

*Highlands on the China-Tibet border. Inset, Berthold Laufer as a young man.*

# Journey into Tibet

pluck and persistence win out in a young curator's struggle to reach the mountain fastnesses of a hostile people

"... There is now available a fund which I can devote to ethnological investigation in the Philippines. . . . I am very anxious that you should take charge of this investigation, making representative collections of the different tribes. . . . there is no reason why you should not at once enter upon the work." George A. Dorsey, then Field Museum's curator of anthropology, was writing to a young specialist in

Asian ethnology, Berthold Laufer, assistant at the American Museum of Natural History. The year was 1906. Laufer's main interest, however, was the peoples of China and contiguous areas—not the Philippines. In his letter to Dorsey he replied that he could only accept a position in an "East Asiatic department."

"I have studied Tibetan language,

history, and religions now for nearly fifteen years," continued Laufer (then 32 years of age), and am thoroughly familiar with all the problems in the field of Central Asia, which, in my opinion, is the only area in Asia still to be explored. . . . England, France, Germany, and Russia vie with one another in expeditions to that region, while only this country remains inactive. Americans should certainly not wait . . . . ➤



Impressed by Laufer's credentials (a Ph.D. from Leipzig) and experience (two recent expeditions to Asia), Dorsey succeeded in raising support for an expedition to Tibet and China. The sponsor: Mrs. T. B. Blackstone, widow of a railroad magnate. Her initial guarantee for the venture was \$18,000.

Meanwhile, Field Museum saw fit to offer Laufer a permanent post as assistant curator in Asiatic ethnology. Laufer accepted the proposal and, on January 7, 1908, he left New York by steamship. The "Mrs. T. B. Blackstone Expedition to China and Tibet, 1908-10" was underway.

Laufer's time in China and Tibet was to be fraught with physical hardships, the intransigence of local officials, thievery, and even dog bite. But through it all, his letters brim with confidence, good cheer, and enthusiasm for his mission. The hundreds of items that Laufer acquired during the Blackstone expedition remain one of the most important collections of Tibetan and Chinese ethnological materials in the world today.

The following selected letters, written to Dorsey and to Mr. F. J. V. Skiff, then director of Field Museum, reveal some of the triumphs—and defeats—that Laufer experienced as he sought antiquities and other artifacts in and near Tibet.

Calcutta  
June 28, 1908

Dear Mr. Skiff:

... My original intention was to reach Tibet by way of Darjeeling and Sikkim. This plan, however, was thwarted through the Anglo-Indian government which not only refused to grant me a passport for the visit of Tibet, but even forbade me expressly and officially to cross the boundaries between Sikkim and Tibet, and even to cross from Sikkim to Bhutan. Without making any mention of my intended visit to Tibet, I applied through the medium of the U.S. Consul-General of Calcutta, to the

Anglo-Indian Government for a passport granting me free movements in Sikkim, as a passport of the local Government subjected to many restrictions is required. Following is a copy of the reply sent by "The Deputy Secretary to the Government of India in the Foreign Department" to the U.S. Consul-General of Calcutta:

... The Government of India, regret, that permission to visit Bhutan cannot be accorded, and the permission to visit Sikkim is given only on the understanding that Mr. Laufer will make no attempt to enter either Tibet or Bhutan. ...

On the receipt of this letter, I decided to abandon my original plan, and not to risk the funds of the Museum in a venture which might have been liable to result in a failure. I did all that could be done under the circumstances in Darjeeling and neighboring territory, closed my work there, and shall sail from here on June 30 for China to work my way through the interior of China to the frontier of Tibet, and I am fully confident of a final success in this manner. ...

*In China, Laufer approached Tibet from the northeast, collecting antiquities as he traveled. He secured a choice selection of Ming and K'ien Lung bronzes, but it was necessary to conserve funds for purchases in Tibet.*

Cheng-tu fu, Szechuan  
May 4, 1909

Dear Dr. Dorsey:

... It was with some difficulty that I could hire pack animals here to continue my journey; after ten days' search, a caravan of eight mules is brought together, and I hope to make an early start tomorrow morning for Ta-tsien-lu, 12 days' journey from here. This city, 9,000 feet high, is entirely Tibetan, though still in Chinese territory; from there, three roads lead into Tibet. ... As I am informed that the two

first roads are occupied by Chinese troops, on account of rebellions in eastern Tibet, which do not allow foreigners to pass, I have decided to choose the third road which is very little travelled, but somewhat out of the way and difficult. ... At all events I am sure that nothing will discourage me in my attempt. If I find the roads blocked from this province, I shall march straight northward to Sining in Kansu Province and try by way of Kokonor.

