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THE LARGEST SHRINE IN TIBET

Embellished with gold leaf, the roof of this striking structure gleams brightly in the rarefied air of over 13,000 feet. Gyantse, where it is located, is the third largest city in Tibet

and was an early halting place on the journey which took Suydam Cutting and Arthur Ver-nay to the mysterious city of Lhasa, the abode of the supreme ruler of Tibet

Mr. Cutting tells here the story of his unique negotiations with the Dalai Lama, incarnation of Buddha, master of the Potala palace-monastery and supreme ruler of Tibet; and of his subsequent visit to the forbidden city. He took the first motion pictures of Lhasa; and the photographs reproduced here from his extensive collection, are the most extraordinary ever shown of this mysterious city.

In Lhasa — The Forbidden

An extraordinary trip to a city which few explorers have reached, where the palace-monastery of the Dalai Lama stands supreme

By C. SUYDAM CUTTING

Trustee, American Museum of Natural History

THE explorer who tries to visit Lhasa is confronted by a political and religious bulwark that is well-nigh impossible to penetrate. Tibet is a closed country to all foreigners, and Lhasa, the abode of the Dalai Lama, is guarded probably more closely than any other city in the world.

The first definite progress that the writer made toward gaining entrance to Lhasa was in 1928. In that year application was made by the Roosevelts through the Government of India for a permit to cross the southeastern corner of Tibet en route to the Chinese province of west Szechwan.

His Highness the Dalai Lama

The proposed expedition, in company with Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt, had no immediate bearing on Lhasa, but it was the beginning of negotiations with the Dalai Lama. One must begin there in a small way. Lieut. Col. F. M. Bailey, the political officer at the frontier who handled the request, thought there was no chance of gaining entrance even to this corner of Tibet, but some months after the original communication had gone up to Lhasa, an affirmative answer was received.

The ensuing expedition never actually

utilized the permit, for an alternative route to the destination was followed. But the significance of this contact in view of subsequent events, was enormous. It was the opening wedge.

Strengthening relations

That winter we journeyed in high country along the Tibetan border of China, a region inhabited by the Tibetans, Lolo, and Nashi. Then in 1930 followed a trip to Gyantse. Foreigners are permitted by treaty in limited numbers to visit this city, about a hundred miles beyond the Tibetan border. But a solemn promise over one's signature states that one will not travel beyond the immediate vicinity of the city. Here was another opportunity to press negotiations, and it was not lost. A letter in Tibetan requesting permission for further travel was dispatched accompanied by the conventional scarf to the Dalai Lama. Also many presents were distributed.

The two head men at Phari at the border were given decorative Hammacher Schlemmer aluminum ware, and the Governor at Gyantse received a cuckoo clock. Each of the five members of the Kashag, or High Council at Lhasa, was sent a self-winding wrist watch. The Dalai Lama's presents naturally had to be chosen with especial care. A gold self-wind-

ing wrist watch was only the beginning of his gifts.

He was a man of fifty-seven, shrewd in the ways of statecraft. But on the gentler side, it was known that he loved animals enormously. He had always wanted Lieut. Col. Bailey, the frontier officer, to send him, of all things, an ostrich. He must have seen a picture of one. But as Lieut. Col. Bailey tried to explain to him, it would have been impossible for an ostrich to survive the rigors of travel to the Tibetan plateau. Hoping to provide something equally amusing, I sent the Dalai Lama a pair of dachshunds. A week went by and then a telegram came from him which showed that some interest was being taken in the animals. He asked what their names were.

A week later, however, came his answer to our petition. Permission to visit Lhasa was denied; but, great luck, the caravan could cross the nomad country on its way back and visit the city of Khampa Dzong. The letter stated that there was general disapproval of strangers traveling into the interior of Tibet; but he and the Kashag gave permission and hoped I would have a pleasant journey.

The British had shown great consideration by allowing me, with the local Tibetan Governor's permission, to wander anywhere I wished in the great Gyantse Valley, which was ordinarily forbidden country. The proper Tibetan permits were made out, and every Tibetan was kindness itself, including the Governor of Khampa Dzong, who invited me to stay at his house and was the deserving recipient of my last remaining cuckoo clock.

I was closer to Lhasa than ever before. Friendly relations had definitely been started.

