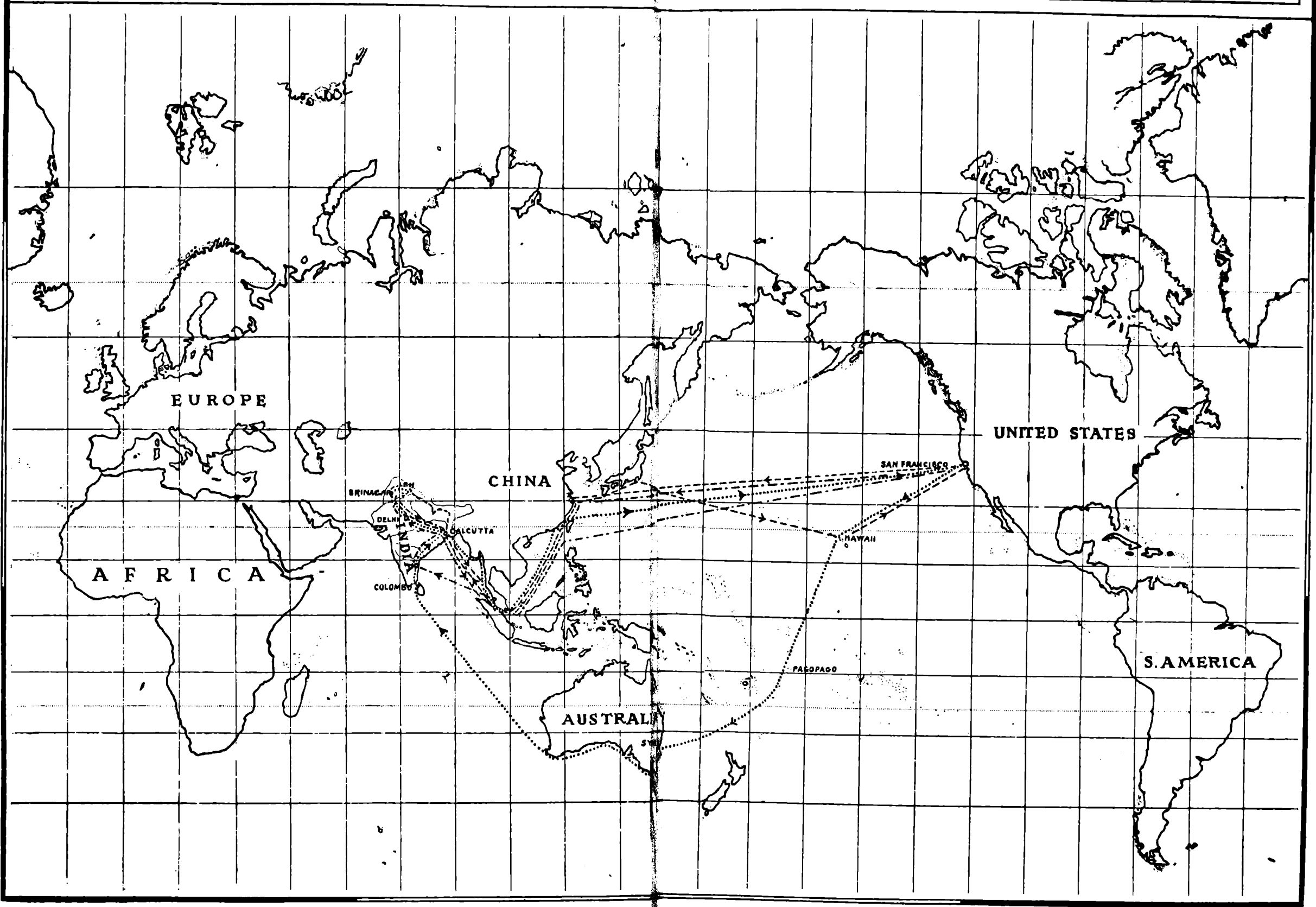


FIRST JOURNEY 

SECOND JOURNEY 

THIRD JOURNEY 





*A MONK WITH HIS TRUMPET MADE OF A HUMAN THIGH-BONE.*

# IN SEARCH OF THE MAHATMAS OF TIBET

BY

EDWIN G. SCHARY

WITH FOREWORDS BY

CANON C. E. TYNDALE-BISCOE, M.A. (Cantab.)

Principal, C.M.S. School, Srinagar ; Author of "Kashmir in Sunlight & Shade"

&

DAVID MACDONALD

Former British Trade Agent, Gyantse, Tibet ; Author of "The Land of the  
Lama" and "Twenty Years in Tibet," &c.

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## FOREWORD

By the REV. CANON C. E. TYNDALE-BISCOE,  
Principal of the C.M.S. School, Srinagar, Kashmir; author of  
*Kashmir in Sunlight & Shade, &c.*

I FEEL it an honour to have been asked to write a Foreword to Mr E. G. Schary's book describing the experiences he went through in his attempt to discover the Mahatmas of Tibet. His pluck and determination in the face of overwhelming difficulties and suffering fill one with admiration, and what enhances our admiration for his courage and fortitude, is the kindness of heart he displays when dealing with Indian coolies and those who are so often despised on account of their low caste or calling. For when strength and kindness are combined, you have a MAN.

I had an opportunity of seeing Mr Schary when he was down and out and yet his heart was sound. I once found him on a pouring wet day lying in a small Hindu temple on a rough bed, stricken with fever. He told me that he had taken on the job of headmaster of a school run by Brahmans, and that the founder of the school (who was leader of the Brahman Orthodox party) had requested him to add to his work by giving private tuition to his sons, who were about to enter for the Punjab University Matriculation examination. But although he had given of his best at both jobs, he was unable to obtain any of the pay promised to him, and hence he had thrown up his headmastership and tutorship.

It happened that the Punjab University had asked me to take over the superintendence of the native examination which was to commence that week, so I asked Mr Schary if he would care to

help me as one of my assistants. The examination lasts ten days, the pay being three rupees (Rs. 3s.) a day. I hoped that by the end of ten days he would be given a permanent job by Mr Avery, an American, who had big works on hand. Mr Schary jumped at my offer, for he said that these former pupils of his had been telling him of the various dodges they were going to employ in the exam. in order to score off the superintendents of the exam. and the examiners. And therefore he would be delighted to catch these young Brahmans out when practising their arts and crafts in the examination hall. You can imagine the feelings of those smart Brahman cribbers when they had taken their seats, and looking round the hall studying their ground, saw their former tutor to whom they had confided their secrets, standing among the gods on the dais.

Later, Mr Avery, who is himself a tiger for work, speaking of Schary, said that he was a super hard worker, and did splendid work for him.

The last time I saw Mr Schary he was in gaol, and although he was confined in the ordinary Indian prison, he behaved as if he was in his own palace, speaking kindly of those in charge of him and bearing no malice; he felt the justice of his position and made the best of it.

If the book helps its readers to stand up and face gales from any quarter, it will not have been written in vain.

C. E. TYNDALE-BISCOE

## FOREWORD

By DAVID MACDONALD, former British Trade Agent  
at Gyantse, Tibet; author of *Twenty Years in Tibet*,  
*The Land of the Lama, &c.*

I HAVE been asked to write a Foreword to this book of Schary's, and in so far as his adventures in Central Tibet are concerned, I can vouch for the truth of his narrative, as I was resident in Tibet at the time. Schary must have been endowed with extraordinary powers of pertinacity and endurance, for nothing less would have carried him through the hardships and privations to which he was exposed during the latter part of his second journey in Tibet. I cannot do better than quote from my own description of Schary's arrival at Gyantse, from my book *Twenty Years in Tibet* (1932).

"October 1918 was marked by an unusual occurrence. I was in Yatung at the time, but had the story from the Gyantse men, and met the chief actor therein when he passed through the Chumbi Valley on his way down to India. One evening, at dusk, a begrimed and filthily clad figure, covered with festering sores, crawled up to the main gate of the Gyantse Fort. In Hindustani he asked the sepoy sentry to let him in, but the latter, taking him for a Tibetan beggar, refused, and ordered him away from the post. Sinking down on a stone near by, the man said 'I am a white man, you must let me in.' The sepoy was sceptical, but the matter was taken out of his hands by an Indian officer of the Detachment, who realised after a few inquiries that the wanderer was really a white man in distress. Eventually Schary wrote a note to Mr Martin, my head clerk at Gyantse, to the effect that he was sick and starving, and asking help. As soon as

Martin read this letter, he of course had Schary brought in, and given food and attention. He was really in a terrible condition, verminous, ill-nourished and really very ill. After he had bathed and clad himself in borrowed garments, he told his story. Several weeks of nursing and careful attention helped him to regain his health, but all the time he was in British hands in Tibet, his craving for anything sweet, such as jam, was intense. He had tasted nothing sweet all the time he was crossing Tibet, for the poorer Tibetans among whom he lived, and the nomads, never use sugar or its products.

“Schary’s story, in so far as it related to his visit to the Nepal Frontier, was afterwards proved to be true in a peculiar manner. Just before Christmas 1919 I was travelling down from Gyantse to Yatung to spend the festival with my family. As was my custom, I halted in Pharijong, where the local officials and headmen called to pay their respects. Among them was a former headman of a village on the Nepal Frontier. This man produced a sheet of coarse European made paper, on which there was writing in English. He asked me what it was about. To my surprise, it was a letter written by Schary, and bore out his statements regarding his movements on that frontier. In it he damned the hospitality of the Tibetans, who had apparently received him with coldness. It had obviously been written on a page torn from the Report Book of the Nepalese Frontier Guard.”

Journeys such as that made by Schary across Tibet are possible for very few, and the account given by him in the present book should not fail to thrill all those who, forced by circumstances to lead more humdrum lives, have the opportunity of adventuring by proxy through the high plains of Central Asia. I wish it and Schary all success and good fortune.

DAVID MACDONALD

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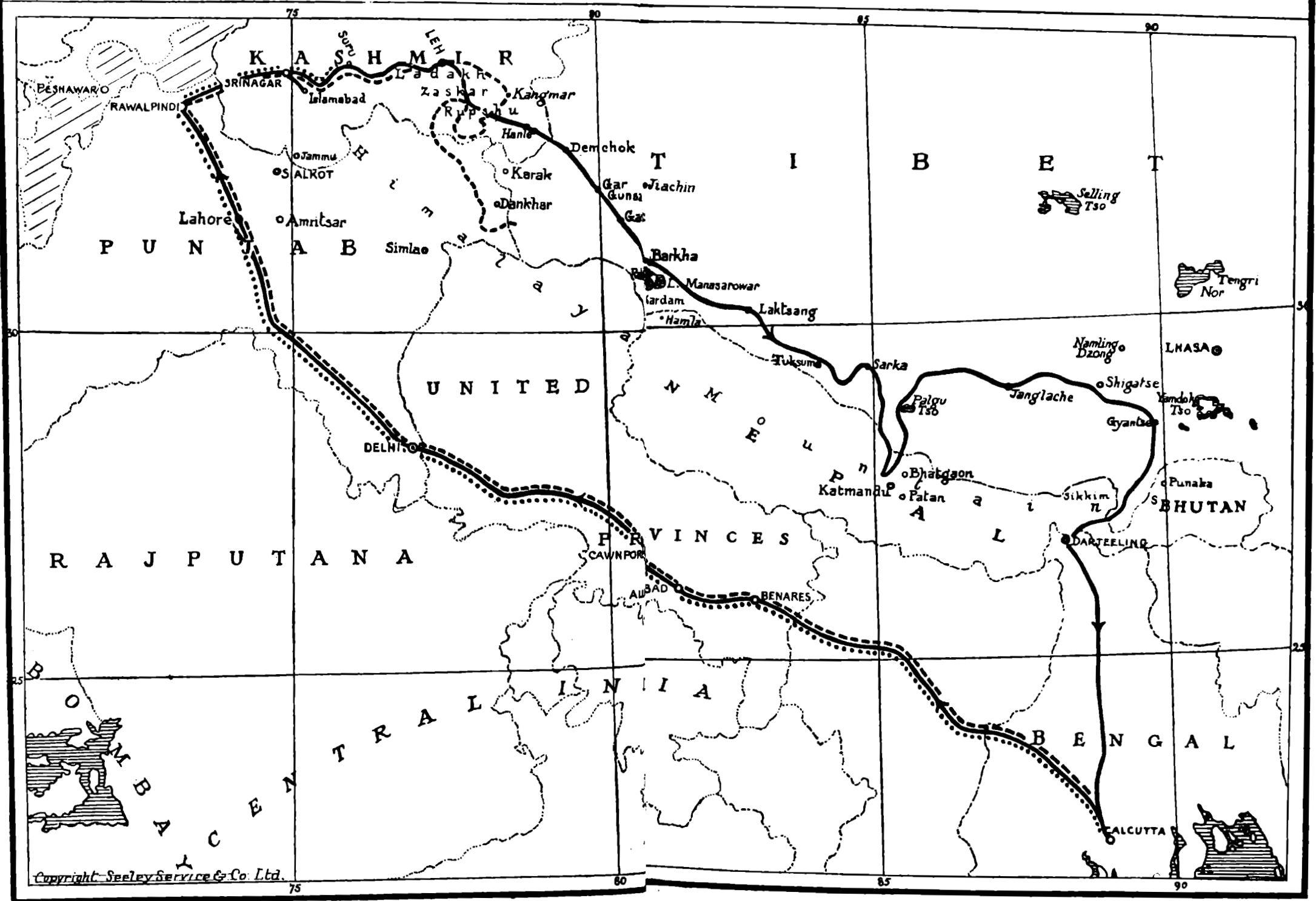
## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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First Journey - - - - -

Second —————

Third .....









## C H A P T E R      O N E

### *Frustration & the Commencement of My Journey*

**W**HETHER it was the surroundings of my early youth that wove the spell of romance and adventure into my life, or the fact that I was born with an intense imagination and the power to crystallize into fact those imaginative pictures, I know not. Born on the eastern slope of Russian Hill on the outskirts of the Italian Colony in San Francisco, my very early childhood was spent surrounded by a horizon of the open bay with its miles of docks teeming with a motley sea-going caravan of vessels, both steam and sail. My early longing to see what lay beyond the Farallones concreted itself when I left home on my first adventure at the age of twelve. This first start proved to be a false one for, after spending several hours along the docks, going aboard one ship after another in search of work, while crossing in front of the Ferry Building I was accosted by a man whom later I discovered to be a private detective that my father had employed to find me and return me to my home.

Three years later, still undaunted, I boarded a ship bound for Seattle as a passenger, with a ticket paid for



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with money I had earned, and, when arriving at the dock in Seattle some three days later, I was taken in charge by a detective from the same agency that had three years earlier caught me on the San Francisco docks. I found that my father had wired ahead to have me sent home immediately on the ship's arrival at port in Seattle. I was put to bed in a hotel room and my clothes taken away by the detective, and the following morning despite my passionate remonstrances I was sent back to my home via the Shasta Limited.

In San Francisco I bided my time waiting for a later opportunity to see the world, and one year later, just six months after my father died, I again left home for Seattle.

Arriving there I secured work in a department store selling rugs, but this job petered out after a few weeks. I then secured work through an employment agency in that city and was sent to Gray's Harbour, where I worked at the tail-end of an automatic rip-saw and was later put on as teamster. This latter job proved my undoing for I was fired out of the stable while trying to harness a span of horses. I have never seen such a mess as I left that set of harness in. Looking back over the episode, I can understand the foreman's wrath when firing me.

From Gray's Harbour I wandered up to Tacoma, where, after living in the streets and going hungry for three days, I managed to secure work (through the aid of a policeman whom I had asked for help) washing dishes in an all-night restaurant. Here I remained for a month and a half, after which time I had earned enough money to return to my home in San Francisco.

It took me just three months to get enough of the North-West and its vicissitudes.

I took up employment in San Francisco and remained there for a matter of two years. At the end of this time I had saved sufficient money to start off again.

This time I had a definite plan in mind. During those two years I had gone deeply into the study of Hindu and Buddhist philosophy. So profoundly was I impressed by the books I had read that I at last resolved and determined to proceed, by any means possible, to India and there find some of those Sanyasis or Mahatmas whom I had read about and who were reported to live secluded somewhere in that country, and there seek to become one of their disciples.

On December 18, 1912, I started off for Honolulu on the s.s. *Wilhelmina* of the Matson Steamship Company's line, after bidding my mother farewell from a telephone booth at the dock-side just a few minutes before the boat sailed. The passage money on this first lap of my journey took practically all of my savings with the exception of about five dollars, and, upon landing in the city of Honolulu on the Hawaiian group some five days later, I was up against the problem of securing immediate employment.

I put up at a cheap rooming-house the first night, and the following day while wandering along the waterfront I decided to take a swim in the harbour as the water looked very inviting and the weather was unusually hot. After undressing and leaving my clothes partly hidden behind a pier in the dock, I dived in and swam around for several minutes. When returning to the dock to secure my clothes, I found them disturbed and my remaining money gone. So there I was with

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neither money nor employment at my first port of call, but entirely undaunted.

While *en route* to this port I had made some friends among the passengers on board, one of whom was a man named Jack Dose on vacation from his work in the Sacramento Valley with an electrical power company; also a Mr Thorpe and his wife. Mr Thorpe had secured a contract from the Government to brick in the large battery of boilers just completed at the Pearl Harbour Naval Base and was on his way down with a couple of master masons to execute it. Knowing that Mr Dose was intimate with Thorpe and his wife, I decided to call on him where he was staying at a boarding-house on Beretania Street and see if he could not help me to get on with Thorpe as a hod-carrier.

Fortunately I found Dose at home and at once related my predicament to him. He thought that I was not the type to make a good hod-carrier but as I was determined and insisted, he finally consented to take me over to the hotel where Thorpe and his wife were staying. The upshot was that I was taken on by Thorpe as a hod-carrier while Dose provided a room for me in his boarding-house until I got on my feet.

This, my first job on this first journey to India, proved to be the toughest proposition that I had heretofore tackled and I have never worked so terribly hard since. Plank scaffoldings were thrown up around the boilers at the Pearl Harbour Naval Base and my work consisted of mixing mortar and fire-clay and wheeling a barrow of fifty bricks and barrows of mortar up a twelve-inch plank to the brick masons working on the boiler walls. There were two other hod-carriers, one a Hawaiian and the other a Chinese, and it kept us going

to keep two masons supplied with materials; moreover the weather was extremely hot. My fingers bled a good deal on the ends, for the first week or so, and my sleep was disturbed by nightmare visions of tremendous bricks floating about me, but the end of the second week found me with toughened hands, toughening sinews and high hopes, for I had thus far successfully overcome obstacles on this first lap of my journey.

During these three months of work Jack Dose became a really good friend. Later he confided to me that he had made this trip to Honolulu in order to spend the full year on vacation away from America as, he said, "I feel that 1913 is my unlucky year and if I work this year, I have a hunch that some accident will befall me". Later a rather strange thing occurred. Against his promptings, Jack Dose returned to America and during that year went to work in the North-West with a construction gang on the railroad. While returning to camp on a hand trolley with several Italian labourers, he fell off the front end of the trolley which ran over him, injuring him so badly that he became a cripple for life. The last word I had from Thorpe many years ago was that Dose was being taken care of by relatives in his home at Des Moines, Iowa.

On March 17, 1913, I embarked from Honolulu on the s.s. *Ventura* for Sydney, Australia. I had earned enough money during my stay at the islands to buy a third-class ticket, with just a few dollars left over. I had chosen Australia as I thought I would have a better opportunity for work among white people, young as I was, than if I tried the China route to India. When sailing to India from the west coast of America, unless one goes to Australia all ports are Oriental, including

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even the Hawaiian group, and this holds true on beyond India westward as far as Marseilles, on the Mediterranean.

Sydney lies twelve days' journey over those tremendous wastes of the south Pacific from Honolulu, with but one port of call for the ship I was on, which was Pago Pago, a small South-Sea atoll situated just about half-way. On this voyage there were two incidents that I clearly recall other than the passing of the days. One: I had been terribly seasick for three days on the first part of the voyage and had become very weak, also I was suffering from my first real and miserable homesickness. About two o'clock on the morning of the fourth day I had a semi-conscious nightmare; the bunk I was occupying was situated below deck in the stern of the vessel and was made up of two bottom planks and a side plank and covered with a straw mattress. I arose, threw my mattress out of the bunk, took out one of the bottom planks and started for the top deck. Arriving on deck I made for the rail, placed the plank alongside it and tried to convince myself that by jumping over the side with the plank I could get on it and hand paddle my way back to San Francisco, a distance of 3500 miles or so.

I recall that I was fully convinced at the time that it could easily be done and that the misery of homesickness that I was undergoing would thus be brought to an end. It would have been brought to an end all right, but just as I had one leg over the rail and the plank balanced on my shoulder to make the dive, a deck officer ran up and grabbing me pulled me back on to the deck, rudely awakening me. I was terribly embarrassed, explaining to him that I must have been

walking in my sleep; he said nothing but escorted me down to my bunk where I turned in for the remainder of the night.

The second outstanding incident was our call at Pago Pago. About an hour before arriving at this place we could see the tops of the mountains of this island group faintly outlined above the southern horizon and, upon closer approach, two islands could be plainly discerned with their towering mountains and narrow shoreline clustered with tropical vegetation and tall cocoanut palms; on the lower levels of the mountains were groups of thatched native dwellings. We entered the land-locked harbour of Pago at dusk, six days out of Honolulu. The harbour itself I do not believe could contain more than two or three such ships as ours and there were docking facilities for only one ship at a time.

There was a small American gunboat anchored in the harbour, looking to be of an ancient vintage, stationed there I suppose to ward off uprisings among the natives. This port I believe is one of the most beautiful scenically of any I have since seen. The water of the bay is the most glorious blue and as clear as crystal, though infested with sharks, and a circle of mountains enclose it.

Upon the ship's docking I went ashore and strolled up a long winding trail for about a mile, when I came to a group of thatched huts. Before one of these stood a family of natives; I bade them good evening, said I was from the ship and that I would like to see the inside of their home. Understanding sufficiently my request and being extremely hospitable, they invited me forthwith to enter. The interior of these huts was

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arranged in a very simple manner. Earthen gourds and an assortment of native pots and pans were strewn about together with a conglomerate assortment of fishing-gear, native clothing and piles of Tapa cloth. This Tapa cloth is highly decorative, made as it is from the pounded bark of a native tree and stamped with a pattern worked out in blacks and browns of vegetable dyes. I asked the householder if he would sell me one of the many pieces he had there. He showed me several kinds and shapes and I finally selected one which I purchased with a broken dollar-watch I had and a bunch of unnecessary keys. I then departed and returned to the ship.

About eleven-thirty that night we dropped our shore-lines, backed into the bay, slowly turned and, heading through the narrow harbour mouth, resumed our journey to Australia under the light of the great yellow disc of the full moon high overhead and to the distant sounds of over a hundred native men and women who were grouped on the shore singing us their farewell songs. The remainder of the voyage passed without event and on April 1 we docked at Sydney.

There is nothing extravagant about any of the Australian cities. The business sections are a good deal like our own in America, though not quite as modern nor as high, and the residential districts are generally rather drab in appearance, judging by what I saw of them. The people of Australia are very hospitable and the down-and-outer has a fair chance of getting on if he has any desire to work. The first night ashore I spent in a water-front rooming-house and the following day after breakfast went directly to an employment agency and, for the sum of five shillings, bought a job



as general flunkey at Clifton Gardens, a resort on the bay opposite Sydney, but a few miles below it toward the harbour's entrance.

This beach resort consisted of a large pavilion comprising bath-houses and a large ballroom built on the beach. Extending from it into the waters of the bay was constructed a circular swimming-beach made by sinking a series of piles, much as a pier is constructed, with a steel netting between the piles to keep out the sharks which infest Sydney harbour. There were large grounds behind the beach for picnicking, dotted with innumerable tiny lattice summer-houses for parties, and there was also a hotel on the rear boundary of the grounds. My work consisted of washing bathing-suits, cleaning up the grounds after the picnics, repainting the summer-houses and scrubbing the huge ballroom floor. My living quarters consisted of one bath-house measuring five by four feet with a five-foot bunk nailed on the long side but not long enough for me to stretch out comfortably in, and with just room enough on the sides of the bunk for me to undress.

I recall in the early part of my wanderings suffering extremely from homesickness, the overpowering kind, and this constant feeling prevented me at the time from receiving any real pleasure from the fact that I was gradually approaching India. In fact it took me a year or so, probably almost two years, to adapt myself to strange environments. My pay on this job was a pound a week and all found and I realized that it was going to be a long drag for me to save sufficient money to make the long jump from Sydney to Ceylon, which was the first Oriental port of call for ships bound west from Sydney to the Orient.

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Having a very vivid imagination, I thought that possibly some time one of the many picnickers might leave something of value on the grounds after the picnic which I might find during the clean-up; in fact, I imagined this so steadily that it became a hallucination even causing me to dream about it. One Monday morning while scrubbing out the ballroom in my bare feet and my pants rolled up to the knees, I picked up a diamond, a good-sized diamond such as worn in a good diamond ring. Well, it seemed that my dream had really come true; I pocketed the stone and went on with my work. That night while in my bunk I thought things over and came to the conclusion that I must return this stone to the manager of the grounds, so the next morning I went to his office in the hotel building, told him about my find and produced the stone. He thanked me for returning it and some days later told me that he had returned it to the owner; I got no reward, at least I never heard of any, but that was by the way.

I remained at Clifton Gardens just three weeks, then, tiring of this work, part of which was extremely trying owing to the fact that there was no plumbing of any kind on the grounds and I was in charge of the lavatories, I packed up and went into Sydney and bought me another job at a tiny hamlet named Chatswood, about six miles out of Sydney across the harbour. Here I worked in a roadhouse, a combination hotel and bar, situated on the state highway, and my work consisted of cleaning up the bar morning and night, taking care of the hotel rooms, halls and stairs, looking after the horse and carriage of the owner and also feeding the poultry and helping the cook.

My room was situated in an outhouse that had once

been a large chicken coop and was now used as a store-room. But I had a partner to share my lonely hours at night while looking at the stars through the cracks in the roof; it was a full-grown cockatoo of many colours and she became quite fond of me. As a matter of fact this bird became so fond of me that her favourite roosting-place was on top of the iron bed-head and I would usually awaken with a good many large-size freckles adorning my uncovered face.

The cook of the place was a girl with a broad Cockney accent, untidy red hair and of slovenly appearance. She didn't like me very well because I objected to her using my comb, but she took it anyway and I finally had to buy myself another one. After I had been there about a month the cook went on a holiday over the week-end. I was forced to do the cooking and I sure made a mess of it. The bill for Sunday night was chicken soup and boiled chicken with vegetables consisting of potatoes, carrots and onions. Thinking to save a lot of time and unnecessary work, I figured that I could do the whole business using one big pot, so I went out in the poultry yard and killed the fastest chicken I could find, thinking that naturally he would be the youngest and therefore the tenderest. I know that he was the fastest because it took me half an hour to catch him. He was a pretty chicken, nice long brown feathers and all, and I hated to kill him, but I finally got him killed and picked and sort of cleaned, threw him into the pot of boiling water, added a lot of salt and pepper, threw in some potatoes, carrots and onions, stoked the fire and let her go.

Two hours later I discovered I had the chicken and the soup all right but I couldn't recognize any of the

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vegetables; I supposed that they were in the pot because I hadn't taken them out, but it was too late to do anything about it as it was supper-time. After setting the table in the hotel dining-room for the proprietor and his wife and one guest, I served the soup. Nothing much was said about the soup but when I served the chicken, just as I had taken it out of the pot, on a large white platter, there was a tremendous squawk set up by the proprietor when he tried to carve it. He said that it was the toughest chicken he had ever stuck a knife into and asked me what chicken I had killed. I asked him to come out to the yard with me and, when arriving at the chopping block, I showed him the head and the feathers. He became terribly angry, said that I had killed his pet Bantam hen which he had had for five years and for the Lord's sake to stay out of the kitchen hereafter, which of course I gladly and dutifully did, and that was my first and last cooking job during my many wanderings.

I remained on this job at Chatswood until the middle of June when I had sufficient money saved with which to purchase a third-class ticket to Colombo, Ceylon, the island off the lower end of the Indian Peninsula. The proprietor of the roadhouse at Chatswood requested me to remain with him but I told him that I thought I needed the education offered by travel more than that offered by the environment at Chatswood. He suggested that if it was education I was after, there was a darn good school just a few blocks away, but I explained that this was not the sort of education I had in mind.

C H A P T E R     T W O

*My First Sight of the East*

ON June 24 I set sail on the s.s. *Otway*, a large passenger boat operated by the Oriental Steam Navigation Company between Australian ports and London, via Ceylon and the Suez Canal. Third-class accommodation on this particular boat was really very good; we had good cabins and promenade decks at the stern of the vessel and the food, though plain, was plentiful and wholesome. It took us just nine days to reach Colombo stopping *en route* for a few hours at Melbourne, Adelaide and the far western port of Fremantle, which, like San Francisco, is the jumping-off place for the Far East. After an uneventful voyage I disembarked at Colombo on the morning of July 3 and, leaving my one suitcase at a baggage-counter at the docks, I started walking through the city to find what I could see at this my first Oriental port.

The city of Colombo is very picturesque and beautiful, a city of red earth roads and beautiful green trees. The Singalese, the natives of Ceylon, are a well-built, good-looking race, their features being more Western than Oriental. But most of all I was greatly

intrigued by the beauty and adornment of the temples that lay here and there throughout the city. More than anything else the sight of these temples seemed to thrill me and bring home the fact that this at last was the real East, the East that I had so desired to see. It made me feel that any hardships I had undergone had been little enough to pay for the reality of having finally reached the goal of my desires.

During the course of my studies in Oriental philosophy in San Francisco, the morals and ethics disclosed in this philosophy appealed greatly to me as a solution to a great many of the ills and also the unexplainable things regarding life. These books caused me to believe that any race of people with such a high and noble ethical basis for their philosophy must necessarily have among them many men who lived out, in life, the conclusions of this philosophy. While *en route* between Australia and Ceylon, I had determined that when reaching Colombo I would go to the highest authority of the Buddhist religion in Ceylon and learn from him how I could come to a greater knowledge and a deeper understanding of his faith. So after wandering for a little through the city, I engaged a rickshaw and had him take me to the largest of the Buddhist temples, of which a passing Englishman had given me the name, and upon arriving there I asked a Buddhist priest who spoke English to take me in to the High Priest of the temple. He asked my name and my business; I gave him my name, told him that my business was personal and that I was one just arrived from America. After but a few minutes' wait, I was ushered into a large reception room furnished in a semi-Western manner and was told to wait a short while as the Priest was just

finishing his bath. While waiting I mentally summarized in brief just how I could direct the conversation to the most advantage. I was all a-tremble at my temerity in coming here and also I had a great job to curb my imagined pictures of the Orient. I felt that I ought to realize that any reality could never possibly be as one's imagination has predicted.

At the end of a short time the High Priest himself entered, dressed in the simplest of Singalese costumes, a well-built, medium-sized man of unusually intelligent features and direct gaze. I arose and introduced myself and stated my mission; in part I explained that I had studied somewhat of his philosophy and was therefore greatly drawn to the East to learn more at first hand, and, that having had no funds other than that which I could earn, I had slowly worked my way to this fabulous East and had arrived but that morning at the port. I ended by asking if he could tell me where I could find men who were termed Mahatmas who possessed a deeper knowledge of the mysteries of this Eastern philosophy.

In a very kindly manner he asked me to be seated with him and after some moments of serious thinking he gave me the following advice which, at that very crucial time, was what later experience has shown me to be the best advice possible. He said: "You tell me that while still young you were dissatisfied with the veiled manner that knowledge of Life was given out to the people of the various religious organizations of your Western world, that ceremonies irked you and rituals seemed childish; therefore, I would not advise you to associate yourself with any of our religious cults here in the Far East. Humanity is the same the world over and

you would find just as much, if not more, of these things which sorely irked you, in the religions of the East as well as those of the West. The great masses of humanity desire a certain order of things to exist in their religious structures, the few can face life alone. I therefore advise you to continue your wanderings. Now that you are in the East, live in the East, come into close contact with its people in any work that you may be able to find. Learn what you can of their language and of their interests and in this way you will find underneath it all, underneath the ceremonials of their religious and social structures, that which you seek; always remembering that that which drew you to India through the books you read and the spirit these books conveyed to you, having originally emanated from the Orient, must be among its people in reality. Do not seek it through their priests; they are not for such as you."

I arose and thanked him sincerely and as I departed I recalled the words of the German scientist characterized in *Sartor Resartus*: "To far places and into distant lands I wandered ever seeking the fountain stream of youth, but always came I out by the same door as in I went".

I walked back to the dock, a considerable distance, and while doing so thought over the advice the Buddhist priest had given me. The more I thought, the more I realized that the job I had undertaken had assumed proportions tremendously greater than I had envisioned. I remember, now, while writing this, the strange feeling that came over me then. I was making a great decision: choosing between returning to America and accepting life as the common man accepted it in all its, what I then thought to be, humdrum aspects, or



going on with my wanderings to see if, as experiences passed, I would not learn through them a larger understanding of life and the causes underlying human travail. Well, I made my decision before reaching the dock; I determined then and there never to turn back on my trail until I had found that which I sought. As I made this decision, I seemed strangely enlivened, my body itself seemed to expand and the actual physical heavens seemed to heighten above me and spread out a larger horizon—and that night I departed for Tuticorin, the southernmost port at the tip of the Indian Peninsula, on a small combination freight and passenger boat.

Tuticorin is a small hamlet with a scattering of native mud huts whitewashed a sheer white. The biggest thing about it is the fact that it is the point of departure between India and Ceylon. There is a very good ferry system plying between this port and the north coast of Ceylon, about a half-hour away. This ferry connects the Indian and Ceylon railroads. I arrived here the following morning after leaving Colombo and, after a brief passport and Customs inspection by the native Customs officials and their assistants, embarked on the South India Railroad, a narrow-gauge line, for the city of Madras in the Madras Presidency, a journey of 500-odd miles almost due north along the east coast of the Peninsula.

Arriving as I had in the month of July and wearing heavy clothing more suited to the winter climate of Australia which I had left behind, I found the second-class tiny compartment on this narrow-gauge railroad terribly hot. The permanent way was in a poor state of repair and the cars bounced about a good deal like a

small boat at sea. This, together with the passing scenery consisting of endless plains yellow and dry, marked with interminable clusters of date palms as well as an occasional native village of whitewashed mud walls built right out on the open plain without the advantage of any shade, left me with a very poor impression indeed of India and my chances for adventure at that time seemed very remote.

It took us thirty-six hours to reach the city of Madras. When the tiny train eventually pulled up under the corrugated iron roof of the train-sheds near the centre of the city, I was one bedraggled-looking white man as I stepped out of the compartment onto the cement station platform. Walking out of the station into the street, I had a fight on my hands with about a dozen rickshaw coolies all trying to grab my one suitcase and to induce me to use one of their rickshaws, but I finally succeeded in getting away from them. I walked a few blocks away and set my suitcase down in the shade of a godown. Seating myself on it, I stopped for a breather, a brow-mopping and a general look around. It was terribly hot; as I sat there looking out across the white roadway, I could see the heat rising in waves and almost scintillating in mid-air. The native Madrasi is of such a dark-brown hue that he looks almost black. When these natives walk along the road in the middle of a hot day, they wear nothing much more than a long white dhoti. It is a cloth wound around the waist and hanging within but a few inches of the ground, and they have shaved and uncovered heads and glistening bodies. What was so startling to me while watching them pass on the road was that they seemed so totally indifferent to the heat. Their favourite pastime seemed

to be munching on a string of dried red peppers as they walked along.

The buildings throughout the city are of the plainest construction, of either mud or sun-dried bricks and the usual factory-made variety of red brick, and with very little architectural adornment. The native sections of the residential districts are made up of the usual kind of whitewashed mud, unrelieved by any shade or colour. There were several small parks scattered throughout the city which contained several varieties of tropical palms, and these small green areas are to be a tremendous relief to the tired and dry eyes of a traveller from more temperate climates.

After getting a good temporary eyeful of my immediate surroundings and mopping my steam-heated brow several more times, I donned my straw hat, purchased by the way in Tuticorin, and started up into the residential section of the city. After a walk—or rather, a stagger—of about a mile in that broiling sun, I was well into a section of the city that, though seemingly squalid, seemed to offer shelter of a sort to a tired and hot traveller. I soon passed a small whitewashed house consisting of one rambling story surrounded by a high white wall and enclosed in a garden of scrub palms, with a small handwritten sign hanging on the entrance-way to the effect that room and board could be had within—reasonable. I decided to take a chance and make inquiries.

Entering the gateway and ringing the bell at the front door, I waited but a moment when the door was opened by an elderly native woman dressed in what looked like a long white nightgown, trimmed around the bottom with the sort of lace used on pillow-cases.

I asked her if she would be able to fix me up with board and a room for a few days, explaining that I had but that morning arrived from America. She seemed quite nice in manner and very humble and hospitable and readily assented to my request. Taking me into a darkened front room which was furnished somewhat like an attic storeroom in one of our Western homes and just as dusty, she escorted me through this into a small low-ceilinged room facing out onto a dry and dusty compound. The room was furnished with a chair and bed, and a small rickety table with a cracked wash-bowl on top and an earthen gourd underneath containing drinking and washing water. The bed consisted of a frame of strong poles of unpainted wood on a set of wobbly wooden-leg supports. The mattress was simply a piece of heavy white tape about two inches wide wound from one side of the frame to the other and interwoven in the winding process. This sort of bed is called a charpoy. The seat of the chair was made in the same manner. Later I learned that these beds are much cooler to sleep upon than are those more modern heavily matted Western beds used by so many of the Europeans of India.

I remained within the cool of the house after refreshing myself with a cold bath procured by undressing and holding the gourd of water upside down over my head, letting the water drain off on the hard earthen floor. Later in the day I had lunch with my hostess. Now as I have never made any such habit as standing on ceremony with people or of believing myself better, through the accident of birth, than anyone else, or worse, I thoroughly enjoyed my lunch with my native hostess. She was a woman aged about fifty

years and spoke very good English, though with a slight and peculiar sing-song hard to describe. I spoke at some length of my travels in distant lands and my experiences while working my way westward to India and the lady was greatly interested in the tale, having never, as she told me, been away from the Madras Presidency. I also questioned her at great length regarding her knowledge of India, of the social life among its people and their daily lives and habits. She told me as much as she could of life there which she knew about, but it was stilted and her horizon seemed limited to the social life of Eurasians. They seem to live entirely separate from both the pure natives and the whites.

I remained at this place about eight days, during which time, with a bicycle rented by the hour from a near-by bicycle shop, I cruised the city from end to end. While *en route* between Australia and India I had been told by a fellow passenger about an institution situated a few miles out of Madras in a small village named Adyar, headed and directed by an elderly European woman named Mrs Besant, and that the purpose of the place was to circulate books and knowledge regarding the Hindu religion in its more mystic aspect. So naturally I cycled out to the place.

It consisted of a long rambling group of low white buildings enclosed each with its encircling wide veranda and all built upon the banks of a small river.

That morning when I arrived at the entrance to the grounds, I leaned the cycle against the stone gate-post and walked up along a drive-way, in the general direction of the main buildings, which I saw through the trees and tall palms which dotted the grounds. I do

not just know why it was, but as I approached nearer to one of the first buildings, I developed a fit of trembling and extreme nervousness, caused by intense imaginative anticipation, perhaps, of the supposed wonders of entering into the presence of those people who knew and understood much regarding the mysteries of Hindu metaphysics. The feeling which overcame me at the time was very weakening. Before going any further I stopped to sit down and rest on a large moss-covered boulder just off the roadway, to try to regain some measure of composure. As I sat here I observed the approach of a tall well-built European dressed in whites and wearing one of those sun helmets worn universally throughout the East by Europeans. He came from the direction of the main buildings and, seeing me sitting where I was, came up and spoke to me, bidding me good morning and asking me if I was looking for anybody in particular.

Well, I suppose I must have been a questionable sight, dressed as I was in heavy dark clothing fit for winter weather in temperate climes and with that stiff straw hat on my head. I must have been immediately recognizable for what I was—a complete stranger to my environment and seemingly utterly uncomfortable in the heat of the tropical sun. After gulping several times and feeling myself grow unpleasantly red in the face, I arose and introduced myself as a wandering American from California, seeking adventure and knowledge of the East and its people. He gave me his name as he gravely shook my hand and asked me just why I had thought to come to this particular place at Adyar, and I explained this by telling him of my desire to know something of the metaphysical side

# THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

## PASSPORT



### DEPARTMENT OF STATE

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

I, the undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States of America, hereby request all whom it may concern to permit

*Edwin Albert Schary*

a citizen of the United States, safely and freely to pass and in case of need to give him all lawful Aid and Protection.

This passport is valid for use only in the following countries and for objects specified, unless amended.

*India*

NAME OF COUNTRY

*Ports Settlements*

*India*

*Engineering work*

OBJECT OF VISIT

The bearer is accompanied by



Given under my hand and the seal of the Department of State at the City of Washington the *5* day of *January* in the year 1918 and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and forty-second.

*Robert Lansing*

#### PERSONAL DESCRIPTION

Age *23 years* Mouth *medium*  
Height *5 ft. 5 in.* Chin *pointed*  
Forehead *medium* Hair *black*  
Eyes *green* Complexion *puddy*  
Nose *long* Face *long*  
Distinguishing marks  
Place of birth *San Francisco Calif.*  
Date of birth *Oct. 14, 1893*  
Occupation *Engineer*

*E. G. Schary*

SIGNATURE OF BEARER



No. 474



AMENDMENTS, EXTENSIONS,  
AND SURRENDER.

THIS PASSPORT IS VALID FOR A PERIOD OF SIX MONTHS  
AND EXPIRES \_\_\_\_\_ UNLESS PREVIOUSLY  
RENEWED. IT IS SUBJECT TO RENEWAL FOR TWO PERIODS  
OF SIX MONTHS EACH.

THIS PASSPORT MUST BE SURRENDERED TO A CUSTOMS  
OFFICER UPON THE RETURN OF THE HOLDER TO THE  
UNITED STATES.

Extended for six months from date  
of expiration.

*Chas. Hayward*

Vice General  
of the \_\_\_\_\_

Date July 1 1918

San Francisco

~~Kansu~~

Himalaya M.

Apr 8/12/18

17 104

*[Signature]*

5/12/19

VISAS.

Upon the sworn application of the holder of this  
passport, it is hereby authorized for use in visiting the  
additional countries hereinafter named, for the following  
periods:

Straits Settlements	En route
(Name of country)	(Date of exit)
Hongkong, Manila	to the United
(Name of country)	(Date of exit)
China & Japan	State of America
(Name of country)	(Date of exit)

W. F. Rice

American Vice Consul

Rangoon, Burma

Aug. 15, 1918.

No. 69

No fee.

Produced before the Chief Secy  
to the Government of Burma at Rangoon  
Proceeding to the United States  
of America via the Straits Settlements,  
Hongkong, Manila, China and  
Japan.



W. F. Rice  
Chief Secretary to  
Government of Burma

Rangoon,  
the 19<sup>th</sup> November 1918.

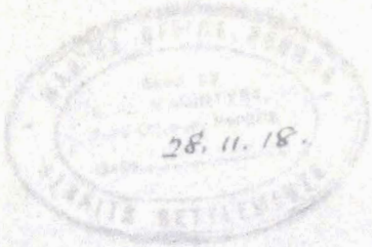


VISAS.

Produced before the Consul  
for China  
Proceeding to United States  
via straight settlements,  
Hong Kong, Swatow, China &  
Japan



For Chinese Consul  
January 19, 1918.



2/1/18

Signature

Signature

VISAS.

大正七年正月二日

在英領事館

領事

平吉



Extended for six months from date of expiration

F. Grogan

Jan 2 1918

有効

GOOD No. 1861

F. Grogan

January 2 1918  
Good returning to United States only



of the Eastern philosophy which I had studied somewhat while in America.

He sized me up carefully for a moment or two and then in a very kindly and hospitable manner asked me if I would like to go through the grounds and buildings with him, explaining that he was the estate manager and also had charge of the visitors who came from other lands and rented living quarters there. I readily consented. For about two hours he showed me through the estate, taking me into the many buildings where were living quarters for visiting guests as well as general offices and a large two-story building containing the printing presses and distributing quarters for the mass of books and pamphlets circulated throughout the world from Adyar to those who were students of Hindu metaphysics. I recall that there was a small museum in one of the buildings which contained, in glass cases, a series of strange-looking wheels with the whole septenary of colours painted thereon, the whole contraption revolving on a small frame. My escort explained that these were used as a method to give one what he termed inner vision if one practised watching the colours merge as the wheel spun around.

When eventually we had made the circle of the place, I ventured to inquire of him if it would be possible for me to gain an interview with Mrs Besant herself, who, I understood, was the head of the place. He told me that this would be rather difficult owing to the fact that she was a very busy woman, but later adding that perhaps if I wrote a letter to her through her secretary, I might be seen by her. I thanked him kindly for the hospitality he had shown me and departed back for my temporary home in Madras.

Arriving there I was about worn out by the long ride in the glaring heat of the day, but after a short rest I sat down and penned a letter to Mrs Besant. I told her that I had but just arrived from America, being a young American born in San Francisco, and that having become interested in Eastern lore, I was herewith requesting a few moments of her time that I might talk with her. After waiting two days I received a short note to the effect (written by her secretary, no doubt) that Mrs Besant being a very busy woman, I must state the exact nature of my business with her before being granted the interview I requested in my letter. Well, as I could no more state the exact nature of my business any more than Mrs Besant herself could, perhaps not nearly as well, I accepted the note as a hint that unpaying guests were not very welcome at Adyar, though I would have been more than willing to have worked at anything in order to be allowed to remain at Adyar for a time and learn what I could.

I made one last trip by cycle to Adyar before giving up, however, and spoke at length with the estate manager who had been so kind to me on that first trip, telling him about the outcome of the letter which I had penned to the head of the society. He smiled and told me that I should continue on my way through India and study what I could of the people and their customs, adding that what I really needed was just the experience of travel and adventure in any land distant enough from my home to afford me the values of extreme comparisons. That in time these resultant experiences would give me a sufficient insight into life to satisfy my desires. Further, that he did not think any young man willing to work his way as far as I had from my

home, to seek at first hand what books did not furnish, had need of the books furnished at Adyar. Thus out through another door I came, still dissatisfied and still seeking.

After the eighth day in Madras I found myself with but two rupees left (a rupee is about thirty-two cents in American money or 1s. 3d. in English) and so started out the following day to interview managers of the many business houses, situated on the harbour and run by Europeans, to see if I could find immediate work of any kind. After going from firm to firm without success and being looked upon with suspicion as a stranger with no recommendations of any kind, and therefore untrustworthy, I finally decided to appeal to the American Consul for advice.

The Consul at that time was a man named Don Jose de Alvarez, a serious and kindly man who had been born and raised in California and was of one of the early Californian Spanish families. I told him my tale of woe and, after a short recital of my adventures and also my purpose in coming to India from California, I asked him just how I could find employment in Madras. He thought the matter over for several moments and then told me that it would not be possible for me to secure employment there owing to the fact that most of the business in that city was owned and operated by the English and that their European employees were shipped out under contract from England. He further advised me to proceed north to the city of Calcutta, situated about two days' journey by train from Madras, on the Ganges River, inland ninety miles from the Bay of Bengal, adding that I had better give up my far-fetched desire of finding anything of great value to me

in the Eastern philosophies but rather return to my home and study the Western philosophies more closely; from them I would find as good if not a better education in the deeper and more difficult things of life. I replied that India and India alone beckoned me. That I would not be turned aside from what I had undertaken to accomplish until I had satisfied myself that there was no one to be found in India who was able to enlighten me further regarding that which I sought. India, I said, was the ancient cradle and mother of all philosophies and I believed I could better learn more of that subject in that country, where people were not so materially inclined, and who instinctively lived closer to that more spiritual side of life than did we in the West.

