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[[Vol 3, p001](#)]

[see [sketch 4](#)]

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, November 8th 1938

B (L 7 a.m.) 26.55. T 52°, B (P 11 p.m.) 26.66. T 63°

At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist, and there was no wind. By about 8 a.m. the mist was rising slowly and dissipating, and by 10 a.m. the sky was cloudless; wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day.

On this march the south side of the valley is thickly forested down to the river for the first 7 m, with some clearings here and there. After that it is almost completely cleared up to some 200' above the water. As far as Pangnamdim it is impossible to see up the north side of the valley, but the path runs almost entirely through forest. From Pangnamdim down this side of the valley is largely cleared to a height of about 500' above the river. From Lungnatap a good mule-track runs down the left bank of the Nam Tamai, through thick forest, at between 40' and 70' above the river. At rather more than ¼ m it begins to descend easily, reaching the river bank at a little less than ½ m (15' above the water) and continuing close to the bank at between 20' and 40' up. At 1 m the path begins to climb gradually, reaching a height of 100' above the river at 1¼ m, when it crosses a patch of bamboos, bushes and young trees 100× long and begins to descend rather irregularly. At a little more than 1½ m it reaches the river bank (15' above the water) and from here a footpath runs for 50×. Upstream is a cane rope bridge of 4 ropes, used when fishing or cutting tree ferns only. After 50× a moderate stream (7× wide and 18" deep) [[Vol 3, p002](#)] is crossed by bamboo bridge; and from here the path starts to climb gradually, reaching the top

(about 200' above the river) at 2 m, and thence running rather up and down without either gaining or losing appreciable height. At 2¼ m it begins to descend slowly and irregularly, dropping about 100' in the next ½ m when it once more begins to climb, fairly steadily. At a little less than 3¼ m the gradient becomes slight, and the top is reached at 3½ m, some 350' above the river. The path then runs up and down, descending very gradually. From rather less than 4½ m it runs more or less level for ¼ m at about 250' above the river, and then descends irregularly to a little less than 5 ¼ m, continuing rather up and down at an average of 150' above the river. At a little more than 5¾ m it passes immediately above a large field of rice and millet (which extends almost down to the river) with forest coming down to the path; and re-enters forest completely in 100'. At a little less than 6¼ m the path emerges from forest and descends fairly steadily through a large field for 400', entering jungle again at a little less than 6½ m and dropping moderately steeply into a gully. At 6½ m it crosses a moderate stream (7' wide and 2' deep) by bamboo bridge, 30' from the left bank of the Nam Tamai and 20' above the water, and climbs easily to about 120' up, descending again to reach the river bank (20' above the water) at rather more than 7 m. The path continues close to this at [Vol 3, p003] between 20' and 40' up, and about 60' further on fords a moderate stream (4' wide and 1' deep, bridged with a log in the wet season) and passes immediately below Pangnamdim (15 houses, Daru and Khanung; 13 on the left bank, 2 opposite on the right. There is a Tanugok here responsible for Adungs and maintenance to [???) Taron to Makumgang. At a little less than 7¼ m it crosses a moderate stream (4' wide and 1' deep) by a single log, and arrives at a large thatched bamboo house built by R. Kaulback in 1938 (with kitchen, shed for baggage and servants' quarters) at 7¼ m 20' horizontal from the left bank of the Nam Tamai, and 30' above the water, in a

small clearing in forest. [I have ended the Route Report at this house, as I think there is no doubt that after the spring of 1939 it will be used as the Rest House in place of the present small and uncomfortable building at the north end of the cane suspension bridge, some 600^x further down the river. In that case the headman of Pangnamdim will be responsible for its upkeep, and for the provision of wood. There is a small stream of good water at the west end of the clearing.]

Nothing of note on the march except that I saw a black squirrel running up a tree by the path – but it is more than likely that it was only one of the red-bellied ones in a particularly dark patch. Anyway Lewa has insisted on carrying the .256 both yesterday and today, and K.B. with the 12 bore was some way back, so it ran off quite safely. It was great fun getting back here again and seeing Chetuk, Kyipa and Lhakpa all looking fit. [[Vol 3, p004](#)] Chetuk, so Nihal Chaud says, had been suffering from hepatitis, and it was a very good thing I sent him in promptly, or it might have developed into something really serious. As it is he was in Fort Hertz for about 5 weeks being treated, and for 10 days of that time he was in hospital with external applications of Antiphlogistine and injections of emetine. For the remainder he was an outpatient, living with the darwan of the Dak bungalow.

The mail was a great thing, and enormous in size so that the only snag about it is the number of letters I shall have to answer. I had no idea (needless to say, the wireless having been sent back) that Europe had been so very near war – a matter of minutes almost it appears – and am more than thankful that everything seems to have now been quietly settled, even if only for the time being. As good news is it that William's tendon is now pretty well fit again; and a third good piece that my book is probably out by now. It was to have been published at the beginning of October, but owing to the war scare it was put off till after the all clear was sounded. Oh Lord, how

I hope it's a success! One thing which worries me is that Mother says that some at least of the photos have been put in 2 to a page, which is a thing I loathe as I maintain that done like that they are then too small to be seen. However, it's no use glooming about it now.

Tony is definitely leaving from here, but I'm very glad [[Vol 3, p005](#)] to say without rancour on either side, and I now feel quite cheery. He's going on the 12th, direct on foot to Putao and Sumprabum; by car to Myitkyina; and then to Melbourne where some property of his needs seeing to. I suggested this afternoon that unless he was really set on going back (in which case there was no more to be said) we might have another shot at working in together. He brightened up enormously, but said that he'd come to the serious conclusion that he really wasn't cut out for this life (he isn't either) and, that being so, the sooner he went the better – not only for him, but for me, as it would give me a chance to get somebody else to take his place. We were friendly again straight away, and he's been most astonishingly generous about things, refusing to let me buy out his half share in things like stores, the house, the wireless, presents for Tibet or anything else; and only taking half the remaining cash (little enough) less what he owed the expedition, to see him to Australia. Apart from his habits (which would always have driven me frantic, I'm afraid) he's a very good fellow, and I shall be quite sorry to see him go.

I had a long letter from Leyden, disclaiming responsibility for our wet September (which he promised would be dry when we saw him last!) and saying that the Chahtung route and most of the others from the Ninai to the Triangle had been [[Vol 3, p006](#)] washed away by it, so that it was hopeless to think of going that way as I had planned. In any case, he said, he would not be able to get into the N. Triangle until sometime in January after all, owing to work, and he suggested that we (or I, as

it now will be) arrive at Sumprabum about the 23rd, and spend Christmas there, moving on two or three days later. I think that's a good idea, and I shall do it, especially as it will be cheaper than the Ninai would have been and I shall be fairly short of cash until someone else joins me from England. Besides it will be good to have beer and my cheroots for Christmas, and amusing company to boot. He said too (which I had not heard before) that 'Tibetan Trek' was now in a 6th edition. I'm glad.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, November 9th 1938

At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist; wind nil. By 8.30 a.m. the mist was rising slowly, and by 10 a.m. had entirely vanished, the sky being wholly covered with heavy stratus clouds; wind nil. Conditions remained unchanged for the rest of the day.

I had a very slack time today, doing very little but read and sit around until the afternoon, when I went over all the skins we collected on the Taron trip and labelled them – those that needed it – merely putting in Latitudes and Longitudes on the others. It took about 4 hours.

Kyipa is not altogether so stupid as I have thought him. Quite [[Vol 3, p007](#)] without being told, he has kept a record of the October rainfall here (to the nearest ½") and has collected 7 snakes for me. A pretty good show, more especially as one of the snakes seems to be new to the collection from the rapid glance I have given it, though it may be a young Pseudoxenodon macrops. The rainfall record is as follows:
October 10th: Some light drizzle. October 11th: 5½". October 12th: Light drizzle.
October 13th: 5½". October 14th: 3". October 15th: Light drizzle. October 16th: Light drizzle. October 17th: Light drizzle. October 18th: 5½". October 19th: 3". Or, a probable total of about 23½" for October.

He also reports that on October 28th about midday, there was a slight earthquake lasting 1 minute or so, and accompanied by a distinct rumbling sound.

I put K.B. on to skinning a grey phalanger today, and he has really made a very good job of it. If he can only get as good as that with birds it will be a tremendous help. I reckon I now have a total of Rs 5920/- or thereabouts. Not a hope of getting into Tibet with it, of course, but it should last out until someone else turns up with some cash. I soldered the wireless joints which were broken yesterday, but there isn't a sound from the thing. It seems to me it may be a valve, or the phones being completely dud now, or the LT battery absolutely down, or a transformer. I hope it's a valve or the battery. I must in any case get up a new pair of phones from Rangoon; but if it's a transformer [[Vol 3, p008](#)] it will mean sending the set there and trusting to luck that there's somebody who can mend it.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, November 10th 1938

Min 56° Max 72°. B (6 a.m.) 26.68, B (6 p.m.) 26.64.

At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist down to 300' of the river; wind nil. By 8 a.m. the mist was rising, and by 10 a.m. it had vanished altogether, the sky being wholly covered with dense stratus cloud; wind nil. Conditions remain unchanged throughout the day.

I seem to have done nothing at all today in the way of work, but this is my last day of rest. It's very pleasant in a way for a short time, but it worries me more the less to do nothing, and so I don't expect I benefit much by it. A great event today though, when, after having been mislaid since the middle of June, our gramophone and records were discovered today by Lewa! That we had not had them before was, of course, my fault for two reasons. First of all that I expected Tony to be efficient in lists of box contents and everything else from the start of the trip; and second that I

relied on Lewa's very shaky memory to support Tony if necessary. Both failed, and there is no one but me to blame – not that it has mattered, luckily. We went through very nearly every record between this afternoon and after dinner, and I honestly don't think I could have done much better with the choice. It's as difficult to choose records for a journey as books; but apart from a [Vol 3, p009] laughing one and the Tibetan ones (none of which I could get), and excluding jazz (which I won't have) I think they're rather a good lot.

Another man was bitten by a snake (Trimeresurus monticola again) today, in the heel, and brought in three hours afterwards. I gave him that new stuff Lexin to sniff (though I don't see that it can be any good); lanced and canterised the punctures; and put on Antiphlogistine. It was too long after to worry about tourniquets, and the lancing was done more for effect than anything else; but the snake was only half-grown and I think all should be well.

This is very dull weather we're having, and the Tanugok promises rain before long. However, it's November now, and I don't imagine it will be much, even if it comes at all.

Pangnamdim. Friday, November 11th 1938

Min 59° Max 68°. B (6 a.m.) 26.69, B (6 p.m.) 26.66.

At 5 a.m. the valley was full of light mist, and light to heavy drizzle began to fall; wind nil. At 11 a.m. light rain began, continuing until 8.30 p.m., when it decreased once more to heavy drizzle. Between 5 a.m. and 6 p.m. 01.25" inches of rain fell.

A filthy day, damp and dreary, and it looks as though Tony will have a cheery march tomorrow, especially as the camp at Suntsangdap is practically non-existent. It's presumably worse than when Lewa, Adang Kudang and I went up to it to look for

Kyipa and the mail, and God knows it was bad enough then. Things become rotten very quickly out here. [Vol 3, p010] The suspension bridge was quite good at that time, but I hear that it's now in much the same state as the one above Gawai, with only a narrow strip of safety down the middle, and that in a day or two it's going to be cut down and rebuilt so as to be in good shape for when de Glanville arrives here in December.

I did some work today at last on the snakes, and packing the flowers and what insects I had to go with Tony. I'm full of hope that I've got another completely new snake too, and whether it is or not it's new to my collection – an Amblycephalus. It will be a thrilling day when I hear from the Museum what some of my doubtful snakes are, and especially what the Trimeresurus is. Some of the villagers brought a whole pig to me today as a present, with some yams and yam leaves, saying once again how grateful they all were for my coming among them and giving them work and backsheesh just before the famine. Needless to say I gave them a return present for the service (as was expected) but it was a pleasant and very welcome gesture none the less.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, November 12th 1938

Min 54° Max 66°. B (6 a.m.) 26.65, B (6 p.m.) 26.64.

At 5 a.m. heavy drizzle was falling; the valley was full of mist; and there was no wind. At 8.30 a.m. light rain began, continuing until 3.30 p.m., after which it diminished once more to heavy drizzle. Since then conditions have remained unchanged. Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 01.2" rain fell; and between 6 a.m. and [Vol 3, p011] 6 p.m. a further 01.8" fell, making a total for the last 24 hours of 03.0"

Another filthy day, and worse even than yesterday; but Tony seemed opposed to the idea of taking a tent for the night he will spend at Sumtsangdap, and sending it

back from there. Well, it will give him experience, if nothing else! I spent this morning writing to de Glanville to tell him that Tony was on his way back, and to ask him to hand over Rs 1168/- to him in Putao – that being the balance of money owing to him on top of the Rs 582/- he has taken from here –; and in writing a short note to Durrant also to explain and ask him to give Tony Supex No. 7, which has one of the saddles in it. It may be useful to him in Australia, provided he doesn't relapse altogether into sloth, and in any case it is always a saleable article. These letters, with 2 of Tony's, 1 of Lewa's and 1 of K.B.'s, will arrive in Putao on the 15th; and now that it is the open season, I am only paying 4 days' wages to the runner, instead of the 8 I gave during the rains. He and the 8 coolies pushed off about 9.30 a.m.; N.T. and Kyipa followed at 10; and Tony wandered off about a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes later. He waved from 300' up, and then vanished into the mist. So I'm now on my own. I had my room cleared out, and a good many things put into his, which makes for space and tidiness, and then I tried to find out what's wrong with the wireless. The LT [[Vol 3, p012](#)] battery was all right. I changed all the valves, and that made no difference. The HT battery is all right, and now I have a gloomy feeling it must be the transformer as I've been over all the connections again and found none broken. It's a standard transformer though, and I ought to be able to get another one up from Rangoon and fit it myself I think, even though I don't know the first thing about the job. After that I did 5 snakes including another (and my 3rd) Dinodon flavozonatum, and that took me till after 7 p.m. I've been late in getting to bed ever since we got back here – it's 11 p.m. now – and getting up at 5 a.m. makes me a little sleepy. Pork chops for dinner with fried yams and yam leaves. Oh, I forgot to mention yesterday that we had a grand farewell meal. Sardine and cheese

gaufrettes; soup; roast fowl, with tinned potatoes, beans and tomatoes, and with bacon; Christmas pudding; savoury eggs; cheese; coffee and rum.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, November 13th 1938

Min 54° Max 70°. B (6 a.m.) 26.70, B (6 p.m.) 26.66.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 0.9" rain fell. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 0.2" rain fell, making a total of 01.1" for the last 24 hours. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist to some 200' above the river, and heavy drizzle was falling; wind nil. Between then and 8.30 a.m. there was heavy drizzle to light rain; but at 8.30 a.m. the rain stopped and the mist began to rise slowly. By 11 a.m. it had vanished almost entirely, and the sky was 8/10 covered [[Vol 3, p013](#)] with light stratus cloud; wind SW 2. Soon after 1.30 p.m. light nimbus cloud began to come over and by 2.15 p.m. the sky was wholly covered and there was a light shower lasting until 2.45 p.m. The sky then began to clear, and by 3.30 p.m. was 6/10 covered with light stratus cloud; wind SW 2. At about 5 p.m. the wind dropped to 0; and at 6 p.m. heavy mist came down the valley and further observations were impossible. This looks like the end of this wet patch at least, for which I'm sincerely glad, but it lasted long enough this morning to get Tony thoroughly wet on the march to Goletu, I imagine.

I spent most of the morning and some of the afternoon in developing 3 out of my 7 films. The Agfa tank worked very well (though it's a labour turning it the whole time); but the old Optochrom failed me to a certain extent by sticking for no apparent reason halfway through, whereby I lost half a film. I was able to save the other half by strenuous efforts under the blankets. The Optochrom will have to be demoted to the position of spare. For the rest of the time I was busy on the wireless. I found another broken connection after all, and the set is now working more or less, though not very strongly. However, it shows there's nothing radically wrong with it anyway;

and as, in my clumsy efforts to locate the seat of the trouble, I shorted the HT battery, it's more than likely [[Vol 3, p014](#)] that that's not working too well. My leg is coming along slowly and should be quite healed up in three or four days I think. This little bit of rain we have had has brought the river up about 2', and, from being a rather lovely green when we arrived on the 8th, it's now the same dismal mud colour it was during the summer. There were quite a few blister flies about this afternoon; and since the 11th there have been a lot of sand flies, moths, daddy-long-legs and various other creatures about round the lamp at night. Before that very few, so (as we noticed before) they need rain before they come out in numbers. The worst pest here though is the stink-bug, of various kinds from ¼" to about 1" long. He lands in one's room on the verandah mostly by day and wanders slowly about, shattering my morale; because I know that if I brush against one, or even tread too near it – much less pick it up and cast it into outer darkness – it will emit that peculiarly sickening stench best known perhaps from the bed-bug of ill-fame. Apart from this they are harmless creatures. They bite not, neither do they sting.

Pangnamdim. Monday, November 14th 1938

Min 54° Max 71°. B (6 a.m.) 26.70, B (6 p.m.) 26.68.

At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist down to some 400' above the river. There was no wind. About 7.30 a.m. the mist began to rise very slowly, and by 8.30 a.m. it remained only on the sides of the [[Vol 3, p015](#)] valley from 600' above the river upwards, the sky being wholly covered with stratus cloud at this time; wind nil. By 9.30 a.m. the mist had almost vanished and the sky was 8/10 covered with light stratus cloud; wind nil. By 11 a.m. the sky was 4/10 covered with woolly stratus clouds, and there was a SW wind, force 1. Conditions then remained unchanged

until 5 p.m. when the wind dropped to nil. The night sky is 4/10 covered with light stratus clouds; wind nil.

I developed 2 more films today (leaving only 2 to be done) and this time the Optochrom behaved perfectly well so that there were no losses. I think its failure of yesterday may have been due to the fact that the last to use it was Tony. It's an odds-on chance therefore that the spirals weren't properly clean when it was put to dry, and that would account for the film sticking as it was going in. In spite of today's fine weather they are taking a long time to dry though, and it's a blessing I've got the shroud to hang them in. After that I started a letter to Mother and did 2 sides before the light went. My watch and 2 clocks (the chronometer not counting, as I forgot to wind it once in the Taron) differed each from the other by about 20 minutes, and I was prepared for about a week of effort in trying to get a Time Signal, not knowing which if any was right. However, by a great stroke of luck I got onto a new station giving the news from London last night just as [[Vol 3, p016](#)] the man said "1.30 GMT" and then there came Big Ben. No good for the chronometer, of course, but I got the other clocks set to a few seconds and, provided I can hear anything at all, I ought to get a Time Signal tomorrow night without difficulty.

Snakes are very few and far between now that it's getting chillier. I only hope it doesn't mean there'll be none at all in the Triangle. That would be dreadful – but at least there are sure to be some coming out in April just before I come up here again. There were quite a number of small fish rising this evening in the river by the house. As soon as I've got these films done and one or two other odd jobs I shall take a day off and have a shot at getting some. The Tanugok is off on the 16th to Seinghkuten, and he will try to collect eggs and fowls for me on his way back. May he succeed! K.B. skinned 2 birds today really quite well. I'm more than delighted.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, November 15th 1938

Min 56° Max 67°. B (6 a.m.) – , B (6 p.m.) 26.68.

At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist to some 400' above the river; wind nil. By 8.30 a.m. the mist had cleared from above the valley and remained only on the sides at about 600' above the river. The sky was wholly covered with a uniform layer of stratus cloud; wind nil. About 11 a.m. there was a SW wind, force 1-2, bringing over small quantities of nimbus cloud, and between noon and 6 p.m. there were several very light showers of not longer than 15 minutes each. The total rainfall for this period was less than 0.05". At 6 p.m. steady light drizzle began, and at 7 p.m. light rain, which has [[Vol 3, p017](#)] since continued (9 p.m.).

I developed another film this morning; cut up and packed two which were dry; and then got on with a letter to Mother. It will be a record letter for length because there were four of hers to answer, which had piled up while we were in the Taron, and I thought it a good thing to get all my mail polished off as soon as I can. Otherwise very little news, as life is peaceful here. K.B. did a duck and 2 more birds, and though I had to throw one of them away because all its feathers had vanished in the process, the others were surprisingly good, and much better actually than Tony at his best. In the afternoon four or five monkeys appeared on the sand across the river and I took a shot at one. I missed it, but it was quite satisfactory in one way because the bullet landed exactly where I was aiming at any rate – that is to say immediately under the monkey's backside – though why I vaguely aimed there I can't think. Finally in the evening I got my Time Signal from Hong Kong without difficulty, except from the sand flies which seem to be getting worse now. I bought a few skins too from the headman of Renam, and I must hurry to send them off to old Pocock as they include a polecat and a badger. A marbled cat-skin was brought in from above

Makumgang, but the hair was slipping in tufts and so, like the clouded leopard at Renam, I had to hand [Vol 3, p018] it back with regrets. The bridge was cut today so that a new one could be put up, and the river looks strangely naked without it. I mean to wander down and take a few pictures of the men at work, but the light was too bad for photography so I didn't bother. They'll still be working tomorrow and the weather may be better then.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, November 16th 1938

Min 55° Max 60°. B (6 a.m.) 26.78, B (6 p.m.) 26.73.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 0.68" rain fell. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. 0.3" rain fell, making a total of 0.98" for the last 24 hours, and of 6.38" for November to date. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist, and light drizzle was falling; wind nil. By about 8 a.m. the mist had risen to some 200' above the river, where it remained for the rest of the day. Between 11 a.m. and 12.30 p.m. there was no rain; but at 12.30 p.m. light rain fell for ½ hour followed by light drizzle for the remainder of the day.

Little news. The water was so cold that I put off developing my last film until tomorrow, in hopes of a fine day which may warm it up a little. Instead of that I finished my letter to Mother, which has developed into a vast thing eleven pages long, and wrote one to Bill of four. A small Elaphe taeniura was brought in, but I forgot all about it until late this evening and will do it tomorrow. This is filthy weather, and I've felt quite chilly all day – probably because of the damp. I've also been feeling depressingly slack [Vol 3, p019] ever since we got back on the 8th. I must pull myself together and get things going again. There isn't really very much work to do at the moment, but at least I can polish off a lot of letters and have them off my mind. And cold or not I shall do the last film tomorrow. There are a lot of cormorants about here which are fun to watch. Four of them (two pairs) light regularly on the water just

above the house, about once every hour on an average, hunting in couples. There's a fairly calm stretch there about 50 yards long, and soon after they're afloat they dive together and presently come up some distance downstream within a few seconds of each other and in almost the same spot. That brings them to the top of the rapids, and away they go in the white water, bobbing like corks, till they've got their breath. Then they pop under once more, with a magnificent disregard for rocks or eddies, and, the rapid being a long one, I can see them appear again two or three times if I'm lucky before the river sweeps round a bend. After that I have to wait till the next performance begins.

The dao I had made arrived today, and is quite a good little piece of work, with a very heavy back which not only gives weight in cutting but adds strength to the otherwise rather soft metal. The half scabbard too has been quite well made; and having given Tony the small knife I have now ordered another for myself. In this connection my [[Vol 3, p020](#)] photos of the old smith at work were both underexposed. When the Tanugok comes back I must remember to take some more.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, November 17th 1938

Min 53.5° Max 58°. B (6 a.m.) 26.78, B (6 p.m.) 26.73.

Between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. 0.45" rain fell. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. a further 0.05" fell, making 0.50" for the last 24 hours, and 6.88" for November to date. At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist to within 200' of the river, and light drizzle was falling; wind apparently nil. During the day the drizzle rained from light to moderately heavy, and there were a few short periods during which none fell. Conditions otherwise remained unchanged until 6.30 p.m. when the drizzle stopped.

Again a newsless day. My leg seems to be getting on slowly with its two daily dressings, but I wish it would hurry up and heal. My shins have been so much assaulted by leeches (largely in 1933) that they're now very vulnerable indeed; and though I heal cleanly and quickly everywhere else, the old shins are more or less done if anything happens to them, and give up the ghost at once. It's a nuisance, but I think I'm lucky to have only two such places on me. I might be like that all over, and have to spend my whole time doctoring sores.

After all I didn't develop the other film today, as it was even chillier than yesterday. I dealt with the Elaphe; inspected fishing rods to see what needed repairing; had a shot at a large hawk which seemed to have its eye on my chickens (though I only knocked out a few feathers from its tail, and did no serious [[Vol 3, p021](#)] damage); and wrote to Joan. After 3 months of having the Primus lamp on a box beside the table, so that the many insects it attracted fell, most of them, into my soup; I pulled myself together this evening and had it suspended just clear of the table. Not only is the light 100% better, but the corpses and the semi-defunct, or moribund, insects now fall straight onto the floor, where no one objects to them. Why I didn't think of this before, instead of eating flies night in, night out, God knows! It seems to take me the devil of a long time to learn gumption.

One thing of many that Chetuk cannot do is to make a cake. Old N.T. can manage it far better. In four months Chetuk has produced one fairly good cake (obviously by a fluke) and his latest beats the band. It's burnt outside and completely raw within – a state of affairs he has tried to remedy or disguise by cutting it in slices and smoking it in imitation of toast! I sent the helping back in silence, but I will give him one more chance. If the next one is eatable, all well and good: if not cakes are off unless he can get lessons from someone in Sumprabum.

Pangnamdim. Friday, November 18th 1938

Min 54.5° Max 67°. B (7 a.m.) 26.87, B (6 p.m.) 26.81.

Between 6 p.m. and 8 a.m. 0.06" rain fell. There was no rain after that; the total for November being now 6.94". At 5 a.m. the valley was filled with mist to within some 200' of the river, and light drizzle was falling; wind apparently nil. Shortly after 8 a.m. [Vol 3, p022] the rain stopped, and by 8.30 a.m. the mist was rising rapidly. At 8.45 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with moderate stratus clouds, and there was a southerly wind, force 2. By 9.30 a.m. the sky was 4/10 clear, and by 10.30 a.m. it was 7/10 clear. Conditions then remained unchanged until 2 p.m., when the sky cleared completely. At 5 p.m. the wind dropped to 0, and after 6.30 p.m. light stratus clouds began to form above the valley. By 7 p.m. the sky was 8/10 covered, and by 8.30 p.m. it was wholly covered; wind nil.

I laboured in the vineyard today typing out the list of heights from the Taron trip, with a copy; and now that I've done it, it seems more than probable that I shall have to do it again sometime on account of a possible error between here and Thilikawngthi where I forgot to read the barometer until the following morning. I've got to go down there in any case to make the Route Report for that stretch, as well as to have a look for the mysterious light in the river (which I bet I don't see). I shall first make sure that this fine weather has come to stay for a bit though, and if my leg is going to heal at all I should like it to be fit before I start walking on it again.

The morning started badly, as I didn't get my tea until 7 a.m. instead of my usual 5. The servants had overslept, and though my alarm had obviously gone off, for the whole of this last week I would have slept through an earthquake, and I never heard it. Actually it's possibly done me good, but it's annoyed [Vol 3, p023] me all the same. For the next few days at least I shall have the old clock beside my pillow

to try and get into the way of waking automatically at 5 as I always used to do. The more I consider Lhakpa the more certain I am that he's wanting. I'm sure he tries, but he's worse even than Tashi Töndrup – not having the foggiest idea of what to do ever. Incidentally, I fined him Rs 1/- today. He borrowed a dao from one of the locals to cut a bamboo, and returned it looking as though he'd taken a hammer to the edge. The distraught owner came to me, displaying the mangled weapon indignantly; but when I asked whether he would like me to buy it outright, or merely to give him the price of repairs, he said he didn't want any money at all, and that he'd only brought it along to show me – and apparently to get sympathy! None the less I gave him a rupee and a lecture on the inadvisability of lending things to those who were clearly simpletons. I stopped the rupee out of Lhakpa's pay to teach him to be less of a fool – though I doubt if anything would do that.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, November 19th 1938

Min 53° Max 69°. B (6 a.m.) 26.91, B (6 p.m.) 26.80.

At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist to some 300' above the river; wind nil. By 8.30 a.m. the mist was rising rapidly, and by 9 a.m. it remained only in patches on the sides of the valley. The sky was wholly covered with moderate stratus [Vol 3, p024] cloud; wind nil. At 9.30 a.m. a westerly wind arose, force 3, and by 10.30 a.m. the mist had vanished and the sky was 5/10 clear. By 11 a.m. it was 8/10 clear, and the wind dropped to W 2. Shortly after midday the sky was cloudless. At 5 p.m. the wind dropped to W 1, and at about 6 p.m. it died away altogether. At about 8 p.m. a mist began to blow down the valley, but the sky was still cloudless, and, until the mist became too thick, the stars could be seen shining through.

I have felt like death all today, but as I have no temperature and my pulse is nothing out of the ordinary, I don't imagine it can be much. I've been damn cold the

whole time, with aches in the old bones and especially in my back, so that I thought I was probably in for fever; but apparently not. A slight headache also depressed me. As a result I did not have my usual bath, and I have given orders that I am not to be called in the morning. If I can sleep off whatever it is so much the better.

I wrote to Pocock and an immense screed to Geoffrey, mainly à propos someone else to join me. Otherwise I didn't do much but sit and gloom, and occasionally play a few hands of Piquet.

Pangnamdim. Sunday, November 20th 1938

Min 52° Max 67°. B (6 a.m.) – , B (6 p.m.) 26.76.

At 9 a.m. the sky was 8/10 covered with moderate stratus clouds; wind W 2. By 10.30 a.m. it was 7/10 clear. Conditions then remained unchanged until 5 p.m. when the wind dropped to 0. [Vol 3, p025] The night sky is 3/10 covered with stratus clouds; wind nil (8 p.m.).

I went to bed last night at 9 p.m. and slept through until 9 this morning – a thing I wouldn't have believed possible! As a result I'm feeling a lot better today, though still considerably below par (with a slight headache and a pain in my chest and back) and I shall probably be fit again by tomorrow. All the same I don't seem to have done much work today. I measured a couple of bats and a rat for K.B. to skin; tried to identify some of the birds, now drying, from Whistler, with fair success; and played a lot of Piquet. That book William sent is magnificent, and if I'm not a player by the end of this trip I never shall be. I wish I knew whether my Nevvy had yet appeared. The 27th was the date put forward by the doctor, but he may easily be out one way or the other. A small Elaphe taeniura was brought in yesterday but to my shame I forgot all about it today and it is still reposing gloomily in its bamboo. I shall do it tomorrow. My nose seems to be running rather. All this business may only be

that I have a cold. Whatever it is I wish to God I hadn't got it. I don't want to do anything but sit, and there's such a lot to do. No nonsense about baths tonight though. One night without is quite enough.

[[Vol 3, p026](#)]

Pangnamdim. Monday, November 21st 1938

Min 50° Max 68°. B (6 a.m.) 26.90, B (6 p.m.) 26.79.

At 5 a.m. the valley was filled with mist down to 300' above the river; wind nil. By 8.30 a.m. the mist was rising steadily, and by 9.30 a.m. it had almost vanished, the sky being then 9/10 covered with moderate stratus cloud. By 10.30 a.m. the sky was 6/10 clear, and there was a westerly wind, force 1. By 11 a.m. the sky was 9/10 clear, and cloudless before 11.30 a.m. Conditions then remained unchanged until about 5 p.m., when the wind died to 0. After 7.30 p.m. mist began to come down the valley in moderate quantities, and by 8 p.m. the valley was filled with mist from the river up.

