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Myitkyina. Friday, June 17th 1938

[Vol 1, p001] Tony and I sailed from Marseilles on April 30th, in the 'Britannia', and reached Bombay on May 16th. Lewa met us there and came up with me to Simla, while Tony went straight across with the baggage to stop with H.D. and Winsome in Calcutta. To my surprise, we had had a certain amount of difficulty with the Customs at Bombay, and notably over the Range finder, the wireless and the .410 walking stick gun; but the two former were eventually sent over in Bond to Rangoon, and the latter I was able to arrange about in Simla. We reached Kalka in the early morning of May 18th, after a hideously hot and dusty journey (especially near Agra, where the temperature in the compartment was about 120°F), and there I took the motor-train up to Simla, while Lewa followed on by the ordinary steam one a few hours later. I got to Simla about 11 a.m., and was met by Aubrey Metcalfe's rickshaw and taken up to his house, 'Knockdrin', about five minutes from the station. He himself was away in the office, and Lady Metcalfe was [Vol 1, p002] in bed still, as she had not been too fit; so I had the house more or less to myself until lunch-time. It is built on the top of a small khud, overlooking the main road, with a lovely garden full of trees and flowers – the carnations being particularly good – and I was lucky in being able to see the snow-capped mountains in the distance. Lucky because for the rest of my time there the dust-haze was so dense that they were completely invisible, and the view was limited to seven or eight miles.

Sir Aubrey and Lady Metcalfe were as delightful as ever, and I really enjoyed my stay with them. That evening we went to the first night of the A.D.C. show "*And So to Bed*", which was amazingly good and well worth seeing. The following evening I had drinks with Gilbert Laithwaite, the private secretary to the viceroy, and there I

found Philip Nash, who had now risen to the giddy heights of Assistant P.S. I had last met Laithwaite in Calcutta at the very beginning of 1937, when we were under a cloud as a result of our last trip (John H.T. and I); and Philip when he was back on leave in 1937 summer. On the 20th I [[Vol 1, p003](#)] had a short interview with Linlithgow at 12.30, during which he was very pleasant indeed; and Lewa and I motored down to Kalka, by road, on the evening of the 21st and took the midnight train for Calcutta. Sir Aubrey, and Saridge, (his assistants in the External Affairs department), were both as helpful as they could be, not only in promising to do what they could to help with leave for Tibet next year, but – in the case of Sir A – by getting me to put in for £300 from the Government on account of services rendered in 1935 and '36. Whether it will come off or not, I don't know, but it will be simply grand if it does, especially as we will need more money on this trip, owing to scandalous mis-judgement on my part. Winsome and Tony met us at Howrah on the morning of May 23rd, and we went straight back to 10 Alipore Road, where a bath and breakfast made me feel more or less human after another infernally hot journey. Lewa went back to Darjeeling that night, to buy one or two things and to bring down the other servants in due course; and we settled down in Calcutta [[Vol 1, p004](#)] until the morning of the 31st. There were a good many things to buy, such as ration bags and ground sheets, and I still had a lot of work to do on 'Salween', which I had hoped to have finished on the way out to Bombay. Dr J. Van Manen was just the same as ever, with huge paunch and flowing beard, and he was the greatest help to me in getting sixteen or eighteen end pieces made for the chapters, by a Tibetan artist. Little Tibetan line drawings of various subjects. I had dinner with the Sinclairs one night, and we were given a superb time by H.D. and Winsome from first to last. The

servants arrived on May 30th, seven of them and all hand-picked by Lewa. Besides him and Nyima Töndrup, they are as follows: (3) Chetuk Lepcha, the cook, small, nice-looking, clean and very solemn. I haven't seen him smile yet, but I like him. (4) Lhanga Sherpa, who looks a pure Tibetan, and is, in fact, half Tibetan and half Sherpa. He is also a good-looking lad, and the only one of the lot who wears a pig-tail, wound round his head in the usual Tibetan [[Vol 1, p005](#)] style. He is said to be able to read and write Tibetan well, and even the honorific language, but I have not tried him out. (5) Lhakpa Sherpa, small, wiry and cheerful. (6) Kyipa Sherpa, short, broad, bovine, ugly; but a really delightful soul who is always hard at work, and who has a most attractive grin. The seventh, Pasang Sherpa, went to hospital here with syphilis, so I have discharged him and sent him back to Darjeeling.

Rather to our surprise, the crossing from Calcutta to Rangoon was quite calm (the boat, called the 'Ekma', was terribly hot and stuffy), and I finished 'Salween' on board. We reached Rangoon on June 3rd, and put up in the Railway Rest Rooms at Rs 8/- per day each. We had not been there long when W.M. Mitchell, the manager of de Souza's and a most amusing Scot, came round to say that Burroughs Wellcome had let him know that we were coming, and he would be only too glad if we would use the firm's car and chauffeur as our own for as long as were in place. That was only the first of his many kindnesses, for he went out of his way to [[Vol 1, p006](#)] see that we had a good time and that everything was made easy for us. A.H. Seymour, the Secretary of Defence Department; A.J.M. Lander, the Additional Secretary to the Defence Department; and F.S.V. Donnison, the Secretary to the Financial Commissioner, were all extremely kind, and we had drinks with the first and breakfast with each of the other two. A. McCracken, the Secretary to the Home

Department, was also very helpful, and the Government of Burma allowed everything in duty free, with the exception of food. We bought clothes for the servants in Rangoon, and, as soon as we knew that all the baggage had been unloaded from the 'Staffordshire', we left for Myitkyina. That was on the night of June 7th, and Mitchell came to see us off. We reached Mandalay about half past eight on the morning of the 8th, and moved into the Railway Rest Rooms for one night as we had to go up to Maymyo to see Major V.G.J. Barton who wanted to tell me of a few things he needed information about north of Fort Hertz.

We took a taxi for the forty odd miles up to Maymyo, leaving after lunch and taking about an hour and [Vol 1, p007] a half over the journey. Both Barton and Mrs Barton were very nice, and Maymyo itself is a lovely spot, about four thousand feet up, with masses of trees and pleasantly cool. We changed in the club, had dinner with the Bartons, and got back to Mandalay at 1.30 a.m., in a torrent of rain. The taxi cost Rs 16/- which I do not think was excessive. We left by train at 6.40 a.m. on June 9th and reached Myitkyina at about 5.30 a.m. on the 10th. I was assailed by a slight attack of bacillary dysentery on the way, and went into the Civil Hospital that night, staying there till the 13th morning. The European Ward is one small room and a bathroom, and patients have to make their own feeding arrangements. Capt. J.G. Stonham, I.M.S. looked after me, and I soon felt fit again. We started repacking the baggage as soon as I got out and had it done after two hectic days of manual labour. We needed 65 mules, which U Anng Gyaw, the Deputy Commissioner, had very kindly engaged for us from Wang Chao Fu, the contractor, at a rate of Rs 25/- per mule per month, the return trip having also to be paid for. That is a good [Vol 1, p008] deal more than I paid Fan Li San in 1935, but it is now the wet season, and it

is quite possible that some of the mules may die either from sarra or by tiger and panther. The baggage, and all the servants except N.T., went off yesterday morning, and we are catching them up tomorrow at Weshi by car. That is as far as cars can go at present. As ever, everybody in Myitkyina is kindness itself. We have had dinner with U Anng Gyaw and his wife; with Major Jones, the Commandant Western Battalion; and with Major and Mrs D.V. Bryceson of the Eastern. And we have had tea with Mr & Mrs R. Dudrow, he being the American Baptist Missionary at the Chingpaw Mission here and a very good chap. Major Jones had carefully preserved my .375 since it was deposited by Capt. A.J. Power in 1935, and he sent it back a couple of days ago in first class condition, for which may he be rewarded. Capt. Durrant is following us to Fort Hertz (also from Weshi) on Tuesday the 21st, to relieve Parkes, the present A.C., who is on his way down with fever. The A.S. is de Geantille (I think that's how he spells his name). [Vol 1, p009] Myitkyina never seems to change at all. There are the same two taxis, the same numbers of box-like horse-drawn vehicles in a fearful state of disrepair, and the same numbers of mangy dogs in the bazaar. It only differs from what it was like when I was last here in the fact that it is hot and very sticky at present, with the sky almost permanently covered with thick clouds, so that it is rare even to glimpse the sun; and, except for the last two days, we have had heavy rain for several hours a day since we arrived. The Irrawaddy is in flood, sweeping down, brown, turbid, but silent, and carrying with it a few trees or bushes, and occasionally the corpse of a buffalo or other animal. The humidity is terrific, and even sitting down, one sweats in streams from ten or eleven o'clock till the late afternoon. Plenty of mosquitoes, and swarms of small black beetles at night (at least in the Circuit House) flying round the lights and covering the

dressing table. It is a great thought that we will be on our way tomorrow, and even though it is going to be very uncomfortable, until the end of the rains, I am looking forward to it all.

[[Vol 1, p010](#)]

Weshi. Saturday, June 18th 1938

A fine day without a drop of rain, pretty hot and sticky, although I don't think the temperature can have risen to more than about 90°F in the shade. In the morning we went down to the Post Office to pay Cook's bill; to the hospital, to say goodbye to Dr Yarde, the Assistant Civil Surgeon, a very nice Anglo-Burman; to Singh's to buy a pot of white enamel for gun sights; to the Brycesons, to say farewell there; and to the club for a few minutes before lunch, where we had a last drink with Stonham. The D.C. and his wife were away on tour, and Major Jones had gone to shoot an elephant, so they were off our list. Then lunch at the Circuit House, and at 1.40 we bundled into an ancient, clattering Austin, with a crew of two, Nyima Töndrup and our bedding, and headed for Weshi. Every time I do this stretch, I am more pleased to have decided to cover the 33 miles by car, for it is an uninteresting bit on the whole, very flat and with little to see apart from the jungle on each side (from Alam on and two or three stretches of the Mali [[Vol 1, p011](#)] Hka towards the end. The only excitement was that a jungle cock rose in front of the car just this side of Chinkhkrang and flew off into the trees. Durrant is on his way to Fort Hertz also, to relieve Parkes who is coming down with fever, and we passed his baggage at Alam. He himself is not starting till Monday, and is catching the mules up here. The bungalow here is not as good as those further up the road, but it is not at all bad, with two bedrooms and bathrooms and a living room, some fifty feet above the right

bank of the Mali Hka. The servants are in a small hut just outside, and the fourteen muleteers in a rather larger one a little way off. After getting in, I cleaned the .256 and then went up the road for about three miles to see what I could see. It wasn't much, for all I scored was a jungle cock and two hens, and a brace of green pigeon. I hadn't a gun, and if I had had, I wouldn't have got a shot. Tony went for a short stroll down the road, and saw nothing. I wanted to do some fishing, but the river is so high that sunken bushes stretch out further than one can cast, and [[Vol 1, p012](#)] it would be merely a case of losing spoons. Tonight we have been visited by large numbers of beetles, grasshoppers and flying ants; a few cockroaches, moths and sand flies; and one praying mantis. It is good to be on the move.

N Sopzup. Sunday, June 19th 1938

A fine day until 11 a.m., hot, sticky and with hardly a breath of wind. At 11 a.m. a strong SW wind arose, force 5, and, after a quarter of an hour, a very heavy rainstorm began, lasting until midday. From then till 3.30 p.m., although rain continued to fall, it was only moderately heavy. The wind died down at 11.15 a.m., and after 3.30 p.m. the afternoon was fine though heavily overcast with nimbus.

We got up at 5.30 a.m. in good, old-fashioned style; had breakfast at 6, and were away by ten minutes to seven, to the howling of distant gibbons. Sand flies had been bad during the night, although I personally had not been afflicted, and before the start of the march the muleteers had to build a number of smudges to save the mules from torment. Up till about seven thirty the river was hidden in a thick layer of mist, but, as the day grew hotter, this [[Vol 1, p013](#)] cleared away and evaporated completely. It was a really hot march of nine miles over a gently undulating path, close to the right bank of the Mali Hka. We were thankful it was not longer, for

neither of us are yet in training, and we were both glad to get in, sink into comfortable chairs, and drink pints of water – warm, but not so warm as we. For the whole way, both sides of the valley are covered with thick jungle, but near the path most of it has been cleared and is now covered with nothing worse than long, coarse grass and some bushes. The bungalow itself is almost identical with that at Weshi, but in rather better condition and with a covered way between us and the kitchen. We are about fifty feet above the river, with a grand view down, and not a bad one up; and steep, forest-covered hills all round. After about four miles I sat down on a convenient rock and took a photo upstream, but I think it was the rest rather than the picture which attracted me. All things considered, I think we did well to get here after two and three quarter hours (T) with Tony only five minutes behind. As regards Natural [[Vol 1, p014](#)] History, it was a disappointing day. I saw a vulture, which flapped over the path near Weshi, with a heavy sighing of wings; several dung beetles, earnestly rolling their balls of manure; a few assorted lizards and butterflies and birds; and this evening we heard an elephant trumpeting in the forest west of the bungalow. I had a slack day, cleaning the .256 and .375, and the .410; reading a lot, and writing a letter to Frid. Dinner at 6.30, preceded by a short walk and a bath. By the way, I was able literally to wring sweat out of my shirt when I got in, as though it had been dipped in water, so I spent the rest of the day stripped to the waist to give it a chance to dry.

Tiangzup. Monday, June 20th 1938

A baking hot day with plenty of sun and no more rain than a slight shower between 11.30 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. A staggeringly hot march, too, of thirteen miles, all the way along the bank of the Mali Hka, with jungle immediately above and below

the path. It was a very flat march, but, like yesterday, most of the path was very muddy, and, unfit as we are, both Tony and I were exhausted by the time we [Vol 1, p015] got in. We left N Sopzup at 6.30 a.m. and arrived here at 10.45, after having rested for a quarter of an hour at the 4-mile and 8-mile post. A really deadly march, and the last three miles or so were ghastly. It was an effort to get our legs to move at all, let alone to keep up a reasonable speed; and the only things which saved my life were 3 pints of water here in the bungalow, and a cold bath – which almost sizzled when I got into it. I only hope it doesn't take us long to get fit, or every day is going to be hell. All the same it was an amusing march too. I saw a couple of jungle fowl, a couple of black-faced langues, and, on turning a corner of the path, I walked into a fine panther at about twenty yards – a big fellow, very dark brown in colour. I snatched my rifle as it cantered easily away, but found, to my misery, that I had brought the .375 (which was unloaded) and not the .256 (of which the magazine is full). So it got away and we saw it no more. Otherwise beetles, butterflies, lizards and frogs, but nothing else of excitement. This is the best bungalow we have had so far, with big bedrooms. It stands [Vol 1, p016] about 80 feet above the river, and immediately south of the Triangzup bridge, a permanent affair of steel cables, metal towers, and concrete anchors. This afternoon, about 2.30, I went down in shorts alone (my shirt being too filthily wet) to the other side of the bridge, to take a couple of photos of the bungalow. They would have been good, I think, but the film has wound up crooked, so I should think light will have got in. I only hope it was my fault and not that of the camera.

Supkaga. Tuesday, June 21st 1938

The morning was very cloudy (thick stratus) and indeed, up till about 7.30 a.m., the valley was filled with mist. As a result it was much cooler on the march than it has been up to date, and I enjoyed the nine miles from Tiangzup – rather to my surprise. Enjoyed it more than Tony, I think, because I was here without hurrying a good twenty minutes ahead of him. After about a mile the path left the Mali Hka and climbed easily (all the way through jungle) along the sides of several ridges. It was fun having the steep drop below the path, because we looked out more often [[Vol 1, p017](#)] than not on to the tops of the trees; and once or twice we could see miles over the forest. Not so wonderful really, I suppose, but after even a short while in jungle, anything like a view seems almost miraculous. Nothing at all of note on the march. The only things I saw were (a) a small crab paddling in a rut on the path, so far from any stream that it seems as if, in the rains at least, they must make lengthy journeys through the forest, and (b) a quantity of tree-frog spawn on the path. We have not yet begun collecting, however, owing to the difficulty of constantly opening boxes on the road, so the crab and the spawn were allowed to dree their weird. This bungalow is on the top of a small ridge, with nothing much to see but other jungle-covered ridges all round, but it's comfortable, like all the abodes on this road. I felt energetic about midday, and wandered off into the jungle with the .256, hoping for the best. It was damn silly of me to go at that time, because it was a very hot afternoon, and all the animals, being sensible creatures, were lying up until the evening. I was out till nearly 5.30 p.m., and saw nothing larger than a [[Vol 1, p018](#)] pair of squirrels, or more dangerous than some ferocious looking ants. It was quite an amusing time, though, and more especially as I got slightly adrift on my way back and had to

retrace my steps twice or three times before I found the right path. David, the Kachin interpreter, now keeps me company on the march, carrying my rifle and camera etc., and making valiant efforts to keep up. He seems to be quite a good little chap, and so far I am glad we took him on.

Kadrangyang. Wednesday, June 22nd 1938

More rain than fine today, for it was coming down in buckets at 5.30, when we woke, and until 6 o'clock. It started again at 6.30 and went on till 7; then from 8.45 till about 12.30; and from 3 p.m. till 5.30 or thereabouts. In other words, we had plenty of rain on the twelve-mile march, but that was pleasant rather than the reverse, for it kept us cool and cooled the air. Another flat march along the sides of ridges, through thick jungle with a lot of bamboo and banana trees, and with fine views of tree-tops like yesterday. David and I were a long way the last [[Vol 1, p019](#)] to start, and we had a further delay when we went back (in rain) to see if we could find the ferrule plug of the .410, which had dropped off somewhere. But then we made intelligent use of short-cuts. The first brought us to fifty yards behind Lewa & co., who were otherwise at the tail of the procession; the second took us just in front of the leading mules, where we picked up Chetuk and Kyipa, on their way to have tea ready for us at Kadrangyang; and the third must have gained us a good mile and a half, though we picked up a few leeches on it. Shortly after that we passed another tempting path into the jungle, but this we abhorred, as it is only a short-cut if the march is being doubled, joining the main path about two miles beyond this bungalow. However, the attraction proved too much for Tony, Nyima Töndrup, Lhanga and Lewa, who all started along it. The two last named early decided that it was a false trail, and burst through the forest back to the road; but Tony and N.T. not only persevered but lost

the path and had a sweaty time reaching the mule-track, and even then started along it the [Vol 1, p020] wrong way! They got in at last about an hour behind the last mule, but in excellent spirits, all things considered. The only other excitement of the day was that Kyipa was stung in the finger by a small scorpion which had travelled under the ground sheet on a load. He rushed in to me, pale and quivering, almost incoherent with fright, to say that he had been bitten by a snake; and Lewa was only just in time with the corpse and the real story to save me from cutting into his finger and making a mess of him. A scorpion of that size is painful but not dangerous, so I merely told him to take a day off, and by the evening he was complaining of nothing but stomach ache. The bungalow here is on top of one of the highest ridges in the neighbourhood, so that it feels very open and airy. After this afternoon's rain it was quite incredible to hear the frogs in the valley. Thousands upon thousands of croaking voices echoing up from below and merging into a muffled roar of sound, punctuated and broken by the more strident yells of the crickets. Amazing to listen to! Talking of sounds, there were gibbons on the march today [Vol 1, p021] as usual, although we saw none. There were fresh tracks of barking deer along the path for two miles, and I found a dead snake – Natrix of some sort.

Kawapang. Thursday, June 23rd 1938

Today has been very heavily overcast, but, apart from a very heavy shower this afternoon there has been practically no rain. Herrings and the remains of the pulao rice for breakfast; roast chicken, potatoes, and those fungi that grow on trees look like small, white "Hands of Fatima" for dinner. We have finished ½ lb of tea since Myitkyina, but it doesn't really matter. We can always buy more from Fort Hertz (or Rangoon) if we run out, or rather when. A flattish march today of about 8½ miles

(all except for the last three hundred yards up to this bungalow, and they are steep), the path running mainly through jungle and along the sides of ridges, as on the last two or three days, although this time we passed several small villages and a good deal of cleared ground. I really am happy now, being on the move in grand country like this, and at present the only fly in the ointment is Tony. He rather gets on my nerves, partly because his [Vol 1, p022] mind is as fat as his body, and he never has anything to say except 'yes' or 'no'; partly because he has a dreadful habit of breaking wind in the house; and partly because he doesn't seem to have any guts. *Yea, I weep when I remember thee, O Lion* – in the shape of Comrade Jonathan! However, time will show and he may improve. The odd part is that, considering he says he's done such a lot, he doesn't know a damn thing – not even how to clean a gun, or darn a sock, or what to do in case of snake-bite.

I don't know why I've been speaking scornfully about the views over the jungle. Certainly today they were magnificent all along, and best of all from this bungalow, which I think has the finest position of any between Myitkyina and Fort Hertz. A solid mass of trees, broken only by occasional narrow, twisting cliffs (where the streams are flowing), and stretching away, ridge after ridge – a mottled, rumpled carpet of various greens – it's wonderful to look at; and a solitary wisp of smoke rising out of the forest somehow gives one an inkling of the amazing courage of primitive man who backed (and backs) himself against the [Vol 1, p023] whole teeming force of nature in her very stronghold – the jungle. We all take life too easily, I'm afraid. Tony and I, now, with our two good meals a day – we know they'll be ready for us when we want them, just as if we were in a hotel in London. It's merely a matter of paying out money some time before and laying in stocks. And though our

breakfast isn't very big, and after ten or twelve miles and 12½ hours' wait we really enjoy our dinner, think how much more we'd enjoy it if we had to get hold of it ourselves and were not at all sure that it would be forthcoming!

Ever since Weshi the ground has been thick, red, heavy clay, and very tiring to walk over after rain. Kyipa is quite fit again today, after his adventure with the scorpion. I reviewed "*In Search of the Mahatmas of Tibet*" this afternoon, which is one thing off my mind. There were many civet tracks on the path today, but apart from crabs, lizards, butterflies and beetles, etc., the only thing of interest was that I heard two jungle cocks crowing at each other about half way.

Tingpai. Friday, June 24th 1938

Not unduly hot today, as it was heavily overcast [[Vol 1, p024](#)] all the time, and we never saw the sun. Heavy rain from 8 a.m. till 10.30, and a lighter shower from 5.30 p.m. till 6.15. Breakfast of onion omelette, and a couple of chapatis and jam; dinner of chicken soup and chicken goulash, with chapatis and coffee.

A march, by the cart-track, of ten miles over an undulating path running mainly through jungle and along the sides of ridges, with more gloriously sweeping views over the forest. David and I took several short-cuts successfully, and then tried a more ambitious one from about the 4½ mile point, just at the time the rain began to come down in real earnest. We started some fifty yards ahead of Tony, who was faithfully keeping to the main road, and the success of our path as a short-cut can be gauged from the fact that we arrived here rather more than an hour behind him! For three hours we careered through the jungle, soaked to the skin, staggering up and down steep, slippery paths, wading streams, and continually picking off leeches – though we were not bitten more than half a dozen times each, we must have

removed a good fifty apiece, which is not bad for a first baptism. All the same I [[Vol 1, p025](#)] thoroughly enjoyed it, and that in itself pleased me as showing that I'm beginning to get fit. We passed through two Kachin villages, with their sacrificial crosses (to which buffaloes are tied for the slaughter on great occasions) and the little bamboo platforms raised ten or twelve feet high on poles, for offerings to the Nats. The houses are the same as those in the Nam Tamai, on cow piles, fifteen or twenty yards long for the most part, the walls built of plaited bamboo, and thatched with the leaves of a kind of palm. Pigs, chickens, dogs and buffaloes seemed to be the only livestock. I didn't see any goats. We also passed three graves by the side of the path, one fairly old, the body having been buried (or the bones, rather); the other two not so old, and each consisting of a coffin of wood, with the two ends carved in conventional whorls and painted in red and white – the general shape was like that of a dug-out canoe – wrapped in an old blanket, and supported each on a little platform its own size, about four feet off the ground, and covered with a thatched roof. The bodies are first burnt, and then the bones are preserved in [[Vol 1, p026](#)] these coffins for any time from about six months to three years, according to what is fixed by the Nat Prophet for each individual case. At the end of that time, I imagine with some little ceremony, the bones are buried, and the place marked with a more or less elaborate erection of bamboos.

No wildlife whatever on the march of any interest. This is the first thatched bungalow we have met with so far, all the others having been roofed with that hideous corrugated iron, painted the usual Government red. A marvellous view to the west from here, but unfortunately no light to take a photo, and tomorrow will be away too early. Incidentally, we left today at about 6.45 a.m., and I personally was not in

until past 11. Even then I was ahead of the mules, for five were missing this morning, and the baggage could not start until they were finally rounded up from a couple of miles down the road. An extraordinary thing is the shortage of flies we've been experiencing. There are seldom more than about a dozen in the room at once, but here at least their lack has been more than balanced by myriads of ants, especially on the table and the [Vol 1, p027] seat of the latrine – the latter a particularly awkward place.

Mitawng. Jakarta. Saturday, June 25th 1938

A fine day though heavily overcast until about 5.30 p.m. when it began to rain, more or less hard. It is still raining (the time being now 8 p.m.) and sounds as if it might go on all night. It is now the fourth day since we have seen the sun, and photography is difficult. Breakfast of fried eggs (2 each) and chips, chapatis and jam; dinner of chicken curry, preceded by chicken soup, and followed by coffee. I think it's a good idea on the whole to record what we have to eat, because if it does nothing else it will serve as an accurate guide as to what things can be obtained locally and to what extent we have to rely on stores. There is not much milk on this road, and vegetables are very scarce at this time of year. Indeed, except for potatoes and those fungi (both of which we could buy at Kawapang) they have been unobtainable. At we were able to buy in Kawapang also.

A march of 12 miles, gently undulating as usual (the road is beautifully graded) and [Vol 1, p028] all the way through jungle. Most of the way also was along the sides of ridges as before, and for almost the entire distance the path was muddy and slippery. Not many short-cuts today, but on one of them I saw my first live snake of this trip – a Natrix of sorts, and probably Himalayana, but it was moving too

quickly to say for certain, and the long grass made matters still more difficult. About three feet long. Otherwise I saw only one small dark-grey squirrel with a very fluffy tail, a couple of large, red-brown, heavily armoured beetles with immense proboscis, in coitus on a bush (I collected them, but let them go when I reached the bungalow), and the tracks of a barking deer. I heard one barking in the forest too, for about fifteen or twenty minutes, and of course gibbons were yelling as usual in the early morning from about 6 a.m.

Tony seems to have strained his knee somehow, and complains that it almost seized up on today's march, besides being painful. I hope it's not anything serious, but even if it is I am certain that the best thing for that kind of complaint is plenty of work. I am [[Vol 1, p029](#)] sure it was the constant walking on it which cured my tendon achilles when I pulled it on this road in 1935, even though it was damn painful taking the cure.

Daria came in this afternoon full of gloomy stories about the road being blocked between here and Wasathka, and telling me that if we took two days over it we could yet reach the place by making a detour through the jungle. However, having met a couple of bullock carts this morning on their way from Sumprabum I had no hesitation in refuting the story and saying firmly that we would go straight through. I have not been sufficiently interested to find out whether it was an attempt on the part of the muleteers to earn an extra day's pay, or whether it was an effort on David's part to curry favour by earnestly looking after our interests. Probably the latter, I think.

I averaged 4 m.p.h. for the first six miles today, which was pretty fair going considering the state of the path. Tony tried to open old No. 1 this afternoon and,

typically, jammed the wrong key in the lock. It took me twenty minutes to get it out again.

I reviewed '*A Roving Commission*' by Henry Newman.

[[Vol 1, p30](#)]

Wasat Hka. Sunday, June 26th 1938

A fine day, though very cloudy, and pretty warm marching. We did not have a drop of rain, and we actually saw the sun faintly between 8.30 a.m. and 9 o'clock. Breakfast of hard boiled eggs in white sauce, and mashed potatoes, chapatis and jam; dinner of chicken soup with liver, roast chicken, roast potatoes and spinach, chapatis and coffee. And this afternoon Chetuk got hold of some excellent corn cobs, which we had grilled for lunch.

We doubled the march today, coming right through the 15 miles to Wasat Hka instead of making two short stages of 7½ miles each and stopping at Senang Hka on the way. The path runs mostly through jungle, and along the sides of ridges fairly high up; but there was a good deal of cleared land close by today, under mountain rice and maize, and as much or more which had been cleared but had been allowed to become overgrown with banana trees. Tony's knee held out all night, but he had to keep it permanently bent or it gave him hell. Still, it means that it's getting better, and that's [[Vol 1, p031](#)] a grand thing. We left at 7 a.m. and did not arrive here till 11.30; but that was not bad really, because the path was very muddy for almost the whole distance, and it was tiring to go at all fast. About four miles after passing Senang Hka, we (that is myself, Chetuk, Lhanga, Lhakpa and Kyipa and David) took to a short-cut which brought us into the cart-track again not more than 200 yards from the bungalow, and cut off perhaps 2 miles. There were three excitements along

this path, for (1) we heard a barking deer so close that if he had gone on barking a little longer I would have tried to stalk him: (2) we came on the tracks of a tigress and a half-grown cub, male, I should think, early this morning, and followed them for half a mile until they forsook the path about 3 miles from here: and (3) I captured a fine tortoise in the jungle, and have brought him along to keep me company. This is a good little bungalow, on the top of a hill as usual, and we are stopping here tomorrow to rest the mules. It appears that the first bridge on the Machege road has been swept away, so that it looks as if we will [Vol 1, p032] have to go via Sumprabum after all.

I spent the whole afternoon sewing a pair of chaplis, of which the stitching had burst, and shortening the shaps which had stretched. I have another pair to do tomorrow. The leather-sewing awl is a boon.

We have had sand flies every night and morning so far, and a few horseflies of both kinds by day; but only one blister fly, which is quite amazing. Sitting round the camps at night, however, we are tormented by beetles, crickets, white ants, moths, flying ants, cockroaches, and God knows what – including, of course, sand flies; but tonight is the record, I think, first with a swarm of white ants littering the table, our books and us with shed wings, and steadily copulating the moment their wings have gone; and then with hundreds of yellow beetles, rushing madly round in the light. In fact they are such a trial that I am off to bed.

