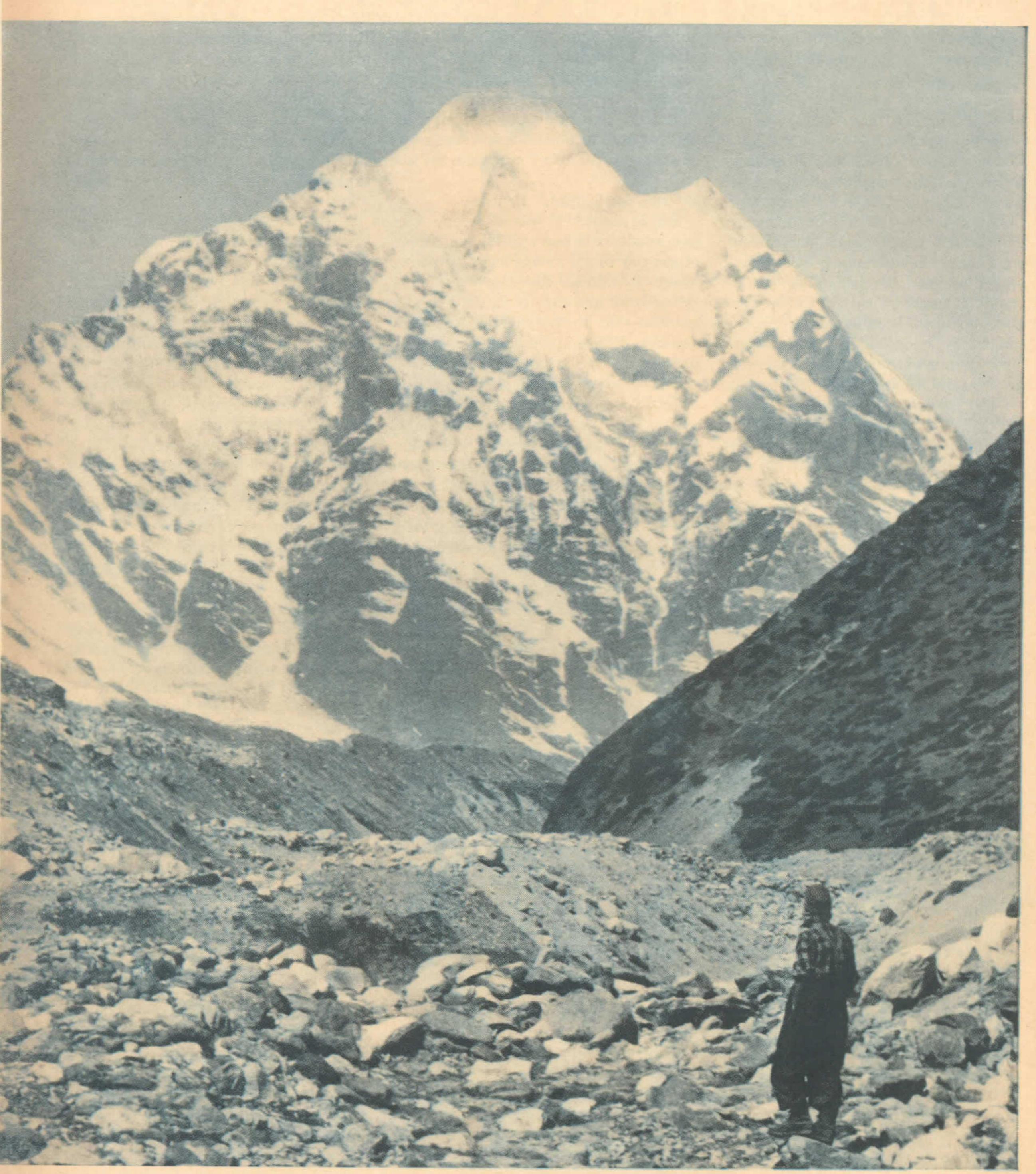
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The high Himalayas, a land of soaring peaks above vast, desolate glaciers and valleys, is here surveyed by Sir Edmund Hillary, gazing at Baruntse's summit from the rock-strewn Barun Glacier. Amidst such scenes as this, young Tenzing grew to manhood and gained the experience culminating in Everest's conquest.



# By TENZING NORGAY as told to JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

PART II: In which the young Sherpa, on numerous expeditions in the high Himalayas, matures into the veteran climber; survives the hard years of the war and after; assumes the great responsibilities of a sirdar, or chief of porters; and tackles Everest again in a climactic effort with a new and beloved friend

go on to big ones, but it was not that way for me. My first expedition, in 1935, was to Everest. This was with the fifth of the British parties to go out to the mountains. Their first one, in 1921, had not been an attempt to climb, but only an exploration, and it was on this one that a way was found through Tibet to the north side of the peak. To the Sherpas, who knew the route from Darjeeling to Solo Khumbu, it seemed strange to be going so far around to get to Chomolungma. But the English had permission to enter Tibet, while at the time—and until only a few years ago—no Westerners could enter Nepal.

From near the Rongbuk Monastery, straight north of Everest, the 1921 explorers made many journeys along the glaciers and to the high passes, looking for a route to the upper mountain; and at last it was decided that the best one was along the East Rongbuk Glacier and then up a steep wall of snow and ice to a pass, or saddle, more than 22,000 feet high, which they called the North Col. The famous climber, George Leigh-Mallory, with some others, reached this col, and though they were not equipped to go farther they felt sure they had found a good way up the mountain. Meanwhile they had looked for still other ways and climbed a high pass which looks over onto the southwest side of Everest and almost to Solo Khumbu. But

Mallory did not think this side looked like good climbing; and besides it was in Nepal. So it was 30 years before anyone tried the mountain from that direction.

In 1922 the first real climbing expedition came. With many Englishmen and Sherpas they set up camps on the glacier, another on the North Col and still another on the steep ridge above. From there the strongest climbers went on to more than 27,000 feet, which is only 2,000 feet from the top and much higher than men had ever been before. But later there was the great avalanche on the steep slopes below the North Col when a whole ocean of snow came pouring down on the roped porters. This was when seven Sherpas were killed, and it was the worst accident there has ever been on Everest.

Still, in 1924, both Englishmen and Sherpas came back, and this was the famous expedition on which Mallory and Andrew Irvine disappeared as they climbed together toward the top. This time there were not only one but two camps above the col, and the higher, at 26,800 feet, was carried up by the three Sherpas, Lhakpa Chedi, Norbu Yishay and Semchumbi. From here, before Mallory and Irvine were lost, Colonel E. F. Norton and Dr. T. H. Somervell made a fine attempt, in which Norton reached more than 28,000 feet. This remained the world altitude record until Raymond Lambert and I went a little higher

on the other side of the mountain during the first Swiss expedition of 1952.

The fourth attempt on Everest was not until 1933, which was the one on which I so much wanted to go but was not taken. The result was much like in 1924, except that no lives were lost, and two teams of climbers—Wyn Harris and L. R. Wager together, and Frank Smythe, with Eric Shipton stopping a little below him—went to about the same place that Norton had reached. Again the highest tent, Camp Six, was set up by Sherpas, and the English, in appreciation, called them "Tigers." In 1938 this title became official and Tiger Medals were awarded to the porters who went highest. But already in the '20s and early '30s the name was used, and our men bore it proudly.

Then came 1935 and my first chance.

From the beginning of the year there had been much talk about another expedition; but there was trouble getting permission to enter Tibet again, so it was late before Eric Shipton, who was now leader, arrived in Darjeeling. Because of this it was decided that there would be no real summit attempt, but only a reconnaissance, as in 1921. For the monsoon, which blows up each June from the south, would surely come while we were still climbing, and after that it is almost certain death on a high mountain from storms and avalanches. A reconnaissance would not be a waste of time, though, because the British thought they might find a better route for the next year than the one always used before by way of the North Col.

As had happened in 1933, I was almost left behind again. The sirdar for the expedition—which means the one who is in charge of the porters—was Karma Paul, a businessman of Darjeeling, who did not know me; and also I had no certificate for previous service. Mr. Shipton and Mr. W. J. Kydd, who was then secretary of the Himalayan Club, interviewed the Sherpas, but picked only those who had climbed before or were recommended by Karma Paul; and I was very unhappy. Then later it was announced that they

needed just two more men. There were more than 20 candidates, and I slipped into the line wearing a new khaki bush jacket and shorts which I hoped made me look very professional. Mr. Shipton and Mr. Kydd checked one candidate after another, and when it was my turn they asked me to produce a certificate. This was awful, and I wanted to argue and explain. But at that time, when I was only 20, I did not yet know either English or Hindustani, and all I could do was make a gesture that I did not have one. The two sahibs talked together, then told me to step out of line, and I thought that was the end of it for me. But when I started to leave they called me back, and I found that I was one of two men elected.

Some of the older men were annoyed because I was a novice and had been taken in. But I was so happy they could have beaten me and I would not have minded. The wages on the expedition were 12 annas a day, which would be raised to one rupee for every day above snow line; so if I did well I would make more money than I ever had before. It was not money, though, that was the important thing to me. It was that I was a mountain man at last—and going to Chomolungma! In 1953, when I saw Eric Shipton at a reception in London, I reminded him that it was he who, 18 years before, had given me my first chance.

Because this was my first expedition there were, of course, many things that were new to me. We were issued special clothes and boots and goggles. We ate strange foods out of tin cans. We used pressure stoves and sleeping bags and all sorts of other things I had never seen before. And in the actual climbing, too, there was much that I had to learn. Snow and glaciers themselves were nothing new to a boy who had grown up in Solo Khumbu, but now for the first time I had experience with the real techniques of mountaineering: using a rope; cutting steps with an ax; making and breaking camps; choosing routes that are not only quick but safe. As an apprentice porter I was not given much responsibility. But I worked hard and was generally useful,



and I think the sahibs liked me. Also the altitude did not bother me, even though I had never been so high before, and I was one of the Sherpas who carried loads to the North Col, at a height of more than 22,000 feet.

This was as far as the expedition went. As a reconnaissance, it did not have the equipment or number of men to go higher. But it was there on the col, before we turned back, that I first realized I was in some way different from the other Sherpas. For the rest of them were glad to go down. They did their work as a job, for the wages, and wanted to go no farther than they had to. But I was very disappointed. I wanted to go still higher on the mountain. Even then it was like it has been with me for all the rest of my life: when I am on Everest I can think of nothing else. I want only to go on, farther and farther. It is a dream, a need, a fever in the blood. But this time, of course, there was nothing I could do. We came down from the col and soon after left the mountain.

The very next year I went again to Everest. This was with a full-scale British expedition that had high hopes of reaching the top, but the weather was very bad, and once again we got only to the North Col. In 1938, though, there was somewhat better luck. Though this year's party was a small one, it climbed high on the mountain before being turned back, and I was one of seven Sherpas who set up the topmost camp at 27,200 feet. This was the highest I ever went until with the Swiss on the other side of Everest in 1952, and for my work I received the rank of Tiger that I had so much been hoping for.

Between Everest attempts, during this period, I made many other mountain trips. None of them involved very high climbing, but they took me to various parts of the Himalayas, including distant Garhwal; and on the way for the first time I visited big cities, rode on trains and saw much of the civilized world. The winters I spent mostly at home in Darjeeling, with my wife, Dawa Phuti, and soon we were blessed with both a son and a daughter.

Then in 1939 came the biggest journey yet. This was all the way across India to the province of Chitral, in the far northwest, where I was one of a party who tried to climb the great peak of Tirich Mir, in the Hindu Kush Range. In this we were not successful. But I liked Chitral so much that I stayed on there into the next winter. Then I had terrible news-that my son had died while little more than a baby-and I hurried home to Darjeeling. I did not remain long, however. For now the Great War had begun, there were no expeditions to join, and so I took my family back with me to Chitral. Though my son was gone, we were

still as many as before, for while I had been away my wife had given birth to a second daughter.

We lived in Chitral for the next five years. For most of the time I worked in the officers' mess of the Chitral Scouts, which were part of the Indian Army. But there was also the chance to travel around in northwest country, and I learned much of new customs and languages—and also how to ski. Mostly these were very happy years; but in the end there was again tragedy, for Dawa Phuti took sick and, after a long illness, died. It was a great shock to me, of course, and it was hard for me to take care of my two little daughters, Pem Pem and Nima. So early in 1945 I brought them back to Darjeeling. Here, after a while, my bad luck changed to good; for I again met Ang Lahmu, the young lady with whom I used to argue about milk, and later that year we were married. She became the new mother of my children, and for this, and for many other things she has done, I have had much cause to be grateful.

The years right after the war were hard ones in Darjeeling. There were still no big expeditions going out, and very few of any kind. And now also, with the coming of independence for India, everything was uncertainty and confusion. The American military and government people had already gone, with no tourists to take their place; and soon many of the English were following them. Several of the tea plantations shut down. Jobs were few, and there was much unemployment and poverty.

Then in the spring of 1947 a crazy thing happened. And it began when Mr. Earl Denman came to Darjeeling.

Mr. Denman had been born in Canada, grown up in England, and now lived in one of the British parts of Africa. He had one great plan that had become the dream of his life, which was to climb Everest—and climb it alone!

... But he had to have someone to go with him, and that was how I met him. One day Karma Paul, the old sirdar, looked me up and said, "There is a sahib who has come to town, and he has an idea that might interest you." And a while later, with another Sherpa, Ang Dawa, I found myself meeting Mr. Denman.

Right from the beginning it was like nothing I had experienced before. Denman was alone. He had very little money and poor equipment. He did not even have permission to enter Tibet. But he was as determined as any man I have ever met and talked with great earnestness and persuasion. He was especially insistent that he wanted me along. Because I was a Tiger; because I had climbed to 27,-000 feet on Everest; because I spoke Tibetan and also some English; because I had been recommended as the best of the Sherpas. And it was all very flattering—but still crazy—and Ang Dawa and I said we must think it over.

Any man in his right mind would have said no. But I couldn't say no. For in my heart I needed to go, and the pull of Everest was stronger for me than any force on earth. Ang Dawa and I talked for a few minutes and then we made our decision. "Well," I told Denman, "we will try."

As it turned out, he was not only without permission to enter Tibet, but had signed a paper promising not even to approach the border. So secrecy was of much importance, and instead of leaving Darjeeling together we met





at a prearranged point outside of town and began our trip from there. Following the usual expedition route, we moved up through Sikkim; then sneaked successfully across the border by a little-used pass and headed west across the great plateaus of Tibet. We had many accidents. We seldom had enough to eat. Once we were stopped by a patrol and almost turned back. But somehow we managed to keep going and at last reached the Rongbuk Monastery, where the lamas received us without questions or suspicion.

And now there, straight before us, was Everest: huge and white, with its streaming snow plume; just as I remembered it after nine long years. The old excitement returned, as strong as ever. But I had not taken leave of my senses and, with the mountain looming above us, I was more conscious than ever of the hopelessness of our endeavor.

Still we went on: up the glaciers, past the old lower campsites, toward the base of the walls below the North Col. With only the three of us, the work was backbreaking. The wind and cold were terrible. In fact they seemed to me the worst I had ever known on the mountain, until I realized it was not so much they themselves as that we were so badly equipped. Our clothes were not windproof. Our food supply was low, and we were already out of the most important item—tea. Our two tents gave as much protection as a sheet of paper, and soon Denman, who at first occupied one of them alone, had to come in with Ang Dawa and me, so that our three bodies together could make at least a little warmth.

At least we moved fast. Each day we set up a new camp, carrying everything we had in one trip, and soon we were at the foot of the snow slopes beneath the col. I knew,

though, that this was the end of the line. Denman was less used to cold than Ang Dawa and myself and was suffering terribly. He could not sleep at night. Sometimes he seemed to have barely the strength to walk. From our highest camp—the fourth—we made a brief try at the steep snow and ice leading up to the col; but the cold went through to our bones and the wind almost knocked us flat. In a little while we were back in the tent, exhausted and beaten.

Even Denman knew we were beaten. He was a brave man—a determined, almost fanatic man with a fixed idea. But he was not crazy, and he was willing to go back. For this I am as grateful as for anything that has happened in my life, for it would have been a terrible decision for Ang Dawa and myself if he had insisted on going on.

Our retreat was even faster than our advance. Now that he was defeated, Denman seemed only to want to get away from Everest as quickly as possible, as if it were a thing he no longer loved, but hated. We almost raced back to the Rongbuk Monastery and then on across the wild high plains of Tibet—almost as if the mountain were following us as an enemy. Now we were even shorter of food than before. Our clothes were in rags, and Denman's boots were in such bad shape that for a few days he had to walk barefoot. But we kept going. At least we were stopped by no patrols. And almost before I knew it we had crossed back from Tibet into Sikkim and a few days later, toward the end of April, arrived in Darjeeling. The whole trip—to Everest, at Everest and return—had taken only five weeks!

It was as quick as that. As strange and crazy as that. In another few days Denman was on his way back to Africa, and it almost seemed to me that I had not been to Everest at all, but only imagined it. Yet, looking back on it today,

I feel that Denman, though a strange man, was also a brave one—a man with a dream—and I am sorry he did not get closer to realizing it. In 1953, when I gained the top of Everest, I was wearing a woolen balaclava helmet that he had left to me; so at least a little part of him has reached his goal.

I have heard my English friends use the expression "a feast or a famine." And that is how it was with me. For years, since the beginning of the war, there had been hardly any expeditions at all, but from now on I was on so many that I have trouble keeping track of them.

