RD

RBR

2 finch
3 pigeons
2 doves
6 pigeons
1 magpie

at Sian Fu

E.F.S. Newman — "Portas" cabbeadder
A. Zinow — "Powhattan" " "
W. Hagquist

Tudun is Feng Gü Hsiang

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AMERICAN MVSEVM OF NATVRAL HISTORY
FOR THE PEOPLE
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weatherall's man

K&T 221

more candle lamps
" fuel tubes
Traps

Peking to Chang Chow —
1 Chang Chow ~~to Kan~~ ying Tau 5.20
Chauffeur Hotel & 11-11 3.00
Mail letter & tips 30.00
garden Siam-fu 50.00
Paid mule man Sept 12
$ 6 ¢
$ 20 on road
20
24
$128 + $ 75 $

Kwan ying Tau
$150 in bag
17.00 excess to Chang Chow
40.00 tickets etc to Kwan ying Tau
5.00 to car at Peking
7.24 Ron bell to Kwan ying
3.00 to ~~work~~ car
~~13.24~~
13 4.00 mafu to Siam
19.00 auto
10 4.00 Sang Tai Mas

Tai Pei Shan Mafu
Sept 21-12 $
22-12
23-12
24 12

Na Nam ginat
non-la-lu-la $ g
4 ¢

8
2
16
5
86
40
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3.2
2.4
5.6

a do. cook Siam $5

Wed. July 27 Left Peking by motor for Tung-ling at 6.45 - had sent 3-single mule carts with boys & ponies there the night before - paid $7.50 each cart by contract to take stuff to Shung-Ling-shan - carts could only go to Ge-chow & thence they would engage mules for Shung-Ling-shan - Mafu arrived safely with ponies - Yuette went back in car - Clifford Pope & I rode on to village 50 li from Tung-chow - same in Smith & I stayed at 2 years ago - country beautiful & dressed in green - very different from the brown of early spring as I saw it in April 1919 - at the Tung-chow ferry saw fishermen with two boat loads of cormorants he say they fished in evening - birds sitting about drying feathers - rain today

July 28 Thur. made Ge-chow at noon - 50 li - after much wrangling among carters over prices we finally got off - I had to furnish dungarees for boys to Shung-L.-Sh. got them for 1.50 each for the trip - at five P.M. started & went up hills at once - very rocky - from summit got beautiful view of plain with the splendid walls of Ge-chow. ~~about~~ This is only walled city we passed - crossed a high pass & into a beautiful valley with few inhabitants - stopped at little inn in tiny village 40 li from Ge-chow.

July 29 Friday

All day continued up valley along stream bed amid wonderful scenery - great chasms & ragged rock peaks - ~~Stra~~ stratification well shown - vertical - oblique & folded - apparently limestone - walk about hunting park visited in one place & twice saw watch towers - one circular - on the peaks - the scenery remarkably fine all way -
Arrived at Shung-Lung - Shun at 7 P.M. Place 3 times as large as 2 yrs ago - new shops & houses going up everywhere - Tsao Kun is said to have timber rights & is cutting it to sell in Tientsin & Peking
other inns 20¢ each room ? Inns very expensive here (50¢ each room) because soldiers levy heavy tax on inn keepers - half dozen prostitutes at inn where we stayed - sure sign of soldiers - sent man out night for my old hunter Shun - rain.

July 30 Sat.

Shun arrived 8 A.M. got caravan back and paid them $1 each mule to take us to camp 50 li away - too much but had no time to bargain - one prostitute got very inquisitive with an foreigner while we were packing, (thot it was wine) - she took a good long smell and nearly went over backward - she disappeared into her room & we saw her no more -
At noon got away & arrived at Shun

house 24 li away at 2 P.M. Whole family very glad to see us - went on up the valley to our old camp site - the way in which the timber has been cut away is appalling - now the whole valley is ~~a pale~~ an unbroken field of corn & millet - at the end where there was a beautiful forest before now nothing but grain - I could hardly recognize the place - could do so only from the rocky peaks - I tried to cross the mt. & camp on the other side but it was almost dark & the mafus said they could not get across the rocky stream bed - returned & camped just above where we ~~had~~ were before in a grove of trees which had been left - heavy rain at night.

