

14. with peacock feathers in their hats, lamas in yellow silks and also some in purple-red robes - all the cream of the part of Inner Mongolia had come to pay respect to the spirit of the mountain. On top of the hill was a cairn of stones with a pole. (They all the piles of stones in sacred places here - oboes). In front of the pile about 25 lamas in yellow silk or broad-brimmed hats (like Cardinals) were ~~the~~ incanting Tibetan music. Then the Prince (now in red) came riding up the hill with his seven followers. He came and sat down in front of the lamas. He sang, shouted, threw rice. Then they all marched round the oboe three times and suddenly started hurling ~~rocks~~ <sup>coarse</sup> flour at each other. They roared. They threw flour at the ~~to~~ mass of stones, then bombarded each other. It was just like an old-fashioned slap-dash comedy where people throw cake at each other. ~~to~~

Round the oboe were numbers of offerings - meat, cheese, cake, etc.

That religious ceremony over, we all descended the hill. <sup>Sheep</sup> ~~horses~~ had been brought to be slaughtered and soon

we were eating mutton with our fingers.

15  
Then came horse-races with  
boy jockeys who had on their yellow shirts. The  
Buddhist prayer wheel. After that there  
was archery for some hours (A Japanese  
aeroplane arrived just about that time).

Then the Prince summoned  
me to his presence and gave me an interview  
in his tent, guarded by two pigtailed Mongol  
soldiers. He wants to have a great Mongol  
Empire, uniting the Mongols of Inner Mongolia  
with those under the Soviets and those under  
Manchukuo. The Prince who sat bow-legged in  
his tent had magnificent heavy silks with  
beautiful wazon designs.

After my interview the Embassy  
people (especially our military attaché) descended  
upon me to hear the Prince's views.

Then wrestling of Mongols for  
many many hours. A lot of political talks  
went on at the same time, because the future  
of Mongolia is now in the balance.

About 7 in the evening we returned  
to our yurt. After we had eaten a Chinese  
dipomat knowing that I had heard the Japanese  
point of view - they & the Mongol point of view, came  
to impress upon me the Chinese pt of view!

16  
2-  
Monday (July 15) was a day of all days. "Gentlemen,  
it is four o'clock!" shouted the Baron just before  
dawn. Plesser had decided to go back to Peking  
because there was practically nobody at  
the German Embassy. Miller and his  
boy (servant) Leap (aged 46) who was  
as superior with the Mongols as an English  
butler among Hottentots, Anatole the Russian  
chauffeur and I decided to cross  
a big part of Inner Mongolia, almost  
as far as the Soviet & Manchukuo frontiers.

We said goodbye to Plesser  
and off we went at 5:30 in the morning,  
when the sun was shining over the palace  
& hundreds of swallows flying round it.  
Our destination was a lama's town & temple  
called Beidzermiao, where the second most  
important living Buddha in Outer Mongolia  
was staying.

It was uncharted land. No map  
contains the features or the roads. The roads  
were terrible, just ruts here & there. We were nearly  
bumped to the roof every other minute. The  
lorry car nearly tumbled over. It was like  
being in a tank during the War.

We went on for hours & hours & hours. How we stuck <sup>17</sup>  
at I don't know & ~~the~~ how the car ~~was~~ still kept together  
I also don't know. We crossed the southern  
fringe of the GOBI DESERT. (Did you think  
a year ago that I would be crossing part of the  
Gobi Desert?) It was very sandy. We saw  
very few yurts. We came to ~~a~~ <sup>some</sup> temple, where  
we grinned at a Tibetan monk. <sup>Saw eagles, antelope etc.</sup>

Midnight came. We seemed to  
have lost our way. Luckily ~~that~~ it was  
the night of the full moon. "I'm afraid,"  
said Anatole, the Russian chauffeur. "Are we  
anywhere near the Soviet frontier? If so, we'll  
be shot." We had earlier been within 30-40  
miles from Soviet Outer Mongolia, but now we  
were 100 miles.

"We'll have to camp out," said  
Müller. We then passed the skeleton of a camel  
in the moonlight. "Killed by desert wolves,"  
said Müller. All day long we had passed  
skeletons of cows & horses killed by desert  
wolves.

"Let's go on," said Anatole. "we'll  
come to Beidzemiao". We rattled & bumped on.

At 1.30 a.m. (after 2 1/2 hours travelling) we gave a shout; "Hurrah!" A town of mud walls & with temples could be seen. We were all dead-beat. Now for a good rest, we thought.

Suddenly we came to a river about 150 yards from the town. It looked like a ford. Our car splashed through and THEN, just as ~~we~~ the front wheel had gone on the other bank, the back wheels struck! The car could not go out. We tried until about 2.30 a.m. pushing etc. No use.

Analsle & I went into the town & shouted. No one came although a lot of dogs barked.

We went to some Mongol yurts half a mile away. The Mongols just gouted from inside. We went further on. No help anywhere.

At 3.45 <sup>a.m.</sup> we came back to the car & decided to stay in the car until dawn.

