

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 purveyor and wood cutter
Mrs. Mac Callie "Delcette"Coffee,tea,and soup supply cheaf,
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 pictureshue 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 mart after dinner and during smoking hour (when most lenien' 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. Cent. Pk. N.Y.

*Please
Schuyler 77 00*

Service provided by R.R. - to San Francisco by steamer
 by carriage to Sharrarone - K&T. 219

Chung who - see (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

Imports

1 Sausage + 2000 shells
 sent to Am. Consul Gen.
 For C. P. N. Shanghai

From Carole

- 1 Raccoon dog
- 1 Crab & mungus
- 1 Palm civet
- 1 muskrat

Fox & Smith

1 gun each without
 + 500 shells each
 sent over to N.Y. office

Equipment

- 1 Sausage + 2000 shells
- 1 Fox 20 ga - + 500 shells & 4 shells

cigarettes	# 4	
cotton	2 - 3	
radish		R 6
potato	1	
mint		10
bread		20
hobble	# 5	
forks	1.50	25) 36 (1
		20
		16
	13.50	
	1.50	
	<u>15.00</u>	

3756

JUN 12 1953

Administrative
 Dept.

S. D. 4 Young Hunters
 Aug 2 to 7th S. D. - 6 days
 Aug 10 with S. D. - 1 day
 Aug 13 " " + young till 14 mi. with a m 15
 Aug 18 " " " till Aug 28 mi - 11 days
 Extra hunter Aug 19 till Aug 22 mi - left a m 23 - hunter 4 days

1 rook giv - Eastern from S. D.
 1 rook 3 ad N. D.
 1 " 3 ad N. D.
 1 musk deer " "

Adv. to egg hunter \$14 on Aug. 8th

#178 July 10

mittum -	5.00
tent peg -	2.00
" "	2.00
Lo -	20.00
Luna	13.00
	<u>38.00</u>
cheer	10.00
meat vegetables	3.00
Lo's account	5.00
Jama	23.00
	<u>3</u>

10/1 Left

14 a my + co

#119 in bag

myge guide -	2.00
carls & Sam's	3.00
hunter wages	2.00
sheep	7.00
mountain hunter	2.00
(Lampas print)	1.00
Rocky skin	2.00
hunter	7.50
Supplies from Olga	15.00
Advance to hunter	14.00
	<u>85.50</u>
For raxes	2.00
For Amos show Aug 29	11.00
" Lo	10
	<u>78</u>

July 15 to Aug 15 - 25

Aug 15 to Sept 15 - 25

Sept 15 to " 21 5-

55
16
71

Lo's account 1

skinel	1.00
bag	2.50
mittum	2.30
hobble	.80
Kang mat	3.00
cloth	2.00
old cloth	2.50
curry game	1.00
matches	.20
bouals	4.35
tea	1.00
Coconut	2.00
	<u>22.50</u>
omms	.20
argue	

July 15 Paid in full

23.05

23.30

119
55
64
39
29

more 7 21
rea 5- 12
35

11111

obs. Aug 25 - 5-

Sept 25 - 1

" 20 - 10

16

1919

Month	Day	Lo - \$	Kang #
May	13	60	may 13 - 60
"	26	5	" 26 - 10
June	3	20	Jun 3 - 20
July	12	20	Aug 28 5
Sept	12	10	
Sept	25	10	
		125	

Month	Day	chen #
May	26	13
June	3	26
July	12	10
Aug	28	13
		62

Perkins + cookies	.50
Boxes to weeknals + sta	1.80
Peking to Kalgan	25.00
shovel	.20
potatoes	1.00
Coltman	
cooling things + meat	7.00
traps	3.00
tent + poles	14.50
sewing tent + over	4.20
linen bags	3.00
eggs	2.00
meat	1.60
chanceval	.70
matchbox etc	.30
<hr/>	
	35.10

potatoes	2.00
traps	2.00
"	5.20
pole	.60
chanceval	7.50
mutton	3.30
knives	3.60
rain coat - #12	
hat	3.50
chanceval	2.00
mutton	1.80
crk. mames	1.00
knives	.50
sauce pan	.30
card repair	.50
<hr/>	
	0

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125

11111

ib^o over to

bed \$ 2.00

2.10
3.20

3.30
 1.40
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 90
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50
 4 13 62
 2 4
 4 62

3
 cigarettes
 cotton & bread
 vegetables
 potatoes
 cigarettes

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 hoarse
 voices. As we passed into the door of the
 main temple behind a picturesque
 crowd of women & men, an old
 priest ~~gave~~ ~~each~~ ~~a~~ ~~few~~ ~~drops~~
 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. In
 the middle of the room, stand-
 ing on a huge brass covered lotus flower
 was a colossal gilt statue of Buddha,
 about 80 feet high. His hands were great
 alms-bowls, and his enormous
 fingers just met across his breast.
 At his side were two snake-like spirals of
 brass. On either side was a pillar, of
 swathed in brilliant pieces of brilliant

July 13 - to Aug 15 - 25
 Aug 15 - to Sept 15 - 20
 Sept 15 - to " 21 - 5
 55
 16
 40

also Aug 26 - 5
 Sept 26 - 1
 " 20 - 10
 16

1919

Urga trip 1919

7

May
 Sat. 15
 Thurs.

Left Peking 8:30 A.M. with Mr. Mrs. Chas. Coleman Mr. Mrs. E. L. Max & Callie - met John Owen (driver) in Kalgan - Packed stuff + send off next 9. AM

May
 Sat. 16
 Fri.

Got stuff away on two carts with my 2 Chines la-fiter men & cook got daylight for Ham-ahad - Spent day at Kalgan Gals & Coleman drove a Dodge car over pass to Ham-ahad - we men went by horse - fine weather - just warm enough - stayed at Father's evening, 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 drake & mallard also - ducks very wild

Sat
 May
 Sept 17

Left at 5:30 A.M. - No sun & rather cold - roads fine - Dodge cars running splendidly - 2 D. " & 2 Fords - Mac has complete Delco electric plant he is taking to Ulega - 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 spaced distance - In pond saw lot of ducks & killed one shoveller & one common shell drake - beautiful bird with large red breast

Sunday
 May
 Sept 18

- June
 on bill - shot another ruddy shell duck
 & Owen also - saw several camel
 carcasses - camels shedding &
 look very ragged - the Chinese
 cultivated patches, were plowing
 & fields beginning to turn green -
 trees at Ham - a had just budding.
 Saw one fox but no antelope -
 killed 18 Citellus mongolicus - from
 ear - live just like our gophers at
 home - do not build mounds in form
 of hole - not live in extensive villages
 as our western prairie dogs but
 still usually have number together
 females all carrying young but still
 have winter pelage - Camped 90 mi
 from Ham has at 4:35 - skinned
 all gophers & two cranes - tented
 lighted at night by Dulco - first
 time ever have electric light on go

Monday
 May 19

Left at 7 AM wind fairly strong - saw only
 a few gophers - numbers of gulls (black capped)
 reached Panjan about noon & just beyond P
 on the plain saw a flock of golden plovers -
 about me - while waiting for me the people
 saw an ^{grotund} 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 nod. - shot
 at it but it disappeared over a bluff &
 we lost it - shortly after saw another

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

Ran on down the road & we saw
 a single antelope - it ran over
 a hill & when we followed it

a little later we saw four more.
 One and we then jumped from
 our car at 200 yds & began firing.
 The three got well away but the
 4th would not by himself - she ran
 across in front of us & after 3 shots
 I dropped her at 422 yds & she fell off

the road or for short distance on
 road I saw a single antelope
 it ran over a hill & when we followed
 we saw a big herd - we saw them
 with car at 40 mi per hr. & they
 crossed our bow - they shot one
 but the leg of the car on it with a hail
 above 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 camp & 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, Cottman & Owen & I started out in the Dodge car after antelope. Two animals which Owen had been shooting at first in his army of prairie field were in sight across the tent. A long way off we made for them and they separated.

One ran off rather slowly & when we were about 200 yds away they stopped the car & we all jumped out at the first shot the antelope flitted 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 into a rut. The truck 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 poorest shots I ever made for she was going like the wind. She was a golden plover (I. sub. turon) Parting her in the running & a

of the car with her head under the lamp
we ran on over the plain to pick
up another bunch. within ten
minutes we saw three herds, one con-
taining about 20 animals. The
antelope were loping slowly along
and did not begin to really run
until we were about 400 yds
from them, then they started
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 Colman gave maximum
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 moved
rapidly. Soon we were not more
than 200 yds away. Mac & I were
resting hanging over the edge of the
car with our feet on the running
board & as the motor stopped we
leaped to the ground, dropped our
knives & opened fire. Owing Colman
with speeding out, also and 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 put Thompson in the car and ran over to get another bunch of antelope which we could sell and get a good price for the night. We missed by a swelling and of course. They were 14 in this herd and as we came toward them they trotted near surely to get, with head down and hesitatingly trying to decide what we were well. The sun was setting and a red glow behind them as it shall never forget the picture they made, ~~cut sharply into the sky~~ their black forms standing out sharply against the glowing horizon.

Low's horse had seen them & as we wanted no more does, all a good shot only at him. The animals sprung out at full speed as we advanced and when we leaped from the car were nearly 250 yds away. The buck had dropped back into the center of the herd & as he turned 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.

Evidently 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 sped shot up to 35 miles.

We gained slowly & when about 100 yds. away it jumped out and put its hind leg on the opposite side. They could see now that it was another doe, much to our disgust, & even with two legs under 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 when pointed ears are carried straight up & back & give exactly the appearance of horns when one is some distance away.

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

Mar

turned in at 9:30. It was a beautiful
 star light night with no wind and
 we dropped to sleep to dream. In the
 fun we were there in the morning
 we were very late and both saw in a
 thousand light and we had
 finished breakfast. I also had
 some of the top of the system
 and then a ride to the back of
 the lake. We arrived at 9:30 and
 were in the center. Mrs. Mac
 and children were the first
 out while the others got in the
 same. They were very nice.

Mac, Mrs. Mac, and I
 were very nice. We saw
 a bird a mile or so
 away and they were very
 beautiful. It was a
 small, splendid specimen as the
 man in the 177 car found it
 9:30 or so but we saw it
 and running and jumping
 we could not help ourselves
 & there.

We took it as a sign
 and then that day we
 to give it up as the man was
 still working. I saw in the
 girls on the plane.

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

When we reached its summit we saw four bunches of antelope scattered about in 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 dispersed when we were still several hundred yds away and we followed the larger bunch which gave promise of a fine photograph. As that the sun 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 a route in front of the car. The herd divided and 10 or 12 ran straight away from us.

It was a difficult thing to

front of us. They were not more than 200 yds away and the wolf made straight for them. Panic stricken at the sight of the wolf & the car they ~~darted~~ ^{recoiled} wildly about for a second and then swarming about to cross our bows. The wolf dashed straight into their midst & they divided as tho' cut by a knife. One half turned about about, but the others kept on coming until I shot we would actually kill them down. The wolf, however, had trouble of his own with the car so close on his heels and kept straight ahead with his nose to the ground.

We were almost as close as I could see his tongue hanging out when Charles showed up. Mac & I were jumped out & began shooting while I sat still & cursed myself for a fool in not putting in a fresh roll of film. I probably never had the opportunity to get another picture like it.

