TIBET

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Scale of English Miles

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Scale of Kilometres

80' Longitude East 84° from Greenwich 88°
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Cover: Before two splendid white chortens on the outskirts of Jyekundo, Tibetan headmen, carrying the flags of the United States and China, greet the members of the Dolan/Tolstoy expedition as they cross the Sino-Tibetan border.

Left: A general view of the country in northwest Hubei. Peaks are 5,000 feet above the nullah, Hsing-shan Hsien, altitude 3,000 feet – June 14, 1910.

Photograph by E.N. Wilson. Permission to use this photograph granted by the Arnold Arboretum.

INTRODUCTION

The recently "opening" of China has stimulated a renewed exchange with that country that Americans have enjoyed periodically over the past two hundred years. The Academy of Natural Sciences and its constituents have had a continuing involvement in Western understanding of China's natural history during most of this period.

In 1784, a 360-ton vessel, "The Empress of China," sailing out of New York, arrived in Canton, and on its return to New York, established the first official American trade with China. The cargo to America included tea, handwoven cloth, chinaware, silk, cinnamon, and an assortment of Chinese articles brought back by the captain and seamen, including ivory objects, caged birds, Chinese clothing, porcelains, silk and lacquerware. The Philadelphia merchant Robert Morris had been one of the chief sponsors of "The Empress of China." Subsequently, he, along with Thomas Willing and Stephen Girard, helped launch Philadelphia's trade with the vessel, "Canton." By 1809, thirteen ships from the Delaware River arrived in Canton, and by the time of the founding of the Academy in 1812, Philadelphia merchants accounted for fully one-third of all trading activity between America and China. The trading vessels returned with insects, collections of beautiful shells, birds' nests (for bird's nest soup), live birds such as the Chinese pheasant, and skins of various large animals, such as the Chinese buffalo, which were prepared by Charles Willson Peale and his museum staff for their collections.

Nathan Dunn, who took ship for China in 1818 and prospered as a trader and "exporter" in Canton for thirteen years, was the Academy's first direct and official contact with China. Dunn was elected a corresponding member of the Academy in 1820, and maintained his contacts with the Academy and its members when he returned to Philadelphia in 1832 as one of the city's wealthiest citizens. He had brought with him a very large and detailed collection, including natural history specimens, illustrating nearly every aspect of Chinese life. These were installed in a new museum building in 1838, with Dunn's Chinese museum occupying the lower floor and Charles Willson Peale's museum occupying the upper floors. It was during this period that the Academy of Natural Sciences began to acquire plant, insect, shellfish, fish and bird specimens from China, as did Dunn's and Peale's museums. Later, when Dunn's Chinese museum moved to London (1841) and Peale's museum was sold to P.T. Barnum (1850), natural history specimens were dispersed to various Philadelphia, New York, and Boston institutions, including the Academy.

The end of the first Opium War in 1842, a war that had been caused by American and European smuggling of opium into China as a trade item, marked a "partial closing" of China. This "partial" or "full" closing pattern recurred periodically into the twentieth century. During that time, through missionary efforts, or during the "open" periods, the Academy's China relations expanded.

Adele Marion Fielde (1839-1916) spent fifteen years as a Baptist missionary in Shantou on the southeastern coast of China, where she became deeply interested in the theory of evolution. To further her studies, she returned to America in 1833 and became a Jessup student at the Academy, where she studied with Joseph Leidy, Edward Cope and others. During her studies, Fielde made presentations at Academy meetings about the language and literature of China, the intellectual development of Chinese women, geology, rhizopoda and other matters. She returned to China in 1885 and con-

Above: A hand-painted fan presented by the authorities of Canton, China to Captain John Green, of the "Empress of China," the first American vessel flying the American flag to enter the anchorage at Whampoa, (1784).
Left: One of the golden roofs of the Jokhang — the most ancient Buddhist Temple in Tibet, dating back to the 7th century.
continued intensive correspondence with Academy Secretary, Edward Nolan. These letters are now in the Academy's archives. When Fielde returned to this country in 1892, she taught science in New York and pursued her research activities at Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute. Her scientific studies were devoted to taxonomy and behavior of ants, about which she wrote many papers published in the Academy's Proceedings. As a suffragette, Fielde made many contributions in New York, and later in Seattle, toward the development of the intellectual interest and education of women.

Henry Fowler (1878-1965) was a curator in the fish department during that period of time. Many specimens of Chinese fishes from offshore marine, as well as freshwater habitats, had already become part of the collection when Fowler wrote one of his largest systematic works, A Synopsis of the Fishes of China (1930-1941), which included data from over thirty of his published papers. With this work and other papers about China fishes, Fowler established himself as the world's authority. He described nine new species which are still part of the Academy's fish collection.

In the 1930's, Academy member Brooke Dolan (1908-1945) made two expeditions (1932 and 1935) to western China and Tibet, where he collected natural history specimens on behalf of the Academy. The detailed journals he kept throughout these expeditions are in the manuscript collection of the Academy's library, and some of the outstanding biological specimens which he collected are displayed in Asian Hall. The latter include the first exhibit example of panda bears with young, the only Sichuan takin habitat group in the Western Hemisphere, the wild ass group and a striking specimen of a wild yak.

The 19th century bird collections at the Academy received notable additions in the 20th century from Rufus Leferre (2,301 specimens from Shandong Province, 1911-1927), Allison L. Moffett (1,308 specimens, 1914-1929), and Brooke Dolan (920 specimens from Sichuan and eastern Tibet, 1931-1932, and 2,615 specimens from western China, eastern Tibet and Kokonor on his second expedition, 1934-1936). These specimens have established the Academy's China bird collection as the foremost in the United States and one of the most important in the world.

In 1941-42, Brooke Dolan was again in Tibet. Captain Dolan and Lieutenant-Colonel Ilya Tolstoy (grandson of the Russian author) made the 1942 expedition on behalf of the United States government to investigate the feasibility of transporting war material through Tibet by land. In the course of this investigation, the two officers recorded on film the people, places and exotic customs that characterized the realm of the Dalai Lama. The Academy recently was given five field journals and over 2,000 negatives from this important expedition by Mrs. Sarah Dolan Price, daughter of Brooke Dolan. The gift represents one of the most comprehensive visual and documentary records of Tibetan civilization known to exist.

In intervening years, various Academy curators have been probing at the periphery of China in Thailand, Vietnam, Taiwan, and Hong Kong at problems which can only be answered when more information about plants and animals in their habitats in China becomes available. The current "opening up" of China is having a positive effect on these interests. During December, 1979, Academy member David Hasinger, with naturalist/explorer Peter Byrne, collected fish specimens for the Academy along the Chinese border in Nepal.

Dillon Ripley, present Secretary of the Smithsonian, and earlier, zoologist for the Academy of Natural Sciences on the Denison Crockett Expedition to the Southern Pacific (1937-38), has recently been in China with others attempting to assess the status of species that have become endangered and extinct since China was last "open" to the West. It is clear that the data about current species that he, George Schaller, and other members of the World Wildlife Fund are attempting to amass, will be aided by the base-line data at the Academy, extending back into the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. As China continues to "open up", we are optimistic that the Academy will continue to be actively involved through the research of its staff. The removal of geo-political boundaries from scientific research will make possible a number of biological studies which recognize only biosystematic and ecological boundaries in the years ahead.

Thomas Peter Bennett, President
The Academy of Natural Sciences

N.B. In Part I of this issue, the conventional spellings of Chinese and Tibetan place names (including towns, rivers, mountains, plains and valleys) have been retained as they are authentic for the years 1942 and 1943 in which Captain Brooke Dolan's expedition occurred. In Part II, the individual authors have each elected either conventional or Pinyin renderings, therefore, for the convenience of our readers, a geographical glossary of place names is provided in the Appendix of this volume.

All photographs from the Dolan/Tolstoy expedition reproduced in this issue of Frontiers copyrighted by the Academy of Natural Sciences and may not be reproduced without written permission from the Academy.
Part I
ACROSS TIBET
Excerpts from the Journals of Captain Brooke Dolan
1942-43

Chomo Lhari and the Rham Tso, October 29, 1942.
INTRODUCTION

The brief fifteen-year span of Brooke Dolan's career reflects a man of many persuasions; scientist, naturalist, explorer, diplomat, author, photographer and public servant.

Born in Philadelphia in 1908, Dolan attended St. Paul's School in Concord, N.H. where his naturalist tendencies began to bloom. In addition to being an enthusiastic student and athlete, he spent a considerable amount of time afield with binoculars and notebook.

A poem entitled, Wild Geese, which he wrote for the school magazine, reflects both his burgeoning interests and his personal philosophy:

High o'er the marshes, bleak and brown  
The grey goose legions, swinging down  
The wind, steam northward in their flight,  
Their age-old cadence throbbing through the night.

Ye say the grey-geese are poor things  
Compared to man, but underlings.  
Ye say! Say on! But tell not me  
Whose soul like theirs shall yet be free.

Following course work in zoology at Princeton and Harvard, Dolan planned, organized and conducted for the Academy of Natural Sciences, his first exploring and collecting expedition to Sichuan, China (principally) and Tibet in 1931-32. In addition to many less newsworthy specimens, the trip produced the first giant panda and Sichuan takin seen in this country. Much of the planning and design of the Academy's subsequent habitat groups for these species was carried out by Dolan.

The second Dolan expedition was launched in the spring of 1934 to secure systematic collections of high Tibetan fauna and to explore the eastern slopes of 23,490 ft. Amne Machin in Kokonor.

Dolan was accompanied by Dr. Ernst Schäfer of Goettingen University in Germany, who was responsible for mammal and bird collections, and Marion H. Duncan, who served as interpreter and manager of native personnel, commissary and transport. They spent fifteen arduous and often dangerous months putting together faunistic collections which resulted in the expedition being ranked as one of the more important field projects of modern times.

The expedition covered an area of approximately 200,000 square miles, much of it over 15,000 ft. elevations. They traveled 5,000 miles by caravan and 1,700 miles by river. Weather and topography, including large areas of marshes and quicksand, were extreme. With only minimal landmarks as navigational aids in the bleak and barren country, Dolan became lost for many days on several occasions. His persistence and innovativeness served him well both in the capacity of leader and in his ability to survive. He also taught himself to speak a smattering of Chinese and Tibetan, and became immersed in the study of Buddhism; so much so that he was known and respected as a student of that religion.

The expedition was an unqualified success; bringing back 310 mammals, 2,615 bird specimens and 2,600 mollusks. Of the large mammals, only the leopard and snow leopard eluded them. The goal of collecting the fauna of the high Tibetan steppes was achieved, and the eastern ranges of the white-lipped deer (Cervus albirostris) and MacNeil's deer (Cervus macneilli) were established. (Prior to this expedition no males of the latter had ever been collected.) In addition, a series of kiang or wild ass (Equus hemionus kiang) was secured which formed the basis of a habitat group contributed to the Academy. Dolan described the trip in the first issue of Frontiers, October, 1936.

Following the completion of his second expedition in 1936, Brooke Dolan, always an ardent fly-fisherman, turned to a study of the Atlantic salmon. Although the study was never completed, owing to his involvement in World War II, Dolan recorded, for the first time on motion picture film, the spawning activities of the species. (His article on the life history of the Atlantic salmon appeared in the June, 1940 issue of Frontiers.)

During this period, before the war, Dolan was active in a variety of capacities at the Academy of Natural Sciences, including trustee, scientific staff member and secretary of the Library Committee. He had a penchant for maps, particularly as a strong planning tool, and obtained many for the library, along with works on exploration. He reported on his trips in the Proceedings and through illustrated lectures, and helped plan and design habitat groups.

After joining the Air Force, he was assigned to the Office of Strategic Services (Intelligence), with the China-Burma-India Theater his ultimate destination. Selected by fellow O.S.S. officer, Colonel Ilya Tolstoy to accompany him on a special diplomatic mission to Tibet for President Roosevelt, Captain Dolan left for Lhasa, the capital and seat of the Dalai Lama, in October 1942. The purpose of the mission was to find ways and routes to enable the United States to transport supplies to our Chinese allies.

The trek to Lhasa over the Himalaya from Darjeeling, India was across steep and barren terrain. It consumed the better part of two months, and for Captain Dolan included a bout with pneumonia. The new sulfa drugs brought the illness under control quickly, but the high altitudes and extreme cold delayed his recovery. After a month in Gyantse, the last British trade and mail post, the American officers moved on toward the Sacred City, where they were met with all due ceremony and escorted to their quarters in the British Mission.

On a date that was auspicious for the Dalai Lama, December 20, Colonel Tolstoy and Captain Dolan were granted a formal audience in the throne room of the Potala with His Holiness and the Regent.

Following several weeks of attending official and unofficial functions, the Tibetan government granted the officers permission to proceed into China.

The subsequent trip through western China was punctuated with the dangers associated with travel in spring in that high country: high winds, blizzards, deep
snow, blocked passes, freezing temperatures, swollen rivers and bandits. However, after three rigorous months, their mission came to an end in Lanchow, north of Chongqing, where General Stillwell wired his congratulations.