I slept for nearly 2 hours & when I woke up I was bewildered. There were

2 camels tugging in front & a host of Mongols. 19  
House. I got out of the car. We all pulled at  
ropes. We got over. House at all. Then a

lama in salmon coloured silk robes came  
down in a car (!) from the temple. About <sup>leave</sup>  
8 o'clock we decided to go into the town <sup>the car</sup>.  
We went to the yamen which was  
occupied by Japanese who were most  
hospitable & charming. At 9 o'clock  
we were given a room by them and then  
after 2 1/2 hours I lay down on the floor  
in a room & slept!

---

It is dark now & black clouds. If it  
rains, we may be stuck here for days. The  
<sup>of this part</sup> Prince has returned and has offered us a  
yurt. I'm very glad because the tent is old.  
It is hot during the day here and very cold  
at night. So nosda.

Tuesday. Came <sup>yesterday</sup> 150 miles to here's camp.  
We've just left Larso's Camp where we saw Sir Charles  
Bell & our military attack. We are stuck in the mud.  
We are going through bandit country to Dolonor.  
But they are very pleasant bandits & do not attack  
foreigners. Dr. Müller knows the bandit leader  
quite well. We may call to see him.

20 Return to narrative.

After arriving in Beidgemiao where 1000 ignorant lamas live I slept nearly all day and all night. The place was a collection of mud houses with magnificent temples.

Next day (Wed.) the Living Buddha said he wanted to see me and give me an interview. So S. Miller & I went past the temple where the lamas were busy praying in yellow robes and came to a small temple-dwelling where the Living Buddha was staying.

He is the second most important living Buddha from Outer Mongolia from which country he is an exile from the Bolsheviks. He is a reincarnation of Buddha.

On way to Dolonor

(Tue 6.45. We were stuck in the mud for 3 hours; got stuck again later. Now we are lost in bandit country: very sandy; I don't think there's danger, because 35 bandits were seen on the road yesterday and they were driven off into the mountains. I'm afraid we'll have to camp out tonight. Dolonor is on the map, but the other place, not.)

(Wed. morning, 7 o'clock. We drifted on wagon road into the (21) mountains, lost way again, came down on tracks very steep & bumpy to the plain. We were just going to pitch camp near a well, when a Mongol rode up and invited us

to stay in a yurt. We expected to be in Dolonor by this time. We are going towards the East in the hope of finding Dolonor. It is raining. We have run out of bread and biscuits, but we have plenty of tinned stuff. I hope we'll get to Dolonor today.

No bandits have come and they're a pretty harmless lot <sup>in any case</sup> and would not dare to attack foreigners, because the Japanese would be down upon them at once. The bandit leader whom Dr. M. knows is in another part.

July 24.  
Wed. 3.30 afternoon. We have been stuck in the mud for many hours and it has been pouring. I have no idea how we shall get out. We have been pushing and pulling and digging for hours. Perhaps we'll have to wait until the land dries which might be a long time. No more bread or biscuits. We had hoped to have a Chinese meal at Dolonor last night, Peking seems a very long way indeed. There is a Mongol village a few miles away and we have sent three men to push.

Return to narrative. Entered the reception room of the Living Buddha. ~~Master~~ I had a throne ~~for~~ & place for about 14 people on bright coloured mats around



22. the wall. The living Buddha was in a salmon coloured silk robe with a purse of gold. I liked him very much; he had a very frank smile, white teeth, was a little put-pocket. He was given 'Mongolian tea. Then the living Buddha took some Mongolian butter (whitish) and stuck a lot into my cup of tea. He stated speaking in Mongolian to his secretary who translated into Chinese, which Dr. Müller translated into German which I wrote down in English. It was an appeal for help for refugees from Soviet Outer Mongolia.

Later we motored on and were stuck in a river for 3 hours 20 minutes; and we arrived late at night at Ujrumutshin, not far from the Soviet and Manchukuo frontier, where I started page 2 of this letter. We were given a room near the prince's palace, slept well. Next morning we paid a visit to the Japanese - representatives of the Kwantung Army; who are very discouraged by the superstition of the people. We found a lot of the lamas very superstitious. I had seen a part of the temple with pictures of laughing skulls and of devils. I returned to photograph it but a lama rushed out terrified and barred the door. A soldier with a rifle came out to stop Dr. M. & me going into a house which was being built.

~~the night~~ I made a mistake. From the living Buddha we went to a Buriat camp where we had an interesting time. The leader of the camp, a Buriat Mongol, and some Russians, staying at the camp started drinking vodka & there was nearly a fight. Then there were terrific flashes of lightning & our tent was on a hill very exposed. There was good boiled milk & cream there.

Wed. 24<sup>th</sup> 5 o'clock. At last out of the mud after 5 hours here 20 villagers came & helped. There was a huge cloudburst here yesterday which brought torrents down, these are masses of hailstones, the biggest I've ever seen, some almost as big as marbles.

7 o'clock 5 minutes after I wrote that we got in the mud again & had a terrible time coming out. We are at last out after great efforts of the villagers.

8 o'clock. In the most outlying Chinese village bordering on the Mongol lands, in the most miserable mud, but I have seen - only furniture is a mat. Quite very poor here. The cloudburst which has caused us so much trouble has wrecked their few crops.

