

# Pierre de Saint Julian Macbeth

*(AKA Scot or Scotty which is understandable)*

**CAMPION 1947**

*The name appears to be of Shakespearian Royalty. Now please know that Scot is a hell-of-a-guy, but I don't think he would care to be called Royalty. His life has been so very different than most of ours that I am sure you will find it interesting. He is known world-wide as a very competent scientist and mountaineer, as you will see as you read through this document. It also is full of pictures of magnificent scenery which I feel you will enjoy.*

*Now - - - start 'er up and enjoy!!*

*Regards,*

*Aaron Huquenard '47*



UNIVERSITY CLUB  
SAN FRANCISCO

Dear Aaron, & The Rest of You Mugs---

On the drive home from our splendid Orlando shindig (*2003 reunion*), Mark Halloran asked what took me to Nepal. Mark is a man of few (very few!) words, and I suspect he wished for a succinct and fairly truthful reply.

I like to walk. And I like to walk in the hills. The largest "hill" on the planet is in Nepal! Not quite as succinct ("Because it is there.") as Mr. Mallory, but in the neighborhood. .

In the late sixties, some of the gents from the Everest '63 put together an outfit that allowed them to continue a milder form of their mountain madcaps, and get other people to pay for it. They needed additional cannon fodder in the form of folks with mountaineering skills and natural science background. Thirty five bucks a day to take folks on splendid long walks in the Himalaya, elephant safaris in North Western Thailand, & white-water dunkings in the more untidy rivers of the world.

I sold my little aq-lab in Berkeley and signed on. Nothing very dramatic. No gun running or white slavery. Just pleasantly vigorous, long (200 miles) and high (17,000') strolls in the hills, and rather uncomfortable safaris on elephants in Thailand. Thirty years of mountains & heffalumps. Some non-threatening thrills. Some very embarrassing fuck-ups. Once, decidedly off course near the source of the Indus River in West Tibet. I knew it was the Indus, but no more than that! Enlightening conversation with people and THE EARTH! Sometimes miles & miles of loess & loess. Some very nice gneiss! Thirty years of beauty & joy, laughter & prayer (lots of this when crossing intricate & tattered glaciers). A few jails. Some frisky avalanches. The world's most impossible beast of burden--- the YAK; an animal that looks as if it ought not to exist, and as if it had just stepped out of Hillaire Belloc's nonsense poems. No yetis. Once---a Jabberwocki!

TA POCKETA, POCKETA QUEEP!

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Some Blackrobes-in-Asia notes:

- The first sketch map of Himalaya, was drawn from description, by Fr. Montserat, SJ, at the Manchu Court.
- In 1715 (?), Fr. Ippolito Desideri, SJ., crossed over a 17K pass in North India & entered West Tibet, near Mt. Kailas (the most sacred mountain in Asia for four major religions, & the source of the Bramahputra, Sutlej, & Indus Rivers) and strolled on up to Lhasa, where he may have been the 2nd European to enter there. He learned to savvy Tibetan, & translated passages of the Summa into that language, in order to join in the monk's homiletic duels. He turns up as the High Lama, the 200 year old boss of Shangri-La, in James Hilton's Lost Horizon. Note: Shang-Ri-La is Tibetan for North-Peak-Pass, and as such exists all over the Himalaya as a place name; as well as in the names of restaurants motels, & sundry houses of commercial affection in Nevada.

## A FEW IMPORTANT BOOKS:

- ANNAPURNA, Maurice Herzog: The 1st successful ascent of an 8K metre peak, in 1950.
- THE ASCENT OF EVEREST, Sir John Hunt: Ed Hillary & Tenzing Norgay to the top in '53.
- AMERICANS ON EVEREST, James Ramsey Ullman: Jim Whittaker & Sherpa Nawang Gombu, Barry Bishop & Lute Jerstad, Tom Hornbein & Willi Unsoeld (via West Ridge !!!) on tbp in '63.
- EVEREST, THE WEST RIDGE, Tom Hornbein (St. Louis lad): Account of the remarkable traverse of the Mountain, up the West Ridge & down the West Cwm. One of the great mountaineering feats of history!
- BLIND CORNERS, Geoff Tabin: A rollicking bio of the author's mountain exploits, including an account of our own shot at the hill via the Kangsbung (East) Face in '81.
- A WALK IN THE SKY, Nick Clinch: First American climbers to reach an 8000m summit---Hidden Peak (Gasherbrum I).
- THE ASCENT OF RUM DOODLE \*\* W.E. Bowman: An outrageously funny spoof about the ascent of a 40,000ft peak

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\*\*Based on the delightful foolishness in this book, Stan Armington and I put together a bar under that name, in Kathmandu. It was written up in Newsweek as one of the most unusual 100 bars in the world.

Birds have flown far and away,  
And clouds have passed by—  
But we never tire of each other,  
The mountain and I.

Li Po (762)  
Poet Laureate & Noted Tippler  
The T'ang (607...918)

“LEVAVI OCULOS MEOS IN MONTES”  
“Lift up thine eyes to the mountains” / Psalm 124/non-operative in Florida!

POST — CAMPION: College-War-more College-Brownian motion-more College-more Brownian motion-NEPAL.

Al Cacho and I left you guys mucking about East of the Rockies and headed west for the University of Santa Clara. Al had some bucks, but I had to go to work pronto. My Dad had played out his string when I was nine years old, and now, I had to bring in the bacon for my mother and myself. Fortunately, I'd wangled a scholarship at Santa Clara (for neither brawn nor brain, but plain damn broke!) and we found cramped-but-cozy accommodations in a Quonset hut on campus. The rent was \$47/month! All that damned ROTC at Campion at last paid off, for at USC I was an immediate advance ROTC cannon fodder, and was paid that exact amount! The BIG BOSS was looking after us, by golly! Managed a couple of cannery jobs (8 am-4pm, & 8pm-4am) nearby, so we had a fund building for weekend Greyhound excursions and the occasional martini. It was a bonny first summer out of Campion!

The four years at Santa Clara (a fine school, by the way), and then off to Korea as an FO (1152?). However, The Good Lord once again dipped His finger into the martial stew, pulled me out of the pipeline, and deposited me in a training outfit in Japan. I ended up as an instructor in winter warfare. This included the usual bellicose items of blowing folks up in snow drifts, etc - - - but also, cross country skiing. At Santa Clara I'd helped to found the first ski club and ski team in the school's history, and this info must have been stuck somewhere in the Army records jacket. Anyway---you guys all got shot up---and my splendid pal, Jim B. was one of you---and I went off skiing for part of that war!  
Sic transit----

Home (Carmel-by-the-Sea) & mustered out---pockets bulging---in '53. Got a GI loan & bought mom a house (a cottage---a shotgun adobe) in Carmel for \$15½K. Worth quite a bit more today. Perhaps the sole, really wise economic spasm of my life. Bread-on-the-waters, etc!

A few years gathering a grub stake for grad school. Every weekend in the Sierra, our lovely great batholith along the East border of California. The master Geologist did His best work here! If you don't have a batholith in your back yard, you're nowhere. Karst topography simply don't cut it!

Picked up an additional degree in economics at the Thunder Bird Institute of Foreign Trade, and went to work for one of the Molochs (Insurance Co. of North America) of the great gamble. Studied Spanish at Thunder Bird, so, of course, INA sent me off to Australia!

Four splendid years in Aussie, New Zealand & New Guinea. Met Ed Hillary in New Zealand., and now serve on a board with him at the American Himalayan Foundation. Along with other shenanigans, managed to get a berth as a forward hand on the line-honors yacht, Morna, in the Sydney-Hobart race of '58. She was a lovely great hunk of wood; all teak & mahogany. A 65' cutter built in Fife in 1912. My three fellow hands up forward were tough "wharfies" from Sydney Harbour. "Thunder", "Rawmeat" & "Twinkle Toes". I never knew their last names. Our race was rather benign. Others have been very much otherwise. The '98 records (from oil rigs in the Strait) waves 80 feet high, and winds gusting over 100 mph. Of 115 boats, 44 finished. Five yachts sank, and six sailors died!

Some glorious climbs in New Zealand, where, as a guest member of the New Zealand Alpine Club, I had the use of an active volcano.

So much for the insurance game "Down Under". Sailed home in '60, and entered a master's program at the University of Nevada. There are 200 discrete mountain ranges in Nevada. They, and the exultant Sierra were my classrooms!

A few years with my own geo-soils lab----then off to Nepal for 30 years!

SIC TRANSIT - - - - -

*This article appeared in a California newspaper in the early 2000s.*

Mountaineer Scot Macbeth greets me dressed in the barest of clothes: a red parka unzipped to reveal a forest of white chest hair and a small Buddha belly. He's wearing no shoes. We enter his Carmel home, dubbed "Bad Manors", through the garage where hard hats, ropes, ice picks and ski poles hang by the door.

It's a chilly day, yet all his windows and doors are flung open. He shows me some 3,000 books he *says* he has read, yellowing on his bookshelves. On his bed he keeps a huge book of Tibetan scrolls. "I don't sleep in here," he says. He sleeps on a hemp mat on the floor.

"Climbing teaches us our insignificance," he says.

Some of the world's greatest Sherpas and mountaineers visit him and most prefer to pitch tents on the lawn beneath small Tibetan flags hanging on a clothesline. In the foreground is Clint Eastwood's Mission Ranch and, behind that, Point Lobos glistens across the waves.

"I'm waiting for Clint to run me out of the neighborhood," jokes the man with degrees in economics and geology, surveying his overgrown lawn and well-worn truck.

My teeth chatter as I sip blueberry tea while he sips whiskey. To be in his company is to hear threads of Whitman and Thoreau. His reverence for nature is awe inspiring.

This mountain docent isn't home much. He prefers to keep company with the mountains of Tibet and the charismatic people who live there. His passion for their culture led him to help found The American Himalayan Foundation, which provides health care, education and a better life for those who live on the shoulders of Mount Everest.

Macbeth is a minimalist yet he does have a few prized possessions, such as the rugs at our feet, woven by the wives of his Sherpa friends.

Q: Describe the greatest spectacle you've witnessed while trekking.

A: The sight of Tibetan plains and all the surrounding mountains. You're in a jungle, with a sea of peaks all around. And when you climb them you get to the point of euphoria, some of which is lack of Oxygen, where you say, "Hey, mate, if this is all she wrote — I'm ready to go!" ... It's not because of glory but the sense of remote beauty and you have to work your butt off to get there, too. I had 30 years of joy.

Q: Most thrilling trek?

A: Being on the east face of Everest with 16 climbers in '81. Nobody had ever tried the east face. We were 16 climbers but my job was hauling loads. I was a turnip porter, a Sherpa. I got to 20,000 Feet. In '83, the best climbers from that group — not me, came back and climbed the whole damn thing (29,035 feet) .

Q: What's the most risky thing you've done?

A: I sailed on the boat that won the world renowned Sydney to Hobart race. That was one (expletive) tough race. Waves were 20 - 40 feet high. I fell in the Tasman Sea, and Thunder, Raw Meat and Twinkle Toes pulled me out (laughs). My nickname was Yank. Also, I led the first commercial trip in Northwest India and I've never done it again because it was too risky. The trick of good adventure travel is to avoid risks at all cost.

Q: Greatest challenge?

A: I've been lost with three clients out in Western Tibet. I've led 30 treks, mostly 200 miles and 31 days long, and crossed over half a dozen passes over 16,000 feet. You're dependent on the weather, avalanches, etc. I've done 72 river crossings in glacier water over my ankles.

Q: So in '98 you retired your trekking business and came down from the mountain?

A: I'm 74 and have an immature attitude. I lived a sheltered life in the hills. I haven't had the stress of civilization for 30 years. I'm a sucker now, for real estate people, bankers, etc.

Q: What's your history?

A: I'm from Missouri. My distant relative, Pierre Laclede, a fur trader, founded the city of St Louis. Dad was a photographer and investor. We eventually moved to California where my uncle had property in Carmel.

Q: How about your Steinbeck encounters?

A: My uncle had all the freeloaders in town — John Steinbeck, Doc Ricketts, etc. — over for parties once a year: I used to sit on Steinbeck's knees. He was a nice man, always drunk and telling tales. The men would all play this disgusting game of spit on the ceiling.

Q: Advantages of being an only child?

A: There was a hell of a lot of tactile love and inclusions, which arms you for a lot of things later on. My Sherpas show that there's a lot of hugging and singing and, as a result, they go into the world able to face anything. You've gotta have a Sherpa in your life. There's nothing as enriching.