July 31. Sunday — Put out line of traps in a.m. & instructed the two new men (Chi & Chang) whom I am training in method of trapping - heavy rain about 11 o'clock - every thing flooded - simply poured - shot a few chipmunks - 15 men arrived to hunt sika deer - they wanted 40¢ cash per day because they said things so much more expensive than before - (formerly paid 20¢ per day) -

Aug 1. Monday — Hunters went out at 4.30 & returned at 9.30 P.M. Saw two female sika but did not get a shot - said they saw tracks of others - They bit two black squirrels (S. vulgaris) ~~which~~ and I bit two

others from a hunter - we got about 15 wood rats & mice in traps (Apodemus) - seem to be very plentiful - Pete got two species of snakes from hunters - one a poisonous viper (Ancistrodon intermedius) one a non poisonous one - also a few skinks - no rain today for a wonder - spent my time setting traps & looking after instruction of boys at skinning.

Aug 2 Tuesday — Got more Apodemus today but nothing else - hunters went out at 5 but saw nothing for it poured all the P.M.

Aug 3 Wed. — It rained incessantly all day and we could only sit in camp. Got 9 black squirrels from the hunters in the last three days - the only good things.

Aug 4 Thurs. — Rained all night & until noon - could do nothing - I went to Shun-sunh-ins in P.M. to arrange for moving camp tomorrow - the stream is a raging torrent.

Aug 5 - Friday — Mules could not get up so they had 22 men who carried our truck to Shun's house - The devil's tried to stick me at every turn & I got so fed up that I decided to go to Shing Lung Shan. They asked an exhorbitant price but when I got all our stuff away I had revenge by paying

them a big price but about 2/3 that which they asked. We camped at 7.30 P.M. in a little grove of trees beside a temple-shrine just out side the eastern entrance to the city. In the entire valley from S. L.S. to the place where we camped 140 li there is not a foot which is level enough to pitch a tent that has not been cultivated to corn millet or gaoliang.

A great number of these people are afflicted with goitre & sore eyes. The limestone formation no doubt has something to do with the former.

Aug. 6 Sat. Secured fr fish & got half a dozen species - people began to bring in flying lizards etc. We have a dense mass of people always near our tent and have had to stretch a rope to keep them back - On the slightest excuse they get noisy

Aug 7 Sun. Fish, snakes, lizards & toads came in in good numbers.

Aug 8 Mon. Rain like the devil all day - not much stuff came in - rotten place for mammals. The two Aperdemus (mouse & rat) are always trying to be caught.

Tues. Aug 9. Rain

Aug 10 Wed. Want to cave in roofs. - no bats & rock bottom. Saw three caves altogether stalactites etc. much water - people living in two of them.

Aug 11 Thurs Bright day - write letters & packed - snakes etc continue to come in

Aug 12 Friday Return down valley for 90 li to a village 30 li from Ge-jo. Camp under some beautiful trees beside water - very hazy but warm

Aug 13 Sat. Have very bad cold & could only lie down most of day - new frog & new snake brought in here & several bats - very hazy but no rain. Paid 1.60 per mule from Shung L. Shan to Ge-jo

Shensi trip with W. F. Collins

Thursday Sept 8 — Left Peking at 10 P.M. on Rin-Han for Cheng-chow + arrived on Friday

Friday Sept 9 — at 4.30 P.M. Met by G. Denham of S. Oil Co. + stayed with him overnight.

Sat. Sept. 10 — This morning while we were waiting at the station a local train pulled in from Peking. Among the passengers were a party of Chinese — a small, dissipated looking rich man, a dozen women + several children. As they alighted on the platform with all the confusion inevitable wherever a Chinese family travels, the word went through the crowd in excited tones, "It is Prince Tuan". And, indeed, it was the famous old Boxer leader himself who for second time was in this way called to Chinese Turkestan. We were hearing there one of the last echoes of the Boxer rebellion in the dark days of 1900. When the mad plot failed and the foreign governments presented their bill for settlement it included the execution of some of the ring leaders and the permanent exile of others.