Well, he replied, by going to Calcutta I would be more likely to find employment than in Madras as there were more American firms by far than in the southern Presidency; also that if I eventually became discouraged with my mission, I could appeal to my Consul there and would be given an opportunity to work my way back to America and my home. I confessed that I was practically penniless and would not be able to purchase a ticket for Calcutta, and he then wrote two letters which he told me to deliver. One was to the head of the Standard Oil Company and the other to the head of the Methodist Mission, both in Madras. He told me, as he handed me these notes, that between himself and these two people, they would lend me sufficient money with which to go on to Calcutta. I sincerely thanked him, but before he allowed me to depart he asked me if I had a cork helmet to wear besides that straw hat I had on. I stated that the hat was

all I possessed in the way of headgear. He then went over to the hat-stand and, taking a nice white helmet therefrom, told me to take it and wear it as the sun would soon make me dizzy and create a fever in my blood if I did not have more protection than that offered me by the straw hat. I accepted this gift in the free manner that it was offered and, thanking him kindly for his timely assistance, departed to deliver the notes.

The head of the Standard Oil Company, to whom I presented the note addressed to him, questioned me briefly regarding my mission in India. I replied as briefly as possible and he then presented me with five rupees. The head of the Methodist Mission did likewise and, upon returning to the Consulate, the Consul in turn gave me five rupees. I then bade him farewell, returned to my room and, after packing my simple wardrobe and bidding the lady there goodbye, went to the railway station. A few hours later, at about dusk, I found myself tightly wedged between two Hindus in a third-class compartment, bound north for the city of Calcutta.

Indian trains are all constructed like those used in Europe, the compartment-coach sort, and no matter what class one travels, all passengers must bring their own bedding. Of course in first- and second-class service the seats are well upholstered with leather and the passenger simply lays out his or her bedding and turns in for the night. There are also dining-cars attached to the more important trains for both Europeans and natives. The dining arrangements for the native passengers are divided so that the Mohammedans and Hindus may eat of food cooked by one of their own faith. But in the third-class compartments,

the steerage of the Indian railroads, all that is provided are hard wooden benches, sometimes with backs and, as in the case of the trains of the Madras and Mahratta Railroad between Calcutta and Madras, mostly without backs. The compartments of that class are lettered with notices stating that a certain number of passengers are allowed to occupy such and such a compartment, but I noted that the one I occupied contained several more than the stated permissible number.

I had received fifteen rupees through the Consul's kindness, and my ticket to Calcutta having cost me thirteen I wasn't able to spend a great amount on food during the two days' ride north. But I managed to get around this all right by watching what the Hindu passengers did and did likewise. At every station where the train stopped, innumerable vendors of sweets and native buns and milk would rush up to the passengers on the train, shouting their wares. Their stock, as a rule, lay on brass platters, each portion contained in little bits of palm leaf, and their stock usually consisted of what they called *Gelavees* which were made out of flour and sugar and soaked in clarified butter, looking very much like a German pretzel cooked in oil, and were hollow; also there were native condiments of all kinds, roasted seeds of innumerable varieties, mangoes (the native word for which was "aham") and, strange to say, the good old Western soda-pop in all flavours. The native food of India is universally cooked in this clarified butter, termed "ghee", and the vessels used in cooking throughout the length and breadth of India are of pure brass. I believe the real reason for this is that the climate makes it impossible to keep cooked food but a few hours, and as food will become tainted by the



brass vessels if left overnight, the natives are thus forced by necessity to throw uneaten food away and scour out these vessels thoroughly after each meal, ashes being a common scouring medium.

The purchasing power of a rupee (this was of course some years ago) is almost as much as that of our American dollar; this coin contains sixteen annas, each anna contains four pice and each pice contains four pie, the last two denominations being large and small copper coins, and from the food vendors at the railroad station one could purchase a meal made up of two or three different sticky substances for two annas; therefore, the only real discomfort of the trip to Calcutta was the terrific heat, the stench of naked bodies and the lack of sleep.

## C H A P T E R      T H R E E

### *In Close Contact with Indians*

**A**RRIVING at Howrah station in Calcutta, I, together with my one rupee and suitcase, alighted, and after checking my suitcase at the station, I went to the nearest boarding-house, it being dusk, and for that one rupee purchased a bed for that night. Fortunately I was never in need of bedding of any kind; in fact, I would have removed my skin if it had been possible as the Indian summer heat is nothing one can easily describe.

The following morning I crossed the Howrah bridge and wandered through the business section of Calcutta. The city is built on the banks of the Hooghly River, a main branch of the Ganges River. Along the river itself, just in front of the city, runs a wide highway termed the Bund. Behind the Bund lies a stretch of flat parkway three or four miles long and several hundred feet wide, this being known as the Maidan. Behind the Maidan is the main business artery over which runs a fairly modern street-car system. The buildings are quite up-to-date and well-constructed stores, office buildings and lofts occupied mostly by European firms. Behind this first imposing row of Western architecture, which

stands like a false front, and stretching in all directions for a dozen square miles, lies the native city of Calcutta, with a small outlying section given over to European homes and grounds.

One thing that forcibly impressed me about Indian communities was the absence of litter of any kind on the roads or streets. I discovered the reason for this later. It is this: poverty is extreme in Oriental countries among the great majority of the people, and great hordes of people, including even tiny children, go about gathering everything, whether it be a stick, a can or a piece of paper. It is a common custom with the poor housewife to follow behind the ox-carts on the roadways and gather in a basket the droppings of the oxen, which they later mix with straw from near-by fields and dry in cake form in the sun to be used later as fuel. This is really the national fuel among the poor of the Far East, but there is also another aspect to this that will be readily appreciated by the reader: mosquitoes are inseparable from Indian summers, and in the evening these dried dung-cakes, when burning in the small fire-places outside the native houses, let off a not disagreeable odour with the smoke. The smoke and odour make a fairly thorough job of routing the hordes of mosquitoes.

I wandered the streets of the city all of that day and at its end, as the sun lowered to a more bearable heat, I dozed on a park bench before the river. After a sleep of two hours I was awakened by a heavy tropical down-pour of rain. In but a few minutes I was a limp-looking rag in those heavy clothes of mine. I arose, and having noticed earlier in the day a large building on the main street with a sign over the door Y.M.C.A.,

I made up my mind to ask the superintendent there for a bed and a little food for the night. On entering the building and inquiring for him, I was directed to a man playing billiards in the large main room of the institution and walking up to him asked if I might see him alone for a moment. After giving me a good once-over, he asked me into his office. I stated my mission and told him about my coming to India to look for work and to see the Far East, that I had arrived but the day before in that city and that I had had nothing to eat since the previous day while on the train north.

He took my action as a sort of personal disrespect to him in that I had taken the liberty of seeking him out to make my appeal for help; he asked me to go around the corner to the Salvation Army's headquarters for sailors stranded ashore and that they would give me a bed for the night and a breakfast the following morning. I readily consented to this proposal, stating that I had not known that such help was to be had for one without funds such as I. He then asked me in a rather incredulous manner if I meant that I had absolutely no money at all. I replied that I had none at all. "Well," said he, "you won't be able to seek shelter at the Salvation Army then, for they charge one and a half rupees per night." Looking directly at him, I asked him if he would give me that rupee and a half and thus ensure my night's accommodation. He was so taken aback by this direct request that I had the sum before he realized he had given it to me; I then thanked him kindly for his timely help and departed to the Salvation Army, where I was given a cot and mattress for the night and the following morning a light breakfast.

During the night I thought things over, and realizing the difficulty of securing employment dressed as I was and without any sort of letter of recommendation, decided finally to call in the morning on the American Consul, a man named Perry, to tell him of my difficulties and request a recommendation to some American firm. So that morning I presented myself in my damp clothes in front of the consular offices, and when the Consul appeared, requested audience with him through the young Vice-Consul. I was told to wait a short while, and eventually I found myself in his private office introducing myself.

I related as briefly as possible my journey to India from San Francisco, saying nothing of my main idea in coming to the East, but simply stating that I was out for travel and experience. He seemed much interested in my recital and questioned me at length about the Pearl Harbour Naval Base then under construction near Honolulu, where I had worked. I told him of the accident to the huge floating dry dock which had been under construction for three years at the time of my working at the base and how, while pumping out a completed section of this dock, the outside water pressure had been so great that it crushed inward the completed section, fortunately injuring no one.

After a further brief talk and several questions he told me that there was a huge steel mill then nearing completion at a township called Kalimati, situated 150 miles west of Calcutta, three miles off the main line of the Bengal-Nagpur railroad; that the plant was being constructed for a large firm of wealthy Parsees named Tata who resided in Bombay, and that the work was in

charge of an American engineer. He further stated that he believed I would be able to secure employment there and might be put in charge of large gangs of native labourers employed from the near-by jungle villages, and that he would lend to me the wherewithal to purchase a train ticket to the place, with a little money left over for food while *en route*, but that as he had no State funds with which to help me and had to advance the money from his own pocket, he expected me to return it upon receipt of my first pay.

I was greatly elated with the outcome of my interview with the Consul. I felt that this coming work was the turning-point on my journey to India, and that in spite of all the difficulties I had gone through I was really destined to secure work and remain in India. That evening I redeemed my suitcase from the Howrah station, and from that same station embarked on the evening train which runs across the Indian Peninsula from Calcutta to Bombay. After a journey of several hours I alighted at Kalimati station, just 155 miles from Calcutta, right in the heart of the Bengal jungle wilderness.

It being midnight then, I decided to remain at the station for the remainder of the night, and until the following morning slept stretched out upon a long table in the waiting-room. It was not a comfortable way to sleep, but knowing that it was all leading me to actual employment in this distant land, I worried about the matter not at all. At the first streak of dawn I inquired from a sleepy station attendant the way to the steel plant called Tata Iron and Steel Company. Being directed there, I picked up my suitcase and after a walk of three miles along the company's side-

track to the plant, arrived at the mill about seven o'clock.

The day was Sunday and I had some difficulty in locating anyone at the plant office, but later on, about ten o'clock, I finally managed to find the manager and present my letter of introduction to him. He told me that he had expected me as he had just received a wire from Mr Perry about me. He told me to report to a Mr Sahlien on the following morning as Mr Sahlien was not at the mill that day, and also stated that he had arranged a place for me to stay for the time being. He directed a native office runner called "chuprassi" to take me to my quarters, and after a brief walk across the plant we came out onto a large clearing or compound upon which were clustered rows of small one-story brick bungalows. I was taken to one of those, which was unoccupied, and left to my own devices until the following morning.

These houses were simply furnished with all that was necessary for bachelor housekeeping, and included one large living and bedroom and an outside room used for the cook and house-boy, together with a large closet for storing clothes, etc. That day I purchased with what little money I had remaining, a small supply of canned foods, tea, sugar and milk and did my own cooking until I could make arrangements later for a native combination servant, termed "khitmughar", one who does both the cooking and housekeeping.

It never occurred to me but that I should live in India as I had been accustomed to live in America, work out and come home and do my own cooking. I discovered a marked and decided difference in the order of things in the East as compared with the West. There

are certain things that a white man may no more do in the Far East than fly with his arms, if he is to live at all normally there; one of these things is for him to try to get along without servants. You see, a white man stands out in an Oriental country and, whether he desires it or not, he has a certain prestige to live up to in the life he leads while living among those distant races. I am not by any manner of means implying here that he is of superior origin. Rather that he has lived in a mentally and physically more enlightened and cleaner environment and has therefore become more able to lead and help other races, who have not been so fortunate, in the ordering of their own lives. There is nothing but conceit and vanity in the idea that so many white folk get when contacting the Oriental modes and races and witnessing the conditions under which the average person of native origin lives—that the whites are superior spiritually or morally to these same Oriental folk. The only difference I could observe between one race and another was rather one of degree in the possibilities of spiritual and moral expression, with the same actual inner spiritual structure, both complete and perfect but unequally expressed.

After a real Sunday of rest and quiet and a good night's sleep, I presented myself that Monday morning at the mill yards dressed in but a white shirt turned down at the neck with sleeves rolled up and in the only pair of pants I had, those heavy woollen ones previously worn while in Australia. After a brief search I found Mr Sahlien in the yard office. He was at that time the superintendent of labour and traffic, and after introducing myself, I told him that I was the young Ameri-



can whom the manager of the mill had sent to him for employment. He evidently knew about me, and acknowledging the introduction, told me that they had been short a man for some time as assistant to himself in charge of the many gangs of labourers employed about the mill, and that my work was to supervise this native labour, to expedite the work and to see that labour was properly distributed daily wherever required by the heads of the different departments.

There was a native in temporary charge of that work whom Sahlien introduced me to, a venerable old Mohammedan from Madras wearing a huge turban and whose face was well covered by a flowing beard. He had served previously in the British Indian Army and had been pensioned after receiving the title of Havildhar, a sort of Captain designation. Sahlien gave him instructions to show me about the mill and to stay with me for several days until I became thoroughly conversant with my work. In this manner then did I start off on this my first employment in India.

The mill had been laid out on an extensive clearing in the jungle covering twenty-five or thirty acres, and was made up of a huge battery of coke ovens, a blast furnace for the manufacture of pig-iron, with its cranes and iron-ore shoots and casting floor. Then there were the buildings, housing several immense open hearths for the making of steel from the pig-iron and additional old-iron scraps from the scrap-yard. There were also the reheating furnaces and the great floors of the rolling mills where the steel rails and commercial steel of all descriptions were rolled out through tremendous steel mills from huge molten steel ingots. The mill had its quarters for the natives employed, as

well as extensive residences for the white staff and a general store and post office, also its own three-mile-long private railroad connected with the main line at Kalimati. There were five Baldwin switching locomotives used in the shunting of ore cars and coke and coal cars, and to bring up the necessary raw materials from the main line, as well as to convey the finished products out. Alongside the permanent-way leading from the mill there was a mile-long pile of coal which was drawn on to furnish fuel for both the gas-making plant and the coke ovens. It was to this coal pile that I was taken that first day by the Havildhar, my assistant and present instructor in the mysteries of handling native labour (by the way, this was the only mystery in which I had had an instructor so far in India).

Both men and women were working as labourers, as they do throughout all India; the coal pile had literally swarms of natives crawling about. The men shovelled the coal into large wicker baskets and placed the baskets upon the heads of the women, who wore for head-covering a rag thrown over their heads, on which was placed a thick cloth pad for the baskets to rest upon. The women proceeded slowly to convey their loads up long planks onto freight cars which had been shunted alongside the coal. The costumes worn by the men were Gee strings or occasionally in addition a cloth wound around and between their legs in a peculiar fashion which was called a dhoti. The women wore just one long piece of coloured or white cotton cloth about six or seven yards in length. This was wound about the waist and taken up across the breast and thence around the back of the head and over the top of the head. It covered them completely except that it left their backs altogether bare,

and usually their breasts bare as well, owing to the fact that they used no pins to hold this strange costume together, only securing it by peculiar knots tied in the material itself.

As I stood there with the Havildhar watching the progress of the work, I noted an altercation which had arisen between some of the native men and himself. This argument went on for several minutes, during which time all work ceased while both sides shouted vociferously at each other. Finally my assistant overcame all arguments owing to the fact that he was able to shout them down one by one with his magnificent bass voice. After the thing had blown over he gave them all a long-winded talk which lasted several more minutes. Then he took me away to another part of the plant where further natives were engaged in loading pig-iron onto cars to be taken out later to the main line for shipment.

After we had left the coal pile behind us I ventured to ask him about the hot argument which had just transpired; he explained that the men objected to having me as their boss, owing to the fact that the man who had my job previously, an Eurasian, had gotten into some trouble with them over their women. He further explained that to the simple minds of these Jungle-Wallahs (ones of the jungle) if one white man did wrong, all white men must of a necessity be bad white men. He went on to say that he carefully explained to them that the present white man before them was not at all like the last one but had been brought from a far distant land called "Ahmeereekah" in order to look after them and protect their women and also to see that they did a lot more work than they had ever done be-

fore. Of course, I understood that he was giving me a little bit of private information on the side and, I must say, did it in a very circumspect manner.

After going about with him for a few days I gradually became familiar enough with the work to be able to take charge of it personally. I also, in the meanwhile, had employed a native Mohammedan cook or "khit-mughar" and was slowly beginning to pick up the universal language of the East, namely Hindustani, a language made up of several Oriental tongues, some of which were Persian, Pushtoo and Arabic, written Hindustani being called "Urdu". The Havildhar suggested to me that I should secure a good book on that language, which gave a simple method for foreigners to gain a fair knowledge of the generally used phrases of that part of the tongue which would become most necessary to me in my work. However, I thought that I could better pick it up from the natives themselves and by asking questions of those who could speak some English as well. It was really surprising how quickly I learned this dialect. As I mingled daily with the labourers about the plant, I would hear them use certain words repeatedly among themselves and the sound of some of these words would stick in my mind as some popular tune would; later I would inquire of the Havildhar what the word or words meant, and after being informed I would never forget. By this method, in the course of three months, I had a fair vocabulary with which to communicate to those who worked under me.

It is really astounding what a difference it makes to one from another land when once he is able to communicate intelligently with the people of a strange

country. The otherwise opaque veil of ignorance and strangeness seems to become transparent and eventually to lift altogether as the understanding dawns. I grew to know and to appreciate the workings of these simple native minds and also to understand their general outlook on life, and as further time passed, grew to develop a real affection and love for them. These natives employed about the mill site were recruited from the surrounding jungle villages, with the exception of the native overseers, who were from both the northern and southern sections of India.

When fresh gangs of them were brought in to take up employment with us, a guide was designated to take them about the mill and familiarize them with the noise of the machinery and general conditions. It was a common enough sight to see the whole bunch go tearing out of some building and across the clearing, headed straight for their jungle homes. Their guide would follow as fast as possible behind, shouting and gesticulating to them to return, telling them that the Sahibs' Tamasha (white men's big doings) were harmless and that they were safer there at the mill than in their own villages. Later, after a lengthy argument with them, during which they would huddle together in a group peering back fearfully toward the noise of the mill, they would be persuaded to be led back again to continue their inspection of the plant, and in the matter of a few days would be willing to take up their employment with us.

As I became more familiar with the work I had in charge, I tried to inaugurate better conditions among the workmen, such as new supplies of the wicker baskets which the women used to convey raw materials

and also fresh and more bulky pads for their heads, eventually getting the basket and pad contractor to furnish a better quality of both articles and gradually succeeding in junking several hundred of the old ones. Then followed requisitions upon the stores department for dozens of fresh coal-scoops and walking-planks. Before I had been a month at the works Mr Sahlien remarked to me one day that the loading of the cars, and also all the other general work about the plant, where my workmen were employed, had taken on a very definite change for the better and that the raw materials were being sent up much more regularly than had been the case before my arrival.

But, oh what a time I had to get used to the utterly slow manner that any labour was performed by the Indian labourers. They worked as though infinity lay stretched before them and that they realized they would never arrive and had resigned themselves to that fact. "Jhel de caro" was the phrase I learned first there; "do it quick", and though I would stand over the gangs of men and women, and shout myself hoarse trying to speed them up to a livelier pace, the results would be always the same blank stares and utter indifference to my desires.

Another feature of their attitude to my excited and much perspiring endeavours to strike a spark of greater effort from them, was their unexpected reaction to my efforts. When I would rush up to some gang and strive to speed them up with appeal and flattery, they would stop to watch me and remark to each other upon my red face, how funny I looked shouting at them, how strange it seemed to them that I should get up such a sweat when the weather was so

warm. Once when I had stopped for breath and to mop my steam-heated forehead, a young native, who had stood before me watching me intently as I cussed at a gang employed loading flat cars with pig-iron, very humbly informed me that my pipe was out.

I came to realize as time passed that I was up against not only the natives employed under me but the whole of the East and its spirit of what we in the West look upon as lethargy and indifference. I often recalled to mind what Kipling had remarked in an epitaph, "Here lies a man who tried to hustle the East". But notwithstanding this I never allowed myself to give up the effort to create a better speed among them; I just could not adapt myself to their utterly slow way of doing things and in all the time I spent in India I never gave up either effort or hope. It was as if I was lifting up a small portion of a tremendous national blanket which stretched from one end to the other of India; I was able to lift up that portion immediately within my reach for a few inches, and prop a stick under it, but as soon as I turned away, something would happen and the stick would disappear, letting the blanket do a complete flop back to earth.

There was one vital lesson, among many others, that I learned which I have never forgotten in my later work among the Indians. This was the value of the relay system among the women carriers. If a car was, say, a hundred feet removed from the materials being loaded, each woman would walk fifty feet with her load, up to a waiting woman, the waiting woman would drop her empty basket on the ground and walking directly up before the approaching woman, take her load upon her own head and walk the remaining fifty feet to the car,

there to deposit her load and return half-way back. When I first watched this method it struck me that this was a waste of time, as there was considerable time lost during the exchange of baskets. I therefore tried to inaugurate the system of having those loads carried the full hundred feet by the same woman. After just a week of argument with both the natives themselves as well as the Havildhar, my assistant, I finally got one gang started off on the new arrangement. It was at a place where a large gang was loading bars of pig-iron onto cars awaiting shipment out of the works to northern India. In this case no baskets were being used, the women simply carrying the bars upon the pads worn on top of their heads. Two men would hoist up these bars and the women would start off; the first group of a half-dozen women got as far as the cars where they dumped their loads, they then went on across the plant site toward their villages instead of returning for another load. The next group of a dozen women walked half-way with their loads, dumped them upon the ground and walked away majestically after that first group. After that the watching native men at the pig-iron piles sat down and taking out their native cigarettes, proceeded to smoke and to listen to my expostulations.

Well, I sat down to think things over and after a minute or so got up and walking over to the men at rest, I picked up a pad that one of the women had thrown down and placing it on the top of my head, ordered two of the natives to place upon it one of the three-foot bars of pig-iron. They did so with much good-humoured laughing. I was in anything but a good humour and was intending to show them that I could carry that bar without effort to the car and thus prove



to their simple minds that it could very easily be done. Well, when the bar was placed on my head and I had grabbed its ends with both hands, I tried to walk along the trail leading to the cars but the weight was terrific and the pain in the back of my neck seemed likely to break it. I had not walked more than a few yards at most when I started falling and had it not been for the remarkably quick work of two of the men who grabbed the bar off my head, I would surely have suffered some severe hurt from it when falling.

After arising I gave a native orders to go and bring the women back to their work and to thereafter continue to work in their own way. The women returned grinning at me and one of them pressed her hand at the back of her neck, grimacing and laughing.

I believe they had the easiest way of doing things figured out ten thousand years before I arrived on the spot. It seemed inherent in these clean and beautifully built jungle men and women to move about slowly and with utter grace, and I felt that day that the most it would be possible for me to accomplish among them was to both win their real friendship and to expedite the practical phases of their work as much as possible by removing all obstacles that would hinder the perfect alignment of their forces. The greatest lesson I learned here was that first and above all else I must consider the human element and not forget its possibilities when planning changes in the material element. A woman did not tire when walking a certain distance with a load but she did on a longer haul and that was that.

Any new-comer entering India and remaining for any great length of time will inevitably receive his first lesson in the inviolability of the caste system. I learned

mine after being in India but two months. There was a yard office along the tracks outside of the mill itself and every morning about ten o'clock my servant would bring my "burra haziri" (large breakfast) where I would eat it inside the office away from the hot morning sun. One morning there was a Hindu carpenter engaged, in the front entrance to this office, squatting on the floor and making repairs to the door. After finishing a cup of tea I threw the dregs out through the door onto the track and, inadvertently, some of it fell upon him. He looked up and shouted something at me that I could not understand, so turning to a native clerk employed in the office I asked him to translate the carpenter's remarks. He explained that the man had said that I should not touch him with my food, that my food or my touch was tainted and would taint him in turn. This made me angry, knowing that my food was cleaner by a good deal than that which was cooked in his native hut and, with due thought, when I had finished my second cup I threw its dregs out through the door and managed to spill a little upon him again. He then jumped up and came at me with a large and very sharp looking wood chisel.

I did the only thing I could at the time, possessing no weapons. I stood up and, turning my back full upon him, spoke quite casually to the Eurasian clerk, asking him why the carpenter took the matter so terribly to heart. This clerk was staring affrightedly over my shoulder and after waiting several moments and expecting to feel the edge of the wood chisel in my exposed neck, I turned about and saw that the carpenter had gone back to his work.

I then finished my breakfast and returning out onto

the mill site, sought out a friend whom I had made, an Eurasian who was in charge of the permanent way of our private line leading to Kalimati. I told him what had taken place in the yard office and asked him to explain to me just what caused the carpenter to get into such an awful rage at what I had done. He then and there gave me my first understanding of the caste system existing among the Hindus. It was briefly this:

The Hindus as a people are divided up into four major classes or castes. The Brahmins, or the Intelligentsia, are the highest caste, then follow the Kshatryas, or Warrior caste, the Vaishias, or Merchant caste and the Sudras, or the farming class. Again each caste has innumerable sub-castes within each major classification, and also below the fourth caste exist several gradations of outcastes. This carpenter happened to have been a high caste Brahmin and my friend informed me that, aside from the feeling of taint which the man must have suffered at my hands, there was also the possibility that some other fellow Brahmin might have been passing and witnessed his defilement. If this had been so, it would have cost him a large sum, to be given to his high priest, for being reinstated into his caste after going through a lot of religious penance. My friend further explained to me that not only is it absolutely taboo for one caste to touch or to intermingle with another caste socially but that the greatest sin of all was that of being contaminated by a white man's touch.

I later requested my Eurasian friend to please come with me and have a talk with the carpenter, and when we arrived back again at the yard office I had him explain to this Brahmin that I was sincerely

sorry at what I had done and, being a newcomer to India, I did not understand, that I was sorry I had defiled him and tendered my fullest apologies for having done so. The man smiled up at me from where he squatted and told me that he was sorry also that he had become as angry as he had, that he was sorry also and would have me for his Sahib friend thereafter. That evening after my work as I was going to my quarters, this man was waiting for me on the road and requested my permission to build a table for my house. Thereafter we were very good friends. In this manner, then, was I introduced into the mysteries of the caste system of India.

The men and women working under me numbered some seven hundred all told, and, as time passed, they not only accepted but trusted me. I had been warned by some of the whites employed at the mill that when I went about at night to oversee some of the urgent work being done by my workmen about the plant, I should carry a gun with me as some of the natives were very antagonistic toward white men in general and might attack me from behind some of the stacks of pig-iron about the yard. I discounted this warning as coming from men who had in some way done things to antagonize the native element, such as mistreating the men or women in their employ. As time passed, I knew that my people were growing to feel well toward me, as was shown me in many little ways. I sincerely believed that I would come to no harm and therefore never took any sort of precaution to guard myself; nor did I at any time suffer in any way by disregarding the warnings of my white friends.

As an example of all this: I had not been at the mill

more than three months when one day as I stood superintending some excavations going on for the construction of an additional building, three natives, Pathans from Afghanistan, who were employed on the night shift under an American in charge of the blast furnace, named Tettwiler, stood on the top of the embankment under which my men and myself were at work. As the embankment was caving in as our excavating progressed, I shouted up a warning to these men to step back as they might take a tumble if they did not do so. Their reply was to look down at me and call me a "Suer Ku Butcha", which means "Son of a pig". As this is considered a most vile expression among the Indians, I could hardly believe my ears and asked them what they had meant by calling me that. They shouted back that they had meant that it was I who was to be termed a son of a pig.

Well, there was only one thing I could do at the time owing to the very vital fact that I was being sworn at before my own men and I immediately proceeded to do it. I walked around the embankment to where these men were standing (they were, as I have stated, men from the northern frontier of India, Pathans, who hated all white men) and again asked them if they really meant their curse to apply to me. They smiled sneeringly and started to repeat the curse but before they could get it out I landed a smash on the jaw of the ringleader. I was husky and full of pep in those days and he went down as the other two jumped up at me. The next few minutes was occupied in a fast *mêlée* between us. Fortunately for myself, no one of the trio carried a knife and as they were entirely unfamiliar with the art of landing vigorous blows by the fist alone, the scrap was

soon over with the Afghans retreating in a much disordered formation toward the blast furnaces.

When I returned to my work, the Havildhar, who had come on the scene meanwhile, informed me that though I had only done to the Afghans what any man should have done under the circumstances, the ring-leader happened to be a favourite with Tettwiler, their boss. I then went directly to my boss, Mr Sahlien, and explained just what had happened. He told me that he would speak to Tettwiler and I had no further trouble.

That evening as I lay stretched out on my veranda before my house, one of my head men in charge of a gang of natives employed under me, appeared out of the near-by jungle and, approaching me, salaamed lowly and requested permission to allow himself and some of his friends to waylay and kill this Pathan ringleader who had insulted me before my men that day. I was dumbfounded at this strange request, but upon realizing that after all I was dealing with a type of people strange to me, the minds of whom and their workings I did not yet understand, I took great pains to explain to him that I did not want the man molested in any way. That it was not the code of the Sahibs to seek revenge on men who had wronged them in ignorance. After fully an hour of explaining, the native replied that he thought he and his villagers would do it anyway as they did not like a man who had insulted one with whom they had become friendly and who had treated them fairly and kindly. Well, I had to threaten this man with the loss of his job as overseer, as well as to dismiss all of his villagers from the works if he did not give up his idea and take my orders in the matter before I succeeded in making him fully realize that I emphatically did not

want the Pathan killed or harmed in any way. His final despairing reply was, "Huzur ap kee khushee hai" (All right, respected sir, it will be as you wish). Thereafter I was in some fear of being waylaid while overseeing the work about the plant at night, by the Pathan and his gang but, though I took no precautions, I was never molested.

During the five months I remained with the Tata Iron and Steel Company I became slowly more familiar with the Indian and his ways. Also while working there at the mill I met a Hindu of high caste with whom I became friendly. He would come to my bungalow and of an evening we would sit together on my veranda and talk of many things.

One night I confided to him that my real reason for coming to India was that I had become greatly interested in the Hindu and Buddhist system of metaphysics and that if I could find some man or group of men who were initiates in these mysteries, I would do anything in my power to go to them and become their pupil. I explained to him that I had become dissatisfied with my understanding of life as I had known it while in America and had had an unexplainable urge to follow the open road which had inevitably led me to that country in search of anyone who was able to give me a larger and deeper understanding of life and the causes for the human travail which I observed throughout life in general.

After some minutes of consideration, my Hindu friend spoke as follows, and as his English vocabulary was unusually good, I write it down here as I remember him speaking: "India", he said, "has been, all through the ages, the spiritual centre of the world. We have sent

out teachers from age to age to distant lands as races would become developed sufficiently to receive our knowledge of that inner life hidden from the casual material glance of men unprepared to receive this knowledge. We have ancient records of your great spiritual leader, Jesus of Nazareth, coming to India and disappearing into the great Himalayan mountains for years, to later appear again in the Levant west as the spiritual herald of a new day. Ancient Egypt sent their pupils for instruction to our Mahatmas and we sent our teachers to their land.

“As has the human structure the several nerve ganglias of life, so it is with a planet. India is physically shaped as is the heart, and India spiritually is the heart of the world and as long as this world lasts will this land of my ancestors be the source of knowledge of those things spiritual. The channels of the heart are many and lead to many desires but only one leads to the crown. The Himalayas lie across the top of this land as does the crown of the human heart and somewhere within this crown a sincere seeker may come upon those great Mahatmas or spiritual leaders who can instruct such a one in those things which he would come to know.”

Thus did I come upon the knowledge, though vague, that I would receive learning in the Himalayas if I could find those teachers.



C H A P T E R      F O U R

*Further Contacts*

I REMAINED at the mill from July to December 1913, and on New Year's Eve at ten minutes to twelve I stood before the yard offices with my suitcase and awaited the arrival of the hand trolley propelled by two native runners on which to go into Kalimati and catch the twelve forty-five train for Calcutta. About me were gathered some of my head men and next to me was my friend and adviser, the Havildhar. We conversed quietly together until the trolley appeared and then I bade goodbye to all those friends gathered there. The Havildhar threw his arms about my neck and gave me a manly but bear-like hug and his blessings, and the other men bade me a kind but regretful farewell, and then I was off down the track and into the night and a new year.

On the way into the city that night I met a fellow passenger on the train who had been on the mounted police force in the northern city of Delhi, the then capital of the British Government of India. He told me a good deal about that city and about the northern reaches of India and during the course of the conversation I asked him if there would be any opportunity for

me to get into the police force in that city. He said that he thought the force was in need of men and that occasionally they employed one not British born and that it would be possible that I might be given a chance. His vivid description of Delhi and the Central and Punjab Provinces of Northern India thrilled me greatly and I then made up my mind to make Delhi my next stop after arriving in Calcutta.

After a night in which I secured no sleep at all, I arrived in Calcutta once again. After a breakfast in the dining-room within Howrah station, I had a "gharri wallah" (porter) take me and my grip across the bridge which crosses the Hooghly River into the city itself and to the Y.M.C.A. situated on the celebrated Chowringhee Road before the Maidan. There I put up and had a sleep until noon, and in the afternoon called upon the American Consul to again thank him for his kind assistance in helping me. I told him of my plans to strike up into the Punjab and the Provinces to secure work and to see what I could see. He said that no doubt I would see plenty but that the possibilities for work for an American up there were slim. Nevertheless, understanding as he did that I was out to climb all over the Far East, he made no further effort to advise me in the matter.

That evening I started off on the Punjab Express for Delhi, situated some thirty hours away. This time I travelled second class and experienced a real sense of comfort and well-being as contrasted with my earlier train journeys in the south of India. After a good night's sleep, spent stretched out on the cushioned seat of the compartment and covered with bedding I had purchased in Calcutta the previous day, I awakened

to a vivid red sunrise and to behold a tremendous vista of Indian plains unrolling to the east and west as far as the eye could see. Dry and dismal they appear in the month of January, and in the early morning, even so far south, the temperature was very cold. Occasional villages would streak past as the express flew over the level country, and the plains themselves were dotted all over with endless date palms and several other Indian varieties of palms and trees. These same plains later on, after the monsoons, or rains, are all planted in rice and form a beautiful sight when the rice stands green and high.

It was interesting watching the varieties of strange birds perched on the telegraph lines of the railroad. I cannot remember the names of all of them, but I recall the little bul-bul, a cocky little fellow about the size of an English sparrow but with a saucy little white feathered comb on top of his head that would sit up and lie down when he observed the passing train. There were thousands of parakeets, which would sit on the wire in long rows, and as the train passed them they would become so excited that they would one after another fall over backwards and continue their observations hanging onto the wire, but with heads down. I noted also many vultures and large kites hovering over the dry plains, no doubt where cattle had died.

The shrines of India are interminable; I saw them everywhere, one to every saint that ever had lived and to all their relations as well, it seemed; both Hindus and Mohammedans having contributed to their construction. Some were built of mud and unadorned, others built of mud and elaborately decorated with an architectural display beautiful indeed. I felt on that

journey for the first time how utterly devotional the Indian is by nature and how faithful and humble to his departed great ones. How little understood in the West is this aspect of Oriental life.

Upon arriving in Delhi I secured a room, with board, at an establishment near the station, which was run by an English lady, and after getting rid of some of the dust of the journey and reinforced with lunch, I wandered out into the business section of the city.

Delhi was the ancient dwelling of the early Indian rulers and the present city is built upon the ruins of several earlier cities. Within and about it are ruins; one can walk for miles through the city, even to-day, and see whole sections and districts which are untenanted and falling to decay. Other sections are already in complete ruin. Stone houses and stone roadways lay torn and shattered as if some great cataclysm had demolished them overnight. Within the main city itself stand great stone walls adorned with carvings that were built hundreds of years before the white conquerors invaded India. Some of the splendid arched gateways, under which some of the main arteries of traffic pass to-day, are flanked on either side by huge stone elephants.

The whole aspect of that city brings forcibly to mind that ancient heritage of war which northern India has witnessed among its peoples down the ages. Ages ago, when the Hindu monarchs were in power in Delhi, the ousted Mohammedan rulers would gather their military forces and at night come swooping down upon the city and, killing some of the sacred cows of the Hindus, smear the blood upon the steps of the Hindu temples. Later on they overthrew the Hindu rulers and themselves ruled for a turbulent space of time. Then, whilst

these Mohammedan rulers occupied the seat of power, the Hindus would in turn swoop down at night upon the city and, killing pigs, smear the steps of the Mohammedan mosques with their blood, thus defiling the temples. Cows being sacred to the Hindus and pigs being utter defilment to the Mohammedans, the people in those days in the Far East did not need to do much thinking in order to scare up some way of starting hostilities.

The day after I arrived in Delhi I was granted an interview with the then acting chief of police and asked him if I could join the force. His reply was emphatic. He informed me that being an American made my being employed on the force impossible. So there went my hopes of securing work as a peace officer in that ancient war shrine of the East. At any rate he gave me some advice, which I proceeded to follow. He informed me that if I were to retrace my steps and go back to the city of Jamalpur, some five hours' journey out of Calcutta on the East Indian Railroad, I might stand a pretty good chance of securing a post as fireman on one of the freight trains.

After remaining in Delhi two full days to enjoy what was to be seen, I started back south to Jamalpur, and after a rather monotonous journey arrived of an evening. This small city is the headquarters of the repair shops of the East Indian Railroad and is an unusually busy place, since this railroad covers more mileage than any single railroad in the world. It includes all the territory that lies north of Calcutta and as far west as Bombay and the Persian Gulf; running north it passes through Lahore and on up to Rawalpindi and Peshawar at the foot of the Himalayan Range itself.

I immediately sought the superintendent at the works the following morning, and after an examination of my physical condition was told that I was O.K. physically but that my eyes did not pass the required test for a fireman and that, therefore, I was not fitted for the job. As my eyesight has always been poor, though I wore no glasses, I was thus still out of a job and my meagre funds were slowly diminishing meanwhile. After considerable deliberation, and being desirous of securing employment as close to the Himalayas as possible—which, by the way, I was making my final objective—I decided to take train that same day for the northern city of Lahore, which lies some 300 miles from the north-west frontier of India, in the Punjab.

*En route* to Lahore I realized that my finances would not last me more than two or three days after my arrival there so I asked one of my fellow passengers, an old-time British Army man, about the possibilities of getting free lodgings at some home for destitute white men, explaining my present financial distress. He told me that in that city there was a place called "The Stranger's Home" which gave temporary refuge to those white men who found themselves in temporary difficulties. He advised me to go there and tell them a straight-forward story of my circumstances; I would undoubtedly receive shelter and help to secure work. So, upon arriving at Lahore, I went directly to the Home, which was but a few blocks from the station. There were an old couple in charge of the place, which consisted of several one-story barrack-like brick buildings within an enclosure surrounded by a high cypress hedge. I introduced myself and told my story, and also of my work with the Tata Iron and Steel Company

previously, and of my desire to secure work in the Punjab.

I was received hospitably enough and given a meal of curry and rice, and designated a cot in one of the barracks. I remember that the weather was extremely cold. You see, the northern Punjab lies over 2000 miles north of the equatorial latitude of lower India and in the winter the climate there is a good deal like that of the south-west in the U.S.A. In fact, the north-west of India is practically a duplicate of conditions, both atmospheric, climatic and physical, of that of the states of Arizona and New Mexico. Dry desert abounds, also the impression of high altitude because of the unusual clarity of the air.

I wasted no time after securing shelter at the Home, and the following day I started out to seek work. I canvassed all the European shops on the main business street without success. In fact I was greeted with great suspicion by all, being a white man with neither credentials of past employment or a truly believable story of my immediate past. At one place, when I was asked for both credentials and a birth certificate, I was so dumbfounded and chagrined at the unusually suspicious request, I unthinkingly said that having no birth certificate this time, if ever I were born again I would insist that my parents should tattoo one on my back.

The only place where I received courteous and kindly treatment was in a drug store. There was an elderly woman in charge, and after finishing my request for employment of any kind, she very kindly told me that, though she did not have anything for me there, she had a friend who was in charge of the railroad paint shops at Moghul Pura. That place is some five miles

out of the city and is where the carriage shops for the East Indian Railroad are located. That that evening she would have a talk with him and try to find me work there as they were always putting on apprentices in the different departments. I thanked her sincerely and, after telling her where I could be found, took my departure.

I did not hear from her again for several days and though I diligently continued my search, could not make any further progress toward securing employment of any sort. One day, while despondently walking through the main park of the city, I became so overcome with gloom and forebodings of the hopelessness of the whole situation that I threw myself down upon a grass plot by the roadside and lay there with my head in my hands and gave way to a very bad fit of lonesomeness. I had not been lying for more than a few minutes when I was spoken to by someone standing over me. Surprised, I looked up and saw a young Hindu student standing before me with a book held in one hand and a large white cloth in the other. I asked him if it was to me he had spoken. He replied that he and his friends had been strolling about the park while studying and preparing for their college examinations and that they had all witnessed the manner in which I had entered the park and had thrown myself down upon the grass. Thinking that I must surely be in some distress, and knowing also that the grass was very damp at that time of the year, they had sent him over with the cloth to request me to put it under me and also to find out if there was anything they could do for me.

Imagine this happening in our West! I felt myself grow uncomfortably red about the ears and managed to



arise and stammer my thanks for his very kind offer. After hesitating a moment I told him that I was but recently arrived in that city from Bengal, where I had been employed for some months. That I had come from San Francisco in search of adventure and to see his native land, of which I had read so much, and that, though I had sought earnestly to secure work in Lahore, I had so far been utterly and discouragingly unsuccessful. He listened to my story with the greatest attention and when I had concluded, he said, "Oh, you are an American from California then, and alone and without money other than what you earned, you have succeeded in coming this far into our country! Would you object to my calling over the rest of my class and telling to us a little of your journey in other lands and also of your experiences in ours?"

I readily consented to this as I felt that it was very pleasant to talk to someone, being as lonely as I then was. So with no more ado, he went over and after speaking to a large group of young men, like himself all dressed in the flowing and breezy long shirts and wide pantaloons and turbans of many colours, they all marched up and after all greeting me kindly, in good English, made themselves comfortable on the grass in a circle about me. I now sat upon the folded white cloth which had been offered me.

The next two hours we spent in exchanging experiences, they of their country and I of mine, and of my adventures while *en route* to India from my home in California. I remembered, as we sat there and the sun sank below the buildings opposite the park, the curious glances of the English people who strolled through the park that evening, as I sat there with this

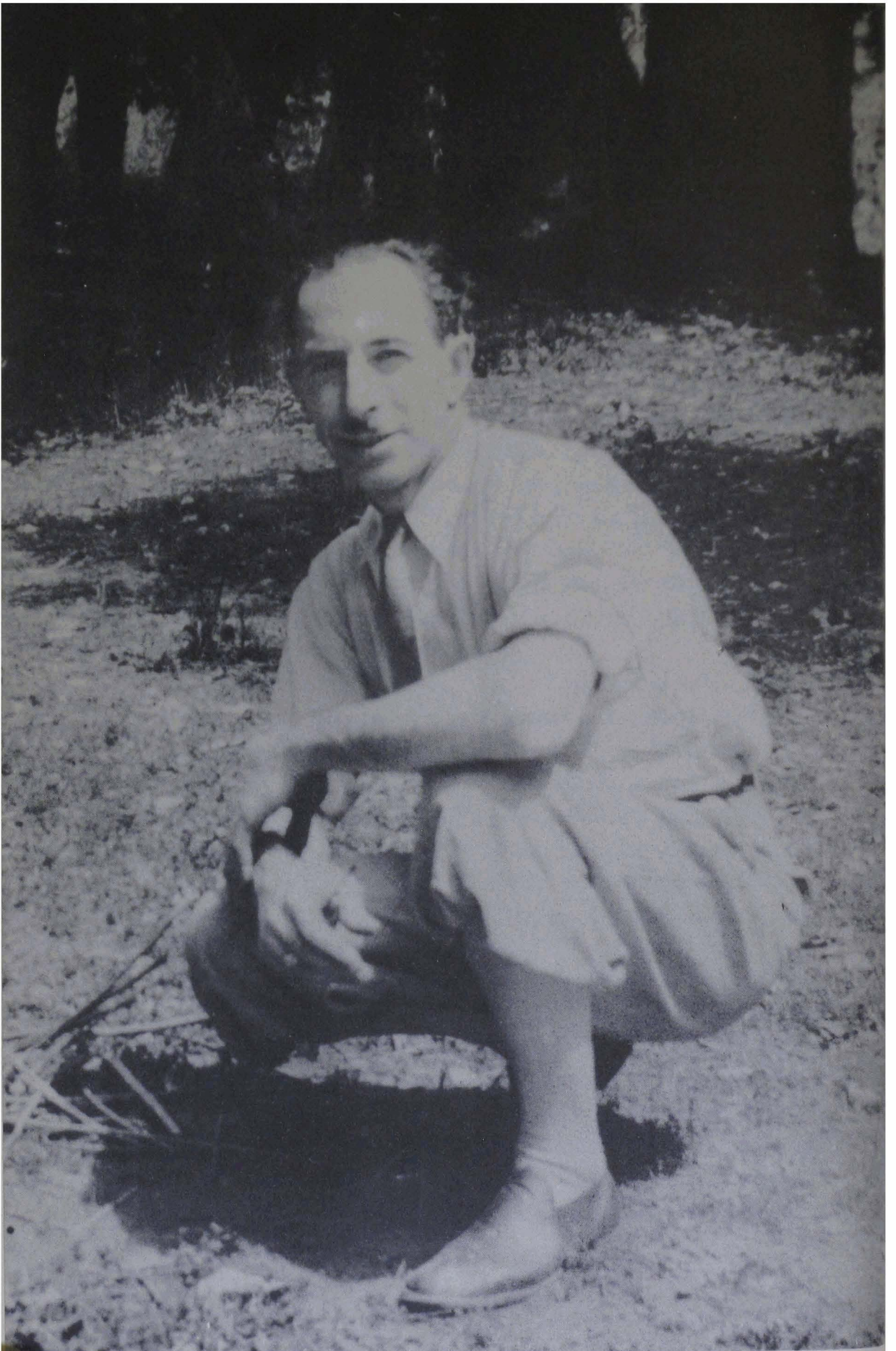
large and interested circle of glowing Hindu youth gathered about me. I suppose that it was a rather unusual sight but I was so thoroughly enjoying myself that I cared not a whit for what other passers-by might think of me, or of white prestige in the East.

After our conversation drew to a close, one of the young students asked me if I would please call upon them and their Dean of the college the following day, Sunday, in the morning. They all urged me to accept this invitation and I consented. So on the following day about ten o'clock in the morning I presented myself at the Dyanand Anglo-Vedic College, which lay some two miles across the city from the "Home", and that day I met many of the other students of the school and was introduced to the Dean at his home just outside the walls of the building.

He was a man named Lalla Lajput Rai who was at that time, and had been for many years, engaged in social welfare work among the Hindus of India. He was one of the leaders in the later council of India called the "Arya Samaj". This council was working towards the emancipation of the Hindus of India from the old existing order of social and religious observances that had been a drag upon the advancement of India's thousands for ages. The outstanding two movements which Lalla Lajput Rai was heading, and also bringing about through his personal leadership in 1914, was the abolishment of the widow marriage law which prevents a woman from remarrying a second time, and the abolishment of the caste system of India which prevented the Hindus of that land from uniting in a greater brotherhood.

He was a high caste Brahmin and had gone into the





*THE AUTHOR.*

homes of the Sudras, the lowest caste of the Hindus and partaken of their food. To one who is not familiar with the strictness of the caste system, it is not easy to understand just what greatness lay in this act; but for ages the separation between the castes had been strictly kept and, for one as high and prominent as was this man, it was almost bordering upon the heroic for him to be the first to break through for the sake of a later breaking-up of this ancient and defunct system.