In 1947, right after Denman had gone home, I went to Garhwal with a party of Swiss. They were not out to climb any one great mountain, but rather a number of the second rank (at least by Himalayan measurements), and were very successful—reaching several summits more than 20,000 feet high. My own best performance was on a peak called Kedernath, of about 23,000 feet, which became the first big mountain I ever climbed to the top. And besides this satisfaction there was the pleasure of being with the Swiss, whom I liked the best of any people I had ever been with.

During the two years after this I did little high mountaineering but made two wonderful journeys. The first, in 1948, was to Lhasa, the holy city of Tibet, where all my life I had longed to go; and it was especially interesting because I went as assistant to the famous Italian scholar, Professor Giuseppe Tucci, and learned far more than I would have on an ordinary trip. Then in 1949 I went to Nepal with H. W. Tilman, the famous British climber whom I had known from Everest in 1938. On this trip, too, there were no major ascents; but we explored much of the region around Annapurna, and it was the first time in 15 years that I had been back to the country where I was born.

In between times I made another of my many trips to Garhwal and was one of a party who made the first ascent of a mountain called Bandar Punch. For two winters I was employed by the Indian Army to instruct troops in the craft of mountaineering. And in the fall of 1950, after returning from Nepal, I went off on another long journey to the northwest. It was with three young Englishmen, whose plan was to visit the distant range of the Karakoram and the frontier between Afghanistan and Russia; but this was stopped for political reasons, and we went instead to Nanga Parbat, the famous "Naked Mountain" of Kashmir.

Nanga Parbat had the worst history of any mountain in the world, for over the years it had taken no less than 29 lives, including many Sherpas; and for myself, I was willing to spend the rest of my life staying away from it. The young Englishmen, however, were determined to make a try, even though it was now almost winter, and I convinced the three other Sherpas who were along with us that it was our duty to go with them as far as we could. Once we were on the great glaciers, though, conditions became impossible. The temperature was 50 below zero, and the snow was up to our armpits. At last we refused to go farther; but the sahibs still insisted on continuing, and it was arranged that we would wait for them in the base camp. Two days later one of them returned, badly frostbitten but still alive. But the other two never were seen again, and with fresh snow falling all the time our efforts to push up the mountain and

find them were hopeless. Nanga Parbat had claimed its 30th and 31st victims.

This was the first expedition I had ever accompanied on which lives had been lost. And now, in succession, I was to be on two more. The next, in 1951, was with a French party to Nanda Devi, in Garhwal, during which the leader and a companion disappeared while attempting to cross from the main summit to Nanda Devi's east peak along a high skyline ridge. In the search for them, another Frenchman and I reached the top of the east peak, at about 24,400 feet. This was the highest summit I had ever gained up to this time, and its ascent remains today the hardest and most dangerous of all I have ever made—including Everest.

Then, later that same year, came another expedition and another death. This was on a small expedition to Kang Peak, near Kanchenjunga, and the unlucky climber was George Frey, the assistant trade commissioner for the Swiss Government in Bombay. Three of us were climbing unroped on a steep snow slope, with Frey first and myself second, when suddenly he slipped and began to fall. Reaching out to stop him, I broke one of my fingers—which was the only injury I have ever had on a mountain. But his momentum was too great for me to hold him, and he fell halfway down the peak before coming to rest, lifeless, on a level patch of snow.

It is a Sherpa belief that the late 30s are the critical age of a man's life—the years in which he may most likely meet either success or disaster. I was now 37. Though I had come through all right myself, I had been on three expeditions in a row on which lives had been lost. And I could not help shivering a little and wondering "What next?" For I had two years of my 30s still to go.

ANGA PARBAT, Nanda Devi, Kang Peak. Kashmir, Garhwal, Nepal, and even Tibet. I had climbed many mountains, lived through many experiences. But one thing had been missing: Chomolungma, the Great One. It was five years now since I had even seen it, on that strange quick trip with Denman; 14 since I had climbed high on its walls to win my rank as a Tiger. Sometimes I wondered if I would ever get back to it, or if the gods, for reasons of their own, were going to keep me forever from this mountain that was closest to my heart.

But the gods were kinder than that. I was to go back again—and again, and again. And the last years of my "critical" late 30s were to be the great years of my life.

It was a new Everest to which I returned. For the post-war expeditions were no longer approaching it from the north, but from the south, and to climb a mountain from a different side is almost like climbing a different mountain. It was politics that had brought about the change of route. By now the Chinese Communists were well established in Tibet, and it was impossible for any West-ern expeditions to enter; but at the same time Nepal had had its own quieter revolution and was slowly opening up to the outside world. Now, in 1952, indeed, it was prepared to welcome climbers from many countries. And among the first of the newcomers were the Swiss.

It was a great day for me when the news reached Darjeeling. There was one letter direct to me from Switzerland, another to Mrs. Henderson, the secretary of the Himalayan Club. And they asked for me as sirdar and told me to begin hiring porters. Not only would I be going back to Everest at last, but I would be doing it with the people with whom I enjoyed climbing most of all. I did not know all the expedition members, of course; but I had met the leader, Dr. Wyss-Dunant, in Darjeeling a few years before; two of the climbers, René Dittert and André Roch, were old friends from Garhwal in 1947; and I was sure that I would like the others just as well. "Would I go?" the letters asked. And they might as well have asked if I would eat or breathe. The way I behaved around the house for a few days, Ang Lahmu and the girls must have thought I was possessed by devils.

With 13 other Sherpas I left Darjeeling in the early spring to meet the Swiss in Katmandu. And from there we began the 180-mile trip, up and down over the Nepali foothills, to the southern base of Everest. On the way I got to know the members of the expedition whom I had not met before, and

especially Raymond Lambert, who was soon to become my great friend and climbing partner. Also I felt great excitement, not only because I was going back to Everest again, but also because our route took us through my old home country of Solo Khumbu; and before going on to the mountain I spent a few days with my mother and sisters, whom I had not seen now for 18 long years.

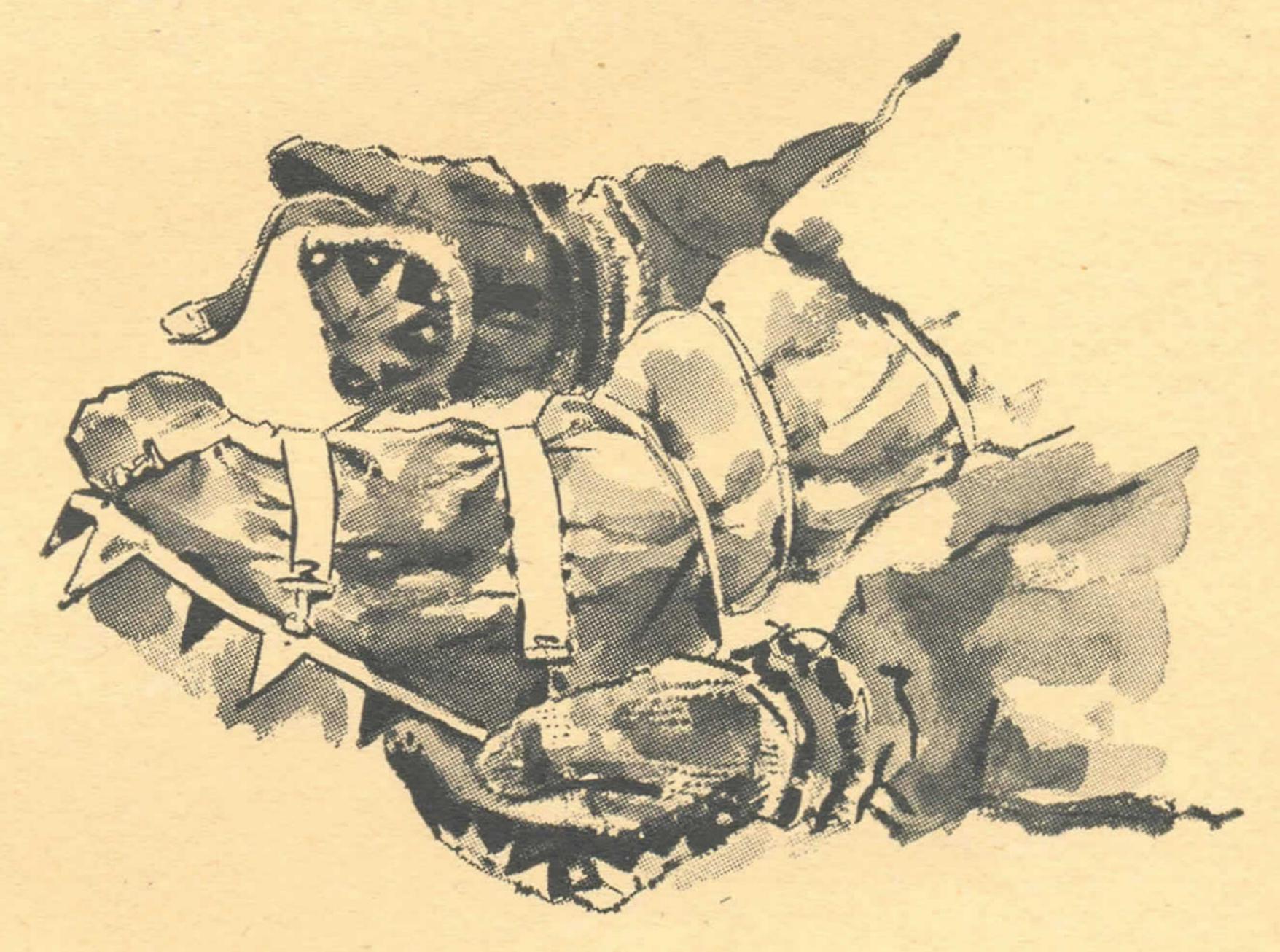
Then we moved on upward, toward the north, and on April 22nd established our base camp on the Khumbu Glacier at 16,570 feet. Straight ahead of us the glacier ended in a huge and unclimbable white wall; but off to its right was a sort of avenue—a steep but not impossible-looking

slope of tumbled ice, known as the Icefall, which flowed down through a narrow passage between Everest and Nuptse. It was here, a year before, that Eric Shipton, at the head of a reconnaissance expedition, had found the beginnings of an upward route. And it was here that we must follow—and go farther—if we were to get into the long snow valley above it, called the Western Cwm, and from there on to the heights of the mountain.

We had some bad weather on the glacier. But it never lasted too long, and we made progress. From the base we went up and across and set up Camp One near the foot of the Icefall, and from there the Swiss began searching for a way up through the steep tangle of ice.

It went slowly in the Icefall. It was like finding your

way through a white jungle. And it was dangerous too, for everywhere there were ice towers that might collapse on you and deep, snow-hidden crevasses into which you might fall. In a sheltered place halfway up we pitched Camp Two. And above this it was even harder. Then, almost at the top, we came to what we knew we would find, and were worried about: a great crevasse just below the entrance of the cwm that had stopped Shipton's party the year before. It was a frightening thing, all right-so wide no man could jump it, so deep you could not see its bottom, and stretching all the way across the Icefall from the walls of Everest to those of Nuptse. What was to be done? What could be done? The Swiss walked back and forth along the rim. They examined every yard of it. They spent hours trying to find a way to get across, but they had still not succeeded when it began growing late and they had to go back to Camp Two. The next day they went up again. After another long search they had the idea that it might be possible to swing across on a rope, and the youngest in the party, Asper, made the try. It was no good, though. From a rope fastened to the lower rim of the



crevasse he was able to swing the whole way across, but he could not get a hold either with his fingers or his ax on the smooth ice of the far side, and each time he swung back against the lower wall with a crash.

But at last they found a way. In one section of the crevasse they saw, about 60 feet down, a sort of shelf or platform, by which a man might be able to cross over to the farther wall, and the wall at this particular point did not look too steep to be climbed. Once more it was Asper who made the attempt. His companions lowered him carefully to the platform, he managed the crossing all right, and then, as they had hoped, he succeeded in hauling and hacking his way up until he came out on the upper rim. At that altitude the work had been so exhausting that for

several minutes he could only lie there in the snow, trying to regain his strength and breath; but once he was all right again, everything was all right. For with one man across there was no longer any problem. The rope between him and the others was made secure. Other ropes were thrown over. A whole rope bridge was built. And soon, what had looked like an impossible crossing was the easiest sort of operation for both men and loads.

It was a great victory. There we were in the Western Cwm, where no man—no living thing except an occasional bird—had ever been before. It was a deep snow-filled valley, about four and a half miles long and two miles wide, with Everest on the left, Nuptse on the right and the white walls of Lhotse rising straight ahead. Once you are really close to a mountain it is hard to see much of it, and it was that way now with Everest, with its whole upper part lost in the sky above us. But we knew which way we must go to get there, for there was only one possible way: along the length of the cwm to the foot of Lhotse and then up the steep snow slopes on its left to the great saddle called the South Col which joined the peaks of the two mountains. After that . . . But that was something we hardly dared think about. The first thing was to get to the col.

We made one start on May 24th, but were turned back by bad weather. Then we set off again the next day, and this time kept going. At last, after two days of struggle and fearful cold, in which three Sherpas gave up the attempt altogether, we made it—Lambert, Aubert, Flory and myself; and with three other Sherpas whom I slapped and scolded and cajoled into the job, we got supplies up from below for the camp from which we would make our try for the top.

I have been in many wild and lonely places in my life, but never anywhere like the South Col. Lying at 25,850 feet between the final peaks of Everest and Lhotse, it lacks even the softness of snow and is simply a bare frozen plain of rock and ice over which the wind roars with never a minute's stop. We were already almost as high as any mountain that had ever been climbed, but above us Everest's summit ridge rose up and up, as if it were another mountain in itself. The best route seemed to lead first up a long slope of snow and then out onto the ridge itself, but how it would go we would not be able to tell until we got there. And the very top we could not even see, because it was hidden behind the snowy bump of a slightly lower south summit.

Night came. The wind howled. Lambert and I shared a tent and did our best to keep each other warm. It was not quite so bad a night as the one before—but bad enough—and in the morning it was plain that the other three Sherpas were finished. The Swiss knew that if we were to have any chance of reaching the summit, we must set up still another camp—the seventh—on the ridge above us, and they offered them special rewards if they would try to make the carry. But they refused. Not only their bodies were worn out, but their spirits too; and besides not being willing to go higher themselves, they begged me not to do it. I was as determined one way, however, as they were the other, and finally things were worked out in the only possible

manner. The three of them started down, while the three sahibs and I made our preparations to go up. Without the others to help with the loads we could not carry nearly as much as was needed for Camp Seven, and our prospects for success looked slim. But there was nothing we could do about it.

So we started off: Aubert and Flory on one rope, Lambert and I on another. We climbed and climbed—up from the col along the steep snow slope to the base of the southeast ridge, and then on up the ridge itself. The weather was clear, and the mountain itself now protected us from the west wind; but the going was very slow, both because of the altitude and the problems of finding a safe route. We had only one tent with us, which I carried, and enough food for one day, and each of us also carried a small tank of oxygen—this being the first time in my mountain experience that I had ever used it. But the oxygen did not do us much good, because the apparatus would work only when we were resting or standing still and not when we were actually climbing, which of course was when we needed it most. Still we kept going. To 27,000 feet, and then farther.

At about 27,500 feet we stopped. We had gone as far as we could that day. As I have said, we were traveling very light, and I think it had been the sahibs' intention only to reconnoiter that day, dump the tent and a few supplies, and then come back up again when more porters were available. But the weather was almost perfect. Lambert and I were not too tired. I saw a small, almost level place where the tent could be pitched, pointed to it and said, "Sahib, we ought to stay here tonight." Lambert smiled at me, and I could tell he had been thinking the same thing. Aubert and Flory came up behind us, the three talked it over, and it was decided that the first two would go down while Lambert and I stayed there. And in the morning, if the weather was still good, we would make our try for the top.

Aubert and Flory dumped their few things. "Take care of yourselves," they told us—and there were tears in their eyes. They went down. They became tiny specks and disappeared. Lambert and I pitched the little tent, gasping and stumbling with the exertion; but as soon as we stopped working we felt better again, and the weather was so fine that we were able, for a while, to sit outside in the fading sunlight. With our different languages, we could not talk much. But there was no need to talk. Once I pointed up and said in English "Tomorrow—you and I." And Lambert grinned and said, "Ca va bien!"

There was no sleep. But we did not want to sleep. Lying still, without any sleeping bags to protect us, we probably would have frozen to death. So we slapped and rubbed each other all night long to keep our circulation going, and slowly, slowly the hours passed, until at last there was a faint gray light in the tent. Stiff and cold, we crawled out and looked around; and what we saw was not good, for the weather had worsened. It was not wholly bad—there was no storm—but the clearness was gone, clouds filled the sky to the south and west, and the wind, rising, blew sharp grains of ice into our faces. We hesitated a few moments, but, as usual, there was no need for words. Lambert

jerked his thumb at the ridge with a wink, and I nodded, smiling. We had gone too far to give up. We must make our try.

It seemed to take hours to get our crampons fastened on with our numb hands. But at last we were on our way.

Up- up- very slowly, almost creeping-three steps and a stop. We had three tanks of oxygen between us, but, as before, they were of no use while we were moving, and after a while we dropped them to relieve ourselves of the weight. Every 20 yards or so we changed places in the lead, so as to share the harder work of breaking the trail, and also so that one of us could rest and breathe deeply while letting the other pass. An hour went by. A second and a third hour. Mostly, the climbing itself was not too hard, but we had to be very careful of our route, for on one side of the ridge was a great precipice and on the other a cornice of snow overhanging a whole ocean of space. Then at times the ridge steepened, and we had to cut steps; and at this sort of climbing Lambert was wonderfully good.