Q: What is your focus now?

A: Fund raising and bringing awareness to The American Himalayan Foundation ... I serve on the board with Sir Edmund Hillary, the first man to reach the summit of Mount Everest (with Tenzing Norkay). We meet in San Francisco and New York. There are a number of luminaries on the board, such as actor Sharon Stone. She's Buddhist. The chairman is Dick Blum, Sen. (Dianne) Feinstein's husband. Dick and I and another chap went to Nepal in 1968. We fell in love with our Sherpas and Dick offered to send the head Sherpa's children to school. Later on we set up a nonprofit. Then we got linked up with Hillary and he came on board. Our mission is to build schools and hospitals for the kids in Nepal, and the expelled Tibetans who live in India. We give His Holiness Dalai Lama a certain amount of money a year. We help to refurbish some of the monasteries over there.

Q: Why do you climb?

A: When somebody asked George Mallory that question, he said the famous, "Because it's there." But I'd say, "Because I can't help it, pal" ... The solitude .... I've heard the dead silence of Himalayan poppies brushing against each other. You feel quite sure there is another being. I call God "The Boss".... "I've been stuck on a ledge with a few thousand feet under me and I'd pray, "Help me out, boss!" It worked.

Q: And you still climb.

A: My friend David Breashears, who directed IMAX's "Everest," said it isn't conquest of the mountains, it's the people that draw us back there constantly,

Q: When will you return?

A: As soon as possible.



<Scotty>



1947

2004

*The following is a letter that our late, great and wonderful classmate, Danny Gellerup wrote a couple of years ago re: Scot*

Aaron, Scot's house isn't bed-less. He has one in the master bedroom which he calls his own; but it is broken! When we arrived we found new bedding in a bag ( just purchased ) in the guest bedroom which doesn't get visited frequently 'cuz his guests from the trekking bunch pitch a tent in his backyard. Scot chooses to sleep on the floor in the "all purpose" room in a sleeping bag with his head next to the open sliding glass doors thru which he can view the sunset nightly. It may be Quixotic but suits him fine. He demands that guests remove their shoes on entering from the garage 'cuz he has a pea gravel drive & he doesn't want to bring any into the house onto his VERY expensive oriental rugs accumulated during his sojourn in the Far East--he has many rugs,--- all on top of the carpeting. He also doesn't believe in heating the house above 65 deg F & goes barefoot inside claiming that the oriental rugs keep his trek-worn, beat-up old feet warm (mine never were 'cuz I never acclimated to climbing about 10000 ft in sandals without sox which he seldom wears. (Sox were just another bother to wash in the frigid mountain streams.) Other than those things I can't understand why you think his story is unusual.

We accompanied Scot to a Shoppe in the mountains east of Carmel which deals in things Oriental where he purchased some replacement "Tibetan Prayer Flags" which I found hanging across our room in Orlando. I must admit that I did purchase a set of Prayer Flags myself & these are now flying gaily in my backyard. They are not too weather resistant 'cuz they're becoming faded & shredded which happens to all Prayer Flags so that more can be sold. This is probably truer in the Himalayas where the wind blows fiercely all the time & the sun beats down unmercifully. Other than that I can tell you of no Macbeth idiosyncrasies.

Regards, Danny

# GREETINGS

June.12, 1980  
Mr. Pierre St. Julian Macbeth  
950 Vallejo Street  
San Francisco, ,California

Dear Sir:

WHEREAS, the People 's Republic of China has granted the City of San. Francisco the opportunity to make mountaineering history by putting together the first American' expedition to ever climb in Tibet, and, .

WHEREAS, this climbing team will, endeavor to climb. Mount Chomolungma (some times known as MOUNT Everest) from the North along the historic and traditional route taken, by such great Mountaineers as Irvine, Mallory and Odell, we have therefore concluded that those of us involved in this undertaking would be remiss and the expedition would, probably be unsuccessful without your assistance and camaraderie.

We pray. sir that you will find the aforementioned expedition a cause worthy of your keen mountaineering skills.

.  
Very truly yours,

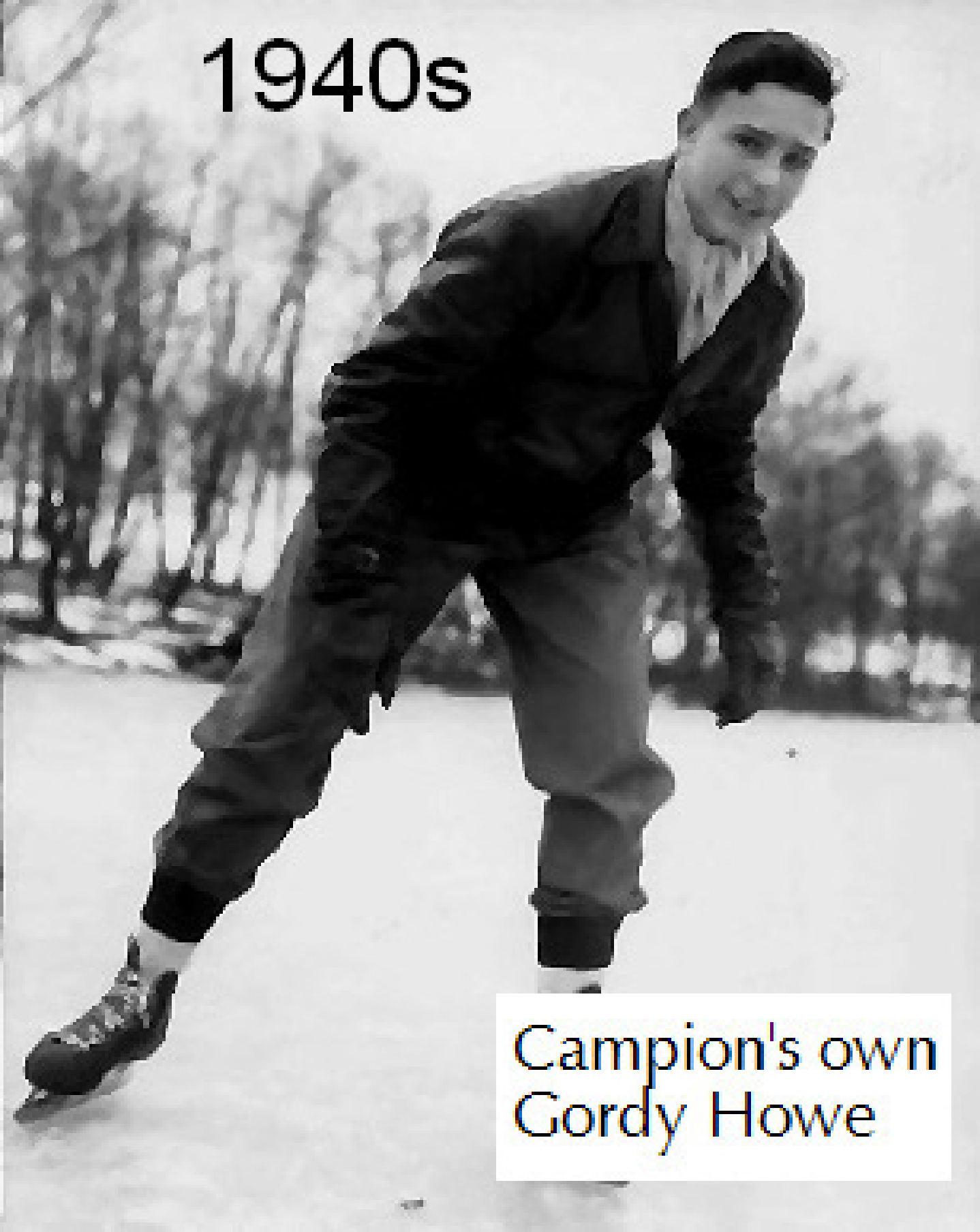
(signed)  
Dianne Feinstein  
Mayor

(signed)  
Richard Blum  
Expedition Leader

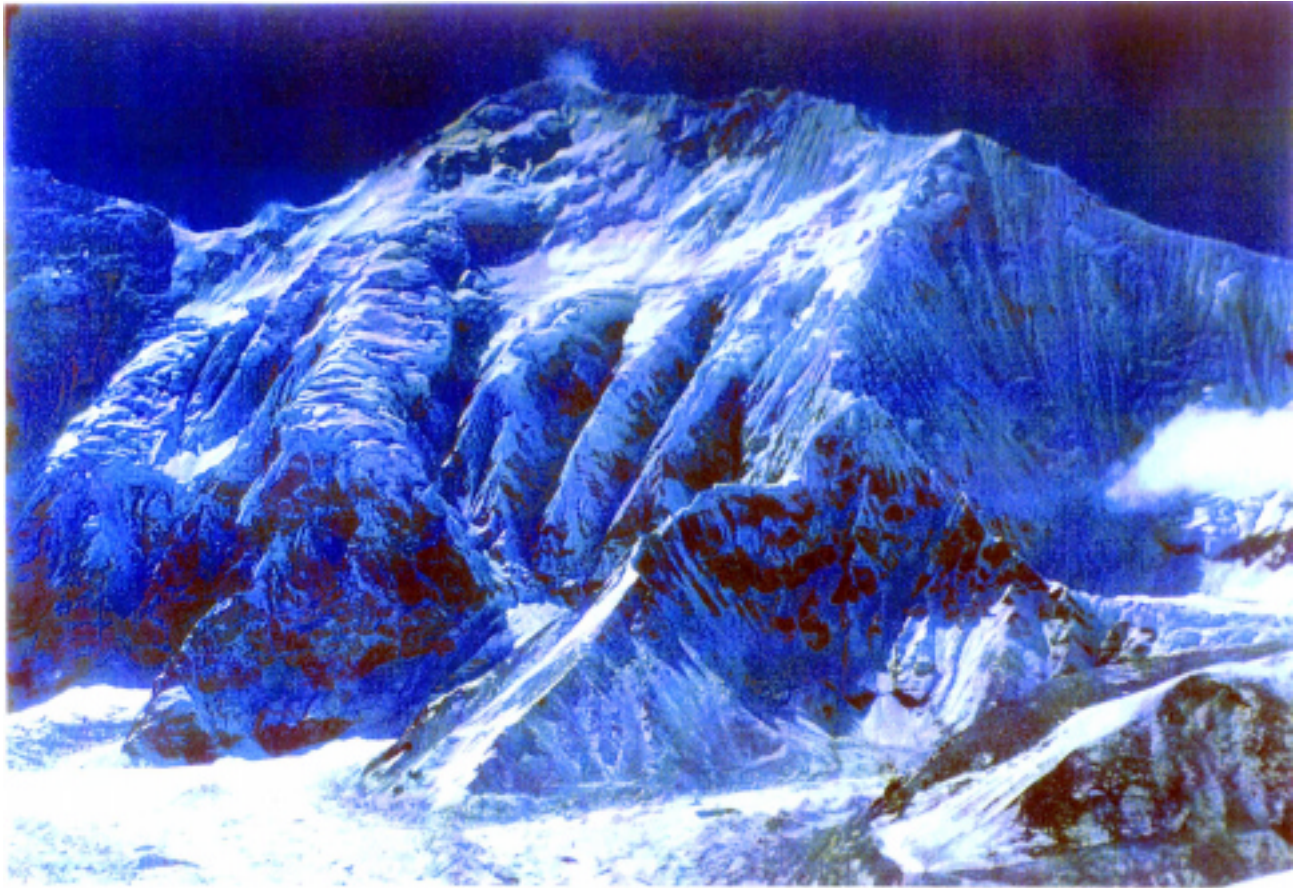
(signed)  
Dr. Louis Reichardt  
Climbing Leader

(signed)  
John Molinari  
President, Board of Supervisors

1940s



Campion's own  
Gordie Howe



A fondness for such rustic spots may well have gotten a start from those bold excursions into the stark bluffs above Campion. There, an adventurous escape from the habitat of the JUG, and the Long Arm of the Black Robes. We do but press on!

These particular "stark bluffs" comprise the East Face of Mt. Everest, as seen from a base camp six miles across the elegant and uncomfortable Kangshung Glacier, at the head of the Kama Valley, south central Tibet. This excursion was the 1981 Mount Everest Expedition to the East Face. It was the first attempt on this last, major, unclimbed route. Not even a real estate developer had ever come this way!