Ta-tsien-lu,  
May 27, 1909

Mr. dear Dr. Dorsey,

I have now reached the point when the plunge into the unknown has to be made. I am on the border of Tibet, and within a week I hope to jump into Tibet. And not only that, I have good hopes to reach Lhasa within about two months. I met a Norwegian missionary, Mr. Sorensen, who is planning a trip to Lhasa, and I have arranged to join his party. The plan is based on an agreement which he made with the head of a Nepalese embassy ... who promised him safe conduct to Lhasa. We are going to meet this embassy at Chamdo, Eastern Tibet, about one month journey north-west from here. Up to this point, however, we travel on a different road to avoid all suspicions. I leave on the 29th of May, and Mr. Sorensen will follow two days later. In Lhasa we hope to be all right. I hope to remain there as long as possible, ... gathering as much material as I can, then return northeast to the Kokonor and Sining in Kansu (about 10 weeks' journey from Lhasa). It may certainly be that our plan will meet with a failure; the Chinese or Tibetans may stop us and force us to retreat. They are awfully suspicious and watch every foreigner here with greatest care. I am daily besieged by soldiers and other spies who report all my doing to the Magistrate. I have already had a diplomatic exchange of notes with this gentleman, and taken pains to assure



him that I have no designs on Tibet. I do not make any preparations here in the Tibetan inn where I am put up, but have everything done in the mission through the missionary, as that there is no talk about it. You must be prepared, of course, that you can't get any news from me for about 6-8 months, . . . Under all circumstances, I beg you to consider this letter as *strictly confidential and private*, and not to give out a single word of my plan to the press or to any outsider, as this news would then reach England, and the British Government may wire straight to Syangtse to stop me or put me in trouble, and this might give a blow or a sudden end to my work. For this reason, I should not even have to send letters from Lhasa to the British P.O. of Syangtse but I will entrust Mr. Sorensen with letters who is going down to Darjeeling.

I collected about 100 Tibetan specimens here, some fine old paintings, silver ornaments, and brassware; this border town with a mixed Chinese and Tibetan population is not a very favorable field for collecting. Nothing is manufactured here; it is merely the centre for the Chinese tea-trade with Tibet.

I am sending this letter to my brother at Cologne [Germany] who will forward it to you. I fear that my mail outgoing from here may be tampered with by the officials, especially if they see that a letter is addressed to the Field Museum which they know is my place of business. . . .

Right, 19th-century Tibetan painting collected by Berthold Laufer in 1909. Only the left panel of a pair was acquired. The painting depicts a 9th-century Buddhist monk, Abhayakara Gupta, and one of the many legends concerning him. On one of his journeys he visited a king (left center) who was about to sacrifice 100 humans in honor of a deity. Moved by the suffering of the intended victims, the monk (right center) invoked Buddha for their deliverance. Suddenly a cobra wrapped itself about him, aiming his fangs at the terrified king. Without hesitation the king set the 100 men free. (Cat. No. 121277.)





Chamdo, East-Tibet  
July 19, 1909  
12,000 feet high

My dear Dr. Dorsey:

I have been "stopped" here officially by order of the Chinese Government through their representative official of this place, and am forced to return to China, as hard as it is after all the efforts I have made. But I am satisfied inasmuch as I have made a route never undertaken before by a foreigner and entered places never seen heretofore by a white man. Indeed I am the first to have advanced so far and come to this town, to the greatest surprise of all Chinese and Tibetans. I have also secured good and highly interesting collections all along the road. I return tomorrow to Derge, and have not yet decided how to proceed from there. It will depend on a deliberation with the officials there. The present political situation is very grave, there is a war going on in the state of Derge, and another war seems to be soon imminent southward from here. The fact that I am prevented from proceeding to Lhasa does certainly not mean that I am discouraged, or that my work will suffer in any way. The whole east and north-east of Tibet still lies before me, and there is plenty of work to be done there for me during the next months. As soon as I reach the nearest Chinese P. O., I shall send you a detailed report regarding the whole affair. I have three Chinese documents relating to it, a printed instruction issued by the Viceroy of Szechuan . . . in regard to my humble self, and a letter of the official here explaining the circumstances and his action toward me. I am going to send these documents to the American legation of Peking, . . .

The journey from Taysienlu to this place (1½ months) was splendid, and I think I have learned something about Tibet and Tibetans. I am doing well and in good spirits, and continue to "work and not to despair."



*Travel in Tibet was not all hardship. Here Laufer is guest at tea in a nobleman's home.*

Sungpan, North-Szechuan, West-China,  
November 15, 1909.

Dear Dr. Dorsey:

In herewith submitting to you my third account, I beg to apologize for the long delay which has been caused in the transmission of it, due to my excursion into the wildest parts of Eastern Tibet, lasting over six months. Now that I have reached, two days ago, the first Chinese place which offers postal communication, I hasten, above all, to send in to you my account. . . .

