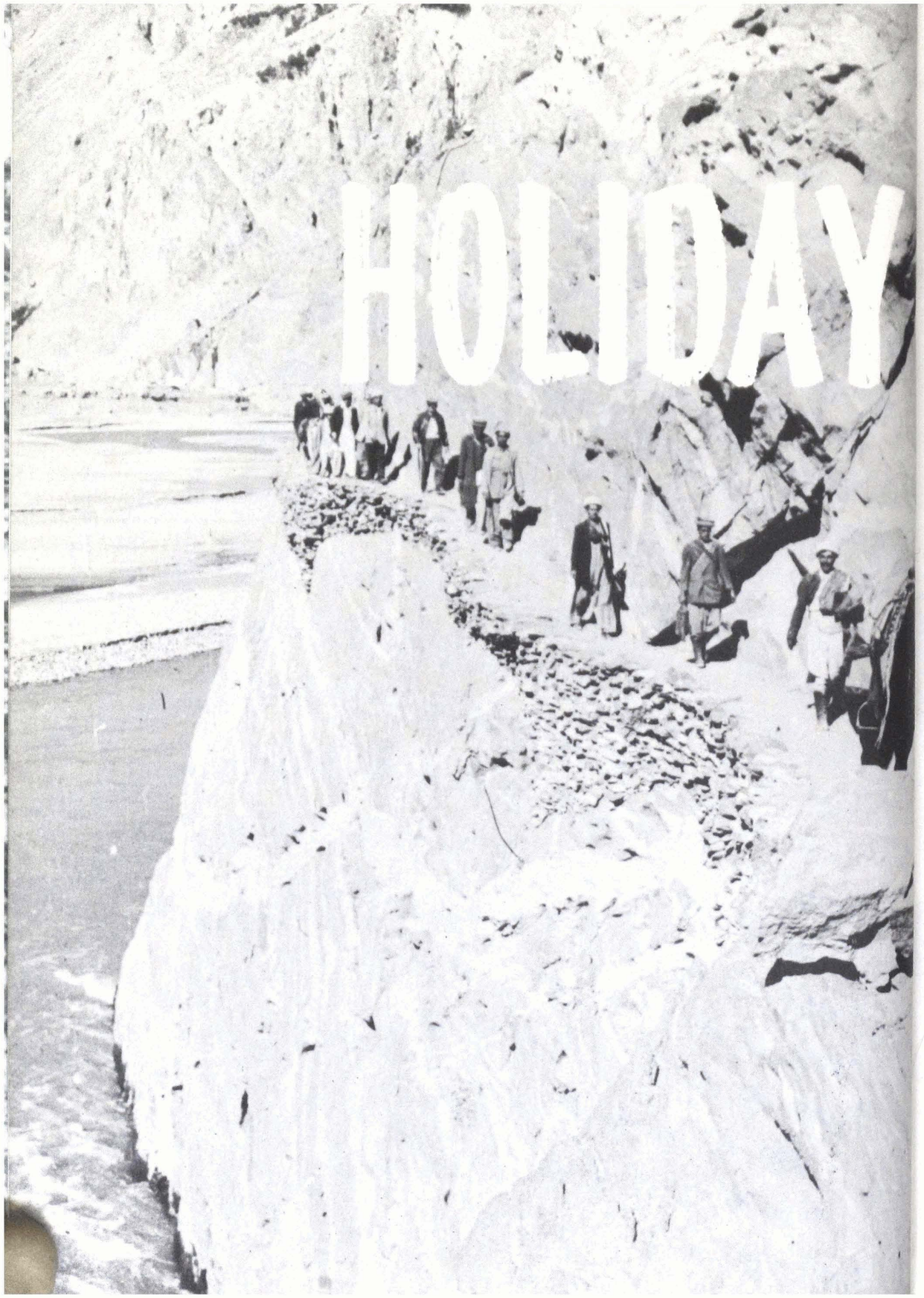
# holiday in HUNZA



jewel hatcher henrickson






# HOLIDAY IN HUNZA

*by* JEWEL HATCHER HENRICKSON

*Photos by Roy Henrickson,*
*except those especially credited.*

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
WASHINGTON, D.C.
OFFSET IN U.S.A.

*DEDICATED*

*to*

my husband Roy, Dr. Verna L. Robson, Miss Emma Binder, Miss Laurice Kafrouni, Dr. and Mrs. Stanley L. Wilkinson, who with their camaraderie and appetite for the unusual and the unknown helped to make this unique adventure.


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CARD NUMBER 60-10371

# Contents

# Invitation to Adventure

## CHAPTER ONE

I HAD BEEN absorbed in a new magazine from home that evening, in the living room of our Karachi apartment, when my husband, Roy, casually asked, "How would you like to go to Hunza for our leave this year?"

"H'mm—what an adventure that would be!" was my response, eyes and mouth wide with wonder. "But——"

"We have an invitation, you know. When the Mir [king of Hunza] was here last month, he extended the invitation for us to visit him in his capital, Baltit."

"Yes, I know. But we could never get in *there.* We would have to go through a military-restricted area. Too near Kashmir's cease-fire line and Russia!"

But Roy thought it was worth a try, and he went to work to secure a permit from the Pakistan Government.

PHOTO BY DR. STANLEY WILKINSON

When the Mir (Mohammed Jamal Khan, King of Hunza) visited the Karachi Hospital, he invited the staff to be his guests at Baltit.

## *INVITATION TO ADVENTURE*

When the Seventh-day Adventist Mission Board invited us to go to Karachi, West Pakistan, the summer of 1953, Roy to serve as business manager of the seventy-bed hospital, we declined. We had been under appointment to the office of the Southern Asia Division headquarters at Poona, India, but two applications for visas to enter the country had been denied. Over a period of nine months we had waited for our entry permit. Day after day we watched for the postman's arrival with the word that never came. It seemed that India was gradually closing her doors to American missionaries. Shortly after releasing us from the appointment to Poona, the Mission Board telephoned long distance about the need in Karachi, Pakistan.

"The parents of the present business manager of the Karachi Hospital are critically ill, and he requests permission to return home early. Will you accept the call to take his place?"

We read everything we could find on the country. Virginia, our eleven-year-old daughter, brought home her geography book from school; the atlas was studied; the library was visited.

We learned that Pakistan, "Land of the Pure," is a new country, created in 1947 by the partition of India after the British gave India self-rule. The partition was made on the basis of the two main religions of the population—Hinduism and Mohammedanism. Pakistan was to be an Islamic republic consisting of two wings, East and

West, separated by a thousand miles of India. The population of the two wings totals some 84 million, 86 per cent of whom are worshipers of the prophet Mohammed.

East Pakistan is about the size of the State of Florida and has 57 per cent of the country's population. This wing has too much water, being made up of the deltas of the Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers. West Pakistan is approximately the size of the State of Texas, and for the most part is desert, having too little water. Karachi, the capital city, has mushroomed into a city of a million and a half as a result of the migration of Moslems from India to West Pakistan.

The creation of a new country under such circumstances has produced formidable problems—insufficient doctors, nurses, teachers, office workers; need for schools, hospitals, defense, and greater agricultural production.

It would be a difficult assignment no matter what type of work was followed. We prayed much and sought the counsel of the conference brethren with whom we were working in the office in Spokane, Washington. We prayed to be willing to go where the Lord sent and to be able to perform the task well.

"I have no experience whatsoever in hospital management; I have never been connected with a hospital in any way," said Roy. "I am very reluctant to accept the appointment."

"We can understand how you feel. We will forward your reply to Karachi."

Only the furniture that we planned to take with us to Poona remained in our little home. We were sitting on crates and sleeping on springs and mattresses placed on the floor. Our dressers were larger crates in which Roy had nailed shelves. Our car had been sold—"You won't need a car in Poona; gasoline is too expensive"—and we were riding the bus or walking.

Then a telephone call came from the Mission Board.

"Mr. Henrickson, we want you to go to Karachi anyway. With your qualifications we think you will soon learn the work and be successful. All the governing bodies—the Karachi Hospital Board, the Pakistan Union Mission Committee, and the Southern Asia Division Committee—have voted to invite you to come."

And so we went to Karachi.

From New York City it was six and one-half weeks by freighter. Seasickness and three storms were our lot at sea. In port at European cities we made visits to shrines, castles, and museums. Our introduction to the East was a gradual one—Casablanca, Beirut, Alexandria, with their veiled women; exquisite mosques; bustling, bewildering bazaars; the thrill of being met by our missionaries in these cities; Port Said and the Suez Canal at night; the desert patrol by moonlight; three days, including Thanksgiving Day, in the harbor of Jiddah—unable to go ashore, for Christians are not wanted in that stronghold of Mohammedanism; then, with a stopover of a few hours at Djibouti, on to Karachi and our new home.

Roy had two days with his predecessor before he flew to the United States, and then he was on his own. New work, new methods of business, new associates and neighbors, strange food—even different English (with a British accent)!

The duties of the business manager included keeping the physical plant of the hospital operating smoothly—the electricity, the water, the elevator, the janitors, the medical equipment, the kitchen equipment—and direction of the young men in the business office, supervision of the reception desk and switchboard, and the clerical work of two large outpatient departments.

Most of the hospital supplies and equipment were imported from the United States. This meant Roy must learn the intricacies of clearing such items through customs. The supplies and equipment for the union mission office and the training school in the northern part of the country also came through Karachi, the main seaport, and Roy was responsible for clearing those articles. The business manager also served as transportation agent for workers and missionaries passing through Karachi.

When two large camel carts drawn by tall, haughty camels deposited our twenty-two wooden boxes of household goods at the door of the staff house on the hospital compound, my work of making a home in the third-floor apartment began. Such large, airy rooms! Such high ceilings! What huge windows! The living room seemed a block long! How could I ever make it look homey?

During the next several weeks cane and teakwood settees and armchairs and teakwood end tables were purchased; bookcases and a desk were built by *mistris* ("carpenters") from our wooden packing boxes; and a rug was ordered from a carpetmaker in the nearby bazaar. With drapes from home at the windows, and lamps, cushions, books, and pictures in place, we began to feel at home in the living room.

The repairman was needed in the kitchen. In spite of careful packing, the appliances were damaged. The freezing compartment of the refrigerator looked like an accordion; the oil from the washing machine motor had spread all through the machine when it had been turned upside down; and the timer and deep-well of the range were broken in pieces. But we were glad they were reparable. It was good to have such modern conveniences as electricity and running water.

The previous business manager had reserved his servant, Ajmery, for us, and because of the additional work in preparing the food and keeping the apartment clean, a servant is a necessity if the wife does any work outside of the home. The water and milk must be boiled, the vegetables and fruit washed in soap and water and soaked in disinfectant, the raisins, dates, and nuts sorted and sterilized in oven or pressure cooker, the flour and sugar sifted for insects, and syrup made of the sugar.

On my first visits to the market and bazaar, Jean Stout, wife of Cecil Stout, laboratory and X-ray technician of

the hospital, thoughtfully assisted with directions and guidance as to shops, weights, and the new money. As a result of British control, English is quite generally spoken in the business world, so there was little language problem. Most of the shopkeepers speak both English and Urdu. How proud I was the first time I went alone to the market and returned with fruits, vegetables, and supplies carried by a coolie in a basket on his head, having received the correct change in rupees and annas and having not been cheated too badly!

With the home running fairly smoothly, I turned to the crying need for secretarial help for Roy in the business office, for Dr. George A. Nelson, the medical director, in his office, and for the doctors with their medical reports.

"Please do something with the reception desk. The receptionists don't seem to know how to handle the patients. They can't answer the telephone properly!" was the plea of Dr. Nelson and division leaders.

Evening classes were held in our apartment, where the receptionists were instructed how to handle telephone calls, emergencies, complaints, and how to meet people.

Roy's duties took him outside of the hospital a good share of the daytime, and I soon found myself supervising the office and the reception desk in addition to secretarial work. We were working long weary hours trying to learn the new work, the different methods, the psychology of the Pakistani patients and employees, but after six months or so we felt we were making progress.

In accepting foreign service we had considered the sacrifices to be made—leaving loved ones and friends and the comforts of America, adopting strange customs and ways of life, and working under adverse and frustrating conditions. But a constant comfort was found in the text, "Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

Now, after a five-year term in Karachi, to which we expect soon to return, I can count numerous benefits already from our foreign service. Among them are the privilege of studying the Bible in the evening with small groups of our hospital employees, the delight of Grace D'Mello when we studied the glories and beauties of the new earth, and the thrill of seeing Theresa Mendis take her stand firmly for the third angel's message in spite of strong opposition at home.

Another blessing is the privilege of contributing to the transformation of shy, awkward village girls from our training school at Chuharkhana into faithful, efficient nurses from our nursing school.

The satisfaction of helping the poor and sick find the medical attention needed, to witness their gratitude and the transformation on their faces, are still other satisfying returns.

Our benefits also include the contacts with scores of unusual and important people who come to the hospital

as patients. Karachi, the capital, has the embassies and legations of many countries within its limits. The Seventh-day Adventist hospital, with its staff of American doctors, is popular with the diplomatic community and with Pakistan Government officials. Karachi is also a busy seaport, and hundreds of sailors off the ships from all over the world come to the hospital for treatment. Ambassadors, diplomats, ship officers, pilots, seamen, government officials, members of the American economic and military aid groups—French, German, British, American, Yugoslavian, Japanese, Portuguese, Russian, Indonesian, Afghanis, Kashmiris—enter its gates. What an opportunity to witness for the truth! Who knows the far-reaching effects the hospital may have, when these patients return to their home countries!

Karachi is also host to the state visits of rulers of other countries and for colorful religious ceremonies. It was our privilege to attend the reception for Vice-President and Mrs. Nixon, another for John Foster Dulles; to witness the enthronement of the new Aga Khan; and to see the late King Feisal of Iraq when he visited Pakistan, the prime minister of Turkey, China's Chou En-lai, and Dr. Sukarno of Indonesia.

But the glamour of mission service lies in the opportunity to travel and see our world. It is a privilege that appeals to youth. The invitation to visit the land of Hunza and the events subsequent to the acceptance of the Mir's hospitality were the high light of our term.

# The Kingdom "Out of This World"

CHAPTER TWO

IMAGINE BEING invited by a king to visit his country—a country where there are no highways, no cars or trucks, no stores or markets, no hotels, no factories, no beggars, no army, no police, no murders, no crime, no jails or prisons.

The independent state of Hunza, nestled among the peaks of the Karakoram Range of Central Asia, is bounded by Afghanistan on the west, Sinkiang (Chinese Turkestan) on the north, Kashmir on the east, and West Pakistan to the south. Its external affairs are controlled by Pakistan and administered by the Pakistan Ministry of Kashmir Affairs.

Our invitation from the Mir of Hunza, Mohammed Jamal Khan, came as the result of hospitality extended to the Mir and his family by Dr. George A. Nelson, medi-


U.S.S.R.
HUNZA
AFGHANISTAN
KASHMIR
CHINA
PAKISTAN
NEPAL
INDIA

cal director of the Karachi hospital. The occasion was during a trip to Karachi by the Mir and several members of his family in the spring of 1954 to attend the platinum-weighing ceremony of the late Aga Khan. Dr. Nelson and the Mir met at a reception, and the Mir was invited to visit our hospital. His Highness was well impressed by its equipment, buildings, and sanitary conditions. He invited Dr. Nelson and members of the hospital staff to visit his country. A year later two members of the Mir's immediate family were surgery patients in the hospital, and he renewed his invitation to members of the hospital staff to be his guests at his capital, Baltit.

"But," said the Mir, as he checked out his two patients from the hospital that Sunday afternoon in March, "it will be necessary for you to secure a permit to enter Hunza from the Pakistan Ministry of Kashmir Affairs. Only those persons whom I invite can enter, and the Pakistan Government controls those who may visit Hunza by granting or denying entry permits."

"Why is that, Your Highness?" I asked.

"Well, you see, just fifty miles from Baltit hangs the Iron Curtain, and the Pakistan Government is very careful who is permitted to come near it," was his smiling reply.

"How would we get to Hunza? What route would we take?"

"You would go first to Rawalpindi. The entry permit to Hunza includes reservations on the government freight

plane that flies from there to Gilgit practically every day. When you arrive in Gilgit I would arrange for a jeep to take you thirty miles along the gorge of the Hunza River; then it would be two days' travel by horseback to our home."

"That sounds like real adventure. Where would we stay? In a hotel?"

