

Desert» and »My Life as an Explorer». He presented us with three pretty agate bottles of the kind used by the Mongols as snuff-bottles. Of greater value to me were his latest portrait, with a dedication in Chinese and the high priests' red seal, and a letter of introduction to the ruler of the Qara-shahr Torguts. This was the last time I met the TASHI LAMA; he passed away in the beginning of December, 1937.

On the last evening at Batu-khalagh-sume, BARUN SUNIT WANG and an official from Jun Sunit honoured us with return-calls; and at a later hour we were the TASHI LAMA's guests in a circle of Tibetan and Mongolian officers and officials at a gay Chinese dinner inside the monastery precincts.

THE MAPPING

On the morning of November 18th the lorries stood ready, loaded with 42 drums of petrol, each containing 30 gallons. In the cold that prevailed the motors had to be warmed by braziers placed under them. One was a little uneasy about the danger of fire; but one soon grew accustomed to the procedure as a matter of routine. When all was ready, the three lorries went off first, at a proper distance from one another on account of the dust. I came last in the small car. My driver was HUMMEL, my fellow-passengers YEW and BERGMAN. The latter, with the compass on its tripod, was taking bearings on the last lorry, and signalling the driver to stop at appropriate intervals. The stations were marked by small red flags, which were stuck into the ground and pulled up again when the last car reached the point. When our map-makers had got into the routine, the work went fairly quickly, though the two cars detached for the work had to stop again and again.

On the way westwards from Batu-khalagh-sume the road crossed several minor gullies almost like canyons. In one of them the brake of the small car refused to work (probably water had got into it and then turned to ice); and we plunged down into the gully with a bang. The spades were at work for half an hour before we got up again.

Here and there we passed a well. At one of them a detachment of Mongol soldiers was posted, on the border between Darkhan-beile and Mu-mingghan. At some distance to the north we saw Bayan-bogdo, a rounded hill with a big obo, which also marks the boundary between the two *hoshios* mentioned above.

ON THE OLD ROAD AGAIN

We passed one or two kilometers to the north of our camp no. VIII — of the spring and summer of 1927 — at the Khujirtu-gol, a region so rich in memories, and from here we followed the same road as in 1927 for several days.