Wasat Hka. Monday, June 27th 1938

It poured with rain all night and until noon today, but the afternoon was fine, and, from about 2.30 p.m. to 5.30, there was even some sun, and [Vol 1, p033] a few patches of blue sky. At 7 p.m. it began to rain again, and it will probably go on all

night. Breakfast of scrambled eggs surrounded by a wall of mashed potatoes, chapatis, jam, and of course tea; more maize in the afternoon; and dinner of spiced goat stew, preceded by goat soup, accompanied by chapatis, and followed by coffee. It was a very small goat, and we bought it today for Rs 1/8 from the darwan. Enough on it for perhaps two meals.

The rest here was rather fun, although one day of it has been enough. This morning I repaired another pair of chaplis, and then tried to classify the tortoise. There was nothing applicable in Boulanger, but from Pope it looks as though it may be *Testudo impressa*. I say 'may' because impressa ought, I think, to have an entoplastron, and our beast has not. Furthermore it's a little bit light in colouring, and so it will have to be collected, if I can only keep it alive till I open the boxes. I've tried it with grass and leaves, but it shows no sign of wanting to eat them, so I suppose the next thing ought to be earthworms on the lines of a terrapin. I went down the Machega road [[Vol 1, p034](#)] this afternoon, but only for about five hundred yards, as the bridge has been destroyed in very truth, at a place where a moderate stream runs through a short rocky gorge. There must have been a sudden terrific flood, enough to raise the water level about ten feet or more, and now all that remains of the structure is one upright on the far side. There is no place for the mules to ford either, so Sumprabum it is tomorrow. If I remember right the Dak bungalow is fairly squalid there, but it can't be helped. Having inspected the bridge I then turned up the cart-track for about 1¼ miles to get some exercise, and then came in. I was met on the road by a couple of Gurkha M.P.s who presented me with a letter from someone in Sumprabum under the impression that I was Durrant, who is two days behind us. They said that Parkes had reached Machega today, travelling on a stretcher; and

that old Nihal Chaud had come into Sumprabum this morning to make arrangements for him. I hope we see him tomorrow.

À propos the tortoise, Kyipa tells me that it is a Sherpa belief that such animals are natural separators, and that if you offer one a saucer [[Vol 1, p035](#)] of milk diluted with water, it will skilfully extract the milk, and leave pure water behind. The Sherpa name for tortoise, by the way, is Rúpan.

We are perched up on high again in this bungalow, and, with a good view to the south, there is something really awe-inspiring about the monsoon clouds, just brushing the tops of the hills as they sweep slowly, relentlessly away, never ending. And the lower edges of the clouds are held back by the hills they touch, and this more than ever gives the impression of countless gigantic figures moving steadily in ranks, with a purposeful forward stoop.

Sumprabum. Tuesday, June 28th 1938

A dull day with practically no sun, and intermittent showers in the morning. From sunset till 8 p.m. the sky was nearly clear, however, and the stars magnificent, but after that clouds rolled up again and there was more rain. Breakfast of goat's liver and kidneys, surmounted by a fried egg apiece, and surrounded by a wall of mashed potato; chapatis and jam; tea. Dinner we had with Major Stubbs here.

By the cart-road, from Wasat Hka to Sumprabum [[Vol 1, p036](#)] is 13¼ of the most boring miles in Burma, but there is an excellent short-cut which probably cuts off 3-4 miles, and which runs through the jungle, dropping steeply into two valleys and climbing, equally steeply over two ridges. Needless to say, David and I took that, while Tony continued his anti-short-cut policy (to which he has firmly held since Kadrangyang) and plodded around the long way. Actually David and I went wrong

towards the finish, and having reached the top of a ridge two miles south of Sumprabum shortly after 9 a.m., we dropped down by what seemed the shortest route, passed through a large field planted with rice, yams, brinjals and chillies, and eventually found ourselves in impenetrable jungle. That is to say, at the end of a quarter of an hour's serious work we had progressed about 40 yards. That disheartened us, and we climbed wearily up to the top again and were still there at half past ten. After that it was plain sailing, though, and we romped into Sumprabum by the Machega road (only moderately muddy) and came straight round to pay our respects to J.L. Leyden, the Assistant Superintendent, who is in charge not only of the Sumprabum district but of the Triangle as well. [[Vol 1, p037](#)] Both he and Mrs Leyden were in – they are perfectly delightful – and after I had had a bath he insisted on fitting me out with dry clothes, and then that Tony and I should stay with him until the 30th morning. So that is what we are going to do, and more especially because it will give the servants a change, having a day of no work and being able to talk to the Gurkhas of the Military Police. Leyden filled us both up with beer (it tasted like water even after so short a time) and I revelled in the luxury of cigarettes again. We had been invited to dine with Major Stubbs, the Assistant Commandant, and we did in fact dine at his house; but as both he and Parkes (who arrived in from Fort Hertz the day before) were in bed and not feeling too fit – Parkes having got malaria on top of stone in the kidney – it was the same family party as we would have had here. We left early and then sat talking till 11.45 in front of a log fire.

As regards the march, I saw eight jungle fowl in a bunch not ten yards from me, and a little further on I noticed a jungle fowl's egg lying on the path. It must obviously have rolled from a nest, so I looked about and after a minute or two I

spotted it, a bare six feet from the path, with the hen still sitting, as [[Vol 1, p038](#)] motionless as the dead. We watched her for two or three minutes, and she never blinked an eye; and her colouring blended so well with the background, we would never have seen her if it had not been for the egg. I saw a very large, dark brown squirrel as well, and Tony made the first snake capture, in the shape of a *Typhlops diardii*, 346 mm, tail 6 mm. I got some spirit from the hospital and am pickling it in a bottle until we open the tanks.

We also watched some football (squad competitions) in the evening; and we are sleeping in the same room here. There were a large number of green parakeets on the way, with a whistling cry, quite unlike the harsh squawking of those in Tibet.

Sumprabum. Wednesday, June 29th 1938

Not a drop of rain until 10.30 p.m., and there were even intervals of sun. Altogether a magnificent day.

I started the day by opening the *Typhlops* and gutting it, finding that it was a gravid female with six eggs in the ovaries, measuring 13 mm x 5 mm. Then into 50% spirit, and I'll leave it in that for a day or so before popping it into the 75%. After that I played tops with young Peter (aged 7), being soundly defeated; and then we went down with Leyden to visit the school run by the American [[Vol 1, p039](#)] Baptist Mission. It was started from nil by Sara Maran Robbin, who had already retired on pension after 30 years of Government service, and now the place is an eye-opener. There are boarders and day pupils, boys and girls of from twenty odd down to five or six, grouped in class entirely owing to their capabilities, and with no false pride about them. That is to say, a man of twenty five does not in the least object to being put into the lowest grade with small children when he first joins, and nobody thinks any

the less of him for being there. In a country where 99% are illiterate it would be difficult to behave in any other way, of course. We went in, sat down in front of them all, and then they sang three songs written and composed by themselves. (I don't mean that three is all they have made up; but that was all we heard.) It is amazing to think that the Kachins in their own villages have no music whatever, and that these people had been taught about it from scratch when they came to the school; for not only the melodies, but the harmony was lovely, and there is no doubt about them having natural ears for music. The tunes were really simple and quite beautiful – not unlike [Vol 1, p040] some of the Mari music in form. Incidentally, the whole place, including the chapel, has been built (except for the carpentry which they haven't yet learnt) by the pupils themselves, and the keenness and happiness of these people is wonderful. They work in school from 9 till 12 and from 1 till 4; and on top of that they grow all their own food; prepare and cork all their own food; have to make their own fields out of origin jungle; and are at present engaged in terracing the hillside to improve cultivation – the first time it's been done in this part of the world. It means hard labour from morning till night, with no spare time at all, and yet there isn't a soul in the place who slacks in the very slightest degree, and they have a grand pride in what they've done. There are fruit trees too, and mulberries for silk worms – and nothing would have been done at all except for the enthusiasm and drive of old Sara Maran Robbin, now over 60 – a grand old Kachin with a wispy beard. Better almost than anything (because the reading, writing, etc. is of direct value only to about 1% in the long run) is the fact that they are taught to be scrupulously clean (whereas naturally they're just the reverse) and that they carry these ideas [Vol 1, p041] of cleanliness back to their villages when they leave. And soon there will be efficient

carpenters and blacksmiths among them, for they are even now building a new house to act as a workshop. The school has been a wonderful thing for the Kachins up here; – they come in from 4 and 5 days away – the Government gives so small a grant that every year Robbin has to lay out the whole of his pension in buying seed rice so that there will be enough food later; and yet he was given a Coronation Medal as a reward (a damned insult, I think) when George VI came to the throne.

A Burmese breakfast at 11 a.m. and in the afternoon we (that is the Leydens, Peter and us) went for a walk to the signal station on top of the hill, 500 feet above the port. We had an amusing time coming down, because we climbed and slithered down a fresh landslip and down the source stream of the Wasathka, getting filthy but having the time of our lives. Durrant arrived this morning, and he and Stubbs came over for drinks in the evening.

I have fixed up with Leyden that Tony and I will do the Triangle next open season, doing a Chukku round for four or five weeks in the North [[Vol 1, p042](#)] Triangle with him next December (it will mean coming down the Ninai) and then moving into the south on our own. He's anxious for us to do it, because white men are never seen there unfortunately – the place having a bad reputation – and of course for us it's the chance of a lifetime. If Tibet is off we will spend the whole time there and do it thoroughly; and in any case the whole open season.

Machega. Thursday, June 30th 1938

An amazingly fine day, with one slight shower in the morning, and not another drop of rain until 11 p.m. We had a magnificent Burmese curry (it has a much more elusive flavour than an Indian one) at 11 a.m., and that succeeded in bloating me, at any rate, for the whole of the afternoon.

We sent the baggage off in the morning, and stopped in with the Leydens until 5 p.m. – they are the most delightful people I've met for a very long time – before walking the six miles down to Mache just in time for dinner. Last night we did not realise how late it was, and found that it was 2 a.m. before we were in bed, so I decided to break my rule and sleep till 8 at least. However, it was not to be, for [Vol 1, p043] at six o'clock in came Peter and one of their servants with a flying squirrel they had caught in the house. That woke me up properly and by the time I had stowed it safely in a tin I was wide awake. Actually I shall let it go, because it is difficult at the moment to do any skinning and it will only die if we try and keep it. We are on the mule-track now, as opposed to the cart-road, and, owing to the two dry days we have had, the surface was very good today.

There is going to be famine in the Kachin Hill Track next year on account of the amazing amount of rain that has fallen. They have a ten-year cycle of cultivation here, which means clearing the new fields of a ten years' accumulation of jungle each year. The undergrowth is first fired; then the larger trees are cut down and carried away; and the ground is fired a second time to remove the last debris. This year they have not been able to fire the fields, and it is now past the time for planting Paddy. The only district which is going to be unaffected up here is that round Putao, where it is plains cultivation (in which [Vol 1, p044] jungle burning is not necessary) as opposed to the hill cultivation everywhere else. Fortunately Putao produces a tremendous amount of rice. An old Kachin soothsayer told Leyden several months before the beginning of the monsoon that this was going to be a very bad year and that the rain would begin early. That is remarkable enough, but the Kachins themselves swear that he has been prophesying about this year since 1935!

Sara Maran Robbin, of the school, sent us a huge papaya. We said goodbye to Major Stubbs, Durrant, and poor Parkes (who is still down with fever); and the Leydens saw us on our way for more than a mile. It is good to think that we will be seeing them again for Christmas.

This business of being forced up to Sumprabum has been absolutely providential. Meeting the Leydens, and fixing up about the Triangle are two of the best things that could possibly have happened.

A few green parakeets on the road.

Hpungin Hka. Friday, July 1st 1938

There was a fair amount of rain last night, which continued as a heavy drizzle until 9.30 a.m., but [[Vol 1, p045](#)] after that the day was fine, pretty hot, and with sun shining through light stratus clouds most of the time. Breakfast of minced chicken and mashed potato, bread (from the Leydens), jam and tea: dinner of chicken and potato soup, chicken pudding (à la steak and K.P.), toast and coffee – also a few French beans bought at Mache. A march of 11 miles through jungle, the path as usual running above the sides of ridges, and a good deal more up and down than we had been having up to Sumprabum. Not being a cart-track, of course, there is no need for the very careful grading of the other stretch. All the same the surface was good – a great deal better than the bigger road – and there was very little mud. Owing to landslides one or two bits were pretty narrow, but good enough for mules. We left Macheaga at 7 a.m. and got in here at 10.45, having seen nothing on the way but a large black and white hornbill flapping into a tree, and a young buffalo cow which regarded us (and especially me, being in the lead) with the darkest suspicion. It had been coming towards us, but stopped when we came into sight, held its

ground till we were within five yards, and then turned [Vol 1, p046] precipitately round and shambled off down the path. There was nowhere for it to turn off (the hillside being as steep above as below) but it waited hopefully round each corner, trusting that we had somehow gone another way. As we appeared, it galumphed dolefully on; and this continued for a mile or more until at last it was able to shuffle into the jungle. When we last saw it, it was perseveringly heading up the path again; but the mules were a mile behind us about, so I imagine it wearily went through the same business all over again!

Arrived at this little bungalow (from Wasat on, inclusive, they have all been thatched). I busied myself in finishing the film that was in the camera using the tripod for the first time. When I took it out, however, I found my labour had been wasted, for not only had it rolled up awkwardly, but it was very damp. I looked at the first film, which has been in the rucksack for some time – a silly place, I admit – and that also was ruined, so I start again from scratch with the new one I've just put in. As regards the crooked rolling, I think I've got that taped; and, although this one too may be crooked, [Vol 1, p047] if it is it will be the last. A nuisance losing what I've taken so far, but it can't be helped.

Sand flies were very bad last night at Mache, and our nets were no good at all. I was an ass not to have borrowed sand-fly nets from Stubbs before we left Sumprabum, for when I went to bed there were several hundred inside mine and life was a misery. However, I got out and sprayed the whole net, inside and out, with Bamber Oil, and anointed myself with it liberally, and that was 100% effective. Tony followed suit, but for some obscure reason it didn't work with him and he was bitten

all night. As this bungalow is only 100 yards from, and about 100 feet above the Hpungin Hka – a moderate river – sand flies will probably be as bad tonight.

Otherwise, and apart from camera work, I oiled a gun or two; had the magnificent dao that Leyden gave me sharpened and cleaned; and read a good book called '*Spartacus*' by Leslie Mitchell.

Kyipa has a headache and is probably getting fever; and three of the muleteers are likewise complaining. I have dosed them all and am hoping for the best. The big surra flies are bad here, even at night.

[[Vol 1, p048](#)]

Hpungchang Hka. Saturday, July 2nd 1938

A wet night and a wet day until about 9.30 a.m. when the rain stopped. There was no sign of sun, however, nor anything better than thick stratus cloud over the whole sky. Little or no wind. Breakfast of fried eggs and chips; bread, jam and tea: dinner of chicken goulash (and very good – a fine, meaty fowl), with chicken soup, toast and tea.

We left Hpungin Hka at about 6.50 this morning, and made a march of about 10½ miles, up and down, mainly through a secondary growth of bananas and bamboos, or through cleared land planted with rice or maize. After about 2 miles we crossed the Hpungin Hka by a lengthy suspension bridge, hung from steel cables, and with a floor of wood and bamboo. The mules were held up there for some time as only one could cross at once; and if the load was too wide to fit between the sides of the bridge it had to be carried over by the muleteers. The same thing applied to the similar, though shorter, bridge over the Hpungchang Hka, half a mile short of this bungalow. David, Lhanga and I arrived here at 10.40 a.m., and the mules not until

[Vol 1, p049] midday. On the way I caught up three young Kachins each with a load of fifteen or twenty bamboos of green tea which they were taking up to sell in Putao. Each bamboo was some three feet long by three inches in diameter, and having bought them for from 3 to 4 annas each, they hoped to get 4 to 6 annas in Fort Hertz. At that rate the maximum profit would be Rs 2/8, and for that they were going nine days' march.

Had a great afternoon cleaning all my guns and the camera. Incidentally, when we were unwrapping the 9 mm and the shotgun from their shroud (the old tent fly) we found that a small scorpion had chosen it for its home. It seems a popular place, because it was unpacking this that Kyipa was stung some way back. He incidentally says he's no better than he was yesterday, and Chetuk is also complaining of headache and aches in the joints. I suppose it's fever, but I haven't seen any anopheles about yet. They are both being dosed now anyway.

Hearing that there was a salt lick not far from here, I took David and went off this evening at 4.45 to try for a barking deer. If we had had any gumption [Vol 1, p050] we would have turned back as soon as we got into the jungle, for it was desperately thick, and there were no paths at all. Even the few game paths invariably petered out in fifteen or twenty yards, and it took us until 6 o'clock to reach the salt lick, having made as much noise as a battalion of soldiers on the way. There were tracks of sambar, pig and barking deer, all fresh, so we sat down in the pious hope that something might come along. And something did, in the shape of a large number of leeches, and a swarm of virulent red ants. So we left that place and cut our way (at least David cut and I had the rifle) up a stream bed and through cave, bamboos and bushes, to the bungalow. It meant cutting very nearly every step of the

way, and we did not get back until past 7 p.m., having seen no animals but a herd of buffalo in a swamp, and one squirrel. The buffaloes came out of their wallow at our approach with enormous squelching noises, and stood all facing us as though we had been tigers.

Tutaga. Sunday, July 3rd 1938

A fine day until about 9 a.m. when there was a heavy shower, and since then showers have been [Vol 1, p051] frequent. The day has been uniformly cloudy (heavy nimbus or stratus), with little wind until 5 p.m., when a gusty breeze, force 3-4, got up from the SW and has continued to blow at intervals. Breakfast, the remains of last night's goulash with mashed potato, bread and tea (the jam being finished): dinner, chicken soup, chicken curry – a very good one –, toast and coffee. An easy march of about 11 miles, I should think, over a good mule-track, running for most of the way several hundred feet up the sides of the ridges, through jungle, patches of bananas, and cleared ground planted with rice. Tutaga is on the top of a small, steep ridge, and God be thanked, neither sand flies nor horseflies nor mosquitoes are at all plentiful. Mosquitoes and blister flies have been remarkable by their absence ever since Myitkyina, and there were no blister flies even there. Photography is almost impossible these days. Both today and yesterday not only has light been lacking, but at about 3000 feet (or 1000 above the bungalow) where the path runs for most of the way, it means walking continually in cloud. The awful part is that having got a film in the camera, it is essential to finish it quickly before [Vol 1, p052] the damp gets at it. I saw a big black and white hornbill flapping along from my window at Hpungchang Hka this morning, but nothing at all on the march. Arrived here I reviewed '*Unbekanntes Tibet*' not unkindly; put in as many of the Latin names as I could to my

appendix; and typed two pages of a letter to Mother. Chetuk is now cured of whatever was wrong with him; Kyipa still looks miserable and complains of headache; and Lhakpa has developed diarrhoea. Cinchona for the first two, and Epsom salts for Kyipa and Lhakpa. In the last two days we have had fires in the bungalow to dry out cameras and things. I believe it's a good plan.

Lawawnga. Monday, July 4th 1938

A fine day on the whole, with one or two light showers in the morning, and never a sight of the sun all day. In the afternoon a gusty SW wind, from 3 p.m. to 5 p.m. blowing with force 3-5. Heavy stratus or nimbus clouds.

For breakfast chicken with pulao rice and tea; dinner of chicken and liver soup, roast chicken and potatoes; toast and coffee.

A very short march, and very flat, of just over 7 miles, through jungle, bananas, and cleared [[Vol 1, p053](#)] grazing ground towards the end. Lhakpa was a bit light-headed today, and, after dashing around picking things up and putting them down again in the same places, he set off along the road at a great speed. Tony eventually found him lying down in the middle of the path and stirred him up to continue as far as this. Kyipa also has a kind of fever, and I was too optimistic about Chetuk yesterday, because he too has gone down with it – this afternoon to be exact. I wonder if it isn't possibly sand fly fever they've got, though I have never heard of it up in this part of the world. In any case I don't know how to beat it if they have, and though I am giving them Quinine and various things for their stomachs, they will have to wait for real treatment till Nihal Chaud can see them.

About half way along we caught up the three bullocks and two men who take the mail from Myitkyina to Fort Hertz, making a dismal clanking of bells as they move

along. These bullocks are extraordinary creatures. They never seem to do more than about 1 m.p.h., and yet this particular lot left Myitkyina 8 days after our mules, and was due to camp at Masumzup tonight, and reach [Vol 1, p054] Fort Hertz on the 6th morning – 13½ days for 220 miles of mud track in the middle of the rains seems a pretty good effort for the old bullock train. Shortly after that a short-cut forked left from the path, over flat grazing ground with buffaloes and through light forest and bamboos, straight to this bungalow. There were two streams to ford – one quite small over which there used to be a bridge, and one which is really a river. David and I started to cross this at what looked a good place, but I was soon in difficulties myself, not so much owing to the depth (which was only up to my waist) but because of the strong current which almost swept me off my feet. In the end I had to turn downstream with it, and after a frightful struggle I reached the other side, soused from head to foot but otherwise no worse. I yelled to David to go back and round by the mule-track, thinking, I must admit, more of my camera than of his safety; but when he arrived at last my worst fears were realised. There was half a pint of dirty water in the camera case, so the various bits have been drying out by the stove all day. Unfortunately the camera itself got a bit hot, so I imagine that [Vol 1, p055] means that another film is ruined. I finished the letter to Mother, and at about 4 p.m. Tony and I both went out, he to see if he could bag a barking deer, and I after snipe or green pigeon. We were neither of us successful, although I ought to have got a brace of green pigeon. I saw tracks of Sambar, civet, otter, jungle cat, and a monitor lizard, and actually I had to find the river again, but it turned out that there was a regular ford about half a mile upstream where the water was only half way up my thighs and the current not bad, so there was no difficulty.

This evening David also complains of fever. Thank God I have my trusty Lewa, N.T. and Lhanga all well and in good spirits. A few leeches this evening, but not enough to worry about. I have now been bitten twenty or thirty times since the start, and not one place shows signs of sepsis. Is this because I have a bath every night and keep the bites clean, or is it that I myself have more resistance now than I used to?

Masumzup. Tuesday, July 5th 1938

A very fine day, with one light shower of five minutes at 2.30 p.m. Between 9 a.m. and 10.30 a.m. there [Vol 1, p056] was sun, and about half the sky was blue, the other half being heavily overcast. Clouds stratus, and a light SW breeze, force 2. Breakfast, fried eggs and bacon with chipped potatoes, and tea and chapatis: dinner of chicken soup with the liver in, chicken goulash, chapatis and tea: and for lunch we had tea and banana fritters.

A long and incredibly hot march of fourteen miles, entirely through jungle, and very undulating. As a matter of fact it only began to be really hot when the sun came out at 9 a.m., and we cursed it roundly. One is never satisfied. Before this I have been complaining mildly about the lack of sun making photography difficult; but as soon as it comes out I curse it for its heat! Talking of photography, my Primarflex shutter has stuck again, and I will have to send it back to England. I have written to Sinclairs telling them to get the makers to exchange this camera for one that works, and I only hope they are able to do it. I took three snaps of mules coming or going along the path, and then it went, so I've had to waste half a film, and I will have to rely on the Rolleiflex until it comes back. Incidentally, we had a tremendous [Vol 1, p057] hunt to find it this evening, because all we could remember was that it was

packed with the small Surrey Instruments such as prismatic compasses and aneroids. We had damn nearly every box we possess opened and searched (except the K&T stores boxes), and eventually found it, and them, in my tin hat box! One of the most delightful things about these Inspection Bungalows is that nearly every one since Myitkyina has had a hedge of Gardenias.

On the road today we met a string of mules, ponies and bullocks going to Lawawnga to meet Durrant. Why they were all going there, when he is coming to Fort Hertz in any case, I could not follow. But there is much in the Army which baffles me.

At last we have come up against blister flies, and this afternoon they were terrific in the bungalow. In fact we had to put on pyjamas and douse ourselves with Bamber Oil.

Hkamho. Wednesday, July 6th 1938

It rained hard from 4 a.m. till 6, and from 8 a.m. till 9.30, but after that the clouds cleared away with a light SW breeze, force 2, till the sky was 5/10 clear. There was sun from 10 a.m. until 6 p.m., ranging [[Vol 1, p058](#)] from bright to diffused, and the SW breeze persisted all day. The night is 5/10 covered with light stratus cloud.

A march of 13 miles, through jungle, and, for the last half of the way, along the sides of ridges bordering on the Hkamti Long which stretches away, flat and forested, to the west. In consequence of all the sun it was infernally hot, but it would have been good for photography if I hadn't taken three excellent pictures without winding on the film! That, of course, was because I had got used to the Primarflex, which winds on as you set the shutter. We left Masumzup at about 7 a.m., and did

not hurry on the way, getting in at 11.45. I saw nothing of any interest on the march barring a very large Typhlops (diardii, I think), about 18" long. Before I could lay hands on it, a Hkamti Shan, who was keeping us company, leapt at it with a shout of fury, and cut it to pieces with his dao, so that it was lost to science. I spent a good part of the afternoon in overhauling my fishing gear in readiness for tomorrow at Nawng Hkai, and in greasing the line. Incidentally, I have discovered a brand new line which I'd forgotten all about. Then [Vol 1, p059] this evening, after dinner, I had to dose two of the muleteers for fever, and attend to one who has a nasty septic leg from having scratched sand fly bites. Incidentally, sand flies were fearful while I was dealing with him, biting in swarms. I have tried sulphonamide on him as well, in the hopes that it may clear him up from inside. I had a short bathe in the river here this afternoon, instead of a bath, and was much afflicted by blister flies.

I have made a friend in the shape of an ancient Kachin who is driving a buffalo up to Putao. I passed him yesterday for the first time and had a short (and limited) chat about where we were both going and how excellent his buffalo was. I passed him for the second time today and we continued our conversation on much the same lines. If only he is on tap tomorrow I will take a picture of him, light or no light.

I saw a cluster of lovely pink orchids high up on a tree this morning.

Nawng Hkai. Thursday, July 7th 1938

A heavy thunderstorm broke late last night, the rain continuing till 7 a.m. After that, the day [Vol 1, p060] was fine, though heavily overcast with stratus clouds, until 2.30 p.m., when heavy rain began to fall again, continuing until 3.30. After that once more fine but cloudy. Wind SW 2 all day.

Last night's rain was enough to ruin the fishing, unfortunately, though to be frank I am not at all certain that there would have been any even if it had not rained. The Mali Hka is a good 20 feet higher than in the cold weather, and there is now nowhere to fish it from on the banks at all, and only one place, so far as I could see (is just above the confluence) from which it can be fished from a canoe. It is the only place the canoe can be held and still give room for a cast. There might have been fishing up the Nam Lang, (and indeed I tried there shortly after we arrived) because there was an attractive rapid some two hundred yards up which could be fished from a sandbank; but the Nam Lang was so filthy that I couldn't see the spoon four inches under the surface, and so, needless to say, there was nothing doing. A bit of a disappointment, but I hope to catch something in the Nam Tamai – though God knows where. Fishing today I went down as [[Vol 1, p061](#)] usual in one of the dug-out canoes. The river is an amazing sight now. Not a rock breaks the surface, and of the big rapid from the confluence nearly to the suspension bridge, not a trace is left. The water is smooth from top to bottom, but with the most terrific eddies – eddies which make me shudder to look at, imagining what would happen to anyone who fell in.

But if it was a disappointing day as regards fishing, it was good for natural history, for early in the march (a little over 12 miles) I captured a small Colubrid snake, which I have not yet killed and classified; and, if I had only had a gun with me instead of a fishing rod, I would have got a brace of jungle hens. One of them got up not three yards in front of me (I expect from a nest), and the other was pecking about in the path a bare ten yards away as I came round the corner. The noise of birds in the jungle has been most astounding during the last two or three days – everything from really beautiful whistles, liquid and mellow, that would make anyone's fortune

on the stage, to a fearful thing which sounds like an unoiled wheel going round, and which I now remember to have heard [Vol 1, p062] in the Mishmi Hills. And there is one bird which sings quite clearly "Oh pretty birdie" of all ridiculous phrases. I would give a lot to hear it say something less mawkishly sentimental, but there's no help for it. That's what it says and there's an end to it! I only wish I knew what even some of the birds were, (it's a dreadful feeling to be really ignorant), but all I can lay claim to is jungle fowl, hornbill, and green pigeon (it whistles perfectly) by their notes, and if you add half a dozen more by sight I think I'm finished. Chetuk had the biggest adventure about three miles back, and almost walked on two cobras, which sat up and spread their hoods at him most viciously. He seized a stick and hit them both a hearty blow, meaning, he said, to break their backs and bring them in as specimens. However, their backs were tougher than he had expected, for all he did was to send them flying a yard or two. Not at all pleased, they made haste to come for him, upon which he smote them again, damping their ardour, so that they made off.

It was a long job getting the mules and baggage [Vol 1, p063] across, even though the ferry is a good one, of a platform, some 10' square, on two canoes, and with a crew of four. The first of the boxes started over about midday, and the last was brought across at 7.30 p.m. by which time fourteen mules still remained on the far bank. And there they will have to stay till tomorrow.

Chetuk, Lhakpa and Kyipa are all well, but Lhanga has gone down with a bad go of fever now. I have given him 35gm of Quinine and 15gm of Phenacetin and Caffeine to try and pull him through by tomorrow morning. He has a pulse of 152.

I went back over the river this evening to the school, which has as headmaster the man who used to be at Nogmung, that having been closed 3 years ago. I

engaged a youth of 14 called Lāmom Tu (I think), at a wage of Rs 7/- a month, food and clothes, to be trained as skinner of birds and beasts. I hope he's some good, but if he isn't I can easily sack him.

A letter from old Nihal Chaud was waiting for me here, inviting us to 11 o'clock breakfast tomorrow, and saying that de Glanville is away in the Pangnamdim direction seeking news of Chaplin and Howard.

