

Chapter 1

The Final Journey

In a magnificent yurt, coloured red and gold inside, in the palace of Prince Teh Wang, Prince of the East Sunnit, direct descendant of Genghis Khan and leader of the Free Mongols.

(A yurt is the same shape as an Esquimau hut, but bigger and made of wool on wooden framework.)

Sunday, July 14th, 1935

My Dearest Everybody,

I have written my Sunday letters from lots of strange places - from a rubber plantation in Java, from the ruins of Angkor, from a horrible Chinese inn - but this is the strangest of the lot. I am the guest of His Highness Prince Teh Wang, the greatest man among all Mongols, whose forefather, Genghis Khan, formed the huge Mongol Empire which reached Hungary, nearly overran Europe and whose other forefather, Kublai Khan, Dada used to read about in school (Coleridge). It has been the most colourful day I have ever had - a Mongol feast in honour of the spirit of the mountain, just near, and I also had a good interview with Prince Teh Wang, who wants to set up an independent Mongol Empire, including the Mongols under Soviet rule in Outer Mongolia and the Mongols under Manchukuo. The splash of colour, with bright silks and gorgeous head-dress, the fine horses, the Mongol tents, the spirit of worship and the wrestlers, riders, lamas and archers, has been magnificent.

Journey into Inner Mongolia. On Thursday July 11th, I got up at 5.30 a.m., breakfasted and went by rickshaw from the Legation Quarter, Peking, to the station which is very close. There, Baron von Plessen, who is the double of Tom Ellis, was waiting for me. He had shorts and I also brought shorts. We had a first-class compartment and soon the train steamed off. At the next station Dr Herbert Müller, a friend, entered and we formed a trio. (Dr Müller and I are left. The Baron had to return to Peking on Monday.) Plessen and Müller were

extreme opposites. Plessen is tall, sensitive, and nervous about catching trains and buses, exact, correct, speaking public school English. Müller is small, pleasantly cynical, and philosophical. Does not worry about anything, jokes all the time, as do all my German friends. When we are almost bumped to pieces going over a mound he grins; if the lorry nearly tumbles on one side he roars; he never loses his good humour and is an excellent companion.

Thus the train left Peking with its ‘Three Musketeers’. We travelled towards the fine, towering mountains about 20 - 30 miles to the north of Peking, and saw the Great Wall; or rather there are many walls, which defended China against the Mongols. The Mongols have been slowly driven back for over 150 miles to the north of the previous frontier and all the villages we passed through are Chinese. Poor old Mongols! They have a hopeless position and have been losing their land to the Chinese. We went under the Great Wall in a tunnel, came out and saw a magnificent view, a vast plain surrounded by blue mountains, which are full of iron ore and which the Japanese wish to develop.

At 3.30 in the afternoon (after 8 ½ hours), we came to a huge collection of mud houses, with some stone in the middle surrounded by hills. It was Kalgan, the outpost for trade between the Mongols and China. There, two magnificent cars were waiting for us. We were to be the guests of Mr Purpis, a Latvian, the “King of Kalgan” who is the chief trader in Inner Mongolia and sells about 30,000 horses each year to the Chinese Army. Our chauffeur was the former chauffeur of the Panchen Lama, who with the Dalai Lama is the chief lama of Tibet and Mongolia. He drove us through the dirty town to a kind of mud-wall fortress on the outskirts of the town. It was Wostwag, the company for trading with the Mongols, a German firm. We entered a courtyard, which was full of hides, tobacco, boxes of silks, wool. There were many lorries, which go from Kalgan across part of the Gobi Desert to Urga in (Soviet) Outer Mongolia. Mr Purpis, a very lively man, very strong and vigorous, in breeches and leather boots, came to welcome us. He gave us a wonderful dinner that night. We had a warning to beware of Mongol dogs that are said to leap at men’s throats if the men are afraid. (But I do not have the slightest trouble with Mongol dogs. Either they take a liking to me or

they are terrified of me and slink away. They can tell at once that I have no fear of dogs.)

Our caravan consisting of two cars and a lorry was to start off next morning at four o'clock, just about dawn. Plessen woke Müller and myself before four o'clock. (The Baron was just like an alarm clock). He shaved, whistling and put on his shorts. We dressed, drank tea without milk or sugar; the effect of the sunrise over the hills was fine; our caravan rattled out of the fortress. Two cars were leading and one had a trunk with all kinds of goods for the Mongolians.

The evening before a Chinese Foreign Office representative asked us to sign the following: -

We, the undersigned herewith certify that we are going to visit Inner Mongolia on our own risk for any eventualities, which may happen during our travelling.

We carefully considered all warnings of the local Chinese officials who will take no responsibilities should anything happen to the undersigned:

*Von Plessen
Herbert Müller
Gareth Jones.
Kalgan, 11th July 1935.*

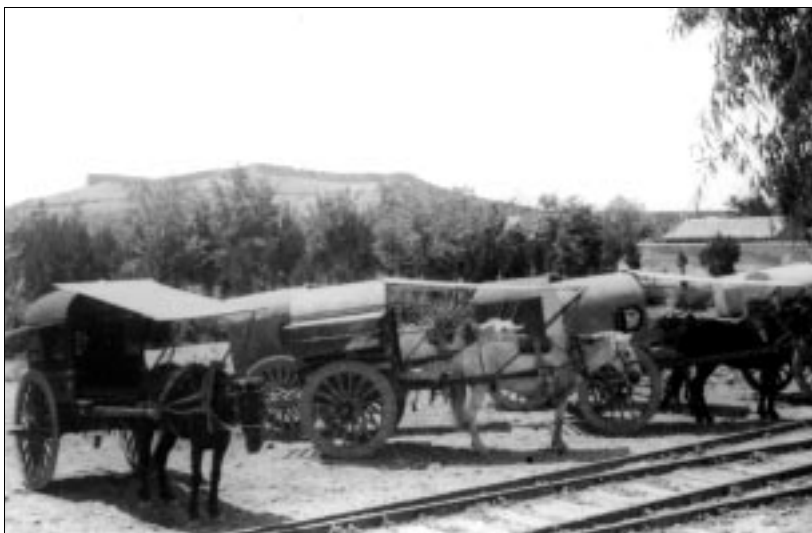
Next to me in my car was a tremendous Cossack, he had a head like a melon - only square, shaved bald; he was terrifically strong and fat; he had bandy legs from being so much in the saddle. He laughed and joked all the time. He was very much of a child. His name was Vishnevitch and after the Revolution he walked 800 miles in winter across Mongolia, from Urga to Kalgan! There were three Russians and myself in the car and the driver said: "don't be disappointed if we don't get further than twelve miles, for floods may have blocked the road". When we left the town boundary, the day gradually getting lighter, we had to show our special visas for Chahar and Suiyuan (as the Inner Mongolian Province is called) while blue uniformed soldiers, formerly of General Sung, stood there with fixed bayonets. And so we rattled on along horrible tracks into Inner

Mongolia. We left the last Chinese town behind, gradually cultivated fields disappeared; we entered the Steppes and were in real Mongolia by afternoon.