Letters from the Dalai Lama

In the following years a number of letters came from the Dalai Lama. The Tibetan script, on native paper, was always accompanied by a typewritten translation, done by the Dalai Lama's secretary. Both are contained in an intricate envelope addressed in both Tibetan and English, and sealed with the official seal. Our correspondence had much to do with the affairs of Tibet. I was asked to see if wool merchants in the United States would buy Tibetan wool via Calcutta. In response to this, several merchants were induced to write to Pangda Tshang of Upper Bengal and Lhasa, who has the monopoly in this product,

which is used in the manufacture of carpets. These negotiations have not progressed as favorably as they might, however, and the matter is still one of my considerations.

An autographed portrait of Hoover

Letters were also entrusted to me to be delivered to the State Department of the United States. The Dalai Lama wished to establish good will, although for diplomatic reasons there could be no direct communications between the governments. The letters were duly answered and sent back by me with an autographed photograph of President Hoover. Finally I was even asked to induce the United States Congress to buy silver and send it to Tibet in bond. This was an attempt to avoid the India export tax, and was quite hopeless for several reasons, but it gave me an excellent chance to send a letter bearing the letterhead of Congress.

When negotiating with orientals, anything that enhances one's importance never fails to benefit one. For this reason I always made it a point to write to the Dalai Lama every time I could use imposing stationery. The Dalai Lama knew that the Viceroy of India strongly backed my purpose to visit Lhasa, but the mere fact of my knowing him counted, too. So I was careful to write to Lhasa on the household note paper of the Viceroy, also on that of the Commander-in-chief, whom fortunately I also knew—never on hotel paper.

All this time presents were going back and forth. I sent the Dalai Lama a long glass cocktail shaker which, though it would not serve him in the ordinary manner, would be useful in mixing his buttered tea; also illustrated books on American architecture, a chair with a folding canopy, silver plated polar bears on agate, an ornamental glass bowl, and some fine woolen blankets. The dachshunds, as well as a pair of Dalmatians which I sent later, are still alive, but they have never produced puppies.

The Dalai Lama sent me Tibetan *Apsos* dogs in three lots, which unlike my gift, are breeding successfully.

The Dalai Lama continued to write regularly. Whenever I came to India I was to advise him of the fact, and so forth.

Then in December, 1933, he died. The cable from his personal assistant reached me on Christmas day, notifying me of the "tem-

porary passing away" of the incarnation of Buddha. (His successor must come from among the children born on the night he died and is selected by the priests by omens. But to date, his successor has not been discovered.)

"Knowing your constant correspondence with late Holiness," the cable read, "hope to receive assurance of continuance of your friendship at this unfortunate conjuncture."

So following the sad death of one who had become a real friend, correspondence continued with the Kashag, or High Council.

Later in 1934 with permission from Lhasa

there was a plan to go to Southeastern Tibet with the Roosevelts and to cross a big section of the plateau; and it was hoped that this might be the time for Lhasa. But because this expedition was to be chiefly for the purpose of collecting animals, and since shooting is counter to Buddhist law, we dropped the project.

Therefore, when Mr. Vernay and I planned the expedition described in this article, anthropological and botanical collections were the object of it, not hunting.

Negotiations this time went smoothly. My name was by now well known in high circles



ROUTE OF THE EXPEDITION TO LHASA

The dotted line indicates the route taken. Lofty passes separate Central Tibet, where Shigatse and Lhasa are located, from India. The Tibetan Plateau is intersected by moun-

tains and habitable valleys. Up to 14,000 feet agriculture produces peas, barley, and hay; above that to 16,000 feet nomads roam with their sheep, yaks, and goats

in Lhasa, I had always kept my promises with the government, and had endeavored to help the Dalai Lama in various ways. Permission to visit Shigatse only was granted, but we hoped that once we had reached this sacred city we might be allowed to proceed to Lhasa. And we started out from England early last July with great expectations.

Our first objective, Shigatse, is second only to Lhasa in size and political importance. It is the official residence of the Tashi Lama (Panchen Rimpochi) who is the spiritual head of the Buddhist world. Political reasons several years ago, during the life of the late Dalai Lama, caused the Tashi Lama to leave Tibet and take up his residence in China, where he still resides. At the present time there is a good deal of active talk as to his return to Shigatse in the summer of 1936, but the matter is shrouded in political intrigue which cannot now be discussed.