[[Vol 1, p064](#)]

Fort Hertz. Friday, July 8th 1938

It rained most of last night and until 9 a.m. this morning; continued fine but very cloudy (stratus) until about 5 p.m.; and then rained heavily until late at night. Breakfast of scrambled eggs and mashed potatoes; dinner of chicken pie, fried potatoes, chicken soup, and baked custard.

This morning Lhanga was rather worse, but he thought he could sit on a pony, so I ordered one for him, gave him another dose of Quinine, and set off for Fort Hertz with Tony and David at about 8 a.m. We arrived about 11.10 (me) and 11.45 (Tony) after 13½ very flat, boring miles across a plain covered with long grass 3 feet high, and with many patches of jungle. On the way I saw a jungle hen with three chicks which did not look more than about a fortnight old, so that I was amazed when they took the air off the path, and flew ten yards up the hill into a bush. When we arrived we went straight to the old doctor's bungalow, had tinned beer (and very good), cigarettes, and then a colossal second breakfast of grape nuts, fish cakes, curry, and scrambled eggs. Our mail came in while we were there, and I had a [[Vol 1, p065](#)] letter from Mother, two from Joan and several business ones to see to. We sat talking with him until after three, then went round to the hospital, came back and sent

the baggage (or most of it) round to the Dak bungalow, as there is no room to store it in Durrant's place, where we are putting up for the few days we are here. Just as we had finished that Lhanga turned up on a stretcher, as when the time came for him to start from Nawng Hkai he was incapable of sitting up, and Lewa had very wisely cancelled the pony and ordered coolies to make and carry a stretcher. Lhanga was unconscious when he arrived, with cerebral fever, and was at once put to bed in the hospital, given an intramuscular injection of Atebrin, and an intravenous one of 1 pint glucose and saline. By nightfall he had not recovered consciousness, and the chances are that he never will. I have sent Nyima Töndrup over to the hospital to keep watch which one of the orderlies.

The doctor had dinner with us tonight. It really is good to see him again, and it's good too to be having a rest here. It makes a change from constant marching.

Fort Hertz. Saturday, July 9th 1938

Rain most of the night, and up till 8 a.m., after which [[Vol 1, p066](#)] the day was fine until about 6 p.m. when heavy rain began again and continued throughout the night. No sun of course, and heavy stratus clouds changing to nimbus. Wind S. 2.

Lhanga died this morning, without recovering consciousness, at about 5 a.m., and was buried in the afternoon at my expense. It is a very great blow, not only because it is the first time I have lost a man, but because he was one of the most delightful characters one could possibly have to deal with – always willing and cheerful, and a hard worker. He was married too, which makes it worse, and I am writing to his wife to tell her about it and to say that I have instructed Lloyds Bank

Darjeeling to pay her Rs 500/-, not in any way to make up for his death, but to help her over what might otherwise be a difficult period, now that she is a widow.

There are 55 coolies ready here (mostly Khanungs) and I am sending them off tomorrow in advance to Pangnamdim, paying them Rs 1/- each for rice for the journey and allowing them 5 men to carry their rations. Thus 50 loads will go. There is no means of telling when other coolies will be available, but [[Vol 1, p067](#)] the Chief Clerk here seems to be an efficient man, and I have no doubt he will get them as soon as possible. The main difficulty is cash, for with de Glanville away the Treasury is closed, and the most we have been able to gather up from the shops is Rs 200/-. However, I think we will be able to have more sent up to us from time to time, and we ought not to need much once we reach Pangnamdim. We are taking 120 lbs of salt to pay for specimens, and that with all the needles we have, ought to last us for some time.

Lewa brought in a new turtle today, and I think it's a Clemmys, but it is really almost impossible to say without killing it and removing at least some of the shields. I wish I could send them back alive, but I think I shall have to pickle them in the end.

I went to the hospital in the morning and afternoon to see injections made, including Autohemotherapy for the first time, in which blood is drawn from the patient's vein and infected intramuscularly. It seems to be a cure for a great many things, including sores, arthritis, and even, to a certain extent, gonorrhoea, but it beats me why it should be. We are very comfortable here with Durrant, and he is doing us proud.

[[Vol 1, p068](#)]

Fort Hertz. Sunday, July 10th 1938

Rain at night and up to 7 a.m., then fine till 4 p.m., after which steady rain. No sun, and heavy stratus clouds changing to nimbus. Wind E. 2-3.

I sent off the 50 loads this morning, and have given orders that a hut should be built at Pangnamdim for the baggage, another for the servants, and possibly a third if the Rest House is not up to scratch. Then round to the hospital again to see more injections, and after that a certain amount of work in the house, mostly typing. I have got a supply of sand-fly nets at last, and Lāmom Tu has been passed fit by the doctor. I gave him Rs 6/- to buy himself some clothes, and I hope he will be some good at skinning. He's young enough and ought to be able to learn. David doesn't seem to be any good as interpreter here after all, which is more than just a nuisance as very rashly I paid him 2 months' wages in advance only yesterday, so I'll have to keep him till the end of August simply to get my money's worth! He was a complete failure with the Nung coolies this morning, and as we are going to live with Nungs at any rate till December it's a poor look-out. I went round to the hospital [[Vol 1, p069](#)] again this morning to see intravenous and intramuscular injections done, and did some typing in the afternoon.

Durrant has a wireless (a Philips) which is working well and a great boon as regards news in the evenings. We heard of the Palestine troubles last night. I should think it might blow up to something pretty big again. Now that there are three of us in this bungalow (it isn't really a bungalow, because it's got two storeys) I am sleeping on my camp bed in the passage, and am very comfortable.

Mosquitoes are very bad here, and nearly all anopheles, but so far everyone is keeping well.

Fort Hertz. Monday, July 11th 1938

A vile day with a lot of very heavy rain in the afternoon and evening. Wind S. 2-3.

Wrote a couple of letters, including one to Lloyds Bank to authorise payment of the wives of our servants by Postal Order every month, and a lump sum of Rs 500/- to Yangdzum, the wife of Lhanga, to tide her over difficulties. In the afternoon I unpacked the Sulphuric Acid and Quinine Sulphate from the medicine boxes and took them round to the compound at the hospital to have some liquid made up in case I need it on the road. I also sent off cables [[Vol 1, p070](#)] to Mother and Joan to tell them we have arrived here all right. I forbore to mention Lhanga's death in case Mother got a false idea of the dangers of fever. We were able to get another Rs 360/- changed today, and à propos that there seems to have been some dirty work put in by David. The exact sum was Rs 364/15 and it had been counted out in front of Lewa and the chief clerk in the latter's office. David carried the sum over in a bag, and when they had brought it to me, Lewa, who takes nothing for granted, insisted on counting it again here, and found Rs 5/- missing! I have not yet seen David about it, but will do so in the morning. Another 59 coolies have turned up, and I have duly given them Rs 1/- each for rations. I think we will leave here on Friday July 15th – that is the day after the mail goes – as there are a good many things I have to do before then.

This evening, after dinner, the old doctor came in and the four of us played Vingt-et-un until 11.45 p.m., by which time I had lost Rs 2/-, Nihal Chaud -/8/-, Tony had won RS 1/- and Durrant Rs 1/8. A pleasant time at very little cost.

We are having an entirely new Rest House put [[Vol 1, p071](#)] up at Pangnamdim, with two bedrooms, two verandahs, two store rooms and two bathrooms; a hut for the servants, and a kitchen. Altogether a kind of garden city, which will cost a total of Rs 30/- for the servants' quarters, and Rs 20/- for the kitchen.

Fort Hertz. Tuesday, July 12th 1938

It rained most of the day, and was very dull the whole of it, with low clouds entirely hiding the hills and limiting visibility to about four miles. Wind E. 2, with gusts of 3 in the afternoon between 3 p.m. and 5 p.m.

I had David on the mat this morning. He produced Rs 5/- like a lamb, but swore that he had not stolen it and that the loss was just an unfortunate happening. He said he swore on his Christian God, and was ready, nay eager, to put his Christian Bible on his head – of all places – but, as I told him, his oaths left me cold, Christians being at least as prone as the heathen in his blindness to petty theft. Personally I haven't the least doubt that he did pinch it. It was such an obvious opportunity, once it had been passed as correct in the Chief Clerk's office, to remove some on its way to me. It must have [[Vol 1, p072](#)] shaken him badly when Lewa announced a recount! But I haven't discharged him, largely because he asked me to advance him Rs 60/- on account when we arrived, and I want to get my money's worth before he goes. I went round to the hospital this afternoon, and did two intramuscular injections into females, one into a man; and one intravenous into a man. All under supervision, of course, but that is what I want, and I have learnt a lot which will make all the difference when I have to do them by myself. We have taken on a Gurkha called Kharka Bahadur as interpreter and largely also to take Lhanga's

place. He is about 27, I should think, clean, efficient, and I hope an excellent man – as good as he looks. He speaks (genuinely) Kachin, Yunnanese, Nung, Lissu, and Maru, and he gets on very well with the servants, which is more than David does. As a matter of act, and quite apart from the affair of the money, he is getting on my nerves most terribly. He's so infernally smug. Caught a snake at the hospital.

Fort Hertz. Wednesday, July 13th 1938

Still another pouring wet day – not continuous all day long, but very nearly so. The wind E. 2-3. [Vol 1, p073] It is time we had a fine spell for a change, though there doesn't seem to be any prospect of one turning up; and now, quite apart from feeling sorry for de Glanville, I'm beginning to feel sorry for us when we start out for Pangnamdim. I have decided to leave here on the 15th, by the way. I went round to the hospital both this morning and this afternoon and did more injections, including one intravenous in a female which was a little difficult owing to her very small veins. I took two shots to get in, but I felt quite satisfied even so.

It was a big day today, as the mail arrived while we were having lunch – 2 letters from Mother, one from H.D., 1 from Mitchell and the magnifying glass I asked him to get, and several business letters. Oh, and 1 from Ned Dimmock also, if that's how he spells his name. The Weekly Times turned up too, for the first time. It is very thrilling getting mails and a great thought that we shall have them monthly now for a considerable time.

I went round to the Dak bungalow this morning to see what baggage there was left and to pack one of the medicine boxes. While we were there the dhobi turned up with a bundle of clothes he had washed. [Vol 1, p074] Lewa was checking them, and presently I heard a torrent of wild abuse from him, ending up with the

rhetorical question, 'Did the dhobi think that his Lord was a sweeper?' I turned at this to see Lewa, purple in the face, brandishing a pair of pyjama trousers in front of the luckless one – trousers which looked as if a bomb had burst in the legs. Lewa considered that not only was the dhobi undeserving of payment for anything, but that he should be fined the cost of the trousers; and as they had been made expensively of silk in my palmier days, the fine would probably have broken him for years. When I heard his halting explanation, however, that a cow had snatched them up and eaten bits out of the legs, I thought it was worth paying for and gave him his price with a blessing. The best part of it was that Tony (it turned out later) had actually witnessed the crime, not knowing that they were my trousers and howling with laughter. He said the beast was wandering about with the garments draped rakishly over its horns, and chewing the legs discontentedly as though they left a good deal to be desired as food, but were possibly better than nothing. The dhobi was even then pursuing [[Vol 1, p075](#)] it with cries and curses. We built a tortoise fence this afternoon, of strips of bamboo stuck into the ground in a circle, so as to provide a run for Theophrastus and Theodoric. We watched them trying to get out for some time, and strengthened the defences at one or two places, before going indoors with happy minds. On my way to the hospital, at 3.30 p.m., I saw that both had somehow escaped, and though I recovered Theophrastus later on, after a frenzied search, Theodoric has definitely made a get-away. A heavy blow, but perhaps we will come across another in the Nam Tamai. I went and had a drink with the old doctor this evening, and we discussed Education for the Masses, he being moderately pro, and I very much against.

Fort Hertz. Thursday, July 14th 1938

Still rain, nearly all day; heavy nimbus clouds; and an E. wind, force 2.

I sent off 24 coolies in advance today, of which 2 were carrying their own rations, and otherwise spent the whole time in writing letters and getting off telegrams of immense length to de Songa's and Barnett's. The whole time, that is, with the exception of about an hour at the hospital in the afternoon, [[Vol 1, p076](#)] when I gave two intramuscular injections. The old doctor came round this evening to have a chat and invite all three of us to breakfast tomorrow, and he will do absolutely anything to help at any time. We have bought eight hens and two cocks which we will try and keep at Pangnamdim to provide a source of eggs.

Kankin. Friday, July 15th 1938

A pouring wet day, almost without a break; thick nimbus clouds; and wind E. 2.

I got up at 5.15 to finish a business letter to Cook's before the typewriter had to be packed. At about 10.30 a.m. there was a hitch over the coolies, because Tony (like John in 1935) had miscounted the loads two days before, and we were thus 7 coolies short. A damn nuisance, but the only thing to do was to send the 38 on with Chetuk, Lhakpa, Nyima Töndrup and Kyipa, and tell Lewa to keep the remaining boxes with him and follow us as soon as coolies were forthcoming – today if possible, but if not then tomorrow. It is now 10 p.m. and he has not turned up, so imagine it will be [[Vol 1, p077](#)] afternoon before we see him, and we will therefore stop here a day to let him catch us up. I went around to the Dak bungalow myself to see what was what, and that made me late for breakfast with the doctor, so that we didn't begin until about 11.45. A good meal of grape nuts, bakaura, curry and

omelette, washed down with copious draughts of tea. Then goodbye to him and Durrant, and we started off with Kharka Bahadur and one belated coolie carrying a rucksack with Tony's ammunition. The path was dreadfully muddy all along, and flooded in many places, so that there was little joy in the march. Leeches, however, were not very numerous, and I was only bitten twice. The path is that to Nawng Hkai for rather more than 1½ miles. It then branches left from that by a large Gurkha village, leaves this on the left, and continues over open grassy plain, with many patches and belts of jungle, for one mile. It then enters light jungle, and continues in this for 1½ miles, when the jungle becomes moderately dense. The whole of the rest of the way is through this fairly thick forest, and the march is very flat, with numerous fords not more than knee-high even in the rains. After [Vol 1, p078] some 10½ miles the path runs down to the right bank of the Mali Hka (about 60 or 70 yards wide in this season) and there are two, thirty foot, dug-out canoes acting as ferries, and capable of taking four passengers each, with loads, and the two boatmen. The Rest House (1 room, a bathroom, and a verandah, on 5-foot piles) is built of wood, bamboo, and thatch, and is some thirty yards from the eastern landing. Kankin is a village of 6 huts, inhabited by Shaus.

Two of our hens died of exposure on the march today, which was a sad blow, but we have been able to buy seven more for As 6/- each. Very few mosquitoes, a few sand flies and blister flies.

Nam Ti I.B. Saturday, July 16th 1938

Heavy rain from 6 a.m. till 2 p.m., and light showers for the rest of the day. Thick nimbus clouds, and wind E. 2. We had a considerable setback today, when 12 of the coolies deserted from Kankin and left us in the lurch. I sent on the remainder

with the servants, and stopped behind until 3.30 p.m. in the hope of being able to get hold of some more. A vain hope, though, because every able-bodied person in [Vol 1, p079] the district had already been roped in on my behalf, and there were none left. Tony stayed with me till 12.30. Actually there were 13 missing, one load being the faithful coolies' rations, and in the end I was able to induce one of the traitors to bring it as far as this. Our own 12 boxes, including all the medicines, are in the Kankin bungalow; but we ought to meet de Glanville tomorrow, and I will ask him to let us have some of his coolies when he has finished with them. I saw an otter swimming in a backwater this morning, not 20 yards from the bungalow. Quite unconcerned, it was, and frisking about in the shallows. A pleasant march of 10¼ miles. In the first mile, the path was some six inches deep in mud, running through a grassy clearing in the jungle. For the remainder of the way the path was not bad, and there was not much mud. It then entered the forest proper, running across the plain and finding several swift streams up to one's knees. At 1½ miles the path climbed 150 feet on to a broad terrace, once the bed of the Mali Hka; continued level again, and then at 2 miles began to climb easily in zigzags diagonally up, and at length along the crest of, a ridge. After 5 miles and a climb of some 1800 feet, the ridge [Vol 1, p080] was crossed, and the path then dropped 500 feet steadily in the next half mile, after which it descended irregularly and gently another 500 feet to the Nam Ti (a torrent 30 yards wide) at 8¾ miles. This was crossed by a light suspension bridge, hung from two steel cables and capable of taking one mule at a time; and the path then climbed easily up 600 feet to this bungalow (with accommodation for servants and about 60 coolies near by) at 10¼ miles. There is one house here, with a Tanugok.

The bungalow is rather smaller than yesterday's; thatched, and of bamboo on wooden posts. One room (25' x 15'), a washroom, and two verandahs, which are really only landing platforms. I arrived at 6.45 p.m. to find the 24 coolies we sent off on the 14th all waiting here, blast them, because, they said, two of them were not feeling well. At least, though, none of them have deserted, which is something. Before I arrived, the coolies had brought in 2 lizards, a tortoise, and a good pair of takin horns, all of which Tony bought on my behalf, giving 2 pice each for the lizards, 4 annas for the tortoise, and keeping the horns till I could fix a price. The silly idiot rejected what sounds like [[Vol 1, p081](#)] a caecilian though, and also what he described as a "common frog". David coming along with the coolies' rations. God knows when they will arrive. He is not much good, that fellow. Lewa and he and the 7 coolies turned up early this morning, having spent an uncomfortable night in the jungle, a couple of miles from the ferry. I hope Lewa does not get fever, as a result, because he had no mosquito net with him.

Matsatap. Sunday, July 17th 1938

Rain most of the day, heavy from about 5 a.m. till 11 a.m., and after that light but steady till 8 p.m. It is now coming down in buckets again. The whole sky was covered with nimbus clouds from morning till night. Wind E. 2.

This morning the producer of the tortoise bought it back for the 4 annas we had given, having come to the conclusion that there was more than 4 annas' worth of meat on it! But after all, why should we be surprised at people eating tortoises, when we ourselves look on turtle as a delicacy? And the woman who brought the takin horns wanted them back too, as we disagreed over the price. I offered 4 annas, and she wanted Rs 8/-! Four of the advance party went back from here, but, like honest

men (and women) they first produced badlis, and so [Vol 1, p082] I had no objection and paid them what they had earned to date with As 4/- backsheesh. I was pretty well certain that David could be relied upon to make a mess of things, and this morning it turned out that he and the coolie had not arrived until about 11 p.m., and that the coolie had left about 30 lbs of rice by the bridge, saying that he couldn't carry it. If it had been one of my Sherpas responsible for the job, he would have brought it on himself if need be, but David is the soul of slackness. As a result, the coolie started back early this morning, without waiting for his pay, and has gone off with the rice.

A march of 11¼ miles over a fair path running wholly through jungle. From Nam Ti bungalow the path climbs 1000 feet in 1¼ miles to the top of a ridge, and thence climbs up and down, running more or less along the summit, until at 8 miles it drops down a matter of 1500 feet to this small bungalow, which is pretty well a replica of yesterday's. After 4½ miles I met S. de Glanville, the A.S. Putao, on his way back from Pangnamdim where he went to find out about Chaplin and Howard, of the 60th, who were last heard of (at Pangnamdim) on May 8th. He found that they had crossed into China, [Vol 1, p083] via the Taron Valley, on May 19th, and almost as soon as he had discovered that a wire came from McDougal, the Commissioner, to say that they had been arrested in China. Where, or how long ago, we don't know. De Glanville is a very nice fellow, and we stood chatting for some time and smoking his cigarettes, being joined presently by Tony. I bought a fly rod and reel off him for Rs 20/-, and if I can contrive a line and a small spoon, I will have a crack at Nogmung. He is going to arrange about the 12 loads we had to leave at Kankin, and

he says it will be all right about the cash question. Everyone seems to think we're very brave coming up at this time of year, which is silly!

I began doctoring today, patching up half a dozen sores on coolies' backs (saddle galls!) and dosing a dozen or so for fever. A coolie brought in a black and white striped snake (which I have not yet examined, but which behaves like a krait), a small legless lizard, which is already in pickle, and a large millipede, being rewarded at the rate of As 2/- per reptile, and 2 pice for the millipede.

I have given David notice at last. He was carrying Tony's haversack, and though Tony walks pretty slowly [[Vol 1, p084](#)] he was nearly an hour behind him at this hut. I asked him why this was, and he then claimed to be ill (I think this is no more than an excuse, as he did not ask for any medicine), so I said in that case I had better send him back to hospital in Putao. I went on to say that in any case he had been useless since I had engaged him, going into the subject at some length. He made a fuss about not being able to afford to get back to Myitkyina, so I said that I would pay a coolie from Nogmung to Putao, and, as he had already had 2 months' wages in advance and a further Rs 10/- in Myitkyina, he could make his own arrangements from there on. He said he had none left, as he had spent Rs 15/-, sent another Rs 15/- down in cash by the head muleteer to someone, and a Money Order for Rs 30/- to his family in Bhamo. I told him that if that were so I would write a chit to Durrant telling him to hand over Rs 30/- to him for journey money; and all David would have to do would be to show him the M.O. receipt which he had said was with the rest of his papers in the keeping of the Chief Clerk. He made such a fuss over this that I am quite sure there is no receipt, and that he never sent the money. But that arrangement seems to me [[Vol 1, p085](#)] to be fair, and I shall stick to it. There is

not much room for the servants to sleep in the kitchen, with mosquito nets, so Kyipa and Lhakpa are on one of our verandahs tonight. I am giving us all a regular dose of 7½ grams Cinchona every evening as a prophylactic. I am sorry all the medicine boxes have been left behind. I feel very short of everything without them.

A third hen died today on the march. This mortality among our barnyard fowls is getting serious.

Nogmung. Monday, July 18th 1938

Heavy rain all night and until 7 a.m. After that the sky was completely covered with dense stratus clouds, but no rain fell until 10.30 a.m., when there was a light fall lasting until 2 p.m. Since then no rain, but the sky heavily overcast as usual. Wind SE 2.

The first day since Putao on which we have had no rain on the march, though the path was pretty muddy as a result of last night, and many times it was flooded to a depth of about six inches. A march of 9 miles over a fair path. From Matsatap the path runs through jungle the whole way, and drops about 600 feet in the first 2 miles, when it crosses a large stream by a bamboo bridge 15 yards long. This stream could probably be forded in the dry [[Vol 1, p086](#)] season without difficulty. From this bridge the path climbs up and down, descending gradually about 150 feet on the whole, until, at 4 miles, it comes onto the level floor of the Nam Tisang Valley. At 4¼ miles a moderate stream, 10 yards wide and knee-deep at this time, is forded. At 8 miles the path reaches the right bank of the Nam Tisang, and continues close to this until, at rather less than 9 miles, a ferry is reached immediately opposite Nogmung. The ferry consists of one large canoe, capable of carrying 5 coolies and their loads besides the boatmen. The Nam Tisang at this season is 100 yards in width, deep and swift.

Nogmung is a Christian Nung village of 11 huts, with a good Rest House on the bank of the river a short distance upstream from the village proper. The Rest House is rather smaller than that at Matsatap, but clean and in excellent repair.

We left Matsatap at 7 a.m. and reached the ferry at 10 a.m. this morning, after a march on which very little of note occurred, except that there were a good few leeches about and a fair number of the brown house flies. I was bitten two or three times by each kind of pest, only. David caught a fine [Vol 1, p087] specimen of what I think is *Oligodon herberti*, and one of the coolies brought in a small *Trimeresurus albolabris* for me, for which he received 2 annas as usual. A squirrel was brought in which I gave to Tony to skin; but as he mucked it up altogether, that was a dead loss. And a couple of dilapidated bird skins which I bought as being better than nothing. Also one or two beetles. We met a small procession on its way to Putao, carrying a woman in a dooly (the wife of the Tanugok of Pangnamdim), who was 7 months' pregnant and badly down with fever. I am sending Quinine and purgatives after her tomorrow by runner, so that she can be having treatment before she reaches hospital.

All our coolies have waited here instead of going on to Pangnamdim, as none of them want to go so far; but as proper arrangements have been made for badlis I don't much mind. I am sending on 50 or 60 tomorrow, and we will leave with the remainder the day after. As we were warned by de Glanville, the Tanugok here is pretty useless, but, under the circumstances, that does not matter.

I bought 300 cheroots from Durrant before leaving Putao, and am really enjoying them – much more than I have ever enjoyed cigarettes. The river is no longer [Vol 1, p088] in any danger of being mistaken for a lake these days! Sand

flies are bad here, and blister flies annoying during the day; and there were great numbers of hover flies this afternoon – so many as to be a nuisance, though they don't bite. I did some work on snakes today, and it looks as though I shall have to broach the spirit before Pangnamdim, though I hope not. At present I have only the two bottles I brought from Sumprabum. The headman gave us a salaami of three cocks for which I shall reward him tomorrow.

Nogmung. Tuesday, July 19th 1938

Heavy rain from 5 a.m. until 10.30 a.m., after which it was fine but dull until 3 p.m. when a faint sun broke through the clouds. At 5 p.m. there was a heavy sun shower lasting half an hour, and since then there has been no more rain. Clouds heavy nimbus changing to moderately thick stratus in the afternoon. The wind still seems to be SE 2, but with a uniform and very low layer of clouds overhead it is difficult to say what it is really, and it may only be the ground wind I am recording.

I had a great time this morning paying off [[Vol 1, p089](#)] forty six coolies, and checking their names against the list I had given to me in Putao. It took hours, but they all seemed very satisfied in the end; and incidentally I discovered that we have only just got enough cash to pay for our transport to Pangnamdim, so I am sending Kyipa back tomorrow to change as much as possible of Rs 9500/-. He can also bring back some more rations as well, while he's about it. I spent the rest of the day in doing two snakes (*Bungarus multicinctus*, and *Trimeresurus albolabris*) and two agamide lizards – I think *Japalura*. David went off today, with Lawann Tu, but we have been adopted by Asong, the Tibetan (Zayuli) I saw in Putao. He seems a good soul and if he is no use I will send him away. The first batch of 50 coolies went off to Pangnamdim this morning, with a Piata to look after them, and we follow on

tomorrow. I tipped the headman here a hunting knife, 8 cartridges, and Rs 2/-, which absolutely took his breath away. Tonight I wrote notes to de Glanville re. cash, Durrant re. various small jobs, and Nihal Chaud re. stores.

Sand flies are as bad here as I have ever known them. I have had to open a drum of spirit, and to begin to use one of the tanks after all. There was no more room in the bottles.

[[Vol 1, p090](#)]

Tasa Hka. Wednesday, July 20th 1938

Moderately heavy stratus clouds in the early morning, growing steadily lighter until by midday the sky was only 5/10 covered, and the sun was shining. After 3 p.m. the sky clouded over again, and at 5.30 p.m. there was a light shower, lasting fifteen minutes. Wind S. 2.

It is almost unbelievable that we have had a day with some sun and practically without rain. It would be marvellous if this clear spell continued until we were safely ensconced in Pangnamdim. As a result there were no leeches on the march at all – or if there were I didn't see any. It was a short march of rather less than 6½ miles. From Nogmung we continued over the flat valley floor for 1½ miles, through jungle with several large clearings; and we then climbed easily up about 500 feet. From 2¼ miles to 5¾ miles the path climbed up and down, never more than about 150 feet at a time, without losing or gaining much height in the end. At 5¾ miles we crossed a moderate stream by a light wooden bridge, 10 yards long, and climbed fairly steadily about 400 feet to this bungalow, near which is a large hut capable of accommodating about 60 coolies. Tony and I [[Vol 1, p091](#)] left Nogmung at 7.10 a.m., and arrived here at 9.40, about 2 hours ahead of the coolies. The whole way the path runs

through moderately thick jungle, with several large planted clearings. This hut is on the crest of a narrow ridge, precipitous on the SE side, and there is an attractive waterfall of about 100 feet falling close by, and a good view over the Tisang Valley to the two ranges of hills we crossed between Kankin and Nogmung. Kyipa set off this morning for Putao, with one coolie. I should think it will be a good fortnight before we see him again. On the march today I carried the shotgun, in hopes of getting a jungle fowl or a pigeon; but though I saw several of the latter within easy shot, they would have fallen miles down the slope and we would not have found them, so I did not fire. After we arrived here I climbed some way up the path to try again, but saw nothing edible. Blister flies were bad here today, so I lit a fire as soon as I arrived, which discouraged them as far as the bungalow was concerned. The coolies brought in a fine *Psammodynastes pulverulentus*, a big *Elaphe porphyracea*, a third snake which I have not yet looked at, and a small bat. Somewhat to [\[Vol 1, p092\]](#) my surprise Tony made quite a good job of skinning the bat. I hope he does as well on other things from now on, because so far he has been more or less a dead weight on this expedition, content to do nothing but read, eat, and sleep. I spent a good part of the day in classifying, painting and bottling the snakes. Incidentally, my paintings, though not approaching good yet, are good enough to give quite a reasonable idea of the colourings of the snakes. I'm very relieved, because I was doubtful as to whether I should be able to manage the job at one time. I made a miss hit over the *Elaphe* though, and had to do it over again. The Tanugok of Nogmung (the fellow who was there during our stay is apparently only a locum) passed through today on his way from Pangnamdim. He said that he had done a good deal in getting coolies and repairing the road for us, so I tipped him Rs 6/-, in view of the fact that we may

want a good many other things done in the future. In several places the path had been carried away by landslides, and we had to tread warily.

Goletutap. Thursday, July 21st 1938

No rain last night, and this morning from 5.30 a.m. till 12 noon the sky was not more than 5/10 covered with light cirrostratus clouds. Wind nil. At 12 noon a SW wind, force 2, got up, bringing over thick nimbus, [Vol 1, p093] and at 1.30 p.m. a heavy thunderstorm broke, lasting 40 minutes, by which time ½ inch of rain had fallen. From 1.10 until 2 p.m. no more rain fell, but since then it has been falling steadily.