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

2000
150
100
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before the boys got back into the car & we were after him again. The going was good & we jumped up to 400 miles within a few yards. The wolf was tired and within minutes we had him well in view again. He was eventually all in and as we neared him, I could see his tongue dangling out & foam dripping from his jaws.

We ran so close that Charles had to swing the car suddenly to one side & avoid running over him, & narrowly missed upsetting us. Charles pulled out his .45 automatic, slowed down & fired at the wolf which was almost under the front wheels again. His bullet struck just behind the animal's neck leaped out, struck down & sent a .30 bullet down his rifle into the wolf's back. He rolled over snapping & biting at the wound and we pulled along side, with his lips gleaming back over ~~an~~ a 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!" Colman shot him, around & gave a sudden shove

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

We ran back to camp after the episode of the wolf and on the way saw a lone buck antelope. He gave us a short chase but left us behind when he struck rough ground. At this time of the year the bushes 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 doe *Ammodendron* gazelle with a dozen or so guttered gazelle. They were running with the herd and could easily be distinguished by their larger size, lighter color & short tail. When running the guttered gazelle keeps his long tail straight up over his back as stiff as a poker.

we found the goats at camp with
tiffin ready & immediately after-
ward 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 & cold
however but we had a comfortable
camp in the lee of a hill not far
from a well.

Next morning we ran on toward the
mountain a strong cold wind ~~passed~~ ^{blew} over our face.
On the way we saw several herds of
antelope but we did not wish to shoot
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 resisted.

Asking Diles to remain on the road
we swung off over the side of ground
after the larger wolf. It had a good
start of about 600 yds but the game
was splendid & we ran up a 40 mi
per hr. without difficulty. At that
we gained rapidly and after about
three miles had the wolf almost under
the front wheels. Colman wanted
to shoot it with his pistol and I
was chaffing to finish him off with
my rifle & wanted to hit.

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

mad.
8.17.21
man

* just missed our right front wheel
 and crossed it front of the car.
 Cottman avoided hitting him by a
 clever piece of driving but we were
 close to turning over. The wolf ran
 off a right angle to the way we had
 been going & we had to slow down
 to seeing about it. It got well away
 again and we did not soon over-
 take him for the going was getting
 rougher every mile. Cottman
 tried again for a shot with his pistol
 but the bullet repeated his man's
 of crossing in front of us.
 The woods 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 wolf from, even
 that he was well tired by this time.
 We had already run down 12 miles
 but he was by no means finished.
 Cottman had given up all
 hope of hitting him 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, & leaped from the

car before it had fully stopped but the
 wolf slipped over the crest before I
 could shoot. Thinking I could get
 a shot in a moment I ran to the ridge
 just in time to see the animal dis-
 appear into a second ridge of rocks
 a hundred or so yards from the first &
 parallel with it. I signalled call-
 ing him to leave me, he ran around
 the head of the wolf. He advanced to
 within 100 yards of me.

June 5
Thursday

Last night we left Andersen Meyer's place at 7.45. Our three carts got off ahead of us and we came along on our horses with Mr. Jensen, & Mr. & Mrs. Alfason who were to ride out part way with us. We went west thru Unga, past the Hama city and out over the plain toward Bogson-ol. The sun was brilliant and blazed like gold upon the ~~gold~~ yellow & green roofs of the temples. At the distance, on the banks of the Fola River, we could see the palace & the Hunk-tu like ^{the} magical dwellings in the Arabian nights lying peacefully amid the green & the blue dunes & willows. All about us on the plain, white feet & hoofs were dotted over the grass amid herds of grazing sheep & camels.

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

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

4
1
4
4

at one o'clock. These our troubles began ^{now}
 The horses had been pulling well but ^{with}
 in the long hill the big Russian horse &
 my white cart pony began to behave
 badly stopping every few moments &
 at last refused to go. To add to our
 dilemma felt the heavy clouds which
 had been sweeping toward us since
 the first of the day as a deluge of rain.
 Then the single pony took away
 and it had a fair chance before dead,
 then in the hollow, a bay pony he
 looked beautifully and well and old
 spirit, but he was so young in years
 it could reach for the best of speakers
 off the main way whenever he tried
 to avoid us.

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

about five o'clock as we came
 down a long hill I saw two or three
 far over toward the river & I & I will

Myself & all of us over to them leaving
the carts & followers.

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

So cooked dinner inside and we
all ate together. The apartment was
large with a ~~an~~ iron stove in the
middle, two tiny beds, about 6 inches
off the ground, at the sides, and
several chests at the back. On one
was ranged the family gods & a
Buddhist painting. It was a strange
setting for our dinner, with the
myself & others 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 &

June 6
Friday

thanked providence for our good sleeping
bags, all froze solidly during the night.

The sun was warm though when
we got up at 5 o'clock. We had a
delicious breakfast of pancakes &
biscuits with yeast, packed the car
& got away at 8 o'clock. It was
a perfect day with a breeze & warm
enough just to be pleasant. We were
in the beautiful plain, mostly red
& followed it to the top. The grass was
like velvet on the willow trees.
The bank was in their first spring
leaves of vivid green.

There was a demure crane was
a mile & a half to the west, wing, &
ran like a deer across the plain in
the morning. The two children taxidermy
& myself after it. Finally we heard
it off & it killed it with another & a

Crane was everywhere and a
few moments later I shot a second
a big flock of swan geese had
alighted and said had a word
toward them even as they were
at the opposite side of the stream.

We passed a crane walking
about in the marsh and it paid but
the slightest attention. As we were
two we were only a few feet from

I did not shoot for it was more interest-
 ed in the geese but they got up beyond
 range. Turning about I saw the
 crane still there. I wanted to see
 in my pony would let me shoot
 from its back so I took a snap shot,
 I broke the birds leg but it flew slowly
 away. The pony never moved. It was
 about 20 yds away when the mungah
 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 mungah's gun and rode over to-
 ward 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 bunch of willow
 scrub. When they flew I got two
 with a quick right & left. Both were
 only winged and I had a hard chase
 thru the bushes after the first. When
 I finally killed it I came back for
 the second it was gone. After hunt-
 ing about for five minutes I called
 to my mungah, & there was an answer
 in a square from the crane a few
 yards to the left. It caught a
 flash of light as the bird saw

among the bushes and scrambling
 after it, it got a snap shot which
 knocked it over. It was not yet
 dead and its squawks kept low and
 cranes circling above my head. As
 they came over, it killed some dead
 another air with a charge of 6's -
 pretty good shot for me. The big bird

Our transport was busy about noon
 cranes when we galloped back
 the carts and deposited the load. The
 boys were glad to see the birds for
 meat 'chow' for everybody. These
 cranes are good eating altho' not
 as delicately flavored as the ones
 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 plain, when
 hit them ~~at~~ our road, and were
 strung out in a long line behind
 a group riding abreast. Only a col-
 phos could give an impression
 of the picturesque & ballad-like
 of the procession. Three Samak,
 dressed in blazing yellow, rode
 ahead on ponies, with two red
 clothed Samaks behind. These
 neck & neck rode four men &

ride under the leaders, but we must have robbed it of its picturesqueness, even when we added a note of contrast. The old man who had become enamored of my glasses several times offered us some from a drug store bottle & seemed much surprised that we did not care for it. Camp occurs to be an unusual one by the thoughts and ideas of feet & us as soon as we came into the young la-
-night.

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

Shortly after supper we struck a bit of bad road and the white horse cart got mired in a mud hole. The brute simply quit & refused to pull at all. A ~~few~~ half hour before a Wagon with five horses had joined us & rode along beside the cart, when we could not move the white horse, the Wagon offered to lend us a small boy pony to pull and the load. We hitched up the little brute and he jerked the cart out of the hole in fine shape. We then asked the Wagon if he

would be willing to swap horses. He 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 mungol \$5-00 and a new white horse. He 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 picking 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 mungols had evidently 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, roosting on the sand bars & paddling about in the water. They are beautiful big fellows with a broad brown band down the back of the neck & a good deal of rump on the face. They were not very wild and I killed one with

my short gun by slipping off my barrel
 & walking behind the horses which, if,
 the night rode toward the flock, all the
 birds were 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 before long. Cranes were
 everywhere but the six I had killed
 in the morning were all wounded &
 good at present and I did not shoot
 any more. Most of the cranes were
 in pairs picking up the meadow and
 were very tame. I saw one share a
 magpie which was picking near it.
 The bird had made the most amusing
 & ridiculous posture of spectacles as it
 hopped & waddled about after the
 little back & white bird which kept
 just out of reach.

The Mongolia sky larks were lovely
 as they fluttered ^{up from the ground} ~~up from the ground~~
 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 ~~our~~ ^{our} things
 half an hour. I put out a line of
 traps in the willows & caught a mouse
 & a rabbit's ~~tail~~ ^{tail} after dark very

Sat.
June 7

It was a warm morning but heavy clouds began to gather before we broke camp. I caught 3 more Muskrats but we saw no mammals at all.

We had a series of difficult hills to negotiate 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 as tipped. After leaving the hills we came on to a large plain surrounded with ~~sally~~ ridges by grass covered ridges.

There was a dozen or more farms & a little wooden temple. It was evidently a permanent winter grazing ground. Many sheep & a few cattle were scattered over the plain & much manure sign (red) but no animals.

After supper we struck a long straight path which cut across the plain ~~into~~ to the river. It was difficult going & the heavy wind & rain squalls made it ~~such~~ so disagreeable that we camped at 11.30. In the plain we saw a hundred or more demissey cranes & one big gray crane. I also shot two swan geese and saw many Lapwings.

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 to ride 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
 20 feet long with a running noose
 fastened at the end. With this they
 circle out 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 near their
 feet tighten up the noose

about 5:30 the Chinese came here,
 "Peter the Great", gave up & absolutely
 refused to pull his load. We took
 Grotter's chestnut pony out to see
 if he would work in the cart. It
 was an education to see our Mongol
 go about it. The pony was ^{rather} flighty and

when he was hurt near the cart so the
 Mongol hobbled down on three feet.
 Then seeing a rope about his hind
 quarters he tumbled him up & gave
 him into the shafts. ~~to~~ Tying the
 saddle to the cart in front he started
 him up & went at a quiet trot. The pony
 had to kick & pluck but was
 scared down. When the Mongol
 took the lead he hobbled & later
 out of the quarter. The animal
 pulled faintly well after a hour
 but the Mongol was near the cart.
 I was out on for an hour or more when
 the Mongol was off down one of
 an easy road. The road was
 in front of the road and he had to
 the fearings of the walk. At night when
 it was breaking down but when he
 attempted to climb on the cart
 the little heart thumped & purred
 and after the summer succeeded
 in reaching the front of the cart.
 The Mongol returned at this quarter
 were to be and the pony for he was
 too frightened to be of service.
 We went down to the river camp
 beside some spouts. It was winter
 that we would need a horse
 if we were to go on in the Mongol side
 of it see what could be done.

About ten o'clock he came in with another 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 rained again at first but the Mongol said he'd do so we took him at \$36.

M. m.
June 9.

The white horse did well after a few preliminary jumps, etc and appears to be a strong animal. We went ^{over fairly level} ~~down~~ ^{ground in the valley} ~~fairly level valley~~ but far over to the south with the river 2 or 3 miles from north. After supper the river crossing led toward the road and we continued not far from 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 surrounded by the "pail-box" houses of the town. Hounds were scattered along the outskirts & it made a most picturesque effect.

