Andrews

May. Aug. 1919

GOBI EXPEDITION OF 1919-Plans and Specifications

OBJECT-To get to Urga eventually MOTTO-"We should worry

PERSONEL Mr. R. C. Andrews --"Gobi" Head Cook, skinner, butcher and general camp arranger and grouch

Mrs. -----ditto--- "Gobina" Photographess, Assistant cook, Meal and table arrangements

Mr. Mac Callie alias "Delco" Chief Electrician, tent pegger, Water purvevor and wood cutter

Mrs. Mac Callie "Delcette" Coffee, tea, and soup supply chef, table linen and cutlery

Mr. C.L.Coltman "Boss" Motor Engineer, time keeper, argol expert, and general commander

Mrs. ---ditto--- "Bossene" Assistant cook, quartermastress and finder of lost articles.

Mr. Owen "Uncle John" Assistant Motor Engineer and all round help-less

REGULATIONS

1. No cussing the weather
2. No insinuations if there is sand in the soup
3. No grouching against the gasoline in the drinking water
4. No profanity unless of picturesque variety
5. All hands assist at unpacking and packing in evening and morning stops and starts
6. All male members must take share in pumping tires and other work requiring more than hot air.
7. Camps will be made, starts, made, stops made, and such disarrangements by vote, four votes carrying the day.
8. Any breach of regulations will be considered by court martial after dinner and during smoking hour (when most lenient treatment can be hoped for) and penalty judged will be walked off by the culprit in miles recorded by spedometer at start the following day.
9. If male members of expedition cannot supply fresh mean on any one day they will not be allowed to smoke after dinner.

PLANS

1. To have a thoroughly good time
2. To get good specimens of all game available
3. Camp early and start late on general principle
4. To stop and investigate, or leave the road and explore whenever desired.

----------The grouchless Gang----------

This book belongs to
Roy Chapman Andrews
American Museum Natural History
77th St & Central Pk. West

Please
Schuyler 7700

Send packages by R.R. - to Sai-tsao by steamer
then by carriage to Sharamsame -!
Chung wha-sen (Chinese)
for good hunting

$178 - Food for 2 persons with game for meat

Butter - 2 lbs last 10 days for eating only
" " " 7 " " " & cooking
Sugar - 10 lbs " 2 weeks
milk - 1 can " 3 days for cooking only
" - 1 " " 1 " " " & eating
Cocoa - 1/2 lb " 10 days for 1 person
Condensed milk for coffee only (3 times daily) " " 5 days
Coffee - 1 lb - lasts 11 days

Firearms

1 Savage + 1000 shells
sent to Am. Consul Gen
For C.T.N. Shanghai

From Castle

1 Raccoon dog
1 Crab & mongoose
1 Palm civet
1 muntjac

Fox & Smith

1 gun cash refund
+ 500 shells cash
was over to N.Y. office

Supplements

1 Savage + 2000 shells
1 Fox 20 ga - + 500 shells #4 Shot

Cigarettes - $.4
cotton - 2 - 3
radish - - - - - - R 6
potato - - 1
onions - - - - - - - 10
bread - - - - - - - 20
bottle $5
pork - - 1.80

13.80
1.80
15.60

20) 86 (4
80
16

16/20 = 4/5

Administration Office
Cafe.

S. D. & Young Hunter

Aug 2 to 7th Inclusive - 6 days

1 roebuck given - Carter from S. D.

1 roebuck ♂ ad R.L.A.
1 " ♂ adult Y. hind.
1 muntjac deer " "

Aug 10 work S. D - 1 day

Aug. 13 " " & young till 14 inc - rtd a.m. 17/15

Aug 18 " " " till Aug 28 inc - 11 days

Extra hunter Aug 19 till Aug 22 inc - - left a.m. 17/23 - hunted 4 days

Adv. to 2 young hunters 14 on Aug. 8th

19

#178 July 10

mutton –	$1.00
tent peg –	2.00
" "	2.00
Lo –	20.00
Lama	13.00
	38.00
chem	10.00
meat vegetables	3.00
	$1.00
Lo's account 178	23.00
Lama 121	3

#101 Left
18 a mayores

#119 in bag

mayor guide –	$2.00
carts & saundels	3.00
hunters wages	2.00
sheep	7.00
young hunter	2.00
Lamas pumi	1.00
Redrock skin	2.00
hunters	7.50
Supplies from chga	15.00
advance to hunter	14.00
	$55.50
Forraces	2.00
Portuno chow Aug 29	11.00
" Lo	10
	78

Lo's account 1

shovel	1.00 – R 3
bag	2.50
mutton	2.30 –
hobble	.80
Kangmat	3.00
cloth	2.00
oil cloth	2.50
Chinese sauce	1.00
matches	.20
bowls	4.35
tent	1.10
locks (horses)	2.00
	22.75
onions	.50
argol	R 2
July 15 paid in full	
	23.05
	25
	23.30

119
55
64
35
29

mure 7 — 25
pla 5 — 12
35

July 15 to Aug 15 – 20
Aug 15 – to Sept 15 – 20
Sept 15 – to " 21 – 5
55
16
70

1111
15
4
div. Aug 26 – 5
Sept 28 – 1
" 20 – 10
16

1919

	Lo		Kang		Chen	
May 13	Lo	$60	May 13	60	May 26	13
" 26	"	5	" 26	10		
June 3	"	20	June 3	20	June 3	26
July 12	"	20	Aug 28	5	July 12	10
Sept 12		10			Aug 28	13
Sept 25	"	10				62
		125		52		

Rickshaw & coolies	.50	potatoes	2.00
Boxes to weatherals & sta	~~1.80~~	trays	2.00
Peking to Kalgan	25.00	"	5.20
shovel	.20	pots	.60
potatoes	1.00	chow rice	1.50
Coolman		mutton	3.30
cooking things & meal	7.00		
trays	3.00		
tent & poles	13.50	rain coat	$12
Serving tent & oven	4.20	hat	1.50
tent pegs	3.10	charcoal	2.00
eggs	2.00	mutton	1.80
meat	1.60	cook mans	1.00
charcoal	.70	knife	.50
matches etc	.30	saucepan	.30
	35.10	cart repair	.50
			0

Ilboga

In the central temple is the great standing statue of Buddha. We approached it through a side door where we were required to remove our hats — at our right under a pavilion-like entrance sat nine priests clad in dirty yellow robes, beating on drums & cymbals & chanting in harsh voices. As we passed into the door of the main temple behind a picturesque crowd of women & men, an old priest, ~~[illegible]~~ poured in the hands of each person a few drops of holy water from an ornate iron bottle. The people rubbed it on their faces as they passed into the temple. Directly in the middle of the room, standing on a huge brass covered lotus flower was a colossal gilt statue of Buddha about 60 feet high. His ~~hands~~ great albows were crossed, and his enormous fingers just met across his breast. At his side were two snake like spirals of brass. On the other side was a pillar, encrusted in ~~brilliant~~ pieces of brilliant

May ~~Sept~~ 14, 15 Thurs. Left Peking 8.30 a.m. with Mr. Mrs. Chas Coltman Mr. Mrs E. L. McCallie – met John Owen (driver) in Kalgan – Packed stuff + to send off next a.m.

May ~~Sept~~ 16 Fri. Got stuff away on two carts with my 2 chows lanterns & cook at daylight for Ham-a-hao – Spent day at Kalgan

Sat May ~~Sept~~ 17 Girls & Coltman drove a Dodge car over pass to Ham-a-hao – we men went by horse – fine weather – just warm enough – stayed at Fatcher rooing, Belgian Mission, at 4 P.M. all went out in auto to a pond 3 mi away – shot a teal & an avocet – saw ruddy shell drakes & mallard also – ducks very wild

Sunday May ~~Sept~~ 18 Left at 5:30 a.m. – warm & rather cold – roads fine – Dodge cars running splendidly – 2 D. " & 2 Fords – Mac has complete Delco electric plant he is taking to Urga – Saw a number of demoiselle cranes & shot three – birds in flocks & pairs Not very wild – 2 stayed beside road until car was 30 ft away – saw two others one of which was "dancing" about the other – I killed one with BB's at 85 yds paced distance – I found saw lot of ducks & killed one shoveller & one common shelldrake – beautiful bird with large red knob

n bill - shot another ruddy shell du
& Owen also - saw several camel
caravans - camels shedding &
look very ragged - the Chinese
cultivated portion, men planting
& fields beginning to show green -
trees at Hum - a - had just budding
saw one fox but no antelope -
killed 18 Citellus mongolicus - from
car - like just like our gophers at
home - don't build mound in form
of hole - not live in extensive village
as our western prairie dogs but
still usually have number together
females all carrying young but still
have winter pelage - Camped 90 mi
from Hum & has at 7.35 - shooting
all gophers & two cranes - tent
lighted at night by Dulco - first
time ever have electric light on go

Sunday May 19 Left at 7 A.M. wind fairly strong - saw no
a few gophers - numbers of gulls (black capped
reached Ganjan about noon & just beyond
on the plain saw a big flock of golden plover -
shot one - while waiting for me the people
saw an antelope (gazelle) which ran
across the road in front of us - car was
going at 45 mi per hr. & the animal
was doing at least 15 mi more. - shot
at it but it disappeared over a bluff &
we lost it - shortly after saw another

bunch of grey antelope & chased them with the car - I jumped out too soon & rolled over in a sunken nest and came up kneeling in position to shoot - Mac got his car in our line of fire by mistake & we got none.

Going down the road & we saw a single antelope - it went over a hill & when we followed we saw a herd of antelope and ran them - jumped from car at 200 yds & began firing - the three got well away but the 4th went off by himself - she ran across in front of us & after 3 shots I dropped her at 422 yds facing off. We went on for short distance on road & saw a single antelope it ran over a hill & when we followed we saw a big herd - we ran them with car at 40 mi per hr. & they crowd our horses - ~~they~~ I shot one buck leg & she ran on at 60 with a hard chase with car at 35 mi per hr. to catch up with her - she was running at least 25 mi per hr. on 3 legs - the same thing happened a little later when we found another herd and I broke two legs before we could finally catch her. The plain was alive

with antelope of both species &
we decided to go back to cars &
camp. We camped in the plain not
far from the road & put up our
tents preparatory to stay part of
the next day

The tents were up at 4 o'clock and leaving the girls in camp Mac, Coltman
Owen & I started out in the Dodge car
after antelope. Two animals which
Owen had been shooting at with
his army & Springfield were in sight
from the tent, tho' a long way off.
We made for them and they separated.
One ran off rather slowly & when
we were about 200 yds away he
stopped the car & we all jumped out
at the first shot the antelope flattened
out & simply flew over the ground.
I fired once and struck behind her.
For the second shot I led her about
four feet & she went down like a ton
tho' struck with a sledge hammer.
The Savage bullet had caught her
squarely in the body & she was
dead when we got to her. It was
one of the prettiest shots I ever
made for she was going like the
wind. She was a yearling doe (Q. sut. q.
turona) Putting her in the running board

of the car with her head under the lamp we ran on over the plain to pick up another bunch. within two miles we saw three herds, one containing about 70 animals. The antilope were loping slowly along and did not begin to really run until we were about 400 yds from them, then they strung out in a long line and streaked it across the plain, like wind blown ribbons of yellow silk. We were running at 25 miles per hr. but Coltman gave more power as the animals came into full speed & the car jumped to 35 mi. & then to 40 miles. As usual the animals began to swing about us in a long circle & we gained rapidly. Soon we were not more than 200 yds away. Mac & Drew sitting & hanging over the edge of the car with one foot on the running board & as the car slipped we leaped to the ground, dropped to our knees & opened fire. Owing to Coltman's spring air, also we had banged away. At Mac's second shot he dropped a fine buck and Charles got a young doe. The herd was six hundred yards away & going

like the wind when we ceased firing and ran over to the dead antelope. Mac's buck was about four years old with a good pair of horns but in poor pelage for the animals were all in the midst of shedding.

We just threw on the car and ran over toward the bunch of antelope which we could see silhouetted against the sky on the summit of a swelling rise of ground. There were 4 in this herd and as we came toward them they trotted nervously about, with heads up evidentally trying to decide what we were. The sun was setting in a red glow behind them & I shall never forget the picture they made, ~~cut sharply into the sky~~ their black forms standing out sharply against the glowing horizon. We saw one buck among them & as we wanted no more does, all again we shot only at him. The animals strung out at full speed as we came nearer and when we leaped from the car were nearly 250 yds away. The buck had dropped back into the center of the herd & at his third shot Mac dropped an animal. We stopped shooting but the

antelope was up & off before we got into the car. It was running apart from the herd but only a short distance behind the others. Evidentally one fore leg was broken but with the car going at 25 miles per hour it was still drawing ahead. We struck a bit of rough going and ran for two miles at 25 miles per hr. Finally we came on to a smooth plain & then opened short up to 35 miles. We gained slowly & when about 100 yds away it jumped out and fled at the original breaking a hind leg in the opposite side. They could see now that it was another doe, much to our disgust, & even with two legs useless she still made about 15 mi per hour. A third shot killed her.

The antelope does are exceedingly difficult to distinguish from the bucks for their pointed ears are carried straight up & back & give exactly the appearance of horns when one is some distance away.

We came back to camp, reaching the tents at seven o'clock and

turned in at 9.30. It was a beautiful
starlight night with no wind and
we dropped to sleep to dream of the
future we were to have in the morning.
Tues. May 1/20 We slept late on both sides
the hours high before we had
finished breakfast. Charles and
Hugh fixed the tripod of the motion
picture camera on the back of
my of the Dodge cars and at 9.30 we
started for the antelope. Mrs. Mac
& a Chinaman were in the front
seat while H. was with us in the
rear to help manage the camera.
Mac, Mr. & Mrs. Cottman &
Owen were in the other car. We saw
a herd of antelope within a mile
of camp and they stung us in
a beautiful bait. It would have
made a splendid picture as the
men in the 1st car jumped out
& began to shoot, but our motor
was running so cylinders
we could not keep up with the
others.
We tried it again in a
second hunt but finally had
to give it up as the motor was
still pounding. Leaving the three
girls in the Jackson second car

we four men set up the motion picture camera in the rear of the bridge and started after the antelope which had disappeared over a low hill.

When we reached its summit we saw four herds of antelope scattered about on the plain below us. We picked the largest herd, which contained about 50 animals, and ran for it as fast as the car could go over the rough ground.

The herd divided when we were about seven hundred yards away and we followed the larger herd which gave promise of coming nearest to that the rest would be at our backs. Fortunately the going improved and we got up to 35 mi per hr. with the car. The antelope did not seem very wild and the running part were by no means at top speed. We gained on them & they swung around in front of the car. The herd divided and 10 or 12 ran straight away from us.

It was a difficult thing to

stand up in the car & work the movie camera for we were bumping about like a ship in a heavy sea. I ground off 100 feet or more of film before they were out of range but we stopped for a breathing space.

The 200 foot roll of film was exhausted and very foolishly I neglected to replace it with a fresh film. We started back & camp for we were getting short of gasoline and my neglect cost me ~~one~~ of the finest pictures I could ever have obtained.

We had not gone two miles on our way back when we saw a wolf standing on a little rise of ground. He was looking at us and as the going was splendid we put on full speed after him. The speedometer registered 40 mi per hr when we were at our fastest and the wolf was rapidly losing ground. I estimated that at his highest speed when he was fresh, he was going at 30 mi per hr. He ran like the very devil for about two miles but we were too much for him and were rapidly gaining. Suddenly as we came over a little rise we saw a big herd of caribou directly

front of us. They were not more than
20 yds away and the wolf made
straight for them. Panic stricken
at the sight of the wolf the car they
rushed wildly about for a second
and then swung about across our
bows. The wolf dashed straight into
their midst & they divided as tho'
cut by a knife. One half turned
short about, but the others kept
on coming until I thot we would
actually run them down. The
wolf, however, had knowledge of his
foe with the car so close on his
heels and kept straight ahead with
his nose to the ground.

We were almost on him & I could
see his tongue hanging out when
Charles shouted "up", Mac & Owen
jumped out & began shooting
while I sat still & cursed myself
for a fool in not putting in a
fresh roll of film. I'll probably
never have the opportunity to get
another picture like it.

The boys did some very bad shooting
& the wolf got up without a scratch
& I could see him going like
mad almost between two antelope
but he was almost out of sight

before the boys got back in the car & we were after him again. The going was good & we jumped up to 40 miles within a few yards. The wolf was tired and within minutes we had him well in view again. He was evidentally all in and as we neared him. I could see his tongue hanging out & foam dripping from his jaws.

We ran so close that Charles had to swing the car suddenly to one side to avoid running over him, & narrowly missed upsetting us. Charles pulled out his H. automatic, slowed down & fired at the wolf which was almost under the front wheels again. His bullet struck just behind the animal & macleaped out, knuckled down & sent a .30 bullet from his rifle into the wolf back. He rolled over snapping & biting at the wound and we pulled away sideways, with his lips drawn back over a ~~[illegible]~~ set of ugly white teeth, he glared at us as much as to say "It's your next move but don't get too close!" Coltman shot him another & gave a surprised shriek

three times with his automatic before he finally rolled over. Had it been any other animal I should have felt a twinge of pity but the miserable brute called forth little sympathy. There will be more antelope next year because of his death.