The summit is just about central skyline, 29,035 feet, and still rising (if the traffic doesn't wear it down) a few cm/year. The saddle on the left skyline is the South Col (26,000'), with the Western Cwm and the route from Nepal down the far side. Directly below the South Col is a long, steep couloir, with two avalanches performing nicely for the photo. Right of the couloir, in shadow, and extending out from the mountain is a 4,000' buttress of mixed rock, ice and mischief. A hubbub of small avalanches, slopes well beyond the angle of repose (70 degrees to overhangs), but the most accommodating approach on this side of the hill. The base of the buttress is 18,000', and the top, just short of the sunny slopes, is 22,000'. This was the site of the highest camp in '81.

Beyond this point, deep snow and frequent crevasses provide 4,000' of entertainment to the South Col. Then 3K up the ridge leading to the summit and a sterling view of bits of Nepal, Tibet, India & Next Wednesday!

In 1922, George Leigh Mallory, author of the great "Because it is there!" one liner, eyed the Kangshung remuda from a comfortable distance, but with discomfiting thoughts. He said it looked "very untidy."

You bet! However — the '81 may be the only Everest shot that failed the summit, but came out on top financially! And with the surplus \$\$\$, a small medical facility, with a doctor, was established in the village of Xigar, on the route from Lhasa. Additional funds were donated to schools and hospitals in Nepal.

In 1983, stalwarts from the '81 (not including this writer) and additional strength returned to the mountain and put six gents on top.

This is quite the most compelling view of Everest, and the least known to the public, as the route from Nepal is the more traveled and photographed. From this side, the mountain takes over the whole damn horizon. It's a humdinger!

With the American Alpine Club, The American Himalayan Foundation was a major source of support for these efforts. This San Francisco based organization funds the building of schools, hospitals and refugee centers in Nepal, Tibet, and India. In 2003, one clinic in Nepal saw over one hundred thousand people, at a cost per patient of about 60 cents!



CHRIS JONES, WITH SIR EDMUND HILLARY, ONE OF THE TWO BRITS ON THE STROLL. HERE DEMONSTRATING RARE BUDDHIST "EXTREME-MEDITATION-WHILE-ON RAPPEL" POSITION. ABOUT 20,000', ON BUTTRESS, EAST FACE OF EVEREST.



TEMPORARY SHELTER ENROUTE TO BASE CAMP. NOUVEAU (MIDDLE MESOZOIC) GRANITE GNEISS ARCHITECTURE. NEAT, BUT NOT GAUDY. POSSIBLY GAUDI!!



TASHI LUMPO MONASTERY IN SHIGATSE, ENROUTE LHASA TO EVEREST.  
INTENSE TANTRIC ECUMENICAL STUDIES!



At zenith of power & prestige. Self & prize staff in Zanskar, NW India, standing :center, CEO; first left, CFO, Chief Financial Officer & Paymaster; first right, CTO, Chief Transport Officer & Donkey Wallah; second left & right, Asst CTOs. Kneeling: Center, CCO, Chief Culinary Officer (& real boss!), left and right, Gunga Dins. 1991.



Prayer Flags above village of Tukche, Kaligandaki River Valley (one of the deepest in the world, with the valley floor @ 8,000', & Annapurna & Dhaulagiri soaring to 25 or 26K on either side). The sacred Tibetan mantra, "Om Mane Padme Hum," is printed on these ubiquitous bits of cloth & they adorn high passes & places, sacred places, & all over the place. On the high passes, they flutter in the hundreds, blessing the summit of the pass, & announcing to ascending pilgrims that the top's in the bag. When the wind blows, it generates a prayer. Aeolean Hail Marys---wotta deal! North Central Nepal.



"KUNDE" CHUMBI, A NOBLE ANCIENT (EIGHTY ++), MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL, MAN OF GRACE & HUMOR & WISDOM; & SUPREME BREWMEISTER OF THE MOST ELEGANT & EUPHORIC CHHAANG (TARANTULA JUICE) IN THE EASTERN HIMALAYAN VILLAGE OF KUNDE (12,500'), KHUMBU HIMAL, NEPAL.



Tibetan al fresco trinket shop & garage sale at a trail junction (12,000') on primary Nepal expedition route to Everest. One splendid, bibulous afternoon, I took over management of the establishment for the lovely Ang Tashi while she skipped up the trail (800 feet up!) for more chhaang. Managed to sell one prayer wheel to a member of a Polish expedition. They went to the top! Sic transit...



Ancient monastery Dzong in the Yarlung Valley, site of the first capitol of Tibet. ESE Of Lhasa.



**Scot used to eat at the  
Gag and Heave.**



One old fossil observing another! One whopping great thumping ammonite (primary index fossil for this area), possibly one of the largest in Asia! One of the residents of the ancient Tethys sea that covered this bailiwick before the glorious chaos of wondering continents. A really dandy rock. Wanted to bring it home to our California Academy of Sciences, but it wouldn't fit in my pocket. Approx one meter, x 20 cm @ the bole, & weighed half a ton. Found it in '78, on 1st trek around Annapurna. Damfine moment! Mid mesozoic. North Central Nepal, Kingdom of Mustang. 12.000'

Arun River Village - E. Nepal - 1972



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it  
d  
C

A "ping." A Nepali hand powered Ferris wheel. What fun! Build one in your back yard! Arun River Valley, East Nepal. *The heavy-set urchin is our great tour guide. Jottings left for effect.*



Gurung village below Annapurna Range...Nepal



**1981 Base of Mount Everest.....Scot says "tis not a rose garden."**



**1988 Macbeth / Pal in Asia**

**From the 1989 issue of  
"Mountain Travel"**



SCOTT MACBETH, 58, is a field geologist by profession, Himalayan trekker by avocation, and founder of the Alpine Stomach Club ("an elevated dining society"). He has spent years leading treks in Nepal, and calls the Khumbu his second home. When Scot is not trekking in Nepal, he spends much of his time in Thailand exploring Bangkok's fascinating river culture and gemology.



## INDIA

### THE TRANS HIMALAYA TREK AN EXTRAORDINARY ETHNIC ODYSSEY

There are few places on earth where it is possible to experience the diversity of landscape seen on this 19-day foot journey from the green Vale of Kashmir to the desert of Ladakh.

Moreover few other treks provide such an ethnic odyssey-from the herders' hamlets of Muslim Kashmir to the medieval villages of Buddhist Ladakh.

Starting in Lilenwan and trekking through the deep forests for which Kashmir is famous, we hike over the Pir Panjal Range at Margan Pass (11,760') into the verdant shepherds' meadows of the Warwan Valley, a place of Muslim culture and Gujar nomad camps.

Reaching the head of the Warwan Valley, we cross the Great Himalayan Range at Lonvilad Gali Pass (14,530') into the watershed of the Indus River and enter the Suru Valley, a semi-arid canyon populated by Baltis and cradled between the snowy flanks of the Himalayas and the parched rock of the Zaskar Range to the north.

Continuing up the Suru Valley with views of massive Nun Kun (23,410'), we enter a landscape of dry and windswept mountains and reach our first lamaistic temple, Rangdum Gompa, on the outskirts of Zaskar. We are now in "Little Tibet," land of the Ladakhi Buddhists.

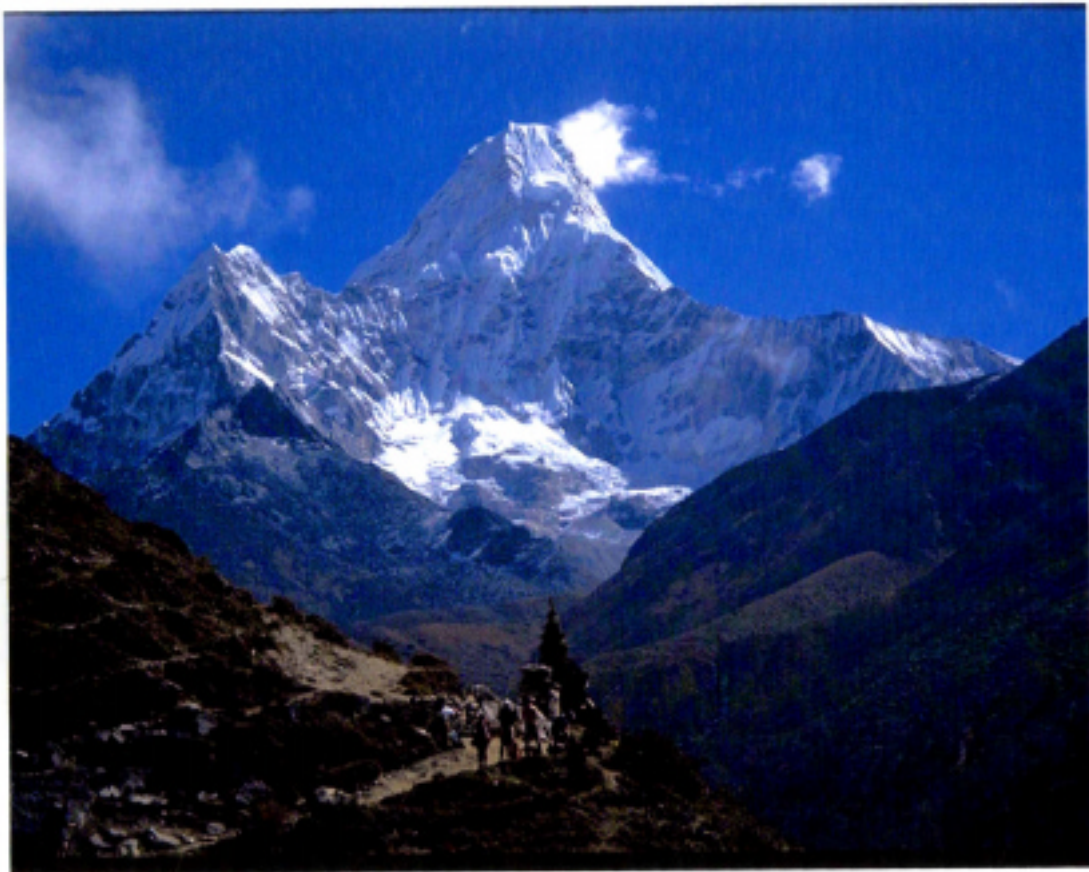
Crossing the Zaskar Range by the Kanji La Pass (17,000'), we descend past the medieval village of Kanji, a cliffside settlement whose inhabitants dress in thick red robes, goatskin shawls and winged stovepipe hats. Our last days take us past the multi-colored cliffs of Kang Nallah and to the Monastery, where we are met by jeeps for the drive to Leh (11,500') capital of Ladakh..

Three days will be devoted to visiting monasteries of the Indus Valley (Hemis, Stok and Shey) before flying to Srinagar and homeward.

– *photo credit*-Scot Macbeth



Early on (1967)..... Fresh out of Jomosom jug. Arrested for crossing forbidden borders without benefit of documentation or sufficient bribe funds. At this time, 3rd incarceration in Asia.



AMA DABLAM ("The Mother's Charm Box") 23,000'. Considered by pilgrims here to be the most handsome hill ever to gladden the eyeballs. Suddenly, amidst all this frozen violence, a peak that invites contemplation rather than conquest. And wonder..that the ancient and angry convolutions of the Earth should come to rest in this tower of quiet exultation. Solu Khumbu, E. Nepal. Everest just up the street!

**Talk about your cold buns!**



**Macbeth enters the cross-country event in the 1982 nude winter Olympics. The placement of his hands belies the fact that he is an excellent skier.**

LOGISTICS. Relief---in some 200 miles, climbed about 23, 000' & descended about 18,000'.

**9 March, Year of Fire Pig** NB: on this date in 765 AD, early T'Aang Dynasty, the army of Tibet marched on Changang (Now Xian) and beat the pants off the Chinese & put their own chap on the thrown. Hurrah!

Dear Hugie,

Here's a few pics from a 200 mile, one month stroll in Zaskar, NW India. Started N of Delhi, & ended up at Tikshey Monastery, Leh, the capital of Ladakh (once a Tibetan possession) in NW India.

Vigorous stroll. Started at 11,860', & finished at 11,600'. Down hill, eh?? A few passes: Shingo La (16,700), Char Char la (16,200'), Rubering La (16,100')----had to hunt for this one, & climbed to 16,000' three times before we found it----Kangmaru La (17,000').

The Char Char La was an interesting defile, quite narrow, and with low side walls. Running with glacial melt, so our tootsies were in ice, but heads exposed to the very hot sun (100 F). Possibility of frost bite & sun stroke in the same package. Walls so narrow, we had to unload the animals & carry the loads through 50 yds of glacial water. Quite entertaining. Slightly uncomfortable, but beats the shit out of walking, say a block, in down town Orlando. Safer, too!

