GOBI EXPEDITION OF 1919—Plans and Specifications

OBJECT—To get to Urga eventually  
MOTTO—"We should worry"

PERSONNEL
Mr. R. C. Andrews —"Gobi" Head Cook, skinner, butcher and general camp arranger and grouch.
Mrs. H. ditto— "Gohina" Photographers, Assistant cook, Meal and table arrangements.
Mr. Mac Callie alias "Delco" Chief Electrician, tent pegger, water purveyor and wood cutter.
Mrs. Mac Callie "Delcette" Coffee, tea, and soup supply chef, table linen and cutlery.
Mr. C. L. Coltman "Boss" Motor Engineer, time keeper, argol expert, and general commander.
Mrs. Ditto— "Bossene" Assistant cook, quartermasteress and finder of lost articles.
Mr. Owen "Uncle John" Assistant Motor Engineer and all round helper.

REGULATIONS
1. No cussing the weather.
2. No insinuations if there is sand in the soup.
3. No grumbling against the gasoline in the drinking water.
4. No profanity unless of picturesque variety.
5. All hands assist at unpacking and packing in evening and morning stops and starts.
6. All male members must take share in pumping tires and other work requiring more than hot air.
7. Camps will be made, starts made, stops made, and such disarrangements by vote, four votes carrying the day.
8. Any breach of regulations will be considered by court martial after dinner and during smoking hour (when most lenient treatment can be hoped for) and penalty judged will be walked off by the culprit in miles recorded by speedometer at start the following day.
9. If male members of expedition cannot supply fresh mean on any one day they will not be allowed to smoke after dinner.

PLANS
1. To have a thoroughly good time.
2. To get good specimens of all game available.
3. Camp early and start late on general principle.
4. To stop and investigate, or leave the road and explore whenever desired.

---------------The grouchless Gang---------------
278 - For 2 persons with game for meal

- 2 lbs. last 10 days for eating only
- 2 bones
- 4 cutting

- 10 lbs. - 1 can

- 2 cans for cutting only
- 1 can

Milk - 1 can

Cereal - 1/2 lb. last 10 days

- 10 days for 1 person

Condensed milk for coffee only (3 times total)

Coffee - 1 lb.

Trimmings

1 Savage + 2000 shells
1 Rabbit
1 Crab
1 Pelican
1 Muntjac

Fax & Smith

1 gun each.
1 fried chicken

Send to C. N. Shanghai

From Casile

1 Rabbit
1 Crab
1 Pelican
1 Muntjac

- 1 Savage + 2000 shells
- 1 Fox - 20 ga. - 500 shells

3756

Jun 12 1953
P. D. 4 young heifers
Aug 2 to 7th Lucullum - 6 days
Aug 10 with 5 D
- 1 day
Aug 13
" th young with 14 mm. with a my 15
Aug 18
" " with Aug 26emic - 11 days
Eighth heifer Aug 19 with Aug 22emic - left 4th my 1923 - bought 4 days

Oda Dr egg heifers 24 on Aug 5th
<table>
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<th>Amount</th>
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<td>B.B.</td>
<td>23.30</td>
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<td>P.M.</td>
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<td>July 13 to Aug 15</td>
<td>20</td>
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<tr>
<td>Aug 15 to Sept 15</td>
<td>25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sept 15 to Oct 20</td>
<td>10</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total for Sept 15 to Oct 20</td>
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July 10:
- Los's account: 23.30
- Wages: £2.00
- Tent pegs: 2.00
- Line: 2.00
- Line: 13.00
- Line: 10.00
- Meal regular: 3.00
- Los's account: 5.100
- 101 lift: £1.50
- 15 A.M. mob: £1.00
- 119 air bag: £2.00

1919: 3.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
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<th>May 13</th>
<th>May 26</th>
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<td>Aug 31</td>
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- **Pension & supplies**: $2.00
- **Peaches & melons**: $2.00
- **Potatoes**: $2.00
- **Traps**: $2.00
- **Shells**: $2.00
- **Peas**: $2.00
- **Chamomile**: $2.00
- **Mutton**: $2.00
- **Raincoat**: $2.00
- **Hat**: $2.00
- **Charcoal**: $2.00
- **Mutton**: $2.00
- **Cork and maple**: $2.00
- **Knee pads**: $2.00
- **Saucepan**: $2.00
- **Cast iron**: $2.00
- **Match**: $0.30
- **Mutton**: $1.00
- **Charcoal**: $2.00
- **Mutton**: $1.00
- **Cast iron**: $2.00

**Total**: $25.00
In the central temple are the great standing statues of Buddha. We approached it through a side door where we were required to remove our shoe hats. At our right under a pavilion-like entrance sat nine priests clad in dark yellow robes. Burning incense and symbols a strange mix hung in the air. As we passed with the dome of the main temple behind a pictureque crowd of women and men, an old priest came and placed a palm frond in the hands of each person a few death of thirty fingers from an ornate iron statue. The people rubbed it in their faces as they passed into the temple. Directly in the middle of the room standing on a large brass cool, glistening, smiling was a colossal gilt statue of Buddha about 10 feet high. The hands were a great allow were wrinkled, and his enormous and flaps just met across his breast. An inscription ran in snake-like spirals of brass. On either side were two pillars, carved in brilliant pieces of brilliants.

July 19 - Aug 15 - 25 - 10 - 15 (4)
Aug 15 - 30 - 25
Sept 15 - 11 - 21 - 5 - 5
15 - 20 - 10
1919
Left Peking 8.30 a.m. with Mr. Thur. Chas. Colman. Mr. W. K. M. T. Callie—me.

John Owen (died) in Calgary—packed stuff and set off next day.

Sept. 15

Fri.

Grind away on the east with very 2 chains latchet, winding & cook ft dogdays for Hem. Aired—Fresh day at Calgary. Girls & Colman drove a Dodge car

For past to Hem. Aired—17 men went by horse—fine weather—just warm enough—stayed at Fisher evening. Belgian Mission. At 4 P.M. all went out in auto to a pond 3 mi away—not a leaf an arrow

and really shell doesn't mallard also—decided very well

Left at 5.30 a.m. Mr. W. Owen & rather cord—roads fine.—Dodge car—running beautifully—2 d. 1/8 in 2

Fords—Mr. H. has complete Delco electric plant he is taking & illegally saw a member of demoralized crowd & shot three—birds in flocks there.

Not very wild—2 stayed on back road until car was 30 ft away—saw two others one of which was dancing about the other—killed one with BB's at 55-yd power distance.

In pond saw lot of ducks & killed a Shoveler & one Common Shelduck. Beautiful bird with large red beak.
June

in bill-shot another red-tailed	
Loaves also — saw several eared
c Senators — calves shedding &
took very ragged — the children
cultivated potatoes, went planting
g-folds beginning to show green-
trees at them — had just budding

In one for — bread and scabbards —
sheltered 18 Cutters mongolians from
ear — live just like our gophers at
home — about mill round in form
of hole — with live — in extremity village
as our western people dogs but
still usually have number together
females all carrying young but still
have winter pilage — rained off 90 mi
from here has at 4:30 — snowed
all groplers — two cracks —勋章
slighted at night by Delco — print
times over have electric light on go
left at 7 AM wind fairly strong — sand in
a few groplers — minutes if gulls (black eafe)
roosted Panjum about midway — just beyond it
in plain saw a flock of golden plumes
about me — while waiting for me in preseve
on road antelope (gazelle) which ran
across the road in front of us — as we
going at 40 mi per h. — the animal
was doing at least 10 mi per h. — shot
at and hit it — it disappeared over a cliff and
end ed — shortly after saw another
bunch of cord antlers & cleared them
with the can - I jumped out to him
and rolled over with a scream &
I came up kneeling and
I shot - Mac got his cannon sure
line if fire by mistake of my gun

Ran down the road & saw
a fine antelope & went after
a bull when in field in

a hollow between some
feral

life and ran there - jumped from
car at 2:00 & began firing -
the three got well away but the
with much difficulty - she ran
across in front of us & after 3 shots
I don't feel her at 4:22 & kept off

and not a short distance on
road & saw a white antelope
at ran over a hill - where we followed
in road a big bull - we ran them
with can at 10:45 pm & they

carried over - then I shot one

left leg & she ran on at both a hard
catch up with her - she was running
at least 25 mi per hr on 3 legs - the
same thing happened a little late
when we found another bull and
in the two legs before & could finally
catch her. The plan was a rare
with antelope of both species, we decided to go back to camp. We camped in the plains not far from the road a few miles after setting up our tents preparatory to staying here for the next day.

The tents were up at Haddock and leaving the girls in camp, Mac, Lottie, and Owen started out in the Dodge car after antelope. Two animals which Owen had been shorting off with his arrow. Having full rein of right from the tent, this a long way off, we made for them and they ran into the road rather suddenly. The antelope flitted out and simply flew over the ground and struck behind her. For the second short el led her about four feet and she went down like a sledge hammer. The Tune bullet had caught the squarely on the body and the antelope when we got to her. It was one of the prettiest shots I ever made for the was going like the wind, the was a golding goose (Great-tailed) Ptarmigan with the remaining 14.
of the car with his head under the lamp, we saw more fly plans to pick up another bunch. Without two miles we saw three herds, one containing about 20 animals. The antelope were stopping slowly along and did not begin to really run until we rode about 200 yards from them. Then they started out on a long trail and streaked at across the plai with guide blown ribbons of yellow silk. We saw animals at 25 miles per hour but Coltman just maintained as the animals began to run with some speed. The car jumped to 35 miles + than 25 miles. As usual the animals began to run away as a long circle and we gained rapidly. Soon we were not more than 200 yards away. Mac + Detweiller hanging on the edge of the car with the flat + dust flying around us as we stopped we leaped to the ground, dropped to our knees and fired. Coltman both his gun and also and lashed away. At Mac's second shot he dropped a fine buck and Charles got a young doe. The herd was frightened yards away & going
The wind when we closed就好且
ran over to the dead antelopes. Mac's
bush was about four years old with
a good pair of antelopes that he had shot.
The animals were all on the winds
Yielding.

I'm just thinking of the car and ran to
turn out another bunch of antelopes
which we could not call shot again
this day in the summit of a dwelling
mit of ground. They were at this
herd and as we came toward them,
they better necessarily about, with
heats up eventually trying to see
decide what we were. The sun was
setting as a red glow behind them.
I don't know why but among them a
we wanted no more does, all ago
to shoot only at birds. The animals
strangest at full speeds as it came
near and when we leaned from
the car we nearly didn't to away.

The bush but dropped back up
the center of the herd & at this thing
shoe Mac dropped an animal
we stopped shortly but the
antelope was up & off before we got
into the car. I was starting
afraid from the look but only a
short distance behind the others.
Eventually she jumped two
but with the car going at 25 miles
per hour it was still driving
ahead, we entered a bit through
going and ran for two miles
at 25 miles per hour, finally we
came to a smooth place &
I was ready to start up to 35 miles,
we gained slowly & when
about 10 miles away I jumped
out and took another animal
breaking & hind leg on the opposite
side. Were could see now that
it was another one, much to
our disgust, a ram with two
eyes without the skull made about
15 miles from town. A thing that
left us.

The antelopes does are exceedingly
difficult & distinguishing from
the hunch for other pointed
tails are carried straight up
& back & give greatly the ap-
pearance of horns when the
are some distance away.

We ran back & enough reach-
ing the head at about 5 miles and
tired. We turned in at 9:30, it was a beautiful clear, bright night with no wind, and I was asleep before we had finished telling the story. We slept late and the sun was up high before we had finished breakfast. Chilly and dreary the wind and the northern polar winds made it backy-ard of the hilly cars and at 9:30 we started for the north. Mr. and Mrs. McMahon were met at the first cut while I was without in the rear. They managed the camera.

Near University, the car was at a halt a mile or two miles. We walked a mile to the camp and they returned by my horse. The horse was beautiful and led the way to the first place, the others had been waiting. We camped on the north side of the river near a fishing spot. We had a cool night and the wind was calm and just right for fishing. We kept our camp clean and our tent tight. We heard of a second hand knitting machine, and a man, and a woman, and a boy who had a runing bicycle. We heard no one and the wind was calm and just right for fishing. We kept our camp clean and our tent tight.
we found men set up the petrol in the train  
but in vain. There was no petrol and there were  
people and after the  

routin car round the Hotel and a lorry  
when we arrived. It started  

the time of the train was late  

after the train had disappeared  

up a thorough ground.  

The train departed when we  

the next day and we followed  

the train. There was  

promising rising ground  

that the train would be  

at our station.  

Fortunately the  

going continued and we got up  

the station by train. The  

antelope did not stay very well  

and the running was very wild.  

were at the south of the  

from the car. The field  

divided and 10 x 12 ran straight  

away from us.  

It was a difficult thing.
stand up in the car and work the camera provoking bumping about like a ship in a heavy sea. I ground off 20 feet or more of film before they were out of range and went on for a breathing space.

The 200 foot roll of film was exhausted and very forcibly at neglected to replace it with a fresh film. We started back to camp on a very quieting chair of galvanized and my neglect cost the money the pictures I could have had during 20

we had not gone two miles on our way back when we saw a wolf standing on a little rise of ground. He was looking at us about as the going was splendid we kept on just ahead of him. The speed doubled and we knew we were almost nearest and the way was rapidly losing ground. I noted that at his highest speed when he was first, he was going at 30 miles an hour over a level surface. At 15 we could only catch him at an average of about 20 miles an hour and we rapidly gaining. Suddenly as we came over a little rise we saw a big herd of yaks directly
They were not more than 200 yards away and the wolf made straight for them. Panic struck... and then running about a crossroad. The wolf dashed straight into their midst. They divided as it was cut by a knapsack half turned about about, but the others kept on coming towards I thought we would actually miss them down. The wolf however had himself by his foot with the car to clear of his heels and kept straight ahead until his nose hit the ground.

We were almost as how red could see his tongue hanging out when charred head info. Max and I were jumped out. I began shooting while I eat well entered myself for a few in not quitting and at front Charlies fired. 000s with a daub hand the opportunity to get another picture-like it.

The boys did some very bad shooting. The wolf got off without a scratch we shook sense being killed and almost between the couple of but he was almost and alright.
before the horses got back and the cars came up behind him again. The firing was good and the grumpled up to 30 miles within a few yards. The only chance was brawl and within minutes we had him well in view again. He was eventually all in and as we approached I could see his tongue hanging out from under stuffing from his jaws.

We ran so close that Charles had to move the car suddenly to one side to avoid running over him and narrowly missed us. Charles pulled out his .38 automatic, aimed down at the wolf which was almost under his front wheels again. His bullet struck just behind the animal's neck, cleaved out, smashed down and out a 33 bullet from his right and the wolf back, the killed one snapping at it. The wound and rolled away with his lips drawn back, raw and angry white teeth, he glaring at us as much as to say 'it's your turn next man but don't get too close!' Coleman shot him and amased us with a sure-fire swing.
Sometimes wish this automan had not had any other acquaintance. I think I have felt a strange sympathy with the remarkable beauty called familiarity. There will be more adventure next year because I can't wait.

We came back to camp to cut up the elk. The Yellowstone wolf and I got away from the antelope. I led a group of a short chase but left this without pushing the antelope roughly. At this time in the year, the furthest are alone, and we were small herbs there will be only a very large herd in summer. I felt probably be a few bunches, but the females compose all the small groups.

We also an interesting thing in the very house for there were two of my friend's geyser with a dogmen more geyser go. They were running with the herd and could be distinguished by their larger size, lighter cream at short fur. When running the geyser geyser keeps his long tail straight out over his back as stiff as a reed.
We found the guys at camp with the tents already set up and packed up. We got away about 2 P.M. & it rained a little later but soon cleared off. The wind was very strong today, however, but we had a comfortable camp in the lee of a hill not far from well.