At three o'clock - after we had seen our first yurts and herds of camels and of cattle, we left the main Kalgan-Urga road; (Urga is of course Bolshevik) and came to Larsen's Camp. The scenery was similar to that around Hughesovska; dark green hills and rolling plains. Larsen is the Duke of Mongolia, a Swede, formerly a missionary, who has become a great man in Mongolia. He lives in an old temple on the side of a hill, surrounded by yurts.



Kalgan. The headquarters of the Wostwag Company, a German firm that traded with the Mongols.



The railway terminal at Kalgan.



The lorries of the Wostwag Company being loaded with hides, boxes of silk, wool and tobacco.



One of the Wostwag lorries being loaded.

The bread and butter there was wonderful, just like Breconshire or Cardiganshire, but before I had eaten two or three pieces the shout came: “Caravan! Forward!” And off we rattled towards the west, sometimes along a cart track, sometimes over the

Steppes. We did not see a single tree for 150 miles, from Kalgan to Larsen's Camp.

About four o'clock, we saw a great sight - over 1000 horses on the plain. They all stick together side by side affectionately. This is against the wolves that will kill them. In Outer Mongolia, they reckon five percent die from the wolves that even kill big horses. A few dark blue tents had been pitched. It was Mr Purpis' horse camp where he had 1250 horses. There we were to camp for the night.

It was like the Wild West! A number of Mongol horsemen were there and a great performance began. Mr Purpis was to choose some of the best horses to bring to Kalgan. Mr Larsen and he directed the Mongol horsemen to choose one out of the wild horses. The Mongol armed with a long whip, which was also a lasso, would descend on the chosen horse that would then fly away. A great race would follow, the Mongol catching the fugitive horse, throwing the whip-lasso round his neck and bringing him to a stop. Five or six Mongols on foot - very plucky - on this horse being brought back - would leap on the horse or hold him by the mane and tail. Then another Mongol would brand the wild horse with "P" for Purpis. Then supper - soup with big lumps of mutton - cooked by the Russians. We ate it in wooden Mongol bowls. We then slept in tents.

We woke up early the next morning (Saturday July 13th) after a good sleep. It was a cold morning and we could hear the sound of horses' hooves and those of camels. We had kippers for breakfast and then watched more horses caught by the Mongols. Then one car with Plessen, Müller and myself left towards the palace of Prince Teh Wang at Pai Ling-miao. "This is puzzling," said Plessen: "When one is invited for a weekend in England, one knows what to expect. But a weekend at the palace of a Mongolian prince! I just can't picture what it is going to be like". We drove bouncing up and down over the Steppes. There was no road and the sensation was that of an aeroplane. The ground was sandy with heaps of flowers. We saw one lone rider and sheep grazing. Müller said: "That's where the aeroplanes land. The Japanese planes come very often. The Japanese have wireless stations (sending and receiving at all places) and motorcars and aeroplanes connect all stations. In Teh Wang-fu there is a Japanese hospital and they are planning to develop roads there.

Probably before long there will be an autonomous Mongolia with treaty of friendship and commerce with Japan”.

Prince Teh Wang owns about 35,000 horses, 30,000 camels and the land all the way to the Outer Mongolian border. About 20,000 Sunnit form the tribe and the Prince is the judge. Everyone of the tribe must come, one time or another, to serve for one year. They are very independent characters and it is very hard for the ‘Japs’ to control here.

After 10-18 miles of rushing across the Steppe, we went over a hill and in the hollow, we saw two collections of strange buildings. The first was of grey stone with brightly coloured roofs in Chinese style. A number of yurts surrounded it. We saw a wall with pictures of big blue birds upon it. That was the palace of Prince Teh Wang. The other collection of buildings was a number of temples about 500 yards away, with their Chinese fantastic gables of dragon designs, rising above a series of mud houses. That was the residence of the Panchen Lama, who, they say, cannot go back to Tibet because he is anti-British and, of course, we control Tibet.

We drove towards the Prince’s palace, when about five Mongol soldiers rushed out with rifles. They had very dark old uniforms, but with very fine silverwork on their daggers and belts.

They had very prominent teeth and pigtails (all Mongols, except lamas, wear pigtails). One barred the way with his rifle and grinned. He would not let us go to the palace, but pointed to a building on the hill with yurts round it. (We learned later that only the Prince and his family could come down the straight way to the palace and that ordinary mortals should come the side way, although we could leave by the princely way.) The soldier in a blue-grey ragged uniform jumped on to our sideboard and directed us to a low white washed building with a grey roof and the yurts on the hill. A yurt is round, made of sheepskins and wool and is warm and comfortable. Here a number of Mongols in brilliant, though dirty, red and blue silks bowed to us and led us to a yurt where we sat cross-legged on Mongol carpets (which were about a yard square). They brought us Mongol tea with mare’s milk in it. It was awful! We sat in silence for some

time, and then afterwards wandered about the yurts. After about one hour and a half, word came that the Prince was ready to receive us.



A group of guests outside a yurt.



Pai Ling-miao. A soldier on guard outside the Temple of the White Tomb.



Gareth carrying his bag into the yurt.



We went down the hill. We entered the courtyard, and saw this dazzlingly painted entrance with the two green statues of lions. They looked like Chinese lions, but with funny heads. Two soldiers stood with fixed gleaming bayonets. They saluted and presented rifles to us as we passed and we entered another courtyard. We waited, seated, in a room in the palace until a big man in a dark blue silk robe with a skullcap, on which there was a red button and having a very long pigtail, came in. He had a reddish face, rather cunning and looked about 45-50. He was the Prince. His counsellor, a dignified wrinkled man with a strange headdress, accompanied him. We bowed and grinned. Müller said we would like to sleep in a yurt. The Prince bade his servants take us and we went to a courtyard where there were three yurts. We were taken to the further one (a soldier with a fixed bayonet guarded the second, because it contained the Prince's seal).

