

BHUTAN REPORT

The October 2007 Bhutan trek was only my second multi day trek. My initiation was the Ladakh trek in 2005 for which I wrote a snippet in the journal ending 'An experience I must certainly try to repeat'. So, despite being two years older, and suffering 'wear and tear' joint pains, under gentle coercion of fellow club members and a big push from my wife to be gone, I chose to take the plunge again.

I found myself among YRC members, and others, old and young, some very experienced trekkers and at least one novice, some whom I may call globe trotters and myself, who infrequently leaves the British shores. Despite this, the escapade was, I think, a success, and despite some pain, enjoyed by all. Escapade it was for me, not an expedition; a glorified package holiday as a form of escape from the increasing frustration of struggling, to adapt to the changes all around and those of growing older.

The trip was planned to comprise 12 days walking and 2 rest days under canvas, sandwiched between spells in hotel accommodation making the trip 20 days in all. I kept a diary to bolster my colander like memory; and thus was asked to write this article. Now here I am, many months later, fighting off procrastination to comply.

THE BHUTAN NATION

Bhutan is situated in the Himalaya on the border of Tibet, to the north of Kolkata and the Bay of Bengal. It is bounded on the north by China and on the south by India. The state is about 200 miles east to west and 65 miles north to south. Access by air is at Paro, only 21 miles northwest to the Chinese border, and the capital of Thimphu is only 14 miles to the east. The kingdom, in the process of becoming democratic, has almost no roads as we know them. To the west lies the Indian state of Sikkim, to the south that of Assam and to the east Arunachal Pradesh. We flew in from Kolkata, 350 miles to the south over the Brahmaputra and part of Bangladesh. The Royal Government of Bhutan recognising that tourism is an important resource, but wishing to minimise the effects on the environment, have thus imposed a daily surcharge. I found the economy difficult to understand, (as I do that of the UK). Outlying villages, days on horse back from a vehicular road have large houses with no glass in the windows but televisions and solar panels. In the countryside almost everyone wore national costume, but in the capital, the teenagers and the plethora of consumer

goods shops belied the fact that access was 30 miles by unmade road.

GETTING TO THE START OF THE TREK

Albert had arranged a BA flight out of Heathrow at 15:00 and some were joining the party there, but the majority found their way to Manchester airport to get a connecting flight in the late morning. There was fog at Heathrow and the flight was delayed. Spirits sank and frustration rose as time ticked away. Finally we were called and relief set in, only to be dashed when we were in the stack at Heathrow as the delays had caused backups at the unloading bays. By mobile phone we knew that those already at Heathrow were going through into the departure lounge and onto the plane. At last, after landing and yet another wait, we got a bay, but found that the terminal transfer could take 45 minutes. There followed a sprint along the walkways, and a frustrating bus ride, but we all made it to the flight. Our luggage, however, did not; a consequence that was to affect us for the next 3 days. We settled down to a 10 hour flight, the prospect of a time change of 4½ hours and arriving at Kolkata at 5:30 am local time.

It was at the carousel in the airport at Kolkata that most of us finally knew that we had no baggage, and there followed the inevitable nightmare of uncertainty, delay and form filling. At last we were met by the RIMO tour organiser, and taken out into the steaming heat for the ½ hour ride into the centre of Kolkata, to the Oberoi Hotel.

The hotel was a throw back to British colonialism; a central swimming pool, magnificent marble, and 'lackies' everywhere. We were to be called at 3:30 the following morning and a tour around Kolkata had been arranged for the afternoon. There were several nodding heads at times, but the visit to the Queen Victoria memorial building alone was worth the trip. Of course, each time we left the bus we were assailed by vendors trying to sell memorabilia, or just beggars, in this vastly over-crowded city.

The following morning, we took the bus back to the airport. Outside the hotel we literally had to stride over sleeping bodies to get to the bus, but surprisingly elsewhere, the streets at 4 am were almost empty. There were not the hordes that appear during the day. We had the security delay at the airport and then the short flight north to Paro, and out into a very different culture. This is the land of the Peaceful Dragon, and the airport was a stark contrast to Heathrow. We were at over 2500 metres in pleasant alpine summer weather, and were taken by bus to Kichu Resort, a

holiday complex of chalet buildings in a garden like area on the valley floor, with a main building containing lounges and dining rooms. We were to remain here pending the fate of our baggage, and planned to return after the trek, providing it took place, on our return home.