To make [it] intelligible to one who is not familiar with the intricate currency system of China, I wish to note that the standard money used throughout China is the Tael which, however, it must be understood, is not a coin, but a fixed weight (1 Chinese ounce) of lump-silver. As each locality has a different standard of weight, it hence follows that there are as many different taels of local value, and further as from

ten to twelve various grades of silver are distinguished, each place may have as many various kinds of taels differentiated according to the quality, the more or less pure composition, of the metal; Peking, e.g., has no less than 7 different taels, also at variance with each other in regard to weight, and it depends upon the nature of the transaction, the character of the goods in question, and the agreement of the parties concerned, as to what sort of tael may be used. In going from province to province, therefore, a loss in exchange is naturally involved; further small losses arise from the weighing off of silver owing to the many different scales and to the pretension of the people of every village that they are just the only ones on this earth in the possession of the correct ideal balance, and that the buyer's balance must certainly be wrong, and moreover from the change of silver into small copper-coinage (so-called cash). Every province has special rules and customs



concerning this business which depends on two facts, the ever varying price of silver and the supply of copper coins. In large centers of commercial activity, the exchange may reach 1400-1500 copper-cash (less some percentage for the banker's commission), in out-of-the-way places and villages where a copper stringency is apt to be quite frequent, 12-1300, and may be at bad times as low as 900/1000. Nobody, therefore, in China, can say with mathematical certainty what his money is worth, the purchasing power of the tael fluctuating every day and in every locality. All this difficulty is enhanced by the introduction of silver dollars, of which there are three kinds, Mexican, Hongkong, and Chinese issued by provincial mints; they are generally used in the treaty ports only, but not in the interior, and abhorred by the mass of the people. Each place has a preference for a special kind of dollar and discounts the others with 10 per cent and even more or refuses at all to accept them; a Szechuan provincial dollar, e.g., is no good in Peking or elsewhere. It is a sad, but true fact that in travelling over China you may be liable to change a hundred dollars so many times, till not a cent of your money is left. . . .

Sungpan,  
Nov. 16, 1909

Mr. dear Dr. Dorsey:

. . . I have not had any chance to write to you since I left Chamdo; it has been a very trying and arduous journey full of incidents and adventures provoked not by me, but by the aggressiveness of the Tibetans. I have trodden many unbeaten tracks and had a most interesting experience in visiting five independent Tibetan States ruled by their own Kings. . . . My collections . . . illustrate the whole culture-life of the East Tibetan tribes. I have gathered a mass of personal information, as well as Tibetan and Chinese documents bearing on their languages, religion, history,



Altar image of the Buddhist deity Gama (Mahakala). Clay, nine inches high. Collected in Tibet by Laufer in 1909. Catalogue No. 122139. On exhibit in hall 32, case 3.

and art, and am prepared to write a monograph on this region which will comprise at least three volumes. . . . The choice pieces in this collection

[include] . . . a dozen large matchlockguns with ornamented silver, brass, or iron work. One of these had  
(Continued on p. 12)



# wildflower guides

## for the chicago area

by William C. Burger

photos by the author

In early spring, before the leaves expanded, our woodlands showed off their fine new carpet of wildflowers. Now, as the forest floor grows darker with shade, the spectacle of flowering moves into meadows and fields. Many lawns and vacant lots have already been covered by a blaze of yellow dandelions, which soon transform into a stubble of naked stalks, their parachuted seeds having joined the wind. But in our native prairies the passing months provide a continuing spectacle. Each week sees new species presenting a new display, while flowers that have already bloomed begin to build the seeds that must themselves bloom in years to come.

This visual spectacle is one of the many joys of summer. The sight of beautiful flowers also can present a challenge—the challenge to identify and learn the names of these flowers. Plant names are what we need to know in order to communicate

meaningfully about them. Once we know the names we can readily determine whether the plants in question are rare or common, native or introduced, edible or poisonous, and so forth. But names can be problems. What is known as “marsh marigold” in one area may be called “cowslip” somewhere else; and so it goes with “trout lily” versus “dog tooth violet,” “blue flag” versus “wild iris,” and so on. Sometimes the unpronounceable scientific names are little better. They are supposed to be the same all over the world, but that doesn’t keep one scientist from calling the plant a species of *Azalea* while another calls the same plant a species of *Rhododendron*.

Thanks to widely available books on plants there is more uniformity now than ever before, and there are a great number of books which can help us to find the common as well as the scientific name for the wildflower that has caught our eye. Here are just a few:

For the person with little background in botany the easiest book for flower identification is probably *A Field Guide to Wildflowers*,\* by Roger Tory Peterson and Margaret McKenny (Houghton Mifflin, 420 pp., \$5.95). The flowers are arranged by color and the 1,344 illustrations are simple and easy to compare.

For someone who already knows the plant families quite well but is unfamiliar with our midwestern and northeastern flowers there is *The New Field Book of American Wild Flowers*\* by Harold William Rickett (Putnam’s, 414 pp., \$4.95). This guide has more than 700 drawings of plants, 96 in full color.

*Wild Flower Guide*\* by Edgar T. Wherry (Doubleday, 202 pp., \$5.50) describes more than 500 species; 236 are illustrated in black and white drawings, 192 in full color. The above three guides are all concerned with plants of the northeastern and midland states.