We entered the tiny door and found ourselves in a brilliantly coloured interior. All round the circular wall there were bright red, shut boxes with golden designs of bats, which is a sign of good luck. There were two big chairs, opposite the door, against the wall, but we were requested not to sit in them, because they were for the high lamas. Just near the door there was a red and gold open box full of dry horse manure. In the middle under the opening there was a space with a fireplace. On the left of the two lamas chairs was a Tibetan Buddhist altar with three gold Buddhas. On each side were offerings of raisins, dates, sweets and dried prunes. A piece of yellow cloth hung down from it. Beside it was a blue tapestry and cylinders for prayer in a glass case with gilt dragons above and fishes below. As well as these, was a picture of the Panchen Lama with a fluffy, hairy dog and a painting of Buddha with four hands (two folded and two outstretched) arising out of a lotus flower. There was room for four of us to sleep on the floor.

When Mongols greet each other, they take out their beautiful snuff bottles of different colours and stones, hand them to one another, pretend to sniff and hand them back. I met Mr Pao, a Chinese man, who had been captured by the Communists and had been kept prisoner. He seized one of their hats, walked out, and escaped.

The temple has a Chinese influence. Before the entrance is a courtyard and on the north and south sides are prayer wheels. A man

with a conical hat and a red cloak and prayer beads turns each cylinder. On the roof of the temple are dragons with heads looking down and a collection of bells with beautiful sounds hang down. The carvings of dragons are in gold and green. An old man sits at the door of the temple, mutters into his hand and the boys reply. They are dressed in purple and some in dirty yellow cloaks and have hats like Roman soldiers with a yellow mane. The chief priest is very fat, laughing and chuckling all the time, holds a coloured joss stick. The lama priest and children think it is a great joke. The boys look at each arrival and the priests come to see my hairy legs, look in wonder and point. It is 5.30 in the afternoon and the service begins. The festival is in honour of the spirits of the mountain. There are larks in the sky and the swallows swoop about and chirrup. The priests sit cross-legged. The chief on the floor makes a noise, loud like rub-a-dub-dub and seems to wink at us. A big gong bursts into a crescendo of noise. There is more laughter and then a roar from the man on the floor with a big moustache about five inches long.

Plessen said: “It is the most extraordinary divine service I have ever attended”. Then the fat chief suddenly draws a heavy stick and right in the middle of the service strikes a boy on the back and on the head in punishment. “What’s that for?” asks Plessen thinking it was part of the ceremony.

The Prince had 50 guests. There were Chinese officials, the British Military Attaché, Sir Charles Bell, the High Commissioner for Tibet and daughter, an American artist, some people from Peking Embassies, but mostly Mongol princes and lamas. Sunday was to be the greatest feast of the year, but there was not a single lavatory in the whole palace! Not even for the Prince. That night there was a great feast at the palace. There were Chinese dishes: lotus seeds, seaweed, shark’s fin, date and 20 kinds of soup including mutton soup. Fermented mare’s milk, which is horrible, is the number one drink, the champagne of Mongolia.



Prince Teh Wang, leader of the Mongol Princes and head of the Sunnit Banner.



Prince Teh Wang arriving at the festival of the Mongol Princes on his white horse.



Prince Teh Wang with his young son.



The young Prince.



Ceremony at the Tibetan lama temple.



Gareth at the lama service.



The feast.



The obo.

On Sunday morning, I woke up to hear the Baron say: “Gentleman it is five o’clock.” He woke us up much too early! We dressed, breakfasted from our own supplies and before 7 a.m. we dashed off to a hill about seven miles away, where the great feast was to be held. Dozens of blue tents had been put up. Hundreds of Mongols in silks of reds and blues, princes with peacock feathers in their hats and also some in purple and red robes - all the cream of this part of Inner Mongolia had come to pay their respect to the Spirit of the Mountain. On top of the hill was a cairn of stones with a pole. (They call the piles of stones in sacred places here “obos”). In front of the pile were about 25 lamas in yellow silk and broad-rimmed hats looking like Cardinals, chanting Tibetan music. Then the Prince, who was now in red, came riding up the hill with horsemen following. He came and sat down in front of the lamas. With him sat his little son aged about five years old. He had a little red hat on with a number of pearls, a jade brooch and a brown silk coat with a design of yellow squares on his back. He had a lama guard. The lamas sang, shouted and threw rice. Then they all marched round the obo three times and suddenly started throwing coarse flour at each other. They roared with laughter. They threw flour at the masses of stones, then bombarded each other. It was just like an old-fashioned slapstick comedy where people threw cakes at each other. Round the obo were numbers of offerings of meat, cheese, cakes and other delicacies! That religious ceremony over, we all descended the hill. Lambs (sheep) had been brought to be slaughtered and soon we were eating mutton with our fingers.

The Prince sat in his tent to watch festivities. He was clad in yellow with a conical hat with red threads. He was seated on a throne with a dragon design and before him is a huge mass of cakes. Next to him on his left sat his elder son adorned with pearls and jade jewellery playing with a smaller pile of cakes. The number depended on the importance. Looking out of the tent we could see the riders and retainers who are allowed to wear peacock feathers on their heads, which makes them very official. The button on top of the skullcap signifies rank and a direct descendant of Genghis Khan. Before the Prince’s tent, there is a square cloth, about 20 yards in front, directly in line with the entrance. It is to prevent evil spirits from entering the tent. The Prince joined the revellers and with his bow and arrow shot the bull’s-eye twice.



A boy jockey described by Gareth as having a yellow shirt and a red kerchief on his head.

Then came the horse races with boy jockeys who were wearing yellow shirts on which were bright red Buddhist prayer wheels and they had brilliant red kerchief on their heads. After that there was archery for some hours. Next came the wrestling. Before a bout, mare's milk was served and the wrestler prays and also after the fight. He wears a leather coat studded with white metal studs with a Buddhist wheel on the back. He leaps and dances and the winner comes to the Prince's tent and is given a block of tea, money, presents and cake. He dances up and down, prays on his knees and bows with his head on the ground. He goes back into the field and throws a piece of cake on to the roof of the tent. The wrestlers are very sporting. There is no quarrelling as to the decision and the loser just grins. The winning person has a swastika branded on him. What would Hitler say? The wrestling of Mongols went on for many, many hours.

A boy priest came and sat down by me while I ate my mutton at lunchtime and stared at me, as do many of the Mongols. One young boy with a pleasant face came up to me and pulled the hair on my hand, pulled the hair on my knee and drew the zip on my shirt to see

the hair on my chest. The Mongols love being photographed and they lacked self-consciousness as I took photos of them. I was amused to see another old ruffian who had an embossed sixpenny piece of ‘Queen Victoria’ attached to his pigtail.