Following a stateside leave, Dolan returned to Chongqing for his final mission. Fighter and bomber crews were being lost behind enemy lines and the possibility of escape for these crews was remote, considering the unknowns and hazards associated with topography, weather, native tribes, disease and the enemy. Although few specifics are known, or have been released of his mission, Dolan was well qualified to undertake it. He volunteered to infiltrate (disguised as a coolie, with his skin dyed) behind enemy lines and attempt to lead downed allied crew members to safety. Reports indicate that he was successful in the case of one, possibly two of these crews before his untimely death in China in 1945.

The excerpts which follow are drawn from Dolan’s diary of the 1942-43 expedition to Tibet and China. Together with his photographs, they reveal both a fascinating picture of a culture that has ceased to exist, and the personality of one of the last Western witnesses to it. The original field journals and photographs published here for the first time, are now in the manuscript collection of the Academy of Natural Sciences.

Thomas Dolan IV

Thomas Dolan, IV, Brooke Dolan’s nephew, serves as Chairman of the Eastern Pennsylvania Chapter of the Nature Conservancy. Formerly a member of the Academy’s Department of Limnology, Mr. Dolan is now an independent consultant on matters involving water quality and natural resources.
The valley as we descended it became increasingly sterile. Giant granite cliffs poured down slides of boulders, gravel and sand on which nothing grew. Many were the sills and batholiths, beautifully clear, intruded into the purple shale. At length we entered a deep canyon of light granite weathered pale buff. From the walls and cliffs boulders were continually breaking and plunging into the canyon, acted on by the fierce weathering forces of the Tibetan climate; hot daytime sun and freezing moonlight. We picked our way carefully across a level basin of sand through a forest of huge boulders. Above, the cliffs were grotesquely carved by wind and sun and frost into blocks and columns and balancing jointed towers. In the boulder forest were two shrines to the "Green Tara," the Tibetan Saviouress. She will ward off crashing obliteration from the hapless traveller in this valley of teetering giants.

Out of this valley we rode into a wider one where mountains of purple shale form the northwestern wall cut by pale granite sills. It was grand and beautiful.

With the chortens of Sangong in view down the valley, we passed a fine Tibetan house in a grove of big, old willows. Freshly painted white with sun roofs and second floor porches, it looked very modern in design.

Just before Sangong, which is a tiny hamlet, there were three or four Buddhas painted in heavy red on the cliffs beside the stream. Fifteen hundred feet up in the mountains to the east is Siling Gompa a very old temple and small monastery of forty-five monks and an abbott. Bill described it in extravagant terms — the trip was too much for my "Mexican knee." The abbott, who presented him a lovely old "tangka" of a king-demon, told him that the monastery was built with great trees which grew in the valley before the Mongol conquest of Tibet. If true, this dates the temple back at least 700 years (Tibet was conquered by Genghis Khan about 1206 A.D.). We have not seen a tree for almost a hundred miles except in the planted willow groves of this irrigated valley, however it is quite possible that there were forests here at 13,500 ft. in 1200 A.D., for study of the lakes and plains shows quite plainly that southern Tibet has been drying up for a long time.

A great difference in the character of the north and south facing walls of the valley is apparent. Facing south the slopes are verdureless and dessicated, as bare as the mountains of Turkestan. The summer rains have carried down a great litter of mud and rubbish which has spread out in wide alluvial fans through which, unopposed by turf or root, subsequent freshets have cut deep jagged drainages. Facing north the nullahs and ridges show some grass and low brush. Patches of snow and ice gleam on the slopes and above a village we saw yak grazing. The bird life is more varied than on the Gyantse plain. Water Redstarts and Ousels work along the Nyang Chu; and ground choughs flutter about the terraces. I saw the first rosefinches belonging to a large species. On the stubble of one field plantation were several hundred Red-billed Chough feeding communely with a great flock of Rock Pigeon.

Gradually the valley narrows and narrowing, shows more vegetation on slopes that suffer fewer hours of fierce sunlight. Wild plum and acacia put in an appearance.

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SAMDING 14,100 ft. December 8, 1942

This morning when the first level rays of the sun struck across the Nangkartse plain illumining it with a delusively warm orange flush, I rode ahead of Bill, with a headman guide to visit the female incarnate goddess, Donje P'agmo, "the Diamond Sow," who is after the Dalai and Tashi Lamas, one of the greatest, and to Europeans, the least known of the lama hierarchs.

Four miles across the plain we could see Samding, Donje P'agmo's temple and cloister perched on the top of a rocky knoll, but the first part of the ride involved an interminable detour around a partly frozen stream course and bog from which Mallard rose quacking and flew to the Yamdrok Lake.

Samding is built on a rocky mountain chain thrusting as a peninsula into a long grotesque tentacle of the lake. As we came abreast of the first ridges we saw Sam Chü, a small cloister nestling in a forest of juniper, the same evergreens climbing the barren slope to the crest. For two hundred miles we had seen no such trees as these.

At Sam Chü we were met by an escort of priests and headmen who led us to Samding. Some 300 ft. above the plain, the monastery stands out with a bold outline from the summit of a knoll. It is gained by a road of flagstone winding steeply upward and flanked by white walls with a step-like profile. Monks and country people; men, women and children hung from the ramparts above, as our ponies struggled laboriously up the slippery flags. At the top, in the outer court, we were ceremoniously received, and dismounted on soft rugs placed upon low tables. But before entering, we stopped to admire the miraculous panorama surrounding Donje P'agmo's house. To the southeast lies a dark blue arm of the Yamdrok Lake, to the south the great plain edged by bare mountain ranges; behind them rear up the mighty snowcapped peaks of the great Himalaya, of which the mightiest in view is Mali Kuncha. To the southwest
behind the hills that rim the plain rise nearer and diamond sharp against the harsh blue sky, Nengchi Kangsar and his lovely "bride," Jejun Dolma, dressed in a chaste new mantle of snow.

Within the gates of the monastery we found ourselves in a courtyard filled like a caravanserai with yak and ponies. We ascended by narrow stone steps to the first level of the temple and then by an inky black passageway and another steep flight to the second story where we were ushered into a reception room. The administrator of the monastery attended us there and his servants brought us tea and bowls of noodles with small dishes of lamb kidneys, horseradish and vegetables. We asked many questions relating to the history of this historic shrine but few were answered satisfactorily. Typical question: "How many hundred years ago was the monastery built?" Inevitable answer: "Many hundred years ago." However we knew that the abbess, Donje P'agmo, was a woman of learning, of geshe rank, and presently we would have an audience with her. One last question: "How old is the venerable abbess?" Answer: "Six years old."

On the ground level of Samding which we first were shown, are ranged in two inner temples massive chortens, in some cases serving as tombs, of silver plated with gold and studded with semi-precious stones, turquoise and coral, amber and onyx and opal or white amethyst. Some of these chortens are dedicated to previous reincarnations of Donje P'agmo; others to benefactors of the monastery. The finest is the tomb of the founder, Tinte Ts'omo; at its base rests a slab of stone holding the reputed footprint of the saint, impressed as he crossed the Karula Pass. In another room are said to rest the mortal remains of the twelve previous reincarnations of the goddess herself. Once in her lifetime each Donje P'agmo must visit this room before being laid to rest there.

On one tremendous event in its history do the special holiness of Donje P'agmo and the fame of Samding rest: the spiritual conquest of a Mongol warrior, Yung Kar, who came to sack the temple in 1716. When Yung Kar with his horde breached the walls, he found only eighty boars and eighty sows grunting about behind Donje P'agmo who had changed herself into a sow of greater size than the erstwhile monks and nuns. When the
Peasants and beasts within the courtyard of Samding Monastery.

Mongol disdained to plunder the shrine guarded only by a herd of swine, Donje P'agmo transformed herself and her herd back into human form, and Yung Kar came to his knees, perhaps literally, foreseeing further warfare and enriching Donje P'agmo with costly presents.

On the top or fourth level of the monastery is a large room hung with armor and weapons of which much is, or may well be, 18th century Mongolian. There are many suits of link-mail and round casques, also ancient spears and great swords. Many of the weapons, however, are more recent and of Tibetan origin. Undoubtedly Donje P'agmo's triumph of peace has converted many an impressionable Tibetan soldier and brigand from the way of the sword.

After inspecting many altars we were granted an audience by Donje P'agmo, an alert-faced solemn little girl with shorn locks seated on a high throne and dressed in robes of plum-colored cloth. We received her blessing; a red ribbon and a paper packet of tablets, very potent, to keep away fever and chills. These I later presented to Tami who added them to the already considerable collection he carries in his bosom.

Donje P'agmo's throne room was beautifully arranged with the dais throne at the south end, to be approached between two rows of gayly painted pillars supporting a ceiling of panels painted in conventional cloud and lotus petal designs. On the north and east walls of the room were hung tangkas distinguished by the delicate green and rose shades that usually denote the paintings of the Kham or east Tibetan school. The western wall of the room was occupied by a deep altar brightly lighted with great butter lamps. This altar is consecrated to the goddess and houses the greatest of her previous reincarnations at Samding in life-sized silver images.

On our way out of the temple, we visited the main service hall where there were two thrones of equal height upon which sit the Dalai Lama and Donje P'agmo on the occasion of the latter's visits.

No temple or monastery that I have ever visited holds the interest of Samding, the "Temple of the Diamond Sow," and nowhere have I read any account of it.

We trotted and galloped back toward Nangkartse, halting at Sam Chii to say hail and farewell to the monks who had ridden out to wish us Godspeed. From Sam Chii we continued to press our ponies, hired for the morning, to a village on the main road where our own ponies waited to carry us to Pede thirteen miles up the Lhasa road.

At one P.M. we reached the shore of the Yamdrok Tso which shone a dark steel blue in the midday sun. Cutting a few corners, we followed its erratic shore line for twelve miles into Pede and watched its mood change to an angry sea-blue green under the lash of a keen north wind, and at last to a deep royal blue shot with orange and gold and fire as the sun set, like a rich Mandarin brocade.

Following the shore line of a deep bight we passed the place where travellers from Lhasa turn off to Shigatse. In the bay were several hundred pochard of two species, one very similar in marking to our own Redhead; the other showing a sandy grey back and a fox-red head. Around the shores of the lake we saw other species including Bar-headed Geese, Brahminy Duck, Goosander, Scaup, Pintail, and Mallard; at least eight varieties of wildfowl in all. No hooved game was seen except two gazelle, but foxes are plentiful - all red fox, which must have lavish and varied fare between mouse and hare of which there are millions, and wildfowl.
Spent the best night in a week at Khamba Chumbo thanks to the relatively low elevation, 11,400 ft. That we are in another life zone was apparent as soon as we rode out of the caravanserai in the early morning: a hoopoe flew across the road. Wheat and oats are harvested as well as barley, and other trees than willow and poplar grow in the compounds and along the roads.

We rode in deep cold twilight for the first hour this morning through the fields and along the south bank of the river, which at low winter level finds its way in two courses across a mile wide bed of sand and boulders. We soon recognized it for the veritable Tsangpo—Brahmaputra and marvelled at its small volume.

Passing into the sunlight at last, we realized ourselves to be in a region far surpassing in natural plenty and cultivation any part of Tibet we had yet seen. The farms were making a harvest that edged every house top with bristling gold. In the sturdy scrub, flocks of Bar-headed geese and troops of Blacknecked Crane were finding a fat living. Across the Tsangpo—Brahmaputra the nullahs are full of whitewashed farms and groves, although the groves are here not as consciously nourished as in Gyantse and below. Trees grow here, there and everywhere.

After following the riverbed for seven miles we brought up against a long nose of granite from the face of the southern hills. At this southerly confinement of the Tsangpo—the river is 150 yds. wide from cliff to beach—the winter ferry is established. The crossing is called Jaksum, and just downstream of the crossing is a well-kept monastery, Jaksum Gompa, and a single steel cable extending to an island in mid-stream; sole remnant of a former bridge.

Passengers can cross in “coracles,” boats of yak hide sewn raw over a sturdy willow frame. Although sufficiently large and buoyant for six or eight passengers, they are propelled by one rower facing his course with two short oars. If need be he can tip it over his back and carry it across country. We met one such “beetle” between Khamba and Jaksum to which Bill’s horse took violent offense.

The heavy traffic of transport up and down the road, which today was continuous both ways, is carried in a thirty-foot flat-bottomed barge. Fifteen loaded ponies and mules are made to jump aboard through a low...
breath in the deck rail and if a few boxes are broken so much the worse for the owner. The animals are ranged in a herring-bone pattern which best utilizes the deck space. Two men forward handle heavy oars and one man aft a long stem sweep. Traffic was so heavy that we were unable to monopolize the ferry and used two hours crossing our company and fifty-five transport animals. On the north shore was a half-mile wide beach where wool caravans were waiting to cross. I photographed a group of wild-looking Khampas\(^2\) who grinned cheerfully at the camera instead of shying away as most of the south Tibetans do.

After tea we rode down the north bank of the Tsangpo along the beach to another granite nose and turning northward were in the valley of the Kyi Chu, “the Happy River.” From our lodging in Tsarong’s “retreat” at the confluence of the two rivers, Lhasa is forty miles upstream on the shores of the Kyi Chu. With Buddha’s permission we will ride into it shortly after noon on the day after tomorrow. I can still hardly believe it.