Not moving one ran on toward me with a steady cool wind from our face.

On the way we saw several kinds of antelope but we did not watch to see any more so passed them by. About 11 o'clock we saw two wolves starting on a hill near & they were tempting the mind.

Asking where to remain on the road we remain off over the edge of ground after the longer while & had a good view of about 600 yards in. The ground was splendid & we ran up a high peak. Without difficulty. At that we gained rapidly and after about three miles had the first almost under the first vehicle. Arthur wanted to shoot it with his pistol and that I was chaffing & finally him off with my rifle & wanted to have them. When we were nearly out of sight the wind made a sudden change.
just nudged our right front wheel and considered the front of the car. Cattman avoided hitting him by a clear 20 feet driving but we were close & turning over the wolf rail of a right angle. The way we had been going & we had to allow him to slide ahead & get well away again and we did not run over & kill him for the going was getting rougher every miles. Cattman tried again for a short while, but he hit the limit repeated three times the damage as great as us.

He spoke for a ragged man by rocks which we could see cutting the play two miles away and with us then twelve bad going where we could only just hold our own with him, then that he knew well-rolled by this time in those already more than 12 miles and he was by two inches finished. Cattman had given us all help of pulling him with his legs and we only concerned with getting a shot at any range worth our efforts but the animal was too clever for us. He gained the ridge before we did and stood for an instant without ever having in the clear sky, cleared free of mist.
Can be kept half fully stopped but the dog slipped upon its crest before I could start. Thinking I could get a shot as a moment came up the ridge just in time to see the animal descend a peak into a second ridge by rocks a hundred yards from the first parallel with it. Signalled Calhoun to keep me, he ran around ahead of the wolf. He reached the gate and I came.
Last night we left Condesa Meyer's place at 7:45. Our three carts got off ahead of us and we came along on our horses with Mrs. Fener, Mr. and Mrs. Alfasan who were to ride and fasten with us. We went out from Merga past the Shama city and out over the plain toward Risham-el. The sun was brilliant and played delightfully upon the gold yellow green Roberto of the temples. At a distance, on the bank of the Tela River we could see the palace of the Beem-oum-in. Like mystical dwelling in the Arabian nights lying peacefully amid the green stypos and silver willows.

All about us on the plain, white rock outcrops were dotted with green and black of grazing sheep and camels.

At the noon we raised and by 2pm, we reached the mountains and rode on them over the opening turf, reached westward toward the pasturacnturies of the Bagun, which if asked off into green hills of the horizon. For five miles or so, the astonishing summits of the ridge were clad in green, and the dark Disappearance as we went on and ceased altering the long

...as the jess walk in the distance.

We had to pack at the bottom of the long slope and started up the hill.
at my order. Then immediately began
the horses had been pulling well but
with long hill the big Russian horse &
my white cart pony began to behave
badly stopping every five moments &
at least required urged. To add to our
discomfort the heavy clouds which
had been gathering towards us from
the west, gave us a deluge of rain.
Thus the raindrops heavy and hard away
and I had a hard time trying to
shine on the hillside. May rain be
hand beautifully and included with the
spirit of the chase, clinging upon the
I could reach for the будут speaking
off the run away otherwise it hit
to avoid us.

The big Russian horse finally told
absolutely & refused to pull at all
our master had hard we beat fl ธ์�
him. So we had & luke and Peter
who had reached up into right hill &
had him take up the Russian boy.
They was trouble all the way
right way quilt with the Russian,
with white horse, and made rain
in wind an had a most disagreeable
kind of wet.

about five o'clock as we came
down a long hill I saw two men
far over toward the river & my dream
unL

We went inside found a sleeping bell, a Cau, my dad and a woman baby sitting
around an angle fire. It was raining
day and they made us welcome so
I curled up on a tiny bed at one
side and waited the cars. They came
in an hour we walked past
outside the yard. It was bitterly
cold raining hard but we put up
the servants tent & got our beds ready.
The boy came & slept in the wagon
& had a comfortable place after the
hard work.

To control during night and we
all ate together. The square was
large with a large chairs and the
middle two nights about 60 yards
square on grass at the side, and
several chairs at the back. On one
we was ranged the family gypsy & a
Buddhist painting. It was a strange
setting for our dinner with the
Nepalese present around us, but by
this time we had become so accustomed
to being in strange places that at half
an hour it had lost its novelty.

We went bed at nine o'clock
while it was still half light &
Friday, June 6

Thankful for a few sleeping bags, we got up at 6:30. We had a
delicious breakfast of pancakes, bacon, and eggs, and packed the car
and set off at 8 o'clock. It was a perfect day with mild winds and
sufficient sun to be pleasant. We were in the beautiful plains when
the sun followed us all day. The grass was
like velvet and the wildest flowers lined
the banks near in their first spring
leaves of verdure.

I saw a delicious crane near
a water hole, and about the banks
there were a few deer and a
few antelope, their ears wiggling
and a
big flock of cranes green had
drawn near and waved their
heads toward them, as if they were
at the approach of the cranes.

I passed a couple walking
about on the beach and set sail into
the slightest current. We were
and it was only a few feet from

1
I did not think for it was more interest-
ing in the geese but they got up beyond
range. Turning about I saw the
cranes still there, I wanted to see
in my hurry would let me shoot
down the back so took a snap shot,
even. The birds lay here it flees slowly
away. The geese never moved. It was
about 3 miles away when the mumps
proved to the ground there were
two brown spotted eggs among the
stones without the abundance of a
nest.

We picked the eggs carefully in
the humps grass and rode over to
reach a sand flat covered with
willow bushes where we could see
two cranes walking about, I
left my horse and rode toward them
which lay behind a bunch of willow
bushes. When they flew I got five
with a quick right at a left. Both men
only wounded and I had a hard time
with the bushes after the first. When
I finally killed it I drove both for
the second it was done. After hunt-
ing about for quite an hour I called
my horses and this was an acciden-
table

and squadron from the crane after
uplift to the left. It caught a
flash of ruddy as the bird rose.
among the bushes and scrambling up a slope, we came to an open place where two men in cranes crouching above my head. As the crane rose, I killed two dead men's heads with a charge of my pistol from about 20 yards. One man fell screaming about the cranes when we called back to the cattle, and dropped the lead. The boys were glad to see the band go inland. They shot them in everybody. These cranes are good eating. Afterward, as delicately planned as the men in bulletin, Fumani.

About 11 o'clock we saw a cameleer caravans approaching us from a distance. They were taking a short cut across the plains, where we had been to our road, and were driving not far in a long line behind a group of riding ababs. Only a close photo could give an understanding of the picturesque scenery of the Olooloumo plains. Three Lamas were driving in blue-yellow robes ahead, majestically. Behind, clad in crimson robes, their necks turned gracefully.
The woman, mounted on camels, was resplendent in a new head dress and the scarlet filature cap upon her head shone in the sunlight. It was a typical picture of the days of Kublai Khan! It might have been a painting from a story book of the middle ages when the Mongol court was more splendid than any the East has ever seen. Only a great artist could have painted it properly, in all its life and color.

We waited beside the road and I took a photo as they passed. Then I asked them to stop. I wanted a picture of the leader. One old man became greatly interested in me and started conversing in English with me. The old man started to ride away with them. I caught his wrist. The old man gave them cup with a laugh. He just talked with me and a joke but he started the question again.
rode near the leaders, but we were
had robbed it of its picturesqueness
ever since added a note of contrast. The
old man who had become accustomed to
drinking from a tin can, noticed this and
began to laugh. The men with the
horses, however, seemed quite affected
with it. Some of them were quite uncom
cerned by the horses and cows affected
as we came into the great land of
night.

All the afternoon we continued along
the river valley sometimes skirting
the hills, sometimes along the river,
and sometimes up the river. The
hills were very high and the valley
down in a windless place. The
horses had joined each other and
were quite content. The men who
had been offered the opportunity to
stay with the horses or to stay with
the load, had chosen to stay with the
horses and the load.
would be willing to swap horses. He agreed and we let the bay pony, price the cart over two or three bad hills to be turned further. He seemed like a fine little fellow & we gave the horse to the white horse. I really got the better of the trade for when the

horse has been out in the sun

for a few weeks he will undoubtedly be a good animal. But we needed

a horse who could do his work well and both of us were satisfied with our bargain. It was a bit of good

luck picking a cart horse at the

proper moment for they are

hard to get even in the market.

I had been anxiously looking

for moments but saw only one. There

were many old holes about and the

wheels that evidently cleaned

them all out of the country. This

is a favorite route camping

ground & naturally all the game

thus been killed by the natives.

We saw a number of flocks of

several geese, roosting on the sand bars

& quacking about in the water. They

are beautiful big fellows, with a kind

brown mark from the back of the neck

good deal of down on the feet. They

were not very wild and at kill or with
very short gun by sledding off my horse, & walking whilst the horses walked. & of course went towards the flock. All the boys are so accustomed to seeing the natives on horse back than they say little attention to a mounted man. But a man on foot would hardly flock off after a flock. Cranwren re- umered then but the air I had killed a little annoying even when needed for just as present and I did not shoot any more. Mostly the eagle & the snipe finding in the reed & even very scarce the cur & leaf were a -magpie which was putting near it. The leaf best suited the nest and swam. And the cur would stand as it waded & float about after the leaf back & forth which helps just as much as a The magpie was dark & very loose as they fluttered straight, shattering the air with songs. At 6 or 7 am came another gull. It was a beautiful little green plum spread out & fringed. It had been wading & made an ideal compass and so pitched our tents that all everything half an hour. I put out about a trap on the willows & caught a minnow.
It was a very warm day but heavy clouds began to gather before we left camp. We caught 3 more Mules, but he said no mammals at all.

We had a series of different hills which, at noon, we left camp and did not pass its last line but 11/2 m. A strong wind blew up about 9 o'clock and poured rain all night at times. After leaving the hills we came to a large plain surrounded with rolling badlands by grass covered ridge. There was a deep marsh yards at a little wooden temple, it was evidently a permanent winter grazing ground. Many sheep, a few cattle were scattered over the plain. A much larger sign (red) had no mammals.

After leaving we struck a long stretch of sand which cut across the plain. On the way it was difficult going. The heavy wind and rain equalled made it so disagreeable that we occupied at 11:30. In the plain we saw a hundred or more demurely cranes and my grey crane. I also shot two currawongs and two many pipirrings.
Sunday June 2

Get away from camp at 6:30. The road continued through a country country with hills to the south (left) and a sparsy place at the right through which ran the river. A monotonous country but good grazing on the plains and many herds of sheep. Cattle. Turf, irrigated fowl, and this as made entirely responsible for the lack of game. During the winter the Mangiyo camp on the valley and kill off all the animals of every sort. There seldom was a plain country with such a total absence of wild animal life. It was a monotonous day for there was no chance of shortening and no caravans passed us. Fare for an occasional Mongol herder or wanderer were the only persons on the road. When our Mongols appeared they would ride with me for a short distance and then happened to be stopping they would get down and make aff; the Mongols seemed like a wonderfully hospitable race and their frank and good nature make one feel that they are very
appealing and in pleasing contrast to the Chumash. They are lazy to a degree, however, except in much work that can be done on a horse. They make good servants for they will not exert themselves unless slightest work can be avoided. A Mungo might make an excellent cook if one gave him a horse to ride about in the kitchen.

They love such work as herding as they need not be off a horse and they certainly know how to handle animals. In place of the lasso used by our western cow boys the Mungos have a slender rope about 2 feet long with a running noose fastened at the end. With this they swing out a horse from the herd, deflect the horse over his head, they lie back in the saddle and pull giving a twist to the rope now and then to tighten up therope.

About 200 the Shoshone another "Peter the Great," gave up a distinctly refused to pull his lord. We to the greater chieftain pony made to see if he would work in the earth. It was an educator & see if Mungo go about it. The pony was frightend.
when he was but near the cart on the
Mongol hobbled down to their feet.
Then, raising a cry about his hind
quarters he turned him supple on
their into the shafts, then forcing the
frail to the cart as far as the startled
hind gave, and at first the pony
back to which placing him on the
reined down. Then the Mongol
broke of the hind hobbled, and later
out of the front feet. The animal
pulled fairly well after a hour
at the Mongol round the cart.
waited on for an hour more with
the Mongol and of a road or of parts
for a hour to rest the ridge on the
about the road and to lead to join
the Mongol on it walked all right when
I knew crossing three that when it
attempted to climb on the cart
the little heart disintegrated out
and after the minutes succeeded
and causing the front of the cart.
The Mongol of it returned at this juncture
went to the and the pony on the horse
too frightened to be of further use.
I went down to the main camp
beside some good. At was with
that on the we would need another horse
of we were go on the Mongol rode
and see what could be done.
About ten o'clock he came in with a stock of hay

Moody bringing a white horse. He said that

suspicion of having been used to pull a
cart and so we hitched him up. We

named Casim at first but the captain said

he'd do as we both him at first.

The white horse did well after a few prelimi-
nary jumps, etc., and appears to be a

strong animal. He never bears a
ground in the valley

ground in the valley but far over to the

south with the line 2 or 3 miles to the

north. After tapping the rows covering

corn toward the road and we continued

not far forward all day. The wind
dropped and the road was hard

of pine, as at times we saw a

family large towns on the north

bank of the river, with several large

temples and distinctly ornamented

by the full-box "houses" of the farms.

Springs were scattered along the

hillsides and it made a most picturesque

effect.

A little above the town the road

designed crossing southwest

toward the hills. At this point it entered

the Tula valley a cross the river. We

camped at 7.30 beside a sprout


tree in expected to get information

onsite further north.

up at this time the only animal,
Thurs.
June 10

We have seen many marked places and undertakings. They seem to be filled of everything during the winter.

I cannot think of the months of June and July

as the boys have in the old days.

The sound of the rain in the distance

and the wind is Annie's. A high, strong wind

in the wind that is considered any
tow. One small tent is a windmill.

We learned that there was no rain in
our rooms for two days, and afterward it was snowing and was

ina way to make a long detour that we should have in the country without rain or
carcades.

The gentlemen continued this valley

and the fact that it would require 10 or 12 days more before we would reach the Indian Kahn's place decided us a return, in other places from it was necessary to empty tents and travel light and use every means for collecting speciments; it was a hard decision to make but was the only thing to be done. Then people who had looked at all these sights had a few
dragments, such as this.
and they would get a different idea.

Sometimes I wish to be able to sit in
front of my own camp fire and have
nothing about making good. It takes
all the pleasure out of life when
information which is not carried leads
one into wasting time and money!

At 8:30 a.m. we started back with
heavy hearts, a careful at 4 p.m. at
the ford when we had arrived yesterday.
On the way I shot a red-tail female
duck, shoulders. These ducks are
breeding here as are the ruddy shell
ducks. There are many of the latter
in pairs. They are very tame. Also
a good many ruddy geese in pairs,
but they are probably not breeding.

Dromesole cranes are everywhere
in Paris. Yesterday we watched
two cranes across the river walking
about feeding. At least one of them
probably the female, quietly settled
down, undoubtedly upon her eggs
while the male continued walking
about not far away.

Towings are bustling and active
when coming at 6 a.m. morning,
the pretty birds flying about
about overhead in thick clouds
believing that their eggs must
be near by.
The second day from Valley to start a female vulture with my rifle, but this is the only one we have seen. Female vultures frequent the place and today we saw a manuver of black capped cormorants mountain. We have a horse with yellowed legs and vultures are plentiful. Also, the block flute vultures, I saw two small ducks today - just a lead but I could not actually identify them.

Yesterday I saw several camel raisins with a camel cart loaded with supplies. They seem more families moving their belonging from the winter camp along the river to other grazing grounds for the summer. Since the camel cart were full, I could not wait and felt like a little house on wheels.