"There aren't any hotels, Mrs. Henrickson. You would stay with me; you would be my guests. There are resthouses along the trail, and you would stay in them the nights you spend on the trip into Hunza."

Roy made written application to the Ministry of Kashmir Affairs the early part of May, 1955, for our group to visit Hunza in September, submitting also a written invitation from the Mir. We received the reply from the office in Rawalpindi that our application was under consideration and we would receive word in due course. Several times during the following weeks we and Rawalpindi friends checked on the progress of the application, and we were told each time that it was "under consideration" and that we were being investigated. Two weeks before our date of departure we wired the Ministry office. Still no permits.

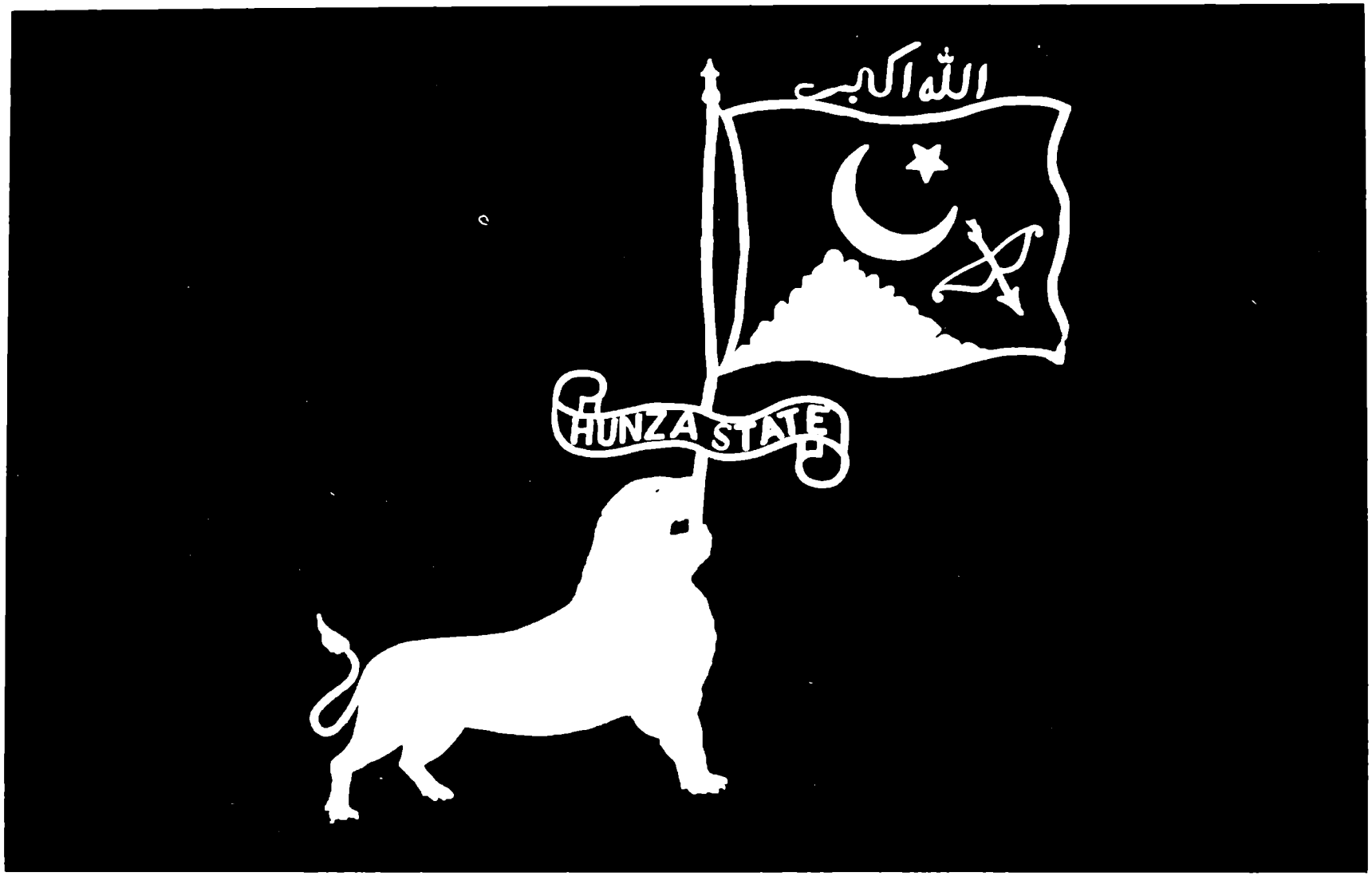
In the meantime our party had grown from two to four to six to seven, with Dr. Verna Robson and Emma Binder, director of nurses, invited to join us. Dr. Stanley and Mary June (Jerry) Wilkinson were also in on the plan, as well as Laurice Kafrouni, supervisor, who found

it possible to go, making in all five women and two men. And was Roy ever glad Stan was along! and were Verna, Emma, Jerry, Laurice, and I ever glad those two men came along!

Emma sought the aid of a patient's husband, Himayun Mirza, the son of Gov. Gen. Iskander Mirza. He was very kind and gracious to check on our application and to interview the proper officials in the Ministry of Defense, to which department it had been referred for clearance of each person. Finally, just two hours before our train left on a Sunday evening, Mr. Mirza telephoned us that our permit would be waiting for us in Rawalpindi and to take our train as scheduled.

There had been suitcases to pack, bedrolls to find, tiffin (lunch) baskets to load, thermos jugs to fill, apartments to close, Pakistani police to check out with, children to leave with kind friends, and last-minute instructions on hospital duties turned over to reliefs. At last we were on the first lap of our trip—a thousand miles, two nights and a day, by Pakistani train to Rawalpindi, where we would pick up the permit.

As I wearily stretched out on the hard, leather-upholstered berth of our train compartment that night, I was still in the whirl of getting off. But soothed by the click of the rails and the sand of the Sind Desert gently sifting in through the shuttered window onto my face, I tried to remember what I knew about this remote Shangri-La for which we were bound.




The flag of the independent state of Hunza. This tiny country is nestled among the peaks of the Karakoram Range of Central Asia—a country of no cars, hotels, markets, factories, or jails!

## *THE KINGDOM "OUT OF THIS WORLD"*

The land of Hunza consists of one side of the gorge of the Hunza River, which is about 120 miles in total length, with an average width of six miles. The Mir's subjects number perhaps 30,000.

Legend has it that the royal family of Hunza are descendants of three soldiers of Alexander the Great, who deserted and found their way into the beautiful Hunza Valley, which they conquered and then settled there, with their Persian wives. Until recent years there was no written history of the land. Stories handed down from father to son told of six hundred years of wars and raiding parties against neighboring rulers, of tribute paid by China for protection of her borders by the fierce Hunzukuts, of fabulously rich caravans from Sinkiang winding through the gorge to India, of the continuous struggle to eke food and clothing from the tiny, terraced valleys that sparingly dot the Hunza River gorge.

Today, there are no caravans bringing brocades, silks, spices, and precious stones from Sinkiang through Hunza, for the Iron Curtain at the end of the valley says, "Road closed."

The Mir of Hunza rules under an unusually democratic form of government. He shows a kindly interest in the welfare of his people in the establishment of an elementary school in each village, in the conducting of court each day for the settlement of disputes and the airing of problems, and in the maintaining of peaceful cooperation with neighboring countries.

A former Mir, great-uncle of Mohammed Jamal Khan, followed the common practice of "disposing" of any possible rivals to this throne, warring and killing up and down the Hunza Valley and over into Nagar, the state next door. But the British came in, conquered him and his people, "disposed" of him, and set up his half brother to rule. If the Hunzukuts would remain a peaceful people, the British decreed, they would be granted their freedom. Since the defeat by the British, the external affairs of Hunza have been administered by others.

Mir Sir Mohammed Nazim Khan, grandfather of the present Mir, ordered the writing of a history of his country. There are two copies only of this account. Mir Sir Mohammed Nazim Khan's son ruled only five short years, when he died suddenly, and Mohammed Jamal Khan came to the palace fort in Baltit, situated in the largest of the green, fertile valleys.

For the past two centuries the majority of the Hunzukuts have been of the Moslem faith, and more recently they have joined the Ismaili sect of this religion. The Mir is an ardent follower of the Aga Khan, and the late Aga appointed him one of his personal representatives for that part of the world.

Three o'clock the following Tuesday morning found our party leaving the train at Rawalpindi. We gave over our saman (luggage) to six red-shirted and red-turbaned coolies, who piled our suitcases and sleeping bags on their heads in unbelievably high and heavy loads and carried

them to the waiting tongas outside the station. Amid much confusion we managed to strike bargains with the drivers of three of these horse-drawn carriages, with a seat facing forward and another facing back, to take us to the Seventh-day Adventist Mission compound in that city. With our saman stowed under seats and feet, and with passengers hanging on to stay on, we clip-clopped through the dark and quiet streets.

Sleepy-eyed but cordial, Pastor and Mrs. Neal Sherwin responded to the clang of the doorbell as it resounded through the large, high-ceilinged quarters of the mission house, and with dispatch we all were bedded down in various rooms. Dr. Verna, Laurice, and Emma on charpoys (Indian rope beds) in the guest rooms, the Wilkinsons on their sleeping bags on the floor of the living room, and the Henricksons on sleeping bags on the floor of the church auditorium. None minded his location, for each was under a fan—a much-appreciated item in hot, muggy Rawalpindi.

"Here is your permit, Mr. Henrickson," said Mr. Fahim, deputy secretary of the Ministry of Kashmir Affairs, when Stan and Roy called at his office later the same morning. "You will note that it reads:

" 'Mr. Roy L. Henrickson, accompanied by the following is permitted to proceed to Gilgit and Hunza: Dr. and Mrs. Stanley L. Wilkinson, Dr. Verna L. Robson, Miss Emma Binder, Mrs. Roy L. Henrickson, Miss Laurice Kafrouni. They may be afforded necessary air-lift facil-

ities on payment of usual air fare and freight charges.'

"Your party must get your saman to the air office by 12:30 today to be weighed to go on the plane that leaves at 5:30 tomorrow morning."

"Thank you very much for this precious piece of paper," said Roy, tucking the permit away safely in his wallet. "It looks mighty good to us. Let's see, it is eleven thirty now, and it will take us fifteen to twenty minutes to get to the mission house to get the saman; then it is at least a half-hour ride in a tonga to the air office. Come on, Stan. Let's get going!"

We did considerable scrambling around when Stan and Roy returned with this word. Three of the women of our party were on the way to the bazaar for last-minute purchases, and someone was sent to call them back. All of us had laundry items on the clothesline, still wet. We packed our bags as quickly as we could, all the time wondering what we would do that night with everything, including sleeping bags, at the airport. Roy and Stan with the saman got off in two tongas, arriving at the air office five minutes late.

We were relieved to have our baggage returned to us after it had been weighed. The weight of each person also had to be given. The government planes that fly the lift from Rawalpindi to Gilgit carry freight and only occasional passengers. Because of the mountainous nature of the terrain over which they fly, and the limited take-off and landing space in Gilgit, the plane load is checked

very carefully. The men had purchased our air tickets, and they had been instructed to have the group at the airport at four-thirty the next morning—Wednesday.

When we drove up in two taxis to the Pakistan Government airport the next morning, all the buildings seemed to be in darkness. Low-hanging, gray clouds topped the peaks of the mountains in the distance, and from behind the clouds lightning flashed intermittently.

"If the weather is not good in 'Pindi, and especially in Gilgit, we will not fly in the morning," we had been told at the air office. "Sometimes we have to wait several days for the weather to clear either here or in Gilgit."

It was with some foreboding that we climbed out of the taxis and searched for light. On rounding the corner of the airport office, we found a light and several men, including the crew of our plane. An official directed the loading of our luggage on the plane, a two-motor Dakota operated by the Pakistan International Airlines, and then guided us to the lounge. "Kindly wait here. You probably will not be flying until ten this morning because of the weather. We will have another weather report from Gilgit at seven o'clock."

Sinking into the large cane chairs on the veranda of the lounge, we settled down for a long wait, Laurice and Emma attempting to catch up with some of the sleep lost the previous three nights, and others chatting and watching the lovely sunrise.

About five-thirty an official came back to the veranda

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

As we were flying over the Kaghan Valley, the pilot told us he had taken this route especially for our benefit. In the distance, Nanga Parbat glistened in still, white magnificence, 26,600 feet high!

and said casually, "You may board the plane now. We are taking off in a few minutes." The weather report for Gilgit was good.

The seven vacationers, very much awake now, climbed the narrow, three-step ladder to the large door of the freight plane to clamber over cans of ghee (oil), cases of tinned goods, and our own saman, fastened by a cargo net to the center of the floor. We found several bucket seats at the front, and just room for our legs between the freight and the seats. Quickly we fastened our safety belts, the motors began to roar, and we were taxiing down the runway. With the signal we were off at five-forty-five for the most spectacular commercial flight in the world!

We cleared the gray clouds on the first peaks and flew so close over one peak that Jerry was sure we must have scraped it! We soared into bright sunshine and a world of beauty about us—heavily wooded areas, cool green valleys, deep blue mountain lakes and pools beneath us, and the early morning sun tingeing the fleecy white clouds with gold.

"Would you like to sit up front for a while?" asked the copilot, Capt. A. S. Sheikh, as he joined us on the bucket seats. "Each one of you can have a look for a while."

When it came my turn to ride in the cockpit we were headed up the Kaghan Valley, flying with sharp, craggy peaks on either side and a fast-flowing mountain stream rushing down the narrow valley.

"We are flying this route today especially for the benefit of you folks," Pilot Hussain told me. His amiable assurance was an invitation to satisfy our curiosity, and we plied him with questions.

"We certainly appreciate your thoughtfulness. How many miles are covered by this lift? How long would it take to travel it on the ground?"

"It is approximately 150 miles across here. If you go up the Kaghan Valley, it would take about three days by jeep, stopping at the resthouses along the way during the nights. Look, we just passed Abbottabad down there on the left! See that highest peak to the right there? That's Nanga Parbat, seventh highest peak in the world. It's 26,660 feet high."

There in the distance Nanga Parbat glistened in still, white magnificence—the mountain with the highest cliff in the world, 15,000 feet of sheer wall!

"Now the Kaghan Valley ends," said the copilot over my shoulder, "and we are coming into the Indus Valley." Like a piece of silver ribbon snipped from the skein, the Indus River lay below us surrounded by rugged, rocky mountains with little vegetation. This was near the headwaters of the mighty Indus, which winds its way down through the mountains, the Punjab, and the Sind Desert to the Arabian Sea.

As I returned to my bucket seat we began to lose altitude. The hour-and-a-quarter flight from 'Pindi to Gilgit had been breath taking—in beauty of snow-covered

peaks and golden sunrise and in winding passage through the Kaghan Valley. Our Dakota swooped down among the mountains, landing just beyond the brink of the Gilgit River gorge and onto the short runway. Then we taxied up to the Gilgit airport, where numerous coolies were waiting to unload the plane.

# The Mir and a Jeep Ride

CHAPTER THREE

GOOD MORNING! Good morning!" greeted Seraj Din, operations manager and brother of the Rani (Queen) of Hunza, as we descended from the plane into the warm sunshine. "So glad you could come. I will telephone the Mir that you have arrived. He is in Gilgit, you know, to attend a meeting of five other rulers that has been called by the political resident. He has been expecting you. On the way to Gilgit he received your telegram giving the day of your arrival."

While we chatted with the crew, a tall man in a tan suit and brown caracul Jinnah cap drove up in a jeep. He was introduced as M. Z. Kiani, political agent for the Gilgit Agency. "Welcome to Gilgit!" exclaimed Mr. Kiani. "We never have had so many Americans here at one time! nor five ladies at the same time! In fact, there is

only one European woman living in Gilgit at present." After he had checked our permit, he sent for a jeep to take us into the town.

Just then another jeep drove up, and the Mir of Hunza himself, in white sharkskin jacket, black trousers, and tan sun helmet, climbed out and came toward us. He was accompanied by his brother, Mohammed Ayash Khan, who serves as his private secretary.

"How do you do, my friends," said the Mir, genial and casual. "So you finally made it."

"So nice to see you again, Your Highness," responded Roy, luckily remembering to use the proper title. After cordially shaking hands all around, the Mir introduced his brother Prince Ayash to us.

