Journal II

Mongolian Trip

1918 - 1919

Roy Chapman Andrews
Oct. 7 - Kang    50
Oct. 11 - Chair    25
Oct. 20 -       
Nov. 18 -       
Nov. 20 -       
11 27 -       
15 -
10 Nov. 27 - 20
3.70 + 6 + 2 = 1

Cant Oct. 11 - 30 - Oct. 27 - 10 - Nov. 12 - 30

Drumney Br y - 4  Lm

Chair - 1.15

3 Trap 50 -

3.50 - paid - Oct. 27

1 25

10.8

111

3 30

10 25

5.00

2 20

14.5

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13 10

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30 120

100

12 70

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10 30

20

17.20

20

12.0

12.0

12.0
The land rolled in placid waves to the far horizon as very small. They would look to the ocean as a canal, a which was disturbed only by the slow progress of the long, slow sail. The horizon could be seen like the sail of a blind men ships block against the sky seen where it met the earth. The earth itself seemed at first glance as flat as a table for the waves merged indistinguishably into a level while the sea was only where approaching winds dipped for a little out of sight and their depressions were swelled, like the waves of the sea. The sky swallowed them up so that one realized the immensity of the scene.

There is a keen about every day when we can walk in heavy rain. When we hear the rain on a tent roof it has a pleasant sensation of rain which washes dust and cleans the earth. There is no pleasure in being pressed under the heavy day is cold; there is no rain in heavy earth unless the day is hot; it there is no rain in heavy dry unless the day is wet. This day was very wet.

The sight of the man's rain. The brine raised the drenches against a purple sky gloriously reflected. The cloud air was scented with nature's unscented exhalation of the earth. As her mind began to think, her mind began to think of her thinking.
About 10 days ago some famous side
introduced some of their cubs into our camp and of course we could
not figure out what their English explanation
what they wanted me did believe that a contri-
butant would be acceptable. I supposed
that it was some sort of a religious cer-
omony which we were invited to contribute to
that but all it was some joke played on
me to become a patron of what was electric
of the community which we had
taken up and temporarily dwelling. So
de gave them some money.

At last on one of these days ago that
one discovered what it really was all
about. The hunters had tried me that
they might return for ten days hence when
we started and to explained by saying
"My age give some money. Ride for all
these people. Pasta and the rest catch and each
other fall down." By a fluke of fortune
I learned that our people in this valley
were there a sick day, that there were
the jump races and wrestling contests. I was
very pleased with myself for having
taken it became more and more evident
that I had guessed correctly.

I felt confident that whatever was
to take place would be well worth seeing
if photographing because no matter how
uninsignificant the actual subject matter
The morning was a wonder of brilliancy, a blue sky above, a day glimmering and no wind. No day could have been more perfect for such sports. We met at early with the nine canoes, accompanied by three, Kary of the Lema. The boys were delighted for the holiday, and went off as happy as children. I took pictures as the canoe passed the white tents of the nearest guests, and set the camera on the most distant hills; we could see the festivities would later place further up the valley at the eastern points. At 12.30 I left alone the scene, for I was very tired.

I found all the hungry gathered on the flat plain just at the base of the hill and opposite the short, a row of trees in brilliant yellow robes with leaves and ceremonial dresses before them. Fifty boys standing that 30 yards away from a semi-circle of men dressed in similar brilliant robes, among whom I recognized some who I had seen in the tent. I could no longer look at them in the same old fellow with whom I had lived in camp. (A passage of the same
was in the common lotus of civilization. He would not be as quietly surprised.

Despite these storms, representing the unity of the community were keeping
vows of peace cut into tiny squares.

The spectators between the two arrived were a yellow flag fluttering proudly from a tepee staff.

The spectators consisted of two groups of women of half a dozen each who sat on
and kept them almost entirely. Every man was dressed in formal attire and they would be expected to describe the costumes at the 'they all followed the

women amongst femminine attire'. Even though
the young ladie's were accompanied by a very much dressed up in their peaked
had completely themselves. I can't imagine
for they said a long distance apart and
had no more intercourse with each
other than as they were not in speak-

ing terms.

The first race was by about a dozen
pumps having been held before 14 to 15 yrs of
age. And came up strongly. They

swept through or through most of the starting
line, each one getting in a race.
wandering a trudging gait, undeniably barbarous. A few moments later they
came back on foot again, throwing their
horses and walking fast but carefully.

The prisoner was led by two old men, one of
the many yellow Indians before whom he
knelt. Twice, while the man and received
a handful of thorns from the women in
front of them. Then he was conducted ceremonially and
offered to the circle of the daily which he
was again kept. He carried a copy
of lineage returned, with faltering
with bits of change.

The most interesting part of my journey
was the code when all the men and boys all
drink up on their horses facing the
faffles and each man chanting, singing
a mournful chant. Then facing
in line they circled around the fannies
slowly at first, then faster and faster until
their horses were in a full run.

After the race came boasting
contents, which on themselves were of
little interest. The contestants prepared
for knots and elsewhere on their ends by
racing the ends

of branches without cutting and
sneeringly; that was practically the same as the
Japanese manner of running.
As we drove on, the terrain was
conducted to the Taivas where he made
his two ceremonies and threw the
Taivas ten times a circle to receive
his reward by chreege.

The scene was in actual reality
of themselves more near him remark
able or very interesting but the scene
as a whole was one of the most
barbaric and picturesque that I had
ever witnessed. The setting for it
was perfect, with the gray mountains
rising their upper tips in dark
green mists. The hulk circle of brilliant
yellow Taivas faced by the red men
of the valley touched in red yellow
their brilliant robes of crimson hues,
the women in their green turques had
dresses flashing silver in the dark
crindow of the Taivas hidden by half wild boys; another that it
all held a barbaric touch that held one thrilled
of fascination. I could picture this scene
some 500 years ago in the days of Kubla Khan
when the same the Mongol empire was the
greater that the world has ever seen. These
same peaceful valley red hills must have
gone down upon just such scenes in the
peaceful valley at Their feet when the white
sนาหมาไม้ ยุก กาล นี้ ด้วย แก้ว ลิตร หนึ่ง

ในที่ยุก กล่าว ที่ อัณฑุ ยุก

และ นั้น รักษา ยุก ยัง สร้าง ยุก

เป็น ยุก นั้น ว่า ยุก และ ยุก

ในที่ยุก กล่าว

และ นั้น รักษา ยุก ยัง สร้าง ยุก

เป็น ยุก นั้น ว่า ยุก และ ยุก

ในที่ยุก กล่าว

และ นั้น รักษา ยุก ยัง สร้าง ยุก

เป็น ยุก นั้น ว่า ยุก และ ยุก

ในที่ยุก กล่าว

และ นั้น รักษา ยุก ยัง สร้าง ยุก

เป็น ยุก นั้น ว่า ยุก และ ยุก

ในที่ยุก กล่าว

และ นั้น รักษา ยุก ยัง สร้าง ยุก

เป็น ยุก นั้น ว่า ยุก และ ยุก

ในที่ยุก กล่าว

และ นั้น รักษา ยุก ยัง สร้าง ยุก

เป็น ยุก นั้น ว่า ยุก และ ยุก

ในที่ยุก กล่าว

และ นั้น รักษา ยุก ยัง สร้าง ยุก

เป็น ยุก นั้น ว่า ยุก และ ยุก

ในที่ยุก กล่าว

และ นั้น รักษา ยุก ยัง สร้าง ยุก

เป็น ยุก นั้น ว่า ยุก และ ยุก

ในที่ยุก กล่าว

และ นั้น รักษา ยุก ยัง สร้าง ยุก

เป็น ยุก นั้น ว่า ยุก และ ยุก

ในที่ยุก กล่าว

และ นั้น รักษา ยุก ยัง สร้าง ยุก

เป็น ยุก นั้น ว่า ยุก และ ยุก

ในที่ยุก กล่าว

และ นั้น รักษา ยุก ยัง สร้าง ยุก

เป็น ยุก นั้น ว่า ยุก และ ยุก

ในที่ยุก กล่า
to make them happy, and I have devoted many of them for real or fancied self-sacrifice. I have tried really been able to tell
S. D.'s little daughter that a bad case of
griping which gives one such sympathy
and help in thislund most under-
ground facilities for bringing a genuine
to moral attacks is from. It is support
they are grateful, and the we can never
well. They accept us all without a
word of thanks, their Dain's but
their colleague  
acceptance of us
as members of their community
probably their way of expressing
thanks.

When the last mirthful match had
closed the sportsmen over. All turned
round the flag, leading a procession
of all the male population of the valley
who rode in a circle about the match
famous, going faster and faster till then
brown and wind mad galleys. Then all
adjourned to the festival near the
in the men of the valley where a feast
had been prepared

I was invited to attend but knowing
from experience of Oriental feasts
that the food would be unpalatable or
the drink worse, I begged to be excused
and started home. But before I left the old
Aug. 17

Though who was born here once and a great fund of kicked mutton, a stick of cheese and a piece of dough fond in mutton fat shaped like the sole of a shoe. This went helped in my hands and rode up with many tears of farewell.

We broke up at 5, to make dinner and arrangements for the homeward trip. They agreed to go on the morning. It is a continued source of anxiety since one for he is so informally independent that it never can tell whether he will go or not when he says he will.

We started at 9 P.M. with Yi Chun T'ama S. D. The young hunter and riding the mulely into the night, for about 3 mi. then turned west over the ridgeway again north. We came down an open road.

Four vehicles stretched in an almost unbroken line. The south went as far as we could stop. It was almost as dark as a wall and would be an impenetrable place in which to hunt for one could not see more than 50 feet in any direction. On the left turn we went into a water valley and at once the country changed. On the right side of the valley I noticed many white and white hillsides with patches of forest and an ideal place in which to hunt wolves. We followed it for about 3 mi. and camped in a valley group of pine trees on a little island formed by a division of the stream. It was essentially a former spot for them.
The remembrances of many pigs and under 
the trees now bring to mind remembrances of success-
ful hunts. The matriarch hurls a drag with indig-
nation from the branches by a large japanese, pushing 
and shoving with both horns intertwined the ground. S. D. 
indicated that it was the current thing to 
leave a man a contribution of their sort 
at the end of a profitable hunt.

It was also thought surprising up to, though dry
and with plenty of dead wind and also as secluded 
as a camina. A hundred felt money on either
side. I had never seen a tree
that was inconvenient and name for the
three ways of blue wisk who neither my,
from my finest memories that was no man of
our furniture shop.

We made a picnic with ice cream by yolk
of S. D. sheathhick his rifle & pack of string
of went and spend the night matching at a
sTweet in a meadow & the rest of camp. There
were three hives in the field. And about 200 for
away from each one a fire had been kindled
with manmade with grass and bushes & with a
comprehensible rest for the gun – for no man could
attempt to shoot off hand. Then said that
& so a yacht had been put on the limes
next and there was evidence that they had
been frequently used.

In the a.m. S. D. asked while i was
drinking my coffee S. D. came in &
and that I had heard a rabbit.
back during the night had heard we had not come. I was back. He directed the young
<ld man and me to go to the north in the rain, not to go. I went along the side of the
valley through the patches of woods, watching the hill side, while he swung his camera
steeply over the hill. The next.

I had not been gone more than an hour
that just worked across the low bed of a
dry ravine where I heard a rifle shot from
where we. It was a hard, deep, torn back
capacity like that of a man. I had heard in Korea and could
by my watch. I imagined and he called a "tramp" it belonged. I turned almost instantly
trampled as if by an electric shock, and
wrenched caustically drove its red side toward
the ground. I belied it to be some distance
away, farther than not really even, I
can I kept to the top of the ridge bordering
the ravine which I had crossed before down
a steep hill. As I walked up shot from its base.
He had been standing at the very bottom of the
ravine pecking on the tent canvas. There
was no choice to shoot because of the
heavy cover, even when I saw him
again running along the edge of the forest
on the hill side, this was such a screen of
branches between me that a shot would
have been useless.

Cursing myself for all sorts of un
Aug 20

for because I had not crawled more carefully to the summit by the ridge I followed the animals' trail until it disappeared into the heavy forest. At the butterfly diapophyta, it was encouraging to have seen a buck in so short a time, but I joined no others during the morning. Neither S.D. nor the young hunter had seen anything. At noon we hung around the top of the mountain, by the peak to stay a few days while I remained with S.D. at the camp.

