مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

This PDF was generated on 18/01/2022 from online resources of the **Qatar Digital Library**

The online record can be viewed at:
http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100000000880.0x0002ef
It contains extra information, high resolution zoomable views and transcriptions.

'AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SIR HERBERT TODD, C.I.E. 1893-1977'

Holding Institution	British Library: India Office Records and Private Papers
Reference	Mss Eur F226/30
Date(s)	1976-1978 (CE, Gregorian)
Written in	English in Latin
Extent and Format	1 file (247 folios)
Copyright for document	Unknown

BRITISH LIBRARY

About this record

Memoirs of Sir Herbert Todd (1893-1985) of the Indian Political Service, later of the Iraq Petroleum Company. Written during the years 1976-78, the memoirs begin by recounting Todd's childhood on his family's farm in Kent, his education and entrance into the Home Civil Service in 1912, and his entrance into the Indian Political Service in 1913. Roughly half of the memoirs (ff 10-137) covers Todd's career up to 1947, which can be summarised as follows:

- Posted to the Indian Police, Burma [Myanmar], 1913-17 (ff 10-22)
- Served in the 11th Bengal Lancers (Probyn's Horse), Indian Army, in Mesopotamia [Iraq], 1917-19 (ff 22-24)
- Remained in Baghdad as Assistant Commissioner of Police, Baghdad East Subdivision, 1919-20 (ff 25-31)
- Transferred to Indian Political Service, holding positions in Baluchistan, 1921; Gilgit, 1927; Quetta, 1931; Bharatpur, 1936-39 (ff 31-67)
- Served in the Home Guard during extended leave (1939-40), first in Canfield, Essex, and later in Blackheath, London (ff 68-72), followed by a spell as an air warden while awaiting re-posting to India (ff 72-78)

• First attempt at passage to India abandoned when the ship he was travelling on, SS *Simla* , was torpedoed, September 1940 (ff 79-88)

• Returned to India, holding positions at Udaipur, 1940 (ff 93-97); Baluchistan, 1941 (ff 97-101); Cochin [Kochi] and Travancore, 1943 (ff 101-111); and Calcutta [Kolkata] and the Eastern States, 1944-47 (ff 111-134)

• Returned to London on leave, April 1947; career brought to an abrupt end in June 1947 with the announcement of the handing over of power and Indian independence (ff 135-137).

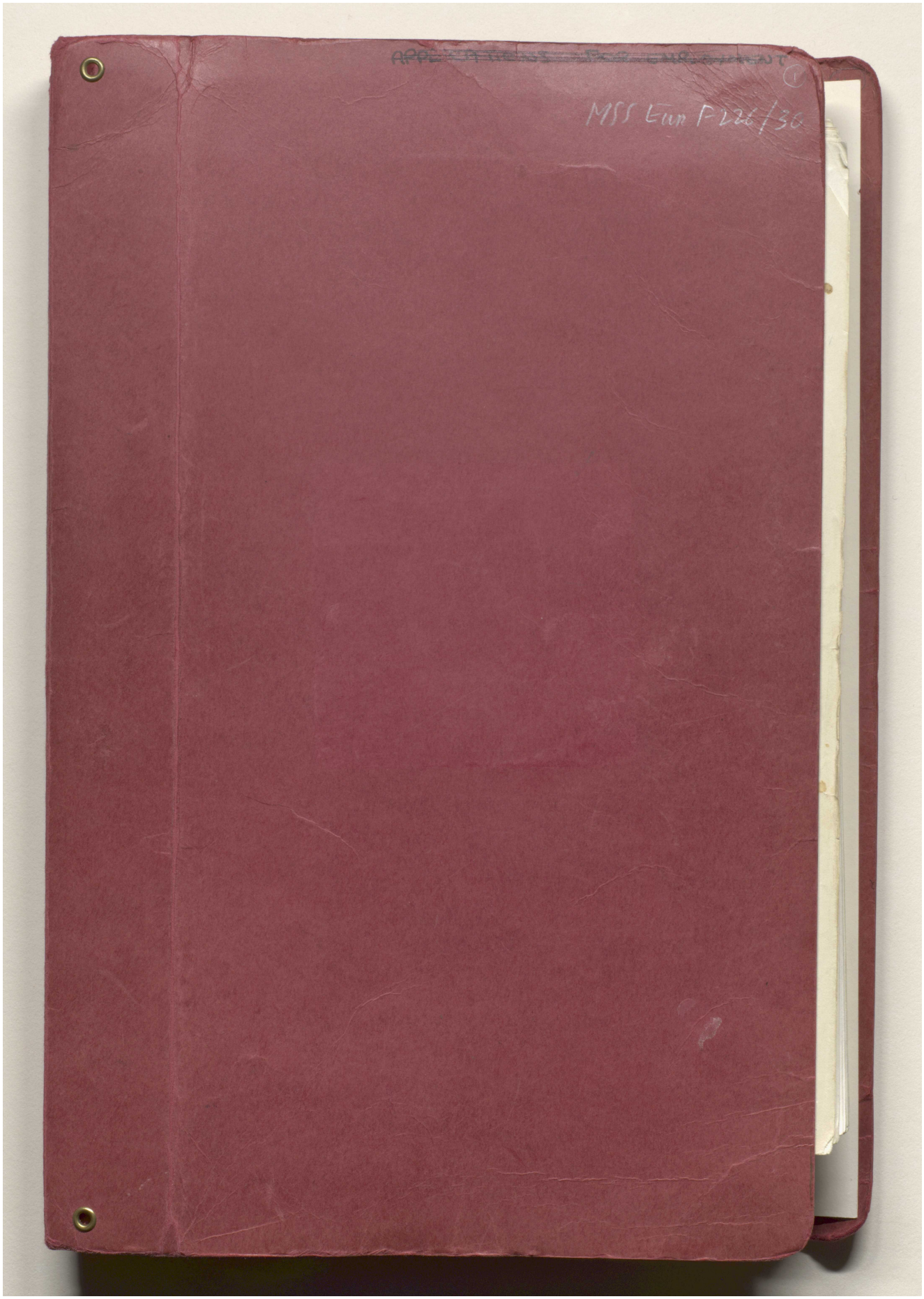
The last hundred or so folios relate to Todd's employment in the Iraq Petroleum Company (IPC), 1948-59 (ff 138-227), and his subsequent retirement in Oxted, Surrey, 1959-78 (ff 227-248). As Chief Representative of the IPC, Todd and his wife spent much of their time in Baghdad. The memoirs document Todd's relations with prominent Iraqi politicians, diplomats, and visiting British MPs, as well as Todd's visits to Beirut, Damascus, Palestine, Jordan, Kuwait, Persia [Iran] and the United States. Also included are Todd's thoughts on the Suez Crisis and the 1958 revolution in Iraq (Todd was holidaying in Austria at the time and never returned to Baghdad).

Aside from his career, Todd writes about his hobbies (polo and hunting) and comments on UK and world events, such as the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, the death of Winston Churchill, and the first moon landing in July 1969; he also mentions in passing meeting Professor Max Mallowan and Agatha Christie at the ancient Assyrian city of Nimrud (Iraq) in April 1955.

The text is typewritten with annotations and crossings out in pencil and ink. It includes some offensive terms and language in its descriptions of members of colonised populations.

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

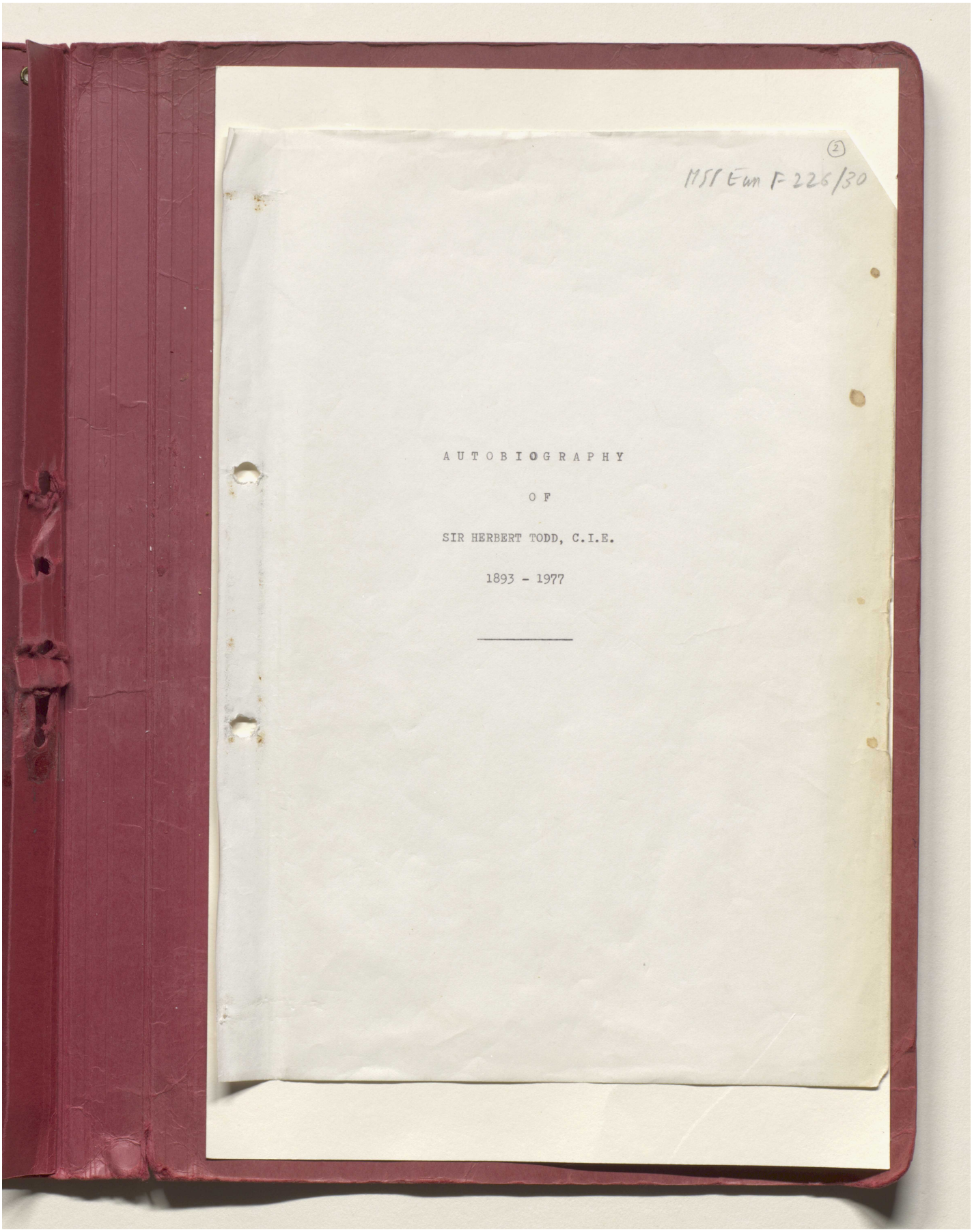


Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Open Government Licence
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000002



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Open Government Licence

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000003



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000004

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

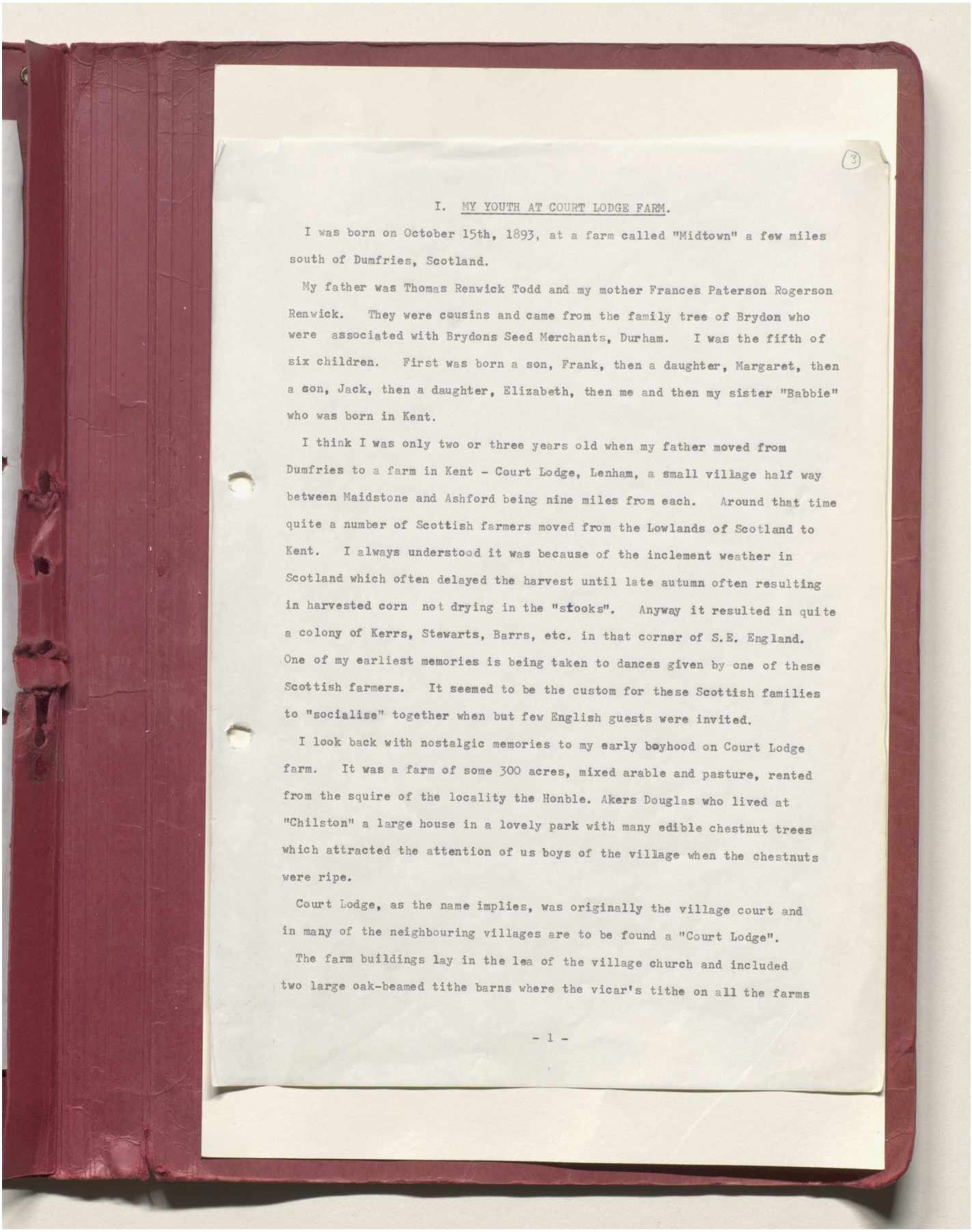
BRITISH LIBRARY



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000005

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(3)

I. MY YOUTH AT COURT LODGE FARM.

I was born on October 15th, 1893, at a farm called "Midtown" a few miles south of Dumfries, Scotland.

My father was Thomas Renwick Todd and my mother Frances Paterson Rogerson Renwick. They were cousins and came from the family tree of Brydon who were associated with Brydons Seed Merchants, Durham. I was the fifth of six children. First was born a son, Frank, then a daughter, Margaret, then a son, Jack, then a daughter, Elizabeth, then me and then my sister "Babbie" who was born in Kent.

I think I was only two or three years old when my father moved from Dumfries to a farm in Kent - Court Lodge, Lenham, a small village half way between Maidstone and Ashford being nine miles from each. Around that time quite a number of Scottish farmers moved from the Lowlands of Scotland to Kent. I always understood it was because of the inclement weather in Scotland which often delayed the harvest until late autumn often resulting in harvested corn not drying in the "stooks". Anyway it resulted in quite a colony of Kerrs, Stewarts, Barrs, etc. in that corner of S.E. England. One of my earliest memories is being taken to dances given by one of these Scottish farmers. It seemed to be the custom for these Scottish families to "socialise" together when but few English guests were invited.

I look back with nostalgic memories to my early boyhood on Court Lodge farm. It was a farm of some 300 acres, mixed arable and pasture, rented from the squire of the locality the Honble. Akers Douglas who lived at "Chilston" a large house in a lovely park with many edible chestnut trees which attracted the attention of us boys of the village when the chestnuts were ripe.

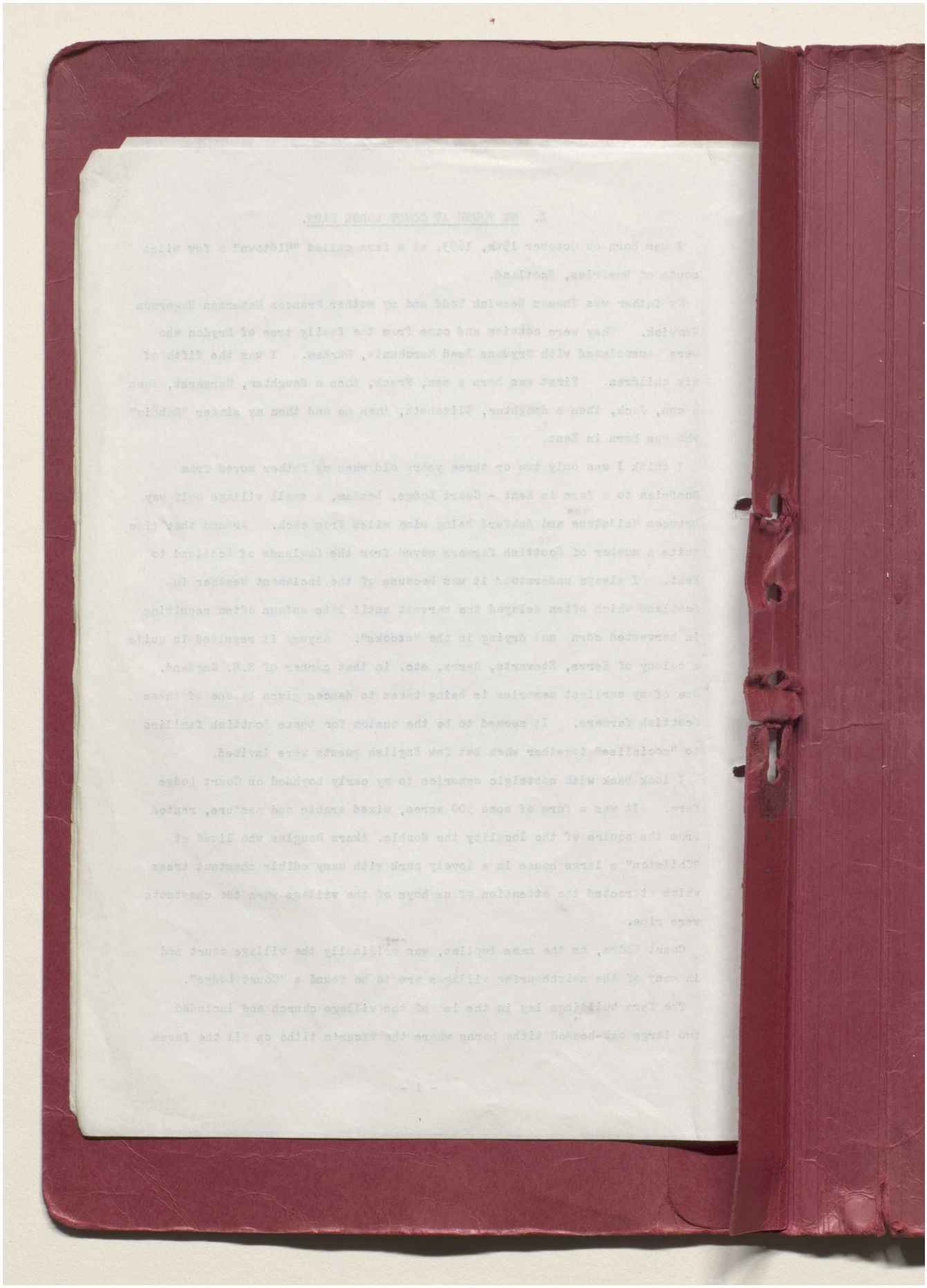
Court Lodge, as the name implies, was originally the village court and in many of the neighbouring villages are to be found a "Court Lodge".

The farm buildings lay in the lea of the village church and included two large oak-beamed tithe barns where the vicar's tithe on all the farms

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000006

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000007

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

around was stored. I recollect that there was a small, niggling cash tithe to be paid annually to the vicar which subsequently was liquidated by a compound payment.

My father employed six men on the farm - three ploughmen and carter, one shepherd and three cow and cattlemen. My great friend as a youngster of four or five was old George Kemsley, a grey-headed, side-whiskered old man who kept a dairy and was able to tell Father what crops had been grown in each field for years back. In those days farm workers were not well educated, having left the village board school at fourteen, but old George was an exception and had a wonderful record and memory.

There were no tractors in those days - the power was in the heavy Clydesdale horse of which Father had six.

The head ploughman drew eighteen shillings a week and paid 2/6d per week for his tied cottage. The head dairyman drew £1 per week and lived in a tied cottage. The other hands drew wages of from 8/- for a boy in the cowsheds and 16/- for the second ploughman.

Transport was mostly by pony trap - if a car ever came through the village it attracted great attention.

We had a dog cart and later a round tub trap and pony. My mother was a typical Scot farmer's wife. Knew how to deal with cattle ailments better than a vet. She rode side-saddle and an early recollection is of her and Father riding off to the local fox or stag hunt.

Tenant farmers were allowed to shoot rabbits and hares but game-birds - partridges and pheasants - were reserved by the Squire for his annual "shoots".

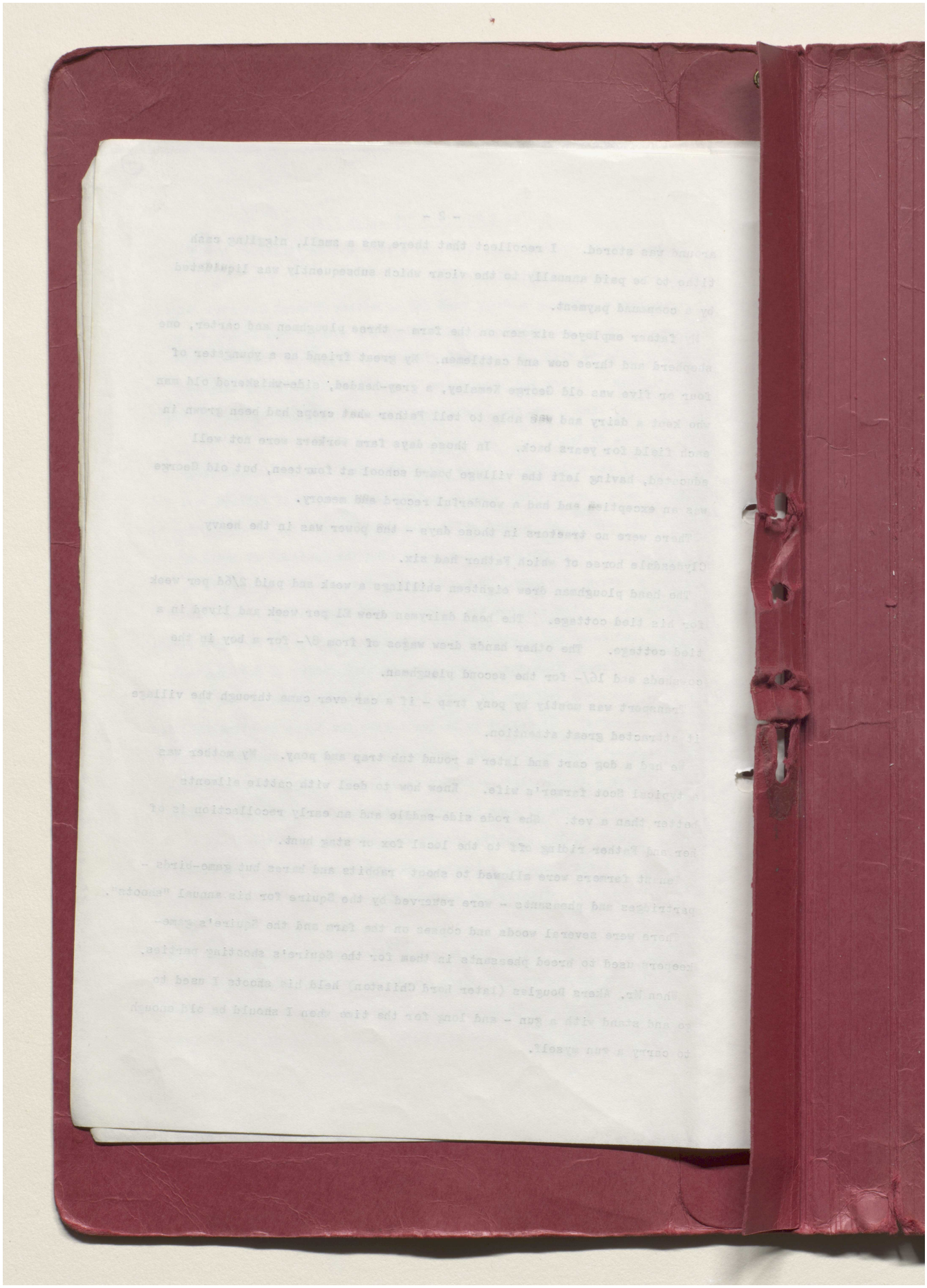
There were several woods and copses on the farm and the Squire's game-keepers used to breed pheasants in them for the Squire's shooting parties.

When Mr. Akers Douglas (later Lord Chilston) held his shoots I used to go and stand with a gun - and long for the time when I should be old enough to carry a gun myself.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000008

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

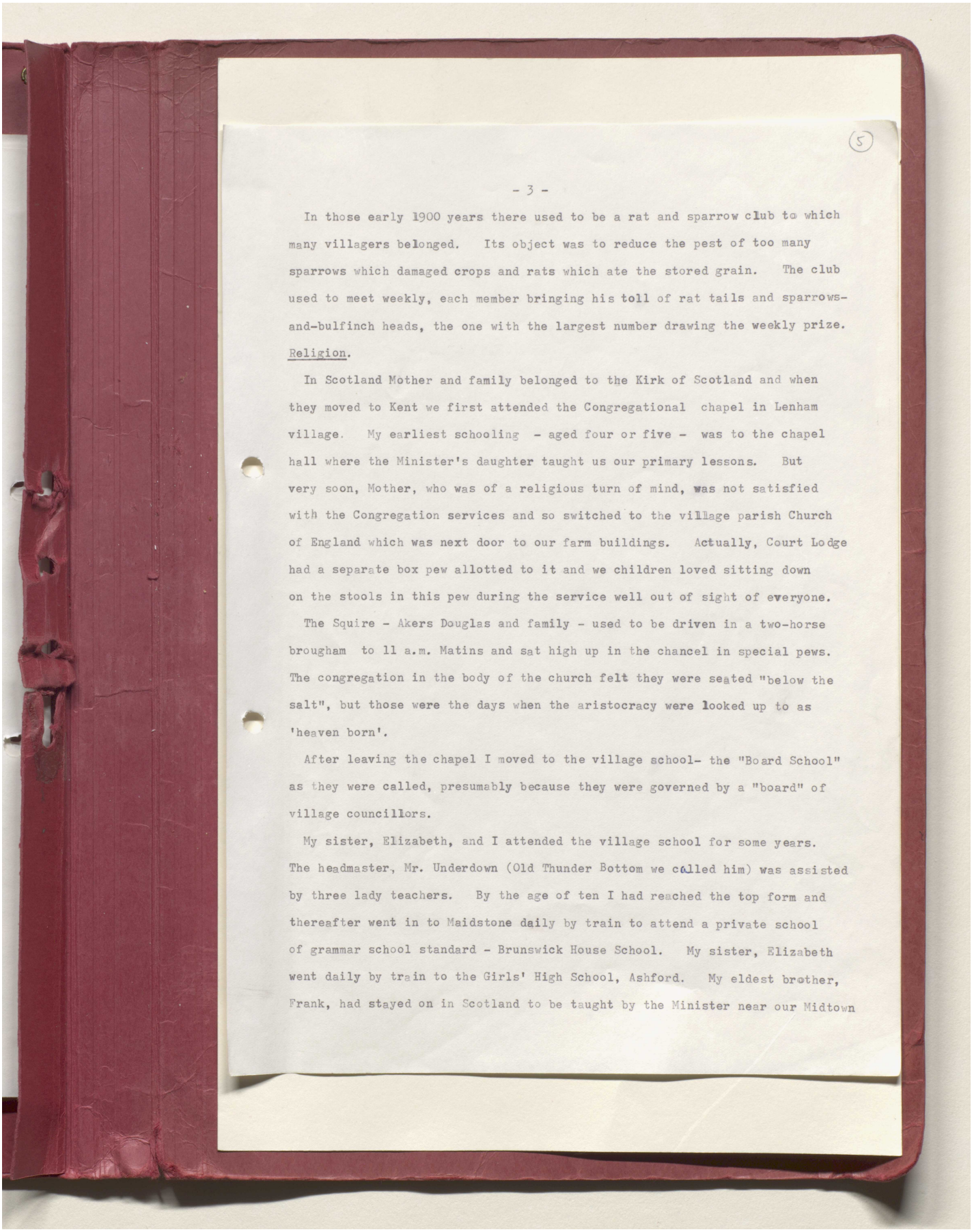
BRITISH LIBRARY



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000009

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(5)

In those early 1900 years there used to be a rat and sparrow club to which many villagers belonged. Its object was to reduce the pest of too many sparrows which damaged crops and rats which ate the stored grain. The club used to meet weekly, each member bringing his toll of rat tails and sparrows-and-bulfinch heads, the one with the largest number drawing the weekly prize.

Religion.

In Scotland Mother and family belonged to the Kirk of Scotland and when they moved to Kent we first attended the Congregational chapel in Lenham village. My earliest schooling - aged four or five - was to the chapel hall where the Minister's daughter taught us our primary lessons. But very soon, Mother, who was of a religious turn of mind, was not satisfied with the Congregation services and so switched to the village parish Church of England which was next door to our farm buildings. Actually, Court Lodge had a separate box pew allotted to it and we children loved sitting down on the stools in this pew during the service well out of sight of everyone.

The Squire - Akers Douglas and family - used to be driven in a two-horse brougham to 11 a.m. Matins and sat high up in the chancel in special pews. The congregation in the body of the church felt they were seated "below the salt", but those were the days when the aristocracy were looked up to as 'heaven born'.

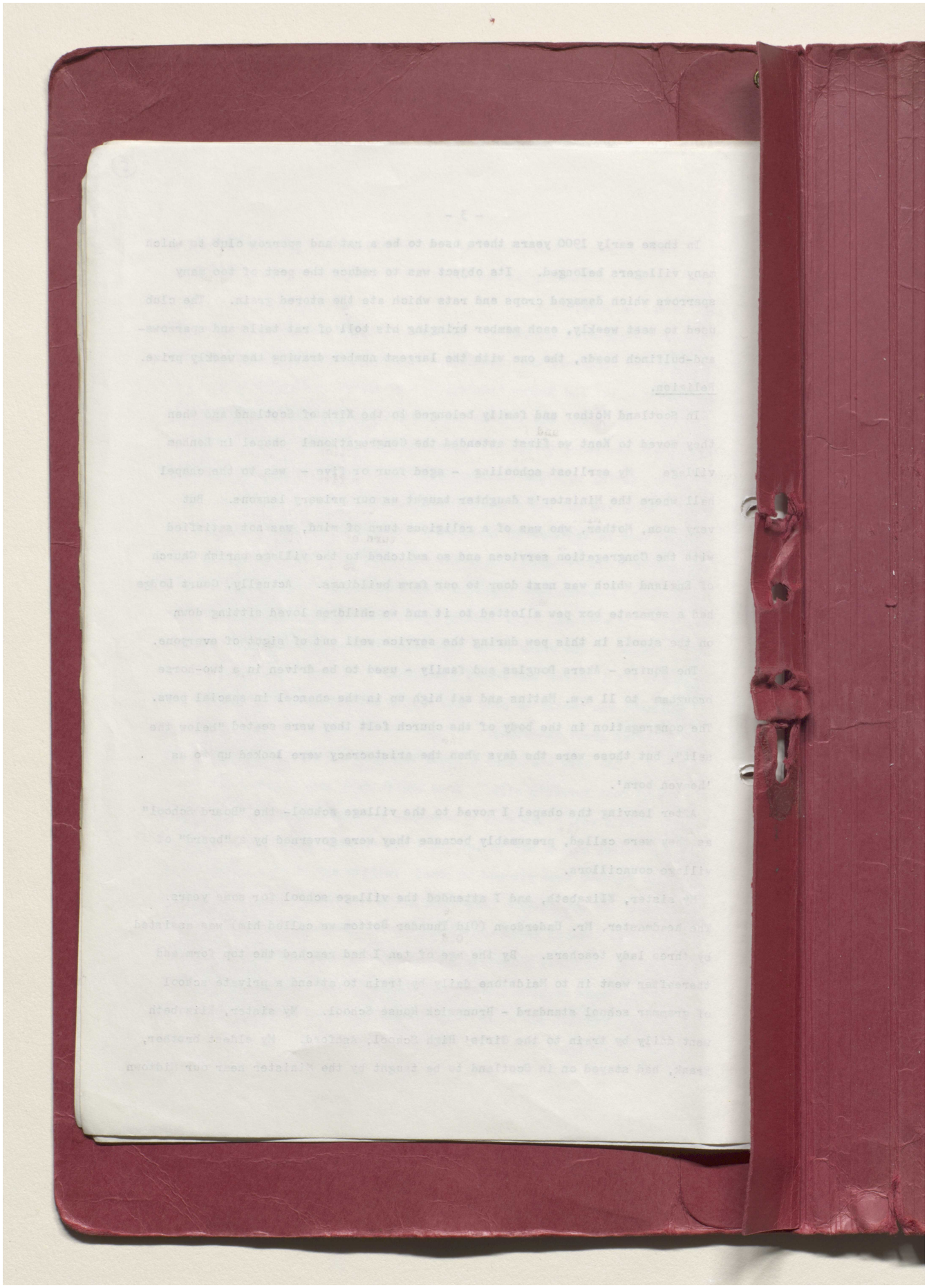
After leaving the chapel I moved to the village school- the "Board School" as they were called, presumably because they were governed by a "board" of village councillors.

My sister, Elizabeth, and I attended the village school for some years. The headmaster, Mr. Underdown (Old Thunder Bottom we called him) was assisted by three lady teachers. By the age of ten I had reached the top form and thereafter went in to Maidstone daily by train to attend a private school of grammar school standard - Brunswick House School. My sister, Elizabeth went daily by train to the Girls' High School, Ashford. My eldest brother, Frank, had stayed on in Scotland to be taught by the Minister near our Midtown

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00000a

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

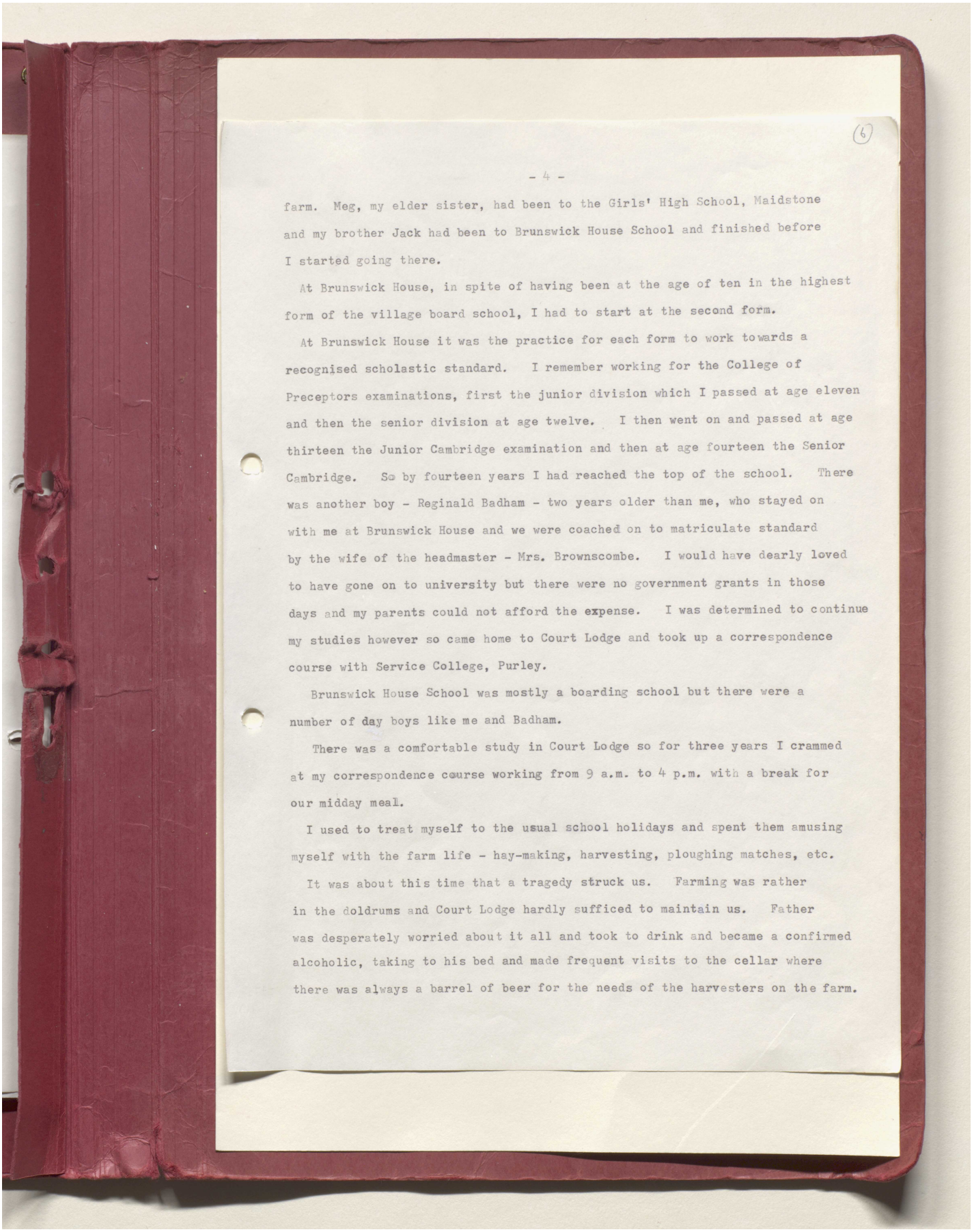
BRITISH LIBRARY



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00000b

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



farm. Meg, my elder sister, had been to the Girls' High School, Maidstone and my brother Jack had been to Brunswick House School and finished before I started going there.

At Brunswick House, in spite of having been at the age of ten in the highest form of the village board school, I had to start at the second form.

At Brunswick House it was the practice for each form to work towards a recognised scholastic standard. I remember working for the College of Preceptors examinations, first the junior division which I passed at age eleven and then the senior division at age twelve. I then went on and passed at age thirteen the Junior Cambridge examination and then at age fourteen the Senior Cambridge. So by fourteen years I had reached the top of the school. There was another boy - Reginald Badham - two years older than me, who stayed on with me at Brunswick House and we were coached on to matriculate standard by the wife of the headmaster - Mrs. Brownscombe. I would have dearly loved to have gone on to university but there were no government grants in those days and my parents could not afford the expense. I was determined to continue my studies however so came home to Court Lodge and took up a correspondence course with Service College, Purley.

Brunswick House School was mostly a boarding school but there were a number of day boys like me and Badham.

There was a comfortable study in Court Lodge so for three years I crammed at my correspondence course working from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m. with a break for our midday meal.

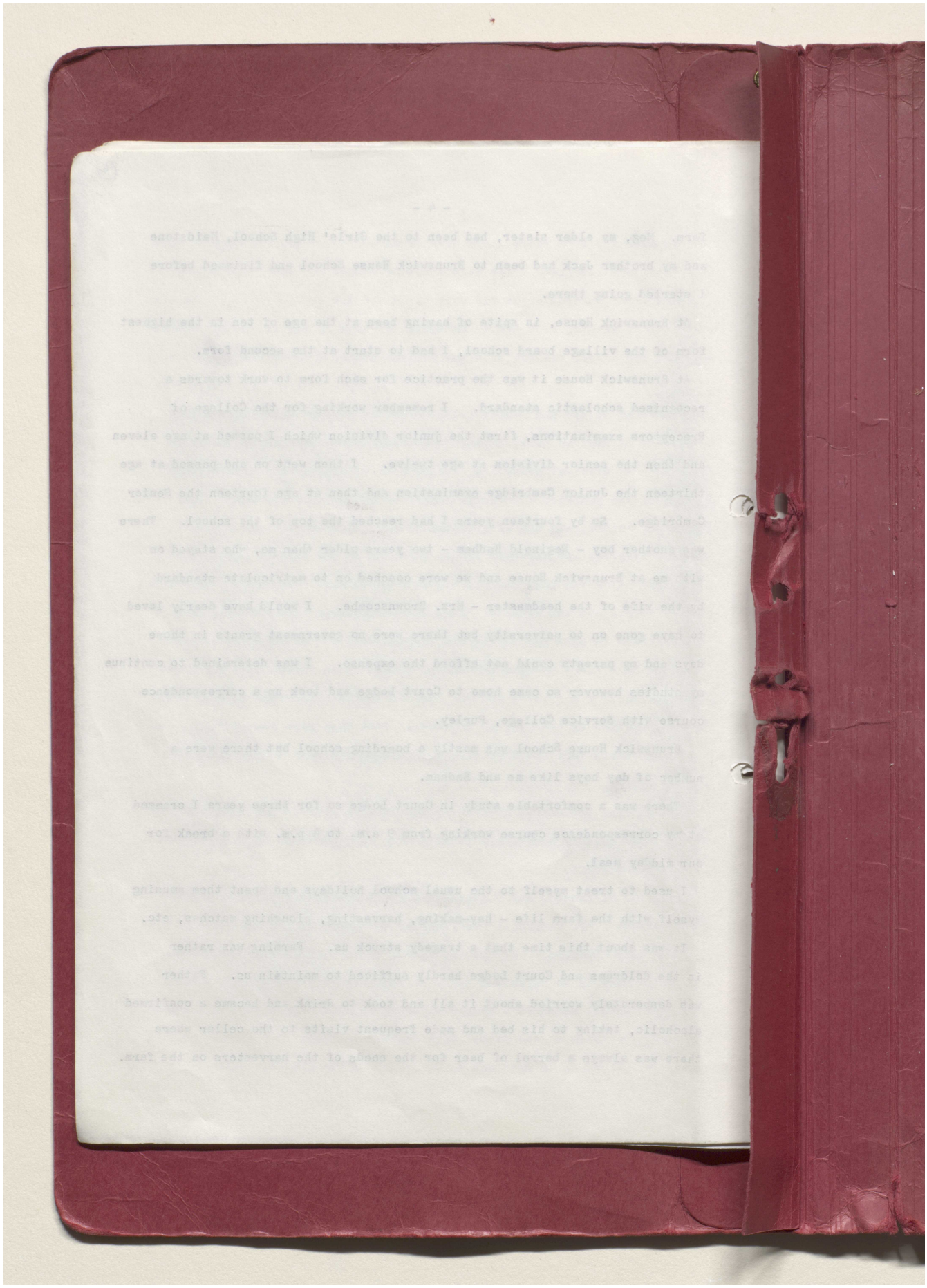
I used to treat myself to the usual school holidays and spent them amusing myself with the farm life - hay-making, harvesting, ploughing matches, etc.

It was about this time that a tragedy struck us. Farming was rather in the doldrums and Court Lodge hardly sufficed to maintain us. Father was desperately worried about it all and took to drink and became a confirmed alcoholic, taking to his bed and made frequent visits to the cellar where there was always a barrel of beer for the needs of the harvesters on the farm.

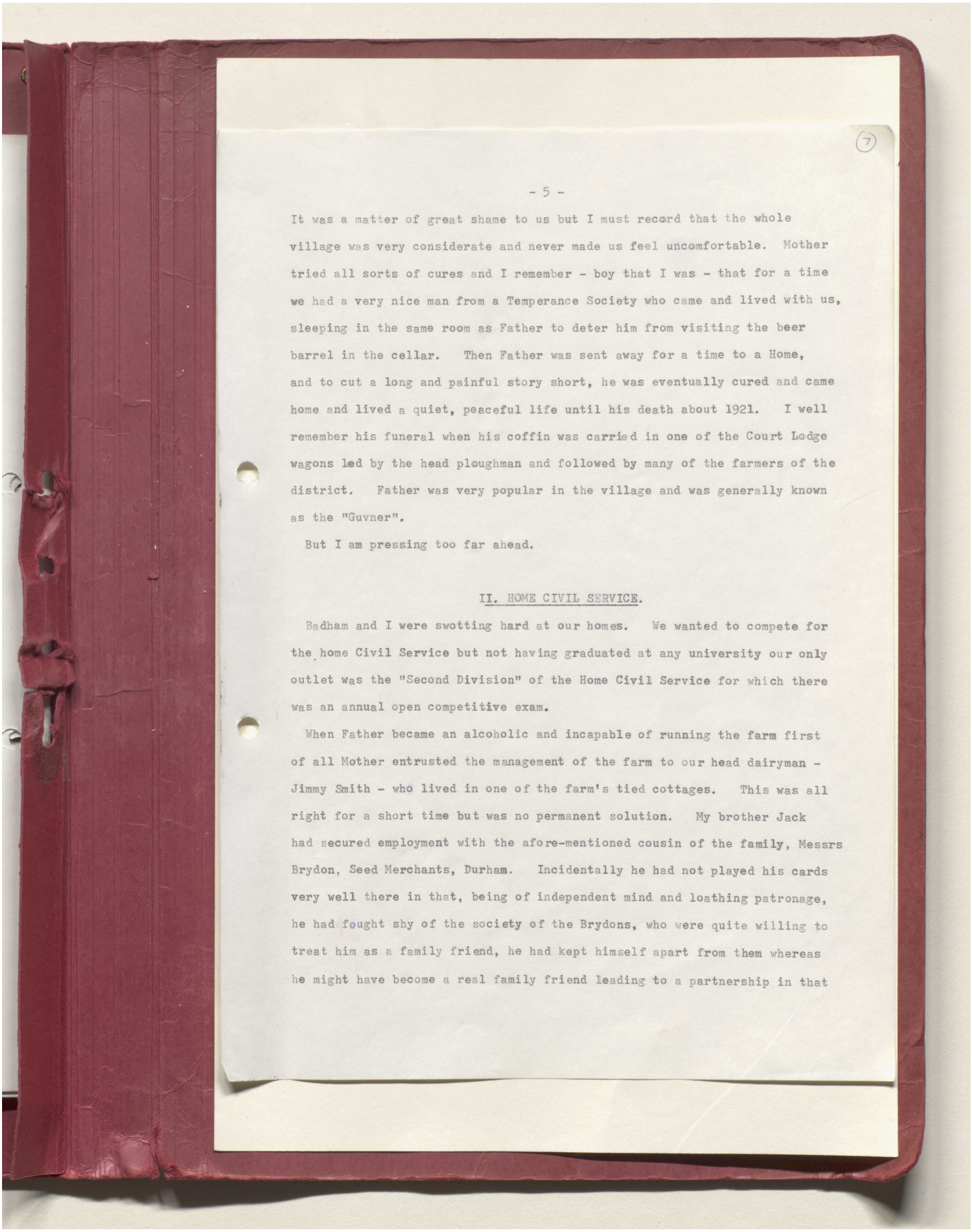
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00000c

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00000d



It was a matter of great shame to us but I must record that the whole village was very considerate and never made us feel uncomfortable. Mother tried all sorts of cures and I remember - boy that I was - that for a time we had a very nice man from a Temperance Society who came and lived with us, sleeping in the same room as Father to deter him from visiting the beer barrel in the cellar. Then Father was sent away for a time to a Home, and to cut a long and painful story short, he was eventually cured and came home and lived a quiet, peaceful life until his death about 1921. I well remember his funeral when his coffin was carried in one of the Court Lodge wagons led by the head ploughman and followed by many of the farmers of the district. Father was very popular in the village and was generally known as the "Guvner".

But I am pressing too far ahead.

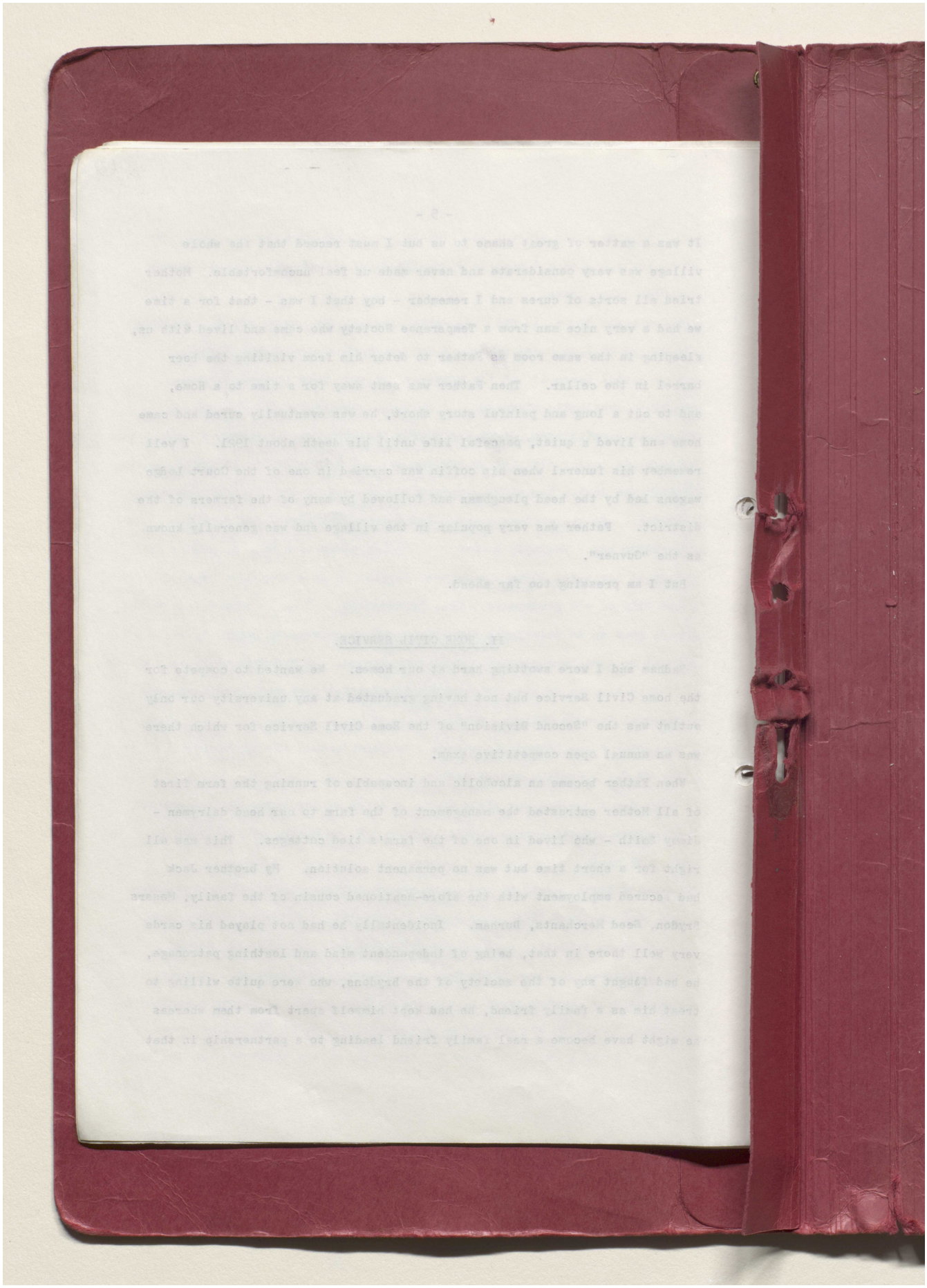
II. HOME CIVIL SERVICE.

Badham and I were swotting hard at our homes. We wanted to compete for the home Civil Service but not having graduated at any university our only outlet was the "Second Division" of the Home Civil Service for which there was an annual open competitive exam.

When Father became an alcoholic and incapable of running the farm first of all Mother entrusted the management of the farm to our head dairyman - Jimmy Smith - who lived in one of the farm's tied cottages. This was all right for a short time but was no permanent solution. My brother Jack had secured employment with the afore-mentioned cousin of the family, Messrs Brydon, Seed Merchants, Durham. Incidentally he had not played his cards very well there in that, being of independent mind and loathing patronage, he had fought shy of the society of the Brydons, who were quite willing to treat him as a family friend, he had kept himself apart from them whereas he might have become a real family friend leading to a partnership in that

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00000e

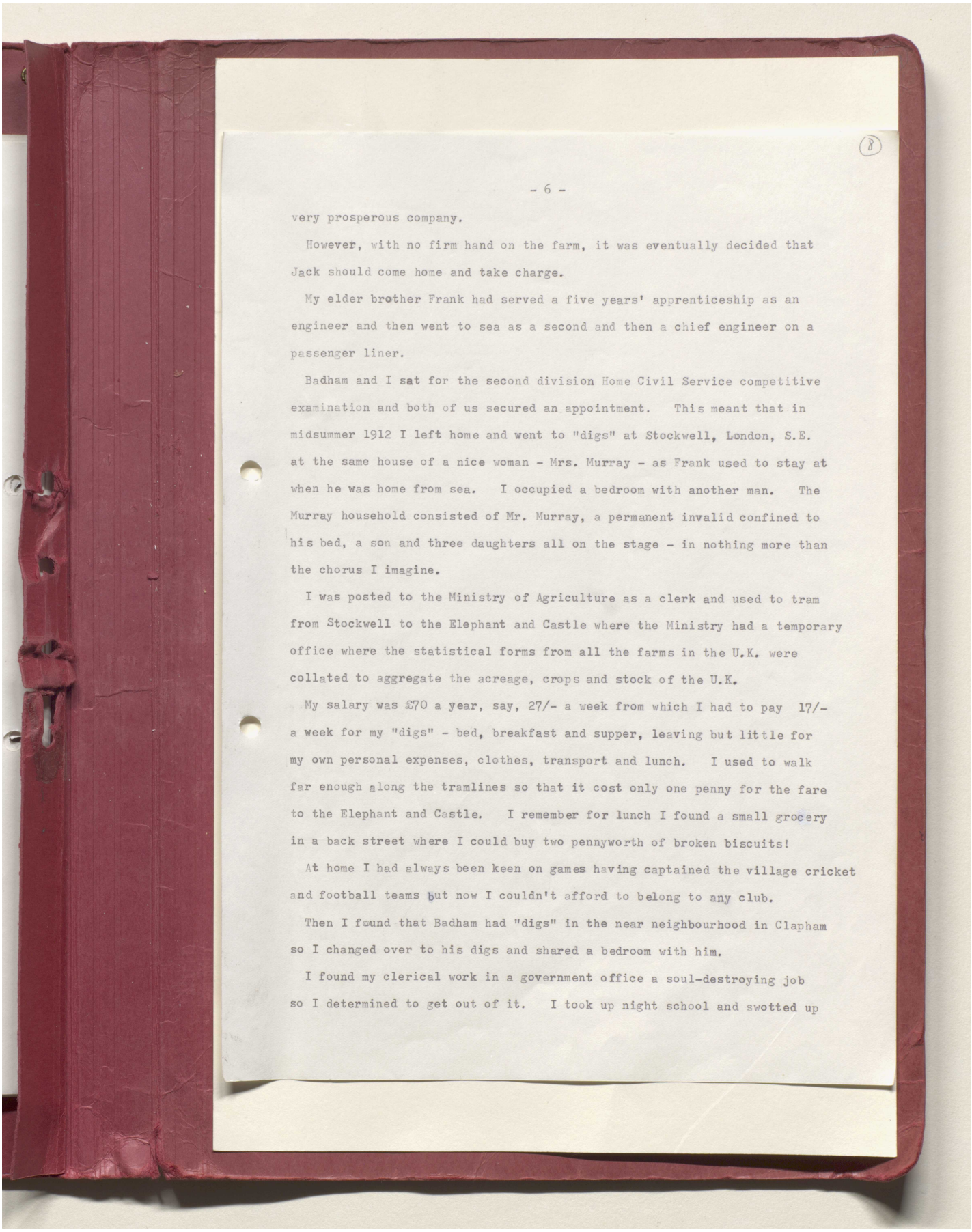


Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00000f

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



very prosperous company.

However, with no firm hand on the farm, it was eventually decided that Jack should come home and take charge.

My elder brother Frank had served a five years' apprenticeship as an engineer and then went to sea as a second and then a chief engineer on a passenger liner.

Badham and I sat for the second division Home Civil Service competitive examination and both of us secured an appointment. This meant that in midsummer 1912 I left home and went to "digs" at Stockwell, London, S.E. at the same house of a nice woman - Mrs. Murray - as Frank used to stay at when he was home from sea. I occupied a bedroom with another man. The Murray household consisted of Mr. Murray, a permanent invalid confined to his bed, a son and three daughters all on the stage - in nothing more than the chorus I imagine.

I was posted to the Ministry of Agriculture as a clerk and used to tram from Stockwell to the Elephant and Castle where the Ministry had a temporary office where the statistical forms from all the farms in the U.K. were collated to aggregate the acreage, crops and stock of the U.K.

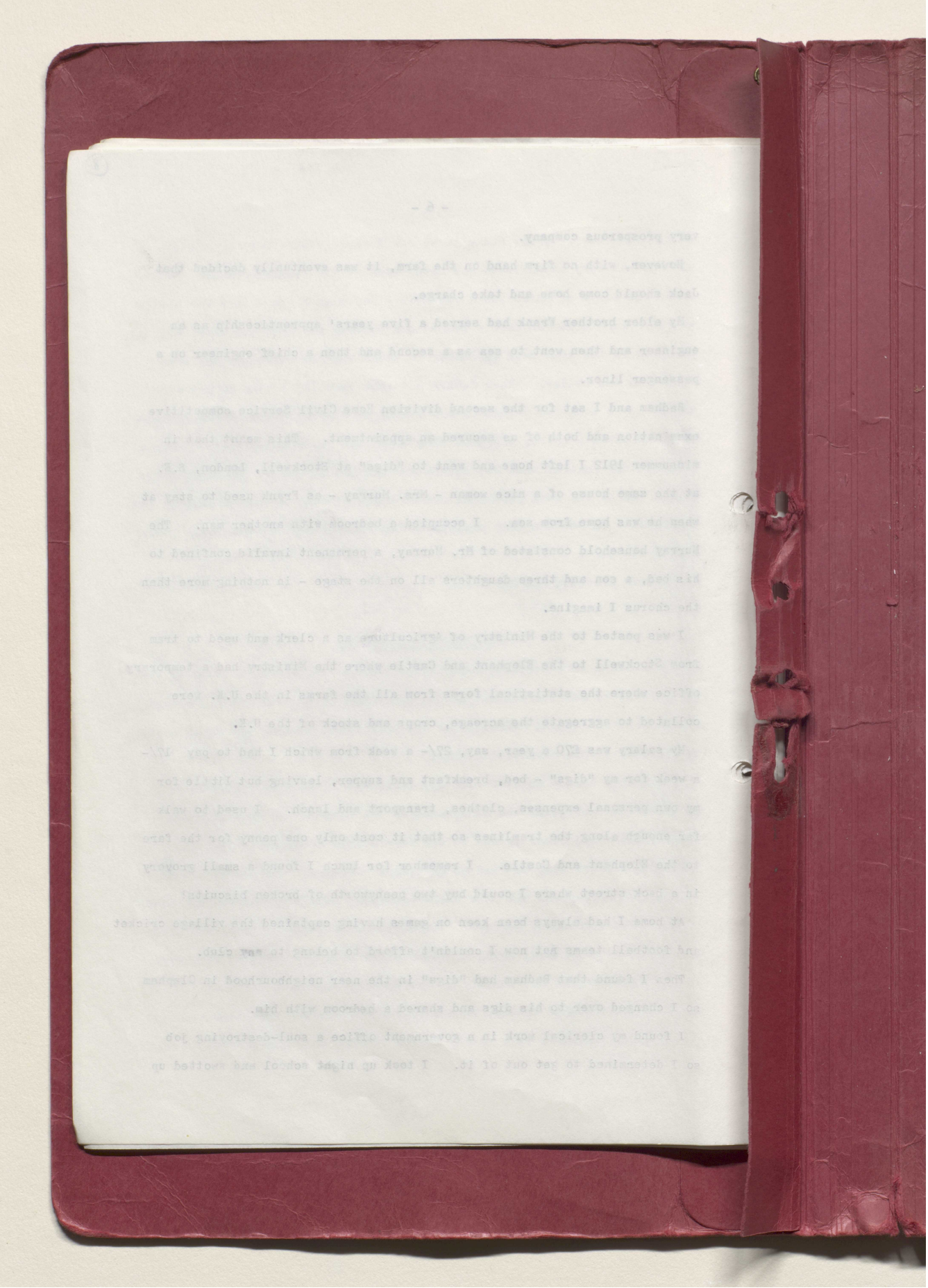
My salary was £70 a year, say, 27/- a week from which I had to pay 17/- a week for my "digs" - bed, breakfast and supper, leaving but little for my own personal expenses, clothes, transport and lunch. I used to walk far enough along the tramlines so that it cost only one penny for the fare to the Elephant and Castle. I remember for lunch I found a small grocery in a back street where I could buy two pennyworth of broken biscuits!

At home I had always been keen on games having captained the village cricket and football teams but now I couldn't afford to belong to any club.

Then I found that Badham had "digs" in the near neighbourhood in Clapham so I changed over to his digs and shared a bedroom with him.

I found my clerical work in a government office a soul-destroying job so I determined to get out of it. I took up night school and swotted up

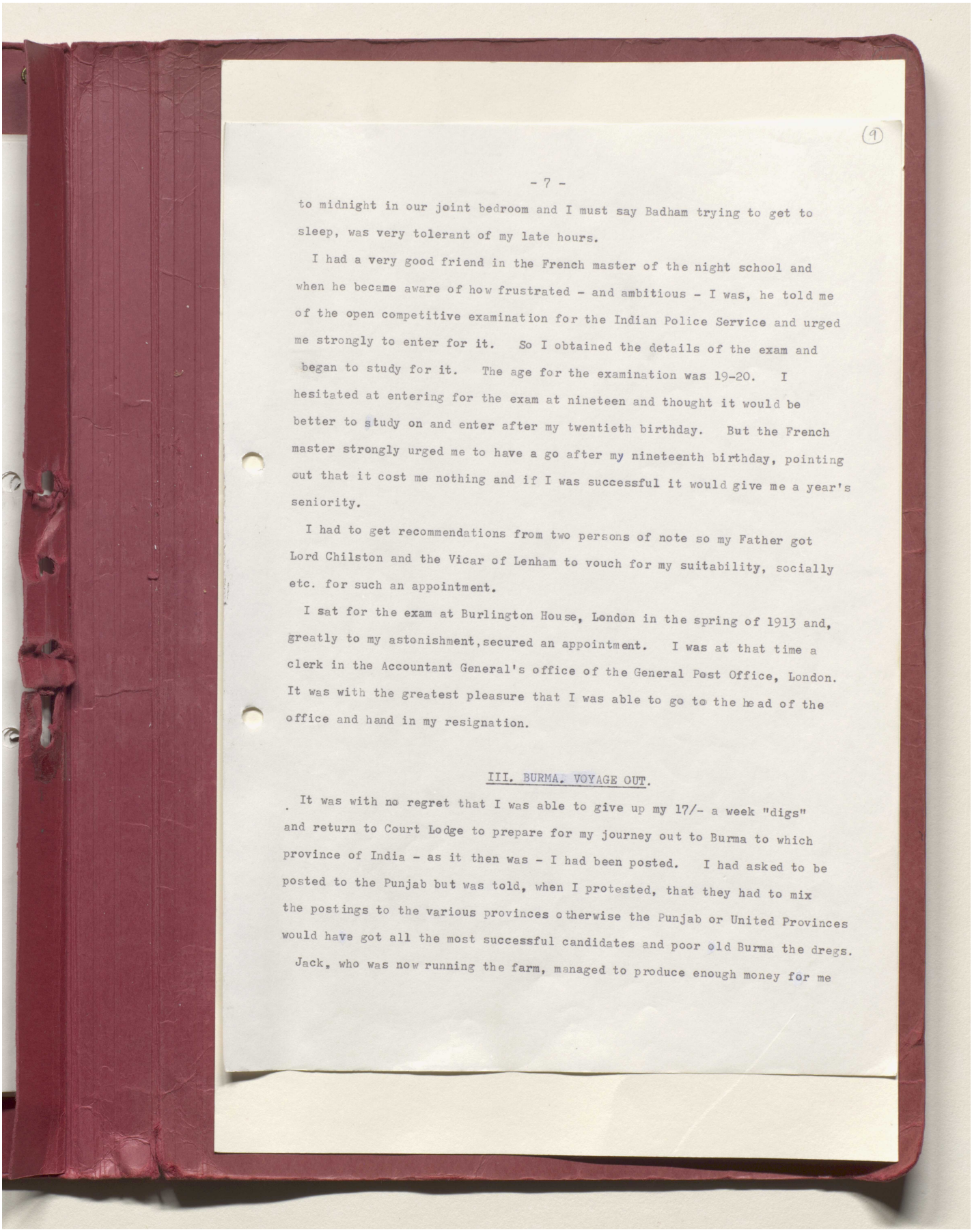
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000010



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000011

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



to midnight in our joint bedroom and I must say Badham trying to get to sleep, was very tolerant of my late hours.

I had a very good friend in the French master of the night school and when he became aware of how frustrated - and ambitious - I was, he told me of the open competitive examination for the Indian Police Service and urged me strongly to enter for it. So I obtained the details of the exam and began to study for it. The age for the examination was 19-20. I hesitated at entering for the exam at nineteen and thought it would be better to study on and enter after my twentieth birthday. But the French master strongly urged me to have a go after my nineteenth birthday, pointing out that it cost me nothing and if I was successful it would give me a year's seniority.

I had to get recommendations from two persons of note so my Father got Lord Chilston and the Vicar of Lenham to vouch for my suitability, socially etc. for such an appointment.

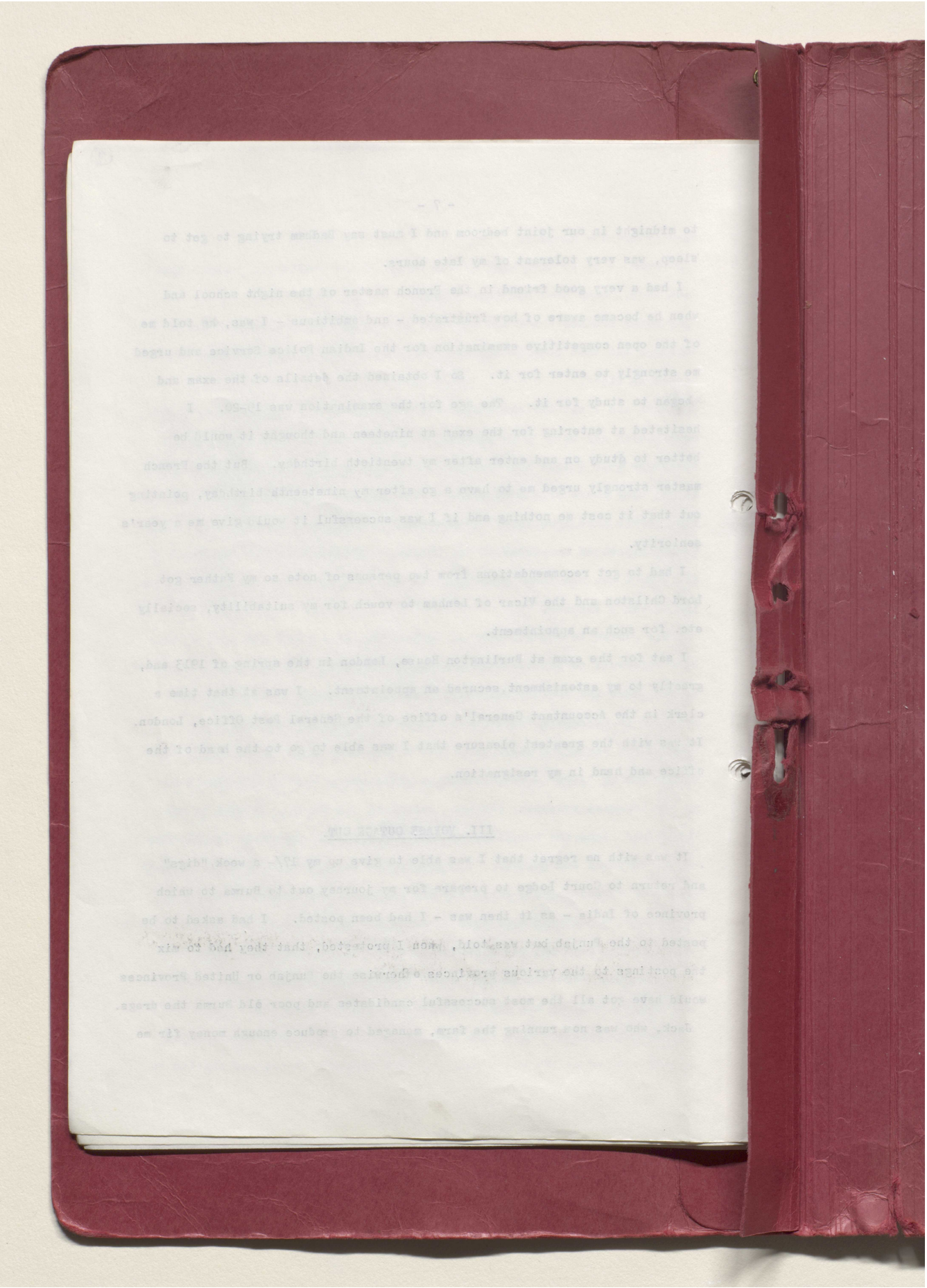
I sat for the exam at Burlington House, London in the spring of 1913 and, greatly to my astonishment, secured an appointment. I was at that time a clerk in the Accountant General's office of the General Post Office, London. It was with the greatest pleasure that I was able to go to the head of the office and hand in my resignation.

III. BURMA. VOYAGE OUT.

It was with no regret that I was able to give up my 17/- a week "digs" and return to Court Lodge to prepare for my journey out to Burma to which province of India - as it then was - I had been posted. I had asked to be posted to the Punjab but was told, when I protested, that they had to mix the postings to the various provinces otherwise the Punjab or United Provinces would have got all the most successful candidates and poor old Burma the dregs.

Jack, who was now running the farm, managed to produce enough money for me

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000012



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000013

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

(10)

to purchase my Indian Police uniform which included full dress blue uniform, for mounted and dismounted work and full dress mess kit and khaki work dress booted and spurred. I also had to buy an airtight tin trunk enclosed in a heavy wooden box, and a long tin uniform case. All this had to be got ready and forwarded to Liverpool from where I was due to sail on the Bibby Line "City of Oxford" at the end of October.

Thrilled at the prospect which lay before me I fear that I bade farewell to my Mother and Father and sister Meg with little emotion. Jack came up with me to Liverpool and saw me on board the boat where I found there were four others who, like me, had been posted to Burma viz. Tanner, Adams, Harvey and Cantwell. Tanner was the senior having passed the exam higher up in the competition than any of us. But he was rather a rough diamond socially and shamed us all by wearing his Police mess kit at dinner rather than the conventional dinner jacket. He was also accustomed to associate with the ship's crew on the lower deck and rarely came up on to the first-class passengers' deck.

IV. VOYAGE OUT TO BURMA.

I embarked on my future life with a £40 cheque and I am proud to say that I never made any further demand on Court Lodge.

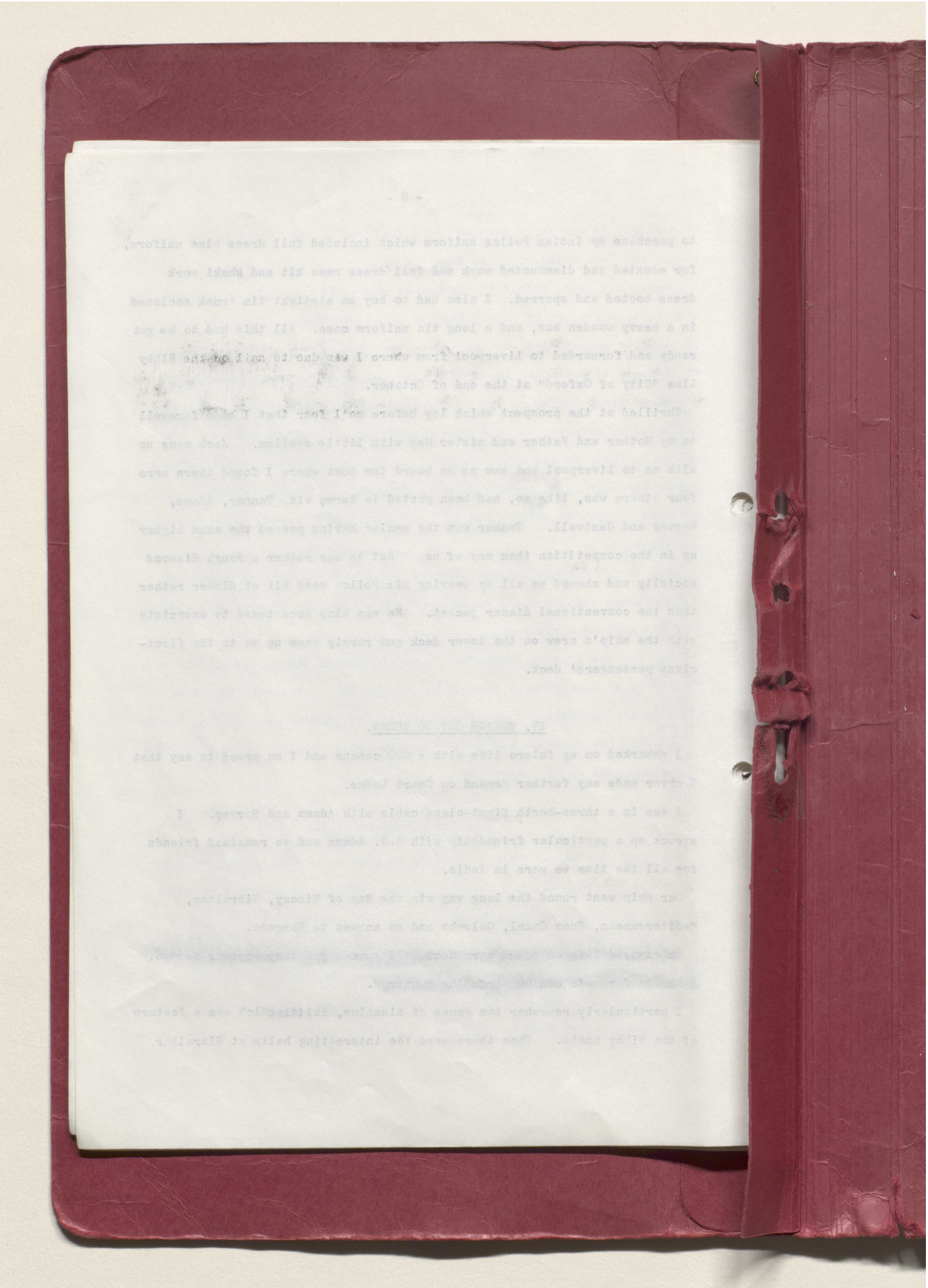
I was in a three-berth first-class cabin with Adams and Harvey. I struck up a particular friendship with A.G. Adams and we remained friends for all the time we were in India.

Our ship went round the long way via the Bay of Biscay, Gibraltar, Mediterranean, Suez Canal, Colombo and so across to Rangoon.

[redacted].

I particularly remember the games of ninepin skittles which was a feature of the Bibby boats. Then there were the interesting halts at Gibraltar

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000014



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

and Port Said. At the latter place we young squirts were exposed to the blandishments of the prostitutes. I think I was rather a prude for at that time a determination I made was that when - if ever - I married I would be a 'virgin.'

[redacted]

At Port Said we had the dirty business of coaling as the ship was coal-fired and for a couple of days we had the long line of coolies carrying coal up a gangway in small baskets and piling it into coal bunkers.

Then the interesting spectacle of going through the Suez Canal and our first sight of Arabs riding along the bank on camels and the beautiful floriferous red bougainvillea and the blue of the jacaranda trees.

It was very hot going down the Red Sea and our cabins were unbearable at night so the Madrassi cabin boys took our mattresses up on to the upper deck where, however, we were exposed to the coal smuts from the funnels.

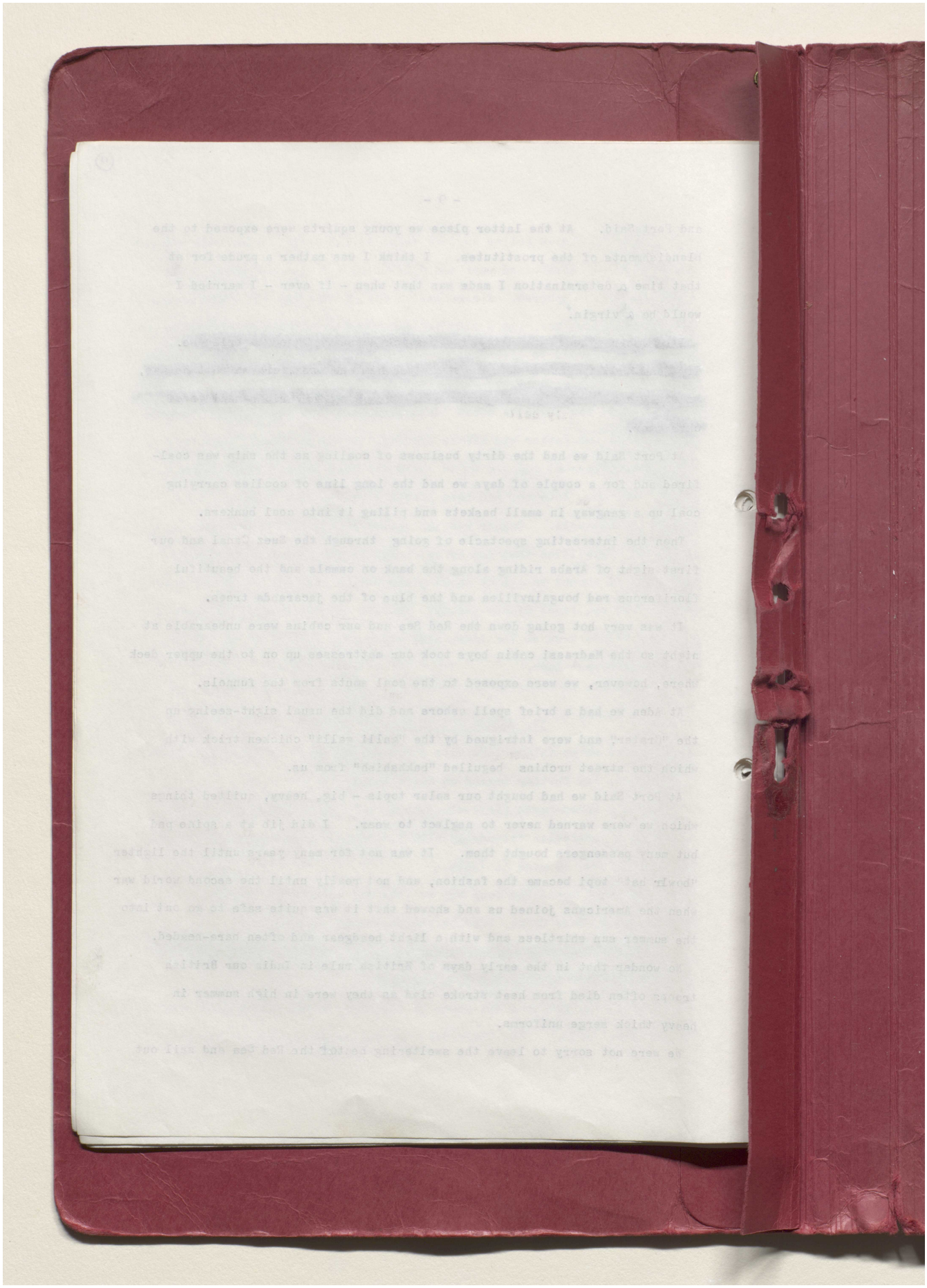
At Aden we had a brief spell ashore and did the usual sight-seeing up the "Crater" and were intrigued by the "galli galli" chicken trick with which the street urchins beguiled "bakhshish" from us.

At Port Said we had bought our solar topis - big, heavy, quilted things which we were warned never to neglect to wear. I did jib at a spine pad but many passengers bought them. It was not for many years until the lighter "bowler hat" topi became the fashion, and not really until the second world war when the Americans joined us and showed that it was quite safe to go out into the summer sun shirtless and with a light headgear and often bare-headed.

No wonder that in the early days of British rule in India our British troops often died from heat stroke clad as they were in high summer in heavy thick serge uniforms.

We were not sorry to leave the sweltering heat of the Red Sea and sail out

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000016

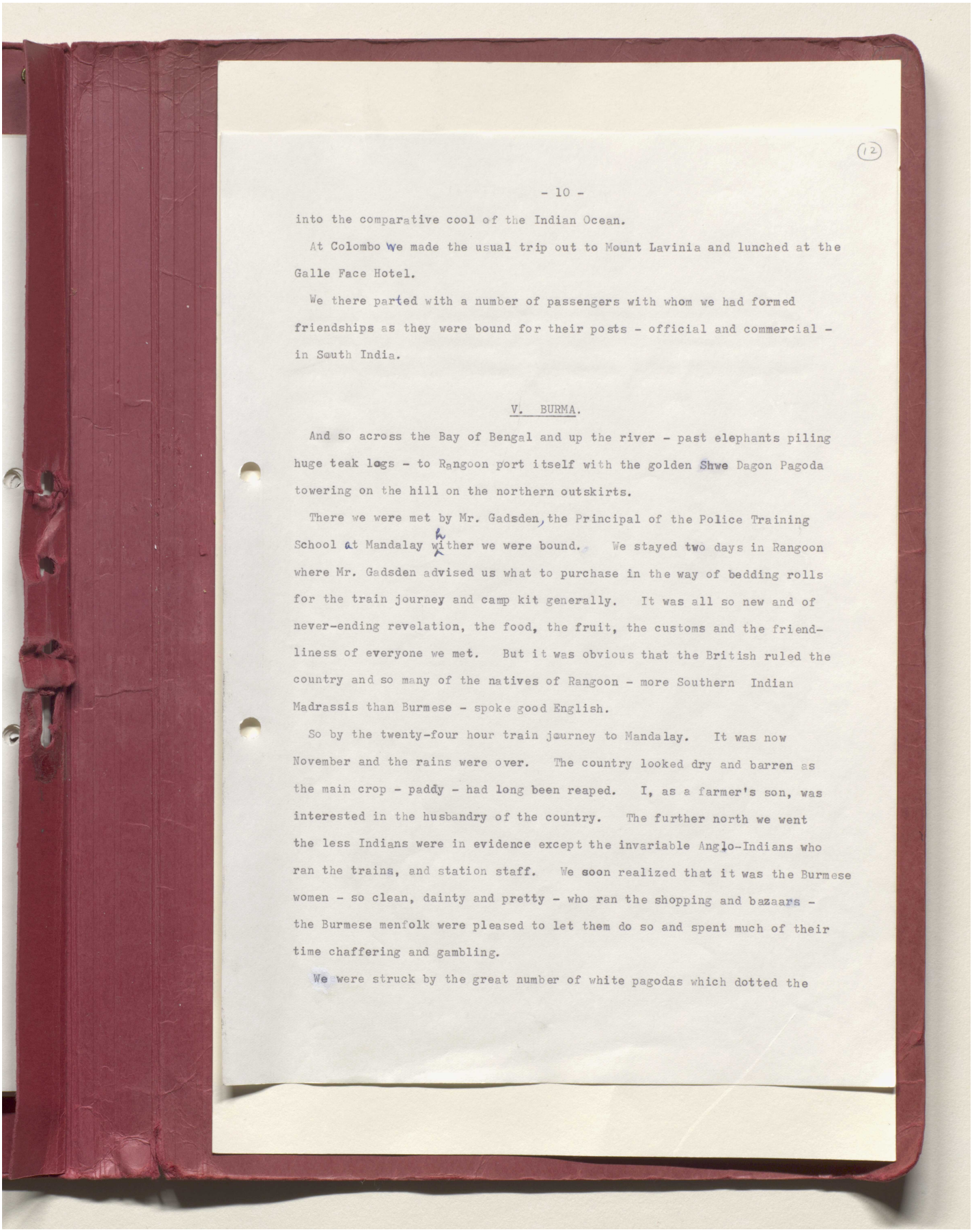


Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000017

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



into the comparative cool of the Indian Ocean.

At Colombo we made the usual trip out to Mount Lavinia and lunched at the Galle Face Hotel.

We there parted with a number of passengers with whom we had formed friendships as they were bound for their posts - official and commercial - in South India.

V. BURMA.

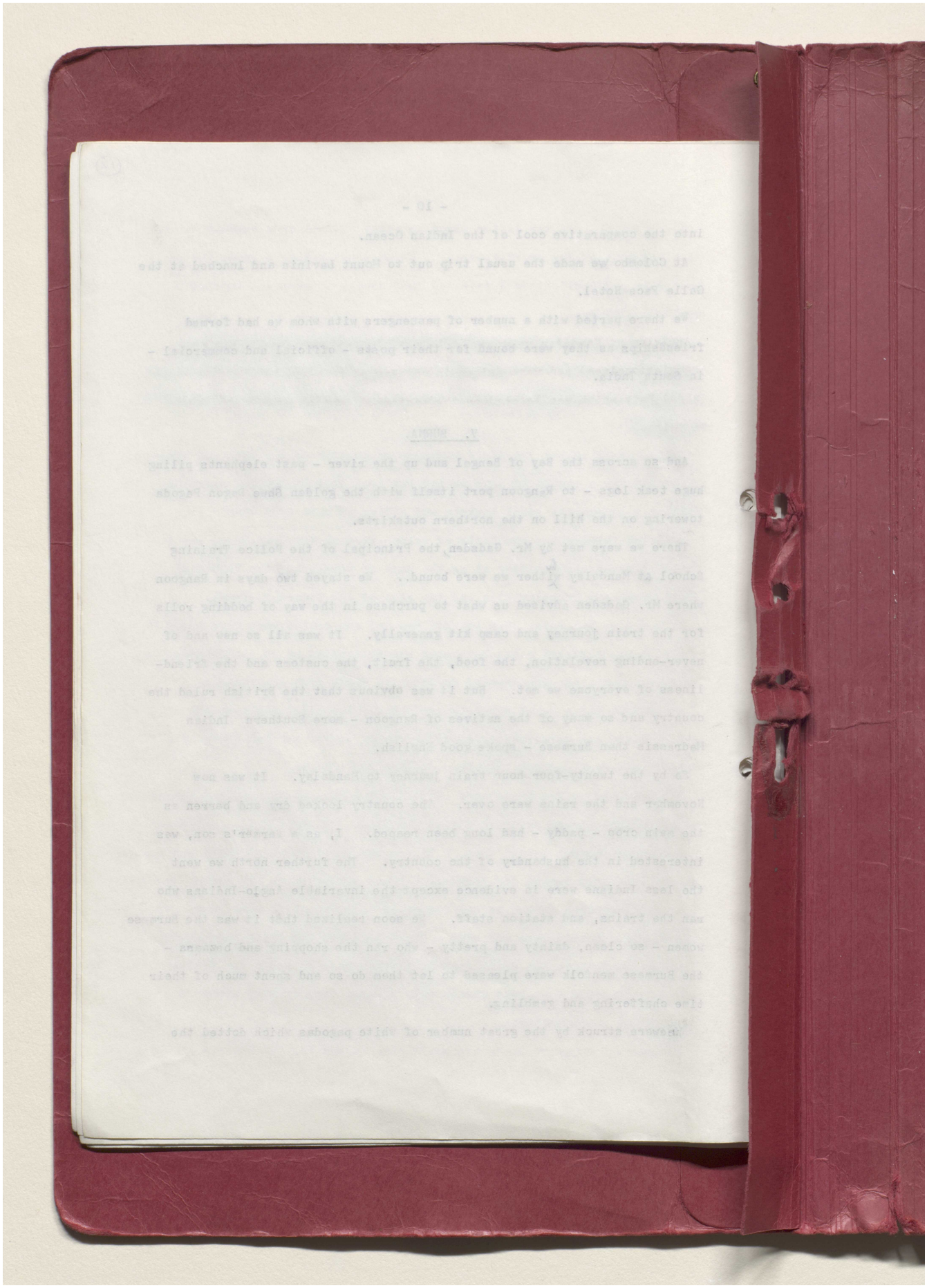
And so across the Bay of Bengal and up the river - past elephants piling huge teak logs - to Rangoon port itself with the golden Shwe Dagon Pagoda towering on the hill on the northern outskirts.

There we were met by Mr. Gadsden, the Principal of the Police Training School at Mandalay wither we were bound. We stayed two days in Rangoon where Mr. Gadsden advised us what to purchase in the way of bedding rolls for the train journey and camp kit generally. It was all so new and of never-ending revelation, the food, the fruit, the customs and the friendliness of everyone we met. But it was obvious that the British ruled the country and so many of the natives of Rangoon - more Southern Indian Madrassis than Burmese - spoke good English.

So by the twenty-four hour train journey to Mandalay. It was now November and the rains were over. The country looked dry and barren as the main crop - paddy - had long been reaped. I, as a farmer's son, was interested in the husbandry of the country. The further north we went the less Indians were in evidence except the invariable Anglo-Indians who ran the trains, and station staff. We soon realized that it was the Burmese women - so clean, dainty and pretty - who ran the shopping and bazaars - the Burmese menfolk were pleased to let them do so and spent much of their time chaffering and gambling.

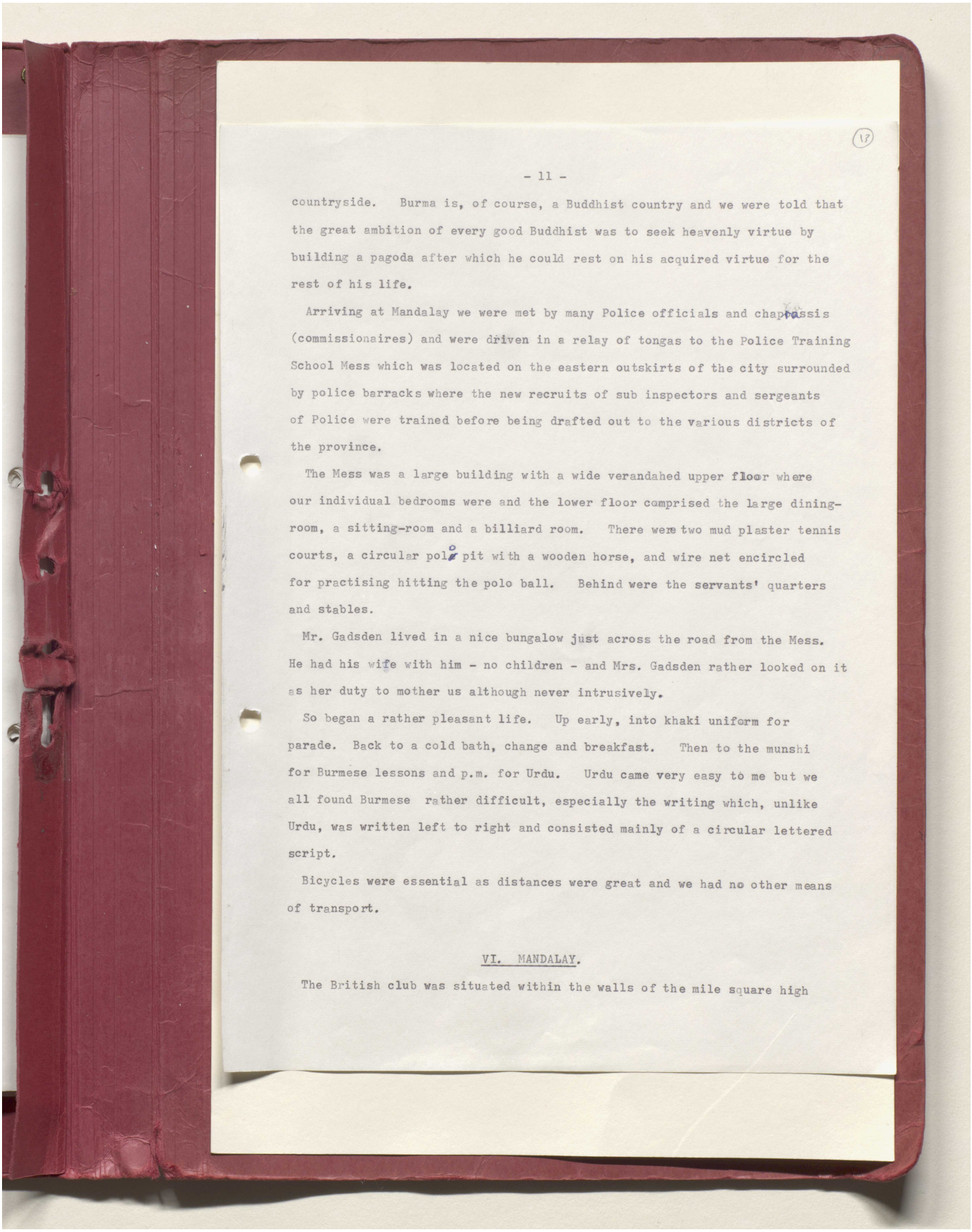
We were struck by the great number of white pagodas which dotted the

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000018



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



countryside. Burma is, of course, a Buddhist country and we were told that the great ambition of every good Buddhist was to seek heavenly virtue by building a pagoda after which he could rest on his acquired virtue for the rest of his life.

Arriving at Mandalay we were met by many Police officials and chaprassis (commissionaires) and were driven in a relay of tongas to the Police Training School Mess which was located on the eastern outskirts of the city surrounded by police barracks where the new recruits of sub inspectors and sergeants of Police were trained before being drafted out to the various districts of the province.

The Mess was a large building with a wide verandahed upper floor where our individual bedrooms were and the lower floor comprised the large dining-room, a sitting-room and a billiard room. There were two mud plaster tennis courts, a circular polo pit with a wooden horse, and wire net encircled for practising hitting the polo ball. Behind were the servants' quarters and stables.

Mr. Gadsden lived in a nice bungalow just across the road from the Mess. He had his wife with him - no children - and Mrs. Gadsden rather looked on it as her duty to mother us although never intrusively.

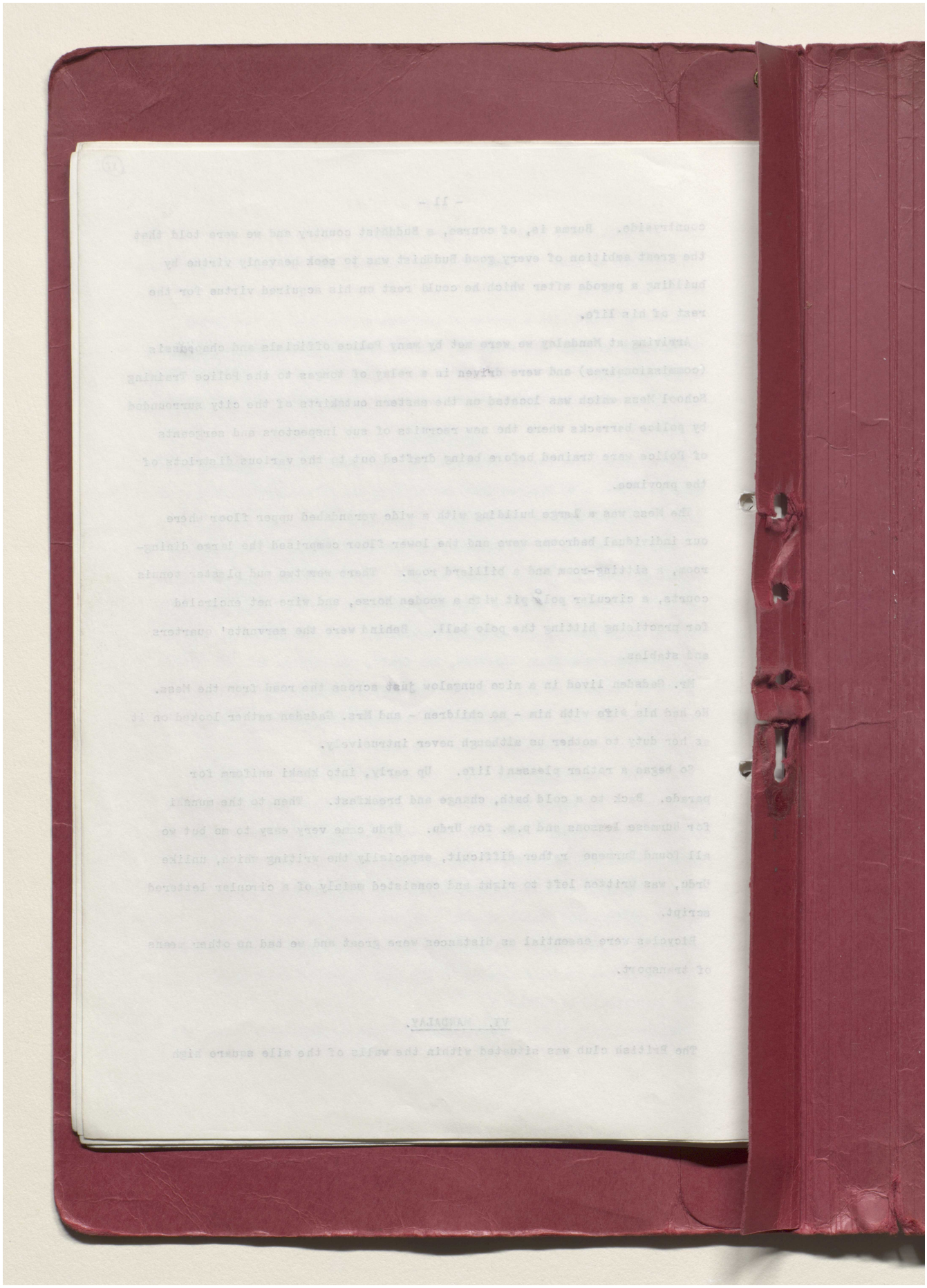
So began a rather pleasant life. Up early, into khaki uniform for parade. Back to a cold bath, change and breakfast. Then to the munshi for Burmese lessons and p.m. for Urdu. Urdu came very easy to me but we all found Burmese rather difficult, especially the writing which, unlike Urdu, was written left to right and consisted mainly of a circular lettered script.

Bicycles were essential as distances were great and we had no other means of transport.

VI. MANDALAY.

The British club was situated within the walls of the mile square high

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00001a



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

brick walled Mandalay Fort with its deep surrounding moat. We joined the club but were enjoined to keep our monthly bills to a maximum of Rupees 25, as our salary was only Rs. 300 a month less income tax of Rs. 27.

The club was strictly limited to British and they were mostly Government officials like ourselves tho' there were a few business people and a padre. Adams and I were regular attendants at the Sunday evening service.

At the club the usual activities were in the evenings - bridge, billiards, and there was an illuminated badminton court. We also indulged in the pleasures of "poodle faking", i.e. chatting up the ladies.

I quickly joined the polo club and used to play four chukkers three afternoons a week on ponies hired at half a rupee per chukker from the mounted infantry of the Mandalay Military Police battalion.

Military Police, to back the Civil Police should the need arise, were stationed in six of the main centres of administration. They were officered by officers on deputation for two years from the regular Indian Army. There ~~was~~ were, at that time, 1913-14, two regular Indian Army battalions of Punjabis garrisoned in the Fort and one British Battalion in barracks outside the Fort.

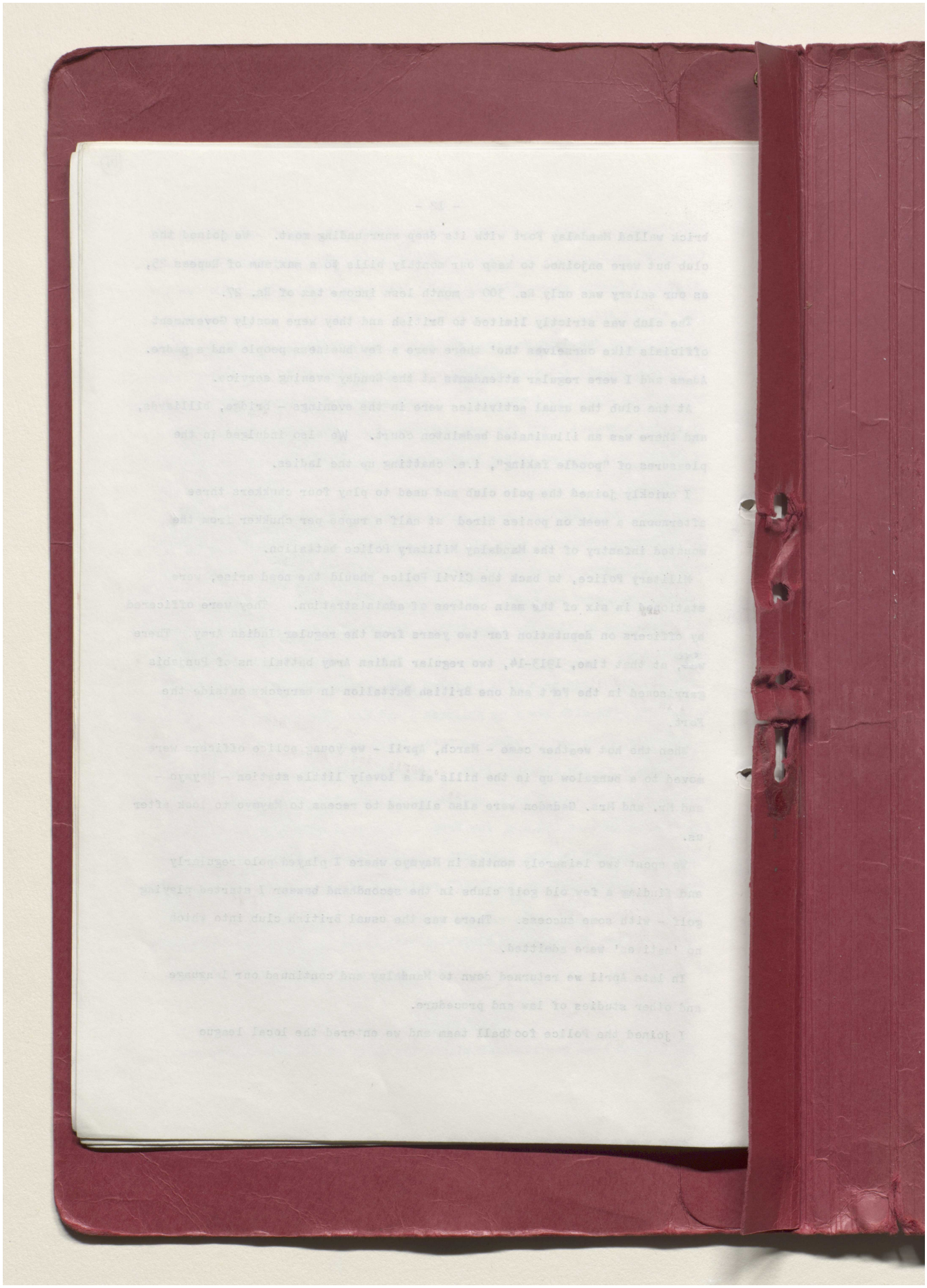
When the hot weather came - March, April - we young police officers were moved to a bungalow up in the hills at a lovely little station - Maymyo - and Mr. and Mrs. Gadsden were also allowed to recess to Maymyo to look after us.

We spent two leisurely months in Maymyo where I played polo regularly and finding a few old golf clubs in the secondhand bazaar I started playing golf - with some success. There was the usual British club into which no 'natives' were admitted.

In late April we returned down to Mandalay and continued our language and other studies of law and procedure.

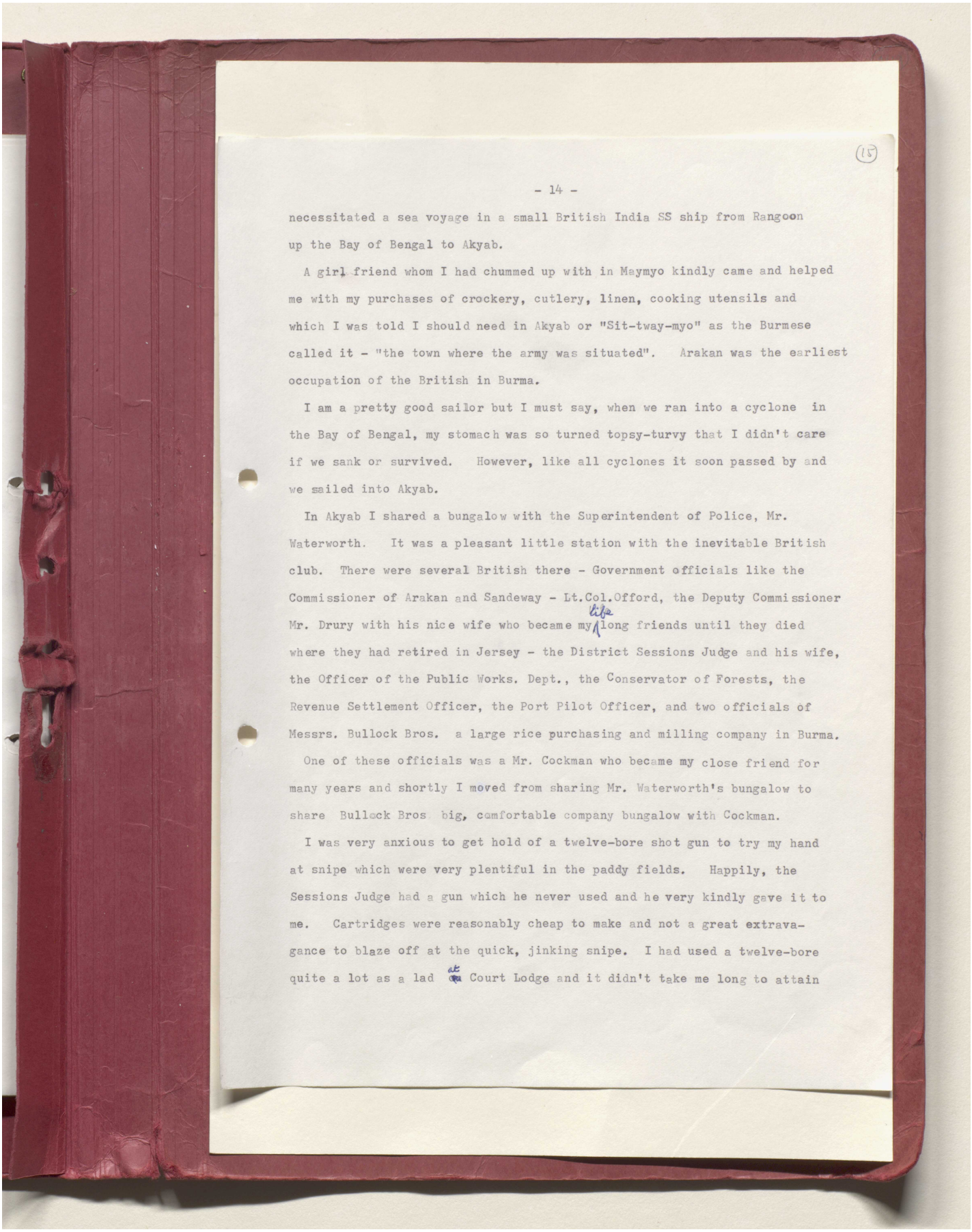
I joined the Police football team and we entered the local league

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00001c



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(15)

necessitated a sea voyage in a small British India SS ship from Rangoon up the Bay of Bengal to Akyab.

A girl friend whom I had chummed up with in Maymyo kindly came and helped me with my purchases of crockery, cutlery, linen, cooking utensils and which I was told I should need in Akyab or "Sit-tway-myo" as the Burmese called it - "the town where the army was situated". Arakan was the earliest occupation of the British in Burma.

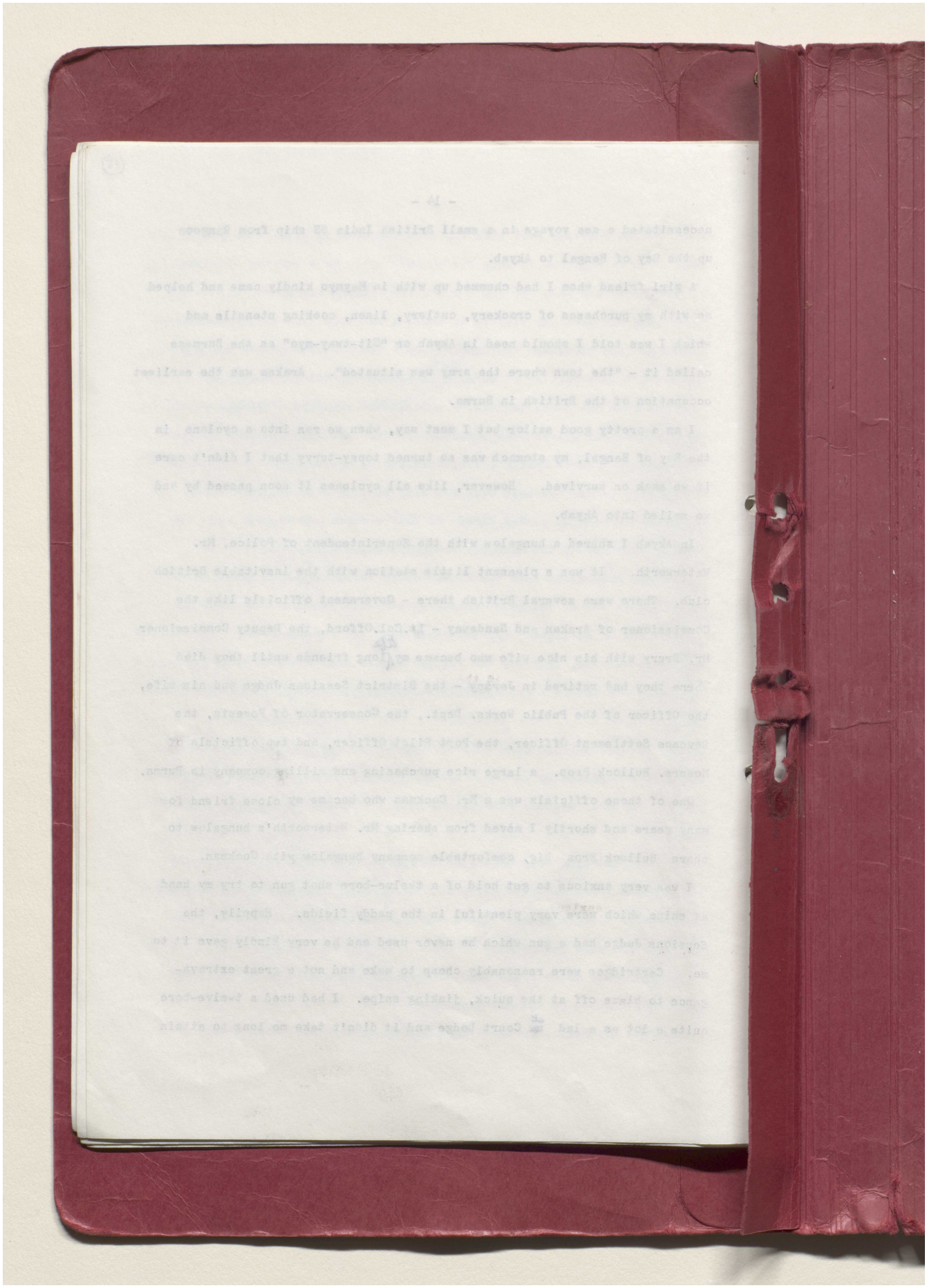
I am a pretty good sailor but I must say, when we ran into a cyclone in the Bay of Bengal, my stomach was so turned topsy-turvy that I didn't care if we sank or survived. However, like all cyclones it soon passed by and we sailed into Akyab.

In Akyab I shared a bungalow with the Superintendent of Police, Mr. Waterworth. It was a pleasant little station with the inevitable British club. There were several British there - Government officials like the Commissioner of Arakan and Sandeway - Lt.Col.Offord, the Deputy Commissioner Mr. Drury with his nice wife who became my life long friends until they died where they had retired in Jersey - the District Sessions Judge and his wife, the Officer of the Public Works. Dept., the Conservator of Forests, the Revenue Settlement Officer, the Port Pilot Officer, and two officials of Messrs. Bullock Bros. a large rice purchasing and milling company in Burma.

One of these officials was a Mr. Cockman who became my close friend for many years and shortly I moved from sharing Mr. Waterworth's bungalow to share Bullock Bros big, comfortable company bungalow with Cockman.

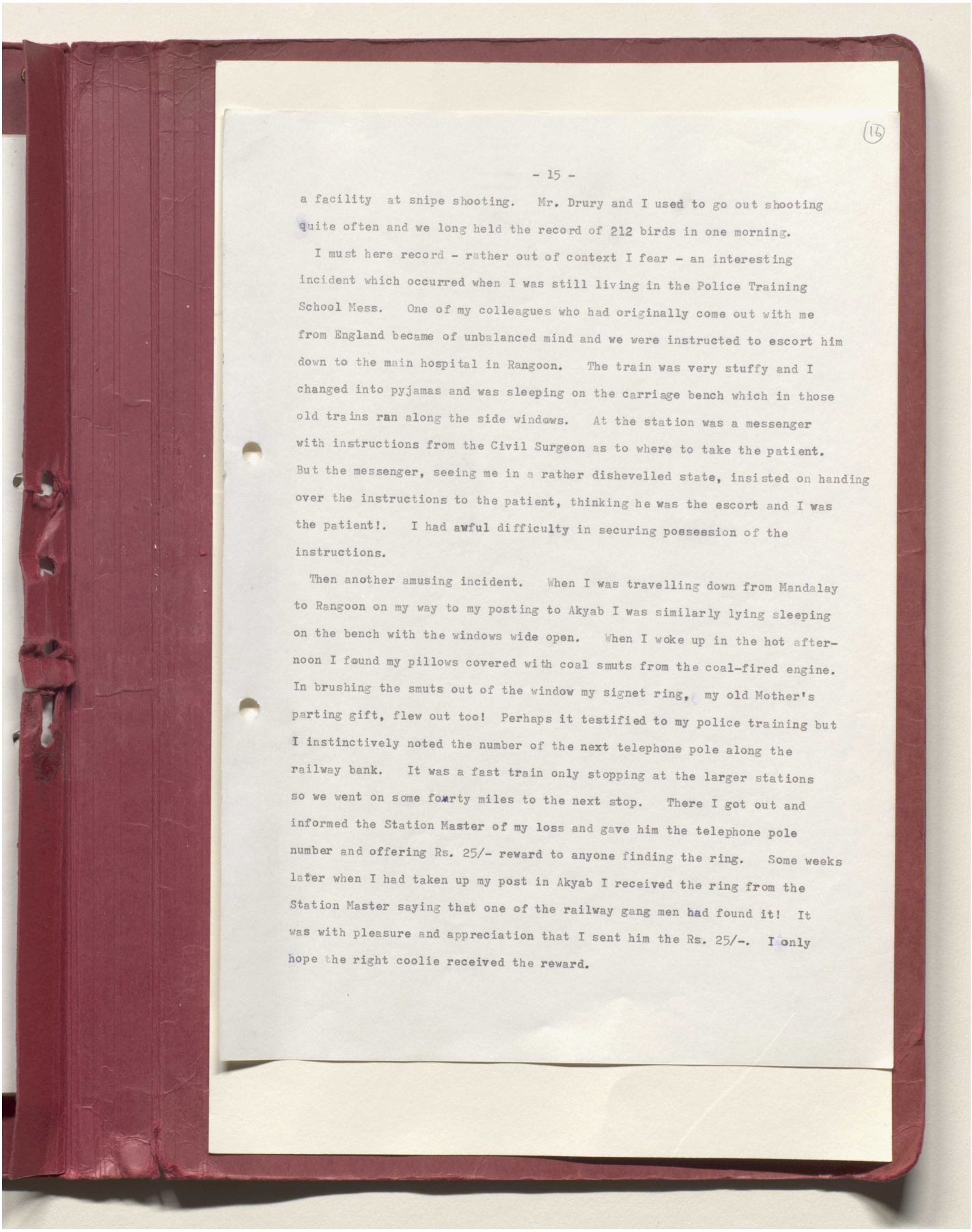
I was very anxious to get hold of a twelve-bore shot gun to try my hand at snipe which were very plentiful in the paddy fields. Happily, the Sessions Judge had a gun which he never used and he very kindly gave it to me. Cartridges were reasonably cheap to make and not a great extravagance to blaze off at the quick, jinking snipe. I had used a twelve-bore quite a lot as a lad at Court Lodge and it didn't take me long to attain

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00001e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

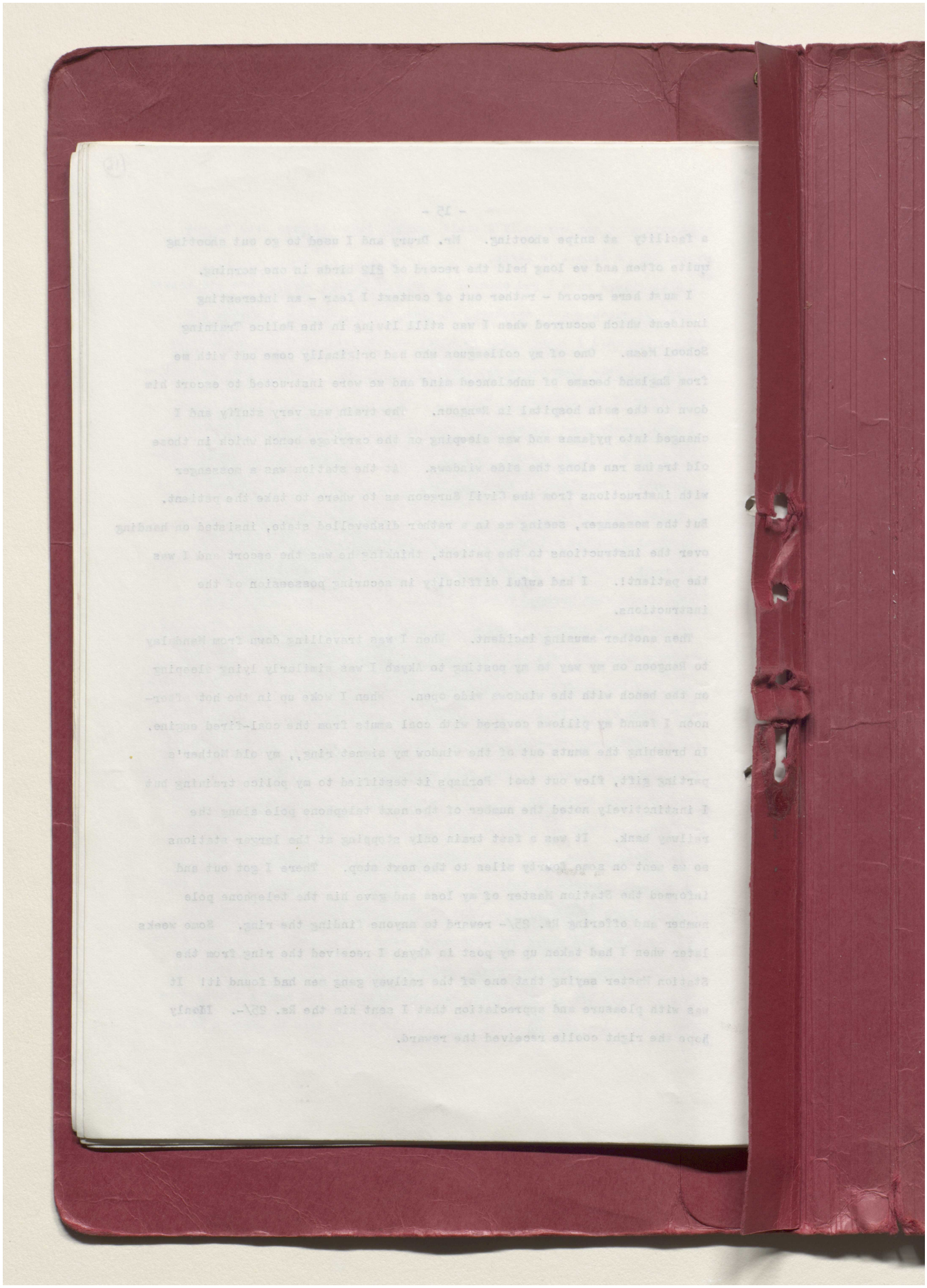


a facility at snipe shooting. Mr. Drury and I used to go out shooting quite often and we long held the record of 212 birds in one morning.

I must here record - rather out of context I fear - an interesting incident which occurred when I was still living in the Police Training School Mess. One of my colleagues who had originally come out with me from England became of unbalanced mind and we were instructed to escort him down to the main hospital in Rangoon. The train was very stuffy and I changed into pyjamas and was sleeping on the carriage bench which in those old trains ran along the side windows. At the station was a messenger with instructions from the Civil Surgeon as to where to take the patient. But the messenger, seeing me in a rather dishevelled state, insisted on handing over the instructions to the patient, thinking he was the escort and I was the patient!. I had awful difficulty in securing possession of the instructions.

Then another amusing incident. When I was travelling down from Mandalay to Rangoon on my way to my posting to Akyab I was similarly lying sleeping on the bench with the windows wide open. When I woke up in the hot afternoon I found my pillows covered with coal smuts from the coal-fired engine. In brushing the smuts out of the window my signet ring, my old Mother's parting gift, flew out too! Perhaps it testified to my police training but I instinctively noted the number of the next telephone pole along the railway bank. It was a fast train only stopping at the larger stations so we went on some fourty miles to the next stop. There I got out and informed the Station Master of my loss and gave him the telephone pole number and offering Rs. 25/- reward to anyone finding the ring. Some weeks later when I had taken up my post in Akyab I received the ring from the Station Master saying that one of the railway gang men had found it! It was with pleasure and appreciation that I sent him the Rs. 25/-. I only hope the right coolie received the reward.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000020



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

But this is a digression from the chronological record of my auto-biography.

IX. A.D.C. GOVERNMENT HOUSE, RANGOON.

From Akyab where I was the Assistant Superintendent of Police I was transferred to Rangoon to be A.D.C. to the Lieutenant Governor of Burma, Sir Harcourt Butler, uncle of Rab Butler (who later became Under Secretary of State for India where I met him at the time of the Quetta earthquake in 1935).

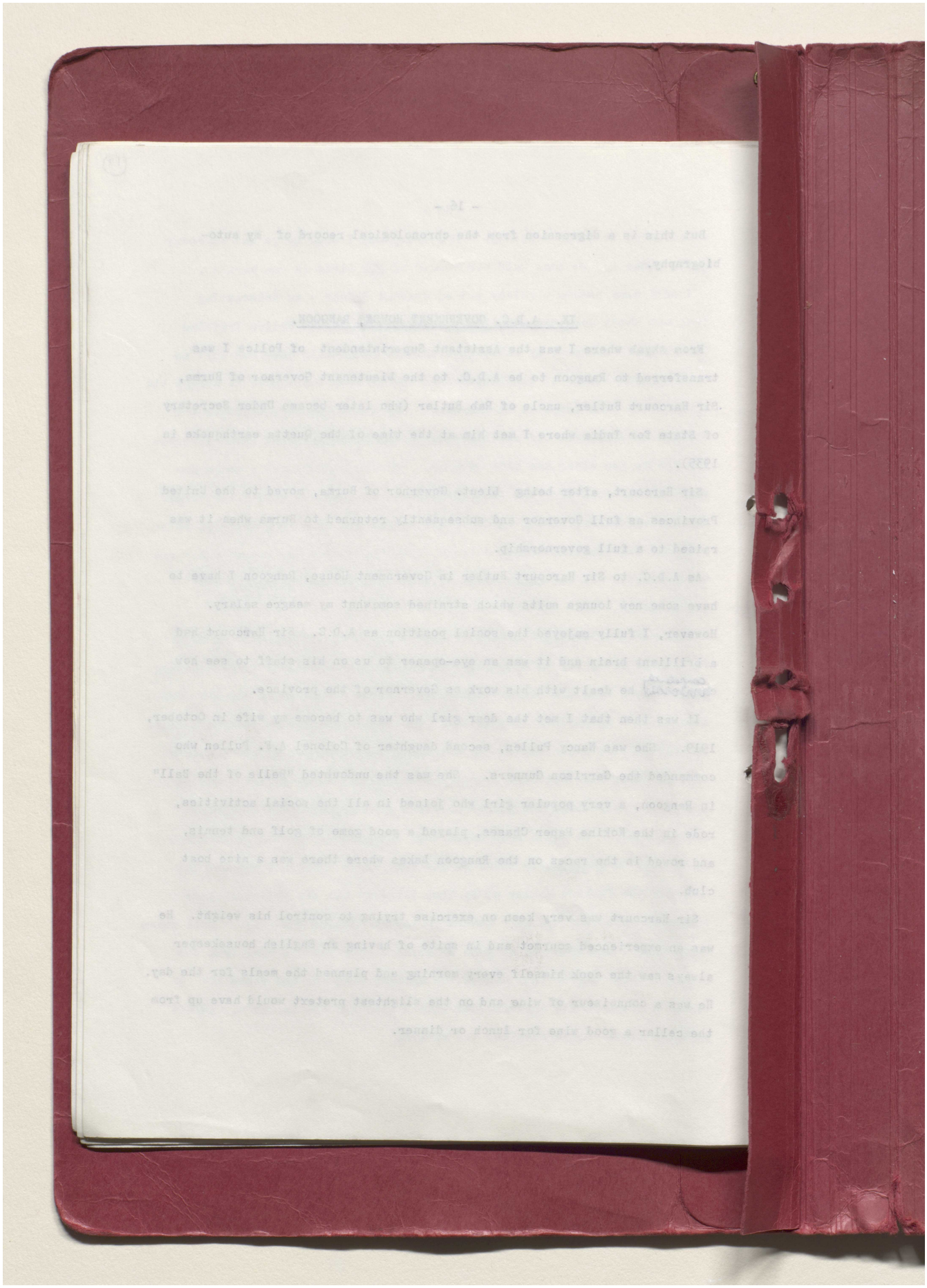
Sir Harcourt, after being Lieut. Governor of Burma, moved to the United Provinces as full Governor and subsequently returned to Burma when it was raised to a full governorship.

As A.D.C. to Sir Harcourt Butler in Government House, Rangoon I had to have some new lounge suits which strained somewhat my meagre salary. However, I fully enjoyed the social position as A.D.C. Sir Harcourt had a brilliant brain and it was an eye-opener to us on his staff to see how ~~completely~~ completely he dealt with his work as Governor of the province.

It was then that I met the dear girl who was to become my wife in October, 1919. She was Nancy Pullen, second daughter of Colonel A.F. Pullen who commanded the Garrison Gunners. She was the undoubted "Belle of the Ball" in Rangoon, a very popular girl who joined in all the social activities, rode in the Kokine Paper Chases, played a good game of golf and tennis, and rowed in the races on the Rangoon Lakes where there was a nice boat club.

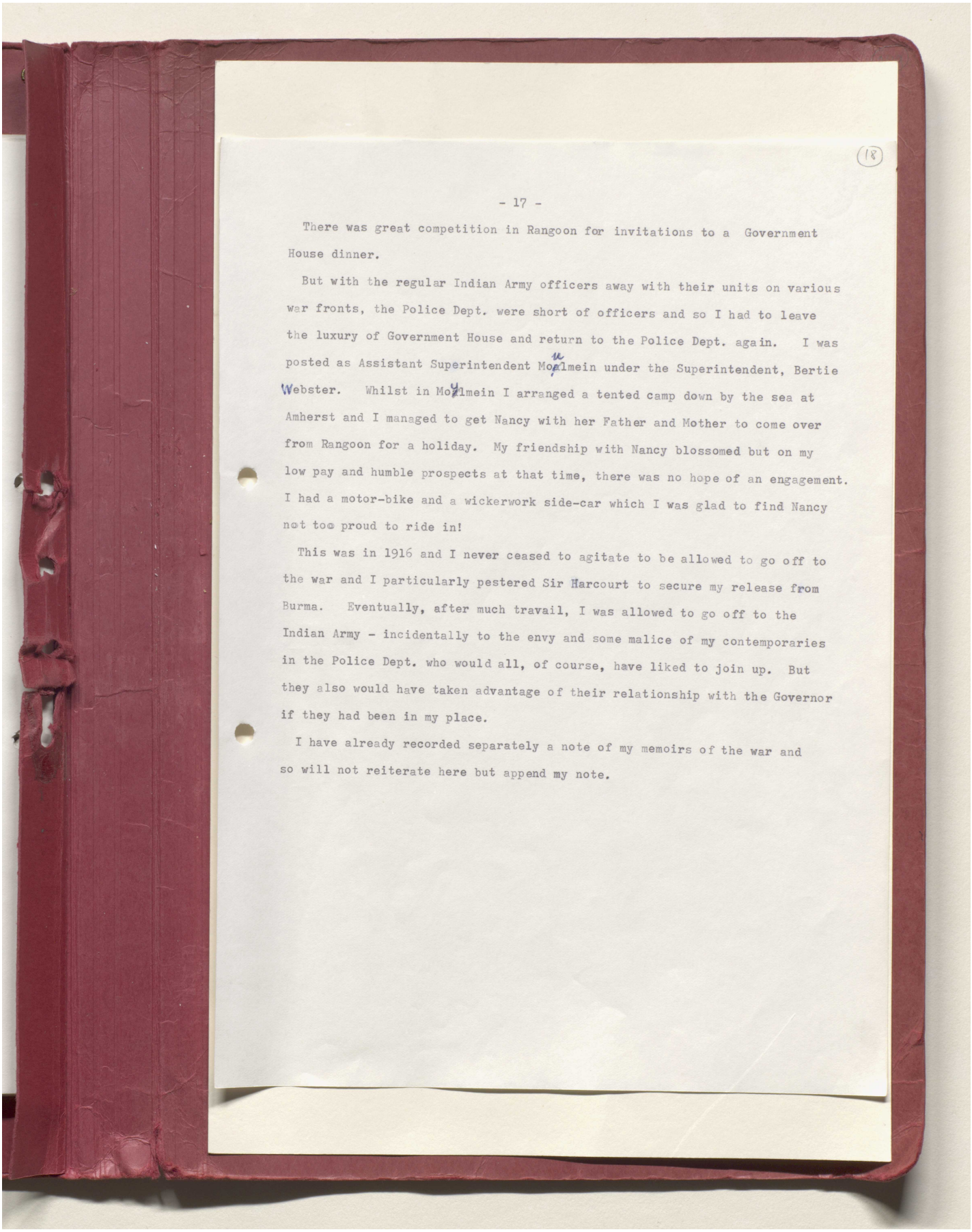
Sir Harcourt was very keen on exercise trying to control his weight. He was an experienced gourmet and in spite of having an English housekeeper always saw the cook himself every morning and planned the meals for the day. He was a connoiseur of wine and on the slightest pretext would have up from the cellar a good wine for lunch or dinner.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000022



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



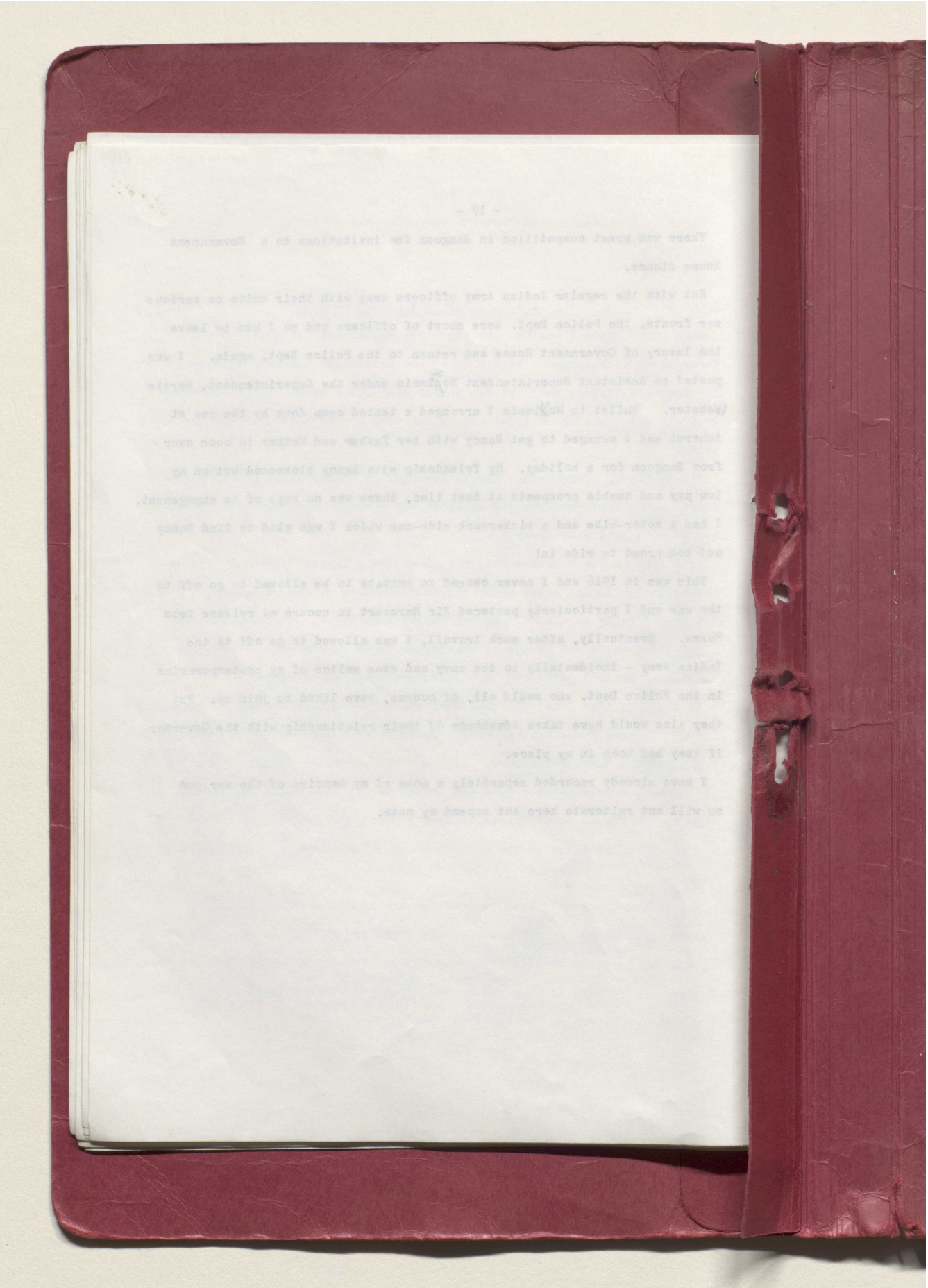
There was great competition in Rangoon for invitations to a Government House dinner.

But with the regular Indian Army officers away with their units on various war fronts, the Police Dept. were short of officers and so I had to leave the luxury of Government House and return to the Police Dept. again. I was posted as Assistant Superintendent Moulmein under the Superintendent, Bertie Webster. Whilst in Moulmein I arranged a tented camp down by the sea at Amherst and I managed to get Nancy with her Father and Mother to come over from Rangoon for a holiday. My friendship with Nancy blossomed but on my low pay and humble prospects at that time, there was no hope of an engagement. I had a motor-bike and a wickerwork side-car which I was glad to find Nancy not too proud to ride in!

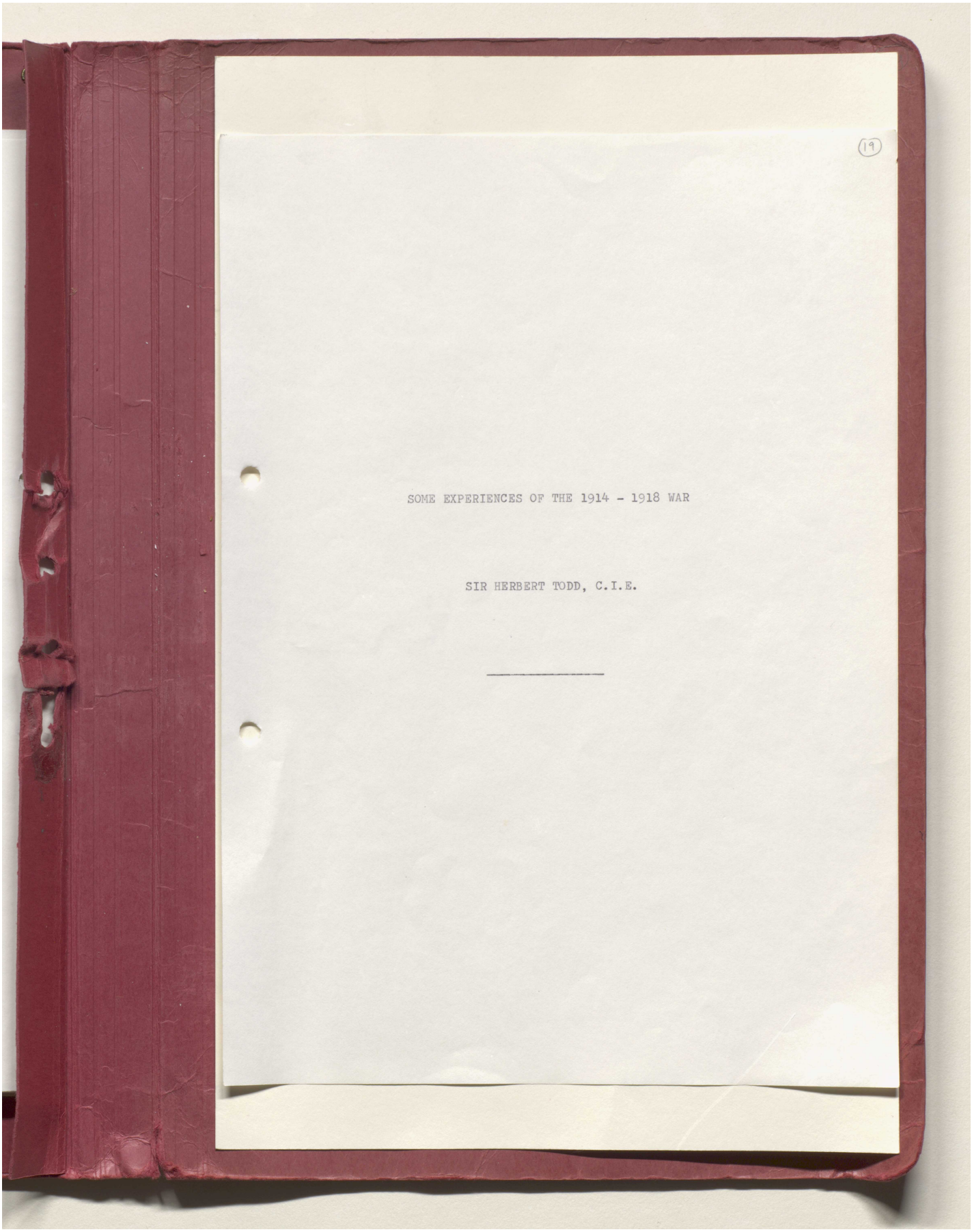
This was in 1916 and I never ceased to agitate to be allowed to go off to the war and I particularly pestered Sir Harcourt to secure my release from Burma. Eventually, after much travail, I was allowed to go off to the Indian Army - incidentally to the envy and some malice of my contemporaries in the Police Dept. who would all, of course, have liked to join up. But they also would have taken advantage of their relationship with the Governor if they had been in my place.

I have already recorded separately a note of my memoirs of the war and so will not reiterate here but append my note.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000024



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000025

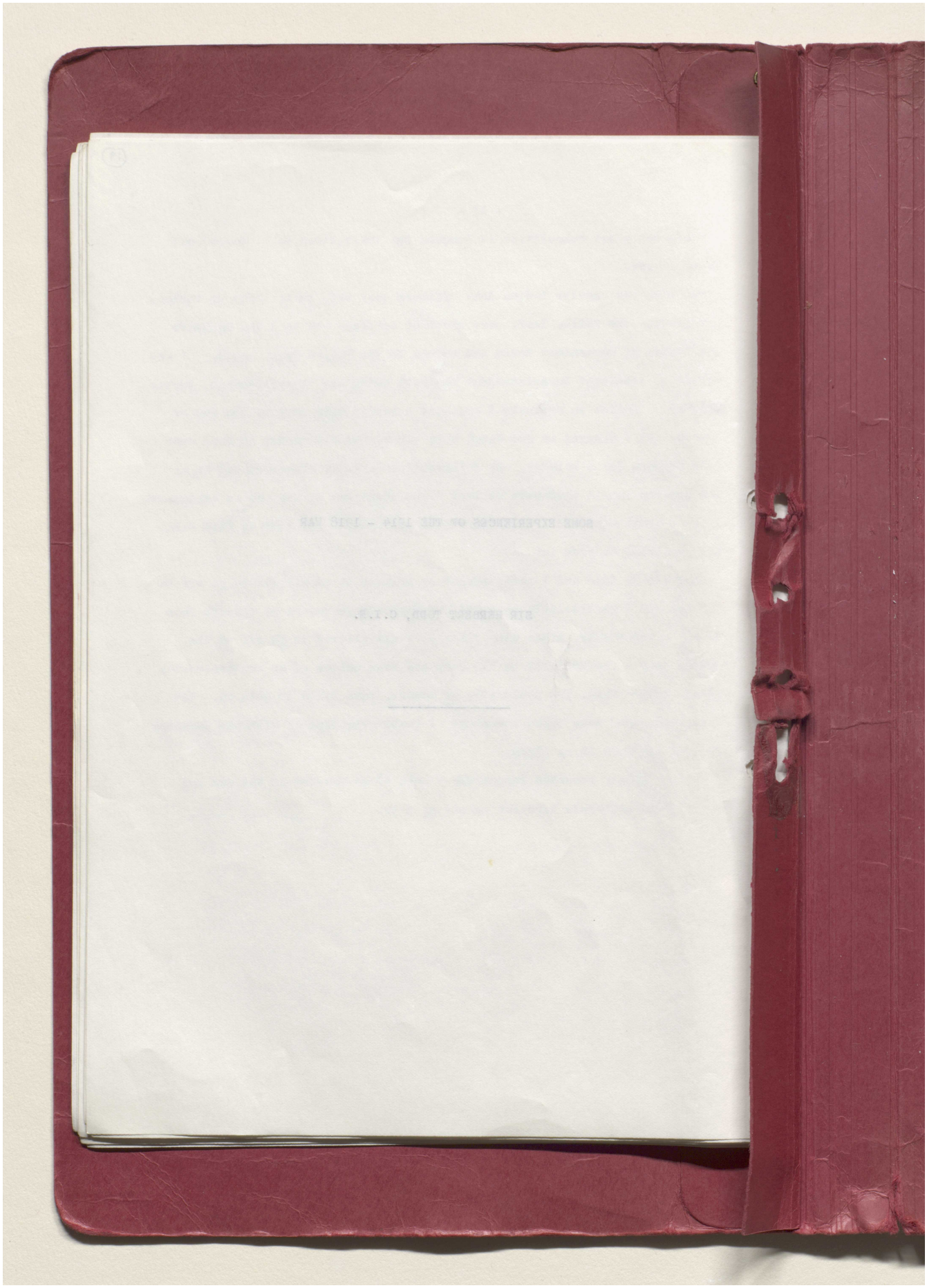


(19)

SOME EXPERIENCES OF THE 1914 - 1918 WAR

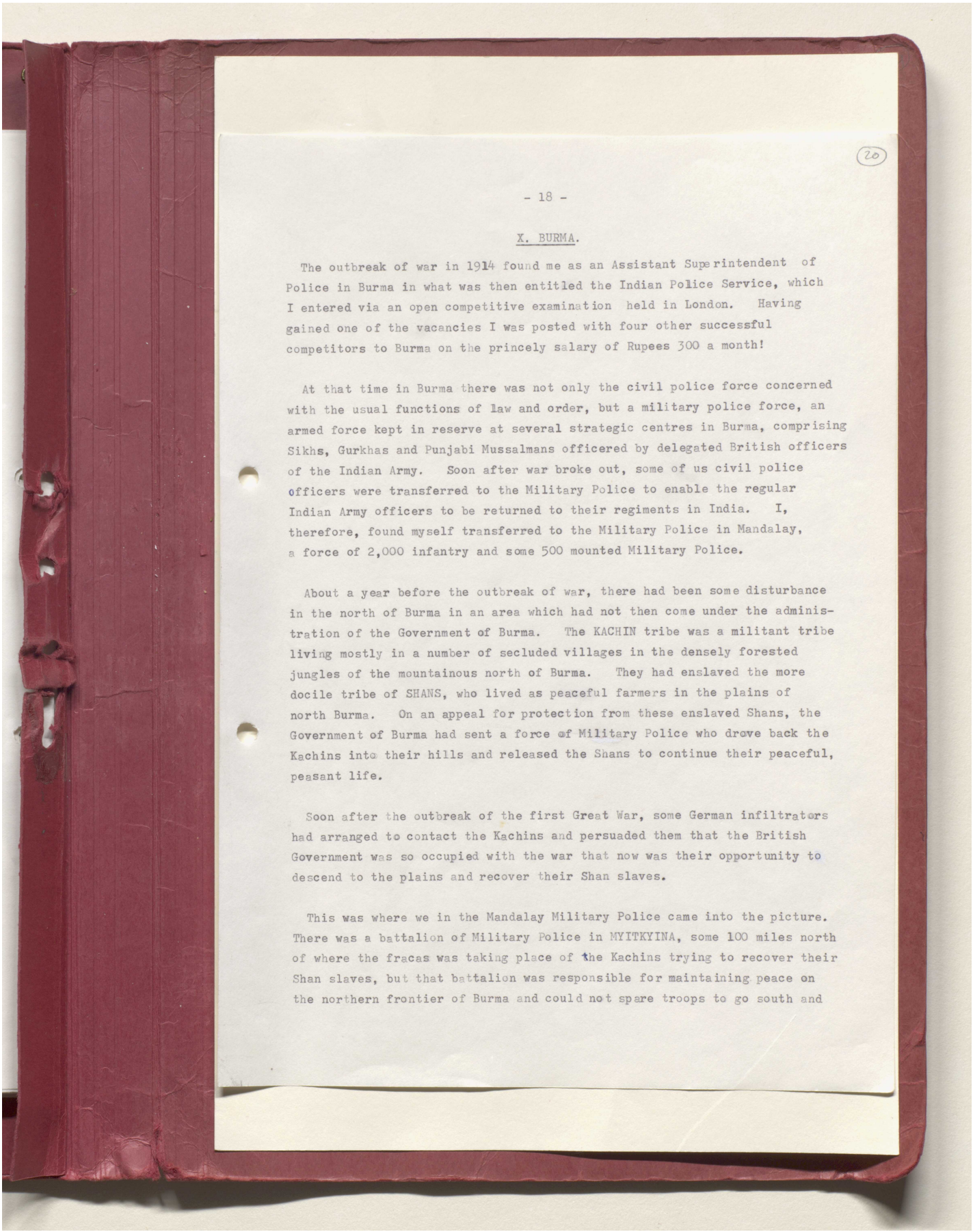
SIR HERBERT TODD, C.I.E.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000026



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



X. BURMA.

The outbreak of war in 1914 found me as an Assistant Superintendent of Police in Burma in what was then entitled the Indian Police Service, which I entered via an open competitive examination held in London. Having gained one of the vacancies I was posted with four other successful competitors to Burma on the princely salary of Rupees 300 a month!

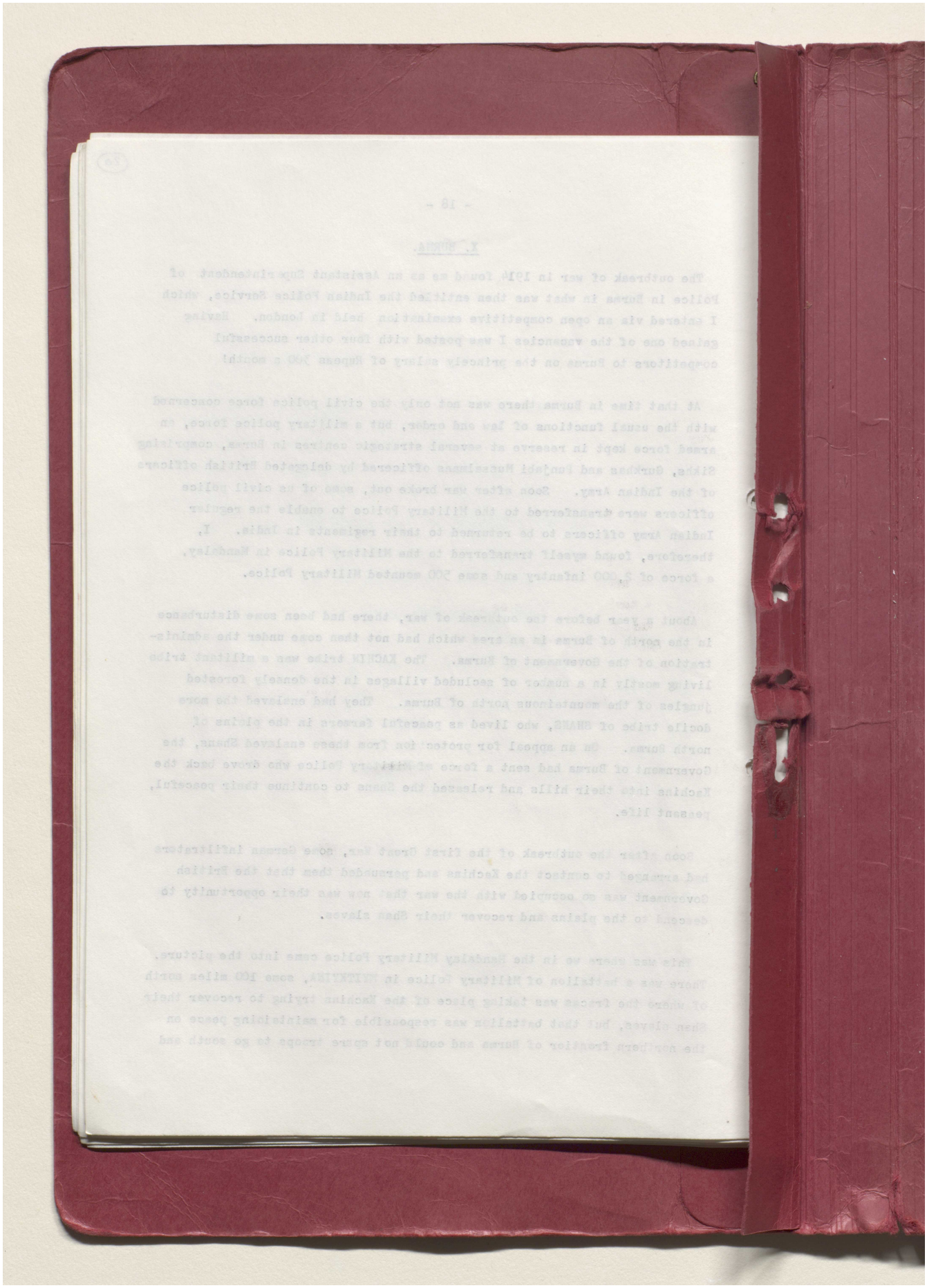
At that time in Burma there was not only the civil police force concerned with the usual functions of law and order, but a military police force, an armed force kept in reserve at several strategic centres in Burma, comprising Sikhs, Gurkhas and Punjabi Mussalmans officered by delegated British officers of the Indian Army. Soon after war broke out, some of us civil police officers were transferred to the Military Police to enable the regular Indian Army officers to be returned to their regiments in India. I, therefore, found myself transferred to the Military Police in Mandalay, a force of 2,000 infantry and some 500 mounted Military Police.

About a year before the outbreak of war, there had been some disturbance in the north of Burma in an area which had not then come under the administration of the Government of Burma. The KACHIN tribe was a militant tribe living mostly in a number of secluded villages in the densely forested jungles of the mountainous north of Burma. They had enslaved the more docile tribe of SHANS, who lived as peaceful farmers in the plains of north Burma. On an appeal for protection from these enslaved Shans, the Government of Burma had sent a force of Military Police who drove back the Kachins into their hills and released the Shans to continue their peaceful, peasant life.

Soon after the outbreak of the first Great War, some German infiltrators had arranged to contact the Kachins and persuaded them that the British Government was so occupied with the war that now was their opportunity to descend to the plains and recover their Shan slaves.

This was where we in the Mandalay Military Police came into the picture. There was a battalion of Military Police in MYITKYINA, some 100 miles north of where the fracas was taking place of the Kachins trying to recover their Shan slaves, but that battalion was responsible for maintaining peace on the northern frontier of Burma and could not spare troops to go south and

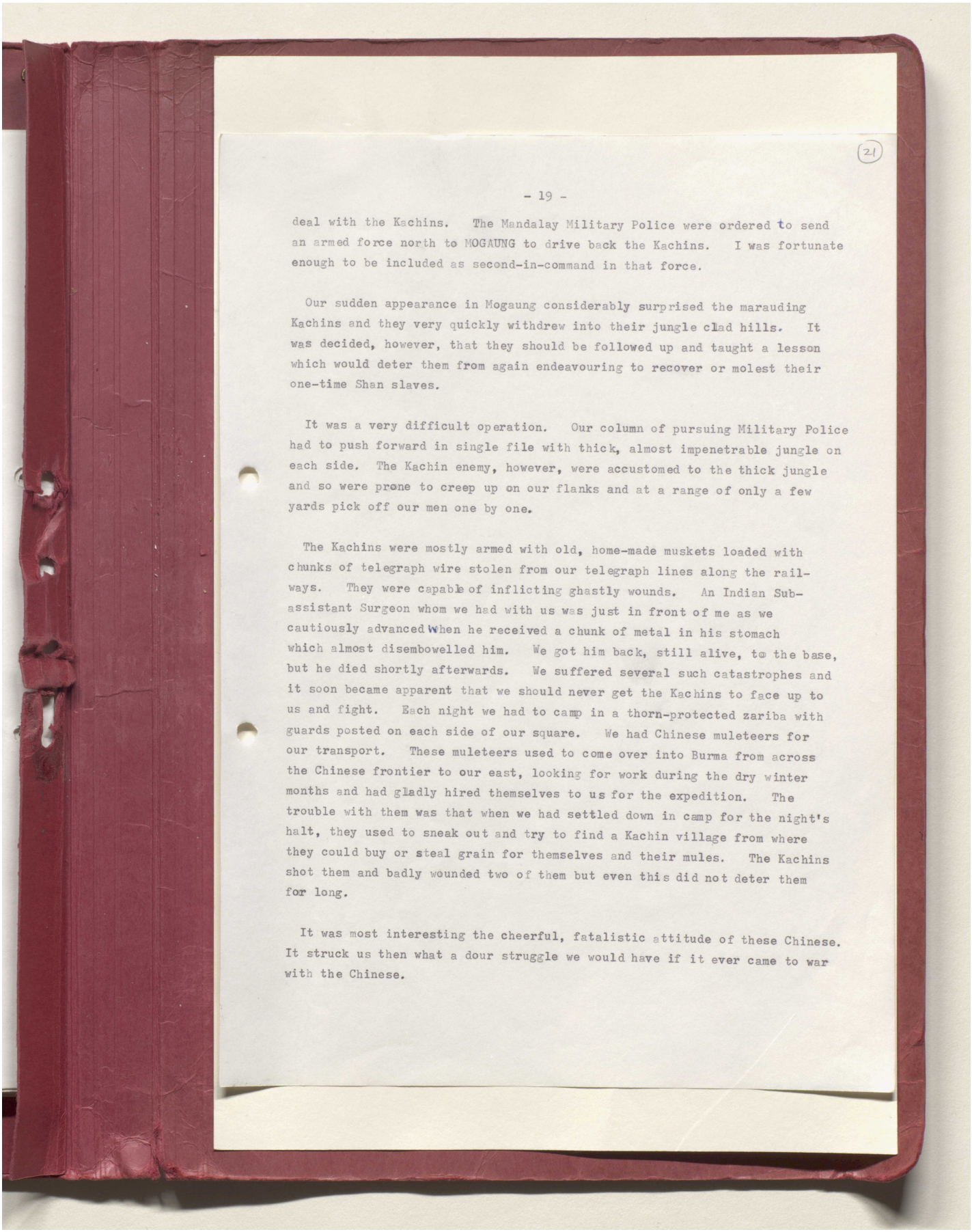
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000028



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000029

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



deal with the Kachins. The Mandalay Military Police were ordered to send an armed force north to MOGAUNG to drive back the Kachins. I was fortunate enough to be included as second-in-command in that force.

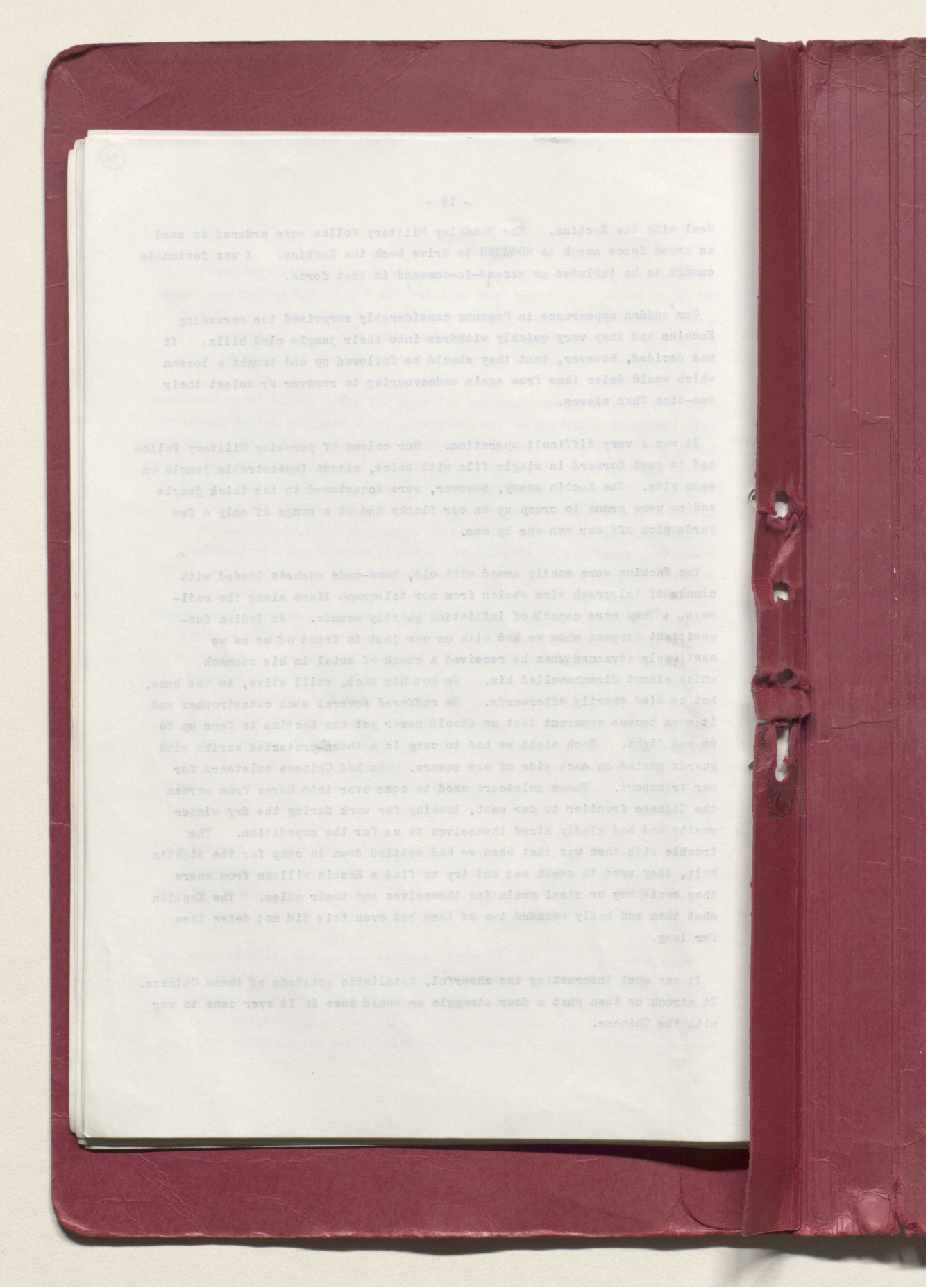
Our sudden appearance in Mogaung considerably surprised the marauding Kachins and they very quickly withdrew into their jungle clad hills. It was decided, however, that they should be followed up and taught a lesson which would deter them from again endeavouring to recover or molest their one-time Shan slaves.

It was a very difficult operation. Our column of pursuing Military Police had to push forward in single file with thick, almost impenetrable jungle on each side. The Kachin enemy, however, were accustomed to the thick jungle and so were prone to creep up on our flanks and at a range of only a few yards pick off our men one by one.

The Kachins were mostly armed with old, home-made muskets loaded with chunks of telegraph wire stolen from our telegraph lines along the railways. They were capable of inflicting ghastly wounds. An Indian Sub-assistant Surgeon whom we had with us was just in front of me as we cautiously advanced when he received a chunk of metal in his stomach which almost disembowelled him. We got him back, still alive, to the base, but he died shortly afterwards. We suffered several such catastrophes and it soon became apparent that we should never get the Kachins to face up to us and fight. Each night we had to camp in a thorn-protected zariba with guards posted on each side of our square. We had Chinese muleteers for our transport. These muleteers used to come over into Burma from across the Chinese frontier to our east, looking for work during the dry winter months and had gladly hired themselves to us for the expedition. The trouble with them was that when we had settled down in camp for the night's halt, they used to sneak out and try to find a Kachin village from where they could buy or steal grain for themselves and their mules. The Kachins shot them and badly wounded two of them but even this did not deter them for long.

It was most interesting the cheerful, fatalistic attitude of these Chinese. It struck us then what a dour struggle we would have if it ever came to war with the Chinese.

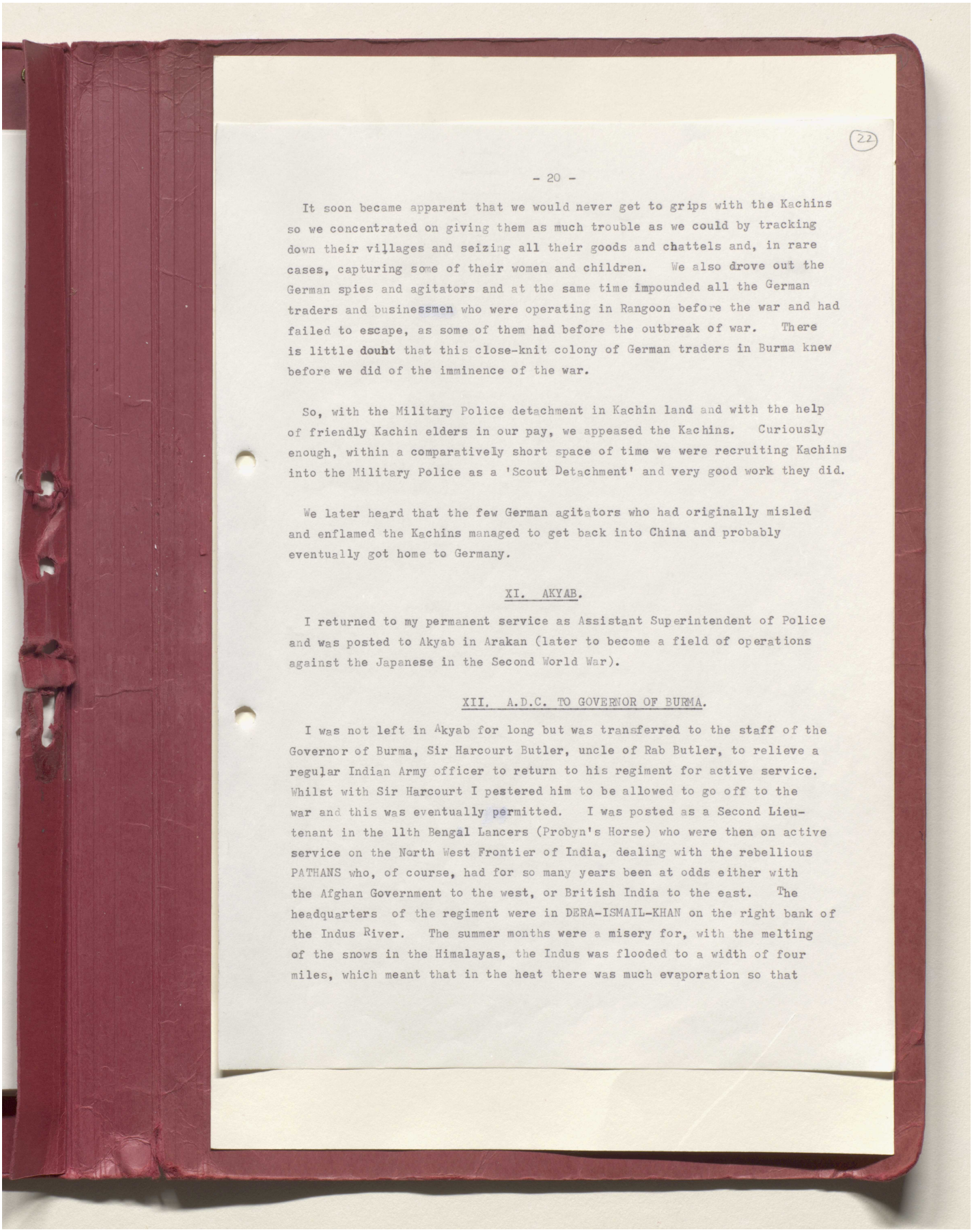
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00002a



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00002b

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



It soon became apparent that we would never get to grips with the Kachins so we concentrated on giving them as much trouble as we could by tracking down their villages and seizing all their goods and chattels and, in rare cases, capturing some of their women and children. We also drove out the German spies and agitators and at the same time impounded all the German traders and businessmen who were operating in Rangoon before the war and had failed to escape, as some of them had before the outbreak of war. There is little doubt that this close-knit colony of German traders in Burma knew before we did of the imminence of the war.

So, with the Military Police detachment in Kachin land and with the help of friendly Kachin elders in our pay, we appeased the Kachins. Curiously enough, within a comparatively short space of time we were recruiting Kachins into the Military Police as a 'Scout Detachment' and very good work they did.

We later heard that the few German agitators who had originally misled and enflamed the Kachins managed to get back into China and probably eventually got home to Germany.

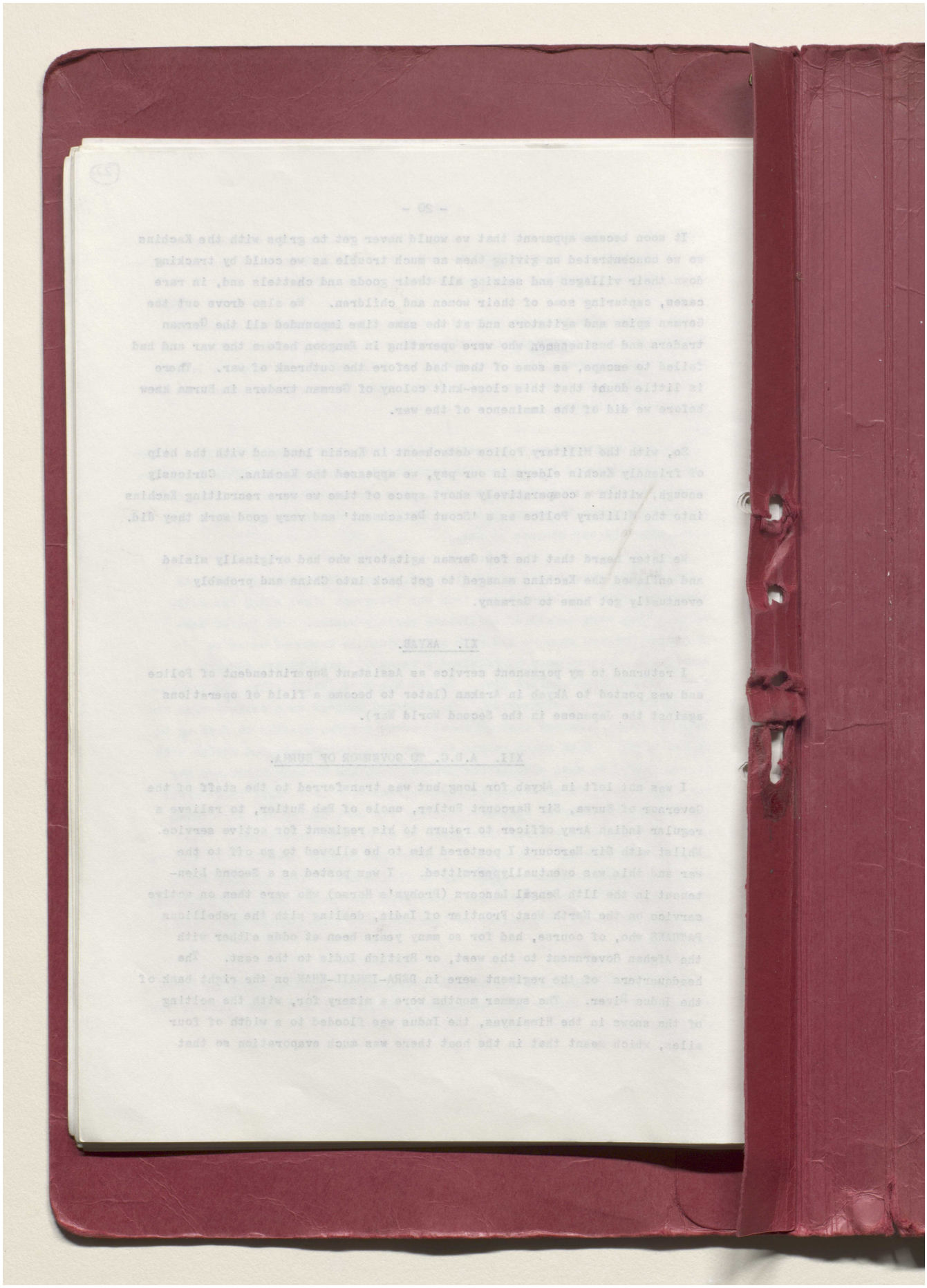
XI. AKYAB.

I returned to my permanent service as Assistant Superintendent of Police and was posted to Akyab in Arakan (later to become a field of operations against the Japanese in the Second World War).

XII. A.D.C. TO GOVERNOR OF BURMA.

I was not left in Akyab for long but was transferred to the staff of the Governor of Burma, Sir Harcourt Butler, uncle of Rab Butler, to relieve a regular Indian Army officer to return to his regiment for active service. Whilst with Sir Harcourt I pestered him to be allowed to go off to the war and this was eventually permitted. I was posted as a Second Lieutenant in the 11th Bengal Lancers (Probyn's Horse) who were then on active service on the North West Frontier of India, dealing with the rebellious PATHANS who, of course, had for so many years been at odds either with the Afghan Government to the west, or British India to the east. The headquarters of the regiment were in DERA-ISMAIL-KHAN on the right bank of the Indus River. The summer months were a misery for, with the melting of the snows in the Himalayas, the Indus was flooded to a width of four miles, which meant that in the heat there was much evaporation so that

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00002c



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00002d

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

the wet and dry bulb were almost equal and everyone suffered from prickly heat, including the horses. It was a great relief to all when we were ordered to the front in Mesopotamia (now called Iraq) where, in the dry climate, the prickly heat in man and beast soon cleared up.

XIII. MESOPOTAMIA

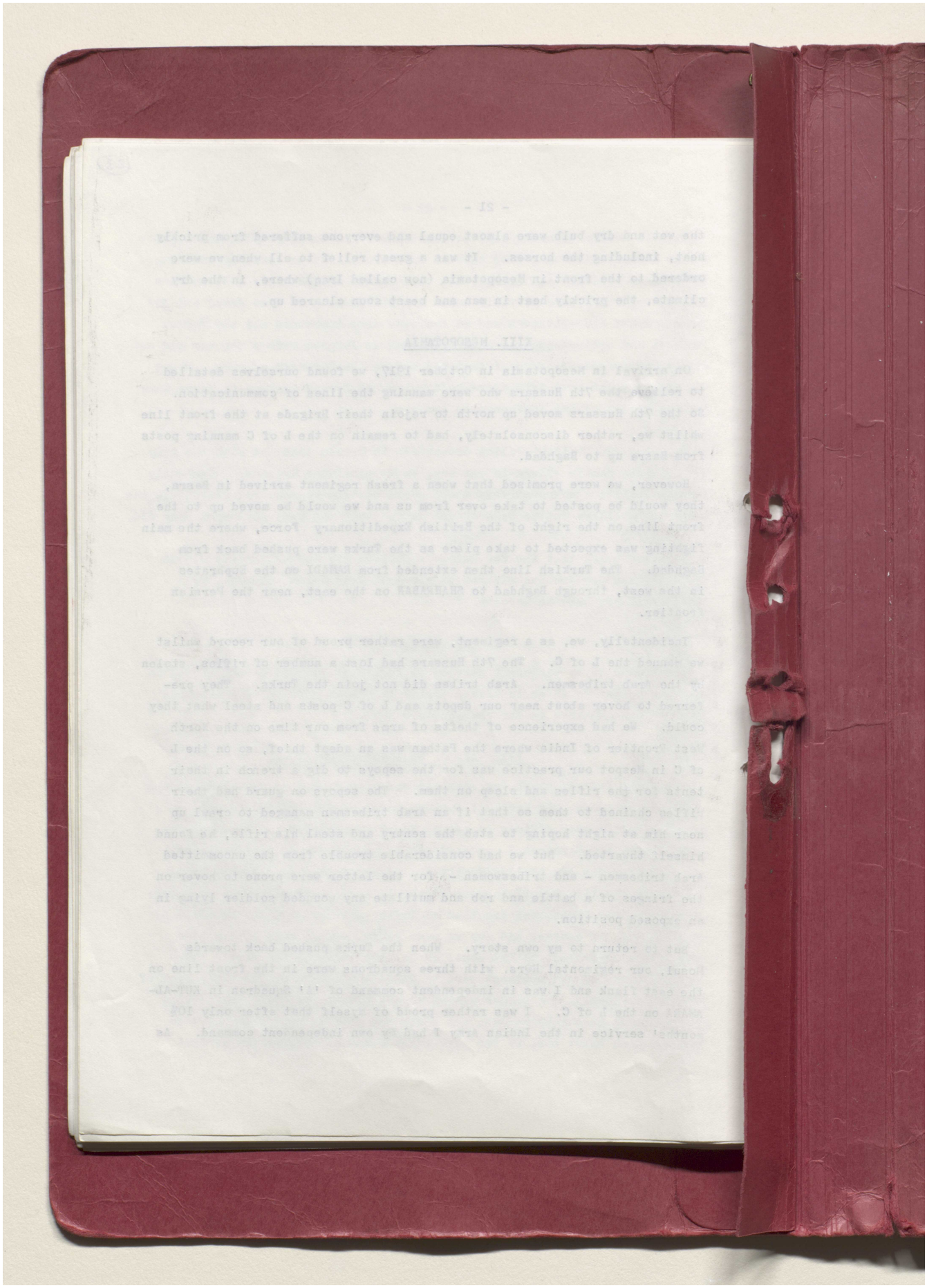
On arrival in Mesopotamia in October 1917, we found ourselves detailed to relieve the 7th Hussars who were manning the lines of communication. So the 7th Hussars moved up north to rejoin their Brigade at the front line whilst we, rather disconsolately, had to remain on the L of C manning posts from Basra up to Baghdad.

However, we were promised that when a fresh regiment arrived in Basra, they would be posted to take over from us and we would be moved up to the front line on the right of the British Expeditionary Force, where the main fighting was expected to take place as the Turks were pushed back from Baghdad. The Turkish line then extended from RAMADI on the Euphrates in the west, through Baghdad to SHAHRABAN on the east, near the Persian frontier.

Incidentally, we, as a regiment, were rather proud of our record whilst we manned the L of C. The 7th Hussars had lost a number of rifles, stolen by the Arab tribesmen. Arab tribes did not join the Turks. They preferred to hover about near our depots and L of C posts and steal what they could. We had experience of thefts of arms from our time on the North West Frontier of India where the Pathan was an adept thief, so on the L of C in Mespot our practice was for the sepoys to dig a trench in their tents for the rifles and sleep on them. The sepoys on guard had their rifles chained to them so that if an Arab tribesman managed to crawl up near him at night hoping to stab the sentry and steal his rifle, he found himself thwarted. But we had considerable trouble from the uncommitted Arab tribesmen - and tribeswomen - for the latter were prone to hover on the fringes of a battle and rob and mutilate any wounded soldier lying in an exposed position.

But to return to my own story. When the Turks pushed back towards Mosul, our regimental HQrs. with three squadrons were in the front line on the east flank and I was in independent command of 'A' Squadron in KUT-AL-AMARA on the L of C. I was rather proud of myself that after only 10½ months' service in the Indian Army I had my own independent command. As

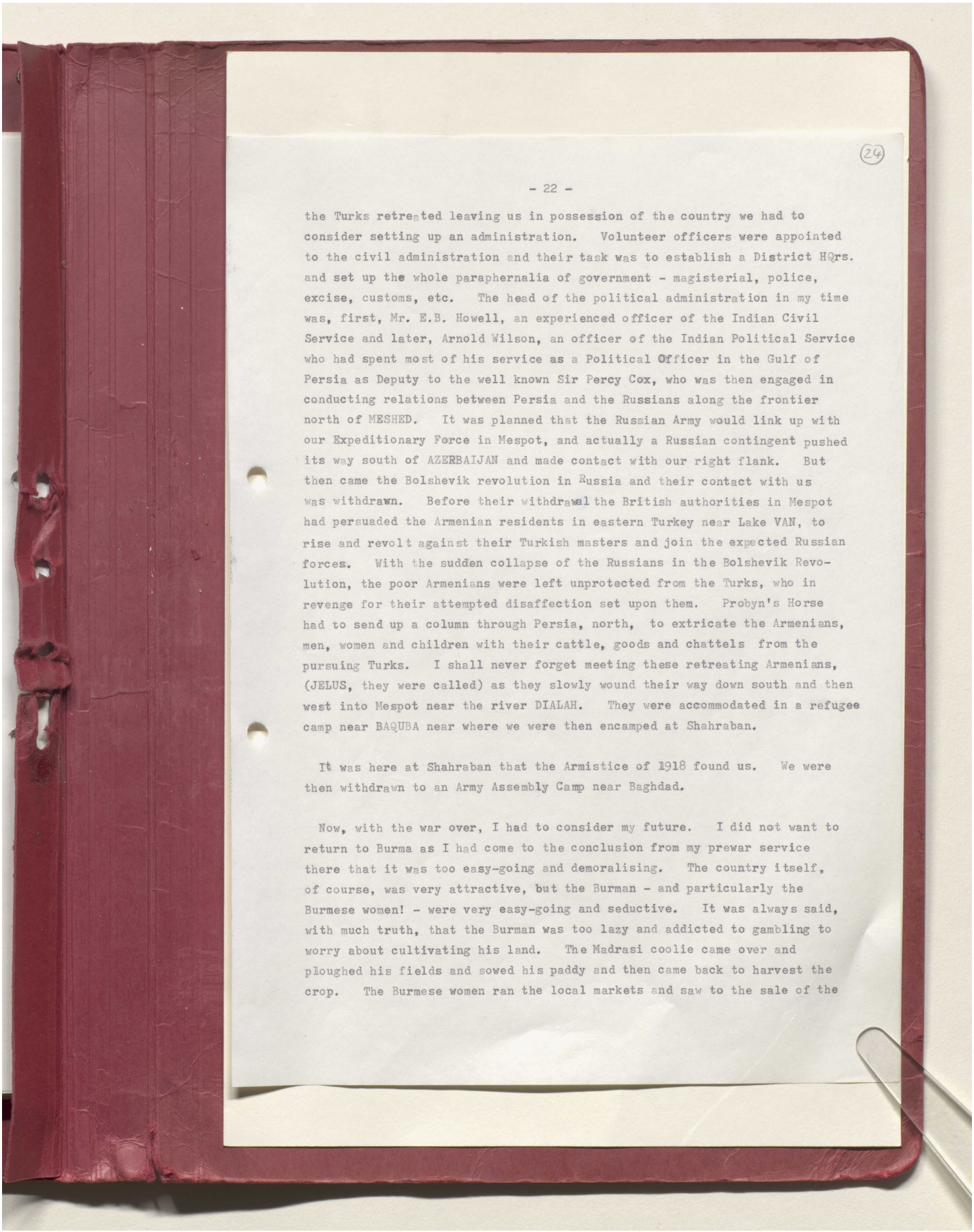
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00002e



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00002f

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

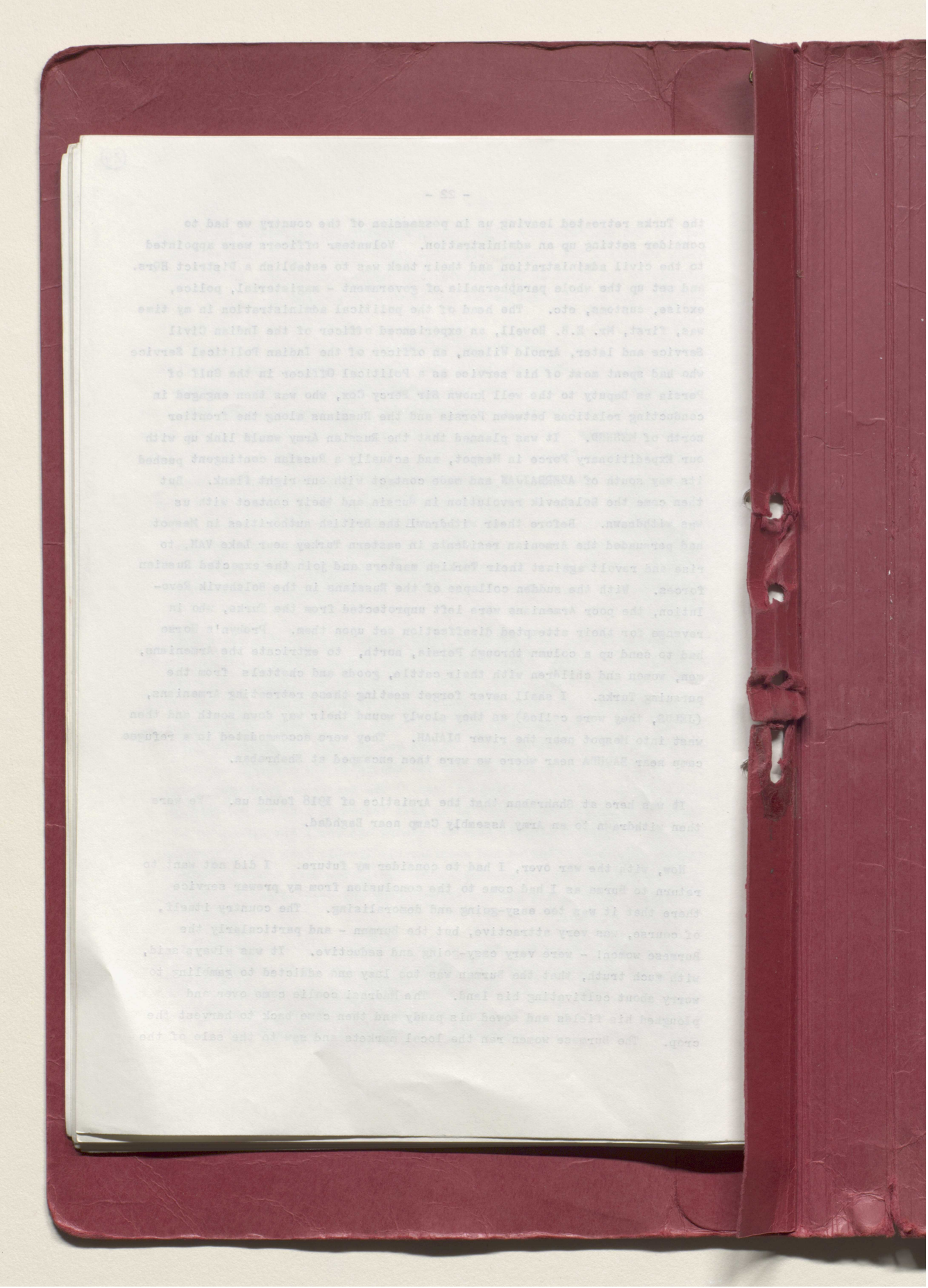


the Turks retreated leaving us in possession of the country we had to consider setting up an administration. Volunteer officers were appointed to the civil administration and their task was to establish a District HQrs. and set up the whole paraphernalia of government - magisterial, police, excise, customs, etc. The head of the political administration in my time was, first, Mr. E.B. Howell, an experienced officer of the Indian Civil Service and later, Arnold Wilson, an officer of the Indian Political Service who had spent most of his service as a Political Officer in the Gulf of Persia as Deputy to the well known Sir Percy Cox, who was then engaged in conducting relations between Persia and the Russians along the frontier north of MESHED. It was planned that the Russian Army would link up with our Expeditionary Force in Mespot, and actually a Russian contingent pushed its way south of AZERBAIJAN and made contact with our right flank. But then came the Bolshevik revolution in Russia and their contact with us was withdrawn. Before their withdrawal the British authorities in Mespot had persuaded the Armenian residents in eastern Turkey near Lake VAN, to rise and revolt against their Turkish masters and join the expected Russian forces. With the sudden collapse of the Russians in the Bolshevik Revolution, the poor Armenians were left unprotected from the Turks, who in revenge for their attempted disaffection set upon them. Probyn's Horse had to send up a column through Persia, north, to extricate the Armenians, men, women and children with their cattle, goods and chattels from the pursuing Turks. I shall never forget meeting these retreating Armenians, (JELUS, they were called) as they slowly wound their way down south and then west into Mespot near the river DIALAH. They were accommodated in a refugee camp near BAQUBA near where we were then encamped at Shahraban.