Last night we camped in a hill or up some in the sun and it was a beautiful camp and a perfect night. The moon was a full moon. The whole western sky being flooded with beautiful light after left the road, we continued on our
does along the river. Asked a few
Blemi gans, the only one we have seen.
as far also a flesh of red-headed ducks alight
in a flock and I got one of them, we
saw during the day probably 15 or sixty
shell ducks. They were usually very
pains and accordingly cream, let them
was some variation to put very open.
Their beautiful necks Prattles black
wings & white heads show with
shooting violets against the green
grass. The birds are all feeding
and show such misfortune very
often when we approach them, next
that their heads must be near by.
They are in a very little pond and
the land banks of surrounding pieces
of less often so the river itself - so
watches them feeding early in the mor-
presed to see them "roaring" exactly
like a small bird.

On the P.M. I shot a very nice
saw a great or this the end of
a fine large grove, very straight tree.
beau grand, the back is back from
the wings very light as a current.
The breasts is things with long black or
as much anyman alway the face black.
Down the back of the neck is a green
brown, much white. The neck is black
dall very sour - later.

I have seen several my friends
all in flocks. Many egrets, gulls and cormorants, suddenly with nets of string around the hollows gaining their places, a gull just above our heads giving their jeers not. In the rain we headed a hard fight down the river with the bird on the current and a mill wheel, we camped at 8 P.M.

Thur. June 12
Both days were beautiful with sun 7 rain and the P.M. We rode along by the river fishing as we went.

Fri. June 13
The days were unsuccessful. Efforts were made ahead of the cards and arrived at Megadathorn. We went to Anderson, Byers' place and put up with Mrs. Algernon Byers. We met all kinds & nothing glad by a tail or two.

Sat. June 14

Sunday June 15
Hann have been all day packing & getting ready for an early start tomorrow. Bought the world's healths, sugar and more than 400 fancy's. Hid the main & the dinner. He lives for the moment but a great on the hillside overlooking the city.
Monday, June 16th

After 7 a.m., we traveled up the valley and running off in the Kalgan road. Lots of water from recent rains. Every p.m. rains hard, but in a.m. today was beautiful & all the warm sunshines & rains - at the Russian bridge across the Tula saw a pair of Chinese geese & young - it red hens would only leave the grounds when we were a few feet away - I said to Pilsen, that if a Russian in a cart frightened them, laugh & young, wonderful how they would hire a man stronger than a work reed & could run nearly as fast as we and could. There are funny little fellows covered with plane green down. Had supper at bridge & went in Paris went on down the valley & struck across the hills - Beautiful with fern clad slopes of Perzkornval from right to rolling hills in the left - same print men but 2-3 miles from bridge - cattle started & night fell. We came at 5 & 30 beside a little pond - Olsen's pond was part of hill drinking (of) with its horse. Young - dark - little fellows could drink & run like old men after only a few days old - beautiful night.
Tuesday June 17

At this camp we saw several of these

cattle up with long tails on which

I had obtained on the way up. They
appeared about 6 miles before reached

these camps (42 miles from Olga). The

cattle were of very black and were of

very restricted area. They were

inhabitants but scattered through much

considerable distance as from each other.

We had a magnificent day with a

brilliant sun and clear weather which kept

its time being the20 or 30 northerly winds.

We wandered about and saw

many sights and it did not seem to be able
to get the right to shooting accurately. Now I

wish I had my Mauser在家里!

At two o'clock we climbed over the last

long hill and came upon the plateau. From

its summit the view was wonderful over

that a bright gleam of sun was flashing in

the sunlit road away to the right tucked

away among the hills lay a little temple

surrounded by a cluster of pines which

in the distance stood like green beacon on the

summit.

Our campfire was ahead. It seemed that

this was the last water for 35 miles, so

we propose to camp a little farther and up the

plain, away from the springs. It was

a beautiful sight to see the hills rolling

away that other side. How we rode the
plain stretching away in front much the same
cut in half by the whole line of the road
when the tents were up. With the
through cord and away with a bag of
steel traps & set for marmots, working
300 yards of camp we saw a few
ourselves when they had disappeared
into the holes, we carefully put a trap
in place & anchored it with care
from being jerked, I did not dare put in
a drag for it had our branches & a
stick could have been pulled out of
the whole I couldn’t then rang the two tami-
drums out and with a bag of modern
traps & set where they could find. We
finished our work at seven o’clock
while the sun was still high and came
on to dinner. We even had tried for
setting steel traps as not an easy job.
We had eighteen out and in different places.
After dinner we went to the entrance to the
tent, where we could look out on
the vibrant green

It was a perfect night without a breath
of wind and with a golden light flooding
all the plain.

At 7:30 after a smoke over our coffee,
we went out with the traps to see which
they had placed their traps. We found
many 500-foot tunnels came to the
animals in a trap. Also, Yvette
discovered an equal number of traps
snagged halfway into a hole, with a
baby mountain cat toys caught. It was
a bit fearful to know that the long
coiled wire of yellow-white fur
was turned in at a total cease.

This morning before we moved up the
Mogul came into the tent, so I told
you that a mountain cat was in one of our traps.
We went to the place but found that the animal had
put its head into one of the traps.
While it was renting the trap, the
mountain cat was motionless. I could see the
silhouette of a mound and the
distress of a man.

We had a trap there 36
enough he was fast in a big double
spring trap, but the right one broke. He was
well down in the hole, half around a
curving it into every corner of my
silhouette. The drag began, our dog
knew that an animal of its size
could be so strong. He was huge

Almost in the same place, with
his mouth, his lips, his jaws,

After we had gone away, one trap
was completely had a female, a
from other traps were opened to release
a heavy double spring. We'd released
animals and the single spring noon

by was practically about when she

would result the hogs and discovered

bip baby marmots playing in the grass

on top of a mound. Unfortunately

I had not taken my gun and could not

gather so much with breakfast.

Here I came had caught two marmots

to a beautiful Kangaroo rat. Pinnip
The animal had a 7½-inch tail riding

in a tuft of black hairs like the poachers

on my arrows. It is enormous ears and

long legs with the tiny front legs giving

an extraordinary appearance exactly

like that of a diminutive kangaroo. The

gray fur is long exceedingly soft while

its belly is pure white. Some trimmings

told us that their usual range of them

in that hill near to Townsend.

After breakfast if, the boys went and several

more girls got and another male

marmot. I also saw the young again

and she must have with the gun. Six little

fellows were playing about like children

on tops of a grassy mound about the area.

They looked like little balls of yellow fur

and were the easiest prey and as they

slid in the green grass. I thought

considerable amount of rippling their play but

at had I heard any heart of the day.
we needed specimens for a family group in the museum. I got two with the first shot and there was no time for a second. So they disappeared like a flash.

The mammals were just beginning to lose the fluffy yellow fur with which they emerge from their holes in the spring. The type of the blown ones was drawn from their common ancestors and traces the early influence on the fur.

The mammals appear dangerous and are they hideous. Their bodies have a curious eight to ten attitudes. When moving they seem to move with a rush. They open up the ground with ease and sometimes sight of ten entrances to the main tunnels. These tunnels are always covered with fresh green grass which is conspicuous on the surrounding plains. The grass is very green. We caught a fine kangaroo rat before having a hard time inside a new mouse trap. We got two more before leaving the day. The next day little mice Unfortunately a dog stole the three large mouse skins from under the tent at night.

Today we had a hundred kangaroo rats and a great deal of plain and delicious fruit. We sat a good long time outside and enjoyed three hours. While we visited another
I saw a large bird running along the ground a considerable distance to the right.
Rushing towards it, it suddenly disappeared to the ground and swallowed it whole. We were not more than twenty feet away when it saw a singing bird singing around it, what appeared like a sort. Focusing more closely, it was a small yellow plattered bird in the short grass with its neck outstretched. Then the bird saw we had discovered the group and ran slowly away.
I fired at him with a .39 caliber and it hit the bird and fell off, of the accidentally a female version. These birds had a nest weaving for nesting nests, and we could not see it for mice there. Hiding for nesting nests are constitutionally weird and will not allow a mouse more than 10

days to move a large fear and managed to conceal activity of completely unforeseen gry in a remarkable company.

February 17, 1920

This past was fairly easy
The country got easier at about 7:30 and if we walked to the hills to the east. The road went along the summits and the hope that we might see antelope. Someone had told us that the plains we had crossed the day before were the front place where we might reasonably expect to see antelope, and indeed our horses had seen 2 of running across.
The wind on the late afternoon while we were away. The hills were draped with snow, and the sun shone upon them in a way that made the sky look bright and clear.

As we continued our journey, we came upon a valley that was surrounded by mountains. The valley was filled with green grass and wildflowers, and there were small streams running through it.

We continued our journey, and as we approached the mountains, we saw a group of animals grazing in the valley. We stopped and watched them, and I could see that they were enjoying the fresh air and sunshine.

As we continued our journey, we saw more animals, and we could hear the sound of their hooves. We rode along for a few miles, and then we came upon a small village. We dismounted and entered the village, and I could see that the people were happy to see us.

We spent the night in the village, and the next morning we rode on. We continued our journey, and as we rode, I could see that the mountains were getting closer. We rode for a few miles, and then we came upon a small stream. We dismounted and drank some water, and then we continued our journey.
simply moving figures might have startled them enough to put them on the alert. When we had passed beyond their sight I shook up the reins on the Carthian Kalmi's neck and we swung around at full gallop under the protection of the hill crest. In a short time I had reached a point beyond where I could count over the hill top for a look with the glasses, but the antelope were now where I had sighted it galloped on for a quarter of a mile, and leaving my horse I went over the mound on foot. On the hill, resting my sight in its search I was almost satisfied for I suddenly came upon a group of animals directly in front of us 200 yards away. I dropped flat to the ground and flattened out on the grass, but the animals nearest had seen me moving and ran my way back to the horses for when I reached again on the hill top they had reached a hundred yards eastward and were running down the valley; and as they ran up the houses almost unseen the valley I fired until they ran but did not get the range from they were nearly 200 yards away.

In the brush turned to the opposite hill side and almost driven by my horses as I turned to the houses I followed and mounted and watched them rather intently...
Suddenly from the antelope detached themselves from the main herd and
started down the valley toward the side we were on. When we saw that
they were really well started in one direction we three runners with
the two saddles and dashed forward and cut
them off. Almost immediately the antelope
increased their speed and simply flew
with the wind.

Doljed a Yurtil dropped to her
side. She took the reins and Kurban Khan
would already sense the antelope and
when Dolked brought his head he flattened
out more. I felt a bullet had hit him in the
rear of his body with the
long smooth round standing up. As
stings I watched for the shooter
was not too
I held my steed crowding him and the horse
was running me a close second, hardly dusty
behind.

I saw a woman with a frail
frame but covered with it in a
flash another green jacket and
I knew concealed a death trap or was about to be attacked; I swung my hank to the right. Another animal followed and the horse was watching like a cat a leaped and stepped on every danger point. The antelope was well up the hill, strung out in a line almost across our path. It was the final attraction which seemed to draw them irresistibly in a semi-circle around the persceiver. We had made a magnificent run and they were not more than 200 yards away when I pulled in my horse. As it swerved off with my left hand and I drew the rifle from its scabbard and commenced action. The first shot struck low and behind but at range of the second the rearward animal stopped and began to run weakly ahead in a circle. He was plainly hurt but had driven him twice the distance and onto a swell of ground. I had dropped my reins on the ground when I began to shoot I emptied had my long-junged rifle and the saddle. We tore after the wounded antelope. He was not to be seen when we turned the Rose but I saw a nut of T. That was the antelope far away to the left running down hill. I had gone a hundred yards before I discovered that it was a moment. I was just slowing up
why I heard Kutlu screaming frantically behind me and a car was heading at
full speed to the left where the animal
was lying down. I saw the animal
was not dead enough to be certain
she let me come up and I summoned
freedom up the animal should run.
That was just me more cheap in my
pocket so his some emptiness was
the last chance to get the animal.
I fired again at 11:45 as the animal
ruled over head.

I waited for Kutlu to get back on, then walked
up to the beautiful orange mangoes from
laying in the green grass. We both saw
its horns at the caribbean instant, hugged
each other in delight for we had not
known it was a Bush. At their turn
in the year the bucks are usually alone
and to one will seldom be found
with the does except in the largest herds.
This one was our first summer
pelage; its new brain of the young new
whitewalked Kutlu Khan's head about and
he held the back and strapped it behind the
saddle. He watched proceedings intently
but without a tremor and when I
informed him started off, but he paid out
the slightest attention to what was happening
on his hands. With every process it
whelm.
would stand for the big Kukulčik hunter, so completly with the spirit of the hunt that he never
seemed to mind what I do except to approach
him from the rear with my gun. They
always stands point off to sides of me and
frightened him unintentionally by jerking him in
the hip. Many times would he never stand
unless they are bright and Kukulčik is
good exception to that rule. 20 feet stretches
him while I shot at. The shooting itself is
from him to all others him as more than
as the it was a hugging fly.
While I jogged along with the antelope
I galloped down the valley to stop the
honk when we could camp at
the nearest water. We were both thrilled with
the excitement of the hunt and happy beyond
measure. I have had many kinds of hunting
but now which compares with this. Hunting
antelope from a water can is exciting for
the moment but it is not sport. The animals
don't have a sporting chance for unless
the ground is rough and can be certain
of coming up to within yard range.
But from book it is a different
matter. The antelope can run before
fist as the best horse. There is always
the minimal possibility of even possibility
that your life may be cut short.

I had the racket this hour of
his knock & a broken metal
that.
we don't get near enough to plant. The range is always long (from 200 to 400 yards) and at a target which is simply flying. So the chances are all in favor of the antelope except for the modern long range rifle. That helps to balance the score.

But from the standpoint of pure effort, skill, and excitement there is nothing equal to wing shooting. First, what the joy of striking a good horse under track? By the way, really riding with the hunt as Kuitinga Ketiau does, it is half the game. The danger from the wild horse adds more than details to the wild thrill of excitement when one deadens the senses. It is fairly easy, to beyond words, to describe. It must be something like an old tired cavalry charge when one rides down the range at full gallop.

After miles down the river we found water a mile back on the plain. It was a deep well and we camped some distance from it. It was a women's long, hottest day. There were a half dozen squaws and a couple on the plain and their inhabitants rode over to see us during the day. A picture was often the fellow would ride up at a gallop, slide off his horse, bottle it almost with the mouth, and walk up to our tent. With a "saw" he would cut a way in the ground and usually after his cut he'd say, "I'll stay here a spell, let me find some shade."
They werecawms to a certain extent but never insignificantly or in an unpleasant manner. The
chores and menials for that matter, to smell like the device but since
there is plenty of ventilation in a tent they are not so bad. A few hours after our tents
were up the old men who occupied the
nearest point rode over to say his respects
at, in a bowl of chocolate milk and an apple
I returned a couple of packages of cigarettes
which he accepted with evident pleasure,
where they wish & enforced plastic faci
and when a person is leaning there
many places; they we have seen would put
up the thumbs. The same thing was a custom
in hump man. It is interesting to note
that in Greece the thumbs up was a feature
of a traditional contest.

At my request put out a number of masu
traps in the boughs near our tents. One
little farm marmot with an eye
was a pleasure to see his enthusiasm
and interest in the proceedings. I have
never seen a harder or more enthusiastic
worker of the way he thrust goms to mark
the traps, stepped up the boughs and kept
dent in his shoe to cover the tracks was
a delight.

It had cleared off during the P.M.
and we had a glorious sunset.
The sun did not disappear until 7.30 and
left a glorious afterglow of gold and blue. It didn't need electric lights and candles until 8 and moved for half an hour before turning to sleep.