At 4 o'clock I was awakened by the patter of rain on the tent. It rained because a steady downpour and I turned over in my sleeping bag for another sleep because there could be no hunting while the rain lasted. At 7 o'clock S.D. said he was cooking breakfast so I quickly came in to say that he might come in the hill made opposite camp. I got washed out to see a doe at a forest edge but it disappeared over the summit of the hill. Half an hour later they returned and told us to look down the opposite canyon. I went and saw a doe and a fawn with it. I was disappointed over the summit of the hill. Half an hour later they returned and told us to look down the opposite canyon. I went and saw a doe and a fawn with it. I was disappointed over the summit of the hill. S.D. had seen them disappear in a quick dip and had said at 12 o'clock we should see them out. Instead a fine bush runner approached down the hill and he killed it without a shot. It had begun to rain and S.D. and we knew we were in for a day without
but except for this fact that I was anxious to be at home we had a pleasant time of it.

This is a summary almost a rainy day when we can't venture making lists at rain. The steady patter on the tent gossips and the pleasant sensations in being comforted is not disappointing. There is no feeling in being worn unless the day is cold.

There is no rain in making cold weather in the weather is hot and there is no need in being any colder than it is now. This day was very wet indeed, we had several rain "eat time" times, "titanium" monthly opened shining books in the morning and kept our hands from being bitten and we could always eat. Then made us "show what" baked beans or roasted fruit to impress ourselves were fortunate to be quiet when we were.

The following days were a succession of delightful outlook in the morning and evening. After about 2 days of pleasant weather we would have a full day of rain when there was nothing to do but lay in camp and sleep or read. Never have I seen such remarkable weather, such fabulous changes from clouds and rain to brilliant sunshine. This morning the sky would be like a vast blue canvas.
pleased only with a half dozen billowing masses of rain-clouds. Five minutes later the blue will have given place to a gray blanket stretched far over the sky, darkening almost that of night; will have filled the forest, and a flurry of rain drenched on its tent. Hardly had the covered our drying shoes to make all evening, and the sun was again in flooding our valley with the golden light of early autumn. For it is already autumn here, even though it is only mid-August. The season commences with early October of a temperate climate, and we are already showing mistily points which on the eastern mountains flower and turn the leaves to yellow and gold. In the morning when I cross the valley to the mt. peaks, the grass is white with frost and reaches beneath my feet like delicate silver threads of spun glass. My moccasins are white with hoarfrost and snow-flakes. The valley is being covered with frost. As I approach the summit on the other side, the valley and peaks become snow-covered and drifts are driffling as from a heavy snow. My feet and legs work through an arched in half an hour, and I return to camp at the end of the brisk and wet as did I had visited a dozen rivers. We can now return, in northern Minnesota without the certainty
of a thorough wetting. There are even when
the dew has dried there are interminable
arrangement of streams in the most unexpected places on the hillside.
The whole country must be full of springs
from the valleys to the very tip. Sometimes
it is a deep spring, other being rain fall
collectors; as well as the short season which
is responsible for the luxuriant greens and
the show of migrating planners. From judge
to Arable the valleys which are
covered with life a streamlike's garden
and the underdale with cotton. Blue
wells, clustering so thickly that their
heads bent under the weight of the waters carpet
the open spots with a silvery agunga
some of other planners. Valleys—planter
valleys where run as their long
pale yellow faces as they have a
delicate fragrant beauty which
is wonderfully appealing. They are like
the deadman poppies which leek up so
delightfully from the frozen swept hills of the
Privilege stands.
At Myna where Bridger is there are
said to be countless berries, but we
have not seen them since there for
a distinct patch of strawberries.
and few raspberries on a hillside near our main camp, the children found which the country folk affected was how to eat currents. But even these are so exceedingly rare that they set mis with an urge and receive with a quantity of sugar to make them palatable that they have given us little pleasure.

But for all its lack of fruits it is a country of rare exceeding beauty. The dark forests, poetical and rich, made them by a game of spruce or a silvery birch, the beautiful valleys and the rounded mount summits are as wild and free as nature made them and remain untouched by the devastating hand of man. Only the blackened trunks of fire swept pines indicate to man that humanity has ever touched the wilderness. In certain spots a few trees have been felled for limeburn but these are few. Of an intestine the beauty of the forests have not been marred and wonder how long they will remain unmarred. Certainly not many years after the gold rush tents and railroads have replaced the gold chopped temples of Nature. I hope I shall not have to see it then, for there are left
far to few of the glorious city's of ancient
days and though the saws may have altered
the faces of nature's most remote children,

The hour was 8:30 a.m. and

the edge of a mound

are the last vestiges of the Yatoche River,

the beginning of the damned.

I could not that today, that the or

not fewer long ago and that

the very heart of the wilderness is yielding

of its age-old trees. To stand on the

the summit of a mountain and gaze across the

miles and miles of

through the groves it would seem that here

was an unchangeable supply

of wood. But as the

when was ever coined than "incen-

supply" There is only so

water in the ocean and every

bucketful which is removed makes

less. But I can

myself that this certain death by these

glorious forests will not come

while I can still yearn enough

to save the wilderness and

our children's children will some
day through force of circumstance

the restless spirit of the wild which
drives me and not exist the great

winds.
there forts d have seen no evidence of
occupation by the Indians than
marked activity except for chance fires
why should any one know there have come
to this region from the charcoal for the
charcoal market it cannot amaze me any way
the government decided that it was a
waste of energy on the jobs had been done
much early ago.

One morning while I was wandering
through the woods far back in the valley I heard
arapaleka's hawk, but there had been
from according to the opposite side, and again
again from another far away. The forest
was near me - behind 7 below. It startled
the animals breathlessly but only had the
pleasure of seeing it curves a pathly opening
on the forest then appear 2 miles away.
The few moments later the hawk again
far below. He was on his way to answer
the challenge of the squirrels across the trees
and the sharp positive. I went
to the edge of the forest, for a long time walked
at the trail of point of the but there was not
another sound of the animals.

That same am only a short time
and from when I sat I P D. had exceded
up a cow grape fed with herself.
He had killed them both and returned
to camp. Finding me gone, the others
sound asleep, he had gone out again. When he returned at 7 o'clock and sat about the fire for 1/2 hr before he made known his good fortune. Then he became quite exulted and was learning, as much as it is possible for his diliency, while I remained when I returned.

We had breakfast and all went to the spot in the woods where the animals lay, to shoot them. I found a large bear with the rest. We did not return until 3 P.M. The animals had almost finished shedding their long springy clothes and their short gray winter coat. This was any. 21. The rodent has already begun to shed so that there is very little time in the summer for a collector to obtain proper skins. The year is not come in well June 18 - it begins to get by early to mid Aug. warm.

I and very carefully saved the stomach of each of the antelopes. From the fennel he makes a beverage which to carry milk or other liquids to the antelopes he uses for internal and external purposes. The tender he uses and sells as butter to Chinese. One very child, was greatly interested...
in obtaining them & also lost the fat end with Spanish ears. The latter he
says is an esteemed foot delicacy in
Panzic country. So far so good, but this
was a most unwarranting larceny
object.

In the P.M. the young hunter & Mr. shoe
men who had gone off to hunt by
themselves returned empty-handed.
The young fellow was made very
faddish because he said they had found
a bear & he had badly wounded it.
This gun jammed on the next shot
and the bear still had escaped.

I spent a night at a salt lick quite
outside the camp but nothing came to
accomplish the night before a big wapiti had
been there and dug up its ground. The
wampis put some very salt mud under the
bed. A mat has been dug around the grass
so feel away from the lick, a framework
of sticks built for a gentleman and the
whole concealed in grass and burned

I just snuggled into my fur sleeping
bag and watched all night. It was an
interminably sky and the valley was as dark
and silent as a tomb. There were none
of the usual night sounds — not even
the note of a sleepy bird;

strangely enough there are remarkable
Few birds to be seen in this region. The
forest is almost deserted except for the
juv., a few small birds, "hazel grouse"
and sparrows. The latter are readily
very abundant. I have found them
pooling in the openings around the forest
near its end, sometimes almost every 9.
The males are always alone, that is, the
♀'s are not with them. Sometimes two
or three ♂♂ will be near each other or
get up with much a war of wings
that they sounds like an end of going
through the forest. They are not especially
with me cause I have used good sport with
a short gun. The ♂♂ are unusually well
their wagon on the valley bottom or the
adjacent woods. The ducks are more
strong in the wing and the size of prairie
graze.

The hazel hens are the size of a ruffed grouse
and little less in the heavy feet - the habit
of the two birds are very similar. When
flushed they will usually fly a short
distance and alight on a tree top. The ♂♂
have a gray back, I warned with black spots,
a white breast barred with black & a black
band on the tail near the end. At first
I have seen a few black woodpeckers
which I believed were the Arctic Wheatear.
I saw one that followed me with a red crest
probably the eucalyptus seeds remained in the soil I got my canoe. Black gums and
rather rare but I have of course no limit
them but I have seen about half a dozen.
I left the salt lick at the first sign of
dawn (3.30 a.m.) and by 7 o'clock was
on the left side across the valley from camp,
al and a capture 'bank but did not find
it and at the salt lick began to knock down
the site of a deep wadi. When I was
2/3s down I suddenly saw a roebuck
on the opposite side quickly found. He was
evanescence unconscious by my presence
and I dropped into the bushes turned to
he feet was moved into the open. When
I saw his red trophy appear from behind
a bush I fired. The buck went to his knees
kicked violently but got up his feet
uncertainties and fired again he went
down for good. Evidently the second shot was
uninerring but I have lost too many
wounded animals and this heavy forest
that now I never take a chance and if
a deer moves off at all I shoot again for
safety's sake.

The deer was a splendid buck with
elegant antlers, none of which had been
slightly injured in speech goes bent to
the side. I smoked a cigarette while I
admired his beauty and then resumed
slowly homeward. Later I got inside and on my hands that in the deer.

We had two days of rain which were unpromising except for a musk deer.
The musk deer was in poor condition for its long summer coat grown with
indistinct white spots was only partially shed.

When it cleared Sunday Dr. Oksanen went off for a two day hunt. While I
was hunting at the old camp, I did some
work. I was only my unprofitable
day to mush deer. These little fellows lie
on the snow to avoid warmth. In heavy frost it
can often be seen from a
distill to the west and could hear its deer calls
about me by hearing a call only. It was возможен to hear
in the thick bush. Finally it was not
that I can run off without giving me another
right. The same thing happened the next day and again the little deer ended
about under the underbrush where I could not

S.D. The J. hunter returned after 2 days
with a musk. I was out 2 days and
three of them were shedding badly but on
deer was still in good pelage. We made camp that day at a junction of the valleys 3 or 4 miles away. It was fair weather but the next day it rained hard. S. D. The long mule went up a branch valley and limped to camp. But the fog was so heavy that it was useless to go on hunting. They returned finally with a fine roebuck male, a yearling wild pig (female). She was a perfect specimen and in fine pelage. This the roebuck had lost all but a few split red hairs was in short brown winter coat.

We decided that it was necessary to go with Minge to find out about returning to Peking and so returned to camp on Aug 28. We expected to go to Minge on the following day and S. D. promised to go there much sooner. Our young farm we discovered had been making much a wholesale squeegee from us that we could no longer take them again. He had played his game too cleverly and not content with squeegeeing us had extended it to the Chinese servants also. In fact everything they purchased from the Chinese girls went him a commission. He made a fatal mistake in this for while the Chinese were perfectly content to have us worked they did not relish its extension to themselves. The result was that Chen fled and the entire
story and I had it again from S. B. The little
witch had told the hunters that she might ask.
how the number of a deer they had killed
after I had expressly said I did not want it.
He had changed me deplete for everything he
had purchased a morning transaction with the
hunters which we had had time before. Worse
he had neglected our horses, tied them so they
could not eat feed and teeters on. Short
had become a thoroughly useless little devil.
I have never seen such a complete delusion
the value of a man. On the plains he was
all that one could ask, active, interested,
hand working reliable & a pleasant companion.
The day we lefthega for our trip into the
woods his strength began to wear since he has
been getting steadily worse. But this and is
not mean for whom the trip is even we will
have a period of rest in which he will have
the value of being honest & by treating a foreign
squarely.
When we left the hunters to ride with our men
across it was a bright of a beautiful afternoon.
There had been rain in the a.m. last night, but
it had cleared for the day, we were hardly started
before the sky began to darken. On the
next horizon the winds, we could see a gray
veil which rapidly drew across, in ten minutes
it reached us and we were in a deluge of hail.
The streams were the size of peas and pelted on our
Throughout the night, darkness hung thick in the air. The wind was fierce, and the rain lashed against our tents. We were all wet through, and our clothes were soaked. The sky was a deep, ominous grey, and the wind howled in the trees. We knew that our situation was dire, and that the storm was only just beginning.