It was here at Shahraban that the Armistice of 1918 found us. We were then withdrawn to an Army Assembly Camp near Baghdad.

Now, with the war over, I had to consider my future. I did not want to return to Burma as I had come to the conclusion from my prewar service there that it was too easy-going and demoralising. The country itself, of course, was very attractive, but the Burman - and particularly the Burmese women! - were very easy-going and seductive. It was always said, with much truth, that the Burman was too lazy and addicted to gambling to worry about cultivating his land. The Madrasi coolie came over and ploughed his fields and sowed his paddy and then came back to harvest the crop. The Burmese women ran the local markets and saw to the sale of the

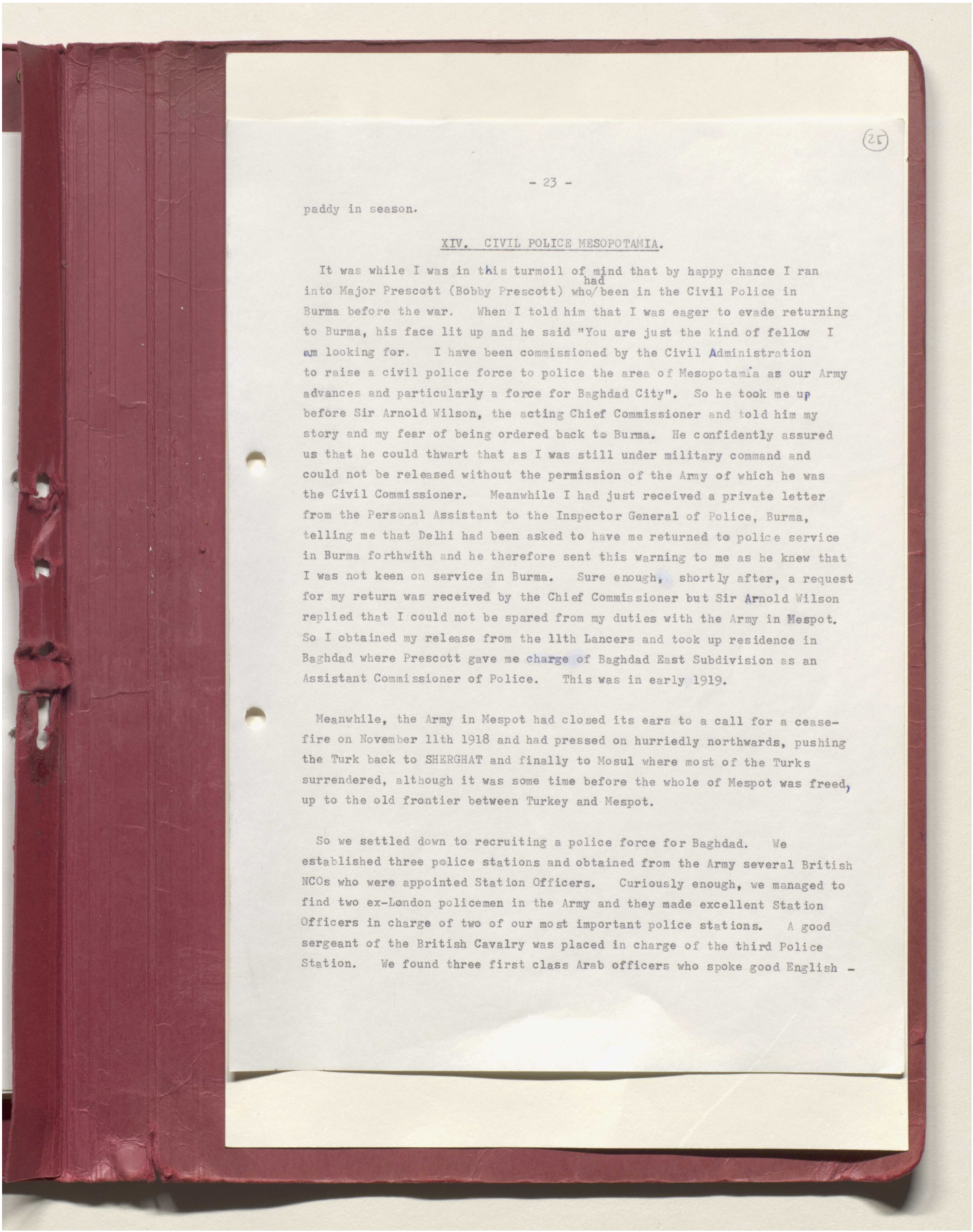
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000030



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000031

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



paddy in season.

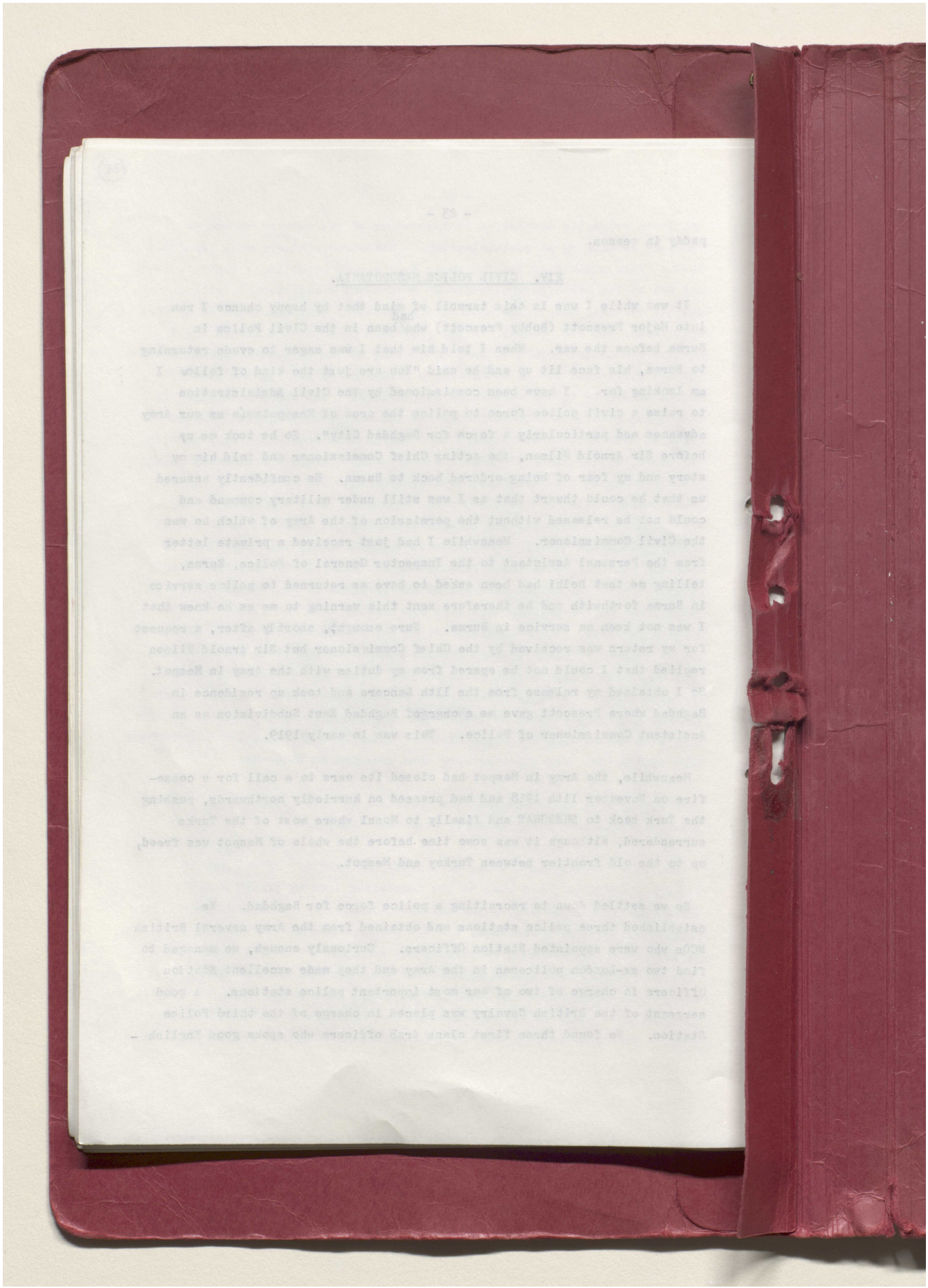
XIV. CIVIL POLICE MESOPOTAMIA.

It was while I was in this turmoil of mind that by happy chance I ran into Major Prescott (Bobby Prescott) who had been in the Civil Police in Burma before the war. When I told him that I was eager to evade returning to Burma, his face lit up and he said "You are just the kind of fellow I am looking for. I have been commissioned by the Civil Administration to raise a civil police force to police the area of Mesopotamia as our Army advances and particularly a force for Baghdad City". So he took me up before Sir Arnold Wilson, the acting Chief Commissioner and told him my story and my fear of being ordered back to Burma. He confidently assured us that he could thwart that as I was still under military command and could not be released without the permission of the Army of which he was the Civil Commissioner. Meanwhile I had just received a private letter from the Personal Assistant to the Inspector General of Police, Burma, telling me that Delhi had been asked to have me returned to police service in Burma forthwith and he therefore sent this warning to me as he knew that I was not keen on service in Burma. Sure enough, shortly after, a request for my return was received by the Chief Commissioner but Sir Arnold Wilson replied that I could not be spared from my duties with the Army in Mespot. So I obtained my release from the 11th Lancers and took up residence in Baghdad where Prescott gave me charge of Baghdad East Subdivision as an Assistant Commissioner of Police. This was in early 1919.

Meanwhile, the Army in Mespot had closed its ears to a call for a cease-fire on November 11th 1918 and had pressed on hurriedly northwards, pushing the Turk back to SHERGHAT and finally to Mosul where most of the Turks surrendered, although it was some time before the whole of Mespot was freed, up to the old frontier between Turkey and Mespot.

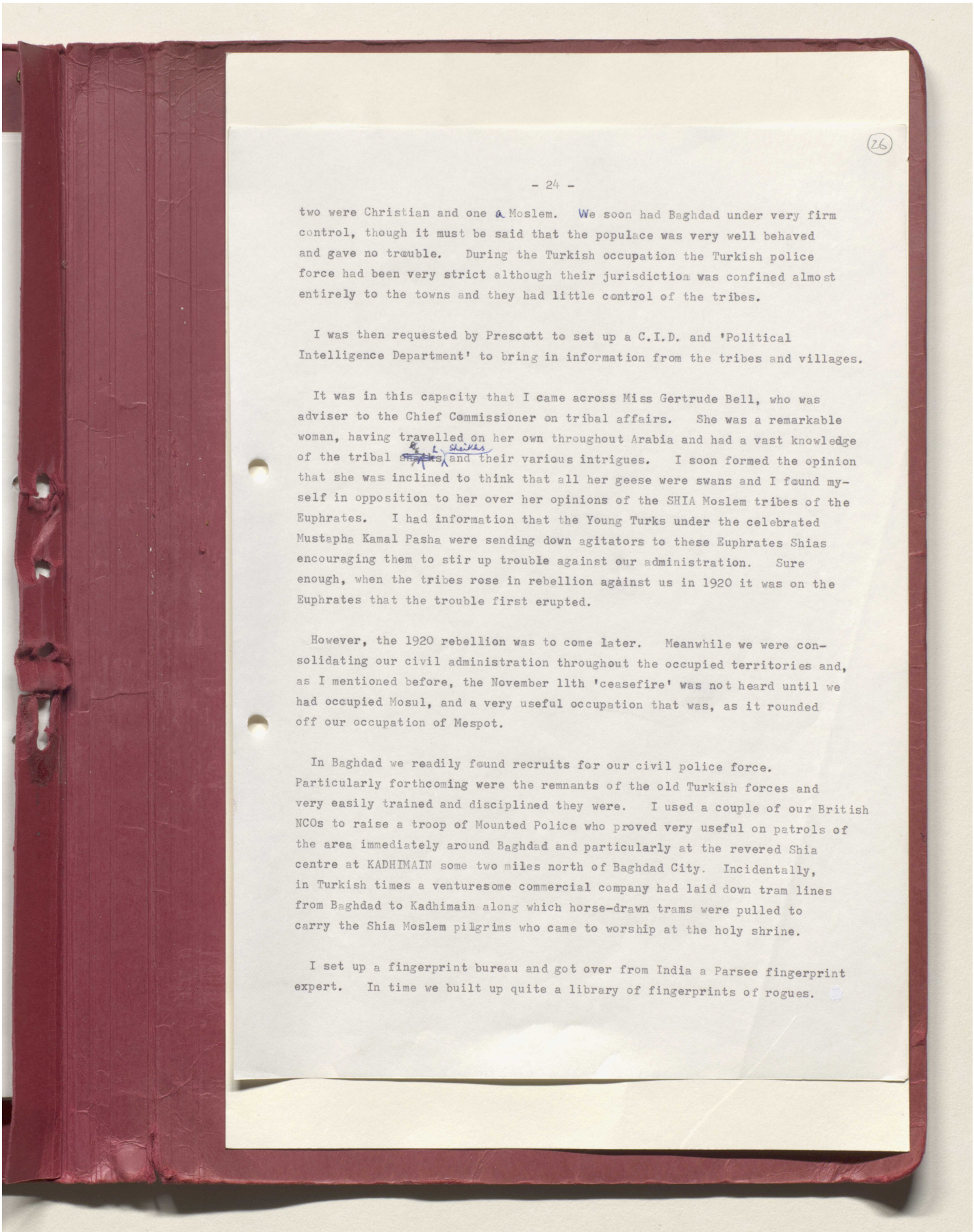
So we settled down to recruiting a police force for Baghdad. We established three police stations and obtained from the Army several British NCOs who were appointed Station Officers. Curiously enough, we managed to find two ex-London policemen in the Army and they made excellent Station Officers in charge of two of our most important police stations. A good sergeant of the British Cavalry was placed in charge of the third Police Station. We found three first class Arab officers who spoke good English -

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000032



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



two were Christian and one a Moslem. We soon had Baghdad under very firm control, though it must be said that the populace was very well behaved and gave no trouble. During the Turkish occupation the Turkish police force had been very strict although their jurisdiction was confined almost entirely to the towns and they had little control of the tribes.

I was then requested by Prescott to set up a C.I.D. and 'Political Intelligence Department' to bring in information from the tribes and villages.

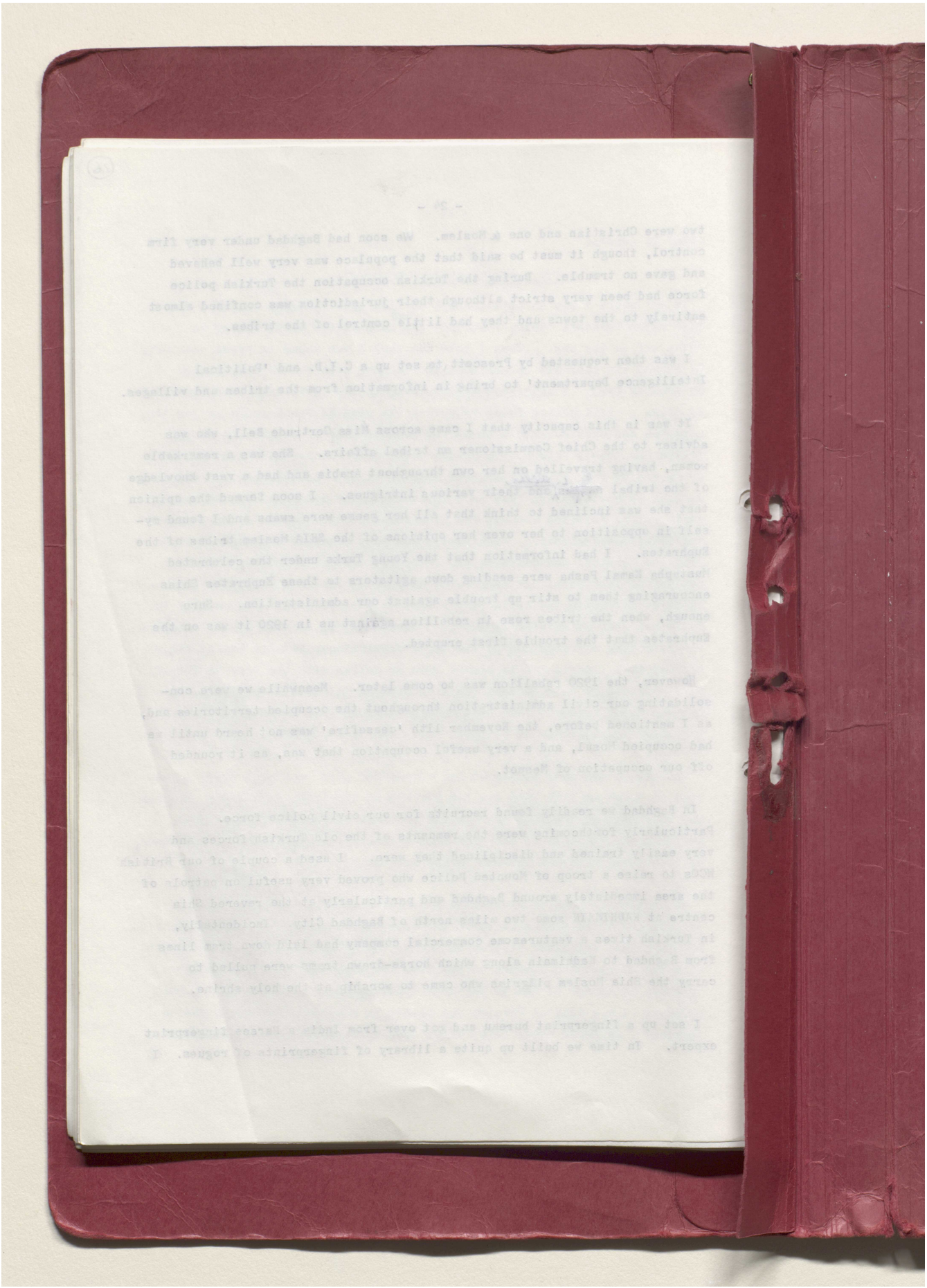
It was in this capacity that I came across Miss Gertrude Bell, who was adviser to the Chief Commissioner on tribal affairs. She was a remarkable woman, having travelled on her own throughout Arabia and had a vast knowledge of the tribal Sheikhs and their various intrigues. I soon formed the opinion that she was inclined to think that all her geese were swans and I found myself in opposition to her over her opinions of the SHIA Moslem tribes of the Euphrates. I had information that the Young Turks under the celebrated Mustapha Kamal Pasha were sending down agitators to these Euphrates Shias encouraging them to stir up trouble against our administration. Sure enough, when the tribes rose in rebellion against us in 1920 it was on the Euphrates that the trouble first erupted.

However, the 1920 rebellion was to come later. Meanwhile we were consolidating our civil administration throughout the occupied territories and, as I mentioned before, the November 11th 'ceasefire' was not heard until we had occupied Mosul, and a very useful occupation that was, as it rounded off our occupation of Mespot.

In Baghdad we readily found recruits for our civil police force. Particularly forthcoming were the remnants of the old Turkish forces and very easily trained and disciplined they were. I used a couple of our British NCOs to raise a troop of Mounted Police who proved very useful on patrols of the area immediately around Baghdad and particularly at the revered Shia centre at KADHIMAIN some two miles north of Baghdad City. Incidentally, in Turkish times a venturesome commercial company had laid down tram lines from Baghdad to Kadhimain along which horse-drawn trams were pulled to carry the Shia Moslem pilgrims who came to worship at the holy shrine.

I set up a fingerprint bureau and got over from India a Parsee fingerprint expert. In time we built up quite a library of fingerprints of rogues.

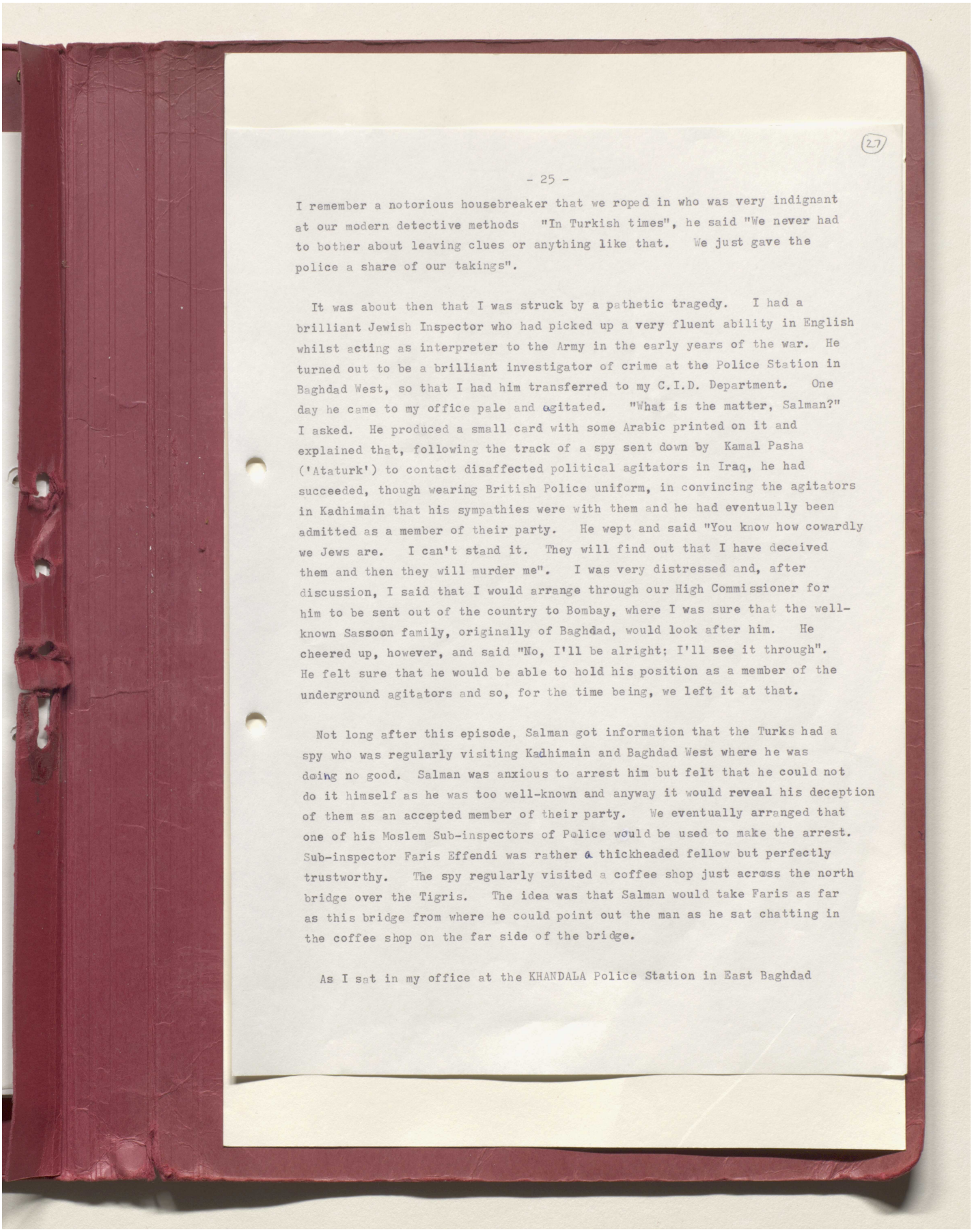
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000034



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000035

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



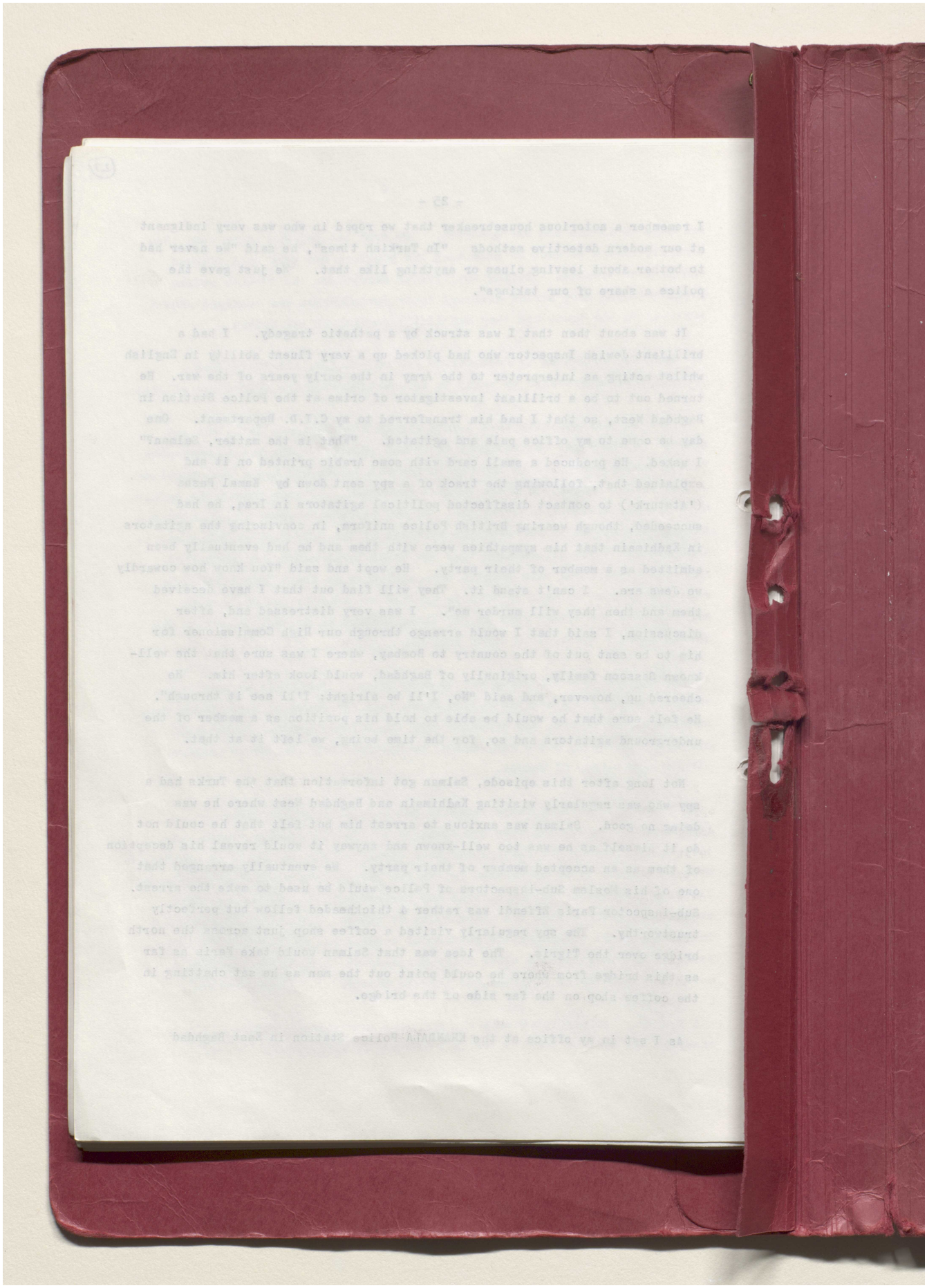
I remember a notorious housebreaker that we roped in who was very indignant at our modern detective methods "In Turkish times", he said "We never had to bother about leaving clues or anything like that. We just gave the police a share of our takings".

It was about then that I was struck by a pathetic tragedy. I had a brilliant Jewish Inspector who had picked up a very fluent ability in English whilst acting as interpreter to the Army in the early years of the war. He turned out to be a brilliant investigator of crime at the Police Station in Baghdad West, so that I had him transferred to my C.I.D. Department. One day he came to my office pale and agitated. "What is the matter, Salman?" I asked. He produced a small card with some Arabic printed on it and explained that, following the track of a spy sent down by Kamal Pasha ('Ataturk') to contact disaffected political agitators in Iraq, he had succeeded, though wearing British Police uniform, in convincing the agitators in Kadhimain that his sympathies were with them and he had eventually been admitted as a member of their party. He wept and said "You know how cowardly we Jews are. I can't stand it. They will find out that I have deceived them and then they will murder me". I was very distressed and, after discussion, I said that I would arrange through our High Commissioner for him to be sent out of the country to Bombay, where I was sure that the well-known Sassoon family, originally of Baghdad, would look after him. He cheered up, however, and said "No, I'll be alright; I'll see it through". He felt sure that he would be able to hold his position as a member of the underground agitators and so, for the time being, we left it at that.

Not long after this episode, Salman got information that the Turks had a spy who was regularly visiting Kadhimain and Baghdad West where he was doing no good. Salman was anxious to arrest him but felt that he could not do it himself as he was too well-known and anyway it would reveal his deception of them as an accepted member of their party. We eventually arranged that one of his Moslem Sub-inspectors of Police would be used to make the arrest. Sub-inspector Faris Effendi was rather a thickheaded fellow but perfectly trustworthy. The spy regularly visited a coffee shop just across the north bridge over the Tigris. The idea was that Salman would take Faris as far as this bridge from where he could point out the man as he sat chatting in the coffee shop on the far side of the bridge.

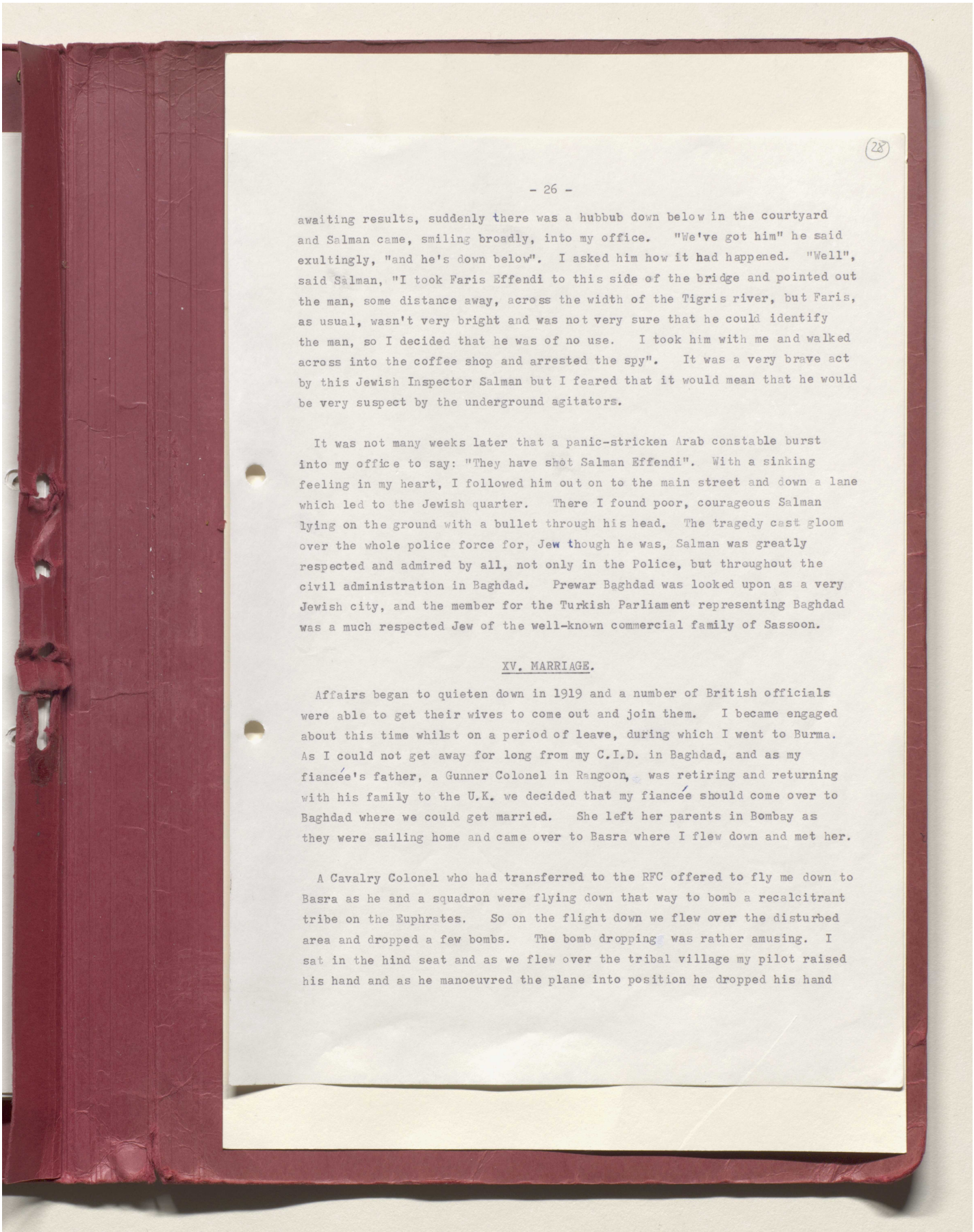
As I sat in my office at the KHANDALA Police Station in East Baghdad

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000036



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



awaiting results, suddenly there was a hubbub down below in the courtyard and Salman came, smiling broadly, into my office. "We've got him" he said exultingly, "and he's down below". I asked him how it had happened. "Well", said Salman, "I took Faris Effendi to this side of the bridge and pointed out the man, some distance away, across the width of the Tigris river, but Faris, as usual, wasn't very bright and was not very sure that he could identify the man, so I decided that he was of no use. I took him with me and walked across into the coffee shop and arrested the spy". It was a very brave act by this Jewish Inspector Salman but I feared that it would mean that he would be very suspect by the underground agitators.

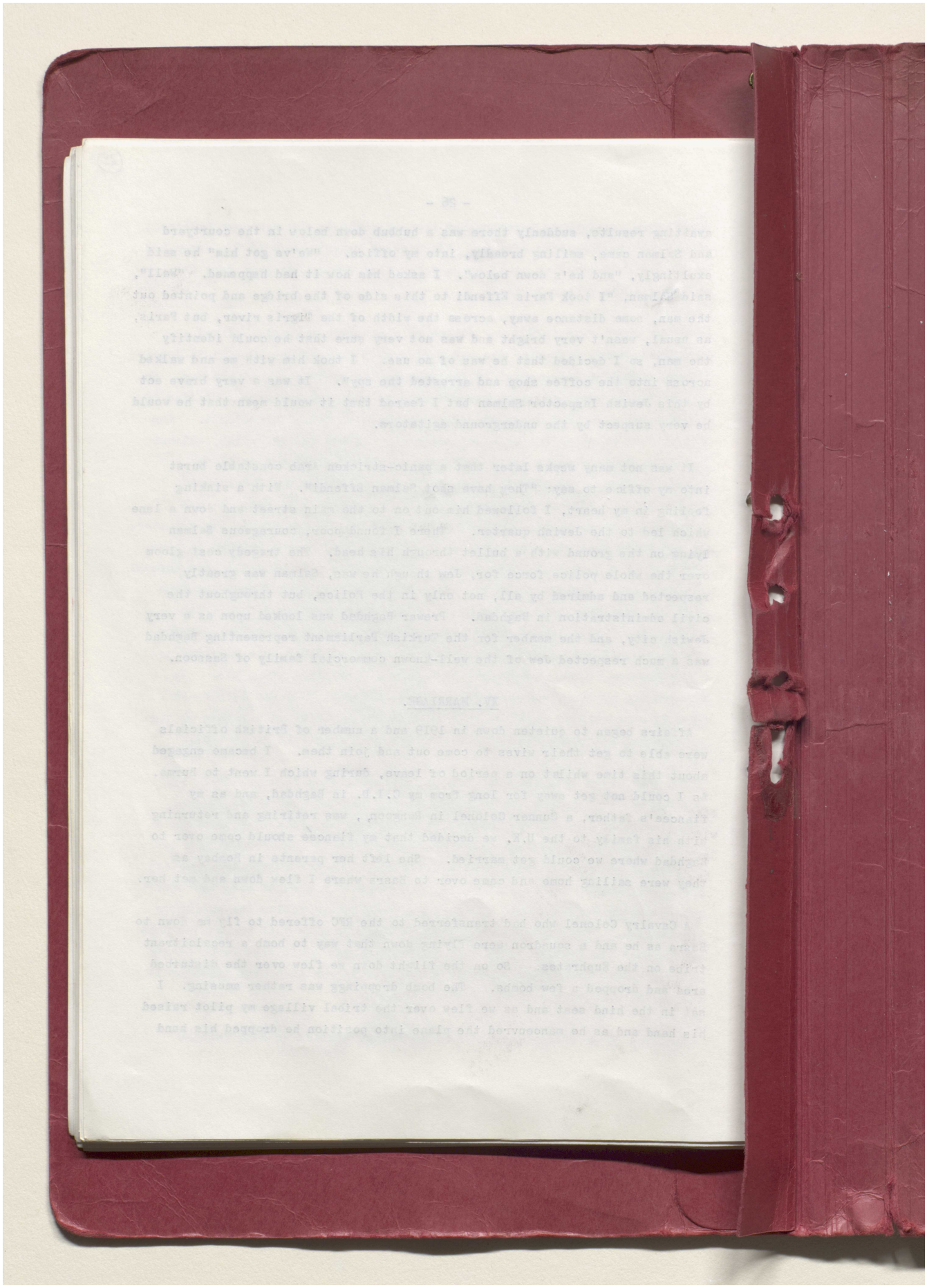
It was not many weeks later that a panic-stricken Arab constable burst into my office to say: "They have shot Salman Effendi". With a sinking feeling in my heart, I followed him out on to the main street and down a lane which led to the Jewish quarter. There I found poor, courageous Salman lying on the ground with a bullet through his head. The tragedy cast gloom over the whole police force for, Jew though he was, Salman was greatly respected and admired by all, not only in the Police, but throughout the civil administration in Baghdad. Prewar Baghdad was looked upon as a very Jewish city, and the member for the Turkish Parliament representing Baghdad was a much respected Jew of the well-known commercial family of Sassoon.

XV. MARRIAGE.

Affairs began to quieten down in 1919 and a number of British officials were able to get their wives to come out and join them. I became engaged about this time whilst on a period of leave, during which I went to Burma. As I could not get away for long from my C.I.D. in Baghdad, and as my fiancée's father, a Gunner Colonel in Rangoon, was retiring and returning with his family to the U.K. we decided that my fiancée should come over to Baghdad where we could get married. She left her parents in Bombay as they were sailing home and came over to Basra where I flew down and met her.

A Cavalry Colonel who had transferred to the RFC offered to fly me down to Basra as he and a squadron were flying down that way to bomb a recalcitrant tribe on the Euphrates. So on the flight down we flew over the disturbed area and dropped a few bombs. The bomb dropping was rather amusing. I sat in the hind seat and as we flew over the tribal village my pilot raised his hand and as he manoeuvred the plane into position he dropped his hand

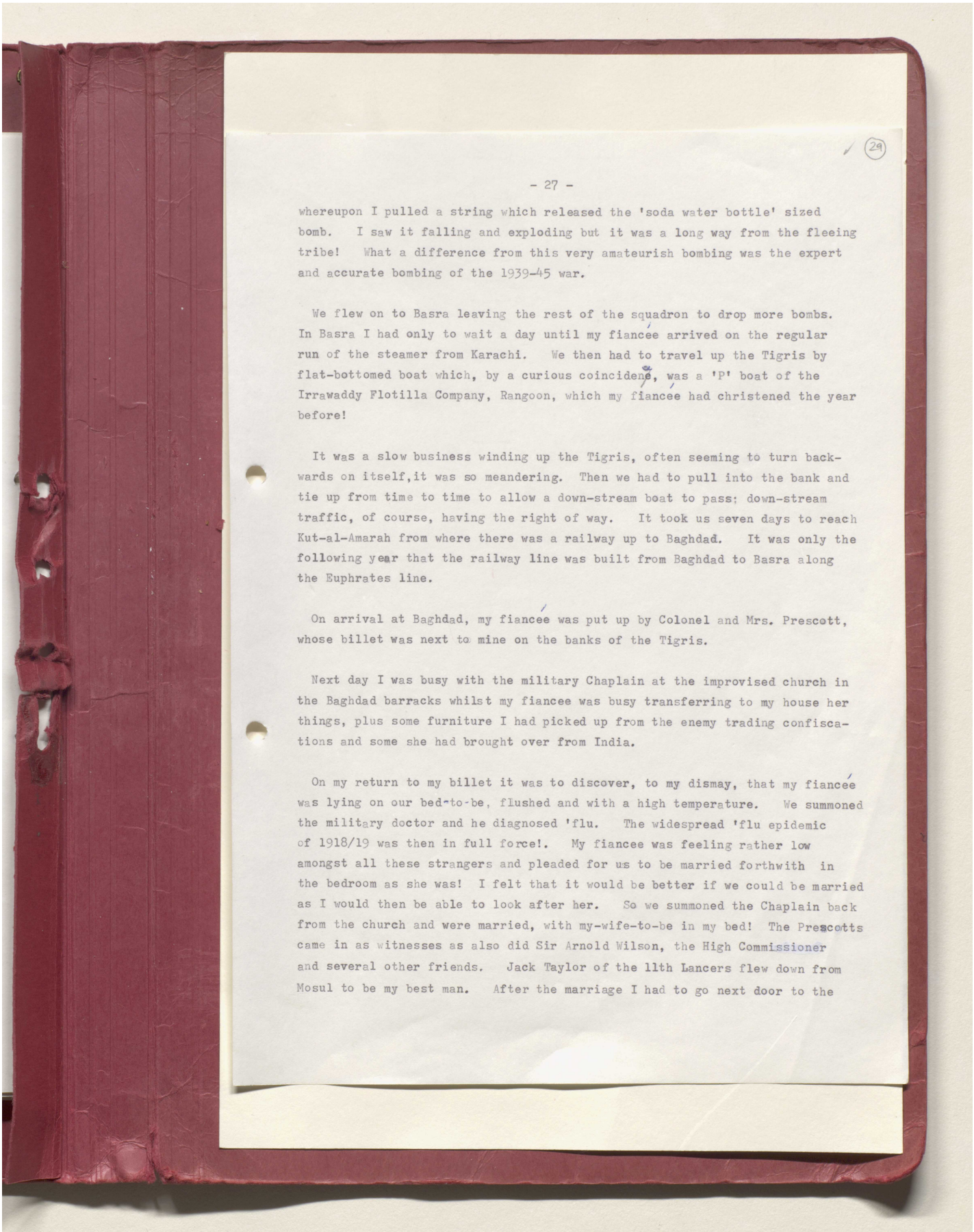
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000038



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000039

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



whereupon I pulled a string which released the 'soda water bottle' sized bomb. I saw it falling and exploding but it was a long way from the fleeing tribe! What a difference from this very amateurish bombing was the expert and accurate bombing of the 1939-45 war.

We flew on to Basra leaving the rest of the squadron to drop more bombs. In Basra I had only to wait a day until my fiancée arrived on the regular run of the steamer from Karachi. We then had to travel up the Tigris by flat-bottomed boat which, by a curious coincidence, was a 'P' boat of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, Rangoon, which my fiancee had christened the year before!

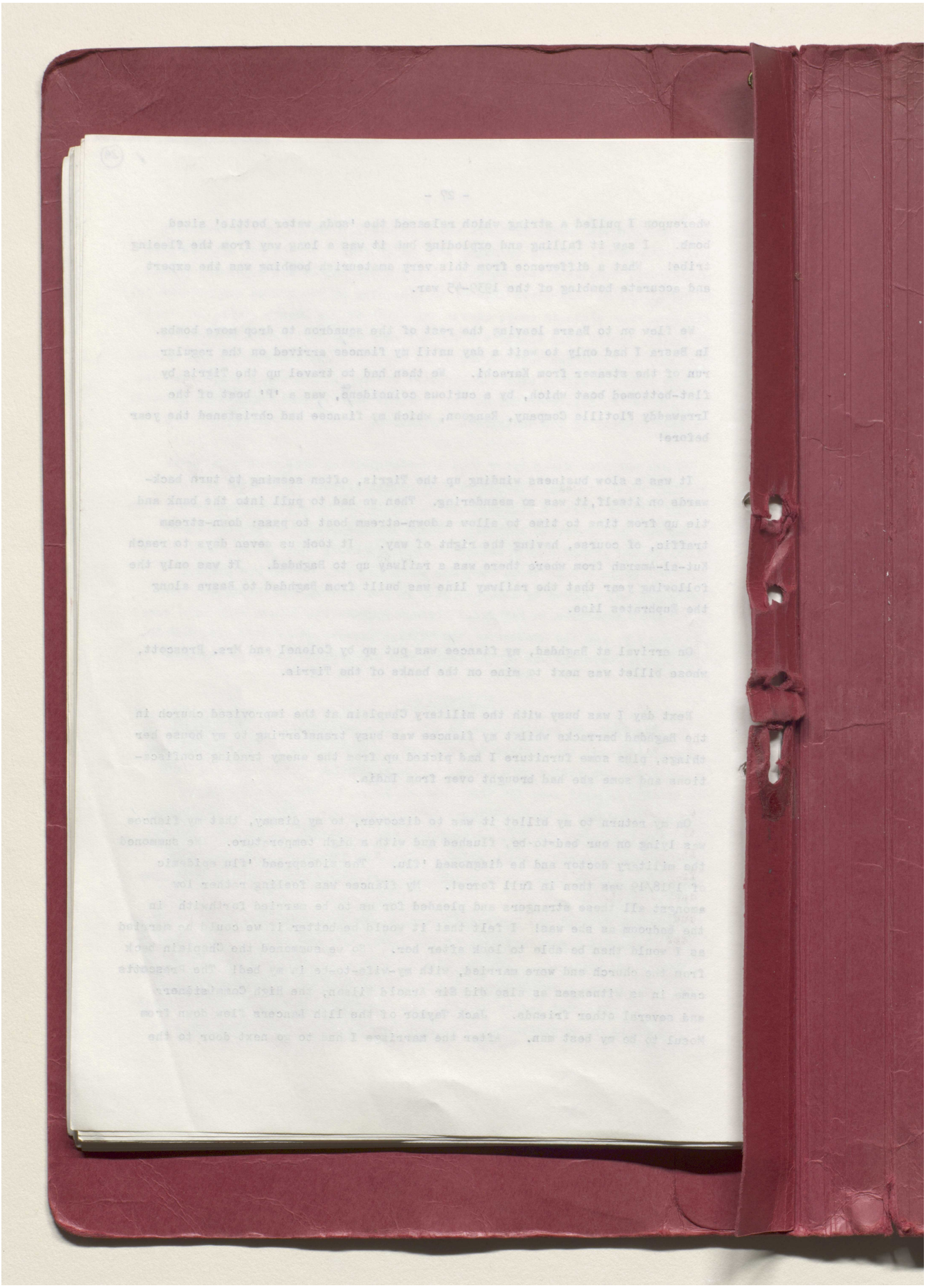
It was a slow business winding up the Tigris, often seeming to turn backwards on itself, it was so meandering. Then we had to pull into the bank and tie up from time to time to allow a down-stream boat to pass; down-stream traffic, of course, having the right of way. It took us seven days to reach Kut-al-Amarah from where there was a railway up to Baghdad. It was only the following year that the railway line was built from Baghdad to Basra along the Euphrates line.

On arrival at Baghdad, my fiancee was put up by Colonel and Mrs. Prescott, whose billet was next to mine on the banks of the Tigris.

Next day I was busy with the military Chaplain at the improvised church in the Baghdad barracks whilst my fiancee was busy transferring to my house her things, plus some furniture I had picked up from the enemy trading confiscations and some she had brought over from India.

On my return to my billet it was to discover, to my dismay, that my fiancée was lying on our bed-to-be, flushed and with a high temperature. We summoned the military doctor and he diagnosed 'flu. The widespread 'flu epidemic of 1918/19 was then in full force!. My fiancee was feeling rather low amongst all these strangers and pleaded for us to be married forthwith in the bedroom as she was! I felt that it would be better if we could be married as I would then be able to look after her. So we summoned the Chaplain back from the church and were married, with my-wife-to-be in my bed! The Prescotts came in as witnesses as also did Sir Arnold Wilson, the High Commissioner and several other friends. Jack Taylor of the 11th Lancers flew down from Mosul to be my best man. After the marriage I had to go next door to the

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00003a



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00003b

Reception where I was liberally showered with rice, leaving Jack to look after my wife. And so we were married on Friday, 13th October 1919 - the fifth British couple in Baghdad. Nancy was just over twenty and I was twenty-six on October 15th. So we took up our young married life in a requisitioned billet in River Street, Baghdad.

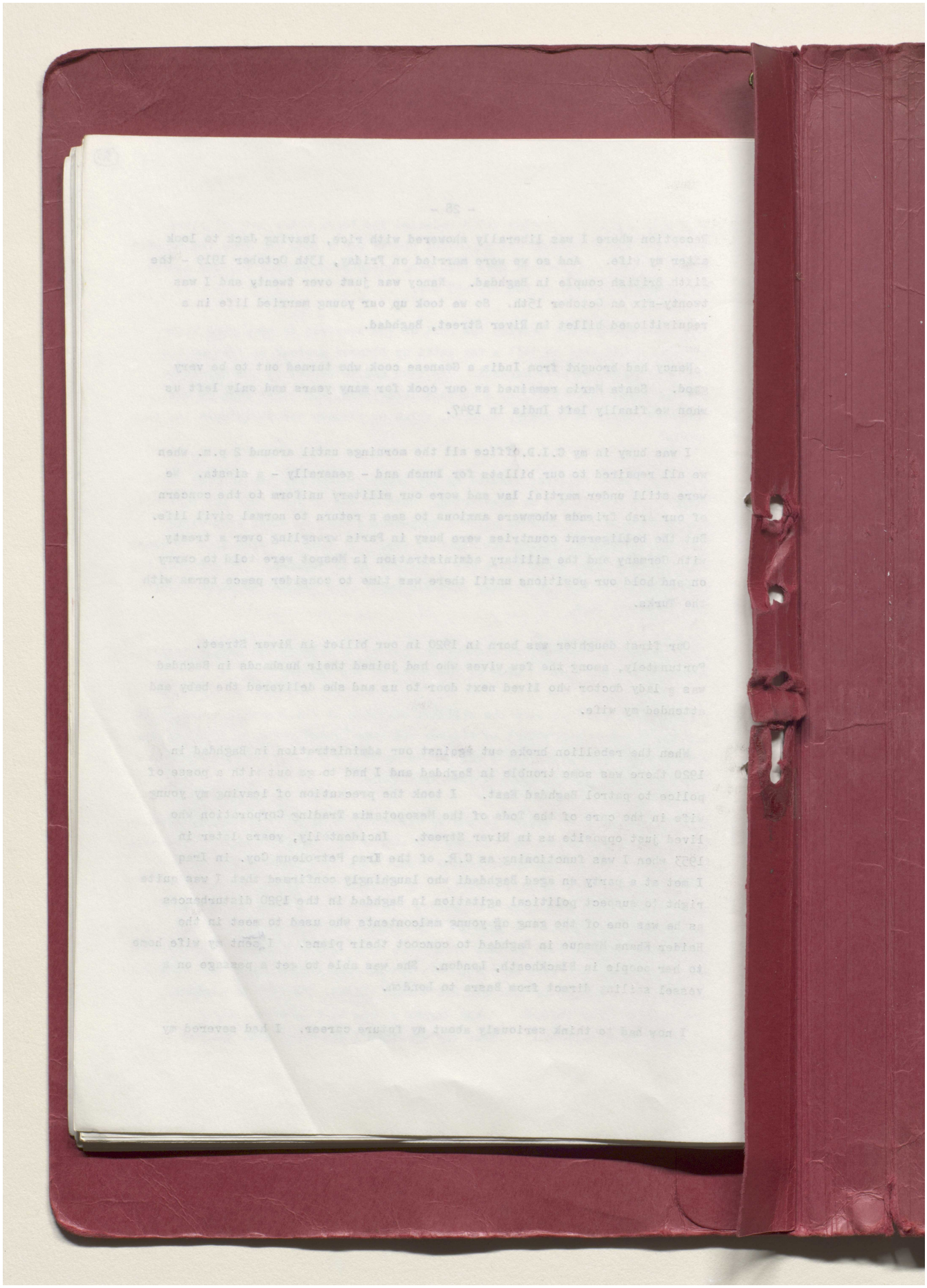
Nancy had brought from India a Goanese cook who turned out to be very good. Santa Maria remained as our cook for many years and only left us when we finally left India in 1947.

I was busy in my C.I.D. office all the mornings until around 2 p.m. when we all repaired to our billets for lunch and - generally - a siesta. We were still under martial law and wore our military uniform to the concern of our Arab friends who were anxious to see a return to normal civil life. But the belligerent countries were busy in Paris wrangling over a treaty with Germany and the military administration in Mespot were told to carry on and hold our positions until there was time to consider peace terms with the Turks.

Our first daughter was born in 1920 in our billet in River Street. Fortunately, among the few wives who had joined their husbands in Baghdad was a lady doctor who lived next door to us and she delivered the baby and attended my wife.

When the rebellion broke out against our administration in Baghdad in 1920 there was some trouble in Baghdad and I had to go out with a posse of police to patrol Baghdad East. I took the precaution of leaving my young wife in the care of the Tods of the Mesopotamia Trading Corporation who lived just opposite us in River Street. Incidentally, years later in 1953 when I was functioning as C.R. of the Iraq Petroleum Coy. in Iraq I met at a party an aged Baghdadi who laughingly confirmed that I was quite right to suspect political agitation in Baghdad in the 1920 disturbances as he was one of the gang of young malcontents who used to meet in the Haider Khana Mosque in Baghdad to concoct their plans. I then sent my wife home to her people in Blackheath, London. She was able to get a passage on a vessel sailing direct from Basra to London.

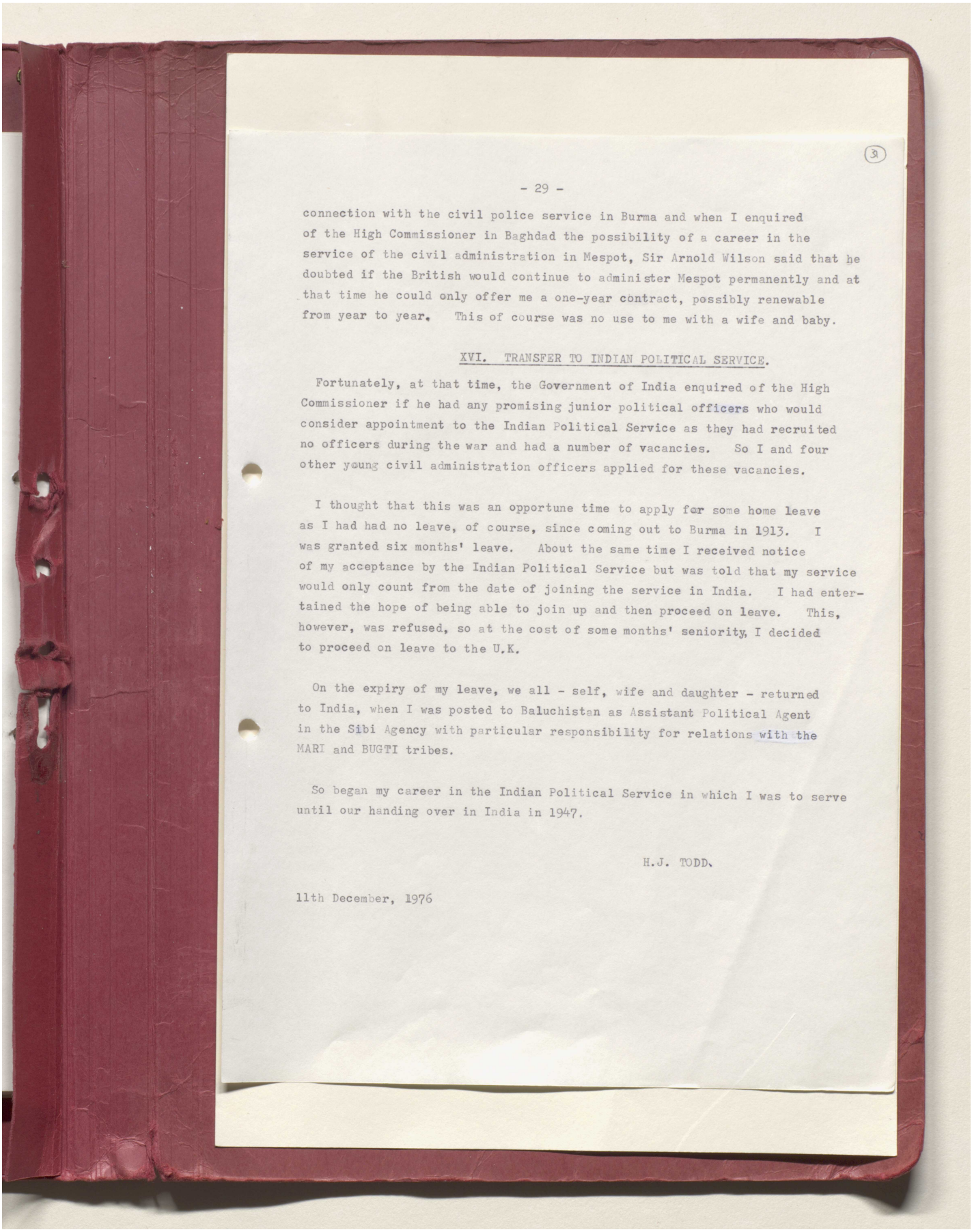
I now had to think seriously about my future career. I had severed my



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00003d

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



connection with the civil police service in Burma and when I enquired of the High Commissioner in Baghdad the possibility of a career in the service of the civil administration in Mespot, Sir Arnold Wilson said that he doubted if the British would continue to administer Mespot permanently and at that time he could only offer me a one-year contract, possibly renewable from year to year. This of course was no use to me with a wife and baby.

XVI. TRANSFER TO INDIAN POLITICAL SERVICE.

Fortunately, at that time, the Government of India enquired of the High Commissioner if he had any promising junior political officers who would consider appointment to the Indian Political Service as they had recruited no officers during the war and had a number of vacancies. So I and four other young civil administration officers applied for these vacancies.

I thought that this was an opportune time to apply for some home leave as I had had no leave, of course, since coming out to Burma in 1913. I was granted six months' leave. About the same time I received notice of my acceptance by the Indian Political Service but was told that my service would only count from the date of joining the service in India. I had entertained the hope of being able to join up and then proceed on leave. This, however, was refused, so at the cost of some months' seniority, I decided to proceed on leave to the U.K.

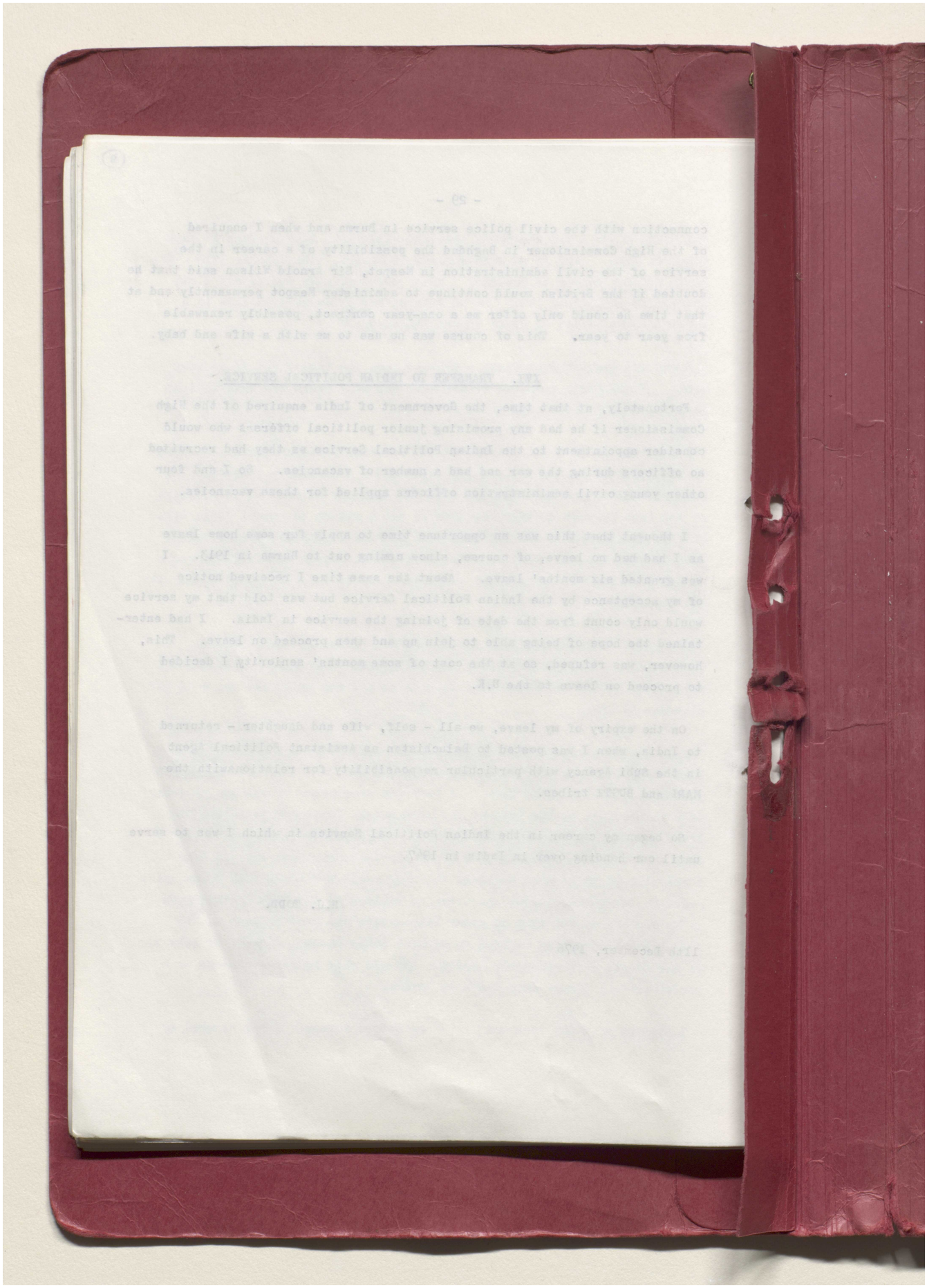
On the expiry of my leave, we all - self, wife and daughter - returned to India, when I was posted to Baluchistan as Assistant Political Agent in the Sibi Agency with particular responsibility for relations with the MARI and BUGTI tribes.

So began my career in the Indian Political Service in which I was to serve until our handing over in India in 1947.

H.J. TODD.

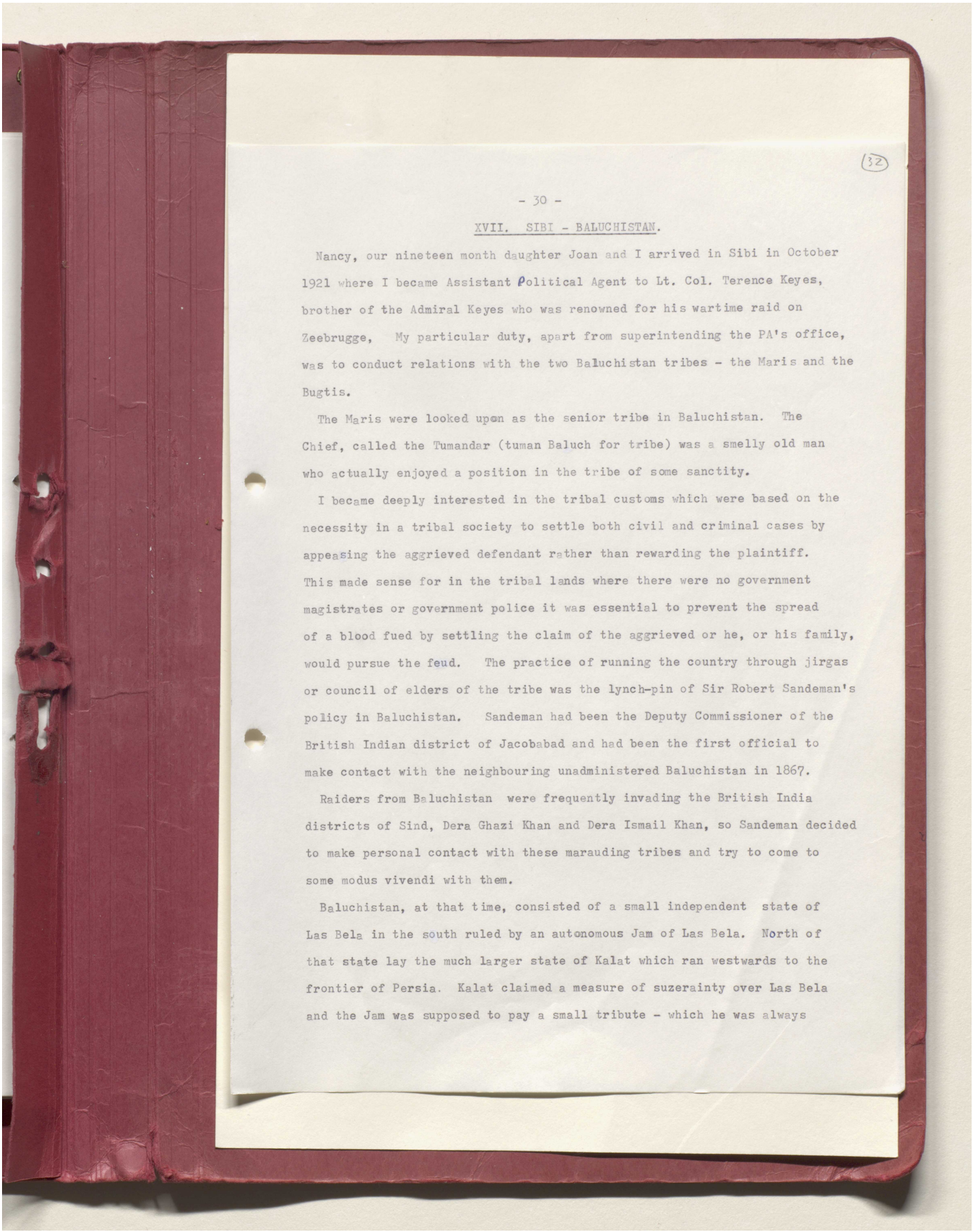
11th December, 1976

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00003e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



XVII. SIBI - BALUCHISTAN.

Nancy, our nineteen month daughter Joan and I arrived in Sibi in October 1921 where I became Assistant Political Agent to Lt. Col. Terence Keyes, brother of the Admiral Keyes who was renowned for his wartime raid on Zeebrugge, My particular duty, apart from superintending the PA's office, was to conduct relations with the two Baluchistan tribes - the Maris and the Bugtis.

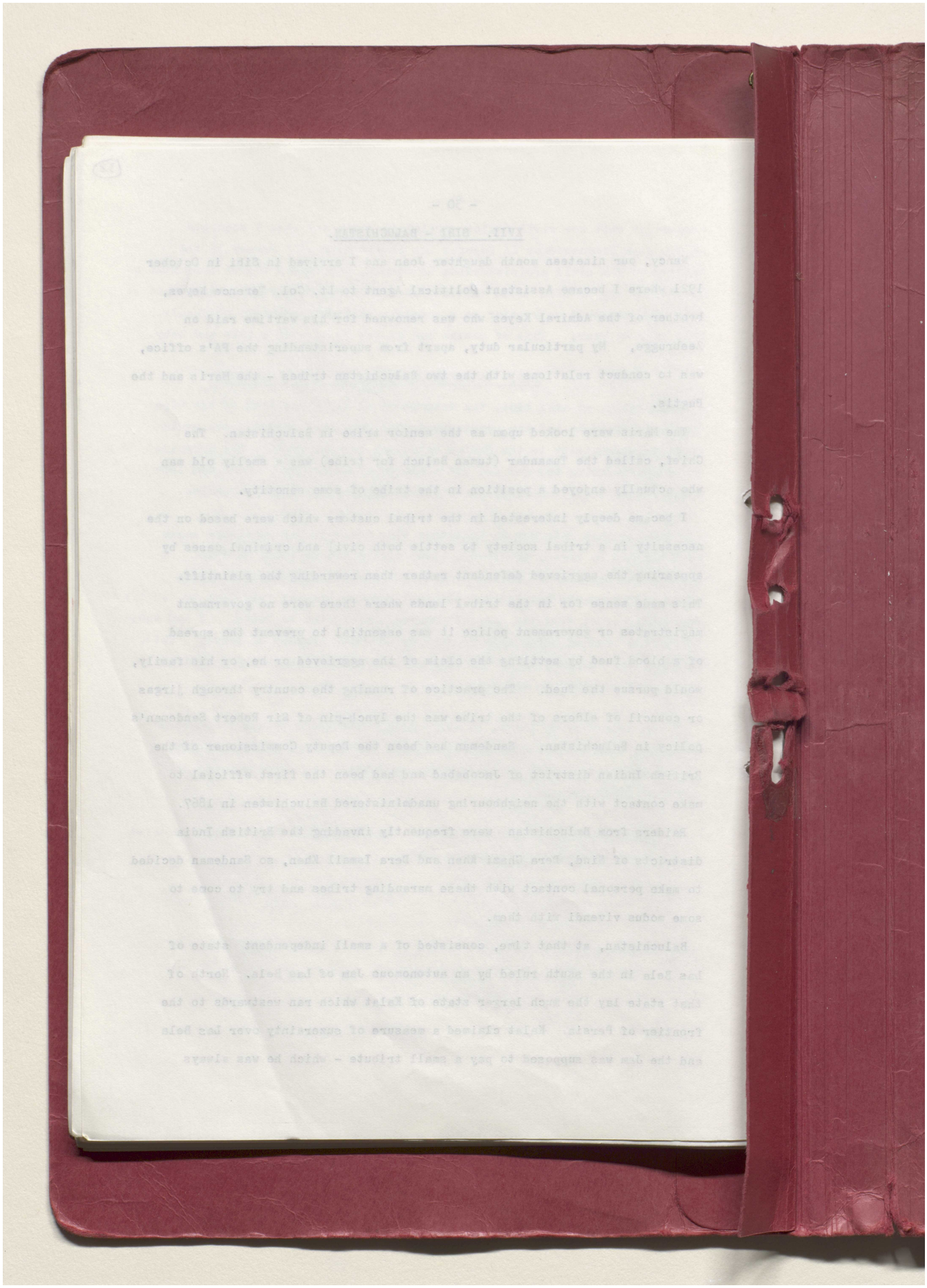
The Maris were looked upon as the senior tribe in Baluchistan. The Chief, called the Tumandar (tuman Baluch for tribe) was a smelly old man who actually enjoyed a position in the tribe of some sanctity.

I became deeply interested in the tribal customs which were based on the necessity in a tribal society to settle both civil and criminal cases by appeasing the aggrieved defendant rather than rewarding the plaintiff. This made sense for in the tribal lands where there were no government magistrates or government police it was essential to prevent the spread of a blood fued by settling the claim of the aggrieved or he, or his family, would pursue the feud. The practice of running the country through jirgas or council of elders of the tribe was the lynch-pin of Sir Robert Sandeman's policy in Baluchistan. Sandeman had been the Deputy Commissioner of the British Indian district of Jacobabad and had been the first official to make contact with the neighbouring unadministered Baluchistan in 1867.

Raiders from Baluchistan were frequently invading the British India districts of Sind, Dera Ghazi Khan and Dera Ismail Khan, so Sandeman decided to make personal contact with these marauding tribes and try to come to some modus vivendi with them.

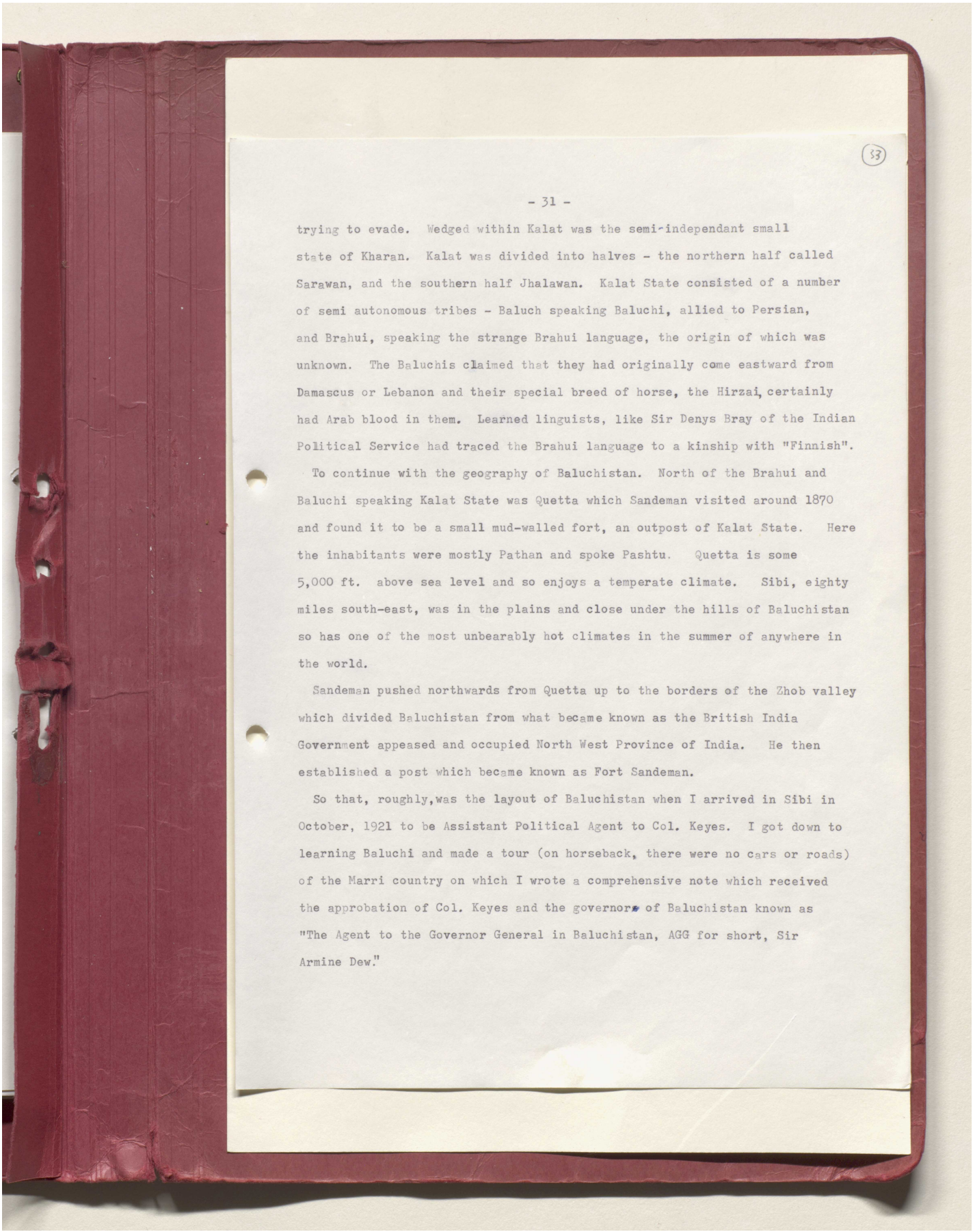
Baluchistan, at that time, consisted of a small independent state of Las Bela in the south ruled by an autonomous Jam of Las Bela. North of that state lay the much larger state of Kalat which ran westwards to the frontier of Persia. Kalat claimed a measure of suzerainty over Las Bela and the Jam was supposed to pay a small tribute - which he was always

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000040



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



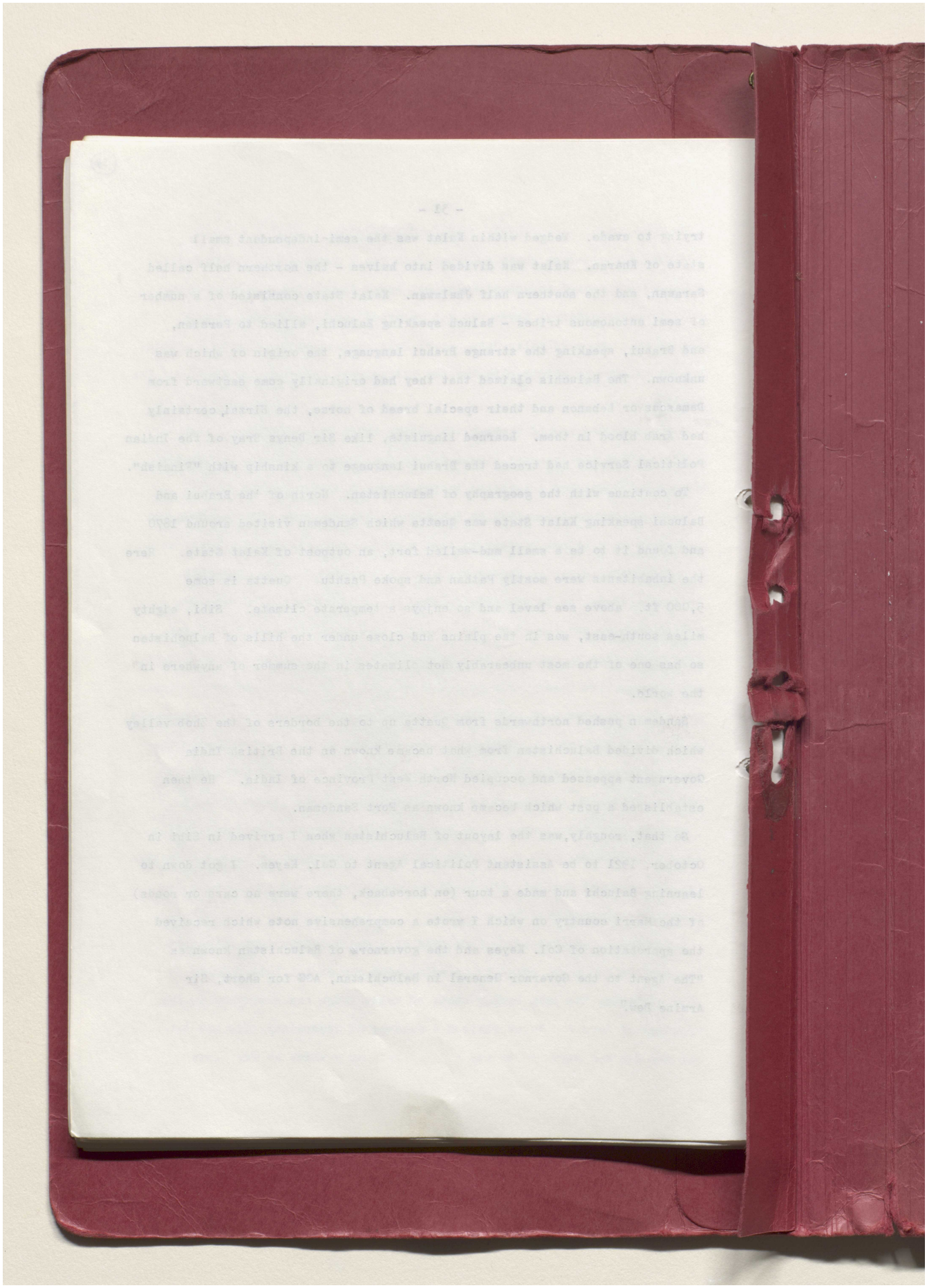
trying to evade. Wedged within Kalat was the semi-independant small state of Kharan. Kalat was divided into halves - the northern half called Sarawan, and the southern half Jhalawan. Kalat State consisted of a number of semi autonomous tribes - Baluch speaking Baluchi, allied to Persian, and Brahui, speaking the strange Brahui language, the origin of which was unknown. The Baluchis claimed that they had originally come eastward from Damascus or Lebanon and their special breed of horse, the Hirzai, certainly had Arab blood in them. Learned linguists, like Sir Denys Bray of the Indian Political Service had traced the Brahui language to a kinship with "Finnish".

To continue with the geography of Baluchistan. North of the Brahui and Baluchi speaking Kalat State was Quetta which Sandeman visited around 1870 and found it to be a small mud-walled fort, an outpost of Kalat State. Here the inhabitants were mostly Pathan and spoke Pashtu. Quetta is some 5,000 ft. above sea level and so enjoys a temperate climate. Sibi, eighty miles south-east, was in the plains and close under the hills of Baluchistan so has one of the most unbearably hot climates in the summer of anywhere in the world.

Sandeman pushed northwards from Quetta up to the borders of the Zhob valley which divided Baluchistan from what became known as the British India Government appeased and occupied North West Province of India. He then established a post which became known as Fort Sandeman.

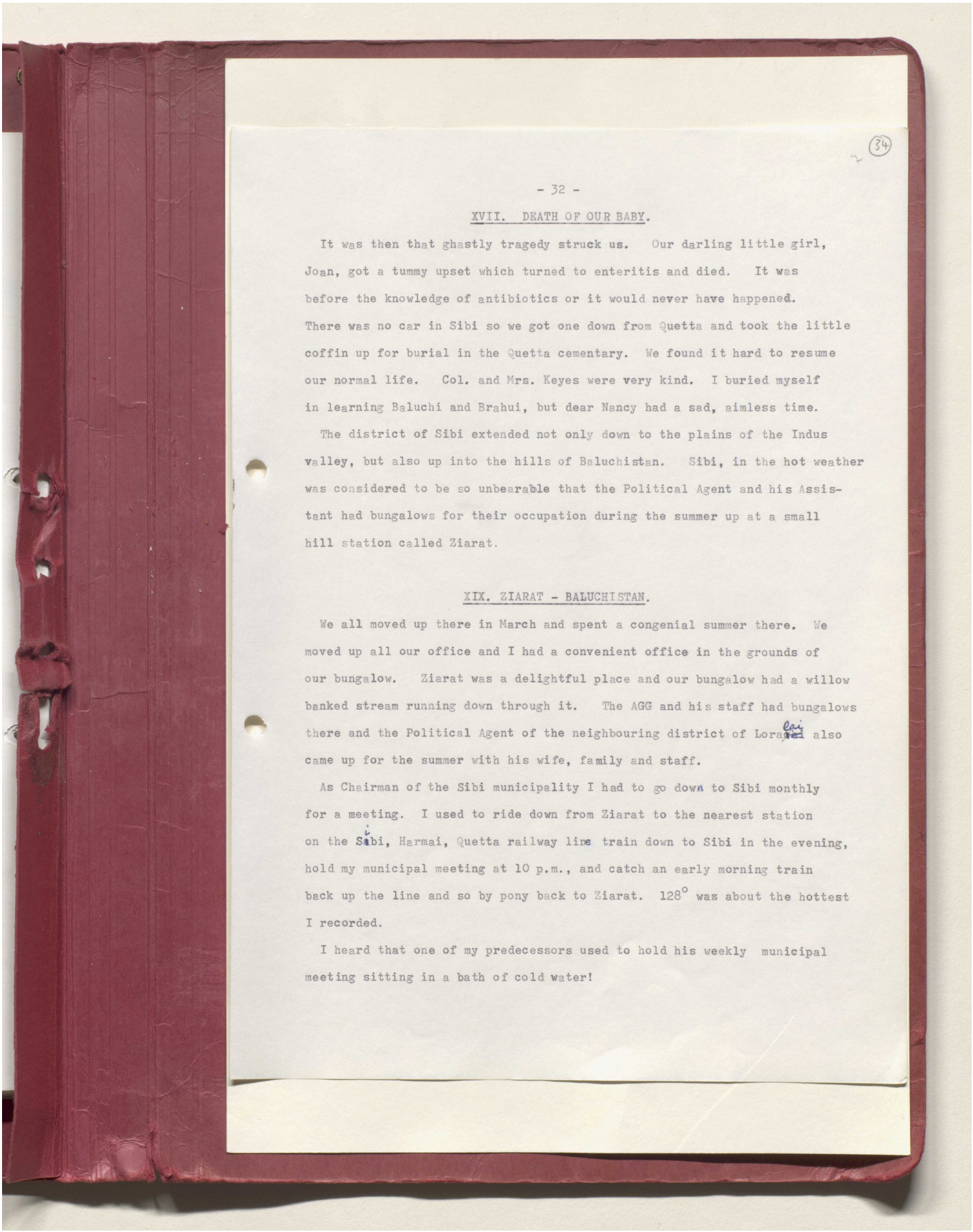
So that, roughly, was the layout of Baluchistan when I arrived in Sibi in October, 1921 to be Assistant Political Agent to Col. Keyes. I got down to learning Baluchi and made a tour (on horseback, there were no cars or roads) of the Marri country on which I wrote a comprehensive note which received the approbation of Col. Keyes and the governor of Baluchistan known as "The Agent to the Governor General in Baluchistan, AGG for short, Sir Armine Dew."

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000042



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



XVII. DEATH OF OUR BABY.

It was then that ghastly tragedy struck us. Our darling little girl, Joan, got a tummy upset which turned to enteritis and died. It was before the knowledge of antibiotics or it would never have happened. There was no car in Sibi so we got one down from Quetta and took the little coffin up for burial in the Quetta cementary. We found it hard to resume our normal life. Col. and Mrs. Keyes were very kind. I buried myself in learning Baluchi and Brahui, but dear Nancy had a sad, aimless time.

The district of Sibi extended not only down to the plains of the Indus valley, but also up into the hills of Baluchistan. Sibi, in the hot weather was considered to be so unbearable that the Political Agent and his Assistant had bungalows for their occupation during the summer up at a small hill station called Ziarat.

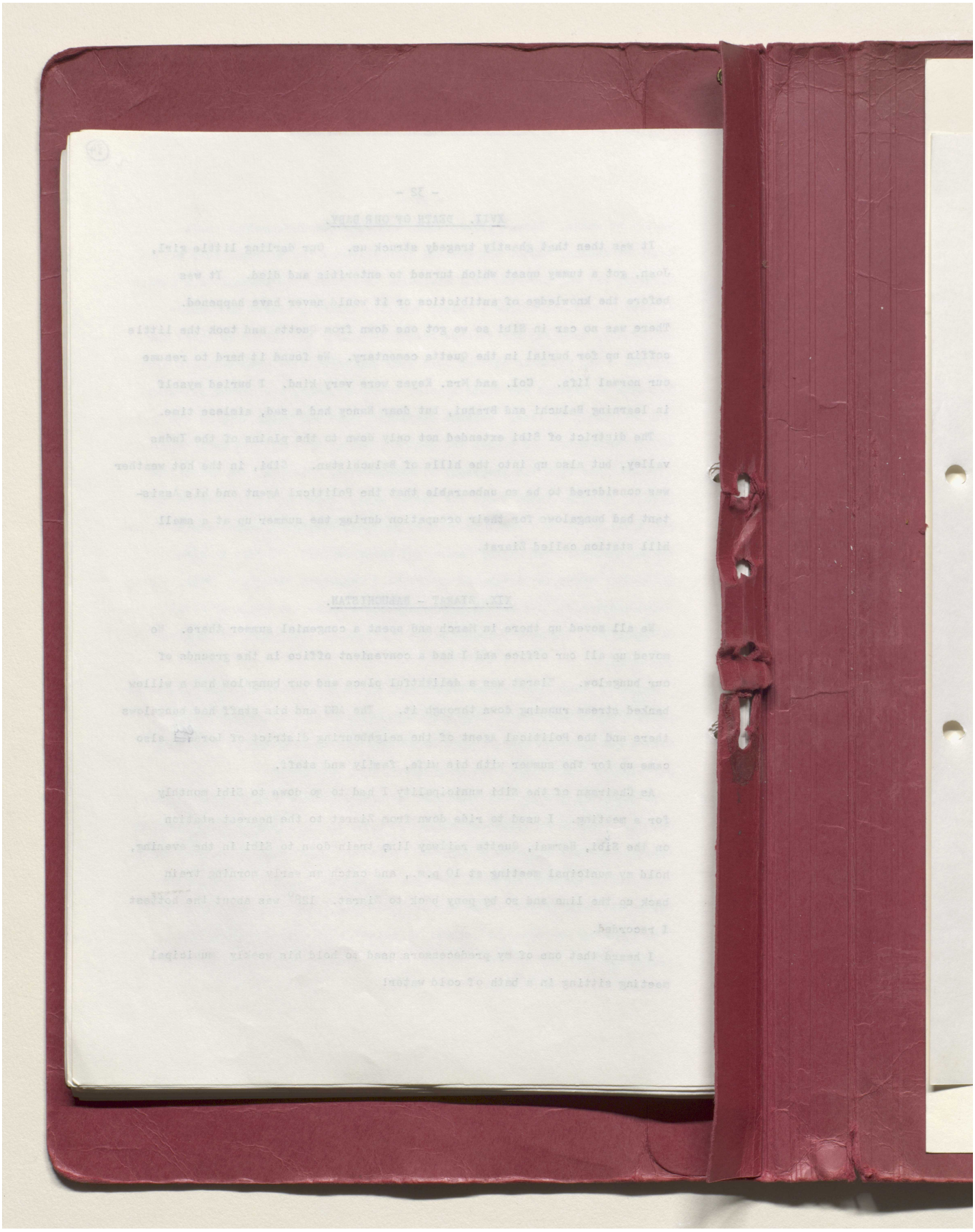
XIX. ZIARAT - BALUCHISTAN.

We all moved up there in March and spent a congenial summer there. We moved up all our office and I had a convenient office in the grounds of our bungalow. Ziarat was a delightful place and our bungalow had a willow banked stream running down through it. The AGG and his staff had bungalows there and the Political Agent of the neighbouring district of Lora[illegible] also came up for the summer with his wife, family and staff.

As Chairman of the Sibi municipality I had to go down to Sibi monthly for a meeting. I used to ride down from Ziarat to the nearest station on the Sibi, Harmai, Quetta railway line train down to Sibi in the evening, hold my municipal meeting at 10 p.m., and catch an early morning train back up the line and so by pony back to Ziarat. 128° was about the hottest I recorded.

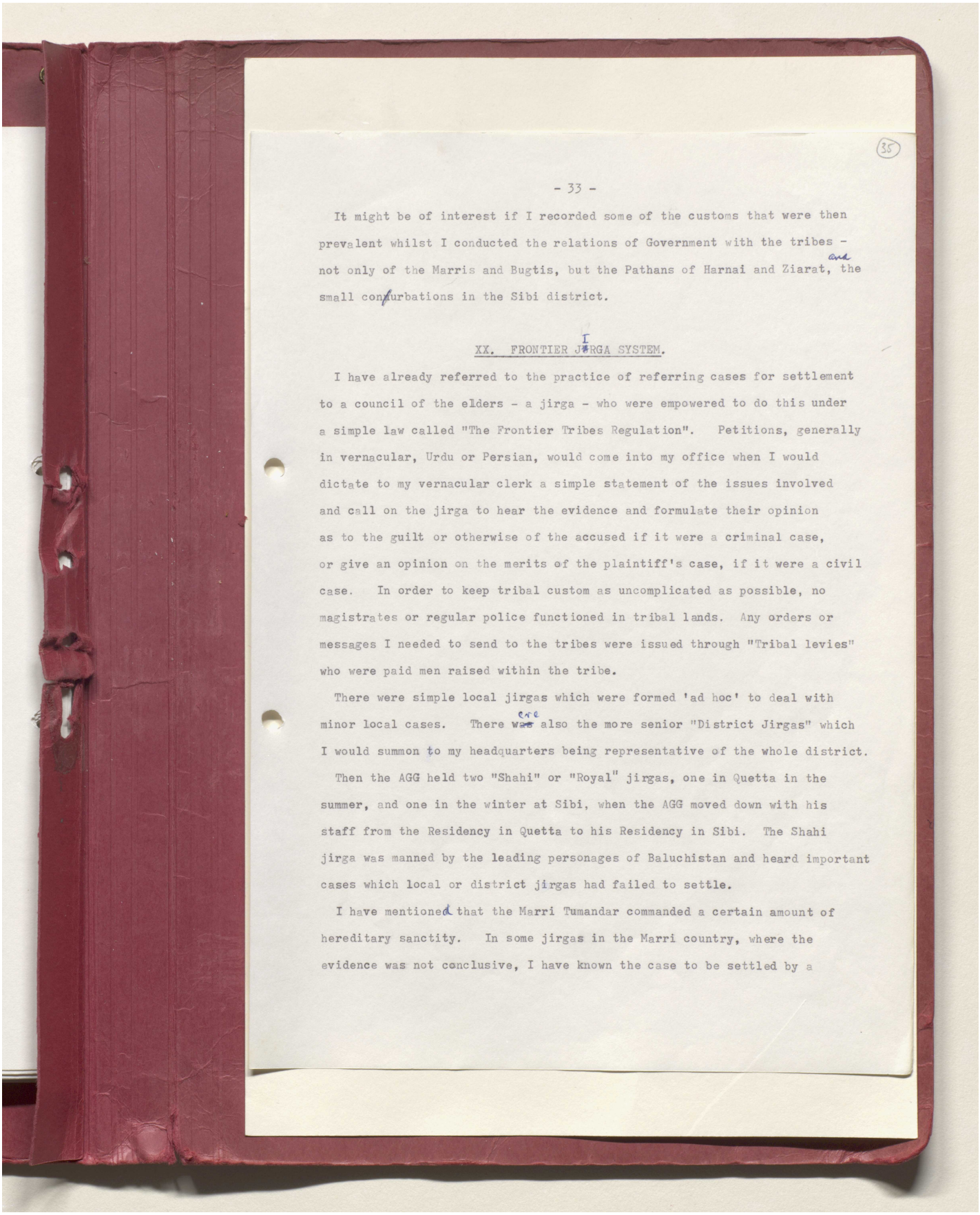
I heard that one of my predecessors used to hold his weekly municipal meeting sitting in a bath of cold water!

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000044



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



It might be of interest if I recorded some of the customs that were then prevalent whilst I conducted the relations of Government with the tribes - not only of the Marris and Bugtis, but the Pathans of Harnai and Ziarat, and the small conurbations in the Sibi district.

XX. FRONTIER JIRGA SYSTEM.

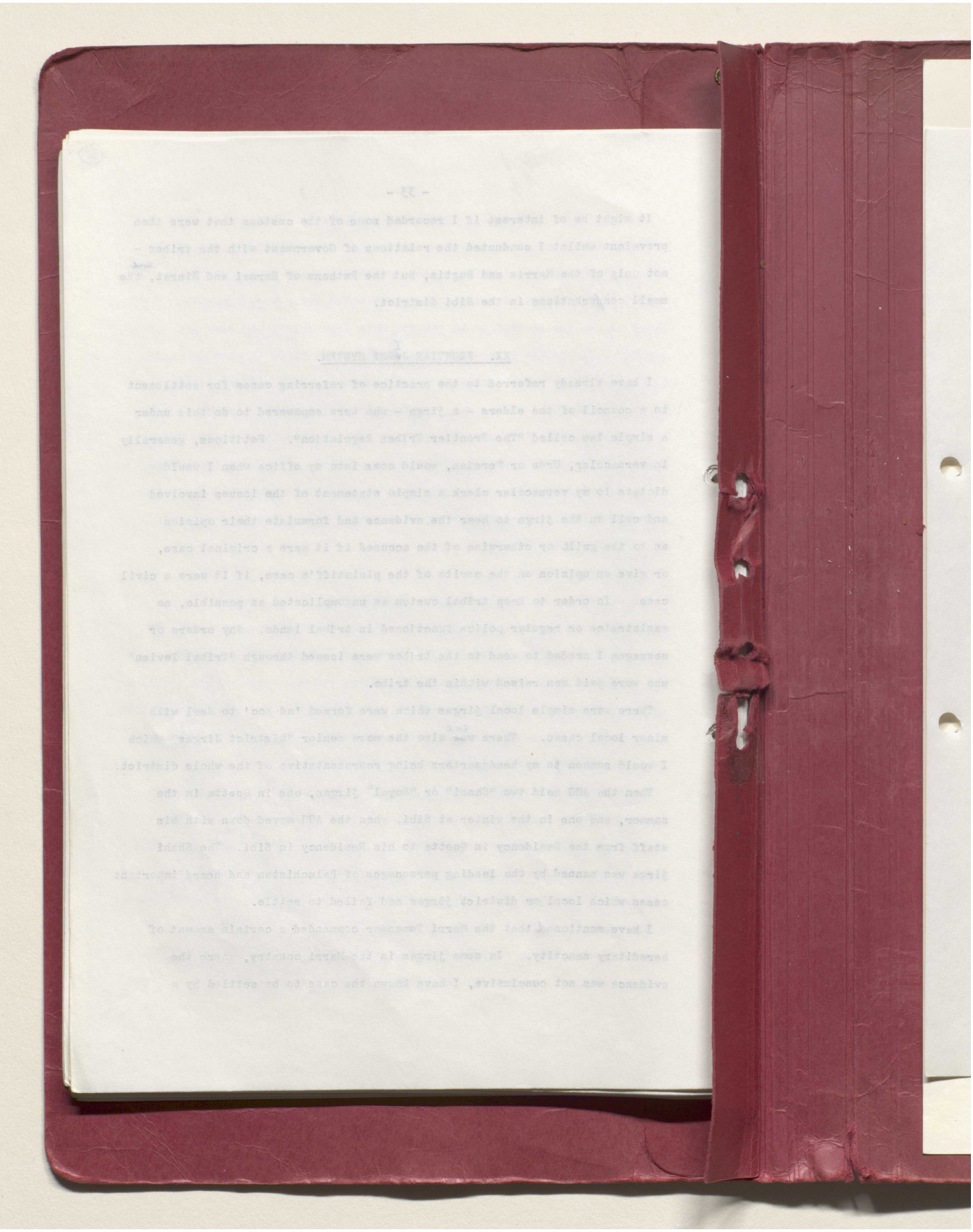
I have already referred to the practice of referring cases for settlement to a council of the elders - a jirga - who were empowered to do this under a simple law called "The Frontier Tribes Regulation". Petitions, generally in vernacular, Urdu or Persian, would come into my office when I would dictate to my vernacular clerk a simple statement of the issues involved and call on the jirga to hear the evidence and formulate their opinion as to the guilt or otherwise of the accused if it were a criminal case, or give an opinion on the merits of the plaintiff's case, if it were a civil case. In order to keep tribal custom as uncomplicated as possible, no magistrates or regular police functioned in tribal lands. Any orders or messages I needed to send to the tribes were issued through "Tribal levies" who were paid men raised within the tribe.

There were simple local jirgas which were formed 'ad hoc' to deal with minor local cases. There were also the more senior "District Jirgas" which I would summon to my headquarters being representative of the whole district.

Then the AGG held two "Shahi" or "Royal" jirgas, one in Quetta in the summer, and one in the winter at Sibi, when the AGG moved down with his staff from the Residency in Quetta to his Residency in Sibi. The Shahi jirga was manned by the leading personages of Baluchistan and heard important cases which local or district jirgas had failed to settle.

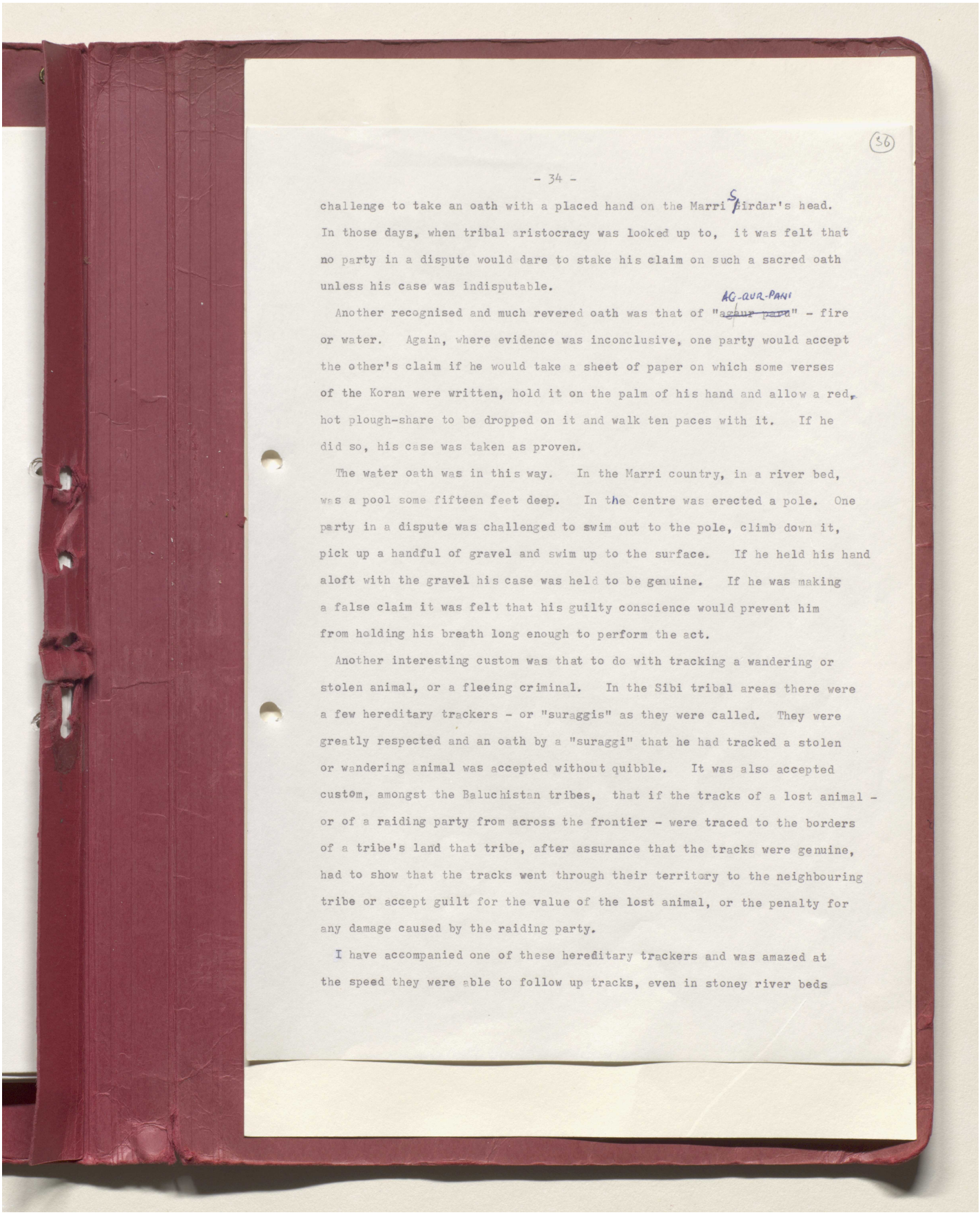
I have mentioned that the Marri Tumandar commanded a certain amount of hereditary sanctity. In some jirgas in the Marri country, where the evidence was not conclusive, I have known the case to be settled by a

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000046



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(36)

challenge to take an oath with a placed hand on the Marri Sirdar's head. In those days, when tribal aristocracy was looked up to, it was felt that no party in a dispute would dare to stake his claim on such a sacred oath unless his case was indisputable.

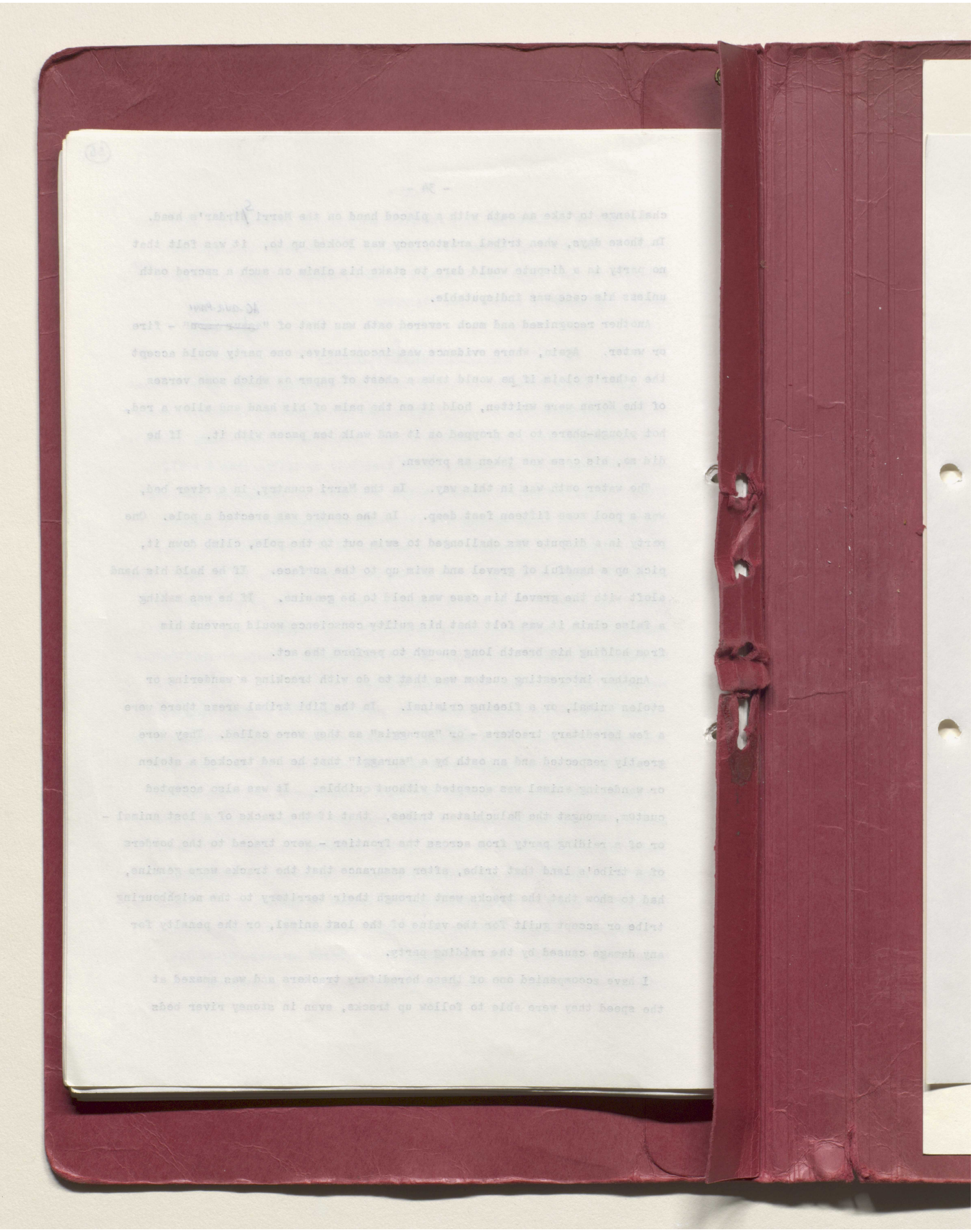
Another recognised and much revered oath was that of "~~agaur pani~~" AG-GUR-PANI - fire or water. Again, where evidence was inconclusive, one party would accept the other's claim if he would take a sheet of paper on which some verses of the Koran were written, hold it on the palm of his hand and allow a red, hot plough-share to be dropped on it and walk ten paces with it. If he did so, his case was taken as proven.

The water oath was in this way. In the Marri country, in a river bed, was a pool some fifteen feet deep. In the centre was erected a pole. One party in a dispute was challenged to swim out to the pole, climb down it, pick up a handful of gravel and swim up to the surface. If he held his hand aloft with the gravel his case was held to be genuine. If he was making a false claim it was felt that his guilty conscience would prevent him from holding his breath long enough to perform the act.

Another interesting custom was that to do with tracking a wandering or stolen animal, or a fleeing criminal. In the Sibi tribal areas there were a few hereditary trackers - or "suraggis" as they were called. They were greatly respected and an oath by a "suraggi" that he had tracked a stolen or wandering animal was accepted without quibble. It was also accepted custom, amongst the Baluchistan tribes, that if the tracks of a lost animal - or of a raiding party from across the frontier - were traced to the borders of a tribe's land that tribe, after assurance that the tracks were genuine, had to show that the tracks went through their territory to the neighbouring tribe or accept guilt for the value of the lost animal, or the penalty for any damage caused by the raiding party.

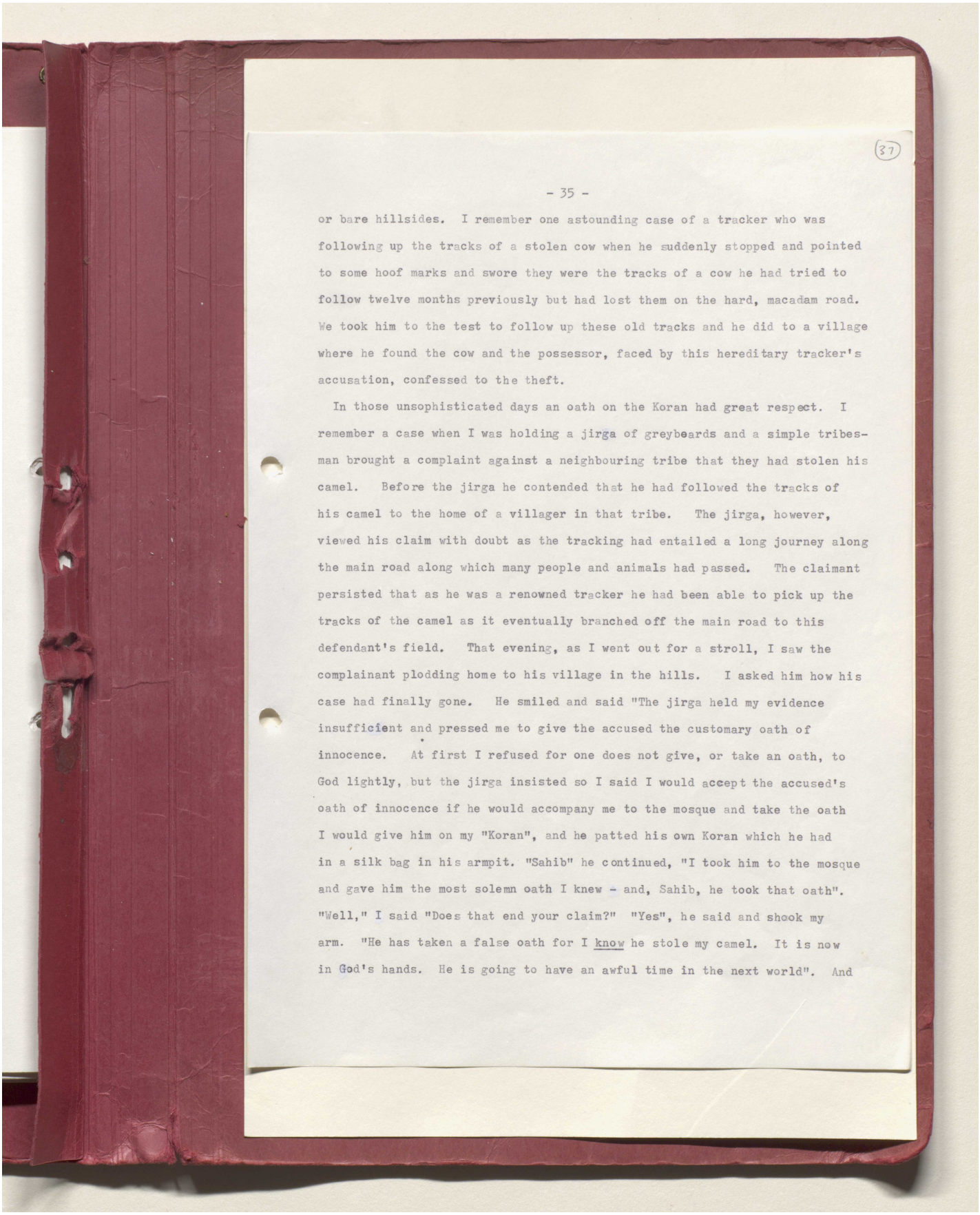
I have accompanied one of these hereditary trackers and was amazed at the speed they were able to follow up tracks, even in stoney river beds

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000048



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

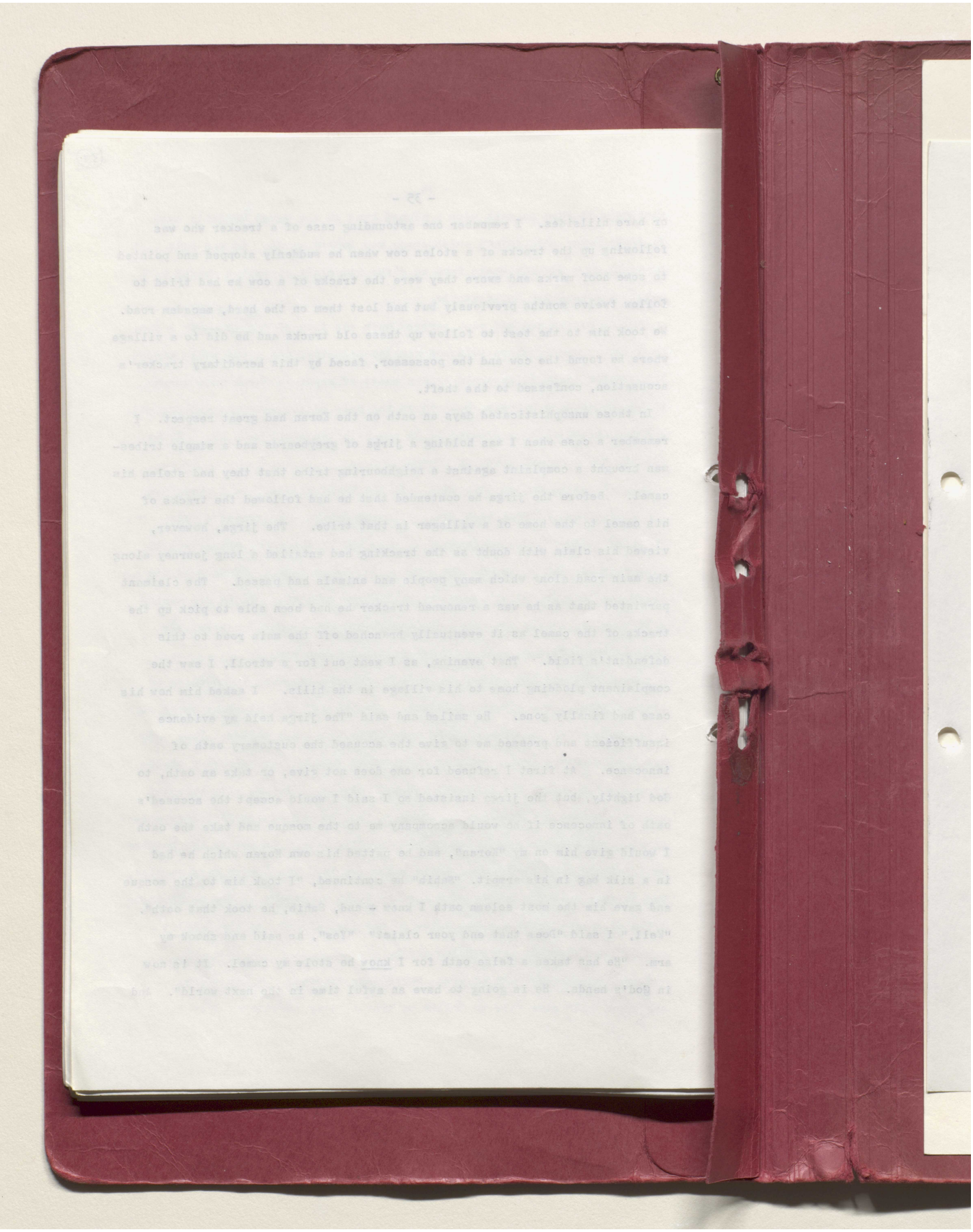
BRITISH LIBRARY



or bare hillsides. I remember one astounding case of a tracker who was following up the tracks of a stolen cow when he suddenly stopped and pointed to some hoof marks and swore they were the tracks of a cow he had tried to follow twelve months previously but had lost them on the hard, macadam road. We took him to the test to follow up these old tracks and he did to a village where he found the cow and the possessor, faced by this hereditary tracker's accusation, confessed to the theft.

In those unsophisticated days an oath on the Koran had great respect. I remember a case when I was holding a jirga of greybeards and a simple tribesman brought a complaint against a neighbouring tribe that they had stolen his camel. Before the jirga he contended that he had followed the tracks of his camel to the home of a villager in that tribe. The jirga, however, viewed his claim with doubt as the tracking had entailed a long journey along the main road along which many people and animals had passed. The claimant persisted that as he was a renowned tracker he had been able to pick up the tracks of the camel as it eventually branched off the main road to this defendant's field. That evening, as I went out for a stroll, I saw the complainant plodding home to his village in the hills. I asked him how his case had finally gone. He smiled and said "The jirga held my evidence insufficient and pressed me to give the accused the customary oath of innocence. At first I refused for one does not give, or take an oath, to God lightly, but the jirga insisted so I said I would accept the accused's oath of innocence if he would accompany me to the mosque and take the oath I would give him on my "Koran", and he patted his own Koran which he had in a silk bag in his armpit. "Sahib" he continued, "I took him to the mosque and gave him the most solemn oath I knew - and, Sahib, he took that oath". "Well," I said "Does that end your claim?" "Yes", he said and shook my arm. "He has taken a false oath for I know he stole my camel. It is now in God's hands. He is going to have an awful time in the next world". And

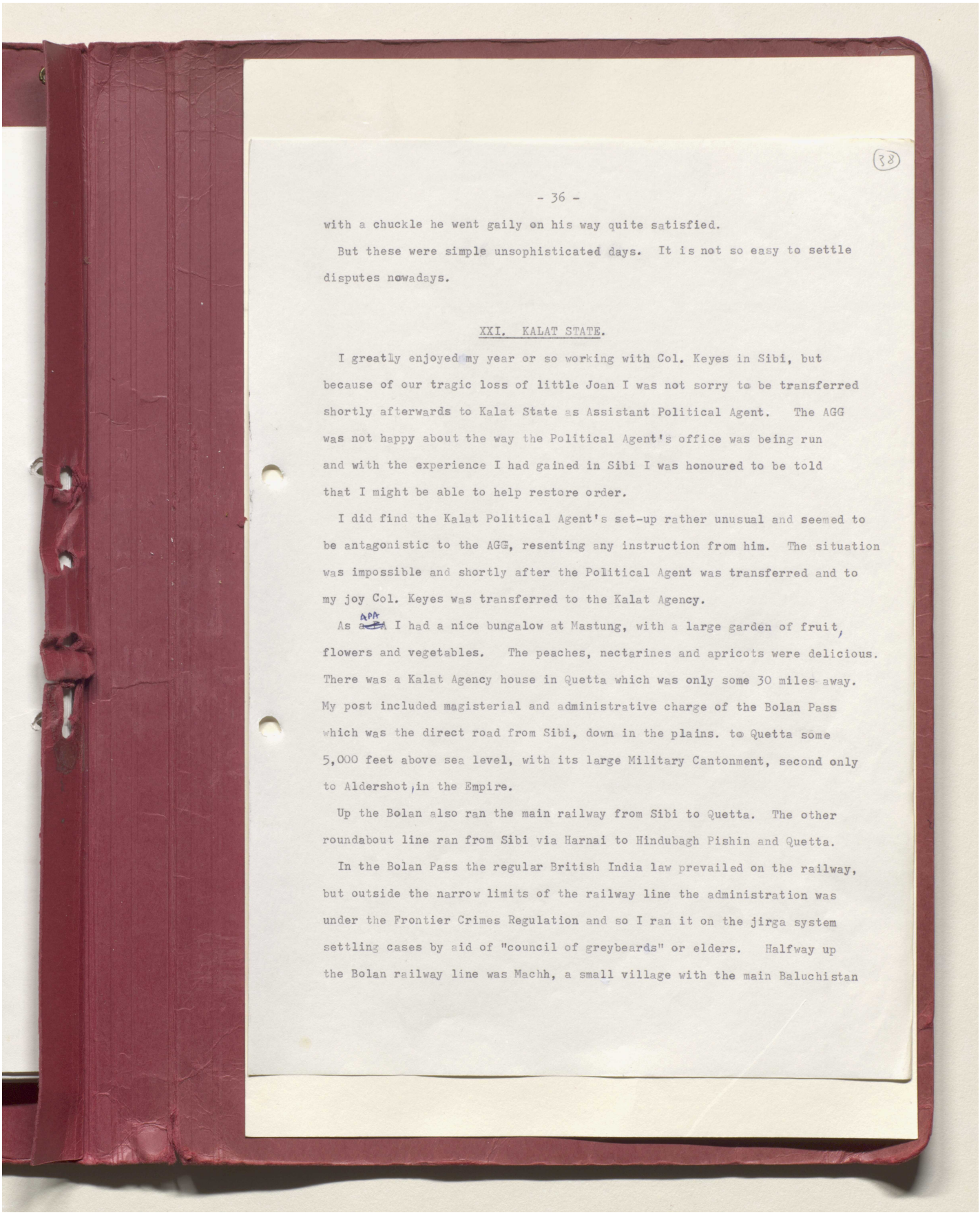
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00004a



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00004b

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



with a chuckle he went gaily on his way quite satisfied.

But these were simple unsophisticated days. It is not so easy to settle disputes nowadays.

XXI. KALAT STATE.

I greatly enjoyed my year or so working with Col. Keyes in Sibi, but because of our tragic loss of little Joan I was not sorry to be transferred shortly afterwards to Kalat State as Assistant Political Agent. The AGG was not happy about the way the Political Agent's office was being run and with the experience I had gained in Sibi I was honoured to be told that I might be able to help restore order.

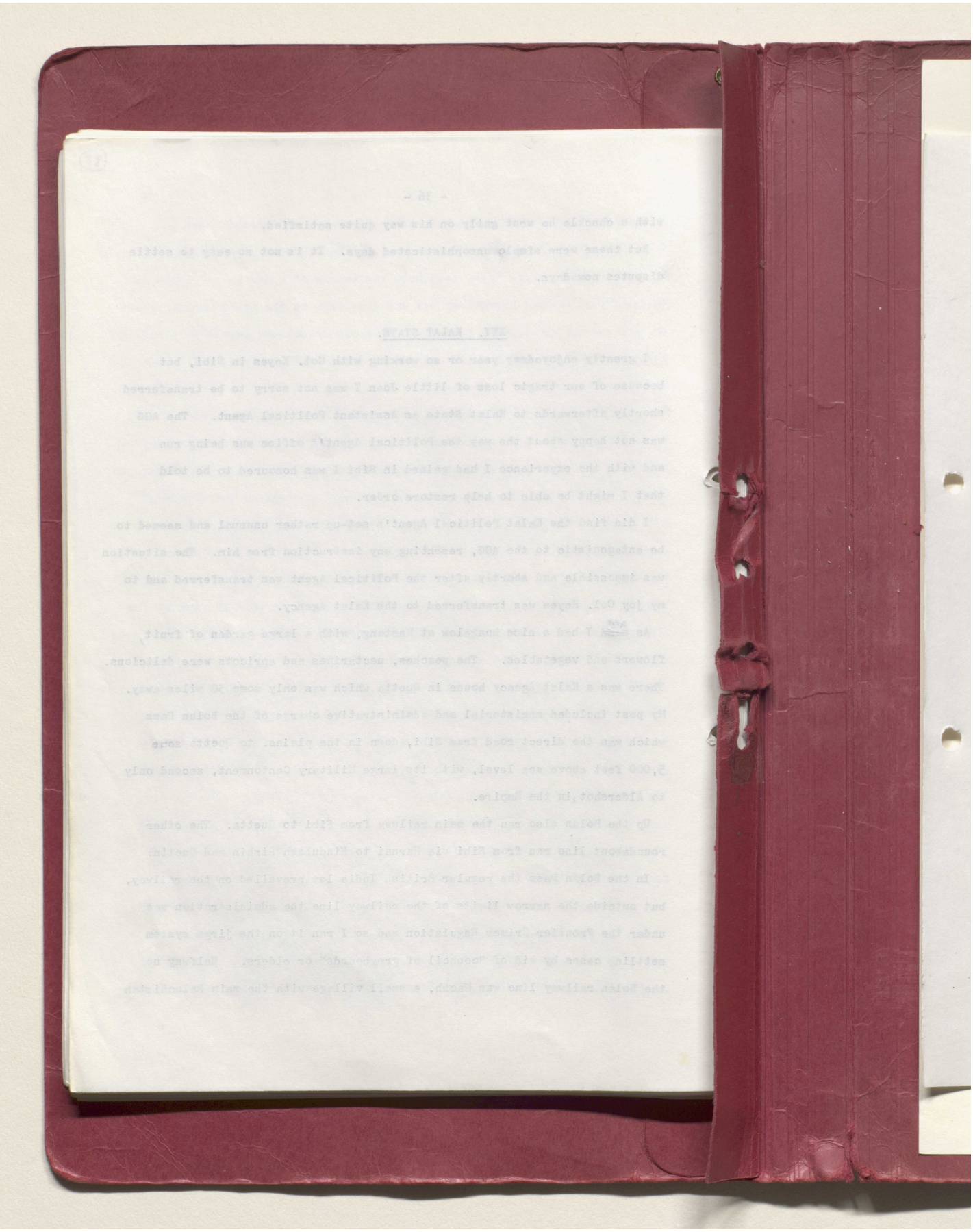
I did find the Kalat Political Agent's set-up rather unusual and seemed to be antagonistic to the AGG, resenting any instruction from him. The situation was impossible and shortly after the Political Agent was transferred and to my joy Col. Keyes was transferred to the Kalat Agency.

As APA I had a nice bungalow at Mastung, with a large garden of fruit, flowers and vegetables. The peaches, nectarines and apricots were delicious. There was a Kalat Agency house in Quetta which was only some 30 miles away. My post included magisterial and administrative charge of the Bolan Pass which was the direct road from Sibi, down in the plains. to Quetta some 5,000 feet above sea level, with its large Military Cantonment, second only to Aldershot, in the Empire.

Up the Bolan also ran the main railway from Sibi to Quetta. The other roundabout line ran from Sibi via Harnai to Hindubagh Pishin and Quetta.

In the Bolan Pass the regular British India law prevailed on the railway, but outside the narrow limits of the railway line the administration was under the Frontier Crimes Regulation and so I ran it on the jirga system settling cases by aid of "council of greybeards" or elders. Halfway up the Bolan railway line was Machh, a small village with the main Baluchistan

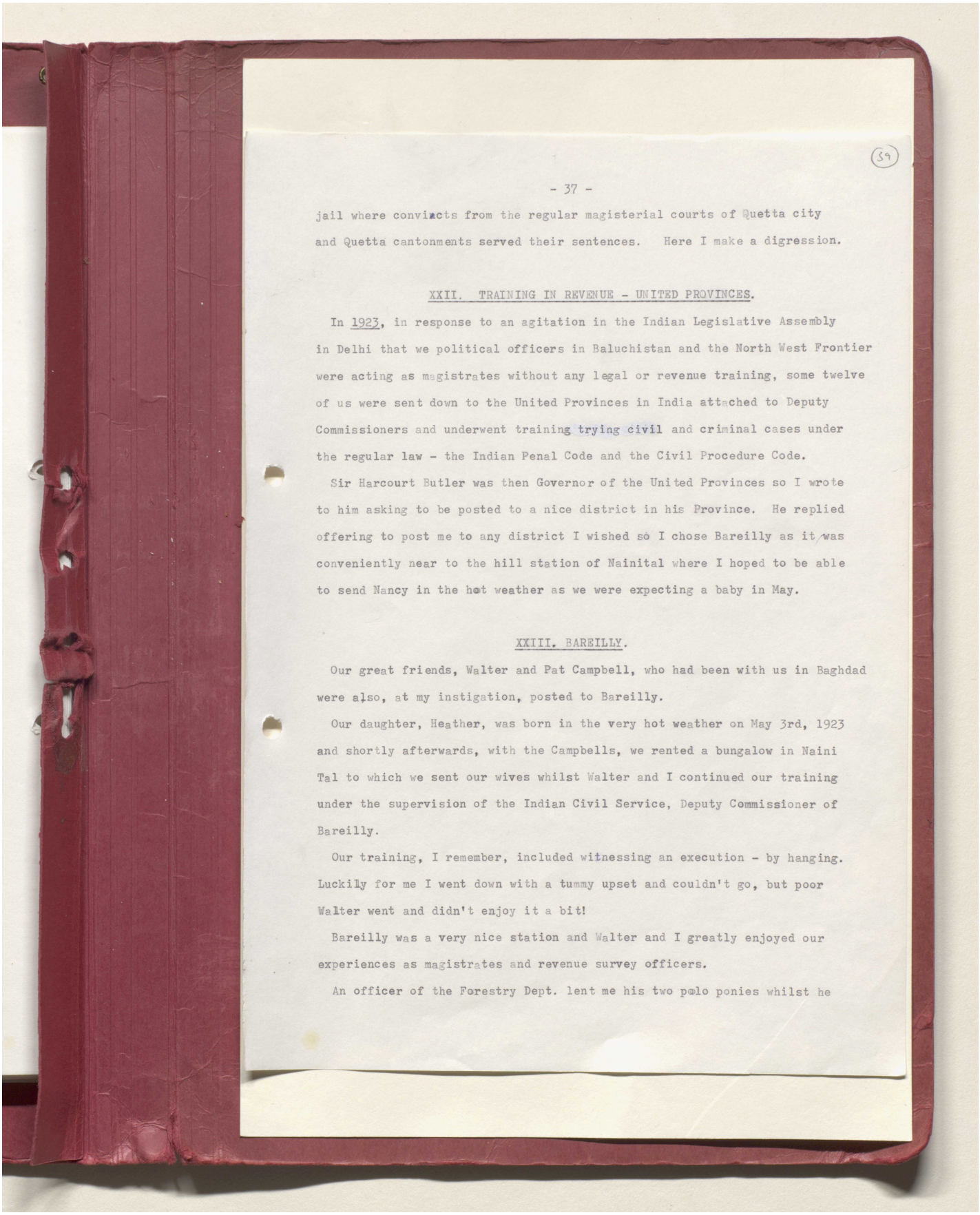
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00004c



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00004d

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



jail where convicts from the regular magisterial courts of Quetta city and Quetta cantonments served their sentences. Here I make a digression.

XXII. TRAINING IN REVENUE - UNITED PROVINCES.

In 1923, in response to an agitation in the Indian Legislative Assembly in Delhi that we political officers in Baluchistan and the North West Frontier were acting as magistrates without any legal or revenue training, some twelve of us were sent down to the United Provinces in India attached to Deputy Commissioners and underwent training trying civil and criminal cases under the regular law - the Indian Penal Code and the Civil Procedure Code.

Sir Harcourt Butler was then Governor of the United Provinces so I wrote to him asking to be posted to a nice district in his Province. He replied offering to post me to any district I wished so I chose Bareilly as it was conveniently near to the hill station of Nainital where I hoped to be able to send Nancy in the hot weather as we were expecting a baby in May.

XXIII. BAREILLY.

Our great friends, Walter and Pat Campbell, who had been with us in Baghdad were also, at my instigation, posted to Bareilly.

Our daughter, Heather, was born in the very hot weather on May 3rd, 1923 and shortly afterwards, with the Campbells, we rented a bungalow in Naini Tal to which we sent our wives whilst Walter and I continued our training under the supervision of the Indian Civil Service, Deputy Commissioner of Bareilly.

Our training, I remember, included witnessing an execution - by hanging. Luckily for me I went down with a tummy upset and couldn't go, but poor Walter went and didn't enjoy it a bit!

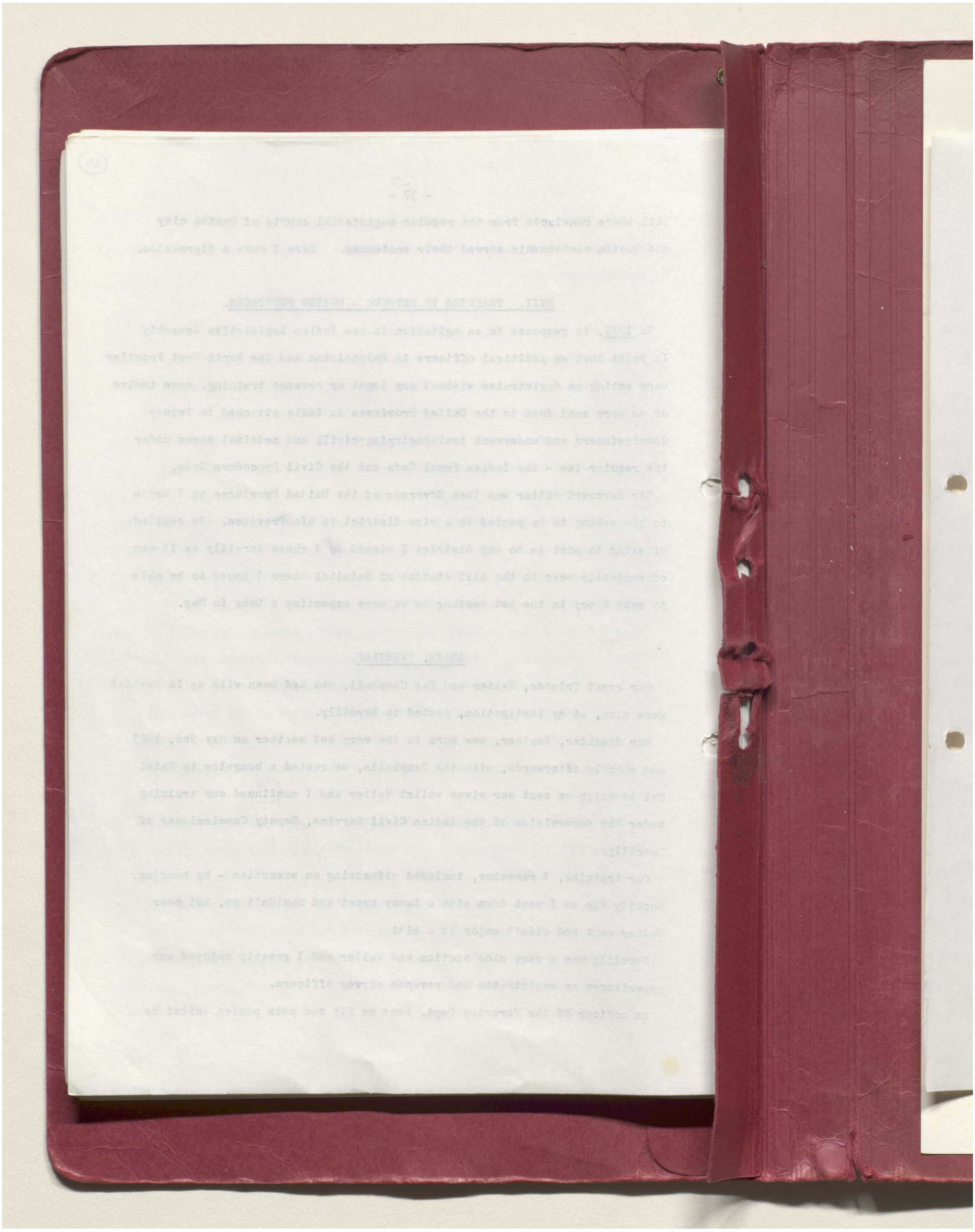
Bareilly was a very nice station and Walter and I greatly enjoyed our experiences as magistrates and revenue survey officers.

An officer of the Forestry Dept. lent me his two polo ponies whilst he

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00004e

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00004f

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

was away on home leave, so I was able to get my beloved polo and, actually, I ran a polo training course for some novices. My polo handicap at that time was five.

XXIV. MORADABAD

Then, for a brief two months, we political officers training in the U.P. were collected at Moradabad, which was then the training centre for young I.C.S. officers. Mr. Stewart, a very capable and experienced I.C.S. Deputy Commissioner, was the officer in charge. We greatly benefited from his instructions.

Here, too, the Campbells and we rented jointly a bungalow and I think it says much for our friendship that we were able to live so close together - Pat Campbell with her baby Cecily, and Nancy with our baby, Heather, both families very hard up, as we were on the bottom grade of the salary scale, and never a cross word passed between us. Everything comes to an end. It must have been in March, 1924, that we finished our training in the U.P. and returned to Baluchistan.

We were so poor that we reserved a second-class compartment on the train back to Sibi. Poor Walter went down with malaria and spent the wearisome twenty-four hour journey back to Sibi lying sweating and shaking on the upper bunk of the compartment.

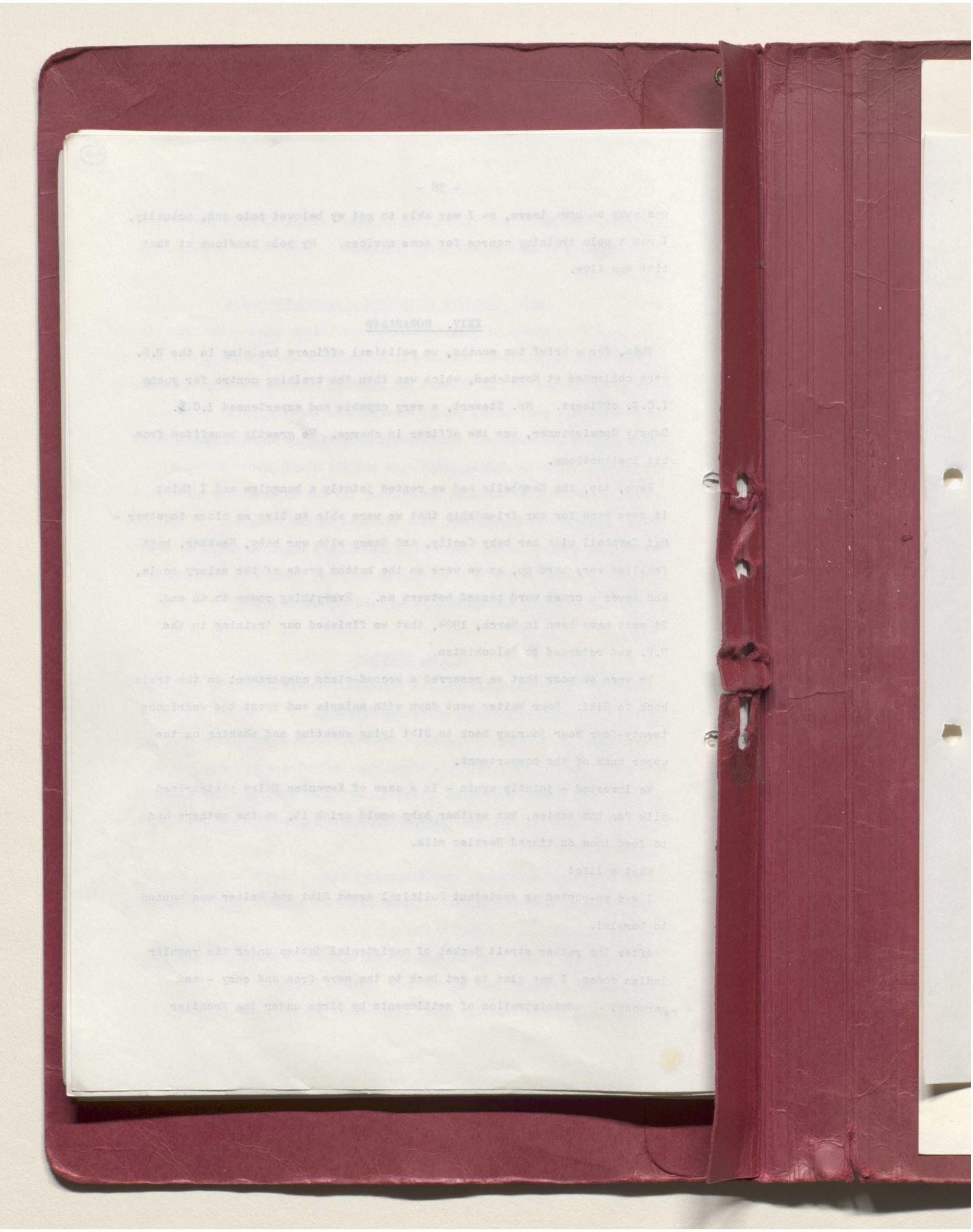
We invested - jointly again - in a case of Keventer Dairy pasteurised milk for the babies, but neither baby would drink it, so the mothers had to feed them on tinned Nestles milk.

What a life!

I was re-posted as Assistant Political Agent Sibi and Walter was posted to Loralai.

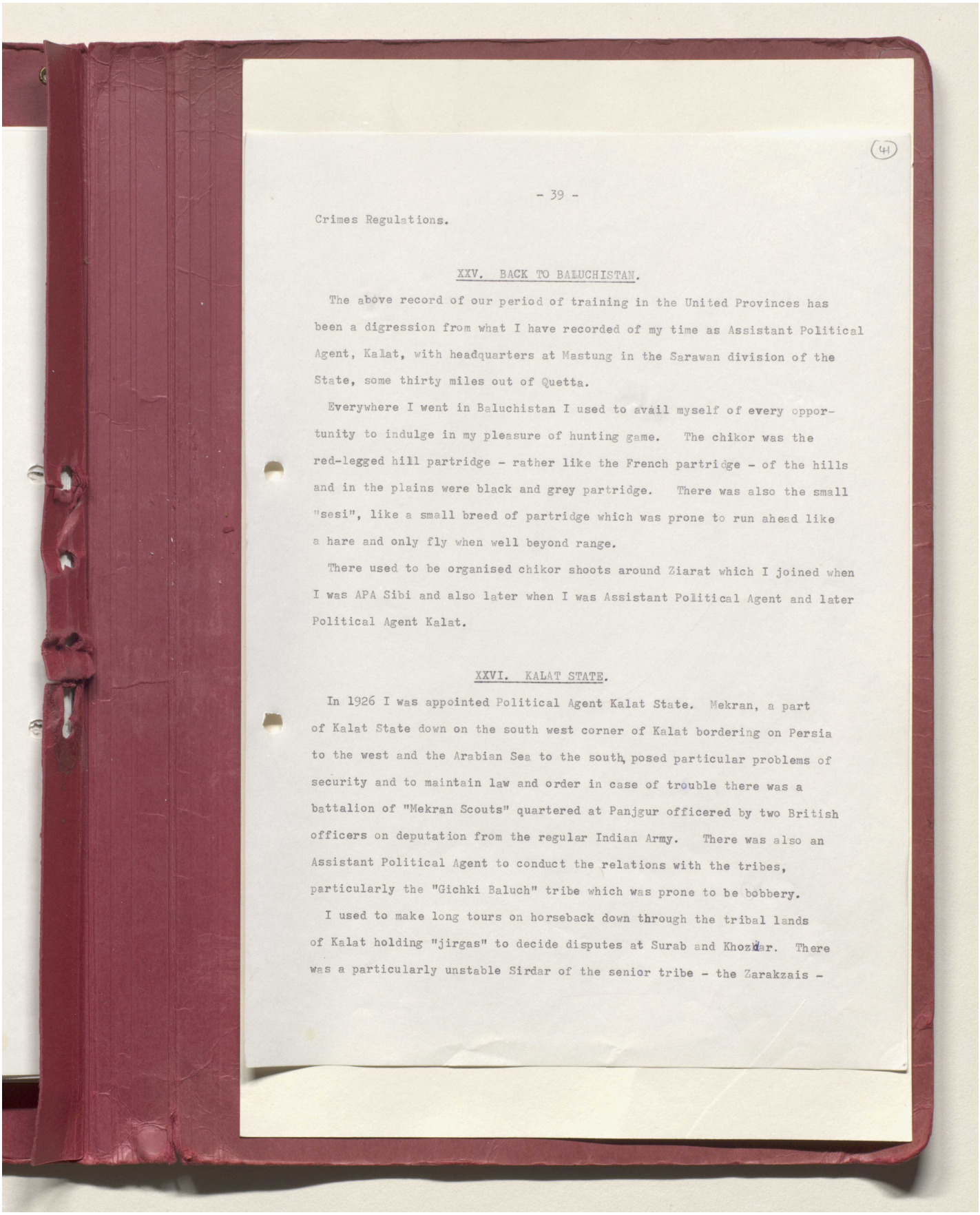
After the rather strait jacket of magisterial duties under the regular Indian codes, I was glad to get back to the more free and easy - and personal - administration of settlements by jirga under the Frontier

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000050



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Crimes Regulations.

XXV. BACK TO BALUCHISTAN.

The above record of our period of training in the United Provinces has been a digression from what I have recorded of my time as Assistant Political Agent, Kalat, with headquarters at Mastung in the Sarawan division of the State, some thirty miles out of Quetta.

Everywhere I went in Baluchistan I used to avail myself of every opportunity to indulge in my pleasure of hunting game. The chikor was the red-legged hill partridge - rather like the French partridge - of the hills and in the plains were black and grey partridge. There was also the small "sesi", like a small breed of partridge which was prone to run ahead like a hare and only fly when well beyond range.

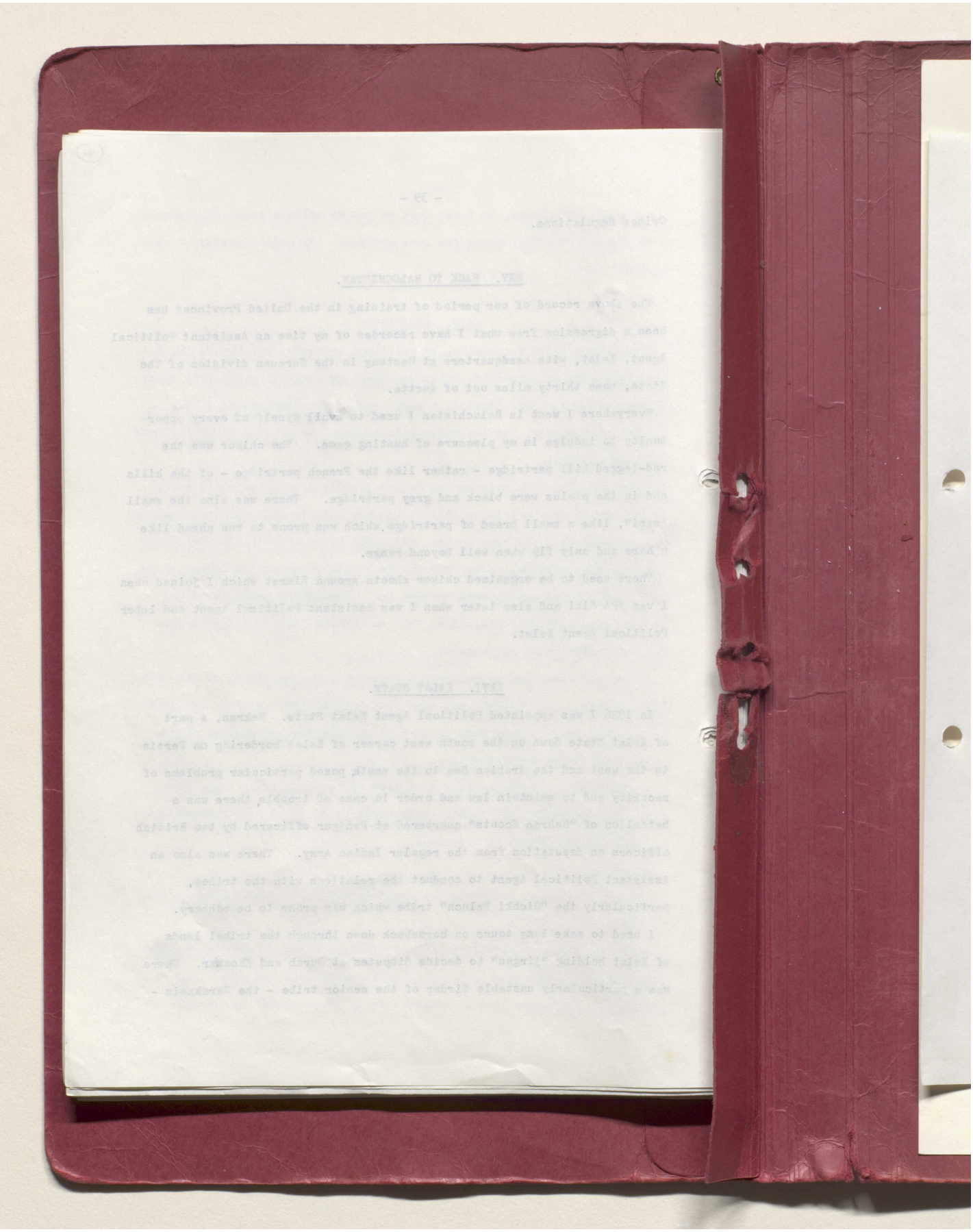
There used to be organised chikor shoots around Ziarat which I joined when I was APA Sibi and also later when I was Assistant Political Agent and later Political Agent Kalat.

XXVI. KALAT STATE.

In 1926 I was appointed Political Agent Kalat State. Mekran, a part of Kalat State down on the south west corner of Kalat bordering on Persia to the west and the Arabian Sea to the south, posed particular problems of security and to maintain law and order in case of trouble there was a battalion of "Mekran Scouts" quartered at Panjgur officered by two British officers on deputation from the regular Indian Army. There was also an Assistant Political Agent to conduct the relations with the tribes, particularly the "Gichki Baluch" tribe which was prone to be bobbery.

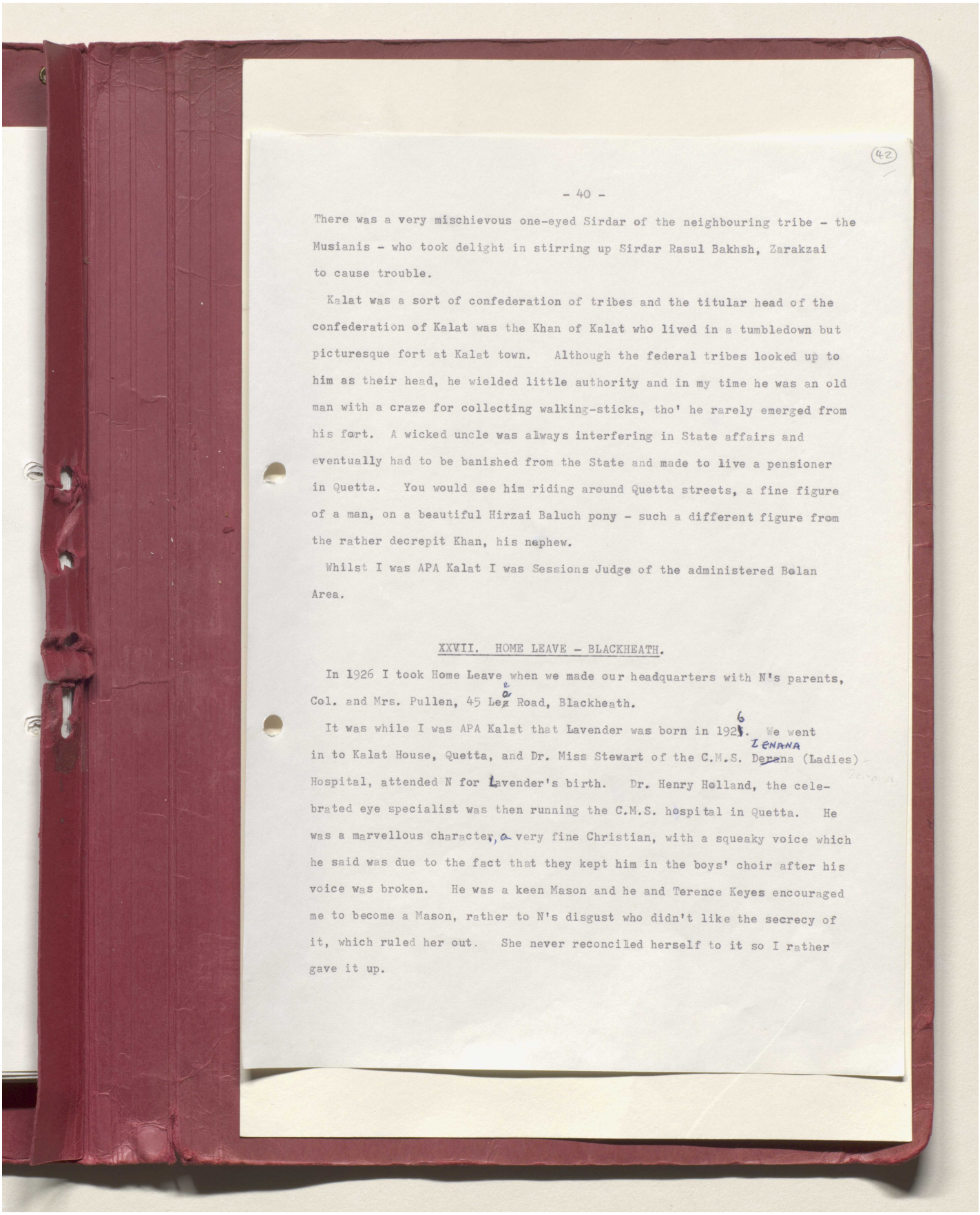
I used to make long tours on horseback down through the tribal lands of Kalat holding "jirgas" to decide disputes at Surab and Khozdar. There was a particularly unstable Sirdar of the senior tribe - the Zarakzais -

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000052



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



There was a very mischievous one-eyed Sirdar of the neighbouring tribe - the Musianis - who took delight in stirring up Sirdar Rasul Bakhsh, Zarakzai to cause trouble.

Kalat was a sort of confederation of tribes and the titular head of the confederation of Kalat was the Khan of Kalat who lived in a tumbledown but picturesque fort at Kalat town. Although the federal tribes looked up to him as their head, he wielded little authority and in my time he was an old man with a craze for collecting walking-sticks, tho' he rarely emerged from his fort. A wicked uncle was always interfering in State affairs and eventually had to be banished from the State and made to live a pensioner in Quetta. You would see him riding around Quetta streets, a fine figure of a man, on a beautiful Hirzai Baluch pony - such a different figure from the rather decrepit Khan, his nephew.

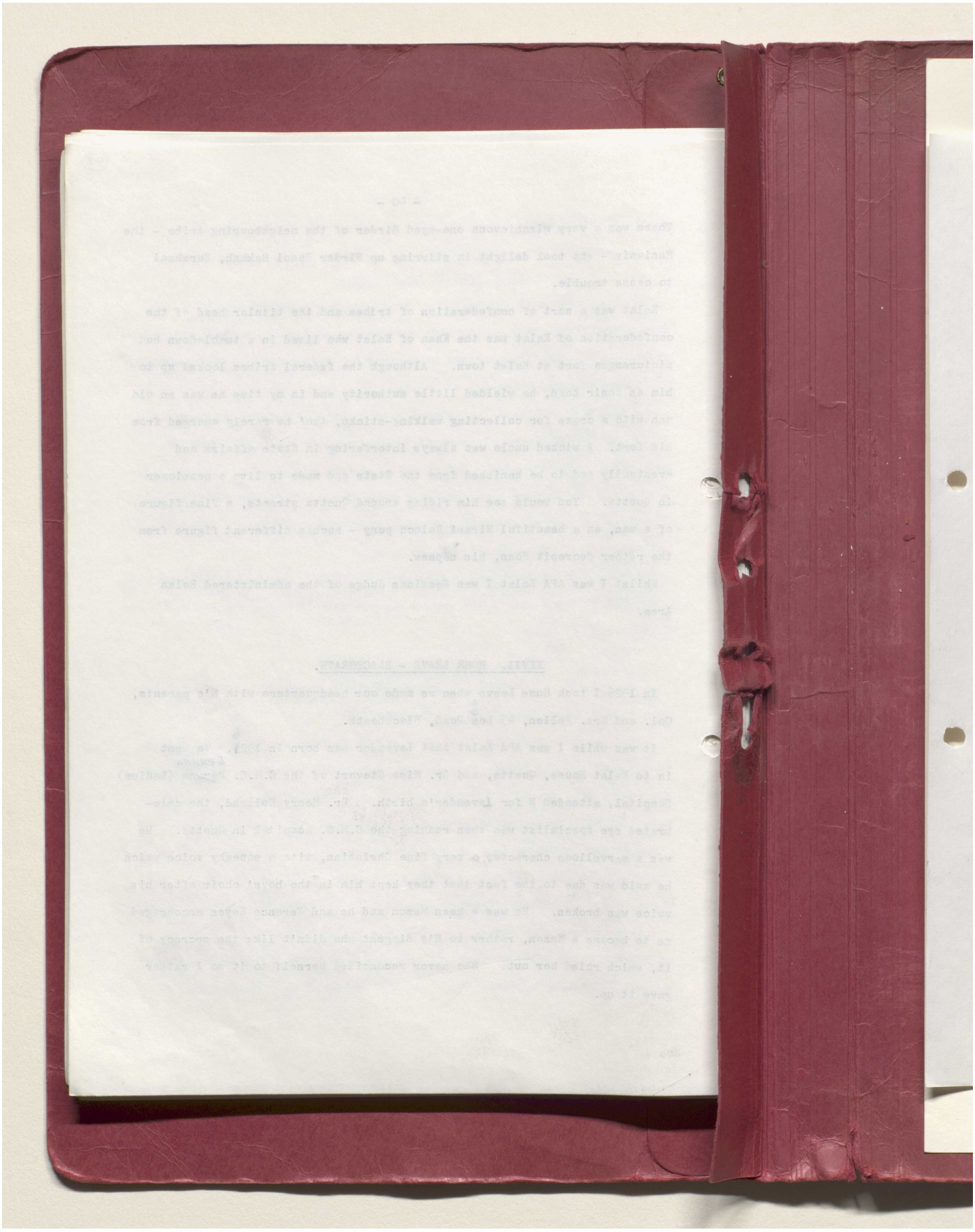
Whilst I was APA Kalat I was Sessions Judge of the administered Bolan Area.

XXVII. HOME LEAVE - BLACKHEATH.

In 1926 I took Home Leave when we made our headquarters with N's parents, Col. and Mrs. Pullen, 45 Lee Road, Blackheath.

It was while I was APA Kalat that Lavender was born in 1926. We went in to Kalat House, Quetta, and Dr. Miss Stewart of the C.M.S. Zenana (Ladies) Hospital, attended N for Lavender's birth. Dr. Henry Holland, the celebrated eye specialist was then running the C.M.S. hospital in Quetta. He was a marvellous character, a very fine Christian, with a squeaky voice which he said was due to the fact that they kept him in the boys' choir after his voice was broken. He was a keen Mason and he and Terence Keyes encouraged me to become a Mason, rather to N's disgust who didn't like the secrecy of it, which ruled her out. She never reconciled herself to it so I rather gave it up.

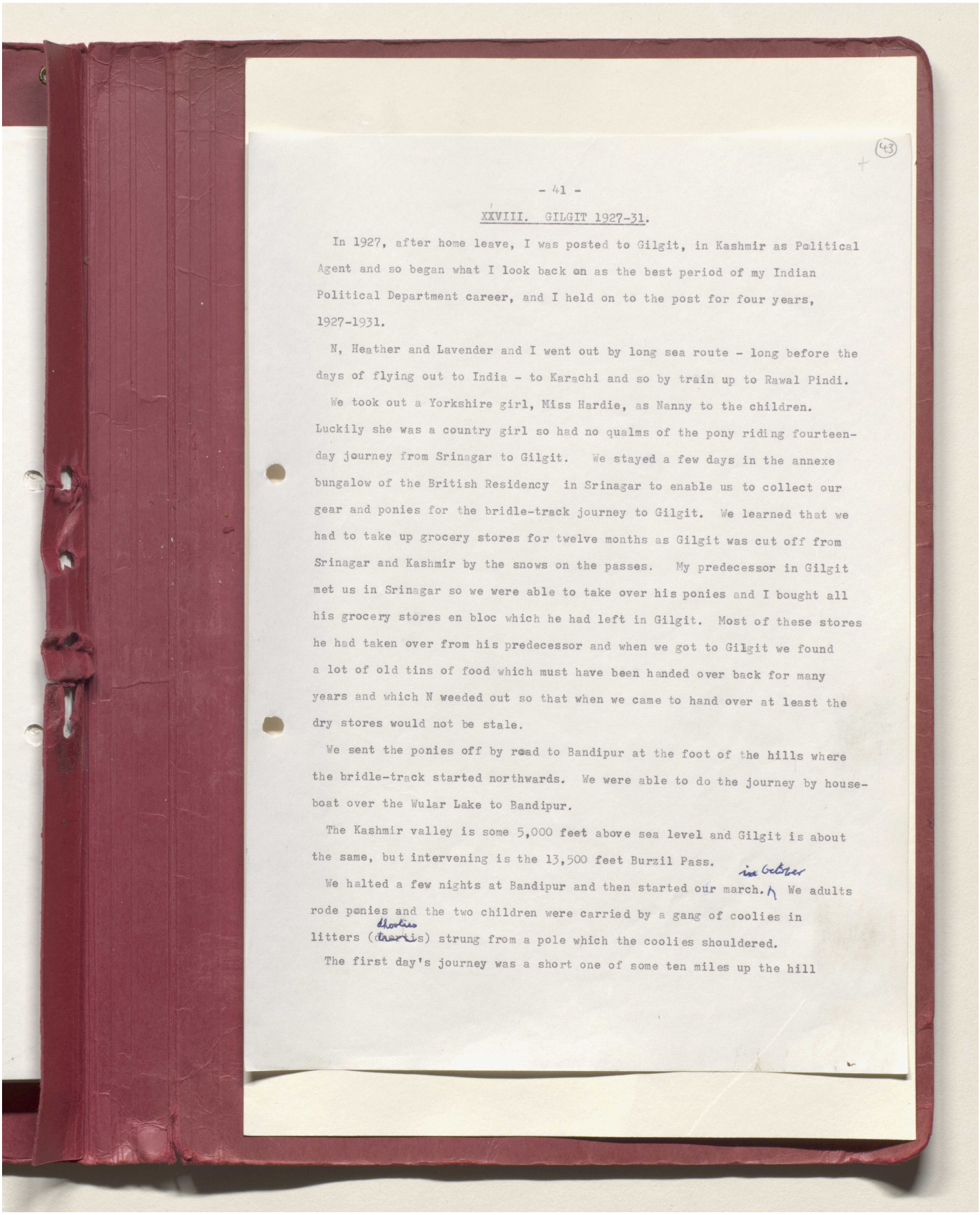
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000054



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000055

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(43)

XXVIII. GILGIT 1927-31.

In 1927, after home leave, I was posted to Gilgit, in Kashmir as Political Agent and so began what I look back on as the best period of my Indian Political Department career, and I held on to the post for four years, 1927-1931.

N, Heather and Lavender and I went out by long sea route - long before the days of flying out to India - to Karachi and so by train up to Rawal Pindi.

We took out a Yorkshire girl, Miss Hardie, as Nanny to the children. Luckily she was a country girl so had no qualms of the pony riding fourteen-day journey from Srinagar to Gilgit. We stayed a few days in the annexe bungalow of the British Residency in Srinagar to enable us to collect our gear and ponies for the bridle-track journey to Gilgit. We learned that we had to take up grocery stores for twelve months as Gilgit was cut off from Srinagar and Kashmir by the snows on the passes. My predecessor in Gilgit met us in Srinagar so we were able to take over his ponies and I bought all his grocery stores en bloc which he had left in Gilgit. Most of these stores he had taken over from his predecessor and when we got to Gilgit we found a lot of old tins of food which must have been handed over back for many years and which N weeded out so that when we came to hand over at least the dry stores would not be stale.

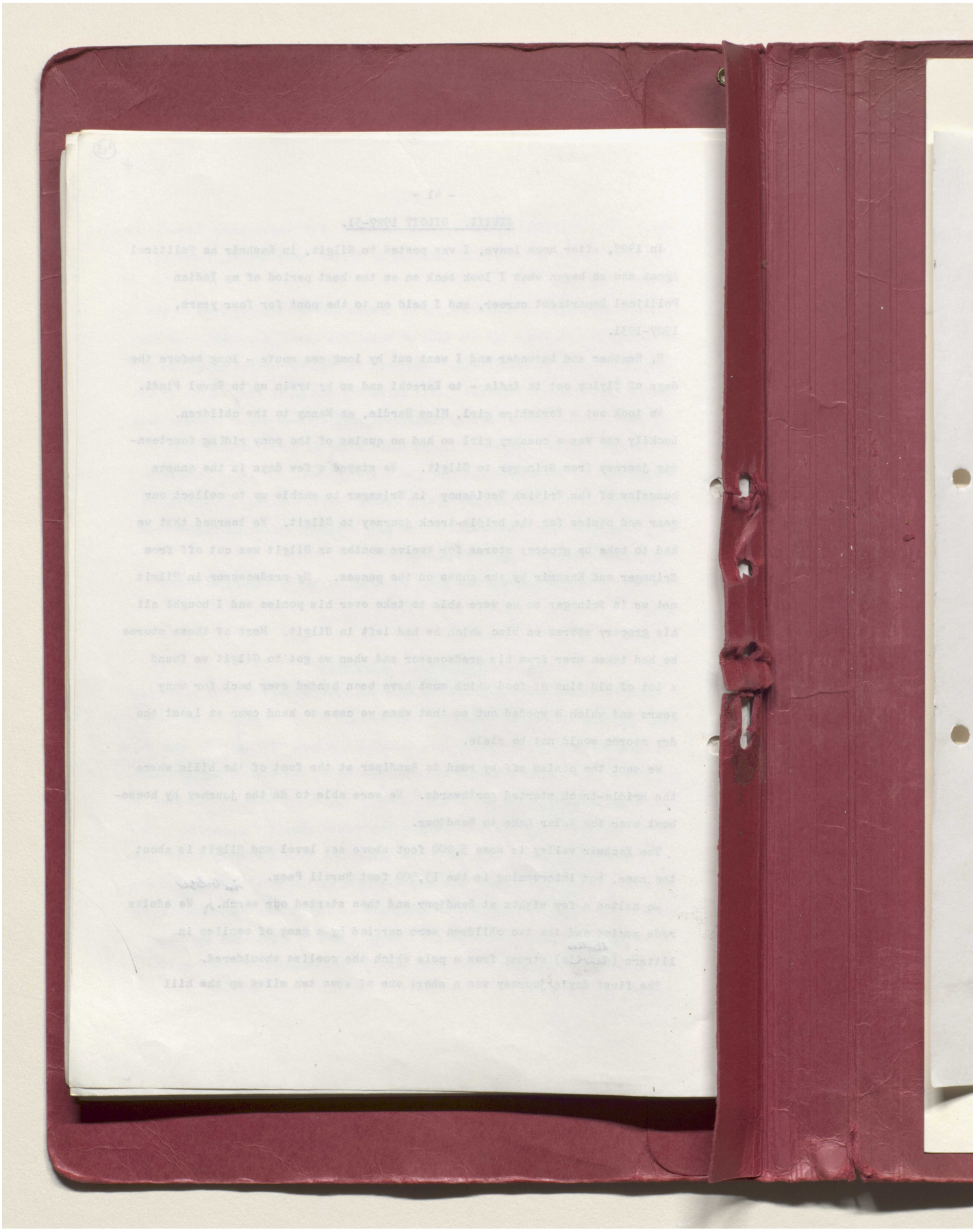
We sent the ponies off by road to Bandipur at the foot of the hills where the bridle-track started northwards. We were able to do the journey by house-boat over the Wular Lake to Bandipur.

The Kashmir valley is some 5,000 feet above sea level and Gilgit is about the same, but intervening is the 13,500 feet Burzil Pass.

We halted a few nights at Bandipur and then started our march in October. We adults rode ponies and the two children were carried by a gang of coolies in litters (dhoolies) strung from a pole which the coolies shouldered.

The first day's journey was a short one of some ten miles up the hill

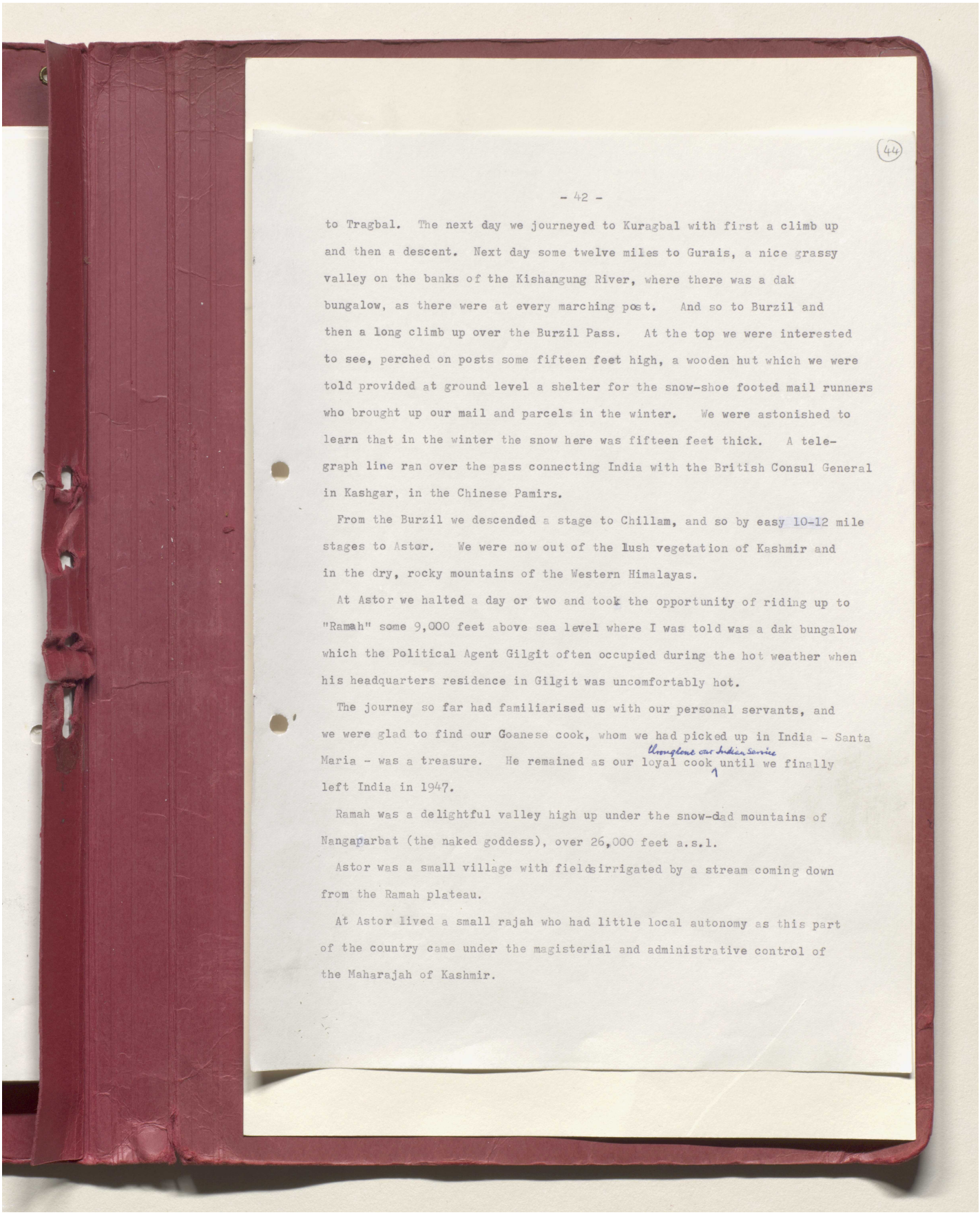
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000056



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000057

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



to Tragbal. The next day we journeyed to Kuragbal with first a climb up and then a descent. Next day some twelve miles to Gurais, a nice grassy valley on the banks of the Kishangung River, where there was a dak bungalow, as there were at every marching post. And so to Burzil and then a long climb up over the Burzil Pass. At the top we were interested to see, perched on posts some fifteen feet high, a wooden hut which we were told provided at ground level a shelter for the snow-shoe footed mail runners who brought up our mail and parcels in the winter. We were astonished to learn that in the winter the snow here was fifteen feet thick. A telegraph line ran over the pass connecting India with the British Consul General in Kashgar, in the Chinese Pamirs.

From the Burzil we descended a stage to Chillam, and so by easy 10-12 mile stages to Astor. We were now out of the lush vegetation of Kashmir and in the dry, rocky mountains of the Western Himalayas.

At Astor we halted a day or two and took the opportunity of riding up to "Ramah" some 9,000 feet above sea level where I was told was a dak bungalow which the Political Agent Gilgit often occupied during the hot weather when his headquarters residence in Gilgit was uncomfortably hot.

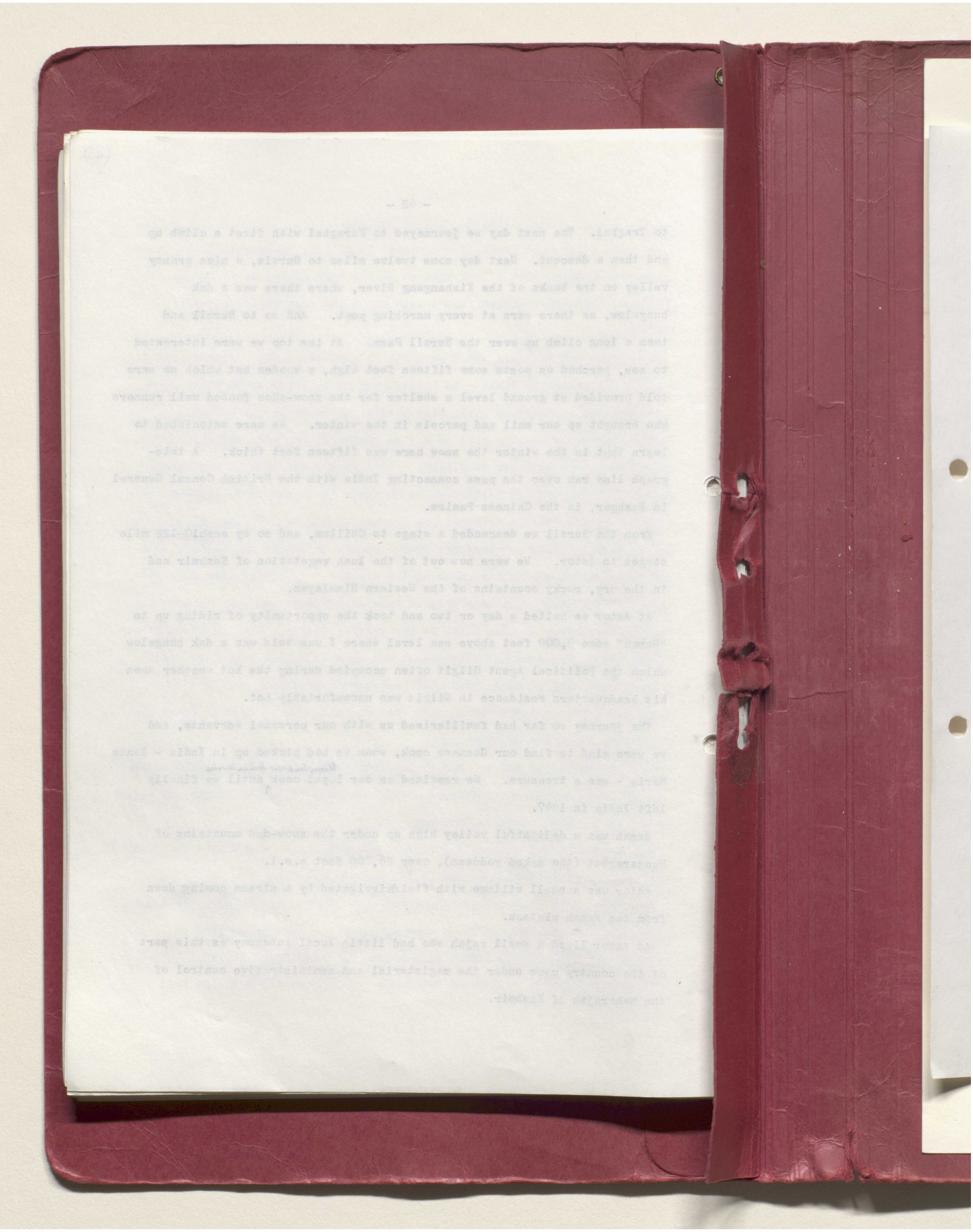
The journey so far had familiarised us with our personal servants, and we were glad to find our Goanese cook, whom we had picked up in India - Santa Maria - was a treasure. He remained as our loyal cook until we finally left India in 1947.

Ramah was a delightful valley high up under the snow-clad mountains of Nangaparbat (the naked goddess), over 26,000 feet a.s.l.

Astor was a small village with fields irrigated by a stream coming down from the Ramah plateau.

At Astor lived a small rajah who had little local autonomy as this part of the country came under the magisterial and administrative control of the Maharajah of Kashmir.

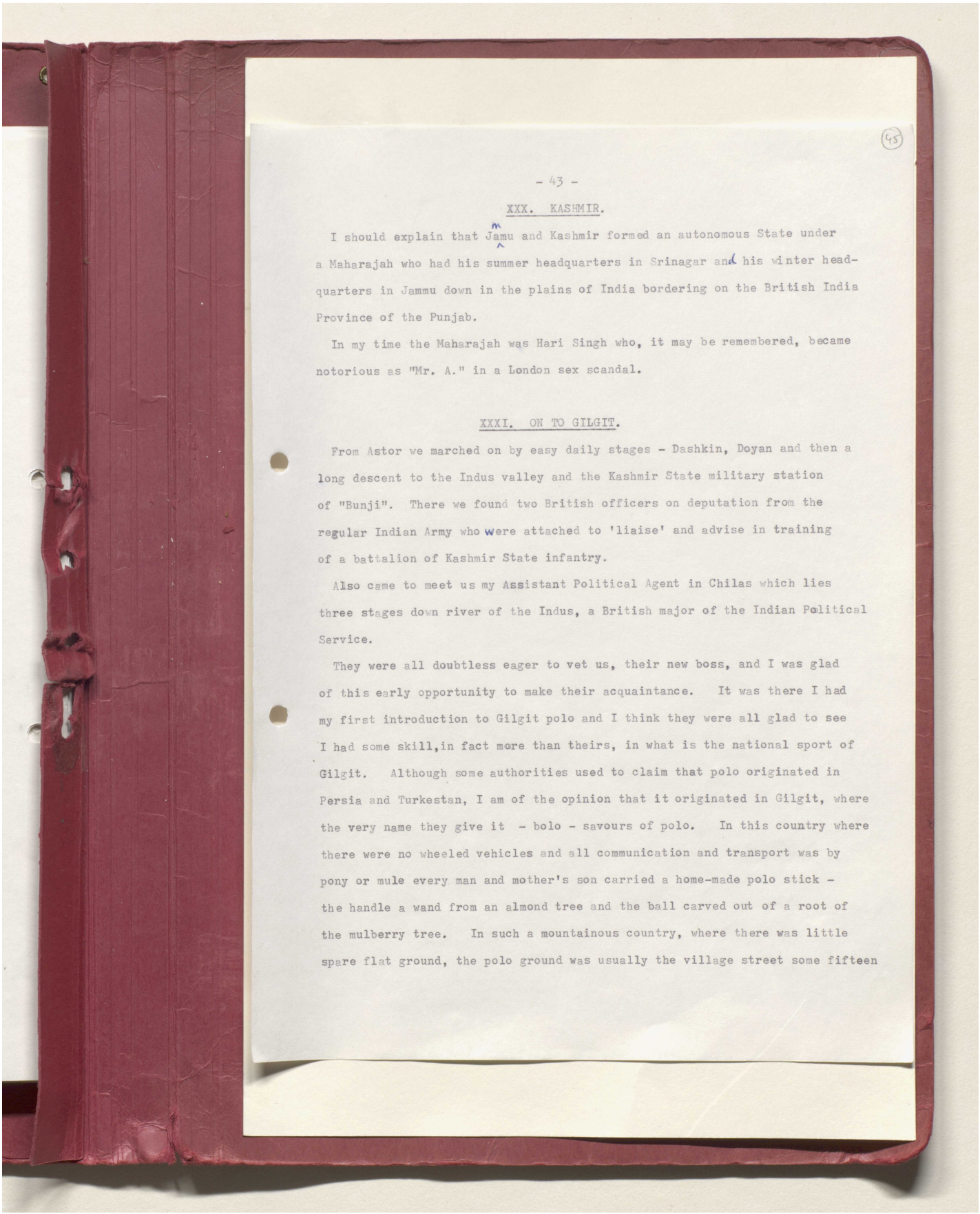
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000058



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000059

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



XXX. KASHMIR.

I should explain that Jamu and Kashmir formed an autonomous State under a Maharajah who had his summer headquarters in Srinagar and his winter headquarters in Jammu down in the plains of India bordering on the British India Province of the Punjab.