Another hour passed. It seemed like a day—or a week.
The weather was growing still

worse, with waves of mist and wind-driven snow. Once Lambert turned and said something, but I could not understand him. Then a while later he spoke again; under his goggles and thick wind cream he was grinning; and this time I understood him all right.

"Ça va bien!" he was saying.
"Ça va bien!" I answered back.

It was not true. It was not going good, and we both knew it. But that was how things were between us. When things were good, it was ça va bien! And when they weren't, it was ça va bien just the same.

At a time like this you think of many things. I thought of Darjeeling, of home, of Ang Lahmu and the girls. I thought of Dittert and his second team of climbers now coming up below us, and that if we didn't get to the top, perhaps they would do better. I thought, "No, we ourselves will get there—we can do it! But if we do it, can we get down again?" I thought of Mallory and Irvine, and how they had disappeared forever, on the other side of the mountain, at just about the height we must be at now.

. . . Then I stopped thinking. My brain went numb. I was just a machine that moved and stopped, moved and stopped, moved and stopped, moved and stopped.

Then we stopped and did not move again. Lambert stood motionless, hunched in the wind and driving snow, and I knew he was figuring things out. I tried to figure too, but it was even harder to think than to breathe. I looked down. We had come—how far? About 650 vertical feet,

Lambert reckoned later; and it had taken us five hours. I looked up. And there was the south summit about 500 more feet above us. Not the summit. Just the south summit. And beyond it . . .

I believe in God. I believe that in men's hardest moments He sometimes tells them what to do, what decision to make, and that He did it then for Lambert and me. We could have gone farther. We could perhaps have gone to the top. But we could not have got down again. To go on would be to die. . . . And we did not go on. We stopped and turned back. . . . We had reached an altitude of about 28,250 feet: the nearest men had ever come to the top of Everest, the highest anyone had ever climbed in the world. But it was still not enough. We had given all we had, and it was not enough. We turned without speaking. We descended without speaking. Down the long ridge, past the

high camp, along the ridge again, along the snow slope. Slowly—slowly. Down—down—down. . . .

That was all for Lambert and me. The next day, with Aubert and Flory, we went down to the Western Cwm, while the second team of four Swiss and five Sherpas, under Dittert, went up past us to try their luck. At first they did better than we, getting from the cwm to the col in a single day's climbing; but there their luck left them. Altitude sickness struck both sahibs and Sherpas. The wind grew stronger and the cold deeper. And after three days and nights they had to come down, without having been able to even start an ascent of the summit ridge.

Well, it had been a great effort. And I had made a great friend.

#### IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

How Tenzing makes the most momentous decision of his life; and wherein he tells at last the full story of how Everest's summit was achieved

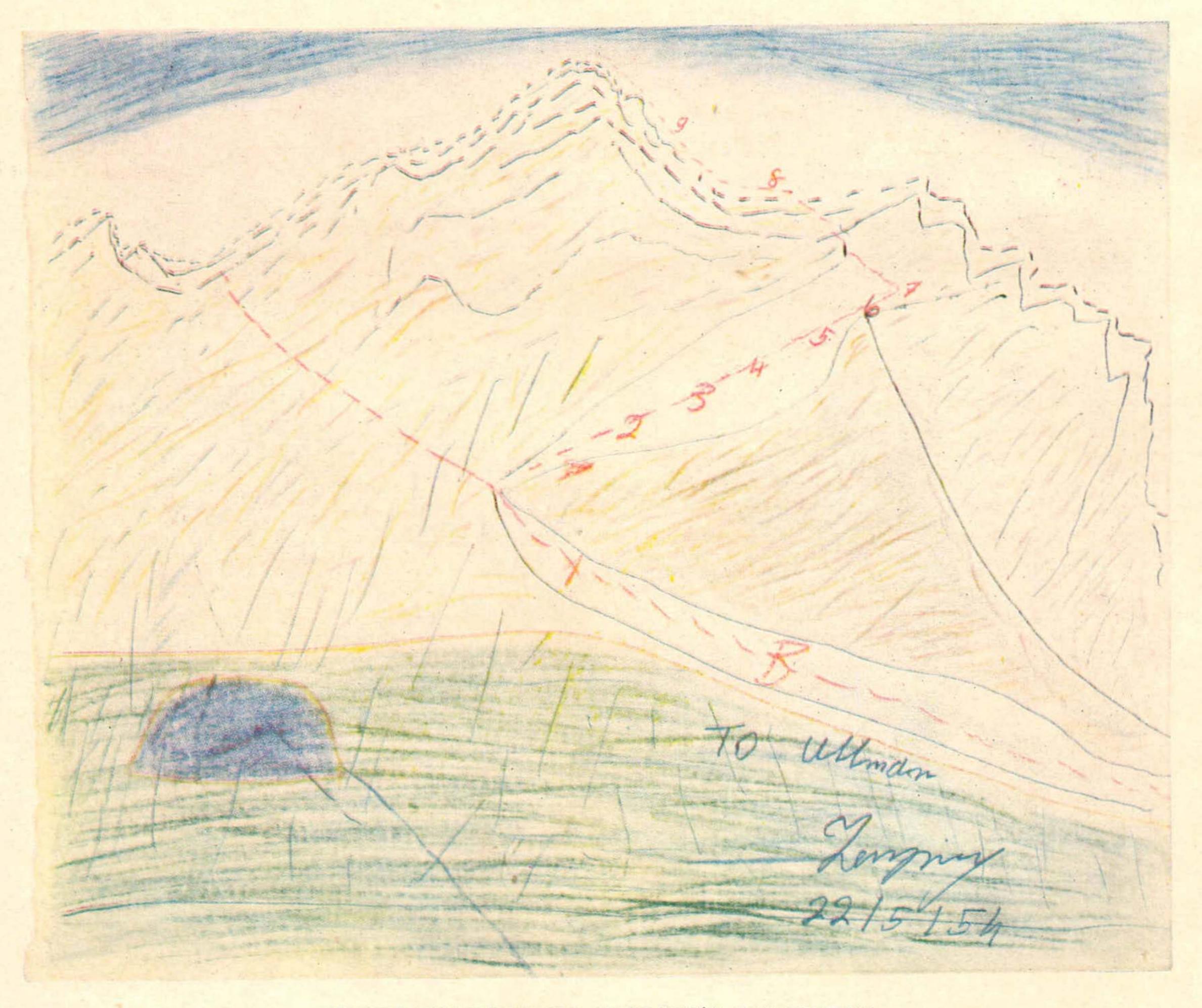


# The Great Endeavor

TENZING: THE TIGER OF EVEREST

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#### PART III



#### TENZING'S VIEW OF EVEREST'S CONQUEST

Drawn in school crayons in an almost childlike hand, this map which Tenzing made for his friend Ullman shows Everest as seen by the man who knows it best. Red dotted line traces route from base camps up the Icefall (Camp Two) to Western Cwm (Camp Four), thence past Lhotse traverse to Camp Eight. This was take-off point for final assault; Camp Nine was last stop of Hillary and Tenzing before they reached summit.

another thing that had to be done on the top of our mountain. From my pocket I took the package of sweets I had been carrying. I took the little red and blue pencil that my daughter Nima had given me. And scraping a hollow in the snow, I laid them there. Seeing what I was doing, Hillary handed me a small cloth cat, black and with white eyes, that Hunt had given him as a mascot, and I put this beside them. In his story of our climb Hillary says it was a crucifix that Hunt gave him and that he left on top; but

if this was so I did not see it. He gave me only the cloth cat. All I laid in the snow was the cat, the pencil and the sweets. "At home," I thought, "we offer sweets to those who are near and dear to us. Everest has always been dear to me, and now it is near too." As I covered up the offerings I said a silent prayer. And I gave my thanks. Seven times I had come to the mountain of my dream, and on this, the seventh, with God's help, the dream had come true.

"Thuji chey, Chomolungma. I am grateful. . . ."

We had now been on top almost 15 minutes. It was time to go. Needing my ax for the descent, I could not leave it there with the flags; so I untied the string that held them, spread the flags

across the summit, and buried the ends of the string as deeply as I could in the snow.

Before starting down we looked around once more. Had Mallory and Irvine reached the top before they died? Could there be any sign of them? We looked, but we could see nothing. Still they were in my thoughts, and I am sure in Hillary's too. All those who had gone before us were in my thoughts-sahibs and Sherpas, English and Swiss-all the great climbers, the brave men, who for 33 years had dreamed and challenged, fought and failed on this mountain, and whose efforts and knowledge and experience had made our victory possible. Our companions below were in my thoughts, for without them, too-without their help and sacrifice—we could never have been where we were that day. And closest of all was one figure, one companion: Lambert. He was so near, so real to me, that he did not seem to be in my thoughts at all, but actually standing there beside me. Any moment now I would turn and see his big bear face grinning at me. I would hear his voice saying, "Ca va bien, Tenzing. Ca va bien!"

Well, at least his red scarf was there. I pulled it more tightly around my throat. "When I get back home," I told myself, "I will send it to him." And I did.

Since the climbing of Everest all sorts of questions have

been put to me, and not all of them have been political. From the people of the East there have been many that have to do with religion and the supernatural. "Was the Lord Buddha on the top?" I have been asked. Or, "Did you see the Lord Siva?" From many sides, among the devout and orthodox, there has been great pressure upon me to say that I had some vision or revelation. But here again—even though it may be disappointing to many—I can tell only the truth; and this is no, that on the top of Everest I

did not see anything supernatural or feel anything superhuman. What I felt was a great
closeness to God, and that was
enough for me. In my deepest
heart I thanked God. And as
we turned to leave the summit I prayed to Him for something very real and very practical: that, having given us
our victory, he would get us
down off the mountain alive.
We turned on our oxygen

We turned on our oxygen sets. We started off. And though we were anxious to get down as quickly as possible, we went slowly and carefully—down past the snow humps; down the rocky cliff which we negotiated now with little difficulty; down the steep snow slide below the south summit which, even more than on the way up, was dangerous and terrifying. We picked up the two oxy-

gen bottles that had been left by Bourdillon and Evans, and at about 2 o'clock we reached the high tent, where we stopped and rested again and I heated some sweet lemon juice over the stove. This was the first drink we had had for a long time, and it was like new life pouring down into our bodies. Then we went on again, until at last we could see the tents on the col and little moving dots around them. And then down onto the easier snow, just above the col, where George Lowe, in the lead of those below, came up to meet us. He threw his arms around us, gave us hot coffee to drink, and then, with the help of the others, led us down to the camp. And finally we crept into our sleeping bags-Hillary in one tent with Lowe and Noyce and I in another with Pasang. I lay still, with my "night oxygen," and tried to sleep. I felt ah chah-O.K. But tired. It was hard to think or feel anything.

"The real happiness," I thought, "will come later."



#### IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

How Tenzing tasted the sometimes bitter fruit of triumph; and traveled to England; and how he finally found happiness and peace in a new life



CLIMBING TO TAKE-OFF AT CAMP 8, HILLARY (FOREGROUND) AND TENZING WERE HEAVILY BURDENED



# By TENZING NORGAY as told to JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

PART III: In which Tenzing, ill after two attempts on Everest within a year, makes the most momentous decision of his life; and of his climb with Edmund Hillary; and of what transpired in those last few feet before the summit; and of his thoughts as he stood at last triumphant on the highest peak in the world

WAS SICK. Day after day I lay in a hospital bed with high fever, and much of the time I was delirious. If Everest was still my dream, it was only a bad one ... The Swiss had made a second attempt on the mountain in the fall of 1952—the first time it had ever been tried at any other season except the spring. And I of course had gone along again. Of the old sahibs, only Lambert and Dr. Chevalley (who was now leader) had come back; but the new men had been good ones, and we had hoped for better weather than in the spring. It was a hope, though, that had not been realized. Though the sky was clear and little snow fell, the cold of approaching winter cut through to our bones, and our problem was not so much climbing as simply not freezing to death. On the Lhotse Face there was a fatal accident—the first on Everest in many years—when the Sherpa Mingma Dorje was killed by falling ice. But still we had kept going. Working out a different route and making more camps than before, we reached the South Col on November 19th, and from there Lambert and I, with another sahib and some Sherpas, tried to go even higher. It was hopeless, though. Long before we reached our high point of the spring, the wind and cold had finished us, and we were barely able to get down the mountain alive. As the Swiss put it, Everest had "purged" us from its heights.

It had been on the way back through Nepal that I took sick. Partly it was malaria; but even more, I think, it was the strain of two big expeditions in one year. As always, the Swiss were wonderful to me. They flew me out from Katmandu to Patna in northern India, and there I stayed for 10 days at the Holy Family Hospital which is run by American Catholic missionaries.

I was alone in the hospital. Some of the time my fever was so high I was delirious, and I thought I was back on Everest, fighting the wind and the cold. Then it would pass, and I would lie motionless in bed for hours, too weak even to open my eyes or raise my hand. . . . "Yes, it was too much," I thought. "Two expeditions. The wind and the cold. And most of all, being two things at once: a sirdar and a climber. That was too much, both in the work and the responsibility." . . . I lay there, and there was only weakness in my mind and body. Then the fever would come again.

When I left the hospital I had lost 16 pounds. And a few days later, when I reached Darjeeling, my wife and family were shocked to see me. "You must rest now," Ang Lahmu said. "This whole year you must rest and get back your health." And I think that then at the beginning I just nodded and said nothing, for I hadn't the strength for anything else.



But now it was already 1953. The story of the two Swiss expeditions had become known throughout the world, and I was receiving letters from many countries asking me to go along on climbs during the coming spring. Even while I was still in the hospital in Patna a letter had come from a Major Charles Wylie inviting me to go back to Everest with a new British party, of which he would be transport officer; and now, in Darjeeling, Mrs. Henderson, of the Himalayan Club, urged me to go with them. "You have been with the English so often," she said. "And they want you so much." But Ang Lahmu was against it, and I was too tired and weak to make a quick decision.

I rested. And I thought. I thought about the Swiss and their two great efforts, and of how proud and happy I had been to be with them. But the Swiss were not going back. They had had their chance, and now in 1953 it would be the British coming with the strongest possible expedition. They would profit greatly from the Swiss pioneering of the route. Most important of all, they would be prepared to make a tremendous effort, for they had always considered Everest their mountain, and now it seemed to be slipping away from them.

I did not know any of the climbers who would be going along this year. In the beginning Eric Shipton was to have been the leader, but he had been replaced by Colonel John Hunt of the British Army, who had lived and climbed much in India, but whom I had never met. With him would be the best pick of English mountaineers and also two New Zealanders, one of whom, Edmund Hillary,

had been on both the 1951 Everest reconnaissance and on an expedition to nearby Cho Oyu in 1952. In 1951 there had been some trouble about baksheesh and the payment of the Nepali porters, and I mentioned this to Mrs. Henderson. "But that's one of the reasons it's so important that you go," she said. "No one can handle the men like you, and if you are along there will be no such troubles."

What would another big expedition—the third in only a little more than a year—do to me? Like the Swiss, the British wanted me both as sirdar and as a climber, and I had already decided that the combination was too much. But how else could I go along? I thought about it all so much that I could hardly sleep at night. If it kept up much longer this way I would be sick all over again. So one day I left Toong Soong Busti, went to Mrs. Henderson and said simply, "Yes, I will go."

What I could not tell her—what I find hard to say even now in the right words—is that I would go because I had to go.

Saying yes to Mrs. Henderson was one thing, but with Ang Lahmu it was another. "You are too weak," she argued. "You will get sick again, or you will slip on the ice and fall and kill yourself."

"No, I will look out for myself," I told her. "Just as I always have."

"You take too many risks."

"I am paid for climbing. They don't pay me for play. I must do what I am paid for."

"But you are crazy. You will kill yourself on this mountain. You will die."

"If I have to die I would rather do it on Everest than in your hut!" I suppose all husbands and wives sometimes talk like that to each other. We got mad, made up, then got mad again. But at last Ang Lahmu saw that I was determined, and she said, "All right, you win."

So that part was settled. Once again I collected the finest Sherpa team that I could; we joined the British in Katmandu early in March; and from there we made the long overland trip to Solo Khumbu and Everest. Since the expedition there have been many reports of trouble at this time between the climbers and the Sherpas. It is true that there were certain difficulties about accommodations, equipment and food, and also that, with the British, there was never quite the free and easy comradeship we had had with the Swiss. But the stories that were later told were much exaggerated. There is a Sherpa saying that in a big house there is bound to be some trouble from time to time, and on the way to Everest we had our share—usually with myself, as sirdar, unhappily in the middle, trying to make peace. In the end, though, everything was straightened out. The differences were compromised and settled. And by the time we reached the mountain we were a well-knit, happy team.

HERPAS working. Sherpas talking. Part in our own language, part in Nepali, with a little English. "Ready to go now?"

"Ah chah. O.K."

"But husiar—be careful. It's a bara sapur. A long trip." And off we go. Up the glacier. Along the moraines. "Still ah chah?"

"No, not ah chah. Toi ye!—Damn it!"—(always with a big spit). "My load is crooked."

"Kai chai na. It doesn't matter."

"Toi ye!" (with a spit)—"It does matter. I must stop."

"Ap ke hukam. Have it your own way. Here, I'll help
you. . . . Is it ah chah now?"

"Yes, ah chah. Thuji chey. Thank you."

"Let's get going then. But husiar! It gets steep here."

"Too steep. Toi ye!"

Then more spitting. More climbing. More glacier and moraine, and at last the next camp.

"Shabash! Well done! We made it."

"For that day's work we should have baksheesh."

"Or at least a bowl of chang."

"With some chang we could toast ourselves. . . . Tashi delai! Here's how!"