We ran back to camp after the carcass of the wolf and on the way saw a lone buck antelope. He gave us a short chase but left us behind after the struck rough ground. At this time of the year the bucks are alone, and in most small herds there will be only does. If a very large herd is found there will probably be a few bucks but the females compose all the small groups.

We saw an interesting thing on the way home for there were two dik dik Kirkgaelli with a dozen or so gerenuk gazelle. They were running with the herd and could easily be distinguished by their larger size, lighter color & short tail. When running the gerenuk gazelle keeps his long tail straight up over his back as stiff as a poker.

we found the girls at camp with tiffin ready & immediately afterward packed up. We got away about 2 P.M. & it began to rain a little later but soon cleared off. The wind was very strong & rock hammer but we had a comfortable camp in the lee of a hill not far from a well.

Wed. ~~Sept~~ 21 May

Next morning we ran in towards Ma with a strong cold wind ~~para~~ in our face. On the way we saw several herds of antelope but we did not waste a shot any more so passed them by. About 11 o'clock we saw two wolves standing on a hill crest & they were too big a temptation to be missed.

Asking Wales to remain on the road we sunning off over the rise of ground after the larger wolf. It had a good start of about 600 yds but the ground was splendid & we ran up to 40 mi per h. without difficulty. At that we gained rapidly and after about three miles had the wolf almost under the front wheels. Altman wanted to shoot it with his pistol and tho' I was chaffing & funking him off with my rifle I waited for him.

When we were almost on top of the animal it gave a sudden swerve

* just missed our right front wheel and crossed in front of the car. Coltman avoided hitting him by a clever piece of driving but we were close to turning over. The wolf ran off at a right angles to the way we had been going & we had to slow down to swing about. He got well away again and we did not soon overtake him for the going was getting rougher every mile. Coltman tried again for a shot with his pistol into the brute repeatedly but manoeuvring in front of us. He made for a ragged mass of rocks which we could see cutting the sky two miles away and took us over some bad going where we could only just keep our own with him, even that he was well tired by this time, we had already run down 12 miles but he was by no means finished.

Coltman had given up all hope of pulling him in with his pistol & we were only concerned with getting a shot at any range with our rifles, but the animal was too clever for us. He gained the rocks before we did and stood for an instant silhouetted against the sky, cleared from the

can before it had fully stopped and the wolf slipped over the crest before I could shoot. Thinking I could get a shot at a moment I ran to the ridge just in time to see the animal disappear into a second ridge by rocks a hundred yards from the first & parallel with it. I signalled Cattman & leaving me, he ran around ahead of the wolf. He arrived too late and I saw

June 5 Thursday

~~Last night~~ We left Anderson Mayer's place at 7.45. Our three carts got off ahead of us and we came along on our horses with Mr. Farren, & Mr. & Mrs. Alfaro who were to ride out part way with us. We went west thru Urga, past the Tama city and out over the plain toward Bogdo-ol. The sun was brilliant and played like gold upon the ~~gold~~ yellow & green roofs of the temples. In the distance, on the banks of the Tola River, we could see the palace of the Hu-tu-tu like the mythical dwellings in the Arabian nights lying peacefully amid the green of the wild dung willows. All about us on the plain, white felt yourts were dotted over the grass amid herds of grazing sheep & camels.

At the river we said good by to our friends and rode on alone over the springy turf south westward toward the faint outlines of the Bogdo-ol which faded off into purple hills in the haze. For five miles or so, the towering summits of the ridge were clad in green, but the trees disappeared as we went on and we rode altogether long before we reached the pass where we were to turn.

We had tiffin at the bottom of the long slope and started up the hill

at me odrch. Then suddenly began
The horses had been pulling well but
in the long hill the big Russian horse &
my white cart pony began to behave
badly stopping every few minutes &
at last refused to go. To add to our
discomfort the heavy clouds which
had been creeping toward us from
the west, gave us a deluge of rain.
Then the Mingels pony took away
and I had a hard chase before I caught
him on the hillside. My pony be-
haved beautifully and entered into
spirit of the chase, edging in so that
I could reach for the bridle, & heading
off the runaway whenever he tried
to avoid us.

The big Russian horse finally balked
absolutely & refused to pull at all
no matter how hard we beat & prodded
him. So we had to take out Peter,
who had reached the top of the hill &
have him take up the Russian's
load. There was trouble all the rest
of the way either with the Russian
or the white horse, and with rain &
wind we had a most disagreeable
time of it.

About five o'clock as we came
down a long hill I saw two miles
far over toward the river & yet I could

mongrel galloped over to them leaving the carts & follow.

We went inside & found a Lama, a tall mongrel & a woman & baby sitting around an argol fire. It was warm & dry and they made us welcome so nicely. I curled up on a tiny bed at one side & awaited the carts. They came in an hour & we unloaded just outside the yourt. It was bitterly cold & raining hard but we put up the servants tent & got our beds inside. The boys went to sleep in the yourt & had a comfortable place after their hard work.

So cooked dinner in mess and we all ate together. The yourt was large with a wooden stove in the middle, two wooden beds about 6 inches off the ground at the side, and several chests at the back. On one was ranged the family gods & a Buddhist painting. It was a strange setting for an evening, with the mongrels & attendants around us, but by this time we had become so accustomed to being in strange places that in half an hour it had lost its novelty.

We went to bed at nine o'clock while it was still half light &

thankful for our fur sleeping bags, it got very chilly during the night.

June 6 Friday

The sun was warm & bright when we got up at 5 o'clock. We had a delicious breakfast of pancakes & bacon with syrup, packed the cart & got away at 8 o'clock. It was a perfect day with no wind & warm enough just to be pleasant. We were in the beautiful plain beside the river & followed it all day. The grass was like velvet, & the willow bushes & the rank weed in their first spring leaves of vivid green.

We saw a demoiselle crane with a mate & I broke the birds wing. It ran like a deer across the plain with the Nimrod, the two Chinese taxidermists & myself after it. Finally we headed it off & killed it with another & c[illegible]

Cranes are very shy, and a few moments later I shot a second. A big flock of swan-geese had alighted not a mile away & we rode toward them, even tho' they were on the opposite side of the stream.

We passed a crane walking about in the reeds and it paid us the slightest attention & as we rode tho we were only a few feet from

I did not shoot for I was more interested in the geese but they got up beyond range. Turning about I saw the crane still there. I wanted to see if my pony would let me shoot from its back so took a snap shot. I broke the birds leg but it flew slowly away. The pony never moved. I was about to ride away when the mongrel pointed to the ground & there were two brown, spotted eggs among the stones, without the semblance of a nest!

We packed the eggs carefully in the mongrels grain and rode on toward a sand flat covered with willow bushes where we could see several cranes walking about. I left my horse and stole toward them which were behind a bushy willow scrub. When they flew I got two with a quick right & left. Both were only winged and I had a hard chase after the birds after the first. When I finally killed it & came back for the second it was gone. After hunting about for six minutes I called to my mongrel, & there was an answering squawk from the crane a few yards to the left. It caught a flash of white as the bird ran

Lama gave caravan transit snapshots coming transit camp

among the bushes and scrambling after it, I got a snapshot which knocked it over. It wasn't yet dead and its squeaks brought two more cranes circling above my head. As they came over, I killed one dead in the air with a charge of 6's — pretty fine shot for such a big bird.

One manyal was busy about the cranes when we gallopped back to the carts and deposited the dead. The boys were glad to see the birds for we meant "chow" for everybody. These cranes are good eating altho' not as delicately flavored as the one we killed in Yunnan.

About 11 o'clock we saw a caravan approaching us from a distance. They were taking a short cut across the prairie, where there was no road, and we strung out in a long line behind a group riding ahead. Only a pilot could give an impression of the picturesqueness & brilliancy of the procession. Three Lamas, dressed in blazing yellow, rode ahead on ponies, with two red dotted Lamas behind. Then neck & neck rode four men &

me woman, mounted on camels. The woman was resplendent in a new head dress and the silver filagree cap upon her head shone in the sunlight. ~~[illegible]~~ It was a typical picture of the days of Kubla Khan! It might have been a painting from a story book of the middle ages when the Mongol court was more splendid than any the Earth has ever seen. Only a great artist could have painted it properly, in all its life and color & barbaric splendor, with its background of rolling plains themselves dressed in vivid green.

We waited beside the road and I took a photo as they passed. Then I asked them to stop & snapped a picture of the leaders. One old man became greatly interested in my spectacles and insisted on trying them on. ~~When~~ She let him look at them & amuse them while I took a photo and the old man started to ride away with them. I caught his bridle & he finally gave them up with a laugh. He probably meant it for a joke but he handled the spectacles badly.

Yes, I'd joined the caravan and

rode round the leaders, but we must have robbed it of its picturesqueness even tho we added a note of contrast. The old man who had become enamoured of of's glasses several times offered us snuff from a tiny stone bottle a second time surprised that we did not care for it. Snuff seems to be in universal use by the Mongols and was offered to us as soon as we came into the yourt last night.

All the afternoon we continued along the river valley sometimes skirting the ~~hills~~ water's edge & at others crossing the hills to avoid a precipitous slope. The plains & hills were covered with heavy grass and I had never seen a finer grazing country.

Shortly after tiffin we struck a bit of bad road and the white horse's cart got mired in a mudhole. The brute simply quit & refused to pull at all. A ~~few~~ half hour later a Mongol with five horses had joined us & rode along beside the cart. When we could not move the white horse, the Mongol offered to lend us a small bay pony to pull out the load. This hitched up the little brute and he yanked the cart out of the hole in fine shape. We then asked the Mongol if he

would be willing to swap horses. We agreed and we let the bay pony pull the cart over two or three bad hills to test him further. He seemed like a fine little fellow & we gave the Nimpsl $5 extra & our white horse. We really got the better of the trade for when the white horse has been out in the grass for a few weeks he will undoubtedly be a good animal. But we needed a horse who could do his work now and both of us were satisfied with our bargain. It was a bit of good luck finding a cart horse at the psychological moment for they are not easy to get even in the market.

We had been anxiously looking for marmots but saw only one. There were many old holes about and the Nimpsl had evidentally cleaned them all out of the country. This is a favorite winter camping ground & naturally all the game has been killed by the natives.

We saw a number of flocks of Swan geese, rooting on the sand bars & paddling about in the water. They are beautiful big fellows with a broad brown band from the back of the neck & a good deal of rufous on the face. They were not very wild and I killed one with

my short gun by slipping off my horse & walking behind the horses while I, & the Mongol rode toward the flock. All the birds are so accustomed to seeing the natives on horse back that they pay little attention to a mounted man. But a man on foot will send the flock off like a shot. Cranes were everywhere but the sixth had killed in the morning were all wounded for food at present and I did not shoot any more. Many of the cranes were in pairs feeding in the meadow and were very tame. One day we chase a magpie which was feeding near it. The bird made the most amusing & ridiculous ~~picture~~ spectacle as it hopped & flapped about after the little black & white bird which kept just out of reach.

The Mongolian sky larks were lovely as they fluttered ~~upward from the ground~~ simply spattering the air with song.

At 6 P.M. we came over the hill & saw a beautiful little green plain spread out before us beside the water. It made an ideal camp and we pitched our tents & had all everything in half an hour. I put out a line of traps in the willows & caught a mink ~~[illegible]~~ very

Sat. June 17

It was a warm morning but heavy clouds began to gather before we left camp. I caught 3 more minnows but we saw no mammals at all. We had a series of difficult hills but fortunately as soon as we left camp & did not pass the last one till 11 a.m. A strong wind blew up about 9 a.m. & gusts of rain came just at tiffin. After leaving the hills we came on to a large plain surrounded ~~with rolling ridges~~ by grass covered ridges. There was a dozen or more yurts & a little wooden temple. It was evidentally a permanent winter grazing ground. Many sheep & a few cattle were scattered over the plain & much marmot sign (red) but no mammals.

After tiffin we struck a long ~~shelf~~ ridge sand which cut across the plain ~~into~~ to the river. It was difficult going & the bitter wind & rain squalls made it ~~such~~ so disagreeable that we camped at 4.30. In the plain we saw a hundred or more demoiselle cranes & one big gray crane. I also shot ~~two~~ Eurasian geese and saw many lapwings.

Sunday June 2

Got away from camp at 6.30. The road continued through a sandy country with hills to the south (left) and a grassy plain at the right through which ran the river. A monotonous country but good grazing on the plains and many herds of sheep cattle & horses. Sports away for miles and this is undoubtedly responsible for the lack of game. During the winter the Mongols camp in the valley and kill off all the animals of every part. I have seldom seen a finer country with such a total absence of wild animal life. We saw one hare in the long grass of a sandy plain but except for the marmot we saw two days ago there has been absolutely nothing to collect in the way of mammals.

It was a monotonous day for there was no chance of shooting and no caravans passed us. Save for an occasional Mongol herder or traveller we were the only persons on the road. When one Mongols appeared they would ride with us for a short distance or if we happened to be stopping they would sit down and offer us snuff. The Mongols seem to be a wonderfully hospitable race and their frank good nature, have rivd ~~three or four times~~ very

appealing and in pleasing contrast to the Chinese. They are lazy to a degree, however, except in such work as can be done on a horse. They make poor servants for they will not exert themselves in the slightest or walk ten steps if it can be avoided. A Mongol might make an excellent cook if one gave him a horse & rode about in the kitchen.

They love such work as herding for they need not be off a horse and they certainly know how to handle animals. In place of the lasso used by our western cow boys the Mongols have a slender pole about 25 feet long with a running noose fastened at the end. With this they singlemt a horse from the herd, deftly throw the noose over his head & they lie back in the saddle & pull giving a twist to the pole now & then to tighten up the noose

About 2.30 the brown carthorse, "Peter the Great", gave up & absolutely refused to pull his load. We took Grettes chestnut pony ~~out~~ & see if he would work in the cart. It was an education to see our Mongol go about it. The pony was badly frightened.

when he was but near the cart or the Mongol hobbled him on three feet. Then swinging a rope about his hind quarters he turned him up & swung him into the shafts. Tying the bridle to the cart in front he at last had him up, and at first the pony tried to kick & plunge but soon settled down. Then the Mongol took off the hind hobble and later on the front two feet. The animal pulled fairly well & after a hour or the Mongol mounted the cart. We went on for an hour more when the Mongol rode off to some yurts far away to read the riot & inquire about the road and to find & drive the pony. It walked all right when I was leading him but when I attempted to climb on the cart the little beast kicked & plunged and after ten minutes succeeded in smashing the front of the cart. The Mongol returned at this point & we took out the pony for he was too frightened to be of further use.

We went down to the river & camped beside some yurts. It was agreed that we would need another horse if we were to go on so the Mongol rode off to see what could be done.

About ten o'clock he came in with ~~[illegible]~~ Mongol bringing a white horse. He said that 3 yrs ago it had been used ~~to~~ pull a cart and so we hitched him in. He raised Cain at first but the Mongol said he'd do so we took him at $36.

Mon. June 9. The white horse did well after a few preliminary jumps, etc and appears to be a strong animal. We went ~~thru a~~ very fairly level ground in the valley ~~fairly level valley~~ but for over 4 the south with the river 2 or 3 miles from the north. After tiffin the river swung ~~[illegible]~~ toward the road and we continued not for further it all day. The road disappeared & the road was hard & fine. At six o'clock we saw a fairly large town on the north bank of the river, with several large temples in its center ~~[illegible]~~ surrounded by the "pill-box" houses of the lamas. Yurts were scattered along the outskirts & it made a most picturesque effect.

A little above the town the road left the river & swung southward ~~along~~ toward the hills. At this point it abandons the Tola valley & crosses the mts. We camped at 7.30 beside a yurt where we expected to get information as to the further route.

Up to this time the only animals

we have seen are on market & we rat
accidentally the mongols have spilled off
everything during the winter.

Tues. June 10

It rained hard during the night & blew
so strongly that I had to get up & re-peg
tent to keep it warm. A mongol tent
such as the boys have is the only thing.
Off course he put up in a fine manner
& pretends anything a sleepy sunpa
to the wind so that it would stand any
blow. Our wall-tent is a nuisance.

We learned that there was water
for our ponies for two days, & that
afterward to avoid crossing a rivr with
the carts it was necessary to make
a long detour so that we should have
to take water with us on carts or
camels.

The gameless condition of this valle
and the fact that it would require
10 or 12 days more before we could
reach Sign Noyn Kahns place decided
us to return. In this short season
it was impertinent to waste time
in travelling but use every moment
for collecting specimens.

It was a hard decision to make
but was the only thing to be done.
Those people who think collecting
is all done might to have a few
disappointments such as this

and they would get a different idea. Sometime I hope to be able to sit in front of my own camp fire & not have to worry about "making good". It takes all the pleasure out of life when information which is not correct leads one into wasting time & money!

At one P. M. we started back with heavy hearts & camped at 6'15 at the spot where we had tiffin yesterday. On the way I shot a mallard female & a drake shoveller. These birds are breeding here as are the ruddy shell-drakes. We see many of the latter in pairs & they are very tame. Also a good many swan-geese in flocks but they are probably not breeding. Demoiselle cranes are everywhere in pairs. Yesterday we watched two cranes across the river walking about feeding. At last one of them probably the female, quietly settled down, undoubtedly upon her eggs while the male continued walking about not far away.