Sort of Prince Tuan in "Undercurrents of Foreign Office China under Empress Dowager", Quasi Political treaty

Prince Tuan, because he was a member of the Imperial family, retained his head but was sent into exile. For years he remained in Turkestan, but in returned to

Peking hoping to ~~discuss his~~ end his days in the capital. But the Foreign Legations could not allow this violation of the treaty. It would cause too much "loss of face"!! So Prince Tuan was notified that he would have to return to exile. Immediately he became ill — the favorite excuse of official China when it does not wish to comply with a command — eventually went to a hospital. The legations insisted that he be put under the care of foreign doctors. ~~and much against his will~~ Probably very few individuals really wish to remain ill but Prince Tuan certainly was very loth to recover. ~~At last~~ He put off the evil day for a number of months but at last the doctors insisted that he was well enough to travel. ~~and he had to return to exile~~ We saw him in the first stage of his long journey.

He was ~~with his sad~~ a pathetic figure as he preached at the head of his ~~[illegible]~~ ragged shabby procession of women children and ~~servants~~ servants, to the Chinese hotel ~~across the square from the~~ opposite the station. One of the babies ~~dropped~~ lost its tiny straw hat and as I stopped to ~~picked~~ rescue it from the feet of the ~~pushing~~ coolies, my own hat dropped off quietly in front of him. He stopped and

I looked up full into the face of the man whose bitter hatred had caused the death of many of my own people. It was not a pleasant face, and yet I could not but feel sorry for the old man who had come back to die in his beloved home only to be sent back again to exile in the sand swept wastes of Turkestan. His face was utterly expressionless ~~when~~ I touched his coat but I would have given much to know what ~~that~~ was passing in his mind! ~~Did he put~~ a curse on me and all the other "foreign devils" who had brought him from his place & power in the Imperial Court to this last journey with his ~~shabby~~ army looking family of wives and concubines?

~~A dozen soldiers escorted him to the hotel — He was accompanied by a guard of twelve~~ — an honorary guard I suppose ~~the Chinese~~ they called it — but certainly there was more "guard" than "honor" about it for he was a "registered parcel" for which the Legations would require a receipt of safe delivery.

Probably we will meet him again for he will follow the same road to Sian for which we are travelling.

The station at Cheng-chow was a

Office Kwan yun tang

maze of confusion even for China. A wild rush of pushing, shouting humanity each single unit intent only upon attaining its own personal ends. The ticket office and the scales for weighing baggage were the two great centers of disturbance — I use "disturbance" advisedly for it was only by main force that one could either purchase a ticket, get one's baggage weighed & checked. It was an hour before the train arrived and when as the time approached for its appearance, the crowds became absolutely frenzied. It seemed impossible that order could ever develop out of the chaos.

While my own men were fighting their way into the yard with our baggage I stood in a corner of the room rather enjoying the spectacle. I knew that somehow before the train departed all the baggage would be aboard & would arrive safely at its destination. I always wonder how it does but I learned not to worry. It is only necessary to be sure that it is on the train.

Not all stations are as bad as Cheng-chow. In fact I've never seen any other where there was

we taken during yer
your trail here

half the impression, but at best a railway station in China is not a place for peace & quiet. Chinese never seem to be able to do anything as serious as travelling without mad excitement and continuous yelling. It adds to the zest of a train journey which is rarely taken, I suppose, they seem to feel that it is a part of the programme that to get their money's worth from the precious ~~[illegible]~~ ticket they must work themselves into a frenzy of excitement.