Feeling more like myself today, thank God; and it's just as true as it's hackneyed to say that one doesn't appreciate how good it is to feel fit until after one has been off colour for a while. I spent the entire day writing to Hinks about a possible successor to the late lamented A.J. Howey, and making out a list of clothes and things for him to act as a sort of guide. I only hope there is somebody who is not only willing but can afford to put down the £1500 for the expedition funds when he gets to Myitkyina. Otherwise I shall be hard put to it, and Tibet will be off. For that very reason I am certain that someone will be forthcoming, as I know I'm going to Tibet. By Christmas I shall have about Rs 5000/- in hand, and even if the Indian Government stumps up £300 for [[Vol 3, p027](#)] my last work – and it doesn't look as if anything will come of that – that only brings the total to about Rs 9000/-. I shall be

moving around in the Triangle for 4 months anyway and will probably spend at least Rs 2000/-; so that by the end of that time I shall have a maximum of Rs 7000/- and a minimum of Rs 3000/-. I can't face Tibet with either I don't think, though I might cut down everything to a very low level and risk it on Rs 7000/-. In fact, I would if the £300 materialised, keeping the presents, the survey instruments, bedding, and personal boxes only; and dumping everything else. But that's a very forlorn hope!

Otherwise not much today. The strongest station on the wireless is now Kweiyang, in Kweichow, on 43m (call sign XPFA). I believe it must be a new station (or an old one moved from further east owing to the war with Japan) as there was no strong station anywhere near there up to the time we left for the Taron. A good deal of the programme seems to be taken up with news of the fighting and general anti-Japanese propaganda, in English, Mandarin, Cantonese and Malay. The announcer in English (or rather American) is a girl. She said something about giving the time at 8 p.m. tomorrow [which I reckon to be 7.30 p.m. Burma time, (as she said they were one hour behind Shanghai) or 1300 GMT] but it probably only means that a gong is hit by somebody handy [[Vol 3, p028](#)] and in that case it won't be much good to me.

Blister flies are annoying nowadays in the mornings and afternoons, and I have to wear long trousers and sleeves down; and there is a plague of large black flies. There has been, as a matter of fact, since the 18th, but they're not in the least annoying. They're rather amusing in a pathetic kind of way, because they seem to be half-witted! They land heavily on the table, or wherever it may be, and as often as not forget to fold up one wing, so that they look like nothing so much as a collection of dowdy old women. They wander around aimlessly and very slowly, with a futile sort of six-legged waddle and many stops to rest. If given a prod, they haven't the

gumption to fly off, but either remain where they are, astounded, or shuffle on a few dreary steps. Mournful creatures!

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, November 22nd 1938

Min 50° Max 67°. B (6 a.m.) 26.94, B (6 p.m.) 26.80.

At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist down to 300' above the river; wind nil. By 8.30 a.m. the mist was rising slowly, and by 10 a.m. it remained only as vestiges on the sides of the valley, the sky being 8/10 covered with moderate stratus cloud. At about 11 a.m. the sky was 5/10 clear and there was a SW wind, force 1. By 11.30 a.m. the sky was 9/10 clear, with a little very thin stratus cloud and some small tufts of stratocumulus. Conditions remained unchanged after that until about 5 p.m. when the wind [[Vol 3, p029](#)] died to 0.

Three of the local girls turned up this morning with some yams and eggs, and after being paid hung around giggling until I asked what they wanted. Bashful hiding of faces at this, and more giggles, but it appeared finally that they were dying to hear the gramophone! So we had a concert, and the audience was swelled by everyone who passed until it was about 20 strong. What they like best is something loud with a good fast time to it, and sung. I must have another shot at getting that laughing record though. Perhaps there's one in Rangoon.

It's been a tremendous day. The mail arrived with letters from Mother and William; 2 pairs of excellent boots for Chetuk from Major Barton in Maymyo; 4 Weekly Times; and a registered letter from Sir Aubrey Metcalfe. I opened this eagerly and found the Government of India has granted me Rs 3000/- for the work on my last trip – or about £230. I'm overjoyed! It means that, if a pass is forthcoming, Tibet will be possible; and besides that it cheers me to think that the authorities really are pleased with what I've done. Letters from Mother and Bill would alone have been

enough to make it a great day, and as it is I'm overwhelmed. They are the only letters I get of which I turn each page in an agony of apprehension in case the next is the last. I had a delightful letter too from old Bags to whom I wrote some time ago to thank him for all he did for me at Rugby. I'm very glad I did. He seems to have [[Vol 3, p030](#)] been really pleased and touched; he said it was the first time it had ever happened. At any rate I gather that 'Salween' is now out, as it was apparently due to appear on October 31st. It seems to me that I might almost get it by Christmas. A letter from de Glanville too, with his tour programme, showing that he will arrive here on December 2nd. That's good too. He'll stop here on the 3rd before leaving en route for Makumgang, and I shall be able to get to know him a bit, instead of just having another chat of a few minutes on the road as in July. I missed that damn macaque again today, 2" to the left. My shooting is very bad!

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, November 23rd 1938

Min 50° Max 69°. B (6 a.m.) 26.91, B (6 p.m.) 26.79.

At 5 a.m. the valley was filled with mist down to some 300' above the river; wind nil. By 8.30 a.m. the mist was rising steadily, and by 9.30 a.m. it had entirely vanished, the sky being then 8/10 covered with thin sheets of stratus and some stratocumulus. By 11 a.m. the sky was 6/10 clear and there was a SW wind, force 1. By noon the sky was 9/10 clear, the remaining clouds being light stratocumulus. By 1.30 p.m. the sky was cloudless. Conditions then remained unchanged.

At last I'm feeling 100% fit again, except for a very sore throat, and so I did a fair amount of work on skins and labels, and some on snakes. Another specimen of the Amblycephalus was brought in (praise be!); a new toad; a small Natrix nuchalis; a giant Elaphe taeniura, 6' 2" long and not particularly pleased; and a [[Vol 3, p031](#)] moderate Trimeresurus monticola, also much disgruntled. The latter was interesting,

because when it bit it chewed like a cobra to make sure of the fangs penetrating. I may say they were foiled by the excellence of my gloves, but it made several vigorous efforts, none the less.

What I feared as to the Kweiyang Time Signal was only too true. For one thing the warning was given in Chinese and so escaped me, and for another the signal, when it came, was two mournful hoots on a sort of kazoo!

Once again my temper got the better of me today and I sacked Khark Bahadur for the third time. He had opened one of the boxes and taken out a hunting knife on his own, which annoyed me at the start, and then when I was berating him for this he appeared to pay not the slightest attention to me, but continued cleaning the said knife. Hence instant dismissal and an immediate counting out of his pay. That done, however, some work fortunately diverted me from actually paying him off until my rage had cooled; and by that time it seemed to me that a fine was nearer the mark. In any case he had been near enough to it to be really frightened, and that may have a good effect. He's a most useful man really, now that he is getting on with the skinning so well, and it would be a serious loss if he went. The mail is now arriving in Putao on Mondays, owing to the cold weather speed-up of the bullocks, and leaving on Tuesdays: so if I want to catch [[Vol 3, p032](#)] the next one I must send off a runner tomorrow morning.

Chetuk has at last got the cake business taped, thank the Lord, and as I have suddenly remembered the dried orange, tangerine and lemon peel Mother made for me, he's going to put that in to the next one. I hear that Roper has gone over the Khud in his car near Sumprabum, and if he's not too badly broken up I imagine it's likely that he has been taken in by the Leydens, so I am writing to ask if it's still all right for me to turn up for Christmas or whether there will be no room after all.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, November 24th 1938

Min 49.5° Max 64°. B (6 a.m.) 26.80, B (6 p.m.) 26.80.

At 5 a.m. the valley was partly filled with mist, which obscured 5/10 of the sky. The latter, however, appeared to be cloudless; wind nil. Soon after 8.30 a.m. the mist began to rise and by 9.30 a.m. had vanished altogether, the sky then being 8/10 covered with wispy stratus and some stratocumulus cloud; wind W 3. At about 4 p.m. the sky began to clear, and by 5 p.m., when the wind dropped to W 1, it was cloudless. Small quantities of mist began to come down the valley after 8 p.m.

The mail runner left this morning with letters for home and 1 for de Glanville by itself, as I reckon he should be able to hand that over between Kankin and Namshi. I don't think it has ever happened yet that I haven't had to keep the runner waiting while I madly wrote one or two last-minute notes. Next time I must seriously [[Vol 3, p033](#)] try to get things finished by the night before – if only because it will be such a change!

K.B. did a bird most beautifully today, besides a second bird, a squirrel and a tree-shrew, which were all done well. In fact I've told him that if he keeps this up I shall raise his wages. A bit of a change from yesterday! The bird book is being more use than I thought it would be when it first came. It's a considerable sweat hunting the things up at present, because, except for the ones I've learnt in the last week, I don't even know whether they're larks or robins so to speak; but as I gradually learn what is what it will become more and more easy. My leg is healing slowly, but that it is healing is fairly obvious now. The little headman of Mungdung paid me a surprise visit today, with a present of a hen. I was pleased to see him and told him I should return his call on the 28th when I must go down to get the Route Report done for that stage. I believe I may get another mail tomorrow, as word has arrived that a runner is

on the way though with what exactly no one seems to know. But with the mail reaching Putao on Mondays now, Friday night is letter night with me. Failing that, of course, it may be a wire to say that James has arrived, but it can scarcely be that, as I've seen no comet as yet or other portent in the sky, though I've nearly cricked my [Vol 3, p034] neck peering up at the stars!

Pangnamdim. Friday, November 25th 1938

Min 47.5° Max 66.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.90, B (6 p.m.) 26.77.

At 5 a.m. the sky was 5/10 obscured by the mist which partly filled the valley, but it appeared to be wholly cloudless; wind nil. By 8 a.m. the mist was rising steadily, and by 9 a.m. it had vanished altogether, the sky being then cloudless; wind W 2. At about 5 p.m. the wind died down to W 1. At 8 p.m. mist began to come down the valley in large quantities, and by 8.50 p.m. the sky was wholly obscured.

I started the day by missing that blasted monkey for the 3rd time when it appeared on the sand across the river. At least I think I missed it and I hope it's not wounded. When I fired it leapt sky high and fell flat on its back in the most comical manner, before breaking all records for the ten-yard dash back into the jungle. I'm sorry to have to note that it was a very easy shot! I'm getting a bit better with my crossbow these days, and after some target practice this morning I took it into the jungle. I only got one shot though, and that was at a bird about the size of a postage stamp, so I didn't feel ashamed of missing. After that I put in a good day's work with Lewa checking stores and packing what I shall need for six months in the Triangle; repacking the remainder and separating the sheep from the goats – those which are to stay here from the things I must take along. It was a [Vol 3, p035] full day's work, and tomorrow I must do the non-eatables. For the six months I am taking 3 stores boxes, and I think that even that will probably be more than I shall need. I don't break

into stores much, apart from tea, coffee, sauces and sometimes bacon; and if I were budgeting for myself alone on another occasion, I should not bring much. A fourth stores box contains Mother's Christmas present; a big Christmas pudding (from Mrs Walker) which may be useful in Sumprabum; a couple of bottles of Camp coffee; and that's about all. The runner has not materialised, so I don't suppose he ever existed outside the rumour. Big work today by Lhakpa, weeding the 'lawn'. It's a job he's well fitted for!

Pangnamdim. Saturday, November 26th 1938

Min 46° Max 66°. B (6 a.m.) 26.90, B (6 p.m.) 26.78.

At 5 a.m. the valley was filled with mist down to some 300' above the river; wind nil. By 8.30 a.m. the mist was rising steadily, and by 9.30 a.m. it had entirely vanished, the sky being 8/10 covered with light stratus cloud. About 10.30 a.m. a westerly wind arose, force 2; and by 11.30 a.m. the sky was 8/10 clear. By noon the sky was cloudless. Conditions then remained unchanged until 5 p.m. when the wind died down to 0. About 8.30 p.m. mist began to come down the valley in moderate quantities.

Most of the day was spent in going through the non-eatables apart from my personal goods and chattels. It's [[Vol 3, p036](#)] always an exciting job because (with me, at least) it means a continual rediscovery of things mislaid for months – or, even more thrilling, of things you'd forgotten you ever had! The Tanugok arrived back this morning from Seinghkututap, and presented me with about a dozen eggs. Hens are at a premium it appears up the valley, and eggs were all he could manage to get hold of. Very welcome, none the less; and in any case I have one fowl which is being preserved until de Glanville arrives, so all is not lost. This evening a bashful girl brought round the skirt she had woven to my order, to act as a counterpane. She's

done me proud, bless her heart, by putting in stripes of every colour she could procure! I could wish she'd been less lavish! However, there's no doubt that it brightens up the room; and I was touched to see that she had put on her best attire to bring it round – a little white jacket and a clean skirt. I was touched also (to such an extent that tears dribbled down my face!) by an appeal by the Royal Cancer Hospital in the Weekly Times, which had, as its mainstay, a reproduction of 'Visiting Day' by Jean Geoffroy. It's the most agonisingly tragic picture I've ever seen, and I think the saddest part of it all is the poor thin neck of the man. If I remember I shall cut it out and send it to Mother. I don't see why I should be the only one to weep, and I [[Vol 3, p037](#)] know perfectly well that she will – if only because I did!

Pangnamdim. Sunday, November 27th 1938

Min 46° Max 66°. B (6 a.m.) 26.85, B (6 p.m.) 26.71.

At 5 a.m. the valley was full of mist down to about 300' above the river; wind nil. The mist did not begin to rise until 9 a.m., but by 10 a.m. it had almost entirely vanished, the sky being then 7/10 covered with stratus and cirrostratus clouds; wind W 2. By noon the sky was cloudless. About 5 p.m. the wind dropped to 0; and at 8.30 p.m. mist began to drift down the valley in moderate quantities.

Work today in making out lists of the contents of all the boxes, both those that I'm taking with me and those that are staying here, and in the course of this it suddenly struck me that I'd been a fool over the rations. I've got to pick up 24 tins of milk in Putao, and as they're already packed in a box with various other stores, it was obviously going to be cheaper and less of a sweat to leave behind everything that was duplicated in the milk box, and take the entire box from Putao. So that led to more unpacking and packing of tins, and one less box to take from here. Then I started in on my own things, thinking that I could get all I wanted into two boxes; but

having wasted several hours on the job I came to the conclusion that it couldn't be done, and will do it all over again on the three-box basis. I took the gun out this morning and shot a small sparrow-like bird and a blue-throated barbet. The latter fell in a thick [Vol 3, p038] patch of jungle where I lost it completely, though I spent twenty minutes in the search, but when I got back I told K.B. where it was and to hunt for it himself later in the day. This he did and found it. He said that I had trodden within 1" of it! It's a brightly coloured bird – brilliant green with a scarlet head and gleaming blue throat – and one would imagine that it would be very conspicuous, especially when you know exactly what you're looking for; but actually it blends with the jungle in the most surprising way when it's dead – and therefore motionless. K.B. has lost two or three himself.

This evening I saw a most lovely sight – a pair of mallards floating down the river near the far bank. A duck and a drake, the sun glistening on their sleek feathers made them look like a couple of jewels. They were never more than about a yard away from each other (for if one stopped to fish about under a stone the other followed suit), and sometimes they were almost bumping; and they were so obviously proud of each other and so happy at being together that I suddenly became quite ridiculously happy myself and laughed aloud! It's a fearful thing to be a sentimentalist such as I, and I have no doubt that if I ever reach an advanced age I shall be 'a very foolish, fond old man' and a trial to all who have anything to do with me! Talking of ducks reminds me that I am very short of water-birds of all [Vol 3, p039] kinds – even the semi-aquatic ones like Redstarts. Two or three ducks, a heron, and an egret just about make up the total in fact (oh, and I've got a few waders), because it's very rarely that one gets a chance to shoot one of these birds where it won't fall into a stream or the river and be carried out. In any case there are

some that I wouldn't have the heart to shoot – such as the little Brown Dippers which have their beat along the edge of the river just below the bungalow. There are two, but their beats don't overlap, and as one is a little way upstream it is the other who is my particular friend. He's a plump little creature, so full of life that he's never still for a moment, but spends his time plopping in and out of the water – and half of it just for fun when he ducks under time after time in the same place and spends a good minute in hopping from one boulder into the water and back again. He's a joy to watch. For one thing, when he comes flying low over the water, with very short, rather jerky, wing-strokes, he doesn't use his feet as brakes when he alights (like any normal bird) but comes down on his breast with a little splash and a general air of intense self-satisfaction. And he doesn't really dive, but goes under water with an indescribable little wriggling movement, very perky. And finally he comes straight out of the water into the air, like a bullet, without any preliminary shuffling about over the surface – just like [Vol 3, p040] a cormorant I saw yesterday incidentally, which not only shot out like this but dived straight in again after almost 10 yards just by shutting its wings. However, this was halfway down a rapid, where the current must have been a big help to it in getting out; and in any case it gave the impression that it hadn't meant to do either. Perhaps some particular eddy had forced its hand. I went out after bats this evening and missed 2, and on the way back I saw a colossal shooting star with a tail like the comet I have told William I'm expecting. I wouldn't be surprised if James hasn't appeared today – though to me he'll always be Ebenezer. It was too late to order a celebration for dinner, and tomorrow I'm off to Mungdung, so it will have to be the 29th.

Thilikawngthi Camp. Monday, November 28th 1938

B (P 7.30 a.m.) 26.85. T 50°, B (T 1.30 p.m.) 26.47. T 65°

At 5 a.m. the valley was filled with mist down to 300' above the river; wind nil. By 8 a.m. the mist was beginning to rise slowly and by 9 a.m. it had almost vanished, the sky then being cloudless; wind W 2. Conditions remained unchanged throughout the day.

On this march the south side of the valley (apart from the first half mile, in which there are some fields) is densely forested down to the river. The north side is mainly forested with some clearings as described in the report. From our bungalow at Pangnamdim an excellent mule-track runs down the Nam Tamai valley, close to the left [[Vol 3, p041](#)] bank and some 30' above the water, through semi-cleared land partly covered with fields and partly with strips of secondary forest consisting of young trees and bushes. The ground between the path and the river is thickly forested. After 600' a fine cane suspension bridge (70' long and capable of taking one mule at a time) is passed over the Nam Tamai, from which the main road runs to Putao; and a few yards further on a moderate stream (4' wide and 9" deep) is forded. [Forty yards beyond this stream and immediately above the path is the old Pangnamdim RH.] From here the path begins to climb very gradually and rather irregularly, fording a moderate stream (4' wide and 9" deep) at $\frac{1}{2}$ m, and entering forest at $\frac{3}{4}$ m. At rather less than $1\frac{1}{4}$ m the path is 200' above the river, and it then descends steadily 100' to ford a moderate stream (3' wide and 9" deep) and climbs fairly regularly to 250' above the river, reaching this height at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ m. The path then descends steadily for 150' to cross the Pumang Wang (a large stream, 20' wide, deep and swift) at a little more than $1\frac{3}{4}$ m. [In the wet season mules are unable to cross this stream, and the path crosses by narrow cane suspension bridge, with a bamboo footway 4" wide. In the open season there is a bamboo bridge for both mules and pedestrians some 25' further upstream.] From this bridge the path

ascends steadily and moderately steeply to 550' above the river, reaching this height at 2½ m and thence climbing very gently a further 50', and crossing 12^x of gallery over a rock face, to a little less [Vol 3, p042] than 2¾ m. There is then a short descent of 150', followed by a fairly steady climb to 3¼ m, at which point the path is some 900' above the river. From here it descends steadily and easily, reaching a large field (belonging to a settlement of 1 house, called Mid Mareng, which is above the path but not visible) at a little more than 3¾ m and continuing immediately below this for 200^x before re-entering forest. At rather more than 4 m a moderate stream (3^x wide and 1' deep) is crossed by bamboo bridge at about 350' above the river; and from here the path runs more or less level to a little less than 4½ m, when it once more begins to descend. At rather less than 4¾ m it crosses a fairly large stream (13^x wide and 1½' deep) by light bamboo bridge, at a height of 100' above the river; and thence it climbs about 150' to 5 m, and continues rather up and down. At rather less than 5½ m it begins to climb moderately steeply about 100', reaching the top of this climb in 200^x, and thence descending slightly. [From 5¾ m, for 200^x, the ground between the path and the river has been cleared and is now covered with reeds and grasses.] At 6 m the path is about 300' above the river, and from here it descends 200' fairly steadily to ford a moderate stream (3^x wide and 1' deep) at a little less than 6¼ m. It then climbs 100' and continues very level. At 6½ m it emerges from forest into cleared land (covered with tall reeds and bushes and with a few small clumps of trees) at about 200' above the river, [Vol 3, p043] and it runs through this to 7¼ m, when it re-enters forest. At rather less than 7½ m it descends about 100' to the Tungwi Wang (a large stream, 15^x wide, deep and swift) which it crosses, at 7½ m, by good cane suspension bridge, capable of taking one mule at a time. The path then climbs gradually 100' to a little less than 8 m, and descends

about 80' into a narrow valley to cross the Tarang Wang (a moderate stream, 8' wide and 2' deep) by bamboo bridge at a little less than 8¼ m. [From this stream down, the north side of the valley is very largely cleared to about 800' above the river, being partly covered with fields and partly with bamboos and long grass.] From the Tarang Wang the path climbs very gradually to about 300' above the river, reaching this height at a little less than 8¾ m, and continuing very level to the good camp Thilikawngthi at 9 m. This camp is immediately south of the path, on the crest of a narrow ridge, and about 300' above the left bank of the Nam Tamai. It consists of a small bamboo RH; a kitchen; and a hut to accommodate 40 or 50 coolies. Wood is provided by the headman of Mungdung, who is responsible for the upkeep of the camp; and water is obtained from a small stream 100' back up the path.

It was great fun to be on the move again, and did me a lot of good sweating off all the fat I have put on since November 8th. It was a sweat too, as it was quite hot on the march. As I believe I noted in [Vol 3, p044] September, the valley running east and west here, the path gets the sun all day. After about 3 miles K.B. and I were met by a sturdy little Daru and his son who had come up to see if I would buy their skins. One was of a Golden Cat (Profelis temminckii), and the only specimen I have seen so far this trip. I gave Rs 3/- for it, and the two Darus followed us rejoicing all the way to this camp. Peacock says that many Burmese believe that the Golden Cat dominates all other cats, and even tigers; but the Darus and Khanungs have no such theories. To them it's just another blasted nuisance which kills their pigs and must be removed – in this case by means of a deadfall. K.B. shot a large and brilliant bird on the way (no. 348) which I take to be some sort of barbet, though the beak is much more like a shrike's. Whatever it may be I can't find it in Whistler, and I shall have to

wait till I get back to London to see what it is. All the same I'm improving over birds and can recognise quite a few now. It's fun, though still very difficult with most.

We arrived here to find no wood, no water, no headman and no preparations of any kind, so imagine we are not expected till tomorrow, and probably because K.B.'s Daru is by no means perfect. I think he must have said 'in 4 days from now' when he was warning the headman the other day, instead of 'on the 4th day from now'. On the first trip here, when I was feeling so deathly from having drunk on the march, I estimated the length at 8¼ m instead [[Vol 3, p045](#)] of the 9 it really is, so it's a good thing I came down again. It shows how health affects judgement though. Yesterday, the Mercurocol solution being finished, I made up some Acriflavine for my leg for a change, and in an effort to make sure of a quick heal made it 1 in 200. The result has been a very painful shin, blistered as if by an acid; but at least it has taught me something valuable. I had it nearly as strong coming down the Thala Wang, and I should think that is certainly why the place did not heal. Next time I'll try it at 1 in 1000.

At this time of year it's lovely to look down on the jungle from a few hundred feet up and see the thousands of bamboos rising above the dark green blanket of trees, and dropping in beautifully graceful curves like the streaks of light left by as many rockets. They shine soft silver in the evening sun.

Pangnamdim. Tuesday, November 29th 1938

At 5 a.m. the valley was filled with mist to within 400' of the river, and there was no wind. The mist began to rise slowly at 8 a.m. and by 9.30 a.m. had almost vanished, except in patches on the sides of the valley, the sky being 8/10 covered with light stratocumulus cloud. About 10 a.m. a westerly wind arose, force 2, and by 10.30 a.m. the sky was cloudless. At 3 p.m. light stratocumulus clouds began to

come over, and by 4 p.m. the sky was 9/10 covered. The clouds then began to clear, and by 4.45 p.m. [Vol 3, p046] the sky was cloudless again. At 5 p.m. the wind dropped to 0. At about 8 p.m. mist began to come down the valley in moderate quantities.

Back again this morning from Thilikawngthi, and it was some time before I realised why I was feeling so very light-hearted on the march – it was the first since Fort Hertz on which I have not had to make a Route Report, estimating speed and distance the whole time and jotting down every detail in a book. Instead I went after birds and shot very badly, getting 4 (including one new one, not in Whistler) and missing 5. But I enjoyed myself a lot. Back here I developed the last film and then had hours of labour tying labels on specimens. It's a fatal thing to put off labelling at all, because in a very few days the skins accumulate until they're a real sweat to do. It's fun to think of de Glanville arriving in 3 days' time. I could do with a decent cigarette for one thing. I should like to know how many kinds of birds I've eaten on this trip. With the exception of the hawks and owls, everything has gone to the kitchen; and though I shall have to wait until I can get a full list from the Museum before I know anything like everything, I can think of half a dozen kinds of thrushes and babblers, pigeons, doves, barbets, an egret, a heron, wagtails, several waders, ducks, sparrows, finches, flycatchers, willow-wrens, chloropsis, and the devil of a lot I can't place at all. They all taste much the same and they're all good, though the fishy [Vol 3, p047] ones would not be if they were not skinned.

I missed that damn monkey again this afternoon, but this time there was some excuse as it was a long shot up the side of the valley – a good 200 yards.

The trouble with the people who give names to birds is that so often they have no sense of what is fitting. For instance, 'Sunbird' is a beautiful name for some

glorious iridescent little birds not much bigger than humming birds – all honour to whoever first bestowed it – but to precede this with 'Purple Rumped' (an adjective better fitted to a baboon) is little short of an insult.

Pangnamdim. Wednesday, November 30th 1938

Min 52.5° Max 58.5°. B (6 a.m.) 26.77, B (6 p.m.) 26.74.

At 5 a.m. the valley was filled with mist down to 300' of the river; wind nil. At 8.30 a.m. the mist began to rise slowly, and by 9.30 a.m. it remained only in patches on the sides of the valley from 600' above the river upwards. The sky was then 9/10 covered with heavy stratus clouds, and there was a westerly wind, force 2-3. At 10.45 a.m. nimbus clouds began to come over in moderate quantities, and at 11 a.m. light drizzle began to fall. By 11.30 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with nimbus cloud, and light rain fell from noon to 12.15 p.m., after which there was light drizzle until about 6 p.m. At 5.30 p.m. the wind dropped to W 1. The night sky is wholly covered with nimbus cloud; wind W 1. Between 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. 0.06" rain fell, making a total of 7.00" for November.

[Vol 3, p048] The great event of today was digging up the potato patch (planted in September) to see what we would have to offer de Glanville when he comes. Considering we only had 7 plants it wasn't bad to get about 3 lbs of quite respectable potatoes – and incidentally we were only just in time, as they were beginning to be eaten by insects. That will be a thing to remember in future, that potatoes grow well here planted just after the rains, but that the end of November is the latest they can be left in the ground. The onions we planted at the same time all seem to have perished miserably.

I went out again this morning with the crossbow and fired off a lot of arrows without hitting anything. I've come to the conclusion that it's not so much my direction

that's wrong (though that is also shaky!) but my elevation, and I must get down to that seriously. On my hunt I rounded a bend in the path and there was a very dark, smallish cat facing me about 40 yards away. (Now I come to think of it, it wasn't today I saw the cat at all, but the 27th! I had the 12 bore then.) The beast turned and vanished up the path, so I followed cautiously in the hopes of seeing it again, and eventually caught sight of it trotting some way ahead. In half an hour I did what I thought was a brilliant stalk, and finally located it crouched under a [Vol 3, p049] bush about 20 yards off. I could only see a bit of it though, and I wasn't sure which end I was looking at; so, in an agony of suspense in case it suddenly flashed off into the jungle, I moved round to the side, lost it altogether, and crept nearer. All at once I found myself gazing into a pair of wide yellow eyes, and that disconcerted me because the cat stared so mildly at me and miaowed. By all the rules of the game it should either had fled or shown some signs of resentment; but it did neither, and, filled with vague doubts, I came nearer still to investigate. From a distance of 2 yards it miaowed again, stretched, and wandered off into the jungle, and I returned home, disappointed, to enquire about the mysterious creature. It turned out to be the Tanugok's pet, a common (or garden) tame cat brought with much labour from Putao, and the only one of its kind between there and some dzong in Tibet!

I sewed up snakes for a good part of the afternoon for transport home, and will solder the tin tomorrow. The Tanugok brought a present of a fish and I gave him 8 empty kerosine tins – a gift which took his breath away by its lavishness. My leg is healing well now, apart from the blisters which are still blistering.

Pangnamdim. Thursday, December 1st 1938

Min 52.5° Max 67°. B (6 a.m.) 26.79, B (6 p.m.) 26.79.

A sunny, cloudless day.

I took out the crossbow this morning [Vol 3, p050] along the path leading to the bridge, and soon saw a wagtail running along about 12 yards ahead. I fired and missed, but it didn't seem to be worried and just ran on a few more yards; so I followed, fired and missing again. This went on eight times, and then we were 300^x from the bungalow and I had run out of arrows. I went back; collected about 50; and returned to find the bird more or less where I had left it. I missed it six more times, and might have gone on all day if it had not grown impatient at last and flown away. I should think that stands a pretty fair chance of being the record for missing the same bird! However, I persevered with others, and had some elevation practice on a tree; and in the end I brought off a striking shot and skewered a flycatcher at ten yards. It was more or less a fluke, of course, but it has heartened me none the less.

This afternoon mules were spied coming down the hill, and instantly all was excitement, with everyone thinking that de Glanville had turned up a day early – either that or that we were a day out in our reckoning, a possibility which led to some frenzied questions all round as to what the date was. Finally, a figure in khaki drill crossed the bridge, followed by another in a white topee, who was therefore obviously a babu of sorts. The Tanugok had put on his best clothes and [Vol 3, p051] pushed off to act as an impromptu deputation of welcome, and the servants were hard at work cleaning the 'guest room'; but time went by and no de Glanville appeared at Kaulback's Acre, so presently I went along to the Rest House to see what had happened. I was a bit taken aback on arrival when a Madrasi (he of the white topee), not content with waving to me from afar, pressed forward to shake me warmly by the hand, and while I was still wondering who or what he might be a very voluble young American came out, full of teeth. His name, it appeared, was Forest Forbes, and what he's doing here is still something of a mystery to me. He lives

cheek by jowl with the Madrasi (name of Paul, and thus a Christian, which explains his familiarity), their beds being jammed together; and when asked whether he was here on pleasure or to do a job, he said he was collecting worms and (mysteriously) busy with something else – but we'd talk about that at some better time! He didn't (and doesn't) seem to know much about worms anyway, and it seems to me to be the wrong season for them, the ground being about as dry as it ever is. As the settled inhabitant I asked him to dinner and felt it incumbent on me to invite Paul as well since they seemed to be companions, but it went against the grain. Forbes was holding a sort of meeting of the village this evening (to look at types as far as I could gather) but they came round at 7 or thereabouts and have [Vol 3, p052] stayed till after 1 a.m., the Madrasi offending me by his very presence and an object of fearful scorn to Lewa and the servants who persist in calling him 'The Black Man'. Forbes is a frightful bore but otherwise not too bad. They are going to be here a week and may go up the valley before returning to Myitkyina where Forbes has taken a bungalow with his wife and two children, and may stay any time up to about a year. God knows what his game is. The Tanugok has to act as second interpreter in all talks with the locals. Forbes says what he wants to say in American; Paul puts it into Burmese; and the Tanugok into Daru. All very complicated.