"I am sorry I will not be at home when you arrive in Hunza," continued the Mir, "but I received word last Monday that I must attend a political meeting here in Gilgit. The political resident was to have arrived yesterday, but he has not come as yet. I will arrange for you to go on to Hunza by jeep. The Rani is there to entertain you and I will return home as soon as possible. Here, climb into my jeep and you can rest at my house in Gilgit until I can arrange for your transportation."

Into the royal jeep the seven of us climbed, and our saman was piled in too. Then we went dashing into Gilgit through throngs of staring, gaping North-West Frontiersmen and Hunzukuts, through the donkeys, camels, and bullocks in the streets, to the Mir's house. Here we waited

for His Highness to join us and to send us on to Hunza. He would follow in three or four days—after the political meeting had convened.

The Mir's two-story, stone house was set at the back of a garden several blocks from the bazaar section. On the right side of the garden were a two-car garage, horse stables, and servants' quarters. The house had been built for the Mir's grandfather, Mohammed Nazim Khan, by the British. Just below the hand-carved gingerbread around the edge of the roof and just above the front entrance we could read the inscription, "Mir Sir Mohammed Nazim Khan, K.C.I.E." (Knight Commander of the Indian Empire).

A serving man showed us to the living room on the second floor, and brought fruit and water for our refreshment (and our breakfast!). We did not miss the opportunity to take pictures of these, the first Hunzukuts we had met. The several men about the house and in the garden wore the Hunza wool cap made of a long tube of white, tan, or brown woolen cloth rolled over a cord the size of the wearer's head to a height of perhaps five inches. They were very friendly and obligingly posed for pictures. Among them were a man smoking a hookah pipe, the Mir's vizier (counselor) and the one who is placed in charge when the Mir and Prince Ayash leave the country; a beggar playing the violin—a two-stringed instrument made of wood, a tin can for volume, and two wires for strings; and one tall, thin Hunzukut, who told us he was eighty-two

years old, when he posed in his Hunza cap and long, hand-embroidered wool robe.

The Mir and his brother came soon and joined us in the living room, where we chatted and ate Pakistani sweets. We had noted the devotion and respect of the Mir's people, for as he walked down the path from his jeep a number of his men stood aside and stooped to kiss his hand as he passed by.

"Tell us, Your Highness," asked Emma, "are we the first American women, besides Jean Shor with her husband in 1952, to visit Hunza?"

"No, Lowell Thomas, Jr., his wife, and his sister have visited us. But I believe you are the largest group of women who has visited at any time."

"Please forgive us, Your Highness, if we seem to be a group of question marks for a while, but we are deeply interested in your country. What language is spoken there?" I asked.

"The language of our country is Burushaski, but almost everyone speaks Urdu as well. I speak six languages —Burushaski, Urdu, English, Persian, Arabic, and French. Very few speak English in my country. My wife speaks just a little English."

"And you don't have any crime?"

"No murdering or thieving in the whole state. It is as near a utopia as you will ever find on this earth. No jails, no prisons, no police, no army. However, our men do volunteer for service in the Pakistan Army."

The queen of Hunza, whom the Mir called "My Rani." From her infrequent visits to Karachi she had acquired much of the culture of the women of the western world, particularly their practice of discarding the Mohammedan veil.

"How do you settle disputes that arise?"

"We have a court for this purpose. It meets every day from ten to twelve in the morning in a pavilion near the palace. Each village sends a representative to this court, and each representative has one vote. If there is an especially difficult case, several from that particular village will come."

"What kind of disputes do you usually settle?"

"Their differences usually arise over irrigation water. As you may know, we have harnessed the water coming from the glaciers in the mountains above our villages and have channeled it to the terraced fields in the valleys. If there is no sunshine, very little water gets to the fields. There is a time for everyone—morning, afternoon, or evening—to receive water for his fields. Sometimes someone steals the water of another."

"What is the usual penalty levied by your court?"

"If a man is found to have stolen water, he must forfeit one of his animals, usually a sheep. It is killed and his neighbors have a feast. This is a heavy penalty, for stock is very valuable because our pastureland is so scarce."

"We have read that most of the Hunzukuts are vegetarians," commented Dr. Verna.

"That is true," the Mir agreed. "We are vegetarians by circumstance; we have very little pastureland for cattle. The sheep are kept for the wool and the increase. So my people have meat only on special occasions."

"Do you secure wool from the wild ibex?" Roy inquired.

"Very little. The ibex is hunted for food and is difficult to shoot. You must climb very high—to fourteen and sixteen thousand feet—in order to see them."

"Are there any other large animals in Hunza?"

"Yes, we have the snow leopard, wolves, foxes, and also large ducks and geese."

"We have heard there is some thought of making a jeep road all the way to Baltit. How would that affect your country?" queried Stan.

"It would reduce its remoteness, no doubt, but we are happy as we are. Each man is a farmer; he has his own house, his own land, his wife and children. As you visit my state you won't see a single beggar, you won't find anyone homeless, or without food or clothing. Everyone is in the same condition. We like it the way it is. Every woman is a farmer's wife. She cooks the meals, cares for the children, makes the family clothes, and helps in the fields. Everyone has just enough; every woman is on the same level," the Mir explained, an engaging smile showing through his trim, black mustache and a twinkle creeping into his eyes. The twinkle was for the puzzled expressions on the faces of the five American women.

"Come along now, my friends," His Highness urged, "the jeeps have come, and this time tomorrow you will be in the capital of Hunza with my Rani. How pleased she will be to have you visit her! And delighted to have five

American women to entertain all at once. Never before has this happened; they have come by ones and twos, but never five at a time!"

Two army jeeps had been requested for our party, and when they arrived, the Mir chuckled and said, "The army could hardly refuse my request for jeeps, since they were American jeeps requested for Americans." He also told us that petrol is very expensive and scarce, since all of it has to be flown into Gilgit. Each political official is granted an allotment of petrol per month.

The two jeeps were loaded up—baggage first and passengers on top. Besides the driver in the first jeep were Dr. Verna, Emma, Roy, and I and a Hunzukut, who jumped on at the last minute to be our guide. Stan, Jerry, and Laurice followed in the second jeep. We were really "riding high" on top of our saman, and those in the rear had to hang on with both hands as we careened back through the bazaar, across the bridge over the Gilgit River, and down the west side of the gorge between craggy, barren peaks.

I was somewhat prepared for a steep and rugged road, but hardly for this harrowing ride atop our suitcases and bedrolls. The dirt and gravel road was dusty and rough, and the hot sun beat down relentlessly on our topees (sun helmets). Dust rose in clouds around the jeep; and we hung on desperately—to the jeep's sides, to a suitcase handle, someone's arm, anything available. The road led across the deep sands of desert valleys, through the icy

waters of a glacier stream littered with rocks, through little villages of stone-and-mud houses in green valleys, and along ledges barely wide enough—the rushing, roaring Hunza River hundreds of feet below.

In many places the roadbed consisted of only a *rafik,* a gallery made of layers of rock built up and out from the side of the cliff. There were no railings or guards. On several turns we anticipated that the road would be too narrow and we could never make it. Somehow we did. Roy, sitting facing the rear and hanging on with both hands, saw the rear wheels start a slide of rock down the side of the cliff, and at times saw them spin in space.

Considerable traffic plied this road—people from Hunza and Nagar bringing their fruit to Gilgit on their backs or on pack animals to trade it for needed merchandise. When they saw the jeeps coming, the men and donkeys quickly left the road.

The first rest stop, Nomal, was greeted with sighs of relief. The custodian of the resthouse served apples and sliced a huge cucumber for our refreshment. Emma, veteran missionary nurse to India, lean and tireless, determined to miss nothing in the life around her and soon had the custodian explaining to her the map of the area posted on the veranda wall and outlining with a smudgy finger the trail we were to follow. Amid the stares of curious villagers, we climbed onto the jeeps again and set out for Sakanderabad in Nagar. There, at the end of the jeep road, our horses were assembled from the villages.

Shortly after leaving Nomal we forded a river that emptied into the Hunza River. The river bed was filled with rocks and the water flow was strong and deep, even to the floor board of the jeep. In the middle of the stream the wheels spun round and round, and for a few minutes it seemed we would have to get out and push. But the wheels found a hold and the ever faithful jeep pulled the load on through to the other bank.

Right after Chalt, we rounded a sharp curve and came upon a narrow bridge leading to Nagar. Then a few rods farther on we saw a ranch-type stone house under construction. Our guide, Ghulam, told us it was the new home of the Mir of Nagar.

The road then became a very narrow shelf of rock far above the river, and after creeping slowly along on this shelf around a semicircle bend in the river, we drove into the village of Sakanderabad. Our horses had not arrived as yet, so we were invited to rest awhile in the home of the cousin of the Mir of Nagar, where grapes, pears, and cucumbers were placed before us.

When we climbed out of the jeeps, the people of the village flocked around, much interested in our clothes, our white skins, and everything we did. When the word went around that there were two doctors in our group, the sick and crippled were brought for examination. Dr. Stan had brought along only a limited supply of medicines, for our baggage had to be cut for the air lift and he had not anticipated that there would be any great need for them.

Now the Mir's cousin came in from the veranda of his house, saying, "Doctor Sahib, these people here are sick and would like you to see them." Dr. Stan and Dr. Verna went to the door to find the veranda filled with thirty or more villagers waiting to see a doctor. Children with sore, runny eyes, flies crawling on their eyelids, received ointment. A young girl with a clubfoot and a large raw ulcer on the side of her foot which she used for the sole, was told only surgery could help her condition. Bearded men in voluminous trousers, flapping shirttails, and woolen Hunza caps complained of stomach and chest pains to Dr. Stan, gentle and patient in any situation. The women of Sakanderabad were out of sight except the several on the roofs or in the doorways, but there were requests for visits from the woman doctor, Dr. Verna, trim and professional even in slacks and sport shirt.

Even after we had left the house and waited in the village polo grounds for the horses, the Nagar people brought more of their sick and ailing. And they kept bringing fruit—more grapes, peaches, and pears—and since we had had no dinner, we took care of most of it.

It was four-thirty, and still the horses had not arrived. It must have been quite an order to have to round up eleven horses—four for our luggage and seven for us—from the villages along the Hunza River, and get them to Sakanderabad. We had begun to wonder whether we could make the next rest stop, Maiún, six miles away, before darkness came. Soon two horses came; then two more.

Laurice and I walked down the trail about a half mile to find that it crossed the river again back to the Hunza side. At the bridge we met three more horses. We came back with them to the group and urged that we start and suggested that we would probably meet the rest of the horses coming toward us. We mounted the small, sure-footed mountain ponies, with the assurance from the villagers that our saman would follow.

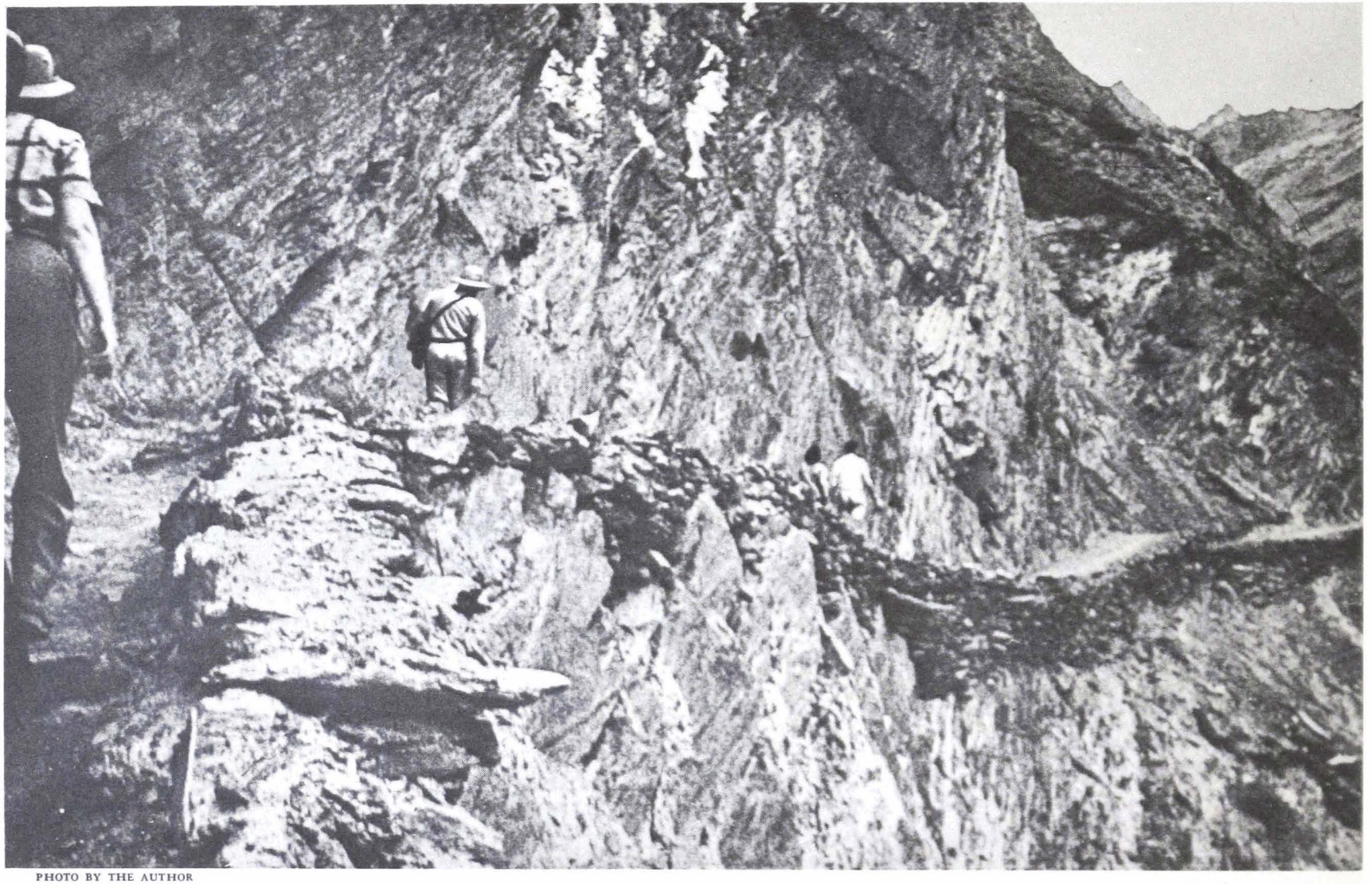


PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

Our party began to climb up a very rugged and narrow footpath on the side of the river gorge. The trail had been constructed by wedging large flat rocks into the side of the mountain, making a shelf on which to walk.

# Welcome! Welcome to Hunza!

CHAPTER FOUR

OUR PARTY began the climb up a very rugged and narrow footpath on the side of the river gorge. Here also the trail had been constructed by wedging large flat rocks into the side of the mountain and building up and out to make a shelf or *rafik*. This carefully laid stonework at places extended to a height of twenty feet to support the trail.

"*Kharab rasta!*" shouted our Hunza guide, and indicated we were to dismount. He meant "bad road," but why dismount? That seemed the time to stay mounted. The very steep, stony upgrade and downgrade that followed were answer enough, and I gladly walked.

Now it was impossible to pass another horseman on most of the trail. Travelers we met would backtrack to a wider spot to let us pass. The jeep road and this trail were

well traveled at this time of the year, and we met many small caravans and single travelers.

"*A salaam-u-alekum* ["Peace be unto you"]!" greeted us as we dismounted at the village of Maiún. Flower garlands were hung around our necks by the hospitable men of the village and we rested in lawn chairs set on Persian carpets in front of the resthouse. Our luggage had not yet arrived. While waiting, we inspected the resthouse, which consisted of one large room with a window and with matting on the floor, a washroom with a pail of water and a basin, and a small room to house the *chowkidar* (watchman). There were also stables for horses and another small house of one room and veranda for the guides. The veranda, which ran along two sides of the resthouse, was covered with matting, and since the weather was so mild, we elected to sleep there that night. We were fortunate to have running water too—a small stream of icy, glacier water that gurgled along the west side of the compound!

About eight o'clock some of the pack horses arrived, and we began spreading our sleeping bags on the veranda. At nine o'clock the rest of the pack animals came trudging in. After the evening meal of fruit and the packaged soup we had carried with us, we knelt together for worship. Then we bedded down in sleeping bags on the veranda of the resthouse, to the sound of the murmuring of our guides as they visited around the campfire.

Early morning found us on the trail again, some of us on fresh horses brought in during the night. We had

breakfasted on more soup, boiled eggs, chapatties (a salt-less, whole-wheat cake baked on hot stones), and fruit. As we rode through Hunzaland that clear, autumn morning, we saw many unusual scenes, and we were glad to be on horseback, moving along slowly so we could enjoy them.