**NETANG 11,400 ft. December 11, 1942**

Spent a very comfortable night in Tsarong’s “retreat.” It is a compromise between a Tibetan house and an American bungalow. We used only one room in which there was a small, rather useless stove heater. On the walls are pasted and varnished over, a series of National Geographic Society maps and various Chinese religious and military prints. Certainly the most sensationally modern innovation in the house will be a shower bath which is now being constructed of concrete. This is the retreat of Tsarong Shapé\(^1\) the erstwhile “strong man of Tibet” who saved the life of the late Dalai Lama during the Chinese invasion of 1908. For many years he was the most intimate adviser of the Dalai Lama and exerted a strong progressive influence. Later he fell into disfavor and temporary banishment, largely thanks to the machinations of the priesthood who feared the effects of his progressive spirit and desire for innovation upon their absolute and stultifying rule.

Rode away from Chusul at 8:15 A.M. through willow groves very refreshing to the eye, quite reminiscent of north China. So too are the canals and the farmers with sons to help them trudging out to the fields in the early morning.

We first saw pigs at Khamba Chumbo and bought there some pork which proved tender because young but rather tasteless. In every village of the Tsangpo and Kyi Chu valleys, groups of pigs litter the roadway and farm yards. At first I remarked on how young they must all be, then seeing several sows that had already nursed, it dawned on me that the adult boars and sows were no larger than American peccaries 50-70 lbs. in weight. As with wild swine the hair, though black, is long and coarse all over the body; the mane is thick and springy.

Shortly after leaving the first village, we encountered several troops of stately Black-necked Crane grazing on barley stubble with a large cloister against the mountainside in the background. It was the perfect picture, but it was not to be except in memory. Stopping to get the telo-lens out of its box and plan an approach, I attracted the attention of a farmer who evidently thought I tended to shoot the birds, as do the Chinese and Nepali. At any rate, he charged down the congregation of cranes waving his arms and howling like a banshee, pursuing them still further when they attempted to settle again.

He did not seem at all fearful of consequences and when he approached us at a tangent still angry, I veered my horse to intersect him. However, he stopped suddenly to attend to nature in plain view, removing any dignity from the intended interview and reprimand.

We left farms and villages behind us as we took to the center of the valley across a three-mile waste of river and windborn sand. On the isolated and hardly maintained fields, cranes, Bar-headed Geese, and Brahminy Duck were assembled in great flocks. All day formations of geese and crane flew to and fro the fields or up and down the valley over our heads.

The temperature hovered about the freezing point all morning. With our backs to the sun, the steady little five mile-per-hour north wind was chilling to the body and painful to face and eyes.

At noon, near the banks of the Kyi Chu, we were met by a village headman who told us that a Lhasa official awaited us in his village two miles ahead. The abbott, Kusho\(^2\) Yonton Singhi, met us on the road before the village with his retinue and escorted us to a tent of gay blue and red design pitched for our reception. During tea he presented official katags (silk greeting scarves) from the Tibetan government and a letter from the Tibetan Foreign Secretary, Surkhang Dzasak, welcoming us and introducing the “kusho,” an ecclesiastical secretary of the foreign office, as a guide appointed to attend upon us during our visit to Lhasa. We soon got upon genial terms with him, indeed one would have to have been very stiff-necked not to be friendly with him at once, for he was a vast fellow of thirty-one years old (we exchanged ages in the first thirty seconds), very pleased with the world and anxious to ingratiate himself. We learned, not for the first time, from him that the Tibetan government had been very anxious about our health learning by telegraph and from Mr. Ludlow\(^3\) of our, principally my, illness in Gyantse. The Foreign Secretary had sent two ponies, big bays, for us to ride into Lhasa — a very handsome gesture.

High above the road in current usage winds another with unmorticed walls, built to clear the summer flood level of the Kyi Chu. Servants of the abbott rode ahead of us to clear the road. Meeting small wool caravans, laden donkeys and peasants, flocks of sheep and goats in narrow rocky places, they scattered them up and down the cliffs without regard for limbs or loads. It was a feudal action which called for no interference from us. Similarly, in precipitous passes of bad footing, we did not dismount as normally we should have to spare the hooves and legs of the horses. Instead the syces\(^4\) of the abbott led our horses up and down the rocky places.

Crossing a ford of a side course of the river, I filmed the party while Goosanders were swimming in its moderate stream and Brahminy Duck scarcely troubled to waddle from the path of the horses. Geese and crane were in view all day. The whole valley is a winter paradise for wildfowl.

We rode at last into Netang, a small whitewashed village, fourteen miles below Lhasa. We were accommo-
Captain Dolan, the monk guide, Kusho Yonton Singhi and Major Tolstoy. The guide met the American officers twenty-five miles outside of Lhasa with a letter of welcome from the Joint Foreign Secretaries of Tibet.

dated in a decent room used by the family as a private chapel. On the walls and against them were paintings of Chenrezig (Avalokita), Bodhisattva of love and patron lord of Tibet; Manjusri, the Bodhisattva of wisdom, who cuts the knotty points with a sword raised high in his right hand, and Guru Rinpoche, the Indian sorcerer and founder of Lamaism.

LHASA

December 12, 1942

We were early up this morning prinking and donning somewhat wrinkled uniforms for the reception, review of troops, and entry into the sacred precincts of Lhasa. Bill wore an issue khaki flannel shirt under his uniform, riding breeches and Gorki boots. I wore the same kit except that I put on high brown shoes and puttees. We both wore garrison caps.

As soon as we had ridden well out of Netang village onto a wide stretch of road, the abbott spurred up his horse to a pace that surpassed the gallop of most of our ponies. Bill was also mounted on an outstanding pacer and kept well up with him. I followed at a gallop.

Two miles north of Lhasa is an island-like hill; a rock out-cropping. I deluded myself into believing that this concealed the holy city from a view afar. Past this island of granite we rode into a light freezing wind along the Kyi Chu with a great plain spread out to the northward. After several miles ride we moved far enough westward to see beyond a long spur, miles ahead, a dark smudge on a hillcrest which was undoubtedly the "Potala," but so much smoke from the sacred fires of juniper hangs over Lhasa city that at that distance — five or six miles crowflight — the majestic red and white edifice had no brilliancy.

Under wheeling crying phalanxes of geese and crane, we rode up to and crossed a steel and concrete cantilever bridge built at the discretion of Tsarong Shapé. For its well-tended excellence it is incongruous to a high degree in the midst of "the thirteenth century."

Five miles out of Lhasa we were met by Mr. Frank Ludlow, Assistant Political Officer (British) for Tibet and his staff, including Mr. Fox, the English-born wireless operator. The Chinese Ambassador, Dr. Kung and his staff were also on hand to greet us, as well as Major Bista, second-in-command of the Nepalese Mission, the representative from Bhutan and Abdul Rashid, a member of the great Khan family, merchant princes of Ladakh. In all we made a party of forty or fifty strong as we rode on toward Lhasa.
gentleman and an administrator of many years' experience as Commissioner of the Kham. Both he and the Ecclesiastical Secretary, Yungun Ta Lama, who spent many years in the Lama Temple at Peking, speak Chinese fluently. With them they brought Chanyo-pa, known as 'Ringan,' who was one of four Tibetan boys educated at Rugby and who now serves as official interpreter and engineer in charge of Lhasa's all but defunct power plant.

The meeting went off in a most genial and satisfactory manner. To our great pleasure it was suggested that we have not only an official meeting with the young Gyalwa Rinpoche (Dalai Lama), essential for the acknowledgement of our visit, but also, later, a private audience in more intimate circumstances.

It was agreed that the mystic symbol "Om," which we caused to be engraved upon the silver ship we are presenting the young Dalai, will be regarded by Tibetans as of good omen. Since this is the initial overture of our President to the Dalai Lama and since "Om" is the syllable introductory to most phrases of moment in Tibetan, the secretaries believe that the symbol will portend to the government and people the beginning of a fine relationship.

LHASA
December 15, 1942

We approached the Potala palace from its red northwestern side, not its most spectacular aspect, but still its austere dominance of the landscape is impressive in the extreme. On our right we passed the "Norbhu Lingka" (Jewel Park), the summer palace of the Dalai Lama, a walled garden of many acres with palaces and pavilions, groves, walks, and lakes within.

Our first review was of a half dozen Nepali (not Gurkha) soldiers. They were a sorry lot but we tried to review and salute them with gravity.

Beyond were drawn up 200 Tibetan infantry in their own khaki uniforms with loose khaki hats, armed with British Service 303s. As we started down the line, the regimental band produced an amorphous blare and the green lion flags were dipped. We saluted the officers as we passed and shook hands with several.

After lunch we rested only briefly, before the foreign office people arrived for an interview which in our own interests could not wait. The young Dalai Lama must shortly follow the custom of Dalai Lamas and go into three weeks' seclusion before the New Year; so that we must seek an interview with him at the earliest possible date. Only following that interview will we be free to pay and receive calls upon and from other Tibetans, lay and ecclesiastical.

The Senior Foreign Secretary, Surkhang Dzasak, an official of the upper fourth rank, is a delightful Tibetan

Later, we walked eastward intending to find good positions from which to photograph the Potala, but got no further than a few hundred yards before my eye was taken by a "picture," and on it I spent the remaining two hours of the morning. This was a short lap of the sacred walk of the religion by which priests and pilgrims, some measuring the whole distance with their bodies, circumambulate the holy palace of Potala on the "Red Hill," Mar Puri, and the "Temple of the Healing Buddha" on the sister hill, Chok Puri.

Just east of Deke Lingka (the British mission), the sacred walk winds about the lower cliff of Chok Puri. Pilgrims and priests twirling prayer wheels descend a steep track to the foot of the hill and there pass under a great blue fresco of the "Celestial Buddha of the East," under willow trees festooned with fluttering votive flags; red, blue, white, and yellow, past mendicants with alms bowl and prayer wheel, past a great fresco of 1000 brightly colored Buddhas upon which an artist was at work. There are dogs on the walk — along its entire distance there must be thousands — which it is an act of piety to feed. (With canine understanding they beg only from those following the walk in the holy clockwise direction, recognizing persons proceeding anti-clockwise as casuals not bent on acquiring merit.) Behind this section of the sacred walk, the Chok Puri is silhouetted as a barren rocky pyramid with the yellow ochre temple of the medical Tathagata standing out boldly on the crest against a hard blue sky.
LHASA

December 16, 1942

We made the trip by the great road to the West Gate, and passed through the arch of a mammoth chorten into the city. The view of the Potala is most overwhelming just inside the West Gate, and for three hundred yards along the great road to the city proper, where the market and residential district lies. Circled by a high wall at its foot within which are two-story monastic dwellings and offices, the Mar Puri, the "Red Hill," sweeps upward without noticeable juncture into the clifflike dazzling white ramps of the palace, so that Mar Puri and Potala are one. The facade of the central chambers occupying the upper six levels, where beats the pulse of the god-kingdom and the Dalai Lama is housed, is of deep Chinese red, surmounted by a broad frieze of maroon on which shields of gold are applied. From the palace roof blaze turrets and cupolas with flaring Mongol roofs of brightest gold.

On the great road before the Potala stands an iron pillar on which is inscribed in Chinese characters a memorial from an early Manchu emperor. There are also two small square buildings with tilted Chinese roofs; one containing a huge bronze tortoise carrying a memorial tablet on its back similar to monuments in Peking which record the history of China.

Yak carts used to haul firewood to Lhasa. Nowhere else in Tibet are carts used. However, there are many regions in Tibet suited to wheel traffic.

LHASA

December 17, 1942

This morning the younger brother of the ex-Regent of Tibet, Reting, called on us with gifts of higher value than we have so far received. In addition to several mule loads of supplies, he presented both Bill and me with bolts of dark gold embroidered Chinese silk, beautiful material for a gown of a quality worn by the officials.

Reting was a regent of progressive spirit and liberal policy, very popular with Tibetans and foreign representatives alike; he retired at the surprising age of 27, giving place to the present incumbent, Ngawang Sungrub Thutob Tempe Gyalken, who is a pronounced reactionary, antipathetic to any ideas or developments extra-Tibetan in origin. Among the developments upon which he has pronounced tabu are motorcycles, English saddles, Homburg hats (very much favored formerly), football, certain types of women's headdresses, and cigarette smoking. The presence and word of the Regent are of extreme sanctity and neither may be taken lightly.
Panorama of the city of Lhasa and the Kyi Chu valley taken from Chok Puri.

The Potala from the spur above the West Gate.
The West Gate of Lhasa.

Court of the Namgyal Cloister, the Dalai Lama's cloister in the east wing of the Potala.
Tibetan lion-dog guarding the entrance to the Dalai Lama’s summer palace, Norbhu Lingka.

The Ex-Regent now stays on his estate in the valley of Reting which is tributary to the Kyi Chu Valley two or three stages north of Lhasa. Wonderful things are told of this valley by the Kashmiri bearer whom Ludlow occasionally sends there to collect plants and butterflies, and whose powers of observation and veracity he has reason to trust. In Reting, only sixty miles north of these barren hills, are forests of pine, containing Eared Pheasants (*harmani*) and Snow Cock (*Tetraophasis*). On the mountains are herds of shao, the stag once plentiful on the Sikkim border, as tame, say the Kashmiri, as herds of domestic yak. They are preyed upon, not by snow leopard, but by common panther or leopard. All this game in a country where no man rides unarmed, flourishes not by chance, but by stern laws implacably brought home. In Reting district the slayer of a wild animal is liable to the forfeiture of one or both hands.