I woke at 6 a.m. with a feeling June 21, sense of anticipation of what the day held in store for us. After breakfast I changed our troops. Four marmots ran in the bag and every trap had been either sprung or held an animal. When we the marmot had gnawed off his leg and gotten away, it was more like a small rabbit than the marmots. Only a few had gained an enormous growth of yellow fur. It was wonderful how the big marmots could hide, and if they get around a curve in the valley it is well with my rifle to drag them out. We saw at least twenty little fellows white were covered with half a foot of snow, but three before they slipped into the hole. Chen Kang caught three hamsters, pretty gray little fellows with a dark strip down the middle of the gray back and foreed feet. Also they had a marmot which is quite unlike the ordinary one at our last camp. After I had measured the small mammal I took note north east of our camp with the termu. The sun was very hot.
but it was only comfortably warm.

The plain rolled away in great
swelling undulations like the long swells
of the ocean and at every mile I stopped
for a moment to scan across the horizon
with my glasses. One would hardly believe
that the country is so rolling until
one rides over it. Almost nowhere is
it absolutely flat and at every few hundred
yards there is a depression deep enough
with an antelope.

We were only about half an hour from
camp when we suddenly came upon
a herd of antelopes at about seven hundred
yards away. They gave us instantly
all we wished in the manner of the
hand-over-hand and started looking directly
in our direction. Instantly we knew that
before we were out of sight. Then we directed
the service to ride around and unharness them
and drive them in our direction.
In the mean while we were circling about
and another cow up the hill and
try to get in front of them.

We had hardly begun to trot when we heard
a curst thud that the animals were off.
Countenance was useless now so we
put the horses into a gallop and came up
with full speed. There was the head on the
valley below and the night of an evening.
drag at full speed; with a shout to double my speed. We reached a marker on Kublai Khan's neck and we were off like the wind. I was alone beside me, hearing for once hernickname's neck.

Heading diagonally toward the bend I saw them begin turning toward me, like a herd of steel traced by a powerful magnet. On an incline, soon was a hollow repose again on its slope. I was on an abrupt rise and we could not see the horses for the antelope was already over the crest of last drawn. Our ponies took the hill with hardly a low of期待 at the summit and I saw the antelope burst just cracking across our line, 200 to 250 yards away.

I had my rifle out and held high in my right hand. Kublai raised a cannon and a step when he felt the pressure on the lever. As I tensed my arm from his back, just as the antelope was beginning to turn away from us, at the first shot I saw a spurt of dust in front swept second animal and leaving a little farther for the next shot I pulled the trigger. The antelope dropped like a piece of white paper, hit there the neck. Two other shots were missed by then the herd was out of range, so going like the wind.

Throwing myself on to my pony I galloped up to the dead antelope, cut thru a beautiful dead, without a mark or scratch upon her body except where a bright red spot where my bullet had entered her neck.
The herd had stepped half a mile away, leaving us to mark the spot where the dead animals lay in the open grass. I gave them another rein but now there was too great a distance to bring me within positive range. Kublai did not like it when I came within range with my gun and trotted off. I tried to catch him but after continuing for a short distance beyond my reach and perceiving it would be impossible to pursue to him to secure assistance, he cut through without sufficiently long to show his length. I thought as he was valuable, which was never to go out & hurt himself if it is possible not to do so. If money runs away he may be left alone miles from water with serious consequences. I think there is nothing which makes one feel more helpless than the alone in the plains, without a horse. For miles & miles there is only the rolling grass land with never a house or bend in the horizon. One feels as if one were no future to walk, so utterly useless for one's own legs carry one so slowly & such a pitifully short distance in the next vast spaces. There is no other sensation which is exactly similar. That is to be left alone in an open breast out of sight of land. There is the same feeling of utter helplessness with only one arm with which to rein. One feels so very very small with me
reduces the insignificance of part of nature we really in. When had it to amind vast mountains when I have been toiling up a peak which stretched thousands of feet above me with others just as hopelessly nearing their majestic forms on every side. Then nature seems almost alive, a thing that fought and conquered by tramp and will.

Another thing which we learned early in our life in the plains was how easy it is to love one way. Every line looks exactly like the others until in all the vast sea of land there seems never a mark to serve as a guide. after a tramp, however, there comes a day a land sense. The range have in it an extraordinaire beauty. We could lay an antelope in the plain & know it for an hour or two. With a quick glance distance be would fix the spot in his mind by one marvellous instinct and dart off with us on a chase which might carry us both forty or five circles & toward every point of the compass. When it was time to turn & return he would head invariably at that single spot on the plain and take us back as straight as an arrow. At first he used to laugh at us when we were completely lost, but gradually we learned to look the sun around, taking every hillside for a rise or ground & act as guides. But now by years of training could claim we knew
They have been removed from the plains and into the desert. The landscape has changed. The grass, trees, and water that once thrived in the area have been replaced with sand and rock. The desert is now the dominant feature of the region.

In the afternoon, we set out to find an antelope that had been reported in the area. We rode out and eventually came upon a herd of antelope. The animals were scattered across the plain, and we were able to approach them closely. It was a thrill to ride alongside these magnificent creatures.

As we moved closer, I noticed a few antelopes that wereXX

When we reached the herd, we dismounted and walked up to them. The animals were curiosity, for they were used to being around humans. We fed them and they allowed us to pet them. It was a wonderful experience to be able to connect with these beautiful creatures in their natural habitat.

After spending some time with the antelope, we mounted our horses and continued on our journey. The landscape was still barren, but the sight of the antelope made it all worthwhile. The ride was a reminder of the beauty and diversity of the natural world, and we were grateful to be able to witness it firsthand.
slowing beats to the ground. My first shot was
low to the right of the antelope, only jumped
and stared frantically in my direction. That gave me
a better opportunity and turning in another
shell, I fired again. A second went on across
the other one, with the speed of an arrow
straight away. I sent a bullet after it while
rump jolt but the shot was hopeless.

The farmer made a seat for himself on his own's
kneeling behind the saddle and with a blanket
flew, and then the antelope across his saddle
fell dead into the meadow. He turned back and
into the afternoon painting the sky

We turned back to camp
with the afternoon painting the sky
with the afterglow of the sun which painted
the sky in streaks of crimson and gold. The
night air was like a draught of wine
after the heat of the day's sun and best to
our nostrils the fragrance of the new
born grass.

Sunday,
June 2
Our always dream was an unsuccessful but fully
of expectation, we did not find antelope for
the edge of the plain where it short there last
night but they were helplessly wild. We did not
get a shot. But we make a splendid stalk however,
just what I start was a feasting antelope —

In that clean air with absolutely nothing
to see for comparison, small objects stand
out with startling distinctiveness and seem
of huge proportions. Twice after this we have
all of us mistaken mammals for antelope - a
mammal

continually mistakes its size. South, one day, mistake an
eagle for me, whom, and asked if he had
a dog, was a camel. It is the same as the

flat plain and the lack of any cover or other
project, even a tree, or a bush, for camouflage which
is responsible for the illusion. Thus we is
continually continually mistaking the distance
away which the game is while hunting. Usually our
underestimates for one's own ordinary vision
here, an antelope is visible for 1000 yards.
At 500 yards, the seems as large as he would at
1000 yards in the mountains or forest.

However, one man will misestimate the
distance because one has continually in mind
the fact that he opposite must be gauged against.
So it was with me when we did first antelope
sighting. We saw a single animal in a bushy open
area which were gauging around under cover of the one
in a suddenly came enforcing gathering in
the valley right behind us. They were really
only about 200 yards away, but with the third
interval of the usual distance, estimating
distance, it that they were probably about 1000 yards
and held a little above the one I fired. I found
the easiest shot there had on

Mangolia.

They coming away to the right while we
came around the hill to look for the men who
were originally talking. It had gained.
aded and was far away beyond range.
Following it we found several antelopes
and had some hard galloping but without
success. But now this third day did not
yield us game we must back to camp
with nothing with excitement by the hunt
and almost glad of our non-success for
it made us all the fresher for the next
two days hunts.

The men also early in the day had put out
a long line of traps the night before. They were
just for batman for the trail was very rocky
and good for small mammals. But we had
setted the plain with traps whenever there
was the slightest chance of success.

We got eight or ten hares and two
Moles. The hare are curious little
grey fellows short & chunky & almost without
a tail. They are protected from it ed
by a extraordinarily thick soft fur, and
their trap feet are covered with fur even
on the toes. They are interesting as being
survivors of the hares which
migrated into Europe from Siberia
during the Glacial period. With their
short legs this is unpossible for them
to run fast and they are easily caught
light we in my hands last night while
we were putting out the traps.

I'm one of the steel traps, which we
Labette in a manner that was very much
+ delighted to find a place in it. It was
a remarkable beautiful animal with
yellow fur. The animal

drives to the genus of animals known

I have seldom seen such an anima-
tion of fury and savagery as this animal
manifested. I could little the original
by the chimp bagman except for its small
dinged by its long slender body twisted

and with its incredible quickness, very

hair was on end, and its snarling like

face emitted horrid squawks and

spitting squawks of distemper & the curious

creeps with every inch of its body.

The fierce little beast was evidently

but a night raid after a marmot

family when our traps cut it short, one

can easily recognize what continued

of night the little one would throw

a nest of marmots compatibly smuggled

up to the night and the torch of their

burrow. Probably the barking barking

evils especial deliberate and it

would contemplate make away with

an entire family of six or eight in

a few moments & it has unpleasant

little habit of biting ears then thighs

& sucking the blood. All the wronged

family feel for its fierce joy of killing.
and it is said that they will certainly de-

populac e a town nest in a single night

if left to themselves.

We caught several marmots and it

was ten o'clock before we finally got away

from the hunt because all the animals

that I wanted were measured and marked

so that the two Chinese taxidermists

could begin work.

We decided to hunt to the west camp

and on the way to the hills we saw

what appeared to be antelope but

far from the limits, it dropped off

my pony and with the glass saw

that with antelope were hirsute.

It was our fortune getting another

male with its unmistakable hirsutel

was developed, against the one I had

that morning. It refused to stage and when

we were 15 yards away I gave a care-

ful look with the binoculars. I

could see the difference in them so

decided to take the measuring one.

At my signal, it dropped like lead

and we were disappointed to find that

it was a female. Of course the other

flew off. I gave no time for a second

shot.

Sending the fema le back to camp

with the herd we continued on to the

hills. We rejoined our party and
When we had reached the highest ridge, we stopped to take a look over the country. Almost at once I saw a herd of eighty antelope feeding on the crest of a little hill, fully a mile away. Almost until they had worked over the summit disappeared, meanwhile planning the stalk. As I could see that a shallow depression swung around on the hillside, which they had gone through when it was again in my vicinity, I galloped that side to keep in the hollow.

The creek bed, for such a vast, took just about an hour and a half to cross the same creek bed as the one in front, suddenly slipped off his horse and signed for us all to dismount. I crawled up the gentle slope and there met 200 yards away was the third, quietly fielding. Then heats were drawn in my anxiety for a shot before they developed. I fired quickly and hit him. They went down like a flash into a hole and he didn't come out until we could get over it. Of course, I only dropped on a tarp. By the time I had found two more unsuccessfully, the antelope...
was out of range. I turned my attention to the path which had fallen first in line & see it get a suddenly jump & its put a dash after the third as the weather had happened.

I ran back to the horse, took out the reins from Khedive Kars and we were off with the Same + Twinkle close behind. There is the Jaintiepe separated from the others as they moving about so that they would come nearer to us each time after them.

They ran up a hill and as we thundered up the slope we suddenly found terrace among a mass of bare rocks. It was madness to go on but the antelope were close in front of that that only was in our minds. I jumped off my pony just as Twelve dashed along side & fired twice but missed.

Off to the left we could see the tracks of his little gray pony tearing along behind the other animals. They disappeared on the hill top and we galloped after it again here. On this try we rode the Jaintiepe off his pony digging this way that close on the hill I am antelope. It was than it had returned to this
had followed. By the time we arrived it was evident that the Fana could not catch the antelope, but it just had to follow Kiskir Khan into a gully. After that, it was wonderful to see my pony twist and turn after the antelope without a touch of the rein. He knew what he was after as well as if I did and I had to watch myself to keep in the saddle when he would suddenly rise up to keep his nose behind the animal.

In a short time the antelope gave up to my horse or what I could kill all with my hand. When the Fana rejoined us we found that the little gray pony had stepped in a hole during the chase and had to climb himself, so with the antelope stuffed behind my saddle I felt moved to camp leaving him to follow.

On the way we saw a hard buck and even with the heavy animal on his saddle my gun was myself, a load which meant had been well worth taking. My gallant pony gave it a hard chase in spite of the animal and not give me a short however for it always managed to keep a riser of ground between us himself.
June 14

In the morning I went out early with a mountain goat that had been attacked by a wolf the day before. The goat carried the carcass of the animal which it was to feed on that day. The tracks, up the hill and down the valley, showed that it had been 'as a wolf, but the size was by no means fast. Therefore, we had small hopes of getting a useful animal to feed the traps and set out the poisoned carcass.

We saw a number of animals, but they were all up to their knees in the wild. We had a hard day's hunt, but实在 painting me for the battle was worth it. We decided to camp near a 200-foot rock car, but it was not an easy one. We got two men to lay the main under the main.

We went out to the river, but did not get away till the evening, it being impossible to get away by night after a long stay on the mountains. We set up camp near a small river, a few hundred feet from the river. We had a supply of tea, when we left the previous night. We drank the tea at the bridge at the mouth of the mountain rock.
FRIDAY
June 27

having a regan our cue, on photographing
the old man this family which pleased them
immensely, and made us camping with
a general idea of which the things
had prevented us. It was hardly above,
however, to people without a man in me
and threw it away as soon as we were
out of sight of the tents.
The day of travelling was uneventful
a rather disappointing for we had hoped
to see an antelope near enough caught sight of me.
The reason was apparent for there were
many antelopes along the way to
many kinds of sheep in these.
When there
all many mules we can be sure that
there will not be antelopes. All day we
left along the hills, through beautiful rolling
country and grassless near the 3 rabbit
we camped all night next to the
three or four points when one of the Chinese
men camped there, a supply of garden
for their care.
During the a.m. the country continued
grassless but there only after off a
land and near the road where we
had camped the last night on our
way to Moga. Almost travelling beyond
I saw a single antelope in the field
and unerringly to stalk it. Seeing that
it was useless we decided to gallop
after it and get it on our return.
was old turned beautifully and Kublai Khan simply pleased with me. The wine was served. The match was over and away when I slapped from my horse and quickly the joint buller came out square but the rush it wasn't done and waited like a rent rag.

I fastened it to under my saddle and the tendralen after the day, which were several miles ahead.

I forgot to say that in the bottom of the well when we got water there was a thick mist across the river near July. The nights have all been cold. We left our fur sleeping-bags at Ulaa but we have really needed them. While the sun is up it is very hot (about 88°) but the moment the sun is under a cloud it needs a coat and at night we have to dress up as for an arctic expedition.

In spring the extremes of temperature were very great but nothing like it is done in Mongolia. Once these flues for the tent that had been delightfully it oval in the hottest days we had been wonderfully cold under it.

When I + I had organized the cafe we started along parallel with the road for a few miles. Suddenly I saw a man tout up his boat practically driving a man, we gathered up and he ran out to
me, trembling with excitement and almost incoherent, "Too many antelope."
managed to get out "One there, too many

I justified off my pony and tied up the
saddles. Even though there were animals,
I felt that they were the same as horses.

I realized, however, that the river was far out on
the great plain, nearly two miles away. There
was no water for 16 miles. Then the men
realized there were antelope. Hundreds of
them. They were feeding quietly so to the

our

I had heard of the great herds of antelope.

I had sold myself down a mountain side which

I had at least 30 antelope. Here at least was what we had been

hunting for.