In my time the Maharajah was Hari Singh who, it may be remembered, became notorious as "Mr. A." in a London sex scandal.

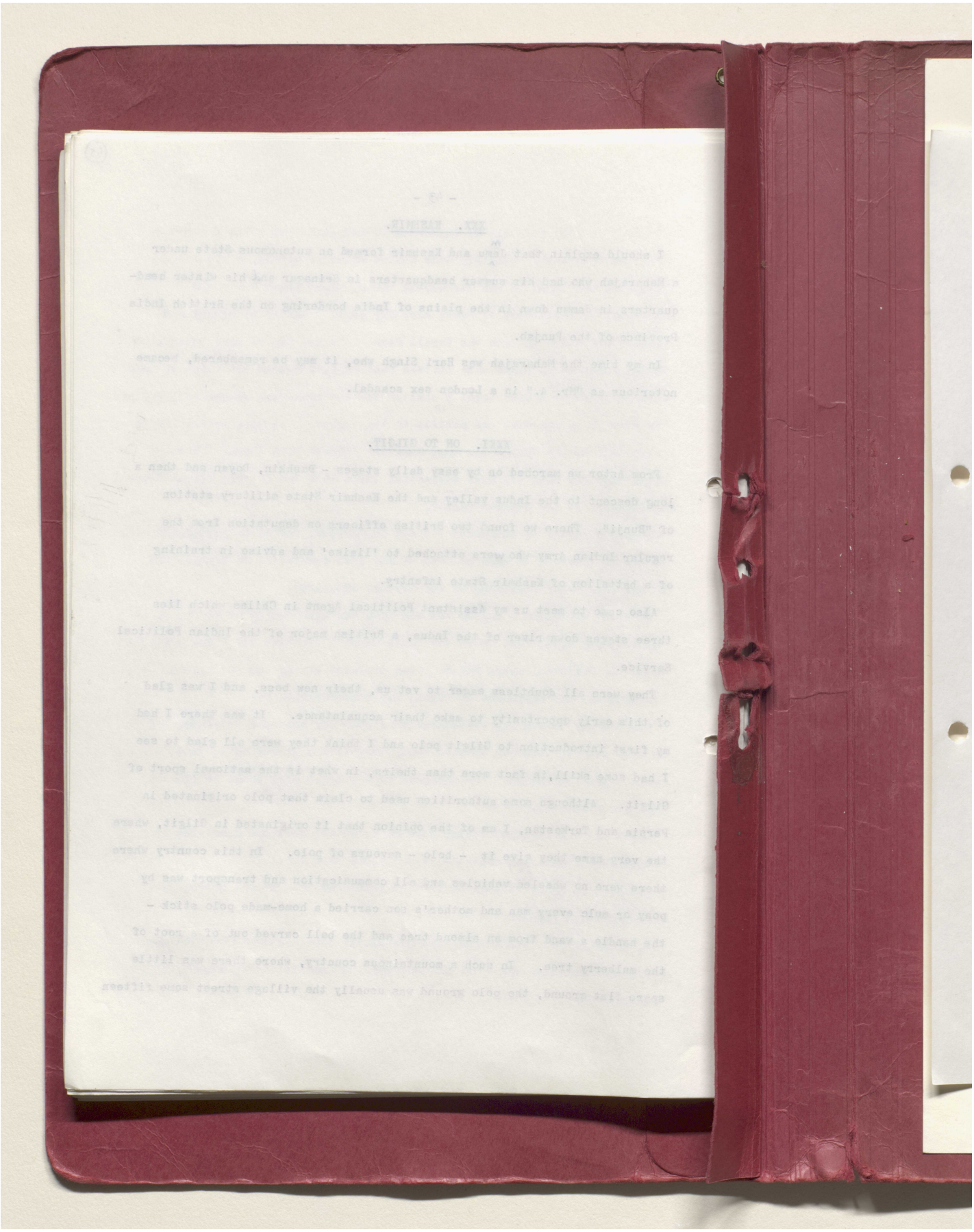
XXXI. ON TO GILGIT.

From Astor we marched on by easy daily stages - Dashkin, Doyan and then a long descent to the Indus valley and the Kashmir State military station of "Bunji". There we found two British officers on deputation from the regular Indian Army who were attached to 'liaise' and advise in training of a battalion of Kashmir State infantry.

Also came to meet us my Assistant Political Agent in Chilas which lies three stages down river of the Indus, a British major of the Indian Political Service.

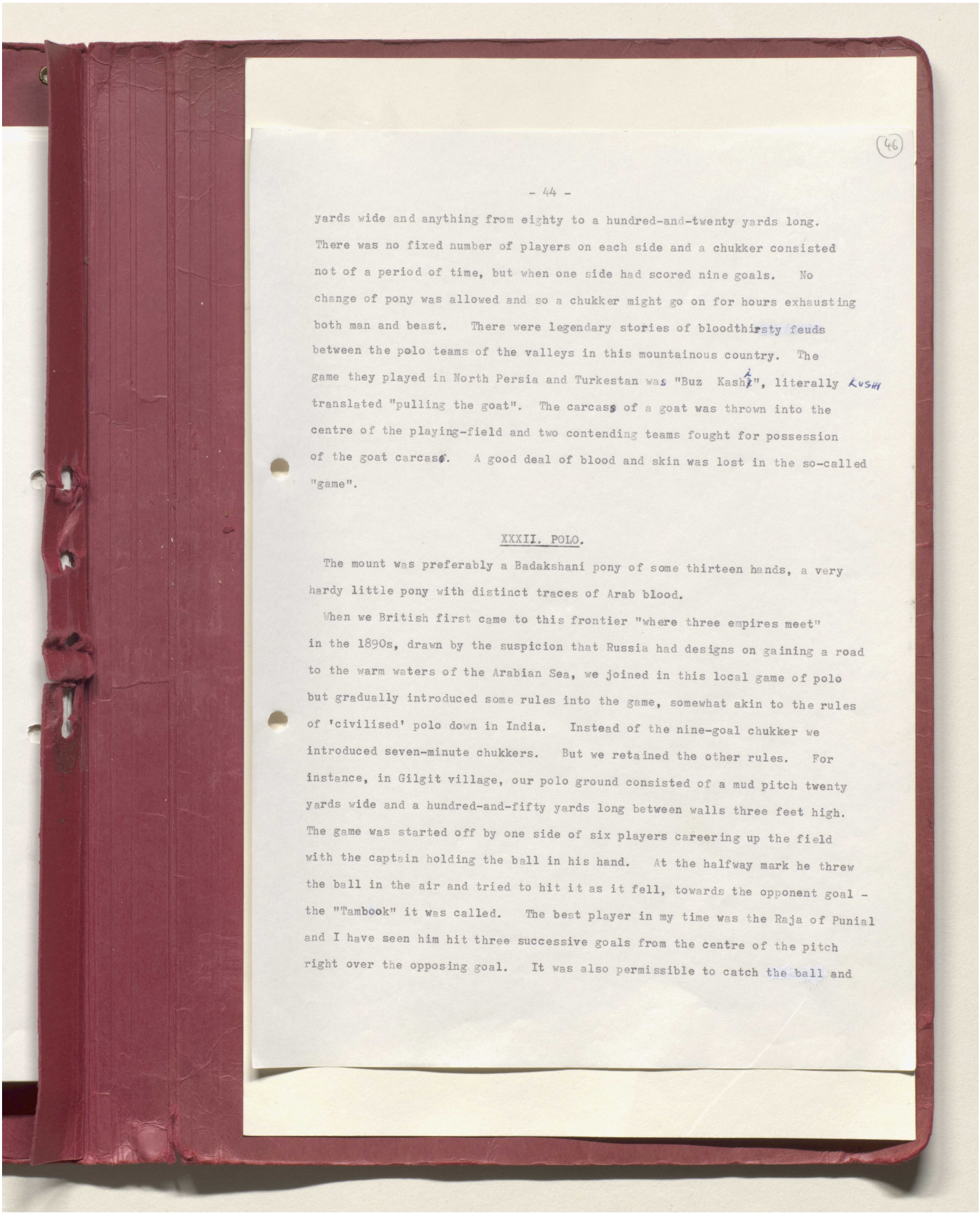
They were all doubtless eager to vet us, their new boss, and I was glad of this early opportunity to make their acquaintance. It was there I had my first introduction to Gilgit polo and I think they were all glad to see I had some skill, in fact more than theirs, in what is the national sport of Gilgit. Although some authorities used to claim that polo originated in Persia and Turkestan, I am of the opinion that it originated in Gilgit, where the very name they give it - bolo - savours of polo. In this country where there were no wheeled vehicles and all communication and transport was by pony or mule every man and mother's son carried a home-made polo stick - the handle a wand from an almond tree and the ball carved out of a root of the mulberry tree. In such a mountainous country, where there was little spare flat ground, the polo ground was usually the village street some fifteen

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00005a



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



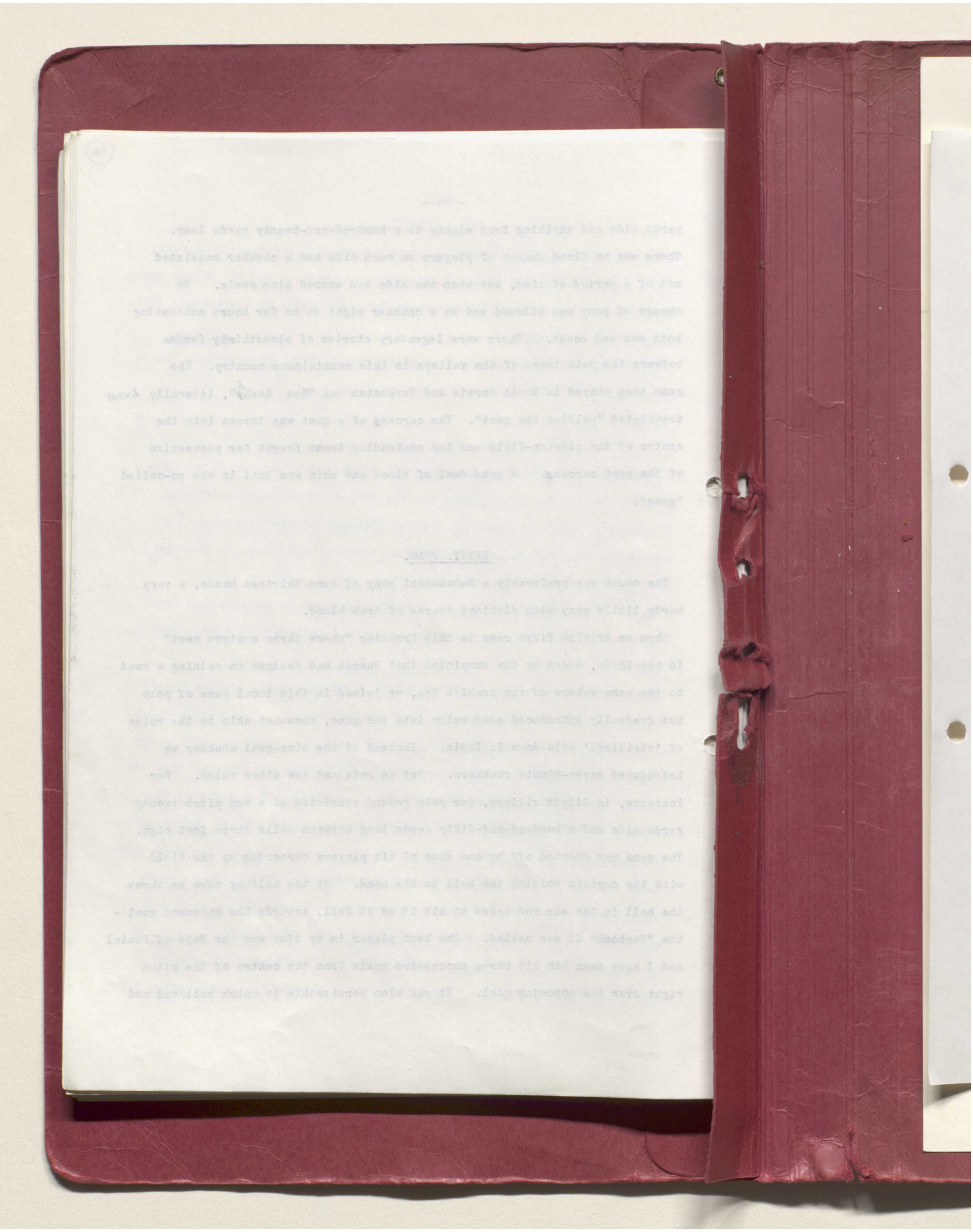
yards wide and anything from eighty to a hundred-and-twenty yards long. There was no fixed number of players on each side and a chukker consisted not of a period of time, but when one side had scored nine goals. No change of pony was allowed and so a chukker might go on for hours exhausting both man and beast. There were legendary stories of bloodthirsty feuds between the polo teams of the valleys in this mountainous country. The game they played in North Persia and Turkestan was "Buz Kashi", literally KUSHI translated "pulling the goat". The carcass of a goat was thrown into the centre of the playing-field and two contending teams fought for possession of the goat carcass. A good deal of blood and skin was lost in the so-called "game".

XXXII. POLO.

The mount was preferably a Badakshani pony of some thirteen hands, a very hardy little pony with distinct traces of Arab blood.

When we British first came to this frontier "where three empires meet" in the 1890s, drawn by the suspicion that Russia had designs on gaining a road to the warm waters of the Arabian Sea, we joined in this local game of polo but gradually introduced some rules into the game, somewhat akin to the rules of 'civilised' polo down in India. Instead of the nine-goal chukker we introduced seven-minute chukkers. But we retained the other rules. For instance, in Gilgit village, our polo ground consisted of a mud pitch twenty yards wide and a hundred-and-fifty yards long between walls three feet high. The game was started off by one side of six players careering up the field with the captain holding the ball in his hand. At the halfway mark he threw the ball in the air and tried to hit it as it fell, towards the opponent goal - the "Tambook" it was called. The best player in my time was the Raja of Punial and I have seen him hit three successive goals from the centre of the pitch right over the opposing goal. It was also permissible to catch the ball and

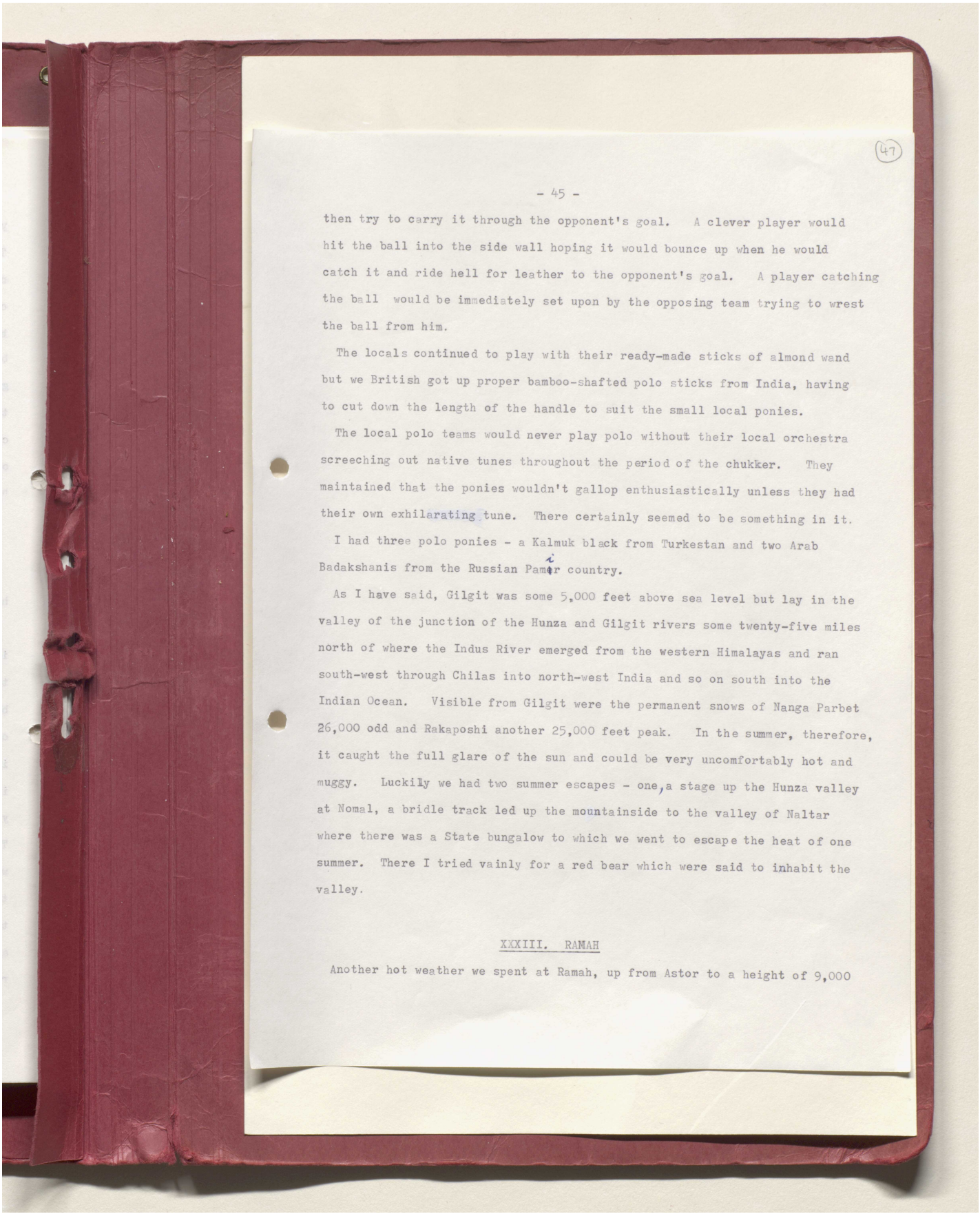
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00005c



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00005d

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



then try to carry it through the opponent's goal. A clever player would hit the ball into the side wall hoping it would bounce up when he would catch it and ride hell for leather to the opponent's goal. A player catching the ball would be immediately set upon by the opposing team trying to wrest the ball from him.

The locals continued to play with their ready-made sticks of almond wand but we British got up proper bamboo-shafted polo sticks from India, having to cut down the length of the handle to suit the small local ponies.

The local polo teams would never play polo without their local orchestra screeching out native tunes throughout the period of the chukker. They maintained that the ponies wouldn't gallop enthusiastically unless they had their own exhilarating tune. There certainly seemed to be something in it.

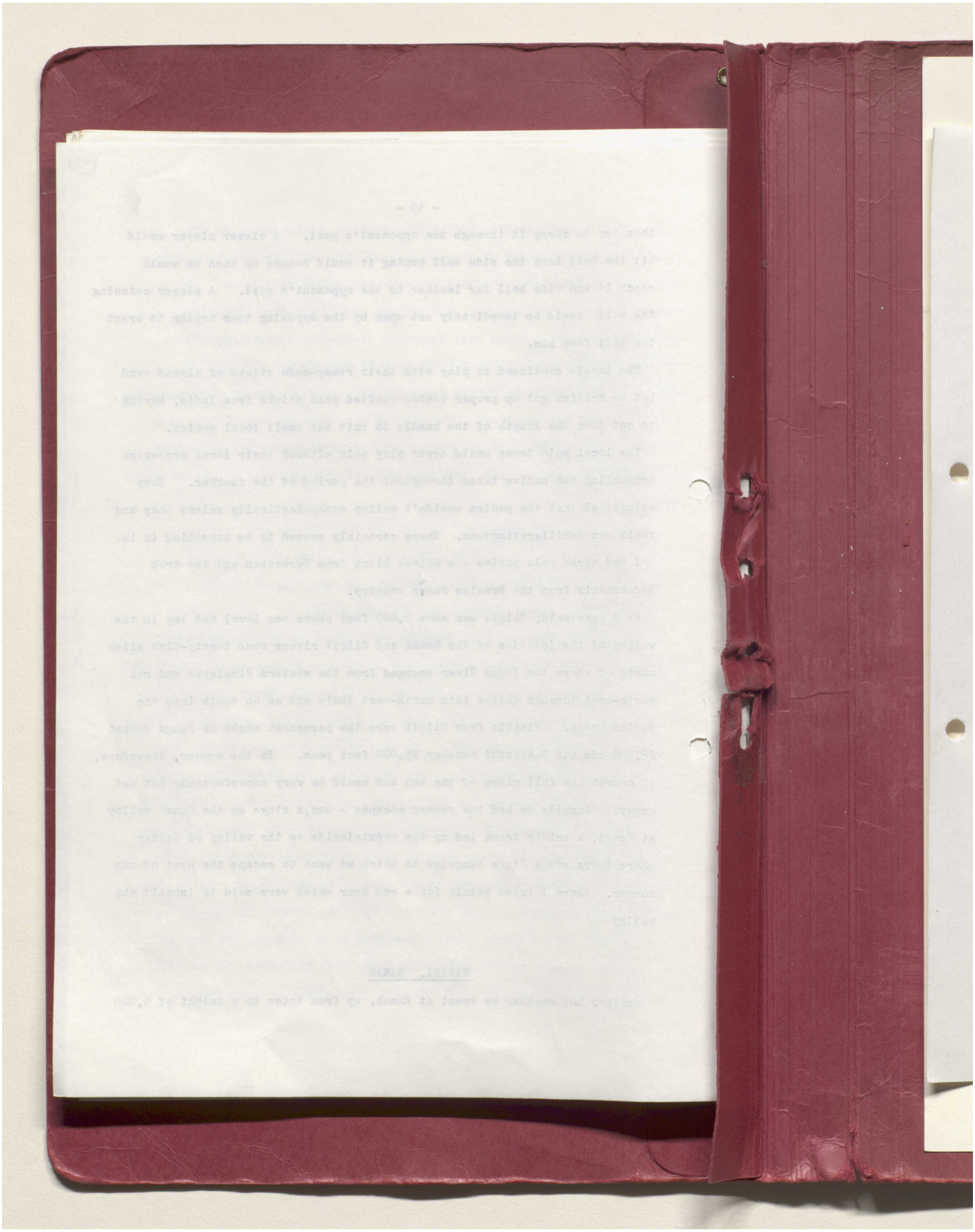
I had three polo ponies - a Kalmuk black from Turkestan and two Arab Badakshanis from the Russian Pamir country.

As I have said, Gilgit was some 5,000 feet above sea level but lay in the valley of the junction of the Hunza and Gilgit rivers some twenty-five miles north of where the Indus River emerged from the western Himalayas and ran south-west through Chilas into north-west India and so on south into the Indian Ocean. Visible from Gilgit were the permanent snows of Nanga Parbet 26,000 odd and Rakaposhi another 25,000 feet peak. In the summer, therefore, it caught the full glare of the sun and could be very uncomfortably hot and muggy. Luckily we had two summer escapes - one, a stage up the Hunza valley at Nomal, a bridle track led up the mountainside to the valley of Naltar where there was a State bungalow to which we went to escape the heat of one summer. There I tried vainly for a red bear which were said to inhabit the valley.

XXXIII. RAMAH

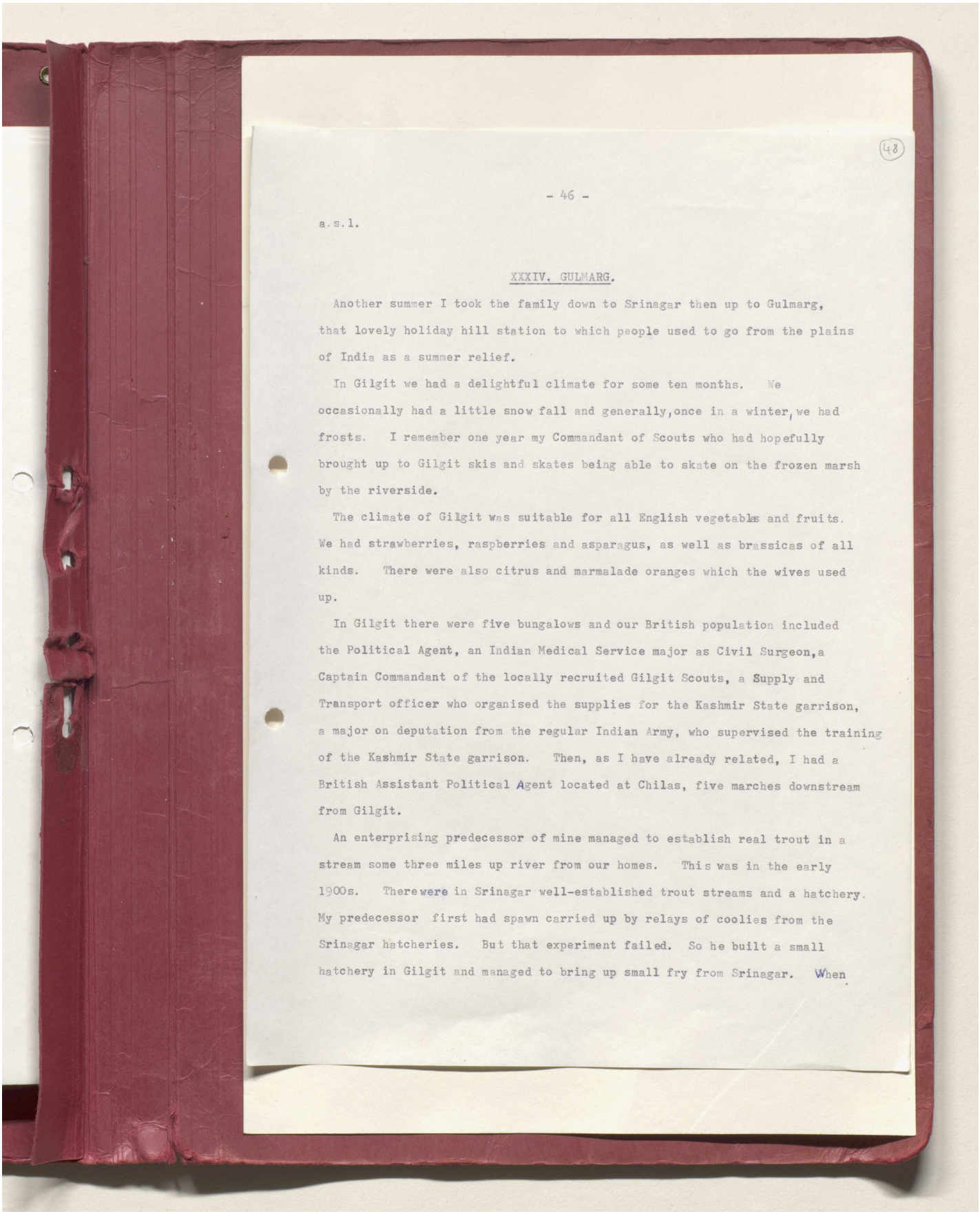
Another hot weather we spent at Ramah, up from Astor to a height of 9,000

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00005e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



a.s.l.

XXXIV. GULMARG.

Another summer I took the family down to Srinagar then up to Gulmarg, that lovely holiday hill station to which people used to go from the plains of India as a summer relief.

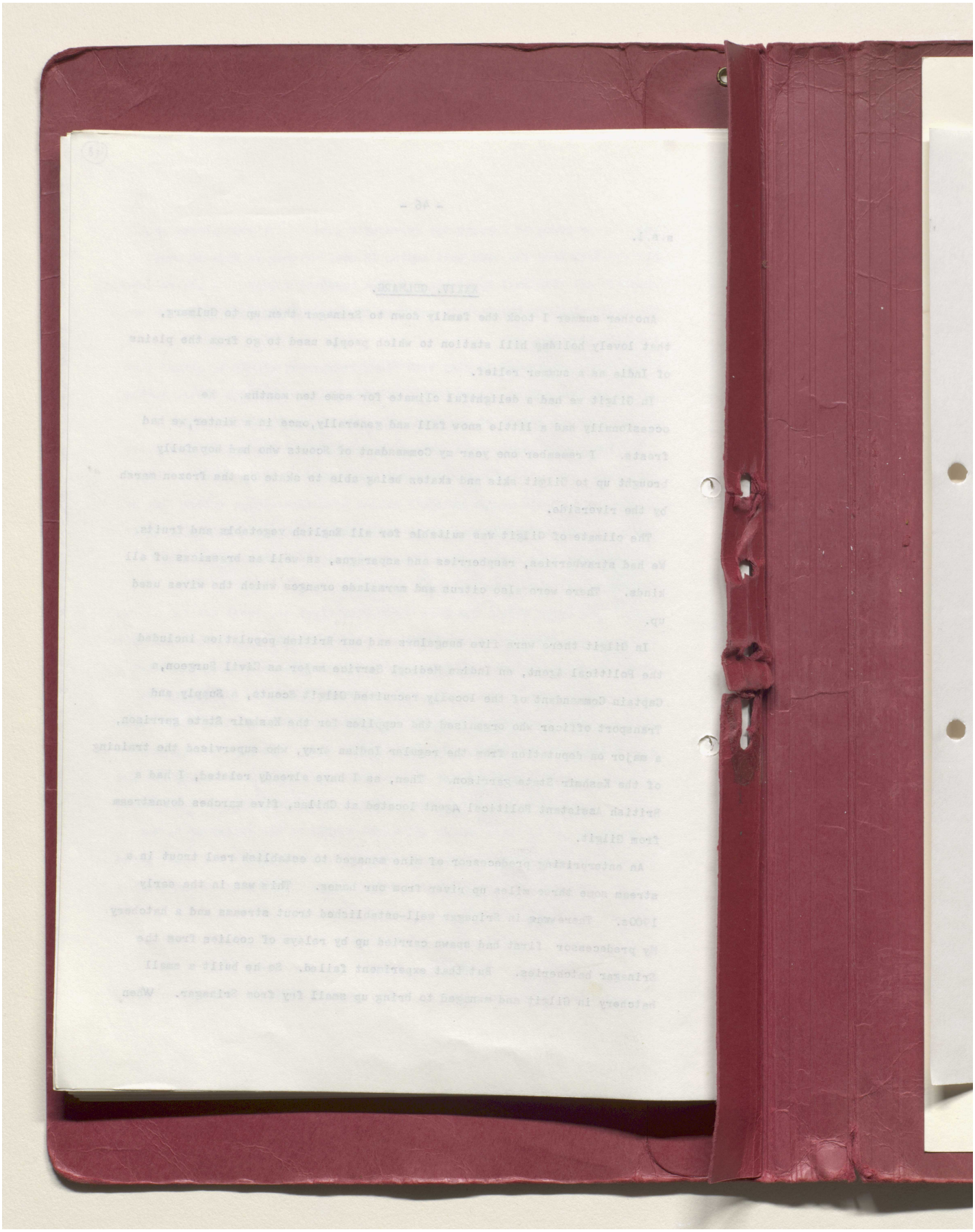
In Gilgit we had a delightful climate for some ten months. We occasionally had a little snow fall and generally, once in a winter, we had frosts. I remember one year my Commandant of Scouts who had hopefully brought up to Gilgit skis and skates being able to skate on the frozen marsh by the riverside.

The climate of Gilgit was suitable for all English vegetables and fruits. We had strawberries, raspberries and asparagus, as well as brassicas of all kinds. There were also citrus and marmalade oranges which the wives used up.

In Gilgit there were five bungalows and our British population included the Political Agent, an Indian Medical Service major as Civil Surgeon, a Captain Commandant of the locally recruited Gilgit Scouts, a Supply and Transport officer who organised the supplies for the Kashmir State garrison, a major on deputation from the regular Indian Army, who supervised the training of the Kashmir State garrison. Then, as I have already related, I had a British Assistant Political Agent located at Chilas, five marches downstream from Gilgit.

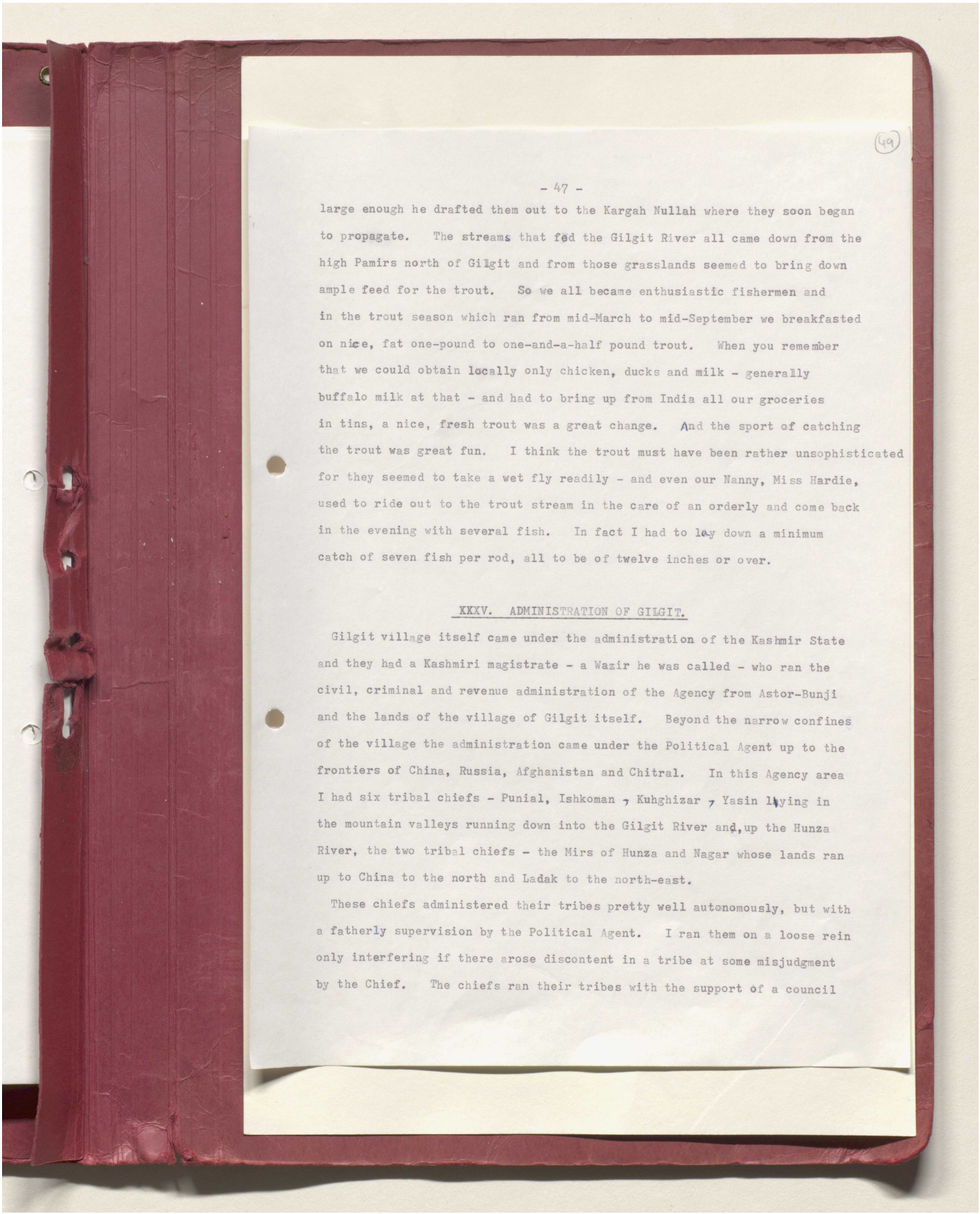
An enterprising predecessor of mine managed to establish real trout in a stream some three miles up river from our homes. This was in the early 1900s. There were in Srinagar well-established trout streams and a hatchery. My predecessor first had spawn carried up by relays of coolies from the Srinagar hatcheries. But that experiment failed. So he built a small hatchery in Gilgit and managed to bring up small fry from Srinagar. When

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000060



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



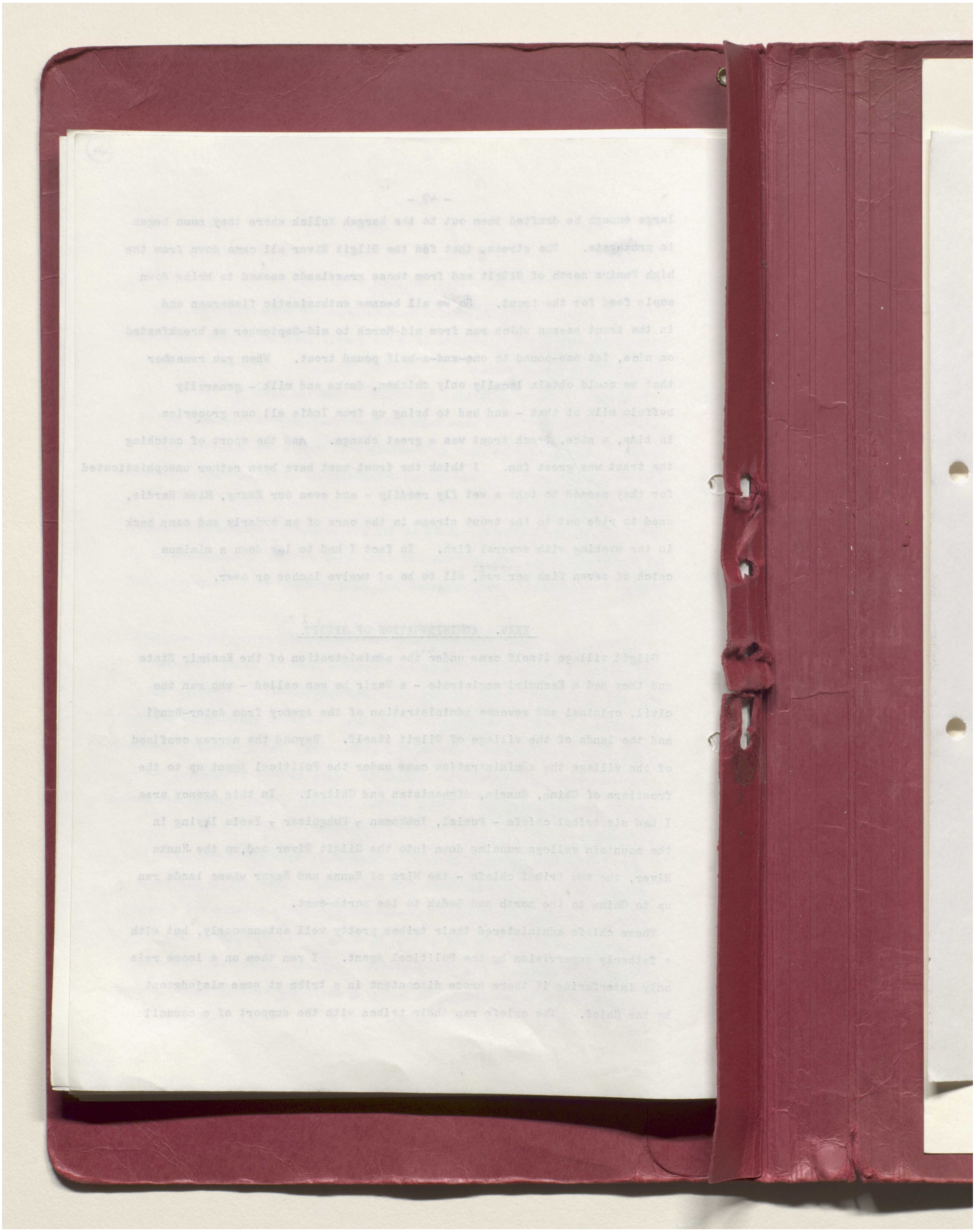
large enough he drafted them out to the Kargah Nullah where they soon began to propagate. The streams that fed the Gilgit River all came down from the high Pamirs north of Gilgit and from those grasslands seemed to bring down ample feed for the trout. So we all became enthusiastic fishermen and in the trout season which ran from mid-March to mid-September we breakfasted on nice, fat one-pound to one-and-a-half pound trout. When you remember that we could obtain locally only chicken, ducks and milk - generally buffalo milk at that - and had to bring up from India all our groceries in tins, a nice, fresh trout was a great change. And the sport of catching the trout was great fun. I think the trout must have been rather unsophisticated for they seemed to take a wet fly readily - and even our Nanny, Miss Hardie, used to ride out to the trout stream in the care of an orderly and come back in the evening with several fish. In fact I had to lay down a minimum catch of seven fish per rod, all to be of twelve inches or over.

XXXV. ADMINISTRATION OF GILGIT.

Gilgit village itself came under the administration of the Kashmir State and they had a Kashmiri magistrate - a Wazir he was called - who ran the civil, criminal and revenue administration of the Agency from Astor-Bunji and the lands of the village of Gilgit itself. Beyond the narrow confines of the village the administration came under the Political Agent up to the frontiers of China, Russia, Afghanistan and Chitral. In this Agency area I had six tribal chiefs - Punial, Ishkoman , Kuhghizar , Yasin lying in the mountain valleys running down into the Gilgit River and, up the Hunza River, the two tribal chiefs - the Mirs of Hunza and Nagar whose lands ran up to China to the north and Ladak to the north-east.

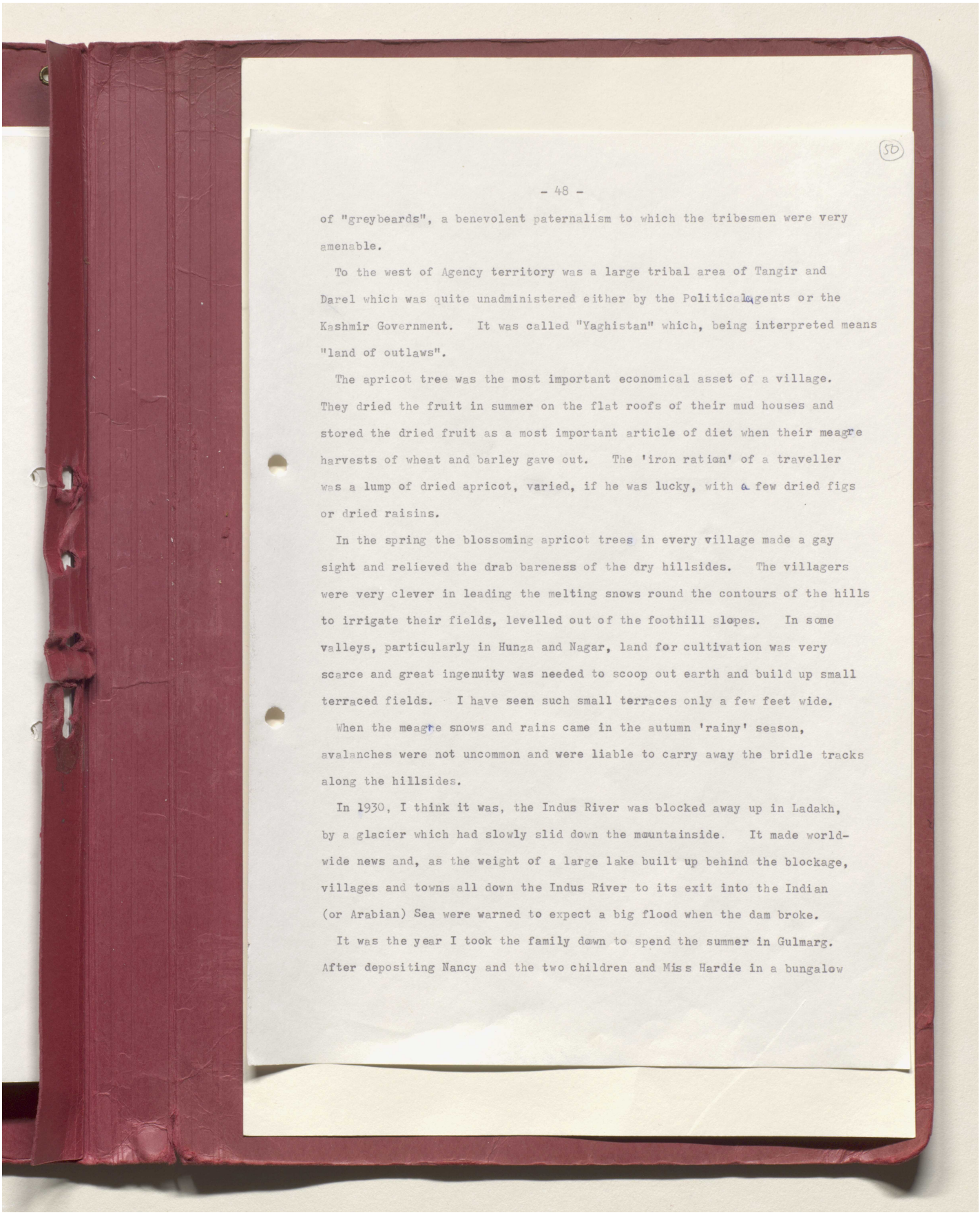
These chiefs administered their tribes pretty well autonomously, but with a fatherly supervision by the Political Agent. I ran them on a loose rein only interfering if there arose discontent in a tribe at some misjudgment by the Chief. The chiefs ran their tribes with the support of a council

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000062



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



of "greybeards", a benevolent paternalism to which the tribesmen were very amenable.

To the west of Agency territory was a large tribal area of Tangir and Darel which was quite unadministered either by the Political Agents or the Kashmir Government. It was called "Yaghistan" which, being interpreted means "land of outlaws".

The apricot tree was the most important economical asset of a village. They dried the fruit in summer on the flat roofs of their mud houses and stored the dried fruit as a most important article of diet when their meagre harvests of wheat and barley gave out. The 'iron ration' of a traveller was a lump of dried apricot, varied, if he was lucky, with a few dried figs or dried raisins.

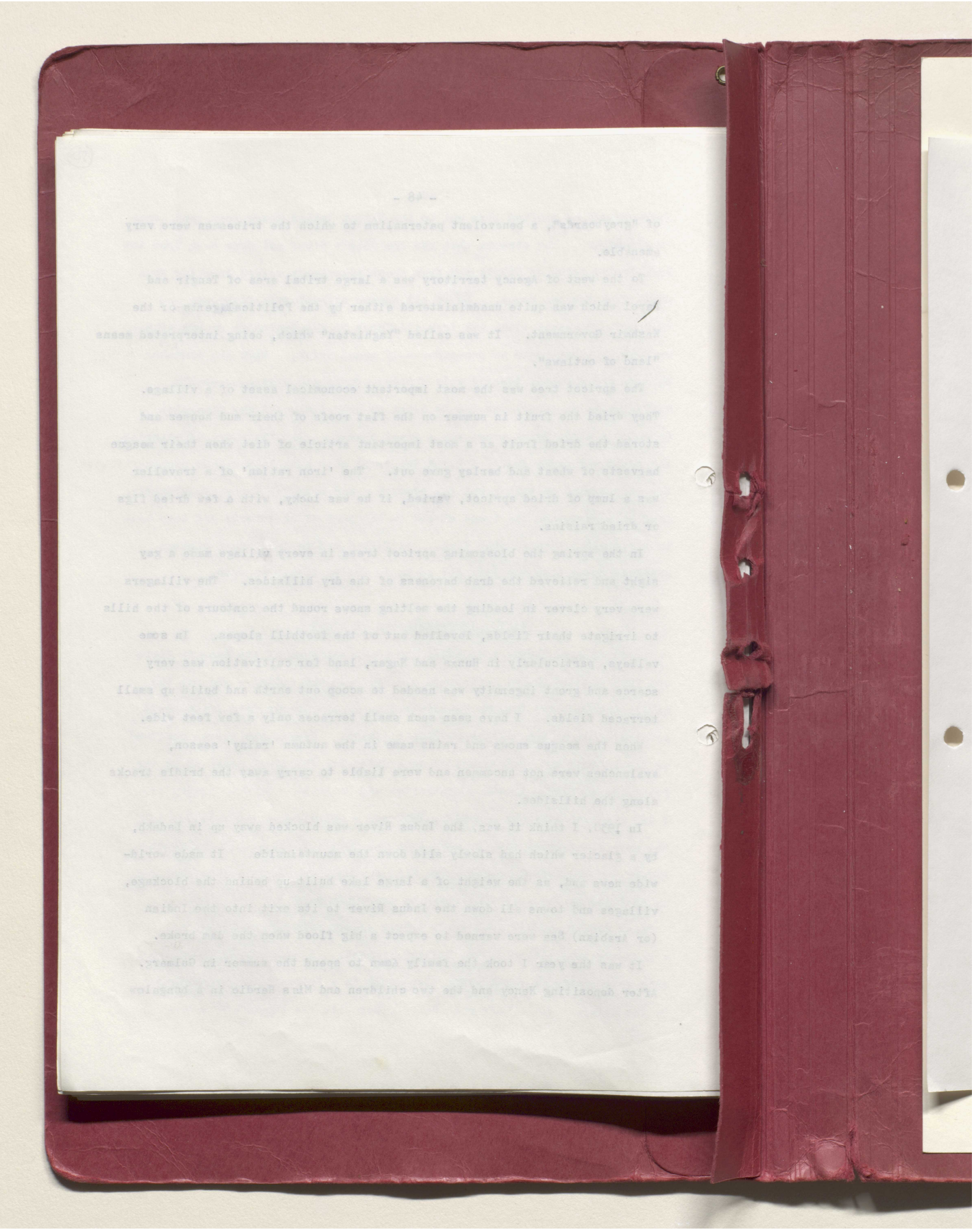
In the spring the blossoming apricot trees in every village made a gay sight and relieved the drab bareness of the dry hillsides. The villagers were very clever in leading the melting snows round the contours of the hills to irrigate their fields, levelled out of the foothill slopes. In some valleys, particularly in Hunza and Nagar, land for cultivation was very scarce and great ingenuity was needed to scoop out earth and build up small terraced fields. I have seen such small terraces only a few feet wide.

When the meagre snows and rains came in the autumn 'rainy' season, avalanches were not uncommon and were liable to carry away the bridle tracks along the hillsides.

In 1930, I think it was, the Indus River was blocked away up in Ladakh, by a glacier which had slowly slid down the mountainside. It made world-wide news and, as the weight of a large lake built up behind the blockage, villages and towns all down the Indus River to its exit into the Indian (or Arabian) Sea were warned to expect a big flood when the dam broke.

It was the year I took the family down to spend the summer in Gulmarg. After depositing Nancy and the two children and Miss Hardie in a bungalow

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000064



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

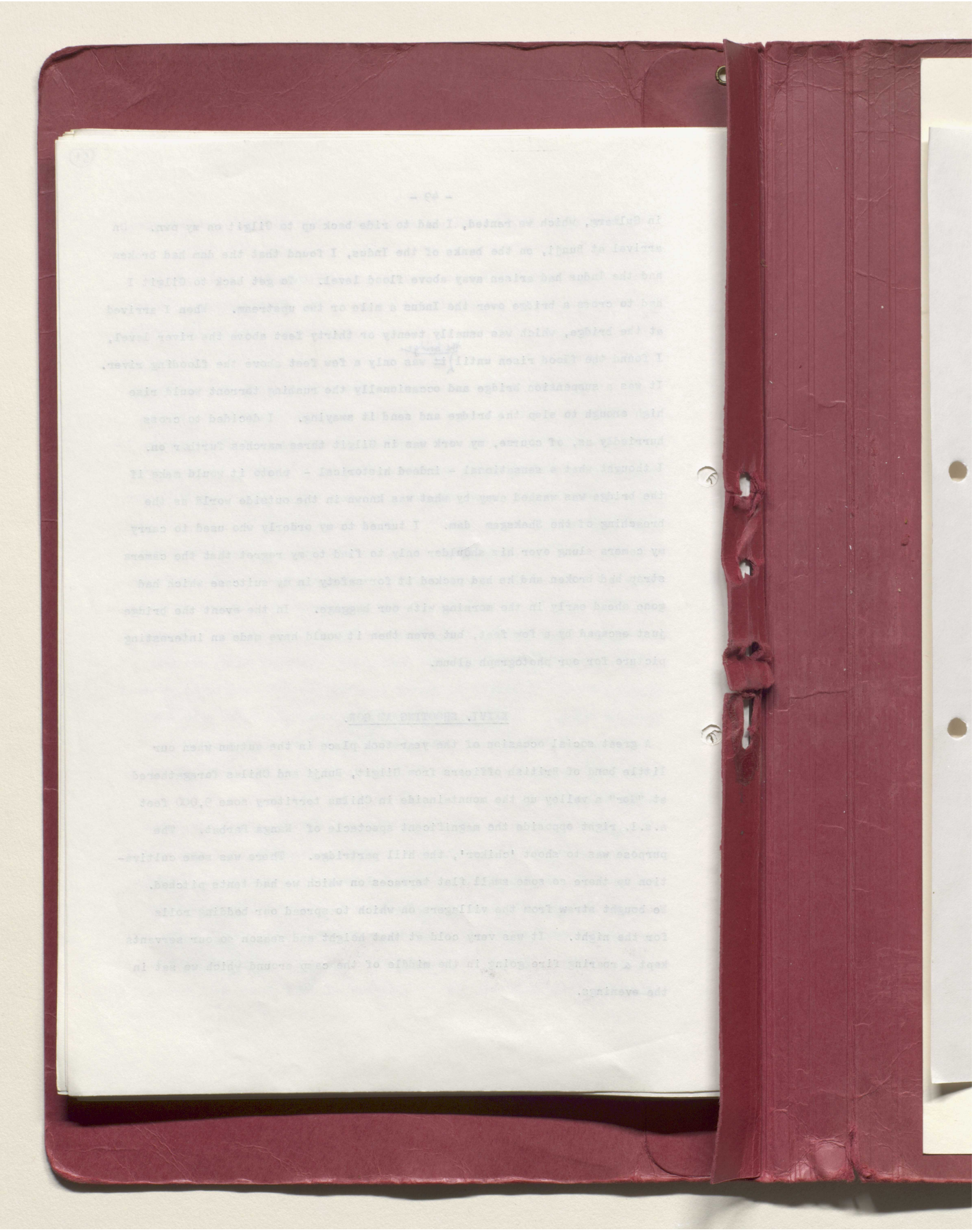
BRITISH LIBRARY

in Gulmarg, which we rented, I had to ride back up to Gilgit on my own. On arrival at Bunji, on the banks of the Indus, I found that the dam had broken and the Indus had arisen away above flood level. To get back to Gilgit I had to cross a bridge over the Indus a mile or two upstream. When I arrived at the bridge, which was usually twenty or thirty feet above the river level, I found the flood risen until the bridge was only a few feet above the flooding river. It was a suspension bridge and occasionally the rushing torrent would rise high enough to slap the bridge and send it swaying. I decided to cross hurriedly as, of course, my work was in Gilgit three marches further on. I thought what a sensational - indeed historical - photo it would make if the bridge was washed away by what was known in the outside world as the breaching of the Shaksgam dam. I turned to my orderly who used to carry my camera slung over his shoulder only to find to my regret that the camera strap had broken and he had packed it for safety in my suitcase which had gone ahead early in the morning with our baggage. In the event the bridge just escaped by a few feet, but even then it would have made an interesting picture for our photograph album.

XXXVI. SHOOTING AT GOR.

A great social occasion of the year took place in the autumn when our little band of British officers from Gilgit, Bunji and Chilas foregathered at "Gor" a valley up the mountainside in Chilas territory some 9,000 feet a.s.l. right opposide the magnificent spectacle of Nanga Parbat. The purpose was to shoot 'chikor', the hill partridge. There was some cultivation up there so some small flat terraces on which we had tents pitched. We bought straw from the villagers on which to spread our bedding rolls for the night. It was very cold at that height and season so our servants kept a roaring fire going in the middle of the camp around which we sat in the evenings.

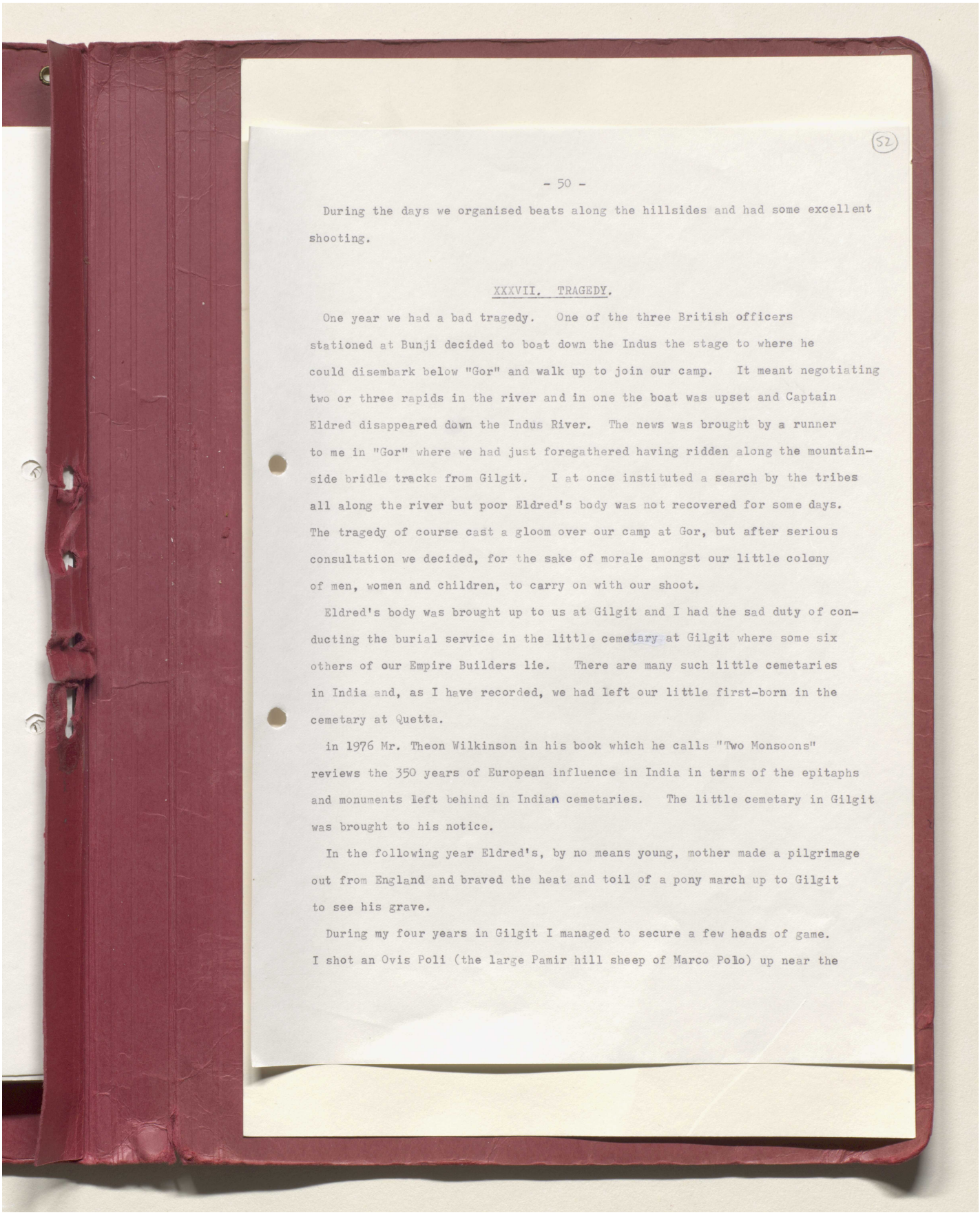
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000066



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000067

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



During the days we organised beats along the hillsides and had some excellent shooting.

XXXVII. TRAGEDY.

One year we had a bad tragedy. One of the three British officers stationed at Bunji decided to boat down the Indus the stage to where he could disembark below "Gor" and walk up to join our camp. It meant negotiating two or three rapids in the river and in one the boat was upset and Captain Eldred disappeared down the Indus River. The news was brought by a runner to me in "Gor" where we had just foregathered having ridden along the mountain-side bridle tracks from Gilgit. I at once instituted a search by the tribes all along the river but poor Eldred's body was not recovered for some days. The tragedy of course cast a gloom over our camp at Gor, but after serious consultation we decided, for the sake of morale amongst our little colony of men, women and children, to carry on with our shoot.

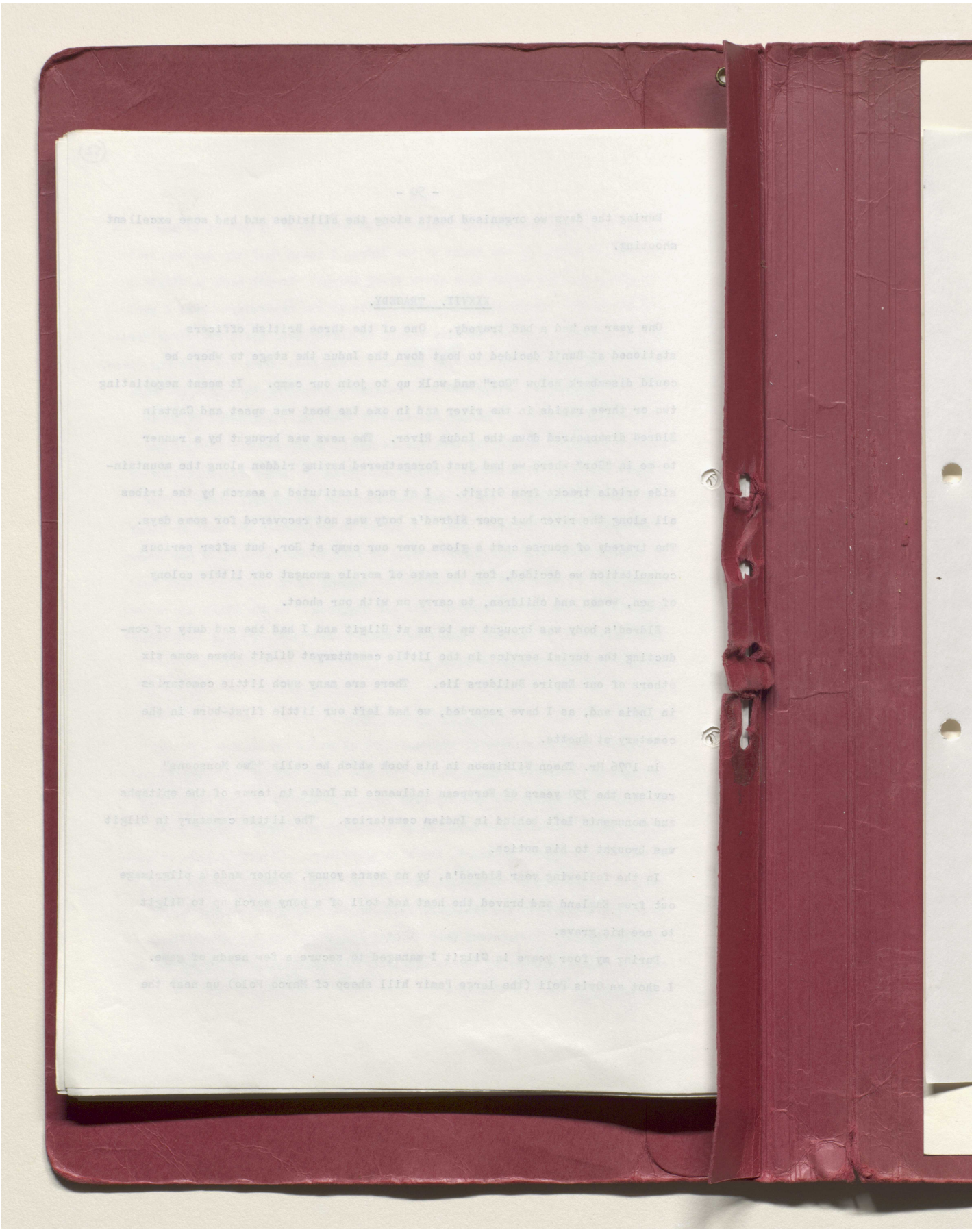
Eldred's body was brought up to us at Gilgit and I had the sad duty of conducting the burial service in the little cemetary at Gilgit where some six others of our Empire Builders lie. There are many such little cemetaries in India and, as I have recorded, we had left our little first-born in the cemetary at Quetta.

in 1976 Mr. Theon Wilkinson in his book which he calls "Two Monsoons" reviews the 350 years of European influence in India in terms of the epitaphs and monuments left behind in Indian cemetaries. The little cemetary in Gilgit was brought to his notice.

In the following year Eldred's, by no means young, mother made a pilgrimage out from England and braved the heat and toil of a pony march up to Gilgit to see his grave.

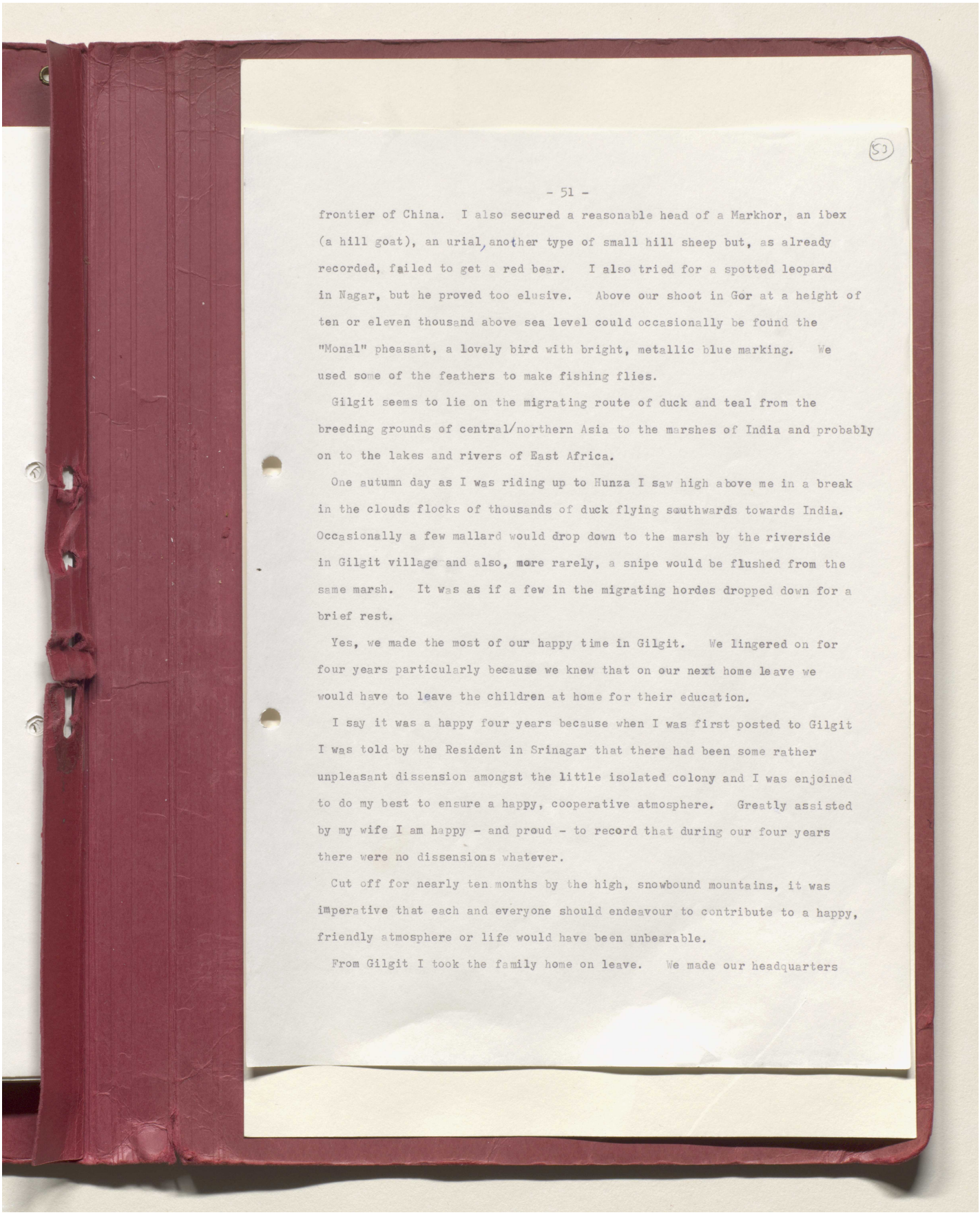
During my four years in Gilgit I managed to secure a few heads of game. I shot an Ovis Poli (the large Pamir hill sheep of Marco Polo) up near the

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000068



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



frontier of China. I also secured a reasonable head of a Markhor, an ibex (a hill goat), an urial, another type of small hill sheep but, as already recorded, failed to get a red bear. I also tried for a spotted leopard in Nagar, but he proved too elusive. Above our shoot in Gor at a height of ten or eleven thousand above sea level could occasionally be found the "Monal" pheasant, a lovely bird with bright, metallic blue marking. We used some of the feathers to make fishing flies.

Gilgit seems to lie on the migrating route of duck and teal from the breeding grounds of central/northern Asia to the marshes of India and probably on to the lakes and rivers of East Africa.

One autumn day as I was riding up to Hunza I saw high above me in a break in the clouds flocks of thousands of duck flying southwards towards India. Occasionally a few mallard would drop down to the marsh by the riverside in Gilgit village and also, more rarely, a snipe would be flushed from the same marsh. It was as if a few in the migrating hordes dropped down for a brief rest.

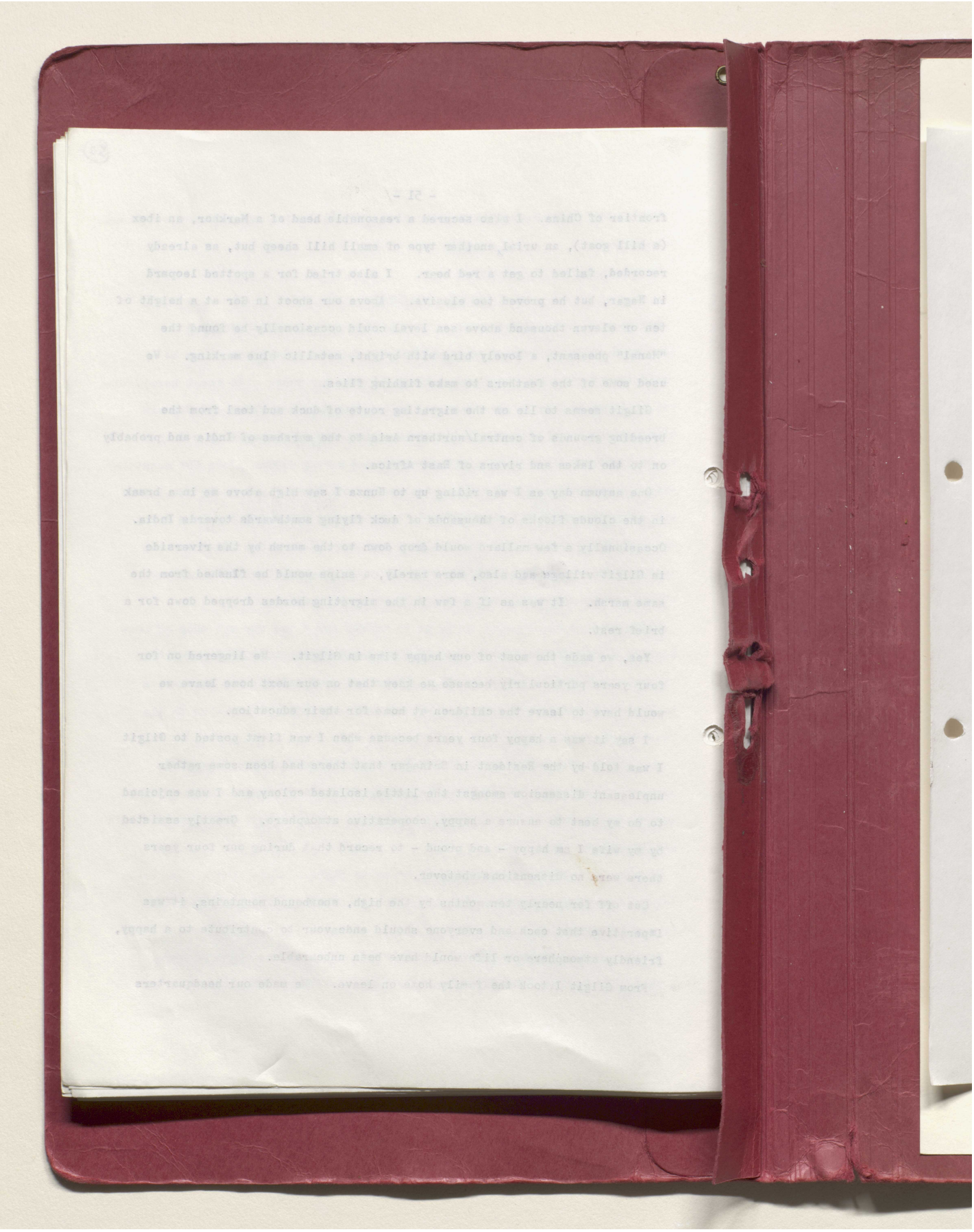
Yes, we made the most of our happy time in Gilgit. We lingered on for four years particularly because we knew that on our next home leave we would have to leave the children at home for their education.

I say it was a happy four years because when I was first posted to Gilgit I was told by the Resident in Srinagar that there had been some rather unpleasant dissension amongst the little isolated colony and I was enjoined to do my best to ensure a happy, cooperative atmosphere. Greatly assisted by my wife I am happy - and proud - to record that during our four years there were no dissensions whatever.

Cut off for nearly ten months by the high, snowbound mountains, it was imperative that each and everyone should endeavour to contribute to a happy, friendly atmosphere or life would have been unbearable.

From Gilgit I took the family home on leave. We made our headquarters

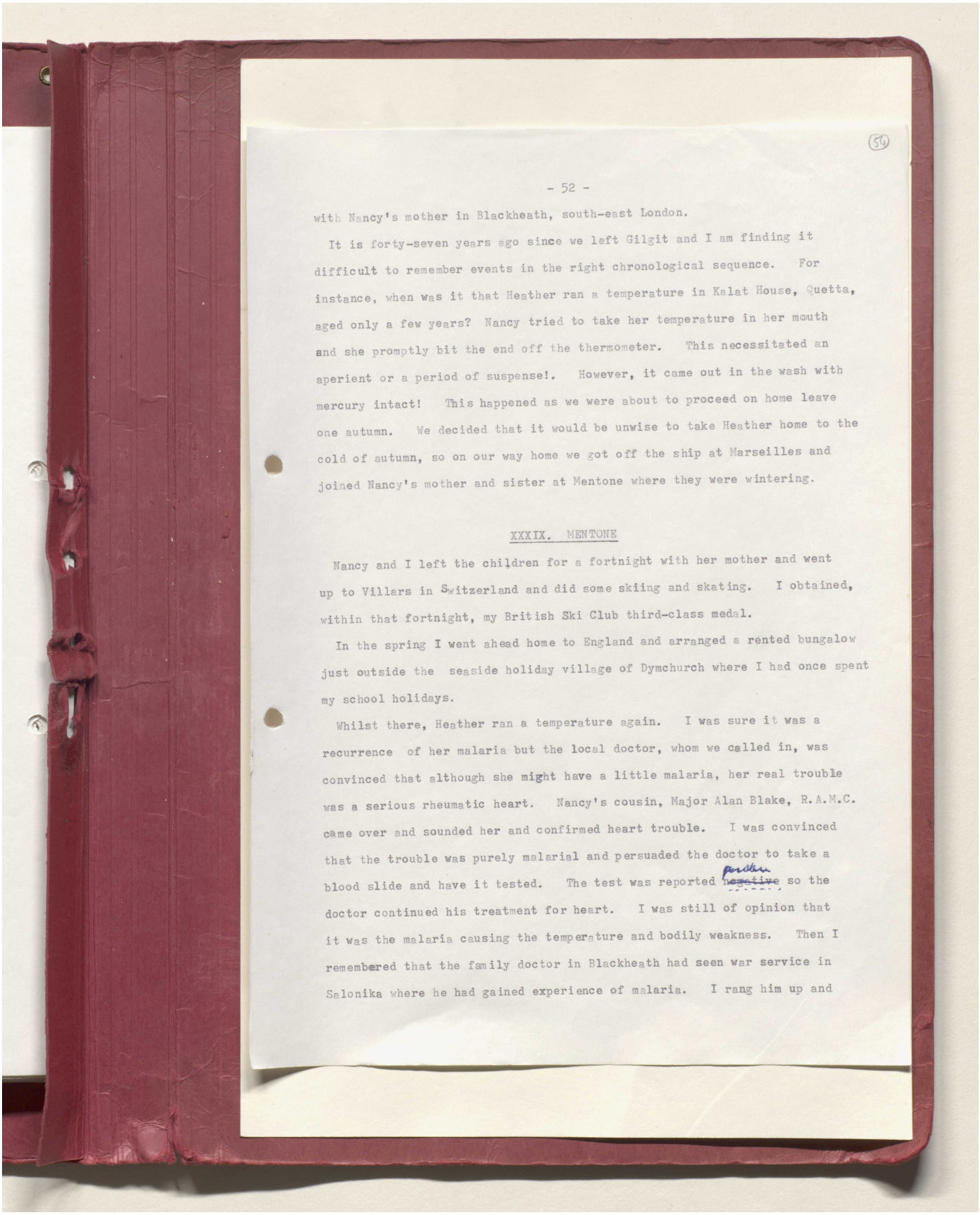
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00006a



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00006b

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



with Nancy's mother in Blackheath, south-east London.

It is forty-seven years ago since we left Gilgit and I am finding it difficult to remember events in the right chronological sequence. For instance, when was it that Heather ran a temperature in Kalat House, Quetta, aged only a few years? Nancy tried to take her temperature in her mouth and she promptly bit the end off the thermometer. This necessitated an aperient or a period of suspense!. However, it came out in the wash with mercury intact! This happened as we were about to proceed on home leave one autumn. We decided that it would be unwise to take Heather home to the cold of autumn, so on our way home we got off the ship at Marseilles and joined Nancy's mother and sister at Mentone where they were wintering.

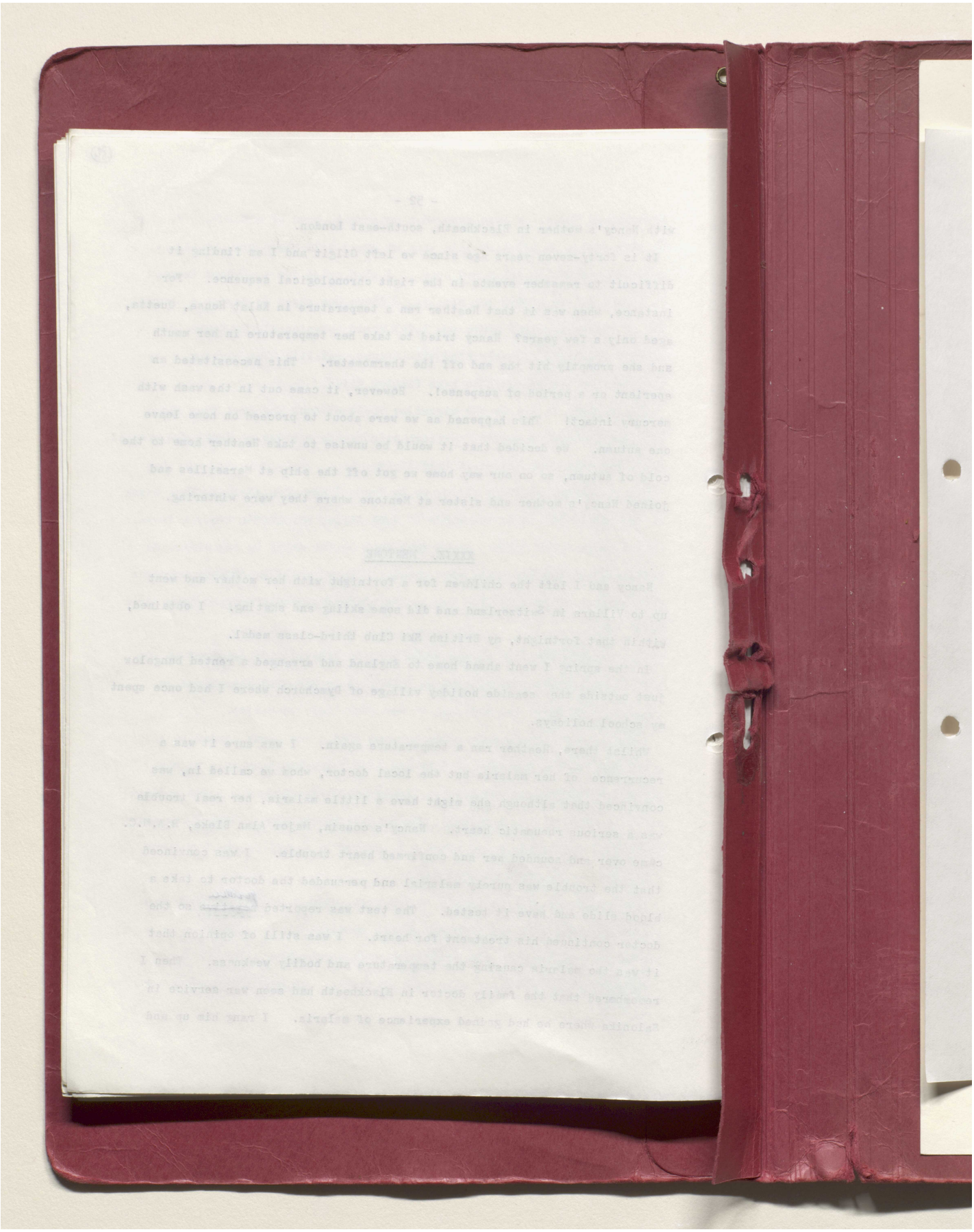
XXXIX. MENTONE

Nancy and I left the children for a fortnight with her mother and went up to Villars in Switzerland and did some skiing and skating. I obtained, within that fortnight, my British Ski Club third-class medal.

In the spring I went ahead home to England and arranged a rented bungalow just outside the seaside holiday village of Dymchurch where I had once spent my school holidays.

Whilst there, Heather ran a temperature again. I was sure it was a recurrence of her malaria but the local doctor, whom we called in, was convinced that although she might have a little malaria, her real trouble was a serious rheumatic heart. Nancy's cousin, Major Alan Blake, R.A.M.C. came over and sounded her and confirmed heart trouble. I was convinced that the trouble was purely malarial and persuaded the doctor to take a blood slide and have it tested. The test was reported positive so the doctor continued his treatment for heart. I was still of opinion that it was the malaria causing the temperature and bodily weakness. Then I remembered that the family doctor in Blackheath had seen war service in Salonika where he had gained experience of malaria. I rang him up and

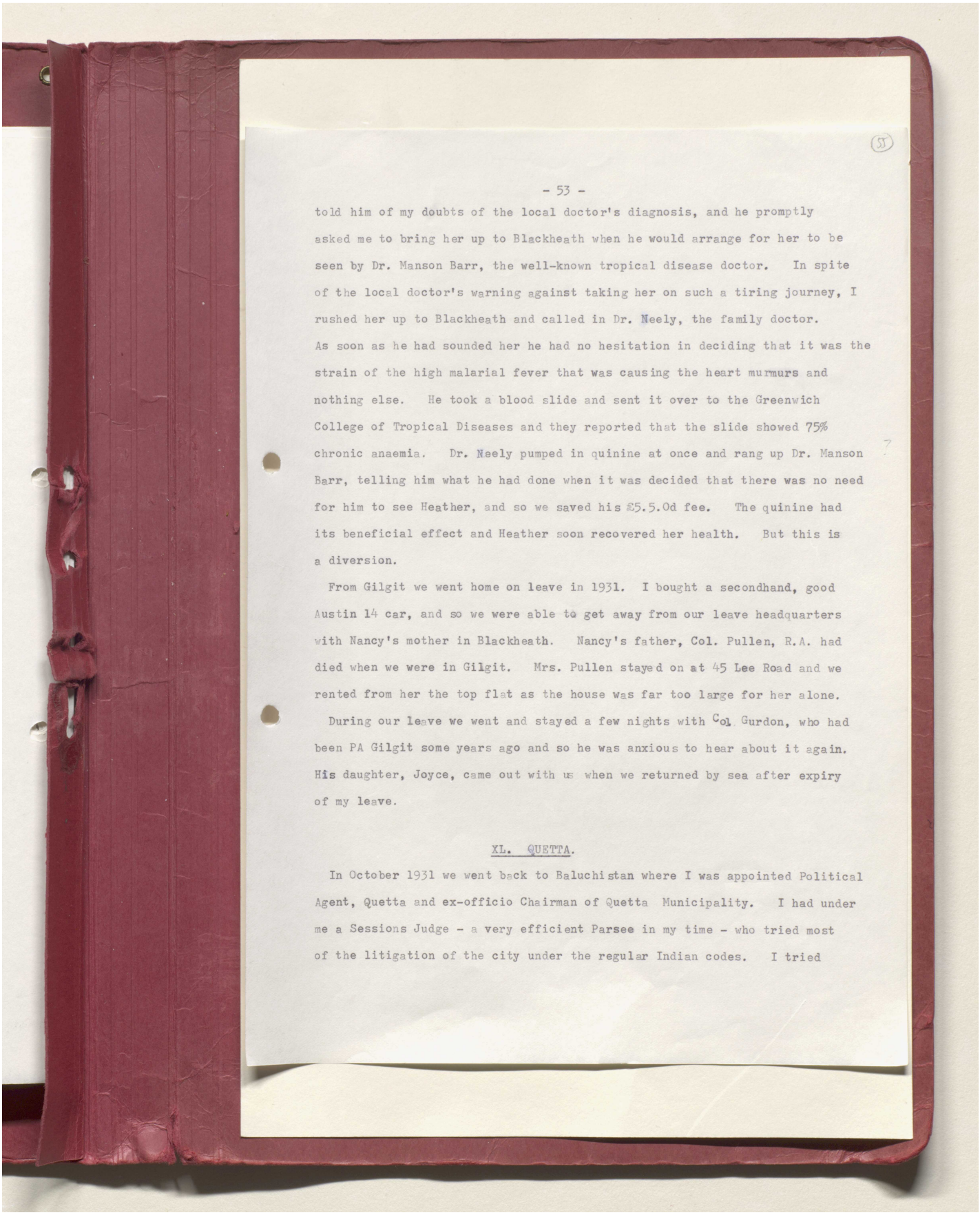
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00006c



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00006d

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



told him of my doubts of the local doctor's diagnosis, and he promptly asked me to bring her up to Blackheath when he would arrange for her to be seen by Dr. Manson Barr, the well-known tropical disease doctor. In spite of the local doctor's warning against taking her on such a tiring journey, I rushed her up to Blackheath and called in Dr. Neely, the family doctor. As soon as he had sounded her he had no hesitation in deciding that it was the strain of the high malarial fever that was causing the heart murmurs and nothing else. He took a blood slide and sent it over to the Greenwich College of Tropical Diseases and they reported that the slide showed 75% chronic anaemia. Dr. Neely pumped in quinine at once and rang up Dr. Manson Barr, telling him what he had done when it was decided that there was no need for him to see Heather, and so we saved his £5.5.0d fee. The quinine had its beneficial effect and Heather soon recovered her health. But this is a diversion.

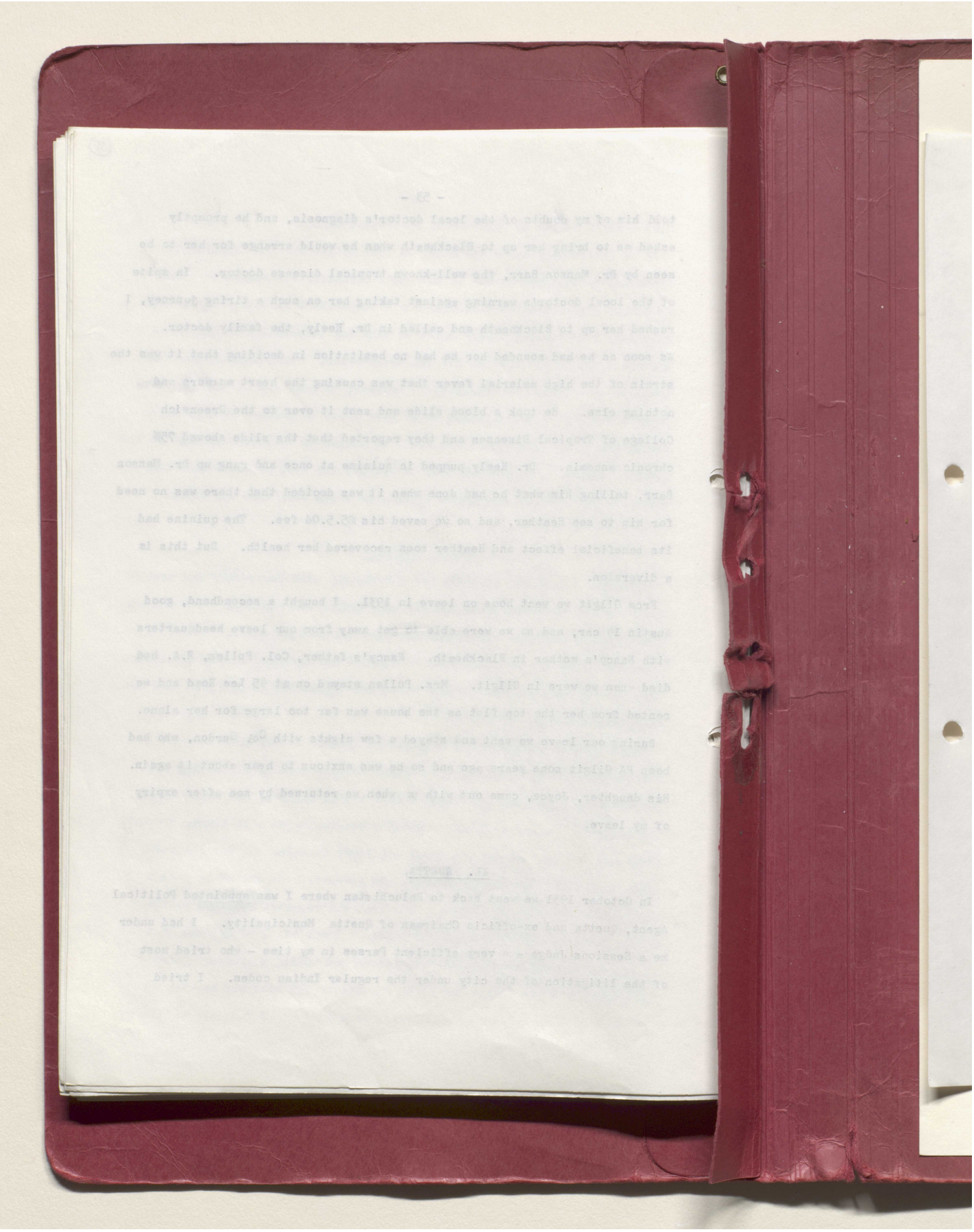
From Gilgit we went home on leave in 1931. I bought a secondhand, good Austin 14 car, and so we were able to get away from our leave headquarters with Nancy's mother in Blackheath. Nancy's father, Col. Pullen, R.A. had died when we were in Gilgit. Mrs. Pullen stayed on at 45 Lee Road and we rented from her the top flat as the house was far too large for her alone.

During our leave we went and stayed a few nights with Col. Gurdon, who had been PA Gilgit some years ago and so he was anxious to hear about it again. His daughter, Joyce, came out with us when we returned by sea after expiry of my leave.

XL. QUETTA.

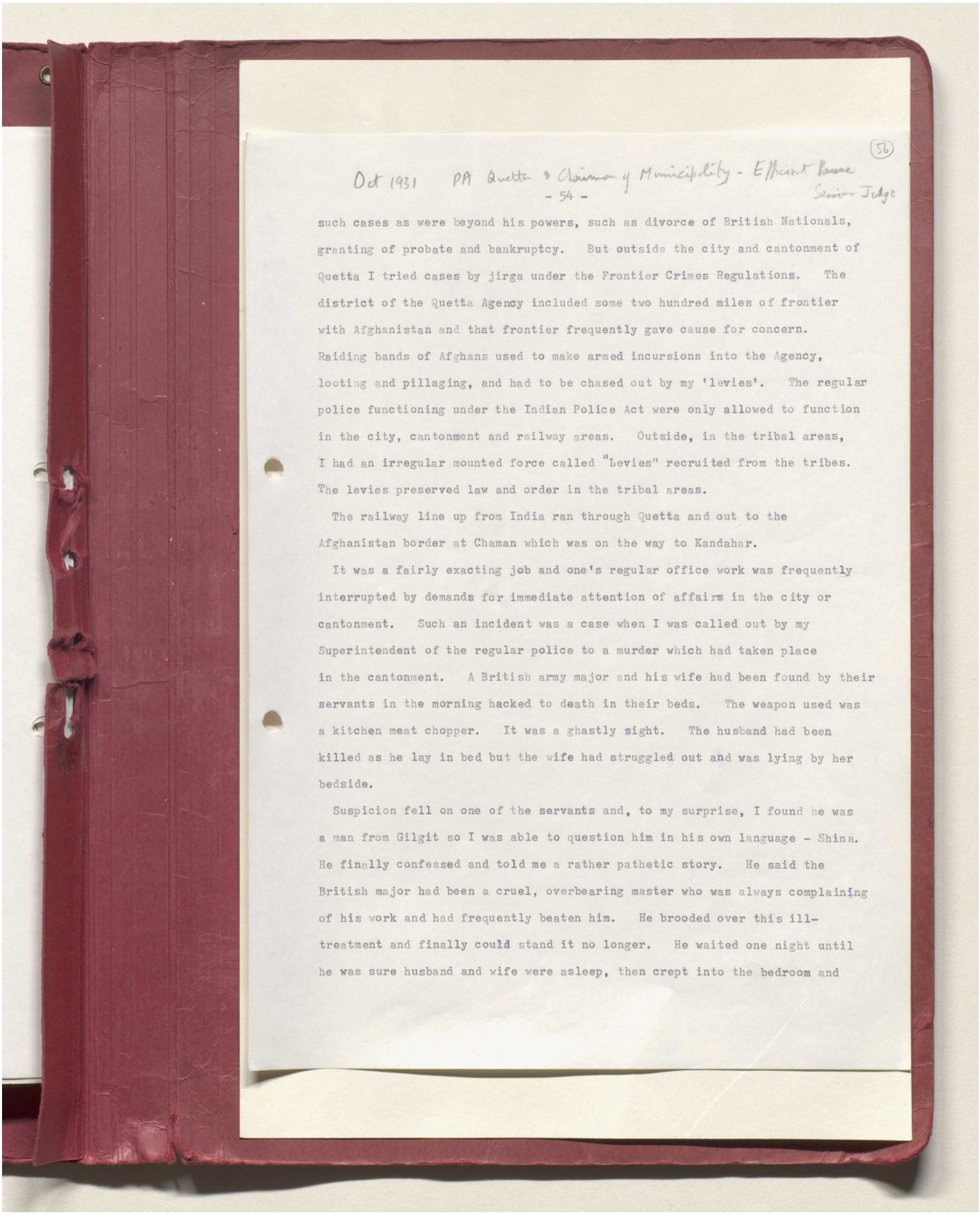
In October 1931 we went back to Baluchistan where I was appointed Political Agent, Quetta and ex-officio Chairman of Quetta Municipality. I had under me a Sessions Judge - a very efficient Parsee in my time - who tried most of the litigation of the city under the regular Indian codes. I tried

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00006e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(56)

Oct 1931 PA Quetta & Chairman of Municipality - Efficient Peace Session Judge

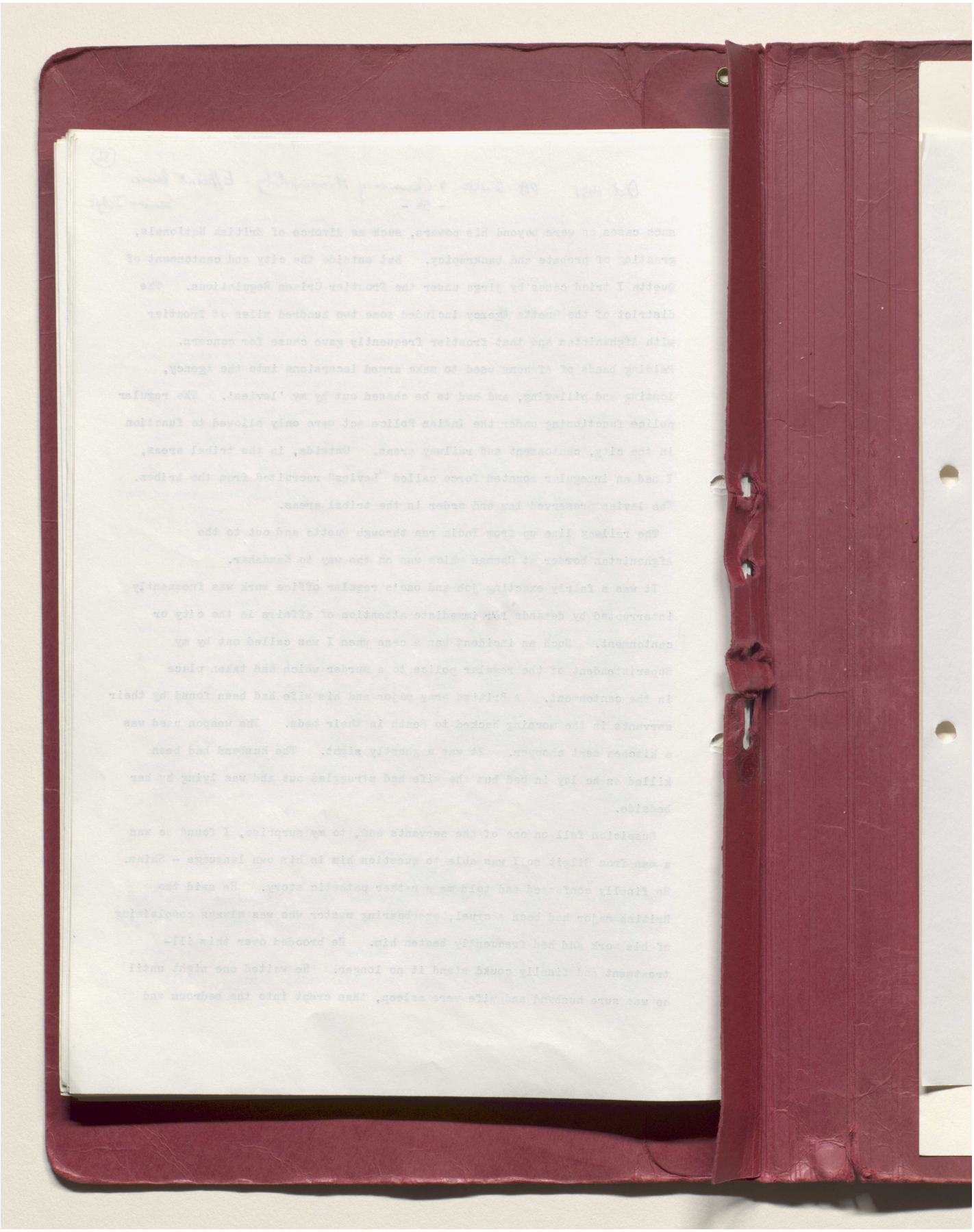
such cases as were beyond his powers, such as divorce of British Nationals, granting of probate and bankruptcy. But outside the city and cantonment of Quetta I tried cases by jirga under the Frontier Crimes Regulations. The district of the Quetta Agency included some two hundred miles of frontier with Afghanistan and that frontier frequently gave cause for concern. Raiding bands of Afghans used to make armed incursions into the Agency, looting and pillaging, and had to be chased out by my 'levies'. The regular police functioning under the Indian Police Act were only allowed to function in the city, cantonment and railway areas. Outside, in the tribal areas, I had an irregular mounted force called "Levies" recruited from the tribes. The levies preserved law and order in the tribal areas.

The railway line up from India ran through Quetta and out to the Afghanistan border at Chaman which was on the way to Kandahar.

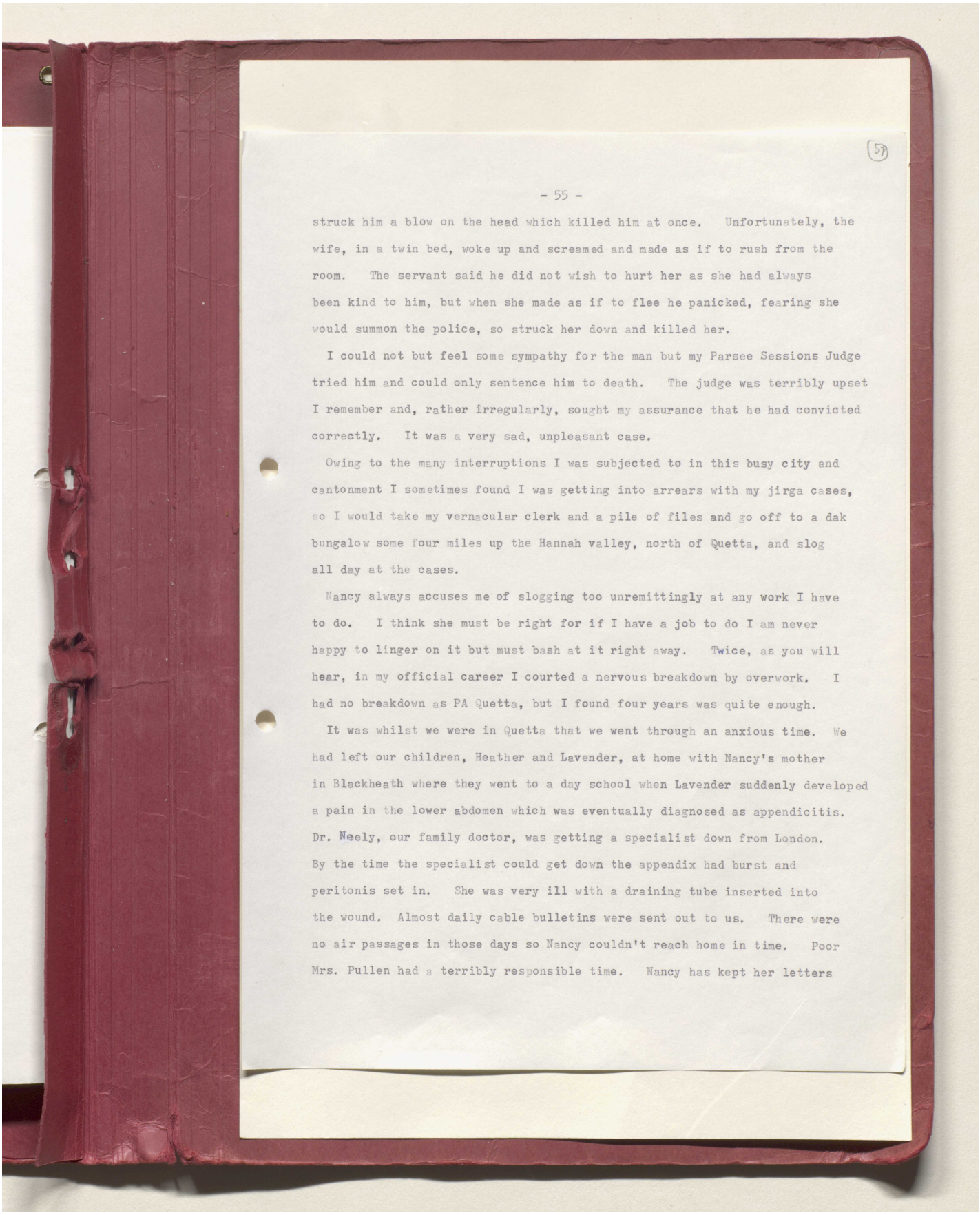
It was a fairly exacting job and one's regular office work was frequently interrupted by demands for immediate attention of affairs in the city or cantonment. Such an incident was a case when I was called out by my Superintendent of the regular police to a murder which had taken place in the cantonment. A British army major and his wife had been found by their servants in the morning hacked to death in their beds. The weapon used was a kitchen meat chopper. It was a ghastly sight. The husband had been killed as he lay in bed but the wife had struggled out and was lying by her bedside.

Suspicion fell on one of the servants and, to my surprise, I found he was a man from Gilgit so I was able to question him in his own language - Shina. He finally confessed and told me a rather pathetic story. He said the British major had been a cruel, overbearing master who was always complaining of his work and had frequently beaten him. He brooded over this ill-treatment and finally could stand it no longer. He waited one night until he was sure husband and wife were asleep, then crept into the bedroom and

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000070



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000071



57

- 55 -

struck him a blow on the head which killed him at once. Unfortunately, the wife, in a twin bed, woke up and screamed and made as if to rush from the room. The servant said he did not wish to hurt her as she had always been kind to him, but when she made as if to flee he panicked, fearing she would summon the police, so struck her down and killed her.

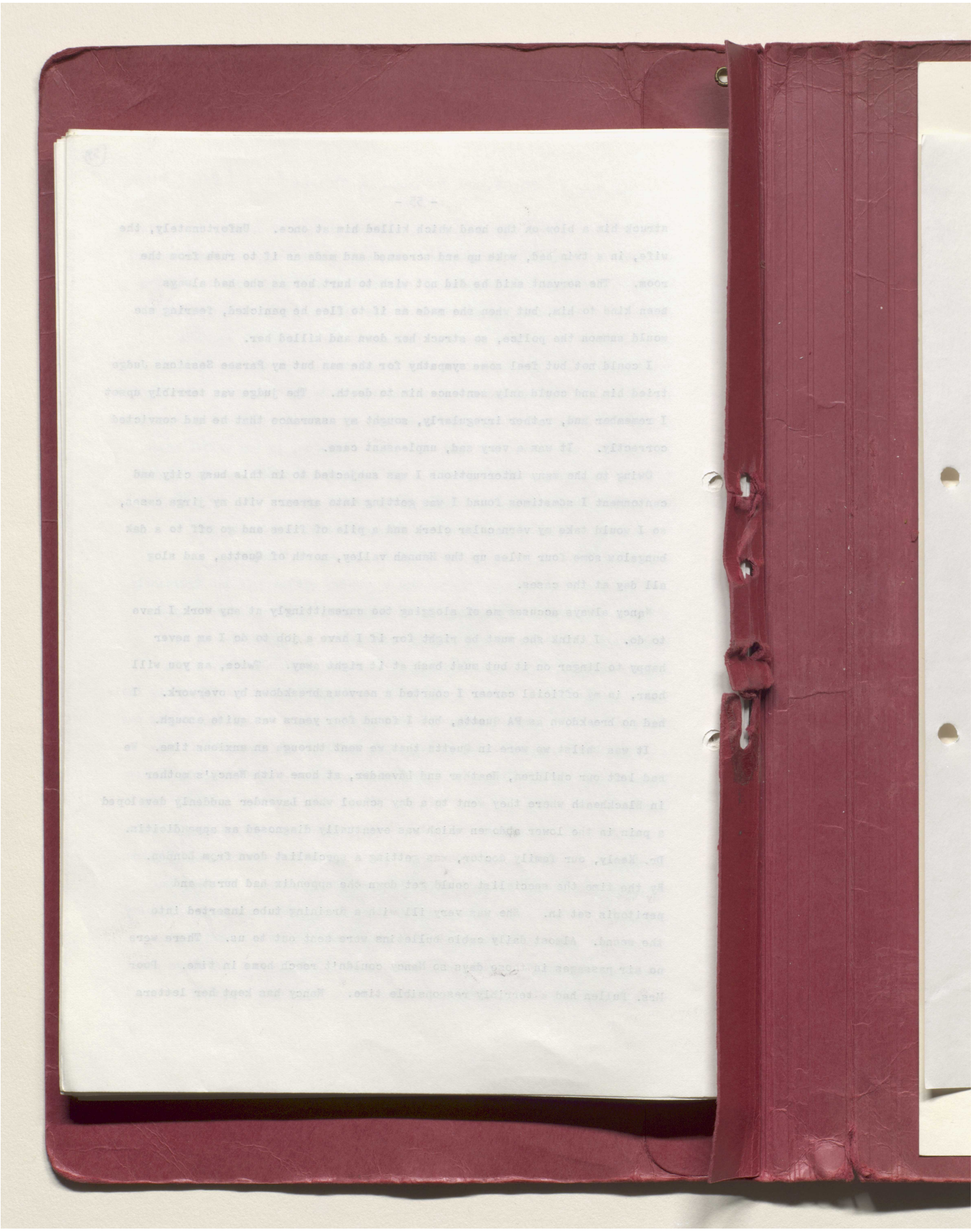
I could not but feel some sympathy for the man but my Parsee Sessions Judge tried him and could only sentence him to death. The judge was terribly upset I remember and, rather irregularly, sought my assurance that he had convicted correctly. It was a very sad, unpleasant case.

Owing to the many interruptions I was subjected to in this busy city and cantonment I sometimes found I was getting into arrears with my jirga cases, so I would take my vernacular clerk and a pile of files and go off to a dak bungalow some four miles up the Hannah valley, north of Quetta, and slog all day at the cases.

Nancy always accuses me of slogging too unremittingly at any work I have to do. I think she must be right for if I have a job to do I am never happy to linger on it but must bash at it right away. Twice, as you will hear, in my official career I courted a nervous breakdown by overwork. I had no breakdown as PA Quetta, but I found four years was quite enough.

It was whilst we were in Quetta that we went through an anxious time. We had left our children, Heather and Lavender, at home with Nancy's mother in Blackheath where they went to a day school when Lavender suddenly developed a pain in the lower abdomen which was eventually diagnosed as appendicitis. Dr. Neely, our family doctor, was getting a specialist down from London. By the time the specialist could get down the appendix had burst and peritonis set in. She was very ill with a draining tube inserted into the wound. Almost daily cable bulletins were sent out to us. There were no air passages in those days so Nancy couldn't reach home in time. Poor Mrs. Pullen had a terribly responsible time. Nancy has kept her letters

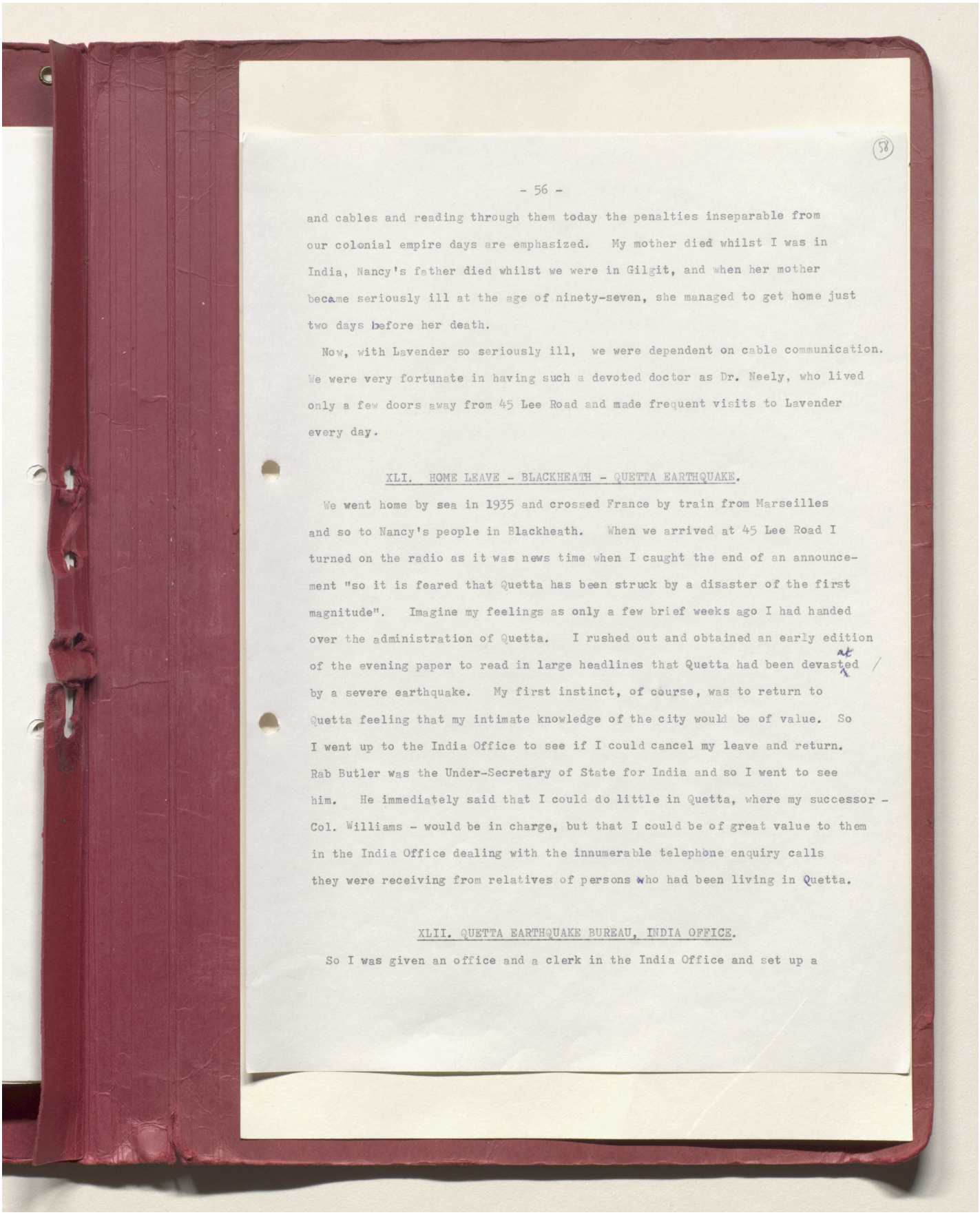
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000072



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000073

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



and cables and reading through them today the penalties inseparable from our colonial empire days are emphasized. My mother died whilst I was in India, Nancy's father died whilst we were in Gilgit, and when her mother became seriously ill at the age of ninety-seven, she managed to get home just two days before her death.

Now, with Lavender so seriously ill, we were dependent on cable communication. We were very fortunate in having such a devoted doctor as Dr. Neely, who lived only a few doors away from 45 Lee Road and made frequent visits to Lavender every day.

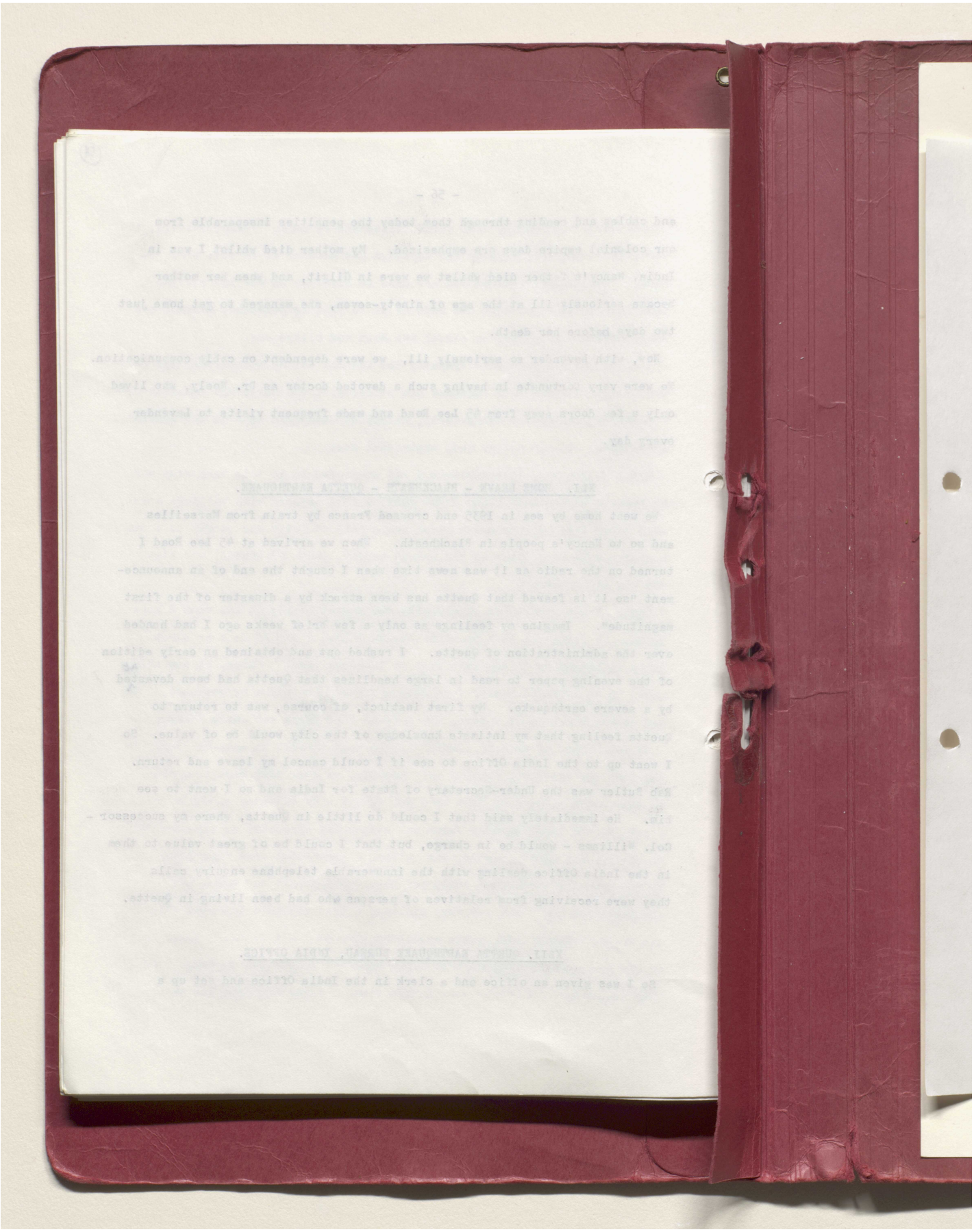
XLI. HOME LEAVE - BLACKHEATH - QUETTA EARTHQUAKE.

We went home by sea in 1935 and crossed France by train from Marseilles and so to Nancy's people in Blackheath. When we arrived at 45 Lee Road I turned on the radio as it was news time when I caught the end of an announcement "so it is feared that Quetta has been struck by a disaster of the first magnitude". Imagine my feelings as only a few brief weeks ago I had handed over the administration of Quetta. I rushed out and obtained an early edition of the evening paper to read in large headlines that Quetta had been devasted at by a severe earthquake. My first instinct, of course, was to return to Quetta feeling that my intimate knowledge of the city would be of value. So I went up to the India Office to see if I could cancel my leave and return. Rab Butler was the Under-Secretary of State for India and so I went to see him. He immediately said that I could do little in Quetta, where my successor - Col. Williams - would be in charge, but that I could be of great value to them in the India Office dealing with the innumerable telephone enquiry calls they were receiving from relatives of persons who had been living in Quetta.

XLII. QUETTA EARTHQUAKE BUREAU, INDIA OFFICE.

So I was given an office and a clerk in the India Office and set up a

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000074



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

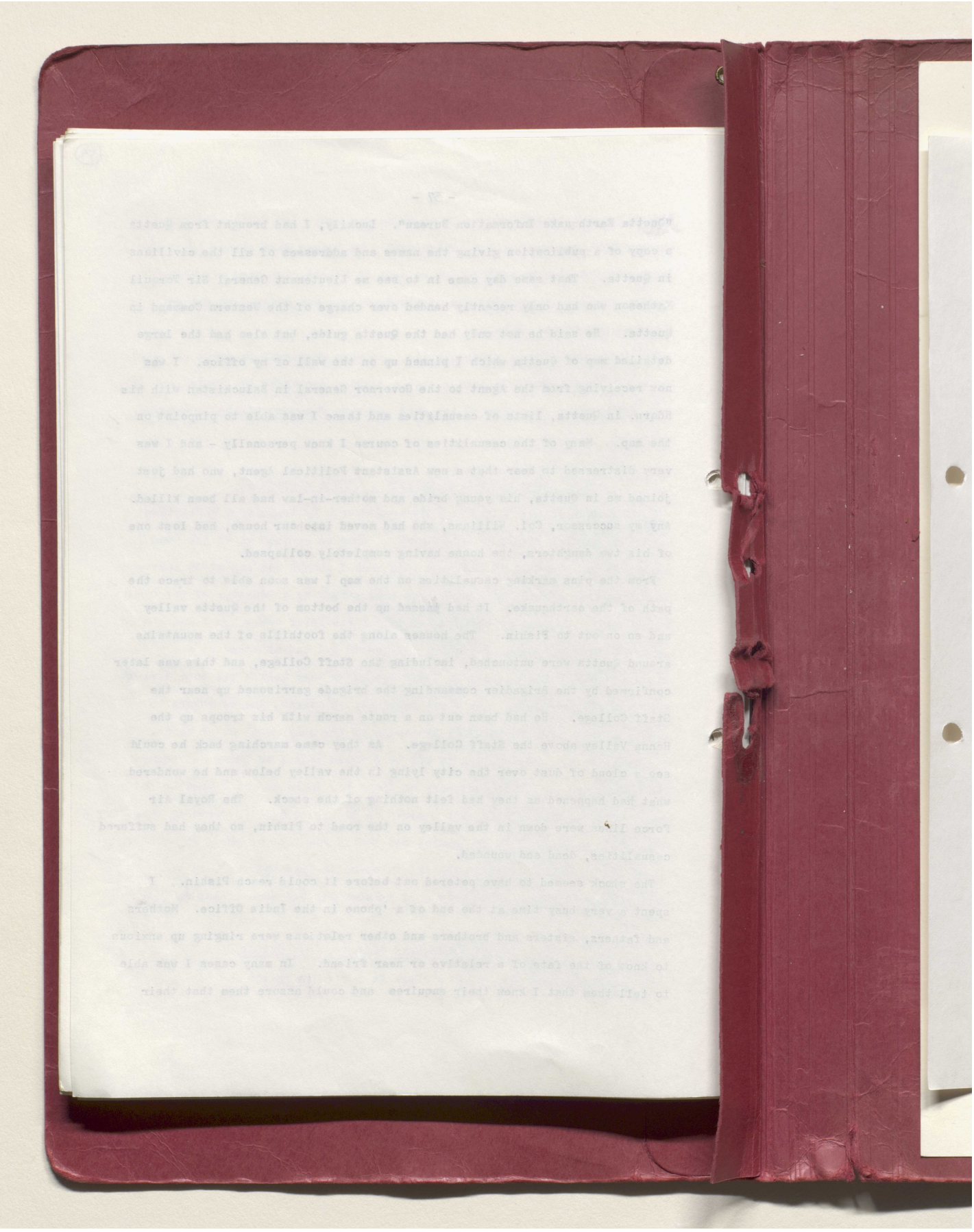
BRITISH LIBRARY

"Quetta Earthquake Information Bureau". Luckily, I had brought from Quetta a copy of a publication giving the names and addresses of all the civilians in Quetta. That same day came in to see me Lieutenant General Sir Torquil Matheson who had only recently handed over charge of the Western Command in Quetta. He said he not only had the Quetta guide, but also had the large detailed map of Quetta which I pinned up on the wall of my office. I was now receiving from the Agent to the Governor General in Baluchistan with his Hdqrs. in Quetta, lists of casualities and these I was able to pinpoint on the map. Many of the casualities of course I knew personally - and I was very distressed to hear that a new Assistant Political Agent, who had just joined me in Quetta, his young bride and mother-in-law had all been killed. And my successor, Col. Williams, who had moved into our house, had lost one of his two daughters, the house having completely collapsed.

From the pins marking casualities on the map I was soon able to trace the path of the earthquake. It had passed up the bottom of the Quetta valley and so on out to Pishin. The houses along the foothills of the mountains around Quetta were untouched, including the Staff College, and this was later confirmed by the Brigadier commanding the brigade garrisoned up near the Staff College. He had been out on a route march with his troops up the Hanna Valley above the Staff College. As they came marching back he could see a cloud of dust over the city lying in the valley below and he wondered what had happened as they had felt nothing of the shock. The Royal Air Force lines were down in the valley on the road to Pishin, so they had suffered casualities, dead and wounded.

The shock seemed to have petered out before it could reach Pishin. I spent a very busy time at the end of a 'phone in the India Office. Mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers and other relations were ringing up anxious to know of the fate of a relative or near friend. In many cases I was able to tell them that I knew their enquiree and could assure them that their

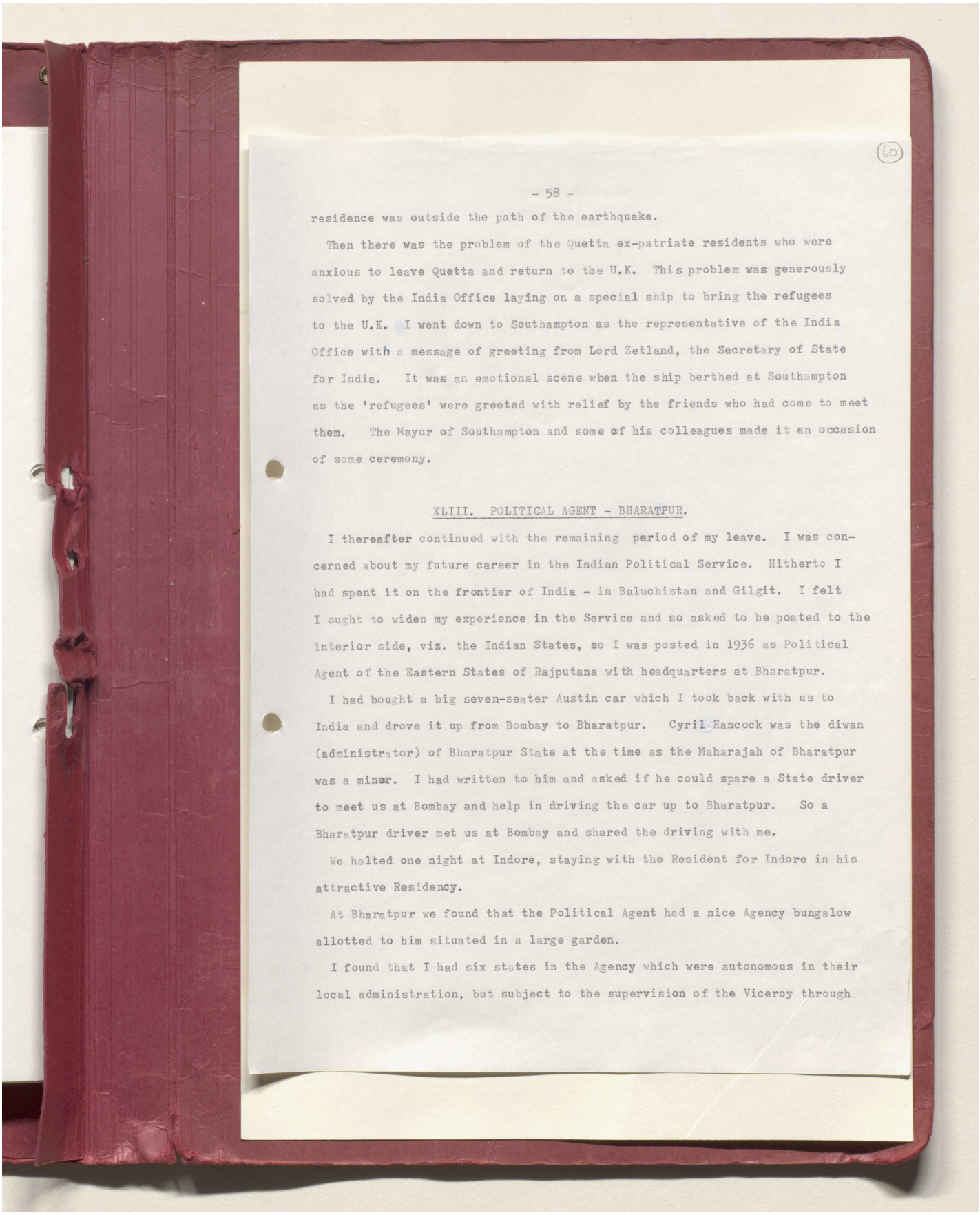
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000076



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000077

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(60)

residence was outside the path of the earthquake.

Then there was the problem of the Quetta ex-patriate residents who were anxious to leave Quetta and return to the U.K. This problem was generously solved by the India Office laying on a special ship to bring the refugees to the U.K. I went down to Southampton as the representative of the India Office with a message of greeting from Lord Zetland, the Secretary of State for India. It was an emotional scene when the ship berthed at Southampton as the 'refugees' were greeted with relief by the friends who had come to meet them. The Mayor of Southampton and some of his colleagues made it an occasion of some ceremony.

XLIII. POLITICAL AGENT - BHARATPUR.

I thereafter continued with the remaining period of my leave. I was concerned about my future career in the Indian Political Service. Hitherto I had spent it on the frontier of India - in Baluchistan and Gilgit. I felt I ought to widen my experience in the Service and so asked to be posted to the interior side, viz. the Indian States, so I was posted in 1936 as Political Agent of the Eastern States of Rajputana with headquarters at Bharatpur.

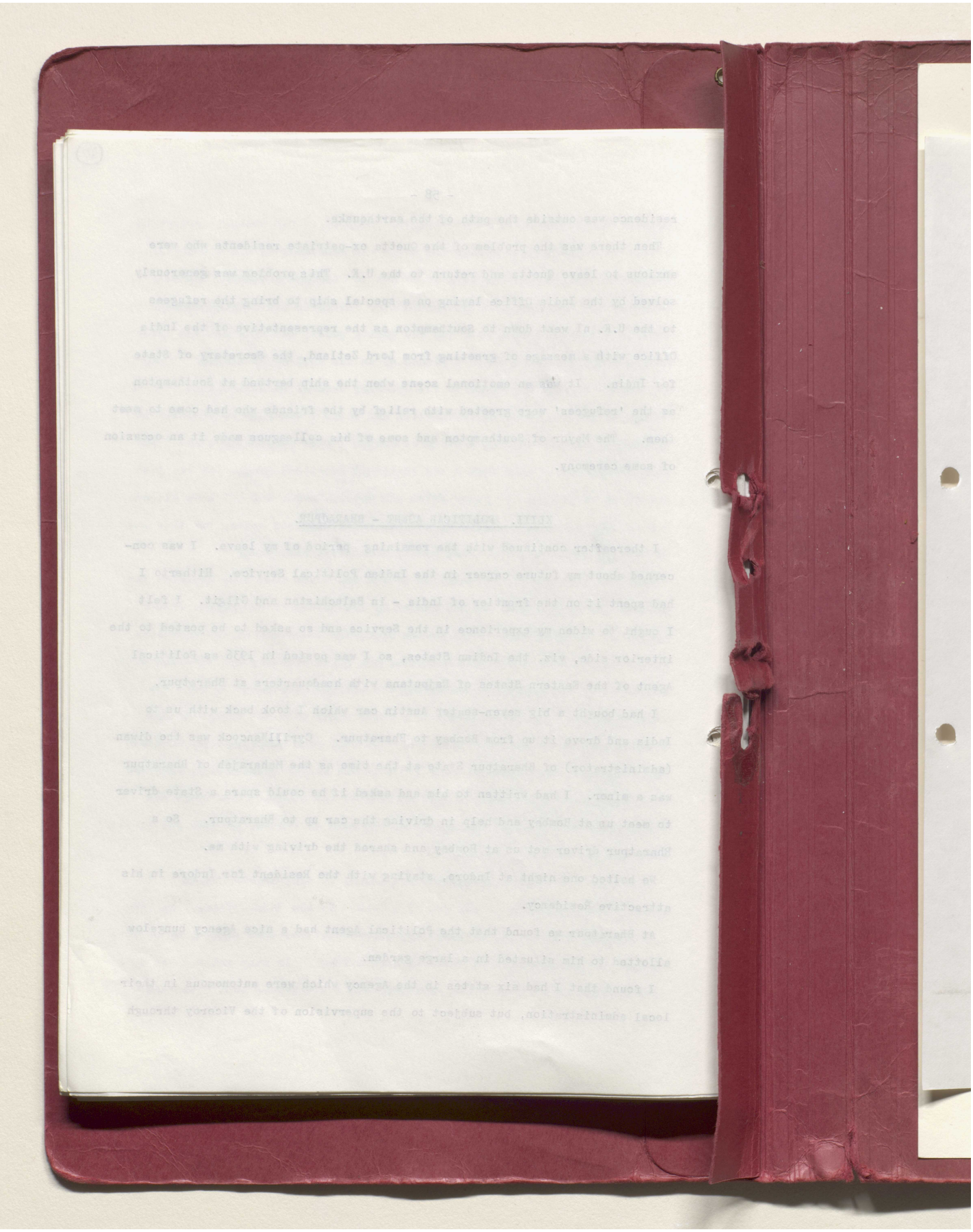
I had bought a big seven-seater Austin car which I took back with us to India and drove it up from Bombay to Bharatpur. Cyril Hancock was the diwan (administrator) of Bharatpur State at the time as the Maharajah of Bharatpur was a minor. I had written to him and asked if he could spare a State driver to meet us at Bombay and help in driving the car up to Bharatpur. So a Bharatpur driver met us at Bombay and shared the driving with me.

We halted one night at Indore, staying with the Resident for Indore in his attractive Residency.

At Bharatpur we found that the Political Agent had a nice Agency bungalow allotted to him situated in a large garden.

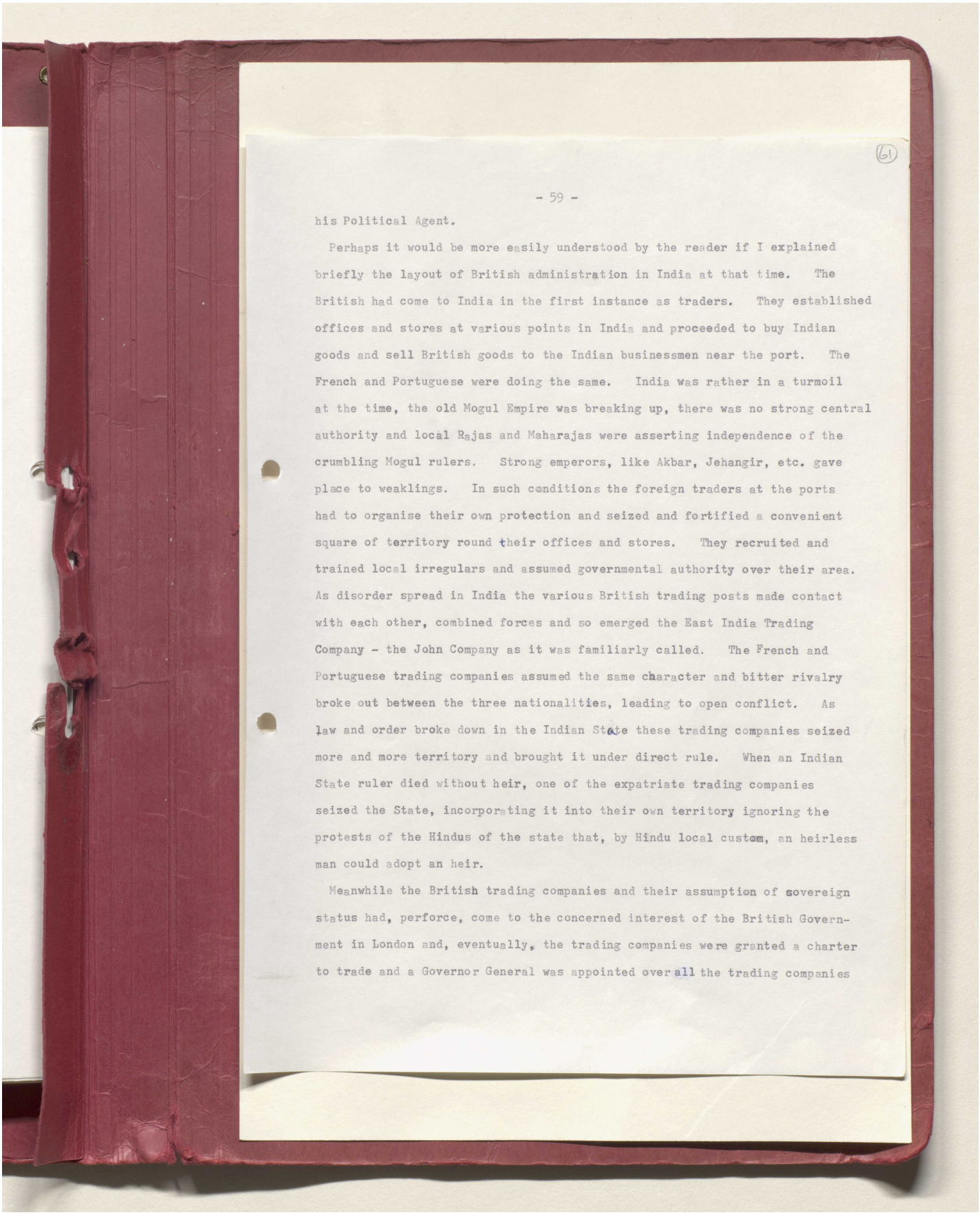
I found that I had six states in the Agency which were autonomous in their local administration, but subject to the supervision of the Viceroy through

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000078



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

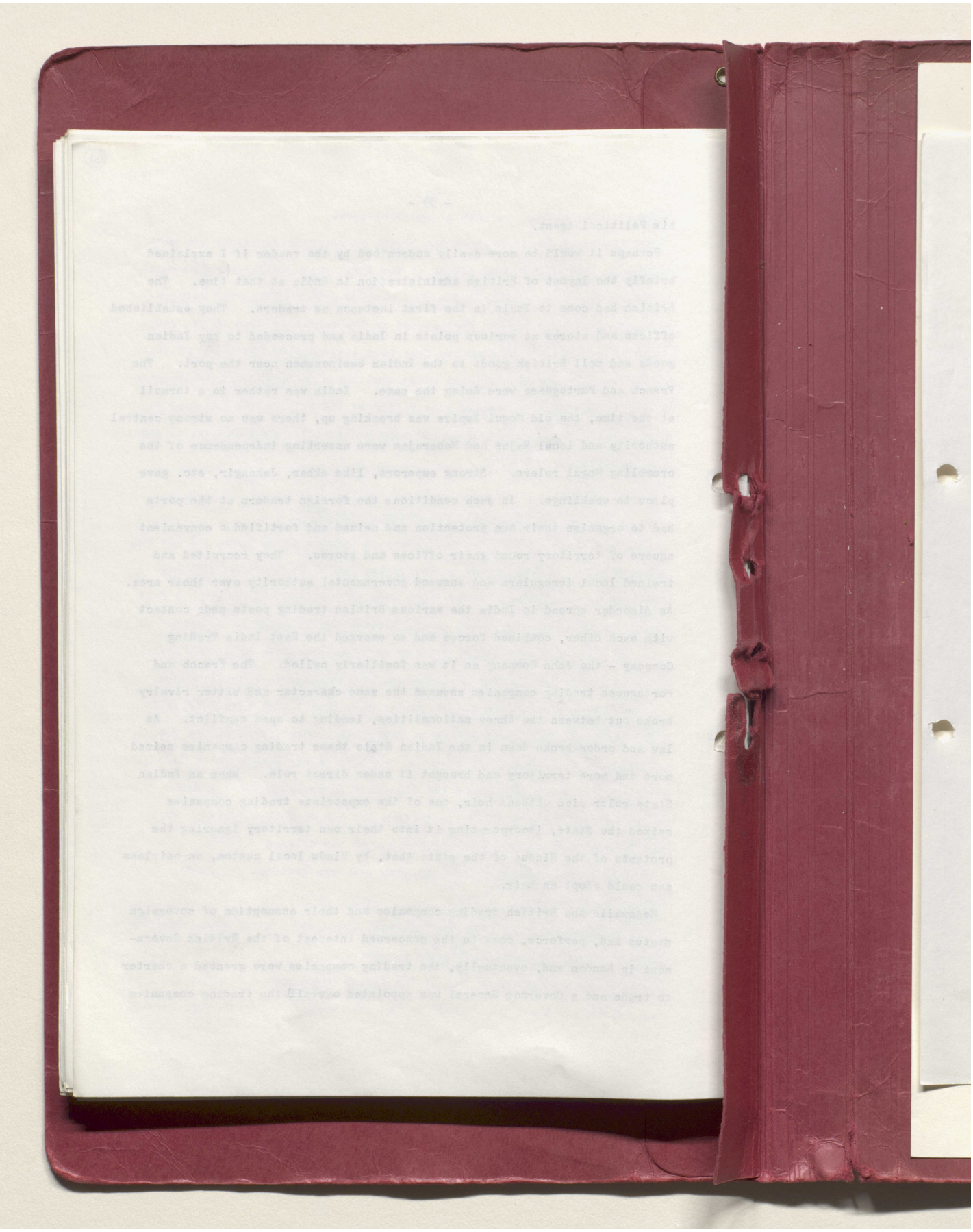


his Political Agent.

Perhaps it would be more easily understood by the reader if I explained briefly the layout of British administration in India at that time. The British had come to India in the first instance as traders. They established offices and stores at various points in India and proceeded to buy Indian goods and sell British goods to the Indian businessmen near the port. The French and Portuguese were doing the same. India was rather in a turmoil at the time, the old Mogul Empire was breaking up, there was no strong central authority and local Rajas and Maharajas were asserting independence of the crumbling Mogul rulers. Strong emperors, like Akbar, Jehangir, etc. gave place to weaklings. In such conditions the foreign traders at the ports had to organise their own protection and seized and fortified a convenient square of territory round their offices and stores. They recruited and trained local irregulars and assumed governmental authority over their area. As disorder spread in India the various British trading posts made contact with each other, combined forces and so emerged the East India Trading Company - the John Company as it was familiarly called. The French and Portuguese trading companies assumed the same character and bitter rivalry broke out between the three nationalities, leading to open conflict. As law and order broke down in the Indian State these trading companies seized more and more territory and brought it under direct rule. When an Indian State ruler died without heir, one of the expatriate trading companies seized the State, incorporating it into their own territory ignoring the protests of the Hindus of the state that, by Hindu local custom, an heirless man could adopt an heir.

Meanwhile the British trading companies and their assumption of sovereign status had, perforce, come to the concerned interest of the British Government in London and, eventually, the trading companies were granted a charter to trade and a Governor General was appointed over all the trading companies

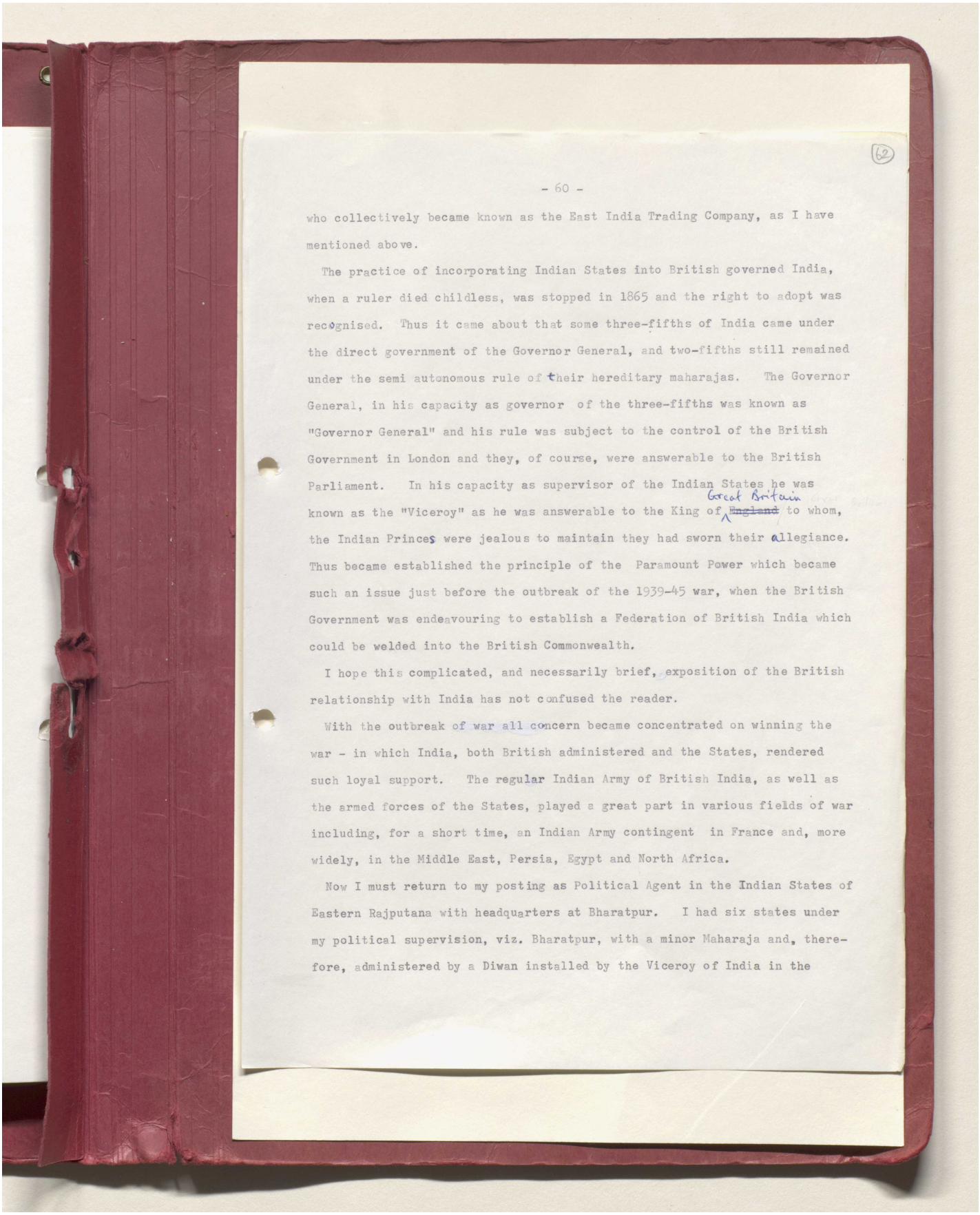
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00007a



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00007b

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



who collectively became known as the East India Trading Company, as I have mentioned above.

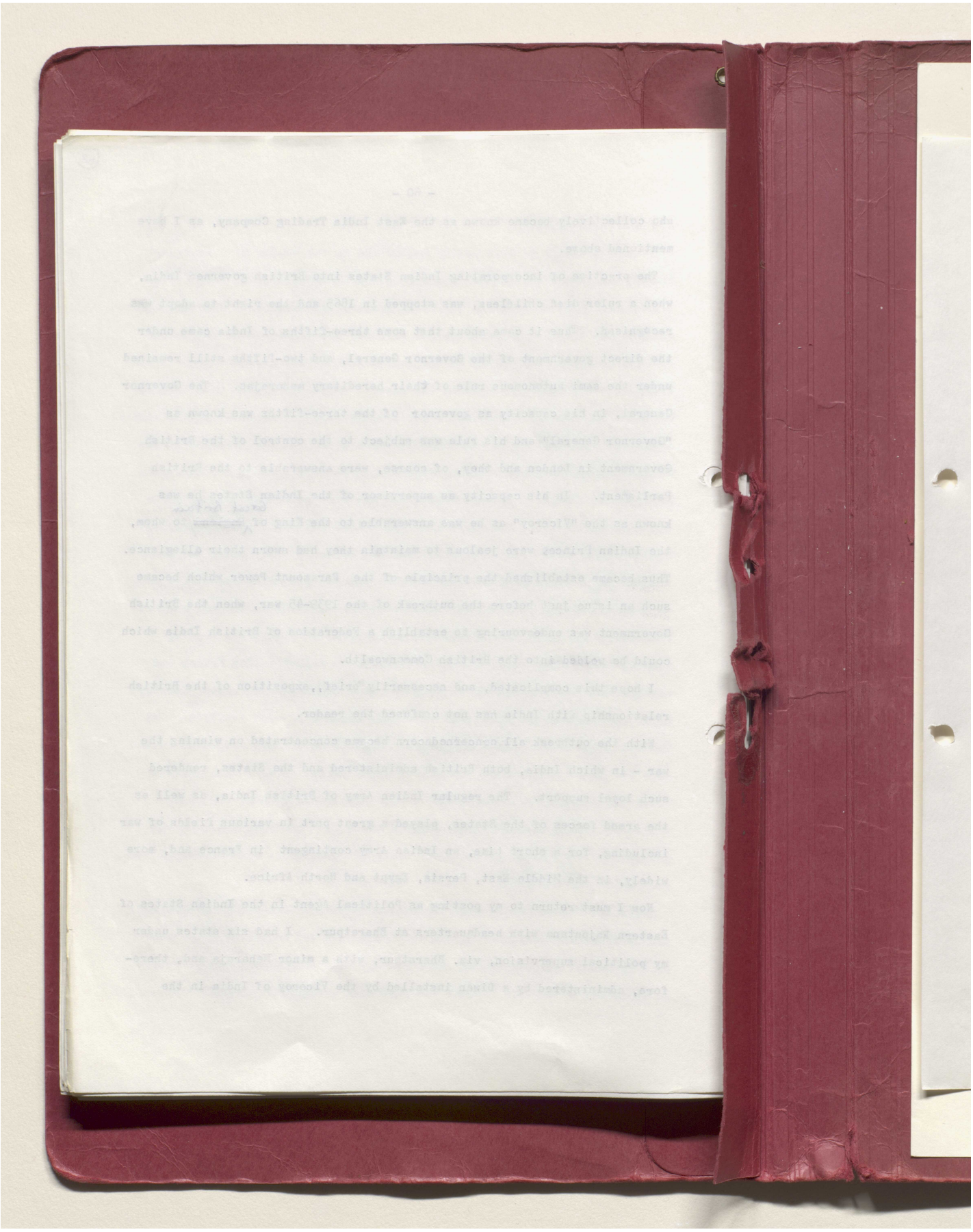
The practice of incorporating Indian States into British governed India, when a ruler died childless, was stopped in 1865 and the right to adopt was recognised. Thus it came about that some three-fifths of India came under the direct government of the Governor General, and two-fifths still remained under the semi autonomous rule of their hereditary maharajas. The Governor General, in his capacity as governor of the three-fifths was known as "Governor General" and his rule was subject to the control of the British Government in London and they, of course, were answerable to the British Parliament. In his capacity as supervisor of the Indian States he was known as the "Viceroy" as he was answerable to the King of ~~England~~ Great Britain to whom, the Indian Princes were jealous to maintain they had sworn their allegiance. Thus became established the principle of the Paramount Power which became such an issue just before the outbreak of the 1939-45 war, when the British Government was endeavouring to establish a Federation of British India which could be welded into the British Commonwealth.

I hope this complicated, and necessarily brief, exposition of the British relationship with India has not confused the reader.

With the outbreak of war all concern became concentrated on winning the war - in which India, both British administered and the States, rendered such loyal support. The regular Indian Army of British India, as well as the armed forces of the States, played a great part in various fields of war including, for a short time, an Indian Army contingent in France and, more widely, in the Middle East, Persia, Egypt and North Africa.

Now I must return to my posting as Political Agent in the Indian States of Eastern Rajputana with headquarters at Bharatpur. I had six states under my political supervision, viz. Bharatpur, with a minor Maharaja and, therefore, administered by a Diwan installed by the Viceroy of India in the

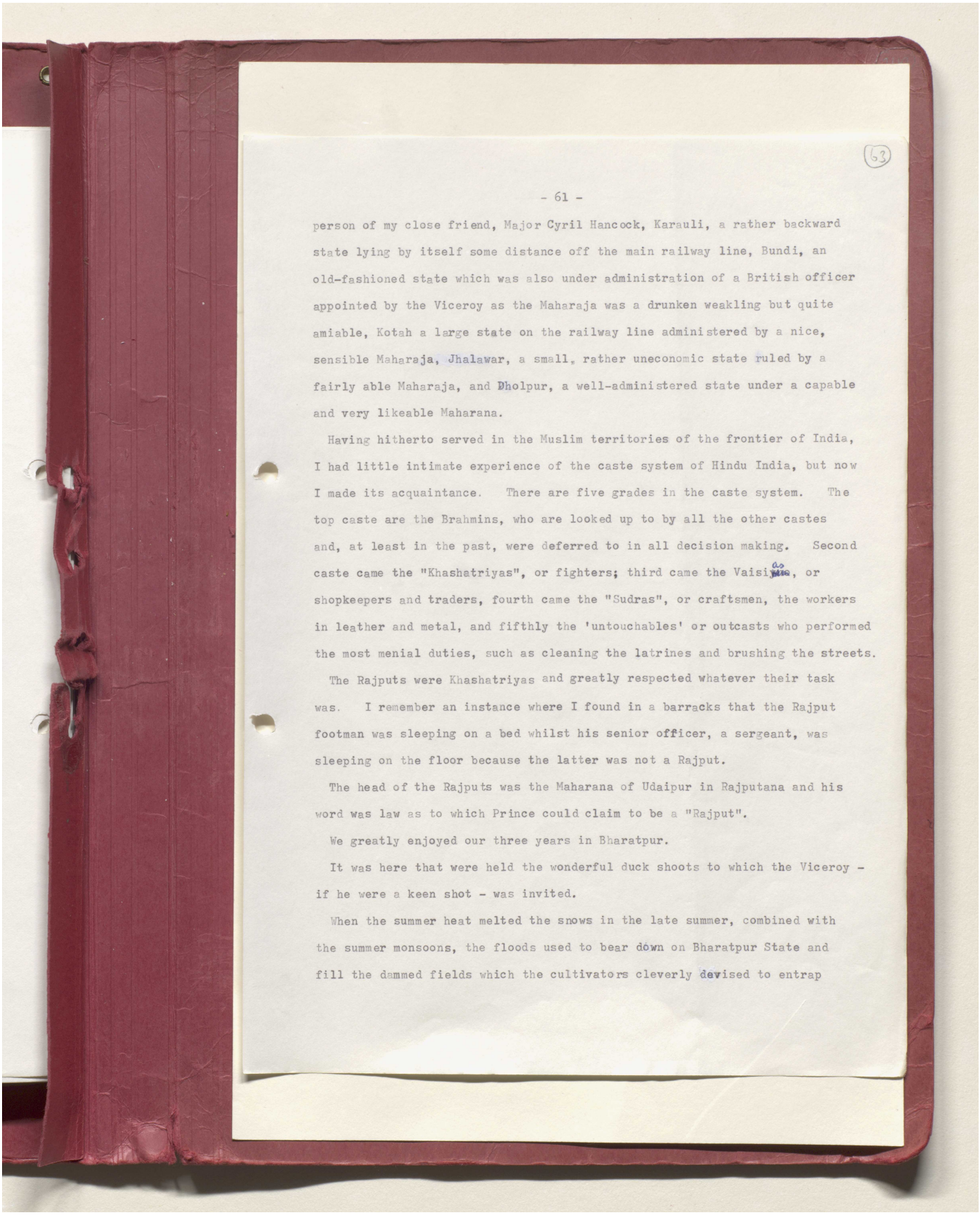
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00007c



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00007d

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



person of my close friend, Major Cyril Hancock, Karauli, a rather backward state lying by itself some distance off the main railway line, Bundi, an old-fashioned state which was also under administration of a British officer appointed by the Viceroy as the Maharaja was a drunken weakling but quite amiable, Kotah a large state on the railway line administered by a nice, sensible Maharaja, Jhalawar, a small, rather uneconomic state ruled by a fairly able Maharaja, and Dholpur, a well-administered state under a capable and very likeable Maharana.

Having hitherto served in the Muslim territories of the frontier of India, I had little intimate experience of the caste system of Hindu India, but now I made its acquaintance. There are five grades in the caste system. The top caste are the Brahmins, who are looked up to by all the other castes and, at least in the past, were deferred to in all decision making. Second caste came the "Khashatriyas", or fighters; third came the Vaisiyas, or shopkeepers and traders, fourth came the "Sudras", or craftsmen, the workers in leather and metal, and fifthly the 'untouchables' or outcasts who performed the most menial duties, such as cleaning the latrines and brushing the streets.

The Rajputs were Khashatriyas and greatly respected whatever their task was. I remember an instance where I found in a barracks that the Rajput footman was sleeping on a bed whilst his senior officer, a sergeant, was sleeping on the floor because the latter was not a Rajput.

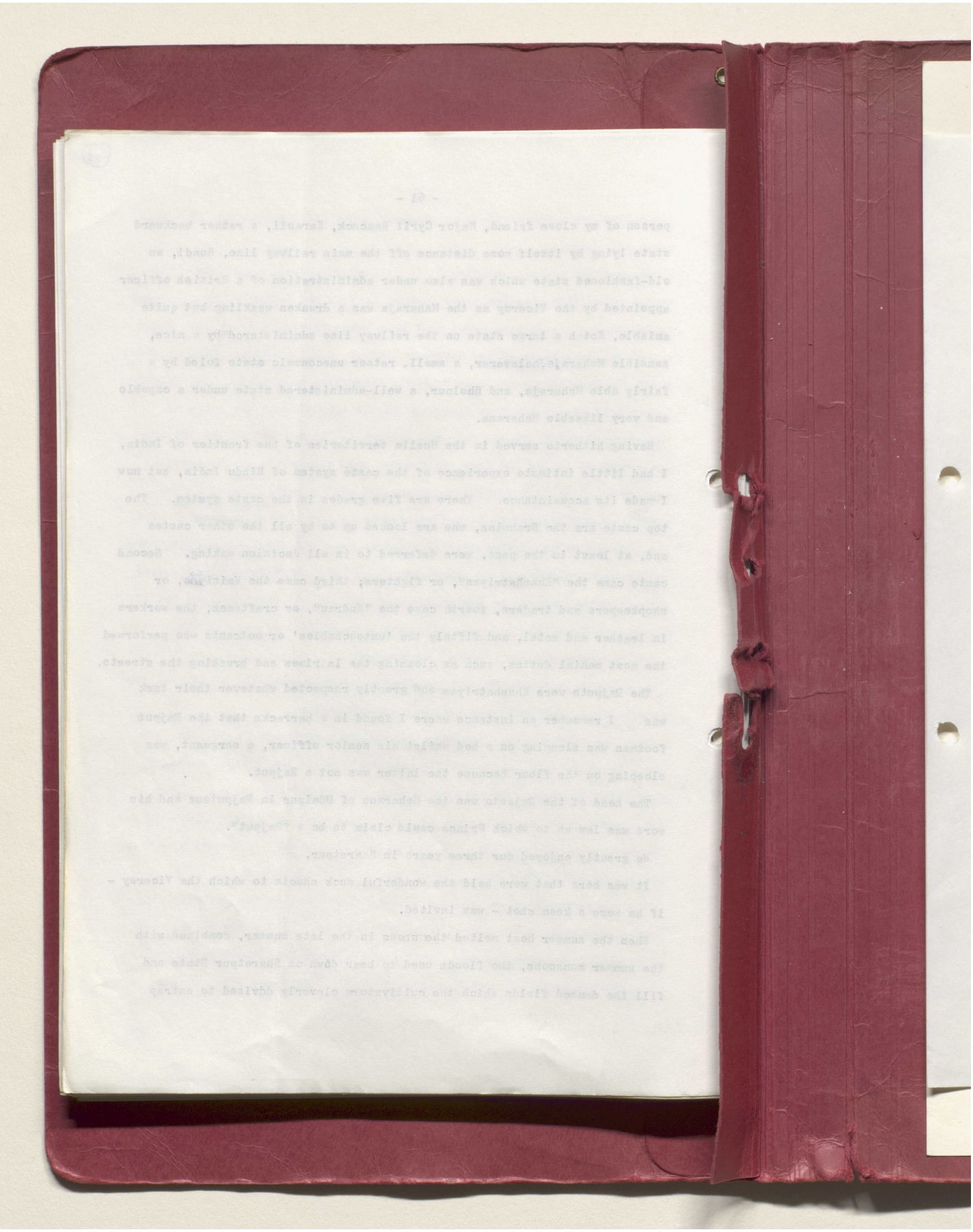
The head of the Rajputs was the Maharana of Udaipur in Rajputana and his word was law as to which Prince could claim to be a "Rajput".

We greatly enjoyed our three years in Bharatpur.

It was here that were held the wonderful duck shoots to which the Viceroy - if he were a keen shot - was invited.

When the summer heat melted the snows in the late summer, combined with the summer monsoons, the floods used to bear down on Bharatpur State and fill the dammed fields which the cultivators cleverly devised to entrap

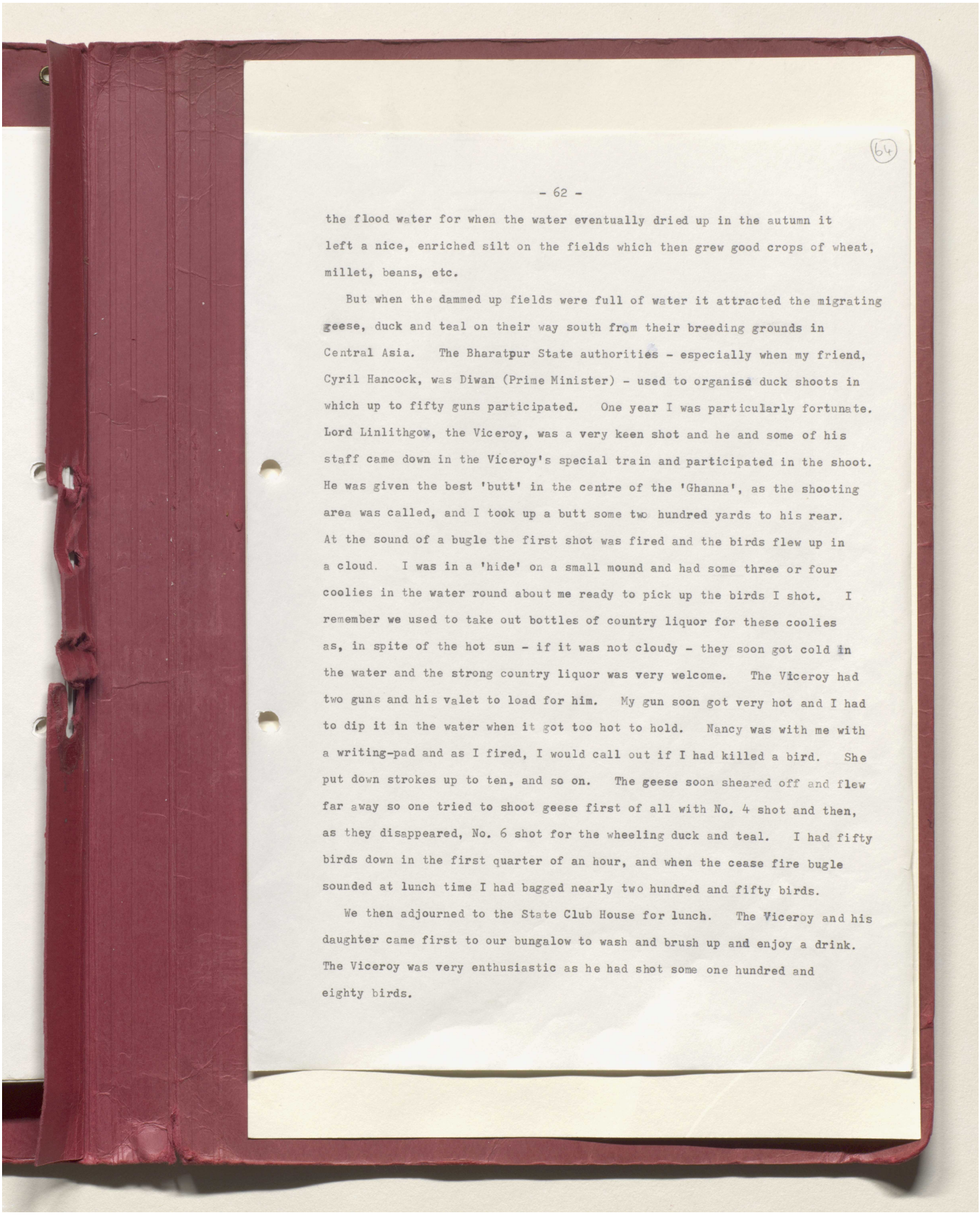
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00007e



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00007f

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

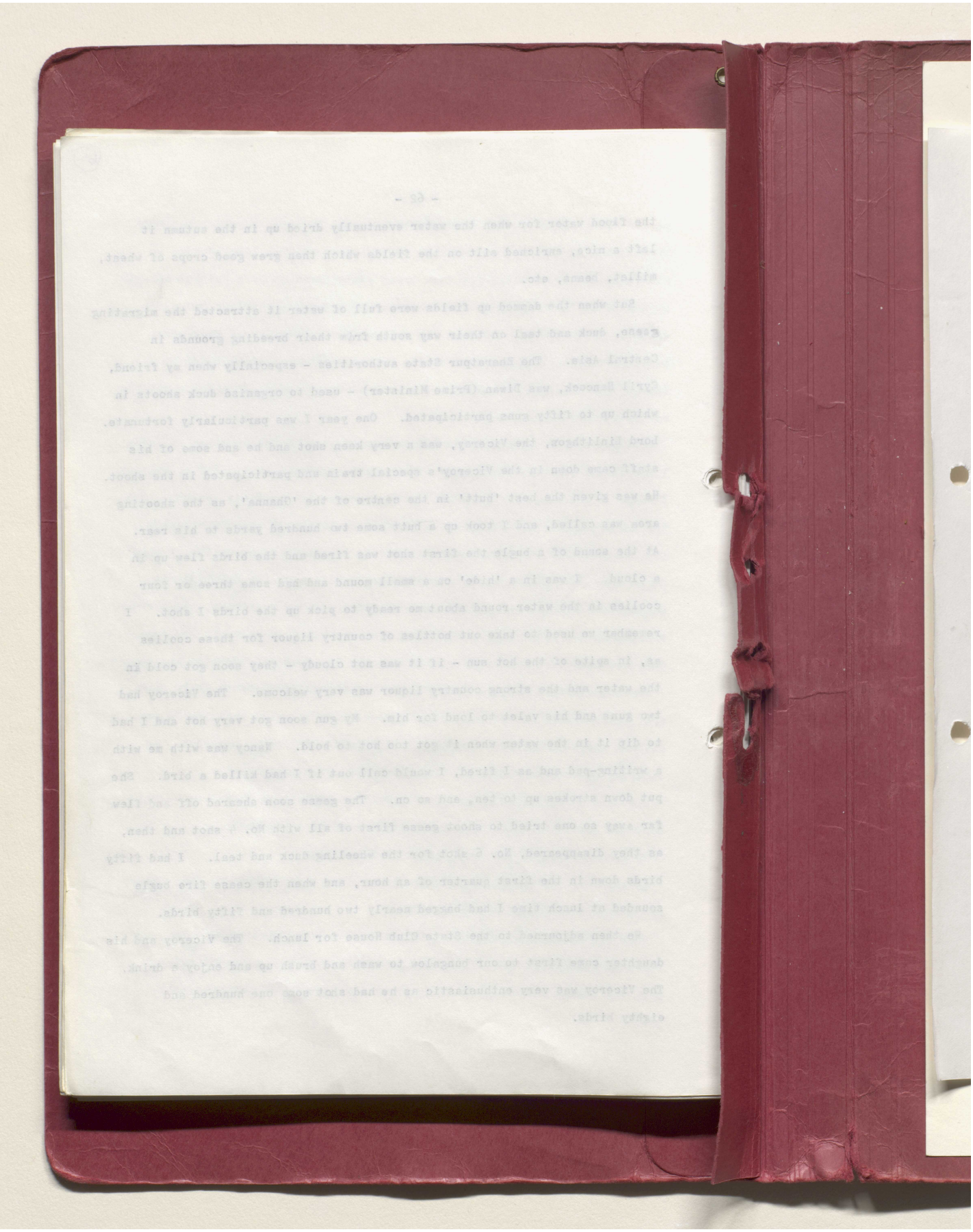


the flood water for when the water eventually dried up in the autumn it left a nice, enriched silt on the fields which then grew good crops of wheat, millet, beans, etc.

But when the dammed up fields were full of water it attracted the migrating geese, duck and teal on their way south from their breeding grounds in Central Asia. The Bharatpur State authorities - especially when my friend, Cyril Hancock, was Diwan (Prime Minister) - used to organise duck shoots in which up to fifty guns participated. One year I was particularly fortunate. Lord Linlithgow, the Viceroy, was a very keen shot and he and some of his staff came down in the Viceroy's special train and participated in the shoot. He was given the best 'butt' in the centre of the 'Ghanna', as the shooting area was called, and I took up a butt some two hundred yards to his rear. At the sound of a bugle the first shot was fired and the birds flew up in a cloud. I was in a 'hide' on a small mound and had some three or four coolies in the water round about me ready to pick up the birds I shot. I remember we used to take out bottles of country liquor for these coolies as, in spite of the hot sun - if it was not cloudy - they soon got cold in the water and the strong country liquor was very welcome. The Viceroy had two guns and his valet to load for him. My gun soon got very hot and I had to dip it in the water when it got too hot to hold. Nancy was with me with a writing-pad and as I fired, I would call out if I had killed a bird. She put down strokes up to ten, and so on. The geese soon sheared off and flew far away so one tried to shoot geese first of all with No. 4 shot and then, as they disappeared, No. 6 shot for the wheeling duck and teal. I had fifty birds down in the first quarter of an hour, and when the cease fire bugle sounded at lunch time I had bagged nearly two hundred and fifty birds.

We then adjourned to the State Club House for lunch. The Viceroy and his daughter came first to our bungalow to wash and brush up and enjoy a drink. The Viceroy was very enthusiastic as he had shot some one hundred and eighty birds.

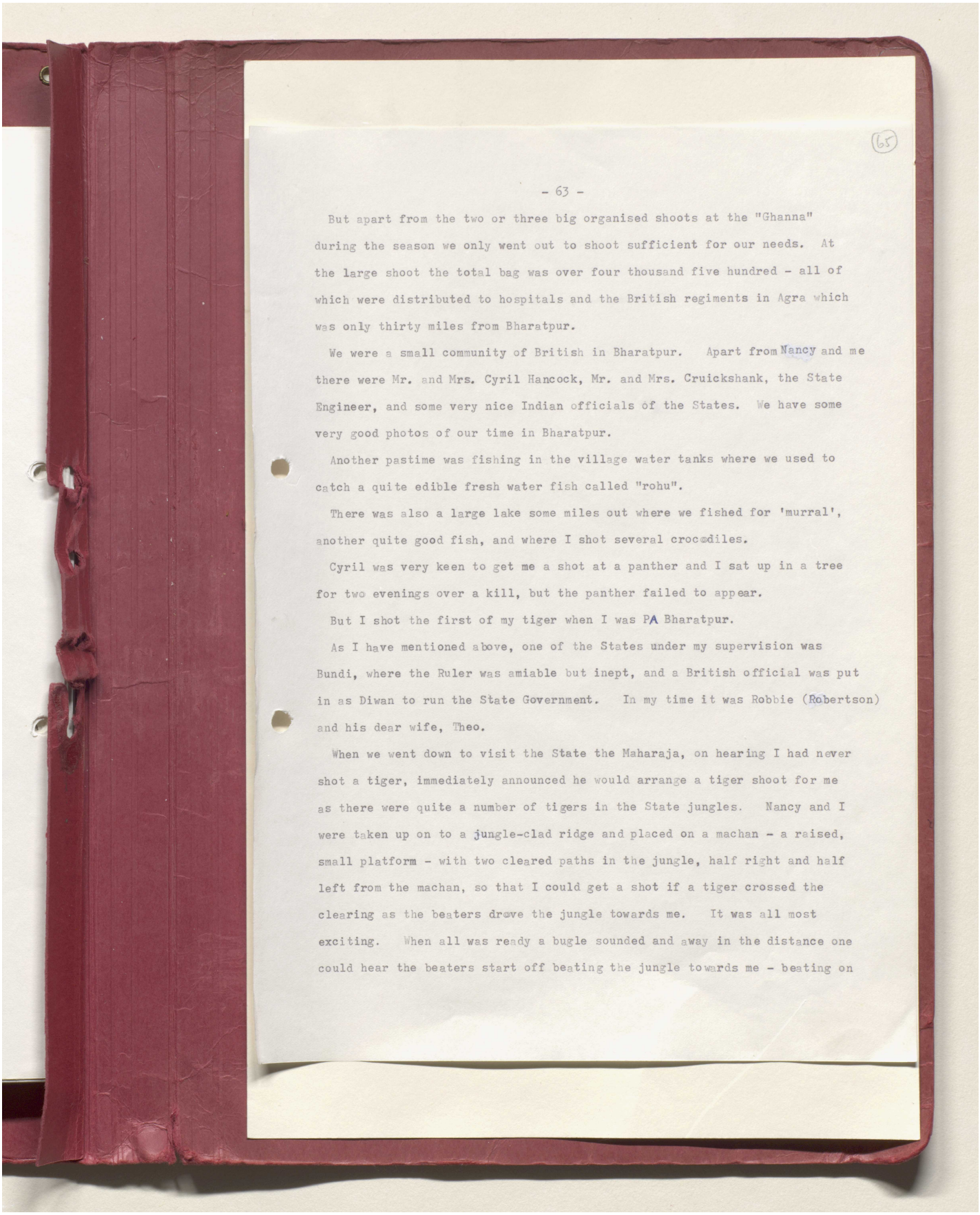
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000080



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000081

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(65)

But apart from the two or three big organised shoots at the "Ghanna" during the season we only went out to shoot sufficient for our needs. At the large shoot the total bag was over four thousand five hundred - all of which were distributed to hospitals and the British regiments in Agra which was only thirty miles from Bharatpur.

We were a small community of British in Bharatpur. Apart from Nancy and me there were Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Hancock, Mr. and Mrs. Cruickshank, the State Engineer, and some very nice Indian officials of the States. We have some very good photos of our time in Bharatpur.

Another pastime was fishing in the village water tanks where we used to catch a quite edible fresh water fish called "rohu".

There was also a large lake some miles out where we fished for 'murral', another quite good fish, and where I shot several crocodiles.

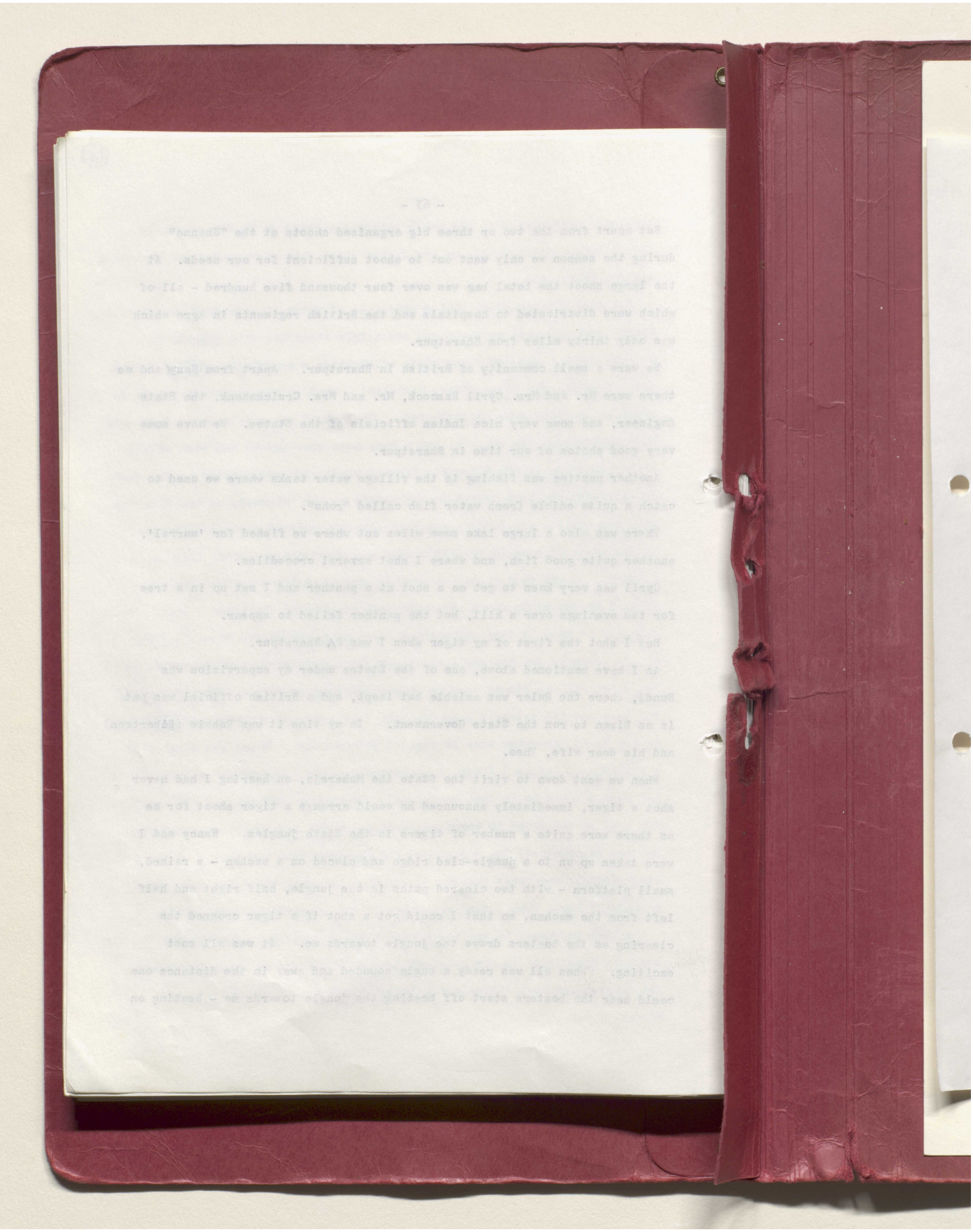
Cyril was very keen to get me a shot at a panther and I sat up in a tree for two evenings over a kill, but the panther failed to appear.

But I shot the first of my tiger when I was PA Bharatpur.

As I have mentioned above, one of the States under my supervision was Bundi, where the Ruler was amiable but inept, and a British official was put in as Diwan to run the State Government. In my time it was Robbie (Robertson) and his dear wife, Theo.

When we went down to visit the State the Maharaja, on hearing I had never shot a tiger, immediately announced he would arrange a tiger shoot for me as there were quite a number of tigers in the State jungles. Nancy and I were taken up on to a jungle-clad ridge and placed on a machan - a raised, small platform - with two cleared paths in the jungle, half right and half left from the machan, so that I could get a shot if a tiger crossed the clearing as the beaters drove the jungle towards me. It was all most exciting. When all was ready a bugle sounded and away in the distance one could hear the beaters start off beating the jungle towards me - beating on

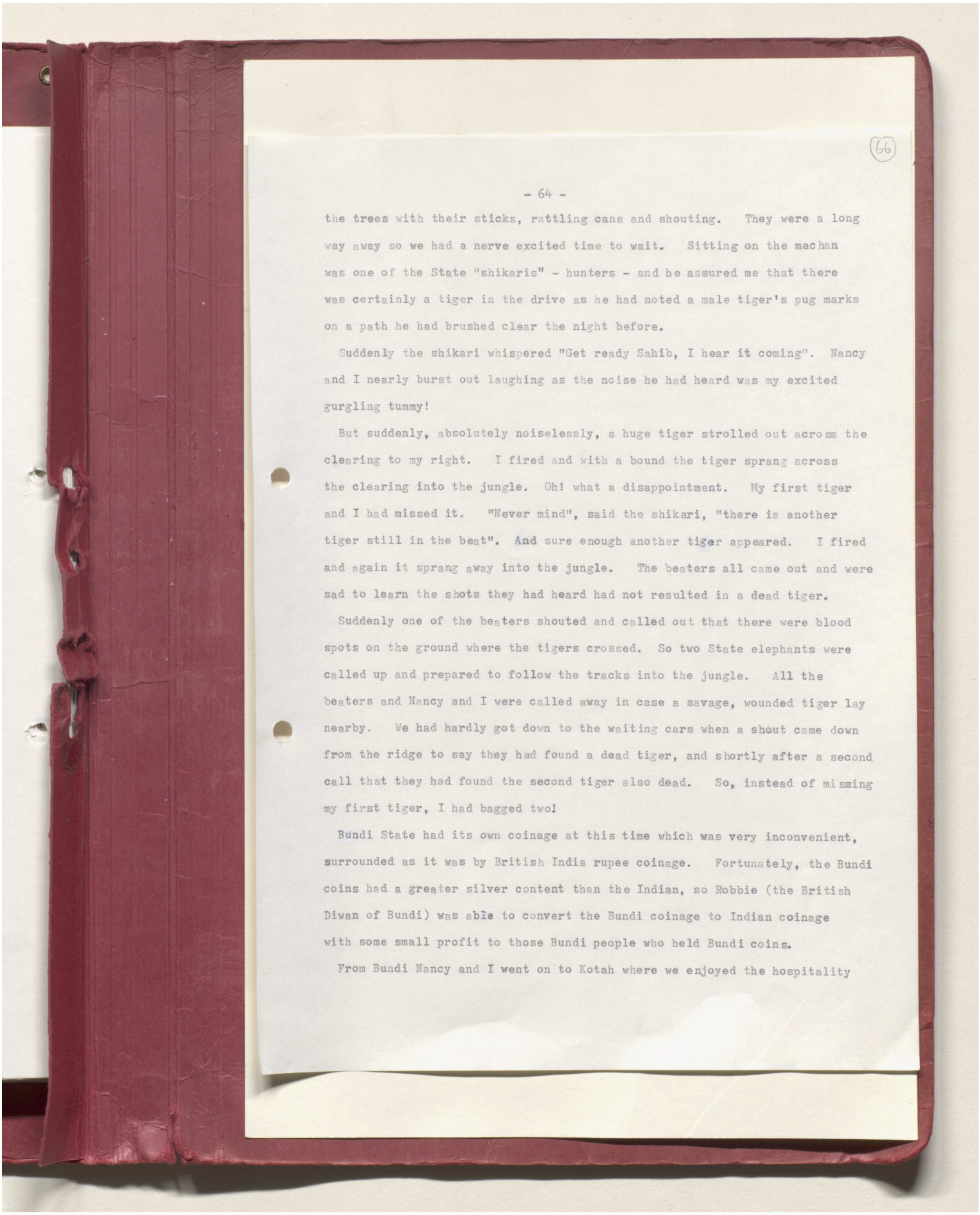
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000082



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000083

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



the trees with their sticks, rattling cans and shouting. They were a long way away so we had a nerve excited time to wait. Sitting on the machan was one of the State "shikaris" - hunters - and he assured me that there was certainly a tiger in the drive as he had noted a male tiger's pug marks on a path he had brushed clear the night before.