To reach Shigatse, which lies at an altitude of 12,800 feet, one follows either of two routes from India: one via Gyantse and the other via Khampa Dzong. The distance by the latter route is shorter, being 183 miles from northern Sikkim as against 236, but it is also by far the higher, crossing one pass that is over 17,000 feet. We chose the former route.

The passport which allows strangers to enter the interior of Tibet is a document written in Tibetan and bearing the Kashag's seal. Presentation of this document along the specified route of travel always brings immediate recognition. We actually carried two letters, however—one the regular passport, and the other in the form of a red pennant, which they call an "arrow letter." This letter proved of infinite convenience to us, and its use merits explanation.

A courier

When traveling in Tibet, it is the custom to change pack animals as often as required, and so to apportion this business amongst the various villages. Distances are consequently divided according to where the changes occur, and, since we nearly always made double marches, the routine was to change animals twice a day. Here is where the "arrow letter" became so valuable, for it traveled ahead of us by one or two days. Its presentation notified villagers and gave them ample time to collect their animals, which might be miles distant, tucked away in

some valley where there was good pasturage.

Anyone who travels in the interior of Tibet will invariably be struck sooner or later with the realization that the country has never changed. Countries sometimes are so backward that they appear still to be existing in the seventeenth century or thereabouts. But with Tibet, the period could easily be a thousand years or more ago, and for this situation there are definite reasons.

A closed country

Consider the term "Forbidden Land," which is so often applied to Tibet. Along its southern border lie Nepal, an independent Hindu kingdom of Mongolian stock, and two native states of India, Sikkim and Bhutan, both of Tibetan stock. Natives of these three are allowed into Tibet, and do some trading with the inhabitants; but Tibet's racial intercourse ends here. Indians from India and those other races who live along the far-flung frontiers of Tibet may not enter, nor are any permanent resident government representatives allowed. Prompted largely by religious motives, the nation, an ecclesiastical one much dominated by Buddhist priests, will not tolerate foreigners or foreign customs and products.

In view of this and of the fact that the country is practically self-supporting, with a plethora of everything needed in daily life, it is not hard to understand why Tibet has not changed and why no one in the country particularly wants it to.

The social order is a complete feudal system such as existed in Europe during the tenth century. How truly fascinating it is to travel there, to live in the houses of the natives, to rub shoulders with them, eat Tibetan food in company, and to know all the time that the culture and manners are a changeless relic of a forgotten era. Add to this that the people of all ranks are charming and virile, that they possess a fine sense of humor and are ultra polite, and that they live in strong, well-built houses amply comfortable, and you can understand that exploring in Tibet can be most interesting and delightful.

One is at first somewhat surprised at the peculiar salutation received everywhere from the common people. Any peasant upon approaching a foreigner or nobleman sticks out his tongue and holds it out for a second or two. This is the polite gesture of greeting.

The Tibetan plateau is a country of very different altitudes. Shigatse and Lhasa lie in Central Tibet, where although the land is not as high as in the regions to the north and south the altitude is nevertheless extreme. The plateau is intersected by hills and mountains, graced here and there with high snow-capped peaks. It is a land of habitable valleys that range from gorges to vast plains. The higher the altitude the less fertile the land and more rigorous the climate.

Agriculture, which produces largely peas, barley, and hay, becomes scanty at over 14,000 feet. Here crop raisers begin to merge with the nomads, who roam with their herds of sheep, yaks, and goats up to 16,000 feet.

Anywhere on the plateau the climate is naturally a cold one, and even if people from south of the Himalayas were permitted to settle in Tibet, the altitude and cold would make their environment absolutely unsuited to their welfare and health. The winters, except to those inured to them for generations, are unbearable. During this season the higher one goes the more one is subjected to icy southeast winds which, blowing a full gale during the daylight hours, raise fearsome clouds of dust often mixed with snow that go hurtling over the great grasslands.

Traveling conditions

Summer is the proper time to visit this country, but the summer is short. At 14,000 feet early July is still coldish with possible snow flurries, and August is the period of rain everywhere. Usually during this latter month the mornings are clear, but cloud banks from the western mountain tops soon cover the valleys and by one o'clock a sweeping cold rain has arrived, often accompanied by hail.