A note came from de Glanville this evening to say that he will be a day late here – not arriving till the 3rd – owing to a go of fever at Nogmung. He also conjured me to sink Forbes in the Nam Tamai with a weight. I gather he doesn't like him!

Pangnamdim. Friday, December 2nd 1938

A sunny, cloudless day.

I went out with the gun this morning and down about 2 miles towards Mungdung. I shot 4 birds, including another blue-throated barbet, but I was only able

to find one. If they fall in this thick undergrowth you've got to mark the spot to a matter of inches to have much chance of finding them – at least / have – and even then it's not too easy. I shot the barbet, for instance, on a high branch, and it fell like a stone only a short way below the path; but though [Vol 3, p053] I hunted the small area for twenty minutes, turning over leaves and pulling aside branches, it remained invisible, and finally I had to give it up.

Forbes is definitely a missionary of some sort. I asked the Tanugok today what yesterday's meeting was about, and he said it was all about Jesus. I find it rather amusing that he has not breathed a word about it to me, and in fact that he has gone out of his way to give a different impression by saying that he was collecting worms and studying types etc. I wonder if Tony mentioned that I don't like missionaries! The Tanugok himself is a Christian (surprising, because he's a good fellow!) and I should think makes a willing interpreter at these prayer meetings. There was another tonight, and as far as I can gather the village have to go en masse under orders. These poor missionaries waste so much time preaching at jungly natives, and it doesn't do the least bit of good. They will also say they're converted in order to save trouble, but in point of fact they don't know what on earth the chap's talking about, and they care even less. The idea of somebody even giving his life for a friend baffles them completely, and as for giving it in order to wash out sins – well in the first place they don't know what 'sin' is (unless it's something that happens to displease the local Nat) and in the second the whole idea would seem to be patently a lie, even if they did.

The Tanugok brought his young brother in [Vol 3, p054] this afternoon, obviously in a very bad way. Fundamentally, he's in the last stages of consumption, I think, with a temperature of only 95.4°, a pulse of 116, and a respiration rate of 60;

but he's very emaciated, except for his face which is puffy and swollen, and I have an idea that that may be beriberi. He hasn't lain down for 6 days and nights now, but has sat hunched up, sometimes dropping off into a doze, and coughing up phlegm continually. He hasn't spat blood for the last fortnight. If it is consumption nothing can be done for him in any case; but in case it isn't I told the Tanugok that the only hope lay in sending him into Putao at once. Two coolies were produced, and paid (by me); I gave a supply of Marmite to drink as soup; wrote a letter to the Doctor; and off they went, with the Tanugok who was going as far as the top of the hill to see them off. However, they didn't get far, because the youth said he didn't want to go to Putao and the Tanugok gave in. Well, I can't do anything as I've told him, so on his own head be it.

The mail came this evening, but very small – only a couple of 'Times's' – so I imagine that Mother has forgotten to warn the 'Times' about the change of address.

Pangnamdim. Saturday, December 3rd 1938

A sunny, cloudless day.

I took out the crossbow again this [Vol 3, p055] morning and shot off a great number of arrows without hitting anything. I've seriously come to the conclusion that the bow is not shooting straight, and that the bird I shot the day before yesterday was a fluke. Some of the shots I had today were so easy that I don't think it can be all me. I must get one of the local expats on to the matter.

After some time I went up the hill with the idea of meeting de Glanville as well as to pursue birds, and about halfway up a Piata gave me a note from him to say that he had had fever at Nogmung and that if it came on again at Goletu he would be another day late. He also sent a brace of fine big ducks (plucked, and I don't know what they were) from Nogmung. I went on though, because I thought that if the fever

had smitten him on the road he might be at Sumtsangtap and that I could see how he was. I waited for a bit on top of the ridge, and then carried on down, but I ran into him before very long. It was grand fun to see him, and a real excitement. We sat down and smoked some of his cigarettes by the path (and they tasted heavenly after the original mild cabbage or whatever it is I've been smoking of late) and then came slowly along to Pangnamdim. I had killed a goat (ex China and Renan) this morning, at the request of the servants who wanted me to christen the big kukri, and though I can't say I was much good at it – it took me two shots to [Vol 3, p056] remove its head – it was deliciously tender and, roast, made the main course of a most excellent dinner. De Glanville provided whiskey and soda as well as cigarettes and we chatted till late tonight. He's a most excellent chap, and I can't think why people have told me he's very difficult. He's stopping here tomorrow – and talking about stopping, he's forbidden the Tanugok to act any longer as interpreter at the prayer meetings I'm glad to say. He says he's not going to have Government servants pestering the people as unofficial missionaries. It appears that Forbes got leave to come up here by telling the Government also that he was worm collecting and concealing the fact that preaching was his line; and this in itself doesn't seem to me to be particularly Christian. When de Glanville taxed him with it, he said that 'they wouldn't have understood', whereas what he really meant is that they'd have understood only too well!

Pangnamdim. Sunday, December 4th 1938

A sunny, cloudless day.

It's great fun having a visitor and I'm really enjoying myself. Besides, we're each benefitting the other in material ways too. He has given me 3 tins of milk, a bottle of Tabasco and a couple of hundred cigarettes; and I have retaliated with a

Supex cake and 2 homemade ones, half the cheese, a tin of toffee, a tin of spiced biscuits, [Vol 3, p057] and a leg and a side of the goat. In his honour the servants have been going about in their best clothes (comparatively clean raiment such as I never see!) and Chetuk has been doing splendidly. We didn't do much today except sit and talk and smoke and eat, but in the afternoon we arranged for some chaps to bring their fish spears and took some snaps on the river bank. It appears that Tony broke wind as continually in Putao as he did with me, and de Glanville says he himself had to spend most of the time going out of the room on one pretext or another till the atmosphere had cleared. As a guest of only two days he refrained most nobly from upbraiding him! Tony's greatest passion is for bananas, and I gather he got some at Kankiu and ate 25 at a sitting!

Word having gone round that I am shortly moving on, skins have been pouring in from all around and I now have enough for another one of the big boxes which is satisfactory. I am leaving the day after tomorrow, incidentally, and have deposited 30 odd loads with the Tanugok here to pick up on my way to Tibet. No news about James' arrival yet, but of course the telegram will be in Sumprabum.

Pangnamdim. Monday, December 5th 1938

A sunny, cloudless day.

De Glanville moved on this morning for Makhumgang, and I saw him on his way for 4½ miles. I had meant to spend the rest of the day in packing, but [Vol 3, p058] first Forbes came in to collect a dah and a crossbow he had asked me to get for him, and he sat talking for about an hour; and then Chakravarty paid a visit and remained for much longer. He is really with de Glanville as doctor, and arrived here yesterday, but owing to work on the road he's a day behind. We went round together to see the Tanugok's brother. It's consumption all right – the last stages – but what I

took to be beriberi is oedema directly caused by the TB. There's nothing to be done for him in any case. His temperature is now 96.4°, but his pulse is 140 and respiration 65. I listened in with the stethoscope, and have never heard such a noise. It was like a broken down engine. Chakravarty says he can't tell when he will die. It might be tomorrow, or he might possibly hang on for another couple of months.

After he'd gone we had a great time packing the specimens. I had over 40 labels to put on, and by the time that was done and the box packed it was 10.30 p.m. and we laid off for the night. It will mean a frenzied rush tomorrow, but that can't be helped. De Glanville says that coloured yarn (black, red, green, yellow, in that order) is the most popular present for women, followed by buttons, safety pins, needles, beads, combs; so I shall lay in a large stock at Putao or Sumprabum. He also says that it is [Vol 3, p059] quite a good thing to organise simple sports such as thread the needle races, potato races, archery competitions, and lucky dips for the children with pice in rotten flour. I shall try out the idea.

Sumtsangtap. Tuesday, December 6th 1938

A sunny, cloudless day.

The effort of packing this morning was even worse than I had feared and it was about 10.30 a.m. before the last of the coolies set out. It's been quite a wrench leaving my house, but all the same it's very good to be on the move again. [Incidentally, I must not forget to tell Durrant that de Glanville will be at Kankiu on the 25th; and Leyden that if he wants him to help with arrangements for the manan they are having at Sumprabum on January 9th, he can start from Putao on the 27th. Otherwise he will arrive on January 8th.]

I dropped in at the Rest House on my way to say goodbye to Forbes. The Madrasi powders his face. They both insisted on setting me on my way, but as their

winds cracked up completely about 50 yards from the bridge or less, that luckily didn't amount to much. But Forbes has come out in his true colours at last, because his final gesture was to thrust a tract and a paper copy of St John's Gospel into my hand. I read both this evening. The tract was the most incredible bit of writing I have ever struck, a mixture of [Vol 3, p060] bigotry, exhortations, quotations to prove the fallacy of evolution and thus the literal existence of Adam and Eve, and business advertisements. The Gospel was quite interesting and I enjoyed it, though having read through it I shan't want to see it again for a good many years. The best bit in it is the short scene where Mary is outside the tomb after the Resurrection. I couldn't help being struck by the utter unpretentiousness of John compared with the attitude of so many of our priests and prelates nowadays, who give the idea that they consider themselves to have a vested interest in God, and to be deep in His councils.

This hut is in grand condition now. A considerable change from when I was last here. I bought a couple of smoked fish from an itinerant vendor from Nogmung. Hideously black, but very good, if tough.

Goletutap. Wednesday, December 7th 1938

A sunny, cloudless day.

There's no doubt about it, Sumtsangtap's a windy spot, and that probably accounts for the grisly state the hut is usually in. There was a considerable breeze, veering in all directions, all last night and till after we left this morning, and the roof is already beginning to show signs of feeling the strain.

It's a short and pleasant march down and I was here by about 11 o'clock with nothing much to do, as the coolies didn't arrive till close on 1 p.m. But I'd seen fresh sambhur and barking deer tracks on the way, so I [Vol 3, p061] went down the valley

to try and find a good spot to wait in this evening in hopes of getting one. I had an amusing walk, mainly along hunters' tracks in very dense jungle. I spent some time watching a couple of Khanungs putting their fish spears together and trying for fish. The hooks on the spears, which puzzled me when I first saw them on the way to Wangtsitap, are now not so puzzling, as each of the hooks comes loose from the shaft when struck into a fish, and is then held only by a string attached to the non-pointed end. The place where they were trying was full of respectable sized fish which looked like trout of up to about 1¾ lbs, but they were all gathered together on the other side. One of the Khanungs waded over lower down, but the other stripped and swam across close to where I was standing. It surprised me, as I didn't know these people could swim, and I'm very certain they can't in the Nam Tamai and Taron districts because there's nowhere swimmable. He used the breaststroke, which I imagine is the most primitive form of effective swimming, though some at least of the American Indians used the side-stroke centuries before it was known in Europe. I watched them miss a good many times and went on my way. I had intended to go out after the deer about 4.30 p.m., but the local women turned up hopefully about 4; and after I'd had a great time distributing [[Vol 3, p062](#)] needles they were so much emboldened that they all produced sores or burns to be dealt with. This encouraged the men to do the same and it was 6 o'clock before I could start out. It was already getting dark and much too late, but I went to the place I had chosen hoping for the best, and sat there till after 7. I didn't see anything, and I'll try again early in the morning.

More skins were brought in here, and a brown-grey gibbon which K.B. skinned. I didn't know there were any gibbons north of Nogmung, and this grey one is new to me altogether. I thought there were only two gibbons in Burma, the White-

browed, and the White-handed; and though this may be the White-handed, it seems a poor sort of name for a beast which is grey all over. It was pregnant, with an embryo 112 mm from head to vent, well-developed. I don't know what the period of gestation is, but I imagine it must still have had about 3 months to go. Even that brings it only to February, but it's quite likely that they have no fixed mating season.

I met the Pangnamdim Piata on the road, with a wire from Leyden to say he can't reach Sumprabum till the 24th!

Tasa Hku. Thursday, December 8th 1938

A fine sunny day, with some very light cirrostratus cloud.

At dawn this morning I was out again in my chosen spot hoping for a barking deer or sambhur, but I saw nothing whatever, and there were not even any fresh tracks since [[Vol 3, p063](#)] yesterday. I imagine the animals must have been scared off by our moving into camp, though barking deer are not generally as shy as that. Whether one gets anything or not it's great fun being out at dawn, watching and hearing everything (including the jungle itself) wake up for another day. Before the first light comes there's an almost complete silence, broken only by the rippling of a stream over pebbles; and there's a gloriously fresh, exciting smell of dew-wet earth and leaves. With the first tinge of grey in the east a very gentle breeze comes up the valley, and all the trees wake together with a sleepy rustling of leaves and stretching of branches. Then come the birds – not with shouting and laughter as in the bare Salween Valley, but unobtrusively (furtively, almost), so that the first sign of them is probably a wagtail flirting along the edge of the water; but with the sun they cheer up, and soon the air is full of squeaks, whistles, chirrups, murmurings and a wide variety of indescribable chatterings. The laughing thrushes, with their soulless peals, don't start in till well on in the morning.

I shot a couple of birds on the march, but otherwise there hasn't been much today except for a perfectly wonderful sunset made up of a fan of fine cirrostratus clouds, pink on a pale blue sky. I spent a good part of the evening re-nailing one of my chaplis.

[[Vol 3, p064](#)]

Nogmung. Friday, December 9th 1938

A fine sunny day, with light cirrostratus clouds and a westerly wind, force 2.

It was grand to look down towards the Nam Tisang (or Shang Hka, the other being the Shan name, as Nam Tamai is also Shan) this morning. The valley was covered with mist, and from Tasa Hku it looked like a huge white lake with a few rocky islands poking up here and there. The march is almost entirely downhill and very easy. I shot a wagtail on it and missed something else in a high tree. This evening I enjoyed myself enormously with the headman who (as I may have remarked earlier this year) looks astonishingly like Henry Butterfield. At about 3 p.m. we crossed the river rather downstream, and had a hunt after pig, sambhur, or barking deer, up a largish tributary of the Shang Hka. Until after 5 p.m. we stole along over the sand or shingle on the bank, or wading through the water; but though there were plenty of fresh tracks of all three we never saw anything to shoot at. While we were on the way up there didn't seem to be any wind at all, but coming back there was definitely a light breeze blowing up the stream, and so I think it possible that there may have been the faintest suspicion earlier on, just enough to give warning of our coming. If we saw no game, though, I had the best view of an otter I ever hope to get. It came [[Vol 3, p065](#)] swimming down while we were wading along the bank, and we froze at once, so that it never saw us. It was hunting too, and came along alternately under and on top of the water, about 2 yards each – a big

fellow, close on five feet from nose to tip of tail, I should think. Crossing a pool it spotted a fish and was after it like a flash, making a magnificent swirling turn under water and travelling at amazing speed to catch it in five or six yards. We could follow the hunt by the V-shaped wave on the surface. It came up at the finish with a fish 9" long cross-ways in its mouth; tossed it about for a little to get hold of the head; and swallowed it in one. Then it came on down again as before; explored another pool in half a minute, not more than 5 yards from us, so that we could see every detail from its sleek bullet head to the thick tapered tail; and then vanished round a curve. A great sight. It was long after dark when we got back (I gave a hand with the canoe, but from my knees and not standing up!) and I was feeling in fine form for dinner. I gather our kerosine may last till after dinner tomorrow, but no longer. Ah well! There are only two days after that till we can get some more. My ex-interpreter (of 1935) who is now either at Putao or on his way back from there, left a small goat here to be given as salaami when I arrived. I don't really want [[Vol 3, p066](#)] it, but I can't very well refuse to accept the damn thing. We'll take it with us into the Triangle. I suppose it will grow. There's not much on it at the moment! Khark Bahadur shot a Black-breasted Kalij pheasant close to the RH out of a flock of about a dozen.

Matsatap. Saturday, December 10th 1938

A sunny, cloudless day.

I didn't wait long in Nogmung this morning, being full of hope that if I went early I might get something on the road; and once over the river I stepped out a little in order to get ahead of the coolies. In fact, seeing nothing of any interest, I continued to move pretty fast and covered the 10½ miles in 2 hours and 40 mins – an average of just about 4 mph. Of course the going was good and there was not much climbing, but when I remember how thrilled and proud I was at keeping up that

speed for 6 miles on the main Myitkyina-Sumprabum road in June, and how weary I was at the finish, it seems to me that I wasn't so fit then as I had thought. Soon after I arrived, I went up the hill a little and shot a squirrel and a couple of birds, one of which I couldn't find. An old woman from the village near here has a beautifully worked skirt – far the best I've seen, so far – but she won't sell, and I can't say I blame her.

Ratnamthi. Sunday, December 11th 1938

A cloudless, sunny day.

Getting to the top of the ridge [[Vol 3, p067](#)] from Makatap was much more of a sweat than I had remembered, but there were compensations. As we got higher and could look down over the Shang Hka Valley, the sea of mist was a most lovely sight, with dark green hills rising out of it, and snowy peaks beyond. I took several photos, and they may be good as the beauty lay not in any colour, but in the setting and the contrast between the white mountains, dark hills and white mist. On top of the ridge I caught quite a large Pseudoxenodon macrops in some dry leaves. It was very annoyed and did its best to bite all the way to the camp. One of the coolies got another; and 2 Trimeresuri stejnegeri and a lizard of sorts were brought in by the villagers together with a toad, so it's been a good day for reptiles. And for skins if it comes to that, including a peacock pheasant, which I ate gratefully. Both it and the Kalij were excellent. Not far from here we met the ex-interpreter on the road, on his way to Nogmung, and he came back here to collect backsheesh for the goat. I gave him 50 cartridges for his gun which delighted him and was cheap for me. For me it was the equivalent of Rs 6/3, and for him Rs 10/-, that being the price, I gather, he has to pay in the coffee shop. The old Tanugok of Pangnamdim now lives here in retirement, having gone completely blind. He [[Vol 3, p068](#)] came in with a good

Khanung bag as a present and had a chat, asking presently if I could let him have some cartridges for his presentation gun so that his relatives could get some game. I gave him 25 instead of the 5 or 6 he'd hoped for, and he nearly burst into tears. I got 2 or 3 more birds on the march today.

Kankiu. Monday, December 12th 1938

A sunny, cloudless day.

Not much on the road. I shot a pied wagtail and took a few photos, including one of a lovely glimpse of the Mali Hka and the Hkamti Long which I got through a gap in the jungle. I didn't get here till about 1 p.m., owing to a good 2 hours spent at Nam Hti repairing the hem of my green shorts; and soon after I got here I took a young Shan as guide and went into the jungle after barking deer with the .256. We wandered along down a small stream (only about 1' deep) and after a little a barking deer leapt up from a patch of tall grass on the bank, about 30 yards away, and vanished into the jungle. I didn't have a chance to shoot. Then we were spotted by a troop of macaques, which made enough din to wake any number of dead, yelling, shouting, and shaking the branches, until we were once more at a safe distance. A little further down a small bushy tree stuck out 10 or 12 [[Vol 3, p069](#)] feet over the water at an angle of 45° or so, and as we got near there was a great plunging in that. I thought it was another monkey and was only mildly interested until a barking deer jumped down and streaked away. I'd never heard of one climbing into a tree before (even such an easy tree) and though I had had a pretty good view of it I thought I must have been seeing things and went to have a look. There was no mistake: the tracks were plain, both where it had come up and where it had jumped down, and it had been feeding on the leaves and twigs. That was 2 seen and not a shot fired. Then one began barking not 100 yards away, and we stole along towards it.

Everything was in our favour. The wind was right; it was quite close to the bank somewhere; and the chances were all on our getting it. We were about 40 yards off when there came a shattering report from close by, however. The deer vanished of course (not that I saw it) and Khark Bahadur came crashing through the bushes with my .375, convinced that he had hit it. I had left him with 5 birds and mammals to skin, but thinking I was well out of the way he had struck work, 'borrowed' my rifle and cartridges, and gone off for a hunt on his own. He was so shattered at being caught that I did no more than curse him severely; but he had made so much noise that that bit of jungle was [Vol 3, p070] useless, so we came out by the river and moved quietly upstream to about ¼ m from the Rest House. There were tiger, panther, sambhur and barking deer tracks in the sand in any number. We turned up a small stream for a little, and the Shan suddenly touched me and pointed. There, 40 yards off, was a small chestnut patch through the branches of a bush. I couldn't see which part of the animal it was, but I let drive on speck and a female barking deer dropped dead, shot straight through the heart by the most amazing fluke. It was getting dark and I couldn't have seen to shoot much later. We brought it back in triumph; skinned it by the light of bamboo torches; and I am taking it in to Durrant as a Christmas present. A grand afternoon. I also got some oranges this evening. They apparently grow in the villages below here. Very good, but not as much taste as the Indian ones.

Putao. Tuesday, December 13th 1938

A sunny, cloudless day.

I started out with the coolies this morning, and hurried along in front, hoping to get a jungle fowl on the way. There were tiger, panther, and an assortment of other tracks along the road to within 4 miles of Putao, and I saw half a dozen jungle fowl,

but only 1 within shot. Him I missed with both barrels, [Vol 3, p071] to my shame. I did the 10½ miles in 2 hours and 40 minutes again, and arrived here at 9.40 a.m. to find Durrant in and in great form. He had nobly kept 4 bottles of beer to celebrate (½ his supply having gone astray on the road) and we put them down pretty quickly. It's a good thing de Glanville has told me I can dip into his! It was good fun to see Durrant again. He's most amusing in a very dry way, and keen on international politics which interest me too. Nihal Chaud is looking very fit and is as delightful as ever. I went round and saw him at the hospital (which is almost empty) and he came in for drinks this evening. There was a bit of a mail for me, with a letter from Mother saying that 'Salween' was out and getting good notices; but also that H&S's damned reader had changed my word 'colitis' into diarrhoea, blast him. However, she and Bill and Miller have done them in the eye, thank God, (H&S being unwilling to call in the books issued) by issuing a correction on the Press, over their heads. The Primarflex had also arrived, and I opened it bursting with excitement to find that though the shutter is now correct there is something wrong with the release mechanism, so that it only fires about once in ten times. I've almost given up hope about it now, but I'm leaving it here in case de Glanville can do anything. [Vol 3, p072] He's good at that sort of thing. Durrant is very braced with the barking deer. We had some for dinner, and it's deliciously sweet and tender. N.T. and Kyipa both here and very well. They seem pleased to see me, blast them! I caught a glimpse of an amazing light like a ball of fire falling behind the hills tonight.

Putao. Wednesday, December 14th 1938

Apart from the morning mist, which cleared at about 10.30 a.m., a fine, cloudless day.

I went down to the quarterguard this morning to get one or two things out of the boxes, and found that one had been riddled with white ants; so I had them all taken to the servants' quarters to be opened, inspected and cleaned. Luckily it turned out that that was the only one, the others having been untouched. I've given Durrant 8 lbs of jam and I got out the 3 tins of caviar to eat here, feeling that there might be too many people at Sumprabum if I kept them for there. We had one with drinks this evening, on fingers of buttered toast. Marvellous it was too. The old Doctor came in again and revelled in it. Durrant and I sat up till 1 a.m. last night and till about midnight tonight, just talking. He's easy to get on with and I like him a lot. I did no work, but read a good deal of 'Elmer Gantry' by Sinclair Lewis. By Jove what a book, and what an insight it gives one into the religious racket in the States. Talking of that, Forbes and the Madrasi turned up [[Vol 3, p073](#)] today, but they haven't been near us and neither of us intend to call on them. They are living in a tent to save bungalow fees. We don't especially want to see Forbes, but it seems damn rude of him not to call as we've both entertained him to a certain extent.

Putao. Thursday, December 15th 1938

Mist till 11 a.m., but after that sunny and cloudless.

A gloriously slack day doing nothing but label skins and read 'Elmer Gantry'. I've passed 450 with skins now, which isn't too bad, and Durrant has arranged for 28 mules from Chan Te Kaing to take my things to Sumprabum at Rs 7/8 a mule. The normal price at this time of year is Rs 4/-, but unfortunately the only mules available were already due to take rice there, and so naturally for taking me instead, and leaving the rice till later, the price is higher. Even so it's a lot cheaper than coolies, two of whom would work out at Rs 10/8. Another tin of caviar today (again shared by the Doctor) and we lifted 12 bottles of beer from de Glanville's store room, the Dutch

cheese he'd given me, and his headphones. The latter have made the most amazing difference to the wireless, and tonight I got Daventry simply roaring in. Thank the Lord I've ordered a new pair already.

[[Vol 3, p074](#)]

Putao. Friday, December 16th 1938

A fine, cloudless day, with the usual morning mist till about 10.30 a.m.

A peaceful morning, and this afternoon I went out past Putao village and across the Nam Palak with an orderly to try for pig or barking deer. Durrant was coming later, and we had arranged to meet on opposite banks of the river a bit upstream at 5 p.m. in case any duck came long. I didn't see any pig, so I made a brilliant (!) cross-country march through the jungle to the appointed place, to the horror of the orderly who did his best to dissuade me on the grounds that we would both get bushed. I had hardly reached the bank when five biggish birds got up from the water a little way above where I was, and came flying downstream. I thought they were geese (it was dusk and not too easy to see) and brought off a right and left as they passed – the first I've ever done! They both fell in the water, so we rushed through the jungle till we could get down to the bank, and waded frantically in to pick them up as they drifted along. Then, of course, I found they were cormorants! However, they will do for specimens and when they've been skinned I shall see if the meat isn't perhaps eatable – though I'm not very hopeful about it, as not even the Khanungs will eat them. [[Vol 3, p075](#)] We then waded across and I met Durrant who had not seen anything except an owl which he'd missed. We came back together through the dark. I wish I had a dog like his. Bill is a black retriever and a most excellent animal.

Putao. Saturday, December 17th 1938

Mist till 11 a.m., and then a fine, cloudless day as usual.

Both Durrant and I have rather overeaten today, owing to going round to the Doctor's for 'breakfast'. The old Doctor has his at 11.30 a.m., in the Burmese style, but we felt we couldn't wait empty till then, so we had a pretty big meal of our own at 8 o'clock. The Doctor's breakfast was a good deal bigger than our usual lunch (curry, of course); we had a good tea; toast and caviar at 6; and a lavish dinner.

I haven't mentioned that Chetuk went down with tummy trouble the day we reached Kankiu and that I pushed him into hospital as soon as he arrived here. He was discharged today. I didn't know what was wrong with him, but the doctor says it was gastritis, and that this and the other trouble he had have been directly caused by indulgence in the local arak/arack! I never even knew he drank, and though I don't mind out of work hours I shall have to warn him seriously that if he gets ill from it again he will have to go.

I did a fair amount of [[Vol 3, p076](#)] packing today, in a rather desultory manner, but there are still my three personal boxes to deal with in the morning.

Nawng Hkai. Sunday, December 18th 1938

Morning mist till 10.30 a.m., followed by a fine, cloudless day.

I packed the boxes pretty early and the mules and servants left about 9 a.m. Then I got talking with Durrant, and wrote to de Glanville, by which time lunch was nearly ready. So I stayed for that. We got talking again, and then the old Doctor came along and we realised it was tea-time. So I stopped for that too, and didn't push off till 4.30 p.m., on a bicycle borrowed from Durrant. God-forsaken machines though they are, they have their uses, and I got to this place in about an hour and a half instead of the four I should probably have taken on foot. It was dark before I got

in, and tricky work avoiding boulders and pot-holes, though luckily that end of the road is a good deal better than the other. Incidentally, when Tony got here, he sold his saddle to Hashim Bhoy for FIFTEEN RUPEES! He must be mad. It would have been a bargain at Rs 100/-.

Hkamho. Monday, December 19th 1938

Morning mist till 10.30 a.m., and a fine, cloudless day afterwards.

The cold weather bridge just above the confluence cuts off about 3 miles of road, so that today's march was about [Vol 3, p077] 10 miles only. I saw a couple of jungle cocks on a patch of sand between the path and the river not far from here. They were out of shot so I stalked them into a patch of grass and bushes, quite skilfully for me. I got to within about 20 yards and missed! There were 3 actually – 2 cocks and a hen. Soon after K.B. and I arrived here, a tall young Kachin came along to say that a tiger had killed a couple of bullocks two nights ago, and we went with him to see if there was a chance of getting him. It wasn't more than a quarter of a mile from the bungalow, in very thick jungle, and one corpse was lying on the bank of a small stream. At least, half of it was – the front half. I found, on enquiring, that the other had been thankfully removed and eaten by the locals – the thanksgiving because they were Government bullocks, and therefore no loss to them! I bore in mind Peacock's advice not to build a machan too low or too near, and after discussing the probable direction of the night wind, I picked on a tree about 30 yards away from the kill, and gave orders for a machan to be built 30' up. That was done by 4 p.m., and I took up my position there at 4.30 with the .375, soft-nosed bullets, and a torch. I had forgotten to bring a cushion, but K.B. sacrificed his coat and I wasn't uncomfortable except for the sand flies and a few [Vol 3, p078] mosquitoes. The sand flies were legion, but life was better when it grew dark and I could move a

little to scratch myself. Before dusk I was able to watch a squirrel (red belly) frisking about on the kill and now and then taking a nibble at it; and there was a barking deer calling from over the river. It grew dark about 6 p.m., and shortly after that a couple of cats (or civets?) began purring and mewling to each other close to my tree.

Perhaps a third joined the party, for there was suddenly a furious outburst of snarling and spitting, and then the sound of a body in flight through the bushes. A little before 7 p.m. dead silence fell, and soon after that the tiger began to feed with a great tearing and flapping of meat as he shook his head from side to side to wrench the pieces off. I gave him about 5 minutes and then turned on the torch. He must have been standing directly head on to me, I think, with his fore feet up the bank of the stream, for I could see nothing but his face with two great greenish eyes gazing straight into the light. I aimed between them and fired, holding the torch in my left hand, but I certainly didn't hit him where I aimed, and I think he must have moved his head a little at the crucial moment. He fell, got up, and crashed away through the jungle, coughing so frightfully that I think I have probably hit him through chest and [Vol 3, p079] lungs. The coughs grew steadily fainter till they were little more than gasps, and I think I shall find him about 50 yards away in the morning, dead. But I'm inclined to be optimistic about most things, and the sounds could have been produced equally well if he wasn't so badly wounded and had continued to gallop off for a considerable distance, except that after 50 yards there was no more noise of crackling bushes and sticks. It being my first tiger, I thought I might be very nervous and shoot badly; but I wasn't – just gloriously excited and keyed up. If he's not dead close by, though, I reckon I'll have my fill of nervousness waking him up in the morning!