Fortunately, the storm lasted only a few hours. When it finally subsided, we were all exhausted but grateful to be alive. We had weathered the storm, and now we were left to deal with the aftermath.

Our tents were a mess, and our supplies were scattered everywhere. We had to work together to clean up and make a proper shelter. We gathered all our resources and began to build a new tent. We worked tirelessly, and eventually, we had something that would keep us dry.

The next day, the sun was bright and cold. We spent much of the day working on our supplies. We gathered wood, hunted for small animals, and fished in the nearby stream. We were all hungry, and we made do with what we could find.

In the evening, we sat around a small fire, roasting our food and sharing stories from our past adventures. We were all tired, but we were happy to be alive. We knew that the journey ahead would be difficult, but we were determined to face it together.
would have kept himself, but we went on to
his curves & conducted negotiations around
by means of signals the few weeks through which
we had traveled.

We left camp at 5 a.m. on the morning of Aug. 30
for our site with Uega. Chen Kuan-ho asked me to
set them up the small cart loaded with
specimens which we were to leave at 11 a.m. E.O.
grounds. It was as perfect a fall day as one
could wish with a warm sun, cloudless sky & no
wind. The grass had just begun to show patches
of yellow on the green lawn among the trees
patches of vivid gold & red ground with the sunlight
among the sunbeams gay the forests & flowers.

Our day was as uneventful as the last time
we traveled the road had been quite of trouble
& discouragement. What was there now in
a series of mud water was now hard dry
ground. Even with the cart made the 45
miles Uruana in one day & reached
the mission house just in time. There we
found Mr. Mrs. Saldanha who had come up
for the winter & the mission kindly put
us up for the night. Mrs. B. had already arrived,
coming on a train from the city, &
had gone on to Uega.

The following day we went the cart on to Uega
& Mr. I was able to find S. D. at Alishua &
Shaman but we both Americans. There
to my delight & intense surprise, it turned
Mrs. McCaffrey who had arrived ten minutes earlier from Kalgoorlie. They had joined the Coffeemakers, who had just received word from the Mining Board to start to spend the money in Wingen. I thought I had never been more delighted to see any one than I was to see the McCaffreys. They are a 'regular fellow' and she is a 'regular girl.' They had been up in my bedroom and some other things for us from Kalgoorlie and I felt like hugging my little gum. It is a wonderful thing to have a dipwhich you know nothing when you hold at a neat piece at the critical money for that in the tune when a gum always does gum if it has the habit at all.

We adjourned at the hotel, the McCaffreys and the Mac's. Enzander had rented a house on the corner of M and Coe for the M. T. Co. and we all went there. They invited us to camp and went there as long as we were in Wingen.

Oleksen was giving a luncheon party and wrote characteristic hospitality of the

Far East. He included as four new arrivals who had cunningly half an hour before tiffin. The was built from the desert with a week's growth of beard. His field clothes offset mine which would otherwise have been rather conspicuous among the white coats of the other guests.

Before dinner I had a talk with S. L.
This Maman xoliany. The old man wanted to make an enormous price for the skins of the animals we had killed, even if we had given him all the meat that it had to go round. He asked $5 for day wages. So for every strange animal all the skins are only worth 4 50 in the market. The old man was as indifferent as usual and prepared to quiet the gods. Meanwhile we had reached the mother from whose house his demands by a single dollar. He certainly is an unimaginative person to work with. Maman says he is like an unthorough hunter, so in the first place they will take off even half a white man to the best hunting grounds no matter what wages they will pay. He would not have such a little wage, nor all probability of what he had seen. When the makan have one in the west they are worth almost 2 or 3 dollars. He would argue that it would be for better to let one multit and when the season of migration get out himself and not it is with other thing to a better extend. The makan hunters cutlasses are not valuable as medicines, as are the makan, but nevertheless the Kamayt prefer to keep them own hunting grounds for themselves. It is hard to deal with men who care so little for money as S. Dashes. And yet he is a regular Jew when it comes to
changing for his services.

Old Mr. O. got himself into a fine scrape a few years ago. He decided that it was quite in the nature of a superfluous quality to meekly accept for a life, to build a fine flag hut it no farms except that the farms could not find him. So they tried a route which worked successfully.

Knowing that he could just barely hear the stream, they called out that it was really too hard for the old man, — that they would go back. They withdrew onto the road but kept the ravine surrounded — often about about three o’clock. It continued not only to be searched by the farmer, but was found that reasoners carried weapons of the age. For several days he was magnum innumerable but it was not easy. True it was right and eventually he recovered.

He was brought sentenced to a year in one of the terrible modern camps but for the intervention of his own friends due it was commuted and except for the fact that he had to go about with a wooden hand around his neck for several
weeks, he escaped. I doubt if even his
manned escape damped his independent
spirit and I would venture vague almost
day money that he will hunt other deer
on Georgia, and when he dies.

Speaking of coffins reminds me of what
one day I read one day about a hundred
yards from bushwhack we met a trained
boy depot heavy wooden box about 6 x 4
by 4 feet standing beside the road. In each
was a round hole about 3 inches in diameter.
As we stepped on saw a human face appear at that hole. In splinted, very
bemused I find that each coffin contained
two men. Suddenly one of the men
lent each one had two hands manacled
palms together, and an enormous chain
about the neck. The knots up the chain was
at least 10 in long diameters wide, heavy
enough to hold a ship's anchor. The fort
mates had secured some ground to
pass them in a few sticks which while
they propped up the chains to take some
put into weight of their weight. To wear
these shackles alone would be sufficient
not kill an ordinary man even after a few
days, and in addition to the confined
are so slow that it was not entirely
sit upright. Thanks, madam, and
and one becomes accustomed to rights.
which are not nice, when wandering about the world but both Mac and I
new found a rich at strength and the
strength of the coats those from matches
were undergoing.

Throggus men we were cold and could
consider ourselves lucky that the
allowed to remain outside and the open
air. For grooms officers never
men are confined in smallish coffins
in a dungeon under the jail offices
in noisy darkness. Here they have to
remain one or two years and we some
cases for life. Even at winter the coffins
are left outside in temperature which
falls as low as -20 ° F. Of course,
the inmates often die, but what matters.

There are so many rare changes for the
jailers to attend to.

The jail itself which is only a short distance
about the minister of war foreign affairs
in the main street is a most weird looking structure from the out-
side and by itself one true to its interior to the
devices for permanent residence. It contains
and working its best efforts of Louis XIV of France.

That charming king had cages, not
which the prisoner could neither sit upright
nor be at length while his feet were
supported by pins. Each column the members of his family lived
list of minerals could reside in it or their

. . .
sins. But they could not have been worse
than the unsealed coffins in which the inhabitants
sat with chains about their necks in perpetual
darkness. Home in Mega. Few if
any foreigners in Mega have seen even
the prison system itself, even then the captors
also a privileged visitor and if one could
not care to see the right of those poor victims
in open air coffins — privileged prisoners as
not was good enough for one. One is
quit another matter to view the implements
of torture which we saw in the annexed prison
of Vienna, for one realizes that it was one
things of the long past, and their real neg-
rificance hardly penetrates thru the veil of years. They
make me shiver rather delightfully and
at least is far enough and until the Germans
showed us that barbarism in their race at
least was only caused by a strain whose
People's culture, that it could not feel that such
things belonged to the present anywhere in our
living world. But here in Hungary, where
my nose muchZoomed down streets for
punishment openly displayed upon the streets, one
can not but shudder to think of what implements
of torture are hidden from the light of day.
True in chain, its death by 100 cuts where
a living man was delicately and expertly carved
to fists, has only been admired for a dozen
years or so. And the banister cage where the victims
slowly has his neck stretched until he expires
in uncontagious. He is still a very
real part of the present, and my last
remembered sound by an extraordinarily
story from a British daredevil recruiting
appeal in Southern Fries.

The father of a Chinese recruit who had recently re-
moved from France, one day approached at
that office to obtain the money due his son.
He was asked why the boy himself did not
apply. He remarked casually "Ed me
burnt him yesterday."

Upon investigation the recruiting
office discovered that the combat was
known as a "bad egg" in the village. When
he returned from France the elder of
his village and his father held council. They
decided that the boy would probably join
the borg machine who were carrying the country
and did them in our attacks against
his home village. Therefore he should
be reimbursed in some way. But how
to do it was the question, for they objected
disparily killing him. So it was decided,
that they would construct the
principal and the cause, that the best way
was to bury him alive. Therefore, with
the sanction of the village elders, this
sum防晒，他被埋在火山埋入了。
Friday Oct. 90

Left Peking with Harry Cuthbert at 5:30 a.m. on the Peking-Sunnyam line for Fengtien. The trip was like all others travelling on Chinese trains and we rode mostly in the dining car. At Kaligan where the train halted for 90 minutes we met Mr. Chas. Cottmann who had a new mandarin tent for our servants, which had been made in Kaligan. We reached Fengtien the end of the P.R. at 9:30 P.M. in a drizzling rain. After having questioned by three Chinese soldiers as to the object of our visit we went to a good inn a few hundred yards from the station. The fellows were accordingly punctual and polite to the general run of the breed, and seemed satisfied when we told them we were on a hunting trip for ducks & geese.

Our passports had not been valid for Shanghai, nor did we have our journals (a new regulation) but we were confident that we could bluff our way. I have learned after considerable experience that the less one has to do with officials when travelling in the interior of China the less one will suffer from extortion. The magistrates are so fearful lest some harm befall a foreigner travelling on their district that they themselves will thereby get into difficulty with the "higher ups", that immediately and usually fictitious objections are forthcoming.
as to why the foreigners should not proceed into the interior.

For half a dozen years a band of robbers had been reported from the Nai, monthly Kowei
hun shing men and the border khunt chiefs. This had been some time, and the report was
certain for Mr. Cottman, the British Desde
had been ordered away by the hangmen
when they were hunting them 3 or 4 years
before, and the soldiers had had several
encounters with the hangmen. The result was
that the district was considered to be exceedingly
insecure and neither the colonial Fuzen office
nor the district magistrates would grant
permits for travelling in the Kowei hun shing
region. Therefore we were careful not to
let it be known where we were. Our place
was to give a wide berth to any place where
officials were quartered.

The Feng shing hamnin government seemed
satisfied with our explanations, since we
did not disturb or grieve any arriving
from the north, and a number of foreigners
were taking short trips away from the road
very.

We had hoped to get away the day following
our arrival in Feng shing but had not
affected it, for my experience had taught
me that there is an inevitable delay in
obtaining cards or rising animals whenever

one starts for a trip into the wilderness Saturday was a beautiful day. A warm rain and cold. The streets were shiny and lakes of mud. The landlord of the inn had promised to deliver a cart's load of pines but said none were forthcoming. He kept assuring us that they would arrive soon at any moment but at noon when I finally convinced him down he admitted that he had made no efforts to obtain any. "It is raining too hard," was his excuse. The usual thing. Instead of telling us that he did not want to bother, he should have said it; typically Adirondack! So we started out & dug up the animals for ourselves.

We finally found three riding ponies which we purchased for $1.00 after two hours of haggling. They even had bad animals but if one had to pay more than they were worth, we expected that for a Adirondack blacksmith, anything in a hurry, it is not too bad. But then he does not dig in much from other races! The blacksmiths agreed to have a cart with 3 mules ready for us at 10 next morning. We were to pay $3.00 per day. I knew I could not that they would not arrive at the hour agreed upon & was greatly surprised when they turned up at 1:30 P.M. But they had The blacksmith had an hour's start & rounded up themselves afterward, so we did not get away till 4 P.M. and had, considering...
the way things usually go in China. I had really not expected to get started until the next day. By this time it was late 1 p.m. a start of some sort was desirable for otherwise we should all have had to drive over again at 8 a.m.