The original schedule had called for us to start the trek tomorrow on the Sunday, but this was now impossible, and so we had the pleasure of two days instead of one in Paro. The rest of the day was taken up by a bus trip around the valley, attempting to look at a museum, but closed due to a power cut, visiting the dzong or monastery, accessible by an old covered footbridge, and walking around Paro village. As it was Saturday, there was an amazing archery contest, where teams from Paro and Thimphu were competing, and there was a market. Later, after the evening meal at the resort, we found entertainment in progress around a bonfire for another party, and some of us were even inveigled into joining in the Karaoke.

The following day, Sunday, we were taken to the Tangstan or Tiger's Lair monastery. This complex is perched inaccessibly on a crag 2000 feet up the valley side not far north of Paro. It was severely damaged by fire in 1998 but has been fully restored and a tourist trail gives access for the intrepid. Remember that most of us were without our trekking gear. The round trip took us 4½ hours but the weather was perfect, and then the rest of the day was spent shopping in Paro.

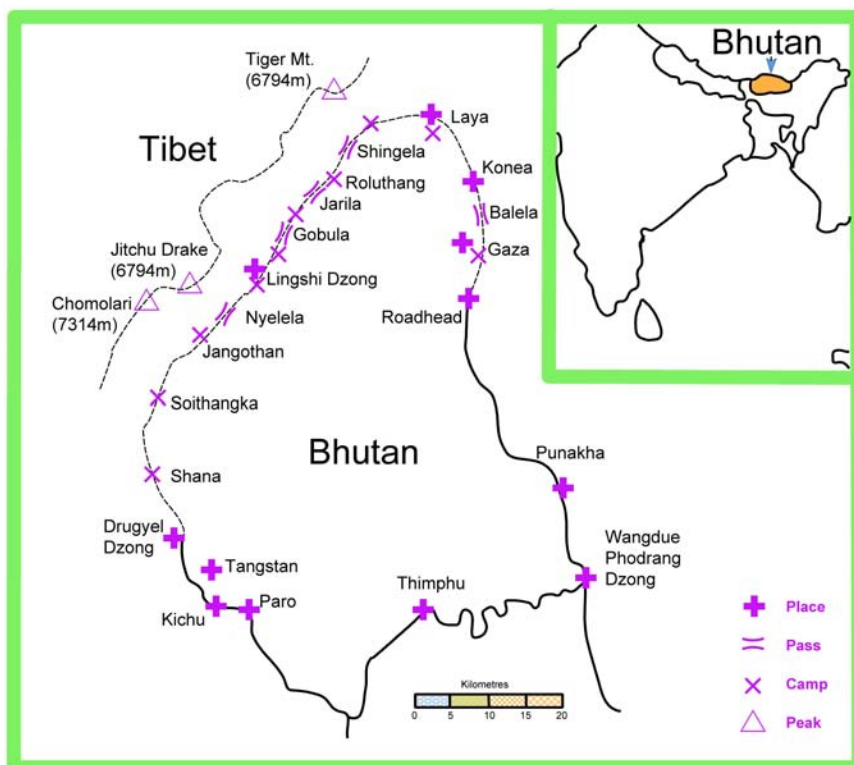
THE TREK TO CHOMOLHARI BASE CAMP

By Monday morning we knew that our gear had arrived in Bhutan, but we had to wait for it, and then hastily (in 15 minutes) pack for the trek and decide what to leave behind. The weather was good but the forecast was less favourable.

The first 3 days were to be trekking up the Paro river valley to Jangothang, the base camp for one of the highest peaks in Bhutan, Chomolhari. Michael Palin, in his book Himalaya describing a BBC series, has a chapter on Bhutan and he describes his return from Jangothang to Paro as an arduous journey. He also took 3 days, quoting 23 miles walking in a total distance of 35 miles.