Smaller, less expensive books with narrower coverage and fewer illustrations are *Illinois Wild Flowers*\* by John Voss and Virginia S. Eifert (Illinois State Museum, 256 pp., \$2.25, paperbound) and *Flowers that Bloom in the Spring*\* by V. S. Eifert (Illinois State Museum, 48 pp., 40¢, paperbound); the latter is also concerned just with the Illinois flora. All of the above books will fit into a larger jacket pocket and so are easy to take along on a nature walk. The former illustrates each species with a black and white photograph; the latter illustrates each species with a black and white drawing.

If you should come across a plant that is difficult to identify, and you find yourself looking for a thorough reference, you should probably be prepared to visit your school or public library and be ready to wade through a welter of technical terms. My personal favorite of such comprehensive

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Dr. William C. Burger is associate curator, Department of Botany.

*The wood lily (Lilium philadelphicum), with its bright orange and yellow petals, graces wet meadows and open woods in late June and early July. (½ natural size)*

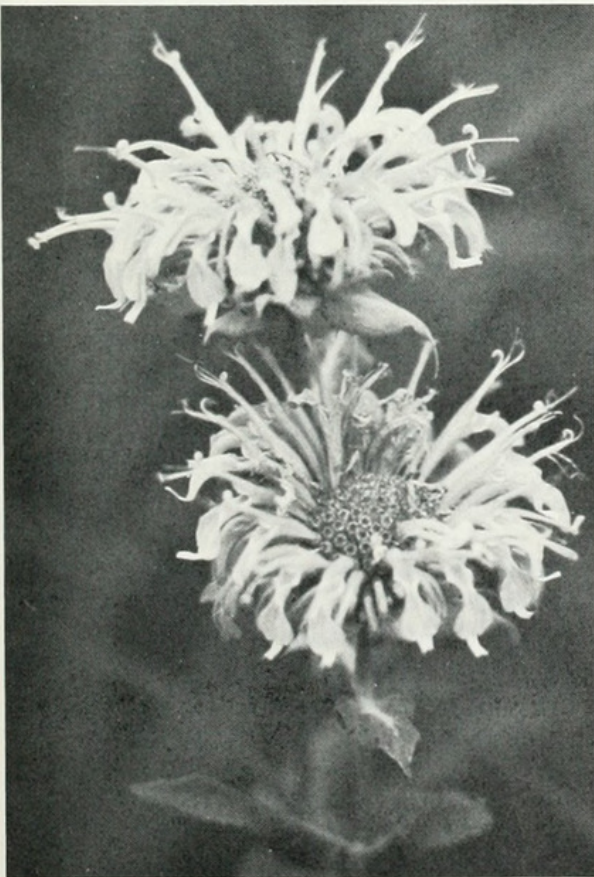






In our area the prickly pear (*Opuntia compressa* var. *microsperma*) grows only on sand dunes and behind the beach. The flowers are bright yellow.

Wild bergamot (*Monarda fistulosa*) is a native plant that often covers fields with pale lilac or whitish flowers in late summer.



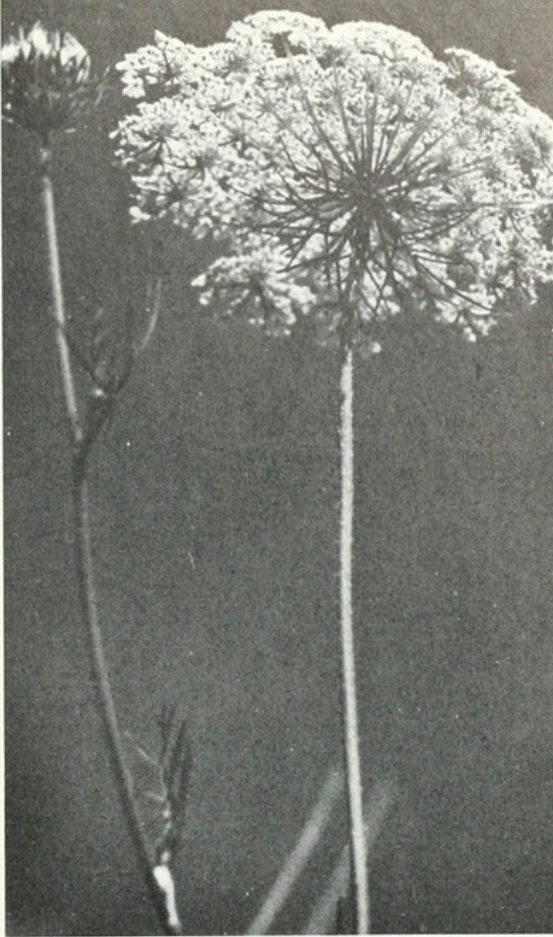
reference works is the three-volume *New Britten and Brown Illustrated Flora of the Northeastern United States and Adjacent Canada* by Henry A. Gleason (Hafner, \$40.00). In this massive work every species of higher plant that is discussed is also illustrated; and not only are the "flowers" included, but also grasses, sedges, trees, and shrubs. The illustrations together with technical keys and descriptions usually tell you what you are looking for. By way of contrast, I find it very difficult to use a book that many consider to be the last word in the northeastern flora: *Gray's Manual of Botany*, 8th ed. (American Book Co., 1,632 pp.) The difficulty is the lack of illustrations to let you know if you have used the keys correctly and if you are on the right track.