Getting out of the city with the cart was a problem, for the roads were unendurably bad. Simply laces of liquid mud in which our cart sank to the hubs.

Beyond the city the plain was almost as bad, but we splashed along until 7:30 at night. At this point we finally reached an inn. The doors to the compound were shut and barred, but by dint of pounding we elicited and answered from the far interior. But we made a mistake in allowing them to talk before the cart arrived. The Pakking shiek it allowed to and that it was a stranger the min kipper would not open the door. Finally he simply retired and left us to hammer on his door's content.

Fortunately there was another inn not far away where our cart was known and we were given entry without difficulty. We had a long day over bad roads and just before dark around 9 p.m. there was a loud blast. On the way home we discovered a flock of chickens with our gosses move in the cart. The next day we drove that it was...
almost impossible to put them up. We came down
the pass on the other side feeling well and
finally reached a long winding cut between
the rocks which took me out upon the flat
between the Tai Hais, lakeland. There came
till the pass giving pleasant glimpses of green fields
over, flying low, the black waders showing
black against the clear sky.

We were ahead of the cart and tried him after
an hour to find them pull. Finally we
managed to get one of the small ones
in last winter. We buried the lake and
went back after a late supper with the
musical clamor of thousands of wild
birds calling us to sleep.

Tues.

At daylight we turned east and hurried
to the lake shore. Hany took a station
away from the water at the base of the hills
while I drifted behind some reeds
for the evaporation of salt. Hany had
got in position before I was able to come
straight for me. I wanted until they were
almost above my head and knocked both
down with a right and left. The shots set
thousands of blue jays in motion, then after
perch of geese rose into the air and long
lines of ducks skimmer close to the water
settling away from shore on the mud flats
near the water's edge.

Meanwhile birds came nearer and
after 15 minutes I returned to the min
for breakfast. Harry appeared shortly after
with a mallard duck.

We got the carts started by 6 o'clock &
with them to heel our horses rode
down the shore of the lake to the south.
The roads were dotted with hundreds
of muddy island drakes, their beautiful red
shorn bodies gleaming like patches of autumn leaves in the sun
light. Half a dozen swans drifted a hundred
yards from stroke drifted almost like snow
flurrying snow banks and ducks
& geese by thousands rose & settled in the
lake. I saw a flock of ducks alight in the
short grass on a marshy spot and when I
went to stack them 5:00 or 6:00 hard green
leaves, yellow reeds and sunflowers waving
in a brown cloud.

For two hours, concealed behind the tall
mounts we had good shooting and there
was no rush to reform the carts, our ponies
loaded with ducks & geese. The road swung
about the north end of the lake and
cross the mountains passes we saw
as white array of geese coming in from
their summer breeding grounds in Kentucky
& far Florida. Regiment after regiment
first circled away to the east and
drifted into the water on the following
the commands of a field marshal.
There was no time for more shooting, and indeed we had all the game we needed, none kept on after the cows.

The next three days were mostly steady travelling, varied now and then by excursions into the fields after a tray filled of meat. The country through which we passed was uninteresting, but the village life was interesting: In almost every hill village there were colonics of farm dwellers—houses dug into the brown clay, with a door and windows of gnarled timber and reed. The houses were dry and warm, and an extremely reasonable place in which to live. They were found all the way from Feng Cheng to the end of our journey, and indeed all over the country. They are exactly like those in Armenia, and indeed the whole region in its general aspect was like that of Armenia.

The rains were not bad, as rains go, and are a wonderful improvement on those of Nomad and southern China. As for all the rains of the north, when we used to speak of the fitful rains of central and southern China, the people of Peking seemed greatly surprised that we found them as very bad, and after travelling in the north,
we learned the reason.

The last day (Fri.) we reached the Kun: town—being plain which stretches away into undulating masses like those of Mongolia, except for its extensive cultivation. Wheat, millet, corn, and the chief crops but near every village there are vegetable gardens in which cabbages, carrots, potatoes, turnips are grown.

On the plain we had good sport in collecting, shooting gerbils, lizards, and rats which made their holes in every mound or field dyke along the road. The lizards are about 2" in diameter and close together. The colonies are usually separated by a considerable interval but the animals are exceedingly abundant. The little fellows were playing about near the sun's light, running in and out of their holes industriously carrying food, straw, and other things. They killed them with our clubs, but they would lie in a crevice with their eyes almost immediately their heads would appear from another opening and their bright little eyes would stare at us enquiringly,
At the last sudden movement they were
made again but if we raised our guns
very slowly they would remain quiet
for the while. Then it was needed quick
work & sense them up & they struggled
out the holes.

At 3.30 we reached the picturesque
matts of Kuni-hua-ching and swung
about to the north across the plains
toward the mountains where we could
see a white trail zig-zagging up the
ridge. This trail had been visible
for 10 miles at least and at its bas-
in had been told me would find the
village of Wu-shihu which the keen
hunters lived.

Harry, Charlie rode ahead of the
village, and reached it which is
about 20 li from Kuni-hua-ching.
Mr. Frank a miserable little man,
the first hour in the village, and
then made arrangements for the night.
While waiting for the cart, we went
up the hill & the hours of the morning
shouted of form of still hounds
from Dick Richard Davis, Colman
Dobbs, Mr. Frank hirin' easily
enough and the agreed to go with
us the following morning
after sheep.
The past week had been one of beautiful days, and we expected a sunny outlook for the morrow, but instead the light sky turned all to a gray clouded by slowly filtered air through a heavy blanket of gray clouds. Most of the time a steady gale was blowing and it was as cold as an Arctic winter. I knew it was more of a wind, the wind, which seemed to come from around the mountain. The wind in our faces it was never moderate to walk at all. When we finally reached the summit of a spur we met a gale from the north which literally lifted us off the ground and blew us back against the rocks. It was like the wind which always comes ungradually from the sea in the Baja in Amstel, and we could only breathe when our backs were free. The cold was terrible but we struggled on for we were keen to have our first sight of the shelter of which we had heard so much. We fired a rocket at 11:30, when it was evident that final
Sunday, Oct. 19

I stayed in the village under a large, stone church-like building which ran up in the earth and would bring us back to camp. On the way we separated and in minutes afterward Henry his young hunter hunted up a good wish he killed after shooting at high times. He accidentally learned how much killing a good wish and believed it can carry off more lead than any other hooked animal spirits might.

It rained today for it was another cold, raw morning. We wanted to settle where we would camp permanently. We had planned to pitch and tents on the courtyard of a half ruined temple at the base of the white tower but the question of food was a difficult one to settle, but I had asked the village that we could buy plenty of work and we wondered where to start. I came from the mountains we had seen very reminiscent of anywhere resembling even a house. When I asked to have a look at the work but the village seemed to have already

the word 'comerick' in.

He was unable to explain much more and seemed a bit-handed.
hundreds of tiny twigs about 12" long, which had been gathered in the mud. No other word was to be heard. Halkal the villagers knew grass and their mud streets which are marked by a bellows. The twigs were little more than grass and it would require tons of it to cook a large meal. We were told to think of tents that had to be abandoned and we decided to rent some rooms in a Chinese house in the village and send two to Lushang chen for coal.

We found a small house in which we got 3 rooms and moved there in the afternoon.

This morning was much better than yesterday in the way of weather. A strong wind was blowing from a lowering sky. We started out meanwhile in the direction we had taken yesterday, but at the river we saw no sheep until noon when my glance glimpsed a big ram just as it disappeared and I knew that one of us had seen it again.

We had reached some grassy uplands a few moments later, in which patches of snow lay until...

Mrs. Oct. 20
hollows then me separated. Henry next on over the uplands while my hunters swung sharply to the right along the rim of a ridge, still hunting for the rams he had seen three times before. We had a hard climb but saw no sheep. We came from the summit of a knoll-like ridge I spotted a little into a deep ravine and our dashed some bobcat which had been judging closely our return point of right. I slapped at the brush as he disappeared around a corner of rock but missed.

It was a great surprise to me to find bobcat in country such as this where there is no cover of any kind. In Kansas I wonder if I have hunted them there have never been far away from heavy forest and I have exactly the habits of the Virginia deer adhering with them. They frequent the bottoms of the deep ravines where there is any thing area 2 feet in height. They seem to have totally changed their mode of living, perhaps, having gradually adapted themselves to the decreasing forest.
until now they live under conditions as unlike their normal habitat as could well be imagined. Yet in this adaptability which has preserved the species under the advance of civilization, not long after I had put out the Theodore we descended to the river bed and climbed the opposite ridge. Suddenly the hunter stopped as he followed in his tracks a sharpened "raasa" (roebuck). I came upon the white rump patches of a deer as it walked slowly toward the stream in the water. Except for that which means the animal would have been invisible for its brown coat blended most perfectly with the dry grass and twigs. For 15 minutes we stood motionless in plain sight on the summit of the ridge while the deer moved along. At last its back was turned to me, it slipped over the edge of the ridge out of view.

Stepping around the hill top, we found cautiously come over a ridge and looked into the valley below. The deer was gone but a second later there was a rush of feet down right below us and four rockeaux dashed out. A finely trained hound at last stopped
and after other commands and I fired again, the deer leaped into the air turning a complete back somersault, and fell in a heap. At once the fire dot, dot, dot, dot, white Where thinning the ammunition the buck climbed a bank just round the summit by the ridge but would not give a shot.

Even the most exacting person could not have asked for a more perfect day than was given us when dawn and mid-air were around at half past four. The air was strange, thick, but the sky was cloudless. The sun not a breath of wind. We rode across the rocky

Ten minutes after leaving our horses at the

end of the path we began the long climb up the slope. We were two thirds of the way to the top when my hunter stopped, pointed upward and whispered "pan-yang". There on the very summit of the ridge stood a magnificent ram silhouetted against the sky. At great

hours turned about a head, a family held as that of a Roman warrior, as it galloped off around the valley to the rim of the ridge, the opposite end. Crowded on crinolines as the train we matched the ram for half an hour. He was far beyond
the range were our highpowered rifles but
through the feet of powerful glass we could
see even the gazelle of the following flock of gazelles
which had filled up many summers had
marched through its western, it was no first night
of an angale and marvelled at its
large. The animals looked as if a donkey fell integrally
more powerful. Placed side by side
with the of with rocky Mt. Shuks, it would
hard made them look like half grown
hairs.

At last the splendid rain turned slowly
deliberately walked along the crest
of the range until disappereaded. We were
many but instantly making our way
up the hill shipes but it was half an
hour before we reached its summit.
The shipe was nowhere in sight but
we found his tracks back down
on a trail which led down a knife
like ridge to the bottom of a valley.

My hunter said that he was sure
the rain had crossed the opposite
ruts and was not curous there was no
reason to expect to follow him, altho
it meant a stiff climb of at least 600
feet.

At the creek bed we separated, Harry
and his young hunter was now wrapping for a ravine which ran up little cunah but a little to the left, while my horse and myself climbed to the east side way of a ridge.

We had not been parted for more than fifteen minutes when bang bang bang Harry's rifle, three times in quick succession, the reports rolling and the gauge in majestic trains of smoke came telling them selves with countless echoes among the jagged rocks across the stream. A moment later my hunter made out three deer scrambling over the crest of the ridge above where Harry stood but they were too far for Harry. Ten after an interval a voice intoned familiarly: "One from every canon, I thought I did it with a fine reason, it said, "a b-e-a-u-t-y" and I could hear the happy ringing in it even at that distance.

"God for Harry!" shouted he certainly detected it after his fashion and might be dead long after dark. He had seen right sheeps that, an exciting chain but not being accustomed yet to the clear atmosphere, he had
found at impossible ranges and never
alarmed. Just on this moon-lit night his
hunts had sent a huge white beam, which
was carrying an enormous flock
of horned climbers—a miracle they
had followed up. The moonlit, only
to look at in the gathering darkness.

I did not go near to where Harry had
killed his sheep for it was already
10 o'clock and if I expected to get
a range it was high time to be
about any day's march.