27. In the last 8 hours we have travelled 4 miles!! Just think of that when you speed on perfect roads in your handcar.

This village is quite different from the Mongol places. There are masses of children here - in Mongol places almost none.

We are 50 miles from Dolonor. We may have to wait until there is sun to dry the roads. When I get back to Peking I'm going to the Grand Hotel de Peking to have a really good dinner - although we've had good tinned stuff. We have little food left, because we expected to get to Dolonor in about 6-7 hours, but we've already been 2 days. So we'll be hungry by the time we get to Dolonor. The people here have not much to eat.

Yesterday we found some mounds just ~~near~~ about the region where Kublai Khan had his summer house. S. M. believes that these mounds are Kapadu. He went near the place where Marco Polo first came to Kublai Khan.

This is a queer mind hut. Candles (or) burning. We've already travelled <sup>over</sup> 1100 miles from Kalgan.

Thursday, July 25 I left home exactly 9 months today and shall  
be home in something over 3 months. How it will be fine to have  
the usual dinner and invite Mr Davies &  
We slept four in a row (D.M., self, Liang and a  
Mongol guide) on the floor in a very poor Chinese mud hovel -

on a mat. The first part of the night the dogs howled  
everywhere and donkeys brayed. D.M. thinks there were  
bandits, but these bandits are just horse & cattle thieves  
and do not kill. Anatole, who slept in the car, also  
had a bad time because all the village came  
to peep in at him. This part is exceedingly poor  
but the villagers are having the time of their life watching  
us. My camera seems to get up. They believe that  
foreigners have webbed feet like ducks and they  
came to verify it while we were getting up this  
morning. The roads are very bad after the rains but  
we ~~are~~ are going to make an attempt to get  
through to Dolonor. I haven't slept in a bed  
for a fortnight. We got eggs from the villagers  
& we solved the problem of bread by mixing  
eggs with flour and milk and making a kind  
of hard pancakes.

1.20. A very narrow escape! We thought we  
would be for 4-5 days stuck in the village, because  
the roads were slippery after the cloud-burst. We  
had the help of 20-30 villagers & what a relief! We  
got out of the valley to the higher hills.

26. First sign of Manchukuo! Hurrah, because  
it shows we are getting near Dolonov which  
is near the M. frontier. The sign is an ~~old~~-waggon  
with a Japanese flag in front <sup>on the box</sup> and a Manchukuo  
flag behind. It is beautiful country, with  
larks singing everywhere and the meadows  
covered with wonderful flowers - just  
like a field home in June. There are deep blue  
larkspurs; butterflies; yellow & red flowers,  
mountains around. What a contrast  
~~with~~ the village we nearly stayed for many  
days in. We are exceedingly happy because  
we are out of the region where the cloudburst  
was. I really thought we were going to  
there for nearly a week. We are now in the  
Mongol lands which have been colonised  
by the Chinese; the Mongols have been  
driven north & westward. S.M. has just  
come into the car with a bouquet of flowers.  
When I hear the larks or see the June - ear) bud) flowers,  
I can almost imagine that I am coming home  
to strawberries and cream!

A few days ago we saw a herd of over 1000  
antelope - the hill was brown with them. I write this  
letter while we stop for the engine to cool.

(Thurs. July 25) 6 o'clock Stuck in the mud again this afternoon 27  
and now we are stuck again just near the river which we must  
cross. While we wait for oxen and men I write. It is a  
lovely evening. X M. has gone off to talk with the villagers.  
X Moraglia he always wears cuff links with the  
letter AOFB - Ancient Order of Frothblowers.  
Today I saw a little Chinese girl with about 1/2 dozen  
buttons on her dress of which she was very  
proud. On each button was printed in English  
"For Gentlemen!"

(Anatoly is now wading the river with wood  
to put under the wheels) Oxen are being tied to  
the car. Across the river a boy is waving a  
Manchukuo flag, although this is really  
China.

6 o'clock at night. Hurrah! AT LAST

DO LONOR! after a terrific journey across  
high hills in the dark. We are waiting in a  
rough inn for supper. In this room a man is  
boiling opium in a deep frying pan on a  
<sup>wood</sup> stove vs fanning the ~~wood~~ stove with  
a Chinese fan. There is a sickly smell of opium  
and in the next room there is an opium pipe  
& bed. The streets here are full of soldiers  
with fixed bayonets. We passed a geishy  
girl showing that the Japanese had arrived.  
Manchukuo soldier is in the opium room next door

28. Friday morning July 26. What luck! There are great events here. The streets are full of Japanese & Manchukuo flags. The Japanese have decided to make this Chinese town and region a part of Manchukuo. The town has 15,000 soldiers here. Thousands of Japanese soldiers are assembled here and many have left on the road which we will travel also tomorrow. I am witnessing the change-over from a trip district from China to Manchukuo. There are barbed-wire entanglements just outside the hotel. There are two roads to Kalgan where we go back. ~~One~~ Over one 200 Japanese lorries have travelled; the other is infested by bad bandits.