Lapwings are breeding and often when crossing at night marsh the pretty birds flying about just overhead in such evident distress that their eggs must be near by.

The second day from Uliga I shot a female bustard with my rifle but this is the only one we have seen. Several other species of plover have been performing their matrimonial antics along the river and today we saw a numerous black capped terns similar to those I shot at Uliga. Yellow headed wagtails are plentiful as also the black & white wagtail, I saw two small ducks today - probably teal but I could not positively identify them.

Yesterday we passed several caravans of ox & camel carts loaded with grants & supplies. They were mostly families moving their belongings from their winter quarters along the river to other grazing grounds for the summer. Many the camel carts were all closed in with felt like a lighthouse on wheels.

Wed. June 11 Last night we camped on a hill & we spent the night was a veritable camp, & a perfect night. The moon set was marvelous, the whole western sky being flooded with blushed light. After the light the moon disappeared, after the carts started at 2.30 a.m. and we rode along the river. I shot a long bean goose, the only one we have seen

so far. Also a flock of redhead ducks alighted in a pond and I got nearly them. We saw during the day probably 150 ruddy shell drakes. They were usually in pairs and accordingly tame, letting us come within 30 feet very often. Their beautiful rufous feathers, black wings & white heads show with startling vividness against the green grass. The bills are all bending and show such numerous very often when we approach them that their nests must be near by. They are nearing little pond in the low lands & swampy places & less often on the river itself. I watched two feeding today & was surprised to see them "tip up" exactly like a mallard.

On the P.M. I shot a beautiful swan goose. This species is a fine large goose, larger than the bean goose. Its back is dark gray & the wings very light gray or the reverse. The breast is tinged with ruffous & there is much rufous about the face & head. Down the back of the neck is a brown band, one inch wide. The bill is black large & very swan-like.

I have seen several in pairs today but when we come up they rose

all in flocks. Many lapwings, & also
evidently with nests for they would
fly about excitedly just above
our heads giving their plaintive call
I swam the river to get the gun & I
shot what a hard fight I had to get back
with the bird for the current was
like a mill race. We camped
at 6 P.M. –

Thurs. June 12 & Fri. June 13 Both days were beautiful until 9 A.M.
& raining until 1 P.M. We rode along
by the river shooting as we went.
I got six geese – 2 brown & 4 gray
geese with a white neck & black band
head which I do not know. The
days were uneventful.

Sat. June 14 Yesterday I rode ahead of the carts
and arrived at Maya at noon. We
went to Anderson Thayers place &
put up with Mr. Olsen & family
We were all tired & right glad of a rest
& rest

Sunday June 15 Have been busy all day repacking &
getting ready for an early start tomorrow.
Caught the Mongol stealing sugar and
fired him – got Wedy Larsen's Mongols –
a young lama. Went north Larsen &
see the Minister & the interpreter this P.M.
He lives for the summer in a yurt
on the hill side overlooking the city.

Sunday June 16 Got away at 6 A.M. Then travelled up the valley & swung off on the Kalgan road & lots of water from recent rains - Every P.M. rains hard - but in A.M. Today was beautiful & altho some thunder no rain - At the Russian bridge across the Tola saw a pair of swan geese & 6 young - the red birds would only leave the young when we were a few feet away - Tried to photo them but a Russian in a cart frightened them. Caught 2 young - wonderful how they would hide even tho not more than a week old & could run nearly as fast as I could. These are fuzzy little fellows covered with slate green down. Had lippen at bridge & in P.M. went on down the valley & struck across the hills - Beautiful with forest clad slopes of Bogdo-ul mountains & rolling hills on the left - Saw first mammots 25 miles from Urga - rifle shooting & night I killed none - camped at 5:30 beside a little pond - Also found was pair of shell duck (ruddy) with one young - SWITH - little fellow could dive & swim like old ones aide only a few days old - beautiful night

Tuesday June 17

At this camp we saw several gophers Citellus sp with long tails very similar to those I had obtained on the way up. They appeared about 3 miles before we reached this camp (or 20 mi from Uriga) They continued for about 3 mi more further & then we saw no more. It looks as if they occupied a very restricted area. They apparently do not live in villages but we saw them all singly & considerable distances from each other.

We had a magnificent day with a brilliant sun & a light breeze which kept it fine & not too warm. Saw hundreds of marmots but my sights were so bad that I got none. I do not seem to be able to get the sight to shooting accurately. How I wish I had my Mannlicher!

At two o'clock we climbed over the last long hill and came up on the plateau proper. From the summit of the rise we could see half a dozen pools of water flashing in the sunlight and away to the right tucked away among the hills lay a little temple surmounted by a cluster of yurts which in the distance looked like giant beehives.

Our mirzaji rode ahead & learned that this was the last water for 35 miles, so perforce we camped at the far end of the plain, away from the yurts. It was a beautiful spot with the hills rolling away on either side of us and the

plain stretching away in front ~~with the road~~ cut in halves by the white line of the road. When the tents were up, I set with the Mingo and ~~at~~ away with a bag of steel traps ~~to~~ set for marmots. Within 30 yards of camp we saw our first ones. When they had disappeared into the holes, we carefully put a trap in place & anchored it with an iron tent peg. I did not dare put in a drag for I had no wamphus & a stick would have been pulled into the hole. I sent them & hung the two taxidermists out with a bag of wooden traps to see what they could find. We finished our work at seven o'clock while the sun was still high and came in to dinner. We were both tired for setting steel traps is not an easy job. We had eighteen out in 9 different places.

~~When dinner was over we~~ We had dinner at the entrance to the tent, ~~before~~ we could look out on the velvet-green hills, to the west & ~~gathe last~~ we warmed by the last rays of the sun. It was a perfect night without a breath of wind and with a golden light flooding all the plain.

At 7.30, after a smoke over our coffee, we went out with the boys to see what they had placed their traps. We found

many mustus turnds are spike
animals in a trap. Also Yuette
discovered a spike large wooden traps
dragged half way into a hole with a
baby marmot safely caught. He was
a little fellow about seven inches long
covered with soft yellow-white fur.
We turned in at 9 o'clock.

Wed. June 18 This morning before we were up the
Mongol came to the tent door to tell us
that a marmot was in one of our traps.
We dressed hurridly and ran on to the
place but found that the animal had
pulled himself loose before we arrived.
While we was resetting the trap, the
Mongol saw a marmot ~~appear~~ run for a moment
the summit of a mound and then
disappear. We had a trap there & sure
enough he was fast in a big double
spring trap, by the right fore leg. He was
well down in the hole half around a
curve & it took every ounce of my
strength to drag him out, I never
knew that an animal of its size
could be so strong. He was a huge
~~Adult~~ male in fine pelage, with
his yellowish hair still uncurl.
A few hundred yards away was another
trap in which we had a female &
four other traps were sprung. It requires
a heavy double spring to hold these

animals and the single spring were
to be useless.

If was prospecting about while I
was resetting the traps and discovered
six baby marmots playing on the grass
on top of a mound. Unfortunately
I had not brought my gun & could not
get them, so we went into breakfast.
Chen & Kang had caught two muskrats
& a beautiful Kangaroo rat. ~~The hot~~
The animal had a 7½ inch tail ending
in a tuft of black hairs like the feathers
on an arrow. His enormous ears and
long legs with the tiny ~~front~~ legs gave him
an extraordinary appearance, exactly
like that of a diminutive kangaroo. The
gray fur is long & exceedingly soft while
the belly is pure white. Some Nunigals
told us that there were many of them
in the hills near the Tenmile.

After breakfast I, with Lock went around
more traps ~~and~~ found another male
marmot. If also saw the young again
and ~~dre~~ not bring with the gun. Six little
fellows were playing about like kittens
on top of a grassy mound about the size,
~~they~~ looked like little balls of yellow fur
& were too cunning for words as they
frolicked on the green grass. It took
considerable nerve to stop their play but
I had to harden my heart & fire ~~[illegible]~~ for

we needed specimens for a family group in the museum. I got two with the first shot and there was no time for a second as they disappeared like a flash.
The marmots now are just beginning to lose the pretty yellow fur with which they emerge from their holes in the spring. ~~The tips of the hairs become dark off as the summer advances and leaves the dirty white underfur.~~
~~The marmots raise a large mound about~~ their holes, ~~which~~ and have sometimes eight or ten entrances to the main burrow. These mounds are ~~always covered~~ with fresh green grass which is conspicuous in the surrounding plain. The fossil earth which is disturbed probably gives the grass
Chea caught a fine kangaroo rat (Alactaga [The Mongol name is Alactaka] and a hamster beside a new microtus. We got two more marmots during the day — & several little ones. Unfortunately a dog stole the three large marmot skins from under the tent right beside the boy's bed.

Thurs. Jan 19 Today we had a hundred kilometers across a great flat plain and did not reach the next well until 8 p.m. We saw a goodly many marmots and shot three. While we were setting

I saw a large bird running along the ground some distance to the right. Riding toward it it suddenly disappeared as tho the ground had swallowed it whole. We were not more than twenty feet away when I saw a suspicious looking mound of what appeared to be dirt. Looking more closely I saw it was the bustard flattened out in the short grass with its neck outstretched. When the bird saw we had discovered it the got up & ran slowly away. I fired at him with a ✱ 9 shot but he was too far & flew off. It was evidently a female & must have had a nest nearby for usually bustards are extremely wild & will not allow a man nearer than 100 yds. Though a large bird managed to conceal itself so completely in the short grass in a remarkable compliancy to their surroundings of each protection.

It was a raw dark & miserable

Jan 28 morning of rain when we left camp. The carts got away about 7.30 and we took to the hills to the east of the road, riding along the summits in the hope that we might see antelope. Farren had told us that the plain we had crossed the day before was the first place where we might reasonably expect to see antelope, & indeed our Nangat had seen 2 of running across

the trail and the late afternoon while we were away.

If we had not gone more than an hour from camp ~~where I dow~~ and had climbed to the summit of the highest rise then I sat down for a look over the country with the glasses. The hills were low with shallow valleys between them & beginning at the left I slowly swung about examining every inch of the ground. Directly in front of us was the converging end of two small valleys into a larger one and as my glasses swept it, I saw a half dozen yellow-red forms in its very bottom ~~the~~ about 2 miles away. They were antelope & quietly feeding. In a few minutes I made out ten more close together and then two off at the right. Mutt had a look and then we sat down to plan the stalk. We figured that we could cross the two small ~~valley~~ depressions which debouched into the main valley and swing around behind the hill crest ~~between~~ nearest to the antelope. But even then we would be 400 or 500 yards from the animals. It was the best we could do and I hoped that they might move nearer to us before we reached them.

We trotted slowly across the depressions where we were in sight of the antelope for even tho they were two miles away

simply moving figures might have startled them enough to put them on the alert. When we had passed beyond their sight I shook out the reins over "Kublai Kahn's" neck and we swung around at full gallop under the protection of the hill crest. In a short time we had reached a point ~~behind~~ where I could crawl over the hill top for a look with the glasses, but the antelope were no where in sight. We galloped on for a quarter of a mile and leaving off. Withdrew the horses I went over the summit of the hill, leaving my rifle in its scabbard. It was fatal mistake for ~~the~~ I suddenly came upon the animals directly under me & not 200 yards away. I dropped ~~flat to~~ the ground & flattened out in the grass but as the animals must have seen me running my way back to the horses for when I next came on the hill top they had moved a hundred yards out into the valley and every head was in my direction. When I rose to my knees ~~to shoot~~ they were off like a flash of yellow light across the valley. I fired three times but did not get the range for they were nearly 400 yds away. ~~The herd~~

The herd turned on the opposite hill side ~~and~~ slowed down & trotted up the valley. I went back to the horses very much disgusted and off I watched them rather sulkily.

Suddenly four of the antelope detached themselves from the main herd and started across the valley toward the riders we were on. When we saw that they were really well started in our direction we threw ourselves into the saddles and dashed forward to cut them off. Almost instantly the antelope increased their speed and simply flew up the hill slope.

I yelled to Yuette to watch the horses and shook out the reins on Kublai Khan's neck. He had already seen the antelope and when I gave him his head he flattened out and shot off like a bullet. I could feel his great muscles working between my knees but otherwise there seemed hardly a motion of his body in the long smooth run. Standing up in my stirrups I watched for the barbs match to Yuette who was setting her chestnut as lightly as a butterfly. Her hat was gone, her hair streaming but the thrill of it all was in every line of her body and she was running me a close second, hardly thirty feet behind.

I saw a marmot here in front of me but we were on it in a flash. Another green patch ahead

I knew concealed a death trap & marauding shoved ahead & I swung Kubai to the right. Another & another followed but the horse was nothing like a cat & leaped ~~over the stepped~~ every danger spot. The antelope were well up the hill, strung out in a line almost across our path. It was the fatal attraction which seemed to draw them irristibly in a semi-circle about their persuer.

We had made a magnificent run & they were not more than 200 yds. away when I pulled in my horse. As I scrambled off with my left hand I drew the rifle from its scabbard and came into action. The first shot struck low & behind but it gave me the range & at the second the rear most animal stopped & began to run wildly about in a circle. He was plainly hit but I missed him twice & he disappeared onto a swell of ground.

I had dropped my reins on the ground when I began to shoot & Yvette had my pony. Jumping into the saddle we tore after the wounded antelope. He was not to be seen when we topped the rise but I saw a wheat & that was the antelope far away to the left running downhill. I had gone a hundred yards after it when I discovered that it was a marmot. I was just slowing up

when I heard Yvette screaming frantically behind me and saw her dashing at full speed to the left where the antilope was lying down. I saw the animal was not dead quarred to her approach. She let me come up and I dismounted to be ready if the animal should run. There was just one more shell in my gun & my pockets were empty: it was the last chance to get the antilope. I fired again at 50 yds & the animal rolled over dead.

I waited for Yvette & together we walked up to the beautiful orange-yellow form lying in the yellow grass. We both saw its horns at the same instant & hugged each other in delight for we had not known it was a buck. At this time of the year the bucks are usually alone and one will seldom be found with the does except in the largest herds. This one was in full summer pelage, its new hair spotless & unworn.

Yvette held Kubla Khan's head while I hoisted the buck to his back and strapped it behind the saddle. He watched proceedings interestedly but without a tremor and even when I mounted & started off at a trot he paid not the slightest attention to the head dangling on his flanks. Without prompt prance

would stand for that but Kubai enters so completely into the spirit of a hunt that he never seems to mind what I do, except to approach him from the rear with my gun. That always starts him off, for once I frightened him unintentionally by poking him in the hip. Mongol ponies will never stand unless they are hobbled and Kubai is no exception to that rule, so Juette watches him while I shoot. The shooting itself, even from his back, bothers him no more than as tho' it was a buzzing fly.

While I jogged along with the antelope M. galloped down the valley to strip the carts & find where ~~the~~ we could camp at the nearest water. We were both thrilled with the excitement of the hunt and happy beyond measure. I have had many kinds of shooting but none which compares with this. Hunting antelope from a motor car is exciting for the moment but it is not sport. The animals do not have a sporting chance for unless the ground is rough we can be certain of coming up to within fair range. But from horseback it is a different matter. The antelope can run twice as fast as the best horse. There is always the minimum possibility, & even probability, that your ~~horse~~ horse will put his foot into a marmot hole & send you flying over his head & ~~[illegible]~~ a broken neck ~~[illegible]~~ when

we does get near enough to shoot the range is always long (from 200 to 400 yds) and at a target which is simply flying. So the dances are all in favor of the antelope except for the modern long range style. That helps to balance the score.

But from the standpoint of pure sport, skill, & excitement there is nothing to equal it in my opinion. First one has the joy of riding a good horse under trail & if the pony really enters into the hunt as Kilbai Khan does, it is half the game. The danger from the wild ride adds more than delicacy, & the wild thrill of excitement when one loses the reins & is fairly off is beyond words to describe. It must be something like an old time cavalry charge when one rode down the enemy at full gallop.

Five miles down the road we found water a mile back on the plain. It was a deep well and we camped some distance from it to be nearer the marmothles. There were a half dozen yourts scattered on the plain and their inhabitants rode over to see us during the day. A picturesque clothed fellow would ride up at a gallop, slide off his horse & hobble it almost with one motion, and walk up to our tent. With a "sai" he would squat on the ground & usually offer his snuff bag.

They were curious to a certain extent but never
unpleasantly so, a marked pleasant contrast to the
Chinese in this respect. The men and women too for
that matter, do smell like the devil but since
there is plenty of ventilation in a tent they
are not so bad. A few hours after our tents
were up the old mandarin who occupied the
nearest yurt rode over to pay his respects
& brought a bowl of chuza milk curd as a present.
I returned a couple of packages of cigarettes
which he accepted with evident pleasure.
When they wish to express satisfaction
and when a person is leaving these
mongolians as they we have seen, would put
up the thumb. The same thing was a custom
in Yun-nan. It is interesting to note
that in Greece the "thumbs up" was a feature
of the chariot contests.

My P.M. I put out a number of marmot
traps in the holes near our tents. Our
little Lama mongol went with us & it
was a pleasure to see his enthusiasm
& interest in the proceedings. I have
never seen a harder or more enthusiastic
worker & the way he went gaums to mark
the traps, stopped up the holes and brought
dirt in his shoe to cover the traps was
a delight.