Suddenly the shikari whispered "Get ready Sahib, I hear it coming". Nancy and I nearly burst out laughing as the noise he had heard was my excited gurgling tummy!

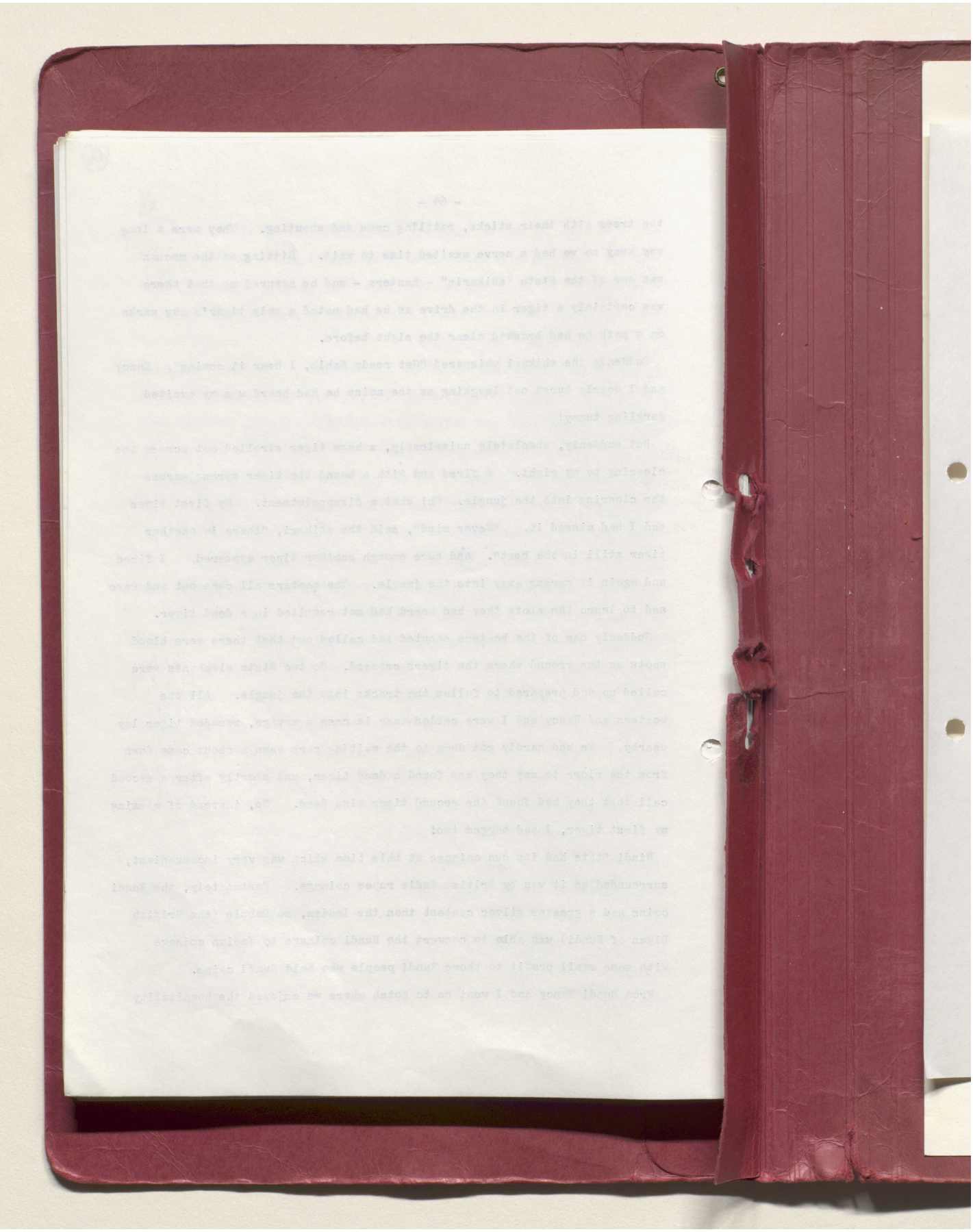
But suddenly, absolutely noiselessly, a huge tiger strolled out across the clearing to my right. I fired and with a bound the tiger sprang across the clearing into the jungle. Oh! what a disappointment. My first tiger and I had missed it. "Never mind", said the shikari, "there is another tiger still in the beat". And sure enough another tiger appeared. I fired and again it sprang away into the jungle. The beaters all came out and were sad to learn the shots they had heard had not resulted in a dead tiger.

Suddenly one of the beaters shouted and called out that there were blood spots on the ground where the tigers crossed. So two State elephants were called up and prepared to follow the tracks into the jungle. All the beaters and Nancy and I were called away in case a savage, wounded tiger lay nearby. We had hardly got down to the waiting cars when a shout came down from the ridge to say they had found a dead tiger, and shortly after a second call that they had found the second tiger also dead. So, instead of missing my first tiger, I had bagged two!

Bundi State had its own coinage at this time which was very inconvenient, surrounded as it was by British India rupee coinage. Fortunately, the Bundi coins had a greater silver content than the Indian, so Robbie (the British Diwan of Bundi) was able to convert the Bundi coinage to Indian coinage with some small profit to those Bundi people who held Bundi coins.

From Bundi Nancy and I went on to Kotah where we enjoyed the hospitality

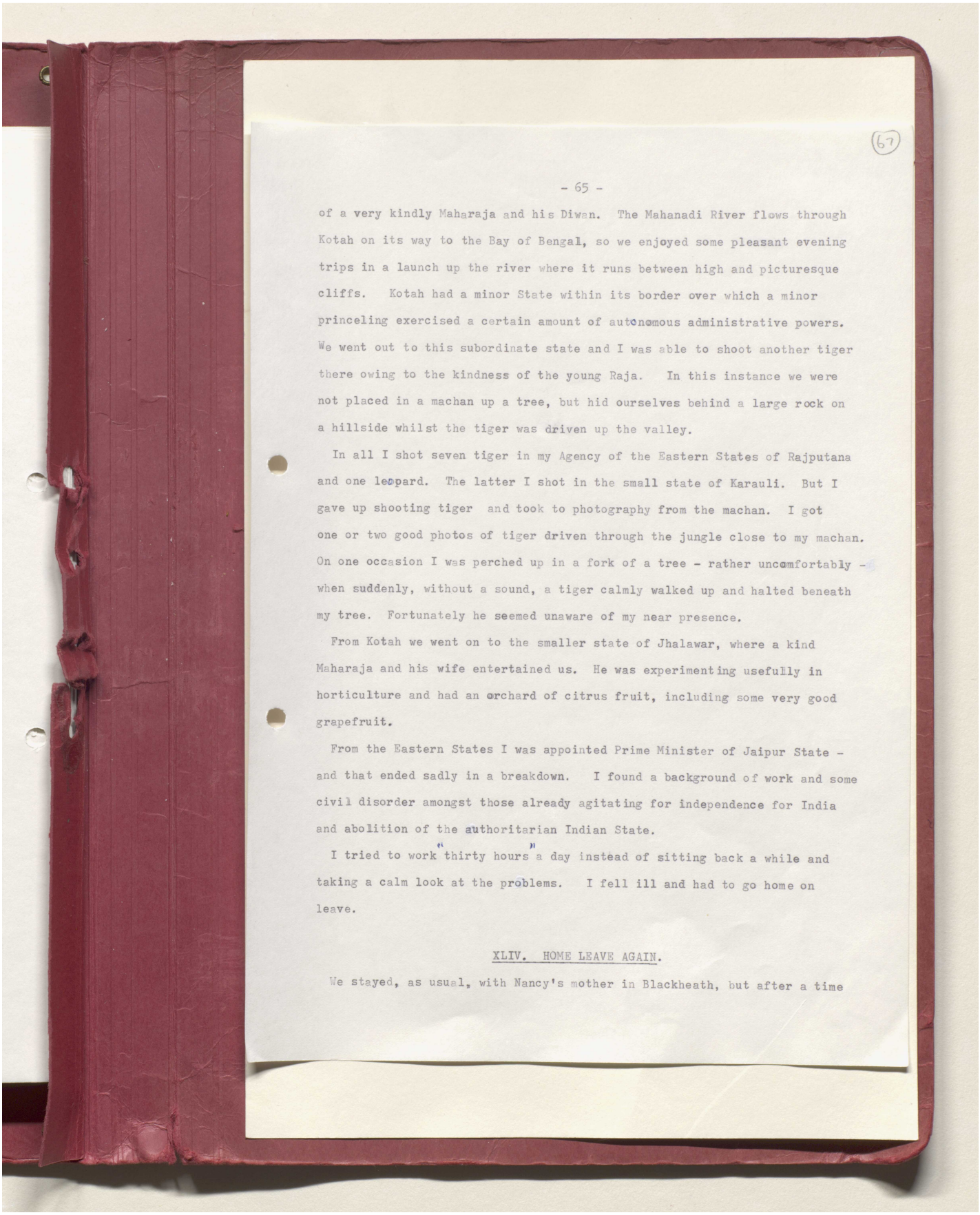
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000084



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000085

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



of a very kindly Maharaja and his Diwan. The Mahanadi River flows through Kotah on its way to the Bay of Bengal, so we enjoyed some pleasant evening trips in a launch up the river where it runs between high and picturesque cliffs. Kotah had a minor State within its border over which a minor princeling exercised a certain amount of autonomous administrative powers. We went out to this subordinate state and I was able to shoot another tiger there owing to the kindness of the young Raja. In this instance we were not placed in a machan up a tree, but hid ourselves behind a large rock on a hillside whilst the tiger was driven up the valley.

In all I shot seven tiger in my Agency of the Eastern States of Rajputana and one leopard. The latter I shot in the small state of Karauli. But I gave up shooting tiger and took to photography from the machan. I got one or two good photos of tiger driven through the jungle close to my machan. On one occasion I was perched up in a fork of a tree - rather uncomfortably - when suddenly, without a sound, a tiger calmly walked up and halted beneath my tree. Fortunately he seemed unaware of my near presence.

From Kotah we went on to the smaller state of Jhalawar, where a kind Maharaja and his wife entertained us. He was experimenting usefully in horticulture and had an orchard of citrus fruit, including some very good grapefruit.

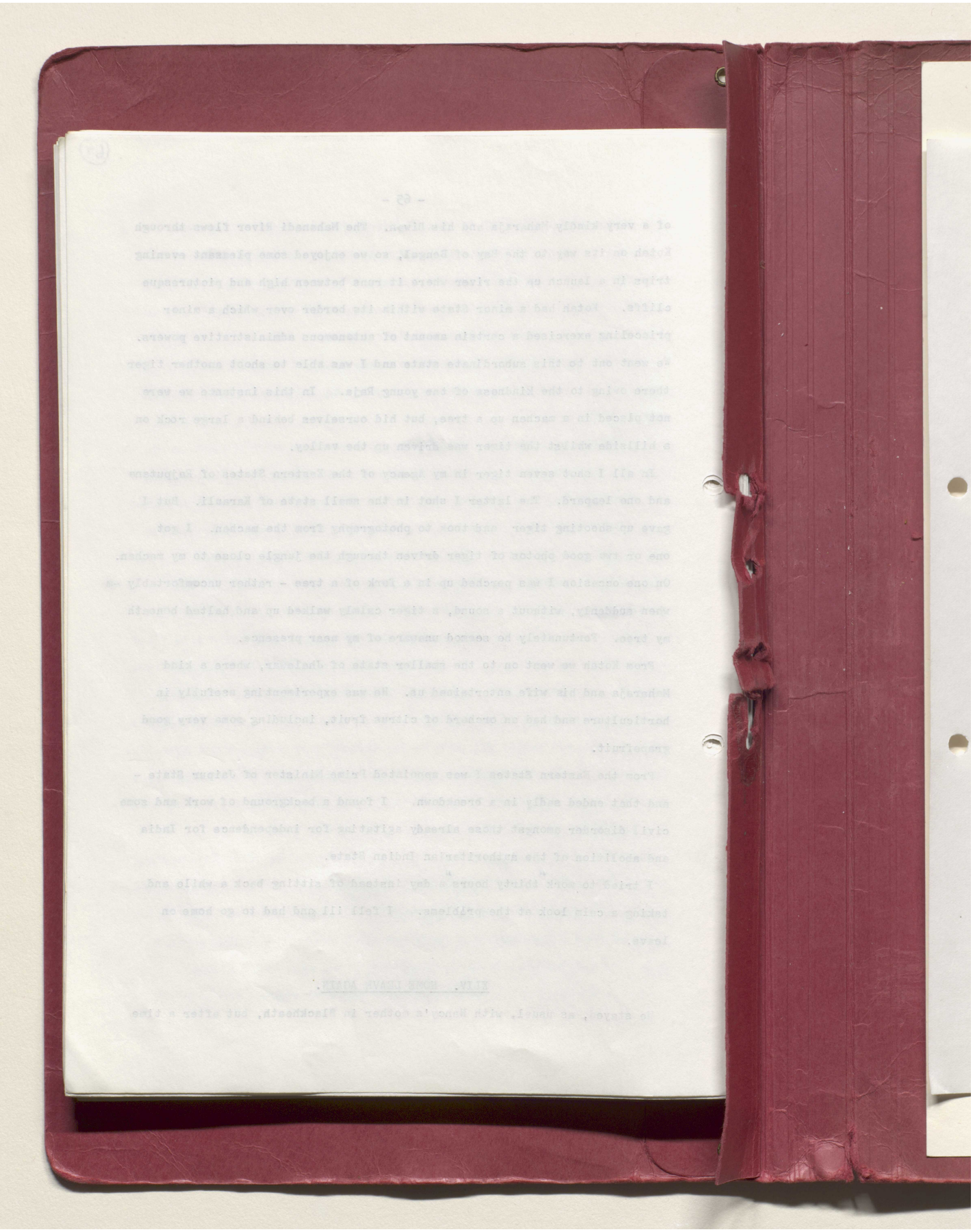
From the Eastern States I was appointed Prime Minister of Jaipur State - and that ended sadly in a breakdown. I found a background of work and some civil disorder amongst those already agitating for independence for India and abolition of the authoritarian Indian State.

I tried to work "thirty hours" a day instead of sitting back a while and taking a calm look at the problems. I fell ill and had to go home on leave.

XLIV. HOME LEAVE AGAIN.

We stayed, as usual, with Nancy's mother in Blackheath, but after a time

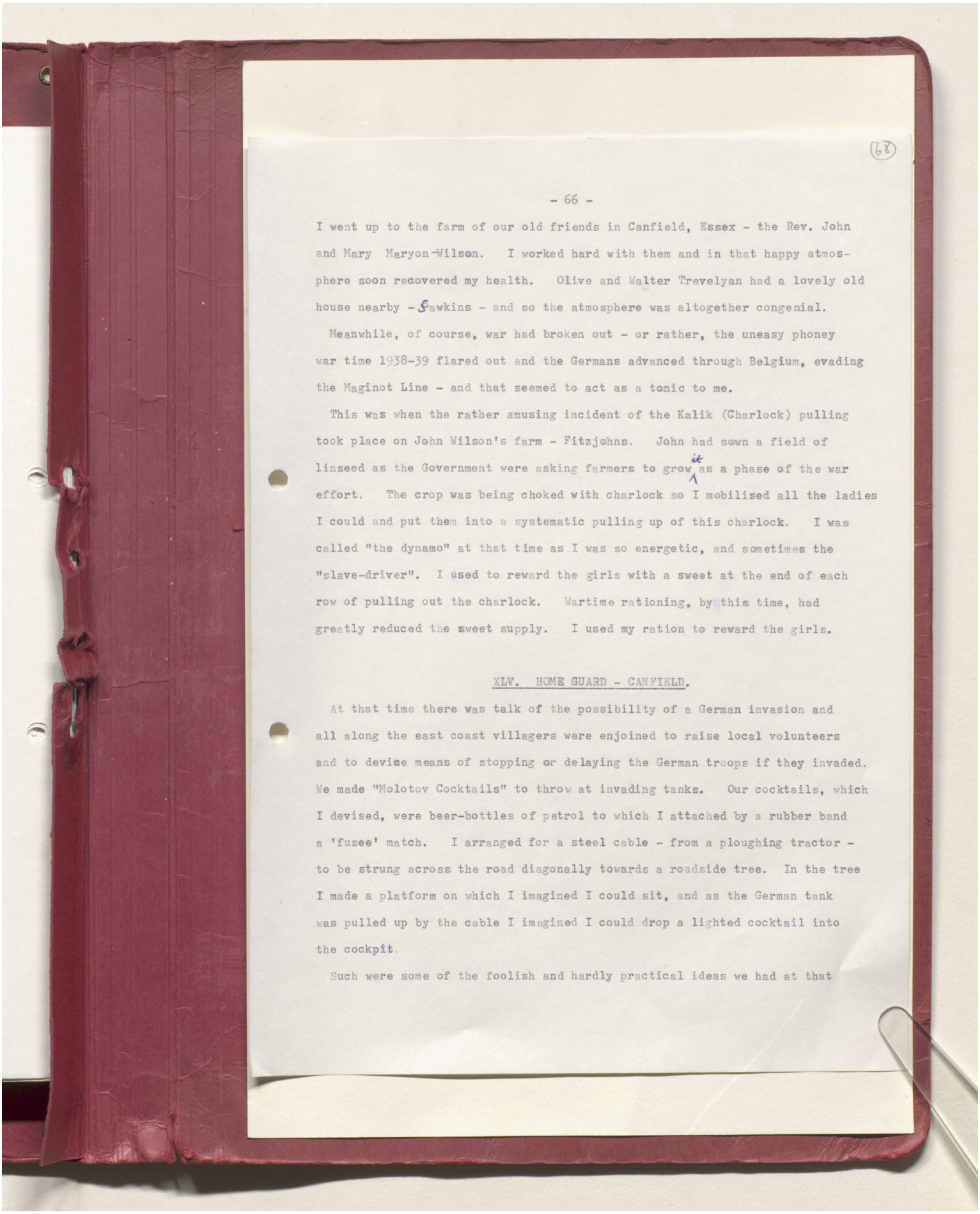
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000086



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000087

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(68)

I went up to the farm of our old friends in Canfield, Essex - the Rev. John and Mary Maryon-Wilson. I worked hard with them and in that happy atmosphere soon recovered my health. Olive and Walter Trevelyan had a lovely old house nearby - Sawkins - and so the atmosphere was altogether congenial.

Meanwhile, of course, war had broken out - or rather, the uneasy phoney war time 1938-39 flared out and the Germans advanced through Belgium, evading the Maginot Line - and that seemed to act as a tonic to me.

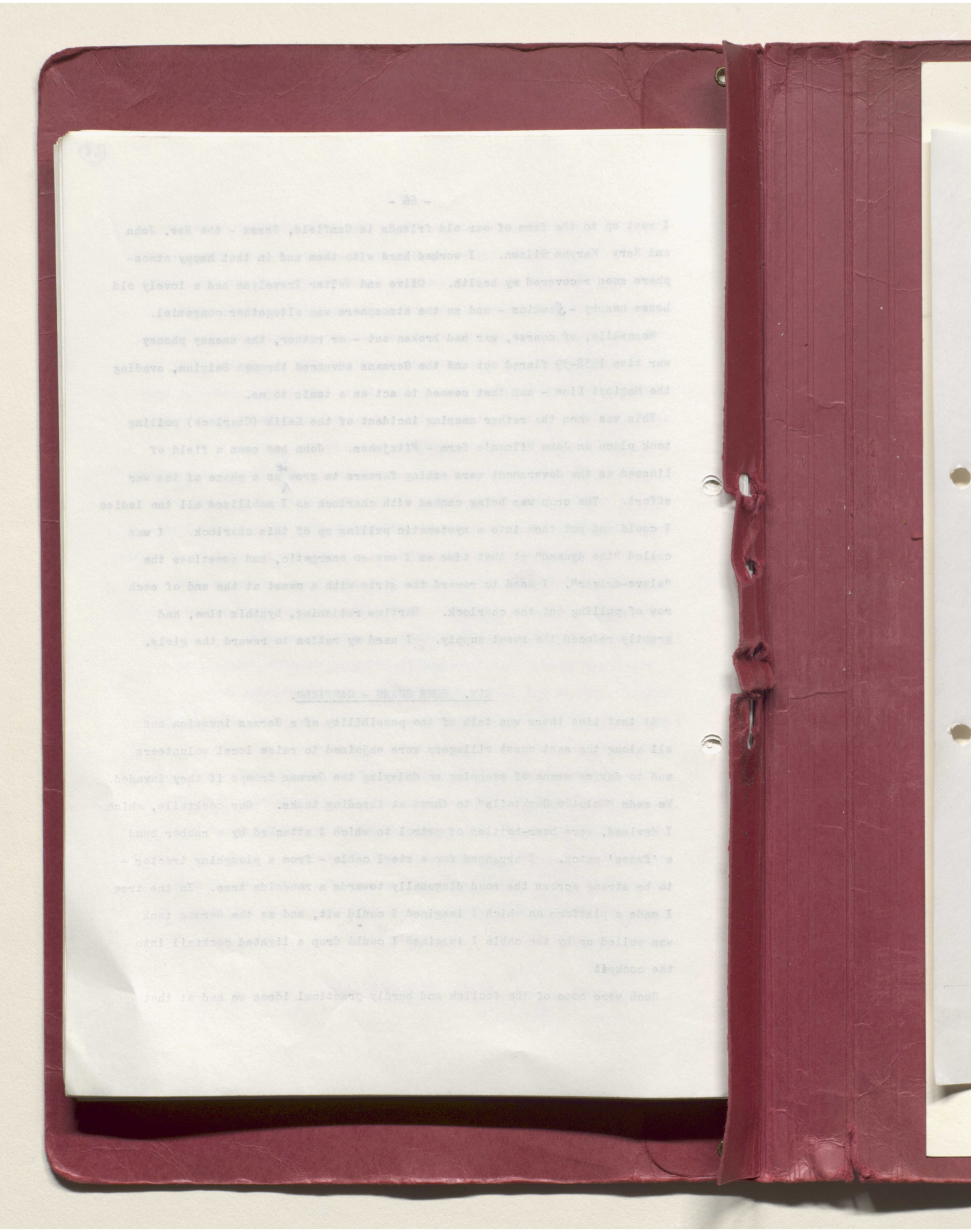
This was when the rather amusing incident of the Kalik (Charlock) pulling took place on John Wilson's farm - Fitzjohns. John had sown a field of linseed as the Government were asking farmers to grow it as a phase of the war effort. The crop was being choked with charlock so I mobilised all the ladies I could and put them into a systematic pulling up of this charlock. I was called "the dynamo" at that time as I was so energetic, and sometimes the "slave-driver". I used to reward the girls with a sweet at the end of each row of pulling out the charlock. Wartime rationing, by this time, had greatly reduced the sweet supply. I used my ration to reward the girls.

XLV. HOME GUARD - CANFIELD.

At that time there was talk of the possibility of a German invasion and all along the east coast villagers were enjoined to raise local volunteers and to devise means of stopping or delaying the German troops if they invaded. We made "Molotov Cocktails" to throw at invading tanks. Our cocktails, which I devised, were beer-bottles of petrol to which I attached by a rubber band a 'fusee' match. I arranged for a steel cable - from a ploughing tractor - to be strung across the road diagonally towards a roadside tree. In the tree I made a platform on which I imagined I could sit, and as the German tank was pulled up by the cable I imagined I could drop a lighted cocktail into the cockpit.

Such were some of the foolish and hardly practical ideas we had at that

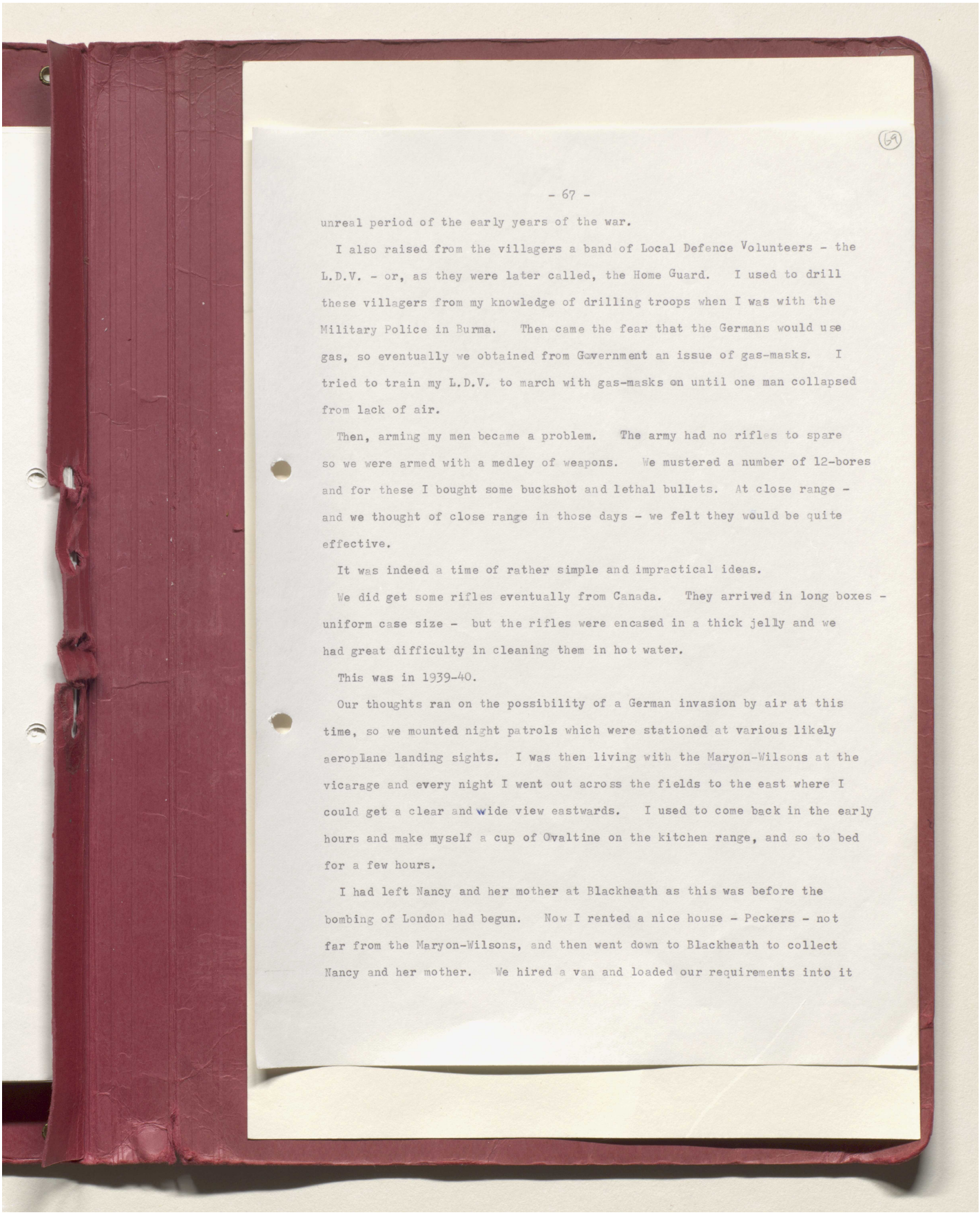
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000088



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000089

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



unreal period of the early years of the war.

I also raised from the villagers a band of Local Defence Volunteers - the L.D.V. - or, as they were later called, the Home Guard. I used to drill these villagers from my knowledge of drilling troops when I was with the Military Police in Burma. Then came the fear that the Germans would use gas, so eventually we obtained from Government an issue of gas-masks. I tried to train my L.D.V. to march with gas-masks on until one man collapsed from lack of air.

Then, arming my men became a problem. The army had no rifles to spare so we were armed with a medley of weapons. We mustered a number of 12-bores and for these I bought some buckshot and lethal bullets. At close range - and we thought of close range in those days - we felt they would be quite effective.

It was indeed a time of rather simple and impractical ideas.

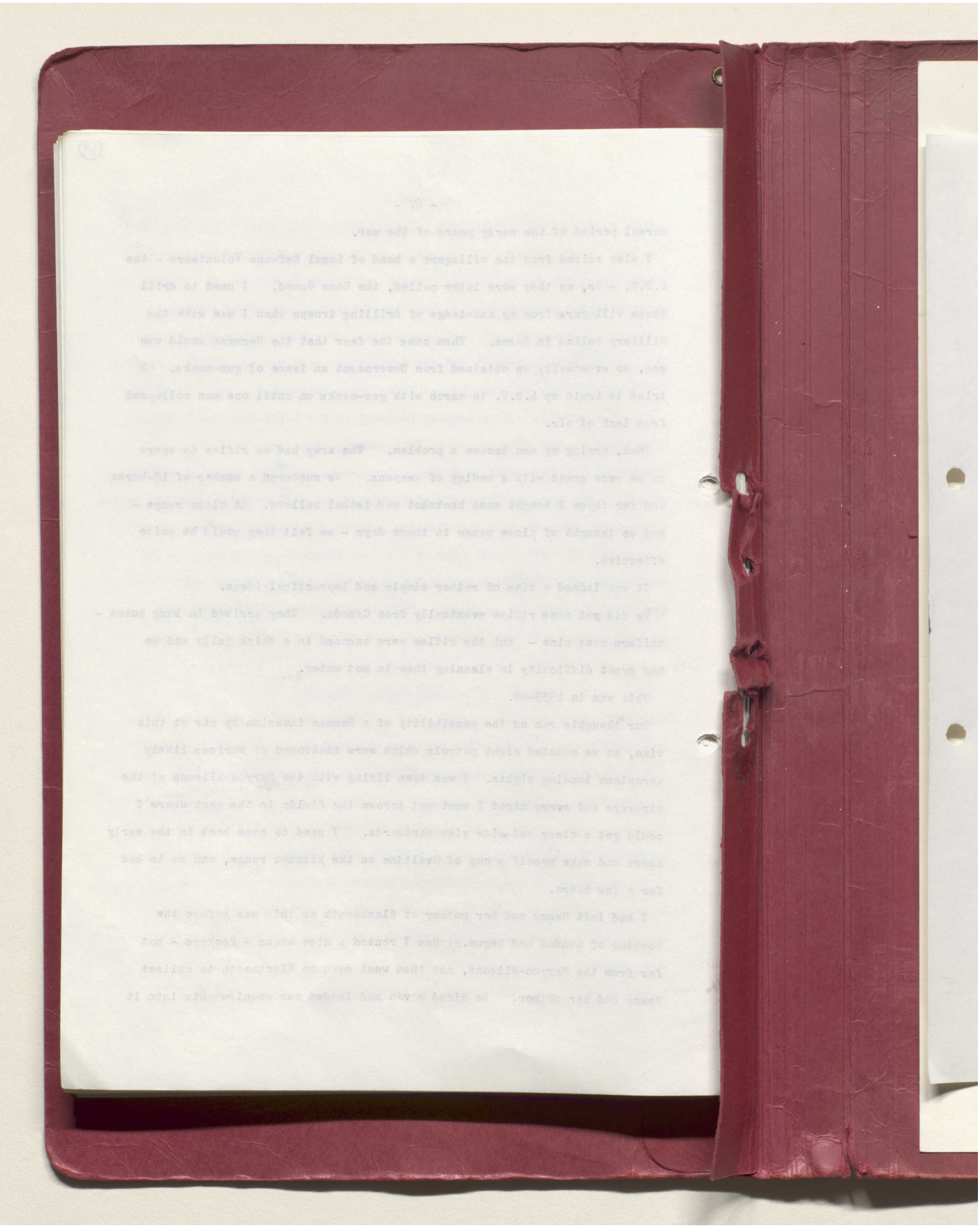
We did get some rifles eventually from Canada. They arrived in long boxes - uniform case size - but the rifles were encased in a thick jelly and we had great difficulty in cleaning them in hot water.

This was in 1939-40.

Our thoughts ran on the possibility of a German invasion by air at this time, so we mounted night patrols which were stationed at various likely aeroplane landing sights. I was then living with the Maryon-Wilsons at the vicarage and every night I went out across the fields to the east where I could get a clear and wide view eastwards. I used to come back in the early hours and make myself a cup of Ovaltine on the kitchen range, and so to bed for a few hours.

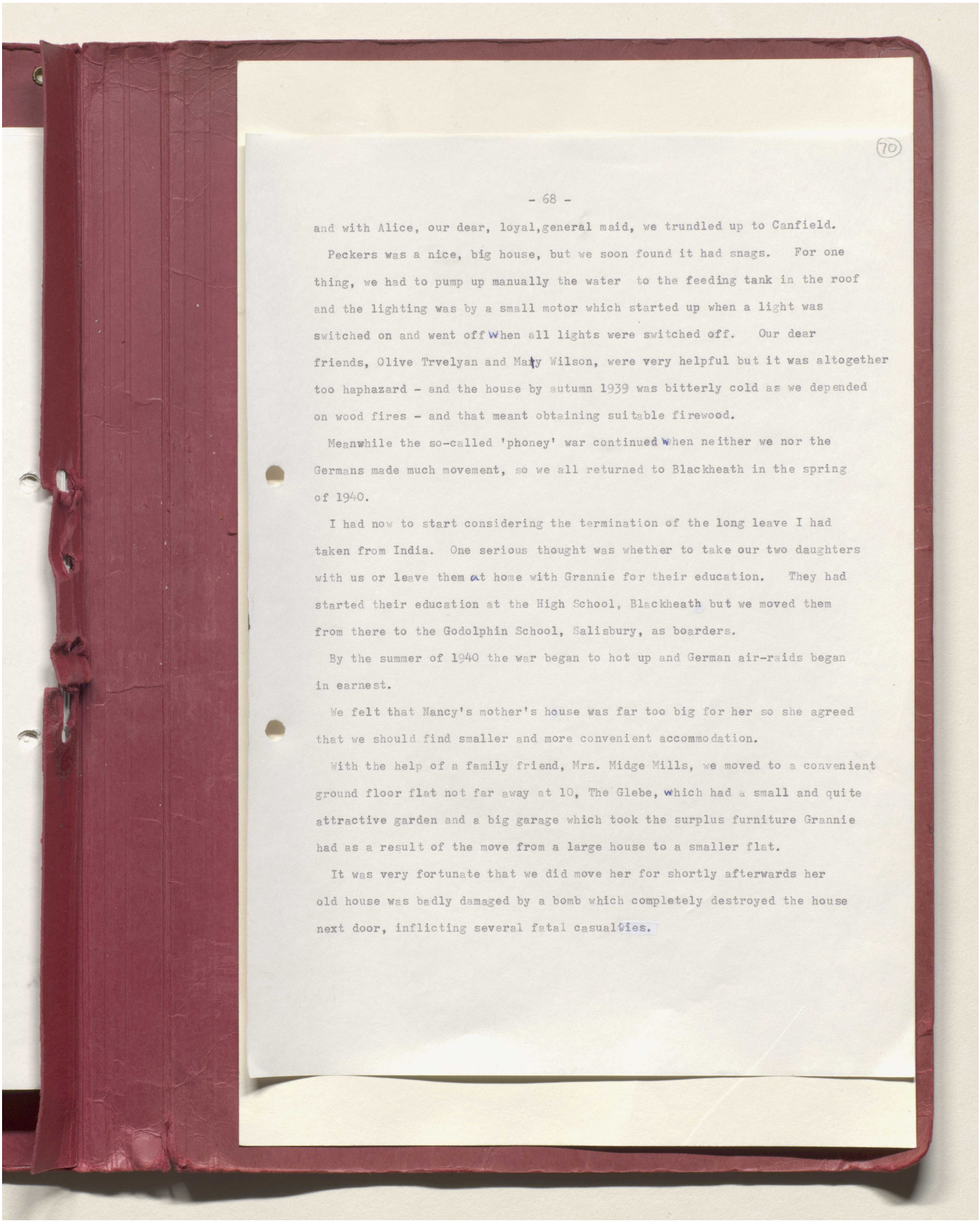
I had left Nancy and her mother at Blackheath as this was before the bombing of London had begun. Now I rented a nice house - Peckers - not far from the Maryon-Wilsons, and then went down to Blackheath to collect Nancy and her mother. We hired a van and loaded our requirements into it

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00008a



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



and with Alice, our dear, loyal, general maid, we trundled up to Canfield.

Peckers was a nice, big house, but we soon found it had snags. For one thing, we had to pump up manually the water to the feeding tank in the roof and the lighting was by a small motor which started up when a light was switched on and went off when all lights were switched off. Our dear friends, Olive Trvelyan and Mary Wilson, were very helpful but it was altogether too haphazard - and the house by autumn 1939 was bitterly cold as we depended on wood fires - and that meant obtaining suitable firewood.

Meanwhile the so-called 'phoney' war continued when neither we nor the Germans made much movement, so we all returned to Blackheath in the spring of 1940.

I had now to start considering the termination of the long leave I had taken from India. One serious thought was whether to take our two daughters with us or leave them at home with Grannie for their education. They had started their education at the High School, Blackheath but we moved them from there to the Godolphin School, Salisbury, as boarders.

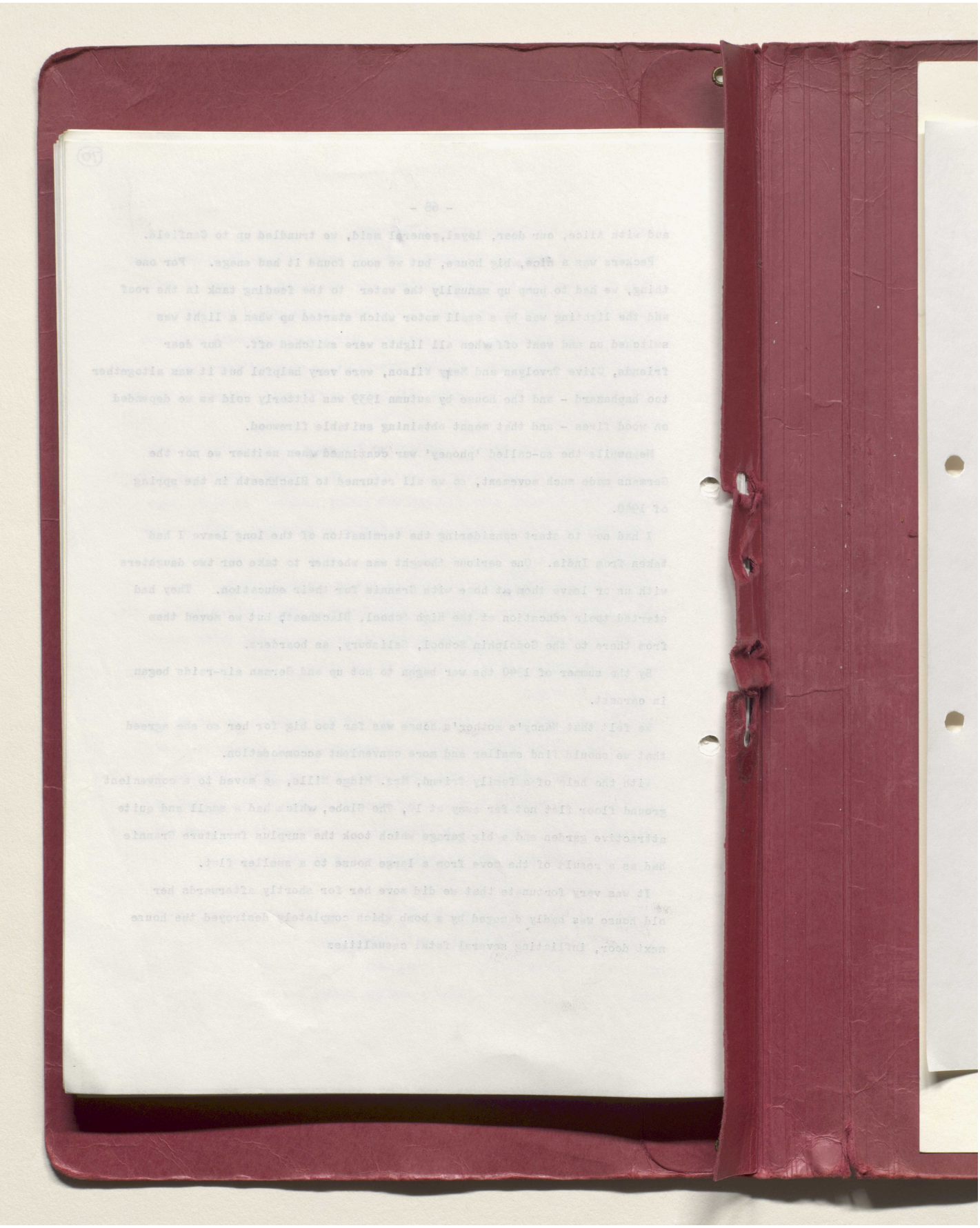
By the summer of 1940 the war began to hot up and German air-raids began in earnest.

We felt that Nancy's mother's house was far too big for her so she agreed that we should find smaller and more convenient accommodation.

With the help of a family friend, Mrs. Midge Mills, we moved to a convenient ground floor flat not far away at 10, The Glebe, which had a small and quite attractive garden and a big garage which took the surplus furniture Grannie had as a result of the move from a large house to a smaller flat.

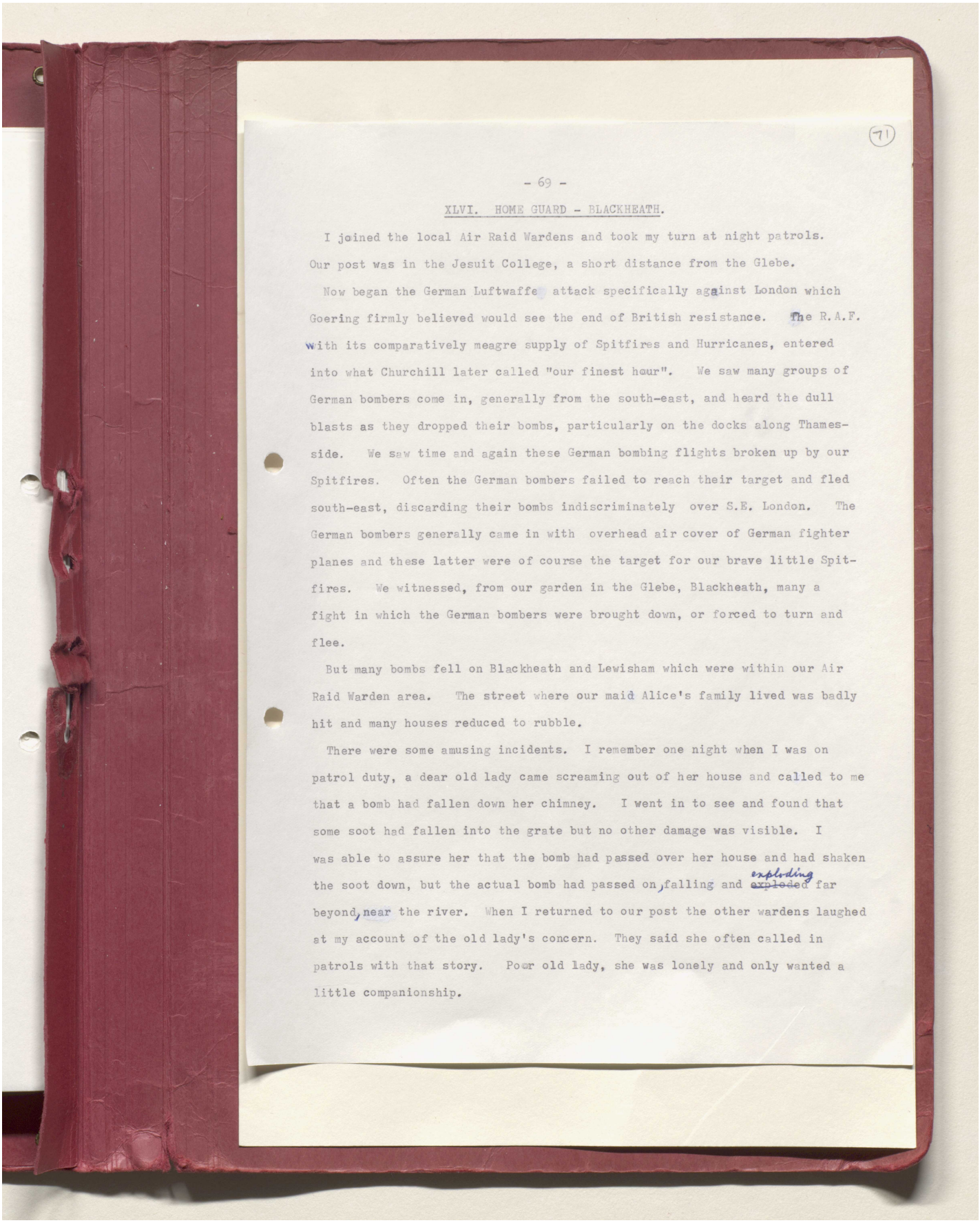
It was very fortunate that we did move her for shortly afterwards her old house was badly damaged by a bomb which completely destroyed the house next door, inflicting several fatal casualties.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00008c



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(71)

XLVI. HOME GUARD - BLACKHEATH.

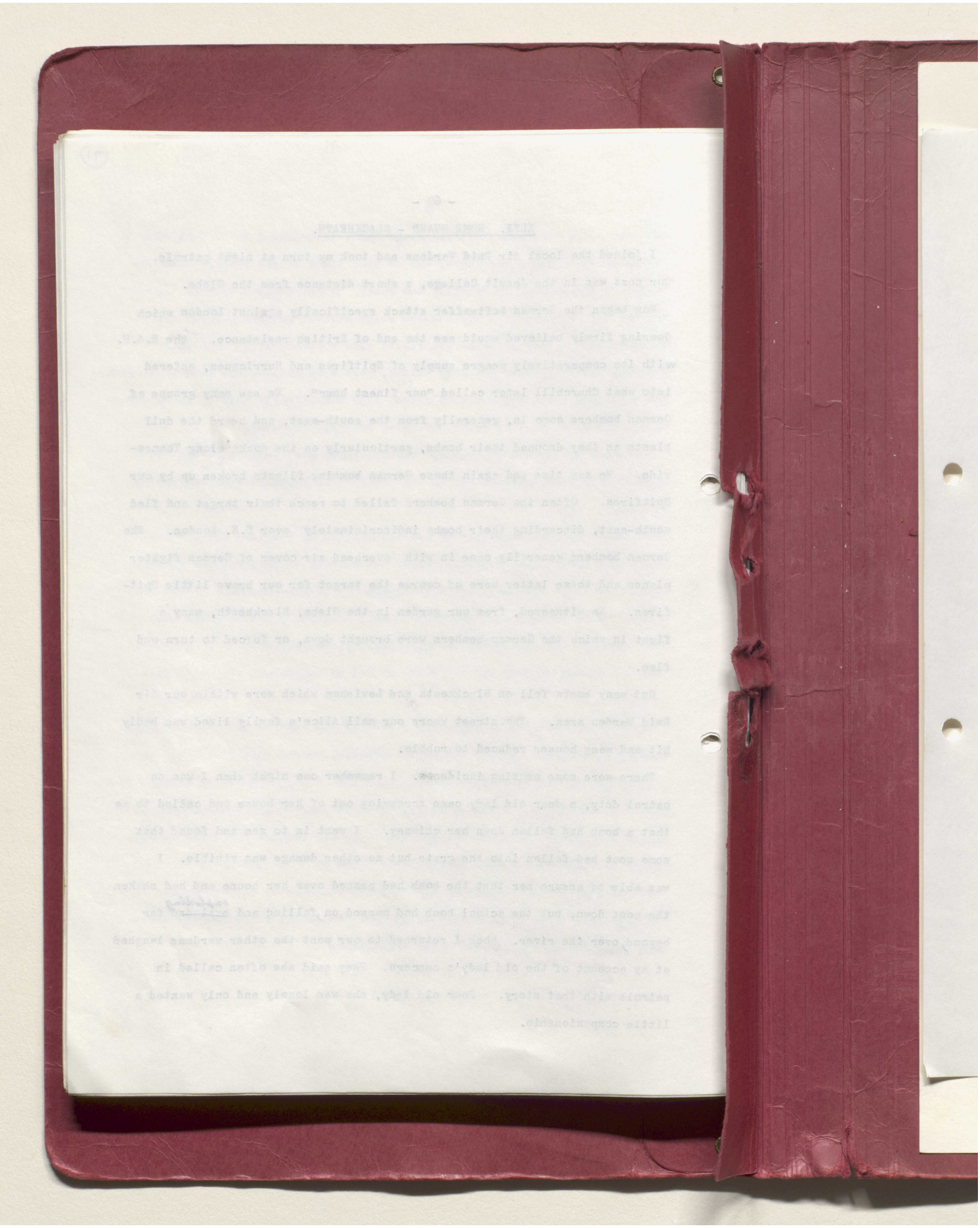
I joined the local Air Raid Wardens and took my turn at night patrols. Our post was in the Jesuit College, a short distance from the Glebe.

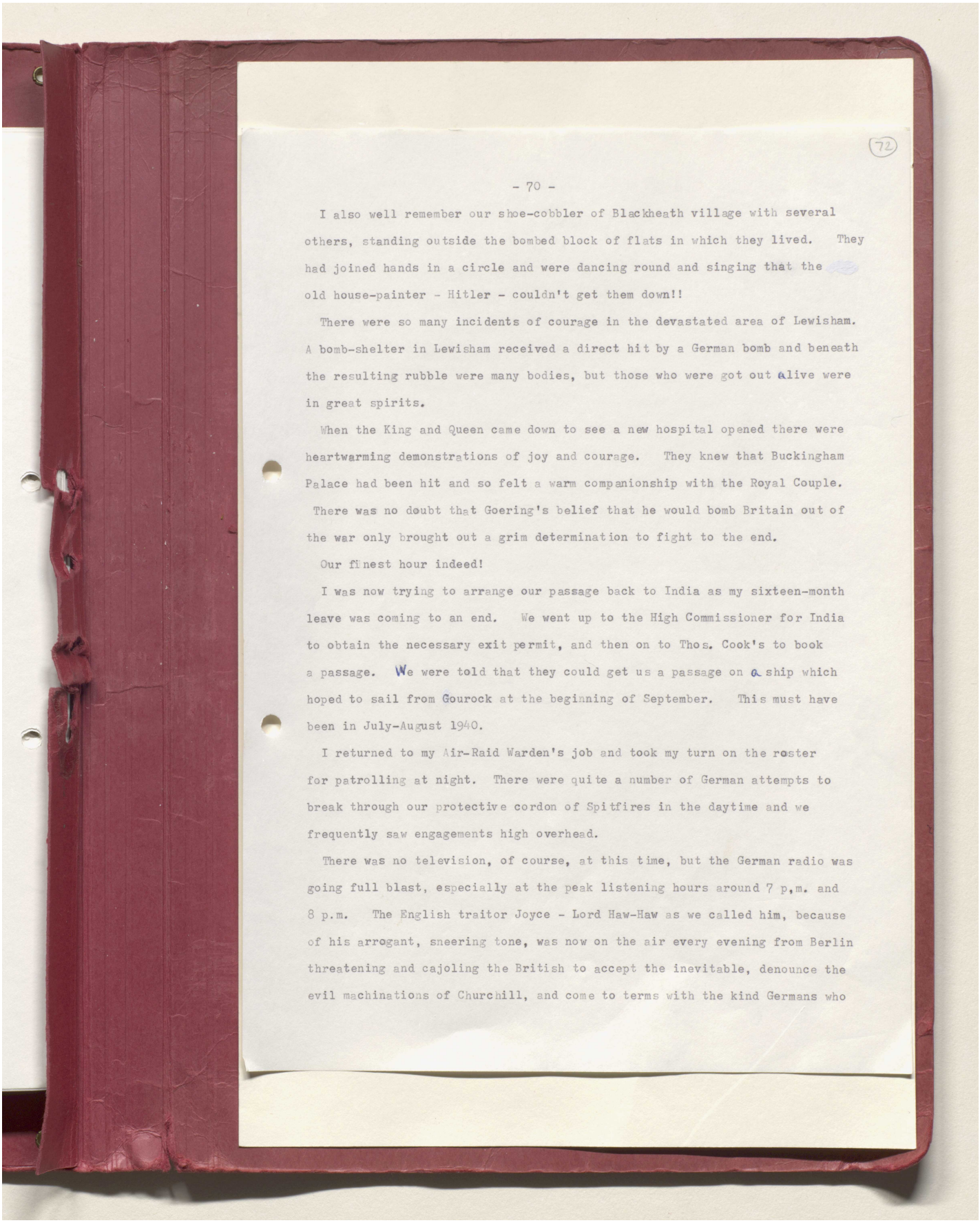
Now began the German Luftwaffe attack specifically against London which Goering firmly believed would see the end of British resistance. The R.A.F. with its comparatively meagre supply of Spitfires and Hurricanes, entered into what Churchill later called "our finest hour". We saw many groups of German bombers come in, generally from the south-east, and heard the dull blasts as they dropped their bombs, particularly on the docks along Thames-side. We saw time and again these German bombing flights broken up by our Spitfires. Often the German bombers failed to reach their target and fled south-east, discarding their bombs indiscriminately over S.E. London. The German bombers generally came in with overhead air cover of German fighter planes and these latter were of course the target for our brave little Spit-fires. We witnessed, from our garden in the Glebe, Blackheath, many a fight in which the German bombers were brought down, or forced to turn and flee.

But many bombs fell on Blackheath and Lewisham which were within our Air Raid Warden area. The street where our maid Alice's family lived was badly hit and many houses reduced to rubble.

There were some amusing incidents. I remember one night when I was on patrol duty, a dear old lady came screaming out of her house and called to me that a bomb had fallen down her chimney. I went in to see and found that some soot had fallen into the grate but no other damage was visible. I was able to assure her that the bomb had passed over her house and had shaken the soot down, but the actual bomb had passed on, falling and ~~exploded~~ exploding far beyond, near the river. When I returned to our post the other wardens laughed at my account of the old lady's concern. They said she often called in patrols with that story. Poor old lady, she was lonely and only wanted a little companionship.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00008e





I also well remember our shoe-cobbler of Blackheath village with several others, standing outside the bombed block of flats in which they lived. They had joined hands in a circle and were dancing round and singing that the old house-painter - Hitler - couldn't get them down!!

There were so many incidents of courage in the devastated area of Lewisham. A bomb-shelter in Lewisham received a direct hit by a German bomb and beneath the resulting rubble were many bodies, but those who were got out alive were in great spirits.

When the King and Queen came down to see a new hospital opened there were heartwarming demonstrations of joy and courage. They knew that Buckingham Palace had been hit and so felt a warm companionship with the Royal Couple. There was no doubt that Goering's belief that he would bomb Britain out of the war only brought out a grim determination to fight to the end.

Our finest hour indeed!

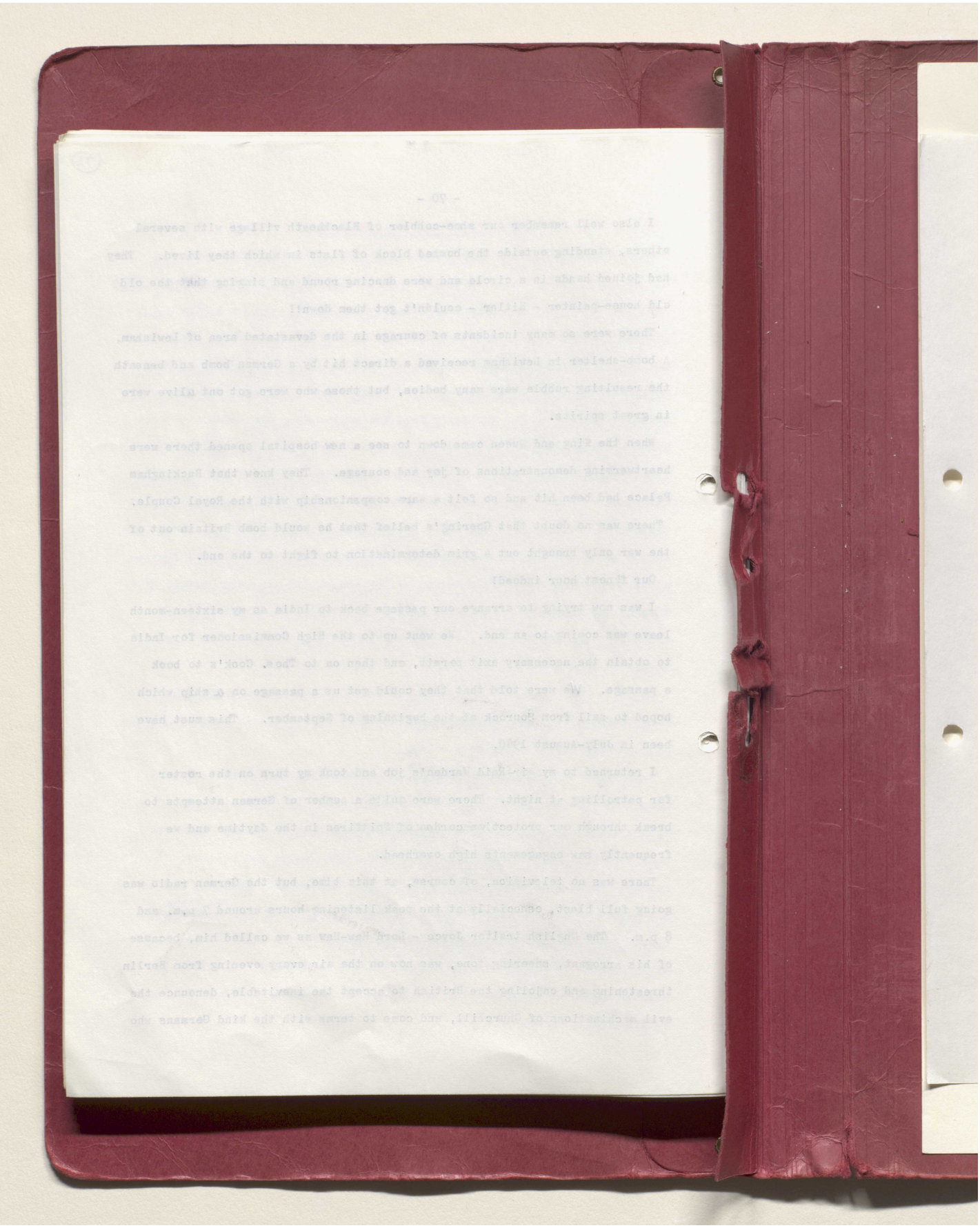
I was now trying to arrange our passage back to India as my sixteen-month leave was coming to an end. We went up to the High Commissioner for India to obtain the necessary exit permit, and then on to Thos. Cook's to book a passage. We were told that they could get us a passage on a ship which hoped to sail from Gourock at the beginning of September. This must have been in July-August 1940.

I returned to my Air-Raid Warden's job and took my turn on the roster for patrolling at night. There were quite a number of German attempts to break through our protective cordon of Spitfires in the daytime and we frequently saw engagements high overhead.

There was no television, of course, at this time, but the German radio was going full blast, especially at the peak listening hours around 7 p.m. and 8 p.m. The English traitor Joyce - Lord Haw-Haw as we called him, because of his arrogant, sneering tone, was now on the air every evening from Berlin threatening and cajoling the British to accept the inevitable, denounce the evil machinations of Churchill, and come to terms with the kind Germans who

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000090

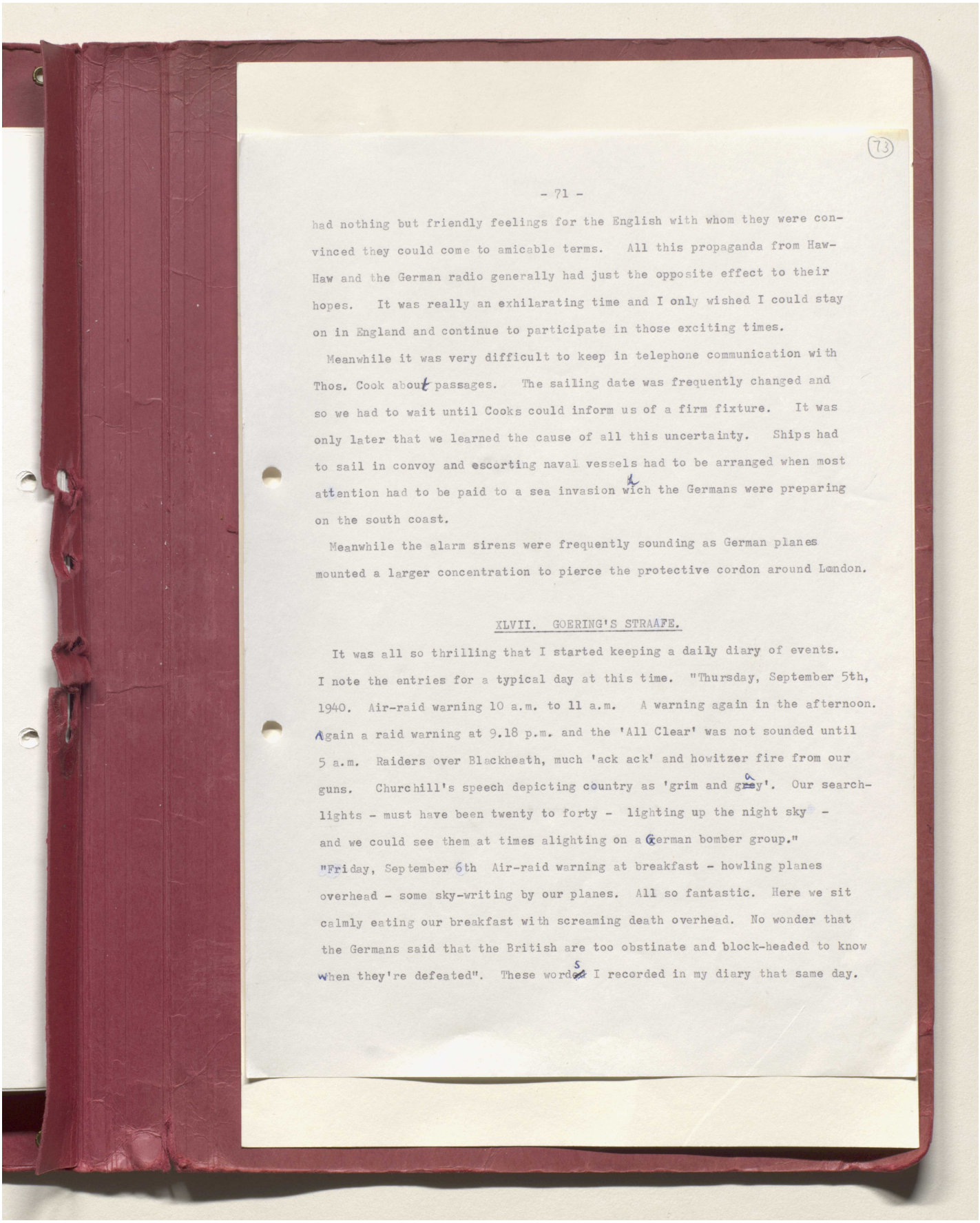


Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000091

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



had nothing but friendly feelings for the English with whom they were convinced they could come to amicable terms. All this propaganda from Haw-Haw and the German radio generally had just the opposite effect to their hopes. It was really an exhilarating time and I only wished I could stay on in England and continue to participate in those exciting times.

Meanwhile it was very difficult to keep in telephone communication with Thos. Cook about passages. The sailing date was frequently changed and so we had to wait until Cooks could inform us of a firm fixture. It was only later that we learned the cause of all this uncertainty. Ships had to sail in convoy and escorting naval vessels had to be arranged when most attention had to be paid to a sea invasion which the Germans were preparing on the south coast.

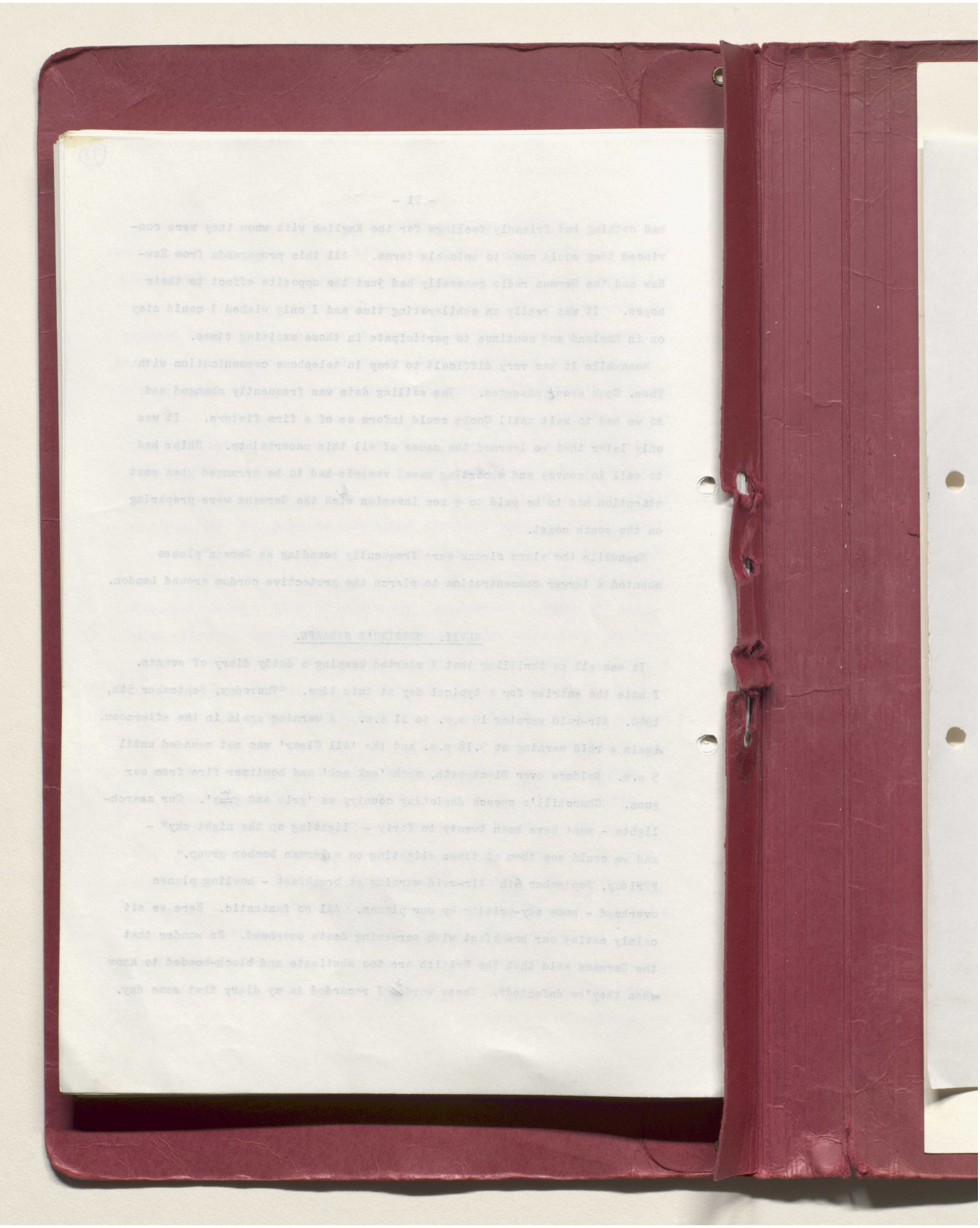
Meanwhile the alarm sirens were frequently sounding as German planes mounted a larger concentration to pierce the protective cordon around London.

XLVII. GOERING'S STRAAFE.

It was all so thrilling that I started keeping a daily diary of events. I note the entries for a typical day at this time. "Thursday, September 5th, 1940. Air-raid warning 10 a.m. to 11 a.m. A warning again in the afternoon. Again a raid warning at 9.18 p.m. and the 'All Clear' was not sounded until 5 a.m. Raiders over Blackheath, much 'ack ack' and howitzer fire from our guns. Churchill's speech depicting country as 'grim and grey'. Our search-lights - must have been twenty to forty - lighting up the night sky - and we could see them at times alighting on a German bomber group."

"Friday, September 6th Air-raid warning at breakfast - howling planes overhead - some sky-writing by our planes. All so fantastic. Here we sit calmly eating our breakfast with screaming death overhead. No wonder that the Germans said that the British are too obstinate and block-headed to know when they're defeated". These words I recorded in my diary that same day.

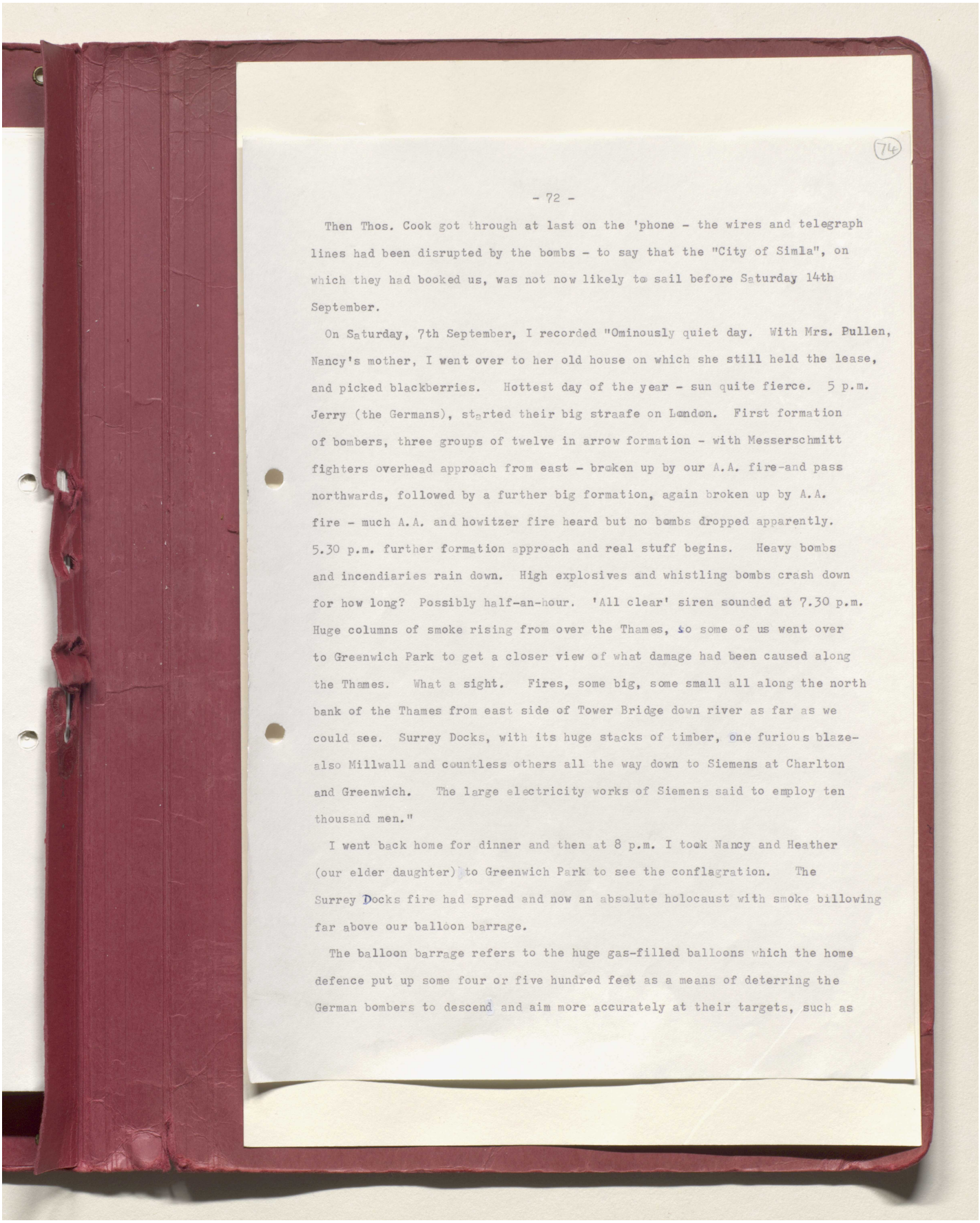
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000092



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000093

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



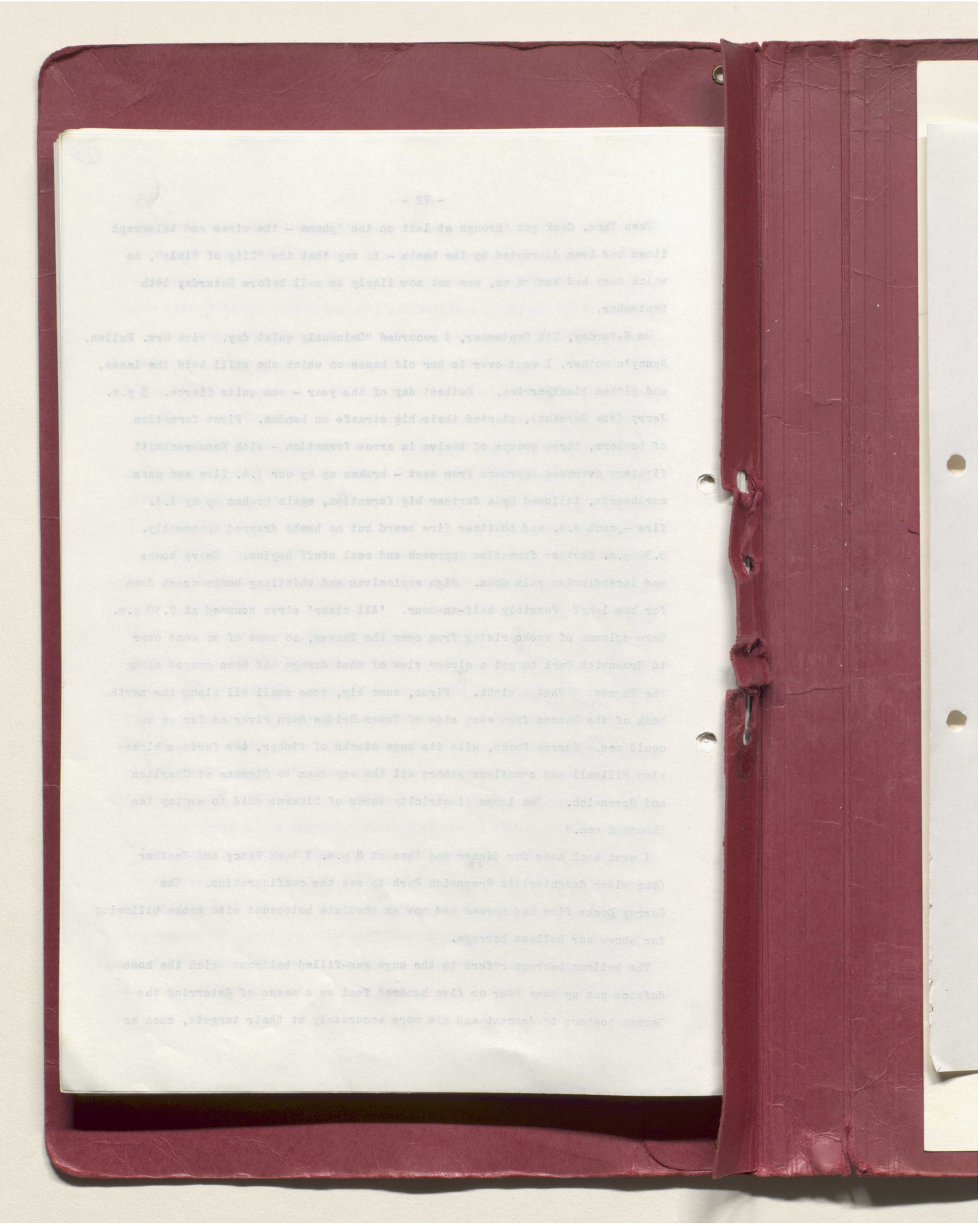
Then Thos. Cook got through at last on the 'phone - the wires and telegraph lines had been disrupted by the bombs - to say that the "City of Simla", on which they had booked us, was not now likely to sail before Saturday 14th September.

On Saturday, 7th September, I recorded "Ominously quiet day. With Mrs. Pullen, Nancy's mother, I went over to her old house on which she still held the lease, and picked blackberries. Hottest day of the year - sun quite fierce. 5 p.m. Jerry (the Germans), started their big straafe on London. First formation of bombers, three groups of twelve in arrow formation - with Messerschmitt fighters overhead approach from east - broken up by our A.A. fire-and pass northwards, followed by a further big formation, again broken up by A.A. fire - much A.A. and howitzer fire heard but no bombs dropped apparently. 5.30 p.m. further formation approach and real stuff begins. Heavy bombs and incendiaries rain down. High explosives and whistling bombs crash down for how long? Possibly half-an-hour. 'All clear' siren sounded at 7.30 p.m. Huge columns of smoke rising from over the Thames, so some of us went over to Greenwich Park to get a closer view of what damage had been caused along the Thames. What a sight. Fires, some big, some small all along the north bank of the Thames from east side of Tower Bridge down river as far as we could see. Surrey Docks, with its huge stacks of timber, one furious blaze- also Millwall and countless others all the way down to Siemens at Charlton and Greenwich. The large electricity works of Siemens said to employ ten thousand men."

I went back home for dinner and then at 8 p.m. I took Nancy and Heather (our elder daughter) to Greenwich Park to see the conflagration. The Surrey Docks fire had spread and now an absolute holocaust with smoke billowing far above our balloon barrage.

The balloon barrage refers to the huge gas-filled balloons which the home defence put up some four or five hundred feet as a means of deterring the German bombers to descend and aim more accurately at their targets, such as

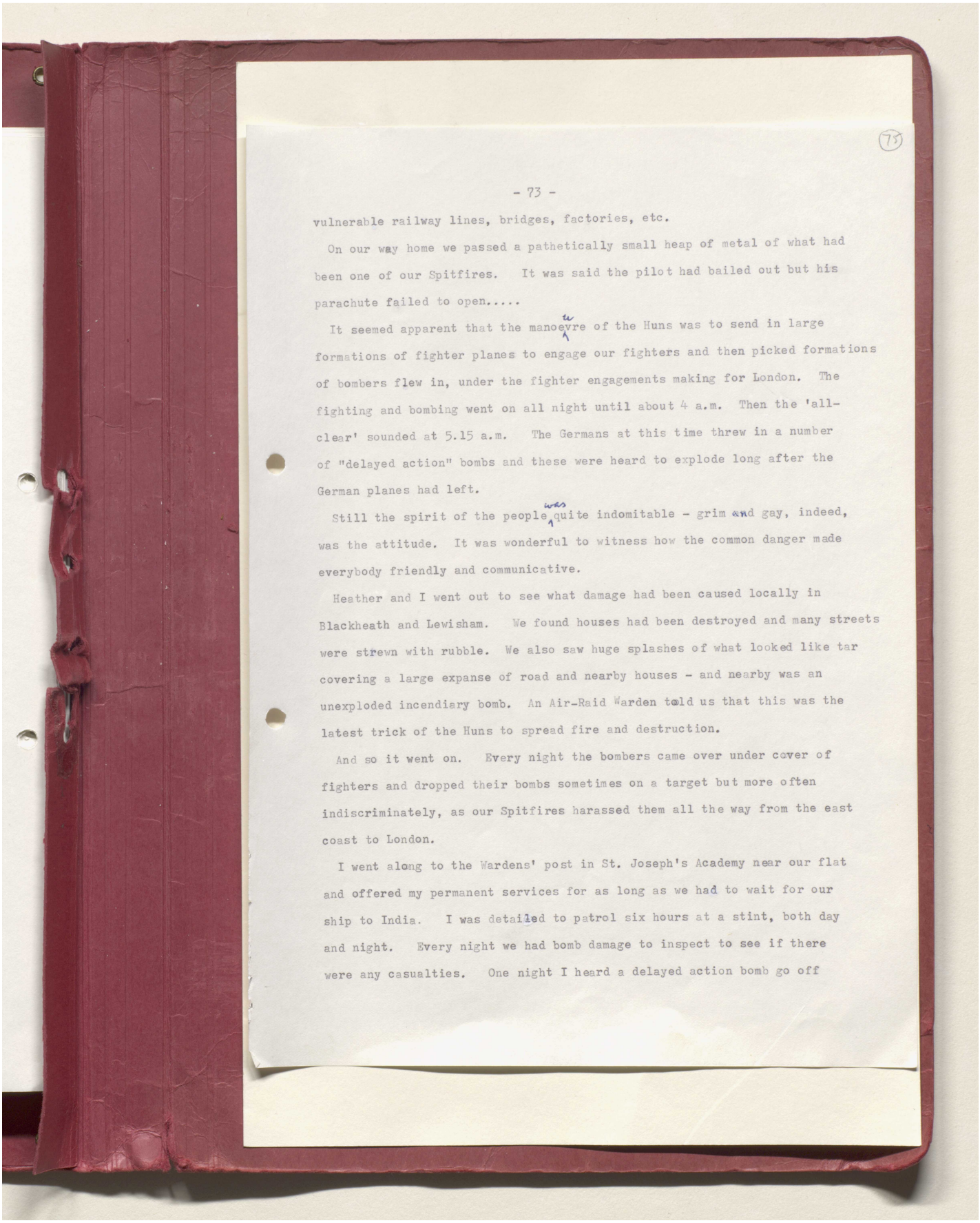
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000094



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000095

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



vulnerable railway lines, bridges, factories, etc.

On our way home we passed a pathetically small heap of metal of what had been one of our Spitfires. It was said the pilot had bailed out but his parachute failed to open.....

It seemed apparent that the manoeuvre of the Huns was to send in large formations of fighter planes to engage our fighters and then picked formations of bombers flew in, under the fighter engagements making for London. The fighting and bombing went on all night until about 4 a.m. Then the 'all-clear' sounded at 5.15 a.m. The Germans at this time threw in a number of "delayed action" bombs and these were heard to explode long after the German planes had left.

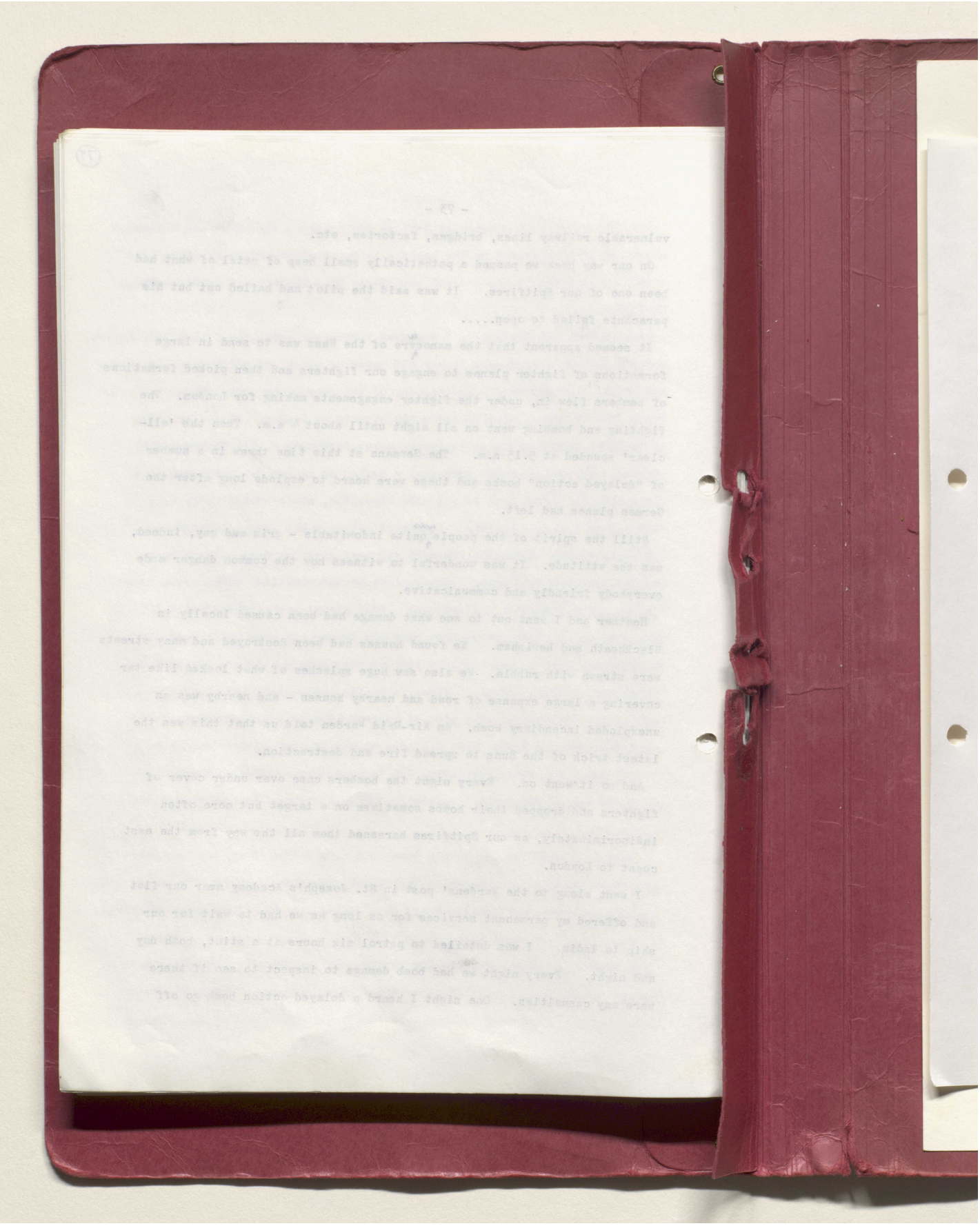
Still the spirit of the people was quite indomitable - grim and gay, indeed, was the attitude. It was wonderful to witness how the common danger made everybody friendly and communicative.

Heather and I went out to see what damage had been caused locally in Blackheath and Lewisham. We found houses had been destroyed and many streets were strewn with rubble. We also saw huge splashes of what looked like tar covering a large expanse of road and nearby houses - and nearby was an unexploded incendiary bomb. An Air-Raid Warden told us that this was the latest trick of the Huns to spread fire and destruction.

And so it went on. Every night the bombers came over under cover of fighters and dropped their bombs sometimes on a target but more often indiscriminately, as our Spitfires harassed them all the way from the east coast to London.

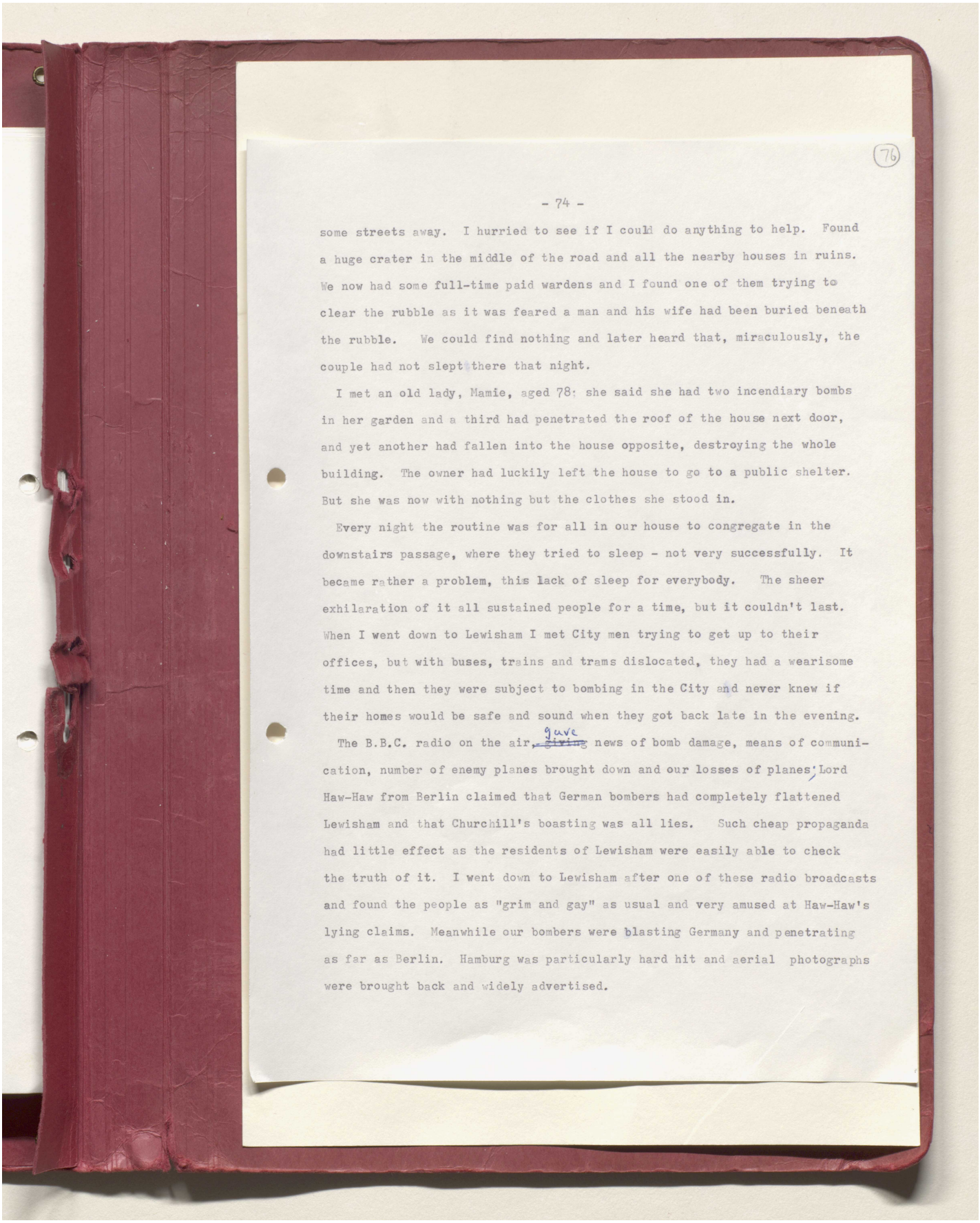
I went along to the Wardens' post in St. Joseph's Academy near our flat and offered my permanent services for as long as we had to wait for our ship to India. I was detailed to patrol six hours at a stint, both day and night. Every night we had bomb damage to inspect to see if there were any casualties. One night I heard a delayed action bomb go off

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000096



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(76)

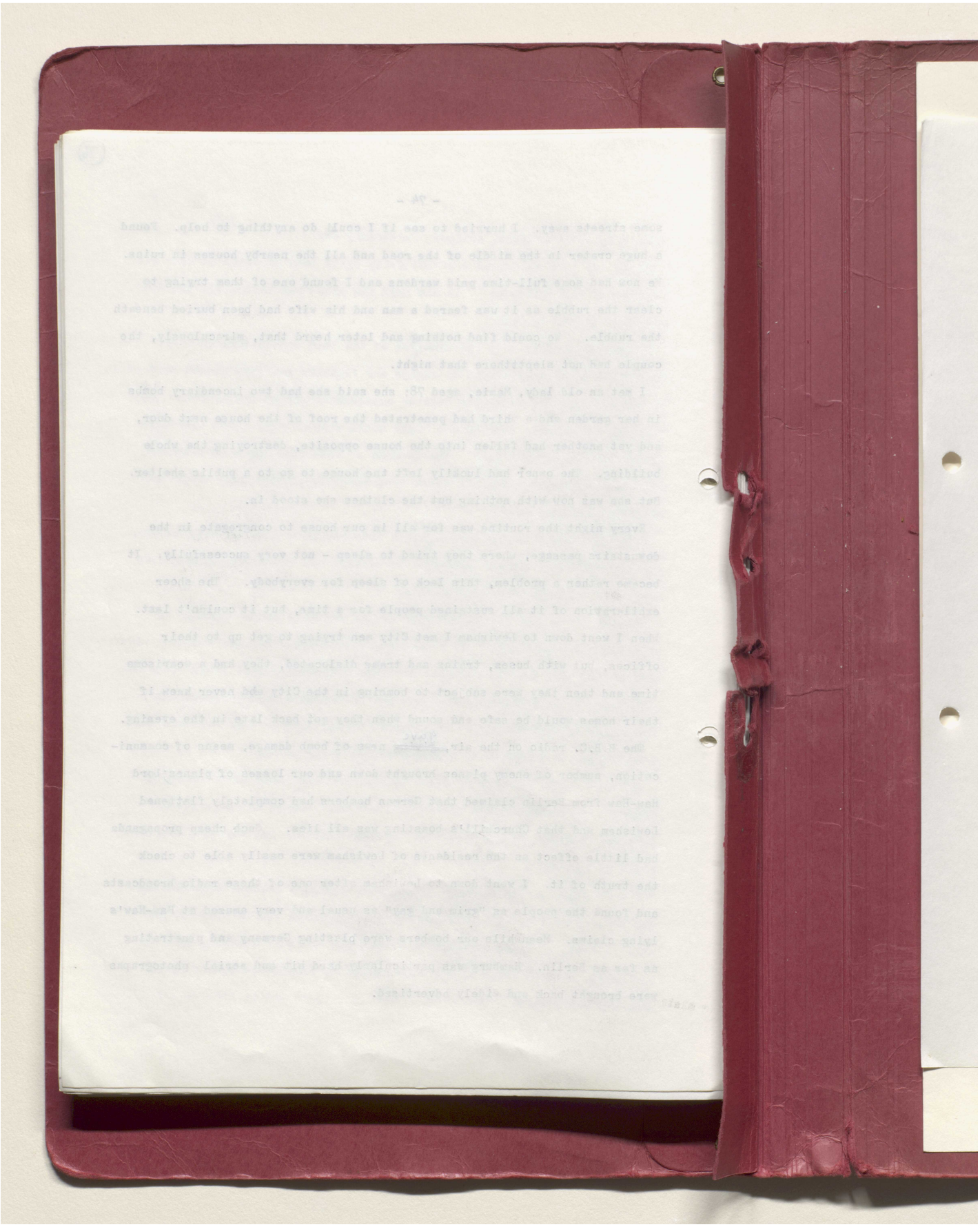
some streets away. I hurried to see if I could do anything to help. Found a huge crater in the middle of the road and all the nearby houses in ruins. We now had some full-time paid wardens and I found one of them trying to clear the rubble as it was feared a man and his wife had been buried beneath the rubble. We could find nothing and later heard that, miraculously, the couple had not slept there that night.

I met an old lady, Mamie, aged 78: she said she had two incendiary bombs in her garden and a third had penetrated the roof of the house next door, and yet another had fallen into the house opposite, destroying the whole building. The owner had luckily left the house to go to a public shelter. But she was now with nothing but the clothes she stood in.

Every night the routine was for all in our house to congregate in the downstairs passage, where they tried to sleep - not very successfully. It became rather a problem, this lack of sleep for everybody. The sheer exhilaration of it all sustained people for a time, but it couldn't last. When I went down to Lewisham I met City men trying to get up to their offices, but with buses, trains and trams dislocated, they had a wearisome time and then they were subject to bombing in the City and never knew if their homes would be safe and sound when they got back late in the evening.

The B.B.C. radio on the air, ~~giving~~ gave news of bomb damage, means of communication, number of enemy planes brought down and our losses of planes; Lord Haw-Haw from Berlin claimed that German bombers had completely flattened Lewisham and that Churchill's boasting was all lies. Such cheap propaganda had little effect as the residents of Lewisham were easily able to check the truth of it. I went down to Lewisham after one of these radio broadcasts and found the people as "grim and gay" as usual and very amused at Haw-Haw's lying claims. Meanwhile our bombers were blasting Germany and penetrating as far as Berlin. Hamburg was particularly hard hit and aerial photographs were brought back and widely advertised.

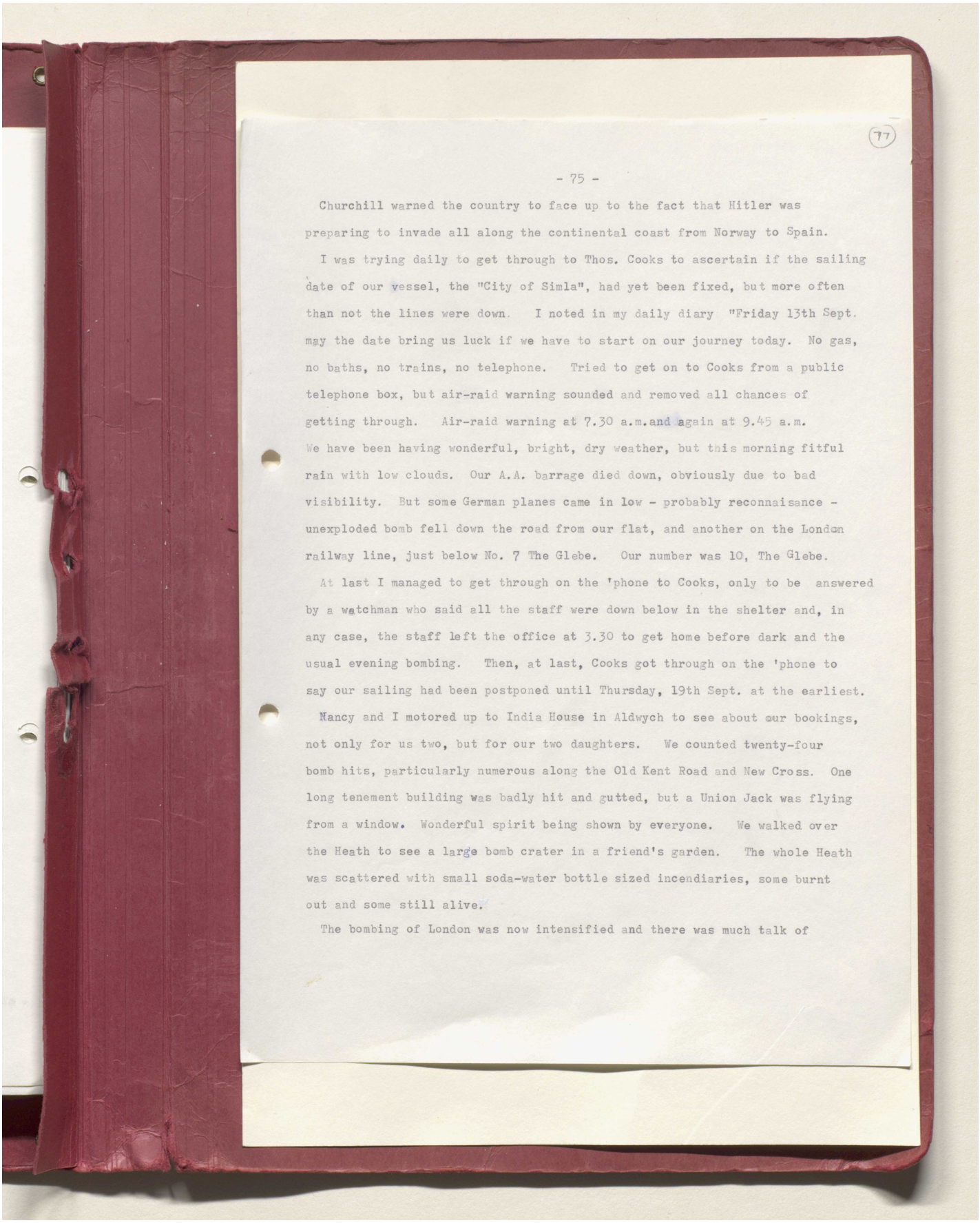
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000098



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x000099

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Churchill warned the country to face up to the fact that Hitler was preparing to invade all along the continental coast from Norway to Spain.

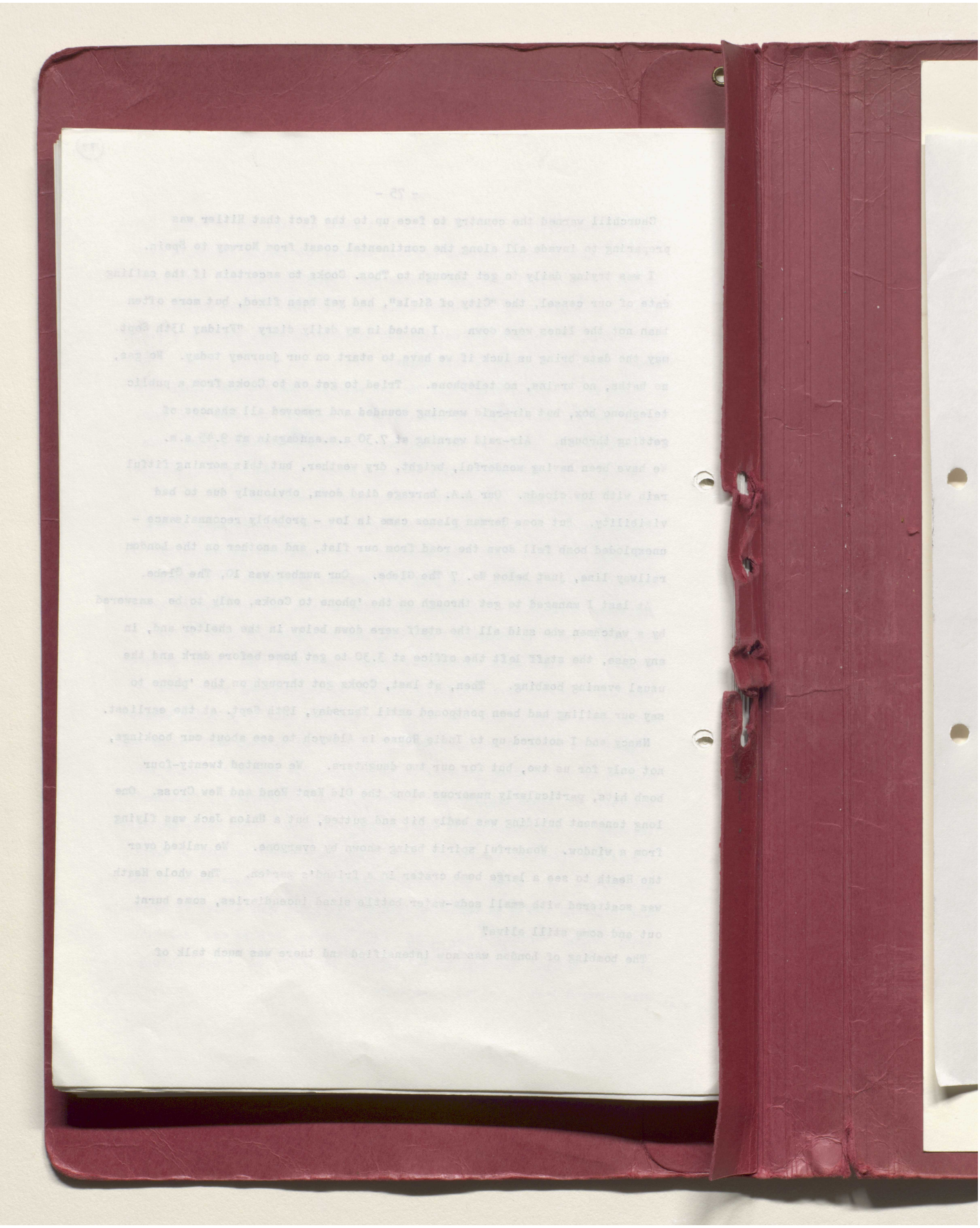
I was trying daily to get through to Thos. Cooks to ascertain if the sailing date of our vessel, the "City of Simla", had yet been fixed, but more often than not the lines were down. I noted in my daily diary "Friday 13th Sept. may the date bring us luck if we have to start on our journey today. No gas, no baths, no trains, no telephone. Tried to get on to Cooks from a public telephone box, but air-raid warning sounded and removed all chances of getting through. Air-raid warning at 7.30 a.m. and again at 9.45 a.m. We have been having wonderful, bright, dry weather, but this morning fitful rain with low clouds. Our A.A. barrage died down, obviously due to bad visibility. But some German planes came in low - probably reconnaisance - unexploded bomb fell down the road from our flat, and another on the London railway line, just below No. 7 The Glebe. Our number was 10, The Glebe.

At last I managed to get through on the 'phone to Cooks, only to be answered by a watchman who said all the staff were down below in the shelter and, in any case, the staff left the office at 3.30 to get home before dark and the usual evening bombing. Then, at last, Cooks got through on the 'phone to say our sailing had been postponed until Thursday, 19th Sept. at the earliest.

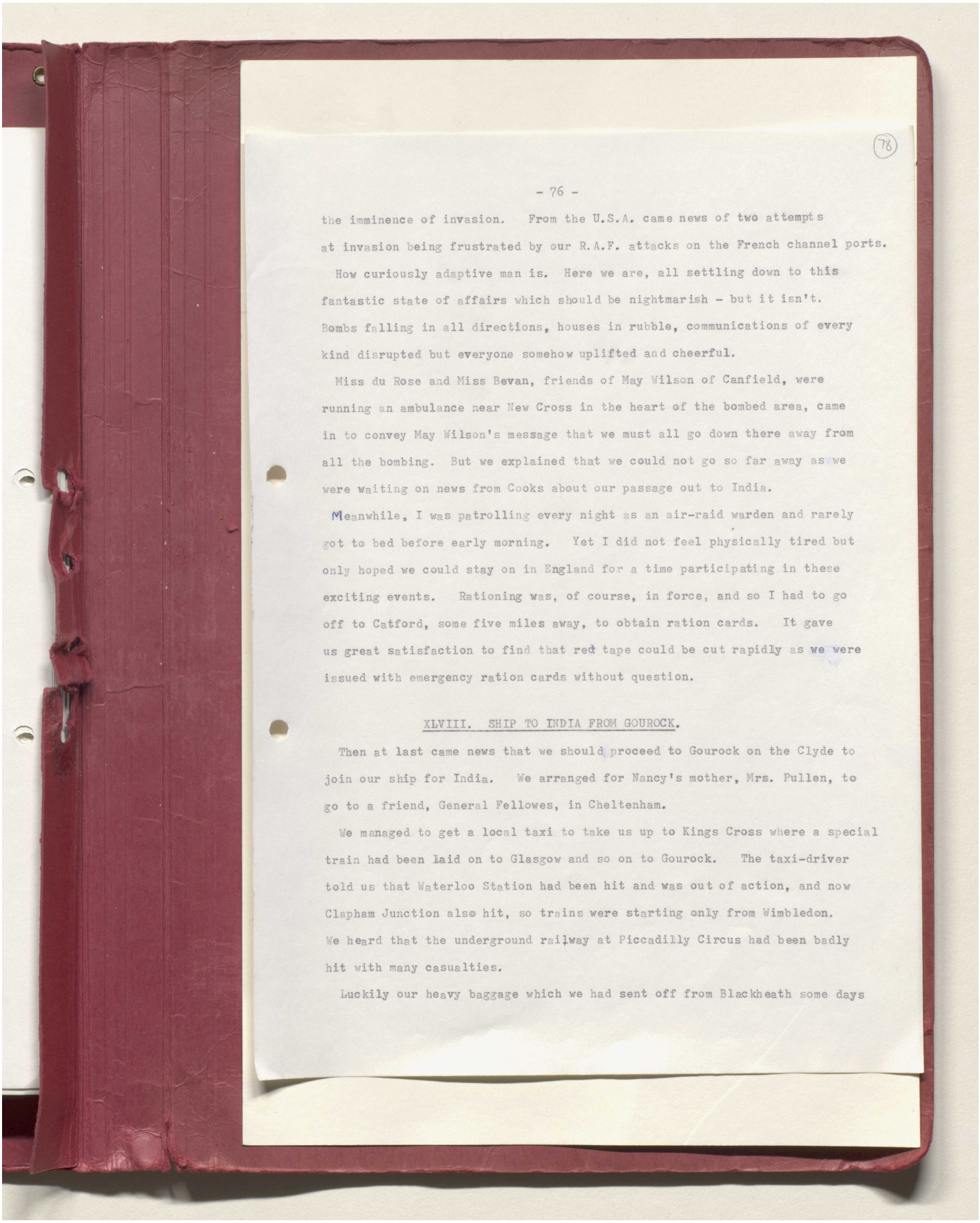
Nancy and I motored up to India House in Aldwych to see about our bookings, not only for us two, but for our two daughters. We counted twenty-four bomb hits, particularly numerous along the Old Kent Road and New Cross. One long tenement building was badly hit and gutted, but a Union Jack was flying from a window. Wonderful spirit being shown by everyone. We walked over the Heath to see a large bomb crater in a friend's garden. The whole Heath was scattered with small soda-water bottle sized incendiaries, some burnt out and some still alive.

The bombing of London was now intensified and there was much talk of

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00009a



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00009b



the imminence of invasion. From the U.S.A. came news of two attempts at invasion being frustrated by our R.A.F. attacks on the French channel ports.

How curiously adaptive man is. Here we are, all settling down to this fantastic state of affairs which should be nightmarish - but it isn't. Bombs falling in all directions, houses in rubble, communications of every kind disrupted but everyone somehow uplifted and cheerful.

Miss du Rose and Miss Bevan, friends of May Wilson of Canfield, were running an ambulance near New Cross in the heart of the bombed area, came in to convey May Wilson's message that we must all go down there away from all the bombing. But we explained that we could not go so far away as we were waiting on news from Cooks about our passage out to India.

Meanwhile, I was patrolling every night as an air-raid warden and rarely got to bed before early morning. Yet I did not feel physically tired but only hoped we could stay on in England for a time participating in these exciting events. Rationing was, of course, in force, and so I had to go off to Catford, some five miles away, to obtain ration cards. It gave us great satisfaction to find that red tape could be cut rapidly as we were issued with emergency ration cards without question.

XLVIII. SHIP TO INDIA FROM GOUROCK.

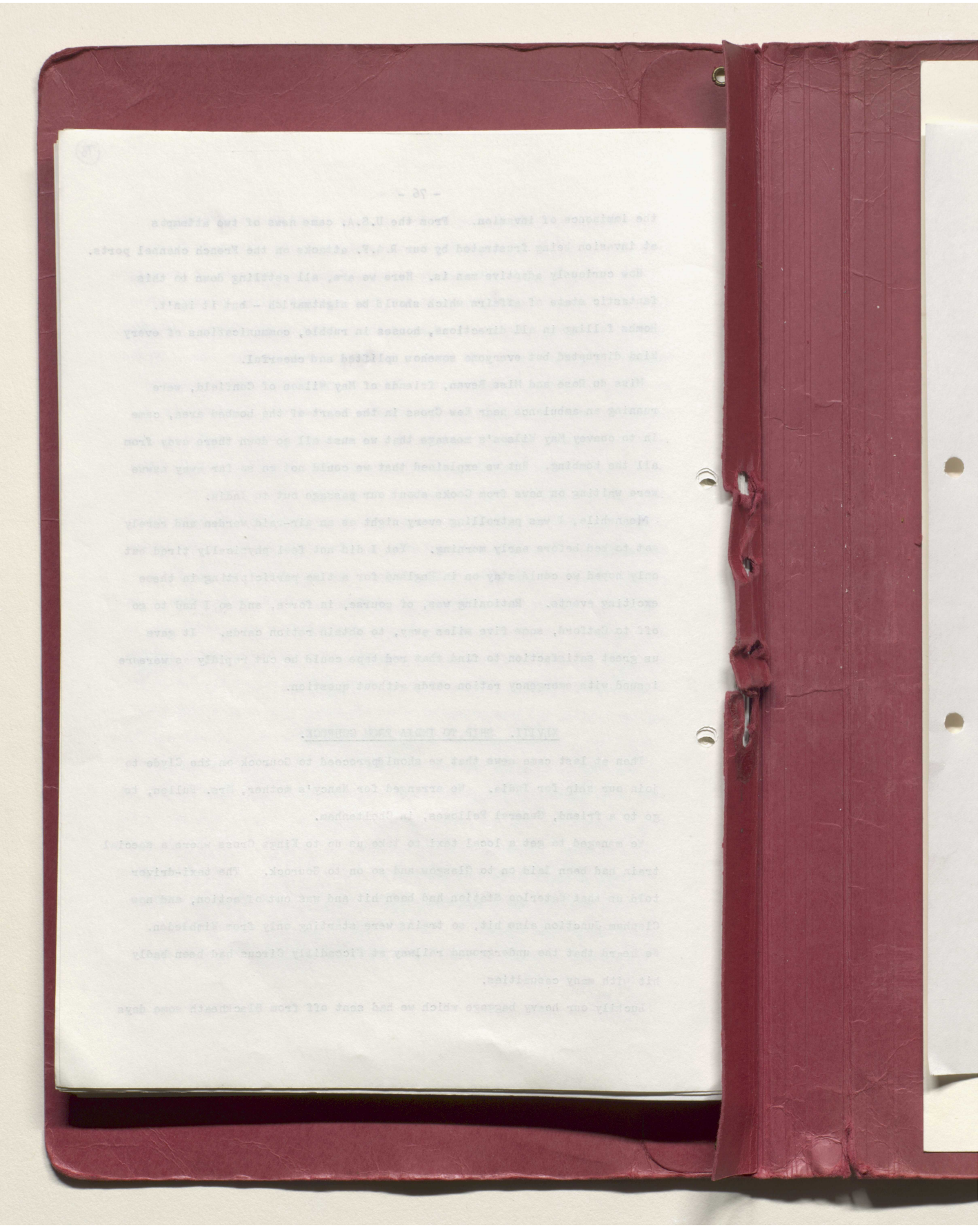
Then at last came news that we should proceed to Gourock on the Clyde to join our ship for India. We arranged for Nancy's mother, Mrs. Pullen, to go to a friend, General Fellowes, in Cheltenham.

We managed to get a local taxi to take us up to Kings Cross where a special train had been laid on to Glasgow and so on to Gourock. The taxi-driver told us that Waterloo Station had been hit and was out of action, and now Clapham Junction also hit, so trains were starting only from Wimbledon. We heard that the underground railway at Piccadilly Circus had been badly hit with many casualties.

Luckily our heavy baggage which we had sent off from Blackheath some days

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00009c



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00009d

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

ago had arrived so we collected it and boarded the train and got off at 6 p.m. Luckily we had a carriage to ourselves but sleeping was spasmodic, with long stops, due to air-raid warnings. We arrived at Gourock at 6.30 a.m. My brother Frank was working in a munitions factory at Bishoptown, not far away, so he and his wife came over to see us off.

We had no less than three checkpoints to go through and all our luggage and papers were carefully scrutinised to see if we had any matter which might be of value to the Germans if, perchance, we happened to be in a place where German spies could operate.

XLIX. "S.S. SIMLA" BOUND FOR INDIA.

The "S.S. Simla" was moored in mid-stream so we had to go off by tender. Some children evacuees were going on board but were promptly turned off the ship. We starting moving off at dusk.

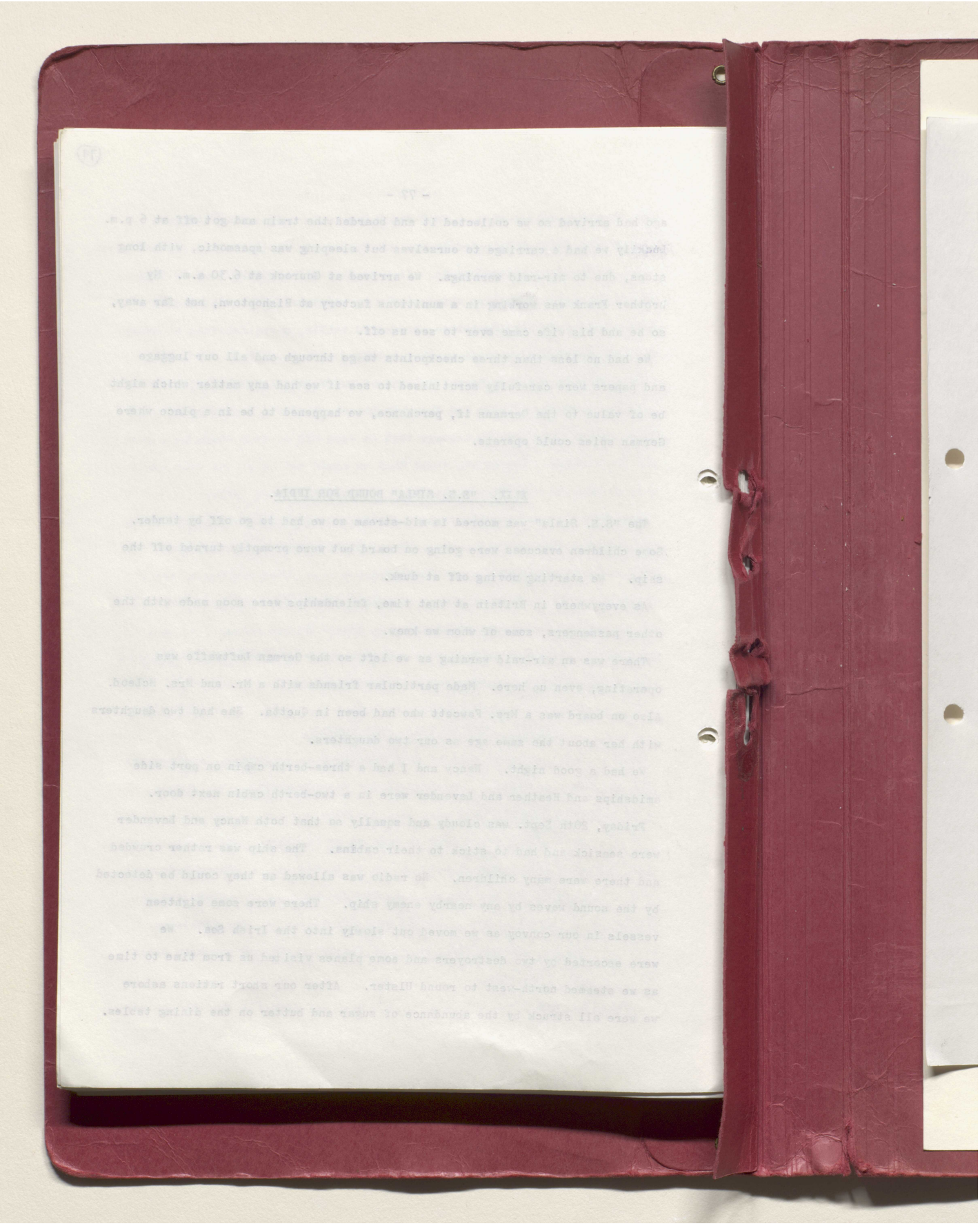
As everywhere in Britain at that time, friendships were soon made with the other passengers, some of whom we knew.

There was an air-raid warning as we left so the German Luftwaffe was operating, even up here. Made particular friends with a Mr. and Mrs. McLeod. Also on board was a Mrs. Fawcett who had been in Quetta. She had two daughters with her about the same age as our two daughters.

We had a good night. Nancy and I had a three-berth cabin on port side amidships and Heather and Lavender were in a two-berth cabin next door.

Friday, 20th Sept. was cloudy and squally so that both Nancy and Lavender were seasick and had to stick to their cabins. The ship was rather crowded and there were many children. No radio was allowed as they could be detected by the sound waves by any nearby enemy ship. There were some eighteen vessels in our convoy as we moved out slowly into the Irish Sea. We were escorted by two destroyers and some planes visited us from time to time as we steamed north-west to round Ulster. After our short rations ashore we were all struck by the abundance of sugar and butter on the dining tables.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x00009e

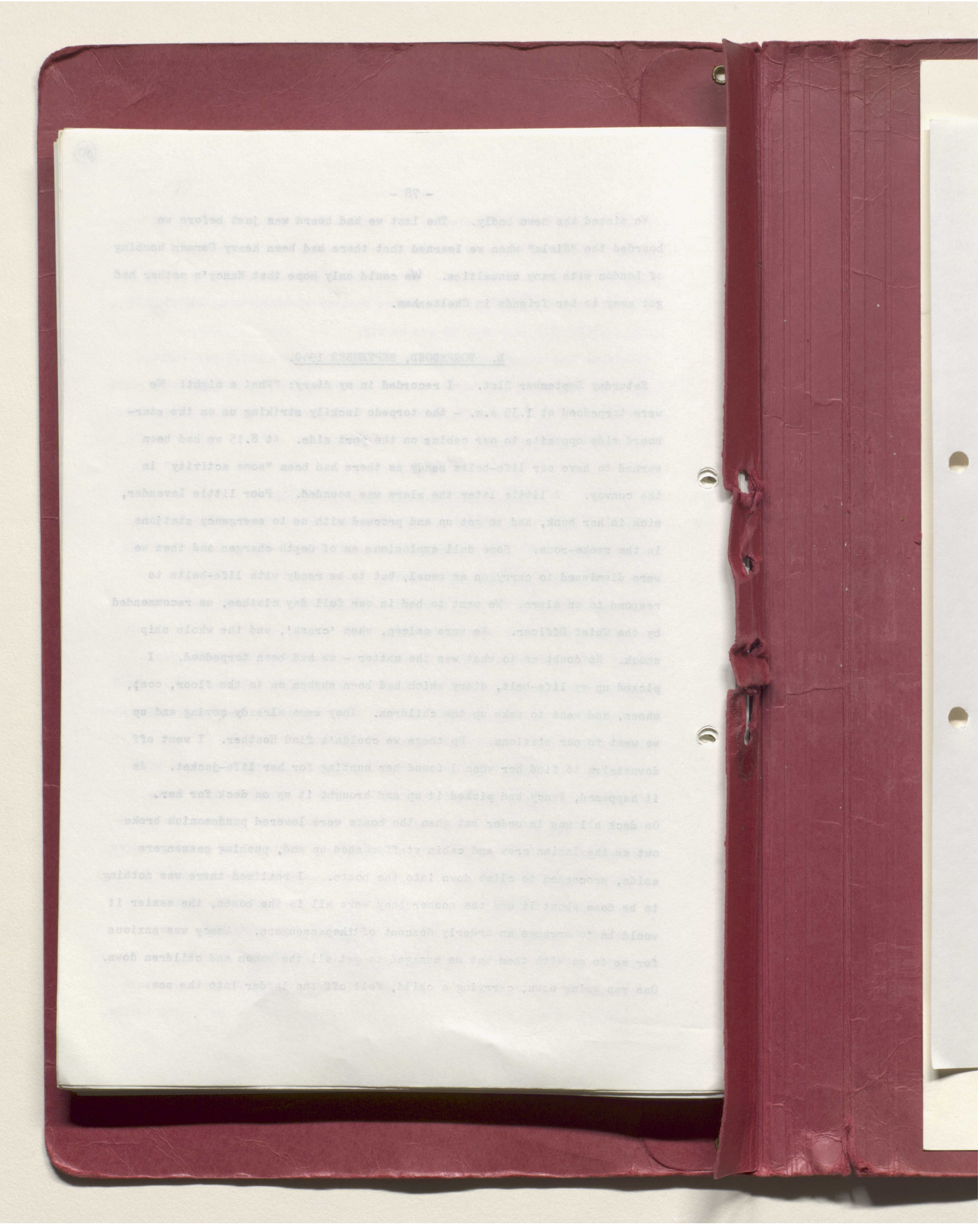


We missed the news badly. The last we had heard was just before we boarded the "Simla" when we learned that there had been heavy German bombing of London with many casualties. We could only hope that Nancy's mother had got away to her friends in Cheltenham.

L. TORPEDOED, SEPTEMBER 1940.

Saturday September 21st. I recorded in my diary: "What a night! We were torpedoed at 1.35 a.m. - the torpedo luckily striking us on the starboard side opposite to our cabins on the port side. At 8.15 we had been warned to have our life-belts handy as there had been "some activity" in the convoy. A little later the alarm was sounded. Poor little Lavender, sick in her bunk, had to get up and proceed with us to emergency stations in the smoke-room. Some dull explosions as of depth charges and then we were dismissed to carry on as usual, but to be ready with life-belts to respond to an alarm. We went to bed in our full day clothes, as recommended by the Chief Officer. We were asleep, when 'crash', and the whole ship shook. No doubt as to what was the matter - we had been torpedoed. I picked up my life-belt, diary which had been shaken on to the floor, coat, shoes, and went to wake up the children. They were already moving and up we went to our stations. Up there we couldn't find Heather. I went off downstairs to find her when I found her hunting for her life-jacket. As it happened, Nancy had picked it up and brought it up on deck for her. On deck all was in order but when the boats were lowered pandemonium broke out as the Indian crew and cabin staff rushed up and, pushing passengers aside, proceeded to climb down into the boats. I realised there was nothing to be done about it and the sooner they were all in the boats, the easier it would be to arrange an orderly descent of the passengers. Nancy was anxious for me to go with them but we managed to get all the women and children down. One man going down, carrying a child, fell off the ladder into the sea.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000a0



Luckily they were both picked up before they could be crushed between boat and ship. We all got in and were about to move off when some more women and children appeared on deck. Apparently they had difficulty in getting up on deck as they had been in the starboard cabins near where the torpedo had entered. On board was a young Madrassi cadet of the Indian Merchant Service - Jesu Dason - who had been on a training course in England. He appeared on deck spick and span in his blue uniform. He insisted on holding back on board until all were down in the boat. He then came down carrying a baby, which was no mean task on the heaving rope ladder.

All aboard, we waited for the Third Mate who was to be in charge of our boat. He, however, insisted on a last look round to see if there were any more passengers or children on board".

Poor old "S.S. Simla" was settling by the stern, but very slowly and with not too bad a list.

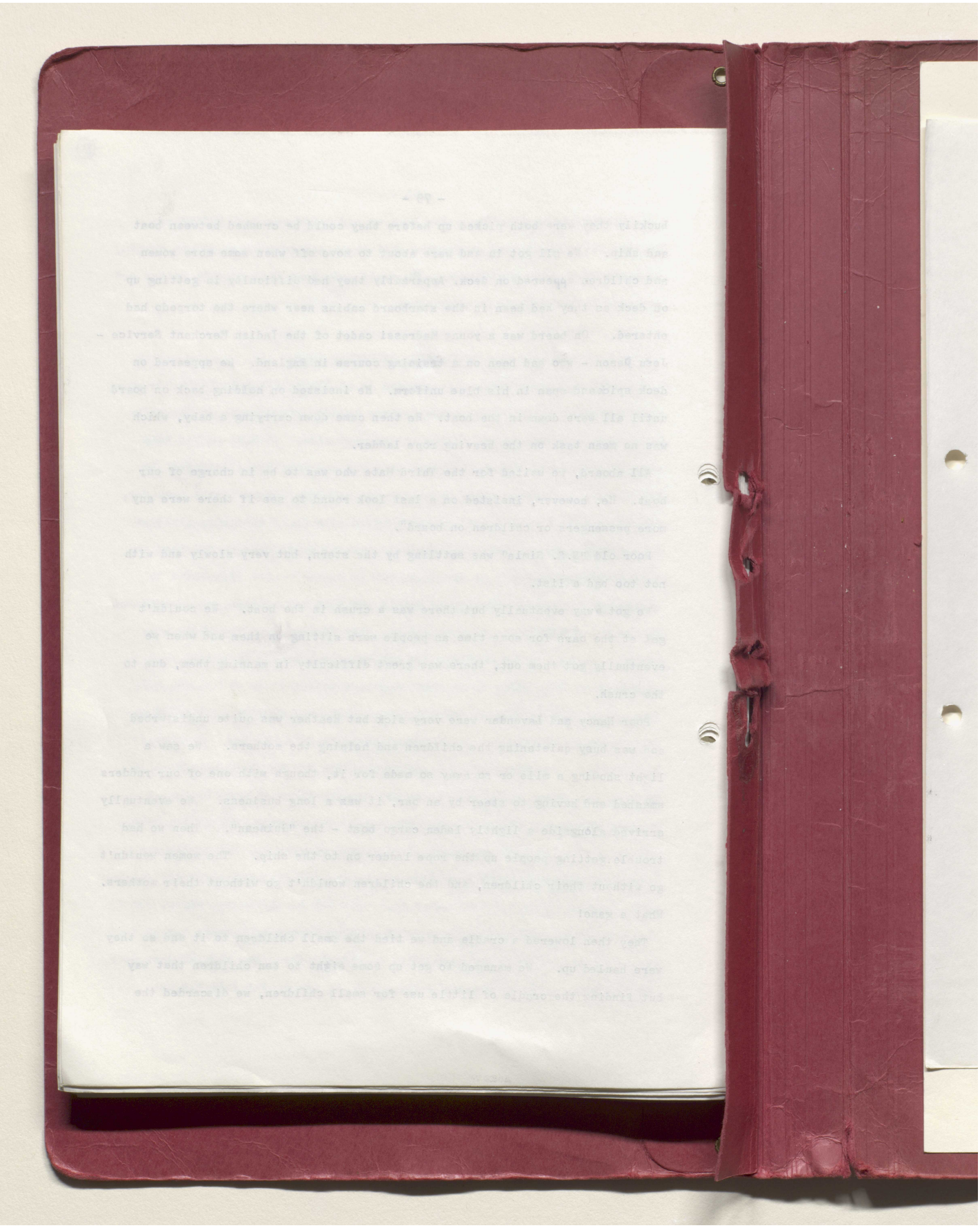
We got away eventually but there was a crush in the boat. We couldn't get at the oars for some time as people were sitting on them and when we eventually got them out, there was great difficulty in manning them, due to the crush.

Poor Nancy and Lavender were very sick but Heather was quite undisturbed and was busy quietening the children and helping the mothers. We saw a light showing a mile or so away so made for it, though with one of our rudders smashed and having to steer by an oar, it was a long business. We eventually arrived alongside a lightly laden cargo boat - the "Guinean". Then we had trouble getting people up the rope ladder on to the ship. The women wouldn't go without their children, and the children wouldn't go without their mothers. What a game!

They then lowered a cradle and we tied the small children to it and so they were hauled up. We managed to get up some eight to ten children that way but finding the cradle of little use for small children, we discarded the

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000a2



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000a3

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

cradle and tied the children to the end of the rope, but then they bumped their heads against the ship's side. Our boat was bobbing up and down in the swell so that when a person managed to grab the ladder, before she could climb the boat had bobbed up and knocked her off. Then our boat began to drift back and threatened to be flooded by a huge discharge of water from the ship's side. Then we couldn't manage to row in to the next ladder as a previous rescue boat was still tied to it.

The intrepid Jesu Dason jumped on to the empty boat, succeeded in setting it adrift and just managed to clamber back into our boat. We then got everyone up the ladder on board, except for a poor Madrassi fireman from the "Simla" who was too exhausted and paralysed to grasp the ladder and climb up. The Third Mate was inclined to leave him in the boat and cast off as other boats were trying to get in to the ladder. I got hold of the fireman and spoke to him in Urdu and then tried to help him on to the ladder but the swell made it very difficult to climb on to the heaving ladder. I eventually climbed on to the ladder and, seizing his hand, managed to get him to follow me up.

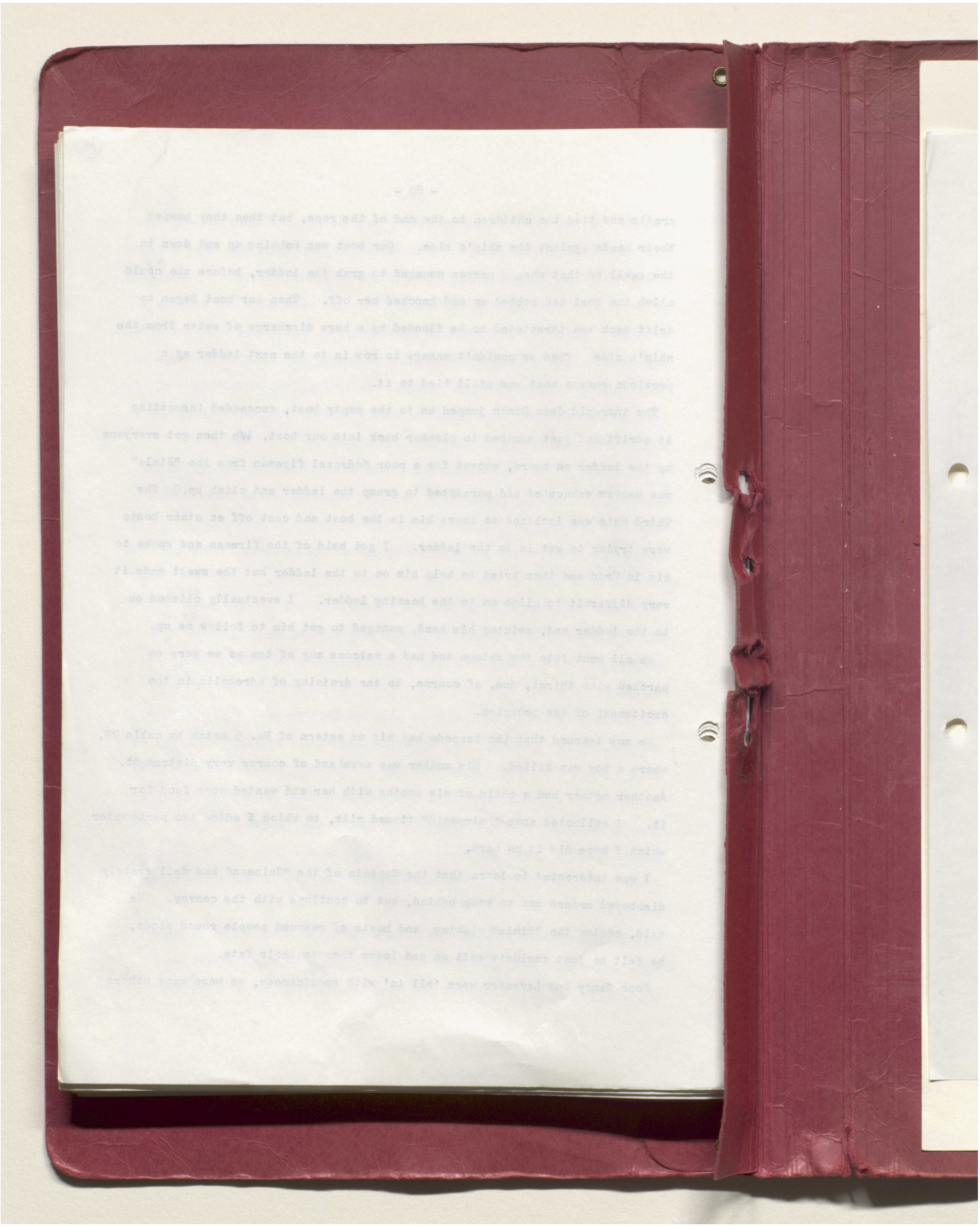
We all went into the saloon and had a welcome mug of tea as we were so parched with thirst, due, of course, to the draining of adrenalin in the excitement of the occasion.

We now learned that the torpedo had hit us astern of No. 5 hatch by cabin 72, where a boy was killed. His mother was saved and of course very distraught. Another mother had a child of six months with her and wanted some food for it. I collected some "Dairymaid" tinned milk, to which I added two parts water which I hope did it no harm.

I was interested to learn that the Captain of the "Guinean" had deliberately disobeyed orders not to stop behind, but to continue with the convoy. He said, seeing the "Simla" sinking and boats of rescued people round about, he felt he just couldn't sail on and leave them to their fate.

Poor Nancy and Lavender were 'all in' with seasickness, as were many others

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000a4



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000a5

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

lying on the floor of the saloon. Heather, fortunately, was undisturbed. She had given her pullover to a child who was in pyjamas only.

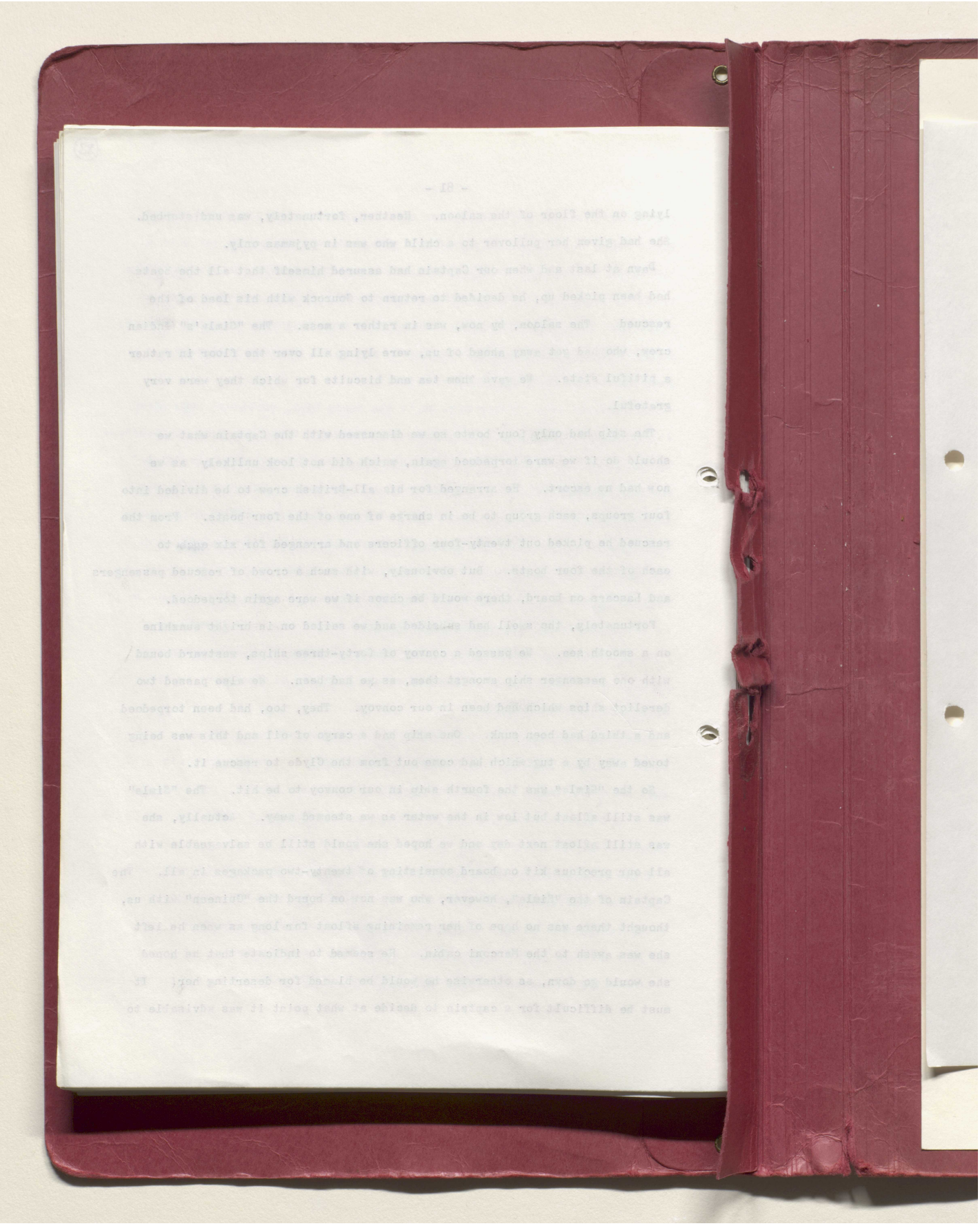
Dawn at last and when our Captain had assured himself that all the boats had been picked up, he decided to return to Gourock with his load of the rescued. The saloon, by now, was in rather a mess. The "Simla's" Indian crew, who had got away ahead of us, were lying all over the floor in rather a pitiful state. We gave them tea and biscuits for which they were very grateful.

The ship had only four boats so we discussed with the Captain what we should do if we were torpedoed again, which did not look unlikely as we now had no escort. He arranged for his all-British crew to be divided into four groups, each group to be in charge of one of the four boats. From the rescued he picked out twenty-four officers and arranged for six each to each of the four boats. But obviously, with such a crowd of rescued passengers and Lascars on board, there would be chaos if we were again torpedoed.

Fortunately, the swell had subsided and we sailed on in bright sunshine on a smooth sea. We passed a convoy of forty-three ships, westward bound with one passenger ship amongst them, as we had been. We also passed two derelict ships which had been in our convoy. They, too, had been torpedoed and a third had been sunk. One ship had a cargo of oil and this was being towed away by a tug which had come out from the Clyde to rescue it.

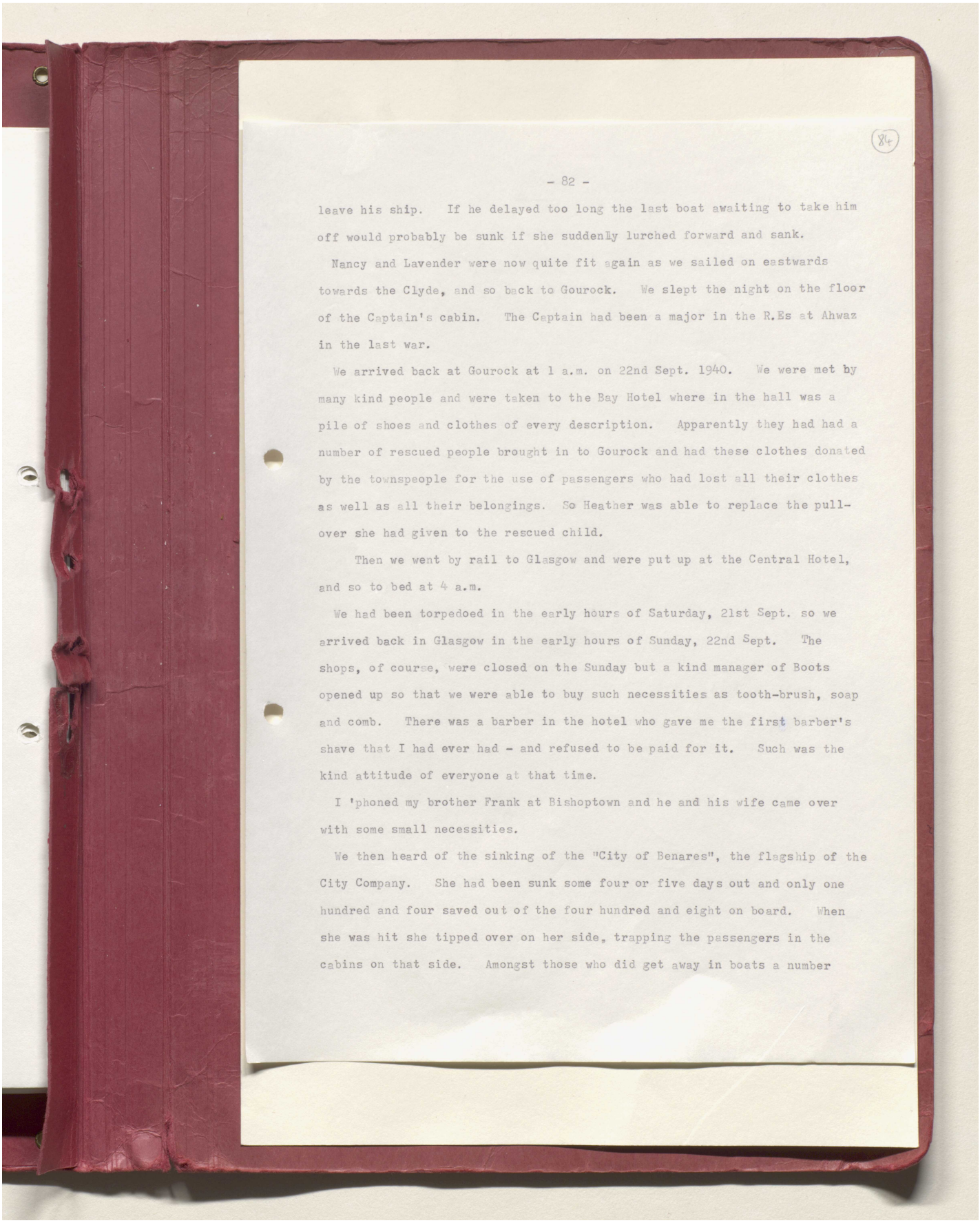
So the "Simla" was the fourth ship in our convoy to be hit. The "Simla" was still afloat but low in the water as we steamed away. Actually, she was still afloat next day and we hoped she would still be salvageable with all our precious kit on board consisting of twenty-two packages in all. The Captain of the "Simla", however, who was now on board the "Guinean" with us, thought there was no hope of her remaining afloat for long as when he left she was awash to the Marconi cabin. He seemed to indicate that he hoped she would go down, as otherwise he would be blamed for deserting her! It must be difficult for a captain to decide at what point it was advisable to

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000a6



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



leave his ship. If he delayed too long the last boat awaiting to take him off would probably be sunk if she suddenly lurched forward and sank.

Nancy and Lavender were now quite fit again as we sailed on eastwards towards the Clyde, and so back to Gourock. We slept the night on the floor of the Captain's cabin. The Captain had been a major in the R.Es at Ahwaz in the last war.

We arrived back at Gourock at 1 a.m. on 22nd Sept. 1940. We were met by many kind people and were taken to the Bay Hotel where in the hall was a pile of shoes and clothes of every description. Apparently they had had a number of rescued people brought in to Gourock and had these clothes donated by the townspeople for the use of passengers who had lost all their clothes as well as all their belongings. So Heather was able to replace the pull-over she had given to the rescued child.

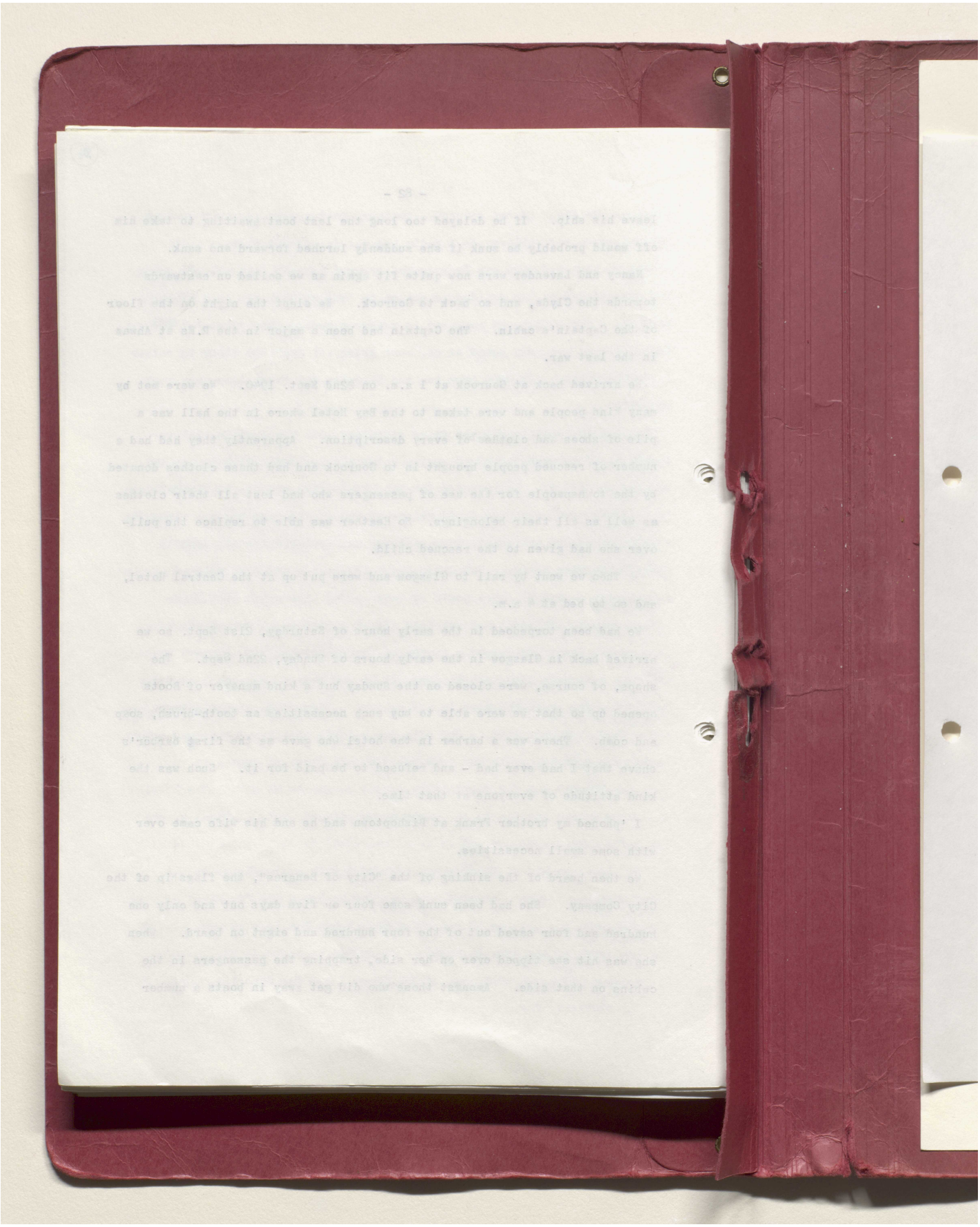
Then we went by rail to Glasgow and were put up at the Central Hotel, and so to bed at 4 a.m.

We had been torpedoed in the early hours of Saturday, 21st Sept. so we arrived back in Glasgow in the early hours of Sunday, 22nd Sept. The shops, of course, were closed on the Sunday but a kind manager of Boots opened up so that we were able to buy such necessities as tooth-brush, soap and comb. There was a barber in the hotel who gave me the first barber's shave that I had ever had - and refused to be paid for it. Such was the kind attitude of everyone at that time.

I 'phoned my brother Frank at Bishoptown and he and his wife came over with some small necessities.

We then heard of the sinking of the "City of Benares", the flagship of the City Company. She had been sunk some four or five days out and only one hundred and four saved out of the four hundred and eight on board. When she was hit she tipped over on her side, trapping the passengers in the cabins on that side. Amongst those who did get away in boats a number

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000a8



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000a9

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

died from exposure - only some seven children out of over a hundred were saved. Apparently the escorting destroyers had left the convoy as they thought they had got far enough out to be beyond reach of the German submarines. The pity of it was that the "Benares" had continued with the convoy, travelling at only eight or nine knots, instead of pressing on alone at her full speed which would have saved her from any prowling 'U' boats. The escorting destroyers rushed back to the convoy when they heard of the "Benares" tragedy to see if they could rescue any more wrecked crew. Two ships which had stood in to rescue survivors were, themselves, torpedoed and sunk.

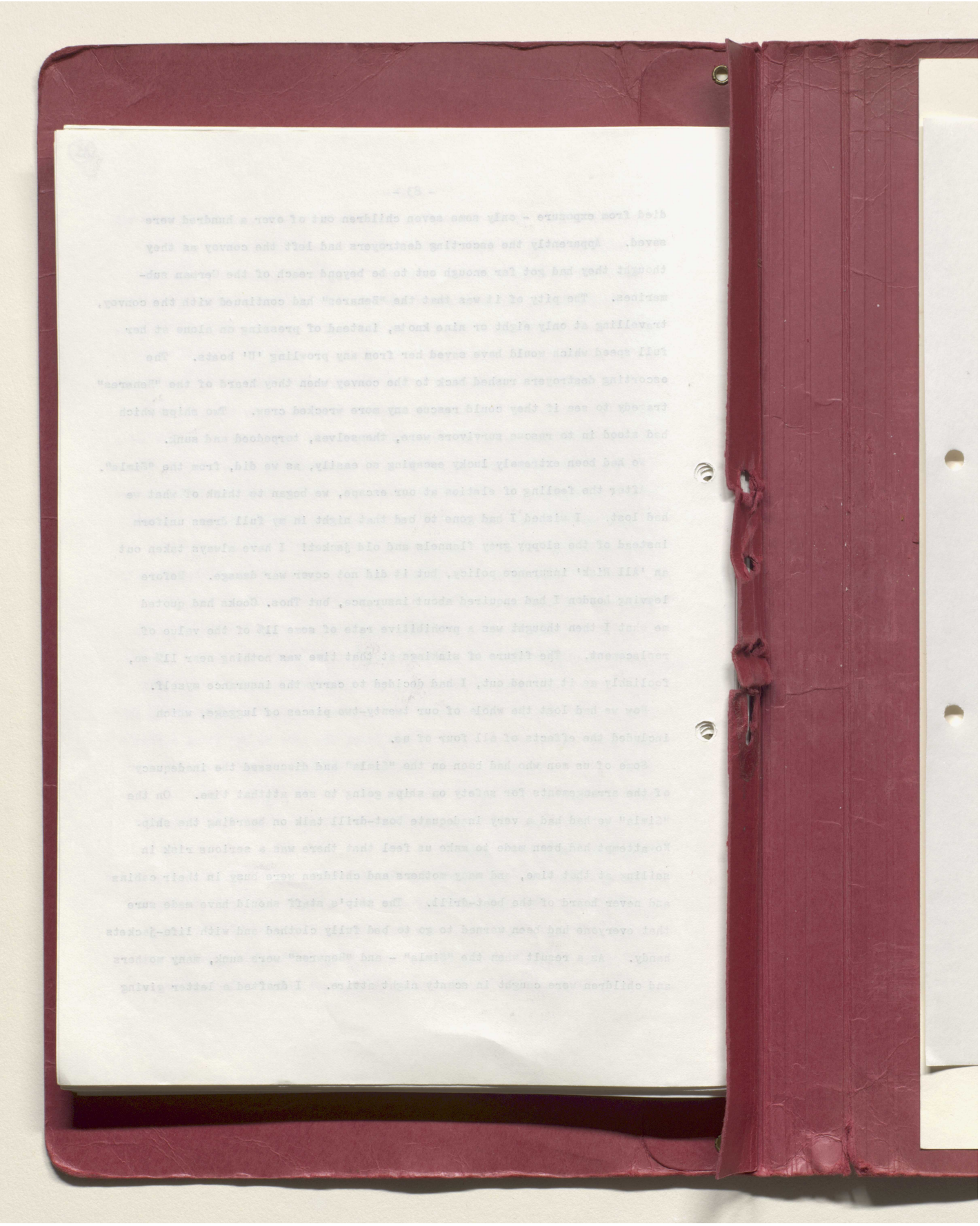
We had been extremely lucky escaping so easily, as we did, from the "Simla".

After the feeling of elation at our escape, we began to think of what we had lost. I wished I had gone to bed that night in my full dress uniform instead of the sloppy grey flannels and old jacket! I have always taken out an 'All Risk' insurance policy, but it did not cover war damage. Before leaving London I had enquired about insurance, but Thos. Cooks had quoted me what I then thought was a prohibitive rate of some 11% of the value of replacement. The figure of sinkings at that time was nothing near 11% so, foolishly as it turned out, I had decided to carry the insurance myself.

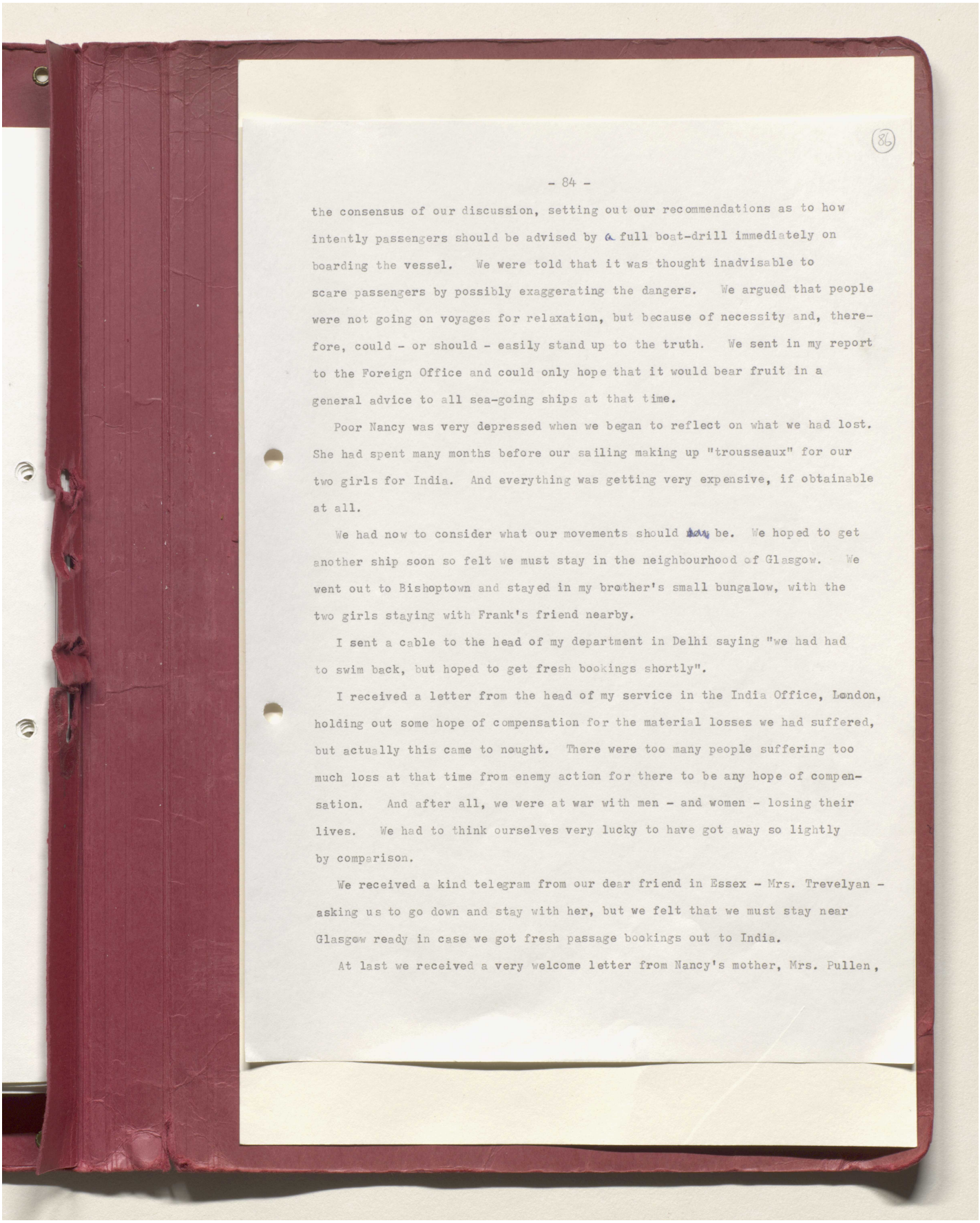
Now we had lost the whole of our twenty-two pieces of luggage, which included the effects of all four of us.

Some of us men who had been on the "Simla" had discussed the inadequacy of the arrangements for safety on ships going to sea at that time. On the "Simla" we had had a very inadequate boat-drill talk on boarding the ship. No attempt had been made to make us feel that there was a serious risk in sailing at that time, and many mothers and children were busy in their cabins and never heard of the boat-drill. The ship's staff should have made sure that everyone had been warned to go to bed fully clothed and with life-jackets handy. As a result when the "Simla" - and "Benares" were sunk, many mothers and children were caught in scanty night attire. I drafted a letter giving

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000aa



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000ab



the consensus of our discussion, setting out our recommendations as to how intently passengers should be advised by a full boat-drill immediately on boarding the vessel. We were told that it was thought inadvisable to scare passengers by possibly exaggerating the dangers. We argued that people were not going on voyages for relaxation, but because of necessity and, therefore, could - or should - easily stand up to the truth. We sent in my report to the Foreign Office and could only hope that it would bear fruit in a general advice to all sea-going ships at that time.

Poor Nancy was very depressed when we began to reflect on what we had lost. She had spent many months before our sailing making up "trousseaux" for our two girls for India. And everything was getting very expensive, if obtainable at all.

We had now to consider what our movements should now be. We hoped to get another ship soon so felt we must stay in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. We went out to Bishoptown and stayed in my brother's small bungalow, with the two girls staying with Frank's friend nearby.

I sent a cable to the head of my department in Delhi saying "we had had to swim back, but hoped to get fresh bookings shortly".

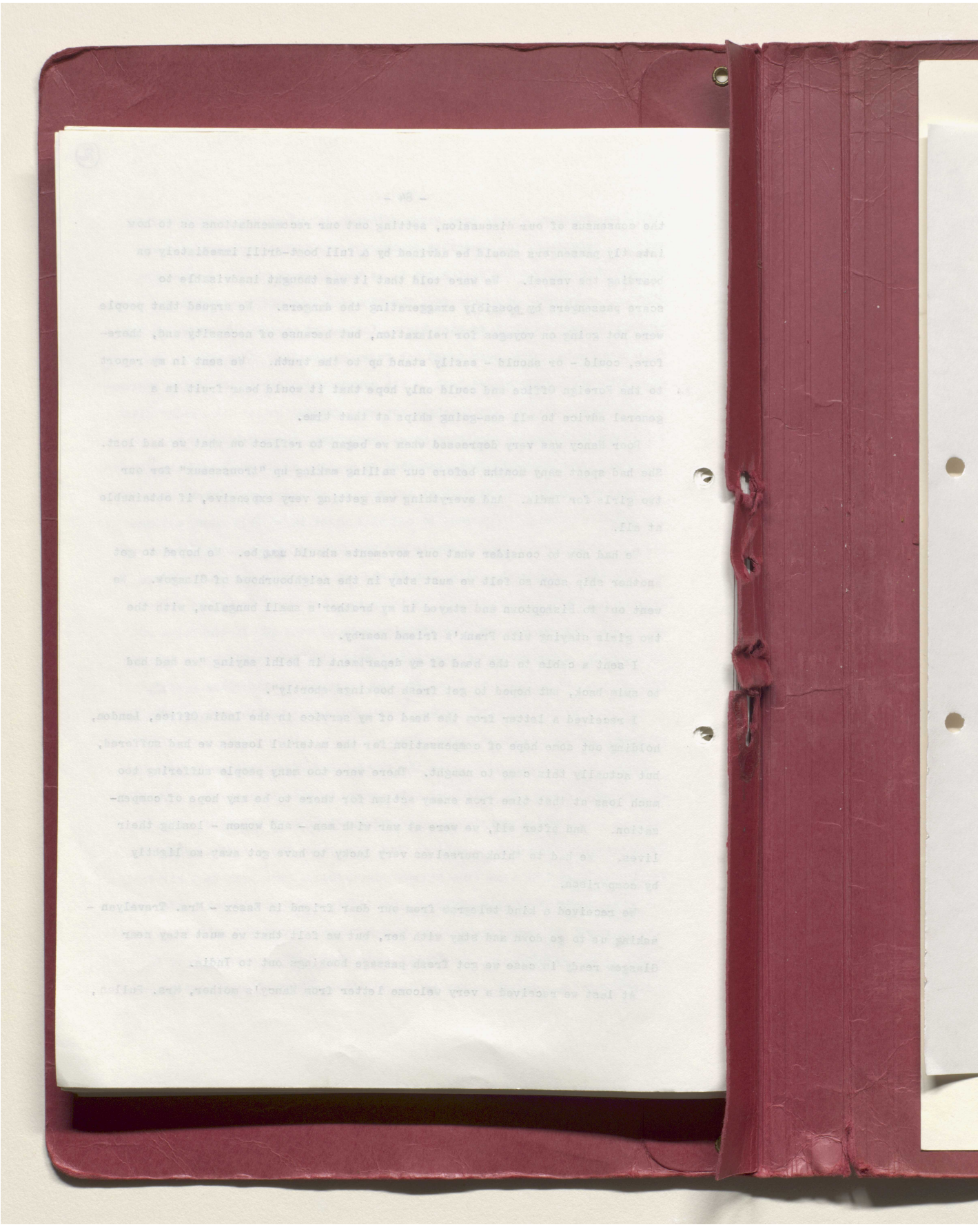
I received a letter from the head of my service in the India Office, London, holding out some hope of compensation for the material losses we had suffered, but actually this came to nought. There were too many people suffering too much loss at that time from enemy action for there to be any hope of compensation. And after all, we were at war with men - and women - losing their lives. We had to think ourselves very lucky to have got away so lightly by comparison.

We received a kind telegram from our dear friend in Essex - Mrs. Trevelyan - asking us to go down and stay with her, but we felt that we must stay near Glasgow ready in case we got fresh passage bookings out to India.

At last we received a very welcome letter from Nancy's mother, Mrs. Pullen,

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000ac



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000ad

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

from Cheltenham. So that was a relief to know she had got away from the bombings of London.

Again, everyone was very thoughtful and kind, only too eager to help us. I was able to get some cash and with that we went into Paisley and bought some clothes for all four of us - and a suitcase to put them into.

Nancy developed a very nasty boil on her forehead which developed into a painful carbuncle and spread to others on her neck. All due, the doctor said, to the anxious time we had passed of late. It was most depressing for poor Nancy.

We had to go into Paisley to get emergency ration cards, for by now, everyone was on ration cards and you could not buy food without a card. The girl clerk in the office was very kind and helpful and readily accepted our explanation as to why we had no cards. The war was certainly turning everyone 'kin'.

We received further telegrams from Olive Trevelyan to go down to her and a kind £5 note for the two girls which they joyously went off to spend in Paisley.

I hunted everywhere for a thin grey suit for India, but with no luck. Of course, by the end of September, it was getting cold up in Scotland.

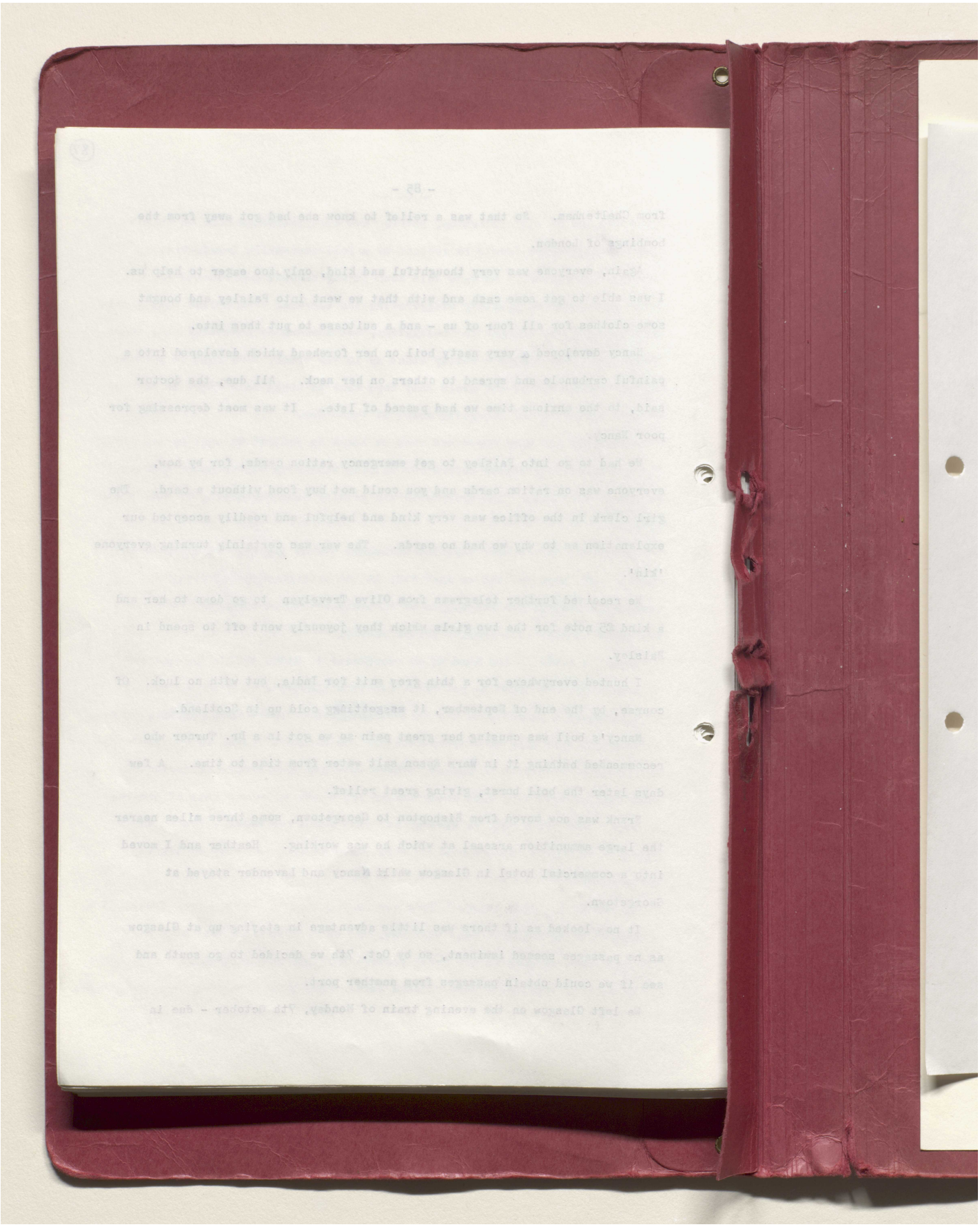
Nancy's boil was causing her great pain so we got in a Dr. Turner who recommended bathing it in warm Epsom salt water from time to time. A few days later the boil burst, giving great relief.

Frank was now moved from Bishopton to Georgetown, some three miles nearer the large ammunition arsenal at which he was working. Heather and I moved into a commercial hotel in Glasgow whilst Nancy and Lavender stayed at Georgetown.

It now looked as if there was little advantage in staying up at Glasgow as no passages seemed imminent, so by Oct. 7th we decided to go south and see if we could obtain passages from another port.

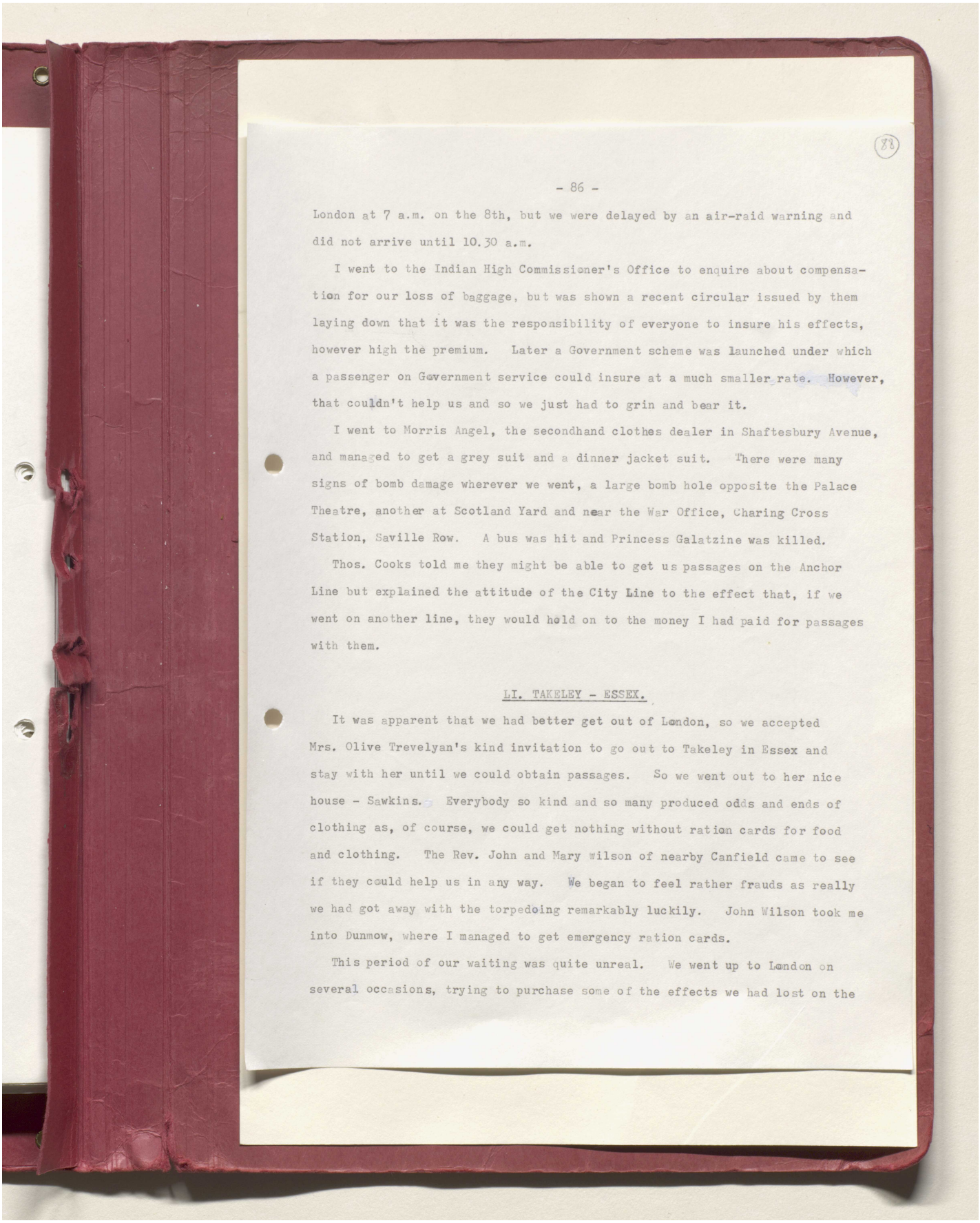
We left Glasgow on the evening train of Monday, 7th October - due in

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000ae



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



London at 7 a.m. on the 8th, but we were delayed by an air-raid warning and did not arrive until 10.30 a.m.

I went to the Indian High Commissioner's Office to enquire about compensation for our loss of baggage, but was shown a recent circular issued by them laying down that it was the responsibility of everyone to insure his effects, however high the premium. Later a Government scheme was launched under which a passenger on Government service could insure at a much smaller rate. However, that couldn't help us and so we just had to grin and bear it.

I went to Morris Angel, the secondhand clothes dealer in Shaftesbury Avenue, and managed to get a grey suit and a dinner jacket suit. There were many signs of bomb damage wherever we went, a large bomb hole opposite the Palace Theatre, another at Scotland Yard and near the War Office, Charing Cross Station, Saville Row. A bus was hit and Princess Galatzine was killed.

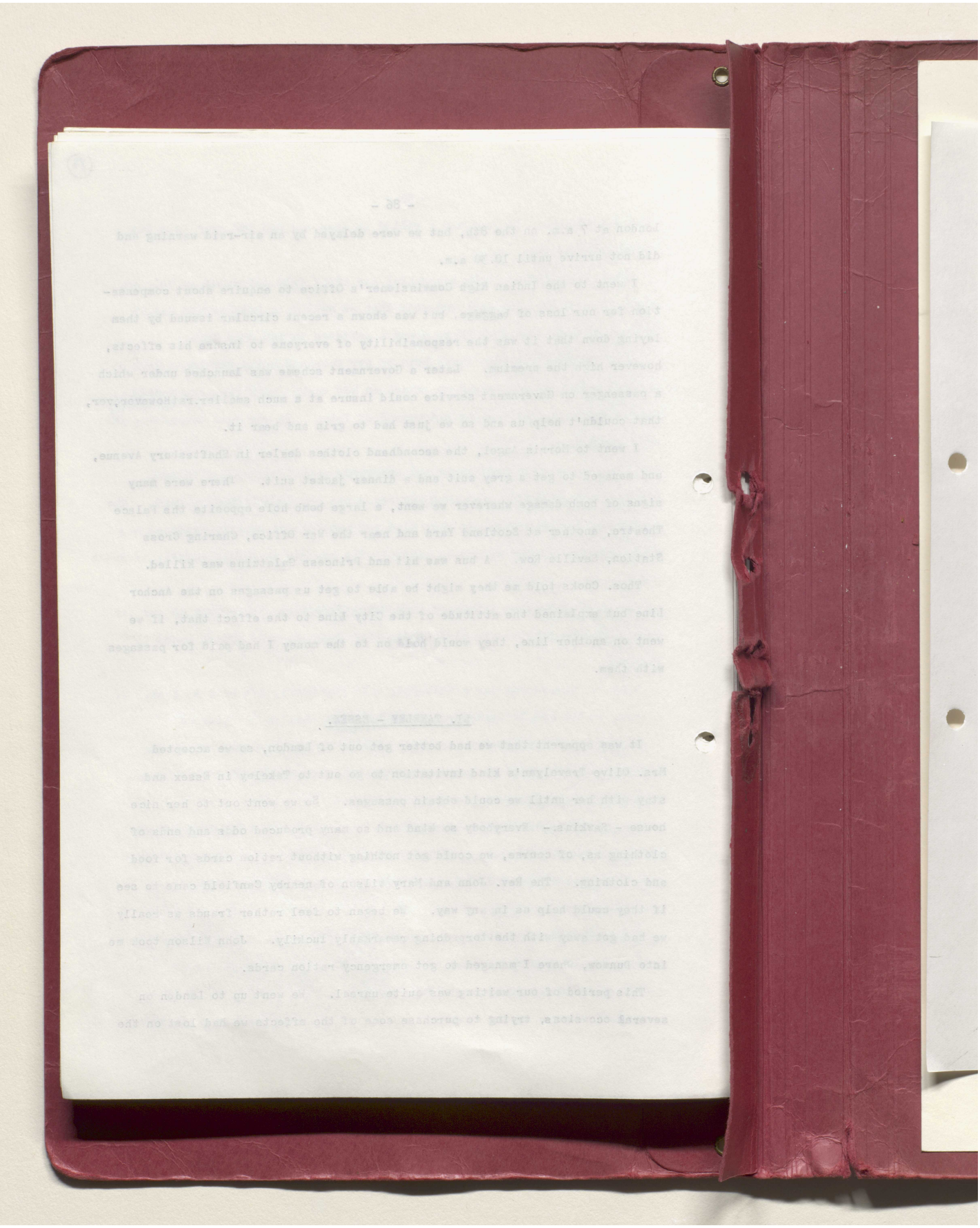
Thos. Cooks told me they might be able to get us passages on the Anchor Line but explained the attitude of the City Line to the effect that, if we went on another line, they would hold on to the money I had paid for passages with them.

LI. TAKELEY - ESSEX.

It was apparent that we had better get out of London, so we accepted Mrs. Olive Trevelyan's kind invitation to go out to Takeley in Essex and stay with her until we could obtain passages. So we went out to her nice house - Sawkins. Everybody so kind and so many produced odds and ends of clothing as, of course, we could get nothing without ration cards for food and clothing. The Rev. John and Mary Wilson of nearby Canfield came to see if they could help us in any way. We began to feel rather frauds as really we had got away with the torpedoing remarkably luckily. John Wilson took me into Dunmow, where I managed to get emergency ration cards.