"Tashi delai to you. To all of us."

"Sherpas zindabad! Long live the Sherpas!"

That was the way it went day after day. We had come up through Solo Khumbu, past Namche Bazar and Thyangboche, and, after several practice climbs to get everyone in good condition, we set up our base camp on the Khumbu Glacier. From there, following the Swiss route as closely as we could, we worked our way up the Icefall, past the great crevasse into the Western Cwm, and on up the cwm to the Lhotse Face. The climbers took turns going ahead and doing the harder work. As we got higher and the air grew thinner, some did better and others not so well. And after he had watched everyone carefully, Colonel Hunt made his selections of who would do the highest climbing.

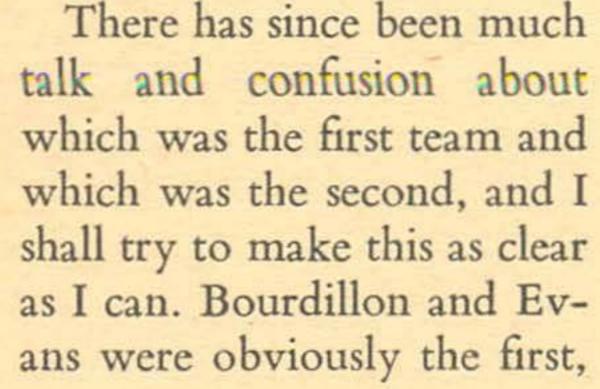
Before the expedition started I had been promised my chance at the top if I were in good physical condition, and a few days before, in an examination by the doctors, I had been found more fit than anyone. So I was to have the chance, as I had hoped and prayed. The three others chosen for the two summit attempts were Dr. Charles Evans and Tom Bourdillon, who would climb as one team, and Hillary, who would be my partner in the second. If neither succeeded, still a third team would be organized; but this would involve much difficulty and reorganization, and everyone hoped it would not be necessary.

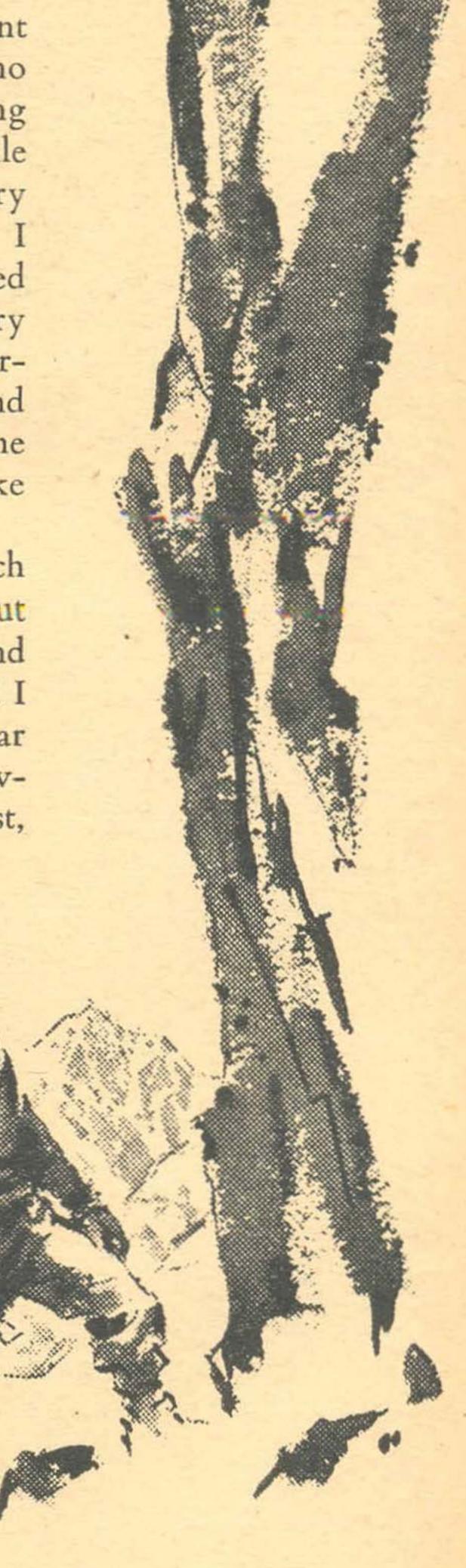
From now on I was teamed with Hillary the whole time. We were not supposed to do the heaviest work and so wear ourselves out, but only to get ourselves in the best condition; and while the others did the work up ahead on the Lhotse Face, we kept going up and down between base camp and the Western Cwm, carrying light loads, practicing with the oxygen, and helping the younger novice Sherpas on the steep route through the Icefall. How many times we went back and forth I can hardly count, but once, I remember, we went all the way from the base to Camp Four and back again in one day, and we certainly could not have done that if we had not been going strong. Hillary was a wonderful climber—especially on snow and ice, with which he had had much practice in New Zealand—and had great strength and endurance. Like many men of action,

and especially the British, he did not talk much, but he was nevertheless a fine cheerful companion; and he was popular with the Sherpas, because in things like food and equipment he always shared whatever he had. I suppose we made a funny-looking team, he and I, with Hillary about 6 feet 3 inches tall and myself some seven inches shorter. But we were not worrying about that. What was important was that, as we climbed together and became used to each other, we were becoming a strong and confident pair.

Meanwhile the others, led by Hillary's fellow New Zealander, George Lowe, were breaking the steep trail up the Lhotse Face toward the South Col. Like the Swiss in the previous autumn, they set up two camps—Six and Seven—on the way, and after these had been stocked with supplies, Wilfrid Noyce and the Sherpa Annullu made the first climb up to the col itself. Here Camp Eight was established, near the ruins of the old Swiss tents, and the fight for the summit was ready to begin.

According to the plan, Bourdillon and Evans were to go up to the col first, together with Colonel Hunt and several Sherpas, who would be their supporting team. Then a day later, while they were making their try for the top, Hillary and I would go to the col, helped by Lowe, Alfred Gregory and another group of Sherpas; and if Bourdillon and Evans had not reached the goal we would then make our effort.





as far as time is concerned. They would leave from Camp Eight on the South Col and climb as high as they could—all the way if possible; but there were about 3,300 feet between col and summit, no halfway camp was to be set up for them, and it would be a marvelous feat if they could go to the top and back in one day. They might be able to do it: no one knew. But they were not specifically expected to do it. Colonel Hunt called their try a "reconnaissance assault" and said he would be well satisfied if they could get to the south summit and have a close look at the last stretch beyond it.

Then, if they could go no farther, Hillary and I would have our turn. But for us another camp—the ninth—would be set up on the summit ridge, as high as man could carry it, and we would make our try from there, with a much greater advantage. So if Bourdillon and Evans were first in one way, we were first in another; in terms of what was expected of us. If we failed, it might, after reorganization, be possible to make still another attempt; but as far as present plans went ours would be the great effort. After the expedition was over there were stories in certain newspapers that I was upset because I did not have the first chance at the top. But this is wholly untrue. My chance was as much "first" as anyone's. If anything, Hillary and I would have the better opportunity. And it seemed to me that the plan was in all ways sound and sensible. You do not climb a mountain like Everest by trying to race ahead on your own, or by competing with your comrades. You do it slowly and carefully, by unselfish teamwork. Certainly I wanted to reach the top myself; it was the thing I had dreamed of all my life. But if the lot fell to someone else, I would take it like a man and not a crybaby. For that is the mountain way.

So Bourdillon and Evans went ahead and made their great effort. Colonel Hunt and the Sherpa Da Namgyal started up with them from the South Col, carrying the equipment for Camp Nine, which might later be used by Hillary and myself, and left it at a height of about 27,350 feet. Then these two descended, while Bourdillon and Evans went on. After many hours of climbing, using oxygen all the way, they reached Everest's south summit, only a few hundred feet below the final one. But there they had to turn back, because they would not have been able to go farther and still get back to the col before darkness. When they returned to Camp Eight they were done in, and also, of course, deeply disappointed that they had not been able to go all the way. But they had done a wonderful job of working out a route, and also had gone higher than men had ever been before.

Ay 29th.... On the 29th Lambert and I had descended in defeat from the col to the cwm. Down—down—down....

Now Hillary and I were at Camp Nine, at a height of 27,900 feet—the highest camp that had ever been made. We had chopped the tent site out of ice and rock, an exhausting task at that altitude, after a long struggle up to the southeast ridge with Lowe, Gregory and the Sherpa

Ang Nyima. They had left us in the middle of the afternoon, with a quick "Goodby—good luck." And now the night was nearly over—a night of dozing and waking, dozing and waking—and a night of dying wind. "God is good to us," I thought. "Chomolungma is good to us."

At about 3:30 in the morning we began to stir. I got the stove going and boiled snow for lemon juice and coffee, and we ate a little of the food left over from the night before. There was almost no wind. When, a while later, we opened the tent flap, everything was clear and quiet in the early morning light. It was then that I pointed down and showed Hillary the little dot that was the Thyangboche Monastery, 16,000 feet below. "God of my father and mother," I prayed in my heart, "be good to me now—today."

But the first thing that happened was a bad thing. Hillary's boots, lying all night outside his sleeping bag, had frozen, and now they were like two lumps of black iron. For a whole hour we had to hold them over the stove, pulling and kneading them, until the tent was full of the smell of scorched leather and we were both panting as if we were already climbing the peak. Hillary was very upset, both at the delay and at the danger to his feet. "I'm afraid I may get frostbitten," he said. But at last the boots were soft enough for him to put on, and then we prepared the rest of our gear. For this last day's climbing I was dressed in all sorts of clothes that came from many places. My boots were Swiss; my wind jacket and various other items had been issued by the British. But the socks I was wearing had been knitted by Ang Lahmu. My sweater had been given me by Mrs. Henderson of the Himalayan Club. My wool helmet was the old one that had been left to me by Earl Denman. And, most important of all, the red scarf around my neck was Raymond Lambert's. At the end of the fall expedition he had given it to me and smiled and said, "Here, maybe you can use it sometime." And ever since, I had known exactly what that use must be.

At 6:30, when we crawled from the tent, it was still clear and windless. We had pulled three pairs of gloves onto our hands—silk, wool and windproof; and now we fastened our crampons to our boots, and onto our backs slung the 30 pounds of oxygen apparatus that would be the whole load for each of us during the climb. Around my ax were four flags, tightly wrapped—the flags of the United Nations, Britain, India and Nepal. And in the pocket of

my jacket was a small red and blue pencil. My daughter Nima had given it to me when we said goodby, and I had promised to put it "in the right place" for her.

"All ready?"

"Ah chah. Ready."

And off we went.

Hillary's boots were still stiff, and his feet cold, so he asked me to take the lead. And for a while that is how we went on the rope—up from the campsite to the southeast



ridge and then along the ridge toward the south summit. Sometimes we found the footprints of Bourdillon and Evans and were able to use them; but mostly they had been wiped away by the winds of the two days before and I had to kick or chop our own steps. After a while we came to a place I recognized: the point where Lambert and I had stopped and had turned back. I pointed it out to Hillary and tried to explain through my oxygen mask, and as we moved on I thought of how different it was these two times—of the wind and the cold then and the bright sunshine now—and how lucky we were on this day of our great effort. By now Hillary's feet were feeling better, so we changed places on the rope; and we kept doing this from then on, with first one of us leading the way and then the other, in order to share the work of kicking and chopping. As we drew near to the south summit we came upon something we had been looking for: two bottles of oxygen that had been left for us by Bourdillon and Evans. We scraped the ice off the dials and were happy to see that they were still quite full. For this meant that they could be used later for our downward trip to the col, and meanwhile we could breathe in a bigger amount of what we were carrying with us.

We left the two bottles where they were and climbed on. Up until now the climbing—if not the weather—had been much the same as I remembered from the year before: along the steep broken ridge, with a rock precipice on the left and snow cornices hiding another precipice on the right. But now, just below the south summit, the ridge broadened out into a sort of snow face, so that the steepness was not so much to the sides as straight behind us, and we were climbing up an almost vertical white wall. The worst part of it was that the snow was not firm, but kept sliding down, sliding down-and we with it-until I thought, "Next time it will keep sliding, and we will go all the way to the bottom of the mountain." For me this was the one really bad place on the whole climb, because it was not only a matter of what you yourself did, but what the snow under you did, and this you could not control. It was one of the most dangerous places I had ever been on a mountain. Even now, when I think of it, I can still feel as I felt then, and the hair almost stands up on the back of my hands.

At last we got up it, though, and at 9 o'clock we were on the south summit. This was the highest point that Bourdillon and Evans had reached, and for 10 minutes we rested there, looking up at what was still ahead. There was not much farther to go—only about 300 feet of ridge—but it was narrower and steeper than it had been below, and, though not impossible looking, would certainly not be easy. On the left, as before, was the precipice falling away to the Western Cwm, 8,000 feet below, where we could now see the tiny dots that were the tents of Camp Four. And on the right were still the snow cornices, hanging out over a 10,000-foot drop to the Kangshung Glacier. If we were to get to the top it would have to be along a narrow twisting line between precipice and cornices: never too far to the left, never too far to the right—or it would be the end of us.

One thing we had eagerly been waiting for happened on the south summit. Almost at the same moment we each came to the end of the first of our two bottles of oxygen, and now we were able to dump them here, which reduced the weight we were carrying from 30 to only 20 pounds. Also, as we left the south summit, another good thing happened. We found that the snow beyond it was firm and sound. This could make all the difference on the stretch that we still had to go.

"Everything all right?"

"Ah chah. All right."

From the south summit we first had to go down a little. Then up, up, up. We moved just one at a time, taking turns going ahead, while the second one wrapped the rope around his ax and fixed the ax in the snow as an anchor. The weather was still fine. We were not too tired. But every so often, as had happened all the

way, we would have trouble breathing and have to stop and clear away the ice that kept forming in the tubes of our oxygen sets. In regard to this, I must say in all honesty that I do not think Hillary is quite fair in the story he later told, indicating that I had more trouble than he with breathing and that without his help I might have collapsed. In my opinion our difficulties were about the same—and luckily never too great—and we each





helped and were helped by the other in equal measure.

Anyhow, after each short stop we kept going, twisting always higher along the ridge between the cornices and the precipices. And at last we came to what might be the last big obstacle below the top. This was a cliff of rock rising straight up out of the ridge and blocking it off, and we had already known about it from aerial photographs and from seeing it through binoculars from Thyangboche. Now it was a question of how to get over or around it, and we could find only one possible way. This was along a steep narrow gap between one side of the rock and the inner side of an adjoining cornice, and Hillary, now going first, worked his way up it, slowly and carefully, to a sort of platform above. While climbing, he had to press backwards with his feet against the cornice, and I belayed him from below as strongly as I could, for there was great danger of the ice giving way. Luckily, however, it did not. Hillary got up safely to the top of the rock and then held the rope while I came after.

Here again I must be honest and say that I do not feel his account, as told in *The Conquest of Everest*, is wholly accurate. For one thing, he has written that this gap up the rock wall was about 40 feet high, but in my judgment it was little more than 15. Also, he gives the impression that it was only he who really climbed it on his own, and that he then practically pulled me so that I "finally collapsed exhausted at the top, like a giant fish when it has just been hauled from the sea after a terrible struggle." Since then I have heard plenty about that fish, and I admit I do not like it. For it is the plain truth that no one pulled or hauled me up the gap. I climbed it myself, just as Hillary had done; and if he was protecting me with the rope while I was doing it, this was no more than I had done for him.

In speaking of this I must make one thing very plain. Hillary is my friend. He is a fine climber and a fine man, and I am proud to have gone with him to the top of Everest. But I do feel that in his story of our final climb he is not quite fair to me; that all the way through he indicates that when things went well it was his doing and when things went badly it was mine. For this is simply not true. Nowhere do I make the suggestion that I could have climbed Everest by myself; and I do not think Hillary should suggest that he could have, or that I could not have done it without his help. We were not leader and led. We were partners.

On top of the rock cliff we rested again. Certainly after the climb up the gap we were both a bit breathless, but after some slow pulls at the oxygen I am feeling fine. I look up; the top is very close now; and my heart thumps with excitement and joy. Then we are on our way again. There are still the cornices on our right and the precipice on our left, but the ridge is now less steep. It is only a row of snowy humps, one beyond the other, one higher than the other. But we are still afraid of the cornices and, instead of following the ridge all the way, cut over to the left, where there is now a long snow slope above the precipice. About 100 feet below the top we come to the highest bare rocks. There is enough almost level space here for two tents, and

I wonder if men will ever camp in this place, so near the summit of the earth. I pick up two small stones and put them in my pocket to bring back to the world below. Then the rocks, too, are beneath us. We are back among the snowy humps. They are curving off to the right, and each time we pass one I wonder, "Is the next the last one? Is the next the last?" Finally we reach a place where we can see past the humps, and beyond them is the great open sky and brown plains. We are looking down the far side of the mountain upon Tibet. Ahead of us now is only one more hump—the last hump. It is not a pinnacle. The way to it is an easy snow slope, wide enough for two men to go side by side. About 30 feet away we stop for a minute and look up. Then we go on . . . .

HAVE thought much about what I will say now: of how Hillary and I reached the summit of Everest. Later, when we came down from the mountain, there was much foolish talk about who got there first. Some said it was I, some Hillary. Some that only one of us got there -or neither. Still others that one of us had to drag the other up. All this was nonsense. And in Katmandu, to put a stop to such talk, Hillary and I signed a statement in which we said "we reached the summit almost together." We hoped this would be the end of it. But it was not the end. People kept on asking questions and making up stories. They pointed to the "almost" and said, "What does that mean?" Mountaineers understand that there is no sense to such a question; that when two men are on the same rope they are together, and that is all there is to it. But other people did not understand. In India and Nepal, I am sorry to say, there has been great pressure on me to say that I reached the summit before Hillary. And all over the world I am asked, "Who got there first? Who got there first?"