On the of May 1921 there was great excitement in Peking. The four Super-Tuchuns, the war-lords who control the ~~[illegible]~~ present destinies of China, were coming to the capital. For a fortnight ~~they had~~ ~~been in conference in Tientsin~~ Chang Tso Lin, the uncrowned king of Manchuria, Tso Kun of Paoting-fu, his greatest rival, Wu Pei Fu, Tsao's chief lieutenant & Wang Chang Yuan the ruler of the Yangtze valley, had been in conference in Tientsin. all Peking was on the qui vive ~~[illegible]~~ for the result of their deliberations meant peace or war for north China in the coming summer. The latter among the

foreign population of Peking & the Chinese too for that matter was two to one in favor of war. Very few believed that the murders was Prince & the Superintendent from Paoting fu would be able to settle their differences and agree upon a policy of joint control of North China which would give us peace.

In fact, when my wife & I arrived ~~in April~~ as pioneers of the Third Asiatic Exposition, Peking was at fever heat with excitement. We came in the heels of the worst dust storm since 1900 ~~after~~ we ~~for 10 years~~ Since the Boxer rebellion had the capital been so continuously enveloped in swirling clouds of lies. It was an evil omen. Last summer the city gates had been closed ~~for two weeks so we could go in or out~~ while Wu Pei Fu ousted by force of arms the pro-Japanese Anfu party. ~~Foreign~~ The foreigners suffered greatly it is true but only because the rickshaw gave out. There was whiskey in plenty but they must have rickshaw and it is rumored that the International Express which went to Tientsin was of chief importance ~~when~~ because it ~~guarded the theory of~~

refused the sufferings of the thirsty population. Be that as it may, ~~the gates were closed~~ everyone was expecting a repetition of the local war this summer. Then there was small pox — those who had not died already ~~were on the brink~~ were hanging on the brink of the grave! We were told that bandits in the interior were massacres ~~without~~ ~~so with war~~, small pox ~~& don't we felt very much at home~~. It was the same dear old hopeless spirit ~~as hysterical~~ we are ~~rather~~ a small community here and we must have excitement. If no political bomb is ready something must be manufactured & furnish conversation at the club and on the roof garden of the "Peiching Fantui". ~~We all felt~~ ~~that so with the~~ dust, war and small pox we felt that the summer was beginning rather well.

As the days went on the rumors of war became more insistent. No one knew exactly who was going to fight who — but there ~~was~~ one never does know in China until ~~the~~ operations are well under way. ~~The~~ They are ~~mushroom growths which springing~~

upon us at night. ~~But the Peking students were greatly interested in the news that which [illegible] for the summer.~~

The day & even the hour for the opening gun was set half a dozen times I spent our dinner hours.

Then came the astounding news that the Tiral Fools had accepted the invitation of the President & ~~we~~ coming to Peking. No one had thought they would dream of coming ~~therefore~~ it looked as tho' a settlement might be ~~[illegible]~~ reached after all & we would not have an war.

On the 9 of May I drove ~~the~~ ~~[illegible]~~ the Legation guard ~~[illegible]~~ to the Chinese and ~~[illegible]~~ the street lined with soldiers - traffic was stopped ~~and we~~ from the R. R station to the red walls of the Forbidden City. On both sides at intervals of ~~[illegible]~~ twenty feet stood khaki clad soldiers with fixed bayonets. I asked one of them who was coming and he answered in a single word "Chang".

Fifteen minutes later came three motor cars, each ~~[illegible]~~ carrying 6 soldiers standing on the running boards. Then a larger car ~~[illegible]~~ 6 more soldiers ~~[illegible]~~ with the ~~of whom carried on his hand a drawn~~

Mauser pistols. ~~Hasn't carried~~ Behind the ~~[illegible]~~ with curtains sat the Manchu was-Lord. ~~It~~

His car had hardly passed before the street was filled with marching soldiers, then a dozen machine guns & lastly a ~~[illegible]~~ company of cavalry. The next day Tsao Kun appeared with a similar equipment. Quite a guard of honor for a peaceful visit to the President of China! ~~The[illegible]~~