I stopped in the machan till nearly 10 p.m. because so much of the bullock had been eaten in two nights that I hoped there might be another tiger concerned; and my hopes shot sky-high when some time after no. 1 had gone there was a sudden crackling of bones from the kill. While giving whatever it was time to settle down though, I came to the conclusion that there wasn't enough noise for a tiger, and sure enough when I switched on the torch there were a couple of big civets (Large Indian?). They weren't much worried, but they shuffled into the grass to be on the safe side, and though I tried a shot at one I missed. Nothing much else. The civets came back and I watched them for a little, but didn't shoot [[Vol 3, p080](#)] again. Finally I got down (rather nervously!) and wandered back to bed. I shall be thrilled if I can only get the tiger tomorrow.

Masumzup. Tuesday, December 20th 1938

Morning mist till about 10.30 a.m., and then a fine, cloudless day and pretty hot.

Soon after dawn I started out with K.B., and we were soon joined by 7 Kachins, all eager to earn an honest penny by helping to carry the tiger in. We went straight to the kill, and soon picked up a fairly heavy blood trail which we followed, with one or two short checks, for the best part of another ¼ m to about 50 acres of six-foot reeds, growing so close together that visibility was practically nil. I was dismally certain by this time that the tiger was far from dead, and I hated the thought of looking for it in those reeds more than I can say: but there was nothing for it, so in we went – I in the lead (naturally) and my followers 6 or 8 yards behind and noticeably silent. A couple of hundred yards in, and they said it was no good following any more, he had obviously gone for miles; and I think they might have turned tail if just then I hadn't come on a regular pool of blood, which showed that he

was certainly badly hit. This cheered them, and they came on – very fortunately, as it turned out, [[Vol 3, p081](#)] because I overshot the mark and was looking round for the line when there came a yell from one of them and I jumped round to see a patch of tiger (apparently some part of its side) about 12 yards to my left and behind me. It stayed quite still, and everyone was about to rejoice and rush forward to inspect it, when I saw that the 'corpse' was breathing and told them so. They all retreated instantly and massed in a phalanx with drawn daks to my rear, while I cursed myself for an idiot. Before we started I'd been so successful in persuading myself that it would be dead, that I had only put 2 rounds in the magazine, and those more for show than anything. In any case, at that range I couldn't risk putting a shot into what might easily prove to be its backside, and so I started to creep up (with a literal, and very regrettable, shaking in the knees) to where I could get a better view. At about 10 yards the tiger moved what I took to be its head, and I put in a shot which must have partly stunned it; for it leapt up with a crash of reeds, but instead of charging (and getting) me, it made a chucker round at speed and collapsed in a thicket not 5 yards from its original position, drawing great bubbling gasping breaths which could have been heard 100 yards away. It was in a bad way, but left to itself it [[Vol 3, p082](#)] might have lasted all day, and besides being in a hurry to get on I'm against leaving any animal to die like that. All the same it was a grim business trying to get a sight of it. K.B. and the Kachins who had first brought the news insisted on coming with me (having more guts than I) and we prowled round the spot where the tiger was, never more than 10 yards away, and I fully expecting to be charged at any moment. We couldn't see a thing, and, driven to desperation I crept up alone to about 5 yards, with no better result. I hadn't the nerve to go closer, and so we went back to the rest of the party. I then crept up again and stood in a small open space, 10 yards from

the enemy, and so tensed up that I felt I might snap. At a signal from me the chaps cast a volley of sticks and stones, but too much to the left. No result. I redirected them, and the next lot was better aimed, and there came a plunging towards me, though I still saw nothing except the reeds wildly shaken. The tiger was now only 5 or 6 yards off but motionless again, and my relief can be imagined when I realised that it couldn't raise its fore quarters. Another well-aimed log, and it lifted its head and glared at me in a last grand gesture of defiance. I shot it through the ear and that was the end. There was great joy [Vol 3, p083] all round for some minutes, and then most of the Kachins hurried off to collect a pole and creepers to carry the tiger back. When they returned (and waiting for them I was eaten alive by sand flies) they had with them the headman of the village, an ancient and skinny individual with a beard. In ringing tones he addressed the corpse for several minutes, conjuring it to be of good heart since it had fallen at the hands of a lord even as it was itself. Eight of us had a frightful job carrying the tiger back to the bungalow – more because the path was poor and very narrow than because of the weight, which can't have been much more than 400 lbs. We measured it there on its back between pegs – 9' 1½", tail 3'. That's quite good, as the Burma Game Manual only records 6 of over 9'; but it's a good deal short of the record, which is 10' 4". We skinned it (helped out by various Yawyins on their way to wash gold in the Mali Hka) and Khark Bahadur carefully preserved the eyes (which, dried and carried as a talisman, ensure that the bearer will not be attacked by any tiger); the leg bones, which command a high price among the Chinese for medicine; two small pieces of cartilage from the armpits, which, if carried about on a tiger hunt, make it [Vol 3, p084] certain that the tiger will show up in a good position to be shot; and the testicles, which are also used as medicine by the Chinese. Kyipa took a piece of the tongue, as this, when dried and rubbed over a

sore, produces a rapid and certain cure. The skull was smashed to bits and quite useless as a specimen, so I took the one unbroken upper tooth to put on my dah, and gave one of the lower ones each to Khark Bahadur and Adang Kudang for theirs. The meat was quickly divided up among Kachins and Yawyins, who look on it as a delicacy. The skin was carried in a bundle on the march, and we cleaned, stretched and preserved it here this evening. The frame will have to be carried like a huge bedstead as far as Sumprabum; but if the skin dries all right I shall give it to William.

La Awn Ga. Wednesday, December 21st 1938

A fine, cloudless day.

Nothing much of note today. The skin came along all right, protected from the sun with plantain leaves, and it seems to be doing quite well. It's an object of tremendous admiration to all the locals, who say it's the biggest they've seen. We had a bit of an effort this evening getting the frame up the stairs and into [Vol 3, p085] the bungalow to protect the skin from dew, but we managed to in the end.

Shilinghkyet. Thursday, December 22nd 1938

A fine, cloudless day as usual.

We had been told that it was a march of about 14 miles today, but in point of fact it can't have been more than about 9, and the path was very good. This shortcut of Leyden's is much more fun than the main road, and in future I shall always come by this if I can. It runs through jungle the whole way and there seems to be plenty of life about. I saw a big brown phalanger high in a tree on the way, and missed it with both barrels. It fell, actually, but only because in its hurry it missed its footing; and after parachuting down it dashed off into the undergrowth while I was reloading the gun. Khark Bahadur and I stopped for a bit on the way to sit and chat with 3 Kachins;

and later we were met by 3 more who said that a panther had killed a buffalo calf just short of Shilinghkyet. The calf was there all right, in trodden grass about a yard off the path, where no tracks showed up at all; and I had a hide built about 25 yards away in a field, as [Vol 3, p086] there wasn't a tree anywhere near. It was screened with branches, and there was a small gap, like a little tunnel, for me to fire through. I went in at a little after 4 (the kill had been moved slightly by the animal before that) and at about 5.45 it suddenly appeared. It was a most extraordinary thing, because my sight hole somehow magnified everything, so that it looked as if the kill were about 50 yards off and the cat the size of a lioness. It was that awkward half-light when you can't see very well, and yet too light for a torch to be any good; but presently I let fly at its head and was so certain that I'd killed it that I got out and walked over to investigate. My horror was extreme when I suddenly heard a rustle in the bushes behind the kill, about 10 yards from me. I switched on the torch and saw two yellow eyes (not a panther, it must have been a big jungle cat I think) so I realised I must have missed my first shot and took a hasty second one. It crashed off into the jungle, snarling and spitting, and I shall have to follow it up in the morning. What beats me is why it didn't turn [Vol 3, p087] away after the first shot.

Nma Ga. Friday, December 23rd 1938

A fine, cloudless day.

I went back soon after dawn to follow up the cat, and also perhaps to have a smack at a large boar which has apparently been about for some time now. I found his tracks (nearly 5" long so he must be a considerable size. The locals say he is as high as a man's chest!) but didn't see him. Then I went over to the kill to pick up the line, and there was one dead cat, about the size of a big spaniel, a nearly uniform dark grey with a patch of tawny shading on the neck. I had got it in the head all right,

and the eyes I saw (which misled me) must have been those of its mate. I imagine she must have run at the first shot, and then crept back to see what had happened to him. I couldn't follow her as she left a very small trail through very thick jungle; so when I got back with the corpse I told the villagers that she was wounded somewhere and that if they found her and brought her in they would be rewarded. However, she hadn't turned up tonight, so I don't expect they found her. We skinned the cat at Shilinghkyet, and stretched and preserved it here. The skull is pretty badly broken, but the front and the jaws are all [Vol 3, p088] right, so it can go in to the Museum. A very pleasant march. There was a solitary gibbon close to the path, but he didn't give me a shot; and I missed a pair of large phalangers very high up in a big tree. There is a very big banyan tree on the road close to a village. I haven't seen any further north, but apparently there are plenty in the Triangle, and they are favourite abodes of nats. The bungalows on this 'private' road are a great deal better than those above Putao. They all have 2 bedrooms, and at Shilinghkyet there was a dining room as well, made by walling off part of the verandah.

Sumprabum. Saturday, December 24th 1938

Today was cloudy throughout.

This road is so much better fun than the Government one. There's always something to see. Today I got a gibbon with the .256 (a White-browed one) and a bamboo partridge. I should have had a brace of them but the second barrel was loaded with S.G., and as the fowl got up within 2 yards of me there would have been nothing left of it if I'd fired. I missed five big hornbills which were all sitting in one tree. As I came along the path one got up with the usual tremendous groaning of wings, but I couldn't see it because at that point my view was [Vol 3, p089] blocked by another tree. I went on a few yards and looked across to see where it had gone to,

when a second flapped out of the tree – on the other side, of course. I was a bit annoyed at not having seen it as well as rather amused; and then a third hurtled out. This seemed remarkable to me, and I was pondering over the matter when K.B. arrived on the scene. Immediately a fourth lumbered off! We regarded that prolific tree with astonishment, and caught a glimpse of a fifth still roosting there. It was a longish shot (about 60 yards) so I tried S.G. on it and missed! We came down over the signal hill where the Lilis station is, and from a long way off could see a mysterious figure shrouded in white sitting in the Leydens' garden. When we turned up it was Mrs Leyden having a hair cut! They are both in great form and I'm very glad to see them again. They've given me 200 cheroots as a Christmas present, and an amazing worm-like creature, rather like a thick thread some 10" long. It lives in water and doesn't appear to eat anything at all. It's been in a bottle now for 19 days and is full of life. The Kachins say you can dry them in the sun and revive them at any time by popping them into water again. They are rare (they got this [[Vol 3, p090](#)] one in the Triangle) and I wouldn't be at all surprised if they aren't entirely new.

This afternoon we went out to see the school sports, and I met the Dudrows again with their children Dorothy and Donald; Miss Bonney, another Baptist missionary and a most excellent soul, who is now in charge of the school here; and Captain Thunder, a queer, affected, and useless individual, who apparently spends most of his days asleep in bed. I was glad to see the Dudrows. I like them both.

The parcels of delicacies from Mother and William have arrived, bless them both. It is very sweet of them to have done it, and they have chosen beautifully as usual. I'm going to enjoy this Christmas. The only fly is that I can't send cables to my strangelings as the Post Office is shut. I had a long one from them, though, to say that Bill and Vi have got a daughter (Carolyn Rose) born on November 24th, and also

that Bartholomew is keen to join me out here. Good news both ways, though I would have preferred a nephew to a niece. I'm sorry 'Salween' hasn't turned up yet, because I wanted to give it to the Leydens for Christmas.

Sumprabum. Sunday, December 25th 1938

Cloudy all today, and there was rain in the valley [[Vol 3, p091](#)] though none here.

A peaceful and cheery day. In the morning the clerks, doctors, etc. came round to pay their respects to Leyden; and La Doi, the chief Tanugok in the Triangle, came with a present of a Chinese ham, a tin of biscuits, a tin of fruit and a sack of walnuts for Leyden, and a tin of biscuits, a tin of fruit and some walnuts for me. He's 54 and has stood by the Government all his life – so much so that at one time he used to have to change his tour programmes regularly when actually on the march because he was due to be bumped off and an ambush was ready for him on the road he was due to take. He helped to build the first road up to Putao, fighting most of the way, and he's been in hundreds of fights in the Triangle. He's tough all right and quite delightful, very square-built with big features and a loud voice. I hope I shall see him in the Triangle when I get there. I'm going first to Htingnan to drop the things I shall need, and then I shall come back here for the big manan which is on the 18th. Htingnan Kum Ja, the Duwa and a pretty big man, has just escaped being poisoned with aconite in his beer. Leyden has found out that the miscreant or miscreants are in his family, (his wife being almost certainly one of them) and [[Vol 3, p092](#)] he says that that being so Htingnan Hkum Ja's number is up. There will be no mistake next time and there'll be no evidence as to who did the deed.

At dinner tonight there was Leyden, Mrs Leyden, the Dudrows, Miss Bonney, and Captain Thunder – the latter very late and very tight. In fact he was rather a

nuisance taken all round. Otherwise it was a good little party. We had Bill's caviar as hors d'oeuvres with the drinks beforehand. I forgot to mention that last night we went round to the Christmas Eve concert at the Baptist school. We didn't stay very long. The pièce de résistance was a number of tableaux illustrating the events leading up to the birth of Christ. The angel of the Annunciation was particularly comic, but the whole thing was rather touching all the same. During each scene the appropriate passage was read in Kachin from the Bible.

Sumprabum. Monday, December 26th 1938

Cloudy all day.

The Leydens, myself and one of the SAS's play a spirited game of deck tennis every evening now, which is doubtless good for my liver. I sold him the air rifle today for Rs 20/-. I would much rather have given it to him for nothing, but he was stubborn about that so we compromised. It's not much [Vol 3, p093] good to me for collecting, because it makes too big a hole, and he says he's wanted one for years. It will be good for Peter to learn on too, though it's so much too big for him at present that he has to hold the butt in his armpit. Oddly enough he aims with his left eye, the gun being on his right, and yet makes quite good shooting.

Dudrow left today for Myitkyina and we saw him down to the bottom of the valley with Mrs Dudrow, Dorothy (aged 10), and Miss Bonney. I got off with Dorothy on the way back and we had a long conversation on life in general. She is going to be either a nurse or a dancing instructor when she grows up she says. Dudrow has taken a box of snakes and one of skins with him for me. It's very good of him and I'm most grateful for the way he has sent on everything I've pushed down to him.

Sumprabum. Tuesday, December 27th 1938

Cloudy all day.

Leyden arranged a drive in the valley this afternoon for anything from jungle fowl to tiger, and the school was given a holiday so that the boys could act as beaters. They beat energetically, shouting, banging tins, and (in 2 cases) playing mouth organs, yet oddly enough we never saw a thing except fresh tracks of barking deer, sambhur and of 1 tiger. The barking deer must [[Vol 3, p094](#)] have been there in dozens, and there are usually plenty of jungle fowl to be seen. We did in fact see one on the way back, but not to get a shot. All the same it was good fun not knowing what might turn up at any minute. Dudrow was met by a car on the road and arrived back today to spend one more night before going down all the way in it tomorrow. We didn't see him though.

Sumprabum. Wednesday, December 28th 1938

Cloudy all today.

I was beginning to feel a bit guilty at staying so long with the Leydens, and so I arranged for coolies for the 29th yesterday; but Mrs Leyden was so insistent on my staying over New Year's Eve anyway, when we were talking this afternoon, that I agreed – very gladly, as a matter of fact, because I'm enjoying myself a lot. They're a grand couple. The Judge seems to have fixed matters on his own, actually, because he said today that he didn't expect any coolies to turn up tomorrow! I've fixed the 1st instead, and that is definite.

I should have skinned out the ears of the tiger instead of leaving them to luck like a fool. The rest of the skin is perfectly all right, but the hair is slipping badly on them. Leyden says that Van Ingen & Van Ingen of Mysore are far and away the best taxidermists in India, and that they will probably [[Vol 3, p095](#)] be able to remedy matters somehow; so I've sewn it up and will send it off to them. It will be a pity if they can't manage it, as it's not a bad skin otherwise.

I wrote to Sir Aubrey today about getting permission for Tibet in 1939 for Bartholomew and myself; and to Lander about Bartholomew coming up here in Tony's place. The latter, incidentally, seems to have been playing the dirty to a certain extent. He told the Dudrows that he had to leave me because he couldn't exist on nothing but tinned food, while in point of fact we lived mainly on rice and fresh food the whole time; and when he saw McGuire for (apparently) only 5 minutes in Myitkyina, he made good use of his time by saying that I was terribly secretive, and that I deliberately left the maps behind when we went up the Taron so that I wouldn't know where the Chinese frontier was and could claim that I had crossed it in error. It isn't marked on the maps anyway, but it doesn't seem to have made McGuire any more friendly to me.

Sumprabum. Thursday, December 29th 1938

Cloudy all day. This weather is rather interesting. The Kachin winter solstice began (I think) on the 21st and will last till the 31st. The Kachins call it 'The sun goes away and washes his face', and they explain that that is why it is cloudy and sunless now. There is usually [[Vol 3, p096](#)] rain at this time, though we haven't had any this year yet, and Leyden says that these ten days of cloudy weather never fail to turn up. The soothsayer who prophesied the heavy monsoon of this year, says there will not be much rain in 1939. We went up and had a drink with Captain Thunder this evening.

Sumprabum. Friday, December 30th 1938

Cloudy all day.

No news, apart from the usual game of deck tennis.

Sumprabum. Saturday, December 31st 1938

There was quite a bit of sun about today, so the old thing must have finished washing its face. Everything is packed except my boxes which I will do in the morning. I've had a fearful cold for the last two or three days, but it seems to be improving a little, God be praised. Being New Year's Eve, there was a bonfire at the school – or rather a whole series of them – and Mrs Leyden had promised on our behalf that we would attend. We reviled her during dinner, and tottered down about 11 p.m., being much cheered on the way however, because it was such a glorious night. We went to the Dudrows' house, to find only Miss Bonney keeping watch. Mrs Dudrow and Dorothy (and Donald, needless to say) were improving the [Vol 3, p097] shining hour in sleep. I don't think Dorothy was meant to wake up, actually, but she did and popped out in her pyjamas to join me in the passage. She has adopted me finally now I think. I sent her back sternly for dressing gown and slippers, and then was able to prevail on Mrs Dudrow to let me take her out to watch the fun, wrapped in a blanket. There wasn't much fun really. A chap beat a long drum for some time, accompanied by two or three small boys on cymbals: there were some sporadic outbursts of crackers; an occasional thunderous report as an enthusiastic Kachin fired off his gun; a short dance by the women in which Mrs Leyden and Miss Bonney joined; a couple of hymns; a few prayers; and a sermon in which the preacher begged the congregation not to let their stomachs die on them in the New Year. This, Leyden said, was an idiomatic way of telling them not to start off with too much of a bang. We then roared off to bed.

Tangthu. Sunday, January 1st 1939

A fine, cloudless day.

I have not felt at my best today probably owing to a combination of cold and liver. Whatever it was it was complicated by a letter I got from de Glanville this morning, cursing me for having mentioned slaving as a possible reason for Tibetans coming over the [Vol 3, p098] Diphuk Ha in my brief report to the military in August. Also for not having had the courtesy to send him a copy first. I quite see his point, especially as regards the latter complaint, and I'm damn sorry about it. I didn't send him a copy because it never struck me that he'd want one, foolishly enough. For one thing there was obviously nothing new in what I said, and for another I never imagined it would get any further than the military. He was unfair though when he said he 'now realised it was impossible to persuade me that there was no slaving in his area' because he never mentioned the matter till December, some 3 and a bit months after I'd written the damn thing. And naturally he has persuaded me. He ought to know. He then dealt with what he called a 'more serious matter' saying that he had definitely traced a case of syphilis in a girl in Mahkumgang to Khark Bahadur; that Chakravarty said he was suffering from it; and would I therefore remit Rs 40/- at once as compensation, and be good enough not to bring Khark Bahadur up to Putao again. It didn't seem to me that de Glanville was being fair on K.B. to sentence him without hearing a word in his defence, so I sent him round at once to the M.O. here for an examination as a preliminary. [Vol 3, p099] The answer was that the doctor could find no traces of recent V.D. whatever, though K.B. admitted that he had had it 2 years ago and had been treated for it in the hospital in Sumprabum. I wrote to de Glanville apologising for the slave business, and enclosed the medical report, which ought to settle K.B.'s affair anyway.

It worries me a lot (not less so because I was definitely in the wrong about not letting de Glanville have a copy) because I shall now have de Glanville up against

me and McGuire more so than ever – not to mention a strong probability of the Commissioner as well, who has so far been rather friendly. I only hope to God they don't have me out of the Triangle as a result. I'm very gloomy indeed.

I didn't leave Sumprabum till about 2.30 p.m. The Leydens came with me for about a mile before turning back. It's a very short march of about 5 miles, running through forest the whole way, first along the top of a ridge, and for the last 2 miles or so downhill into the Mali Hka valley. A good path and a good bungalow. Mrs Leyden had nobly presented me with a tin of fresh bacon, and a bottle of beer to cheer me on my arrival. It was flat though, and of little value as a [Vol 3, p100] restorative. I am arriving back in Sumprabum on the 16th so as not to miss the big sacrifices that night. I don't know where I shall put up, but possibly in the Triangle bungalow with de Glanville. If so it looks as if it will be a merry party!

Ningma. Monday, January 2nd 1939

Thick mist in the morning, followed by a cloudless day.

A march of about 6 miles to the Mali Hka over a very good mule-track. There is a bamboo raft ferry here for taking mules, but we all crossed in canoes. The bungalow is on the left bank of the river, which is about 100 yards wide at present, and very sluggish. Seven of the coolies went back this morning, and I paid them As 8/- each. They claimed As 12/- as the rate. Leyden had told me As 8/- for the Triangle; but as this is not yet the Triangle I felt that I might perhaps be doing them down, and gave them a chit asking Leyden to pay the other As 4/-, if necessary, for me.

There is a whole string of Yawyins on the right bank here, washing for gold. I meant to go over and take some photos, but I left it until too late. There will be plenty of other opportunities I expect. I went out this evening with one of the local hunters to

see if there was any game [Vol 3, p101] about, but we only saw 1 jungle hen, and as I was carrying the rifle at the time I didn't get a shot. I searched for it in the jungle for a while, but it had vanished somewhere. Further on it sounded as if there was a sambhur not far off the path. The jungle was pretty thick there and there was no hope of stalking it, so we roosted in the path for some time in case it should come our way. It didn't though, and we moved on again. More coolie trouble this evening. They all said they were going back from here, while the headman maintained (probably quite truly) that there were nothing like enough men here to take their places. I summoned them all to find out what was the matter, and it appeared that they had been told in Sumprabum that they would get As 12/- a day each. I had then told them this morning that I was only giving As 8/-. I made matters right by explaining that it was my rule to pay As 8/- a day, but that, if coolies worked 4 or more days for me at a stretch, then I gave an extra As 4/- a day for the return journey. This satisfied everybody, so all is well again. One of them shot a snake in the river this afternoon with his bow. It's a big Ptyas korros, and so new to the collection. It also seems to be one of the biggest on record (certainly bigger [Vol 3, p102] than any Wall has seen) but Boulenger doesn't give many details as to size, so I may be wrong about that.

Lunghkang Ga. Tuesday, January 3rd 1939

2200'.

Thick mist in the morning, followed by a cloudless day.

A march of about 11½ miles I should think, mostly through forest, and all slightly uphill; but so slightly that it was no effort at all. On the way a barking deer dashed into the jungle from close beside the path (I only heard it) and I went in after it in case it had not gone far. I prowled around for about half an hour with no luck,

though there were many tracks, and when I came out again K.B. told me that a large marten (?) had come out from my side and crossed the path shortly after I went in. It may possibly have been that that I heard, and not a barking deer at all. After that I missed a King crow at easy range 3 times.

We were met about 1½ miles down the path by the headman of this village, who is a good example of the general (though not invariable) rule of ultimogeniture. He is 15 years old only, while his brother is 30.

This morning the man who had carried the big Museum box wanted to go back, and the substitute from Ningma claimed that it was too big for one man to carry. It has been [Vol 3, p103] carried without complaint for 6 months now by Khanungs and Darus, and, though big, it is not particularly heavy. I told him this, but added that, provided they understood that I would only pay a single wage for it, they could take any number of men they liked to it as far as I was concerned. Eventually, 2 got down to it, and on arrival here demanded As 8/- each, refusing to take As 8/- between them. That was nonsense, so I left it on the floor where they had put it; and at last, seeing that their bluff had failed, they came back and took it away.

A man then brought in a mouse, which he had killed with a pellet bow. He showed me how to use it, and, knowing pretty well what would happen, I took a powerful shot at a bamboo. Needless to say it hit my thumb a most almighty crack, and that nail is doomed. A couple of minutes later I had to sit down, as I thought I was going to be sick; and it's still very painful and swollen.

Htingnan. Wednesday, January 4th 1939

A cloudless day.

A march of about 8½ miles over a very good path. I heard some pheasants in the forest close to the road and went in after them. One presently saw me and let fly,

finding to my astonishment that I had shot a pair, male and female. There was a [Vol 3, p104] third there (another hen) but I didn't get a shot at her. Like the one K.B. got at Nogmung, these are Black-breasted Kalij I think. The hens are mottled fawn. I had a poor night last night, as my never-to-be-too-much-accursed thumb worried me a good deal. It's better now though and not throbbing so much by a long way.

About 1 mile from Htingnan we were met by Magwela Duwa (who appears to be one of the big chiefs here, though I haven't yet got down to what he is) and 2 Piatas, who came in with us. The village is pretty scattered but big (of more than 30 large houses – 31 is the exact figure I find); and the Rest House and Doctor's bungalow, with dispensary, are in a grand position on the top of a bare open ridge which gets the sun all day. Htingnan Kum Ja met us when we arrived. He's a tough-looking specimen (but very cheery) with a broad, rather fleshy body and face, and a big mouth, a drooping moustache, and a thin, wispy beard. Like so many of the people I've seen in the Triangle so far, his teeth are just about perfect. Joshi, the SAS, turned up shortly after, in company with the Tanugok, who looks so like the old ADC's brother (whom John and I met first in Shopando, and who later was posted to Shikathan) that I almost took a dislike to him at first sight. He's probably [Vol 3, p105] a very worthy fellow. The Doctor seems to have been finding things a bit lonely here I gather. At least he said three or four times how glad he was that someone had arrived with whom he could talk English! He's not a bad fellow, but I hope that doesn't mean that he's going to drop in at all times.

Htingnan Kum Ja and Magwela Duwa came in and sat down, bringing presents of hens and eggs, and they remained talking for some time, harping back at intervals to the point that they were both short of cartridges! They say there is a large ground-living monkey on the hills about 6 miles away from here, but it doesn't seem

to be the same as the gorilla-like Ga Woi which La Htoi talks of from below Kajihutu. This one definitely goes on all fours and doesn't beat its breast like the other. I must get it though, as I haven't any idea what it is. It will probably turn out to be a common macaque anyway.

The coolies were paid off this evening, and again there was dissension in the ranks – this time from the Tanghtu men who had done 3 days' work. The seven of them claimed that the arrangement made at Ningma was to the effect that 3 days qualified for 12 annas wage. Khark Bahadur said that he'd said what I'd said (and I see no reason why he shouldn't have done) while the Piata seemed [[Vol 3, p106](#)] distressingly vague about the whole thing (though I had told him personally at least twice what the ruling was, at the time); and the 7 coolies all said that 3 days was the time. Accordingly, as there seemed to be some doubt about the matter, I made it clear finally and for the last time, and gave them the extra As 4/- as an act of grace. It's a pity that Piata speaks English. He reminds me too much of David when he's talking, and he's not much more efficient.

Htingnan. Thursday, January 5th 1939

A completely cloudless day. Impossible to see what wind there was, if any.

Htingnan Kum Ja and Magwela Duwa came round this morning, and sat for some time talking. I wish to God I could understand what they said! I'm making big efforts to learn though and I hope to be able to soon. Htingnan Kum Ja showed me his amulets, which he carries round in his bag. The first was the very big (and strangely gnarled) tusk of a boar, a good 9" long. That was quite interesting, but nothing out of the ordinary. The second, however, was a bronze axe head, in fine repair, followed by a bronze arrow head, and what seems to be a small axe head, also in bronze. I've put outlines of them on the first page [see [sketch 4](#)] of this diary.

They are obviously prehistoric, and he says he's got a whole bagful in his house. I couldn't find out much about where [Vol 3, p107] they had been found, for they have apparently been in the family for a very long time. He says (as far as I could gather) that they were dropped from the sky by a nat, and that none have been found in recent years. I'd like to get some, but I should think it will be difficult as they are all looked upon as potent charms. The boar's tusk is a protection in battle, and I think the others are too. He also showed me three polished and very hard stones, which also I couldn't get to the bottom of. The first (about 1" long, smooth but rather irregular in shape) he said came from the root of the tail of what seems to be a dragon. He described it as an immense snake, with teeth some 18" long, a huge mouth, a girth like a barrel, and 3 tails. It had been killed many years ago in the jungle by 2 men, as it was sleeping. There was a stone in its head also, but that had been taken by someone else. The other 2 stones also came from a very big snake, but one which only had a single tail. The stone from its head was a perfect egg shape, about $\frac{3}{4}$ " long, and apparently of agate, black (or very dark) with faint regular lighter bands through it. The other, from its tail, was flat underneath and rounded on top, narrow and perhaps $\frac{1}{2}$ " long, also possibly an agate, but not streaked like the first. Both were highly polished. These three were kept in a small bamboo [Vol 3, p108] box, with yet another charm; this being a hair of a 'Lyep', which K.B. translated as 'Jangli admi', but which seems to me to be some sort of a devil. This also is very old. The 'Lyep' was not killed, but met with in a field many years past. He pulled out this hair, put it on the ground, and told the men who were there to take it and keep it, which they did. Htingnan Kum Ja said that he only has half; but although it was in a coil, like the hair one finds in old locketts, it seemed to be between 2 and 3 feet long, which would mean a very lengthy hair, if that is true. It's a very coarse, brown hair,

and it gave me the impression that it was vegetable. I put on the gramophone for a little, but I don't think they liked it very much; and Htingnan Kum Ja in particular is keen on talking rather than on listening, whether to music or to somebody else.

This afternoon we put up a huge bamboo as a wireless aerial, after much difficulty. It now towers above the bungalow, and I only hope we have no strong wind from the NW or I'm certain it will crash through the roof.

Yonga has gone down with some disease, though I don't think it's much. He has no temperature, and no pulse to speak of, but complains of 'fever' and headache. His tongue is very red, and he has no pains apart from his head. Joshi thinks it may be incipient malaria, [[Vol 3, p109](#)] and though I don't agree with him the Quinine can't do him any harm, until we see what transpires.

Htingnan. Friday, January 6th 1939

Min 48° Max 66°. B (6 a.m.) 26.66, B (8 p.m.) 26.66.

6 a.m. Dry 48° : Wet 44.25°. 8 p.m. Dry 54° : Wet 50°

A cloudless day throughout, with no apparent wind.

I spent nearly the whole of today in writing to Mother, with a small portion of the morning in writing to Parker at the Museum – just a note to go with the list of specimens in Tin No. 3. One of the Piatas brought me a leg of barking deer this morning, for which I gave him 3 cartridges. Yonga seems to be much the same today (or perhaps slightly better); but Lhakpa has now gone down with congestion of the lungs, which is likely to lead to pneumonia. The doctor says both lungs are badly affected. I put on Antiphlogistine on his back this afternoon, and Joshi sent over some pneumonia mixture. He's on a soft diet, and we'll see how he is tomorrow.

