

When we had clambered down over the somewhat easier east slope of our spur and had rounded its foot towards Kashkul, return to camp was still seriously obstructed by the glacier streams intervening. In the early morning they had been crossed without any trouble. Now in the afternoon the increased volume of greyish-white water sent down by the melting ice and snow of the higher slopes had swollen them into raging torrents which even yaks could not face without risk of being swept off their feet for some distance. Luckily the yaks brought up from Nissa seemed accustomed to fords with rolling boulders under their feet and to swimming too. By having ropes taken across from the opposite bank and attached to their nostrils, sufficient guidance was secured for the sluggish beasts to carry us and our instruments through the racing torrent without more damage than a ducking up to the waist.