The Central area is part of the watershed of the mighty Tsang Po River (Brahmaputra). This river is fed by innumerable tributaries that rise from upland springs and snows. All during August the many rushing streams are muddy from the masses of silt the rain has washed down from the mountain-sides. From the middle of September on through October the weather at 12,000 feet is perfect with a brilliant warm sun all day every day, yet with frost at night. This is the fine weather period, yet by mid-October at 14,000 feet the autumn is well under way and the cold winds are in full sway.

From this it is easy to understand that Tibetans must be a hardy race, particularly as there is little fuel in this bare country.

A splendid reception

Shigatse is situated in a huge, lovely valley surrounded by mountains. Our approach, late one afternoon, followed the river Nyang Chu, which three miles north of the city debouches into the Tsang Po. The first landmark one sees, arriving from any direction, is the great lamasery of Tashi Lhunpo, situated near the base of a mountain slope about a mile from the city. Its many gilded temple roofs completely dominate the landscape. Thirty-five hundred lamas reside here.

Word of our arrival had been sent ahead, and a splendid reception had been prepared. Guides met us at the outskirts, and the crowds which milled about our caravan as we passed through the narrow streets of the poorer section made our progress seem like a triumphal entry. We passed on to what might be classed as the more well-to-do residential quarter, and stopped at a house which was lent to us by the nephew of the Tashi Lama. There a small reception group awaited us. Buttered tea, the staple of Tibet appeared, and we were introduced to two gentlemen who were to act as permanent ADC's during our sojourn.

One wing of the house, situated in a lovely park, had been made ready to receive us and was hung with draperies and banners; also there was additional space for servants and kitchen. While on trail and stopping at different native houses, our permits required us to pay for rent and all other accessories we might want, which the natives were required to supply us at current rates. Here in Shigatse, however, the house was a gift of the Government and everything was made as comfortable as possible in true Tibetan fashion.

Next morning, as definite etiquette required, we started to make our round of calls on the high officials. These comprised three: the Governor in Tashi Lhunpo (a very high Lama, indeed the ranking authority of the district), a second very high Lama, and lastly the Dzung Pen or Civil Governor, who lived in the Dzung or city fort.

The high lama's residence was at the top of a tall massive building, and was reached by climbing a series of great wooden ladders (stairs are practically unknown in Tibet). He

occupied two floors, which were divided into sitting rooms, verandas shaded by awnings, sleeping quarters, and a shrine corresponding to a private chapel.

We sat down to buttered tea and native sweetmeats, such as one would have at any social call in Tibet. The conversation, as always, was begun with platitudes and politeness—"Do you feel tired after your long journey? Were you treated well on the way? Is your house comfortable?" etc. etc. Conversation was much facilitated by a native woman of Shigatse who once had been an ayah in both Calcutta and Darjeeling and could do excellent English-Tibetan translation. She remained with us during the stay of ten days. The Governor promised for us a special review of 500 city troops of the regular army on the morrow; and with the usual polite salutations we took our leave and passed on to other calls.

First the Lama, then the Dzong Pen. These calls were similar and plenty of buttered tea was served at both. Living quarters of these officials, in sharp contrast to the massive grim exterior of the building they were in, were quite attractive. We had presents for each, which according to custom were presented to a servant on first entering and then no further attention whatsoever was paid to them. Tibetan scarfs had, of course, been properly exchanged.

Outdoor parties

Except, now, for the return calls, of which there were only two, for the High Lama pleaded his age as the excuse for not visiting us, the stricter formalities were over and we came to the lesser formalities such as lunch parties; these were truly delightful affairs. The weather, which had been very rainy, had just cleared up and the gentry of the city had decided, as is customary throughout Tibet during the fine weather, to hold such parties in the fine parks under their big summer tents. Three of these parties were held—one in the park of each of the Tashi Lama's summer palaces and one in our own park.

The tents are pitched in the shade of specially planted poplars (trees do not grow naturally as the plateau is above the tree-line); then from noon onward one or more days are spent there. A field kitchen is set up in a small adjoining tent where a mid-day meal is prepared. Recreation takes the form either of chatting or, what is very common, competition in archery, a sport

for which there is real enthusiasm. The arrow, a curious one with a blunt perforated head that causes it to whistle as it passes through the air, is shot at a target from a range of about fifty yards.