Again I say: it is a foolish question. The answer means nothing. And yet it is a question that has been asked so often—that has caused so much talk and doubt and misunderstanding—that I feel, after long thought, that the answer should be given. As will be clear, it is not for my own sake that I give it. Nor is it for Hillary's. It is for the sake of Everest—the prestige of Everest—and for the generations who will come after us. "Why," they will say, "should there be a mystery to this thing? Is there something to be ashamed of? To be hidden? Why can we not know the truth?" . . . Very well: now they will know the truth. Everest is too great, too precious, for anything but the truth.

A little below the summit Hillary and I stopped. We looked up. Then we went on. The rope that joined us was 30 feet long, but I held most of it in loops in my hand, so that there was only about six feet between us. I was not thinking of "first" and "second." I did not say to myself, "There is a golden apple up there. I will push Hillary aside and run for it." We went on slowly, steadily. And then we were there. Hillary stepped on top first. And I stepped up after him.

So there it is: the answer to the "great mystery." And if,

after all the talk and argument, the answer seems quiet and simple, I can only say that that is as it should be. Many of my own people, I know, will be disappointed at it. These people have been good and wonderful to me, and I owe them much. But I owe more to Everest—and to the truth. If it is a discredit to me that I was a step behind Hillary, then I must live with that discredit. But I do not think it was. Nor do I think that, in the end, it will bring discredit on me that I tell the story. And so now the truth is told. And I am ready to be judged by it.

Te stepped up. We were there. The dream had come true. . . . What we did first was what all climbers do when they reach the top of their mountain. We shook hands. But this was not enough for



Everest. I waved my arms in the air and then threw them around Hillary, and we thumped each other on the back until, even with the oxygen, we were almost breathless. Then we looked around. It was 11:30 in the morning, the sun was shining, and the sky was the deepest blue I have ever seen. Only a gentle breeze was blowing, coming from the direction of Tibet, and the plume of snow that always blows from Everest's summit was very small. Looking down the far side of the mountain, I could see all the familiar landmarks from the earlier expeditions: the Rongbuk and East Rongbuk Glaciers, the North Col, the place near the northeast ridge where we had made Camp Six in 1938. Then, turning, I looked down the long way we ourselves had come: past the south summit, the long ridge, the South Col; onto the Western Cwm, the Icefall, the Khumbu Glacier; all the way down to Thyangboche and on to the valleys and hills of my homeland.

Beyond them, and around us on every side, were the great Himalayas, stretching away through Nepal and Tibet. For the closer peaks—giants like Lhotse, Nuptse and Makalu—you now had to look sharply downward to see

their summits. And farther away, the whole sweep of the greatest range on earth—even Kanchenjunga itself—seemed only like little bumps under the spreading sky. It was such a sight as I had never seen before and would never see again; wild, wonderful and terrible. But terror was not what I felt. I loved the mountains too well for that. I loved Everest too well. At that great moment for which I had waited all my life my mountain did not seem to me a lifeless thing of rock and ice, but warm and friendly and living. She was a mother hen, and the other mountains were chicks under her wings. I too, I felt, had only to spread my own wings to cover and shelter the brood that I loved.

We turned off our oxygen. Even there on top of the world it was possible to live without it, so long as we were not exerting ourselves. We cleared away the ice that had formed on our masks, and I popped a bit of sweet into my mouth. Then we replaced the masks. But we did not turn on the oxygen again until we were ready to leave the top. Hillary took out his camera, which he had been carrying under his clothing to keep it from freezing, and I untied the four flags that I had been carrying wound around my ax. They were tied together on a string, which was fastened to the blade of the ax, and now I held the ax up and Hillary took my picture. Actually he took three, and I think it was lucky, in those difficult conditions, that one came out so well. The order of the flags from top to bottom was United Nations, British, Nepalese, Indian; and the same sort of people who have made trouble in other ways have tried to find political meaning in this too. All I can say is that on Everest I was not thinking about politics. If I had been, I suppose I would have put the Indian or Nepalese flag highest—though that in itself would have been a bad problem for me. As it is, I am glad that the U.N. flag was on top. For I like to think that our victory was not only for ourselves—not only for our own nations—but for all men everywhere.

I motioned to Hillary that I would now take his picture. But for some reason he shook his head; he did not want it. Instead, he began taking more pictures himself, around and down on all sides of the peak, and meanwhile I did





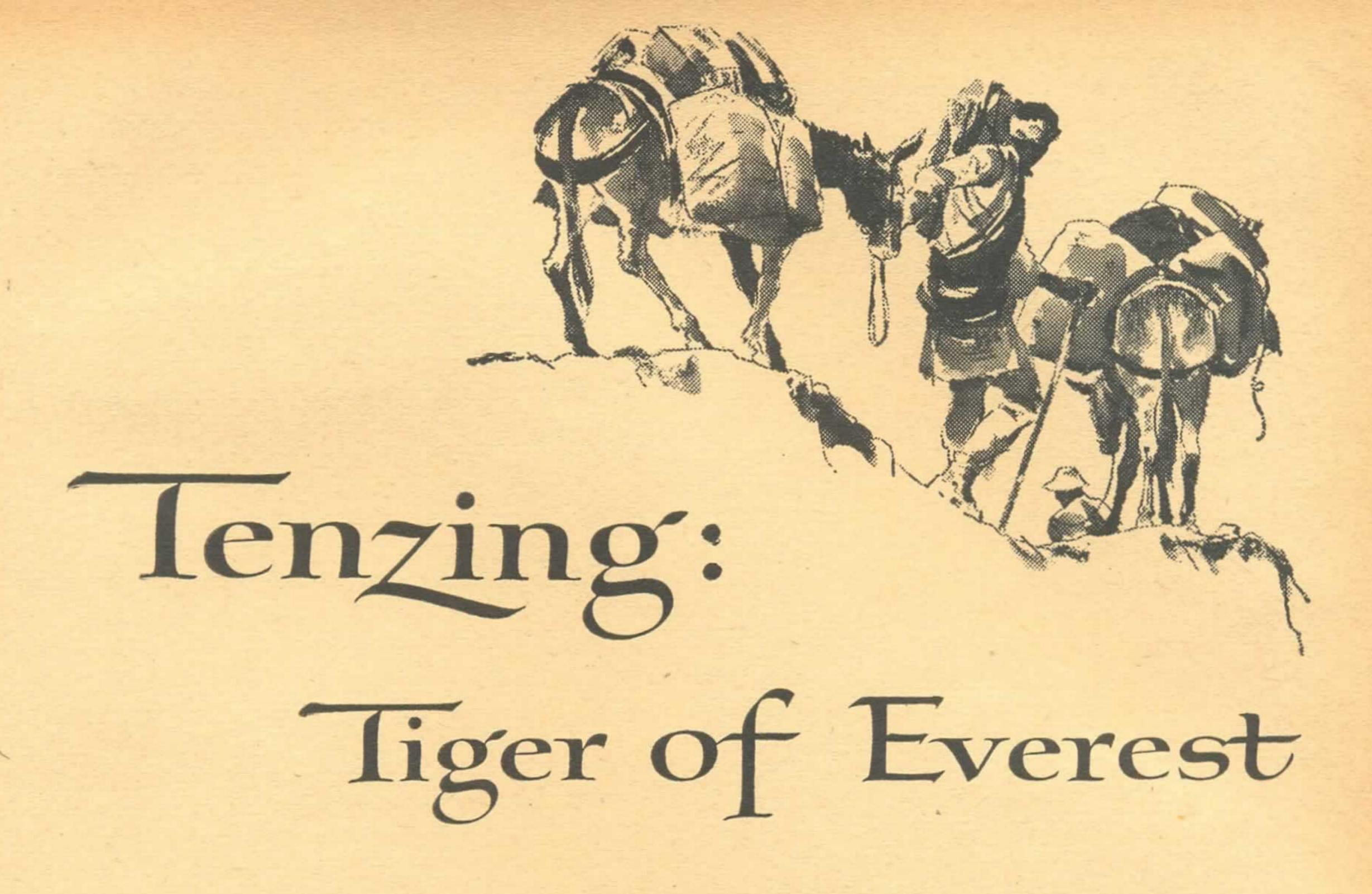
by TENZING NORGAY as told to JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

The story of man's supreme achievement in the mountains is here begun in the first of four instalments on the life of the great Sherpa climber, co-conqueror of Everest, as he recounted it to his distinguished fellow climber, biographer and friend. Tenzing's story will appear in expanded form in the book 'Tiger of the Snows,' to be published June 3 by G. P. Putnam's Sons (\$4.50)





A rare reunion of three generations recently brought the Tenzing family together in Darjeeling. Standing, at left, is Tenzing's wife Ang Lahmu; their daughter Nima, aged 16; Tenzing's mother, and Tenzing himself. Older daughter Pem-Pem (18) is sitting at left with her Tibetan lap dog; Tenzing's favorite dog, Khonga, lies in foreground. Others in the picture are cousins of the family



# By TENZING NORGAY as told to JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

PART I: In which a Sherpa lad grows up in faraway Nepal, in the shadow of a great mountain known to him as Chomolungma, nurturing a dream; and of the life and people of his homeland, and the 'yeti,' or Abominable Snowman; and how he leaves his native village to pursue that dream, and prepares for the life of a mountain man

Nine. We have spent the night there, Hillary and I, in our little tent at almost 28,000 feet, which is the highest that men have ever slept. It has been a cold night. Hillary's boots are frozen, and we are almost frozen too. But now in the gray light, when we creep from the tent, there is almost no wind. The sky is clear and still. And that is good.

We look up. For weeks, for months, that is all we have done. And there it is—the top of Everest. Only it is different now: so near, so close, only a little more than 1,000 feet above us. It is no longer just a high dream in the sky, but a real and solid thing, a thing of rock and snow, that men can climb. We make ready. We will climb it. This time, with God's help, we will climb on to the end.

Then I look down. All the rest of the world is under us. To the west, Nuptse; to the south, Lhotse; to the east, Makalu: all of them great mountaintops, and beyond them hundreds of others, all under us. Straight down the ridge, 2,000 feet down, is the South Col, where our nearest friends wait: Sahibs Lowe and Gregory and the young Sherpa Ang Nyima, who yesterday helped us up to Camp Nine. Below that is the white wall of Lhotse, 4,000 feet more, and at its bottom the Western Cwm, where the rest of our friends wait at the advance base camp. Below the cwm is the Icefall, below the Icefall the Khumbu Glacier.

I see that Hillary is looking too, and I point. Below the glacier, 16,000 feet down, you can just see in the gray light the old monastery of Thyangboche.

To Hillary perhaps it does not mean so much. To a man from the West it is only a far strange place in a far strange country. But for me it is home. Beyond Thyangboche are the valleys and villages of Solo Khumbu, and there I was born and grew up. On the tall hillsides above them I climbed as a boy, tending my father's yaks. Home is close now. I can almost stretch out my hand and touch it. But if it is close, it is also far. Much farther than 16,000 feet. As we strap on our oxygen tanks I think back to the boy, so close and so far, who had never heard of oxygen, but yet looked up at this mountain and dreamed.

Then we turn around, Hillary and I. We begin to climb. It is many miles and many years that have brought me here.

it only in connection with mountains and expeditions, and so many people think it is a word meaning porter or guide. But this is not so at all. The Sherpas are a people, a tribe. According to those who have studied such things, there are about 100,000 of us, dwellers in the high uplands of the eastern Himalayas.

Sherpa means "man from the east." But all that is known today about our past is that we are of Mongolian stock and that long ago our ancestors migrated from Tibet. In most things we are still more like Tibetans than any other larger group of people. Our language is similar (though we have no written form), and so are our clothing and food and many customs, especially among those who have not come into much contact with the outside world. One of the closest bonds is that of religion, for, like the Tibetans, we are Buddhists. Though there are no longer any Sherpa villages in Tibet, many of our people are attached to the Tibetan monastery of Rongbuk, on the far side of Everest, and there is much going back and forth between there and our own monastery of Thyangboche.

Also there are many caravans engaged in trade. And this I think is a remarkable thing for the present time; for Tibet is now Communist, while Nepal is not, yet here is one of the few places in the world where there is free trade and travel without passport. While everything else changes, life in the high Himalayan passes goes on the same as for thousands of years.

Over these passes our forefathers came south, many years ago, and settled in what is now our homeland of Solo Khumbu in northeastern Nepal. Through Solo Khumbu, which is really two districts, Solo farther south, Khumbu to the north and higher, flows the Dudh Kosi, which means "Milky River," pouring down in many tributaries from the high snows around Everest. Its deep valleys and gorges are the one main route to the south, and even today the only way to get to the rest of Nepal is along the steep trails that border it and its narrow hanging bridges. Even in the good seasons of spring and fall it takes almost two weeks to go to or from Katmandu, at the center of Nepal. Since Katmandu itself is in turn partly shut off from the rest of the world, it can be seen that Solo Khumbu is very remote and primitive.

The land there is harsh and stony; the weather is bitter; but still we have both agriculture and pasturage. But most important are the yaks. From them we get wool for clothing, leather for shoes, dung for fuel, milk, butter and cheese for food. For the Sherpas, as for all high Himalayan people, the yak is the great staple of life. From it a man can get almost everything he needs to nourish him and keep him warm.

There are no cities in Solo Khumbu, nor even a large town. In Khumbu the biggest village is Namche Bazar, which is now famous because of the recent Everest expeditions, and in the valleys around it are other villages such as Khumjung, Pangboche, Damdang, Shaksum, Shimbung and Thami. Their houses are built of stone, usually with wood shingles for the roofs and wood for the doors and window frames; and of course there is no glass for the windows.

It has often been said that I was born in the village of Thami, but that is not quite right. My family lived in Thami, and I grew up there, but I was born in a place called Tsa-chu, near the great mountain Makalu and only a day's march from Everest. Tsa-chu, which means "Hot Springs," is a holy place of many stories and legends, and

my mother had gone there on a pilgrimage to the monastery of Ghang La, that being also our clan or family name. Near it is a great rock, shaped like the head of the Lord Buddha, out of which water is said to flow if a pious person touches it and prays. But if an evil and godless person does so, the rock remains only dry rock.

When I was born was not quite so easy as where. In Solo Khumbu, time is kept by the Tibetan calendar, which has no numbers for years but only names—like the Year of the Horse, the Tiger, the Ox, the Bird, the Serpent. There are 12 of them altogether, all named after animals, of which six are male and six female, and when they have passed, the cycle begins over again. For most of my life I have not known my own age, but only that I had been born in the Year of the Yoa, or Hare; but recently, being familiar with both the Tibetan and Western calendars, I have been able to figure back and find that this must also have been the year 1914. With the 12-year cycles it could also, of course, by plain arithmetic, be either 1902 or 1926. But I hope I am not so old as the first and am afraid I am not so young as the second. Thirty-nine sounds to me just right for the age at which I climbed Everest. And I am sure that it is.

The season of the year in which I was born was not so hard to tell. It could be fixed by the weather and the crops, and it was in the latter part of May. This has always seemed a good sign to me, for the end of May has been an important time throughout my life. The time of birth, to begin with. The time of great expeditions and the best mountain weather. It was on the 28th of May that I almost climbed to the top of Everest with Lambert and on the 29th, a year and a day later, that I reached it with Hillary. Since we have no proper records, Sherpa people do not have birth-days. But as an anniversary to celebrate, this day will do me for the rest of my life.

My mother's name is Kinzom. My father's name was Chang La Mingma. But a Sherpa child does not usually take the family name. My parents had 13 children, seven sons and six daughters, and I was the 11th; but life was hard and death always close in Solo Khumbu, and of all of us only myself and three sisters are still living. Until very recently I was the only one of the family to visit the outside world. Indeed, my father never did. When he died, in 1949, the farthest he had ever been was to Katmandu and to Rongbuk, in Tibet, where my mother's brother was once head lama. After the climbing of Everest, two of my surviving sisters came with their husbands and children to live in Darjeeling. And just this year my mother, toothough now 84 years old-left her old home in Thami and made the long trip to India. Now, for the first time since I was a boy, almost the whole living family is reunited in one place, and this makes me very happy.

Now I must tell something about my name. When I was born it was not Tenzing. My parents called me Namgyal Wangdi. But one day I was brought to a great lama from Rongbuk who consulted his holy books, and he said that I was the reincarnation of a very rich man who had died recently in Solo Khumbu, and that because of this my name must be changed. The name he suggested was Tenzing Norgay—or Norkay, or Norkey, as it has so often

Tsa-chu, he predicted great things for me. Tenzing means "supporter of religion," and Norgay means "wealthy," and the first name has been that of many lamas, and indeed of this lama himself. Anyhow, "Wealthy-Follower-of-Religion" sounded like a fine all-round name to go through life with, so my parents made the change and hoped for the best.

Later, when I was a little older, it was decided that I myself was to be a lama. I was sent to a monastery, my head was shaved, and I put on the robe of a novice. But after I had been there only a little time one of the lamas (who are not necessarily saints) got angry with me and hit me on the bare head with a wooden board, and I ran home and said I would not go back. My parents, who were always kind and loving to me, did not make me go back, but sometimes I wonder what would have happened if they had. Perhaps today I would be a lama; I do not know. Sometimes when I tell this story my friends say, "Oho, so it was a whack



on the head that made you so crazy about mountains!"