It had cleared off during the P.M.
and we had a glorious sunset.
The sun did not disappear until 7.30 and

left a glorious after glow of gold & red. We did not need to light our candles until 8.30 and read for half an hour before we went to sleep.

Sat. June 21. We woke at 5 a.m. with a delightful sense of anticipation of what the day held in store for us. After a breakfast of pancakes we rode out to examine our traps. Four marmots was the bag and every trap had been either sprung or held an animal. On one the marmot had gnawed off his leg & gotten away. On another we found only a tiny nail & in another a patch of yellow fur. It is wonderful how the big marmots can hold on & if they get around a corner in the hole it is well nigh impossible to drag them out. We saw at least twenty little fellows while we were at the traps & ~~caught~~ shot three before they slipped into the hole. Chen & Kang caught 3 hamsters, pretty ~~gray~~ little fellows with a dark strip down the middle & yellow gray back & furred feet. Also they had a Tamerkus which is quite unlike the one we got at our last camp.

After I had measured the small mammals M. & I rode north east of our camp with the Lama. The sun was well up

[illegible]

but it was only comfortably warm. The plain rolled away in great ~~swelling~~ billows like the long swells of the ocean and at every rise I stopped for a moment & scanned the horizon with my glasses. One would hardly believe that the country ~~is~~ so rolling until we rides over it. almost nowhere it is absolutely flat and at every few hundred yards there is a depression deep enough to hide an antelope.

We were only about half an hour from camp when we suddenly came upon a herd of antelope six or seven hundred yards away. They saw us instantly as we trotted up to the summit of the land-swell and stood looking fixedly in our direction. Instantly we swung about till we were out of sight. Then we directed the Lame to ride around behind them & try & drive them in our direction. In the meanwhile we were to circle about ~~in~~ under cover of the hill crest & try to get in front of them.

We had hardly begun to trot when we heard a snort & knew that the animals were off. Concealment was useless now so we put our horses into a gallop and came up into full view. There was the herd in the valley below & to the right of us skirting

along at full speed. With a shout to Yuette I threw the reins over Kublai Khan's neck and we were off like the wind. Y. was close beside me, leaning far over her horse's neck.

Heading diagonally toward the herd I saw them begin to swing toward us, like a band of steel drawn by a powerful magnet. On & on we went, down into a hollow & up again on its slope. It was an abrupt rise & we could not spare the horses for the antelope were already over the crest & lost to view. Our ponies took the hill with hardly a loss of speed & at the summit we saw the ~~antelope~~ herd just swinging across our line, 200 yds away.

I had my rifle out & held high in my right hand. Kublai slowed a second to a stop when he felt the pressure on the reins & I threw my self from his back just as the antelope were beginning to turn away from us. At the first shot I saw a spurt of dust in front of the ~~[illegible]~~ second animal & leading a little further for the next shot I pulled the trigger. The antelope dropped like a piece of white paper, shot thru' the neck. Two other shots were misses & by then the herd was out of range, & going like the wind.

Throwing myself on to my pony I galloped up to the dead antelope. It was a beautiful doe, without a mark or scratch upon her body except ~~where~~ a bright red spot where my bullet had entered her neck.

The herd had stopped half a mile away & leaving it, to mark the spot where the dead animal lay in the green grass, I gave them another run but my horse was too near spent to bring me within possible range. Kubai did not like it when I came up behind him with my gun & trotted off. We tried to catch him but every time he kept just beyond my reach & finally I signalled to Yoweth to come to my assistance. She caught him without difficulty but I should have had a long chase alone.

It taught us a valuable lesson, which was never to go out to hunt alone if it is possible not to do so. If one's pony runs away one may be left alone miles from water with serious consequences. I think there is nothing which makes one feel more helpless than to be alone on the plains, without a horse. For miles & miles there is only the rolling grass land with never a house to break the horizon. ~~One feels so~~ It seems so futile to walk, so utterly useless for one's own legs carry one so slowly & such a pitifully short distance in these vast spaces. There is one other sensation which is exactly similar. That is to be left alone in an open boat out of sight of land. There is the same feeling of utter helplessness, with only one's arms ~~to follow~~ with which to row. One feels so very, very small and one

realizes then what an insignificant part of nature we really is. I have had it too amid vast mountains when I have been toiling up a peak which stretched thousands of feet above me with others ~~just as high rising~~ rearing their majestic forms on every side. Then nature seems almost alive, full of menace, a thing to be fought and conquered by brain & will!

Sense

Another thing which we learned early in our life on the plains was how easy it is to lose one's way. Every rise looks exactly like the others and in all the vast sea of land there seems never a mark to serve as a guide. After a time, however, there comes to one a land sense. The Mongols have it to an extraordinary degree. We could drop an antelope on the plain & leave it for an hour or two. With a quick glance around he would fix the spot in his mind by some marvellous instinct and dash off with us on a chase which might carry us back & forth in circles & toward every point of the compass. When it was time & return he would head unerringly for that single spot on the plain and take us back as straight as an arrow. At first he used to laugh at us when we were completely lost, but gradually we learned ourselves to note the sun & ground, taking a hillock or a rise of ground to act as guide. But why by years of training could can we hope

to even approximate the mongrels. They have been born reared on the plains and have inherited generations of ancestors behind them whose very life depended upon their ability to go and come on the ~~[illegible]~~ pathless plains. The hills & sun & grass & sand have all become the street signs of the desert.

In the afternoon I, & the Lama rode out toward our hunt of the morning & located an antelope which a mongrel had reported as dead not far away. I remained in camp & supervised the skinning of the other animals and at 6 o'clock they came galloping back & say there were two antelope in the hills not far away.

I saddled Kublai Khan and left with them at once. We galloped for twenty minutes & then came slowly up the crest of a rise. There on the edge of a plain about 3-400 yds away were the animals quietly feeding. It was ~~fast~~ possible for a stalk with a long range shot and I slipped off my horse, & flattened out on the ground. Sometimes on my knees, sometimes on my stomach I worked my way through the grass for 100 yds. The cover ended there and I must shoot or come into plain view of the antelope.

They were so far away that ~~my~~ front sight entirely covered the animal and to make it more difficult they were walking

slowly, heads to the ground. My first shot was low & to the right, & the antelope only jumped & stared fiercely in my direction. That gave me a better opportunity and throwing in another shell, I fired again. ~~Down~~ went one animal & the other flew with the speed of an arrow straight away. I sent a bullet after its white rump patch but the shot was hopeless.

The Tama made a seat for himself on his pony's haunches ~~behind the saddle~~ with a blanket and ~~throwing~~ threw the antelope across his saddle, ~~we turned to the camp. The sun had set and~~ with the afterglow painting the sky ~~in streaks of crimson & gold~~ in streaks we turned back to camp with the afterglow of the sun which painted the sky in streaks of crimson & gold. The night air was like a draught of wine after the heat of the day's sun and brought to our nostrils ~~and~~ the fragrance of the new born grass.

Sunday June 22

Our ~~days~~ hunt was unsuccessful but full of excitement. We ~~[illegible]~~ found antelope on the edge of the plain where I shot the one last night but they were hopelessly wild & I did not get a shot. I did make a splendid stalk however, on what I first was a feeding antelope — & proved to be a marmot. ha

In this clear air with absolutely nothing to use for comparison, small objects stand out with startling distinctness and seem of huge proportions. Time after time we have

all of us mistaken marmots for antelope — animals
twice their size. Yet one day mistake an
eagle for me on horseback and often I have thought
a dog was a camel. It is the clear air, the
flat plain and the lack of any ~~comparison~~ other
object, even a tree or a bush, for comparison which
is responsible for the illusion. Thus one is
~~continually~~ continually mistaking the distance
away which the game is while hunting. Usually one
underestimates for ~~one~~ an ordinary plain
here, an antelope is visible for 1000 yards.
At 500 yds. he seems as large as he would at
100 yds. in the mountains or forest.

However, one sometimes over estimates the
distance because one has continually in mind
the fact that the opposite must be guarded against.
So it was with me when we did find antelope
about seven o'clock. I saw a single animal
in a hollow opposite us & while we
galloping around under cover of the crest
we suddenly came upon two feeding in
the valley right below us. They were really
only about 200 yds away but with the thought
in my mind of the usual ~~underestimating~~
distance, I thought they were probably about 400 yds.
and held a little above the one I fired at. Result,
I missed the easiest shot I have had in
Mongolia.

They swung away to the right while we
came around the hill to look for the one we saw
we originally stalking. It had joined

a herd and was far away beyond range.
Following it we found several other herds and had some hard gallops but without success. But even this, the day did not yield us game we must back to camp ~~with~~ tingling with the excitement of the hunt and almost glad of our non-success for it made us all the keener for the next days hunt.

Monday June 23 We were up early today for we had put out a long line of traps the night before. Holes were put up for ptarmigan for the tail was very sandy & not good for small mammals but we had spotted the plain with traps wherever there was the slightest chance of success.
We got eight or ten hamsters and two Microtus. The hamsters are charming little grey fellows short & dumpy & almost without a tail. They are protected from the cold by extraordinarily thick soft fur, and their tiny feet are covered with fur even on the soles. They are interesting as being survivors of the hamsters which migrated into Europe from Siberia during the Glacial period. With their short legs it is impossible for them to run fast and they are easily caught. I got one in my hands last night while we were putting out the traps.
In one of the steel traps which we

had set in a marmot hole we were surprised & delighted to find a polecat. It was a remarkable beautiful animal covered with long soft yellow & black fur. These animals belong to the genus of weasels (Mustela) & I have seldom seen such an incarnation of fury and savagery as this animal presented. It looked like the original of the Chinese dragon except for its small size. Its long slender body twisted & turned with incredible quickness, every hair was on end, and its snarling little face emitted horrible squeaks and spitting squeals. It seemed to be cursing one with every inch of its body.

The fierce little beast was evidentally bent upon a night raid ~~upon~~ on a marmot family when our trap cut it short. One can easily imagine what consternation & fright the little beast would throw a nest of marmots comfortably snuggled up for the night in the bottom of their burrow. Probably the young marmots were its especial desiderata and it would undoubtedly make away with an entire family of six or eight in a few minutes for it has the pleasant little habit of biting into their throats & sucking the blood. All the weasel family kill for the pure joy of killing

and it is said that they will entirely depopulate a hen roost in a single night if left to themselves.

We caught several marmots and it was ten o'clock before we finally got away for our hunt because all the animals ~~had to~~ must be measured & numbered so that the two Chinese taxidermists could begin work.

We decided to hunt to the west of camp and on the way to the hills we saw what appeared to be two antelope shot far from the tents. I dropped off my pony and with the glass saw that our antelope were bustards.

I was in hopes of getting another male with its remarkable throat sac developed, as in the one Cotthan shot in route to Urga and when we were 15 yds away I gave a careful look with the binoculars. I could see no difference in them & so decided to take the rearmost one. At my shot it dropped like lead but I was disappointed to find that it was a female. Of course the other flew off, & gave me time for a second shot.

Sending the Lama back to camp with the bird we continued on to the hills. He rejoined us shortly and

when we had reached the highest ridge I stopped to take a look over the country.

Almost at once I saw a herd of eight antelope feeding on the crest of a little hill fully a mile away. I waited until they had worked over the summit & disappeared, meanwhile planning the stalk. I could see that a shallow depression swung around in the direction which they had gone & when I was again in my pony we galloped into it & kept in its bottom.

The creek bed, for such it was, took us just where we wanted to go and in 15 minutes, the Sioux who was in front, suddenly slipped off his horse and signed for us all to dismount. I crawled up the gentle slope and there not 200 yards away was the herd, quietly feeding.

Their heads were down & in my anxiety for a shot before they took fright I fired quickly & missed. They were look like a flash but ~~at~~ on I threw in another shell & picked the rearmost animal. As its head appeared on the line of sight I fired & it went down in a heap.

~~The~~ By the time I had fired twice more unsuccessfully, the antelope

were out of range. I turned my attention to the one which had fallen first in time & see it ~~gets~~ suddenly jump to its feet & dash after the herd as tho nothing had happened.

I ran back to the horses, shook out the reins over Kuolal Khan's neck and we were off with the Lama & Sputtle close behind. Three of the antelope separated from the others & as they swung about so that they would come nearer to us we turned after them.

They ran up a hill and as we thundered up the slope we suddenly found ourselves among a mass of loose rocks. It was madness to go on but the antelope were close in front & that that only was in our minds. I jumped off my pony just as Sputtle dashed along side & fired twice but missed.

Off to the left we could see the Lama & his little gray pony tearing along behind the other animals. They disappeared over the hill top and we galloped up to rejoin him. On the spot we saw the Shield, Lama off his pony dodging this way & that close in the bulk of an antelope. It was the one I had wounded & which he

had followed. By the time we arrived it was evident that the Lama could not catch the antelope on foot & I put Kurbai Khan into a gallop after it. It was wonderful to see my pony twist & turn after the animal without a touch of the rein. He knew what we were after as well as I did and I had to watch myself to keep in the saddle when he would suddenly side step to keep his nose behind the animal.

In a short time the antelope gave up & lay down so that I could kill it with my knife. When the Lama rejoined us we found that this little gray pony had stepped in a hole during the chase and badly lamed himself, so with the antelope strapped behind my saddle I & I went in to camp leaving him to follow.

On the way we saw a lone buck antelope with the heavy animal on the saddle my gun & myself, a load which must have been well over 200 lbs. My gallant pony gave it a hard chase up hill. The animal did not give us a shot however for it always managed to keep a rise of ground between us & himself.

Tuesday June 24 In the morning we went out early with a Mongrel who had guaranteed to show us a wolf den. Mr Lama carried the carcass of an antelope which it was to poison & that two traps, we found the hole, about 5 miles away, & fresh hair upon the rocks showed that it had unquestionably been occupied by a wolf, but the sign was by no means fresh. Therefore, we had small hopes of getting a wolf altho' we set the traps & put out the poisoned carcass.

We saw a number of antelope but they were all single bucks & very wild.

Wed. June 25 We had a hard day's hunt & a disappointing one for the antelope would not let us approach near enough for a decent shot. They had evidentally been too much hunted this & we decided to move camp. We got two more polecats on the marmot holes.

Thurs. June 26 We rose at 4 A.M. but did not get away till 7. It seems impossible to get away one to move after a long stay in camp. The old Mongrel whose ranch is near us asked us to come for a cup of tea when we left so we rode over while the carts kept to the road. The interior of the ranch was so dirty, the preparations for tea were so unpromising, that we excused ourselves on the grounds of

having to regain our carts. We photographed the old man & his family which pleased them immensely, and made off carrying with us several pieces of ~~these~~ with which the Mongol had presented us. It was hardly edible, however, to people so hungry as we were & we threw it away as soon as we were out of sight of the yurt.

The day of travelling was uneventful & rather disappointing for we had hoped to see antelope & never caught sight of one. The reason was apparent for there were numerous yurts along the way & many herds of sheep & horses. When there are many herds we can be sure that there will not be antelope. All day we kept along the hills, through beautiful rolling country but gameless save for 3 rabbits.

We camped at night not far from three or four yurts where one of the Chinese motor companies keep a supply of gasoline for their cars.

Friday June 27

During the a.m. the country continued gameless but shortly after tiffin we passed a well near the road where we had camped the last night on our way to Urga. About three miles beyond I saw a single antelope on the plain & tried unsuccessfully to stalk it. Seeing that it was useless we decided to gallop after it and get it & cross in front of

camels, sheep

us. It turned beautifully and Kubla Khan simply flew. I think he was quite as fast. The antelope was about 250 yds away when I slipped from my horse and fired. The first bullet caught it squarely in the neck & it ~~went down~~ wilted like a wet rag.

I fastened it to the behind my saddle and we trotted on after the carts which were several miles ahead.

I forgot to say that in the bottom of the well where we got water there was thick ice even tho it is now nearly July 1st. The nights have all been cold. We left our fur sleeping bags at Urga but we have really needed them. While the sun is out it is very hot (about 85°) but the moment the sun is under a cloud one needs a coat. And at night we have to dress up as for an arctic expedition.

In Nan the extremes of temperature were very great but nothing like it is here in Mongolia. Our blue fly for the tent has been delightful & even in the hottest days we have been wonderfully cool under it.

When M. & I had regained the carts we trotted along parallel with the road for a few miles. Suddenly we saw Fo on top of the cart frantically waving to us. We galloped up and he ran out to

met us, trembling with excitement and almost inarticulate. "Too many antelope" he managed to get out "Over there — too many too many!"

I jumped off my pony & put up the glasses. Sure enough there were animals but I thought they must be sheep or horses. Hundreds of them were in sight, feeding in a vast herd & in many smaller ones. I realized however, that we were far out on the great plain, north of Turin & that there was no water for 18 miles. Therefore they could not be horses. I put the glasses up again & this time, there could be no mistake. They really were antelope. Hundreds upon hundreds of them feeding quietly or trotting about from one group to another. I had heard of this from Larsen & in Sept. last had myself seen a moving hillside which proved to be a herd of at least 500 antelope. Here at last was what we had been hoping for.

~~His excitement~~ was not alone in his excitement from that moment on and as I looked at my sight & saw that the magazine was full & the sights properly adjusted my hands were trembling. In a moment we trotted off. There was no possibility of concealment for the plain was in gentle waves for miles around. We had to ~~approach at those waves that they should be~~

We trotted slowly at first ~~for~~ obliquely toward the ~~main~~ largest mass of animals. One must never go directly ~~off~~ toward antelope and must not go quickly at first. The animals see a horseman long before he sees them, of course, but so many mingles are continually galloping about that the antelope will not run off immediately.