Soldiers and priests

Two interesting shows were put on. The first was the military parade in the city's parade ground. There is little point in discussing the details of this affair other than to say that the troops did not seem all to have been chosen from the better physical elements of the population. The band, it might be said, which with leopard skins was somewhat modeled after native British units, played far better than the marching of the men, in their ill-fitting uniforms, merited. The parade was followed by a buttered tea party at the Colonel's house.

The other show, which was of great interest indeed, was a concentration in full regalia, maroon cloaks and yellow hats, of all the 3500 Lamas of Tashi Lhunpo. They congregated *en masse* in a great court of the lamasery which was dominated on one end by a raised dais on which stood the now empty seat or throne of the absent Tashi Lama. They remained in this court half an hour milling around and chatting together, amused and unperturbed by the moving picture camera, for the use of which the Abbot had given his permission.

Our real objective here as elsewhere was the acquisition of a botanical and anthropological collection for the Kew Gardens of England and the American Museum of Natural History respectively. As soon as the populace learned of the latter interest, masses of people congregated outside our house with many articles of ethnological value to sell. All the things which the Tibetans use in their daily life and the objects used ceremonially in the temples were offered for sale. This was exactly what we wanted.

As for plants we had to go slightly farther afield, as the near surroundings of the city were intensely cultivated and the land immediately beyond was quite barren of any flora. A trip to the Tsang Po valley, however, was excitingly successful, and a few days collecting proved highly gratifying.

A last word for Shigatse. Most of the streets are broad and clean and there is no congestion of population. It is true that it teems with beggars, most of whom are blind, yet what Tibetan

city does not? It is as hospitable a city as one could wish for.

It is the custom of the Tibetans to return presents, and this is what we received: 8 sheep, 19 sacks of barley flour, 15 dozen eggs (very few edible), 20 pounds of black Chinese brick tea, 2 trays of vermicelli, 10 goose eggs, 3 sacks of clarified yak butter (in yak skins with hair on) of 12 pounds each, 2 pieces of jade.

On to Lhasa

During our stay in Shigatse numerous references were of course made to Lhasa. While it was not to be denied that Shigatse was a fine city, even its own citizens admitted enthusiastically that Lhasa was the queen of the land. It was naturally with intense excitement that we turned our caravan in that direction.

Our new permit which was necessary to visit this city was received, and read as follows:

"All Dzongpens and Headmen between Gyantse and Lhasa and along the road are all hereby ordered to bear in mind with permission of the Lamas and high officials of the kingdom: American Sahib Cutting and party have started from Gyantse. This passport is granted to the effect that you shall supply on payment without any objection or delay six riding ponies and 15 pack ponies. They should also be supplied, whether it is an intervening stage or a halting place, with fuel for kitchen, birdfruit (eggs), milk, etc., on payment according to prevailing custom.

"Given under the seal of the Tibetan Trade Agent."

We gauged our departure so as to reach Lhasa on an auspicious day, for because it is a holy city to do otherwise might interfere with the welfare not only of the city but of the entire nation. There are good dates and especially good dates, and we consulted the Tibetan almanac to select the best that was feasible.

Beyond Gyantse the plateau shortly rises to over 14,000 feet. Then after crossing two high passes the trail drops way down to the Tsang Po at 11,000 feet. Following this river downstream and up the Kyi Chu, one traverses country of a fairly low altitude. This section is populated, very fertile for agriculture, and all most beautiful indeed.

Practically the only export from the region we traversed is wool, which, however, goes to India in large quantities. From this the natives buy their imports, which are very limited in-

deed. Of metals they use copper, brass, and iron, which are transported on animals' backs. They use also some silver, but practically no gold.

The portion of the plateau over which we traveled is woefully lacking in mineral resources. The late Messrs. Hayden and Cossom recently made a survey, at the request of the late Dalai Lama through the Government of India, over some of the region that we traversed and quite an area of the high country north of Lhasa. But the late Mr. Hayden, who was a trained geologist, could not report the presence of any mineral deposits of any value. Incidentally, he was guaranteed by the government of Tibet a fair payment in rupees in return for his services, but refused the sum, claiming he had been paid many times over by the great interest of his trip.

Mineral resources elsewhere

East of Lhasa is the area the Tibetans call Kam. Here the plateau gently falls as one proceeds eastward toward China and Assam, but in a northeasterly direction the country rises. Little is known of these parts of the plateau, but one can safely assume, since one so very rarely sees the presence of gold in Lhasa even among the rich and since so much metal comes from India, that this country is also lacking in minerals.