Frequently now the trail took us through little green valleys in the bends of the river, and there was at least one village in each fertile spot. When the valleys came in sight they looked like well-tended parks, with low stone walls, green shrubs, tall, slender white poplars, canals, and colorful flower beds. As we drew nearer, the stone walls proved to be the retaining walls for terraced fields; the flower beds were fields of grain or vegetables. Every possible square yard was utilized for some garden produce or crop. Some terraced fields were not more than ten feet square. There were potatoes, cabbage, peas, turnips, pumpkins, cucumbers, lettuce, and tomatoes. Fragrant plots of pale-pink millet blossoms perfumed our pathway. The waterways were the irrigation canals; the shrubs were orchards of peach, apricot, walnut, and apple trees.

Passing through the villages, we often found an irrigation canal beside us, and rising next to it the mud-and-stone walls of houses. On our other side might be another two-story house. This season of the year the women were usually on the roof—spinning wool, caring for the children, preparing food.

As we wound through the parklike valleys, the friendly and hospitable villagers came to their gates and

Every possible square yard was utilized for growing garden produce. Some of the terraced fields were not more than ten feet square. Men and women are working together here in the harvest fields.

roofs to hail their Mir's guests. *"Salaam, Mem-sahib," "Salaam, Doctor-Sahib," "A salaam-u-alekum!"* They touched their foreheads in salute with rough, calloused hands. The children extended their dirty but warm and friendly hands to be shaken. Plates of grapes and apples were proffered. Welcome! Welcome to Hunza!

The cows and sheep we saw in the fields and near the homes were miniature in size, a full-grown cow being smaller than our yearling heifers.

After the green valleys came the barren, hazardous trail again, constantly reminding us that we were professional people, "softies," on a very unusual holiday. This is the trail that had been the main caravan route out of Sinkiang to India. Often landslides have dashed down to obliterate the trail, calling for extensive repairs. We found no such destruction on the trail, but there were evidences of recent repairs having been completed.

For several miles, lovely, snow-covered Rakaposhi, elevation 25,550 feet, had reared in majesty on our right. Coming from the rocky bare peaks, at her base white glacier streams tumbled into the Hunza. At times her summit was veiled in fleecy, white clouds. Then the wind blew her veil aside, and purdah was lifted for the mountain beauty.

"*Bis* ["twenty"] minutes to Hini, you say? But you said that a mile back there," vivacious brunette Laurice reminded the guide. "When do we really reach the next rest stop?"

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

As we wound through the parklike valleys, the friendly and hospitable villagers came to their gates and roofs to hail their Mir's guests. The children extended their hands too. Plates of fruit were proffered.

"*Bis* minute, *Mem-sahib, bis* minute." And Laurice smiled at me, "Always *bis* minute," and settled back in her saddle.

But the next scattered village was Hini, and we rode up to the resthouse and to a welcome by the village leaders assembled to greet us. Apparently, when our camera caught him, the zamindar, who acted as mayor, was speechless, with Roy on one side and Emma holding his hand on the other.

A table on the veranda was loaded with green and purple grapes, pears, and cucumbers for our refreshment. Two small fellows with tree branches shooed the flies away, and all the men and boys of Hini sat around the low stone wall of the courtyard to watch.

"Telephone for Mr. Henrickson," came the message to the zamindar.

"For me?" asked Roy. Once a logger and an outdoor man, he was not missing in the least his desk and telephone. "Who told them I was here? And where is there a telephone in this remote place?"

"*Istharaf* ["This way"]," said the messenger, and mystified, Roy followed him to a stone building next to the resthouse, the zamindar's office. It was Baltit calling —Haritham, young uncle of the Mir, speaking—to find out how the trip was going and to say lunch would be waiting in Aliabad.

Roy came back to our group with the explanation that there was a telephone line along the Hunza Valley link-

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

In Hini we rode up to the resthouse and were welcomed by the village leaders assembled to greet us. Here Emma and Roy are holding the hands of the astonished zamindar, who acted as mayor.

ing the first village with the last, a telephone in each village, and, of course, one in the Mir's palace.

"How is that for a party line?" exclaimed pleasant Jerry. "One hundred twenty miles long, a telephone in each of the twenty-three villages, and someone listening in in every village! That's more newsy than our home town paper! Now I understand how each village knew when we would arrive!"

Once more we were on the trail, all of us walking to keep from becoming stiff. Just outside Hini two men wearing Hunza caps and on foot passed us. "Those men look familiar," remarked Laurice. "Didn't we pass them sometime back? Let's ask them." So, in her limited Urdu, she asked the two men if we had not passed them. They replied, "Yes, you passed us yesterday in the jeeps!" And now, although walking, they had caught up with us and were passing us!

We marveled again and again at the tireless walking of the guides with us. Hour after hour they trudged along on foot, helping us with the horses, warning of dangerous places in the trail. We had to suppress grins when we caught several of the guides hanging onto our horses' tails to help pull themselves up the steep grades.

A few miles beyond Hini as we rounded a sharp curve we saw opening from a deep canyon the large, beautiful valley, at the far end of which nestled the capital of Baltit, with the palace of the Mir high above the town. We were encouraged to see the end of our twenty-

four miles for that day, but we soon found that distances are deceiving in that land also.

As we trooped into Aliabad, Roy said to me, "I wonder who this man is coming toward us—the one in the white Hunza cap, green jacket, and white trousers?"

"He is saying something to Emma and shaking hands with her."

Then he was beside our horses, saying, "Salaam and welcome to Hunza! I bring you greetings from the Rani! I am Sultan Ali, the schoolmaster. The Rani has sent me to meet you and escort you the rest of the way." Again we were reminded of the thoughtfulness and warm hospitality of the Mir and the Rani.

Sultan Ali rode and chatted with us the remaining four miles to Karimabad, the little village surrounding the palace. We were so tired and dusty, so hungry and "seat sore," that those last few miles seemed like twenty. As we rode through Baltit, between the tall, slim poplars, we caught glimpses of the palace set on a hill overlooking the valley, its gray stucco walls, sparkling glass windows, and green wood trim—a decided contrast to the mud-and-stone houses of the town.

Sultan Ali invited us to dismount at the entrance to the palace grounds. As we suppressed groans from bending stiff backs and sore muscles, and attempted to wipe dust and perspiration from our arms and faces, he led us down a wide gravel path to a group of men awaiting us—a reception committee. We were introduced to Ghazanfar

—ten-year-old Crown Prince, shy, smiling, and impeccable in Western suit; Nasim—cousin of the Crown Prince, a few inches taller but even more bashful; Haritham—tall, swarthy, and twenty-one; and several of the Mir's counselors. We were guided to the nearest stairway to the palace, which led to the semicircular reception room where the Rani would receive us.

It took a queen to receive so graciously five weary, disheveled women, and two men in similar condition. She was a picture of Eastern charm—large, dark, melting eyes, Persian features, and dark hair.

# The Lovely Rani

## CHAPTER FIVE

OF ALL the strange and delightful people and customs of this Rip van Winkle kingdom, that which I would want to change least would be their Rani. It took a queen to receive so graciously five weary, disheveled American women in slacks and two men in similar condition, whom she had never seen before and with whom she could not converse freely. And we certainly did not feel prepared to meet Her Highness, but it seemed to be expected at the time. The cordial, informal relation between royal family and subjects, between royal family and guests, was to be the theme of our conversation for weeks to follow.

Hardly knowing what to expect, we were relieved and grateful to have Her Highness step forward as we entered the room, firmly shake hands with each of us when

Prince Haritham, young uncle of the Mir; Princesses Dorrishawar, fifteen years old and the eldest daughter; Malika, seven; Mary, six; and Nelofur, eleven. Prince Haritham served as one of our interpreters.

Sultan Ali mentioned the name, and in a low, sweet voice express her pleasure in our visit. She was a picture of Eastern charm—large dark, melting eyes, Persian features, dark hair covered with a white net *dupatta* (head veil), and clad in azure-blue nylon *qamiz* (long tunic) and white satin *salwar* (voluminous trousers).

While the men of our party were served cold drinks, the women were guided by the Rani to her apartment just off the reception room to wash off at least the top layer of gray Hunza dust.

All facilities since Rawalpindi had been very primitive, and we wondered what we would find in Baltit, since everything not made in the valley had to be brought in over that trail by pack horse or men. The Rani's bathroom had a huge white porcelain bathtub, a washbowl that drained, and a flush! A little Hunzukut climbed up to the water tank on the outside wall of the palace to fill it several times a day!

After removing as many travel stains as possible, we joined the Rani, Prince Ghazanfar, Sultan Ali, and the others of our party in the drawing room, where tea was served. Our "tea" consisted of a cold drink or hot buffalo milk, cakes, and cookies. With Sultan Ali interpreting, we expressed our great pleasure to be in Baltit and our enjoyment of the trip in. How we wished we could speak fluently in Urdu or Burushaski!

We women were not long in noticing that the Rani had brought back some Western fashions from her few

trips out of the valley. With graceful, tapering fingers tipped with red nail polish, she calmly smoked cigarettes between lips touched with lipstick. Black wedgie sandals and more red nail polish peeped out from the wide, heavily-stitched cuffs of her *salwar*. Until just recently, the Rani had been in purdah, that is, she wore the veil when in the presence of men. But on a visit to Karachi, she found that the society women, the well-to-do women, were discarding that custom. On returning to Hunza, she requested that she be allowed to do the same, and the Mir readily agreed. We were the first permitted to photograph the Rani and to receive permission to publish the pictures.

We were dismissed from her presence when Sultan Ali was requested to show us to our quarters.

Since this is a land of no hotels and no motels, the entertaining of guests is cared for by the Mir. At this time, his guests included Dr. Georg Budrosse of the University of Frankfort, in that area on an anthropology expedition, and Winston Mumby, American tutor for the Crown Prince. Mr. Mumby arrived with the Mir when he returned home. The three single women were housed in Guest House No. 1, and the Wilkinsons and Henricksons were each assigned a commodious tent.

But such luxury in a tent! Double top, with the lining printed in an Oriental design, a rug for the floor, two single beds covered with Kashmiri bedspreads, a small table on which stood a thermos pitcher and two glasses—

and a little annex in the rear, the bathroom. Here was a commode, a wash basin, thick, white Turkish towels, scented soap, and a galvanized bathtub. Then Sultan Ali brought the bearer, Abdul, who was to bring drinking water, hot water, lights, meals, and whatever desired.

Naturally, the Rani, having learned of our diet habits while visiting at the hospital, wondered what food she should serve us. After a little consultation with Emma, she learned that we did not drink tea, coffee, or liquor, but that we would be able to get along nicely on whatever was served.

"Her Highness would like you to come to dinner now," Prince Haritham brought word about seven-thirty that evening. We ascended the palace stairs, each in his best attire. We had wondered what type of outfits to bring in our very limited baggage, not knowing just what would be expected of us. We finally settled on street dresses for the women and sport jackets and shirts for the men, hoping the royal family would understand our situation.

In the reception room the Rani had been joined by several of her children, and we were introduced to Dorrishawar, fifteen years old and the eldest daughter; Nelofur, eleven; Malika, seven; and Mary, six. Prince Haritham and Dr. Budrosse, occupant of Guest House No. 2, served as interpreters as we chatted of our interest in Hunza and its customs.

"There are nine children in our family," Her Highness told us through Prince Haritham, "and you have

Princesses Fowzia, Malika, and Mary, children of the Mir and Rani, making mud forts. We wondered at the ingenuity of these children who had seen so little of the wonders of civilization.

met five of them. Amin, our eight-year-old son, is in school in Abbottabad; Fowzia, five years old, is ill tonight, and Asra and Abbas, our younger two, are sleeping."

Dorrishawar is married to the son of the governor of Salween, that is, the legal contract between the parties has been concluded, but the couple have not as yet set up their home. The Mir believes the young man should finish his education first, and probably in six months or so the marriage ceremony will take place. Dorrishawar, quiet and demure in company, we found later to be a typical teen-ager in many ways—very much interested in hair and clothes, giggly, full of fun, and glad the Mir has decided she has enough education. But she was not particularly interested in boys, having never even seen her intended husband, and little interested in homemaking, for she will always have servants to do this work.

Nelofur was intrigued with our clothes, bubbled over with ideas for things to do, and continually teased us to play table games with her—Sorry, dominoes, Chinese checkers.

The lovely Rani is the mother of thirteen children, four of whom have died. The first four children were boys. There was great rejoicing at the birth of each, for there would be an heir to the throne. But each boy baby died in infancy. The causes of their deaths were similar, and it was suspected that each was poisoned by some member of the family or servant of the household.

As we chatted before dinner our attention turned to

the German-made piano in the adjoining room. "How did you manage to get a piano over that trail?" I asked.

"It was put into a crate with handles by which to lift it. One hundred men carried it in, carrying it in shifts of twenty-five men at a time," Her Highness explained. "The Mir and his brother play the piano."

Many times during our visit we were to exclaim over the articles brought to Karimabad over that rugged path—the piano, the bathtub, a portable generator, plastic tablecloths and marquisette curtains, half a dozen lovebirds.

In my mind the before-dinner visiting was punctuated with: Will we have Western food, or chapatties, pilau and curry, hot with chilies? Will we eat with our fingers, Pakistani style, sitting on the floor? Just how does one act when dining with royalty? Just when *are* we going to eat? It's nine o'clock and not a square meal today!

When the dinner gong rang, the Rani led us to the dining room, the children slipping quietly away through a back door. We sat down to a long table laid with English china and silverware, a tall silver candelabra in the center, vases of asters, goldenrod, and zinnias, and bowls of fruit. Dinner followed—melon cocktail, clear soup, vegetables and pilau (an Indian rice dish), molded pudding, and fresh fruits. Two bearers in white uniforms, turbans, and gloves, wide green belts, and the Hunza coat of arms on their breasts, served us in the British style.

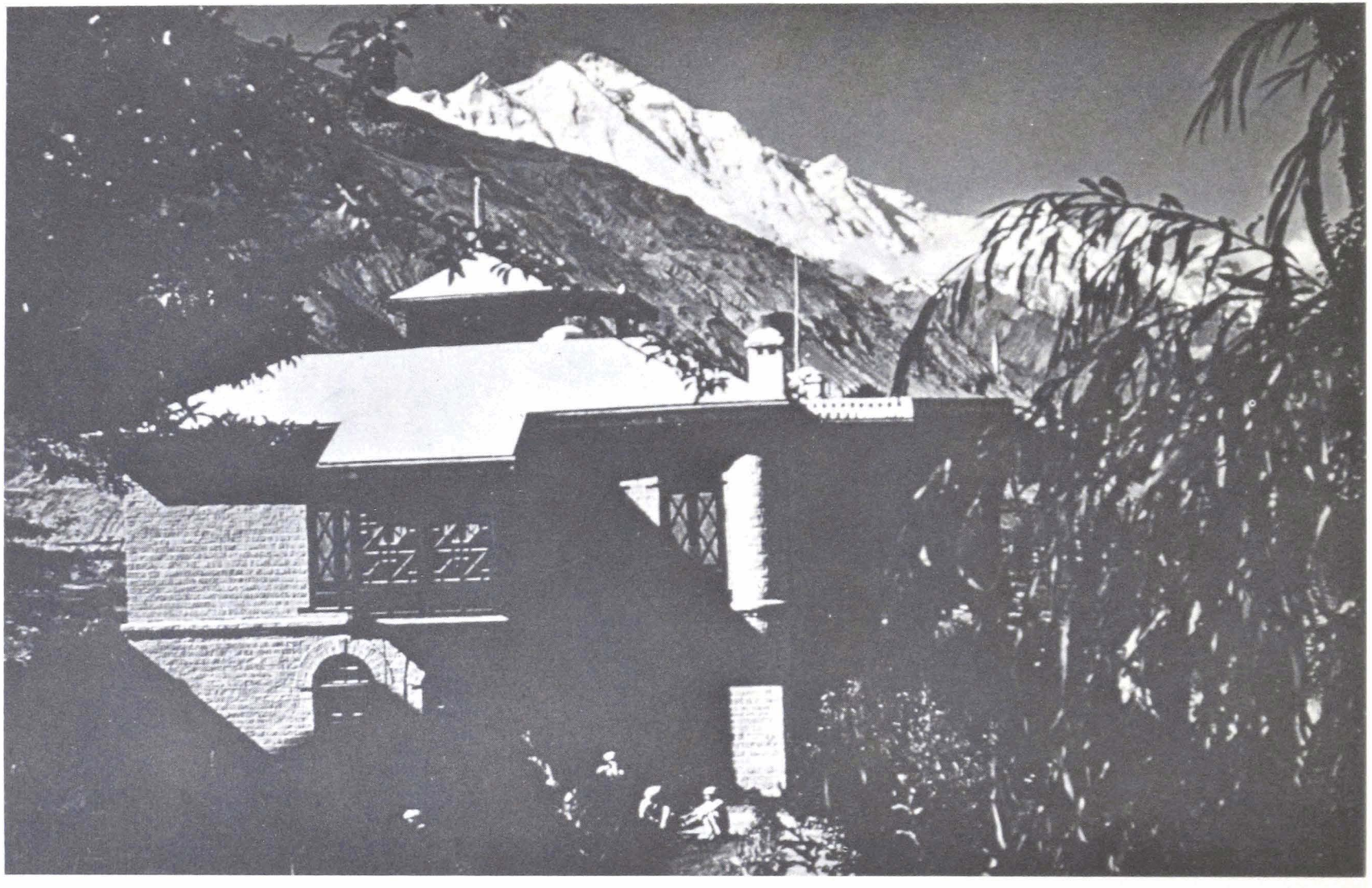
"How cold does it become in Baltit during the winter?" Stan inquired of Prince Haritham.

