

## »YELLOW STORM»

On April 10th we woke to find a *sariq-buran* or »yellow storm» in progress — in other words, a pretty high wind, though not to be compared with a *qara-buran* or »black storm». On this day, too, the wind came from the east. We defied it and set out. It was a rather rough, noisy and exciting trip. The waves thumped against the sides of the boats, and even came on board. Soon I was sitting in a foot-bath and everything was drenched with spray. In the lee of the shore it was beautifully quiet, as the perpendicular bank and its reeds afforded shelter; but when the river wound off to the east, and, passing a last cape, we came out into water where we were at the mercy of the wind, the waves began their rough games again. The paddlers exerted themselves to the utmost to get into sheltered waters once more.

We sat wrapped in sheepskins, and yet we were cold. On the left bank were some dry poplars and tamarisks. Why should we not land, make a fire, and have some tea and bread and goose-eggs with salt and a break in the rather exacting work of map-making? But we could only allow ourselves forty minutes. When we had warmed ourselves thoroughly and were well stoked up inside we hurried back to the boats and pushed off.

At our camping-ground, Aghzi-tar-toqai, »The Woodland at the Narrow Mouth», KUNG counted 105 trees to the hectare. He found that their diameter just above the ground averaged 24 cm.

## SAI-CHEKE, THE MEETING-PLACE

On April 11th we had negotiated a few bends when the river suddenly seemed to make an effort, extending itself in an almost straight line for a considerable distance to the E. N. E. On the left bank, some way ahead, we sighted several white tents among tamarisks on sand-dunes, as well as a number of men, mounted and on foot.

»That's Sai-cheke!» explained my boatmen. It was here, at »The River Bend in the Gravel Desert», that we had fixed our rendez-vous with the rest of the expedition.

As we drew nearer we could make out some of the men standing in a group on the bank; others were hurrying down to the water. There they all were, all our fellows — BERGMAN, a manly, erect, bearded figure; YEW, with his American spectacles; GEORG, tall and smiling; the fair, sunburnt EFFE; TSERAT and JOMCHA and a few Chinese boys.

We were invited into BERGMAN's tent, placed in a well-chosen spot on an eminence, with a magnificent view upstream — the way we had come. Coffee and bread and butter were served, while we spoke of our voyage and they of their laborious journey over desert and sand.