It is needless to tell what happened at the conference except that we did not have war and each Tuchun left Peking with several million dollars in his pocket. There was one ~~important~~ detail, however, which ~~was~~ is of importance to this story. It was decided that Chen Chu Fan, the Tuchun of Shensi Prov. ~~should~~ where I was going to Hunt taking should be "promoted" to Peking to give place to one of Wu Pei Fu's own men. This promotion was merely a polite way of "kicking him out." Chen Chu Fu had no wish to be promoted, ~~and~~ particularly to Peking and sent a telegram in reply practically telling the government to "go to the devil". As a result Gen. Wu Pei Fu despatched an army under his personal command to oust the rebel

by force of arms. This was done after a little desultory fighting and the Governor's prestige then was established throughout the rest of Shensi. I had planned to go to Sian-fu in July but the "kicking out" of the Tuchun took some time and it was impossible to travel ~~and~~ ~~for~~ Six weeks later the show was ended and the road to Sian was quiet again.

Sunday Sept 11

We reached Kuan-ying-tan at 7.30 last night in a driving rainstorm. Our bags were unceremoniously piled on the platform & we got carts to carry them 2 miles from the station up the slippery hill. ~~Some~~ days with mud. ~~to the~~ one of the filthiest little towns it has ever been my lot to find in China. There is a new agent now there but it was full. Onto a m. m. Zeno, B.A.T. man from Sian-fu called. He had been there 3½ days trying to get marks for freight to Sian-fu and if he had he came of the soldiers of which the town is full. He said it was impossible to get any steps from the military. We called upon the commander

Capt. Way who was sufficiently impressed with our official status as to promise us mules. He said they would come tomorrow.
Were lunched with us & we dined with him. We walked about the village - or rather splashed about for the place is one vast mud hole, feet deep in yellow sticky clay. Its filth is due, I suppose, to the fact that it is a railhead & that it is greatly overpopulated because of the influx of refugees.

Monday Sept. 12 The mules were promised for noon when we sent our tag down with a card to remind the captain. At 3 P.M. no mules so we went to the yamen & the capt's orderly said they would be ready at 5. We decided to stick to them and at 5 returned no progress & we said we would not go till a soldier went with us to get the mules. We got him and arrived 7 P.M. stuck at the heels of the wedding & mule burying man until we actually saw those litters prepared & the saddles for 4 mules

Oct 7 we had an interesting event, after we reached Tsingtao. Sian fu province and Chang Chu Fan, he pretended as Tuchun, Gen. Yen, one of his men, Liang Tsu a notorious bandit chief (Kao Chien had held as hostage a missionary named Stevens)

Kao Chien's father had been taken by the soldiers & they threatened to execute him unless Kao Chien surrendered. If promised to torture Stevens — said "If you hurt my father, I'll kill Stevens".

There was a big row about it in the Legations & finally Stevens was released.

Tuchun Yen wanted to make peace with Kao Chien & promised him a commission in his army if he would come in to Sian fu to talk it over. Kao Chien did so but at the a.m. of the day he was came out to Sian fu the Tuchun required of him plenty tobacco & wine & at last to end in Kao Chien at all costs resisting the pressure of the Legations

notacanale

~~[illegible] there had no choice in the matter, [illegible] he probably had attempted to keep his word to the bandit chief. He decided to kill him. Chinese like, he was to give him a dinner first & kill him as he went away. But things went a little wrong some while they were drinking tea before dinner, some of Kuo Chien's men outside became suspicious of a fight & began shooting. The bandit chief jumped up but was shot from behind immediately by some of the Kuo's men. His head was exhibited on a bamboo cage over the gate to the city.

Nothing after this. The Tuchun suddenly died - it was said he had committed suicide by taking opium. But the real facts seem to be that he was poisoned by some of Kuo Chien's men, in revenge for the death of their leader.

The Tuchun's body was being sent down from Lan-fu & came in at 7 P.M.

We knew that the procession was approaching because suddenly many of the inmates stop keepers began to prepare little tables in front of their doors bearing offerings of food & incense.

Soon there came a squadron of cavalry with rifles reversed. Then the Tuchuns band playing a funeral dirge. Then infantry & a half dozen people dressed in white & mourning. These bow-treed to each side of the table offerings as they passed.