Another large, comprehensive work is *Wild Flowers of the United States\** by H. A. Rickett (McGraw Hill), of which the two-volume section "The Northeastern States" (\$65.00) concerns the flora of our area and presents summary descriptions together with attractive color photographs.

Persons who are concerned solely with Chicago-area plants will find *A Guide to the Flowering Plants of the Chicago Region*, by Floyd Swink (160 pp.), of interest if they are lucky enough to locate a copy in their library. The book is nearly out of print and can now be obtained only from Mr. Swink, who is plant taxonomist at Morton Arboretum. A revision of his more comprehensive *Plants of the Chicago Region* (445 pp.) is soon to be published.

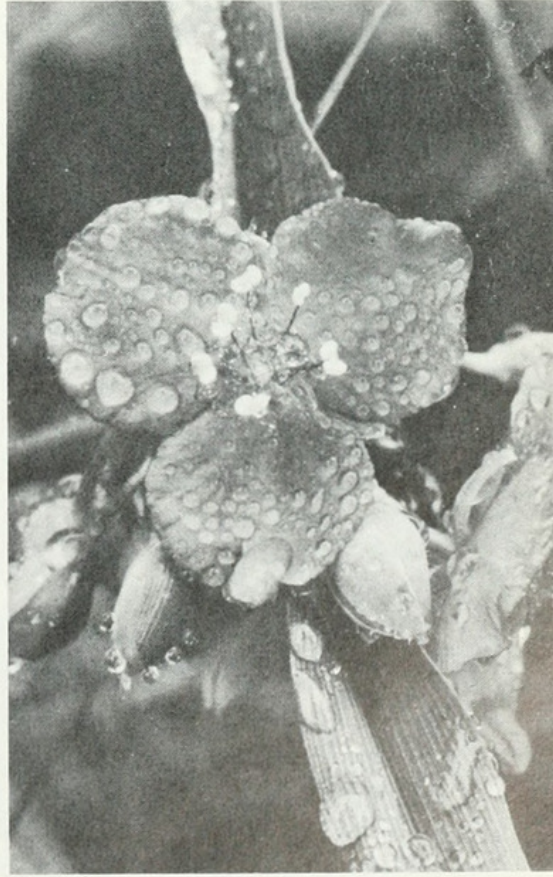
When one knows the name of a particular plant he is in the advantageous position of then being able to explore a great variety of other books and publications to learn more about a particular wildflower. Books such as *Human Poisoning from Native and Cultivated Plants*, by Hardin and Arena (Duke University Press), *Using Wayside Plants*, by Coon (Hearthside Press), and *Edible Wild Plants of Eastern North America* by Fernald and Kinsey (Idlewild) may be of special interest to many people. However, eating wildflowers and other wild plants is something you should do only if you are lost and starving or if you are really serious about losing that extra weight in a hurry.

\*Available at Field Museum Book Shop (10% discount to members).



Queen Anne's lace, or wild carrot (*Daucus carota*), is a European immigrant that covers roadsides and disturbed fields in summer. (1/2 natural size)

Spiderwort (*Tradescantia virginiana*) blooms in late spring and early summer, often along roadsides, on gravelly banks, or on edges of woods (Twice natural size)





# The Story of a Fish Quarry

by Katherine Krueger

For most people, spring is a time for romance, gardening, or house-cleaning. But for the geologist, the advent of warm weather means a return to the field, where he gathers the specimens that are the core of his livelihood. What great fun it seems to go off each year for a month or more, to work under blue skies, away from the crowded vistas and cacophony of the city. Fun it is, but how many people realize that it is also hard physical labor, often performed under adverse weather conditions?

What really goes on during an expedition? Each field party faces somewhat different obstacles, but let us follow the history of a field project that began in April of 1973, and terminated the following September—that of Hesler Quarry in Parke County, west central Indiana.

Dr. Rainer Zangerl, chairman of Field Museum's Department of Geology, has done a great deal of field work in Parke County, and is very familiar with the paleontology and stratigraphy of the Pennsylvanian black shales in that region. While scouting around for outcrops that might contain fossils, he noticed some fossilized fish in the rock outwash from a series of gullies. Suspecting that the hill from which the gullies ran bore more of the same, he questioned the proprietor of the farm, Mr. Bennie Hesler. Such is standard procedure in the field — to secure permission from a land owner to work on his property. The Heslers, who have

cattle, were more than happy to have a quarry dug on their land. They would use it for a pond when the work was done. In addition, they were enthusiastic about having a scientific venture going on practically at their doorstep.