A little above that on the road left the river, crossing northward ~~along~~ the hills. At this point it abandons the Tola valley & crosses the mts. We camped at 7:30 beside a gout where we expected to get information as to the further route.

Up to this time the only animal,

7
5
2
2
4

we have seen are not mammals & are really
 arthropods. The mites have killed off
 everything during the winter.

Tues
 June 10

The animals had during the night & been
 so hungry, that I had to get up & re-peg
 tent & keep it over us. The mites had
 come on the boys have in the only thing.

Off course he put up in a few moments
 & I was in a hurry to get a couple of
 & then I had to get out of the tent any
 thing. Our mail tent is a nuisance.

We found that there was no water
 for our ponies for two days, & that
 if we had to go on we would have to
 get water at once. It was necessary to make
 a long detour so that we should have
 all the water with us in our
 canteens.

The general condition of the valley
 and the fact that it would require
 10 or 12 days more before we could
 reach Sigm Raja Kukus place decided
 us to return. In this short season
 it was imperative to have the
 in travelling and use every moment
 for collecting specimens.

It was a hard decision to make
 but was the only thing to be done.
 These people do think collecting
 is all fun and to have a few
 disappointments such as this

and they would get a different idea. Sometimes 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 carried leads one into wasting time & money!

At one P. M. we started back with heavy hearts as camped at 6:15 at the spot where we had tipped yesterday. On the way I shot a mallard female & a drake shoveller. These pairs are breeding here as are the red by shell-drakes. We saw many of the latter in pairs, they are very tame. Also a good many swan-geese in flocks but they are probably not breeding.

Downy cranes are everywhere in pairs. Yesterday we watched two cranes across the river walking about feeding. At last one, I think probably the female, quietly settled down, undoubtedly upon her eggs while the male continued walking about not far away.

Lapwings are breaking and often when crossing at night, mark the pretty birds flying about just overhead in such evident clusters that their eggs must be near by.

The second day from the gauntlet a female bustard with my rifle but this is the only one we have seen. Several other species of plovers had been performing their mating ritual along the river and today we saw a number of black capped terns. In addition to the birds I shot at there were a few other birds that were plentiful as of the black and white magpie, but we saw a small number today - probably that we had a small number of them in the area.

As the day passed we saw several caracaras and a few of them were seen to be with young birds and pieces of food were seen to be in their mouths. These winter caracaras were seen to be other grazing grounds for the winter. Some of the caracaras were seen to be with their young like a small house in which.

Wed.
June 11

Last night we camped at a small spot of water. The river was a beautiful camp, a perfect night, the moon set was marvellous, the whole system of the river flooded with water. The night left the river in a beautiful state, after the cars started at 10:30 AM. and we rode along the river. I shot a single bean goose, the only one we have seen.

so far. Also a flock of red-head ducks alighted
 in a pond and I got many others. We
 saw during the day probably 1500 mostly
 shell ducks. They were usually in
 pairs and exceedingly tame, letting
 us come within 20 feet very often.
 Their beautiful rufous feathers, black
 wings & white heads show with
 startling vividness against the green
 grass. The birds are all breeding
 and show much nervousness very
 often when we approach them that
 that their nests must be near by.
 They are mainly little ponds in
 the low lands & swampy places
 & less often on the river itself. I
 watched two feeding today & was sur-
 prised to see them "tip up" exactly
 like a mallard.

On the P.M. I shot a beautiful fine
 swan gosse. It has speckles like
 a fine large gosse, bigger than the
 bean gosse. It's back is dark gray
 & the wings very light gray in the evening.
 The breast is tinged with rufous & there
 is much rufous above the face & at
 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 came up they were

all in flocks. Many Lapwing, I also
 evidently with nests for they appeared
 to be about recently just about
 our heads growing then plain and
 brown the more to get the more of
 that & had a hard fight to get back
 into the bird for the current was
 strong with a head wind except
 at 4:30 pm.

Thurs.
 June 12
 9
 Fri.
 June 13

Both days were beautiful in the A. M.
 & raining in the P. M. We rode along
 by the river & shortly as we went
 I got six geese - 2 swan & 4 gray
 geese with a white neck & black band
 that which I do not know. The
 days were successful.

Sat.
 June 14

Effetto & I rode ahead of the carts
 all arrived at Unga at noon. We
 went to Andersen Meyer's place &
 put up with Mr. Alfander & family
 We were all tired & right glad of a bath
 & rest.

Sunday
 June 15

Have been busy all day unpacking &
 getting ready for an early start tomorrow.
 Caught the shagb. stealing sugar and
 fired him - got Medy Larsson's things -
 a young Lania. Went north of Unga &
 see the Minister of the interior the 1st M.
 He lives for the summer in a house
 on the hill side overlooking the city.

Monday
June 16

Left away at 6 a.m. Then travelled up
the valley & swinging off on the Kalgan
road & lots of water from recent
rains - Every p.m. rains hard - hot
in a.m. Today was beautiful &
at the same time thunder & rain -
At the Russian bridge across the
Tola saw a pair of swan geese &
6 young - the old birds would only
leave the young when we were a
few feet away - I tried to photo them
but a Russian in a cart frightened
them - caught 2 young - wonderful
how they would hide even though
more than a week old & could run
nearly as fast as I could. There
are fuzzy little fellows covered with
shaggy down. Had dinner at
bridge & in P.M. went on down
the valley & struck across the hills -
Beautiful with forest clad slopes
of Bergdawal on our right & rolling
hills on the left - saw first mammals
25 miles from Brega - rifle shooting
& night killed none - camped at
5:30 beside a little pond - also pond
was pair of shell drake (saddy) with ~~some~~
young - shot 4 - little fellows could
dive & swim like old ones altho
only a few days old - beautiful
night

Tuesday
June 17

At this camp we saw several gophers Citellus sp. with long tails one of which I had obtained on the way up. They appeared about 5 miles before we reached this camp (or 20 mi from Urya). They continued for about 5 mi or 10 mi 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 from being too warm. I saw hundreds of marmots but my sights were so bad that I got none. I do not seem to be able to get the rifle to shoot 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 to 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 surrounded by a cluster of yurts which in the distance looked like giant beehives.

Our mule ride ahead & learned that this was the last water for 35 miles, so of course we camped at the foot 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, out with the
 Munggo rode ~~at~~ away with a bag of
 steel traps to set for marmots. Within
 300 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 branches & a
 stick would have been pulled into the
 hole. I sent Chen & Kang the two taxi-
 drivers, 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, ~~where~~ where we could look out on
 the velvet-green hills, ^{to the north} ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~last~~ be
 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 where
 they had placed their traps. We found

many muskrat tunnels some of the
 animals in a trap. Also Yvette
 discovered one of the large wooden traps
 dragged half way into a hole with a
 baby muskrat safely caught. He was
 a little fellow about ten inches long
 covered with soft yellow-white fur.
 We turned in at 9 o'clock.

Wed.
 June 18

This morning before we set up the
 traps I came to the tent door to tell us
 that a muskrat was in one of our traps.
 We dressed hurriedly and ran over to the
 place but found that the animal had
 found himself loose before we arrived.
 While I was resetting the trap, the
 thought saw a muskrat ^{run up at summit} ~~up a~~ on
 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

Almost male in fine pelage, with
 his yellowish hair still unworn.

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 seem to be useless.

H. was prospecting about what I was resetting the traps and discovered six baby marmots playing in 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 animal had a $7\frac{1}{2}$ inch tail ending in a tuft of black hair like the feathers on an arrow. His enormous ears and long legs with the tiny front legs give 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 mungols told us that there were many of them in the hills near the temple.

After breakfast H. & I took out several more traps and found another male marmot. H. also saw the young again and I aimed over with the gun. Six little fellows were playing about like kittens on top of a grassy mound about the hole. They looked like little balls of yellow fur & were too cunning for words as they frolicked in the green grass. It took considerable nerve to stop their play but I had to harden my heart & fire at them for

I saw a large bird running along the ground some distance to the right. Riding toward it it suddenly disappeared as though 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 it was the bird and flattened out in the short grass with its neck outstretched. When the bird saw we had discovered it she got up & ran slowly away. I fired at her with a .22 g shot but she 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

yards. However a huge bird managed to conceal itself so completely in the short grass as to remain an able commentary on their knowledge of all bird life.

at Fair.
June 28

promise of rain & when we were early. The party got away about 7:30 and I first took to the hills to the east of the road, riding along low summits in the hope that we might see antelope. Lawrence 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 party had seen 2 of running across

simply moving figures might have started
 them enough to put them on the alert. When
 we had passed beyond their sight I shook out
 the reins over "Kublai Khan'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 ~~where~~ where I
 could crawl over the hill top for a look with
 the glasses, but the antelope were nowhere
 in sight. We galloped on for a quarter of
 a mile and leaving off to hold the horses
 I went over the summit of the hill, leaving
 my rifle in its scabbard and I 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 one of the
 animals must have seen me warning
 my way back to the horses for when I
 next came on the hill top they had moved
 a hundred yards south into the valley and
 away back down in my direction. I then I
 rose to my knees & shot 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. ~~They~~

The herd turned on the opposite hill side and
 showed down & trotted up the valley. I
 went back to the horses very much disgusted
 and if I watched them rather ruefully.

Suddenly four or five antelope detached themselves from the main herd and started down the valley toward the sides of the cañon. When we saw that they were really well started in our direction we threw ourselves ~~into the~~ ^{into the} ~~herd~~ and dashed forward to cut them off. Almost instantly the antelope increased their speed and simply flew up the hill slope.

I yelled to Giffell a word in the holes and he took up the reins on "Kubai Khan" and the dog already seen in the antelope and when he saw his head he flattened out under off like a bullet and could feel his great muscles working between my knees but otherwise there seemed hardly a motion of his body. In the long smooth run I ~~watched for the~~ ^{watched for the} ~~antelope~~ ^{antelope} ~~watched to Giffell~~ ^{watched to Giffell} who was milking her chestnut ^{as Lilityasa} ~~antelope~~ ^{antelope} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~light~~ ^{light} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~antelope~~ ^{antelope} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~line~~ ^{line} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{of} ~~body~~ ^{body} and she was running me a close second, hardly but just behind.

I saw a marmot hole in front of me but we were over it in a flash. another green patch which

I knew concealed a death trap & our attention
 showed ahead & I swung Kublai to the
 right. Another & another followed
 but the horse was watching like a cat
 & leaped ~~on~~ ~~at~~ ~~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 irresistibly
 in a semi-circle about their presence.

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 aimed with a click. 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 snatched only a swirl of ground.

I had dropped my reins on the ground
 when I began to shoot & Gottle had my pony
 jumping into the saddle & was after the
 wounded antelope. He was not to be seen when
 we topped the rise but I saw a signal & that
 was the animal far away to the left running
 down hill. 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 antelope was lying down. I saw the animal was not dead & moved to her aid. She let me come up and I descended a few rods up of the animal's head. There was just one more shell in my gun & my pockets were empty. It was a bit of a chance to get the antelope. I got the gain of 500 yds & the animal was dead.

I walked on Yvette & together we walked up to the point of a orange-yellow foam lying at the foot of 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 ~~as~~ one will seldom be found with the does except in the largest herds. This one was in full summer pelage, its new hair spotted & unworn.

