

between grey rocks. The little village close by consisted of only a few cottages; and the postmaster was the only inhabitant. His runners were all out on their travels. He told us that the evening before, some soldiers had come from Anhsi to meet us; but as nothing had been heard of us they had turned back.

Ruins and walls of old fortifications crowned the hills round the temple. The boundary between Sinkiang and Kansu ran here; but there were now no border-guards to watch over it.

Numberless cairns and pyramids lined the road, which ran now over sand or gravel, now between big blocks. After a time the valley came to an end, and the country became more open, with an extensive view to the south. A narrow defile led to level country dotted with infrequent tussocks. We passed an abandoned gold-diggings; and a trench bore witness to the disturbed times.

Our general direction was south-east. We had for a long time seen on our right a mountain-chain running from west to east, and forming part of the Pei-shan. At last we reached its eastern end, and the chain disappeared behind us.

At Ta-ch'üan, »Big Spring«, lived a postmaster with his family and three donkeys. On each side of the road rose a hill with a little watch-tower, visible from a long way off. The next village, Hsiao-ch'üan, »Little Spring«, was uninhabited. We were once more in among low hills, that delayed our map-making. We saw a herd of antelopes at a distance of a few hundred meters.

Camp No. 112 was pitched on a plain at an altitude of 1,870 m. We had brought water from Hsiao-ch'üan so as to be independent.

On October 30th we woke up to find the sky overcast. This was unusual; but at sunrise it cleared, and the south wind played round the cars. Our road led through mountains. The once large, but now totally destroyed village of Hung-liu-yüan was inhabited by only the postmaster and a few dogs. All the devastation that we met along this road was the work of Big Horse. He had not left the smallest farm standing. When he marched this way from Anhsi to Hami in 1933 he destroyed all the villages and farms, partly to hinder possible pursuit by an army from Nanking, partly to prevent his own soldiers from deserting and returning to their homes.

Soon after 11 a. m. an unusual sight met our eyes — a motor-car in a cloud of dust. It had come to bid us welcome to Anhsi. The owner, a Balt named Herr TAMBERG, was himself at the wheel. He was in the employ of the OPPENHEIMER Casing Company, and had come to Anhsi with five lorries to fetch sheep's intestines from Sinkiang. Young ALMBLAD, a missionary's son from Kalgan, was in his service. A third passenger was a German, Herr PAUCK, in charge of the Eurasia Aviation Company's petrol-stores in Anhsi. Among a number of Chinese a Mr Lo welcomed us on behalf of the mayor and commandant.

After a little conversation, we proceeded in company beneath small rocky ridges and ledges, across level desert, through a few villages, past small caravans