

end of the pole could be seen down to a depth of 1.2 meters. The bed of the lake was quite hard.

The wind increased in strength, and the waves began to break into the canoes. Presently I was sitting with my feet in water. I bailed with a scoop as hard as I could. HASLUND used his paddle to smack down the highest waves to weaken their impact. Sometimes the bailing seemed quite hopeless, and I began to wonder if I was emptying the canoes quicker than they were filling. If the wind had increased by one iota more the lake would have been the victor. But all went well. The depth diminished again to a meter or less, and in case of need we could have waded ashore. For safety's sake, however, we changed our course to due east, where we had the wind in our backs and could bail more effectively.

At a quarter past four we bumped aground in shallows near the east shore. From here we had seventy meters to reach dry land, and once more I was carried on HASLUND's strong shoulders. We had covered between fifteen and sixteen kilometers as the crow flies.

While HASLUND bore our belongings ashore I commenced to collect fuel on the beach. It was not so easy to kindle a fire in the wind that was blowing. Soon, however, the wind was snatching gusts of smoke, and we went on gathering twigs and branches. This was now the most important thing of all, for the sun had just set. If I had not been guided by the smoke I should scarcely have found the way back to »the camp».

Apart from inconsiderable unevennesses caused by the breaking of waves when the lake is fuller than usual, this shore is as smooth as a floor, and its surface is here and there white with soda deposited from the water of the lake. In such places one finds dead reed-stubble and long broad streaks of dried and tangled algae forming grey, soft flags. We were unable, however, to get these to burn.

There were innumerable wolf-tracks on the shore, many of them quite fresh. The beasts evidently came to drink just here.

We sat down and calculated how we should divide up our supply of fuel into different heaps for the night-watches. Towards morning it would be bitingly cold. Sleep was quite out of the question. I had no extra clothes and HASLUND hardly any clothes at all. We decided to make ourselves as comfortable as possible beside our fire and sit there chatting over new conquests of the desert. There would be no need for tedium, but ugh! how we should freeze!

Meantime, however, LARSON had noticed that we stayed away rather too long, and took the precaution of sending a Mongol round the lake with our sleeping-bags, a blanket each, HASLUND's clothes, my Kalgan boots and a tin of preserved fish. We were thus saved both from the cold and from hunger.

After breakfast we put off again in the boat, holding a course of N 70° W to reach LARSON's camp below Boro-obo, which is the dominating height near the