At last came the coffin fastened by a chain bearing an enlarged photograph of the dead Tuchun. Then another chair in which was a white cock. The bird is supposed to carry the spirit of the dead man to the place of burial.

It was a solemn & impressive sight, particularly when remembered the way in which the man had died.

The procession wound its way to the station where a boxed car had been prepared to

because the coffins were followed with half the village.

Tues. Sept 13 The mules arrived at 6.30 & we were off by 8. The roads were awful beyond anything I've ever seen anything else there. All our supplies repaired up on trucks above the swamps road which was 30 feet below the surface was a veritable sea of mud. Carts were sunk to the axles & their mules were having dreadful weather of it.

In one place we heard a great row going on and found three carts sunk right in a corn field. An irate farmer ~~[illegible]~~ sat on a stone wall and refused to let the carts go on. They knew only too well that if they did let the carts pass part of their corn field would become a permanent road. That is the way roads are made in China.

The people were becoming more & more clamorous were immediately when in dashed the farmer's wife. By Jove how she did stir things up! Screaming at the top of her lungs she dashed about

Bailey 11 & 1/2 miles to Fin
" 28 " " bitter in the pass
" 16 " " mud bitter when dry & dusty
1/5 miles

from me made the rabbi telling them & all the world his private opinion as to their ancestry. He described their antecedents even unto the fourth generation & he told what their children's children would be like ~~among~~ with such parents. He was really magnificent & pity the cussing had ended. The writer was sunburnt & glad to walk out. They thought it by kowtowing to the red man who returned the compliment. Thus each party disclaimed any intention to create trouble.

Deliver me from a Lao tai-tai when she is on the warpath. Nothing can stop her! Ma made 90 li in the first day.

Wed Sept 14

This has been a less interesting day than yesterday. We passed no game & yesterday I shot two chukars. Had a wonderful sunset, the distant hills being marvellously beautiful in the clear air.

Travel on Sept 15th

A dreary mountainous day. Most of the time we have been in deep gullies or ravines which have been hewn into the loess by the travel of centuries. For this is ~~one~~ only one of the oldest roads in China, the roads by which travelling has cut ravines ~~into the~~ which are often 150 feet deep. When we are in the bottom there is ~~nothing~~ no landscape to see, nothing to vary the monotony of the narrow winding ravine between walls lined with the fine loess dust which sifts into the tightest boxes and corners, weighing with a yellow film. On the morrow the Yellow River to the north of us, its broad waters resembling a sheet of yellow sand, too shallow for navigation, China's sorrow contributes little to the well fare of the country but annually takes a toll of human lives in flood. In the morning when we were hunting a fill we asked a farmer if there were any pheasants about. "No" said he "but we've got quail & crickets here!"

We did not reach the inn till 9 P.M. for we were travelling "big li" which are half again as long as the ordinary li.
We finally got to an inn & when we went in the war lords to receive us. The cook made for the kitchen and found a dead man there so we moved to another.

Friday Sept 16

At ten o'clock this a.m. we reached Tung Kwan, a fortified city on the banks of the Yellow River, which is fort at the corner of Honan & Shensi provinces. It is a picturesque place with high walls on the summit of the pass. There is a gate across the road, some distance from the city gate and as the road is so deep here it makes a pyramidal defense.

Chun Shu Fu put up a slight resistance here that he not had written troops behind him who might cut him off he could have held the pass against a strong army. Our passports were examined there — or rather ~~passed~~ was.

It was the 8th day of the 8th month which is quite a feast day for the Chinese. We marched early at a village near the Pa-Shan, one of the five sacred mts. of China. We reached the village at 5 A.M. & camped in a filthy inn where an enormous sepoy green slime was directly beside the door of the well. At the south the ragged peaks of the T-shan mt. range rose in a massive bulwark against the sky. The second mt. range is the highest of the range & the temple on its summit is a mecca for devout pilgrims.