~~When~~ The animals threw up their heads when we were perhaps half a mile away & stood looking at us, nervously trotting about, stamping & running a few steps only & again stop & stare at us. We kept steadily on for perhaps a quarter of a mile. Then they made up their minds that the danger coming toward them was really imminent, and off they started in a long line.

~~With a shout I flung~~ Then I gave Kubla Khan the rein, swung sharply to the right & cut across their course, and we were away. My pony had seen the animals long ago & was nervously pulling at the bit throwing his head up, with ears erect anxious to be off.

When at last I gave him the word, ~~down~~ he gathered his legs for a terrific bound forward, down went his head, and he darted forward putting every ounce of strength behind his flying leg. His great muscles rippled between my knees

but his ~~mat~~ run was as smooth as tho it had been on the ground. It ~~had my~~ the One only I glanced back at Yuette. She was coming like a bird on her chestnut pony. Her hair had loosened & it was flying back like a veil behind her head. She was the incarnation of Diana the huntress, Tense with excitement, heedless of all but those shining yellow forms before her.

It was useless to look for holes. Ere I had seen we we were over or around it & my pony's keenness was my only hope. His head was low, muzzle out & he needed not the slightest touch of my hand to guide him. He knew where he was going, what for, and how to do it & get there!

Perhaps four hundred antelope were flying along diagonally across our course. The remainder had scattered into groups of fifty or 100 and were going in many directions. We were almost near enough to shoot & gaining rapidly. In another moment we would be almost on the herd. Then they did the unexpected and suddenly changed their course, running directly away from us.

This was fatal for my hopes for it is as useless to follow a herd of antelope on a mahorse as it would be to chase an aeroplane in an automobile. Moreover, why their white rump patches are provided

as a target and Heaven knows they are small enough objects to shoot at when they are broadside on & going like the wind.

As soon as the herd turned I pulled in my pony & threw myself ~~on the~~ to my knees, rifle up. The antelope were huddled in such a cloud of yellow dust that it was impossible to distinguish ~~a single~~ an individual animal; I knew it was hopeless but the temptation was too great & emptied the magazine of my rifle into that yellow cloud. Of course, I got nothing! One ~~seldom~~ does when one shoots ~~en masse~~ at a flock of birds, or animals, without ~~fr~~ singling out a target.

The herd ran only half a mile & stood again. As we looked about we could see antelope on every side. The whole plain was dotted with herds of from 10 to 100 & groups of two or three. It was only a question of which we wished to own.

I loaded my rifle again & gave the pony a few moments rest. He stood dejectedly with hanging sides & drooping head seeming to voice my own disappointment that the herd had escaped without the loss of a single animal after his gallant effort.

We turned to another herd of 200 or more 6 or 700 yards to the south and had another run as unsuccessful as the first. Then a third & fourth. The animals would not cross our path but invariably turned to run directly away from us after half a mile or so, and the dust cloud which envelopped them made it impossible to distinguish individual antelope. With all it was disappointing work and we turned back to the road for more shells irritated & disconsolate.

M. was exhausted after the excitement of the day and I persuaded her to climb in a cart & let the mongol ride her pony. Our horses were both dead tired and I expected only to try to stalk individual animals & leave the big herds alone. It was almost seven o'clock when the mongol & I rode away from the road toward the west.

Within half a mile we saw a mass of spots, dark against the lowering sun, and with my glasses I saw that they were antelope. The first herd, of probably 2000, M. & I had driven to the north but here were at least 1000 more. It seemed as tho' all the antelope in Mongolia had gathered on the plain for our benefit.

This time we took a new device in order to save our horses. Finding

a moment here behind a clump of high grass, I sent the mongrel in a long circle to get behind the herd & try to drive them toward where I lay. After burrowing into the excavation until I was well concealed & fringing my hat with grass I watched the herd ~~with~~ thru' the binoculars. They were feeding & moving slowly about in a vast semi-circle for ten minutes — then suddenly they drew together swift as like the wind. They formed hundreds of them bunched ~~big~~ into a moving yellow mass but a dozen smaller herds split off running in all directions except mine. One lot did start toward me & momentarily I expected them to come flying about my cover, as I snuggled down out of sight, but something stirred them up & they passed far over to the left.

When the mongrel had returned & I was on my horse again, we decided to make one last try for a herd out toward the road. They let us come within fair distance & then string out in a flying line. Unfortunately they circled to the west ~~and~~ going straight into the eye of the sun which lay like a great ball of fire on the edge of the horizon.

Kublai Khan forgot his weariness when he saw the antelope flying in front of

and with a magnificent burst of speed carried me to within 300 yards. He was gaining fast but I could not wait longer for in another moment they would be well within the sun. The animals were streaming past when I knelt & shot, broad side on.

At the first shot I heard the dull thud of a bullet on flesh, at the second another & again at the third. With a yell of excitement the Mungi shouted Sanga (three) & dashed forward. He almost hit my pony, who threw up his head & galloped off. I shouted to the Fanna & watched the antelope. Two were down for good but the third raised itself & hobbled off dragging a broken hind leg. I could not shoot for the animal went straight into the sun & as the Mungi caught my pony which was headed for the carts, the antelope was out of sight.

It was too late to find it that night for we did not know where the carts had stopped. Strapping the dead animals on our ponies we trotted toward the road. We had been riding an hour before we made out a dark blur & saw the glint of a white tent.

Then Y. came running to meet us, & we were soon at dinner. He had had to make a waterless camp for the next well was still 7 miles away &

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she dared not go further, with us on the plain alone.

We travelled for two hours this morning under a hot sun. We rode upon the carts to rest our horses and finally reached a well about two miles off the road. Three or four yurts were scattered about, and a caravan with 200 or 250 camels had camped nearby. It was a fine camp, & from the door way of our tent we could look out across the plains to the blue distance, & have a moving picture of camels, horses, sheep & cattle seeking water, ever in our foreground.

The day we spent resting ourselves & our horses, for the latter needed a 24 hours of idleness.

Only our yurt was close to our tents & the well - the others were scattered about within a circle of several miles. It is past my understanding why Mongols almost always place their yurts so far away from water! One would suppose that they would cluster about the well, but on the contrary they are usually a considerable distance away & the immediate vicinity of the well is unoccupied.

All day long there was a continual stream of animals coming to the water - sheep, cattle, goats, ponys & camels. Hundreds of them, in flock after flock

crowding about in a dense moving mass while one or two nimpler patiently drew up buckets full of water & emptied it into the trough. It seemed as tho all the animals in Mongolia had accumulated at that particular well. Very soon the water was so muddy from the constant dipping that it was absolutely undrinkable.

~~Those wells in the plains~~ The life about these wells in the plains or desert is always interesting. Here one sees all the peoples of the vast open spaces for they come of necessity. Just as we on our ships come, pitch our tents and make ourselves at home, so great caravans on their long march across the desert arrive with tired laden camels. The huge brutes kneel gratefully while their loads are removed, & then stand in a long line, patiently waiting while groups of ten or twelve are detailed driven to the water & drink their fill. Then majestically curving their velvet padded feet, they move slowly to one side, kneel on the ground again & remain quietly chewing their cud until all the herd has joined them.

The blue or white tents are up about before we realizes that the caravan

has paused and fires of argument are soon blazing & kettles steaming
Sometimes they wait several days to rest their animals and let them feed - Sometimes the tents have gone and the camels have vanished next morning 'ere the first break of day.

The camels now are nearly naked or covered with a few wisps of hair like the beard of a Chinese patriarch. Their blue-slate skin is their only covering until the new ~~hair~~ fur of early winter transforms them from ~~hideous~~ hideous objects into splendid beasts, with full neck fringes and up-standing humps.

But worst of all is when a camel is in full process of losing his winter hair. It goes ~~blow~~ in ~~pat~~ patches leaving ~~great trailing~~ yellow, brown & white hair like a patch-work quilt which rags hang from every angle of his great ungainly body.

Sunday June 29

We had a long hunt today but a very successful one. After 1½ hrs. riding northward we found three antelope and after a splendid run I got a big doe. A short time later we got a second and finally a third. This one had a broken hind leg & my pony had a hard run to bring him down.

Then we found a young antelope born only a few days ago, and finally

I had to shoot it after vainly trying to run it down.

My gallant pony was dead tired from his hard work of the early morning but when he saw the little fellow start away like a rabbit with its white rump bobbing, he gathered himself and ran like a deer. He ~~caught~~ reached the fawn after half a mile but the little fellow dodged to one side and we could turn or run off again as fast as ever. I think it must surely tire and mounting up on Jerry the fawn and took up the chase again. But the tiny antelope was too much for us and after a two mile chase, our tired horses had to stop. It was wonderful to see the little fellow run & shows how nature has provided for its children of the plains. Almost as soon as they are born the baby antelope have learned to hide by lying flat upon the ground and in a day or two can run as this one did. In four or five days the fastest horses could never catch it & it would have little fear of wolves unless taken unawares. Undoubtedly wolves must get a good many horses, for the fawns will hide till the last moment.

Several times we came upon them lying prone upon the ground with necks outstretched and ears laid back, only

their brilliant eyes showing that they were things of life. We could ride up to within ten feet and when they saw that they were certainly discovered off they went like frightened hares.

Their mothers always ~~circled~~ ran about the spot where the fawns were lying, sometimes a miles or so away but always making that particular place the center of their circle. However, they were not easy to shoot for their speed was just as great as ours and they would let us approach no nearer than before the young were born.

I suppose that nothing contributes more to successful antelope hunting than one's horse. Mine is a perfect mount. He has learned now what I want to do and he anticipates my slightest wish. Kublai Khan might well be proud of the magnificent beast which bears his name. I never have to use a whip. We may be trotting along quietly over the plain when antelope appear far away. ~~I do~~ Sometimes my pony sees them even before I do. When I lean over his neck to take my rifle from its scabbard, instantly his ears are up, and with head erect he is pulling gently at the reins anxious to be off. Always he looks from side to side until he sees the animals. When at last the antelope have begun

to run in earnest and there is no longer use in going slowly, I only have to loose the reins & he leaps into a full run. And how that horse can go! He seems to simply fly for he puts every ounce of strength he has behind those long slender legs of his. With the reins in my left hand & my rifle in the right held high & free, I stand straight up in the stirrups like a triumph and talk to him as Ben Hur did to his Arab horses.

There is a time to stop when the antelope are about to cross our course or when they have begun to turn away. Then the stop must be quick with no first-gallop trotting to delay shooting. As soon as Kuvai feels my legs tighten & a gentle pressure on the reins, he clucks himself as tho' on springs & stops dead with fore feet braced. When I throw myself to the ground and begin to shoot almost under his nose, he pays no more attention than as tho' it was the popping of fire crackers.

One of the most beautiful things is to see him follow a wounded animal. He twists & turns without a touch of the reins & I simply give him his head. One day a bird ran along the ground in front of him & he was off like a bullet after it. He has learned to follow anything that runs & I could almost let him find the game.

Unlike most mongol ponies, he is very affectionate & likes to be fondled & petted. He will snuggle his nose against my cheek and is as proud as can be when I pat him after a hard run. He will arch his neck & knows perfectly well that I am telling him he had done well.

The mongols never strike or pat their horses. To them a pony is something to carry them, to be hot & cold and it is not an object on which to lavish affection. I do not say that a mongol does not have affection for his horse but if he does he never shows it - at least as we do. How these ponies stand the terrible cold of winter I can not understand for they are never taken under shelters. They must huddle together & warm themselves as best they can.

Sunday June 30 Today we went out on three ponies which we had hired from a Mongol. They did not look bad but we found that they could not run fast enough to bring us near antelope. We did get two full grown does but it was only because I happened to do some especially good shooting for they were a long way off.

We also saw two wolves. One of them

was digging a hole, and was partly covered with dirt when he jumped out about 40 or 50 yards away. We should have given him a run for it but he disappeared over a hill & we lost sight of him.

Tuesday July 1st — Today we both remained in camp to give our horses a rest for they had had some hard days. I worked in specimens and rested all day. It was very hot and the sun burned even under the shade of our blue fly. One needs a coat directly in the shade no matter how hot the sun is — certainly this is a country of weather extremes. There has hardly been a night when we could not have been comfortable in our fur bags and often we have had to go to bed with all our clothes on even do it is mid summer. We sleep outside under the fly whenever it does not rain and the air is perfectly wonderful; as fresh as a drink of ice cold water & a thirsty man.

Wed. July 2 — Today I went out with Mr. Fry with the unmounted man on white cart horse. Another mounted accompanied us to take what meat we did not want.

I got an antelope out of three which we saw an hour after leaving camp. A long later we saw five & I hit two. Both had broken legs — one a

hind leg & the other a shoulder. I ran the first & after a hard chase when I saw the pony could not catch it, I jumped off & fired at 375 yards. Killed it & found it was a fine yearling buck with horns about 3" long.

A little later we saw a large herd but my pony decided it did not want to run antelope any more & I had the devil's own time with it. Got another young buck and could have had several more had it not been for the damned horse. One can not shoot & fight a horse at the same time. I learned then what a wonderful pony for hunting I have in my Kuwai Khan.

Thurs. July 3 We broke camp and got away with the carts at 6.30 a.m. After an hour's riding we saw antelope ~~and~~ but they were terribly wild and several hard chases netted us nothing for they would not "cross our bows". Instead they ran straight away & it was useless to follow them.

At last we found a big herd & tho' they were very wild I shot me. The last shell jammed in my rifle and while I was trying to get it out two antelope detached themselves from the herd & trotted straight back in front of me about 150 yds

away. They disappeared before the shell was out. The mud killed contained a fœtus ready for birth. We went back to the road & found that the carts had not arrived. At last they came all but one, & thro' my glasses I could see it far in the distance. I asked L why it was so late & he looked at me for a moment & then muttered something as unintelligible as tho' he had been talking Greek. After vain attempts to fathom it I gave up. Then thro' my glasses I saw the reason. ~~This~~ The boys had purchased a sheep a few days before & were dragging it along behind the cart. Half the time it was on the ground & the torture to the poor brute must have been terrible. The damned Chinese would not even put it in the cart. They have absolutely no sense of pity & only laughed when they saw its condition. I told them that the sheep would go in the cart or me or they could kill it. The former course was adopted.

After tiffin we met a young antelope at about 200 yds. It could run as well as an old one even if it was only ~~3~~ 3 or 4 days old. This little fellow and ~~[illegible]~~

their bodies are so very small, I got this meat the first shot was very pleased with myself.
A little later I saw a single antelope running diagonally towards us. We had had several hard runs after single animals but they had all been so wild that I had decided not to chase any more. But I had not reckoned with Kublai Khan and when he saw the antelope in front of him he cocked his ears and threw his head about so imperiously that I let him go. He was off like a flash when I loosed the reins and we had a magnificent run. I saw the antelope would soon disappear behind a rise of ground & jumped off to shoot. As the shot rang out the animal disappeared & I could not see what was the effect of my shot. But I heard the thud of the bullet in flesh & knew that the animal was hit. Jumping on Kublai Khan I galloped on the ridge & that day the animal stone dead, shot through the heart. It was a fine young buck & I was more than pleased.
We saw some ponds in the distance and knew that water must be nearby. But when we reached them we found they were 2 miles from the nearest well which was the one we were making for, besides the road at the northern end of the plain.

Our carts arrived at 6 P.M. & we camped on a rise of ground a hundred yards from the well.

Friday July 4 It was raining hard when we arrived & there was no possibility of hunting. Moreover, four of the horses had strayed during the night and it took the Fanna & Hans to find them. All day the rain continued with intermittent flashes of sunlight and we stayed in camp all day. I got some more of a splendid caravan of camels which came to the well to drink. We caught 8 or 10 Dancalus in the long bunch grass near the water.

Sat. July 5 We went out early & found antelope almost at once but they were all singles & very wild. After two hrs riding I found a herd of 20 and had a fine run. Shot one in hind leg & my pony ran it down. Skinned it & half an hour later got another from same herd which had not gone far.

After this we saw many antelope & had half a dozen hard gallops but they were all very wild & we got no animals. Saw one young antelope running with 2 females (the first time we have seen them together) the best we could go as fast

as the old ones. Returned to camp at 2 P.M. Saw a number of sand grouse ~~and~~ in pairs & one flock of about 15.

At all these camps since the first one after leaving Uriga have seen many eagles & ravens. The former are very tame and sit on a telephone pole or rock until one is within a few yards of them. The ravens are known as the "mongol's coffin" because they feed often on dead mongols. They are large fellows with a hoarse croak which sounds much like "corax".

One day on the plain the Lama rd passed a dead mongol partly eaten. He was lying beside the burnt ashes of an argul fire and I wonder whether the man had died alone or had been left there by the inmates of a yaurt which had been moved away. This method of leaving the dead on the plains to be eaten by wolves, dogs or ravens is one of the most extraordinary customs of nations any where that I have seen them. The body is considered unclean, one life has departed, and no mongol will touch a corpse or its remains unless it is absolutely imperative. Were it known that I have packed away among my collections the 17 Mongol skulls which I obtained when we first came to Urga I would be driven from

Tanganyika and if we escaped with our lives we would be more than lucky. It is accordingly different. ~~I have also~~ know all the Tanganyika religious superstitions and we must be extremely careful for otherwise serious trouble would arise.