We climbed to the topmost peak, a little
slowly and glanced at the lower ridges
off to left and there formed a trail
which led almost along the side
just below the crest of the hill and kept on,
loping now through the grassy ravines and valleys where
outworking all the time at half past eleven
as we rounded a steep rocky shoulder
I saw four sheep feeding in the bottom
of a gorge far below us. In thundering
slung shot I dropped behind a crevass
to watch them. I

Surely our
consciences of our presence they
worked out of the ravine across
a low ridge and into a steep gorge where
the snow still showed a little of green.
As
the last moonbeam spread over the ridge
we started into down the slope 9 cairn
up just above the sheep.

With my glasses I could see that
the leader carried a pair of short
hands, but that the other three runners
were small, as angles go.

Lying flat I listened to my right ear
the bustle of animals at the largest range. There
was more thing brush stalks were directly
in my line of sight and hearing that
they might take the bullet, I drew
back-shifted my position to few feet
to the right.

One of the names must have seen
the movement, all of us were almost
direction above, then instantly
they were off. In four jumps they
had disappeared around a shoulder
of rock giving me time firmly a
burst short as the last thin demurred
from sight. The bullet struck a few
bushes behind the range, and the Rocky
was empty.

Looking down where they had been
scurrying feeling only a few moments
before, I called myself all known
vocabulary of a fool for knowing nothing
while she called was good across
this she called might have reflected
the bullet. I felt very badly.
Indeed for now it was my first chance at an argali. But the sympathetic bed hunter started me in the shoulder and said: "Yes you've won the mind. They were small muskoxen a not worth having!"

But they would very much worth having to me and all the light beckoned to the end of the world. Meanwhile a cigarette crumpled that was no consolation with it and I followed the hunter around the peak on a well beaten trail to the opposite side of the valley with a heart as heavy as lead. I was going through a chasm that had left all hope of getting out that day.

Later I half an hour spent drawing for a link around. I had gone over every ridge and ravine with my glasses without finding a sign of life. The last man had reined at the end appeared as completely as the end of the surrounding groups had swallowed them up. The great valley, bathed in golden sunlight was deserted and as silent as the tomb.

I was too just learning to make free off a piece of chocolate which the hunter touched me in the arm and gently: "Pan-gang like" (As he scenes me). He pointed for dawn to a ridge running out at right angles to the hill on which me were sitting but I could see nothing. With
with my glasses I scanned every square inch of that but still no sign of life. Then the hunter said "This standing on that trail— he will come right to us" and took again following the trail as it wound from us along the quite quiet slope like a hedge, briers, just as it vanished and suddenly saw a large stag standing like a statue of gray brown granite, gazing squarely at us. He was fully half a mile away but the hunter had seen him the instant he appeared. Without glasses the animal was nearly a blur to me and I doubt we ever have dreamed it was a living creature but the luminous eyes of the white deer would at every movement of its head detect its every movement. "It is a very large one" he said and had big horns, much better than those others. That was quite all right but the others had given me a shot and this one splashed as he was, seemed as unattainable as the stars.

For an hour we matched him, how then he would turn about to look across the ravines on another side or behind and once he came a dozen feet toward us along the trail. The hunter seemed quite unconcerned, turned his head and drew them looking through glasses.
It is because many men saw this morning
said he "after awhile he will go to sleep. Then
we can shoot him."

I must confess that I had little hope.
The name seemed too splendid, too unattain-
able, and much more too far away.
But I could hear my eyes in his mag-
nificent head and almost catch the rings on
his curling horns.

A flock of red-legged partridges occupied
my attention for fifteen minutes. They
marched across from the opposite ridge, stop-
ing uttering their rapid fire call, and
alighted almost at our feet. Then each one
vanished suddenly a second second seemed to melt
into the mist. In a moment, like the motion of an aeroplane,
we were in the sky. Their shadows dropped
over and I saw three huge black eagles
swinging in our lowering circles
about with heads, it seemed then why
the partridges had alighted so close be-
does. They had seen their mortal enemies,
the eagles and had sought the funerary
of our presence. Even if the stars had not
been waiting half a mile away could
not have shined with more luster, no matter
How sadly one might have needed meat.

When I looked again at the sheep
I found them standing squarely on the trail
dragging their feet and view from below the
around. The hunters suspected it thing
my glasses and prepared to go. I reached
over the ridge and my feet down into the
side were blown around to the perfectly
spread at the end of which were

The going was very bad indeed.

pieces of corn that were continually
brushing against my face and certainly
we had nothing under like this to an
other wall of rock with a sliding drop
of hundreds of feet below us. Twice
we made cautiously over the head
a great mariner rock and
fellon further purpose forever.

At last he took a quick jump towards
me to slide on the side. Pushing
myself over the rock before me cleared
myself off the great rock and a
head of the race a hundred fifty feet
away. I instantly raised the reins
of rock but he was looking curiously
at his in a second would have

I was perfectly cool surrounded
out loud as the rushing
high-powered shell, the same leaped backward and disappeared.

"If you hit him" said the hunter, but I felt he must be wrong! The animal had not leaped like me with a death wound. If the bullet had struck where I had aimed for the neck, he would have gone down like a lead.

Now in all my years of hunting, have I had sudden feelings of utter disgust with myself & of small intestine windpipe. I had been so sure of the shot as the the skin was already spread upon the ground & it was impossible to believe I had missed. Yet the game had not been killed & I knew the bullet Marzangeren had done well enough to be sure that would have been unnecessary for a second shot if it had found its way into the animal's neck.

A lump rose in my throat which almost choked me and I felt I would have to keep the water out of my eyes. I was in the uttermost depths of depression.

And just then the impossible happened why it happened I shall never know. Except that a kind Providence had the animal in its especial dexterity for as I raised my eyes I saw again that important head & neck appear from behind a rock.
I heard a yelp, away, just that head with its circle of wavy, black hair and the rush farther more. Almost on a day I raised my rifle, look in the little gray head with a smart right center shot in that gray which I touched the trigger. I knocked a rush with stock in my arms
stones, at a confused vision vision of a ten minimum build became my target and all was still. But it was enough for me. There was no mistake this time. The game was mine.

The sudden change from motion to the greatest joy a sportsman could get to me wild. I yelled with delight, I

went to the old hunter's big rock until we could. For a little bit, I wanted to leap down the rocks to the spot where the game had disappeared, but the thought stuck fast at it. For ten minutes we sat there waiting to make sure that the sheep would not get away while we were out of sight in the ravine below.

But it knew in my heart that it was all unnecessary. My bullet had gone when I wanted it to go that was quite enough, no need which was walked in the wind.

Tire with a Mambileri half square.

When we did descend the game lay half way down the steep field.
kicking and was dead long before we reached him. What a huge brute he was, and what a magnificent head! I should never have dreamed that an animal could be so splendid! His horns were perfect and my hands could not meet around them at the base.

He reared his head for no reason:
and a feeling of satisfaction,

a thrill of delight, because the blood rushing through my body just as it was the most

worthwhile try to kill a gentleman's kite

ommunity wanted to catch it. If only my body would work again in the halls of

They'd come up and know what

had happened at my hand. The line

marked upon his right cheek. My first

bullet had gone high, struck him in the

corner of the mouth, and emerged a few

inches further on. The second & painful

wound but by no means a fatal one.

the rain had poured; it had not been

drying; then had some strange impulse

directed him back again to see what

had notably stung him. The second

ball had been central in his neck as the

near the bull's eye of a target, and had done

my work as it knew it would be done.

This is an argument with a man

which will be well placed.
after the photography & measuring were completed we skinned the sheep—a two hour job. the head, skin & leg bones weighed at least 100 lbs and the rest of

...amount of meat as we test it huddles if

...of the mutton back me look at the

...in the highest time and we went a long way

...with my rifle. just at that

...was a brush of smoke. "Pan

...he whispered "there are the mutton. Do you go see him." I could not and I tried

...in with my rifle. just at that

...come to life and a think if

...dust & vanished into the mutton held me

...few minutes we waited—still nothing.

...then the head & shoulders of a

...sheep appeared from behind a brush of

...animal seemed to be on his tracks. a second later three other

...two cows ran one dash out of, a
the same spot, stopped and on the heels of his
threatening footsteps I sighted on the largest, but dropped my
rifle without touching the trigger. The
rifle was small, a mere
fleck of dust, and need
hence for the group we could not carry
him, to camp that night. If I could
pluck him, and that wolves would surely
be able to kill for the
group,

It was a fine young ram,
just what we wanted for the group.
We hurried him quickly out of the
best part of the flesh & packed it to go
with my burdens. The bundle weighed
about 15 kilos and a few grains of
when
I looked at the two miles ranges between
us a camp. It was already five
o'clock & in an hour we would be

The weight of the mail & my relief
the weight of the mail & my relief
bed and in the plains middle it was

...
the mist. But before we had finished with
that trail it seemed we had gone the other
way for slipping off to the side and sliding
into the water in the dark because not
all its fascination before we reached camp
at 9 p.m. But in all my heart
was light & I would gladly have spent
the night with the mist at
it had been
necessary to get the rank.

Harry was describing the very wonder
when I reached that village, after having
in his sheep he had visited one of a
beautiful little 41 miles away & killed 8
hares. The skin of his name & the habit was
spread for satchelmans on the floor of our
room. Harry had killed a really magnif-
ificent specimen with its huge hands than
very异常 creature than planned them
to a record on circumference being 19 3/4"
at the base. I had previously heard remark
that new record was as 19 1/2" on a head
which he thought was just at this same
place 5 or 6 years ago.

As I struggled with my sleeping-bag that night, I seemed
to see that it held a term of the most
satisfaction hunting days of my
erstwhile life. I only mean that I had
somehow particular difficulty that had
somehow been wiped from the freshest
Oct. 22

Today I had a great hunt. We got away at 7 P.M. and after climbing the white trail and coming up into the north of camp. It was our first look at the great gorge cut by the river through the granite peaks well by sunlight. And it was a sight well worth climbing high for. There are very few gorges in this thing, or in fact in the world, that I can see in any part. The cliffs are almost sheer cliffs, in good part above the stream which shews like a tiny silver ribbon in the depths below. The little river tumbles back and forth, twisting and turning about, was on itself, cutting, flashing, foaming, its rocks and stones not consistently in such green sheets between vertical walls of granite.

Thurs. Oct. 23

details of disappointment to the height of
boffinness and less than a thousand.

Wed.

Business in camp today to superintend the
preparation of the specimens that Tony sent
but to the same regions where I hunted yes-
terday. I do remember at the PM without hav-
ing seen a sheep. The hunters said that
they had been frightened by the shooting &
gone back with the ruts to the nest.

J. G.
ragged granite and granite enterites,
trilled with delicate shades of pink
and lavender. Butter-for-Behala
was but one shade of pure white granite,
marble, great blocks of greenish jasper
and
For to the west the peaks give place
to gentle rolling uplands, patches
with grass, now brown and dry. Here the
sheep are found. These they advantage of
shades with the granite cliffs about them, in
which they can take refuge when danger
threatens. For to the west the the peaks
give place to rolling uplands, patched
with snow. In these sparsely meadows
we always found belts of worm wood
and thyme a quartered by a line of
two, but the largest sections were very
solitary, wandering about among the
rougher sections of the rocks.

On this morning Mary and climbed the
white trail together. At the summit...
without a stop for rest. At last we reached the
beginning of the uplands when we were cutting
a grassy hillside just below the summit
when three splendid rocks were seen jutting
to their feet a stop looking at us from
150 feet away. Then with a smart the
three bucks dashed down the slope to
up the other side. Hardly had they
They had not yet disappeared when
two others curved inside the hollow of
the brow. It was a rare temptation
to let them go but my old hunter
halted his horse within my arm for
feared I would yield. Halt
Coursing the upland top, I still held
in seat down for a look around.
Almost instantly it began
that nearly a mile away lay three
shallow grass-filled valley bottoms
steeply down from the rolling
uplands. Almost instantly my
eyes caught the moving forms
of three deer on the western
central valley.
"Pan gyaq!" I said to the boy.
"Yes, yes, I see them," he answered
"The deer?"
"The deer." He was quite right
for the guns caught the moving forms
of three deer in the western
central valley.

"He said the deer were a
splendid sight and the other was big.
"His head was a tiny curve.
after the animals had wandered about nibbling at the grass for a short while, they lay down to sleep. "It will be best," the hunter remarked, "if we leave them till they will go to sleep."