There are of course many things from my childhood that I have forgotten, but a few I remember well. One is riding around on the back of one of my older brothers, who is now long ago dead. Another is the animals in winter when they were crowded into the lower story of our house, and how they steamed and smelled as they came in out of the cold. Still another is the rest of us, the family, almost as crowded in the upper story; all of us packed together in no space at all, with the noise and the stenches and the smoke from cooking, but happy and contented because we did not know there was any other way to live.

Many times as a child I saw Everest, rising high in the sky to the north above the tops of the nearer mountains. But it was not Everest then. It was Chomolungma. Usually Chomolungma is said to mean "Goddess Mother of the World." Sometimes "Goddess Mother of the Wind." But it did not mean either of these when I was a boy in Solo Khumbu. Then it meant "The Mountain So High No Bird Can Fly Over It." That is what all Sherpa mothers used to tell their children—what my own mother told me—and it is the name I still like best for this mountain that I love.

As a grown man I have come to realize that in some ways I am a little different from most of my people. And I think the difference had already begun at this time. I remember I was very shy and stayed much by myself, and while the other boys chased one another and played games with mud and stones I would sit alone and dream of far places and great journeys. I would pretend I was writing a letter to an important man in Lhasa who would come and get me. Or that I was leading an army there. And sometimes I would make my father laugh by asking him for a horse, so that I could go. Always as a child, a boy, a man, I have wanted to travel, to move, to go and see, to go and find; and I think this is a large part of the reason for what has happened in my life.

The dreams of Lhasa were when I was very young. Later I began to hear and think about other places. For many years Sherpas had gone from Solo Khumbu across the mountains and forests to Darjeeling, to work on the tea plantations or as porters and rickshaw coolies, and sometimes they would come back and tell about it. Then something even more interesting began to happen. An Englishman called Dr. Kellas, who was a noted explorer and climber, hired Sherpas from Darjeeling to go out with him into the mountains; a little later General Bruce of the Indian Army also took some on his expeditions; and soon that was what most of the Darjeeling Sherpas were doingworking as porters and helpers on expeditions to the high Himalayas. By the early '20s they were taking part in the earliest attempts on Everest, and it was then that our people began to earn their reputation as the best of all mountain men, which we have kept with pride ever since.

None of my own family went on these early expeditions. I would have given anything to go, but I was too young. Then for a while there were no more expeditions, and things were like they had always been in Solo Khumbu. I was big enough now to work with my father and older

brothers, and there was always much to do. We grew potatoes and also barley and we took care of the sheep and yaks. We ate only the simplest food—but there was always enough of it. The only things we got from outside were salt and sometimes dried meat from Tibet. The slaughter of animals is not approved of in Nepal, which is mostly Hindu, and most Buddhists also have this prohibition, so we did not kill our own yaks. What we often did, though, was to draw blood from a yak's throat, without killing it, and then curdle the blood and mix it with other food. We found it very strengthening—as good as a transfusion of blood into the body, like they do now for sick people in a hospital. I remember we used to do this most of all in the autumn, and not only for our own good, because it was getting colder, but for the yaks as well. After they had eaten heavily all summer they would often get too active and begin to fight or run away; and the drawing of blood would quiet them down.

What I liked best as a boy was to go out with the yaks and wander free and alone along the mountain slopes. In winter you could not go very high, because it was bitter cold and the snow was deep; but in the other seasons there was fine grass—just like I saw years later in Switzerland —and we would cut it to use in the winter for fodder. Namche Bazar is at about 10,000 feet, Thami at about 12,000, but I used to go up as far as 18,000, tending the yaks. This was as high as grass grew for them, close beside the glaciers and under the walls of the great mountains.

It is these regions that are the home of the yeti, which is known now throughout the world as the Abominable Snowman. I had heard about the yeti since I was no more than a baby, for Solo Khumbu was full of stories about it; and before I was born my father had met one face to face. I myself have never seen one, and it was not until I was more than 30 years old that I even saw one's tracks. But as a boy, up on the stone slopes and glaciers, I would sometimes find the droppings of a strange animal that contained traces of rats and worms, and I was certain that this could only be the dung of the yeti.

Here are my father's stories about the yeti:

The first time he encountered this strange creature was on the Barun Glacier, which is close to the mountain



Makalu and also to Tsa-chu, where I was born. He came upon it suddenly, and it was so close that he says he saw it very clearly. It looked like a big monkey or ape, except that its eyes were deeply sunken and its head was pointed at the top. The color was grayish, and a noticeable thing was that the hair grew in two directions-from above the waist upward and from below the waist downward. It was about four feet high, and a female, with long hanging breasts; and when it ran, which was on two legs only, it held the breasts up with its hands. My father was frightened, of course. But so was the yeti. Right away it turned and began climbing a steep mountain slope, making a high shrill whistle, and soon it disappeared. After that my father was much worried, for there are many who claim that if a man sees a yeti he will surely die. He was lucky, though, and did not die. But he has told me that he was sick afterwards for almost a year.

There was another time, also, that he saw a yeti. This was in 1935, after he had come to Rongbuk, to visit me when I was with my first Everest expedition. One night he stayed alone at Camp One, on the glacier, while the rest of us were either at the base camp below or the other camps higher up, and in the morning, when it was just starting to be light, he heard a whistling sound outside the tent. He raised the flap and looked out, and there was a creature a little way off, coming down the glacier from south to north. Again, of course, my father was frightened. He did not want to look at the yeti, but also he did not want just to hide in the tent, for fear it would come closer, or even enter. So he stayed where he was until it had gone down the glacier and was out of sight, and then he came as fast as he could up to Camp Two, where I was at the time. When he arrived he embraced me and said, "I come all this way to see my son. And instead, I see a yeti." But this time he had not seen it so close, and he was not sick afterwards.

All over the Himalayas, among the hill people, there are stories about the yeti. And it is hard to tell which are true and which come only from imagination and superstition. In Solo Khumbu there is the story that years ago yetis came and lived close around the village of Targna. The Sherpas there would build their houses and cultivate their fields, but at night, or when the people were away, the yetis would come and make great mischief, so that the building or planting would have to start all over again. The strange thing was that the yetis did not just destroy. After they had done their damage they would try to rebuild the houses or replant the crops in their own way. But of course they did not do it right, and the villagers were desperate. Since they could never find the creatures when they went out to look for them, they decided they must use guile. So one day they went out to a place where they knew the yetis gathered, because there was much dung around, and there they left several bowls of chang, the strong Sherpa beer, and also many kukris, which are curved Nepali knives. When night came, as they had hoped, the yetis found the chang and drank it. And when they were drunk they picked up the kukris and began to fight. In the morning, according to the story, almost all of them were dead, and the people of



Targna could again go peacefully about their business. Among the Sherpas it is believed that there are two types of yeti: the mitray, which is a man-eater, and the chutrey, which eats only animals. But of the two the chutrey is supposed to be the bigger—something like a big bear, except that, as with all yetis, its feet are said to point backward. Some Westerners and scientific men have thought that that is all the yeti is: a type of bear. The famous scientist Julian Huxley once came to Darjeeling, where I met him, and he gave that opinion. But there are others who think it is more like a big monkey or ape, which is how my father described it.

Only a few people claim actually to have seen a yeti. The native mountain people do not want to see it, because everywhere it is believed that then evil will befall you. For myself, as I have said, I have never seen one-either drunk or sober, walking forward or backward. I am not a superstitious man. I do not believe it is anything supernatural, nor do I believe many of the crazy stories I have heard. But I do not think my father was a liar and made his stories up out of his head. And certainly the tracks I have seen both on the Zemu Glacier in 1946 and near Everest in 1952 do not look like those of any familiar creature. Though I cannot prove it, I am convinced that some such thing exists. My belief is that it is an animal, not a man; that it moves about mostly at night and lives on the plants and small beasts of the highest mountain pastures; and that it probably is an ape of a type not yet known to us. So the mystery of the living yeti, and what it is like, still remains to be solved.

As a child, I was a little frightened of the yeti, of course, but not as frightened as I was curious. And this was the way I felt, too, about the great silent mountains that rose around me. The lamas told many stories of the terror of the snows -of gods and demons and creatures far worse than yetis, who guarded the heights and would bring doom to any man who ventured there. But I knew that men, and among them my own people, had climbed high on the other side of Chomolungma, and though some had been killed, more had returned alive. What I wanted was to see for myself; find out for myself. This was the dream I have had as long as I can remember. There they stood above me, the great mountains: Makalu, Lhotse, Nuptse, Ama Dablam, Gaurishankar, Cho Oyu, a hundred others. And above them all, Chomolungma—Everest. "No bird can fly over it," said the story. But what could a man do? A man with a dream. . . .

small. And as I grew older I knew that I must leave. But when I first left it was not for the mountains, or even for Darjeeling, but for Katmandu, the capital of Nepal. I was only 13 then, and I could not go openly; so I ran away, and I felt very guilty. For about two weeks I went all around the city and saw the crowds and the bazaars and the temples, and all sorts of things I had never seen before. But then I got homesick, and when I met some other people from Solo Khumbu, who were about to go back home, I went along with them. My parents were so glad to see me again that they hugged me. Then when they were through hugging, they spanked me.

For five more years after that I stayed at home. There were no Everest expeditions during that time, or the temptation to go would perhaps have been too great. But even so, I knew that I could not stay in Solo Khumbu forever—that I was not made to be a farmer or a herder—and late in 1932, when I was 18, I left again. This time it was not for Katmandu but Darjeeling, and though once more I seemed to be turning my back on Chomolungma I felt that really I was going toward it; for now the word had spread that there was to be another expedition in 1933, and I was determined to go with it if I possibly could.

One of my companions was Dawa Thondup, who has since become a famous Sherpa. He was older than I, and though he had never been to Darjeeling, he seemed to know a lot about it, talking about the new expedition that would soon be leaving for Everest and how we would surely get jobs with it. He had me so excited that I would have liked to run all the way. But you do not run across the wild country of eastern Nepal. You creep up and down, round and about, over steep ridges, through jungle valleys, across rushing rivers, on trails that you can hardly see. For most of the long journey our group stayed together; but then, when we got near the border of Nepal and India, there was some sort of mixup, and the others went on without me, taking all the food. I was lucky, though. In a nearby town called Simana I met a well-to-do man called Ringa Lama who took me into his house. At this time I knew only the Sherpa language and no Nepali, but here I was lucky too, because Ringa Lama knew some Sherpa. His family liked me and were very kind, feeding me and giving me new Nepali clothing; and in return I did work around the



house and collected firewood for them in the jungle. But I was lonely and sorry for myself, away from my own people, and often, out in the jungle alone, I would sit down beneath a tree and weep. Already I was learning that dreams and reality are not quite the same thing.

After I had been in Simana a while I told Ringa Lama

how much I wanted to go to Darjeeling, and to my joy he said, "All right, I am going there myself on business, and I will take you." We made the trip in an automobile, which was the first time I had ever seen one. And when we got to Darjeeling there were all kinds of other things I had never seen before. It was bigger than Katmandu and much more civilized, and full of modern inventions and engines, including a railway. Also there were many chilingna—which is the Sherpa word for foreigners or outlanders—and this was the first time I had ever seen Europeans.

At first I did not stay in Darjeeling but in a nearby village called Alubari, which means "Place Where Potatoes Grow." It was Ringa Lama who took me there, and he arranged that I would live with a cousin of his who was named Pouri. Pouri had 15 cows, and it was my job to take care of them and also to do general work around the place. Here I began to learn the Nepali language, which is much used in Darjeeling, and also Yalmo, another speech of the region. My best teacher was a man called Manbahadur Tamang, who worked with me cutting grass for the cows, and I was very grateful to him. Today Tamang and I are old friends, and recently he has been working for me as a mason on my new house. Often we talk of those early days, remembering this and that—and especially how one day, when we were gathering firewood in a restricted area, a forest guard came along, tied us to a tree and beat us.

Sometimes, when I was working for Pouri, I was sent into Darjeeling to sell milk. And these were the great days for me, because that was where I wanted to be. The town is built on the side of a steep hill, looking north, and about 50 miles away, across the deep valleys of Sikkim, is the main eastern range of the Himalayas, with Kanchenjunga in the center. Often I used to look at it, standing great and white in the sky, and this would make me feel good, because I knew then that, even in this strange new world, I was not too far away from the mountains that I loved. Then, too, there was Darjeeling itself, and this was a marvelous place to a young boy from the country. I am afraid I paid much less attention to my cans of milk than to all the wonders that lay around me.

Something even more exciting, though, was soon to happen, and this was the organization of the Everest expedition of 1933. Early in the year the climbers arrived from England, the whole town was upside down with the preparations,

and Sahib Hugh Ruttledge, the expedition leader, sat up on the verandah of the Planters' Club while most of the Sherpas in Darjeeling went to see him about jobs. Now I did not think about milk at all. All I thought was "I must go too. They must take me too." At first I was afraid to go myself to the Planters' Club, so I went to my friend Dawa



Thondup, who was already signed up, and asked him to speak for me. But now he said no, I was too young. "I am full-grown and as strong as any man," I told him. But he and the other Sherpas kept saying, "No, you are too young." They would do nothing for me, and I have never been more angry in my life. When the expedition marched off from Darjeeling I stayed behind and was very miserable.

For many months I went on taking care of Pouri's cows and selling their milk. One of my customers was a young woman called Ang Lahmu, a Sherpani who had been born in Darjeeling and worked there as an ayah, or housemaid. I never spoke the Sherpa language to her, but only Nepali, and she did not even know I was a Sherpa; and we used to argue all the time when we did business. "If I buy from you you must give me extra measure," she would say. "No, I cannot," I would tell her. "You are cheap and stingy," she would say. "And you are a hard bargainer," I would answer. This would not be an interesting story, and I would probably not even remember it—except that Ang Lahmu is now my second wife.

After I had been in Darjeeling about a year I heard from people coming from Solo Khumbu that my parents thought I was dead. I decided I must go back and see them; but Pouri did not want me to go and said that if I left I must get a substitute to do my work. So I went into town, found a man on the street and brought him back. And then I left quickly before Pouri could find any more objections.

When I reached home I found the travelers had been right: my parents were performing rites for me as if I had died. At first sight of me they began to weep, but when they were through weeping they were very happy—and this time there was no spanking. There had been an earthquake in Solo Khumbu while I was gone; part of our house had fallen down, and the first thing I did was go to work

and rebuild it. Afterwards I did the same sort of work I had done before, with the crops and the yaks, and when the next summer came I went for the first time to Tibet. This was to fetch salt, which is always scarce in my home country, and I went over the great pass of Nangpa La (la means pass in Tibetan) and around to a place called Thingri

Gangar, near Rongbuk, on the far side of Everest. During the trip I had a chance to see the famous Rongbuk Monastery, which is far larger than that at Thyangboche, with more than 500 men and women monks. Close to here all the British Everest expeditions made their base camps, but in this year—1934—there was no attempt. Otherwise that salt might have had to wait a while before getting back to Solo Khumbu.

Later in the year, after I had been a few more months at home, my father asked me to go again to Tibet for the same purpose. But by now I knew for certain that I could never be happy in this life and that I must return to the outside world; so instead of going I left once more, in the fall, for Darjeeling. Although my father never came there, I saw him twice again in the next few years, when he himself came over the Nangpa La to visit the 1935 and 1938 Everest expeditions. But I did not see my mother again until I went

Back in Darjeeling I did not return to Alubari, with its cows and potatoes, but moved into the town itself. There were two districts where most of the Sherpas lived, called Toong Soong Busti and Bhutia Busti (busti means village), and I stayed in Toong Soong, which has been my home for much of the time ever since. By good luck I became a tenant in the house of Ang Tharkay, who was already an experienced mountaineer and today ranks as one of the most celebrated of all Sherpas. And soon I was no longer the lonely outsider I had been before. Nearby lived my old friend Dawa Thondup, now also a veteran, and other men who had won fame on Everest and elsewhere.

In that autumn of 1934 all the talk was of the German expedition of the past summer to Nanga Parbat, in distant Kashmir. And it was not happy talk, because there had been a terrible disaster. Many Sherpas had been along—the first time most of them had been so far away from home—and six of them had lost their lives, along with four Germans, in a great storm high up on the mountain. As a result, there was mourning and grief in many homes in

Toong Soong Busti, but there was also a certain deep pride in what our men had borne and accomplished. In particular, Dawa Thondup and Ang Tshering, who had been along and survived, told me of the deeds of their friend Gyali, who was usually called Gaylay. In the worst of the storm Gaylay had been far up on the peak with the

expedition leader, Willy Merkl. He could probably have gotten down to the lower camps in safety. But as they struggled to descend, Merkl grew weaker and weaker, until finally he could go no farther and, rather than leave him alone, Gaylay had stayed and died with him. Even though I had not yet been on a mountain, such a story made me, too, proud to be a Sherpa.

During this time of year there were of course no expeditions going out, so I had to be patient. As in Solo Khumbu, there had been a recent earthquake in Darjeeling, and for a while I was employed as a laborer on the rebuilding of the chapel at St. Paul's School. For this work I was paid 12 annas a day (then about 28¢); and though this may seem very little, it was considered good wages then and more than most Sherpas could make off season. For, except for a handful of merchants and traders-most of whom had moved away—we were all dirt poor.

with the first Swiss expedition to the south side in 1952.

Back in Darjeeling I did not return to Alubari, with its cows and potatoes, but moved into the town itself. There were two districts where most of the Sherpas lived, called Toong Soong Busti we lived in wooden shacks with tin roofs, with usually a whole family in a single room. Our food was rice and potatoes. Our earnings, even when we were working, were very small, and the only blessing was that our wants were small too.