One of Teh Wang’s guests was Dr Erskine and I asked what was the Prince’s Mongolian name. He told that the Prince’s name is sacred; that it is blasphemy to say it and that it must not be uttered. He is known as Vang Yi, the Prince. No son or daughter should say the name of a parent. The doctor had treated the Prince for a disease and all his children died until he cured him of the condition. Now his children live, and because of this he is very grateful to the doctor. I was surprised to hear from him that the Mongols do not bury their dead for they believe it is wrong to touch the surface of the earth. A dead man is tied on a rope on to a horse and is dragged by the horse with the rider, off into the Steppes, until the corpse falls off or is lost; the rider must not look back. There, the body is left on the Steppes and the birds and the wolves come and eat the body.

I heard a Japanese aeroplane arrive with officials flying low over the crowds. The future of Mongolia is in the balance and at the same time as the festivities a lot of political talks went on. Prince Teh Wang summoned me to his presence and gave me an interview, guarded by two pigtailed Mongol soldiers. He sat bow-legged in his tent wearing magnificent light blue heavy silk with beautiful dragon designs. It had a dark blue collar and he had a thick black silk skullcap with a red button on top. The throne was a dragon in blue and red. Servants came in and stared. He wants to have a great Mongol Empire, uniting the Mongols of Inner Mongolia with those currently under the control of the Soviet Union or the Japanese in Manchukuo. He would prefer to rely on the Chinese for help, but if they treated the Mongols badly by colonisation they would turn to the Japanese. Only as a last resort, if the Japanese squashed them, would they turn to the Russians. I asked him if the best method to attain a united Mongolia would be with Japanese help. To which he replied that they wished to obtain independence without any outside help. He said that the attitude to the Japanese giving help would be that anyone who sympathises with the Mongols was their friend. He had cunning eyes, gave skilful, sharp diplomatic replies. He appeared tired and yawned during my interview.



The entrance to Prince Teh Wang's palace.



Gareth with a lama.



Mongolian Princes at the festival.



Prince Teh Wang's troops.

I pressed on and asked if the Japanese had plans to build any roads, which their cars could use and whether they planned to build aerodromes, but this he denied. I asked him what the significance of the visit to Pai Ling-miao by the Japanese (the occupants of the plane) was and I was told that it was merely social.

After my interview the Embassy people especially our Military Attaché, descended upon me to hear the Prince's views. I then spoke with a Mongol officer who speaks Russian and was in the Artillery College in Moscow, he told me:

People in Urga are discontented; there are still bread cards there. Two years ago there was a big rising. The Soviets fought against the lamas and the princes, and people don't like the economy plans. Perhaps there will be a revolt as there are many that want to join a big Mongolia. I am a nationalist, I believe in a big united Mongolia with Outer Mongolia, Manchukuo Mongolia and free Mongols. Prince Teh Wang is a great man, and I hope he will be the leader of a united Mongolia.

If there is a war, we will be in a bad position. If the Russians win then we will lose all, the princes will be crushed and the lamas broken. If the Japanese win they will set up a 'Great Mongolia', but Japan will enslave it. We are in a difficult position. We don't like the Chinese, or the Japanese, or the Russians. The Russians will give in on all hands, they know they are too weak, and they will yield to the Japanese for at least two years.

About seven o'clock in the evening, we returned, tired, to our yurt. After we had eaten, a Chinese diplomat, knowing I had heard the Japanese point of view and the Mongol point of view came in to impress upon me the Chinese point of view!

Monday, July 15th was a day of all days. "Gentlemen, it is four o'clock!" shouted the Baron just before dawn. Plessen had decided to go back to Peking, because there was practically nobody at the German Embassy. Müller and his 'boy' servant Liang (aged 46), who was as superior with the Mongols as an English butler among the

Hottentots, Anatoli, the Russian chauffeur and I decided to cross a big part of Inner Mongolia, almost as far as the Soviet-Manchukuo frontier.

We said goodbye to Plessen and off we went at 5.30 in the morning, when the sun was shining over the palace and hundreds of swallows flying round it. Our destination was a lama's town and temple called Beidzemiao where the second most important Living Buddha in Outer Mongolia was staying. There was an early morning haze over Mongolia. The sentry at the gate was snoozing and another sang a Mongolian song reading it from Mongolian writing. A woman was squatting on the floor arranging a silver headdress. Priests squatted facing the sun. A boy with crooked legs strolled about.

We passed a Japanese hospital, which had increased in size over the last three months, and then by four long, low buildings and three gasoline tanks built on ground close by where the Japanese planes land. The Mongols dread the aeroplanes and have fantastic legends about them, because the Japanese once took a skeleton away for research. Even the camels are terrified by the shadows of the planes. The Mongols are frightened of the Japanese; they said there was no snow last winter, because of their presence.

We drove over uncharted land. No map contains the features of the roads or rivers. Perhaps the Japanese have military ones. The roads were terrible, just ruts here and there. We very nearly bumped 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 and hours. How we stuck it I don't know and how the car kept together I also do not know. We had to go the long way round the Sacred Mountain, as 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 and the scent from the wild thyme was beautiful. Fine birds and eagles circled in the sky and antelopes crossed our path. Skeletons of cattle lay strewn on the wayside. There was a sudden descent in the track and we could see ridges and



Mongolians examining the car before Gareth departed on the final journey from Pai Ling-miao.



The sign says: 'Welcome to the Daban lama temple meeting'. It is northeast of Dolonor.

plains stretching for miles. There were very few yurts to be seen and eventually we came to some temples where we grinned at a solitary Tibetan monk.

Midnight came and we seemed to have lost our way. All the maps are bad and the distances are wrong. Luckily it was the night of the full moon. “I am afraid”, said Anatoli, the Russian chauffeur: “Are we anywhere near the Soviet frontier? If so, we’ll be shot. I have no documents”. “We had been earlier”, said Müller. Earlier we had been within 30-40 miles from Soviet Outer Mongolia, but now we were about 100 miles away. “We’ll have to camp out”, said Müller. We then passed the skeleton of a camel in the moonlight. “Killed by desert foxes,” said Müller. All day long we had passed skeletons of cows and horses killed by desert wolves. “Let’s go”, said Anatoli: “Soon we’ll come to Beidzemiao”. So we rattled on.