That day will be always remembered by me as one in which I came to understand something of the life, hopes and aspiration of the Hindus of India. Before I departed for my "Home" that evening, after partaking of food with Lalla Lajput Rai and several students and teachers gathered about a long table in his home, I felt that there in India was a nation of people of unusually high moral and ethical training and that nowhere among them could be found those who did not believe that, given time enough, they would introduce these same ethics and moral culture once again to the world as they had done again and again in past ages. I felt that India possessed that inner something that leads to peace and tranquillity of the spirit, and of the mind as well. That this alone was what the West most needed in this turbulent age but without losing our capacity for the more material life.

In short, India, both individually and as a nation, has a philosophy through which their life and actions are consummated by an understanding of natural law. Their understanding of the Absolute existence of intelligent sources of government of the world's affairs behind the visible and sensual world, is centred in what to them is an inner certainty which leaves a

Western listener greatly impressed. My last and final impression of the fundamental difference of the East and the West is that the West is the external expression and the East the internal expression of life and humanity in this world. But what seems lacking is a connecting medium between us, a realization that this is really so in its last analysis and that mutual understanding of it would soften our Western conceptions greatly and also make for larger understanding. Perhaps then the twain would meet.

During the course of our conversation that afternoon, I ventured the question that was ever uppermost in my mind, regarding the existence of a centre in the Himalayas where one who desired to be instructed in the mysticism of India's philosophic lore could receive instructions. Lalla Lajput Rai could not give me any definite information but said he believed such a centre existed. That most probably this group of men would be found somewhere in Tibet, which lay across the length of the top of the Himalayan Range, and that if I were to proceed into the Kashmir Valley in the mountains above the north-western frontier of India and make diligent inquiries among those people who trade from there into Tibet and Ladakh, I would eventually come to know more about the exact whereabouts of these Mahatmas of knowledge.

C H A P T E R F I V E

*I Leave for Srinagar*

ON Monday morning, the day following, I received a note from the lady who ran the drug-store where I had sought work and she asked me to call on her friend, giving the name and address. She said that she had talked with him about me, as I had impressed her very favourably. So, at a time specified that evening, I presented myself at his hotel and introduced myself and handed him the letter. After a short but very friendly talk, he told me to catch the work train at six the next morning and report to his office in the paint shops at the Moghul Pura Railroad shops. These shops covered a great many acres of ground as they handled both the work of repairing the cars, both freight and passenger, as well as the construction of new cars. Here the new cars were started and finished, all parts being manufactured right on the spot, from the wooden frames themselves down to the smallest bolt and screw, though I understood at the time that the chassis themselves were brought from England.

I was not given employment, as I had supposed, in the paint shops there but was placed in the general

shops to learn to become a carriage inspector out on the line. Here I remained for about two months. At the end of which time I became so anxious to go on up into the Kashmir Valley among the high peaks of the Himalayas that one evening after returning home from work, my home at that time being a large room in a native Mohammedan boarding-house near the railroad station, I counted my capital and discovered that I had sufficient to take me by train as far as Rawalpindi, and leave me with forty rupees. This was the last stop before leaving the railway, to proceed by a good State highway into the mountains and to the Valley of Kashmir, 235 miles further on. As the government fare to Kashmir from Rawalpindi was considerably more than forty rupees, I decided to take my chance of some other method of conveyance than that offered by the government vehicles, which carry both passengers and mail.

My bill at the boarding-house was a few days overdue, so the following morning at six o'clock I packed my few belongings and left them in the centre of the room as payment for my back board and, taking but a towel, comb and brush and a change of linen, I departed and caught the early morning train for "Pindi", 300 miles north.

As the train proceeded I noted that the plains of India gradually changed their appearance, to become more broken up into rolling, low hills. Later these hills became higher and more barren in appearance and took on the character of the country which lies in the arid stretches of southern Arizona. This sort of country continued for the remaining distance until arriving in Pindi.



At the time it struck me as strange that the Himalayan Range has no approaching foothills along the north-west frontier, but such seemed to be the case, for from Pindi one can look on a clear day over this thirty miles of intervening landscape and view the tremendous flanks of that range stretching from the north-west to the south-east as far as the eye can see.

That first vision of those mountain peaks was one of the most inspiring views I have ever had. There is no time when one who naturally loves mountainous country so appreciates the sight of them as when he receives his first view of the Himalayas from the approach on the Indian plains, especially after having spent any great length of time on these plains which so lack any relieving beauty to change the monotony of their desolateness. The flanking range of this tremendous mountain fastness which stretches over 2000 miles from Persia and Afghanistan to Assam and the Burmese frontier; and from India north to Russia and Siberia, Turkestan and Mongolia, contains peaks which rise from 8000 to 25,000 feet above the sea, Mount Everest being the highest of the peaks, attaining an altitude of 29,002 feet.

Upon the train's arrival at the Pindi station I alighted and after a short walk located a small hotel where I put up for the night, and that afternoon I walked through the city taking in the sights. This small city is a truly frontier town. In the native bazaars one may see men from Afghanistan and Baluchistan, from the States of Kashmir and Jammu and also from the native states of Rajputana, Almora and Bashahr, all intermingling in their many strange costumes of various colours. The common language spoken between two men of different

tribes and languages is the language of all northern Indian bazaars, Hindustani. One can see natives from various tribes along the frontier promenading along the narrow lanes of the bazaar with hand-woven rugs draped over one shoulder, these rugs being for sale and this method used for displaying the quality of the rug. Horse and camel dealers also have their allotted section of the bazaar as well as the workers in brass, embroidery and silk fabrics, and the products of the craftsmen in semi-precious and jade stones and gold and silver ornamentations.

After a lengthy survey of this extremely interesting shopping section of India's north-west frontier, I finally arrived back at the hotel where I was stopping and, after dinner, I retired to my tiny room where I fought against an almost overpowering sense of loneliness and desolation, being, as the reader should remember, but past twenty years of age and alone, thousands of miles from home. The sense of loneliness so overcame me that I again wandered out into the bazaar in search of companionship.

Passing one shop I saw an old Mohammedan sitting behind several low shelves containing baskets of grain and rice and I stopped to talk to him. This man was so contented looking, and seemed so much at home and at peace, that I could not help but desire some of his companionship if but for a few moments of conversation. I greeted him in Hindustani and after conversing for some ten or fifteen minutes about the affairs of his district and also of my knowledge of the affairs of the bazaars of Calcutta, where he had never been, I bade him good night and returned to my domicile greatly consoled.

That night before retiring I planned the method of travel that I must adopt in order to reach Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, over the 235 miles of road through the mountains. I had not sufficient funds to go via the regular stage run, so I decided to go in the early morning to a bicycle shop I had seen that afternoon in the native bazaar and purchase a second-hand bicycle and thus make the journey. So, after a troubled night, I arose early and, going to the same shop, I managed, after the usual bazaar bargaining, to secure a good second-hand machine for a little less than the forty rupees I had intended to spend. Before taking possession, I had the shopkeeper go over it thoroughly with grease and oil and also had him attach a light luggage carrier on the rear wheel behind the seat and furnish me with a set of necessary tools for tyre and mechanical repairs, as well as a few extra links, should I break the pedal chain.

Thus, at about seven that morning, after strapping my light bundle of clothing to the bicycle, I bade good-bye to the city of Rawalpindi and started out over the State road for the Valley of Kashmir in the heart of the Himalayas, with but two rupees to finance the journey.

The road stretched away from Pindi to the first steep slopes which entered the mountains thirty miles away. The morning was bitterly cold as it was but the first week in March, but I pedalled steadily and managed to work up a great deal of warmth. After the first ten miles or so I overtook a caravan of camels headed by a patriarchal old Mohammedan driver with flowing white beard. I stopped to pass the time for a few moments, still feeling lonesome. He seemed surprised to see a white man out on the highway on a bicycle, and

more so as I had stopped to greet him, he being but a lowly camel driver.

After saluting him with the usual salaam of the country and being likewise saluted, I asked him where he was bound for. He replied that he was *en route* to Peshawar and asked me where I was going. I said that I was cycling to Kashmir, and he seemed still more surprised that I should be undertaking such a lengthy journey on a bicycle. He told me that I would never make the journey as the roads in some parts of the mountains were still under snow, but I said that I would be able to carry the cycle over the slippery places. The old fellow shook his head from side to side in great perturbation, saying, "Nay, Sahib, you should not proceed but return back to Pindi and go in the regular way that other white men travel if you really want to reach Kashmir safely". I explained that I had not sufficient money to pay for the journey, but he would not believe this as he imagined, I suppose, as most natives do, that all white men are rich. Nevertheless, when I bade him goodbye, he gave me the usual blessing of the road, "Salaam alaikum" (Peace be with you!), but as I started off, I heard him mutter in his beard something to the effect that I was a "Pahgle Sahib" (a crazy white man).

All that day I cycled toward the hills and late in the afternoon I was toiling up the first steep slopes which led to the first rest-house built by the British Government for travellers. It was a small, hill village, situated some forty miles from Pindi.

I left it behind and after several miles of very steep road I became so exhausted, as much from the increasing altitude as from the efforts of pedalling, that I alighted at the next village I came to. This happened

to be a tiny native hamlet consisting of a few huts and also government stables for changing the relays of horses which convey the passengers and mail through to Kashmir.

But here I must describe the method of travel adopted at that time by Europeans wishing to go to Kashmir from the frontier. There were two-wheeled vehicles called tom-toms or tongas, very heavily built and tyred with steel over the great wooden wheels. They were covered with what resembled in shape the top of an old-style baby buggy, a very large affair made of heavy canvas covering a series of wooden and steel bows, this top covering a double seat facing back and front with one back for both, the seats being upholstered much as those of our horse-drawn buggies. This contraption was drawn by a span of two fast horses, harnessed to the vehicle by a centre shaft which came out from between the two wheels at an acute angle, and ended above the necks of the horses. From its end the horse-collars were suspended. These collars being adorned with a series of bells gave warning of the vehicles' approach on the sharp turns through the mountains. The driver had a bugle which he also blew along the tortuous parts of the road. The journey from Pindi to Srinagar was made by these peculiar vehicles in two days and nights. The nights were spent by the travellers in one of the government rest-houses spaced a half-day's journey apart along the road. The horses would be relayed along the way. That is, they would make a hard and fast run of ten or twelve miles to the first village, where were stationed the stables of the operating company who contracted for the passengers and mails with the government, where they would be changed.

These government rest-houses consist of well-built houses furnished with dining-room, living-room, a large veranda and several bedrooms, also a cook-house. They are in charge of a Mohammedan headman called "khansaman" and several helpers. All the European traveller needs to furnish, in order to spend a comfortable night at one of these houses, is his or her own bedding. The government fixes the rates for room and board at one rupee and a half per night for accommodation and about the same price per meal. Along the highway to the Kashmir Valley these houses are most beautifully situated on the slopes of the heavily wooded mountains or in some mountain glade near a fast rushing torrent just off the road.

When arriving that first night at the tiny hamlet I have mentioned, I discovered that there was no rest-house there but that the nearest was at the village of Abbottabad some seven miles further on. It was about seven o'clock by that time, and very dark. Owing to the fact that I was extremely tired from that first long day's bicycle journey and general excitement, I inquired at some of the few native houses for a place to sleep that night. The people turned me away, of course, as they could not consider allowing a white man to enter their home (the old caste system again).

Well, I did not know what to do and to add to my plight it had started raining heavily. I walked over to the stables and, as I stood talking to the Mohammedan in charge about the road ahead to Abbottabad, a tom-tom pulled in from Pindi bound that evening for Abbottabad. As the horses were being changed, one of the passengers, a kindly middle-aged Mohammedan merchant,

asked me why I, a white man, was cycling along the road on such a night. I replied by telling him that I was on my way to Kashmir and that, owing to the fact that I did not have sufficient funds, I was forced to try to get there in the manner that he saw me using. Seeing my bedraggled condition, he told me to tie my bicycle to the side of the tom-tom and get onto the rear seat with him and that he would get me to the rest-house at Abbottabad that evening. So that night about nine o'clock I really did make that village as I had originally planned when leaving Pindi.

On arriving at the rest-house, I called for the head-man in charge and frankly related my tale of woe to him, explaining at the end that I could not afford the charges at the rest-house for an overnight stay but that I had no other place where I could spend the night. He was somewhat startled by my tale and also by the fact of my being a white man and in such lowly circumstances, accustomed as he was to dealing with those white tourists and government officials who frequent these houses *en route* to and from Kashmir. Nevertheless, after some moments of thought he told me that if I would give him the small sum of two annas (four cents), he would go down to the bazaar in the village and rent two heavy comforters from the man whose shop made them and that they would be ample bedding for me for that night; also for the further sum of four annas, he would supply me with curry and rice and tea for that evening's meal and also breakfast in the early morning before my departure.

This kindly arrangement at the first rest-house on my journey was repeated at each rest-house at the end of each day's trail, and for my midday meal I purchased

native bread, termed "küleechéh", at any small bazaar on the road.

This journey to Srinagar, Kashmir's chief city, lasted five days, during which time I cycled through the most beautiful mountain scenery I have ever beheld. The highway circled and turned through great slopes of pine and fir and walnut covered forests, and over bridges which spanned deep chasms where ran fast and turbulent streams. There were times when the road crossed passes which lay 8000 feet above the sea. At one place, after climbing for several hours and after reaching the summit of one of these passes, the road followed along the side of a range of mountains at a steadily descending slope for twenty-four miles toward Kashmir; this slope did not change its downward grade for the whole distance. That was not so bad for this lone cyclist, but at other times, and far more frequently, the road was torn away at that time of the year by early spring freshets. So for considerable distances I was forced either to carry my cycle over these slippery places or descend into a gorge or canyon to return later to the road. It was not till arriving at Srinagar that I learned that I had used the summer road to the valley from Pindi and that in the winter and early spring months the tom-toms used another and easier road after leaving Abbottabad.

On the morning of the third day I saw the first snow I had ever seen. I remember alighting and tasting some of it and very interestedly examining it. On the morning of the fifth day I passed between a mighty gorge of towering rock some 200 yards wide, which was the natural gateway into the lower end of that ancient summer resort of India's kings and



potentates, Kashmir, which, even now after many years have passed, remains in my mind the most beautiful spot in all the world.

That morning I was forced to stop for the remainder of the day at the village of Barramullah, the first village inside the rocky gateway to the valley, as it had started raining and not only was it bitterly cold but the road had turned to slush and mud which clogged the wheels and chain of the bicycle and clung to and froze against my shoes and puttees. But on the following morning I again started off for Srinagar, which lay thirty-five miles away in the centre of the valley, and after a most miserably cold and wet journey I reached this city, toward the middle of that afternoon.

C H A P T E R      S I X

*I Seek Employment*

**S**RINAGAR is one of the oldest inhabited communities of the Far East. Its history dates back to the time of the conquests of Alexander the Great, and, if the folklore of the Kashmiri is to be relied upon, long before that time. The city itself, consisting of some 75,000 inhabitants, over half of whom are Mohammedans and the rest Hindus, is scattered along both banks of the River Jhelum and along the myriad tiny lakes and canals which lie on the floor of the valley. It is a most beautifully scenic city in that the waterways which flow in and around it give it the appearance of an ancient Venice.

The main part of the city, along the Jhelum River, is bridged by a series of seven bridges, from the first named Amira Kudal, or Rich Man's Bridge, to its seventh, Sona Kudal, or Golden Bridge, some six miles away. These bridges were constructed hundreds of years ago by a former invader named Akbar the Great and consist of piers of logs laid down in the bed of the stream and filled with earth, upon which are laid the long logs which make up the floor of the bridge. With the exception of minor repairs from time to time,

these bridges have stood the passage of time remarkably well.

The Kashmiri himself is extremely fair and the women astonishingly beautiful. Among them it is common to see some with red hair and white freckled skin. Here the Kashmiri Pundits or Hindu scholars state that these red-heads among them are descended from the ancient European conquerors. But judging from their general appearance of poverty and neglect, they must have descended a very long way. All in all, the city and its surroundings are the most picturesquely beautiful that I saw in India or elsewhere, and the inhabitants and their surroundings the most unclean.

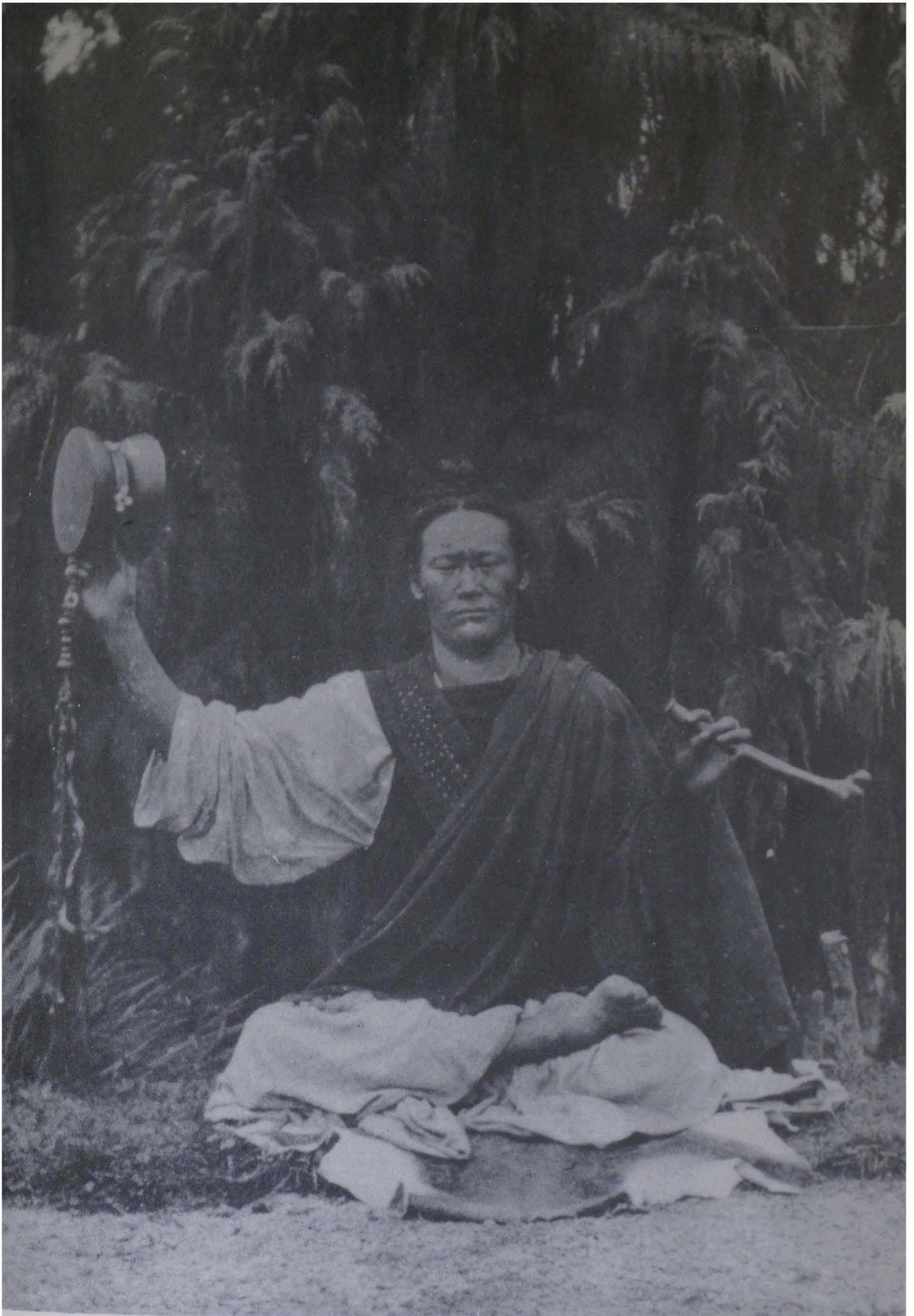
On the day of my arrival from India it had been steadily raining since early morning, and when I approached the first bridge which connected the main bazaar with the better part of the city where lay the shops and agencies given over to the tourist trade, I was a most bedraggled looking sight. I and my cycle were covered with a thick plaster of mud and my body almost frozen stiff from the intense early spring cold which is generated in that valley by the surrounding towering range of snow-covered mountains which hem in the valley on all sides from the rest of the Himalayan Range.

On the centre of the bridge I alighted and, leaning the machine against the handrail on the side of the bridge, I rested for some few minutes and tried to formulate some plan whereby I could approach some of the European population who are stationed in this city as managers of the silk- and rug-weaving mills and as government officials representing the British in this native state.

You must understand at that moment my general surroundings and physical appearance were not calculated to inspire in me anything but the most abysmal loneliness and gloom. It seemed to me then that I had deliberately transported myself into another world.

I had not stopped for more than a few moments when I found myself surrounded by a motley throng of turbaned and ragged Kashmiris of all walks of life, varying from the poverty-stricken and filthy coolies, to those better-class but just as dirty merchants and householders. They all looked at me with such an expression of surprise and curiosity that I was forced to avert my gaze from them and pretend to watch the passing traffic of boats of all native descriptions in the river below. In turn the natives, surrounding me, clustered along the bridge-rail and looked into the river to see what I was looking at. So in utter desperation I jumped on my cycle and crossed over the bridge toward the district where the agencies for the care of tourists were located.

After making several inquiries from tradesmen in their shops, I found myself on the embankment above a great circle of the river, termed the "Bund", upon which were situated several stores and buildings of European type. There was a sign above one which read "Cockburn Agency", and as it was the one closest to me at the time, I ventured in and asked one of the Hindu clerks to take me to the Sahib in charge. This Sahib, who happened to be in, fortunately, was a young ex-soldier of the army of British India, and was being employed as man in charge of that agency. I was ushered into his office and, extending my hand across his desk, I introduced myself as a wandering



A NGAKPA LAMA OF SIKKIM.

*Member of a mystic order, who claims the power of being able to dispel all evil spirits. As occasion demands a thigh-bone is sounded or a cantation is droned to the beat of a drum.*



American who had but just arrived from India via the bicycle route and was looking for some means of employment in his fair city. He was completely surprised by my introduction and carefully explained to me that in this city there was no employment for outside white men, except those who were sent in from India by special appointment by either the native government or the British authorities, or by some of the few white contractors living in Srinagar. Well, I explained to him that here I was and that something must surely be done about it.

In order to give him some encouragement regarding my present fate, I offered to sell him my cycle for what I had paid for it in Pindi, and, as cycles were rather scarce there at the time, he bought it from me for cash, after an examination. I then asked him where I could rent accommodation for a few days until I could secure employment. He informed me that the only available accommodation consisted of house-boats owned and rented by the native house-boat owners or "Mahnjis", and that they would surely get all my few rupees away from me in the matter of three or four days as they charged high prices for the rent of a boat for myself, a cook-boat for the cook I must employ, and also for the wages of a man servant and for the cost of food stuffs. Well, at that time there was nothing I could do but ask him to be good enough to arrange for me some cheaper sort of boat from one of the poorer boatmen, and this he very kindly did.

That evening I found myself ensconced in a tiny doll-like house-boat furnished with tiny rugs and tiny pieces of semi-European furniture and with a ceiling so low that I had difficulty in standing upright.

Attached to its stern was a small cook-boat in which lived the owner and his family. The boat and my meals were furnished for the sum of eight rupees per day, and owing to the fact that I had but three, or at the most four, days' rent as my total wealth, I decided to do some tall planning that night before retiring as to what I should do in this strangest of all those strange places I had found myself since leaving my native shores.

After dinner that evening I called the boat owner and after he was seated on the floor of the boat's veranda, at my feet, I proceeded to find out all I could about the Sahibs who lived and worked in the community. He informed me that the silk mill was a very large affair and was run by several Englishmen and owned by the Native State of Kashmir; that the rug-weaving mills were operated likewise and that there were other positions such as forest officers and rangers, State engineers and assistants and a man in charge of agriculture. He further went on to state that a month or two before my arrival the silk mills and filature buildings had been burned down and that there was an American engineer and contractor who had the government contract for their reconstruction and was at present engaged in that work.

Upon further questioning it appeared that the American contractor was a man named Thadeus Avery, who, I learned later, had come out from San Francisco some six years previously to construct a hydro-electric power plant below the city of Srinagar for the purpose of supplying the city and all the valley with electric light and power. He had been sent out by the Pelton Water Wheel Company of San Francisco.



After the construction of this plant had been completed, Avery went on his own as a private contractor and lived in a nice home built in the English style, just outside the city on the hill where the Europeans dwelt.

Naturally, upon learning about Avery, I called on him the first thing the following morning and, after introducing myself, I told him of my need for work and that I had had considerable experience of handling native labour in India, and also that I spoke Hindustani very well.

He was very unsympathetic at that time and told me that he had no place open. He advised me to return to India. I thanked him and departed back to my boat. Of course, on my way back I began to feel that terrible loneliness steal over me once more. I believe it was chiefly owing to the way Avery had received me; after all, I was a fellow American and had committed no great felony in coming to Kashmir without any visible means of support.

Two days followed in which I roamed about, not knowing what to do next. On the third night after my arrival in the city, as I sat in the boat disconsolately reviewing my present financial circumstances, which consisted of four rupees, I decided that there was only one thing for me to do. I decided to arise before day-break the following morning and, with but the clothes on my back, start out through the city and along the main highway which runs through the valley, toward the smaller city of Islamabad. This city lay at the upper end of the valley on the lower slopes of a range of high mountains. My rather vague idea in doing this was that either I would run into something on the way which might lead to some means of allowing me to find

work in the valley, or in Islamabad I might locate other Europeans who could give me employment.

At any rate, at three o'clock the following morning I quietly dressed and crept out of the boat onto the shore and then started off along the highway through the city for Islamabad. Some months later I learned that when my host, the boatman, discovered that I had gone that morning, knowing as he did of my poverty and trouble, he and his boatman friends dragged the river all about the boat for my body.

I walked through the city and out into the country along the highway from three that morning until seven, when I crawled into the hollow trunk of a great chinar tree (our plane tree) off the highway, which stood in a grove surrounding one of the many wayside "Ziaret-gahs" or shrines, and, after a dry breakfast of native buns purchased on the way, I fell asleep for about an hour, when I then continued my journey slightly refreshed. I continued at a fast walk all day, passing through many native Kashmiri hamlets where the peasants stared at me in frank amazement.

Though I was extremely lonely and distraught, I could not but be thrilled by the grandeur of the scenery of both the valley itself and the surrounding towering mountain peaks. The tops of these mountains were still covered with snow down to nearly the valley floor and the valley itself was sown in great areas with mustard plants of a brilliant yellow. This crop the Kashmiri uses in the manufacture of cooking oil.

Many temples, both Hindu and Mohammedan, were passed and also many deserted ancient shrines and villages of a bygone age. The whole passing scene made anyone of a Western race feel as if walking

through another world of some ancient past as in a dream.

Owing to the fact of my present circumstances, the journey that day was anything but conducive to tranquillity of spirit. Had I been one of the many American and European tourists who flock up to the valley when the heat runs rampant on the Indian plains, I would no doubt have enjoyed most thoroughly my trip on foot that memorable day.

Toward evening I reached a point in the road where a bridge spanned the Jhelum River some thirty miles from Srinagar. On the far side of this bridge stood a rest-house for European travellers, and upon arriving here I summoned the Kashmiri in charge and told him how I had walked that day from Srinagar and spent my last remaining money for food on the way. I explained that I had come up from India anxious to secure work of some sort and had not met with any luck so far, so had come toward Islamabad to see what opportunities awaited me there.

This old Mohammedan seemed very much surprised and concerned about me. He said that I was the first white man he had ever known who came to Kashmir on such a mission and without funds. All I could say to this was that I was very young and had started from my home in America to see what I could of the world as many other young men before me had done, but that, unfortunately, thus far I had not made the journey a very paying one as he, himself, could judge by my present poverty. He then became very sorry for me and departed saying that he would bring me covers for my bed in the rest-house as well as food for that evening's meal without charge, as he said that it hurt him to see

one so young travelling as far from his native land in such a poor manner. While he was away, I again felt so utterly lonely that for the first time on the long trail from San Francisco I wept as if I were again but a small and very much abused child.

Owing thus to the kindness and hospitality of this man I fed and slept well that night, and early the following morning he escorted me a short way along the road to Islamabad, five miles distant. Here, upon my bidding him farewell and greatly thanking him for his kindness, we parted.

It was sometime around nine o'clock that morning that I reached the centre of the small city, and as I passed a long stone wall which encircled a large two-story stone structure, I stopped to watch a rather large group of young Hindu children disporting themselves in the compound. The place proved to be a mission school, and as I stood there interestedly watching the students playing in the yard, one of the teachers, a young man wearing a very large turban, approached me and asked if I would not like to come in and talk to his pupils. He said that it was seldom that any white man visited the school. I readily enough consented and, entering the compound, I watched while this teacher, who later told me that he was the Principal of that school, grouped the different classes and put them through a series of exercises.

After watching this for some time, I inquired of him if the children would care to hear from me about other children in distant lands and the method of their training in their schools. He gladly accepted my offer and, after telling his children of my intention, we all squatted down upon the hard packed soil of the yard and I told them

about my childhood at school, of our school buildings, desks, number of pupils to a school of average size and, after their eager questions, I perforce had to launch out into a description of our cities with their street-cars and paved streets, the great ships which steam over the oceans and many other tales of that so far distant America, which to them seemed a land beyond their ken.

Some two hours we sat there, then the Principal dismissed the students to their class-rooms and we then spoke together. I related to him my adventures in India and also how I had journeyed to Kashmir and with what poor results I had tried to secure work in Srinagar. He became very sympathetic and, after some moments' thought, he resolved on the plan to have me return to Srinagar by boat and go to see the Englishman in charge of the mission schools of Kashmir, a Rev. E. Tyndale Biscoe. In the meantime he said that he would write to him and introduce me in his letter asking that, if possible, I be appointed as assistant instructor in one of the mission schools as I was very well adapted to handling children.

Well, of course, I jumped at the chance of securing any sort of employment at that time, though as an instructor I would have probably made a good sailor. So it was then decided, and immediately we departed in a small tom-tom for the rest-house, and the river which I had just left that morning.

Arrived there, my Hindu friend made arrangements for a small mat-covered native boat or "doonga" to take me back to Srinagar some sixty-five miles' journey down the winding stream. After I bade my Hindu friend goodbye, the boatman, his wife and little child

shoved the boat out into the stream and we were on our way on the most picturesque and interesting journey by water that it has ever been my good fortune to make.

This journey lasted two days and nights. My food and a bed on the wooden deck of the boat were furnished me by the boatman in the front of the little boat, and on the other side of a native mat screen lived his family. The food was of the poorest, consisting of native buns, termed "küleechéh", and occasionally eggs, with tea. The eggs were obtained from farms as we passed along the banks of the stream.

When arriving near Srinagar, the boatman tied up to the bank some four miles above the city itself as I said that I did not wish to be observed in my present circumstances by any fellow white men within the city. I then disembarked and, after a stiff walk in the morning cold into the city, I finally found the house occupied by the Reverend Tyndale Biscoe in the European section near the Bund. Fortunately, I found him at home, and after an introduction I explained my mission to him.

He said that he had received the letter written by the Principal of the mission school in Islamabad telling him about me and begging that I be employed with the mission schools. Biscoe explained to me then that it was not within his power to employ a white man as that power lay with the head of the mission who was stationed in India, but that if I cared to, he would be glad to have me visit the mission school for a few days while in Srinagar.

Well, I was of course rather surprised that in his offer he did not refer to the fact of my poverty and my immediate need for work, for my friend of Islamabad

told me that he would speak of this in the letter. But I said nothing of this to Biscoe and accepted his invitation to accompany him to the school. We started off then at once by boat down the river about two miles and, arriving at the foot of a long series of stone steps, alighted and made our way up into the compound of the school, a very ancient-looking adobe building.

At the time the boys of the school were out in the compound before the school. Here Biscoe gathered them in a group and introduced me as a travelling American who had come to Kashmir and wished to see and speak to his students. He then asked me to take the oldest boys in their class for a period of half an hour when school started, to which request I doubtfully consented.

When the school classes had begun I found myself in a small adobe walled and floored room in which squatted some thirty young Hindu students. I could see by the expression on their faces that they were greatly interested in what I would have to say to them, and so for the next half-hour I regaled them with something of my travels and adventures in other lands and also about India and its cities and peoples, of which they had seen nothing in their lifetime, as few Kashmiris ever migrate down onto the Indian plains.

While talking to them, I noted that they all wore a tiny cross made of red felt in the buttonhole of their jackets. Towards the close of my talk I asked them what the idea was. One of the older boys replied that it was the insignia of the mission school and that they all wore one while attending the school. I asked then if it meant also that they were all converted Christians, and he replied that they were not.

I told the class then that personally I felt that it behoved a young man to take the faith that his parents bestowed upon him and to make a man out of himself along the lines of the ethics laid down by that faith; that the ethical system of one faith was much the same as that of any other, and that I did not see how it would benefit a man to discard any good faith for a seemingly better one since goodness and honesty were not like a robe which may be put on or taken off at the order of another. Ending this brief talk, I commended the class upon the faithfulness with which they adhered to the faith of their fathers.

After leaving this class I returned with Biscoe to his home, where I bade him goodbye after promising to return the following morning for another visit to his school. On the way back to my temporary quarters in the borrowed boat, I realized that I was now not a whit better off than I had been when starting away for Islamabad some days before, and felt greatly discouraged with my present prospects of securing employment in Kashmir Valley. The only plan that then offered itself to me was to pay a few more visits to the mission school and bide my time in the hope that some opportunity might present itself.



C H A P T E R     S E V E N

*I Become Principal of a School*

**B**Y the time I arrived back at the boat, it had started snowing and it continued all the day and that night. It became very cold in the little boat as I had but one native quilt lent me by the boatman. It was just as cold a walk back to the city the next morning, where I again went with Biscoe to visit the school. That day as I returned home again, I was met on the outlying section of the city by a young Hindu who stopped me and, extending a bit of paper, asked me if I knew where he could find the Sahib whose name appeared there.

I saw that the name was my own and said so to him. He replied that he had been sent to me by the Hindu leader of the community, a man named Hari Gopal, who wished to see me at his home in the city. I asked him how I could find the place and he said that he had been sent to fetch me there at once. So back we started again and, after about an hour's walk through the city and into the winding lanes of the residences of the better-class Kashmiris, we reached the home of Hari Gopal, where I was ushered into the main room of his home. It was furnished with several large hand-woven

rugs strewn about the earth floor and several low divans along the wall also covered with a profusion of these rugs.

Here I met Hari Gopal, who sat upon the floor. He arose and introduced himself, in very good English, as I entered. After we had become seated, he explained to me that his reason in having me come to him was that his boys, the young Hindus of Kashmir, had told him of my visits to the mission school with Biscoe and of my talk, on that first morning, to the class. The boys, he went on to state, had been very much affected by my talk regarding conversion and that he himself also was impressed on hearing the account of it. He stated that a Hindu school had just been started behind the large temple in a canal called Chinar Bagh and that he was in need of a Principal for the school and asked if I would take the job.

My answer was, of course, yes. It was a job at last, and the fact that I was not competent to take over a Hindu school and instruct the students in their English training did not deter me at all. So it happened that on the morning of the day following I had my boatman take the boat into the Chinar Bagh and tie up before the school. I alighted and in the dilapidated school building behind the temple met the students and teachers and Hari Gopal himself, who had come up from his home to initiate me, so to speak, into the mysteries of a principalship.

Well, after several Hindu chants were intoned by the hundred or so boys, who varied in age from five to seventeen years, I was officially installed as the school's Master and started off on the strangest adventure of my life up to that time. I was given a room in the loft

of an old outbuilding near the school and just next to the temple itself. This room measured five feet by seven and was five feet high. It had a tiny door four feet high, consisting of a couple of boards nailed together and secured to the casing with pieces of old leather for hinges. It was furnished with but a native bed, or charpoy, made of poles and tape and with two blankets for covering. The covering on the floor and walls was the native soil of Kashmir Valley. My meals were brought to me from the home of one of the teachers and consisted simply of native curry and rice and a pot, or samovar, of native tea, this being served twice a day.

During the first few days of school I did nothing to disturb the regular customs of the classes, but watched keenly before launching out as a fully fledged Master. Later I took over classes in arithmetic and spelling and geography, and also regaled them with tales of other lands which held their interest more than the regular studies. After the first week I began to note an influx of more students into the school, and as some of the new faces seemed familiar, I made inquiries and learned that many of the students of the mission school were coming over to join my school after learning that I had been made its Master. I wondered then what Biscoe would do about it, as he had been organized for years in Kashmir and had a great deal of influence with the Resident in political charge of Kashmir state affairs. I believed at the time that if I managed to stir up enough trouble in the white community, it would become known that there was a destitute white man among them who was in sad need of repairs.

My life in the school was not a particularly happy one. The food I was given was not sufficient to keep warmth in my body and the tiny room I lived in was so cold that I was unable to sleep very well at night. On top of this I found out that whatever pay I was supposed to be receiving from Hari Gopal was being side-tracked into the pocket of the Hindu teacher in charge of the school under myself. Also, whenever it rained there was no school, and at one time for three days it rained steadily and, having no place to go and nothing to do, I was forced to lie in my room waiting for the rain to stop, suffering greatly from the cold and dampness.

The sanitary condition of the school itself, and of the pupils, was terrible. The students lived and slept in the same clothes through the whole of a season, and if ever they washed, it was with the cold river water and without soap. Once, as I reviewed a class of tiny tots from the lowest grades, in the yard of the school one morning when we were going through a series of exercises which I had tried to inaugurate in the school, at their close I asked the children to put out their hands, palms upward, for inspection. I then took a piece of coloured crayon and made a cross upon the hands of all of them, telling them that all those who had crosses on their hands should ask their mothers to scrub them before the next day of school, when I would again inspect them. On the following day, during the same class exercises, I inspected their hands and found all my crosses still intact, so reluctantly gave up the idea of sanitation. I was there to teach and not to smell, evidently.

It was during the three days of rain that Biscoe and

three of his students made me a call as I sat upon my bed wrapped around with both blankets. He came in and sat down upon the edge of my bed and asked me how I was enjoying my life in Srinagar as a Principal of a Hindu school. I replied that it was not a case of enjoying myself, but of finding a place to sleep and food to eat, and that as the whites of the community had failed me, I had of necessity to turn to the Hindus who had so far proved slightly better.

He then explained that he had called upon me to offer me a temporary position as examiner during the final examinations of the students in the Srinagar schools, which ended the winter term, stating that the job would be worth three rupees per day and would last three or four days. He also said that if I would take this position for the time being, he would see the British Resident regarding my case and see if something more permanent could be arranged in the line of work for me in Kashmir. Well, of course, I gladly accepted and he then took his departure.

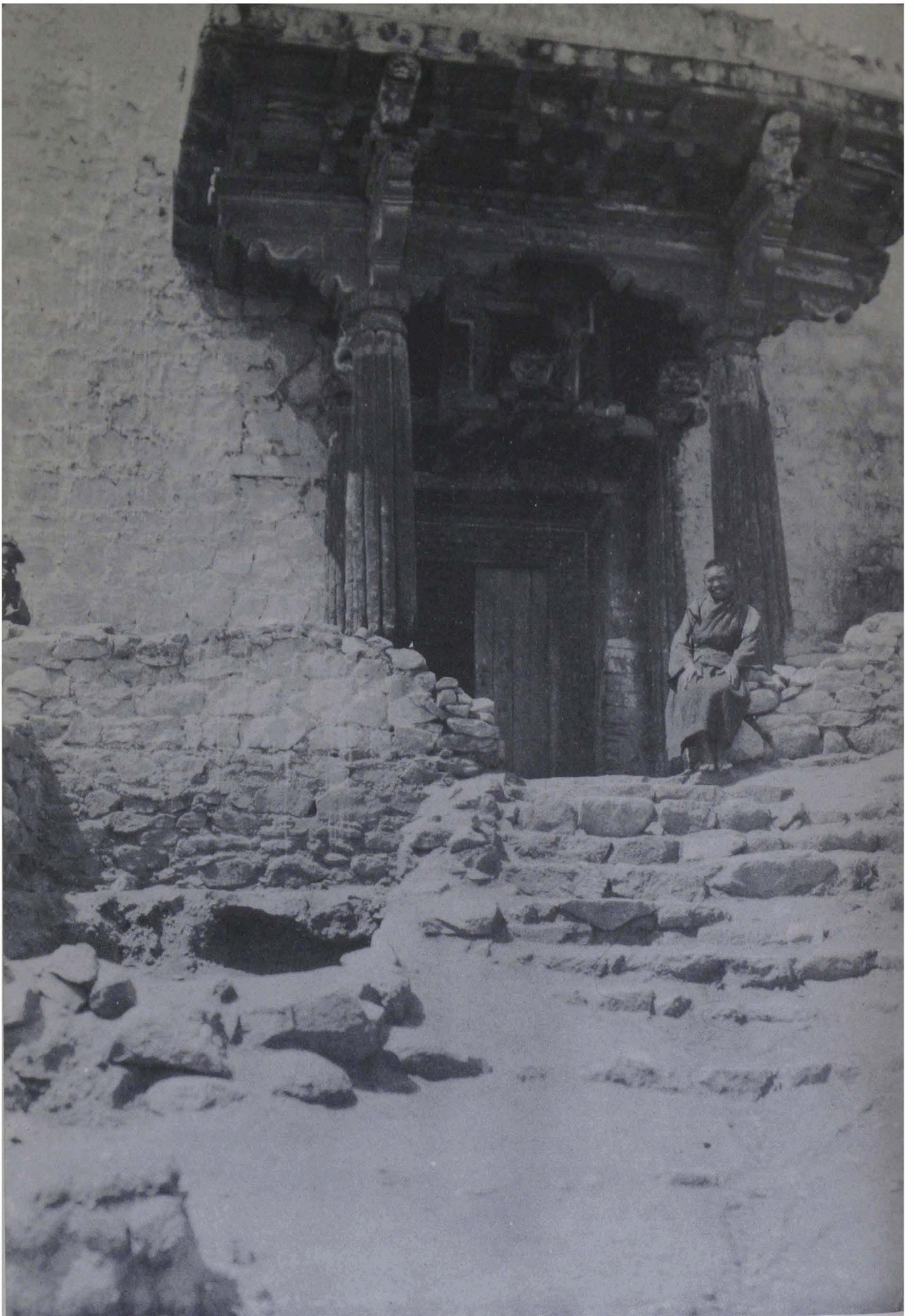
That evening I went down into the city to see Hari Gopal and I handed in my resignation, which he accepted, realizing that the conditions were too severe for me as head of a Hindu school. He then confidentially told me that he had come to know that the British Resident had heard of my being in Kashmir and of my post in the Hindu school and was intending to send for me and order me out of Kashmir as a seditionist. He advised me to go immediately to the Residency and see the Resident and tell him the whole story regarding my journey through India to Kashmir.

The following morning I presented myself at the office of the first assistant to the Resident, a man named

Major James, and after being ushered into his office, I introduced myself. He looked very carefully at me before asking me to be seated, and after sitting myself down before him at his desk, I related, as briefly as possible, my journey to Kashmir and my later adventures in the community. He asked me if I had called upon Mr Avery and I replied that I had done so but without results. He then remarked that I looked as if I were hungry and that I did not seem to have been supplied with very much food whilst in the valley. I said that being hungry had become such a habit with me that I was becoming accustomed to the experience and had grown not to notice it too much. He immediately called his manservant and spoke quietly to him for a moment. We conversed together then about my experiences in India and Australia, and during the conversation he explained to me that he had been on the point of sending for me and ordering me out of Kashmir as he had thought that, being an American adventurer, I was intending to broadcast propaganda against the British among the Hindus of the valley. "But," he said, "after seeing you and hearing your story, I have changed my mind about you and believe you deserving of employment in the city as you have certainly earned the right to remain amongst us by your tribulations and persistency so far."

Presently the servant brought in a large tray with tea and a couple of dozen sugar-coated English tea-cakes and set it down before me on the Resident's desk. Major James noted my embarrassment and told me that he wished me to eat and drink my fill as I was surely in need of it, and that it gave him great pleasure to be able to do some little thing for me. So I ate and





ENTRANCE TO A MONASTERY.

*The Monks wear red caps and toga-like robes and often carry little prayer cylinders which they twirl round and round.*



drank until I felt well warmed and satisfied and then arising I thanked him and departed with his assurance that he would take immediate steps to find me employment.

I then went down along the Bund of the Chinar Bagh Canal and made temporary arrangements with a boatman of a tourist house-boat to occupy his boat and to pay him later out of the money I hoped to earn. My next job was that of Examiner in the Sri Pratab College in the centre of the European section of the city. The work was merely to walk up and down the aisles of the class-room and to watch that no students cheated during their examinations. The post lasted three days and it was during that time that I received a note from Mr Avery requesting me to go and see him at his office on the Bund.

I went that same day after school had finished and when I arrived at his office he stated that the Resident had spoken to him regarding me and that he had decided to give me work as overseer on the silk mills which he was reconstructing just outside the city, in order to enable me to earn enough to take me back to India. I thanked him and accepted gladly, but reserved to myself the knowledge that I had no intention of returning to India for a long time.

I met Avery at the mill site on the following morning and he showed me over the works, explaining the progress of the work on the long filature buildings and cocoon sheds under construction. After a couple of hours he left me to my job, adding that he was going off into the hills on a hunting trip for ten days, after which he would return and give me sufficient funds to see me back to India.

Being accustomed to handling native labour, at the end of the first week I had completely reorganized the work and the general conditions of hauling materials from the several native contractors who were supplying them to the mill site. At the end of the second week Avery returned and came out to look over the work. After an hour's inspection, he took me into the little shed I used as an office and said that after seeing the progress made on the work while he was away, he had decided to revise his plans about me and to keep me on permanently at a fixed salary as superintendent of the construction of the mill. He said that all the details of engineering, of which I had no knowledge, would be looked after by a Hindu engineer, an inspector furnished by the State to watch the progress of the work in the State's interest.

Thus did I finally settle down and become, for fourteen months, another one of the European residents of the city of Srinagar. It was fortunate for Avery that I arrived when I did, for I had not been in charge of the mill construction more than a fortnight when he was smitten down with a severe attack of enteric fever and was confined to bed for almost ten weeks, during which time he was obliged to leave everything to me.

That period in beautiful Kashmir will always be remembered by me. But through it all there was the constant realization of the main object of my journey to India, the desire to meet with some of the Mahatmas who were said to dwell somewhere within the confines of the Himalayas. I lost no opportunity in making inquiries, in a guarded manner, regarding these men, among the Hindu friends I made as time passed. They

all believed implicitly in the Mahatmas and were all equally sure that they dwelt in the mountains but no one of these friends could tell me the exact location of their abode or how I could go about finding them.

## C H A P T E R      E I G H T

### *A Meeting with a High Priest*

SPRING drew around and the floor of the valley became covered with colour. The orchards blossomed out into a glory of soft hues and the young crops of early seed sown after the mustard had been harvested, covered the valley as a soft light-green carpet. The valley itself, when seen from the slopes of the hills surrounding the city of Srinagar, is dotted with large and small lakes and great stretches of marsh grass which grow in two or three feet of water and cover many square miles.

It appears as if at one time the whole of the valley had been a great interior lake and that it had broken through the confining rocky barrier at the lower end of the valley and had drained down onto the Indian plains, leaving behind these small lakes and marshes. The soil of the valley is intensely fruitful, producing all the fruits which we grow in California and many others of a semi-tropical nature as well. Though the crops are not very large, owing to the small extent of the farms and the size of the valley itself, the fruits and grapes produced are of the finest.