We were taken by bus as far up the valley as possible before the track

became unsuitable and there we began our trek just before noon, leaving our support team to pack all our pots and pans, tent, chairs, food, everything, including whatever appendages of western life style we had hidden away in our large hold alls. We were ominously all issued with umbrella walking sticks. The walk was in a valley somewhat wider than Langdale and with the sides disappearing to unseen summits. The valley was inhabited and cultivated. We were in farmland and walking around paddy fields, but the work was mainly manual labour. There was still a vestige of a road, and we passed a school at break time, all the pupils in national dress. Later we overtook a sizeable party of American tourists. The road ended at a suspension footbridge, sponsored by the Swiss, and then we were on the pack horse trail, which we would follow until reaching the final road head in 12 days time. The valley narrowed and became more of a gorge, and the steep, muddy groove along which we were scrambling brought us to the Gunitsawa army camp of the Phurba Battalion where we had to wait for our permits to be examined before we could go on. Here our pack horses caught and passed us. We crossed back across the river and climbed to the first day's camp site, not yet erected, at the settlement of Shana. We had been walking about 6 hours and two in the party were a little unwell to the extent that one had to hitch a lift on horseback. It was near dusk and the temperature was dropping rapidly. There was a slight drizzle as we waited for camp to be established. Then followed what was to be the pattern for the rest of the trek. Once our tents were up, we found our bags, got sleeping facilities set up, put on warm clothing, read, wrote up diaries, went exploring etc. as light would



permit and waited for the evening meal. All the evening meals were in the mess tent with one large table and folding chairs. A central gas lamp gave light and some much needed heat. Food was not what we were used to, but more than ample and varied.

Two more days to reach Jangothang; today was to be arduous. It was in the forest all day, climbing the valley on a pile of slippery, head sized boulders covered in horse droppings, but the weather was fine. Another 7 hour day, but the GPS said that our real location had only moved about 7 miles. A combination of altitude, ascent and descent, and rough going slowed us down, (speaking of course for myself). The guide book and our feelings indicated double this distance, but what is an adequate measure under such circumstances? Camp at Soithangka, when we arrived, was occupied by other trekking groups, but we had our first sighting of Chomolhari. It rained during the evening and night but cleared by morning.

On the third day, at 8 am, after the usual call at 6, wash, tea, pack and breakfast, we continued up the remains of the forested valley, managing to lose the main trail by following the tracks of loose horses coming down from their foraging up the valley side. We came out of the trees into pleasant meadows and found a small village, complete with powered vehicle (assembled on site) and a health clinic. Then just another mile or so to camp at Jangothang with a backdrop of the 10,000 feet snowy face of Chomalhari seeming only a day's walk away. Jangothang was an important point in former days when insurgents from Tibet could raid across the passes. There are ruins of an old fort here.

A REST DAY

Next day was our, so called, rest day, which we used to climb over 2000 feet up the hill side, supposedly to get acclimatised to the altitude, now over 4000m. The altitude was telling on some of us and although all made the prayer flag vantage point, most of the party went another 500 feet higher. The day was glorious and the views spectacular and we could also look across the valley to our route and the pass we would cross tomorrow.

A NUMBER OF PASSES

Day 5 of the trek was my 74th birthday. I woke to receive a birthday reception before getting ready for the first serious climb of the trek with a total ascent of 2600'. We got away as usual, this time at 8:20 only to pass a young lad of about 10 walking on his own down to the health clinic to school. Uncertainty in the route split the party as there are two trails from here on.

The wrong one takes another route for Paro and I was in the group, which took this by mistake. We could have followed it further into an upper valley, where we could have fairly easily crossed the separating stream to join the correct route, but knowing we were wrong we attempted to cross the ravine lower down. Only James made it, on icy rocks in the river, and the rest retraced their steps to join the proper trail. Once in the upper valley, we had a very pleasant climb on short grass, and easy going in comparison to the forest trail two days ago, in brilliant weather. The route went over a low pass and then traversed to enter another valley running up and around towards the true pass. On this stretch we had a distant view of a herd of blue sheep and were treated to even more spectacular mountain scenery, this time of a spiky snowy summit called Jitchu Drake. The Nyelela pass at 4880m was very windy, and the youngest member made sure that I didn't blow away on my birthday. There followed a pleasant descent, initially quite steeply on a sandy track, one I would not have enjoyed climbing up, to the luncheon spot. The afternoon was a high level traverse along a valley clothed in rhododendrons and junipers, with a distant view of Lingshi Dzong, which we would visit tomorrow. The trail turned into a side valley and descended to where the camp had been established. The meal that night was a little more special, with balloon decorations, an iced birthday cake, and even a bottle of wine in honour of my 74th.