Between & between the passes---a merry medley of babbling (howling!) brooks, rivers, streams, inundations. All glacial melt. Had to snag 'em early in the day, for by noon they'd be beyond the powers of anyone but Moses. During one three day sprint---all of seventy one river crossings!

Unbeatable scenery, and a few curious beasts. Those frolicking white specks on the heights ----ibex, urial, nayan, ovis ammon, markhor, serow, goral & Himalayan thar. All of these the prey of the rare snow leopard. Himalayan bear and plenty of wolves. Saw none of these, but the raw carnage of their passage was abundant & vivid---the jaw-crunched bones, the hide & hair, & piles of scat. No heffalumps up here. Possibly a bandersnatch lurking in the deep, sullen nullahs. Overhead---the great "flying dragon" (nine foot wing span) of the Himal, the lammergeirs.

The sauntering part of this trek staggers to a halt at Hemis, and then by jeep on into the Indus\* valley & a perfect swarm of Monasteries dating back to the 15<sup>th</sup> century. Tikshey is in the capital town of Leh.

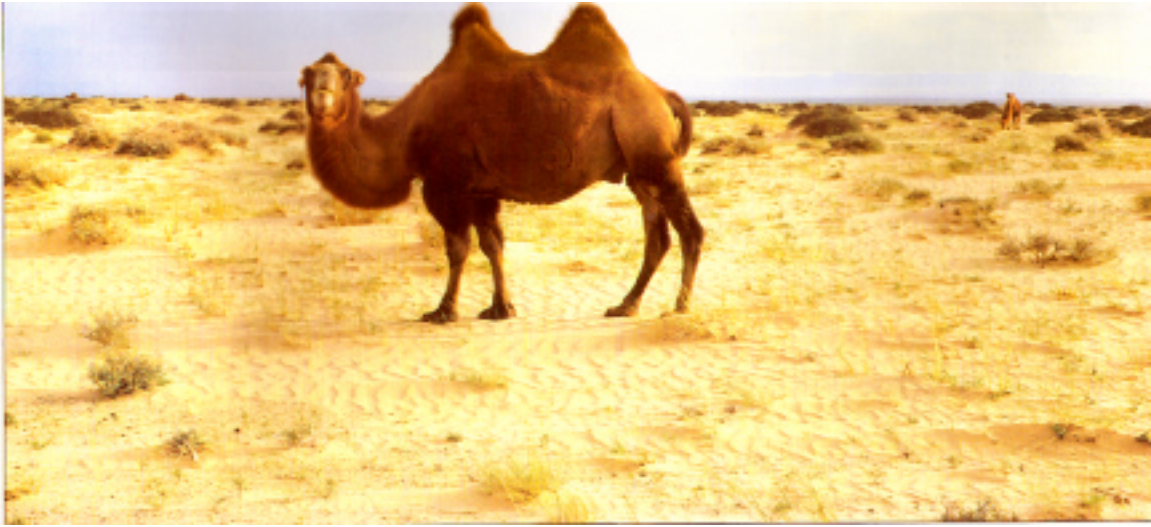
By jeep for many miles along the Indus, over many a pa (pass) & on into Srinigar, the Vale of Kashmir, Shalimar, & a short orgy on a houseboat on lake Dal. While there, I offer you the chance to obtain "museum" quality carpets & doo dads from my pal Suffering Moses, on the Bund. Yes, I get a "kickback" in rupees, or a nite of ecstasy w/a Kashmiri belly dancer!

\*INDUS: rises deep in the Himal, on Mt. Kailas, and goes all the way to the Arabian Sea. The Sanskrit, Sindhu means the ocean itself. The Greeks called it Sinthus, which became Indus from which India derives its name!

Here, in Leh, the Indus shows a mid-stream reef of Pahoe (rope) lava, indicating volcanic activity beneath a sea. Thus evidence of the Tethys Sea once covering this particular real-estate development!

# Approaching Kanu, in N.W. India





He's not Smarty Jones, but, rather, a Bactrian Camel in Mongolia...1983

# Kauji Valley - Zanskar, N.W. India









Descending Kanji La pass  
NW India

A photograph of the Thiksey Monastery in Leh, Ladakh, India. The monastery is a large complex of white-washed buildings with many windows, built on a steep, rocky hillside. The sky is blue with some white clouds. In the foreground, there is a rocky, barren landscape. A few smaller buildings are visible at the base of the hill on the right side.

**Thiksey Monastery in  
Leh, Capitol of Kingdom  
of Ladakh, N.W. India  
11,500'**

**MOTITHANG HOTEL**  
**Department of Tourism**  
**Thimphu - BHUTAN**  
Tel: 434

Further - - - - -

After a few splendid years of operation in Nepal, India, & Bhutan (Tibet didn't open up until '81), our chief sahibs realized they could make a few bucks with this mountain madness, & started to spread all over the world---before too many folks could copy our whimsy!

I was asked to lead the elephant trips in Thailand, & was all too pleased to comply. In between treks I could trade in the famous Bangkok gem market & shuffle some of the stones to traders in the U.S. A number of the Thai/Burmese border traders I dealt with were quite exquisite (& very sharp!) young lassies, gems of another description.

My Siam Base Camp & elephant camp was a little burg of about fifty families & a handful of heffalumps. About six clicks from the Burmese border, just south of Mei Hong Son. Smack on the black market & smuggle route. Nicely situated to pick up Burmese jadeite (the finest in the world) & rubies.

The trips ran five days on the elephants through the Thai tribal areas, & then five days rafting the northern rivers.

Finish up with a fancy resort on the Adaman Sea, & a bit of scuba nonsense.

Very pleasant duty----and a chance to thaw out after messing around with 6K peaks & passes (19,600').

Thailand is a lovely experience, but I still prefer the HILLS!

*"And suddenly a puff of wind, a puff faint  
and tepid and laden with strange odors of blossoms,  
of aromatic wood, comes out of the still night---the first  
sigh of the East on my face."*

**JOSEPH CONRAD**



My base Camp & Heffalump Rental Agency NW Siam.  
Just S0. of Mei Hong Son, & about six clicks from the  
Burmese border. Population, fifty families & eight elephants.  
In the wet season, accessable only by motorcycle& heffalump!  
A good spot !!

# ON THE TRAIL





Local Lassie from the AKA Tribe.  
Good cook, too !!



A RAFFELASIA. Scotty says it weighs ten kilos and will eat anything !! But also has a horrible odor about it.

**UNIVERSITY CLUB  
SAN FRANCISCO**

Dear Hugie----

One careless year I was prospecting for sphene in Baja & dropped in to the Rancho San Jose (now a famous & ritzy fly-in outfit) SE of Ensanada.. My host, Andy Meling, son of the family who owned the spread, kindly loaned me a mule to get where my jeep would falter. My mule, "Flash," was very slow, but could single-step, and was thus quite a comfortable ride. Flash and I did not locate any of the valuable mineral I was after, but we covered some lovely miles of Baja, & always found water, which was better than finding the mineral!

I would return to the ranch for supplies, & Andy & I would swap lies over the occasional drop of tequila. Andy was a mighty fine liar & avid historian. His yarns always contained some polyps of truth, & were finely embellished. And he nailed me with his dream ----a longish bit of a ride by mule, down the entire length of Baja. Fifteen hundred entertaining miles, long on cactus (& an occasional mule-hungry lion) & short on water. Long on ROCKS, which mainly enrich my life.

It didn't take much more tequila to muster our enthusiasm & scramble our brains to the start-up. Dr. Reid Moran, another good liar, & a damfine botanist & taxonomist didn't even need any tequila to come along & look for weird weeds. Reid was very bright, but short on words (about a sentence per month) & spoke only what mattered.

At one pt down the trail, coming out of a tinaja basin, the bell mare tripped & mules dominoed down the incline. Mine, Flash, turned over on me & the high-pommel Mex saddle barely saved the family jewels. Reid casually observed, "Macbeth, you've often fallen on your ass, but this is the first time your ass fell on you." Then he clammed up for another month!

Reid & I rode along for only five hundred miles, & then came home for a beer.

The enclosed article, published by The California Academy of Sciences gives the scoop.

TENGA TU POLVO SECO---Scot

Pierre de St. J. Macbeth  
Bad Manors  
2985 Lasuen Dr.  
Carmel, CA 93923

# PACIFIC DISCOVERY

CALIFORNIA ACADEMY OF SCIENCES  
VOLUME XVIII NUMBER 4 JULY/AUGUST 1965



MEXICO'S CALIFORNIA



### EVA C. EWING

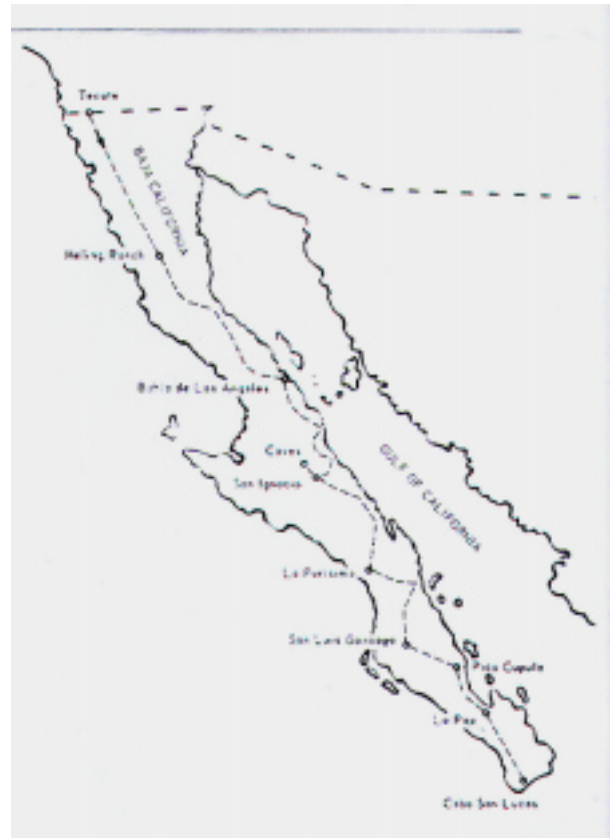
Photographs by the author

BAJA CALIFORNIA is more than a beautiful desert and mountain waste with a vivid historical past and an uncertain future. It is also the home for people, gardens, and animals-wherever there is both grass and water, a combination rare for Baja. Famous to Baja enthusiasts is Rancho San Jose, the Meling guest and cattle ranch in northern Baja. Norwegian-born Salvi Meling and his Texas-born wife have been in Baja ever since their families moved there during the mining boom around the turn of the century.

Salvi Meling and his son Andrew had long dreamed of taking a mule train down the length of the Baja Peninsula. Years ago Salvi took a group of people by mule hundreds of miles down the peninsula as far as San Jose de Comondu. But no one in recent decades had ridden the entire length of the Baja Peninsula, which is about two hundred miles longer than the boot of Italy. Andrew Meling is an experienced packer, tracker, hunter, rancher and cowboy; his determination to make such an uncertain journey gradually outweighed the grave possibilities of its failure. Equally involved in the decision to make this journey was Miss Joanne Alford, who along with Andy Meling made the dream of this epic journey a reality.

During the months they spent in preparing for the expedition other people became interested. Dr. Reid Moran of the San Diego Natural History Museum felt it would give him an opportunity to collect plants where few or no scientific collections had been made. Also on the trip was Mrs. Catherine Barton, wife of a Navy helicopter pilot on overseas duty. Two photographers, Lewis Baldwin and Dick Johnson, took part in the first six weeks of the trip. A retired Texas businessman, Harold MacFarland, took part in the first three weeks. There was also Wayne Lang, a young hiking enthusiast from San Diego. Scot Macbeth, a geologist with wilderness experience, joined the expedition along with the author at Bahia de Los Angeles, about a third of the way down the peninsula.

*Right, map shows route taken by the expedition from Tecate to Cabo San Lucas.* —>



Thus, in December of 1963 about ten people and twenty animals (brought up from the Meling Ranch) started south from the border between Alta and Baja California, at Tecate. The journey was to take about three and a half months to reach the Cape. It took half a year. About 1500 miles of roads and trails were covered as the expedition made its way down the narrow peninsula. Out of this original party only Joanne Alford and Andy Meling, plus five of the original animals, reached the Cape in late May of 1964.

