



Fig. 11. Our first camp on the boat-journey

The river was deep here and only fifteen meters across. It resembled a canal, and its bed had no room for mudbanks. The left bank fell steeply, the right more gradually. On either side were dense woods. We landed and made fast for the night.

The river was so deep and narrow at this camping-place that at a distance of about ten meters from the bank one did not notice it. It seemed to disappear in the green wood.

We had had a lovely summer's day without wind. The landscape was enchanting. One was all eyes. Time and again wild ducks and geese rose up into the air from the banks, while the pheasants sat where they were, peeping out at us from their hiding-places under the tamarisks. A vulture hovered over the river. The belt of wood on the right bank was in some places interrupted by bound dunes. On the left bank the ground was more even, here and there covered with grass and reeds growing shoulder-high; and in such places one saw browsing cattle, horses and camels.

On the morning of October 18th a hard wind was blowing through the wood and the leaves were falling like flakes in a snowstorm. The sky was covered with clouds and the air was heavy with dust. This autumn-like weather was anything but inviting.

After a couple of hours on the water HASLUND, who had to jump in every time we went aground, was so chilled that he sat on his plank in the stern with chatter-