A similar condition would seem to exist in far eastern Tibet, the section belonging chiefly to China although containing small independent kingdoms such as Muli and Lolo. The author made a trip through a large part of this country and although a general statement would not be warranted, it can be said that there was very little evidence of mineral wealth, though hardly the dearth of the plateau. Gold, concerning the existence of which in Tibet there has recently been some speculation, did not seem to exist at all.

After being on the trail some days we drew near Lhasa. After the bleak, higher levels, the many areas of emerald green grassland, although swampy, were a lovely sight. Finally a bend in the long valley brought into view the great Potala, seven miles away.

A magnificent spectacle

It was indeed an awe-inspiring sight. Just as Shigatse is dominated by the lamasery of

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Tashi Lhunpo, so Lhasa is by the Potala; but of the two the latter is by far the more beautiful. It is indeed devastating to behold; and the spectacle increases in beauty as one approaches. Towering above the city, supreme now and forever, it is possibly the most magnificent building in the world, including the Taj Mahal. Although it has general shape only, with no balance of its component parts, it seems to wear better and better on intimate scrutiny. The most effective point from which to view it is probably the stone causeway which is lined with trees and water. What a building, and by full moon! Its architecture, purely Tibetan, reminds one definitely of no other style. It was begun perhaps in the tenth century, but renovations in the early seventeenth century developed it into what it is today. It could make one dream of ancient Persepolis, for perhaps this is what Darius might have lived in. There is room for much delightful speculation.

Guides had been waiting for us well outside the city, and as guests of the government we were escorted in. The way led past the Potala along a broad street with fine private buildings on the left and a vast open meadow on the right everywhere planted with clumps of willow. In the heart of the city where the bazaar

is located, the streets, most of which are broad, are clean for an eastern city and do not seem nearly as massed with population as in either India or China. The buildings are well constructed, roomy, and with pleasant exteriors.

There is no glass made in Tibet and its transportation by caravan for windows is well-nigh impossible. Laden animals and humans pass here and there, (there is not one wheeled vehicle in the entire country) covered temporary stalls of temporary bazaars line certain streets, with the better permanent shops in the basements of buildings. Nowhere do bad smells, filth, or flies exist—so different are Tibetan cities from the general run of the eastern ones.

Our quarters were located in a perfect spot about two miles from the bazaar and adjoining Norpa Linga, the summer palace and regular residence of the late Dalai Lama. We occupied a small house with stable adjoining set in a huge walled garden of poplars and willows, such as have been planted all about the city.

The population of Lhasa is supposed to be about 40,000 but no census has ever been taken. Of these inhabitants about 16,000 are celebrate lamas who live in great lamaseries of which the two largest are Drepung (meaning a heap of poured rice) with 7500 lamas and

Sera (meaning a heap of hail) somewhat smaller. The inhabitants of Tibet are priest ridden and, in matters of politics and especially the choosing of a new Dalai Lama, the influence of these great lamaseries particularly Drepung, is very strong.

The government of Lhasa is made up as follows: There is a council called the Kashag made up of five—four lay nobles and one Lama, all of middle age or older. This council is a very powerful unit and, constituting the active governing body, it meets once a day. Above these in rank are: the Prime Minister, Si Lon Yapshi Lon Dun, and the Regent, Re-ting Po gya tsap Rimpoche, a reincarnate Lama chosen by the late Dalai Lama before his death. These latter two men, about thirty-five and twenty-five years old respectively, have the highest authority, the latter being able to demote at will any member of the Kashag from his high rank.

The title denoting membership in the Kashag is Shapé. At the time of our arrival the Regent and the senior member of the Kashag, Trimon Shapé, were absent searching for clues that could lead to finding a Rimpoche baby who might prove to be the reincarnation

of the late Dalai Lama. Calling on the remaining officials took up the entire next day. These all, living in the city, had large houses that were usually anything but pretentious from their exteriors but really attractive and comfortable within.

The height of formality

During these visits had come real formality. The scarfs offered here had to be of the very best quality, brand new and both folded and presented in one special way. The presents to each had been sent to Lhasa several weeks before and, of course, were never alluded to.

