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**“The Kinchenjunga Expedition.”
(Special for “The Englishman”)**

Jalung, Aug. 26.

Here at last! we have reached the foot and we are encamped on its right between the lateral moraine and some snow and ice covered hills. We have our tents pitched at the junction of two streams both from the same glacier. One is as clear as crystal, the other milky white. One has burrowed its way under ground for some distance and cleaned itself. The other has come direct above ground and is full of the sand carried away by the pressure of the ever moving ice from the enormous rocks by which it is enclosed. All around us are imposing peaks lifting their castellated heads skywards from dark slaty peaks to the icy covered heads of the giants of the region. Since we arrived here three days ago, rain, rain, nothing but rain and clouds. None of us ever dreamed what a wonderful sight was in store for us when suddenly last evening about 4 o'clock the misty pall was rent asunder and mighty Talrug was disclosed to our sight.

Our Sherpa and Boothea coolies engaged in Darjiling, we have had no trouble at all with. I cannot say as much for the Sikkim coolies; we have had to halt several days on their account as about forty of them decamped during the night of the 16th and left all their loads on our hands. We were only 25 men short but by making every available man carry, and by halting every other day and sending back we managed to get all our provisions to Tseram.

The Neco Cave Camp is at about 12,500 feet. Our march leads us through fields of flowers. We climb ever upwards sometimes along a level path cutting across a slanting flowery meadow. An hour of this lands us on the summit of this pass which the aneroid gives at 13,750. Our Tibetans here build a cairn and decorate it with flowers and rags of many colours. As every man reaches the summit he deposits his load and adds his quota to it in the shape of a stone, flower or rag, muttering the formula to the presiding demon or deity to allow him to pass without harm or hindrance. Once over this we descend a

few hundred a few hundred feet only to find a higher pass further on, and so on several times when we suddenly come on to an upland plain, one of the upper pasture field. Round a curve we come on a lake whose limped waters reflect the surrounding rocky heights like a mirror. We are now walking at an altitude of 15,000 feet and by going at a fair rate we do not feel inconvenience. On our way to the "Onea La" "the milky pass" we see two more lakes looking like two shining gems in a dark setting. The scenery from the pass is grand and beyond faithful description. Once over the pass and our way is downwards for nearly 3,000 feet deep into wooded valley. Just under the pass we come to the remains of an avalanche which fell early in the year and now only a few square feet of it remain. After having to jump from boulder to boulder across the stream on to its left bank which we follow for a quarter of a mile, then recrossing it, we arrive at Gamthang, the "Valley of the White Yak."

We have perforce to stop here two days awaiting our goods being brought on by the relays of coolies sent back. Some thirty charges are sent on ahead so that to-morrow we can move en masse to our next camp. We are only two days from Tseram. The morning breaks very fine. We are up by 4-30, and breakfast is disposed of by 5 o'clock. Down the valley towards Jongu we get a fine view of Pandum rising in all its majesty with nothing between us to mar its beauty. We get all away by 6-30 and hope as the day is so fine to get a good view from the Chunmol which lies about eight miles to the westward of us. We follow the river for about a mile up through a forest of pines, larches and rhododendrons, till we come to a large landslide. The path does not cross it but runs up its side and over its head. We are now out of the forest and on to the bare hillside. Away to our left are two tiny lakes almost hidden away in the mountain. We at last reach the enchanted lake. Here our extra loads were deposited yesterday and here they must remain till fetched to-morrow from our next camp, where we shall have to stop an extra day still, owing to the desertion of coolies.