A marvellous morning, with blue sky and hot sun, and once again a march without rain or leeches, although rain came later on and I reckon we'll get the leeches tomorrow. A march of 8½ miles over a fair path with little mud, owing to the two dry days we have had. From Tasa Hku the path climbs steadily up for about 1600 feet, until, at 1¾ miles, it reaches the crest of a very narrow ridge. From that point, for the next 1¼ miles, it climbs up and down along the top of this ridge in a NE direction, making a further 200 feet in the process. After 3 miles it begins to descend moderately steeply and fairly steadily about 2500 feet, until, at 7½ miles, it reaches the level floor of a valley. It continues across this for a further mile to this very small bungalow on the right bank of a moderate stream from the N, and 30 yards above the confluence of this stream with a larger one from the NE. There is accommodation here for about 60 coolies, and a village of 6 huts called Goletutap, some 2 miles up the stream from the NE on the left bank, the path ran through jungle the whole way, [Vol 1, p094] but visibility was moderate, and from several places there were excellent views both over the Tisang Valley, and across to the Salween-Taron

watershed, which is the Chinese frontier. I looked in vain for the lonely little hut I remember seeing so well in 1935 down in the valley to the E, when John and I rested for a while on the top of the ridge. It had gone, and I only hope no ill has befallen the inhabitants. I carried the gun again, together with my camera and the haversack, but of course I saw nothing to shoot. On the other hand, coming down I spotted a large green snake (*Zaocys nigromarginatus*), a good five feet long, which took refuge well up in a clump of bamboos and thorns. Directed by Tony, Kharka Bahadur and Lhakpa, who acted as spotters, I plunged down a very steep slope into the thicket and beat about there for just about an hour in an effort to snare it in the snake stick. Twice I got its head into the loop, but each time it was too quick for me, and in the end it made good its escape and I was left lamenting. However, as a poor sort of compensation, one of the coolies brought in a good Anguine lizard – an *Ophisaurus gracilis*, I think – which went into the bottle this afternoon. It was jolly hot coming [Vol 1, p095] down into the valley today, and we were running with sweat, and with sodden clothes, long before we arrived; but still we had to light a fire in the bungalow to drive off the hordes of blister flies which attacked us, and we have continued to roast ever since. One of my chaplis burst its buckle-strap today, and I finished the march tied up with pieces of string in a Heath Robinsonian manner. We began insect collecting today, with a fine batch of parasitic wasps and sawflies, which were hard at work in one of the supports of this house. The wasps were particularly interesting to watch (neat little creatures with minute waists) as they came home to their burrows in the wooden pillar, carrying small yellow caterpillars, which they quickly pushed in, to act as food for their grubs when they hatched out. From many of the holes a head, or a pair of twiddling antennae was poking out, as the owner was

buried with her stem end laying an egg on the latest caterpillar. And then, when all was ready, the door was carefully sealed up with clay, tamped down till it was hard to tell it from the wood itself. One I watched made six trips for clay before the job was done.

We have had chicken soup and chicken since Fort Hertz. [[Vol 1, p096](#)] every night, but tonight we had a Maggi soup for a change, and we had bamboo shoots as a vegetable, left over from yesterday.

Sumtsangtap. Friday, July 22nd 1938

At 5.30 a.m. the sky was 9/10 covered with light stratus clouds. Wind SW 1. Conditions remained unchanged until 9 a.m. when the cloud began to clear. By 9.30 a.m. the sky was 6/10 covered with stratus cloud. At 1.30 p.m. light nimbus cloud began to come over, and from 2 p.m. until 3 p.m. there was a slight shower. After 3 p.m. stratus cloud took the place of nimbus. Wind SW 1.

Another dry march, God be praised, though there were a few leeches about as a result of last night's rain. A march of $7\frac{3}{4}$ miles. From Goletutap the path crosses the stream from the north, some thirty yards above the bungalow, by a light cane suspension bridge (very narrow) twenty yards long. It then follows the right bank of the stream from the NE, up a narrow, very level valley; fords this stream (at this time 15 yards wide, knee-deep and swift) at $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles; and at $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles begins to climb up the side of the valley. The climb is irregular, sometimes being steep, and at other times running level, or slightly downhill for several [[Vol 1, p097](#)] hundred yards at a time; but by $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles it reaches a height 1800 feet above the start. It then descends easily some three hundred feet, crosses two branches of a moderate stream at $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles by light wooden bridge (each branch about six yards in width) and climbs up

200 feet to this small and decrepit bungalow, beside which is a hut giving accommodation for about 60 coolies. The path runs through jungle the whole time. The surface was not bad today, but it can be very slippery after much rain. I carried the gun again today, but saw nothing, not even a pigeon, until the very end of the march, when a bamboo partridge got up at my feet within sight of the hut. I was slow off the mark, however, and shot behind it just as it vanished into the jungle. This hut is almost as bad as that at Goletutap in 1935; and though no one has actually fallen through the floor, it is only by dint of great care that we have escaped. The roof too was full of holes, but we set the coolies to work on them with banana leaves, and even if it rains tonight I think we will be moderately dry. I got to work at last on "*Modern Explorers in Central Asia*", because no snakes were brought in and I had some time to myself; and we made a fine haul of grasshoppers, and, [Vol 1, p098] after dinner, of moths and mantids. A most fearful spider appeared too, colossal and built like those S. American spiders. I believe it's the very same one B.C. and I had such a struggle with in 1933! It certainly looks years old in size. It knocked some of our specimens onto the floor, made a mighty spring itself, and, I hope, vanished through a hole. At least it vanished somewhere, and we trust for good. It was great fun collecting the grasshoppers this afternoon. I only had to make a start myself for fifteen or twenty of the coolies to follow my example, grinning with delight, and prancing right and left in the grass. It's a bit difficult drying the specimens on the march, but it will be easy enough when we are in Pangnamdim.

We started at 7 a.m. with the coolies; and arrived here a few minutes after 10 a.m.; while they did not turn up for 3½ hours later.

Chicken soup and an excellent chicken stew for dinner. Tomorrow night we will have some luxuries!

Pangnamdim. Saturday, July 23rd 1938

At 5.30 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with light stratus cloud; wind SW 2. By 8 a.m. the sky was 4/10 clear, and although at 9.15 a.m. there was a [Vol 1, p099] light shower lasting some twenty minutes, the sky continued to clear, until, by 10 a.m., it was 8/10 free of cloud. It remained so until 4 p.m. when thick stratus cloud began to come over from the SW. At 5.30 p.m. this had changed to nimbus, the sky being entirely covered, and a light rain was falling. It has continued on and off ever since.

Another lovely day, and a really satisfying march, even though it was of only 6½ miles. From Sumtsangtap the path climbs, more or less steadily, for 2300 feet, (except that the last 1¼ miles are very flat), reaching the top in 3½ miles. That is put rather badly. Actually the path climbs through jungle about 2200 feet in 2¼ miles, and then continues round the end of a ridge, very level, for another 1¼ miles, climbing a further hundred feet. From the 3½ mile point there is a steady descent of 3000 feet into the Nam Tamai Valley, reaching a fine cane suspension bridge, 70 yards long and capable of taking mules, at 6½ miles. The second half of the descent is mainly through cleared ground, with good views both up and down the valley. The village of Pangnamdim (15 huts and 1 belonging to the Tanugok) can be clearly seen some 300 yards above the bridge on the left bank, and not on the right as it is shown [Vol 1, p100] on the S. of I. maps. The Rest House is immediately above, and 30 yards from the eastern end of the bridge. It is much better than it used to be, and is now not at all bad, though there is little accommodation for the servants. There is a

hut for about 60 or 70 coolies one hundred yards upstream. Today was my birthday (29th) and it has been a great day. Early this morning I spent some time packing the flies and grasshoppers we collected yesterday. Then the march, which I thoroughly enjoyed, although I saw nothing at all except some beautiful views of the beautiful, steep-sided, dark green Tamai Valley, with a twisting coffee-coloured snake of a river at the bottom, and Pangnamdim nestling rather snugly at the foot of a cleared patch of ground. It is a most lovely valley, and a real joy to be here again. All the advance baggage was here, and one of the coolies had caught a 5½ foot Elaphe, which I hope will prove to be a new species. It is coloured like Taeniura, but the head shields are different. It had eleven big eggs in it, when I opened it up. One of the first things I did was to get out Mammy's present from Jackson's. It was simply grand – everything in it – and the Cocktail [[Vol 1, p101](#)] Assortment Biscuits were possibly the best. The book was '*Para Handy and Other Tales*', by Hugh Foulis, one I had wanted to read for years; I was running rather short of soap and toothpaste; and the sweets and other biscuits were highly appreciated. The things were packed very well too. An afternoon spent between paying off all the coolies, and attending to snakes; and then the birthday dinner of sardines, Campbell's beef broth (excellent), a chicken curry, Christmas pudding, herring roes in chapati, and a dollop of rum in my coffee. A good birthday altogether, bless my little Mammy. It is good to be here at last, and now we can really get down to collecting, which I am very much looking forward to. Tony got a snake today (not yet looked at) and the coolies brought in two *Natrix Himalayana* and a frog, besides several large beetles and other oddments. They are getting on with our house, and a deputation called this evening to ask me to point out what size it was to be on the diagram. I don't know when it will be finished though.

The best thing almost of all is that, although blister flies and dwarf bees are bad during the day, there are no sand flies and very few mosquitoes.

[[Vol 1, p102](#)]

Pangnamdim. Sunday, July 24th 1938

Max 86°. Min – B (6 a.m.) 26.5, (6 p.m.) 26.4.

Another good day. At 5.30 a.m. the sky was covered with thick stratus cloud, but by 8 a.m. this was clearing on a SW wind, force 2, and by 9.30 a.m. the sky was 8/10 clear. Conditions remained unchanged until noon, when the wind fastened to force 3. At 3 p.m. stratus clouds began to come over in large quantities. By 4.30 p.m. the sky was 9/10 covered, and by 6 p.m. wholly obscured (wind force 2). At 8.30 p.m. there was a very light shower lasting 20 minutes.

A day spent in getting things settled in, and in mild collecting. I did several snakes (5, including a large *Trimeresurus* which I can't place, though at first sight it looks like *jerdoni*) and Tony skinned a squirrel and a bird quite effectively. A bitter blow has befallen us in that we now find we have left all 4 gramophones in Fort Hertz, instead of bringing one with us. I had a pen made for Theophrastus, who is still well and very friendly, though inclined to hiss angrily if picked up without due warning. Our coolies went back today, and those that are going to Putao said that they were going to double march the whole way, which is more than I should like to do. This evening the hens, (which are running about loose and giving an air of [[Vol 1, p103](#)] prosperity and permanence to the establishment), considered that our bathroom would make a good roosting place, and moved in about 7 p.m. with some determination. Tony saw them perching on the basins and elsewhere, and gave a loud yell, upon which one fell into my bath (a rubber one and only six inches deep)

while the other fled in disorder. The bathing belle remained there where she was, until Nyima Töndrup approached with outstretched paws: then she did that which she might not to have done, and having defiled the crystal spring, shot out with a squawk evading capture. None the less we rounded them all up, lest worse befell, and shut them in their baskets.

The unknown *Trimeresurus* was caught on top of the ridge, with 12 large eggs freshly laid in a disused rat-hole, about a yard from the surface. Her stomach was completely empty, except for one large viperine fang, which was probably her own.

Tonight we took a Primus lamp out and put up the screen. We worked for a couple of hours but there was not much variety – only moths and small diptera. A couple of frogs were caught with our torches though. I'm disappointed that no lizards have been brought in yet. I must get hold of some somehow. Incidentally, there are no [Vol 1, p104] tortoises in this valley – apart from Theophrastus, an alien.

Breakfast today of chopped chicken and herring roes, in mashed potato; chapatis, jam and tea. Dinner of chicken soup, chicken goulash, peaches and cream, toast, coffee and rum. We could hardly have done better in London. Chetuk's bread is a great success. We opened the birthday cake today. Most excellent it was. A couple of Darus came in today from up the valley – naked except for a wisp of rag and a little homespun plaid slung round their shoulders. Very simian but very friendly. One had a small blue circle tattooed just above his left breast, which, he said, meant that he was some sort of a chief. I must find out more about it though. Many of the Nung women have a blue line tattooed under and parallel to their lower lip. I put up an ant-proof drying shelf this morning.

Pangnamdim. Monday, July 25th 1938

Max 87°. Min – B (6 a.m.) 26.55, B (6 p.m.) 26.4.

Heavy rain most of the night and until 5.30 a.m. when it suddenly stopped. By 6 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear, the clouds being stratus. Wind SW 2 or 3. Conditions remained unchanged until 3 p.m., when the wind increased to SW 3-4, gusty, until 6 p.m., when it dropped to nil. The night is 5/10 clear. Wind nil.

Last night's rain came through the roof of the verandah [[Vol 1, p105](#)] in torrents, and soaked everything that was there to soak; and it came through the roof of the room onto most of my books and folders. The trouble wasn't discovered until I got up at half-past five, and then I, Lewa, Nyima Töndrup, Lhakpa and Kharka Bahadur spent an hour and three quarters in frenziedly drying things over the fire. Tony seems to carry out his principle that it is better to watch others work than to work himself, for he never stirred to help us from beginning to end, and all today he has just sat around doing nothing, except when he took his gun and went for a walk this afternoon. However, it will be good practice for me to learn to do the whole bang shoot myself in preparation for next time. After the drying episode and breakfast were both over, I made five drying trays for insects (Cheesman Patent), and pinned all the large beetles that were ready, in my cigar box. Then arranged all last night's catch in the trays, and did other odd collecting jobs. A fine *Draco* was brought in today, and several *Zaocys nigromarginatus*, and two *jerdonii* (?) – but these already pretty high and useless. Another frog too. God knows when I'm going to have time to write those accursed articles, or even to write letters. As it is we don't get dinner until [[Vol 1, p106](#)] 8 p.m., and I'm working right up till then. It was a lovely day, though, and perhaps it is only because I have not yet got things properly coordinated that I

don't seem to be able to get things done. We ought to get a mail in a few days' time, I think. For breakfast, Finnan Haddie with mashed potatoes, toast and jam; lunch of fish cakes, from the remains; and dinner of roast chicken, fried potatoes and fried bamboo shoots. The ration problem is beginning to loom large, owing to the impossibility of our getting any meat. We still have ten fowls, but we are hoping that they keep us in eggs, and so are not going to slay any more for a while. So far they have shown no sign of wanting to lay! Otherwise we have rice, potatoes, flour and our stores – which are not enough to live on for a matter of eight or nine. Tony is a comic soul in many ways. He armours himself in long trousers against blister flies, (which are not really bad here), but has not yet acquired the gumption to put on shorts for coolness when going out for a walk. He complains of sweating a lot! My old interpreter came in on his way to Nogmung from up the valley. Brought 7 eggs as a present.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, July 26th 1938

B (6 a.m.) 26.55, (6 p.m.) 26.41.

Heavy rain from 2 a.m. until 5 a.m. By 5.30 a.m. the sky was 5/10 covered with light cirrostratus; 5/10 with nimbus. By [Vol 1, p107] 6 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear, and by 7 a.m. 8/10 clear: wind SE 2-3. Conditions remained unchanged until 6 p.m., when stratus cloud began to come over in large quantities. By 7 p.m. the sky was wholly covered.

The roof was repaired to some extent yesterday, and was certainly much improved, but that only meant that the rain did not come in onto the tables and books. Baffled then it turned onto me with redoubled rage, and at 2.45 I was woken by a trickle of water coming through from the middle of the top of my mosquito net.

Wearily I tottered out of bed, to find a small lake up there, fed by two streams from the roof. I drained the lake with a mug, and gloomily got into bed again with a basin which I held on my hip, thus dozing till 5.30 – my usual time for getting up. By that time the basin was 1/3 full, but I was dry though a little cramped from holding it.

A day spent wholly in collecting and preserving, but I got more done this time, so perhaps I'm getting better. What takes more time than anything (I being no artist) is painting such of the specimens as are likely to change colour in the spirit. However I did rather a masterpiece of the Draco, though I failed completely with the underside a frog, which was too complicated for me to manage. I shall [Vol 1, p108] try and find somebody to give me a few lessons when I get back. Our woodman brought a small *Natrix nuchalis* this evening, which differed from the usual in having a pink belly instead of black or, at least, dark. But that may only be due to its being immature. Tony did rather better today, packing a large number of moths quite well as far as I could see. I have instituted a mammal-catching competition, in which we and the servants have three traps apiece – the man with the biggest number of captures each week getting a rupee. Specimens with broken heads count only ½ point. The servants are very keen on it.

I had to strengthen the spirit in both tanks this afternoon, that in the final one being down to just under 70%, and the other to about 45%. After dinner we set to work and packed a large number of moths and butterflies (Tony till 11.15, and I till about midnight). Breakfast of potato curry and pulao rice, toast and jam; dinner of kichni, Maggi Pea, parates, and coffee. Lunch was the remains of breakfast.

Another lovely day. I only hope this rain-at-night business goes on for the rest of the rains. The roof was repaired again today, and now looks really good. I spent

some time this morning making out weekly ration lists, so that we can live up to the limit of our resources [[Vol 1, p109](#)] without fear. Of course, if the worst comes to the worst, we can always get more from Barnett's, but that will cost a good deal and we haven't got much money. It's funny that here at Pangnamdim the people all seem to prefer money to salt for specimens. I hope it's different when we get into the Triangle. As a matter of fact I know it will be, because Leyden said so. My old interpreter went off today. I gladdened his heart with 6 cartridges and Rs 1/-.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, July 27th 1938

Min 69° Max 84°. B (6 a.m.) 26.51, B (6 p.m.) 26.44.

Rain most of the night, and until 6.30 a.m. From then until 8 a.m. the valley was filled with heavy mist. At 8 a.m. this cleared, and the sky was 8/10 covered with heavy stratus cloud, the remaining 2/10 being light stratus. Wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged until 3 p.m., when a SW 2 arose, and the clouds began to change from stratus to nimbus. At 3.30 p.m. there was a light shower, lasting fifteen minutes, and from then on showers were frequent; the sky was wholly covered with nimbus; wind SW 2.

The roof is effective at last, and except that it leaked a bit onto the max. and min. thermometers, we were dry and snug all night. The trapping had no particular luck last night, only one rat being caught (Lewa) and that having a broken head. In one of mine the chapati bait had been eaten (I think by ants): in another, the potato bait had [[Vol 1, p110](#)] been chewed, but I had set it too firmly and it did not go off: in the third, the onion bait had not been touched, so I won't try it again. Only frogs came in today, so I spent most of the morning and afternoon packing insets; then did the frogs; discovered that I cannot paint a frog with any hope of success as half the

colour effect lies in the soft iridescent skin, which I am not artist enough to compete with; went out on a short insect shikar, but was so bitten by mosquitoes that I soon returned, especially as insects were not plentiful; considered fixing up the wireless, but found a connection to be broken and so decided to wait until the tools came and I can solder it; sealed up a couple of finished tubes (spiders and parasitic worms) with wax; and that brought us to dinner time, just before which, to my great joy, two fine lizards were brought in (I think *Calotes khakhiensis*), and a pair of Trimesuri caught in coitus. I'll do them tomorrow though. Breakfast of bacon, eggs and mashed potatoes, toast and jam: dinner of roast fowl (bought for As 8) with fried potatoes and 'Petit Pois', preceded by chicken-and-Oxo soup. The servants always call Oxo, 'Oxsoup'!

After dinner it didn't seem a good night for insects, so we decided to have a frog hunt. Tony gave up early, [[Vol 1, p111](#)] and went home, saying his trousers were coming down, though I think it was fear of possible leeches that deterred him, for he could easily have put on another pair and come out again. Lewa persevered for an hour and a half before retiring, but the real heroes were Kharka Bahadur and myself, who scoured the country and waded up and down streams, ploughed through jungle and peered under rocks, for a solid 2½ hours – without finding or even seeing one. The bitterest blow of all was that a stray female, who had no connection with the hunt whatever, came down to the stream for water, and picked up a large frog near the bank. It was enough to make me lose all faith in the virtue of human endeavour.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, July 28th 1938

Min 70.5° Max 85°. B (6 a.m.) 26.43, B (6 p.m.) 26.38.

Moderate rain falling at 5.30 a.m., and continuing till 6.30 a.m. After that the sky remained entirely covered with thick clouds (heavy stratus for the most part), but there was no rain until 3.30 p.m., when a light shower came down for ten minutes. Then again no more rain until 8.30 p.m., when it began to come down steadily and fairly heavily. Wind SW 2 throughout the day.

A day to be remembered, for at last one of our hens has done her duty. Tony and I had half the egg each [[Vol 1, p112](#)] for lunch, hard boiled and made into a "patty" by being wrapped in a piece of chapati and fried. I only hope our one heroine fires the other eight with her splendid example. So far one egg from eight hens in five days is our proud record. Nobody got anything in the traps today, but two of mine had been sprung, and the bait eaten in the third, which could not go off owing to the wood swelling, so I think I was unlucky. I'm not going to say any more that I did insects in the morning followed by reptiles in the afternoon, because it's a waste of time and paper – it being a daily event now. A grand Colubride was brought in today, and I think she is an Elaphe, but I can't place her at all. The great thing is though that she's safely in pickle; and talking of that we had an exciting time with the two Trimesuri, who were as mad as hornets with having been kept a day and a night in the bamboo. I manoeuvred them out through a hole in the end, while Tony stood by with the snake stick. When one was out I shoved the plug in again to keep the other safe. Both struck furiously at anything within reach, including the snake stick. Then I had to catch them by the body, and, while Tony slacked off the strap, work them down until he [[Vol 1, p113](#)] could tighten up again just behind the head. That was to give us a chance to dose them with nicotine – after which all was over. For the last two days Nyima Töndrup has been excused work on the ground of his having slight

fever. I think he's getting better all right, but he now says his head is going round. That may be a slight toxic effect of the Quinoplasmoquine I've been giving him though, and I'll wait till tomorrow and see what is to be done. I wish I had the medicine boxes. I thought they would arrive today, but no luck. I was working on those snakes till past 8.30 p.m., after which it became a bit dark and difficult and I had a bath and then dinner. Dinner over, I went out to set my traps and thus set the servants an example for keenness – though God knows I didn't particularly want to go in the pouring rain with the path flooded and everything as slippery as ice. Except at Kankin I've had a bath every day now since the beginning of the trip (our rubber bath is a boon indeed), and even Tony, who hates washing, has been inspired by a few words of mine to do the same. He makes up for it in the morning, though, saving soap by just putting his face in the water and then drying it off.

[[Vol 1, p114](#)] Breakfast of minced chicken, mashed potato, and a minute omelette, toast, jam and tea. Dinner of a Maggi Soup, (oxtail, I believe), with a Mac Ratin and mashed potatoes. Very good too. We have now finished our bread, and are down to our last pound of flour and our last two pounds of potatoes. If those loads don't soon arrive from Kankin, we shall be rice-eaters with a vengeance. Three bats today.

Pangnamdim. Friday, July 29th 1938

Min 70° Max 82°. B (6 a.m.) 26.44, B (6 p.m.) 26.40.

At 5.30 a.m., very heavy rain was falling, and though it slackened to moderately heavy at 6 a.m., rain continued to fall until noon without a break. From then till 10 p.m. it was fine in the valley, with the sky heavily overcast with stratus and

nimbus clouds, and rain falling intermittently on the hills. Clouds down to 6000 feet.

Wind SW 1.

Not much news today except that those infernal twelve loads have not yet arrived from Kankin, and now we're out of everything bar rice and onions. I expect de Glanville has decided to send them with Kyipa, so that somebody responsible goes with them. If that's so they won't be here for a week.

A small, rather battered, striped squirrel; a bird; an *Oligodon herberti*; and several insects were brought in this afternoon. It doesn't sound much, [[Vol 1, p115](#)] but with the insects we had already I was kept hard at work up till about 6.30 p.m. Lewa and Kharka Bahadur have become the chief collectors, and are really extraordinarily good – especially at butterflies – and very keen. They are out together most of the day and never fail to bring in a good haul. That blessed hen has given of her best again today, but her sisters stubbornly refuse to fall into line. Chetuk, however, who is self-appointed poultry keeper, swears that all will yet be well. He says they look as if they might lay at any minute, but to me they merely look dyspeptic and disillusioned.

Nyima Töndrup is more or less well now, I think, but Lhakpa has got fever and tape worms. I can't do much about the latter till my medicine boxes come, but I have Quinine luckily. This evening I stood outside the house and potted at bats, with remarkable lack of success. Out of eight shots I hit one slightly. It fell, but we could not find it. Good fun, though, and pretty good practice. I put up a second ant-proof shelf today, as the first was becoming too crowded. Still no luck with the traps. I have moved all mine to see if fortune will change.

[[Vol 1, p116](#)]

Pangnamdim. Saturday, July 30th 1938

Min 70.5° Max 78.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.45, B (6 p.m.) 26.44.

Steady rain was falling at 5.30 a.m., and this continued until noon, the sky being completely covered with heavy, low nimbus. Between noon and 6 p.m. there was no rain, and the clouds were mostly thick stratus. At 6 p.m. steady rain began again, and this is continuing. Wind SW all day.

Not much news today, except that I have given up lunch as being too much of a good thing; and that there was not even a single egg, in spite of Chetuk's assurances! A grand snake was brought in, which I think is a variety of flavozonatum, though that seems to differ in some ways (notably the ventral count) from this. Four bats, two Zaocys nigromarginatus (which I later turned loose, as they were both females), three birds, a squirrel, and some insects and two frogs were today's haul. I was responsible for 1 bird, going out on a hunt this evening, but I missed several. Our cartridges (bought from Burma Arms Co.) are old stock, I'm afraid, and have swollen so that it is difficult to extract them. Our house has not yet been begun, but the ground is almost clear, and most of the bamboo has already [Vol 1, p117] been cut and brought along. I did a little typing this morning, of the Reptile List, after doing the insects. Nyima Töndrup is more or less fit now. Lhakpa has gone down again this evening. Salmon fish cakes for breakfast; sardine pulao and Oxsoup for dinner, followed by prunes.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, July 31st 1938

Min 70° Max 88.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.50, B (6 p.m.) 26.44.

Steady rain was falling at 5.30 a.m., and this continued until 9 a.m., after which the sky became covered with heavy stratus clouds down to 6000 feet with

some mist down almost as low as the river. By 10.30 a.m. the sky was 6/10 covered with stratus clouds and the sun was shining in the valley. At 2 p.m. nimbus clouds began to cover over, and from 3 p.m. onward there have been numerous short showers. Wind SW 2-3 all day long.

I must have misjudged Tony I think because no one could have done better than he today. He got up an hour and half later than I, as usual, but as soon as his breakfast was done he set to work skinning and kept at it like a Trojan until nearly 8 p.m., doing 6 birds and 2 bats in that time. A grand show!

Once more Martha, the hen, has done her stuff, by presenting us with another egg this morning. Chetuk [[Vol 1, p118](#)] insists that the others will come round in time, and I only hope he's right; but we slew one of the two cocks this morning as a warning to the others of what they might expect if eggs were not soon forthcoming. The slaying was quite a business! A small boy turned up with a crossbow, and Kharka Bahadur seized this to do the job. He crept up to within less than 6 feet and missed it! The cock was only mildly interested, so he stalked it again and, from much the same distance, succeeded in putting an arrow through its comb, upon which it took to the jungle in dudgeon, pursued by half a dozen bystanders who presently brought it back with its neck wrung! If specimens continue to be brought in at the rate they arrived today, we are going to be unable to cope. And still I haven't written those articles. They hang over me like a nightmare, because I never have time to do them. A man came in from Nogmung to say that David ransacked three of the boxes in Kankin on his way down, and that the coolies, finding the boxes open, were afraid they would be blamed, so that the women all fled into the wilderness and only the men [[Vol 1, p119](#)] remained in Kankin to face it out. The coolies were those sent

down by de Glanville, of course. So I am sending a letter to de G. by the same man tomorrow to tell him what I have heard, and to ask him to make enquiries and see what really has happened. I think it may only be a garbled version of Kyipa looking for his bedding or something on the way up.

Several snakes and a good lizard, but otherwise nothing very exciting. I finished a film by taking the building of our new abode, in which they are now doing the frame of the cookhouse. Nyima Töndrup is quite fit again now, and Lhakpa too seems to be more or less all right. All the servants (including Asong) clipped their hair off this morning, leaving only the rupi. I took hourly readings of the Therm. and Bar. today, but missed two or three, so will have to do it again.

Pangnamdim. Monday, August 1st 1938

Min 71° Max 88°. B (6 a.m.) 26.54, B (6 p.m.) 26.41.

At 5.30 a.m. light rain was falling, and this continued until 9 a.m., when the sky began to clear. By 10 a.m. the sky was 5/10 covered with stratus cloud, and conditions remained unchanged until 2 p.m., when it began to cloud over slowly. By 5 p.m. the sky was 9/10 covered with stratus cloud, and at 6 p.m. nimbus began to come over. At 6.30 p.m. there was a [Vol 1, p120] heavy shower lasting forty minutes; and since then it has been raining on and off fairly regularly. Wind SW 1-2.

A very slack day for me, because, for the first time, no snakes or reptiles of any kind came it at all.

After doing the insects I went out collecting with Lewa, Lhakpa and Kharka Bahadur, going up the valley towards the village, and as far as the new house. That lasted some time, and at about 1 o'clock I came back to get my camera. I found Chetuk struggling with the dried egg powder (issued today) and spent some time in

rigging up weighing machines with sticks and string so as to work out just how much powder and how much water was equal to one egg. In the end I made it 2 dessertspoonfuls of the powder and the same measure of water, and by test that was very satisfactory. After that I went out collecting specimens, bird or mammal, and succeeded in shooting five; but two of these we couldn't find at all. I'm shooting very badly at present, and I've come to the conclusion it's because I'm jerking off. I must cure myself and then see what happens. After a while (at 3.45 p.m.) Kharka Bahadur and I crossed the river and pushed down the right bank by a path which old Tony swore [[Vol 1, p121](#)] "petered out" about 200 yards from the bridge. We didn't go very far really, but it took us a long time, as the track was Mishmian in its vileness, though quite amusing. We crossed a biggish stream at almost our furthest point, by a very flimsy bamboo bridge, and turned up it for a little, finding a plaited bamboo fish trap in a waterfall and a beautifully made dead-fall trap for otters. I studied that for some time, and for simplicity and efficiency it taught me a lot. We got back, after having tried several photos upstream at the bridge, at 5.30, and almost at once a coolie brought in a very young squirrel, with its eyes still closed. I bought it for Annas 2, in the hopes that it may live, and it's been drinking Nestlé milk with avidity. It seems happy and sleeps a lot provided it's kept at body heat, so it's in my pyjama pocket now, curled into a ball. The only thing is, I believe it's got a chill on the tummy, and, if it's anything like a bird, it will peg out – but I do hope not. It will sleep with me tonight anyway, and in my pocket there is no fear of it getting squashed.