Later, as spring lengthened into early summer, the

English and other white tourists came flocking into the valley from the heat of the Indian plains, to occupy the many house-boats which lined the canals and waterways of the countryside outside the city's confines. Kashmir then began to look like something I could surely not have visualized on the morning of my arrival there months before in the cold and rain and mud.

I completed the construction of the silk mill in four months from taking the work over, and it was during that time that war broke out in France. We heard a great deal about it as the days passed and the community remained greatly excited over it for many months until they became used to the idea that a war was going on in Europe between white powers. It seemed very difficult for them to realize that two white nations could fight against each other as they had always thought that white men stood together against the Oriental races.

When the work at the mill was finished, I then took over the continuation of the construction of a dam which was being thrown across the lower river just below the city at a suburb called Chatabal.

Up to that time the boatmen owning large barges had had to tie up during the slack water of the winter months and had been so doing for generations. The fact that Avery was known to have guaranteed them a full river through the city, and for fourteen miles beyond and above it, was accepted by these boatmen, as well as by the majority of the population, as just another impossible idea of a white man. The following winter after the dam was eventually completed, the boatmen watched the water rise to levels never before

seen, and the rejoicing was great and white man prestige went up considerably.

The work on the dam at Chatabal took me through the winter of 1914 and into the early spring of 1915 and during all this time I lived in a well-furnished house-boat which Avery had turned over for my use. As it was he who owned the tourists' outfitting store termed Cockburn's Agency and as he had many large and beautifully accommodated house-boats which he looked after for their owners, who came up from India and out from England during the season, I was fortunate in having that beautiful boat which was my home for those cold winter months on the river.

During the summer and fall of 1914, while engaged on the silk mill, I met a great many men of the caravans which came down over the high mountain passes from Ladakh (sometimes known as Little Tibet) and the Tibetan frontier. These men of the caravans had strange tales to tell me of their country and its high altitudes and of the great stretches of trail which ran over arid wastes along the Tibetan and Himalayan plateau connecting them with India and Kashmir. They told me of the many, many days it took for their slow-moving caravans to reach that city of Srinagar in Kashmir. I was greatly interested in their journeyings for I had come to know an old Hindu pundit (learned man) whom I had met while on the silk mill, and after our friendship had grown to the confidential stage I told him just what I was in search of in the Himalayas and asked him frankly if he knew where in those mountains could be found the centre where lived the Mahatmas, or men of great knowledge, who could teach me more of the secrets of life and of the mysteries

so carefully veiled in books on Hindu philosophy. He told me that he had known of the existence of this centre, as had many of the learned men of Kashmir and India, somewhere along the trans-Himalayan route across Tibet proper, which stretched from Ladakh on its western frontier to Gyantze and Lhasa near Darjeeling and its eastern frontier. As time went on and our friendship grew, he also told me that he believed the centre to be somewhere near one of the Tibetan monasteries which occur at intervals of from one to three weeks by horse along the trail between Ladakh and Gyantze on the great Tibetan Plateau.

It was with this information in mind that I sought out all those men who came over those high trails and also those Kashmiris who had been to Ladakh and could tell me something of the conditions I would be forced to face when crossing that country. As the months passed and the feeling of having reached the end of the trail's possibilities when making the Kashmir Valley had passed, I determined to carry my search onward into the high Himalayas and even into Tibet itself if it became necessary. I had never for one moment lost the idea that I should never turn back on my trail until I had found those Mahatmas.

I learned that it was possible for me to secure permission of the British Residency office to visit Ladakh in the usual hunting season, which lasted from June to September. This permission allows the tourist to proceed from Srinagar to Ganderbal, a tiny village at the head of the Sindh River Valley, some eighteen miles below Srinagar, and thence up the Sindh River and over the Zoji La Pass, which reaches an altitude of over 13,000 feet, to follow along a rocky and

winding trail into Ladakh itself and the fairly large village of Leh, which lies 235 miles from Kashmir's capital.

I also found that the journey could be made in fairly easy stages by horse in twelve days and that along the trail there were built a series of rest-houses for the use of Europeans who made this journey each year for sight-seeing and hunting. These houses were made of the usual native mud but furnished sufficiently to allow the traveller the comfort of a pole and tape bed, a table and chairs and a fireplace. These houses were situated about a day's easy journey by horse apart. Also I learned that the government published a list of prices for the hire of horses from stage to stage and also a price list of the rents for the rest-houses. So as far as the journey to Ladakh was concerned, I did not feel that I would have any great difficulty. But from the village of Leh onward across the first slopes which led up onto the Tibetan Plateau itself, a journey of ninety miles, and of the trail onto, and across, the first stretches of Plateau to the true Tibetan frontier and into Tibet itself, I was decidedly doubtful about my powers of endurance and perhaps also my luck.

Nevertheless, I determined to start off, and after the river work was shut down and I found that my work in Kashmir had come to a temporary halt until Avery started something else, I applied for my permit through the Residency. After receiving it, I made preparations for the journey to Ladakh. I purchased rice, beans, potatoes, onions, tea and sugar. Enough of these were purchased to last about a month. Then I made arrangements with a caravan man, who rented horses for the first stage of the journey, to furnish me with five horses,



three pack animals to carry my tent and camping equipment, which I secured on loan from Avery through his tourist agency, and the foodstuffs; one riding pony was for my cook and one for myself. One early morning full of hope I then started off for Ladakh and the Tibetan frontier.

That day we made the first two stages from the central city and through Ganderbal to the village of Kangan, where I secured fresh horses, after paying off the first man, and the following day our caravan arrived at Sona Marg, which lay just eight miles from the foot of the pass. Here we put up for the night at a tiny caravanserai situated near the shores of the Sindh River, which was not much more than an overgrown stream.

From Kangan to Sona Marg we had run into heavy snows along the trail and in a couple of places I had great trouble making the men leading the horses continue the journey over the sides of the mountain slopes, which were snow-covered but in such a state of thaw that the horses could not proceed until we had all gone across first to stamp a hard trail in the snow. At other places the trail went right across the river over the snows which formed a snow bridge, and one could hear the water rushing underneath.

It was at this station of Sona Marg that the headman, who furnished horses, informed me that the season was too early for me to be able to use horses over the trail ahead as far as Kargil, the half-way point between Kashmir and Ladakh and about three days' journey from Sona Marg. He said that I would have to continue on with pack coolies on foot; otherwise I would have to wait there for two weeks for the Zoji La Pass trail to become free of its encumbering snows. I arranged for

the coolies that night and, upon the advice of the headman, ordered them to turn out at two o'clock the following morning so as to avoid the snow glare the next day, as much as possible, while making for the first stage ahead. It was a rest-house situated in the centre of the Zoji La Pass, half-way through the pass and situated at an altitude of over 13,500 feet.

That evening before turning in I saw, above Sona Marg and lying in the high canyons of a mighty mountain range which flanked the Sindh Valley at that point, a great glacier which, in the light of the setting sun, seemed made of molten flame. It was the first time I had ever seen such a sight. At first I mistook it for a frozen river but upon inquiry I learned that it was glacial and that in the right season many Sahibs came up to view it.

After a very troubled night, wherein I continually visualized the difficulties of the trail over the pass ahead, I was awakened by the headman and turned out to find the coolies and my cook busily engaged in making up their packs preparatory to starting off. At two-thirty we started and made the eight miles to the foot of the pass when the first grey light was visible in the sky.

Now, this pass holds no difficulties for the traveller when the land is free from snow in summer and fall, but when we arrived at its base it stretched, a solid white wall, straight ahead. Our caravan could not make use of the usual summer trail and we had to scramble up a watercourse which was then under snow. This was the most difficult piece of trail I had ever experienced; it was all the coolies could do to get themselves and their packs up that mile of snowbound rock and rise, until reaching the straight-away across the

pass floor, which stretched for seven miles, a barren white desolation, to the rest-house at Mitzahoi. We had to take a rest period of several minutes at the summit, but I urged the coolies on as soon as possible, fearing what that white glare would do to our eyes if we were forced to be in it for very long now that the sun was well up. I was equipped with three pairs of sun-glasses of an inferior make. I had on one pair while the head coolie and my cook had on a pair each.

After we had started again the head coolie came to me and explained that I should not on any account attempt to step out of the tracks which he and his men made in the snow as the snow was several feet deep and, except in the tracks made by our caravan, was very soft. He asked me to remove my shoes and, tying the shoes onto his pack, he laced a pair of large, flat, heavily woven grass sandals to my feet over two pairs of woollen socks which I was wearing. Later I noted that these sandals stood up infinitely better on the soft snow than did my heavy leather mountain shoes.

The trail across the white wilderness of that pass was a long nightmare to all of us. First two of the coolies became so snow blind that they could not keep their feet in the tracks of the men ahead, and then I had to beat up one of the coolies who had been too lazy to take his share of the packs that morning before leaving Sona Marg, forcing part of his pack on a weaker and more submissive coolie. Lastly, I became snow blind as I had had to give my glasses to the trail breaker after the first hour across the pass. So, at the end of four of the toughest hours any man would care to spend on the trail, we arrived exhausted at the rest-

house of Mizahoi. It had taken us just four hours to make the seven miles across that white wilderness.

Here, though I could see only faintly, I had to take care of the coolies, who were all suffering greatly from cracked faces and sore eyes, and with the help of the cook, who himself was partly blinded and suffering considerable pain, we got together some tea and a mess of rice and potatoes. After a good hot feed all round, we crawled into the darkness of the two rooms of the serai and tried to rest and recover for the remainder of that day and that night.

During the night my eyes grew worse and the pain was terrific. I did not know what to do for it, nor how to help my men who were suffering likewise, so we just had to make the best of it. About midnight I summoned my cook and had him find out how far it was to the snow-line below us on toward Ladakh. Later he returned and said that after a journey of twelve miles down a gradual slope over land only partly under snow and a fair trail, we could reach the village of Pon Dras. He stated that though there was no rest-house there, the coolies and myself could be cared for by the villagers and have our eyes treated. So without any further ado I routed out the caravan and forced them and myself to continue on toward Pon Dras. We left Mizahoi at about one o'clock and the journey was made by the blind among us being led by those who had not been so badly affected. It was full daylight when we reached the few adobe houses termed Pon Dras.

This village looked exactly like an ancient cliff-dweller abode, as the houses were built right out of the side of a mountain along and above the trail. The

goats and chickens could walk down the side of a hill and right out onto the roofs of these mud houses. At this village we received what kind hospitality the place afforded, which was coarse food and the great comfort of darkened cell-like rooms. Here our somewhat bedraggled caravan remained for two full days and nights during which time I lay stretched flat on a dirty native bed in total darkness and lived on potatoes, rice and tea. The headman of that village treated my eyes with some stuff which had a very soothing effect and at the end of that time, with the aid of sun-glasses, I was able to proceed onward to Ladakh.

The Zoji La Pass seemed to be the dead-line which separated the rich and fertile Kashmir Valley and the lower slopes of the Himalayas from the great arid desert reaches of the higher mountains which led up onto the Himalayan Plateau, for as the journey continued I noted the barrenness of the soil and the absence of vegetation. Along the trail, the fields used by the villagers for their sparse crops of barley were two or three feet above the trail itself, which wound between them. Later on, I was told that the soil of these fields was not native soil, but had been carried there on both the backs of the villagers and of their pack animals from regions lower down, as the native soil itself had no fertility.

After leaving Pon Dras the trail led out of the region of the snows and travelling became more enjoyable. On reaching Kargil, a fair-sized village on the banks of the Indus River, which marked the half-way point on my journey to Leh, I paid off and sent back the men who had come through from Sona Marg and proceeded onward by the usual pack and saddle route. The journey

from this village to Leh was one of mixed natural surroundings; at times we wound through extensive cultivated fields and over small streams and at others the trail led over arid stretches of tremendous extent. Two more passes were crossed between Kargil and Ladakh but, though they were very high and approached by stiff climbs, they were all entirely free from snow.

Finally on the twelfth day the trail led us over the last six miles of straightaway, across a sandy and rocky wilderness to the village of Leh, which one can see miles away as it lies shimmering in the sun on the lowest slopes of a range of low-lying hills. And in the cool of the evening I pitched my little camp of two tents in the green compound before the Leh rest-house.

After a good night's rest I arose the following morning and started off on an inspection of the village and its bazaar. This place was unlike any native hamlet I had ever seen before. The lanes were flanked by adobe houses of a type of architecture which resembled something between a Chinese temple and an ancient Mexican pueblo, and the inhabitants were of Mongolian origin, judging by the character of their faces. The costumes of both sexes were almost the same in general appearance, being a cross between a Chinese monk's dress and that adopted by the dwellers of the Gobi Desert. The women had their hair done up by constructing a sort of wire fence around their heads, which stood out about six inches on all sides. To this they then wound their thick greasy coils of jet black hair. Over all this was placed a long tapering piece of blue or red felt with the broadest end above the forehead and the tapering end down the back, upon which were sewn the family jewels, consisting of large and small oval polished pieces of

turquoise which varied in size from that of a pine nut to a walnut. Along the outskirts of the village and on the higher slopes of the hills which encircle the village stood some great adobe castles of several stories, with a turreted appearance along the roofs. I discovered that these were the dwelling-places of the last rulers of Ladakh before the Kashmir State took that country over in a war waged many years before.

It was while wandering through the village that I met a young Englishman who introduced himself as one of the members of the Moravian mission stationed at that place. After exchanging the gossip of the trail for a few moments, he informed me that I was the first white man who had come through from Kashmir that year and that the rest of the white people of the mission would be very glad to have me call on them as the winter had been a long and lonely one. So that afternoon I went over to the grounds of the mission for tea and there met the others. They were a Dr and Mrs Pater and their two small children, a boy and girl, who had been born in that village. This family was Swiss; another couple, rather young in appearance, a man and wife whose names I have forgotten, represented the medical end of the mission's work among the Ladakhis. I also met a young Englishman and a young English lady who were doing religious work in Leh and the surrounding villages, as well as running the leper colony below the village, which at that time had but one inmate whom I visited during my sojourn in Leh.

After a general introduction all around, they flooded me with questions about the progress of the war in Europe. I told them all that I knew from what I had heard and read while in Kashmir.

They were tremendously curious to know how the song "Tipperary" went and I was made to sing it several times for them. This meeting was one of many which we had together during my stay in Leh, which I know we all very much enjoyed.

Meanwhile I was quietly getting what information I could from the caravans which came in from Tibet and also from the old inhabitants of the village regarding the trail ahead onto the Tibetan Plateau. I received a good deal of information from Dr Pater, though I did not speak of my intention of crossing the Tibetan frontier as, when receiving my permit to come to Leh while in Kashmir, I had had to sign a promise not to cross that boundary as the British Government had a standing agreement with the Tibetans that no white man be allowed to do so. Pater told me about the time some years before when Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, had come through Leh on his way to Tibet and how he, Pater, had seen him and his party off for the two years' journey Sven Hedin had made through the Tibetan wilderness. He told me that Sven Hedin had left Leh with about 150 mountain mules and that at the end of two or three months all but a few had succumbed to the high altitudes of the plateau, the bad water and the scarcity of food.

All this information about Sven Hedin did not stir up any great qualms in my breast for I believed that I stood a better chance of going across the Tibetan wilderness with one good horse and entirely alone than he did with his large caravan. So I then set about securing the right kind of horse and finally, at the end of three weeks in Leh, I secured a fine-looking dappled grey horse that I was told had been born in the high





*IDOL IN A GORGE NEAR GYANTSE.*



altitudes of the Tibetan plateau. Later, to my great distress, I came to know that the horse was but another mongrel of the lower altitudes and could not live above 15,000 feet for long.

Before continuing on at this point I must recount a rather unusual experience which befell me while in camp at Leh. It was on an afternoon during the first week there that I was visited by a young Tibetan high priest and his servant, who spoke Hindustani. They came to my tent and asked the cook if I would allow them a few minutes of my time as they wished to see me on a matter of importance and secrecy. When the cook told me I asked him to spread out on the ground before my tent my two fur sleeping rugs for them to sit upon. Then seating myself in a camp-chair opposite them, I listened to their tale.

The servant, acting as spokesman, said that his master, who was the high priest, or "Skooschalk", of the large monastery of Tixie, some thirty miles away from Leh, was in great difficulty. It seemed that a year before this young Tibetan had been sent out from Lhasa to take over this monastery situated on Tibet's western frontier. The lesser priests, who had been in charge since the death of the last high priest some twenty years before, so greatly resented the new priest's being put over them that they had combined to make his life one of great trouble and misery. He stated that his master, the young priest, had at last come to the point where he could not stand his life there any longer and had applied to the Kashmir government for permission to return to his parents in Lhasa and give the monastery back to the keeping of those priests who wanted it so badly. The interpreter

further stated that owing to the Kashmir authorities being so slow in sending their decision up to his master through the officials at Leh, the priest had come to me to ask if I would furnish the finances with which to send him and his small caravan back to his home.

The fact that I, a perfect stranger to this young Tibetan, whom we shall call Naitzang, should be approached for money for the trip across Tibet did not surprise me. All white men coming to Leh are supposed by the natives of that place to be well furnished with capital. Usually they are. Also the natives believe that all Sahibs are very soft-hearted and will readily help one in trouble. But on the face of the story I realized that here was an opportunity to cross Tibet with excellent guides, so I snapped the servant up, immediately after his story had been told, with the reply that I would help him and his master, provided it should be kept an absolute secret between us three. I said that I would visit them that evening in the quarters they were occupying in the Leh bazaar to disclose further details of a plan I had for the priest's return to Lhasa. My strange guests then arose and departed.

Before the time for my meeting with Naitzang that evening, I asked about him, quite casually, while at tea with my missionary friends. I learned that his story, as his servant had told it to me, was true enough, and that he had been having a difficult time with the under priests. It was then explained to me, upon my request for more details, that the system employed for the appointment of a high priest of any monastery in Tibet or of those monasteries outside the Tibetan frontier, but which were nevertheless under the juris-

diction of the Tibetan Buddhists of Lhasa, was as follows:

A high priest, in the natural course of events, reaches a ripe old age and dies, and the head of the Buddhists of Tibet, called the Tashi Lumpo or Tashi Lama, who dwells in the city of Shigatze some five or six days from Lhasa, is duly informed. The Tashi Lumpo then calls a meeting of high priests, who direct the religious affairs of the Buddhists of the world, and among them they decide that several heads of the prominent families of Tibet should be informed that they should go ahead and produce a child apiece. If any of these children are boys, about each child, as he reaches the tender age of one or two years, is placed some relic which had been worn by the high priest of the monastery who had died. If any one of these children show marked or unusual inclination to play with the relics left nearby, and by some such unusual signs show that he recognizes them, or if some priest connected with the family of the said boy child had a vision regarding one of these children, telling him that he was the dead priest come back, this child was then officially proclaimed to be the reincarnation of the priest, and when reaching the age of twenty-one was sent out to take up his duties again as the High Priest of the temple where he had left off when he so unceremoniously died.

Now, in the case of my newly made friend Naitzang, he had been thus duly recognized in his early childhood as the same dead priest of the Tixie monastery come back to life, and had then been duly sent out to take over. But the old human order of things interfered here against the smooth working out of this plan. The two under priests, who had had charge of the place while

Naitzang was donning a new body and getting all polished up for a continuation of himself, had been making a pretty good thing of it for twenty or so years. You must realize that 35 per cent of all a Tibetan possesses, or produces, goes to the Buddhist heads of the church and to the State, so naturally they resented the untimely arrival of Naitzang in their place of business just when things had been riding along so well, and had thus done everything in their power to make his life as miserable as possible.

With all the above information digested, I repaired that evening, when all was dark and quiet, to the adobe hut of Naitzang. Here I was received with great courtesy and respect and, after I had been seated upon a low divan of rugs and pillows set against one wall and we had all consumed a couple of gallons of Tibetan tea, I informed them that I would pay the expenses of Naitzang's return to Lhasa providing they went with as light a caravan as possible and that I be disguised as one of his personal servants and taken along; also that the whole matter be kept an absolute secret as I had signed a promise with the Residency at Srinagar not to cross into Tibet proper. They both readily agreed to this proposal after some minutes of whispering. I asked then when we would be able to start, and the answer was that they were awaiting a reply to a letter sent to Kashmir, asking permission to allow them to leave Ladakh for Tibet. This was in accordance with an agreement existing between the Kashmir and Tibetan governments; and upon the receipt of official permission they would start off.

After several days had passed a reply was received by Naitzang, through the officials at Leh, to the effect that

he was to await the arrival of the British Commissioner, who would reach Leh from Kashmir in another month, also informing Naitzang that his case would be heard by the Commissioner upon his arrival.

Well, I did not intend to hang about Leh any such length of time, so immediately called off the deal with Naitzang and made preparation for my start across the last ninety miles to the Tibetan frontier.

Three years later, while spending a few days at this same village of Leh, the missionaries told me that when the Commissioner had arrived and had heard the case of Naitzang versus the priests of Tixie monastery, the decision had been that Naitzang should remain the High Priest of Tixie as it was not lawful, according to ancient Tibetan law, for one who had been picked as a reincarnation of a certain man, and elected to assume charge of that departed man's work in life, to renounce that work for some other.

As time then passed and Naitzang grew again weary and distressed by the continual houndings of his under priests, he finally disguised himself as a Hindu and ran away to Kashmir and thence down into India, accompanied only by his personal servant and self-appointed guardian. In India they went to the western port of Karachi and there joined the British army of occupation stationed in Mesopotamia. There the two outlanders fought and served through the campaigns against the "Mespots" until nearly the close of the war, when they were invalided back to the hospital base in Karachi. When they had recovered sufficiently to return to their regiments, the war was over.

These two strange adventurers returned then to Kashmir and then to Ladakh and the Tixie monastery.

Their untimely arrival threw consternation into the hearts of the under priests and, following up his advantage, Naitzang put the fear of the devil into their hearts by severely beating the priests who had been chiefly responsible for his past mistreatment. The missionary ended his unusual tale by remarking that never since then had Naitzang any further trouble in running his monastery. I remarked that it seemed strange, but nevertheless true, that the Western influence should be felt even in that far off and forgotten land of Tibet, for after hearing this story I could come to no other conclusion but that Naitzang had felt its urgings.



## C H A P T E R      N I N E

### *The Outcome of My First Journey*

**A**T the end of my third week's stay in Leh I had made all necessary plans for departure to Tibet. I purchased a good horse which its owner guaranteed to be broken to altitude and the sparse grazing of Tibet's high plateau, also a native saddle and handwoven coarse saddle blanket. I sent my one servant back to his domicile in Srinagar with all my camping equipment and sufficient money for the return journey, and also put in my own saddle-bags a small supply of roasted barley flour and dried apricots, some tea and salt.

The night before departing into the wilderness I bade my friends at the Moravian Mission farewell, telling them that I intended to go up onto the high plateau which lies on the Ladakh side of the Tibetan frontier and slowly make my way across this plateau and eventually down the passes of the southern slopes of the mountains into Simla in India, telling them nothing, of course, of my intention to cross over into Tibet proper.

The following morning at daybreak I quietly saddled my horse and, throwing the saddle-bags and

my two fur robes over the top, I climbed up and started off.

The trail to Tibet led out of the village of Leh and along one of the many prayer walls which mark the trails over the great stretches of the trans-Himalayas, from Mongolia to India, and from Chinese Turkestan to Burma. These walls were made up of native flat shale rocks, being about four feet high and six across and anywhere from ten feet to two hundred yards in length. The outside stones were carved in the Tibetan characters with some religious inscription. This first wall which I passed, just outside the village of Leh, was the longest single wall I encountered through all my experiences in Ladakh and later in Tibet itself, being nearly half a mile long. The Tibetan name for these is "Mani Padmi".

Beyond this long wall the trail led through a wide natural gateway and up the level slopes of the Indus Valley to the first native village, called Marzalong. I did not make any stops until I reached the village of Upshi at about noon. This village, like others along the trail to the Tibetan plateau, lies in a natural green oasis covered with a rank growth of grass and groves of tall poplar trees. Here I dismounted and made a lunch of tea mixed with roasted barley flour. After a very short rest I continued on my way.

Upshi marks that point in the trail from which two trails go into Tibet. One trail stays with the Indus River and continues up its course into Tibet, while the other, and this was the one I followed, led away from the river and followed a fairly narrow canyon which rose in a steady and gradual slope to the foot of the Tunga La Pass. This pass marks the boundary between

the lower slopes of the mountains and the plateau. I had chosen this latter trail as I had heard through native sources in Leh that the trail to Tibet along the Indus, above the village of Upshi, was guarded during the tourist season by an outpost in command of a Hindu official from Kashmir to prevent any white man from venturing too near the Tibetan frontier.

That afternoon I passed the last two villages which marked my final contact with civilization, or rather with those people who lived in houses and villages. These villages were Meru and Gya, and that evening I made camp in a rocky cleft high up off the side of the trail between two great slabs of slate, leaving my horse picketed in an area of sparse yellow grass. Before retiring I made a meal very much the same as I had eaten at noon, and then, putting some dried apricots in my enamelled cup with some water to soak for my morning's breakfast, I curled up inside my warm fur robes and fell asleep.

Upon awakening the following morning I discovered that my cup had been badly bent by some very large animal who left prints on the sand the size of a full-grown snow leopard, tracks of which had been pointed out to me on my trip to Leh from Kashmir; also my soaking apricots had all disappeared, though I had heard nothing during the night.

After a hasty early morning breakfast and after straightening out my bent cup as well as I could, I saddled up and again took the trail. It later appeared that I had made camp just inside the walls of that pass, the Tunga La, which led to the plateau, for I had but started off when the trail zigzagged up and up over the loose and scattered rocks, sand and shale. The trail

became so steep that my horse could not carry me, and upon alighting I discovered that I could not walk as fast as the horse owing to the increasing altitude, so I took a firm hold upon his tail. After nearly an hour's steady and terrific ascent, I stood upon the summit of the pass, which was marked by a tiny pile of rocks topped with a rag on a stick. This was placed there by traveling caravans and was supposed to hold some religious significance.

Here I had my first vision of the great Tibetan Plateau. The pass was 17,500 feet above the sea, and some thousand feet above the other surrounding peaks, and from all sides rose majestic peaks rolling away as far as the eye could see. As a vision of grandeur it surpassed anything I had ever beheld, and as a scene of utter desolation and loneliness, stark and barren, it bent the human will until a feeling of actual physical pain resulted. There was a chill wind singing steadily over those peaks and through the pass below me, and a sapphire-blue sky overhead, all adding to that strange mood of desolation which so overcame me as I beheld this startling panorama of what the trail ahead offered me. My instinct warned me to start down the opposite side of the pass immediately to a lower altitude, as the high level of the top was making my breathing very difficult. I then mounted the horse and we descended along a good trail for a thousand feet in a rather gradual slope and thence out onto the floor of the plateau itself, which, from the foot of this pass, stretched away right across Tibet itself for a distance of over 1700 miles to the cities of Gyantze and Lhasa.

The best way I can describe the geological appearance of this great stretch of plains is to liken it to an

inland sea dotted with small islands at intervals of several miles, and shored with long rolling hills on both sides. One receives the impression, when travelling over the plateau, that a once mighty range of mountains as ages passed had crumbled away and filled up its canyons and valleys until now only the mountain tops showed but a hundred or so feet above the plain—like debris.

It was about noon when I reached the foot of the Tunga La Pass, and as I continued along the trail, which was marked occasionally with those Mani Padmi walls, I began to suffer a great deal from the effects of the altitude. You see, since leaving Leh the previous day, which lies at an altitude of 11,500 feet, I had come over that 17,500-foot pass and was now upon the floor of the plateau itself, which at that point was 16,000 feet above the sea. The fact that I had spent three weeks at Leh helped to acclimatize my blood to altitude, but nevertheless my lungs seemed tortured during the remainder of that first day on the plateau.

When evening fell I was so distressed that I could not make camp and lie down, so I continued on along the dim trail all through the night, stopping just long enough the following day to make tea at a stagnant pool in the centre of a tremendous plain. All the remainder of that second day and steadily until ten o'clock that night I rode that weary horse, and after coming through a long rock defile some twenty miles in length, I reached a corral and stone caravanserai which was built on the side of a low range of barren hills and some few yards removed from a stagnant alkali water spring.

Here I stopped, being far too saddle-weary to go on. For the last two hours of the trail I had been forced

to lie stretched out along the neck of my horse with my arms around him, and the horse had been able to make but slow progress as he too had reached a stage of such exhaustion that I felt he was beyond any possibility of recovery. Here at this corral, which I later learned was called Pooga, I took off my saddle and pack and, letting the whole drop to the ground, I picked up my two robes and crawled into one of the cell-like rooms of the serai, where I fell and slept until the following afternoon.

Awakening, I was startled when my hands came in contact with my ribs—they seemed unusually well defined, and also my cheekbones seemed to jut out of the side of my head in a way I had never before observed. I arose and wandered out into the sunlight, where I saw my horse stretched full length out on the parched yellow grass near the white marshy shores of the alkali spring, looking as if he had passed out during the night. I staggered down to him and he scrambled up on his feet and stood quivering on legs spread far apart. I approached him and noted that his exhaustion was so great that any slightly heavy pressure upon his back was sufficient to sink him to the ground. This made me realize that I must remain where I was until the following day and give him some chance to recuperate.

You see, I knew nothing whatever about horses at that time, and since then have learned that that poor horse had been put through such a long grind that not even the native yak (Tibetan buffalo), which is used for pack and saddle by the natives of that plateau, could have survived. Adding to this my later knowledge that the horse was not accustomed to those altitudes, despite what the horse dealer had assured me, and also

the fact that he could not stomach the coarse dry stubble grass of that plateau, it was small wonder that the horse could do no more than lie like a corpse.

That day was a Sunday, and one that I have never been able to forget. Nothing of any importance did happen to me in the way of outward experiences, but within me was a great depression and utter loneliness. I wondered all that long day if I would be strong and courageous enough to carry on into Tibet on this self-appointed mission to the Mahatmas' abode, somewhere in that wilderness. I surveyed my long trail from America to that barren caravanserai of Pooga, how I had always carried on and never turned back, how I had so far overcome all difficulties in my journeyings and had at last actually reached the true Tibetan frontier itself, a matter of a day or two's trail ahead; would I have the strength and perseverance on the morrow to go on, would that feeling of abysmal desolation, which so overcame me, cause my mind to be twisted toward a backward vision of the companionship of those missionaries at Leh and their kindness and hospitality; of Kashmir and its cool valley and most of all of America and the sweet surroundings of my home land?

Such thoughts tore through me all that troubled day and night until the torture of that conflict became so great that sorrow overcame me as I listened to the interminable squawk of the great ravens which flew about outside the corral.

That night did not decide the battle going on within me, but the following morning I went down and saddled my horse, which seemed to be only but slightly recovered, and when attempting to mount him he sank under my weight. This almost made me give

up and turn back, but I just could not bring myself to do this, for if I did, I must of necessity acknowledge that all my journeys had thus far been in vain. Taking the reins of the horse and passing them across my chest and under my arms, I started then onward toward the frontier.

Progressing by leaning my weight against the reins until it would urge the horse to take a few steps ahead and then staggering ahead myself an equal number of steps, we thus travelled down the trail along the shores of this tiny alkali stream until about ten o'clock, during which all the demons which invest man seemed to be tearing my mind backward and my desires likewise. I was moving ahead in body only.

Then, in a passing moment of time, I knew suddenly that I was not destined to go on, but this time must take the loss and return. So there, between the rocky and arid walls of a great rock-strewn canyon, my first journey in search of the Mahatmas of India came to an end and I turned my weary feet about and started back to the village of Leh.

That return journey was a long nightmare of thirst and fatigue. I led my horse, with his reins under my arms, all that day, past the corral at Pooga and through the twenty-mile rocky defile which led to a large plain, and thence up to the Tunga La Pass, skirting along the shores of a large lake of salty alkali water with shores of a soft wet chalk. Down through that long pass I slowly made my way all of that day, dragging my horse a few steps at a time. Hours before I reached the shores of the lake I could see it sparkling in the sun, and remembering the position of a sweet water spring near its shores, I expended most of my energy



in desire and the expectation of arriving there, as the pass through which I had walked that day was totally dry. Once I thought I saw a wet spot off my trail and, leaving the horse standing, I went over to investigate only to find that my eyes had been playing tricks on me. On my return I could not find the horse, and after a frantic search I discovered him off the trail and lying out flat on his side behind a great slab of slate.

We started off slowly again and all that afternoon progressed toward the valley of the lake, and at about nine o'clock that night arrived near the lake where was a spring of fresh water welling up between several hummocks of coarse grass.

Here I sank down and drank sparingly at first, and then later had a great fill of that precious water, but first I led the horse in and urged him to drink. I could not get him to drink, he was so far gone beyond the point of further effort.

I then fell down into my robes and passed out of that particular picture and into a dead sleep. At three o'clock that morning I was awakened by a heavy kicking noise and, awakening fully, saw my horse lying out on the plains some distance away in the moonlight, kicking and rolling about in great anguish. Going over to him as quickly as I could, as I approached he gave a few more kicks and lay still. He was dead when I arrived.

This left me with no means of getting my few things back with me to Leh, other than by making up a pack of the most necessary things and abandoning the rest. I felt terribly sorry about that horse, for I knew that I had killed him by driving him as long and hard as I had done those first days on the plateau. But I knew that I must start off at once and get as far as I

could before the heat of the day commenced, so making up a pack of my two robes, a small bag of dry barley flour, and a canvas bag containing two hundred and fifty rupees in small change, I started off, abandoning the saddle, bags and incidentals contained in the bags.

Early that morning I slowly made my way round the shores of the lake and toward a small pass beyond its shores which led into another long valley-like plain, which in turn followed up a further rock-strewn plain to the foot of the Tunga La. Towards three o'clock in the afternoon I stopped, so thoroughly exhausted that I could not go further that day. I had nearly reached a pass which led out from the shores of the lake onto the plains beyond approaching the Tunga La. Coming to a small Mani Padmi wall I found it had a tiny cavity at its base wherein I could lay my robes and sleep; also in this aperture was some unfrozen snow which had escaped the dry winds which dry off the plains' late snows. This snow I mixed in part with some of my barley flour, and in this manner made my evening meal. I lay in this wall the remainder of the day and until three o'clock the following morning, when I rolled up my pack and started off once more.

All this time I had been suffering greatly from the effects of the high altitude, which never dropped below 16,000 feet during those seven days of travel since crossing the Tunga La. On this morning, as I slowly made my way from the wall toward the Tunga La, miles ahead, I had reached a point of exhaustion where I had to take but a few steps ahead and pause for rest. I no doubt would have done better, and not have been so far gone, had I been without the burden of my pack, which in itself did not weigh more than thirty pounds,





LAMA ACTORS IN THEIR RELIGIOUS PLAYS.

but felt as heavy as one weighing over a hundred. It seemed so heavy that I was on the verge, many and many a time, of throwing it out along the trail and going on.

By slow and painful stages of a few dozen yards, I travelled from three o'clock that morning to about eleven o'clock, when I sank down at the end of a long Mani Padmi wall, intending to give up the battle for that day and start again the morning following. I lay there gasping and holding on to my chest, which pained me greatly from the burden of the pack. I had not been lying there more than five or ten minutes when I heard the approach of heavy animals along the trail, which ran past the wall where I lay. Soon, lifting up my head, I saw around one end of the wall a Tibetan yak loaded with a pack-saddle and a large pack, and a little later two more animals came along. They all shied violently when coming suddenly to where I lay, and a Ladakhi driver ran up to them to quiet them and to see what had so frightened them.

He looked down at me and was so startled that he too ran off back on his trail. I was at that time too done to the world to be much aware of my immediate surroundings but did vaguely wonder how it happened that those yaks carried a white man's pack of camping equipment. A few minutes later two men came up and stood looking down at me. I returned their gaze and was then utterly surprised to recognize them as white men. They did not immediately know me to be a fellow white man, dressed as I then was in a Ladakhi costume, but I spoke to them at last and told them that I too was a white man. They had at first addressed me in Hindustani and when I replied in broad American they were

likewise startled. They then helped me to my feet and introductions were exchanged. I told them who I was, my name and a little of my recent experiences on the plateau, not mentioning the fact of my real reason in coming to that frontier or the fact that I had attempted to cross the Tibetan frontier, saying merely that I was out for the sake of the adventure and that I had been employed by Avery, the contractor in Kashmir. In turn they told me that their names were Moffat and Howe, two missionaries who were employed teaching the mission school children in the large city of Allaha-bad in the Central Provinces of India, and that they had come up to the Ladakhi side of the Tibetan plateau from Kashmir while on vacation, and were going across on that side to follow an old trail, the details of which they had from an old diary of a fellow mission-worker who had made the journey some twenty years before.

This trail, they explained, followed along the western edge of the plateau and later came out into India at the city of Simla. It then came out that both Moffat and Howe were Americans, Moffat from the east and Howe from Denver. They told me later, after they had pitched camp some few miles along the trail from where they found me, that they had come up from Kashmir just two weeks after I had made the journey. They had met Avery and he had spoken of me to them; also they had heard of me along the trail to Leh and past Leh as far as Gya, the last village on the other side of the Tunga La. They had made camp the night before on the plateau side of the Tunga La Pass and were but fairly started for the day when coming across me lying there on the trail.

I did not tell them very much about my experiences

and they never came to know just how fatigued I really was when they found me. You see, I was greatly afraid that they would not allow me to remain with them and go on through with them to Simla but would send me back by yak to Leh, where I could recuperate and then proceed to Kashmir. I had suffered so much from that terrible feeling of aloneness during that period of over a week by myself on the barren plateau that the thought of being left behind was more than I could bear in my then weakened mental condition.

We rested all the remainder of that day. The following morning, after a hasty breakfast of canned beans, tea and some of the precious stuff called sugar, we loaded the three yaks and started off over the trail I had traversed the day previously under such difficulties.

The camping equipment of these two men consisted of two tents with two folding camp cots for their own tent and a fairly good supply of kitchen utensils for the second, or cook's, tent. They had a Kashmiri cook with them and were being conveyed along the trail to Simla by relays of Ladakhis and their yaks. I occupied the cook's tent at night together with the cook, and made use of my own two precious fur robes for a warm bed.

We progressed along the trail toward Simla for a week, the first day departing from the trail and adjacent country which I had followed when going toward Tibet alone. At the end of that time we came to the foot of a high pass termed in their diary the Baralachia Pass. We arrived there late in the afternoon to discover the trail ahead over the pass to be still deep under snow and too soft, from the heat of the sun, to be at all

passable for the yaks with their heavy packs. We decided that night to make camp in a small corral and caravanserai near by, and to start off before daybreak the following morning while the snow on the trail was still hard enough to hold the animals.

After a very cold night, we started off as planned and, as we progressed up the pass, it commenced snowing. The fresh snow softened the old crust to such an extent that the yaks foundered in the deep drifts, and after an hour's struggle we were forced to unload the yaks in the snow and have the drivers take these animals back to the corral of the night before. We then pitched a very temporary sort of camp on the snow by the side of the trail. The method we adopted was to dig up large rocks out of the snow and tie the ropes of the tents to them.

It was now snowing steadily and our camp gear had become widely scattered. We were all thoroughly chilled and Moffat decided to go with Howe, after we had pitched camp, and try to follow the trail over the pass to a caravanserai called Zingzingbar, and from there on to a small village lower down on the slopes of the mountains called Kenlong, where was stationed a Moravian Mission centre. Before starting off, they made up two small packs of foodstuffs and blankets, and after their parting instructions to me to remain and look after the camp until their return, which would be about ten days later, with help from the mission centre, we all gravely shook hands in farewell.

So, here was I in charge of the camp, together with the Kashmiri cook, with nothing to look forward to but snow and mountains for ten days. Not so good, but I felt that nothing could be done about the matter,



so proceeded to make the best of it by straightening camp up as much as our very untenable position in the sharp slopes of the pass would permit. It started snowing heavily and outside of the tents one could not see more than a few feet ahead. After a matter of an hour or so, I heard men shouting up the trail and I stepped outside the tent and kept up a series of return shouts, until later I discerned Moffat and Howe staggering back to camp. When they had arrived, they threw off their packs and explained that they had completely lost the trail which led over the pass and had been forced to return.

We then held a council of war and decided that both Moffat and Howe should return down to the foot of the pass to the caravanserai and see how the yaks and drivers were faring, and there spend the night, while I remained where I was and looked after camp until the following morning. So once again we parted. That night was one in which I spent the long hours trying to stay on the camp cot inside the tent. The cot was lying at such a sharp angle, from the way we had been forced to pitch the tent on the snows, that when I lay curled up at the top end of the cot it was only to find myself awakened some minutes later by sliding out through the lower tent flap onto the snow outside. And it was with great relief that I witnessed the coming of a leaden dawn and that the snow had stopped.

At about ten o'clock I saw Moffat coming slowly up the trail from the serai, and after a considerable time he arrived at the camp, to fling himself down in utter exhaustion from his hard climb. Later he told me that the previous day when they had returned to the serai, they had discovered that the drivers and their yaks had

run away and had left us stranded without any means of conveying our packs back to Leh. We had decided to return to Leh and thus back to Kashmir, as the way ahead to Simla was impossible at that early season of the year. He further said that two Ladakhis with four donkeys and one small pony had arrived at the serai, all loaded with dried apricots, which they were transporting over the pass to Kenlong. Moffat said that he had bargained with them to take his supplies back as far as the first place where we could engage other animals, but that both men had refused, stating that they intended to remain at that serai until favourable weather conditions made it possible for them to proceed onward.

We were then placed in the extreme danger of being completely stranded without pack animals, so Moffat said that he tied up both men with their own ropes, off the pack saddles, and made them sleep between Howe and himself, and that Howe was bringing them, together with the animals, up the pass for the camping equipment.

Later we saw the men and animals coming along, the natives being herded along before Howe's vociferous urgings, and when they at last arrived at camp, we loaded them up and returned down the pass and once again took up the trail out over the dry plateau toward the Tunga La Pass and Leh.

After an arduous return journey which took a week, during which time our provisions dwindled and we were forced to put ourselves on short rations of beans, rice and tea, and very little of each; also after we had eventually exchanged our poor donkeys for yaks, which we had secured later along the trail through the timely

aid of a passing driver, we at last reached the village of Leh some three weeks after the time I had left for Tibet.

The first thing I did when entering the Leh bazaar was to go into a native shop and eat myself thoroughly and completely sick on sweets. Howe did likewise, but Moffat, being older and more conservative, waited until, in the afternoon, the missionaries had prepared a heavy repast for us all. I was so sick that I had to excuse myself from the table and retire to the back of the house, where I nearly turned inside-out with a bad attack of stomach-ache. I was not gone from the table more than a few minutes when Howe came out and joined me, both of us looking much like ship passengers on their first trip in rough weather.

Before starting, Moffat explained to me that both he and Howe would be late for the opening of the mission school in Allahabad unless they could make good time from Leh to Kashmir. He said that if I wished to make an easier trip of it, they would proceed on alone. I had no wish to travel alone, at least until reaching Kashmir and India, so I said that I would go along with them. The return journey from Leh to Srinagar took us exactly eight days and all the night of the last day. We arrived in that city on the early morning of the ninth day.

Not wishing to meet Avery and explain my reasons for returning to India and thence to America, I parted from Moffat and Howe at the village of Ganderbal, the first village we reached in the Kashmir valley proper. Before parting, we arranged to meet at the lower village of Barramullah at the government rest-house; I was to go on and remain there that night and they were to go

into Srinagar and engage a tom-tom to convey us down to Rawalpindi on the Indian plains.

Our plans worked out in this manner and at last I again reached India and came out of those tremendous Himalayas. Arriving in Calcutta, I found my finances to be greatly depleted and that I had about eighty rupees left on hand. I went to the head offices of the British India Steamship Company and called on the agent for that line. After a brief talk, during which I explained my financial condition and also the fact that I must then return to my home in California, he consented to sell me a deck passage to Hong Kong for the small sum of fifty rupees.

Two days after arriving in Calcutta I embarked on the s.s. *Japan* for China and made myself comfortable on board by loosening the tarpaulin covering a life-boat on the stern boat-deck, thus making a sleeping hammock for myself. I also purchased a deck-chair ashore and utilized the open deck behind the boats for reclining. My food I received from the cook's galley and it was the white man's regular fare. In this manner I arrived in Hong Kong twenty-one days later. The s.s. *Japan* was a very slow boat, stopping along the way for one, two and three days at the ports of Rangoon, in Burma, and Penang and Singapore, in the Straits Settlements, and at last pulling into Hong Kong.

In this city I put up at the Y.M.C.A. and was then forced to wire home to San Francisco for the money to return to America. The sum was promptly forwarded by my mother, and after an uneventful journey across the broad Pacific, I at last arrived in San Francisco.

Sailing through the Golden Gate in the middle of September 1915 that early morning of my arrival on

the s.s. *Chiyo Maru* (since lost on the rocks outside the port of Hong Kong), I was surprised to see the World's Fair buildings above the early morning mists of the bay. The sight was a most beautiful one, one that I shall always remember, for when I had left San Francisco three years before, that ground, now occupied by the Fair, was nothing but a great waste of land and water.

When the ship docked I rushed out onto the dock and got into telephonic communication with my mother. You see, I had not written to her for over a year and for all she knew at the time of the phone call, I was still in India and Kashmir. Of course, I tried to disguise my voice so as not to startle her too much at first, but I had hardly spoken more than a word or two when she cried out and identified me as her long-lost son. In this manner, then, did I consummate this, my first journey in search of India's Mahatmas, one which, though not successful, was nevertheless full of a great many experiences which were in themselves sufficient to give me a conception of life and its mysteries in far greater part than I had ever thought travel and adventure could bring about.



## THE SECOND JOURNEY





C H A P T E R      T E N

*In which I Become a Lumberjack*

**B**EFORE going on with the relation of this second journey to India in search of the centre in the Himalayas where, I was informed, the Mahatmas dwelt, I must explain here that I fully realize how fabulous and impossible it must seem to the reader that such men really existed at all; that, granting for the sake of argument, these men did exist, how was I, a freelance so to speak, with no definite knowledge of their whereabouts, to find them?

I am not here going into any lengthy explanations, except merely to state that I did believe in their existence, and not only this, but felt sincerely that throughout this world of human events there must inevitably be men apart, wiser than the mass, who help to direct the even flow of these events. I mean neither statesmen nor educators, though these men might be both, but rather Directors, as they might be called, or Helpers in a larger sense; men who do not only deal with the material welfare of races but have the vision that can perceive the great underlying strata of a spiritual plan which is just as mechanically organized

in its workings as any of the perfected machinery of today, and infinitely more certain.

My experiences at the end of that last journey to India were anything but encouraging. My failure to achieve the purpose for which I set out was disheartening and utterly discouraging. Not that I did not still believe that I could find these men, given a fair chance, but because I had not been strong enough, upon reaching the Tibetan frontier, to go on in spite of difficulties.

I secured work in San Francisco for some months but could not bring my mind down to the things which strove to fill them. I was living in a world apart, all my desires were but for one thing, which was to return again into the Himalayas and go on across that frontier into Tibet. My restlessness was so great that I left my employment in San Francisco and started wandering through the state. There were nights which were filled with nightmares. The vision of the spot on the high plateau of Tibet where my horse had died haunted me. The fits of depression on the days following these nights were almost greater than I could bear. Though I definitely planned to return, my one great fear was that when reaching that spot, I would not have the courage to go on.

My life continued as usual until March 1917, at which time I had saved sufficient money to find myself in a position to start out again for India. Thus on the first day of March I left San Francisco on the s.s. *China*, travelling second class to Shanghai. Here my money gave out and after a few days of moderate difficulties I secured work with the Anderson Meyer Electrical Company, making an inventory of their stock. I remained in Shanghai until July.