Opposite our inn was a dilapidated temple where in a pailou we found some beautiful marble carvings. Within in the village was one of the most splendid temples that we in China - rivals the great buildings of Peking. It has been partially destroyed by the Mohammedans but its spacious courtyards, the splendid junipers & cedars & many of the stately buildings remain

intact. The old priest told us it had been built in the Han dynasty, 2000 years ago but repaired by the Ming. The yellow tiles proclaimed it to be being under imperial patronage. He showed us an old tree to which the sage was said to have tied his horse, and also characters cut in stone which had been written by an emperor.

The temple has some splendid gates and without is the equal of any of the Peking temples in size & beauty of its courts & buildings.

Sat. Sept 17

To-day we have travelled thro' some beautiful country, thickly strewn with persimmon trees in heavy orchards. The fruit is smaller than there we get at Peking. The cotton all along this route is very plentiful. There are a good deal of mandarin lime & we had good snipe shooting

The hills are the foremost of the range, & very ~~at~~ a dreamy day. In the late morning we came up on a bress plateau which is very so rocky, & covered from an agricultural point of view & rather pretty in a mountainous way. A great many poplar & persimmon trees bushy & in little groves

Sunday Sept 18

Another monotonous day - we neared Sian-fu about 4 P.M. Saw in the distance the great mounds of the Emperors of the early dynasties. Sian-fu was the capital of the Empire in the Tang Dynasty. The walls are the finest I have seen except Peking and the gates are magnificent. Just before we went in we met Mr. Sharett, a missionary. The long main street from the East gate is lined with low China houses with a dirty utterly & latticed windows. The uniformity gives a peculiar effect which is

Monday Sept 19

quite unusual in Chinese villages of this. This was formerly the Manchu quarter & was burned by the Chinese in 1911.

We went to the P.O. where we called upon Mr. Newman, the postal commissioner. He had Mr. Hargrist, a Swedish Gen. Prom. many with him. From them we got much news.

We met G.A.T. home & unpacked our things after lunch with his help. Had a bath which was wonderful. It began to rain in late P.M. & rained all night. First time I saw it rain.

Tues. Sept 20

The roads of Siam have been a sea of mud ~~dust~~ so we could do little sight-seeing for we were engaged on the business of getting our mapus all day. We found that a local war was going on just outside the city (10 li). Gen Fung was attacking a force of several hundred bugand-soldiers who had been giving trouble. He had rounded them up in three villages and was shelling them during the night. Today we have seen about 20 wounded men besides quantities of opium

being hurled in on carts. He shot one of the generals who had been captured this morning. The town is full of soldiers going & coming from the scene of action – as a result of this battle all the mules are being commandered by the soldiers & moreover others are being taken by civil officials who want to get their families out of the city.

We found that our mules did not want to go but as there was no hope of getting others we decided to put on a little pressure. Mr. Newman told them that if they did not go with us willingly he would write a letter to the civil gov. asking him to retain them for us. That did the business & after interminable argument we fixed a price – (@ 2 each per day mule going & .75 returning) very high but no help.

Late this eve. Mr. Zenoff returned & we went with him to Mr. Newmans where we had dinner with him & Harquist & a catholic priest. A decidedly pleasant eve.

Had to return early for city as

Wed Sept 21 under military law.

We left this a.m. by the west gate & after a little hard up got out on the road - We told the soldiers we were en route to Kaiyuan that seemed to satisfy them. We took the western road just because it would let us start the tunnel and was said to be drier. It surely was wet enough & we waded thru mud & water knee deep the greater part of the P.M. At six we reached Shen-yang (30 li) on the banks of the Wei River & crossed in a ferry to the city on the north bank. It was a wild rush to get our things on but by a bit of clever organization we managed it. The boat got across largely by taking advantage of the eddies.