Lhakpa is of about the same mental calibre as Tashi Töndrup. Yesterday I gave him the rather [[Vol 1, p122](#)] high corpses of a couple of dishevelled bats, and told him to throw them in the water – meaning, of course, the river. He took them

helplessly in his hand, pondered darkly, and then said, "Shall I put them in hot or cold water, sahib, and how long for?" Our runner went off today to Putao with letters for the A.P. and Durrant. He will arrive on the 4th. I took hourly readings of the Therm. and Bar. but missed a good few owing to being out.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, August 2nd 1938

Min 70° Max 82°. B (6 a.m.) 26.55, B (6 p.m.) 26.44.

At 5.30 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with thick stratus cloud. Wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged until noon when a SW wind arose, force 2, bringing over small quantities of nimbus cloud. At 1 p.m. there was a moderate shower, lasting 20 minutes, but though rain fell on the hills throughout the afternoon in small amounts, no more fell in the valley, and after 2 p.m. until 5 p.m. the sky immediately above was 5/10 stratus, with a certain amount of sun. At 5 p.m. it clouded over entirely. Tonight SW 2.

The little squirrel slept all night in the pocket of my pyjamas, (in a bed of cotton cool, because she's not house-trained yet) and was full of life this morning. Her name is Jane, by the way. She spent the day in the breast pocket of my shirt, sleeping most of the time, but taking her [Vol 1, p123] milk valiantly from a teaspoon about every three hours. What I'm afraid of is that she may have had too much (perhaps 6 or 7 spoonfuls altogether), because she's full of jerks and shudders tonight, poor little thing. I only hope she gets over it. Having got her through last night and today it would break my heart if she died now. She's in my pyjama pocket again, and I think she's asleep, though it's hard to say, her eyes not being open. She's minute, with a body less than three inches long, and a tail a bit longer, but she can talk quite well. She chatters furiously when anything goes wrong, (such as the milk

going up her nose instead of into her mouth), and when she got buried under the cotton wool this evening, she gave piercing squeaks of distress until she felt me groping for her. She looks upon me as her mother now, and is used to me, but she resents being handed to anyone else, and tries to creep away. Kharka Bahadur very nearly got another Draco this evening, from the same tree the first one was caught in. He was well up in it, and Maran Yong (our Khanung house-coolie) was waiting underneath, when he put one up. It made a long gliding flight of thirty yards down almost to the river bank, and though Maran Yong was [Vol 1, p124] right on its tail, running like the devil himself, it just got into a hole in a big tree before he could grapple it, and we couldn't get it out. I am offering a rupee for each Draco brought in, but I don't think there will be many. Asong has given notice and gone. The trouble was that Lewa and K.B. took him with them when they went insecting up the side of the valley, but when he was told to get to work after some beetle, he said he would be ashamed to do such a thing. Lewa took umbrage at the insult, and instantly clouted him, saying that if I could do a certain thing then there was no call for a lousy Zayuli to feel shame in doing the same! I think in any case he will be better without him, because stopping still like this there wasn't enough work for so many. A man came in tonight saying that Kyipa and the coolies will arrive tomorrow. Great news, if it's true, and we may get a mail. Insects kept me busy a large part of the day; Jane a good deal of the rest; but as far as reptiles were concerned it was not much better than yesterday, for only 1 tiny lizard was brought along, and that very common. It is just as well the boxes are coming tomorrow, [Vol 1, p125] because my tank is bung full and I was wondering what to do with no soldering apparatus to seal a kerosine tin. I took hourly readings of the Barometer and Thermometer.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, August 3rd 1938

Min 71° Max 89°. B (6 a.m.) 26.56, B (6 p.m.) 26.44.

At 5.30 a.m. the valley was filled with mist down to 3000 feet and a light drizzle was falling. Wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged until 7.30 a.m., when a SW wind arose, force 2, and by 8 a.m. the drizzle had stopped and the sky was wholly covered with moderate stratus clouds. The valley was clear of mist. By 9 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear, and by 10 a.m. it was 8/10 clear, the remaining 2/10 being covered with light stratus clouds. At 9.30 p.m. nimbus clouds began to come over. By 10.30 p.m. the sky was wholly covered, and there was a shower lasting $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, at the end of which time most of the clouds had blown away, and the sky was 5/10 clear.

More than the usual amount of work this morning on insects, and this evening another *Zaocys nigromarg*: ♀ and another *Trimeresurus jerdoni* ♂ were brought in. I have kept the latter. Tony and I went for a walk at shortly after 1 p.m. down the right bank of the river to get a picture of the bridge, and coming back we found that the rumour was true and that Kyipa and the baggage had turned up. It is grand to have everything under one roof again, but the rumour about [Vol 1, p126] the theft is also true, and David (the swine) has been arrested in Putao for stealing a pair of shorts, 2 pairs of socks and two odd socks, a khaki shirt and Rs 3/- from Kyipa; and 30 lbs of sugar and 6 lbs of tea from us. At least de Glanville hasn't got all those details yet, and I'm sending them up tomorrow with Piata who came in charge of the money. De Glanville could only change Rs 3000/- at this time, but he's keeping the other 6500 until November when a new supply comes up from Myitkyina. Kyipa brought a mail too, including a letter from Mother, one from Joan, the Weekly Times (which I haven't

had time to look at), and a telescope each for Lewa and N.T. from Jonathan. That was about all there was for me except chits from de Glanville, Durrant, and the doctor, who had bought onions and potatoes for us. The durwan of the Dak bungalow sent a bunch of bananas and two pineapples too, which were most welcome. I paid off the coolies this evening, keeping one to take back our mail when it's written. Yesterday the river was up more than 10 feet, but by this morning it had sunk five of those feet. At its height it was a fearsome sight from the bridge. I stood there for a while yesterday morning, wondering what chance anyone would have who fell in, when a big log came sweeping down. As I watched, it [Vol 1, p127] was caught in a swirling eddy. It stood right up on end, and vanished altogether from sight, and at that I thought my question was answered. Poor little Jane has got rickets I think, though I'm hoping against hope that it may only be overfeeding, and praying that Abdul will help. She has the most awful shudder, especially in her hind quarters, and they come so often that she can't get as much sleep as she needs. I've got no cod-liver oil, but I've dosed her with sardine oil as a poor substitute. She doesn't like it, but it remains to be seen whether it does her any good. It sends my heart to see her as she is. Doctored a man with a sore foot this evening.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, August 4th 1938

Min 70° Max 90°. B (6 a.m.) 26.55, B (6 p.m.) 26.40.

At 5.30 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with dense stratus cloud, and the valley was filled with wisps of mist down to 3000'. Wind SW 1. By 8.30 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear (the other 5/10 being very light stratus) and there was no mist in the valley. Conditions remained unchanged until 1.30 p.m., when the wind increased to

SW 3 for nearly an hour, then dying away to SW 1 again. At 7.30 p.m. stratus clouds began to come over, and by 9.30 p.m. the sky was entirely covered.

With constant interruptions due to lizards and frogs being brought in, tents and wireless having to be [Vol 1, p128] seen to, and, this evening, by a man coming in with a nasty sore on his leg, I did my best to write that damned article "*Modern Explorers in Central Asia*". I did about a third, I suppose, but at all costs I must finish it tomorrow, come what may. This morning we had all the tents out to dry, and put up the larger one to see how it went, only to find that Edgingtons have sent 2 middle pieces and 1 end to the ridge pole instead of vice versa. The only thing to do is to let them know at once and get them to send another end, but it will be months before it arrives. The others are all right, but this one is all we have to work in failing a hut – and I don't expect we will get huts up the Taron. Had all the medicine boxes out and emptied to get thoroughly dry too. Only one was wet, and that, as luck would have it, the one with all the cotton wool in it, so the place was festooned with drying wool, like a Christmas tree, all day. I took a stroll for twenty minutes and went down to inspect our new abode and take a picture of it. It's coming along well. The kitchen and the servants' quarters are finished, and one latrine, and the mansion itself has the frame completed and half the roof. I reckon it [Vol 1, p129] will be done in about a week, or ten days at the most. I soldered a couple of broken connections in the wireless too, and that is now working pretty well, though I think the H.T. is probably down rather. I must try a T. signal tomorrow, as I regret to say I forgot to wind the chronometer last night for the first time. I did my first intravenous injection all on my own this evening, and quite decently, when I gave the sufferer iodine to help on his sore. I dressed the place with Antiphlogistine, and he is coming back tomorrow, so I

will see how things have gone. Jane is a hundred per cent better than she was yesterday (bless old Abdul), and pretty skittish. In fact she fell out of my pocket twice, but seems none the worse. She's developing a mind of her own too, and often refuses to stay in her pocket, and insists on sleeping in my hand. She fits into the palm with plenty to spare! We took a photo of her today. Tony had his hair all clipped off, except for the tupi, this afternoon, and looks vile!

Breakfast sardine fish cakes. Dinner Maggi tomato, pumpkin curry, and banana fritters. Also coffee. Nearly every night since we've been here there's been a very slight earthquake – just enough to [[Vol 1, p130](#)] make a flimsy house like this sway a little. The trouble with this banana leaf thatch (or rather roofing) is that one hot, dry day withers the leaves, and then when the rain comes, it just comes through.

Pangnamdim. Friday, August 5th 1938

Min 71° Max 91.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.54, B (6 p.m.) 26.35.

Weather conditions exactly the same as yesterday, except that the wind did not freshen until 2 p.m., and died down to SW 1 at 3.45 p.m.

Hospital opened today, at about 7.30 this morning, with the man injected last night and several sufferers from fever. It was rather slow work, because I still hadn't got out all the things I wanted and it meant constant opening of medicine boxes; but now the entire clinic is on a table on the verandah and I'll be able to get things done quickly from now on. Then work on that blasted article (it isn't nearly finished yet) until this evening, when a glut of snakes was brought in and I had to work on them like a madman until 8 p.m. However, though they interrupted my writing badly, there were two among them I haven't had before. One a female *Trimeresurus mucrosquamatus*, and one a small Colubrid snake I haven't been able to place at

all. Another grand day, and very hot. Jane is [Vol 1, p131] getting more and more frisky now, and really likes being petted, bless her heart. I think her eyes ought to open soon, and when they do I think she'll be a bit of a handful. At intervals she gets tired of her pocket, and insists on sleeping in my hand. Lhakpa has now been starving for two days, on account of a swarm of tape worms which are molesting him. Tonight he had a dose of salts, and tomorrow I shall dose him with male-fern and more salts. Maran Yong too has followed the prevailing fashion and had his hair cut off.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, August 6th 1938

Min 71.5° Max 88°. B (6 a.m.) 26.54, B (6 p.m.) 26.36.

At 5.30 a.m. the sky was covered, in the western half, by light, and in the eastern, by heavy stratus clouds. Wind SW 1. By 8 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear, the remaining half being covered with very light stratus and stratocumulus. Conditions remained unchanged until 1 p.m. when the wind increased to SW 2-3, dying away to SW 1 at 4 p.m. At 6 p.m. stratus clouds began to come over, and by 7.30 p.m. the sky was entirely obscured.

Hospital at 7 a.m., but only one patient today – a youth with a very nasty cut on his skin which had been bleeding all night and was still going strong. It was too late to stitch it, but I put on a tourniquet and [Vol 1, p132] and dressed it, and will see how it is tomorrow. Then work on reptiles and insects all day until about 5 p.m., when I wrote Mother, as our dak goes in the morning. Lewa has got a slight go of fever, but he had the gumption to let me know in time and so we will soon have him fit again. And today I gave Lhakpa 180 minims of male-fern and a dose of salts, which has quite shattered him – but also, I believe, shattered the worms. Tony was more

incapable than usual today, and as a result I am feeling rather disgruntled, as it only means that I have to do his job for him apart from my own. That is, apart from the skinning, at which he does do some work. Jane very fit and well, in spite of having twice fallen from my pocket onto the floor with a thud. I'm sure her eyes will open tomorrow. Breakfast of chicken omelette and fried potatoes. Dinner of Oxsoup, vegetable curry, and jam tarts. Wrote Mother, Nihal Chaud and Durrant.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, August 7th 1938

Min 72.5° Max 86°. B (6 a.m.) 26.50, B (6 p.m.) 26.36.

At 5.30 a.m. steady rain was falling, and the valley was filled with mist. At 6.15 a.m. the rain ceased and the mist started to rise. Wind nil. Until 1 p.m. the sky remained completely covered with stratus clouds, [Vol 1, p133] mingled with patches of light nimbus, and there were constant showers on the sides of the valley and from 1 mile upstream onwards, though no rain fell at Pangnamdim. At 1 p.m. a SW wind arose, force 1, and by 1.30 p.m. the sky was 4/10 clear – the remaining 6/10 being light stratus or light nimbus. At 3 p.m. there was a short shower, lasting twenty minutes, and after 6 p.m. the sky became completely covered with heavy stratus clouds. Wind SW 1.

A dreadful tragedy has occurred. I woke up suddenly this morning at 4 a.m., and for no apparent reason felt to see if Jane was all right in my pocket. She wasn't there, and with a sinking heart I hurriedly explored the bed, and found the poor little thing dead under the small of my back. She must have woken up and clambered out of the pocket to find my hand – according to her custom – slipped off onto the sheet, and gone to sleep against my back. Then I turned over and she was finished. I'm really upset about it. She was an absolute darling, and I had been looking forward so

much to seeing her grow up and having her with me as a constant companion. Hospital again this morning, but only the two men with places on their legs. After [[Vol 1, p134](#)] that I seemed to spend the whole day sewing up snakes in their shrouds and pickling frogs. I was at it till nearly 6 p.m. anyway, and was just going to develop a film (because I've got four to develop now) when another specimen of a Colubride snake, which I first saw two days ago, was brought in. It's got me completely baffled, but it's too much to hope that it's new. Tony was busy skinning most of the day, and went out insecting this evening, getting quite a good collection of flies and wasps. I sent off my letters (including a note of congratulation to Francis Firebrace) and a big order for stores this morning. The runner will get to Putao on the 10th evening, and we ought to get our stores about the 20th. Lewa is better today, but I kept him in bed, and I'll see how he is tomorrow. I've been feeling rather below par myself for the last couple of days, with incipient headache and generally under the weather. It probably means I've got fever coming on myself. I did a sketch of a lizard today, and have got the film drier put up. It looks very good. Breakfast scrambled egg and mashed potato. Dinner was a tremendous feast, because, with ill-advised enthusiasm, Chetuk opened not only a tin of ham, [[Vol 1, p135](#)] but one of baked beans as well, making a composite dish with mashed potato and raw onion and chilli salad. It was followed by a boiled 'mince pudding'.

Pangnamdim. Monday, August 8th 1938

Min 71.5° Max 79°. B (6 a.m.) 26.51, B (6 p.m.) 26.44.

From 5.30 a.m. on the valley was full of mist, and rain fell throughout the day – mainly moderately heavy, but very heavy from noon until 3 p.m. It was not until 9 p.m. that it stopped raining. No apparent wind.

The fine spell broke today with a vengeance, which was a pity as today was set aside for developing the 4 films I had in hand before they went bad on me. Apart from a short period dressing the two legs (which are both getting on well), and another while the Optochrom tank was drying, which I spent in typing out the list of specimens up to date, I was at it from morning till night. The Agfa tank was very good for one film (though a good bit more trouble than the other), but in the second the film-guide suddenly broke and I lost half of it. I continued with the Optochrom after that, which worked as well as ever. It's a slow business though, in any case, and not even the first film has shown any signs of getting dry by tonight. They are all four in the shroud, which is [[Vol 1, p136](#)] a great success. Joan can consider it as one of her triumphs. Lewa is getting on, but he still had a temperature of over 100° this morning, so he has stayed in bed, and I have gone on dosing him with Quinine Di-hydrochloride – 20 grams a day. Everyone else fit and well. A grand yellow toad was brought in this evening, but I haven't done anything about it yet as I want to sketch it. The roof leaked again last night, but not unduly – all the same it will be good to move into our new home. That's going to be ready in about 4 days now. Tony spent the day skinning, quite effectively, and neither of us went out at all. Breakfast of a fried egg and chips: dinner of potato curry and the remains of yesterday's mince pudding, preceded by Maggi mushroom. Very good, but I overate myself most firmly.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, August 9th 1938

Min 70° Max 84°. B (6 a.m.) 26.51, B (6 p.m.) 26.45.

At 5.30 a.m. the valley was entirely filled with mist, and a heavy drizzle was falling; wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged until 11 a.m. when the mist began

to rise. At 2 p.m. the rain stopped, and from 2.15 till 3 p.m. the sky was covered [[Vol 1, p137](#)] with light stratus cloud, and there was even diffuse sunlight in the valley. At 2.30 p.m. a SW wind arose, force 1, and by 3 p.m. heavy stratus clouds were beginning to cover over. By 4 p.m. the sky was wholly covered; wind SW 1.

Work on the toad and packing snakes and lizards this morning; work on that accursed article this afternoon, till 5, and then cutting up and packing the films which were just about dry and no more. However, in spite of their 24 hours and more in the shroud, there wasn't a speck of dust on one of them, and that is a great tribute to the excellence of the idea. It was just as well I did sketch that toad, for a few minutes after he was killed he turned from a bright, but dark yellow to a muddy sepia. A lizard I put into a tin last night to keep till I had time to pickle her, had laid an egg by this morning – for lack of anything better to do, I imagine. I kept her till this evening in hopes that she would lay another, but she failed. All the same, by a caesarean operation I have collected 8 eggs from her and am going to see if they hatch out. Perfect little eggs, like miniature hens' eggs to look at, but only a [[Vol 1, p138](#)] short half inch in length. Incidentally, it is still only Martha the hen who is laying, and I am rapidly losing patience with her sisters. They had better buck up before it is too late. I went to see our new house this evening, just before it got dark. It's absolutely palatial, and we will move in the day after tomorrow, all being well, as now there are only a few small jobs which remain to be done. I have bagged the room which looks over the river. It is smaller than Tony's, because they found that if they made them the same size the main pillars would come right in the middle of the passage, so they added 4 feet to one room and took it off the other. It's really fine, and my idea of a covered way from the kitchen to the servants' quarters is good too. I'm very pleased

and am looking forward to moving in, though it's still a bit damp and new. Lewa is still better and did some work today, but he hasn't quite got rid of his temperature yet. As usual, hospital in the morning, but no new patients. Only the two legs. I have got some sort of ringworm on my right foot. It didn't respond to Germolene, so I am persevering with iodine now. Tony did more [Vol 1, p139] skinning today. No snakes came in, but one more Calotes – the same as all the others.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, August 10th 1938

Min 70° Max 85.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.52, B (6 p.m.) 26.47.

At 5.30 a.m. the valley was filled with mist, and light rain was falling: wind nil. By 8 a.m. the rain had stopped, and the mist was beginning to rise very slowly. At 11 a.m. the sky was covered with light stratus clouds. At 1 p.m. a west wind arose, force 1, and by 2.30 p.m. the sky was 5/10 clear. The remaining 5/10 being light stratus as before. Conditions remained the same until 6 p.m., when small quantities of stratocumulus came over. By 8 p.m. the sky was 7/10 covered with this; wind W. 1.

Hospital, insects and reptiles all the morning, with that accursed article weighing more and more heavily on me. Our mail runner arrived this afternoon, however, and among others was a letter from Sir Percy to say that owing to the slump Newnes was having to cut down a good number of the articles, and that neither "*Modern Explorers in Central Asia*" or "*Huc and Gabet*" would be wanted any longer – though they would be paid for, as having been commissioned. That they would still like the one on my own journey, but that if it was going to be an awful nuisance I need not bother about it [Vol 1, p140] and that is only a tactful way of saying that they don't really want that either. I feel years younger, quite literally, and I know that my collecting work will improve now that I haven't got a gnawing

responsibility at the back of my mind. It's so exactly what I have been longing for, that I should think it's certainly been arranged – bless their hearts. Lewa and K.B. went out insecting this afternoon, down by our new house, found the most colossal spider in a heap of dead wood. The image of the one I saw at Sumtsangtap, and a good 5" across the legs, which are as thick as knitting needles all the way down and bristly. A fearful, black, furry body completes this horror, and K.B. actually caught it in his bare hand – having not only more courage, but a great deal more stupidity than I. All spiders are poisonous, and these big ones, which can easily bite through a man's skin, can be very dangerous. Fortunately they can only bite downwards, however, and can be caught by jabbing a handkerchief onto them from above. I have nothing big enough to hold him at the moment, and he has had to go into one of the snake jars, where he now reposes – bloated and hideous. The [Vol 1, p141] house was finished today, and we move in tomorrow. I paid a total of Rs 192/- for everything (Rs 50/- for the house; Rs 20/- for the kitchen; Rs 30/- for the servants' quarters; Rs 10/- for two latrines; Rs 12/- for the covered passage; Rs 20/- for the stores shed; Rs 25/- backsheesh for house; Rs 15/- backsheesh for the party who built the servants' quarters etc; Rs 10/- for the kitchen party) which I consider was more than fair, but needless to say some of them complained that it was not enough, and the house party even sent back their pay with a message to that effect. I told them to complain to de Glanville if they thought I was doing them and I would abide by what he said; but seeing that their bluff had failed, they took back the money and went quite happily off. Another *T. mucrosquamatus* was brought in today, a male this time, God be thanked, and of unprecedented size. But I wish that some little assorted snakes would come in now and then. I haven't had much of a selection yet. I spent a few

minutes weeding and labelling my negatives and have finally preserved 24 good ones. There's no point in keeping anything which isn't up to standard.

Breakfast omelette; dinner rissoles (alias 'Alu Chams') and golden syrup bread pudding. Coffee too.

[[Vol 1, p142](#)]

Pangnamdim. Thursday, August 11th 1938

Min 72° Max 87°. B (6 a.m.) 26.58, B (6 p.m.) 26.38.

At 5.30 a.m. the valley was filled with mist, but no rain was falling: wind nil. After 7 a.m. the mist began to rise, and by 10 a.m. the sky was 5/10 covered with very light stratus cloud. At 1 p.m. a west wind arose, force 2-3, and this continued until 2.30 p.m., when it died down to force 1. At 6 P.M. stratus cloud began to come over, and by 7 p.m. the sky was wholly covered with a thin and very patchy layer. Wind W. 1. Conditions unchanged as late as 9.30 p.m.

We had a great move today (in fact the Great Tuk), starting at about 7 a.m. with packing, and being entirely installed in the Mansion by 1.15 p.m., with the wireless aerial up, the fire lit and everything arranged. A triumph of efficiency on everybody's part except Howey's. True to his principles he didn't do a stroke – quite literally – the whole day long, except to pack his own box. He sat comfortably by, reading the Daily Mirror both at the old house and here, while all the rest of us were working hard, leaving me to pack up all the collecting gear, and unpack it; take down the ant-proof shelves and re-erect them; see to the stacking and arranging of all the stores boxes; see to the stuffed specimens and the skulls; see that a window was [[Vol 1, p143](#)] made in the cookhouse; that the zoo was re-built for Theophrastus; that the wireless mast was erected (and taken down, incidentally); and a hundred

other things. I have now lost patience, and am doing my best to persuade myself that I'm alone, neither noticing him nor speaking to him. There's no room for a chap like that in this sort of life. He needs a nurse, and a good spanking and my opinion of his parents has gone down to rock-bottom. They must have spoilt him from the day he was born. Otherwise everything is grand. There's room at last for all the bottles and books and I can keep things neat. We have a room each, so that I need see very little of Howey. I've got a table of my own; the servants are well-fixed; and best of all it's my own house – the first I've ever had! I don't count Howey as part owner. He had nothing to do with the design or anything else – not even the moving in! I took a couple of photos of it just after 1 o'clock, and then got down those Tibetan names, finishing P (which I'd started with Erik and Elsa) and T as well. It's the most wonderful relief not to have those articles to do!

Breakfast of the remains of the Alu Chams! Dinner of curried eggs and a most amazingly doughy pudding – heavy as lead! The eggs (10 of them of 2 hens) were a [Vol 1, p144] present from my ex-interpreter, who has come back with the Tanugok of this district – the same one we met at Tasa Hku. He is off up the valley to see about the road, the day after tomorrow. The wireless was working well tonight. I got Russia, Java, Manila, Tokio, China and Germany all at good strength. I've temporarily lost my wireless book though, so I don't know what most of the stations were. The Tanugok brought back Rs 6/- which had been handed over to him by two of my ex-coolies, whom I had somehow overpaid! I can scarcely imagine that happening with the coolie class in England, but then we're civilised.

Pangnamdim. Friday, August 12th 1938

Min 71° Max 87°. B (6 a.m.) 26.54, B (6 p.m.) 26.30.

At 5.30 a.m. the sky was covered with light nimbus cloud, down to 5000', and a moderate rain was falling. The rain stopped at 10 a.m., and by 11 a.m. the sky was 7/10 covered with light stratus clouds, and there was some cumulus low on the horizon to the east and south. Conditions remained unchanged till 2 p.m. when a west wind arose, force 2-3, blowing until 4.30 p.m., when it decreased in strength to force 1. At 6 p.m. fresh stratus cloud began to come over, and by 7.30 p.m. the sky was wholly covered. Wind W. 1.

[Vol 1, p145] No hospital either yesterday or today, except that this morning I gave the Tanugok some aspirin and cough mixture, and a small bottle of Eucalyptus this afternoon. Packed insects early in the morning; then sewed up snakes; and finally put my whole consignment of 72 into a kerosine tin for shipment. Soldering it down was the devil, as, in the first place, I'm not a very good hand at the job; and, in the second, spirit persisted in bubbling out every time I put the iron on, and soaking everything. Then a leak appeared at the bottom corner, and altogether it took more than an hour to do. But now at last it's done, and all is well. It will have to wait though until another is filled, I think, as I don't yet see how to pack one singly. Two are easy. Various specimens of frogs, lizards and crabs were brought in, but none of any interest, so I gave them their freedom, by dropping them out of the window. The frogs and lizards made off at once, but the avalanche had drawn the attention of one of the hens, who hastened up just as a crab (about 3½ inches across the back) arrived on the ground. She took a cautious peck at one of its legs, and the crustacean, astounded, shuffled on a [Vol 1, p146] few inches and awaited events. This emboldened the fowl, which stepped up and gave it another, firmer peck, at which the crab put itself into a position of defence, with raised claws. At the third

peck, it caught the bird by the beak. There was a sound like a dozen hens being murdered, and the chicken ran as though a fox were at its very tail feathers, while the victor quietly moved downhill towards the river. I gave the Tanugok a present of a knife, a shaving glass and Rs 10/-. He was delighted and promised to do anything in his power for us, beginning with the repair of Tagungdam Rest House, which we will use this autumn for a while. I have mislaid my wireless book, which is a damned nuisance. I can only imagine I must have left it at Fort Hertz somehow, as I haven't had it out since then. I started a letter to William this afternoon and did one or two odd jobs. I'm going up the valley tomorrow for exercise and collecting. Breakfast of fried egg, bacon and chips. Dinner of ham and potato pie (the ham has lasted marvellously) and fried green pigeon – the latter being brought in by a Nung as a specimen. I haven't heard any round here, but this proves that there are a few at least. The roof of the servants' hut [[Vol 1, p147](#)] leaked badly last night, so I rallied the builders and told them to make it good, without pay, which they did uncomplaining.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, August 13th 1938

Min 69° Max 87°. B (6 a.m.) 26.55, B (6 p.m.) 26.46.

At 5.30 a.m. the sky was covered with light stratus cloud, and there was some mist in the valley. Wind nil. After 8 a.m. the clouds began to thin, and by 10 a.m. the sky was 7/10 covered with light stratus and cumulus clouds. At 1 p.m. a west wind arose, force 2. Conditions remained unchanged until 7 p.m. when the wind dropped to force 1. After 9.30 p.m. nimbus clouds began to come over in small quantities and there was some thunder, but no rain up till 10.30 p.m.