At 1.30 a.m., after travelling for 21 hours we gave a shout: “Hurray!” We could see a town of mud walls and with temples. We were all about dead-beat and we thought: ‘time now for a good rest’. Suddenly we came to a river, which was about 150 yards from the town. It looked like a ford. Our car splashed through and then, just as the front wheels had gone on the other bank, the back wheels got stuck! The car could not get out. We tried until about 2.30 a.m., pushing, but it was no use! Anatoli and I went into the town and shouted, but no one came although a lot of dogs barked. We went to some Mongol yurts half a mile away, but the Mongols just grunted from inside. We went further on, but we could find no help anywhere. Finally at 3.45 a.m. we came back to the car where we decided to stay until dawn.

I slept for nearly two hours and when I woke up I was bewildered. There were two camels tugging in front and a host of Mongols. I got out of the car and we all pulled at ropes. Next we got some oxen, but they were no use at all. Then a lama in salmon coloured silk robes came down in a car from the temple. About eight o’clock we decided to go to the town and leave the car. We came to an inn that was occupied by Japanese who were most hospitable and charming. At nine o’clock, they gave us a room and after 29 hours I lay down on the floor and slept!

On Friday, July 19th, we arrived at Ujmutchin. It is 25 miles from Soviet Outer Mongolia and 35-40 miles from the Manchukuo border, in the northeast wedge of Inner Mongolia. This is a lama town, where the head Prince of the Silingol League of Mongols has his residence.



Bogged down in the river.

This has been the most exciting week I have ever had in my life, packed with adventures and strange encounters. It has been so full that I have not had the chance of continuing my letters, when one rattles along for 20 hours a day in a lorry, over sand dunes and through rivers, when one interviews Living Buddhas and Japanese agents and Buriat and Mongol princes. It is hard to find a minute to write beyond the notes, so I will continue my story where I left off having had a very long sleep.

After arriving in Beidzemiao where 1000 ignorant lamas live, I slept all day and all night. The place was a collection of mud houses with magnificent temples. Next day (Wednesday) the Living Buddha, Diluwa said he wanted to see me and give me an interview. So Müller and I went past the temples where the lamas were busy

praying in yellow robes and came to a small temple dwelling where the Diluwa was staying.

I entered the reception room of the Living Buddha. It had a throne and a place for about 14 people on bright coloured mats around the wall. The High Lama was in a salmon coloured silk robe with a purse of gold. I liked him very much. He had a frank smile with white teeth. He had a sense of humour. He did not sit on his throne, but beside it. He ‘told’ brown beads all the time. Priests came in with gifts of silk - in rolls of bright blue and red. We were given Mongolian tea. Then Diluwa took some Mongolian butter-like cream and stuck masses in my cup of tea. He started speaking in Mongolian to his secretary who was wearing a dark long brown robe. He translated into Chinese, which Müller translated into German and which I wrote down in English. It was an appeal for help for refugees from Soviet Outer Mongolia. Many, about 40,000 to 50,000, had had to flee, unable to rescue much of their property and arriving at most with only their riding animals, either camels or horses. The poverty among them is terrible. They have few household utensils and only a small pot. They started to come in 1931 when the Communists started to press their ideas. They did not bring their herds, because the Bolsheviks confiscated these. They had a difficult time to escape the guards. The Nanking Government has given £30,000 for rice, but this is not enough. While we talked lamas peeped through the windows like schoolboys. Then a Japanese man rode by in brilliant Mongol dress, on a fine Mongol saddle, with a little skullcap and a button on top. Müller says: “A lot of them do it. It is much more comfortable and they think it makes them more popular”.

After my interview with Diluwa, we motored on and got stuck in a river for three hours and twenty minutes and eventually we arrived late at night at Ujmutchin, not far from the Soviet and Manchukuo frontier. The leader of the Buriat Banner, Prince Otcheroff gave us a room near his palace and we slept well. Next morning, we went to the Yamen and paid a visit to the Japanese representative of the Kwantung Army, as the Japanese occupied it. The leading Japanese in the yurt was a man of great charm with fine teeth, a tuft of beard and brilliantly humorous eyes. They had a wireless there. Into the room came a Mongol who had a purse with a swastika, black on white with a red border. The Japanese man said he

had been there since March and had not yet had a bath. He was having great difficulty with the superstitions of the local people. He could not hunt, because the Mongols feared their guns as it disturbed the spirits of the mountains; he could not dig, because the Mongols believed it wrong to disturb the surface of the earth, and he had not yet had the chance to speak to the Prince. He considered that Mongolia is a hopeless job.

I also found that a lot of lamas were very superstitious. I had seen a part of a temple with pictures of laughing skulls and of devils and I returned to photograph it, but a lama rushed out terrified and barred the door. I tried to enter the temple, but a lot of lamas collected together and they looked very menacingly at me and shouted. Then I saw a sundial, but it was covered with a sheet of wood to keep the sun away! Obviously, it was a very great treasure. A soldier with a rifle came out to stop Dr Müller and me going into a house, which was being built, and again the lamas shouted threateningly at us. I have never seen such a suspicious place; the Japanese were quite right.

I strolled about in the Yamen in Ujmutchin and came to a school where four youngsters were writing in Chinese and Mongolian script. There was a picture of the Kange Emperor [Pu Yi], most elegantly and ‘fadedly’ clad in morning dress and ‘Come to Jesus’ butterfly collar, striped trousers and two Manchukuo flags painted on it. There was a propaganda poster for a Mongol feast in Manchukuo probably under the auspices of the Japanese with wrestling, riding, singing, etc.. Mothers were invited to bring their children to very good Japanese doctors (however they would rather die than go to a Japanese doctor). Children loved the silver paper from cheese or camera film that I gave them. I did tricks with a coin in front of the lamas and they were amazed. I was entertained by an acrobatic goat, which marched on its front legs, with its back legs lofted into the air, much to my amusement.

I spoke to a Russian that I met called Kulagen, who told me that the Japanese are building barracks in Beidzemiao where we had stayed and that everyone expected that the Japanese would soon send troops there. He said that in 100 years that the Mongol race would be dead. The spread of venereal disease is terrific and the people have no idea why they have no children. Prince Otcheroff has a son and

daughter, but no grandchildren. The chief cause is Lamaism for it leads to the lack of young men to work and there are no husbands for the young girls. These girls sleep with the lamas and spread the disease, but they will not go to the Japanese doctors for treatment.