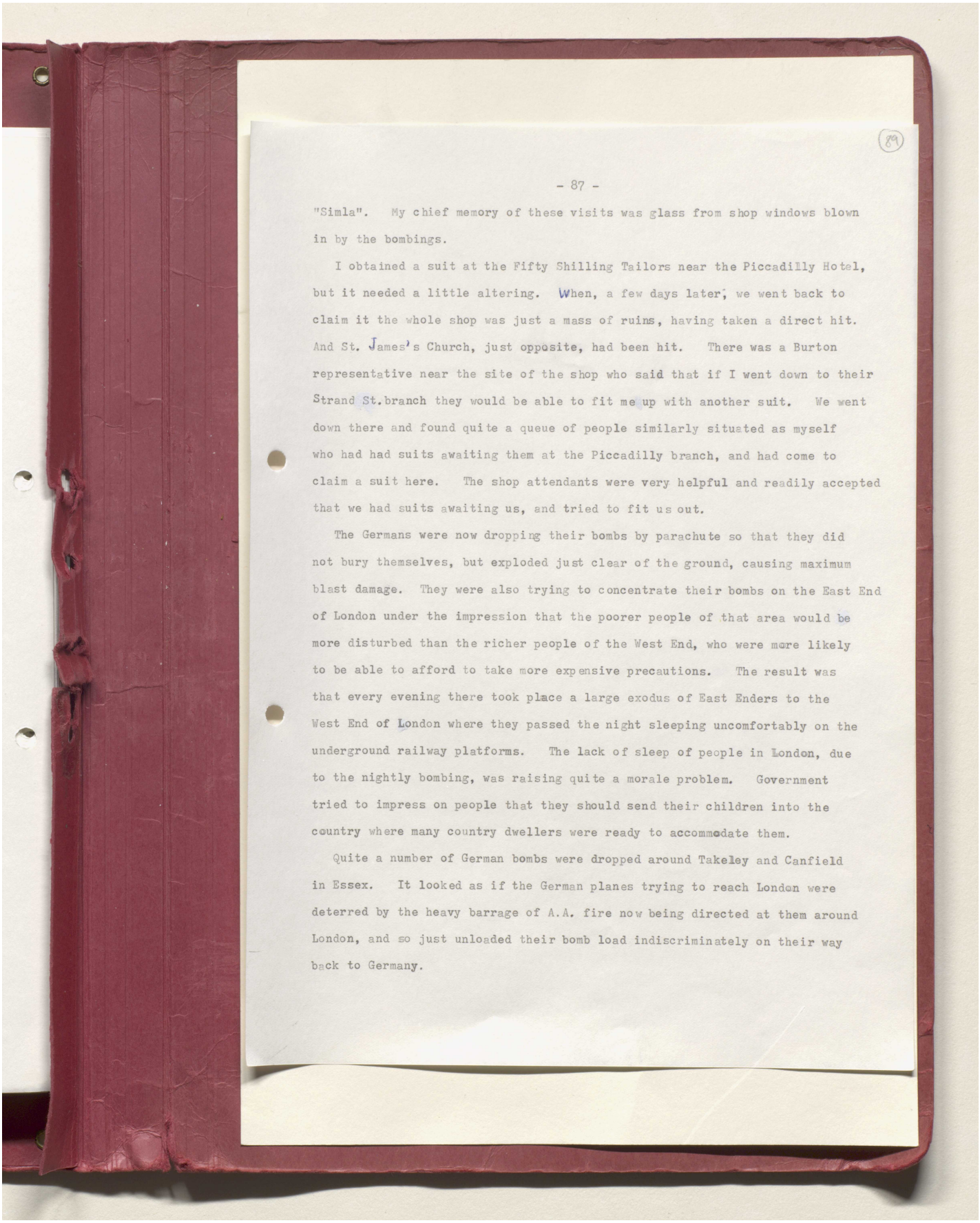
This period of our waiting was quite unreal. We went up to London on several occasions, trying to purchase some of the effects we had lost on the

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000b0



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



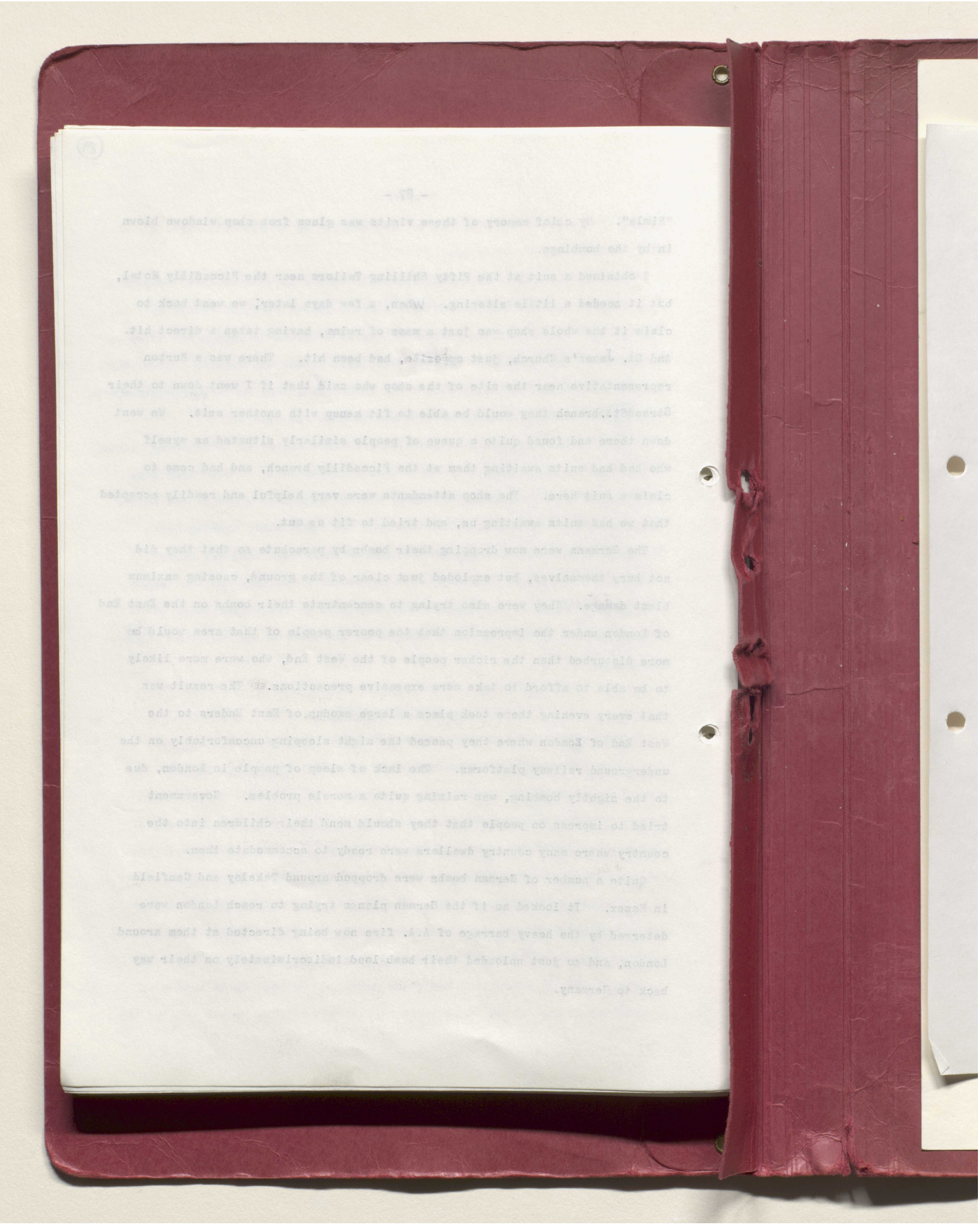
"Simla". My chief memory of these visits was glass from shop windows blown in by the bombings.

I obtained a suit at the Fifty Shilling Tailors near the Piccadilly Hotel, but it needed a little altering. When, a few days later, we went back to claim it the whole shop was just a mass of ruins, having taken a direct hit. And St. James's Church, just opposite, had been hit. There was a Burton representative near the site of the shop who said that if I went down to their Strand St. branch they would be able to fit me up with another suit. We went down there and found quite a queue of people similarly situated as myself who had had suits awaiting them at the Piccadilly branch, and had come to claim a suit here. The shop attendants were very helpful and readily accepted that we had suits awaiting us, and tried to fit us out.

The Germans were now dropping their bombs by parachute so that they did not bury themselves, but exploded just clear of the ground, causing maximum blast damage. They were also trying to concentrate their bombs on the East End of London under the impression that the poorer people of that area would be more disturbed than the richer people of the West End, who were more likely to be able to afford to take more expensive precautions. The result was that every evening there took place a large exodus of East Enders to the West End of London where they passed the night sleeping uncomfortably on the underground railway platforms. The lack of sleep of people in London, due to the nightly bombing, was raising quite a morale problem. Government tried to impress on people that they should send their children into the country where many country dwellers were ready to accommodate them.

Quite a number of German bombs were dropped around Takeley and Canfield in Essex. It looked as if the German planes trying to reach London were deterred by the heavy barrage of A.A. fire now being directed at them around London, and so just unloaded their bomb load indiscriminately on their way back to Germany.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000b2



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000b3

We were having a lovely, mild, sunny autumn and so we were able to get out and walk round the beautiful countryside of Canfield. We saw a number of bomb holes of considerable size.

At last, on Sunday 20th October we received a telegram from Thos. Cooks to say we were booked on a ship sailing from Liverpool on 24th October. On Wednesday, 23rd October, we left by train to Liverpool St. Station by 9.40 a.m. Then by taxi to Euston, where we caught a train to Liverpool, where we put up for the night at the Adelphi Hotel. The next day we boarded the "City of Exeter" and found we had two nice two-berth cabins so that our two daughters could be next door to us, as had been the case on the "Simla". We sailed at 3 p.m. A boat-drill was held at 4 p.m. On the "Simla" there had been over seventy women and children. On this small ship there were only five women, of whom I had three - Nancy and the two girls. Again, the boat-drill was very sketchy - no attempt to emphasize the importance of being constantly on the alert, and to sleep fully dressed. We tied up for the night in Mersey Bay.

Next day we left in a convoy of twenty-six ships with two destroyers as escort.

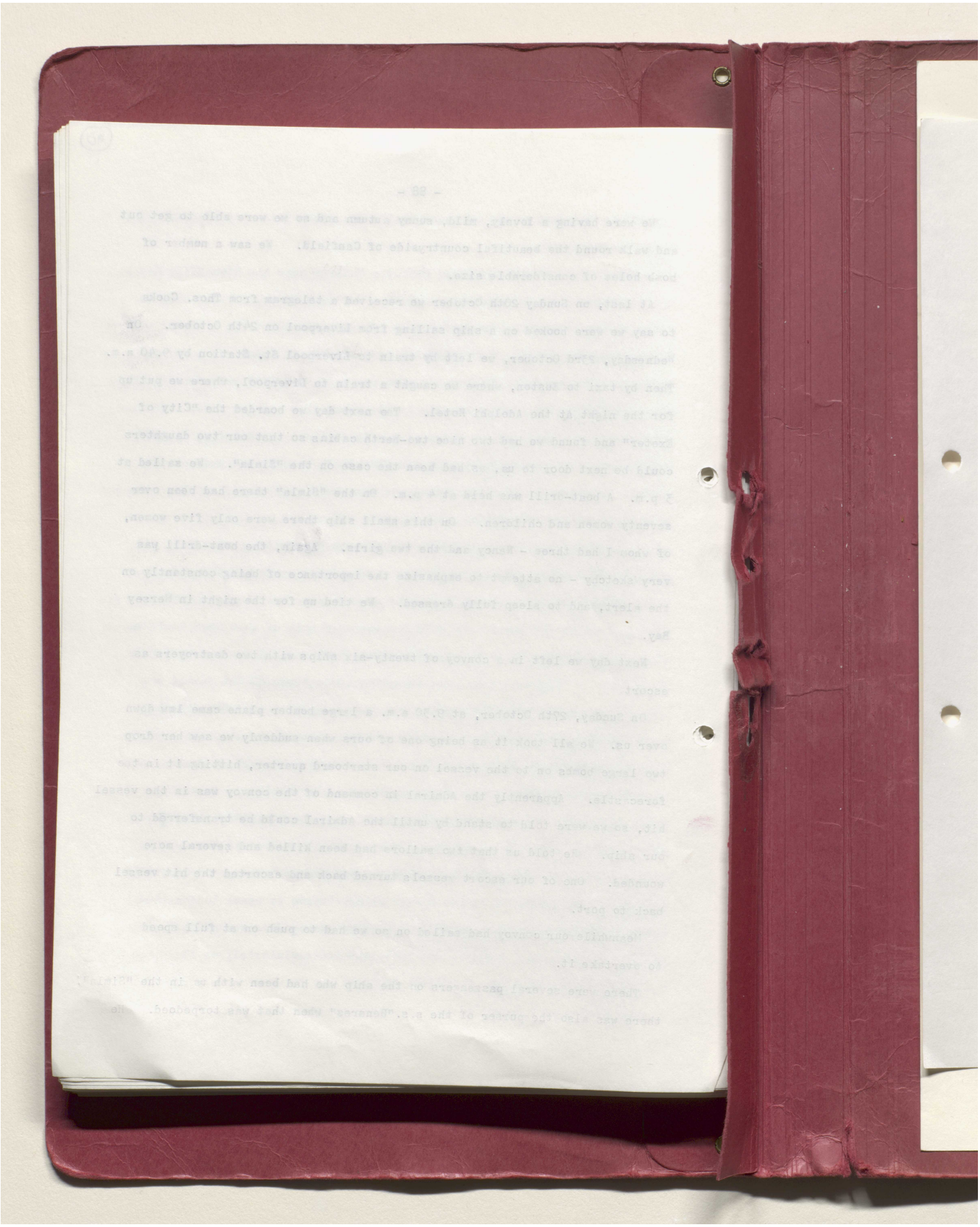
On Sunday, 27th October, at 9.30 a.m. a large bomber plane came low down over us. We all took it as being one of ours when suddenly we saw her drop two large bombs on to the vessel on our starboard quarter, hitting it in the forecastle. Apparently the Admiral in command of the convoy was in the vessel hit, so we were told to stand by until the Admiral could be transferred to our ship. He told us that two sailors had been killed and several more wounded. One of our escort vessels turned back and escorted the hit vessel back to port.

Meanwhile our convoy had sailed on so we had to push on at full speed to overtake it.

There were several passengers on the ship who had been with us in the "Simla"; there was also the purser of the s.s."Benares" when that was torpedoed. He

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000b4



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000b5

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

said that when they had had to abandon the torpedoed "Benares", they were in the boats for twenty hours up to their middle in water. Next day twenty two in the boat died of exposure. He was bitterly critical of the way the convoy had been made to accommodate themselves to the slowest ship in the convoy. When they had sailed far enough north-west from the Scottish coast, they should have been allowed to push on at full speed. The "Benares" was a new and speedy vessel and could easily have outpaced any 'U' boat attempting to follow and torpedo them.

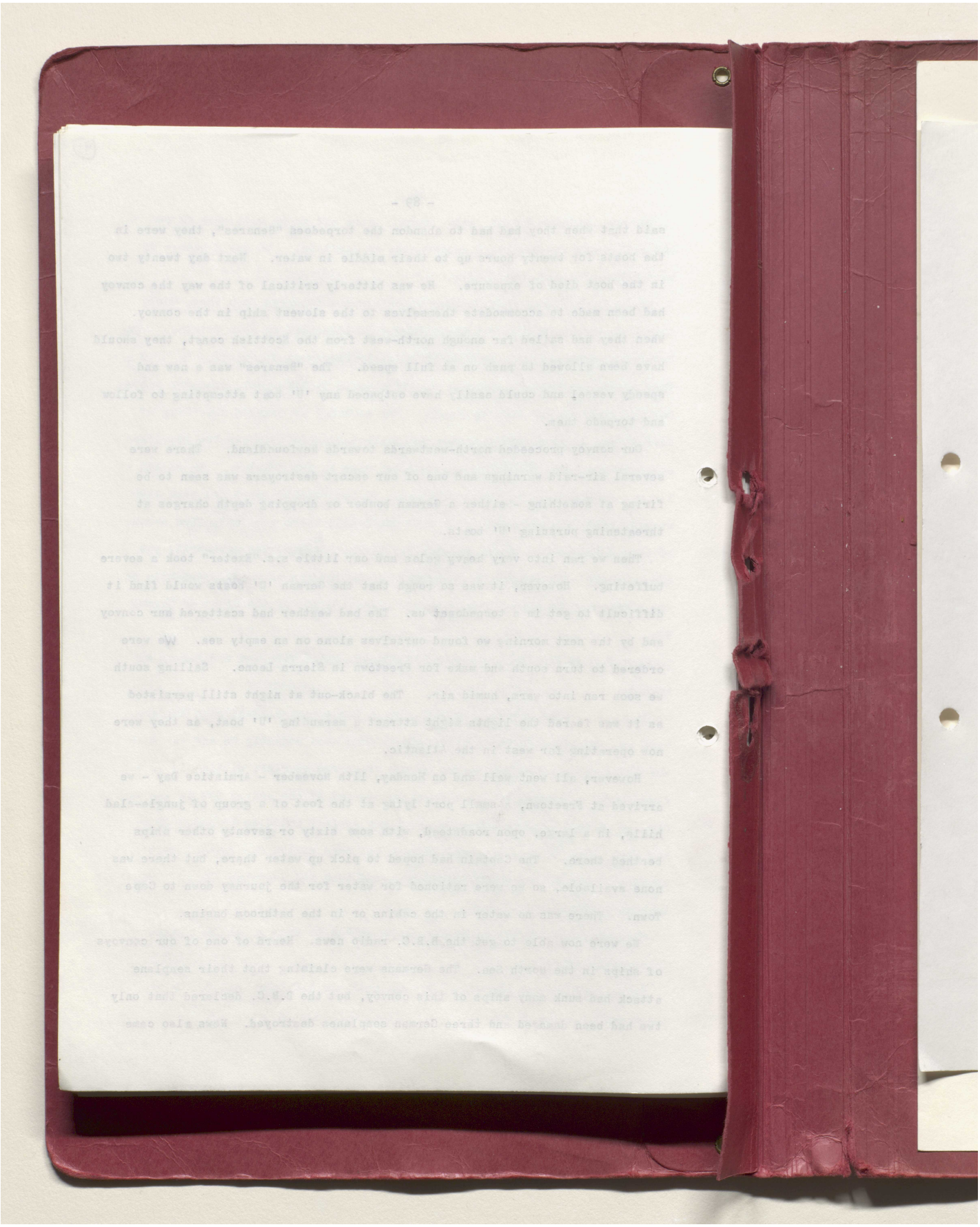
Our convoy proceeded north-westwards towards Newfoundland. There were several air-raid warnings and one of our escort destroyers was seen to be firing at something - either a German bomber or dropping depth charges at threatening pursuing 'U' boats.

Then we ran into very heavy gales and our little s.s."Exeter" took a severe buffeting. However, it was so rough that the German 'U' boats would find it difficult to get in a torpedo at us. The bad weather had scattered our convoy and by the next morning we found ourselves alone on an empty sea. We were ordered to turn south and make for Freetown in Sierra Leone. Sailing south we soon ran into warm, humid air. The black-out at night still persisted as it was feared the lights might attract a marauding 'U' boat, as they were now operating far west in the Atlantic.

However, all went well and on Monday, 11th November - Armistice Day - we arrived at Freetown, a small port lying at the foot of a group of jungle-clad hills, in a large, open roadstead, with some sixty or seventy other ships berthed there. The Captain had hoped to pick up water there, but there was none available, so we were rationed for water for the journey down to Cape Town. There was no water in the cabins or in the bathroom basins.

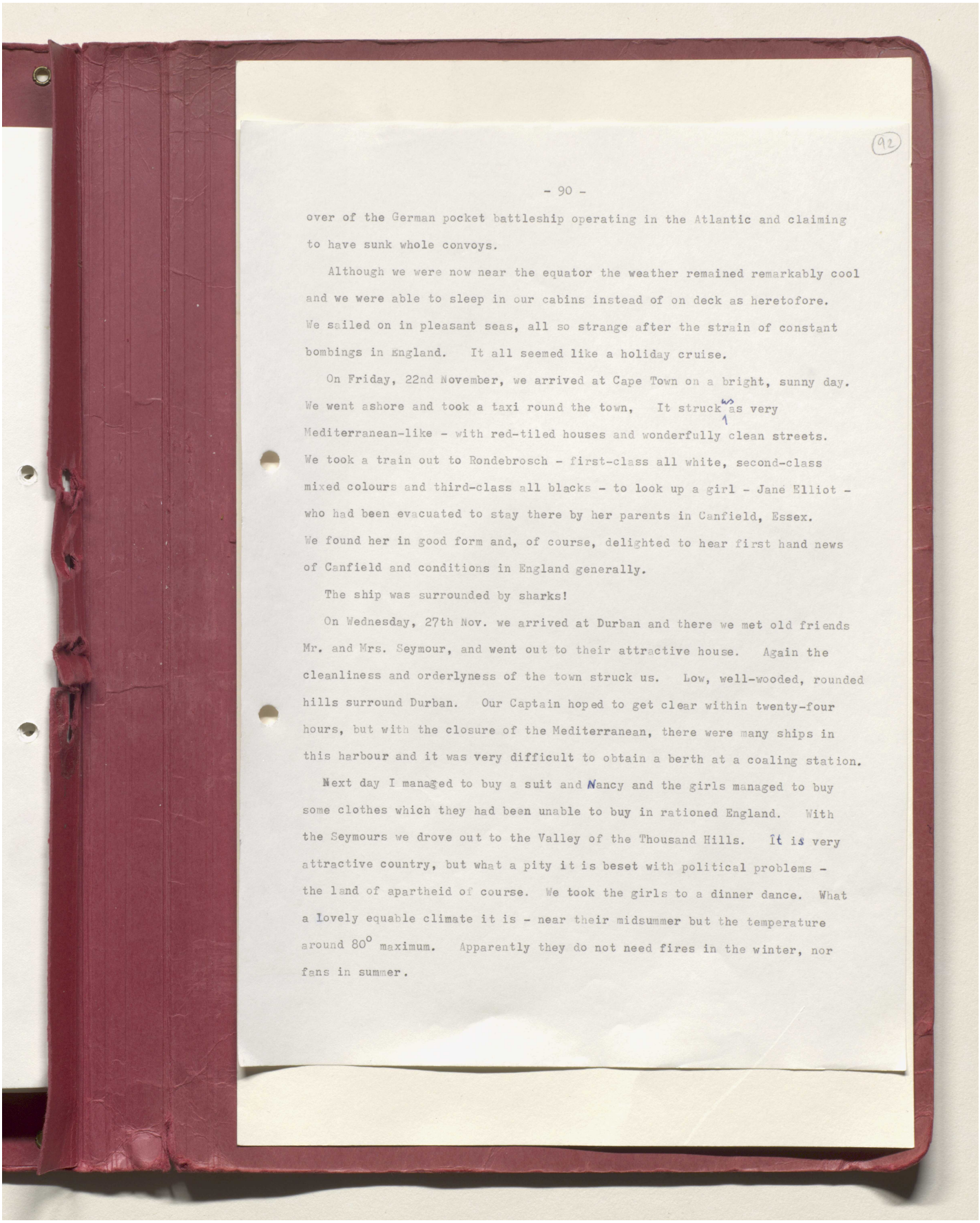
We were now able to get the B.B.C. radio news. Heard of one of our convoys of ships in the North Sea. The Germans were claiming that their seaplane attack had sunk many ships of this convoy, but the B.B.C. declared that only two had been damaged and three German seaplanes destroyed. News also came

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000b6



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



over of the German pocket battleship operating in the Atlantic and claiming to have sunk whole convoys.

Although we were now near the equator the weather remained remarkably cool and we were able to sleep in our cabins instead of on deck as heretofore. We sailed on in pleasant seas, all so strange after the strain of constant bombings in England. It all seemed like a holiday cruise.

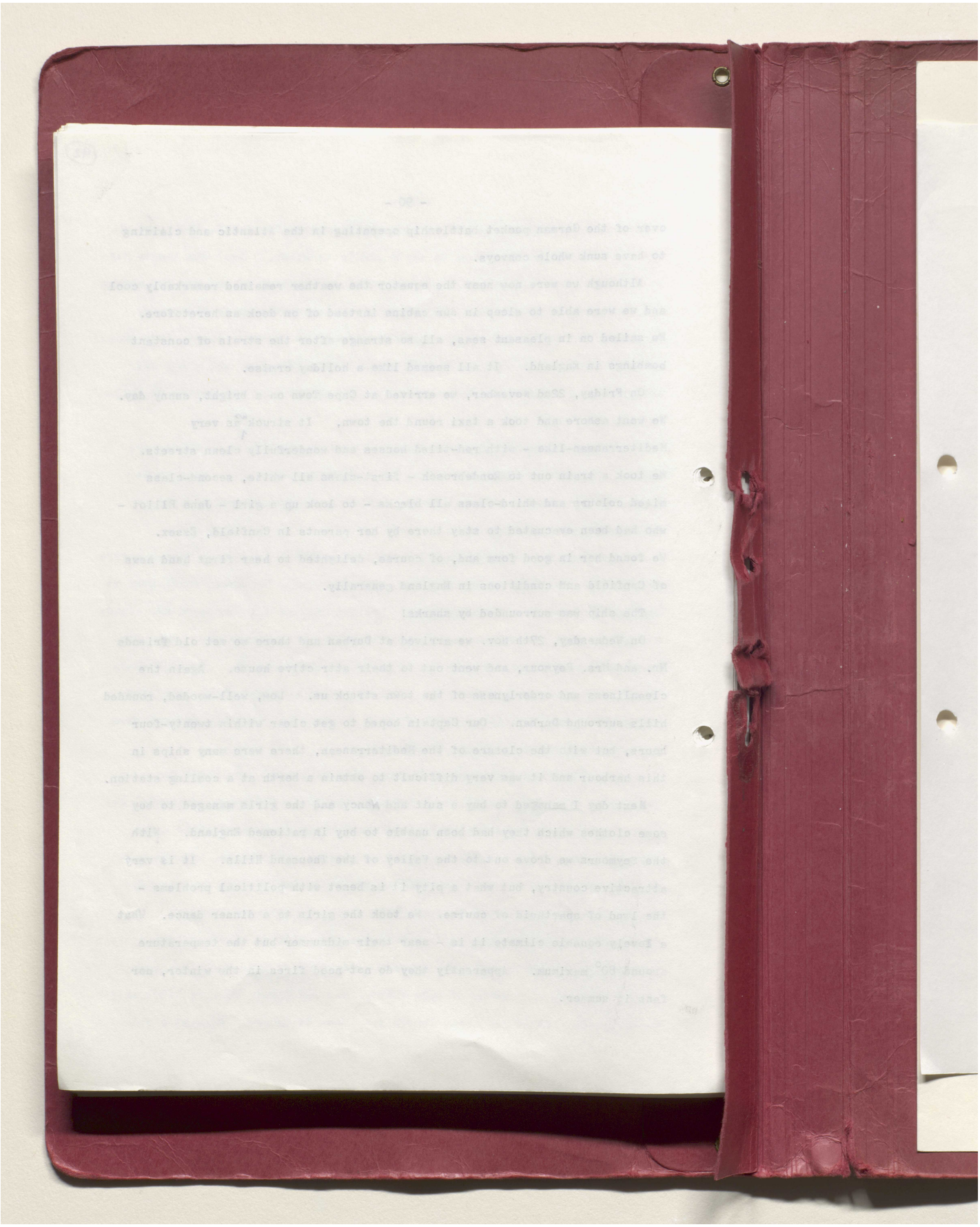
On Friday, 22nd November, we arrived at Cape Town on a bright, sunny day. We went ashore and took a taxi round the town, It struck was very Mediterranean-like - with red-tiled houses and wonderfully clean streets. We took a train out to Rondebrosch - first-class all white, second-class mixed colours and third-class all blacks - to look up a girl - Jane Elliot - who had been evacuated to stay there by her parents in Canfield, Essex. We found her in good form and, of course, delighted to hear first hand news of Canfield and conditions in England generally.

The ship was surrounded by sharks!

On Wednesday, 27th Nov. we arrived at Durban and there we met old friends Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, and went out to their attractive house. Again the cleanliness and orderlyness of the town struck us. Low, well-wooded, rounded hills surround Durban. Our Captain hoped to get clear within twenty-four hours, but with the closure of the Mediterranean, there were many ships in this harbour and it was very difficult to obtain a berth at a coaling station.

Next day I managed to buy a suit and Nancy and the girls managed to buy some clothes which they had been unable to buy in rationed England. With the Seymours we drove out to the Valley of the Thousand Hills. It is very attractive country, but what a pity it is beset with political problems - the land of apartheid of course. We took the girls to a dinner dance. What a lovely equable climate it is - near their midsummer but the temperature around 80° maximum. Apparently they do not need fires in the winter, nor fans in summer.

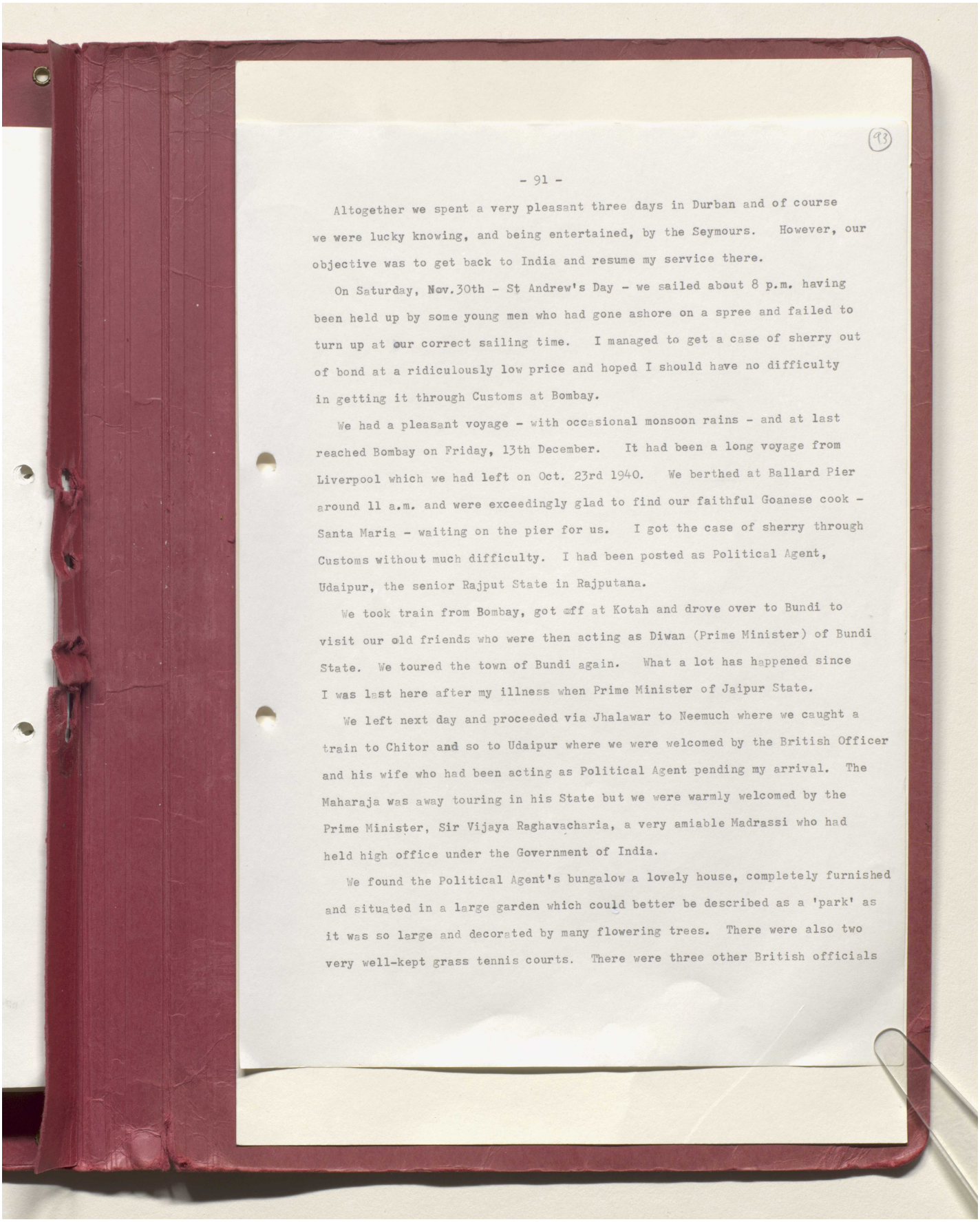
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000b8



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000b9

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Altogether we spent a very pleasant three days in Durban and of course we were lucky knowing, and being entertained, by the Seymours. However, our objective was to get back to India and resume my service there.

On Saturday, Nov.30th - St Andrew's Day - we sailed about 8 p.m. having been held up by some young men who had gone ashore on a spree and failed to turn up at our correct sailing time. I managed to get a case of sherry out of bond at a ridiculously low price and hoped I should have no difficulty in getting it through Customs at Bombay.

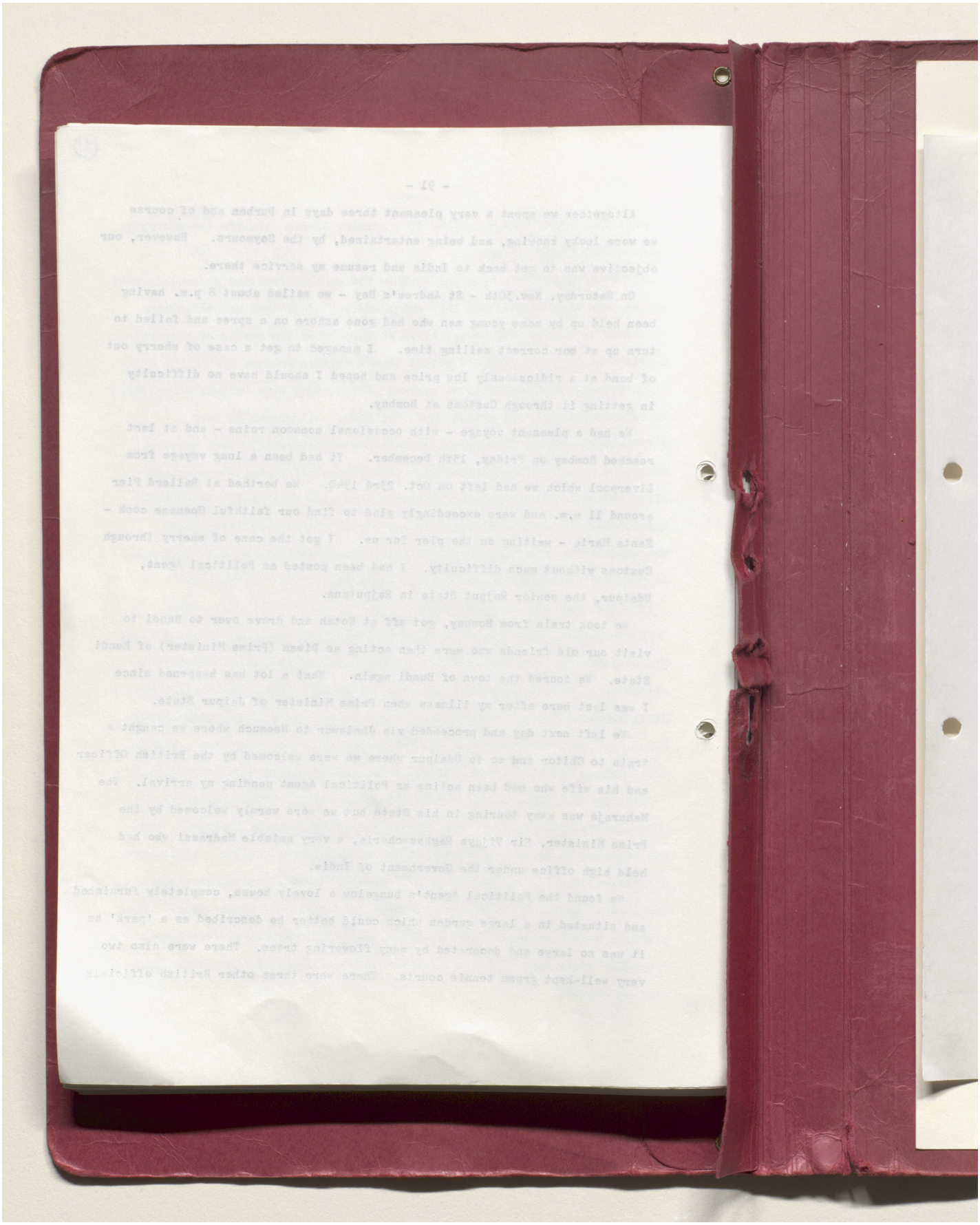
We had a pleasant voyage - with occasional monsoon rains - and at last reached Bombay on Friday, 13th December. It had been a long voyage from Liverpool which we had left on Oct. 23rd 1940. We berthed at Ballard Pier around 11 a.m. and were exceedingly glad to find our faithful Goanese cook - Santa Maria - waiting on the pier for us. I got the case of sherry through Customs without much difficulty. I had been posted as Political Agent, Udaipur, the senior Rajput State in Rajputana.

We took train from Bombay, got off at Kotah and drove over to Bundi to visit our old friends who were then acting as Diwan (Prime Minister) of Bundi State. We toured the town of Bundi again. What a lot has happened since I was last here after my illness when Prime Minister of Jaipur State.

We left next day and proceeded via Jhalawar to Neemuch where we caught a train to Chitor and so to Udaipur where we were welcomed by the British Officer and his wife who had been acting as Political Agent pending my arrival. The Maharaja was away touring in his State but we were warmly welcomed by the Prime Minister, Sir Vijaya Raghavacharia, a very amiable Madrassi who had held high office under the Government of India.

We found the Political Agent's bungalow a lovely house, completely furnished and situated in a large garden which could better be described as a 'park' as it was so large and decorated by many flowering trees. There were also two very well-kept grass tennis courts. There were three other British officials

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000ba



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

(94)

located in Udaipur - a civil surgeon, an India State Forces major, a Railway Superintendent and a C.M.S. missionary and his wife.

Udaipur was a very attractive city. There was a very pretty lake with a palace on an island in the centre which, incidentally, had provided a refuge in 1857 for a number of British refugees who had escaped from the mutiny and had been granted sanctuary by the then Maharaja who defied the mutineers who had been pursuing them. Overlooking this lake was the very large, attractive white palace of the Maharaja - or rather The Maharaj Raja, as the head of Udaipur was called.

We spent some very pleasant days out shooting snipe and duck and fishing in the lake. Our two daughters were greatly impressed with everything and certainly, after the tumult in London of bombing, it all seemed so unreal out here. They had had nothing of the war to disturb them and life was proceeding quite normally, as if there was no war. The peaceful normality of it all impressed us most forcibly.

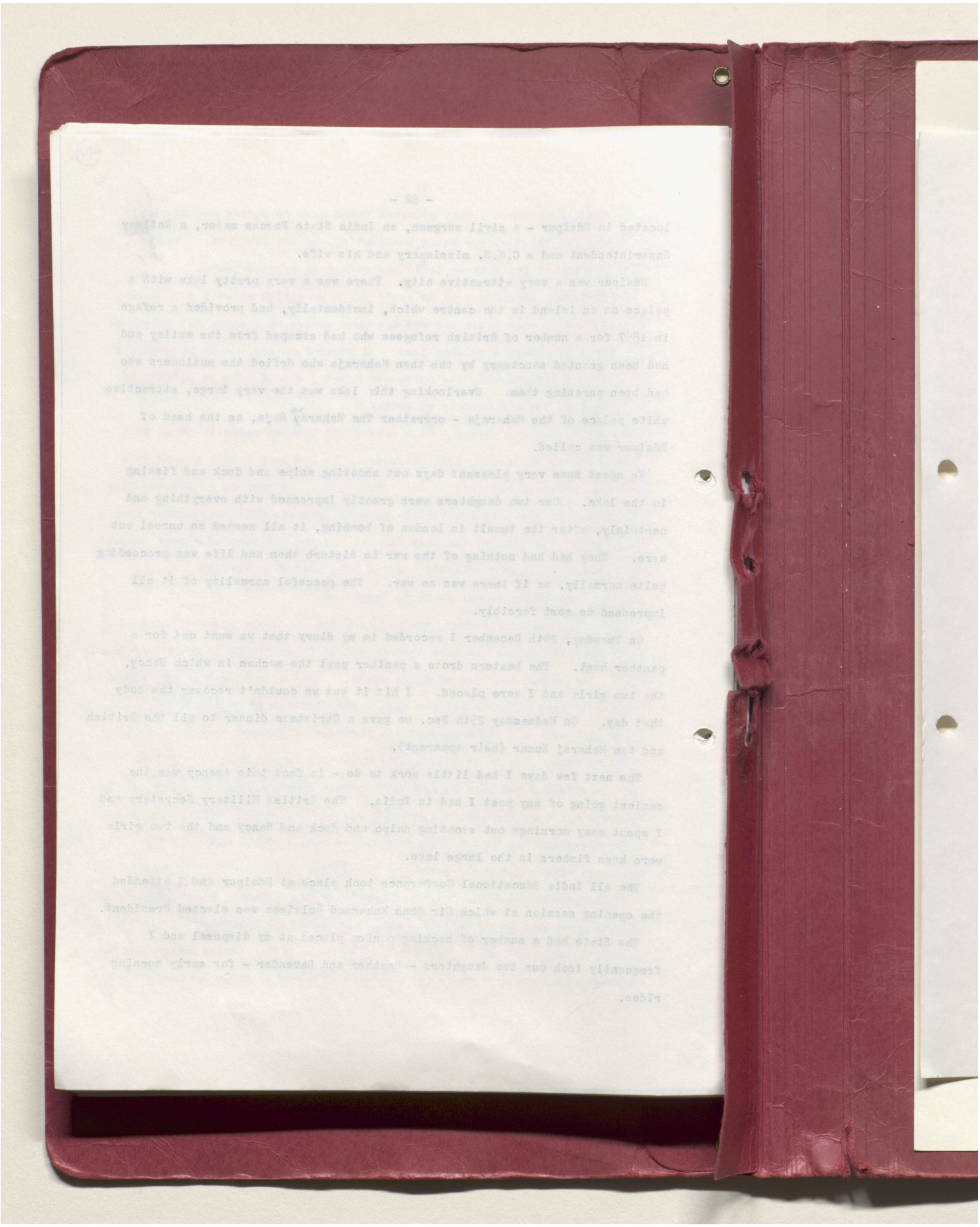
On Tuesday, 24th December I recorded in my diary that we went out for a panther hunt. The beaters drove a panther past the machan in which Nancy, the two girls and I were placed. I hit it but we couldn't recover the body that day. On Wednesday 25th Dec. we gave a Christmas dinner to all the British and the Maharaj Kumar (heir apparent).

The next few days I had little work to do - in fact this Agency was the easiest going of any post I had in India. The British Military Secretary and I spent many mornings out shooting snipe and duck and Nancy and the two girls were keen fishers in the large lake.

The All India Educational Conference took place at Udaipur and I attended the opening session at which Sir Shah Muhammed Sulaiman was elected President.

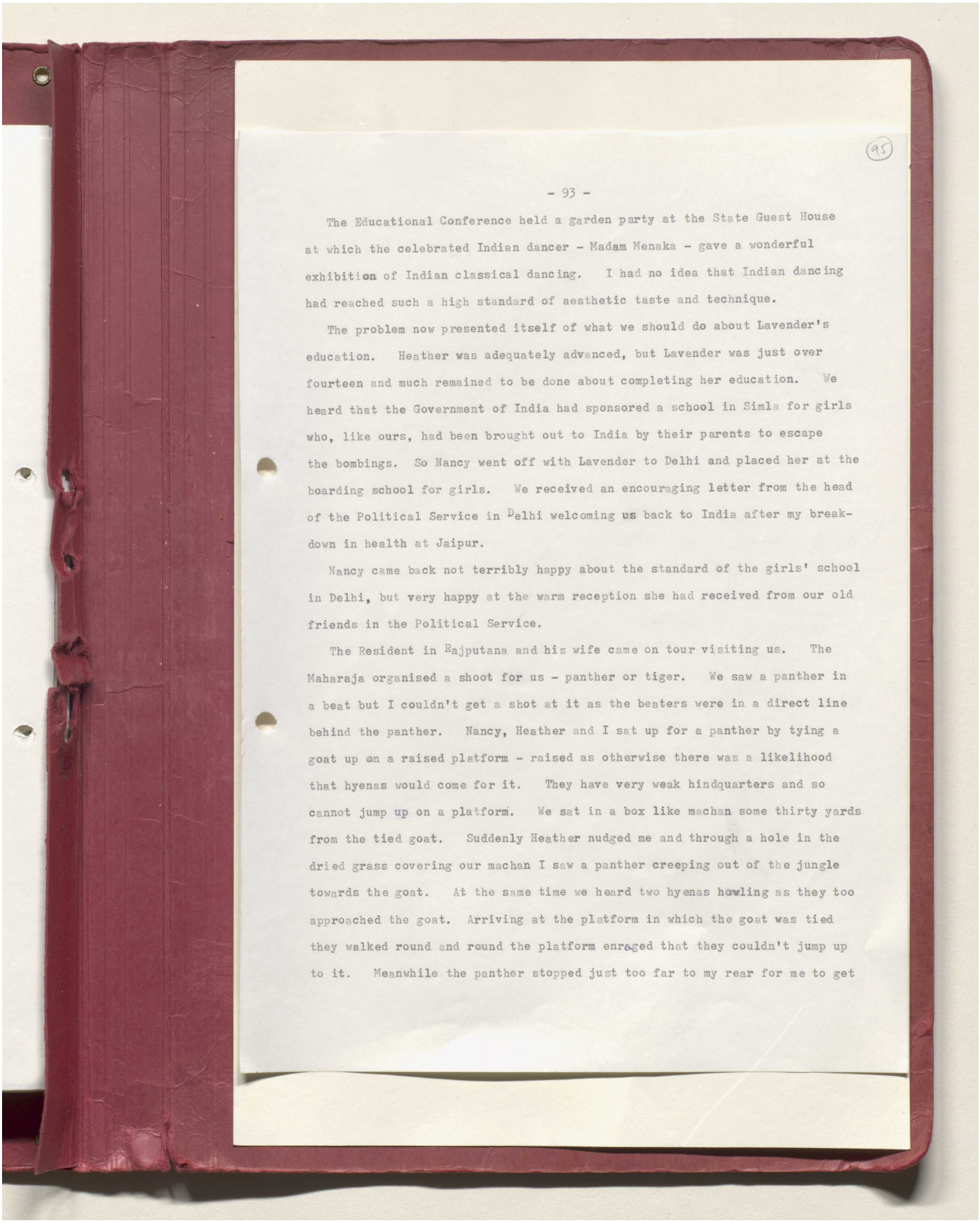
The State had a number of hacking ponies placed at my disposal and I frequently took our two daughters - Heather and Lavender - for early morning rides.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000bc



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



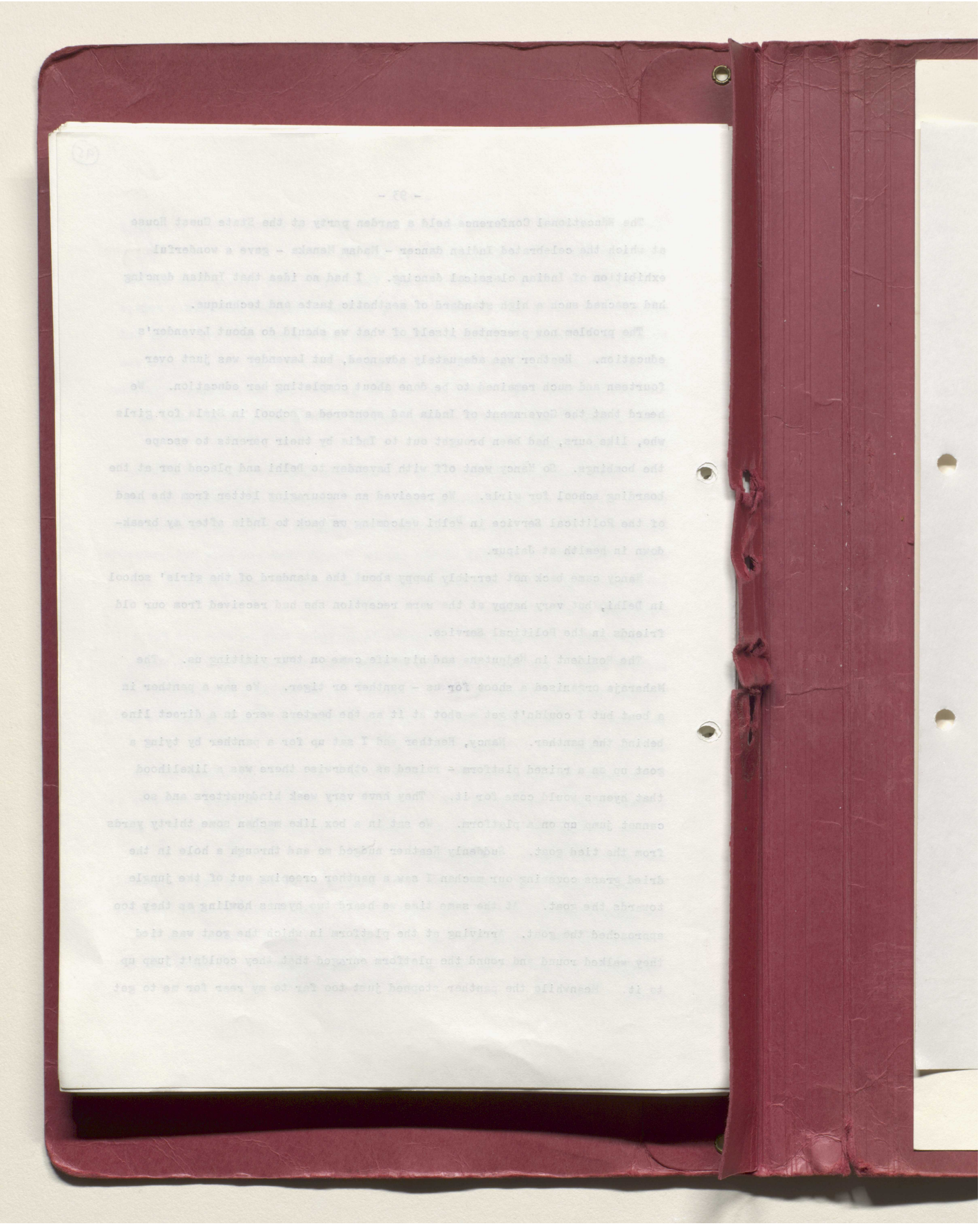
The Educational Conference held a garden party at the State Guest House at which the celebrated Indian dancer - Madam Menaka - gave a wonderful exhibition of Indian classical dancing. I had no idea that Indian dancing had reached such a high standard of aesthetic taste and technique.

The problem now presented itself of what we should do about Lavender's education. Heather was adequately advanced, but Lavender was just over fourteen and much remained to be done about completing her education. We heard that the Government of India had sponsored a school in Simla for girls who, like ours, had been brought out to India by their parents to escape the bombings. So Nancy went off with Lavender to Delhi and placed her at the boarding school for girls. We received an encouraging letter from the head of the Political Service in Delhi welcoming us back to India after my break-down in health at Jaipur.

Nancy came back not terribly happy about the standard of the girls' school in Delhi, but very happy at the warm reception she had received from our old friends in the Political Service.

The Resident in Rajputana and his wife came on tour visiting us. The Maharaja organised a shoot for us - panther or tiger. We saw a panther in a beat but I couldn't get a shot at it as the beaters were in a direct line behind the panther. Nancy, Heather and I sat up for a panther by tying a goat up on a raised platform - raised as otherwise there was a likelihood that hyenas would come for it. They have very weak hindquarters and so cannot jump up on a platform. We sat in a box like machan some thirty yards from the tied goat. Suddenly Heather nudged me and through a hole in the dried grass covering our machan I saw a panther creeping out of the jungle towards the goat. At the same time we heard two hyenas howling as they too approached the goat. Arriving at the platform in which the goat was tied they walked round and round the platform enraged that they couldn't jump up to it. Meanwhile the panther stopped just too far to my rear for me to get

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000be



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000bf

a shot at it. Suddenly the two howling hyenas saw the panther and immediately they went over and threatened it, as much as to say "If we can't get at the goat we will certainly not allow you to get it". To our astonishment the panther would not stand up to the hyenas' threat and slunk away back into the jungle. I would never have believed that a panther - usually a very fierce beast to face, would be so easily cowed by the usually despised hyena. Anyway the goat's life was saved. I had several other beats for panther, and although the beats usually drove out a panther, I was never able to get one in Udaipur.

Apart from Udaipur State I had three other States within my agency. One was Partabgur, where the Maharaja was a keen breeder of dogs. He presented us with two puppies, one an Australian terrier, very akin to a Yorkshire terrier, but with not such a close, thick coat of hair, so more adapted to the heat of the hot weather. The other puppy was a cairn. They were our fond friends for many years.

Nancy and the Resident's wife went to see the Maharaja's harem of many ladies and had the embarrassing experience of having to refuse the lovely diamond jewellery the Maharanis wished to present to them. We, in the Political Department, were often embarrassed by having valuable presents offered us but, of course, Government rules prevented us from accepting them. It was difficult to explain this to the would-be donor and to avoid hurting their feelings.

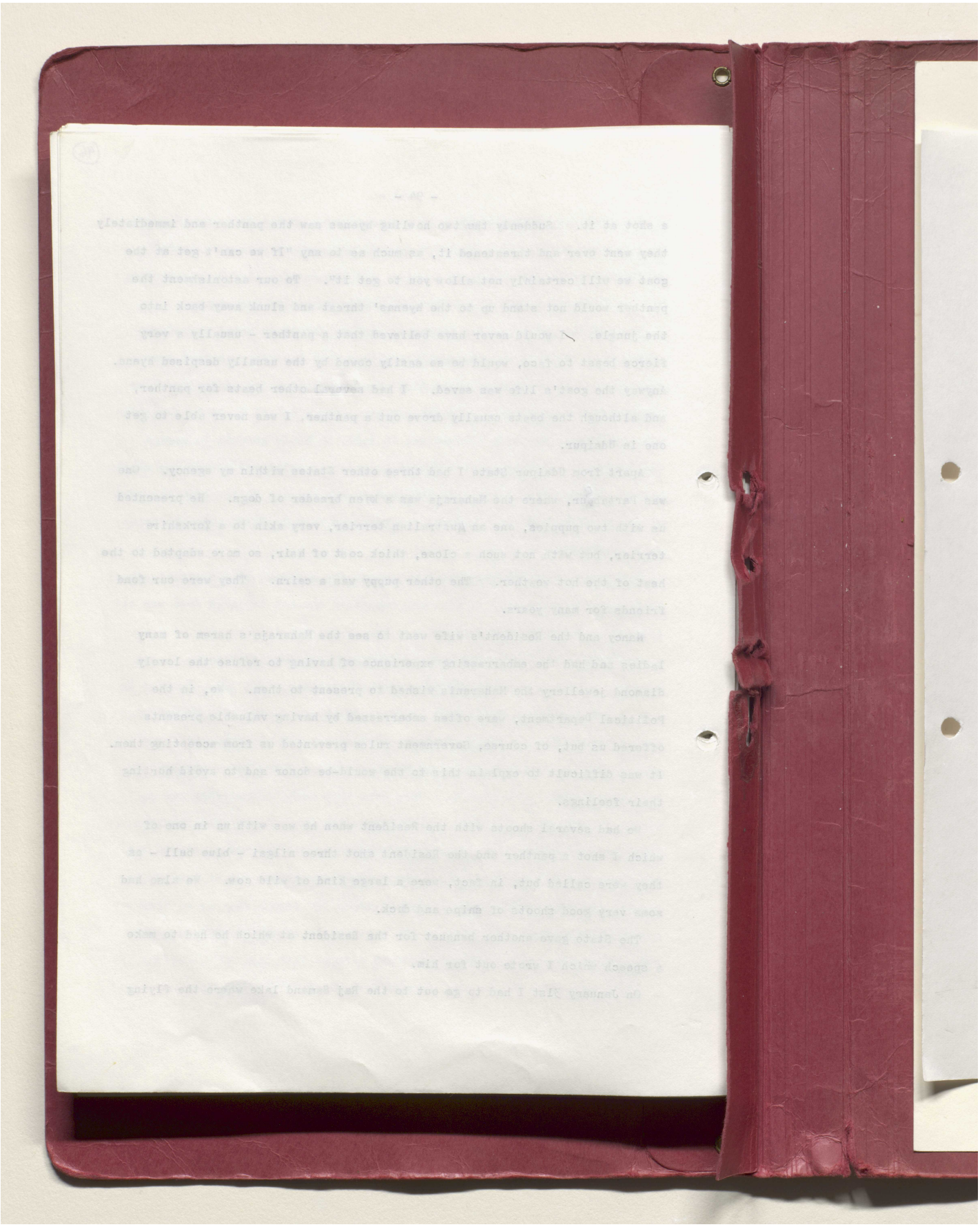
We had several shoots with the Resident when he was with us in one of which I shot a panther and the Resident shot three nilgai - blue bull - as they were called but, in fact, were a large kind of wild cow. We also had some very good shoots of snipe and duck.

The State gave another banquet for the Resident at which he had to make a speech which I wrote out for him.

On January 31st I had to go out to the Raj Samand lake where the flying

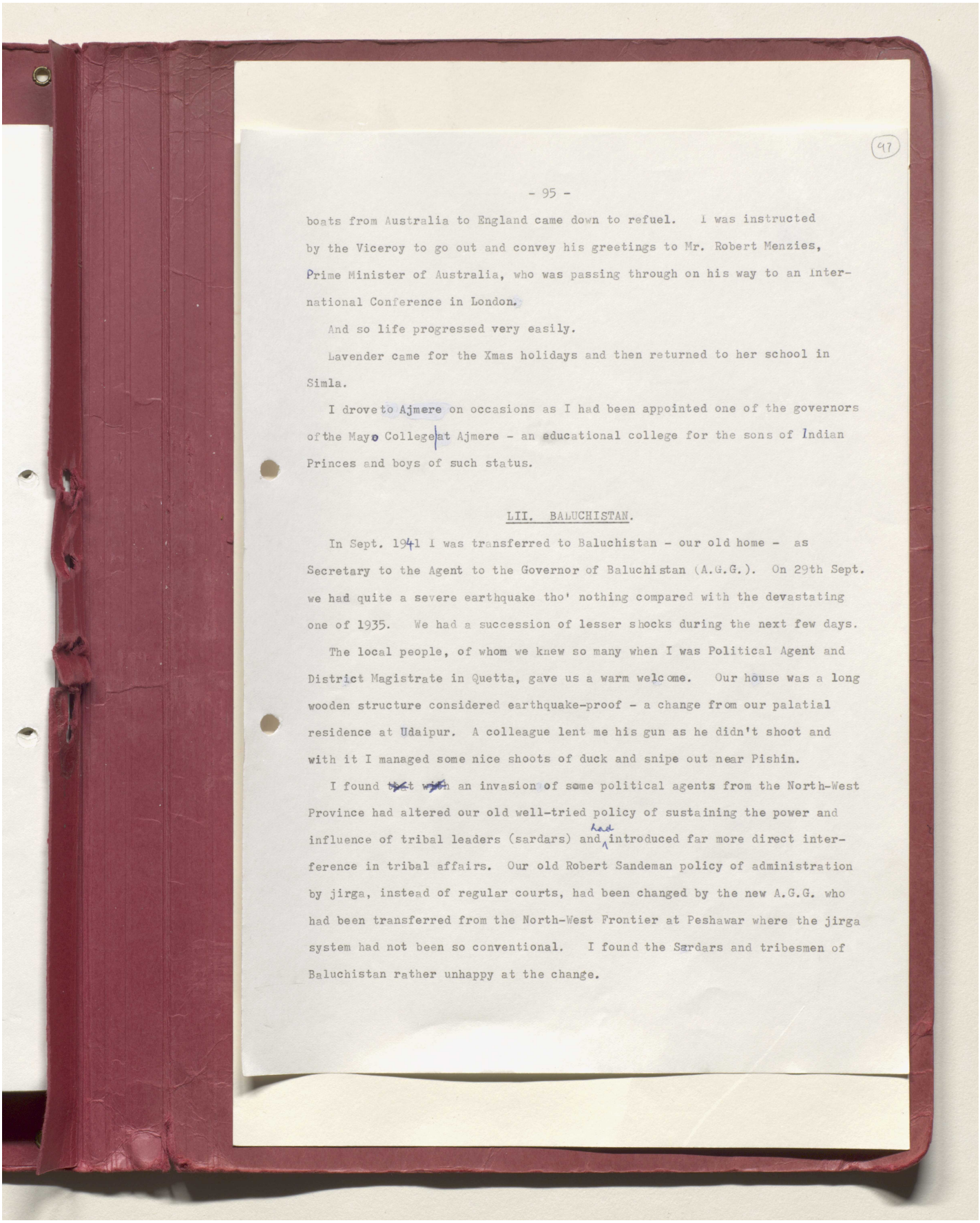
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000c0



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



boats from Australia to England came down to refuel. I was instructed by the Viceroy to go out and convey his greetings to Mr. Robert Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, who was passing through on his way to an International Conference in London.

And so life progressed very easily.

Lavender came for the Xmas holidays and then returned to her school in Simla.

I drove to Ajmere on occasions as I had been appointed one of the governors of the Mayo College at Ajmere - an educational college for the sons of Indian Princes and boys of such status.

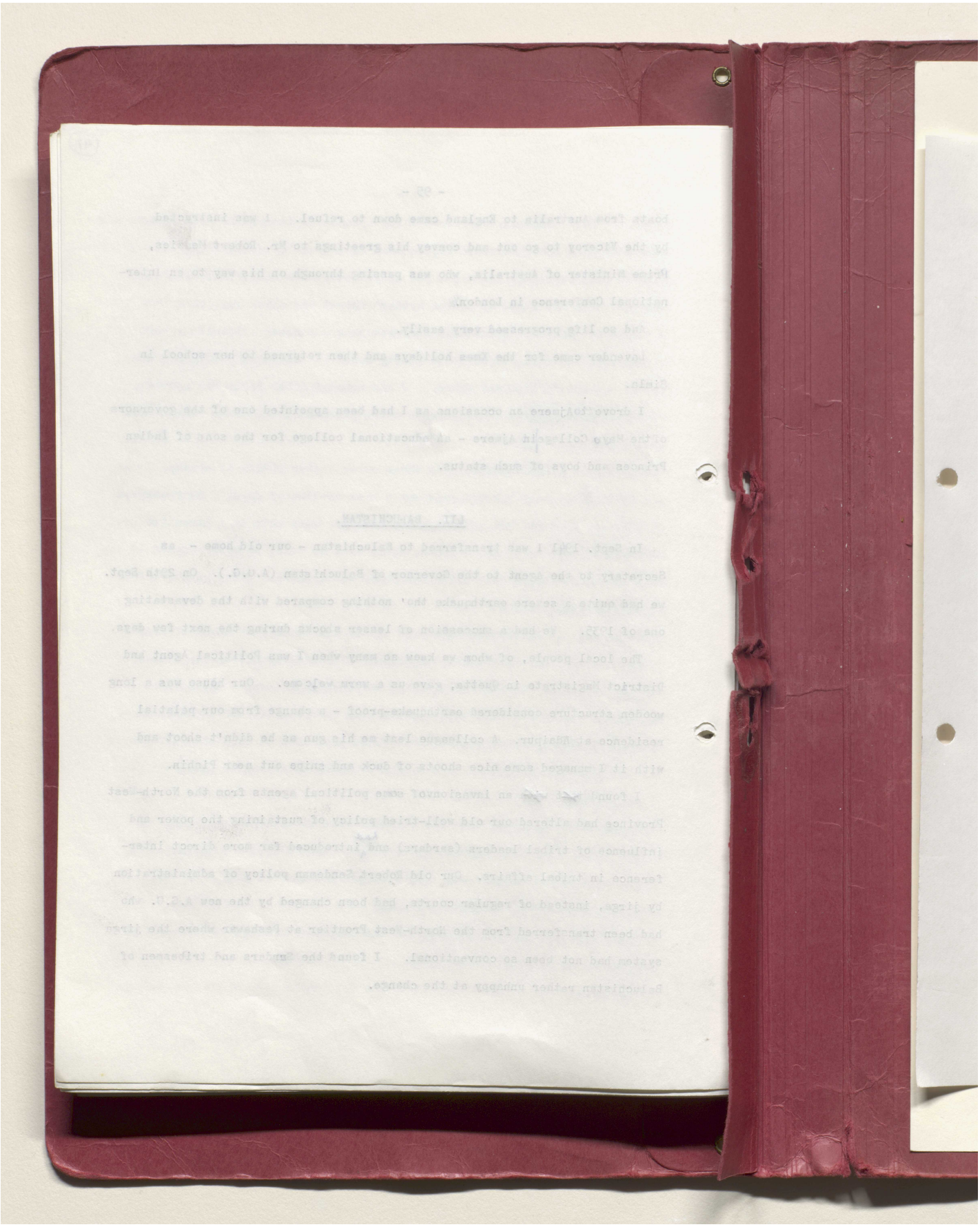
LII. BALUCHISTAN.

In Sept. 1941 I was transferred to Baluchistan - our old home - as Secretary to the Agent to the Governor of Baluchistan (A.G.G.). On 29th Sept. we had quite a severe earthquake tho' nothing compared with the devastating one of 1935. We had a succession of lesser shocks during the next few days.

The local people, of whom we knew so many when I was Political Agent and District Magistrate in Quetta, gave us a warm welcome. Our house was a long wooden structure considered earthquake-proof - a change from our palatial residence at Udaipur. A colleague lent me his gun as he didn't shoot and with it I managed some nice shoots of duck and snipe out near Pishin.

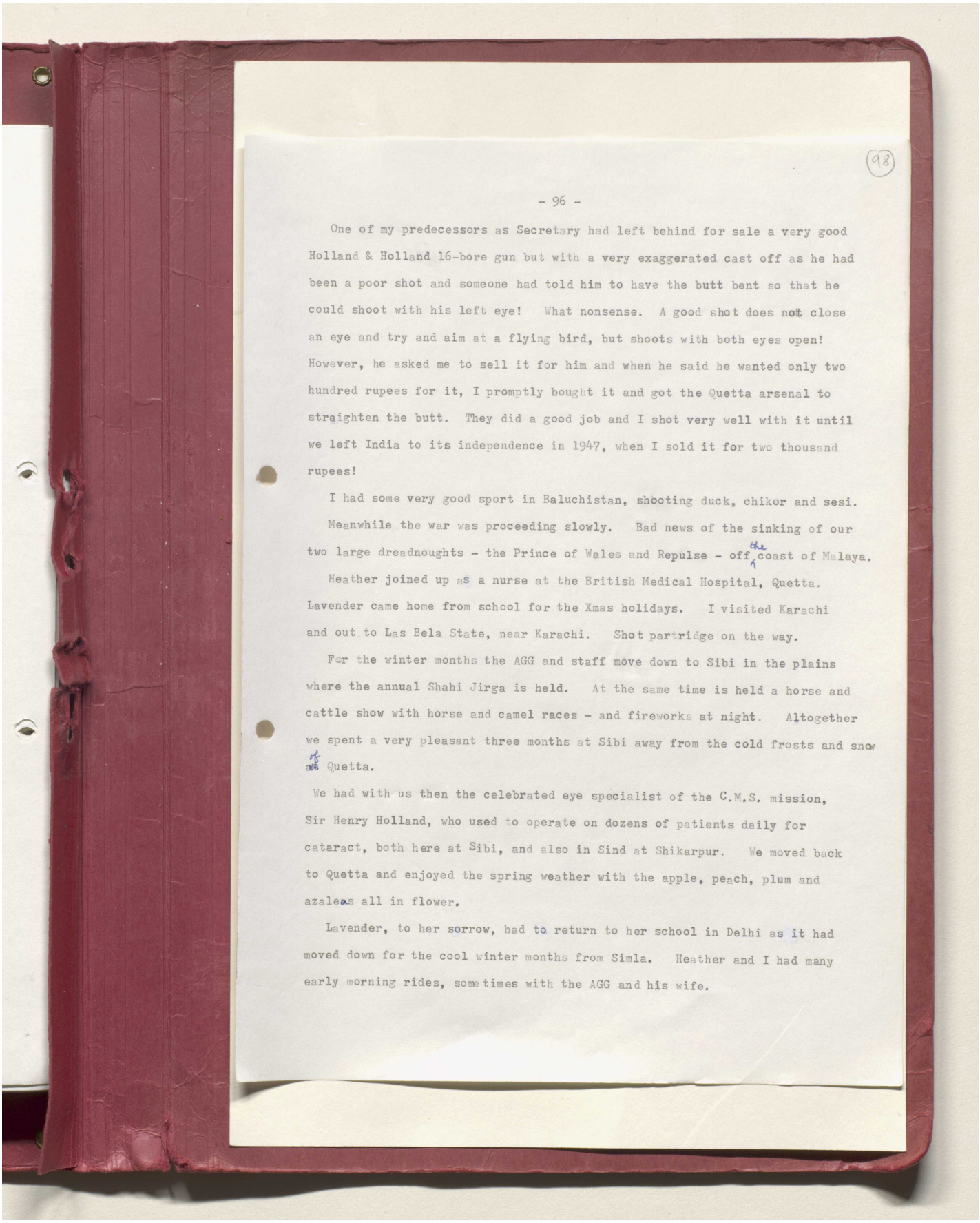
I found ~~that with~~ an invasion of some political agents from the North-West Province had altered our old well-tried policy of sustaining the power and influence of tribal leaders (sardars) and had introduced far more direct interference in tribal affairs. Our old Robert Sandeman policy of administration by jirga, instead of regular courts, had been changed by the new A.G.G. who had been transferred from the North-West Frontier at Peshawar where the jirga system had not been so conventional. I found the Sardars and tribesmen of Baluchistan rather unhappy at the change.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000c2



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(98)

One of my predecessors as Secretary had left behind for sale a very good Holland & Holland 16-bore gun but with a very exaggerated cast off as he had been a poor shot and someone had told him to have the butt bent so that he could shoot with his left eye! What nonsense. A good shot does not close an eye and try and aim at a flying bird, but shoots with both eyes open! However, he asked me to sell it for him and when he said he wanted only two hundred rupees for it, I promptly bought it and got the Quetta arsenal to straighten the butt. They did a good job and I shot very well with it until we left India to its independence in 1947, when I sold it for two thousand rupees!

I had some very good sport in Baluchistan, shooting duck, chikor and sesi.

Meanwhile the war was proceeding slowly. Bad news of the sinking of our two large dreadnoughts - the Prince of Wales and Repulse - off the coast of Malaya.

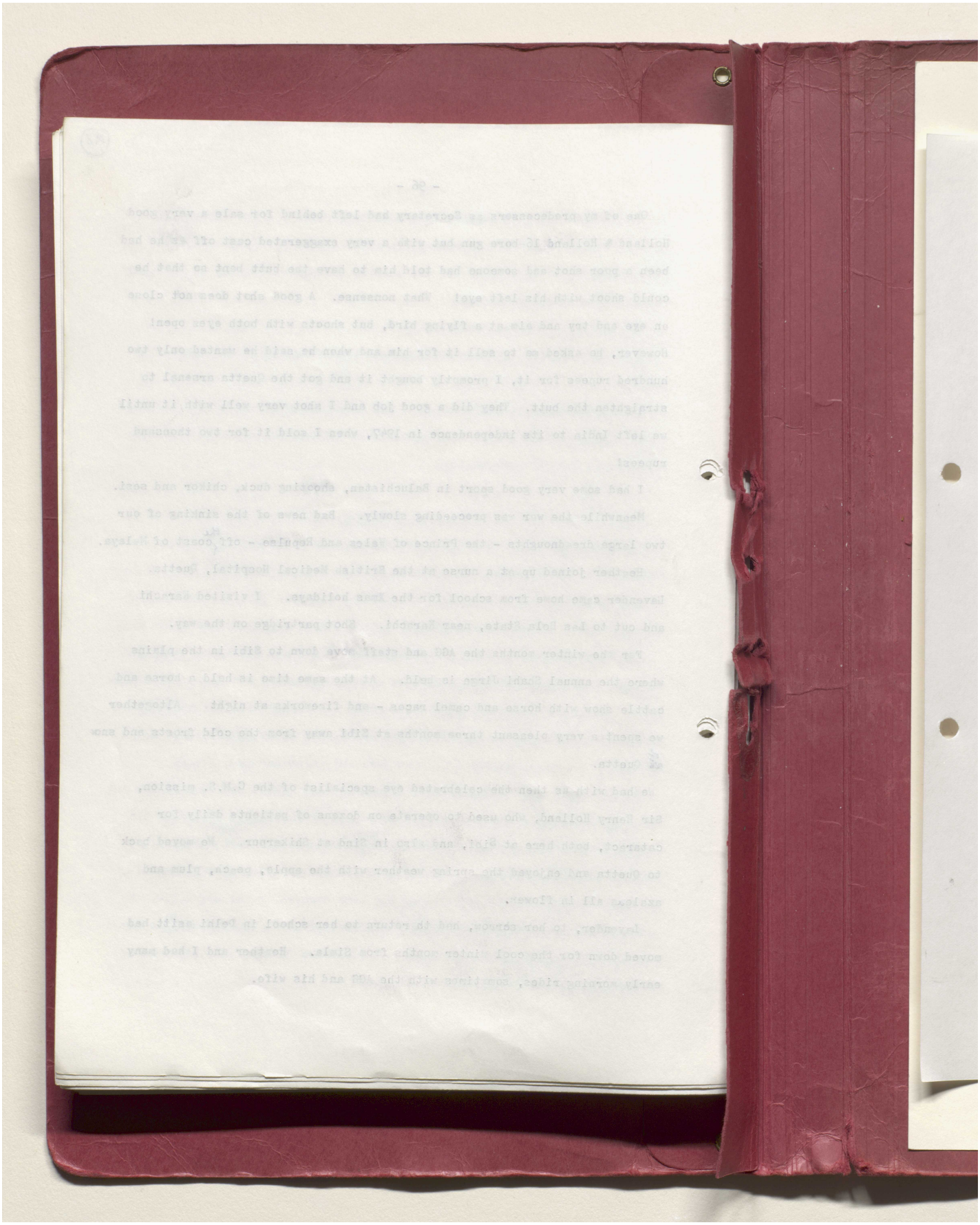
Heather joined up as a nurse at the British Medical Hospital, Quetta. Lavender came home from school for the Xmas holidays. I visited Karachi and out to Las Bela State, near Karachi. Shot partridge on the way.

For the winter months the AGG and staff move down to Sibi in the plains where the annual Shahi Jirga is held. At the same time is held a horse and cattle show with horse and camel races - and fireworks at night. Altogether we spent a very pleasant three months at Sibi away from the cold frosts and snow of Quetta.

We had with us then the celebrated eye specialist of the C.M.S. mission, Sir Henry Holland, who used to operate on dozens of patients daily for cataract, both here at Sibi, and also in Sind at Shikarpur. We moved back to Quetta and enjoyed the spring weather with the apple, peach, plum and azaleas all in flower.

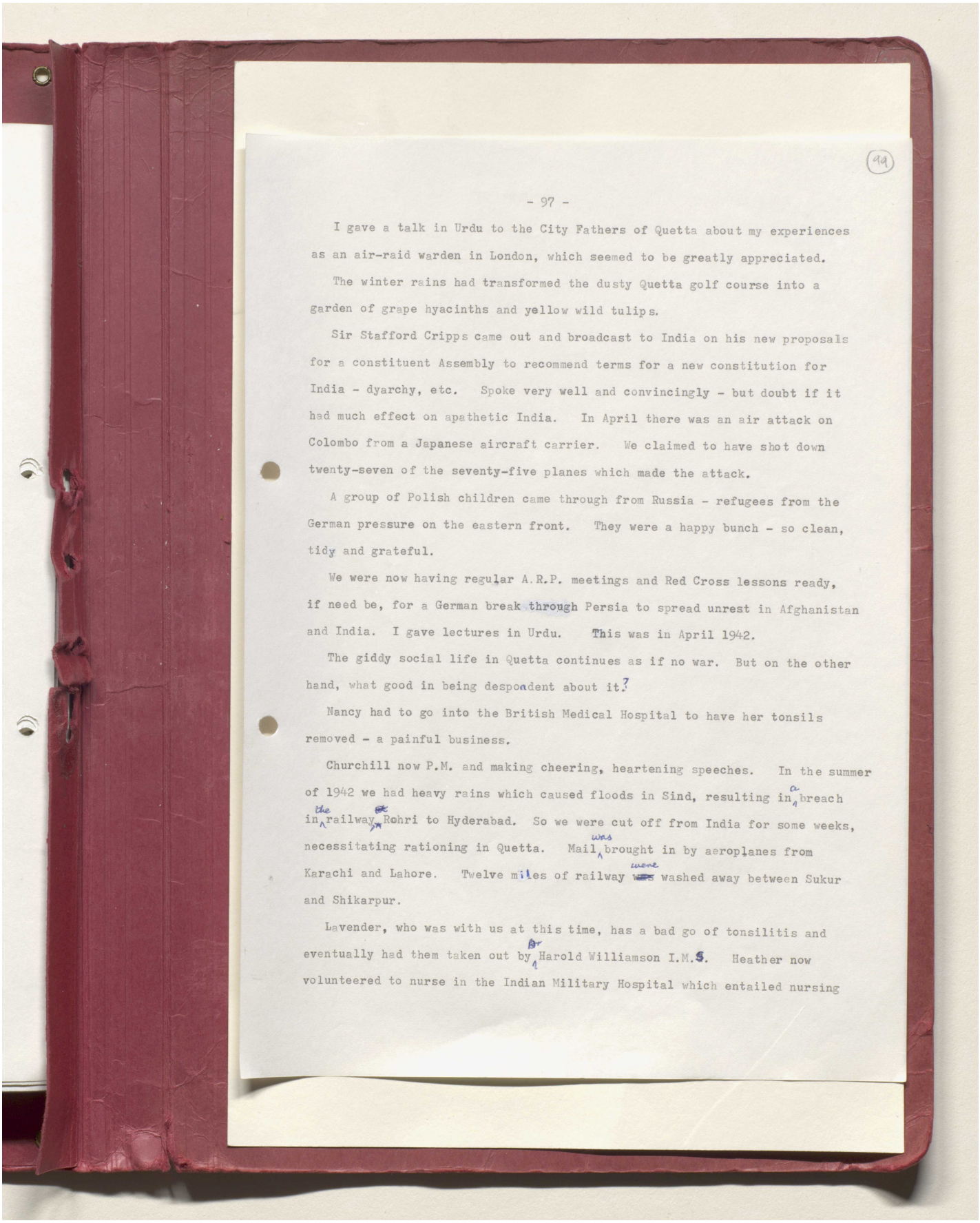
Lavender, to her sorrow, had to return to her school in Delhi as it had moved down for the cool winter months from Simla. Heather and I had many early morning rides, sometimes with the AGG and his wife.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000c4



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(99)

I gave a talk in Urdu to the City Fathers of Quetta about my experiences as an air-raid warden in London, which seemed to be greatly appreciated.

The winter rains had transformed the dusty Quetta golf course into a garden of grape hyacinths and yellow wild tulips.

Sir Stafford Cripps came out and broadcast to India on his new proposals for a constituent Assembly to recommend terms for a new constitution for India - dyarchy, etc. Spoke very well and convincingly - but doubt if it had much effect on apathetic India. In April there was an air attack on Colombo from a Japanese aircraft carrier. We claimed to have shot down twenty-seven of the seventy-five planes which made the attack.

A group of Polish children came through from Russia - refugees from the German pressure on the eastern front. They were a happy bunch - so clean, tidy and grateful.

We were now having regular A.R.P. meetings and Red Cross lessons ready, if need be, for a German break through Persia to spread unrest in Afghanistan and India. I gave lectures in Urdu. This was in April 1942.

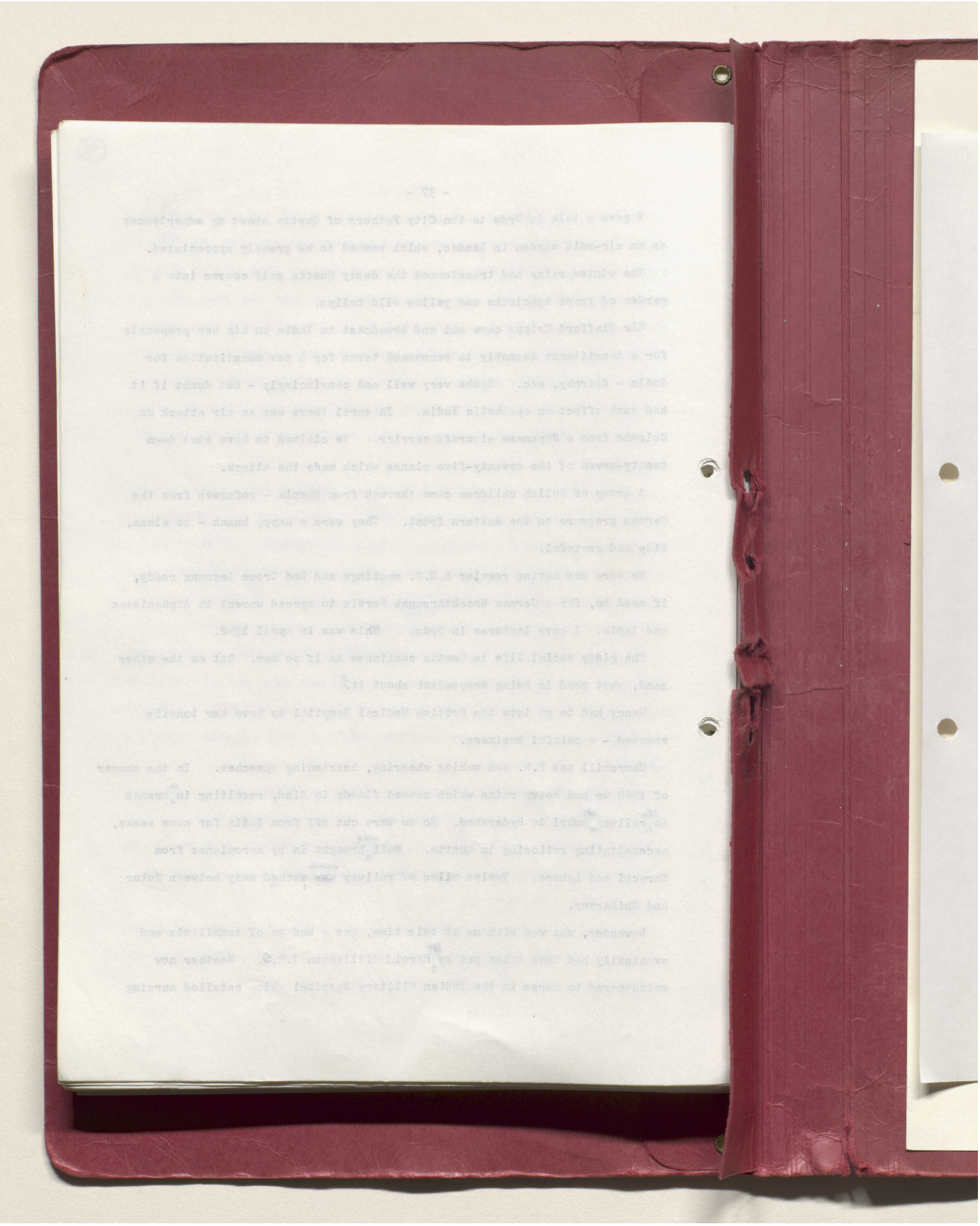
The giddy social life in Quetta continues as if no war. But on the other hand, what good in being despondent about it?

Nancy had to go into the British Medical Hospital to have her tonsils removed - a painful business.

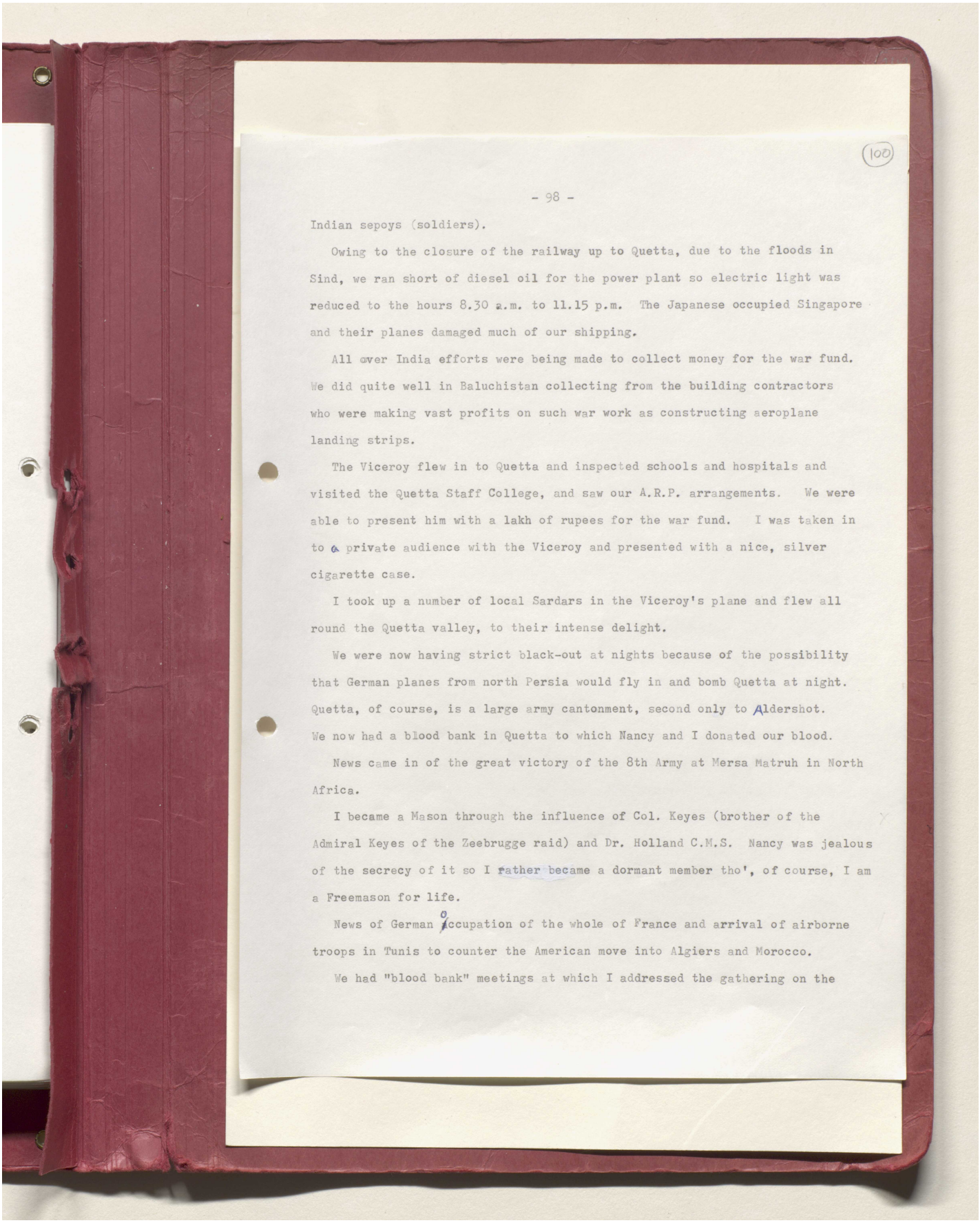
Churchill now P.M. and making cheering, heartening speeches. In the summer of 1942 we had heavy rains which caused floods in Sind, resulting in a breach in the railway at Rohri to Hyderabad. So we were cut off from India for some weeks, necessitating rationing in Quetta. Mail was brought in by aeroplanes from Karachi and Lahore. Twelve miles of railway were washed away between Sukur and Shikarpur.

Lavender, who was with us at this time, has a bad go of tonsilitis and eventually had them taken out by Dr Harold Williamson I.M.S. Heather now volunteered to nurse in the Indian Military Hospital which entailed nursing

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000c6



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000c7



(100)

Indian sepoys (soldiers).

Owing to the closure of the railway up to Quetta, due to the floods in Sind, we ran short of diesel oil for the power plant so electric light was reduced to the hours 8.30 a.m. to 11.15 p.m. The Japanese occupied Singapore and their planes damaged much of our shipping.

All over India efforts were being made to collect money for the war fund. We did quite well in Baluchistan collecting from the building contractors who were making vast profits on such war work as constructing aeroplane landing strips.

The Viceroy flew in to Quetta and inspected schools and hospitals and visited the Quetta Staff College, and saw our A.R.P. arrangements. We were able to present him with a lakh of rupees for the war fund. I was taken in to a private audience with the Viceroy and presented with a nice, silver cigarette case.

I took up a number of local Sardars in the Viceroy's plane and flew all round the Quetta valley, to their intense delight.

We were now having strict black-out at nights because of the possibility that German planes from north Persia would fly in and bomb Quetta at night. Quetta, of course, is a large army cantonment, second only to Aldershot. We now had a blood bank in Quetta to which Nancy and I donated our blood.

News came in of the great victory of the 8th Army at Mersa Matruh in North Africa.

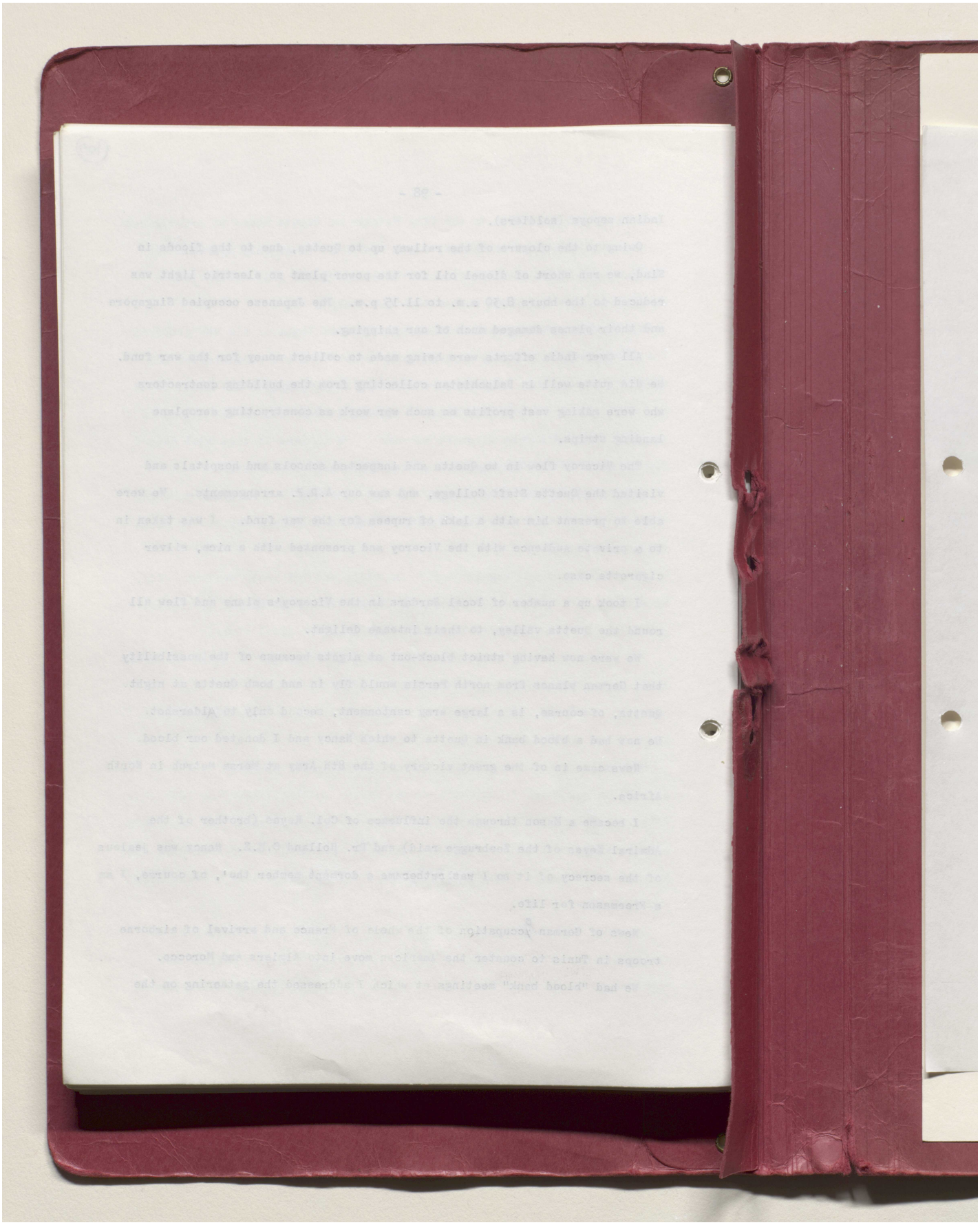
I became a Mason through the influence of Col. Keyes (brother of the Admiral Keyes of the Zeebrugge raid) and Dr. Holland C.M.S. Nancy was jealous of the secrecy of it so I rather became a dormant member tho', of course, I am a Freemason for life.

News of German occupation of the whole of France and arrival of airborne troops in Tunis to counter the American move into Algiers and Morocco.

We had "blood bank" meetings at which I addressed the gathering on the

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527773.0x0000c8



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000001

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

crying need to supply blood in view of the carnage of war in Europe and, indeed, need of blood in the U.K. but it was difficult to rouse people in India from their apathy when life there seemed to go on with no disruption.

I lectured the Army in Quetta on the Constitution of India and of our frontier "jirga" administration and tribal customs. Heather, still working in the I.M.H. goes down with malaria so this is the second time she contracts malaria in Quetta in the cold of winter, when there appear to be no mosquitoes.

Brigadier Cummings, V.C. gave a thrilling two-hour talk in the Quetta Town Hall about his experiences in Malaya and Singapore, and his dramatic escape by boat to Sumatra and, eventually, to Ceylon. The Japs, of course, at this time, were in occupation of the whole of Malaysia.

By now, December 1942, we were getting hard frosts every night. On Sunday, 20th Dec. news came over on the wireless that I had been selected as Resident for the Madras States. I trained down to Delhi to discuss business with the head of Political Dept. about Madras States particularly. Stayed with Foreign Secretary and found him a damned bad, grudging host!

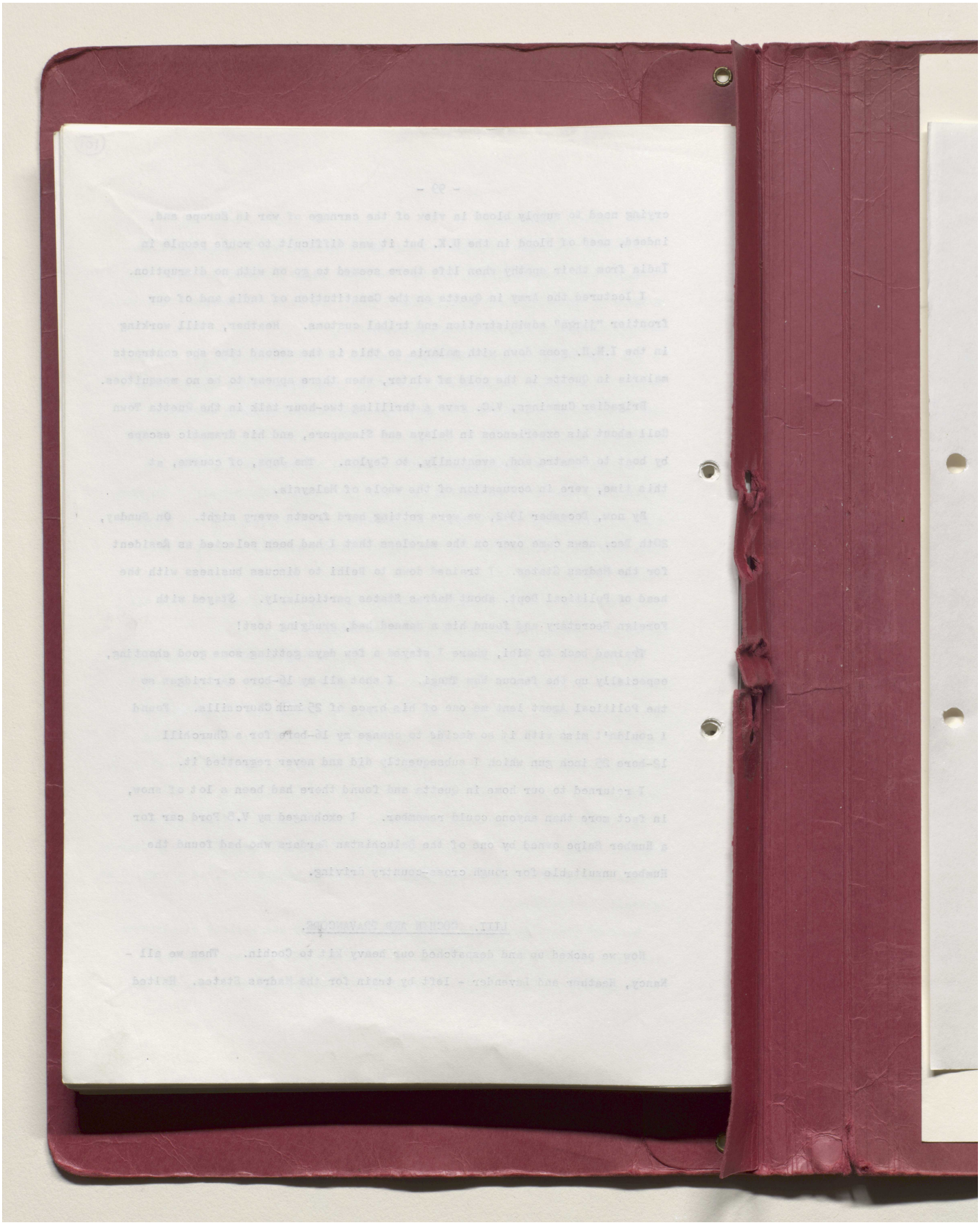
Trained back to Sibi, where I stayed a few days getting some good shooting, especially up the famous Wam Tangi. I shot all my 16-bore cartridges so the Political Agent lent me one of his brace of 25 inch Churchills. Found I couldn't miss with it so decide to change my 16-bore for a Churchill 12-bore 25 inch gun which I subsequently did and never regretted it.

I returned to our home in Quetta and found there had been a lot of snow, in fact more than anyone could remember. I exchanged my V.8 Ford car for a Humber Snipe owned by one of the Baluchistan Sardars who had found the Humber unsuitable for rough cross-country driving.

LIII. COCHIN AND TRAVANCORE.

Now we packed up and despatched our heavy kit to Cochin. Then we all - Nancy, Heather and Lavender - left by train for the Madras States. Halted

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000002



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000003

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

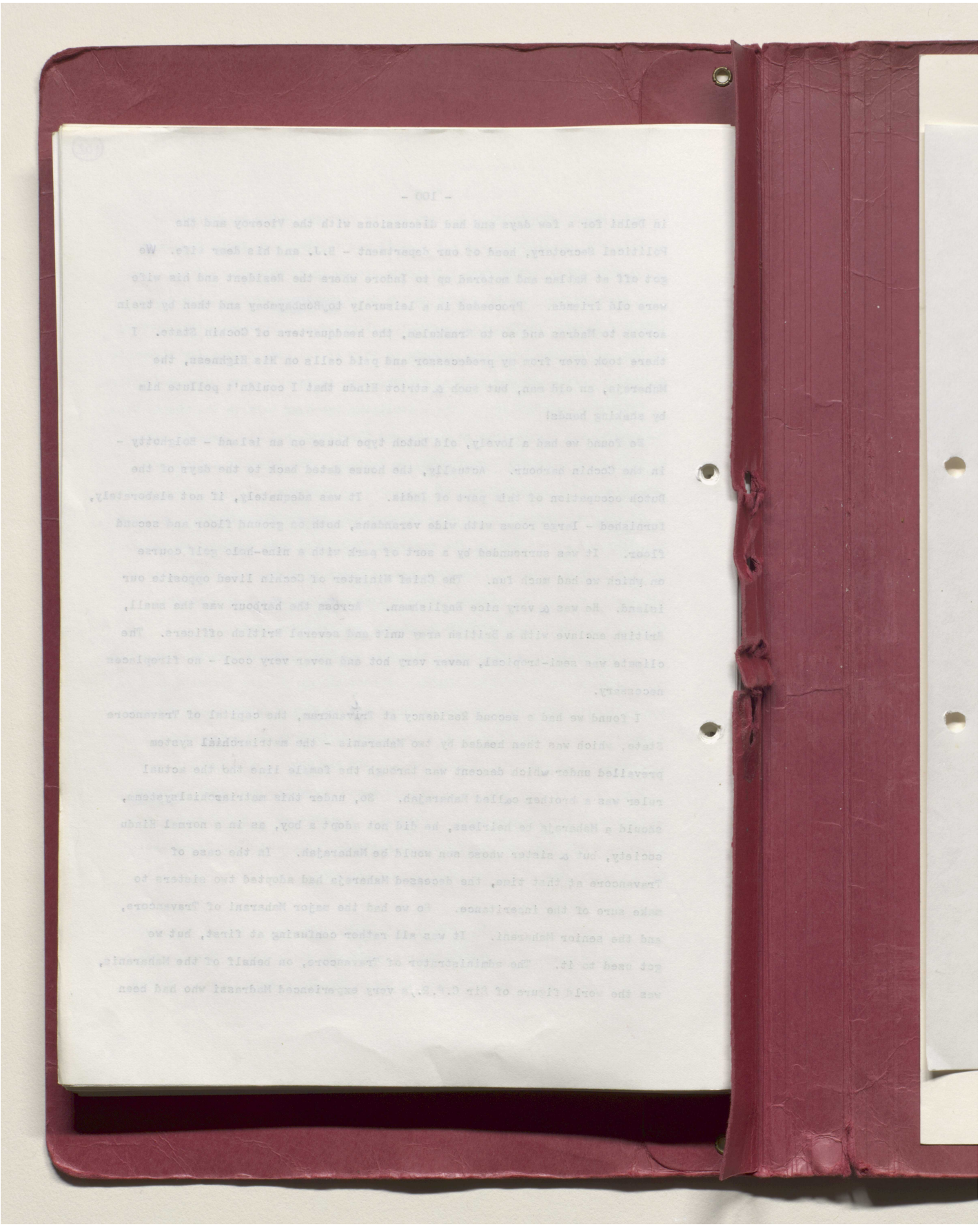
BRITISH LIBRARY

in Delhi for a few days and had discussions with the Viceroy and the Political Secretary, head of our department - B.J. and his dear wife. We got off at Ratlam and motored up to Indore where the Resident and his wife were old friends. Proceeded in a leisurely way to Bombay and then by train across to Madras and so to Ernakulam, the headquarters of Cochin State. I there took over from my predecessor and paid calls on His Highness, the Maharaja, an old man, but such a strict Hindu that I couldn't pollute him by shaking hands!

We found we had a lovely, old Dutch type house on an island - Bolghotty - in the Cochin harbour. Actually, the house dated back to the days of the Dutch occupation of this part of India. It was adequately, if not elaborately, furnished - large rooms with wide verandahs, both on ground floor and second floor. It was surrounded by a sort of park with a nine-hole golf course on which we had much fun. The Chief Minister of Cochin lived opposite our island. He was a very nice Englishman. Across the harbour was the small, British enclave with a British army unit and several British officers. The climate was semi-tropical, never very hot and never very cool - no fireplaces necessary.

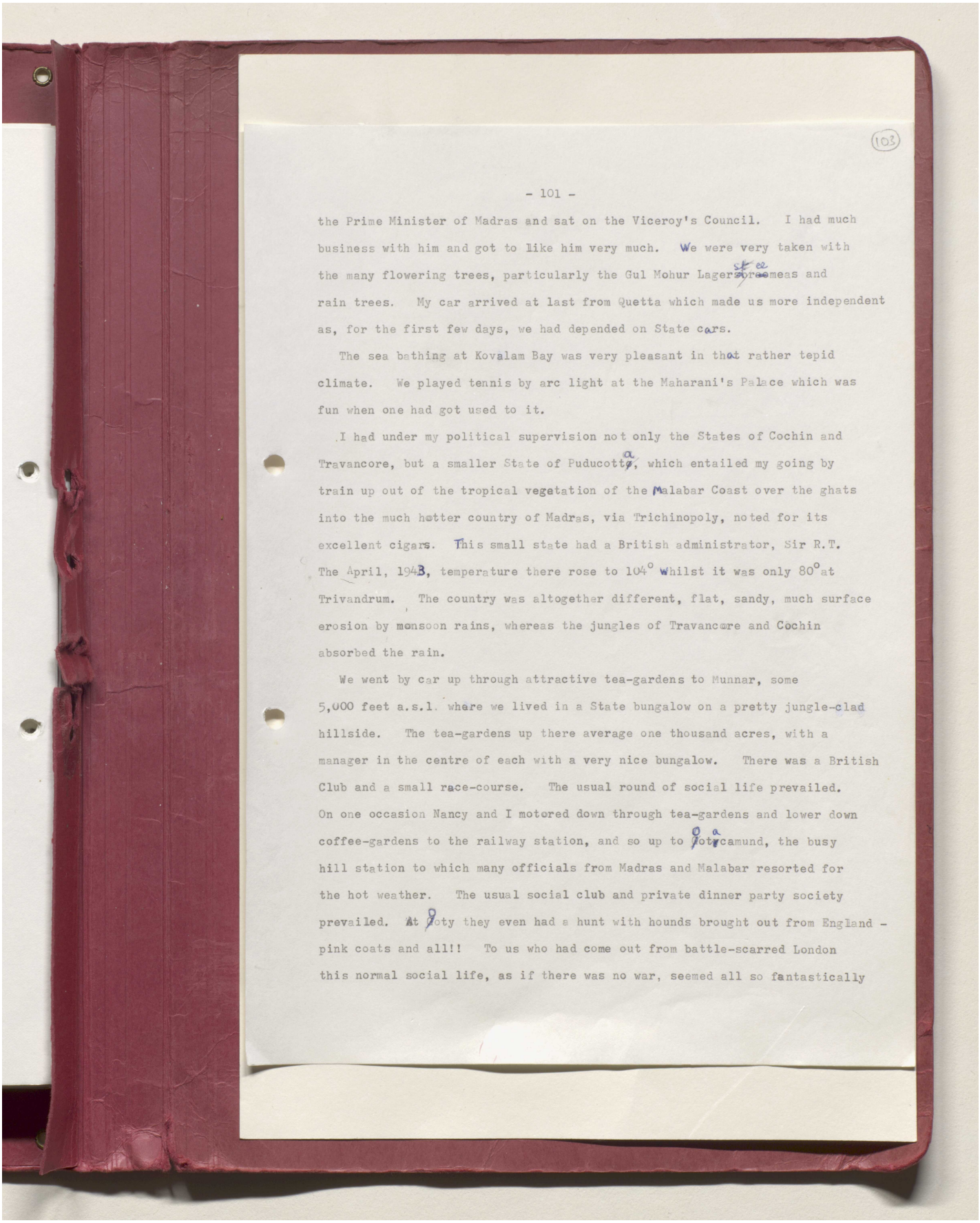
I found we had a second Residency at Trivandrum, the capital of Travancore State, which was then headed by two Maharanis - the matriarchfal system prevailed under which descent was through the female line thd the actual ruler was a brother called Maharajah. So, under this matriarchial system, should a Maharaja be heirless, he did not adopt a boy, as in a normal Hindu society, but a sister whose son would be Maharajah. In the case of Travancore at that time, the deceased Maharaja had adopted two sisters to make sure of the inheritance. So we had the major Maharani of Travancore, and the senior Maharani. It was all rather confusing at first, but we got used to it. The administrator of Travancore, on behalf of the Maharanis, was the world figure of Sir C.P.R., a very experienced Madrassi who had been

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000004



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(103)

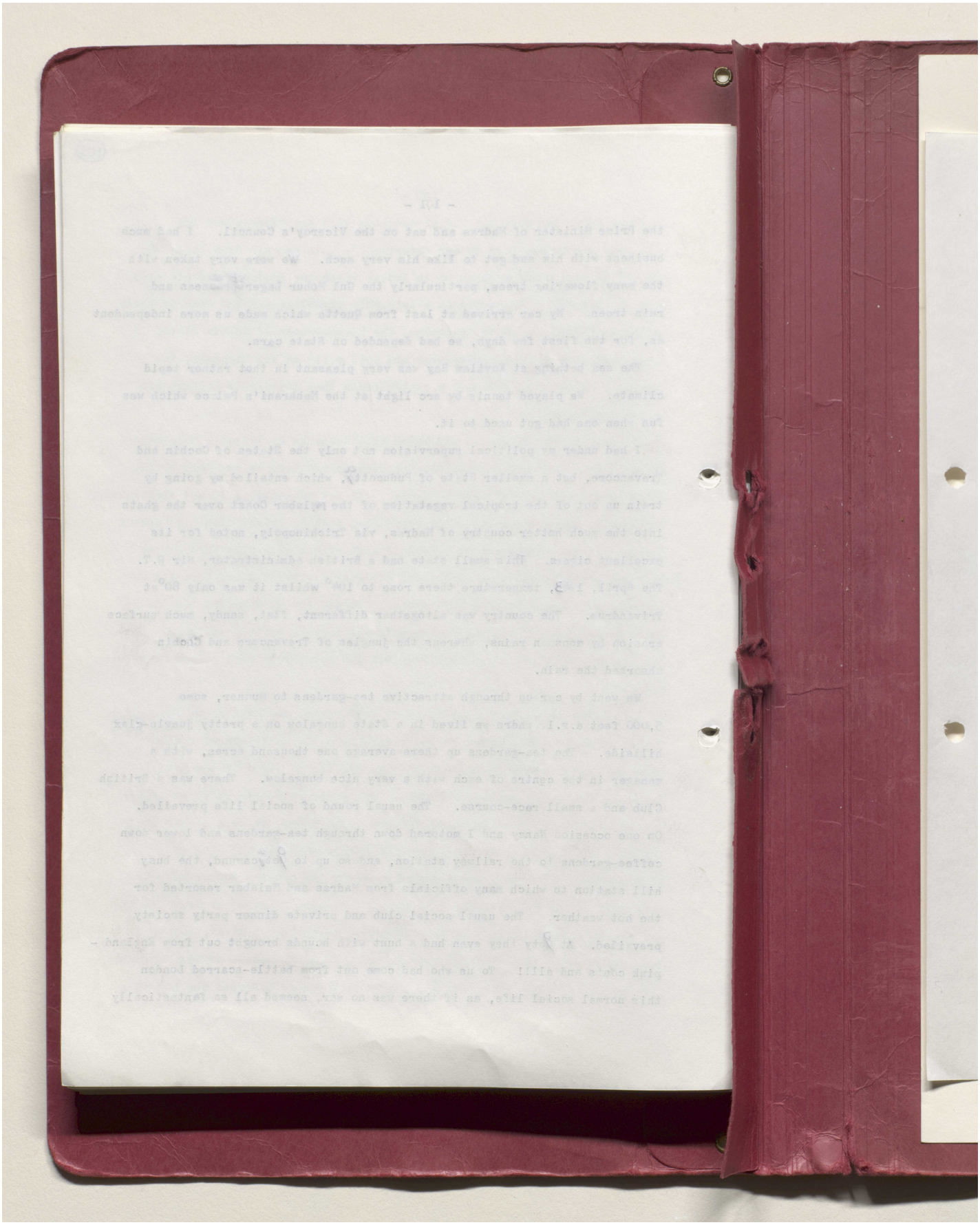
the Prime Minister of Madras and sat on the Viceroy's Council. I had much business with him and got to like him very much. We were very taken with the many flowering trees, particularly the Gul Mohur Lagerstroemeas and rain trees. My car arrived at last from Quetta which made us more independent as, for the first few days, we had depended on State cars.

The sea bathing at Kovalam Bay was very pleasant in that rather tepid climate. We played tennis by arc light at the Maharani's Palace which was fun when one had got used to it.

I had under my political supervision not only the States of Cochin and Travancore, but a smaller State of Puducotta, which entailed my going by train up out of the tropical vegetation of the Malabar Coast over the ghats into the much hotter country of Madras, via Trichinopoly, noted for its excellent cigars. This small state had a British administrator, Sir R.T. The April, 1943, temperature there rose to 104° whilst it was only 80° at Trivandrum. The country was altogether different, flat, sandy, much surface erosion by monsoon rains, whereas the jungles of Travancore and Cochin absorbed the rain.

We went by car up through attractive tea-gardens to Munnar, some 5,000 feet a.s.l. where we lived in a State bungalow on a pretty jungle-clad hillside. The tea-gardens up there average one thousand acres, with a manager in the centre of each with a very nice bungalow. There was a British Club and a small race-course. The usual round of social life prevailed. On one occasion Nancy and I motored down through tea-gardens and lower down coffee-gardens to the railway station, and so up to Ootacamund, the busy hill station to which many officials from Madras and Malabar resorted for the hot weather. The usual social club and private dinner party society prevailed. At Ooty they even had a hunt with hounds brought out from England - pink coats and all!! To us who had come out from battle-scarred London this normal social life, as if there was no war, seemed all so fantastically

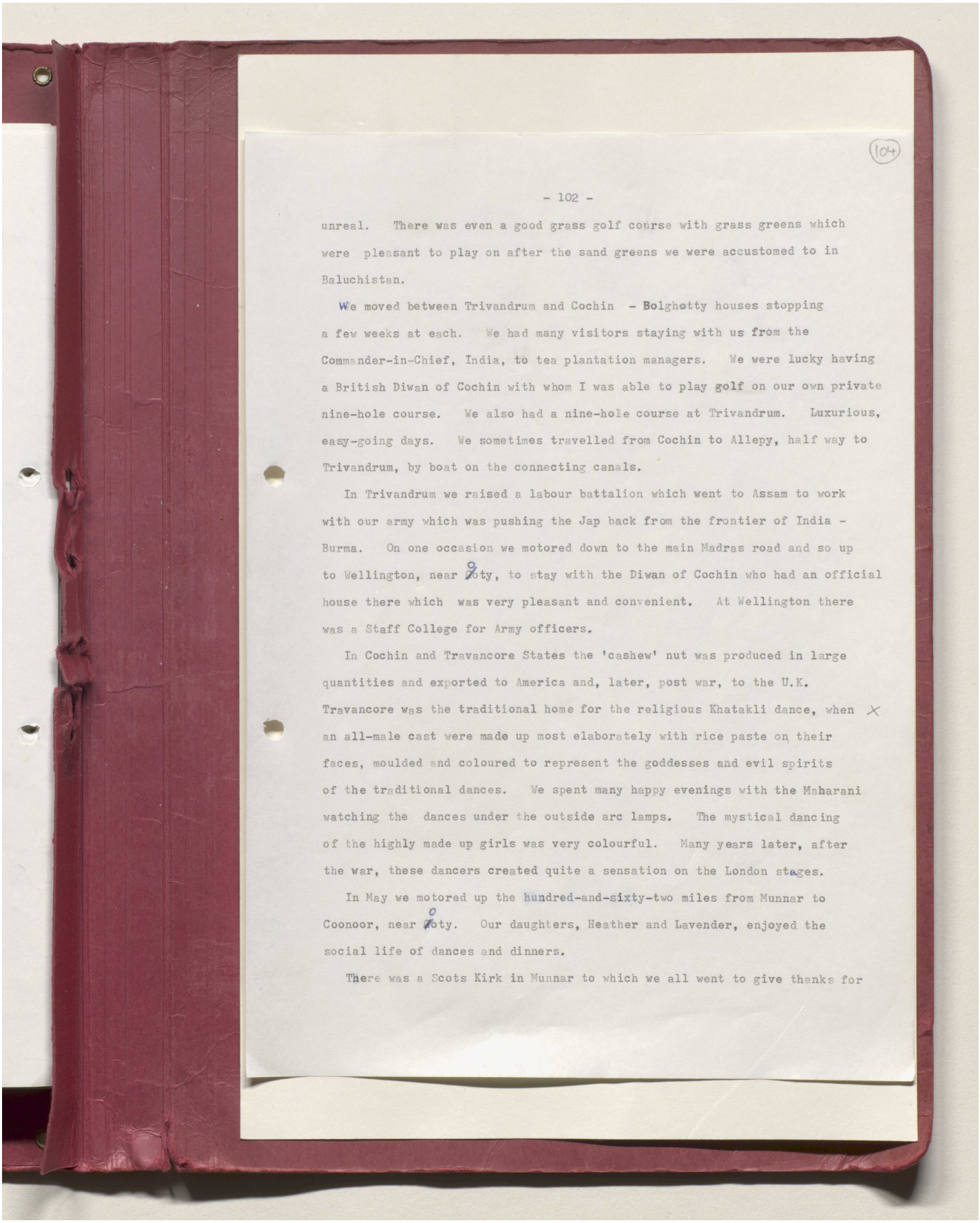
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000006



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000007

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



unreal. There was even a good grass golf course with grass greens which were pleasant to play on after the sand greens we were accustomed to in Baluchistan.

We moved between Trivandrum and Cochin - Bolghotty houses stopping a few weeks at each. We had many visitors staying with us from the Commander-in-Chief, India, to tea plantation managers. We were lucky having a British Diwan of Cochin with whom I was able to play golf on our own private nine-hole course. We also had a nine-hole course at Trivandrum. Luxurious, easy-going days. We sometimes travelled from Cochin to Allepy, half way to Trivandrum, by boat on the connecting canals.

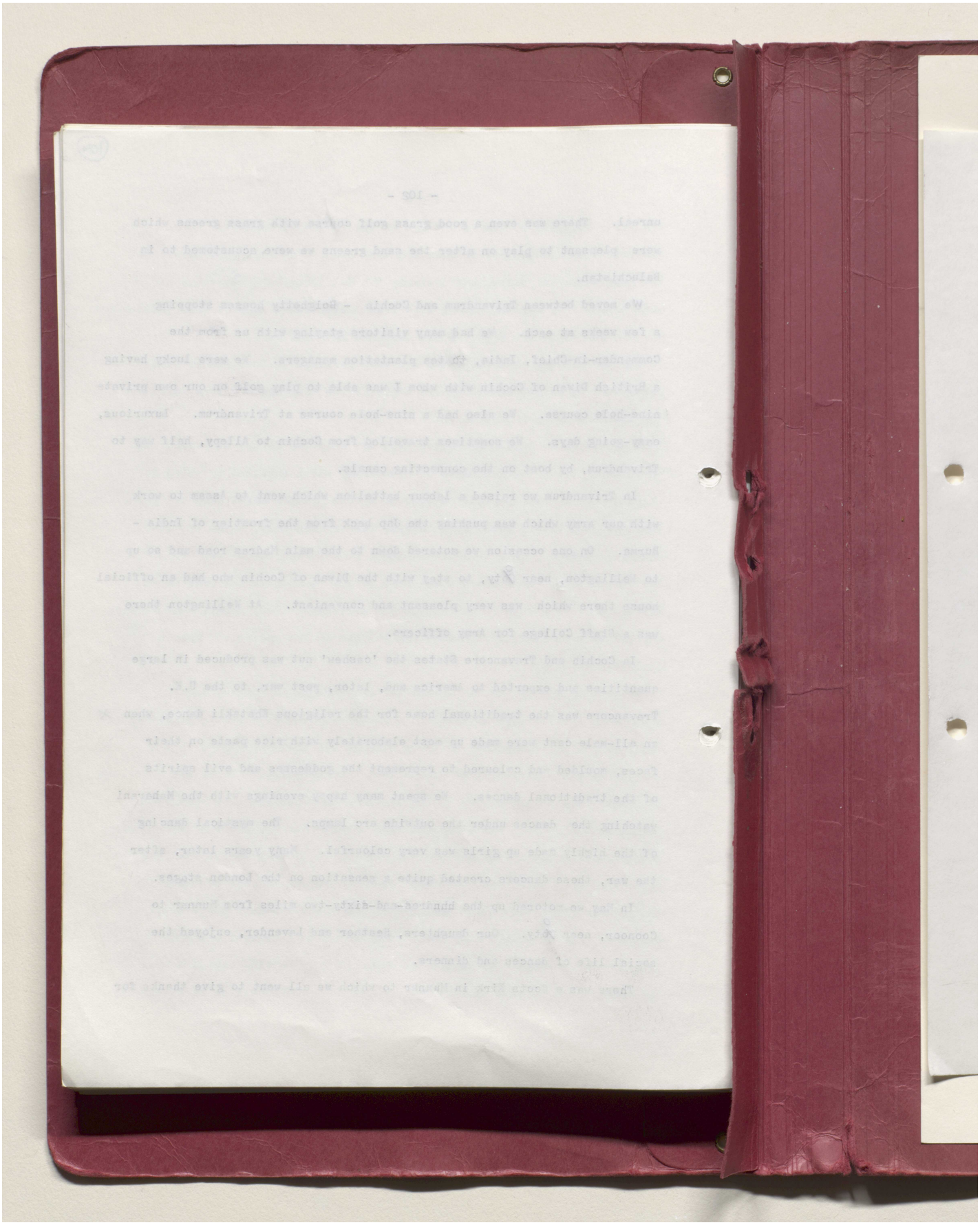
In Trivandrum we raised a labour battalion which went to Assam to work with our army which was pushing the Jap back from the frontier of India - Burma. On one occasion we motored down to the main Madras road and so up to Wellington, near Ooty, to stay with the Diwan of Cochin who had an official house there which was very pleasant and convenient. At Wellington there was a Staff College for Army officers.

In Cochin and Travancore States the 'cashew' nut was produced in large quantities and exported to America and, later, post war, to the U.K. Travancore was the traditional home for the religious Khatakli dance, when an all-male cast were made up most elaborately with rice paste on their faces, moulded and coloured to represent the goddesses and evil spirits of the traditional dances. We spent many happy evenings with the Maharani watching the dances under the outside arc lamps. The mystical dancing of the highly made up girls was very colourful. Many years later, after the war, these dancers created quite a sensation on the London stages.

In May we motored up the hundred-and-sixty-two miles from Munnar to Coonoor, near Ooty. Our daughters, Heather and Lavender, enjoyed the social life of dances and dinners.

There was a Scots Kirk in Munnar to which we all went to give thanks for

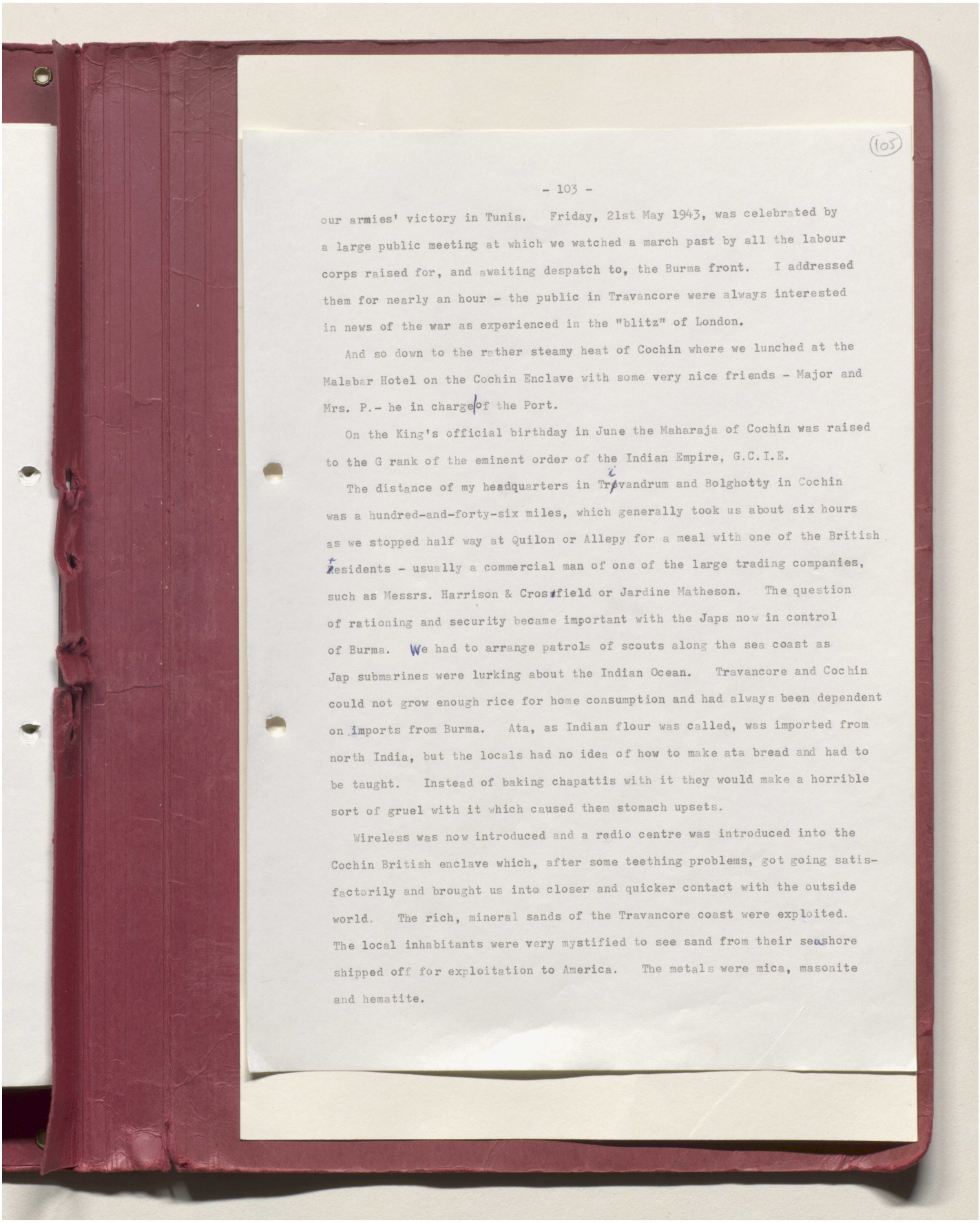
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000008



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000009

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



our armies' victory in Tunis. Friday, 21st May 1943, was celebrated by a large public meeting at which we watched a march past by all the labour corps raised for, and awaiting despatch to, the Burma front. I addressed them for nearly an hour - the public in Travancore were always interested in news of the war as experienced in the "blitz" of London.

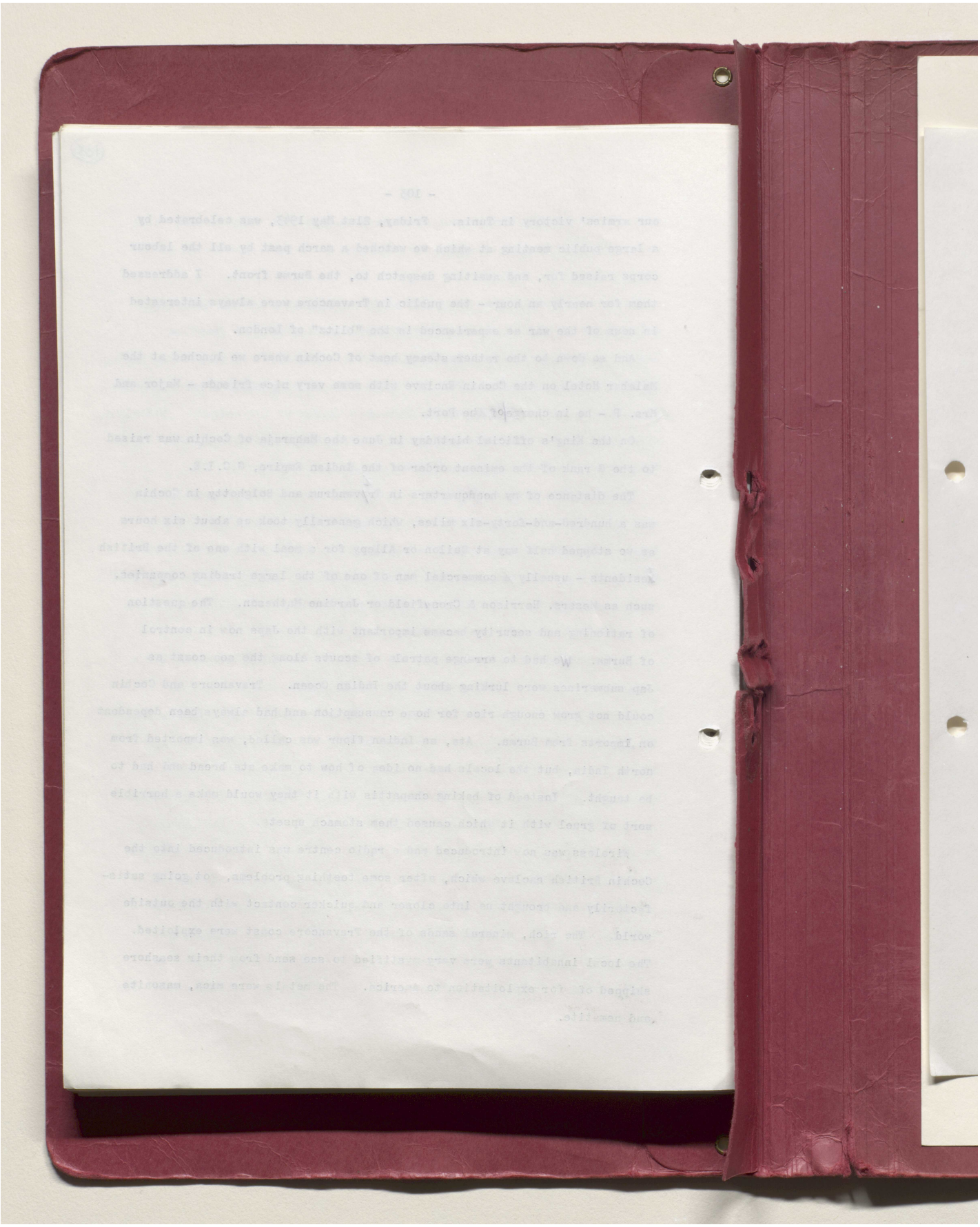
And so down to the rather steamy heat of Cochin where we lunched at the Malabar Hotel on the Cochin Enclave with some very nice friends - Major and Mrs. P.- he in charge of the Port.

On the King's official birthday in June the Maharaja of Cochin was raised to the G rank of the eminent order of the Indian Empire, G.C.I.E.

The distance of my headquarters in Trivandrum and Bolghotty in Cochin was a hundred-and-forty-six miles, which generally took us about six hours as we stopped half way at Quilon or Allepy for a meal with one of the British residents - usually a commercial man of one of the large trading companies, such as Messrs. Harrison & Crosfield or Jardine Matheson. The question of rationing and security became important with the Japs now in control of Burma. We had to arrange patrols of scouts along the sea coast as Jap submarines were lurking about the Indian Ocean. Travancore and Cochin could not grow enough rice for home consumption and had always been dependent on imports from Burma. Ata, as Indian flour was called, was imported from north India, but the locals had no idea of how to make ata bread and had to be taught. Instead of baking chapattis with it they would make a horrible sort of gruel with it which caused them stomach upsets.

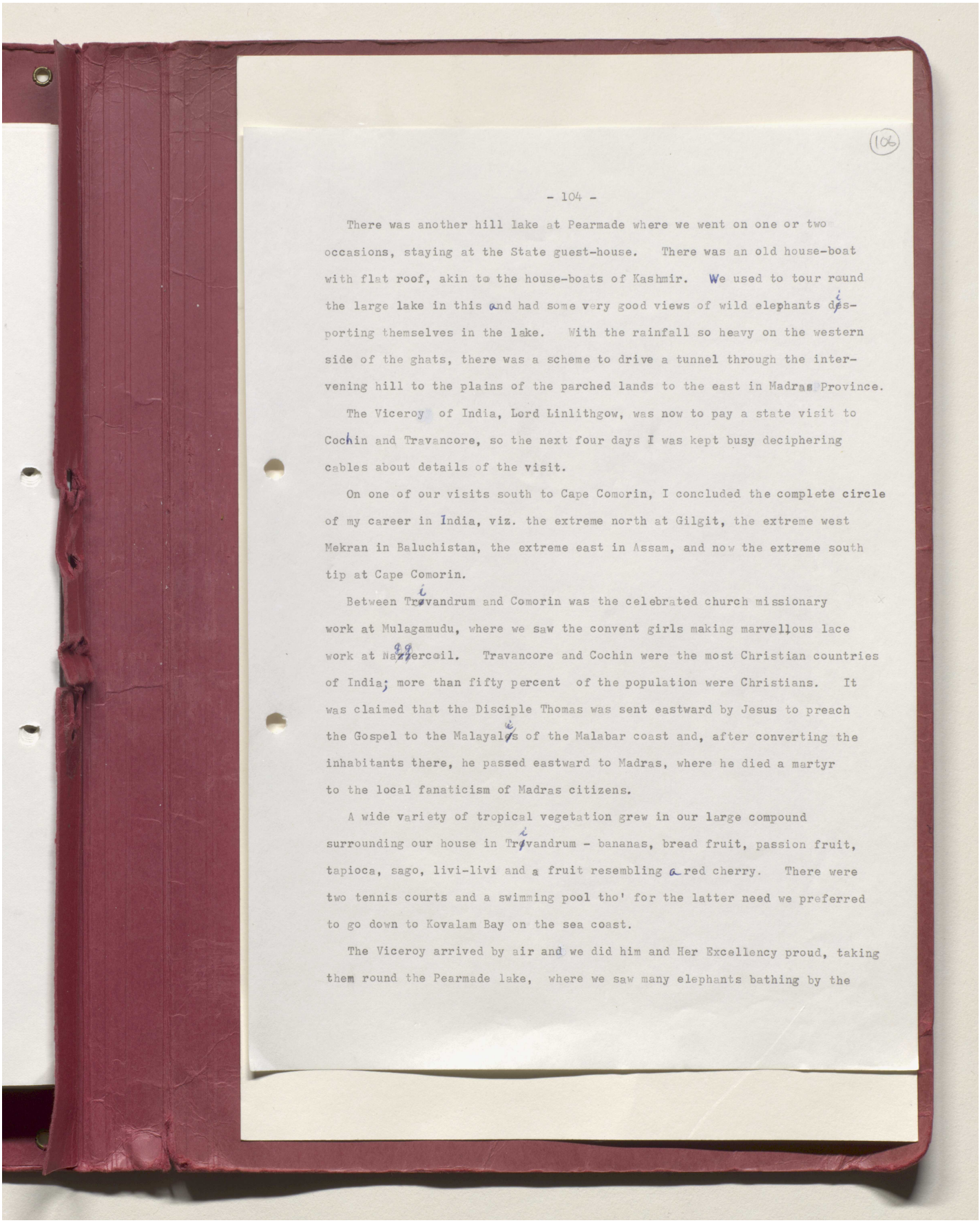
Wireless was now introduced and a radio centre was introduced into the Cochin British enclave which, after some teething problems, got going satisfactorily and brought us into closer and quicker contact with the outside world. The rich, mineral sands of the Travancore coast were exploited. The local inhabitants were very mystified to see sand from their seashore shipped off for exploitation to America. The metals were mica, masonite and hematite.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00000a



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



There was another hill lake at Pearmade where we went on one or two occasions, staying at the State guest-house. There was an old house-boat with flat roof, akin to the house-boats of Kashmir. We used to tour round the large lake in this and had some very good views of wild elephants disporting themselves in the lake. With the rainfall so heavy on the western side of the ghats, there was a scheme to drive a tunnel through the intervening hill to the plains of the parched lands to the east in Madras Province.

The Viceroy of India, Lord Linlithgow, was now to pay a state visit to Cochin and Travancore, so the next four days I was kept busy deciphering cables about details of the visit.

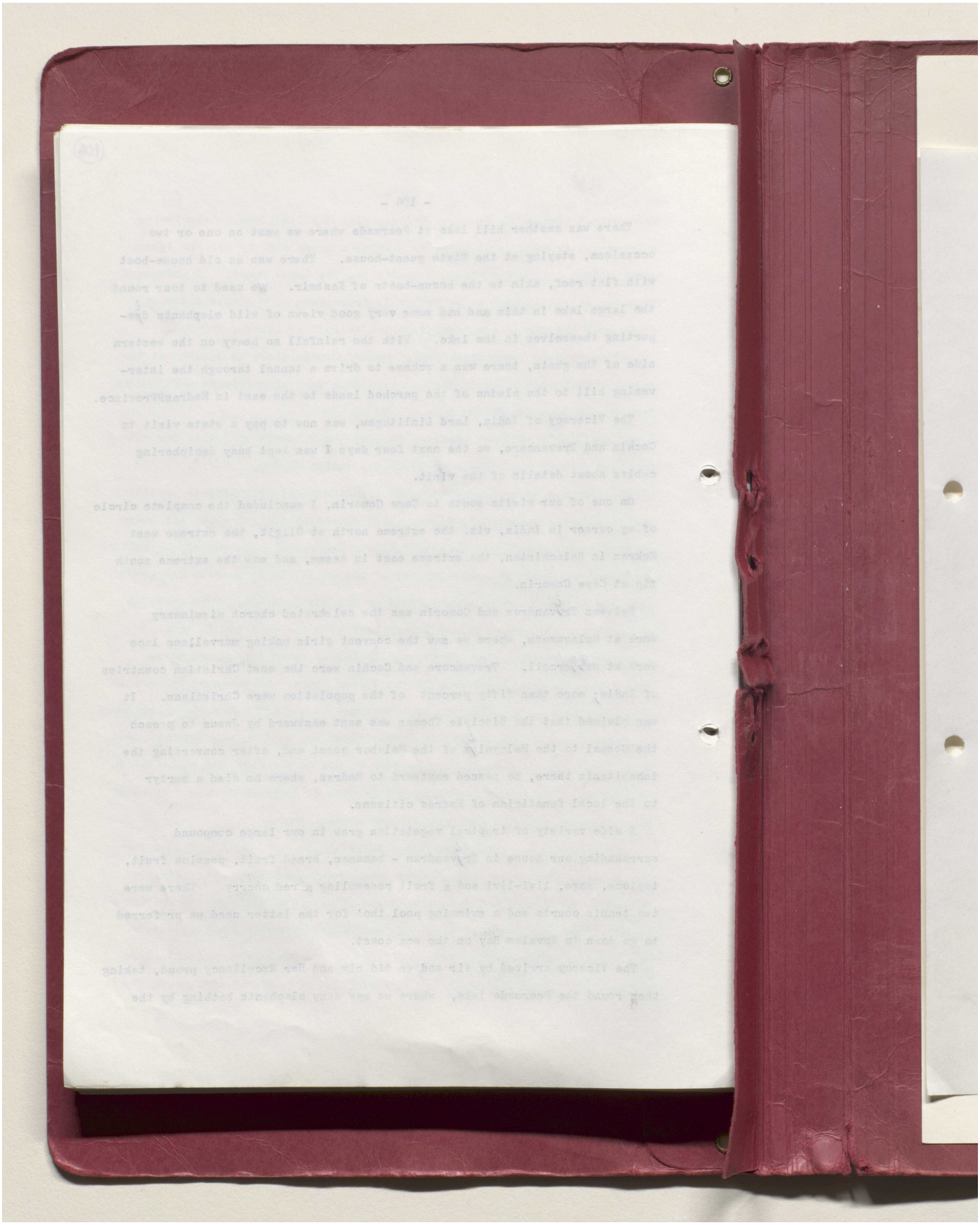
On one of our visits south to Cape Comorin, I concluded the complete circle of my career in India, viz. the extreme north at Gilgit, the extreme west Mekran in Baluchistan, the extreme east in Assam, and now the extreme south tip at Cape Comorin.

Between Trivandrum and Comorin was the celebrated church missionary work at Mulagamudu, where we saw the convent girls making marvellous lace work at Nazzercoil. Travancore and Cochin were the most Christian countries of India; more than fifty percent of the population were Christians. It was claimed that the Disciple Thomas was sent eastward by Jesus to preach the Gospel to the Malayalis of the Malabar coast and, after converting the inhabitants there, he passed eastward to Madras, where he died a martyr to the local fanaticism of Madras citizens.

A wide variety of tropical vegetation grew in our large compound surrounding our house in Trivandrum - bananas, bread fruit, passion fruit, tapioca, sago, livi-livi and a fruit resembling a red cherry. There were two tennis courts and a swimming pool tho' for the latter need we preferred to go down to Kovalam Bay on the sea coast.

The Viceroy arrived by air and we did him and Her Excellency proud, taking them round the Pearmade lake, where we saw many elephants bathing by the

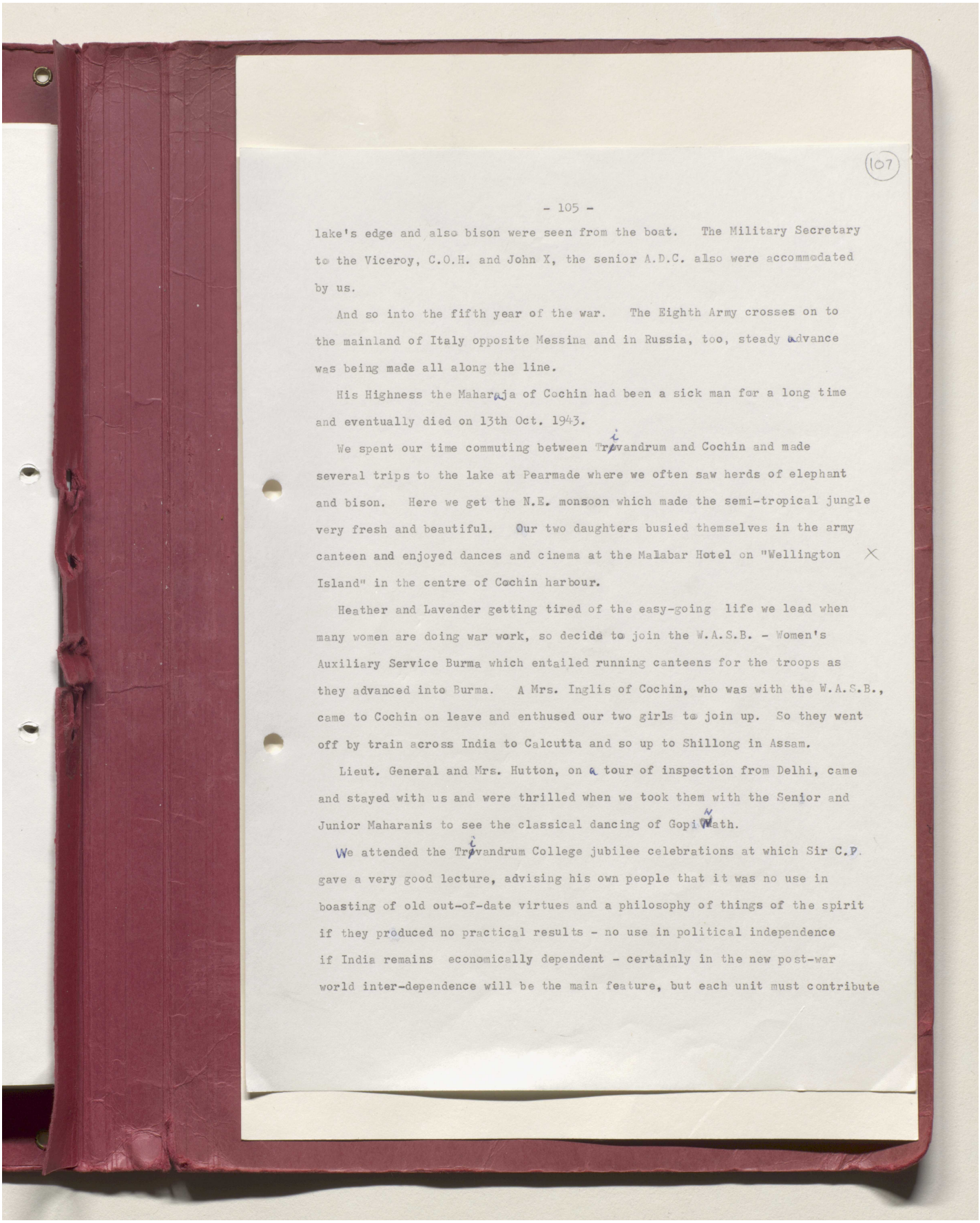
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00000c



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00000d

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



lake's edge and also bison were seen from the boat. The Military Secretary to the Viceroy, C.O.H. and John X, the senior A.D.C. also were accommodated by us.

And so into the fifth year of the war. The Eighth Army crosses on to the mainland of Italy opposite Messina and in Russia, too, steady advance was being made all along the line.

His Highness the Maharaja of Cochin had been a sick man for a long time and eventually died on 13th Oct. 1943.

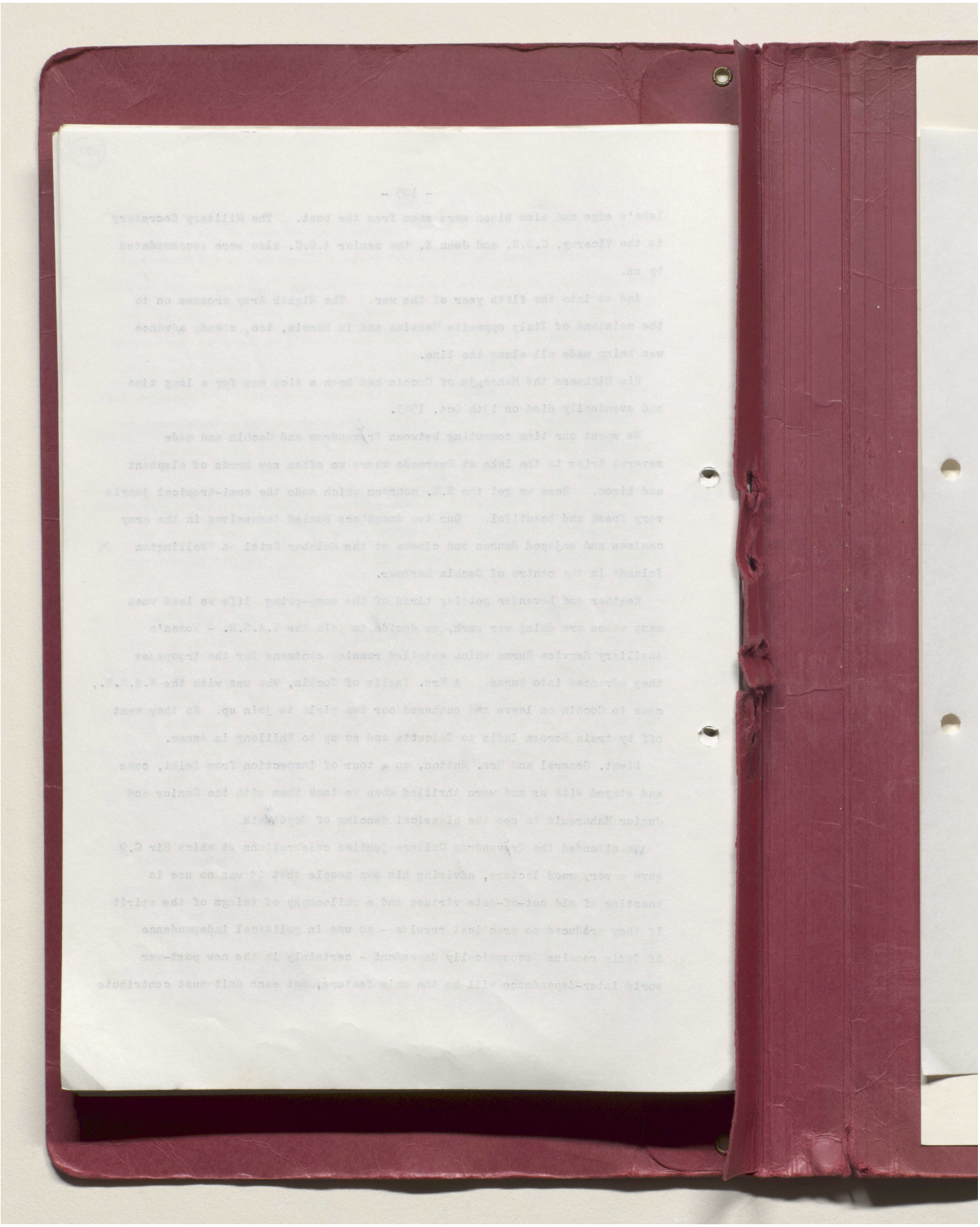
We spent our time commuting between Trivandrum and Cochin and made several trips to the lake at Pearmade where we often saw herds of elephant and bison. Here we get the N.E. monsoon which made the semi-tropical jungle very fresh and beautiful. Our two daughters busied themselves in the army canteen and enjoyed dances and cinema at the Malabar Hotel on "Wellington Island" in the centre of Cochin harbour.

Heather and Lavender getting tired of the easy-going life we lead when many women are doing war work, so decide to join the W.A.S.B. - Women's Auxiliary Service Burma which entailed running canteens for the troops as they advanced into Burma. A Mrs. Inglis of Cochin, who was with the W.A.S.B., came to Cochin on leave and enthused our two girls to join up. So they went off by train across India to Calcutta and so up to Shillong in Assam.

Lieut. General and Mrs. Hutton, on a tour of inspection from Delhi, came and stayed with us and were thrilled when we took them with the Senior and Junior Maharanis to see the classical dancing of Gopinath.

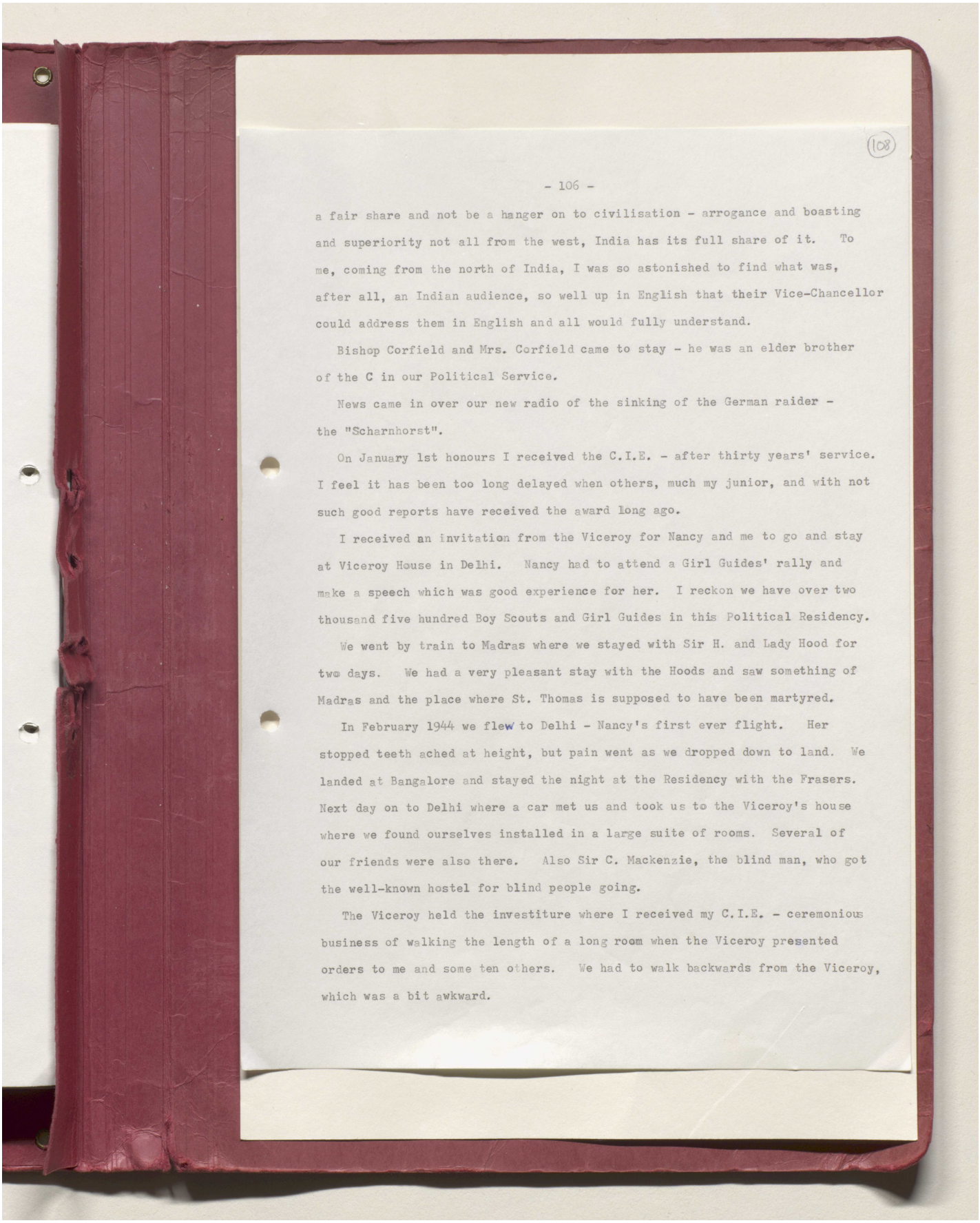
We attended the Trivandrum College jubilee celebrations at which Sir C.P. gave a very good lecture, advising his own people that it was no use in boasting of old out-of-date virtues and a philosophy of things of the spirit if they produced no practical results - no use in political independence if India remains economically dependent - certainly in the new post-war world inter-dependence will be the main feature, but each unit must contribute

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00000e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



a fair share and not be a hanger on to civilisation - arrogance and boasting and superiority not all from the west, India has its full share of it. To me, coming from the north of India, I was so astonished to find what was, after all, an Indian audience, so well up in English that their Vice-Chancellor could address them in English and all would fully understand.

Bishop Corfield and Mrs. Corfield came to stay - he was an elder brother of the C in our Political Service.

News came in over our new radio of the sinking of the German raider - the "Scharnhorst".

On January 1st honours I received the C.I.E. - after thirty years' service. I feel it has been too long delayed when others, much my junior, and with not such good reports have received the award long ago.

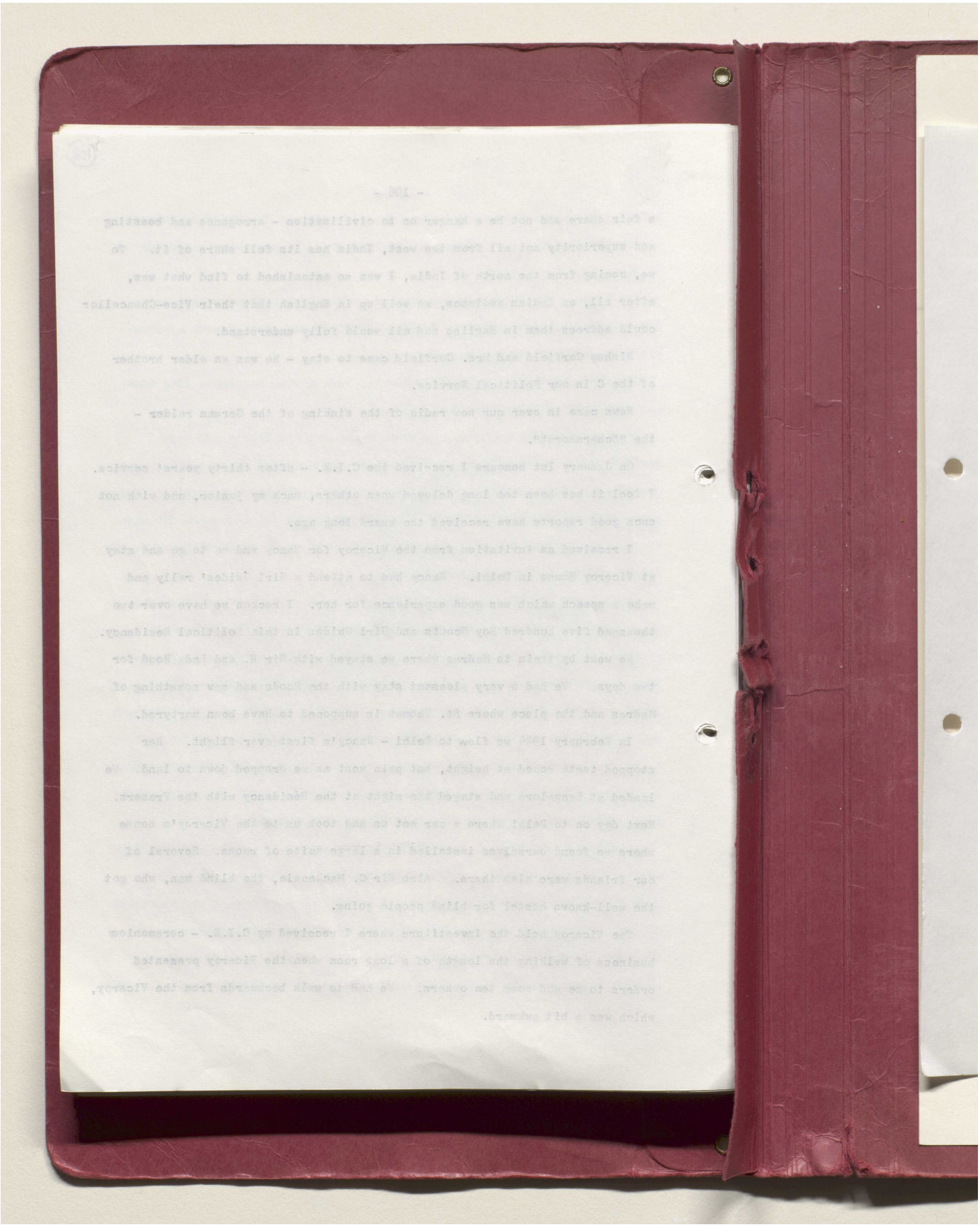
I received an invitation from the Viceroy for Nancy and me to go and stay at Viceroy House in Delhi. Nancy had to attend a Girl Guides' rally and make a speech which was good experience for her. I reckon we have over two thousand five hundred Boy Scouts and Girl Guides in this Political Residency.

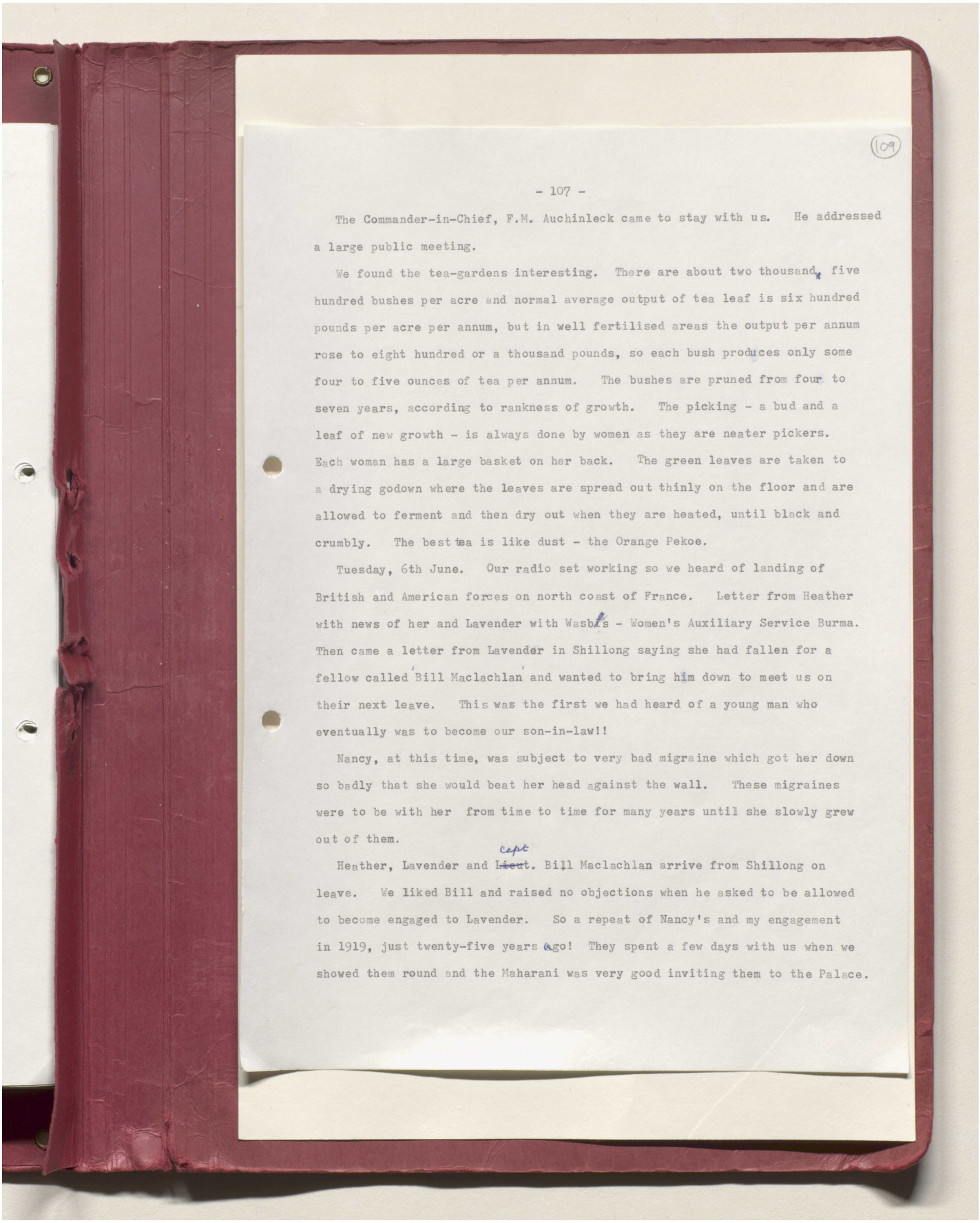
We went by train to Madras where we stayed with Sir H. and Lady Hood for two days. We had a very pleasant stay with the Hoods and saw something of Madras and the place where St. Thomas is supposed to have been martyred.

In February 1944 we flew to Delhi - Nancy's first ever flight. Her stopped teeth ached at height, but pain went as we dropped down to land. We landed at Bangalore and stayed the night at the Residency with the Frasers. Next day on to Delhi where a car met us and took us to the Viceroy's house where we found ourselves installed in a large suite of rooms. Several of our friends were also there. Also Sir C. Mackenzie, the blind man, who got the well-known hostel for blind people going.

The Viceroy held the investiture where I received my C.I.E. - ceremonious business of walking the length of a long room when the Viceroy presented orders to me and some ten others. We had to walk backwards from the Viceroy, which was a bit awkward.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000010





(109)

The Commander-in-Chief, F.M. Auchinleck came to stay with us. He addressed a large public meeting.

We found the tea-gardens interesting. There are about two thousand, five hundred bushes per acre and normal average output of tea leaf is six hundred pounds per acre per annum, but in well fertilised areas the output per annum rose to eight hundred or a thousand pounds, so each bush produces only some four to five ounces of tea per annum. The bushes are pruned from four to seven years, according to rankness of growth. The picking - a bud and a leaf of new growth - is always done by women as they are neater pickers. Each woman has a large basket on her back. The green leaves are taken to a drying godown where the leaves are spread out thinly on the floor and are allowed to ferment and then dry out when they are heated, until black and crumbly. The best tea is like dust - the Orange Pekoe.

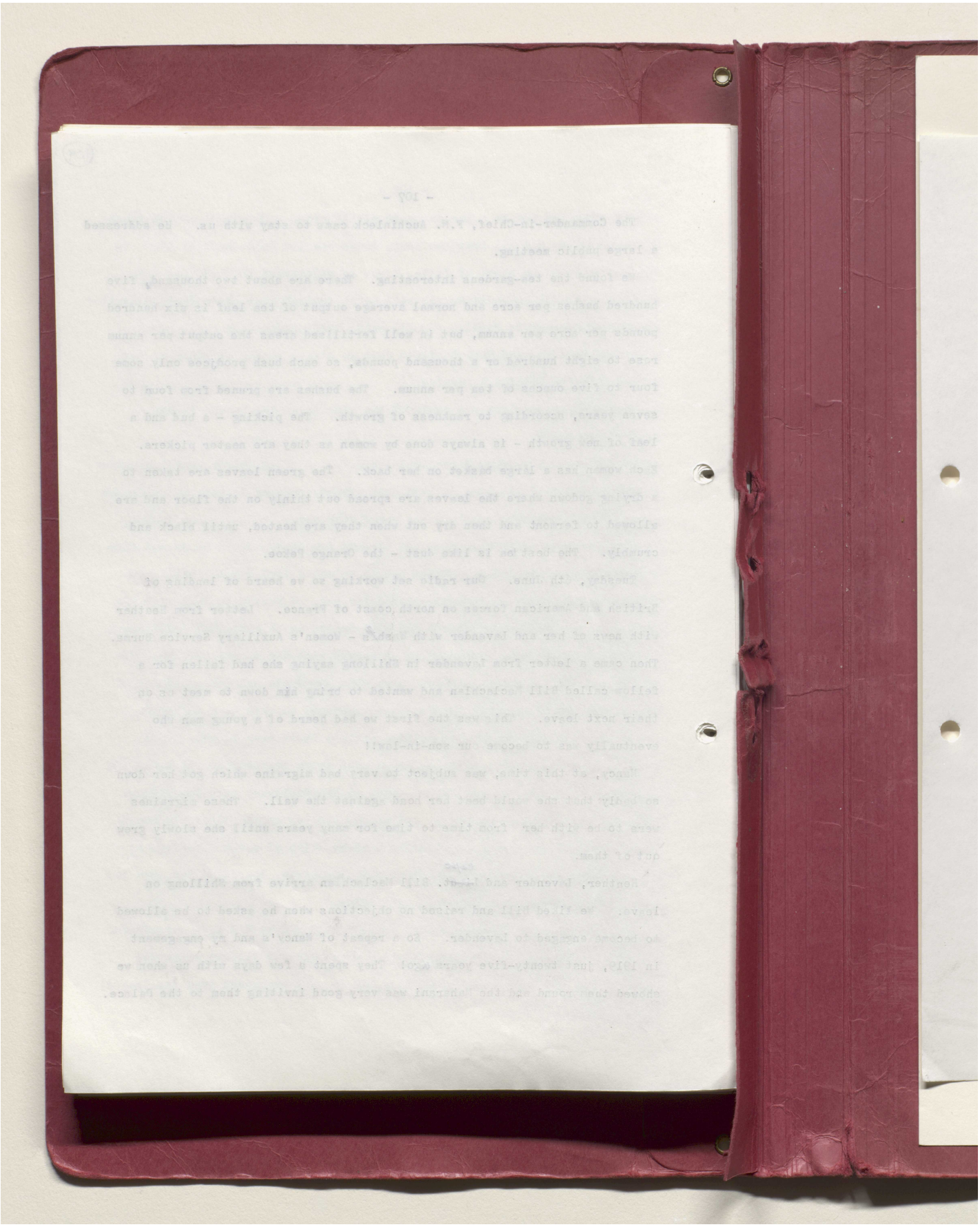
Tuesday, 6th June. Our radio set working so we heard of landing of British and American forces on north coast of France. Letter from Heather with news of her and Lavender with Wasbs - Women's Auxiliary Service Burma. Then came a letter from Lavender in Shillong saying she had fallen for a fellow called 'Bill Maclachlan' and wanted to bring him down to meet us on their next leave. This was the first we had heard of a young man who eventually was to become our son-in-law!!

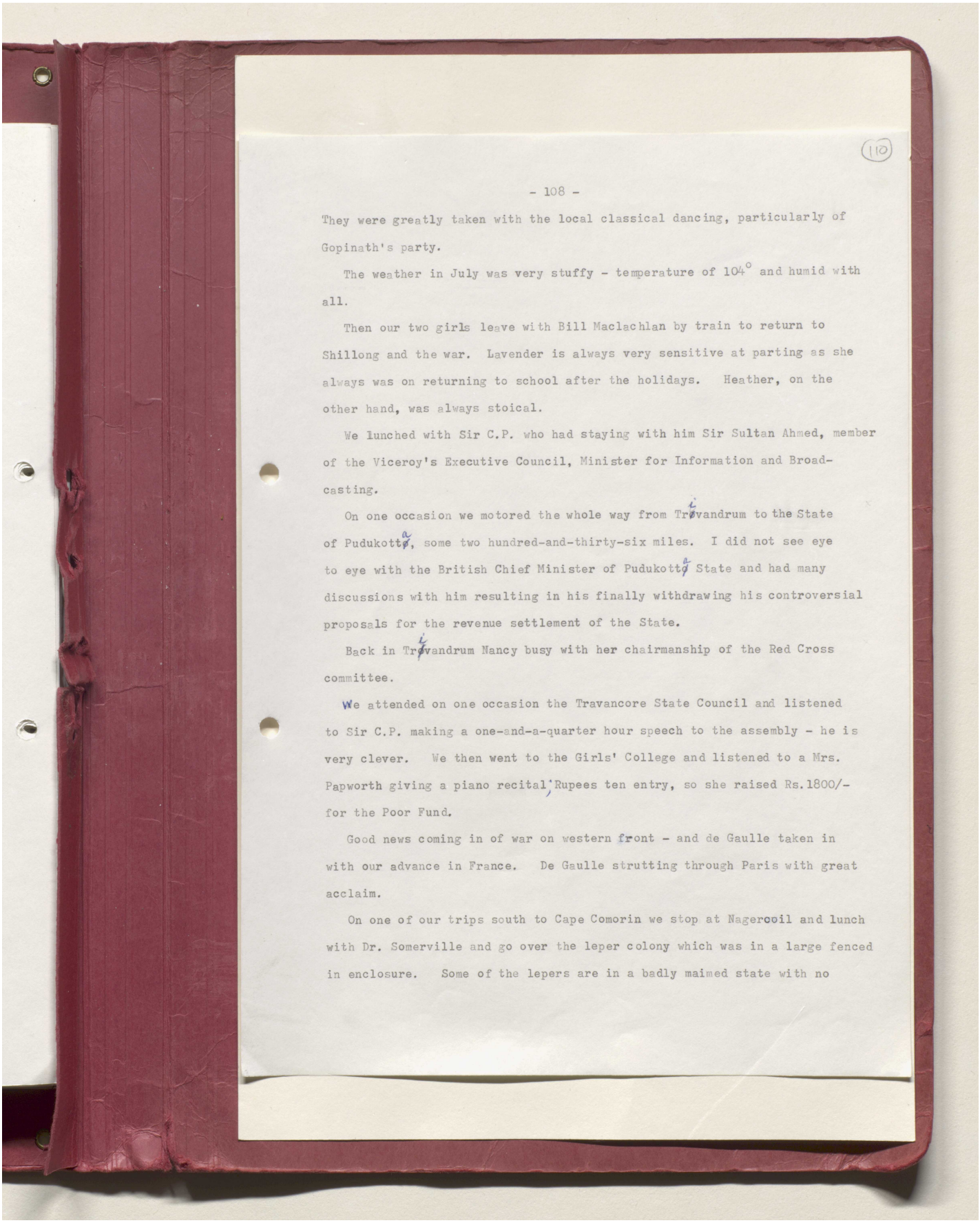
Nancy, at this time, was subject to very bad migraine which got her down so badly that she would beat her head against the wall. These migraines were to be with her from time to time for many years until she slowly grew out of them.

Heather, Lavender and ~~Lieut~~ Capt. Bill Maclachlan arrive from Shillong on leave. We liked Bill and raised no objections when he asked to be allowed to become engaged to Lavender. So a repeat of Nancy's and my engagement in 1919, just twenty-five years ago! They spent a few days with us when we showed them round and the Maharani was very good inviting them to the Palace.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000012





(110)

They were greatly taken with the local classical dancing, particularly of Gopinath's party.

The weather in July was very stuffy - temperature of 104° and humid with all.

Then our two girls leave with Bill Maclachlan by train to return to Shillong and the war. Lavender is always very sensitive at parting as she always was on returning to school after the holidays. Heather, on the other hand, was always stoical.

We lunched with Sir C.P. who had staying with him Sir Sultan Ahmed, member of the Viceroy's Executive Council, Minister for Information and Broadcasting.

On one occasion we motored the whole way from Trivandrum to the State of Pudukotta, some two hundred-and-thirty-six miles. I did not see eye to eye with the British Chief Minister of Pudukotta State and had many discussions with him resulting in his finally withdrawing his controversial proposals for the revenue settlement of the State.

Back in Trivandrum Nancy busy with her chairmanship of the Red Cross committee.

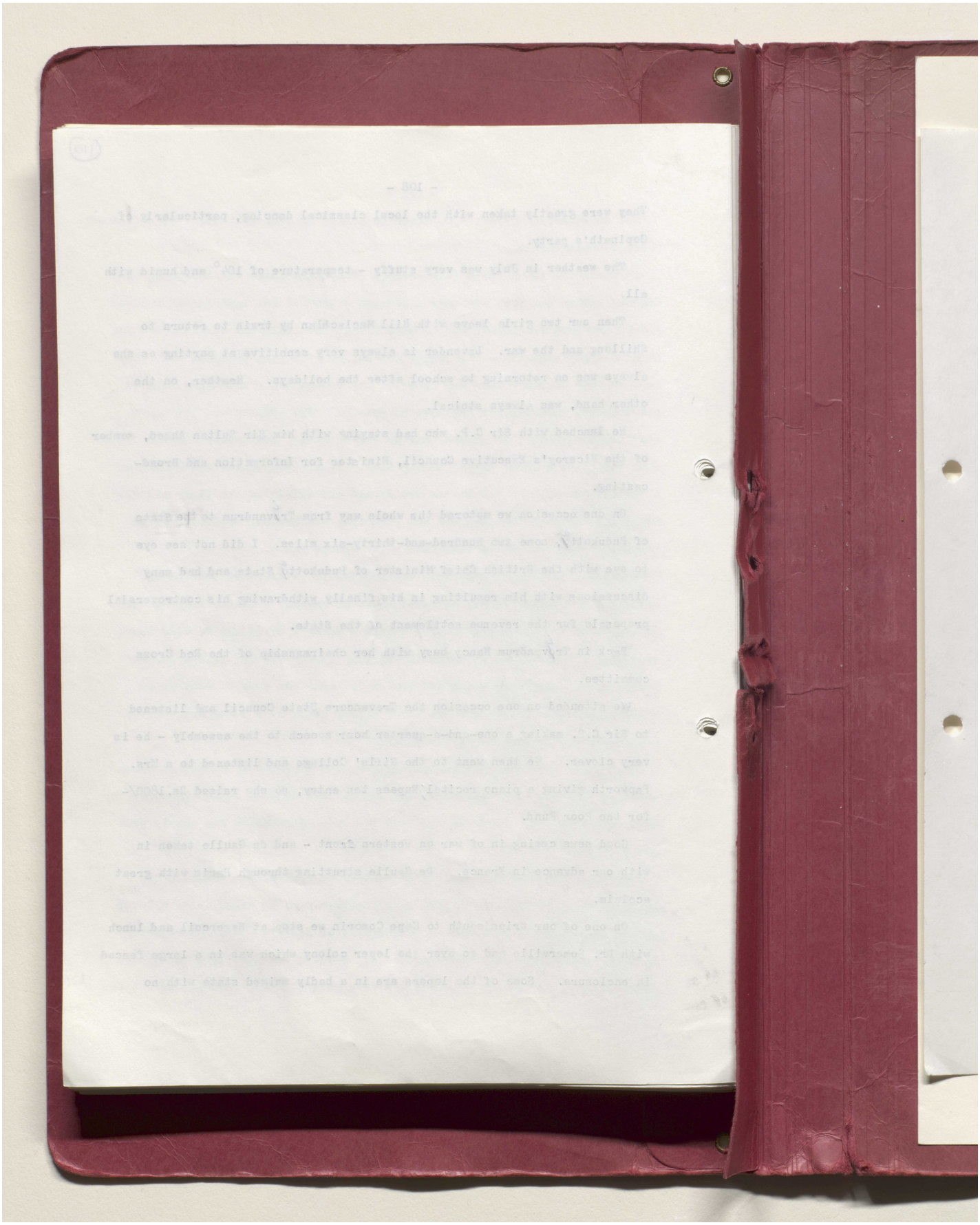
We attended on one occasion the Travancore State Council and listened to Sir C.P. making a one-and-a-quarter hour speech to the assembly - he is very clever. We then went to the Girls' College and listened to a Mrs. Papworth giving a piano recital, Rupees ten entry, so she raised Rs.1800/- for the Poor Fund.

Good news coming in of war on western front - and de Gaulle taken in with our advance in France. De Gaulle strutting through Paris with great acclaim.

On one of our trips south to Cape Comorin we stop at Nagercoil and lunch with Dr. Somerville and go over the leper colony which was in a large fenced in enclosure. Some of the lepers are in a badly maimed state with no

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

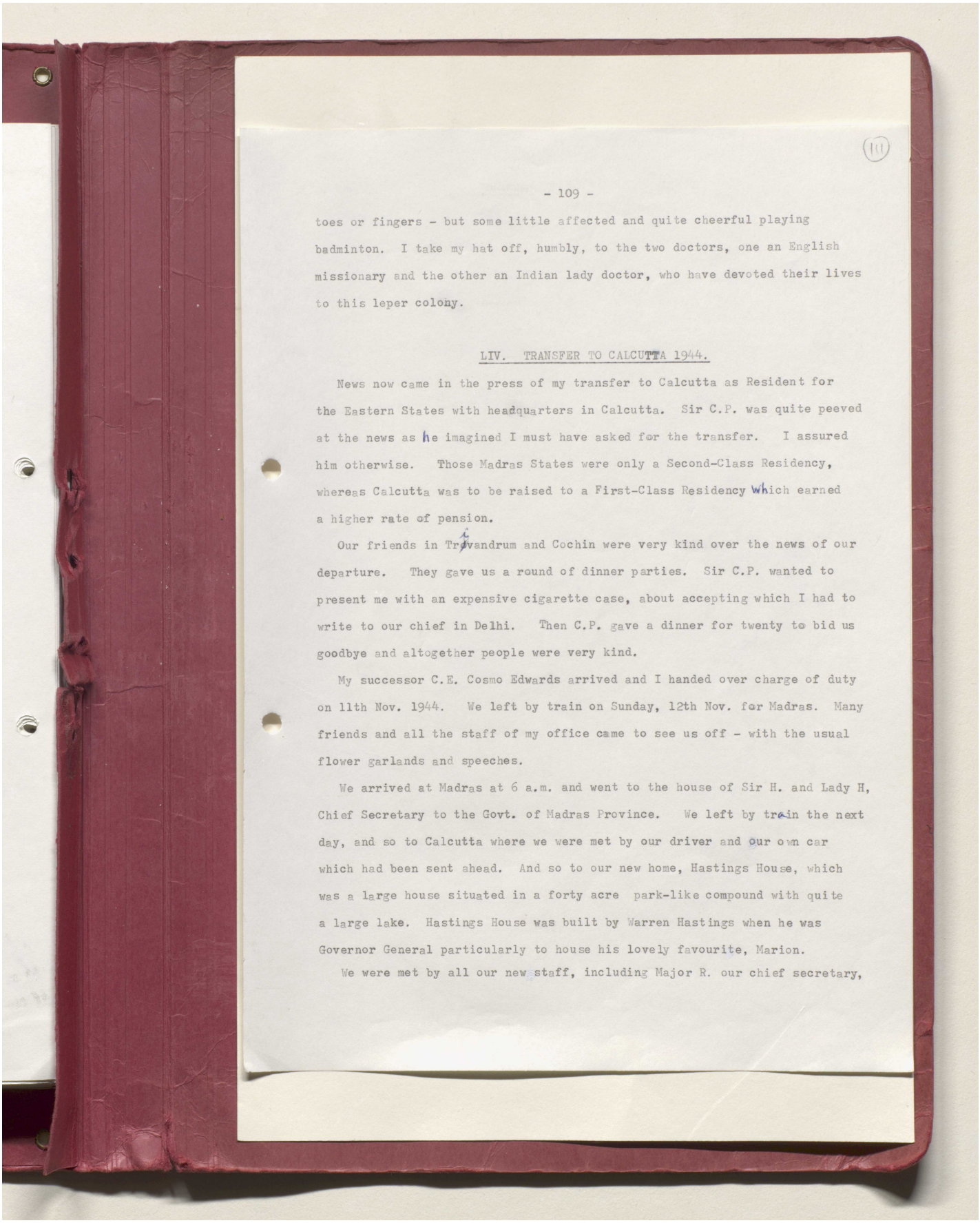
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000014



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000015

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



toes or fingers - but some little affected and quite cheerful playing badminton. I take my hat off, humbly, to the two doctors, one an English missionary and the other an Indian lady doctor, who have devoted their lives to this leper colony.

LIV. TRANSFER TO CALCUTTA 1944.

News now came in the press of my transfer to Calcutta as Resident for the Eastern States with headquarters in Calcutta. Sir C.P. was quite peeved at the news as he imagined I must have asked for the transfer. I assured him otherwise. Those Madras States were only a Second-Class Residency, whereas Calcutta was to be raised to a First-Class Residency which earned a higher rate of pension.

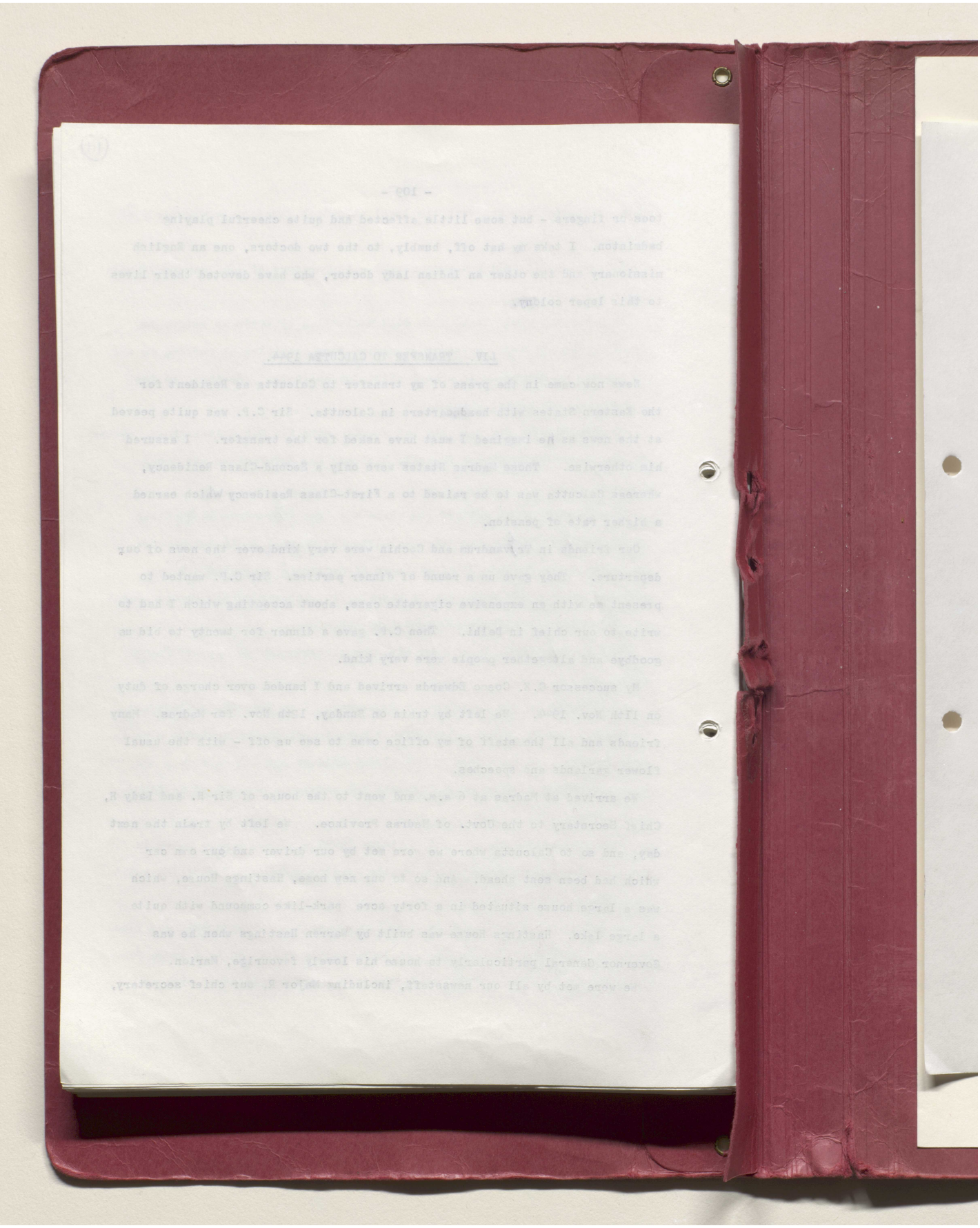
Our friends in Trivandrum and Cochin were very kind over the news of our departure. They gave us a round of dinner parties. Sir C.P. wanted to present me with an expensive cigarette case, about accepting which I had to write to our chief in Delhi. Then C.P. gave a dinner for twenty to bid us goodbye and altogether people were very kind.

My successor C.E. Cosmo Edwards arrived and I handed over charge of duty on 11th Nov. 1944. We left by train on Sunday, 12th Nov. for Madras. Many friends and all the staff of my office came to see us off - with the usual flower garlands and speeches.

We arrived at Madras at 6 a.m. and went to the house of Sir H. and Lady H, Chief Secretary to the Govt. of Madras Province. We left by train the next day, and so to Calcutta where we were met by our driver and our own car which had been sent ahead. And so to our new home, Hastings House, which was a large house situated in a forty acre park-like compound with quite a large lake. Hastings House was built by Warren Hastings when he was Governor General particularly to house his lovely favourite, Marion.