In addition to the President’s gifts and our own, we are bestowing a certificate of life membership in the Academy of Natural Sciences on Gyalwa Rinpoche. The recipient so designated is a god constantly reincarnated without death or cessation of existence, so that the membership is perpetual. The secretary, Surkhang, wrote reams of comment on this bestowal, saying that the priests would have to be consulted as to its acceptability since they might fear that the gift carried some obligation to the God-king. However they believed that it would prove acceptable.

A hind of Przewalski’s deer and a two year-old ram in the zoo, Norbhu Lingka.
Entrance to Norbhu Lingka, the Dalai Lama’s summer palace.

LHASA

December 19, 1942

Took a walk around the Deke Lingka this afternoon with Ludlow. It is a jungle of buckthorn with a sprinkling of poplar and willow, the latter all pollarded or cropped. The withes are used for making pack baskets, or for firewood if they go unharvested for two or three years. Of the winter resident birds we found all but one to be expected. The most common bird is the Brown Accentor (Prunella fulvescens) and after him probably the Robin-breasted Accentor (P. rubeculoides). We saw two or three Tibetan Tits (Parus major tibetanus) and along the narrow canals that thread the park, several Afghan Redstarts. Hearing an unagreeable squeaking, Ludlow showed me two or three pair of Twites and a moment later we startled a flock of Prince Henry’s Laughing Thrushes (Trochaloptiron henrici) which led us a merry chase through the buckthorn chattering like all members of the tribe and keeping cover effectively. The other laughing thrush that winters here, Babax waddelli, we could not find.

We came out by the north gate of Norbu Lingka, through which I could make out the Chinese roofs of pavilions hidden by poplars. Continuing around the park walls, we met a string of the Dalai Lama’s ponies, including several lovely very pale bays at the main or East Gate. Two handsome green and white Tibetan lion-dogs guard the entrance.

Returning by the plain to Deke Lingka we saw as usual on the small ponds, Bar-headed geese, Brahminy Duck, Mallard and Goosander. We saw also a single drake Green-winged Teal who had overstayed his time and looked very cold and small.

When we returned there was a tennis game going in which Bill, Reg Fox, Rai Sahib Bo (the Mission doctor) and Tibetan members of the staff played. Everyone present is so acclimated that the altitude does not slow the game appreciably.

Tomorrow we keep our appointment for an audience with the Dalai Lama and the Regent in the Potala at 10 A.M.

LHASA

December 20, 1942

The great day is over and we have no occasion to be anything but jubilant, having it from Ringan verbally and convincingly, and from the Foreign Secretariat by letter that our meeting with the Dalai Lama and Regent was a great success.
Our guide, the Kusho Yontong Linghi, arrived at Deke Lingka early with Potala time which is twenty-five minutes behind ours. (When making appointments in Lhasa it is necessary to compare timepieces before the event.) With more than an hour to spare, we rode slowly into Lhasa through the great Main Gate and up to the foot of the imposing south face of Potala. We dismounted at its eastern end and ascended a steep ramp of flags arranged in wide ill-defined steps for two hundred feet. At the top we passed through a gloomy hall and emerged onto an inner plaza, open to the sky and one hundred feet square, where dances and other ceremonies for the public are conducted. Crossing it, we climbed a short steep staircase into the main body of the palace, and fifty feet square, where dances and other ceremonies for the public are conducted. Crossing it, we climbed a short steep staircase into the main body of the palace, and by a dark passage thronged with monks and servants, reached a small reception room, where with the President's photograph which I was to present.

The throne room opens from a roof penthouse upon which the monks were seated in rows. We lined up behind a dozen laymen and monks who were to be blessed: Bill, myself with the President's letter in its casket, and Sentrup with the President's photograph which I was to present.

Silently the line moved into the throne room, a large ill-lighted altar chamber, toward a high dais-throne at the rear, dimly seen at first. In front of us the laymen shuffled slowly ahead kneeling before the throne that the infant God-king might touch their foreheads with a wand in blessing. When we reached the Dalai Lama, Bill presented the President's letter into his hands with a katag, then as they were passed to him he placed in the child's hands the four sacred offerings: a sacrificial cake, an image of Buddha, a book and a chorten (all miniature and furnished by the monks), then saluted. Sentrup behind me had had the photograph taken from him by a priest, so that I simply put a ceremonial scarf into the Dalai Lama's hand and saluted. Passing to the left, Bill presented the four sacred offerings to the Regent, who was seated on a lower throne. We both presented katags, saluted and took seats prepared for us in the center of the floor.

There tea was served which our kusko tasted, prostrating himself before the Dalai Lama. After the child had drunk from a huge jade cup of graceful form, we each took a sip.

The Dalai Lama then spoke a few words in a clear young voice that did not tremble which Ringan interpreted as an inquiry as to the President's health. As thanks for this expression of regard we arose and saluted. Hardly had we resumed our seats than a voice like that of an angry bull was raised by a huge provost, at which signal we left the room in the van of the crowd, returning to the reception chamber with Ringan.

Fifteen minutes later we were summoned to a private audience with the Dalai Lama and Regent which was less formal and in every way delightful. It was held in a small, exceptionally well-lighted altar room in which the God-king and priest sat on low thrones covered with brocades. Before the Dalai Lama was a Chinese tea table deeply carved and hand painted, with a marble top on which stood a wondrous cup of pale green jade with a gold stand and golden cover. Behind him hung a tapestry on which peacocks and Tibetan cranes flew across a pale gold sky. Above the tapestry was a mural of Amitabha, the Celestial Buddha, surrounded by the bright pavilions of Sukharati, the "western paradise."

The little Dalai Lama was robed in splendid but not brilliant brocade. He made substantially the same inquiry after the President's health and thereafter sat alert gazing from one to another of us, smiling frequently as Bill added our prepared remarks to him and to the Regent through Ringan. It was most interesting to regard Ringan, an official of the fourth rank, as he carried on the interpretation. While addressing us he was almost normal in behaviour, that is to say, at ease. As he submitted our remarks to the Regent, he spoke slightly bowed from the hips with arms extended toward the high priest and between sentences kept his tongue protruding slightly, symbolizing obeisance.

Bill's remarks were very well received. He spoke of religious tolerance and love of independence as shared by America and Tibet and pointed out that we were now engaged in a war to preserve not only our own freedom but that of nations less powerful. The Regent replied that he thought very highly of this motive, and it is reasonable to believe that the speech made a favorable impression.

After withdrawing, we made a tour of the altars and tombs at the palace top. The flaring mongol roofs of gold visible from afar atop the Potala are imposed over the sepulchres of past Dalai Lamas. The sepulchres are housed in tremendous golden chortens; those of the fifth Grand Lama, and the late thirteenth Dalai Lama, reach up three stories to the roof top from their bases.

The fifth Grand Lama was the founder of the absolute temporal power of his line. At his invitation a Mongol from Kokonor, Gusri Khan, conquered Tibet and presented it to him with the title of Dalai or "Great
The theory that the Grand Lalnas are reincarnated without cessation of life assuming at the moment of death the existence of a baby or young child, had been invented at least a century earlier, but the first Dalai added greatly to their prestige and popularity with the Tibetan people by proclaiming that he was the incarnation of Avalokita, the God of love, the most revered deity in the pantheon, and that not only his four previous incarnations, the first four Grand Incarnate Lamas, were similarly Avalokita’s reflexes, but that the Godhead would persist in all future Dalai Lamas. From that day in the middle of the 17th century, save for external threats, the power of the Dalai Lamas has been absolute and secure.

The chorten-sepulchre of the late thirteenth Dalai Lama is huge, occupying (like that of his predecessor the “Great Fifth”) the three upper stories of the Potala. In it reposes the mummiﬁed body of the God-king and tons of offerings sealed up in the base.

The entire surface of the chorten is covered with thin sheet gold. Probably no heavier sheathing of the immense structure, which is 30 ft. square and 40 ft. high, could be supported by the underpinnings. Onto the ﬂat surfaces, at the base and on the globe, are applied all manner of precious offerings from the devout. Amber, turquoise and coral in monstrous globes and fragments stud the chorten in barbaric profusion, but there are also countless jade objects, many of them exquisite, including medallions, vases in bas-relief, snufﬁ bottles, a pair of gracefully executed deer by an early Chinese artist, and a Kwanyin, the mercy Goddess of the Chinese Buddhists.

Upon a pillar supporting the roof of the temple is a twisting fungus growth long since dried out, protected by a glass case, which is deeply venerated. While the embalmed body of the late thirteenth Dalai Lama was awaiting interment the fungus sprang from the eastern face of the pillar beside the chorten sepulchre. This was taken for a true portent that the Dalai Lama’s new embodiment should be sought in the East. As the world now knows, the infant Dalai was discovered near Kumbum on the borders of northeastern Tibet.

The four walls of the two stories from which the shrine of the thirteenth Dalai Lama can be worshipped are covered closely by murals which tell the story of his earthly life. Childhood, his early reign, the flight to China from the British, the ﬂight to British India from the Chinese, and the years of his power from 1912 until his death in 1933 are all represented in the greatest detail. He is shown in his palaces, in Darjeeling and Peking, in his palanquin and in an automobile. I was somewhat surprised by a scene in which the Dalai Lama kneels, or at least sits, on a lower level than the Dowager Empress Tz’u-hsi as he presents her with a golden Bodhisattva or Buddha. On the wall of the ante-room beside the entrance to the shrine is a large mural of the Dalai Lama, life-sized and surrounded by ﬁfth scale ﬁgures of his contemporaries who were most closely associated with him; they include Sir Charles Bell, the Political Ofﬁcer3 with whom, during his retreat to Darjeeling and afterward, he formed an intimate friendship.

We completed our visit by a trip around the top of the Potala. The golden roofs which are visible miles away atop the central red facade of the palace, are erected over the tombs of the Dalai Lamas. In form and ornament they are Chinese temple roofs with ﬂaring eaves sheathed in blazing gold leaf. They are the only superstructure that could crown the inspiring pile of the Potala with inevitability.

Golden roofs over sepulchres of the Dalai Lamas on top of the Potala.
In the afternoon we paid a call upon Ringan who has acted as interpreter at all of our most important interviews. Ringan has had an extraordinary career for a Tibetan. He was one of four middle class lads sent to Rugby where he spent five years and learned to speak and write English fluently, followed by one or two more devoted to electrical engineering, and when he returned to Tibet he brought with him a hydroelectric power plant to be installed at Lhasa. Actually he travelled ahead of his equipment, which was left at Kalimpong, excepting a small portable plant whose installation the late Dalai Lama was persuaded, with great difficulty — one suspects the fine hand of Sir Charles Bell in this — to permit in the summer palace at Norbhu Lingka. When the first lamps blazed in his chambers, however, reluctance veered to enthusiasm and the equipment for the main hydroelectric plant was at once ordered to be brought to Lhasa. It is sad to relate that no allowance has ever been made for repairs and replacements so that now the lights in Lhasa are not as bright as once they were; a 60 watt lamp casting only a dim circle of light. It is probable that the present reactionary Regent would welcome a breakdown of electric power and that authorization for new machinery would be withheld.

Following his return from England, Ringan not only became supervisor of the electric station, but also served as translator for the government and the late Dalai Lama. He handled most of the Dalai Lama's correspondence and, without obtaining important recognition of rank or office, was so constantly employed that the lad who travelled halfway around the world to school, has not been more than twenty miles from Lhasa in the past two decades.

Ringan has enjoyed no great advancement from his training, and his attitude toward his son's education reflects a little his disillusionment. He is himself teaching his son English and is having him instructed in Chinese, but he refused to send his son to school in Darjeeling or Kalimpong, believing from his own experience that the ground he would gain in western languages and culture he would lose in his own, and that a knowledge of the first would stand him in no great stead when he became a candidate for office. To know a little English, a little Chinese, says Ringan, gives a fillip to one’s reputation, but to advance oneself toward cabinet rank, a profound knowledge of Tibetan is the supreme qualification, since one of the chief functions of the Shape’s, like so many school teachers, is to correct the spelling and grammar of the reports submitted by lesser officials.

Perhaps from disillusionment, perhaps from natural conservatism, Ringan has largely repudiated his early training and now confines himself to the life of a Lhasa official of discernment and taste. With his liking for English conversation and his anachronistic preoccupation with things Tibetan, we find in him an accessible treasury of knowledge from which to enrich our own slight understanding.

Realizing our interest, he asked if we would like to see a tangka which had been in his wife's family for several centuries, depicting the mythical world of Chambala. We both jumped at the suggestion and from a trove of thirty or forty paintings in a deep recess under the altar he selected two. The painting of Chambala is far larger than most modern works, and at first glance the wealth of detail was confounding. Chambala, a country outside this world, is ruled over by a handsome young prince who occupies the center of the painting, surrounded by his courts and his people who are wise but warlike. Chambala is entirely encircled by lofty snow peaks but at the bottom of the mountain ring, the men of Chambala are shown pouring into the world across a snowy pass armed and mounted, dealing violent retribution to human beings who occupy the periphery of the painting and who have fallen into hopeless chaos as a result of their wickedness (anger, lust, ignorance). The greens, reds and blues of the painting have mellowed beautifully and the white ring of snow mountains brings the graceful central figure of the prince into immediate focus.