Htingnan Kum Ja came in this evening specially to listen in on the wireless. I was able to get him England, Russia, Germany, Siam, China, India and Rangoon,

and he was delighted – especially with Rangoon, as he can understand Burmese. I got a note too from Leyden today. I must have misunderstood him when I thought he said As 8/- was the daily rate [[Vol 3, p110](#)] in the Triangle, with no return fare. The extra As 4/- is paid on all occasions except when the march is so short that they can get back to their own village comfortably the same day. I therefore owe the coolies from Ningma and Lunghkang Ga something, which I shall pay on my way down again.

One queer thing about Joshi is that I have never seen him take anybody's temperature yet, and yet the two patients I have taken along personally suffer from suspected malaria and pneumonia. Very mysterious. He has a thermometer too, standing on his desk in a pot of disinfectant; but perhaps it's broken and he doesn't like to admit the fact.

Htingnan. Saturday, January 7th 1939

Min 47° Max 66°. B (6 a.m.) 26.67, B (6 p.m.) 26.61.

6 a.m. Dry 47° : Wet 43.25°. 6 p.m. Dry 57° : Wet 49.5°

A completely cloudless day, so that it was impossible to say what the wind was, if any. There was a light variable ground wind throughout.

I finished the letter to Mother and went through some of the seeings this morning; and then over to Htingnan Kum Ja's house to get some idea of what a real Chingpaw mansion was like inside. I still don't know much about it, but at least more than I did. The house is about 50 yards long and 10 yards wide, divided up as in the diagram, which is not to scale, as I did it by eye only.

[[Vol 3, p111](#)]

[see [sketch 5](#)]

F, Front porch; W, women's room; NA, nat altar to the Madai nat. D, Duwa's room; S, his son's room, apparently when married. I don't know where they sleep before that; G, guests; B, back porch; xxx, fixes, of which he has 13.

In the front porch there are several carved and painted posts, which I couldn't understand the purpose of. I must ask Leyden about them when I see him. It's quite safe to ask him anything about Kachin customs and beliefs. He's got them all at his fingertips. I didn't like to examine the nat altar too closely, so I don't know what was on it apart from 10 or a dozen tabular silver pots, about an inch in diameter and 9 inches high, which held water and which were covered with twisted leaves of some sort in the form of candle snuffers. It is the roof (of bamboo leaves) which is the most permanent part of these houses. Thoroughly smoked inside, and weathered outside, they apparently settle down to last for ever; and Htingnan Kum Ja says that when a house is being replaced, it is the old roof which is put on the new building – carried across in sections. [[Vol 3, p112](#)] He says a well-built house will last 50 or 60 years easily; an ordinary one about 30 years; and a flimsy affair like the Rest House here, perhaps 8 to 10 years. This means, of course, with frequent repairs to the floor and walls – but those are small matters. What eventually ruins a house is the decay of that part of the uprights which is in the ground. In the Rest House these are not more than about 6" in diameter; in Htingnan Kum Ja's house the main ones are about 18" across; and Leyden has seen some no less than 5' through. Up to a few years ago H.K.J.'s house was about 100 yards in length, with pillars like this last, and 60 men used to sleep in it as his retainers. After the country was taken over by the British, he had only about 30, which left half the house empty; and enemies took advantage of this one night to creep down to the village and set the vacant end on fire. The whole house went up in flames, and the present one is rather a makeshift. When his sons

grow up and need more room another big house will be built like the original. In front of the house are 12 or 13 sacrificial crosses like this – see sketch 6 – standing 10 or 12 feet high, and called Nga Nda. The buffaloes are tied to these for spearing. There are 6 small altars, perched on poles, for assorted nats; and one very much higher one, [[Vol 3, p113](#)] to the Sun nat (called Jan Hkindri) which is a good 20 feet off the ground – a little square platform on four tall bamboos. Above it there is hanging a thing like a bow, with a representation of the quarter moon tied on, like this [[see sketch 6](#)]. I don't know (and couldn't make out) what the 'bow' is meant to be, or why the moon should dangle from it. That is another of the things I must ask Leyden. Under the eaves of the house, on the guest side, are stacked the manan posts. I stopped there about half an hour all told, and Htingnan Kum Ja showed me his treasures, including a pair of Zeiss binoculars presented by the Government; a Webley .38 automatic; an elephant tusk given as a present by some other chief; and several flint-lock muskets, one of which was a genuine Tower Musket of the time of George IV.

When I came back the Tanugok had brought in a male barking deer which he had shot this morning, so that it could be properly skinned. We did that and he presented me with about half the meat, so I gave him 5 cartridges in exchange for that, the skin and the skull. I then started the Taron Route Report, and at 3.30 p.m. I went out with the Tanugok to see if we could get another barking deer. We wandered through the jungle for some time, not standing very much chance because it was all so dry, and there were so many dead leaves, that it was impossible [[Vol 3, p114](#)] to move quietly. At last we went a couple of miles up the path to a salt spring, where we sat in a tiny hide to await events. The only thing to turn up was a Chingpaw hunter, who told us that sambhur occasionally came to the spring, but not, as a rule, before

midnight. It was likely to be cold, and I was quite hungry, so we left him in possession and came back. A barking deer rushed off through the bushes close to the road, but we never saw it. I shall spend the night in the hide tomorrow, taking a blanket with me and some sandwiches.

The Tanugok is a Christian. With my very limited experience, it seems to me that you can always recognise a Kachin convert by the fact that he wears large unlaced boots (rubber or otherwise) with short socks or bare legs. The boots make him walk flat-footed, and they look strangely grim wagging up and down under his skirt.

Lhakpa says he feels a bit better today. This morning his temperature was 102°, pulse 106; respiration 33.

Htingnan. Sunday, January 8th 1939

Min 46° Max 63°. B (6 a.m.) 26.66, B (6 p.m.) -

6 a.m. Dry 48° : Wet 41°.

An entirely cloudless day. Impossible to see what wind there was, if any.

There was a light variable ground wind throughout the day, force 1-3.

Not much today, except that I wrote to Bill and to Erik [[Vol 3, p115](#)] and Elsa, as the Tanugok is going to Sumprabum tomorrow and can take any mail there is. I haven't much. One for Mother, one for H.W. Parker, one for Bill, one for Erik, and a note to Leyden which I shall write tomorrow. I am just off down the road to the salt spring, with a blanket and a packet of sandwiches. I have a feeling that the moon is wrong; though you would expect the Chingpaws to know about that, and the fact that a hunter was sitting up last night would seem to show that it must be all right. I think I have heard that takin come to salt springs on a waxing moon towards the full; and the moon is now well on the wane.

Lhakpa is getting better, thank God. His right lung is all right, and his respiration is down to 25, pulse 106.

Htingnan. Monday, January 9th 1939

An entirely cloudless day, with no apparent wind; but a variable ground wind, force 1-2.

I got to the hide last night at about 6.30 p.m. and installed myself quite comfortably with a blanket on the floor and a log for a pillow. It was just long enough for me to lie out in, and high enough to sit in without hitting my head on the roof; and there was a slit in front (well-shielded with banana leaves) which covered the salt spring from a distance of about ten yards. The wind was all right, but not a thing turned up. I was quite happy though, except that my feet were a bit cold. I slept most of the time, waking up about every half or three quarters of [Vol 3, p116] an hour to see if anything was doing. The moonlight was nearly as bright as day, so that anything larger than a mouse would have shown up; but the only sign of life was the sweet, sad call of some night bird which stayed close to the hide all the time, and cried every few minutes.

I got back here about 7.30 a.m.; had a shave and breakfast; and then settled down to work on the Taron Route Report. I just dashed off a note to Leyden first which duly went away with the other letters. The Report kept me going till 7 p.m., when I knocked off for the night. Lhakpa is still getting along, but I've unfortunately run out of Antiphlogistine, and had to makeshift tonight with a hot water bottle. I must see if Joshi has any more.

Htingnan. Tuesday, January 10th 1939

Min 50° Max 69°. B (6 a.m.) 26.75, B (6 p.m.) 26.67.

6 a.m. Dry 51° : Wet 44°.

An entirely cloudless day, with no apparent wind. A light variable ground wind throughout, force 1-2.

Practically nothing today, apart from labelling birds and animals in the morning, and going round to the doctor to ask whether Lhakpa needed more Antiphlogistine. He doesn't, apparently, and the hot water bottle is good enough. He's getting on quite well, though there is still some pain in the left lung.

[[Vol 3, p117](#)]

Htingnan. Wednesday, January 11th 1939

Min 50° Max 62°. B (6 a.m.) 26.72.

6 a.m. Dry 53° : Wet 44°.

At 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with a uniform layer of dense stratus cloud; wind NE 1. About 10 a.m. nimbus cloud began to come over, and by 2 p.m. the sky was entirely covered with nimbus, although no rain was reaching the ground. At 3.30 p.m. a few drops of rain began to fall. At 4.15 p.m. the ground wind rose suddenly from N 1 to N 5-6, and light rain began. At 4.27 p.m. the wind dropped as suddenly to N 1 again; rising as before to N 5-6 between 6.30 p.m. and 6.45 p.m., and then once more dropping to N 1. The upper wind appeared to be constant. About 6.30 p.m. the nimbus cloud began to pass off. The rain stopped at 7.45 p.m. The night is wholly cloudy – apparently stratus but it is difficult to see.

I spent most of today on the Taron Route Report, after a short visit to the doctor to ask whether Lhakpa could now begin solid food. A big langur was brought in – the first we have had, and several more birds. Lewa shot one with the .410, too. He seems to be the only one of us who can hit anything with that damn weapon, and I must arrange for more cartridges to be sent up. We've got lots, in point of fact, but I had given up hope of there ever being any use and left them all in Pangnamdim.

They [[Vol 3, p118](#)] certainly aren't much use there! I mended a couple of connections in the wireless this morning, but one of them can't have been very well done because it came adrift this evening. I'll do it again tomorrow. Lhakpa is getting on slowly.

Htingnan. Thursday, January 12th 1939

B (6 a.m.) 26.74.

6 a.m. Dry 52.5° : Wet 48.5°.

At 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with moderate stratus cloud; wind NW 1. By 8 a.m. the sky was cloudless; wind NW 1. Conditions then remained unchanged throughout the day.

I spent the whole of today, until 6 p.m. or thereabouts, on the Taron Route Report. Just as it grew too dark to see, Joshi came in for a chat and stayed till about 7. We talked earnestly on a lot more subjects such as reincarnation, dreams, and possession by spirits. He was interesting about the latter, as he had apparently come across several instances himself. Otherwise no news except that there was a great outbreak of gun-firing and bamboo-beating from beyond the village this afternoon, accompanied by yelling, to do with the funeral rites of a woman who committed suicide by poison about 20 days ago. The din was to discourage her spirit from returning to the village and causing trouble there, as far as I could gather. She was cremated; I imagine owing to her having taken her own life, as [[Vol 3, p119](#)] burial seems to be the rule in this district to judge by the suspended coffins by the side of the main road.

Lunghkang Ga. Friday, January 13th 1939

A cloudless day throughout, with no apparent wind.

The coolies left early this morning, and I stayed on till about 8.30 a.m., doing nothing in particular. Just as I was going Joshi came out to say goodbye, and it transpired that he was out of reading matter, so I went back and got out 'Kai Lung Unrolls his Mat' as being the only thing there was available. I think he's probably too literal minded to appreciate it though. I'm only taking 7 coolies to Sumprabum, and leaving the bulk of the baggage, Nyima, Kyipa and Lhakpa behind. Just beyond the village the path was 'blocked' by a bunch of reeds, with a small log across it in front, and in front of that a whetstone. Leading into the reeds, from the village side, was a bamboo strip bent into a V; and a couple of yards in front, and a little to the left, was the headless body of a fowl. Like this [see [sketch 7](#)]. X marks the body!

This was also designed to defeat the spirit of the suicide, and the fowl was to give it food; but I must ask Leyden the meaning of everything in the collection. Nothing else of interest on the road. A lot of birds were brought in [[Vol 3, p120](#)] soon after we arrived, including two hornbills, one of which I returned as the hunter wanted Rs 1/- for it! A Pseudoxenodon macrops, and a Trimeresurus monticola, neither of which I could keep because I've left the snake boxes behind; and a squirrel. The headman gave me a salaami of a boar's tusk, which, he said, had been carried in battle in the old days as a talisman – but it looks to me more as though it had been sewn onto a Dumsa's hat. He also produced a small stone axe which I bought. Apart from saying that it was the work of nats, and that it had been in the family for very many years, he could give no information about it. I'm glad I've got one, though I want many more; and the next thing now is one of the bronze ones.

Soon after the coolies came in I got down to work again on the Route Report, and brought it up almost to Tamagar. I don't think I stand a chance of finishing it

before we reach Sumprabum, but it would be grand if I could. There was a barking deer very close to the camp this evening at about 5.30 p.m.

Ningma. Saturday, January 14th 1939

A cloudless day throughout, with no apparent wind.

Altogether an uneventful day, except that I wasted some 20 minutes on the march stalking a macaque which was up a tree, calling, in some thick jungle. The trouble was that I didn't know what tree it was [[Vol 3, p121](#)] in once I had started after it, because I couldn't see up anywhere very far on account of the bamboos, and because it had obviously heard me and fallen into a suspicious silence. Finally I was just giving up in despair when it decided to move to a healthier neighbourhood, making off with a great swaying of branches and rustling of leaves. I did see it then, through a gap in the undergrowth; but only for a second, not long enough to draw a bead on it. I spent the rest of the day in going on with the Taron Route Report.

Tanghku. Sunday, January 15th 1939

Thick mist this morning at the bottom of the valley, up to some 1200' above the river. Clear by 11.30 a.m., after which it was a cloudless and apparently windless day.

An uneventful march. When I got here a fine male barking deer was brought in by the son of the headman of Nhkaw Bum, who is on his way to the manan with a collection of dependants, wives and daughters. It had been shot quite close to the Tanghku this morning. I bought it, flesh and all, for Rs 4/-, and I will give the corpse to the Leydens tomorrow to help them out with their catering on the 18th and 19th. It ought to keep all right, I think, as the weather [[Vol 3, p122](#)] isn't particularly hot yet. The hunter says that near Nhkaw Bum there are some of the very small barking deer which Leyden has heard of. They appear to be about the size of a mouse deer, and

to be a bright chestnut all over; and they bark, but with considerably less volume than the ordinary kind. I have told him I shall come over to his place from Htingnan when I get back there, to have a try for one. I think they must be altogether new to science. The headman of Nhkaw Bum and his elders sat and chatted for a while; and in the evening his female attendants (to the number of 9) paid me a visit and sat down on the verandah floor. They brought a present of a live bamboo partridge, a dead porcupine (rather small and young), a lump of dried and rock-like tiger's milk, and a little packet of [???]. I gave them Rs 3/- and my blessing. This tiger milk is a potent medicine for women whose own supply of milk is scanty or running short. The block (which is smoked dark brown) is scraped off a bit, and the scrapings mixed into a paste with water. This is applied to the breasts of the woman, and is said to be a certain remedy. But why give it to me? Some live doves were brought in too (about 4 of them), which had been stoned in the fields.

[Vol 3, p123]

Sumprabum. Monday, January 16th 1939

Mist in the early morning, up to about 1200' above the Mali Hka. The remainder of the day was cloudless, with a westerly wind, force 1.

I left Tanghku shortly after 7 a.m. and pushed along a bit, leaving K.B. and the Piata (from Htingnan) behind, and reaching the Leydens' house at 9.30. Miss Bonney, Thunder, and Hashim Bhoy were there but they soon pushed off and I stopped for breakfast. As usual the Leydens were in great form. After that I went down to the Triangle bungalow which I am sharing with de Glanville and Nihal Chaud. De Glanville seems to bear no malice about this slavery business, which is a weight off my mind; but he is still convinced that K.B. is responsible for giving gonorrhoea not only to the original girl from Mahkumgang, but to 5 others now, and

this in spite of the medical certificate I sent him. I can't see what possible grounds he has for saying this under the circumstances; but he is an abysmally stupid man, though quite pleasant, and it is a waste of time to argue with him. I shall just quietly let the matter drop.

In the afternoon we went up to see some buffaloes sacrificed to the various lesser nats who have to be [Vol 3, p124] propitiated and cleared away from the scene of manan before the Madai nat can come. The Madai nat is the nat of the Duwa's. Only a Duwa, who is also the holder of the ground, can give a manan; and even then no manan can be held without the presence of the Madai nat, who is, incidentally, the one nat who never does any harm to anybody. The Madai nat will not come if there is any other nat anywhere near the place; and hence the need for numerous sacrifices and the building of many altars. The worst nat of the lot is the Marawng nat, that of jealousy, because if he gets into the manan at any time (or if he arrives anywhere) there is certain to be a fight, or some kind of bad trouble, and that will bitterly offend the Madai nat.

On the slope of the hill near Leyden's house there were 10 or 12 small altars raised on bamboos, and half a dozen sacrificial crosses. 4 of these were occupied this afternoon, by 2 buffaloes and 2 cows, tied firmly by the heads, panting feverishly. In front of each sacrifice a dumsa was squatting, (indistinguishable from the rest of the men as far as clothes and general appearance went), holding the bamboo strips for dirming in his hand, and reciting the appropriate words to the nat, to bring to his attention that the [Vol 3, p125] sacrifice was being specially made for him. There was quite a crowd all round, sitting about and taking matters very easily; some drinking, some eating, some chatting, and a few taking a hurried nap. After a long time the dumsas turned towards the beasts, murmured a little more, and

scattered a little salt and rice over them. That finished their part in the business, and it was then time for the killing. There was no rule or regulation about this, for anyone can do the actual slaughtering, and, as far as I could see, more or less when they feel like it, within any reasonable time. The job is generally, though not always, done with a spear. Sometimes with a dah. De Glanville and I wanted pictures, and chose the Lama (sky) nat's buffalo, which was to be bumped off by Ma Gwila. He was as tight as a tick, but thoroughly enjoying himself. He took about six prods at the wretched beast, and it fell twice before the job was done, while the one next door was finished with one thrust. The buffaloes were then skinned and cut up, and the meat distributed. There is no dancing yet, because until the Madai nat turns up the manan isn't open. He will be brought from his home in the north Triangle sometime tomorrow night.

[[Vol 3, p126](#)]

Sumprabum. Tuesday, January 17th 1939

I went round to breakfast with the Dudrows today at 10.30 a.m. and stayed on till about 6 p.m., being entertained by Dorothy. We spent most of the time, she and I, in catching up with her homework in Geography and Arithmetic, and part of the evening in my reading to her from some books she got for Christmas. I enjoyed myself, and she only allowed me to leave on condition I promised to come again, so I can't have been as boring as I generally feel I am. Drinks with the Leydens, and after dinner we all went up to the Jaiwa house, behind the manan ring, to watch the Jaiwas starting to bring the Madai nat along. There were 2 Jaiwas actively engaged in this – one an old man of at least 60 (by his appearance), the other perhaps 40 – both wearing old brocade robes and cane hats with tall crests of drongs and immensely long pheasant (?) feathers from China. Soon after we turned up, a

collection of men (no women are allowed to help with this), who were mainly Duwas, began to dance to the Jaiwas; and, still dancing, they escorted them round the manan ring and into the Jaiwa house. There were several fireplaces in this house, one for each of the main Kachin tribes; and, on the left-hand side as one came in, was the altar for the Madai [Vol 3, p127] nat, built over a small fireplace. Only Duwas are allowed to touch or make this altar or the fire beneath it. There were groups of people round the other fireplaces, and when the Jaiwas came in they were given cane stools in front of the altar, while most of the Duwas squatted on the other 3 sides. These Jaiwas have a pretty fair ordeal in front of them, because they have to be on the job, without sleeping, for as long as the Madai nat is here – that is to say until the morning of the 20th. The theory of this fetching of the nat is that the Jaiwas protect their spirits to its home in the north Triangle, going mentally over every step of the road. When they arrive they reason with the nat, telling it (with small regard for the truth), not only that the site for the manan is in every way desirable, but that there is no one present who is not rich, happy, and on terms of the greatest friendship with everyone else; for the Madai nat will not come unless he can be persuaded of all this. [In passing, I might remark that last night Leyden had to go down and extract promises from two large parties of Kachins, that they would not start any funny business against each other. Both had come armed to the teeth in the deepest distrust of the other's intentions!] It was the old man who was doing most of the work. The other seemed to be more of a support [Vol 3, p128] than anything else. After two invocations – one on behalf of the Duwas, given by the chief Jaiwa; and one on behalf of the Government and European present, by the other – the old man mixed water and spirits together and poured them onto the edge of the fireplace. He then seemed to fall into a kind of a semi-coma, as he started his journey, keeping up a

low-voiced description of where he was the whole time, and rocking gently backwards and forwards. People listened or not, as pleased them best, or carried on conversations of their own, and this is no more than logic. After all, they know that they can't help the Jaiwa in his job. If the Madai nat comes there will be a manan; if he doesn't there won't; and in any case it's no good worrying until they know one way or the other. The hut was fairly well lit with a Petromax, but the atmosphere was pretty heavy with smoke and tobacco fumes. The Madai nat is expected about dawn. We stopped there about half an hour or so before leaving them to their own devices. One of the chiefs who came in with the Jaiwas was Shadan Du, chief of the Shadan tract in the Central Triangle. He has a fine-cut, ascetic face, and, with his prominent nose and cheekbones, he looks very like an American Indian of the better sort. Leyden says he's one of the finest men he's ever met, and that he's almost [[Vol 3, p129](#)] worshipped by his people. At the time of the trouble he was arrested (quite wrongly), handcuffed, and marched back under a guard of 50 soldiers. He slipped his handcuffs in the night, escaped from the escort, and was 'wanted' for 3 years, living in his own hills, where not a soul would breathe a word about his whereabouts, in spite of the Government reward. He finally gave himself up, and was pardoned. Leyden says he looks after his people in the best possible way, and as an instance he quoted the case of one of his men who wanted to leave the tract and settle on the Myitkyina Road. The system under the Duwas is rather feudal, and, normally, if a man wants to go, he has to get his chief's leave and pay a very considerable compensation of something like 3 buffaloes and a considerable number of smaller presents. This man went to Shadan Du, and said he wanted to go, but that he couldn't pay his compensation at that time: could he pay later. Shadan Du said he didn't want any payment at all. All he would like would be for the man to promise that

he would put up any men from the tract going to or from Myitkyina, in his new house, so that they would have a friend on the road. I don't think you'd get that sort of spirit among many feudal barons.

[[Vol 3, p130](#)]

Sumprabum. Wednesday, January 18th 1939

All is well! The Madai nat agreed to come, and his port has been set up in the middle of the Manan ring, with 2 beams at the foot representing the legs and feet of the big yellow and black hornbill, which are his legs – that being his bird. The Counsellor, Sir Walter Booth-Gravelly; the Commissioner, McDougal (?); the Deputy Commissioner, R.E. McGuire; and Major Stubbs, the Battalion Commandant, arrived this morning by car, and were met by most of the Kachins, firing guns, and by all the Europeans in the station except Mrs Dudrow and myself – we having no official position. At 12 we were all in the Dunbar Hall waiting for the presentation of the chiefs, which was due to start then; but it was almost 12.45 before the Counsellor and bunch turned up, they having been late in arriving. Everyone stood up, of course, as they came in, and the four I've mentioned went up on to the platform and sat down. Leyden then asked permission to introduce his men, who came up one by one to in front of the platform where Sir Walter was standing. They gravely saluted each other after the name had been read out, and the chief passed round and back to his seat again while another came up. It all went without a hitch, at the rate of about 4 to [[Vol 3, p131](#)] the minute, although some of them were well-bottled, to put it very mildly. There was a great variety of garments. Some were in once-gorgeous brocade robes; some in ordinary Kachin clothes; and a few in ancient European jackets or great coats. After the Triangle had been done and the Sumprabum area,

de Glanville introduced his people; and it was fun to see one or two well-known faces from the Nam Tamai, including A. Druk from Meting.

That over, we went back to lunch, and in the afternoon we all had interviews with Sir Walter. The Leydens and de Glanville had met him before, and had said that he was a terror, but, to my surprise, he couldn't have been nicer, and the Judge said later that he had completely changed. There has been no trouble at all about my going up the Taron, and no trouble either about these cases of gonorrhoea, although de Glanville had definitely reported them as being due to Khark Bahadur. I had a chat with McDougal and McGuire too. I don't like McGuire much, though he was very pleasant. He's altogether too smooth and smiling for my taste. Then, in the evening, we turned up to the manan. neither of us having danced Kachin-fashion before, de Glanville and I took lessons in the afternoon from his servants, and in the evening we had in 4 girls to [Vol 3, p132] continue the course. It's energetic and very hard to describe; full of rhythm; and you have to be very supple all over. The first dance was for the Counsellor, so he had to perform too, and we all did our stuff in his honour. Then for the Commissioner; then the D.C.; and finally for Leyden; after which it was more or less open to all and went on without a break. The music was provided by several long drums, a couple of pairs of cymbals, and one reed pipe; and you can begin or stop just when you feel like it. I was so bitten with it that I carried on till 1 a.m. at frequent intervals; but the official party went home about 11.30. Ma Gwila was the shining light, and when possible I tagged on behind him. The dancing stopped about 1 a.m. as the noise was keeping the Counsellor awake, but tomorrow night it will be non-stop. There was a display of sword-dancing for the Counsellor in the middle of the show, together with spear-work, and a quarter-staff bout, and Chinese pike drill by one of the muleteers (?). The sword dance is nothing like the

Scottish one, but real stuff done with a dah in each hand. The swords flash round and round, passing up and down the man's back, front and sides, and now and then he breaks into a mock fight, guarding with one and cutting with the other.

[[Vol 3, p133](#)]

Sumprabum. Thursday, January 19th 1939

The Counsellor and co. went back today after lunch, having inspected the hospital and the signal station and had what I gather was a stormy interview with the Triangle chiefs. We turned up to see them off, and after they had gone I tried to get some pictures of the people, dancing; but I don't think they'll be much good. There was an awful lot of dust for one thing; and, for another, it was almost impossible to get more than about 2 people in focus at the same time. Otherwise not much. A drink with the Leydens after an energetic game of deck tennis. No more dancing for me (or only a very little) but it's going on all night.

Sumprabum. Friday, January 20th 1939

Mail day, and I heard from Bartholomew, who wrote a very cheery letter saying that he would be arriving in Rangoon on February 21st in the Bibby Line 'Emmendine', and would reach Myitkyina on the 24th. We all (except Mrs Dudrow and Miss Bonney) had breakfast with Hashim Bhoj. The two non-arrivals had to stop at home because Donald is not very fit. It was a large meal, and after it was over I got down to the report again. In the evening deck tennis and drinks with the Leydens.

Sumprabum. Saturday, January 21st 1939

I have decided to stay here until Tuesday next, as I've [[Vol 3, p134](#)] got to get on with the report and this is as good a place to do it in as any. Two copies of 'Salween' came, one being for the Doctor and one for me – but as I'd forgotten to order one for de Glanville (who, being Eurasian, would probably take it as a slight) I

gave him mine, and now have none at all. I'd like to read it too! Deck tennis again and drinks with the Judge.

Sumprabum. Sunday, January 22nd 1939

De Glanville left today for a tour round the Konglu area. His mules went via Machega to Hpungim Hka, and he finally took the shortcut there himself on foot. I say finally because he havered and wavered about which way he should go for a couple of days, apparently unwilling to take the shortcut because it's steep (though all downhill) and yet anxious to do so because it really is short – about 8 miles I believe. So it's only the Doctor and I now in the bungalow. More work on the report, followed by deck tennis and drinks as usual.

Sumprabum. Monday, January 23rd 1939

The Doctor pushed off this morning, and after he'd gone I went to the Dudrows for breakfast to carry out my promise to Dorothy. We spent the day together till 4.30, eagerly engaged in drawing and in making a [Vol 3, p135] bonfire in the garden. At 4.30 I came back to play deck tennis as usual, and after that drinks with the Leydens. I've decided to go down to Myitkyina to meet Bartholomew. I can come in here with Leyden when he comes back from tour on the 20th February, and then it will give me an opportunity to go to the Babu dentist down there as well.

Tanghku. Tuesday, January 24th 1939

I meant to spend most of the day typing out the report, but I breakfasted with the Leydens and I didn't seem to get away till after ten. Then I had to go down to the school to say goodbye to Miss Bonney, and it was actually after 4.30 when Khark Bahadur and I set out. We finished the last two miles or more in pitch darkness, and I was heartily thankful the path was good, as we hadn't a light. In the cleared patches it wasn't so bad, because there we could just pick it out; but in the jungle there wasn't

even a scrap of light (except when we came on an encampment of 4 Yawyins on the path itself) and then it was more or less luck. Leyden and McGuire are arriving in Htingnan on the 29th.

No excitements today. I have left Chetuk behind, apprenticed to the Leydens' cook, to pick up some tips; and I will pick him up on February 28th.

Ningma. Wednesday, January 25th 1939

An uneventful march. Here they are putting up a [[Vol 3, p136](#)] small hut beside the Rest House for McGuire, as the chances are that Mrs Leyden will be coming along too. I went out this afternoon with Sin Ji, the Tanugok of the northern Triangle who lives in Htingnan, to see if we could get a barking deer. It was a fatal thing to do on account of his ghastly canvas boots, which flapped and clattered at every step, so that naturally we saw nothing. Otherwise I spent the day on the report.

Lunghkang Ga. Thursday, January 26th 1939

Nothing much doing on the march except that I shot a couple of birds on the way, and missed a couple more. Several hornbills were brought in here, and now I come to think of it there was a small excitement on the way. Passing a village I saw a clouded leopard skin on a frame by the path, with several Kachins hopefully standing by. It must have been a good skin, but it had been shot 4 days before and since then nothing had been done; so it was more than doubtful as to whether I could save it. I said I'd give them Rs 3/- on spec, and a further Rs 2/- if I could manage to make anything of it. By the time I arrived here, though, it was past hope, and I gave the remnants to Khark Bahadur. A pity. There seems to be some grim fate against my [[Vol 3, p137](#)] getting a clouded leopard skin. The one at Renan was in much the same state, only a bit worse.

Htingnan. Friday, January 27th 1939

I had about 5 shots at birds on the march today, and missed all but one. I wish to God I could use a shotgun. I think it's probably more mental than anything else, but that's not much comfort. If the effect of an inferiority complex is as bad as all that, it might just as well be some physical incapacity.

Lhakpa is now perfectly fit, and he, Kyipa and Nyima all met me beaming at the top of the hill. Joshi was pleased too, I think, because he is not a type which can be really content without company. I shall move out of here and sleep in his house on the 29th, and this evening we had a considerable packing (especially of specimens) to get the place cleared out.

Htingnan. Saturday, January 28th 1939

The people here are doing well with specimens, and today there was a stream of bats, spiders, birds and snakes – not to mention some field mice – which kept K.B. and me busy the whole time. In fact, I haven't had a minute to get on with that damned report since I got here, let alone get out after the small barking deer (there are two, as a [Vol 3, p138] matter of fact. The Lagoi Chihkyi, which is the smallest of the lot (about the size of a hare), and the Pohkaw Chihkyi, which is rather bigger) or the serow which is now hanging around within about a mile of this place. The small hut for McGuire was finished tonight.