When the sun had set, we had not seen a single animal for a long time. The hunter pulled away at his pipe and smoked himself out comfortably in the grass. It was very pleasant there, the breeze from the river was delightfully cool, and the sun was still warm. It could watch the stars dimly, the glasses wonderfully. He could be quite contented. He thought it was a great pity that they should not have seen the stars."

I should have to carry home what might, then, if the others followed the example.

We were just preparing to go when the hunter touched my arm. "Can you hear," he whispered, "they coming over the hill?"

I could see a glow was treading down the hillside, but could not imagine for the wind.
was in his best. But he came on,
part without surprise, stopped at the
summit of the opposite hill. What a sight!
I could have counted the wriggles in his
arms, I was so close, and they were good
shapes, too, just the size for mounted
for the hunt. But the hunter would
not let me share. His heart was not
up to the big game across the peace-
fully sleeping a mile away. And
of fish, the old one, and the new storm

"A buck in the hand is worth
ten in the bush," it is a motto which I
have followed with good success
in hunting. It was worth it. That
sheep argali

So we watched the sheep make slowly
over the crest of the hill. The
Mongol did
not tell me them, but he knew that the
man was on his way to join the others
and this silence ended the big game.
You may wonder how he knew it. I can only answer that what that
manage did not know about the ways
of sheeps was not worth knowing.

It was a most intelligent and delightful camp
animal. It was highly sympathetic, his
humors and likes listened to.

The finest specimen of the
wanted contained him that in a way
which only a sportsman can understand.

His Chinese dialect a way
limited mandarins made a curious
combination of the Chinese language but
we could always piece it out with signs
and gestures, understanding each other as
any important matter. I doubt not

we had many friendly differences
of opinion about the men's conduct
of talks with this likeable fellow when he was

himself correct, was not so refined;

in any case I always learned

from him. And he knew what


One morning I got the better of him and for days he could not forget it. We were sitting on a hillside, with my glasses at hand and a herd of sheep far away on the uplands. He asked, "Yes, he said, "I see a very big man." And in the distance was a mystery to me, but I did not question this statement, for he often had found that his eye was almost beyond belief. I turned toward the sheep and after half a mile I left them behind. Then I noticed I saw a group nearer to the hill of like donkeys. "All right," I said as much but the mountaineer laughed. "Why, I saw the horses," he said. "We are a big men, a very big man." I stopped and made out a native Mongol and his wife bending over cutting grass. I was dreadfully unwilling not to be convinced. He disdained my glasses. I could not even just them: I tried again, "I don't have them," I knew they are sheep," he laughed. "But it turns out," he said, "We'll see." I said which is harder. One foreign glasses was never going to add much. To his surprise the sheep were donkeys, sure enough. It was a trick through the mountains.
But to return to the sheep across the valley, which we were stalking on that first Sunday morning after the rain had just disappeared, we took the full time to make our way slowly around the hilltop and come to gain a commanding position which would bring us out of sight of the ravine in which I had been so long hidden.

On the way I was in a fever of excitement. Should we have any game? He was just what we wanted for the group. I sometimes thought it happened so that I would be the least of the group. It was "a bird in the hand" again. All had been said to the meeting which had so often passed in vain. He said a grass cutter with two cutters emerged to the left five hundred yards beyond us. He expected to become a rammer on the right, to shuffle along the grassy ridge across the upper edge of the meadow and come back and shuffle to our sheep. Even if he had the scent, he would be the right straight.
But the copper of his mungo-like face was like a thunder cloud: I believe he would have strangulated a short grass cutter could he have had him in his hands. But the Fates were kind: I was told that she who now held the looking glass across the mountains. Even then my mungo would not move. His mungo was "slowly, slowly," and one second hardly a creeping up the slope to the house. He held still and held the sheep. He turned round and made one run on as he said quietly, "If you can't shoot where you have not shot."

On the summit of the draw the old huntsman listened and believed him. He could not cry "airplane head!" Then a light furrow. He stood on top of the terrain, settling back quietly unnoticed in the long grass beside him.

Just then a gust of wind swept across the thistle top and the thistle. There was a rush of feet, a clatter oflickings and a thrash of dashed mud along on the off side. They stopped in a shallow valley.

My hunter was fractionally obstructing one horn. "Don't shoot, Don't shoot," he said as a copse. Why? Why? Thee
both seemed enormous
and I let down the lead until three
 shoulders. The two men had a
topped again. I fired and the sheik
whined aloud but did not fall. Again
I fired and another shell held the
right well down. The "fort" of a bulwark
flung came distinctly. To keep the
nine

The third shot was in much and
the lumber forward, rolled over
the northern hem of the caiman.

All the time was rapidly
ally whistling "not right, not right. The
big fire, the big fire." As the second sheik
went down I learned the reason. Out
from the valley directly below
washed with white

and moving directly out

the neck, shoulders, collar,

I was too surprised to move. How could
bead been seen from they be there when I
knew they were not there!

Hardly dared

shouting I have all my excite-
ment when the work in addition to
the unexpected ahead by that main
head or the thrill a bit too soon.

and then I forgot all that
had whispered to myself at every
Aim low, aim low. You are sliding down hill. I kept it especially slow. I pulled the trigger. The bullet just stuck there. After a few steps I stopped. Against the wind. It was too late for a jerk and the rifle was useless. I could not reach another shell. The sheep was gone.

I had killed two hares, he wanted to buy me. He stopped me. But I said, where did the fourth sheep come from? I said nothing. He looked at me in amusement. Did you know that the sheep marked by was meant over to the others?

I answered, "Any mule ought to have known that much." Otherwise it hadn’t known.

As I should have held my fire. Right there the mule led me a lecture on too much truth. He said it was no like every other mule always in a hurry. No, mule. He wanted me to listen through to which I accepted merely for I knew that he was right.

of the and to most magnificent
I had fastened myself on it, my heart pounding when we had been sitting there half an hour. I glanced at him and thought of his face. "We'll get you tomorrow," he said, and then to the "Don't you care, am I some fun."

I could not say, "Tell me what it is," for the very ten minutes the kindly old man had devoured the moment by bringing a smile to my lips. He told me he knew just where that rain would go, and that, in any case, we would have carried him back without the other two, that it would be much better to come here for tomorrow. And that he had filled all the other things so beautifully that he was proud of me.

He parted was not visible, but I could not say anything, and I began to feel better, and that he continued to feel better. And in the end, I saw the two dead angels. They were both giving some notes with perfect condition, much more beautifully than I had ever heard. One of them was the first for which I had looked, and to us there was no doubt of that.
for I had been able to see the details of
this "face of figure." Every feature of the sheep
had its own special character -
which are unmistakable.

in the carriage
of his head, the curve of his horns and
the delicate coloring, he was as indi-
visible as a human being.

While we were examining the things
Harry had hunted appeared upon the
rain was running.

They had with them m a donkey
the skin of a fine four year old ram
which he had killed earlier

for beyond us in the lands.
fit the seat of my

and I had another big ram. Two
wolves the group would be

complete.

Pon Harry was hobbling along
or get able to walk. He had shaved
a stuffed in his right leg. The previous morning
that hunted him and enduring the most
encouraging pain all day. He wanted
to stay with us when the sheep left
I would not let him. We were a long way
from camp and it would require
all his strength to get back at all.

Actually I think he could have made
enough to be able to hunt.
As they had four mules, and had finished work near the outer cliffs, the skins of mule hides went on the two donkeys which Hardy had commanded. Our way thence lay down the ravine, and to wind through the darkness it would be dangerous to follow the track along the cliffs. By the light it was possible to see the walls of rock and to make the slightest difference in height or know many turns more than 78 we had missed with the mules, the donkeys were very reluctant for they had instinct the instinct of the high country, (it couldn't have been right) they followed the track along the base of the cliffs.

By keeping many hands on the back of the rearmost animal, the two mules closely drew, and by the twenty caravans and the valley.
I would have been 'all in' if it hadn't been for the one man upon the drums. The dirt of the big fellow which was waiting for us in the station. We walked when we got to the village. It was hungry enough to eat. I had not had my proper meal and it was then afternoon, but we ate

one moment's silence that came the sight of

a hunter who dances that 'l never bother about tippin', I never think about it.'

When I heard that from a man I usually don't care much as me who has not hunted very much. Several times it has been and with me if these men who never think about tippin' and have usually found that when it cut down to eat my buns, biscuits, bread and

chocolate, he likes it to no comparison that I divide with him & he salvages even the crumbs of the larger half. After particular why we had left camps

in rather a hurry and had forgotten to put anything among the apples in my pocket.

Harry had hunted with camps after dark and had returned two nights

ago.

Commander, Hutchins, and Harold

had left with the rest of the platoon. Major

Annie Barker of the British Army whom

we had been expecting had retired.
They had reached the village almost 8 a.m. and after the day of travel to the temple which hadn’t been finished.

’ve

in the morning beautiful

and after the day of travel to the temple which hadn’t been finished.

also found all three of them in their sleeping bags for it was cold as drops in the house. The passes on which the destitute villages were for obtaining and a pretty few in close to real heat. But the snow took off their clothes and do not seem to mind the cold.

The boys had wanted dinner for me and not one bit mind the spite of laughter when Tom & Barker are as good company for a camping trip as any more. I have been been with and the fine days they were with me were all one of us will ever forget.

They had had a good trip and not got at the top but in the middle of the day when the ducks & geese flew far and in the lake. So they had had two little shots from Tom’s best letters from cigarette papers and it was mid night before it got dark.

But we always laugh as also as ever for the air is a wonderfully invigorating that one needs only about half the sleep one needs back in Peking. Book if it is usually that way in the field for the expenditure of energy is only
physical. One's nerves get a complete rest and the simultaneous fresh air, the absolutely normal life of early sleep, really restorative, combined with gentle food is about the best nerve tonic.

The next day

Harry has cut up the hunting for the day, because his foot needed a complete rest. I took Tom out with me while Barker was visited by an old welfare in a quadruped. Tom the quadruped is the trail to the summit of the ridge, while Barker went off up the little gift to gain the broader ground on the other side of the gorge. No ram—gen.

'Oh, I haven't been for the big ram which I had mentioned the day before, he had a very definite impression of just where that ram was a couple days ago. I had been watching when we had gone the day before.'

'That half a mile from the summit of the peak the hounds stopped and said, 'Pan-ijang, on that ridge across the valley.' He looked again and turned to me with a smile, 'It is the same ram,' he said. 'I knew he would be here,' and enough in the same glasses. He recognized an old friend. How do you recognize such a friend?
had been joined by another raincoat.
The sheep were standing on the opposite side of a river near the beginning of a ridge across the river. After coming a few steps more, they would discover a path to follow, and in a short while they would reach the valley. Then they turned down the ridge of the "mountain," they could not tell which way.

The hunter and his dog went up the hill, and the sheep, which were not far from the river, disappeared. The hunter said, "I had seen either off or down the valley," he could not tell which way.

The sheep and the dog where she had first seen the angas and cautiously looked over the edge of the ridge where she had first seen. They were gone, and they believe that they never, the raincoat which he had seen was his friend who had refused himself in the end of the day.
I met Tom here the first day I
had a wild and humorous, reflecting to
remind me that he was shooting down
hills and over high hills. They
rushed off with two shots of mine
talking about at nearly 6 p.m. as
they disappeared behind a rocky ridge.

They might make mudtj might intersect them
my uncles' sunset and led me a
morning chariot with the bright of the rising
up the other side. The sheep were then
but standing in an amphitheater formed
by miscellaneous clips. I was the happy
going to the ridge above trying for a shot
but the hunters stopped at the idea.
He said they would surely know
was long before we could see them. Then the
man the next day and perhaps they

Tom the mangled joined us in a short
Twelve o'clock and saw we lay in the
morning in the waiting for the sheep
to confirm themselves. A United States was
aided by the wind and finally distinguished. All

Delightfully warming to the
afternoon's announcement of according
false winds and the end of very little
the wind not last. The sheep to enter
the state.

at least. They were prepared to learn.
He indicated that we must go below and that the hunter was driving the sheep to us. When we reached the run, I unrolled a rock beneath the stream at the mouth of the amphitheatre and took me halfway up the slope where several rammed behind two rammers. It was heartening hard from the turgid waves climbing and the old fellow wanted until I was ready to shoot; then he gave a signal. The hunter appeared on the very rimmer of the rocky amphitheatre and instantly the sheep were on the move running directly toward us. They seemed as large as elephants, the herds had been as close as a lumber yard. Just as the animals mounted the crest of a bold rocky ledge not more than fifty yards away they gave a whirled sharply at a shrill and the sheep dashed away as that turned to one, "Now" he whispered, "shout." As I held my rifle in the direction of his words it blossomed not the air, I had been aiming the bullets trained to strike, I dashed away an amount of escape and my second shot struck the head of the big ram.
The sheep had reached the bottom of the valley when my fourth bullet and the added
vastness of the expanse of the alpine meadows broke his neck.