This excitement was not only winning
excitement for me, that moment on and
as I looked at my rifle to see that the magazine
was full. The sight was purely adjusted
hands were trembling in a moment I'd
totally. This was the probability of con-

cealedment for the plane was in sight

means for miles around. We had to

get away.
the main lagerdronis of animals. One must not go directly in toward meat, and must not go quickly at first. The animals see a homwader long before he sees them, of course, but as many migres are continuously galloping about, the animals will not turn off immediately.

When the animals throw up their heads when we were perhaps half a mile away and began looking at us, insensibly turning about, stamping, rummaging a few steps, try to again step at stand and us kept steadily on for perhaps a quarter of a mile. Then they make up their minds than the lager coming toward them was really imminent, and if they started in a long line, they would shunt.

Then I gave Kuthan Khan the rein, coming sharply at the night and across their course, and went more away. My jenny had seen the animals long ago, thus nervously pulling at the head throwing his head up, with ears erect anxious to the left.

When at last I gave him the word, down she gathered his legs for a tempo's flight. Forward, sown round his head, and lashed forward, putting every ounce of strength behind his flying legs. The front muscles rilled taut,DR_01, 89
but her face was as uneven as the hill had been on the ground; it had been a valley.

The only thing she could do was to sit at the table and watch the sun shining like a bright star through the window. Her hands had turned to dust and was flying back like a wind behind her head. She was the reincarnation of her own spirit, Texas with a touch of melancholy, heedless of all that was shining yellow forms before her.

It was dark in the room and she could see no more over the gables and my lamp because it was very dark. His head was so large, massive and the world was the lightest touch of my hand to guide him. He knew where she was going, what she said, and how to do it.

Perhaps four hundred thousand were flying along diagonally across our course. The remainder had scattered into groups of fifty or 100 and were going in various directions. No one was almost near enough to stop. Gaining rapidly, in another moment we would be almost on the hunt. Then they did the unexpected and suddenly changed their course, running directly away from us.

This was fatal for my hopes for my men to follow a herd of antelope as it would be to chase a herd of sheep in an automobile. Necessity is, their instincts must take over instead.
as a Togo and Karen knows, they are small
enough objects to shoot at when they are
unaware of me, gliding like the wind.
As soon as the wind turned I pulled
at my knapsack, threw myself 
my knees up. The antelope
drew unmbled in another cloud of
yellow dust that it was impossible
distinguish except for an individual
animal. I knew it was hopeless but
the temptation was irresistible. I
the magazine of my rifle, noting that
yellow cloud. Of course, I got nothing.
One section does when one hunt in mass
at a flock of birds or animals, without
sighting and a target.

The hunt went only half a mile down
again. As we hunted about we could
and untrace a number of the. The whole
plane was dotted with herds of from
10 to 50 or a group of two or three. Of
snatching a question, which are wished to

red braked my rifle again and gave the
flying a few moments rest. We broke de-
ceptibly with bounding rifles. Dropping
head seeing to avoid my own but not how
nust that the herd had escaped with
out the loss of a single animal after
his gallant effort.
We turned to another herd of antelopes between 600 or 700 yards to the south and had another run as unsuccessful as the first. Then a third and a fourth. The animals would not turn across our path but instead turned to run directly away from us after half a mile or so, and the dust cloud which enveloped them made it impossible to distinguish individual antelopes. With all it was disappointing work and we turned back to the road for more shells without discipline.

It was exhausted after the excitement of the day and I persuaded her to climb in a cart while the manguil rode her pony. Our horses were both dead tired and I expected only to keep track of individual animals and see the big herds alongside. It was almost eleven o'clock when the manguil and rode away from the road toward the west within half a mile we saw a mass of dark spots, dark against the dessinating sun, and with my glasses I saw that they were antelopes. The first herd, of just over 200, if I recall, had driven into the north bent here while at least 100 more of occurred as did all the antelopes in Manguil. We gathered at the plain for dinner.

This time we rode on our horses in order to save our steps. Finding
moment hide behind a clump of high
grass, didn't the mule in a long circle
to get behind the herd. I try to draw them
toward where I lay, after pursuing
into the accomplishment until I was well
concealed, but bringing my hat with pos
touch the herd would 'thin' the line.
They were feeding or running closely about
in a vast semi-circle for ten minutes—
then suddenly they drew together seven
of him to work. They formed a bunch
of them branched up into a moving
effort mass but a dozen smaller
bunches split off, running in all directions
except mine. One lot did start toward
me & momentarily I expected them to
come flying about my cover, as I smugly
dreamed of all night, but something stirred
them off, they passed far over to the
left.

When the mule had returned, I was
on my horse again, we decided to make
a final try for a herd. We started toward the road
They led us come within a fair distance
of the string and saw a flying line
Unfortunately they dashed to the right
and going straight until the edge of
the main which lay like a great fall
of fire on the edge of the horizon.

Kevin Shanahan got his weariness when
he said the animals flying in front of

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and with a magnificent burst of speed came
me within 20 yards. He was gaining
fast but I could not wait longer for in
another moment they would be well within
the sun. The animals were streaming past,
when a flanked shot, turned aside on.
At the first shot I heard the dull thud of a
bullet in flesh, at the second another & again
at the third. with a well of excitement the
managd hastened sang a (three) & dashed
forward. He almost hit my baing who threw
up his head & galloped off. I shouted to
the camel & watched the cantele it was
now down for good but the third raised
its head & galloped off dragging a broken hind
leg. I could not shoot for the animal
which straight into the sun & as the
managd caught my horse which was
headed for the cars. The camel it was
out of sight.

It was too late to quit at that night
for we did not know when the cars
had stopped, tracking the dead animals
on our journey we turned toward the
road. We had been riding an hour
before we made out a dark blue +
rode the guent of a white lint.

Then Mr. came running to meet
us, & we were soon at dinner. She
had had to make a controller camp for
the next well was still 7 miles aound
June 28th.

We traveled for two hours this morning without water but came upon the tanks to rest our horses and finally reached a well about two miles off the road. Three or four pumps were revolved about, and a camp with 600 mules, but camped near by, they were a fine camp, and from the drowsy rays of the sun, we could look out across the plains to the blue distance, and a moving picture of camels, horses, sheep, and cattle seeking water, even in the foreground. The day was spent resting ourselves, and horses, for the latter much needed 24 hours of idleness.

Only one tent was closer to our tent, the well. The others were scattered about within a couple of several miles. I do not understand why mules almost always plant their feet 30 feet away from water. I would support they they would slumber about the well, but in the contrary they are at some distance a considerable distance away of the immediate vicinity of the well is unoccupied.

All day long there was a continual stream of camels coming to the water—sheep, cattle, goats, sheep, camels. Hundreds of them, in flock after flock
...standing about in a dense moving herd...

while one or two hung like patient beasts
up in their full of water quenched it
with the thirsty. Old enough and old
the animals in the longheld had accumulated at that particular well. Very soon the water was so murky from the constant dippings that it was absolutely un...

The wells in the plains. The life about these wells in the plains or desert is always interesting. Here one sees all the people of the vast open spaces for they come by necessity, just as we come and

...and make our homes at home so great caravans in their long wanderings

The desert manned with tired laden camels. The huge bivouacs stood gratefully while

...twins are encumbered, for they stand in a long line patiently waiting while groups of ten or twelve are detailed

...and march through them. Then, by a majestic, orderly moving they march fanned feet, they move slowly to one side, kneel on the ground again, remain quietly chewing their cud until all the herd have joined them.

The blue or white, tents are up almost before we realize that the caravan
I have paused and given my mind over to my camping and hunting activities. Sometimes they last several days, and sometimes the tents remain up all night. The camels have gone, and the camels have vanished, most unfortunately, in the first break of day.

The camels now are nearly naked or covered with a few wisps of hair, like the beard of an ancient patriarch. Their ivory-white skin is their only covering until the new coat of early winter transforms their glowing bodies into splendid beings, with full tassled fringes and upstanding manes.

But most of all is when a camel is in full process of losing his winter hair. It is a scene to behold, a sight to see, a picture leaving great tracks being left a patchwork quilt with ragged strings from every angle of his great Unfurnished Body. Not had a long journey today but a very successful one. After 7/10, his rearing made me jump, and after a splendid run, I got a big one. A short time later, we got a second, and finally a third. This one had a broken hind leg, and my pony had a hard run to bring him in.

Then we found a young antelope from my last day's work, and finally...
And other times after various lagging or men it

Union. My gaunt and weary man dead tired from the
hard work of the early morning but when
he saw the little fellow start away like a
rabbit with its white mamma following,
he gathered himself and ran like a deer.
He caught the game off and killed it a
mile but the little fellow dodged it me
side and as it could turn was off
again as fast as ever. I started it more
quickly twice and remarks of life's joy
the scene and took off the chase again.

The little antelope was too much for
me and after a two mile chase my tired
horses had to stop. It was wonderful to
see the little fellows run and show how
nature has provided for its children in the
plains, almost as soon as they are born
the baby antelope have learned to hide
by lying flat upon the ground and
in a day or two can run as they will.
In four or five days the fastest horse
could never catch it in such hard
fear of wolves unless taken in ambush.
their brilliant eyes showing that they were things of life. I could ride up within the first and then they saw that they must certainly descend and off they went like frightened bares.

Their mothers always crouched about the spot where the foals were lying, sometimes a mile or so away but always making that particular place the center of their circle. How they went unstaying to meet for their child was just as great a scene and they would let his approach no nearer than before the young one born.

I suppose that nothing contributes more to successful antelope hunting than one's horse. Mine is a perfect horse. He has learned now what I want to do and he anticipates my slightest wish. Kublad Khan might well be proud of the magnificient beast which bears his name. I wish he had a more a whip. We may be trotting along quietly over the plain when antelope appear far away. He sometimes runs longs and then even before we see. When he draws near his neck to take my right from its scalp and suddenly his ears are up, with head erect he is pulling gently at the reins accompany to be off, always he looks from side to side until he sees the animals. When at last the antelope have begun...
to rain in earnest and there is no longer use

of giving closely, I may have to come this near

the leap into a fall run. And how that

horse can go! He seems to simply fly for he

jumps away from his strength has retraced the

long sadder leap of this with the news in

my left hand and my right in the right held

high above, I stood straight up in the crump

dele a 45 mph and talked this as Ben had

did this Arab horses.

This is a time to stop when the antelope

have almost to cross our course or when

they have begun to turn away. Then the

trigger on the gun is pulled, Jock gets

trotting & delays shooting. As soon as Jock's

heels tighten & a gentle pressure on the

reins, he opens himself as the on springs

of steps dead with perfect wind. When

I throw myself to the ground and begin

a short climb under his horse's belly I have

more attention than as this it was the stopping

of the crackers.

One of the most beautiful things is to

see him follow a waddled animal. He

tricks turns without a touch of the reins

delimitant his head. One day a

wind ran eally the ground an head of him

was off like a bullet after it. He has

clung of follow anything that runs &

would almost outbrine found the game.
Unlike most Mungo Jagers, he is very affectionate and likes to be fuddled affectionately. He will swallow his words against my cheek and as if proud as can be when he has spun a hard run. We will catch his words and know perfectly well that I am telling him he had done well.

The Mungos from mitey or fat thin braves. [These a group is something to camp them to at]" but I told and it is not an object in which to lavish affection. I do not say what a Mungo does not have affection for his horse but if he does like never shows it at least as we do. How these braves stand the terrible cold if wonder we can not understand for they are never taken under shelter. They must huddle together to warm themselves as best they can.

Today we went out in three groups which we had heard grown a Mungo. They did not look bad but we found that they could not run fast enough to keep us near and life. The did get two full grown does but it was only because it happened to be near especially good shothing for they were a long way off.

We also saw two hares. One of them
Thursday
July 1st

was digging a hole, and very partly covered
with dirt when he jumped out about
40 yards away. He should have given
me a call for in and he did appeared
over a hill nor beat sight of him.

Today we both remained in camp to
give our horses a rest for they had had
some hard days. I myself misjudged
and rode all day. It was very hot
and the sun was red; it made the shade
upon the plains, even needs a exact directly.
It is not the shade we are afraid of but the
sun is — certainly this is a country
by reasons of extreme. There has hardly
been a night wherein would neither
very comfortable in our two bags and
often in house back to get tired with all
our clothes in one dress with some
men. We find today out in the fully
precipitously wonderful as dusk as a
drink of ice cold water & a plenty many

Thursday I went out as you saw with
the many in our white charthooks. Another
brush accompanied us to take what
mean was not not want.

I got an antelope out of there which we
saw another after returning camp
a little later in our fire. Did that
Two boys had twisted legs — me a
laid my rifle across a shoulder. I saw the
first & after a hard chase when I saw the
puma could not catch it, I jumped off &
fired at 325 yards. Killed it & found it was
a fine yearling buck with horns about
3" long.

A little later we saw a large herd but
I'm not sure if I did not want to see
another yellow buck and couldn't have had more
than it was worth for the distant
bush. One can not afford to fight a horse
at the same time, I learned then
what a wonderful thing for hunting
I had in my Rambler Plan.

Thus in the camp and got away early.
July 3. We went at 6:30 a.m., after our usual
riding men and antelopes, but they
were happily wild and several hard
chases necessitated nothing for they
would not cross our hands. Instead
they ran straight away & it was
useless to follow them.

At last we found a big herd &
the, they were very wild & shot me
The last shell glanced in my right
and while it was trying to get it
sent two antelopes, detached them-
(contract from the herd & trotted straight
back half a mile of me about 100 yds.
away. They disappeared before the shell was fired. The head killed contained a fixed
ready for trench work but the head then that
the cart had not arrived. At least they
came all but one. I found my glasses
could see it for some time. Then
asked why it was so late & he
looked at me for a moment. Then
announced something as unusual as
as they had been talking Greek. After
vain attempts to understand it. I gave
up. Then I found glasses. I saw
the reason. That the boys had purchased
a sheep a few days before & were dragging
it along behind the cart. Half
the sheep was in the ground. The
license (the priest himself must have
been1) had convinced the Ayurvedian Chinese
would not even try it in the cart.
They have absolutely no sense of
pity and laugh at almost every case.
Its condition, if I had heard that
worship would go by the cart at
me or they could fail of. They
were adopted. After I found we shot a young
child at almost 200 yrs. It
would have as well as any old
one sent. It was only 35 yrs.
old. The last fellow was
wounding after hitting with only one eye after
their bodies are so very small, I got this near the first shot was very pleasant and with myself, a little later I advised some antelopes running diagonally towards us, we had had several bad runs after some animals but they had all been so small that I had decided not to chase any more. But I had not reckoned with Khublai Khan and when he saw the antelope in front of him he cocked his ears and threw his head about so vigorously that I let him go. He was off like a flash when I closed the reins and we had a magnificent run. I saw in the antelope would soon disappear behind a bank of ground and I jumped off to shoot him. As the third arrow hit the animal disappeared and I could not see what was the effect of my shot. But I heard the third hit the wall of his flesh and knew that the animal was shot. Jumping on Khublai Khan I galloped over the ridge and found the animal about dead, shot through the heart. It was a prime young antelope and we were very pleased to see such an animal in the distance and knew that water must be nearby. But when we reached them we found they were 2 miles from the nearest well which was the one we were making for. The next day we made good the distance.
Friday, July 14

Our camp arrived at 10 a.m. on a north of ground a hundred yards from the well. It was raining hard when we arrived and there was no possibility of hunting. In some funny little patches had stayed during the night and it kept the same shins. I found them all day. The rain continued with intermittent flashes of sunlight and we stayed in camp all day. I got some more for beef, canned, and I added to the well. We drank our catch and a lot of wine. After which, nothing went a haun. A herd of 20 and had a fine run. But one in with leg and my two ran down. I knew it at half an hour later. Got another from square head which had run me. After this we saw many antelope with half a dozen head gaffes, but they were all very well. We got two animals. I send my young children running with 2 feather. The first time we have seen them fighting. The lumber we could get and-
as the old ones. Returned to camp at 2 P.M., saw a number of some ground
ant in pans of we flock of about 15.
at all time camp with the first one
after leaving Moga have seen many
eagles & ravens. The processor are very tame
and Id m a telephine Just make certain
put by within a few yards of them. The
ravens are known as the "moguls coffee"
because they feed on dead humans. They are huge fellows with a breast naked
which reminds much like "corax".