No hospital, owing to lack of patients. Another hen has started to lay, (which is just as well because Martha is taking a rest), but all the same, having acquired another cock the day before yesterday, we ate the original tonight, as I did not believe he was trying! A lot of work on insects this morning, and then an awful sweat filling the 8 insert H.T. batteries for the wireless, as I felt that the old one was probably a bit run down. It's definitely improved reception, but I'm awfully stuck by not knowing where I am as regards wavelengths. I only hope I did leave the book in Durrant's place, and that he's found it. I got about [Vol 1, p148] a dozen stations at good strength tonight, so I ought to be able to raise a time signal from one of them. I was busy till nearly half past one, and then I went out with Lewa, Kyipa and K.B. insecting over the river. We turned upstream for about half a mile and then climbed into a little valley with very thick jungle. We didn't get very much, and mostly aquatic insects at that, but what we did collect was good stuff, and especially some Daddy Long Legs. Then back and more work, until 8 p.m., putting our day's collection to rights. A Hill Partridge (I think Arrakan) was brought in today. Like yesterday's green pigeon, we ate it thankfully, but we stuffed the skin as well, so it did double duty. Lewa is an old dear. While I'm having my bath, he takes the greatest pride in warming my pyjama jacket for me at the fire; but I notice that it gets more smoked than warmed, for with streaming eyes and averted head he always holds it bang in the middle of the fumes; and the same applies to my shirt in the mornings! These Darus are perfect marvels with their crossbows, and they bring in birds about the size of wrens neatly transfixing with a little 9" arrow, feathered with a piece of dried leaf. Birds like that are shot sitting, of course, but I've met several people [Vol 1, p149] who couldn't hit a sitting bird with a shotgun, let alone a bow. Like true

hunters, whether with or without a gun, they make certain of their shot by stalking the enemy till they are within about 10 yards. Then a sudden loud twang, and a bird or squirrel drops from a tree, and silently the Daru moves off through the jungle. In large game, such as sambhur, they use poisoned arrows (aconite) as they can't be sure that the arrow will go deep enough to reach a vital spot. The poison is very quickly fatal, and when they come up with the beast they cut out a piece of flesh about 2" in diameter and the same deep just around the wound and eat the rest. They must be immune to it, however, for if Europeans take some of the meat it invariably makes them very ill – and that applies to natives who don't use aconite as well. They poison fish very often with some sort of plant, (walnut leaves, pounded up) and in that case most of the poison becomes concentrated in the roes and one can eat the flesh. Talking of guns, I've just had the most perfect false alarm. The servants went to bed some time ago, and suddenly Nyima Töndrup and Chetuk (who sleep in the kitchen) hurried into my room in a great state to say that there was a panther close to our latrine. N.T. had been woken by it coughing and roaring, so he said. I loaded a rifle and went onto the steps with [\[Vol 1, p150\]](#) a torch, while the two clustered nervously behind. I shone the beam slowly round, and suddenly a pair of gleaming red eyes shone out of the darkness, not twenty yards off, looking as big as saucers. I trained the light on the beast a bit better to give me a fair shot, and found it was a mithun miserably wandering by itself. N.T. and Chetuk much embarrassed, but I promised I wouldn't tell Lewa! Breakfast poached eggs and bacon; dinner roast cock and pumpkin with roast potatoes, preceded by dhal soup and followed by fried partridge.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, August 14th 1938

Min 71° Max 88°. B (6 a.m.) 26.58, B (6 p.m.) 26.48.

Rain began to fall steadily, and fairly heavily, at 11 p.m. last night, and it continued throughout the night. At 5.30 a.m. it was still raining and the valley was filled with mist down to 3500 feet. Wind SW 2. By 6 a.m. the rain had stopped, and by 8 a.m. the mist had vanished and the clouds were thinning. By 9 a.m. the sky was 5/10 covered with very light stratus clouds, and at 10 a.m. it was almost cloudless, with a few cumulus clouds to the east. At 4 p.m. light stratus clouds began to come over, and by 6 p.m. the sky was 5/10 covered. Wind SW 2. Since then conditions have remained unchanged.

Packing our yesterday's haul of insects took me some time [[Vol 1, p151](#)] this morning, but at 10 a.m. Lewa, K.B., Lhakpa, Maran Yong and I set out and climbed up about 1500 feet above the left bank of the river. The path was very steep, and the day was fearfully hot, but it was good fun all the same. The Pangnamdim fields stretch to about 2000' above the village, with rice, maize and at least three kinds of yam all growing together on the hillside, without any terraces. I began botany today and collected a lot of weeds and things for the Museum. Insecting was very difficult owing to the length of the grass and we didn't get much; but returning at 3 p.m. I had tea and a cold bath, without wasting much time, and was then kept hard at it packing the plants until 8.30 when we had dinner. A huge specimen of the unknown Elaphe (?) was brought in this evening – a male, nearly 6 feet long – and another Alsophylax. I'm relieved at their arrival, because I've had no specimens worth keeping since we moved house. Breakfast of an onion omelette: dinner of mock turtle soup, rissoles and pumpkin, and a savoury of onions in batter. I've begun on

the Chindra (yesterday) and it is really excellent. I only wish I had some to send to John, as he liked it as much as I. No hospital today. The rain last night [[Vol 1, p152](#)] came pouring through onto my pillow, but I was able to devise a sloping roof by letting down one side of my sand-fly net and putting a waterproof sheet on it. We were to have had the roof made double today, but nearly all the men were out digging roots, and by the time they came back it was too late. They patched up the obvious holes and are going to make a job of it tomorrow. A glorious moon is shining on the rapids in the river, and above the dense black silhouette of the hills stars are showing for the first time in weeks.

Pangnamdim. Monday, August 15th 1938

Min 71.5° Max 91°. B (6 a.m.) 26.59, B (6 p.m.) 26.92.

At 3 a.m. it began to rain heavily. At 5.30 a.m. it was still raining heavily, and the valley was full of mist. Wind force 1, blowing down the valley, but impossible to see the true direction, though probably SW. By 7 a.m. the rain had become fine drizzle and the mist was beginning to rise. By 8 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with very light stratus cloud, with some very thin patches through which cirrus could be seen. Wind SW 2. By 10 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear, 5/10 covered with stratus. Conditions remained the same until 6 p.m. when it began to cloud over again. By 8 p.m. the sky was wholly covered with dense stratus. Wind SW 2.

[[Vol 1, p153](#)] A fine day, with a fair amount of sun, and pretty warm. Still no hospital, but to cheer me a male of the 'unknown' Colubride came in, and, better still, a water shrew of sorts for which I gave the fantastic price of As 8. Both were caught swimming in streams. I don't know whether the 8 annas have anything to do with it, but for the last two hours men (4) have been diligently scouring the jungle on the far

bank of the river – their flaring, smoking torches a collection of disembodied lights, or possibly a Quadruple Dong with the L.N. God knows what they've been looking for, but I hope it's something for me! I was in all day, not having a breather until 3 owing mainly to those plants I got yesterday. I had no idea how long it took changing their papers while they're still damp and floppy. Most of the morning anyway, followed by insects, followed by reptiles. It rained again last night, but was protected by a comic awning of 2 ground sheets put up by Lewa, and looking about twice as unsafe as B.C.'s famous contraption. But though it leaked everywhere else in the room, and Tony was washed out of his bed, mine was alright and never a drop fell on it. My sponge was delivered of a whelk shell this evening, about ½" long. At least it's a proof that the sponge is [Vol 1, p154] genuine. I thought at first, when I felt it, that it was some ghastly beetle which had gone in for shelter and had been miserably drowned. Lewa and K.B. each got a fine collection of flies and wasps today, including four or five I'd been longing for, having previously only one specimen of each. Breakfast of fried egg, bacon, and fried potatoes: dinner of dhal soup, potato pulao, and potato and onion patties as a savoury. I've taken to talking to N.T. in Tibetan as much as I can these days, with frequent reference to a dictionary. I fear Tony has more or less wrecked the shrew's tail by trying with might and main to pull out the bone and then half cutting it down; but it will probably be recognisable.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, August 16th 1938

Min 71° Max 86.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.56, B (6 p.m.) 26.58.

Rain began to fall heavily at 4 a.m. and continued until 5 p.m. with short intervals from noon till 1 p.m.; 1.15 till 1.45 p.m.; and 2.30 till 3 p.m. From dawn until 10 a.m. the valley was filled with mist, and at no time during the day were the clouds

(nimbus) higher than 4000 feet. Till 3 p.m. the wind was S. 2; from 3 till 5 p.m. S. 3-4; and at 5 p.m. it veered to the SW, rapidly decreasing to force 2. The night sky is wholly [Vol 1, p155] covered with nimbus, and it is raining on the hills, but not in the valley. A wet day without so much as a glimpse of sun, but the glass is amazingly high, so I imagine we are in for a change of some sort.

All indoor work today, and no hospital. Flowers and pinning some thirty wasps and flies took me till well on in the afternoon (from 6.30 a.m.) and then more insects came in, ex Lewa and K.B. Otherwise not much news. The roof leaked again last night, but it just missed my bed, praise be; and as today has been so wet, it will be perfectly all right until the next sun. There are a couple of mithun, belonging to the village, which hang around here most days. Cloth seems to be a favourite dish among Burmese ruminants, for the larger of the two has all but demolished a shirt and a pair of trousers belonging to Chetuk, which had been hanging up to dry! They are now very much like my pyjamas. Small flies, including a few sand flies, have turned up in swarms both last night and tonight, immolating themselves in thousands round the light, and generally being damn nuisance. They get into one's food, drink, eyes, shirt, over one's book – everywhere. All the same, mosquitoes and blister flies (though we have them both) are fewer than at the Rest House. [Vol 1, p156] House flies are worse, though not many come into the house. That bastard Singh, in Myitkyina, has done us over the ghi we bought from him. It's been adulterated with coconut milk, and though we can use it for cooking it's pretty poor stuff. Wireless working well, but still no Time Signals. Tony improved today, too, and actually volunteered to (and did) do a fair amount of work helping with the insects. As a result I feel happier about things.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, August 17th 1938

Min 69° Max 76°. B (6 a.m.) 26.62, B (6 p.m.) 26.54.

At 5.30 a.m. light rain was falling steadily, and the valley was full of mist. Wind force 1, but impossible to tell direction. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day, and tonight (8.30 p.m.) it is still raining.

A very wet, gloomy day. No hospital again. Work on flowers and insects, and late this afternoon I wrote to Bill, and started a letter Sir Percy. Lewa and K.B. built a massive (and rugged) chest to hold the tin of snakes, and then we spent some time packing the tin into it. I shall send it off with our next mail, and will pray to Heaven that it doesn't spring a leak on the way. Minute flies are very bad tonight, swarming round the light (and me) in clouds, and making baiting very difficult. The servants [Vol 1, p157] swear that the two mithuns have brought them from the jungle, but not even a herd of mithun could do as well as this, however hard they tried. I got my Time Signal at last, from Singapore ex London. At 1400 hours G.M.T. the chronometer was 7h 54m 13.4s fast. Talking of mithun, the beasts are wary, even of their owners, but they have a passion for salt, and it is by taking advantage of this that they are caught and led home. However, there being no salt in this valley, they are deluded by means of an old piece of bamboo (licked to a polish by countless mithun) which is carried about by the woman in charge of the beasts, so as to absorb as much sweat as possible. It works admirably, and on being presented to the creature, causes it to amble up and stand placidly licking while a cane noose is slipped round its neck.

Today 2 Chinese came down the valley on their way back from the Adung Long, where they had been to collect lily roots. This makes a total of 11 I have seen

already, and as they said that this year only about 20 had come over, and that there were still another four or five up to the Adung, I think they were probably speaking the truth. Their route in is over the pass and down the Taron Valley to Renam: then up the Nam Tamai. These lily [[Vol 1, p158](#)] roots (which are found also, among other places, at Lungphuk and in Ngagong) fetch, they say, some Rs 5/- or Rs 6/- a seer when sold in China. The better quality are used as a base for drying fine silk, and from the inferior type a fever medicine is made which is said to be something like Quinine. Those two men had between them about 20 lbs weight of bulb, as far as I could judge, so that I think the price must be a good deal higher than they said, or it would not be worth their while to come 14 or 15 marches out, and the same back, to get them. I shall ask the next bunch we meet too, and see what they say. Breakfast today of dhal puris; dinner of celery soup, vegetable pie (mainly pumpkin and potato), and a savoury of fried potato and onion patties. I got the news too from Singapore at 8.15 L.M.T (relayed from London) but there was none to speak of.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, August 18th 1938

Min 68.5° Max 79°. B (6 a.m.) 26.52, B (6 p.m.) 26.41.

It rained steadily all night, and at 5.30 a.m. a light rain was still falling, and the valley was full of mist. No apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged until 4.45 p.m., when heavy rain began, and this has continued up to the present (9 p.m.).

Nyima Töndrup went down with a heavy bout of fever this morning, with a temperature of 103.8°, so I gave him an intramuscular injection of [[Vol 1, p159](#)] .3 grm of Atebrin in 3 ccs, and by this evening he was down to 100.4°. I shall give him another tomorrow, and then, after three or four days, put him onto a course of Quinoplasmoquine to clear the whole thing up. Everyone else is fit and well. Work on

flowers and reptiles only today, Tony doing the few insects. I did a sketch of a new lizard (also phylax) this afternoon, and wrote more of a letter to Sir Percy. A vilely wet day. There is a white heron which has spent its time fishing from a sandy beach just over the river. I'm on the look-out, and the first time it comes over it shall die, beautiful though it is. It will make a grand specimen. I sent Lewa to the village today to see if any of their pigs were for sale, but they weren't. They are kept strictly for sacrifice, they say. Small flies worse than ever tonight. I must to bed to get away from them. Breakfast of scrambled eggs and mashed potato; dinner of dhal soup, 'bread patties' (i.e. hollow cubes of fried bread filled with scrambled egg and onion), mashed potato and curried pumpkin; and a savoury of one of the birds Tony skinned today.

Pangnamdim. Friday, August 19th 1938

Min 69° Max 80°. B (6 a.m.) 26.46, B (6 p.m.) 26.40.

It rained all night, and at 5.30 a.m. it was still coming down lightly but steadily. The valley was full [[Vol 1, p160](#)] of mist and there was no apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged until 4.30 p.m. when heavy rain fell for an hour and a half, thereafter decreasing to moderately heavy. This has continued up till now (9 p.m.). We have now had unbroken rain for three days and nights, but it doesn't seem to affect the river very much. Normally it is about 2 feet higher than before the rain really began, but a sudden heavy fall, such as we had this afternoon, has a remarkable effect on it. It must have been even heavier up the valley than it was here, for I saw the river rise about 2 feet in little more than 5 minutes, and another foot in the next ten.

Lots of work on flowers, and a biggish *Trimeresurus* (I think the variety of jerdoni, but the scale and ventral counts are a bit odd) was brought in, of which I made 2 sketches this afternoon – rather good ones, but they took me an awful long time. Again Töndrup is much better today, and I gave him his second injection at 2.30 p.m. This evening he only had a temperature of 100°, and now he will have no medicine for 3 days, before starting on Quinoplasmoquine. It doesn't agree with Atebrin – hence the interval. By some error of judgment, I entirely forgot to wind [[Vol 1, p161](#)] the clock or the chronometer last night. The former didn't matter, but it was a nuisance that the chronometer stopped as now I shall have to start rating it all over again. I got another W/T signal tonight from Singapore. At 1400 hrs G.M.T. the chronometer was 21.27m 47.9s fast. I am getting up early tomorrow and going after that white heron. It turns up about 6 a.m. and perches on the east end of the beach opposite for a few minutes, before beginning to fish. If I start out about 5.30 I should just about be in time to catch him. I got a good haul of mosquito larvae today from the hens' drinking trough. I am breeding them out so as to get the corresponding mosquitoes as well. The pit viper had a nest of 6 eggs in a maize field. I opened one to measure the embryo (188 mm and still unpigmented) and am trying to hatch out the remaining five. I also did some mud grubbing with hands and ice axe, digging a main to carry off some of the water from the passage roof. Breakfast of last night's savoury: dinner of Scotch broth, rissoles, and a kind of spinach, followed by potato and onion savoury.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, August 20th 1938

Min 68° Max 80°. B (6 a.m.) 26.48, B (6 p.m.) 26.39.

At 5 a.m. heavy rain was falling, and the valley was [Vol 1, p162] was full of mist. There was no apparent wind. At noon the rain diminished to a heavy drizzle, and at 4 p.m. increased to light, steady. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. Unbroken rain now for four days and nights, and the glass is lower than ever, so I imagine it will continue for a bit.

I was up at 5 a.m. and set out with K.B. at 5.30 to get that heron (or rather egret, as it turns out to be). The path was difficult in the half light, and we both fell several times, but we got into position on the edge of the beach (there was hardly any above water, as the river was 4 feet higher than last night) in some bushes. Punctually at 6 a.m. the egret came up the river; K.B. gave me a sharp cluck of warning; and I got him as he landed. He has made a good skin, and we had the rest of him curried for dinner. Chetuk went down with fever late last night apparently, and has not been at all well today, so I gave him an intramuscular Atebrin, and Calomel tonight; and N.T. still has a temperature, so I have continued the Atebrin course (nal) with him, instead of giving him a rest for a few days as I had meant. Work on flowers this morning and until 4 p.m.; then 2 snakes were brought in (an Elaphe of sorts, and [Vol 1, p163] an Oligodon herberti; and at about 6 p.m. our stores arrived from Putao, with a small mail and a summons for Kyipa to attend David's trial as a witness on the 30th. Perfectly useless, as Kyipa does not even pretend to have been an eye-witness; but David insists on having him, so up he has to go. Anyway he will be able to bring back more stores of rice and things when he returns. The only thing is, it will delay our start up the Taron a good deal, but that can't be helped. Besides, two men are sick, and all this rain would make travel damned unpleasant. Kyipa goes off tomorrow morning, taking with him the tin of reptiles; and I must get up at 5 again to

write some urgent letters. Durrant sent the wireless book, and I have found the lost thermometer (with my toothpicks!) so all is well.

The headman of the village came along today (rather a cheery soul – we know him quite well) to say that as the village had not yet given us any present suitable to our importance, they had decided on a pig – one of the swines, incidentally, they would not sell. If we would accept it, would I lend them my 12 bore to kill it with, as it was beyond the power of man to catch. I did so most gratefully [[Vol 1, p164](#)] and more especially as he said he could manage a shotgun, though a rifle was outside his comprehension. I sent K.B. to see that all was well, and at length he returned, bubbling with laughter, to say that the headman had missed the hog at ten yards with both barrels, greatly to his consternation, and that he himself had finally done the execution. It was impressed on me that the pig was a present, so I was equally insistent that the Rs 8/- I handed out were also a present, and the headman was delighted.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, August 21st 1938

Min 69° Max 86.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.47, B (6 p.m.) 26.36.

At 5 a.m. a light drizzle was falling, and the valley was full of mist. No apparent wind. At 6 a.m. the drizzle stopped, and at 10 a.m. the mist began to rise slowly. By noon the sky was 5/10 clear, the remaining five tenths being covered with light stratus and cumulus clouds, with heavy nimbus clouds low over the hills to the west. By 2 p.m. the sky was 9/10 clear, 1/10 light stratus, and there was a SW wind, force 2. At 8 p.m. nimbus clouds began to come over in small quantities, and light rain began at 9.30 p.m. Wind SW 2.

A fine day, which makes me realise more than ever that this is a most comic valley. On the 17th, [[Vol 1, p165](#)] when the glass was at its highest point it was a filthy day; and now, when it is at its lowest, we have sun and blue sky. A different sort of day in other ways too, for in the first place my ex-interpreter (1935) shot a bear cub some five miles above Pangnamdim, on the path, and presented me with the skin. It had been shot with a 12-bore about 4 times, so the skin is far from first class, and there was a good deal of sewing up to be done before K.B. and I could begin paring off fat, skinning out the ears and feet, and rubbing in Burnt Alum and saltpetre. It was probably the fattest bear that had ever been seen, and the two of us were hard at work on it from about 9 a.m. till after 5 (with no intervals) of which about an hour was taken up with re-stretching the skin so that it was straight, and putting on new cane strips. It's drying in my room now, and a rich smell of bear pervades the whole place. Secondly I saw some bats this evening flying around the house, and managed to shoot 2 of them (both different, and new to us) with my 4" and my 6" shot. I had 3 more shots after that, but the light was getting very bad and I didn't score. It's astonishingly good practice, and I shall keep it up [[Vol 1, p166](#)] on fine evenings. I was up at 5 a.m. to write letters to Durran, de Glanville, the Doctor, Dudrow, and Mrs Cook before Kyipa and the snake tin went off to Putao. The tin is being shared by two coolies, as they want to double march there. I expect Kyipa back on the 7th with some more rice and a tin of mustard oil. Nyima Töndrup is now fit again, so I shall give him his interval from today before starting Plasmoquine; and Chetuk had his second injection – given with the new syringe which arrived yesterday and is much better than the ones I had already. The Tanugok looked in to

pay his respects before going back to Putao. He says the Pangnamdim Tanugok is due here in a few days. My ex-interpreter is his assistant.

Breakfast of liver, fried onions and chipped potatoes; dinner of pig's head soup, pork goulash, and jam tarts. I am very tired tonight, as both yesterday and today I have been at it for 18 hours.

Pangnamdim. Monday, August 22nd 1938

Min 70° Max 88°. B (6 a.m.) 26.50, B (6 p.m.) 26.44.

At 5.30 a.m. a light rain was falling, and the valley was full of mist. No wind. By 6.30 a.m. the rain had stopped, and by 7 a.m. the mist was beginning to rise and a faint sun was shining through. By 8 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear, 5/10 covered with light stratus clouds, and there [[Vol 1, p167](#)] was a SW wind, force 2. By 10 a.m. the sky was cloudless except for a few wisps of very light stratus. At 2 p.m. the wind increased to force 3, with occasional gusts of force 4, but died down again to force 2 shortly after 4 p.m. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. The night is cloudless; wind SW 2.

I had no time to do any flowers yesterday, but they were none the worse and I got down to them again. Then refurbishing of the bear skin, which is beginning to dry quite well, followed by sewing of snakes into shrouds – the latter taking a long time. Then I dealt with 2 frogs and a small Natrix nuchalis, and finished up by doing the few insects we had on hand. All this rain has rather interrupted insect collecting, but we'll get down to it again now that it's clearing up. This evening I had shooting practice at the swallows, without hitting any, and then collected 3 more bats. There's no doubt about it, it's improving my shooting a lot and though I'm not good, I'm a lot better than I was already. The Khanung girls have a charming way of putting tassels

of very green, broad-leaved grasses into their ears, with the leaves pointing forward. It looks perfectly delightful, and I must take photos of them. Chetuk much better, but [Vol 1, p168] he complains of pain in the small of his back, which may be either lumbago or rheumatism. Hoping it's the latter I am dosing him with Sodium Salicylate and Potassium Iodide. Nyima Töndrup is back to work.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, August 23rd 1938

Min 69° Max 90°. B (6 a.m.) 26.47, B (6 p.m.) 26.42.

At 5.30 a.m. the valley was filled with a light mist, and there was no wind. The mist began to rise shortly after 6.30 a.m., and by 7.15 a.m. had vanished, the sky being almost entirely covered with very light stratus clouds. By 8 a.m. the sky was cloudless, and there was a SW wind, force 2. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day, and the night is cloudless (10 p.m.), wind SW 2.

Lhakpa, I believe, really is lacking in intellect. This morning Lewa told me that he (Lhakpa) was not feeling fit, but would not come to me himself to tell me, as he was afraid! God knows what there is to be afraid of in me. A milder man never stepped. But there it was, and when I asked how long he had been feeling ill, he said 4 days, at which I sent him, telling him, among other things, that if he didn't come to me at once, another time, I would pack him off to Darjeeling to join Pasang. I gave him a Quinine injection too, to larn him. It's not nearly so comfortable an [Vol 1, p169] an affair as an Atebrin one. Silly damn fool, it will probably take him a couple of weeks to get cured now, and give me the hell of a lot of trouble. Having dealt with him, I spent some time removing the old skin of a handsome Japalura which was brought in last night. It took about $\frac{3}{4}$ hour to do; and after that I spent some time in making its portrait, before pickling it. In the middle, two Yunnanese came along with

a large cat (or perhaps Marten) skin, and to have some doctoring for a deep cut in the sole of a foot. While I was doing the foot, I asked about their work in the Adung Long, and they were very truthful in telling me what was what. They said that the lily bulbs were sold in China at a price which varies from Rs 10/- to Rs 15/- (in a year of glut) or Rs 25/- to Rs 30/- (in a year of scarcity) per seer. Occasionally the price rises even higher, and they had known it more than Rs 50/- a seer. The bulbs are dried well, ground to a fine powder, and drunk (a pinch at a time) in hot chicken broth as a cure for coughs and fever. They said that in a good year like this each man with any capital would buy as much as 80 seers of the bulb from the people in the Adung Long – the others as much as they could afford from 20 seers or so up; and [Vol 1, p170] this is a staggering figure, for they said that although only some twenty odd Yunnanese come over the passes, down the Taron and up the Nam Tamai, in a year, more than three hundred either go up the Taron and so into the Adung Long, or cross the two watersheds from the Salween. These latter traders (the 300) do not descend far into the valley but remain on high in the alpine meadow and have the bulbs brought to them there. I was a little doubtful about the 80 seers business, but sure enough they had 2 coolies each for their bulbs with them (which means 60 seers apiece anyway) and they said they had sent some in advance. After the Japalura was done I did the flowers, and then wrote a letter to Major Barton asking him to get the Survey of India Maymyo to send me a few maps I need and a Field Graticule Sheet, and to try and get me a couple of pairs of English army boots size 5, for Chetuk. The boots they supply to the Military Police, made in Burma, are no earthly good. I think they're made of paper, and anyway if there's any rain they come to pieces in one march. That done I started to write out the Route Report from Putao

here to send with the letter, and had very nearly finished it when the light went. What [Vol 1, p171] was my surprise and joy at that moment to see a new Jane brought in – possibly slightly larger than the old, but still with her eyes not open. I'm taking no risks with her (she is called Jane too) and she is pinned into my pocket at night. She refused to have anything to do with milk from a spoon, but in the end I made the top of a fountain pen filler into a teat; and though it was much too big to go into her mouth, if I squeeze it so that milk dribbles through she sucks away quite happily on the extreme tip. She's comically like the first Jane, with the same mannerisms and the same predilection for sleeping in my hand. I seem to have bad luck with my pyjamas. First it was a cow, and now a beetle, which I found sitting on my arm energetically chewing chunks out of my sleeve. I discouraged him.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, August 24th 1938

Min 70° Max 90°. B (6 a.m.) 26.52, B (6 p.m.) 26.48.

At 2 a.m. steady and moderately heavy rain began to fall, and this continued until shortly after 5 a.m. when it diminished to a heavy drizzle. At this time there was no wind, and the valley was full of mist. By 6 a.m. the drizzle had ceased and the mist was beginning to rise. By 7.30 a.m. the mist had vanished and the sky was wholly covered with moderate stratus [Vol 1, p172] cloud. At 8 a.m. a SW wind arose, force 2, and by 8.30 a.m. the sky was almost cloudless. Conditions remained unchanged for the rest of the day. The night is cloudless (9 a.m.); wind SW 2.

The rain it all came in, it did, but unfortunately, by missing my bed, it did not impress me with the full gravity of the situation. I got up at 2 a.m. to see if anything was getting wet except the floor: it was not, so I went back to bed and to sleep. By 5.30 half a dozen books were very wet, and a good many other things, and the floor

(which is covered with ground sheets as a pathetic substitute for carpets) was more or less awash. The result was I was an hour and a half late for breakfast, and this put me out of my stride to such an extent that I couldn't properly get down to work and had a very slack day in consequence. However, a Trimeresurus monticola was brought in – the first we have had so far, though I got several in 1935 – and another Draco, the same species as before. I did them; gave Lhakpa another Quinine injection; wrote a short word about Chinese and Tibetans coming into this part of Burma; wrote to A.J.M. Lander; and started a letter to Bill. This evening I did a little [Vol 1, p173] insecting with the screen, but there wasn't much to be had. Like the parrot in 'The Ghost Train', Theophrastus has proved himself to be a female by laying a lovely white egg (50 x 26mm) and from now on must be called Theophrasta. I only wish our hens were doing their duty as well as she! Jane is flourishing and now drinks from a spoon like a little lady. She is very talkative and squeaks or chirrups loudly whenever she wants anything. I hope her eyes open soon, because then she'll be even more fun. Tony has a headache this evening, but no temperature, so I expect he is just a bit below par, and nothing worse.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, August 25th 1938

Min 71° Max 83°. B (6 a.m.) 26.52, B (6 p.m.) 26.52.

At 5.30 a.m. the valley was filled with mist, and there was a slight drizzle falling, which ceased about 7 a.m. No apparent wind. At 7 a.m. the mist began to rise, and by 9 a.m. it was lying across the top of the valley at about 6500 feet. At 9.30 a.m. a SW wind arose, force 2; the mist was blown away, and after a very short period of almost clear sky, heavy nimbus clouds came over. At 10.15 a heavy rainstorm broke and there was some distant thunder. At 11.30 a.m. the rain became

light, and stopped altogether, in [Vol 1, p174] the valley, at 12.30 p.m., although it continued to rain on the hills, and the sky was still covered with nimbus cloud.

Between 2 p.m. and 2.45 p.m. there was another fairly heavy shower; and at 6 p.m. the sky began to clear. By 6.30 p.m. it was cloudless, and so it has remained up till now (10 p.m.). Wind SW 2.

Lhakpa is better today, with practically no temperature, and I am putting him on a course of Quinine Dihydrochloride, 20 grams a day. The first job, of course, in the morning, is to give Jane her milk – a proceeding of which she thoroughly approves – but as yet she is not a very clean feeder. In her anxiety to get it down as fast as possible, she splashes it all over herself and me, but she seems to enjoy herself, and she knows perfectly well when she's had enough. And that is more than most young men can say! She's growing up fast, and today opened her left eye, while the right remains obstinately shut and gives her a most rakish appearance. After Lhakpa came flowers; then sewing up snakes; then dealing with yesterday's Oligodon; then writing to Bill and old J.M.H. (who, I thought, might like a letter); and finally a bat shoot. Bats weren't plentiful though, and I only got one, out of three shots. This [Vol 1, p175] evening, during dinner, a Natrrix of sorts (Piscator?) was brought in with a small frog in its mouth. When I picked it up, it managed to disgorge it with a fearful effort, but only because it had not yet begun to swallow it and only the head was in its mouth. The roof leaked in torrents today, during the rain; but leaves are plentiful, and it was soon put right. All the same I must get it thatched this cold weather. For the last three nights (just as we saw before, and the other side of the river) men have been scouring this bank with flaring torches. It turns out they are hunting, not for fish, but for frogs, which are much esteemed in this part; and not only

the legs – everything barring the guts! Breakfast of half the partridge Tony shot yesterday, with 2 fried eggs: dinner chicken soup; roast chicken with roast potatoes and fried onions; and a chicken liver savoury. We also had part of a cake today. It didn't look up to much, owing to the flour not being of the best, but it tasted very good indeed. We used dried eggs in it too – or rather Chetuk did.

Pangnamdim. Friday, August 26th 1938

Min 69° Max 89°. B (6 a.m.) 26.51, B (6 p.m.) 26.41.