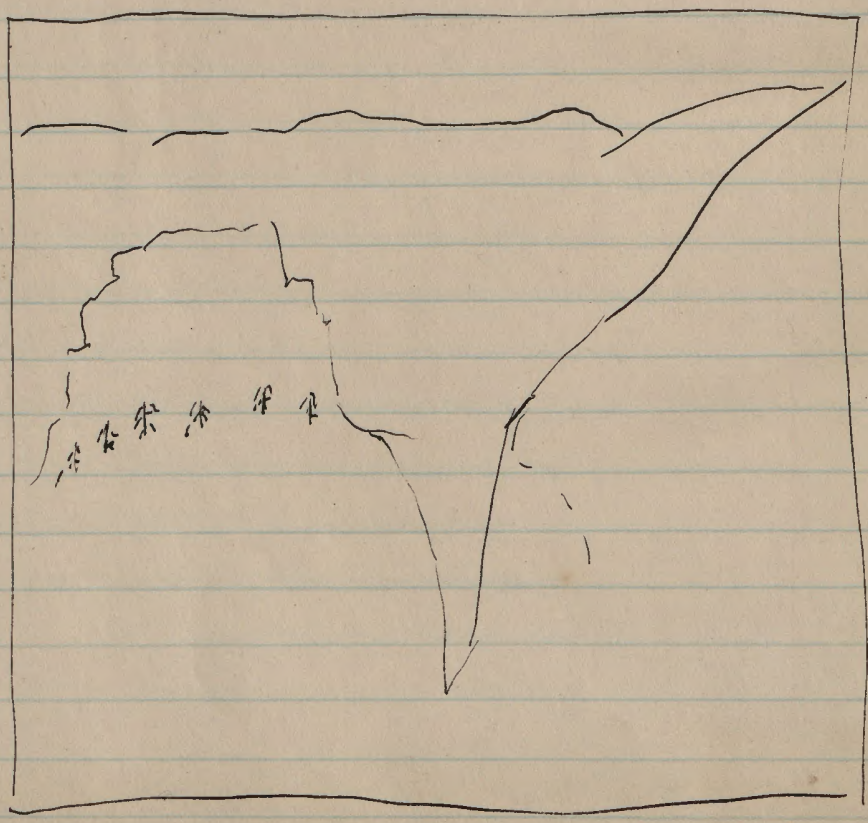
Had a little bother at the city gates with soldiers but not much - we just turn a corner in the Pass in we flanked corn fields.

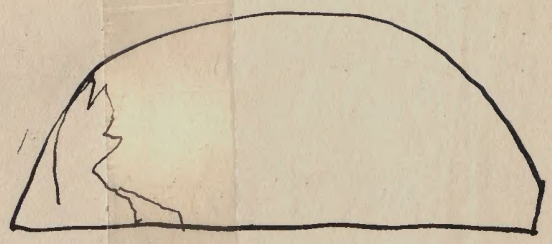
Thurs. Sept 22 Today we reached Ching Ping a large walled city at 1 P.M. Had tiffin in a very dirty inn. The soldiers were so insistent on knowing all about us that we shall avoid

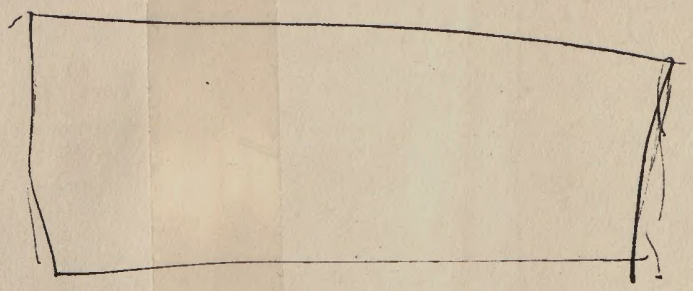
all large places from now on. The Chung Ping was very interesting because the houses roofs of all the houses were elaborately decorated with carvings along the ridges & at the corners, like temples. There are fine iron work poles & lions, mostly Ming probably, in front of all the temples. Alas! there are not quite as many temples as usual & they are in bad condition, nevertheless they were by no means all destroyed by the Mohamedans as we had been told. We were warned by the soldiers that some of his chief's bugands were position on the road & we therefore turned south on a small road toward the river.

Friday Sept 23

We have been travelling all day on small roads west by south & are now camped in a fine little temple western right of the river. No shooting except pigeons & doves - nothing of much interest to record.







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