The second tangka is no painting, but a picture “composed” of silks and brocades cut and sewn. It is also very old, and the colors have aged softly.

Ringan is a connoisseur of present day Tibetan arts and crafts, and, as far as his means permit, a patron. This year he employed a silversmith from eastern Tibet for six months, housing and feeding him. He showed us a pair of bases and covers for porcelain tea bowls ornately chased by hammering.

He has also a few rugs made in the house to his own specifications in which only wool stuffs and dyes whose origin he knew went into the making. In the case of two beautiful rugs, the flower and cloud motifs were woven onto a natural warm background of camels’ hair which he obtained from the Kokonor. Of all the coloring used, only the reds and blues are of non-Tibetan origin. Indigo produces the blues and an aniline dye the reds. The weaver, whom he lodged in the house, finished both rugs, 7 x 3 feet, in 36 days. This system of employment brings down the cost to a minimum. The artisan’s keep.
apart from tea, is entirely furnished by the produce of Ringan's estates. Only the materials (wool excluded) and a minute wage require a cash outlay.

In the house Ringan has eight servants, a modest compliment for an official of the fourth class. No servants in Tibet are paid, but they are well clothed and fed and live and die in the family. Intelligent servants assume considerable responsibility for their masters and are privileged to offer advice on family or estate matters regardless of the company. They are far better off says Ringan than if set adrift in the world to make their living. When, through marriage or outside it, the servants grow too many in the house, the surplus is sent to one estate or another. They are not sold away from the family or off the land. When an estate changes hands the serfs go with it.

Without much urging we stayed on for supper which was modest and excellent. Chang, barley beer made in the house, was served to us for an hour or two at first. Dishes of meat with garlic, meat with walnuts, meat with vegetables and chicken with mushrooms were set in the middle of the table for communal consumption - you pick a morsel from one and a morsel from another with chopsticks. But noodles with chopped meat formed the piece de resistance. As soon as you finished one bowl, you were given another and I made my way through six bowls before I could stave off our proud hostess.

Home to Deke Lingka in inky darkness. At 8:15 the Lhasa folk are all indoors and the clippety-clop of our horses hooves sounded sharp and loud in the narrow cobbled streets.

LHASA

December 28, 1942

At 2:30 we were paid a call by the foreign secretaries who had informed us that they had a message from the Kashag to communicate. They delivered a telegram to be sent to President Roosevelt, signed by the Kashag, announcing our arrival and interview with their Holiness and thanking the President for his kind thoughts. This message we will transmit tomorrow.

Surkhang Dzasak then conveyed a message from the Regent and his advisors thanking us and the Academy of Natural Sciences for the testimonial of life membership offered to the Dalai Lama by the Academy, but declining to accept it on his behalf because he has not yet reached an age when he can decide whether or not he desires membership in a scientific institution. The Regent graciously hopes that the Academy will present the opportunity once more when the Dalai Lama comes of age at 18. This will take place in 1952.

The Joint Secretaries of Tibet, Surkhang Dzasak and Yonton Ta Lama; Changopa called Ringan, electrical engineer and interpreter. Standing: a secretary, the Prince of Dege, Yonton Singhi, our guide.
Lunch given by the American officers for the highest Tibetan officials. (The Dalai Lama and the Regent may not accept invitations).

LHASA December 29, 1942

Lunch for the Kashag was a great success. It was served in the garden—because of the number expected—over thirty—and our prayers that there would be no violent dust storm such as came up yesterday were answered.

The meal was long and elaborate. Soup followed hors d'oeuvres of which the Tibetans are extremely fond. Whiskey, gin and sherry were passed but the majority of the guests took orange squash. After an excellent tomato salad jelly, a barbecued mutton was carved over a pan of wood coals and served piping hot. This appealed strongly to the Tibetans and within ten minutes the loin and quarters had vanished. Pilau of rice and a curry followed the roast and for the grande finale, apple pies each crowned by an American flag.

I had a thoroughly amusing time at lunch between Tsarong and Surkhang. We talked of Kham (eastern Tibet) each in his own brand of Chinese. During the meal the Nachung Ta Lama, the Oracle of Tibet, arrived and sat at a small table placed between Surkhang and myself. Because of religious taboos, he may not sit at table with layfolk but took tea and sweet biscuits with us. He paid us an honor and a courtesy by riding into Deke Lingka from his cloister near Drepung. He wields tremendous influence. We shall call on him at Nachung within ten days.

LHASA December 31, 1942

At 3:30 we rode to the Lukhang to see the “Temple of the Serpent Demi-Gods” which is built on a poplar-wooded island in a small lake just under the north face of the Potala. In the temple, which is octagonal with a roof of Chinese green tile and a spine of gold, are enshrined gods and spirits whose home is under the waters. Their images are adorned like Bodhisattvas with the splendid addition of many slender serpents which spring from their robes and surround their heads like halos.

The chief glories of the Lukhang for me are the gargantuan willows (many of them centuries old) which sprawl, grotesquely gnarled, their limbs half submerged, about the shores of the lake. We crossed to the island, by no bridge but by balancing along a chain of ancient willow trunks, now locked in ice. In a few reaches of the lake still open, Pintail and Mallard, Gadwall and Brahminies paddled about. The atmosphere of the Lukhang is venerable, untidy and charming, shadowed as it is by the stern and imposing Potala.

LHASA January 15, 1943

Drepung, the greatest monastery of Tibet, is also the largest monastery in the world. Built on the steep slope of a nullah three miles west of Lhasa on the Gyantse Road, its innumerable white wall surfaces, punctuated by tiny cloister windows, give point to its name “the Rice Heap.” From its approaches one does not receive an adequate impression of its size because of foreshortening. One has to climb the slope of the nullah east or west to realize its great depth.

This morning, having arranged a call upon the abbotts or “khempos” of Drepung, we were met at the gate by one of the monk supervisors or “shengos,” accompanied by a young monk who carried ahead of us a silver staff of authority and warned of our coming with a series of stentorian tones delivered every fifty yards. The shengos are men of importance, charged with the discipline of the monastery and, during Monlam (the New Year), with the administration of the 10,000 monks who crowd into Lhasa.

The streets of Drepung are mere cobbled trails winding and climbing between high monastic walls. Entering a gate at the western end we followed the shengo in a steep ascent along the western edge of the monastery from which we could look across the nullah to brilliant images of Tsonkapa, Atisa and the “sacred ganuda bird” painted on a sloping cliff face. After a short stiff climb, we reached the “Potang,” the winter palace of the Grand Lamas 300 years ago, now in shabby repair although parts are being renovated and used as storehouses for wood and grain.
Walking around the upper level of the winter palace, we passed a high granite block with a double step, built to receive the Dalai Lama from his palanquin, and entered a paved garden filled with fruit trees which is the court of “Kunga Rawa,” the old summer palace. This palace is kept in repair and occupied by the Dalai Lama on the occasion of his visits to Drepung.

Potang and Kunga Rawa were probably built shortly after the founding of Drepung in 1414, 25 years before the installment of the “Gedundub,” the first Grand Lama. Two hundred years later, the “Great Fifth” Dalai Lama, so called although he was the first to be so styled and himself made the title retroactive upon the four preceding Grand Lamas, left Drepung where he was abbott and built the Potala on the “Red Hill” of Lhasa where the Grand Lamas of Tibet have ever since resided.

Leaving Kunga Rawa, we followed the shengo to the roof of the main temple, which, although the great hall below is 60 feet in height, we gained by a half flight of steps from the street, so sharp is the pitch of the hill. Under a portico, on the flat temple roof, there awaited us for tea the rulers of Drepung, the abbott-in-chief and the abbotts of the four colleges into which Drepung is divided.
After tea we slithered down the cobbled street to the entrance of the great temple which is called “Dsoghen Lhakang.” Six thousand monks can assemble in the vast prayer hall and the most sophisticated traveller would draw in his breath as he crossed its threshold. Rows of topless red pillars march into the twilight ahead and fade slowly from view, reflecting filtered light from the central nave into the gloom on either hand. Between the colonnades, row on row, the rugs upon which the lamas squat at prayers and tea are laid in long undeviating files which vanish into the shadows gathered about the altars.

A Buddhist priest could hardly describe the altars adequately. The entire lamaist pantheon is represented with special honor shown to Buddha and the saints of the Church. To the left hand of the central altar is a temple consecrated to the Buddha. Before his huge image are massed dozens of saints and followers; and around the walls are ranged eight disciples standing nine or more feet high, carved of wood and painted in soft pastel colors of great beauty and antiquity. Just within the doorway rear up two fearsome and magnificently carved statues; the demon “Shana dorje,” (the thunder-bold wielder) dark blue in color, and the horse-headed fiend “Tandin,” both protectors of the Church.

Outside this temple is an idol 20 feet in height, “Manjusri,” the Tibetan God of wisdom who shares with “Avalokita” and “Tara,” the God and Goddess of mercy, the highest popularity among Tibetans. As the essence of wisdom he is probably the Bodhisattva most revered by the lamas.

After the “Dsoghen Lhakang” we visited the four colleges, seeing, except at “Deyang,” only the empty prayer halls of which my chief recollection is of endless red colonnades and files of prayer rugs disappearing toward the deep gloom of the altars. The monks kept well out of sight whenever we passed, fearful of the shengo who accompanied us. Under penalty of brutal whipping they are confined to quarters and dare not show their faces in the windows when the shengo is in their quarter of the monastery.

“Losaling” is a college of 3300 monks. In its “chora” or grounds, we were shown the campus where debates and examinations are held. It is a garden of an acre or two in which shade trees grow from a mat of sharp gravel. One informant told us that the gravel furnished a well-drained carpet for the monks to sit on in rainy weather. Another had it that the gravel was intended to prevent the monks from relaxing during debates. Both explanations are probably true.

In “Deyang” we saw and photographed an examination. Three monks of early middle age, candidates for geshe rank, were being examined orally by learned members of the order; the interlocutors advancing one at a time to question the candidate under fire and over him reciting the questions as by rote with great style, slapping one hand into the palm of the other as they shouted, “answer.” If the answer was incorrect or not forthcoming, a tremendous slap was delivered against the bare arm of the candidate. The latter was obviously nervous and answered into the folds of his robe, but seemed to have his answers pat. He was wearing a yellow dragon-helmet-like hat and if he passes the eight day ordeal now in progress, an extra row of stitching will be taken in the hat to raise the crest.

The examination was held in a small shady garden, at one end of which, beneath a throne of steps, sat the candidates. The throne was vacant, its abbott-occupant reduced to a dais below by order of the Regent for having ordered two monks beaten to death not long before. In front of the throne an aisle is kept clear, on either side of which were seated 100 monks, geshes nearest the throne, novices, some of them no more then 10 years old, farthest away. The latter regarded us constantly and curiously, the former hardly at all. For my part, I was fascinated by the spectacle and exposed a full reel of film in spite of very unsatisfactory light. This climax of the monastic education few Europeans have seen. It concluded our view of Drepung and we rode home at a canter.

Left: Approaching the Dsoghen, or Assembly Hall, by one of Drepung’s narrow streets.
LHASA

January 19, 1943

It has been said that all roads lead to the Jokhang, the great cathedral of Lhasa and the first God-house of Tibet, whose building was begun in the 8th century. Into the narrow square which it occupies, through bazaars narrow and boistrous, funnelwise, pouring in merchants and nomads, pilgrims and priests, lead the great highways of Tibet.

From the West Gate of Lhasa, the great road runs under the shadow of the Potala, across the “Turquoise Bridge” and, passing a narrow island of buildings on the right, stops at an ancient hugely sprawling willow which partly screens the entrance of the Jokhang.

As we entered there was music of horns, drums and cymbals; three hundred priests were celebrating the worship of “Dorje Vijay,” at the order of the Dalai Lama. Seated on long files of prayer mats in “nakpa” or sorcerer dress, they occupied the great stone courtyard which is tented over as a prayer hall. Skirting the north side of the court, we penetrated the temple itself and passed through a door into the ancient center. This is a square shrine with flagged floor extending upward three stories and receiving plentiful light from an open bay right around the four walls under the roof. In the southeast corner facing west, a colossal figure of “Chamba,” the celestial Bodhisattva of love who is yet to come, dominates the shrine.

Chamba, the God of love, a twenty foot, gilded copper idol in the Jokhang. (He is the only Buddhist image seated in European fashion). It is believed that after many eons he will come from the West to save mankind.

Golden roofs of the Drepung Dsoghen.
Surrounding the temple of Chamba, under an arcade formed by the gallery above, are the entrances to the cavelike shrines of the ancient God-house, which contain the most revered images of lamaism. Huge tubs of brass and gilt, each holding 80-100 pounds of butter burning through stout wicks, illumine the soot-gormed caverns and feebly light up the gilded faces of the idols. The odor of rancid butter is overpowering.

Passing the next three temples we reached the great shrine of “Jowo Rinpoche”; the Buddha who gives the Jokhang its name. Buddha is represented as a richly adorned prince of sixteen years by a more than life-sized gilded image. He is seated in a massive roofed throne rather like the howdah for an elephant, heavily gilded and encrusted with gems. This is the image, according to Tibetan history, given by the Emperor of China to his daughter when she married the King of Tibet.