My next stop was Singapore, capital of the Federated Malay States. Here I secured work, through their Singapore office, with a firm that ran a large rubber plantation in the native state of Johore, at the foot of the Malay Peninsula. My work was to supervise the tapping and care of the rubber trees over a half-thousand-acre estate. This estate was situated about seventy-two miles from Singapore and was run by a young American who had already been out there for some years. When arriving, I was given a bungalow very prettily situated on a low hill overlooking the estate, and as the days passed I soon familiarized myself with the work on the plantation, which in itself was very interesting.

The plantations throughout this Peninsula, including those on the islands of the Dutch East Indies, constitute the chief source of the rubber supply for the world. Those on the Peninsula are laid out on ground that previously was virgin jungle. The jungle surrounding our estate was so dense that one could only penetrate it where trails had been cut through. I do not know the various names given to the foliage but will always remember its density. The tall hardwood trees rose seventy-five and a hundred feet above the green mass below, and from them hung long rope-like vines on which a man could climb to their tops.

All throughout the day the screeching and the noise of the animal life is terrific. There are thousands and thousands of tree-monkeys, long-tailed animals which never touch foot to the ground—at least, it is rare to see one on the ground. When they drink, they make a chain of themselves on a tree overlooking the stream, and the bottom monkey, after getting his drink, is replaced by another.

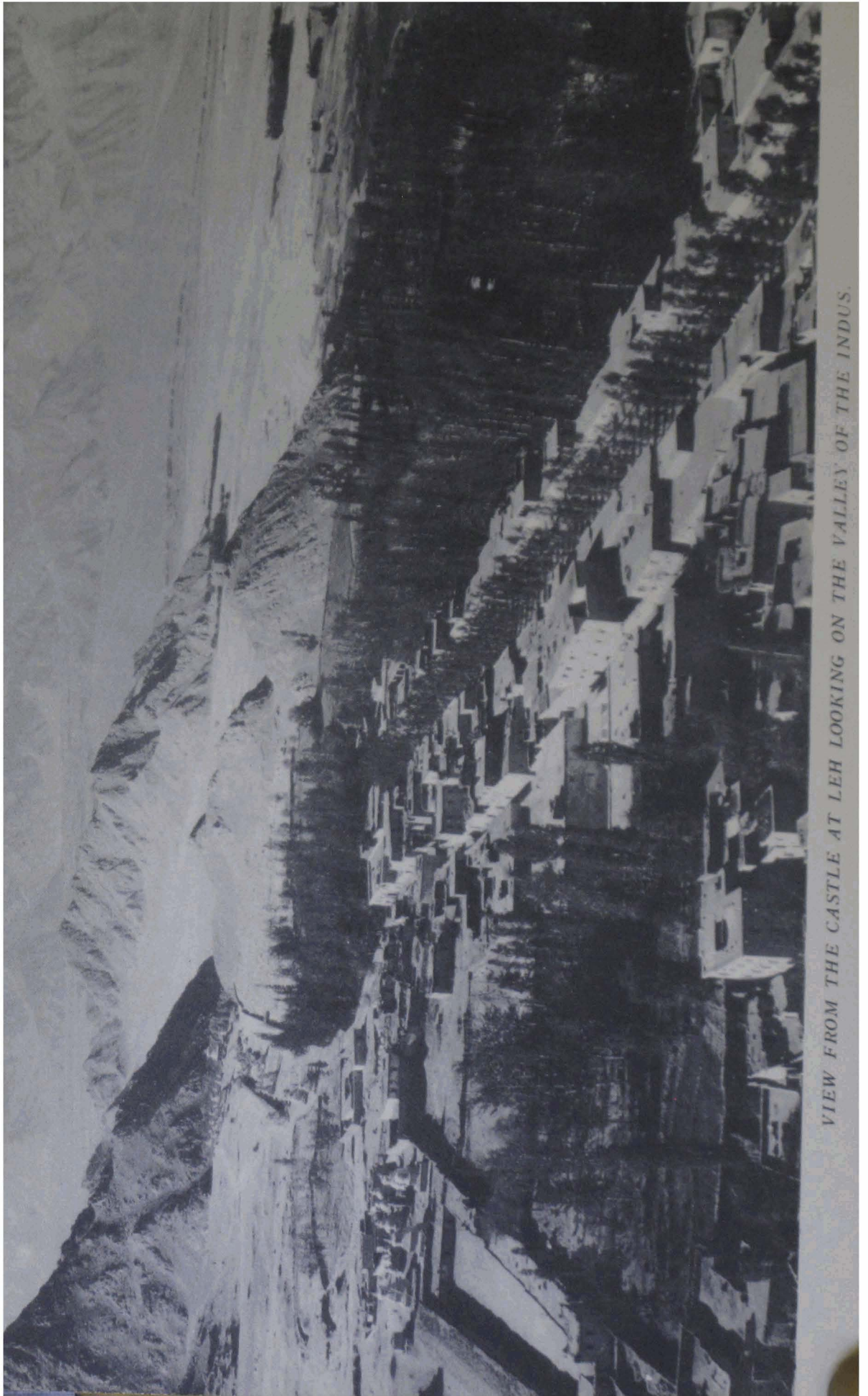
The distant roar of a wandering panther or marauding tiger was common during the hours of the night, and in the evenings wild pigs would come onto the plantation floor to seek the nuts of the rubber trees which fall to the ground.

The first evening of my stay I heard a terrific noise which sounded like a large herd of cattle, and the following day, when inquiring its cause, the American manager informed me that what I had heard were not cows, but moderately small frogs which inhabited the swamps about the plantation.

At night when walking through the plantation one can see a fungus which grows on the sides of the trees and on the ground, which is as luminous as the numbers on a radium-painted watch. This, together with the thousands of fire-flies, impresses one with the natural beauty of that jungle. Flying ants infested my bungalow in swarms, literally covering the furniture with their wings, which they drop. This also makes one recall the inconveniences of jungle life.

My bungalow was pretty well filled with lizard-like animals which crawled along the walls and roof of my rooms. I have often seen one while walking along the ceiling make a jump and land at a point on the ceiling several feet away. The animal not having wings, I could never account for this phenomenon.

I had not been more than three days on the plantation when one night I had a very strange dream come to me—more of a vision—which I must of necessity relate here, as it has a direct bearing on my story. Across my vision was portrayed a map of India and the Himalayas, also including the Bay of Bengal and the Malay Peninsula and the plantation. As I looked, I



*VIEW FROM THE CASTLE AT LEH LOOKING ON THE VALLEY OF THE INDUS.*



saw a finger pointing. The finger followed from the plantation across the Bay of Bengal to Calcutta, on to the north-west frontier of India, up into Kashmir, and thence over the Himalayan passes, following the trail I had taken previously, into Tibet itself. The moving finger continued across the place on the map representing the Tibetan Highland and stopped over half-way across. Then the map disappeared from my vision and I beheld a scene of utter desolation—a narrow canyon through which ran a tiny stream over a terribly rocky course and walled high on each side by decaying mountains of shale and rock. On the left-hand side, about three hundred feet above the stream, was a large cave. Above the cave I saw the figures 9-5.

I received the impression, when beholding these numerals, that they represented September 5, and on awakening that morning I felt that I had been given direct guidance by which to reach the Mahatmas.

After this experience I remained on the plantation just two months in all, then I drew my pay, against the strong objection of course on the part of my employer. I went back to Singapore and applied to the American Consul there for an emergency passport to India as my passport, being an emergency one issued in Shanghai, had expired. I was told by him that owing to war-time conditions I would have to be identified by cable through the Washington authorities, who had a record of my first passport on my earlier journeyings. This ate up both time and some of my limited capital and, owing to causes which I cannot yet understand, I was forced to remain a month in Singapore until my identity was authenticated. My limited capital disappeared so that I had to take on a job as timekeeper for a dock-building

concern, Topham, Jones & Ralton, the firm that had constructed the Tanjong Pagar Docks. When my passport finally was given to me at the consulate, I had sufficient funds to continue on to India.

Finally, arriving at Calcutta, I sent a wire up to Thadeus Avery, the American engineer with whom I had been previously employed in Kashmir, telling him of my arrival once again in India and asking him if he could use me. His return wire stated that not only could he use me but he needed me on the construction of a tourist hotel situated in Srinagar, but that the British authorities there were against my return to the valley, owing to the fact that I had tried to cross into Tibet after promising them not to do so in 1915. He said to await further news from him.

I put up at the Y.M.C.A., situated on the main street of Calcutta and fronting the Maidan, which I have previously described. Then I secured work with the Ludlow Manufacturing Syndicate, an American firm of Boston, Massachusetts, which was constructing a large jute mill seventeen miles below the city on the banks of the Hooghly River, a main branch of the Ganges. Here I remained a few months, when I received word from Avery that the Residency and its office staff had changed to a new outfit sent up from India and that he believed it would be O.K. for me to come on up to the valley. I departed the night I received this wire for the north-west frontier of India and at Rawalpindi purchased a seat on one of a fleet of Buick motor vans which carried the mail to Srinagar, two days later arriving in that city.

Avery had a house-boat prepared for me and, after becoming settled, I took on the work of completing the construction of this tourist hotel addition. I had not



been here more than three weeks when Avery told me one morning that he had gone into partnership with an old friend of his named Donald Cockburn who was contracting with the native state of Kashmir for pine and cedar logs which he was cutting in the Lolab Valley, situated some thirty-five miles from the city and which adjoined the lower end of the Kashmir Valley. He further said that he had spoken to Cockburn and that Cockburn wanted me to come up and take his spring float of some 22,000 logs down a hundred-mile winding stream through the Lolab and lesser valleys to where it joined the Jhelum River, where was situated the government log depot.

I was to start at once, leaving Srinagar the following morning by boat, going down to the lower city of Bharamullah, at the entrance to the valley, and from there, proceeding by horse, over the mountain trail into the Lolab Valley.

I started off the following day and after the most beautiful boat journey down the Jhelum and passing many groves of the lovely Kashmir plane trees, within which lay the usual Mohammedan shrines, we passed over a large lake and reached Bharamullah.

The journey by horse into the Lolab Valley was also one of exceeding beauty. The month was April and the valley floor was clear of snow; the young mustard crop had been planted and was in full yellow bloom. The charm of these great yellow fields was enhanced by the high mountain ranges surrounding them which at that time were completely under snow to a very low level.

When passing through the confines of a natural mountain gateway, we struck the Lolab River, which

flowed out from the valley of that name. Inside this gateway the valley stretched for thirty-five miles to the upper end and was some thirteen miles across, encircled by a range of mountains varying in altitude from 5000 to 8000 feet, whose slopes were solid in a stand of virgin timber, consisting chiefly of cedar and pine with here and there a sprinkling of wild walnut trees. After journeying almost the length of this valley, I arrived at Cockburn's cabin, a rambling three-room affair furnished with a great many hand-made chairs and low settees and with several pieces brought in from India. The walls were adorned with trophies of Cockburn's hunting in the surrounding hills and with a tiger-skin rug or two on the floor. Here I met Mr Cockburn, who was a tall, robust Scotsman about fifty years of age. He had been out in Kashmir, at that time, for about ten years, and was evidently doing fairly well for himself as a timber contractor.

After greetings were exchanged he took me down to his log depots, which were scattered along the stream below the cabin, and here explained to me the method he employed in starting off his float for the government depot. You see, I had had no previous experience which would enable me to handle this work intelligently but, judging from his conversation, he was evidently sufficiently impressed with the work I had done for Avery to make him feel me competent to take the float down alone with native labour.

We were unable to start the work at once owing to the snow still on the valley floor, which was higher than that of Kashmir, but in the matter of a week or ten days we had rounded up our native gangs from surrounding villages and I started off, equipped with a

tent for myself, a tent for the cook and his helper, with all the necessary camp equipment and foodstuffs we would need along the trail ahead.

Without going into too much detail here and before passing on, I would like to convey some impressions of those three months which it took me to get those 22,000 logs to the government depot. From the headwaters of this stream to the depot was a distance of nearly one hundred stream miles, about forty by road. All the work was concentrated behind the last log of the float, which the natives termed the "Putwan". All the logs on the banks of the stream ahead were rolled into the current ahead of this log, which kept changing places with other last logs as the float advanced. As I took this job very seriously, I made it a point to gather up logs which had been thrown in time of high water a considerable distance from the bank of the stream and painstakingly rolled them back in the water. Later Cockburn informed me that he recognized some logs in the float which he himself had previously passed up for several years.

Our progress down this stream was slow, ranging from a hundred yards to three miles a day, depending upon the condition of the water ahead, its depth and the number of sandy shorts in the centre of the stream. At times the stream passed under several miles of overhanging foliage which stood twenty to thirty feet above the water and at that time of the year hordes of monkeys had come down out of the forest and lined the trees along the stream. Also there were great flocks of tiny green parrots which had come up from the heat of the Indian plains to meet the early spring of Kashmir in its cool altitudes.

The Lolab Valley was surely a place of exceeding beauty during those three months of floating. I recall one point on the float where I had my tent pitched in a great grove of plane trees, how, each morning, I would be awakened by a red monkey about two feet high which would come up and peer in at the top of the tent, chattering tremendously, probably about his family affairs, and while I remained there in camp he never failed to appear each morning at the same time. I regularly spent my evenings watching these monkeys in the trees before darkness fell. They gave me the impression that their life was quite a definite scheme of things and was utterly important to them.

An incident occurred once, when Cockburn visited my camp on the river, which impressed me greatly as to the natural sagacity of these so-called dumb creatures. Cockburn had a Scotch collie along with him and this dog had succeeded in scaring away, from a group of trees nearby, a large family of these monkeys. One, a mother, had departed so hurriedly that she had forgotten to take along one of her children, a tiny little baby monkey about six inches high. This little fellow was sitting on a flat rock, above the place where the dog stood barking, crying and jabbering in great excitement and most obvious fear; at times glancing away toward its mother in the trees some distance removed, and at other times affrightedly jabbering at the dog. The family of monkeys, which had run away, slowly circled back toward a tree near where the baby crouched and I could see one, who was evidently the mother, trying to make her approach unobserved. The dog spotted her a couple of times and she had to make a hasty departure. After about ten minutes of this had passed, suddenly

a group of five monkeys, full grown, rushed down out of the trees and made a wild dash behind the dog and up into a further tree. The dog became so excited that he took off after them, forgetting entirely the little baby monkey still huddled on the rock, and the mother quickly rushed in, grabbed up her whimpering offspring and departed.

Never at any time during the floating did I see more than five or six hundred logs ahead of me and I did not realize, nor could I believe, that there were as many logs in that float as Cockburn had estimated, but toward the latter part of June, when floating the "Putwan" down the deeper portion of the lower stream, the float came to an abrupt stop.

There in the stream, packed solid from shore to shore and for nearly a mile below, lay my float, all the logs which I had gathered up since leaving Cockburn's cabin. The head of the float was blocked by a chain of logs secured across the river by wire and on the shores were several buildings which a state official told me was the government log depot, also telling me that my work for that year had come to an end and that it was the largest float he had had from Cockburn for some years. This, then, was the first work I ever did as a lumberjack.

C H A P T E R      E L E V E N

*I Set Out Once Again for Tibet*

**D**URING the first part of those three months on the river I wrote a letter to the British Residency at Srinagar, asking to be mailed an official permit, which is granted to a certain number of tourists each year, to visit Ladakh, or little Tibet. I did this knowing that there was a strong possibility of my being refused, owing to my previous exploits on the frontier, but in due time I was mailed a permit by the recently appointed British authorities, who had evidently not recognized my name, together with a slip stating that I hereby promised not to cross the Tibetan frontier, which I was to sign and return.

I signed and returned this slip without any great prickings of conscience, for I felt that political reasons or agreements existing between two governments, such as that between India and Tibet, for the purpose of keeping white men out of one of these countries, was not a sufficient reason to deter me from pursuing my journey.

After remaining in camp near the government depot until June 28, I started off for the village of Ganderbal at the head of the Sindh River Valley, where starts the

long trail to Ladakh. Here I talked things over with my cook and servant, telling him that I intended going to Ladakh and asking him if he would be willing to accompany me. He was reluctant at first, but finally consented. I conferred with the headman of this village and arranged to leave my clothing with him until I returned, if ever. Here I purchased a sack of green vegetables, a sack of potatoes, a quantity of rice, sugar and tea. The following day we departed on the trail for Ladakh, travelling by horse.

Here I was then, going for the second time toward the desolation of the forbidden plateau and toward whatever its attendant difficulties might be. I still suffered occasionally from those terrible nightmares of that spot where my horse had died. I felt that if I only had strength enough, both physical and mental, to pass that spot, to travel on beyond to that desolate corral at Pooga where sprung the alkali stream, that if I could pass that point in the trail, the exact spot where I had three years before realized that I must turn back, if I could do all these things, there would be nothing further, no matter how difficult, that could make me fear the trail ahead.

Though I did not realize it at the time, my difficulty on the way toward the forbidden frontier was infinitely more mental than physical. I was living a life apart, I was attempting something not only never before attempted, but the object of which had possibly never before been thought of by a Westerner. I had nothing upon which to form a basis for comparison, nor any detail to lend me comfort, but had simply to pursue my journey with nothing but very great faith together with absolute resolve.

On the trail from Kashmir Valley to the village of

Leh in Ladakh I encountered no snow as this time I was starting later than on the previous journey. But I had one difficulty before me that made the trip neither as pleasant nor as easy as it would otherwise have been. When reaching Sona Marg, near the glacier and still in the Sindh Valley, both my cook and helper had an attack of Kashmiri onion fever—that is, I discovered it later to be onion fever. They stood before me on that morning when we were preparing to depart over the Zoji La Pass, both evidently suffering from a burning fever. The cook informed me that he and his helper must return to their home in the Lolab Valley, owing to the fact that they had become sick. After a good look at them, I suspected that they never had any intention of accompanying me on the full journey to Leh as the people of the Lolab Valley seldom leave their valley, and felt also that they had framed up on me in some way. Walking over to the cook, I put my hand under his armpit and extracted therefrom a small onion and after a moment I collected four such tokens from the two men. This then was the Kashmiri onion fever. If a man wished to appear sick, he stowed away an onion under each armpit, first peeling off the outer skin, and kept it there until he actually did have a burning fever.

Well, these men were sick all right at that time, but I could have made them quite well with a couple of fairly swift kicks in the pants, if they had worn pants, but I realized that as long as they did not wish to accompany me, it was useless for me to use any sort of force for they would eventually desert me during the night at some camp ahead. So I let them go and proceeded on my way with but one saddle and one pack



horse. On the latter I had a good deal more provisions than I could use until reaching Leh and decided to get rid of some of them when reaching the village on the other side of the Zoji La Pass, called Pondras, where in 1915 I had been shown such kind hospitality by the villagers when I had become snow blind while crossing the Pass.

On arriving at Pondras, I called out the headman and asked him if he remembered me. He said, "Nay, Sahib, I do not know you." Well, all white men must look more or less alike to a man living as he did, so I explained to him that I remembered him quite well and had never forgotten his kindness to me three years before, describing the incident to him in detail. Of course, he then remembered the whole thing.

From my pack saddle I detached a nearly full sack of green vegetables, added to it about forty pounds of potatoes and presented this to him. When departing I explained to him that he must always remember that white men do not forget kindness nor hospitality shown them in a strange land.

At the end of the twelfth day I again arrived at the village of Leh. During those days I had been my own cook, living on rice, tea and potatoes, and though I did not really enjoy the diet, I did not feel that I was in a position to object in any way to any slight difficulties of the trail when I knew what I was in for in Tibet itself. At this village I was cordially greeted by Reverend Mr Pater, the Swiss missionary, and his family, who were all that remained of the mission people there.

While at Leh, where this time I remained but a few days, I taught the missionary's wife to play the Hawaiian ukulele, which I had carried with me since passing through Honolulu months before and which

I had come to play rather well, as it beguiled the hours of my lonesome evenings.

She had two children, as I have previously mentioned; and when I played for them the first evening, they were so overjoyed with the melody which the instrument produced that I took some pains to teach the mother the rudiments of playing. Before I left for Tibet she could play one or two simple tunes and had promised to practise so that she could amuse her children, who had never before heard the music of Western lands. I left the instrument with her.

When sending my servants back from Sona Marg, I had sent all my camp equipment back with them; therefore, I was forced to remain at the government rest-house at Leh. During the three days I spent there, before starting off on this second attempt at Tibet, the British Magistrate arrived from Kashmir on his yearly stay of three months, where he holds court throughout Ladakh. On the day of his arrival, I being the only other traveller up there at the time, he sent over an invitation for me to dine with him that night at his official residence, which of course I did very willingly, knowing that my social contacts were soon ending entirely. I realized though that a good deal depended on his attitude toward me and whether he suspected my intention of adventuring into Tibet or not. But nevertheless I met him that evening in his rather well-furnished residence and after some moments of conversation I realized that my fears had been ungrounded for he was quite affable and very glad to have the companionship of a fellow white man. Our evening passed without event and during the course of dinner I explained that on the following morning I

was leaving Leh at an early hour to visit one of the monasteries which lay a half-day's journey away. I made special note of the fact that he was entirely without suspicion regarding my future moves.

Before starting off for Tibet this time, I had decided to attempt the journey under different conditions than before. This time I engaged a horse for a period of two weeks and took just sufficient food to last me a few days, together with my blankets and only the clothes I wore. I believed that if I went into Tibet with only that which I could carry on foot, there could be nothing to deter me from continuing on. I also had learned that on the plateau I would meet nomad Tibetan sheep herders who lived in tents, from whom I could beg simple food which would carry me on my way, and that if I actually threw myself upon the natural resources of the country and took a chance on the results, I would show a larger faith than I had on the first journey when I had tried to ensure success with the aid of a horse, a bag of money and heavy sleeping robes. I felt that I must have an absolute faith, or none at all, and that I must go into Tibet with as little outside help as possible.

Therefore, when I started off at daybreak the following morning I was burdened with just sufficient food to take me to Gya, that last village at the foot of the Tunga La Pass where the great Tibetan highlands began. I reached Gya the second day and put up in a room in an adobe caravanserai. I spent the last night here and, before starting off the following morning, I turned over to the headman of the village my surplus blankets and a heavy coat which I was wearing, together with a pair of knickers; exchanging for them from him a complete Ladakhi costume consisting of heavy

woollen pantaloons, heavy woollen shirt which was allowed to hang outside the pantaloons, both articles being of native weave and not at all clean, also a Ladakhi hat made of red felt and sheep fur. I retained a sweater coat which I wore under the shirt for extra warmth and also my heavy woollen underwear. Of my blankets I kept but one, which was a native-woven grey Kashmiri one, a double blanket measuring about fourteen feet long and six wide. In this blanket I rolled a small supply of food consisting merely of roasted barley flour and when I started off at daybreak, after arranging for my horse to be returned to Leh by one of the villagers, I resembled just another wayfarer travelling on foot through the wilderness.

As I ascended the Tunga La Pass, I became affected by the altitude, and memories of those days spent three years before on a plateau ahead nearly put me into a panic. Climbing on foot as I was toward the top of the 17,500-foot pass, the slightest weight bore down on me unbearably, so without any thought or consideration for my future needs and also being biased at the time by the fact that I was very, very warm owing to the heat of the morning sunshine, I took off my pack and stepping off the trail hid the blanket under a pile of rocks. For all I know, it may be there to this day. Thus I had nothing now to carry but the clothes on my back.

When reaching the summit of the pass, I spent no time there but descended rapidly to the 16,000-foot level of the plateau itself. I walked steadily all that day, following the trail previously followed, up the desolate plain which stretched from the foot of the Tunga La Pass for twenty miles to the small rocky gateway which led into the valley where stood the large lake, on the

far shores of which my horse had died. Around this lake I made my way until, in the evening, I reached that well-remembered and often-visualized spot where I lost my horse. There lay the whitened and sun-bleached skeleton, but I could not see any signs of the pack saddle and several other articles I had abandoned. Though I had feared so greatly that this spot would bring back paralysing impressions of fear and depression to me when I reached it, as I stood there gazing down at what once was the horse, I felt not the slightest emotion of any kind. The last three years of torment had burned out within me any possibility of emotional reaction.

From here, then, I continued up the long gradually ascending twenty miles of canyon ahead which led to the corral at Pooga. I walked all that night as it had become too cold to sleep and arrived there at ten o'clock the following morning.

Here I lay out in the sun and slept for two hours. When starting off again, I found that I was suffering considerably from thirst which the bitter water in the alkali stream could not quench. I noted that some three hundred yards across the floor of the narrow valley there stood a tiny white tent and, as I saw no way of crossing a whitish alkali swamp which was covered by a sparse yellow grass, on the farther side of which this tent stood, I shouted lustily for several minutes but gained no reply. When back in Kashmir again two years later, I was told by a British official that the tent had been occupied by a native officer and two soldiers who had been stationed there to prevent any white tourists and game hunters from going on toward the Tibetan frontier from that point.

I continued on my way down the descending valley from Pooga until I passed the point in the trail where I had turned back three years before. I passed this spot with a great feeling of accomplishment, almost an exaltation, and just a few miles beyond I discovered that the trail made a sharp turn against the flanks of a cross range of low-lying hills and suddenly came out on to the sandy banks of the Indus River. Here, after quenching my thirst, I followed along its banks all the remaining day. That night I was so utterly fatigued that I made a shelter in a natural cavity on the side of a hill, where stood outcropping stratas of shale, and fell asleep. The night cold became so intense that I was forced to get up and continue on my way until I became warm enough to again lie down and sleep for a further hour, repeating this performance throughout the night.

The morning of the third day I was still following the Indus and about ten o'clock I met a Ladakhi mounted on a good horse who seemed to be travelling in good circumstances, if one were to judge by the horse and his equipment. I accosted him, and when he stopped, told him that I had had no food since leaving Gya three days previously and asked if he would give me something from his saddle-bags. He looked very suspiciously at me and replied that he had no food to give me and that if I should continue on my way for another day, I would reach the monastery of Hanle where I would be given food.

Before departing he asked me who I was, remarking that I did not look like a native of that country, though I wore the clothes. I replied that I was a white man who was writing a book about the country and had my







THE NATHU PASS, LOOKING TOWARDS SIKKIM.



servants and camp equipment awaiting my return at Gya. He was entirely suspicious, but offered no objections to my continuing on the way toward Tibet.

After noon the trail led away from the river and started up a long incline of sand and shale toward a distant range of hills. Following this, evening found me at the foot of these hills, where I slept that night, digging out a trench in the sand, getting into it and covering my body with sand. It was a little warmer than the previous night, but nevertheless at midnight I was forced, because of the cold, to continue again on the trail, which was well discernible in the moonlight.

I wandered on the remaining part of that night and all of the next day. That evening about five o'clock I came to the encampment of a Ladakhi trader, pitched on the banks of the Indus River where the trail joined that river again. I went up to this camp and, meeting the trader, who was a young Ladakhi, requested food and a place to sleep for that night. He was very much surprised when I told him that I was a white man, but I gave him the same explanation that I had given before to the other Ladakhi whom I met on the trail. He did not seem to have much faith in the story, and evidently came to the conclusion that I was deliberately lying when I also told him that I had eaten nothing in the last four days. Nevertheless he made a place for me in his camp and, when his dinner was cooked, he gave me quite a large dish of a sort of native curry and rice, together with tea. For some reason, though nothing had passed my mouth except water since leaving Gya four days before, it seemed very difficult for me to eat anything of the food he offered. I cannot really account for this except that I may have dried up a little inside

or that the dry winds had forced me to swallow a good deal of sand along the trail.

This trader, after watching me for several moments, remarked that he never believed a man could eat so little when claiming that he had been without food for so long and, though I insisted that I actually had been without it, I could see that it had no effect upon him. So I let the matter drop, and, crawling under some woollen blankets that he gave me, I fell off into a deep, dead slumber which lasted all through the night.

The next morning early I departed for the Hanle monastery which lay some eight miles ahead, along the trail which now followed the Indus River. At about eleven o'clock I rounded a point of sharp, protruding precipice of rock and came upon this monastery as it lay on the side of the hill overlooking an extensive area of open plateau, in the centre of which the river flowed. This river was now nothing but a swift torrent which ran over an exceedingly rocky, boulder-scattered course.

This monastery rather resembled an ancient castle depicted in fairy tales. It rose up, its walls having an inward slope, from the base of the hill upon which it stood, for several stories. It was entirely constructed of adobe brick, and gave the appearance of having turrets and bastions, much like the palaces of ancient European princes.

Upon arriving at the foot of the trail, which went up into the monastery through a high gateway, I was stopped by two Tibetan lamas or priests. One of them spoke Hindustani and asked me who I was and what I wanted. I told him the same story I had told those two others I had met on the trail and, leaving me in charge

of the second lama, he disappeared into the monastery. After a wait of about a half an hour he returned and told me that, as I was a white man, the high priest of the temple had ordered that I be sent back to Gya under escort of some of the under priests and there handed over to the head man of that village who in turn would send me back to Leh. I requested to know why I would be forced to return. He explained that the conditions of my arrival at Hanle were entirely suspicious; that in the first place there had recently been Bolsheviks coming into Tibet via the trans-Himalayan trail from Siberia and through Chinese Turkestan and Yarkand, who had been influencing the nomads throughout the western plateau to rise up against their priests; in the second place, he informed me that his high priest had orders from the British authorities in Kashmir to the effect that no white man must be allowed to enter Tibet from Ladakh, stating that this order was also issued him from his high priest in Lhasa.

I then informed the priest that, owing to the difficulties of the journey on foot from Gya to Hanle and also to the fact that I had been greatly weakened because of lack of food, he must allow me to remain and rest in the monastery until I sufficiently recovered my strength to start back for Leh. After leaving me and talking the matter over with the high priest, he returned and led me into one of a series of cell-like rooms which lay outside the monastery on the plain and some distance removed, stating that I had been given consent to remain there for three days, after which time I would be escorted back over my trail.

I lay resting in this room all of that day and oc-

asionally went out and strolled about in the sun. That evening others occupied the room with me; one was the young trader who had given me food on the previous day, and another, a Ladakhi, who told me that he was the father of the trader, himself also being one of the many merchants who supply the monastery with their needs from the Leh bazaar. The three of us spent rather a pleasant evening around the fire, which was built on the hard packed earth floor with animal dung, usually yak dung, the smoke of this fire passing out both through the door and through a large aperture in the roof.

That night, before turning in, two priests came in, one bringing me food consisting of curry and rice and tea and the other presenting me with a large grey woollen robe, such as is worn by the Tibetan nomad of the highlands, telling me I could use it to sleep in while I remained there. When I stood up and got into this robe, I found it to be of unusual weight; it was equipped with a cord, much as those used on modern bath-robés, and was made so long that one had to tie the cord around the waist and pull the skirt of the robe up through the cord until a great blouse-like effect was created. I slept in this robe that night and found it to be sufficiently warm.

The second day of my stay was spent in viewing the monastery, the interior of which appeared to be merely a series of rooms much like the one I had occupied, with the exception of a great temple situated in the centre of the structure, around the walls of which stood innumerable statues made of white clay and adorned with gildings of gold and entirely covered with trinkets. There were also bowls of foodstuffs and

grains of barley and rice placed at the foot of these idols, evidently as religious offerings.

At that time the temple was filled with young and old shaven-headed lamas whose bodies were covered with long red woollen robes, all squatting on the floor and chanting loudly. I also paid a visit to the high priest, accompanied by the Ladakhi traders.

This priest lived in a house some distance removed from the monastery itself, and when I was ushered into a darkened corridor-like cell, I discovered him to be a man with an unusually intelligent face. He was seated upon a low divan conversing with some under-priests when we entered, and as I saw the traders offer him a salutation by tapping their hands to their foreheads, I did likewise. He offered us seats near him below the divan, and dismissed the priests.

After he had conversed in the Ladakhi dialect with these traders for some time, a language which I did not understand, I asked him in Hindustani if he spoke that tongue. He replied in Hindustani that he spoke it fairly well. I then requested that he grant me an interview alone with him. He consented and dismissed the two traders. As briefly as possible I told him my story of travel and adventure since leaving the far-distant land of America and my desire to find the centre in Tibet where I was informed India's Mahatmas dwelt. As I progressed in my story I noted that his face lighted up and he became absorbed in what I can only describe as a meditation. When I had concluded he sat there on his divan as one carved from stone, his eyes staring straight ahead and unseeing.

After fully five minutes had passed he looked down at me and, smiling, said, "You have come on a long

journey—you, a white man, seeking knowledge of our Oriental mysteries. Whether it is given you to find these Mahatmas or not, I am not allowed to say nor am I in any way to attempt either to dissuade or encourage you. This much I may say: Somewhere along the trail between the Hanle monastery and Lhasa, over fifteen hundred of your English miles, by arduous trail through Tibet, this centre is located. But, as well as being a priest, I am a representative of the government at Lhasa and, therefore, cannot allow you, in my official capacity, to proceed across the forbidden frontier. Of course, if you were to quietly disappear, I would not send out a search-party of my priests to bring you back at once, in the hills ahead it would be impossible to find you; but if you do this you take your life in your hands as the country for many days' journey is like that you have just come over, with the exception of a sprinkling of Tibetan sheep herders' camps after several days' journey."

I thanked him kindly for what he had told me and arose and departed.

Remaining at Hanle until the morning of the fourth day, I departed in this manner. In the cell which I occupied, as I have stated, slept the two Ladakhi traders, but added to these there were also two priests who had evidently been detailed to act as guards over me until I left the monastery under escort. These two priests slept before the open doorway, just inside the room, which led out onto the open plain beyond. That last night I had slept until about two o'clock that morning, when I was awakened at the end of a long dream, where I continually heard the repetition "Forty days in the wilderness", by a moonbeam which struck

through the aperture in the roof full onto my face. I lay there quietly for some moments and listened to the breathing of the four men near me. Discovering that they all slept soundly, I slowly arose, making absolutely no noise, and, taking the robe that the priests had loaned me under one arm, I quietly stepped across the bodies of the men and priests who were sleeping between myself and the door, and without awakening them, reached the threshold.

Here I stood for a moment quietly looking out over the plains and the river, which was bathed in the light of the moon. At the left of the doorway, on the ground without, I was startled to see lying there a large Tibetan sheep dog. These dogs are some of them as large as a St. Bernard but not as heavy, and are very vicious. This animal lay with his head on his paws asleep, and as I turned and saw him he slowly awakened and turned his eyes upon me, raising his head in the air and sniffing.

This was a terrible moment for me, for if he barked and awakened the sleepers behind me, it would have been impossible for me to get away unobserved. As I looked at him and he at me, I fervently prayed that he would remain quiet. Standing perfectly still as I was and moving not a muscle, he sombrely regarded me for a few moments, and then, placing his head back on his paws, fell off into sleep. After waiting a moment, I stepped out onto the trail, passed him with my heart in my mouth, and quietly walked down the slope and out onto the plain ahead of me. Neither the dog nor the men awakened, and all about the monastery appeared to sleep soundly.

I struck out toward the boundary-post, which I had

had pointed out to me, a few miles across the plains beyond the river. When arriving at the bank of the stream, I was greatly daunted by the strength and swiftness of the current as it swirled and foamed around the rocks of its course. The water was so deep and threw spray so high that I was forced to remove all my clothing and tie it high on my shoulders before stepping into the icy water.

I have failed to mention thus far that I had along with me a staff purchased in Leh. It was five feet long and resembled a billiard cue in shape, made of exceedingly hard wood and shod with a square, tapering iron spike at the small point. With this staff to help me, I proceeded across the stream. I was forced to lift each foot completely out of the water, which was from three to four feet deep, before taking a step ahead. The water was so swift that if I took my weight completely off one foot, I could not safely force the foot through the water for the next step. I also had to place each foot in a forward step on the upstream side of some rock in order to hold it secure while going on.

When reaching the centre of the stream, which was, I should judge, about fifty feet across, I became so unnerved at the dangers which encompassed me, of the swirl and crash of the waters around me, that I was compelled to stand perfectly still and lift my gaze to the bank beyond, which somewhat steadied me. This was just the first of many such experiences on streams ahead which I was forced to cross, and while standing there recovering a measure of confidence, I realized that if I were to slip or lose balance, there would be absolutely no chance for me to recover myself as



the strength and swiftness of the stream was too great.

I then recalled the dream I had had on the Malay Peninsula—of the pointing finger and the cave in Tibet, and a great feeling of faith welled up in me and the firm belief that my destiny was to reach that cave as the dream had shown me I would and that nothing could be great enough to prevent it. Thus reassured, I continued on my way across and, arriving at the opposite bank, threw myself down exhausted on the sand.

The chill of the water had been so severe that I dared not remain resting for more than a few moments, then I quickly dressed and continued on my way past a Mani Padmi wall marking the trail ahead. After an hour's walk I reached the stone monument which marked the boundary line between Tibet proper and Ladakh.

From here on, the trail ran along the narrow confines of a dry canyon which I followed until late afternoon of that first day when I again came to the point on the trail past which the Indus River flowed. On the far banks of the river was a camp of Tibetan sheep herders in their huge black tents which are woven from the hair of the Tibetan yak. I feared to attract their attention, however, as I wanted to get as far away from the region surrounding the Hanle monastery as possible before making any attempt to show myself to the natives of the plateau.

That night I put on the woollen robe the priest had given me and crawled in between two large slabs of slate which stood a few yards from the banks of the stream, and there I slept soundly and fairly warm until daybreak. Continuing on, I walked steadily through-

out that day. Afternoon found me ascending a steadily sloping and wide canyon which seemed to lead up over a high peak in the distance. That evening, as darkness fell, I came to an old abandoned camp occupied previously by some wandering nomads. All that was left there was a bad smell of sheep, a sour smell of grease, and a large circle of stones which had been used to anchor their tents. From these stones I made a wall against the chill wind which blew down over the pass ahead, and behind this wall I spent an utterly cold night.

As I had been ascending all the day previous, the altitude had proportionately increased and I judged myself to be at an altitude of about 18,000 feet at this camp. Therefore, during the night I suffered just as much from the rarity of the air as from the cold. I arose at the first streak of daylight and continued on toward the peak, which was clearly discernible after an hour on the trail and seemingly just overhead, looking very much lower and far less forbidding than it had appeared on the day before.

As I progressed upward the difficulty in breathing became acute; my legs seemed weighted with lead and my robe, which I carried on my back, rolled up and tied with a piece of native rope which I had secured at the monastery, seemed unbearably heavy and my chest felt as if a tremendous weight was striving to cave it in. The last mile toward the summit was made by selecting a rock ahead some short distance and resolving to reach it and, on reaching it, lying down for a moment's rest.

My desire to sleep became so overpowering that it was only by a supreme effort of will that I could force my lagging footsteps upward. I sensed the danger of falling asleep in that altitude; I do not know if there

would have been actually any possibility of my falling into an unconscious condition, but I nevertheless feared it. When at long last I did arrive at the summit, I did not stop there for even a moment, but quickly started down at a dog-trot on the sharp slope of the trail from where I could see far below a green-covered valley which seemed to be dotted with tiny pools of water and over the centre of which flowed a small stream.

It did not take me more than an hour to come down from the high level of the pass into this valley and the decreasing altitude soon restored my physical condition to a more normal balance. At no time on that journey through Tibet did I ever seem to get sufficient air into my lungs as the altitude of that plateau during the whole distance from Ladakh to Lhasa is never below 13,000 feet. That height is considered by the Tibetans to be a low and cultivatable altitude. The greater portion of the plateau itself ranges from 15,000 to 16,000 feet above the sea.

Years later, when looking over a map published by the Royal Geographical Society in India, I traced my journey over the pass I have just described and discovered that the top of the pass stood 22,000 feet above the sea.

I rested on the banks of the stream and noted that the green of the valley consisted of several acres of spongy soil made up of tiny hillocks of tough stubble grass. Putting my foot upon one of these hillocks and pressing my weight upon it, it felt a good deal like a hard sponge, my weight forcing water out of it. At this point I broke a three-day fast by picking handfuls of a sort of daisy that I found and eating them, flushing the whole down with copious draughts of water from the

stream. After half an hour's rest, I proceeded on the trail ahead.

In the middle of the afternoon I came to a camp which stood in the centre of a dry plain and consisted of one terribly dilapidated yak-hair tent occupied by a filthy, tousle-headed nomad. I had picked up, while at the monastery, the native words for the names of foodstuffs which the nomads eat, as well as a request for a place to sleep in their camp for a night.

These nomads live on roasted barley flour which is made in this manner. A large, shallow iron pan is placed on a fire made of three upright stones, with animal dung for fuel; in this pan is thrown large handfuls of a fine gravel. When this gravel becomes thoroughly hot, quantities of raw barley grain are thrown into it and when striking the heat of the gravel, pops like our common pop-corn. Later the barley is separated from the gravel by means of a crude mesh screen, built on a wooden frame, and in turn the barley is then placed in a tiny hand grindstone made of two circular stones, one upon the other, with a hole through the top stone into which is put the barley, and also a small wooden peg is driven into the outer edge of the top stone and used as a handle to turn it. The two stones, circling on a wooden axle placed through corresponding holes driven through the centre of both stones. This roasted barley flour is called "tsampa" and is eaten by mixing with tea or native broth made of pieces of mutton or yak meat, wild mushrooms, with sometimes a little rice if the nomad can afford rice; added to this are large quantities of butter. The other main item of fare is made by drying milk curds on pieces of cloth in the sun. In the dry hot air these curds soon harden

into small lumps of a rubber-like substance, a good deal like the stale rind of cheese. The name for this is "choora". Any large camp of nomads contains one or two stills, a crude metal pot affair or very often a hardwood, metal-strapped keg. In this is fermented barley which later turns into a very crude and weak sort of wine which they call "chung".

This lone nomad, when I asked him for food, gave me to understand by signs that he himself had not sufficient to offer me but pointed down the trail ahead, intimating that there I would come to another camp. I continued on for about four miles when, in the evening, rounding a bend in the trail, I came across a large herd of goats and sheep. On the outskirts of the herd I saw a small camp made up of a half-circle wall of tiny saddle bags, all well filled. There were two Hindus seated before a fire within the circle of the wall. I walked up to them and asked them for food and a place to sleep for that night. They were very hospitable and readily consented, saying that they had just made camp and after remaining there that night were going on down into India. They asked me no questions regarding my identity but accepted me as some fellow Indian who had lived for a long period of time in Ladakh and assumed a costume of a Ladakhi; at that time I spoke Hindustani quite fluently.

As we sat around the camp fire that night with the aroma of the dung smoke sifting through everything on the still evening air and after a meal consisting of a mess of rice broth and tea, I asked them what their mission was in that country, being Hindus as I saw them to be. They explained that they belonged to the native state of Beshahr on the lower slopes of the

Himalayas facing the Indian plains. That each year they, and a hundred odd other natives, made this caravan journey to some naphtha fields which were situated some weeks' journey further ahead, on the trail toward Lhasa. These fields being owned and operated by the Tibetan government and the naphtha sold to Hindu traders like themselves. This was conveyed from the fields to India by means of tiny saddle-bags consisting of two sheep-skin sacks sewn together at the upper end, the length of the whole being about three feet. These bags were thrown across the backs of sturdy domestic mountain sheep and goats which conveyed them at the rate of not more than eight or ten miles a day over this stretch between the two points. The whole journey took about three months for a round trip. They called the naphtha "swarga".

The food I had at this camp was the first I had eaten, other than the daisies of the field, since leaving Hanle and, though I could not eat much at the time, it strengthened and heartened me considerably together with the hearty breakfast of tea and "chapatis", a dry Hindu pancake. When leaving this camp, I was profuse and sincere in my thanks to them for their kindness and I then followed the trail onward.

Sleeping that night along the trail, the following day I entered a point where the trail let out of the canyon I had been following and through a low pass, which made a sharp turn to the right and entered a further, but larger canyon; where was a considerable scattering of Tibetan houses. This tiny village I learned was called Chimmurti.

At Chimmurti, upon my request to the head man of

this village, and to whom I also told that I was a white man (the Tibetan word for which is "Peeling"), I was offered a place in his own house for the night with the usual Tibetan fare of tsampa, choora and plentiful draughts of tea and butter. I had often wondered while on that journey how the Tibetan could eat as many hairs as he did and not suffer from acute indigestion. It was actually alarming, the amount of hair there was in everything they ate. Their butter, made from the milk of the yak, after being churned in a very crude churn which resembled a giant automobile tire pump, except that it was made of wood, was hand-shaped into oval form about a foot long and six inches wide. This was sewn up snugly into sheepskin, the stitching being of strips from the skin. When they ran short of butter, they would take a native knife and cut off a chunk of this butter, the knife separating the skin and butter at once, much as one would slice an orange. These knives being rather dull, it would often happen that the two pieces would hang together by the hairs alone which were in the butter.

There were yak hairs, sheep hairs, human hairs and dog hairs, profusely seasoning all of their crude Tibetan food. Once I inquired of a more educated Tibetan why they did not object to this. He replied that hairs were not so big that they could not pass through the body without causing any trouble in the stomach; he also explained that the people of Tibet did not at all mind this as they had never known it otherwise. Green vegetables were unknown by those nomads of the western highlands; fruits were unthought and unheard of, roasted barley flour being the order of the day from birth to death, and it was only the better class of

Tibetans, or those who had larger herds than others, who could afford even rice.

There is one thing that can be said for their fare, their tea is excellent; it is imported by yak caravan from the Chinese border on the eastern slopes of the Himalayas and is packed for transportation in pressed slabs measuring eight inches through and two by three feet square, one yak carrying on his crude pack-saddle four such slabs, two on each side. Their method of making this tea is by boiling a certain quantity of it down until it is a thick, syrupy fluid, intensely strong and bitter to the taste. This is served by pouring just a small quantity into the bottom of the Tibetan tea cup, which is usually made out of a piece of wood turned into a bowl shape and very often lined with a thin sheet of silver. Added to this is a large quantity of hot water, a chunk of butter, a little barley flour and a pinch of salt. If one wishes a heavier sort of meal, he adds larger quantities of barley flour and taking his fingers mixes this concoction until he has a thick paste which he removes in gobs with his fingers.

From Chimmurti the trail sloped upward and for several hours I climbed steadily until I arrived at the summit of another very high pass, which later I found to be 21,000 feet. On this day, though the physical results were entirely painful and unpleasant, still I did not feel the effects as severely as while climbing the last pass. At the top of this pass, far in the distance I could see the Indus River winding across a tremendous level area of the plateau and after two days of travel, the nights of which I spent at the camps of other Hindu caravan men who were transporting the naphtha to India, I arrived late in the evening, while it was suffi-





LAMAYURU. The Monastery crowns the hill. The nuns' dwellings are below the hill in the foreground.



ciently light, at the foot of a hill standing at one side of this great open plain where flowed the Indus River which I had seen from the top of the pass.

Upon this hill, from its summit to its base, stood a great monastery, twice as large as that at Hanle. Below the monastery and village, and on all sides of the hill to its base, were clustered Tibetan huts made of mud which were part of the dwelling-places of the priests and those who served them. This place I learned to be the Tashigong monastery, the largest in western Tibet.