M. held Kublai 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. Miriam's prompt paces

would stand for that but Kublai 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 Kublai is no exception to that rule, so I hobble 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 stop the carts & find where ~~we~~ 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 animal does 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 imminent possibility, & even probability, that your ~~pony~~ ^{pony} will put his foot into a manure hole & send you flying over his head & a broken neck. ~~That is the~~ ^{That is the} ~~fact when~~

we does get near enough to hunt the range is always long (from 200 to 400 yds) and at a target which is simply flying so the chances are all in favor of the antelope except for the modern long range rifle. 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

is the joy of pulling a good horse under track & of the pony really entering into the hunt as Killebuck does, it might be said. The danger from the wild side adds more than a decade of 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.

Three miles down the road we found water a mile back on the plain. I saw a deep well which we camped some distance from it to be nearer the mountains. There were a half dozen squats scattered over the plain and their inhabitants were never to see us during the day. A picture of a 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 & unroll a few his snuff box.

They were curious to a certain extent but never
 disagreeably so, a more unpleasant 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 mongol who occupied the
 nearest yurt rode over to pay his respects
 & bro't a bowl of cheese & 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
 mungos as others who 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 gladiatorial contests.

At 11 P.M. I set out a number of mouse
 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 bustled around to mark
 the traps, stopped up the holes and bro't
 dirt in his shoe to cover the traps was
 a delight.

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

left a lanterns after glow of gold & red
 - Ma did not need to light her candles
 until seven and read for half an hour
 before we went to sleep.

301.
 June 21. I woke at 5 A.M. with a delightful
 sense of anticipation of what the day
 held in store for us. After a breakfast
 of porridge we rode out to examine
 our traps. Four mammals were in
 the bag and every trap had been either
 sprung or held an animal. On one
 the mouse had gnawed off his leg
 & gotten away. At another he fouled
 only a wet nose in a mass of a piece
 of yellow fur. It is wonderful how
 the big mammals can hold on if they
 get around a curve 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 & ~~perhaps~~
 shot three before they slipped into the
 hole. Chen & Kang caught 3 hamsters,
 pretty ~~gray~~ little fellows with a dark
 strip down the middle & blue gray back
 & furred feet. Also they had a mouse
 which is quite unlike the one we got
 at our last camp.

After I had measured the small mam-
 mals I rode north east of our camp
 with the Lama. The sun was well up
 & had entered her work.

but it was only comfortably warm. The plain rolled away in great ~~swooping~~ 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 was so rolling until one rides over it. almost none of 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 and we trotted on to the summit of the bank-swale and stood looking fixly in our direction. Instantly we swung about till we were out of sight. Then we directed the same to ride around behind them & try to drive them in our direction. In the mean while 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 on the valley below & to the right of us skimming

along at full speed, with a shout to Iquella I took 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 moving toward us, like a band of steel drawn by a powerful magnet. On our way 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 & came to a stop when he felt the pressure on the reins & I threw myself 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 ~~antelope~~ second animal & leaning 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 missed & 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. Kublai did not like it when I came up to him with my gun & trotted off. I tried to catch him but every time he kept just beyond my reach & finally I signalled to Yuteh to come to my assistance. She caught him without difficulty but I should have had a long chase along.

It taught us a valuable lesson, ~~for~~ it was never to go out to hunt alone if it is possible not to do so. If mesquing runs away we 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 no 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 ones arms to ~~push~~ with which to row. One feels so very, very small and one

realizes then ^{what an} insignificant part of nature
 we really are. 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 ^{so full of menace} alive, a thing to be fought and conquered
 by brain & will!

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~~ ^{was} the time to return he
 would head unwaveringly 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 ~~to~~ ourselves
 to note the sun & ground, taking ~~on~~ a hillock
 or a rise of ground to act as guide. But
 only by years of training could one hope

to even approximate the mongrels, ^{They} ~~who~~ have been
 borne reared on the plains and ~~who~~ ^{mixed} have gen-
 erations of ancestors behind them whose very
 life depended upon their ability to go out come
 on the ~~pathless plains~~ ^{pathless plains}. The hills sun & grass &
 sand have all become the street signs of the
 desert.

In the afternoon of the 9th the Lama rode out
 toward our hunt of the morning to locate
 an antelope which a mongrel had reported as
 dead not far away. I remained in camp
 to supervise the skinning of the other animals
 and at 6 o'clock they came galloping back
 to say there were two antelope in the hills
 not far away.

I loaded Kiblai 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 500 yds
 away were the animals quietly feeding.

It was ~~just~~ ^{just} 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 washing

slowly, heads to the ground. My first shot was low & to the right, & the antelope only jumped & stared fixably 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 lama made a seat for himself on his pony's haunches behind the saddle with a blanket and ~~threw~~ ^{threw} the antelope across his saddle, we trotted back to camp. The sun had set ~~and with the afterglow painting the sky~~ ~~with crimson & gold~~ we trotted back to camp into 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 hot to our nostrils ~~and~~ the fragrance of the new born year.

Our day's hunt was unsuccessful but full of excitement. We ~~did not find~~ ^{found} antelope on the edge of the plain where I shot. The one last night killed they were hopelessly wild & I did not get a shot. I did make a splendid stalk however, on what I shot was a feeding antelope - & proved to be a marmot. On

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

Sunday
June 22

all of us mistaken mammals for antelope - animals
 diminish their size. I quite one day mistook 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 ~~compar~~ other
 object, even a tree or a bush, for comparison which
 is responsible for the illusion. Thus one is

~~usually~~ continually mistaking the distance
 away which the game is while hunting. Usually one
 underestimates for on 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 eleven o'clock. I saw a single animal
 on a hillside opposite us & when we were
 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 effect
 in my mind of the usual underestimating
 distance, I thought they were probably about 400 yds
 and held a rifle 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
 were 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~~ trudging 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 just a few feet apart for the soil 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 curiously 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.

I saw 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 well
 covered with long ^{yellow & black} soft fur. These animals
 belong to the genus of weasels (Mustela) &
 I have seldom seen such an incarnation
 of ~~force~~ 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 horrid squeaks and
 spitting squeaks. It seemed to be curling
 up with every inch of its body.

The fierce little beast was evidently
 bent upon a night raid upon a marmot
 family when our trap cut it short. One
 can easily imagine what consternation
 & fright the little ~~beast~~ ^{beast} would throw
 a nest of marmots comfortably smuggled
 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 moments for it has the unpleasant
 little habit of biting into their throats
 & sucking the blood. All the weasel
 family fell for the pure joy of killing

and it is said that they will entirely de-
populate 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
from 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 - it dropped off
my pony and with the glass saw
that our antelope were hystants.

I was in hopes of getting another
male with its remarkable blue gular
sac developed, as in the one Cottman
shot en route to Unga and when
we were 150 yds away I gave a care-
full look with the binoculars. I
could see no difference in them &
so decided to take the rearward 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 no 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 on 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 fauna 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 I shot before they looked up I fired quickly & missed. They were back like a flash but ~~at once~~ I threw in another shell & picked the rearmost animal. As ~~the~~ head appeared in the line of sight I fired & it went down in a heap.

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

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

I ran back to the harness, took out the reins over Kunal Khari's neck and we were off with the Lama & Spittle close behind. Three of the antelope separated from the others & as they swung about I thought they would come nearer to us and 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 Spittle 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 tops and we galloped up to rejoin him. On the crest we saw the third Lama off his pony dodging this way that close on the heels 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 Kurlai Khan into a gully 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 his little gray pony had stepped in a hole during the chase and badly lamed himself, so with the antelope strapped behind my saddle I went on to camp leaving him to follow.

On the way we saw a lone buck and even with the heavy animal on its 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 mongol who had guaranteed to show us a wolf den. Our Lama carried the carcass of an antelope which it was to poison and had two traps. We found the hole, about 5 miles away, & fur 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 & flit out the poisoned carcass.

We saw a number of antelope but they were all single ones & very wild. 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 evidently been too much hunted here & we decided to move camp. We got two more polecats in the manner holes.

Wed.
June 25

We rose at 4 A.M. but did not get away till 7. It seems impossible to get away and to move after a long stay in camp. The old mongol whose affair 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 yurt was so dirty & the preparations for tea were so unprepossessing, that we excused ourselves on the grounds of

Thurs.
June 26

having to repair our carts, we photographed the old man his family which pleased them immensely, and rode off camping with us several pieces of ~~these~~ ^{with} which the mongol had presented us. It was hardly edible, however, to people not hungrier than we were & we threw it away as soon as we were out of sight of the yak.

The day of travelling was uneventful & rather disappointing for we had hoped to see an antelope & never caught sight of one. The reason was apparent for there were numerous yacits along the way & many herds of sheep & horses. When there are many yacits 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 all night not far from three or four yacits where one of the Chinese motor companies keep a supply of gasoline for their cars.

During the a.m. the country continued gameless but shortly after supper we found a well near the road where we had camped the last night on our way to Moga. 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

Friday
June 27

us. It turned beautifully and Kublai Khan simply pleased. I think he never wants 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 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. 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 we need a coat. And at night ~~we~~ we have to dress up as for an arctic expedition.

On the extreme of temperatures were very great but nothing like it is here in Mongolia. Our blue fly for the tent has been delightful & even on the hottest days we have been wonderfully cool under it.

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

met us, trembling with excitement and almost incoherent. "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 Larrea & 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 rifle to see that the magazine was full & the sights properly adjusted my hands were trembling. In a moment I'd trotted off. There was the possibility of concealment for the plain rose in gentle waves for miles around. We had to

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

When the animals throw up their heads when we were perhaps half a mile away & stand 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 make up their minds that the danger coming toward them was really imminent, and off they started in a long line.

~~With a shout of "fiddle"~~ ^{Then} I gave Kublai Khan the rein, swinging 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 dashed forward putting away ounce of strength behind his flying legs. His great muscles rippled down his knees

but his ~~own~~ run was as smooth as tho I had been on the ground. I ~~held my~~ ^{the} Once only I got ahead back at LITTLE. She was coming like a bird on her chestnut pony. Her hair had loosened & she 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 shimmering yellow forms before her.

It was useless to look for holes. Ere I had seen one 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 we were going, what for, and how to ~~do~~ 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 every direction. 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, moving directly away from us.

This was fatal for my hopes for it is as useless to follow a herd of antelope ^{or moose} as it would be to chase an aeroplane in an automobile. Moreover, only their white rump patches are perceived

as a target and Heaven knows they are small enough objects to shoot ~~out~~ when they are wrapped in & going like the wind.

As soon as the herd turned I pulled in my pony & threw myself ~~into~~ to ~~my~~ my knees, rifle up. The antelope were enveloped 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 & I 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 ~~for~~ 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 one we wished to own.

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

We returned to another herd of 200 or more ~~some~~ 600 or 700 yards to the south and had another run as unsuccessful as the first. Then a third & a fourth. The animals would not ~~even~~ cross our path ~~and~~ but inevitably turned to run directly away from us after ^{half} a mile or so, and the dust cloud which enveloped 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.

My. was exhausted after the excitement of the day and I persuaded her to climb on 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 ~~then~~ 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 ~~dark spots~~, dark against the lowering sun, and with my glasses I saw that they were antelope. The first herd, of probably 2000, if 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 tried a ~~new~~ device in order to save our horses. Finding

a narrow hole behind a clump of high grass, I sent the mungrel 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 ~~and~~ thru' the binoculars.