At 5.30 a.m. the valley was filled with mist, and there was no apparent wind. By 7.30 a.m. the mist was [[Vol 1, p176](#)] beginning to rise, and by 9 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear, 5/10 covered with very light stratus and cirrostratus clouds. By noon the cirrostratus clouds had disappeared, and a SW wind had arisen, force 2, bringing over small quantities of cumulus in the eastern half of the sky. Conditions remained unchanged until 4 p.m., shortly after which the sky became cloudless. The night (up till 9 p.m.) is cloudless. Wind SW 2.

Lhakpa had no temperature today, and I think will be able to get up tomorrow without a doubt. Otherwise no doctoring. Several Oligodon herberti were brought in today: I think a fourth variety (if not species) of Japalura; and the Natrix which I take to be venningi. Also some squirrel and civet skins. I was at work on the snakes for some time: on some flowers; and I started a letter to Joan (long overdue) besides typing out two pages of the list for Tin No. 2. I still haven't been able to get any W/T signal station, but I hope it's only because this is a bad place for reception. I'm entirely dependent on Singapore otherwise, but luckily that comes in pretty well. Jane has now got both her eyes open, and is getting very active when not asleep – which she is most of the day. When she comes out of the pocket, she [[Vol 1, p177](#)]

likes to have an energetic scratch (though I haven't seen any vermin on her) and then gives a most comical wriggle to her hind quarters – like a dog coming out of water and finishing his shake – with such vigour that, nine times out of ten, she shakes herself quite off her feet and falls in a miserable heap. The family has been increased by Thomas, a very young Pig-Tailed Monkey, who has been adopted by Tony. I think it's a toss up whether he will live or not, because he has had a blow on the eye, which is completely black; his nose bleeds at frequent intervals; and altogether he seems very low. He's got the face of an old, and very disconsolate man, and the servants stoutly maintain that he's the image of Chetuk! He takes his milk, with a few drops of rum, from the teat, but without any great show of enthusiasm. Breakfast of rissoles: dinner Oxsoup, kichni and fried spinach. I had three shots at bats this evening, but failed to [???]. However I think I know what I'm doing wrong, and that is a great thing.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, August 27th 1938

Min 71° Max 86°. B (6 a.m.) 26.51, B (6 p.m.) 26.37.

At 5.30 a.m. the valley was filled with mist, after fairly heavy rain during the night, and there was no apparent wind. By 7 a.m. the mist was rising and by 9 a.m. the [Vol 1, p178] sky was 8/10 covered with heavy stratus clouds, with light nimbus on the tops of the hills. At 9.30 a.m. a SW wind arose, force 2, bringing over large quantities of nimbus. At 11.30 a.m. heavy rain began to fall, continuing till 12.30 p.m., after which the rain became light. At 1.30 p.m. the rain stopped altogether, and by 2.15 p.m. the sky was 8/10 covered with stratus clouds. By 4 P.M. it was 5/10 clear, and by 6 p.m. almost cloudless, wind SW 2. Since then conditions have remained unchanged.

Today's big event is that Theophrasta has laid another egg. She has a poor idea of nest building, though, for both are lying carelessly on the ground about a yard apart. I got her on June 26th, or rather more than 8 weeks ago, and she must have been mated before that, so the eggs take a long time to develop. It will be interesting to see whether they hatch out, and what the baby ones are like. I am beginning to wonder whether those strange 'Natrixes' aren't possibly Sibynophis, though so far I haven't been able to find enough teeth. But then tooth counting has always been one of my difficulties, so they may be there. It's certainly not S. Colaris, though, which I got last time. Plenty of work all day, and Jane ate a few mouthfuls of a small fig, with apparent [[Vol 1, p179](#)] relish. I see that I shall presently have to relieve Tony of Thomas. He was very keen to take him on at first, though I warned him that T. would have to be carried and petted to live; but now that he finds it a bit of a nuisance he just leaves him wrapped in an old coat on a chair, and Thomas is not only getting cold, but very miserable left all alone. I must say I don't think much of a fellow who takes a thing up and then neglects it simply because it's rather a bother – but then I don't think much of Tony anyway, I regret to say. A very big flying squirrel was brought in today, and a big, white-bellied rat, but both were already going and the hair slipping badly, so they were no good. Skins are beginning to come in now, but I wish the fools would keep the skulls. They will begin to, I think, once they realise I want them. I bought a good crossbow and quiver today for Rs 2/-. They are not made by the local Khanungs, but are all bought in traded from the Lissus further down the valley, together with the aconite they use for poison. It is apparently only the root which is useful as such. They pound it to a paste and leave it overnight, by which time it has turned to a gum-like substance. Good quality will last man anow for

two or three months. They only use the poisoned arrows for [[Vol 1, p180](#)] deer and larger game still, such as bears. Breakfast of kichni and mashed potato: dinner of green pea soup, salmon with onion and chilli salad, and mashed potato and pumpkin. The chronometer has an average rate of +09.48s for the last week, with a maximum of + 09.9s and a minimum of 08.7s.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, August 28th 1938

Min 71° Max 87.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.40, B (6 p.m.) 26.41.

At 5.30 a.m. the valley was full of mist, and there was no apparent wind. By 7 a.m. the mist was beginning to rise slowly, and by 10 a.m. the sky was 1/10 clear, the remainder being covered with heavy stratus cloud. At this time there was a S. wind, force 1. By 11 a.m. the sky was 5/10 covered with heavy stratus clouds, and the wind had changed to W. 3. At 12.30 p.m. light nimbus began to come over in small quantities, and at 1.30 p.m. the sky was entirely covered with nimbus and light rain began to fall. This has continued, with intervals of heavy drizzle, for the rest of the day and up till 11 p.m. Wind W. 3.

Lhakpa is on to full work again now and the whole camp seems to be fit and well. In fact the only complaint comes from me, and I have some form of Tinea on the toes of my right foot. I've been doctoring it now for some time with iodine and Iodex, and I think [[Vol 1, p181](#)] it's getting better. It's only annoying at the worst, and not painful at all. I took over Thomas today, but it was too late. He woke up with pneumonia from having been allowed to get cold, and matters were aggravated by the loss of blood from his nose, which I discovered, after a little search, to be due to a water leech well up inside. I failed three times to get it out with salt and water, but it didn't make much difference. Thomas made a brave rally in the afternoon (after

spending all day inside my shirt) but life was too much for him and he died this evening in my arms. I'm not heartbroken, as I would have been if Jane had died instead, because monkeys don't appeal to me enormously; but the death-bed was a pathetic business. He was so nearly human and so tragically baffled by the pain of breathing. Jane is by no means weaned yet, but she will occasionally nibble a bit of fig to please me. She's still devoted to her milk, and is a wonderful advertisement for Nestlé's. Maran Yong dramatically gave notice tonight by bringing back his mosquito net and casting it on the floor of my room. It appeared that the trouble was owing to his not being able to talk to anyone but K.B., with whom he had just [Vol 1, p182] had a quarrel, so I told him that if he were still of the same mind in the morning I would pay him off or give him a good chit. I also told him he might as well take his mosquito net back and put it up for the night, and this he did without more ado.

More bat shooting this evening, with one very nice shot. I got three in 6 shots, but that is much better than my real average.

Pangnamdim. Monday, August 29th 1938

Min 70° Max 81°. B (6 a.m.) 26.50, B (6 p.m.) 26.43.

At 4.30 a.m. light rain began to fall. At 5.30 a.m. the valley was full of mist, and there was no apparent wind. The rain continued all day, varied by intervals of heavy drizzle, but the mist rose to 6000' shortly after 10 a.m. and did not re-descend into the valley until 7 p.m. There was apparently a SW wind during the afternoon, but it was impossible to say what the force was.

A wet day, and nothing much happened except that various snakes came in and had to be dealt with: but I was kept pretty busy with flowers as well. The most noteworthy event was that 3 good specimens of a phalanger were brought in, for

which I have Rs 3/-, and though I think we ought to have skinned them tonight, [[Vol 1, p183](#)] for fear they go bad on us, it was going to be too unpleasant owing to all the sand flies which have suddenly appeared, and so I decided to risk it. Maran Yong has changed his mind and now wants to remain on. He's a good worker and I'm very glad, though I have a feeling he will go before long, none the less. I have given up lunch again, as I have not been able to get any exercise for a couple of weeks and I shall soon be getting fat if I don't look out.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, August 30th 1938

Min 69° Max 80°. B (6 a.m.) 26.47, B (6 p.m.) 26.38.

At 5.30 a.m. rain was falling steadily, and the valley was full of mist. There was no apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day, except that the mist rose slightly after 10 a.m. and remained at about 4000' until 6 p.m.

Tonight it is still raining steadily, and the mist is down to the river.

I started on skinning this morning, to help Tony out with the three phalangers. I took a good deal longer than he to get the skin off (I only did one), but my finished article looked far more like the original than his: and that cheered me. They are lovely animals these – silvery grey (very dark) and generously silky, like Chinchilla.

After that reptiles and flowers filled up the day, and [[Vol 1, p184](#)] I started a letter to Stonehaven to congratulate him on his viscounty. I got a new snake today (the first for several weeks) which brings my total of species up to 20. I think there should be about 35 to 40 species in this district though, so I still have some way to go before I shall feel satisfied. Incidentally, it was Natrix johannis today, I think, but the colour varies so much in that snake that I am not certain. I should very much like another specimen of that Dinodon flavozonatum, and, as I find that the things I really

want generally come along, it will probably turn up before long. A filthy wet day, but Jane is flourishing and it has been a Red Letter day for her. For the first time she started to use her tail as a balancer, instead of miserably dragging it as a burden behind her; and she washed her face and paws for the first time, sitting up just as if she was a full-grown lady. We have conversations together now, though always on much the same subject I'm afraid. I chirrup to her, and, after a moment or two for reflection, she chirrups back, and sometimes throws in a high squeak as well, particularly if she has just had a meal and is feeling gloriously full. So it goes on, chirrup for [Vol 1, p185] chirrup, squeak for squeak, until one or other of us gets tired of talking and shuts up. Breakfast of omelette: dinner Oxsoup and pumpkin pulao. I had to speak sharply to Chetuk for bringing dinner at about 7 p.m. without being told. Needless to say Tony started swilling down his soup at once, but my time for dining is 7.30 so I told him to take mine away at once and wait until I told him to bring it. I loathe living in a squalid 'Bohemian' way, with meals being pushed at me at all hours of the day and everything in a mess.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, August 31st 1938

Min 70° Max 79°. B (6 a.m.) 26.41, B (6 p.m.) 26.55.

At 5 a.m. it was raining steadily and fairly heavily, and the valley was full of mist. There was no apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day, except that the mist rose to about 3500 feet between 10 a.m. and 6 p.m. The night is wholly overcast; it is raining steadily; the mist is down to the river; and there is no apparent wind.

I have now started getting up at 5 a.m. instead of 5.30, in order to have an extra half hour for work, as it is almost impossible to do any after dinner owing to the

flies. I started by developing a film; then did the flowers. I went round to the servants' hut to get them myself, and it was just as [Vol 1, p186] well I did, for Lhakpa was in charge and so busy stoking the dying fire that he had not noticed that one of the presses was smouldering. However luckily no damage was done to any of the flowers. I find I have to have a pretty big fire underneath, to dry the flowers really quickly, or they never dry at all and go mouldy. Then I went on to insects, and spent the next 9½ hours hard at work – 6½ hours packing, pinning and labelling, and the remaining 3 hours in putting up what we have to date for mailing to the B.M. I'm surprised the folding cartons they provide are so small. They won't take a cigar box, or even one of their own large cardboard boxes. I shall suggest that they get hold of a larger size.

Tony did not shine today, I regret to say. He spent the whole morning lolling in a chair reading, and the whole afternoon (until about 5.30 p.m.) asleep on his bed. I feel (not unjustifiably, I think) that he might possibly have helped with the insects at least, and thus cut down my 12½ hours' working day to give me time to clear off my arrears of mail. As it was some birds came in (4 to be exact) during the afternoon; he began skinning at 6, and did 1. The remaining 3 will probably be bad by tomorrow. I'm tired of pointing at things for him to [Vol 1, p187] do, and I should have thought by this time that he would have realised there is always work of one kind or another in camp, and always plenty of it. I very much regret having brought him. He's been spoilt all his life, and is against work on principle, with eating and sleeping as his idea of a good time. The river has risen a good six feet today, though it is not yet as high (by 2 feet) as it was on August 20th. I tried out the sights of the .256 and the .375 today, firing at marks on the other bank of the river, some 80 yards away. The .256 is

shooting about 3" high at that range, and the .375, 1" high; but both are perfect in direction. When I get back I must have a higher foresight put on the latter.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, September 1st 1938

Min 69° Max 76.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.42, B (6 p.m.) 26.40.

At 5 a.m. it was raining fairly heavily; the valley was filled with mist; and there was no apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day. Rain up till 6 p.m., 3-5".

Another infernally wet day, the second on which no snakes have been brought in. Up at 5 a.m. again, but as that is going to be my rule until further notice I shall not mention it again. My film is not yet quite dry, so I started off with flowers this morning, without finding it much of a labour, [[Vol 1, p188](#)] as I have had practically no fresh ones since this rain began to come down seriously, and the others are almost all dry. A break like this is very welcome occasionally, and today insects also were short, so that I had plenty of time to write to Silver & Edgington conjuring them to send the missing part of the ridge pole; and a long letter to Geoffrey. Incidentally, last night Lewa caught a flying swallow by hand, as it hovered outside a window where he was standing for a few seconds. This must be an ornithological record, I think! Otherwise no news today except that the river is up to the level of August 20th, and Tony did quite a lot of work on birds. We shall have to devise some means of keeping flies off the mammal specimens. We found (or rather Tony did) maggots in the feet of one of the squirrels, and I discovered fly eggs on the feet and hands of poor Thomas. The Tanugok arrived today, and turns out to be one of the Piatas who came with us in 1935. I gave him a Salaami of a hunting-knife, a mirror, and Rs 10/- in return for a hen, a little packet of tobacco, and a langur skin (ex-Nogmung, though there are

some deep in the jungles in this valley) and he is going to see to the thatching of the house in the winter. [[Vol 1, p189](#)] I also bought a damaged skin of a big phalanger from the Chinaman whose foot I doctored a week or so ago.

Pangnamdim. Friday, September 2nd 1938

Min 68° Max 76°. B (6 a.m.) 26.50, B (6 p.m.) 26.44.

At 5 a.m. it was raining steadily and fairly heavily; the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent wind. Conditions have remained unchanged throughout the day, the mist never rising to more than 3500'.

We have now had unbroken rain for five days and four nights, and there is still no sign of a change. I have done what I should have done a long time ago, and that is made a rain gauge of the simplest type, out of a large and handsome tin. I put it on the ground in front of the bungalow, and it has needed a permanent guard, as every Nung who passes by naturally thinks it to be a cast-off, and takes it away with him. Or did, rather, because I have now had it fenced round with a few pieces of bamboo, and all is well. I did flowers this morning, packed up the two damaged compasses for the R.G.S., and then got down to writing letters to try and reduce the vast number I owe. All went well until 1.30 p.m. when a youth and a small boy hurried in with a mangled snake (*Trimeresurus monticola*) which had bitten a man in the foot. It showed great intelligence on their part to bring the [[Vol 1, p190](#)] snake, so that I could see what it was (and fortunately it was a small one not more than a foot long). I started off almost at once with K.B., and a haversack as a substitute for the doctor's black box, not forgetting a gun in case we saw any birds on the way back; and then we had the most hellish climb about 1000 feet up the side of the valley, along a travesty of a path which for nearly half the way was 8 or 9 inches deep in mud, and

for much the same distance just a muddy torrent. It was steep from start to finish, and it ended in what seemed like a precipice, up which we clambered from root to root, with a very small house on the top – only 1 room perhaps 12' x 6', with a low roof, but perched on piles a good 10' high. The sufferer had been bitten in the left little toe, and had applied no less than 4 ligatures of bow string to (a) his instep, (b) his ankle, (c) just below his knee, and (d) just above. As they were fiercely tight and he had left them on for at least two hours, he was naturally in considerable pain, at least as much due to the cord as to the snake. I gave him a shot of morphine for the pain; had the cords off, temporarily replacing them with cloth tourniquets, more to show what should be done than for any good they [Vol 1, p191] might as after so long a time; opened the place slightly to reduce the swelling; washed it with Mercurochrome; and ended by putting on Antiphlogistine. He was convinced he was going to die, but I persuaded him that that was rot, and left him much happier with a promise that I would come up again in the morning if he was not much better. His ancient and Simian wife was wearing a necklace of red, blue, white, yellow and amber coloured beads which were said to have been brought in by Chinese traders. From it was dangling what seemed to be a hare's scut (also sold by a Chinaman) but no one knew what it was (there are no hares in this part of Burma) or what it was for, except that it had been handed to them as a powerful amulet. Then back again – it was nearly as difficult as going up – doing a little botanising by the way, and getting in at a little after 4 p.m. There weren't many leeches, and I only removed about a dozen, of which three bit me. More letters until dinner at 7.30. The river fell 5 feet between 5.30 a.m. and 10 a.m.; remained more or less steady until 4 p.m.; and since then has more than made up the 5' it lost earlier.

My blasted hens are still not laying (with one exception, who gives an egg every other day) but are simply eating [Vol 1, p192] their rations in sloth. On Chetuk's earnest representation, I have spared them for another 4 days; but if they are not doing better by the evening of the 6th September, it is the pot for them all without mercy. Breakfast of fried eggs and chips: dinner of dhal soup, and chicken stew, followed by a savoury of hashed bird and coffee.

Tony put in another good day's work on skinning.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, September 3rd 1938

Min 69.5° Max 81°. B (6 a.m.) 26.50, B (6 p.m.) 26.45.

Between 1.30 p.m. yesterday, and 6 a.m. today, 33" of rain fell, and between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 0.3" only. Early this morning the river was 2 feet higher than the previous high point, reached on August 20th, but during the day it has fallen 6 feet. At 5 a.m. it was drizzling heavily, and the valley was full of mist. There was no apparent wind. After 7 a.m. the mist rose slowly to 4000'. At 2 p.m. the drizzle ceased until 3.30 P.M. when it began once again, and at that time (and, later, at 6 p.m.) it was possible to see that there was a S. wind blowing, force 3, above the top of the valley. Shortly after 6.30 p.m. the mist came down again to river level; and tonight it is drizzling steadily.

A certain amount of work on the flowers we got yesterday, and then I got down to letters again. About 2 p.m. [Vol 1, p193] a big hawk came gliding down the valley, and I dashed out with a shotgun to try and bag him. It was no good though, and he settled in the top of a bamboo on the other side of the river, so I had a shot at him with the .256. It wasn't a hard shot, but I missed, I'm sorry to say. Later I saw four of them and went out with both guns to try my luck, but I didn't get a shot. The

nights are getting colder now on the hills and the birds (and presumably the animals) are beginning to come down into the valleys. The first animals were the swallows (or whatever they are) who began to skim about over the surface of the river about a week ago. There has been a great increase in the number of wagtails too, and now I hope we will get a big variety of birds. Tony is working well on them. Snakes are not coming in much now, though today a fair sized Trimeresurus monticola was produced, which had been caught in the compound of the Tanugok's house with a Trimeresurus jerdoni. I didn't take the latter, as its captor was ill-advised enough to grumble that As 2 was not a large enough price for it, and to say that he wanted Rs 1/-. He got the snake back instead, and I refused to buy it at any price afterwards. No news about the man who was [[Vol 1, p194](#)] bitten by the snake, so I imagine he's doing all right. He'd better let me know soon though, because it's certain to go septic. My film was more or less dry by this morning (that is 3 days and nights after it began to dry!), and the exposures were good; but somehow or other every film was marked with air bubbles during the development, so I cast them adrift as not being up to standard. I can repeat them all as soon as there's some sun, so it doesn't really matter much, though it's a nuisance.

Jane is increasing in stature, if not in wisdom, and I have never imagined anyone half so greedy over her food. She does her best to climb into the spoon, and gets so wildly thrilled that she often misses seeing it altogether.

A fine heron was brought in this morning, and after Tony had skinned it, we had it curried for dinner. Very good too. And K.B. got a green pigeon this evening, which we had as a savoury. For breakfast a chicken liver omelette.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, September 4th 1938

Min 67° Max 83°. B (6 a.m.) 26.54, B (6 p.m.) 26.44.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 0.6" rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 9 a.m., when the rain stopped, a further 0.1" fell. At 5 a.m. a light drizzle was falling, and the valley was filled with mist. There was no apparent wind. The drizzle stopped at [Vol 1, p195] 9 a.m., and by that time the mist was at 3500 feet. It continued to rise slowly, becoming thinner and thinner until at 3 p.m. the sky was 3/10 clear. By 4 p.m. it was 5/10 clear, 5/10 covered with dense stratus cloud, and there was a S. wind, force 1. Since then conditions have remained unchanged.

Work on flowers, and then down to writing letters again. About 11 a.m. I had another shot at one of the big hawks with the .256 at about 100 yards, but I missed again, the bullet hitting a branch about 2" low. It was bad shooting, and it's time I had some practice. However in the afternoon Kharka Bahadur got one with the 12 bore, after a fine piece of stalking up a stream bed, and Tony (ever keen to try some new dish) had the heart fried for dinner. He said it was very tough, but otherwise not bad; but I have a prejudice against eating kites, and confined myself to sardines, onion salad, and potato rissoles. As usual we finished the meal with hashed bird and coffee. This evening a heron of sorts settled not far from the house, and I went after it with the 12 bore. I got close to where it had landed, and saw it standing in a clump of grass about 30 yards off, so I fired, only to find that what I had seen was an amazingly bird-like piece [Vol 1, p196] of wood! However the heron had not got up, so I moved on a little and saw it on a rock. Before I could shoot it saw me, and moved quietly into a thick bush, quite out of sight. I fired blind at where I thought it probably was, and hit it in the legs. It got up, flew over the river, and circled back not

20 yards above my head while I howled to K.B. for another cartridge. For the first time he had forgotten to bring any, and the bird flew over the river, tried to land in a bamboo clump, and fell at the foot of it on the bank. We started after it at once, and arrived at the spot just as it got dark; but the place was a mass of fallen bamboos, crossing and recrossing one another to 6 or 8 feet above the ground, and though we searched everywhere we could with a torch, we didn't really stand a chance of finding it and had to come back empty handed. I hate leaving anything wounded, but there was no help for it. Between the bridge and the house, the path is crossed by several small streams, flowing out of low dark tunnels of undergrowth. I saw a glow worm by one of these, and in bending down to pick it up, I happened to be facing up the tunnel. It was the most lovely, fairy like sight I have ever seen. The whole [Vol 1, p197] tunnel was lit with hundreds and hundreds of glow worms till I could almost see a crowd of the Little People gathered there for a meeting with their torches, moving quietly about, and sometimes stopping to relight their lamps when they had gone out. There was something very friendly about the sight, and it gave me the same feeling of almost painful happiness that I have had occasionally in Tibet when finishing a bitter march late at night, at the first sight of the lights of the village twinkling far below. Every stream was gay with the fairy lights in the same way, and I was as entranced at each as I had been at the first.

A good specimen of Trimeresurus mucrosquamatus came in today, but that was about all, apart from enough birds to keep Tony busy, and a new squirrel – like Jane, but with a white stomach. This morning the river was 2 feet higher than last night, but it has dropped 5 feet today.

We are having great trouble these days (and especially owing to this last wet spell) in keeping the skins free from mould and maggots while they are drying. On the shelf in my room some of them have taken a fortnight to dry, and in spite of vigilance we had to destroy 2 today [Vol 1, p198] (a bat and a rat) which had been damaged. It is not good for skins to dry them at a fire, but I've come to the conclusion that we have no choice at present, and so I have fixed up the trays in the verandah a little to one side of the hearth, to see if that helps matters at all. Small flies and sand flies have been very pleasantly scarce the last two nights. It is very cheering to me to think that by engaging coolies, having the house built, and paying for specimens, we are being a real God-send to this district; for when the famine comes there will now be money to buy rice from Putao. I missed the W/T signal tonight.

Pangnamdim. Monday, September 5th 1938

Min 68.5° Max 83°. B (6 a.m.) 26.51, B (6 p.m.) 26.42.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. less than 0.1" rain fell. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 0.2" fell. At 5 a.m. a light drizzle was falling, and the valley was full of mist. There was no apparent wind. At 7 a.m. the drizzle stopped, and by 7.30 a.m. the mist was rising slowly. At 10 a.m. a heavy drizzle began, lasting until 10.30 a.m., by which time the mist was up to 4500', where it remained until 6 p.m. Between 1.15 p.m. and 4 p.m. there were several short periods of light drizzle. At 6 p.m. the mist began to rise further, and by 7.30 p.m. it was at about 6000'. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. There has been no wind [Vol 1, p199] today. A little work on flowers this morning, and then down to letters again, while I sent K.B. and a Khanung to see if they could find the heron by daylight. They had no luck, however, and the one consolation I have in the matter is that we have done our best to find it. I

saw a large otter swimming down the river this morning, going through foaming rapids and fearful eddies and whirlpools as though they were a joke. I had a rest from letters when a pretty big Trimeresurus monticola was brought in with a small Elaphe nuchalis by K.B., as a substitute for the heron; and then, getting down to half a dozen small Natrix nuchalis, which I have had for a couple of days, I had to go to the box where we keep our skins, for more labels. I took a look at the skins we have bought, and found them all slightly mouldy, so some time was spent in opening them up and painting them with preservative fluid. I think all native skins will have to be cut open and doctored at once in future. We had to move the skulls down nearer the fire too, for the same reason, and now they are suspended in a festoon under the ant-proof trays, making the place look like a headhunter's temple more than anything else. Jane discovered the joys of [Vol 1, p200] jumping today, and is beginning to flirt her tail as though it were some good to her. On the other hand she has taken to deliberate biting, which isn't so much fun, especially as she draws blood. She started this afternoon for no reason, so I tapped her on the head with a finger. She was surprised, but bit again, rather harder, half a minute later, and got another tap. This went on four or five times, and at last I decided to give her a real lesson, so I flicked her four or five feet onto the ground. She has been very good for the rest of the day and I think she may be cured. If not, one more flick will be enough I think. If I can't cure her, by any chance, I shall have to kill her, because soon her bite will be really nasty, and if she's going to do it for fun whenever she feels like it, it's not going to be worth keeping her. No small flies at all tonight, so it looks as though they are finished for this year.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, September 6th 1938

Min 69° Max 83°. B (6 a.m.) 26.52, B (6 p.m.) 26.50.

Rain began at about 1 a.m., and, between then and 6 a.m., 0.5" had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 1 p.m. a further 0.7" fell. At 5 a.m. there was a light rain falling; the valley was filled with mist; and there was no apparent wind. At 7.30 a.m. the mist began to rise slowly, and by 9 a.m. it was at 4000', where it remained for the rest of [Vol 1, p201] the day. At 1 p.m. the rain stopped. The day continued to be very dull with mist covering the valley at 4000 feet, and no wind.

A little doctoring today at last, doing a woman's hand (cut with a dao) in the morning, and giving Quinine to the Tanugok; and an iodine injection and Antiphlogistine to K.B. who has a crop of sores on his legs, and binding up a girl's toe in the afternoon. I think we have got the mould question settled at last, praise be – and that's a very great weight off my mind. This morning I saw a man fishing in the river with a net stretched between two long bamboos. He stood up to his chest in the water, dipped the net in in front of him, moved it about for a little and then rapidly brought it to the top. It must have been cold work, and I didn't see him catch anything; but there are fish about now, for the Tanugok brought me a present of one this evening – weight about a pound, and some kind of toothless bottom-feeding creature, with very small scales. Talking of presents, the village made us one of a couple of pounds of fresh pork this morning – part of a pig which they had sacrificed last night for some reason. To my joy, they sent [Vol 1, p202] a little message by the Tanugok today too, to say how happy they were that we had come here to give them work and distribute money, with which they would be able to buy rice in the famine. They expect the shortage, by the way, from January on. I learnt something today,

which is that the population from Gawai down to Awiwang is not Khanung but Daru, and that the population of the Adung Long is not Daru but Talang. There is a third clan up the Taron called Tsewang, but no one knows much about them. I got the marches taped from here to Rang seng (or Rangching) where we cross the Ninai to get to Chahtung in the Triangle. It's 21 marches from here, mostly over a bad path. More letter writing today, and Jane tried her biting act twice and was twice chastised. The second time she renounced me and spent 10 or 12 minutes pretending to enjoy herself on the floor, before meekly climbing up my leg again. We ought to get a mail tomorrow when Kyipa arrives. No flies tonight, and very few blister flies during the day, but ordinary house flies are a nuisance still.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, September 7th 1938

Min 69° Max 84°. B (6 a.m.) 26.56, B (6 p.m.) 26.50.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 0.7" of rain fell. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 0.7" rain fell. At 5 a.m. light rain was falling; [Vol 1, p203] the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged until 1 p.m., except that the mist rose slowly up to 4000' after 7 a.m. At 1 p.m. the rain stopped, and it began again, fairly heavily, at 8.30 p.m. The valley is full of mist tonight, and there is no wind.

A big disappointment today, when Kyipa failed to turn up after all. It was made all the worse, because, having almost given him up after 3 p.m., I thought it just possible that he was doubling the last two stages, in which case he couldn't come till the evening. We kept our eyes on the path up the hill, and about 5 I suddenly saw some figures coming down with loads on their backs. They were only just visible, but we took it for granted they were our chaps, until Tony brought his field glasses. Woe

is me, they were villagers with baskets of bamboo shoots! As a matter of fact, I think it's more than likely that he's shown some gumption and delayed his start for a day in order to bring the latest mail. He will turn up tomorrow, without any doubt. A bit more hospital today, with K.B.'s legs and the woman's hand, then a fair amount of work over snakes, mainly [[Vol 1, p204](#)] in taking and pickling embryos from the eggs of 'my' T. jerdoni. Then more typing, and finally I skinned a squirrel to help Tony out. This evening there was something moving about in the bushes on the other side of the river, and people said it was monkeys. For some time I could not see what it was, with my glasses, but in the end it turned out to be a pair of big martens, dark brown and greyish white. I only hope one or both shows up tomorrow when there's light enough to shoot by. Breakfast of yesterday's fish: dinner of chicken soup, roast chicken with fried potatoes and onions, and hashed bird.

