



Fig. 1. A Turki from Korla

»Commandant! You may kill me, and I shall die with pleasure. But I implore you — spare my people!»

The commandant had issued a decree that all requisitions should be paid for, but this was completely ignored by the soldiers; and the population was sucked dry.

Then we went to the commandant's adjutant to report that we intended to drive to Kucha the following morning. It would be best to lay all our cards on the table at the outset; otherwise they might detain us as prisoners. The scoundrel of an adjutant, who had been the real instigator of the previous night's outrage, put a good face upon things, declaring that there was no obstacle in the way of our journey. Diplomatic wisdom led us to accept the two sheep and six chickens he sent us as a present.

ON THE TRAIL OF GEORG

We left Korla on the morning of the 7th. Presently, we were out on the high road, leaving behind us a little town that we should never forget.

A little later TSERAT got stuck on the flooded road, and a crowd collected round the cars. One old man gave us a cake and got five liang. An old woman stretched out her skinny hands, praying that God might grant us a prosperous