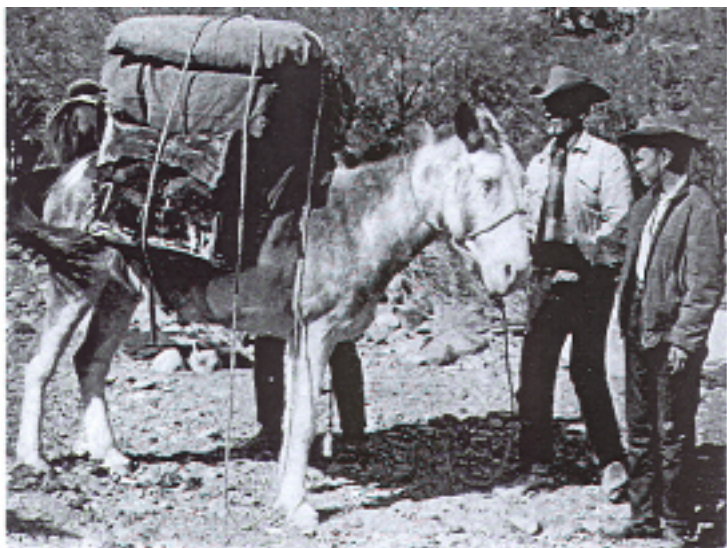
Two weeks south of Tecate the mule train arrived at the Meling Ranch, on the western slopes of the San Pedro Martir Mountains, about a hundred miles by road southeast of Ensenada. At the Meling Ranch Reid Moran and Bud Bernard joined the expedition. Bud hiked along with the mule train for a while as it headed south-southwest to San Antonio, then across the mountains, dropping down into the desert country close to the Gulf of California. At dry Lake Chapala they picked up a bell mare and two extra mules to replace the one that resigned from the expedition one night and headed back to the Meling Ranch. Upon arriving at Los Angeles Bay about two weeks behind schedule, the photographers had to return. Scot Mac Beth and the author joined here.

From Los Angeles Bay we then headed south toward San Ignacio. Usually the first people to get up in the morning were Andy and the guide, who would have to start tracking mules. They would poke up the fire, warm some coffee, thaw the chill off their hands and be off. Almost always we let the mules roam at night in search of what little food they could find. Sometimes the only food these animals got was what we could cut down from mesquite and paloverde trees. Mules can survive far better on poor feed than horses or cows. This, plus their surefootedness, and certainly not their dispositions, is the reason for choosing mules for a desert expedition. After all the mules had been caught and tied they would be given some of the precious grain. Breakfast for us was usually tortillas, beans, oatmeal, pancakes, dried-eggs, leftovers, and coffee.

Trails varied. Sometimes the trail would open onto the edge of a vast basin. For miles around we could see no sign of human life. Sometimes we traveled old mission trails; more often they were game or cattle trails or trails used by the isolated ranchers themselves. Some were old Indian trails littered with bits of shell or flaked stone. Sometimes a trail seemed more like a compass heading fixed deep in the mind of our guide. Occasionally there were old wagon roads that led off toward abandoned mining areas. If the trail was steep and slippery we would get off and lead our animals.

Even then a pack animal would sometimes lose his footing and go somersaulting down the trail.

It is hard to know what we all thought about as we rode along those tedious miles day after day. Most important were the thoughts that occupied our guide, Yaqui, who took us to San Ignacio. He did not have gentle eyes; they were sharpened by years of wind, sea, sand, and desert glare. We admired this man, who for one month took us across land he had not traveled over for two decades. He walked most of the way.



←  
*Expedition leaders Andrew Meling and Joanne Alford check the loading of a pack animal. On narrow, slippery trails, balanced loading is of great importance.*

camera, matching old memories with each hill we passed. Those of us who never had to face survival in these bare terms would spend our days casually looking at the scenery. But Yaqui and Andy looked at the earth in basic terms of water, food, and shelter. They saw mountain sheep where we saw only rugged rocks in distant blueness. They saw game tracks where we saw only sand. They saw good feed for mules where we saw only monotony.

It was especially pleasant to end the day as the moon was rising, for then it would be easy to see around camp without flashlights. We were all tired by evening. First we unpacked the animals and lifted off the pack saddles and blankets. Unpacked, the mules moved quickly to the nearest soft spot of earth and rolled. Quietly we would all fall into our own routines. No one spoke much. A place for the fire was selected carefully, for that would be home until day's ride would mellow coffee as the sound of a bubbled on its way to faces softened. Eyes sun and wind relaxed. roasted. Somehow that a new discovery each good time to go over patch boots, sew up a guitar and sing. Reid verse to a ballad about "Blundering Through



*Scot Macbeth is feeding one of the deer that showed themselves to be quite tame, approaching readily for a hand-out.*

In the stretch of land and San Ignacio, side mountains of Sandia, where Reid Moran He recorded the south-many of them species found in of Alta California.

As we arrived in first town we saw

Angeles Bay, we were greeted by a truckful of mariachi players on their way out of town. San Ignacio is a good-sized Baja town. There are half a dozen stores, several cantinas, two restaurants, a large plaza shaded by a

morning. The ache of a long by the warm flames and hot jerky stew and pot of beans being dinner. Around the fire, pulled tight against the bright Tortillas were made, beans old stew and beans tasted like night. After dinner was a collection notes, write diaries, ripped duffle bag, or play the was always inventing a new our expedition called Baja."

between Bahia de Los Angeles trips were made to the San Juan, and Tres Virgenes, collected high altitude flora. ern limit of several plants, closely related to the chaparral areas

San Ignacio, the after leaving Los

giant indian laurel tree, a beautiful old stone Jesuit mission, grape vineyards, date orchards, fig trees, sugar cane, and an abundance of water diverted into tiny ditches all through the town.

Before heading south once more we took a side trip north to the mountains around Rancho San Francisco. This is the area where some of the most significant but little-known cave paintings in North America were brought to the attention of the scientific world by Earl Stanley Gardner in 1961-62. So important was this discovery that Life magazine photographers and Dr. Clement Meighan, chairman of the department of anthropology and sociology at U.C.L.A., were sent by helicopter to cover the story with Mr. Gardner.

Our mule train was traveling far behind schedule when we arrived in Mulege. Reid Moran and Scott Mac Beth had to return home, leaving five of us continue. Mulege is such a beautiful oasis that one can feel the benign influence of the tropics. Mangroves, typical of tropical waters, edge the mudflat-lagoon. Palm trees are abundant, mangoes and papayas are occasional. Frigate birds are commonly seen high overhead. The two climatic regions have strong influences here at different times. High on the trunks of date palms we could still see flood marks from a violent tropical storm. At other times we rode along dry, sandy river bottoms that were once huge temporary lakes, as evidenced by the scum marks often twenty feet above our heads. Some of these lakes still remained as small pools no wider than a table hugged up under the shadow of a tall rock bank. Our heading out of Mulege led across the mountains on an old mission trail to La Purisima and San Jose de Comondu. Half an hour from town found us in a giant cactus forest where we choked in a fog of our own dust.



Water was always the single most important consideration. There is water every two days by mule in Baja California-if you know where to go — even when there had been no rain for as many as four years. Trails leading to water are like wheel spokes running to a hub. Sometimes water is found in palm shaded springs. In the mountain canyons, small

*longer able to carry a pack, and it was becoming increasingly difficult to keep*

*Left, the expedition of men, women, mules, and burros strung out along a narrow trail at the edge of the Gulf. At this point they had been three days without water; several animals were no*

*them from drinking the tantalizing, dangerous salt water so near at hand.*

streams sometimes seep out through faultlines. Often the only water is a natural cistern of flood water, called a "Tinaja" by the Mexicans. After a flash flood these Tinajas often retain their water for years. Indian artifacts, game trails, an old date carved on a rock — all these remind the thirsty traveler that he is not the first to drink the stale brown water.

Even in a year of drought there is spring in Baja. In San Gregorio Canyon there was more water than we had seen since San Ignacio. Willow thickets were alive with new leaves and bird songs. Humming birds drank from the scarlet flowers of the palo adam. The yellow-flowered palo verde trees were clouded with bees. The

natives make small rock caves for these bees much as we build white wooden beehives. Every ranch also had an abundance of baby spring goats. We bought big loaves of white salty goat cheese and young goats to jerk. Gorda, our cactus-eating mule, got spring fever too; and ate every barrel cactus there was to overturn.

From San Jose de Comondu we traveled southeast to San Javier and Loreto. Loreto was once the capital of all California; now it is a dusty Baja village. Ten days out of Loreto we came to San Luis Gonzaga, and found ourselves at a very low ebb. Our animals suffered from lack of feed. Every few days another one played out and could no longer carry a load. We arrived in San Luis Gonzaga after a hot and monotonous day of hard traveling.

The town is almost deserted now, and the mission is visited by a priest only a few times a year. There is a decaying mansion, built by Don Benigno de la Toba, cattle baron and descendant of one of Baja's early governors. The mansion's gardens are filled with sand and dead vines. Squatters live in squalor among the old rooms. As we rode by the hoofbeats of our mules echoed off the unpainted crumbling walls, and a child stared through the doorless archway.



Rising gradually out of the flat desert plain beyond San Luis Gonzaga, the Sierra Giganta gradually reaches a height of about five thousand feet and then plunges down into the Gulf of California. Steep cliffs and buttes dropping off into deep canyons and treacherous, little-used trails had forced us down into the dry flatlands. But due to the severe lack of feed, Andy decided we would have to cross the mountains regardless of the risk. We had heard there was good feed on the Gulf side.

Our mules had dwindled to a handful. Some had become weak and had been left at ranches or traded for burros.

*Above, along the Rio de la Purisma there are farms; but agriculture in Baja California is precarious. Farmers have planted crops and harvested well during years of moderate rainfall — only to lose everything when rainfall shifted, leaving droughts that killed all plants, or bringing floods that swept away the soil.*

Two had been injured in a fall was killed by a mountain lion, Now and then a tired but still the expedition and covered so could not be brought back.

After leaving San Luis we thatched village of San Pedro we the mountains. The Giganta range high, dry volcanic mesas, which made for morning we passed over a very steep lead the animals rather than ride. into the smooth slippery rocks by points and arrowheads lay along the trail.



*Above, a small boy carrying sugar cane to feed the cattle.*

outside of Los Angeles Bay. One another died of weed poisoning. stubborn individual resigned from much ground in one night that he

headed east and at the palm-acquired a guide to take us over has deep well-watered canyons and

slow but interesting travel. One dangerous trail that required us to Steep depressions had been worn centuries of Indian travel. Spear

The heat was oppressive until we met the Gulf breeze coming up the canyons. The trail came out on the high shoulder of the tallest mountain in the Sierra Giganta, Pico Cupula. Four thousand feet below us was the Gulf of California, which we had not seen since leaving Loreto a month before. To the south was the long curve of the Bay of La Paz, where Cortez had landed in 1534. Below us lay the most spectacular canyon we had thus far seen on the journey. Here the Sierra Giganta all but fell into the Gulf. The cliffs and buttes around us were made up of alternating, bands of pink and bluegreen rock.

Down at the beach we discovered the best feed for our animals that we had seen in months. The warm brassy glow of dry hay covered the ground. Even on the gulf's edge the wind-furrowed dunes were covered with bunch grass. From the high gray dunes we could see the smooth curve of beach leading to the foot of the mountain we had climbed the day before.

The next morning I woke up just as the sun made a bright orange path across the Gulf to the beach. To the southeast were the mountains near La Paz. The gulf was calm. There was no breeze in these early hours. Brown pelicans rowed across the sky with the same slow rhythm as the small gulf waves falling on the sand. Every tuft of grass and ripple of sand cast a long dawn shadow.

As the sun rose higher the softness faded and we found ourselves in a bleached desert with heat glowing up from the sand. The feed was better, but we were unable to find water in time to save two of our animals. The trail was forced onto a narrow beach at the base of cliffs, and we had to beat our animals back from the salt water. Farther along, the mountains jutted out into the water. We had to wait for low tide and moonlight before we could pass between the sea and the giant cliffs.