Sunday July 6 Before camp early started back toward Ulega. We rode over hills between our outward and this and there are too many ravines. We did see an enormous bustard and I shot it with my rifle. It was a splendid male with the blue gular patch conspicuous and long whiskers. The ♀ had flown away a short time before and the ♂ was alone. He was strutting about like a turkey cock, when I shot him, with wings drooping & tail spread & erect. Unfortunately the bullet took him so badly that he was useless as a specimen. He was a little smaller than the one Cottman killed and probably weighed about 25 lbs.

We camped at night at the well where we spent 5 days - (Camp #1) & were relieved by the red Mongol & his family. It was a wonderful evening and I shall never forget the peace & quiet of the plains.

On the way up we caught two young demoiselle cranes. We saw the parents running along & the little ones behind them. ~~Keep~~ As we approached the opening

birds disappeared. Keeping my eyes on the spot I rode up & then they were flat on the ground, wings outstretched. They did not attempt to run when I picked them up & put them in the game pockets of my coat. They were most rediculous little fellows with enormous legs & fuzzy necks. ~~each yellow~~ Their bodies were covered with gray down & their heads with yellowish down. This gave them a bald appearance and with their ~~bb~~ slate colored legs, looked like two little bald old men in rubber boots. We named them Oscar & Clarence but they stay with us was not long. Clarence died two days later & Oscar fell off the cart & was lost the ~~same~~ next afternoon. They moved eat soft rice & cornmeal & would have made delightful little pets. Clarence was considerably smaller than Oscar as is usually the case with twin birds or animals. The same is true with two young cranes which Hansen has at Ifriqa.

Sunday July 7 ~~Wheda~~ the carts got away this a.m. ~~We~~ I rode over the hills in our shooting grounds, we saw a lot of antelope but my sights were set too high & I ever shot all the time. Even when I hit them I overshot

yards, I could not seem to get on. The return of the carts at Tiffin I was very much upset with the road because of my poor shoeing. The boys had seen a mule soon after they started out.

Tiffin was at the well at the 5 mile of the great plain & we camped midway in the plain with fire & our children with us cart who were tramping across the desert. These "burros" are rather fortunate in having a home for usually they carry their own things on their back of a pole or pack saddle. They go to work in the gold mines on the Silverain finding. What a life to plod day after day across the desert week in & week out pushing the long miles ahead of them. If they are ill they can only lie down on the bare plain with no tent or shelter to protect them from the wind or sun or rain. It is a wonderful commentary on the perseverance of the Chinese & their thoughtlessness that for a few minutes work they will take this long march.

Tues. July 8 We make camp at Tiffin at the temple where we stopped the 2nd day from Uriga. Set out a long line of

traps (100) in the hillside but caught only 6 mice. There were hundreds of holes but strangely enough few animals. Kangaroo rats were said to be plentiful but we caught none.

Wed July 9 We started late & had a long march camping at the Nemgh village at the valley which leads into the Tsa valley. It had rained hard much of the day & our camp at night was not dry but we soon made ourselves comfortable.

In the a.m. there was still rain & it was damp & very cold but about 10 o'clock the sun came out. At the Rumanchuge the axle on one of our carts broke & we had to leave it at a yurt & go on with our stuff piled on the other two. We had a difficult time getting into Mga for the little streamlets which usually run out of the beautiful valley just east of Mgal-ma-ching were swollen to roaring torrents.

On the banks of the large stream was a picturesque assemblage. Tents were pitched on the plain & hillsides & hundreds of carts were drawn up in an orderly array while the men & camels wandered about

the meadows or lay sleepily chewing their cuds about their kraals. Some spite more adventurous spirits were taking their caravansaeras. We watched a hundred or more camels slip majestically into the brown waters only to huddle together in a disconsolate yellow mass when ~~they~~ ~~struck the~~ the full force of the current struck them. All their dignity fled & they became merely frightened mountainous flesh & a chaos of writhing necks & wildly switching tails.

Then we saw a ~~cart~~ a dozen carts cross & safely reach the other bank. I built it with Kubwain & then went back for the carts. Leading the foremost, I took it safely thru & the others came on without mishap.

We went on thru Mai-ma-cheng to Ulga after a call on Hansen. ~~And what a place we found!~~ All the gardens on the flat below the town were green with vegetables & gave promise of what we could have to relieve the meat diet of the plains.

There were wonderful radishes — big red fellows, the sweetest I have ever tasted. And tender ~~onions & lettuce~~

In this rich soil, with abundance of rain ~~such things~~ the growth is very rapid & there is a marvellous field for truck gardening. All of it now is in the hands of the Chinese for of course the Mongols will do nothing of the sort. Any sort of work which takes him off his horse is taboo to a Mongol. As Larsen once said, "a Mongol would make an excellent cook if you could get him a horse to ride about in the kitchen"

When we reached Urga what a different town we found from the one we had left! The ~~great~~ best main street was a roaring river & every hitching was a mass of liquid mud or else a pond or lake. There seemed hardly an inch of dry land and progress except on horseback was out of the question.

We made camp on a bit of fresh green sod a few hundred yards from "God's Brother's House" all below us on the flat ~~one~~ the Tola River ~~was~~ white with yurts in which blue tents gave a spot of color. In the Summer many of the Mongols ~~spend~~ rent a yurt outside the city & do not return to their houses till the cold of winter drives them in.

when we were here before Mr. Larson took us to visit the Minister of Finance. We crossed a ravine full of mud & debris & made our way to the slope of a hill overlooking the city where the Lama had his official dwelling in an ordinary yurt. It was rather a surprise to find him there for we had pictured the mate of some of the larger houses of the city. He was a fat old man, his close cropped hair flecked with gray, and dressed in a very dirty gown of red. We gave him his first ride in a motor car but whether or not he was properly impressed we could not tell for his round face never changed its expression, or rather lack of expression.

We found that Olufsenhad sent a bundle of mail for us by a Mongol but we never got it – Probably it is now on its way to Kalgan & we may receive it months from now – or not at all.

July
Thurs 10 The succeeding six days which we
Fri. 11 spent in Urga were full to the brim
Sat 12 with work at packing & photography. Our
Sunday 13 stuff was all taken to Andersen Meyer
Mon. 14 & Co's place and thru the kindness of Mr.
Tues 15 Olufsen we made free with his house & garden.

eggs, prunes, (quite rich) cigars 200 Pohung - 6,00 Sugar

July 16 Left early for trip to Welche River - Duke
Wed Lobsom Yangsen had given me a letter
to a hunter here, Sum dorche, by name.
We round up the Tola River eastward
and when about 8 miles from Mai-ma-
cheng turned north up another valley
(the Go-thor) away from Tola River. The going was
bad for the road was filled with
stones, but the scenery was beautiful
The ~~hilly~~ rolling hills were covered
here & there with patches of spruce
& the valley was full of alders. The
whole country had a decidedly northern
aspect & could hardly have been more
unlike the region immediately south
of Urga ~~from which we had so recently come~~
We saw four huge red legged & yellow
storks but got none - Also we shot
two large grouse with grey spotted
backs & bright raisons sides. Quite
a surprise to find them here -
Camped at night beside stream.

July 17 After ~~three~~ hours ~~this~~ a.m. we reached
Thurs a swamp at the head of a nut called
Da-wat. The place looked absolutely
impassible ~~but~~ after tiffin we
assayed to cross in a place which
looked the least dangerous. We
got over better than we had anti-
cipated but were all soaked with
smut water.

Our troubles really began for it began to rain in earnest and before long the mt. road which led straight up at a tremendously steep incline was streaming with water & as slippery as a ball room floor. We got the carts up a short way & then they could go no further. The only way was to take each up separately with two horses. It was a hard task to get the two animals to pull together. First one would jerk, & then the other & each fulling in could not move the load would rear & plunge & raise the devil generally. At last we got two up but the big Russian horse would not budge. The more he was pounded the less he'd do. Only took up right the cart into a more place than ever. He is a rotten animal: He has a "yellow" streak all down his back. The moment there is a bit of hard work to do, he absolutely quits & will not make the slightest attempt to move his load. I hate a quitter in man or beast & this animal is a quitter clear thru'.

After 3 hrs of terribly hard work we got the carts all up the hill.

Then we thought our troubles were ended, but they had only begun; for such the event the escape was so timely, strange that it seemed there would be certain disaster. Nevertheless the two carts went down successfully altho' the road was lovely slippery & there was a nasty turn half way down. The two small ponies simply sat on their tails and slid down bracing themselves against the carts. Then came the turn of the big Russian horse, the strongest of them all. When he felt the cart push against him the big stiff simply began to run, without making the slightest effort to hold back. He & the cart went off into the woods & broke up against a tree. It was an a nasty place & we had to go up a bad slant to get at it. I was on the under side trying to push up & there was also Helen but at the shafts. Suddenly I saw that the cart was surely going over. I yelled to them & jumped just in time. The cart went over with a terrible crash and mined both them & my by a hair's breath. As I got up I heard the most unearthly wails from Kang who was frightened to death. His face was white and streaming with tears altho' he was perfectly

safe on the up side. Chen was un-hurt but badly scared.

We got the horse out of the shafts but never did I want to kill an animal as I did that one. The great hulking brute could have saved us all the work & danger if he had put forth one half his strength.

By a miracle neither the cart nor the things in it were broken except for a few eggs. We got down the remainder of the hill without accident but the road took a fairly steep ascent over another shoulder before descending into the valley. Now the horses could get their brakes up because the ground was a mass of slippery mud. That meant the laborious process of hitching up two horses to haul cart & the struggle to get them to pull together. Then the Russian horse completed this day's program of trouble by refusing to pull & when we were beating him and jerking the cart off the road down the hill into a mud hole. How I should like to have killed that animal.

At last we got the two horses to pull it out, but we were all

well nigh exhausted for we had had to pull & strain at the wheels & help the horses.

We all soaked to the skin with rain & mud & as it was getting dark there was nothing to do but camp. But ~~there was hardly~~ the only spot even approximately level was in the middle of the road & that was a mass of mud. But we got our tents up and since the hills were high we kept out of the wet by not getting off them once we had camp made.

The mt. we had crossed (Dease Pass) was heavily forested with spruce trees on the northern side and the road led down through this dense wood into a deep valley. At the bottom was a roaring torrent, now swollen to 3 times its size but usually a small mt. stream. Behind the road & the bottom of the valley there were few trees but a tangle of low bushes. Further for the ground was miles thick with moss & grass all wet like a great sponge. Farther up the main valley we could see a larger river but did not suspect that it was the Yardshe.

Friday July 18

We had a terribly hard morning work getting our carts a few hundred yards down a steep & bad road & started down an inclined into the main valley. Then there was a succession of marshes & rivers for the whole valley slope is like a sponge. We did not get started till ten o'clock for some of the horses had strayed during the night & it took the Fauna 4 hrs. to find them.

We at last got to the river and had tiffin beside a tent & a string of carts loaded with wood. The Fauna men were away but the remains of their breakfast showed that they would be returning.

The Fauna then surprised me by saying that this was the Tarabe River. Folsom had said that there were ninety yards at an estimation but here there were no signs of any. The Fauna said some wood cutters had told them that the ninety had all moved 70 li away. It was a disappointing place to come to for the Fauna assured me that they had told him the carts could not cross the river or go where the ninety were.

After tiffin I quickly started out to

explore, we found that the river divided & made a large island. Our horses crossed the first branch successfully tho' it was very swift & we felt sure that we could get the carts across. We found several log stables & a big house on the center of the island but all deserted. We could find no way across the 2nd branch & the river but decided to camp on the island.

We got the carts over successfully & pitched the tents. Just then we heard shouts & saw a line of bullcarts crossing the 2nd branch, & two men ahead of us. They were headed our way & we found that they were the owners of the tents & carts which we had had tiffin'.

There was a Sahib among the drivers and we consulted him for information. He said the Bunjis had all moved up the valley 70 li' away & the Sun Lama, the hunter had gone off on a 5-day hunt. He volunteered to guide our Lama to the yurts for the sum of $3 & they started off at once.

Then it began to rain & simply poured in sheets. I splashed about

when it let up trying to put out traps but it was useless for everything was a lake.

At dark Dan Lama returned saying he had found the yaks 30 li around that Madame Susu should send 3 bull carts next day to take our stuff to their camp.

Sat July 19

In front of us was a magnificent valley between hills heavily forested with spruce and it was there that the cutters were getting wood. It was a fine clear day when we awoke but the gray horse had strayed from Lama had a three hr. hunt to bring him in. He returned just as the three carts arrived. Two were drawn by bulls & one by a magnificent yak-cow. Loading our carts lightly & also the bull carts we broke camp & forded the river above where we had tried to cross. It was not an easy matter for the horses but they had went thru as the it was a mud puddle.

The road ~~ran~~ curved sharply to the north & continued up the river close to the bank, finally turning to the east into a splendid wide valley into which half a dozen smaller valleys emptied on each side. Each one was heavily forested except in the very bottom which

was dotted with alders, willows & ~~carpeted~~ carpeted with spongy moss & rank grass. A stream flowed down from the mts. in the bottom of every valley.

It was a truly boreal country and reminded me much of Alaska except that the mts were neither so high nor steep. I don't think the mts are about 4 to 500 feet high and have rounded summits.

About 4 miles up the valley we came to three yurts, a small temple & a log house. This was Sum-doche's place. We were welcomed by his wife who invited us to pitch our tents close by and when the carts arrived we made camp a hundred yards from the yurts. Mr. Sum-dcame in at once bringing a present of sour cheese. Once we tasted it but that was quite enough and now regret it from Lama. It not only is its taste disagreeable but it is made in such an unclean manner that it marred my pleasant eating.

We returned a cake of highsmelling toilet soap with which the lady was extremely pleased altho' she tucked it away inside her gown

without a "thank you". In fact I believe there is no word for thanks in the Mungal language. Certainly they never appear to use one. The nearest they come to it is to put up their thumb & say "Sai", which is the universal expression for "good" or "well done".

There were two Mungal girls at the yurt — very shy & little chums a little, & they seemed much interested in drawing pennies of change & receiving snap in return. Also the Mungals seldom wash & smell vilely nevertheless, soap seems to be more appreciated than any other gift. ~~that~~ Their odor is one of musty fat & dirty, but strongly mixed with one of simple unwashed humanity, and no Mungal seems to be free from it. Such men as Lobsom & me or two princes should have met but it is a much less degree but it is ever present.

We engaged an old man to hunt with us 'till Sunday — & he returned & he agreed to go out after us the next day.

Sunday July 30 — We got away at 5 A.M. with the old man, Lama, & I, on horseback. We went up a valley on the north side of the main valley, riding along

Monday July 31

es. 22 at the edge of the wood. The going was
rd 23 very bad for the ground was boggy & the
ur. 24 horses were continually going into
ri. 25 holes & splashing thru deep mud.
at. 26 We put up a reebuck feeding among
un. 27 the aspens but it disappeared & I never
n. 28 saw it. The natives call it "Bar-gnus"
ues 29 Antelope is "gnus".
ed 30 We also saw a number of dikdiks.
hurs 31 The old nimrod finally turned up
into the woods at the head of the valley
& cornered the nut. It was necessary
riding thru the woods in that way
but the old man would not get off
his horse no matter how steep the
hill or how rough the going.

We saw in front of us a female
capercaillie & several dikdiks about
the size of pheasants flew out. The old
birds would not leave but when I
got out my shotgun she flew into
a nearby tree & the old fellow killed her. The young
birds could fly a short distance but
defended more upon hiding out
we caught one. I took it home
& camp but it was so very wild
that I shot it into a specimen.

The next day I saw a fine old male
fly up from the ground but it
would not alight to give me a shot
with the rifle.

In the P.M. we hunted at the lower part of the main valley and saw two deer but they were only fleeting glimpses.

The roebuck feed in the early a.m. & late P.M. in the open marshy places at the edge of the woods where the grass is long & sweet. They lie up in the middle of the day from about 9 a.m. till 4 P.M. in the heavy cover under bushes, or fallen trees. The best way is to hunt them in the open.

We saw a flock of ptarmigan and I shot the ♂ to an ♀ & chick about the size of a quail. There were several more chicks but I got all the old birds.

Life zones

The whole country here as well as the fauna indicates that we are well within the Siberian life zone. In fact Urga seems to be right at the edge of it. Here we have the reindeer, moose, elk, ~~pla~~ Siberian bear, roebuck, ptarmigan, capercaille, pika, ~~evidently~~ & marmots. (In this main valley are many marmot holes, but the animals have all been killed by the Mongols) I have seen a black woodpecker which I think is the arctic three toed. At Sym Noyon (Khan's place) S.W. of Urga the same fauna is reported with the addition of ibex &

sheep. The latter are undoubtedly present because of the high snow covered rocks which are rare here there.

At Uhga where the plains come up to meet the forest we get the Siberian fauna, then there is a transition zone in the rolling hills where we find the hamster, marmot & antelope & then at Turin the real Gobi Desert begins. The kangaroo rat does not appear to come up here but do occur on the rolling bare hills at Uhga.