One day on the plains the fama old jackal
died mungul partly eaten. He was lying
beside the body was of an open earthy
and Ibrahim which the man had
died alone or had been left there by the
animals of a expeditions had been
march away. This custom of leaving
the dead on the plains to be eaten by various
dogs or ravens is one of the most extra-
ordinary customs of nature which
that I have seen thus. The body is cons
iderably and the life has departed,
and as though would touch a dead
corpse or it remains unless it is
absolutely disfigured. Were it known
that I had packed away among my
collections the 17 mungul skins which
I found obtained where we first came
to Moga it would be astonishing.
Sunday, January 9th

We camped early and started both forand. We found the sand hills but not up and told us to move. We set up camp and slept there. We had emerald green water and the blue gular patch coopers and they had flown away a short time before and the 3 were alone. He was sitting there like a turkey cock, when all the others, with wings drooping and tail spread we were disappointed, the bullet testifying nately that he was useless as a specimen. He was a little smaller than the mcCotman kill and just over weighted about 21 lbs.

We camped at night at the arroyo where we spent 6 days (Canyon) there nestled by the red mangle this family, it was a wonderful evening and I shall never forget the place or quiet of the plains.

On the way up we caught two young deserticel cranes. We saw the parents running along in the corteau amongst them. Kept as we approached the evening
butts disappeared. Keeping my eyes on the spot where they fell, I went over to one of the bushes and got a good look at them. I picked them up and brought them and the game packets to the camp. They were most remarkable birds; their bodies were covered with gray down, their heads with yellowish down. They gave them a bald appearance and with their black slanting eyes, leant like turkeys to their men and looked like turkeys. I named them Oscar & Clarence but they didn't take me very well. Clarence died two days later. Oscar fell off the cart & was lost the same next afternoon. They would eat soft ice & cornmeal & would have made delightful little pets. Clarence was intrinsically smaller than Oscar & is usually the case with turkeys. We found numerous nests with young turkeys, which have been hatched at Verde. We decided the birds got away this am. We rode over the hilly region & from the conspicuous ground, we saw a lot of antelope but only a few were as high & I even shot all the time. When I had them down & took
yards, I could not seem to get on.

I returned to the cart of Tiffan
and was very much surprised
with the crowd because my own
brother had seen a wild cow
after they started out.

Tiffan had a well and the 3 in.

The great plain was covered
and gray all the way with fire
and there was an old car who
was traveling across the desert.

The cowboys were rather fortunate
in having a horse for usually they
carry their own things on the end
of a pole or a small amber barrel.

They go to work in the gold mines
on the Sierran range. That a
life a few days after day across the
desert in a small cart pushing
the long miles ahead of them, but they
are all they can rely on down in the
tarplains with no kind of shelter to
protect them from the cruel winds
and rains. It is a wonderful experience
in the presence of the Indians and their

timeliness that few novices could

Two

July 8

We made camp at Tiffan and the
temple when we started the next day
from Unga. Set out on a long march. 

110
July 9

trap (1.25), with hundreds caught only in minutes. They were hundreds of bears but strangely enough few criminals. Kangaroo rats were said to be plentiful but no caught.

We started late, had a long march camping on the Wasek village after the valley which leads out. The valley, it had rained hard much uplift day & own camp at night was not dry but we soon made ourselves comfortable.

In the a.m. there was still rain & it was 2 a.m. very cold but about 10 a.m. the sun came out. At the Russian bridge the axe on me & our cards hadn't & had to leave out at sunset & go on with our things filled. Other times we had a different train getting into Stega & the little stinkhounds which besotted my cart of the beautiful valley, just east of Stega with a sulfur & moaning creatures.

On the banks of the largest there was a picturesque arrangement. Fruits were piled millet plain & hundreds of cats were drawn up in an orderly array while the dogs crowded round around...
the meadows or day splendidly cheming
their caps about their back. From
afternoon adventure spirits and
taking their canaries seems, we
watched a hundred or more canaries
ship majestically with the brown
waters only to be tossed together in a
classic yellow match when they
attacked by the full force of the current
studs them. All their dignity fled
of they became merely frightened
mountains of flesh bent a chance of
waving withs & quickly straightening
elves.
Then we saw a cast of dower cail
ems & sally reach the other bank
at head out with kublai & then went
work for the cails. Feeding the fore
start, it took it sally shuning the other
came on mutual mishaps.
We went to Enni Mio-cha-chen
& Illiga after a call on Loven.
And what a place to start! All
the gardens are thrashing well, the
hours more green with vegetables
& open mirror of what we could
want to serve and meat clint of the
plains.
They were wonderful dishes
not fellows the smallest I have
ever tasted & tender summer but
Our right soot, with abundance of rain, was all the growth is very rapid. This is a marvellous field for much gardening. All of us in the Household of the Church for of course the simple will do nothing of the sort. Any sort of work which takes time off his hand is taboo to a man right. As Tanner wrote, "A man could make an excellent cork if you could give him a heart to hide about under kitchen"

when we reached went where about a different town we found from the one we had left. The second main street was a narrow one, every building was a mass of liquid mud or else a front of skin. There seemed hardly an inch of dry land and progress except in water and by the quantum.

We made camps in a kind of fresh green and a few hundred of steps from "God's Brother's House," also below us on the flat and a Tula Ruin that was worth while, which quite tens gave a spirit of openness. In that farmland many empty houses are scant from a great outside the city as we not return there whereas the cold of winter draws winter in.
When we were here before Mr. F. took us to visit the Minister of Finance. We
entered a narrow hall of much splendour
and made our way into the large hall over looking the city. We then had
his official dwelling and an ordinary
guest. It was rather a surprise to
find him there for we had pictured
the private apartments of the by the larger
homes of the city. He was a fat red
man, his short cropped hair flecked
with gray, and dressed in a very dirty
green of old. He gave him his best
lives and a motor car but whether or
not he was properly impressed we could
not tell for his round face was changed
at our presence, with little look of expression.

I found that 0. lens had sent a bundle
made for us by a hanger but we never
got it. Probably it is in the way to
Bolgar and we may receive it some
future time — or not at all.

In the succeeding two days we had
spent in begging for food and been
with work at packing photographs. Our
stuff was all taken to Anderson Mc
good's place and then the kindness of Mr.
\[ 0. lens \] we made for with his house
and dinner.
Eggs, flour, etc. Cigars, 25.00 - 75.00
July 16 Left early for trip to Tschelchen River. Duke from Yangstien had given me a letter to a hundred men. I turned my name. We reached the Tschelchen River Friction and when about 6 miles from Hsien Tchung turned north up another valley caringly from Tschelchen River. The going was bad for the road was filled with stones, but the scenery was beautiful. The hills-morning hills were covered with patches of green. The valley was full of deer. The whole country had a brokenly hilly aspect. I could hardly have been more unlike the region immediately south of Hsien Tchung, which I had recently passed. Made from hanged legs helped me. Also red that two large gorillas with grey spritlled rocks in front of them were quite a surprise to find them here.

Camped at night beside stream.

July 17 After that, about 9 a.m. we reached a camp at the barren and called Darrat. The place looked absolutely uninhabited. But after dinner we arranged to camp in a place which linked the least dangerous. We got water better than we had anticipated and were all refreshed with much water.
Our troubles really began to
at 6 a.m. I awoke and
before I could cross the narrow
street next to our house which led straight
up at a tremendous speed, inclines
was steering with wet and slippery
as a ball room floor. We got the
car up a short way and then they
could get no further. The only way
was to take it apart separately
with the horses. There was a hard
road to get the two animals out
which. First we would jog and
then the other four would pull it
could not even the brake would
man a plunge or cause the devil
generally. At last we got two
up in the big Persian horse
wouldn't budge. The man we was
promised the less he'd do. Only take
up the street car and would none place
at all. He is a rotten animal!
He has a 'yellow' check all down his
back. The current line is a bit of
hard work to do. He absolutely of course
will not make the slightest attempt
around his head. What a quitter
in man or beast. This animal
is a quitter clean done.

After 3 hours of terribly hard work
we grope the earth all over the hard
Then at first our nerves were

stirred, but they had only begun.

With the first signs of trouble,

snaps that it seemed there would be

certain disaster. Nevertheless they

were not done successfully and

the road was treacherous slipping. Then

was a nasty turn half way down.

The two small grades quickly set

in on the sides and slid down tugging

themselves against the cants. Then

came the tuned up the big Russian horse

of my father. As usual, all the men,

of course, with us, were

at work. I held on as

best I could and

the wheel of the buggy to push up

it. There was a roadside place we had to go up a

road, and it was

in the middle well

toward a tree. It was a

nearly place we had to go up a

road, and it was

Sudden it saw that the cals were

safely going over. I yelled and they

jumped just in time. The cals went

over, and we turned crash and mired

both them Toby by a hair's breadth, as

I got up and dealt the most unceasing

overthrough Kang who was frightened

deathly. He fell with white and streaming

with tears all over he was furiously
safe on the up side. Then was no hurt but badly scared.

In got the horse and by the shafts but smelled I wasn't bell an animal and did treat me. The god husking mule could have scared but was not much danger as he had just put him half his strength.

By a miracle thinking it cast run the things in a new hunter except for a few eggs. I got down the ramadder to the hill without accident but the road with a fairly steep ascent over another shoulder before descending into the valley. I got the horses got could get into dress up because the ground was a mass of slippery mud. That meant my halter was useless. Hushing up two horses death cast of the struggle to get them to pull together. Think the Russian have completed this day's work. Fragmentary trouble by not getting to pull to which I was

Heard the sound of the hill with a sudden rush. How I should have heard hurled. That am not.

As last we got the two horses to pull it up, but one will all
well with exhausted men we had had 

A pull at stream water wheels & help 

the horses.

we all started with them with rain & mud & as it was 

the rain & mud of the road was in the middle of the 

road that was a wash of mud.

But we got over the track & 

after the mud was high the best 

and easiest by not getting off 

them once we had camp made.

The road we had crossed (Dr. int) was 

heavily forested with spruce trees 
metal hard wood & the road 

led down through this dense wood 

into a deep valley. At the bottom 

was a rushing torrent now swollen 

5 miles in size & usually a 

small but stream. Below the 

road the bottom of the valley there 

were few trees left a rough & low 

hills thicker for the ground was

mud with mires & grass all 

not like a great of pines. Further 

in the main valley we could see 

a larger rising but it did not rise so 

that it was the Tangle.

That is was the Tangle.
Friday July 18

I had a terribly hard morning. We woke up to a heavy rain and started going over the hills and valleys. We had to start at the right place, but the rain made it difficult. We finally decided to stay at the same place for the night. We set up camp and had a nice meal beside a tent. We broke camp and started out. We had a very rough time, but the mountains were not as high as we thought. The rain made it difficult, but we made it to the summit. We were all wet and cold, but we continued on. We camped for the night and started on.
explore. We found that the river tended
to make a large island near here.
We crossed the first branch successfully.
The river was very swift on the first
and that we could get the carts
across. We found a small log
stump and a log house in the center
of the island and all decided
we could guide our way across the 2nd
branch. On the run but decided
to camp on the island.

We got the carts across successfully
and pushed back. Just then
we heard a noise and it was a line
of multicolored horses and human
on the run. I hid behind us. They
headed our way and found that
they were the others. It's true, and
nobody had had vision of
There was a fauna among the
drummers and we cancelled him
by information. He said the
hunting had all run up the
treeless, 70 miles away. The same
day, the hunter had gone 7 f. on
a 5-day hunt. He volunteered to
lead us down to the opposite end of the
sump of the, they started off at once.
Then it began to rain, which
report in sheets. Unflashed ink
wh - it let up trying to find any
tales but it was useless for every-
thing was a lake.

-At dark the Laune returned saying
he had found the gaunts 30 li away
and Walla since he would send
3 small carts next day to take our
happiness camp.

In front of us was a narrow grade
tail between hills, heavily forested with
spruce and it was thick that the cutters
were getting worn. It was a fine clear
day when we ascended but the gray horse
had strayed from the Laune. There was a three
hr. journey to bring him in. He returned
just as the three carts arrived. Two were
drawn by yaks & one by a magnificent
yak-cow, trailing our carts lightly.

At the hill carts we made camp
and slept in store sheds. When we had
tried to come, it was just an easy
matter for the horses to push well next
time as they were a wind-puddle.
The road was covered sharply to the
mouth & continued right to Simonse's
water bank, finally turning at the end
into a splendid wide valley into which
half a dozen smaller valleys emptied
on each side. Each one was heavily
forested except out low river bottoms which
was lashed with elders, or with a
clawed, carpeted with oily moss or a
rank grass. A stream flowed down
for from the roots and the bottom
of every valley.
It was a thinly people country and
reminded me much of Alaska except
that the roots were neither so high
nor steep, almost most of the roots
are about 2 feet high and above would
amount.

About 11 miles up the valley we
came to three sprouts, a small
temple & a lighthouse. This was
sure to be my place. We were welcomed
by his wife who invited us up to her
tent close by, and when the tents
arrived we pitched a camp about
yards from the sprouts. We then
came near at once bringing a present
of spring cheese. Once we tasted it but
that was quite enough and we
magaz to our family. This may be
its taste disagreeable but it is
made in such an uncleann manner
that it would on the pleasant eating.
We returned for a candy high-swell-
ing trout, crisp with which the lady
rods infinitely pleased all of us
thick and away underneath your
without a "thank you." In fact I believe
that is no word for thanks in the
Swedish language. Certainly they never
appear to me in the nearest they
came to it is to put up their thumbs
and say "sai," which is the nominal
expression for "good morning." There
were two Swedish girls at the
spot—very much unlike the Chinese a
day, and they seemed much more
interested in drinking permits of change & receiving
coffee in return. While the Swedes
seemed very small, wild, neverthe-
less, or if anything, more appreciated
than any other gift, it that they
were in one of them that chiefly but strongly
insisted. With one or two promises whom we had met
had it at a much less degree but it
is ever present.

I engaged an old man of him
with us till turn— as she returned
as he agreed & go out another next
day.

We got away at 5 A.M. with the
sock mating from a saddle on horseback
we went up a valley on the north
side up to a main valley, Siberia along
The ground was very bad for the ground was boggy and the
hooves were continually going into
holes and the mare kept
plashing them deep down.

We put up a rock wall for
the address not in the front end of the
marl
saw it. The arm was called “Ben-qua”
Antelope in “quar”.

You also saw a number of sheep

The old man finally turned and
with the words at the head up

in the air. It was covered

out with horse words in that way

but the old man would not get off

his horse in matter how steep the

hill or how high the going

You saw in front of you a female

capercaillie or normal ducks

the angry phœnix to pass out. The old

bird should not be out there when I
got out my shot gun the feel came

easily. I shot and killed her. The young

faints could fly a short distance out
defended while from hiding out

we caught one in both at home

camp but it was so very wild

that I shake it into a gopher hole.

The next day I saw a fine red male

fly out from the ground hunt it

and went straight to give me a shot

with the rifle.
In the P.M. we hunted at the lower part of the main valley and saw two deer later they were in resting calmness.

The rock wrote in this place at 7 P.M. in the open country places at the edge of the mountains where the grass is long and summer. They were in the middle of the day from about 9 A.M. till 4 P.M. in the heavy cover similar branches on fallen trees. The best way is to hunt them in the open.