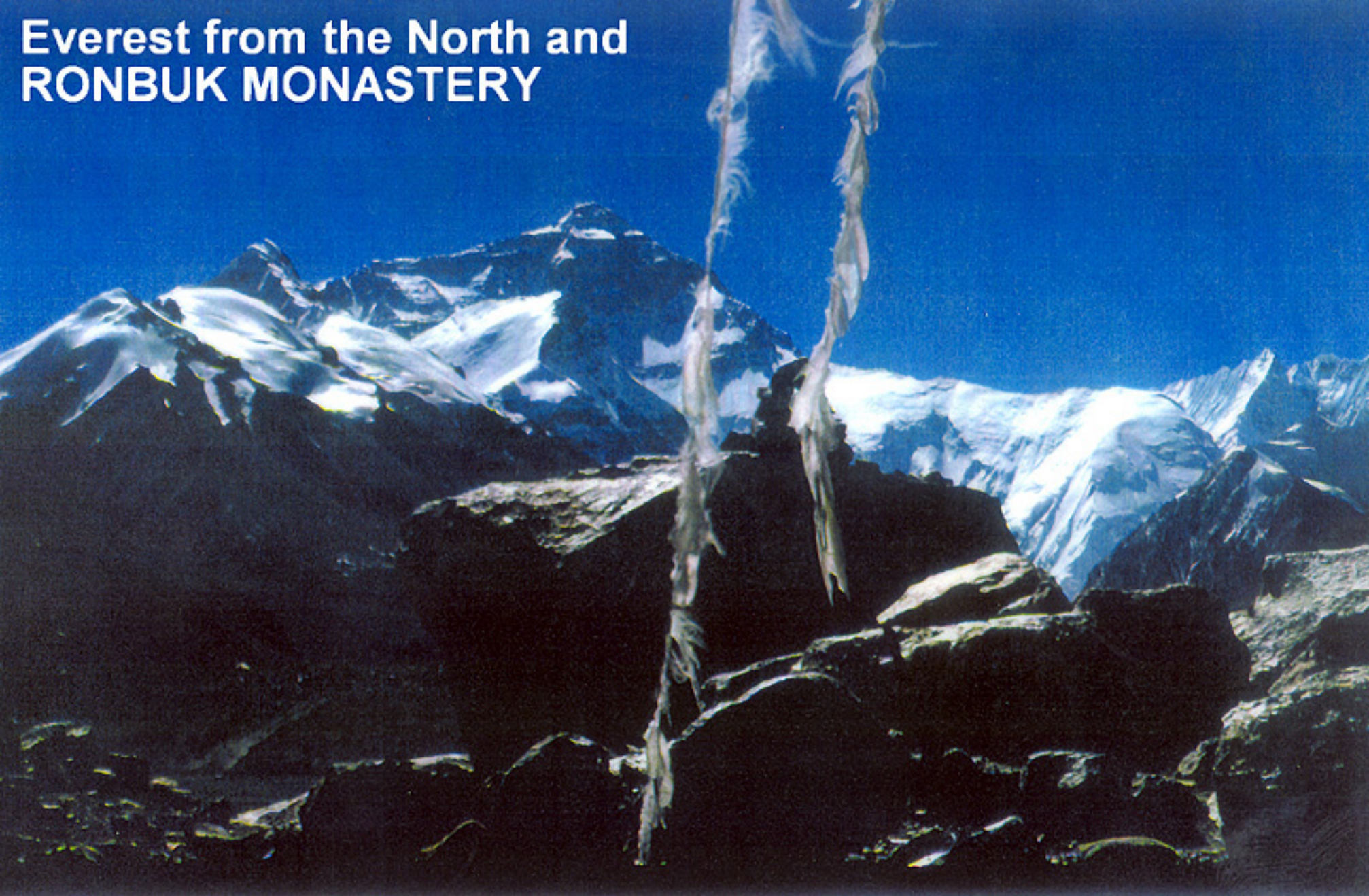
At La Paz three of us had to leave the expedition. Only Joanne Alford and Andy Meling finished the final hundred miles to the Cape. The animals were very tired. There was no feed or water anywhere. Joanne became ill, and spent hours on burro-back in a raging fever.

Five mules, a string of burros, and two riders, all thoroughly wearied from half a year's travel over 1500 miles of high mountain and dry desert, finally arrived at Cabo San Lucas to finish one of the most remarkable wilderness expeditions in recent decades.

**Scot and favorite Sherpa, Kansa, listening to Brandenburg Concertos at Thyangboche Monastery [14000 ft.]**



**Everest from the North and  
RONBUK MONASTERY**



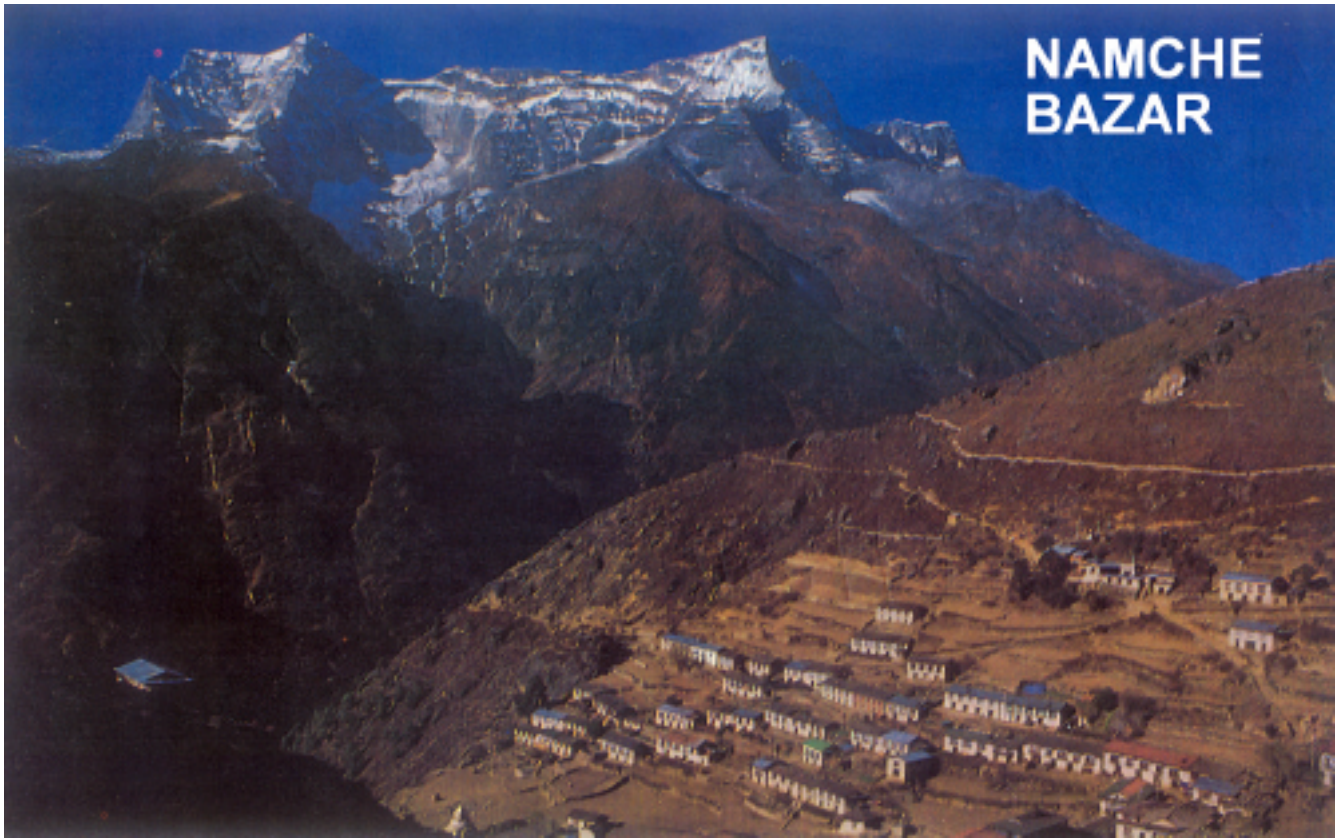
## Everest - - American Buttress [East side]



It took the expedition 28 days to overcome the American Buttress. In Buber's photograph, which shows an 800 foot section of the buttress, between 19,500 and 20,300 feet, a climber at the foot of the Mushroom Ridge appears dwarfed by the task.

Diagonally upwards to his right can be seen the entrance to the Bowling Alley. The diagram (below) shows the three camps of the buttress — Snow, Pinsetter and Helmet — followed by the line of camps on the snow face above.





At KHONBU District, E. Nepal. Population in 1968 was 800 folks and 100 Yaks.  
Scot's home in Nepal for 30 years!!

Makalu #5 27,790' Photo  
from East face base camp



Makalu #5 taken with  
200 MM lens





Porter on the '53 expedition and Scotty's  
good pal **DAWA TENZING**

**From the 1989 issue of  
"Mountain Travel"**



SCOTT MACBETH, 58, is a field geologist by profession, Himalayan trekker by avocation, and founder of the Alpine Stomach Club ("an elevated dining society"). He has spent years leading treks in Nepal, and calls the Khumbu his second home. When Scot is not trekking in Nepal, he spends much of his time in Thailand exploring Bangkok's fascinating river culture and gemology.