The forest here is almost entirely spruce with a few birches & in the open valley along the streams alder & willows. The ground is almost always marshy where there are openings and under foot there is a thick layer of spongy moss like that in ~~the north~~ Alaska.

Never have I seen such a wealth of flowers as are everywhere in the valleys & on the hillsides. Enormous beds of forget-me-nots, daisies and dozens of other flowers which I do not know. Every color of the rainbow is present and it is like riding thru a vast garden. The blue bells are enormous and all the flowers are very large, as is

usual in a northern country where the season is short & wet.

We were told in Muga that there were great quantities of straw & other berries all thro' the woods but I have not seen a sign of a berry of any kind since we left there.

This meadow valley has quite a colony of yurts scattered along it & numerous herds of fat tailed sheep & goats. (Cost a sheep for $7) Also a good many tame yaks & yak cows. The pure blood yaks can be distinguished by their very bushy tails, the long hair starts from the very root while in the hybrids the upper half of the tail is short haired & the lower half bushy. The pure blood animals seem uniformally the coal black sometimes with white lady with a white band over the forehead & back to the tail. Sometimes also they are dark gray. They are much like much of in general appearance & like to huddle together when frightened. On either side of the belly are fringes of hair hang almost to the ground.

while the cows milk are often black & white or brindle. They grunt exactly like a pig, only louder & seem tame enough. They are used a good deal for pulling carts both here & in Muga.

Altho a certain amt. of wood cutting is going on it seems to be done fairly well & only those trees are felled which are really wanted for fuel. Nothing like thrashing where the cutting is to clear the land for farming.

We made two beautiful camps in the forest the last one about 3 mi

above Sunnydale's house. We are in a magnificent spruce forest on the slope of a hill above a stream at the entrance to a fine valley.

At its upper end we discovered a great mass of slide rocks, all moss covered at the base of the hills. Here there are hundreds of brown conies and we have had great fun trapping them. The little fellows are very tame & will often let us approach within 8 or ten feet. They sit on a rock absolutely motionless and when we are too close dive off into a hole. They make deep runways between the stones and it is only by putting traps in these that they can be caught for they pay little attention to bait. The woods about their colonies resound with their high pitched chirps which sound like "Tweep." At the entrance of three holes I have found bundles of grass but no considerable mounds as in the case of our N. Am. conies. Formerly says the Chinese conies do not cut grass for winter use. These little chaps have thickly furred feet and long soft hair so that they are amply protected from the winter's cold.

Among the same rocks, and using the conies runways, we

caught red backed Evotomys (Clethrionomys) and chipmunks. Down in the high grass around at the base of the rocks the long tailed Microtus which we caught in the woods near camp is fairly abundant.

We enjoy the ride up the valley of the Nisqually. When we are running such a lot of traps it is impossible to hunt big game in the morning, so we start off about 7.30. First we look at our gopher traps which are set on the open hill side of the main valley. Then when the specimens have been measured and that the two tailed commits can get at his work, we start for the conig traps. The woods are beautiful and we ride just within the edge looking out over the marsh in the bottom of the valley for deer. When we reach the traps and begin to get from cotton tails we always get together for that is half the fun of trapping to see what each new one has in store for us. We have caught 5 species on this one run but after 6 days we had about all there was to get worth while so we left the traps back to camp and set some of them in rocks above the trees.

From the summit of the hill where we climbed when putting them out there is a marvelous view down the main valley

of the Tarel the River. It shows in panoramic completeness how the smaller valleys on each side empty into the main one and how each little streamlet finds its way ~~to~~ by serpentine windings to the ~~main~~ river.

There has been a good deal of rain lately, usually in the P. M., but it is already beginning to be chilly in the mornings & evenings. On the 17th day of August the morning was distinctly cold and there was a touch of autumn freshness in the air.

In the afternoons we usually ride 6 miles down the main valley to a broad ~~beach with~~ tundra covered bank where we have seen several roebuck. The animals feed there in the early A. M. & P. M. but they are very wild and by no means plenty. There are too many Nenets here, most of them have a gun, and the roebucks are mercilessly hunted, especially in the summer. Therefore the hunting is neither very interesting or profitable.

But ~~the thing which~~ we do enjoy the long ride home in the twilight. The sun sets are glorious and as we gallop up the valley the red & gold gradually fade ~~from the sky~~ leaving

July 20 Noble

the spruce trees sharply silhouetted against the sky and the sombre masses of the forest looking a mass of jet. It is a truly horrid country and we might be in Alaska, Canada, or Siberia as well as on the edge of Mongolia.

On July 21 Sum Lochu returned. We had sent for his wife earlier in the P. M. and had discussed the reason for his absence. She appeared greatly moved and seemed afraid that a bear had killed him for he had been away 14 days when he took food for only ten. We showed the lady the photos of Olga & the Mongols in the article had written for "Harper's" Magazine. She picked out the women with hair dress similar to hers and the expression of amazement and joy which came over her face was wonderful to behold. That was something she could understand and then we by one she began to recognize places & things in Olga which she knew. At first she had not expected to understand what she saw and it took something like her own hair dress, something that was a part of her daily life, to make her realize that it was not so utterly incomprehensible after all.

Other Mongols often come from camps and looking into a mirror is one of their chief joys. They must have seen mirrors

in Urga many times but it ~~also~~ never fails of bringing forth interesting results. At first they do not seem to realize that it is their own faces they see but in a few moments it penetrates their sluggish brains and they laugh & chatter like children.

In ~~two~~ ~~pt~~ particular the mongols who come to our camp differ most pleasantly from the Chinese. They ~~were~~ will sit quietly staring at us as long as we will let them but at a wave of the hand & an intimation that ~~they~~ the audience is finished they get up immediately and leave without a sign of displeasure. Moreover they seldom touch the things about camp and never attempt to take away ~~bits~~ even bits of paper without first asking our permission.

In the P.M. of July 31 when Madame Sundorche had left our camp—her family rode down the valley for a roebuck hunt not far behind her. We were about 2 miles from the tent when we saw the lady riding back to us. In a few minutes, & shouting that her husband had returned. In a few moments we met both the ~~mongol~~ hunter with another young mongol. They were a

wonderfully picturesque pair. Each carried a Prussian rifle with its rough trifoed slung across his back and ~~on the saddles~~ behind their saddles ~~there~~ ~~staring~~ appeared a dangling mass of skins. Three female redbuck, three falows, a moose skin & a pair of small moose antlers in the velvet. The young fellow also carried a fawn which they had shot that morning.

French Lake

Madame Sure-de-Sorde rode in front behind & beside her husband chattering volubly ~~[illegible]~~ between the business of driving in half a dozen horses, while ~~the husband replied in monosyllables or~~ the monosyllabic replies of the hunter were delivered in a voice which seemed to come from a long way off or from under the earth beneath his horses feet. I thought at first that he was deaf for it was the sort of voice one is accustomed ~~this~~ to from a person hard of hearing. But my surmise was incorrect & I later discovered that it was only one of the many peculiarities of the man. He was an old Irishman, perhaps 55 yrs, altho my guesses at the ages of Orientals are not usually good, with a face as dried & weather beaten as the leather beneath his saddle. The other hunter was not more than 25 with an alert

& pleasing face. The old man had a "sai" of greeting for me but returned not a word. The young fellow tried by signs to carry on a conversation limited to the animals they had killed.

I was interested to see what sort of greeting there would be on his arrival at the yaurt. His two daughters & an old man were waiting near the door, & the latter ~~agent~~ advanced with a "sai". The hunter returned the greeting in kind but that was all. For his two daughters there was never a look & word, and only for his infant son, 4 years, did he break his silence. The girls unloaded the ponies, put the skins in the log house, & they all retired to the yaurt.

~~But all Tungus are by~~ But Sunsuche is an exception to most of the Tungus I have met, & his taciturnity is individual for usually they are most cordial in their greetings.

Sunsuche & the young hunter came to our camp about 3 P.M. altho I had seen the fauna for them early in the morning. I learned afterward that the old man was the very personification of independence and never much it acted in any way

in August

except when it suited his own sweet will. When around a camp the red pillow was adorned with a peaked hat & a red tassel, & the young man wore a long green cape with him. &

They agreed to hunt with us readily enough but I could get no intimation as to the price they expected for their work. Finally they said that they must have another Mongol & when he arrived dagued & got him $1.50 per day & no amount. The other two said they would wait till the hunt was over and then we could settle on the wages.

Sat Aug. 2

So the next morning off we started for they had agreed to go immediately. We took only our fur sleeping bags, light tent & food enough for five days, which, with the Lamas bedding, food made a light load for one horse. It was simplified camping in its most simplified form, but we looked forward to a lively time.

At Lumtordi's house the old man & the young hunter were soon ready with their food & saddle bags on one horse. The other Mongol had come with us.

We rode away amid the "bais" ~~& upright~~ accompanied by upright thumbs, of the girls, ~~and~~ children & the Madame. The girls (there are 3 of them about 17 yrs old & all quite pretty) belong to the other two & 2 men near Sum dorde's but I have not yet been able to determine their relationships. Their well shaped faces are always ready to break into a smile, and for Nuyts they seem unusually clean. They wear cunning little Chinese caps and have all the feminine vanities which we might expect ~~in~~ in debutantes of our own country. They seem greatly interested in our chinese boy Chen, & so the same and from the absences at night ~~two~~ when I was told the two were at Sum dorde's it is evident that quite a wild word flirtation has been going on.

One could hardly ~~ka~~ imagine a more perfect a.m. than the one which we rode away with the Nuyts hunters. The air had the first sharp tinges of autumn freshness ~~and~~ the sky was as blue as the waters of a tropic sea.

We had expected to make a long march but such was not the plan

of the hunters and when we were about 8 miles from camp, they began ~~to hunt~~ hard about at the entrance to one of the branch valleys off from the main river bed, for a place to stop. We were much surprised but as the Tanna young hunter had not yet arrived, we could not augment the harm of the halt. But we let them take their course (& indeed it would have been useless to protest) & the camp was soon made. It consisted of a hanging a piece of canvas over the limb of a spruce tree for the Nungals, of stringing our tent upon a rope & most by all of a fire. As soon as we had stopped the succeeding day we learned that a fire must be started without delay even tho it was warm enough without it.

The Nungals soon had an iron basin of tea over the blaze and when the water was warm they put in a ~~pound~~ cake and which remembered nothing so much as pound tobacco, but which was brick tea. As soon as it had boiled the cake dished out a ~~bowl~~ plentiful supply in a wooden bowl, mixed it with butter from a birch bark tub and ~~ate a little pound~~ & pound it over some meal. This was what the Tibetans call tsamba

and was prepared in much the same way.

All the day we slept & ate alternately while the mongols played with the field glasses in their waking moments. They had never ending delight in scanning the opposite hillside & the valley across the river. When they tired of using the glasses the proper way they inverted them and were just as interested in seeing their comrades & the scenery in miniature.

The young hunter, who has much energy, went over to the opposite hill side to hunt marmots. When he had driven an animal in its hole he would conceal himself on the grass a short distance away and patiently wait till the marmot reappeared. What if it did mean an hour or two of waiting! Waiting is the best little thing an Oriental does and the mongols are no exception.

At 5 P.M. two of the hunters rode away to spend the night on the other side of the mt. While Sam dashed hunted up the valley at the entrance to which we were camped. He waited till 6 P.M. when the valley was entirely filled ~~with~~ with shadows, before he

started out even tho it squarely violated Dr's orders. I have seen rochuck feeding at 4 P.M. in the fog but the old man would not be hurried & we might as well try to move a stubborn mule before he was ready.

As we rode up the valley a rochuck jumped from the alder bushes & dashed into the woods. I had fleeting glimpses of it thru the trees but failed three times but there was little chance of success. The old fellow seemed quite disturbed & I learned afterward that their method is to jump from the horse, kneel down & wait till the animal slips & looks back. Perhaps it won't but if it does, they have a standing shot. I rather believe their method is a good one for there is certainly little chance of hitting a rochuck when it is jumping thru the bushes appearing for only a fraction of a second between or above the alders.

At dark we returned to camp without having seen more game. Dy. was pressing wet the fry and the potatoes were done so we had bath, coffee & a cigarette before we turned in. Dr must

have made a picturesque group as we sat with the ~~of~~ Mongks about the fire for in their hunting garb they were ~~[illegible]~~ a wild looking lot.
It is half the fun of an expedition, this living with nature in the ~~woods~~ forest & mountains, and even tho its novelty has somewhat worn off it ~~[illegible]~~ to hold a charm of which ~~[illegible]~~ we never tire.
In such a life ones ~~[illegible]~~ cares are forgotten and the world & all its doings are as far away as tho we were living on another sphere. I think that then I am more perfectly happy than it is ever possible to be when one is in touch with post & telegraph. Somehow I am able to completely shut out from my mind the past and future and can live only in the present ~~Even at Utga~~ a present which is that of primitive man as God meant him to be. surrounded by the cool clempers for his home & depending upon the forest creatures for his food.
We slept that night with the strong sweet smell of the spruce trees in our nostrils and above

Sund. Aug 3

our heads a starry ceiling framed in the doorway of our tent.

The morning hunt was unsuccessful but on the summit of a mountain we saw the barkless trees where a wapiti had rubbed its horns. Also I discovered a patch of strawberries, the first we have seen. The fruit was small but as sweet as sugar.

At 10 o'clock the two Mongols who had spent the night on the other side of the mt. returned. They were empty handed but reported having seen & shot at a bear but without obtaining it. It is fortunate for the forest creatures that the Mongols will not shoot unless an animal is standing still for it saves many a deer from its death. Every Mongol has a rest for his gun fastened at the muzzle and without it he is lost. He will not shoot at any target unless he can base his gun set up & himself on his knee behind it.

We moved camp as soon as the returned hunters had had their show and went on down the valley. At 7 o'clock we quit for the night. A bleak camp to pack the things and be on the move.

We passed by the valley which leads over the mt. to the Uriga trail and coasting the river camped on the ~~south~~ west side at the entrance to a beautiful valley the sides of which were covered with a heavy spruce forest.

In the afternoon everyone went to sleep for these early hours and strenuous morning hunts tire one quickly. As soon as the mongols waked they set about preparing food — and I must admit that we did too. We are just like animals — hunt in the early morning & evening, sleep in the ~~heat~~ middle of the day and eat as soon as we wake.

I had a beautiful but unsuccessful hunt in the eve. with the red man. He took me to the summit of a mountain where we could look down into a splendid valley on the other side. There he pointed out the place where he had shot a bear three weeks before and we saw a good deal of fresh bear sign on the hillside which he said ~~had~~ was made by the cubs of the one he had killed.

while we were sitting there watching the valley the old man, to my horror, gathered twigs & started a fire. I protested vigorously but he intimated that the smoke would blow back over the way we had come & not be seen by the animals. That was quite true but in the gathering darkness the fire showed like a beacon light on the hill. The mosquitoes are annoying it is true but I could endure them and he should have been able to. But all my protestations were useless for when he wants to do a thing no one can stop him. It is this extreme independence which takes away much of the pleasure of hunting with him.

We saw two very large pigeons in the forest, a huge male capercaille, and several grouse which looked much like our ruffed grouse but were in the long grass on the open hillside.

Sun. Aug 4. There was only a dull gray light ~~in the east~~ filtering down the ~~this morning~~ valley when I heard the crackling of flames and saw the dark forms of the 3 Mongrels

about the camp fire. My watch said 3.45 and I would have given much for another hour of sleep. But that night when we were working our rice I heard Ali said that the roebuck which ~~[illegible]~~ were would be foraging towards night was now wandering in the woods eating his last meal.

but S.A. wants to go home and I know that if I was to make have my coffee before the hunt it was best to turn out at 1½ minutes later.

I had faith in her prophesy and this helped me to rub the sleep out of my eyes and join the Mongols at the fire. My coffee was soon boiling and in 15 min. we were off on the horses.

It was still gray morning as we rode thru the dew soaked grass ~~into the valley~~. Soon we stopped once to examine the rootings of a Ga hai (wild boar) and then we continued steadily upward thru the ~~[illegible]~~ woods not far from the little stream which wanders between willow & alder clad banks to join the river.

~~The forest was dark & in the gloom of the forest~~ In the half light the trees & further round ~~[illegible]~~ were flat and colorless but ~~[illegible]~~ suddenly the sun ~~[illegible]~~ blazed out ~~[illegible]~~ flooded the woods with golden light. What a change it made in my small

world! The whole forest seemed ~~suddenly~~ instantly to awake. It was as tho I had come into a great room where objects were dimly visible and had suddenly ~~pressed an~~ electric switch. The greens of the trees & bushes were flat no longer but of a hundred subtle shades. The flowers, yellow, purple, red, blue & white & lavender seemed every one to lift their ~~faces~~ dew wet faces and ~~ask mutely appealing for admiration of their~~ and ask for admiration of their loveliness.

With regret I saw the old hunter dismount, tie his horse to a tree, and make for a grassy hill at the edge of the forest. I hated to leave that great green room where there was such radiant beauty on every side. But the deer would be feeding out in open at this time of the morning & would not retire to the forest for their mid day sleep until the sun was high & warm.