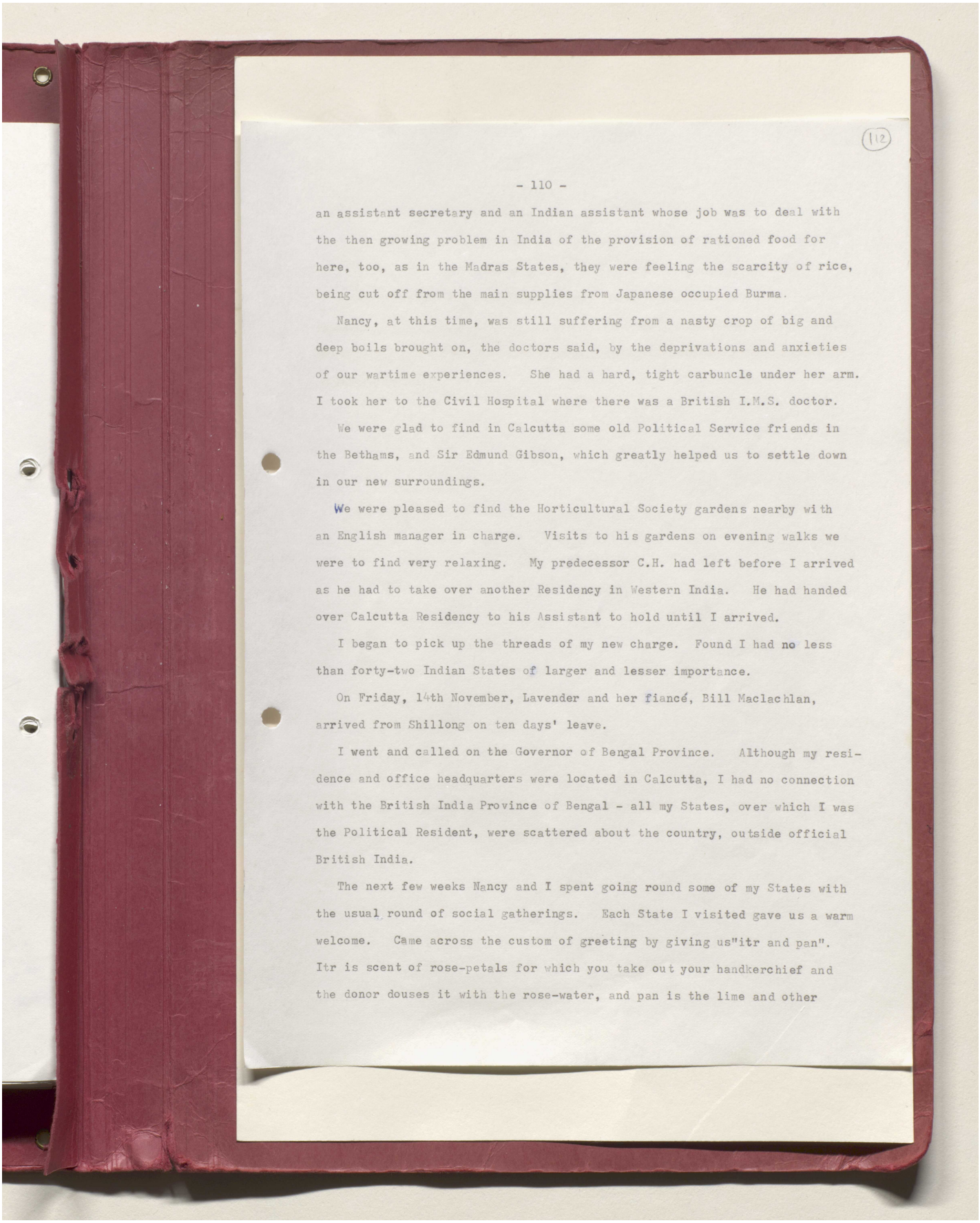
We were met by all our new staff, including Major R. our chief secretary,

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000016



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



an assistant secretary and an Indian assistant whose job was to deal with the then growing problem in India of the provision of rationed food for here, too, as in the Madras States, they were feeling the scarcity of rice, being cut off from the main supplies from Japanese occupied Burma.

Nancy, at this time, was still suffering from a nasty crop of big and deep boils brought on, the doctors said, by the deprivations and anxieties of our wartime experiences. She had a hard, tight carbuncle under her arm. I took her to the Civil Hospital where there was a British I.M.S. doctor.

We were glad to find in Calcutta some old Political Service friends in the Bethams, and Sir Edmund Gibson, which greatly helped us to settle down in our new surroundings.

We were pleased to find the Horticultural Society gardens nearby with an English manager in charge. Visits to his gardens on evening walks we were to find very relaxing. My predecessor C.H. had left before I arrived as he had to take over another Residency in Western India. He had handed over Calcutta Residency to his Assistant to hold until I arrived.

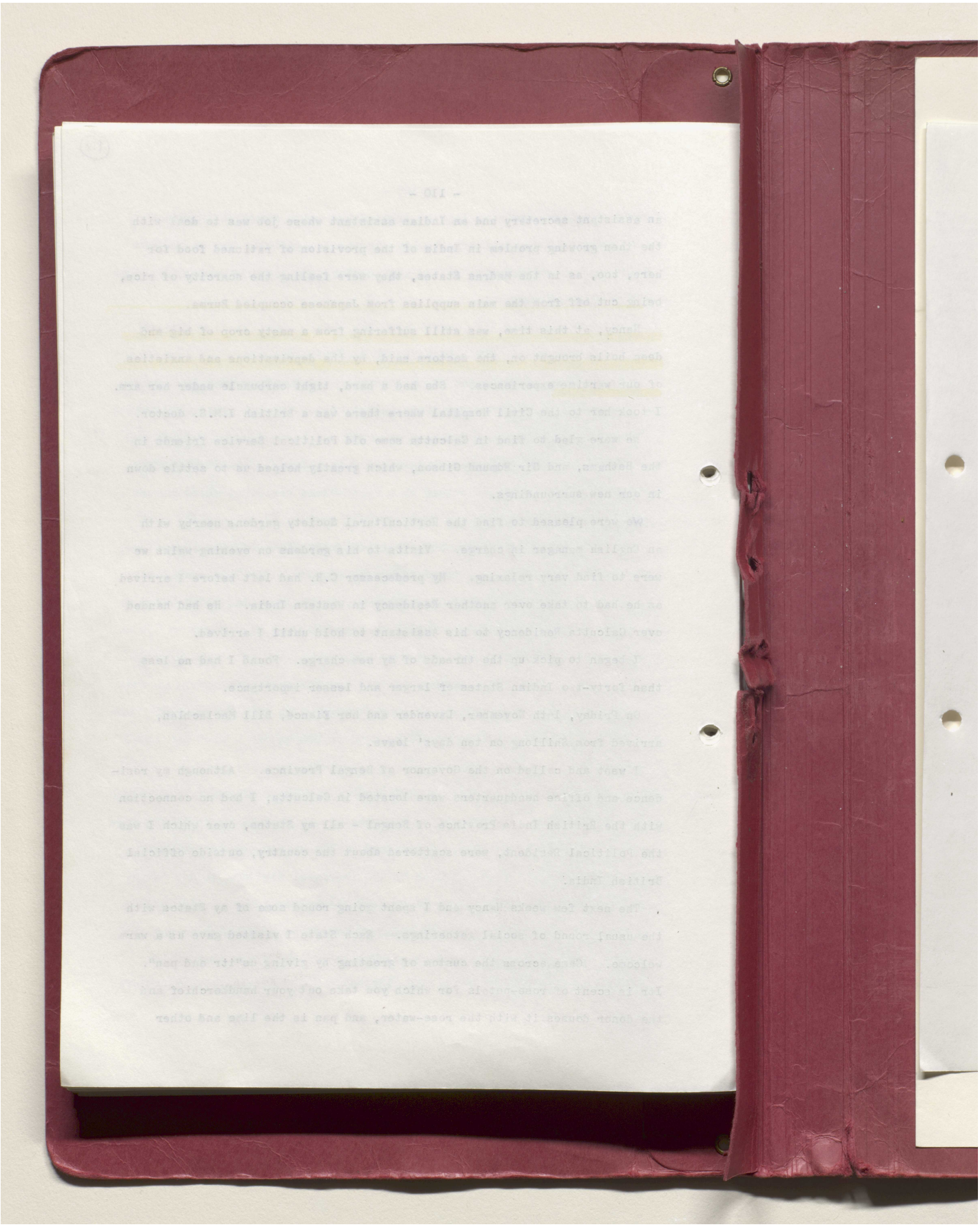
I began to pick up the threads of my new charge. Found I had no less than forty-two Indian States of larger and lesser importance.

On Friday, 14th November, Lavender and her fiancé, Bill Maclachlan, arrived from Shillong on ten days' leave.

I went and called on the Governor of Bengal Province. Although my residence and office headquarters were located in Calcutta, I had no connection with the British India Province of Bengal - all my States, over which I was the Political Resident, were scattered about the country, outside official British India.

The next few weeks Nancy and I spent going round some of my States with the usual round of social gatherings. Each State I visited gave us a warm welcome. Came across the custom of greeting by giving us"itr and pan". Itr is scent of rose-petals for which you take out your handkerchief and the donor douses it with the rose-water, and pan is the lime and other

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000018



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

concoctions wrapped in a special kind of pan leaf, all of which you are supposed to chew. We, of course, refrained from chewing the pan. The local people chew it continuously and spit out a disgusting red spittle.

[redacted]

Mr. Casey, the Australian, who had been Special Commissioner for the Allies, came as Governor of Bengal. We had lunch with him and then we had him back to a large dinner. Casey, both interesting and efficient.

I obtained a lift in an R.F.C. plane and visited Tripura State which lies east of Calcutta on the borders of Burma. Found the Maharaja a gross, self-indulgent, fat man of only thirty-six, but very besotted! Visited the State institutions - schools, hospitals, secretariat, and found them all decrepit and futile. I shall have to instil some discipline and order into this State. His Highness's brother came to visit me at the Guest House, but he was so drunk that I had to send him away - with a flea in his ear. Later the Maharaja sent me a letter of apology.

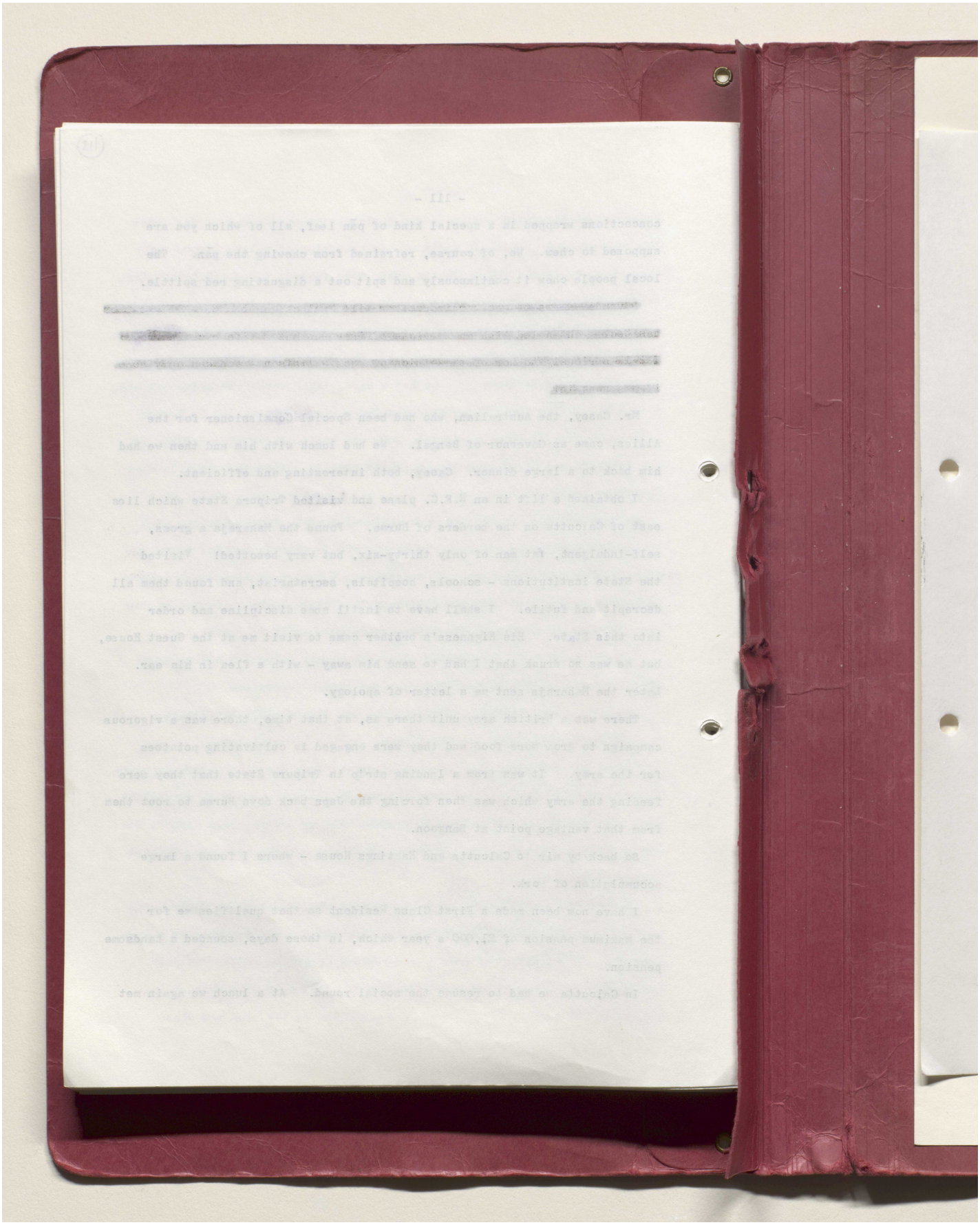
There was a British army unit there as, at that time, there was a vigorous campaign to grow more food and they were engaged in cultivating potatoes for the army. It was from a landing strip in Tripura State that they were feeding the army which was then forcing the Japs back down Burma to rout them from that vantage point at Rangoon.

So back by air to Calcutta and Hastings House - where I found a large accumulation of work.

I have now been made a First-Class Resident so that qualifies me for the maximum pension of £1,000 a year which, in those days, sounded a handsome pension.

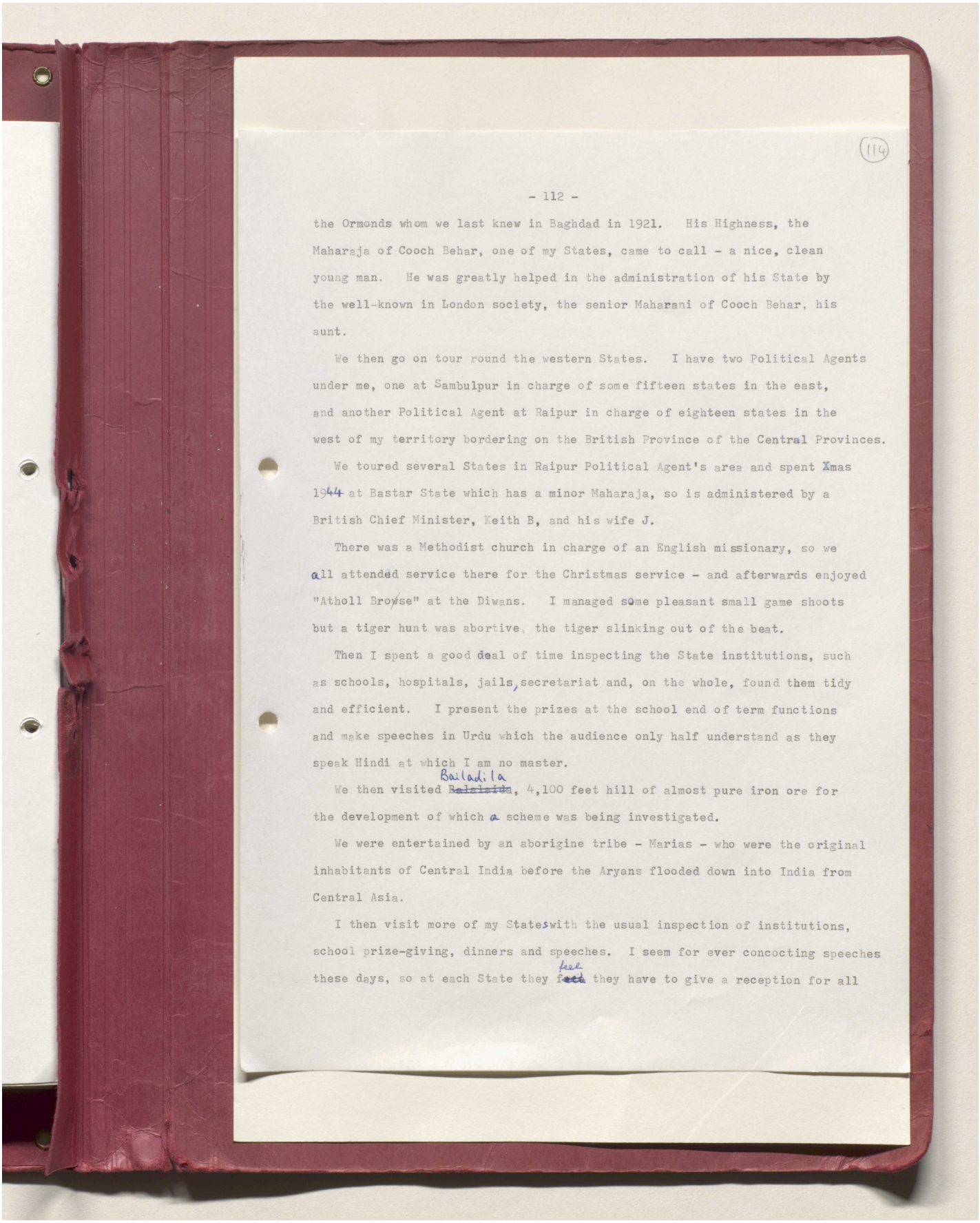
In Calcutta we had to resume the social round. At a lunch we again met

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00001a



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



the Ormonds whom we last knew in Baghdad in 1921. His Highness, the Maharaja of Cooch Behar, one of my States, came to call - a nice, clean young man. He was greatly helped in the administration of his State by the well-known in London society, the senior Maharani of Cooch Behar, his aunt.

We then go on tour round the western States. I have two Political Agents under me, one at Sambulpur in charge of some fifteen states in the east, and another Political Agent at Raipur in charge of eighteen states in the west of my territory bordering on the British Province of the Central Provinces.

We toured several States in Raipur Political Agent's area and spent Xmas 1944 at Bastar State which has a minor Maharaja, so is administered by a British Chief Minister, Keith B, and his wife J.

There was a Methodist church in charge of an English missionary, so we all attended service there for the Christmas service - and afterwards enjoyed "Atholl Brose" at the Diwans. I managed some pleasant small game shoots but a tiger hunt was abortive, the tiger slinking out of the beat.

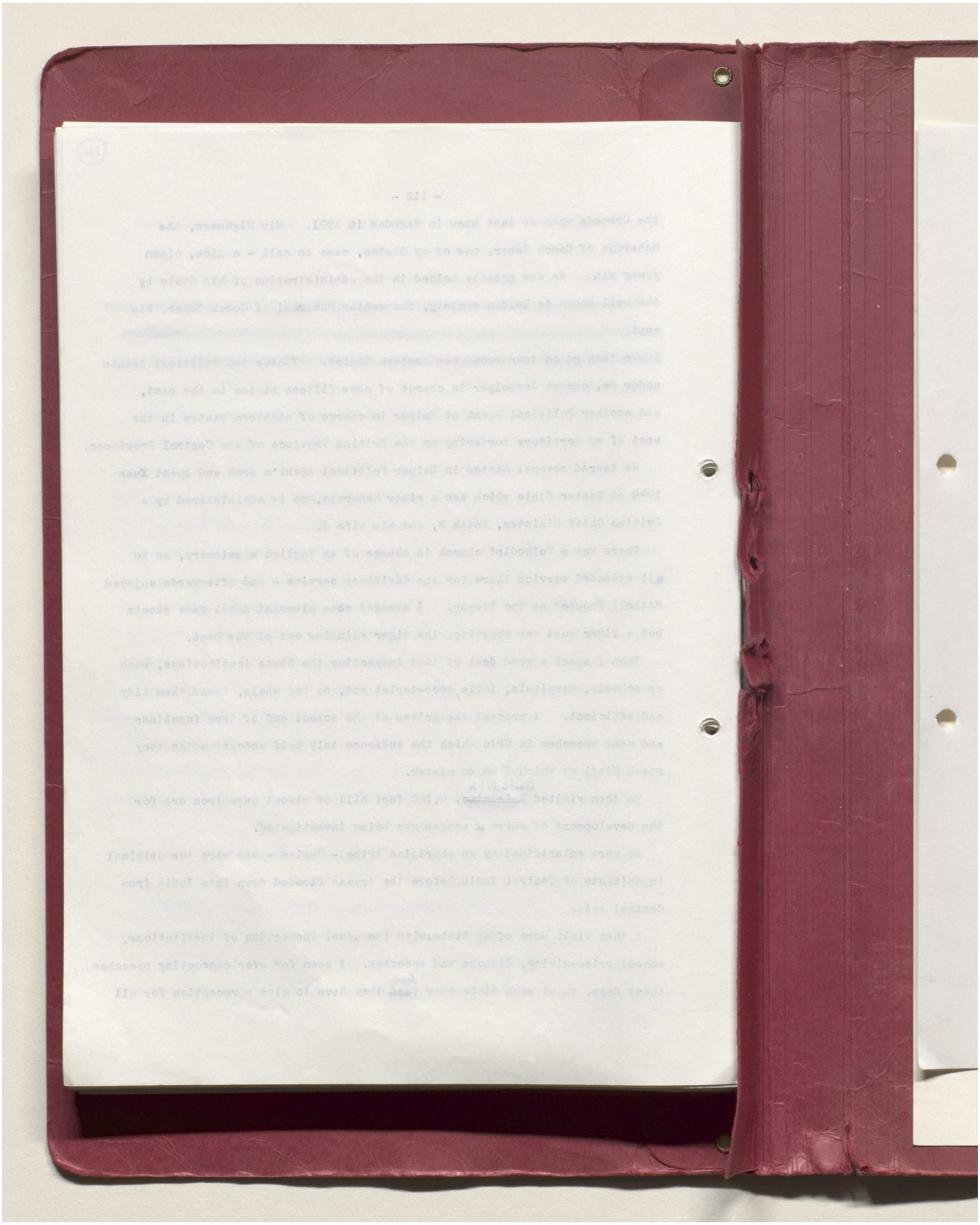
Then I spent a good deal of time inspecting the State institutions, such as schools, hospitals, jails, secretariat and, on the whole, found them tidy and efficient. I present the prizes at the school end of term functions and make speeches in Urdu which the audience only half understand as they speak Hindi at which I am no master.

We then visited ~~Bolaloida~~ Bailadila, 4,100 feet hill of almost pure iron ore for the development of which a scheme was being investigated.

We were entertained by an aborigine tribe - Marias - who were the original inhabitants of Central India before the Aryans flooded down into India from Central Asia.

I then visit more of my States with the usual inspection of institutions, school prize-giving, dinners and speeches. I seem for ever concocting speeches these days, so at each State they ~~fe~~ feel they have to give a reception for all

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00001c



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00001d

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

and sundry, ending in adulatory address to me, calling for an extempore speech in reply. At one State Nancy went down with a high fever with a nasty headache and sickness which put her out of action for some days.

I opened a very good agriculture and industrial exhibition in the State of Bonai which was a credit to the Diwan of the State who staged it. Then I have to go off with my secretary, Major R. to Calcutta leaving Nancy, who was still unfit to travel, in the kind hands of Mrs. W. who had been a nurse.

I had under me a Conservator of Forests, a Dr. M. from the Forest Service of the Govt. of India. He overlooked the State forests in which the valuable timber was "sal", much valued for making railway sleepers.

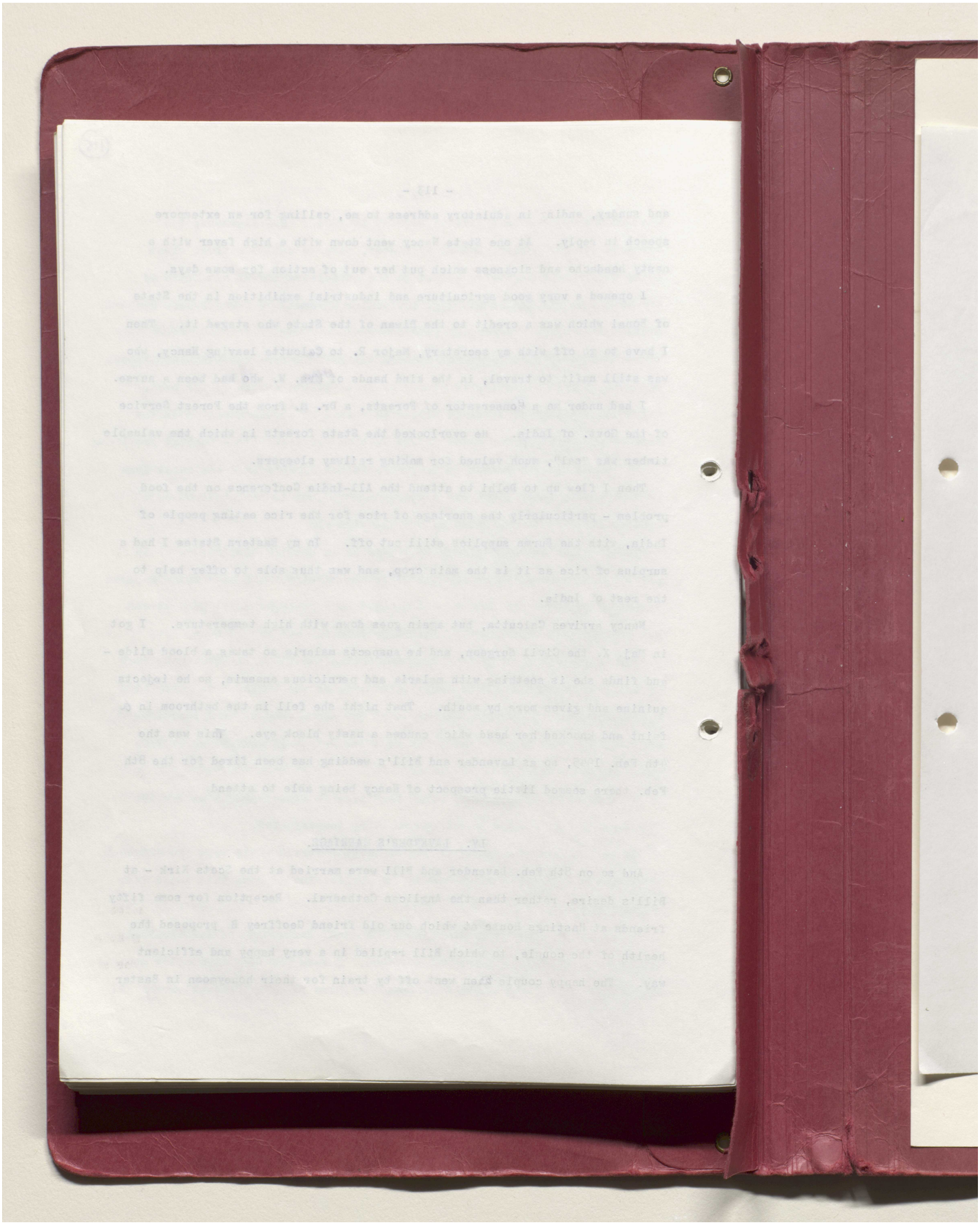
Then I flew up to Delhi to attend the All-India Conference on the food problem - particularly the shortage of rice for the rice eating people of India, with the Burma supplies still cut off. In my Eastern States I had a surplus of rice as it is the main crop, and was thus able to offer help to the rest of India.

Nancy arrives Calcutta, but again goes down with high temperature. I got in Maj. X. the Civil Surgeon, and he suspects malaria so takes a blood slide - and finds she is seething with malaria and pernicious anaemia, so he injects quinine and gives more by mouth. That night she fell in the bathroom in a faint and knocked her head which causes a nasty black eye. This was the 4th Feb. 1945, so as Lavender and Bill's wedding has been fixed for the 8th Feb. there seemed little prospect of Nancy being able to attend.

LV. LAVENDER'S MARRIAGE.

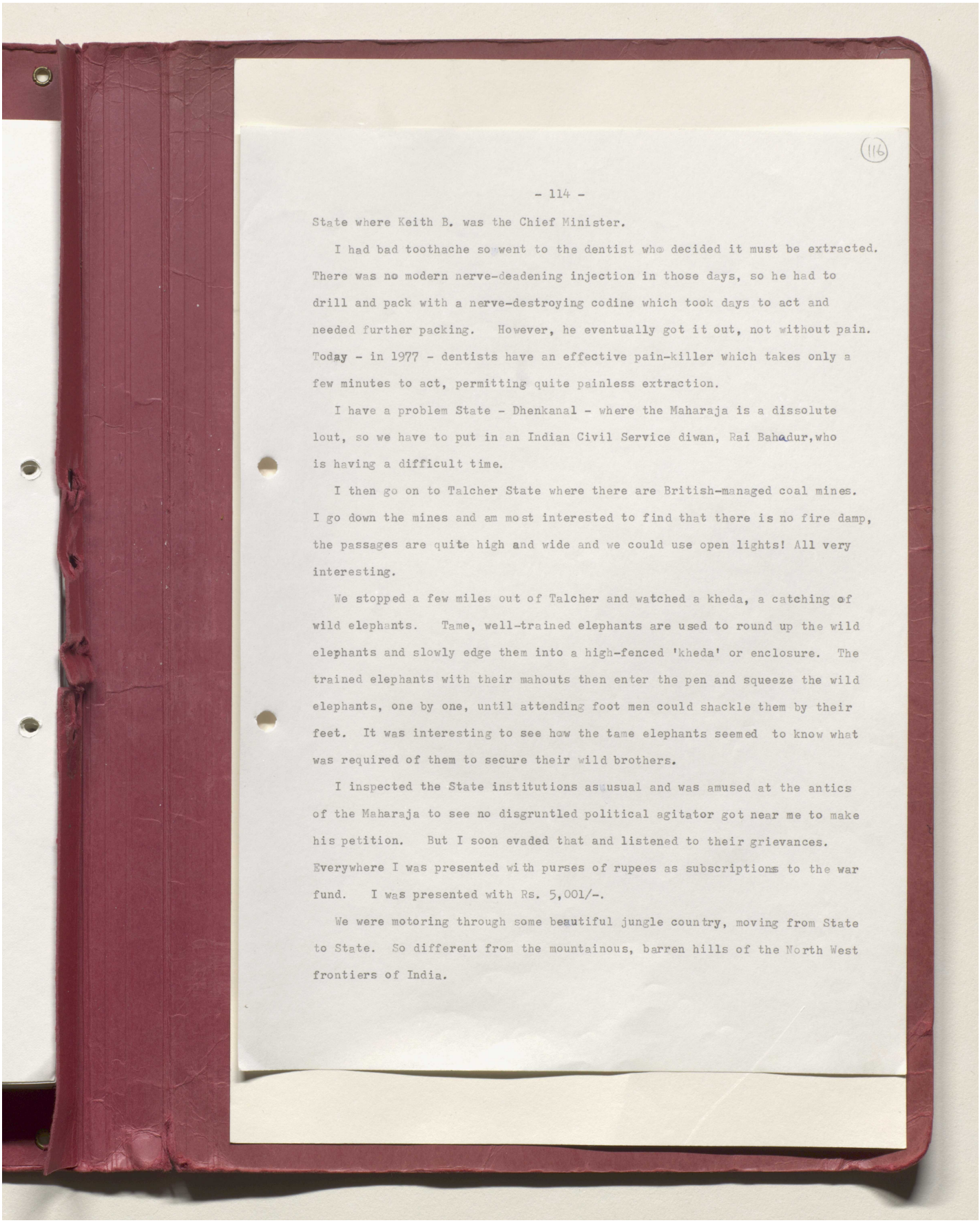
And so on 8th Feb. Lavender and Bill were married at the Scots Kirk - at Bill's desire, rather than the Anglican Cathedral. Reception for some fifty friends at Hastings House at which our old friend Geoffrey B. proposed the health of the couple, to which Bill replied in a very happy and efficient way. The happy couple then went off by train for their honeymoon in Bastar

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00001e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



State where Keith B. was the Chief Minister.

I had bad toothache so went to the dentist who decided it must be extracted. There was no modern nerve-deadening injection in those days, so he had to drill and pack with a nerve-destroying codine which took days to act and needed further packing. However, he eventually got it out, not without pain. Today - in 1977 - dentists have an effective pain-killer which takes only a few minutes to act, permitting quite painless extraction.

I have a problem State - Dhenkanal - where the Maharaja is a dissolute lout, so we have to put in an Indian Civil Service diwan, Rai Bahadur, who is having a difficult time.

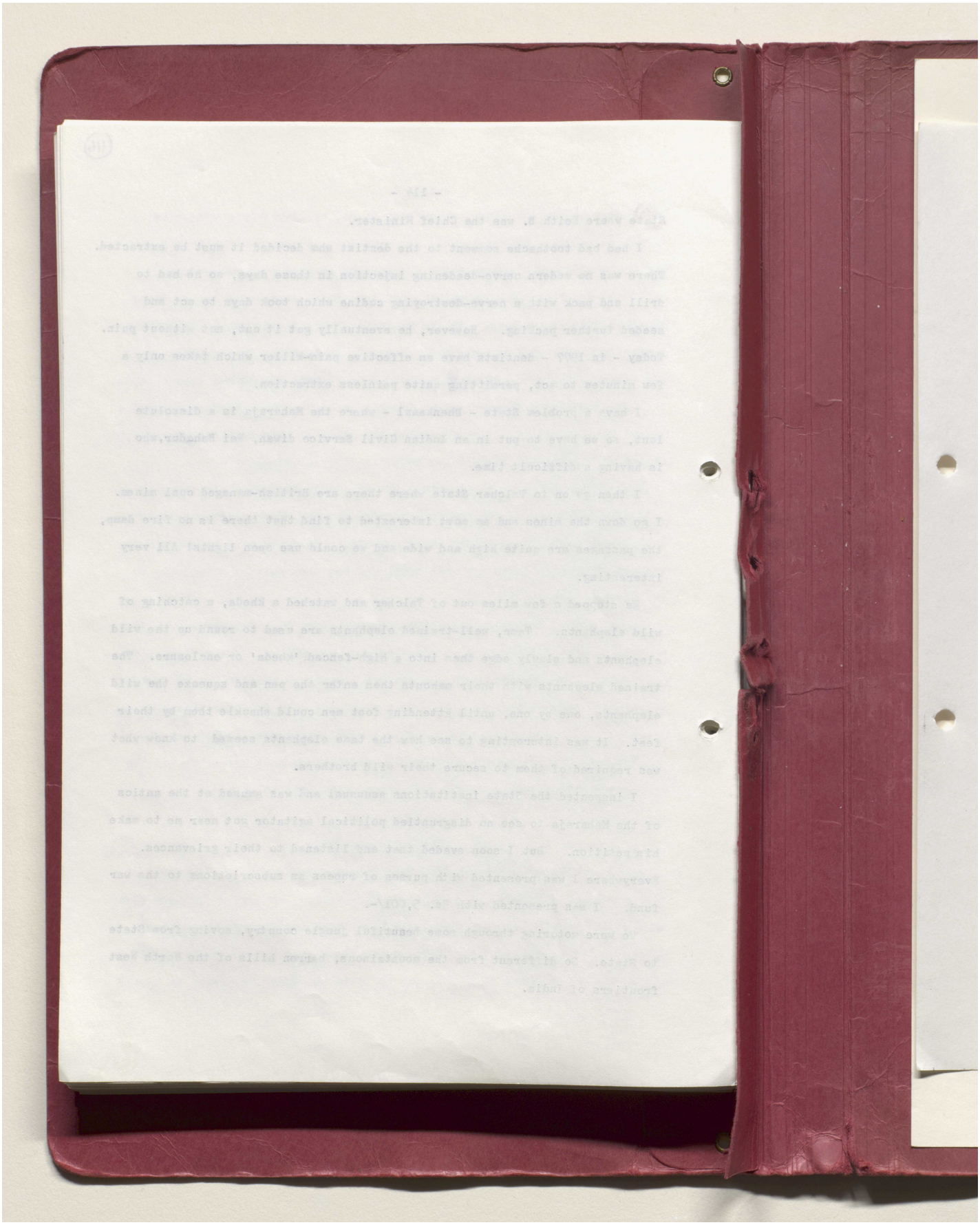
I then go on to Talcher State where there are British-managed coal mines. I go down the mines and am most interested to find that there is no fire damp, the passages are quite high and wide and we could use open lights! All very interesting.

We stopped a few miles out of Talcher and watched a kheda, a catching of wild elephants. Tame, well-trained elephants are used to round up the wild elephants and slowly edge them into a high-fenced 'kheda' or enclosure. The trained elephants with their mahouts then enter the pen and squeeze the wild elephants, one by one, until attending foot men could shackle them by their feet. It was interesting to see how the tame elephants seemed to know what was required of them to secure their wild brothers.

I inspected the State institutions as usual and was amused at the antics of the Maharaja to see no disgruntled political agitator got near me to make his petition. But I soon evaded that and listened to their grievances. Everywhere I was presented with purses of rupees as subscriptions to the war fund. I was presented with Rs. 5,001/-.

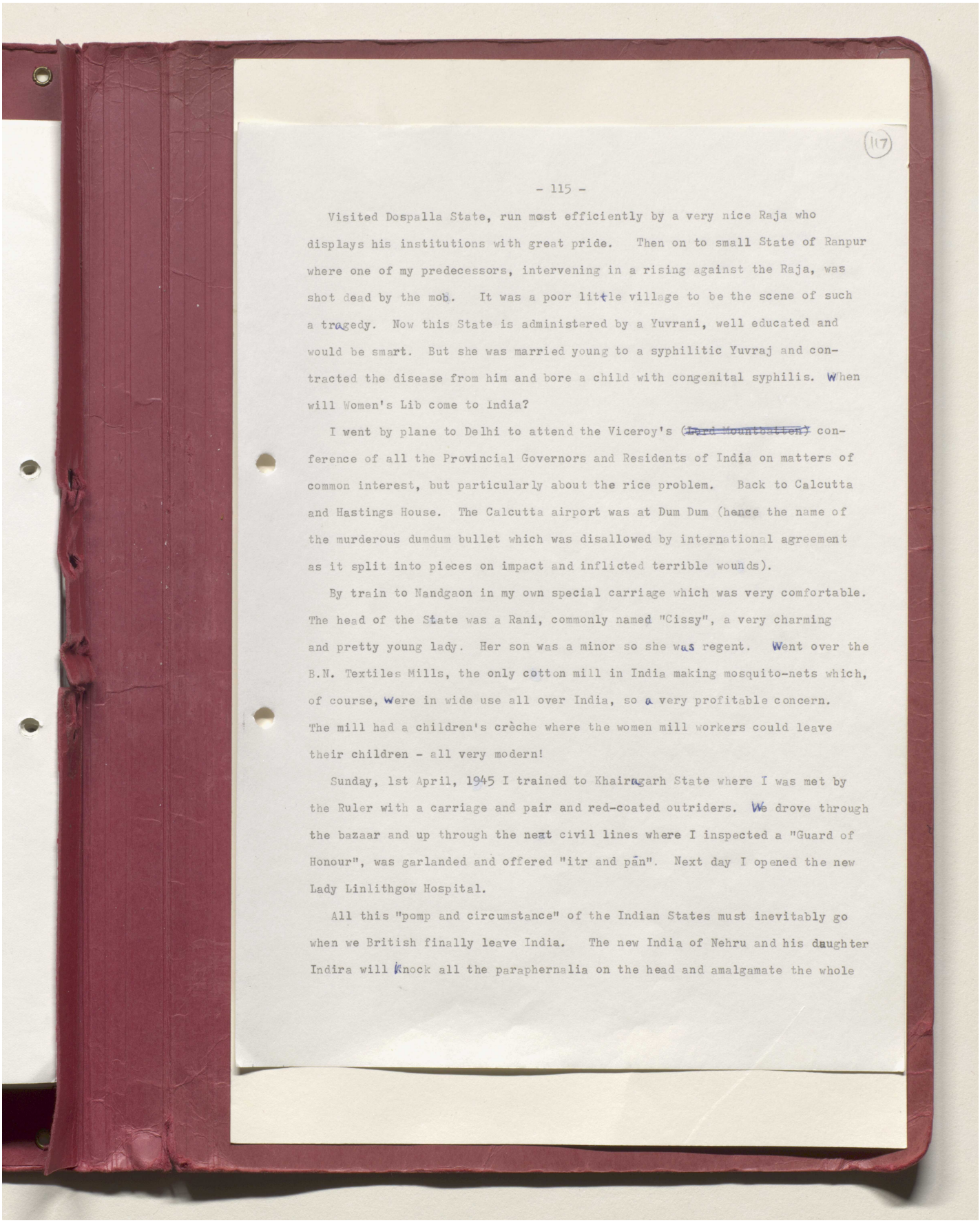
We were motoring through some beautiful jungle country, moving from State to State. So different from the mountainous, barren hills of the North West frontiers of India.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000020



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(117)

Visited Dospalla State, run most efficiently by a very nice Raja who displays his institutions with great pride. Then on to small State of Ranpur where one of my predecessors, intervening in a rising against the Raja, was shot dead by the mob. It was a poor little village to be the scene of such a tragedy. Now this State is administered by a Yuvrani, well educated and would be smart. But she was married young to a syphilitic Yuvraj and contracted the disease from him and bore a child with congenital syphilis. When will Women's Lib come to India?

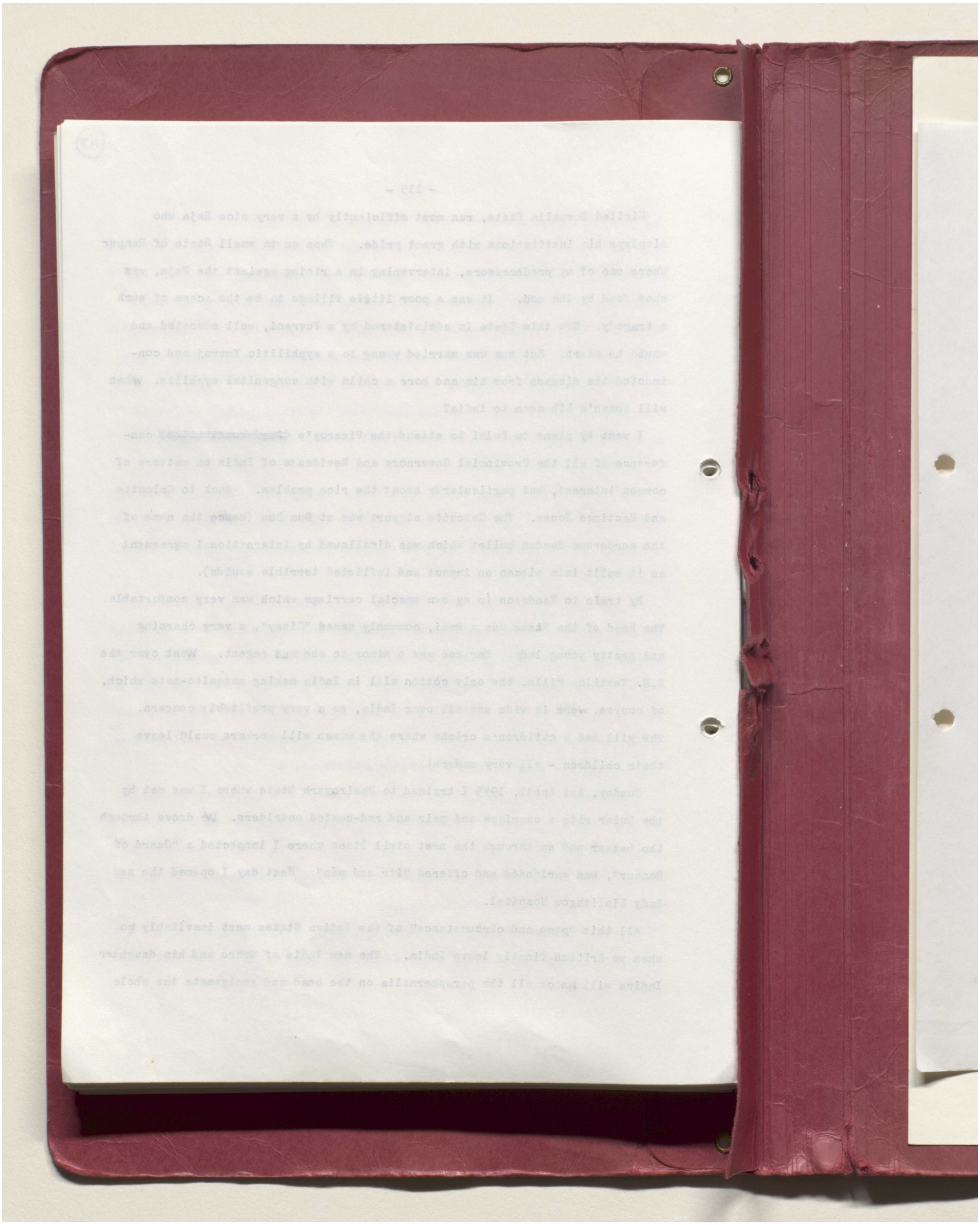
I went by plane to Delhi to attend the Viceroy's (~~Lord Mountbatten~~) conference of all the Provincial Governors and Residents of India on matters of common interest, but particularly about the rice problem. Back to Calcutta and Hastings House. The Calcutta airport was at Dum Dum (hence the name of the murderous dumdum bullet which was disallowed by international agreement as it split into pieces on impact and inflicted terrible wounds).

By train to Nandgaon in my own special carriage which was very comfortable. The head of the State was a Rani, commonly named "Cissy", a very charming and pretty young lady. Her son was a minor so she was regent. Went over the B.N. Textiles Mills, the only cotton mill in India making mosquito-nets which, of course, were in wide use all over India, so a very profitable concern. The mill had a children's crèche where the women mill workers could leave their children - all very modern!

Sunday, 1st April, 1945 I trained to Khairagarh State where I was met by the Ruler with a carriage and pair and red-coated outriders. We drove through the bazaar and up through the next civil lines where I inspected a "Guard of Honour", was garlanded and offered "itr and pān". Next day I opened the new Lady Linlithgow Hospital.

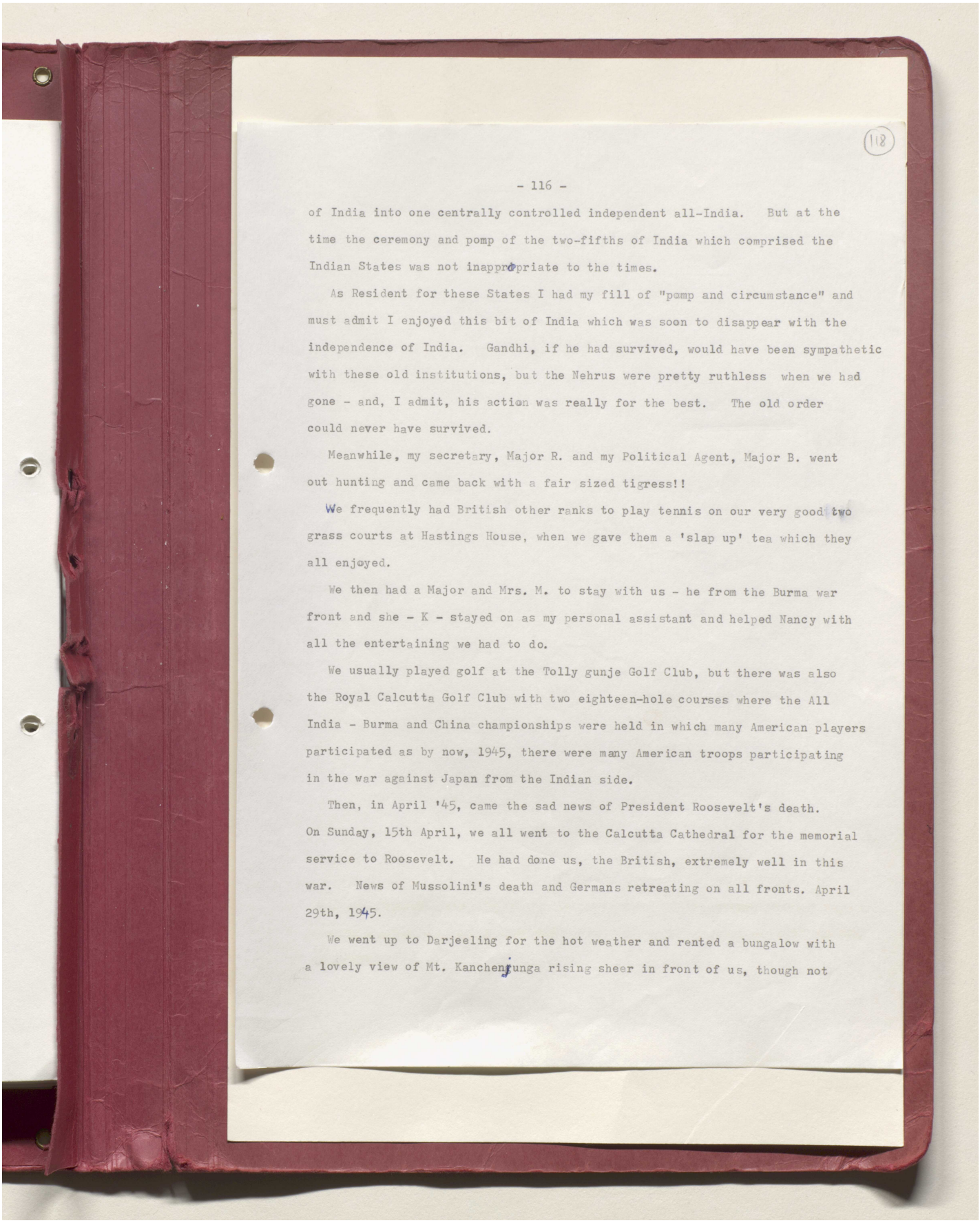
All this "pomp and circumstance" of the Indian States must inevitably go when we British finally leave India. The new India of Nehru and his daughter Indira will knock all the paraphernalia on the head and amalgamate the whole

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000022



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



of India into one centrally controlled independent all-India. But at the time the ceremony and pomp of the two-fifths of India which comprised the Indian States was not inappropriate to the times.

As Resident for these States I had my fill of "pomp and circumstance" and must admit I enjoyed this bit of India which was soon to disappear with the independence of India. Gandhi, if he had survived, would have been sympathetic with these old institutions, but the Nehrus were pretty ruthless when we had gone - and, I admit, his action was really for the best. The old order could never have survived.

Meanwhile, my secretary, Major R. and my Political Agent, Major B. went out hunting and came back with a fair sized tigress!!

We frequently had British other ranks to play tennis on our very good two grass courts at Hastings House, when we gave them a 'slap up' tea which they all enjoyed.

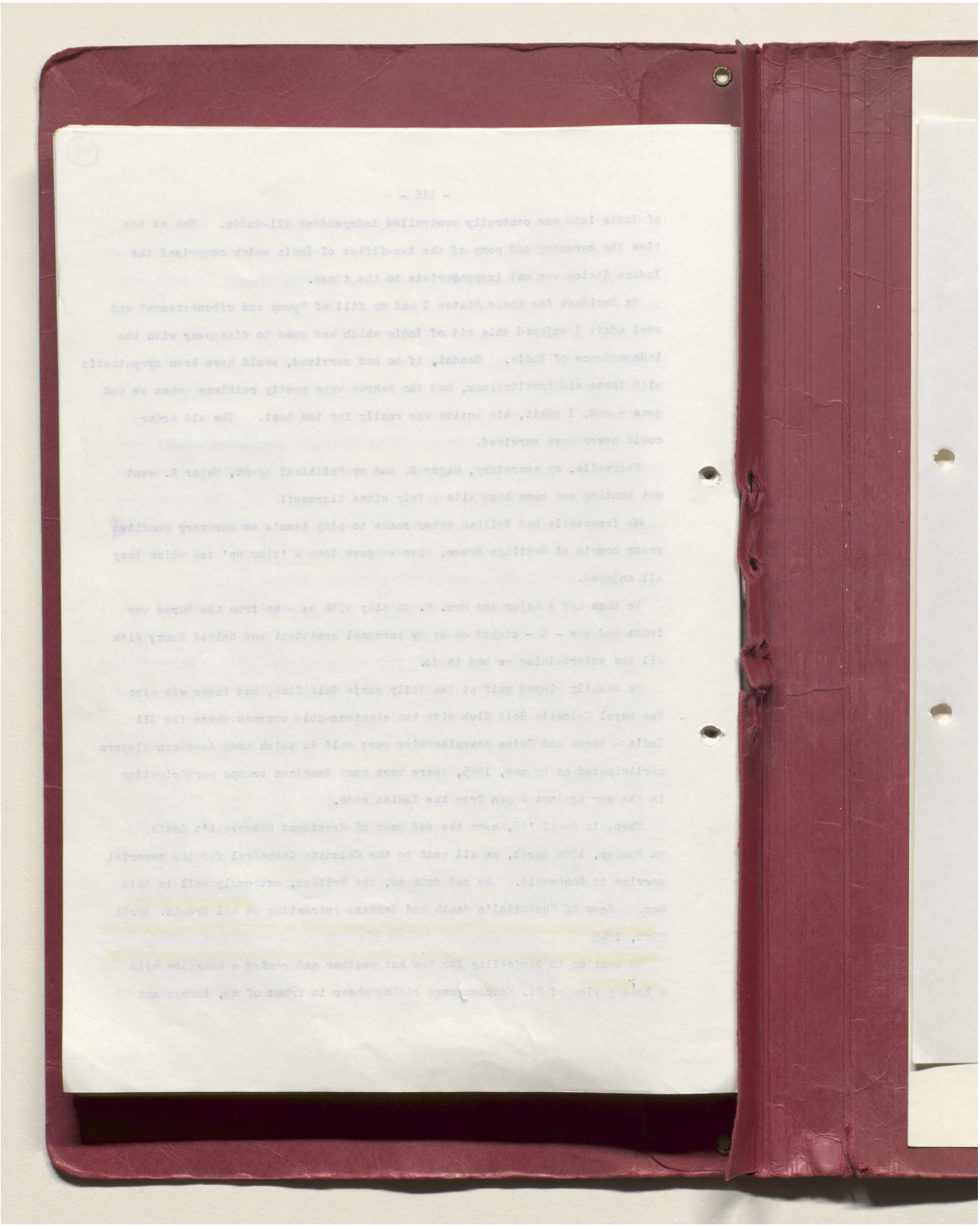
We then had a Major and Mrs. M. to stay with us - he from the Burma war front and she - K - stayed on as my personal assistant and helped Nancy with all the entertaining we had to do.

We usually played golf at the Tolly gunje Golf Club, but there was also the Royal Calcutta Golf Club with two eighteen-hole courses where the All India - Burma and China championships were held in which many American players participated as by now, 1945, there were many American troops participating in the war against Japan from the Indian side.

Then, in April '45, came the sad news of President Roosevelt's death. On Sunday, 15th April, we all went to the Calcutta Cathedral for the memorial service to Roosevelt. He had done us, the British, extremely well in this war. News of Mussolini's death and Germans retreating on all fronts. April 29th, 1945.

We went up to Darjeeling for the hot weather and rented a bungalow with a lovely view of Mt. Kanchenjunga rising sheer in front of us, though not

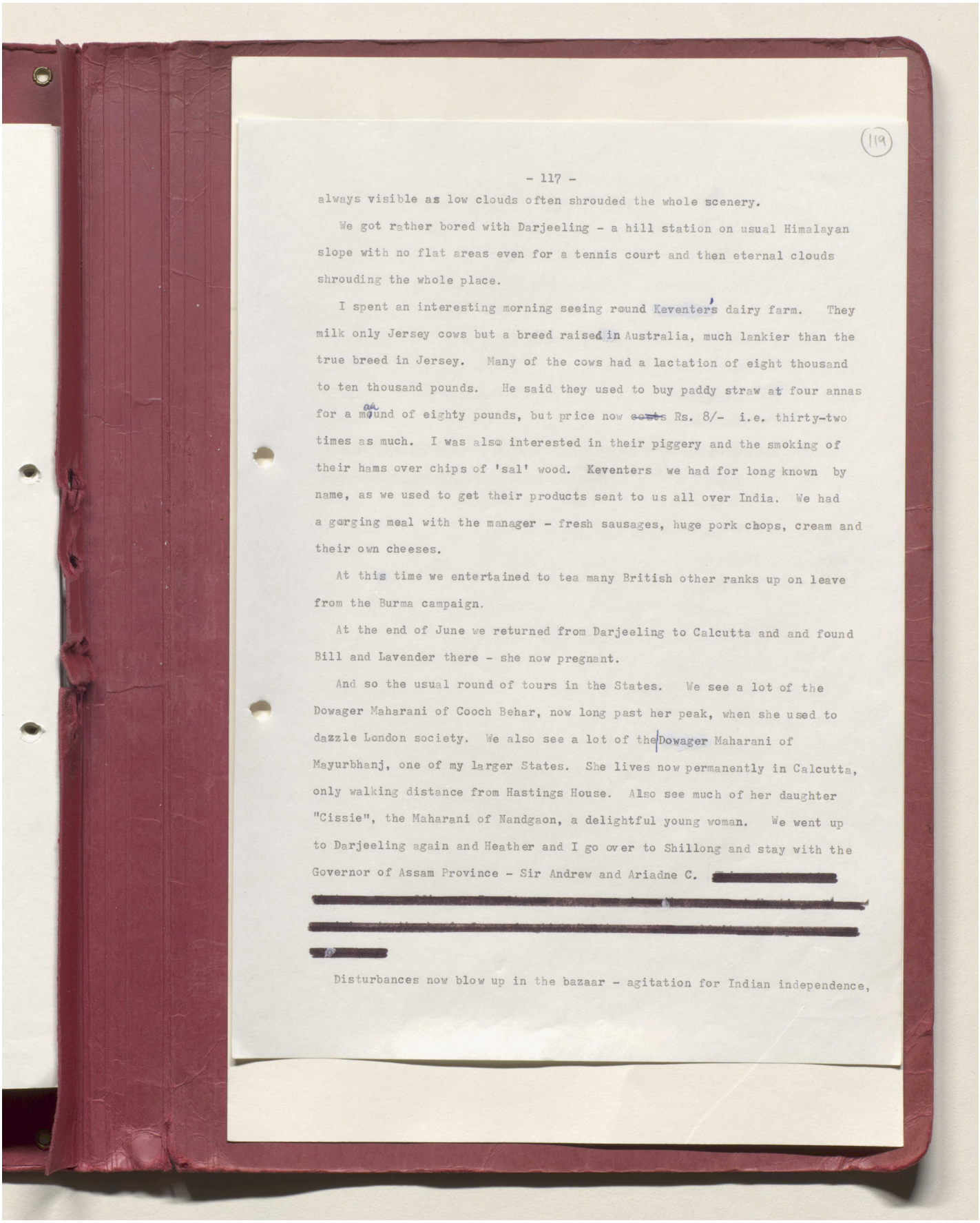
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000024



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000025

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(119)

always visible as low clouds often shrouded the whole scenery.

We got rather bored with Darjeeling - a hill station on usual Himalayan slope with no flat areas even for a tennis court and then eternal clouds shrouding the whole place.

I spent an interesting morning seeing round Keventers dairy farm. They milk only Jersey cows but a breed raised in Australia, much lankier than the true breed in Jersey. Many of the cows had a lactation of eight thousand to ten thousand pounds. He said they used to buy paddy straw at four annas for a maund of eighty pounds, but price now ~~costs~~ Rs. 8/- i.e. thirty-two times as much. I was also interested in their piggery and the smoking of their hams over chips of 'sal' wood. Keventers we had for long known by name, as we used to get their products sent to us all over India. We had a gorging meal with the manager - fresh sausages, huge pork chops, cream and their own cheeses.

At this time we entertained to tea many British other ranks up on leave from the Burma campaign.

At the end of June we returned from Darjeeling to Calcutta and and found Bill and Lavender there - she now pregnant.

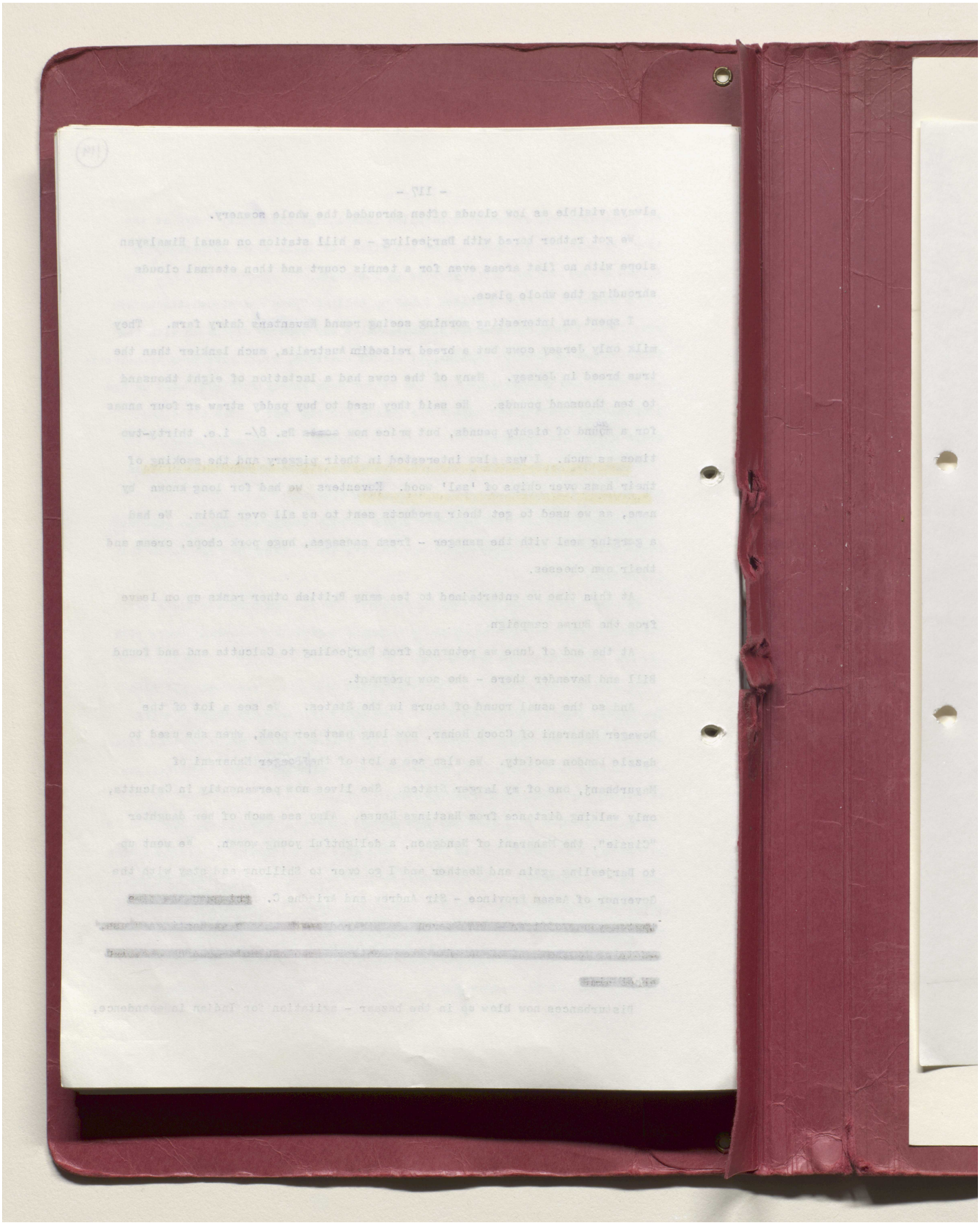
And so the usual round of tours in the States. We see a lot of the Dowager Maharani of Cooch Behar, now long past her peak, when she used to dazzle London society. We also see a lot of the Dowager Maharani of Mayurbhanj, one of my larger States. She lives now permanently in Calcutta, only walking distance from Hastings House. Also see much of her daughter "Cissie", the Maharani of Nandgaon, a delightful young woman. We went up to Darjeeling again and Heather and I go over to Shillong and stay with the Governor of Assam Province - Sir Andrew and Ariadne C. [redacted]

Disturbances now blow up in the bazaar - agitation for Indian independence,

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000026

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

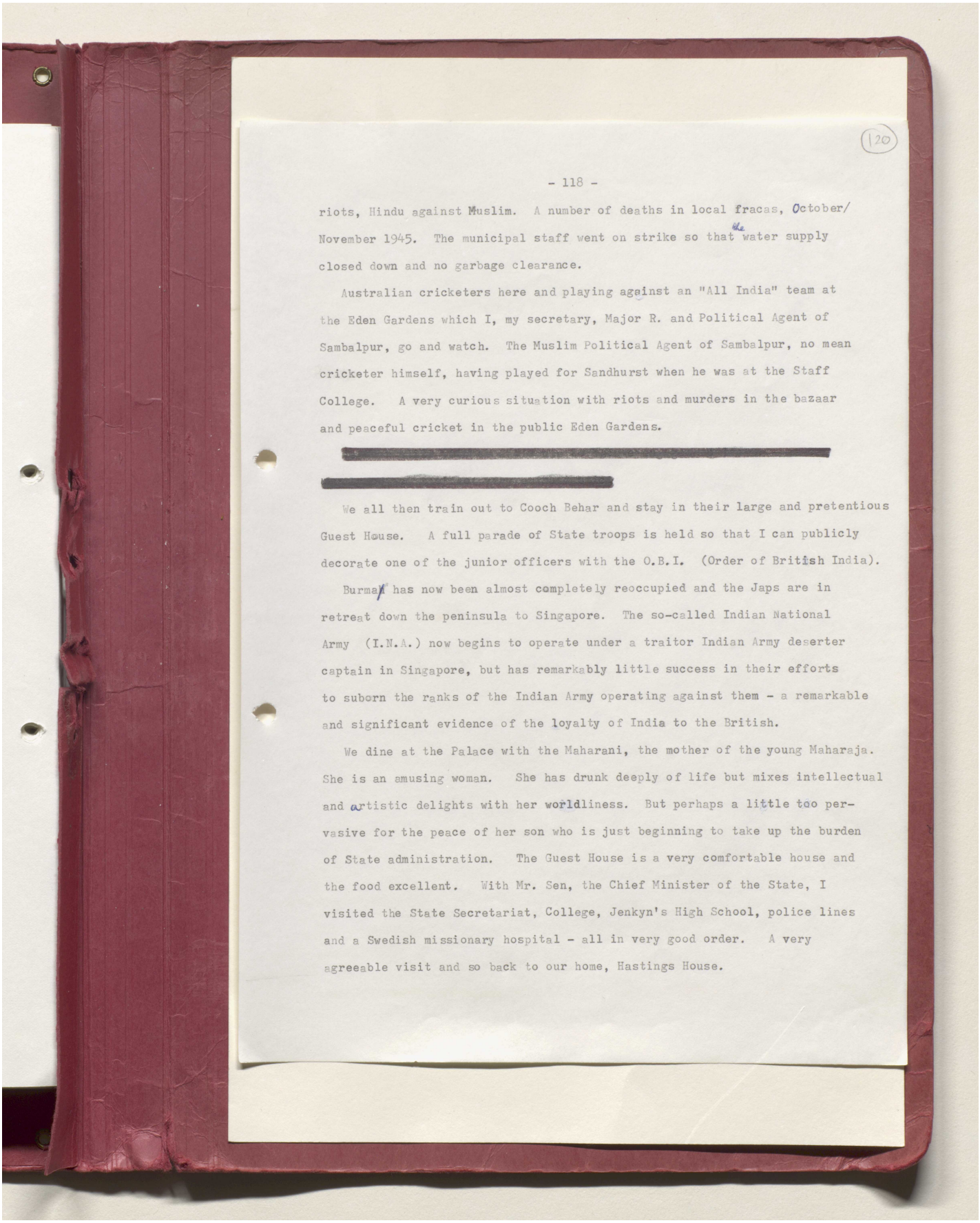
BRITISH LIBRARY



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000027

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(120)

riots, Hindu against Muslim. A number of deaths in local fracas, October/ November 1945. The municipal staff went on strike so that the water supply closed down and no garbage clearance.

Australian cricketers here and playing against an "All India" team at the Eden Gardens which I, my secretary, Major R. and Political Agent of Sambalpur, go and watch. The Muslim Political Agent of Sambalpur, no mean cricketer himself, having played for Sandhurst when he was at the Staff College. A very curious situation with riots and murders in the bazaar and peaceful cricket in the public Eden Gardens.

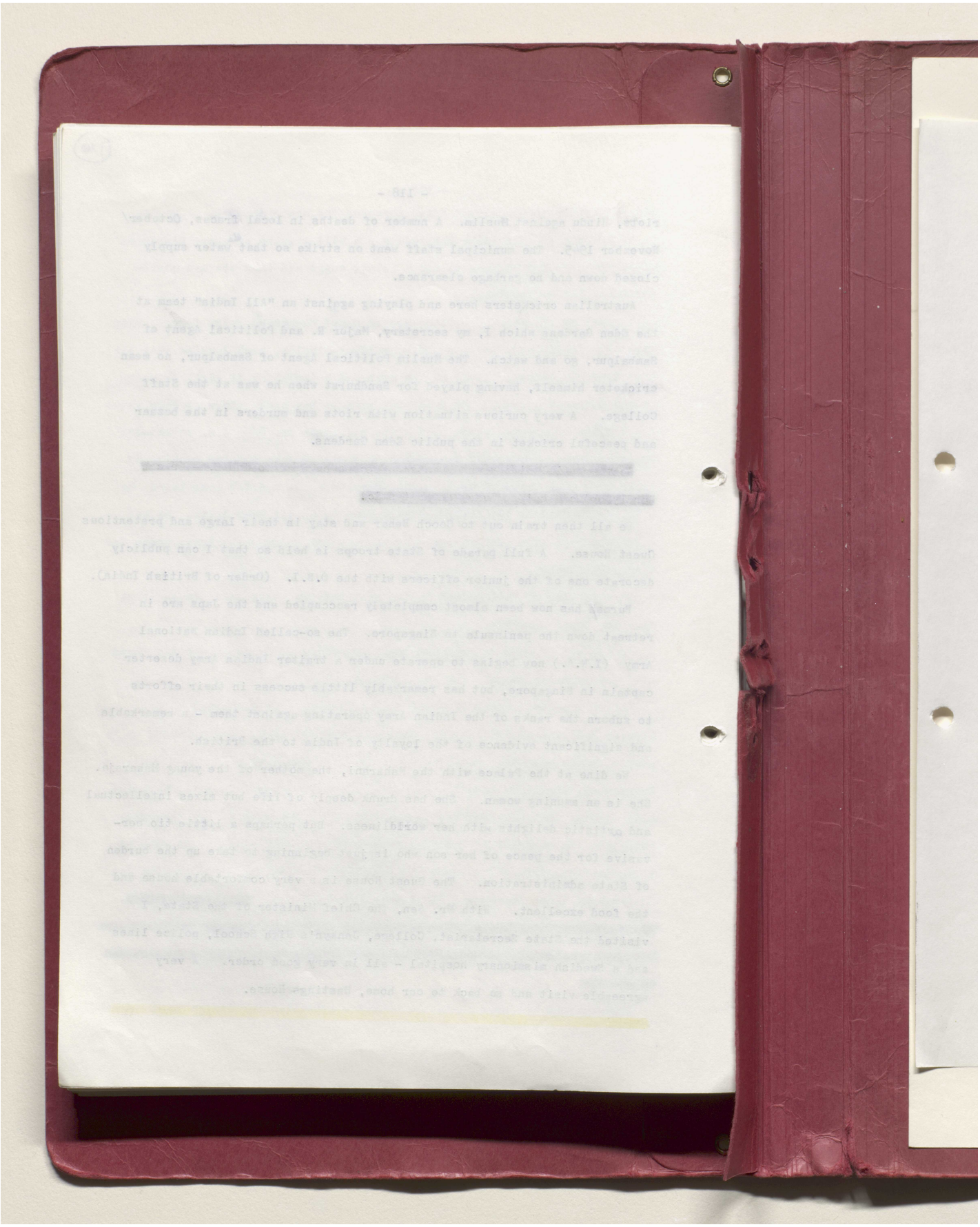
[redacted]

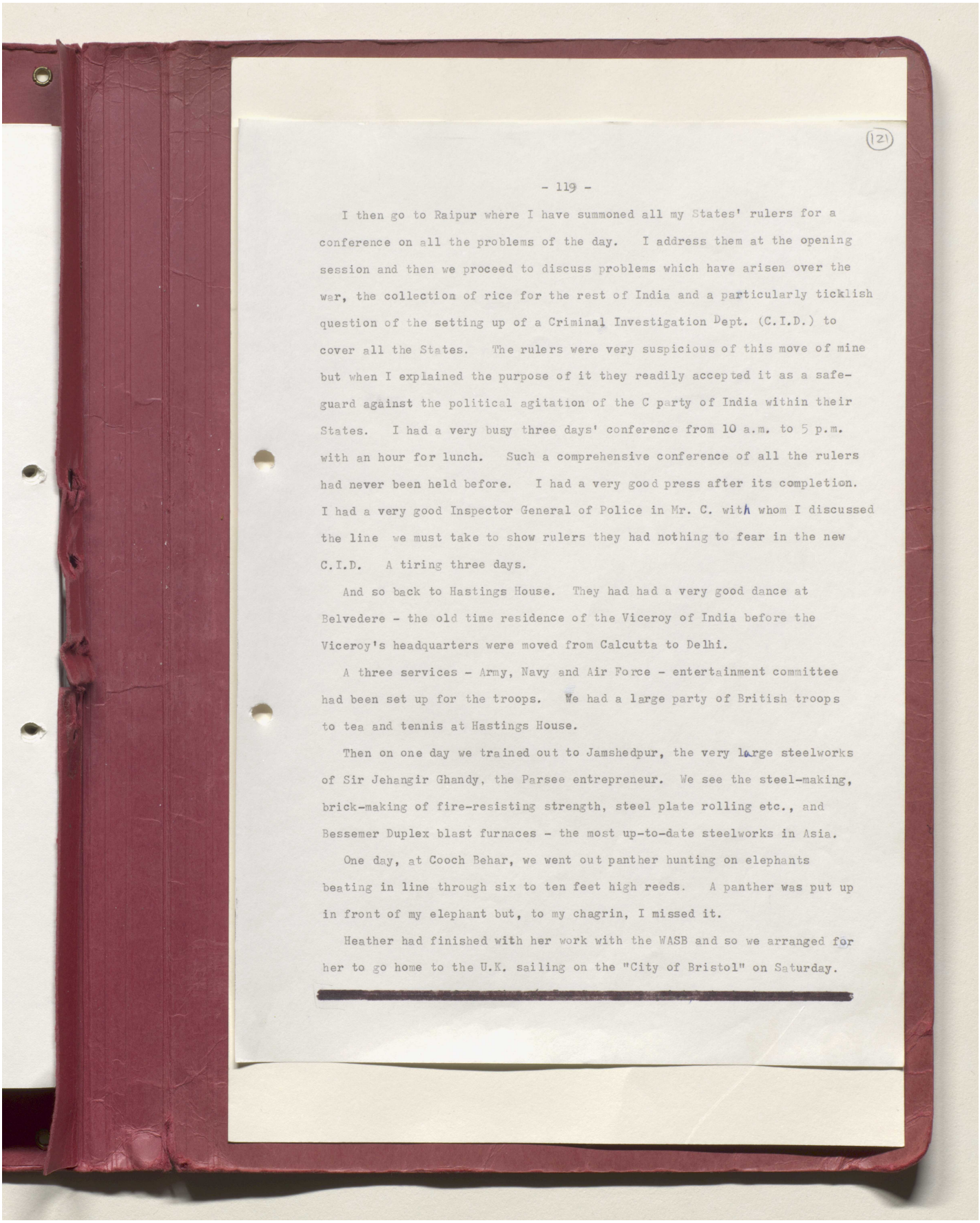
We all then train out to Cooch Behar and stay in their large and pretentious Guest House. A full parade of State troops is held so that I can publicly decorate one of the junior officers with the O.B.I. (Order of British India).

Burma has now been almost completely reoccupied and the Japs are in retreat down the peninsula to Singapore. The so-called Indian National Army (I.N.A.) now begins to operate under a traitor Indian Army deserter captain in Singapore, but has remarkably little success in their efforts to suborn the ranks of the Indian Army operating against them - a remarkable and significant evidence of the loyalty of India to the British.

We dine at the Palace with the Maharani, the mother of the young Maharaja. She is an amusing woman. She has drunk deeply of life but mixes intellectual and artistic delights with her worldliness. But perhaps a little too pervasive for the peace of her son who is just beginning to take up the burden of State administration. The Guest House is a very comfortable house and the food excellent. With Mr. Sen, the Chief Minister of the State, I visited the State Secretariat, College, Jenkyn's High School, police lines and a Swedish missionary hospital - all in very good order. A very agreeable visit and so back to our home, Hastings House.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000028





(121)

- 119 -

I then go to Raipur where I have summoned all my States' rulers for a conference on all the problems of the day. I address them at the opening session and then we proceed to discuss problems which have arisen over the war, the collection of rice for the rest of India and a particularly ticklish question of the setting up of a Criminal Investigation Dept. (C.I.D.) to cover all the States. The rulers were very suspicious of this move of mine but when I explained the purpose of it they readily accepted it as a safe-guard against the political agitation of the C party of India within their States. I had a very busy three days' conference from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. with an hour for lunch. Such a comprehensive conference of all the rulers had never been held before. I had a very good press after its completion. I had a very good Inspector General of Police in Mr. C. with whom I discussed the line we must take to show rulers they had nothing to fear in the new C.I.D. A tiring three days.

And so back to Hastings House. They had had a very good dance at Belvedere - the old time residence of the Viceroy of India before the Viceroy's headquarters were moved from Calcutta to Delhi.

A three services - Army, Navy and Air Force - entertainment committee had been set up for the troops. We had a large party of British troops to tea and tennis at Hastings House.

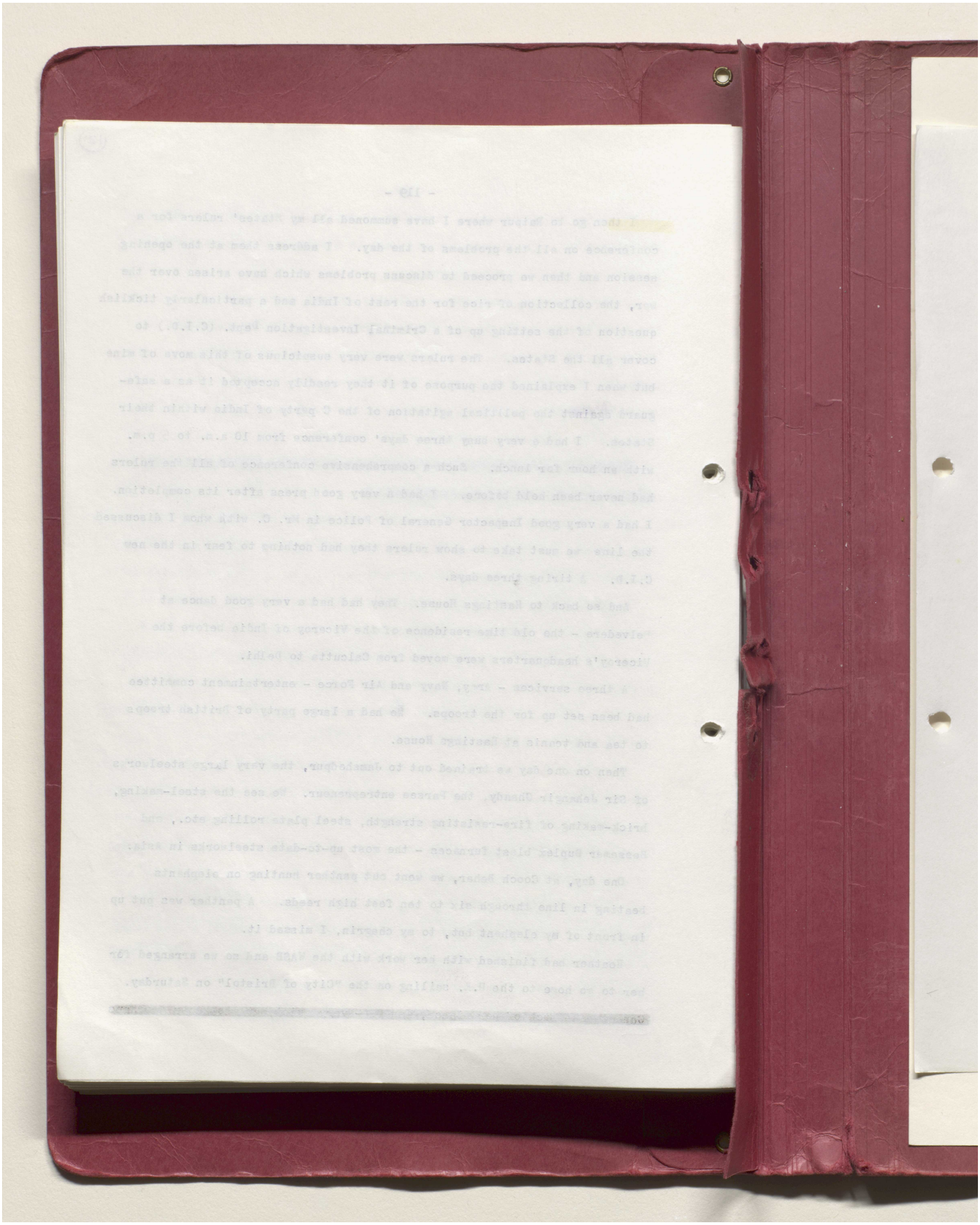
Then on one day we trained out to Jamshedpur, the very large steelworks of Sir Jehangir Ghandy, the Parsee entrepreneur. We see the steel-making, brick-making of fire-resisting strength, steel plate rolling etc., and Bessemer Duplex blast furnaces - the most up-to-date steelworks in Asia.

One day, at Cooch Behar, we went out panther hunting on elephants beating in line through six to ten feet high reeds. A panther was put up in front of my elephant but, to my chagrin, I missed it.

Heather had finished with her work with the WASB and so we arranged for her to go home to the U.K. sailing on the "City of Bristol" on Saturday.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

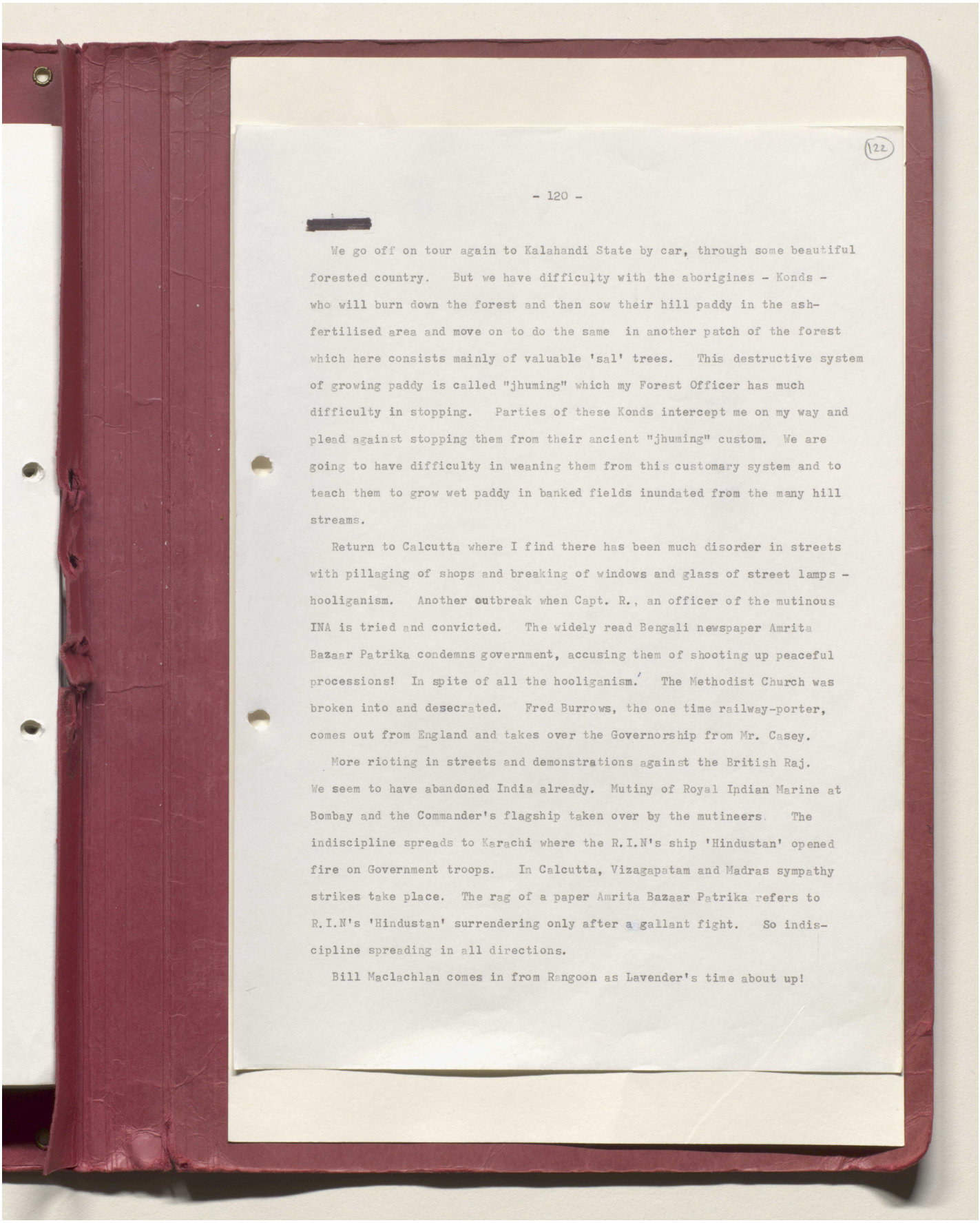
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00002a



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00002b

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



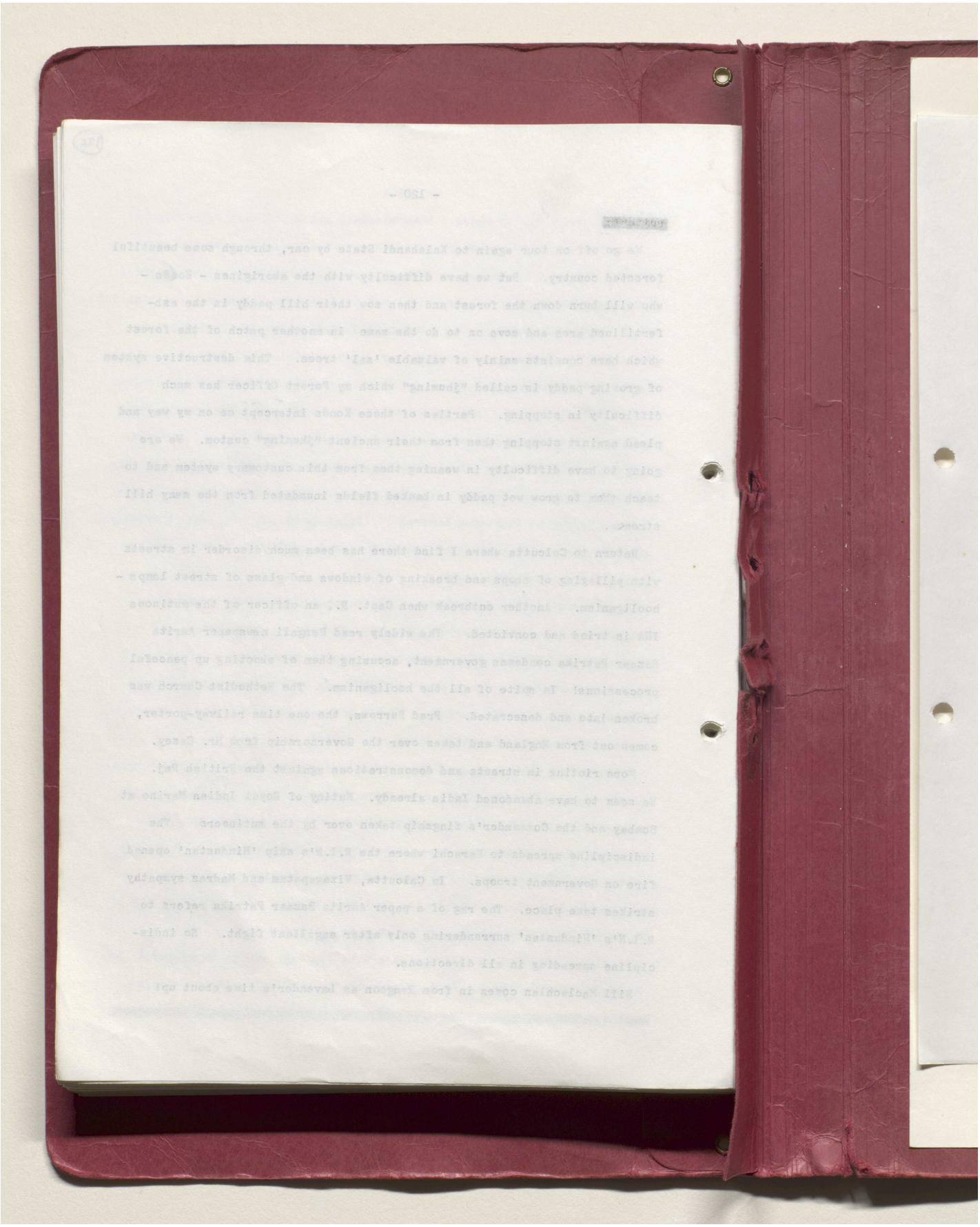
We go off on tour again to Kalahandi State by car, through some beautiful forested country. But we have difficulty with the aborigines - Konds - who will burn down the forest and then sow their hill paddy in the ash-fertilised area and move on to do the same in another patch of the forest which here consists mainly of valuable 'sal' trees. This destructive system of growing paddy is called "jhuming" which my Forest Officer has much difficulty in stopping. Parties of these Konds intercept me on my way and plead against stopping them from their ancient "jhuming" custom. We are going to have difficulty in weaning them from this customary system and to teach them to grow wet paddy in banked fields inundated from the many hill streams.

Return to Calcutta where I find there has been much disorder in streets with pillaging of shops and breaking of windows and glass of street lamps - hooliganism. Another outbreak when Capt. R., an officer of the mutinous INA is tried and convicted. The widely read Bengali newspaper Amrita Bazaar Patrika condemns government, accusing them of shooting up peaceful processions! In spite of all the hooliganism.' The Methodist Church was broken into and desecrated. Fred Burrows, the one time railway-porter, comes out from England and takes over the Governorship from Mr. Casey.

More rioting in streets and demonstrations against the British Raj. We seem to have abandoned India already. Mutiny of Royal Indian Marine at Bombay and the Commander's flagship taken over by the mutineers. The indiscipline spreads to Karachi where the R.I.N's ship 'Hindustan' opened fire on Government troops. In Calcutta, Vizagapatam and Madras sympathy strikes take place. The rag of a paper Amrita Bazaar Patrika refers to R.I.N's 'Hindustan' surrendering only after a gallant fight. So indiscipline spreading in all directions.

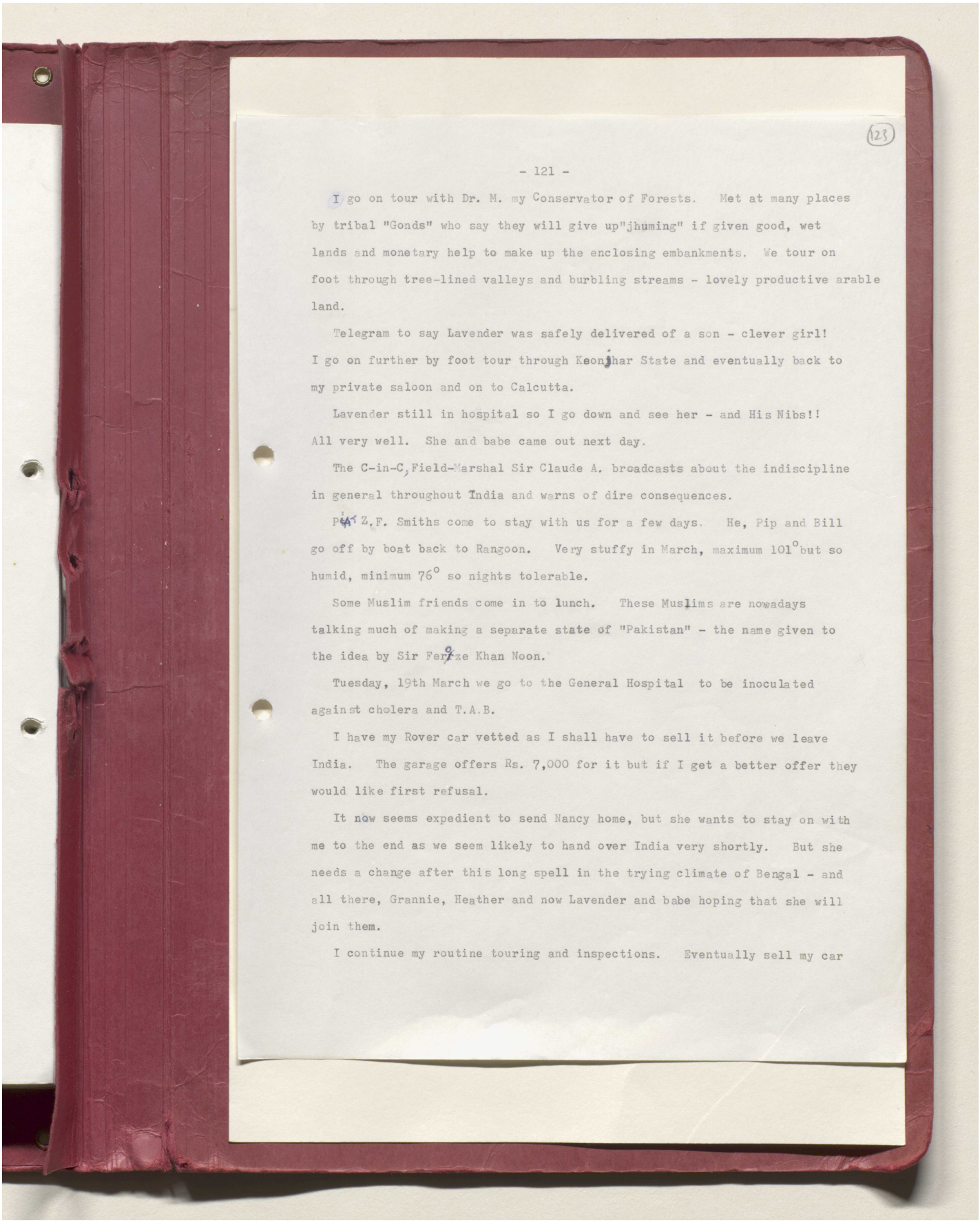
Bill Maclachlan comes in from Rangoon as Lavender's time about up!

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00002c



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(123)

I go on tour with Dr. M. my Conservator of Forests. Met at many places by tribal "Gonds" who say they will give up "jhuming" if given good, wet lands and monetary help to make up the enclosing embankments. We tour on foot through tree-lined valleys and burbling streams - lovely productive arable land.

Telegram to say Lavender was safely delivered of a son - clever girl! I go on further by foot tour through Keonjhar State and eventually back to my private saloon and on to Calcutta.

Lavender still in hospital so I go down and see her - and His Nibs!! All very well. She and babe came out next day.

The C-in-C, Field-Marshal Sir Claude A. broadcasts about the indiscipline in general throughout India and warns of dire consequences.

P[illegible] Z.F. Smiths come to stay with us for a few days. He, Pip and Bill go off by boat back to Rangoon. Very stuffy in March, maximum 101° but so humid, minimum 76° so nights tolerable.

Some Muslim friends come in to lunch. These Muslims are nowadays talking much of making a separate state of "Pakistan" - the name given to the idea by Sir Feroze Khan Noon.

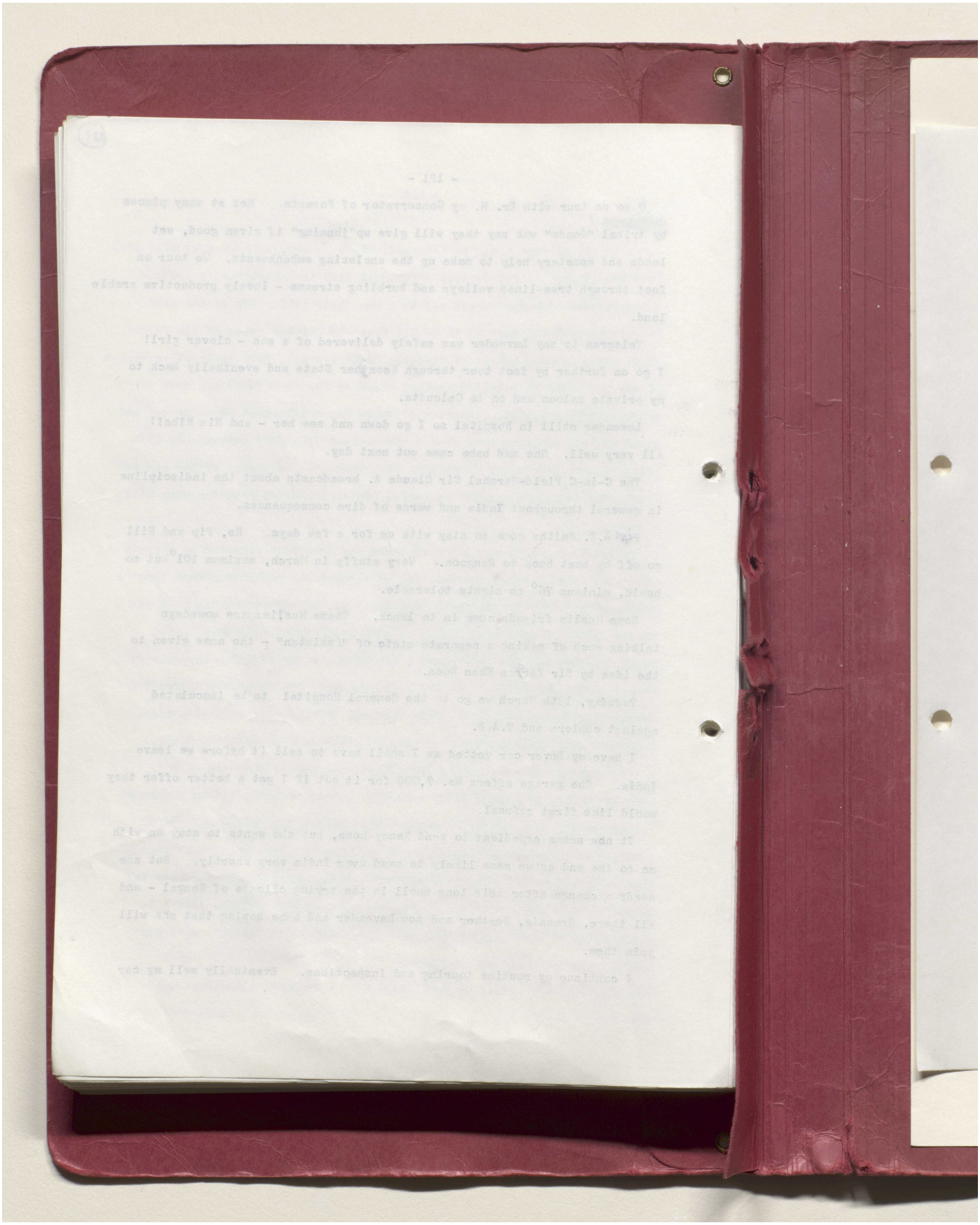
Tuesday, 19th March we go to the General Hospital to be inoculated against cholera and T.A.B.

I have my Rover car vetted as I shall have to sell it before we leave India. The garage offers Rs. 7,000 for it but if I get a better offer they would like first refusal.

It now seems expedient to send Nancy home, but she wants to stay on with me to the end as we seem likely to hand over India very shortly. But she needs a change after this long spell in the trying climate of Bengal - and all there, Grannie, Heather and now Lavender and babe hoping that she will join them.

I continue my routine touring and inspections. Eventually sell my car

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00002e



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00002f

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

to the French Govt. rice purchasing officer for Rs. 10,000/-.

On 1st April I fly into Delhi for the Viceroy's Conference of all Governors of Provinces and all First-Class Residents. I stayed at 2 York Place, where were other Residents. How pleasant the coolish, dry atmosphere is - and I could sleep well without mosquito-net or fan. We had an interesting conference with the Viceroy, and so back to Calcutta.

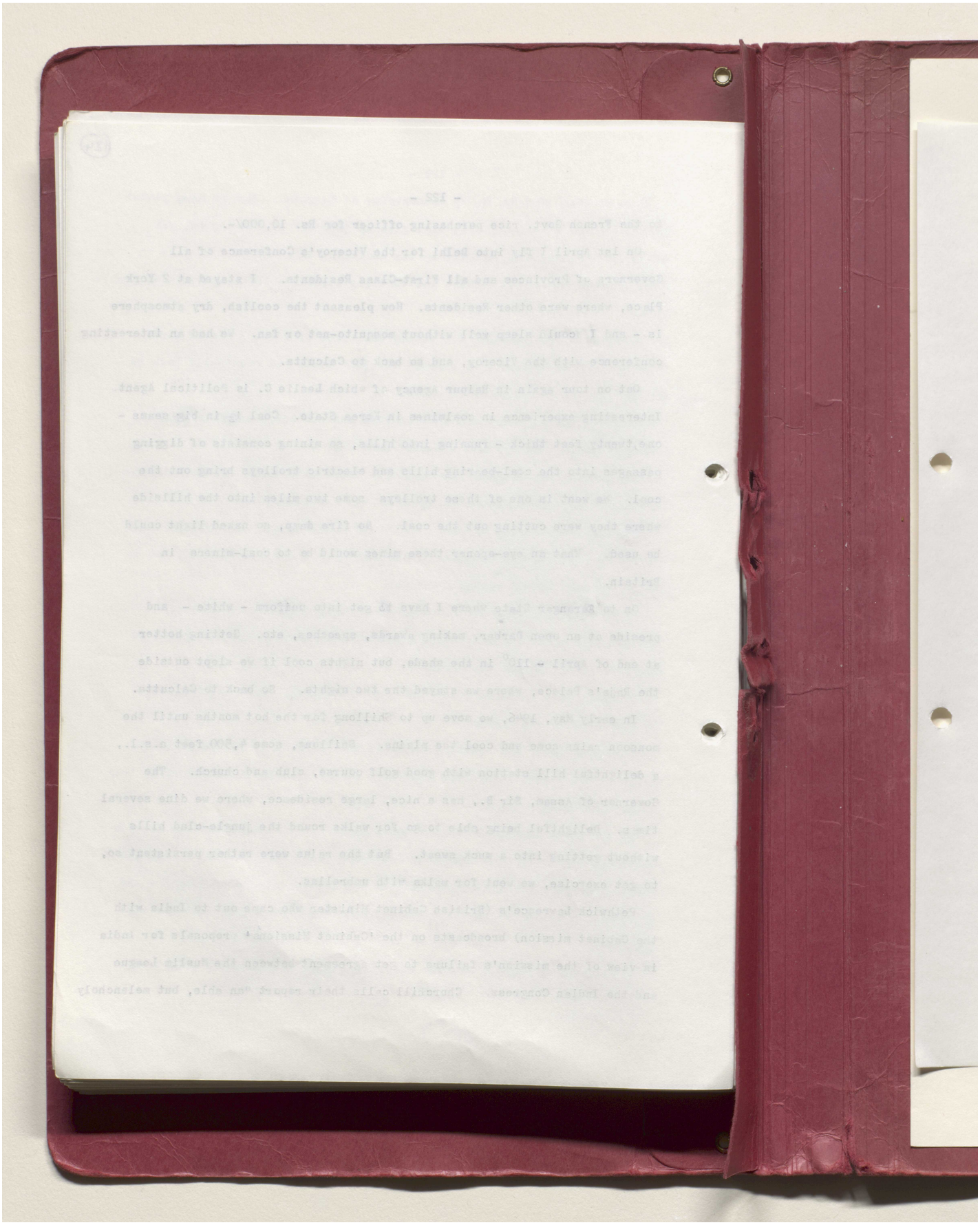
Out on tour again in Raipur Agency of which Leslie C. is Political Agent. Interesting experience in coalmines in Korea State. Coal is in big seams - one,twenty feet thick - running into hills, so mining consists of digging passages into the coal-bearing hills and electric trolleys bring out the coal. We went in one of these trolleys some two miles into the hillside where they were cutting out the coal. No fire damp, so naked light could be used. What an eye-opener these mines would be to coal-miners in Britain.

On to Sarangar State where I have to get into uniform - white - and preside at an open Darbar, making awards, speeches, etc. Getting hotter at end of April - 110° in the shade, but nights cool if we slept outside the Raja's Palace, where we stayed the two nights. So back to Calcutta.

In early May, 1946, we move up to Shillong for the hot months until the monsoon rains come and cool the plains. Shillong, some 4,500 feet a.s.l., a delightful hill station with good golf course, club and church. The Governor of Assam, Sir B., has a nice, large residence, where we dine several times. Delightful being able to go for walks round the jungle-clad hills without getting into a muck sweat. But the rains were rather persistent so, to get exercise, we went for walks with umbrellas.

Pethwick Lawrence's (British Cabinet Minister who came out to India with the Cabinet mission) broadcasts on the 'Cabinet Missions' proposals for India in view of the mission's failure to get agreement between the Muslim League and the Indian Congress. Churchill calls their report "an able, but melancholy

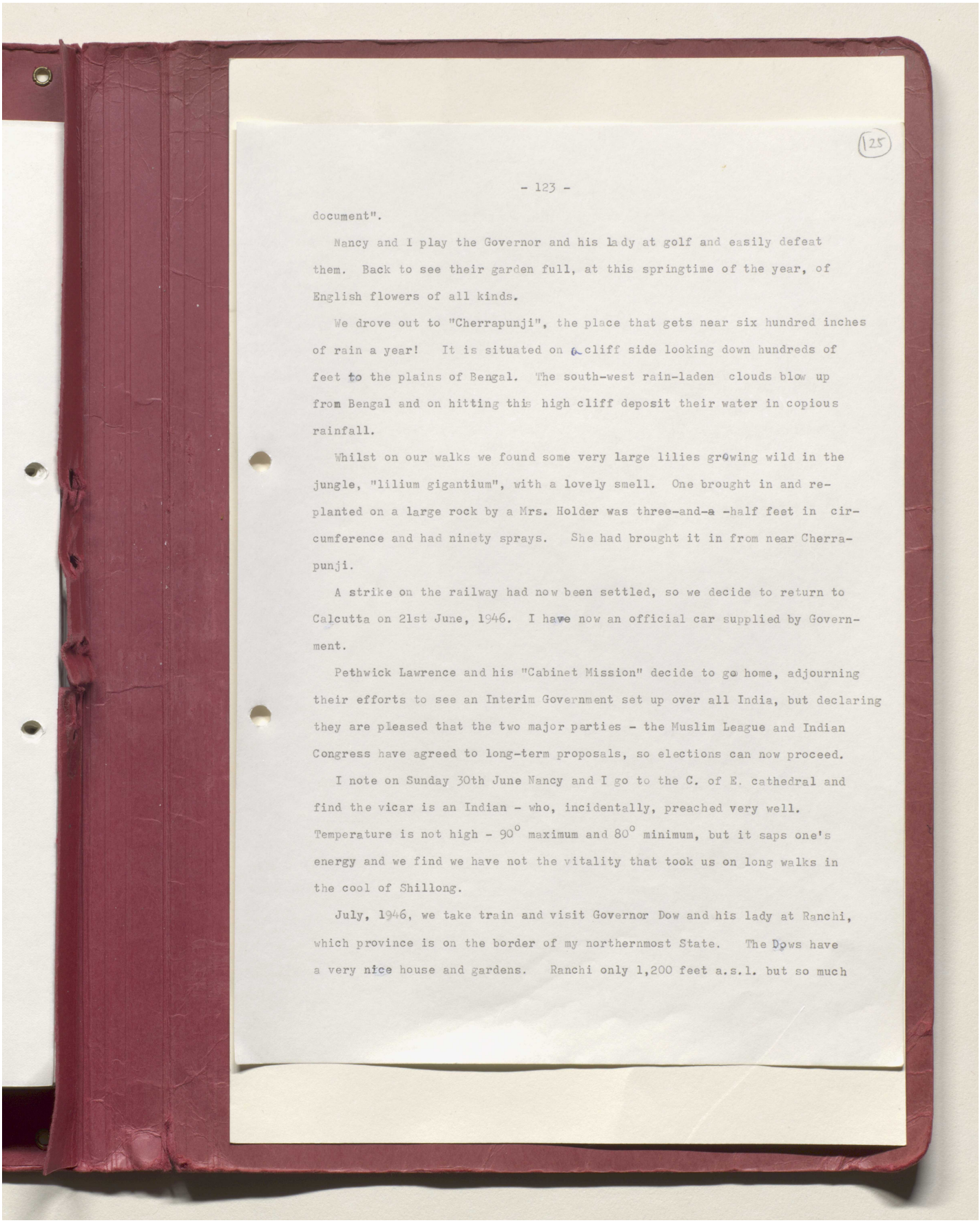
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000030



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000031

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



document".

Nancy and I play the Governor and his lady at golf and easily defeat them. Back to see their garden full, at this springtime of the year, of English flowers of all kinds.

We drove out to "Cherrapunji", the place that gets near six hundred inches of rain a year! It is situated on a cliff side looking down hundreds of feet to the plains of Bengal. The south-west rain-laden clouds blow up from Bengal and on hitting this high cliff deposit their water in copious rainfall.

Whilst on our walks we found some very large lilies growing wild in the jungle, "lilium gigantium", with a lovely smell. One brought in and re-planted on a large rock by a Mrs. Holder was three-and-a -half feet in circumference and had ninety sprays. She had brought it in from near Cherra-punji.

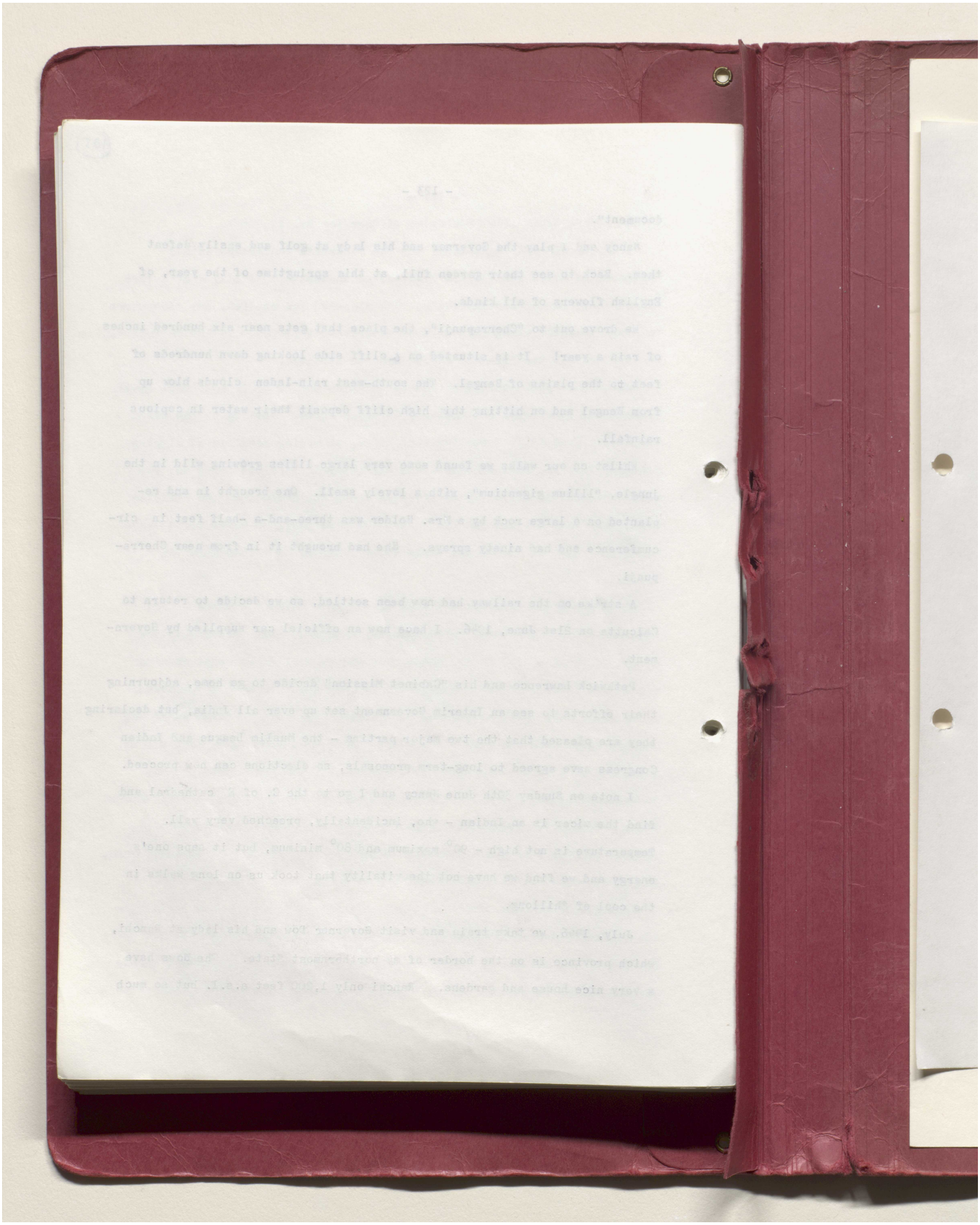
A strike on the railway had now been settled, so we decide to return to Calcutta on 21st June, 1946. I have now an official car supplied by Government.

Pethwick Lawrence and his "Cabinet Mission" decide to go home, adjourning their efforts to see an Interim Government set up over all India, but declaring they are pleased that the two major parties - the Muslim League and Indian Congress have agreed to long-term proposals, so elections can now proceed.

I note on Sunday 30th June Nancy and I go to the C. of E. cathedral and find the vicar is an Indian - who, incidentally, preached very well. Temperature is not high - 90° maximum and 80° minimum, but it saps one's energy and we find we have not the vitality that took us on long walks in the cool of Shillong.

July, 1946, we take train and visit Governor Dow and his lady at Ranchi, which province is on the border of my northernmost State. The Dows have a very nice house and gardens. Ranchi only 1,200 feet a.s.l. but so much

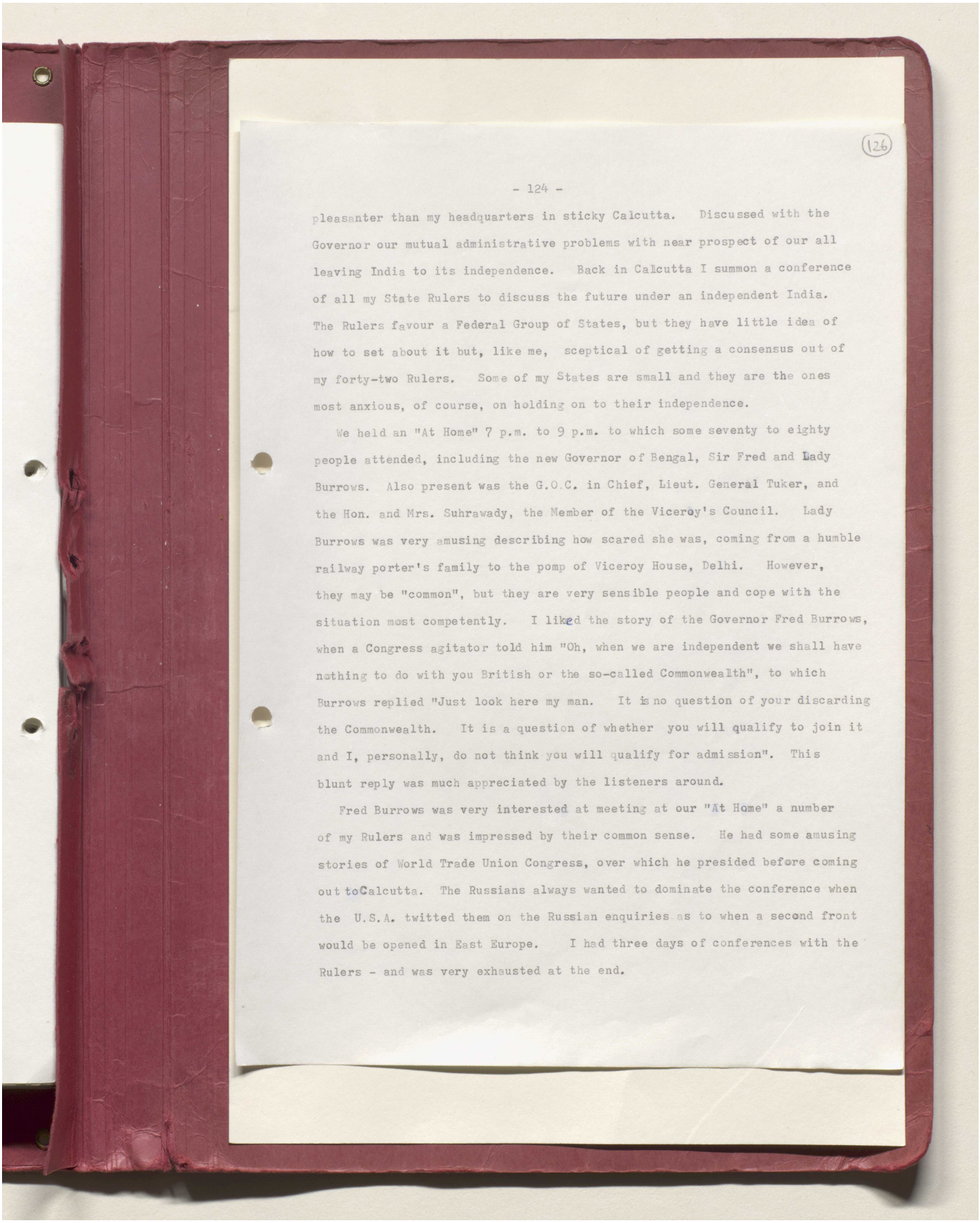
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000032



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000033

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

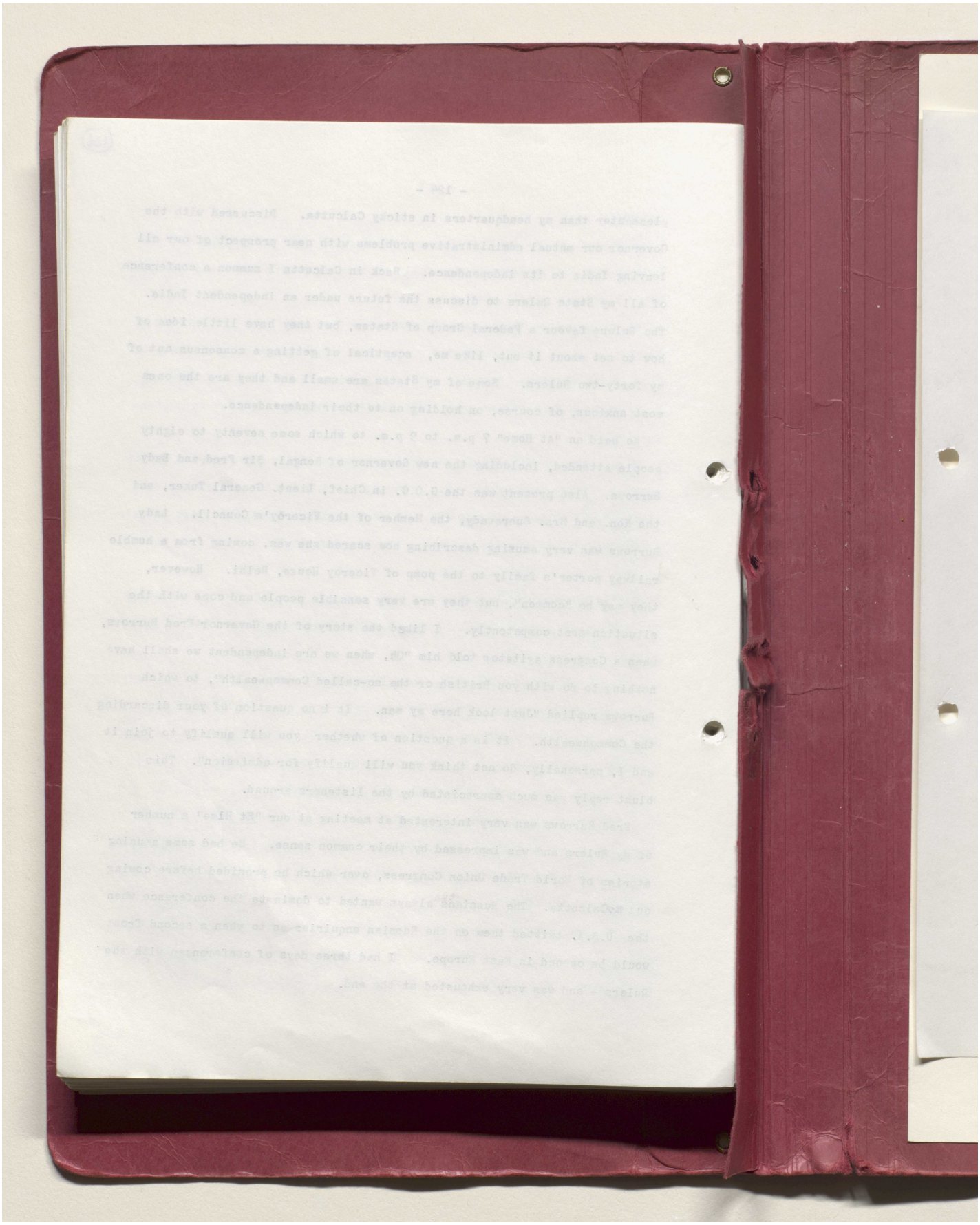


pleasanter than my headquarters in sticky Calcutta. Discussed with the Governor our mutual administrative problems with near prospect of our all leaving India to its independence. Back in Calcutta I summon a conference of all my State Rulers to discuss the future under an independent India. The Rulers favour a Federal Group of States, but they have little idea of how to set about it but, like me, sceptical of getting a consensus out of my forty-two Rulers. Some of my States are small and they are the ones most anxious, of course, on holding on to their independence.

We held an "At Home" 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. to which some seventy to eighty people attended, including the new Governor of Bengal, Sir Fred and Lady Burrows. Also present was the G.O.C. in Chief, Lieut. General Tuker, and the Hon. and Mrs. Suhrawady, the Member of the Viceroy's Council. Lady Burrows was very amusing describing how scared she was, coming from a humble railway porter's family to the pomp of Viceroy House, Delhi. However, they may be "common", but they are very sensible people and cope with the situation most competently. I liked the story of the Governor Fred Burrows, when a Congress agitator told him "Oh, when we are independent we shall have nothing to do with you British or the so-called Commonwealth", to which Burrows replied "Just look here my man. It is no question of your discarding the Commonwealth. It is a question of whether you will qualify to join it and I, personally, do not think you will qualify for admission". This blunt reply was much appreciated by the listeners around.

Fred Burrows was very interested at meeting at our "At Home" a number of my Rulers and was impressed by their common sense. He had some amusing stories of World Trade Union Congress, over which he presided before coming out to Calcutta. The Russians always wanted to dominate the conference when the U.S.A. twitted them on the Russian enquiries as to when a second front would be opened in East Europe. I had three days of conferences with the Rulers - and was very exhausted at the end.

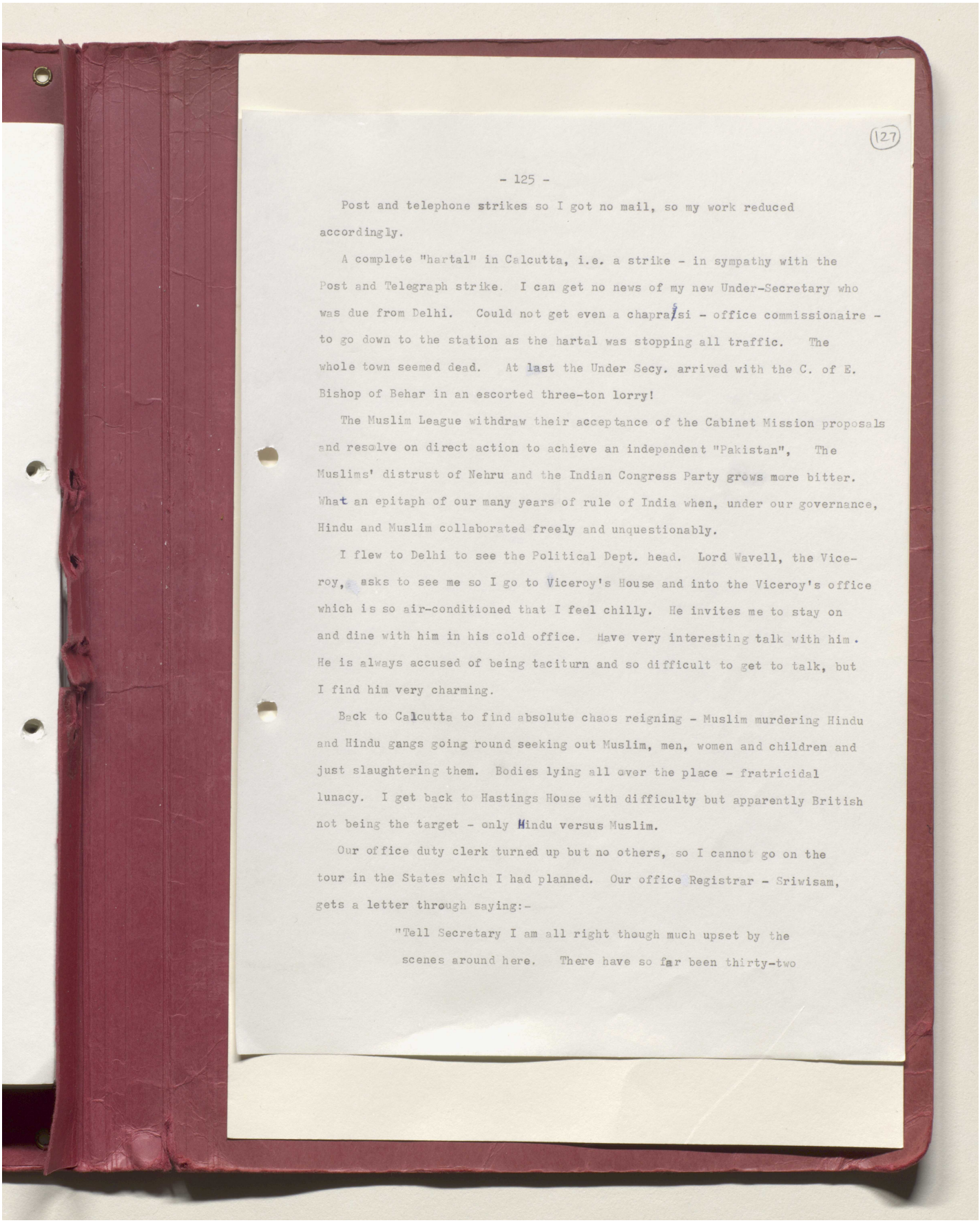
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000034



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000035

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Post and telephone strikes so I got no mail, so my work reduced accordingly.

A complete "hartal" in Calcutta, i.e. a strike - in sympathy with the Post and Telegraph strike. I can get no news of my new Under-Secretary who was due from Delhi. Could not get even a chaprasi - office commissionaire - to go down to the station as the hartal was stopping all traffic. The whole town seemed dead. At last the Under Secy. arrived with the C. of E. Bishop of Behar in an escorted three-ton lorry!

The Muslim League withdraw their acceptance of the Cabinet Mission proposals and resolve on direct action to achieve an independent "Pakistan". The Muslims' distrust of Nehru and the Indian Congress Party grows more bitter. What an epitaph of our many years of rule of India when, under our governance, Hindu and Muslim collaborated freely and unquestionably.

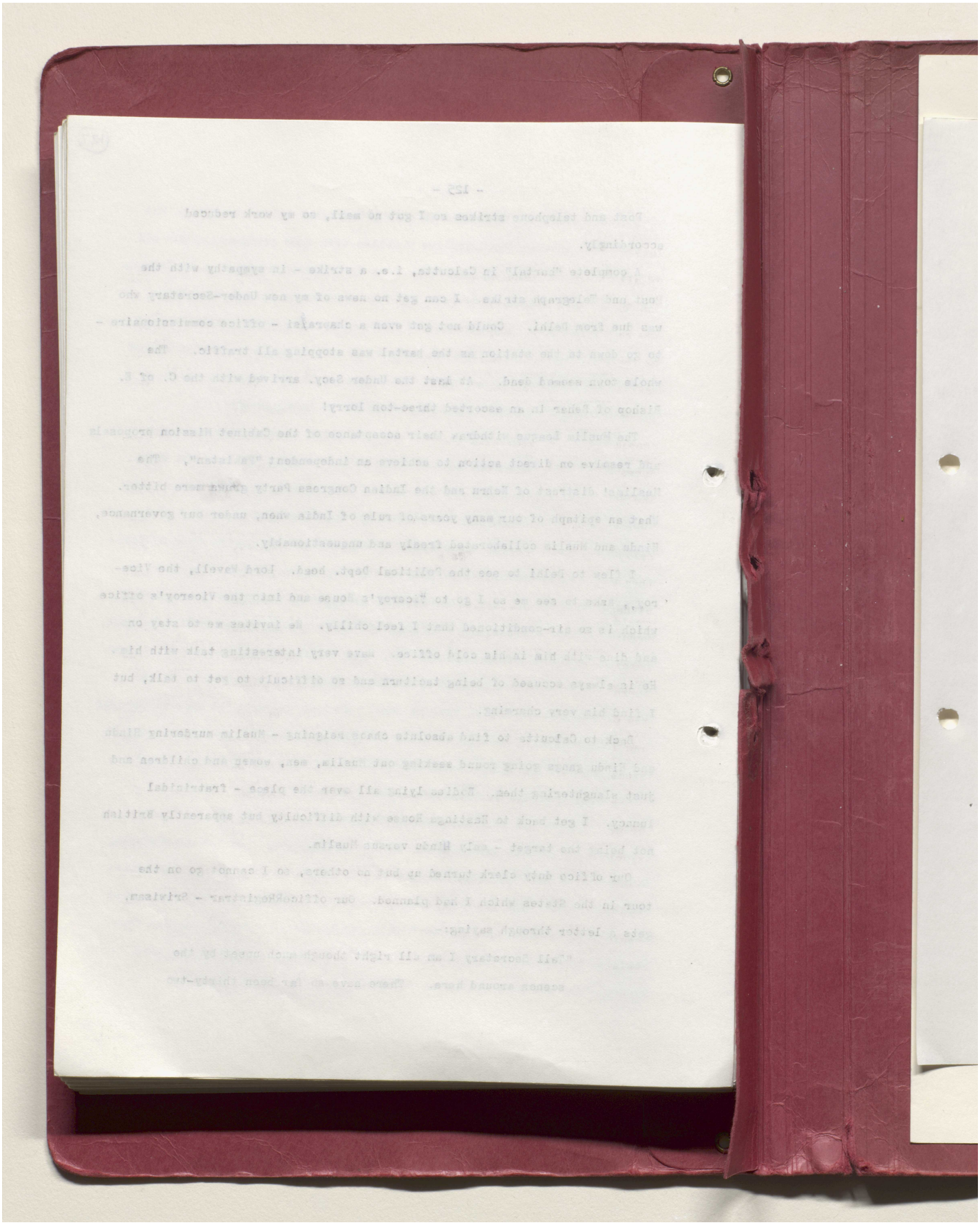
I flew to Delhi to see the Political Dept. head. Lord Wavell, the Viceroy, asks to see me so I go to Viceroy's House and into the Viceroy's office which is so air-conditioned that I feel chilly. He invites me to stay on and dine with him in his cold office. Have very interesting talk with him. He is always accused of being taciturn and so difficult to get to talk, but I find him very charming.

Back to Calcutta to find absolute chaos reigning - Muslim murdering Hindu and Hindu gangs going round seeking out Muslim, men, women and children and just slaughtering them. Bodies lying all over the place - fratricidal lunacy. I get back to Hastings House with difficulty but apparently British not being the target - only Hindu versus Muslim.

Our office duty clerk turned up but no others, so I cannot go on the tour in the States which I had planned. Our office Registrar - Sriwisam, gets a letter through saying:-

"Tell Secretary I am all right though much upset by the scenes around here. There have so far been thirty-two

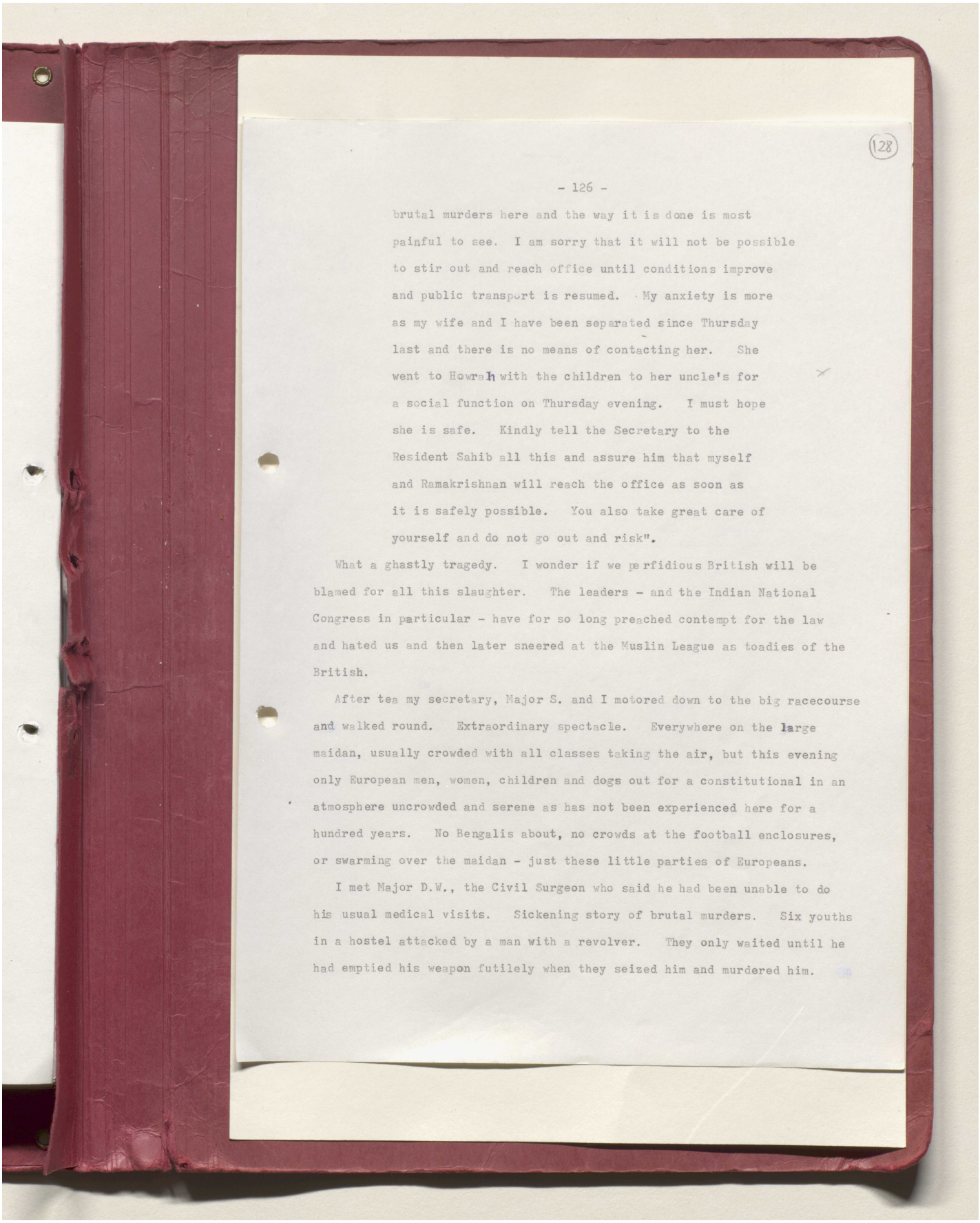
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000036



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000037

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



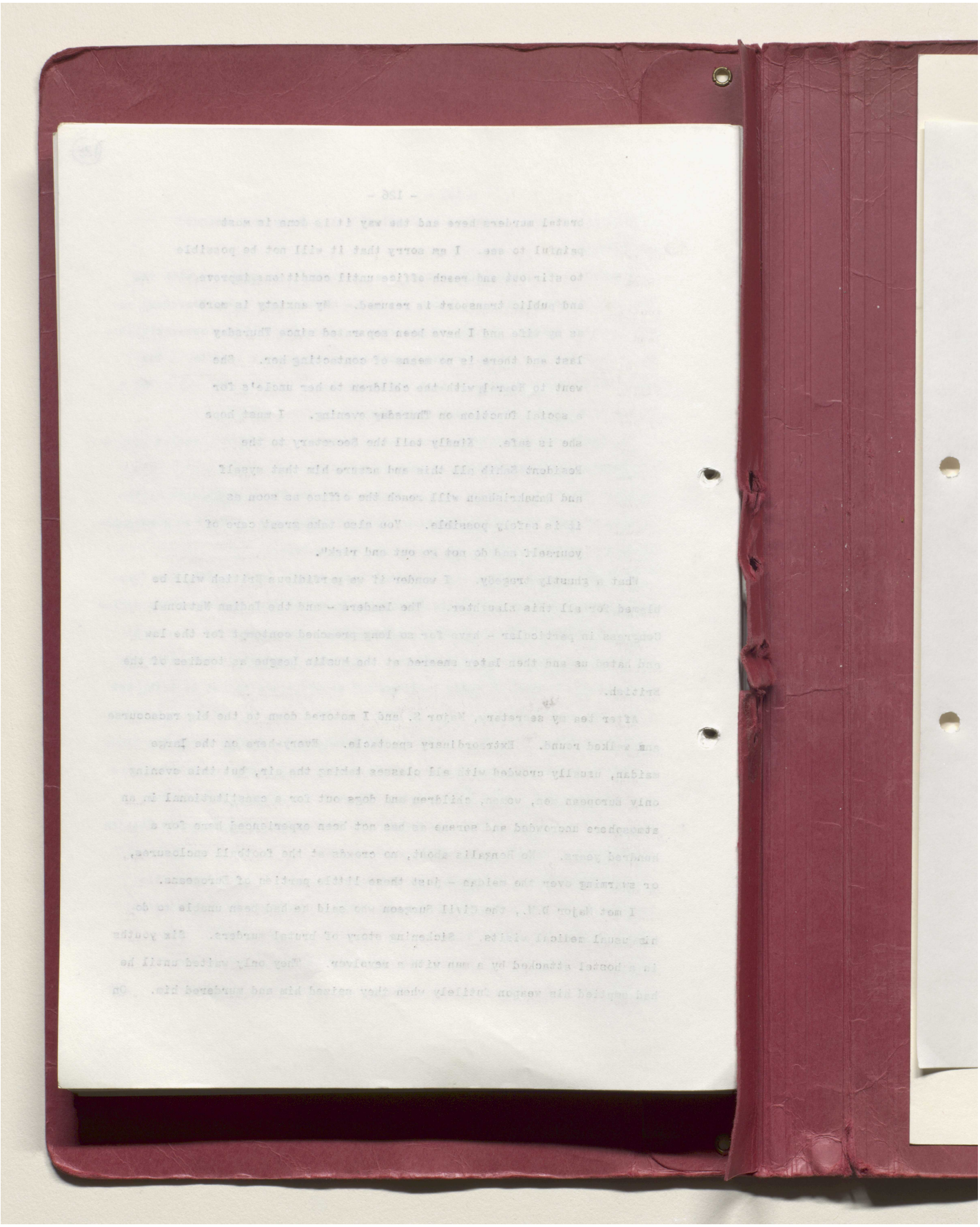
brutal murders here and the way it is done is most painful to see. I am sorry that it will not be possible to stir out and reach office until conditions improve and public transport is resumed. My anxiety is more as my wife and I have been separated since Thursday last and there is no means of contacting her. She went to Howrah with the children to her uncle's for a social function on Thursday evening. I must hope she is safe. Kindly tell the Secretary to the Resident Sahib all this and assure him that myself and Ramakrishnan will reach the office as soon as it is safely possible. You also take great care of yourself and do not go out and risk".

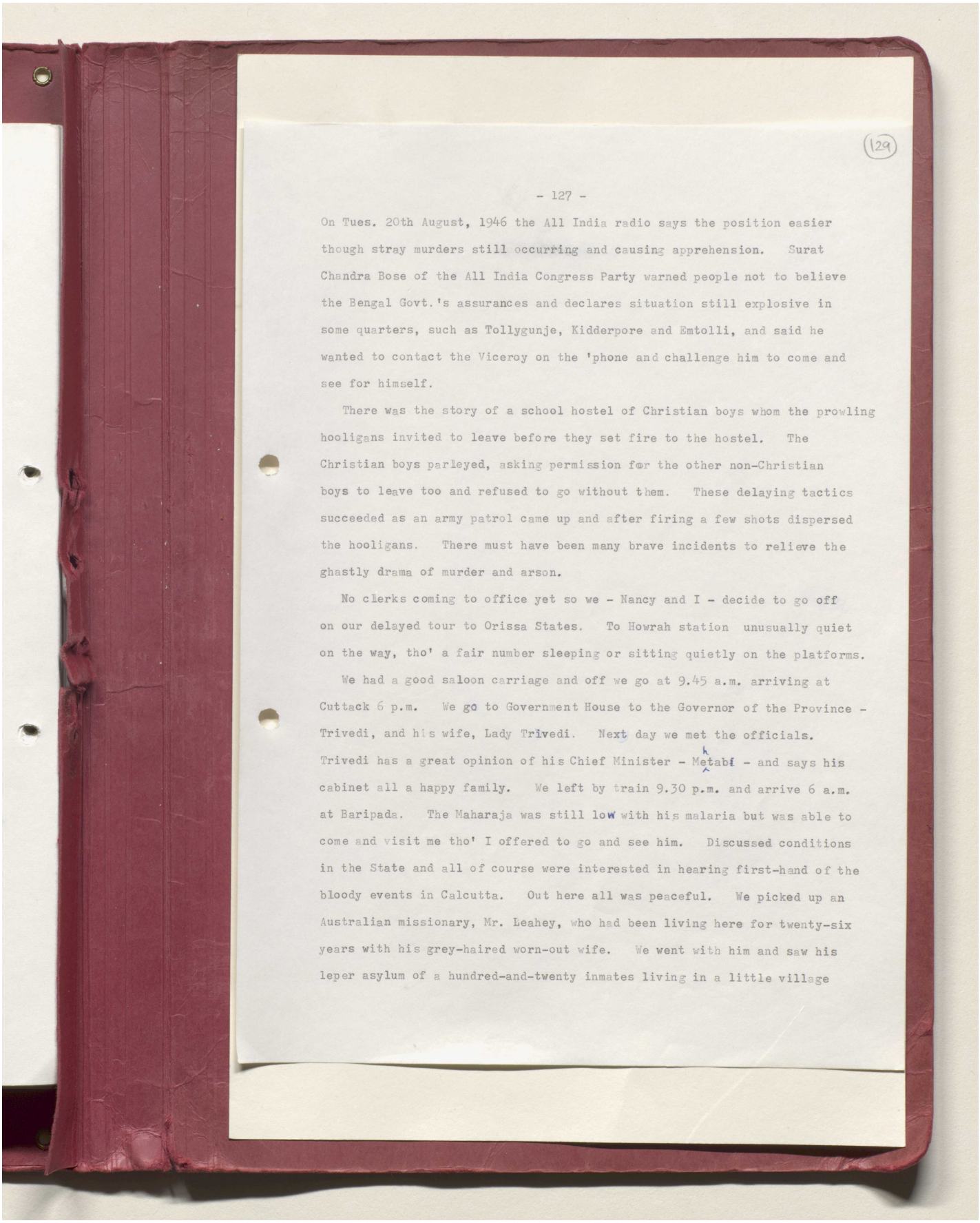
What a ghastly tragedy. I wonder if we perfidious British will be blamed for all this slaughter. The leaders - and the Indian National Congress in particular - have for so long preached contempt for the law and hated us and then later sneered at the Muslin League as toadies of the British.

After tea my secretary, Major S. and I motored down to the big racecourse and walked round. Extraordinary spectacle. Everywhere on the large maidan, usually crowded with all classes taking the air, but this evening only European men, women, children and dogs out for a constitutional in an atmosphere uncrowded and serene as has not been experienced here for a hundred years. No Bengalis about, no crowds at the football enclosures, or swarming over the maidan - just these little parties of Europeans.

I met Major D.W., the Civil Surgeon who said he had been unable to do his usual medical visits. Sickening story of brutal murders. Six youths in a hostel attacked by a man with a revolver. They only waited until he had emptied his weapon futilely when they seized him and murdered him.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000038





(129)

- 127 -

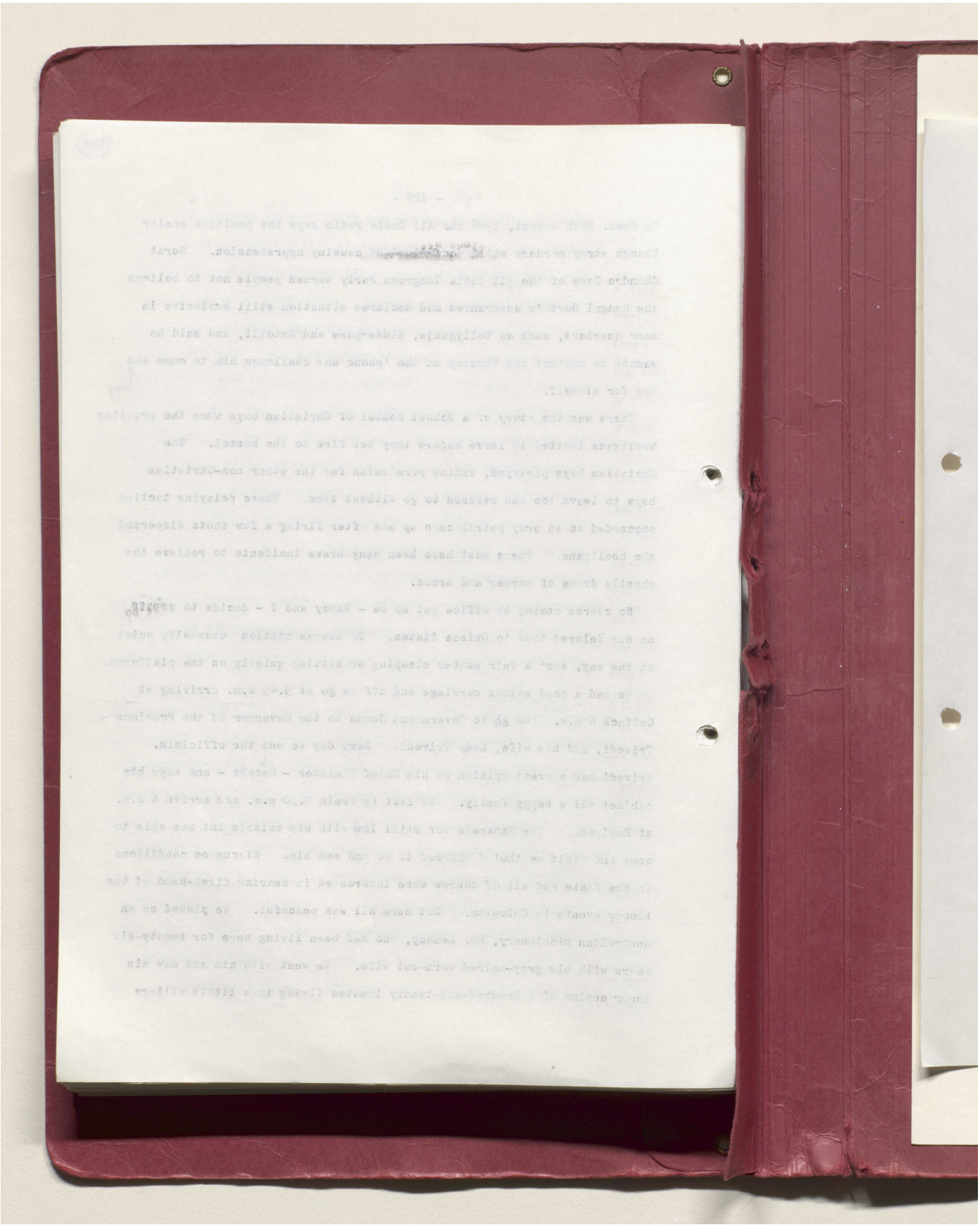
On Tues. 20th August, 1946 the All India radio says the position easier though stray murders still occurring and causing apprehension. Surat Chandra Bose of the All India Congress Party warned people not to believe the Bengal Govt.'s assurances and declares situation still explosive in some quarters, such as Tollygunje, Kidderpore and Emtolli, and said he wanted to contact the Viceroy on the 'phone and challenge him to come and see for himself.

There was the story of a school hostel of Christian boys whom the prowling hooligans invited to leave before they set fire to the hostel. The Christian boys parleyed, asking permission for the other non-Christian boys to leave too and refused to go without them. These delaying tactics succeeded as an army patrol came up and after firing a few shots dispersed the hooligans. There must have been many brave incidents to relieve the ghastly drama of murder and arson.

No clerks coming to office yet so we - Nancy and I - decide to go off on our delayed tour to Orissa States. To Howrah station unusually quiet on the way, tho' a fair number sleeping or sitting quietly on the platforms.

We had a good saloon carriage and off we go at 9.45 a.m. arriving at Cuttack 6 p.m. We go to Government House to the Governor of the Province - Trivedi, and his wife, Lady Trivedi. Next day we met the officials. Trivedi has a great opinion of his Chief Minister - Metabi - and says his cabinet all a happy family. We left by train 9.30 p.m. and arrive 6 a.m. at Baripada. The Maharaja was still low with his malaria but was able to come and visit me tho' I offered to go and see him. Discussed conditions in the State and all of course were interested in hearing first-hand of the bloody events in Calcutta. Out here all was peaceful. We picked up an Australian missionary, Mr. Leahey, who had been living here for twenty-six years with his grey-haired worn-out wife. We went with him and saw his leper asylum of a hundred-and-twenty inmates living in a little village

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00003a



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00003b

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

colony as near to normal village conditions as possible - a fine work. I gave them Rupees 100/-.

We drove on to Rairangpur and stayed at a primitive dak bungalow. I was interested in the vanadium factory where they proposed to extract vanadium from magnetite ore for toughening steel. Mr. Pande, the Chief Minister, said the enterprise had a greater design, in fact a new "Tatanagar" run by the Maharaja. Next day we visited the glass factory and watched the glass blowers making glass bottles and tubes. Then back to Calcutta, where the previous weeks of Hindu-Muslim fratricide seem to have calmed the bazaar. In Bombay, however, it was reported that thirty-seven had been killed in the riots.

We then went up to Shillong and find social life going on as usual oblivious of the disturbances down in India. We play golf, tennis, tea and bridge at the club. What a topsy-turvy world it all seems in September/ October 1946.

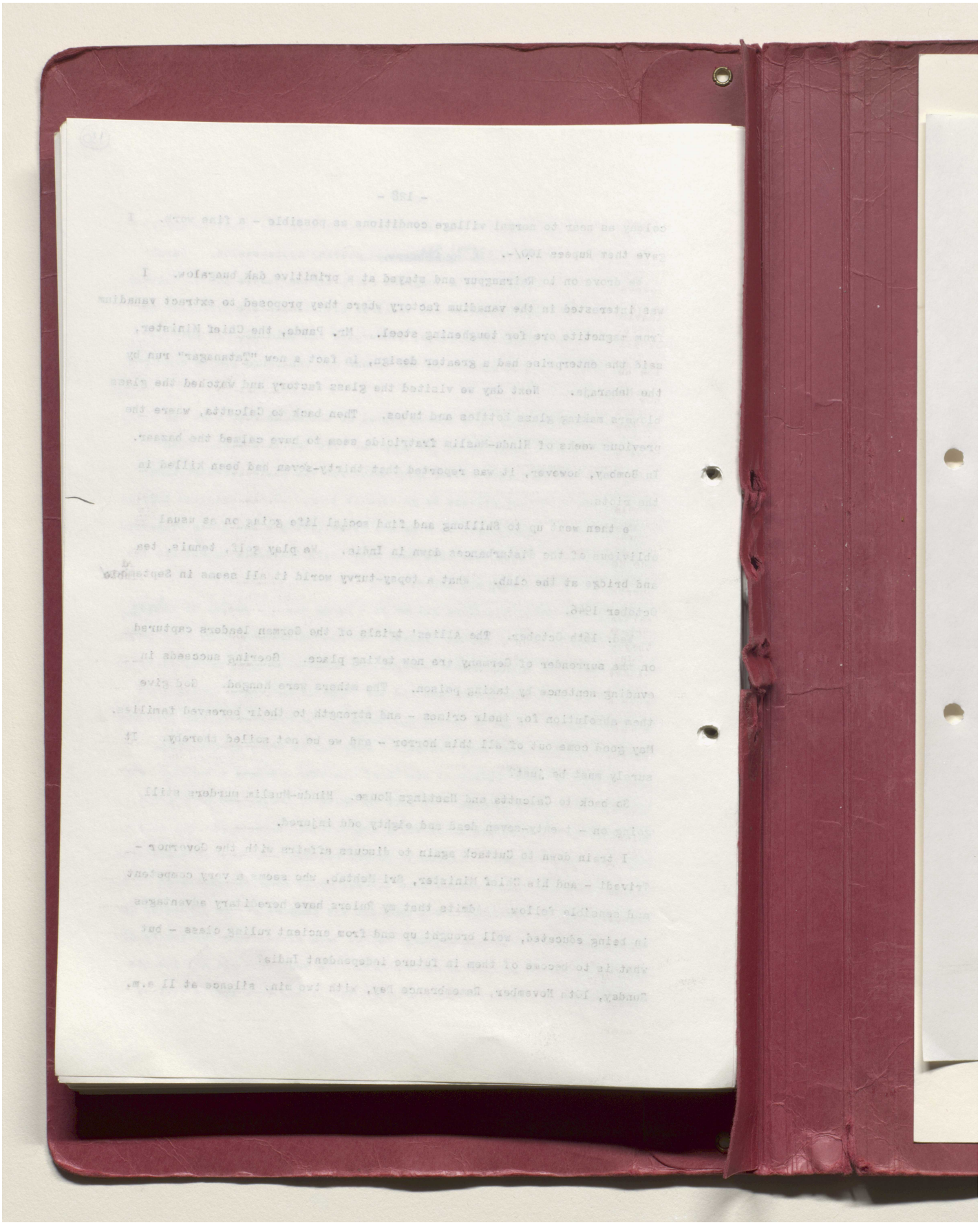
Wed. 16th October. The Allies' trials of the German leaders captured on the surrender of Germany are now taking place. Goering succeeds in evading sentence by taking poison. The others were hanged. God give them absolution for their crimes - and strength to their bereaved families. May good come out of all this horror - and we be not soiled thereby. It surely must be just?

So back to Calcutta and Hastings House. Hindu-Muslim murders still going on - twenty-seven dead and eighty odd injured.

I train down to Cuttack again to discuss affairs with the Governor - Trivedi - and his Chief Minister, Sri Mehtab, who seems a very competent and sensible fellow. Admits that my Rulers have hereditary advantages in being educated, well brought up and from ancient ruling class - but what is to become of them in future independent India?

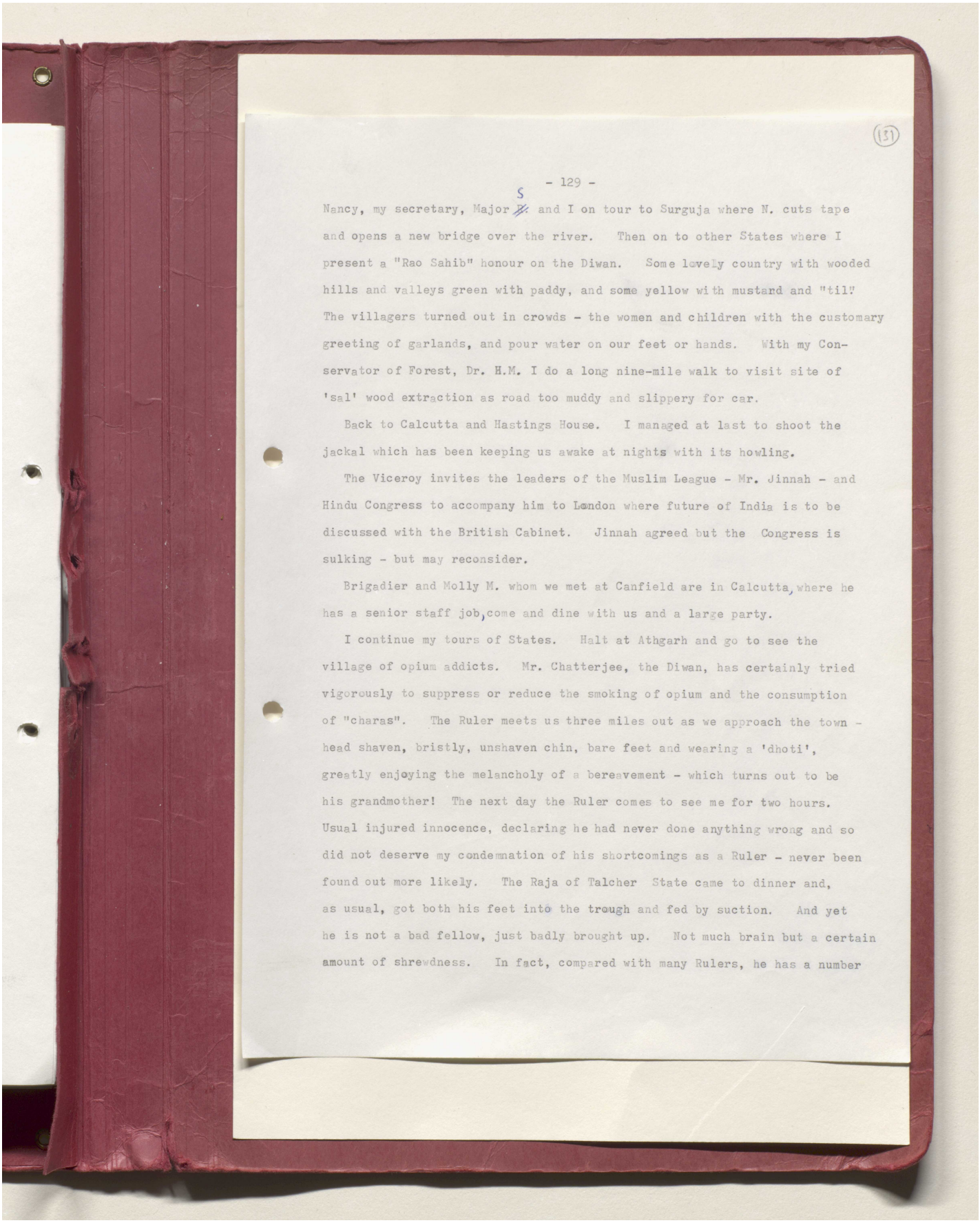
Sunday, 10th November, Remembrance Day, with two min. silence at 11 a.m.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00003c



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Nancy, my secretary, Major S and I on tour to Surguja where N. cuts tape and opens a new bridge over the river. Then on to other States where I present a "Rao Sahib" honour on the Diwan. Some lovely country with wooded hills and valleys green with paddy, and some yellow with mustard and "til". The villagers turned out in crowds - the women and children with the customary greeting of garlands, and pour water on our feet or hands. With my Conservator of Forest, Dr. H.M. I do a long nine-mile walk to visit site of 'sal' wood extraction as road too muddy and slippery for car.

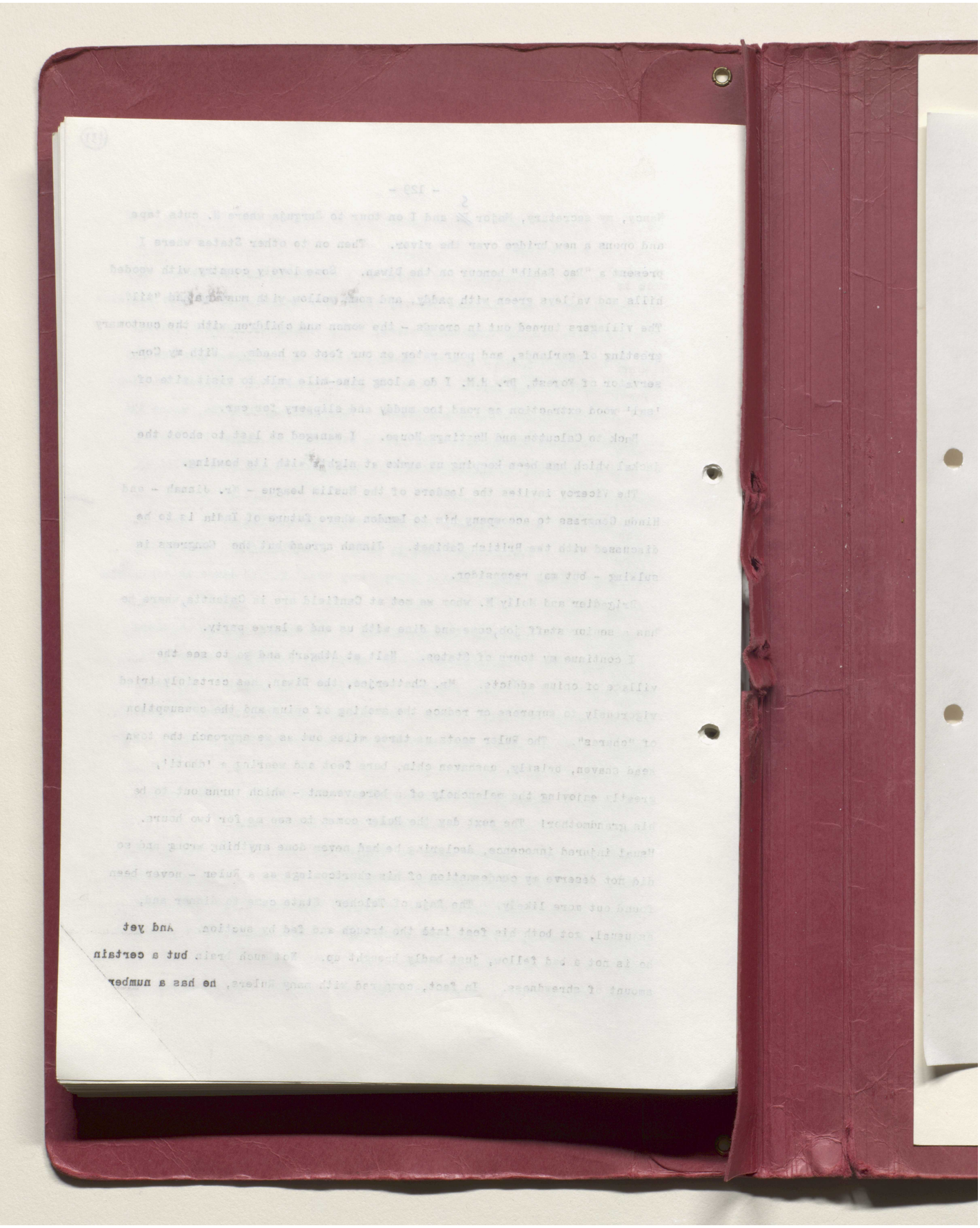
Back to Calcutta and Hastings House. I managed at last to shoot the jackal which has been keeping us awake at nights with its howling.

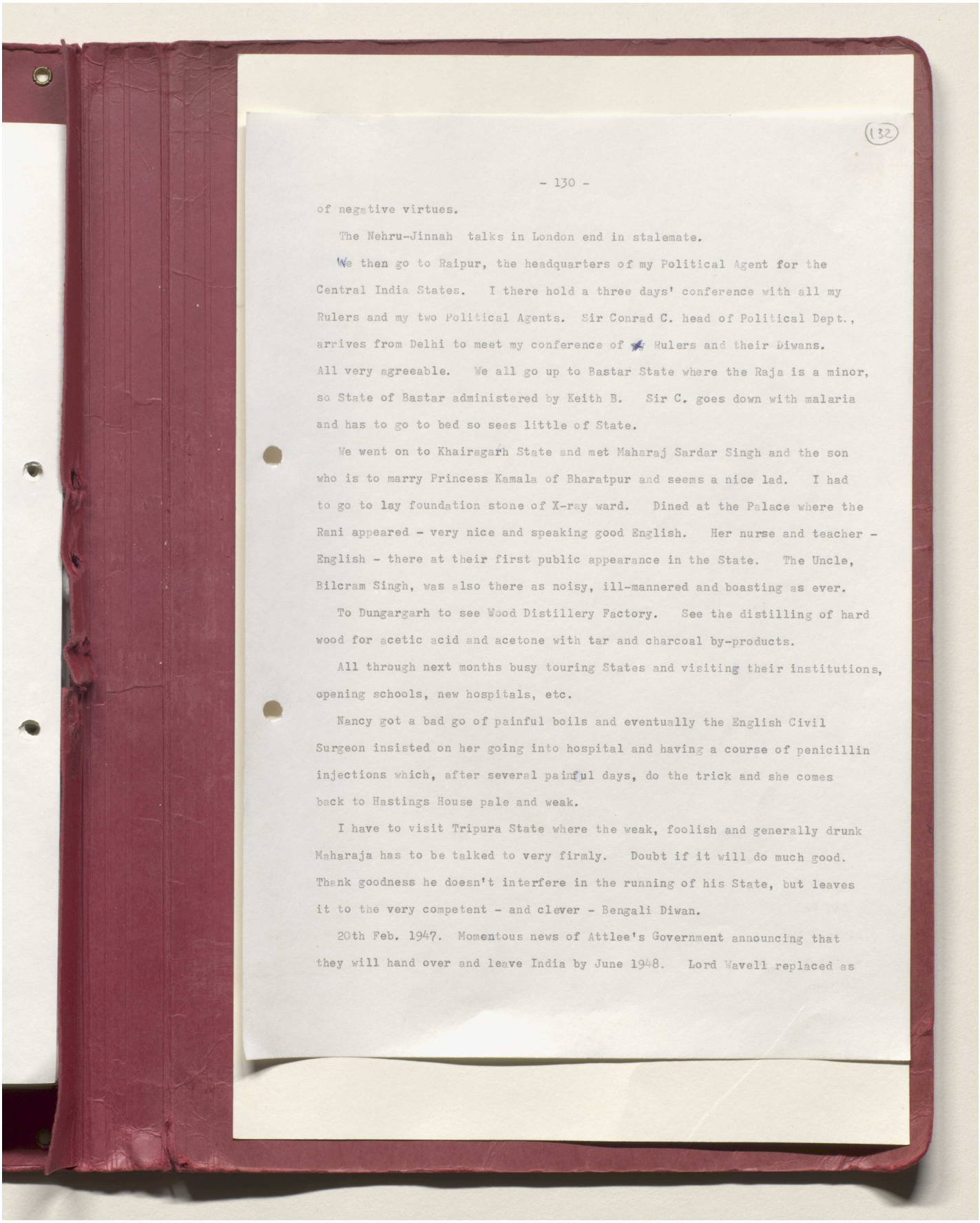
The Viceroy invites the leaders of the Muslim League - Mr. Jinnah - and Hindu Congress to accompany him to London where future of India is to be discussed with the British Cabinet. Jinnah agreed but the Congress is sulking - but may reconsider.

Brigadier and Molly M. whom we met at Canfield are in Calcutta, where he has a senior staff job, come and dine with us and a large party.

I continue my tours of States. Halt at Athgarh and go to see the village of opium addicts. Mr. Chatterjee, the Diwan, has certainly tried vigorously to suppress or reduce the smoking of opium and the consumption of "charas". The Ruler meets us three miles out as we approach the town - head shaven, bristly, unshaven chin, bare feet and wearing a 'dhoti', greatly enjoying the melancholy of a bereavement - which turns out to be his grandmother! The next day the Ruler comes to see me for two hours. Usual injured innocence, declaring he had never done anything wrong and so did not deserve my condemnation of his shortcomings as a Ruler - never been found out more likely. The Raja of Talcher State came to dinner and, as usual, got both his feet into the trough and fed by suction. And yet he is not a bad fellow, just badly brought up. Not much brain but a certain amount of shrewdness. In fact, compared with many Rulers, he has a number

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00003e





(132)

of negative virtues.

The Nehru-Jinnah talks in London end in stalemate.

We then go to Raipur, the headquarters of my Political Agent for the Central India States. I there hold a three days' conference with all my Rulers and my two Political Agents. Sir Conrad C. head of Political Dept., arrives from Delhi to meet my conference of Rulers and their Diwans. All very agreeable. We all go up to Bastar State where the Raja is a minor, so State of Bastar administered by Keith B. Sir C. goes down with malaria and has to go to bed so sees little of State.

We went on to Khairagarh State and met Maharaj Sardar Singh and the son who is to marry Princess Kamala of Bharatpur and seems a nice lad. I had to go to lay foundation stone of X-ray ward. Dined at the Palace where the Rani appeared - very nice and speaking good English. Her nurse and teacher - English - there at their first public appearance in the State. The Uncle, Bilcram Singh, was also there as noisy, ill-mannered and boasting as ever.

To Dungargarh to see Wood Distillery Factory. See the distilling of hard wood for acetic acid and acetone with tar and charcoal by-products.

All through next months busy touring States and visiting their institutions, opening schools, new hospitals, etc.

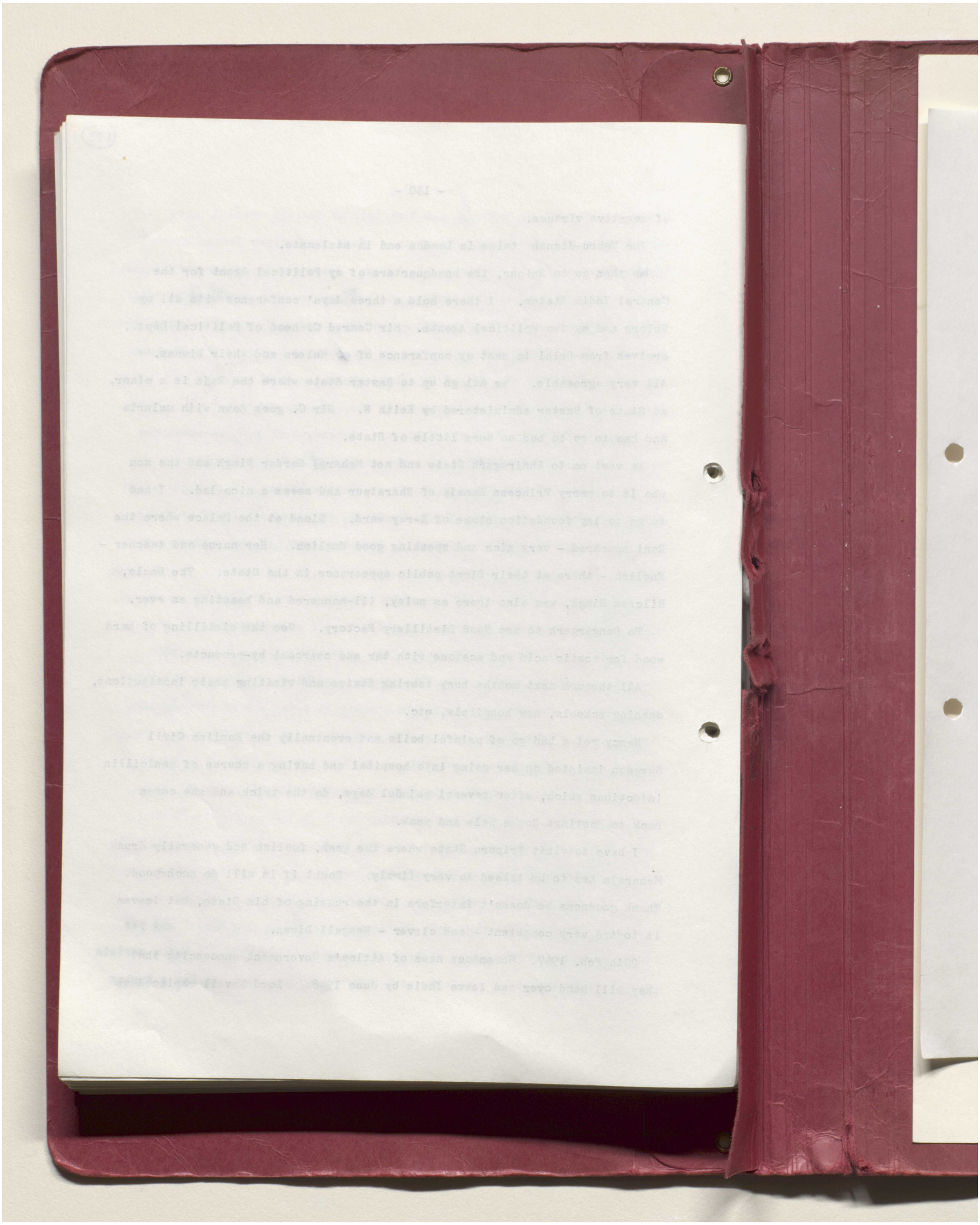
Nancy got a bad go of painful boils and eventually the English Civil Surgeon insisted on her going into hospital and having a course of penicillin injections which, after several painful days, do the trick and she comes back to Hastings House pale and weak.

I have to visit Tripura State where the weak, foolish and generally drunk Maharaja has to be talked to very firmly. Doubt if it will do much good. Thank goodness he doesn't interfere in the running of his State, but leaves it to the very competent - and clever - Bengali Diwan.

20th Feb. 1947. Momentous news of Attlee's Government announcing that they will hand over and leave India by June 1948. Lord Wavell replaced as

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

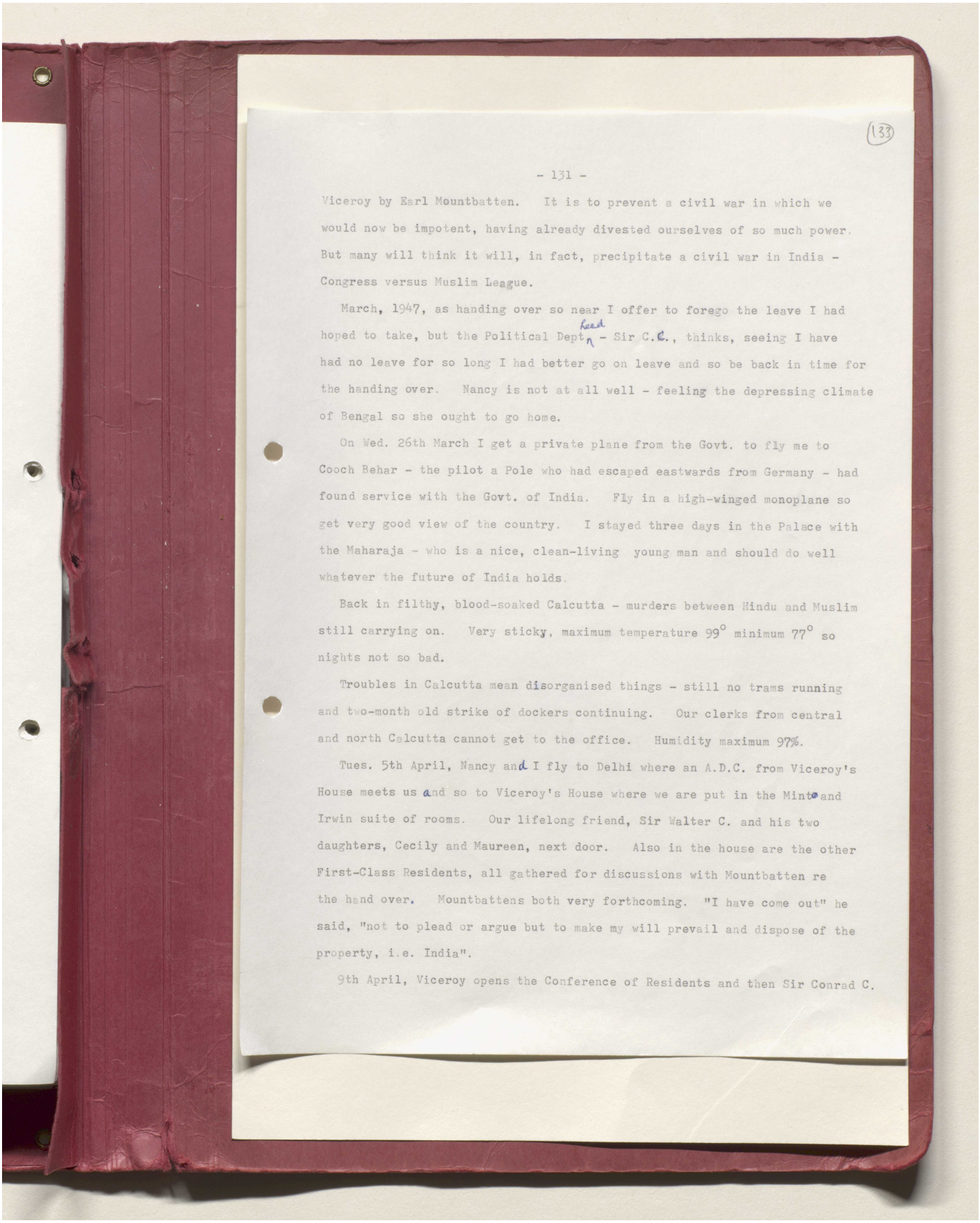
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000040



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000041

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Viceroy by Earl Mountbatten. It is to prevent a civil war in which we would now be impotent, having already divested ourselves of so much power. But many will think it will, in fact, precipitate a civil war in India - Congress versus Muslim League.

March, 1947, as handing over so near I offer to forego the leave I had hoped to take, but the Political Dept. (head) - Sir C.C., thinks, seeing I have had no leave for so long I had better go on leave and so be back in time for the handing over. Nancy is not at all well - feeling the depressing climate of Bengal so she ought to go home.

On Wed. 26th March I get a private plane from the Govt. to fly me to Cooch Behar - the pilot a Pole who had escaped eastwards from Germany - had found service with the Govt. of India. Fly in a high-winged monoplane so get very good view of the country. I stayed three days in the Palace with the Maharaja - who is a nice, clean-living young man and should do well whatever the future of India holds.

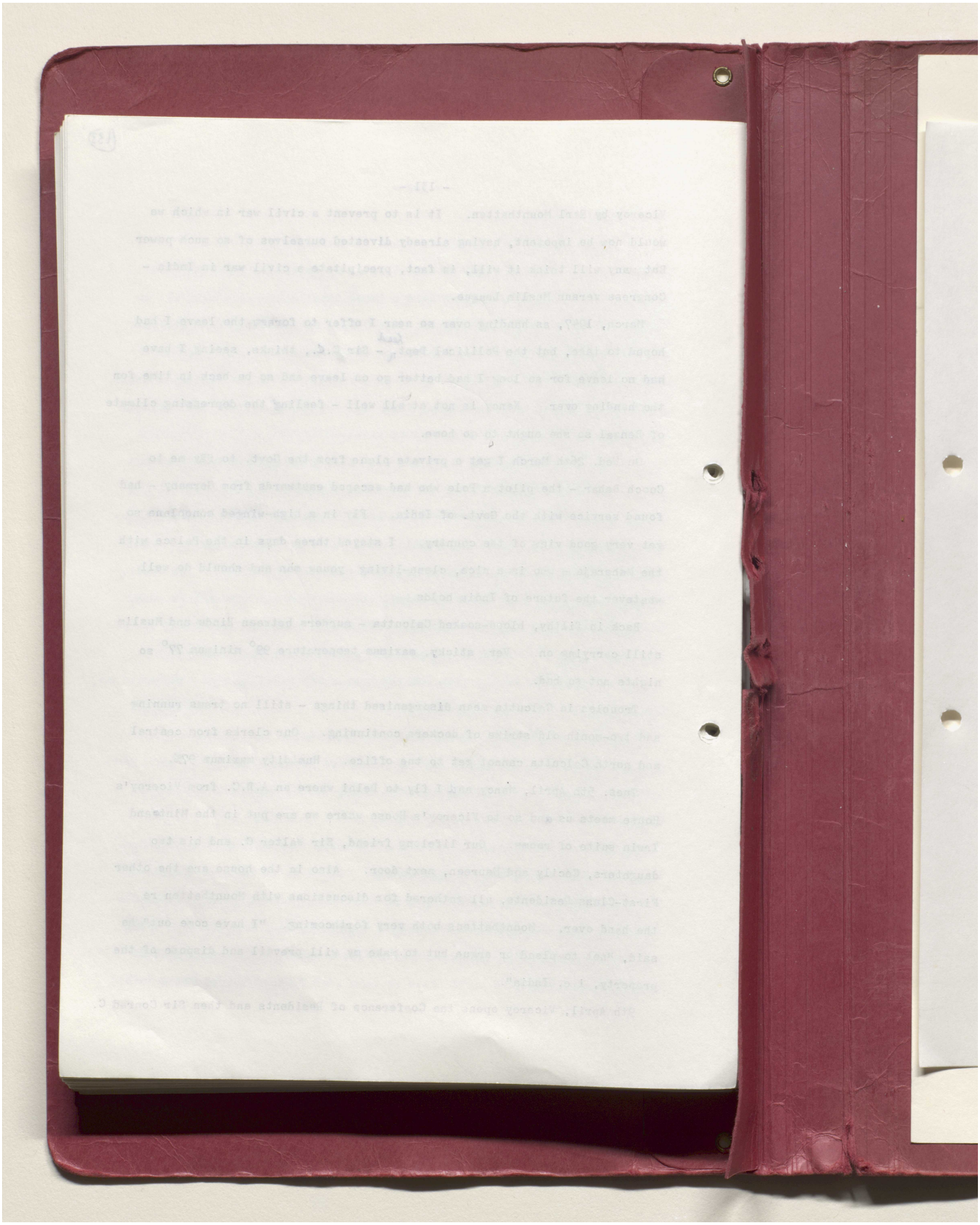
Back in filthy, blood-soaked Calcutta - murders between Hindu and Muslim still carrying on. Very sticky, maximum temperature 99° minimum 77° so nights not so bad.