(Sumtsangtap)

Pangnamdim. Thursday, September 8th 1938

Min 69° Max 90°. B (6 a.m.) 26.54, B (6 p.m.) 26.47.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 0.9" rain fell. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 0.9" rain fell. At 5 a.m. light rain was falling; the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent wind. The rain continued, with intervals of heavy drizzle, until 1 p.m., and after midday the mist rose to 4000', by which time there was a S. wind, force 1. Conditions remained unchanged until 5 p.m. when light rain began again; and the mist came down to river level soon after 6 p.m.

A certain amount of work in the morning sewing up snakes, followed by more letter writing. Kyipa had not turned up by 3 p.m., and as I felt that there [[Vol 1, p205](#)] was a very good chance of his having gone down with fever on the road, Lewa,

Maran Yong and I started off at 3.15 p.m. to look for him. It took us exactly 3 hours to reach Sumtsangtap (1½ hours for the 3000' climb up, and 1½ hours for the remainder) and when we got there the place was more or less of a ruin. There wasn't a single dry spot in the bungalow; the coolie hut was falling to pieces; and the kitchen was the only habitable spot – though even there it was difficult to find 3 places to sleep where drips weren't falling. We should, in any case, have messed and slept together to save labour and because we only had one lantern, but as things were it was impossible to do otherwise. We had been prepared to double march through to Goletutap that night, (and to Fort Hertz if necessary in the next 3 days), but on the way to Sumtsangtap we met three Khanungs who had left Kyipa that day, and they said that he was stopping the night at Goletutap and coming through to Pangnamdim the next day. Accordingly Sumtsangtap was as far as we went. It wasn't at all bad either in spite of the wretched state of the building. It was about 10 feet square, with a fire in one corner near the door; and at the opposite end a raised platform taking up half the [Vol 1, p206] space in the shack. We found dry room on this for one man to sleep, so I put my blanket there; Lewa was half underneath it; and Maran Yong squeezed in between the fire and the wall, where he must have been very hot. I had a sand-fly net draped over me – held up at one end and tucked in at the other – rather like the days with B.C. when we had half each; but the others didn't bother to put theirs up, as there was so much smoke within that only the hardiest of flies would have ventured to approach. Rain pouring down made the fire seem incredibly cosy, and after a dinner of curried potato and tea we turned in.

Pangnamdim. Friday, September 9th 1938

Min 68° Max 76°. B (6 a.m.) 26.54, B (6 p.m.) 26.46.

Between 6 p.m. and 8 a.m. 1.3" rain had fallen. At 8 a.m. a light drizzle was falling; the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent wind. Throughout the day conditions remained much the same, with light rain at intervals and drizzle the remainder of the time. The mist did not rise to more than 4000'. Between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. there was a S. wind, force 1.

We expected Kyipa and the mail to arrive in Sumtsangtap about 11 a.m., and the five hours from 6 a.m. seemed like an eternity with nothing whatever to do except eat our breakfast of rice and tea, and put out [Vol 1, p207] the leaf roof, which caught fire twice, and the wall, which blazed up once. It rained up there till 11, and we cheered ourselves at intervals by yelling loudly in the hope of hearing an answering shriek from the coolies below. However, there was no sign of them, and about 11 I went out and caught a few grasshoppers and a beetle, and then did a little botanising till about noon. After that we cheered ourselves again by making tea, and at last, at 1 p.m. Kyipa turned up, followed shortly after by 4 coolies. He had not been able to leave Putao until the 2nd owing to an attack of fever, and hence the delay, but he brought the good news that David had gone to prison for a month, with the option of a Rs 40/- fine – which, needless to say, he did not take. I think he got off very lightly. I should have given him 6 months myself. Maran Yong and I started back at 1.25 p.m. with the mail and as it was Tony's birthday (26) and I wanted him to get his letters as soon as possible, reaching the bungalow after 2¾ hours, soaking wet, of course, but otherwise in good heart. Lewa and Kyipa followed on more slowly, botanising on the way and getting quite a good selection of stuff. In the main I had 2 letters from Mother, 1 from Sara, 1 each from the Leydens, with a pickled caecilian, 1 from Durrant, [Vol 1, p208] and 1 from Mitchell. John's book has not yet

arrived, but it is on the way, as Mother has sent it off – though I don't know exactly when. She also sent various press cuttings of it, and I must say (it probably shows the smallness of my character) I rather object to being generally known merely as John's companion, as though it had been his expedition from start to finish, with me as a kind of hanger-on. The birthday dinner was a Campbell's soup, rissoles, tinned pineapple and a kind of egg savoury, and as vegetables we had brinjals and potato – the brinjals a present from the darwan at the Dak bungalow, Putao, with some bananas and a pineapple. Jane is very frisky now, and doesn't bite any more. She just nibbles occasionally, and if she's feeling very affectionate she mumbles in my ear and then nips it gently. Another tortoise, Habakkuk, was brought in yesterday from Matsatap. It's odd that there aren't any in this valley.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, September 10th 1938

Min 68.5° Max 84°. B (6 a.m.) 26.52, B (6 p.m.) 26.46.

Between 8 a.m. yesterday and 6 a.m. today, 1.2" rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 0.3" rain fell, of which 0.2" were before 1 p.m. At 5 a.m. a light rain was falling; the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent wind. The rain continued, with short intervals of heavy drizzle, until 1 p.m., by which time the mist was rising slowly. By 2.30 p.m. the mist was at about 5000' [[Vol 1, p209](#)] and after 3 p.m. there were several short light showers. At 6 p.m. the mist began to descend into the valley again, and by 7.30 p.m. it was at river level.

Little news today. I put a lot of letters into the envelopes which came with Kyipa, paid off the coolies, advanced K.B. Rs 20/- to send to his wife in Putao, and did a snake (*Elaphe taeniura*) in the afternoon. I also finished a letter to Miss Cheesman and wrote to Mother. I took the W/T signal as usual this evening, at what

I have always thought to be 1400 hs G.M.T., and just after I had got it, the reception faded a little, but I could swear I heard the announcer say, "It is now a quarter to two in the afternoon, Greenwich Mean Time". If that is so it would explain why I have been unable to get any Morse Time signals, as I have been trying a quarter of an hour too early always. I shall check up on this tomorrow.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, September 11th 1938

Min 69° Max 82.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.52, B (6 p.m.) 26.49.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 0.8" rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 0.2" rain fell. At 5 a.m. a light drizzle was falling; the valley was full of mist; and there was no apparent wind. After 7.30 a.m. the mist rose gradually to some 5000', reaching that height at about noon, and throughout the day (after 6.30 a.m. when the drizzle stopped) there were frequent light showers. Owing to the mist [[Vol 1, p210](#)] covering the valley it was impossible to see what wind there was, if any. At 6 p.m. the mist began to come down again and it started to rain lightly and steadily. By 7.30 p.m. the mist was at river level, and the rain became moderately heavy for an hour, then reverting to light again.

Chetuk has gone sick again, with what I am afraid is abscess of the liver. He has considerable pain on the right side of his body, just under his ribs – enough to make him lie down very miserable; no headache; no rash; temperature 98.6° in the morning, 99.4° in the evening; motions normal; pulse 88, and no other pain. His tongue also is clear and wet. He has been having a course of Quinoplasmoquine, however, since his fever, (beginning 4 days after the Atebrin injections) and I think it may be that he is intolerant of Plasmoquine and that this is the result. Anyway, before sending him to Putao I will see what happens if the Plasmoquine is

discontinued. Incidentally, it has had no bad effects on Nyima Töndrup, who took on the cooking today under my supervision. Lewa and K.B. have gone up to Hpalaplangdam for a couple of nights to see if they can get any insects. I was only just in time to prevent Lewa from taking Lhakpa and Yonga as well, which would have left us frightfully short-[[Vol 1, p211](#)]handed, with Chetuk incapacitated. Hospital again this morning, but only K.B.'s legs (sores) and the woman's hand (and, of course, Chetuk); and after that sketching a lizard, sewing up snakes and fish and doing the flowers seemed to keep me pretty well-occupied. Jane is in great form, dashing around all over the place, and the hurrying back to me for praise. She still isn't weaned, though, and prefers her milk to anything. As she seems to be thriving on it I'm not worrying. Breakfast of minced chicken and a poached egg; dinner of potato-and-Oxsoup, fried herring roes in breadcrumbs, with potato rissoles, bamboo salad, and pumpkin, toast and coffee.

Pangnamdim. Monday, September 12th 1938

Min 68° Max 86°. B (6 a.m.) 26.61, B (6 p.m.) 26.54.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 1.2" rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. 0.05" rain fell. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist; a light drizzle was falling; and there was no apparent wind. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. there were short intervals of light rain, and at 7 a.m. the drizzle stopped. At 7.30 a.m. the mist began to rise, and although it continued to hang on the sides of the valley at about 5000' throughout the day, by 8 a.m. there was none above the valley itself and the sky was 8/10 covered with light stratus cloud. Wind SW 2. By 10 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear, and conditions thereafter remained unchanged until after 6 p.m. [[Vol 1, p212](#)] when it

began to cloud over again from the SW. By 7.30 p.m. the sky was wholly covered with stratus cloud. Wind SW 2.

Chetuk is much the same today, so I am sending him off tomorrow to Putao, for the old doctor to see, in a dooly of sorts. If it's serious that's the only thing to do; and if not it will be worth it to relieve our minds. The mail goes tomorrow as well. Work today sketching another Japalura; packing it and a T. Jerdoni? which came in; doing the latest pictures for Mother; and getting on with the mail. Hospital only the woman's hand and Chetuk, but I shall have to get down to Kyipa's leg, which has sores on it from leech bites, tomorrow. Nyima Töndrup is doing well as a cook. He is a most excellent servant and very hard working. Another phalanger came in this evening, and the skins of two large ones were brought along this afternoon. A fine day at last though I wasn't able to take advantage of it to go out, unfortunately.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, September 13th 1938

Min 69° Max 85.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.61, B (6 p.m.) 26.50.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 1.25" rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. 0.05" rain fell. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist, and a light drizzle was falling. There was no apparent wind. By 6 p.m. the drizzle had stopped. At 7 a.m. the mist began to rise and gradually became very much [[Vol 1, p213](#)] thinner so that at 8 a.m. I could clearly see the sky through it, as being 8/10 covered with light stratus cloud, and with a SW wind, force 2. By 9 a.m. the mist had entirely vanished except along the sides of the valley at 5000' and over, and the sky was 6/10 covered with light stratus cloud. At 10.15 a.m. a dense bank of nimbus began to come over, and at 10.45 a.m. there was a light shower lasting approximately half an hour, after which the sky was 4/10 covered with light stratus cloud. Shortly after 6 p.m. the sky cleared

entirely, but by 7 p.m. mist was forming in the valley, and by 7.30 p.m. it was impossible any longer to see the sky.

I finished a few letters early this morning (as a matter of fact they dragged on till 9.30 a.m.) and then sent them off, with two parcels of insects for the B.M. and one of prismatic compasses for the R.G.S. to repair, with poor Chetuk. A primitive sort of palanquin, like a covered stretcher, had been made out of the ever useful bamboo, and though it could be carried by only two men at a time I sent four, so that there would be two reliefs always ready. Chetuk started off walking, but I told him to use the dooly at once if the pain became any worse. He should arrive in Patao on the 21st, and he has with him Rs 50/- to pay the coolies [[Vol 1, p214](#)] and for personal expenses. If he needs any more I have told him to collect it from Nihal Chaud to whom I sent a further Rs 100/-. It was, on the whole, a fine day, with some sun, but otherwise not much happened. An Elaphe taeniura ♀ was brought in during the morning, and during the afternoon Lewa and K.B. came back from Hpalaplangdam with a very good haul of insects including about 15 or 16 which we had not yet got. They said the path up the valley was not good; that it was very overgrown and with many leeches; and that the grass round the two Rest Houses had grown to such a height that little more than the roofs could be seen. Putting these insects in trays today, and packing some which were already dry took me till nearly 6.30 p.m., and before I had finished a male Asiatic bush-tailed porcupine (Atherurus macura) was brought along, having been caught in a burrow at the foot of a tree round about 5000', and killed by a blow on the snout. Tony had a grim time skinning it, because in the first place, the skin tore like wet blotting paper; and, in the second, because the flesh stuck to it closer than a brother. The final result looks rather as if it's been in a

heavy bombardment, and to make matters worse we found, after dinner tonight, that we couldn't [Vol 1, p215] sew up the holes. In spite of the way it tears it turns out to be quite impossible to force a needle through the skin without using so much force that it makes the vent even bigger. So about 9 p.m. we started in to peg it out and apply burnt alum and saltpetre just as it was. It took us till about 10.30 p.m. We had the porcupine meat curried for dinner (or rather we had the legs, the remainder being reserved for tomorrow) and it was quite excellent. I only hope we get another, though I don't expect Tony does!

The last two days blister flies have been bad, and there have been a fair number of small flies round the camps at night. Apparently constant rain discourages them, and a fine day brings them out.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, 14th September 1938

Min 70° Max 86.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.60, B (6 p.m.) 26.51.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 1.6" rain fell. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 0.1" rain fell. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist and a light rain was falling. There was no apparent wind. The rain stopped at 7.30 a.m. and sooner after that the mist began to rise. By 8.30 a.m. the sky was 6/10 covered with light stratus cloud, above which small quantities of cirrus cloud could be seen, and the mist only remained in patches on the sides of the valley at above 5000'. There was a south wind, force 2. About 10.15 a.m. [Vol 1, p216] nimbus cloud began to come over in moderate quantities. By 10.45 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with it, and there was a light shower lasting 25 minutes, after which the sky was 8/10 covered with patches of heavy stratus cloud and light nimbus. Conditions remained unchanged throughout

the day, and there were several short, light showers. The night is overcast with heavy stratus and light nimbus: wind S.2.

Hospital this morning, but only for K.B. and Kyipa, their sores, which are doing well. K.B. was done first, with Kyipa squatting in front of me waiting for his turn; and, when it came, I told K.B. to wash the places for me as I was tired of bending down. There followed, sotto voce, the following conversation, interesting in view of the number of times one is assured at home that "not even one's best friend will tell one". K.B. (bluntly) 'From thy feet a stink ariseth. It is not right then that thou shouldn't thrust them under the nose of our lord'. Kyipa (mild as ever). 'True, friend, there is an odour; but yet it was our lord himself who counselled me to wear boots and stockings that the bandages might not fall. In them lies the cause. Blame me not'. K.B. 'Truly thee do I blame, oh fool, for wherefore not wear clean stockings? Or, there being none, wherefore not wash thy misshapen feet?' Kyipa (after a long pause for [Vol 1, p217] reflection) 'Good, I will do so anon. There is much wisdom in thy words!' I thought that one of Theophrastus' eggs had hatched this morning, when I found the empty shell in the enclosure. But after a lengthy search in which we (Lewa and Yonga and self) failed to find the new arrival, I think it more likely that either she or Habakkuk trod on it and broke it, leaving everything to be cleared up by the ants except the shell. I have removed the other one and put it with the snake eggs for safe keeping. There was some sun this morning, and I hurried to finish a film which had been in the camera for about a fortnight. After that I spent the rest of the day priming the insects brought back from Hpalaplendam. Blister flies were bad again. About 5.30 p.m. I saw 3 macaques stroll over the patch of sand beyond the river and dashed for the rifle. Too late, of course, but while I was waiting in hopes of their

showing up again, a pair of martens dashed across from the opposite direction, without giving me a chance of a shot. I hope it means that the animals are moving down from the hills, though I shan't do any hunting till the rain stops and the place dries up a bit. A great blow this evening when (I don't know whose fault it was) the bundle [Vol 1, p218] of dry flowers was allowed to catch fire seriously. Through carelessness on the part of the servants the flower papers have already been on fire 7 or 8 times, but have always been put out before damage has been done. This time, though I haven't opened them to look yet, it appears as if about a third of them have been ruined. The whole fact of the matter is, I've got too many servants. There isn't enough work for them all, so none of them do any, except Nyima Töndrup. To say that I'm disgruntled is putting it very mildly. So far this month (up till 6 p.m. today) we have had 24.15" rain – and Leyden promised us a dry September!

Pangnamdim. Thursday, September 15th 1938

Min 69° Max 86°. B (6 a.m.) 26.56, B (6 p.m.) 26.46.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 1.3" rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. 0.5" had fallen, mainly after 5 p.m. At 5 a.m. there was a light drizzle falling, and the valley was full of mist. At 6.30 a.m. the mist was already rising and the drizzle had stopped. There was no apparent wind. By 8.00 a.m. the sky was 7/10 covered with light stratus clouds and there was a SW wind, force 2. After 10.00 a.m. the clouds became denser, though not more numerous, changing to heavy stratus with occasional patches of light nimbus; and between then and 4.30 p.m., although there was a good deal of sun, there were several short, light showers. At 4.30 p.m. heavy [Vol 1, p219] nimbus cloud began to come over, and at 5 p.m. a heavy shower began, lasting until 5.45 p.m. By 5.30 p.m. the sky was wholly covered with nimbus,

but shortly after that this was replaced by heavy stratus and a mist began to form again in the valley. Wind SW 2. By 6.15 p.m. the sky was no longer visible.

This morning one of 'my' T. jerdoni was brought in – a female, about 4½ feet long – which had been taken in a hole under a rock with 3 clumps of 12, 9, and 8 eggs, which were already hatching, the young being about 9" long and quite prepared to bite. This is a great find, as I was badly in need of hatchlings and I am not sure that the eggs I have are going to hatch out. But not only that, it raises a most interesting question, taken in conjunction with a previous specimen found with 2 clumps of 8 eggs each some days ago. There seem to be only two possibilities, in view of the fact that I have never yet taken a female of this species containing more than 8 eggs, although they must occasionally have 12. Either they commonly lay 2 or 3 batches of eggs, which presupposes an interval between each laying for fertilisation and development; or 2 or 3 females are accustomed to use the same hole for their eggs. In view of the fact that all 3 clumps brought in today were hatching at the same time, the first suggestion is, I think, [Vol 1, p220] impossible; while against the second is the fact that in neither case has more than one female been found with the eggs. This is probably only coincidence, for if it is not so, it would appear that one female only remains on guard at a time, and no snake has sufficient intelligence to arrange this. The most reasonable solution is that several females do use the same hole, but that the 3 which appear to be missing have already been collected by me since they laid their eggs. A big Natrix nuchalis was brought in this evening, which made every effort to escape except by biting. I wish I could think how to find out what the nuchal glands are for, but at present my mind is a blank on the subject. This snake business kept me pretty busy all day, (and there

are still a good few to deal with) but I had my room spring cleaned, and changed the position of the aerial from roughly E-W to NW-SE. Reception was very much better this evening, though I still wasn't able to get Daventry. K.B. and the Tanugok have borrowed my 12 bore and gone after pig and serow which are said to be not far off on the south side of the valley. They should be back the day after tomorrow, though empty handed I expect.

This valley is not so bad as regards producing supplies as I had thought. So far, small quantities of maize, [Vol 1, p221] eggs, sago, millet, kangra and pashi, a few fish and hill partridges; and plenty of bamboo shoots have been offered for sale (and bought), not to mention a small amount of crushed rice, exactly like that one gets in southern Tibet. The sago is particularly good and makes excellent fried chapatis, almost like puris. The disease on my toes is not really responding to iodine, and I think I shall have to use Kaulback's Special, as in 1936, though I confess the thought appals me.

Pangnamdim. Friday, September 16th 1938

Min 70° Max 84°. B (6 a.m.) 26.55, B (6 p.m.) 26.47.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 0.1" rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 0.1" fell. At 5 a.m. a light drizzle was falling, and the valley was full of mist. There was no apparent wind. The drizzle stopped at 6.30 a.m., and soon afterwards the mist began to rise. By 8 a.m. it had almost entirely vanished, and the sky was 8/10 covered with medium stratus clouds; wind S. 1. At 10 a.m. small quantities of light nimbus began to come over, and at 10.30 a.m. a light shower began, lasting for ½ hour. At noon a second light shower fell, lasting until 12.45 p.m. For the remainder

of the day the sky was 8/10 covered with medium stratus cloud. Wind S. 1. At 8 p.m. light rain began to fall.

The snakes are still hatching, though there were only two new ones to deal with today, and I was busy most of the morning and afternoon with them [[Vol 1, p222](#)] and yesterday's brood. The two sexes are almost equal in numbers so far, and they are making a good series. I am pretty certain now that it's an entirely new snake, but I'm quite prepared to find it's been known for years, as new snakes must be getting pretty scarce these days. Anyway it's not in Pope or Boulenger, but the trouble is that Boulenger wrote his book in 1890 or thereabouts, and that gives plenty of time for it to have been found since. This afternoon a Daru brought in a silver grey phalanger with a very young baby, both alive. It is typical of the callousness of these people that to save himself trouble on the way (because they are fierce little creatures when caught) he had knocked out the mother's teeth. A sickening piece of cruelty, for which it was no good berating him as he simply couldn't take it in. I was on the point of killing her when I suddenly thought that she is the one hope for the baby, and that she herself may be able to live on milk and, later, something like boiled sago or rice; so I made them a nest in a box, and though the mother wouldn't take any milk this evening, I am full of hope for tomorrow. After all I myself wouldn't feel much like food if I had had my teeth out either. Shortly afterwards 2 large macaques and the skin of a hornbill were brought in by another Daru, for which I gave a total of Rs 5/-. It wasn't [[Vol 1, p223](#)] until the evening that I discovered they had been shot by K.B. and the Tanugok, and that therefore no backsheesh was required? That's the snag of not knowing the local language. Half a dozen chaps turned up to help with the skinning, but I was foolish enough to allow Tony to put on

the Alum and saltpetre himself. He is as bad as the servants and wasted enough for a whole tiger skin on them. We ate the flesh of the hornbill for dinner, and it was quite excellent. K.B. and the Tanugok came back tonight after all, having shot nothing but the monkeys, the hornbill and two other birds, but bringing some good flowers and a bunch of insects.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, September 17th 1938

Min 70° Max 79°. B (6 a.m.) 26.55, B (6 p.m.) 26.53.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 1.25" rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 0.6" rain had fallen. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist, and light rain was falling. There was no apparent wind. Conditions remained unchanged until 2.30 p.m. when the rain stopped, except that after 8 a.m. the mist rose slowly and by midday had cleared completely, showing the sky to be wholly covered with nimbus cloud. Wind SW 2. After 2.30 p.m. the clouds were mainly heavy stratus, with small quantities of nimbus above the sides of the valley. At 6 p.m. the sky was entirely covered with nimbus, and moderately heavy rain began to fall. Since then conditions [Vol 1, p224] have remained unchanged.

Not much news today, except that I was busy most of the time on the hatchlings, and a large part of the remainder with Jemima (the phalanger) and Sarah her daughter. Jemima took her milk pretty well on the whole, considering she was a mass of nerves, and was put off drinking for minutes on end by anyone coming into the room or even moving in another part of the house. She sat on my lap for her meals (she had 3), and Sarah seems all right so I imagine she is giving plenty of milk. Helen, a cousin of Jane's, was brought in today and adopted by Tony – though his method of bringing up a young animal consists of pushing it into a pocket and

forgetting all about it until it's time to pour milk down its throat. And then he complains that it doesn't seem to get very friendly! I cut off all my hair today. Starting by trying to give myself a smart trim, I found it quite hopeless, so ruthlessly shore it off to the skin. As I have found before it's very much more comfortable than having hair, as well as being very much cleaner. You can wash your whole head when you wash your face, and dry it with no more trouble. Helen is slightly younger than Jane, I should say, but there is very little in it. [[Vol 1, p225](#)] Sand flies very bad today, and the small flies at night round the lamps.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, September 18th 1938

Min 68° Max 75°. B (6 a.m.) 26.54, B (6 p.m.) 26.50.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 5.1" of rain had fallen. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 6.4" of rain fell. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist, and moderately heavy rain was falling. It was impossible to see what the wind was, but the valley wind was blowing downstream (i.e. from W to E), force 2. After 7.30 a.m. the mist rose gradually to about 4500' where it remained until 5 p.m., then dropping to river level again. At 10.30 a.m. the valley wind changed and blew upstream, force 3, and at 11 a.m. the rain decreased from moderately heavy to light. The valley wind changed again at 3.30 p.m. and at 4 p.m. moderately heavy rain began again, increasing to heavy at 4.30 p.m., after which conditions remained unchanged till 8 p.m. when the rain dropped to light. The river had risen 7 feet between last night and 6 a.m. this morning, and during the day it rose a further 5½ feet to a new high level – 6 feet higher than it has been since the end of July – bringing down large quantities of pines and bamboos as well as many other trees.

The first excitement today was when I went to give Jemima her milk and found that she had escaped [Vol 1, p226] from her box, leaving Sarah behind, who by that time was very cold and hungry. The top of the box was of 3-ply only, tied in the middle, and she had managed to push up one end and clamber out. I have her up for lost, and got Sarah warm again in my pocket, before feeding her with Nestlé's. Then Helen got away from Tony, and, after a short chase, shot under a pile of wood shavings and completely disappeared. We hunted in the house and under the house, with never a sign of her, but in the search who should we find but Jemima crouching behind one of the medicine boxes. There was nothing to stop her from getting away, and I think she must have stayed on account of Sarah. After I had picked her up she was very much tamer and less full of nerves, hardly even pausing in her meal when someone came in; and although later in the day I let her climb about on me and she jumped off and hid under the bed, I was presently able to reach her with my hand and pick her up quite quietly. The odd thing is that Helen too was caught this evening. I heard her squeaking from somewhere the other side of the house and told Tony, but it was Lewa who saw her in the tunnel for the bathwater and grabbed her as she dashed into some grass. That which was lost is found twice. Sarah is doing very well, and Jane is [Vol 1, p227] very playful with me, but no one else. Altogether the zoo is doing well, as even Hosea (the Natrix nuchalis) is nothing like so wild as he was. The remaining excitements are that we have had 11½ inches of rain today, that the river has risen 12½ feet since 6 p.m. last night – which must mean floods lower down I should think; and that the old wireless mast, which was put in well above high water mark, is in imminent danger of being swept away, and is now leaning over at 45° and vibrating tremendously. Kharka Bahadur is down with fever,

but he came to me at once (temp. 102.2°; pulse 92) and I gave him an Atebrin injection, so I think it will be quickly over. Breakfast of fish cake; dinner of Maggi consommé with chicken liver (from which Lewa had neglected to take the gall-bladder, so that it was very bitter), and roast chicken followed by bird savoury. Yesterday we had some large stewed figs for dinner, about the size of big William pears and bright red. They were quite good though without much taste, but they gave everyone tummy aches except me and I shall eat some more of them before long.

Pangnamdim. Monday, September 19th 1938

Min 66° Max - . B (6 a.m.) 26.49, B (6 p.m.) 26.42.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 4.65" of rain fell. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 5.65" rain fell. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of [[Vol 1, p228](#)] mist and rain was falling moderately heavily. At intervals throughout the day there were short periods when the rain dropped to light, and at no time did the mist rise higher than 3500', so that it was impossible to see what the wind was. The valley wind was very light and changed very frequently from up to down stream. This morning at 5 a.m. the river was 1 foot higher than last night at 8 p.m., but during the day it dropped 5 feet, reaching its lowest point by midday and remaining steady at that level. The mist dropped to the river at 5 p.m., and tonight it is raining steadily and lightly (as from 6 p.m.).

Neither yesterday nor today have there been any blister flies or mosquitoes, and life has been exceedingly comfortable as a result. K.B. is better today, with temperature normal, but his pulse is so abnormally low (60) that I think he has possibly got a paratyphoid infection as well as malaria. I gave him his second

injection this afternoon, and tomorrow I will dose him for paratyphoid – leaving it till then in case the two treatments don't mix very well. Anyway he feels all right, and that is a great thing. Yesterday, as a matter of fact, when he was supposed to be buried under his blankets, sweating, he heard that a Luwak was perching in a bush near the servants' godown, and pulled himself together [[Vol 1, p229](#)] enough to shoot it with the air gun through a hole in the wall. A brilliant effort! Today, however, he incurred very mild displeasure by coming along with a Lissu and a Daru who had brought (at least the Lissu had) a female musk deerskin for sale. He was very useful, as the business needed double interpreting – from Lissu into Daru into Hindustani – but he ought to have stayed in bed. The musk deer had been killed at the Adung-Seinghku confluence. The Lissu had been out 2 months and had shot 35 with a crossbow, so they must be pretty common. He had a lot of musk-pods with him, but wanted Rs 5/- in total for them which I thought was too much. He had a collection of the tusks as well. I gave As 6/- for the skin which had no head or legs but was otherwise in quite good condition. So far this month we have had 49.8" of rain, and the Tanugok, who seems to be something of a weather prophet, swears that we will have another 7 days like the last two. If we do we will beat the 100" for the month – but I only hope he is not underestimating it, as we leave here on the 28th without fail, and if it's like this it will be hell! The snakes have nearly finished hatching now, and I only expect one more. Jemima, Sarah, and Jane are all doing well, and the former was tame enough to give herself a thorough wash on my knee this evening. Another porcupine today, the Bengal Porcupine (*acanthia bengalensis*) but as we had already killed a fowl for dinner, the servants ate it.

It was extraordinarily cheery coming into the Nam Tamai Valley after that of the Tala Wang. Although there is game in the forests of the Tala Wang Valley (certainly more than in the Nam Tamai), they seemed dead from first to last, because there were very few birds. There was a heavy unnatural quiet everywhere, intensified rather than diminished by the sound of the river below – a thick, inimical silence which I found infinitely depressing. The Nam Tamai is vigorously alive, with birds everywhere (from cormorants and kites down to tiny things not much bigger than hummingbirds) hopping and fluttering through the trees and bushes, and singing, whistling, chirruping and merely squeaking from morning till night.