Htingnan. Sunday, January 29th 1939

Leyden and McGuire arrived about 9.30 this morning, without Mrs Leyden, so I have moved from Joshi's place to the little hut, while the two of them are in the Rest House. We got everything cleared out this morning, and the place spring-cleaned, so that there was no shame when they arrived. It was fun seeing Leyden again, and not quite so much seeing McGuire. This evening McGuire, the Chief Clerk, Dr Bedia and

I played deck tennis, and after that we joined Leyden who, with some of the sepoys, was playing that Burmese game where you have a ring of people, with one in the centre, and all kicking a cane ball, so as to keep it in the air. I don't know the name, but it's a very good game. In fact, one of the best I've struck. I got the news for them on the wireless, and dined with them. Drinks were on me, I having borrowed gin, whiskey and bitters and vermouth from the Judge when I went to Sumprabum for the [Vol 3, p139] manan, and not having used them. Leyden says Chetuk is doing so well that once, when he did the dinner, there was no apparent difference between his work and that of the regular cook. The Government money has arrived in Rangoon from India, but it has shrunk from Rs 3000/- to Rs 2000/-!

Htingnan. Monday, January 30th 1939

There was a big excitement last night. About 1.30 a.m. I woke up to hear shouting and banging, and to see a strange light through the sides of my bungalow. It took me a little time to wake, and at first I thought the banging was guns, and that the Post was being attacked. I got out of bed, with a curse, and by the time I was up I realised that there was no attack, but that something was on fire. I went out, and it was Htingnan Kum Ja's house blazing. Leyden was watching from his window, and I went round to join him. The flames were roaring up 60' above the roof and there was no hope of saving the place, which had been lit (by a gunpowder bomb) from this end only. There was a most ghastly sight when suddenly a pig rushed out through the fire, screaming with agony, the whole of its back literally in flames. It fled, like a living torch, down the side of the hill and out of sight; but its yells suddenly stopped, and it must have died. The general impression was that the [Vol 3, p140] house had been fired by men from the Wa Ndu tract, which Htingnan Kum Ja has been trying to annexe by the simple means of burying their Duwas – he's done 7 of them – but, as

Leyden said, if they'd been going to do it, they'd have done it properly, from both ends and with a posse waiting to shoot down the inmates as they came out. He thinks it is merely another warning, and that Kum Ja's hours are more surely numbered than before. The heat of the fire was so great that I saw a small hut, some 30 yards away from the house, catch fire spontaneously; and the main posts were smouldering all today. Kum Ja was in tears this morning; more, as Leyden says, because his nerve has now gone, than because of the loss of his house. This morning he, McGuire and I went up to the helio station, and Leyden took a photo of the Post with the smouldering ruins beyond. Like a fool I hadn't brought my camera, and I missed a great opportunity. The whole village was hard at work cutting bamboo today to build a new house. The rule is that the man for whom the house is being built has to provide food and opium for the others while they are working for him.

More deck tennis and more 'ball game' this evening, followed by dinner in the Rest House. A new snake was brought [[Vol 3, p141](#)] in today, which I thought at first was some kind of [???]. It isn't though, and I can't place it at all, so I'm full of hope that it may be a new genus. And this evening Mary Ann arrived – a very small bear – who is taking Maria's place in my affections. She is about 5 weeks old, I gather, or perhaps only a month. I'm not sure yet whether she's Himalayan or Malay, but I think the former. The V on her chest is certainly white at present, but it goes cream when wet, hence my doubt.

Htingnan. Tuesday, January 31st 1939

Leyden and McGuire pushed off early this morning (about 7) while I was giving Mary Ann her breakfast; and shortly afterwards I moved in to the Rest House again. A very full day with snakes and frogs, and still I've had no time to get out or get on with the Report.

Htingnan. Wednesday, February 1st 1939

I sent off a few letters today by runner, and apart from that the whole time was taken up with doing snakes, frogs, and labelling birds and mammals. Joshi came to dinner this evening, and we had an Indian vegetarian meal which was very good, but very filling. It was odd to eat with one's fingers. I gather his cook gave advice about the preparation of the meal. Mary Ann is doing very well, but [Vol 3, p142] her stomach seems to be deranged. She drinks a full tin of milk every day, and yells when she's hungry just like a baby.

Htingnan. Thursday, February 2nd 1939

No news. I was working in the bungalow all day. Mary Ann needs a lot of petting and being played with, or she feels neglected and moans. But her claws are about 1" long already, and I had to smack her tonight when she nearly removed my scalp! Her tummy seems to be a little better, though it still leaves a good deal to be desired. I'm also collecting a puppy from the Judge when I get back. It's partly spaniel, but more than that I can't say! A bitch, I shall call it Susan.

Htingnan. Friday, February 3rd 1939

Min 49.5° Max 68°. B (6 a.m.) 26.62, B (6 p.m.) 26.

6 a.m. Dry 50° : Wet 45.5°.

From 7.30 a.m. till 2.30 p.m. I was hard at it sewing up countless snakes and frogs, with two short intervals for feeding Mary Ann. I also cut her claws, to her intense gloom; but she soon cheered up, and it's made a big difference to handling her. She's an affectionate creature. Then at 2.30 I went out to try and find the waterfall where the serow are said to be. I failed, and spent some time in the jungle up the side of the valley in hopes of a gyi or a [Vol 3, p143] sambhur. I didn't see a thing. Joshi came in for a chat after I got back; and tonight Yonga asked for 3 weeks'

leave to visit his home. That's all right, and he can go tomorrow, getting back here on the 30th, when Bartholomew and I will probably arrive from Sumprabum.

Htingnan. Saturday, February 4th 1939

Min 49.5° Max 70°. B (6 a.m.) 26.64.

6 a.m. Dry 50° : Wet 46°.

A cloudless day, with a NW wind, force 2.

I went out at 6 a.m. and up the side of the valley to try for whatever there might be – a gyi or even a monkey – but no luck. Though I pushed on over the ridge and into the next valley, and was not back till about 10.30 a.m., I didn't see a thing except for a couple of red-bellied squirrels running along a branch in a tall tree, and a nye of 6 Black-breasted Kalij pheasants which I watched for a few moments from about 20 yards off. I only had the .256 with me, so they were quite safe. I passed 300 in the Reptiles and Batrachians today; and the mail arrived this evening, which is good going considering it only reached Sumprabum yesterday morning. A grand long letter from Mother; and at last things are moving with her book, which is the best news I've had for a very long time. Also Harcourt Brace want to publish 'Salween' in America, and that is good too, as now my present [[Vol 3, p144](#)] for Mammy won't have fallen so flat. I'm leaving for Bawmwang (en route for Tinghpang to meet Leyden) on the 6th.

Htingnan. Sunday, February 5th 1939

Min 53° Max 64°. B (6 a.m.) 26.60.

6 a.m. Dry 53° : Wet 48°.

At 5 a.m. the sky was 8/10 covered with stratus and light nimbus cloud; wind NW 1. By 7.30 a.m. the sky was 9/10 covered with light nimbus cloud; and at 8 a.m. a few drops of rain began to fall. Between then and 7.30 p.m. stray drops fell

occasionally. At 7.30 p.m. the wind increased to NW 4, remaining at that force for about 2 hours, after which it dropped again to NW 1. The night sky is wholly covered with light nimbus and stratus cloud.

No news. Work on snakes, frogs, etc., and labelling birds and mammals took me till 10.30 p.m., livened a little in the evening when Joshi came in and played the gramophone for me. A little crowd came in too (as it always does when the music starts out here) and sat around on the floor much impressed. I'm running perilously short of labels for mammals, largely because I have none at all for the birds and am purloining mammal ones for them. I've sent a cable to the Museum conjuring them to send a large supply by air; but it's a very doubtful question as to whether I shan't be miserably destitute [[Vol 3, p145](#)] before they arrive. Already I've had to construct a large number of skull labels out of old bits of brown cardboard. They look grisly, but they are quite good otherwise. I want some more shooting, but unless work eases up, God knows when I shall get any.

Bawmwang. Monday, February 6th 1939

Some light rain fell during the night, but today has been cloudless; wind NW 1. Tonight is also cloudless; wind NW 1.

A march of about 8 miles or a little less, over a very good, rather undulating mule-track. This is a typical 'Leyden' bungalow on the side of the hill; and the chaps were frenziedly finishing it when I turned up. Nothing on the road, except that I went to look at the salt springs where I waited for the sambhur, to see if there were any signs of anything now. There wasn't much. The tracks of a sambhur, a gyi and some kind of cat were all that I could pick out; but it's a favourite place for buffaloes to visit, and there were so many of their tracks about that there may have been much more which had been wiped out. Before starting today I went in to Joshi's bungalow, as he

was anxious to send me on my way with [???] (or paratas, as they are called outside the Punjab) and a cup of tea. We were in the middle of this, and discussing [Vol 3, p146] international politics with an almost complete lack of knowledge on both sides, when Ma Gwila turned up, cheery as usual; but he had a complaint to make on behalf of the village, none the less. This was that two nights ago a couple of my servants went down to the village very late when everyone was asleep, and made a great nuisance of themselves, shouting for liquor and beating on the walls of the houses. The next night all the men were ready with sticks to beat them up, but they didn't come. Anyway, I told him I was very glad he'd come to tell me about it, and I'd see that such a thing never happened again. Actually I'm not sure that it was Lewa and N.T. (it was certainly nobody else of mine), as they both strenuously deny it, and say that it was Joshi's servant and the sepoy who came back from Leyden's party a few days ago with gonorrhoea; but in any case I have put all Kachin houses out of bounds, and all villages after dark.

A monkey was brought in, and a few birds, when we got here. I finished the Taron Route Report, and now only have to do various notes and things for it.

Chihkyirawng. Tuesday, February 7th 1939

A fine, cloudless day, with a westerly wind, force 1. At 5.30 p.m. light nimbus cloud began to come over, and by 7.30 [Vol 3, p147] p.m. the sky was 6/10 covered; after which it began to clear. By 9 p.m. the sky was cloudless, wind W 1.

A wholly uneventful march of 9 miles rather up and down but with no steep climbs or descents. I saw nothing at all on the road, and, when we arrived and I asked whether there was anything in the jungle, the locals said that there probably was, but that they themselves were not hunters and could not say for certain. As Chihkyirawng implies that there are many barking deer, if nothing else, this was a bit

of a disappointment; but I got down to doing the list of heights over again for the Report instead, and that kept me busy all the afternoon. In the evening, just when I was getting down to my dinner, in came a couple of chaps. They said there was plenty of stuff about; that there was a prolific salt-lick only a mile away; and that they themselves were hunters and would have taken me to it if they had only known in time. Anyway, I've fixed up with them for when I come back with Leyden. Mary Ann is a great attraction now, wherever we go; and especially to the women and children. At first they are all inclined to be very timid; but when I have assured them that she doesn't bite they pluck up courage, and before long it is difficult to tear her away from them. They always [[Vol 3, p148](#)] ask what she eats, and, when they hear that it is only milk, it gives them plenty of opportunities for rustic backchat with whoever of their number happens to be in milk at the time. There's generally somebody.

Nkhang Shangreng Ga. Wednesday, February 8th 1939

At 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with thick stratus cloud, wind S 2. At 7 a.m. heavy nimbus cloud began to come over, and by 7.30 a.m., when light rain began, the sky was 5/10 covered with nimbus, 5/10 stratus. Light rain continued until shortly after 8 a.m., when the sky began to clear. By 9.30 a.m. it was cloudless; wind S 2. Conditions remained unchanged until 7 p.m. when light stratus clouds began to cover over. By 9 p.m. the sky was 9/10 covered; wind S 2.

A shortish march today of about 6 miles, dropping gradually down to the Hpat Hka and then climbing steeply about 1000' to the village which is built on the side of a ridge. This last climb is steep enough to be moderately difficult for mules I should think. On the way a barking deer got up from the bushes beside the path, about 20 yards away; ran through them for a little (just a streak of red); crossed the path, and shot into the jungle beyond. It stopped to bark some 30 yards in. I hadn't had a [[Vol](#)

[3, p149](#)] chance of a shot, and was carrying the 12 bore with only 8s in it; but I quickly changed to the .256 and went in after it. No luck though. The place was very thick and I didn't see it again. We got here about 11 a.m. and the coolies didn't arrive till 2 p.m., so I did no work, as I wanted to hunt up the bank of the river for whatever there might be. I started about 2.30 p.m. and got back about 6.30, having seen nothing but a lot of gyi and sambhur tracks, and 1 jungle cock. I was pleased to see that, even though I only had the rifle with me and spared it, because I was beginning to be doubtful whether there were any in the Triangle, especially as Leyden has never seen any. Wandering along I came to a place where the path (such as it was) petered out and the only way of continuing was by a primitive, and flimsy, bamboo raft. I embarked boldly enough, after one false shot which taught me that it was unsafe to stand anywhere except in the dead centre; and after an erratic journey I reached the path again. Scientifically, I grounded the front end, so that I could walk ashore without the thing submerging, but I had reckoned without the ancient bamboos, which broke halfway, so that I shot through the floor and became miserably wet. After that nothing of any [[Vol 3, p150](#)] moment. It was a good place, and I think I would have got (or, at least, seen) something without a doubt, if there hadn't been 5 or 6 people scattered along by the river, cutting bamboos, inspecting fish traps, and fishing with a bare hook on the end of a line suspended from a bamboo. This latter system was simple. The fisherman crept along the bank until he spotted a fish lurking by some rock. He dangled the hook in front of it, and when it came to investigate, he gave the rod a sharp twitch in the hope that it would foul-hook the creature. I watched one at work for a few minutes. He didn't catch anything, but it must work on the whole or they wouldn't do it.

Another cat was brought in this evening, like the one I shot at Shilinghkyet. I gave Rs 3/- for it. This morning I took some pictures of a woman rolling cotton into sausages to make thread, and later spinning it on a spinning wheel worked by hand. I tried my own hand at it. I found the sausages were not hard to make, but the thread was a difficult matter; and I didn't succeed at all with that.

Ntyen Ga. Thursday, February 9th 1939

During the night there was fairly heavy rain, and at 5 a.m. the sky was wholly covered with heavy stratus clouds; wind S 2. By 7 a.m. it was 8/10 clear. At 9 a.m. [Vol 3, p151] it began to cloud over again with heavy stratus and some nimbus and by 10.30 a.m. it was wholly covered. At 11 a.m. the wind increased to S 3-4, rather gusty, continuing until 11.30 a.m. when it died down to S 2. At 12.30 p.m. it once more increased, to S 3-5, very gusty, dying down to S 2 at 12.50 p.m. The day remained wholly covered with heavy stratus and some nimbus, but there were no more than a few spots of rain.

A very short march of about 4 miles only, rather up and down; and, as they say tomorrow's is of about the same length, I could easily have doubled them if I had only known. Nothing much today except that I shot a jungle cock on the road, which will do to send to the wireless operator on the 'Britannia'. I promised him a skin to make fishing flies of, and so far I haven't been able to send him one. I'm also getting very sick of Mary Ann. She makes an infernal noise whenever she's awake, and is getting heavier and heavier on the milk.

Tingpang. Friday, February 10th 1939

Today's march was only 3½ miles, down and then up. I started pretty early, so as to be here to meet Leyden, and arrived about 9 a.m. I waited a little and then set off to meet him. I didn't have to go far, as it happened, because I found him coming

along not a [Vol 3, p152] quarter of a mile from the Rest House. It is fun to be with him, even though he has a heavy cold and isn't feeling up to much. He has had a fairly exciting time in the Ngalang tract. Ngalang Ha, trying to increase his own prestige, did not appear to meet him and McGuire, nor did he turn up to pay his respects when they had settled into the Rest House. After a bit Leyden went round to his house, dragged the swine out, and literally pulled him along the ground to the Rest House, kicking him in the buttocks now and then for good measure. Ngalang Ha is a killer, pure and simple, who is always surrounded by a bodyguard of thugs like a Chicago gangster; and the Judge was not at all sure that he wouldn't get a spear in the back during the lugging process. Fortunately, all was well, after some very doubtful moments; but he says we must keep out of the Ngalang tract at all costs, as the next European who goes there without a big escort will be bumped off to a certainty. The distressing part of the whole show is that McGuire was seized with fright and hurriedly left the camp until it was all over, instead of standing by the Judge. Ngalang Ha, of course, will be out for his blood now, but I'll back Leyden to beat him at that game. In any case I wasn't going to Ngalang, so it won't [Vol 3, p153] make any alteration in my plans.

This afternoon I went out with one of the local Marips to see if I could get anything. He took me to a place where there were a good many barking deer, but the bushes were far too thick to see a thing. As we went along he imitated the mating call on a large leaf, and at one time there were two, highly interested, within ten yards of us, one on each side of the path; but I couldn't so much as get a glimpse. And a third got up a bare five yards away, and still I saw nothing. There were some large reddish macaques about, and at last I got a long shot of about 150 yards at one of them, across a very narrow ravine. I think I probably hit it, because it fell off

the branch it was on; but after a devilish climb down and up through very thick undergrowth we failed to find it. It may either have been wounded slightly enough for it to make off, or (more probably) it may have been that we didn't find the right place. It was very hard to see where we were. On the way back I had a snap shot at another, but missed. Finally, I beat my hunter at long jump and running, and so we came home. I saved the remains of my gin and whiskey to bring along from Htingnan, and we had a cheery little evening. [Vol 3, p154] There's just enough for tomorrow, and after that the Judge has half a bottle of sherry which will do us for the day after.

N'khan Shangreng Ga. Saturday, February 11th 1939

A cold, damp, miserable day, with rain this evening; and it's raining fairly hard tonight.

We doubled the march without any difficulty, as the Judge is in a hurry to get back to Sumprabum. He has things arranged very well indeed on the march. His cook and another servant have to arrive well ahead of him so as to have coffee ready by the time he turns up at 9.30 or 10 (starting about 7 every day); and the cooking pots, chairs and table are carried more or less at a run by relays of coolies provided by the villages along the route. Before the start he has a couple of scrambled eggs and some tea; after his coffee at the next camp he has a bath and a shave; and then a proper breakfast to get him in form for work.

I had a very slack day, doing little but read some of the books he's got with him. I had my hair cut here by one of the Piatas. He made a good show of it.

Chihkyirewng. Sunday, February 12th 1939

Some rain today, and it looks as if it's raining hard over Sumprabum way.

It hadn't struck me, until [Vol 3, p155] Leyden pointed it out today, that if this rain goes on cars won't be able to come up from Myitkyina. That will be the devil of a nuisance, as it will put out all my plans for meeting Bartholomew. If it is so, it's doubtful whether I shall be able to reach Myitkyina at all by the 24th, unless the road is open as far as Maithong Ga at least; but sufficient unto the day. I shall go earlier than I had intended to Sumprabum – in fact as early as I can – and then see what's to be done.

The hunters didn't turn up today, so I didn't go out into the jungle. I spent the afternoon making out the list of flowers for the B.M. Tonight we drank half Leyden's sherry, watered down to make it last longer. That leaves enough for tomorrow night and he is sending an urgent message to Mrs Leyden by helio to send some more to meet him at Htingnan.

Bawmwang. Monday, February 13th 1939

A filthy day, with plenty of rain on the road, but otherwise nothing much of note, except that 2 specimens of Psammodynastes pulverulentus were brought in, and another Amblycephalus of sorts, different to the two I got at Pangnamdim. We finished the sherry tonight, watered as before, and if the other stuff doesn't arrive at Htingnan in time we'll be reduced to my vermouth, [Vol 3, p156] which neither of us like. I shaved the Judge's neck this morning, and made rather a smart job of it, all things considered.

Htingnan. Tuesday, February 14th 1939

A grim day, with plenty of rain and a high wind in the evening. The afternoon was fine though, and we sat out in the sun for a bit, whereby my face has got rather burnt.

On the march we saw a barking deer dash out over a side-track and then back into the jungle again, so I seized Sinji's shotgun and went after it. It came onto the path again, in full view, not ten yards away, but it was a hammer gun and I'd forgotten to cock it, so nothing happened when I pressed the trigger, and it galloped off down the said side-track. I took one of the Ghurka's rifles, and pursued; but I didn't see it again. All very annoying. The reason for its coming out of the jungle again a second time was that it was being hunted by a pair of 'foxes' (wild dogs?) whose tracks the Kachins found. It came out the first time; was turned back by us; found the dogs still waiting for it; and made off at right angles down the path.

We had an anxious afternoon and evening waiting for the coolie to arrive with drinks; but he turned [[Vol 3, p157](#)] up in the end, with a bottle of sherry, no cigarettes, and a note from Mrs Leyden to say there was no more gin or smokes in Sumprabum. She also said that my stores had come from Barnett's, and I only wish she'd had the gumption to open the boxes. There are gin and cigarettes in plenty in them; and she, as a heavy smoker, must be suffering with nothing at all. Anyway, we finished the bottle of sherry between us, and felt quite exhilarated.

A rat has eaten part of the face of one of my gibbon skins, blast it.

Htingnan. Wednesday, February 15th 1939

Rain a good part of the day.

The Judge pushed off this morning, to make one day of the stretch to Ningma; and I am following slowly tomorrow with Lewa, Nyima and K.B., leaving Kyipa and Lhakpa to hold the fort. That same rat devoured the head of my one jungle cock last night, so now we have set half a dozen traps for it, baited with potato. Spent the day packing two of the big Museum boxes with birds and mammal skins, to take down to

Myitkyina. If this rain goes on there'll be some difficulty about getting a car through.

Joshi left with the party today, on his way to Kajitu via Sumprabum.

[Vol 3, p158]

Lunghkang Ga. Thursday, February 16th 1939

(Tibetan New Year's Day)

It rained this morning, pretty heavily, but by the time I started it was fine and remained so for the rest of the day.

An uneventful march. I saw nothing to shoot at, and just trickled along to this place. It was Tibetan New Year's Day, so the servants brought me a large dish of chicken and noodles, and a cup of the local chang, with khatas; and I have promised them Rs 5/- each when we get to Sumprabum. A fine new Agamide lizard was brought in – new to me – and I am now beginning to wonder when I will hear from Malcolm Smith about the snakes and things.

Ningma. Friday, February 17th 1939

Rain last night, and it is raining again this evening; but the day was pretty fine.

Again nothing of note. Leyden, Mrs Leyden and Bonney (who came down to meet him here) left this morning, and are going straight through to Sumprabum today.

Tangku. Saturday, February 18th 1939

Rain last night, but not much today until about 10 a.m. (just after I had got in here) when there was a very heavy thunderstorm, with the water coming down in sheets. It didn't stop till [Vol 3, p159] about 4 p.m., and it is raining again (though not very heavily) tonight.

The path was pretty muddy, but otherwise nothing to worry about, and there were a few leeches around. This hut is getting a bit poverty stricken in appearance,

but it will still last for a bit, I suppose. During the heavy rain I sat by the fire in the kitchen waiting for the coolies to turn up with a change of clothes. Four Kachins (two of them boys) and K.B. kept me company there.

Sumprabum. Sunday, February 19th 1939

A fine day, though there was not much sun.

I hurried along as usual from Tanghku and got in here at 9.30 a.m., being met by Leyden, Peter, Delphine and the nurse about a mile out – the Judge in great form as usual. I had breakfast with them, and then moved down to the Triangle bungalow, which I have taken on at a rent of Rs 15/- a month to act as a permanent base where things can be stored indefinitely. There was a mail here including a letter from Malcolm Smith dealing with the first two tins of reptiles. I've done better than I hoped even, for not only is the *Trimeresurus* new (now T. Kaulbacki!), but all the Agamidae lizards (5) and frogs (3) were [[Vol 3, p160](#)] also. Since then I've filled two more tins, one of them containing what I think is a *Coronella*, and a pair of *Amblycephalus* (this has already been sent); and the other with several odd lizards, another *Amblycephalus*, a black *Typhlops*, and a mystery snake which I can't place at all. I'm full of hope that all these are new. I shouldn't think that any of the other things – birds, mammals, etc. – have been classified yet. Miss Bonney left here by car yesterday, and hasn't arrived yet in Myitkyina; so it looks as if the road is pretty bad. I dined with the Leydens too.

Sumprabum. Monday, February 20th 1939

A wire came today from Bonney saying that she got in last night at 10.30 p.m., and that the road was fearful. It doesn't look too good for me, but I don't think it's worth starting on foot to meet Bartholomew. The rain is bound to stop soon and then the road will dry.

Sumprabum. Tuesday, February 21st 1939

Bartholomew ought to have reached Rangoon today, and I was full of hope that I might be able to start off tomorrow when a car arrived this evening, after 4 days on the road. However, it turned out to be for one of the PWD clerks, and not mine at all, though mine has apparently started. McGuire arrived this afternoon from [Vol 3, p161] Putao, and it will probably be better if we travel down together, to give support to each other on the bad stretches.

Sumprabum. Wednesday, February 22nd 1939

Both McGuire's car and mine turned up today, and I wanted to move off tomorrow; but the driver said he was exhausted and must have a full day's rest, so it will have to be the 24th, all else being well. Some rain today, and things don't look very good.

Sumprabum. Thursday, February 23rd 1939

A wire from Bartholomew, sent from Shwebo, to say that he was on the last lap. I have asked Dudrow to meet him at the station and pilot him to the Circuit House. It's raining hard tonight, and the Lord knows whether we'll be able to leave tomorrow, or, if so, how long it will take us to get down.

Sumprabum. Friday, February 24th 1939

Early this morning the weather didn't look too bad, and I got all my things into the car, including the two huge Museum boxes, by about 7.30 a.m. We routed out Maung Ngun, the driver, and his accomplice; they filled her up with petrol; and then down came the rain again in torrents, so that the road past the bazaar was like a river. I sat in the car to keep [Vol 3, p162] dry. About 9 a.m. McGuire turned up, and we decided (willy nilly) to put off the start and have another shot at noon; so we went up to the Leydens' and had breakfast. The rain stopped, more or less, but the road

was foul, and he was so undecided about even trying that I made up my mind to go without him if necessary, and said so. That seemed to stiffen him, and off we went about 12.30 p.m. We got about 2 miles, when the half-shaft in my Chevrolet snapped; but by some amazing chance we were carrying a spare, and the repair was done by shortly after 2 p.m. The rest of the day was spent in pushing each other's cars, and digging them out of the mud; only livened up when the rear back wheel came off the Chevrolet just below Senanghka. No harm done, however; and at last we got to this place – 28½ miles away from Sumprabum – after 7 hours' endeavour and dispute. One of the big troubles was that not one of the three cars (the PWD clerk joined us at the end of the procession) had more than one chain!

Myitkyina. Saturday, February 25th 1939

We were off this morning at 7.30, and had an energetic time of it as far as Supkaga, after which [[Vol 3, p163](#)] the road became quite reasonable. It took us an hour to cover the first mile from Maithong, and at the end of that we took the chain off the last car (PWD clerk) and put it onto mine – thus giving me two – on the theory that if I could make a sort of road through the mud, McGuire would improve it with his one-chained vehicle, and then the Ford could make the grade. It worked, as a matter of fact, but it would have been better if the last driver had had the skill to keep in the ruts we made. As it was he was out of them and in the slough more often than not, and once we had to help him back when his front wheel went over the edge; but at least our two cars didn't give us as much trouble as they would otherwise have done. We got in at about 9.30, and I came straight round to the Circuit House where I found Bartholomew. He's a good deal older than I had expected, but a good soul and apparently very efficient. I think he'll do all right, and I'm very pleased. There doesn't seem to have been any rain below Nsop for ages.

Myitkyina. Sunday, February 26th 1939

One of my reasons for coming down here was to pay a visit to the Babu dentist. However, he's pushed off to Bhamo apparently. So I shall have to go down [Vol 3, p164] to Maymyo, which is a nuisance. I shall leave tomorrow night, and with luck I might be back on Friday morning. Bartholomew will be all right here, fishing. We had tea and dinner with the Dudrows today, and that meant that I had a packet of exercise this afternoon playing with Dorothy and Donald. A fellow called Morrison and a German called Fabel turned up this morning by train, on their way to Tengyneh. They are putting up in the Dak bungalow, but they are without servants and the food question was acute. Hence they came round here to ask if we could give them breakfast, which we did; and I have told them to feed here as long as they are in Myitkyina. They seem very decent. Stonham is in good form. We drank with him in the club this evening.

In the Train. Monday, February 27th 1939

We did a good deal of shopping today, buying plates and other oddments in the bazaar, and had tea once more with the Dudrows. Dorothy is off to school, travelling on this train with Bonney, and playing with her in the carriage tomorrow will give me something to do. I sent off a wire to Major Barton asking if I could lunch with them on Wednesday, and as I haven't heard [Vol 3, p165] from him I expect it's all right.

Maymyo. Tuesday, February 28th 1939

Very hot in the train, and I spent most of the time in Bonney's compartment trying to amuse Dorothy while she had a rest, reading. It's difficult to amuse a child in these trains because there's so much noise that you can't talk without yelling, but she seemed quite happy, so all may have been well. We got to Mandalay at 5 p.m.,

and I sent off the Museum boxes straight away to Cooks, while Bonney and Dorothy hurried off to wherever they were going. Then Nyima and I took a car and got up here about 7.30 p.m. By virtue of a wire to them from Dudrow, we are in the Mission Rest House, where the food is certainly good and everything is apparently very well-run, by a Mrs Geis, the widow of one of the ABM missionaries who was out here for years. I got a bit of a shock, though. When I arrived, the place is stiff with missionaries (mainly ancient females it seems), and after dinner I had to listen to a talk on some World Convention they have just had in Madras. That was pretty grim, more especially as no one was smoking, and I hardly liked to start off. [Vol 3, p166] However, my room is a good one, and I went up there as soon as I could, and had a read and cigarette before going to bed.

Maymyo. Wednesday, March 1st 1939

I was in luck this morning about finding the dentist, as Mr Sword, one of the American missionaries, was taking his wife along to have a set of false teeth fitted, and there was room for me in the car. Major Bepp, the Army dentist here, takes civil patients in the morning, and was able to fit me in about 9.30, after I had spent some time waiting at the station (where the Swords had dropped me) to get a taxi, and had been up to the PO to send off some wires. He's rather common but nice, and he works very fast and seems good. I had hoped to have been able to get away tomorrow, but he wants me to come in again, so that can't be. I might as well have a good job done while I'm about it. Then I went round to the Bartons, getting there about 11, as I wasn't sure whether they had Burmese Breakfast or not. He was out, and it appeared they didn't, so I had a beer with Mrs Barton, and then went off again and filled in time till 1 p.m. It was a great piece of luck finding them here at all, as they are [Vol 3, p167] going home tomorrow, on leave. A Captain Harmon was at

lunch as well (Burma Rifles), and he is taking over temporarily from Barton at HQ. I handed in my Route Report of the Taron trip, and they seemed pleased with it, so that's all right. Otherwise nothing much.

Maymyo. Thursday, March 2nd 1939

Dentist this morning, followed by drinks with Bepp and his wife, who is very much like him – large, rather loud-voiced, fleshy, a bit Jewish in appearance, but very nice. While we were having drinks in their house, she accompanied the gramophone indifferently well on a violin, which is, of all instruments, the vilest unless really well played. But she was giving us a treat, so I was enthusiastic. I bought some records this morning, and a watch for Nyima, and this encouraged me to get one for myself too. It's waterproof and guaranteed for two years, so it ought to last this trip. I went to the cinema this evening, and saw a rotten film; but I enjoyed myself. Nyima came too. I spent the early morning on the roof helping Mr Sword put up a new aerial for Mrs Geis.