"The temperature does not get to freezing, otherwise our fruit trees would be killed. But it gets cold enough to require fire for heat. The snow line on the peaks surrounding the valley creeps closer and closer to the town," responded the Prince. "As you probably noticed, all the Hunza houses are built with two floors. We occupy the top floor during the warm weather, and on a certain day the last part of October or the first of November, the Mir choosing the day, all the families move to the lower floor, where there are no windows and it is warmer. Our big problem is fuel. We have only fruit trees, and no coal is available. In November the royal family moves to Ghulmit, the winter capital, where there is a lake and good shooting. However, I understand Mir-Sahib plans to go to Karachi this December."

"Will you be coming with him?"

"No, I think not. I am a student at the Islamic College in Peshawar, and I must return shortly to continue my course. I am Mir-Sahib's uncle, although he is several years older than I. His father, my brother, was the oldest in our family, and I am the youngest."

After the Rani had finished her tea, we bade her good night and went to our quarters to sleep the sleep of the very, very weary.



Stan and Roy were out early Friday morning exploring the palace grounds and garden with their cameras. Their shutters click here on Mount Rakaposhi, standing on guard above the palace.

# The Palace, Sabbath School, and a Clinic

CHAPTER SIX

EARLY FRIDAY morning Stan and Roy were out exploring the palace garden and grounds with their cameras, shooting the magnificent mountain scenery—Mount Ultar, that reared above a waterfall a short distance behind our quarters, and Rakaposhi, visible among the peaks over on the Nagar side. At nine-thirty, the second shift (our shift) of breakfast was called.

"Corn flakes! Kellogg's!" exclaimed Laurice, as we sat down to the table. "Think of finding them in this remote corner of the world! And oatmeal too! We surely should feel at home." And we were made to feel at home and at ease all during our visit.

The morning brought a tour of the palace and grounds for the women of the group, with Her Highness as our guide and Dorrishawar and Nelofur along. Part of the

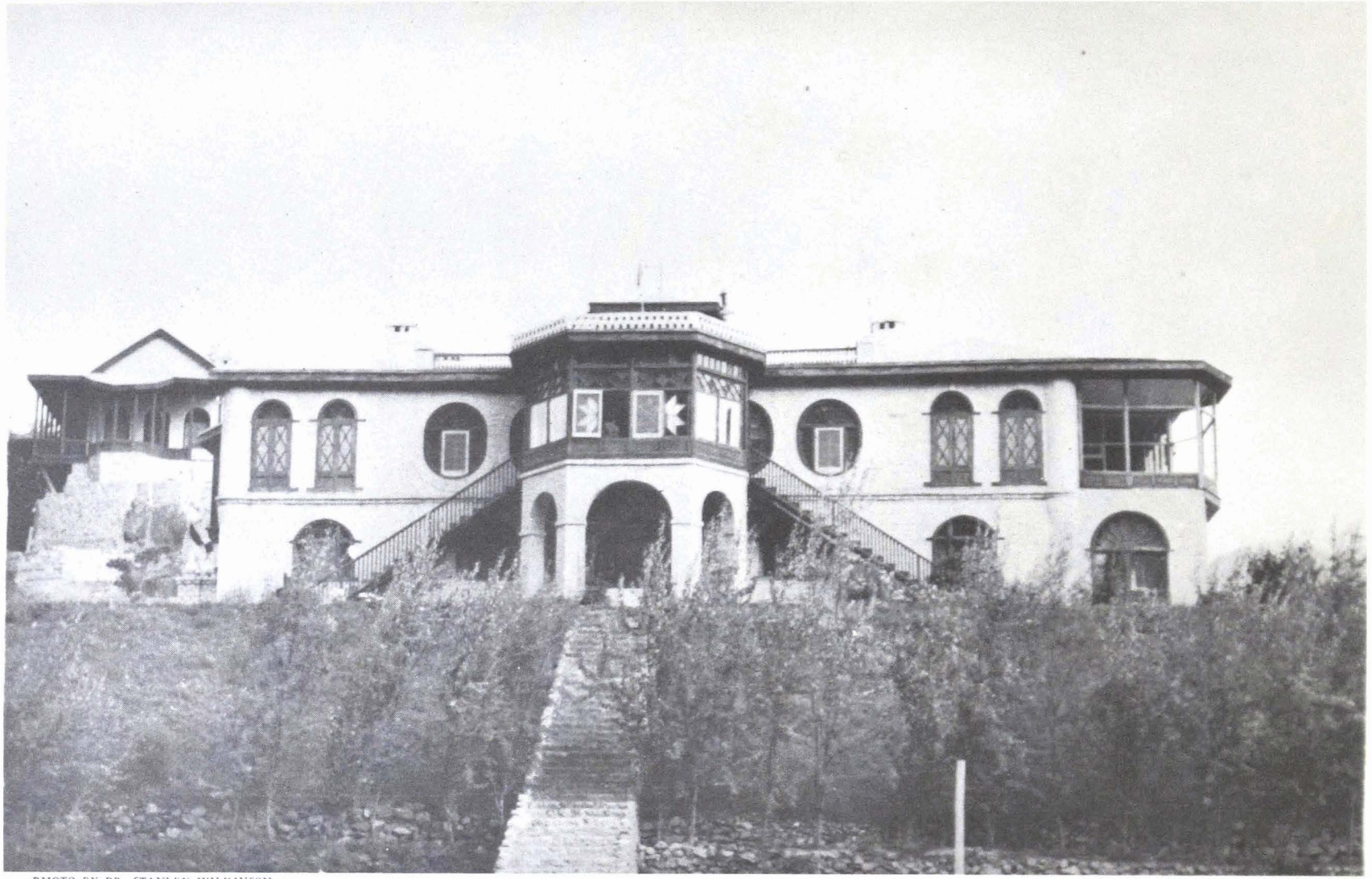


PHOTO BY DR. STANLEY WILKINSON

Part of the ground floor of the palace was a guest apartment. In the rear courtyard was a small office building—the Department of State. In the center was the kitchen, a low, stone building of two rooms.

ground floor of the palace was a guest apartment; in the other section extensive alterations were in progress. While in the Rani's apartment, Emma, still never missing a thing, accidentally stepped into a partially completed stairway and fell through to the next floor. When we picked her up her back, legs, and arms were bruised and skinned. We put her to bed in the guesthouse, expecting her to be out of commission for several days. But after a day in bed, she rejoined us.

Continuing the tour, we were led to the rear courtyard of the palace. Along the left side was a small office building, the Department of State, where Prince Ayash, brother to the Mir, serves as Secretary of State.

To the right, the courtyard dropped to a deep irrigation canal. In the center, set among several tall shrubs, was the kitchen, a low, stone building of two rooms. The elderly cook, a member of the royal household for many years, stood in the doorway. Inside the kitchen we peered into the huge fireplace that filled one end, and sniffed at the kettles bubbling and boiling on the racks. How did such a delicious dinner as that of last evening come out of this kitchen? No electric range, no garbage disposal, no dishwasher, no Mixmaster, no Frigidaire! The simple worktable, cupboard, pantry, and hand pump were spotlessly clean; the windows and door well screened.

We wandered on through the orchard of apple, pear, and nut trees, through the vineyard to the vegetable garden, Dorrishawar and Nelofur bringing samples of cur-

The palace churn in operation—a young Hunzukut bouncing a goatskin, plump with milk, between arms and knees. The older the butter, the better in Hunza. It is wrapped in leaves and buried in the ground for years.

rants, grapes, and apples. Some distance from the palace we inspected the melon patch, receiving a cantaloupe-type melon to take to our rooms. Nearby we found the chapatty house, where the bread and cake of the palace are made. Here a man and woman worked over a large bed of live coals. The man tended several round iron molds, in which baked the sweet, crusty cakes we had enjoyed at breakfast. The woman kneaded and patted the saltless dough of whole-wheat flour and water that is baked on a hot griddle to make chapatties—the bread of Pakistan and India. In the palace kitchen meals are provided for seventy persons each day, including the forty-five servants used throughout Karimabad.

Returning to the palace, we saw under the shade of a weeping willow the palace churn in operation—a young Hunzukut bouncing a goatskin, plump with milk, back and forth between arms and knees. The older the butter the better in Hunza. It is wrapped in leaves and buried in the ground for years. The resulting pungent rancid odor and taste, they believe, is delicious.

Karimabad and its people were so new and different to us that we spent the rest of the day exploring the area and taking pictures—the palace, a Hunzukut lad playing a flute, the royal churn, the tiny post office operated by Sultan Ali, the waterfall from the Ultar Glacier, the village of Ganesh down on the riverbank, the terraced fields, the threshing floors.

By evening the German anthropologist had returned

from one of his side trips and joined us at dinner. We enjoyed immensely his description of his recent trip to Pakistan, his recounting of the superstitions and beliefs of these people, and of the Hunzukuts, and his tape recordings of Hunza music and German classics.

But we had come to visit the Mir too. When would he return? We had originally planned to visit four or five days. Today the Mir sent word by telephone that he would return on Monday. So we decided to start back to Gilgit on Wednesday.

The next day was Sabbath, and we explained to the Rani that we would spend the day quietly, for it was our holy day. We breakfasted in our rooms. Then on blankets spread on the grass in front of the guesthouse we held Sabbath school. Ghazanfar, the Crown Prince, and his cousin, Nasim, drew near as we sang choruses and prayed. We invited them to join us on the blankets, and then we sang some children's songs for them. Dr. Verna brought out copies of *Our Little Friend* and read aloud from them. Jerry gave a motion exercise, and Laurice played the harmonica. In other words, we had junior Sabbath school for a while. While Laurice read another story to the royal children, Roy led out in the lesson study of the day, and the Sabbath school concluded with the reading of a letter from a missionary friend in Baghdad.

The Rani had suggested to Dr. Verna that on Sunday morning she should hold a clinic for the women who needed medical attention. Dr. Verna was willing, al-

though she had very few medicines with her. One of the rooms on the second floor of the palace was arranged as an examining room, and at ten o'clock the women began to come. The Rani herself brought each woman to the doctor and introduced her. Her Highness translated for the patient into Urdu to Laurice, as nurse, and Laurice translated into English for the doctor. Seventeen women came for examination and counsel. They brought plates of fruits and vegetables until the table in the reception room was covered with produce.

Dr. Stan seemed to have one continuous clinic, for every day several came to his tent and called, "Doctor-Sahib," and explained, "I have pain here," or "My *bacha* ["child"], he is not good."

PHOTO BY DR. VERNA ROBSON

On our way up to Ultar Glacier, we walked along this path by an irrigation canal that brought water to the village. In places this path was only a foot wide, and on one side there was a sheer drop to the valley!

# We Climbed (Huff) to Ultar (Puff) Glacier!

CHAPTER SEVEN

"WOULD YOU like to climb up to the Ultar Glacier?" Sultan Ali, the schoolmaster, inquired Sunday morning. "I will be glad to guide you to the glacier this afternoon. It is quite a steep climb, but it is very interesting."

This appealed to all of us. After lunch six of our group and the two princesses, Dorrishawar and Nelofur, followed Sultan Ali through the town of Baltit, up behind the old fort-palace, and along the path beside an irrigation canal that brought water from the glacier, around the high cliff, and on down to the village. In several places the path beside the irrigation canal was only a foot and a half wide. On one side of us was the rushing glacier water, glittering with mica, and on the other side was a sheer drop to the valley. I for one had to keep my eyes

glued to the path and skip the view for a while. The canal path soon brought us abreast with the glacier stream.

We marveled at the engineering ability of the unlettered Hunzukuts, who had had no instruction in canal building or irrigation. They have diverted the precious glacier water down the sides of mountains and around sheer cliffs, building canals the same way the trail into Hunza had been built. Looking back down the canyon and out into the valley, we could see that here the channel led into a waterfall that brought the water to a lower and remote section of the Baltit Valley. There it led through a small stone hut that houses the stone flour mill of the village miller, then tumbled and gurgled over huge boulders down, down to the village of Ganesh on the cliff shore of the Hunza River.

The glacier stream was crossed by jumping from one huge boulder to another. The rest of the climb was steadily up and over large rocks and areas of sliding, slipping shale. Most of our party had to stop frequently to rest and catch their breath. But Sultan Ali kept on without resting once, even while assisting some of the women. And Nelofur and Dorrishawar skipped ahead of us, calling frequent warnings to us at dangerous spots. They had lived in these mountains and were used to climbing in high altitudes.

Finally we came to a high point of rock that dropped off to the rocky bed of the glacier stream, and from which we could see the glacier wedged between the sides of the

mountains. The women decided to wait on this point while Sultan Ali, Stan, and Roy climbed to the glacier itself.

It was rugged going, steep and slippery, and several gasps escaped our lips as we watched the men clamber on with no path to guide them and then attempt to scale the edge of the glacier. From our vantage point the distance looked very short, but the men said it was at least a half mile farther, and the edge of the glacier was about thirty feet high. After several attempts, all three were atop the glacier, and we felt relieved.

"What was the glacier like? Was that really black soot on the top of it? Why didn't you bring us a piece?" We plied the men with questions when they caught up with us as we descended.

"It was covered with about an inch of ground-up rock," they explained. "When we scraped the sand away it was transparent ice, and we could see to the bottom of it. We had a hard time getting footings to climb up onto the glacier. There were huge boulders resting on top of the glacier, and you can imagine the noise when the ice melts and they go rumbling down the valley. We started to come back down by way of the stream bed itself, but the going was too rough. So we backtracked, crossed over, and came down the same way we had climbed up."

The descent was almost as difficult as the ascent, for the view was more frightening, and it was hard to keep our balance. The schoolmaster took me in tow, helping me

over the gravel and sand spots, and I appreciated his strong, steady arm. On one turn, his footing gave way, and he slid to a sitting position, feet over the edge, with me hanging onto him. Another stretch of ledge was only a foot wide and covered with fine gray sand; the huge boulders of the stream bed were below. By the time we had jumped the boulders over the stream again and reached the canal path, our knees were wobbly, and we were glad to rest for a while. We watched a man cleaning the debris from the irrigation canal high on the opposite cliff. When we reached our quarters about seven in the evening, we agreed with Sultan Ali—it was a rugged trip, at least for people who were unaccustomed to such physical effort.

# Sightseeing in the Capital

CHAPTER EIGHT

MONDAY FOUND us again with Ghazanfar, Dorrishawar, Nelofur, and with the schoolmaster as our guide. We went sightseeing in the capital. He took us first to the old fort-palace, used by the royal family until a few years ago, when the present, more modern palace was completed. The old palace is situated on a high hill also and overlooks the town and the entire valley. The lower two thirds of the structure is like a fort, with no windows and a large and heavy entrance door locked by long, wooden bars for bolts. The upper third included a roof veranda and several dwelling rooms with ornately carved windows and doors.

Before entering, we climbed two flights of high stone steps. Up another flight of high steps, and we were in an area said to be used for large gatherings. It had a fireplace

and a square depression about eight feet on a side where dancers performed. Also on this floor level were openings in the floor near the stairwell where grain had been stored. The stairs brought us to the roof. In one corner was a carved, wooden canopy, under which stood a large settee. On this the Mir would sit when he held court.

