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MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION.

And so we trekked back again & up the glacier stream, 3 days' march to a new mountain base camp. I hoped after a day's rest to be fit for further work on the mountains. But my throat was still very sore - glands swollen & I felt abominably weak. So Bullock went on alone to pursue our quest & find the valley. It was a depressing moment for me when I reflected that from the first I had been 'magne pass' in all that had been done to reconnoitre Everest & now at the last it seemed I was to miss the climax, the joy of wresting from the mountain its final secret, & to hand over the responsibility of deciding the line of assault to my 2nd in command. But the morning Bullock went off Morshead came up. I knew that he would be joining us before long; nevertheless it was a surprise to see him & a very pleasant one both for his companionship sake & because we wanted a 3rd sahib to join the climbing party.

The same evening I had a chat from Bullocks saying that he had crossed the first considerable stream joining the main stream from the left & that the valley he was following ended for soon in a high pass. He was on the wrong back.

Aug 4

I awoke next morning in some way stronger - resolved to waste no time. Moshead & I got off after breakfast determined to walk up the valley which Bullock had crossed - which whatever else it might do clearly led in the direction of Everest. We were lucky in the weather; for the morning was clear much later than usual & between 11.0 & 12.0 o'clock we were able to see both Everest & the North Peak. It was difficult to make out all the topography completely; but two things were clear; - there was a continuous way from this valley leading to the high snow col which we had seen the other day from our peak (21,500 ft) & it was possible to advance long way in this direction without camping on snow. Perhaps, I thought, this is the right way to Everest & anyway if we can reach the first snow col we ~~can~~ see from there over to the North Col & know whether this line of approach will serve us.

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The following day we were trekking up the valley with our lighter tents having met Bullock's party at the valley junction. But the weather was bad, & we could see nothing of what lay in front of us & came to a full stop on a steep stony hillside, an hour or two short of the point I wanted to reach, where a little shelf afforded just sufficient floor for our tents. A good deal of light snow fell in the night, though not enough to impede our going; the clouds were still thick over the glacier when we woke & the only

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course was to proceed for a better view up the stony hillside to the ridge above us. It was not long after daylight & when we started & we pursued this ridge to a summit 20,500ft or 1700ft above our camp, which we reached at 6.30 a.m. From this splendid view point we saw where we must go & halted nearly an hour taking photos in all directions. Then it was a race with the clouds. The way we had chosen had cost us valuable time; it was necessary to descend nearly a thousand feet & then cross a crevasse

branch of glacier to reach the main glacier where we would be. At 11 p.m. we came to a halt. We had been ⁱⁿ cloud for two hours & could see nothing. For my part I was feeling far from well with a headache & my inclination to go no further seemed to be heartily shared by the rest of the party. We turned down the glacier & completed what in the end was a valuable piece of reconnaissance by finding the shortest way back to our camp.

It was too late to move up that night & there ^{were} complications in the blunderbus; men & saturs had to be summoned from the base camp & 2 coolies were sent down for the purpose. A pleasing project was formed of which, if we could reach our snow ed & look over into the cwm N.E. of Everest & there should see a glacier running down northward, two saturs should follow it wherever it might go & thus solve the mystery of its exit; they were to take three coolies & 2 days supplies & find their way back to Kharta.

Aug. 17 The morning brought an unpleasant surprise. The coolies who came up from the base camp told us there were no saturs there!

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This was difficult to believe & we suspected some trickery on Gyaltse's part. Sanghu was sent down with orders that rations must be brought up. Meanwhile we moved up the camp, & established it on a shelf under an ice cliff (19,900 ft) perhaps 300 ft above the glacier & 10 min. walk from the point where we should want to get on to it in the morning. Snow was falling when we arrived & continued to fall during the afternoon & evening, though it did not lie on the stones. The "mitten-beary" coolies came up shortly before dark with barely a day's supplies. Circumstances in fact were not encouraging. It was clear we must abandon our plan of going down the unknown glacier. Mosshead's men luckily had enough food to spare some tsampa for one coolie & it was resolved to take with us only Young Ninji Shepa & send down the rest.

Aug. 18. The preparations for our start began early as Mosshead's cook who was up with us demanded an hour or a half from the time of his waking in which to cook breakfast.

I found myself shunting through the tent door shortly
after 10 a.m.; but we were not away till 3.15 p.m.
On the ^{main} glacier ^{we were} favoured at first by the
last of the moonlight & though ~~there was~~ some
lingering mist was lingering about it was
generally possible to see the peaks & steep on
a solid mountain side. The light became very
difficult as we got higher; & particularly after
dawn it was generally quite impossible to
make out the snow surfaces & ascents & descents
were equally unexpected. Gervases forced or
seems to force us away to the right until
we found ourselves confronted by the ice fall in
this part of the glacier & were close under
above the trough under the rocks about sunrise.
It was clearly best to take to them & avoid
complications on the ice fall. They were covered
with 2 or 3 inches of snow & cold to the fingers
but not difficult to climb & after some
travelling which caused Mosshead a little
trouble we found an easy way back onto the
glacier above the ice fall with very little descent
while we breakfasted the mist thickened; &
yet it was by no means a hopeless morning;
the clouds seemed less determined & thinner
than usual.

We went on about 9.20 a.m. Bullock led for

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40 mins; I found the pace very slow at first, but better afterwards - still it was very easy work compared to leading. We made between 400 - 500 ft in this spell, & 850 ft. in the next, my lead, which exceeded the ratio of time $\frac{1}{2}$ 10 mins, i.e. 50 mins. Bullock & Mosshead had each a short spell in front after this & we were now on the steep final slopes. The heat which lower, & particularly during a half-hour or so had been literally like a furnace was here again very severe; we felt it as the chief enemy to be resisted, not merely an irritating enervating influence, but a fiercely attacking & deadly hostile power. I found the work on this final section - 600 to 700 ft. I suppose considerably more severe than lower down. There I had been able to maintain an even rhythm even on the steeper parts by exhaling & inhaling once for each step. Here I had to proceed rather differently; it was necessary to acquire at the halt a sort of potential energy by breathing very hard & deep & then apply the rhythm to going up until such time as it

machine go to speak, was sun down & required a fresh winding up, which as it would do after no great number of steps. The fact was that the angle here was considerably steeper & one has to contend not only against an increased awkwardness in lifting the snowshoe but an increased tendency in the snowshoe to slip where it was put. We were in mist too & couldn't see where to put my feet & one had so wrong an idea of the angle slope that I capsized completely.

The scorching toil had end at last & suddenly we found ourselves out of the mist & on the col. Little was to be seen above our level. The slopes of highest way on our left were visible only where they impinged upon the glacier - a faint plain-sail, snow surface with some big crasse up towards the north col which was never itself ^{clearly} ~~actually~~ visible though it was just possible to make out where it was, apparently little higher than ourselves. The south facing rocks of the North Peak presented their profile, as very imposing steep, jagged spectacle so far up as we could see; its east ridge had no countenance for us; we looked across at what, presumably, were the slopes of the plateau below it. And below them answering the first question was

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a narrow glacier, shaping its course perhaps a little west of north, joined after it had lost its white snow covering by another and cleaner glacier coming steeply down from the left, ~~to~~ bending with this confluent (apparently) to the right, then lost to view. We could see no more; its destination remained a mystery.