The project was funded by a National Science Foundation grant, which made possible plenty of field assistance from many individuals throughout the project's duration. Mike Williams, a Ph.D. candidate from the University of Kansas, is, like Dr. Zangerl, working on cartilaginous fishes of the Pennsylvanian black shales. Under the NSF grant, he was a full-time field hand. Four other students offered their services as volunteers and were able to work briefly on the quarry: Kathy Elbaum of the University of Chicago, Mickey Indianer and Jeff Davison of Antioch College, and Bill Krueger of the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle. Orville "Gilly" Gilpin, Field Museum's chief preparator of fossils, was at the quarry from April to September. Dr. Eugene Richardson, curator of fossil invertebrates, Mike Williams' wife Ortrud, and I each did a week's stint at the site. Dr. Bertram Woodland, curator of igneous and metamorphic petrology, was also lured there for a day, to investigate an interesting seam of cone-in-cone (calcareous concretions with characteristic conical or partly conical structures). Behind the scenes but indispensable, Dr. Zangerl's wife Ann shopped, gardened, and cooked huge dinners for the crew, during the entire 24-week period.

What did all the others do at the quarry? The bulk of the labor fell on the three "permanent" field workers: Dr. Zangerl, Gilly, and Mike. The shale was exposed only in the V of a tiny stream running through a narrow valley. The men had to strip the topsoil, the glacial cover, and some drab shale of Pennsylvanian age from the valley walls, in order to expose the black shale thoroughly on either side of the stream. A bulldozer and later a slip scraper (a road-building rig) were used for this project. Mr. Gerald Garrard, a friend of the Museum who had helped to excavate Logan Quarry (also in Parke County) in 1957, supervised the excavation of Hesler Quarry. The space to be cleared was about 30 by 20 yards in area; the project took about two weeks of full-time hard labor. The "waste" soil from the stripping project was used to build a dam for the Heslers' future pond. A culvert was placed along the stream path before the dirt was dumped, in order to keep the quarry well drained. Later Mr. Hesler would put a standpipe (an elbow-shaped attachment) on the culvert, to regulate the pond level.

Once the shale was exposed, more backaches lay ahead. The layers of shale had to be pried apart (shale is naturally fissile; that is, it tends to split along its bedding planes), broken up into pieces that could be handled, and resplit for careful examination. The top layers of the shale exposed by the bulldozer were not fossiliferous (fossil-bearing), so they had to be

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*Katherine Krueger is custodian of collections, Paleontology.*



completely removed before the productive layers could be reached. (Dr. Zangerl knew this from previous stratigraphic work in the area; thus he saved the crew from wasting hours splitting much unproductive shale.) Chisels were wedged between layers of shale wherever there was a gap, and sledge hammers drove them deep into the bedding planes. Then a pickax was used to pull up a sheet of shale. Sometimes natural joints in the rocks would cause a piece to come off in a manageable slab, but when that didn't happen, a whack with the sledge hammer would provide man-made "joints." A crowbar was used to push up slabs so they could be carried to a worktable. Rubble from the top layers of unproductive shale was shoveled into a wheelbarrow and hauled off to the dam. A broom served to keep the quarry surface clean.

Fancy field equipment included a gasoline-powered rock saw, used to make accurate cuts into a slab when irregular breaks might have risked damage to a specimen. A generator-powered vacuum cleaner gathered up the black dust produced by the saw.

The crew built a wooden worktable, benches, and a shed for the equipment. Slices of productive (they hoped!) shale were carried to the table, and split into extremely fine sheets, in the search for specimens. Brick hammers were used to drive series of knives into the slab. These knives were converted into thin chisels specially for the black shale quarry work. The end of a blade was first broken off, then the squared-off tip was honed to a sharp edge. The knives were positioned around a block to make it split evenly. The rewards for all these efforts were fragments of cartilaginous fishes from 300 million years ago. According to Dr. Zangerl, decomposition by bacteria had rendered them nearly flat in appearance, even before the great weight of overlying sediments had been deposited. Sometimes an entire fish

would turn up — a rare event that made all the hours of fruitless labor suddenly worthwhile.

The specimens were each marked with a yellow pencil, to indicate their level of occurrence. At the end of the day they were given tentative identifications and field collection numbers. This information was logged in a notebook. Then the specimens were wrapped in old newspapers, for shipping.

In April mornings the crew worked in bitter cold and in summer everyone fried in the heat of the sun. The black shale held the heat and made an oven of the pit, where a breeze was seldom effective. Field time is limited and therefore precious; so weekends were workdays, because rain always meant a forced holiday.