From the roof we could see the town of Baltit, the new palace, the village of Ganesh, and the deep cut of the Hunza River. Behind, the rugged barren peaks loomed.

The custodian unlocked the door leading from the roof, and we went into rooms carpeted with Persian rugs and matting. On the plastered walls hung pictures of the Aga Khan and his begums, Prince Aly Khan, and members of the royal family of Hunza. Old firearms, swords, and shields also decorated the walls, and Ghazanfar posed for pictures, holding an ancient firearm bearing the date 946 of the Moslem calendar. Each room was furnished with a small heating stove and rustic furniture.

A smiling villager brought a plate of two kinds of melons and a cucumber. A jackknife was produced, and we sliced the fruits and found them sweet and juicy, refreshing indeed on a warm day.

On leaving the old palace Sultan Ali led us to the village school, where we met the three other men teachers —Mohammed Tara Beg, Sengi Khan, and Mohammed Karin. Sultan Ali told us:

"We have eighty boys in our school. It is just since the reign of the present Mir that each village has had a

school. The girls are not educated; it is not considered necessary. We have the first, second, and third middle classes, and each boy is required to attend until he has completed the third class. Classes are taught in Urdu, and they begin at eleven o'clock in the morning and continue until four in the afternoon."

The three classes then assembled on the veranda of the school and grinned and giggled while we took pictures of them. We were invited to take off our shoes and enter the school building, which was an old prayer hall and like a large auditorium. We sat on a mat on the floor in one corner while the students stood in a group in front of us and sang a Moslem song, asking God to give them peace and plenty and life in the hereafter. One good-looking lad with a high, clear voice sang each line first, the others following in unison.

After leaving the school, we followed our guide along the route of the irrigation canal, which was always the path for travel, climbing gradually to the fork in the path where a mill was set astride the stream. The water-cooled millhouse was large enough to admit all of us to its dusty skylighted depths. We found two sets of grinding stones in operation, powered by the fast-flowing stream from Ultar Glacier. Rahmat, the miller, with the help of Sultan Ali, told us that the flat grinding stones for each mill were chipped from the stone found in their valley, and pointed up the mountainside to an especially stony spot, where the rocks were collected and chipped. A large

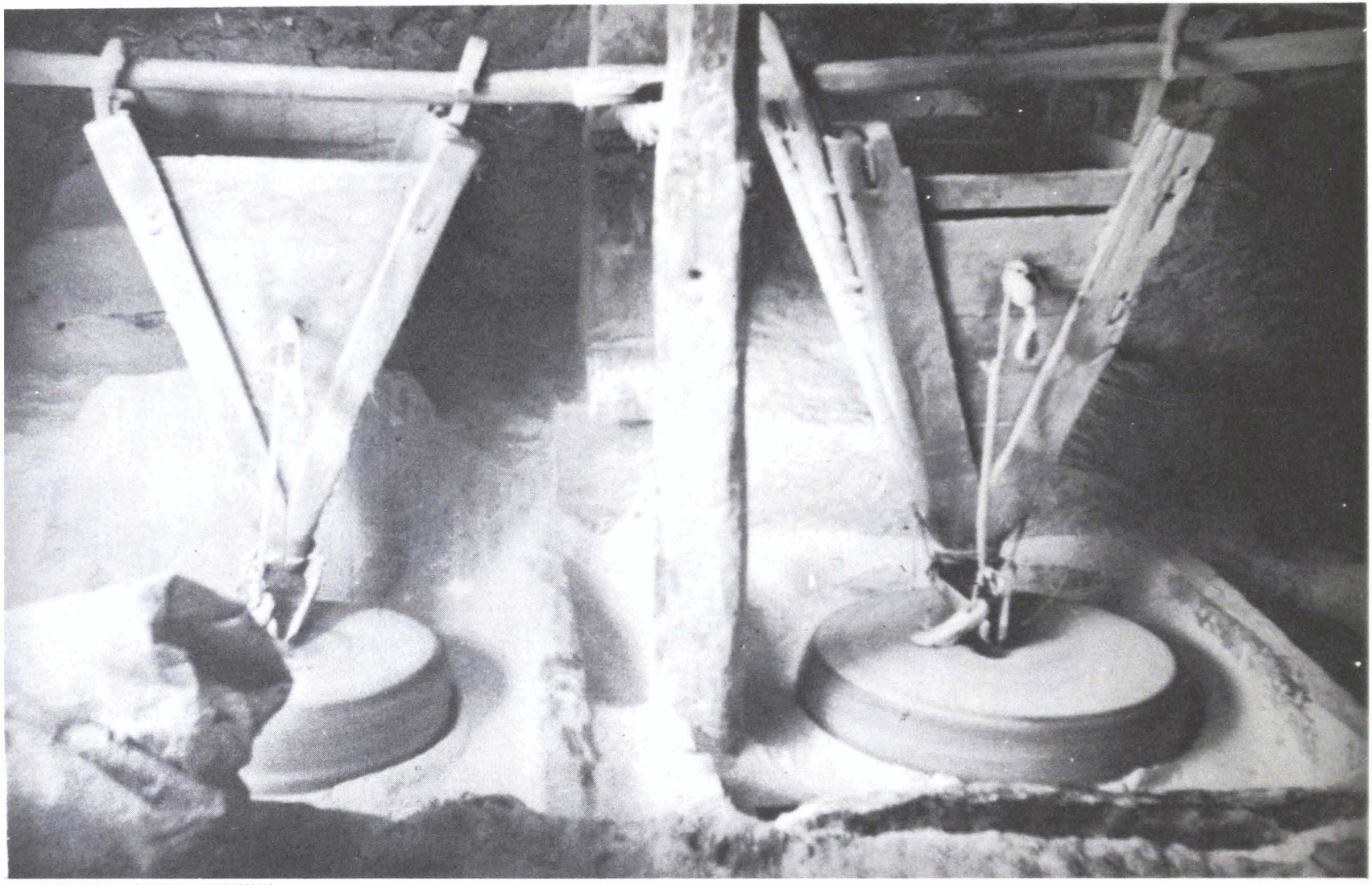


PHOTO BY DR. STANLEY WILKINSON

A large wooden funnel carried the whole grain between the grinding stones, which whirled against each other in a pleasant monotone. Wheat and two kinds of millet—*trumba* and *bagra*— are brought to be ground into flour.

wooden funnel carried the whole grain between the grinding stones, which whirled against each other in a pleasant monotone. Wheat and two kinds of millet—*trumba* and *bagra*—are brought to be ground into flour.

Sultan Ali had made previous arrangements with Ahmad Din for us to visit his home as a typical Hunza home. We entered through the cattle yard, where two miniature cows munched and several coal-black kids skittered out of the way, and climbed up some knee-high stone steps to a small veranda. Then, bending low, we went into the general living room of mud and stone, which was supported by heavy wooden beams blackened by years of wood-fire smoke. Ahmad Din invited us to be seated on some matting at one side of the usual square opening in the floor and the ceiling. The family and neighbors crowded in on the other side of the room to have a look at the Americans.

It seemed as though we were eating all the time in Hunza, but we found it hard to refuse the humble, sincere hospitality of the villagers. This time dried apricots, nuts of the apricot pits, grapes, and rosy-red apples were placed before us. The apricots had been soaked in water to restore their plumpness. The water from such soaking is also often served as a drink.

My heart was humbled by the hospitality of this home —friendly, honest men's faces smiling at us across the room; curious children's faces; kindly ministrations of the womenfolks, anxious to make us comfortable.

Ahmad Din came forward and played Hunza songs on a two-stringed instrument similar to a mandolin. Plucking the two strings while standing, he held it like a cello. The little daughter of the house permitted us to examine her dolly—a piece of wood about a foot long with carved head and feet protruding out of either end of red-and-purple-figured cloth, arms attached with heavy cord, and in the back a piece of loose cord to pull to make the arms flop up and down.

Sultan Ali explained the arrangement of the rooms of this typical home:

"The weather is cold in Baltit beginning in October, so we must have fire in our homes. The square opening in the ceiling permits the smoke to escape. The built-up couches on the sides of the room are the beds. As we have mentioned before, the top floor is occupied by the family during the warm season, and the first floor during the winter.

"You have probably noticed women carrying brush down from the mountainsides, where they climb to gather the little fuel available. We have no coal in this area and the few fruit trees and poplars are used for their products or for windbreaks. Fuel is a big problem in Hunza. We must wear heavy, warm clothing to make up for our lack of heat."

Taking the huge bow and arrow that hung on the wall, Sengi Khan, brother of Ahmad Din and zamindar of Baltit, stretched the bow string and shot an arrow

through the ceiling opening into the cloudless blue sky. On the side, Sultan Ali told us:

"Sengi Khan is a very unhappy man. He has had no success in having a son. He has two wives and nine daughters—but no sons!"

As we arose to go, Sengi Khan, handle-bar mustache quivering and gnarled hands rubbing together, made a speech regarding the honor accorded to Ahmad Din in having our party inspect his home and meet his family.

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

Winding through the narrow lanes of the village and up the barren hillside came the funeral procession of men of Hunza, led by twelve elderly mullahs (Mohammedan teachers). The cemetery is on a hill just above the palace.

# When a Hunzukut Dies

## CHAPTER NINE

TUESDAY WAS to be a big day—the Mir-Sahib was to return home! And already when we left our tents at eight o'clock that morning, we could see preparations being made for his coming. We could hear a sort of chanting in the distance, and were asking ourselves what it could mean when the schoolmaster appeared. He seemed always to be there when we needed him.

"An old man, eighty years old, quite a prominent man, died in Baltit last night, and those are the mourners you hear. They will be coming in about a half hour to bury him in the cemetery on the hill just above the palace."

Most of our group became somewhat accustomed to the mutton flavor in almost every dish, even the oatmeal, but Jerry just could not take it and gradually ate less and

Sultan Ali took us to see the weaving art of his country. We were graciously received at the weaver's home. The loom was set down in a square hole in the earth. We watched him manipulate the pedals with his feet.

less. Roy thought he could endure it, but his digestive system rebelled one night, and he spent the night in misery. It's bad enough to have digestive troubles in your own comfortable home, but it is really rough in a tent in a strange, remote land. With Roy down, Emma still taking it easy, and Laurice nursing a sore throat, our party was reduced to four that morning we heard the chanting down in the village.

"Could we go up there to see it?" asked Stan. "And do you suppose they would mind if we took pictures?"

"Certainly you may go to watch," was his reply, "and they won't mind your cameras at all."

Stan, Jerry, Dr. Verna, and I scurried up the hillside in order not to miss this unusual sight.

Winding through the narrow lanes of the town and up the barren hillside came the procession of men of Hunza led by twelve elderly mullahs (Mohammedan teachers). Following them, four carried a charpoy on which rested the body under a bright cerise spread.

Just below the brow of the hill the gravediggers worked, lining the opening with large flat rocks. It is believed by the Hunzukuts that when a man dies his angel comes to sit with him in his grave to review with him the record of his life. So the space in the grave must be large enough for two to sit upright.

As the procession reached the summit, the spread was lifted, and the body, wrapped in a white cloth, was placed on the ground. The mullahs gathered around it and with

PHOTO BY THE AUTHOR

The weaver's wife, in the gaily embroidered cap favored by the women, squatted in the gray dust and flailed the wool in the sand with two long, slender sticks, to cleanse it of oil and impurities.

their faces toward Mecca, prayed. Lifting their hands heavenward in supplication, they prayed to Allah, the relatives and friends making the same gesture. With the body returned to the charpoy, the procession went on to the graveside, and the corpse was laid in the opening in the earth. The body was carried in relays, three different groups of men carrying it a few feet. This man came from a large family and he also had many friends; therefore there were many men to serve as pallbearers. By having them serve in relays more of his friends could be honored. Then there was chanting from the holy Koran and more prayers.

A flat rectangle of stone was placed over the top of the grave, its sides resting on the top edges of the lining. The earth was shoveled over the slab, and the priests gathered again to chant and pray. The men began to leave the hill and return to the village, but the priests and the dead man's sons and grandsons remained to chant and pray longer.

"It is all over now," said Sultan Ali, "but if you will return tomorrow about this same time, you will see the grave completed by the pouring of a cement slab over the top of it, as has been done on these other graves."

We could not refrain from wishing at this grave that instead of chanting from the Koran and prayer toward Mecca, there would have been reading from the Holy Scriptures, telling of the "blessed hope" of our Lord's return and of the hope of the resurrection.

Before time for school to begin this morning, Sultan Ali took us to see the weaving art of his country. He had chosen a home in the village a short distance below the palace. We were very graciously received in the yard of the home where the loom was located, set down in a square hole in the earth. The weaver sat on the edge of the hole, and with his feet manipulated the pedals. The woolen thread on the shuttle he sent back and forth was a grayish tan and quite coarse. The woolen cloth made—gray, tan, or brown in color—was about twenty-four inches wide, and was used for the Hunza hats and robes. The weaver's wife, in the gaily embroidered cap favored by the women, squatted in the gray dust and flailed the wool in the sand with two long slender sticks to cleanse it of oil and impurities. We also had to see how the wool was spun into thread and then wound on the shuttle.

The weaver invited us into his house, where we saw the summer rooms and the winter rooms, the pile of colorful mats for the beds, the stores of dried apricots, apples, pears, the fireplace with the hole through the roof for the smoke, and the quarters for his sheep and cow underneath the house.

# His Highness Returns

## CHAPTER TEN

"WHERE IS the music coming from?" asked Jerry, peeking out of their tent that afternoon. "It sounds like a bagpipe band. It must be just down the path."

"It's for the Mir's return," Stan replied. "I understand the Crown Prince and Haritham left just after lunch to go to meet him. He is due at four o'clock, so they must have sighted him across the valley. Let's get our cameras and go down near the band so we don't miss his arrival!"

Minutes found us enjoying the vigorous thumping of the drummers and the blowing of the horn players. They had no printed music and no director; they needed none; they were playing for the welcome of their beloved Mir and playing from their hearts.

The band was made up of two drummers, each playing a set of drums, and three horn players. Their oboelike

horns were of silver with openings for their fingers and a circle of metal through which a reed protruded to form the mouthpiece, the circle fitting against the player's lips.

Through clearings in the trees along the trail, the Mir's party on horseback could be seen coming along the valley. Winston Mumby, the Crown Prince's American tutor, returning from annual leave, and Ayash, the Mir's brother, were in the lead. The Mir was behind all the way, we were told, as there were from thirty to forty of his people following along with him. Every village through which he passed had prepared a feast for him, and he had to eat something in each one to be courteous. There were also eight disputes that he took time to settle en route to the palace.

The group dismounted at the entrance to the palace grounds and walked the remaining distance with the Mir in the lead, Prince Ayash, Mr. Mumby, the Crown Prince, and Prince Haritham following, and a group of Hunzukuts at a respectful distance. At the court pavilion the Mir stopped to greet each of our group and introduced Mr. Mumby. We chatted at tea for a few minutes with the returned members of the household, and then retired to our own quarters so they could be with the family again.

That evening before dinner we had opportunity to become better acquainted with Mr. Mumby, who is the son of a Methodist minister and has spent the greater part of his life in India. He took most of his schooling at interdenominational Woodstock, school for missionaries' chil-

PHOTO BY DR. STANLEY WILKINSON

The trail above Baltit, clinging to a cliffside, is characteristic of the hazards of the Hunza highway system. Jerry, Laurice, and Emma on the trail.

dren at Mussoorie, India. At this time his wife, Jean, was visiting her medical missionary parents in Assam, so Mr. Mumby, or Win as he wished to be called, was happy to have some Americans to visit. And we were fortunate to have him serve as our chief of protocol. He assisted us in many instances when we were not sure just what was the correct procedure.

"Tell us, Win, does the Mir tax his people? Just what is the source of his income?" was one of the questions we tossed to him.

"No, the Mir does not tax his people. His income is derived from private properties he owns. He does rent some lands to his people for cultivation, and he collects 50 per cent of the crops from them. He used to charge the persons involved in disputes he settled a calf each, but now he has discontinued that and does it for free.

"The crops this year have been very good and everyone is happy and well taken care of. Last year, though, the crops were poor, and before the new crops came in there was a famine. Karimabad just squeaked through with sufficient provisions," he replied in answer.

"Say, have you folks noticed the royal children have foster parents?" Win inquired of us.

