fortunate in finding some one who wanted to leave the country, as conditions are so chaotic that it would be difficult to arrange for a man to return from Vladivostok to Petrograd. We have stocked up our car with a few essentials in the way of food, but shall mainly depend upon foraging at the stations and should have no difficulty, once we are across the Urals. Our devoted soldier guard are at the station, hoping up to the last that word would come permitting them to accompany us. However, through the stupidity of someone, the instructions have miscarried. At the last moment a huge mail pouch, weighing about 100 kilos, arrived for me from the Embassy. I can see a mail courier's job is no "snap".

I am sorry to leave, in some ways, but am feeling so wretchedly that it appears to be necessary; also I must clear up our situation in Washington, as we are completely at a loss as to the status of our calls for men and materials. Greiner, Golder and I left Petrograd at 7.50 p.m. in our private car No. 448, attached to the through trans-Siberian express. As this train runs once a week only it is fearfully crowded. It carries one first-class International Sleeping Car Company compartment sleeper, one first-class Russian sleeper, and two second-class sleepers; also a through I.S.C.Co. diner. This is the first train scheduled to run through since the frontier has been reopened, but no one seems to be certain that it will be allowed to go further than the Manchurian frontier. We are told, that serious Bolshevik distrubances at Krasnoiarsk are delaying trains.

August 17th. En route; we have been losing time on the schedule since the first day and we hear that the reason is the ex-Czar is being conveyed to Siberia on a special ahead of us and is making very poor time. We