They were feeding & moving slowly about in a vast semi-circle for ten minutes — then suddenly they drew together & were off like the wind. They formed hundreds of them bunched ~~by~~ 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 smuggled down out of sight, but something stirred them off & they passed far over to the left.

When the mungrel had returned & I was on my horse again, we decided to make one last try for a herd one toward the road.

They let us come within fair distance & then string out in a flying line. Unfortunately they arched 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.

Kublain than shot his warner when he saw the antelope flying in front of

and with a magnificent burst of speed carried me & within 300 yards. He was grinning 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 sneaked & 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 mungit shouldered sand (three) & dashed forward. He almost hit my pony, who threw up his head & galloped off. I shouted to the Lamma & 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 mungit 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 J. 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 &

Sat.
June 28
↓
she dared not go further, with us on the plain
alone.

We travelled for two hours this morning
under a hot sun. U. & I 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 caravans, horses, sheep &
cattle seeking water, even in our foreground.

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

Only one yurt was close to our tents
& the well - the others were scattered about
within a circle of several miles. It is part
my understanding why nomads 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 ~~at~~ 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, ponies & camels.
Hundreds of them, in flock after flock

crowding about in a dense moving ring while one or two monkeys patiently drew up buckets full of water & supplied 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.

~~These 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 see caravans come, pitch their tents and make in selves at home, so great caravans on their long march across the desert arrive with their 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 detached driven to the water & drunk their fill. Then majestically swinging 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 almost before we realize that the caravan

has paused and fires of argue are some
blazing & kettle steamers

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~~^{wool} of early winter
transforms them from ~~hideous~~
objects into splendid beasts, with full
back fringes and up-standing humps.

But worst of all is when a camel
is in full process of losing his winter
hair. It ~~goes~~^{goes} ~~down~~^{down} in ~~flat~~^{flat} patches
leaving ~~great~~^{great} ~~trailing~~^{trailing} hair like a patch-
work quilt with ^{yellow. between 17 wool} rags ~~hung~~^{hung} from
every angle of his great ungainly body.

Monday
June 29
We had a long hunt today but a very
successful one. After $1\frac{1}{2}$ 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 nearly 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 faun after half a mile but the little fellow dodged to one side and ere it could turn was off again as fast as ever. I then it must surely tire and mounting up's pony the fauna & I 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 has 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 need have little fear of wolves unless taken in a trap. Undoubtedly wolves must get a good many however, for the fauns will hide till the last moment.

Sometimes we came upon them lying prone upon the ground with necks outstretched and ~~only~~ 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 ~~came~~^{range} about the spot where the fawns were lying, sometimes a mile 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 ever 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 man. 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. ~~Also~~ 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 away more 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 monarch and talk & grin 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 foot-gallop trotting to delay shooting. As soon as Kurbai feels my legs tighten & a gentle pressure on the reins, he clucks himself as tho' on springs & stops dead with feet fixed broad. When I throw myself to the ground and begin a short 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 & know 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 in 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.

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 aulicpe. We did get two full grown does but it was only because it happened to do some especially good shooting for they were a long way off.

We also saw two wolves. One of them

Monday
June 30
Wobles
1924

was digging a hole, and was fairly covered with dirt when he jumped out about 4 or 5 yards away. We should have given him a run for it but he disappeared over a hill & we lost sight of him.

Thursday
July 1st

Today we both remained in camp to give our horses a rest for they had had some hard days. I worked on specimens and rode all day. It was very hot in the sun but cool under the shade of our sleep. One needs a coat during the day 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 one would not have been comfortable in our fur bags and often we have had to go to bed with all our clothes on even so it could scarcely be said we sleep outside under the sky whenever it does not rain and the sun is perfectly wonderful as fresh as a drink of ice cold water to a thirsty man.

Wed.
July 2

Today I went out on the prairie with the midget on our white chest horse. Another midget accompanied us to take what meat we did not want.

I got an antelope out of there which we saw an hour after leaving camp. A week later we saw five of them but two - both had broken legs - one a

hind leg & the other a shoulder. I saw 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 Kublai Khan.

Thurs.
July 3

We broke camp and got away with the carts at 6:30 a.m. After we began riding we saw antelope ~~and~~ but they were terribly wild and several hard chases netted us nothing for they would not cross our jaws. 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 one. 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 sent. The red killed contained a fetus ready for birth. I went back to the road & found that the carts had not moved. At last they came all but me & then my glasses I could see it of an inch or two distance. I asked for why it was so late & he looked at me for a moment & then murmured something as unintelligible as tho' he had been talking Greek. After vain attempts to further it I gave up. Then thru' my glasses I saw the reason. ~~The~~ The boys had purchased a sheep a few days before & were dragging it along behind the cart. All the time it was on the ground & the bottom of the cart 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 at once or they could kill it. The former course was adopted.

After tiffin we shot a young mule deer at about 200 yds. It could run as well as an old one even if it was only ~~3~~ ³/₄ or ⁴/₄ days old. These little fellows are ~~very~~ ~~fast~~ ~~and~~ ~~run~~ ~~as~~ ~~fast~~ ~~as~~ ~~an~~ ~~old~~ ~~one~~

their bodies are so very small, I got this one at
 the first shot & was very pleased with myself.
 A little later I saw a single antelope
 running diagonally toward us. We had
 had several bark runs after single an-
 imals 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 indignantly that I let him
 go. He was off like a flash when I loosed
 the reins and we had a magnificent run.
 I saw ~~in~~ the antelope would soon
 disappear behind a ~~bank~~ rise of ground
 & jumped off to shoot. As he 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 over the ridge
 & there lay the animal stone dead, shot
 through the heart. It was a fine
 young buck & I was more than pleased.
 We saw some signs 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
 one ~~at~~ 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 awoke & there was no possibility of hunting. However, four of the horses had stayed during the night and it took the same hours to find them. All day the rain continued with intermittent flashes of sun light and we stayed in camp all day. I got some news of a splendid caravan of camels which came to the well. I drink.

We caught 5 or 10 murders in the long bunch grass near the water.

Went out early & found antelope almost at once but they were all singles very wild. After two hrs riding saw a herd of 20 and had a fine run. Shot one ~~in~~

with 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 fawns (the first time we have seen them together) & the latter we could go as fast

Sat.
July 5

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 Unga have seen many eagles & ravens. The fawns are very tame and that on a telephone pole or rock around me is within a few yards of them. The ravens are known as the "mongol's coffee" because they feed often on dead mongols. They are huge fellows with a hoarse croak which sounds much like "corax".

One day on the plain the fawn had found a dead mongol partly eaten. He was lying beside the ~~remains~~ ^{bones and ashes} of an ~~open~~ ^{argued} fire and I wondered whether the man had died alone or had been left there by the inmates of a yurt which had been moved away. This ~~custom~~ ^{neglect} of leaving the dead on the plains to be eaten by wolves, dogs or ravens is one of the most extraordinary customs of natives ~~anywhere~~ ^{anywhere} where that I have seen there. The body is considered unclean, one's life has departed, and no mongol will touch a ~~dead~~ ^{dead} corpse or its remains unless it is absolutely imperative. Were it known that I had packed away among my collections the 17 mongol skulls which I ~~first~~ ^{first} obtained when we first came to Unga it would be driven from

Mongolia and if we escaped with our lives we would be more than lucky. It is so exceedingly different & I have always found all the Mongol religious superstitions and we must be extremely careful for otherwise serious trouble would arise.

Sunday
July 6

Broke camp early & started back toward Ulaan. My old rode over hills but saw no antelope as in this area there are too many goats. 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 touched his belly but 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 welcomed by the old 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 demiselle cranes. We saw the parents running along & the little ones behind them. Keep as we approached the young

birds disappeared. Keeping my eyes on the spot I rode up & then they were flat on the ground, necks outstretched. They did not attempt to run when I picked them up & I put them in the game pockets of my coat. They were most ridiculous little fellows with enormous legs & feet, ~~and~~ long necks. ~~and~~ yellow. Their bodies were covered with gray down & their heads with yellowish down. This gave them a bald appearance and with their slate colored legs, looked like two little ^{bald} old men in rubber boots.

We named them Oscar & Clarence but their stay with us was not long. Clarence died two days later & Oscar fell off the cart & was lost the ~~same~~ next afternoon. They would eat soft rice & corn meal & would have made delightful little pets.

Clarence was considerably smaller than Oscar as is usually the case with these birds or animals. The same is true with two young ones which Hansen has at Hoga.

Monday
July 7

Where the carts got away this a.m. I rode over the hills on our old hunting grounds. We saw a lot of antelope but my sights were set too high & I never shot all the time. From where I had them down to 200

yards I could not seem to get on.
 We returned to the carts at Tiffen
 & I was very much up & down with
 the road because of my poor starting.
 The boys had seen a wolf soon
 after they started out.

Tiffen has a the well at this side
 of the great plain & we camped
 not very far from the plain with fine
 air. I think with our cart who
 were travelling across the desert.

These "tourists" were rather fortunate
 in having a horse for usually they
 carry their own things on the end
 of a pole or pull a wheel barrow.
 They go to work in the gold mines
 on the Siberian frontier. What a
 life to lead day after day across the
 desert with no much rest pursuing
 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~~ protect them from the wind & sun
 or rain. It is a wonderful comment
 on the perseverance of the Chinese & their
 thinness that for a few minutes work
 they will take this long march.

We make camp at Tiffen at the
 temple where we stopped the 2nd day
 from Uga. Set out a long line of

Tues.
 July 8

traps (100) on the hillside but caught only 6 muskrats. 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 Yung village at the valley which leads into the Tola valley. It had rained hard much of the day & our camp at night was a wet one but we now 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 Russian bridge the axel on one of our carts broke & we had to leave it at a point & go on with our stuff piled on the other two. We had a difficult time getting into Uga for the little streamlets which ~~usually~~ run out of the beautiful valley just east of ^{Mag-ma-ching} Uga were swollen & roaring torrents.

On the banks of the large stream there was a pit in the ground a mound of earth. Tents were pitched on the plain & hillsides & hundreds of carts were drawn up in an orderly array while the open country around about

The men above or lay sleepily chewing
 their cuts about their loads. Some
 of the more adventurous spirits were
 taking their camarasacms. We
 watched a hundred or more camels
 slip majestically into the brown
 water only to huddle together in a
 desecrated yellow mats when they
~~struck~~ the full force of the current
 struck them. All their dignity fled
 & they became merely frightened
 mountains of flesh with a mass of
 waddling necks & swishing
 tails.

Then we saw a ~~cart~~ a dozen carts
 cross & safely reach the ~~other~~ bank.
 I tried it with Kublai & then went
 back for the carts. So being the first
 most & took it safely during the other
 came on without mishap.

We went on thru Mai-ma-ching
 & Uiga after a call on Hansen.
~~Our~~ ~~white~~ ~~plains~~ ~~of~~ ~~our~~! All
 the gardens on the ~~plains~~ ^{flat} below the
 town were green with vegetables
 & gave promise of what we could
 have to relieve ~~our~~ 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 nungos will do nothing of the sort. Any sort of work which takes him off his horse is taboo to a Nung. As Larsson once said, "A nung would make an excellent cook if you could get him a horse to ride about with his kitchen!"