The next day, with brilliant weather, was in retrospect a walk to school. We left camp and climbed around the hill to ascend to Lingshi Dzong on a small hill top. This monastery was home to lots of young monks but had once served as a prison. There was a good view down to a significant farmstead and the small village of Lingshi with school and satellite dish. We descended, and followed the trail along the side of the valley, over a spur, down to another village of Goyul in a hanging valley overshadowed by a massive rock face. Here we had lunch. Then on to the village of Chebisa 3850m in another hanging valley and we arrived early enough to see the villagers threshing with flails.

During the night, Motup disturbed us by giving instructions to shake the snow from the tent roof. Perhaps 3 inches had fallen, and when we got up in the morning it was still snowing and things did not look good. We were facing 2 more high passes and Motup had to choose between returning, and going on. The main problem was of the pack animals. Horses do not like the snow, and yaks although good at forcing a way through have a natural tendency to descend to try to find grass. However, since we were camped below a frequent entry point from Tibet, we discovered that in camp there was

an army associate equipped with satellite dish and power cells. We got an up to date weather forecast and even the result of the Rugby World Cup. We were to go on, possibly influenced by the fact that the current horsemen came from that direction, and for them to return with us would add many days to their return.

The weather improved and the snow soon disappeared. We got away by 10. The day consisted of climbing over our second pass or spur, the Gobula, just under 2000' of ascent to a height of 4430m. The descent curved around the head of a valley, before traversing and crossing a side spur at 4110m before descending into a side river coming from our left. The Tibetan border had been little more than a day's walk to our left since Jangothang, provided one could have found a way through. We crossed the shallow but wide river on stepping stones and climbed a few metres to the camp site at Shomuthang. The day had been overcast, with some risk of snow but the cloud cover meant a slightly warmer night.

The next day was to be another high pass, the Jarila at 4747m requiring an ascent of 2500'. The trail climbed steeply from the river and round a spur into a side valley, then precariously hanging to the valley side before meeting and crossing the river. The route continued up a broad, sparse meadow area and then stony ridges, which we climbed. I finally reached the summit in 3½ hours; on schedule according to Motup, but about an hour behind the gazelles and still a half hour ahead of the tail. The descent was steep and continuous, until we reached a side valley with a bridge across the river and a sign telling us that this was a protected area for the Takin. This is a peculiar mixture of goat and cow and we were to see them later in Thimphu. The trail led down to the floor of another valley coming from the left and the river had to be crossed on improvised log bridges. A sting in the tail followed with a 1000 foot climb onto an inhabited alp and the camp at Roluthang.

Trekking day 8. This was to be the highest pass, the Shingela at 5024m, and an ascent of nearly 3000'. The sky had cleared and it had been a very cold night with a hard frost. We had to climb over a shoulder with prayer flags, across a wet dead forest area and various routes were chosen. Then up into a high rocky wide junction of valleys or cwms. I was trailing and got myself on the spur between the two cwms, having been loured there by some prayer flags. In the wrong cwm was a dilapidated wooden shack, little more than a shelter. The thought occurred to me, what an ideal place to send ASBOs for a working holiday. Peter Green had been finding the going tough. Probably the effect

of altitude and had hitched a lift on a horse part way. Then finally to the col, and we were over 5000m (16,404') for the first and only time. There was some snow about but of little consequence. Once the group was together, we descended about 300m to a sheltered spot for lunch. We could see that we were descending into a complex of meeting valleys, and way in the distance was what looked like a massive wall. As we got closer we saw that it was the side of the valley, scraped clean in the past by glacial ice. How recent was this global warming? The terminal moraine was also interesting and behind it a small glacier lake. Some had the energy to climb up to look, but not I. Camp was a little lower down by a river with another spectacular view of the Tibetan border, known as Tiger Mountain. Today was Joe's birthday and we had another good evening meal, but by now we were running short of mugs. When cold plastic mugs have boiling water poured into them, they sometimes explode, and we had lost many.

