

ingly that he accorded us an hour's hospitality. He showed us over only that part of the monastery-town of which he himself was the head. The gates of the others were not opened, however, as their respective superiors were not at home.

### THE START FROM BATU-KHALAGH-SUME

On November 11th we had our last breakfast together. The tents were then struck and the work of loading the camels began. A rearrangement of the loads proved to be necessary at the last moment, as there were six camels too few, and there were no riding camels for the members for the first part of their journey. I called the party together just before the start and gave a short speech, to which HÖRNER replied. They then set off westwards and soon disappeared among the shallow undulations of the landscape. An account of their subsequent adventures is given by each of the party's members in his personal report.

### HUNTING LAMA TEMPLES

While the caravan of the Gobi-group disappeared in the west the two open Ford cars were loaded; and at two o'clock we left the camp and its memories behind, driving eastwards past the temple and up in the direction of Durbet by the main caravan-road. JOEL ERIKSSON, who knew all the roads and could find the way even on dark nights, drove in front with LARSON and MONTELL. I sat beside our Chinese chauffeur in our car, while HUMMEL and HASLUND occupied the back seat. The cars were rather heavily loaded with benzine-tins and our bulky baggage; and we ourselves were muffled up like Polar explorers in our usual furs and capacious outer coats of sheepskin, and with wolf or sheepskin rugs over our knees. For to drive over the Mongolian plateau in an open car in winter is a chilly experience, especially in a steady wind.

Thus began our 1,120 kilometer journey eastwards and E. N. E. over soft, undulating country and on quite good roads. A herd of steppe antelopes regarded us with pricked-up ears and complete immobility. At a given sign they bolted for their lives, but not in a bee-line away from the danger — first they must cross the road right in front of the cars. They always do this.

At the monastery Khoton-golin-sume we stopped for a while, to resume our journey over more even country and on a splendid road. We reached the river Shara-muren in the dark; and here our car broke through the ice and we were stuck for an hour. During this time a crowd of lamas assembled from the nearby monastery to enjoy this unusual and interesting spectacle, apparently attracted by the reflection from our headlights. We afterwards obtained quarters for the night in a yurt near the monastery.