

The second most inspirational moment was the first sight of the Himalayan Range. Being in a plane suspended in the heavens is justification enough for feeling emotionally stirred but to have this new excitement added is just about more than one can stand. With this range of mountains along side of me now made one of my long dreams a reality. These snow giants seem so pure and ethereal that you wonder if they are really a part of the earth. I have an idea that if one were viewing these mountains from the more common and mundane perspective they would be, not necessarily more dramatic, but like a part of the sky and clouds themselves, something on the order of the mountains of the northwest where one looks up into the sky for several seconds before he realizes that the extra white cloud is in fact a snow covered mountain. This extensive range of mountains has a more massive base than would be indicated in the rough outline. The lower steps are mountains themselves and grade ever upward to the base line of perpetual snows as indicated. I was riding in the pilato cabin while traversing this most interesting section of India and was rather surprised when informed that Makalu was, in his opinion, mt Everest. It was true that this mt dominated the range of gigantic peaks but I could not accept his identification, nor did I indicate that he was wrong, but even these peaks, as foreign as they stand, are not exactly strangers to me. Kanchenjunga and Makalu can never be confused particularly Kanchenjunga.