VILLAGES ON THE WAY BACK

Next day was day 10 and we were on the way home and approaching habitation. A local woman appeared from somewhere to watch our activities. We had a long walk down the valley and to avoid gorge like sections or to be able to cross side rivers, the trail wandered up and down the valley side. At one side river we came across another army camp and had to be checked through. We then soon reached the village of Laya built on a shelf some 200 feet up the valley side. Our camp was in a small field overlooking the drop into the valley and with a wide panoramic view of the mountains. A challenging spot to think of having a spring bank holiday meet. Camp was outside a large building, which acted as a hotel. We had our meals there, and B&B was on offer if required. This village was the largest collection of houses we had seen since Paro. There were several shops and beer houses, and this is where the original schedule had planned a rest day, but not for us. However, after dinner, we were treated to an outside song and dance display, by the locals and our support team. An interesting spectacle, but when one cannot understand the language, it can appear very repetitive. Here our pack horse support was changed with the current ones returning to Paro, being replaced by ones from Gaza.

Day 11, a continuation of the trail down the valley, but the way had recently been shortened by diversion of the river to allow the trail to follow it through a gorge instead of climbing over probably a 1000 foot spur. The river was diverted by a massive wall, but this had already been breached causing us to have to navigate a narrow log bridge. As a sting in the tail, the day's trail

went over a final spur before descending to the site of a single building at Konea. The guide books described this as the worst camp site in the Himalaya, and we could see why. A field of about $\frac{1}{4}$ acre was used for the tents, but also for retaining horses. We had had exceptional dry weather but it was a mud bath. Luckily for us, a Sherpa had gone ahead and we had two rooms reserved in the building. We still had our meals in a tent outside but all of us slept under a roof for the first time in 10 days.

Day 12 was to be a long one. It started with the Balela pass or spur, a 2000 foot climb, probably to avoid the gorge of the main valley. The end of the day would see us at the hot springs. This draw had the unfortunate effect of stretching out the group. After the spur there was a very long descent on rather difficult, slippery, bouldery terrain before we crossed a side river and climbed up to the shelf on which Gaya is sited. Lunch was to be before Gaya, but as the leading group were feeling the pull of the hot springs, after waiting over an hour, they went ahead, leaving the poor food porter to wait. I came next in not many minutes and was persuaded to wait. The tail-enders and I got double rations that day. Then on to Gaya, another substantial village, built on a shelf, where an archery contest was in progress. It was Saturday, and there were lots of people around. Albert managed to stray into the arena and get involved with the visiting dignitaries. Gaza Hot Springs was probably another 1000' down in the valley and as we were now in quite a populated area, there were trails everywhere, and the party was split up.

There were several splinter groups that added distance by going the wrong way, and this may well have involved the group with the trek leader. We had converged on another trekking party who were also descending from Gaza to the Hot Springs, and I just happened to come across part of the group, who were tending a member with an injured ankle. It came as a late reminder of what might have happened. Back at Chebisa, where we had been between passes and the only way out was up, we found out that a trekker had died of altitude sickness only days before our arrival. The man with his suspect broken ankle would have to be carried out on horseback to the road head, but fortunately only one day away. We made the descent to the hot springs in failing light and Peter Green, came in, in the dark. The springs were a complex of buildings with pools in which one could sit. The Hot volcanic water was claimed to have healing properties and any hotter would have been unbearable. The early arrivals had made full use of the free facilities, but the late arrivals did not miss out and found the baths therapeutic on tired and aching limbs.

Next day was the final day's trekking. We had to climb back up the valley side before finally reaching the road head, which had moved several miles nearer of late due to road construction, and we arrived there for lunch. There then followed a very long bus ride in the dark on rough roads over a high pass that brought us to The Riverview Hotel in Thimphu; a meal and a bed.

THE RETURN HOME

Having completed the trek, we still had 3 days before our flight home from Kolkata, but perhaps this was to allow for unexpected delays. The first day was spent looking around Thimphu. We were taken by bus to a nature resort in the hills just outside town where we saw the Takin in the flesh. Legend has it that some king or deity ate a meal of goat and cow meat and created this creature out of the bones. Then we went shopping and then viewed the open air market, where a flash wind and the associated sand storm came as an unexpected surprise and worry to the stall holders with flimsy awnings. We had a local meal and spent the afternoon walking around Thimphu before we were driven down the valley to Kichu resort at Paro. The road I have mentioned before. It is being remade in total and almost everywhere it consists of a rough earth surface made by cutting a notch out of the steep hillside and piling the earth up on the downhill side. There appeared to be little if any protection from landslides bringing debris down onto the road, or taking the road away into the valley bottom. From what we heard, this was almost a daily event. The journey was slow and at one point we had to give way to a cavalcade of VIP vehicles coming the other way. It was late when we reached Paro and we could see the sense in allowing time for eventualities. After the meal we were provided with the same type of local song and dance entertainment we had seen in Laya. But here we were supplied with copious amounts of food and drink.