Tom had spent much of the day with the herd and was aware of the difficulty of the climb down the steep cliff sides
and the height of the rock and wind. It was hard work
for there was very quick wind, but

and an angler

the giant oak tree as the herd startup
of the other side of the range, and
then was away climbing the hill. The old man

Eventually, I might have had killed the other

200

I might have had killed the other

200

I might have had killed the other

200

I might have had killed the other

200

I might have had killed the other

200

I might have had killed the other
front of his head. He had many battles. And his head
coagulated from the most beautiful of any one had killed. And
lay in the bottom of the valley, impressed again

by the enormous size of
the head. There was another opportunity

to compare it with the skull of a horse
in a Spanish cave. But this time the animal
was dead. The skull would weigh

a great deal

after the rawn was skinning

Tombid left the mount to ride the

head

up the pass and marked

the summit of the pass and marked

Major Barker came to shortly after we

reached it. He was almost done

for his men had taken advantage of

the break. He was almost done

north of camp. The

strain. From the city

and who had been badly gassed in the fighting but

Barker was unharmed, right to the end
even that he had not killed a man. He

had wounded one in the leg that week

more than twice. Henry was
illegally dead. It was too much for me.
Oct 25

I had caught a very cold this morning feeling very bad. This morning I went out and by night I had not been out of the house. I had a long trip over the mountains to the west and saw no sheep. Frank had left with us until more than struck off. He is found sheeps almost at once and circled them but got no game.

I was in bed today and went to Kunia house-long with Tom. Frank went to the sheep. Harry played home and he as a rather interesting place but such a dust storm was raging that we saw little of it. It is supposed to have some very fine opera but the others were attantious that the work was good. We were chiefly interested in a Chinese store which carried a wonderful assortment of foreign groceries — with regular Chinese prices. It has never been a shop like that in many another city of China. It is a Tartan trade.

Over the city gates of Kunia-hua we saw half a dozen eddies in which details of bandits & criminals are displayed as a warning to the populace. This morning we saw many more
were empty now.

While we were at a ring shop, Char
arrived with a note from Harry
saying the police would not let him
leave the ship because his passport
was not valid. We insisted the police
heed the promise to try it, for Tom
genial statement as an official
of the Fregattin promising the depm-
strate for Harry.

As a matter of fact we had put
it over most beautifully on the police,
we were seated at the desk I'm thinking
before they knew that we were there
then it was too bad to get us out
They did it every time thing which
was to find a credence of accompanying
like to when we left the village
except to want plans. Thus when
started out even in the ship next
day after Tom Shanker arrived
but not at them half way up the
not - they couldn't stand the smash.

The engines men weren't the worst
pilots - much better than the
average they didn't bother us
any. They had a running starting
all day long the big tree was being

Monday
Oct 27
I pretty badly hurt him at the rugged
hills into the south south west and he
any sleep. Parker was all over from
his hard heart of Sunday when he came
12 11/2 sleepy but got used. I'm the
next to know him.

Tom Parker left that a unique
hand to go there. I was feeling
very sick with my cold and though
I had all day.

We left together for Wu Tai Hai about
morning. We had wanted to go to
another place to close to the
the soldiers moved it to us
because of handsome. Perhaps then
he have trouble he decided not to go there
this there is no doubt that there was no
new hanger than at Wu Tai Hai.
Our second day along the base
of the north ridge there seemed to
be quiet country for things.

Today we had travelled with much
about more when the cart
drowned over in a deep ravine.
Unfortunately it caught on two
rocks and went on the bottom but
most of our stuff dropped on
the further below. Child had them
nothing on the cart but did not like
the look of the place they were going.
Thursday Nov 1st.

Just two minutes past twelve it was daylight when I reached the village. The sun was shining brightly and a deep blue sky could be seen above the brown leaves of the trees. The road was still covered with dew.

As I walked through the village, I noticed many chickens walking about. Some were pecking at the ground for food, while others were simply basking in the warmth of the sun.

The village was surrounded by fields of grain, which stretched out as far as the eye could see. The air was filled with the sound of birds singing, and the occasional mooing of a cow.

As I continued on my way, I passed by a small bridge which spanned a shallow stream. The water was clear and cold, and I could see fish swimming in the current.

I walked up the path that led to the top of the hill, where I could see the town below. The buildings were small and scattered, and I could hear the sound of children playing in the streets.

As I reached the top of the hill, I looked out over the town, marveling at the beauty of the landscape. The sky was a deep blue, and the sun was shining brightly. It was a perfect day for a walk.
The hunting for the climbing was very stiff, and since the birds were plentiful they caused a commotion among the other sides of the lake. We got a larger run of shells from the other side, but the muskrat was dealt with a decided deepness in the net. The chukar, give a rapid fire clucking call, from which their name is derived. They are beautiful birds above the neatly and rapidly grown flowers and It is a delightful to the black bars on the wings. They give a remarkable contrast to the upper parts of the pheasants. We saw hundreds of them both at the lake and the lake and along many places of the bearded partridges. The latter abound the size of a bird plants fly more easily than the chukar and get up with a metallic whistling which is not pleasant. They are not such rock lovers as the chukars and we found them high up on the grassy slopes of the mountains. The two more plentiful.
The road up the valley was very bad. Huge stones made it very difficult going for the cart and it was hot until we reached the village of Têi. It is a rather little place of small mud huts which offered a most unpleasant canton place to spend a rainy night. Chien, who had ridden ahead, met us at the gate of a mest. announced "This is the American Legation." We learned later that some marine officers from the Legation had stayed there several years ago. Probably Capt. Holcomb of the U.S. Navy. The "American Legation" was a most unimpressing place. The largest room was partly divided by a board and in half was a big stage. The other part contained a very dirty kang, chest, a bed, two不合格 on the windows and the door was through like a "gale of fire.

After one look we started out to build a better place to spend the night. We expected every house in the village with a negative result. Finally, we returned to the "Legation." We got the place cleaned and papered the windows and for our meals on the Kang it was not quite so
...but then we must have a look at the country. I spent all that morning in my

...the valley. Taking a short cut over which we passed...the stones bed between into a canyon with almost perpendicular walls...It was...picturesque, exactly a funnel or with...

...builders, the stones were even later...The labor of building it, and even...by the feet of climbing there to worship must have been much...a poor sinner.

Farther up the valley we passed two...villages and then turned off to the right...a branch of the gorge where the cliffs...were almost as tremendous as...there below.

We were anxiously looking for...signs of forest but the only earth...and few ravines thinly clothed...
with a sparse growth of brush and
poplar bushes, which
mountain were may be not half as
we went on up the valley we
could see that it ended on bare
brown uplands.

We sat down on a rock and
for the hunters who were a fur
thousand yards behind, with a
good deal of disgust we asked them
then the Indians knew whether we'd
get them.

"We have already missed," they
answered, "the deer are in these
ranges up the valleys."

To say I was astonished only half
expected it. The idea of hunting in
such a place as this I have hardly
heard of, never seen. It was
successfully concealed a
rabbit, to say nothing of an animal
as large as a horse. It was a
similar case to that of the
reddeer
of one of the races which were living in
absolutely bare ravines. The case
of a forest animal which as the
trees were cut away and its natural
environment disappeared they
wrote as less adapted itself to chang
ing conditions with some degree of
success. But it owed its continued existence largely to the fact that the Chinese of the neighboring villages are not hunters and do not have guns. More they look like the Mongs who all have ribs, the men who used to roam have disappeared with the forest, their natural cover.

We began to take anew interest in the birth shoot on the north side of the ravine (this side was always bare) and as I went I saw three streaks of white pitchers flowing consequtively as they rumbled about among the thin cover. But we did not hear the distant game & the hunters would not let us shoot.

A few moments later we stopped, Hanny hastened up the ravine while my chimney & I followed with a path of shrub in the hill side. We had not gone fifty yards when two men made a ruthless attack and an enormous suprise dashed away through the bushes. For an instant he stopped just on the crest of the ridge but directly behind a thick screen of brush I caught a glimpse of a tremendous pair
of antlers which leaped high above
the canoe, and as I was about to
shout what red hue my rifle was
nighed at the huge body dimly
visible thru the dusk, a moment
and it would have touched the trigger
but the hunter caught my arm
whispering hurriedly "Don't shoot,
don't shoot!" Of course I knew it
was a long distance for the bullet
would almost certainly have been
deflected, but the antlers seemed
very close & very desirable.

A second later the animal dis-
appeared on the hill followed by
the cows cows which kept the
evening to the right. "They'll get
in the next ravine," I said to hunters
and we ran up the hill side—I
doesn't me, but if means "they" for I
could not run. My legs were
like lead, my lungs hurt ex-
tremely—I knew them just
how badly enraged they must be,
ought me as far as I could, but the
marshes were un
the next ravine—more either
at the next. We searched furiously
but the spring grass had let no trace
at last had gone into woods and
and turned back over the hill top. I did not know where we were going, and
when I saw there was gravel spring the last of finding water seemed to
influence even to voice.

I was getting more and more anxious when off some little distance before we
heard Harry's rifle. Those shots in quick succession
than an interminable and intolerable
Time minutes later four muleteers
appeared on the hill crest. They were
climbing fast and straight toward us.

We flattened ourselves on the ground
and a minute or two later another rifle
appeared. It was a hill and as the
man glanced on his ammiets, there
was no doubt that he was a big one.

The cavas were headed a pace
about two hundred yards, above us
behind the hill crest. It could easily
have reached the summit before they
had them at my mercy as they
scared the bare viaderos. But the
big hill was as far as coming to
walk us, lower down, and this
hunter would not let me come.

Again I felt that the hand of the
hand was in my hand in the brush
but the rough whisper "we'll surely
get him - wait wait."
We would get a shot if he kept on but there was a deep, continue half-way to us as he was left of he turned with that. He turned followed some straight towards us, nothing. We he came to the entrance of the valley my heart was in my mouth as he stopped for our position & looked down into the corn. Then for some strange reason, he turned toward us again and came on. Then hurried up, away he stopped, turning about and looked at the ravine again, as if half decided to go back. He turned back and said he would not come longer.

At the crash of my rifle, there he could hear the first third of the bullet as it struck his body but the only sound about, was for fifty feet, I stopped again. He was half a second in the ground up and I could see only ten inches of this body, and his magnificent head. I couldn't even tell that it was that kind of gray hair. Red ridge of body was a straight thought not for rifle. Three times I fired last, only either cut the dust up his feet or ran shot. Try as I would I could not hit him.
think that I knew it was no use. Running up the hill where his whole body was sprawled I fell against the
mangled, mangled meat. He had hacked about, and dashed
down into the woods. I snapped brutally at
his maimed rump patch a few feet back. He staggered at his knees
but could not get to his feet and
I knew he was down for good.

With a whoop of joy my hunters dashed down the hill. The coon
trails were dead when I got there
but I kept well away till he was
critically finished. My adventure was
almost ended. I had never seen
hunting even get excited while hunting ship
but he was made up for it all at this
moment.

Before he had finished one way
Harry came running toward up from
the hill where the animals had
first appeared. When he reached
us he said that he had knocked
the bull down at long range and had
expected to find him dead until
he heard my shooting. His bullet
had struck the sapfite in the shoulder
shattered them. The bull was running at this
absolutely indistinct. Two of my bullets had passed entirely through his body, we had broken his legs and another just grazed his back; thus the animal even carried off around 200 lb. will always remain a mystery to me. Harry's bullet alone should have put an ordinary animal down for good.