"Why, no. We thought the men with the little princes were their servants or appointed to look after them," I replied.

"They are the foster parents of the princes. Each royal child, very soon after he is born, is given over to foster

parents, good people of the nearby villages, who bring him up from infancy. The Mir and Rani bear the expenses in the way of food and clothing, and the foster parents bring the children often to the palace. Ghazanfar, Dorrishawar, Nelofur, Malika, and Mary are at the palace almost constantly, and there are quarters in the rear of the palace where they and their foster parents may stay. Abbas' foster father brings him from Ganesh to Karimabad every day to see the Rani."

"What is the purpose of this arrangement?"

"It is followed to integrate the royal family among the village people, to make them feel they are part of the ruling family."

"It should make the children grow up to understand the problems of their people and how they live."

"How long have you been tutor to the Crown Prince, Win?" came another inquiry, this time from Emma.

"Three years. I am now beginning my second term of three years."

"Do you teach only the Crown Prince?"

"I also teach his cousin Nasim, and Dorrishawar and Nelofur have been coming for classes. I understand it has been decided that since Dorrishawar is being married she will not need to attend class any longer. You probably have heard that the legal contract for her marriage has been performed, but the Mir feels her husband-to-be should settle down a little more before they really live together.

Each royal child, soon after birth, is given over to foster parents—good people of the nearby villages. This custom makes the people feel they are part of the ruling family. Shown is Prince Abbas with his foster mother.

"I follow the Calvert system in teaching them. The Crown Prince has state matters in which he is receiving instruction also. For example, he must learn the family name of each family in each village in the country. You can imagine what a task that is."

That evening was the "when" to present our gifts. We had been told that it is protocol to give quite a valuable gift to the Mir in appreciation for the entertainment of a group like ours. The seven of us pooled our gifts, mostly articles we had brought with us or sent for from America, with the result that we had a present for each member of the royal family. Preceding dinner, Roy presented the gifts—a Rolliflex camera for the Mir, a thermos dish for the Rani, chocolates and a copy of *The Desire of Ages* for the entire family, pencils and puzzles for the Crown Prince and his cousin, an evening stole for Dorrishawar, a sweater for Nelofur, dolls for the four little princesses, gyrotops for the four little princes, candy for Ayash, a fountain pen for Haritham, and an Eversharp pencil for the schoolmaster.

When Roy was finished, the Mir sighed and said, "It is too, too much. To think you brought all these things in your saman! You should not have done it."

We were a happy, jolly group that evening, as we went in to a very special dinner in honor of the Mir's return.

We ate breakfast the next morning, Wednesday, with the Mir and Rani joining us at the table, although they

had already eaten. During the conversation after breakfast, the Mir mentioned the parties that he had attended in Gilgit while waiting the arrival of the political resident, who in the end found it impossible to come.

"Ever since last spring in Karachi, when Dr. Nelson advised me to leave off sugar in my diet, I have taken on the drinking of beer and whisky," His Highness remarked. "But in Gilgit I gained ten pounds or more, which I intend to lose. Dr. Nelson also advised me to keep my weight down to 175 pounds, for I had brought it down from 210 to 175 pounds."

"Perhaps Your Highness does not realize that alcoholic beverages are very high in sugar content," advised Dr. Verna.

"Is that right? I didn't know that. Well, well. And how about beer, Doctor?"

"Beer, of course, doesn't contain as much alcohol as whisky or wine, but it still has quite a high sugar content."

"Dr. Wilkinson, do you agree with the lady doctor?" inquired the Mir.

"Yes, I do, Your Highness. Her advice is good."

"That being the case, friends, I will drink no more whisky or beer from today. As of this date, September 14, I will stop drinking."

Then followed a period of picture taking, when the Mir, in his royal robe of black velvet embroidered in gold and wearing a black Jinnah cap ornamented with precious

gems and an osprey feather, and the Rani in white lace *qamiz*, white satin *salwar*, and white net *dupatta*, patiently posed and posed for us.

At ten o'clock the Mir went to the rectangular court area, where he met with his counselors, although they had no cases to consider that day. He had been gone ten days, yet there were no disputes to settle on his return. What a peaceful country! However, His Highness met with his men and visited with them, thus learning all the happenings during his absence. He sat in a corner of the pavilion on a large settee covered with colorful Persian rugs, smoked and visited with about forty of his men, who sat on the matting at his feet and smoked their hookahs or hubble-bubble pipes. The Hunza men may also come to the Mir, and the women to the Rani, any time of day or night when they need help.

The village of Ganesh, four miles down at a forty-five degree angle, on the cliff of the Hunza River, had beckoned to us ever since our arrival. We had indicated our interest in seeing it and the suspension bridge over the Hunza just beyond the village, and Sultan Ali suggested now would be a good time to tour Ganesh.

Following the irrigation ditch, we gingerly climbed down a broad path strewn with huge rocks and boulders, terraced walls supporting cultivated fields on either side. We passed women working with men in the field, cutting hay by hand and tying and stacking it.

We carefully stepped from rock to boulder, for one

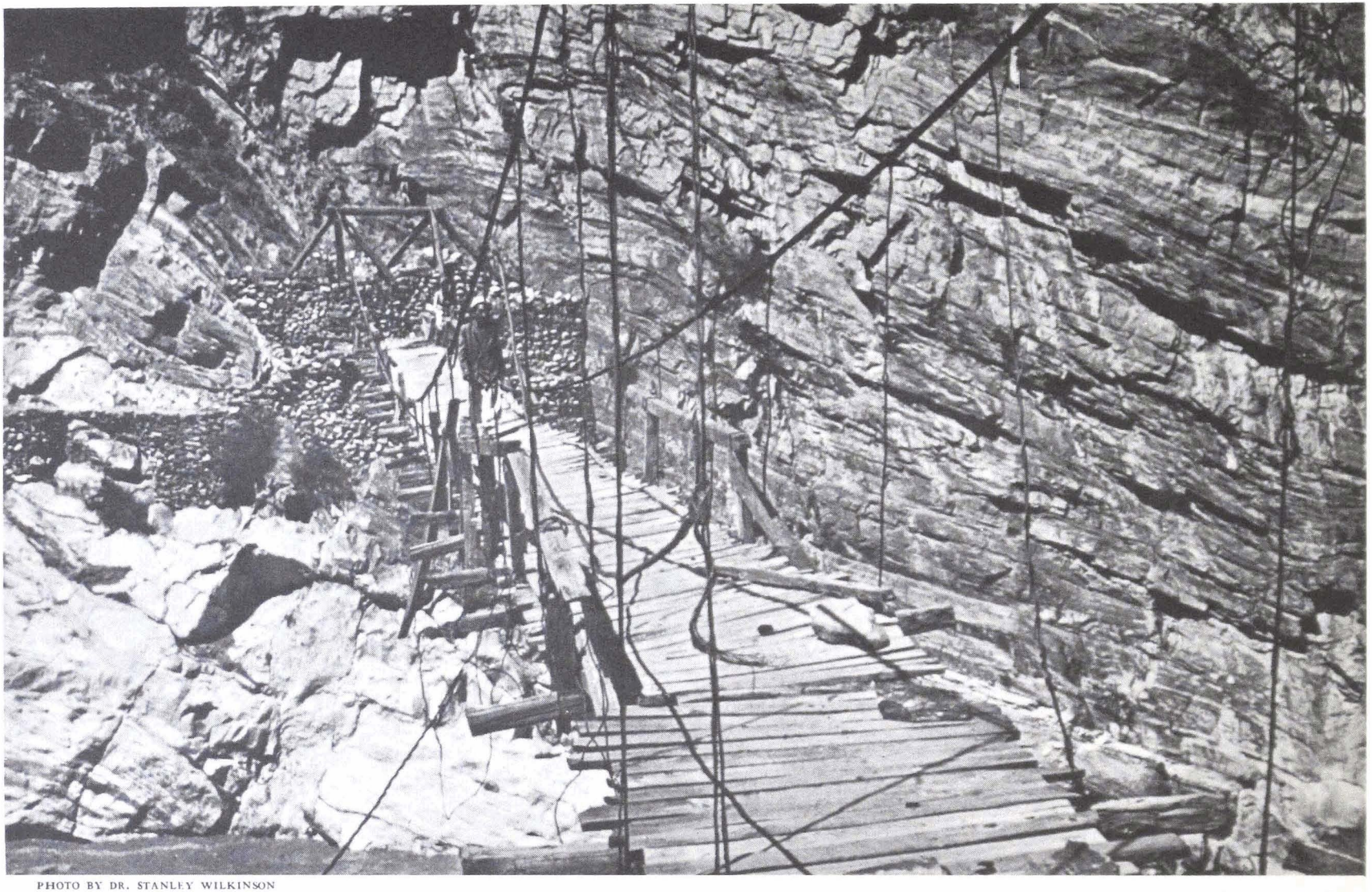


PHOTO BY DR. STANLEY WILKINSON

The suspension bridge over the Hunza River was a primitive engineering feat. It took real daring to cross the bridge, for it swayed with each motion of the travelers. Running across reduced the motion somewhat!

misstep could send us plunging headlong into another member of the group. Then came a small clearing with a dirt path and close-clipped grass on one side. I tripped lightly along, glad to be free of watching my step, only to step sideways on a grassy clump and hear a sickening *brunch* in my ankle as I came down on it. Dr. Stan examined it and advised I turn back while I could still walk. Roy came along with me, and I reluctantly hobbled back up the hill to the palace.

Ganesh proved to be a typical Hunza village with pond and polo ground in the center. The suspension bridge over the river was an engineering feat for this country, for the farther end was anchored in the solid rock of the cliff and a gallery served to support the path where the bridge ended. It took real daring to cross the bridge, for it swayed with each motion of the travelers. At a word from Sultan Ali, a Hunzukut took each woman by the arm and hurried her across the bridge, the running reducing the motion somewhat.

That noon at lunch the Mir told of two Hunza girls, who were crossing this bridge with loads of brush on their backs, when a strong wind blew them off into the stream about two hundred feet below. "They just swam to shore uninjured," he said, "wrung the water from their clothing, and went on their way."

The Rani in white lace *qamiz,* and the Mir in his royal robe of black velvet, patiently posed and posed for us. The Mir's cap was ornamented with precious gems and a white osprey feather.

# "Was It a Love Match?"

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

AT THURSDAY morning breakfast the Mir mentioned that before he left Gilgit, Mr. Kiani, the political agent for the Gilgit Agency, informed him that he, his wife, and small daughter were planning to pay Hunza an official visit and would arrive about four o'clock the following Friday afternoon, which was the next day.

"I only wish that he had chosen to come after your visit," continued the Mir. "He will be in Karimabad for two days, taking his departure on Monday morning. I understand you are planning to leave this Sunday. I would prefer that you not leave while he is here. Stay until next Tuesday, won't you? Then I can be free to visit with you. We can have a picnic at the old fort at Altit.

"There is another matter I regret very much also, and

that is that I have used my quota of petrol for September. I fear I will not be able to secure two jeeps for your return trip. As you know, petrol is quite scarce in this area, having to be flown in. I am alloted twenty gallons each month. My trip to Gilgit used ten gallons, and your two jeeps coming in used the balance, as they had to be returned to the army and could not remain at Sakanderabad for your return. I will keep trying to secure jeeps for you; it may still work out. I thought I should give you this little warning of what may be the situation."

"Be assured, Your Highness," responded Stan, "we will not mind a bit going out all the way by horse. It will just make our trip all the more of an adventure, all the more interesting. What if it does take another day?"

After we had discussed this suggested change in our plans among the members of our group, it was decided that to stay two days longer would not make any great difference in any one person's plans and that we should comply with the Mir's request.

That same evening as we visited in the reception room, some listening to records, others playing table games with the two older princesses, Jerry timidly broached the subject of the romance of the Mir and the Rani.

"Mir-Sahib, how did you and the Rani meet? Was it a love match?"

Womanlike, we had conjectured about this several times, for the Mir and the Rani seemed so very fond of each other. He always spoke of her as "my Rani," and we

were sure we saw more than an ordinary glow of happiness on her face upon his return to Karimabad.

"No, it wasn't," was the Mir's reply. "For many years there had been no marriages between Nagar and Hunza. In fact, we had been enemies for a long time. But this feeling died out, and both sides of the river were keen for a marriage between the royal families. Even my grandparents would have liked to arrange a marriage between the families. I told my parents that they could arrange the marriage, but I would decide for myself on the girl. Finally I decided; they arranged it; and we were married."

"Were you married here in Hunza or over in Nagar?"

"I personally went over to Nagar and brought her to Hunza. The marriage ceremony was held over there."

"Were you happy when you saw her?" Jerry pressed.

"Yes, but I don't know if she was happy when she saw *me,*" teased the Mir.

There was a general laugh when the Rani, understanding more of the conversation than we realized, retorted—in English—"I was *not* happy when I saw him!"

"And now Dorrishawar's wedding will soon take place," continued the Mir. "She must have 120 complete outfits, so many bangles, earrings, these many *dekhshis,* blankets—she will take half the palace with her!"

Dorrishawar sat with downcast eyes and pink face when our attention turned to her, and when Laurice wondered aloud how many of the 120 outfits she had ready, the Rani invited the women in to see the trousseau.

The sixty complete outfits of *qamiz, salwar,* and *dupatta,* already made for the trousseau, that were spread before us made a riot of color. The Rani drew from a drawer in the small carved cabinet in her sitting room the keys that unlocked two large metal trunks garishly painted with bright flowers and green leaves. One by one she drew out the *qamizes* and *salwars*—satins, silks, brocaded taffetas, gold cloth, nylons, crepes, all heavily embroidered with rhinestones, sequins, tiny mirrors, silver and gold thread. The *dupattas* of crepe de Chine, chiffon, or net were embroidered and bordered just as lavishly. How fortunate that their styles do not change and Dorrishawar will have opportunity to eventually wear all those 120 outfits.

# A Hospital for Hunza

CHAPTER TWELVE

SEVERAL TIMES during our visit the need for a well-equipped hospital for Hunza had been discussed. After his visit to the Karachi hospital, Prince Ayash had remarked that he had decided in order to have a worth-while hospital—one in which the people would have confidence—it would have to be a mission hospital. The wish had been expressed that our organization would establish a hospital in the Hunza Valley.

Friday morning at breakfast, Roy turned the conversation to the need for a hospital.

"I am definitely interested in a mission hospital for my people," said the Mir. "There is a great need here. For instance, three to four hundred boys, not to mention the girls, died of whooping cough in Hunza this year. I understand there is an injection that would prevent that.

We don't have any surgery. Think of an emergency surgery case having to ride by horseback and jeep to Gilgit! By the time a patient could get to Gilgit for surgery he would die. Ninety per cent of my people have worms. Many of them have eye diseases, goiters, liver abscesses. We need a hospital with a surgery and an X-ray unit."

"Do you think the Pakistan Government would help any in the establishment of such a hospital?" asked Roy.

"The Government might supply the medicines. I would be willing to furnish the land and construct the buildings required."

"Then you would like our organization to supply the doctor and operate the hospital. I should think such an institution would require a man doctor and a woman doctor—perhaps a doctor couple or a doctor husband and nurse wife. And all services would have to be rendered on a free basis, wouldn't they?"

"That is right, for my people see very little cash in a year. They could supply produce and fruit. The Nagar people would patronize the hospital also. There would be a population of fifty to sixty thousand people to serve."

"It surely sounds like a wonderful opportunity for us," commented Stan. "A good share of the doctor's time could be spent in visiting the villages to give inoculations, treatment for eye diseases, et cetera."

"But Your Highness," wondered Roy, "what if your people were converted to Christianity as the result of the founding of a Seventh-day Adventist hospital in Hunza?"