Twice during the summer, torrential rains turned the quarry prematurely into a pond. Plant debris clogged the culvert and the small area filled up overnight. Murky water covered the tools but

fortunately didn't reach the generator, perched safely on the worktable, which was on higher ground. The power saw in its metal case floated off and filled with water. The crew's only recourse was to enter the water — chin-deep at the center — and to poke around for the culvert with a shovel. Once the culvert was found and cleared, the pond drained in two hours. But there was still trouble ahead. The saw had to be dismantled for cleaning, and for a long time afterward it remained temperamental. A thick patina of pollen, fuzz, fallen leaves, and clay coated the shale exposures and had to be scraped off before operations could resume.

On good days, one could enjoy the buzz of cicadas, the blue sky, a view of the surrounding forest, and the clean air. Cattle would wander up to drink at a nearby water hole, providing noon-time diversion for the workers. At the top of a nearby hill lay an ancient graveyard with tumbled-down, eroded headstones. Reconstructing in our ►

*Once the shale is exposed, more backaches lay ahead. The layers of shale had to be pried apart, broken up into pieces that could be handled, and resplit for examination.*





imaginations the history of these long-dead settlers was one of our summer pastimes. Lunches consisted of hearty sandwiches, fruit, and hot peppers from a local grocery, all washed down with fresh spring water. The noon fare rarely varied much, but by mid-day, we were all so famished that everything was delicious.

This crew enjoyed many unusual fringe benefits, thanks to the Zangerls, who have some rural property in Parke County. We stayed in a century-old farmhouse on their land, just a five-minute drive from the quarry, so commuting or rising unduly early was no problem. The famed covered bridges of Parke County were all about us as we drove to and from our work. In springtime, ripe strawberries and raspberries were everywhere for the picking. Truly savory well water, which flowed from rocks of Pleistocene age, was used for drinking. But as it was in short supply, we bathed and washed dishes with water from a different, sulfurous source. Mrs. Zangerl grew all sorts of vegetables throughout the summer and supplemented our tightly budgeted meals with these delectables.

Evenings were free from care. After meals we would help to clean up, then chat, while admiring the marvelous variety of insects that were attracted to our lamps — kelly-green katydids, and all sorts of delicate moths. Country sounds surrounded us while a brisk blaze in the fireplace warmed us in the chill summer evenings. Sometimes there were parties with neighbors. Mike Williams even got free guitar lessons from one of them!

The field trip was a success. Fifteen hundred specimens were recovered from it — all contributing to the story of Pennsylvanian life 300 million years ago. When trimmed, tidily labeled, catalogued, and set into boxes for our storage cabinets, they will hardly call to mind the rugged hammer and chisel days when we were working in that hot pit of a quarry! □

#### TIBET (from p. 7)

won such a great reputation among the Tibetans that in many places to which I came the people flocked from near and far and asked my permission to see and admire this gun; all competent judges were unanimous in the opinion that it presents the best specimen of a Tibetan gun ever made. Then I have a large coracle, a boat consisting of a yakhide stretched over a wooden frame which is the only kind of boat known in Tibet and used in crossing big rivers. For the purpose of transportation, it had to be taken to pieces, i.e., the hide to be separated from the frame, and even then I experienced great difficulty in finding suitable porters willing to carry the two pieces on their backs, because of their weight and capacity. . . .\*

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\*The coracle is on permanent exhibit in hall 32.

. . . The foreigner suffers daily from the suspicion of the people and their animosity in general towards foreigners to which they are instigated by their Lamas and the idiotic Chinese officials. With Lamas, I have had very bad experiences; they keep us out of their temples and refuse to sell books or images; they do not even refrain from setting their powerful mastiff dogs at a foreigner or throwing stones at him. I wish to invite the advocates of the theory that the white race rules the world, to a visit of Tibet to experience that the white man finds less consideration there than a dog. Altogether, these people are a fierce and violent lot, always armed up to the teeth and ever ready to draw their swords or to make use of their guns. In one case, I have been openly attacked by a whole gang with brandished knives in front of a royal palace at broad daylight, for no other



"... these people are a fierce and violent lot, always armed up to the teeth and ever ready to draw their swords or to make use of their guns. . . . they do not even refrain from setting their powerful mastiff dogs at a foreigner."



reason, because I politely expressed the wish to see the King and held presents for him in my hands; it was only due to my cool-bloodedness that the affair had no serious consequences. The

hatred of foreigners goes so far that they even refuse to sell food to him or fodder for his horse. The principle is to starve him out to make him leave the country as soon as possible. And Tibet is really a land of hunger. During the last four weeks of my journey, I have been in a desperate situation, provisions were all exhausted, and nothing, not even an egg, could be bought; only roasted barley-flour kept us alive, and the portions had to be meted out at starvation rates. . . .

Despite these exciting six last months, I am in the best of health and spirits. The resistance of so many powers has not shattered my energy, but doubled it. I have now learned to be as tough as a Tibetan. My next plan will be to conquer Tibet in an *airship*, as soon as I shall get it. In the meanwhile I will conquer as much land as I can. My journey to Hsining will take over 30 days, I shall make a stay there in the famous lamasery of Kumbum. . . .

