



Fig. 21. Erecting my yurt

there one saw a clay terrace that indicated a larger extension of Ghashun-nor in ancient times. Disappearing behind us on our left was the Black Fox Mountain, whose western hills, by a mirage-effect, resembled dark necklaces hovering over the horizon.

After covering 30.6 kilometers in N. 8° W. we pitched camp in a terribly desolate tract. There was neither water, pasture nor fuel, but we had six tubfuls of the first-mentioned commodity.

On the morning of November 16th we were unable to wash, as all the water had to be saved for drinking. We missed, too, the basins of embers that were otherwise borne into the tents every evening and morning, for there was no fuel. No-one, however, was sorry not to be able to wash in a temperature of nearly  $-10^{\circ}$  C.

The air was almost still when we continued due north over the desolate desert. The route looked like a bright band meandering over the dark-grey ground. The mounted Mongols chatted, sang, whistled and gossiped as they went. It is always a pleasure to have cheerful people around one. To the N. N. E. we saw the contours of the blue mountains that constituted a continuation of the Tostu.

Camel skeletons were few and far between. One got the impression that traffic in these parts was not particularly lively. Still rarer were the votive cairns that