Mandalay. Friday, March 3rd 1939

Another long session with Bepp, after which I had lunch with him and his wife at the club. I'm now [Vol 3, p168] finished with the dentist, after having had 9 teeth done, and I only hope they last me till the end of this job. Then I went round the gardens with Mrs Geis and a couple of other females, and about 4.30 Nyima and I left for Mandalay by taxi. We are now in the Dak bungalow, and the whole place is like an oven and swarming with mosquitoes. I had dinner in the station restaurant.

Train. Saturday, March 4th 1939

Nothing at all today except that it's been devilish hot in the carriage, which I am sharing with a tea man – quite a pleasant soul. We left at 6.40 a.m.

Myitkyina. Sunday, March 5th 1939

I arrived this morning at the usual time (5.30) and went round to the Dudrows' at once to leave some ice I'd promised them. Bartholomew has been enjoying himself fishing, though he hadn't caught anything, and, as Major Bennett, of the Royal Corps of Signals, is leaving for Sumprabum tomorrow, we are going then too, in case the road is bad. We had breakfast with McGuire this morning, together with Major Bowas, and Major Bennett; and tea and ice-cream with the Dudrows. Then the taxi driver came to fetch us [[Vol 3, p169](#)] with a story that Kadwa, the agent for the BOC, had run out of petrol, and we couldn't start in the morning after all. We went to tell McGuire the sad story, and he came down with us and berated Kadwa. It turned out, though, that more was arriving by the passenger train tomorrow, so all is well. A letter from Simla to say Tibet is off. A staggering blow.

Maithong Ga. Monday, March 6th 1939

Bennett was off before we had got our petrol this morning, and we didn't see him again till we got here. We started at 8.30 a.m., and were full of hope that we might get right through today, as the road was not at all bad; but the oil feed broke and delayed us several times, and as it was dark when we got here we decided to stop for the night. Nothing of interest on the road.

Sumprabum. Tuesday, March 7th 1939

It was just as well we didn't try to get here last night, because the road was thick with mud from Maithong on; and although this was partly due to rain last night, it must have been pretty bad even before that. But apart from the usual digging out and pushing along (increased by the fact that there was only 1 chain between the 4 cars!), the [[Vol 3, p170](#)] only excitement on the road was that at one point we found it blocked by a dead bullock, and we had to heave this down the khud before we

could get along. Bartholomew had a great time taking Ciné pictures of the cars and us working on them. We had breakfast with the Leydens, and were able to bring an offering of fresh kippers and fresh butter from the cold stores. We had dinner with them too, together with Thunder and Bennett.

Sumprabum. Wednesday, March 8th 1939

Not much news today, except that we have got mules as far as Htingnan and are off tomorrow. The wireless is in now, and the telegraph line has now ceased to function, much to the distress of Bose, the Postmaster.

Ningma. Thursday, March 9th 1939

Grâce aux mules we were able to double-march this afternoon, after breakfast with the Leydens, and thus avoid that grimish hut at Tanghku. I got a bird on the way, but otherwise there was nothing of interest.

Lunghkang Ga. Friday, March 10th 1939

On today's march I missed two jungle cocks most shamefully, but atoned to some extent by stalking [[Vol 3, p171](#)] and getting a peacock pheasant which was calling not far from the path, and two squirrels. I missed a monkey with the .256, and I ought to have got that too. Half a dozen stone axes were brought in today, which we bought up at once.

Htingnan. Saturday, March 11th 1939

I got two doves on the road today, and developed a couple of films after getting in. Htingnan Kum Ja came round and tried in vain to get me to put in a word for him to Leyden à propos the house burning. Stone axes are coming in by dozens, and it looks as though we shall be swamped out very soon. Nothing of bronze though yet. Yonga got back on the 6th, I gather, a week later than he was meant to, so it is just as well for him that we were late ourselves. I developed some films.

Htingnan. Sunday, March 12th 1939

A runner turned up this afternoon (actually one of the Piatas) from Leyden, bringing his automatic Rolleiflex which he is selling me for Rs 400/-. He is taking my old one back to England when he goes on leave to sell it there, and will take out of the price the extra he will have to pay above Rs 400/- on a new automatic one. Bartholomew and I went out today [[Vol 3, p172](#)] down to the waterfall to try for a serow, but we didn't see anything at all, apart from some old droppings and one set of fairly fresh tracks close to the lip of the fall. The fates were against us because half a dozen clearings were being made close by, and whatever might have been there otherwise had been frightened away; but it was good fun, and the waterfall is a great sight. I developed some films.

Htingnan. Monday, March 13th 1939

Thunder turned up today, to our surprise. We knew he was coming here, and leaving Sumprabum on the 10th, but he had told me that he was coming by the southern road which takes about six days, and not by Ningma. I can't say either of us were overjoyed to see him; but we gave him dinner tonight. Bartholomew went down to the stream by the salt springs to try for some fish. He had no luck.

Htingnan. Tuesday, March 14th 1939

A fine sunny day again.

Bartholomew spent most of the day refitting the Theodolite case, which was allowing some shaking; and I was kept hard at work dismantling and cleaning the Rangefinder, and adjusting the Theodolite. We paid a duty call [[Vol 3, p173](#)] of a few minutes on Thunder this evening, and after dinner took observations for latitude and longitude. We were using the chronograph stopwatch for timing, as this showed a loss of 3" in one hour against the chronometer, I am going to discard the results and

take another set tomorrow, working with an ordinary stopwatch as I did on the last trip. I developed a couple more films.

Htingnan. Wednesday, March 15th 1939

Thunder went off this morning. I had a tiring day, mainly in sewing up snakes and things, and tonight we took our observations over again. I think they ought to be all right this time. We are leaving tomorrow for Akhail and as much of the survey work as we can do this time; but it wasn't until after dinner that word came to the effect that there were enough coolies to be had. It's a bit difficult at present, because there's all the work to be done in the fields, more especially since last year's crops were so bad. We didn't think we were going to get away, and have done no packing, so tomorrow morning is going to be a bit rushed. Since arriving here stone implements have been pouring in, and now, in [\[Vol 3, p174\]](#) self-defence, we can only take the very best. I have got a total of 208!

Kumhpang Ga. Thursday, March 16th 1939

After frenzied efforts we got away at 8.30 a.m., with 40 coolies, and had a short and easy march of about 6½ miles to this place on the top of the steep ridge. We took only an hour and forty minutes over it, and the coolies were here at 11.30, with a few stragglers coming in until 12. On the way I saw 3 langurs, but I couldn't get a shot. 17 of the coolies were going back from here, so I paid them As 8/- each, according to what Leyden said – that if it's a very short march and they can easily get back the same day, then there is no need to pay the As 4/- return. However, there was some trouble about this. The 17 refused to take the As 8/- and pushed off without it, and 4 more followed their example a little later without saying anything about it. I don't know whether we'll be able to get others here or not, without waiting a day, but I hope so. We haven't got much time in any case before we have to be at

Karing to see the big manan. I think that's about April 15th, and the less we wait about the [Vol 3, p175] better. I hate having trouble with coolies like this. I feel so like a Jew haggling over money, and I loathe it. But the Judge said that was the rule, and I feel I ought to keep to it. I spent the afternoon working out last night's observation, with fair results, though the PL figure wasn't very good. I get Htingnan to be N26° 56' 31". E 97° 52' 47", which agrees with the map. That's cheering as it means that probably the area we are going to do is also in its right place.

A man brought in an old buffalo hide shield (an oblong double concave) and a cane helmet for our inspection this evening. The boar's tusks (generally 2 as far as I can make out) worn on the helmet were in the nature of charms, to protect the head from danger; and besides them there was a visor-mask of sambhur skin sewn in front of it (not hanging over the face) with 2 eyeholes in it. This was also a charm, so that when arrows or bullets were fired at the wearer they would strike this mask and go through the helmet without doing any damage, instead of landing in the warrior's face. This is a Maru village, by the way.

Gam Majawng. Friday, March 17th 1939

All was well about getting coolies by this morning, [Vol 3, p176] and we left Kumhpang at about 7.30. The march is of only some 5½ miles, but it takes it out of the coolies a bit by dropping right down into a valley and climbing a couple of thousand feet up the other side, fairly steeply. The camp is actually called Lungmat, below the village Lungmat Gahtawng. This means Lost Stone, because of a legend concerning a large rock just behind the Rest House. The top of this is hollowed a little, and the end is shaped like the genitals of a female, and rumour says that many years ago there was a long boulder lying on top inhabited by a nat who was married to the female beneath him. One day somebody hung out some wet clothes over him

to dry in the sun, and this so offended him that in the night he took his stone away to another female rock some 2½ miles down the valley, and he has never come back. The home of the Madai nat is close by here, and Bartholomew went up to see it this afternoon while I was busy doing snakes and lizards. He says it's quite interesting, but I must go there myself on our way back. Second-hand stuff is never very much good.

Mashaw Dingsa. Saturday, March 18th 1939

Once again there was some doubt as to whether [Vol 3, p177] coolies could be found to replace the 29 who were going back from here; but they turned up early this morning, and all was well. It is a march of 10 miles, up and down almost the whole way, and we got soaked by a very heavy thunderstorm from 8.30 a.m. to about 9 a.m. That is to say I got soaked, for Bartholomew had an umbrella. There wasn't much of interest on the road, which runs mainly through jungle with much bamboo, but we spent some time trying to get a shot at some smallish hornbills, without success; and later I had a fruitless stalk after a peacock pheasant. It had got too long a start though, and the jungle was very thick. I didn't see it again. This is a grand site for a camp on the top of a steep ridge with a tremendous view north and south, and to the east over the area we are hoping to survey. It's very open though, and there's a chilly breeze blowing tonight, which makes us glad of the fire. Steady, moderate rain began again at 5.30 p.m. and last till about 8.30, with thunder. Again there is said to be a poor chance of getting away tomorrow, as we need 29 coolies and they have to come from some distance.

[Vol 3, p178]

Mashaw Dingsa. Sunday, March 19th 1939

The coolies could not arrive in time today, but we weren't particularly disappointed as it has rained almost the entire day, and this afternoon, at about 3.30, it rained very heavily indeed for half an hour or so, with one short interval of hail when the stones were about half an inch in diameter. I have discovered that I have left the snake labels behind, like a fool, and so I am sending a man back with a note to Kyipa telling him where they are; and also to forward my umbrella. I've only got half a dozen labels with me, and those I must reserve for snakes, which won't travel unsewn; so the frogs (which will, and of which I've had about 15 brought in today) have to go into the tank unlabelled. Apart from doing them I spent a good part of the time writing to Mother.

Nawrayang Ka. Monday, March 20th 1939

It rained nearly all day, but not more than a drizzle most of the time. A march of 7 miles over quite a reasonable mule-track. From Mashaw Dingsa the path winds round and down the hill, and crosses the Sinyang Hka (a biggish stream some 20 yards wide) by bamboo bridge at 2½ miles. About 100^x or less [Vol 3, p179] from the left bank are several hot, salt and sulphur springs with a temperature of about 100° F; and this place is apparently a fruitful hunting ground because there is a small but permanent hut beside them as a hide. It is only used when there is a moon, however, as otherwise the hunters cannot see their sights. From the Sinyang Hka the path climbs up and down (but considerably more up than down) for the remainder of the way to Nawrayang Ka, on a steep hillside about 1200' above the Hkang Hka. It runs through moderate forest throughout.

We were here some time before the coolies, as usual, and, as we are now beyond the Rest House area, and relying on tents, we went into the headman's

house and sat by a fire until the camp was ready. Bartholomew is being much troubled by fleas. Only one or two at a time, but they seem to be enough to make life a misery for him; and he can frequently be seen making frenzied hunts in his stockings or elsewhere. He is also very vulnerable to blister flies, and I hope for his sake that he soon becomes as immune to them as I am. They don't worry me much now, and scarcely itch at all. We've got [Vol 3, p180] two tents up, and a double 'bathroom' has been constructed of bamboo wall mats not far away, with a latrine a little further off. The kitchen is in the porch of the headman's house, so that the servants are dry and comfortable; at this evening it cleared up almost completely, and we were able to eat out of doors, with a large fire for good cheer. 29 coolies went back from here, and at first there was the usual doubt as to whether substitutes could be found at once, but they've all turned up now and we can get off tomorrow. A big *Trimeresurus monticola* was brought along this afternoon. I did that and typed some letters in my tent.

Htisyengyang Camp. Tuesday, March 21st 1939

A fine and very hot day, cloudless from start to finish.

A march of 5¼ miles over a good footpath, running through forest the whole way and pretty steep up and down. It reaches the right bank of the Hkrang Hka at 5 miles, and the camp is in a small level clearing on the bank, ¼ mile further on.

Not much news today. I heard a pheasant calling and spent five or six minutes in a fruitless stalk, but I didn't get a sight of it. And I had intended to go [Vol 3, p181] out after barking deer, or whatever there might be, in the afternoon, but the coolies said there was nothing doing round here, nor closer than about 5 miles up the side of the valley, so I didn't go after all. In any case the jungle is thick and it would have been difficult going. Bartholomew spent the entire day fishing without any luck at all,

the only bites he had being from blister flies; and I made a few casts in the evening with his rod. In tents still, with a kitchen shelter under one of the old flies; a bathroom, and a latrine. Frogs and lizards came in, but no snakes. A lot of flowers were also brought, but I haven't got the pressing paper with me.

Hkungla Camp. Wednesday, March 22nd 1939

Another cloudless, hot day, though out of the sun the wind was quite chilly.

A very short march of 3½ miles only, over a fair footpath; but it was steep up and down the whole way (through moderate forest) and trying for coolies. The camp is on a cleared ridge, about 300 or 400 feet above the right bank of the Hkrang Hka I should think, but I can't see the river and won't know till tomorrow. Tents again. There is a salt spring just below the camp, [[Vol 3, p182](#)] and I had been looking forward to having a shot at something there, but when we arrived I saw that it was much too close to be of any use. Instead we had a drive, with the coolies as beaters, and Bartholomew, the pyada and myself as the guns. We were all in good positions along a stream crossed by various much used game tracks; but we didn't see a thing, and when the beaters came in again they reported that everything had gone far up the valley. It was good fun though, even waiting for nothing. The runner came back from Htingnan, bringing the Sumprabum mail. Kyipa had failed to understand the note about the labels, and had sent several bottles and my aconite instead; but as 40 more had been found among the mammal labels it didn't matter as much as it might have done. They may just last out I think, though already I have only got 14 left. I did all the frogs and lizards this afternoon, and Bartholomew mended the chains which were getting a bit wobbly.

Redza Ka. Thursday, March 23rd 1939

A fine sunny day, which the local Khanungs were using to advantage by burning the jungle to make fields for this year. After the rains of 1938, which almost put field- [Vol 3, p183] burning out of the question, they must be full of joy over this dry weather.

A march of 6¼ miles, steeply up and down for the most part and through moderate forest. At rather more than ½ mile, a large stream is crossed by bamboo bridge. The camp is on a small but adequate ledge a short distance below the village, and about 1300' above the Hkrang Hka. The people are all Khanungs up here, and many of them look identical with the Talangs of the Adung District. The younger women have very fine breasts, and they are a nice-looking lot on the whole. We can see well into our area from here, and provided we can pick up enough of the fixed points, it doesn't look as though it should be difficult to do. If we work south from Ahke (sometimes called Ahkal, but never Ahkail) I think we might do all that bit of it this time, leaving the north for this autumn after we come down from the Diphuk Ha region.

Rulu Camp. Friday, March 24th 1939

A fine sunny day. A march of 6½ miles, descending to and crossing the Hkrang Hka by raft at about 1¾ miles, and crossing a large stream by cane suspension bridge at 2¼ miles. From there the path climbs up fairly steeply to Hpunsang; after which it runs along a ridge for a time; drops steeply into a narrow valley, crosses a [Vol 3, p184] stream, and climbs steeply up to this camp. Rulu is on a small ridge, some 500x north-west of the more easterly of the two portions of Ahke. There is an old house here for coolies, and plenty of room for tents. Water is quite close and wood plentiful. We've got the big tent up as well as the small ones, to

work in, and it looks as though this camp is going to make quite a good station. I can see what I think are 3 fixed points, and I took a provisional position from them this evening. There were 3 connections broken in the wireless, which Bartholomew mended, but we have entirely failed to get any but the weakest signals from it, and I can only think that the HT batteries are down. Needless to say I have not got any spares with me. All the same I managed to get a Time Signal tonight, but we didn't take an astronomical observation because the ground here is so rotten that it would be awfully difficult to get any sort of steadiness on the tripod.

Rulu Camp. Saturday, March 25th 1939

The position I got last night is undoubtedly wrong, and after several fruitless hours spent in trying to spot more fixed points, we finally climbed a couple of thousand feet (or a bit less) steeply up to the top of [Vol 3, p185] a small hill to try from there. It seemed to be a pretty good place with a long view to the north, south and west; but we didn't get a chance to do any work because (actually while we were climbing up) the local Khanungs began a series of fires to clear their new fields. There must have been a dozen huge blazes going at once, and, although some were as far away as 5 or 6 miles, the air became so thick with smoke that soon after we reached the top we could see none of the fixed points at all. We stayed there hopefully for a bit, with smarting eyes, and then came down again, baffled. It drove us to find a spot for the Theodolite tripod at all costs, and this we managed in the end. We took observations of ζ Ursa Majoris, γ Corvi, α Canis Majoris and β Aurigae tonight. I think Bartholomew is a good recorder; but I won't really know until I've worked out these results.

I injected Yonga with .5 gs Atebrin today. A.C. has fever (quartan, I think).

Rulu Camp. Sunday, March 26th 1939

A fine day until about 11.30 a.m., after which it clouded over rapidly. From noon on there was light to heavy rain and much thunder. The rain stopped about 10 p.m. but the night remains cloudy.

We sweated up to our hill again this morning [[Vol 3, p186](#)] starting at a little after 7 a.m. in order to get to work before the fires were lit again. Bartholomew was following on and somehow missed the way so that he was presently seen in a neighbouring ridge with a deep gully between us and him. In the end he found a path across, and arrived triumphant but late. Not that that mattered, as I was unable to fix the position and have come to the conclusion that Tagulum Bum cannot be in the position shown on the map. So back we came and I worked out last night's results which seem to have been very good. They leave the latitude as I would have expected. but bring the longitude about 1 mile further to the west. Rain stopped any more outside work.

A specimen of *Trimeresurus Kaulbacki* was brought in today, which is good. I was beginning to wonder if it was wholly confined to the Tamai Valley.

Rulu Camp. Monday, March 27th 1939

A fine sunny day until 2 p.m. when it clouded over rapidly from the west, and began to rain lightly. The rain stopped about 4 p.m., and the clouds began to clear at 7 p.m. The night is cloudless.

[[Vol 3, p187](#)] We put up the Plane Table in camp this morning and got down to identification of fixed points together. Bartholomew was much better than me, and we finally (on the basis of the latitude) got four points. Then up we staggered to our hill again. I set the table on those points, and all lines intersected absolutely dead the first time. The relief and the rejoicing have both been tremendous, and we worked

from 10 a.m. till 2 p.m., when rain forced us down for fear of damage to the graticule sheet. One of the main difficulties over the points has been Hkangu Bum, marked as Pt. 70. Away to the south-east is a high snowy peak, and when I asked what it was called, the answer was Hkangi Bum. Bartholomew has at last deduced that it is not 70 for 76 that we can see, however; and I have similarly worked out that what they call Tagulum Bum on the map is nothing but an unnamed rock, and that the real Tagulum Bum is 73. We're all set now though and given a certain amount of fine weather and not much haze, we ought to be able to leave here by the 30th.

After coming back I did various snakes (including a fine big krait – B. bungaroides, 4' 8") and lizards, and that took me till dinner time. The Trimeresurus, [Vol 3, p188] by the way, is not Kaulbacki but jerdoni, the markings in this case being precisely similar. I set the Rangefinder tonight by the moon, and after that spent an hour or so 'brushing up my wits' with the aid of a book of problems brought out by Bartholomew.

Rulu Camp. Tuesday, March 28th 1939

A fine sunny day till 2 p.m. when heavy clouds came over on a NW wind, force 3. Between 2.30 p.m. and about 5 p.m. there was some light rain at intervals. After 5 p.m. the clouds diminished a lot, and tonight the sky is 5/10 covered with light cirrostratus. Wind NW 2.

Up to our hill again this morning, starting work there at 8 and finishing (partly owing to haze) about 1 p.m. There is no doubt whatever that the position of our station is correctly fixed, but I make the Ninai Divide round here to be about 1000 yards further east than it is shown on the map. It may be that the Rangefinder is out, but I do not think it possible that it can be out to that extent, considering I calibrated it last night, and the total range (according to me) is only about 7000 yards. I think it

must be the Survey of India who are out, but I wish I could be certain. Having finished with station 1, we will make S2 on the next ridge north of the camp tomorrow; finish [Vol 3, p189] with that, and a little from the camp; and leave for the south on March 30th. We are having slabs of sauté yam at present in place of chapatis; and today some Rambang came in, which did excellently as a basis for jam at tea-time. We are on our last ½ lb of tea, and coffee is finished. Bartholomew has completely converted me to the delights of Klim. It's just as good as fresh milk, and infinitely lighter than the condensed stuff of course. It may be a bit more expensive, but it will be well worth it.

I did more snakes today (Elaphe mandarina and Natrrix nuchalis) and three specimens of Megophrys, one of which is certainly new to this collection. This evening the Primus lamp failed, and on examination I discovered water in it. Not very much but apparently enough to stop it working, because after that it has gone splendidly.

Rulu Camp. Wednesday, March 29th 1939

A fine day in the sense that there was no rain, but not fine enough for us to do any Plane Table work. We went on to the ridge north-west of the camp, which looked a very good place from station 1; but when we got there we had the greatest difficulty in finding any place from which we could see the fixed points; and when [Vol 3, p190] we did finally discover a place, not only could we see very little else, but to finish matters, one of the essential points obstinately vanished in mist and remained hidden. We waited in hope for a while and played a game of battleships, but in the end we had to give up and come back. After that I sewed up snakes and labelled birds till dinner time. The blister flies were worse than usual today, and one Anopheles settled on me this evening, without surviving for long. We are off

tomorrow, and it will take 11 marches to Htingnan. Unless anything unforeseen happens we will go down to Kajihitu and spend the rains there or thereabouts, leaving the Diphuk Ha area till next year. A good many onions have been brought in, relieving a serious want.

Hkunlum. Thursday, March 30th 1939

A fine day without much cloud till about 2 p.m., after which a NW wind, force 2, brought over moderate stratus cloud which covered the sky by 4 p.m. The night is cloudy; wind NW 2.

A march of 4³/₄ miles over a good footpath. From Rulu Camp the path descends moderately steeply through both parts of Akhe, and crosses the Htinge Hka (a fair-sized stream) by cane suspension bridge at 1¹/₄ miles. Thence it was [[Vol 3, p191](#)] steeply up and down over 2 ridges, and up through Kumtar (3) which it reaches at 2³/₄ miles. The top of the climb is reached at 3¹/₄ miles, and it then descends gently, finishing by a short but steep descent to cross a stream and an equally short steep climb to Hkunlum. The camp is on a large level space in the village. It was a sweaty climb up to the top of the ridge, and it proved too much for Lhakpa who arrived about 20 minutes after us and came in for a certain amount of abuse from me as a result. We spent a couple of hours up there working with the Plane Table, but we were hampered, to start with, by haze; and to end with by the usual forest fires which blanketed everything with smoke to such an extent that we gave up in disgust. All the same we got quite a bit of work done, but since we came out of our area on tomorrow's march and more down the Hkrang Hka Valley again, this is probably the last bit of work we will do this time until we are in the Chahtung neighbourhood in four or five days' time.

Trouble has been brewing for some time between Lewa and Khark Bahadur, and this afternoon matters came to a head with a stand-up fight in which K.A. very definitely came off second best, and streaming with blood. Lewa actually started it, as far as I could gather, but since [Vol 3, p192] K.B. has been making himself generally unpleasant for some time I told them it was both their faults, and cursed them impartially. I don't want to sack K.B. if I can help it, though he is not a particularly inspiring character, because he is a very good skinner now; but I feel that if they don't settle down together it may come to that.

I got down to contouring what we have done so far on the map, and it seems to be working out fairly well. An Ophisaurus was brought in which I thought at first was probably a new one, as its tail was very short; but I now think it must be gracilis in spite of that.

Arahku (9). Friday, March 31st 1939

A fine day until about noon, when heavy nimbus clouds began to come over on a SW wind, force 2-3. By 2 p.m. the sky was wholly covered and from then until about 6 p.m. there was intermittent light rain with some thunder. After 6 p.m. the rain became moderately heavy.

A march of 6½ miles over a good footpath. From Hkunlum there is a steep descent to cross the Tui Hka by cane suspension bridge at ½ mile, and thereafter the path is fairly level, with no long climbs, to 4½ miles, when there is a steep ascent to 5 miles. The remainder of the way is moderately level. The camp ground is just below the village and is very [Vol 3, p193] small indeed, with not more than enough room for 3 single tents and a cookhouse.

Not much news today, except that I got on with the contouring, and did two more specimens of that Ophisaurus, which I am now quite certain is gracilis. As far

as the contouring is concerned, I have just begun station 3, and one more day should see me finished. It isn't a very big area we've done so far, but it is at least a start, and if we have fine weather we may be able to do some more before leaving Chahtung. A Zaocys nigromarginatus was brought in this afternoon – the first I have seen from the Triangle – but with only one label left I felt I had better discard it in case something really worthwhile turns up later. I shall have to send to the Museum for reptile labels as well as soon as we get to Htingnan. I have only 100 left there, and at this rate they won't last long. I've used about 50 in the last fortnight.

We came out of our area today and are now in the main Hkrang Hka Valley again, so there was no survey work on the road. Three headmen came in with presents of fowls, fish, and eggs, and the young headman of Mahkawng Ga (an excellent and good-looking youth who first met us at Htisyenyang) also turned up to make certain that we were coming to his village tomorrow. He said also that there [Vol 3, p194] were some serow within reach, and an interesting cave within a couple of miles; so I told him that he and I would see the cave and then go hunting together. We've got a little hut to eat and work in here, but the roof wasn't too good, and we have had to supplement it with the old tent fly from the 1933 trip.

Mahkawng Ga (10). Saturday, April 1st 1939

A filthy day. It rained hard most of the night and until 1 p.m., and the day has remained wholly overcast with very low nimbus clouds.

A march of 5 miles over a good footpath, which, for the first 3 miles, is fairly level. At about 3 miles there is a long descent of 1000' or so to the Dite Hka, a large stream which is crossed by bamboo bridge at a little less than 3¾ miles. There is then a steady climb of some 1600' up to the village. The camp ground is in the village.

I was rather in two minds about starting earlyish this morning, or waiting for a while in hopes of the rain clearing up; but the locals, on being applied to for their advice, reckoned it might go on all day, so we broke camp and were off by about 8. I carried an umbrella on the march for the first time, as well as a gun, but it's difficult to say whether it did much good or not as my shirt was so soaked with sweat that I [[Vol 3, p195](#)] couldn't make out whether part of the wet was rain or not. I don't know what I should have done if I'd seen anything to shoot at, but I didn't – not even a squirrel. Because of the weather, the general state of the paths and the prevalence of leeches (I didn't get any, but some Khanungs who came in were pretty covered with blood), I neither went hunting nor to the cave, but sat at home and wrote a couple of letters. All the women of the village brought in small posies of flowers for which I gave them an anna or two each – not that the flowers are any good to me, as we haven't brought the paper with us, but so that when we come back with presses, more will be forthcoming. Bartholomew says he will take on the botany, which is good, and it's better still to know that he is really quite interested in it, so that it won't be just a sweat to him, as it was to me.

Wadan (8). Sunday, April 2nd 1939

A cloudless morning with a NE wind, force 2. By 11 a.m. light nimbus clouds were coming over and by 1 p.m. the sky was wholly covered. By 3.30 p.m. the sky was 5/10 clear and by 6 p.m. it was 9/10 clear.

A march of 8¼ miles over what would be a mule-track if the bridges were improved. The path is fairly up and down; with a long [[Vol 3, p196](#)] irregular descent from about 4 miles to 6 miles, and a steep climb of about 2000' from there to 7 miles. It finishes with an easy descent to Wadan, the camp being on an old house site 150 yards east of the village. The best thing about today's camp is that there are masses

of wild raspberries (the orange ones) growing close by, and we had a fine dish of them for a sweet at dinner tonight.

On the road I came upon a group of chaps with a young male serow (full-grown, but with rather small horns) which one of them had shot last night. It being for sale I said I'd give Rs 7/- for it, which seems to me to be a fairly high price, and Rs 1/- for a bear skull which was also on display. However, their ideas were rather large (probably because they know I buy most things) and they asked Rs 20/-. That finished matters as far as I was concerned, as I never bargain, and I went on my way again refusing the skull as well. There seem to be plenty of serow about, and I won't be happy till I've got one for myself.

I finished the contouring today, and it now only remains to put in a couple of names. A good few frogs and a couple of snakes were brought in today, which I bought as usual. Later I set them adrift as they were all fairly common and I have no more labels till Htingnan. À propos that, I have decided against [Vol 3, p197] going to Chahtung this time. The direct route from here (like that from Ahke) has not been used for some years, and since the other way does not pass through our area at all, there seems to be no point in our going to Chahtung. It would merely add another 4 or 5 days to the journey for no purpose. We will head straight back to Htingnan now, and wait there a couple of days before going down to Karing for the manan.

Jangmaja Ga (9). Monday, April 3rd 1939

A fine day without rain, though the afternoon was pretty cloudy.

A march of $8\frac{1}{4}$ miles over a reasonable mule-track needing only a few bridges strengthened and enlarged. From Wadan there is a descent to the Hpat Hka (the last $\frac{1}{2}$ m being fairly steep) which is crossed by bamboo bridge at $2\frac{1}{4}$ m. The path then climbs up steadily to $2\frac{3}{4}$, and continues rather up and down from there to 5 m. There

is then a steady climb to 6½ m, followed by a moderately steady descent to 8 m. The remaining ¼ m is level. The camp is on a level space beside the headman's house. It was a pleasant march, with gibbons yelling all round. There was a troop of them quite near the path, and I got up [Vol 3, p198] to within about 30 yards and might, I think, have got one; but at the crucial moment 3 Kachins came along the path talking and singing, and the gibbons vanished away.

This afternoon I went out hunting with the headman's son from 2 p.m. till about 6. We had a strenuous time and I thoroughly enjoyed it, but we saw nothing at all except for some macaques (which I tried to stalk and failed) and the tracks of many barking deer and pig. It was heavy going and I'm sleepy tonight. I only got five leeches, which isn't bad considering. Bartholomew went out with the .22 and did better than I, coming back with a squirrel. Since Hkumlum he has had a young phalanger (one of the large brown ones) as a pet. It seems to be thriving under the name of Theobald, but at present it has an awful smell owing to its unfortunate habits. A pleasant beast though. This is a Kachin village.

Pavia Ga (19). Tuesday, April 4th 1939

A fine day with some patches of cloud now and then but no rain.

