

know. They are large trees, one especially, with a trunk over 3 feet in diameter and a spread like a Banyan. Unfortunately the fruiting season is over; October is the time.

"I collected many specimens and gathered much information. I am sending you from here 13 parcels of plants; I sent six from Chiengrai. There are many more to come, but they are not yet dry. You will find many chestnuts and oaks among them. I took photos of the chestnut trees to give you an idea of them."

"I climbed to the summit of Doi Chang which looks like an elephant in profile, hence the name. On that mountain I found a village of people of Chinese origin. They are called Miao; they do not eat or grow any rice but only corn. They cut down the forests and plant corn at an elevation of 3,500 to 4,000 feet. They are the dirtiest people I ever saw, barring not even the Tibetans. They live with their pigs, the naked children wallowing in the mire with *Sus domestica*. I looked at the heads of some of these people and found their hair full of maggots. It would turn the stomach of anyone. I camped in the woods above them, but they paid me a visit just at breakfast time. There are many idiots among them, evidently due to opium smoking. They are natives of Kweichow Province, China, but have migrated over into Yunnan and even into north Siam. They are the aborigines of China and in the book of Shu King, the oldest historical book of China, dating back over two milleniums before the Christian era, they are mentioned as the Barbarians. They say they have cultivated corn from time immemorial. Their way of living is the most primitive possible. They rarely come to the lowlands, as they dread malaria. Their wants are few, and their main food is corn and pigs. I photographed their village, individual houses, their corn bins, and corn mill. I also sent you their selected seed corn for next year's planting.

"There are several chestnuts on Doi Chang at about 5,800 feet, but I was again too late. I collected material, so we know what there is. I have now struck the wild pear country. On the last day's march to Kentung, the trail led over a mighty mountain pass and there I found many of the sand pear trees in full flower. They looked glorious in the morning sunlight. There were also cherries and plums all wild along brooks. After hunting for sometime I found one tree of the Yunnan pear with fruit, but also in full flower. The fruits were last year's but fresh, and only the