

the distant temple Shiret-gege-ne-sume and a modern fortress close to the camp. It was the duty of the garrison here to escort caravans and protect them against robbers. We received a visit from the chief of this garrison, a worthy Mongol named ERIKCHEN, with the Chinese title of *fu-kuan*. He was the most powerful man in the neighbourhood and owned great herds and caravans.¹

AT ARASH'S CAMP

Already on the first day we had planned to reach the camp of ARASH, a Mongol acquaintance of SÖDERBOM's who lived at Bagha-nor. The 15 km which separated us from this place were covered in the afternoon, when the sun was not far from the horizon and a magnificent fiery-red reflection gilded the wide steppe. ARASH had his yurt pitched inside a square wall of mud, and there we were courteously received. Tea, cheese, cream, cakes and sugar were served on low stools. The eternal Buddha, shining like gold, sat on the altar by the wall, dreaming in the dim firelight. ARASH was a refugee from the Altai Torguts in Outer Mongolia. He had got permission to live here with his family and a brother who was a *gurtum* or shaman.²

We stayed in this place, which is situated in the district of Shiret-shabi, temple-land under the TUMET GUNG, from the 12th to the 14th of November, while the whole baggage was rearranged and reloaded. We decided that only one lorry would be needed at each camp and that the other two need not be touched. Our daily provisions, the kitchen, tents and bedding were thus loaded on the same lorry. One tent was scrapped, as we found that we could get on with four. Our four Chinese had one; another was occupied by GEORG, EFFE, TSERAT and JOMCHA; a third by CHIA KUEI with the kitchen, and the boys LI and SAN WA-TZE³; while HUMMEL, BERGMAN and I had the fourth. In this tent we also took our meals. So there were nine masters and five servants. Here, however, still another Mongol was engaged as cook and assistant for the drivers; his name was CHOKDUNG.

From our petrol caravan ahead came word that they had stopped about 100 li to the west of Batu-khalagh-sume, because some of the petrol drums were leaking. The men dared not proceed, but wanted to await our orders.

The lorries were equipped with double tyres at the back. When GEORG brought up the petrol in advance it was found that sharp stones had fastened between

¹ There is an excellent portrait of him in BOSSHARD's *Kühles Grassland Mongolei*, Berlin 1938, facing p. 96. F. B.

² The interested reader may find many amusing and charming anecdotes about ARASH in OWEN LATTIMORE's *Mongol Journeys* (New York 1941). F. B.

³ SAN WA-TZE, The 'Third Baby', is what we called this the youngest of our boys, who had served us for some time in the Swedish House in Peking too. His name was YING FU. F. B.