I must explain here that though I had disguised myself when leaving the village of Gya, I had done it for the sole purpose of convenience and not to remain in disguise as a native while crossing the plateau of Tibet itself; therefore I did not hesitate to disclose my race if I thought it would help me when asking for food of the natives. Arriving at this monastery, I ascended a narrow stone-flagged trail which led up into the village and toward the monastery itself. I had not gone far before I was accosted by a priest. He stopped me and, seeing that I was not a Tibetan, asked me what I wished, with his questioning look and gestures. I raised my sleeve some way above the elbow and, disclosing my white skin, spoke the one word "Peeling", while pointing at the arm. At this gesture he was utterly surprised, and shook his head negatively when I asked him for food and a place to sleep that night in the single term "Naitzang Ya", and motioned me to turn back on the plain below. As I turned-about to go, he left me and rushed back into the monastery

When reaching the plain I noted several Tibetan and Ladakhi tents pitched there, removed some

distance from the hill of the monastery, and I particularly noted one white tent. Upon approaching this tent I found a Hindu trader who was travelling through the country taking orders from the larger nomad camps for such commodities as they wished from India, later to be delivered to them by his caravan. I spoke to him, told him that I was a white man and improvised a story that I was travelling through Tibet on a secret mission for the British government of India to Gyantze, a city lying some seventy miles from Lhasa. I said to him that I had been forced to travel alone and without a horse in order to get quietly through the country without being recognized as an emissary, and therefore was unable to carry provisions along and was forced to depend upon the charity of the country for sustenance. I then asked if I might occupy the tent with him for that night, and for food, which he gladly gave me.

I had not been seated within the tent more than a half-hour when three priests, followed by a score of lesser priests, came down out of the monastery and across the plain and seated themselves before this tent. One who seemed to be in authority spoke to the Hindu trader. He translated to me, informing me that the high priest of the temple wished to know if I was really a white man. I replied that I was.

Through the translator, I was informed that such being the case, I must either produce a passport or some paper written in Tibetan by an official of authority, stating that I had been permitted to cross the Ladakhi Tibetan frontier. I replied that my mission was one of secrecy between India and Tibet, that I had taken my life in my hands to accomplish this mission and

that I was given nothing in writing, as the Indian government gave me to understand that I was to throw myself upon the bounty of the country at large and go in alone if the mission was to be accomplished. When this had been translated to the priest, there was a great confab among them, and after some five minutes of very excited conversation, they told me to come with them. I followed them up the trail and into the monastery, where I was led into a long, cell-like room around the walls of which were scattered divans strewn with rugs of Tibetan make. Here I stood before the high priest while my friends who had brought me up there conversed rapidly with him about me. He then looked me over with a very penetrating gaze, and later, relaxing and smiling, offered me a seat opposite him on a divan. He gave some order to a priest and, after ten or fifteen minutes passed, food was brought in to me, consisting of a meat, mushroom and barley flour stew.

After this repast, I sat there until past midnight, with a cup of tea placed at my hand which was constantly refilled. During the evening more than fifty or sixty priests passed in and out of that room to see me, all talking excitedly when I had raised the cloth of my sleeve, which they insisted that I should do each time so that they could see my white skin. I came to believe that it was the first time any of them had ever seen a white man. I was allowed that night to sleep on the rugs of the divan I had been occupying, and in the morning one of the priests presented me with a sheep-skin sack about eight inches long and four wide, filled with a mixture of barley flour and native wine in paste form, after which he escorted me down from the

monastery and onto the trail which wound on ahead across the plateau, bidding me farewell with a grand bow.

From here the great trans-Himalayan trail across Tibet steadily followed the straightaway of the main plateau. Those passes which I have described, lying between the Hanle and the Tashigong monasteries, were the last passes of any height which the trail crossed on the whole journey. Looking at a map years later, I learned that the geographical difficulties I faced when going into Tibet were due to the fact that the western frontier of Tibet and that section of the plateau which extends east some 800 miles is the backdoor of Tibetan civilization, both from the agricultural and social standpoint. The altitudes shown on the map indicate the highest points of this plateau as being contained within the confines of this area, and as the trail approaches the latter half of the journey the plateau slopes gradually downward, following the course of rivers, the chief of which is the Brahmaputra, which rises at Kailas Parbat. Kailas Parbat marks the watershed of the Himalayan Range. It is a gigantic, square mountain of rock standing out from a nearby range, alone on the plain, 8000 feet above a 15,000-foot plateau, at the base of which the Brahmaputra River springs, here but a tiny stream. Within a half-day's journey of this peak are found the headwaters of the great rivers, some of which flow into India, Burma and China.

Had I known when leaving Leh what I later learned, I could have avoided the two high passes which I crossed after leaving the Hanle monastery by following another trail, one more usually adopted by native

travellers into and out of Tibet, which followed the Indus River.

It is impossible, in recounting my experiences while crossing Tibet, to incorporate into the tale the sort of adventure and excitement that the reader is accustomed to in the usual tales of adventure. I am relating the incidents of this journey as they occurred. Of the passing of days when I trod wearily on from the break of dawn to the setting of the sun wherein nothing occurred except that day by day I was approaching that spot in the interior of Tibet which I had seen so vividly in my dream on the rubber plantation, of the long cold nights which I spent covered in my single woollen robe and using for a pillow a flat slab of rock covered with sand, of the dreariness and unrelieved monotony of the journey, I can do no more than thus mention. My shoes with which I had started from Leh dried up and cracked and for three days (two weeks after leaving Leh) I walked barefoot over the trail. During that time both heels were cut deeply by sharp stones and did not heal except at the very bottom of the cuts until I had completed the journey months later.

From a nomad I secured a pair of worn Tibetan boots. These boots had soles of heavy felt upon which were sewn yak hide, coarse raw-hide stitches being used, and the uppers were of heavy red or green felt, coming up to above the calf, split a few inches down the back side and secured at the top by winding and tying a piece of tape. In time, as these shoes wore out, I would beg other pairs from nomads along the trail and altogether I wore out four pairs, including my own shoes, before arriving at Gyantze.

There was not a day during that long journey when

I saw a single cloud in the sky except during a hail storm at Kailas Parbat. There was not a night as I lay out alone on the plain that I was not utterly and deeply stirred by the stillness and the cosmic beauty of those billions of stars overhead, which in that high altitude appeared so close. When the moon was up, one had the impression that if one walked across to the edge of the plateau it would be quite a simple thing to step into the centre of the yellow disc; when it was full, it was larger than any moon I have ever seen, and just a few feet over the horizon of the circling hills. Every day, at about ten o'clock in the morning, a harsh wind came up and swept over the plateau until evening. This was the most irritating thing on the whole journey; it was such a dry wind that my skin became cracked and parched. I never dared wash at the streams I passed, because of the effect of the wind on wet skin; nor on that whole journey, with the exception of one cold bath in a stream half-way across the plateau which I took solely to try to rid myself of the vermin that infested me from the nomad camps I had slept in, did I remove my clothing from Leh to Gyantze.

At the end of the first month, I arrived at a great encampment of over one hundred white tents. A bazaar was in progress. It is held in the same place yearly by Hindu traders of the native state of Ahlmura, who come up each year with novelties of all descriptions, identical with the sort of goods traded to the American Indians in America's pioneer days. This encampment was near a Tibetan adobe village called Gyanimah, and the bazaar itself was called by that name.

To this bazaar, from hundreds of miles around came



Tibetans with raw wool, woven woollen cloth and Tibetan hand-woven rugs to trade for beads, combs, necklaces of every colour and description, wire mesh, brass pots and pans, needles of all sizes, rice, grains, dried apricots and innumerable other things.

Here I received the hospitality of a trader occupying a large tent together with his three brothers, wherein was piled goods of all descriptions. Just outside this tent was a pile of baled wool. Within this pile he allowed me to make a shelter and here I spent three days, wherein I rested and was given food and recuperated somewhat from the rigours of the trail.

At this time all my clothing was thoroughly ridden with vermin, that is, the Tibetan "Shikin", a variety of lice which clings to the clothing and attacks the flesh without getting onto it. This condition caused me untold agony, both mental and physical, but knowing that there was nothing I could do about it, I strove to put the unclean aspects of the situation out of my mind. Once when relating my experiences to a friend in America, he remarked that he thought I could have saved myself a lot of unnecessary effort on the journey if I had just lain down on the trail and allowed these "Shikin" to carry me across the plateau.

## C H A P T E R   T W E L V E

### *The Pilgrimage to Kailas Parbat*

**T**HE second afternoon of my stay at Gyanimah I noticed a large group of Hindus standing upon a low-lying hilltop away from the bazaar about a quarter of a mile. They all stood perfectly still and gazed beyond the bazaar into the distant horizon. I asked one of my trader friends, who was the youngest of the brothers at the tent where I was stopping, what they were looking at. This young Hindu had become very much interested in me and attached himself to me during the three days at the bazaar. He took me by the hand and, saying nothing, led me out onto the plain and to the top of the hill, pointing with his finger off ahead over a very low range of dune-like hills.

Looking, I discovered a tremendous mountain peak standing alone and apart on a plain about fifty miles away, and, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, I could see it quite clearly. It was covered with snow for a third of its distance from the summit, and in the late afternoon sun it became a thing of startling beauty, the snow showing in hues of pink, rose and purple. He informed me that this was Kailas Parbat, the Mecca of all the Hindus and Buddhists of the world, the sacred

spot which marked the dwelling-place and spiritual abode of their highest gods. He also said that that year, the year 1918, was the year of pilgrimage, when Hindus came from far distant lands and from India, on foot and on horse, to camp near its base and, on the plain below, slowly circle the peak three times, during which time they went through many religious ceremonies and prayers. That evening at camp I asked him why it was that the Hindus had chosen this particular peak as a centre of worship. He explained that at the base of this peak rose the rivers that watered the Indian plains; that these rivers were accountable for their crops and thus for their life, and that the people had grown, down the ages, to hold this peak in great reverence (which later grew into superstitious doctrines and beliefs) because it stood as a sentinel where their water-supply was born. He told me that when I reached this point on my journey I would be the first white man who had ever attended this pilgrimage. I do not know if this was true.

The morning of the fourth day, after trading the robe that I had secured at the Hanle monastery, for a long native woollen blanket, very loosely woven but warm, I bade goodbye to my hosts at Gyanimah and was accompanied some distance along the trail by the young Hindu who had become so fond of me. Before leaving me on the trail, he warned me about one detail of the trail ahead. He told me that after leaving Kailas Parbat, some few days later I would enter into the regions of the plateau known by the Hindu traders to be infested by the Tibetan highwaymen or brigands, that they were very ferocious and showed no mercy to anyone whom they overtook and wished to rob; he

said that I would probably go through some of their camps along the trail, and that if I did, I should not oppose them in any way but willingly submit to anything they did to me, as this was the only manner in which I could secure mercy. Of course, I did not tell him about the dream that was guiding me to a destination, and of the faith that was carrying me along, but I did remark that I thought I would not be molested by these highwaymen, as I had absolutely nothing of any value which they would care to have. Before finally departing, he nevertheless warned me again with a very urgent sincerity, for which I thanked him and also for all his kindnesses to me. But I was at no future time molested by these brigands.

That day I suffered greatly from thirst, as well as all the day following, during which time I passed no single stream nor natural water-pocket which at times is found along those trails. In the afternoon of the second day, as I was coming down out of a canyon which led back onto the open plateau ahead, off in the distance I espied a large body of water with tiny wavelets rippling in the wind. I became here slightly unbalanced mentally and started off at a dog-trot, running and walking, for over four miles—at least the time it took me to arrive would have constituted this distance—but, as I approached this lake, it proved to be but a large expanse of a desert sage which grows in areas throughout Tibet, and being too exhausted to go further that night, I sank down into my blanket and slept the sleep of oblivion.

About noon the following day I reached a camp of nomads which was pitched near a natural spring and here I quenched my thirst. I rested for an hour; then

arising I followed the trail over the floor of the plateau which I was traversing until I came to a monastery and small village three miles from the base of Kailas, the name of which was Droochin. Here I found several hundred Hindus and Tibetans, camped both within and outside the village, and crowds of the poorer people who had no shelter.

While walking through the lanes between the huts of the village, I was suddenly startled to meet a familiar face. I recognized the face as belonging to the younger of the two Hindu traders with whom I had occupied a cell at the Hanle monastery. He immediately recognized me and told me that he had given me up for dead, knowing as he did that I had crossed the Tibetan frontier alone and had not returned to Leh as ordered by the high priest. He told me that on the morning following my disappearance, when the priests had discovered I had vanished, they had made a half-hearted search for me over a few miles of trail, but he explained that they soon returned, being very superstitious and afraid that perhaps I was not a white man at all but merely one of the many gods or devils which their Buddhist faith keeps them in fear of. He asked me if I had any money and I told him that I was penniless; he asked me if I wanted some and I told him that so far I had had no need for it but that here in Droochin I might be enabled with it to buy some meat from one of the natives, but said that I would give him a note, written in English, to Reverend Mr Pater of Leh, telling him to return the money to him and explaining that I would at a later date, if I arrived safely out of Tibet, return the sum to him. He gave me four Tibetan coins called "tunkas". These are silver coins crudely ham-

mered out by native smiths, of pure silver, into a rough circular appearance, about the size of a fifty-cent piece, and are worth a third of a rupee, or about ten cents in American money. He then took me down into the monastery, where he accosted a lama and told him to give me temporary refuge within the building and to furnish me with food, as I was a friend of his.

The lama took me into a large corridor-like room, some seventy-five feet long by twenty wide, with a hard earthen floor, this room being situated just inside the gateway, and here he motioned me to sit down, pointing with his finger to his mouth and stomach and giving me to understand that he would give me food. I waited here until late evening and received nothing in the line of food. The lama would occasionally pass me, with other priests, and make faces at me, seemingly deriding me before the others. Finally, growing disgusted and hungry, I ventured outside and wandered about the village and beyond the village among the tents pitched on the plain.

At one tent was seated two handsome young Hindus, dressed in rich costumes, who stopped me as I passed and spoke to me. One asked me if I was a white man and I replied that I was, that I was an American by birth and was travelling through Tibet writing a book. He said, "Are you travelling alone?" and I answered "Yes, all alone." He then asked me if I had no horse or equipment and I said I had nothing. He said then, "This is strange, Sahib, that you, a young white man, should travel in this manner. We Hindus, or even the Tibetans, would not travel on the plateau alone; we are always accompanied by others." He strove to explain then the many dangers of the trail, but I had heard of

all that before and was not much affected. Before leaving him he also told me that it was the first time a white man had ever attended the sacred pilgrimage which the Hindus and Buddhists of India, Ceylon, Burma and throughout all of China made once every twelve years—that is, those among them who felt themselves able and desirous of making the journey. I told him that I had not intended to attend this pilgrimage for any special reason, as I did not know it was taking place, but admitted that it was quite thrilling. Of course, within myself, I wasn't at all thrilled, being chiefly concerned over the need of food and emaciated from my long journey.

Later in the village I purchased several large strips of cooked yak meat, a meat which resembled our beef but was very much coarser, and taking this back to the monastery and squatting down within, where I had spent the afternoon, I made my supper solely of this meat. Before I had finished, suddenly I heard a tremendous racket outside and, looking out, I witnessed a terrific hailstorm. The sky had darkened so quickly that the storm had gotten under way before I could realize any was expected. Fully three or four hundred Hindus, men, women and children, who had been camped in the open with no shelter, crowded into this large room with me, until it was completely filled just as tightly as it was possible to be filled. I was eventually crowded back into one corner and there was wedged for all of that night, so tightly that I was unable to stretch out and sleep. I remember that next to me was a Hindu woman with two tiny children who were very beautiful, with finely chiselled features. I held them one at a time on my lap throughout the night and con-

versed with the mother and also those around me regarding their pilgrimage to Kailas.

This woman told me that she and those other poor people in the room had made the journey from their homes along the slopes of the Himalayas in India, up over the mountain passes, and across the width of the plateau to this village. She said that most of them were barefooted and not all of them had had sufficient food with them when starting off; also that some of the younger children had died by the wayside. But the look of joy on her face was one I shall never forget, when she said that both she and her children had achieved the goal of their desires, which was to be able successfully to make the pilgrimage and its three circlings around Kailas. She said that it was the greatest event in her life and that her joy would be great when she returned to her people in the hills of Nepal, where she lived, and was able to tell them that she and her children had been to Kailas Parbat. She explained, upon my inquiring how it was possible for the little ones to make the long journey on foot, that some of her villagers who had either donkeys, horses or mules had taken them up with them when they grew too tired to walk.

The hailstorm lasted until morning, when we all issued out from the narrow confines of this long room, which, during the night, had developed a tremendous odour, and I, for one, was properly glad that the night was over. I left the village immediately and started out over the plateau which stretched ahead, crossing the Brahmaputra River, which was at this point but several tiny streams which I could step across.

About fifty miles ahead and below, lay a great in-



land sea which scintillated in the morning sun. This sea was known to the Tibetans as Manasarowar Lake. This lake is forty or fifty miles around, following its indented shore, and at its widest point is from seven to ten miles. Its waters are terribly salt, with a smell of rotten eggs.

That night I stopped at a caravanserai which was known as Parkah, and here I came across a Tibetan who was taking a small caravan to a nomad camp four days' journey ahead. I bargained with him, in pantomime, to take me with him and supply me with food until reaching his village, offering him what remained of those silver tunkas given to me by the Hindu trader. He was glad to get the coins and quite willing to have me go along with him, so the following day we started off from Parkah, with him driving four yak ahead which were loaded down with blocks of tea. We had not gone more than a few miles when he stopped and, going slowly up to one of the yaks, grabbed his head with both hands and motioned me to climb on his rump behind the pack saddle. I was a little hesitant at first but finally mounted, and received a free ride on and off for the next three days.

We passed the shores of the lake late that afternoon and around it, at intervals of a few yards, were tents pitched by the Hindus and Buddhists on their pilgrimage. Part of the ceremony is to make the circle of this lake. We continued on through the remainder of the day until nine o'clock that night. About an hour before making camp we had left the plains of the lake behind, crossed a pass of low hills and entered another smaller valley. As we neared the top of the pass, before entering this valley, the moon rose, full and yellow, and when I

could see down on the further side, I was astounded to behold a second moon shining in what I thought to be the ground in the centre of the valley. I discovered soon that there lay a smaller lake.

As we traversed the shores of this lake, I beheld a natural phenomenon, if it can be called that. Rising on my right beyond the shores of the lake were a range of low-lying hills, and suddenly above the edge of these hills, which were sharply outlined against the stars, a large luminous disc rose, silvery in colour, and seeming to be a ball. I glanced to the left at the moon and estimated the possibility of a reflection from it, but noted, when turning back, that this could not possibly be, as the ball rose steadily above the level of the hills until it seemed several yards higher and then quickly dropped back beyond the hills once more. I have never yet been able to account for this.

We camped at the further end of this valley that night and, two days later, arrived late in the evening at a nomad camp consisting of ten or twelve large black tents. Here the driver left me standing in the middle of the village and went on about his business.

## C H A P T E R     T H I R T E E N

### *Life with the Nomads*

**T**HERE was one great difficulty which I always encountered when arriving in the Tibetan camps and this was the huge, shaggy sheep-dogs which were always about. There was never a time, when approaching a camp, that I was allowed to arrive until I had fought off these dogs, when they attacked me savagely in packs of three and four. If it had not been for the strength and weight of that long hardwood staff I carried I would never have survived the wounds they must have inevitably inflicted upon me. But with this staff, grasped at the narrow end, I was able to club them into submission. Once only in that long journey was I bitten by one and it was caused by my own momentary carelessness.

I had come up to a lone tent occupied by a nomad along the trail and had been invited to sit down outside the tent for a cup of tea. I had fought off a large dog before entering the camp and he sat on his haunches several yards from me intently watching me and uttering deep growls. As I threw my head back to drink the first cup of tea, he made a leap, and, out of the corner of my eye seeing his sudden approach, I threw my foot up

before him and he sank his teeth through my shoe and into my instep. I became so terribly angry at this, and also with my own carelessness, that I jumped up and, cornering him against one wall of the tent, gave him the clubbing of his life.

At this village, as I stood among the tents, deciding which particular one to strike for a night's lodging, a dozen or so men and women came toward me. I asked one of them for a night's lodging, doing the usual stunt of lifting my sleeve to show that I was a white man. When I had done this, he seemed so startled that he talked excitedly for several minutes with the other villagers, who in turn stared at me. The group then came up and one at a time lifted the sleeves of their cloaks and, placing their arms against mine, talked at great length regarding the difference in colour. After this long ceremony was concluded, they gave me something that sounded like the Bowery razz and then several of the women started stoning me in order to drive me from their camp. I was forced to retreat to the edge of the camp, where I was encircled by several sheep-dogs, with which I had a hard fight before I could get past them. Apart from the camp there was one larger tent and into this I went, seeking shelter for the night.

This one happened to be occupied by a young Tibetan official who spoke some Hindustani. Him I asked for the privilege of sleeping within the tent and also for some barley flour and tea. After some questioning on his part regarding my identity, he willingly enough consented and gave me a seat on his rugs, where I spent a very comfortable evening and slept soundly and well.

From this village to the village of Gartok was, a distance of about a week's journey. Here at Gartok I found that both the Tibetan and Hindu officials were away on a tour of the surrounding country. I stopped for two days in a tent occupied by a Hindu sepoy who was on guard. He had been detailed to watch the camp while his superior officer was away, and from him I received food and a fairly comfortable place to sleep. He was quite sociable and, though rather curious, asked me no unnecessary questions. I asked him if he intended to tell his superior officer upon his return that I, a white man, had passed through the camp. He said that in the line of duty he must do so, but that he had no authority to hold me. Some days passed whilst I continued on, and I was neither overtaken nor stopped by anyone.

Somewhere along the line between the lakes and Gartok, I came one evening to a nomad camp where were pitched two unusually large tents. After the usual dog fight, when I finally arrived before the larger of the two, I was received by a Tibetan woman who seemed of better circumstances than any of the nomad women I had met thus far. She spoke a few words of Hindustani and I requested of her the usual "Naitzang Ya" (shelter for the night). She shook her head in strong dissent and entered into the tent. I just stood there waiting and within ten or fifteen minutes she came out again with another woman and man.

Upon their appearance, I pulled up my sleeve and, using the sometimes magic word "Peeling", called their attention to the fact that I was a white man. This statement always had a surprising effect upon any whom

I met in that land. In all the history of the country, upon the fingers of one hand can be counted the number of white men that have been through it. In this particular case they became greatly interested, but nevertheless, upon my further request for food and shelter, they turned away and returned into the tent. I sat down, with my staff close at hand to ward off one big sheep-dog who prowled and snarled around me, and after a long wait of an hour a woman popped her head out of the tent flap, and seeing me still at the camp, she came out and tried to explain something about the man within being a Tibetan "Lumpo", a term designating one with an official capacity in a district, also making it clear to me that I would not be allowed to enter the tent. I arose then and, pointing to my stomach and my mouth and laying my head on my hands, insisted that in some way they take care of me for that night.

After a further heated discussion within the tent, the three came out and one of them presented me with a long sack. Upon close inspection, I noted that this sack measured some seven feet long and about three feet wide and had evidently been used to gather the dry-dung fuel on the plains. It was made of exceedingly heavy homespun wool. The donor motioned to me that it was to be used by me that night for sleeping and, pointing to her mouth, she gave me to understand that I was to wait and food would be brought me. I walked over to a thorny hedge which circled the camp and sat down and, after another long wait of an hour, received a plentiful supply of hot tea and barley flour. After finishing, I turned the sack inside out and shook it; then I crawled into it, feet first, throwing my own

blanket over the top, and there I spent a very warm, but entirely smelly, night, and departed before day-break.

Those Tibetans whom I met along the highest regions of the plateau, the nomads, or those who lived in those regions, were more utterly indifferent to anyone's trouble than any race of people I have ever met. At no time when I approached a camp would they think of calling off their dogs. They would stand before the tent and in an utterly indifferent manner watch me fight the dogs off. If I could get to camp it was O.K., and if I couldn't it was also O.K.

I encountered several Tibetan men and women of better class who were travelling from Kailas and the sacred lake and peak back to Gyantze by horse. I met them on the trail as I was approaching a large adobe village called Tuksum. They had two or three spare horses in their train which carried very light packs and I besought them to allow me to ride upon one of them, but this they would not consent to.

Always being terribly lonely, whenever I encountered a caravan going in my direction I would endeavour to remain with it until they left the main trail, and so with these people I travelled for two days.

During that time all they would allow me to do was to hang on to the pack-ropes of one of the pack-horses and walk and trot with the train as it proceeded over the plain. Never once during that time did I get more than a grin of derision out of any of this party, and for my food at night I would help to unload the pack-horses, help to pitch their camp, carry water from a near-by stream, and gather the dung fuel. After they were all through their food, they would give me a

little of what remained over, as I squatted on the plains somewhat removed from camp.

One night I made my bed within the confines of a series of tall sandstone pillars, naturally eroded pieces of an adjacent hill. I had been told by passing nomads the day before that I would soon be at the village of Todom, where was a large monastery.

The nomads had a rather unusual way of informing me, who could not understand their language, of a distance between two points. They would point their finger at the sun and slowly lower their hand in the direction of the sun's course as far as the horizon, if I would reach the point that same day; or if the next day, their finger would continue in a downward circle and come up on the eastern horizon to follow its arc in the sun's course, the finger stopping at a given place. I got so expert that I could tell within a few miles just how far off the next place was by this information, even within an hour.

I had expected this particular night to have reached the monastery at Todom, but, seeing no sign of it that evening, I made my bed here at this point, and the next morning early, as I started up a low hill, when arriving at the summit, discovered the village to be lying on the other side of the hill. I had been sleeping within two hundred yards of the place without knowing it.

Here I was stopped by a Tibetan official and questioned. I could not understand him, so he took me into the monastery, in a room where were seated two men whom I recognized to be from the vicinity of Leh. They were lamas from the Tixie lamasery in Ladakh; both of them spoke fairly good Hindustani. My escort



spoke to these men and they turned and asked me if I was the white man the monastery had heard about who was travelling through Tibet alone; I said I was and they informed me that this official of Todom would not allow me to continue on my way across Tibet but that I must return back to Ladakh. I told them that I would not do this.

Then ensued another lengthy talk, the result of which was that I was informed that if I was allowed to go on and it became known at Lhasa that this official of Todom had allowed me to do so, he would later be beheaded. I answered here that it was just as serious a thing to me, for if they forced me to return to Kashmir and Ladakh, I would die from the further privations and cold of the journey.

Things came to a temporary stop after this official departed, leaving me alone with the two lamas. They arranged a comfortable seat for me between them where they sat on a long, low divan piled high with rugs, and here we conversed agreeably until tea was served later in the day by a young Tibetan woman who, I noticed, made several attempts to give me the glad eye. After discovering that I was too worn-out to be interested, and as the day progressed, she decided to pass me over when refreshments or food was served. I spoke to the lamas about this and they gave her a long and heated reproof, after which she became more docile.

That evening the Todom official returned and said that the high priest of that place had ordered that I must return to Ladakh under escort of these two lamas who were the next morning *en route* there. In order to make this demand acceptable to me, they gave me two

sheepskin sacks filled with barley flour and dried milk curds. He informed me that in the morning, when the caravan started off, I would be given a horse to ride, which would be relayed from place to place until reaching the Hanle monastery; but at this point I objected. I said that I did not want to ride a horse, because of the fact that I had been carrying a pack on my back, of a blanket and a little food begged from the nomads, for so long that I would find it difficult to ride, as my back ached. The argument did not seem very sound to me but I was forced to offer this excuse, as I had no intention whatever of returning to Ladakh and intended slipping away from the caravan the first day after leaving Todom and did not wish to steal a horse in order to do this.

The official did not seem to note the unreasonableness of my argument but said that in any case I must return with the priests, which I consented to do. The next morning at about nine o'clock we started our return journey. The caravan was headed by the two lamas, who rode nearly a mile ahead and were followed by several Tibetan donkeys loaded with their camp and supplies, which were driven by a young Tibetan; I walked along making up the rear.

Just the other side of the hill, when Todom was no longer visible, I stopped the driver and motioned that, for obvious reasons, I must retire into the brush growing along the trail. He nodded his head indifferently and kept on going, and after he had rounded a bend in the trail I crawled through this clump of brush, which extended some distance along the slopes of the hills, and later, making my way around the monastery by following a wide circle, after about two hours I again reached

the trail to Gyantze. I felt that the village of Todom had not treated me so badly, considering the lamas' hospitality and also the fact that I was ahead by two small sacks of food. As the day progressed I began to realize that I was not missed, as no searchers came out after me.

I have forgotten to mention the fact that when I left Leh I retained my gold wrist-watch, which kept good time throughout the journey, losing only ten minutes in the four months; and also from Leh I mentally kept accurate count of the passing days. My arrival at Todom marked the 3rd day of September. The fact that I was but two days' journey from that point on the trail where stood that cave which I had seen in my dream, lent me an impatience that bordered on a panic. After leaving Todom behind I increased my pace until I was travelling much faster than ordinarily and hardly realizing it. The trail ascended a long steady slope which approached a high pass, and it was on this approach that I met a Hindu trader who was going in my direction on foot. We joined company and continued our journey. He told me that he was camped at the other side of the pass in a small valley, where he had one tent, which was being looked after by his partner, also informing me that he was up in Tibet from Ahlmura to take an accounting from the Tibetan herders who were looking after his herds of sheep, and to take back, across the mountains, an amount of raw wool.

As we approached toward the summit of the pass this trader had great difficulty in keeping up with me; he told me that I walked too fast for that country and that if I continued to do so I would sometime fall by the

wayside and be unable to rise because of the high altitude; but, though I slowed down my pace to his, I did not consider his advice seriously, as I had not yet fallen by any wayside since leaving Leh.

Late in the afternoon we came to his camp, but he, being a Hindu of high caste, could not allow me to enter his tent. Just outside the tent was a huge mound of raw wool which had just been shorn and into this I burrowed, after partaking of tea which the trader brought me. Here I slept throughout the night.

This was the 4th of September and that night I was terribly troubled; my dreams were nightmarish. I seemed to be overcoming great obstacles, crossing high passes below which I could see great banks of clouds, and staggering over trails which led out across endless desolation. When finally I awakened at day-break, I felt as if I had been up all night. I departed from this camp before the trader awakened, and started down the trail through the valley in a state of intense apprehension.

Around me and ahead I noted nothing along the trail which even remotely resembled the picture in my dream. I continued on my way until the sun was well up, when I came to a small stream which crossed the trail. Here I lay down and rested for over an hour. Then going on some two miles beyond, the stream turned into a canyon which was a picture of utter desolation.

The stream ran over a jagged and rocky course between high banks of sand and shale; the ground sloped away on both sides and upward into high strata of rock which seemed part of an ancient and decaying

mountain range. As I entered this canyon, I suddenly looked up and beheld the vision of my dream. This then was the canyon I had seen, even to the detail of the stream running in it. Everything was as I had seen it months before. Far up on my left side, I saw the entrance to the cave, and toward this I directed my steps.

After a very difficult climb, I reached its mouth and entered. It was just a cave—no more, no less—and no one within; not very deep, about ten feet, and about eight feet across and five high. Within this cave I sank down on my blanket and, with a feeling of complete despondency, I suddenly realized that all my expectations of finding the Mahatmas of the East in this cave, living their life of seclusion, was now brought to naught. My dream came true in its physical aspect, but that was all.

Why then did I have that dream at all—so real and so informing? The only thing I could believe was that the dream helped me and gave me determination across Tibet, and gave me the experiences which that strange journey had for me.

I had been living in expectation so long that at last, upon arriving here, I had no heart to continue. My body had reached such a point of emaciation that it frightened me to touch it, and my strength at that moment was not sufficient to carry me further.

So here I lay until the sun passed over the cave three times in its wide arc. Many were the strange experiences I went through in those three days; many the troubled visions and dark forebodings. If I learned anything at any time in all my travels, I learned this lesson in that cave—a lesson read somewhere before

in one of the writings of an Eastern sage but never until that time wholly understood:

*“Within thyself deliverance must be sought. Each man his prison makes; each hath such lordship as the loftiest one. Nay, for with powers above, around, below, as with all flesh and whatsoever lives, Act maketh joy and woe.”*

I knew, at the end of those three days of barrenness, that, though not finding the Mahatmas in the flesh, I was understanding them better in another way, and the magnitude of their work, but even then I did not give up hope of some day meeting one of them, though my journey thus far had not been fulfilled according to my expectations. I felt that perhaps it had not been possible at that time to grant that request.

During these three days I lived on the food that I had gotten in Todom and morning and night painfully climbed down from the cave to drink at the stream.

The fourth morning I continued on, with my mind in a terribly hopeless and chaotic condition. I had nothing now to expect except to continue on until I reached Gyantze, weeks ahead, where stood the British outpost. I became hopeless and for many days I developed an emotional indifference which to this day, many years later, has remained with me in part; such was the effect upon me of my disappointment at the cave.

Two days beyond the cave, I lost the trail and, the night of that day, wandered into a tiny little camp of one small tent and brush corral with a few scattered

sheep owned by a man with a tiny child. When I asked for food and a place to sleep that night, he frankly showed me the poverty of his camp but motioned that I could occupy a corner of the corral, which I did; and on the following morning he informed me of the trail ahead to the next large village, called Sakar, a village which lay on the trail to Gyantze.

That night, while sleeping in the poor man's corral, I had a rather strange dream come to me. I saw a wide, grassy valley of large extent surrounded by towering mountains. In the centre of this valley was a great and extensive camp of white men whose equipment was of the sort used by white campers in our country.

In my dream I entered the camp and saw some of the white men talking together and bending over instruments that resembled those used by surveyors. I shook hands with several of them and felt utterly overjoyed to come into contact once again with men of my own race.

On that day's journey from the corral where I slept, the trail led over a low range, and on reaching the summit I saw extending below me the great stretch of grassy plain which I had seen in my dream the night before, but, as usual in my experiences, there was nothing there in the form of a human being. But years later when back in California, during the time the Mount Everest expedition was taking place, when looking through a newspaper I saw a photograph of that plain just as I had seen it in my dream years before. In the centre of the valley stood this large encampment. The explanation under the picture was that this was the main base for the expedition up Mount Everest, and it

mentioned the fact that the valley was the Sakar Valley, which lay at the foot of a range of mountains upon the lower slopes of which stood a large village by that name.

I reached this village of Sakar that evening and when proclaiming my identity as a white man to a Hindu trader, who stood talking to a group of Tibetan villagers, I created a great deal of excitement. He told me to wait where I was and he entered a large adobe one-storied house; later when he returned he told me that at that time there was an official from Lhasa stationed there who spent three months each year as a magistrate of the surrounding districts. He went on to say that this man wished to see me. I was then ushered into his presence where he sat within his room on the usual Tibetan divan, conversing with several fellow Tibetans, and after greeting me politely he made a place for me next to him. Through the Hindu interpreter I told him the story that I had told the priest at the Tashigong monastery, to the effect that I was a British emissary going to the other end of Tibet on a secret mission. He listened attentively, and at the end of my story asked me for credentials of some sort. Having none to offer him, he said that I must return to Kashmir. I told him that I would not return but would continue on my journey to Gyantze. As it was now the middle of September, I knew full well that I would never be able to make Ladakh and survive the journey, as that country has an exceedingly early winter and the intense cold would have made the journey altogether impossible. He then informed me that if he allowed me to proceed to Gyantze his head would be cut off when he returned to Lhasa. I informed him in turn that rather than



return to Kashmir, I would stay where I was and he could cut my head off, but that, if he did, he would be accountable to the British officials at the Gyantze Fort, who were now expecting me.

He then called in another official and together they had a long talk, the result of which, I was later informed, was as follows. As I could not, or would not, return over the long trail to Ladakh, they would send me out of Tibet under escort and by horse into Nepal, a bordering state about 200 miles from Sakar, over the encircling mountains of the plateau and down the southern slopes of the Himalayas; that I would be furnished with food along the trail and accommodation at the villages where I stopped *en route* by means of an official document which my escort would carry with him. I asked this official if the Nepalese government would allow me to go through that native state in order to reach India, and he gave me to understand that the letter would put everything in order. I don't yet know what was in the letter.

I consented then, as there was nothing else for me to do in the matter, and my consent gave him much relief, as he seemed greatly worried about a white man going through his camp and crossing Tibet without official papers. That evening I spent with both himself and the trader and several Tibetan villagers, all seated in this room. We had plenty of food, consisting of rice, mutton, tea and barley flour together with some wild mushrooms, and during the course of the evening he asked me if I were really a white man. I nodded my head in assent and he replied by saying that he did not believe me to be a white man. He said that if I were a

white man I would be able to write the white man's language, and I replied that if he would give me a piece of the parchment he used for paper and his ink brush, I would show him. But before getting started he requested me to write for him what the Hindus universally term a "Razi Chiti", a letter of recommendation, for his kindness and hospitality to me; he said that he would like to keep it to prove that he had really met a white man in the heart of Tibet.

This request put me in a rather difficult position. I had learned through experience literally to hate the Tibetans for their inhospitality and indifference, for it was always with the greatest difficulty that, through begging, I received any food from them up to the time I reached the cave. But for some unknown reason, after leaving the cave behind, these great difficulties were not encountered. I was not in a mental condition to give this Tibetan such a letter of recommendation as he desired, so I wrote as follows:

#### To Whom It May Concern:

This letter, written by a lone white wanderer crossing the Tibetan Highland, is written merely as an expression of my feeling in particular for the man to whom this letter is given and in general for all Tibetans. They are the most heartless race of people in the world and more indifferent than I ever believed possible. In this manner I warn any other white man, who may read this, against entering Tibet unless he is equipped with all the food and camp necessities and plenty of Tibetan money which will keep him from the necessity of depending upon the bounty of these people.





TOP. A MONASTERY BAND IN FULL DRESS.  
BELOW. A BAZAAR SCENE IN GYANTSE.

Of course this Tibetan could read no English, nor could the trader, and, at the time, I believed it entirely improbable that he would ever show it to anybody who could read it. But two years later when in Calcutta I met a man whom I had first seen in charge of transporting supplies to the Gyantze Fort from India. After talking over old times, he asked me if I had ever written a letter of recommendation while crossing Tibet for an official at Sakar. I said that I had, but was greatly startled on hearing that he had come to know about it. He told me then that this Tibetan, after returning to his home in Gyantze and during a time when there were no other white men at the fort, had with his servants made a special journey which entailed a twelve-day round trip on the trail from Gyantze Fort to the village of Chumbi, on the road to Darjeeling in Upper India, for the sole purpose of having that letter translated to him by the acting magistrate of that district, a Mr David MacDonald.

The transport agent went on to say that Mr MacDonald, when reading the letter in order to translate it back to the Tibetan, was both startled and embarrassed but managed to get out of the difficulty by informing him that the letter was a very good one and that its contents described his many virtues; and that was that.

After spending that night at Sakar, I started off next day in a new direction mounted on a Tibetan horse and accompanied by a native driver. Before departing I bade goodbye to the official and the trader, who both seemed very glad to get rid of me and greatly relieved thereby.

We followed a trail that cut diagonally away from the

main trail to Gyantze and crossed later in the day into the confines of another but smaller plateau. That night I occupied the divan of state in a large Tibetan tent in a nomad's camp and, through the magic of the official's note which the driver carried, was given unusually good fare of meat and broth, and plenty of very warm, though very dirty, woollen blankets for the night's rest.

During the journey of the next day we came to the shores of the Brahmaputra, which at this point had developed into a large river, deep and swift. Here we were ferried across in square yak-hide boats, two of which were fastened together, and my horse, whose rope the driver held, swam behind. On the farther side, and after two hours of further travel, we arrived at a hamlet of several adobe huts in the centre of large fields of barley which at that season was ready for threshing.

This crop, I must mention, was grown at an altitude of 15,000 feet by water which was carried over a crude native stone aqueduct for miles from the Brahmaputra to the fields. At this village my native guide handed me over to an old woman who seemed to be the head of the village (it is not uncommon in Tibet for women to be the heads of communities, both small and large, nor for any woman to have two or three husbands).

She took over the official note and gave me my accommodation that night, the evening of which I spent playing with two little Tibetan children who lived with her, both about eight years of age.

When starting off the following morning I travelled on foot with these two little tots as guides. They skipped

along ahead of me quite happily and seemed utterly unconcerned over the fact of their four-days round-trip journey from their home to the village of Tzonga and back, over a wilderness of rocks and sand. We had quite an enjoyable two-days journey together, stopping at midday, both days, at springs surrounded by grass and tall green bushes where we had our simple lunch, they making the fire and boiling the tea, while I lay out on my back and rested. They took turns in carrying my pack for me, nor did I object to this owing to my physical condition.

During the one night spent on the trail with them, the three of us slept together under one set of blankets. Those two days were the first enjoyable days since leaving Ladakh, partly due of course to the fact that we were coming down off the Tibetan plateau along the southern slope of the mountains to lower levels. You see, since leaving Leh I had never been below a 15,000-foot altitude.

Finally, late one evening, we arrived at Tzonga. This was the largest village I had yet seen in Tibet, containing perhaps fifteen hundred native Tibetans, nearly all of whom seemed to be engaged in chasing a large number of yaks over a bare, hard earth floor in the centre of the barley fields. Later I learned that this was their manner of threshing the barley which lay upon the floor.

The village itself was constructed upon the great ruins of some more ancient village and it, together with the large monastery which stood on a rise in the centre, lent a very picturesque aspect to its environment there in the setting sun. My two tiny guides handed me over to a priest, who in turn found accommodation for me



in one of the homes of the villagers. That night my host had a long talk, in the one room of his house, with the priest who brought me there. Immediately after the priest departed my host prepared a large piece of cooked meat, heating and seasoning it, and later presented it to me. Not five minutes after I had consumed it I became sicker than I ever remember to have been. I sat there with a strange feeling of pain which rose up through me from my stomach and seemed to numb me. I suddenly grew afraid to sit still and, arising, went out beyond the village into the fields and trotted around in a circle, trying to restore my body to a more normal condition. I did this on and off for fully fifteen minutes and then vomited profusely, after which I felt better and returned to the house.

As I lay down within and was dozing off, my host came over quietly and put his ear down to my chest—I suppose to find out if I were still alive, and seeing that I was, he made no further move to molest me in any way. I was delayed one full day here, owing to the unforeseen circumstance that no one of the workers in the field could be spared to act as my guide on toward Nepal. But the following morning we started off, and this time I was again mounted on a horse, but we had not progressed farther than the next village ahead, about three hours' journey, when we met a Tibetan official who, after reading my letter which the guide presented to him upon his request, decided to take me back with him to Tzonga and look up the conditions of my travelling through Tibet. So back we turned, and in the late afternoon arrived once again at that village. Both myself and the guide were made to stand outside the monastery while the official went within with my



letter and, after a wait of nearly two hours, I was told I could continue on my way the following morning. That night I was designated a different house than that occupied previously, and the next day again resumed the journey.

Since eating that poisoned meat my stomach gave me great distress, and continued to do so for five further days. The first day away from Tzonga my Tibetan guide, a young villager, became angry at me because I stopped so often on the trail to rest. Finally he became so exasperating that I whacked him across the head with my staff, which I still carried; after which he sat down on the road and helped me to rest, crying profusely.

That day I saw my first tree; it was a gnarled and knotted oak of no more than scrub stature, but it was the most beautiful tree I have ever seen, for it marked the timber-line, somewhere between 10,000 and 11,000 feet. From that point on I noted the great increase in vegetation. Just before coming to this particular tree, high up on the side of a rocky gorge through which the trail wound, I was startled to see a tiny red splotch of colour. I could not make it out at the time, but farther on I spotted another one, next to the trail itself, and found it to be a wild rose with beautiful red petals and a lot of white pollen in the centre. I don't believe I have ever since derived so much pleasure from any flower as I did from that first wild rose. I picked it but the petals all fell off.

All the afternoon of that day we wound through a wide canyon which was completely covered in dense tropical foliage of all descriptions. I recall several varieties of trees, and on the ground amongst them

many types of giant fern and a plant with a leaf a good deal like a palm. We had descended rapidly since leaving Tzonga, and that evening made camp in a village at an altitude a little over 7000 feet. This village was Kerong, one almost as large as Tzonga. It was a Tibetan capital of some sort, judging by the number of officials which I saw there.

Here I was brought before an official of Nepal who was acting consul for that state and, after reading my note, he arranged accommodation for me and told me that I must go on the next morning to Raswah, the Nepalese fortified town on their frontier. He explained that there I would meet a high official from Khatmandu, which was the capital of Nepal, who was up there on an official tour of inspection at that time, and that to him I should present this paper.

Early the next morning I again took the trail, and that day descended to a 3000-foot altitude. My body felt lighter, as if I had taken off weight. My steps had more spring in them, and for the first time in months I seemed to be breathing easily.

Just before entering Raswah, we had to cross a deep gorge which was spanned by a suspension bridge hung from steel cables. The farther end of this bridge led directly into the fort itself. Here, upon arriving, I was accosted by a Nepalese sentry on guard, who asked to see my permission to enter the fort; after reading it, he allowed me to pass and I proceeded into a large enclosure which consisted of several long barracks made of adobe, and roofed slantwise with red tiles.

Before one barrack a meeting of some kind was taking place between an official and several villagers,

who, judging by their countenances, were Nepalese. Upon my walking up to the official and presenting this paper which had been turned over to me by my Tibetan guide, who had since departed, he turned and made a place for me by his side, after looking me over attentively. After reading the letter he informed me in good Hindustani that he and his brother officers must consider my case and that I should remain in a room in the barracks, which he later showed me, until such time as it was decided whether I would be allowed to go through Nepal to India.

I remained at Raswah three days, during which time I made many friends among the soldiers, who all seemed greatly interested in me, and to many of whom I related my experiences while crossing Tibet. In the afternoon of the third day the official whom I first met came to me and had a long talk. He said that one of his soldiers had been keeping him informed as to the details of my journey across Tibet, and that he himself found it difficult to believe that I had been crossing Tibet for the sole purpose of writing a book, owing chiefly to the fact that I had come into the country with no equipment of any kind and also that I had no notes with me nor portmanteau in which to carry them. He said that he, as an officer in the Nepalese army, had orders to allow no native of any other country to enter Nepal except with the proper permission, and that he could not see his way clearly to allow me to continue through their country. From his talk I believe he suspected me of being a German spy, as at that time the war was not yet over.

At any rate, when our conversation ended, I was thoroughly convinced that I would be forced to return

over my trail and back up onto the Tibetan Highlands, though entirely unwilling. I voiced my objections strenuously to him against my return onto that terrible plateau. But I soon realized that he was adamant and had fully decided upon my return.

That evening, in order, I suppose, to reconcile me to his idea, he sent over a large palm leaf upon which were placed several varieties of Hindu sweetmeats. Owing to the fact that this was the first thing of any kind that contained sugar that had passed my lips since leaving Ladakh, it went further toward reconciling me at that particular time than any amount of argument could have done. But the thought of my return into the wilderness and leaving all this beautiful tropical country behind with its low altitudes almost unnerved me. Were it not for the fact that I had become almost immune to disappointment and had adopted an attitude that had become almost stoical through force of circumstances, I do not believe they could have driven me out of Raswah towards Tibet.

In any case, the next morning early, back I started for the plateau, and journeying by relays through Kerong and Tzonga, and while *en route* sorrowfully witnessing the passing of that first oak tree which I was forced to leave behind, I arrived within half a day's journey of Sakar, over two weeks after having left that place *en route* to Nepal.

At this camp a confab was being held by a large group of lamas and officials, about what I do not know. As I walked into the main tent where this group was gathered, that particular official from Sakar to whom I gave the letter of recommendation rose up and stared at me in a bewildered fashion. I have forgotten to

mention that I had with me a letter written by the Nepalese official at Raswah which he told me was addressed to this Sakar official, and, walking over, I handed him the letter. He read it and gave me a terribly sour look. One of the young lamas in the gathering was from Ladakh, and later, acting as interpreter, he told me that the Sakar official had been told in the letter that the Nepalese government would no more allow me to go through their country than he, the Tibetan, would allow me to go through his, and that they could do what they liked about it.

I besought him then to tell this official that he must allow me to proceed to Gyantze, and that I promised not to disclose the fact to any other Tibetan of official capacity whom I would meet, that I had ever been in Sakar or had ever seen him. As I besought him to do this, I rolled up my sleeves and, showing him my white skin, explained that no white man ever breaks his word.