We climbed upward thru the long sweet grass to the very crest of the hill. Then we stopped to rest a moment while I scanned the burned forest across the valley with my glasses. There seemed nothing living in the trees or meadow but as we slowly walked along the summit of the ridge a pair of grouse shot like whizzing bullets from beneath

our way fast. A moment later half a dozen smaller bullets bounded away as the bucks followed their parents into the shelter of the trees.

We crossed a flat depression in the ridge and climbed again to a rounded ~~summit~~ hill top. Below a new valley lay before us, & we sat down to examine it with my glasses. While I sum down the brandered slowly off to the right & looked across at the opposite hills.

I was intently studying the edge of a marsh when I heard the muffled beat of hoofs. I jerked the glasses from my eyes just as a ~~splendid~~ buck rebuck crowned with a pair of splendid branching ~~horns~~ antlers vaulted into view not thirty feet away. ~~At the~~ He made a picture which with the ~~detail~~ clearness of a photograph will forever remain stamped upon my memory as he hesitated for an instant with head thrown up & nostrils distended, and then dashed along the hillside. That instant of hesitation cost him his life for it gave me just time to ~~swing my~~ swing the rifle across my lap, catch a glimpse of the yellow red body thru the rear sight and pull the trigger. At the crash of

The shot I leaped to my feet, ran a few steps, and saw four ~~pretty~~ slender legs violently waving in the air. The bullet had caught him ~~thru~~ the shoulder, he was down for good.

My heart ~~pounded~~ with exultation as I lifted ~~his~~ magnificent head and fastened my eyes on the antlers. (It was the finest buck I had ever killed and I gloated over his beautiful body as a miser handles his gold. And gold was never a more wonderful ~~—~~ color than ~~that~~ the brilliant yellow red of his summer coat.

He was as perfect ~~as~~ a specimen as I could wish for the central figure of the group I wished for the museum. And right there as he lay in the sunlight on the hillside amid a ~~mass of~~ veritable garden of blue bells, Indian paint and yellow lilies, I had the setting & plan of the group before me. With the dark line of spruce trees on the ridge above, it could be reproduced in detail and bring to thousands of people on the other side of the world, at least a small part of the pleasure it was giving me then.

Prebuck group

I always think when I have killed an animal, what an advantage the naturalist has over the

~~ordinary~~ sportsman. ~~who~~ He shoots ~~an~~ ~~unusual~~ buck and takes its head to be mounted later & hang over his fireplace or in his trophy room. As he looks at it, if he be the type imaginative, it brings back to him the feel of the morning air, the ~~sweet~~ scent of the forest and the wild thrill of exultation as the buck went down. But ~~all that~~ that is a memory picture only and ~~it~~ is limited to himself. The ~~camera~~ mounted head can never bring to others the smallest part of the joy he felt & the beauty of the ~~picture~~ scene he saw.

To the naturalist the excitement of the hunt is only one of the fascinating sides of the sport. Not only does he have the ~~double~~ pleasure of planning the group but ~~the~~ its actual reconstruction under his direction, in the Museum when he is thousands of miles away brings back in a double measure the happiness of those carefree days in ~~the wild free when~~ as strange lands and amid stranger people. And with what loving care he labours to reproduce with fidelity and minutest detail the scene of his hunt that it may bring to his city dwelling audience some part of his own pleasure &

teach them something of the animals he loves & the lands they call their own.

To his scientific training he owes another source of pleasure even greater than the other for every bird of the beautiful animal before him has a meaning which adds to his store of first-hand knowledge of how nature has expressed herself in her wild creatures. He sees it then in a new light, no matter how many specimens he has examined in the museum, for it is in its own environment in the surroundings of its own choice. Perhaps characters which have puzzled him & his colleagues are now made clear & he can read its life history with clearness & the certain knowledge of truth. And above all is the delight when he feels certain that he has before him a new discovery - species new to science. Be it large or small, whether the animal has fallen to his rifle or his trap, there is the joy of knowing that he has solved one more of nature's secrets, has traced one

more remote line ~~of~~ the white ~~places~~ portions of nature's map.

While ~~the~~ thoughts which I have ~~often~~ been passing thru my mind ~~turn~~ down he was ~~still~~ standing like a statue on the hill top, rifle ready, scanning ~~the~~ forest & valley with the hope that my shot had disturbed another animal. But nothing moved within his vision, and in fifteen minutes he ~~g~~ came down the hill where ~~my~~ buck lay.

~~With~~ The old fellow had lost ~~some~~ ~~some~~ of his accustomed calm ~~than~~ and with thumb upraised murmured "sai" "sai". Then he went thru ~~and~~ in vivid pantomime a recital of how he had suddenly came upon the buck feeding just below the hilltop, how it had galloped away, & how he had seen me jerk the glasses from my eyes & shoot. The fact that I dare shoot off hand ~~&~~ regardless of the rest which is so essential to a Mongol seemed ~~to~~ impress ~~them~~ him more than any other thing.

We sat down beside the ~~deer~~ buck & and smoked a cigarette while I punched

the scrutiny of the valley below as which had been interrupted by the appearance of the deer. Then the old man covered up the animal while I watched him with interest. Like the Korean, Moro, Sulu, Chinese & other Orientals with whom I have hunted, he took great care to preserve the heart, lungs, liver, stomach & intestines. The two latter he emptied of their content and carefully replacing them made fast the opening in the abdomen of the carcass, tied the fore & hind legs together & with my assistance hoisted it to his back. I carried his gun & preceded him over the hill & down the valley hoping that I might see another rothuk on the way to the horses.

I was sure that the old fellow would not carry the animal long & very soon he placed it on a stump & went on with me to bring up his pony.

We rode into camp at eight o'clock and at my whistle Y. came running out to meet us. She could see that we were carrying something and in her excitement stumbled over hidden logs & stumps. She

was as pleased as tho' she had killed the buck herself and listened to my recital of the hunt with shining eyes, while I had a cup of steaming coffee & a smoke. She told me that the young ~~Mongol~~ hunter had wounded a deer & had returned to camp to ~~take~~ track it with the dog. Half an hour later we heard a shot ~~over~~ just above us in ~~to~~ a valley to the north and at a short time the Mongol rode in with a fine 3 yr old ~~young~~ buck behind his saddle. He had not been able to find his wounded deer but had picked up this on the way ~~down~~ back.

I photographed the animals after which I measured & skinned them. The Mongols were already cooking ~~up~~ the viscera which they seem to prefer to all else. It was cut in chunks & all boiled together. They gorged themselves to repletion & then rolled up in their cloaks to sleep till it was time to start for the ~~afternoon~~ evening hunt.

Tues, Aug. 5 — We moved camp the next a.m. for now we had seen game and pitched our tents at the

entrance to the next valley ~~two~~ a mile to the south. I worked all the P.M. on the skins and at 5.30 left with Sam Dorche to ride up the fine valley into which we had broken the day before. He pointed out to me the spot where he had killed his bear and I recovered the skull which was beside the embers of their fire. It was that of a fine red female with well worn teeth and will make the skin more valuable as a specimen for I can purchase it from him.

We had had some rain in the P.M. & the clouds still hung heavily on the sky so that with the heavy ~~the black~~ ~~spruce trunks and~~ the shadows there was a sombre half light and the wet spruce trunks were black as jet.

We left the horses at the upper end of the valley & walked slowly thru the timber toward the summit of the ridge. ~~which bar~~ It was already so dark that I could only with difficulty sight my rifle and I had about decided to return to Sam Dorche who was some distance below me ~~to~~ to the left. Before doing so I decided to continue to

the crest of the ridge so that I might see what was on the other side. I was just entering a burned portion of the forest & the ~~[illegible]~~ charred ~~stumps stuck out as~~ stretched out their spectral arms as black as night. Suddenly I saw a peculiar stump on the summit of a ~~hill~~ knoll. I looked at it casually at first, then intently. I was about ~~to~~ move forward for a closer inspection when there was the swish of a tail and I realized that I was gazing at a huge wildcat standing head on. In the ~~gathering~~ gloom it had been uncertain of what I was.

Throwing up my rifle I fired instantly however as I pressed the trigger the animal moved & I knew that my bullet would strike behind it. But it was too late to change, for my brain could not telegraph to my finger quickly enough to stop its action. There was no time to have ~~[illegible]~~ fired again for the animal had disappeared beyond the rise.

We followed its trail for some double hundred yards finding blood altho' I knew my bullet could not have struck the brute if it had gone where I aimed. It was soon too late to see and

we returned to the horses.

As we ~~rode slowly~~ picked our way among the trees I had ample time ~~to think~~ & to realize my disappointment. I was born in upon me again what a narrow margin there is between complete success & complete failure in shooting. In no other sport is the line so closely drawn. A throbbing heart after a burr or clumsy or a quick-drawn breath will turn the sight & have breath & one side & send the bullet wide, ~~after perhaps a stalk of hours.~~ The jamming of a cartridge ~~may~~ when the game is wounded or a shot hurried taken ends the day in disappointment. In the case of the bear, had I ~~realized the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ or had the ~~[illegible]~~ remained the fraction of a second longer, I should have had its skin behind me on the saddle & my heart would have been filled with joy instead of black dejection.

And strangely enough, ~~it~~ is the shots which I miss or the animals which I do not get that I remember longest. I can see that bear as clearly now with every detail of its surroundings, as tho' it were before me in a photograph. ~~Four~~ Eight years ago I missed a fine goral in Korea as it stood upon a rock presenting

a perfect angle and a year later a huge brown bear in Alaska looked at me quietly ~~stood~~ a hundred yards away while I fled humbly and never touched a bear. I can recall dozens of other instances in various parts of the world where I have lost game by the merest chance and every one furnishes almost as much mental agony at the largest mystery ~~but not as much~~ as the if had happened yesterday. True I remember my good shots & my successful hunts but they do not eradicate my ~~failures and~~ failures.

In other sport my mental processes ~~do not~~ act in quite a different way ~~the same manner~~. In golf ~~I can never~~ one good drive or skillful approach will bert out a dozen poor strokes and send me to the club house as happy as tho I had played every hole in bogey.

But I think it is the same narrow margin between success & failure that ~~puts hunting above all other sports in my~~ is one of the greatest fascinations which hunting holds for me. That, and the never ending hope which "springs eternal in the human breast." One ~~always~~ ~~can never be sure~~ expects that every the next hill top

When I was in college if I did make a long putt in bare feet I cried always to myself with little knowledge the procedure

an animal may be grazing and until one is actually in camp there is always the possibility of a shot. Many is the time I have ended a day with success within a few hundred yards of my tent simply because I never ceased to expect and hope that game might lie in every bit of cover. Each disappointment Each animal missed seems to make me keener for the next day's hunt.

There were some of the thoughts which filled my mind as we groped our way back to camp thru the blackness of a rainy night. The young hunter who had his take of wolves for he had seen 3 wolves & fired 4 shots at them without success. Also just at dusk he had seen a doe roebuck with two fawns but all his squalling with a fist of grass between his hands had not brought them near enough for a shot. Old Sunrudo he can make an extraordinarily good imitation of a young deer's cries with his fingers and he always uses it to signal me when we are beyond each other's sight.

The bucks are beginning to bark now and the sound is exactly like that of a dog with a cold. The animals

seldom indulge themselves in this way, however, unless they are well within the cover of the forest as it is almost useless to attempt to stalk them.

Wed Aug 6 We moved camp this a.m. to the entrance of another valley on the east side of the river and hunted unsuccessfully in the a.m. The next a.m. I saw the game but the young hunter hit in a musk ox which he had killed on the ridge above our tents. The little animal is about the size of a mountain dark gray with white markings on the throat. This specimen was a male with tusks about 3" long. Behind & surrounding the penis was the musk gland which in this instance was " long by " wide. The tail, which was completely bare was only " long & concealed in the midst of a rump patch of long stiff & curved hairs. ~~Patches~~ On various parts of the body numbers of the long hairs which form the winter coat still remained but they are so exceedingly brittle that they break off by the end of the summer & leave but few remains. In their place the short summer coat grows

Thur Aug 7

up with hairs not so brittle. There was an exceedingly stinky musky odor about the animal and it was so tenacious that even after washing my hands repeatedly traces of it still remained. The young hunter had already cut off the skunk glands for fear I would not give it to him for it is worth a considerable amount of money.

I saw no sphinx little deer these days ago on the summit of a mt. ridge but did not get a shot. It was running among some fallen trees at the edge of a burned forest. The animals are exceeding shy & keep well off in the mt. slopes in hiding cover so that it is by no means easy to find them. #

After our morning hunt we broke camp and moved up the valley to our permanent camp. If I'd ~~got then~~ rode into the beautiful forest in which the tents were pitched at 2 P.M. & immediately started to at work making pancakes. We ate so many that it seemed we could never ~~get~~ satisfy ourselves for never have I eaten such pancakes as Li makes!

Chen & Kang had been busy during

an absence with the small traps
I had obtained 2 specimens, in-
cluding one very small weasel.

Fri Aug. 8

We moved camp this a. m. to the lower
end of the Kaiser valley. On the way we
stopped at Sam Sachs' house & made
arrangements for the next hunt which
was to be in 3 or 4 days after the Lama
had returned from Muga with our mail.
While we were at S. S's house I took a
series of motion pictures of the young & old
mountaineers. They all submitted with ex-
ceptional good well and during the process
two picturesque Lamas with a woman
rode up carrying a pair of splendid 5 pt.
elk & deer antlers in velvet which
they offered for sale for $200!! I got pictures
of them also and we then went on with
the carts down the valley. We had no
difficulty in crossing the marsh &
river, altho' the Mongols had said it
couldn't be done, & pitched the tents in
a terrace ~~along the foot~~ half way down a high forest
clad hill. Our view is down the valley
to the south & up the other valley to the
east where S. S. lives. It could hardly
be a more beautiful spot and the game
is plenty as we may see deer at
any time.

Lama the young hunter rode into

Uga ~~[illegible]~~ the P.M. ~~[illegible]~~ set a line of traps with Chen & Kang. My, & I hunted in the

Sat Aug. 9 eve but got nothing.

Saw ~~two~~ one this A.M. but no shots - beautiful day - Eve, went out with Sundaube & rode up the valley north where we are camped. On the way saw the headquarters of a farm sticking out of the bushes & shot at, shot a capercaille & saw the others - wonderful moonlight - bright enough to shoot -

Sun Aug. 10 Last night forge hard & grass covered with white frost - went out with S. D. & saw ~~[illegible]~~ but no shots - shot a squirrel but did not get it - Saw a big gray owl - In P.M. My, & I went out but came back early because of rain.

Mon Aug. 11 Rain this A.M. & rest all day - stayed in tent & wrote journal. At 9 P.M. young hunter returned but Fama not yet he had horse so hard it became ill - Could not find our mail in bag until next

Tues. Aug. 12 A.M.

Beautiful day - warm in sun - all A.M. read mail & papers - Fama returned at noon - S. D. & young hunter planned to go for 2 day trip ~~[illegible]~~ & then return for a "field day" at S. D's house - Then go off for long trip - My. & I hunted in

Wed. Aug. 13 P.M. but see nothing.

This A.M. My. & I rose at 4 o'clock &

had our oatmeal with the servants, then — we rode out across the marsh & up into the big valley just north of where we are camped. We have seldom failed to see reduncks here & this morning as we were skirting the edge of the woods I saw a fawn jump out of the rushes & dash for the cover of the fence on the other side. I crawled in the grass & he stopped just within the cover of the trees. It was a long shot at a very small animal but the first shot broke his hind leg & he ran only a few steps. The second which took him in his chest he went down for good.

We continued hunting but saw no other deer. Saw 3 caferaille & got some blue berries in the marsh. Returned to camp & found the two Rungi hunters waiting for us. After breakfast we packed our things and started off again.

It is good to be away, & leave camp servants & comparatively luxury behind us & to go off for a real hunt & a life au naturelle. We rode up the valley in which we had hunted this a.m. & camped near its upper end. Just after our tent was up it began to rain & continued all the p.m. However, we are as comfortable

as can be for we have our sleeping bags, plenty of reading material & good food. We are so glad to be away - not a thing worrying us & ~~plenty~~ prospect of a fine hunt before us.

It was interesting to see the way Ed S. D. prepared for rain. He rolled an immense log to the fire & built of huge blaze around it in such a way that it would burn underneath the log. When it was gets well started, the rain can fall directly upon it and the fire will burn regardless for the log is continually being hollowed out from ~~below~~ beneath. All the P. M. we have slept, ate, read & written - a lazy life but a happy one & even if the rain is pattering in torrent we are warm & comfortable. It is fine country we are in, with a branch valley to the north leading up to an open rise, ~~with~~ hills sparsely crowded with humid trees. To the west, the main valley loses itself ~~in~~ a heavy spruce forest.

Commercial chapter
where mammoth fur is sent at Khamatai
trapping - ~~Also~~ Am. traps -
wool - camel wool
sheep scattle - hides - meat
forests - pulp - spruce

Urga is 6,000 ft above sea
Bogdo-ol is 11,000 ft " "

Wireless stations Peking to Urga & Urumtsi to Kashgar - Day & night towards Peking -
Urga, Kobdo, Ili-pu & Hami - these will tack up with Peking when these first day & night stations - not now in China
Marconi doing it for Chinese Govt.
"Chinese Nat. Wireless Co." formed to control, maintain & supply Marconi patents in China

Chinese & Japanese Drugs W.T. Collins
Hermanns Eng

Sayn-noyn Khan