

a while. Presently the land began to come to an end and the river split up into several streams. At last we had the countryside behind us and Sogho-nor gleamed ahead to receive us. But we had a long way to go to reach pure blue water. Outside the little delta lay an obstacle, a mud-bank where the depth was only five centimeters. HASLUND got out to reconnoitre, till he suddenly sank down in soft, blue-black mud, and had quite a struggle to free himself. The boat was taken back to firm ground to a point N. W. where LARSON and MENTU were digging a canal from the bank through which we might come out to sufficiently deep water. They were assisted by LIEBERENZ, who had just arrived from the main camp.

CROSSING SOGHO-NOR

The 22nd October dawned with a brilliantly clear sky and still air. HASLUND carried me out to the boat, which could not be brought inshore. We were very lightly equipped. In one of the canoes was a cake-box filled with rusks that our cook had learned to bake at a Swedish mission-station, and a couple of tablets of chocolate. In the other canoe we had cigarettes, 1st aid articles and a little flask of cognac that the doctor had prescribed in case we should be constrained to drink the salt water of the lake. In addition I had a large thermos-flask of tea. The lake looked very diminutive, and we thought we could manage a cruise to the eastern shore and then have time to row in a couple of hours to LARSON's camp at Boro-obo on the north shore of the lake.

HASLUND was wearing a sweater, a hunting-jacket and swimming-trunks, but took no other clothes, not even shoes and socks. I had only my usual travelling attire but nothing warmer. Finally, we took a pole belonging to a camel-saddle and my stick in order to be able to raise a mast with yard in case of wind.

At a depth of 33 centimeters our vessel floated, and HASLUND set to work with his paddle. As soon as it began to blow a little we raised our improvised mast. We had nothing else for a sail but my leather vest. We set our course by a landmark on shore in N. 80° E. We drew nearer the blue fields that were not reached by the mud of the river. Where clear water began the depth was 1.35 meters. The breeze freshened. Out on the deeper and clearer water one saw only here and there flocks of sea-birds, Mandarin ducks, grey and white gulls, swans and a black bird with a red bill. So much the more numerous were they on the shallow water. They were continually flying past us to skim down with a rush of water onto the surface of the lake, and when we approached a swimming flock the whole lot rose with a whir of wings.

Sogho-nor is shallow. My punting-pole measured 2.53 meters in length, and except for the middle of the lake, where we noted a greatest depth of 2.9 meters, it was everywhere sufficient to touch bottom. A little white disc fastened to the