Beyond our quarters to the westward extended Norpa Linga, the park of the late Dalai Lama, and three summer palaces. These are situated in a huge walled enclosure planted with poplar.

The Potala is the traditional winter palace of the Dalai Lama. But the late Dalai Lama chose to live in three renovated summer palaces exclusively save for one or two weeks in the year. Broad arbored walks that would be beautiful in any estate in the world criss-cross the park. The residences, surrounded with flower

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KASHAG.

beds and wholly of Tibetan architecture, give one a strange feeling of something perhaps more European than anything one has seen elsewhere in Tibet. Exterior and interior of both, like the grounds, are immaculately clean. There are electric lights (hydro-electric), a Dodge and two Austin cars (the latter brought up in parts)—all entirely disused. There are also large stables and, in one far corner, barracks that housed what was called a regiment of infantry.

No one lives in these houses now except one high lama and at times a sort of major domo of the place who is a noble in gold dress. Both of these were in attendance when we went and entertained us with a most delicious lunch under one of the white awnings.

The rooms in the houses are lavishly decorated with beautiful wall paintings, banners, and fine wood carvings. The furniture is mixed; there is some silk upholstered European furniture of a rather stiffish type, also Tibetan couches along the walls which are used for both sitting and lying on.

On the way out we passed a small artificial pond with a gilded summer house near by where in hottish weather His Holiness (the late Dalai Lama) used to sit and watch his ducks disporting.

Tibetan cuisine

Several lunch parties were held which we attended (Tibetans do not have guests to the evening meal as they go to bed so early). These entertainments were always the same, being long meals of excellent food eaten with chop sticks. The food varies little, usually being first sugared rice, an emblem of good luck, soup with vermicelli cut in strips by hand and tiny bits of tender mutton, small mutton balls or strips of the same with few vegetables, all highly spiced with pepper. For drink, one begins with the everlasting buttered tea and later a native barley beer called *chung*. This contains perhaps one half of one per cent alcohol, as Tibetans are not given to spirits and even rarely smoke, although some cheap cigarettes are beginning to filter in.

Should one be riding in the suburbs or in the city proper, there was always something of

interest. Several times we would come upon Shapés in their gold robes, which is Tibetan full dress of high rank. These would be riding in front of about a dozen of their own people, all mounted. On such occasions, we, like all others, would dismount and doff our hats, to be rewarded with immediate recognition.

Never was there such weather! As it was early October, there was a strong frost every night, but in the mornings a brilliant sun appeared in a cloudless sky and remained with us until it set over the western mountains. So dry was the air that all dampness in the ground, after it had thawed, was rapidly absorbed, leaving a perfect terrain not too dusty.

Finally there came what Arthur Vernay and I thought was an appropriate time to take our departure. As at Shigatse, we had received many presents, so we left cards for officials and friends (this is not a Tibetan custom) and started back over the long trail to India. We knew that late October at over 14,000 feet was unpleasant, with cold temperatures and high winds, and we had plenty of them both.

It is to be hoped the reader will appreciate how exceedingly interesting the unique country of Tibet is. There is definitely no reason to presume the country is opening up. It is not. Tibetans have certainly the right to resent foreigners, yet what a shame it is that their country is not more open.

Most people have looked upon the country as a land shrouded in mystery and quite unknown, but this is hardly true. Much romanticism can be written about it, whether the author has actually been there or not, and the material is more apt to be appreciated than if written about any other country in the world, as the name Tibet bears such an extraordinary lure.

Yet there is still much to be learned of its people and of vast unexplored areas, inhabited or uninhabited. That the people want nothing of the outside world is due to the influence of the priests. This is a country which scarcely knows the existence of the rest of the world. All live their lives in complete ignorance of the outside, and it is fortunate for them that they do, for they are perfectly satisfied, and a healthier or more cheerful lot of people it would be difficult to find.