T'ao-chou, Kansu, West-China  
on Tibetan Border  
8,000 feet high  
Dec. 15, 1909

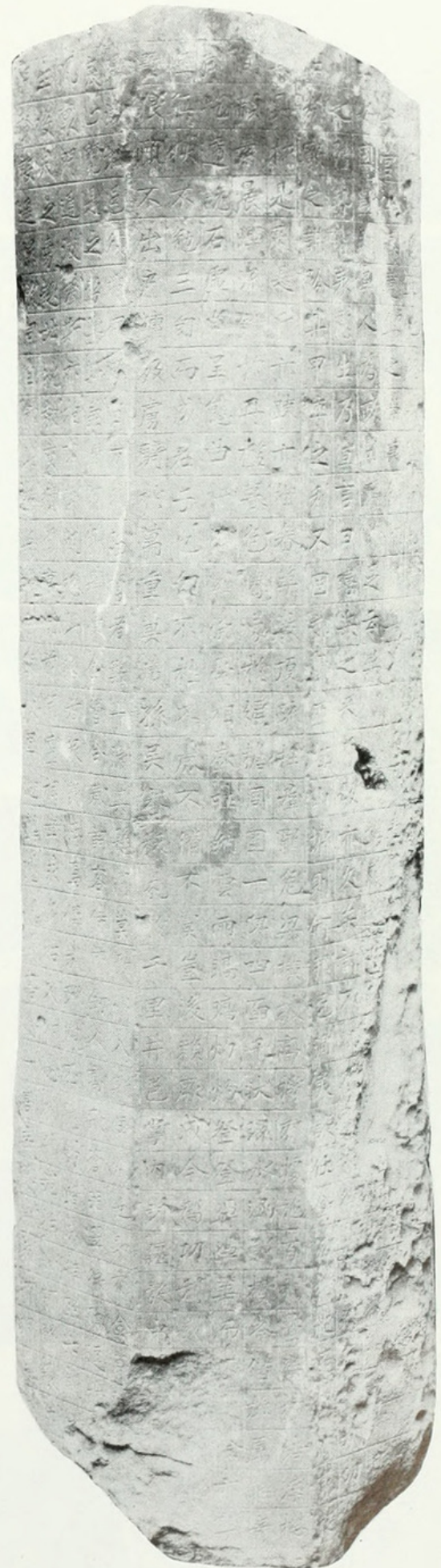
Mr. dear Dr. Dorsey:

I am just scribbling this note to let you know that I am doing some great things here in the way of collecting. . . . The best thing I got hold of is an old inscription-stone, . . . It is an octagonal pillar of red sandstone surrounded by a knob carved with a dragon, weighing about a thousand pounds. There is nothing artistic about it, but the inscription is of immense historical value. It is dated A.D. 749, T'ang Dynasty, . . . It relates the conquest of this town by a Tibetan army at that time,

and, therefore, fits in splendidly with our Tibetan collection, in that it is suggestive of the eternal struggle going on between these two antagonistic nations, China and Tibet, and even symbolical of the political conditions of nowadays. The writing is considered by Chinese scholars as one of the finest calligraphic specimens of that period. I secured the stone at the price of 100 local taels . . . from the present owner, a Chinese Christian. Considering local valuations, this price is somewhat high, but as this man . . . intends to employ this sum for the founding of a Chinese girls' school on foreign and Christian lines, I felt I should act in the spirit of Mrs. Blackstone, if I expended this amount towards this charitable and educational purpose. . . . I have not received any mail now for eight months. I am keeping well, and my work affords me ample satisfaction for any hardships I have to endure. Kindly pardon this pencil scribbling, ink has become a costly material with me. . . .

*A year later, the Mrs. T. B. Blackstone Expedition came to a successful conclusion, and Laufer settled down to his post at Field Museum to catalogue and more carefully assess his recent acquisitions. In 1911 Laufer was made curator in Asiatic ethnology and in 1915 he was named curator of the Department of Anthropology. Eight years later he was to make his fourth and last journey to the Far East, the Marshall Field Expedition of 1923. At the time of his death, in 1934, Laufer was generally recognized as the world's leading sinologist. (See also Field Museum Bulletin, April, 1974, pp. 9-14.)*  
—Ed. □

*"The best thing I got hold of is an old inscription-stone . . . There is nothing artistic about it, but the inscription is of immense value. . . , dated A.D. 749, T'ang Dynasty." The inscription relates to the recapture of the city of Shih-pao, an ancient Chinese stronghold on the Tibetan border. Pillar inscriptions are very scarce in China, the usual form being the stone tablet. This pillar, about five feet in height, is on view in hall 24. Catalogue No. 121938.*







1974. "Journey Into Tibet." *Field Museum of Natural History bulletin* 45(6), 3–13.

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