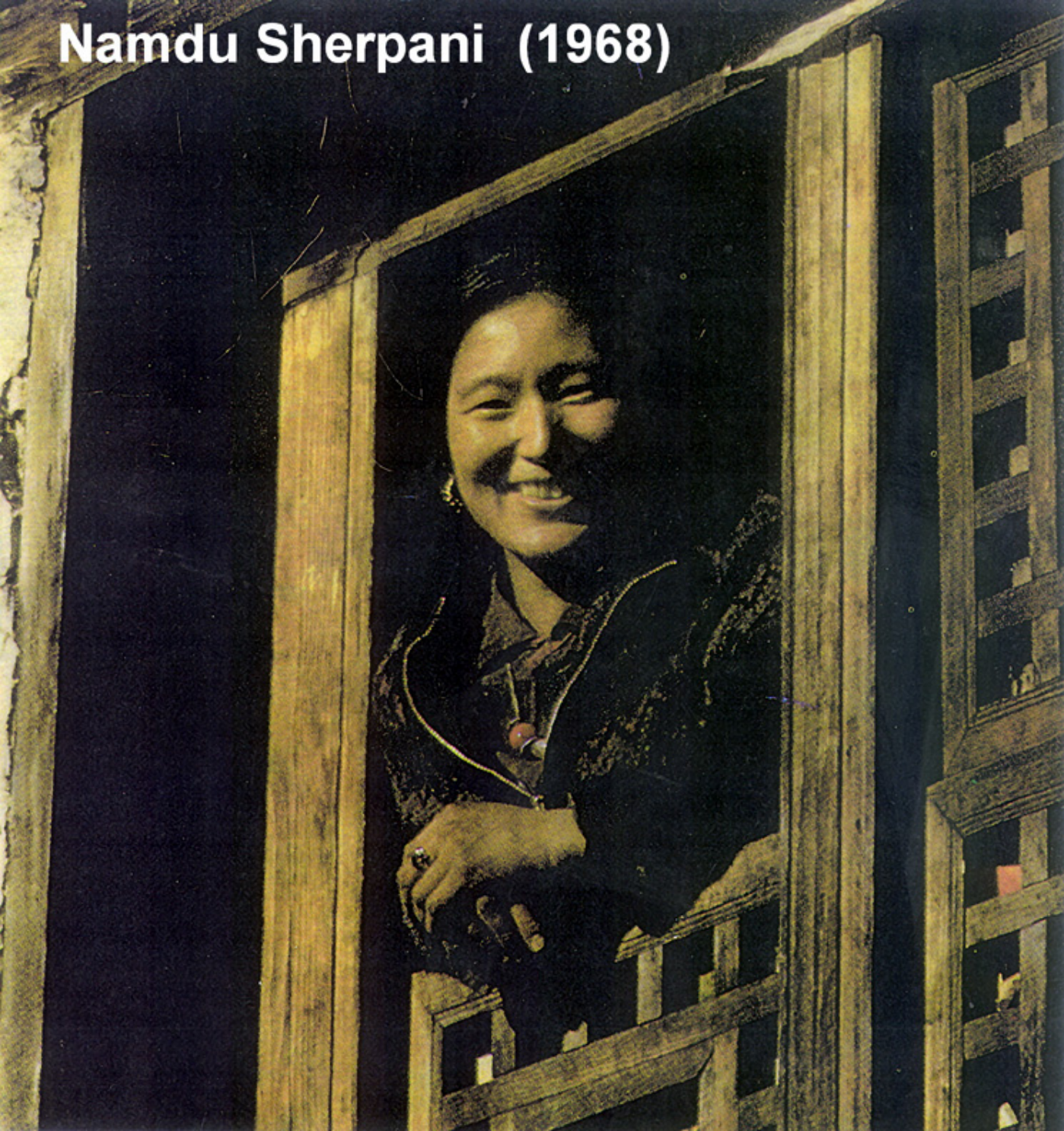


**Everest East face - -  
Pinsetter Camp 20,000'**



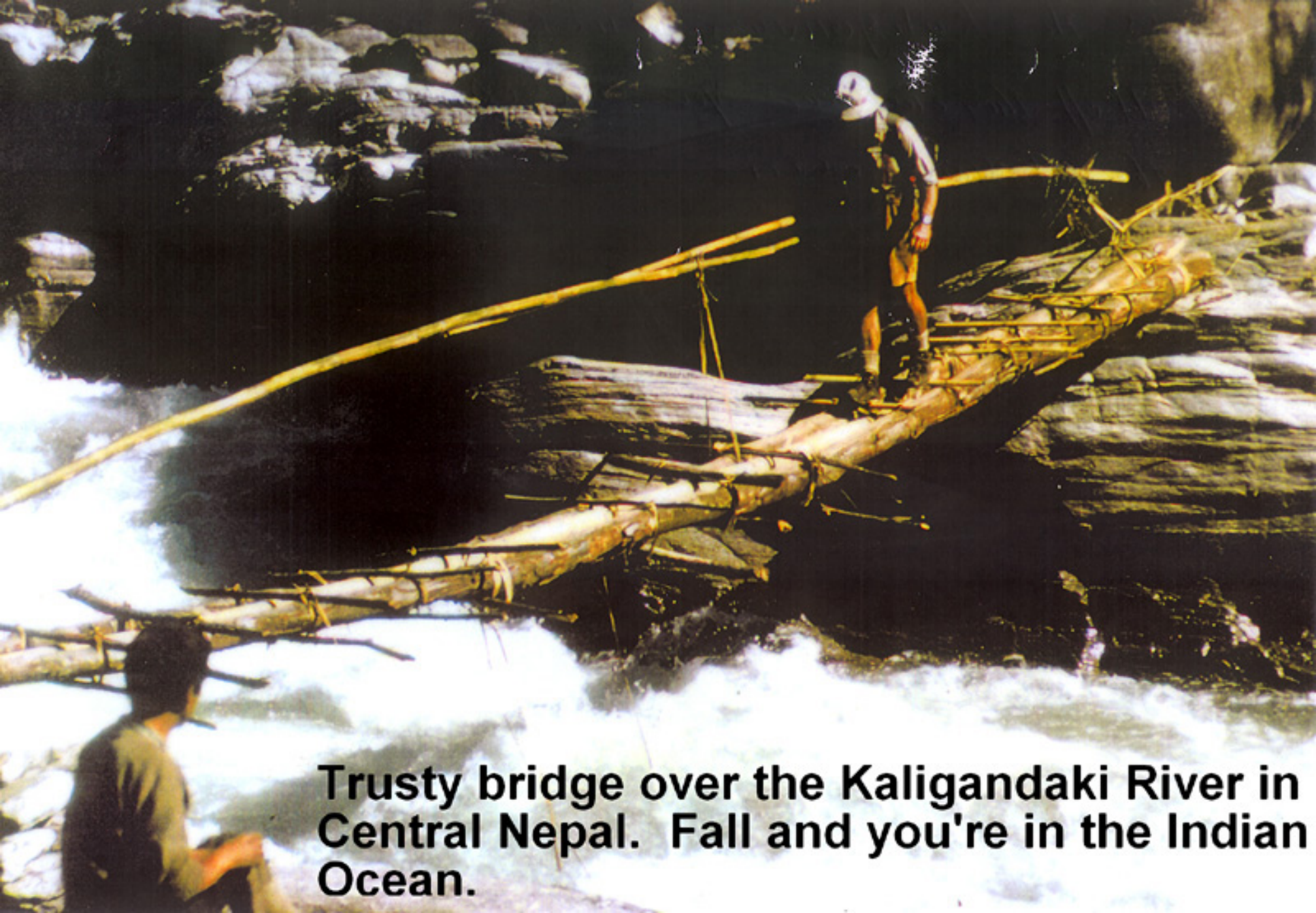
Scot's Yak-herder, Jamlong Bohadur, bringing home a little yak's lunch.

**Namdu Sherpani (1968)**



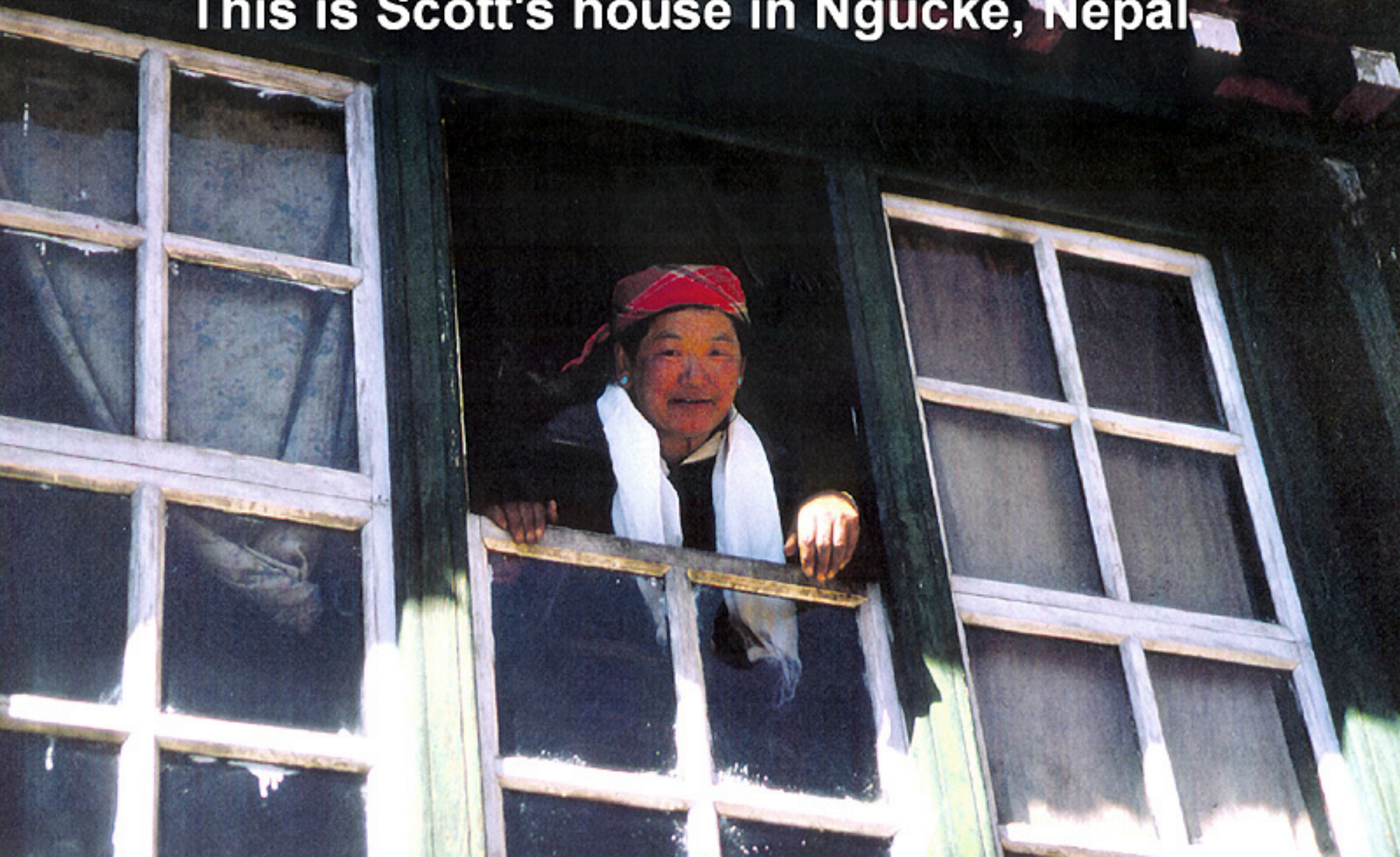


**Lion Dance at Khunde School in honor of Ed Hillary, who founded the school.**



**Trusty bridge over the Kaligandaki River in Central Nepal. Fall and you're in the Indian Ocean.**

**Kansa's wife, Ang Lankpa (Little Wednesday)  
This is Scott's house in Ngucke, Nepal**



# Boden in the Lechtal Valley west of Innsbruck, Austria



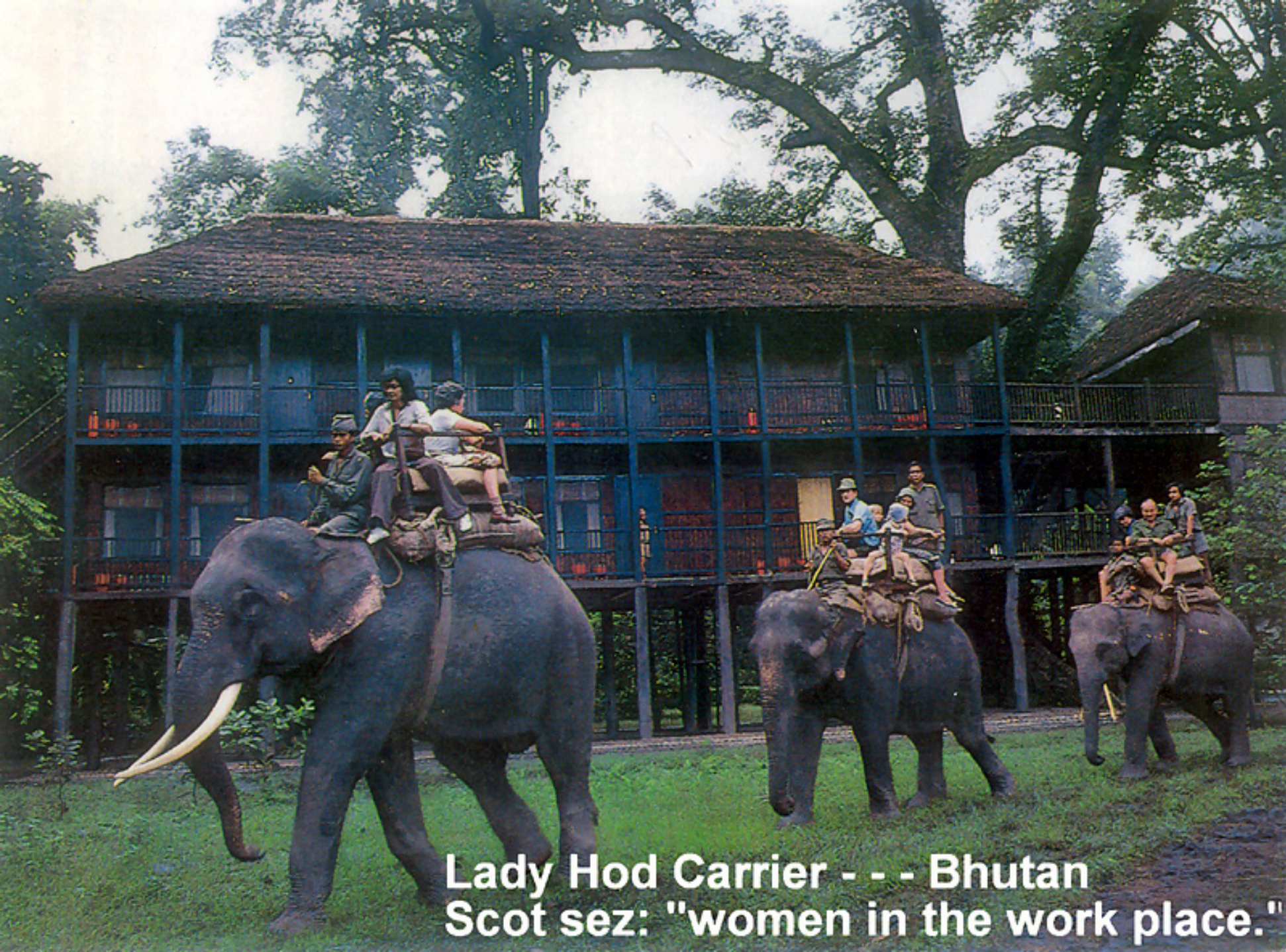


Ang Bahadur (“Fireplug”), porter on ultimate Trek —  
350 miles!!