In Lhasa — The Forbidden

ཚོང་དོན། དེ་གའི་གནས་ལ་བརྟུན་ཕྱི་ལོ་མེད་ཀྱི་ལ་སོགས་ལའོ་མི་འདྲི་བ་ཞིག་ཀྱིས་ཟུར་བ་ཚོང་བ་ཕྱི་རྒྱ་སོང་ཡང་།
 མི་འདྲི་བ་ཞིག་ལ་མེད་ཀྱི་གཅིག་དང་། མི་འདྲི་བ་ཞིག་སྒྲིལ་ཚོང་ལས་ཚོར་དེ་མེད་ཀྱི་ལྷ་སྐྱུ་ག་བརྒྱ་དག་ཏེ་བ་ཚོང་བ་ཕྱི་རྒྱ་སོང་ཡང་།
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(Above)
 A letter from
 His Highness the
 Dalai Lama, written by his
 scribe. Long correspondence be-
 tween Mr. Cutting and the Dalai Lama
 led to an invitation to visit the forbidden city



(Right) Palace-monastery of the Dalai Lama
 (Below) The envelope which carried the
 above letter

མི་འདྲི་བ་ཞིག་ ལྷ་སྐྱུ་ག་ ལ་གྱིང་ལ།



C. Suydam Cutting Esq.,
 32, Nassau Street,
 New York City,
 U. S. A.



On the trail to Lhasa. The Fort of Penadzong on the shore of "the Lake of the Nomads' Upper Pastures" (Yamdruk Tso). Note the Prayer flags in the water



(Right) Streets in Tibet are broader, cleaner, and less congested than in most other eastern countries. A square in Lhasa



(Left) A lama school. Here under the trees near the lamasery of Drepung the students are taught Buddhist text

IN THE LAND

(Right) The caravan on trail at 14,200 feet between Sikkim and Shigatse, which is the spiritual capital of Tibet and was the expedition's first objective



(Left) A typical courtyard of a Tibetan house where the caravan passed the night. The houses are well built and amply comfortable

OF THE LAMAS

(Right) A halt for tea in a Tibetan home. The people of all ranks are charming, hospitable, and full of good humor





A portion of the bazaar of Shigatse. Situated at 12,800 feet in a huge valley surrounded by mountains, Shigatse is the official residence of the spiritual head of the Buddhist world, the Tashi Lama

Head of the largest Buddha in Tibet. The photograph is taken from a height of thirty feet. The face is of gilded wood



In the great lamasery of Tashi lied to greet the expedition. low hats, the throng milled about visitors but undisturbed by the



Lhunpo, where 3500 lamas gathered. Nearing maroon coats and yellow half an hour, amused by the notion picture camera



The famous lamasery of Tashi Lhunpo. Its many gilded roofs dominate the landscape



(Left) Exterior of the summer palace of the Tashi Lama at Shigatse



(Left) Private quarters of the Tashi Lama in his summer palace



(Below) Workers in the garden of the summer palace

*(Right) From the fort,
looking across the roofs of
Shigatse*



*(Right) The fort or
Dzong, where the
Civil Governor re-
sides*



*(Below) Regiment in
Shigatse on dress
parade in honor of
the expedition*





PEOPLES

(Left) Rakyabars, disposers of the dead



Beggar women of Shigatse

High Lamas, Drepung Lamasery

Professional dancers, Lhasa



A famous painter of Lhasa



OF TIBET



(Right) A family of high degree



Lama police in Drepung



Noble ladies from Shigatse and Lhasa



Northwest entrance to Lhasa. Being a holy city, the expedition consulted the Tibetan almanac and

(Right) Looking over the roofs of Lhasa toward the Potala

(Below) Guards at the entrance to the Dalai Lama's summer palace. The uniforms and rifles are from India





it can be entered only on a lucky day. The expedition planned their arrival accordingly



(Left) An avenue in the summer estate of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa

(Below) The expedition's headquarters in the forbidden city, a comfortable house in an enclosure of poplars and willows





(Top) The famous Potala. A building seen by few explorers, but one of the most beautiful structures in the world

(Right) A stairway leading to the section of the Potala which is the official winter palace of the supreme ruler of Tibet. The enclosed courtyard shown directly above is on the very top of the building



PALACE-MONASTERY



F THE DALAI LAMA

(Above) A lower stairway of the Potala

(Right) An impressive building in all its majesty and mystery. The Potala was begun perhaps in the tenth century, but renovations in the early seventeenth made it what it is today





Tibetan coracles on the Tsang Po (Brahmaputra) River which conveyed the expedition ten miles down stream



(Center) Yaks grazing on the shore of Yandrook Tso, "the Lake of the Nomads" Upper Pastures"



(Left) A young groom who tended Mr. Cutting's horse during a halt