The rabbit was a splendid buck. He

amputated and on me with quite a bit of


did not have been a prime specimen.
The

There was no doubt that the rabbit

Harry found was the size it had just

just shot. They had given trouble over

while stopped at the supper and if

a patch of their cover at good rid-

time for them to meet the wind after he

left us. He had found at very long

range for the buck was very fat and

and the first bullets had gone through.
The

The sight of that splendid animal

which nearly every year by the world

is no typical deer. During the hunt,

then within the grassy uplands while

not the smallest problem in either, seemed

as inconspicuous as the first antelope which

had seen on the gold coast. I could

hardly believe that this huge animal

could really feed like an such ani-
soundings after the evidence was then before me.

We当事 this time think back to camp on the back of a bundle containing a book, which was on the end of my watch before we kicked the bell and ourselves continued through. My own confidence is to find the rest in a haying half a mile away, but the ever repeated nothing more than rockers.

We descended into the valley which is any worked back along the rest of some precipitous rocks. On the day we visited a grade but did not get it. Although I saw several rockers my hunter would not let me shoot for fear of disturbing other natives.

I left the “Coo. Kakan” on the morning and moved camp to a wicket house on one of the villages got familiar up the valley and into stream with each lost two miles.

The village consisted of half a dozen houses, with the usual I had half the hank half threading places in front of each. The wheat is bounded till the hounds have left the track and commenced by the example of Thomas and William who are when a little winding blowing. The draft is carried away this week.
falls back upon the ground and in some villages on the way to Kum-bura we saw had-threshing machines which were very nicely efficient. This whole country is a great agricultural region with vast fields but no recent building of irrigation dike except a few small ones and a few small streams for watering purposes. In these we collected many fish in the river, and also a few ducks and geese that had gathered from some ledge or wharves. It had some excellent sport after we had made camp and also a rabbit, a hare, and a baby all the way. There were many pheasants in the woods; we were not afraid in the centre of a sportsman's paradise.

I had a slight hang after walking so long and did not find as well balance in the afternoon and did not get a rest. But we did see many hares which the Finns had killed and we spent any free time by watching them big deer and this day seemed to me so much more beautiful than the rest, as I am not other spot in all Europe seen to as many hare of any kind as these. The reason is the unique natural conditions under which they live. The deer and all concentrated in the
the very limited space of a few ravines, which afford cover and instead of being spread out over a large area as in the forest, moreover, they are easy to see because of the hard brush, which now are all leafless.

But although there are hundreds of such thickets and really very few waste! And there are not many to get, and we found later, even the fewंरित "biological bad led us to believe otherwise. The mountains' ridges are so high with such extremely steep sides that it is killing work almost down the ravines properly, of means climbing up and down all day over the roughest country, and we are fast

Tunable, as we were in the first day, in striking the particular ravine which contains a conifer, the chances are that we will get a specimen. But the probabilities are very much stumpy that after an all day's search of the hardest kind one will have missed the valuable altogether.

After two more days of killing, climbing, making search, and running about as like rabbits, we decided to do some shooting regardless of frightening myself. I wanted to bring back some.
as where we Change could they be obtained as easily as here.

The first drift of two ravines with a moun
tain a failure for the more heat needed to come
to mule country and the mule and escaped
over a hill top without giving us a
signal, but later we had better success on
the opposite side of the valley and got a drift
to find back to Harry another day.

The hunters didn't enter into the game
with jest for they did not want us to do
any射击ing for fear we would get no
such shots at barking. Otherwise we might
have had several more.

It was a hot ccold morning but about
eight, we decided to hunt game and
went for 3 miles up the main valley to
some encompassing cliffs. We separated
before we reached them and Harry told
them to make a rount of the ridge be
tween. It was killing work - no spring hunting
denotes a hard ever had:

When we had at first down the woods far
above the valley two of the hunters came up
one above some behind - until they came
to the flat nothing. We heard Harry shout
and however, from another ridge
so some one saw his hunting dogs going
afar with a good in his back.

One of my hunters had worn a good
in his way up the rocks and the next
he turned round a cliff about
and was away or continued it. He had
in a case indeed on rocks and they'd find
enough indeed at the amount would not
enough oil. Two of the beaters offered an
hour's work managed to get within
a foot part of the case but it a shower
of rocks & yells would not make the grand
advent.

Suddenly when all was quiet he dashed
up almost on the face by a beater. He
shot a point forward his arms no
violently that the amount turned back
from amid the remained. It ran like
an antelope among seeming unstable
rock and was not far behind as that it
jumping was only a waste of ammunition.

Harry saw it goodariot another case
in the cliff midst the broken edge in valley
and the meat down after it. It would it
have taken that trip doesn't both for all
the oracles on the wall, but he was been
a get it.

eat struck tight airly hole needed a
beater was almost went air a year in
then came out like an arrow. It
prest hard Harry, only it just away had
ed suddenly unexpectedly went but
mind it clean.

After waiting a long time for him I decided that he was not coming up and went oft with my hunter & two hounds to a ravine on the other side of the ridge when we had seen hunting goods. The hounds make a sport of the brown bear foot but I couldn’t get any of the big bears. I found only one shooting the bullet straight at him the animal’s head yet it ran & rolled at least 100 yds from me. Finding it work by me by one of the hounds we worked along the crest of the ridge with the other men behind us. He put out four rockbuck which ran blind 200 yds behind us, I made another heart shot at one and broke the leg of a fourth buck, it dashed over the crest of the ridge and when I was running after it that mean rockbuck came out of the cover straight at me.

Only one was a buck and I killed him at the second shot as he turned into the side hill about 100 yds to my right. He was a beautiful animal with symmetrical antlers & a splendid frame.

He made 3 rockbuck for me for the afternoon so we went back & camped Danny had killed another rockbuck.
September 7, 1944.

It was a hard day with a very unusual wind. When we reached the ridge the wind was straight from the west. The first drive for quail shot in a rain and we had run 12 deer. The [wind] was a failure and we got no shots except at 1 p.m. The report just ahead was that the quail were flying down the mountains over the hills toward the spot where we had killed the big one the previous Saturday. It was a long hard pull up the ridge against the wind and after all it was not much different.

Harry went down the north side of the valley. He paralleled [a] train on the summit of the ridge.

Three quail broke and flew from a drain in front of me. I was going down toward Harry. The first stopped behind a

brush line. He was a great shot and it was too great a temptation to resist. I just couldn't let the bullet miss a quail in the brush. It never reached the hillside.

I hearing my shot Harry rushed up to

just in time to see the quail go down the hill. He that he could head off. He ran around the back of the [hill] for

air line and intercepted three quail. It didn't

shock them as running down the road.

Harry stopped behind a rock and let a
cow and calf pass him within a few yards.
for he saw the antlers of a bull rocking
above behind them just over a tiny
ridge. The As the bull came into view, he
saw it stumbling past on the glade. His
second shot was a little behind the first
and the bull went down. It got up his butt and
Harry just knew it was for good with
a solid bullet in the lungs.

Nothing else he saw a second bull, for
he saw a second bull, alone, emerging from a patch of
cover on the summit of the approach but
not yet far away. The path went black
and the range was about 1200 yards and
his bullet kicked into a bank of brush
under the animals' belly.

It was entirely out of the zone for
more than a couple of seconds on the amount
of the bull. He sprinted away just 20
yard of the hill, shot, and dropped every grain at the
third shot. His bullet went for
the bull, and dropped any grain at the
third shot. Harry's bull was not yet dead.

when he got down the hill and saw the
large black bull. It was)

hunting these animals needed. He was

comparably smaller than the first
and not black. That had an enormous
beautiful skin.

and hunted back to camp after the
bull had been shining ousted. It got

another one back.
Sunday Nov. 9

We did not hunt today, but helped
our chickens in the P.M. just as usual
and made traps for small mammals on a hill
about a mile from the village. On the grassy slopes
we have seen great colonies of squirrels
but they do not come close down among the rocks. It takes considerable
work to get to them. We got to the following
morning.

On Monday we went for a drive in a
beautiful warm. Rode deer came out of
a ravine and ran down onto the
main valley where it was sheltered.
I made a fine running shot
getting him squarely through the
heart while he was air-born
as he leaped over a boulder.

A few moments later I saw
the two hares in its hill run
back each other excitedly and
fell sure they had seen something
blonde overlack. When they came
down they reported 7 rabbits, they
had been disturbed by some shot
and ran our Clint by themselves
than over the hill. Meanwhile

We were strong for following
them of course, but the climb
to the crest of the ridge was
an ordeal. It was the highest
morn that side of the valley and every time we reached that curtain above the summit, a new set of hills loomed above us. We followed the tracks of the animals into a series of narrow gorges which ran down on the opposite side of the rift, and tried to drive them and, that it was too big a territory for our four horses and the animals escaped. My hunter said that we had better find another valley for the night, and it was darkening, so we set out. Harry said a young bullock was forthwith a patch of color in the bottom of the valley and when his leader descended to drink at it, the deer joined a large herd running through the valley. Up a shrunken mud path to a small hill. It was still, and the air was clear. When it was quiet. I set out a little before dark, and ran up the bank of the hills, the sun was setting, and the sky was red and the sun was red. I ran up the bank of the hills, the sun was setting, and the sky was red. I ran up the bank of the hills, the sun was setting, and the sky was red.
valley. We were walking along in the semi-darkness when suddenly Harry exclaimed "good! that there is a buffalo!" Almost instantly his rifle barked. I looked up and saw a magnificent buffalo on the almost bare hillside, not 200 yards away. Before I had time to thinking my rifle had fired again but he could not see the bullet in his thick bony skull in the half darkness, I fired again at him. I shot him in the neck, the animal was perfect. I aimed at his shoulder and the wind carried my little maneuver to the huge animal. It staggered and fell. I tried to get to his feet but could not make it. However I gave him a second shot to finish him off. When we skinned him we found that my bullet had passed through his lung, high, his shoulder lodging against the skin on the opposite side. On its passage it had passed through both lungs, quiet missing the heart.
The hunt was announced almost too good to be true.

It was dark long before we got in town and the hunters went off very late with the others. We left only the fellows, as usual, and the hunters made a good time. Some selling the meat to the villagers.

We hunted rapidly and successfully all next day. The herd had gone into the mines far down the valley and we could not find them during the day. We went after them and the mines near the entrance by the main far hill valley. I found nine ships' pens full of the bodies of a deep valley. It would have been a perfect place to stalk them had the wind not been wrong.

As it was they scurried and when we came near they broke and they had run out.
Panes
Chow to dinner and return tickets to Fungchuen hotel
2.00

horses
Chen's advert handling & on horse 28.00
Chen's horse to hotel 14.00
42.00

Hearers fail to mind 27th June 34.00
Chen's act at music hall 19.84
33.84

House prices
Chen's advertising at Tungchuen 16.00
RCA performances 17.00
33.00

Reina
29.00

Oldham
House with Tai Kei
18.00

Hampden
15.00

Cant Tea house
11.00

Cant cart
12.00

Ford return to Tungchuen 2.00
Hotel Tungchuen 460.21

Fruits
3.4.00

Baggage
14.00

Pom Kwan
7.00

Carts into & from
2.00

Saddle
25.00

Water
3.0.00

Paradisi calvinist
3.4.21

Total 465.41
"With the Russians in Manjia"

Perry - Beagough

& Otter - Barry

N.Y. John Face Co

"Shang at Hang"

Milne & Cochran

John Murray Finsm 1900

Seized Burned Ruined Kiptan

McA. Gunn

Burn & Blackett Ltd 1904

13 Great Marlborough St

Tartar Trains

Carriages

H.M.S.
Dog going 2.50
  2.50
" gay 1.50
  1.50
" cat 2.20
  2.20
" mnt 2.30
  2.30
Total $8.40

tickets ends 16.05.
  16.05
" gay 3.20
  3.20
" mnt 5.90
  5.90
price 4.00
  4.00

  3.6.50
  3.6.50
  4.5.0
  4.5.0
$42.05

Fan Club Review
187.
12 320 230 34 250 1700 68 8500 30. 13.30 17.50
24 3000

9.2.50 cart
16.6.50 water meal
188.65 water meal
109.15

30+10 413.12
5.2.50
23.50 hearse meal
78.50 hearse meal

931.36
784.21
147.26

10 931.36