Kulagen continued to tell me that the Mongols, who had recently visited Manchukuo, had returned, bringing back bad news and all of them loudly curse the 'Japs'. While in that area they heard how the Japanese have beaten and killed their fellow Mongols. In Manchukuo there is great discontent focused against the Japanese. No one in Inner Mongolia has any desire to join with Pu Yi and the Mongols say it is foolish to look up to him as a descendant of the former Emperor. The leaders realise that he is a puppet of the Japanese, that he is their prisoner and to swear allegiance to him would be the same as swearing allegiance to Japan. To say that the Mongols are loyal to Pu Yi is merely Japanese propaganda. The priests are especially afraid and say that the coming of the Japanese will bring evil to the land.

Now on Friday evening July 19th, I am in a Buriat (Mongol) camp on a hill, in a tent with a wonderful view of great herds of cattle, horses and sheep in the distance.

I did not have time to continue the letter this morning; because we decided to return westward and here we are back with the Buriats, who are very hospitable and clean. There is a wonderful view with blue hills in the distance for about 30 or so miles, over the border of Manchukuo. Soviet Mongolia is about 110 miles to the north. Our Russian chauffeur is now preparing soup with mutton. I have almost forgotten what a bed is like, and to sit around a table and not to eat meat with my fingers will be very funny. We went very slowly from Beidzemiao to the land of the Buriats, through lovely grass with flowers, irises and mauve marguerites, much better than the sand we went through on our way to Beidzemiao. More people including Russians have arrived at the camp of Prince Otcheroff, who speaks perfect Russian. I am told that the Prince came here after the Revolution, but the Mongols would not give him any land. But he told them of their history of Genghis Khan and what the Mongols did 500 to 1000 years ago. They were amazed and became friendly. He went to the Panchen Lama who said there was some free land and

gave his permission for him to live there. Another reason given for him obtaining land was that he took the offensive against some Mongolian robbers who were stealing and killing cattle. Otcheroff stole back some of the cattle and captured some of these Mongols. He then cut them up and hid their bodies. When the Mongols could find no trace of their bodies, they became terrified, presumably, because they are afraid of their spirits.

When we arrived, the horsemen went to fetch some sheep to be killed for the feast tonight. We could see the flock far away in the distance, a perfect white mass. The Buriats are much cleaner than the previous Mongols we met and have beautiful milk and butter. On our arrival, I was given a fine bowl of milk before going into the yurt of the Prince. It was big, spotless and it even had a bed. It had an altar with silver cups and photographs of lamas. He studied law at Petrograd before the war and by an amazing coincidence had met Müller there in 1911.

Prince Otcheroff invited us to have brandy and vodka. Suddenly he started making a political speech to me:

You were the secretary of Lloyd George, he is a vigorous old lion and he must come to the help of the Mongols for we are the finest race in the world. Under Genghis Khan, we conquered half the globe, but what do we see now. We see parts of Russia like Latvia and Lithuania, which were mere Provinces, are now independent nations, while we are scattered and under submission; we, who received the tributes of Russian princes, we who conquered Moscow and had Russians as our slaves.

What do we want? We want to become an independent nation under the protection of the League of Nations; we want England to help us. You see we are a dying people, perhaps we cannot be saved, but we know we are doomed if the Japanese, Russians or the Chinese dominate us. We hate the Japanese, as they want to control us. The Chinese are too weak and they have been bribing some of the Mongols with money and gifts. The Japanese are doing the same. Teh Wang is too friendly with the Japanese.

Müller, who was tight, went out to play with the dogs and then came back into Otcheroff's yurt. The German was red in the face and drunk. "You have insulted me", the Prince cried: "You from England, Germany and Russia come, and then you and the English go, and only the Russians remain". He went on with his speech: "The Japanese, they lie, they want to get a grip on the country". The group including some Russians began to drink toasts. "To the glory of the Buriats!" "To an independent Mongolia!" Koster, a Russian, says for a joke: "Well here's to the 'Japs'" and drinks to them.

I did not grasp for several minutes what was happening, when suddenly the Prince shrieked to one of the company, Shuskin: "What! You drink the health of the 'Japs'. No!" Otcheroff was in a terrible temper and in great fury and with terrible cursing in Russian said: "You son of a ---- Mother!" To which Shuskin replied: "I did not say anything". A Mongol present shouted at Shuskin: "You are a traitor to your country, the Japanese beat you in 1905¹ and yet you drink their health. They are now trying to choke the Mongols and you drink their health". However, it was actually another person, Koster, who had made the insulting toast. Shuskin denied the remark vehemently, but nobody believed him. "You lie. You lie. You said it. You are a traitor", stated the Russians present. Poor Shuskin controlled himself: "I'm going now, thank you for your hospitality". "Come back. You're afraid. You know you drank to the health of the cursed 'Japs'." Shuskin came back, very dignified and sat next to Otcheroff. "Look I am a Russian Officer." Otcheroff breaks in: "Yes, yes a Russian officer and you drink the health of the enemies of the Mongols, the people who are trying to smash the Buriats. You son of a Red!" As Shuskin leaves, Otcheroff in a drunken state draws up his sleeves and attempts in vain to strike the departing officer.

As we leave, there are terrific flashes of lightning towards Manchukuo and others from the north. It lights up the sheep that are huddled together and the lambs that are sheltering in the deep furrows. Neureutz winds blow and the tents are very exposed on the hill and rattle. We are pleased to get into our beds.

¹ Russo-Japanese War 1904-1905 – Refer to General Nogi for further details.

Saturday Morning. It got too dark to write last night and it was bitterly cold, because Inner Mongolia is nearly 4000 feet high, somewhat higher than Snowdon. Prince Otcheroff, our host, has gone off to catch horses and we are waiting till he comes back before going to call back on Diluwa. He has a motorcar and we shall travel together to visit some Mongol princes. I am presently sitting on a box covered with a very bright, small Mongol carpet. The nine yurts of the Buriat settlement, our tent and the tents of some Russian traders (from Kalgan and Tientsin) are behind me. As we are breaking camp, we shall say good-bye to Prince Otcheroff and then off we go in search of the Living Buddha again.

Sunday, July 21st, one o'clock. “On the track of the Living Buddha” - we have been following his motorcar track across the Steppes, but cannot find him. We followed his tracks last night till dark and then pitched our tent near a spring about one mile from a Mongol camp. I am afraid we cannot find the High Lama, so we will have to make our way southwards.

Six o'clock. Hurray! We have tracked Diluwa like boy scouts from one prince's camp to another. We are going to spend the night in the camp (seven yurts, and about 20 camels) of the Prince of East Sunnit and we leave tomorrow morning for Larsen's Camp, the Living Buddha leading us in his car. There are black clouds and it has become very dark and overcast. If it rains, we may be stuck here for days. The Prince of this Banner has returned and offered us his yurt. I am very glad because the tent is cold. It is hot during the day and very cold at night – so Nos Da. [Good night.]