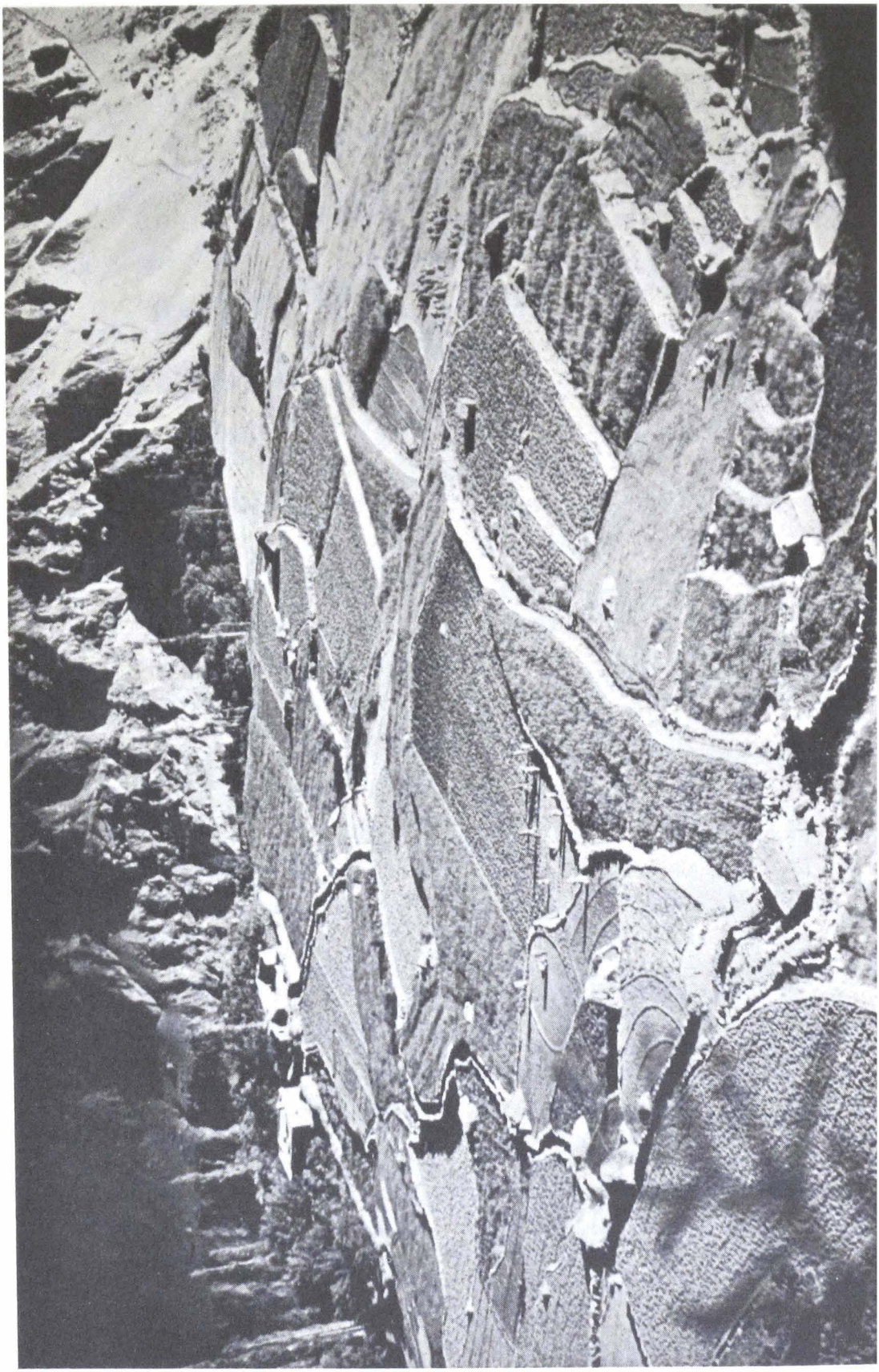
"Well, you have my permission to try," laughed the Mir, "but I don't think you can convert them."

"If you will put your request in writing, we will be more than glad to take it to our headquarters."

"I will do that, Mr. Henrickson. And I will also take the matter up with the political agent to get his reaction while he is here," replied the Mir as we left the dining room.

Every event of Friday was geared to the arrival of the political agent that afternoon. Protocol required that the political agent and his family occupy Guest House No. 1; so the women quickly moved to Guest House No. 2, since the German anthropologist had departed the day before. Soon after lunch, Prince Ayash and the Crown Prince, clad in riding habits, set out on horseback to meet the political agent and his party. At three o'clock the band practiced a bit down by the entrance to the grounds, and shortly after four o'clock an eleven-gun salute began to be fired. It was completed as the political agent dismounted and was greeted by the Mir.

We had climbed the hill behind our quarters to see them fire the cannon for the salute. It was a very ancient cannon that required hand loading. One Hunzukut put in the ammunition, which was divided into eleven paper-wrapped packages about a foot long. Another man used the ramrod on it, and a third poked a little gunpowder down a hole in the base of the cannon. A fourth man stood looking through binoculars at the progress of the



political agent's party through the valley, and on his signal, a fifth man came forward with a lighted taper and lighted the cannon. We were so near that the explosions were terrific, and the noise could be heard echoing from canyon to canyon.

There were ten persons in the political agent's party. Their saman had arrived earlier and had been placed in their quarters. The party was escorted to the palace, where they met the Rani and were entertained for tea.

That evening the Mir and Mr. Kiani dined together, and the visiting political party retired early.

Sabbath school was held the next morning on the lawn of the park below the palace. Stan was superintendent this week. As the program of songs, prayer, secretary's report, mission story, and duet by Emma and Laurice progressed, we noticed Dorrishawar and Nelofur watching us from behind some trees. We signaled for them to join us on the blankets, which they did. Emma had the lesson study on the story of the resurrection of Lazarus. She told the story simply in order that the princesses would understand. We were glad to have them join in our worship.

Just as we finished sundown worship, Win dropped in to tell us that there was to be a special buffet dinner that evening in honor of the political agent, who would most probably wear a white dinner jacket. This threw our two men into a panic, for they had only sport outfits. Win, enjoying the situation very much, took Stan and

Roy over to his house and outfitted them properly from his wardrobe. That is, he supplied suit coats, dress shirts, and ties. But it turned out that the political agent decided not to wear his dinner jacket but wore a business suit instead.

The buffet dinner, served on several tables in the large reception room, included such special items as pilau with pistachio nuts and a cake jello mold with custard sauce. Again we marveled at the delicious and appetizing dishes that came from the little stone kitchen with the open fireplace.

When tea had been served in the drawing room after dinner, our party said good night and started for our rooms. Before reaching them, we heard footsteps behind us and Win saying, "What's the hurry folks? Why did you leave so soon?"

"Well, the Rani had drunk her tea. You said we should leave when she had finished her green tea," responded several voices.

"Yes, I know. But the political agent is a V.I.P. [very important person], and the guests should arrive before he does and leave after he does."

"But Win, how were we to know?" we remonstrated. "We kept remembering the evening before you returned. When tea was finished, we were wondering whether it was time to leave, and Prince Haritham rather abruptly told us, 'Rani-Sahiba wishes to sleep.' We didn't want *that* to happen again!"

"I'm sorry, folks. I guess I slipped up this time as your chief of protocol. But don't worry about it; the Mir-Sahib will understand. And don't think anything of what Haritham said; that is the proper thing with royalty. You wait until you are dismissed."

We were glad the darkness hid our pink faces.

The fort at Altit is on a very steep cliff overlooking the Hunza River. It had once been an important post in the protection of the valley. We saw the villagers drying apricots and nuts and clothing on their roof tops.

# More Patients and Fort Altit

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

SUNDAY MORNING Win Mumby came with the suggestion that we take a hike along the upper irrigation canal to where we could have a different view of the valley and could see another glacier among the peaks across the river. He led us in a brisk hike to this point, bringing us back by way of the highest canal in the valley.

On the return, the party became separated, with Dr. Verna, Roy, and me in the rear. As we passed a group of villagers a man requested us to come with him to see his friend who was ill. We followed him up a steep and rocky path between houses, then up a narrow, treacherous flight of steps made of rocks jutting from the side of his house. He invited us to enter a small dark room, in which

sat five Hunza women with four or five children, and then on into the main room, where a dozen men were gathered. The patient, a young man who had been a porter of the expedition to climb $K^2$, also on the German expedition to Nanga Parbat, complained of pain in the right lower chest. He rested on a charpoy covered with a comforter. Dr. Verna examined him, advised an X-ray in Gilgit for possible ulcer, and gave him some medicine for relief of his pain.

The doctor's fee was a plate of sweet and juicy peaches. We took our departure with their words of gratitude ringing in our ears.

Back on the village path again, and within just a few steps, another man stopped Dr. Verna to have her look at the eyes of his elderly mother, who was with him. Immediately Dr. Verna told him the mother had cataracts and the only cure was to have the cataracts removed by surgery.

Our trip to the old fort at Altit was delayed by rain on Monday morning, but shortly after lunch we were on our way, with Win as our guide. The rain-washed air smelled fresh and clean; the fields and bushes were moist and green. At a fast walk we reached the fort in just twenty minutes and entered through the orchard and grape arbor, carpeted with close-clipped lawns. The fort is on a very steep cliff overlooking the Hunza River. In olden times it was an important post in the pro-

tection of the valley. In the orchard several patients awaited the doctors. Win, fluent in Urdu, acted as interpreter.

From the lower part of the fort, we climbed up high stone-and-mud steps and stumbled through dark passageways to the roof, where the present Mir has built new living quarters for his visits to the fort.

Every spring the royal family visits Altit for several days. It is here the Mir performs the spring-planting ceremony, when he himself sows the seed to which a portion of gold dust has been added. It is believed the gold brings larger and better crops.

Several village men joined our group, bringing their contributions of dried apricots, nuts from the apricot pits, and walnuts.

Stan, Win, and Roy decided to climb farther up inside the old crumbly tower of the fort. The square opening to the tower barely admitted each of them, and inside they had to find handholds and footholds in the wood and mud of the structure. One side of the wall at the top began to sway outward as they leaned against it, and they hastened down before any damage was done—to them or to the tower.

From the fort we could see the village of Altit sprawling at our feet, many of the villagers out on their roofs. Apricots and nuts and clothing were drying in the sun. The village pond, where all the children must learn to swim, sparkled in the sunlight. On the right stood the

whitewashed prayer hall, and on the far edge of the village stretched the polo ground, a precious piece of level ground. The pond, the prayer hall, and the polo ground—the three musts of a Hunza village.

We returned through the village of Altit, skirting the village pond, the doctors stopping to examine several children.

# The Dream Trip Ends

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

AS WE climbed the stairs of the palace that evening we realized this was our last dinner with the royal family. Our dream was drawing to an end. After we were seated in the reception room the Rani entered, followed by a servant bearing a large tray. Then graciously, with the Mir making the proper comments, she presented to each woman of our party an embroidered cap, as worn by the women of Hunza, and a length of Chinese brocade. To each of the men she presented a set of Russian China bowls. We were speechless for several minutes. It was just too much—to be their guests for eleven wonderful days, and now these gifts!

Before dinner was served we were entertained with the showing of slides of the royal family at Clifton Beach near Karachi, taken by Jean Shor.

PHOTO BY DR. STANLEY WILKINSON

At seven o'clock in the morning our horses arrived. The saman (luggage) was tied on the pack horses and sent ahead. It was with reluctance that we said good-by to our royal friends, for they had won our hearts.

At seven o'clock the next morning our horses arrived. The saman was tied on the pack horses and sent ahead. It was with reluctance that we said good-by to our royal friends, for they had won our hearts in that short time. But His Highness promised they would see us in Karachi in a few months, where they would save an evening for their hospital friends. There were many salaams from the palace servants as we rode away.

At noon we lunched in the Hini resthouse on curry, chapatties, boiled eggs, potatoes, and fruit—all eaten with our hands, Hunza style! Our Hini friends, who had brought the food, stood around to wait on us and to see how we fared.

By five o'clock that evening we had covered the twenty-four miles to Maiún, and found a group of men in the resthouse yard as we came in. Several of them or their children were patients for the doctors to examine. The supply of medicines was exhausted long before this, but the doctors examined them and prescribed medicines, X-rays, or surgery to be secured at the government hospital or at Gilgit. One little boy's father brought forward a basket of grapes and requested the doctor to accept it in payment for the surgery for hernia that his boy needed, the surgery to be performed right then and there!

. . . . .

There was some excitement on the trail early the next morning when Dr. Verna attempted to mount her

horse and he tried to kick her. Fortunately she was not injured. Roy rode her horse for a while and later Dr. Verna was able to mount him without any trouble.

About the middle of the morning we passed through Sakanderabad; then began the section over which we had formerly ridden in the jeeps. It was a wider road, but in some spots we wondered whether we had actually ridden over them—they were so steep and narrow.

At the dak bungalow in Chalt we stopped for water and red, juicy apples. Farther down the trail we wished we had eaten our lunch at Chalt, for we had difficulty finding grass and water. We finally came to a small trickle of a stream with several patches of grass and shrubs. The guides told us this was the last water before Nomal, our rest stop for the night. Here we ate our lunch of chapatties (always chapatties), curry, cucumber, raisins, and nuts, and drank from the little stream.

We were a weary, dusty, saddlesore seven who halted at Nomal in the late afternoon. The caretaker at the cottage told us he was a Hunzukut, and the Mir had telephoned to him to bring us food for the evening meal.

Before we could make any supper preparations, several patients came. One man requested Dr. Verna to go with him to his home to see his wife. The woman had weeping dermatitis, and her face was swollen and her eyes shut. While away from the resthouse Dr. Verna examined another woman with a ventral hernia and a boy with eye trouble. Dr. Stan had remained at the resthouse

to take care of the patients on the veranda—men with fever, eye disease, and stomach trouble.

In a few minutes a Hunzukut had arrived carrying a large tray of raw vegetables—potatoes, tomatoes, cabbage, carrots, onions, cucumbers—and on the top, a bouquet of asters and zinnias. We accepted this gladly and requested a large kettle. Our men pitched in and peeled and pared, and I scouted around for a man to build a fire in the tiny cookhouse to the right. Soon we had a huge *dekhshi* (aluminum kettle) of camp stew bubbling in the cookhouse fireplace. Another man appeared with a platter of fresh beef weighing eight or ten pounds. We thanked him for his contribution, but told him we had plenty with the vegetables. Others brought hot, thin chapatties and fresh eggs. The latter we boiled for breakfast the next morning. We thought we had made enough stew for the next morning, and thus we would not take so long to get on our way. But we were ravenously hungry and cleaned up the *dekhshi* at supper.

This resthouse had a bathroom and two bedcots! and carpets! It seemed much more like home.

Although we were delayed the next morning in getting started because two horses were lame, we arrived at Gilgit shortly after noon. We found that the plane leaving that afternoon was completely booked, and we would not be able to fly until the next morning.

The Mir had told us we must stay in his house in Gilgit, and the servants were expecting us.

PHOTO BY DR. STANLEY WILKINSON

The group on a once-in-a-lifetime trip pose with the Mir and the Rani. From left to right: Dr. and Mrs. Stanley Wilkinson, Dr. Verna L. Robson, Laurice Kafrouni, Emma Binder, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Henrickson.

The servant in charge was planning to purchase meals for us from a nearby hotel in Gilgit, but when we remembered how hot with chilies the food probably would be, we decided to have still some more of "that good camp stew." But—there was no pot in which to cook it, no wood for the fire, no salt to put in it, and no vegetables. Roy and I, with the servant as guide, went off to the bazaar to purchase the needed items, intending to donate the *dekhshi* to the servants on leaving.

A white woman in slacks and plaid shirt was quite an unusual sight in the bazaar, and there was a circle of onlookers at every shop we entered. We completed our purchases, including grapes and apples. With the men using their trusty knives, we soon had another kettle of stew in the fireplace. It took no urging for us to crawl into our sleeping bags at sundown that evening.

The next morning the personal assistant to the political agent called for Stan and Roy and took them to Mr. Kiani's office to complete the arrangements for our departure by plane that morning for Rawalpindi. A jeep was sent to take our luggage to the airport first, and then to return for us. Our plane took off about nine-thirty that morning.

After three days on horseback, flying was really the only way to travel. What glorious views from each side of the plane! This time we saw another side of Nanga Parbat, the morning sun bathing it in gold against the clear blue sky.

Again we each had a turn beside the pilot, and as I sat there Pilot Malik remarked, "Over the next peak I will show you a village where the villagers have never seen actual money. They still use the barter system. If I ever should land there, it would be—" and he made the motion of cutting his throat.

When back in the freight section of the plane, which was practically empty except for our baggage, we hit a down draft and the plane dropped—well, a number of feet, anyway! In a few minutes we felt ourselves dropping again, and everyone grabbed for something to hang onto. In an hour the rough ride was over and we saw Rawalpindi in the distance; then the wheels were bumping along the runway.

Our dream had ended, and in our hearts we were saying, "Thanks to Your Highness for your invitation." "Thanks to the Government for the permit." "Thanks to our heavenly Father for making our visit possible, for His protection and care on a once-in-a-lifetime trip!"