When we reached wet Uga what a different town we found from the one we had left! The ~~great~~ broad main street was a running river & every butting 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 ~~over~~ to the Tola River was white with spots in which blue tints gave a spot of color. In the summer many of the nungos spend erect 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 Mr. Dana had his official dwelling since an ordinary apartment. It was rather a surprise to find him there for we had pictured the ornate apartment of one 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 somewhat face never changed its expression, or rather lack of expression.

We found that O. Luper had 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 sometime from now - or not at all.

The succeeding six days which we spent in Unga were full to the brim with work at packing & photography. Our stuff was all taken to Anderson Meyer & Co's place and then the kindness of Mr. O. Luper we made free with his house & garden.

July
Thurs 10
Fri. 11
Sat 12
Sund 13
Mon. 14
Tues 15

eggs, pieces, (quaternary) again 250 February - 10, 1908

July 16
road

Left early for trip to Tselche River - Duke
Lohom Yangsen had given me a letter
to a hunter here, Sun Dorche, by name.
We wound up the Tala River eastward
and when about 8 miles from Mai-ma-
pheng turned north up another valley
away from Tala River. The going was
bad for the road was filled with
stones, but the scenery was beautiful.
The hills enclosing 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 Mrga from which we had ^{come} recently.
We saw four huge red legged & billed
storks but got none - also we shot
two large gophers with grey spotted
backs & bright rufous sides. Quite
a surprise to find them here -

July 17
thrus

Camped at night beside stream.
After ~~three~~ hours ride a.m. we reached
a swamp at the base of a mt called
Da wat. The place looked absolutely
unfavorable but after tiffin we
arranged to cross in a place which
looked the least dangerous. We
got over better than we had anti-
cipated and were all soaked with
mud water.

Then our troubles really began for
 it began to rain in earnest and
 before long the mt. road which led straight
 up at a tremendous 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 cow horses. It was a hard
 task to get the two animals to pull
 together. First we would yank & then
 then the other & each pulling it
 could not move the load would
 rear & plunge & cause 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 back
 up & get the cart in 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
 toward his load. I hate a quitter
 in man or beast & this animal
 is a quitter clear down.

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

Then we started our troubles were ended, but they had only begun; I wish the crest the ~~steepe~~ ^{grade} was so terribly steep that it seemed there would be certain disaster. Nevertheless the ^{first} two carts went down successfully altho' the road was terribly 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. I saw cause the turn after the big Russian house, the strongest of them all. When he felt the cart push against him the big stuff simply began to run, without making the slightest effort to hold back. He & the cart went off into the woods & went up against a tree. It was in a nasty place & we had to go up a bad slant to get it out. It was on the under side trying to push up & then was also below but at the shafts. Suddenly I saw that the cart was surely going over. I yelled & then I jumped just in time. The cart went over with a terrible crash and missed both Chen & my by a hair's breadth. 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, then was run-
 hunt but badly scared.

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

By a miracle neither the cart
 nor the things in it were broken
 except for a few eggs. We got down
 into an arroyo at the hill without
 accident but the road took a
 fairly steep ascent over another
 shoulder before descending into the
 valley. ~~The~~ ^{Neither} the horses ~~of~~ could
 get their loads up because the ground
 was a mass of slippery mud. That
 meant the laborious process of hitching
 up two horses to each cart & the
 struggle to get them to pull together.
 Then the Russian horse complicated
 this days ~~long~~ programme of trouble
 by refusing to pull & wheeling round
 & attempting to back the cart off
 the road down at 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 never will all

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

We were all soaked to the skin with rain & mud & as it was getting dark there was nothing to do but camp. But there was ~~nothing~~ the only spot where 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 our eyes wet by not getting off them and we had camp made.

The mt. we had crossed (D. A. mt) 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. Below the road the bottom of the valley there were few trees but a tangle of low bushes. Under foot the ground was inches thick with moss & grass all wet like a great sponge. Far down in the main valley we could see a larger river but I did not suspect that it was the Tardhe.

Friday
July 18

We had a terribly hard morning
with getting our carts a few hundred
yards across a stretch of bad road
started down an incline into the
main valley. Then there was a
succession of manholes to cross
for the whole day. Hope is dim
as of now, we did not get to the
Tad and all work for four days has
had to be done during the night & it
took the fauna who refused to
go, at last got to the river and
had to put up a tent & a shelter
as they looked with us at the
passage were surprised the narrow
of the river bed. He said that
they would be making a
passage.

The fauna very surprised us by
saying that this was the Tard he
Pur. Johnson had said that there
were many faults at our site but
yet here there were no signs of any.
The fauna said some work had
had to be done that the tunnels had
all run to be away off a very
disappointing place to come to for
the fauna assured us that the
had told him the carts could not
cross the river or go where the tunnels
were.

After this fault we started out to

explore, we found that the river indeed
 & 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 log house on the other
 of the island but all deserted. We
 could find no way across the 2nd
 branch of the river and 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 following the 2nd branch
 of the river & as they were
 headed our way we found that
 they were the owners of the tents
 & carts whom we had had supper.

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

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

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

At dark our lama returned saying
he had found the yak's 30 li away
& that Madame Sure & she would 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 & our lama had a three
hr. hunt to bring him in. He returned
just as the three carts arrived. Two were
drawn by ^{brown} bulls & one by a magnificent
yak-cow. Grabbing our carts lightly
& also the bull carts we broke camp
& forded the river above where I had
tried to cross. It was not an easy
matter for the horses but they had
went thru as this it was a mud puddle.

The road ~~crossed~~ ^{descended} sharply to the
north & continued up the river floor
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 thick with alders, ~~and~~ willows & ~~carpeted~~ carpeted with spongy moss & rank grass. A stream flowed down ~~for~~ from the mts. to 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. In fact most of the mts are about 4 ^{to 5000} 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. Dorche'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. Mde. Sum-d came over at once bringing a present of smogd cheese. Once we tasted it but that was quite enough and now we give it to our Lamma. Not only ~~is~~ is its taste disagreeable but it is made in such an unclean manner that it would not be pleasant eating.

We returned ~~of~~ a cake of high-melting toilet soap with which the Lady was entirely 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 Jungle language. Certainly they never appear to use one. The nearest they come to it is to put up their thumbs & say "sai", which is the universal expression for "good" or "well done".

There were two jungle girls at the point - one of whom spoke Chinese a little, and they seemed much interested in looking pencils of cheese & receiving soap in return. Altho the jungle seldom wash & smell vilely nevertheless, soap seems to be more appreciated than any other gift. That I have seen is one of the most fat chiefly, but strongly mixed with one of simple unvarnished humanity, and the jungle seems to be free from it. Such men as Johnson & me or two princes should have met had it in a much less degree but it is ever present.

We engaged an old man to hunt with us till Sun - doche returned & he agreed to go out at Sun our next day.

We got away at 5 A. M. with the old man, fauna, & etc. on horseback. We went up a valley on the north side of the main valley, riding along

Sunday
July 30
Monday
July 31

Tues. 22 at the edge of the wood. The going was
 Wed. 23 very bad for the ground was boggy & the
 Thurs. 24 horses were continually going into
 Fri. 25 holes & splashing thru deep mud.
 Sat. 26 we put up a rockbank feeding among
 Sun. 27 the alders but it disappeared & I never
 Mon. 28 saw it. The mungols called "Bar-guns"
 Tues. 29 Antelope is "guns".

Wed. 30 we also saw a number of chipmunks.
 Thurs. 31 The old mungol finally turned up
 into the woods at the head of the valley
 & crossed the mt. It was impossible
 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 bad the going.

we saw in front of us a female
 capercaillie & several ducks about
 the size of pheasants flew out. The old
 birds would not leave but when I
 got out my short gun she flew into
 a nearby tree & I killed her! The young
 birds could fly a short distance but
 depended more upon hiding and
 we caught one. I took it home
 to camp but it was so very wild
 that I made 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 like they were only fleeting glimpses.

The rookuck 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 one ab. ♂ & an ad. ♀ chick about the size of a quail. There were several more chicks but I got all the old birds.

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

Life zone

sheep. The latter are undoubtedly present because of the high snow covered mts. which are said to be there.

At Unga when the plains come up to meet the forest we get the Siberian fauna, then there is a transition zone into the rolling ^{plains} hills where we find the hamster, marmot ^A & 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 Unga.

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 when there are openings and in the forest 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 valley & on the hillsides. Numerous 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 numerous and all the flowers are very large, as is

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

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

This narrow valley has quite a colony of yowts scattered along it & numerous herds of fat tailed sheep & goats. (at least a sheep for every goat) 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 yak-cow the upper half of the tail is short haired & the lower half bushy. The pure blood animals seem usually to be coal black, sometimes with white tails, while the cross breeds are often black & white or brindled. They grunt exactly like a pig, only louder & seem tame enough. They are used a good deal for pulling carts both here & in Miga.

Altho a certain amount 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 Thungling where the cutting is to clear the land for farming.

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


or
dark gray.
They are
much like
musk of
in general
appearance
& like to
push together
when frightened
On either side
of the valley
some fringes
of birch hang
about the
ground

above sun douhe'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 sliderocks, all moss
covered at the base of the hills. Here
there are hundreds ^{red} of brown cones and
we have had great fun trapping them.
The little fellows are very tame & will often
let us approach to within 8 or ten feet. They
sit on ~~a~~ 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 words
around their colonies resound with their
high pitched chirps which sound like
"creep." ^{at the entrance of} ~~in~~ three holes I have found
bundles of grass but no considerable
mounds as in the case of our
N. Am. cones. Somewhat says the
Chinese cones do not cut grass for
winter use. These true 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 cones runways, we

caught red backed Eutamias (Chasomys) and chipmunk. Down in the high grass woods at the base of the rocks the long tailed Microtus which we caught in the woods near camp is fairly abundant.

If I had enjoyed the ride up the valley of the adjacent. 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 so that the two taxidermists can get at their work, we start for the cony traps. The woods are beautiful and we ride just within the edge looking out over the ranch in the bottom of the valley for deer. When we reach the traps and begin to go from cotton to cotton we always go together for that is half the fun of trapping here about each new one has in store for us. We have caught 5 species in this one spot don't 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 tents. 

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

of the Tardiche River. It shows in panoramic completeness how the smaller valleys on each side sweep 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., and it is already beginning to be chilly in the mornings & evenings. On the 1st day of August the morning was distinctly cold and there was a touch of autumny freshness in the air.

In the afternoons we usually ride 6 miles down the main valley to a broad ~~bank~~ ~~with~~ tundra covered knolls 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 muskoxen here; most of them have a good coat but the roebucks are mercilessly hunted, especially in the summer. Therefore the hunting is neither very interesting or profitable.

But ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ 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 visible

the spruce trees sharply silhouetted against the sky and the somber masses of the forest becoming a mass of jet.

It is a truly boreal country and we might be in Alaska, Canada, or Siberia as well as on the edge of Mongolia.