Tuesday, July 23rd. We came 150 miles yesterday, Monday, to Larsen's Camp. We have just left Larsen's Camp where we saw Sir Charles Bell and our Military Attaché. We are going through bandit country to Dolonor. I am told they are very pleasant bandits and do not attack foreigners. Dr Müller knows the bandit leader quite well and we may call to see him. I don't think there is any danger, because 35 bandits were seen on the road yesterday and they were driven off into the mountains. We were stuck in the mud for three hours; got stuck again later. I am afraid we will have to camp out tonight. Dolonor is on the map but the other places are not.

Wednesday, seven o'clock. We have drifted off on to the wrong road into the mountains, and we have lost our way again. We came down tracks, which were very deep and bumpy into 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. The host offered me his wife and this also happened in other places. We expected to be in Dolonor by this time. We are going towards the east in the hope of finding the town. It is raining and we have run out of bread and biscuits, but we still have plenty of tinned stuff. I do hope we'll get to Dolonor today.

No bandits have come our way, and in any case, they are a pretty harmless lot here and would not dare to attack foreigners, because the Japanese would capture them at once. We have not met the bandit leader whom Dr Müller knows as he is in another part.



Dr Müller and Gareth's car being pulled out of the mud.

Wednesday, July 24th 3.30 p.m. Again, we have been stuck in the mud for many hours and it has been pouring. I have no idea how we shall get out. Perhaps we shall have to wait until the land dries out which might be a long time. 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 for some men to push.

Five o'clock. At last, we are out of the mud after five hours here. It took 20 villagers to tug us out. There was a huge cloudburst, which brought down torrents; there were masses of hailstones; the biggest I have ever seen, some almost as big as marbles. It is becoming increasingly more difficult to write my notes.

Two hours later. We are in the most outlying Chinese village bordering on the Mongol lands - in the most miserable mud hut I have ever seen – the only furniture is a mat. People are very poor here. The cloudburst, which has caused so much trouble, has wrecked their few crops. We have travelled 110 miles from Kalgan, but in the last eight hours, we have travelled four miles!! Just think of that speed when you speed on perfect roads in your Lanchester car. This village is quite different from the Mongol places. There are masses of children to be seen here compared with the Mongol places where we have been where there are almost none.

We are now 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 really good dinner - although we've had good tinned stuff. We have little food left, because we expected to get to Dolonor in about six or seven hours, but we've already been two days. So, we'll be hungry by the time we get to Dolonor. The people here have not much to eat.

Yesterday we passed some mounds just near the place where Kublai Khan had his summer house. Dr Müller believes that the mounds are Zanadu.

Thursday, July 25th. I have left home exactly nine months today and shall be home in something over three months. Then it will be fine to have the usual dinner cooked by Auntie Winnie and invite our great friend, Mr Davies.

Last night we slept four in a row (Dr M., self, Liang and a Mongol guide) on the floor in a very poor Chinese mud hovel - on a mat. During the first part of the night, the dogs howled everywhere and mad donkeys brayed. Dr Müller thinks there were bandits in the vicinity disturbing them, but I am told that the bandits here are just

horse and cattle thieves and do not kill. Anatoli slept in the car and also had a bad time, because the entire village came to peep in at him. This area is exceedingly poor, but the villagers are having the time of their lives watching us. They came to see us get up. They believe that foreigners have webbed feet like ducks and came to verify it while we dressed this morning. The roads are very bad after the rains, but we 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 and we solved the problem of having no bread by mixing eggs with flour and milk and making a sort of hard pancake.

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

First signs of Manchukuo! Hurray, because it shows we are getting near Dolonor, which is near the Manchukuo frontier. We have just met an ox cart with a Japanese flag flying on the front and a Manchukuo flag at the back - an indication that we are near the border. It is beautiful country with larks singing everywhere and the meadows covered with wonderful flowers - just like a field in June. There are deep blue larkspurs, butterflies, yellow and red flowers, and mountains around. What a contrast to 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 be there for nearly a week. We are now in Mongol lands, which have been colonised by the Chinese; the Mongols have been driven north and westward. Dr Müller has just come into the car with a bouquet of flowers. When I hear the larks and see the June and early July 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 antelopes; the hill was coloured brown with them.

I shall write this letter while we stop for the engine to cool.

Thursday, July 25th at six o'clock. We were stuck in the mud again this afternoon, and now we are stuck again just near the river, which we must cross. Across the river, a boy is waving a Manchukuo flag, although this is really China. While we wait for the oxen and

men, I shall continue to write. It is a lovely evening. Today I saw a little Chinese girl with half a dozen buttons on her dress of which she is very proud. On each button was printed: “for Gentlemen!” Dr Müller has gone off to talk with the villagers. On his return, I see Anatoli wading the river with wood to get under the wheels and now oxen are being tied up to the car. Finally, we are pulled out and we carry on.

Ten o'clock at night. Hurray! AT LAST DOLONOR! After a terrific journey traversing across high hills in the dark. Just outside the town, there was a poppy field and the West Gate, which we came through, was not guarded. On each corner, soldiers with fixed bayonets guarded the streets. Many of the houses are made of mud and lanterns lighted the streets. We waited in a rough inn for supper and eventually we had a good meal. In the same room, there is a man with no hair, just a bald shaven head. He is boiling opium in a deep frying pan on a wood stove and is fanning the wood stove with a Chinese fan. The room is papered with Chinese account books. Every now and then he drains the opium mixture through leaves or filters. There is a sickly smell of opium and in the next room; there is an opium pipe and bed. A Manchukuo soldier is smoking. Müller remarked: “The ‘Japs’ have already opened three brothels here. That’s the first thing they introduce, legal opium, but not for the ‘Japs’. Funny they haven’t got heroin traders yet, but that will come”.

Anatoli is worried. “I have no visa.” I laughed “Manchukuo? Indeed everyone knows this is Chahar - a Province of China”. Then Müller said: “I’ve just heard that this became Manchukuo two days ago. The ‘Japs’ have also occupied Kangpao on the Kalgan-Urga road, Kuyuan and Pao Ch’ang. The innkeeper says they intend to occupy Kalgan on about August 15th; about 40,000 troops have assembled not far away from Dolonor. 28 lorries and more soldiers arrived today. 30 are expected tomorrow. Many troops have gone southwest”.

