

Luns, and thus going direct to Khotan. Storms and snow compelled us to turn back and make a *détour* of a hundred miles to the west, to the easier and lower pass of Sanju, 16,700 feet high.

On the way to Lake Pangong, I went up the Indus valley a day's journey from Leh, and crossed on foot to the north, over the pass of Chang La in the main range, with my cheerful Ladakhi coolies. Near Durgukh, at the northern base of the pass, I left the main road, which we later followed on our way to Turkestan, and turned to the east up the valley which carried the drainage of Lake Pangong before that sheet of water contracted to its present size and ceased to overflow. At Durgukh, an official order from Leh enabled me to hire ponies for the ride of thirty miles to the lake. They were shaggy, unkempt little animals, and were cared for by two equally unkempt Ladakhi youths, quiet, cheerful, and willing. I could not make my horse hurry at first, for when I said, "Clck," he stopped as though shot, nearly throwing me over his head. It was only when I learned to say, "Choo! choo!" that I could persuade him to hasten a little. Downstream from Durgukh the valley turns to the north, and enters a narrow V-shaped gorge, almost impassable, as we found later. Upstream, however, we encountered very easy traveling, for the valley has been glaciated, and its broad U-shaped trough forms an easy approach to Pangong.

The lake is a sparkling sheet of the clearest, deepest blue, shading delicately to purple in the shadows, and to pure pearly green in the shallow rim near shore. Dark rugged mountains spring steeply one or two thousand feet