LHASA
February 6, 1943

To the Potala this morning rode the officials of Tibet to present scarves to their sovereign, the Dalai Lama. In Tibet, the religion is almost alpha and omega, but on the second day of the New Year, homage is expressly paid to the temporal power of the Dalai Lama as heir of the former kings.

Twelve men have hereditary right to attend upon the Dalai Lama at the court reception and on other special occasions. These are the nobles who attended the ancient kings of Tibet and transferred their fealty in the 17th century when the fifth Grand Lama seized temporal power with the title, “Dalai.” Their robes of exquisite brocades have been handed down from father to son since 1640, and although some are falling in pieces, they may not be changed. The Chamberlain wears on his

The second day of the Tibetan New Year, honorary chief steward of the Dalai Lama and two assistants in three-hundred-year-old brocades.
breast an immense charmbox of gold with a face of turquoise in mosaic. Lesser but splendid charmboxes ornament his assistants. All wear strings of turquoise two feet in length pendant from the left ear.

The reception is held in a large throne room whose central square is covered by a tent top. Around this square are seated members of the Kashag and other officials. We are seated with Mr. Ludlow (the British representative) and behind us are the representatives of Nepal and Bhutan as well as minor Tibetan officials.

The Dalai Lama is led to a high throne which is covered by a silver banner bearing the crossed thunderbolts emblematic of his power, with four small swasticas red, yellow, blue and white representing the quarters, one in each corner.

To the right of the Dalai Lama on a dais sits his tutor and to the latter’s right the Regent is installed on a low throne.

Directly before the Dalai Lama stands a mass of priests including the priest musicians. Behind them stand the nobles and in the opening services they present scarves and the four sacred objects: an image, a chorten, food and a book to the Dalai Lama and Regent.

In the following ceremony, the members of the Kashag and other very high lay officials advance to the center of the floor and kowtow three times before presenting scarves. They are followed by the monk officials and all the monks of Namgyal and Potala. Following these come the fourth rank officials and after them, Mr. Ludlow, ourselves, the Nepalese and Bhutanese, also clerks and foremen employed by the government, lastly the players who are to perform later.

The first dance of the ceremony is performed by a troupe of boys, none over twelve, wielding hatchets that resemble tomahawks. They have been drilled for months and are step perfect, dancing in single file before the throne.

For a few minutes the logicians are given the center of the stage and then servants carry in tables loaded with food which presently cover the entire central floor space before the throne. Dried fruits of all kinds occupy many of the tables and various kinds of bread many more. The head of a yak is realistically mounted in a basket and quarters of yak and whole dried sheep by the dozen are piled high on the tables. Bowls of rice gruel, plates of dried fruit and portions of boiled mutton are served to the officials and to us. This ceremony represents the bounty of the Dalai Lama to his subjects.

At a signal scores of servants and workmen rush upon the accumulation of food in the center of the temple and a lively melee ensues. Some of the participants work in teams and load huge bags with breadstuffs and carcasses of sheep, as others seek to dispossess them of their booty. But most scramble and fight on the floor filling
their blouses with whatever of the sacred viands they can pick up or wrest from their neighbors. To what purpose I cannot fathom, four shenkos move on the edge of the mob belaying all within reach with staves cracking their backs and heads brutally so that blood flows from more than one. This continues until nothing remains on the temple floor but a litter of dried meat and broken breads and the last varlet has been driven off.

We left the throne room with a feeling of relief and hurried through the crowd, down two stories, across the Namgyal courtyard and down the long flight of steps on the south face of the Potala. Part way down I stopped to film the officials leaving the Potala. Today all are dressed in their finest ceremonial robes. Shapés are clad in robes of gold or flowered silver brocade with fur-rimmed hats. High monk officials wear red cloth robes if living in cloister, or gold brocade if without. Their hats are brimless with a deep border of black fox or marten and a peaked crown of yellow velvet.

Officials of the fourth rank and below, which includes all the young men, wear shimmering jackets of old brocades sewn together, multi-colored silk scarfs furled and slung over one shoulder, small white hats representing turbans and black silk skirts.

Monks on one of the roofs of the Jokhang. During the first month of the New Year, 18,000 to 20,000 of them crowd into Lhasa from surrounding monasteries and take control of the city.
Festival - Lhasa

Camphor man in chain mail (rear view) during New Year Festival

Lhasa

Camphor man in chain mail during New Year Festival

Members of a squadron present respects with their matchlocks and bows and arrows.
During the reign of Ral-pa-chan, in the latter half of the ninth century, standard weights and measures were introduced from India. The priesthood was organized and increased, temples built, and Buddhism zealously extended throughout the country.

The zeal of the king appears to have been too much for his people, however, for when only forty-eight years old, he was assassinated at the instigation of his brother, Lang-dar-ma, who was at the head of the anti-Buddhist party. As soon as the latter succeeded to the throne, he did what he could to destroy Buddhism in Tibet.

Lang-dar-ma was himself killed after a reign of only three years by a lama. Smearing his white pony with charcoal — so the tradition runs — the priest donned a black robe with white lining and rode into Lhasa. He found the king examining the inscription on one of the stone pillars before the Potala. Dancing a fantastic dance, which he had invented for the occasion, he came gradually closer to the royal presence. Lang-dar-ma called him to come near and show the dance. While making the threefold prostration which the occasion demanded, the lama drew a bow and arrow from his broad-sleeved robe and shot the king. Then mounting his steed, he galloped off. The crossing of a river washed the charcoal from his pony. He himself turned his robe inside out and, thus transformed, escaped into safety.

This dance, now known as 'The Black Hat Dance', is still celebrated throughout Tibet in commemoration of the avenger's exploit. But the setback to Buddhism continued for seventy years.

Went by appointment at 11:30 this AM to the Potala where we met Ringan. He had been preparing one of the throne halls for the photograph sittings of the Dalai Lama and the Regent. We were ushered into their presences, advanced to their thrones, saluted, retired and immediately set to work with two cameras. Ringan had ordered a wide bay of windows just under the roof to be opened facing the thrones so that we needed to make short time exposures only.

The little boy sat like a lamb never moving a muscle as we photographed for twenty minutes, although it was sometimes apparent that he was under a strain. The Regent, with granite mask-like face, presented no problem at all. After we had taken enough pictures of them on their thrones to promise results, a chair was placed for the boy in a beam of sunlight and I took color movies and color stills of him with the Regent standing beside. I did my utmost to make him laugh, even making funny faces as the camera whirred away, while the Regent regarded me with stern disapproval. The little boy smiled charmingly once or twice and looked amused several times although he did not laugh outright. In the end he became somewhat tired and nervous. When I signaled that we were finished, a flying wedge of solicitous priests bore down on him and rushed him into his chambers.

Captain Dolan, the Dalai Lama and the Regent in the Potala.
LHASA

February 15, 1943

To say that we are affected with joy is to put it mildly. Not only are we to be permitted to travel the road in which we are most interested, but the dangers of that road which might have caused us serious embarrassment in obtaining transport etc. are largely nullified by the military escort which is to be furnished. It was a great surprise to us to learn that this escort will accompany us on the entire journey to Sining. It is possible under a Sino-Tibetan agreement that the soldiers of either country may traverse the territory of the other. Exactly how it will work out is, of course, not possible to foresee, but the care of the Tibetan government for our safety is touching.

We were asked to name a date for departure and we fixed on March 10th. This gives us three weeks in which to prepare transport, supplies and equipment. In the same period the Tibetan government will give us a farewell dinner and arrange a final interview with the Dalai Lama.

Thus our "hearts desire" is to be granted and, as an exception in favor of the United States, we are given the freedom of a road which for all time has been closed to foreigners and which in the past twelve months has been denied to both British and Chinese.

Bill improved the occasion by bringing up a subject which we have discussed at length among ourselves as well as with Mr. Ludlow; that of the Pacific Conference, the postwar peace conference and the Tibetans' part in it.

Today was Bill's birthday — some birthday present — and we had several drinks all around in celebration. Even the dear old Ta Lama insisted on drinking some ginger wine.

PHUNDO JONG 12,850 ft.

March 22, 1943

The morning's road led up to the Chak La\(^1\) and the afternoon's down from it. Leaving at 8 AM, for the first two hours we rode across a bare stony plain dotted with a few plantations of barley. As we ascended slowly the wild plants changed, buckhorn giving place to barberry and wild rose. We passed several hamlets showing good acreage under cultivation. Although stone is plentiful, only the field walls and occasional ruined houses from the old times are built of stone. The present day hamlets in this valley are of adobe.

Goats are everywhere on the mountains, grazing up to the limit of the barberry. Above are herds of yak.

\(^1\) Chak La: A mountain pass in Tibet.
grazing as high as 16,000 ft. This valley was more populous formerly, as broken terrace walls and overgrown fields reaching halfway up to the pass testify.

Today's stage was accounted a double one by the headmen of Lhundup Dzong, as their donkeys and pack oxen cannot make Phundo Jong in one day. We loaded essentials on ten pack ponies in order to spare our mules the pass crossing and took six riding ponies to push through to Phundo, agreeing that the transport need not overtake us at Phundo until tomorrow morning early.

The ascent from Lhundup to the Chak La is increasingly steep as one ascends. The last thousand feet is severe; I obtained an altimeter reading of 16,200 ft.

The northern slope of the Chak La is more gradual than the southern. It was snow covered and the road sheathed in ice for the first few hundred feet of the descent while a bitter north wind of 36° was blowing as we started down. The mountains to the north and east are sheer in profile, but grass covered and not exceeding 17,500 - 18,000 ft. No peaks could be seen.

We descended an ice stream for 3 miles passing a rest house where the transport was to stay the night. Rounding a great block of slate on our left, we dropped into a deeper, wider valley in which runs an open stream. Just above the wooden bridge by which we crossed is the Taklung Gompa, a monastery subject to the commander-in-chief of the Tibetan Army who is head of one of the country's oldest families with estates all over Tibet.

The road follows the stream eastward from Taklung in a deep valley whose northerly slopes are thickly clothed with thorny shrubs; barberry, rose and wild apricot. Water Ousels and Dippers, solid brown in color and some with a large white bib, swam and dove in the stream which was only icebound along the shores. Laughing thrushes of at least two varieties ran through the brush, and a thrush of medium size, uniformly black with a bright yellow bill, hopped from shrub to shrub. On the pass I observed the first Tibetan geier; here they are more common than Lammergeier. This valley is typical of eastern Tibet and very familiar in character to me. I was unable to contain excited blasphemy when I
Over a short steep pass from the Phundo valley into the valley of Lhundup.

saw an eared pheasant in the barberry bush. There was a flock of them, *Crossoptilon harmani*, which I expect to see in Reting from the accounts of Ramzana, Ludlow's servant sent there to collect plants, but I did not realize that the wooded zone with its attendant bird life extended so far westward.

Continuing down the valley at the best gait the ponies, tired by the pass-crossing, would make, we passed along the foot of a slope that once supported a number of communities growing barley on terraces, long—perhaps centuries—overgrown. High on a cliff above the north slope of the valley hangs the hermitage of Sili Go Dsang, colored red and white. Sili is the locality name; Go Dsang means the "Vulture's Nest." It is tended by the monks of Taklung Gompa.

At 4 o'clock we reached the "font" of Phundo, where the stream from Taklung joins the Phundo Chu, a small river representing the main source of the Kyi Chu, the river of Lhasa.

**RETING LHABRANG**

March 23, 1943

We are installed tonight in one of the holiest retreats of lamaism, Reting Lhabrang, miraculously built for Saint Atisa by Avalokita, "the looking-down Lord," 1000 years ago. Today it is the retreat of Reting Rinpoche who retired from the Regency at the age of twenty-seven, four years ago.

To the best of my knowledge, neither Reting valley nor Reting Lhabrang has been explored by a foreigner, although a British gold geologist passed by this road several years ago.

As a valley, Reting is unique in the records of central Tibet for the richness of the plant and animal life, undoubtedly due to the relatively high snowfall which it receives and its comparatively low elevation. Such combinations are common in eastern Tibet, but in these parallels, Reting valley is an exciting surprise.
On entering this valley we were at once struck by the luxuriant growth of evergreen junipers on the south-facing slopes of the mountains, extending ahead as far as one could see. The junipers grown as spreading ground shrubs and as trees; roses, apricots, gooseberries and barberry, form a light undergrowth through which laughing thrushe1 dart and chatter. I scanned the hill slopes constantly for eared pheasant but without seeing a bird. Twice, however, we saw partridges.

From Phundo to Reting is five miles. We lunched meagerly at noon and rode on across a flat, dusty plain from which, on our left, we could see hundreds of old terraces and traces of ruined hamlets, evidences of a once populous community. Only three farm houses remain.

Leaving the plain, we climbed up through a forest of juniper on a foothill of the northern mountains, rounded a corner and saw the Lhabrang of Reting through the trees ahead.

The approach to the palace was marked on either hand with whitewash as for the arrival of some great person. Monk proctors met us before the doorway and led us into a great courtyard before the high main facade of the palace and up one story by stone steps. At the end of a long hallway they ushered us into a room 35 feet square with painted pillars and beams. Windows opened onto the court below along the entire south wall. However, they were cheesecloth-covered and it was almost as cold inside this room as without. Two braziers filled with wood embers were more honorific than warming.