Troubles in Calcutta mean disorganised things - still no trams running and two-month old strike of dockers continuing. Our clerks from central and north Calcutta cannot get to the office. Humidity maximum 97%.

Tues. 5th April, Nancy and I fly to Delhi where an A.D.C. from Viceroy's House meets us and so to Viceroy's House where we are put in the Minto and Irwin suite of rooms. Our lifelong friend, Sir Walter C. and his two daughters, Cecily and Maureen, next door. Also in the house are the other First-Class Residents, all gathered for discussions with Mountbatten re the hand over. Mountbattens both very forthcoming. "I have come out" he said, "not to plead or argue but to make my will prevail and dispose of the property, i.e. India".

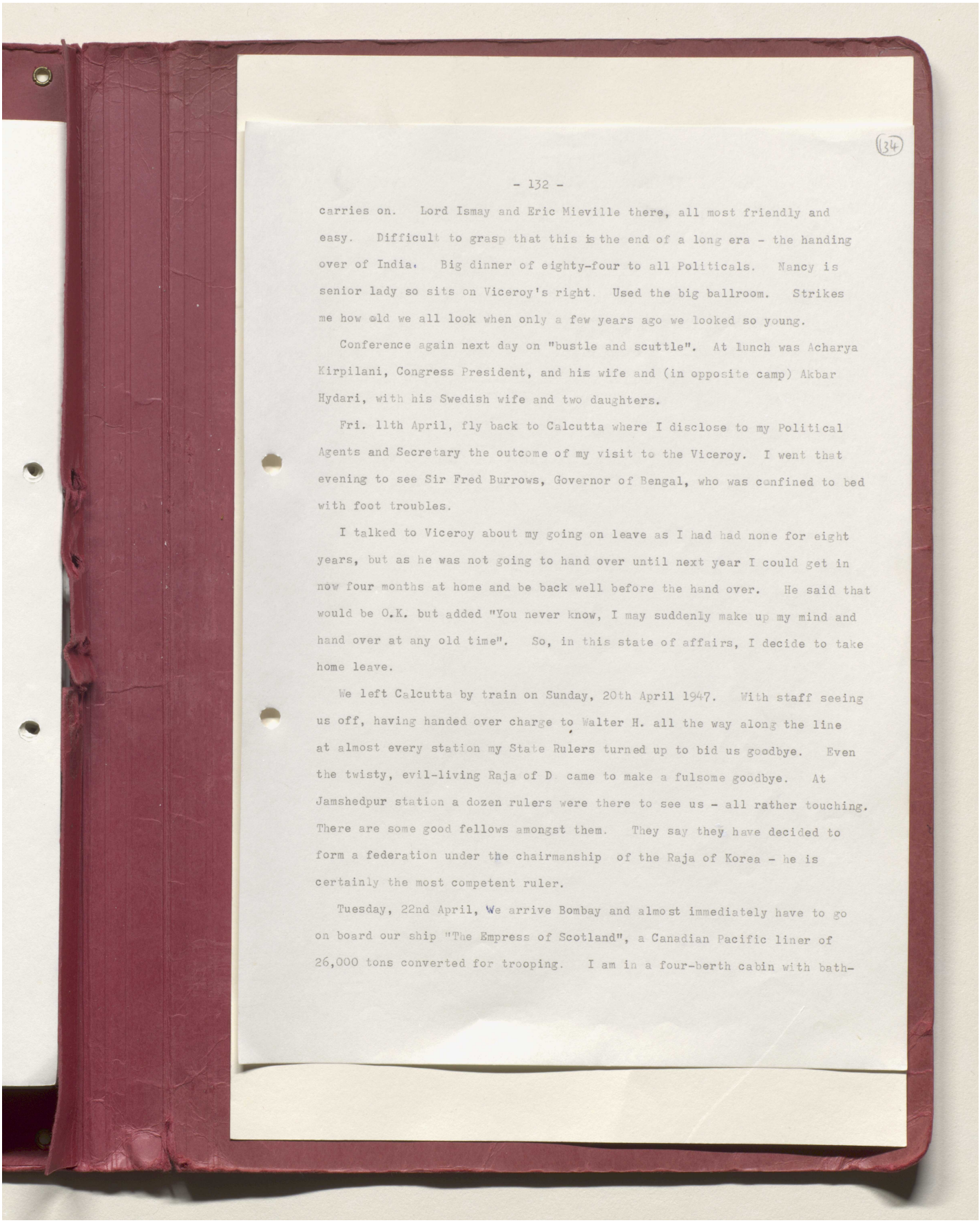
9th April, Viceroy opens the Conference of Residents and then Sir Conrad C.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000042



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



carries on. Lord Ismay and Eric Mieville there, all most friendly and easy. Difficult to grasp that this is the end of a long era - the handing over of India. Big dinner of eighty-four to all Politicals. Nancy is senior lady so sits on Viceroy's right. Used the big ballroom. Strikes me how old we all look when only a few years ago we looked so young.

Conference again next day on "bustle and scuttle". At lunch was Acharya Kirpilani, Congress President, and his wife and (in opposite camp) Akbar Hydari, with his Swedish wife and two daughters.

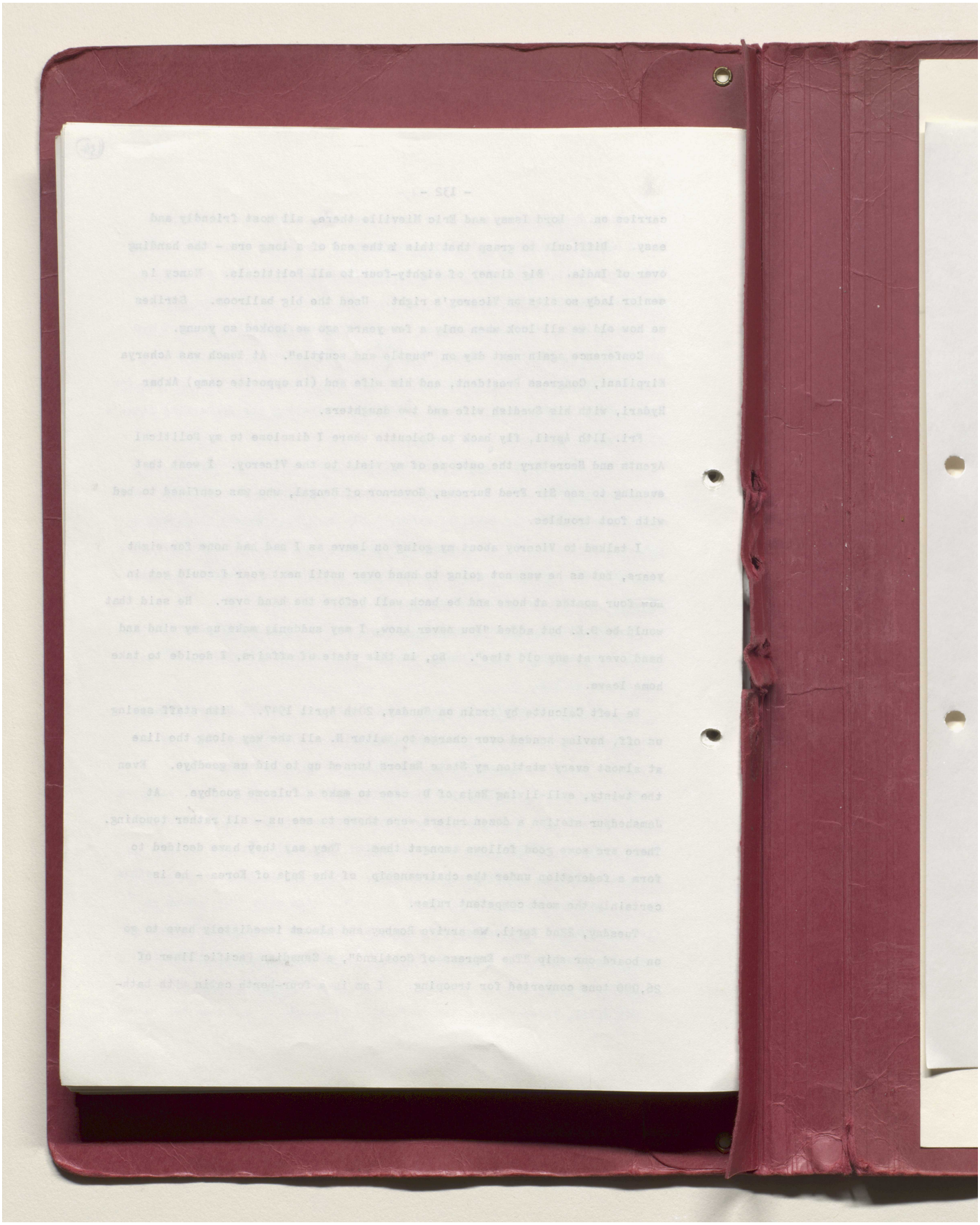
Fri. 11th April, fly back to Calcutta where I disclose to my Political Agents and Secretary the outcome of my visit to the Viceroy. I went that evening to see Sir Fred Burrows, Governor of Bengal, who was confined to bed with foot troubles.

I talked to Viceroy about my going on leave as I had had none for eight years, but as he was not going to hand over until next year I could get in now four months at home and be back well before the hand over. He said that would be O.K. but added "You never know, I may suddenly make up my mind and hand over at any old time". So, in this state of affairs, I decide to take home leave.

We left Calcutta by train on Sunday, 20th April 1947. With staff seeing us off, having handed over charge to Walter H. all the way along the line at almost every station my State Rulers turned up to bid us goodbye. Even the twisty, evil-living Raja of D came to make a fulsome goodbye. At Jamshedpur station a dozen rulers were there to see us - all rather touching. There are some good fellows amongst them. They say they have decided to form a federation under the chairmanship of the Raja of Korea - he is certainly the most competent ruler.

Tuesday, 22nd April, We arrive Bombay and almost immediately have to go on board our ship "The Empress of Scotland", a Canadian Pacific liner of 26,000 tons converted for trooping. I am in a four-berth cabin with bath-

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000044



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000045

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

room and Nancy in a six-berth, but others in ten, twelve or sixteen berth. All very regimented under O.C. troops. We are in port all night - hot and sticky, but cool on board.

Nancy wondering if she will ever see India again. Ship very crowded - troops in lower decks must be having a grim time.

Pretty casual boat-drill - and from our experience wonder what would happen in an emergency.

Tragedy strikes us - a baby fell off a top bunk on to its head, is badly concussed and dies. Then an R.A.F. LAC. develops infantile paralysis after coming on board. We were to put in at Aden to land him. A plane flew out with oxygen, etc.and parachutes it down near us with three other drops but the poor fellow dies before it can be used, so we have two funerals in one afternoon.

A good run up the Red Sea and so out into the Mediterranean with the smell of an English spring in the air. And so on to Gibraltar, round Bay of Biscay and so up to the Mersey on Wed. 7th April. Excitement over five stowaways caught early on voyage and are put in the cells. The sentry over them sleeps and they escape. Hunt all over ship but are untraced. And so ashore. A lot of Anglo-Indians and Eurasians on board - leaving India the only country they have known. Amusing to hear their remarks as they land in England.

LVI. BACK TO BLACKHEATH AGAIN.

And so to Euston where Heather meets us looking very well and pretty. She came up in the Blackheath Garage's large Daimler on which we eventually pile all our kit. And so slowly to Blackheath. What ruins we see of war damage on the way - seemed every hundred yards there had been a bomb.

Grannie and Alice, her maid, to greet us. Grannie very bent and deaf - both so much older since we left seven years ago. Lovely spring day, black-

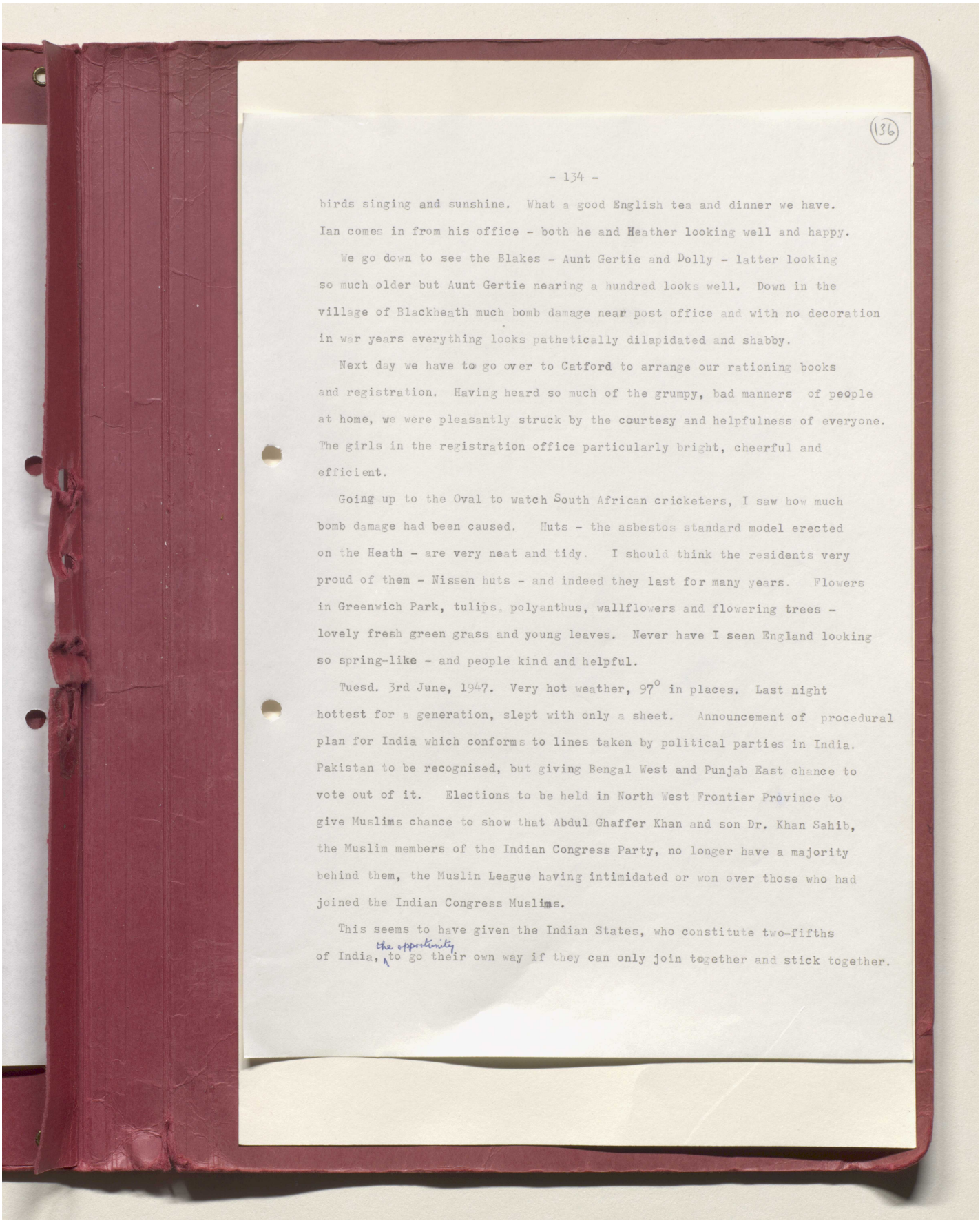
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000046



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000047

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(136)

birds singing and sunshine. What a good English tea and dinner we have. Ian comes in from his office - both he and Heather looking well and happy.

We go down to see the Blakes - Aunt Gertie and Dolly - latter looking so much older but Aunt Gertie nearing a hundred looks well. Down in the village of Blackheath much bomb damage near post office and with no decoration in war years everything looks pathetically dilapidated and shabby.

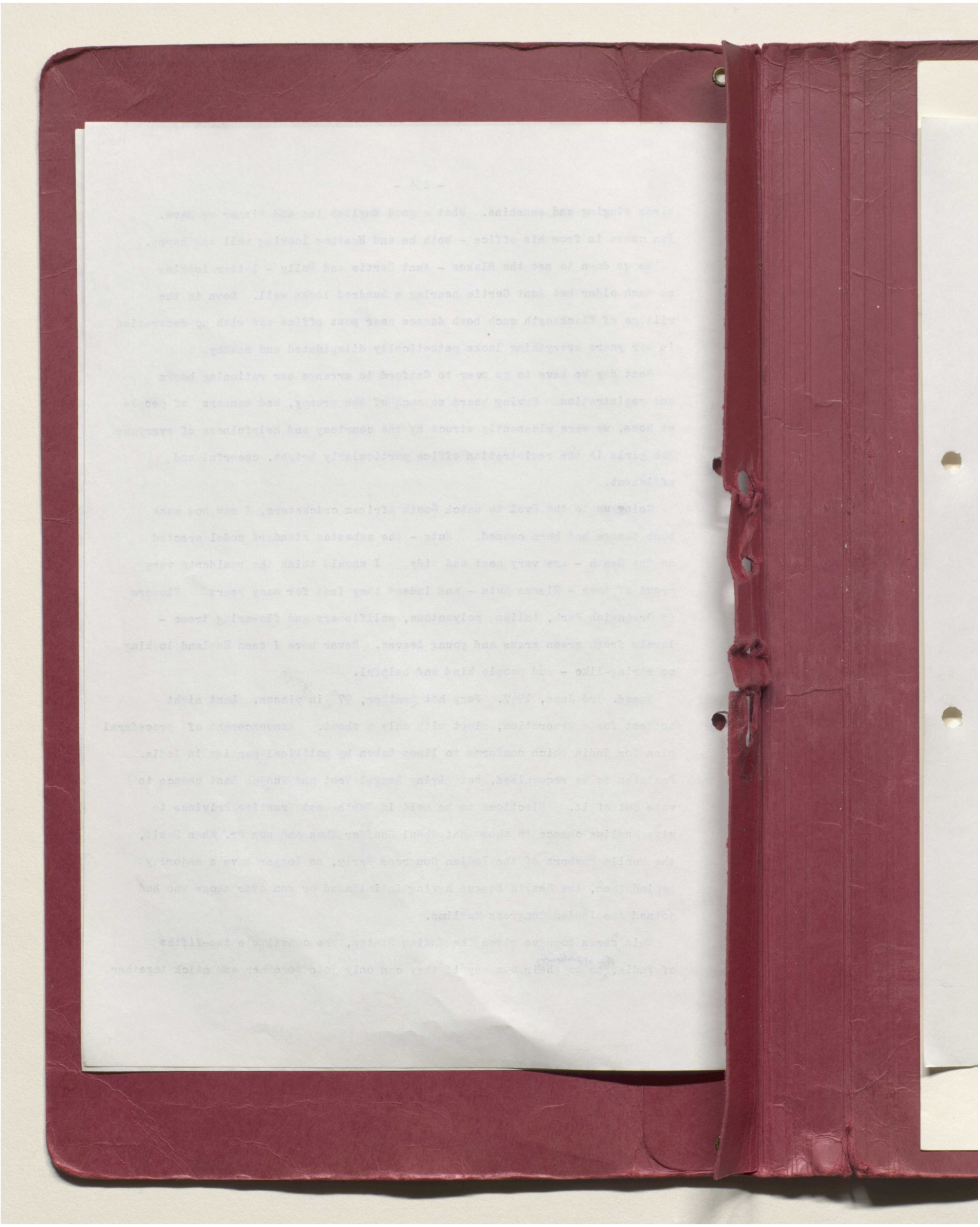
Next day we have to go over to Catford to arrange our rationing books and registration. Having heard so much of the grumpy, bad manners of people at home, we were pleasantly struck by the courtesy and helpfulness of everyone. The girls in the registration office particularly bright, cheerful and efficient.

Going up to the Oval to watch South African cricketers, I saw how much bomb damage had been caused. Huts - the asbestos standard model erected on the Heath - are very neat and tidy. I should think the residents very proud of them - Nissen huts - and indeed they last for many years. Flowers in Greenwich Park, tulips, polyanthus, wallflowers and flowering trees - lovely fresh green grass and young leaves. Never have I seen England looking so spring-like - and people kind and helpful.

Tuesd. 3rd June, 1947. Very hot weather, 97° in places. Last night hottest for a generation, slept with only a sheet. Announcement of procedural plan for India which conforms to lines taken by political parties in India. Pakistan to be recognised, but giving Bengal West and Punjab East chance to vote out of it. Elections to be held in North West Frontier Province to give Muslims chance to show that Abdul Ghaffer Khan and son Dr. Khan Sahib, the Muslim members of the Indian Congress Party, no longer have a majority behind them, the Muslin League having intimidated or won over those who had joined the Indian Congress Muslims.

This seems to have given the Indian States, who constitute two-fifths of India, the opportunity to go their own way if they can only join together and stick together.

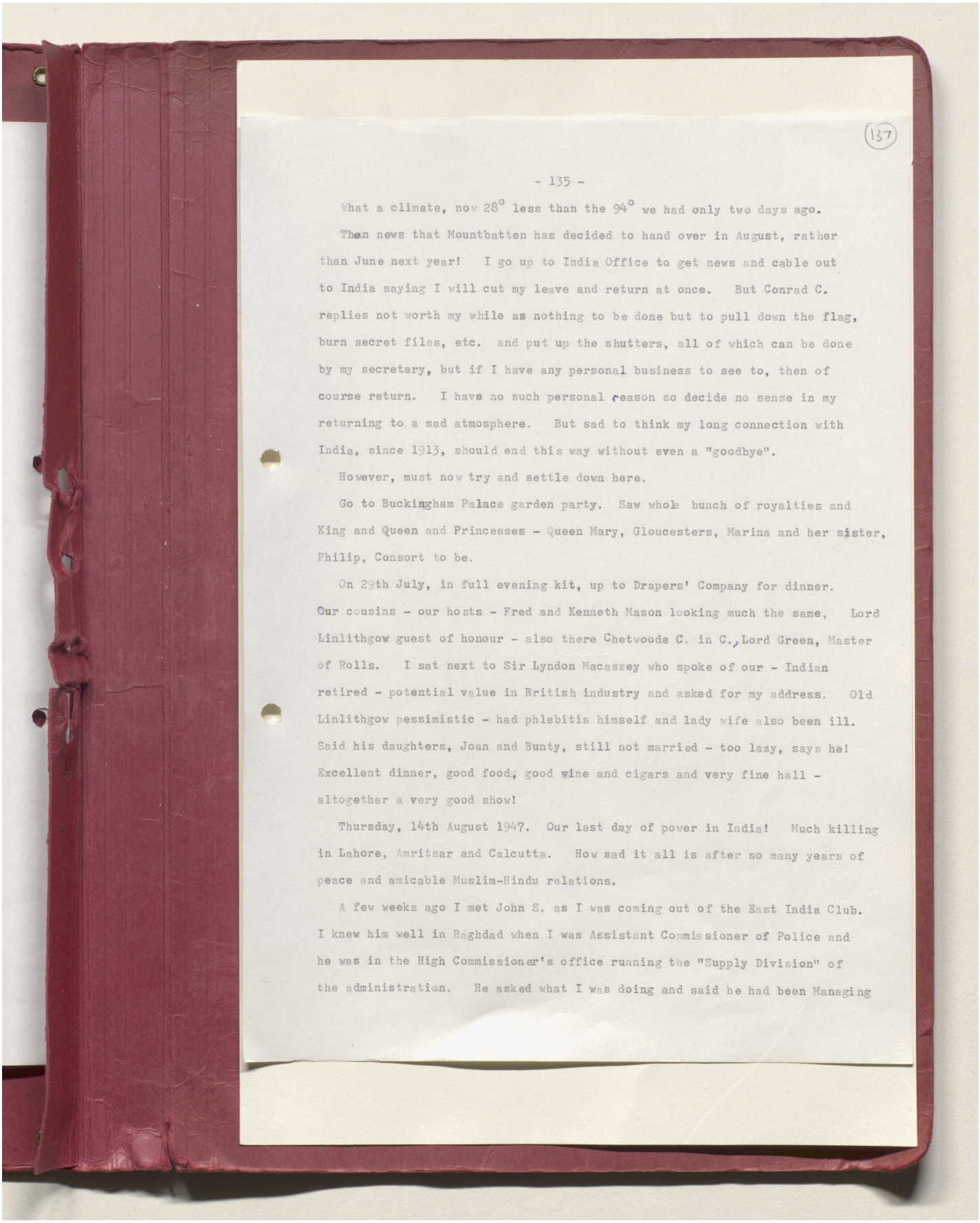
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000048



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000049

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



What a climate, now 28° less than the 94° we had only two days ago.

Then news that Mountbatten has decided to hand over in August, rather than June next year! I go up to India Office to get news and cable out to India saying I will cut my leave and return at once. But Conrad C. replies not worth my while as nothing to be done but to pull down the flag, burn secret files, etc. and put up the shutters, all of which can be done by my secretary, but if I have any personal business to see to, then of course return. I have no such personal reason so decide no sense in my returning to a sad atmosphere. But sad to think my long connection with India, since 1913, should end this way without even a "goodbye".

However, must now try and settle down here.

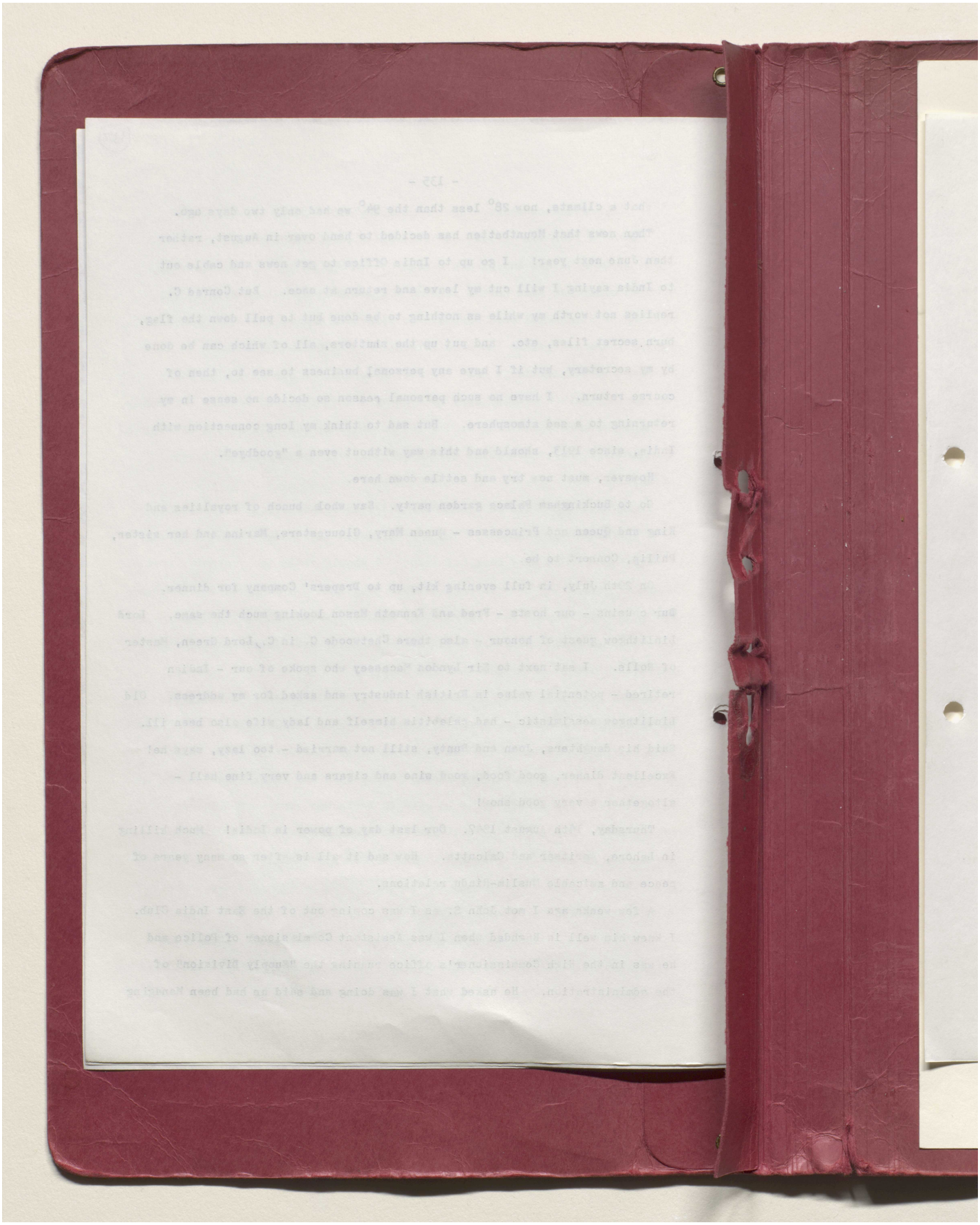
Go to Buckingham Palace garden party. Saw whole bunch of royalties and King and Queen and Princesses - Queen Mary, Gloucesters, Marina and her sister, Philip, Consort to be.

On 29th July, in full evening kit, up to Drapers' Company for dinner. Our cousins - our hosts - Fred and Kenneth Mason looking much the same, Lord Linlithgow guest of honour - also there Chetwoode C. in C., Lord Green, Master of Rolls. I sat next to Sir Lyndon Macassey who spoke of our - Indian retired - potential value in British industry and asked for my address. Old Linlithgow pessimistic - had phlebitis himself and lady wife also been ill. Said his daughters, Joan and Bunty, still not married - too lazy, says he! Excellent dinner, good food, good wine and cigars and very fine hall - altogether a very good show!

Thursday, 14th August 1947. Our last day of power in India! Much killing in Lahore, Amritsar and Calcutta. How sad it all is after so many years of peace and amicable Muslim-Hindu relations.

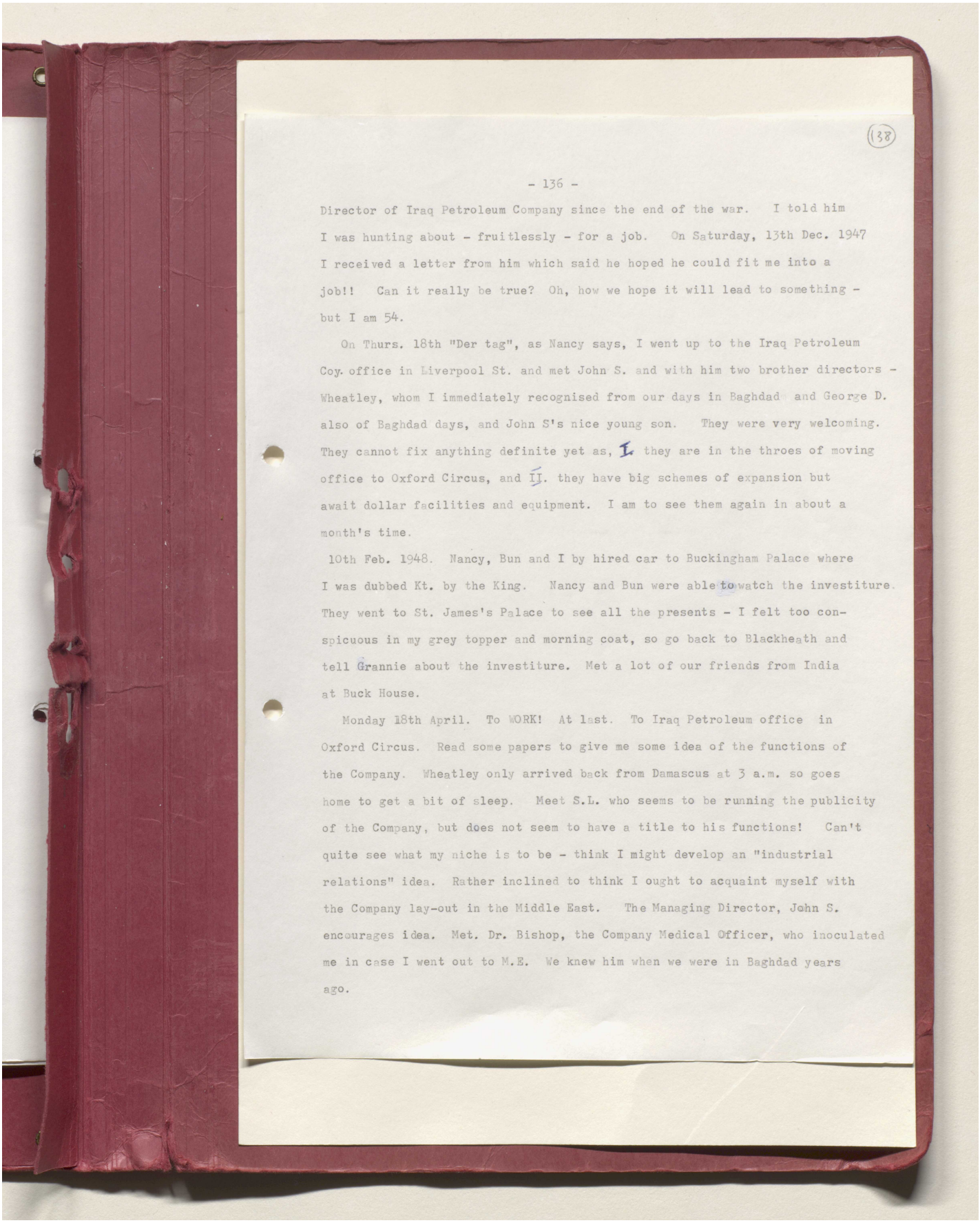
A few weeks ago I met John S. as I was coming out of the East India Club. I knew him well in Baghdad when I was Assistant Commissioner of Police and he was in the High Commissioner's office running the "Supply Division" of the administration. He asked what I was doing and said he had been Managing

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00004a



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



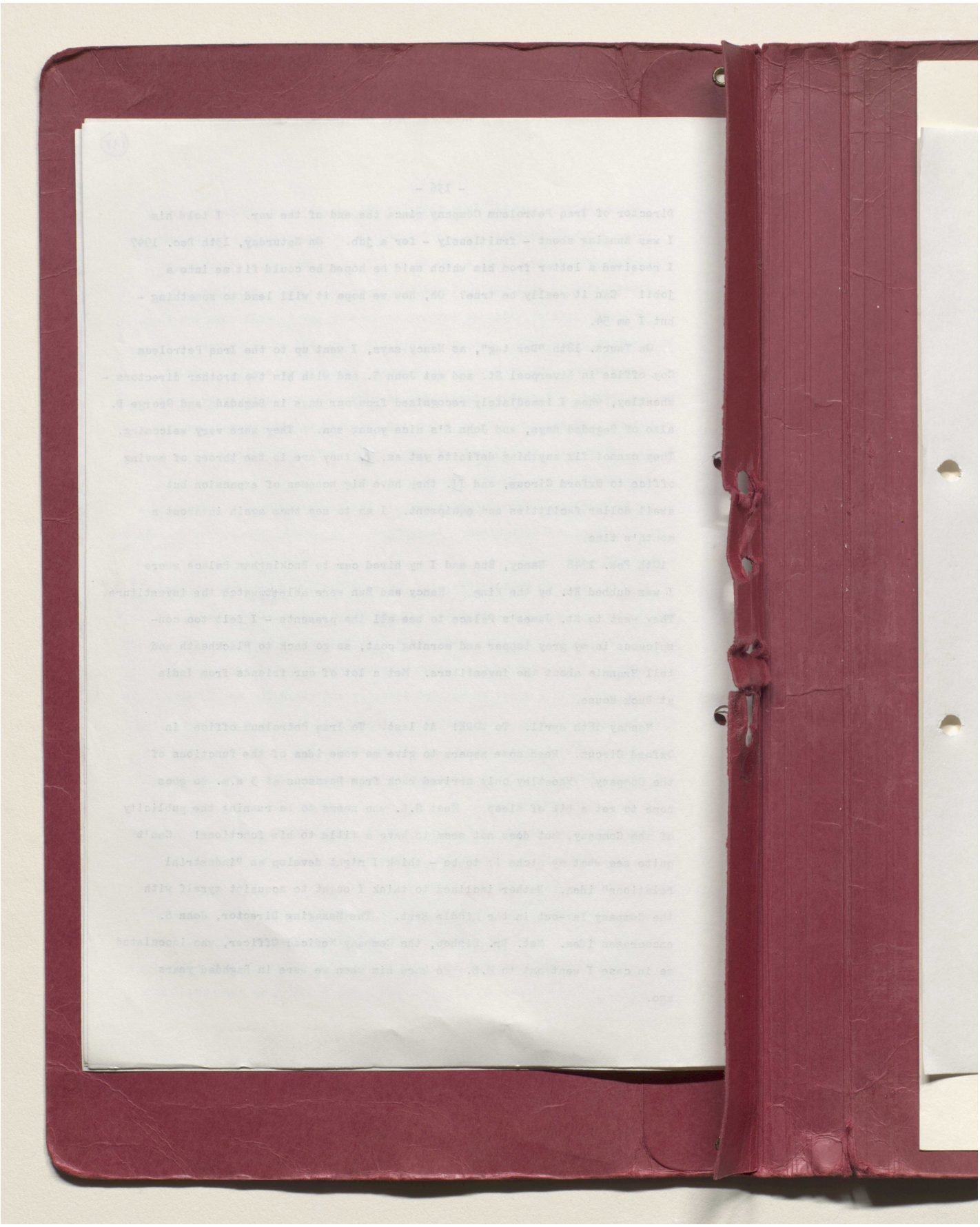
Director of Iraq Petroleum Company since the end of the war. I told him I was hunting about - fruitlessly - for a job. On Saturday, 13th Dec. 1947 I received a letter from him which said he hoped he could fit me into a job!! Can it really be true? Oh, how we hope it will lead to something - but I am 54.

On Thurs. 18th "Der tag", as Nancy says, I went up to the Iraq Petroleum Coy. office in Liverpool St. and met John S. and with him two brother directors - Wheatley, whom I immediately recognised from our days in Baghdad and George D. also of Baghdad days, and John S's nice young son. They were very welcoming. They cannot fix anything definite yet as, I. they are in the throes of moving office to Oxford Circus, and II. they have big schemes of expansion but await dollar facilities and equipment. I am to see them again in about a month's time.

10th Feb. 1948. Nancy, Bun and I by hired car to Buckingham Palace where I was dubbed Kt. by the King. Nancy and Bun were able to watch the investiture. They went to St. James's Palace to see all the presents - I felt too conspicuous in my grey topper and morning coat, so go back to Blackheath and tell Grannie about the investiture. Met a lot of our friends from India at Buck House.

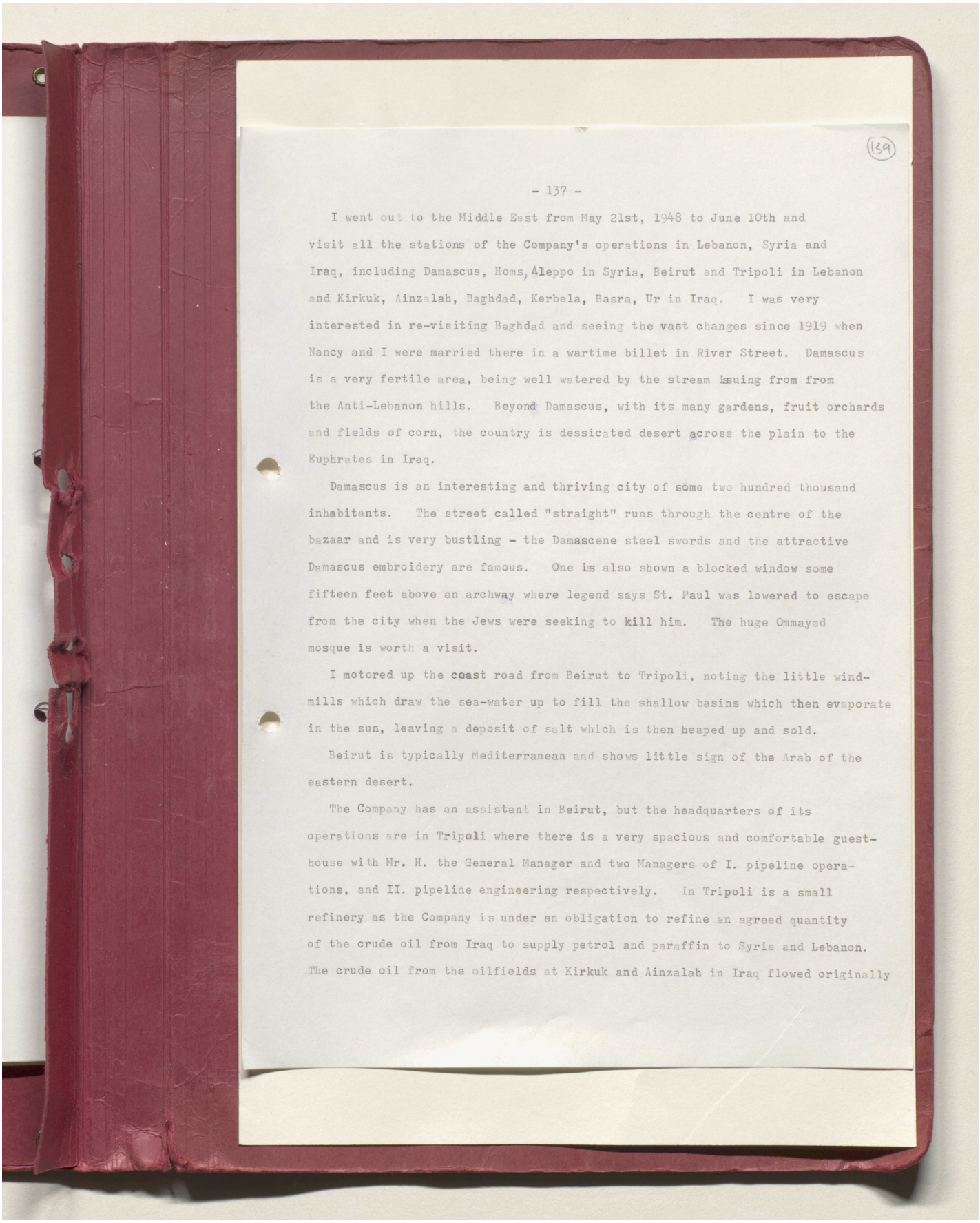
Monday 18th April. To WORK! At last. To Iraq Petroleum office in Oxford Circus. Read some papers to give me some idea of the functions of the Company. Wheatley only arrived back from Damascus at 3 a.m. so goes home to get a bit of sleep. Meet S.L. who seems to be running the publicity of the Company, but does not seem to have a title to his functions! Can't quite see what my niche is to be - think I might develop an "industrial relations" idea. Rather inclined to think I ought to acquaint myself with the Company lay-out in the Middle East. The Managing Director, John S. encourages idea. Met. Dr. Bishop, the Company Medical Officer, who inoculated me in case I went out to M.E. We knew him when we were in Baghdad years ago.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00004c



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



I went out to the Middle East from May 21st, 1948 to June 10th and visit all the stations of the Company's operations in Lebanon, Syria and Iraq, including Damascus, Homs, Aleppo in Syria, Beirut and Tripoli in Lebanon and Kirkuk, Ainzalah, Baghdad, Kerbela, Basra, Ur in Iraq. I was very interested in re-visiting Baghdad and seeing the vast changes since 1919 when Nancy and I were married there in a wartime billet in River Street. Damascus is a very fertile area, being well watered by the stream issuing from from the Anti-Lebanon hills. Beyond Damascus, with its many gardens, fruit orchards and fields of corn, the country is dessicated desert across the plain to the Euphrates in Iraq.

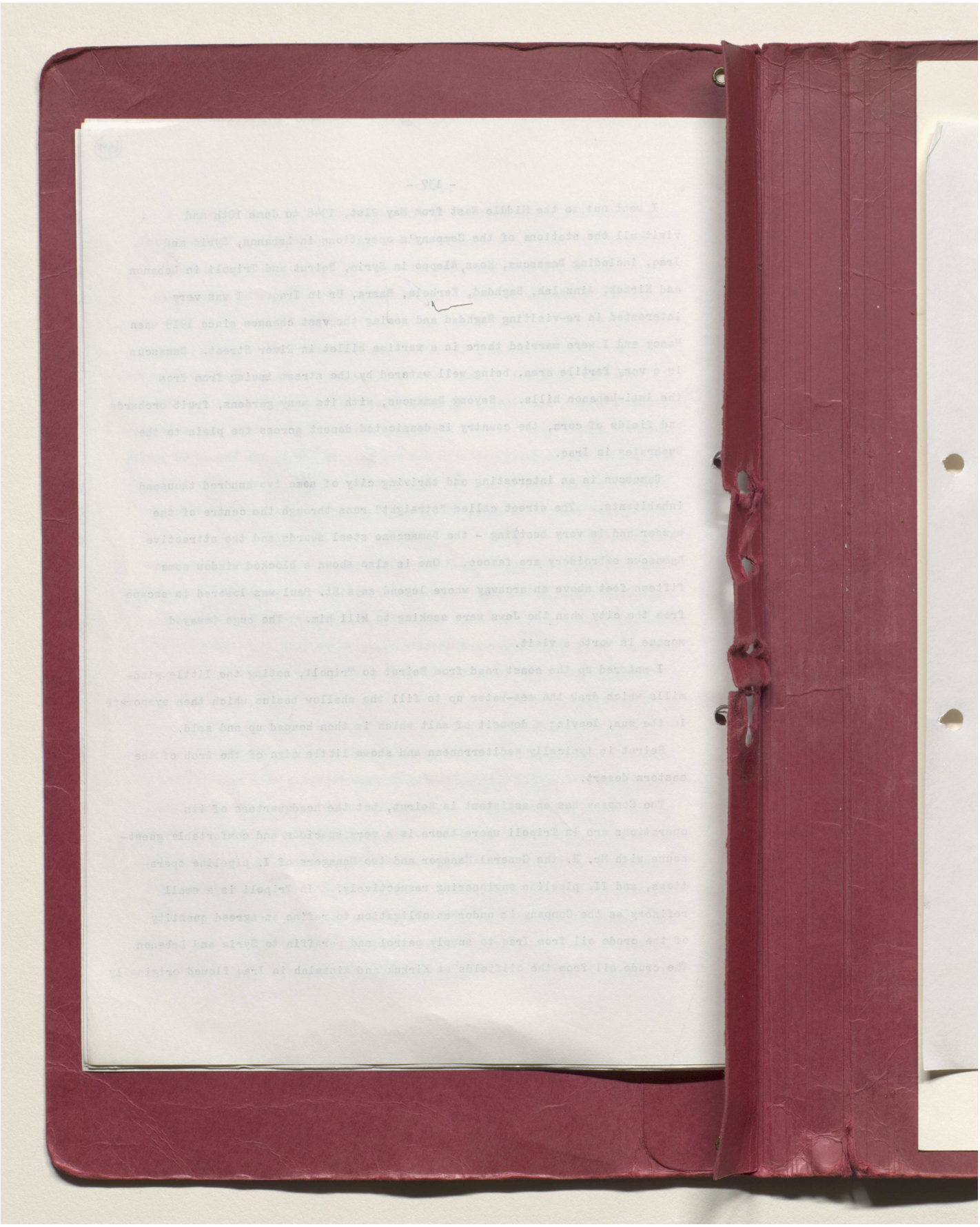
Damascus is an interesting and thriving city of some two hundred thousand inhabitants. The street called "straight" runs through the centre of the bazaar and is very bustling - the Damascene steel swords and the attractive Damascus embroidery are famous. One is also shown a blocked window some fifteen feet above an archway where legend says St. Paul was lowered to escape from the city when the Jews were seeking to kill him. The huge Ommayad mosque is worth a visit.

I motored up the coast road from Beirut to Tripoli, noting the little windmills which draw the sea-water up to fill the shallow basins which then evaporate in the sun, leaving a deposit of salt which is then heaped up and sold.

Beirut is typically Mediterranean and shows little sign of the Arab of the eastern desert.

The Company has an assistant in Beirut, but the headquarters of its operations are in Tripoli where there is a very spacious and comfortable guest-house with Mr. H. the General Manager and two Managers of I. pipeline operations, and II. pipeline engineering respectively. In Tripoli is a small refinery as the Company is under an obligation to refine an agreed quantity of the crude oil from Iraq to supply petrol and paraffin to Syria and Lebanon. The crude oil from the oilfields at Kirkuk and Ainzalah in Iraq flowed originally

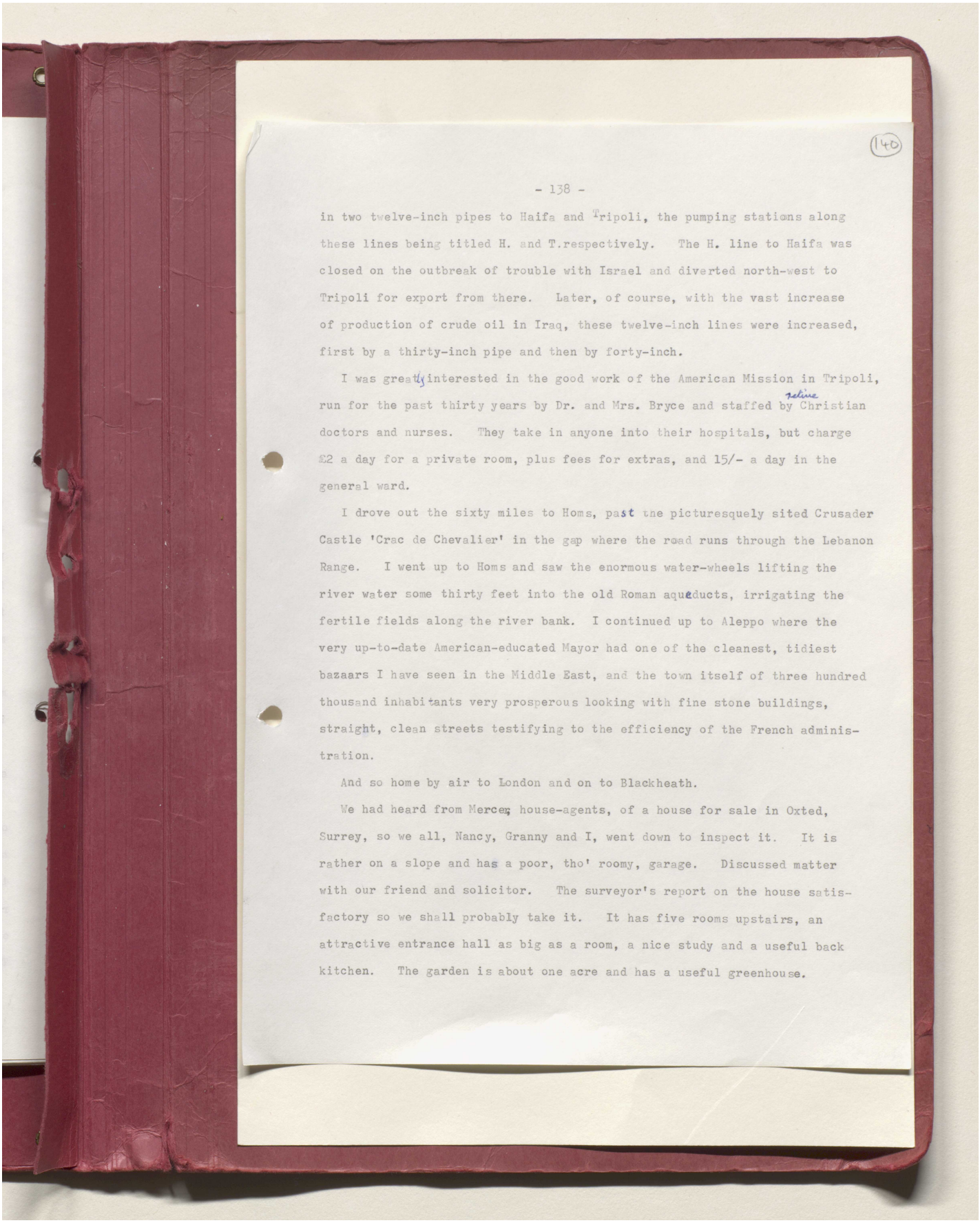
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00004e



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00004f

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(140)

in two twelve-inch pipes to Haifa and Tripoli, the pumping stations along these lines being titled H. and T. respectively. The H. line to Haifa was closed on the outbreak of trouble with Israel and diverted north-west to Tripoli for export from there. Later, of course, with the vast increase of production of crude oil in Iraq, these twelve-inch lines were increased, first by a thirty-inch pipe and then by forty-inch.

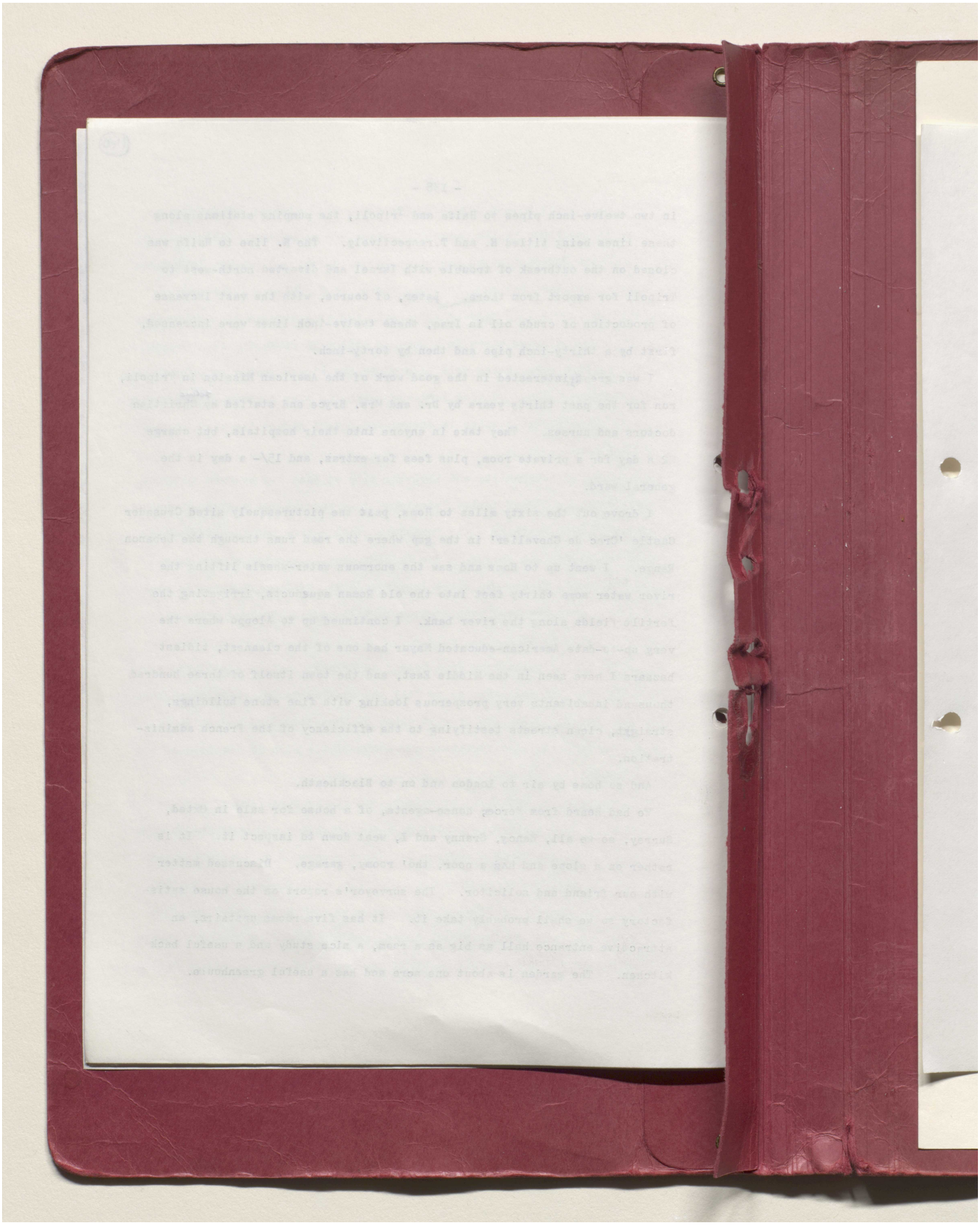
I was greatly interested in the good work of the American Mission in Tripoli, run for the past thirty years by Dr. and Mrs. Bryce and staffed by relive Christian doctors and nurses. They take in anyone into their hospitals, but charge £2 a day for a private room, plus fees for extras, and 15/- a day in the general ward.

I drove out the sixty miles to Homs, past the picturesquely sited Crusader Castle 'Crac de Chevalier' in the gap where the road runs through the Lebanon Range. I went up to Homs and saw the enormous water-wheels lifting the river water some thirty feet into the old Roman aqueducts, irrigating the fertile fields along the river bank. I continued up to Aleppo where the very up-to-date American-educated Mayor had one of the cleanest, tidiest bazaars I have seen in the Middle East, and the town itself of three hundred thousand inhabitants very prosperous looking with fine stone buildings, straight, clean streets testifying to the efficiency of the French administration.

And so home by air to London and on to Blackheath.

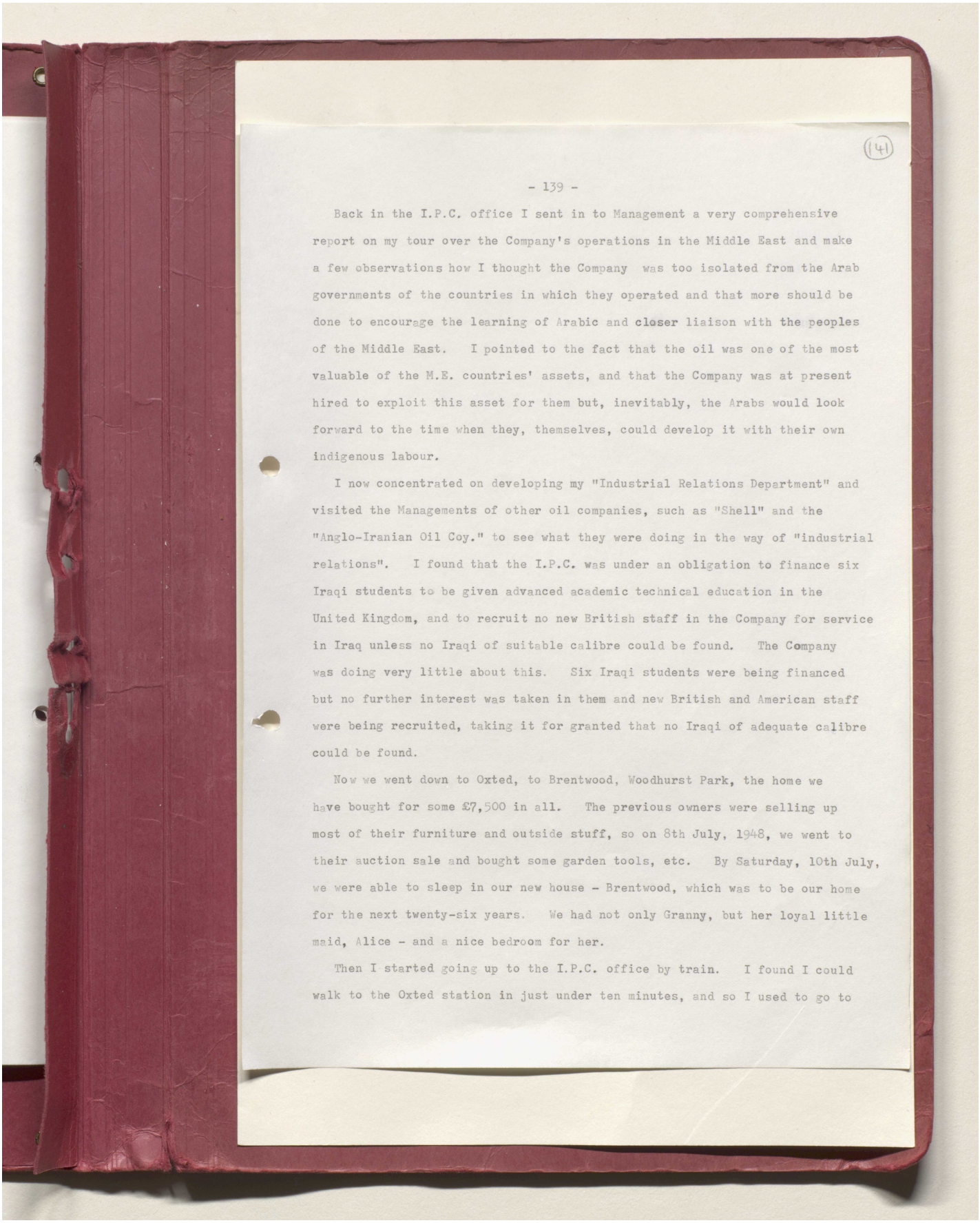
We had heard from Mercer, house-agents, of a house for sale in Oxted, Surrey, so we all, Nancy, Granny and I, went down to inspect it. It is rather on a slope and has a poor, tho' roomy, garage. Discussed matter with our friend and solicitor. The surveyor's report on the house satisfactory so we shall probably take it. It has five rooms upstairs, an attractive entrance hall as big as a room, a nice study and a useful back kitchen. The garden is about one acre and has a useful greenhouse.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000050



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



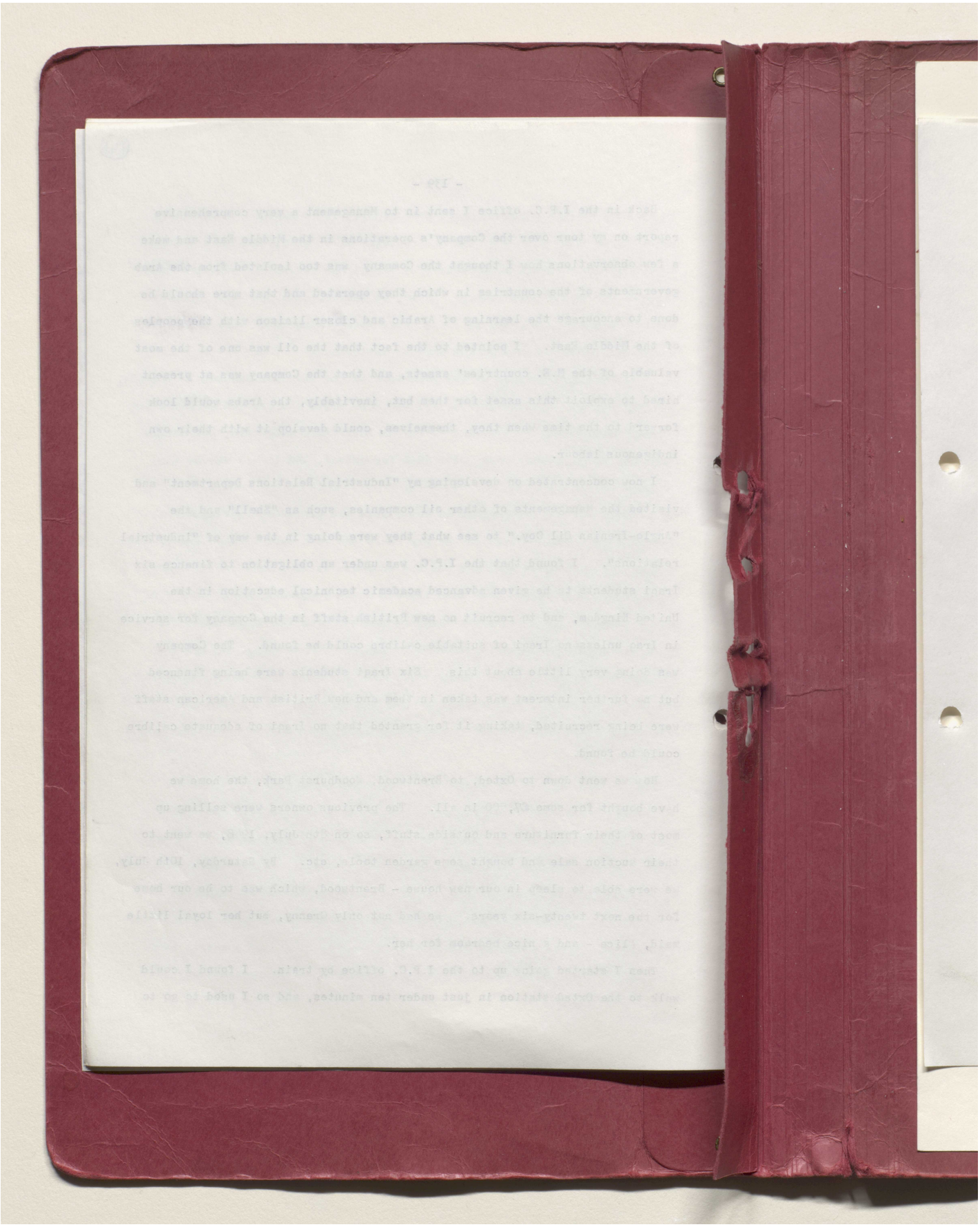
Back in the I.P.C. office I sent in to Management a very comprehensive report on my tour over the Company's operations in the Middle East and make a few observations how I thought the Company was too isolated from the Arab governments of the countries in which they operated and that more should be done to encourage the learning of Arabic and closer liaison with the peoples of the Middle East. I pointed to the fact that the oil was one of the most valuable of the M.E. countries' assets, and that the Company was at present hired to exploit this asset for them but, inevitably, the Arabs would look forward to the time when they, themselves, could develop it with their own indigenous labour.

I now concentrated on developing my "Industrial Relations Department" and visited the Managements of other oil companies, such as "Shell" and the "Anglo-Iranian Oil Coy." to see what they were doing in the way of "industrial relations". I found that the I.P.C. was under an obligation to finance six Iraqi students to be given advanced academic technical education in the United Kingdom, and to recruit no new British staff in the Company for service in Iraq unless no Iraqi of suitable calibre could be found. The Company was doing very little about this. Six Iraqi students were being financed but no further interest was taken in them and new British and American staff were being recruited, taking it for granted that no Iraqi of adequate calibre could be found.

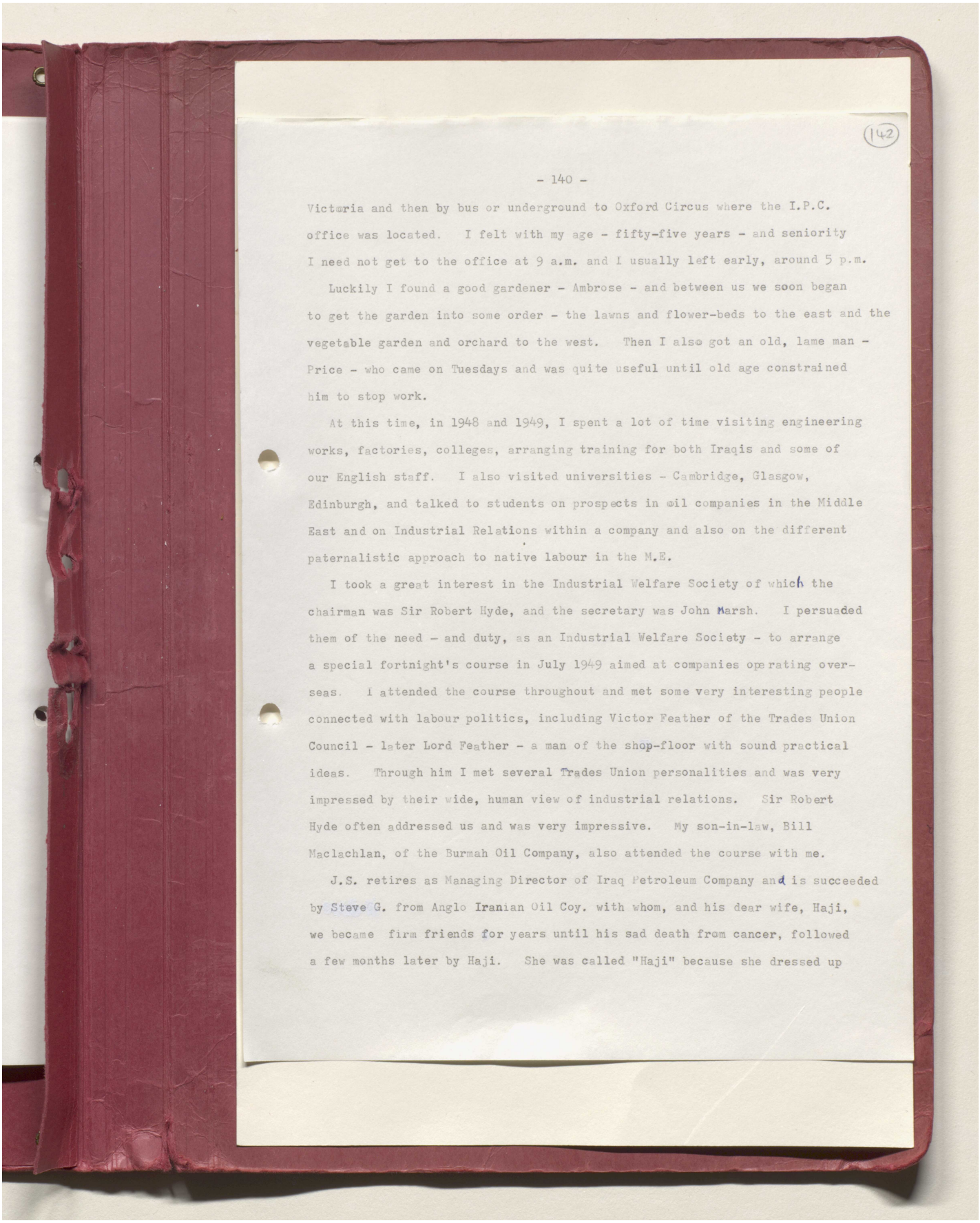
Now we went down to Oxted, to Brentwood, Woodhurst Park, the home we have bought for some £7,500 in all. The previous owners were selling up most of their furniture and outside stuff, so on 8th July, 1948, we went to their auction sale and bought some garden tools, etc. By Saturday, 10th July, we were able to sleep in our new house - Brentwood, which was to be our home for the next twenty-six years. We had not only Granny, but her loyal little maid, Alice - and a nice bedroom for her.

Then I started going up to the I.P.C. office by train. I found I could walk to the Oxted station in just under ten minutes, and so I used to go to

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000052



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000053



(142)

- 140 -

Victoria and then by bus or underground to Oxford Circus where the I.P.C. office was located. I felt with my age - fifty-five years - and seniority I need not get to the office at 9 a.m. and I usually left early, around 5 p.m.

Luckily I found a good gardener - Ambrose - and between us we soon began to get the garden into some order - the lawns and flower-beds to the east and the vegetable garden and orchard to the west. Then I also got an old, lame man - Price - who came on Tuesdays and was quite useful until old age constrained him to stop work.

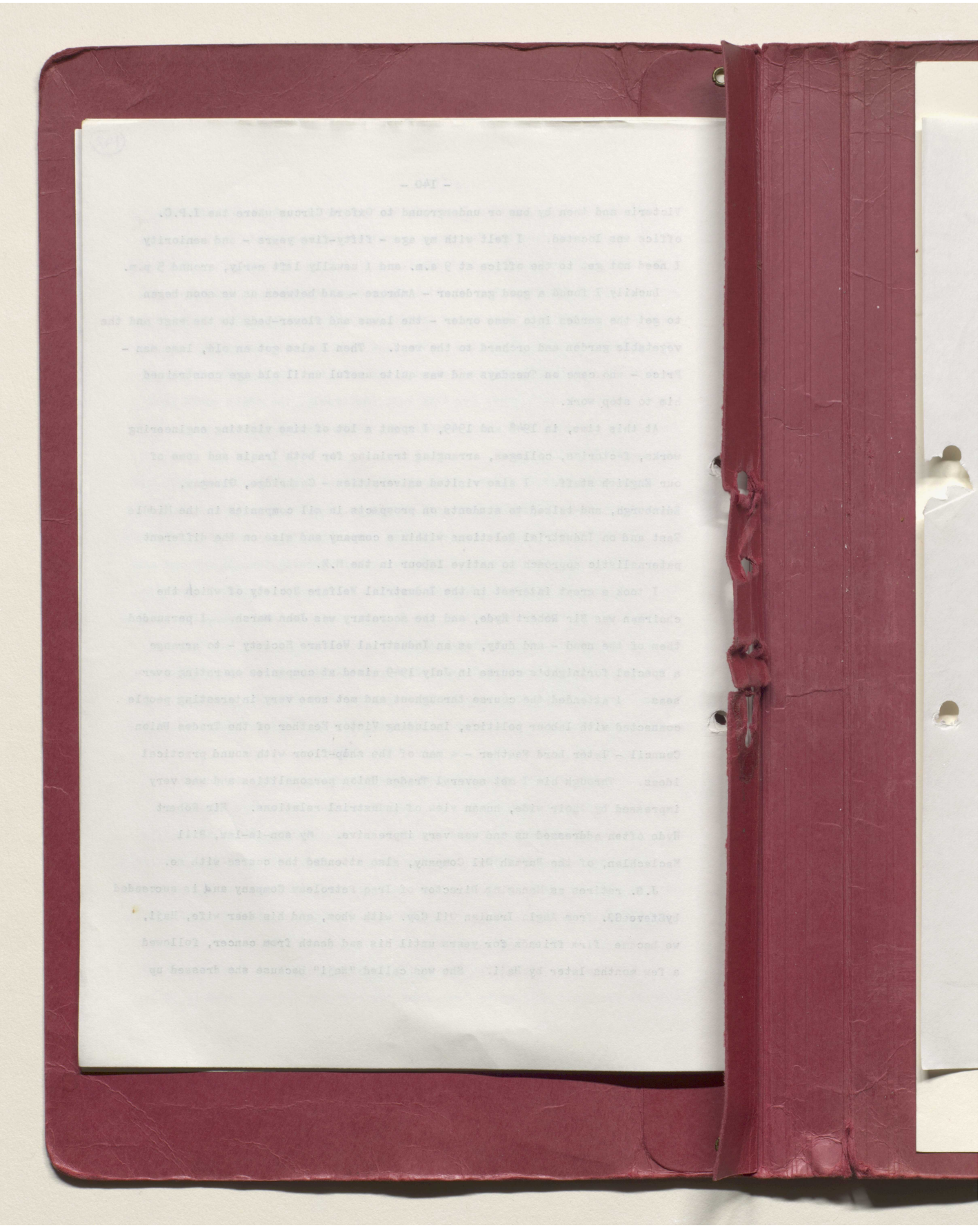
At this time, in 1948 and 1949, I spent a lot of time visiting engineering works, factories, colleges, arranging training for both Iraqis and some of our English staff. I also visited universities - Cambridge, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and talked to students on prospects in oil companies in the Middle East and on Industrial Relations within a company and also on the different paternalistic approach to native labour in the M.E.

I took a great interest in the Industrial Welfare Society of which the chairman was Sir Robert Hyde, and the secretary was John Marsh. I persuaded them of the need - and duty, as an Industrial Welfare Society - to arrange a special fortnight's course in July 1949 aimed at companies operating overseas. I attended the course throughout and met some very interesting people connected with labour politics, including Victor Feather of the Trades Union Council - later Lord Feather - a man of the shop-floor with sound practical ideas. Through him I met several Trades Union personalities and was very impressed by their wide, human view of industrial relations. Sir Robert Hyde often addressed us and was very impressive. My son-in-law, Bill Maclachlan, of the Burmah Oil Company, also attended the course with me.

J.S. retires as Managing Director of Iraq Petroleum Company and is succeeded by Steve G. from Anglo Iranian Oil Coy. with whom, and his dear wife, Haji, we became firm friends for years until his sad death from cancer, followed a few months later by Haji. She was called "Haji" because she dressed up

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

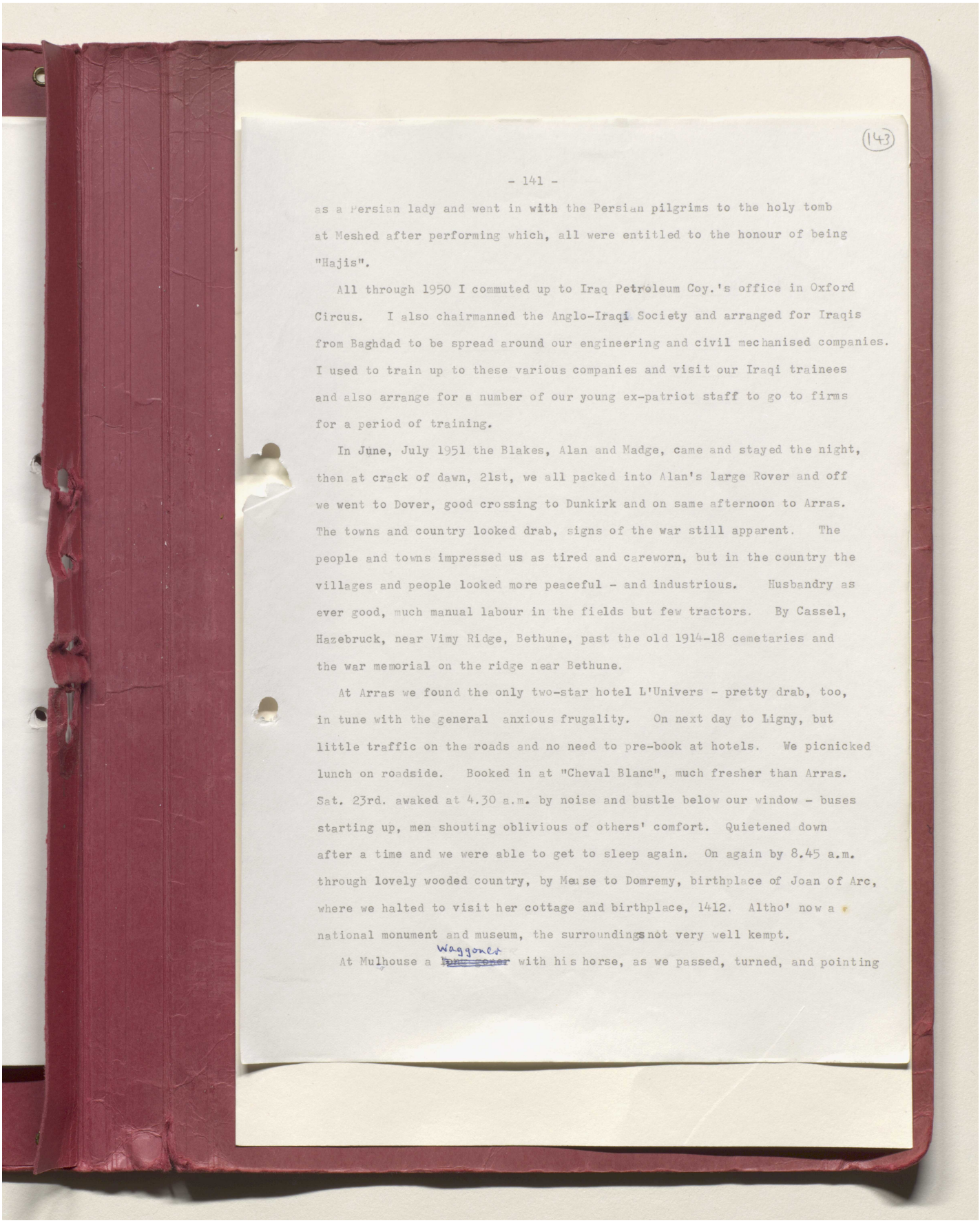
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000054



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000055

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(143)

as a Persian lady and went in with the Persian pilgrims to the holy tomb at Meshed after performing which, all were entitled to the honour of being "Hajis".

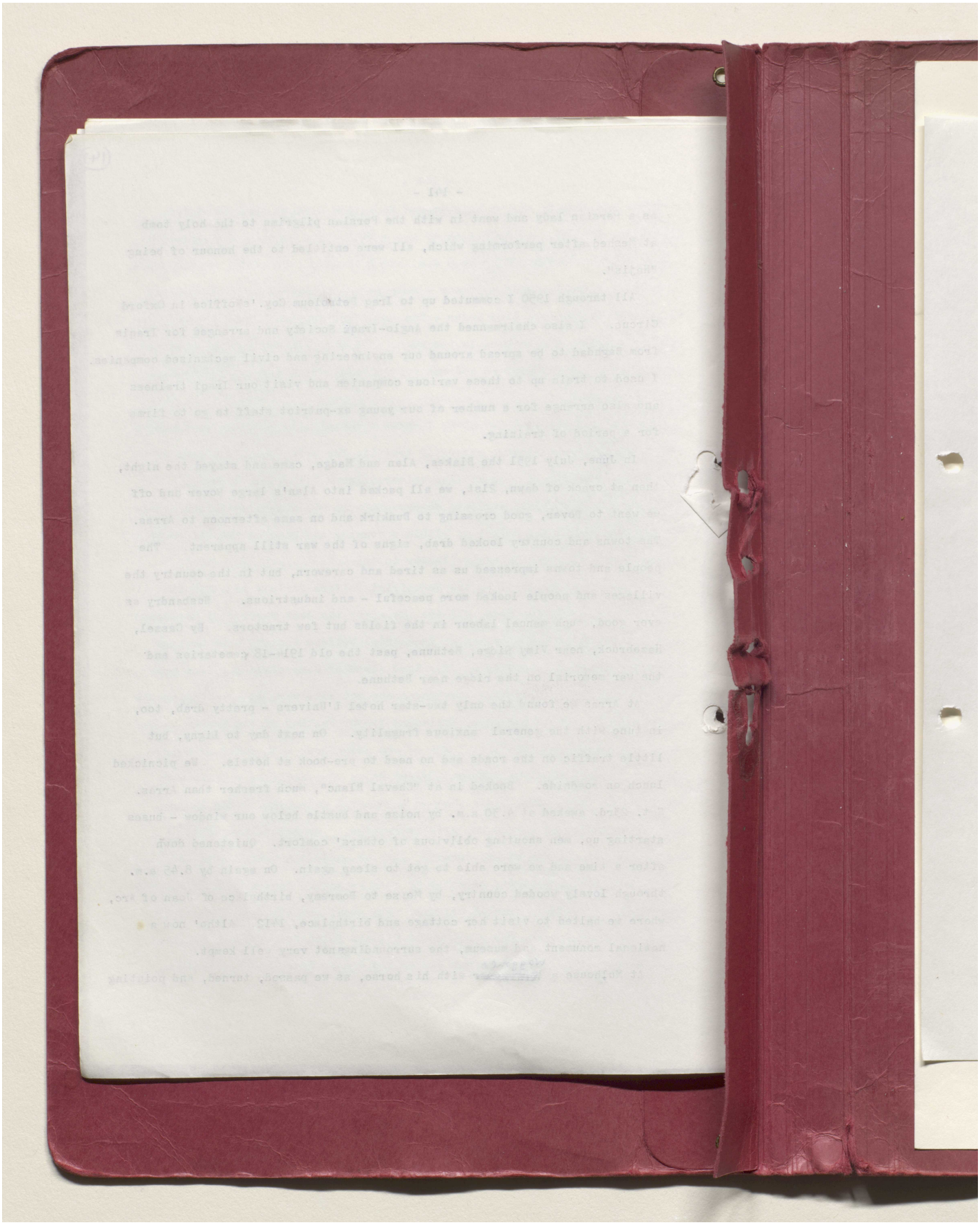
All through 1950 I commuted up to Iraq Petroleum Coy.'s office in Oxford Circus. I also chairmanned the Anglo-Iraqi Society and arranged for Iraqis from Baghdad to be spread around our engineering and civil mechanised companies. I used to train up to these various companies and visit our Iraqi trainees and also arrange for a number of our young ex-patriot staff to go to firms for a period of training.

In June, July 1951 the Blakes, Alan and Madge, came and stayed the night, then at crack of dawn, 21st, we all packed into Alan's large Rover and off we went to Dover, good crossing to Dunkirk and on same afternoon to Arras. The towns and country looked drab, signs of the war still apparent. The people and towns impressed us as tired and careworn, but in the country the villages and people looked more peaceful - and industrious. Husbandry as ever good, much manual labour in the fields but few tractors. By Cassel, Hazebruck, near Vimy Ridge, Bethune, past the old 1914-18 cemetaries and the war memorial on the ridge near Bethune.

At Arras we found the only two-star hotel L'Univers - pretty drab, too, in tune with the general anxious frugality. On next day to Ligny, but little traffic on the roads and no need to pre-book at hotels. We picnicked lunch on roadside. Booked in at "Cheval Blanc", much fresher than Arras. Sat. 23rd. awaked at 4.30 a.m. by noise and bustle below our window - buses starting up, men shouting oblivious of others' comfort. Quietened down after a time and we were able to get to sleep again. On again by 8.45 a.m. through lovely wooded country, by Meuse to Domremy, birthplace of Joan of Arc, where we halted to visit her cottage and birthplace, 1412. Altho' now a national monument and museum, the surroundings not very well kempt.

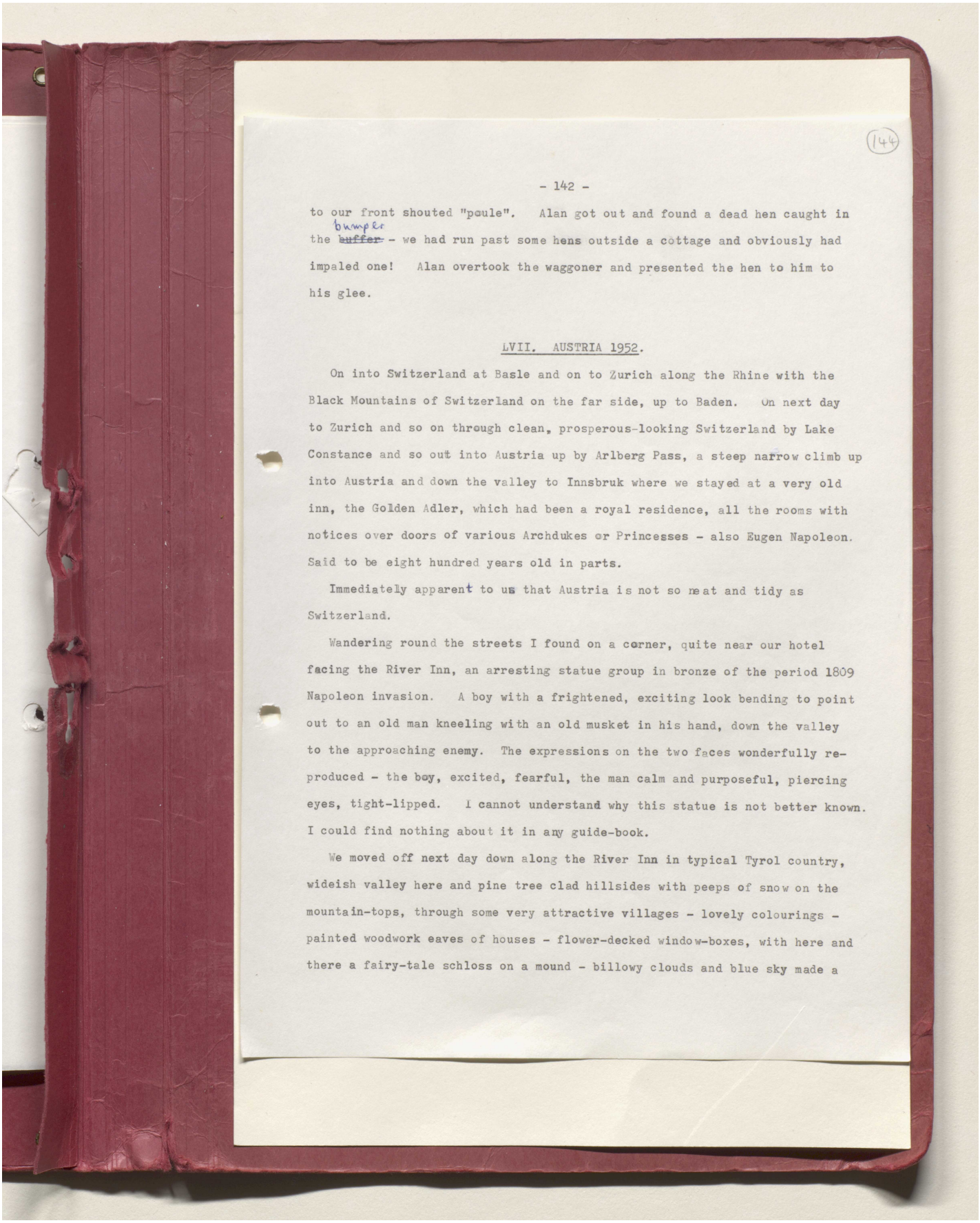
At Mulhouse a ~~lone coner~~ Waggoner with his horse, as we passed, turned, and pointing

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000056



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



to our front shouted "poule". Alan got out and found a dead hen caught in the ~~buffer~~ bumper - we had run past some hens outside a cottage and obviously had impaled one! Alan overtook the waggoner and presented the hen to him to his glee.

LVII. AUSTRIA 1952.

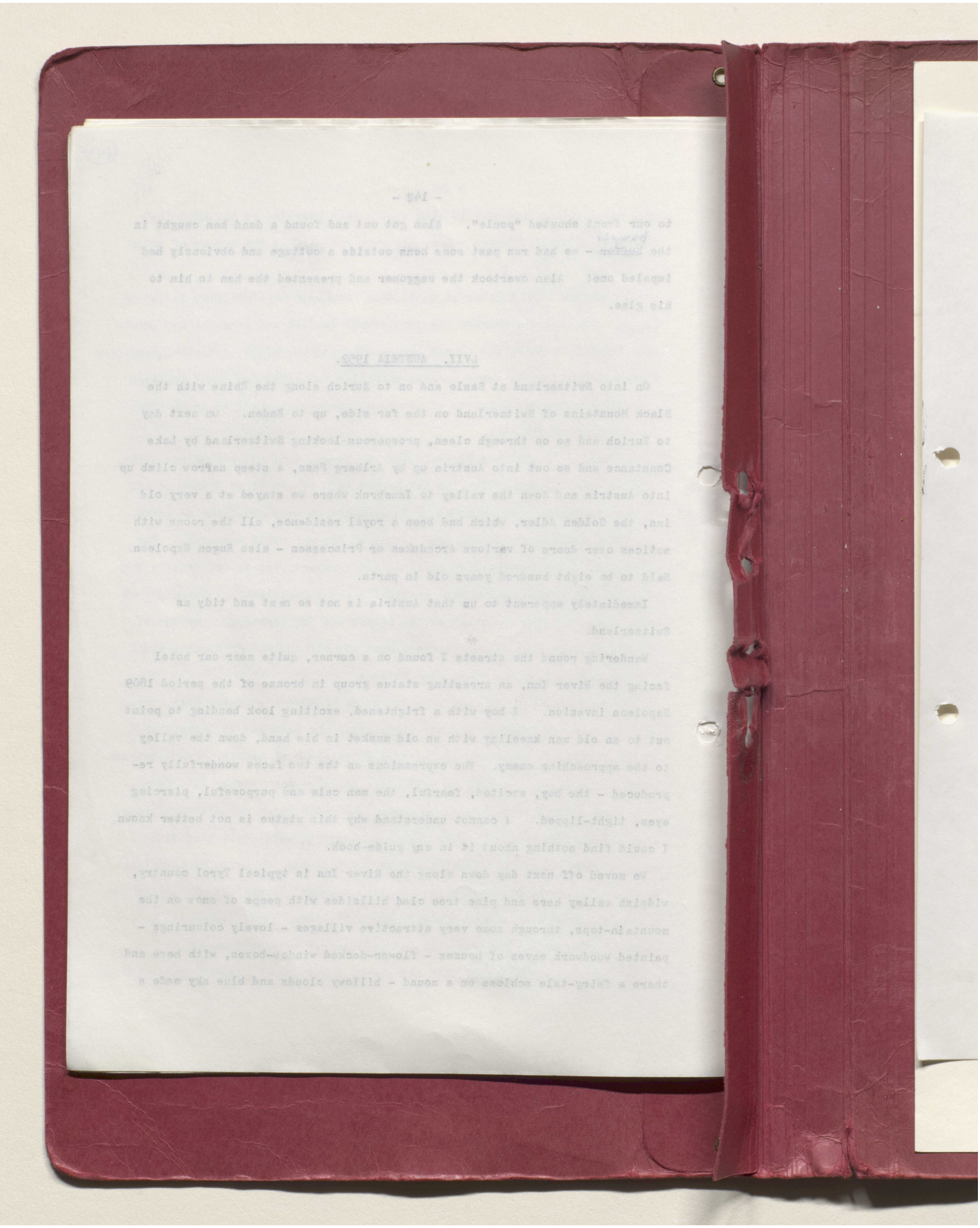
On into Switzerland at Basle and on to Zurich along the Rhine with the Black Mountains of Switzerland on the far side, up to Baden. On next day to Zurich and so on through clean, prosperous-looking Switzerland by Lake Constance and so out into Austria up by Arlberg Pass, a steep narrow climb up into Austria and down the valley to Innsbruk where we stayed at a very old inn, the Golden Adler, which had been a royal residence, all the rooms with notices over doors of various Archdukes or Princesses - also Eugen Napoleon. Said to be eight hundred years old in parts.

Immediately apparent to us that Austria is not so neat and tidy as Switzerland.

Wandering round the streets I found on a corner, quite near our hotel facing the River Inn, an arresting statue group in bronze of the period 1809 Napoleon invasion. A boy with a frightened, exciting look bending to point out to an old man kneeling with an old musket in his hand, down the valley to the approaching enemy. The expressions on the two faces wonderfully reproduced - the boy, excited, fearful, the man calm and purposeful, piercing eyes, tight-lipped. I cannot understand why this statue is not better known. I could find nothing about it in any guide-book.

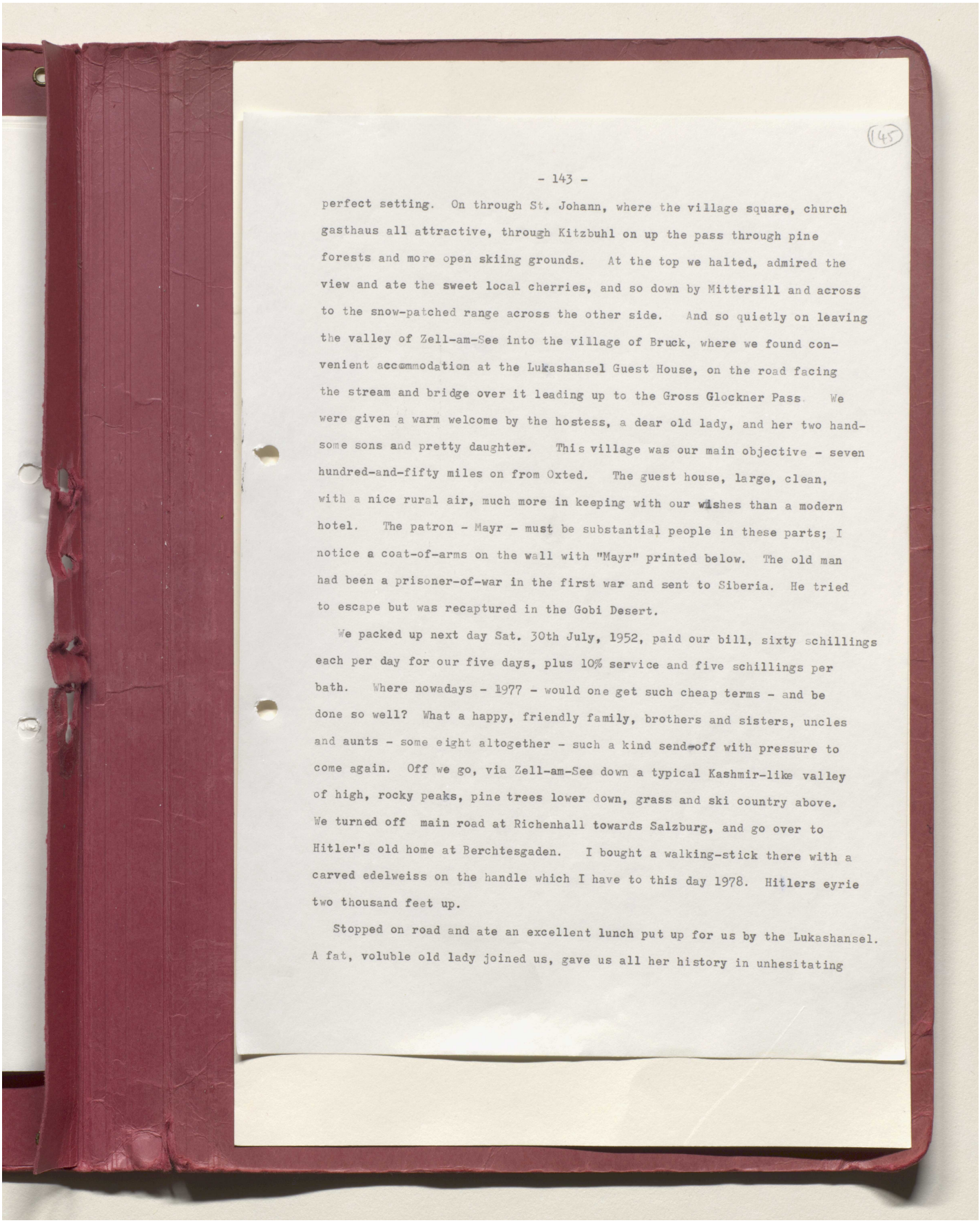
We moved off next day down along the River Inn in typical Tyrol country, wideish valley here and pine tree clad hillsides with peeps of snow on the mountain-tops, through some very attractive villages - lovely colourings - painted woodwork eaves of houses - flower-decked window-boxes, with here and there a fairy-tale schloss on a mound - billowy clouds and blue sky made a

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000058



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

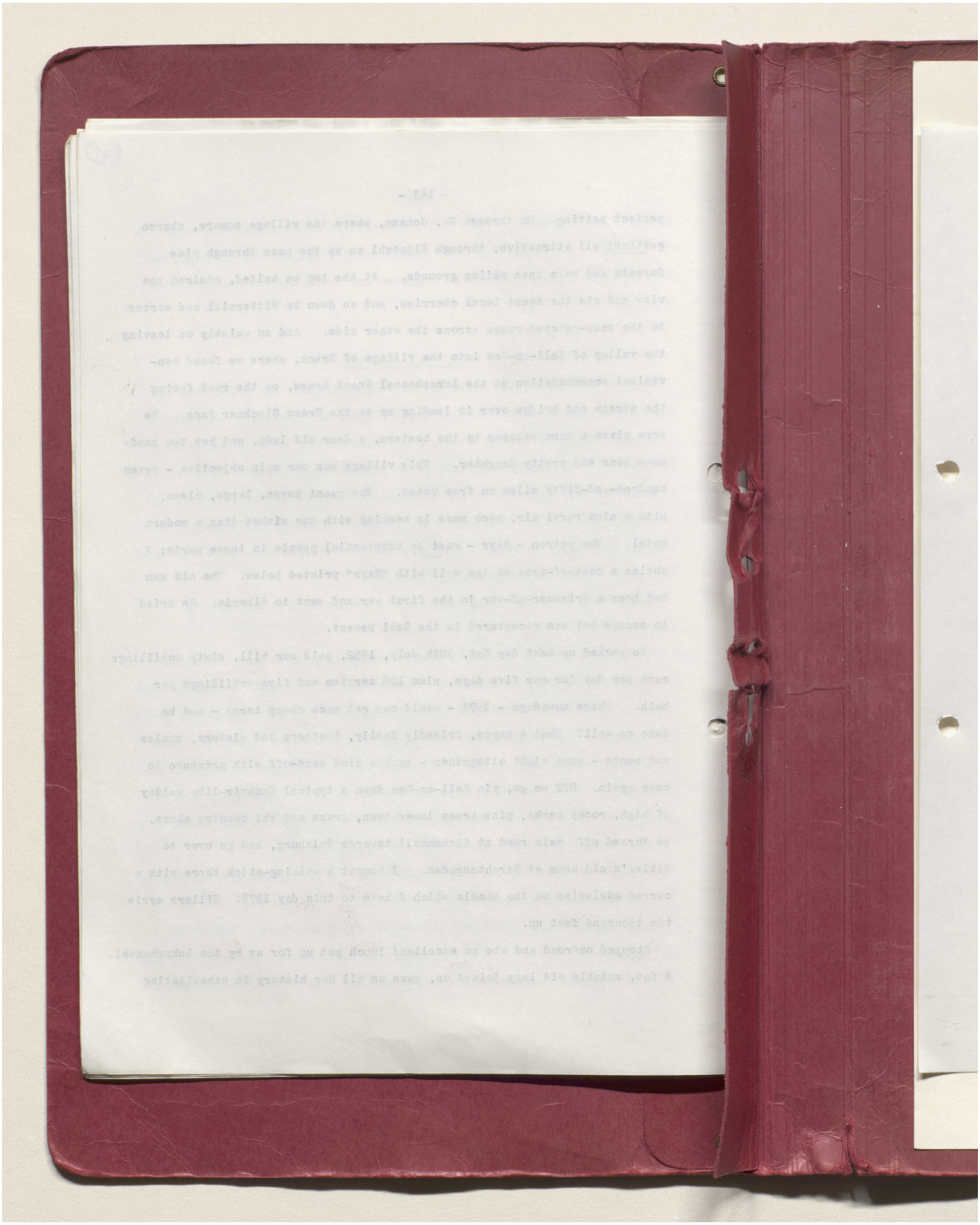


perfect setting. On through St. Johann, where the village square, church gasthaus all attractive, through Kitzbuhl on up the pass through pine forests and more open skiing grounds. At the top we halted, admired the view and ate the sweet local cherries, and so down by Mittersill and across to the snow-patched range across the other side. And so quietly on leaving the valley of Zell-am-See into the village of Bruck, where we found convenient accommodation at the Lukashansel Guest House, on the road facing the stream and bridge over it leading up to the Gross Glockner Pass. We were given a warm welcome by the hostess, a dear old lady, and her two handsome sons and pretty daughter. This village was our main objective - seven hundred-and-fifty miles on from Oxted. The guest house, large, clean, with a nice rural air, much more in keeping with our wishes than a modern hotel. The patron - Mayr - must be substantial people in these parts; I notice a coat-of-arms on the wall with "Mayr" printed below. The old man had been a prisoner-of-war in the first war and sent to Siberia. He tried to escape but was recaptured in the Gobi Desert.

We packed up next day Sat. 30th July, 1952, paid our bill, sixty schillings each per day for our five days, plus 10% service and five schillings per bath. Where nowadays - 1977 - would one get such cheap terms - and be done so well? What a happy, friendly family, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts - some eight altogether - such a kind send-off with pressure to come again. Off we go, via Zell-am-See down a typical Kashmir-like valley of high, rocky peaks, pine trees lower down, grass and ski country above. We turned off main road at Richenhall towards Salzburg, and go over to Hitler's old home at Berchtesgaden. I bought a walking-stick there with a carved edelweiss on the handle which I have to this day 1978. Hitlers eyrie two thousand feet up.

Stopped on road and ate an excellent lunch put up for us by the Lukashansel. A fat, voluble old lady joined us, gave us all her history in unhesitating

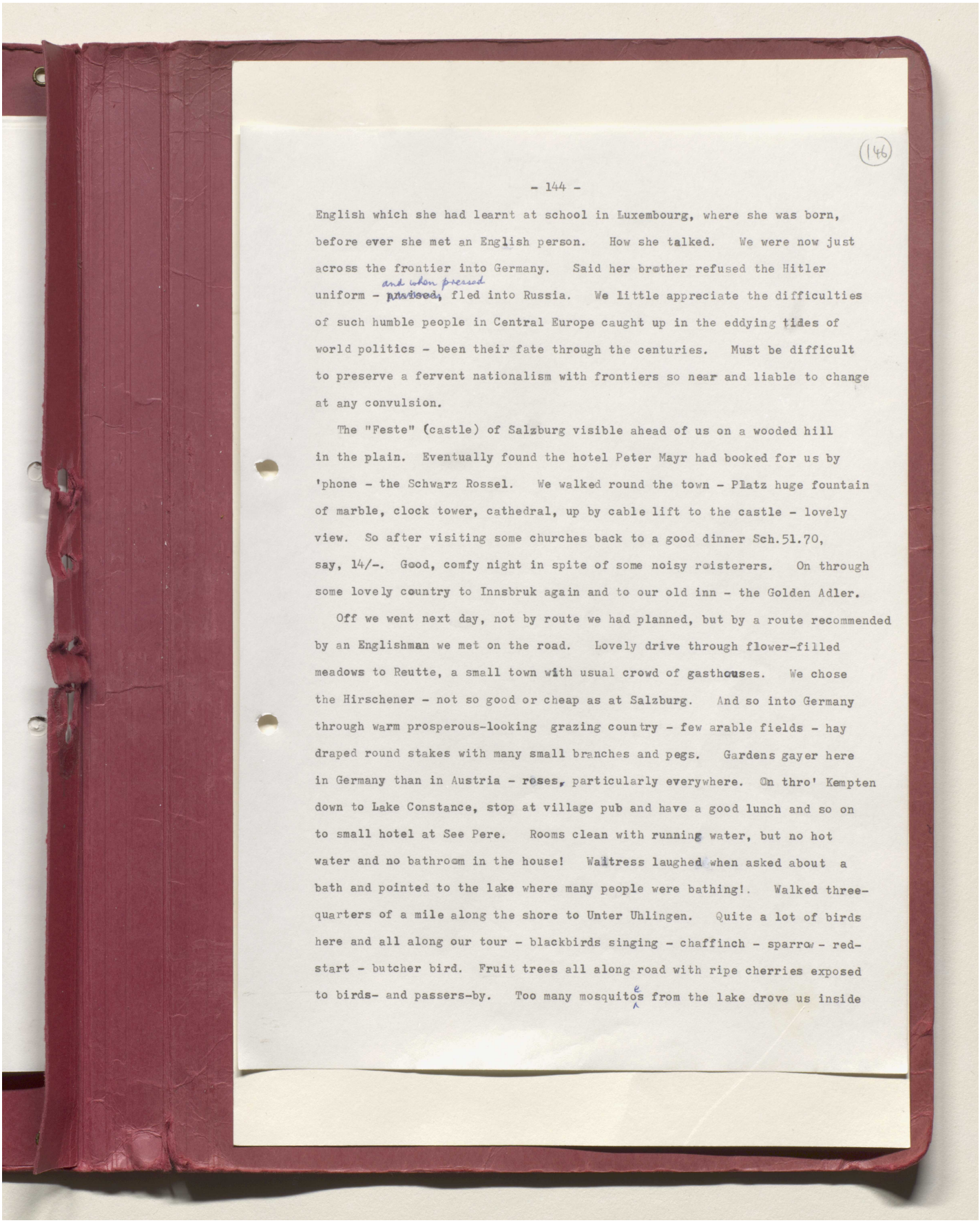
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00005a



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00005b

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



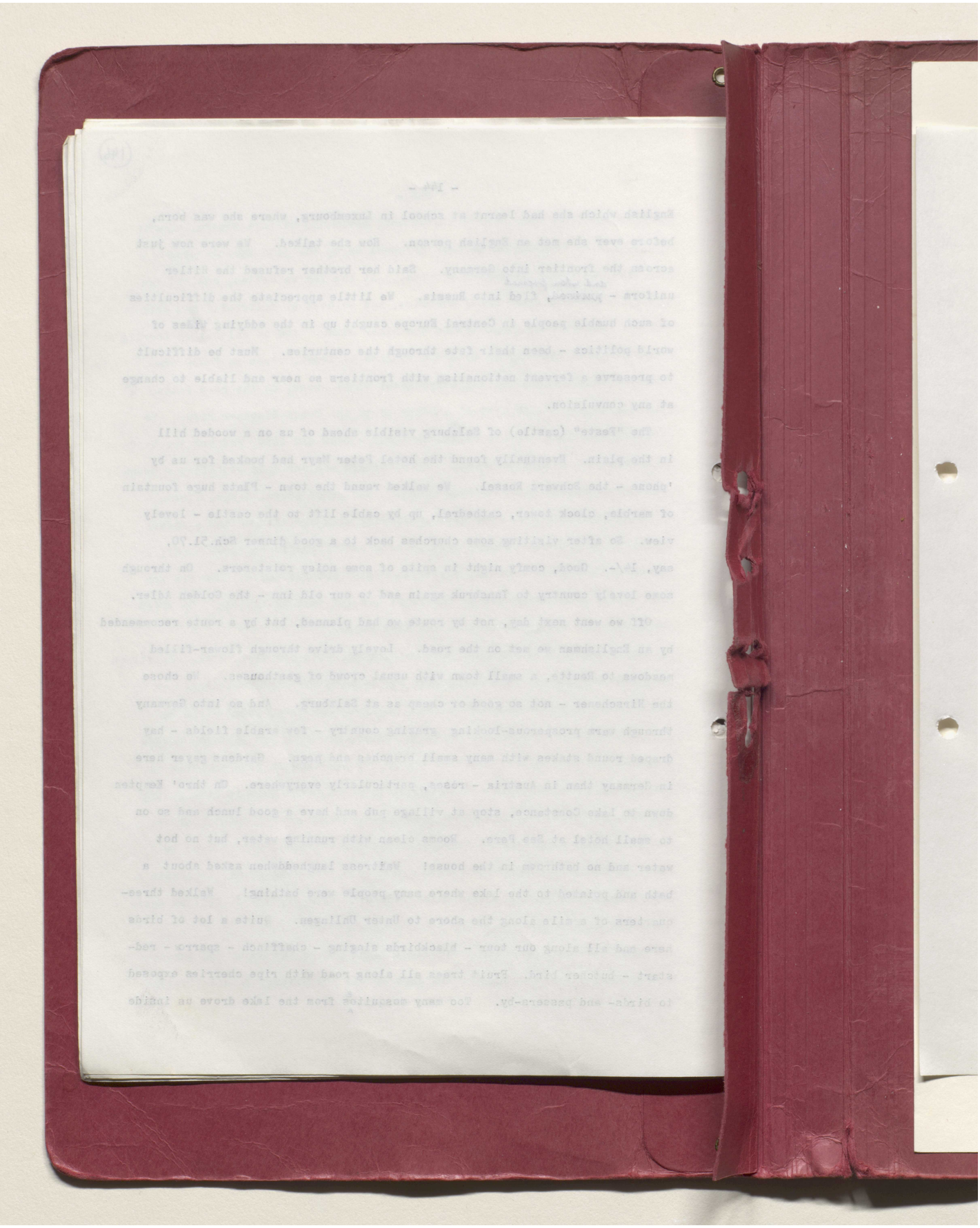
(146)

English which she had learnt at school in Luxembourg, where she was born, before ever she met an English person. How she talked. We were now just across the frontier into Germany. Said her brother refused the Hitler uniform - ~~praised~~ and when pressed, fled into Russia. We little appreciate the difficulties of such humble people in Central Europe caught up in the eddying tides of world politics - been their fate through the centuries. Must be difficult to preserve a fervent nationalism with frontiers so near and liable to change at any convulsion.

The "Feste" (castle) of Salzburg visible ahead of us on a wooded hill in the plain. Eventually found the hotel Peter Mayr had booked for us by 'phone - the Schwarz Rossel. We walked round the town - Platz huge fountain of marble, clock tower, cathedral, up by cable lift to the castle - lovely view. So after visiting some churches back to a good dinner Sch.51.70, say, 14/-. Good, comfy night in spite of some noisy roisterers. On through some lovely country to Innsbruk again and to our old inn - the Golden Adler.

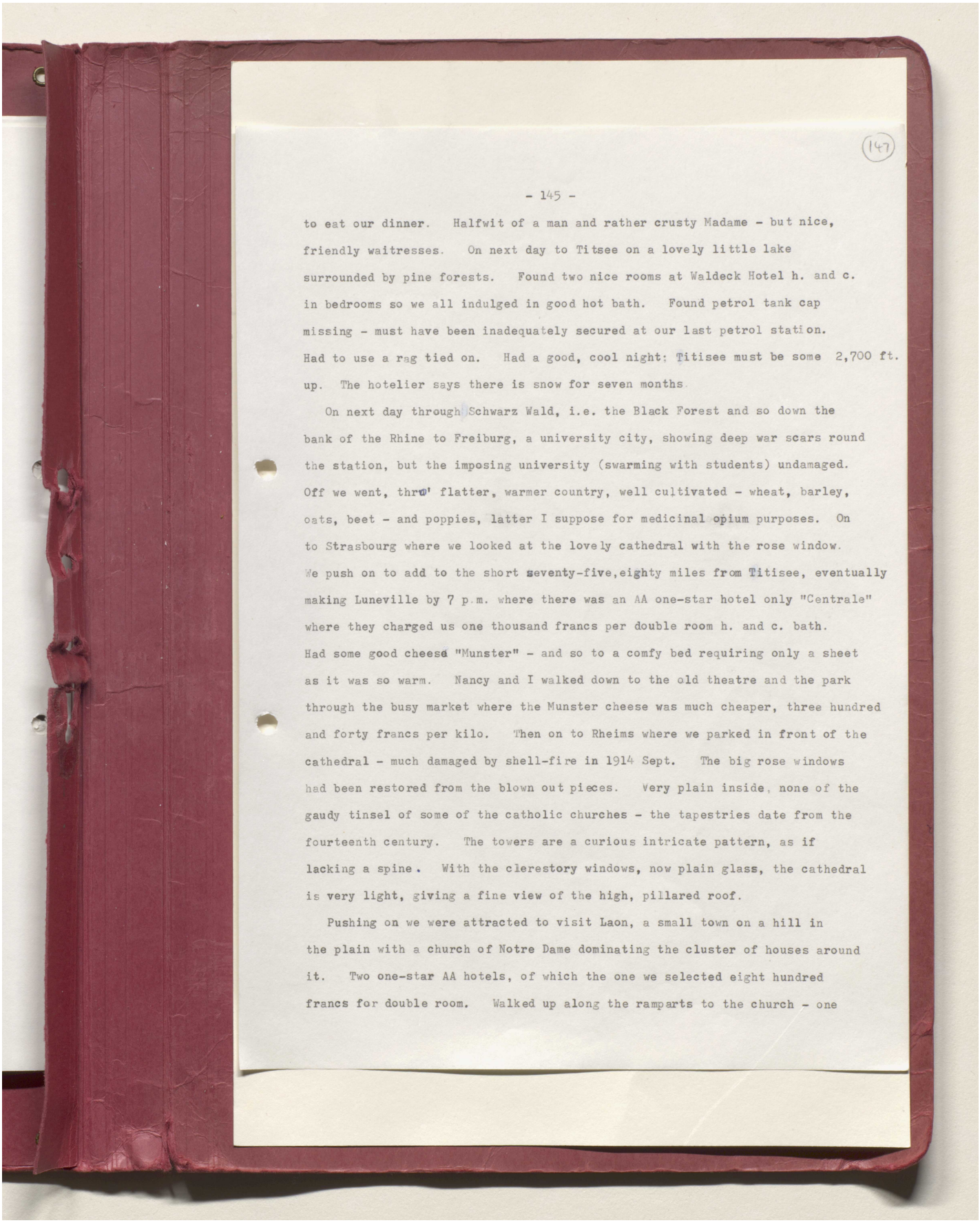
Off we went next day, not by route we had planned, but by a route recommended by an Englishman we met on the road. Lovely drive through flower-filled meadows to Reutte, a small town with usual crowd of gasthouses. We chose the Hirschener - not so good or cheap as at Salzburg. And so into Germany through warm prosperous-looking grazing country - few arable fields - hay draped round stakes with many small branches and pegs. Gardens gayer here in Germany than in Austria - roses, particularly everywhere. On thro' Kempten down to Lake Constance, stop at village pub and have a good lunch and so on to small hotel at See Pere. Rooms clean with running water, but no hot water and no bathroom in the house! Waitress laughed when asked about a bath and pointed to the lake where many people were bathing!. Walked three-quarters of a mile along the shore to Unter Uhlingen. Quite a lot of birds here and all along our tour - blackbirds singing - chaffinch - sparrow - red-start - butcher bird. Fruit trees all along road with ripe cherries exposed to birds- and passers-by. Too many mosquitoes from the lake drove us inside

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00005c



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



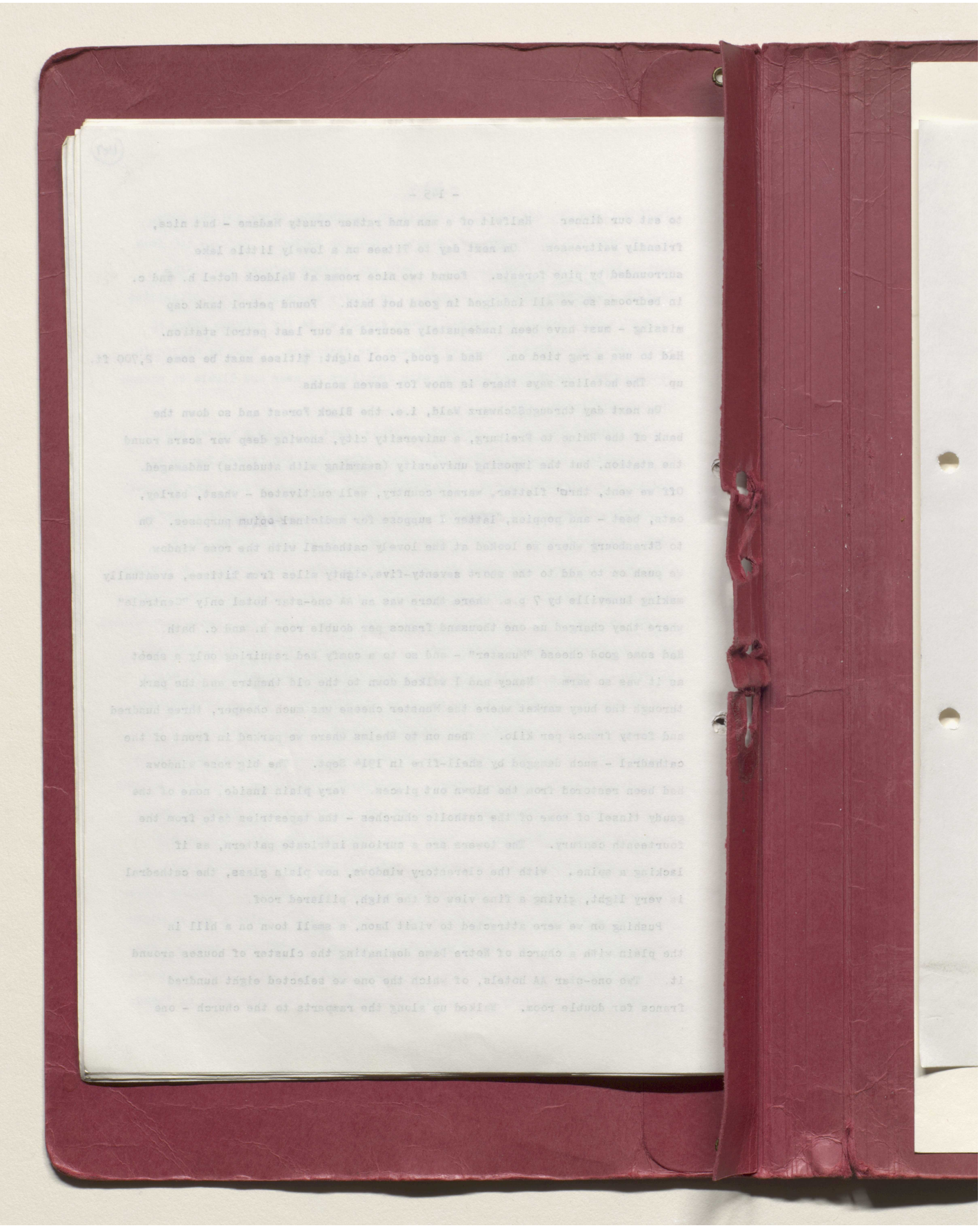
(147)

to eat our dinner. Halfwit of a man and rather crusty Madame - but nice, friendly waitresses. On next day to Titsee on a lovely little lake surrounded by pine forests. Found two nice rooms at Waldeck Hotel h. and c. in bedrooms so we all indulged in good hot bath. Found petrol tank cap missing - must have been inadequately secured at our last petrol station. Had to use a rag tied on. Had a good, cool night: Titisee must be some 2,700 ft. up. The hotelier says there is snow for seven months.

On next day through Schwarz Wald, i.e. the Black Forest and so down the bank of the Rhine to Freiburg, a university city, showing deep war scars round the station, but the imposing university (swarming with students) undamaged. Off we went, thro' flatter, warmer country, well cultivated - wheat, barley, oats, beet - and poppies, latter I suppose for medicinal opium purposes. On to Strasbourg where we looked at the lovely cathedral with the rose window. We push on to add to the short seventy-five,eighty miles from Titisee, eventually making Luneville by 7 p.m. where there was an AA one-star hotel only "Centrale" where they charged us one thousand francs per double room h. and c. bath. Had some good cheese "Munster" - and so to a comfy bed requiring only a sheet as it was so warm. Nancy and I walked down to the old theatre and the park through the busy market where the Munster cheese was much cheaper, three hundred and forty francs per kilo. Then on to Rheims where we parked in front of the cathedral - much damaged by shell-fire in 1914 Sept. The big rose windows had been restored from the blown out pieces. Very plain inside, none of the gaudy tinsel of some of the catholic churches - the tapestries date from the fourteenth century. The towers are a curious intricate pattern, as if lacking a spine. With the clerestory windows, now plain glass, the cathedral is very light, giving a fine view of the high, pillared roof.

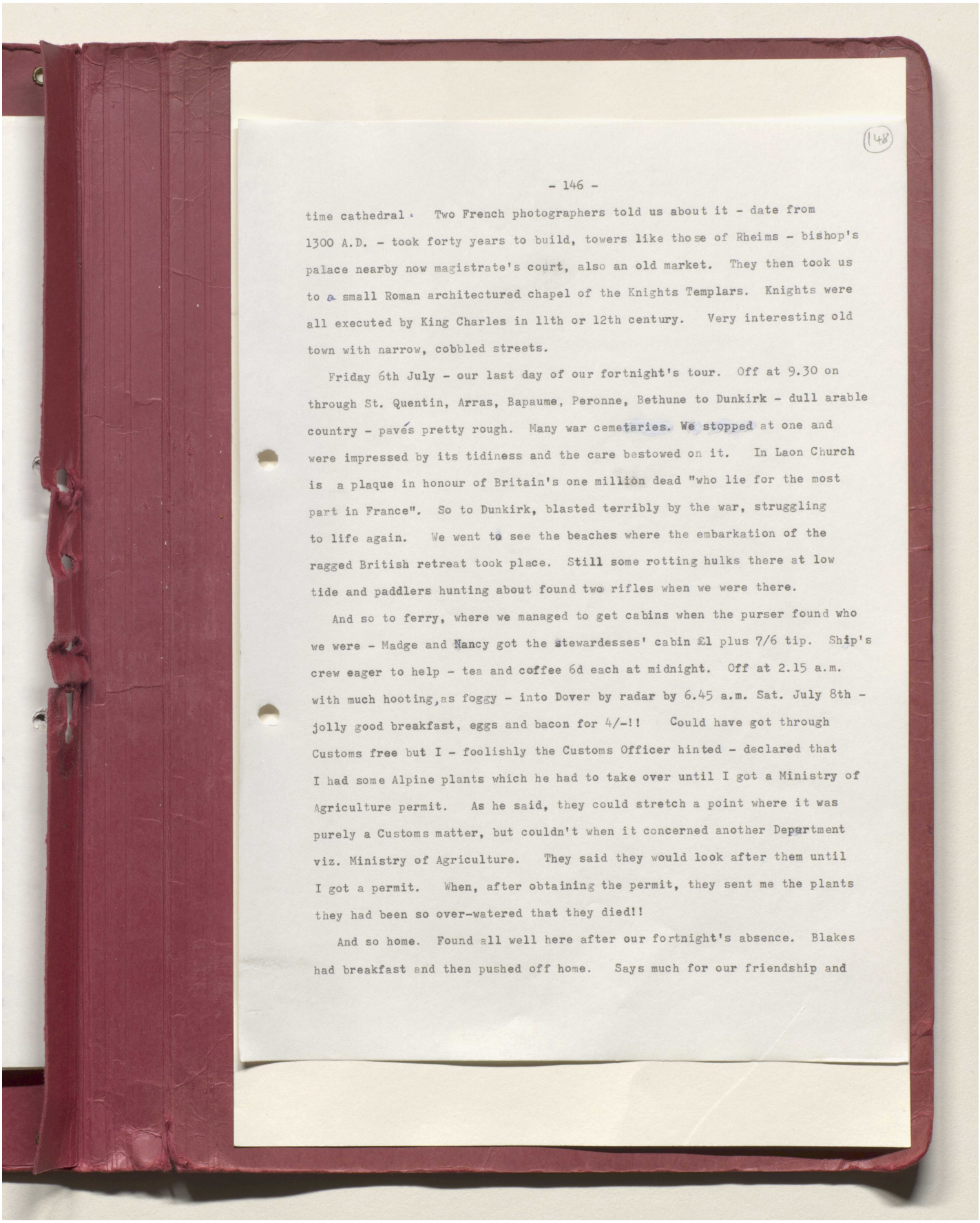
Pushing on we were attracted to visit Laon, a small town on a hill in the plain with a church of Notre Dame dominating the cluster of houses around it. Two one-star AA hotels, of which the one we selected eight hundred francs for double room. Walked up along the ramparts to the church - one

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00005e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



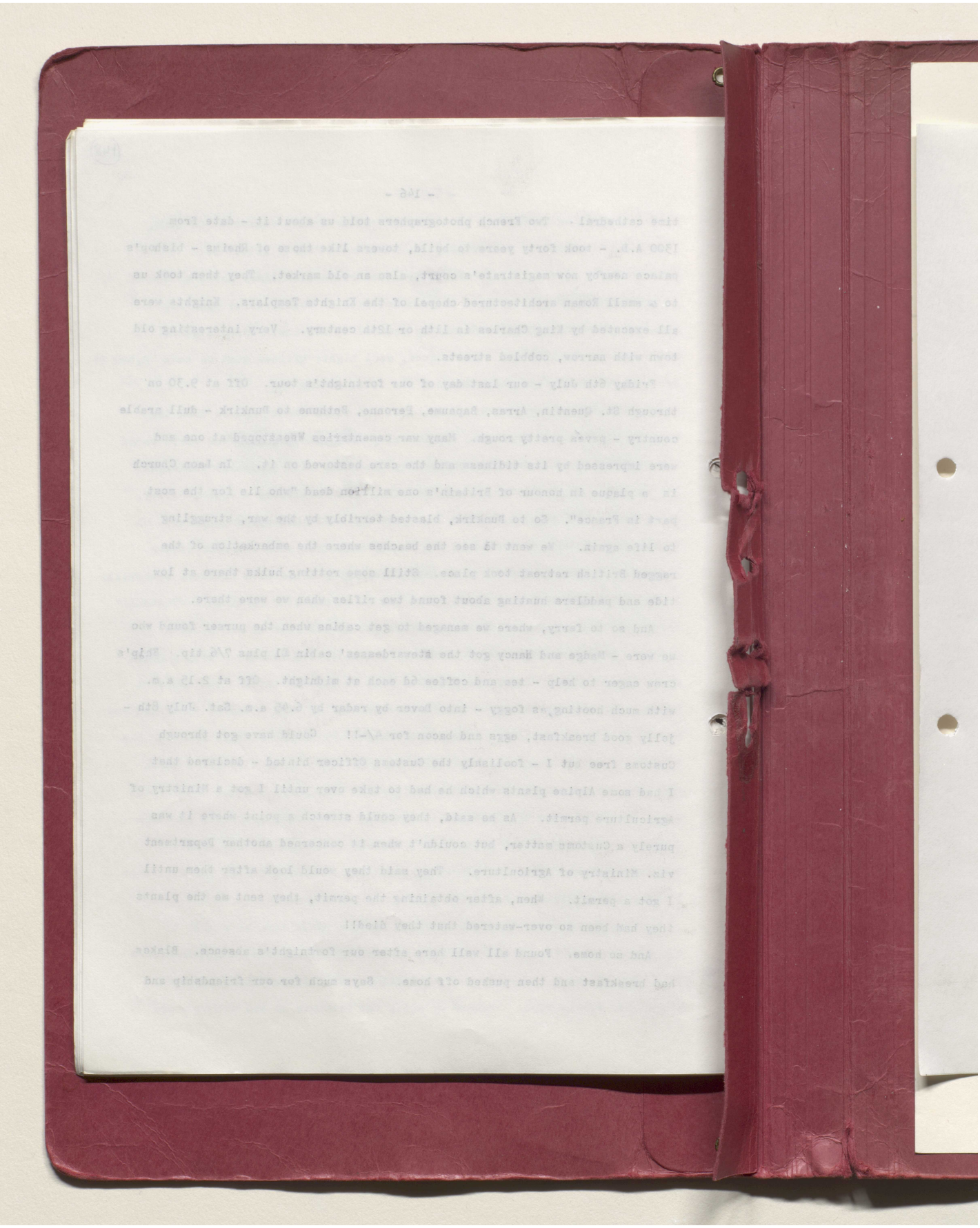
time cathedral. Two French photographers told us about it - date from 1300 A.D. - took forty years to build, towers like those of Rheims - bishop's palace nearby now magistrate's court, also an old market. They then took us to a small Roman architectured chapel of the Knights Templars. Knights were all executed by King Charles in 11th or 12th century. Very interesting old town with narrow, cobbled streets.

Friday 6th July - our last day of our fortnight's tour. Off at 9.30 on through St. Quentin, Arras, Bapaume, Peronne, Bethune to Dunkirk - dull arable country - pavés pretty rough. Many war cemetaries. We stopped at one and were impressed by its tidiness and the care bestowed on it. In Laon Church is a plaque in honour of Britain's one million dead "who lie for the most part in France". So to Dunkirk, blasted terribly by the war, struggling to life again. We went to see the beaches where the embarkation of the ragged British retreat took place. Still some rotting hulks there at low tide and paddlers hunting about found two rifles when we were there.

And so to ferry, where we managed to get cabins when the purser found who we were - Madge and Nancy got the stewardesses' cabin £1 plus 7/6 tip. Ship's crew eager to help - tea and coffee 6d each at midnight. Off at 2.15 a.m. with much hooting, as foggy - into Dover by radar by 6.45 a.m. Sat. July 8th - jolly good breakfast, eggs and bacon for 4/-!! Could have got through Customs free but I - foolishly the Customs Officer hinted - declared that I had some Alpine plants which he had to take over until I got a Ministry of Agriculture permit. As he said, they could stretch a point where it was purely a Customs matter, but couldn't when it concerned another Department viz. Ministry of Agriculture. They said they would look after them until I got a permit. When, after obtaining the permit, they sent me the plants they had been so over-watered that they died!!

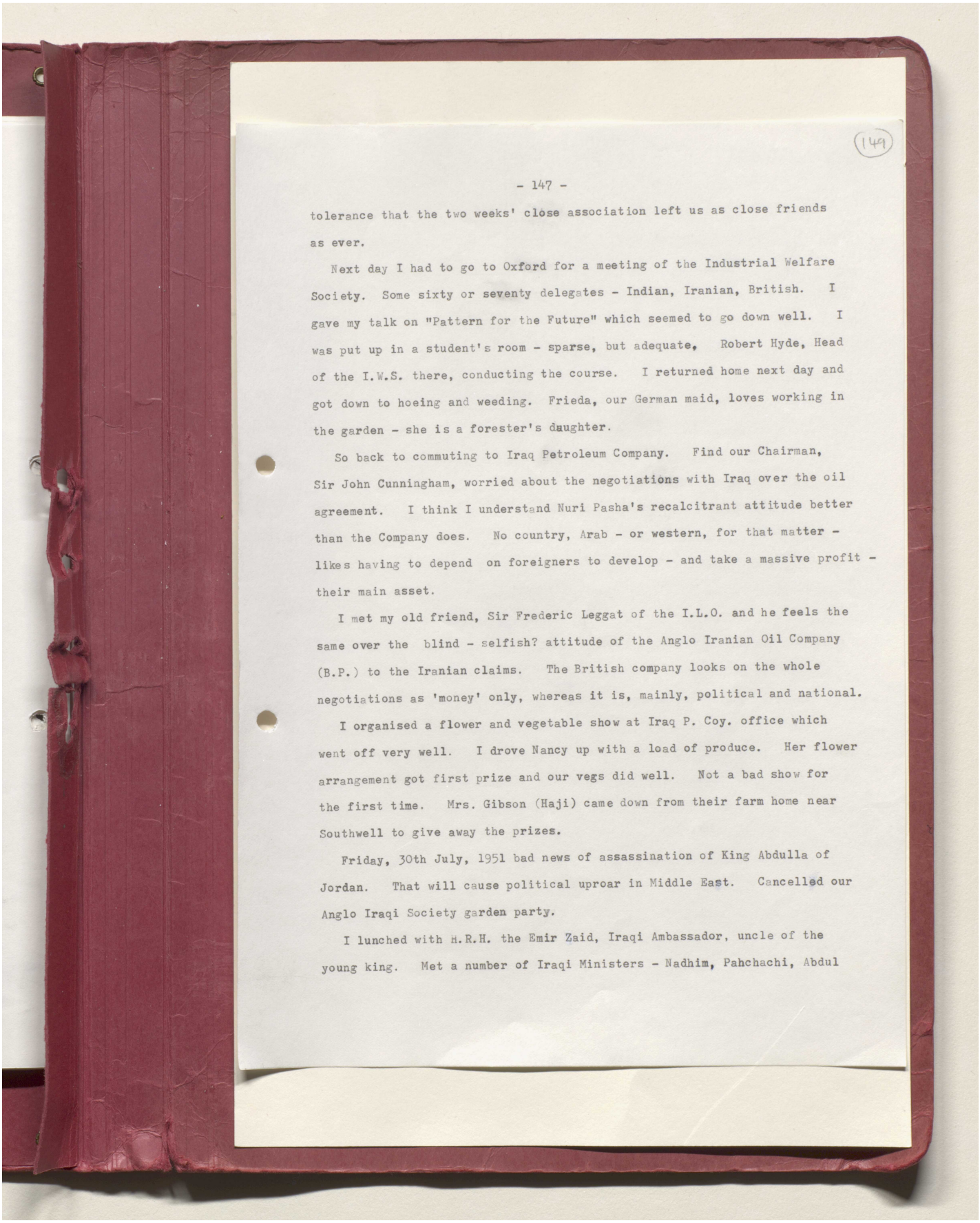
And so home. Found all well here after our fortnight's absence. Blakes had breakfast and then pushed off home. Says much for our friendship and

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000060



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



tolerance that the two weeks' close association left us as close friends as ever.

Next day I had to go to Oxford for a meeting of the Industrial Welfare Society. Some sixty or seventy delegates - Indian, Iranian, British. I gave my talk on "Pattern for the Future" which seemed to go down well. I was put up in a student's room - sparse, but adequate, Robert Hyde, Head of the I.W.S. there, conducting the course. I returned home next day and got down to hoeing and weeding. Frieda, our German maid, loves working in the garden - she is a forester's daughter.

So back to commuting to Iraq Petroleum Company. Find our Chairman, Sir John Cunningham, worried about the negotiations with Iraq over the oil agreement. I think I understand Nuri Pasha's recalcitrant attitude better than the Company does. No country, Arab - or western, for that matter - likes having to depend on foreigners to develop - and take a massive profit - their main asset.

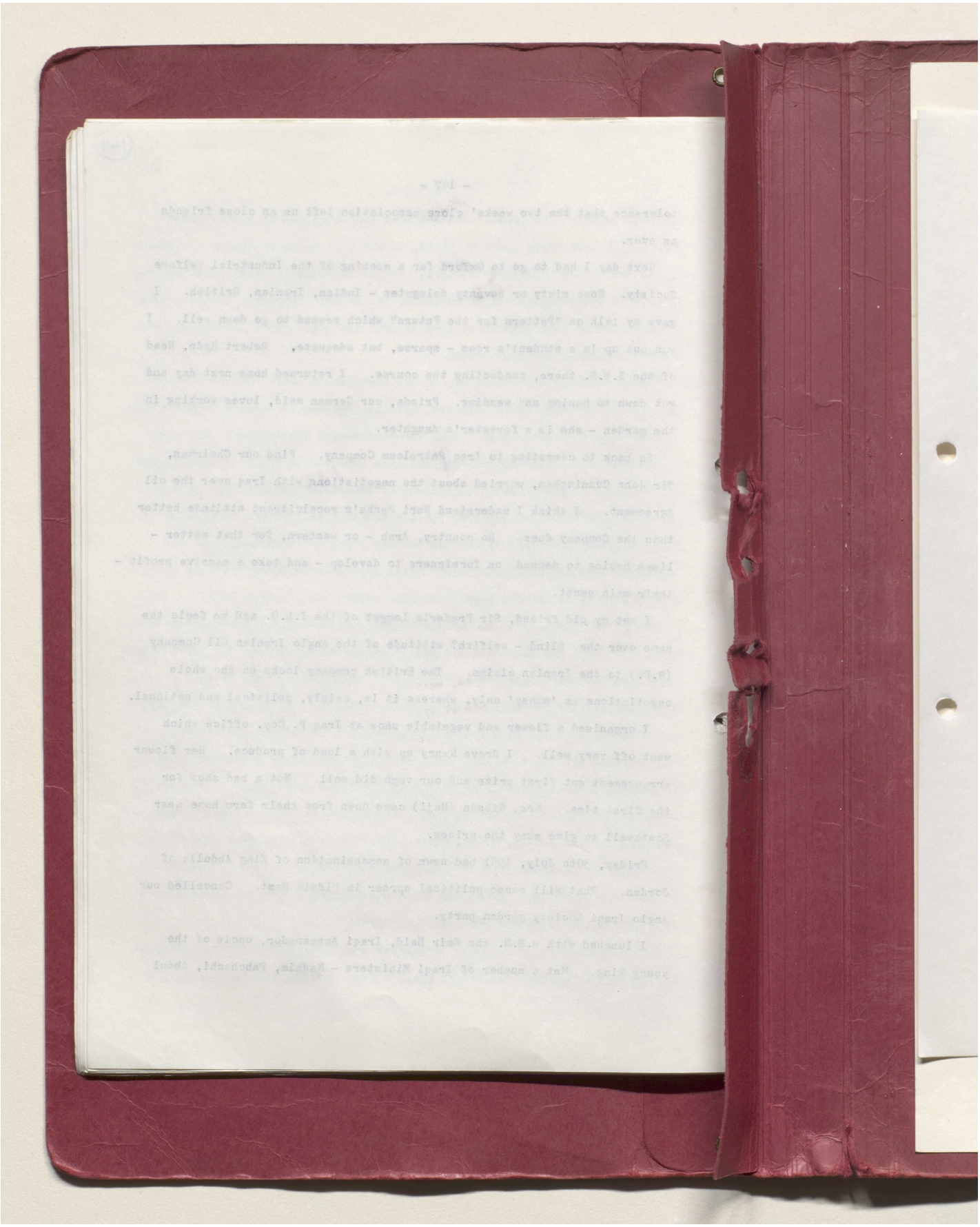
I met my old friend, Sir Frederic Leggat of the I.L.O. and he feels the same over the blind - selfish? attitude of the Anglo Iranian Oil Company (B.P.) to the Iranian claims. The British company looks on the whole negotiations as 'money' only, whereas it is, mainly, political and national.

I organised a flower and vegetable show at Iraq P. Coy. office which went off very well. I drove Nancy up with a load of produce. Her flower arrangement got first prize and our vegs did well. Not a bad show for the first time. Mrs. Gibson (Haji) came down from their farm home near Southwell to give away the prizes.

Friday, 30th July, 1951 bad news of assassination of King Abdulla of Jordan. That will cause political uproar in Middle East. Cancelled our Anglo Iraqi Society garden party.

I lunched with H.R.H. the Emir Zaid, Iraqi Ambassador, uncle of the young king. Met a number of Iraqi Ministers - Nadhim, Pahchachi, Abdul

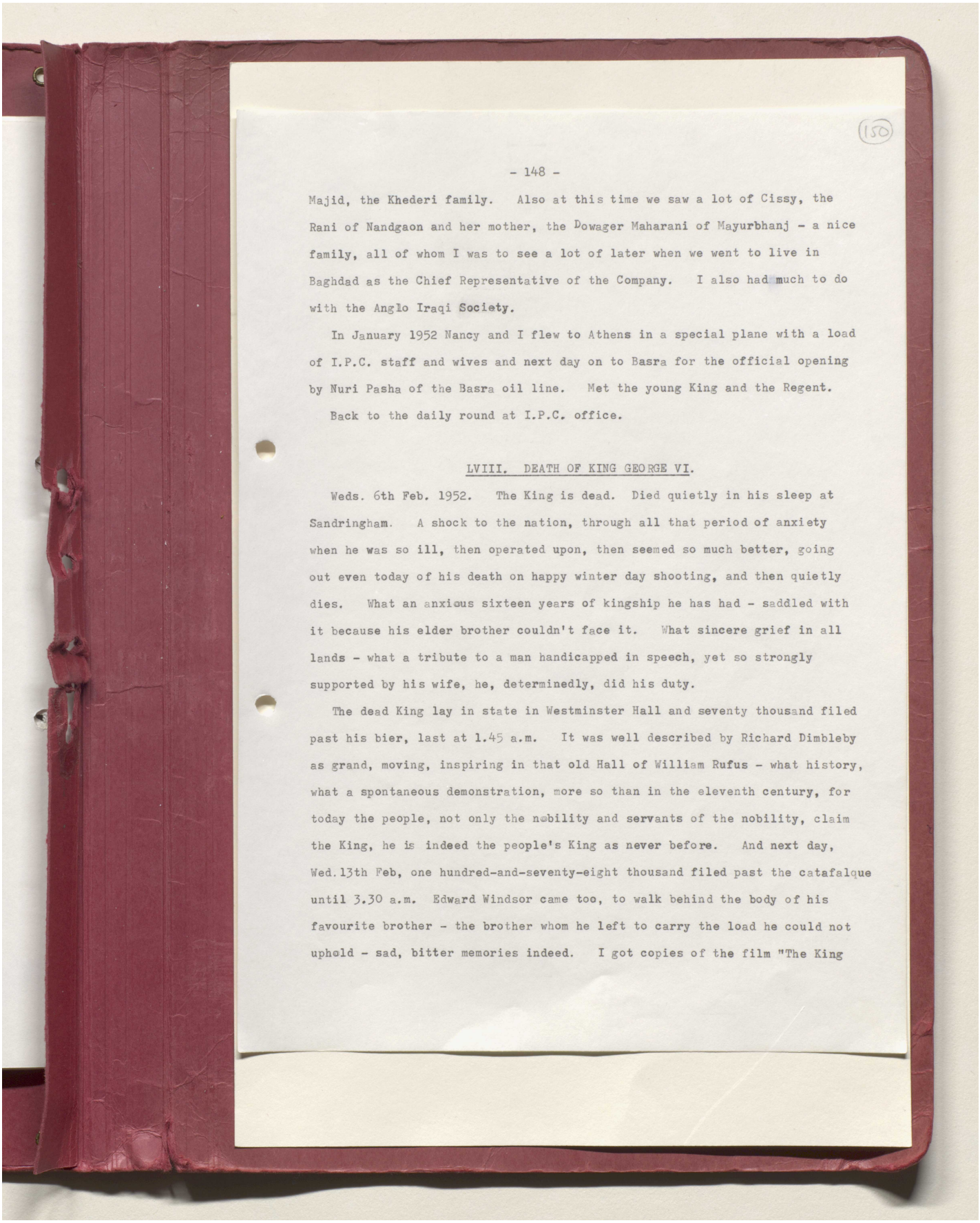
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000062



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000063

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Majid, the Khederi family. Also at this time we saw a lot of Cissy, the Rani of Nandgaon and her mother, the Dowager Maharani of Mayurbhanj - a nice family, all of whom I was to see a lot of later when we went to live in Baghdad as the Chief Representative of the Company. I also had much to do with the Anglo Iraqi Society.

In January 1952 Nancy and I flew to Athens in a special plane with a load of I.P.C. staff and wives and next day on to Basra for the official opening by Nuri Pasha of the Basra oil line. Met the young King and the Regent.

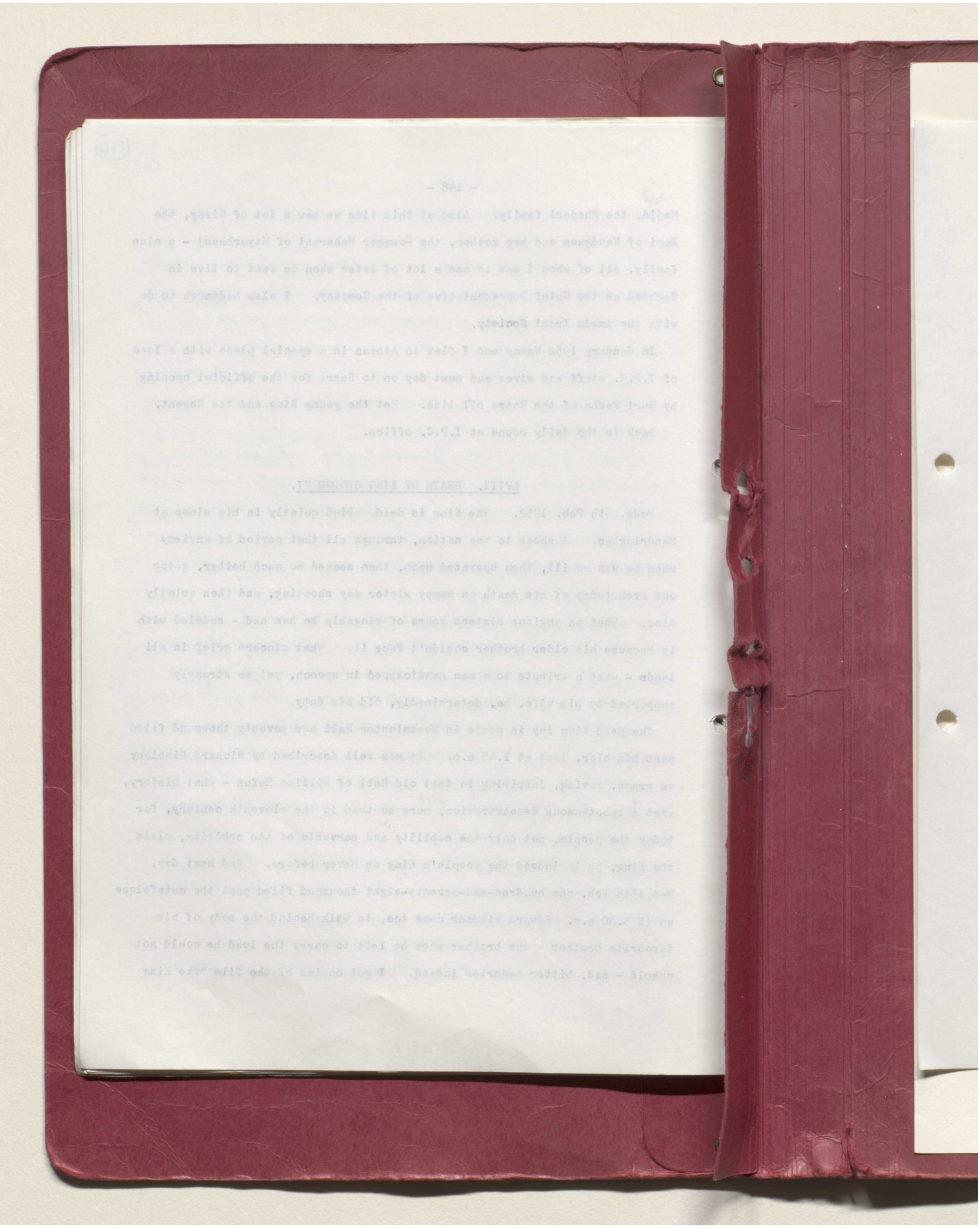
Back to the daily round at I.P.C. office.

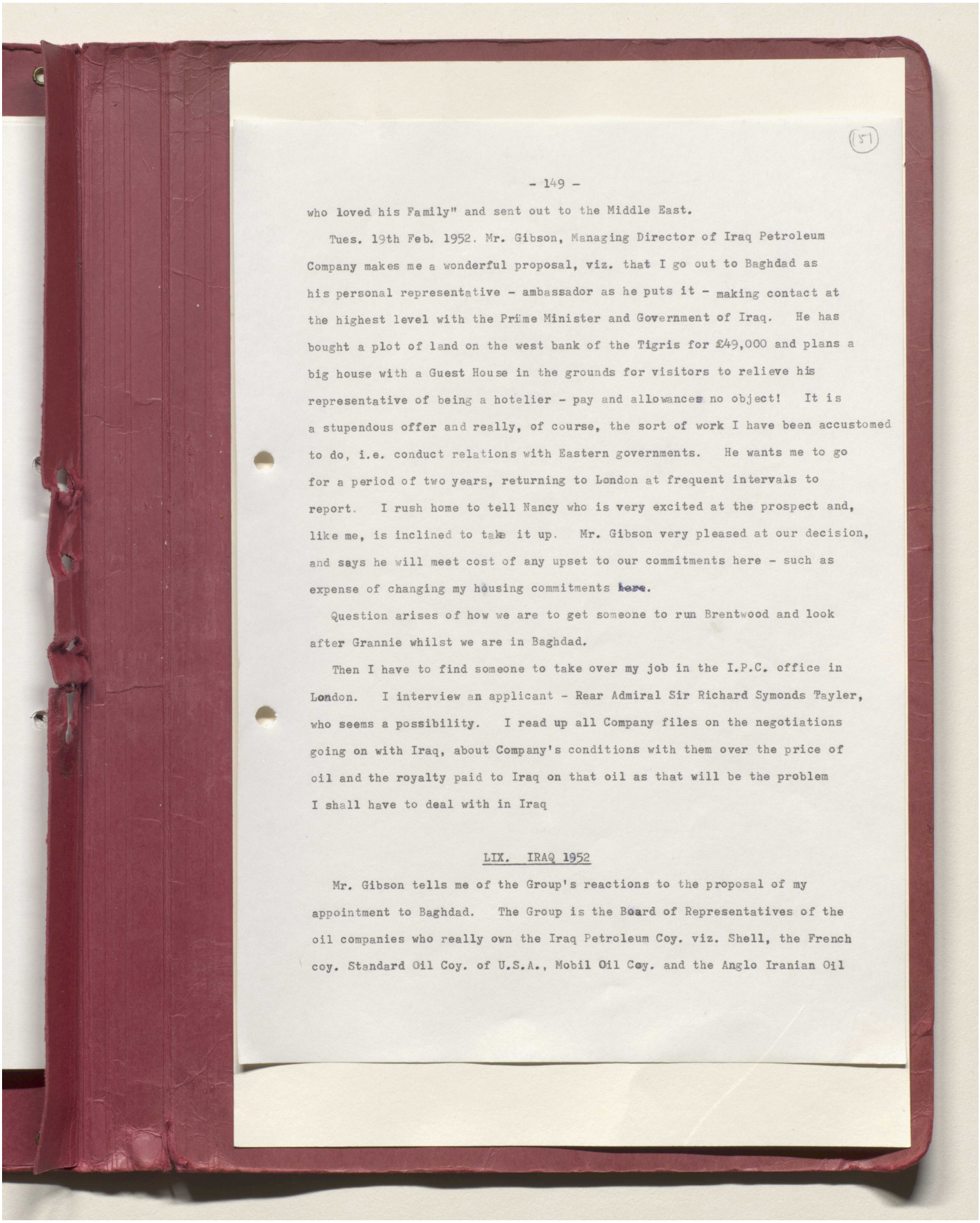
LVIII. DEATH OF KING GEORGE VI.

Weds. 6th Feb. 1952. The King is dead. Died quietly in his sleep at Sandringham. A shock to the nation, through all that period of anxiety when he was so ill, then operated upon, then seemed so much better, going out even today of his death on happy winter day shooting, and then quietly dies. What an anxious sixteen years of kingship he has had - saddled with it because his elder brother couldn't face it. What sincere grief in all lands - what a tribute to a man handicapped in speech, yet so strongly supported by his wife, he, determinedly, did his duty.

The dead King lay in state in Westminster Hall and seventy thousand filed past his bier, last at 1.45 a.m. It was well described by Richard Dimbleby as grand, moving, inspiring in that old Hall of William Rufus - what history, what a spontaneous demonstration, more so than in the eleventh century, for today the people, not only the nobility and servants of the nobility, claim the King, he is indeed the people's King as never before. And next day, Wed. 13th Feb, one hundred-and-seventy-eight thousand filed past the catafalque until 3.30 a.m. Edward Windsor came too, to walk behind the body of his favourite brother - the brother whom he left to carry the load he could not uphold - sad, bitter memories indeed. I got copies of the film "The King

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000064





(151)

who loved his Family" and sent out to the Middle East.

Tues. 19th Feb. 1952. Mr. Gibson, Managing Director of Iraq Petroleum Company makes me a wonderful proposal, viz. that I go out to Baghdad as his personal representative - ambassador as he puts it - making contact at the highest level with the Prime Minister and Government of Iraq. He has bought a plot of land on the west bank of the Tigris for £49,000 and plans a big house with a Guest House in the grounds for visitors to relieve his representative of being a hotelier - pay and allowances no object! It is a stupendous offer and really, of course, the sort of work I have been accustomed to do, i.e. conduct relations with Eastern governments. He wants me to go for a period of two years, returning to London at frequent intervals to report. I rush home to tell Nancy who is very excited at the prospect and, like me, is inclined to take it up. Mr. Gibson very pleased at our decision, and says he will meet cost of any upset to our commitments here - such as expense of changing my housing commitments here.

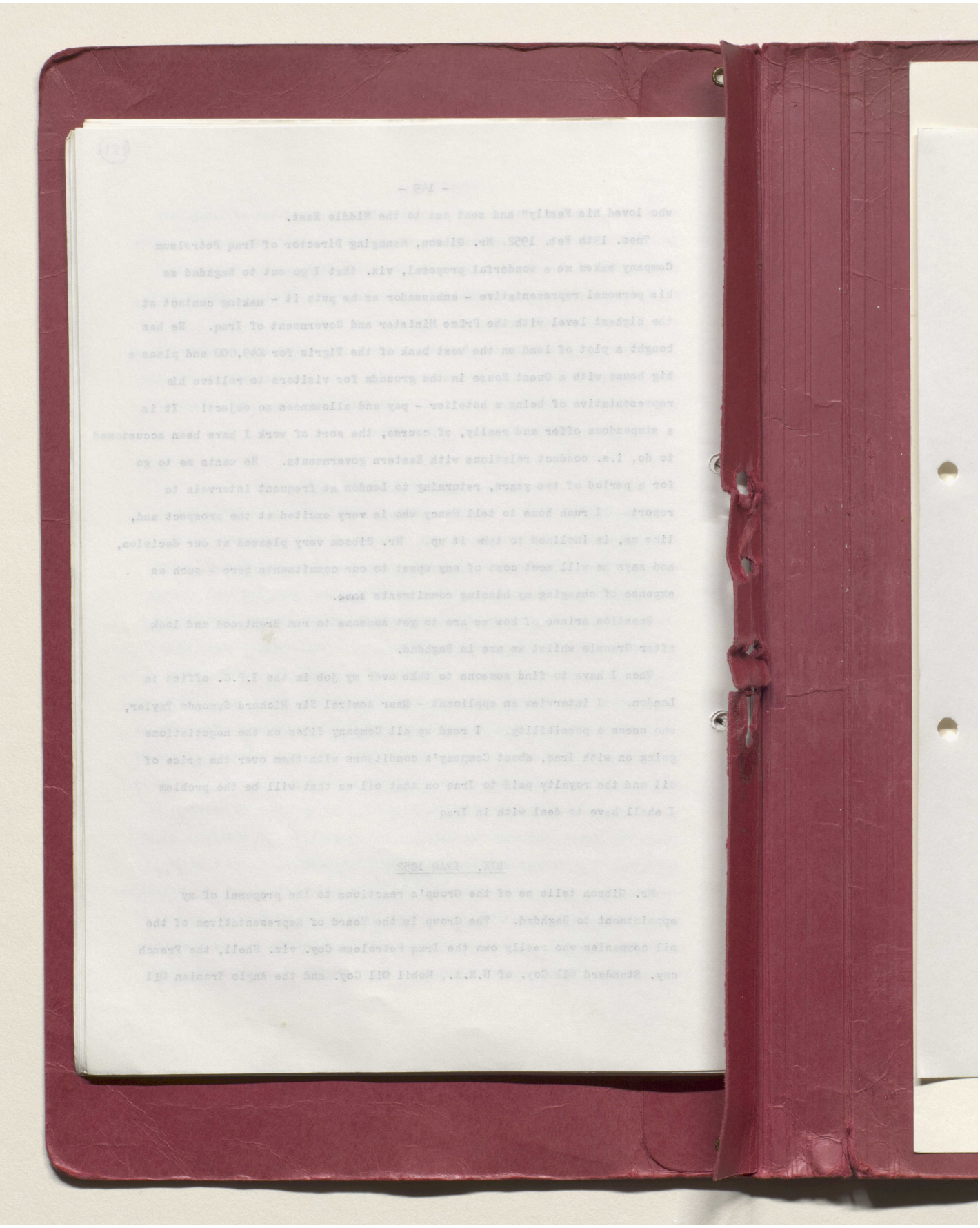
Question arises of how we are to get someone to run Brentwood and look after Grannie whilst we are in Baghdad.

Then I have to find someone to take over my job in the I.P.C. office in London. I interview an applicant - Rear Admiral Sir Richard Symonds Tayler, who seems a possibility. I read up all Company files on the negotiations going on with Iraq, about Company's conditions with them over the price of oil and the royalty paid to Iraq on that oil as that will be the problem I shall have to deal with in Iraq

LIX. IRAQ 1952

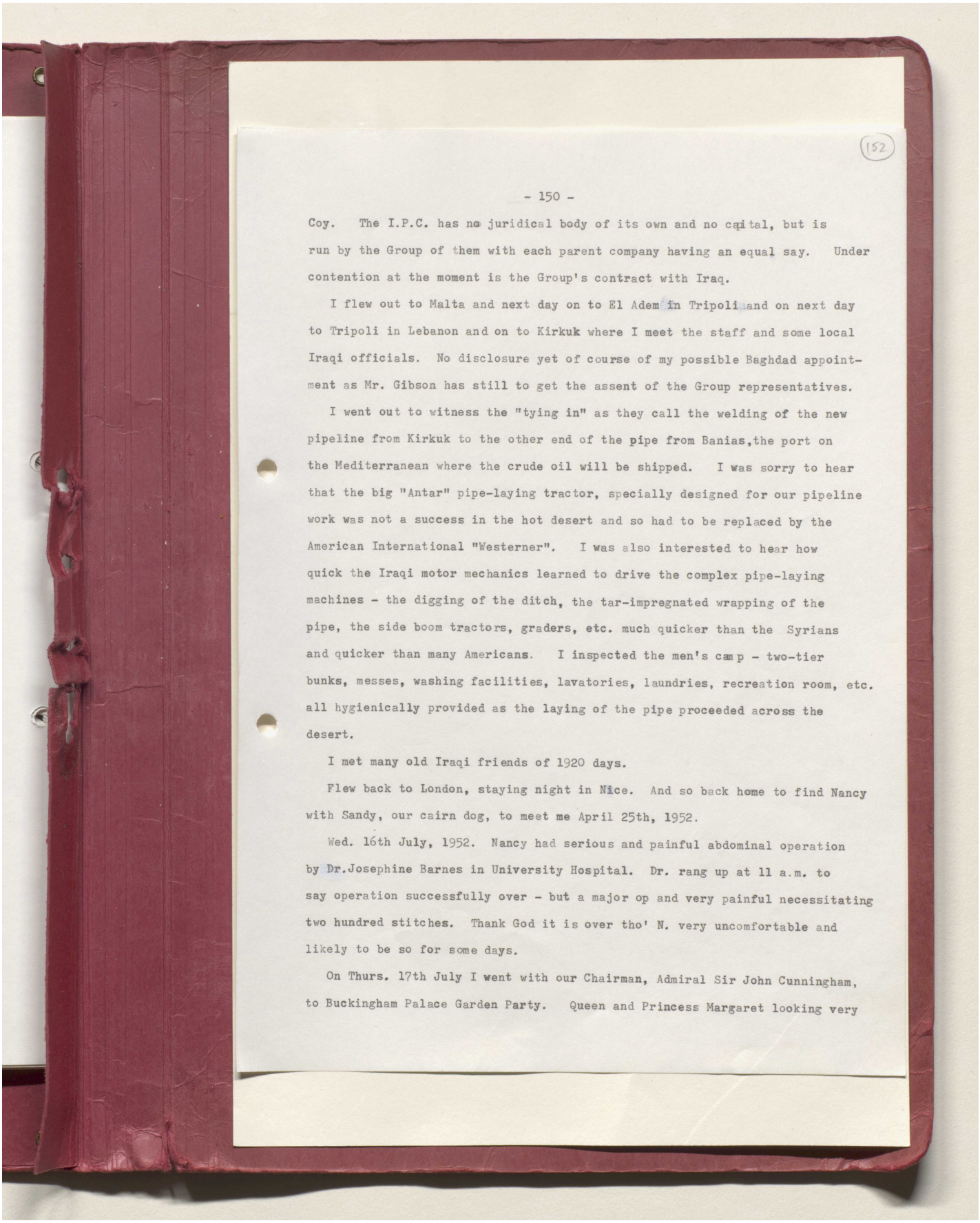
Mr. Gibson tells me of the Group's reactions to the proposal of my appointment to Baghdad. The Group is the Board of Representatives of the oil companies who really own the Iraq Petroleum Coy. viz. Shell, the French coy. Standard Oil Coy. of U.S.A., Mobil Oil Coy. and the Anglo Iranian Oil

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000066



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Coy. The I.P.C. has no juridical body of its own and no capital, but is run by the Group of them with each parent company having an equal say. Under contention at the moment is the Group's contract with Iraq.

I flew out to Malta and next day on to El Adem in Tripoli and on next day to Tripoli in Lebanon and on to Kirkuk where I meet the staff and some local Iraqi officials. No disclosure yet of course of my possible Baghdad appointment as Mr. Gibson has still to get the assent of the Group representatives.

I went out to witness the "tying in" as they call the welding of the new pipeline from Kirkuk to the other end of the pipe from Banias, the port on the Mediterranean where the crude oil will be shipped. I was sorry to hear that the big "Antar" pipe-laying tractor, specially designed for our pipeline work was not a success in the hot desert and so had to be replaced by the American International "Westerner". I was also interested to hear how quick the Iraqi motor mechanics learned to drive the complex pipe-laying machines - the digging of the ditch, the tar-impregnated wrapping of the pipe, the side boom tractors, graders, etc. much quicker than the Syrians and quicker than many Americans. I inspected the men's camp - two-tier bunks, messes, washing facilities, lavatories, laundries, recreation room, etc. all hygienically provided as the laying of the pipe proceeded across the desert.

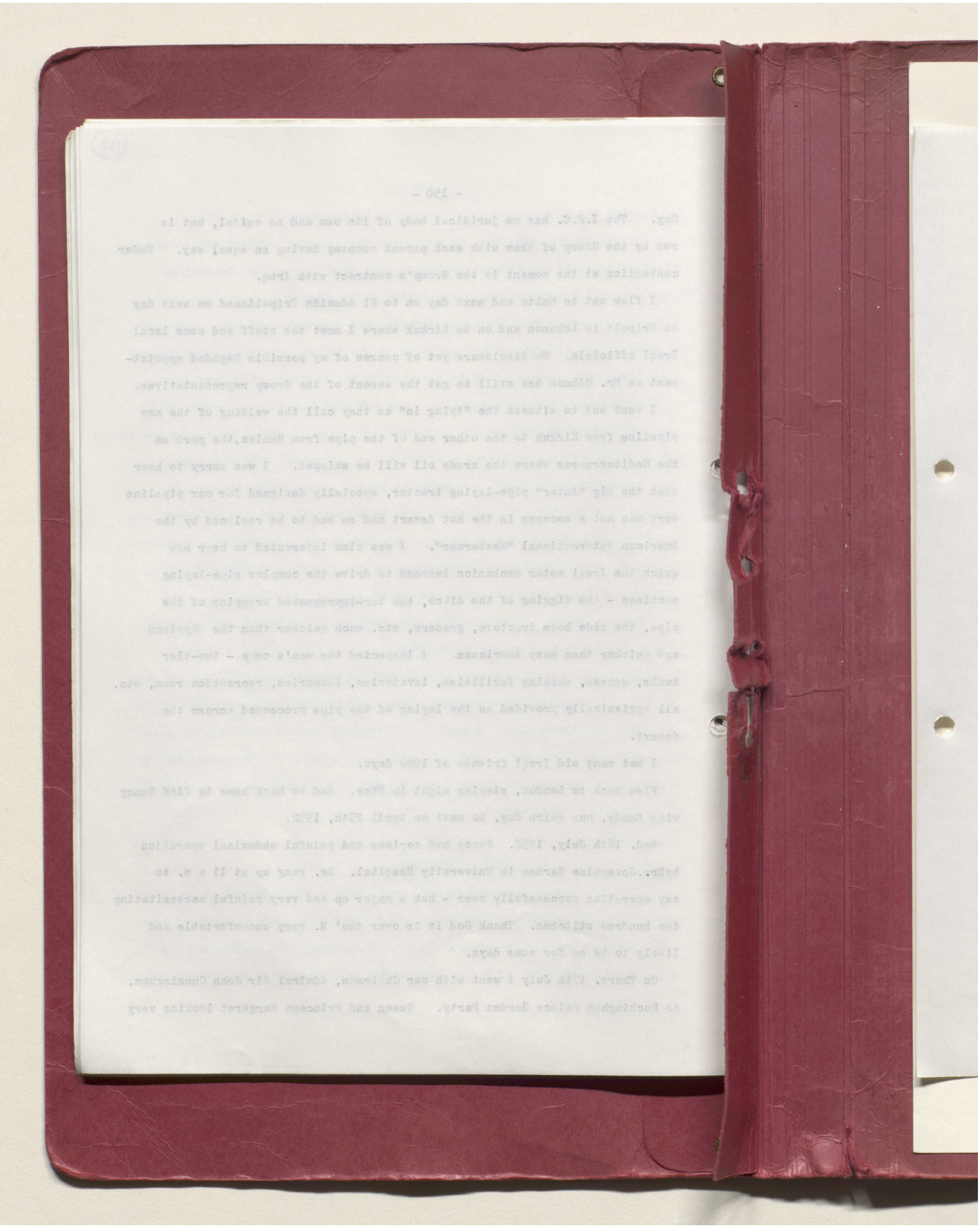
I met many old Iraqi friends of 1920 days.

Flew back to London, staying night in Nice. And so back home to find Nancy with Sandy, our cairn dog, to meet me April 25th, 1952.

Wed. 16th July, 1952. Nancy had serious and painful abdominal operation by Dr. Josephine Barnes in University Hospital. Dr. rang up at 11 a.m. to say operation successfully over - but a major op and very painful necessitating two hundred stitches. Thank God it is over tho' N. very uncomfortable and likely to be so for some days.

On Thurs. 17th July I went with our Chairman, Admiral Sir John Cunningham, to Buckingham Palace Garden Party. Queen and Princess Margaret looking very

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000068



pretty and sparkling - so much prettier than their photographs show. Prince Philip not so good as only just got over a bout of jaundice!

Lavender, Bill and children, Mike and little Lee, come home from Burma and live with us for a time - useful with a new Hawk car.

Tues. 29th July 1952. Anglo-Iraqi garden party at Hurlingham. Big gathering as King of Iraq and Regent came. Very successful party.

LX. BAGHDAD 1952.

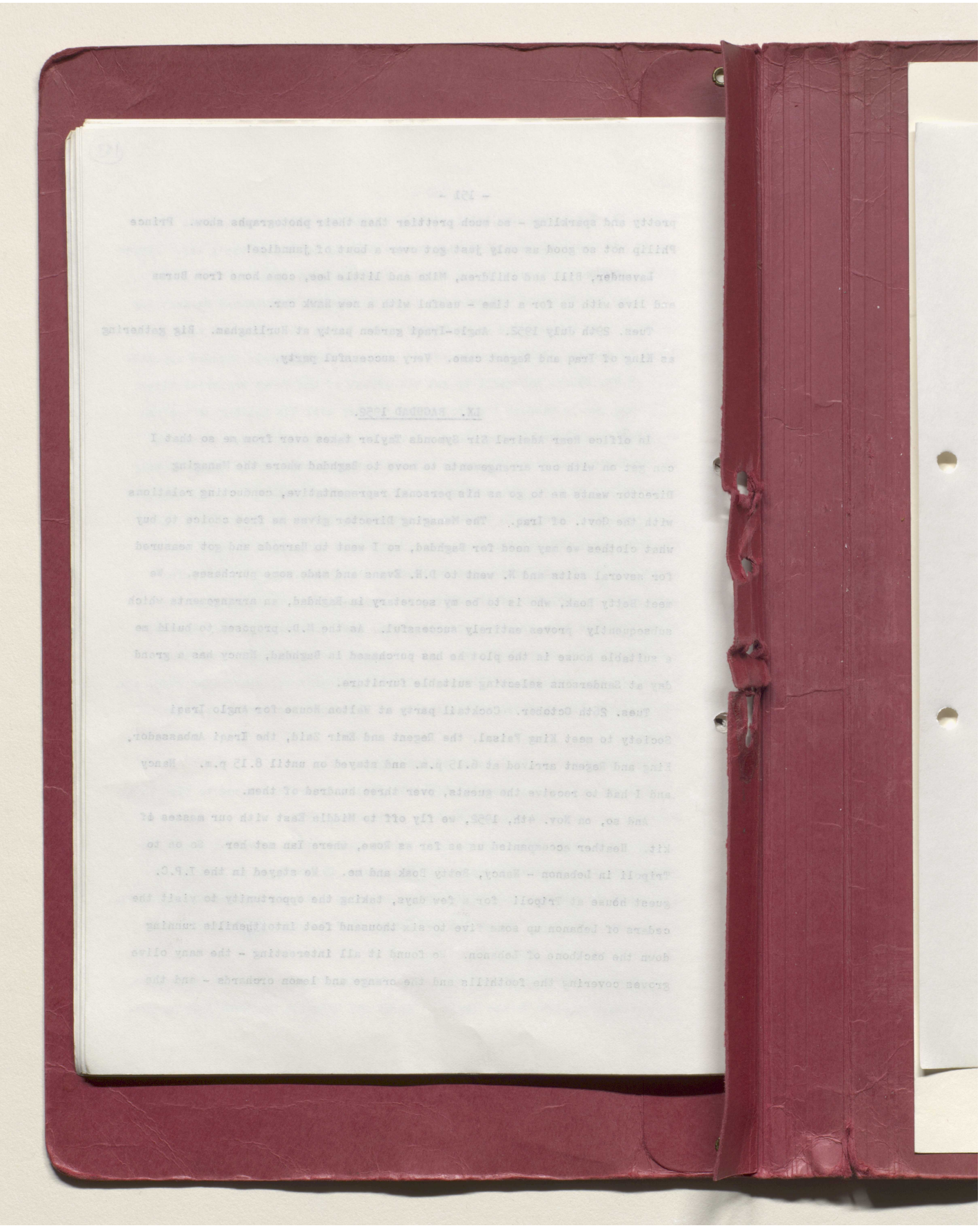
In office Rear Admiral Sir Symonds Tayler takes over from me so that I can get on with our arrangements to move to Baghdad where the Managing Director wants me to go as his personal representative, conducting relations with the Govt. of Iraq. The Managing Director gives me free choice to buy what clothes we may need for Baghdad, so I went to Harrods and got measured for several suits and N. went to D.H. Evans and made some purchases. We meet Betty Boak, who is to be my secretary in Baghdad, an arrangements which subsequently proves entirely successful. As the M.D. proposes to build me a suitable house in the plot he has purchased in Baghdad, Nancy has a grand day at Sandersons selecting suitable furniture.

Tues. 26th October. Cocktail party at Walton House for Anglo Iraqi Society to meet King Faisal, the Regent and Emir Zaid, the Iraqi Ambassador. King and Regent arrived at 6.15 p.m. and stayed on until 8.15 p.m. Nancy and I had to receive the guests, over three hundred of them.

And so, on Nov. 4th, 1952, we fly off to Middle East with our masses of kit. Heather accompanied us as far as Rome, where Ian met her. So on to Tripoli in Lebanon - Nancy, Betty Boak and me. We stayed in the I.P.C. guest house at Tripoli for a few days, taking the opportunity to visit the cedars of Lebanon up some five to six thousand feet into the hills running down the backbone of Lebanon. We found it all interesting - the many olive groves covering the foothills and the orange and lemon orchards - and the

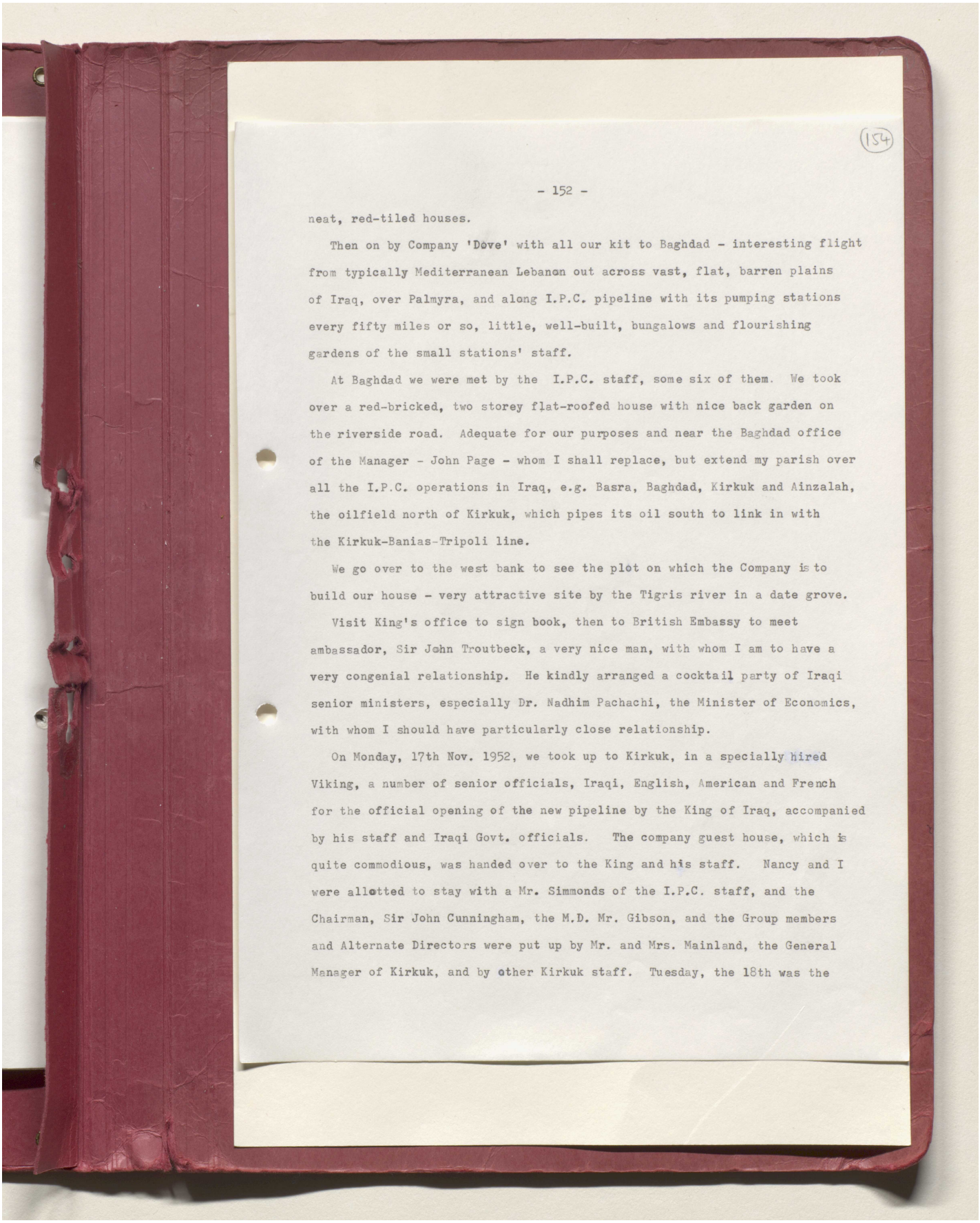
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00006a



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



neat, red-tiled houses.

Then on by Company 'Dove' with all our kit to Baghdad - interesting flight from typically Mediterranean Lebanon out across vast, flat, barren plains of Iraq, over Palmyra, and along I.P.C. pipeline with its pumping stations every fifty miles or so, little, well-built, bungalows and flourishing gardens of the small stations' staff.

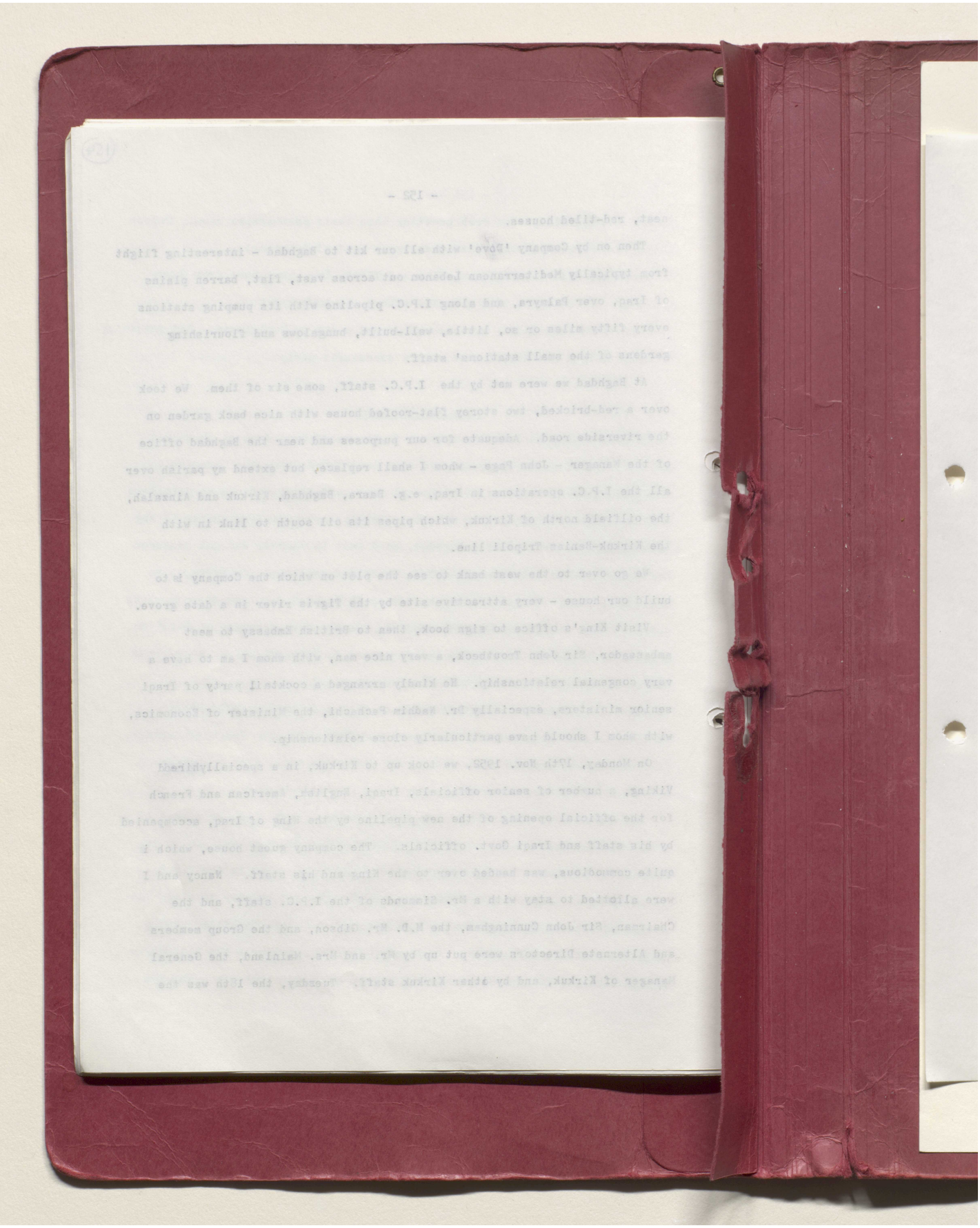
At Baghdad we were met by the I.P.C. staff, some six of them. We took over a red-bricked, two storey flat-roofed house with nice back garden on the riverside road. Adequate for our purposes and near the Baghdad office of the Manager - John Page - whom I shall replace, but extend my parish over all the I.P.C. operations in Iraq, e.g. Basra, Baghdad, Kirkuk and Ainzalah, the oilfield north of Kirkuk, which pipes its oil south to link in with the Kirkuk-Banias-Tripoli line.

We go over to the west bank to see the plot on which the Company is to build our house - very attractive site by the Tigris river in a date grove.

Visit King's office to sign book, then to British Embassy to meet ambassador, Sir John Troutbeck, a very nice man, with whom I am to have a very congenial relationship. He kindly arranged a cocktail party of Iraqi senior ministers, especially Dr. Nadhim Pachachi, the Minister of Economics, with whom I should have particularly close relationship.