After considerable argument I was finally told, with a great flourish of his arm, that I could "Gyantze Jow", which meant "Go to Gyantze". Later he told me, through the interpreter, that he would give me a guide to the first village on the main trail to Gyantze, from whence my trail would be marked by the usual Mani Padmi walls, saying that from this village I must proceed on foot.

In the evening before my departure, as I sat among the Tibetan priests, one of them, a young man, came over and looked my blanket over. After showing it to some of his fellows, he went out and, later returning, made me a present of a long, red Tibetan lama's robe with hood and cape attached, woven from a very coarse

wool. It is this sort of robe that is worn universally throughout Tibet by the under priests of the monasteries, and this robe I donned the next day when proceeding on, and wore it daily until within two days of Gyantze.

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

### *The Tashi Lama*

FOR the next two days I rode a horse and, before approaching the next village, I made up my mind that I wasn't walking any more.

There is a universal custom in Tibet which has stood, I suppose, down through the ages; it is that if a traveller comes into a village or a camp mounted and accompanied by a man of a village beyond to whom the horse belongs, this traveller shall be given in turn another horse and guide to the next village ahead; if he comes in on a donkey, he is given a donkey; and likewise if he comes in on a yak, he is given a yak. His status in social life is represented by his mount.

Well, I had known of this and came to the decision at that time that I would make use of this custom to my advantage.

Of course, a traveller must have some sort of official permit wherewith to acquire his first horse and guide; I did not have this but I believed that the villagers further on would take it for granted that I had had a permit in order to get my first mount. But in order to make doubly sure that I would receive another horse at the next village, I stopped by the roadside and,

pulling out a small face-towel which I carried and which I had procured at Gyanima, I gave the driver to understand that when arriving in the village, if he would persuade the Lumpo, or headman, to give me a relay of horses on, I would give him the towel. This he gladly did.

In this manner I got my first change of horses and from that day until within a few days of Gyantze I was always riding, though later my mounts changed from a horse to a yak and from a yak to a donkey. But in order to continue receiving mounts from the villages along the way I had to do a good deal of acting. I took advantage of those two cuts which I had in both heels, which had not yet healed, and when arriving at a village I would dismount and sit down on the ground, giving the impression that I could not walk without assistance. The villagers always insisted that I show my white skin, as well as produce the heel cuts as evidence of my lameness, and owing to the fact that those cuts were well on their way to healing over since keeping off my feet, I was hard put to it to make the natives believe that the cuts were as bad as I gave them to believe they were.

I recall travelling along a stretch of Tibetan barrens mounted on a tiny donkey, the Tibetan name for which is "bumboo". This animal was one of several others which were carrying packs on caravan between two villages in Eastern Tibet. Now these animals are very small, not being much larger than a German police-dog full grown. The driver of the caravan had a spite against me as he had not been desirous of my presence when leaving the last village, but his headman had made him take me.



As we were travelling slowly along at a snail's pace toward a range of distant low-lying hills, this fellow quietly rushed up behind me and, giving the bumboo a resounding slap on the rear, caused it to start out so quickly ahead that suddenly I found myself standing up in the middle of the trail without my mount, while the bumboo went galloping off over the plains to come to a stop and start rolling. He was such a tiny animal that his sudden start made it possible for him to jump right out from under me.

I was now approaching the long plateau upon which stood the city of Gyantze, and for several days, since leaving my friend the Sakar official, I had been travelling through country that was inhabited by a type of Tibetan who appeared more civilized than the nomads of the western highlands. I continually passed through large areas of barley fields watered by means of the stone aqueducts which carried the water from nearby streams. The natives of these regions lived in fairly extensive villages of the adobe variety and I noted, when hearing them talk, that they spoke a Tibetan dialect which differed a great deal from the coarser and more guttural dialect of the nomads, and in most cases they were more hospitable to me.

One afternoon I changed mounts at a village which lay nestled in the side of a lower range of hills and which was shaded by large groves of tall poplar trees. The natives of this village gave me to understand that its name was Pentoling and that it contained medicinal hot springs, also that the Tashi Lama, who was the religious head of all the Buddhists of Tibet and of the Buddhist world, made this village his seasonal headquarters. Later on the trail I learned from passing

Tibetans along the line that the Tashi Lama was at that time coming to Pentoling with his large caravan from Shigatze, which is the vatican of Tibetan Buddhists. That night I spent in a small village and the headman there gave me to understand that on the morning of the following day I would pass the Tashi Lama's train. This man knew me to be a white man, for, though I had not informed him, I had noticed that, of late, villages ahead of me seemed in some way to have been informed of the fact that a white man was travelling along the trail to Gyantze.

The headman of this particular village made it known to me through a few words of Hindustani, together with gestures, that it was very bad for a stranger to gaze upon the Tashi Lama and his train, that if I were discovered to be a white man by any member of his party, I would have my head cut off. He advised me that upon the approach the following day of the Tashi Lama's train, I should get down off my horse and, with my guide, lie out flat in the dust off the trail until he had passed.

Well, the following morning my guide and myself started off and continued steadily ahead from dawn to about mid-morning, when we rounded a bend in the trail and saw, about a mile ahead, the Tashi Lama's party approaching. I immediately jumped off the horse and both of us got right off the trail and some fifty yards away my guide lay face down in the dust and I did likewise. After some time, peeping a little bit, I noticed the passing of the Tashi Lama. He was seated within a large and highly decorated palanquin, the roof of which resembled a Chinese temple. He was dressed in a highly adorned red Tibetan robe and wore upon his

head a peculiar round flat-brimmed headgear in the centre of which rose a narrow cone of blue. The chair was carried by a score of Tibetan lamas all dressed in colourful robes and caps similar to those worn by the Tashi Lama, and in the procession which marched behind this chair were priests and officials travelling in broken ranks of two to four men on horses and mules. These mounts, all being decorated, extended over almost a full mile of trail.

As the party passed, one of the officials, spotting us lying down off the road, detached himself and came over toward us. When arriving he spoke to my guide, and, my guide replying, this official looked squarely at me for several moments, saying nothing, and after a little hesitation he left us and joined the train, making no effort to molest me in any way.

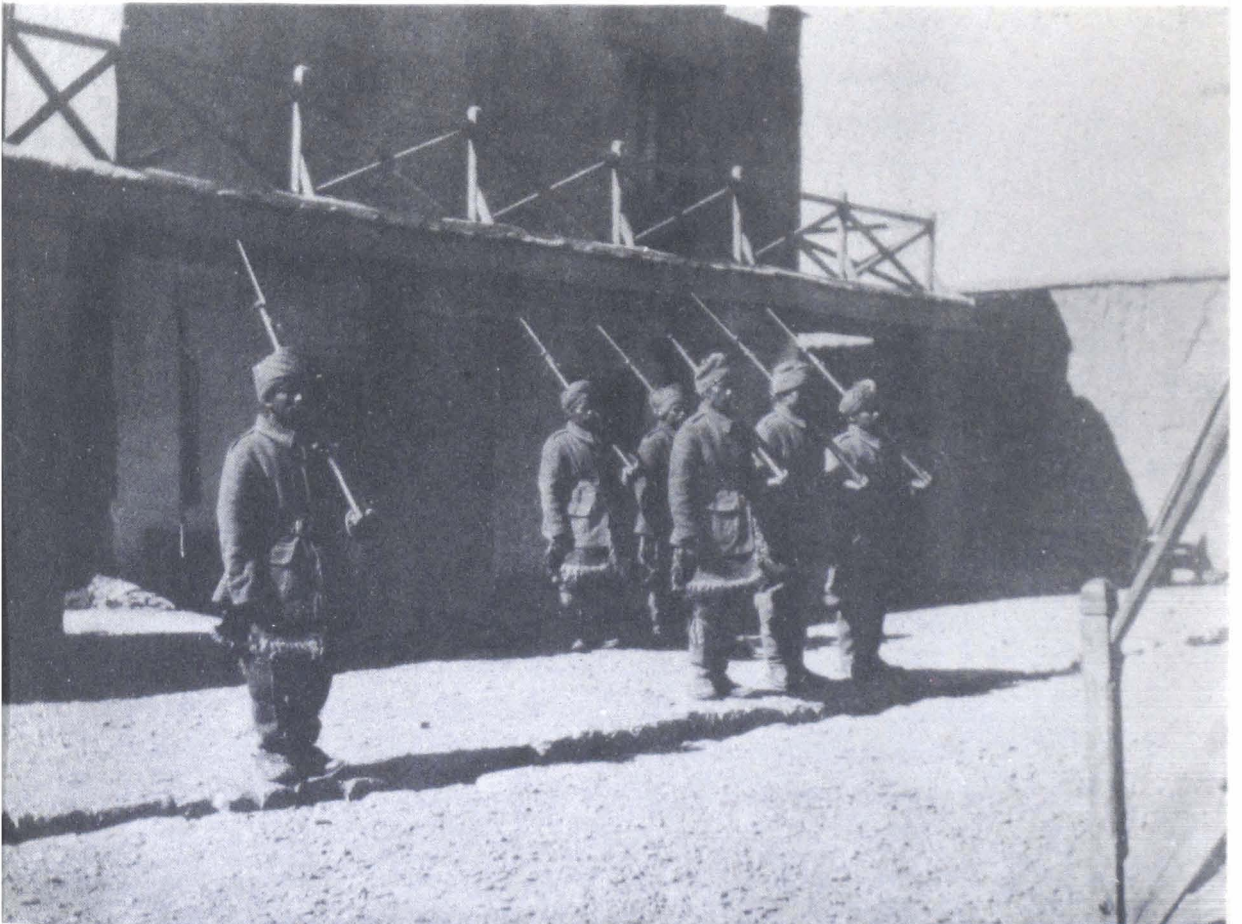
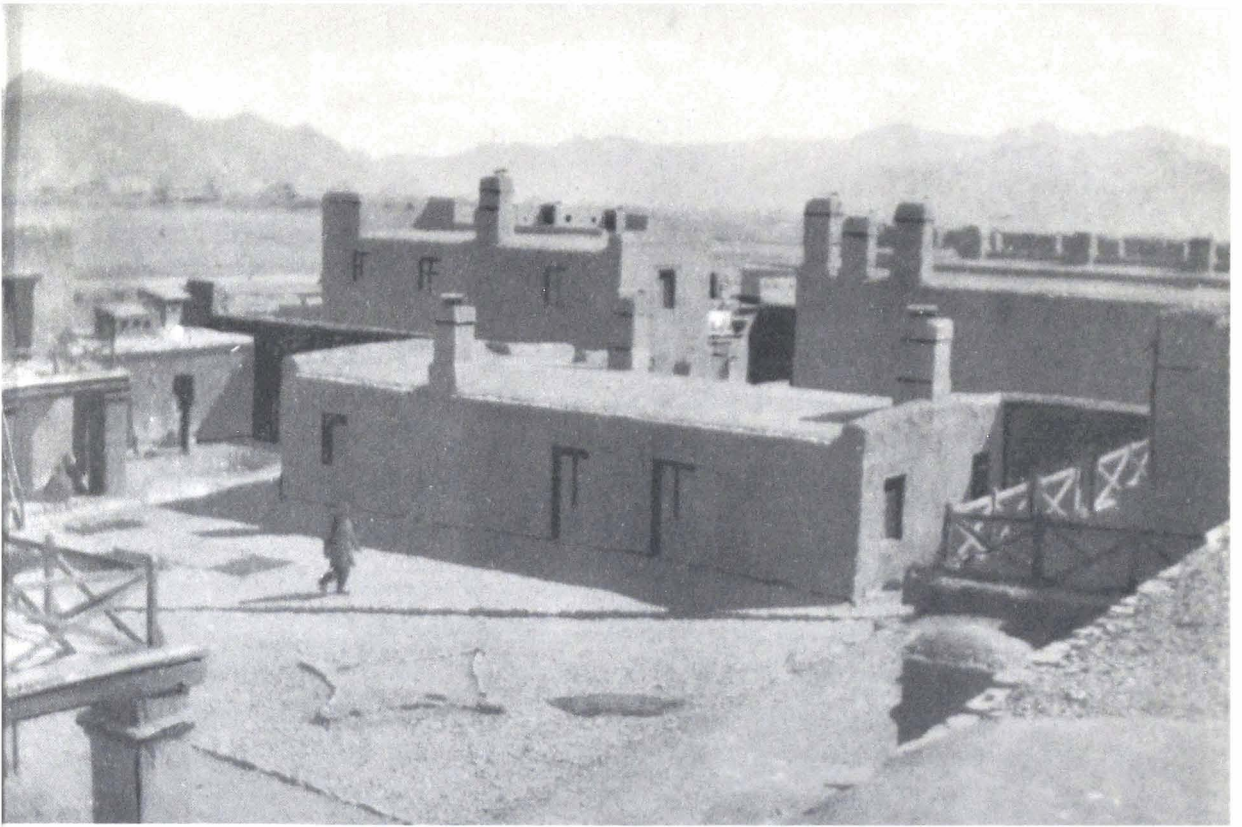
## C H A P T E R     F I F T E E N

### *White Men at Last*

**T**HAT afternoon the trail led us within a wide circle of the city of Shigatze. This city is built at the base of a low range; it extends out onto the plains and its temples and monasteries are built above the city on the slopes of the hills.

From what I could see of it, from where I passed fully five miles away, and as the sun struck it, it was a place of great exterior beauty, the temples and monasteries lying as they did one above the other, sheer against the hillside. They were evidently highly gilded and adorned as the sun struck sharp light from their sides.

It was on this evening when arriving in a large village that I was forced again to resume my journey on foot. When I reached this place, my guide turned me over to the headman, who asked me for some written permit which authorized me to receive a fresh horse. I informed him that I had lost my permit but the horse I had ridden into camp should be sufficient proof of the fact that I had originally possessed one. I also limped around in a circle and, sitting down on the ground, gave evidence of being unable to continue on



TOP. BRITISH FORT INTERIOR, GYANTSE.  
BELOW. THE GYANTSE QUARTER GUARD IN WINTER.  
*Note fur coats and cloth boots.*



foot. The man was over suspicious and demanded to see my feet.

By this time many of the villagers had gathered around me and were all talking excitedly. I removed my well-worn Tibetan shoes and showed him my heels, which were by this time almost entirely well. He and the villagers, after an extensive examination during which I almost broke my spine holding my foot up for their inspection, had a long argument. Then he came over and informed me that I must continue on foot to Gyantze, which lay three days ahead, about seventy miles. I informed him then that I would either have a horse or spend that night in his village and remain there until such time as I would be given a horse. Well, this put him up against a problem of either giving me a horse to continue or furnishing me with food and accommodation until he would do so. After further argument he disappeared into the village, and after some time had passed he returned leading a tiny Bumboo followed by an ancient Tibetan woman who was almost too old to stagger along.

He motioned me to mount the animal, which I did after some hesitation; then the old woman drove the animal ahead of her, and in this manner we started off from the village. As we left the villagers behind they all seemed to get such a kick out of my predicament in being forced to ride on such a poor mount, and guided by the village crone, that I became disgusted and, making a roll out of my blanket and lama's cloak, I started ahead on foot and alone.

Late that night I came to a distant village where the natives were all having a harvest festival, and all seemed to be under the influence of the native wine. Here I

was directed to the head of the village, in this case a woman, and from her, upon request, I received accommodation with the village shoemaker, who lived in a hovel alone.

During that evening he impressed me as being so hospitable and companionable that before going to sleep I offered him my Lama's robe as part payment for my accommodation. After some insistence on my part he finally accepted, but in exchange made me take three Tibetan copper coins.

For the past week I had been constantly dreaming, at night, of meeting and shaking hands with white men whom I had been told dwelt in the Gyantze British outpost, and my anxiety now that I was within two days of that city, together with my doubt of ever again seeing white men or getting out of Tibet safely, drove me into a fever of impatience. That second day from the last I travelled steadily and rapidly through miles and miles of barley fields, scattered throughout with villages, and toward evening I came to what was to be my last stop before reaching the outpost. The villagers here were engaged in threshing barley. They completely encircled a large bare area, in the centre of a field of barley, and within the circle they were engaged in driving back and forth several yak yoked together over an earth floor well piled with barley. In this manner they were doing their thrashing.

I approached one man and extending my three copper coins and showing my white skin under my sleeve I proclaimed my identity as a white man as well as giving him to understand that one copper was for a night's lodging, one copper for barley flour and one copper for tea. After a full minute had passed, during



which time he stared at me in a perfectly dumbfounded manner, he called several other natives over to him and repeated over and over again to them what I had informed him. They all started laughing until they became hilarious; they didn't seem to be able to get the idea of a white man being so poor that he could only offer three coppers for board and lodging, also the fact that I had come in on foot made it seem more impossible.

They all took turns, after their hilarity had somewhat subsided, in coming up to me and, rolling up their sleeves, placing their arms against mine and exclaiming about the difference in colour. Evidently a white man to them meant a man of kingly importance, and they could not understand the facts of my present condition. Nevertheless the man whom I had first spoken to later proved to be of a very kindly and hospitable nature. Though he did not want to take my three coins, I placed them in his hand and closed his palm over them. I had the impression that he accepted them in order not to hurt my feelings. He left the group around the threshing floor and taking me by the hand led me to his home in the village, a rickety two-story adobe affair.

We ascended to the second story and sat down on the floor, in the centre of which was an improvised hearth of stones wherein burned the universal dung fuel of Tibet. Immediately he called into an adjoining room and his wife appeared, to whom I was introduced in a very sociable manner. On hearing I was a white man, she became greatly excited and started preparing a heavy meal for me of mutton, tea, barley flour and mushrooms. After this substantial repast I met all the other villagers, who came up to visit me in

groups of twos and threes, each group remaining five or ten minutes and then retiring below to make room for the next group.

There was only one thing that occupied my mind at this time, and that was to know definitely exactly how far I was from Gyantze. I asked this question of my host a score of times in different ways and of each new group that would come up to visit me. The answer was invariably the same. I was evidently, judging from their signs, to reach that city about the middle of the following afternoon if I would start at daybreak.

I did not sleep much that night; I felt as one living in a nightmare of doubt, for I could not readily believe that I was at last actually to see and converse with white men once again on the day ahead. I did not believe that this dream would ever come true, so hopelessly had I continued my journey over that tremendous barren land after leaving the cave. At daybreak I was on my way, after bidding my kind hosts farewell, and all that morning in turn I ran and walked without resting. At about noon time a well-dressed Tibetan passed me mounted on a horse. I asked him how far it was to Gyantze, seeing as I did nothing but hills and more hills and plains in front of me. His reply was a motion of holding his two palms together in front of him and clapping his hands, which signified that I was now arriving.

After following the trail for another hour I rounded a wide bend in the plains which turned against a protruding hill on my right and suddenly saw ahead of me a low range of smooth sandy hills. Following the contour of the tops of these hills a wall was built resembling

a good deal the Wall of China, and about three o'clock I rounded the lowest point of these walled hills and came upon the first straggling houses comprising the city of Gyantze. I walked and ran down a long lane which evidently was the main street of the residential section and followed it for nearly a mile. Both its sides were lined with adobe houses, cut through at odd intervals with cross lanes. At last the lane left the main city behind, and along the base and up on the slopes of the hills circling this town I saw the sun reflected upon the gilded and adorned monasteries and temples of Gyantze.

Perhaps, had I been interested in things of beauty, I would have stopped to admire this beautiful scene before me, but at that time my mind was centred on only one idea—I wanted to see a white man. I was still utterly doubtful and in terrible suspense.

I saw a lama standing at the entrance to one of the lower temples, and to him I asked in two Tibetan words for the "Peeling Gunpa" (white man's house). I expected him to shoo me away but instead of doing this he stepped out on the road and, extending his arm ahead, pointed off on the plains, and suddenly, a mile away, I saw the square walls of the British fort with buildings grouped within. I started off at a stumbling run, and after wading two streams without removing my shoes, upon closer approach saw the British flag flying over the fort.

I made the remaining distance in a steady run and at last stood before the entrance, where paced a Hindu sepoy on sentry-go with a rifle across his shoulder. I stopped him and informed him in Hindustani that I was a white man who had just crossed Tibet from

Kashmir on foot and wished to see the white officers of the post. He looked at me for a long moment and told me that there were no white men there. Then he tried to drive me away from the fort, but I wasn't being driven. I sank down on the sands and, squatting, strove to still my wild breathing and the hammering of my heart against my ribs. After a few minutes, as the sentry continued his pacing, he asked me if I really came from Kashmir. I said that I had and he replied by telling me to go back to Kashmir.

By this time I noted a large group of Tibetans, both priests and villagers, coming down out of Gyantze. They surrounded me where I sat on the sands before the fort. They all seemed very much interested in me as a stranger in their midst. When the sentry informed them that I claimed to be a white man, they all had a good laugh.

At this time I saw a Hindu officer cross the compound inside the fort, and to him I called out to come out and talk to me as I was a Sahib in trouble. He stopped suddenly and seemed greatly surprised, but came over and sat down next to me. To him I related my story of coming across Tibet from Kashmir alone. He seemed very suspicious of me, and handing me a paper and pencil from a pocket, he asked me to write a letter to a Mr Martin who at that time was acting clerk of the fort. I managed to get a note written—it looked more a scrawl than a note—in which I stated that I was a white man just arrived from Kashmir across Tibet, and requested permission to see him. The officer arose and departed into the fort, returning some minutes later. He bade me rise and follow him. We entered the fort and he knocked on the door leading

into a lower room in one of the larger buildings. Receiving a reply he entered, with me at his heels.

There, within the room, lying out on the couch taking an afternoon siesta, was Mr Martin, my first white man. Without arising he looked at me and said, "Where is your master, the Sahib?" I replied, also in Hindustani, "I am my master the Sahib", and then I followed in English with "What's the matter, Mr Martin; can't you recognize a white man when you see one?" At this he jumped off his couch and, grabbing my hand, pumped it up and down with a look of utter surprise on his face.

Well, I must have been a sorry-looking sight to him. The fact that my face was covered with a heavy black beard, my hair matted and long under that Ladakhi cap which I still wore, and my face and hands tanned to the colour of old leather and seamed and cracked from the sun and wind and my clothing in rags, all going to create the impression that I was anything but a white man.

I was asked a score of questions by Martin in the next few moments, and after quickly reciting, as briefly as possible, the circumstances of my arrival at the fort and also the fact of my coming all the way across Tibet from Kashmir alone, he invited me to be seated by the side of the couch, where he again lay down, as he was suffering from a touch of lumbago. He then ordered his servant to bring tea.

After he had dismissed the Hindu officer, who had brought me in from outside the fort, he questioned me more intimately about the journey across Tibet, and I related some of my experiences. I told him nothing of the real reasons for my coming into that country, as I

felt that it would seem too far-fetched and improbable to him to seem true.

At that time the British authorities had been having trouble with the Russian Reds, who had been making trouble among the frontier villagers, and also, as the Great War was not over at the time of my arrival at the fort, Mr Martin would have become suspicious of my real reasons if I had confided them to him. He explained later to me that he would have to report my presence and the fact of my arrival to the British Foreign Office at Simla, and that I would remain at the fort with him until he had received orders from them as to my disposition.

Nothing bothered me now, just as long as I was able to remain near white men and was not ordered out of the fort and back into Tibet. Soon Mr Martin's servant returned with a large tray upon which was tea and an assortment of cakes and sandwiches. I excused myself to Martin for any poor manners which I might show and dug in hungrily and soon cleaned up that repast, after which Mr Martin had the servant bring me another fresh helping of everything. After I had had my fill, I sat back and talked things over, more at ease with myself and the immediate world than ever I had been since leaving Kashmir Valley four months before, which, by the way, I had left on June 28, arriving in Gyantze on October 23.

Martin seemed very much troubled by the fact that my face was so covered with those long cracks from the dryness of the plateau, and later, after the servant had got a hot bath ready for me, I undressed for the first time in months and sent the servant out to the plains beyond the fort with orders to burn all my

clothes, with the exception of my one Tibetan blanket, which was later deloused and which I took down with me into India and thence back to California.

Before Martin allowed me to take my bath he made me wait, completely shorn of any covering as I was, in his quarters until he could summon the two other white men stationed at the fort to get a good look at my physical condition. In a few moments they arrived and I was introduced. One was a young Englishman named Cullen, from Calcutta, the transport officer, and the other a middle-aged Eurasian telegraph operator. They all came up and examined my body, noticing with great surprise the fact that from head to foot I was completely covered and spotted with raw places and with old scabs which the vermin of the nomad camps had inflicted upon me and of which I had had no opportunity to get rid.

Later, after I had soaked for a full half-hour in hot water, I soaped all over and had a most thorough scrubbing, helped by the kindly Martin. After this he anointed me from head to foot with a healing ointment, which I recall gave me a feeling of utter physical well-being. Martin and the others then contributed to furnishing me with a complete costume from underwear and socks to a heavy suit of clothes.

I felt as if I had been born again; that circumstance of my rejuvenation at the Gyantze Fort that day, upon my arrival there from the Tibetan wilderness, was one which I shall never be able to forget.

The same evening as we sat about the dinner-table in the telegraph office I again recounted my adventures in and through Tibet. They all seemed intensely interested in the story as they none of them had ever

been any further away from the fort than a day's journey. In fact they had never been as far as Lhasa, which was only seventy-odd miles away.

When I told them about my being sent out of Tibet at Sakar and down the mountains into Nepal, they all greatly commiserated with me over the great mental suffering I must have gone through when being sent once again back onto the Tibetan plains. Later I was told that Martin, who, by the way, had at that time been stationed at Gyantze for ten years, had only twice before had foreigners come into the fort from the Tibetan interior. Once about four years before the time of my arrival a young French couple had come in after a honeymoon journey on horse and afoot from Peking, China, a distance of over 4000 miles across China, Mongolia and Tibet. The journey, he said, had taken them nearly two years—some honeymoon! Another time, he said, a Japanese had crossed over through China and Mongolia and through Tibet engaged on the work of writing a book about that Tibetan land.

Martin had an album of hundreds of photographs of sights he had seen in and around Gyantze during his long term at the fort. I was later given the opportunity of looking through his album and noted that his pictures included everything from Tibetan executions and beheadings to the costume worn by the lamas during one of their many ceremonial religious dances, also including scenes of the Tibetan harvestings and of the temples and surrounding villages and their environments.

During the course of the dinner that first night, the telegraph instrument started clicking and as it did so



the Eurasian read off from the sound the message which came over the wire, as follows:

“American arrives at Gyantze Fort on overland trail from Kashmir. Wire instructions.”

Later the operator explained that this was the message which Martin had sent that afternoon to Simla and that we had just heard the message being relayed to Simla from Darjeeling in Upper India. Three days later Martin received instructions from the Foreign Office at Simla to the effect that I was to proceed down to the native state of Sikkim and at its capital, Gantock, meet Major Campbell, the Resident of that State, he being also in charge of inter-governmental affairs between India and Tibet at that point of the frontier.

During those three days which I spent recuperating within the fort, the Hindu officer who had first greeted me upon my arrival before the fort came to me and informed me that he and his men wished to convey the message that they were all extremely sorry at the way I had been treated by one of them, the sentry on duty at the post when I arrived. He said that the sentry could hardly believe that I was a white man, at that time, and that he had taken me for a wandering fakir, as such wanderers are often seen around Gyantze. He went on to say that his men wished him to convey the information to me that if no white man had been at the fort upon the time of my arrival, he and his men would have all contributed toward the expenses of my return to India. I thanked him kindly and told him that I had not the slightest ill-will toward his men as I could well understand that my sudden arrival at the fort had been entirely unusual.

On the morning of the fourth day I started off from

the fort on the ten-day journey across the plateau and down the slopes of the Himalayas to my meeting with Major Campbell at Gantock. I was escorted for the first five miles of the journey by a contingent of sepoy and my friend the Hindu officer, as well as by Martin and Cullen, and I finally left them, carrying with me their good wishes and farewell.

## C H A P T E R     S I X T E E N

### *Home Again*

**T**HAT journey down to India was much the same as the journey I had taken from the village of Sakar down to the Nepalese frontier weeks before, with this comforting difference—now I was mounted on a sturdy Tibetan horse which I changed at each night's rest at the rest-houses along the road and, also, that I was furnished with a large saddle-bag which had been filled by Martin with canned goods, cigarettes and provisions for the journey.

I passed ruins of ancient Tibetan town sites and at one point stopped to admire a large statue of Buddha which stood some twelve feet high, painted red, carved out of the solid rock of a mountain off the trail.

Half-way to Sikkim I passed over an extensive pasturage, the Tashigong fields, where hundreds of Tibetans were encamped, grazing large herds of yak, sheep and horses. Later I learned that this field was a seasonal pasturage for the surrounding district. Some two hours' journey beyond I passed through a large Tibetan community and came to the official buildings of the frontier government of India. This was the village of Chumbi.

Here I met Mr MacDonald, an official in charge

of frontier affairs. Upon my meeting with him I received a pretty thorough questioning regarding my entering Tibet without permission; the result was that he became quite friendly and told me that he did not believe I would experience much difficulty with Major Campbell at Gantock.

After leaving Chumbi I gradually ascended a pass of great altitude and, at the top of this pass, experienced the same difficulty in breathing that I had while on the Tibetan plateau. From the top of this pass to its further base and for miles further on, the road was stone flagged in a rough manner and was exceedingly trying for a horse. I continually passed long caravans of Lhasa mules bound into Tibet conveying supplies to the cities along the frontier and as far up as Shigatze. Three days before arriving at Gantock I was taken ill with a light attack of the flu. I stopped early in the day at a government rest-house where I drank plenty of hot tea and sweated under piles of heavy quilts which were part of the rest-house furnishings and, though I had developed a fever that day and night, I found myself able to go on the following morning and, within the course of that day and the next, became quite well again.

The evening before arriving at Gantock I reached the last slopes of the Himalayas, and in the setting sun I could see, some 8000 feet below me, the vast plains of India covered in the heat mists of evening, with the sun sending iridescent colours over them and bathing the whole in an almost ethereal glow.

As I stopped by the trail and looked out over this tremendous vista below me I felt the stirrings, deeply seated, of a slow realization that I had found the

romance of that land at that moment, in some strange way. This is nothing that I can well describe, but I felt as if, for the first time, I was in touch with that spirit of the Orient that I had been in touch with when a child as I sat reading the *Arabian Nights*. A similar feeling has come to me, since that time, on several occasions in other lands in later years and at each time I had the strange feeling which my childhood impressions had given me when reading about these distant lands. I believe that a child really does come into contact with the true spirit and soul of these lands he reads about, which later years may untruly disclaim.

At mid-morning of the tenth day I arrived at the government rest-house and there met Major Campbell. I had breakfast with him, after which he brought out a large map of Tibet and, handing me a pencil, he asked me to outline my journey across the wilderness.

He seemed greatly interested in my story, as much from a personal as an official standpoint. He later told me that he had, for many years, been a student of Buddhism and had made several translations of Tibetan works on that religion. He ended the interview by calling his servant, to whom he gave orders to bring me his, Major Campbell's, mule, a large Lhasa mule upon which I was to make the seven-mile sharp descent to the railhead at Teesta Bridge. These mules are identical with our Missouri mules.

Before leaving I asked Major Campbell if there was nothing further he wished to say to me for I realized that he had made no effort to reprimand me for entering Tibet against permission. But he replied there was nothing else except that I should step into the office

of the American Consul and report to the Consul himself upon my arrival in Calcutta.

That journey to the railhead is one of unusual proportions. The road twists and turns in its descent straight down the mountain-side, in seven miles dropping from 8000 to less than 1000 feet. I felt a tremendous pressure in my lungs as we descended, and when I finally stepped off the mule and into a railroad compartment at Teesta Bridge I became momentarily unconscious, for this was the first time since leaving Kashmir, which itself is 5000 feet, and crossing Tibet, that I had been anywhere near sea-level.

After regaining my senses I became very sick and remained so for several hours, indeed until just before my arrival in Calcutta, which lay a distance of thirteen hours by rail from the railhead.

Upon the advice of Mr Martin at Gyantze I still retained my bushy black beard, as he said that it would lend more reality to my story when meeting any officials along the road and by whom I might be questioned. For some reason unknown to me Martin and the other white men up there seemed to feel that it would lend a dramatic touch. So when arriving at Calcutta, dressed as I was in the heavy woollen clothing furnished by Martin and with that beard and a sun helmet upon my head, I must surely have been a most conspicuous sight, for I was greatly embarrassed by the stares of both the Indians and the Europeans as an open carriage conveyed me from the station to the Y.M.C.A.

After my arrival at the Y.M.C.A. I sent a wire to Avery in Kashmir, asking him to forward my back salary and to get my clothes from where I had left them in the village of Ganderbal and ship them down to

me. I received the money the next day and my boxes five days later. During this delay I called on Mr Smith, the then acting American Consul in Calcutta, and caused quite a furore when I entered his office and proclaimed myself. At first he was greatly excited upon my arrival, but later explained that for the last two weeks he had been besieged with letters from the Simla Foreign Office requesting information and explanations regarding me and my reason for entering Tibet. I sat down by his desk and explained why I had entered Tibet, stating as my reasons that I was merely out after adventure, and had desired to see Tibet with the idea of writing a book about the country. He said that thus far he had been unable to reply in a satisfactory manner to the insistent letters from Simla and even now did not know just what to write. But I solved his problem for him when I received his permission to write the letter myself.

At this time of writing I do not recall the exact wording of the letter but in it I explained that I had been employed, before the outbreak of war, with Avery in Kashmir and had later undertaken the journey into Tibet for the purpose of adventure and writing, that I fully realized that I had broken my promise with the Kashmir authorities when crossing Tibet, but did not do so for any more criminal reason than that above stated. I said further that nothing they could do in order to punish me for thus breaking my promise, could in any way be as unpleasant, nor give me as much suffering, as the unpleasantness and suffering I had gone through while undertaking that journey across the Tibetan wilderness.

After a further delay of three days to receive per-

mission, I embarked for San Francisco via Singapore, China, Japan and the Hawaiian Islands, travelling from Calcutta to Singapore on a British India Steamship Company's boat and from Singapore booking passage on a Nippon Yusen Kaisha freight steamer, the *Himalaya Maru*, a rather appropriate name for a boat for me to be travelling on. I changed steamers again in Yokohama, where I spent three weeks during the month of January 1919, and from that port travelled on a Japanese passenger boat through to San Francisco.



## THE THIRD JOURNEY



## C H A P T E R     S E V E N T E E N

### *Leading a Simple Life*

**T**HE fact that I had not found that centre of the Indian Mahatmas in Tibet did not change my belief that it was to be found in that land. When settling down in San Francisco after my return from India in 1919, I was still determined to return and make a further search.

In going over my reasons, now, for desiring to do this at that time, I believe I felt that my motives and actions, while in Tibet, made my chances of becoming a disciple of these Mahatmas and of finding their centre rather slim. You see I had a very definite idea, in those younger days, that one who wished to become their disciple and come into their presence must, before being admitted, have gone through a very severe course of penance and personal sacrifice. I had had that belief when starting off for Tibet from Kashmir and when crossing over the Tibetan frontier from the temple and monastery at Hanle in Ladakh. Therefore, I had gone in with no aid or any means of survival, other than what fate and my destiny in that land might predict. Feeling that one who wished so to become a disciple of these

Great Ones must thus show the greatest manner of personal sacrifice and indifference to physical needs, I also believed that if I did that, I would meet someone along the trail on that forbidding plateau who would take me to these Mahatmas, feeling that in some mystical way they knew of my desires and of my journey through the country in search of them.

I had done nothing much in the way of deliberate personal penance while in Tibet except occasionally going without food and water. Even this was not deliberately done by me, as I was always looking for a place to sleep and something to eat while crossing the plateau. I did start off from the Hanle monastery with the intention of going without food until I should receive some recognition from the Mahatmas that I would be accepted into their centre, but after four days, you will recall, I broke my fast by filling up on daisies in a grassy field.

During the nine months after my return to California, I worked in San Francisco and wandered about later through the state, doing odd jobs here and there and saving what money I earned. I went pretty thoroughly over all of the above facts within myself and at last came to the unalterable decision that I should again go out to India and again attempt to enter Kashmir and Tibet. This time I determined to show a better spirit of religious sincerity than I had heretofore shown.

I must this time, I greatly resolved, leave all of myself behind. Meanwhile, I came into a little money from part of an estate left by my mother upon her death, and thus found it possible to start off for Tibet once again without the dire necessity of engaging in

any hard physical labour in order to earn the funds for the journey while *en route*.

This spirit, right from the start, did not perhaps show any great desire to undergo further tribulations on my part, but I must here explain that physically I was not up to much in those days. My chest seemed to have caved in after leaving Tibet behind and I have never since that journey been in the condition I had been, before undergoing the difficulties which the trail involved.

In September 1919 I booked a first-class passage on a Japanese steamer bound for Shanghai. During the journey across the Pacific I followed a course of daily life as much as possible like that followed by the hermits and monks of some ancient Christian monastery, eating very little and remaining alone always, striving through meditation and purity of mind to attain to a state somewhat bordering on that which I believed must be adopted by one wishing to become worthy of being a disciple of Mahatmas.

I had a pretty hard time of it on the ship owing to the fact that my fellow passengers were not many, the vessel carrying but a complement of twenty-five first-class passengers. Among these was a young Portuguese gentleman who was journeying to Macao, the Portuguese settlement on the South China coast, to start work as a Professor in the State University there. This young man became extremely attached to me and used to make a habit of standing guard before my cabin when I spent time in meditation, or do the same for me when I would sit in a deck chair, engrossed in my thoughts and fears and doubts about the future. He seemed to sense in some strange way the spiritual

condition I was in and made it a point to do everything in his power to make it possible for me to be left alone by other less observant and sympathetic passengers. With him I spent hours which in themselves were restful and happy and our acquaintance was carried on thus under these strange circumstances.

As I did not want to attract too much attention from my table mates by my sparse diet when at meals, I would often go down and eat with a Chinese who had charge of the gambling tables located in the stern lower deck of the vessel, where were the steerage Chinese and Japanese passengers. This man was my other good friend on that journey. Each day at noon I would go and sit with him in his little cubby-hole of a cabin, where he would share with me his lunch of some weird Chinese concoction.

Eventually I arrived in Shanghai, where, after some days of search, I secured employment with the Standard Oil Company of North China as accountant on their Pootung Installation situated five miles below the city and on the opposite side of the stream upon which the city of Shanghai stands. I had never had much experience as accountant but carried the job through all right with the help of my five assistant Chinese. A good many white men get by at first in the Orient in this manner.

I occupied a small apartment in the white men's quarters on the Installation, and, in the course of my daily life and duties, found it exceedingly difficult to continue my life of penance and abstinence while living with the other four or five Americans there. I did not wish to be thought in any way unusual by my manner of living and strove at all times to appear as normal as

the others. But at times, without realizing it, while at work or at the table eating or, at others, while playing poker of an evening in the clubrooms of our quarters, I would sort of pass out of the picture in a trance-like state, staring straight ahead of me. This would last for but a few moments, after which I would force myself to snap out of that condition and give my attention to the game. But it soon became noticeable and it was not long before the boys had me down as some strange nut who had wandered out to the Far East leaving a doubtful past behind; all with the exception of my one very good friend, Paradise.

Paradise was a young American, slightly older than myself, who had taken employment with the Standard Oil Company after receiving his discharge out of the navy at Manila at the end of the war. He was a first-class constructional mechanic and at the time of this story was in charge of the large machine-shop of the Installation.

With him I became very friendly and spent many happy evenings both at our quarters and while now and then making the rounds of Shanghai. I admit that I did a little slipping, occasionally, when going out with him, but I did it deliberately in order to avoid being thought unusual by him. The slipping was nothing the reader need worry about, as it was always myself who brought Paradise home safely after some hours spent in the city. Personally, liquor is a thing I have never cared about, nor have I ever taken it seriously or thought it important enough to give any thought to.

I remained in Shanghai from November until the 3rd of January 1920. Owing to the fact that I had landed in Shanghai with little money left over after the

expenses of the journey from San Francisco, I saved everything I possibly could during those two months with the Standard Oil Company, until I found I could pay my fare to Calcutta.

I had been in charge of the petty cash while at the Installation and, as I gave no notice of my sudden intention to depart for India, it became a problem for me to devise some way I could get that petty cash back to the head office intact before leaving. It was a sum of some two hundred dollars.

I, therefore, confided in Paradise and informed him of my intention to depart on the 3rd, and that I would lock up the petty cash in the office safe and leave the key in a drawer of my desk; I told him that when the head office found me gone and inquired at the Installation about the reasons for my hasty departure, he should say that I told him nothing except that I had left the keys to the safe in my desk.

Well, on the morning of the 3rd I left the Installation and from Shanghai docks departed down the river as a passenger, occupying temporary passenger quarters which had been rigged up, during the war, below the decks of one of the English Blue Funnel Line steamers plying between the Orient and England. They had not as yet dismantled the passenger space. When we were half-way down the river heading for Woosung and the open sea, as I walked along the deck with my hands in my trouser pockets, to my utter astonishment I discovered the keys to the office safe.

I had been certain that I had placed those keys in a drawer in my desk before leaving the Installation but must have forgotten to do so in my hurried departing. As soon as I found the keys I went up to the Captain's



quarter-deck and asked the Captain if he would return those keys with the pilot, who would return to Shanghai after taking the ship down the river to Woosung and the sea. After some hesitation he said he would do so. I then sent a radio message to my former boss at the main office at Shanghai, to the effect that the keys could be found at the pilot's office. Some years later, while stopping in Shanghai, I ran across my old friend Paradise, who was still with S. O. Cony., and he told me that when the head office discovered I had left my post and disappeared, they immediately assumed that I had taken the petty cash along with me. They had sent down a man to look for the office keys in the desk which I had used, but, not finding them, they had later been forced to drill open the safe, where, to their astonishment, they had found all the cash to be intact and also a carefully written sheet of paper whereon the petty cash was all accounted for. Paradise told me that no message had been received by the head office from me; evidently my radio message had gone astray.

When leaving Shanghai the weather was bitterly cold. That terrible wind which comes down from Siberia and the Gobi Desert in the winter, made the surrounding land and sea as cold as perhaps Siberia itself, though without the snow. As the ship continued down the China coast, after a few days the weather became warmer, and when we later left Hong Kong behind, bound south for Singapore, we came into tropical seas. The whole ship's crew and passengers thawed out and we shed our heavy clothing for whites and shorts.

After an uneventful journey to Singapore I there changed boats and proceeded to Madras via Penang on the Malay coast, thence across the lower Bay of

Bengal. I chose this route into India instead of entering by the port of Calcutta, as I did not wish to be stopped by passport officials and ordered out of India again. Also, I was not known by those officials who checked passports of arriving passengers at the port of Madras. Arriving in Madras, I proceeded by train via the Madras and Mahratta Railroad directly to Calcutta, where I put up once again at the Y.M.C.A.

I immediately sent a wire up to Avery in Kashmir informing him of my return to India, and stating that if he would allow me to return to him and his partner Cockburn, I would resume work out in the Lolab Valley at the forests and promise to be good and keep out of sight of the Kashmir officials. After a wait of a few days I received a reply stating that I should come on up to Lahore in the Punjab, as he, Avery, was at that time spending a vacation with friends there and would like to talk things over with me.

I understood just what Avery had in mind when he stated that he wished to talk things over. He was getting fed up with my sudden disappearances from the work in the valley and, before re-employing me, he wished to make certain by talking with me that I had no further intention of trying Tibet again. Though not having a very convincing argument in my favour, I decided to go up to Lahore anyway and take my chance of convincing him of my intention to remain in the Lolab Valley on the timber work and stay put if he would again employ me.

When alighting from the train at Lahore station I started out walking to the address Avery had given, and as I left the station behind, I passed a business structure upon the entrance of which was the notice

“Conservator of Forests for the Punjab”. The idea then suddenly occurred to me that I should go in and see this man who had charge of all those government forests along the Himalayan frontier and in the Kashmir Valley as well. I felt that perhaps he would have a job for me which would make my return into the mountains possible in the event that Avery refused to again re-employ me.

I walked into the building and, upon inquiry, was shown into the office of the Conservator, a middle-aged Englishman. I told him that I had previously been employed with Donald Cockburn in the forests of the Lolab Valley. I stated that his work had come to a standstill at present and I had come on down to see him, the Conservator, regarding employment in the forests of the Punjab government. We talked together quite agreeably for some time about the forest service and during the conversation I told him of the float I had brought out of the Lolab in the spring of 1918. He told me that he recalled the unusually large quantity of logs that had arrived that summer at the government log depot on the Jhelum River at the foot of the Himalayas.

Later he asked me if I would accept a post as Forest Ranger down in the Ranchi hills in the interior of Bengal, stating that at that time there was no post open in the Himalayan forest. I was somewhat disappointed but replied that I would be glad to get the job. He explained that I would be employed under his friend the Conservator of Forests of Bengal, and that my salary would be £750 the first year, with an increase of £50 each year. This first year's salary, by the way, was equivalent to 1000 rupees a month, or about \$330 in

American money. It seemed a tremendous salary to me, as I had been earning only a little over 200 rupees with Avery. After the Conservator had given me the necessary papers of employment and a letter to the Forest Ranger in the Ranchi hills, I arose and, thanking him very much for his kindness, departed.

Before arriving at the address given me by Avery, I decided that if Avery would not re-employ me I at least had a good job to fall back on until I could earn and save enough money with which to start off for the Tibetan frontier through Kashmir later. I arrived at his address, a large well-built English house, and found Avery awaiting me.

The last time that I had seen Avery was in the early spring of 1918 before leaving to take that float down out of the Lolab Valley. We talked over old times for a while, during which he asked what sort of journey I had across Tibet. I said that it had not been very pleasant. He then told me that he was still associated with Cockburn in timbering out of the Lolab Valley, that he really needed me up there but must be assured that I would not leave the work and start off for Tibet again. I told him that I had finished with Tibet, as I had accomplished the purpose of crossing that country as I had desired, and, having gone through so much suffering while doing so, I surely had no further desire in that direction. Even at this, he still appeared a little doubtful of my future intention.

Observing his hesitancy, I explained that I had loved my work among the big trees in the Lolab and that if he could not re-employ me or did not wish to take a further chance on me remaining with him, I would be forced to accept the post offered me by the Conservator

of Forests in Lahore. When he questioned me about this appointment, I produced the papers given me by the Conservator and handed them over. After reading them he remarked that I had been very fortunate in securing such a post, but I replied that I would rather work for him than to go down into the heat of Bengal State, as I loved Kashmir and wished only to return there. At this he said that he would not be able to offer me nearly the salary specified in the papers, but I answered that the amount of salary did not matter, as my needs were simple and few.

This clinched the matter of my return to the Kashmir Valley, but before starting off, Avery told me he would write a letter to Cockburn telling him I would join him in the Lolab, and also he warned me not to go into the city of Srinagar in the valley of Kashmir, as the British officials there would, if they discovered my presence, force me to return again to India, but instructed me to make directly for Cockburn's cabin in the forest.

Departing, I took train that evening for Rawalpindi, and arriving there I engaged passage on the driver's seat of the government motor van, which was one of a fleet conveying passengers and mail to the valley.

This was the early part of March and when we had made the thirty miles from Rawalpindi to the foot of the mountains and had climbed the first slopes, I found that beyond the 3000-foot level the road was cut through snow, which formed four-foot banks on both sides, and from there on into the valley, including the valley itself, everything was submerged under the snows of a late season.

Without mishap I was deposited safely in Barramullah, the gateway city to the valley, and from there

proceeded with native guides by horse and foot across the Kashmir Valley, over a high mountain pass and down on the further side into the smaller Lolab Valley.