In the late afternoon we were received by Reting Rinpoche. Although only in his early thirties, he suffers from hereditary nervous disorders which are probably not ameliorated by the cold, lonely winters he dooms himself to at Reting. He was thin, pale and debilitated-looking but composed and showed a gentle strength of countenance. He was a most popular regent, taking the reigns at the age of twenty-two and relinquishing them when only twenty-seven. Moderate and progressive as no Tibetan ruler has ever been, he encouraged football, tennis and occidental innovations in general, even permitting the use of motor bikes in Lhasa. Why he retired, no one can or will explain satisfactorily. But in his twenty-seventh year he withdrew from the world to Reting and has lived a life of study and seclusion here for the past four years. We left his presence after twenty minutes, accepting an invitation to demonstrate our
radio for him in the evening.

We returned to find our room icy-cold and uninviting. After supper we rigged an aerial from the south wall of the court to Reting's third floor room. The reception was very poor but the small company gathered to listen seemed to enjoy the performance. The Tibetans are best pleased by Chinese music with Hindustani tunes a poor second. European and American music leaves them cold—something to do with octaves, beyond my ken. In the courtyard a crowd of peasants and servants was gathered who had never heard a radio. When Bill obligingly held the radio out on the balcony as an Indian melody blared out, the folk roared their appreciation.

Reting  March 24, 1943

The following evening I made a circuit of the holy walk of Reting with Cham Kusho. It winds through the juniper forest above the monastery among countless chortens, all of them old, some penetrated by the roots of the junipers and half hidden among the gooseberries and rose bushes.

My interest on the walk, which I have been around three times, is more than half engaged by the birds. The commonest species is the grey laughing thrush with black and white cheeks. The large buff-colored thrushes are far less common. They are of general buff color, streaked on breast and sides with chestnut or rusty brown. A few pair of grosbeak characterized by black breast, yellow abdomen, olive green upper parts and white specula, frequent the junipers above the monastery. I observed also a pair of Crossbill with rosy underparts and upper tail coverts. (We collected a series of these birds above Peigul in February 1935.) Present also were the Black Thrush, Robin-breasted Accentors, magpies and kites. By far the most interesting birds I have left to the last—Harmani's Eared Pheasants. Grey-blue birds of goose size, they frequent the juniper woods about the monastery in troops of five to eight. They are confirmed skulkers, although almost as tame as barnyard fowl even here, and keep to the shadow of the brush as much as possible. Crossing the open glades they move quickly and if at all alarmed, at a dead run, halting when they reach the shelter of the shrubbery. They feed like other members of the genus I have seen, scratching deep for roots and tubers.
Although yesterday evening was overcast and stormy, this morning dawned clear and cold with strong westerly breezes. We were up early and started on our journey. Even though you are not slept out, sleep grows elusive after 6:30 AM. The camp begins to stir between four and five o'clock. At six, a herder stokes up our stove with much fuss and smoke. A little before seven, the yak transport moves off.

The first part of the journey was a very gradual ascent to the table top which forms the divide between the Brahmaputra and the Salween. Slowly the table drops off northward showing a wide plain below filled with yak and kiang (wild ass). On the easterly edge of the plain we saw more kiang and Bill jumped seven gazelle riding to look the kiang over. Of the latter, there must have been 250-300 in the basin of the plain and on its slopes. We crossed a stream which was a wide sheet of ice coming down from Suk to the east. This is the Suk Chu which flows to join the stream against the westerly wall of the valley and merges with the Salween.

Just above the bamboo bridge by which we crossed is the Takhung Gompa, a monastery subject to the commander-in-chief of the Tibetan army.

After crossing the Suk Chu the road climbs up and over a series of ridges. Patches of snow splash the dead brown of these ridges and streak the great plain which extends westward and northward to considerable mountain ranges near Tengri Nor. This is the true Chang Tang, wide and dreary in the extreme, the contours so vague and irrational that the drainage is almost impossible to gauge from any distance.

From the ridges we rode down at length to Meta Shar, a small huddle of tents and adobe huts on the southeast edge of a huge plain.

WOM CHANG

April 9, 1943

This morning we awoke to a dismal white world; snow had commenced sometime in the early morning and was still falling. Today's journey had been heralded as of terrible distance and duration. We did nothing to shorten it by going astray in the first hour, stumbling through snow covered bogs, over tussocks and into partly frozen holes. Although we were in murky cloud, we were taking bearings for a compass survey of the road which has never been traversed by European or Indian explorers, and is not marked on the maps. When our guide led us southeast toward a nomad camp, I stopped the party, certain that we were going wrong. Bill suggested a course more easterly, and we started as the clouds lifted slightly and struck the road where it climbed the first low line of hills. The atmosphere was murky all morning without wind. Through light clouds the sun burned hotly and from below the snow burned even more fiercely on our faces. Everyone was wearing snow glasses, for blindness comes quickly in these altitudes. The drivers, who have no glasses, loop and tie their braids over their noses.

The final ascent to the pass over the range was short and steep. This pass, the Changu La - "Wolf Pass" - is 16,435 ft. and is the highest of eight passes we have crossed in three hundred miles. From the summit we descended by an easy gradient over old snowdrifts into a basinland which runs off eastward, but part way down we were caught in a violent blizzard which lasted fifteen minutes and blotted out everything. For a time we lost the ruts of the road but kept the direction of the slope of the ground. When the snow and wind ceased as suddenly as they had begun, we were lagging behind the pony transport.

Taking out a half hour for lunch, we rode down the valley of the Wom Chu for five weary hours to Wom Chang. Crossing the river, we picked our way through a maze of tussocks and river stones in which lay the skeletons of transport beasts. On the northeast bank of the Wom Chu, red sandstone slides appeared and ahead of us opened out a grassy valley enclosed by ridges of the same bright sandstone. In the light of early evening we rode eastward through a theater of glowing beauty to the small nomadic encampment of Wom Chu, which nestles in a little valley screened from the wind by ridges. If I had been less weary I should have been more appreciative of the fantastic setting, for everything was red
Baran, the huge Tibetan watchdog given to the officers by Tsarong Shapé, starts off in a basket to save his rock and ice-torn feet — March 22, 1943.

but the tents, which were black and white, and the beasts. “Painted Hills” would be a more suitable name for this locale than Wom Chang. Chang is the word for “wolf.” No one knows the meaning of “Wom.”

We dropped off the high rolling plains of Chang Tang into a region of deeper valleys and high, sheer mountains, not suitable for road construction. Tomorrow we must cross a steep pass, the Kenda La, which we can see from camp. It may or may not deliver us safely back onto the high grasslands. We are lower tonight — 13,760 ft. — than we have been since leaving Reting, 140 miles behind us.

SOG NOR TRACHEN

April 21, 1943

On the roof of the temple are stag antlers set in mortar, three or four together, their tines reaching up to heaven like the boughs of a dead tree. They are the antlers of MacNeill’s deer, of which the stag were first collected by my expedition of 1934-5.1 Formerly, say the monks, they were abundant in these valleys, but now they are gone. The abbott does not remember ever having seen them in his territory.

Stag were obviously abundant in the valley near Sog as antlers are used to crown houses, temples and chortens at Sog Hor Trachen and along the road. At Se Fup Tang I saw a patch of deer hair and hide. Both antlers and hair indicate that the stag here is MacNeill’s. The mountains of the San valley are covered with willow, affording excellent cover and browsing for stag. The people say that once they were very plentiful but that, except on the slopes of the main Sog Valley north of the town, there are now none left. For this extermination, the fantastic prices paid for antlers in velvet — supposed to have prodigious aphrodisiac properties — can be blamed.

TSANGNE NYU SHUR
META, CHINA 15,630 ft. April 24, 1943

Our first night in China — Kokonor territory — after a short, miserable journey.

Snow began as we left Tsangne nyedo and attended us with brief respite all the way, mercifully born on a southwest wind at our backs. We rode in a squad as planned, one hundred yards ahead of the first drove of
transport yak — the sergeant and two soldiers, Dege Se and his two servants, Bill and 1, Puntsø, Chamba and Kamba, nine of us armed. In the van, two hundred yards ahead, rode two soldiers. Except in a very narrow rocky place, we should have been difficult to ambush. It is not easy however to keep the ponies to the snail-slow pace of the caravan and every 15 miles I must halt and wait for the yak to catch us up. I estimate that they cover 1.8 m.p.h. on the level and 1.7 m.p.h. on the ascent, for yak are sturdy climbers.

The road followed the Tsangne Chu for a mile to its juncture with a smaller stream bearing in eastward from a deep defile. For a few minutes we rode NE and then, leaving the Tsangne Chu, turned into a narrow valley leading upward due north along a steep slope of mud and shingle with hollows drifted one and two feet deep. The slopes above are snow covered and limestone crowned. We saw two bands of bharal and a single ram from the road — the first we have seen since October in the upper Chumbi Valley. Snowcock raised an unholy racket from a patch of willows high above us. The mountains to the east were entirely snow covered and without life.

On the top, which I made 16,020 ft., we were enveloped in a snow flurry and at first could see nothing on the Chinese side. Then the sky cleared gradually from the south and at the foot of low, snow covered ridges and valley, we saw a great plain hazily outlined by white mantled ranges. If the map is correct, Tsanela is very near the plumb center of eastern Asia. The whim of a breeze decides here whether a snowflake shall join the waters which flow in the Salween to the SE corner of the Bay of Bengal or run with the thaw northward into the Dìchu and down with the mighty Yangtze to the Yellow Sea. If a change of wind carries a moisture laden cloud thirty miles west it will precipitate over the source of the Mekong which flows through the jungles of French Indochina.

We descended into the sourceland of the Dìchu Tangtze over wide snow fields in which the yak sank to their bellies. The first three-quarters of an hour was the worst and then we found slopes practically clear, drifted only in the nullahs.

We made camp in the teeth of a heavy wind, which has since abated, leaving a clear, freezing night. The grass is better here than at any stage we have passed since the fall and game is abundant. Bill saw gazelle, bharal and kiang, as well as a bear, on a short walk down to the plain.

Camp is pitched tonight according to plan, the loads piled on the corners of a large square to form redoubts. The tents are pitched along the sides of the square be-

*The Dsa Chu (Chinese: Yalung) main branch of the Mekong.*
We began to see parties of wild horse along this morning's road and startled five kiang which, crossing directly in front of us, turned out to be Przewalski's deer — four hinds, or stags now antlerless and one stag with small antlers which appeared flat and malformed. They swung around us no more than 150 yards distant, and made for the mountains to the south where there is thick cover of low willow.

Przewalski's deer is called hung lu, "red deer," by the Chinese for its coat is a dark rusty brown. MacNeill's deer which is pale sandy buff in color, they call bei lu, "the white deer." The stag of the former are splendid animals of 350-400 lbs. with wide antlers distinguished from those carried by the true red deer, wapiti, and intermediate stags (such as MacNeill's), by lacking the second tine above the brow. Although originally collected by Przewalski's expedition on the steppes of the upper Hwang Ho which we will begin crossing in a few days, I did not believe they existed in Dsachuka and could not have been more surprised if a big horn sheep had crossed the valley. Schäfer collected these deer 70-100 miles from here on the banks of the upper Yangtze in 1935 but records none from Dsachuka.

We rode into Jyekundo, emerging on the great street at the foot of the town which was thronged with half the population, and hung with flags of the Chinese Republic and a kaleidescope of Tibetan bunting in honor of our entry into China. We passed through most of the lower part of town and, branching from the great road, found ourselves before a gate mounted by two sentries. Within was a large courtyard with stables and servants quarters. At the end of the court was a large two story dwelling of a wealthy local man, at present in Lhasa. We were shown upstairs by Ma Siling and onto a balcony overlooking the court and on a level with most of the flat roofs of Jyekundo. From the balcony a door led into a large room with two big windows and furnished with Morris chairs and tables, a bed dressed with Chinese comforters, a brazier full of charcoal and a large round dining table, cloth-covered and set for six. To say that we were overcome was not to say half of it.
JYEKUNDO, CHINA

May 17, 1943

Ma Siling came early with officers of his staff to escort us over the camps pitched up the valley which we noticed on our way in. The camps are scattered on the bank of the stream, surrounded by fields which the soldiers have planted with barley. For the past three seasons, due to a dearth of rain, the barley crops in the Jyekundo valley have failed. This season, which has commenced favorably, Ma Siling anticipates that the troops will harvest enough grain to feed themselves with tsampa; next year enough may be raised to feed the ponies also. There are probably 500 troops engaged in agriculture here and as many more at Nangcheng, all self-supporting. The fields tilled are on new ground, not previously cultivated by the natives who also grow a considerable quantity of barley. Where fields of the troops and natives adjoin, the comparison is much in favor of the military. The fields are much clearer of stones. An irrigation system has been installed but there has not yet been a rise of the stream considerable enough to fill the ditches.

At the first camp, as at the other three which we visited, the men (80 to 100 in each) were spinning yarn or knitting busily — shoetops, socks, underwear and sweaters. (It is the aim of Ma Chuksi in Sining that as far as possible his armies shall be self-supporting.) Other objects than clothing such as rifle covers and cartridge belts are knitted or woven of the local wool. The tents are locally made of duck cloth imported from India. We had tea in the tent of one of the officers. The floor had been dug out two feet below ground level and a homemade stove installed. Two couches and a field telephone were all the visible kit, but everything was spotless and freshly swept.

