

July 26 - 1922

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CHEVREMONT,
DARJEELING.

My dearest Ruth I had a letter from
you by this mail dated July 1 & you didn't
get news of our final attempt & the
accident. Meanwhile I have missed
two mails & not of me as I hoped &
what is still more serious letters sent
off of me from Kampe Dzang - 14 I think
evidently haven't got through - they
~~sure~~ should have caught last mail -
so correspondence seems a hopeless busi-
ness altogether. I'm afraid I shan't
be back quite so soon as you expected
on July 1 - actually I suppose the
Narkunda should reach London on
June 26, but you will find that out
from the papers. Will you meet me in

London? At the Doctes best if it can be managed but don't wait interminable hours! Find out what is best & let me have a line to the ship sent off 2 or 3 days before we arrive - it will be brought on board I expect as we come up the Thames.

So much for arrangements.

I've had a wonderful journey back in many ways - plenty of difficulties since I left Somersvell & Crawford in the Thonak Valley in the north of Sikkim - but I must tell you all about them; Can you wait? As you haven't my earlier letters & won't have I expect even / this mail you perhaps don't even know that we three came through the short way from Kharka together leaving the others to come round (Shekar Dzong - Phari etc. - our way the same as my way back with Bullock last year, but

choosing a different pass over into Sikkim
the Naku La or Nago La - I don't
know whether you have got it on any map
- yes, it is on last year's map which
you have, west of Chomrimo; but it
was difficult to get the Tibetans to go this
way - we had to go to Kampa Dzong for
transport & waste a day there to. Then
when we crossed the pass we found there
was no clear way down to Laachen - a
land slip had rendered the pass unusable
& it had fallen out of use until the jungle
had covered it over. I believe a bridge
had broken too. The others were to spend a
fortnight or so in the upper part of
this valley & I made a march eastward
to Tango where is the first Dak Bungalow
on the other route; I started with two
Jaks & ended about midnight with

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me — one of two which had been able with
much various encouragement to climb the
steep rocks up to a pass called the Chank
La & which I bore down the other side
with one coolie — I stayed 3 nights at
Tungo collecting my baggage from the Chank
La & then came through without delay.
Though in the last stages I had to leave my
kit & it arrived a day after me. Sikkim
was much less wet than I expected —
or rather I was luckier than one could
have imagined possible in not getting
rained on, managing always to travel
in the few fine hours. But how I
perspired, especially during the last two
days with marches of 23 & 18 miles
including respective rises of 5000 &
6000 ft, & into the depths of a stuffy
valley & out again. My memories in

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Sikhs are chiefly of rushing swollen streams & leeches - but I got very few which drank any considerable quantity of my blood.

I found Moshead very well & cheery. His left hand has practically recovered. Three fingers of the right are still bound up & he says he will have something to use he thinks above the top joints. One big toe still gives him trouble but is healing up well.

I began writing to you before breakfast when Moshead told me that he had just got my letter written from Kimpur Dzong, so I have now some hopes you will get my earlier letters with this.

I won't write at greater length now as I have several jobs here to be done. I hope we shan't be quite ruined by the time I reach home - but it appears probable - attractions in the shops are irresistible when one comes back to them. However apart from a large buy I've hardly touched the £200 to my credit with the bank here.

Dear Love I can't tell you of the delight of being with you again so soon. I hope I shall find you as blooming as I am. I have been thinking of the family in the Isle of Wight. God bless you all.

Your very loving