Friday morning, July 26th. I got up late, walked the streets, and found them festooned with Japanese and Manchukuo flags. Müller said:

One is the Manchu flag, the old Republican flag slightly changed. That's why I think they want to hold China. Kalgan will be a preparation for an independent North China and an independent Mongolia and there will be very few Mongols here.

As I strolled through the town, there were more smells of opium. Everywhere in the streets was the smell of opium. Down by the river, I saw animal skins being dipped and soaked in the water and one was a fine dog skin. In one place, I saw rice or corn being stored, as a donkey with its eyes wrapped with a cloth and a horse were going round and round threshing the grain. The poor animals get blinded by the threshing.

On my walk, I saw that there were many troops on the road to Kalgan. On the walls were lanterns and everywhere these were papered with Manchurian and Japanese flags crossed on each other. The streets here are full of soldiers with fixed bayonets; I passed a geisha girl, showing the Japanese had arrived. Theatre crowds were on one side of the street. They were singing: "God save Manchukuo soldiers and officers". There were lots of sing-song girls and Japanese soldiers.

What luck! There are great events here. The streets are full of Japanese and Manchukuo flags. The Japanese have decided to make this Chinese town and region part of Manchukuo. The town itself has 15,000 soldiers. Thousands of Japanese soldiers are assembled here and many have left on the road to Kalgan over which we travel on tomorrow.

I am witnessing the changeover of a big district from China to Manchukuo. There are barbed-wire entanglements just outside the hotel. There are two roads to Kalgan to where we go back; over one 200 Japanese lorries have travelled; the other is infested by bad bandits.

These were the final words that Gareth wrote in his narrative before he was captured by bandits and murdered. The following two pages show Gareth's last diary entry (which he used as an aide-mémoire to create the faithfully reproduced narrative):

Saloor, arr. over mts; 9:45 from Two-Jobs Street
 guarded, - each corner - many houses -
 by soldiers w. fixed bayonets, fixed hoses -
 we came thro' gate (it guarded) - Puffy
 field post outside. Doctors in street - came
 to inn; room passed w. Chinese at books;
 small opium - five-stone in middle air.
 opium boiling by man w. hair shaven bald
 who every now & then it thro' leaves of filter.
 "mate worked: 'I have no visa', laughed
 "Manchukuo indeed. Everybody knows it
 tho' is Chaka Province, China." The Minley
 Ed. just heard th' th' became Manchukuo
 2 days ago. The Japs. he also occupied
 Kangpao on Kalgan - Ugoa Road,
 Kuyuan & Paochang. The writer says
 they intend to occupy Kalgan at Aug. 15.
 Abt 40,000 troops he assembled at
 far away. 28 tons of soldiers arrived
 today at 30 expected tomorrow. Many
 troops he gave S.W. The Japs. he
 already opened 3 brothels here.
 we cooked at opium. "mate's
 I first th' th' introduce - legal
 opium, but not for Japs. "Fussy
 th' he's not got heroin traders
 yet, but it welcome."
 Good supper, meat, one little drink
 but with small opium; opium
 smoky room next door.
 Iron-mudhuts, broke down
 tillies & barbed wire outside.

Friday, July 26. M. "Lucky you at wear AOPB
 also, or Japs wd think Ah. Oriental fight
 brotherhood!" Up late, walk, street
 full. Jap. - March' flags. M. "The
 Mand. flags told Rep. Paper slight
 change. H's by think they want to
 hold China. Kelpan is to a prep" for
 an independent N. China: indep.
 Morocco. V. Ben Morocco here.
 Went walk, smells, towers; sand
 everywhere. Flaps. Saw skin being dipped
 & soaked in vials. One fine dog skin.
 One corn on one place; donkey (eye wrapped
 round as cloth) & horse got round & round;
 they get blind: the thing.
 Many troops on; Kelpan Rd.
 Went walk; tarring, lantern on wall of paper
 w/ M. & Jap. flags; wood, everywhere Jap. &
 M. flags w. more Jap. flags than M. Heard
 music; went thro' room; smell opium
 opium smoke one room, not opium
 other room. Smell opium in streets,
 theatre corridors, on one table in open air
 God say March. soldiers - officers. Got
 sing boy girls. Saw Jap. soldiers.

Transcript of Last Diary Entry

Dolonor - 9.45 p.m. Thursday July 25th. Arrived over mountains.
 Streets guarded - each corner, - many houses, by soldiers with fixed
 bayonets. Mud houses - we came through the West Gate- (not guarded).
 Poppy field just outside, lanterns in streets.

Came to inn, room was papered with Chinese account books, smell
 of opium, fire stove in middle and opium boiling by man with hair shaven

bald, who every now and then drained it through leaves or filter. Anatoli worried: "I've no visa". I laughed: "Manchukuo indeed. Everybody knows that this is Chahar Province, China." Then Müller said: "I've just heard that this became Manchukuo two days ago. The Japs have also occupied Kangpao, on Kalgan-Urga road, Kuyuan and Paochang." The Innkeeper says they- intend to occupy Kalgan about August 15th. About 40,000 troops have assembled not far away. 28 lorries and soldiers arrived today. 30 expected tomorrow. Many troops have gone southwest. "The Japs have already opened three brothels here". We looked at-opium, "That's the first thing they introduce - legal opium, but not for the Japs. Funny they haven't got heroin traders yet, but that will come".

Good supper, meat, omelette etc, but sickly smell of opium; opium smoking room next door. Inn - mud huts; broken down. Soldiers and barbed wire outside.

[Second Page]

Friday July 26 – Müller: "Lucky you don't wear A. O. F. B. also, or the Japs would think you were the Anti Oriental Fighting Brotherhood!"

Up late; walk, streets full of Japanese and Manchukuo flags. Müller: "One Manchu flag is the old Republican flag, slightly changed; that's why I think they want to hold China. Kalgan will be a preparation for an independent North China, and an independent Mongolia. Very few Mongols here." Went walk, smells, to river, sand everywhere. Flags. Saw skins being dipped and soaked in river. One fine dog skin. One corn or rice place; donkey (eyes wrapped round with cloth) and horse going round and round, they get blinded; threshing.

Many troops on Kalgan road. Went walk on arriving, lantern on wall and papered with Manchurian and Japanese flags crossed. Everywhere Japanese and Manchurian flags with more Japanese flags than Manchurian. Heard music, went through room, smell of opium, opium smokers one room, making opium in the other room. Smell of opium in the- streets. Theatre crowds on one side in open air. God save Manchu soldiers and officers. Lots of sing-song girls. Saw Japanese soldiers.