



Fig. 20. Scouting from the top of a *mesa* fragment, May 10th

the small car to fetch us. The three scouts had orders to return to us the same evening.

On the morning of May 10th two single canoes were got ready. The larger, CHEN's, had three paddlers; I took the smaller one with two paddlers. We steered N. N. E., with the mainland and *mesas* to our left and a maze of *yardangs* and reedy islands to our right. Our intention was simply to make a trip to CHEN's camp No. 106 of 1931 and so to link up with his map once more.

It was a lovely day; a light north-westerly breeze ruffled the water into waves that glittered in the sun. The water was green, and made a vivid, colourful contrast to the yellowish grey *yardangs* and the pale reddish *mesas*.

We glided along a channel barely 20 m wide, between the mainland on our left and an island of dense reeds on our right. With only one boat and two sturdy paddlers we worked up a good pace, and the water foamed about our bows. 15 m ahead of us appeared a wild hog, swimming from the mainland to the reeds. He was timid, and scenting danger he swam for dear life. The water foamed round his bows too!

»Paddle your hardest!» I cried; but the paddlers only pretended to increase their speed.

»He's got knives in his mouth; he's dangerous!» said SADIQ.

An antelope stood at the foot of a *mesa* and stared at us. He was as still as a stuffed museum specimen. But next moment he gave a start, and vanished into a gully.