

cy, had a satisfactory employment record with the U.S. Consular Service, and was treated as an experienced old China hand by Roy Chapman Andrews, the Club's Asian expert. Corinne Lamb, his attractive wife, was planning to accompany us at least part way. His friend Major Logan helped with money and was to be the second-in-command. Lamb also had recruited Jack Young, now a New York University student, the engaging, very capable and well connected youthful Chinese, who had figured so importantly in the Roosevelt brothers' giant panda expedition. And finally, with our help, Lamb also enlisted Dr. Fouad Al Akl, a promising young medical doctor who, we learned, declined a Mayo appointment to join our expedition. These excellent choices increased our confidence that the expedition leader would be able to obtain the necessary Chinese Government official permission upon our arrival in Shanghai.

My responsibility was to organize our mountaineering capabilities. I began by recruiting my old friend of college days, Lewis Thorne, with whom I had climbed Mount Chimborazo in Ecuador two years before. Thorne was a Yale graduate, slated on our return to enter Johns Hopkins Medical School. Between us we next added Arthur B. Emmons 3d, young engineering student who had just finished his junior year at Harvard, an enthusiastic member of the Harvard Mountaineering Club. And then the three of us persuaded Richard L. Burdsall, a Swarthmore graduate in his mid-30's, a professional engineer with mechanical patents to his credit, to qualify himself at the American Geographical Society for preparing a reliable map and making an accurate determination of the altitude of the highest mountains we might be able to visit.

Hardly had our group been organized and enough money raised — with the greatest difficulty, for two years of collapsing stock market and declining economy had drained most pocketbooks — when, buying the newspapers one fine morning outside the old Clubhouse at 110th Street and Cathedral Parkway we read: JAPANESE SEIZE MUKDEN IN MANCHURIA. The date: September 19, 1931!

From that day on for the next two months, the Lamb Expedition to Northern Tibet continued to collect its equipment and prepare its members, headquartered at the old Clubhouse, while additional northern Chinese cities were falling, one by one, to the aggressive Japanese military machine. With the loss of each additional city our hearts sank further, for we well realized that the worse the war in China became, the less likely that we would be able to obtain official permission from the Chinese government when we arrived. But finally, during the last week of November we sailed from New York on the *Tai Ping Yang*.

She was a slow but modern freighter of the Barber Lines, and the nine of us occupied nearly all her limited passenger capacity. We plodded