We saw a flock of ptarmigan and I shot three of them and thought about the pig. Quadrants there were several more. They got all the birds.

The whole country here as well as the fauna indicates that we are well within the Siberian life zone. In fact, Yegna seems to be right at the edge of it. Here we have the reindeer, musk ox, elk, ptarmigan, bear, yak, flocks of sheep, capricorn, sika, wolves, and many mammals. In the main valley are many mammoth holes but the animals have all been killed by the Mongols. I have seen a black woolly wolf which I think is the Arctic true wolf. At Eyni we passed through Yegna's place and the same famina is respected with the addition of they...
shells. The latter are undoubtedly present because of the high snow covered points which encircle the area.

At Ilaga where the plains come together the point we get the Siberia Junction, then there is a basin in the rolling hills where we find the hamlet, marmites and etcetera. 

Then at Turin the real Afghan Desert begins. The bagram road does not appear to come steep here but as soon as the rolling barren hills at Ilaga.

The forest here is almost entirely opened with a few birches and in the deep valleys along the streams alders willows

The ground is almost always muddy which there are openings and with the forest there is a thick layer of spongy moss like that in the winter Alaska.

Never have I seen such a wealth of flowers as are everywhere in the valleys and on the hillsides. Enormous beds of forget-me-nots, daisies and dozens of wildflowers which I do not recognize. Usually when the rainbow is present and it is like being in a vast garden. The bluebells are enormous and all the flowers are very large, as is
usual in a country where the season is short.

I was told in Mexico that there were great quantities of storks. This seems all the more remarkable since I have not seen a sign of any kind since we left there. This valley has quite a colony of storks near the town and many of the birds are seen daily in the air. They are rather plump and have a white head and neck. The females have white tails. They are very fond of the fields and are often seen in flocks of a hundred or more. They are so tame that they will come close to people. They are quite a hazard to the farmer's crops. At one time they would eat the eggs of the chickens and sometimes the crops. They have been known to cause great damage to the harvest. They will also eat the nests of birds and other small animals. They are a hazard to the farmer and his crops.
alone some days later. We are in a magnificent spruce forest on the slope of a hill above a stream at the entrance to a fine valley.

At its upper end we discovered a great mass of slides rocks all moss covered at the base of the hills. Here there are hundreds of bear coons and we have had great fun trapping them.

The little fellows are very tame and will often let us approach within 6 or 10 feet. They sit on a rock absolutely motionless and when we are close drive off into a hole. They make deep runways between the trees and it is only by punting through in them that they can be caught for they pay little attention to bait. The woods abound there with game animals. With their high pitched shrill which sound like "terp" I have found bundles of grass and no considerable mound like in the case of our W. Can. coons. Prudently says the Chinese coons do not cut grass for winter use. These little chaps have thickly furred feet and long ears than or that they are amply protected from the winter's cold.

Among the same rocks, and near the coons runways, we
caught red backed voles (Chromomya) and chipmunk. Down into the high
grass spruces at the base of the rocks
The long tailed weasels which we caught
in the woods near camp in the morning over
out.

I'll enjoy the ride up the valley of the
river. When we are walking there
a lot of traps have been set. Then they
got in the morning, come about 8
About 730. First we look at our office
traps which are set on the other hill side
of the main valley. Then when the weasels
have been removed or that the long tailed
way they can get a thin wood, we start
for the conept traps. The wood is beautiful
and we walk tent within the edge looking
out over the bank and the base of the valley
for deer. When we reach that traps and
begin to go from conept traps we always
go together for that is half the fun of tracking
here what each new marks intestory for us.

We have caught 1 species of plants over
that often by chance we had almost all there
was to get worth while to we laid the traps
back to camp and set some of them in
rocks adjacent tents.

From the summit of the hill when we
climbed down finding there was there is
a marvelous view down the main valley
of the Telshche River. A show in Cassiama.
The scene is one of emptiness. The main one
meets and empties into the main one
outlet and a little streamlet finds
its way down the precipitous mountains to
the lower river.
There has been a good deal of rain
lightly, normally, in the P.M., and
it is already beginning to be chilly in
the morning. Drawings on the 1st day
of August its morning was distinctly
cold; and there was a touch of autumn
forebears in the air.
In the afternoons we usually ride
on a sort of bench or on a covered knoll
where we have occasional reed-beds.
The animals feed there in the early A.M.,
but they are very wild and shy
and eaten plenty. There are too many
animals here. The fish have a good
and the reed-beds are incessantly
hunted, especially in the summer.
Therefore this hunting is neither very
interesting or profitable.
But the best part is to enjoy the
long ride home in the twilight. The
animals are glorious and a
magnificent view of the valley. The red gold
gradually fades from the sky leaving
July 20, middle

The spruce trees sharply silhouetted against the sky and the coniferous
ridge forest presented a mass of jet.

It is a truly barren country and we
might be in a sketch cartoon, or Siberia
as well as in the Craigie Mountains.

On July 21 I came to this returned. We
had not seen his wife earlier in the day
and had discussed the reason for his absence.

The approach greatly invented, and seemed
afraid that a hecatomb might have gone.

I had been away 14 days when he had found
for many times. Now, I observed the lady his flores,
like a woman in a misty umbilicus.

I understood for "Harper's" magazine. She put on
a dozen and the woman in the film dress
between others and the expression of
amusement and joy which came after
her face was wonderful to behold. That
was something she could understand
and then to my one she began to recognize
places and things and the familiar the berends.

But first she had not understood to understand
what the war and it took something like her
own hair dress, something that was a part of
her daily life, to make her realize that it
was not so utterly incomprehensible after all.

These maps often come back to camp
and sucking into a mirror as are their
chief maps. They must have seem morons
In Unga many times but it never fails turning forth interesting results. At first they do not seem to realize that it is their own faces they see but in a few moments it penetrates their sluggish brains and they can grasp better like children.

In two the particular girls who came to our camp differed most pleasantly from the Chinese. They will sit quietly staring at me as long as we dwell let them but at a word of the least and are indifferent that they are the audience is punished they get up immediately and leave without a sign of displeasure. Moreover, they seldom touch the things about camp and never attempt to take away bits of paper without first asking our permission.

In the P.M. of July 31 when Company
SS arrived she had left our camp the
forms of smoke down the valley for a
slew
brush hunt not far behind her,


were about 2 miles from the tent
when we arrived the baby stepping back to


Josephine that her husband had


retumed. In a few moments
were with the brush hunters with

among many girls. They were
wonderfully picturesque pair. Each carried a pudding-tin with its Jungles tinfoil and on the outside behind them was a sheer string aft to hold a dangling mass of skulls. Three female mormocks, three of whom, a more slender and a pair of small moreCANTERS to the next. The young fellow also carried a fever blanket, though they had had that morning.

Mahanunum, the old rode in front, behind her husband, chatting volubly and loudly between the hitches of driving in half a dozen horses, while the bearded hunter in front replied to the hunter in the rear while the replies of the hunter in the rear were delivered in a voice which seemed to come from a long way off. From beneath their feet, they felt at first that he was deaf for it was the sort of voice one is accustomed to from a person hard of hearing.

But my assumption was not correct. I later discovered that it was only the many peculiarities of the man. He was a Swedishman, perhaps 50 years, alive my guesses after the ages of Scandinavians are not notably good, with a face as lined and weather-worn as the leader beneath his saddle. The other hunters were not more than 20 with an old
pleasing face. The old man had a "greet" of greeting for me but returned not a word. The young fellow tried by signs to carry on a conversation limited to the animals they had killed. I was interested to see what sort of greeting they used. He greeted the hunter at the entrance. His two daughters to an old man were waiting near the door for the latter to greet them with a "greet." The hunter returned the greeting in kind but that was all for his two daughters there was never a word passed. Only for his informant was five years old, he said his silence. The girls unbraided the pony's hair, the skins and dug house. They all retired to the yurt.

Hand some things are by no means
hardest is an exception to most of the
management I have met. This festivity
is individual for usually they
are not conflict of nature's greetings.

Grandson. The young hunter
came home around about 8 P.M. and
I had seen the fauna for them early
in the morning. I learned afterward that the red uhm was the very first
mention of independence and
never much acted in any way.
...upt when it suited his own want with which armed against camping.

The fellow was armed with a packshell and a red tarp. The treasury
then made a long green wrap which

They agreed to hunt with as readily
enough but it could get no estimations
as to the price they expected for their
work. Finally they said that they must
have another thought when they arrived
due to a great hunt for four days and
an emergency. The other two said they
would wait till the hunt was
over and then we could settle on
the wages.

So the next morning off we started
for they agreed to go immediately. We
took only one pack sleeping bags, light
tent and enough for five days,
which, with the farmer's cooking fork
made a light load for me. In
it was simplified camping, with
its most simplified form. Tired
looked forward to a bulky loading
before we started. The old man
then tied the horses near us so
ready with their feed and saddle bags in
my horse. The other might be
come with us.
We rode away around the bay's eastern arm, accompanied by unrelenting thunder, by the girls and children of the plantation. The girls (there were about 15 years old and quite pretty) riding in the buggy with near-roomy duds but their feet yet bare able to determine their relationship. Their well-shaped faces are always rather ruddy into a smile, and forHappily they are uncommonly clean. They wear cunning little calico capes and have all the feminine varnish which one might expect among beauties of our own country. They seem greatly interested in our clerk and in them, our clerk, and from the abode of a mightier power when I was told the two men at Earin Brady's quite a wild word plantation had been going on.

Our could hardly have imagined a more perfect a.m. than the one we rode away with the snug hunters. The air had the first drops of autumn freshness and the sky was as blue as the waters of a tropical sea.

We had expected to make a long march back but it was not flat.
After hunters and when we were almost 10 miles from camp, they began to hunt about a mile or two and made a small valley. After the main rains had passed, the rain was very heavy, but as the

Tamar and young hunters had not yet arrived, we could not go up the stream right away. But we let them go after them

of course (and indeed it wouldn't have made a difference) at the camp was

some made, determined of a hanging

a piece of canvas near the inflow of a

source there for the purpose of stringing

a constant canvas over a rope and

kept all of a night.

as in as we had started on the following day, we learned that

a fire must be started without delay

when the it was warm enough

without me.

The Tamar's room had an iron basin

for the sake and when the main

in the rain they just in a

plastic dish and all water, remember, nothing as much

as powdered tobacco, so as we

had made the each dish and a large

plentiful supply in a wonderful kind, now

it will not influence a single view at all

ate a little fritter or some of our same

med. This was what the Tibetans call tea.
and was prepared in much the same way.

All day we slept late alternately
while the twins played with the field
binoculars, like their making moments.
They had never ending delight in
recounting the opposite hillsides of
the valley across the river when they
were tired of using the glasses the proper way
they discovered them and were just as
interested in seeing their carvings of
day scenery as miniature.

They were hunting which was much
energetic. Most took to the opposite
hills. The hunt moments when he
had driven the animal in sight, he
would conceal himself in the grass
a short distance away and patiently
wait till the moment appeared. What
if it did mean an hour or two of
sitting? Hunting is the best thing thing
an Oriental does and the twins
are no exception.

At 8 P.M. the hunters made
survey to spend the night on the other
side of the river, while some decided
to wait till the valley a little outside
which would be camped. There
they tired to 10 P.M. when the valley was entire
filled with shadows, before they
started out across the seemingly
worked up a lather. I have never
relished hunting at 4 R.M. in the
put the full on our would not
be honest as I might as well try
to write a good story before

As one always does the valley a
relished jumping from the older
brush & dashed with its words. I
had been given a chance in it than
the others and felt like there
but there was little chance of suc-
ness. The old fellow seemed pretty
disturbed. He learned afterward
that my track is to ground from the
horse, knee deep & wait but the
animal slips & turns back. Perhaps
it won't hurt if it does, they have
a standing shot. I couldn't believe
then much this is a good one for there
is certainly better chance of hitting a
relished when it is moving away than
when it is moving off towards for only a fraction of a
second between or above the animals.

At dark we returned to camp writing
having seen more game. I was
justing wrote the day's events on
have done as we had hash, coffee & a
vigarette before turning in. Oh, must
have made a picturesque group as
we sat with the old Matrons around the
fire, grum through their hunting garb. They
looked like a wild-looking lot.

At the head of the group was a young,
very aristocratic lady in the
woods of Vermont and mountains. And
even tho' the lovely lady was a bit weary
go off at many colors to break the charm
of which we never tire.

In such a life one's worldly cares
are forgotten and the world far
its doings are as far away as
the sea we dwell in another sphere.

I think that then I am more
perfectly happy than I am ever
possible to be taken me is in
'touch with post and telegraph. Some-
how I am able to completely shut
out from my mind the past and
future and can live only in
the present. Even at targa I
present, which is that of primitive
man as God made him to be.

surrounded by the cold elements
for his home & defending him from
fierce creatures for his food.

We slept that night with the
strong sweet smell of the spruce
trees in our nostrils and clear
our heads a starry ceiling framed
in the doorway of our tent.

The morning found us more
successful but on the summit
of a mountain we saw three
black trees where a wasp had rubbed
its horn. Also I discovered a patch of
strawberries—The fruit was small
but sweet as sugar.

At 10 o'clock the two Mangles who
had stoned the nights on the other
side of the trail returned. They
were empty-handed but reported
having seen a shot at a bear west
without obtaining it. It is fortunate
for the forest creatures that the Mangles
will not shoot unless an animal
is standing still for if it were moving
we hear from its leash. Every
Mangle has a rifle for his gun fastened at the
muzzle and not without if he is
lost. He will not shoot at any
target unless he can place his gun
and shoot himself on his knees behind it.

We must early as soon as the returned
hunters had had their dinner and
went on down the valley at Trist's
us quiet retreat. We began
to pack the things from and we made
We passed by the valley which leads over the hill. Then the uphill trail and carrying the canoe around on the south side at the entrance to a beautiful valley. The sides of which were covered with a heavy spruce forest.

In the afternoon everyone went to sleep for those early hours and steep climbs were not easy. We rose quickly. As soon as the sun came up, they set about preparing food. And I must admit that we did try. We are just like animals. Hunt all the early morning, returning, sleep in the middle of the day and hunt all day and make.

I had a beautiful but unsuccessful hunt with the red man. He took me to the summit of a mountain where we could look down into a splendid valley on the other side. Then he pointed out the place where he had seen a bear three weeks before and we saw a good herd of fresh bear sign on the hillsides which he said he was made by the bear which was killed.
while we were sitting there watching the valley the old man of my party gathered twigs and started a fire. He protested vigorously but the indicated that the wind could blow back over the camp and cause it must be started by the animals. That was quite true but in the gathering darkness the fire glowed like a beacon light in the field. The mosquitoes were annoying it is true but it could be borne there and the he certainly should have been able to. But all my protestations were useless for which the wants of a thing we are ever stop to test this extreme self-sufficiency while it takes away much of the pleasure of hunting with him. I saw two very large pigeons in the front a huge black caper-caille and several geese which looked much like an asingle green heron on the long grass in the open but side.

This was a gray light as the sun was setting when I heard the crackling of flames and saw the dark form of the Monongeh
about the canny pair. My watch
said 3:45 and I would have given
myself another long sleep. But that
night when we were writing our next
thesis, I told you that the restaurant
which would be frying tomorrow
night was now vanishing in the
works eating his last meal.

I had faith in her prophesy and this
helped me to rouse the sleeping
of my eyes and join the horses at
the stables. My coffee was warm brew-
ing and my horses were off
on the homestead.