As I was travelling ahead of the mail which Avery's letter to Cockburn would be conveyed in, I felt that my arrival was going to be entirely unexpected by Cockburn and I did not know how he was going to receive me, for I did not believe he felt kindly toward me after my sudden departure years before. As it was late in the evening when arriving in the valley and as Cockburn's cabin was some ten or twelve miles distant, I put up that night in a native village situated at the foot of a pass, where I partook of food prepared for me by my Kashmiri host, who, by the way, had been one of the head men employed with me on the float. The following morning, early, I continued up the valley, over the snows of the trail, and about eleven o'clock arrived at Cockburn's cabin.

He was not about, and his cook, who immediately recognized me and was much surprised, told me that Cockburn was up the canyon behind the house, about a mile away, bossing a gang of villagers who were sledding down piled stacks of firewood which had been cut before the snows and were later to be floated down the stream into the Kashmir Valley, to be sold in the city of Srinagar. This was a sort of a side-line Cockburn had recently engaged in.

I started off then up the canyon and, after a fifteen-minute climb along a logging tramway, I heard the shouting of men, loudest among them Cockburn's deep voice cursing the slowness of the natives, a favourite pastime of all whites who superintend native labour in the East. Soon I espied him and his men about a hundred yards up the mountain above the canyon. They

had a long sled-way smoothed down over the snows and had two heavy sleds attached on a long light cable which ran through a heavy steel pulley block which was anchored by a cable to a tree at the upper end of the runway. A loaded sled would start down from the stacks of wood piled along the upper mountain-side, and as it descended on its cable it would automatically pull up an empty sled upon which some labourers rode, to balance somewhat the downcoming loaded sled.

I watched the proceedings for a few moments, unobserved by anyone, when spying Cockburn above me, who at that moment was just preparing to sit down and have the lunch which a native runner had brought him in a basket, I leaped onto an empty sled and catching hold of it let out a whoop at Cockburn. He looked tremendously startled for a moment and then suddenly turning around shouted at the natives, "Now we will get some work out of you men, Schary Sahib has come back for your blood".

At the top of the runway I jumped off the sled and greeted him. He was full of curiosity regarding my sudden reappearance in the valley after an equally sudden departure two years before. As we both sat down against a large cedar tree, I explained a little of my travels to him, and also about my meeting with Avery in Lahore and of my reappointment to my former work in the Lolab.

Cockburn really was glad to have me again back with him. He was getting too old to get about for long hours and take over the bossing of his large crews of Kashmiri timber-men. But he told me that he had received no word from Avery at that time, and for all he knew, before my sudden appearance there that morn-

ing, I might have been back in America. He also said that both he and Avery were taking a long chance in allowing me to return to the valley, as I was black-balled at the British Residency in Srinagar for my past exploits along the frontier of Ladakh and Tibet.

I explained that I would not show myself in Kashmir if there were no need to do so but would remain in the Lolab. He later reassured me by stating that, after all, he did not think there was much danger of my being recognized even though I did go into the city, as all the British officers at the Residency were a new lot since 1918.

We remained at the work all the day until evening, when we returned down the canyon to the cabin. Here we had dinner and later he fixed up a place for me to sleep in one of the rooms. The following morning I started off on my second period of employment with him at timbering. I took over, for the time being, the work of getting out the large quantities of firewood from the upper hills, and, as this work drew to an end, the snows departed sufficiently from the ground for me to load on flat cars the felled trees which were stacked in tiers along the upper tramway and convey them down to the stream three miles below the cabin.

This work took two months and a half. At the end of the first few weeks I decided to throw up a camp in a grove of trees some distance behind the cabin, as the weather was getting warmer. I requisitioned for a large tent and necessary camp supplies from Avery in Srinagar and, on receiving them, pitched the camp and around it had some workmen construct a six-foot fence made up entirely of green branches cut from the ad-



joining cedar trees, leaving at one end an improvised removable green branch gateway.

Before the flaps of the tent I constructed a mud-walled shallow pit where, in the evenings, I would build a large log-fire, as the nights were still very cold. Meanwhile Cockburn had gone off for a month's journey to another section of the Lolab Valley to superintend other work, leaving me alone to look after my end. It was at this time that I decided to write in to the British Residency, changing my name somewhat, and request to be mailed a government permit with which to make the journey into Ladakh that summer as a tourist, taking a chance this time that, the officials all being new men, I would not be recognized. While awaiting the reply to this letter an incident occurred which gave me an excuse for leaving the works when the time came around, one which would be a sufficient reason for my leaving to allay any suspicions which either Avery, who had since returned from Lahore to his home in Srinagar, or Cockburn might have.

I had, for some time, been missing tools and equipment from the tool-room and store-house, near the cabin, and suspected our native blacksmith of stealing them, as he did a lot of work at his forge in the village for the villagers in his spare time. One day I took with me two men whom I could trust and raided his house. There I caught him at the forge hammering out of shape some long metal parts of a piece of machinery which Cockburn had dismantled the previous season. I confiscated this, together with several other items found in his home which he had stolen from the store-room, and then took him along with me and locked him up

in the store-room until Cockburn should arrive, as I was expecting him that evening.

Later, upon his arrival, I informed him of the matter and had the blacksmith brought to the cabin and questioned. He later admitted that he had stolen the items found in his house, but said that he was so very poor that from necessity he had been forced to do so (this is a favourite alibi of all natives caught in any act of dishonesty by a white man in India). Cockburn and I talked over his case, with the result that on the following morning I was to take this man into a small village which lay some twenty miles away down the valley where was a district court run by a Hindu magistrate. There I was to turn the man over to the court and have a hearing set for some date ahead, meanwhile placing the culprit in the native jail in the village.

So the following morning I started off accompanied by the prisoner and my servant and cook, all mounted on native Kashmiri ponies, and about noon we arrived at the village where lived the magistrate. When I appeared in the court-room with the blacksmith, the magistrate seemed somewhat surprised to see a white man there. I walked up and stated my mission. He put some other cases aside and we had a preliminary hearing of the case, and later the prisoner was taken off to the village jail.

Later in the day the magistrate invited me to tea with him. It was while talking to him during tea that the idea occurred to me of a good way to arrange for my departure, later, when the season should be sufficiently far advanced, from my work in the Lolab Valley without arousing any suspicion in the mind of either Cockburn or Avery. I asked the magistrate if

he would arrange to send me a summons, on legal document, to where I was at work in the Lolab Valley, towards the end of May, and to arrange for the case of the blacksmith at that time. He said that if I wished he would gladly do this, so when leaving to return to my work the morning following, the matter had all been arranged.

C H A P T E R      E I G H T E E N

*The Wandering Fakir*

I CONTINUED on at the logging near my camp until May 28, during which time I saw little of Cockburn, who was still engaged in another part of the valley. During that period an experience occurred at my camp that will here serve to give the reader a little intimate colour on that side of the life of the Indians which we oft-times hear about in America and the West.

One morning as I was about to leave my camp for the work near the river where we were preparing for the late spring float, my cook, a man named Mohammed Ganai, came out of his tiny cook-tent followed by a tall ragged native, a member of the Gujar tribe, who are considered as outcastes among the Hindus and who live a life of great poverty back in the hills of Kashmir, herding a few water-buffalo and raising sparse crops for their needs. Mohammed Ganai said that this man was a "Jadu Wallah", which means that he was a wandering fakir, one who knew something of the magic tricks which the white man often sees when touring through the cities of India. He said that the man was very poor and if I would present him with some "Bukshees" (a

present of money), he would perform for my entertainment.

I debated a moment, as I was in a hurry to get to the river, but decided to see the thing through, as, though I had travelled extensively in India and the Himalayas, I had as yet never seen one of these fakirs perform, though I had heard often about them. After receiving my consent, the Gujar seated himself upon the ground before my tent, and after playing on a tiny wood fife for several moments he stopped and asked the cook to remove his turban. Receiving this, he stretched out that dirty blue cloth, which was several yards in length and of cheap muslin, and then to my astonishment proceeded to tear it across, completely severing the material into about twenty pieces. I glanced at my cook, but he just stood alongside with no expression on his face other than a smile of amusement.

After this the Gujar placed all the little pieces of the turban on a large square of dirty white muslin which he had and then covered the lot over with a piece of his ragged garment. After several moments of further blowing a three-note piece of music on his fife and muttering to himself, he raised the cover and handed the cook one end of his turban. My cook very unconcernedly rewound his turban upon his shaven head, and to my amazement the complete yards of material were all in one piece just as before he had handed it over to the Gujar.

Without stopping for applause from me, who, by the way, was standing right over the seated fakir, he proceeded with his next trick. From his mouth I saw emerge a tiny bit of black rock and, when it slowly came out into his hand, he was holding a piece of black iron-

stone some six inches long by five wide. It was impossible for him ever to have got this slab of rock back into his mouth again, and yet I do not understand how he ever got it out. I examined this rock and found it to be just another of those hard rocks which lay in the course of the logging stream below the camp, and it appeared to have been washed to a bright state of polish by the floods of ages.

Then taking this rock in his hand, he threw it up in the air, and as I was following its ascent with both eyes glued upon it I suddenly saw it vanish in mid-air, and from that same place I observed a glint of the sun on metal which cascaded down into the outstretched hand of the fakir. He then opened his palm in front of me and I saw six rupees lying within his hand. I asked to be allowed to examine one of them and, upon so doing, I found it to be a genuine Indian rupee issued through the mint of the British Government of India. I bit into it and balanced its weight and did everything else I could think of to determine its genuineness but could discover no fault with it. He then took all six of these coins and placed them in the palm of my cook's hand and then closed the palm tightly upon them. Placing a cloth over his hand he then blew upon his fife for a few moments and, removing the cloth from the closed hand, showed me the empty palm, upon which I could see the tiny depressions where the coins had been clasped—but no coins were there.

When concluding the performance the man requested that I should give him some coppers. I replied that I wondered why he should find it necessary to get money from me when he could make it by his peculiar magic. My cook intervened at this and said,

“Nay, Sahib, the man makes only ‘Jhadoo rupees’ (magic money) and it does not last but for a few minutes, therefore he wishes some of the money made by the Sirkar (government), the silver of which is made by God and lasts as long as the world”. I gave the fakir a rupee and he happily departed.

The following day my cook, while serving me with dinner, informed me that the fakir had been arrested by the village police in the village which lay some miles below the camp and on the river. I was surprised and asked why. He replied that after leaving me the man had gone into the village bazaar and, for the sum of seven rupees, had purchased a live sheep and had then hastily departed off down the road toward Kashmir Valley and his own village. When the man had gone and after a few minutes had passed, the sheep merchant discovered that his seven rupees had completely vanished out of his purse in which he had placed them. He then realized that the rupees had not been genuine but only “Jhadoo rupees”. He immediately went after the fakir and about a mile down the trail caught up with him and hauled him, together with the sheep, back again to the village, and there handed him over to the native police.

The Indians, I noted, take this matter of Jhadoo money quite as a matter of course and seem to believe that the money really is made by these fakirs in some magic way known to themselves alone.

I had not received a reply from the Residency office in Srinagar to the letter which I had written them requesting permission to visit Ladakh. I must have this permit if I intended to travel over the trail there and occupy the rest-houses along the way between Kashmir and Leh. There were two places along the road between

those two points, after one crosses the Zoji La Pass and leaves the green valleys of Kashmir behind, where one is stopped by native officials and asked to produce the official permit allowing one to go up to Leh. If the tourist has not taken the trouble to get a permit, he is turned back and made to return to Kashmir.

Knowing all of the foregoing from previous knowledge of that trail, I decided that I would have to take a chance and go into Srinagar and to the Residency, and there show myself and apply in person for this permit. In doing so I did not think I would be taking much of a risk, owing to the fact that all the British officials were new and could not possibly recognize me.

In due time I received the expected notice, which was written on the legal red paper of Kashmir State, ordering me to appear in court at that lower village on a certain day toward the end of May. When the time drew around, I sent a note over to Cockburn that I would be leaving for a few days to appear in court against the blacksmith and would return to the work later. The morning of my departure I took along my camp stuff and supplies and my cook, Mohammed Ganai, and after saddling one of Cockburn's saddle horses, started off.

By peculiarly bad luck I had not been more than fifteen minutes on the road beyond the river when who should come walking around a bend in the road but Avery. I was greatly startled for a moment but did not allow my expression to show this. Avery, I felt, had never been sure of me this last trip into Kashmir and secretly believed that I might attempt Tibet again if given half a chance. As a matter of fact he really was of two minds about the matter, as he did not understand



enough about my motives in desiring to get into Tibet with which to form any definite opinion.

But when seeing him suddenly appear on the road ahead I came very close to a feeling of panic, but only for a moment, after which this emotion passed and left me in complete control of myself.

I dismounted and shook hands with him, and when he asked me where I was headed for, I related the story of the village blacksmith and of his pilferings from our store-room, and I also produced the summons and explained that I must appear in court the following day. At first he seemed inclined toward suspicion, but when I produced the red summons, he accepted my statement at its face value. We stood talking about the work in the logging fields and I reported what progress I had made thus far in extracting the felled logs from the forest and tramping them down into the stream, preparatory to the spring floating.

Avery had motored out to the Lolab that morning from Srinagar, and had left his car just a few yards around a bend in the trail and had come on on foot, as the road did not continue into our camp across the stream. Before I left him he told me to wait in the rest-house in the village of the magistrate and he would come down the following day and there we could sort of picnic for the remainder of the day. Then we parted company and I continued on my way.

I appeared in court the following day and gave the necessary evidence against the blacksmith, but asked the magistrate to show leniency to the prisoner as he was so frightened that he had become a quivering wreck of a man. The result of the trial I never found out, as it was postponed for another date ahead.

I spent that day and evening with the Hindu magistrate, to whom I told nothing of my plans about proceeding to Ladakh, merely stating that I was off to Srinagar for a vacation; and early the next morning, after sending Cockburn's horses back to the works, I engaged other horses and, with my camp cook, started off for the Jhelum River, some twenty-five miles away by road, where we arrived just before noon.

Here I paid off the men with the horses and ordered them to return to the Lolab. From this point we proceeded by native doonga, a long narrow mat-covered boat, paddled by three native boatmen, and after a fast boat trip over the beautiful Dal Lake, above the shores of which stretched the great encircling range of tremendous mountain peaks, and thence through a series of branch streams of the Jhelum River, we arrived late that evening within the city itself.

At this season of the year, the city and the valley around about start filling with the English tourists and those other English and Europeans who live throughout the year on the Indian plains and come up to the cool valley during weeks of the summer. On the outskirts of the native city and constructed within the confines of the better-built and more European section, there stands a large stone structure which is Neados' Hotel, a large tourist hotel. Surrounding this building, in the season of visitors, are pitched dozens of small and large tents well furnished with the necessary camping gear for the accommodation of those who cannot be taken care of during the summer rush in the hotel itself. The long hotel addition, which I had supervised during its construction two years before, had been burned down just a few months after its completion.

I engaged one of Neados' tents, after debarking from the doonga, and left my cook to get himself accommodation somewhere in the native city for that night. The following morning I presented myself at the Residency and sent my name in on a card given me for that purpose, altering my name as I had in my earlier letter to the Residency. The doorman who took the card in was a tall Ladakhi native whom I recognized as the same man employed here in past years. After some minutes' delay he returned and said that the Resident was busy now and requested me to return tomorrow evening at the same time. I wandered about the city the rest of the day watching the activities along the waterways and canals through the city, many of which were pretty well filled with tourists occupying long and beautifully furnished Kashmiri house-boats.

In due course, on the following day, I again presented myself at the Residency office, and upon my arrival the doorman immediately showed me into the office of the British Resident. Upon entering I knew that he could not recognize me as I had never seen him before, and my fears of discovery were greatly lessened. Upon his request I seated myself in the visitor's chair at one side of his desk and stated that I wished to receive the usual permit to visit Ladakh.

He had an open letter lying on his desk in front of him, and after looking at me a moment he glanced at it. Following his gaze I saw to my bewilderment that this letter was the one I had written to him months before while in the Lolab Valley. Suddenly, looking directly at me, he said, out of a clear sky, "What is your real name?" and as I hesitated in surprise he said, "You are E. G. Schary, the man who crossed Tibet in

1918 against permission of this office". I asked him what brought him to that conclusion, and he informed me that two things had made him suspicious: one was the fact that I had written the letter and signed a name which did not appear on the registration books which all white men must sign when entering Kashmir from India (I had signed this book with my real name without thought). He then said that the second thing was that yesterday the Ladakhi doorman had recognized me, and had informed him that he suspected me of being the same man who had entered Tibet two years before. My letter had been compared with the letter I had written to the Residency at that previous time and the handwriting found to be the same.

As he explained this I realized, of course, that the game was up as far as my receiving official permission to visit Ladakh was concerned, and decided to make the best of the situation. I said, "Well, at least I tried. I knew I was taking a long chance in coming here when it was the only thing I could do under the circumstances." I was quite matter of fact about the thing and showed no signs of my keen disappointment.

He looked at me sternly and informed me that I would be given just three days to leave Kashmir and return back to India. I said that as there was nothing else I could do, I would arrange to leave immediately.

He looked quite stern and gave me the impression of taking his job too seriously, so I remarked that I had always believed Englishmen to be good sports and that he somewhat surprised me by his attitude toward me. "I really did nothing that could be termed criminal," I remarked. "As a matter of fact, what I undertook to do and accomplished, though against the

commands of the British authorities, was something which, you must admit, did take a great deal more courage than anyone criminally inclined would have had. Sometimes it takes more courage for a man essentially honest to break his promise than to keep it." The Resident at this appeared to be shaken out of his official poise and, relenting in his attitude toward me somewhat, said that he could well understand just what the tremendous difficulties of the journey must have been, knowing the sort of country I had to travel over. He then said something that greatly surprised me: "Since 1918, when you crossed the frontier, several parties, mostly American, have made the attempt to follow your trail from the village of Leh, but in each case they were stopped by the Hindu officer who was stationed in a little white tent near the Pooga corral this side of the Tibetan frontier. By the way," he said, "how did it happen that you could pass that tent in 1918 without discovery?"

This incident came clearly to mind, and I explained that when arriving at Pooga I had spotted the white tent across an alkali marsh, and having been very thirsty at the time, I had shouted loudly for several minutes in order to attract attention but received no reply. He smiled at this and said that it must have just been my luck to have a thing like that happen to me.

Before leaving I shook hands with him and told him that that evening I would engage a small house-boat and on the following morning would depart down river for the gateway village at the entrance to the valley, and from there would proceed by motor stage back to India. I requested him to send someone of the Kashmiri police to check my departure.

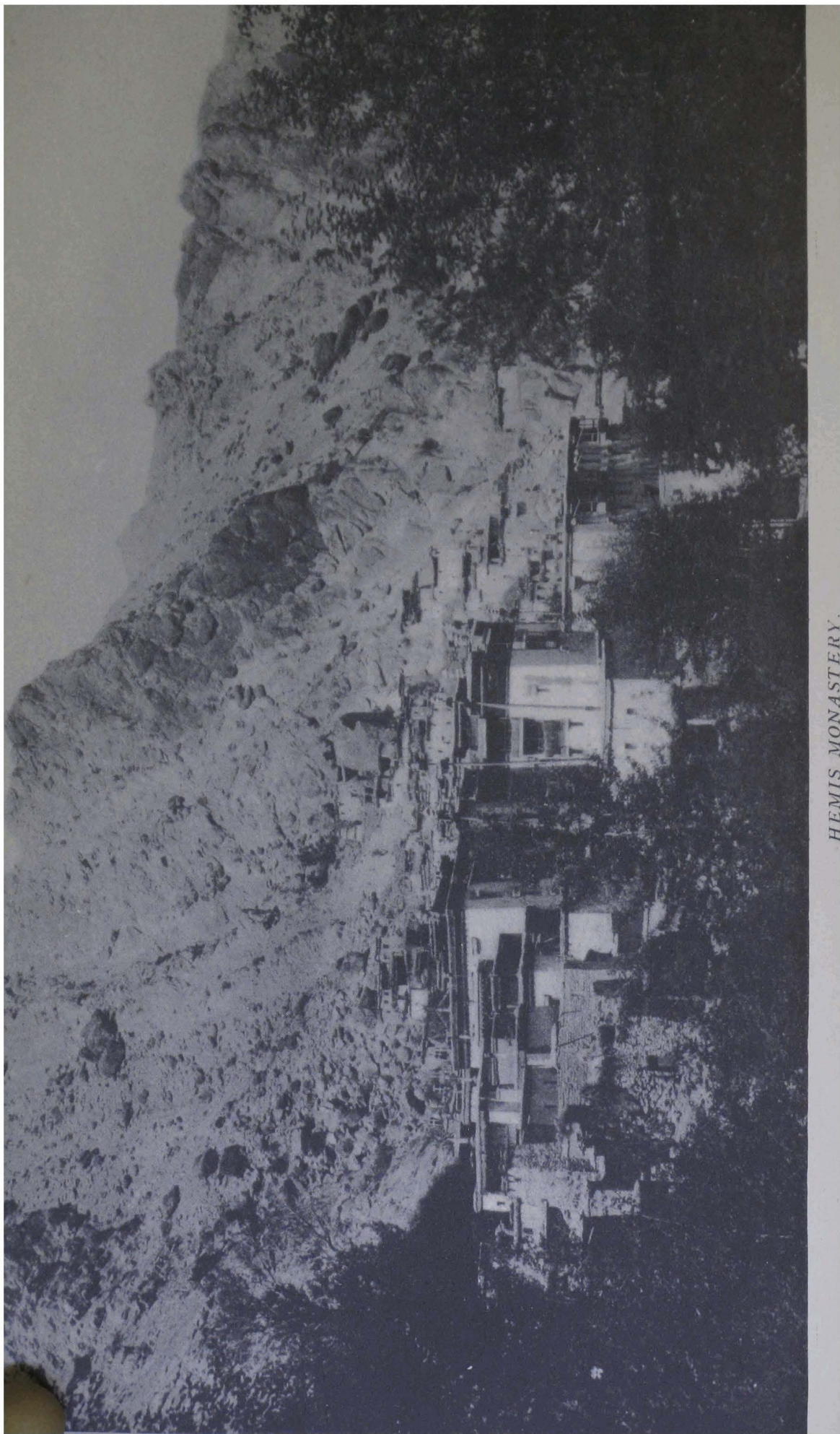
C H A P T E R      N I N E T E E N

*My Disguise is Penetrated*

**F**ROM the Residency Office I went directly to my tent accommodation in the hotel compound and packed my few belongings. After paying my bill at the hotel office I went down to the Chinar Bagh, the main canal where house-boats were rented to tourists, and here secured a small house-boat, then sent the boatman after my cook, and when he arrived I took him into my confidence.

When he thoroughly grasped the situation I explained to him that I had no intention of leaving Kashmir for India but wanted his help in donning the disguise of a Kashmiri coolie. As he had become quite attached to me during his service as cook, he consented to help me. I sent him in to the bazaar with money and told him to buy me a pair of the heavy woollen Kashmiri pantaloons as worn by the Kashmiri poor; also to purchase one of the long woollen shirts also worn by them, and a pair of Kashmiri sandals made of country leather. I gave him to understand that these things must be on the boat that evening and also to include with them several yards of white muslin which I would use as a turban.





HEMIS MONASTERY.



In the afternoon came two Kashmiri policemen seeking information regarding my departure for India, and I told them that I was leaving late that evening instead of on the following morning as I had planned. I told them to stick around and they would see me leave.

In the late afternoon my cook returned with the articles mentioned and helped me to try them out. I stained my face and hands with some walnut stain he had procured for me, and in the tiny bedroom of the boat I put on the articles and tied the white turban on with my faithful servant's assistance. Later on, seeing my reflection in the mirror, I was greatly surprised to see what a great difference just a few clothes and a little stain could make; it was hard for me to recognize myself as a white man. There was only one difficulty about my disguise—it looked too clean. A Kashmiri coolie looks anything but clean.

I took off my turban and handing it to my servant told him that I would trade with him for the one which he wore. He, of course, readily consented, as a new turban is quite a luxury to a poor Kashmiri. His turban made my outfit look a little more natural, for his was surely dirty enough; its original colour, blue, had become almost grey.

After feeling satisfied with this costume I again resumed my own dress for the time being, but remained within the confines of the boat. That evening about seven o'clock I gave orders to the boatman to cast off, and told my servant to inform the two policemen still on the bank above the boat that I was departing for India. I later saw them leave.

As we drifted downstream out of the Chinar Bagh Canal and into the main river, and later when we

had left the city some hours behind, I realized that it was going to be necessary for me to take the boatman and his wife into my confidence. I went out where they were seated paddling the boat along and, with my servant standing by helping me, I told them that instead of going out of Kashmir I wished to take the boat down to that village of Ganderbal which stands at the head of the Sindh River Valley, the valley which leads up to the Zoji La Pass over which the trail crosses to Ladakh. I explained to him that the British officials had not given me the necessary permission to go to Ladakh, and that under disguise I was going on foot. The servant and the boatman talked things over with the wife and they later told me that they were entirely willing to help me.

We paddled and drifted along with the stream all that night, and early that morning, June 7, I had him tie up in a tall grassy swamp which completely hid our boat from sight of the village a mile below. I figured that there was a possibility of the Kashmiri police having communicated by wire with the police of this village warning them to prevent me from passing through if I attempted to do so.

We remained thus hidden all that day, and that evening, when darkness had completely settled down, I donned my Kashmiri costume, tied my turban and made a roll of a native blanket in which I placed my American passport, a comb and a towel and my sweater-coat. The few rupees I had left I split between my servant and the boatman, for I believed that if I had been able to cross Tibet, practically a wilderness, without funds, I would surely be able to beg sufficient food from the comparatively well-populated region between Kashmir

and Tibet. Also I believed that I would be better enacting the part of a poor Kashmiri pilgrim if I had no money at all.

I remember that night when I stepped out of the boat onto the dry bank above the swamp. My servant and the boatman and his wife stood on the bank with me, and there were tears in my servant's eyes as he bade me farewell. The three seemed somewhat bewildered over the whole adventure, but warned me to circle the village below and not to arouse the dogs there when passing. I gravely shook hands with each one, and telling my servant to take my belongings to his home in the Lolab Valley and keep them until I would later send for them, I turned and stalked off into the night with my blanket tied to my back.

Safely passing the village without being observed by anyone, I continued up the trail which followed the Sindh River until well into the night. The night became so black that I could not see the road ahead of me and continually found myself wandering off the trail. Growing very sleepy, I decided to step off the trail into a field and lie down and sleep until early morning. It was so dark I could not see what sort of a field it was that I was stepping into, but several yards off the trail I felt a series of humps which at that time I was not able to account for. Feeling one of these rises under foot to be a little larger than the rest, I laid out my double blanket against it and, using my rolled-up sweater-coat for a pillow, I crawled in and fell asleep.

During the night I remember vaguely rolling off my pillow, but I slept quite soundly and did not awaken until after dawn when the sun peeped over the mountains. I got up then and looked around. To my

astonishment I found that I had been sleeping in a Mohammedan graveyard. These graveyards are scattered all over the countryside near villages, and the graves are merely marked with little knobs of soil, unmarked with tombstones. Also I discovered that some passing native during the early dawn, seeing what appeared to be a poor pilgrim asleep, had come over off the trail and stolen my sweater-coat. I rolled up my bed and, tying it again on my back, continued on my way.

Toward mid-morning I became exceedingly hungry. Later espying a native wayside shop behind which the merchant lived in an adobe farm-house, I decided to ask him for food. He was squatted on the platform before his shop conversing with some other Kashmiri. Approaching him I gave him the usual salutation from one Mohammedan to another, "Salaam Ahalekom" (Salutation and peace, Allah is One). After he replied in kind I asked him if he could give one who was but a poor pilgrim some food. He replied that he was sorry that he had no food prepared at the time and I must continue on my way. Knowing the custom of the road among this race I said: "Is it so then that a Mohammedan householder such as you will allow a brother to depart on his way from your home in hunger? If this is so, then it is the first time in my long wanderings that a brother Mohammedan has enacted this sin against the Koran to one of his kind."

He became greatly embarrassed at this and seemed indeed sorry for his abruptness with me. Making a place next to him where he sat, he invited me to be seated and then went himself into his home behind the shop to give orders to his wife to prepare food for me.

He returned, and we sat conversing together in quite a friendly manner until he went and fetched the food, which consisted of a tremendous mound of rice, vegetables and cooking oil, all well spiced. There was so much of it that I could not eat it all, even though he insisted that I do so. After finishing I arose and, blessing him in true Mohammedan fashion, I went ahead on the trail.

At about two o'clock I stood leaning against a slab of rock which stood up on one side of the road against a low hill and resting. As I gazed off towards the mountains ahead, which loomed high at this point of the trail, suddenly around a sharp turn in the road, just ahead, came a young Kashmiri dressed in the usual costume worn by the dwellers of the city of Srinagar. As he made the turn his glance struck directly into mine, and for some reason he seemed startled. He stopped the horse upon which he rode and addressed me, asking me who I was and where I was going. I told him that I was a pilgrim making a journey to Chinese Turkestan to a place I had heard much about called Yarkand, where I had been told I could secure work at my trade, which was basket weaving, a common trade among poor Kashmiris. He asked me, after some moments of consideration, during which time he stared at me in a puzzled manner, if I had any money with which to procure accommodation for the night at the village of Kangan some miles ahead on the trail. I answered that I was poor, and had nothing, but must perforce beg my food as I progressed along the journey. He took out a pencil and a piece of paper and after scribbling for a moment he handed this paper to me and told me that if I would give the note to the shopkeeper in the

village, I would be taken care of for the night ahead. I took the note and, thanking him for his kindness to a lone pilgrim, I proceeded on my journey.

Late in the afternoon I approached the village of Kangan, and upon entering it I saw a solitary shop just off the trail. As there did not seem to be any other shop in the village, I decided that this was the place which I had been advised to go to by my friend of that morning's encounter. Walking over, I greeted the merchant seated on the floor within and presented the note, written in the native dialect which I could not read.

He opened the slip of paper and read the short note within. Then glancing up at me quickly and after a startled moment he asked me to follow him into the village. We proceeded some distance when we came to a well-constructed government barrack, surrounded by a large well-covered veranda. Here was seated a young Hindu, and next to him I saw standing and conversing with him the Hindu whom I had met that morning on the trail and who had given me the note. As we approached, the first man arose and greeted me, asking me to be seated in a chair which he placed for me at the table nearby. After this he asked me who I was and where I was going. I told him the same story I had told the other that morning, to the effect that I was a poor Kashmiri pilgrim and was heading for Ladakh and thence to Yarkand to seek employment.

He was very suspicious of me, and seeing this I asked him, all conversation being carried on in Hindustani, who he was and why he sought to thus question me. He then informed me that he was a member of the Kashmir police and that that house was a recently constructed police outpost under his charge. It was placed

there for the purpose of stopping any Russian Reds from either going up into Siberia through Ladakh and Yarkand, or allowing any to pass into India from above.

He stated frankly that his assistant had become very suspicious of me, when suddenly meeting me on the trail, and had given me a note in order to direct my steps to the police station when I arrived at this village of Kangan. Also I was informed that he had followed behind me all of the afternoon and, watching my movements and mannerisms, had become certain in his mind that I was not what I represented myself to be.

During this conversation a servant came up to the table and there placed a tray containing tea and native cakes. Unlike the usual custom of Kashmiris, upon this tray was set a small bowl of sugar and next to my cup a teaspoon was placed. My host invited me to drink and eat and refresh myself, and, being tired and very hungry again, I placed some sugar in the cup and after slowly stirring it I drank it and followed it up with several more cups, as I felt that I must eat as much as possible if I were to ever have the strength to reach the Tibetan frontier over the high passes ahead.

When I had finished my host remarked, "Sir, this is the first time I have ever seen a Kashmiri coolie sit at ease in a European chair and drink tea, while he stirred sugar into it with a European spoon". This had me stumped for a minute but I came back with the remark that I had worked for Europeans in Srinagar during the tourist season, and had learned there to use sugar in my tea. He did not swallow this yarn at all and I could see that my journey was coming to a sudden end.

He continued thus questioning me for over a half-

hour longer, then calling up a Kashmiri villager standing by he asked him to address me in the Kashmiri dialect. The Hindu policeman himself evidently was from down in India and did not speak the Kashmiri language. This villager said something to me, and here my game came to a sudden halt for I did not understand sufficiently what he said to reply, nor did I know sufficiently well the Kashmiri dialect to reply. I had never made any great effort to learn the language of the valley, Hindustani serving me equally well.

Knowing now that I stood no further chance of deceiving the police here, I placed my bedroll upon the table and unrolling it produced my American passport and handed it across to my Hindu friend. He opened it quickly and read it over thoroughly with great surprise. "Why," he said, "I thought you were one of those Russian Reds returning back to Russia after causing disturbances in India as some of them are, and have been doing."

I then related to him something of my story and of my life in Kashmir years before, and also about the journey I had made across Tibet in 1918.

Upon concluding my somewhat lengthy recital, he said that he had heard of me and my exploits along the frontier two years before. He seemed greatly relieved at learning that I was an American, as Americans are liked in the Far East. We spent the remainder of the evening together in conversation. He told me that, without my realizing it, he had probably saved me from blindness by stopping my journey when he had; that day, he said, two native runners who jointly carried the mails between Leh and Kashmir, which was relayed by these runners over the mountains on foot during



the winter months, had been brought into this village by villagers from the foot of the Zoji La Pass at the head of the Sindh Valley. They had both foundered in the deep snows on that pass and had, after becoming completely blind from the white glare of sun on snow, at last staggered into a camp at the foot of the pass. The report was that at that early season, and also owing to heavy snows the previous winter, the whole country beyond the pass and as far as Kargil, the half-way point to Ladakh, was still buried under snow.

When hearing this I knew that it had been fortunate for me that I had been stopped when I had, as I would never have been able to survive the journey alone to Ladakh. Nevertheless I felt somewhat disappointed that the journey to Tibet had been brought to a sudden termination and decided that, if I found the opportunity later, I would again start off from Kashmir and make a second attempt when the countryside had become free of snows.

I was sent back to Srinagar the following day and during the journey was under guard of two Hindu police officers. You see, I was now being sent back to the Residency Office from that village of Kangan, as the Hindu in charge of that outpost, my host of the night before, had wired to the Resident of my presence there disguised and travelling to Ladakh without the necessary permit to proceed. I felt great qualms about the sort of reception I would receive at the hands of the Resident, after I had told him I was returning to India, and had instead made off in another attempt to get into Tibet.

After proceeding by horse and later by native boat, we arrived late in the afternoon at a wayside jetty on

the Jhelum River within the native portion of the city of Srinagar. From the jetty I was taken, still in my unusual garb and turban, through the bazaars of the city and out beyond the outskirts of the bazaar, and thence to where stood a very large English mansion which my police guides informed me was occupied by the Hindu Governor of Kashmir. They told me that they must take me to him and he must in turn take me later, after hearing my story, before the Resident himself. This was due to the fact that the Kashmir police is run by the Kashmiris themselves and only political cases are handled by the British Residency, Kashmir being but a protectorate of Great Britain.

When entering the portals of this large house I was handed over to the waiting and uniformed attendant in charge, and was then taken into a long committee room. Within this room, as I entered, I saw about twenty well-dressed Hindu and Mohammedan officials gathered. They were seated along both walls of the corridor-like room, and at the end, at a desk placed within the bay of large French windows, sat a tall, bearded and dignified looking Hindu, whom I later found to be the governor himself, at that time a man named Ram Chundra Dhobi.

I was escorted by the attendant down the long aisle of the room, and during the time it took me to reach the Governor all official business seemed to come to an abrupt halt. Here was one who walked upright in the presence of these high officials, though dressed in the costume of a poor pilgrim of the valley who would never come before these officials except bent down at the waist and lowly salaaming! They perhaps wondered at this and also at the fact that I did not remove my

turban in their presence. As a matter of fact I had completely forgotten the fact that I was in strange garb, and, moreover, was so taken up with the incident of my appearance before the Governor that I gave attention to nothing about me.

Coming up to him I extended my hand and introduced myself by name as an American who had the previous day been caught on the trail in an attempt to go to Ladakh without the permission of the Resident. As soon as he realized who I was, he arose and grasped my hand and forced me to a seat next to him at the desk. After being seated he sent for one of the police who had brought me down from Kangan and, after a brief questioning, was told the story of my capture on the trail. During this conversation all those high officials gathered in this place were straining to hear what it was all about. The fact that I was an American I heard whispered from one end of the room to the other, a great deal of surprise and interest being shown by all of them.

Very soon the business which the men gathered there had been engaged in, before my arrival, was brought to a speedy conclusion and then the Governor arose and bade me follow him outside.

As we stepped through the portals of the house leading down to the drive-way where stood a waiting motor car, he told me that he was taking me over to the Residency. After giving brief instructions to his native driver, we both climbed into the back seat and were driven through the city and over a bridge spanning the river, to drive later into the extensive Residency grounds. Here we pulled up and both the Governor and myself alighted. Looking about him over the

extensive lawns before the Residency he spied the Governor strolling about with a party of Europeans, one of whom I was told was the Rumanian Crown Prince, up in Kashmir on a holiday.

The Governor left me standing resting against the front bumper of the car while he approached the Resident and spoke rapidly to him. I watched the Resident grow red in the face as he turned and, following the pointed finger of the Governor, saw me. They both walked over to me rapidly and upon arriving at the machine the Resident said in an entirely angry manner, "So, you are at it again, eh? Didn't you tell me that you were leaving Kashmir for India, and didn't I tell you that you were not to go to Tibet but were to return to India? Can't you understand that we as officials have got to guard the frontier against white men who try to cross over into Tibet? Just what do you mean by this?"

I listened quietly until he had finished and then, looking directly at him, I said that I could well realize his attitude toward me for what I had done and apologized for having done so. But I added that I did not understand how the British authorities had it in their power to prevent an American from entering a land not under their sovereignty; that I had desired to visit the country again and write about it for American readers as the country was little known. He was still angry and turning to the Governor told him to take me and place me in the native jail which stood next to the Governor's house, until further orders from him.

We both climbed back into the car and returned whence we had come. When we pulled up before the portals of the Governor's house most of the officials

who had been gathered with the Governor upon my earlier arrival were standing about evidently waiting to hear from the Governor about my case. One of them rushed up to him and questioned him. He related the incidents of our conversation with the Resident and its result. They all seemed deeply concerned about me then and the Governor sent for the Superintendent in charge of the jail, to whom he gave some instructions which I could not hear. In the meanwhile I was escorted over to a bench in the garden before the house and, seating myself, was immediately surrounded by a score of Hindus who wished me to tell of my experiences. I sat talking with them for about an hour when the Governor approached and asked me to come with him.

We went over to the jail, a barrack-like structure of brick with a red tile roof, forming three sides of a square within the centre of which was a hard packed earth compound. Here I was shown to a room that I later learned had been used by one of the clerks of the police court within the jail. The room had just been cleaned out and had been hurriedly furnished with a few scattered oriental rugs, a small English bed, bureau, wash-stand and two chairs. A bowl of flowers had been placed on the table.

I learned later that all this had been done by a servant of the Governor's own house. I entered and sat on the edge of the bed and the Governor followed me in and occupied one of the seats. Then followed several Hindu officials who had heard my story in the Governor's garden. They all showed me the greatest kindness and hospitality that evening and we spent the time until midnight talking over my journeyings through India and Tibet. During this time the Governor had

his servant bring me a large brass tray, the centre of which was piled high with a great mound of curried rice and around its base a half-dozen small brass bowls filled with vegetables, pure white milk curds and Kashmiri sweets. This food had been prepared by the Governor's own cook. During the evening, on several occasions, I was told that the turban which I wore made me look like a Hindu prince. This greatly embarrassed me at the time, and when it was repeated later I remarked that though I might appear to them a prince, personally I felt like "Gehenna" (H—).

When my guests arose to depart that evening I was sincere in my thanks to them all for their hospitality and kindness to me, a stranger in their midst, and especially did I thank the Governor for the manner in which he had prepared this room in the jail for me. After a good night's sleep and after dressing the following morning in the native costume which I still wore, the Superintendent in charge of the jail informed me that the Governor had given him orders to send me over to his house twice a day for my meals. Later the Governor told me that the Resident had allowed me only a few cents a day for my food, which was to be purchased from the native bazaar, and that this food was not fit for me to eat.

Here I remained forty-five days, waiting patiently to hear from the Residency regarding my case. During this time I wrote letters on two occasions to the Resident, to try to learn what was holding things up. Each time I received the reply that he was awaiting a reply from the Foreign Office at Simla in India, where he had forwarded my case for decision, and that he had not as yet heard from them.

As days passed and I heard no further word, I decided that the only way the British could possibly punish me for what I had done was to let me remain in this native jail so that I would not forget the experience in a hurry. It was about all they could do under the circumstances. I made no attempt to communicate with the American Consul in Calcutta, to ask for my release, as after all I had deliberately brought it all upon myself and felt that I should go through it without complaint.

Apart from that I wasn't having such a bad time of it. Kashmir at that season of the year is a land of great beauty and I was allowed, every afternoon, to go out and stroll through the countryside, under the escort of two native policemen. During my stay at the jail I was constantly visited by some of the Hindus of the community.

Two weeks after arriving there my servant, whom I had sent for, arrived bringing my personal belongings and clothes, so I again resumed my own costume. But before this, while still in native garb, Avery came out to see me. When arriving I invited him into my room, where, after seating himself, he looked me over and said I looked like a Pathan from Afghanistan. He then remarked, "Well, I guess this finishes you with me. This is the last time you will get an opportunity to desert me and start off for Tibet." He continued: "You know, when I met you that day *en route* from camp to the court where that blacksmith's case was being tried, I had a feeling that you were pulling out on me again, but your face didn't seem to reveal anything, and later I was convinced that this was not so when you showed me that legal-looking summons."

Well, I said I appreciated how he felt towards

me but that as early as 1914 I had come into Kashmir with that one idea of entering Tibet, and that now I realized that the game was up I was willingly returning to my native soil. After a brief further conversation he left me, without shaking hands, and I have never seen him since.

Toward the end of July I received orders from the Residency that I was to be escorted by a Kashmiri Superintendent of Police and two policemen down into India and to Calcutta, there to be turned over to the Calcutta police. I had some time before written a letter to Cockburn asking for my back pay as I had received nothing while working with him this last time. Later I received this money, together with a letter from Cockburn, wherein he said that he was greatly surprised when hearing of my sudden departure from the Lolab Valley. That, under the circumstances, if I ever took it into my head to return to him as I had done this last time, he would find it necessary to turn me over to the British officials in Srinagar. He closed the letter, however, by stating that if the statement would do me any good, he had found me to be the fastest worker of any man he had ever met either in Canada or India.

The morning after receiving orders from the Residency my three escorts and I departed by car for India. We were sent on our way by a large group of Kashmiri friends, whom I had made while at the jail, and after a pleasant and interesting five days of travel through the mountains and by rail across the Indian plains, we pulled into the railroad yards at Howrah across the river from Calcutta. I was then turned over to an English plain-clothes man, who took me to a hotel in Calcutta itself and, placing a native guard over





SAINTE LAMAS ON THE HOLY TABLES IN A MONASTERY CHAPEL.



me, told me to remain there until I was sent for by the Superintendent of the Calcutta Police.

There I remained under guard for two days, when I received a letter asking me to come to the Superintendent's office in the main station in Lal Bazaar. Here I met the Superintendent of the police, who seemed not at all unfriendly. During the course of the conversation I told him of my experiences on the frontier and of my sojourn in the Kashmiri jail. He smiled at this and asked me if I ever intended to try Tibet again. I said, "Well, the chances are rather slim if I ever do." He informed me then that I must leave India at once, and to make it a point never to include that country in my further wanderings. This terminated our interview; he arose and came from behind his desk and, shaking my hand, bade me goodbye.

## C H A P T E R     T W E N T Y

### *My Last Trip*

**T**WO days later I secured a passage on the steamer *Japan* of the British India Steamship Company and proceeded to Hong Kong. At this port my funds ran out, and walking into the office of the manager for the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, I told him that I was just out of India where I had been working, and asked him if he could offer me any sort of a job on one of his ships plying between that port and America. After a moment's thought he said that it just happened that there was in port at the time a Pacific Mail Steamship Company freight steamer, the *West Niger*, which was loading for Shanghai, Yokohama and San Francisco. The boat needed an officers' mess man. He gave me a letter to the Captain, and I immediately engaged a sampan and was rowed out to the vessel anchored in the harbour.

I climbed aboard and, after finding the Captain in his cabin, introduced myself and presented the letter. He looked me over quickly after reading the note and said that I should report for duty at once as the man who had my berth before had deserted. Returning to shore, I secured my belongings and took up this job on the

*West Niger*, and on the ship I remained for six months, serving table at officers' mess and taking care of the pantry and of the officers' and engineers' quarters. During that time we crossed the Pacific four times on two journeys between China, Japan, the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands and our home port of San Francisco. Later, when the ship had been tied up on the mud flats in the estuary of San Francisco Bay, owing to a lull in freighting, I was the last man to leave the vessel.

During this period I had saved sufficient money with which to start off again for India. Going to Shanghai I secured employment there and remained for several months, when I departed for India. During the voyage between Shanghai and India I was taken down with a combination of lumbago and dysentery, which kept me on my back during the whole journey to India and for two weeks in Calcutta. Later, as I slowly recovered, I found my funds to be about finished, and after a hard search I secured employment in charge of labour in a caustic soda plant on the Hooghly River seventeen miles below Calcutta. Here I remained for four months, and during this time I wrote a long letter to Avery asking to be taken back with him and promising in many ways not to attempt Tibet again. The reply I got from him was quite sarcastic of course. He ended by stating that even though he would consent to my return, the official bar could not be raised against me.

As days passed after receiving this letter, I came to feel that I must put from my mind any further desire to find the Mahatmas of Tibet, for to find them was not for me. Later I secured a job on a Standard Oil tank ship which was returning from Calcutta direct to San

Francisco in ballast. We made the run in thirty-five days and I was paid off in San Francisco. From there I went south into Los Angeles, where I worked for a period of time, and then, coming again into a little cash through part of an estate left me by relatives, I decided, before at last settling down, to circle the world on a last farewell journey.

I left San Francisco the early part of September 1924 and, travelling ever westward, made the complete circle of the globe in ninety-five days; starting off as I had with an even thousand dollars, with care I made this sum last until landing in New York City. After purchasing a ticket for San Francisco by rail I had enough money with which to buy my meals *en route* for two days.

As the train approached Cheyenne, Wyoming, I grew so hungry that I decided to get off the train and stop over until the following day's train went through and see if I couldn't sell some of my clothes for enough to buy food with for the remainder of the journey.

We arrived there late in the afternoon and it was exceedingly cold with a light fall of snow, as it was December. I deposited my suitcase and wandered through the city to find a pawnshop or second-hand clothes store. But everything was closed as it was Sunday. I wandered about until ten o'clock that night as the station attendant would not allow me to remain in the waiting-rooms. I met two soldiers walking down the main street and one of them stopped and asked me for the time. I replied by saying that if I had the price of a watch I certainly wouldn't be walking the streets of the city with no food and no place to sleep.

He was greatly surprised at this but informed me that if I were broke he would take me to a place where

I could get a cot for that night. Walking between them, the two soldiers took me to the Salvation Army headquarters, where I was given a clean cot; and early the following morning I got my suitcase out of the station checkroom and managed to sell, for the sum of two dollars, a heavy white woollen sweater I had purchased in Japan and a brand-new wool army shirt.

Continuing that afternoon on the train, on December 18, 1924, I arrived back in San Francisco with but five cents in my pocket, having left that port on my first journey to India on December 18, 1912. Thus did I consummate a twelve-year cycle of pilgrimage and quest over the world's open spaces.

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