At each camp we demonstrated the Thompson gun and Springfield with telo lens which were explained by Ma Siling and Major Ma. At the last two camps we allowed the officers several shots. After the firing, General Ma Siling gave each company a short talk suggested by us: that America appreciates fully China's great war effort of six year's duration and that now one of our chief aims is to help China with men, airplanes, and supplies. After his talk Ma Siling asked shortly, "Tungliao (understood)?" and the men replied in a concerted roar "Tungliao"!

Our impression of the camps was one of excellent organization, discipline and morale. The men are in good health from adequate daily rations of one pound each of meat and flour and from daily exercise in the fields. They were so occupied and interested by their knitting that they could hardly wait for us to leave to get on with it, a very healthy sign.

HSIA BATANG, CHINA 12,360 ft. May 19, 1943

This morning we were early up and packed for our visit to Hsia Batang, the lower region of the great plain

Chinese cavalry knit all their own woolen clothing in south Kokonor.
A mile or two up the valley we passed a monastery, the outer walls of whose cloisters were heavily striped with red, giving the place a somewhat jocose appearance.

We made lively time up the valley, travelling at four or five miles an hour. The men were in holiday spirit, taking potshots at a marmot and almost getting a hare crouching under a boulder. The day was fine and warm, the new grass up an inch everywhere and the birds in full courting swing. It was hard to remember that the bleak Tibetan uplands were just over the ridge.

Chinese soldiers knitting their own clothing.

whose western tip we touched between Dora Marko and Tason Sumdo on the road to Jyekundo.

Ma Siling sent us his grey pony and a mule which stood almost sixteen hands. Major Ma was mounted on a big dark brown and the ponies provided for our servants and the seven soldiers who escorted us were first rate riding animals. The tall mule which I was to ride took serious exception to the English bridle and saddle and at the last moment we had to change it for a young mule on which General Ma Siling rode up to see us off.

The road we took is the great road to Chiarndo which is also the beginning of a road favored by many traders down the west bank of the Yangtze to Dege and Tachien-lu. It runs across the plain before Jyekundo and enters a deep valley, watered by a small river, in which were many barley plantations; the young grain a hand high and fair game for dozens of marmots as well as hares which were out this morning. The walls of the valley were clothed with dense thickets of willow and a sprinkling of juniper and the upper slopes suggest that musk deer are plentiful. To my surprise we saw no eared pheasants of the subspecies named after me by de S. 2

The road led down the valley for little more than a mile, then turned sharply north into a smaller valley running down from a range of steep grassy mountains. As we climbed an easy slope across magnificent fields of blue iris, a shelf of grass many square miles in extent came into view, reaching north from the stream we had just left. We crossed one little ridge and another, ascending a longer valley and climbing a final, very steep five hundred feet to the summit of a gravelly pass. We descended through willow and dense patches of furze in new leaf and bloom toward the plain of Ta Ho Pa. (At the foot of the first descent was the site of the bivouac we made in 1935.) In the low hills and terraces above the river were thousands of sheep.

The left bank of the Ta Ho is visible a long distance as an escarpment cutting across the plain. The road drops first into a tributary valley which in character is a miniature of the Ta Ho trench. Juniper and buckhorn, acacia and many unfamiliar shrubs, all in full leaf, climbed the walls and crowded the stream bottom, which was flowing at 11,000 ft. below the plain between spectacular escarpments of unstratified lake gravels. The trench and slopes of the Ta Ho are three weeks ahead of the plain above, and represent a different animal and plant zone. They are a botanist’s and zoologist’s paradise. The flowers and shrubs which we could appreciate but not identify were legion. Laughing thrushes, Blue-eared Pheasants—almost exactly resembling Harmani’s Eared Pheasant of central Tibet, but a different species—jackdaws, pigeons and wagtails were obvious, but there were dozens of other species; wrens, warblers and woodpeckers not much in evidence on a drizzly day such as this was.

After fording the river with our loads on rafts of inflated sheepskins, we were met by the commander of the fort at Ta Ho Pa, Ma Hwa Yin, who had ridden out to greet us. We are not accommodated in the fort, which is full to capacity, but a tent of blue cloth, its mid-section of yak tail, was pitched for us and here we were received and given tea and food by six young, neat and smiling officers of the central government stationed in Ta Ho Pa to prepare artillery emplacements. They have been here

TA HO PA, CHINA
Camp 36 11,455 ft. June 18, 1943

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for several years. Three are going to Jyekundo in the near future on a similar assignment of two years' duration. Poor young fellows; they are bright and animated, seeming to merit more active assignments closer to the world. One is a Cantonese, who learned a small amount of English in Hong Kong - about as much as I have learned Chinese. From their uniforms and insignia we could not determine their ranks, and they did not inquire ours. Each one gave us the conventional greeting to travellers - "Hsink'oula" - "Has your heart eaten bitterness (on the road)?" To them it is not conceivable that our journey across Tibet has been one of the great adventures of a lifetime.

SA TSU YI, CHINA
Camp 39 9,300 ft. June 22, 1943

We rode eastward across the great plain over pastures of broom grass and other varieties, reaching, a mile or two from Che Che, a badland of sand and gravel in which grew profusely, as a low dense shrub, two species of acacia, one with a yellow blossom, the other blue. On the plain were iris of a light violet shade and lavender daisies. As we descended to the bed of a salt lake, we found tiny morning glories growing close to the ground. This lake is the bitter end of a stream flowing out onto the plain from the mountains to the south.

We rode around the shores of the lake, and regained the plain by a shallow, sandy valley, heavily grown up with acacias and flanked by dunes. The next lap is across a miniature desert and again we dropped down to the end of a stream; a wide fresh-water marshland full of waterfowl. It was a thrill to see wild swan and big geese - the legs very red, the bodies brownish - as well as a white pelican, if I was not deceived by the distance. On a pond were many ducks of different species. Nearer, in the short grass, were White-Fronted Coots, Brahminy, and Bar-headed geese.

From the marsh we went up onto a sand desert of considerable extent, crossing it for two or three miles and coming out on the margin of the Hui Chu. On the sandy bottomland we rode through blue thistles and over a small species of vetch, also in flower. Here and there, everywhere but in the bare dunes, was a legume with a yellow flower which we were unable to identify. On the west bank we were attended by an honor guard of twenty-seven school children headed by their master. They were divided in parentage. Chinese and Tibetan, and probably averaged ten years old. They were in cotton denim uniforms and responded smartly to the orders: "attention" and "salute." We invited the master to bring them all to hear the radio at seven o'clock tonight. They had come out almost two miles from the village to welcome us, but to the children that was probably more of a pleasure than a chore.
especially as they escaped the endless recitation of Chinese characters for a few hours.

Low cliffs and outcrops of sandstone reared above the left bank of the Hui Chu behind the sand dunes. The landscape was, for a mile or two, reminiscent of the north African deserts. Against the cliffs was built a tiny village, the houses merging perfectly into the sand and rock; distinguishable only by the dark apertures of doors and slot-like windows.

The village of Sa Tsu Yi sprawls along the left bank of the river, thirty or thirty-five houses in all, surrounded by rich fields of barley, peas, potatoes, cabbage, onions and several kinds of garlic. We tried one of the houses, but though the rooms in the inner court were spotless and neat, the courts themselves had been reduced to an unappetizing gumbo by the recent rains and we decided in favor of a camp. Just outside the village we found a clean threshing floor and pitched the tents there.

The landlord of the farm house, by whose courtesy we camped here, came out to help us and brought his family. Wife, brothers, cousins, children of all ages spent the evening wondering at us. The headmen of the village brought eggs, bei tsai (a small-leafed cabbage) and garlic, also a sheep as a present. We feel that Tibet is behind us and we have arrived in China.

TOU TANG HO, CHINA
Camp 41 10,570 ft. June 24, 1943

Today we dropped down about a mile to the edge of the Rimu plain and very thankfully reached a state caravanserai where we are lodged in the room for high ranking officials. We took tea and dinner in the inn keepers room before a small brazier, on which lumps of bituminous coal were burning. During the evening, other travellers arrive and are housed in rooms on the sides of the court or take care of themselves outside. As the caravanserai is maintained by the state, there are no charges for lodging and stabling. However, one can give the innkeeper whatever is suitable for his services, and the use of the kitchen, firewood etc. We tried to tip him, as well as a servant, but neither would accept the money, saying that we have come on a long journey to China and that they prefer to serve us free of charge. This is damned touching and for lack of anything better, we present them with a pound of white sugar which normally they never taste or ever see. We have been treated not merely with honor, but also with the most affecting hospitality, on this journey from Yekundo, that I, for one, have ever experienced. There is no doubting its sincerity, which is an expression of the gratitude and friendly feeling which the people in the remotest part of China feel for the people and soldiers of our great nation.

Bridge across the Hei Hsueh.
This morning broke under a canopy of cumulous clouds which dissipated early leaving a clear blue sky. We left the Kung Yuan with some regret. I know better than Bill how few spots of such beauty we will enjoy as lodgings from here on. We crossed the river by the motor bridge and rode down the left bank past the suburb of the city under a few fine old trees. The people of Tangkar were up early. Women were drawing water from the river and carrying it up the hill into the city; hucksters were washing radishes and cabbage and garlic; two mills built over an irrigation channel were grinding barley or wheat, and a servant was exercising a lively pony. We rode further past a mill where worsted cloth- ing and blankets were being spun.

Below Tangkar the road passes through a wide-walled canyon, cultivated to the last inch of arable ground by farms and small adobe villages. The crops, which are green and strong this year, include wheat, barley, spuds, beans, peas and hemp.

Traffic was steady on the road; troops coming up river in small detachments, merchants, principally Chinese, passing between Tibet and Sining in hooded springless carts, others, chiefly Moslems, riding ponies and mules, farmers or their wives walking to market with vegetables, chickens and eggs. Most of the women hobbled along painfully, for although the binding of feet went out early in the century in the coastal cities, in the villages it persisted until long after the founding of the Republic.

Just before nine o’clock we emerged from the cultivated ravine and rode through the village of Tsa Ma Sung, where we telephoned that we are on our way to Sining and will arrive tomorrow. Crossing the river to the right bank, we rode out onto a flat plain between wide plantations of wheat, barley and beans. The road was shaded by lanes of tall poplars. Groves of them dotted the plantations, shading the farms. The landscape was full of the loveliness of early summer in rich farming country. Barley and wheat were high and already in full ear, and the beans were very strong and luxuriant, flowering flagrantly. The farms and fields lay on the bed cut out by a restless river, migrating, in past ages, back and forth between low dust-covered hills. Occasional vistas up long valleys to the south revealed the high ranges, blue and misty, that pile in range after range southward to the nomad country on either bank of the Yellow River.

We arrived at our night’s stop – Yeng Shan Tang – at noon. Since we are not expected until tomorrow, we have settled down in our first Chinese inn. The end of a journey – perhaps we will begin another soon – but tonight we have reached the end of one of Asia’s great caravan routes, the Lhasa – Sining road.

*Guest quarters in which the American officers were put up in the Public Park, Hwang Yuan – June 27, 1943.*
FOOTNOTES

SANGONG – Nov. 1, 1942
1. Chorten - a monument to a distinguished Buddhist; especially a Lama.
2. Gompa - a monastery.
3. Ilya Tolstoy - grandson of the great Russian writer, Leo Tolstoy.
4. Tangka - a painting.

GOBSKI - Dec. 4, 1942
1. Chu - a river.
2. Nullah - a valley or ravine.

SAMDING – Dec. 8, 1942
1. Tashi Lama - ruler of the great monastery of Tashi Lhunpo. He ranks almost equal with the Dalai Lama; the Supreme Head of the Church.
2. Caravanserai - an inn, usually with a large courtyard, for the overnight accommodation of caravans.
3. Geshe - a degree equivalent to a doctorate.
5. Tso - a lake.

TSARONG’S RETREAT - Dec. 10, 1942
1. Tsarong - the name of a man who was one of the senior officers of Tibet.
2. Khampas - natives of eastern Tibet.

NETANG - Dec. 11, 1942
1. Shapé - a senior official in Tibet.
2. Kusho - honorific form of address applied to the aristocracy and especially to officials.
3. Frank Ludlow, the British representative. See article by R. de Schauensee in this issue on Ludlow’s contribution to the knowledge of Tibetan birds.
4. Syce - (in India) a groom or stableman.

LHASA – Jan. 15, 1943
1. The Tibetan New Year begins in February.

PHUNDO JONG – Mar. 22, 1943
1. La - a mountain pass.
2. Dzong - a fort; the headquarters of a Tibetan district.

RETING LHABRANG - Mar. 23, 1943
1. Lhabrang - a palace.

RETING – March 24, 1943
1. Dolan’s Lhasa apso; a small Tibetan terrier.

SOG HOR TRACHEN – Apr. 21, 1943
1. One of two earlier expeditions taken on behalf of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia.

JYEKUNDO, CHINA - May 15, 1943
1. Ma Siling - Chinese General in charge of garrison at Jyekundo.

JYEKUNDO, CHINA - May 17, 1943
1. Tsampa - flat cakes made of barley and tea.

HSIA BATANG - May 19, 1943
1. Major Ma - second in command of garrison at Jyekundo.
2. Rodolphe de Schauensee - Curator Emeritus of Ornithology, Academy of Natural Sciences.

SINING, CHINA - June 28, 1943