The flight out of Paro was at 11:20 and so we had time for a leisurely breakfast before getting the bus. There was the usual airport security delay and then we were aboard. The plane took off down the valley and had to keep within the valley walls around two bends before it made sufficient height to clear the ridges. We arrived in Kolkata, back into the palpable heat and arrived at the Oberoi Hotel at lunchtime. A meal out of the hotel had been arranged for the evening and one could use the afternoon and the swimming pool to relax. I found the meal out somewhat of a culture shock, but one I had experienced 2 years ago in Delhi. We left the cool imperialist Oberoi hotel to wend our way through the hot night and streets crowded with pavement vendors to another air conditioned hotel, stepping from one world into another by crossing a threshold.

On the street we had tested out the product of western culture, the ATM machine, and probably could have got it to work. The meal was a shared affair. We were brought a large brass plate with rice and many small brass cups containing food. Some were dessert, others hot with spices, and far too much but not expensive. If the food in camp had been like this, I may well have struggled.

Since our flight home was in the early hours, 4:20, of Wednesday we had a whole day in Kolkata, but knowing that we would have to be up at midnight for our bus to the airport. There was a slight problem in that there was a strike in progress and so an organised trip was not possible. On our arrival in Kolkata we had not been shown the waterfront of the Hoogley River, a branch of the Ganges delta. Using the local yellow taxi there was quite cheap and different groups set off. One party were fortunate in that when they arrived at the waterfront, they were invited onto a boat which was doing an official bridge inspection cruise along the river. There was ample room for them and they were even offered a free meal. Arthur Salmon and I also got a taxi to the waterfront, and were determined to walk back. However, we had no map, and from earlier views of a map I knew that a large military area known as Fort William lay right in our path. We approached the guard at the gate in some trepidation, but found ourselves in a one sided conversation being told that the soldier had a sister in Northumberland.

BIRDING IN BHUTAN

It was an honour to be invited by Albert to join the 2007 YRC trip to Bhutan. Jane and I had met Albert four years early on a trip to the Altai Mountains in Mongolia. Sadly with the Bhutan trip being during term time Jane could not join the Bhutan outing.

I'm far from a proper ornithologist, but I've often, on previous trips, enjoyed the challenge of trying to identify the usually brand new array of birdlife one encounters. Jane kindly tracked down a most useful guidebook (Birds of Bhutan by Inskipp et al, a Helm Field Guide, ISBN 0-7136-6990-X). My treat item for the trip was my fairly chunky pair of Bushnells Legend Binoculars (10x42), which are certainly not pocket sized but do give a lovely view.

Below is a list of identifications I am certain were correct. I saw a great many more but as an amateur was unable to be sure in identifying them; I haven't just guessed. At times a definite identification was impossible due to a mix of freezing cold hands, failing light, small birds that refused to sit still and then

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However, it was confirmed that we had a mile detour before we could get around Fort William, and so we opted for another taxi. The evening meal was in the Hotel and an early night for our early call.

Getting up at midnight does not set one up for a good day. There was the heat of Kolkata, the bus ride, the inevitable delays at the airport and the flight with the sun, so that it never came dark. The Everest group was visible on the far horizon as we flew towards Delhi. Our arrival back at Heathrow was at 10 am. Some disappeared to be home quickly but the Manchester group had the tedium of the local flight, delays and a train ride before arriving home in the early evening.

Frank Wilkinson

ATTENDEES

George Burfitt	Member
Joe Burfitt	Prospective member
William Burfitt	Prospective member
Albert Chapman	Member
Iain Gilmour	Member
Peter Green	Member
James Hall	Guest
Peter Hodge	Member
Rob Ibberson	Member
Ann Luck	Guest
Arthur Salmon	Member
Frank Wilkinson	Member

those that were still refusing to give the side on view seen in the illustrations in the book. Birds of prey were as difficult as ever given one's inability to be able to make out colours with the overhead bird against a bright sky.