A march of 4¼ miles over a mule-track. From Jangmaja Ga the path descends moderately steeply to Hput Hka (a fair-sized stream) which it crosses by bamboo bridge. There is then a steady climb to [Vol 3, p199] 2¼ m, passing Samatu at 2 m. The remainder is mostly downhill. The camp is just above the village. Being a very short march we were in early, and about 1 p.m. I went out with the young headman (aged about 15) of this place and the son of the headman of Jangmaja Ga who has come along here with me. We had an exhausting afternoon in dense cane jungle, following sambhur and barking deer tracks (for the most part almost on hands

and knees). There were the tracks of two fair-sized panthers as well. At last we came to a grand spring of natural soda water, fairly warm, spouting up on a ledge about 20' above a large stream, and the ground all round was trampled into mud by sambhur (all fresh tracks), so I am going to sit up there tonight in hopes of getting one. We came on a second sparkling spring a few yards further down, gushing up through the water of the stream, and both of them were very good to drink. We came back down the stream and along the bank of the Hkrang Hka, where the going was pretty bad. I got so hot that I stripped and had a bathe, but it was a short one, the water being chillyish. I had collected a [Vol 3, p200] good few leeches too by this time, and was able to give the bites a good wash. Then a steepish climb of about 1000' back to the village, and I must shortly push off back to the spring for the night. I am taking a tin of rice and one of sardines as well as a few beans and fried onions and bamboo shoots, so I shouldn't do badly.

Pavia Ga. Wednesday, April 5th 1939

A cloudy day, with a few showers between 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., and heavy rain from 8 p.m. on.

I started out a bit late last night, partly because I was weary, and partly because my rice wasn't ready. In fact it was 6 p.m. before I was off. I took Yonga with me to carry my blanket and provender, and he was so nervous at the thought of coming back on his own through the dark (it was about 3 miles), that when we met a Kachin with a gun he prevailed on him to turn again so as to be company for him on the way home. I said goodbye to them at the stream, took up my burden, and waded through the black to the cliff below the mineral spring. I climbed cautiously up that in case there might already be a sambhur on the ledge, but there wasn't, so I went straight to the place I had picked out as a good hide. However, [Vol 3, p201] I

discovered it was full of leeches before I had unrolled my blanket even, so I got out of that, and eventually, after trying two other places, settled down where I was screened from the spring and from the two main game tracks. Three smaller ones opened out almost onto my blankets, but that couldn't be helped. There were leeches everywhere, but I had brought my bedspread with me, and by spreading that out flat and lying in the middle of it, I appeared to disconcert most of them. I don't suppose I had more than a dozen the whole night; and, apart from 3 rats (two of which were bold enough to climb onto my shoulder before long) they were the only things I saw that night, for never a sambhur appeared. In the morning I packed up my goods and came back, having a short and fruitless hunt on the way with the same gunman who took Yonga back last night, and getting in about 8 a.m. Then at 11 we set out with 3 modern rifles (self, Bartholomew and K.B.), one modern 12 bore (the pyada), one ancient single-barrelled 12 bore (ex-Jangmaja Ga) and five flintlocks, on a large beat with no less than 40 beaters. The first beat produced one barking deer which was missed by K.B.; and the second [[Vol 3, p202](#)] nothing whatever. Discouraged, we came home, and I had a shave and a bath at 3 in the afternoon, and since then have had the greatest difficulty in keeping awake.

I had to kill Theobald today. Something had gone wrong with his guts, and he had sunk into a stupor with constant diarrhoea.

Lungmat (Yam Majaw). Thursday, April 6th 1939

It rained all last night and today has been almost wholly cloudy with a SW wind, force 2, and frequent showers.

A march of just under 5 miles, over a reasonable mule-track. From Pavia Ga the path descends to the Hkrang Hka about 1000' in 1½ miles, and crosses the river by bamboo raft. There is then a steady climb up to 3 miles, and thence the path runs

rather up and down without either gaining or losing much height. At 3¼ miles it passes Yam Majaw.

Nothing of note today except that we stopped halfway up the hill for Bartholomew to have a shot with the .22 at a hornbill, and thus missed a possible shot at a sambhur which must have been standing on the path about 20 yards further up round a bend. And I saw a skein of 21 geese flying high to the SW.

Our tea was [[Vol 3, p203](#)] finished after dinner last night, and we are now down to cold water in the early morning and Klim milk at other meals. A mail came in today, with a letter from Mother but otherwise nothing much. We should reach Htingnan on the 8th. There was also a note from Leyden who seemed in fair heart, but didn't mention anything about the manan at Karing. I hope it's still on and that we haven't come all the way back from our area unnecessarily.

Htingnan. Friday, April 7th 1939

On the way between Lungmat and Kumhpang I pulled off quite a decent shot at a langur, wounding it in the body. Then the pyada, K.B. and myself had a fearful time following it up through the most terrific bamboo forest on a very steep slope. It was cutting all the way, but in the end we came upon it so all was well. I then felt that we might as well double the march and come right through. We only stopped long enough in Kumhpang to have a spot to eat (we and the coolies) and pushed on to get here about 1 p.m. That bloody rat had eaten one of my gibbons' hands, but I rejoice to think that it has paid the penalty. Kyipa caught it in one of the traps. There were several parcels here, including 'Kai [[Vol 3, p204](#)] Lung's Golden Hours' from Joan, and my tooth at last. It was really thrilling to have it in again, though I was only just able to get it in at first, owing to a certain change in the shape of my mouth. However, it's settled down now all right.

Htingnan. Saturday, April 8th 1939

There were a good many showers today, and the sky was cloudy all the time.

Not much news. I spent most of the time in typing out the list of snakes for Tin No. 4 (from No. 229 to No. 402 inclusive); in writing to Malcolm Smith to thank him for having named the Trimeresurus after me; and in packing the tin, which Bartholomew soldered most expertly. I also sent a runner to Leyden this morning with what mail we have, and an exhortation to bring potatoes, flour, onions, milk and cigarettes to Karing on our behalf when he comes. I hear from the Tanugok that he is leaving Sumprabum on the 10th, so the note will just get to him in time.

Htingnan. Sunday, April 9th 1939

Rain this morning till about 9 a.m.; then fine but cloudy till 5 p.m., when it began to rain fairly heavily with a high wind; and pretty fine again after 7.30 p.m.

This morning we trailed up to [???] Ga to attend the first day of the celebrations attending the final burial [[Vol 3, p205](#)] of one of the Duwas. He died 27 years ago, and since then his people have been saving up to provide him with a fitting send-off. The whole show will last three days, but this will be our one attendance. It's about 3½ miles from Htingnan, over a moderately steep hill. There wasn't very much doing today, but what there was was quite fun. The 'lup' was gigantic – a good 60' high – just outside the village, and shortly after we turned up everyone made off there in a procession, headed by the women. These gathered together at what looked like the old coffin shelter (though the coffin was not to be seen), just beside the 'lup', and, leaning on it in a bunch, all mourned loudly for some minutes, while the more enthusiastic of the men let off their flintlocks. Others removed the shelter bit by bit, and piled it together for a fire, which they lit with a torch brought from the present Duwa's house. While the groaning and burning was in

process, a Dumsa stood by muttering prayers. When the roof of the shelter had gone a log was put up on the supports and chaped in a piece of cloth to represent the coffin; and finally this was attached to a carrying pole and carted off to other supports on the far side of the 'lup'. Then the rest of the shelter [Vol 3, p206] was pulled up and added to the fire. That finished the performance at the 'lup' and we all trapeded back to the village where refreshments were served, of rice wrapped in plantain leaves, and rather weak rice beer. Bartholomew and I both ate and drank with the others, though in my case with some trepidation, knowing what this beer generally does to my insides. About this time a buffalo was led out and tied up as a sacrifice just outside the Duwa's house; but it wasn't killed until much later, and we actually missed seeing the job done. The next item on the list was when the firewood was brought in for the night's cooking. Apparently, at a ceremony of this sort no one can bring along more than one piece of wood, so all the men got down to it and went off into the jungle, coming back with a log apiece till there was a big stack ready. That done the young men of the village (for there were a few from other villages there as well, although most of the visitors were not turning up till later) went off and collected a leafy branch each. Then they danced to a big drum (6' long at least) and three gongs, for some minutes. After that the Jaiwa, (who had been sitting outside the house praying, with a spear in his hand decorated with [Vol 3, p207] bamboo strips and a small bell at the end) started a dance-off. He was the same man who had been at the Sumprabum manan, dancing mainly with Magwi Ha. In this dance he was closely accompanied by a man whom he was instructing. This fellow carried an imitation spear made out of a long reed, with an imitation bell of bamboo on it. After dancing for some time they came up and performed in front of us where we sat up a small slope; so, taking my cue, I joined in and after a while I even induced

Bartholomew to come along too. He looked like a dyspeptic camel shuffling around! We danced into the house and there sat down for a rest (and strong beer, of which I had half a pint also) and it was during this interval that the buffalo was killed. The Duwa then earnestly invited us to stay on for the dance tonight; and at length I said that, though we had to go back to do some work, we would return to Umsa and sleep at his house. That said we came away. We had an early dinner tonight, and, after a period of indecision, owing to the foul weather, came to the conclusion it was up to us to go having said we would, and are just about to push off.

[*Vol 3, p208*]

Htingnan. Monday, April 10th 1939

Rain nearly all day.

Last night was a mixture of great enjoyment and hideous misery. We arrived at Umsa about 9 o'clock and were at once seized upon by Magwi Ha and the Jaiwa to dance. The greater part of the dancing was done in the house, full of smoke and even fuller of people, in the dim light of the fires. Forty or fifty of us moved slowly around by the wall to two drums and a pair of cymbals in a simple, rather pleasant step which was new to me, but after about an hour of that or a bit more, we went outside for a change and continued there round three or four more fires. Here I learnt two more new steps. At about 11.30 it began to rain and I came in for a rest, still feeling quite fit, but before long I knew that my hour was come and went miserably to bed at the end of the house, leaving the others to continue the revels. During the night I was kept busy going out either to be sick or assailed with diarrhoea and I didn't get much sleep. The dancing stopped fairly soon, but an indefatigable party of minstrels kept going solidly till 5.30 a.m., singing choruses to the rather attractive, if monotonous chant, of a little dwarf. At the period during the night two men at the

nearest fireplace [[Vol 3, p209](#)] squatted quietly, smoking opium and occasionally conversing sleepily; while outside the rain poured down in torrents. I staggered up this morning, not in the best of good humours, with my stomach still in a poor state as a result of yesterday's beer, and discovered that Khark Bahadur was nowhere to be found. I made heavy weather of the return journey, and by the time we had got here again I had decided that he must go. He turned up drunk a couple of hours later, and instantly dropped off to sleep, which only strengthened me in my decision. I have spent a most miserable day, but by this evening things were moving towards normal again, and I came to the conclusion that I was being unjust to punish him so heavily for this one spree. Hence I have done nothing but warn him to be careful in future.

We are leaving here on the 12th for Karing, spending the 13th at Hkrang Hka to give Bartholomew a chance to fish there.

Htingnan. Tuesday, April 11th 1939

Showers throughout the day, but nothing very heavy.

We spent the whole time in packing up and getting ready to push off tomorrow. I have got another box of skins ready for the Museum, as well as the snake [[Vol 3, p210](#)] tin now. I am sending Lewa and Yonga up to Pangnamdim tomorrow, to bring down the bulk of our stores to Sumprabum. They are going via Tinghpang and reach La Awnga on the 14th if all goes well. I heard from Leyden today to say that he can't manage Karing after all, owing to a bout of gastric flu, but that he will be at Kajihtha on the 19th. Hence we will go there before Sumprabum. It is just as convenient for us as the baggage has to be dumped there anyway.

Hkrang Hka. Wednesday, April 12th 1939

Rain until 11 a.m. and from 5 p.m. on. Otherwise moderately fine.

A march of 11 miles over a good mule-track to this camp on the right bank of the Hkrang Hka. I stalked a pheasant on the way, but by mischance it saw me first and I didn't get a shot. However, having let Bartholomew go on ahead, (owing to my wholehearted dislike of travelling in a band) when I got here he reported 5 ducks on the water a couple of hundred yards up by the bridge. We went out (he with the .22) and found them still swimming about. I shot one from the bridge (he missed) and the rest flew downstream for only about 100 yards before settling again; so [Vol 3, p211] I performed the second stalk of the day, and got another. They were so tame that I felt like a murderer, though I suppose without reason. We needed them both as food and specimens, and, tame or not, it was no worse killing them than butchers killing sheep at home, and much better than some of these people who feed pheasants on their carcass till they're so confiding that finally the beaters have to kick them up to get them in the air to be shot.

We didn't get away till close on 9 a.m. this morning, owing to some difficulty in getting the Htingnan coolies to turn up (why I don't know yet) and the last coolie wasn't in till half past five. Lewa and Yonga are on their way to Pangnamdim. The ducks made the best dinner we have had for a long time.

Hkrang Hka. Thursday, April 13th 1939

Rain last night till about 5 a.m. A few showers during the day, and heavy rain from 4 p.m. to 5 p.m. After that light rain.

Bartholomew went out fishing this morning and afternoon but without any luck. This rain has mucked up the water too much, and I don't think he expected to get anything really. I sewed a chapli in the morning and did various odd jobs till about [Vol 3, p212] 3, when I too went down to the river to have a few casts. It wasn't worth staying long, though, and we both came back just in time to escape the rain. Almost

as soon as it started, a big swarm of flying ants came fluttering over from 10 or 12 feet up to about 100 feet, making rather heavy weather through the downpour. At first they seemed to have the sky to themselves, but before long one swallow appeared and then, like magic, there were suddenly between 2 and 3 dozen of them making hay as fast as they could. They kept hard at it for about a quarter of an hour, making no impression on the swarm whatever; and then had to give up, bloated. From the bats' point of view it was a pity that the swarm appeared so early; for by the time they were out on the hunt the ants had vanished and easy meals were off for the day.

Karing Ga. Friday, April 14th 1939

A fine day, with occasional glimpses of sun, until 4.15 p.m., when very heavy nimbus clouds came over and light rain began. From 4.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. there was heavy rain, driven by a high NW wind (force 5). Light rain continued from 5.30 p.m. on, wind NW 2.

A march of 11 miles climbing up and down, but with no steep hills, mainly through forest, and over a [[Vol 3, p213](#)] good mule-track. I shot a langur on the way, but without giving me any cause for pride, as I needed 3 shots to finish it. At least it has taught me that it is essential to have a definite target and not simply the animal as a whole, so it has not been a wasted morning. I missed a second langur badly.

We sent off 40 loads out of the 70 direct to Kajihitu, under the care of the pyada, this morning, and are travelling with nothing but necessities ourselves. When we arrived here we were apparently a day ahead of expectation; but presently the Duwa hurried down with various henchmen, full of apologies. I like him. Quite one of the best I have met so far. The big bungalow was not in a particularly good state, so we have settled into the little one which is quite good, if cramped, and will be staying

here tomorrow. After we had had our lunch, the Duwa came down again to take us to see the sights. The dancing part of the manan has not started yet. They had sacrificed a buffalo this morning and were generally getting things ready, and tomorrow the fun will begin. It turns out to be only a small show after all. The manan proper was last year, and this one is just to take up the posts. As far as I can gather it's going to be mostly indoors, so photos [Vol 3, p214] will be off. We saw over his house and then came back, and I had been intending to go out into the jungle after barking deer, but the rain came on and so I didn't. Pretty soon it was coming down in sheets with a high wind which drove it through the walls of the bungalow in a most dismal manner. In the evening the Duwa and his son (who came back today from school in Myitkyina) paid us another visit and said that they would be sacrificing another buffalo tomorrow, so that, if there's any sun, we will be able to photograph it. He was very anxious to have a photo taken of his house group and I promised to do this and send him a copy for himself.

The soup was burnt tonight, but on the whole Nyima is doing very well as cook and I have few complaints.

Karing Ga. Saturday, April 15th 1939

A fine day with plenty of sun.

About 11 a.m. a party came down from the village to escort us up to see the ceremony. They were headed by the Duwa's son and came with a gong, a couple of drums, a pair of cymbals, and a mouth organ, so we went along in due state. When we arrived we were taken into the Duwa's house, and sat down just in front of the altar to the Madai nat, by which an aged Dumsa was mumbling prayers, with [Vol 3, p215] a bamboo of mixed spirit (or beer) and water in his gripe. Almost at once two parties of four dancers (each having a Jaiwa, another man, and 2 women) started

from opposite ends of the house and moved down till they reached us. They danced in front of us for a minute or so, and then passed each other and travelled to the ends of the house again. This happened half a dozen times, after which, instead of dancing to us, they did their stuff on each side of the altar, crossing over as before and repeating several times, to welcome the Madai nat. Then we went out and sat in a little shelter, while offerings of every kind of liquor and foodstuff was carried in baskets up a bamboo ladder to the top of an altar raised about 40' up. This altar, I think, was for the Madai nat too. That took some time and I took a few photos of it. Then we migrated to the other end of the house where a large buffalo (paid for by us – Rs 30/-) was to be sacrificed. It took 6 jabs with the spear to do it in, and again I got some photos, which I hope may be good. Then back to our shelter, to see the food offerings being brought down again and distributed among the populace. That finished the show, and we went [[Vol 3, p216](#)] home to send up Rs 30/- for the buffalo. The Duwa was so pleased that he organised a little manan tonight just for us. It began when we turned up about 8 p.m. and finished three-quarters of an hour later when we stopped dancing ourselves. I've enjoyed our stay here.

Lahkang Nbandu (25). Sunday, April 16th 1939

A pretty foul day, with fairly heavy rain till 8.30 a.m. and after 11 a.m., just allowing us to do the march in comfort.

A march of about 7½ miles over what would be quite a good mule-track in dry weather, but which was very slippery today. For the first 5¼ m we returned back along our route to Karing, and then forked left on to the main Htingnan Kajihtu road. This is a pleasant camp on a ridge opposite the village. There hasn't been much work today, but I have written one or two letters; and after dinner tonight a mail arrived from Leyden. He will be at (or get to) Chatihka tomorrow and is going to stop

a day there for a communal fishing. He says there is no room for us to be there at the same time, as he has got Mrs L., the children and nanny with him, filling up the bungalow completely. We will stop here tomorrow therefore, and then, if the road dries off at all, will double-march to Dap Gahtawng the day after. [Vol 3, p217] We are just out of kerosine now.

Chatihka Camp. Monday, April 17th 1939

A fine day with plenty of cloud but not much rain.

I began this morning by writing a note to Leyden, but then I thought that, as there was nothing much else to do, I might as well walk down the 7 miles myself and collect some decent cigarettes. So I did, leaving Bartholomew in Lahkang Nbandu with a sore throat. When I got here Leyden had had a hut put in order for us and had sent up a chit to that effect telling us to come along, though I had missed it on the road. So I stopped here and he sent another to Bartholomew saying 'pack up and come along. Have got a house ready here'. For some obscure reason this was interpreted to mean only bedding; but fortunately he brought mine as well, and the remainder of the stuff will come tomorrow I expect. We will be stopping here till the morning of the 20th, as it's a grand camp on the bank of the river and everybody is enjoying it. It's grand to see the Leydens again, and they're both in good form. I played a game of Chinlon this evening, the first since the middle of February. I had a bathe with Mrs Leyden this afternoon. The water was pretty chilly, but good all the same.

[Vol 3, p218]

Chatihka Camp. Tuesday, April 18th 1939

A fine sunny day but it rained heavily in the night.

I sent back Kyipa this morning to make sure that the rest of the baggage was coming down; but fortunately he didn't have to go far, as he met them about halfway. Today was the great communal fishings, down where the Chati Hka divides into two branches. Last year, about this time, the southern branch was fished in the same way and about 100 viss of fish were collected; but we had bad luck this time and didn't get much. The theory is simple and good. Two dams are built, one at each end of the piece to be fished. When the upper one is finished the water level begins to drop, of course, between the two, and walnut leaves are then pounded (mainly by the women) towards the upper end of the water. The juice trickles downstream and stupefies the fish, which mostly rise to the surface and are killed with dahs. Everyone lends a hand with the business, and the day's catch is then divided out at the end. I had a great time carrying stones for the dam (getting soaking wet in the process); pounding the leaves; and finally splashing around after the fish. I was at it for about 3 hours, and that we only got so few was entirely due to last night's rain, I think. [Vol 3, p219] The stream was pretty high this morning, and when the upper dam was nearly finished the strain was too much for it and it broke. The flood of water which swept down then must have pretty well cleaned out our bit. My stomach has gone back on me since last night. I don't know why but it's very disturbed now, and I feel rather slack. Bartholomew's is also not too good.

Chatihka Camp. Wednesday, April 19th 1939

I went out early this morning in the hope of getting a jungle fowl; but though I had heard a good many and saw three I didn't get a shot at one. A hen was clucking in the jungle not far away at one time, so I did a bit of stalking and got pretty close when she fell silent and moved off a little. I was standing listening for her when the grass parted not more than 2 yards away from me and a jungle cat pushed silently

out. It didn't see me, and stood listening intently (for the same hen) for some seconds before turning away and vanishing into the grass again. I took a chance shot with 6s at where it had gone. There was a frightful snarling and spitting from the cat, an outbreak of shrieks from the hen, and a flurry in the undergrowth before everything became still again. I found blood and hair from the cat, [[Vol 3, p220](#)] which had fallen down a steep slope; but I couldn't trace it after that, and of the hen, of course, there was no sign. On the way back I shot a woodpecker. Then in the afternoon (though feeling weary and rather dispossited on account of my accursed stomach) I was out for between 3 and 4 hours after a possible barking deer. I didn't see one, or even fresh tracks, but after creeping through thick jungle for a long time I saw a family of 3 langurs in a tall tree and made some pretty shooting, getting the lot, and all with heart shots. I sent back coolies to bring in the corpses. One of the smaller type of barking deer was brought in today.

Dap Gahtawng. Thursday, April 20th 1939

Rain in the night, but a fine sunny day.

A march of about 6 miles over an excellent mule-track, climbing most of the time though very gently. We are travelling with the Leydens, as there is room for us all both here and at Kajihthu; but between there and Sumprabum we shall go a day ahead, as the camps are small. My stomach is still in a bad way, but I suppose it will settle down again soon. Chinlon this evening, and later a man reported that a barking deer had gone into a patch of jungle just below the bungalow. [[Vol 3, p221](#)] I got some beaters and stood where it would have to pass if it came out; but as there was no sign of it I think it must have turned back very soon after being seen.

Kajihthu. Friday, April 21st 1939

A fine, hot day, and a march of 4½ miles uphill. This is a superb place with the most enormous bungalow, which we will have when the Leydens go. There's a grand view all round; and, at 3500 feet, it mightn't to be unbearably hot in the summer. Better still, La Doi will be here a good part of the time, and he will see to it that if there is anything doing in the neighbourhood we get the full benefit of it. My stomach is wretched and I feel rather lifeless. I played a bad game of Chinlon.

Kajihthu. Saturday, April 22nd 1939

A fine sunny day.

I was up 8 times during the night with my stomach and have not done much today as a result. Bartholomew and I will leave here for Sumprabum on the 24th. It is good news that Thunder is going back to Myitkyina and that Durrant is taking his place in Sumprabum.

Kajihthu. Sunday, April 23rd 1939

A fine sunny day.

I went round to the doctor (Joshi [[Vol 3, p222](#)] is here for the time being) this morning, and had an ounce of castor oil, which I swallowed with difficulty even though it was made into an emulsion with Tragacanth, 20 minims of Tinct. Opii, and a plentiful flavouring of peppermint. It seems to have done the trick though, and I am feeling very much better, though still very slack. A mail came in this morning, but there wasn't much in it for me.

Nbun Daru. Monday, April 24th 1939

A fine, hot day, and a march, all downhill, of not more than about 9½ miles, I should say, though we had been told it was a good 13. We crossed a stream about halfway, and looking down I saw the tracks of a big tortoise in the mud, so the pyada,

K.B. and I went to try and find it. I put down my rifle, and we were poking about when the pyada called out cautiously. I looked round and there was a fine barking deer wandering quietly across the stream, as though it had all the time in the world at its disposal, a bare 30 yards away. By the time I'd got to my rifle it had disappeared into the jungle, and though I sprinted after it and followed it up for some way, I didn't see it again. This is an attractive camp, built on the very edge of the river. The pyada and I made [Vol 3, p223] our way along the bank upstream this afternoon, but had no luck. We didn't start out till about 3 p.m., and by then (to judge by the tracks) the barking deer had already drunk. There were plenty of tracks of them, and I saw those of sambhur, a panther, several otters, and a couple of monitor lizards. The panther had been scouting around on the look-out for whatever might turn up, and had eventually run across the tracks of a sambhur. It had sniffed around there for a bit and then gone off after the beast. It seems to me that animals must be able to recognise from tracks which way to go by sight and not by smell. There were a lot of jungle fowl about, but the pyada, who had the shotgun, only got one shot, and that he missed. Bartholomew was out fishing. He didn't get anything (though I saw a lot of fish about), but on my way back I took a shot at one, of about 5 lbs, with the rifle. I must have just creased it. It came to the top, belly up, but it took about 5 minutes for a man to turn up in a canoe, and when he seized it, it just had energy enough left to wriggle free and go to the bottom. It came up again once more, but then went for good. My stomach seems to be fit again now, thank God.

[Vol 3, p224]

Sinan Hka Camp. Tuesday, April 25th 1939

A very hot day with plenty of sun.

A march of 11¾ miles, up and down, over a good mule-track. There was a bit of a hitch over coolies this morning as 14 of the men wanted to go back. Normally there are plenty to be had from a big village a couple of miles back along the path from Nibun Daru; but as luck would have it the whole place (apart from the halt and the maimed) had gone up to Kajihitu to see Leyden after some law-suit. In the end we set off after the 12 who were coming on, and left the pyada with the rest of the loads, in the belief that he would be able to get coolies when Leyden turned up there today and the villagers came back. He and they arrived here late tonight. There was nothing of interest on the road except that lizards are out in hundreds now, (Lygosoma that is) and that I caught a couple of Natrix subminiata [???] which I let go almost at once. By the end of the march I was exhausted (a combination of heat and hangover from my stomach?) but I was revived by a most glorious bathe with Bartholomew in a deep pool just below the bungalow. The water must have been at least 70°. It was lovely. I had a short nap in the afternoon – a thing I hardly ever do – and [Vol 3, p225] went down in the evening to watch Bartholomew fishing. He caught a small Redfish in our bathing pool and then decided to wade over just above the rapids and try the other side. It was a grand sight. He got about halfway, and then, after falling several times, he stuck completely. Three naked Khanungs, who had been bathing higher up, rushed to his aid, and, arm in arm, they looked like some kind of dismal folk-dance, swaying backwards and forwards and disappearing in rotation. He didn't get anything else, and at last I went in for another bathe. It was getting dark and I caught my hand on a rock in deep water and pulled off my ring, which is a dead loss. There isn't a hope of getting it out again, even in daylight, as the current is very strong there.

Sumprabum. Wednesday, April 26th 1939

A fine sunny day, and pretty hot.

A march of 10½ miles over a good and very pleasant mule-track, along which I saw 3 squirrels and nothing else of interest. We dropped in at Bonney's on arrival and pretty well drank her out of lemon squash and tea, and we went to her for tea in the afternoon and had some grand waffles. Mrs Leyden has made our house look [Vol 3, p226] magnificent with curtains in all the rooms, and a carpet and tiger-skin in the dining room. It's been very good of her and it makes a tremendous difference. A man brought in what I take to be a Hamadryad (though I haven't yet classified it) of about 7 feet in length. It was killed close to the path we used today, and is a bit battered but well worth having.

Sumprabum. Thursday, April 27th 1939

A fine day, but cloudy.

The Leydens came in today about 11.45, and I spent most of the afternoon up there. He has been collecting information about the biggest of these mysterious 'monkeys' (the Mashang Silvoi) which hang out in the dense forest near Sadon and north of the Hakawng, besides possibly in the south Triangle. They are said to be at least 6' 5" in height, walking erect and living singly. The natives are terrified of them and even when they are seen (which is rarely) they will run rather than shoot. All the same one was killed near Sadon some time ago, and its scalp and finger nails have been preserved as charms – the latter being about twice as big as a man's. Its toes must be turned up somehow, because in walking it leaves the marks of only the heel and the ball of the foot. It is a great [Vol 3, p227] paddy eater, and occasionally tears down the walls of the Tanngya huts to get at the paddy stored there. The Gawoi

stands only about 5' high, I gather, and is also fierce and erect; but its tracks are like those of a big monkey and it moves in pairs.

I am sacking K.B. at last. He was drunk again last night, and much the same this morning; and I think I should be able to get someone here to take his place without much trouble.

Sumprabum. Friday, April 28th 1939

A most grisly mail today, without a single letter for me. I paid off K.B. today, and have taken on Hkawng Hpung, the pyada who came with us from Htingnan on the Ahke trip, and also round via Kajihthu. He has resigned from the police and I am giving him Rs 35/- a month with the prospect of a raise to 45/- when he becomes a good skinner.

We had the Leydens down for drinks this evening, and I had told N.T. to fry some herring roes and chipolatas as snacks. Nothing turned up, however, and when I went to investigate I found him in a drunken stupor. Eventually, the Leydens' own cook came down and did his stuff, but of course he had to go back to cook their dinner, and ours was a mockery. I have come to the conclusion that it would [[Vol 3, p228](#)] be better if I got rid of all the servants and took on Kachins instead. They seem to degenerate in this country, and they're all taking to drink, except Lhakpa – and he never washes either himself or his clothes, which is a trial in a hot country. I shall ask Leyden about the possibility of getting others. Hkawng Hpung is off to Htingnan to settle things there, and will be back on the 5th.

Sumprabum. Saturday, April 29th 1939

N.T. was still drunk today, and he has been given the sack, though I shall hang on to him till I get another cook. I asked Leyden about things and he said that it could be managed. He said too that the people in the Triangle cannot stand Lewa

and co. for various reasons such as that (a) they try to use force with the locals, (b) they cannot understand the language, and when explanations are offered they are brushed aside with blows; and so on. He says the Triangle people have got quite attached to me personally, and say openly that it is a pity so good a master has such rotten servants. To do Lewa and co. justice, they were good in Tibet, and I think it is the country here which is their undoing; but they must go, all the same. I shall not sack them, because I may need them when I next go to Tibet, but I shall pay [Vol 3, p229] them off for this trip on the grounds that fever is bad round Ning Changyang, where we shall spend most of the rains, and that I want no more deaths among them. This excuse has the advantage of being perfectly true!

Sumprabum. Sunday, April 30th 1939

Not much news today, except that Durrant is arriving on the 1st to take Thunder's place; and Sayer on the 3rd to replace Leyden, who is staying till the 10th.

Sumprabum. Monday, May 1st 1939

I went down towards Machega to meet Durrant shortly after 9 a.m., and ran into him a couple of miles along the road. He had had a mule killed by a tiger 3 marches out, and I was full of hope that it might be worth trekking off there at first; but I came to the conclusion it wouldn't be. Too far for one thing. I went up to Thunder's house with him, and sat drinking beer and chatting till 4. In that time we only had 3 bottles each (Dyer, Meakin) but the result was terrible. I wasn't tight (though Thunder was, and Durrant well on the way), but I had the most awful mouth and felt dreadful. Thunder is off on the 3rd, and seems anxious to get to Myitkyina as soon as possible, though I don't imagine he will get much of a welcome.