Early in 1935 I was married. My wife's name was Dawa Phuti, and Phuti means "Lucky Wife Who Brings Children," which was soon to be true. She too had been born in Solo Khumbu, where I had seen her sometimes, though I did not know her well until we were both in Darjeeling. We found a little room in Toong Soong Busti and were very happy, but we were together for only a short while.

For now at last, after so much hoping and waiting, my life in the mountains was about to begin.

#### IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

How the young Sherpa becomes a mountain man at last; and gains experience on many expeditions; and loses a great attempt, but wins a great friend



been spelled—and the reason was that, like the lamas at Tsa-chu, he predicted great things for me. Tenzing means "supporter of religion," and Norgay means "wealthy," and the first name has been that of many lamas, and indeed of this lama himself. Anyhow, "Wealthy-Follower-of-Religion" sounded like a fine all-round name to go through life with, so my parents made the change and hoped for the best.

Later, when I was a little older, it was decided that I myself was to be a lama. I was sent to a monastery, my head was shaved, and I put on the robe of a novice. But after I had been there only a little time one of the lamas (who are not necessarily saints) got angry with me and hit me on the bare head with a wooden board, and I ran home and said I would not go back. My parents, who were always kind and loving to me, did not make me go back, but sometimes I wonder what would have happened if they had. Perhaps today I would be a lama; I do not know. Sometimes when I tell this story my friends say, "Oho, so it was a whack



on the head that made you so crazy about mountains!"

There are of course many things from my childhood that I have forgotten, but a few I remember well. One is riding around on the back of one of my older brothers, who is now long ago dead. Another is the animals in winter when they were crowded into the lower story of our house, and how they steamed and smelled as they came in out of the cold. Still another is the rest of us, the family, almost as crowded in the upper story; all of us packed together in no space at all, with the noise and the stenches and the smoke from cooking, but happy and contented because we did not know there was any other way to live.

Many times as a child I saw Everest, rising high in the sky to the north above the tops of the nearer mountains. But it was not Everest then. It was Chomolungma. Usually Chomolungma is said to mean "Goddess Mother of the World." Sometimes "Goddess Mother of the Wind." But it did not mean either of these when I was a boy in Solo Khumbu. Then it meant "The Mountain So High No Bird Can Fly Over It." That is what all Sherpa mothers used to tell their children—what my own mother told me—and it is the name I still like best for this mountain that I love.

As a grown man I have come to realize that in some ways I am a little different from most of my people. And I think the difference had already begun at this time. I remember I was very shy and stayed much by myself, and while the other boys chased one another and played games with mud and stones I would sit alone and dream of far places and great journeys. I would pretend I was writing a letter to an important man in Lhasa who would come and get me. Or that I was leading an army there. And sometimes I would make my father laugh by asking him for a horse, so that I could go. Always as a child, a boy, a man, I have wanted to travel, to move, to go and see, to go and find; and I think this is a large part of the reason for what has happened in my life.

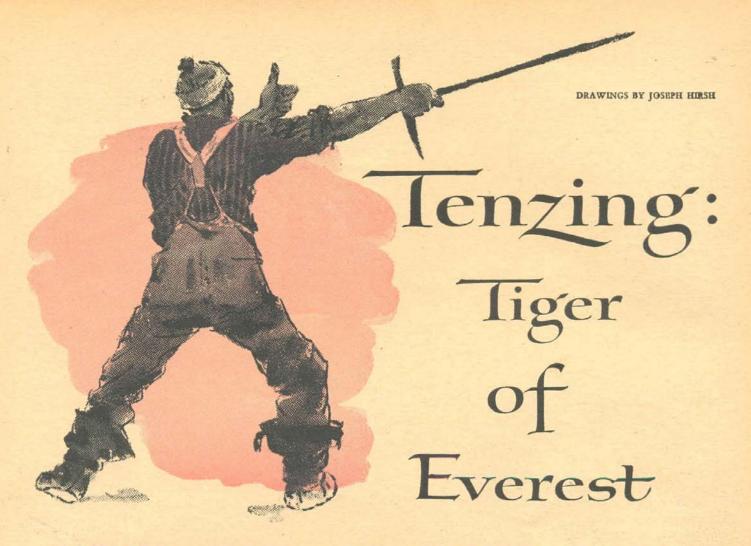
The dreams of Lhasa were when I was very young. Later I began to hear and think about other places. For many years Sherpas had gone from Solo Khumbu across the mountains and forests to Darjeeling, to work on the tea plantations or as porters and rickshaw coolies, and sometimes they would come back and tell about it. Then something even more interesting began to happen. An Englishman called Dr. Kellas, who was a noted explorer and climber, hired Sherpas from Darjeeling to go out with him into the mountains; a little later General Bruce of the Indian Army also took some on his expeditions; and soon that was what most of the Darjeeling Sherpas were doingworking as porters and helpers on expeditions to the high Himalayas. By the early '20s they were taking part in the earliest attempts on Everest, and it was then that our people began to earn their reputation as the best of all mountain men, which we have kept with pride ever since.

None of my own family went on these early expeditions. I would have given anything to go, but I was too young. Then for a while there were no more expeditions, and things were like they had always been in Solo Khumbu. I was big enough now to work with my father and older

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Returning in triumph, Tenzing holds aloft the Union Jack on the expedition's arrival in London while Sir John Hunt and his daughter Sally smile approval. Tenzing's two daughters, Pem Pem and Nima (left), accompanied him to England.



#### By TENZING NORGAY as told to JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN

PART IV: In which Tenzing and Hillary descend in triumph; and of how the Sherpa hero finds himself engulfed by nationalistic passions of extremists; and of his journey to England and his meeting with the Queen; and his retirement at last to a new life in which, after many tribulations, he finds happiness

too. But those first few days after reaching the top of Everest were the most wonderful of my life.

The weather still held good as we came down the mountain. We were tired, but still sound in body. And our descent was less like mountaineering than a sort of triumphal procession. At each camp there were sahibs and Sherpas waiting for us, and at Camp Four, in the Western Cwm, was the whole main part of the expedition. I will never forget how they came hurrying out to meet us, while George Lowe with one hand made the "thumbs up" sign while with the other he pointed his ax at the summit; and from that minute on I think there has never been such excitement in the history of the Himalayas. That night was spent half resting and half celebrating. And right away, as quickly as possible, the news was sent down to Namche Bazar, so that it could be relayed to England in time for the Queen's coronation.

My only thought was to get down off the mountain, and in one day I descended the cwm and the Icefall, all the way to base camp. "Now I am free," I kept thinking. "I have been freed by Everest." And luckily I could not know yet how wrong I was. In another single day, I went 35

miles down the glacier and valleys to Thami, to see my mother. I told her we had had success, and she was very happy. Staring up into my face, she said to me, "Many times I have told you not to go to this mountain. Now you don't have to go again." All her life she had believed that there was a golden sparrow on the top of Everest, and also a turquoise lion with a golden mane; and when she asked me about them I was sorry to have to disappoint her. But when she asked if I had seen the Rongbuk Monastery from the top I was able to say yes—and this pleased her.

When I reached Thyangboche, the expedition was coming back in sections from the mountain, and everything was excitement and confusion. One of the worst problems was to get enough porters for the return trip, for the monsoon rains would soon be beginning, and few people wanted to go. Also there was almost as much complaining as rejoicing that Everest had been climbed, for now they were afraid there would be no more expeditions and no more jobs. And the lamas (who had never encouraged its climbing) were afraid that our success would bring bad luck from the gods. After a little while, though, we got at least some sort of organization and made ready to leave. Colonel Hunt said that he was going ahead of the main

party to make various arrangements, and that one of them would be to take me along to England. This idea had not occurred to me before. If I had thought anything about the future it was only that I would go back to Darjeeling and rest, and later, if I had enough money, build a small new house. I still hadn't any notion at all of what was going to happen to me.

It was not long, though, before I began to see that things were going to be very different from before. Already at Thyangboche there was a wireless for me from Sir Winston Churchill, and from then on the messages were like a flood. Also there was one message I wanted to send myself-to Ang Lahmu, asking her and the girls to meet me in Katmandu-and I spoke to Major Wylie about this, saying I would pay for a special runner. As always, he was kind and helpful; the message was sent at expedition expense. And in the days that followed, as we took the long trail to Katmandu, he was good to me in many ways-giving me sound advice, helping me with strangers and even acting as a sort of secretary for me with all the messages that were coming in. "Now you see what sort of life you have to face," he told me. But this was just the beginning, and I was still to learn my lessons the hard way.

The big troubles started at a place called Dhaulagat, before we reached Katmandu, when a crowd of Nepali came out to meet me and almost tore me away from the rest of the expedition. I have been often asked since if they were Communists, and this I do not honestly know. But I do know that they were nationalists, with very strong ideas,

and what they were interested in was not Everest at all, or how Everest was really climbed—but only politics. They wanted me to say that I was a Nepali, not an Indian. And also that I got to the top ahead of Hillary. I told them I was not concerned with politics or arguments with the British. I begged them to leave me alone. "Up till now," I told them, "nobody cared about my nationality. Why do you care now? Indian—Nepali. What difference does it make?"

But they would not stop. They drove me almost crazy. They put answers in my mouth and made me sign papers that I could not read. And all the time the crowd grew bigger and bigger. I was separated from my companions, pushed and pulled around like some sort of child's toy. "What are they going to do with me?" I wondered. "If I had known it was going to be like this I would have stayed up in Solo Khumbu." When, on June 20th, we walked down the last hills into the Valley of Nepal, they were still pushing and pulling. At Bonepa, where the road begins, they put me into a jeep and made me change into Nepali clothes, and by this time I was so exhausted and confused that I let them do as they liked. In every town and village through which we passed there was a big celebration. People crowded around, waving flags and banners. "Tenzing zindabad!" they shouted. "Long live Tenzing!" And in a way it was wonderful to be so warmly greeted. But I confess I would rather have returned simply and quietly, as from every other expedition on which I had ever been.

Three miles outside Katmandu my wife and daughters were waiting for me, and we had warm embraces of happi-



ness and victory. Ang Lahmu put a khada, or sacred scarf, around my neck. Pem Pem and Nima covered my shoulders with garlands, and I told Nima with a smile that I had put her pencil where she had asked me to. Later I learned that, during those past few weeks, things had been almost as confused for them as for me. They had first heard the great news on the morning of June 2nd, a rainy, gloomy day in Darjeeling, from friends who had been listening to the radio; and from that minute on their lives had changed completely. Important officials had come to call on them. There had been all sorts of messages, many plans and counterplans. Pictures of me, they said, were all over the town, and a poet had composed a song with music about me that was soon being sung up and down the streets. It had all been wonderful and exciting for them, but what they had wanted most of all was to hear from me, and the message I had sent telling them to come to Katmandu had never arrived. Ang Lahmu, on her own, had wanted very much to come, but had been afraid I might be angry if she did so unexpectedly. After waiting 11 days she decided to come anyhow. She had neither money nor proper clothes, but my good friend, Rabindranath Mitra, gave her 100 rupees he had made from the sale of my photographs, and later, with the help of Mrs. Henderson, of the Himalayan Club, he raised another 400 rupees toward the expenses. She and the girls had left Darjeeling and flown to Katmandu by way of Patna, arriving four days before me.

So many things happened in Katmandu that it is hard to remember what came first and what afterwards. With most of us still in our dirty old expedition clothes, we were taken to the royal palace and welcomed by King Tribhuvana, who awarded me the Nepal Tara (Star of Nepal), the highest decoration in the country, and gave two other medals to Hunt and Hillary. As with so many things at this time, the question of honors, and who received what, caused difficulty and misunderstanding. For at about the same time I was given one Nepalese award, and Hunt and Hillary another, lesser one, word came from England that the Queen hadgiven them knighthoods, while I would simply receive the George Medal. The fuss that this caused was not only unfortunate, but foolish. Since winning its independence, the government of India, like that of the United States, has not permitted its citizens to accept foreign titles, and if anything, it would probably only have embarrassed both myself and my country if the Queen had offered such an honor. For me it was kai chai na-no matter. Would a title give me wings? And after I understood the reasons I in no way

Politics—politics: suddenly they were making trouble everywhere. The Nepalese were wonderful to me. They gave me a welcome I could not forget in a hundred lifetimes. But in their effort to make me a hero they went too far; they almost ignored the British, instead of treating them as honored guests; and too many of them said foolish things and tried to twist the true facts for political reasons. There were all sorts of crazy stories around: that I had dragged Hillary to the top of Everest, that he had not got there at all, that I had practically climbed the whole mountain all by myself. And unfortunately there were the fool-

ish statements I had been made to sign, without knowing what I was doing, when I was picked up by that wild crowd outside Katmandu. Finally the whole thing had got too much for Colonel Hunt. He lost his temper and intimated that, far from being a hero, I wasn't even technically a very good climber. And this, of course, was like pouring kerosene on a fire.

Nepalese and Indian journalists kept after me all the time. People with political motives tried to get me to say things against the British, and because I was hurt at what Colonel Hunt had said, I too made a few statements that I later regretted. Luckily, though, there was much more good will than bad will in our hearts. Neither the British nor I wanted to see our great adventure made into something small and mean. So finally we met together in the office of the Prime Minister of Nepal and prepared a statement that we hoped would put an end to all the trouble. One copy was signed by me for Hillary, one by Hillary for me, and this second one, which I still have, reads:

"On May 29th Tenzing Sherpa and I left our high camp on Mount Everest for our attempt on the summit.

"As we climbed upwards to the south summit first one and then the other would take a turn at leading.

"We crossed over the south summit and moved along the summit ridge. We reached the summit almost together.

"We embraced each other, overjoyed at our success; then I took photographs of Tenzing holding aloft the flags of Great Britain, Nepal, the United Nations and India.

(signed) E. P. Hillary."

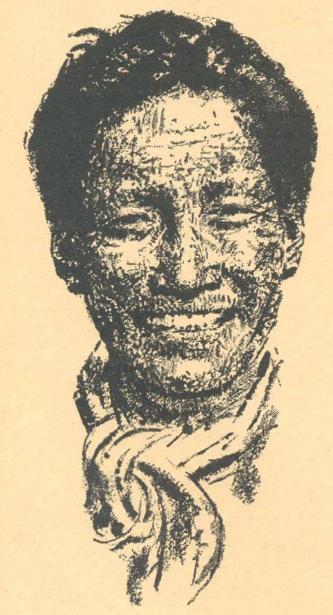
Everything in the statement is true. Certainly nothing could be truer than that we reached the top almost together. And that is how the matter has been left until this time—when, for reasons I have already given, it seems right to me to tell all the details.

THEN I left Katmandu it was for Calcutta, in the private plane of King Tribhuvana. There was just myself and my family, with my fellow Sherpa, Lhakpa Tshering, who was acting as a sort of secretary to me. The others were going down to India in different ways. At Calcutta we were put up at Government House, and there was more excitement, more receptions, more zindabad. Among those who met us there was Mitra, who had come down from Darjeeling and from now on was to be of great help to me; and one of the first things I did was to give him Raymond Lambert's red scarf and ask him to send it to Switzerland. Also while in Calcutta I told my story to the United Press, with whom I had now signed a contract. For a few days, at this time, it looked as if I would not be going to England after all, because I had decided it would not be right to go without Ang Lahmu and the girls, and the expedition had no money to take them. Meanwhile the London Daily Express offered me a big

felt slighted or offended.

tour, with all expenses paid; but after thinking it over I refused, because I was afraid it would have some sort of political significance, and after my experience in Nepal this was the one thing, more than anything else, that I wanted to keep away from. Instead, I went from Calcutta to New Delhi, where the rest of the expedition was gathered, still hoping that something could be worked out.

In Delhi it was the same as in Katmandu and Calcutta. Only more so than ever. At the airport, when we arrived, there was a great welcome, with the biggest crowds I had



seen in my life. Then we were driven to the Nepalese Embassy, where we were to stay, and that same evening there was a reception given by Pandit Nehru. This was a great moment for me, and it came up, in every way, to what I had hoped and dreamed it might be. For, from the very first, Panditji\* was like a father to me. He was warm and kind, and, unlike so many others, was not thinking of what use he could make of me, but only of how he could help me and make me happy. The day after the reception he invited me to his office, and there he strongly advised me to go to

\* A term of respect often applied to Nehru by Indians. = J.R.U.

London. There had already, he thought, been too much trouble and argument about the climb; Everest was better without politics; and he hoped everything possible would be done to heal any wounds that had been caused. With this I agreed with all my heart. And then, to make everything wonderful, he said it would be arranged that my wife and daughters could go to London with me. We flew in a BOAC plane, and most of the English expedition members were also aboard; and our first stop was Karachi, where we stopped for an hour while another great crowd came out to see us. Then we went on to Bahrein, Cairo and Rome, and I was at last seeing the world beyond India and Pakistan that I had dreamed of so often in the past.

In Rome we were welcomed by the Indian and British Ambassadors, and then, because of engine trouble with the plane, we spent the night there. The next morning, when we boarded the plane again, Colonel Hunt looked upset about something, and soon I found out what it was. The newspapers had just published the first part of my story, which I had given to the United Press, and in it I had told something of the difficulties that had arisen during the expedition between the British and the Sherpas. As we flew north he came over and spoke to me, and we talked frankly about the things that had happened. I told him how hurt I had been at his statement to the press that I was not an experienced climber, and he in turn explained the problems he had had to face. Major Wylie had already spoken to me of these matters. He had pointed out how important it was that there be no ill will because of them, and I had agreed with him. And this I now said to Colonel Hunt. There had been certain difficulties during the expedition and afterwards. There was no use denying it, and I had simply told the story from my own point of view, as honestly as I could. But this did not mean that I bore any grudge, or that I was trying to make an issue of these difficulties, as certain others had done for political purposes. Our talk was candid and friendly, and I think we both felt better for having had it.