**Buddhist  
Temple**

**Kathmandu**



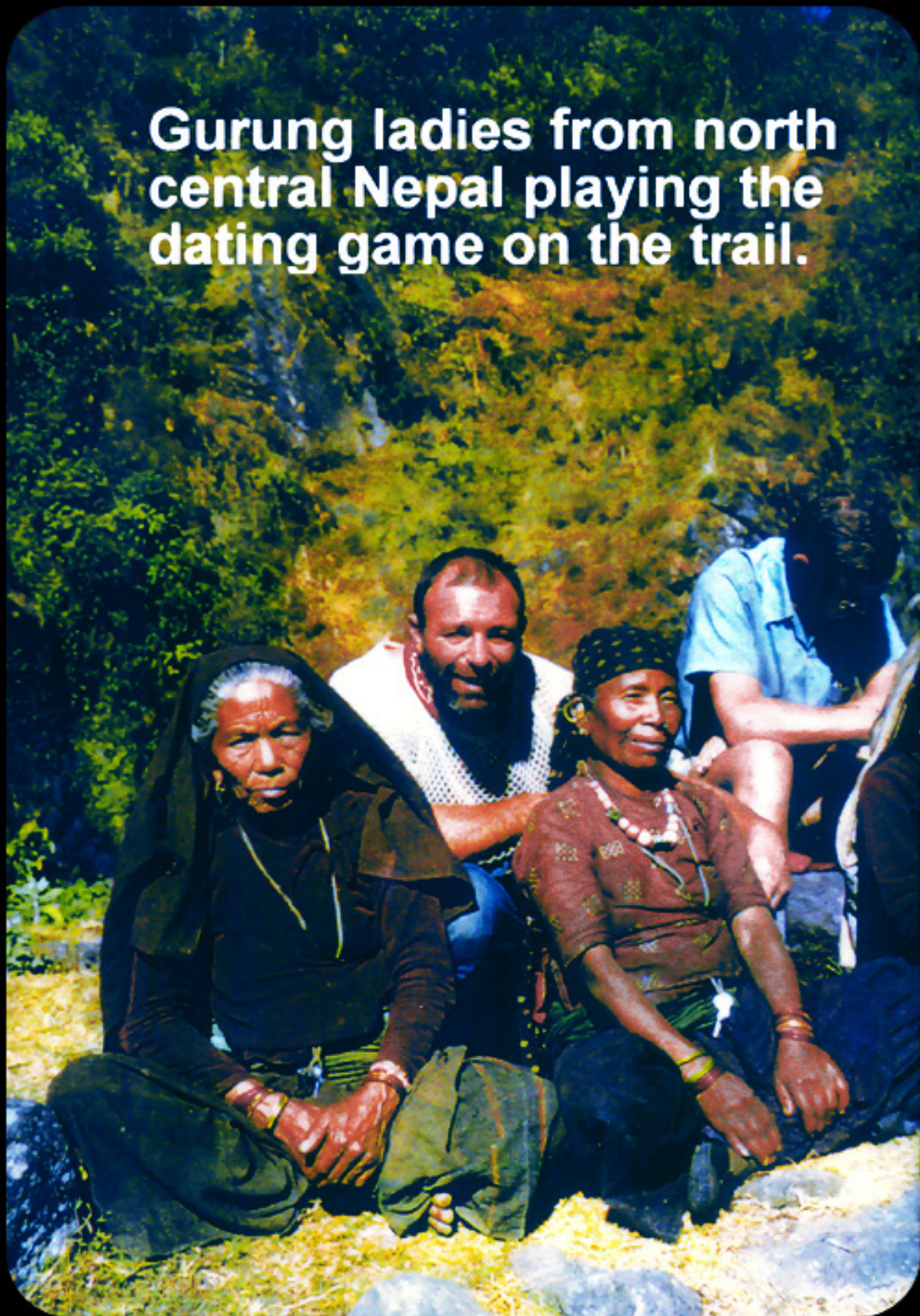


Lady Hod Carrier - - - Bhutan  
Scot sez: "women in the work place."

**Tingri Hot Springs (15,000 ft)  
Arun Valley  
South Central Tibet.**



**Gurung ladies from north central Nepal playing the dating game on the trail.**



**Our hero is "Thulo Seto Bhalu"  
in Sherpa talk, but "Great White  
Bear" in ours.**



## THE REAL KILIMANJARO

IT'S CLEAR WHY LOCAL PEOPLE THOUGHT KILIMANJARO WAS DIVINE. IT'S SIMPLY ANOTHER WORLD FROM THE SURROUNDING PLAINS - AND FOR CLIMBERS AND BIKERS, A THOROUGHLY AND TEMPTING ONE. WE GET A STIRRING LOOK AT THAT WORLD FROM CAMPI YA KANZI, OUR SPLENDIDLY ISOLATED CAMP (ONE OF AFRICA'S FINEST, IN THIS WRITER'S OPINION) IN THE CHYULU HILLS WHERE WE'LL SPEND THREE DAYS WALKING AND GAME VIEWING IN LUSH VOLCANIC HIGHLANDS AND ACACIA-DOTTED PLAINS, LOOKING SOUTH AT THE EVER - LOOMING PEAK.

NOW, ABOUT THE CLIMB (WHICH YOUR WRITER CONSIDERS ONE OF THE MOST SATISFYING IN HIS LONG MOUNTAIN LIFE). NORMALLY, IT'S A DREARY, OFTEN ALTITUDE-SICKENING SLOG UP THE TOURIST ROUTES, THE MACHAME AND THE MARANGU, WHICH MOST OFTEN TOPS OUT AT GILLMAN'S POINT, *NOT, SORRY TO SAY, KILIMANJARO'S SUMMIT!* ON THIS REAL (AND NONTECHNICAL) CLIMB, WE APPROACH THE PERSONALITY-RICH MOUNTAIN GENTLY, HIKING ALONG LESS TRAVELED, FAR MORE SPECTACULARLY BEAUTIFUL AND EVENTFUL EIGHT DAYS ON THE REMOTE WESTERN BREACH ROUTE, CLIMBING SLOWLY THROUGH MONTANE AND HEATH FORESTS INTO THE OTHERWORLDLY ALPINE ZONE TO AFRICA'S ACTUAL HIGHEST POINT, UHURU PEAK, AT 19,340 FEET 975 FEET HIGHER THAN GILLMAN'S. OUR SAFETY STANDARDS ARE AS HIGH AS OUR AESTHETIC ONES. WE CARRY OXYGEN AND A PORTABLE HYPERBARIC BAG ON ALL OUR CLIMBS. AND WE USE ONLY TOP - QUALITY ALPINE TENTS AND BACKED CHAIRS FOR RELAXING OVER HEARTY, GENEROUS, AND HEALTHY MEALS. OUR CAMPING AND GUIDING STANDARDS ON KILIMANJARO ARE FULLY UP TO SHERPA STANDARDS; THOSE OF YOU WHO KNOW ABOUT HOW WE FEEL ABOUT THE SHERPAS WILL APPRECIATE THIS AS A SUPREME HIGH COMPLIMENT!

*Not part of  
my trip!*

**Boys will  
be boys!**



# The American Himalayan Foundation

909 Montgomery Street • Suite 400 • San Francisco, California 94123 • (415) 434-1111

So there's a brief outline of Post-Campion. The better part of thirty years in the Asia patch being under canvas! Focus, not only on the Hills, but very much on the people who live there, under quite straitened but fulfilling and joyful conditions. Who needs a hunk of modern art hanging on the walls, when the window looks out on a 23,000 foot (29,035 for "Chomolungma") peak?

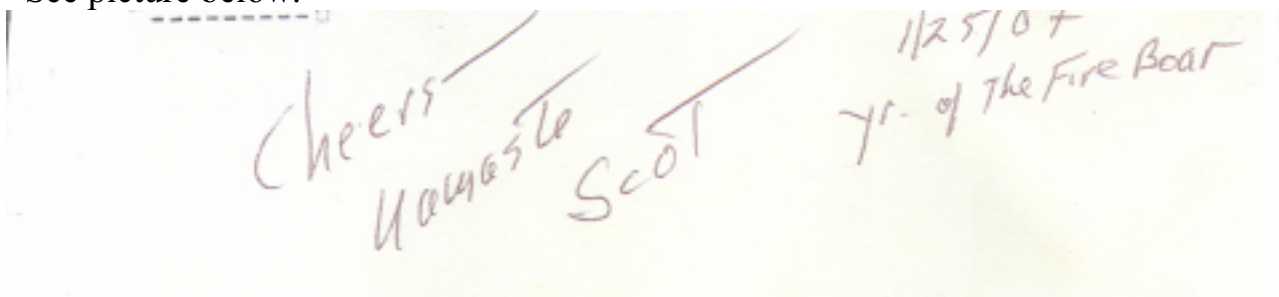
The pressing need of these folks is medicine and education. Sir Edmund Hillary was the first to jump-start a program in this direction, when he returned from the '53. The rest of us (basically members of the AAC) joined his efforts and formed the AHF, with Ed and Maurice Herzog (the first parson to summit an 5,000 meter peak, Annapurna, in 1950), on the board. We now support schools, hospitals and cultural institutions in Nepal, Tibet, NW India and mongolia. This year, our budget is 2 million, and reaches out to touch the lives of 140,000 people. Small potatoes in comparison to the joy we have derived from these folks! In retirement, I have a small hand in these "do-gooder" shenanigans.

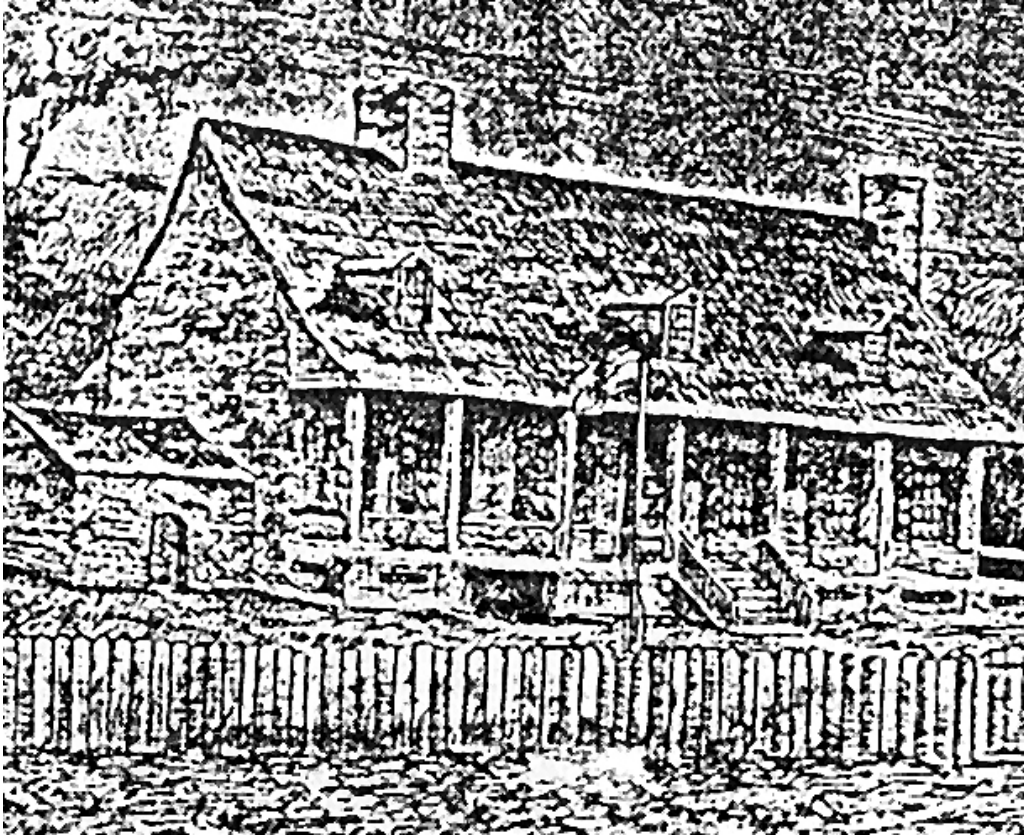
Pt. of origin, & still considered home base: St. Louis. 7th generation down the pike from Pete de Laclede, who started a dandy bar & grill (Laclede's Landing) on the banks of "ole man River," in 1764. \*

Advance Base: Bad manors, Carmel-By-The-Sea, CA.

Camp One: Namche Bazaar, 160 mi E of Kathmandu @ 11,500'.

\*See picture below.





The first house built in St. Louis !! (1764) You might guess that the builder was Macbeth's family a few generations ago..

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