It was still gray morning as
morrow that the dew covered grass
in the valley. Sam had hiked off
once to examine the country of the Ga-ter
(wild boar) and then we continued
steadily upward till the forest was
far from the little stream which
winders between shallow, old
elk tracks to grow the river.
The forest was dark, but in the half light
of the forest the trees turned flat and
colored but perfect in their way. The wind
suddenly swept and around them
about the trees grew and flowed to
the woods with golden light that
came at me in tiny small
world! The whole forest seemed instantly
transformed. It was as if it had come out
of a dream, where objects were dimly,
visible, and had suddenly appeared from
electric switch. The gleams of the trees
bushes were flat and longer lived by a
hundred subtle shades. The flowers
yellow, purple, red, blue flowers seemed
to lift their faces and ask
mysteriously appealing for admittance of their
and ask for admission of their loneliness
with respect. I saw the old hunter dis-
mount the his horse on a tree, and make
a signal with the edge of the forest.
I believed it was that great green room
where there was such a radiant beauty
on a sunny side. The deer would be feeding in the open after sunrise.
The morning sun would return to
the forest, for there need day itself until
the sun was high in noon.

We climbed up forward along the
long green grass, the singing of birds filled the air.
There are stopped a moment while
I examined the morning forest across the
valley with my glasses. This seemed
mothering moving in the trees and meadow
like as we slowly walked along the
summit of the ridge a pair of horses
that like vultures watch from above.
our very feet. A moment later half a dozen smaller bullets beleaguered away at the debris followed their parent shots to the distant top of the trees.

We crossed a flat depression in the ridge and climbed again to a rounded command hill top. Below a narrow valley lay before me and down to a valley on its right the jagged glasses of a sound were heard. The sound was heard far below off the right a lurked across the opposite ridges.

I was instantly studying the edge of a marsh when I heard the muffled beat of hoofs. I jerked the glasses from my eyes just as a soldier in robusck uniform with a pair of splendid bandanaed aglets bounded into view not thirty feet away. At the behest of a picture it made a picture which with the faintest of a photograph will forever remain stamped upon my memory as he hesitated from contact with heat thrown up by nostrils distended, and then dashed along the hill side. That instant of hesitation cost him his life for it gave me just time to swing the rifle across my lap, catch a glimpse of the yellow side of the horse the rear hoof caught, and the crash of
The short, deep red fur on my feet, gave a few steps, and saw four pointed slender legs violently moving in the air. The hunter had caught him from the tree and threw him down. For good.

My heart was filled with excitement as I lifted the magnificent head and turned my eyes on the animal. It was the finest buck I had ever killed, and I gazed over his beautiful body as a miner handles his gold. And indeed I was more wonderful — other than the brilliant yellow-red of his coat.

He was perfect as a specimen and could serve for the essential purpose of the group I wished for the Museum. Such a sight there as the half-moon in the hillside amid a host of wildflowers. I turned and faced by the group before me, with the dark, dense mass of trees behind me in the ridge above, not quite the perfection in detail and bringing thousands of people on the other side of the world, at least a small part of the pleasure it was giving me then.

I always think when I first killed an animal, what an advantage age the naturalist has over the
many apartments. He sits down to a quiet buck and takes its head. The mounted Later a hangs over his fireplace or in his trophy room. As he looks at it, he begins to imagine the process of raising to flesh the feel of the morning air, the scent of the forest and the smell of oxidation. As the deer goes down, but all that is memory, picture only, and it is limited. He himself, the second or mounted head. How more bring to others. The smallest part of the joy he felt at the beauty of the picture he saw.

To the naturalist, the excitement of the hunt is only one of the fascinating sides of the sport. Not only does he have the simple pleasure of planning the group and the actual reconstruction together his direction, in the Museum, that he is appropriately mediating the happiness of the days in the wild with other strange lands and stranger people. And with that coming can he labour to reproduce with fidelity and minute detail the scene of his hunt. That it may bring to his city dwelling and admire some part of his own pleasure.
To his scientific training he owes another source of pleasure even greater than the other for every line of the beautiful animal before him has a meaning which adds to his stock of first-hand knowledge. The true naturalist often has enriched himself in his observing wild creatures. He sees then in a different light, no matter how many references he has examined into the museum, for it is in its own environment in the surroundings of its own elixir, perhaps characters which have puzzled him in his fellow colleagues are now made clear, and he can read the story of its life history with clearness.

This certain knowledge of truth, and above all in the delight when he feels certain that he has before him a new discovery, a new species new to science. Be it large or both small, whether the animal has fallen to his rifle or his trap, thus is the joy of knowing that he has added to the more and more profound knowledge of nature's secrets, has traced one
more aware line of the white figure
of nature's map
while the thoughts which I have
of his more passing through my mind
burn for she was not standing
like a statue on the hill top
in the deepening evening
with the surge that my foot
had disturbed another admiral.
But nothing moved within his
mind, and in fifteen minutes
he was down the hill which
was black leg.

The old fellow had lost
time of his accustomed calm
than one with stumped upraised
mouthed "sai" "sai"." Then he went
then a vivid pantomime a
recital of how he had suddenly
seen from the brush feeding just
below the hill crest, how it had
galloped away, how he had
seen me get the glasses from
my eyes I short. The fact that
it clark short of hand regardless
of the rest which is no indicator to
a Mongol seemed to impress
them more than any other thing.

We sat down beside the
and smoked a cigarette while I punched
The country of the valley remains which had been interrupted by the appearance of the trees. Then the old man arose to catch the animals with his net while I watched him with interest. Like the Kowar, we too, theen and other Orientals with whom I had hunted, he took great care to preserve the meat dry, to avoid atmospheric influence. The next better he determined of the net and carefully replacing them made fast the knotting in the abdomen of the carcass, tied the fore and hind legs together with my assistance. The hunter set too his bag and carried his gun and proceeded slowly over the hill down the valley hoping that the might see another herd back on the way to the corner.

I was sure that the old fellow would not leave the animal long away from he placed net on an array to meet an animal to

I made many canyons at eight o'clock and was filled with the spring running out to meet us. She could see that we were carrying something and in her excitement stumbled over hidden logs and stumps.
was as pleasant as when she had killed the buck herself, and listened to
impartial grunts with shining eyes, while she had a cup of steaming
coffee and a smoke. She told me that
the young Mongol hunter had
wounded a deer that had returned
to camp up to track it with
the dog. Half an hour later
we heard a shot, and just a lone
 moo in the valley. The dog and
a short time the Mongol rode
in with a fine running track behind
his saddle. He had not been able
to find his wounded deer but had
picked up this in the way. They
photographed the animals
after which they measured & skinned
them. The Mongols were already
eating off the vicuna which they seemed to prefer to all else. It
was cut up & boiled & all boiled
together. They gorged themselves
of repast & then rolled up in
their cloaks & slept till it was
time to start for the after evening
hunt.

We made camp the next a.m.
from here had seen game
and finished our units at the
The entrance to the next valley was 6 miles to the south. I worked all day in the sun and at 5:30 left with four donkeys to return to the village with which we had left us the day before. He pointed out the trail he had followed his bear and I reconnoitered the shallow stream which was beside the remains of their fire. It was that of a fine red female with nails as long as her teeth and which made the skin more valuable as a specimen for the skin furniture of future heads. We had had some rain since 8 a.m., and the clouds were hanging heavily over the valley. It was only in the forest that there was a sunbeam half bright and the leaves of few branches were black as jet. We left the horses at the upper end of the valley, worked along the path to the summit of the ridge, which was already in the dusk that I could only work with difficulty with my rifle and I had already decided to return to turn donkeys who was some distance behind me. I left my camp and I decided to continue to
The sun of the ridge so that I might see what was on the other side, I was just entering a wooded portion of the forest when I caught a glimpse of a streak of black as night. Suddenly I saw a panther at the entrance of a wood hole. I looked at it casually at first, then intently. I was about to advance forward but before suspension when there was a streak of a trail and I realized that I was gazing at a huge wild dog standing head on in the gathering gloom as it had been uncertain of what I was.

Thrusting my right I fired instantly but now I pressed the trigger the animal rush & I knew that my bullet would strike behind it. But it was too late to change for my brain could not telegraph any finger. Quickly enough it held its footing. There was no chance of cutting short for the animal had disappeared beyond the mist.

I followed his trail for two hours, bathed in fields of blood. And I knew my bullet could not have struck the beast. If it had gone where I aimed.

I was met by the late deep and
I returned to the house.

As we rode slowly picked one way among the trees I had ample time to realize my disappointment. I was born in a different age when a man was anxious there might be complete success or utter failure in the long run. In no other part of the house so clearly does a train that starts after a loud or a quick-drawn breath, with them the sound of a carbine and the bolt with; often for perhaps a shock of remorse the jamming of a cartridge suddenly. The game of the study and the water that has been in disappointment by the case of the star had been of the fortune of the and mud, and of the service had ruined the fraction of a second danger, I should have had its brain behind me on the saddle of my heart would have been filled with joy instead of black dejection.

And strangely enough, not in the sheets which I miss in the animals which I do not get that I remember longest. I can see it as clear as ever was with every detail of its surroundings, as it was before me in a photograph, eight years ago. I mind a little girl in Kona as I stood upon a rock footpath.
a perfect target and a year later a huge
brown bear in Alaska looked at me
quietly when I fired bullet after bullet
without invoking a beard. I can recall
duty, while I fired, shrewdly and
argues, but circumstances in various
parts of the world when I have lost
my mind by the same chance and
always for much mental
agony. Finally, just as I had happened
yesterday. Once I remember my good
distinctly successful hunt, but
they don't eradicate any

painful

in 48 or 40 of my mental

quest for a little

between success and failure that fate

But it struck me that the margin

between success and failure that fate

shouting alone in that part of my

is one of the greatest fascinations which

planting holds for me. That, and the

never ending prose which "springs eternal

and the human breast." One2eet a

beaver inputs that the next hill lies
an animal may be grazing and until one is actually in camp, there is always the possibility of a shot. Many is the time I have ended a day with success within a few hundred yards of my tent simply because I never dared to expect dog life that game might lie in every bit of cover. Each disappointment only animal meant more to make me keener for the next hunt.

Then were some of the shots which filled my mind as we groped our way back to camp thru the blackness of a rainy night. The young hunter had insisted on me for he had seen 3 wolves or fired 14 shots at them without success. Also just at dusk he had seen a doe strolling with two fawns but all his squalling with a jerk of grass between hi blackz with no one nearer enough for a shot. Old Nasrudolche can make an extraordinary good imitator of a young doe's cries with his immitted and he always uses it to signal to me when he are beyond reach of others' sights.

The bugs are beginning to make news and the sound is exactly like that of a dog with a cold. The animals
We camped on the north side of the entrance of another valley on the east side of the river and attempted to make our way upward. The next morning the game was the young hunter's best in a muskrat which he had killed near the mouth of the creek above our tents. The bear came about the edge of a meadow in dark gray with white markings on the throat. This specimen was a male with tusks about 3″ long. Behind and surrounding the muskrat in its usual habitat were three muskrat tails "long by "wide. The tail which was completely bare was only "long. It concealed on the brink of a running path of long stiff grass.

On various parts of the body, numerous patches of long hair which formed distinct wavy and still remained. They are so exceedingly brittle that they break off by the end of the summer and later their remains. In their place the short summer coat grows...
up with hairs on it. But I thought there was an exceedingly strong smell of the animal and it was so tenacious that even after washing my hands repeatedly traces of it still remained. The young hunter had already cut of the back glands for fear I would not give it a chance to be worth a considerable amount of money.

I saw one splendid little deer three years ago in the summit of a hill, uphill but did not get a shot. I was running among some fallen trees at the edge of a burned forest. The animals the exceeding shy and kept well off in the middle. After an hour's error at that end by no means easy to find them.

After our morning hunt we broke camp and moved over the valley to our permanent camp. I heard them rove into the beautiful forest, which the tents were pitched at 2 P.M. and immediately started to get work making pancakes. We ate some that night. It seemed we could never get satisfied ourselves to most have some eaten with pancakes as sandwiches.

Then Kang had been busy during
enamored with the small house
that contained 2 rooms, one
declining area very small crag.
A small campfire in a little garden
and up the creek valley. On the way we
stopped at some ranch in town and
arrangements for the next day which
was to depart in 3 or 4 days after the party
had returned from Napa with supplies.
While we went at 5:30 hand clung to
a mass of magic pictures of the great Si
mountains. They all submitted with an
optimal good will and during the process
twilight became with a man
and handing a pair of splendid 3-5X
and darkish dressing and between which
the party was led for miles far away!! I got pictures
of them all and we then went on with
the car to down the valley. No had no
difficulty in crossing the marsh
which ables the men's had read it
would not be done a closed the gates on
a terrace halfway up high forest
head hill. The view to down the valley
the stands up on the other valley of the
east where E. St. Louis, it could hardly
be more beautiful spot and the wind
with century was may see deer at
early morning.

Eating this breakfast rode into
Aug. 9

Saw that sun has set at shorts - beautiful day - took next with casual walk to edge of valley with bushes. At first, first a capricole & saw three others - beautiful moonlight - height enough to shoot.

Aug. 10

First night peace hard to grasp cattle with white feet. Threw net with & saw another bird in shots - shot a squirrel which did not get it - saw a big gray cow.

Aug. 11

Rain this a.m. & must all day - stayed out & wrote journal. About 9 P.M. young hunter returns home & says not for 2

Aug. 12

Beautiful day - washed in sun - all 9 A.M.

Midnight. Frustration of "storming" then return for "field day" at S. B.'s house. Then off for long hike - off "incident" P.M. - "see what" thing. This A.M. Y. didn't go "clock"
had an oatmeal and the beans, but
meat and some vegetables. We were
in the valley just north of where we are
camped. We have been failed to see
red wolves this morning as we were
shooting the ground. I saw a farm mule
approached the dash for the barn of
the farm on the other side. I searched
the grain the stopped just within
the area of the house. It was a long
shot at a very small animal. I shot
the first shot with my hand gun. He ran my
agent to the field. I used the second trigger to
his chest he went down for good.
We continued hunting but found no
other deer. We had some cheese and coffee.
I got some blueberries in the marsh.
Returned to camp and found the two fellow
hunters waiting for us. After breakfast
we packed up our things and started off
again.

It is good to be away, & leave camp
remains & companions behind
us. To go off for a real hunt & a life
naturally. The horse is the
valley with the old horse blinded this
a.m. of camped near its upper end.
Just after the hunt was up it
began to rain & continued all the
p.m. However we are as comfortable
as can be seen in the stuffed bags plenty of reeking material & good food. We are all glad to be away & not a thing to worry us & the prospect of a fine break before us.

It was interesting to see my son red R. D. perhaps for rain. He carried one unwaxed log to the fire & built a huge blaze around it in such a way that it would burn underneath the log. When it nears gets well started the rain cannot directly impinge on it and the fire well burn regardless of the log is continually being held out from below beneath. All day, P.M. we have slept, ate, read & written. A lazy softsent shabby one & even if the rain is bothering me so that we are warm & comfortable. We are in a fine country we are in, with a branch valley. The wind blowing up to an open rise & the sides sharply encroached with hummock trees. To the west the main valleys live itself in a heavy spruce forest.
Commercial Chapter
where marmots pile in rest of mammalian
trapping - deer caps. traps-
moth - canned marm.
shrew, mice - hides - meat
poets - marm. - scales
Urga is 6,000 ft above sea

Pekin is 11,000 ft

Wades Tumen’s Peking to Urga & UNDER To
Kashgar - Day fought with Peking

Mucentair, Kobue, Kern-foo & Hasee - Then
will touch up with Peking until these first
day fought Tumen’s - 2nd, now in China

Marmor organ 1st for Chinese Govt.

Chinese mail, Western Co. formed to
control, maintain & supply Marmore
pedestals & closing

Chinese Japanese Dogs

W. Collet

Hanneman's Eng
Sayn. Sayn. Khan