On July 21 Sam Dorkin returned. We had sent for his wife earlier in the P. M. and had discussed the reason for his absence. She appeared greatly worried and seemed afraid that a bear had killed him for he had been away 14 days when he took food for my tent. We showed the lady the photos of Olga & the mounds in the article I had written for "Harper's" Magazine. She first picked out the woman with hair dress similar to hers and the expression of amusement and joy which came over her face was wonderful to behold. That was something she could understand and then as 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 mounds often come from camp and looking into a mirror is one of their chief joys. They must have seen mirrors

in Unga many times but it ~~also~~ never fails & brings 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 particular the Mongols who come to our camp differ most pleasantly from the Chinese. They ~~will~~ sit quietly staring at us as long as we will let them but at a wave of the hand & an indication 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 Sura darde had left our camp - she having to ride down the valley for a reindeer hunt not far behind her.

We were about 2 miles from the tent when we saw the lady riding back to us her faith was asked in minutes, & shouting that her husband had returned. In a few moments we were with the ~~young~~ hunter with another of our Mongol. They were a

wonderfully picturesque pair. Each carried a Russian ^{rifle} with its single tripod slung across his back and ~~on the saddles~~ behind their saddles were ~~slung~~ fastened a laughing mass of skins. Three female rook, three fawns, a moose skin & a pair of small moose antlers in the net. The young fellow also carried a fawn which they had shot that morning.

Mabani Sum borde rode in front behind & beside her husband chattering volubly ~~and~~ between the business of driving in half a dozen horses, while ~~the hunter replied in monosyllables~~ in 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 horse's feet.

I thought at first that he was deaf for it was the sort of voice one is accustomed ~~to~~ ^{to} hear 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 elderly man, perhaps 55 yrs, altho my guesses at the ages of Orientals are not usually good, with a face as lined & weatherbeaten as the leather beneath his saddle. The other hunter was not more than 25 - with an alert

through the

a pleasing face. The old man had a "sai" of greeting for me but otherwise 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 they would be ~~upon~~ ^{at} his arrival at the yard. His two daughters & an old man were waiting near the door, & the latter ~~again~~ advanced with a "sai". The hunter returned the greeting in kind but that was all. For his two daughters there was never a look or word, and only for his infant son, of 7 years, did he break his silence. The girls milked the ponies, put the skins in the log house, & they all retired to the yard.

~~But all nomads are by no means~~ But some herds is an exception & most of the nomads I have met, this taciturnity is individual for usually they are most cordial in their greetings. Sumborche & the young hunter came to our camp about 3 P.M. altho I had sent the fauna for them early in the morning. I learned afterward that the old man was the very personification of independence and never moved or acted in any way

in August

except when it suited his own sweet will. When he arrived at our camp the old fellow was adorned with a peaked hat & a red tassel, & the younger man wore a long gown capped with blue. †

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 Mungol & when he arrived I agreed to give him \$1.00 per day plus ammunition. 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 fames bedding & food made a light load for me & mine. It was simplified camping in its most simplified form, but we looked forward to a bully time.

at Sunbarhis house the old man & the young hunter were soon ready with their food & saddle bags on our horse. The other Mungol had come with us.

We rode away amid the "sais"
~~and~~ accompanied by upright
 thumbs, of the girls, ~~and~~ children
 of the Madame. The girls (there are 3 of
 them about 17 yrs old & all quite
 pretty) belong in the ^{other two} courts near
 Sum dordie's but I have not yet
 been able to determine their relation-
 ships. Their well-shaped faces are always
 ready to break into a smile, and
 for mouths they seem unusually clean.
 They wear cunning little Chinese
 caps and have all the feminine
 vanities which one might expect ~~see~~
 in debutantes of our own country.

They seem greatly interested in
 our Chinese boy then, & in the same
 and from the absence at night
~~from~~ when I was told the two were at
 Sum dordie's ^{it is whispered that} quite a wild word
 flirtation has been going on.

One could hardly ~~has~~ imagine
 a more perfect a.m. than the one
 which we rode away with the Mung
 hunters. The air had the first sharp
 tinges of autumnal 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~~ ^{to look} about at the entrance to the
 of the branch valleys off from the
 main river bed, for a place to stop. We
 were much surprised but as the
 lama & young hunter had not yet
 arrived, we could not argue to learn
 of the fact. 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 purpose of stringing
 our tent upon a rope & most of all of a
 fire. As soon as we had stopped on
 the succeeding day we learned that
 a fire must be started without delay
 when the it was warm enough
 without me.

The hunters soon had an iron basin
 of tea over the blaze and when the water
 was warm they put in a ~~piece of~~ ^{small} ~~cake~~
 and which resembled nothing so much
 as powdered tobacco, ^{with which was mixed tea.} As soon as it
 had boiled to each dished out a ~~bowl~~
 plentiful supply in a wooden bowl, mixed
 it with butter from a birds bark box and
 ate a little ~~porridge~~ & ~~fruit~~ ^{at} over some
 meal. This was what the Tibetans call trambra

and was prepared in much the same way.

All the day we slept & ate alternately while the sunspots 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 in 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 marmots are no exception.

At 5 P.M. two of the hunters rode away & spent the night on the other side of the mt. while Sun dorshoel 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 shadow, before he

started out even tho I greatly
 wished to go earlier. I have seen
 rockhuck feeding at 4 P.M. in the open
 but the old man would not
 be hurried & no night as well try
 to move & ~~start~~ start him before
 he ~~was~~ ready.

As we rode up the valley a
 rockhuck jumped from the alder
 bushes & dashed into the woods. I
 had fleeting glimpses of it thru
 the trees but could find three times
 but there was little chance of suc-
 cess. The old fellow seemed quite
 disturbed & I learned afterwards that
 their method is to jump from the
 woods, kneel down & wait till the
 animal stops & look 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
 rockhuck 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. M. was
 fussing over the fire and the potatoes
 were done so we had hash, coffee & a
 cigarette before we turned in. Bob must

have made a picturesque group as we sat with the 4 Maugs about the fire for in their hunting garb they were ~~just~~ a wild looking lot. It is half the fun of an expedition, this living with natives in the woods, forest & mountains, and even tho' its novelty has somewhat worn off it ~~never ceases~~ to hold a charm of which ~~we~~ we never tire.

On such a life our ~~worldly~~ cares are forgotten and the world & all its doings are as far away as tho' we were living in 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 Utega, a present which is that of Primitive man as God meant him to be, surrounded by the cool cleanness of 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 un-
successful but on the summit
of a mountain we saw three bark-
less trees where a wasp had rubbed
its horns. Also I discovered ^{an} a patch of
strawberries ^{the first we have seen} and the fruit was small
but ^{as} sweet as sugar.

At 10 o'clock the two Mnyks 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 Mnyks
will not shoot unless an animal
is standing still for it saves many
a deer from its death. Every Mnyk
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 brace his gun
set up & himself on his knees behind it.
We moved camp as soon as the returned
hunters had had their chow and
went on down the valley. It took
us quite some time ^{from the time we started} to reach camp
to pack the things ~~up~~ and be on the
move.

We passed by the valley which leads over the mt. To the Unga trail and crossing 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 mounting ~~with~~ tire one quickly. As soon as the mongsles 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 ^{middle} ~~heart~~ of the day and eat as soon as we awake.

I had ~~one~~ beautiful but unsuccessful hunt in the eve. with the old 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. But he said this 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
 indicated 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 shined like a beacon
 light on the hill. The mosquitoes
 were annoying it is true but
 I could endure them and he
 certainly should have been
 able to. But all my protestations
 were useless for which he wants
 to do a thing no one can stop but
 it is his extreme independence
 which takes away much of the
 pleasure of hunting with him.

We saw two very large pigeons
 in the forest, a huge whale caper-
 caille, and several grouse which
 looked much like our ruffed grouse
 but were in the long grass on the
 open hill side.

There was a ^{only} dull ^{glowing} gray light in the ^{evening} ~~that~~ ^{when} I heard the
^{crackling} of flames and saw
 the dark forms of the 3 Mongoles

Aug 4.

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
thachon I said that the roebuck
which ~~was~~ ^{we} would be feasting tomorrow
night was now wandering in the
woods eating his last meal.

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

It was still gray morning as
we rode thru the dew soaked grass
up the valley. Some birds stopped
once to examine the workings of a ga-bai
(wild boar) and then we continued
steadily upward thru the ~~forest~~ ^{woods} not
far from the little stream which
wandered between willow & alder
clad banks to join the river.

~~The forest was dark & in the half light~~
~~of the forest the trees & bushes seemed~~ flat and
colorless but ~~just before we reached the woods~~
suddenly the sun ~~was~~ ^{blew a gust} ~~burst~~ ^{burst} through them
a ~~dash~~ ^{dash} of bright sun and flooded the
woods with golden light. What
a change it made in ~~that~~ ^{that} small

but
S. & I went
to us even
and I knew
that if I was
to make here
my coffee
before the hunt
it was best
to get out of
me
15 minutes
later: see

world! The whole forest seemed ~~subdued~~ ^{instantly} awake. It was as tho I had come into a great room where objects were dimly visible and had suddenly ~~pressed an~~ ^{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 & ⁱⁿ white seemed every one to lift their ^{new} faces ^{with} and ask ~~mutely appealing for a~~ ^{mutely appealing for a} ~~miraculum of their~~ and ask for a ~~miraculum of their~~ ^{miraculum of their} ~~liveliness~~ ^{liveliness}

With regret I saw the old hunter dismount, tie his horse to a tree, and make for ~~a grassy~~ ^a ~~hill~~ ^{side} 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 in the open as this time of the morning & I could not retire to the forest for their quiet day sleep until the sun was high & warm.

We climbed upward thru the long sweet grass to the very crest of the hill. There we stopped to rest a moment while I scanned the bound 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 whirling bullets from ^{beneath} ~~under~~

our very feet. A moment later half a dozen smaller bullets buzzed away as the ducks 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, & I sat down to examine it with my glasses. While Sum darche wandered 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 ~~great~~ ^{huge} rock was crowned with a pair of splendid branching ~~antlers~~ ^{antlers} bounded into view not thirty feet away. ~~At the~~ He made a picture which with the ^{clearness} ~~detail~~ 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 hill side. That instant of hesitation cost him his life for it gave me just time to swing the rifle across my lap, catch a glimpse of the yellow red body, throw the rear sight and fire, ^{as he disappeared} at the crash of

The shot I leaped to my feet, ran a few steps and saw four ~~parallel~~ 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 feasted my eyes on the antlers. It was the finest buck I had ever killed and gazed over his beautiful body as a miser handles his gold. And ^{gilded} gold was never ^a more wonderful ~~color~~ than ~~that~~ the brilliant yellow red of his ^{summer} coat.

He was ^{as} perfect a specimen as I could wish for the ~~so~~ central figure of the group I wished for the museum. And right there as he lay ^{on the sunlight} upon the hillside amid a ~~sort~~ of veritable garden of blue bells, daisies and yellow Anemones, I had the setting & plain of the groups before me. ^{Flowers picked & pressed & arranged into} with the dark line of spruce trees on the ridge above, it could be reproduced in detail and bring thousands of people on the other side of the world, at least a small part of the pleasure it was giving me then.