We had superb views of the huge Himalayan Griffon Vultures on several occasions; a truly huge bird with a wingspan of about 280cm. At the trip's highpoint on Sinche La (5000m), several of us were sheltering from the penetrating wind behind cairns as several of these huge birds crossed the pass at head height only about twenty meters away; by the time the birds saw us it was too late for them to bank and turn. A couple of days before I had had another close encounter with these flying giants as I approached a Blue Sheep carcass.

The Blood Pheasant flocks that marched rather tamely across the track during our last few days proved a very popular and easy "tick" for the group to share.

A memory a few on the trip will share is the amazement of watching a Raven repeatedly flying upside down.

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None of us had seen this before. Ironically I saw the same spectacle last weekend in the Peak District, 6 miles from the edge of Sheffield!

I found the bird watching most therapeutic. It was a great filler of an hour or two in the afternoon. It was also a very good way of ensuring I didn't rush too much on the ascent days; it is so easy to overdo it early in any trek to altitude.

The last day of the trek had the most intensity of different and new birds as we descended through unspoilt primary subtropical forest. Other than on the first day when I was flattened as a result of a spectacular bout of food poisoning the last day was the only other occasion I had all the septuagenarians waiting for me!

In retrospect I wish I'd done more preparation with the guidebook. If I get the chance to go somewhere so unique again I will take marker pens to the guidebook and highlight all the common birds. Often I would find I'd spent too long trying to decide if I was seeing "x" or "y" later to notice "y" was very rare. I would also be tempted to highlight, in different colours, the common birds in groups according to altitude. There is little point trying to choose which of the blue birds with an orange chest (they are legion in Bhutan) when you are at 4000m if perhaps only one of them is commonly seen in that habitat.

Day	Bird	Plate
Paro	Common Hoopoe	10
Paro	Large Hawk Cuckoo	12
Paro	Oriental Turtle Dove	19
Paro	Red-billed Chough	35
Paro	Blue Whistling Thrush	39
Paro	White-capped Water Redstart	44
Paro	Plumbeous Water Redstart	44
Paro	Green-backed Tit	48
Paro	Yellow-browed Tit	48
Paro	Red-billed Leiothrix	58
Paro	White Wagtail	65
Paro	Yellow-breasted Greenfinch	67
1	Scaly-breasted Wren Babbler	58
2	Yellow-billed Blue Magpie	34
3	Snow Pigeon	18
3	Himalayan Griffon	24
3	Yellow-billed Chough	35
3	Large Billed Crow	35
3	Chestnut-bellied Rock Thrush	39
3	Blue-fronted Redstart	44
3	Grey-crested Tit	48
3	Black-faced Laughingthrush	56

3	Robin Accentor	64
4	Grandala	45
4	Tickell's Leaf Warbler	53
6	Tibetan Partridge	1
6	Rock Pigeon	18
6	Long-legged Buzzard	26
7	Blood Pheasant	2
7	Himalayan Monal	3
7	Lammergeier	24
7	Sparrowhawk	25
7	White-throated Dipper	38
8	Common Raven	35
8	Slaty-blue Flycatcher	41
8	Winter Wren	47
8	Rufous-vented Tit	48
8	Alpine Accentor	64
8	White-browed Rosefinch	68
9	Ashy -throated Warbler	53
10	Eurasian Treecreeper	47
10	Rufous-fronted Tit	48
10	Whistler's Warbler	54
12	Great Parrotbill	62
12	Red-headed Bullfinch	70
13	Great Cormorant	30
13	Grey Treepie	34
13	Yellow-bellied Fantail	37
13	Ashy Drongo	38
13	Hodgson's Redstart	44
13	Spotted Forktail	45
13	Common Myna	46
13	White-tailed Nuthatch	47
13	Rusty-flanked Treecreeper	47
13	Streaked Laughingthrush	56
13	Chestnut-crowned Laughingthrush	56
13	Hoary-throated Barwing	59
13	Stripe-throated Yuhina	61
13	Rufous-vented Yuhina	61
13	Rufous Sibia	62
13	Mrs Gould's Sunbird	63
	Thimpu Spotted Nutcracker	35

Day = day of trek,

Paro includes walk to Tiger's Nest.

Plate = Plate in Birds in Bhutan, 1st Edition.

James Hall

WHITE WAGTAIL