After Rome, our next stop was Zurich. Though we stayed there only a short while, it was a wonderful time for me, for many of my old Swiss friends were at the airport to meet me. Best of all, Lambert was there, with a big embrace and a welcoming "ça va bien," and I told him about the final climb with Hillary and how I had been thinking of him when I stood on the summit. Then we flew on to London. Just before we landed Colonel Hunt asked if it was all right with me if he came out of the plane first, carrying a Union Jack attached to an ice ax; and I said, "Of course it is all right." So that was the way it was, and soon all of us were out on the landing strip and in the

middle of another great reception.

In London my family and I stayed at the Indian Services Club, and we were wonderfully looked after by the Indian Ambassador, Mr. B. G. Kher. Right after we arrived the other expedition members scattered all over England to visit their homes and families, so that I was almost the only one left in the city; but I was certainly not at a loss for things to do. Just meeting people and shaking hands seemed to take up most of the time, and in between there were

newspaper interviews and posing for pictures and touring London and all kinds of public appearances. The English people were tremendously kind and considerate. Their welcome to me, a stranger from a far country, was every bit as warm as that to their own climbers, and I could not help comparing this to the rather indifferent reception the British had had from the crowds in Nepal. I went to so many places I could hardly keep track of them. I spoke on the radio. I appeared on television, before I had ever seen a set. And the interviews went on and on. Finally there were so many of them, and I had been asked so often, over and over, how I had felt on the summit of Everest, that I began to get dizzy from it. "Look, I have a suggestion," I finally said to the newspapermen. "The next time, you climb Everest and let me be the reporter. When you come down I'll ask you one thousand and one times how you felt on top, and then you'll know how I felt—and how I'm feeling now."

We spent 16 days in London, and they went by as if we were in a dream. The only bad thing that happened was that Pem Pem took sick soon after we arrived and had to spend most of the time in a hospital. But Ang Lahmu, Nima and I got all around: to the theaters and movies and shops and sightseeing places. Once we went to the carnival and rode in the scenic railway, and I had a fine time with the ups and downs. In fact it reminded me of skiing. But Ang Lahmu got so excited she kept pounding my hand with her fists, and when the ride was over she said, "What are you trying to do—kill me?"

After several days the other expedition members began to come back from their homes, and then came the biggest event of our London visit, which was our presentation to the Queen. As we drove to Buckingham Palace the streets were full of crowds, and I was very impressed by the British Guards with their red coats and big fur hats. Before meeting the Queen we went to a tea party on the palace lawn, and there was a great crowd there too; so much so that we were all pressed together and I felt that my insides might be squeezed out. But then I thought, "No, I shouldn't complain. At least I'm thin. But what's happening to poor Ang Lahmu-who isn't?" When the outdoor party was over we were taken into a big reception room in the palace, where we met the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. All the expedition members and their families were there, and the Queen and Duke presented us with medals and awards. The Queen was very friendly and interested and asked me several questions about the climb, and also about my other expeditions. Colonel Hunt, who knows Hindustani, started to translate for me, but I found that I could understand and answer all right in English, and this pleased me very much.

After the reception there was a stag dinner, given for us by the Duke, and we were all wearing our decorations from here to there. Later, there was another reception. And the next day, and the day after, there were still more receptions, most of them given by various ambassadors. For a while that was all life seemed to be—one big reception—and I thought, "What would happen to me if this was chang I was drinking all the time, instead of just tea and lemon juice?"

At last the time came to leave London. The Hunts, the Wylies and many others came to see us off, and anyone who saw our goodbys would not have to be told that there was no ill feeling between us. The English people had been wonderful to me. The English climbers were fine men, and my friends. In spite of the minor difficulties, and the troublemakers who had tried to make them big, we had had a great and successful expedition. And if Colonel Hunt ever heads another expedition back to the Himalayas he will find me ready to help him in every way—even though it might not be possible for me to go along myself.

After leaving England we spent two happy weeks in Switzerland, where I had a chance to climb in the Alps. Then we flew back to India, and at last, after so many months and miles, I returned to Darjeeling. Our old house in Toong Soong Busti was so full of gifts that had been sent to me that we could no longer fit in it. First we lived in a hotel, then moved to a small apartment and began making plans to buy a new home of our own. Meanwhile there were reunions with the other Everest Sherpas and with the rest of my old friends in Darjeeling. There were, of course, the crowds and receptions and interviews. There was always activity and excitement, and it was a wonderful way to be welcomed back to my home town. But there was not much of the rest that I so badly needed. The days and then the weeks went by as if in some sort of crazy dream.

Some time before, while I was still in Nepal, my friend Mitra had written Dr. B. C. Roy, the Chief Minister of West Bengal (where Darjeeling is located), and suggested to him the idea of an Indian mountaineering school, of which I would be the head. Both Dr. Roy and I thought



it would be a good idea too, and soon after my return home we got together and discussed plans. It was decided that the school would be called the Himalayan Institute of Mountaineering, and its purpose would be to develop a love and knowledge of mountains among Indians themselves and to give our own young men a chance to learn how to become real mountaineers. I would be in charge of instruction and training, and the administration would be handled by N. D. Jayal, an old climbing companion on Bandar Punch and Nanda Devi, who had now risen to the rank of major in the Indian Army. The headquarters of the school were to be in Darjeeling, but since there are no big mountains close to the town it would also be necessary to find a base for the actual climbing, and it was decided that the obvious place for this was in the great range to the north, near Kanchenjunga.

Needing the best expert advice on such matters, we got in touch with the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research, and Arnold Glatthard, head of a well-known climbing school at Rosenlaui, came out to work with us. In October, about two months after my return home, he, Major Jayal and I took a trip up into the Sikkim Himalayas to look for a good place for our base of operations. After much reconnoitering, we selected a spot in the region of Koktan and Kang Peak, which I had visited with George Frey two years before. For here were not only the usual snow mountains but also many good rock areas, and the terrain was just right for all sorts of climbing and training. After we returned and made our recommendations, the work of financing and organizing the school was begun, with the plan of actually opening it in the fall of the following year.

Meanwhile my family and I began living our life again in Darjeeling, and we could see at once that it was to be a new life, for almost nothing was the same as before. There were still crowds, crowds, crowds. There were still the receptions and interviews. And though I was deeply grateful for the attention and honor I was given, it was sometimes almost enough to make me desperate. Half the time I felt like an animal in the zoo. "Maybe the lamas of Thyangboche were right after all," I thought, "and now I am being punished by the Lord of Everest."

The new home I bought was on a steep hillside on the outskirts of Darjeeling, with a wonderful view across Sikkim toward the snows of Kanchenjunga. But it needed much rebuilding, and it was some time before we could move into it. Ang Lahmu, who had been ayah to many English families, knew all about Western-type furnishings, and these were what she wanted-including all sorts of modern gadgets for the kitchen. We had the usual husbandand-wife discussions, and I kept saying, "We've done all right so far. Don't try for too much. Let's keep our lives simple." But I'm afraid it is not as easy to do as it is to say. Even for myself, who wants little, I have heard criticism of the collection of things I have made from my many expeditions and travels. "He should get rid of the stuff," people have said. "His house is like a museum." But it is not a museum. It is the place to keep things that are near and dear to me.

One thing that had always concerned me greatly was the education of Pem Pem and Nima. For several years they went to Nepalese schools, but now I have been able to enter them in the Loreto Convent, in Darjeeling, where they are learning English, getting a good modern education and meeting people of all different sorts. To improve my own English I have bought a Linguaphone, and, with the help both of this and of many conversations, I am glad to say I am becoming always more fluent. Dearly would I like to do something, also, about reading and writing. But life is so short and so busy. I now know all the letters in their different forms of printing and script, but still have trouble putting them together into words . . . except for my own name, of course. By now I have signed my autograph so often I think I could do it with my left hand in my sleep.

There were many opportunities to make money. Not a maharaja's fortune, to be sure, but a great deal compared to what we had been used to. Besides the fee from the United Press and the gifts from cities and organizations, I had offers from many commercial firms for endorsements and other services, but I accepted only two of these and then decided it was better not to get further involved. I have mentioned the stones I picked up just below the summit of Everest-the highest to be found in the world. Also I had other specimens from only a little lower down; and once this was made known in the press I was offered large sums by people who wanted them as souvenirs. But I would not sell them. I gave some to Pandit Nehru and kept the rest myself. And except for Lambert's scarf, which I had sent to him, I would not part with any of the clothing or equipment I had with me on the final climb. Everest was too dear to me, and too great, to be made cheap use of in such a way.

During the early part of 1954 I received many invitations to go out with new expeditions that were then being organized. After the great work and strain of three Everest attempts in a little more than a year I could not have considered still another major climb, but I would very much have liked to go with some of the smaller parties-especially the British and Indian one that was going up into the Everest region to look for the Abominable Snowman, or yeti. With all my obligations, however, it was impossible for me to get away. Besides everything else that spring, there was the first showing in India of the film, The Conquest of Everest, and I had been so cordially invited and urged to attend the openings in Delhi and Bombay that it would have been impossible for me to decline. As it turned out, unfortunately, it was a mistake for me to go. After the strain of Everest there had been the even greater strain of the endless crowds, receptions and interviews. This had been going on now for some ten months, I had lost 25 pounds in weight, and my health was undermined. In Bombay, during a heat wave, I took sick, with great weakness and fever. Unable to continue the tour, I returned home, and Dr. B. C. Roy (who besides being Chief Minister of West Bengal is also one of India's leading physicians) ordered me to take a thorough rest.

When The Conquest of Everest opened in Darjeeling I was well enough to attend. This was the 29th of May,

the first anniversary of the climb, and a big celebration had been planned. But at almost the same time word came through from Nepal that Sir Edmund Hillary, who this year was leading a New Zealand expedition to Makalu II, had been taken ill up on the mountain. Fortunately he was soon all right again. But at that time it sounded as if his illness might be critical, and I asked that, out of respect to him, most of the celebration be cancelled. In the theater, before the showing of the film, I spoke a few words in Nepali to the audience. "I am deeply sorry that my friend Hillary is sick," I told them. "This is not the time to rejoice, but to pray for his quick recovery. The climbing of Everest was an achievement of teamwork, and I send my warm wishes and greetings to my companion in victory." Once again, may I make the point that is so important to me? Would I have spoken in such a way of one toward whom I felt ill will and resentment?

The new Himalayan Institute of Mountaineering was to open in the fall, and it had been arranged that Major Jayal and I, after I regained my health, would spend the summer in Switzerland, as guests of the Foundation for Alpine Research, to study advanced climbing techniques and methods of teaching. Luckily, by early June I was well enough



to go, and soon I was back in the Alps with my old friends of earlier climbing days. There was still a certain amount of zindabad—of crowds, receptions and interviews—but much less than the year before, and I was able, on the whole, to live quietly, enjoy the mountains, and do the work for which I had come.

Later in the summer six other Sherpas came on from India. They too had been invited by the Swiss Foundation to receive a course of training for their future work at the new mountaineering school, and I had selected the men before leaving Darjeeling. They were the veteran Ang Tharkay and Gyalzen Mikchen, who was also a top sirdar; Da Namgyal and Ang Tempa, of the Everest expeditions; and my two nephews, Gombu and Topgya. After their arrival we all went to Rosenlaui, where Arnold Glatthard has his climbing school, and for several weeks had much valuable experience in every sort of mountain craft. Then, toward the end of the summer, we returned home again, to continue the preparations for our own school, which was officially opened on November 4, 1954, by Pandit Nehru.

Also that winter there happened another thing I had wanted for many years. I brought my mother back from Solo Khumbu to Darjeeling. Since she was a Sherpa, she made the long trip on foot very well, even at her great age; but she had never before been to the outside world, and when we came to India she had fantastic and surprising experiences. One of these was when, for the first time in her life, she rode in the train from Jaynagar. A little while after the train had started she suddenly asked me with great surprise: "Tenzing, where is that tree I saw in front of the waiting room at the station?" I explained to her what a train is, and with a sigh of relief she said, "I have never in my life seen a whole house moving like this from place to place."

So now, for the first time, almost our whole family is together in Darjeeling. And that is where things are at as I finish this story of mine. Just what the future will bring I of course cannot tell. There will be my work at the Mountaineering Institute, in which I hope I may help give a knowledge and love of the high places to many young Indians. There will be other work with the Sherpa Association, of which I am now president, and which is expanding its functions to include the supplying of Sherpas to expeditions and the regulation of their wages and conditions of employment. Also I want to be of use, as much as I can, to my people in general. I have come to where I am now from a very low position. I know the problems of poverty and ignorance and want to help my people improve and educate themselves toward a better life.

Especially I would like to help and teach young people with their lives before them. What I can teach is not from books, to be sure, but from what I have learned in living my own life: from many men, many lands, many mountains—and, most of all, from Everest. Some of it has to do with physical and material things. But not all of it; for I think I have learned other and more important things as well. One is that you cannot be a good mountaineer, however great your ability, unless you are cheerful and have the

spirit of comradeship. Friends are as important as achievement. Another is that teamwork is the one key to success and that selfishness only makes a man small. Still another is that no man, on a mountain or elsewhere, gets more out of anything than he puts into it. . . . Be great. Make others great. That is what I have learned, and what all men may learn, from the great goddess Chomolungma.

A question I am often asked is if I think Everest will be climbed again. The answer is yes, of course it will. How soon the next ascent, or even attempt, will be made, no one knows; but in time it will be reclimbed, I think, not only from Nepal but from Tibet, and perhaps even by a traverse from one side to the other. The question that always follows-can it be climbed without oxygen?-is a harder one. But my guess here is also yes, provided preparations and conditions are exactly right. For one thing, I am convinced that a still higher camp would have to be set up between our 1953 Camp Nine and the summit, for at that height and without oxygen, men can climb only a very short distance in a day. And also there would have to be five consecutive days of good weather for the climbers to get from the South Col to the top and back again alive. So that, if it is ever done, it will be a matter not only of great skill, endurance and planning, but also of tremendous luck. For no man-sometimes one almost thinks no god-has control of the weather on Everest.

Do I myself want to climb again? The answer here is: on other, smaller mountains-yes. On Everest-no. On such a peak, as on any of the true Himalayan giants, to be both a high climber and a sirdar, with the two different responsibilities, is too much for one man, and there will be no more such ordeals in my life. In the past it was different. In 1953 I felt that I must either get to the top of Everest or die, and the victory was well worth the struggle. But now that victory has been granted I cannot feel the same way again, either about Everest or about any mountain equally formidable. I am now 40, which is not so old—but neither is it so young-and I do not long for any more "tops of the world" to conquer. Most certainly, though, I want to return to the mountains again, for the mountains are my home and my life. I want to go back many times-on small expeditions, for good climbs with good companions. Most of all, I want to do some more good climbing with my dear friend Raymond Lambert.

Besides climbing, I should like to travel. From my travels so far I feel that I have learned a great deal, and not only about cities and airlines and geography. I have learned that the world is big and that you cannot see all of it from one little corner; that there is good and bad in all of it; that because people are different from yourself it does not necessarily mean that you are right and they are wrong. I think that much harm has been done by narrow prejudice and nationalism, that Everest itself has been harmed, and that my own people are at least partly to blame. The world is too small, Everest too great, for anything but tolerance and understanding: that is the most important of all things I have learned from my climbing and my traveling. Whatever the differences between East and West, they are as nothing compared to our common humanity. Whatever

the difficulties that arose about Everest, they are as nothing beside the common cause and the common victory, and to my English companions—to Hunt and Hillary and the others and all their countrymen—I reach out my hand across half the world.

For it is just this, I think, that is the real importance of Everest: that it is the top not merely of one country or another, but of the whole earth. It was climbed by men both of the East and the West. It belongs to us all. And that is what I want also for myself: that I should belong to all, be a brother to all men everywhere, and not merely a member of some group or race or creed. As I have said at the beginning of my story, I am a lucky man. I have had a dream, and it has come true. All that I can now ask of God is that I may be worthy of what has been granted me.

So Everest is climbed. My life goes on. In this story I have looked back at the past, but in living one must look ahead.

Once—only once—in my new life have I done what I did so often in the old: climbed up in the dawn to Tiger Hill, behind Darjeeling, from which you can see the great range of the Himalayas, spread out before you. There are no tourists with me now, as there used to be, but only a few friends. And no need to talk or explain, but only to stand quietly and watch the white peaks rise up into the morning light. But as I watch, it is no longer the same morning or the same year. I am back in this same place long ago, with the tourists who used to hire me, and I am remembering what I often said to them. "No, it is not that one. That is Lhotse. Nor that. Everest is farther away, you see. It is the third one. The small one."

"The small one." . . . Perhaps that is a strange name for the highest mountain on earth. But also not so strange, and not so wrong, for what is Everest without the eye that sees it? It is the hearts of men that make it big or small.

You cannot see it for long from Tiger Hill. Soon the sun is up; the clouds come. It is neither big nor small, but gone. And now I go too: down to Darjeeling, my home and my family, my new life, which is so different from the old. One of my friends asks, "Well, what is it like? How does it feel now?" But I cannot answer. I can answer only in my heart, and to Everest itself, as I did on that morning when I bent and laid a red and blue pencil in the summit snow:

Thuji chey, Chomolungma. I am grateful.