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

Kashmir
group

~~usual~~ sportsman, ~~the~~ ^{He} shoots a
~~missile~~ 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 ^{one} of imag-
ination, it brings back to him
the feel of the morning air, the ~~scents~~ ^{scents}
of the forest and the wild thrill of
excitement as the buck went down.
But ~~all that~~ is a memory picture only
and ~~it~~ is limited to himself. The
~~camera~~ mounted head does
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 ~~broader~~ pleasure of planning the
group but ~~its~~ ^{its} actual reconstruction
reminds his direction, in the Museum
when he is ^{thousands of miles away}
brings back in a double measure
the happenings of ^{his} ~~the~~ ^{care free} days in the
wild ~~land~~ when as strange lands and
amid stranger people. And with that
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.} ~~subhabit.~~

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 ~~stock~~ ^{store} of first-
 hand knowledge of ~~the~~ ^{how} nature's
~~creations~~ has expressed herself in her
~~being~~ wild creatures. He sees it
 there in a ~~different~~ ^{new} light, no matter
 how many specimens he has ex-
 amined in the museum, for ~~now~~
 it is in its own environment in
 the surroundings of its own choice.
 Perhaps characters which have puzzled
 him & his ~~fellow~~ colleagues are now
 made ~~clear~~ ^{plain} & he can read ~~the story~~
 of its life history with clearness &
 the ~~the~~ certain knowledge of truth.
 And above all is the delight when
 he feels certain that he has before
 him a new discovery - a ~~new~~
 species new to science. Be it ~~large~~ ^{large} or
~~both~~ small, whether the animal
 has fallen to his rifle or his trap,
 there is the joy of knowing that he
 has added ~~to the world~~ ^{to the world} ~~one more small portion~~
~~to the world~~ ^{learned one more}
 of nature's secrets, has traced one

more small line ~~of~~^{one} the white ~~places~~^{portions}
of nature's map.

While the thoughts which I have
spoken were passing thro' my mind
Lun was ~~not~~ standing
like a statue on the hill top,
rifle ready, scanning ~~the~~ ~~ground~~
& valley with the hope that my shot
had ~~not~~ disturbed another animal.
But nothing moved within his
vision, and in fifteen minutes
he ~~came~~ came down the hill where
my bunk lay.

~~With~~ The old fellow had lost
~~some~~ ~~of~~ his accustomed calm
than at ~~it~~ with trunk upraised
murmured "sai" "sai". Then he went
thro' ~~me~~ in vivid pantomime a
recital of how he had suddenly
caught upon the bunk feeding just
below the hill crest, how it had
galloped away, & how he had
seen me jerk the glasses from
my eyes & shoot. The fact that
I had shot off hand & regardless
of the rest which is so essential to
a Mongol seemed to impress
~~upon~~ more than any other thing.
We sat down beside the ~~bank~~^{bunk} &
and smoked a cigarette while I finished

the scrutiny of the valley below us which had been interrupted by the appearance of the ~~deer~~. Then the old ~~hunter~~ covered all the animal ~~made~~ ~~see~~ while I watched him with interest. ~~As~~ Like the Korean, Moso, Golo, 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 ~~we~~ I might see another rockchuck on the way to the horses.

It 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 ~~of~~ 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. ~~Then~~ 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 M'ongol hunter had
 wounded a deer & had returned
 to camp to ~~take~~ track it with
 the dog. Half an hour later
 we heard a shot ~~was~~ just above
 us in a valley to the north and
 in a short time the M'ongol 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 ^{back} ~~to~~
 camp. I photographed the animal
 after which I measured & skinned
 them. The M'ongols 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
 & repletion & then rolled up in
 their cloaks to sleep till it was
 time to start for the ~~after~~ evening
 hunt.

We moved camp the next a.m.
 for now if we had seen game
 and pitched our tents at the

Tues
 Aug. 5-

entrance to the next valley ~~two~~^a
 miles to the south. I worked all
 the P.M. on the skins and at
 5:30 left with Sum dorche to
 hike up the fine valley into which
 we had looked the day before. He
 pointed out to me the spot
 where he had killed his bear
 and I rescued the skull which
 was beside the embers of their
 fire. It was that of a fine old
 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 over the
 sky so that with ^{the heavy} in the forest ~~the black~~
~~of tree trunks and the shadows~~ there was
 a somber half light and the ~~of wet of pine~~
 trunks were black as jet. &

We left the horses at the upper end of
 the valley & worked slowly thru the
 forest toward the summit of the ridge,
~~which was~~ It was already so dark that
 I could only with difficulty sight my
 way and I had about decided to
 return to Sum dorche who was some
 distance below me ~~at~~^{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 ~~stumps~~ ~~charred~~ ~~trunks~~ ~~stood out~~ as stretched out their skeletal like arms as black as night. Suddenly I saw a peculiar stump on the summit of a ~~small~~ 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 wood-bear standing head on. In the gathering gloom it too had been uncertain of what I was.

Throwing up my rifle I fired instantly intense 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 change ~~for a second shot~~ for the animal had disappeared beyond the rise.

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

we returned to the barrens.

As we ~~were slowly~~ picked our way among the trees I had a couple times to ~~struggle~~ to realize my disappointment. It 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 bump or clunk or a quick drawn breath will throw the sight & hairs breadth to one side & send the bullet wild, after ~~perhaps~~ perhaps a stalk of grass. The jamming of a cartridge ~~when~~ when the game is wounded or a shot too hurried taken ends the day in disappointment. In the case of the bear, had I realized ~~the~~ ~~importance~~ ~~of~~ ~~observing~~ ~~care~~ ~~or~~ ~~had~~ the ~~animal~~ ~~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. ^{Eight} ~~Five~~ years ago I missed a fine goral in Korea as it stood upon a rock presenting

a perfect target and a year later a huge brown bear in Alaska looked at me quietly ~~while~~ a hundred yards away while I fired, hurriedly and never touched a hair. I can recall dozens of other instances in various parts of the world where I have lost ground by the merest chance and every one furnishes ^{almost as much} ~~as~~ mental agony ^{at the present moment} ~~as~~ ^{as} it had happened yesterday. True I remember my good shots & my successful hunts but they do not eradicate my ~~failures and~~ ^{failures}.

In ~~all~~ other sport my mental processes ~~to act in~~ ^{quite a different} ~~ways~~ In golf I can remember one ~~good~~ ^{good} drive or skilful approach will bring 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 that ^{same narrow} margin between success & failure that ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~the~~ ^{is} ~~one~~ ^{is} of the greatest fascinations which shooting holds for me. That, and the never ending hope which "springs eternal in the human breast". One ~~can~~ ^{always} be sure expects that ⁱⁿ the next hill top

When I was in college if I made a long hit in baseball I could always forget with ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~moment~~ ^{moment}

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 dared to expect and hope that game might lie in every bit of cover. ~~Each~~ ^{Each} disappointment ~~each~~ ^{each} animal missed seems to make me keener for the next ^{day's} hunt.

There were some of the shots which filled my mind as we groped our way back to camp thru the blackness of a rainy night. The young hunter too had his tale of woe for he had seen 3 wolves & fired 4 shots at them without success. ~~to be~~ Also just at dusk he had seen a doe rebeck with two fawns but all his squalling with a piece of grass between his haunts had withered them near enough for a shot. Old Suru dorche can make an extraordinarily good imitation of a young deer's cries in this manner and he always uses it to signal to me when we are beyond each others sight.

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

seldom ridage 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 no game but the young hunter brought in a musk deer which he had killed on the mt. above our tents. The little animal is about the size of a muntjac 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.

thu
Aug 7

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 & little of them remains. In their place the short summer coat grows

up with hairs not so brittle. There was an exceedingly strong 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 musk gland for fear I would not give it to him for it is worth a considerable amount of money.

I saw one of these little deer three days ago on the summit of a mt. which he did not get a shot. It was running among some fallen trees at the edge of a burned forest. The animals are excubing shy & keep well up on the mt. slopes in heavy cover so that it is by no means easy to find them. #

After our morning hunt we broke camp and moved on up the valley to our permanent camp. I had ~~got the~~ ~~rode~~ ~~into~~ the beautiful forest in which the tents were pitched at 2 P.M. & immediately started to work making pancakes. We ate so many that it seemed we could never ~~feel~~ satisfy ourselves for never have I eaten such pancakes as to make! Chen & Kang had been busy during

Went down the P.M. and set a line of traps
with Chen & Kang. If, did hunt in the
eve but got nothing.

Sat
Aug. 9

Saw two deer this a.m. but no shots - beautiful
day - Exp. went out with Sun & deer & rode
up the valley in which we are camped. On
the way saw the headquarters of a farm
situated out of the bushes & shot it. Shot a
cape marten & saw three others - wonderful
moonlight - bright enough to shoot -

Sun
Aug. 10

Saw night frogs here & grass covered with
white frost - went out with S.D. & saw
two deer but no shots - shot a squirrel
but did not get it - Saw a big gray owl -
In P.M. If, did hunt out but came back
early because of rain.

Mon
Aug. 11

Rained this a.m. & most all day - stayed
in tent & wrote journal. At 9 P.M. young
hunter returned but Lama not for he
rode home so hard it became ill - Could
not find our mail in bag until next
a.m.

Tues.
Aug. 12

Beautiful day - warm in sun - all a.m.
read mail & papers - Lama returned at
noon - S.D. & young hunter promised to
go for 2 day trip tomorrow & then return
for a "field day" at S.D.'s house. Then
go off for long trip - If, did hunt in
P.M. but see nothing.

Wed.

Aug. 13

This a.m. If, & I were at 4 o'clock &

had our oat meal with the servants but -
 we rode out across the marsh & up into
 the big valley just north of where we are
 camped. We have seldom failed to see
 rockhounds here & this morning as we were
 skirting the ^{edge of the} woods I saw a farm jump
 out of the bushes & dash for the cover of
 the forest 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. At the second which hit
 his chest he went down for good.

We continued hunting but saw no
 other deer. ~~At about~~ I saw 3 capercaillie
 & got some blue berries in the marsh.
 returned to camp & found the two English
 hunters waiting for us. After breakfast
 we packed our things and started off
 again.

It is good to be away & leave camp,
 servants & comparative luxury behind
 us & to go off for a real hunt & a life
au naturel. 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 seen we have our sleeping bags, plenty of reading material & good food. We are so glad to be away - not a thing worrying us & ~~the~~ prospect of a fine hunt before us.

It was interesting to see the way old S. D. put ^{his feet} perhaps for rain. He rolled an immense log to the fire & built a huge blaze around it in such a way that it would burn underneath the log. When it was getting well started, the rain came all densely upon it and the fire will burn regardless for the log is continually being hollowed out from below beneath. All the P.M. he has slept, ate, read & written - a lazy life but a happy one & even if the rain is pattering on our tent we are warm & comfortable. It is fine country we are in, with a broad valley to the north leading up to an open rise, both sides sparsely covered with burned trees. To the west, the main valley loses itself in a heavy spruce forest.

Commercial chapter
where mammals fur is best at Alaskan
trapping - also Am. traps -
wool - camel wool
sheep - skins - hides - meat
fawns - pulp - spruce

Handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The text is mostly illegible due to fading and blurring, but appears to consist of several lines of cursive or semi-cursive script.

Urga is 6,000 ft above sea
 Peking is 11,000 ft " "

Wireless stations Peking to Urga & Urumchi to
 Kashgar - Day night with Peking -

Urumchi, Koko, Sam-fu & Hsuei - these
 are back up with Peking three three first
 day night stations - but now in China
 Marconi doing it for Chinese Govt.

"Chinese Nat. Wireless Co." formed to
 control, maintain & supply Marconi
 patents in China

Chinese & Japanese Dogs W.I. Collins
 Herreman's Eng

Sayn. sayn. Kham

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