

20 March Day Two on the road - Down



But, before we could start down, we had to climb up, up, up to the market
A note on last night's lodging - the name of the "teahouse" (where we pitched the tents and stayed over night) was not available; however, it was near Sigre'.



At market on top of mountain on Day 2 just before we plunged down

As it was all UP yesterday, today it was all DOWN. It was definitely a difficult day for my feet - the downhill and I mean downhill climb wore blisters in my toes. I haven't looked yet, I just know. Also, I had my first good face washing in two days as we came to the beginnings of the Charnawati Kola - what a relief! That cold mountain water really gave me a lift. It is extremely difficult to be near water, yet be unable to drink from the stream. I am relying heavily on oranges - two in the morning and two in the afternoon. Tonight, we have stopped at 1600 (4:00 PM) to wait for the porters. We are at a small "town" by the name of Shera. I estimate that we have traveled almost 20 miles in two days. It had been tough,

but I begin to feel accustomed to the climbing. While we stopped this morning, I showed my Sherpa how to use my GS Electra camera. He wants to take pictures of his family.

Several notes on surroundings in general. The people, in general, all seem to have colds (?). Most all have an accompanying hacking cough. Wheat, oats, rice, and potatoes seem to be the crops that are found on the terraces. Yesterday, we climbed through red brick adobe-type houses. These seem to have been replaced by a hard clay/wood combination and some brown brick (versus reddish coloration). Today has been cloudy offering my forehead some relief.



Eating lunch overlooking valley and terraces on Day 2



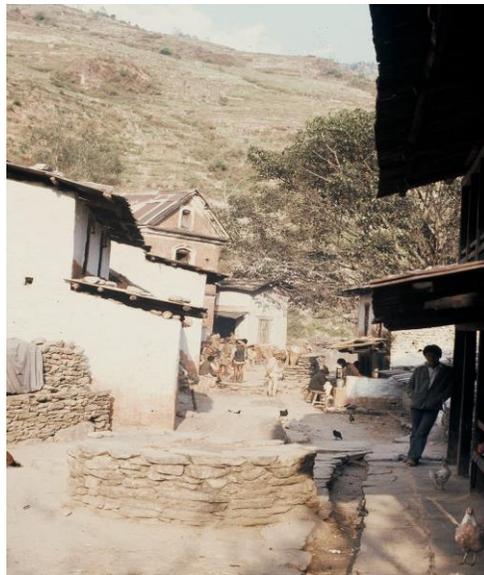
The trail and terraces on Day 2

I have seen many trekkers today. One was a Spanish fellow all by himself apparently. He said he was going to try to make Base Camp (below Everest). A real nice guy to talk to. Also, several couples and one New Zealander. An obvious

common bond exists between trekkers - to share information, locations, or just whatever. Tomorrow, by the map, we begin to enter the territory I read about in the books by Bernstein and Mrs. Hillary.



The brilliant red Rhododendron where I met the Spaniard on the trail



We stayed the night in this small village. I make some remarks on Day 3 about the late night discussions with an "Aussie Bloke." We sat on the well in the middle of the town and discussed the Nixon resignation, vice President Agnew's resignation, and of course, Vietnam. We didn't solve any world problems, but we came to appreciate one another's country's much better.