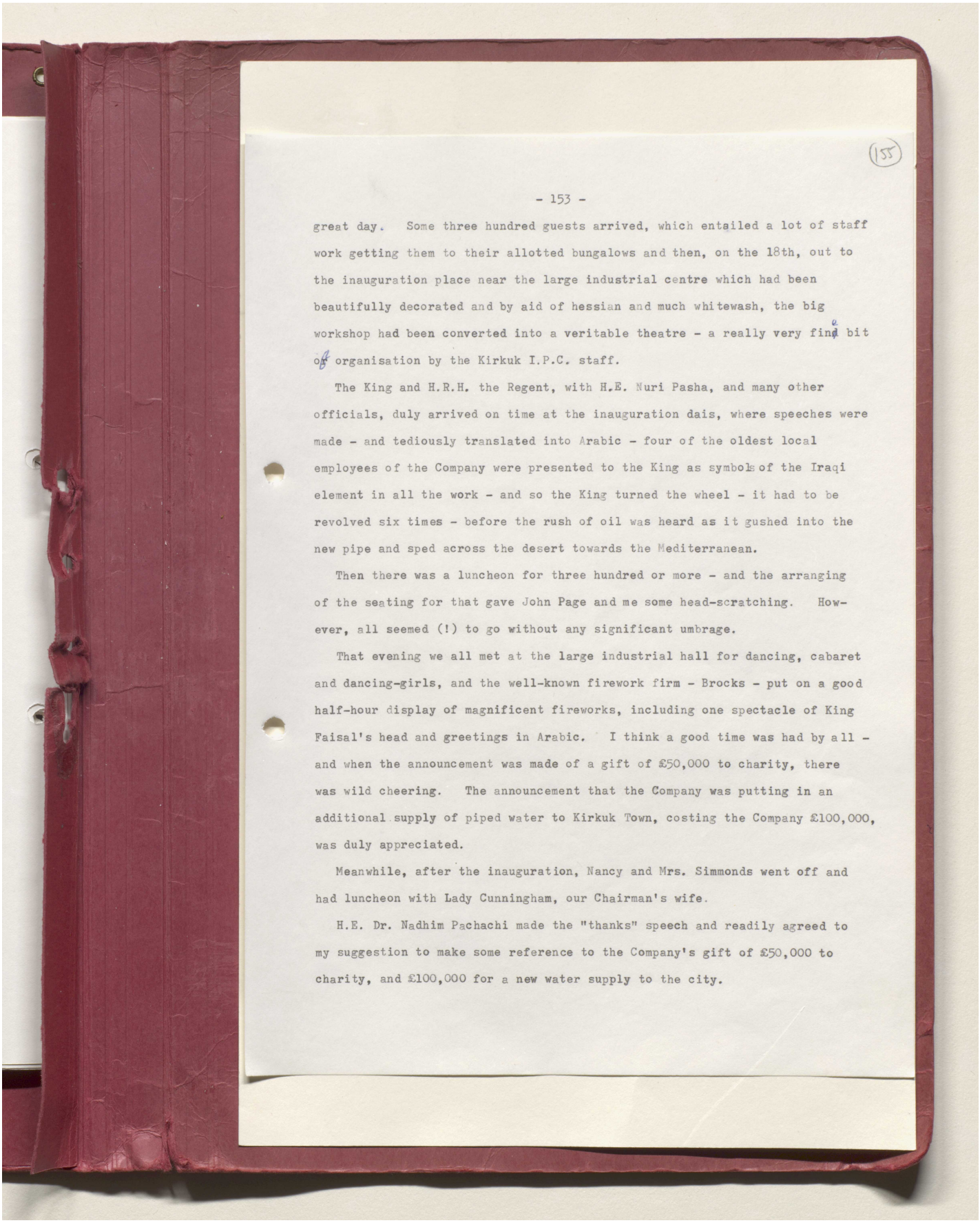
On Monday, 17th Nov. 1952, we took up to Kirkuk, in a specially hired Viking, a number of senior officials, Iraqi, English, American and French for the official opening of the new pipeline by the King of Iraq, accompanied by his staff and Iraqi Govt. officials. The company guest house, which is quite commodious, was handed over to the King and his staff. Nancy and I were allotted to stay with a Mr. Simmonds of the I.P.C. staff, and the Chairman, Sir John Cunningham, the M.D. Mr. Gibson, and the Group members and Alternate Directors were put up by Mr. and Mrs. Mainland, the General Manager of Kirkuk, and by other Kirkuk staff. Tuesday, the 18th was the

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00006c



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



great day. Some three hundred guests arrived, which entailed a lot of staff work getting them to their allotted bungalows and then, on the 18th, out to the inauguration place near the large industrial centre which had been beautifully decorated and by aid of hessian and much whitewash, the big workshop had been converted into a veritable theatre - a really very fine bit of organisation by the Kirkuk I.P.C. staff.

The King and H.R.H. the Regent, with H.E. Nuri Pasha, and many other officials, duly arrived on time at the inauguration dais, where speeches were made - and tediously translated into Arabic - four of the oldest local employees of the Company were presented to the King as symbols of the Iraqi element in all the work - and so the King turned the wheel - it had to be revolved six times - before the rush of oil was heard as it gushed into the new pipe and sped across the desert towards the Mediterranean.

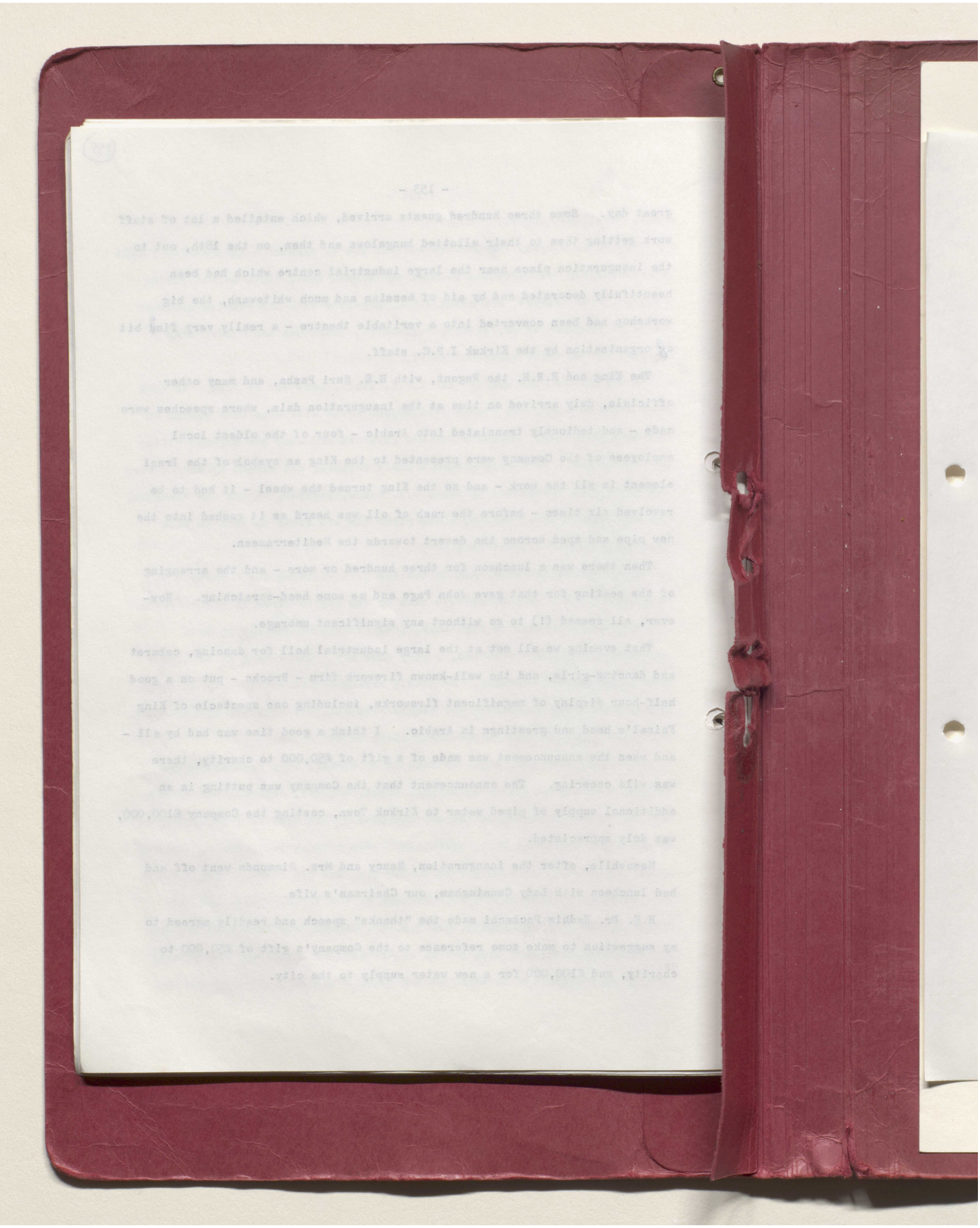
Then there was a luncheon for three hundred or more - and the arranging of the seating for that gave John Page and me some head-scratching. However, all seemed (!) to go without any significant umbrage.

That evening we all met at the large industrial hall for dancing, cabaret and dancing-girls, and the well-known firework firm - Brocks - put on a good half-hour display of magnificent fireworks, including one spectacle of King Faisal's head and greetings in Arabic. I think a good time was had by all - and when the announcement was made of a gift of £50,000 to charity, there was wild cheering. The announcement that the Company was putting in an additional supply of piped water to Kirkuk Town, costing the Company £100,000, was duly appreciated.

Meanwhile, after the inauguration, Nancy and Mrs. Simmonds went off and had luncheon with Lady Cunningham, our Chairman's wife.

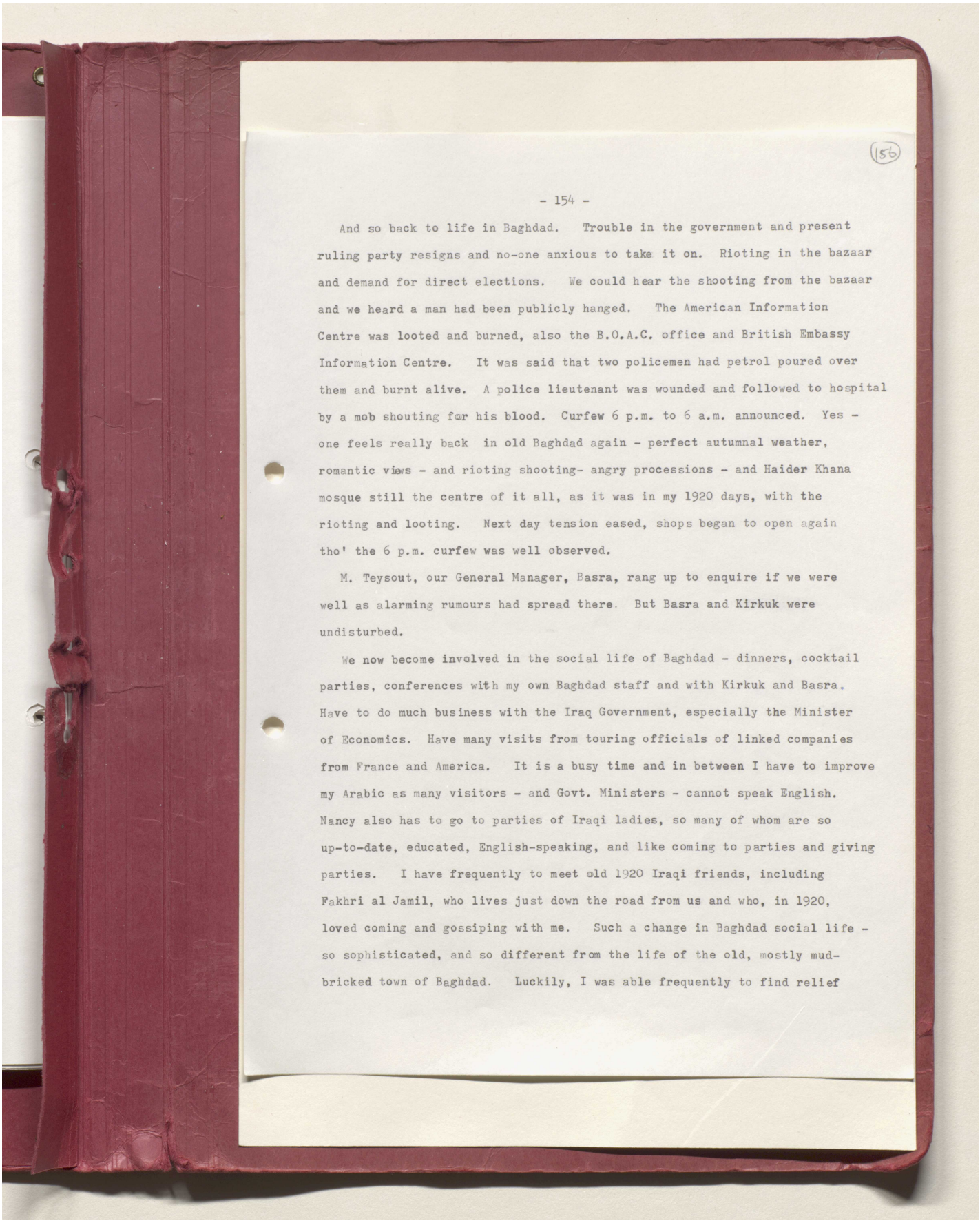
H.E. Dr. Nadhim Pachachi made the "thanks" speech and readily agreed to my suggestion to make some reference to the Company's gift of £50,000 to charity, and £100,000 for a new water supply to the city.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00006e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



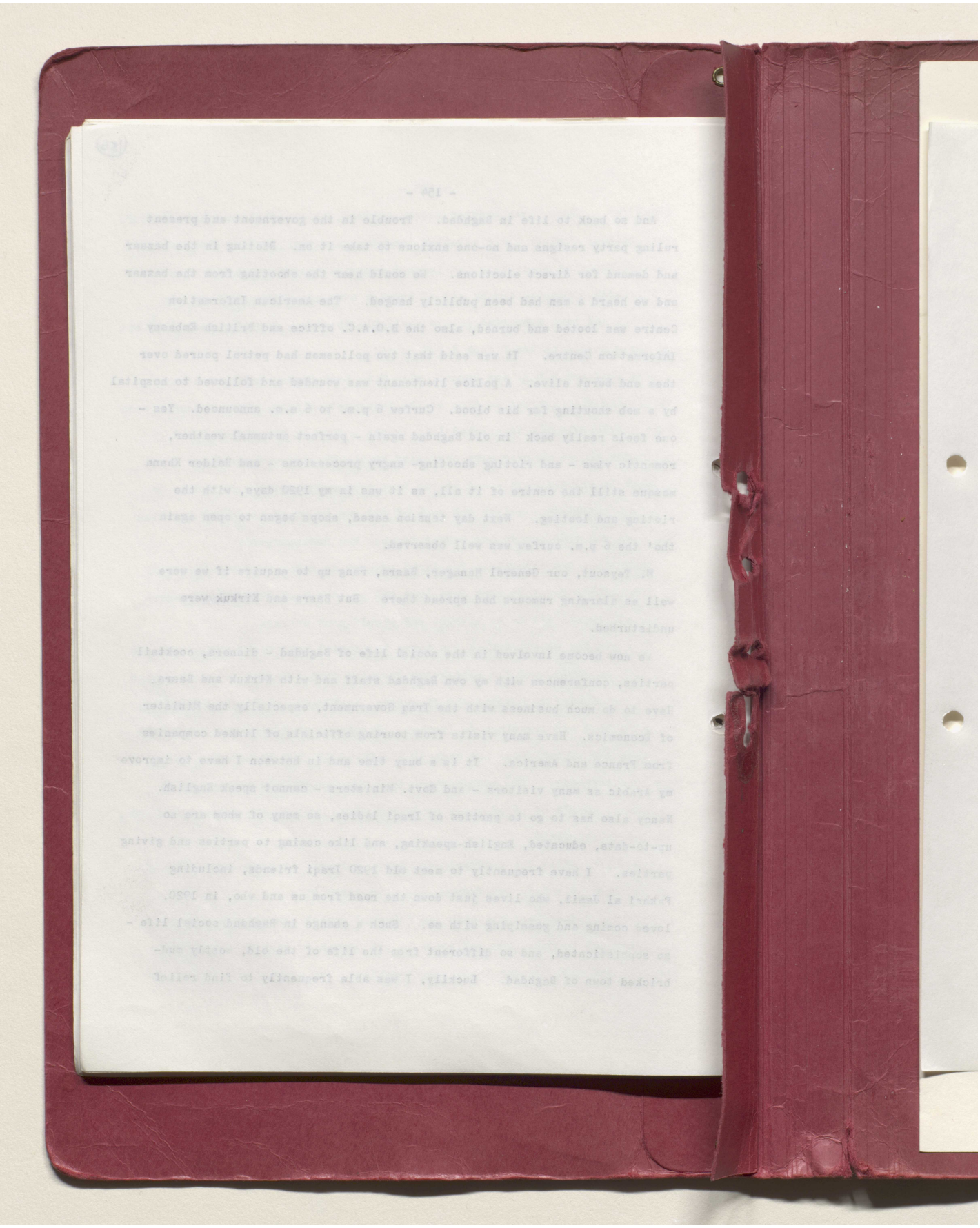
(156)

And so back to life in Baghdad. Trouble in the government and present ruling party resigns and no-one anxious to take it on. Rioting in the bazaar and demand for direct elections. We could hear the shooting from the bazaar and we heard a man had been publicly hanged. The American Information Centre was looted and burned, also the B.O.A.C. office and British Embassy Information Centre. It was said that two policemen had petrol poured over them and burnt alive. A police lieutenant was wounded and followed to hospital by a mob shouting for his blood. Curfew 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. announced. Yes - one feels really back in old Baghdad again - perfect autumnal weather, romantic views - and rioting shooting- angry processions - and Haider Khana mosque still the centre of it all, as it was in my 1920 days, with the rioting and looting. Next day tension eased, shops began to open again tho' the 6 p.m. curfew was well observed.

M. Teysout, our General Manager, Basra, rang up to enquire if we were well as alarming rumours had spread there. But Basra and Kirkuk were undisturbed.

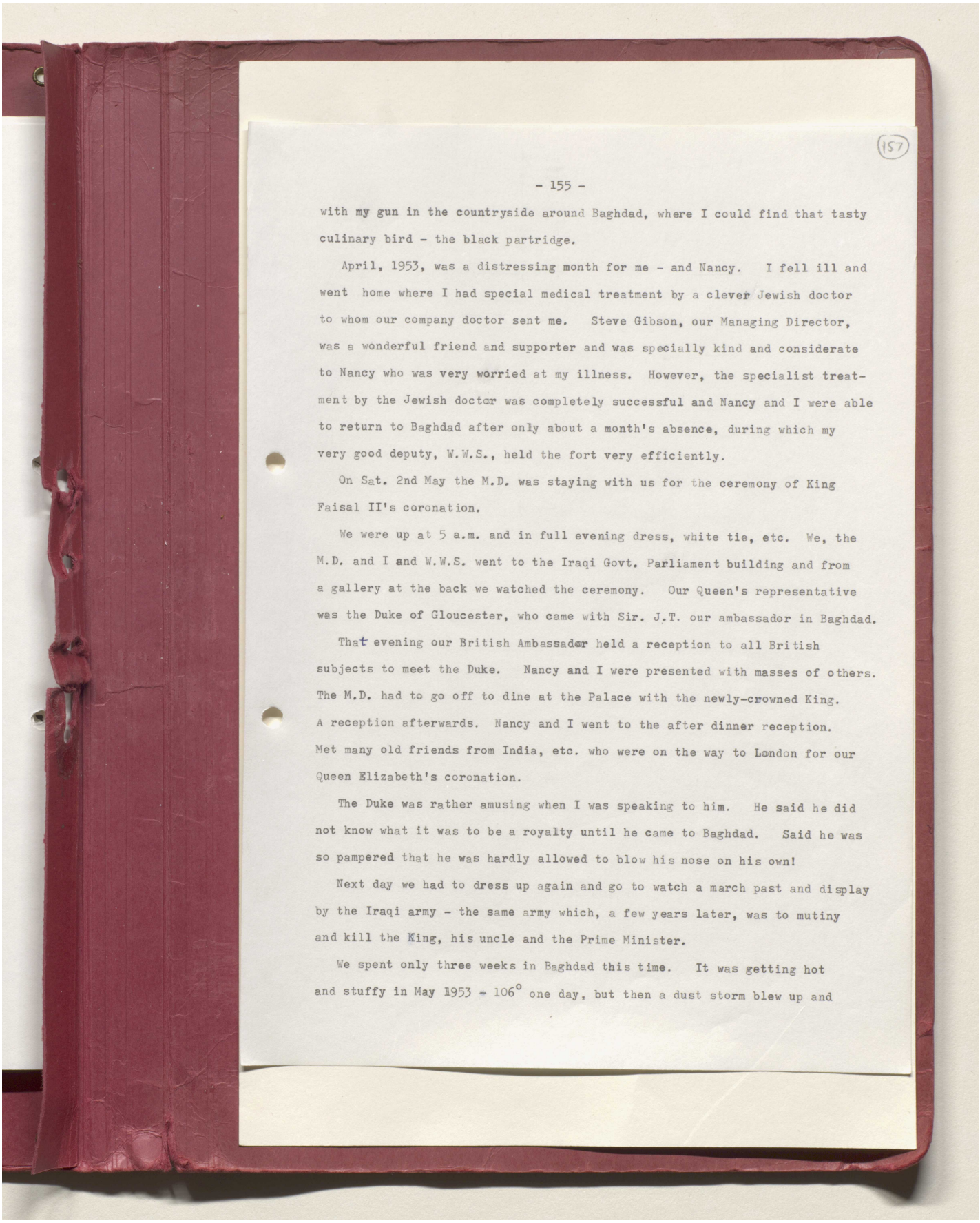
We now become involved in the social life of Baghdad - dinners, cocktail parties, conferences with my own Baghdad staff and with Kirkuk and Basra. Have to do much business with the Iraq Government, especially the Minister of Economics. Have many visits from touring officials of linked companies from France and America. It is a busy time and in between I have to improve my Arabic as many visitors - and Govt. Ministers - cannot speak English. Nancy also has to go to parties of Iraqi ladies, so many of whom are so up-to-date, educated, English-speaking, and like coming to parties and giving parties. I have frequently to meet old 1920 Iraqi friends, including Fakhri al Jamil, who lives just down the road from us and who, in 1920, loved coming and gossiping with me. Such a change in Baghdad social life - so sophisticated, and so different from the life of the old, mostly mud-bricked town of Baghdad. Luckily, I was able frequently to find relief

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000070



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



with my gun in the countryside around Baghdad, where I could find that tasty culinary bird - the black partridge.

April, 1953, was a distressing month for me - and Nancy. I fell ill and went home where I had special medical treatment by a clever Jewish doctor to whom our company doctor sent me. Steve Gibson, our Managing Director, was a wonderful friend and supporter and was specially kind and considerate to Nancy who was very worried at my illness. However, the specialist treatment by the Jewish doctor was completely successful and Nancy and I were able to return to Baghdad after only about a month's absence, during which my very good deputy, W.W.S., held the fort very efficiently.

On Sat. 2nd May the M.D. was staying with us for the ceremony of King Faisal II's coronation.

We were up at 5 a.m. and in full evening dress, white tie, etc. We, the M.D. and I and W.W.S. went to the Iraqi Govt. Parliament building and from a gallery at the back we watched the ceremony. Our Queen's representative was the Duke of Gloucester, who came with Sir. J.T. our ambassador in Baghdad.

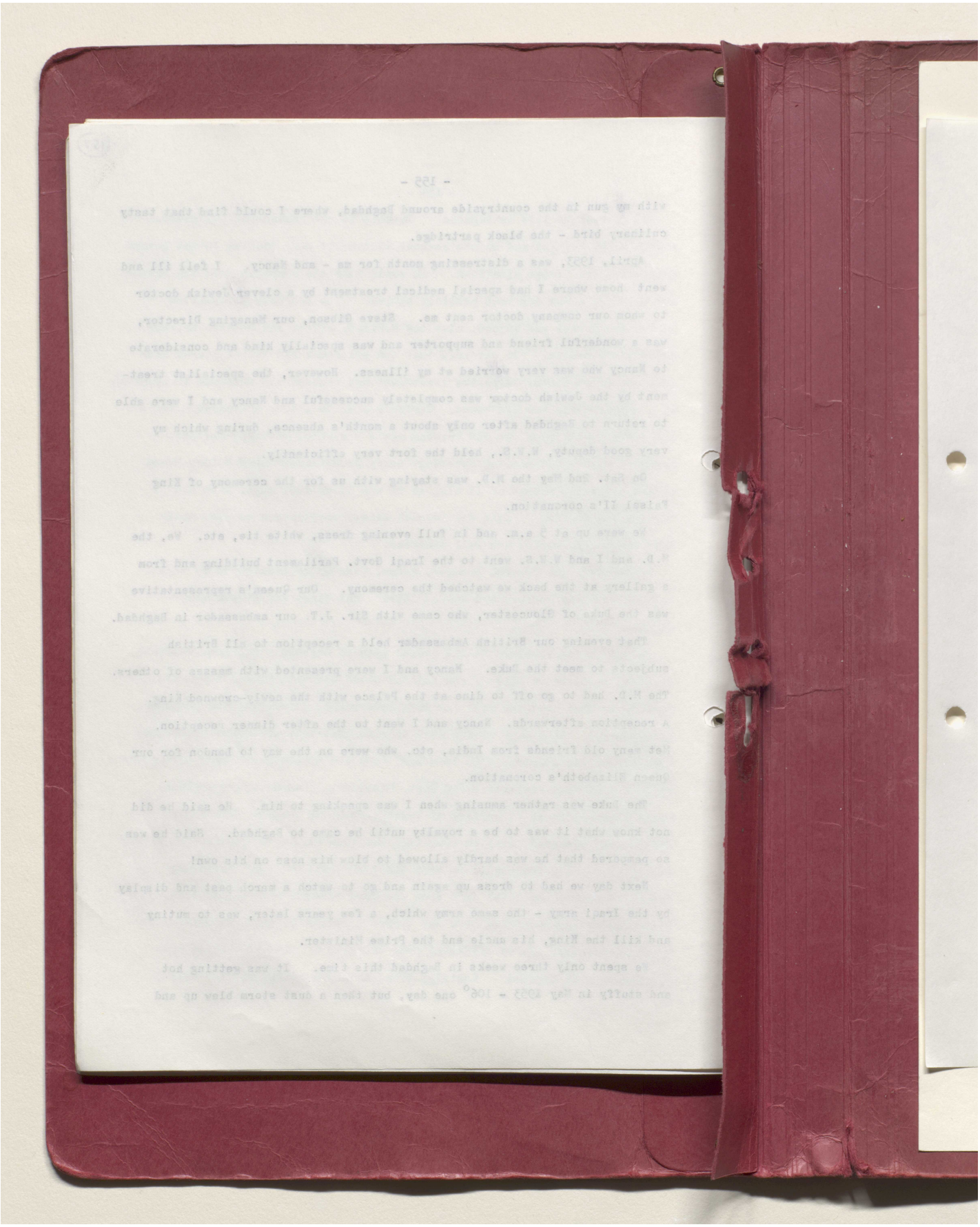
That evening our British Ambassador held a reception to all British subjects to meet the Duke. Nancy and I were presented with masses of others. The M.D. had to go off to dine at the Palace with the newly-crowned King. A reception afterwards. Nancy and I went to the after dinner reception. Met many old friends from India, etc. who were on the way to London for our Queen Elizabeth's coronation.

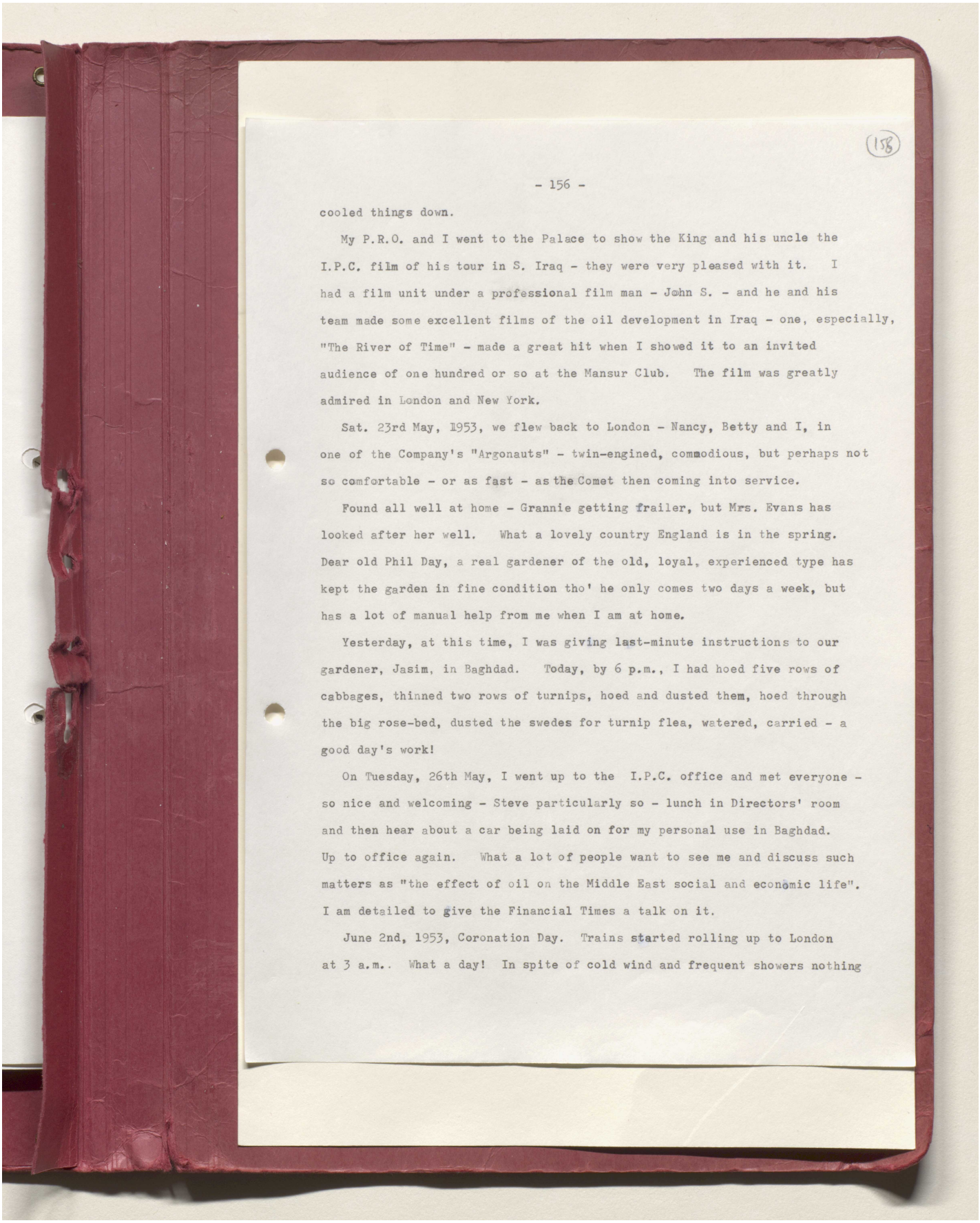
The Duke was rather amusing when I was speaking to him. He said he did not know what it was to be a royalty until he came to Baghdad. Said he was so pampered that he was hardly allowed to blow his nose on his own!

Next day we had to dress up again and go to watch a march past and display by the Iraqi army - the same army which, a few years later, was to mutiny and kill the King, his uncle and the Prime Minister.

We spent only three weeks in Baghdad this time. It was getting hot and stuffy in May 1953 - 106° one day, but then a dust storm blew up and

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000072





(158)

cooled things down.

My P.R.O. and I went to the Palace to show the King and his uncle the I.P.C. film of his tour in S. Iraq - they were very pleased with it. I had a film unit under a professional film man - John S. - and he and his team made some excellent films of the oil development in Iraq - one, especially, "The River of Time" - made a great hit when I showed it to an invited audience of one hundred or so at the Mansur Club. The film was greatly admired in London and New York.

Sat. 23rd May, 1953, we flew back to London - Nancy, Betty and I, in one of the Company's "Argonauts" - twin-engined, commodious, but perhaps not so comfortable - or as fast - as the Comet then coming into service.

Found all well at home - Grannie getting frailer, but Mrs. Evans has looked after her well. What a lovely country England is in the spring. Dear old Phil Day, a real gardener of the old, loyal, experienced type has kept the garden in fine condition tho' he only comes two days a week, but has a lot of manual help from me when I am at home.

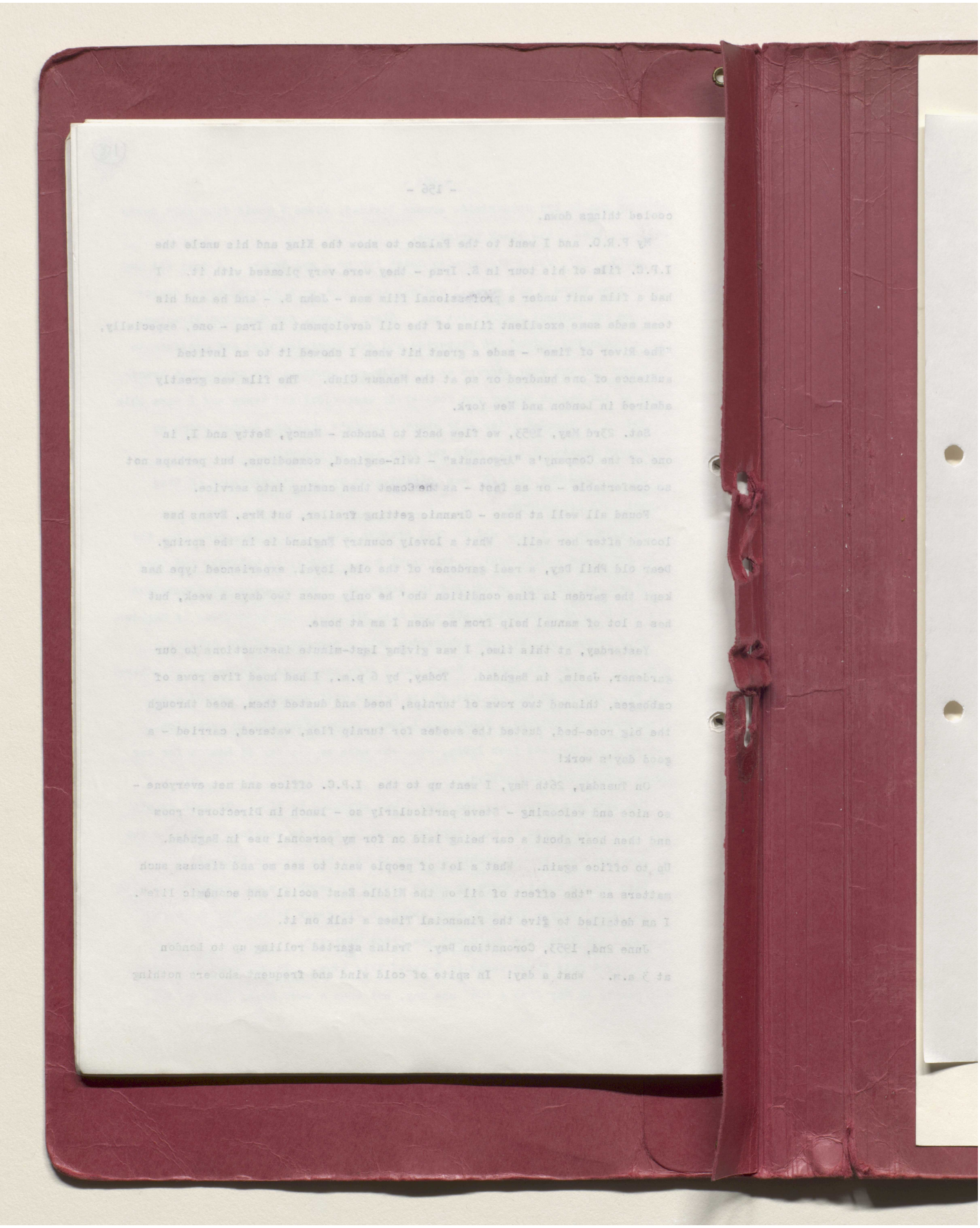
Yesterday, at this time, I was giving last-minute instructions to our gardener, Jasim, in Baghdad. Today, by 6 p.m., I had hoed five rows of cabbages, thinned two rows of turnips, hoed and dusted them, hoed through the big rose-bed, dusted the swedes for turnip flea, watered, carried - a good day's work!

On Tuesday, 26th May, I went up to the I.P.C. office and met everyone - so nice and welcoming - Steve particularly so - lunch in Directors' room and then hear about a car being laid on for my personal use in Baghdad. Up to office again. What a lot of people want to see me and discuss such matters as "the effect of oil on the Middle East social and economic life". I am detailed to give the Financial Times a talk on it.

June 2nd, 1953, Coronation Day. Trains started rolling up to London at 3 a.m.. What a day! In spite of cold wind and frequent showers nothing

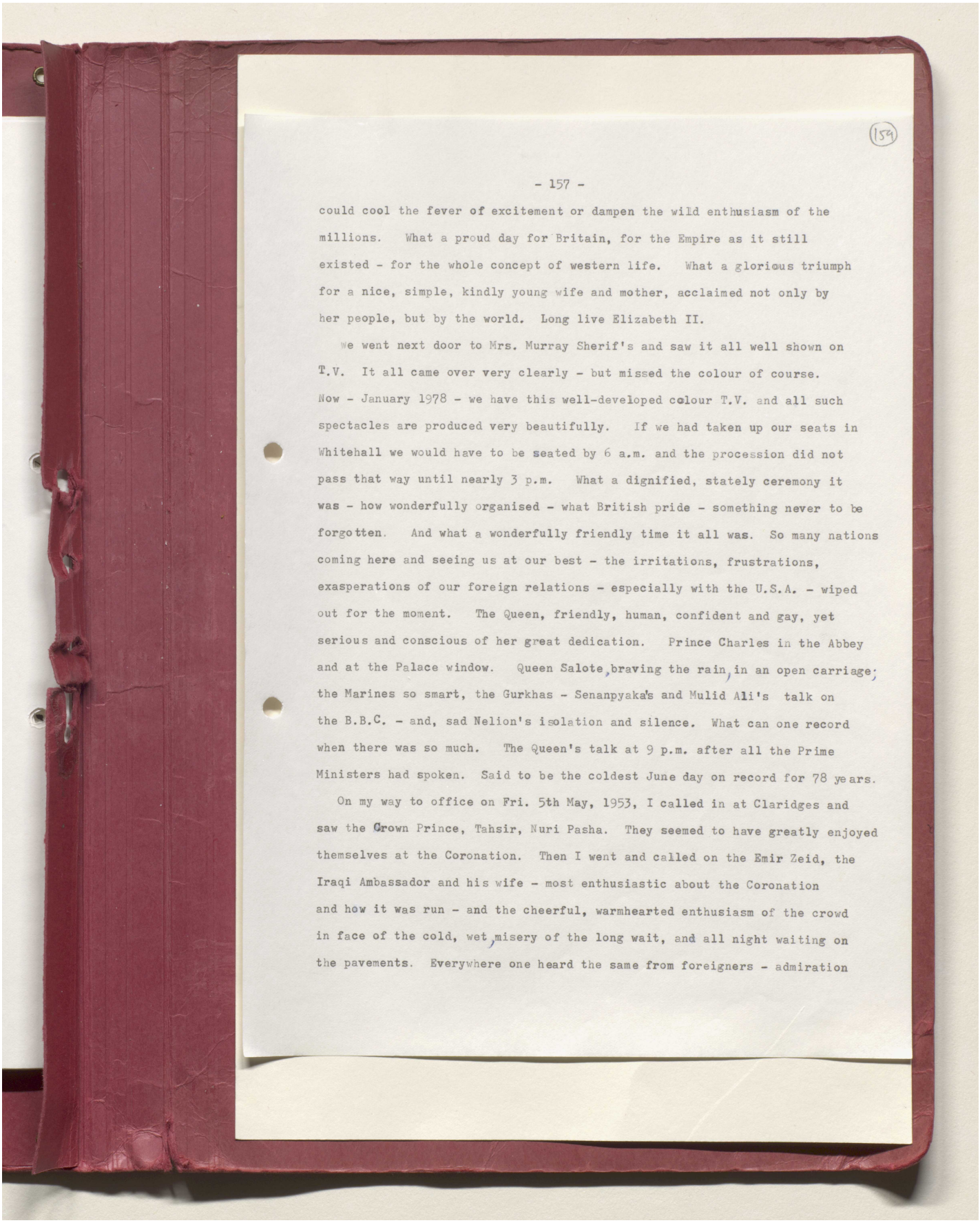
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000074



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

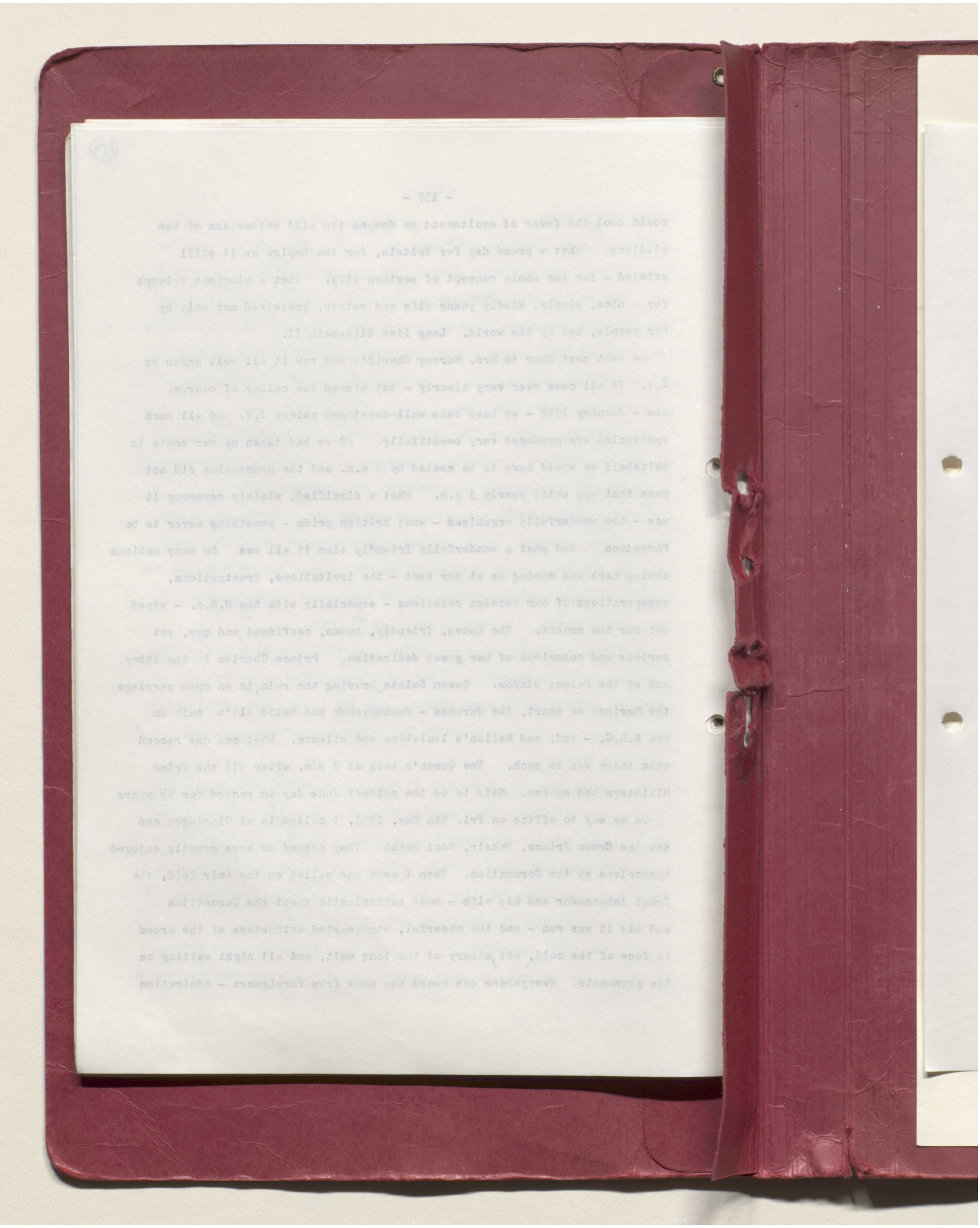


could cool the fever of excitement or dampen the wild enthusiasm of the millions. What a proud day for Britain, for the Empire as it still existed - for the whole concept of western life. What a glorious triumph for a nice, simple, kindly young wife and mother, acclaimed not only by her people, but by the world. Long live Elizabeth II.

We went next door to Mrs. Murray Sherif's and saw it all well shown on T.V. It all came over very clearly - but missed the colour of course. Now - January 1978 - we have this well-developed colour T.V. and all such spectacles are produced very beautifully. If we had taken up our seats in Whitehall we would have to be seated by 6 a.m. and the procession did not pass that way until nearly 3 p.m. What a dignified, stately ceremony it was - how wonderfully organised - what British pride - something never to be forgotten. And what a wonderfully friendly time it all was. So many nations coming here and seeing us at our best - the irritations, frustrations, exasperations of our foreign relations - especially with the U.S.A. - wiped out for the moment. The Queen, friendly, human, confident and gay, yet serious and conscious of her great dedication. Prince Charles in the Abbey and at the Palace window. Queen Salote, braving the rain, in an open carriage; the Marines so smart, the Gurkhas - Senanpyaka's and Mulid Ali's talk on the B.B.C. - and, sad Nelion's isolation and silence. What can one record when there was so much. The Queen's talk at 9 p.m. after all the Prime Ministers had spoken. Said to be the coldest June day on record for 78 years.

On my way to office on Fri. 5th May, 1953, I called in at Claridges and saw the Crown Prince, Tahsir, Nuri Pasha. They seemed to have greatly enjoyed themselves at the Coronation. Then I went and called on the Emir Zeid, the Iraqi Ambassador and his wife - most enthusiastic about the Coronation and how it was run - and the cheerful, warmhearted enthusiasm of the crowd in face of the cold, wet, misery of the long wait, and all night waiting on the pavements. Everywhere one heard the same from foreigners - admiration

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000076



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

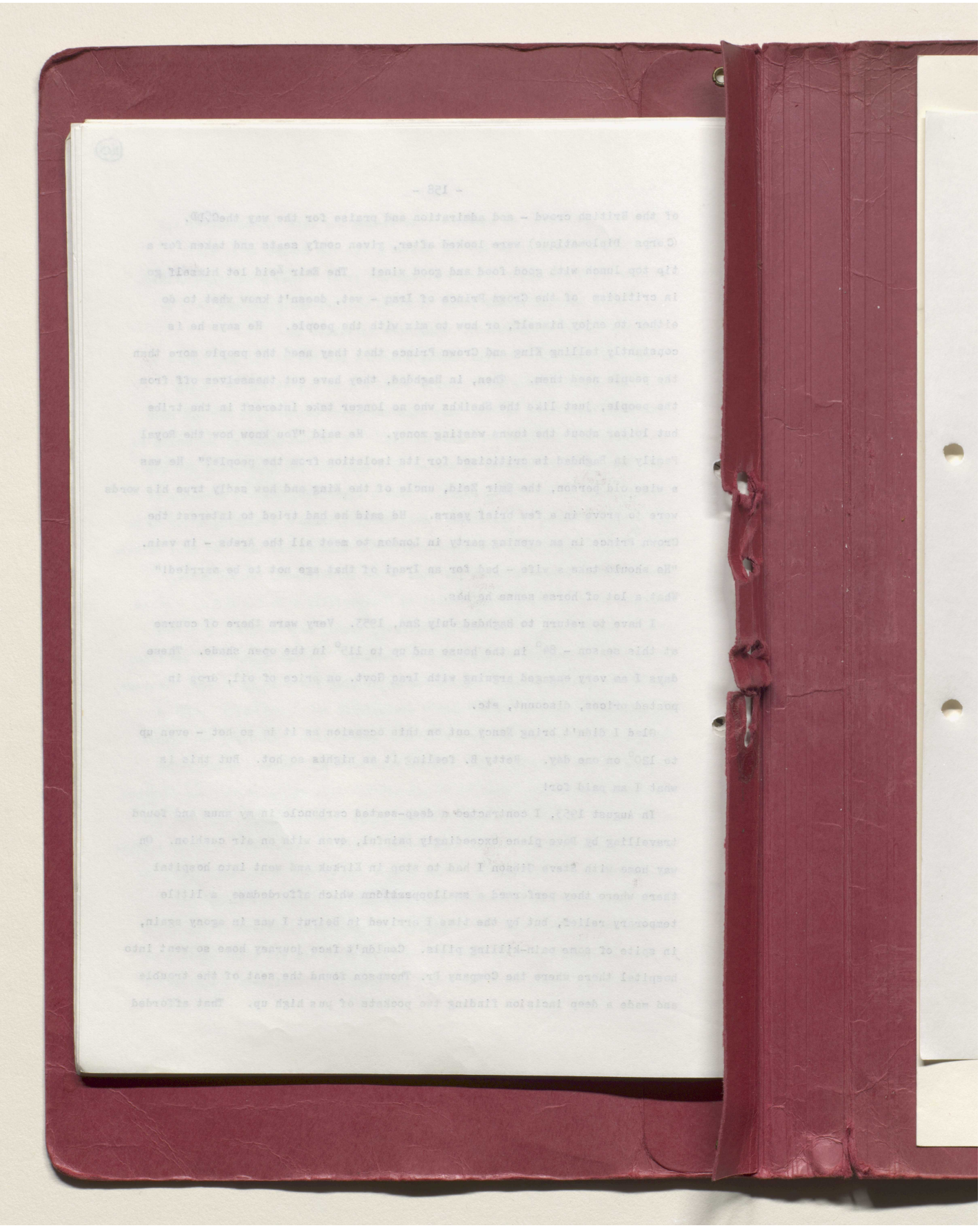
of the British crowd - and admiration and praise for the way the C.D. (Corps Diplomatique) were looked after, given comfy seats and taken for a tip top lunch with good food and good wine! The Emir Zeid let himself go in criticism of the Crown Prince of Iraq - wet, doesn't know what to do either to enjoy himself, or how to mix with the people. He says he is constantly telling King and Crown Prince that they need the people more than the people need them. Then, in Baghdad, they have cut themselves off from the people, just like the Sheikhs who no longer take interest in the tribe but loiter about the towns wasting money. He said "You know how the Royal Family in Baghdad is criticised for its isolation from the people?" He was a wise old person, the Emir Zeid, uncle of the King and how sadly true his words were to prove in a few brief years. He said he had tried to interest the Crown Prince in an evening party in London to meet all the Arabs - in vain. "He should take a wife - bad for an Iraqi of that age not to be married!" What a lot of horse sense he has.

I have to return to Baghdad July 2nd, 1953. Very warm there of course at this season - 84° in the house and up to 115° in the open shade. These days I am very engaged arguing with Iraq Govt. on price of oil, drop in posted prices, discount, etc.

Glad I didn't bring Nancy out on this occasion as it is so hot - even up to 120° on one day. Betty B. feeling it as nights so hot. But this is what I am paid for!

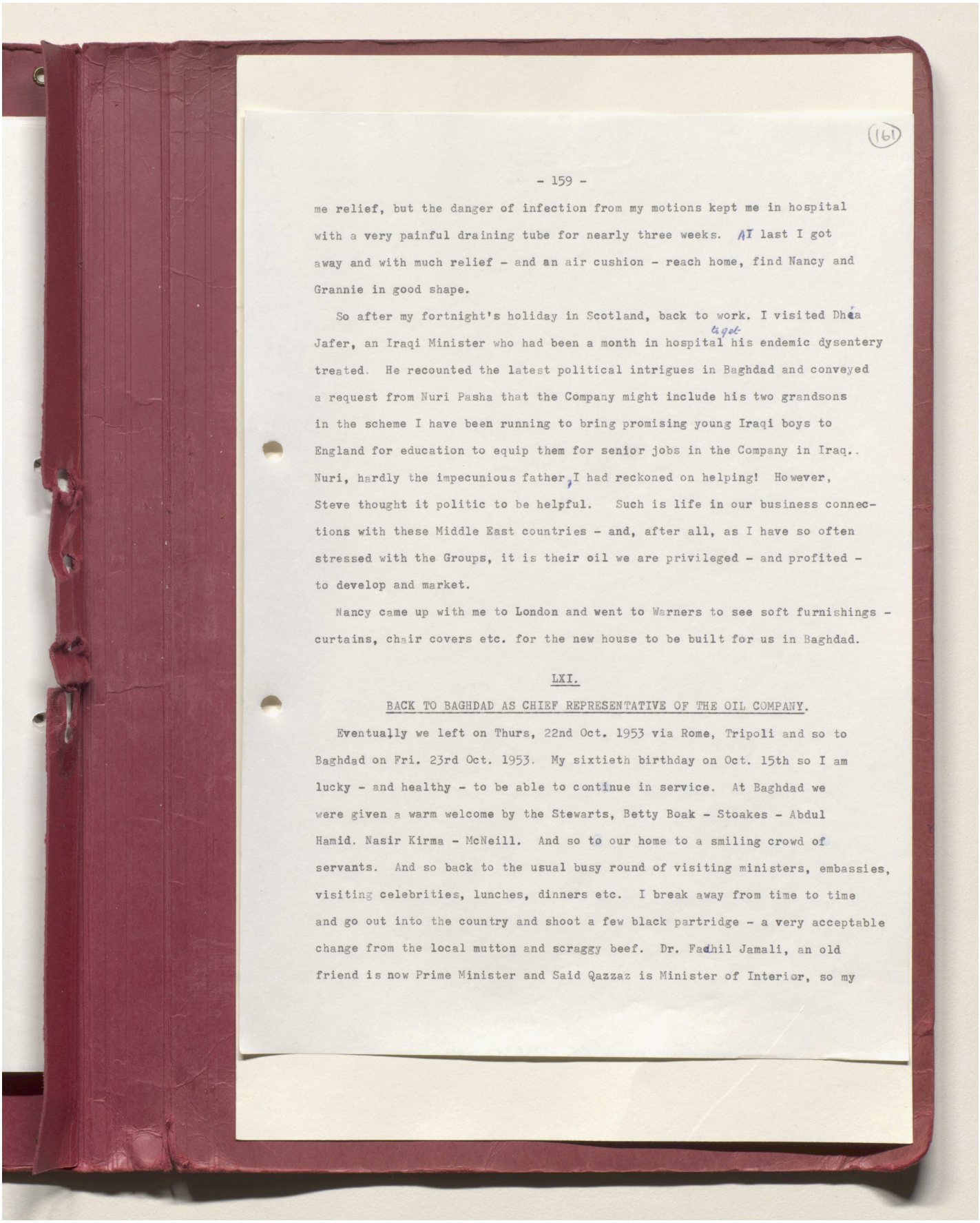
In August 1953, I contracted a deep-seated carbuncle in my anus and found travelling by Dove plane exceedingly painful, even with an air cushion. On way home with Steve Gibson I had to stop in Kirkuk and went into hospital there where they performed a small operation which afforded me a little temporary relief, but by the time I arrived in Beirut I was in agony again, in spite of some pain-killing pills. Couldn't face journey home so went into hospital there where the Company Dr. Thompson found the seat of the trouble and made a deep incision finding two pockets of pus high up. That afforded

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000078



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



me relief, but the danger of infection from my motions kept me in hospital with a very painful draining tube for nearly three weeks. At last I got away and with much relief - and an air cushion - reach home, find Nancy and Grannie in good shape.

So after my fortnight's holiday in Scotland, back to work. I visited Dhia Jafer, an Iraqi Minister who had been a month in hospital to get his endemic dysentery treated. He recounted the latest political intrigues in Baghdad and conveyed a request from Nuri Pasha that the Company might include his two grandsons in the scheme I have been running to bring promising young Iraqi boys to England for education to equip them for senior jobs in the Company in Iraq.. Nuri, hardly the impecunious father, I had reckoned on helping! However, Steve thought it politic to be helpful. Such is life in our business connections with these Middle East countries - and, after all, as I have so often stressed with the Groups, it is their oil we are privileged - and profited - to develop and market.

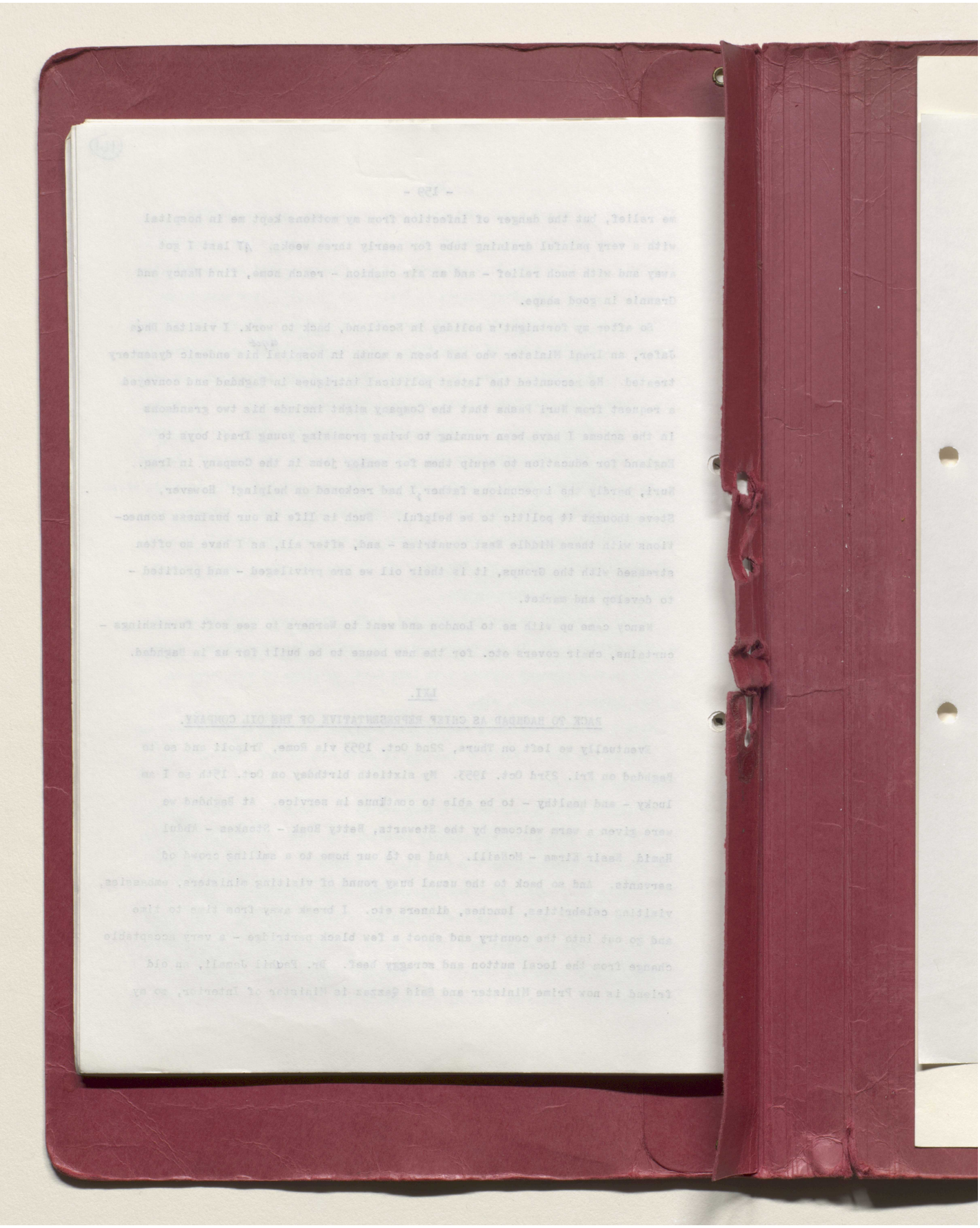
Nancy came up with me to London and went to Warners to see soft furnishings - curtains, chair covers etc. for the new house to be built for us in Baghdad.

LXI.

BACK TO BAGHDAD AS CHIEF REPRESENTATIVE OF THE OIL COMPANY.

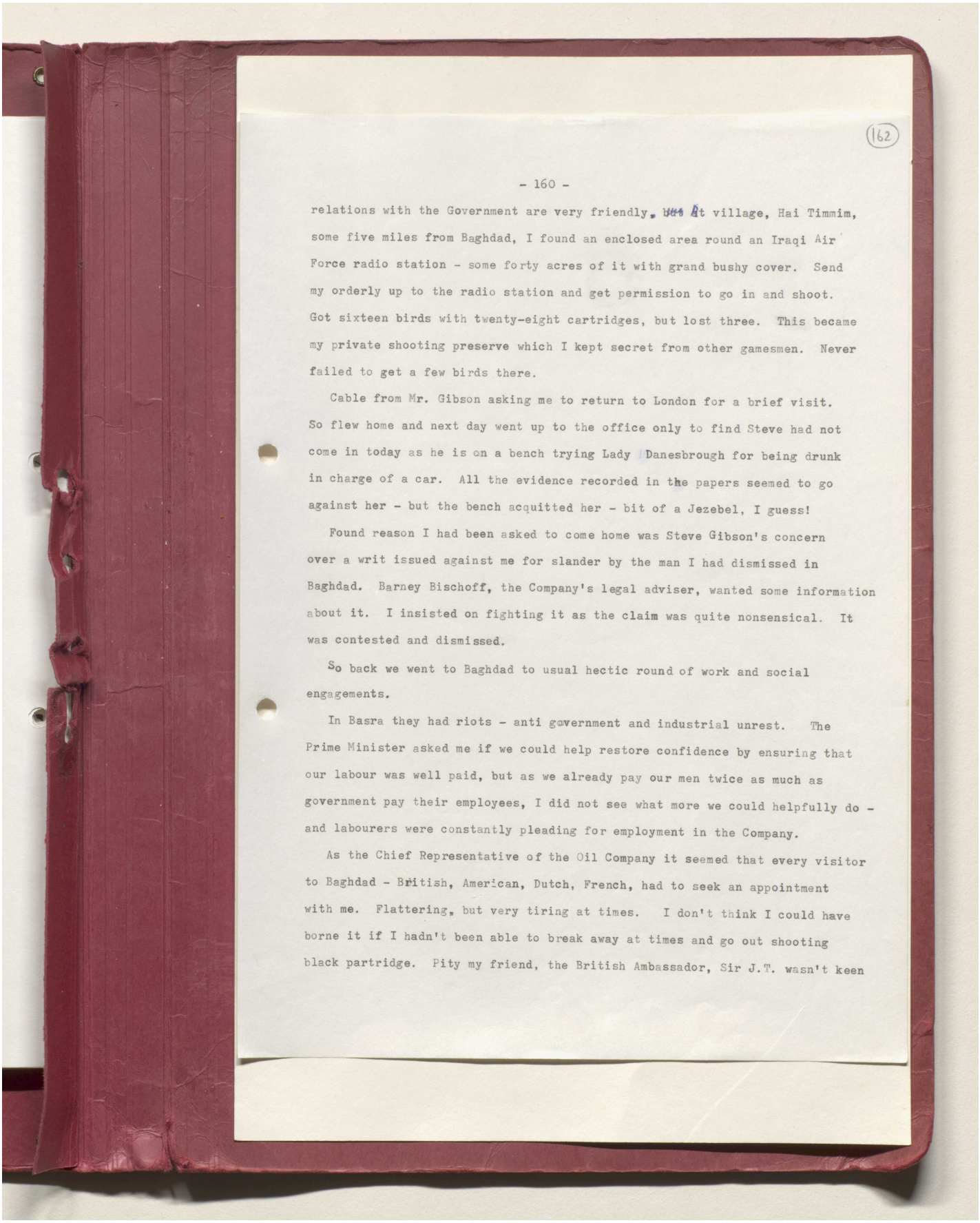
Eventually we left on Thurs, 22nd Oct. 1953 via Rome, Tripoli and so to Baghdad on Fri. 23rd Oct. 1953. My sixtieth birthday on Oct. 15th so I am lucky - and healthy - to be able to continue in service. At Baghdad we were given a warm welcome by the Stewarts, Betty Boak - Stoakes - Abdul Hamid. Nasir Kirma - McNeill. And so to our home to a smiling crowd of servants. And so back to the usual busy round of visiting ministers, embassies, visiting celebrities, lunches, dinners etc. I break away from time to time and go out into the country and shoot a few black partridge - a very acceptable change from the local mutton and scraggy beef. Dr. Fadhil Jamali, an old friend is now Prime Minister and Said Qazzaz is Minister of Interior, so my

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00007a



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



relations with the Government are very friendly. ~~But~~ At village, Hai Timmim, some five miles from Baghdad, I found an enclosed area round an Iraqi Air Force radio station - some forty acres of it with grand bushy cover. Send my orderly up to the radio station and get permission to go in and shoot. Got sixteen birds with twenty-eight cartridges, but lost three. This became my private shooting preserve which I kept secret from other gamesmen. Never failed to get a few birds there.

Cable from Mr. Gibson asking me to return to London for a brief visit. So flew home and next day went up to the office only to find Steve had not come in today as he is on a bench trying Lady Danesbrough for being drunk in charge of a car. All the evidence recorded in the papers seemed to go against her - but the bench acquitted her - bit of a Jezebel, I guess!

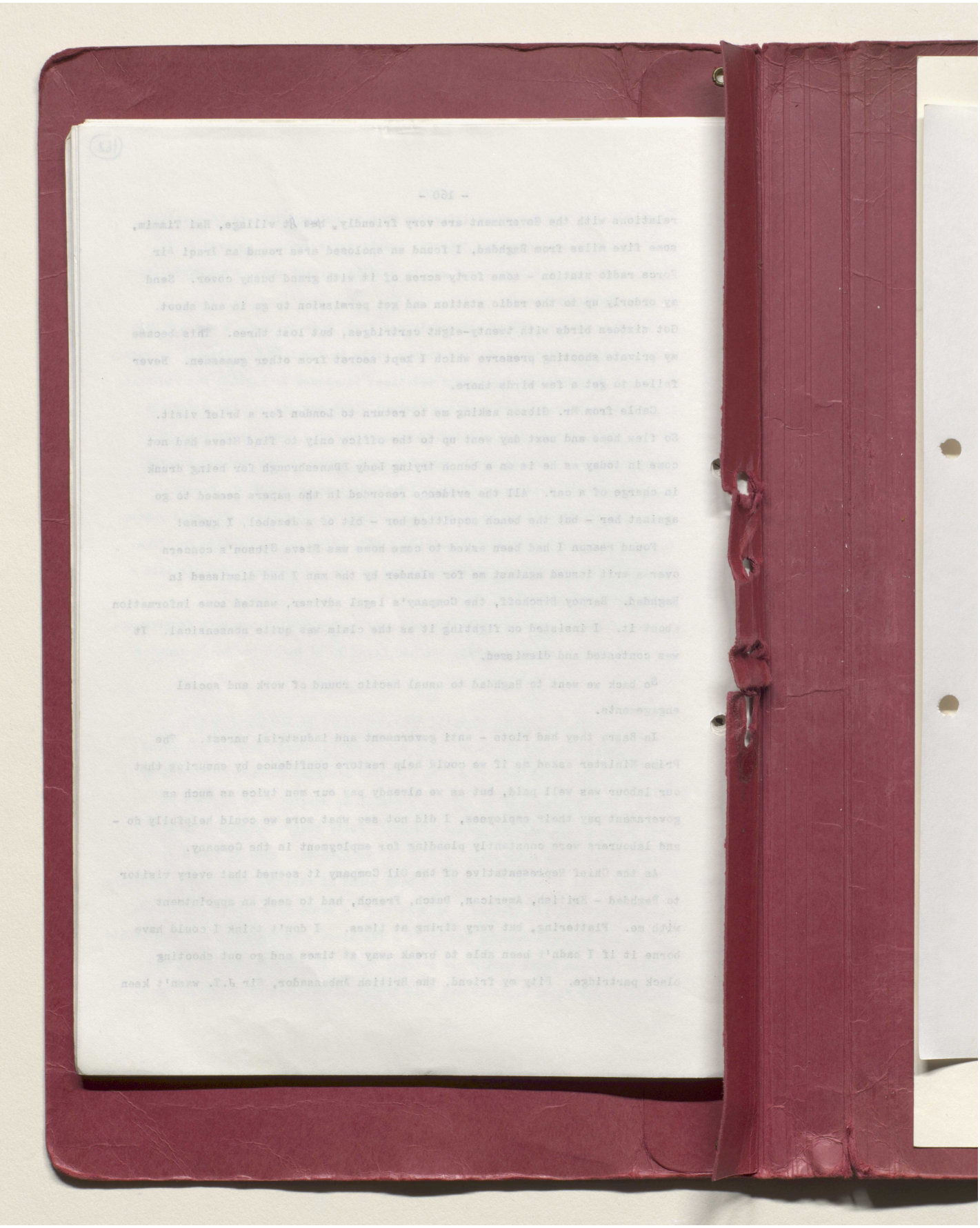
Found reason I had been asked to come home was Steve Gibson's concern over a writ issued against me for slander by the man I had dismissed in Baghdad. Barney Bischoff, the Company's legal adviser, wanted some information about it. I insisted on fighting it as the claim was quite nonsensical. It was contested and dismissed.

So back we went to Baghdad to usual hectic round of work and social engagements.

In Basra they had riots - anti government and industrial unrest. The Prime Minister asked me if we could help restore confidence by ensuring that our labour was well paid, but as we already pay our men twice as much as government pay their employees, I did not see what more we could helpfully do - and labourers were constantly pleading for employment in the Company.

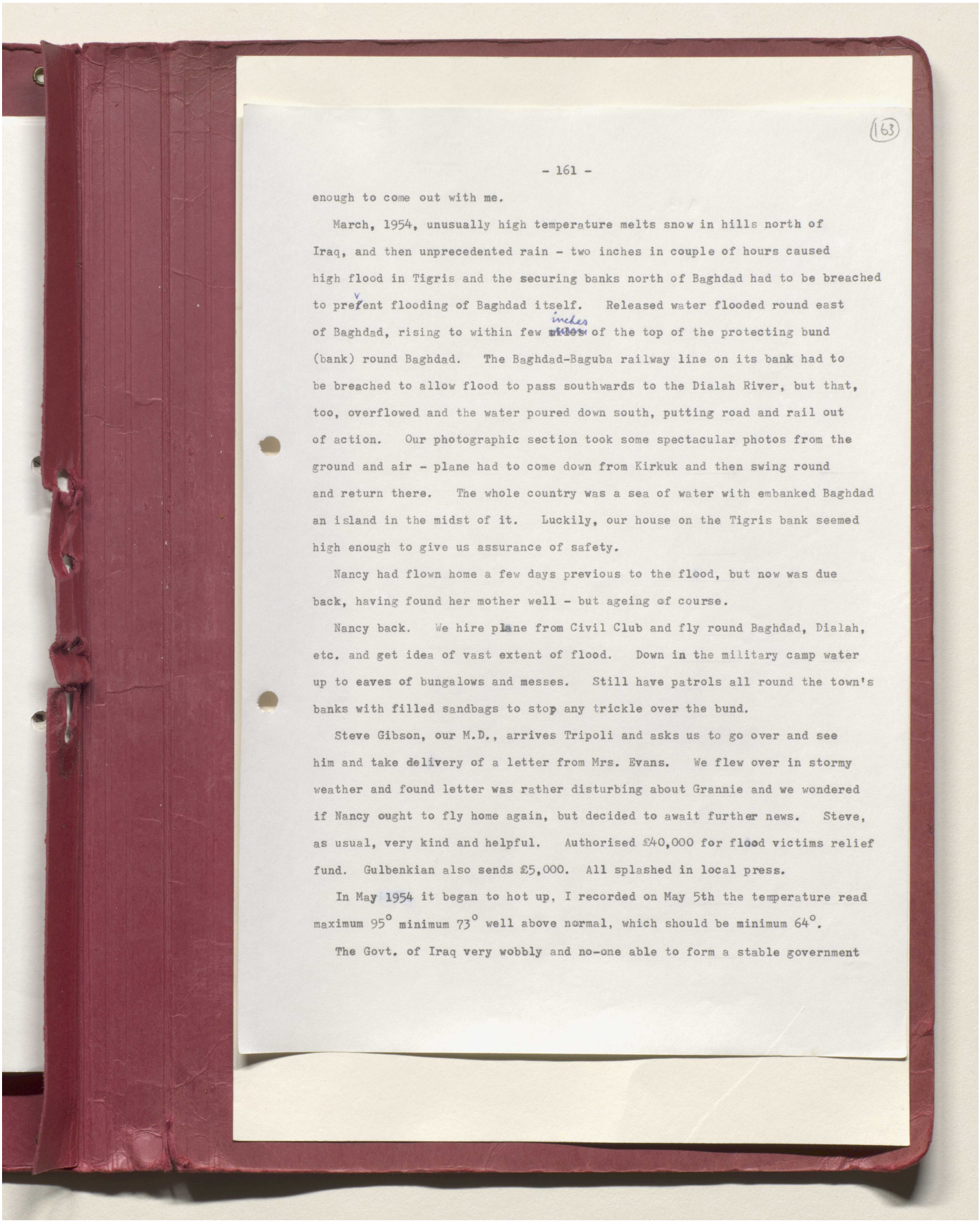
As the Chief Representative of the Oil Company it seemed that every visitor to Baghdad - British, American, Dutch, French, had to seek an appointment with me. Flattering, but very tiring at times. I don't think I could have borne it if I hadn't been able to break away at times and go out shooting black partridge. Pity my friend, the British Ambassador, Sir J.T. wasn't keen

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00007c



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



enough to come out with me.

March, 1954, unusually high temperature melts snow in hills north of Iraq, and then unprecedented rain - two inches in couple of hours caused high flood in Tigris and the securing banks north of Baghdad had to be breached to prevent flooding of Baghdad itself. Released water flooded round east of Baghdad, rising to within few inches of the top of the protecting bund (bank) round Baghdad. The Baghdad-Baguba railway line on its bank had to be breached to allow flood to pass southwards to the Dialah River, but that, too, overflowed and the water poured down south, putting road and rail out of action. Our photographic section took some spectacular photos from the ground and air - plane had to come down from Kirkuk and then swing round and return there. The whole country was a sea of water with embanked Baghdad an island in the midst of it. Luckily, our house on the Tigris bank seemed high enough to give us assurance of safety.

Nancy had flown home a few days previous to the flood, but now was due back, having found her mother well - but ageing of course.

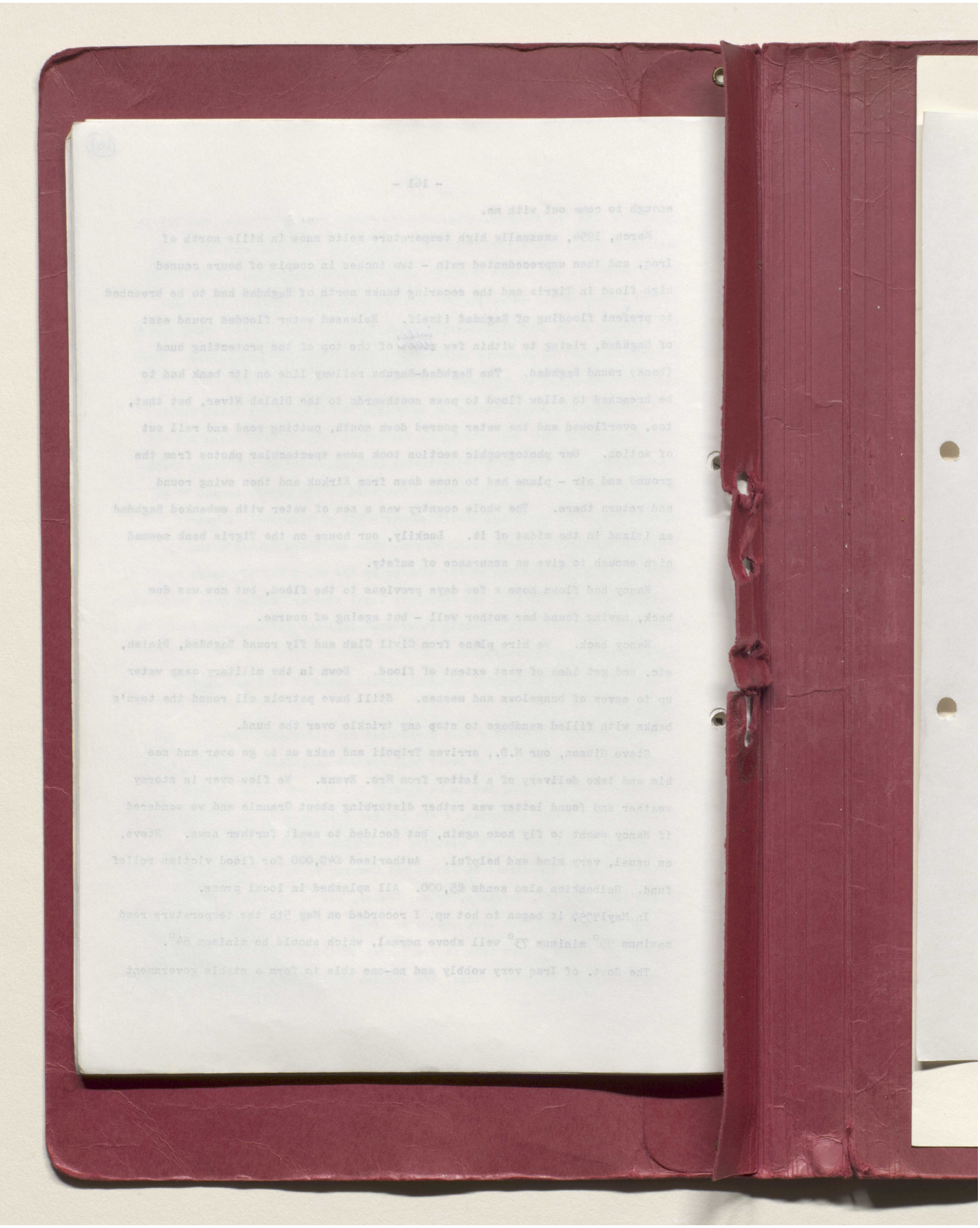
Nancy back. We hire plane from Civil Club and fly round Baghdad, Dialah, etc. and get idea of vast extent of flood. Down in the military camp water up to eaves of bungalows and messes. Still have patrols all round the town's banks with filled sandbags to stop any trickle over the bund.

Steve Gibson, our M.D., arrives Tripoli and asks us to go over and see him and take delivery of a letter from Mrs. Evans. We flew over in stormy weather and found letter was rather disturbing about Grannie and we wondered if Nancy ought to fly home again, but decided to await further news. Steve, as usual, very kind and helpful. Authorised £40,000 for flood victims relief fund. Gulbenkian also sends £5,000. All splashed in local press.

In May 1954 it began to hot up, I recorded on May 5th the temperature read maximum 95° minimum 73° well above normal, which should be minimum 64°.

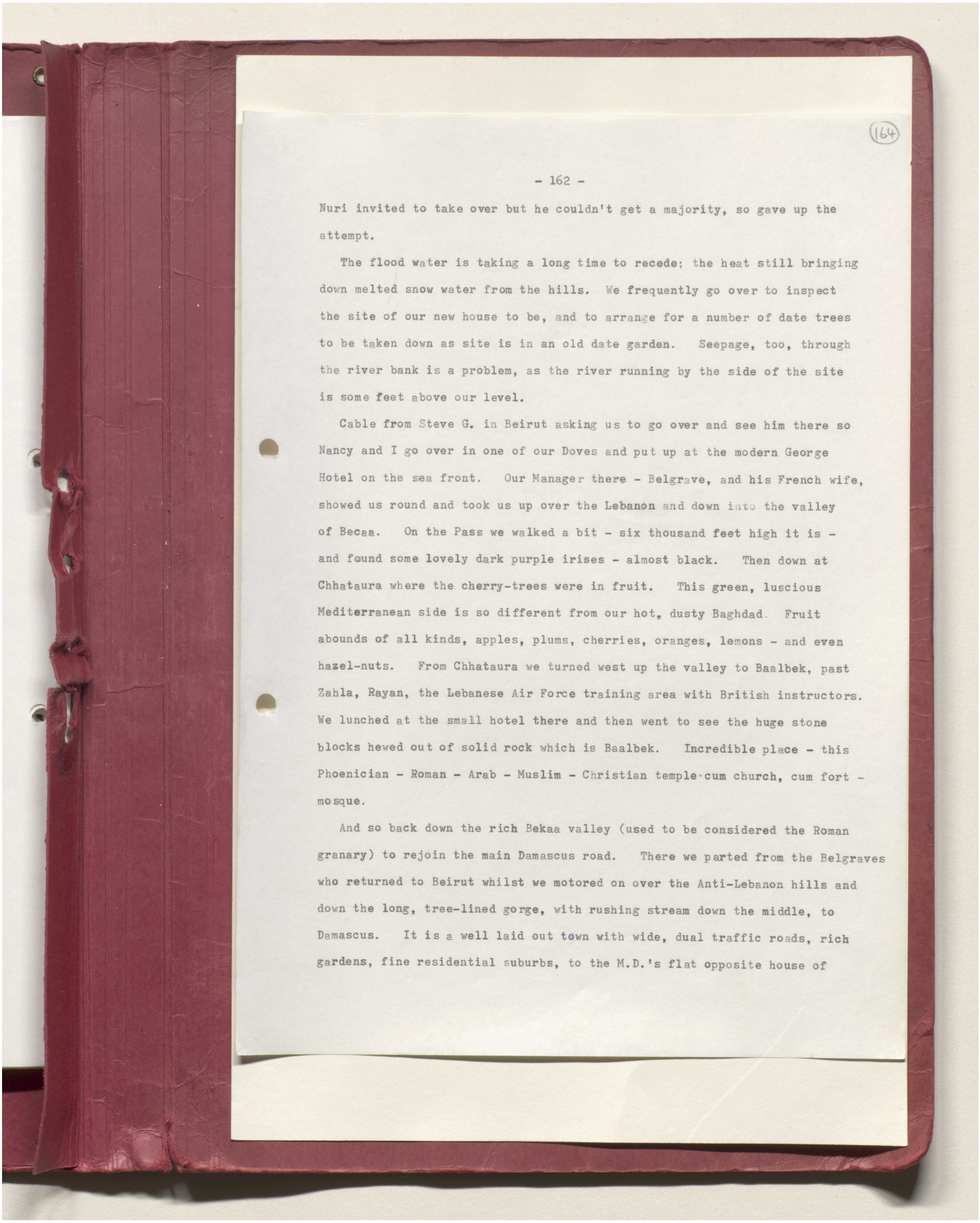
The Govt. of Iraq very wobbly and no-one able to form a stable government

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00007e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



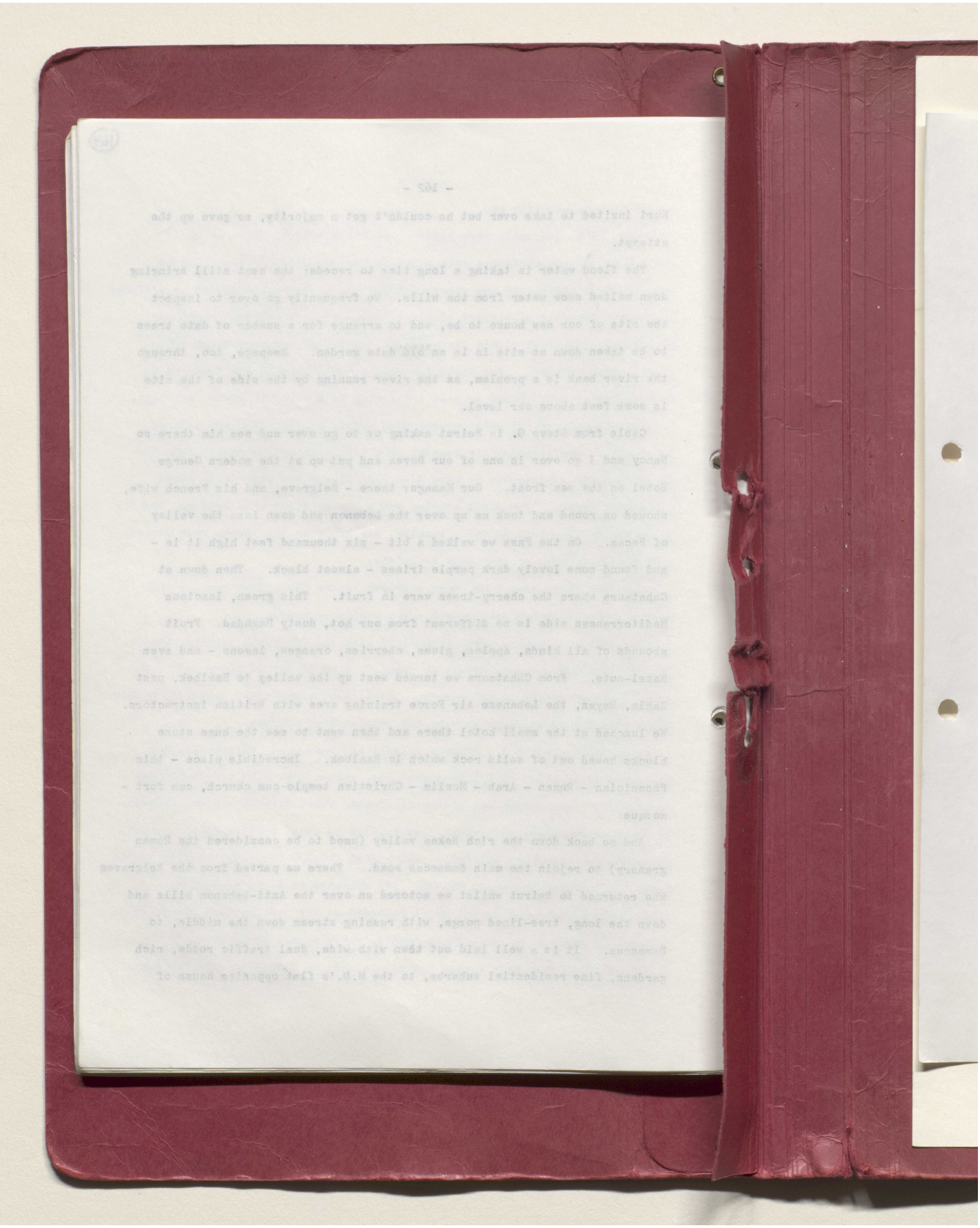
Nuri invited to take over but he couldn't get a majority, so gave up the attempt.

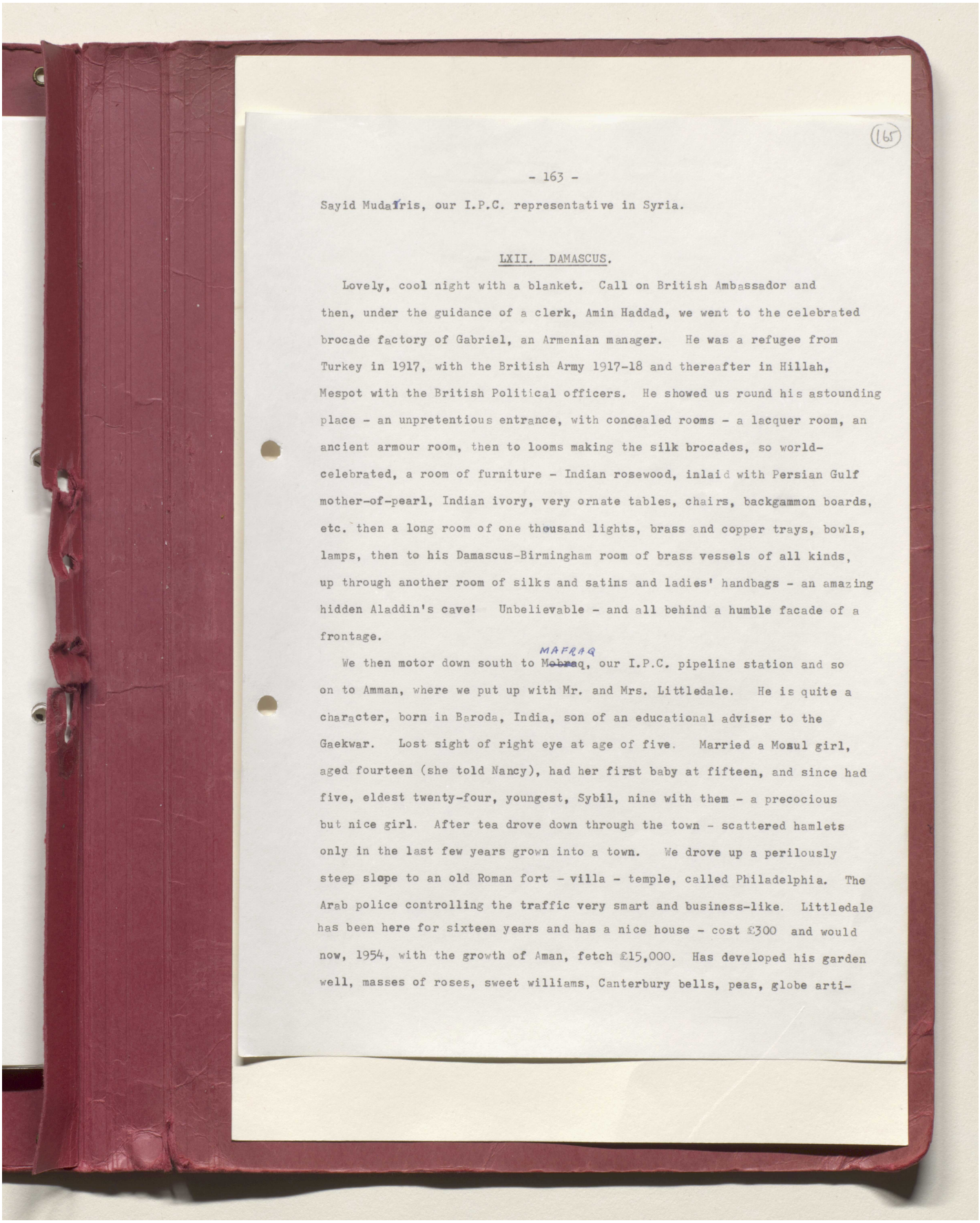
The flood water is taking a long time to recede; the heat still bringing down melted snow water from the hills. We frequently go over to inspect the site of our new house to be, and to arrange for a number of date trees to be taken down as site is in an old date garden. Seepage, too, through the river bank is a problem, as the river running by the side of the site is some feet above our level.

Cable from Steve G. in Beirut asking us to go over and see him there so Nancy and I go over in one of our Doves and put up at the modern George Hotel on the sea front. Our Manager there - Belgrave, and his French wife, showed us round and took us up over the Lebanon and down into the valley of Becaa. On the Pass we walked a bit - six thousand feet high it is - and found some lovely dark purple irises - almost black. Then down at Chhataura where the cherry-trees were in fruit. This green, luscious Mediterranean side is so different from our hot, dusty Baghdad. Fruit abounds of all kinds, apples, plums, cherries, oranges, lemons - and even hazel-nuts. From Chhataura we turned west up the valley to Baalbek, past Zahla, Rayan, the Lebanese Air Force training area with British instructors. We lunched at the small hotel there and then went to see the huge stone blocks hewed out of solid rock which is Baalbek. Incredible place - this Phoenician - Roman - Arab - Muslim - Christian temple-cum church, cum fort - mosque.

And so back down the rich Bekaa valley (used to be considered the Roman granary) to rejoin the main Damascus road. There we parted from the Belgraves who returned to Beirut whilst we motored on over the Anti-Lebanon hills and down the long, tree-lined gorge, with rushing stream down the middle, to Damascus. It is a well laid out town with wide, dual traffic roads, rich gardens, fine residential suburbs, to the M.D.'s flat opposite house of

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000080





(165)

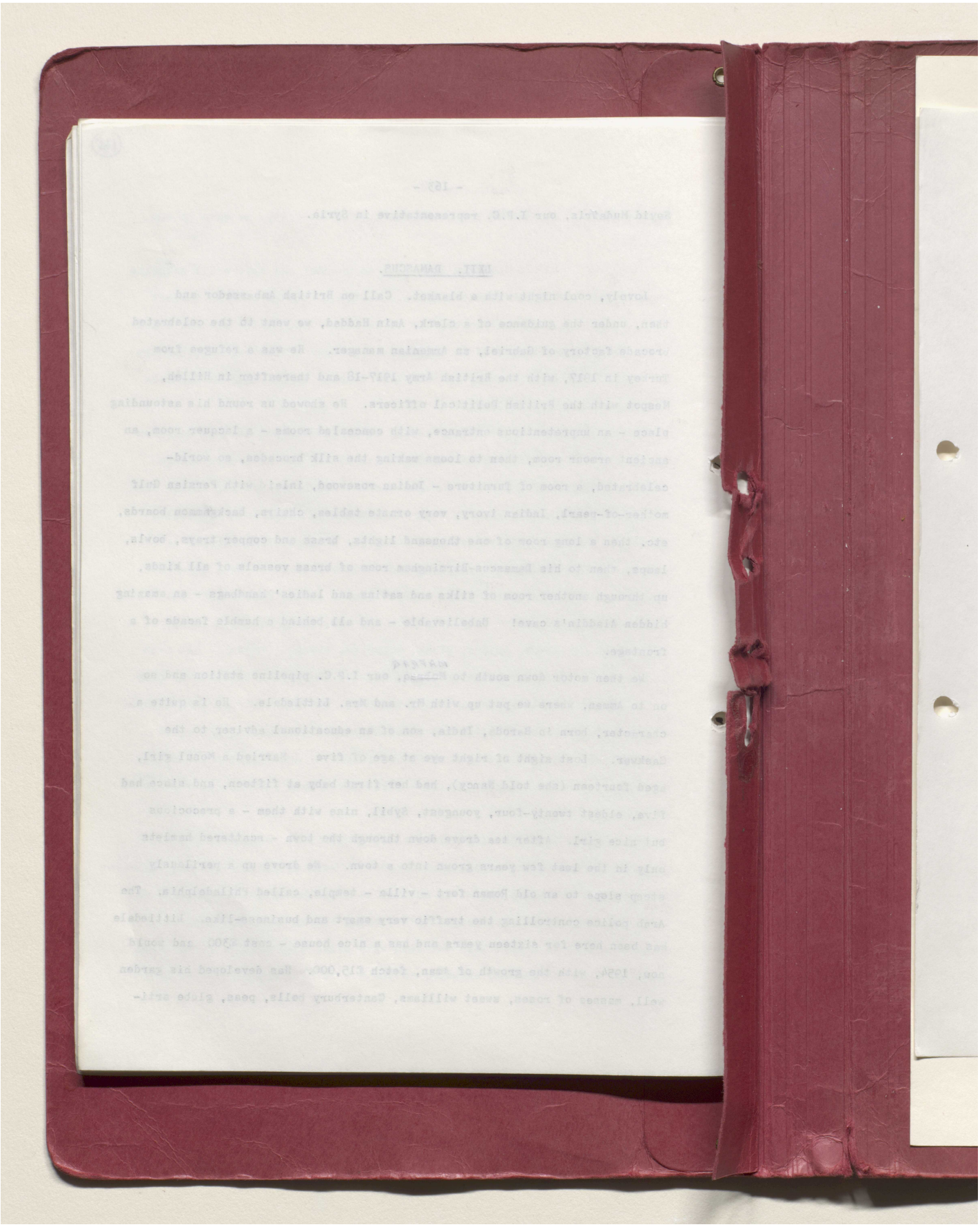
Sayid Mudafris, our I.P.C. representative in Syria.

LXII. DAMASCUS.

Lovely, cool night with a blanket. Call on British Ambassador and then, under the guidance of a clerk, Amin Haddad, we went to the celebrated brocade factory of Gabriel, an Armenian manager. He was a refugee from Turkey in 1917, with the British Army 1917-18 and thereafter in Hillah, Mespot with the British Political officers. He showed us round his astounding place - an unpretentious entrance, with concealed rooms - a lacquer room, an ancient armour room, then to looms making the silk brocades, so world-celebrated, a room of furniture - Indian rosewood, inlaid with Persian Gulf mother-of-pearl, Indian ivory, very ornate tables, chairs, backgammon boards, etc. then a long room of one thousand lights, brass and copper trays, bowls, lamps, then to his Damascus-Birmingham room of brass vessels of all kinds, up through another room of silks and satins and ladies' handbags - an amazing hidden Aladdin's cave! Unbelievable - and all behind a humble facade of a frontage.

We then motor down south to Mafraq, our I.P.C. pipeline station and so on to Amman, where we put up with Mr. and Mrs. Littledale. He is quite a character, born in Baroda, India, son of an educational adviser to the Gaekwar. Lost sight of right eye at age of five. Married a Mosul girl, aged fourteen (she told Nancy), had her first baby at fifteen, and since had five, eldest twenty-four, youngest, Sybil, nine with them - a precocious but nice girl. After tea drove down through the town - scattered hamlets only in the last few years grown into a town. We drove up a perilously steep slope to an old Roman fort - villa - temple, called Philadelphia. The Arab police controlling the traffic very smart and business-like. Littledale has been here for sixteen years and has a nice house - cost £300 and would now, 1954, with the growth of Aman, fetch £15,000. Has developed his garden well, masses of roses, sweet williams, Canterbury bells, peas, globe arti-

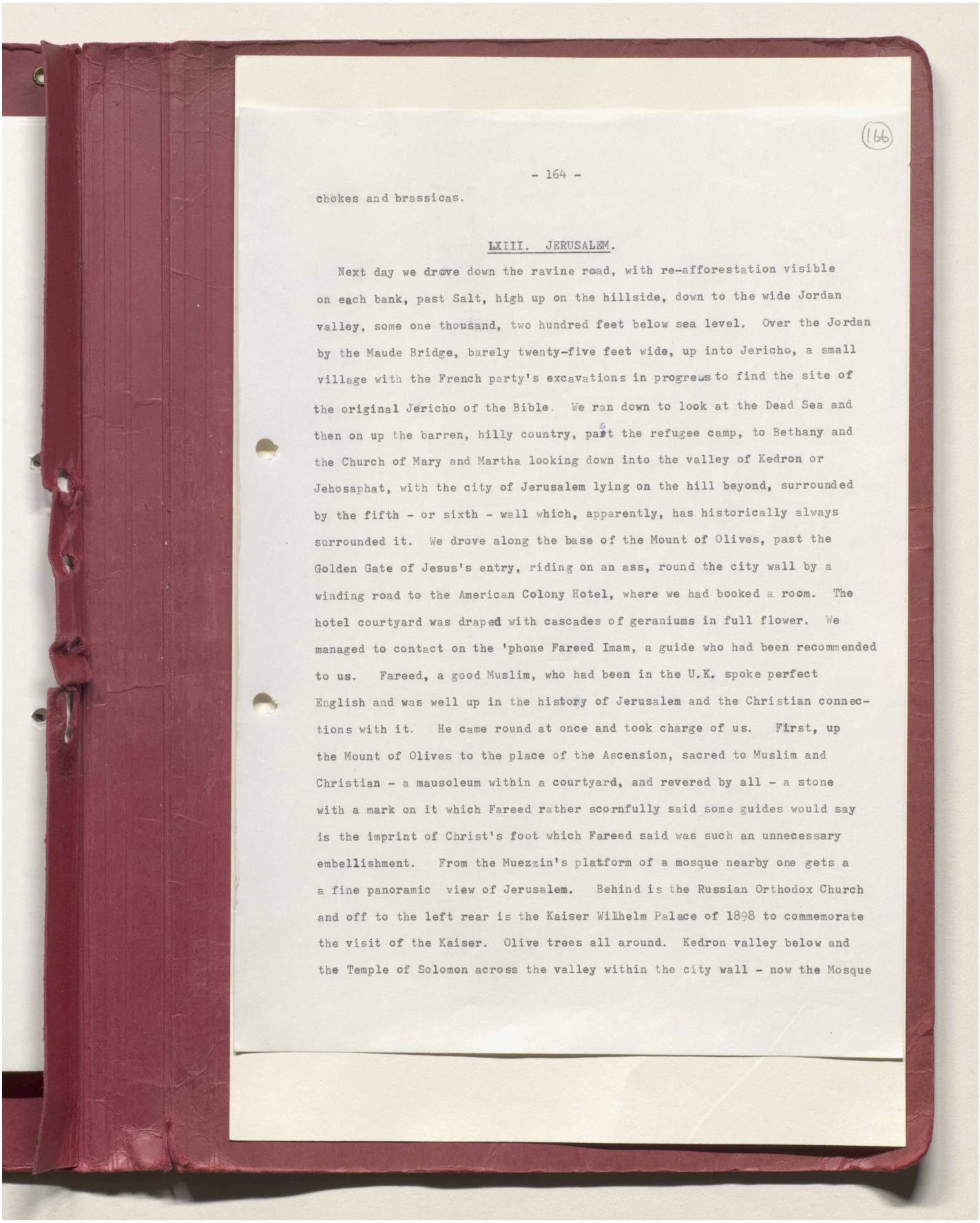
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000082



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000083

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

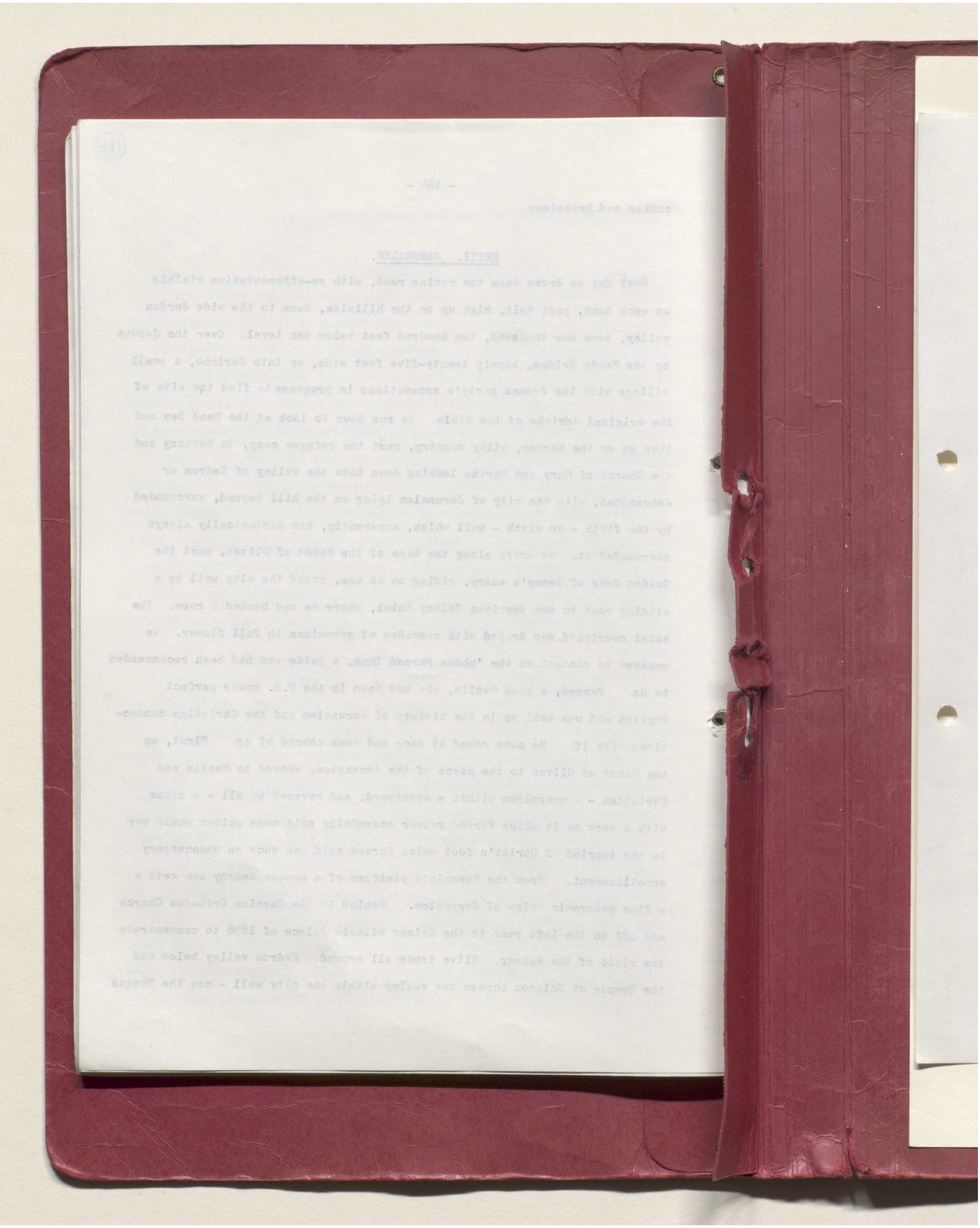


chokes and brassicas.

LXIII. JERUSALEM.

Next day we drove down the ravine road, with re-afforestation visible on each bank, past Salt, high up on the hillside, down to the wide Jordan valley, some one thousand, two hundred feet below sea level. Over the Jordan by the Maude Bridge, barely twenty-five feet wide, up into Jericho, a small village with the French party's excavations in progress to find the site of the original Jericho of the Bible. We ran down to look at the Dead Sea and then on up the barren, hilly country, past the refugee camp, to Bethany and the Church of Mary and Martha looking down into the valley of Kedron or Jehosaphat, with the city of Jerusalem lying on the hill beyond, surrounded by the fifth - or sixth - wall which, apparently, has historically always surrounded it. We drove along the base of the Mount of Olives, past the Golden Gate of Jesus's entry, riding on an ass, round the city wall by a winding road to the American Colony Hotel, where we had booked a room. The hotel courtyard was draped with cascades of geraniums in full flower. We managed to contact on the 'phone Fareed Imam, a guide who had been recommended to us. Fareed, a good Muslim, who had been in the U.K. spoke perfect English and was well up in the history of Jerusalem and the Christian connections with it. He came round at once and took charge of us. First, up the Mount of Olives to the place of the Ascension, sacred to Muslim and Christian - a mausoleum within a courtyard, and revered by all - a stone with a mark on it which Fareed rather scornfully said some guides would say is the imprint of Christ's foot which Fareed said was such an unnecessary embellishment. From the Muezzin's platform of a mosque nearby one gets a a fine panoramic view of Jerusalem. Behind is the Russian Orthodox Church and off to the left rear is the Kaiser Wilhelm Palace of 1898 to commemorate the visit of the Kaiser. Olive trees all around. Kedron valley below and the Temple of Solomon across the valley within the city wall - now the Mosque

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000084



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

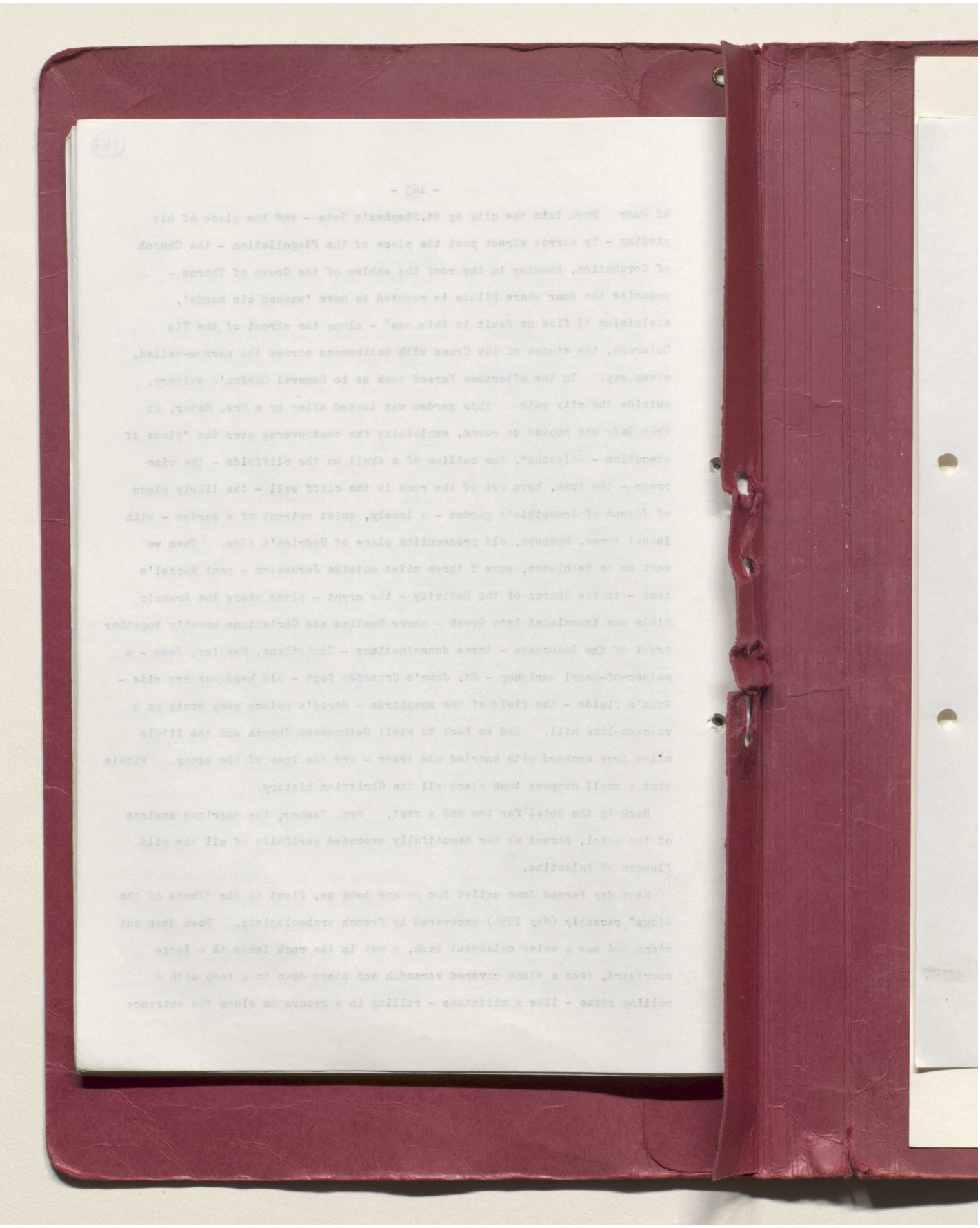
BRITISH LIBRARY

of Omar. Down into the city by St.Stephen's Gate - and the place of his stoning - by narrow street past the place of the Flagellation - the Church of Coronation, showing in the roof the emblem of the Crown of Thorns - opposite the door where Pilate is reputed to have 'washed his hands', exclaiming "I find no fault in this man" - along the street of the Via Dolorosa, the stages of the Cross with buttresses across the narrow-walled, steep way. In the afternoon Fareed took us to General Gordon's calvary, outside the city gate . This garden was looked after by a Mrs. Matar, an Arab lady who showed us round, explaining the controversy over the "place of execution - Golgotha", the outline of a skull on the cliffside - the wine press - the tomb, hewn out of the rock in the cliff wall - the likely place of Joseph of Aramathia's garden - a lovely, quiet retreat of a garden - with locust trees, hyssops, old prosecution place of Hadrian's time. Then we went on to Bethlehem, some ? three miles outside Jerusalem - past Rachel's tomb - to the Church of the Nativity - the crypt - place where the Aramaic Bible was translated into Greek - where Muslims and Christians worship together - crypt of the Innocents - three denominations - Christians, Muslims, Jews - a mother-of-pearl workshop - St. John's Crusader fort - old headquarters site - Ruth's fields - the field of the shepherds - Herod's palace away south on a volcano-like hill. And so back to visit Gethsemane Church and the little olive tree orchard with knarled old trees - and the tree of the agony. Within what a small compass took place all the Christian history.

Back to the hotel for tea and a rest. Mrs. Vester, the American hostess of the hotel, showed us her beautifully executed portfolio of all the wild flowers of Palestine.

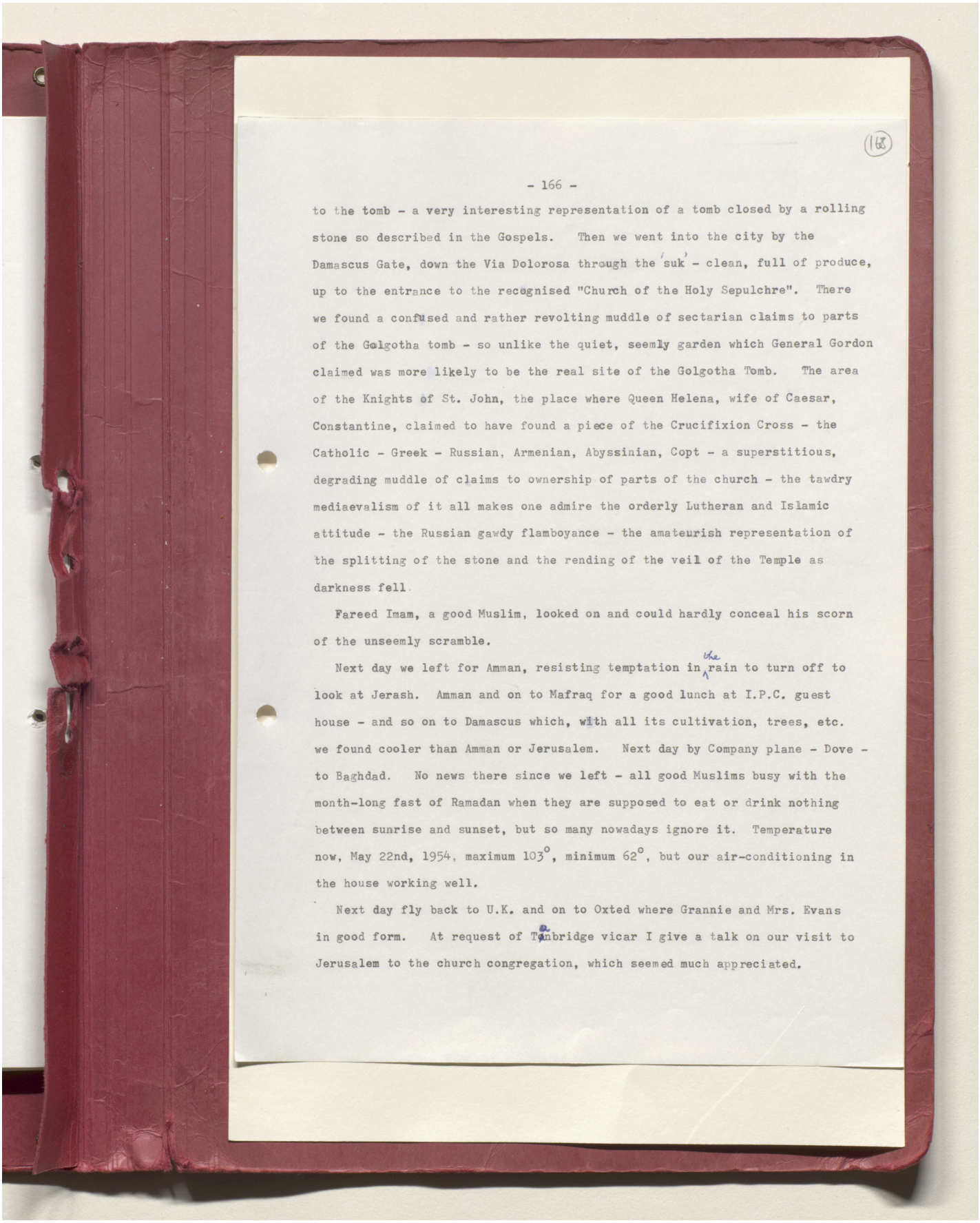
Next day Fareed Imam called for us and took us, first to the "Tombs of the Kings" recently (May 1954) uncovered by French archeologists. Down deep cut steps and now a water catchment tank, a cut in the rock leads to a large courtyard, then a stone covered verandah and steps down to a tomb with a rolling stone - like a millstone - rolling in a groove to close the entrance

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000086



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



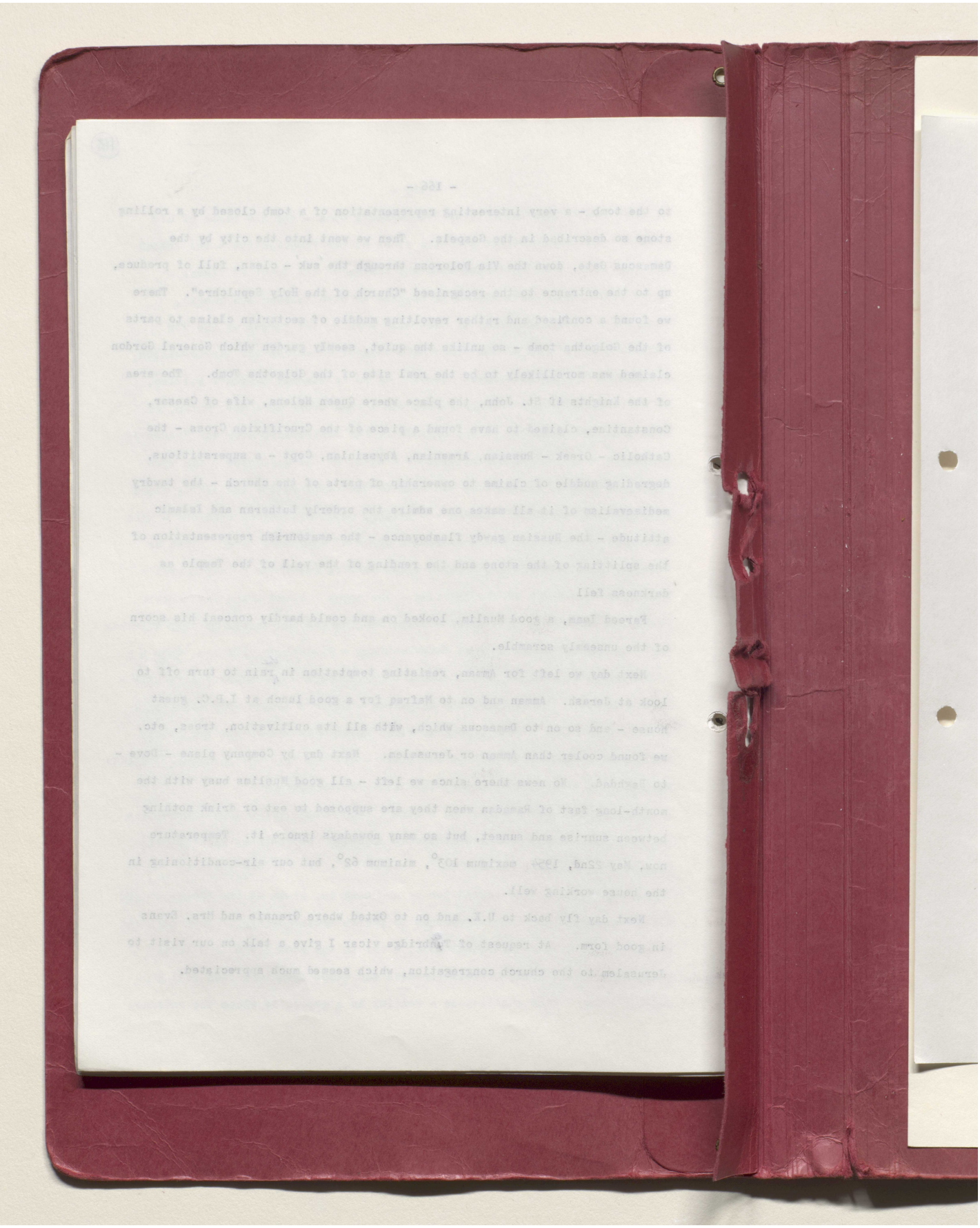
to the tomb - a very interesting representation of a tomb closed by a rolling stone so described in the Gospels. Then we went into the city by the Damascus Gate, down the Via Dolorosa through the 'suk' - clean, full of produce, up to the entrance to the recognised "Church of the Holy Sepulchre". There we found a confused and rather revolting muddle of sectarian claims to parts of the Golgotha tomb - so unlike the quiet, seemly garden which General Gordon claimed was more likely to be the real site of the Golgotha Tomb. The area of the Knights of St. John, the place where Queen Helena, wife of Caesar, Constantine, claimed to have found a piece of the Crucifixion Cross - the Catholic - Greek - Russian, Armenian, Abyssinian, Copt - a superstitious, degrading muddle of claims to ownership of parts of the church - the tawdry mediaevalism of it all makes one admire the orderly Lutheran and Islamic attitude - the Russian gawdy flamboyance - the amateurish representation of the splitting of the stone and the rending of the veil of the Temple as darkness fell.

Fareed Imam, a good Muslim, looked on and could hardly conceal his scorn of the unseemly scramble.

Next day we left for Amman, resisting temptation in the rain to turn off to look at Jerash. Amman and on to Mafraq for a good lunch at I.P.C. guest house - and so on to Damascus which, with all its cultivation, trees, etc. we found cooler than Amman or Jerusalem. Next day by Company plane - Dove - to Baghdad. No news there since we left - all good Muslims busy with the month-long fast of Ramadan when they are supposed to eat or drink nothing between sunrise and sunset, but so many nowadays ignore it. Temperature now, May 22nd, 1954, maximum 103°, minimum 62°, but our air-conditioning in the house working well.

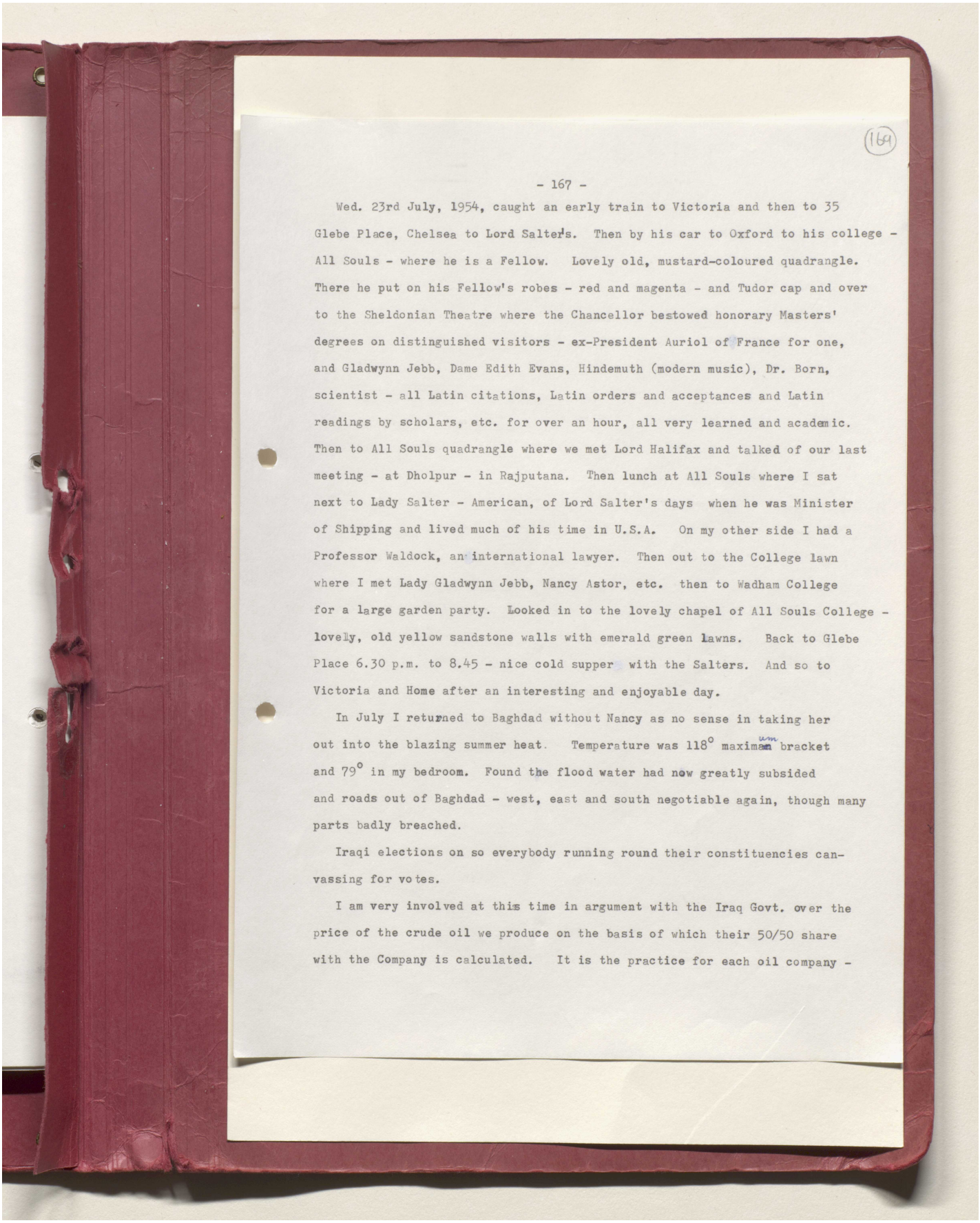
Next day fly back to U.K. and on to Oxted where Grannie and Mrs. Evans in good form. At request of Tonbridge vicar I give a talk on our visit to Jerusalem to the church congregation, which seemed much appreciated.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000088



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(169)

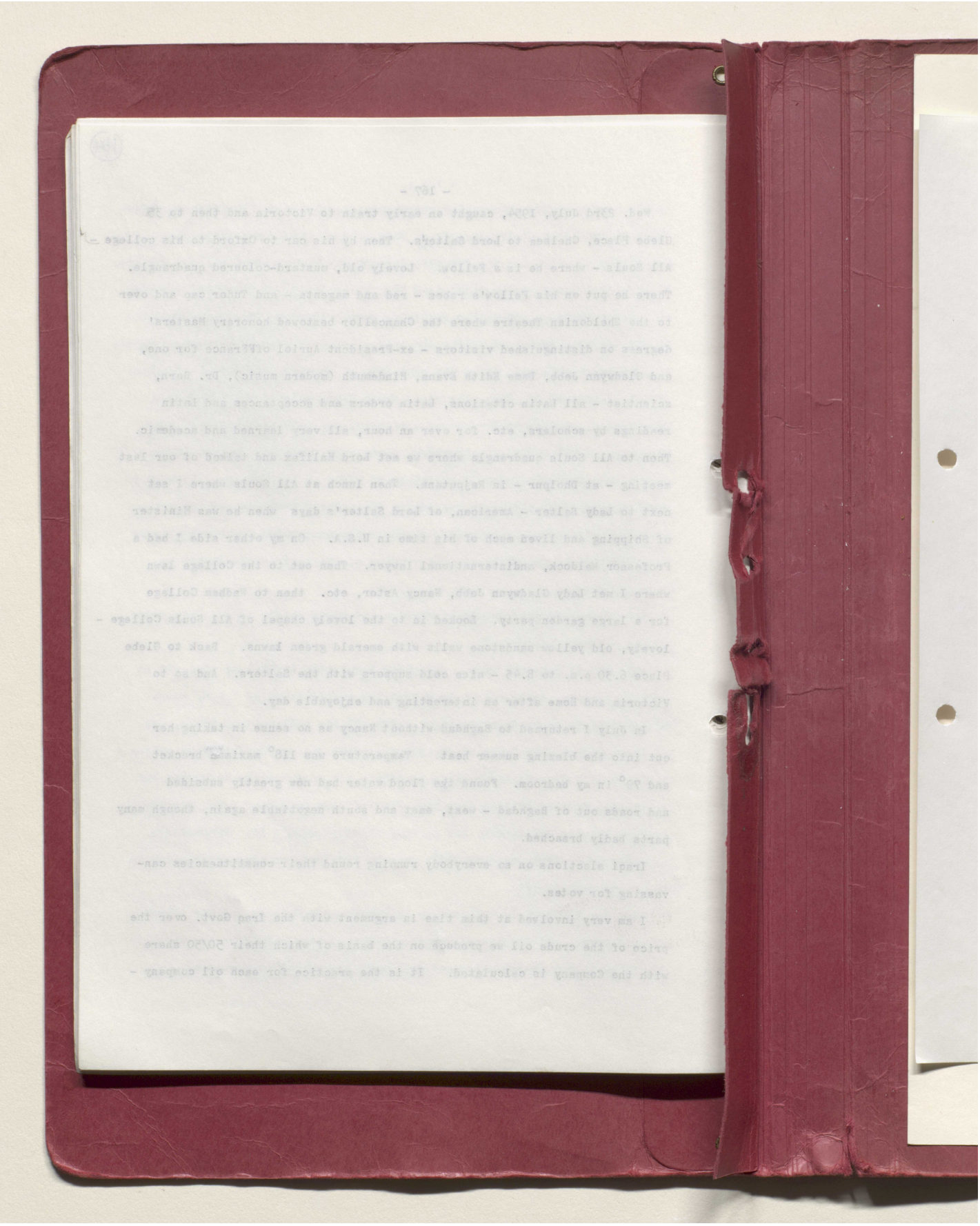
Wed. 23rd July, 1954, caught an early train to Victoria and then to 35 Glebe Place, Chelsea to Lord Salter's. Then by his car to Oxford to his college - All Souls - where he is a Fellow. Lovely old, mustard-coloured quadrangle. There he put on his Fellow's robes - red and magenta - and Tudor cap and over to the Sheldonian Theatre where the Chancellor bestowed honorary Masters' degrees on distinguished visitors - ex-President Auriol of France for one, and Gladwynn Jebb, Dame Edith Evans, Hindemuth (modern music), Dr. Born, scientist - all Latin citations, Latin orders and acceptances and Latin readings by scholars, etc. for over an hour, all very learned and academic. Then to All Souls quadrangle where we met Lord Halifax and talked of our last meeting - at Dholpur - in Rajputana. Then lunch at All Souls where I sat next to Lady Salter - American, of Lord Salter's days when he was Minister of Shipping and lived much of his time in U.S.A. On my other side I had a Professor Waldock, an international lawyer. Then out to the College lawn where I met Lady Gladwynn Jebb, Nancy Astor, etc. then to Wadham College for a large garden party. Looked in to the lovely chapel of All Souls College - lovely, old yellow sandstone walls with emerald green lawns. Back to Glebe Place 6.30 p.m. to 8.45 - nice cold supper with the Salters. And so to Victoria and Home after an interesting and enjoyable day.

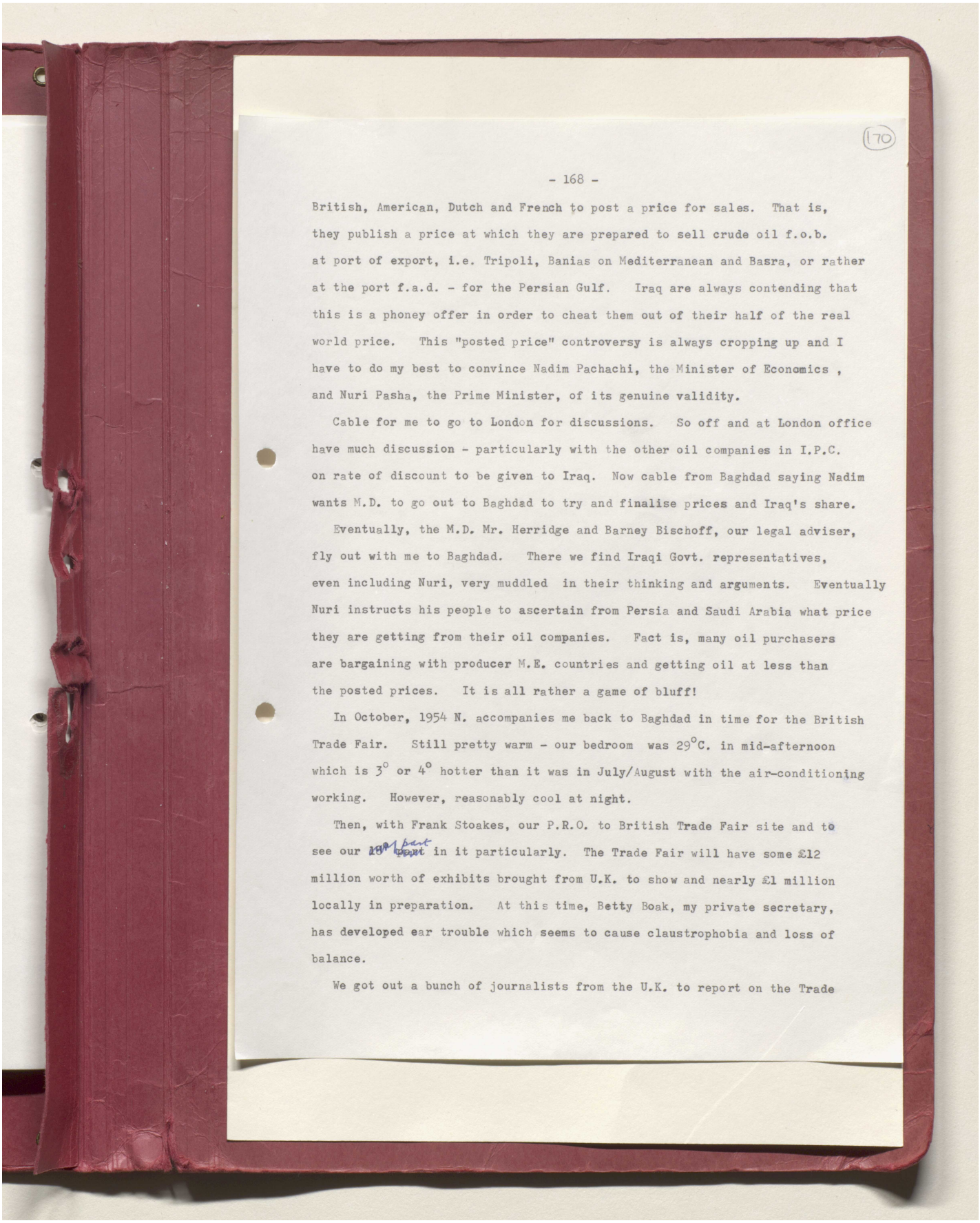
In July I returned to Baghdad without Nancy as no sense in taking her out into the blazing summer heat. Temperature was 118° maximum bracket and 79° in my bedroom. Found the flood water had now greatly subsided and roads out of Baghdad - west, east and south negotiable again, though many parts badly breached.

Iraqi elections on so everybody running round their constituencies canvassing for votes.

I am very involved at this time in argument with the Iraq Govt. over the price of the crude oil we produce on the basis of which their 50/50 share with the Company is calculated. It is the practice for each oil company -

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00008a





(170)

British, American, Dutch and French to post a price for sales. That is, they publish a price at which they are prepared to sell crude oil f.o.b. at port of export, i.e. Tripoli, Banias on Mediterranean and Basra, or rather at the port f.a.d. - for the Persian Gulf. Iraq are always contending that this is a phoney offer in order to cheat them out of their half of the real world price. This "posted price" controversy is always cropping up and I have to do my best to convince Nadim Pachachi, the Minister of Economics , and Nuri Pasha, the Prime Minister, of its genuine validity.

Cable for me to go to London for discussions. So off and at London office have much discussion - particularly with the other oil companies in I.P.C. on rate of discount to be given to Iraq. Now cable from Baghdad saying Nadim wants M.D. to go out to Baghdad to try and finalise prices and Iraq's share.

Eventually, the M.D. Mr. Herridge and Barney Bischoff, our legal adviser, fly out with me to Baghdad. There we find Iraqi Govt. representatives, even including Nuri, very muddled in their thinking and arguments. Eventually Nuri instructs his people to ascertain from Persia and Saudi Arabia what price they are getting from their oil companies. Fact is, many oil purchasers are bargaining with producer M.E. countries and getting oil at less than the posted prices. It is all rather a game of bluff!

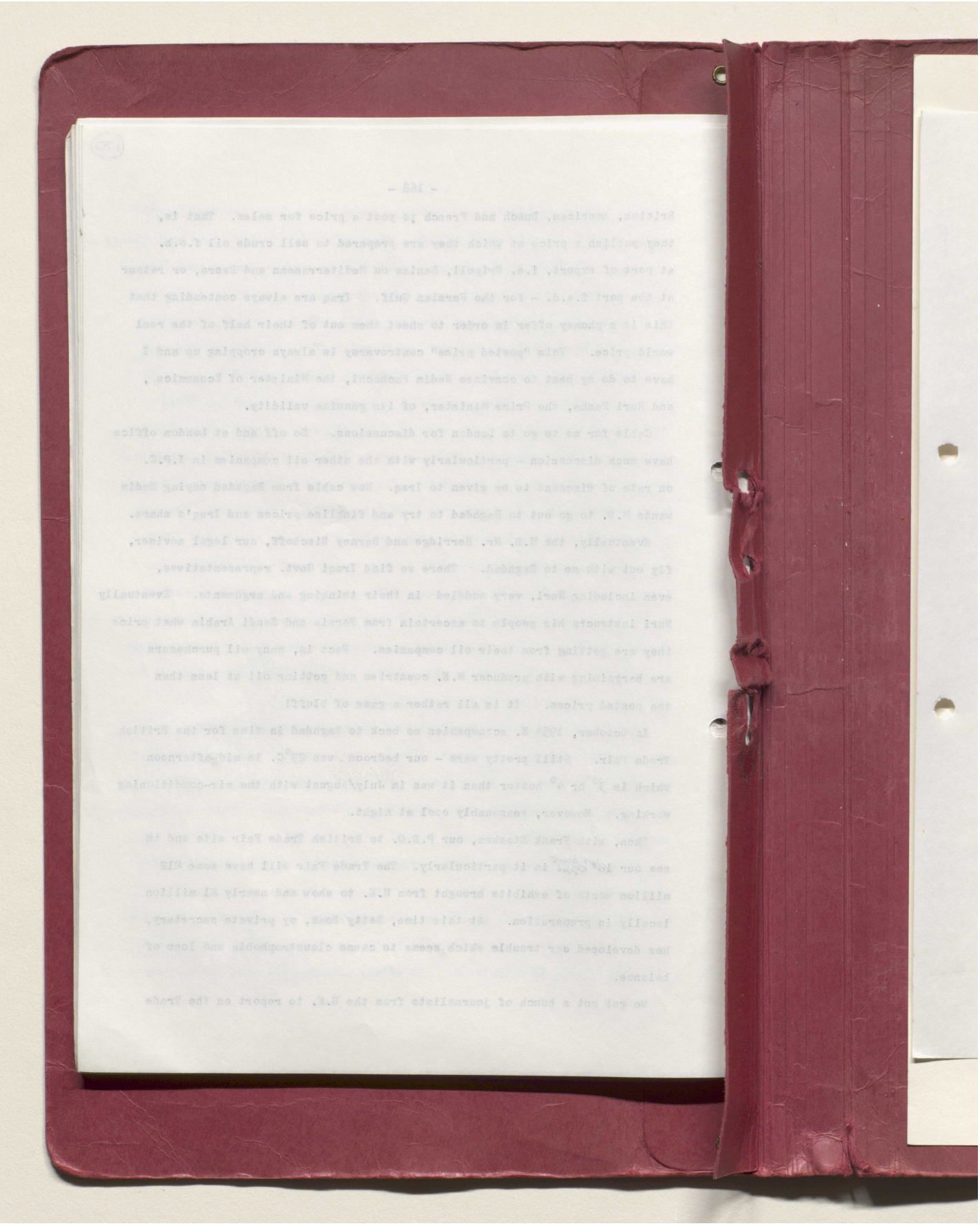
In October, 1954 N. accompanies me back to Baghdad in time for the British Trade Fair. Still pretty warm - our bedroom was 29°C. in mid-afternoon which is 3° or 4° hotter than it was in July/August with the air-conditioning working. However, reasonably cool at night.

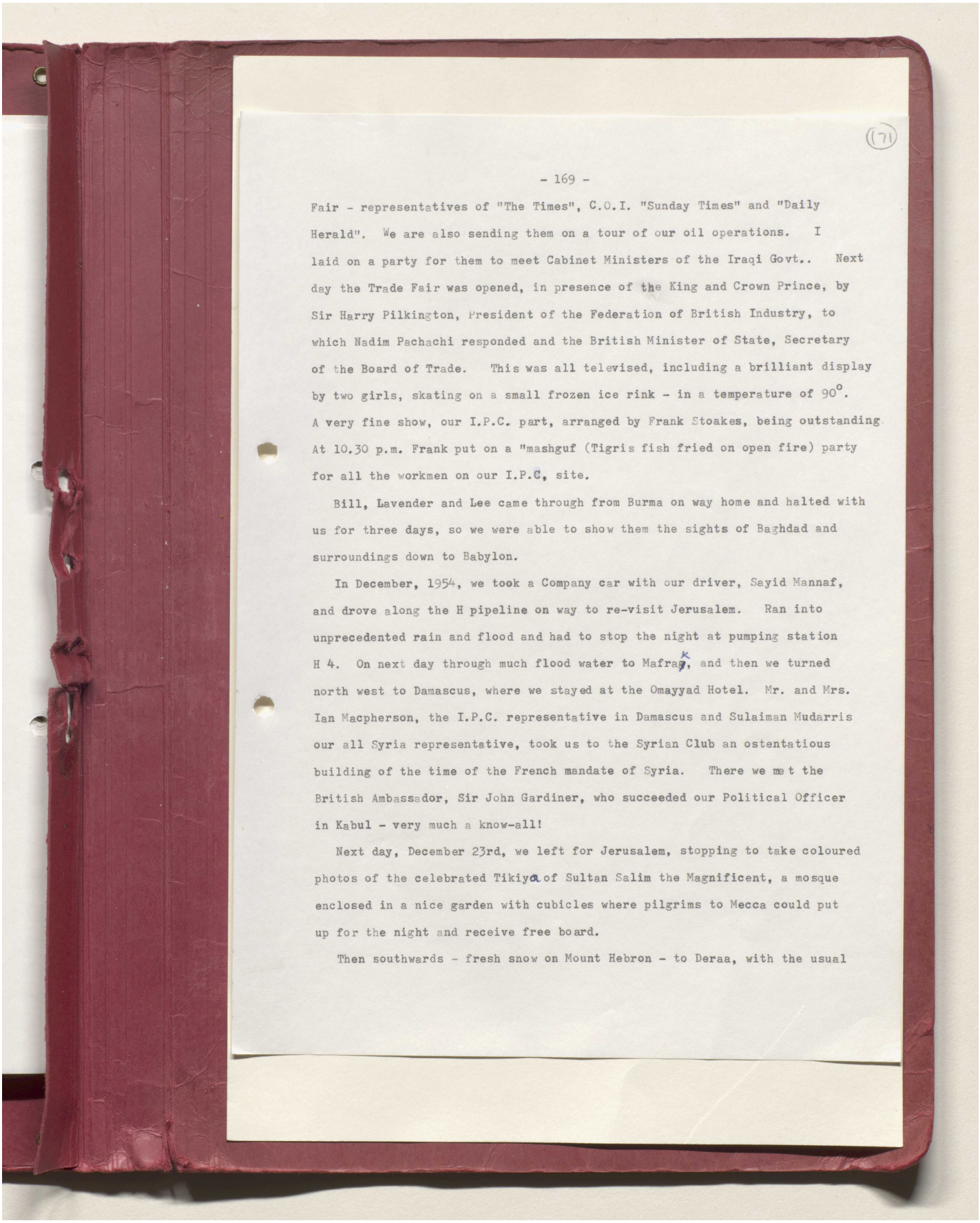
Then, with Frank Stoakes, our P.R.O. to British Trade Fair site and to see our ~~19~~ part in it particularly. The Trade Fair will have some £12 million worth of exhibits brought from U.K. to show and nearly £1 million locally in preparation. At this time, Betty Boak, my private secretary, has developed ear trouble which seems to cause claustrophobia and loss of balance.

We got out a bunch of journalists from the U.K. to report on the Trade

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00008c





Fair - representatives of "The Times", C.O.I. "Sunday Times" and "Daily Herald". We are also sending them on a tour of our oil operations. I laid on a party for them to meet Cabinet Ministers of the Iraqi Govt.. Next day the Trade Fair was opened, in presence of the King and Crown Prince, by Sir Harry Pilkington, President of the Federation of British Industry, to which Nadim Pachachi responded and the British Minister of State, Secretary of the Board of Trade. This was all televised, including a brilliant display by two girls, skating on a small frozen ice rink - in a temperature of 90°. A very fine show, our I.P.C. part, arranged by Frank Stoakes, being outstanding. At 10.30 p.m. Frank put on a "mashguf (Tigris fish fried on open fire) party for all the workmen on our I.P.C, site.

Bill, Lavender and Lee came through from Burma on way home and halted with us for three days, so we were able to show them the sights of Baghdad and surroundings down to Babylon.

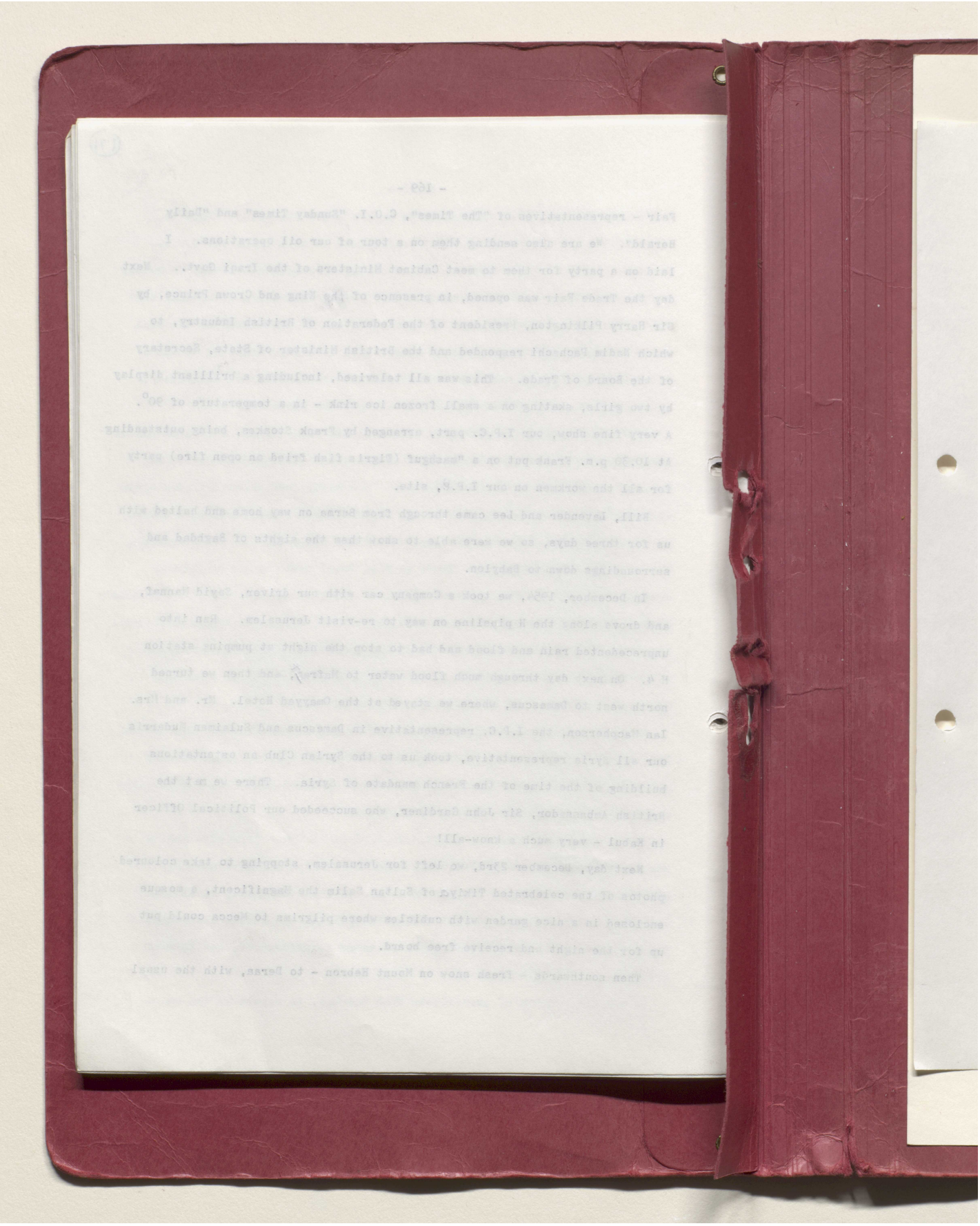
In December, 1954, we took a Company car with our driver, Sayid Mannaf, and drove along the H pipeline on way to re-visit Jerusalem. Ran into unprecedented rain and flood and had to stop the night at pumping station H 4. On next day through much flood water to Mafraq, and then we turned north west to Damascus, where we stayed at the Omayyad Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Ian Macpherson, the I.P.C. representative in Damascus and Sulaiman Mudarris our all Syria representative, took us to the Syrian Club an ostentatious building of the time of the French mandate of Syria. There we met the British Ambassador, Sir John Gardiner, who succeeded our Political Officer in Kabul - very much a know-all!

Next day, December 23rd, we left for Jerusalem, stopping to take coloured photos of the celebrated Tikiya of Sultan Salim the Magnificent, a mosque enclosed in a nice garden with cubicles where pilgrims to Mecca could put up for the night and receive free board.

Then southwards - fresh snow on Mount Hebron - to Deraa, with the usual

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00008e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

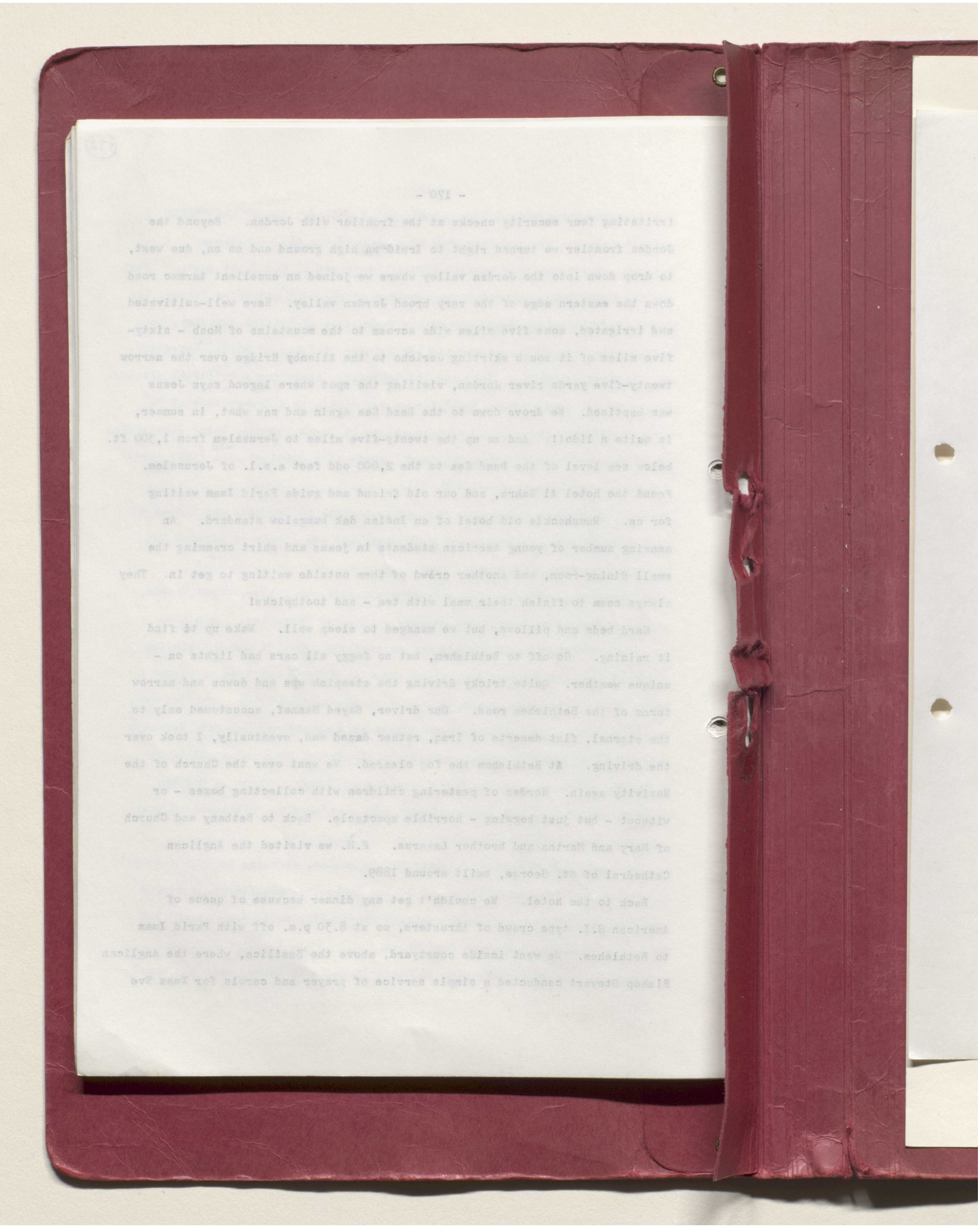
BRITISH LIBRARY

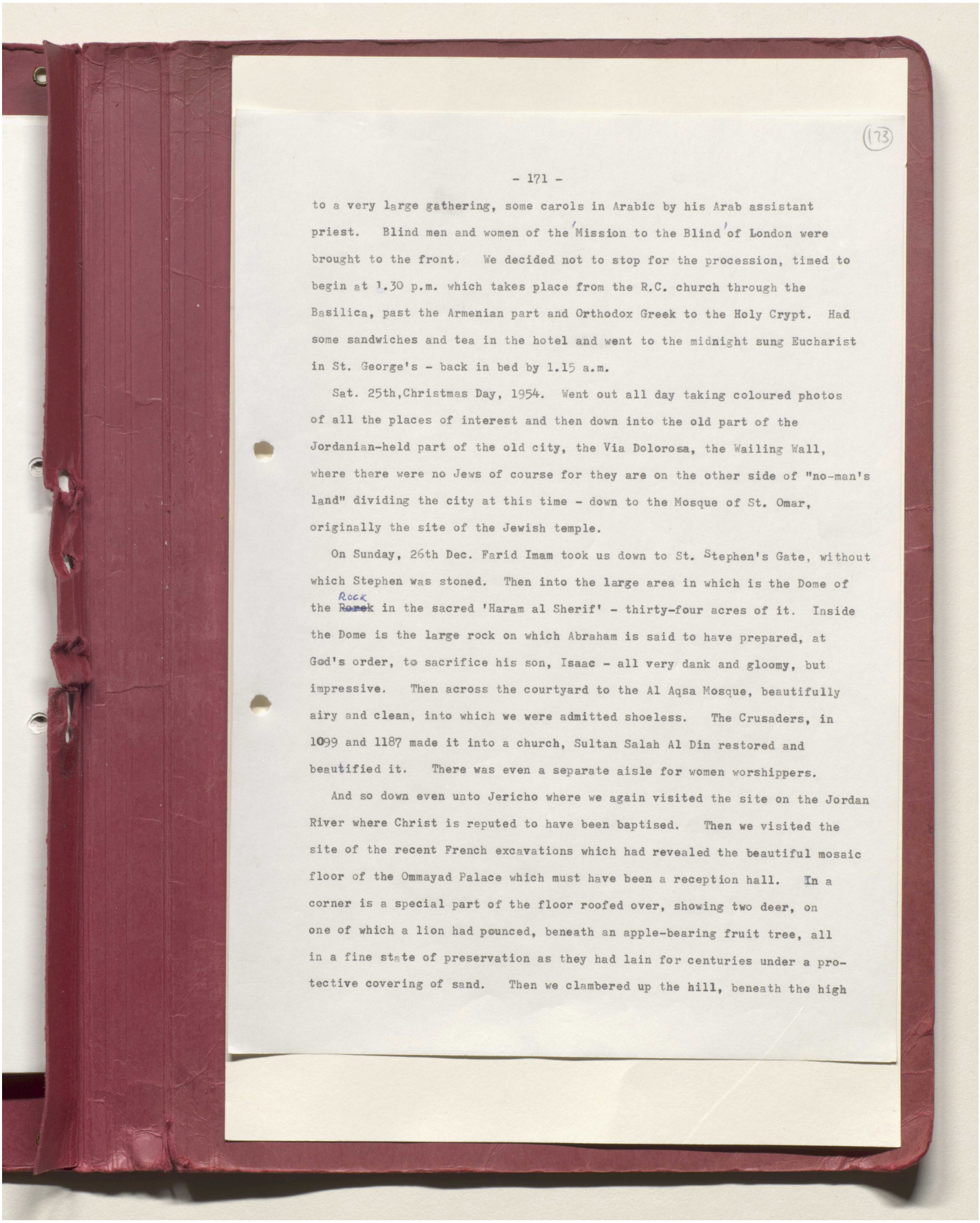
irritating four security checks at the frontier with Jordan. Beyond the Jordan frontier we turned right to Irbid on high ground and so on, due west, to drop down into the Jordan valley where we joined an excellent tarmac road down the eastern edge of the very broad Jordan valley. Here well-cultivated and irrigated, some five miles wide across to the mountains of Moab - sixty-five miles of it south skirting Jericho to the Allenby Bridge over the narrow twenty-five yards river Jordan, visiting the spot where legend says Jesus was baptised. We drove down to the Dead Sea again and saw what, in summer, is quite a lido!!. And so up the twenty-five miles to Jerusalem from 1,300 ft. below sea level of the Dead Sea to the 2,000 odd feet a.s.l. of Jerusalem. Found the hotel Al Zahra, and our old friend and guide Farid Imam waiting for us. Ramshackle old hotel of an Indian dak bungalow standard. An amazing number of young American students in jeans and shirt cramming the small dining-room, and another crowd of them outside waiting to get in. They always seem to finish their meal with tea - and toothpicks!

Hard beds and pillows, but we managed to sleep well. Wake up to find it raining. Go off to Bethlehem, but so foggy all cars had lights on - unique weather. Quite tricky driving the steepish ups and downs and narrow turns of the Bethlehem road. Our driver, Sayed Mannaf, accustomed only to the eternal, flat deserts of Iraq, rather dazed and, eventually, I took over the driving. At Bethlehem the fog cleared. We went over the Church of the Nativity again. Hordes of pestering children with collecting boxes - or without - but just begging - horrible spectacle. Back to Bethany and Church of Mary and Martha and brother Lazarus. P.M. we visited the Anglican Cathedral of St. George, built around 1889.

Back to the hotel. We couldn't get any dinner because of queue of American G.I. type crowd of thrusters, so at 8.30 p.m. off with Farid Imam to Bethlehem. We went inside courtyard, above the Basilica, where the Anglican Bishop Stewart conducted a simple service of prayer and carols for Xmas Eve

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000090





(173)

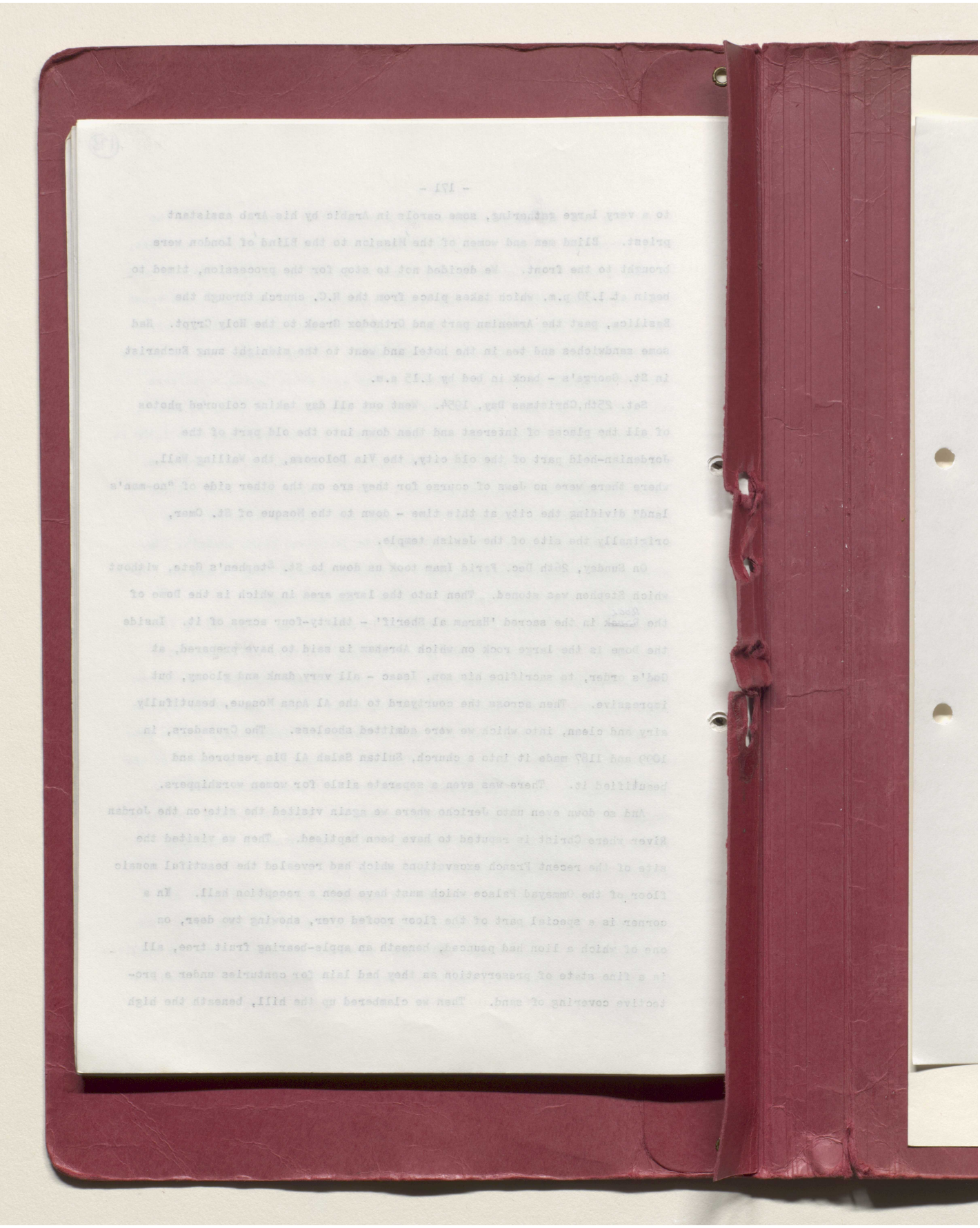
to a very large gathering, some carols in Arabic by his Arab assistant priest. Blind men and women of the 'Mission to the Blind' of London were brought to the front. We decided not to stop for the procession, timed to begin at 1.30 p.m. which takes place from the R.C. church through the Basilica, past the Armenian part and Orthodox Greek to the Holy Crypt. Had some sandwiches and tea in the hotel and went to the midnight sung Eucharist in St. George's - back in bed by 1.15 a.m.

Sat. 25th, Christmas Day, 1954. Went out all day taking coloured photos of all the places of interest and then down into the old part of the Jordanian-held part of the old city, the Via Dolorosa, the Wailing Wall, where there were no Jews of course for they are on the other side of "no-man's land" dividing the city at this time - down to the Mosque of St. Omar, originally the site of the Jewish temple.

On Sunday, 26th Dec. Farid Imam took us down to St. Stephen's Gate, without which Stephen was stoned. Then into the large area in which is the Dome of the ~~Rorek~~ Rock in the sacred 'Haram al Sherif' - thirty-four acres of it. Inside the Dome is the large rock on which Abraham is said to have prepared, at God's order, to sacrifice his son, Isaac - all very dank and gloomy, but impressive. Then across the courtyard to the Al Aqsa Mosque, beautifully airy and clean, into which we were admitted shoeless. The Crusaders, in 1099 and 1187 made it into a church, Sultan Salah Al Din restored and beautified it. There was even a separate aisle for women worshippers.

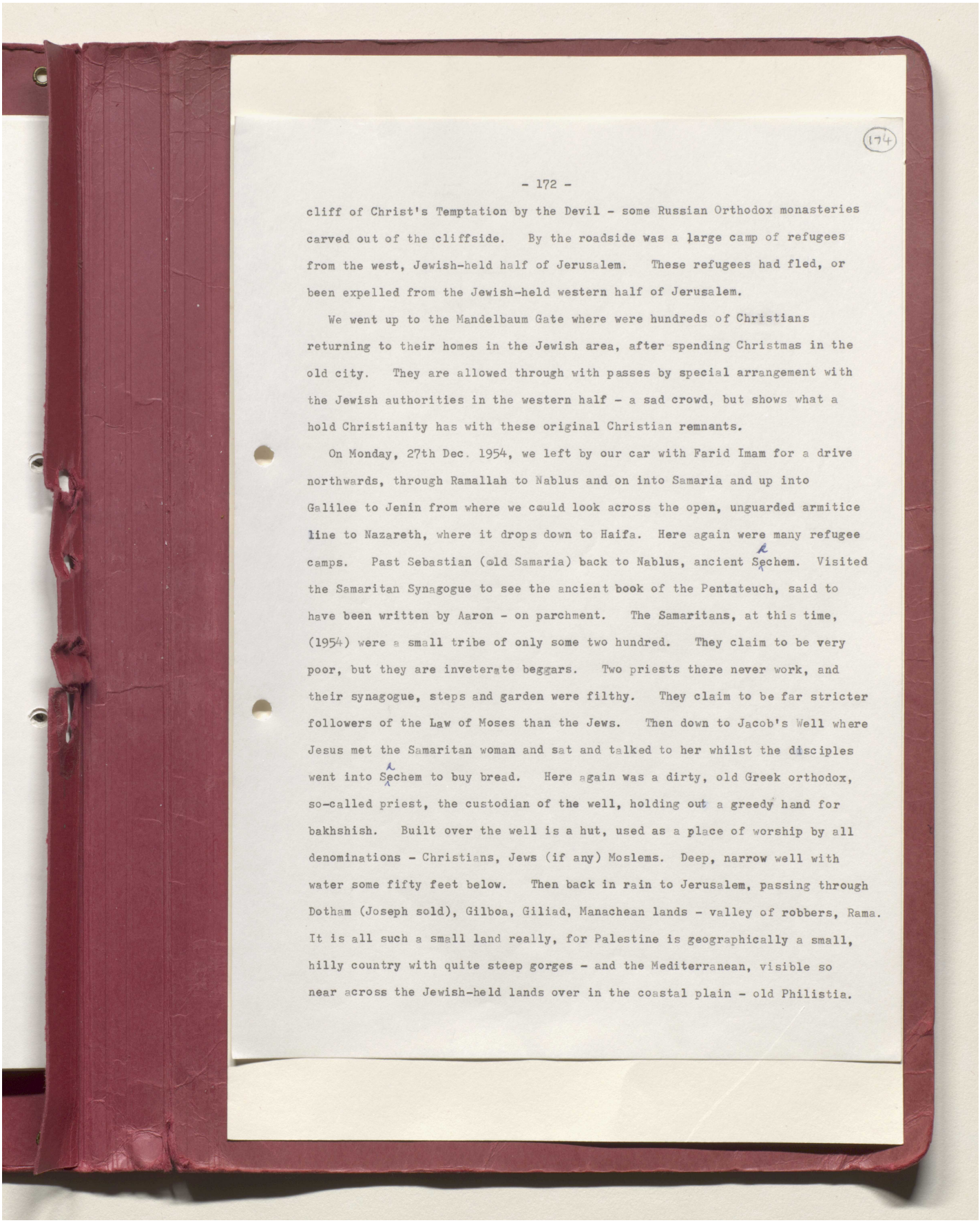
And so down even unto Jericho where we again visited the site on the Jordan River where Christ is reputed to have been baptised. Then we visited the site of the recent French excavations which had revealed the beautiful mosaic floor of the Ommayad Palace which must have been a reception hall. In a corner is a special part of the floor roofed over, showing two deer, on one of which a lion had pounced, beneath an apple-bearing fruit tree, all in a fine state of preservation as they had lain for centuries under a protective covering of sand. Then we clambered up the hill, beneath the high

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000092



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

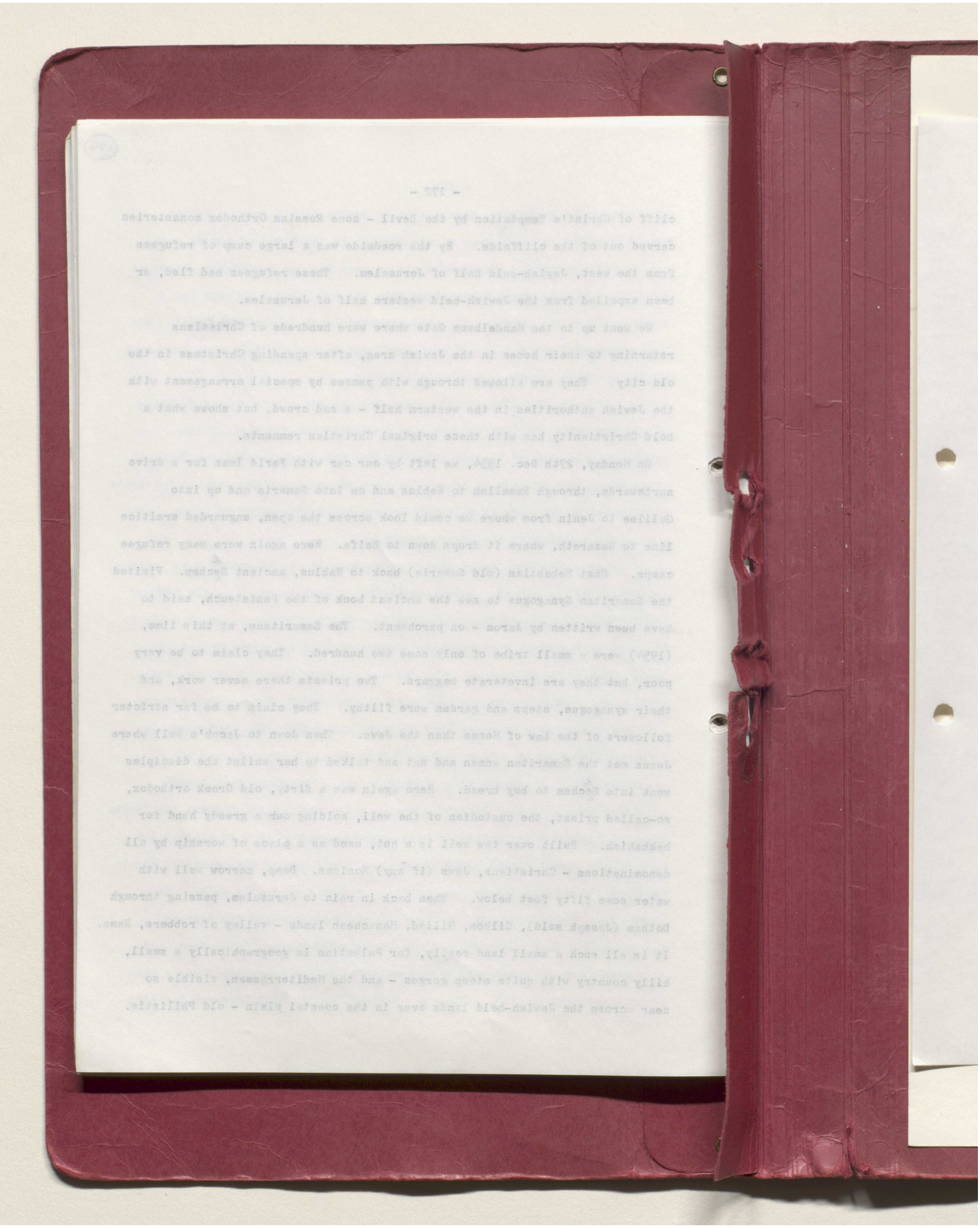


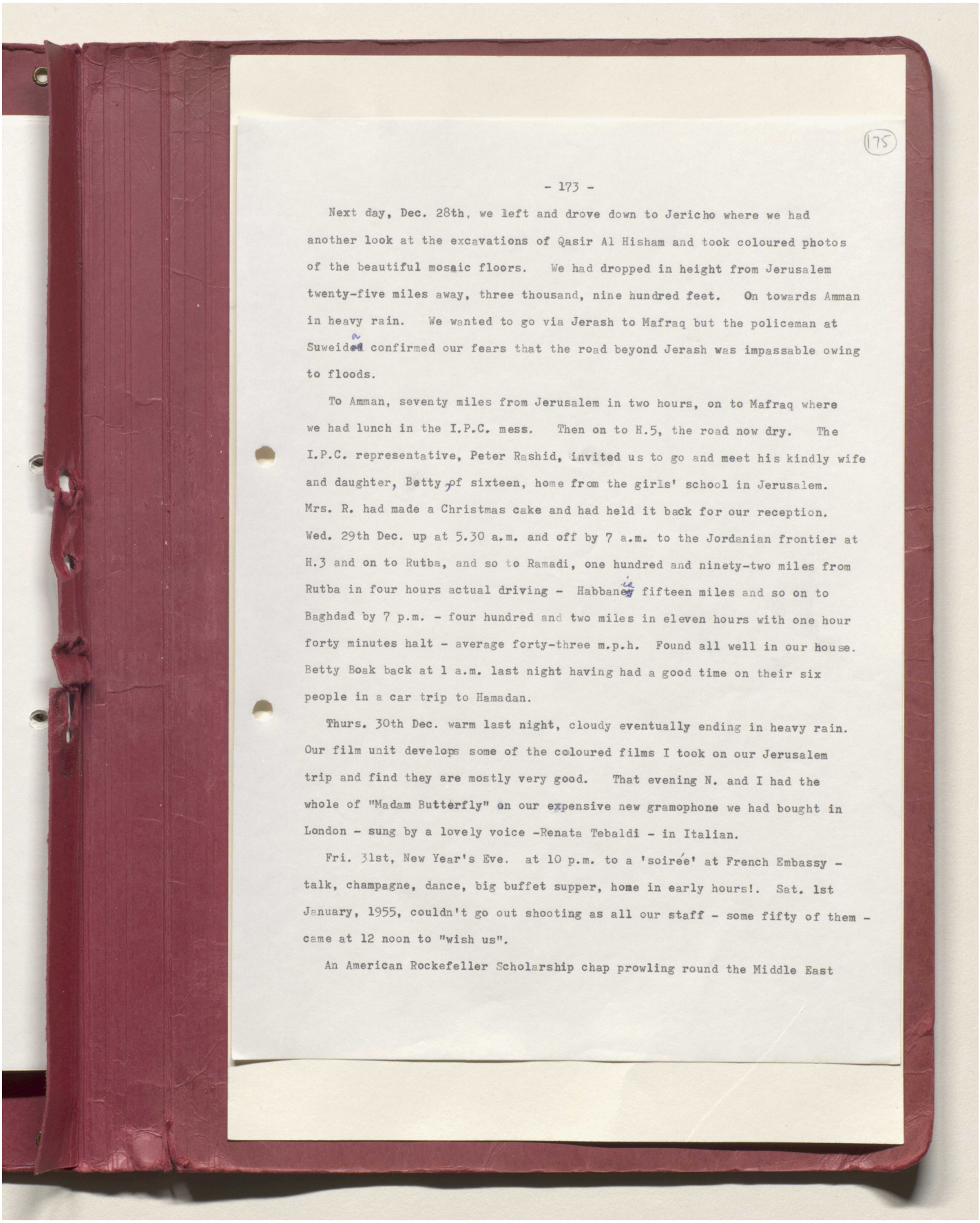
cliff of Christ's Temptation by the Devil - some Russian Orthodox monasteries carved out of the cliffside. By the roadside was a large camp of refugees from the west, Jewish-held half of Jerusalem. These refugees had fled, or been expelled from the Jewish-held western half of Jerusalem.

We went up to the Mandelbaum Gate where were hundreds of Christians returning to their homes in the Jewish area, after spending Christmas in the old city. They are allowed through with passes by special arrangement with the Jewish authorities in the western half - a sad crowd, but shows what a hold Christianity has with these original Christian remnants.

On Monday, 27th Dec. 1954, we left by our car with Farid Imam for a drive northwards, through Ramallah to Nablus and on into Samaria and up into Galilee to Jenin from where we could look across the open, unguarded armitice line to Nazareth, where it drops down to Haifa. Here again were many refugee camps. Past Sebastian (old Samaria) back to Nablus, ancient Sechem. Visited the Samaritan Synagogue to see the ancient book of the Pentateuch, said to have been written by Aaron - on parchment. The Samaritans, at this time, (1954) were a small tribe of only some two hundred. They claim to be very poor, but they are inveterate beggars. Two priests there never work, and their synagogue, steps and garden were filthy. They claim to be far stricter followers of the Law of Moses than the Jews. Then down to Jacob's Well where Jesus met the Samaritan woman and sat and talked to her whilst the disciples went into Sechem to buy bread. Here again was a dirty, old Greek orthodox, so-called priest, the custodian of the well, holding out a greedy hand for bakhshish. Built over the well is a hut, used as a place of worship by all denominations - Christians, Jews (if any) Moslems. Deep, narrow well with water some fifty feet below. Then back in rain to Jerusalem, passing through Dotham (Joseph sold), Gilboa, Giliad, Manachean lands - valley of robbers, Rama. It is all such a small land really, for Palestine is geographically a small, hilly country with quite steep gorges - and the Mediterranean, visible so near across the Jewish-held lands over in the coastal plain - old Philistia.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000094





(175)

- 173 -

Next day, Dec. 28th, we left and drove down to Jericho where we had another look at the excavations of Qasir Al Hisham and took coloured photos of the beautiful mosaic floors. We had dropped in height from Jerusalem twenty-five miles away, three thousand, nine hundred feet. On towards Amman in heavy rain. We wanted to go via Jerash to Mafraq but the policeman at Suweideh confirmed our fears that the road beyond Jerash was impassable owing to floods.

To Amman, seventy miles from Jerusalem in two hours, on to Mafraq where we had lunch in the I.P.C. mess. Then on to H.5, the road now dry. The I.P.C. representative, Peter Rashid, invited us to go and meet his kindly wife and daughter, Betty, of sixteen, home from the girls' school in Jerusalem. Mrs. R. had made a Christmas cake and had held it back for our reception. Wed. 29th Dec. up at 5.30 a.m. and off by 7 a.m. to the Jordanian frontier at H.3 and on to Rutba, and so to Ramadi, one hundred and ninety-two miles from Rutba in four hours actual driving - Habbaniyeh fifteen miles and so on to Baghdad by 7 p.m. - four hundred and two miles in eleven hours with one hour forty minutes halt - average forty-three m.p.h. Found all well in our house. Betty Boak back at 1 a.m. last night having had a good time on their six people in a car trip to Hamadan.

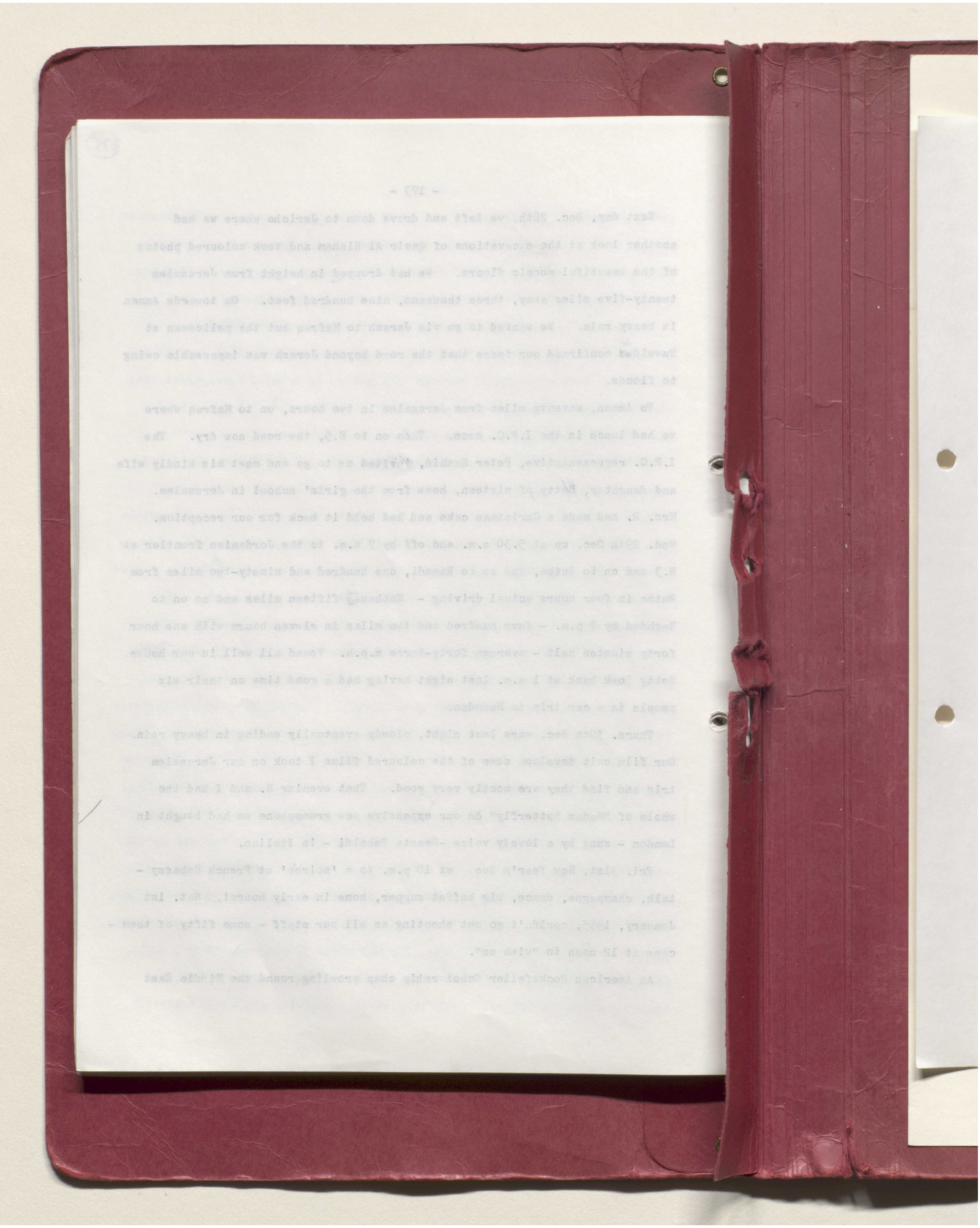
Thurs. 30th Dec. warm last night, cloudy eventually ending in heavy rain. Our film unit develops some of the coloured films I took on our Jerusalem trip and find they are mostly very good. That evening N. and I had the whole of "Madam Butterfly" on our expensive new gramophone we had bought in London - sung by a lovely voice -Renata Tebaldi - in Italian.

Fri. 31st, New Year's Eve. at 10 p.m. to a 'soirée' at French Embassy - talk, champagne, dance, big buffet supper, home in early hours!. Sat. 1st January, 1955, couldn't go out shooting as all our staff - some fifty of them - came at 12 noon to "wish us".

An American Rockefeller Scholarship chap prowling round the Middle East

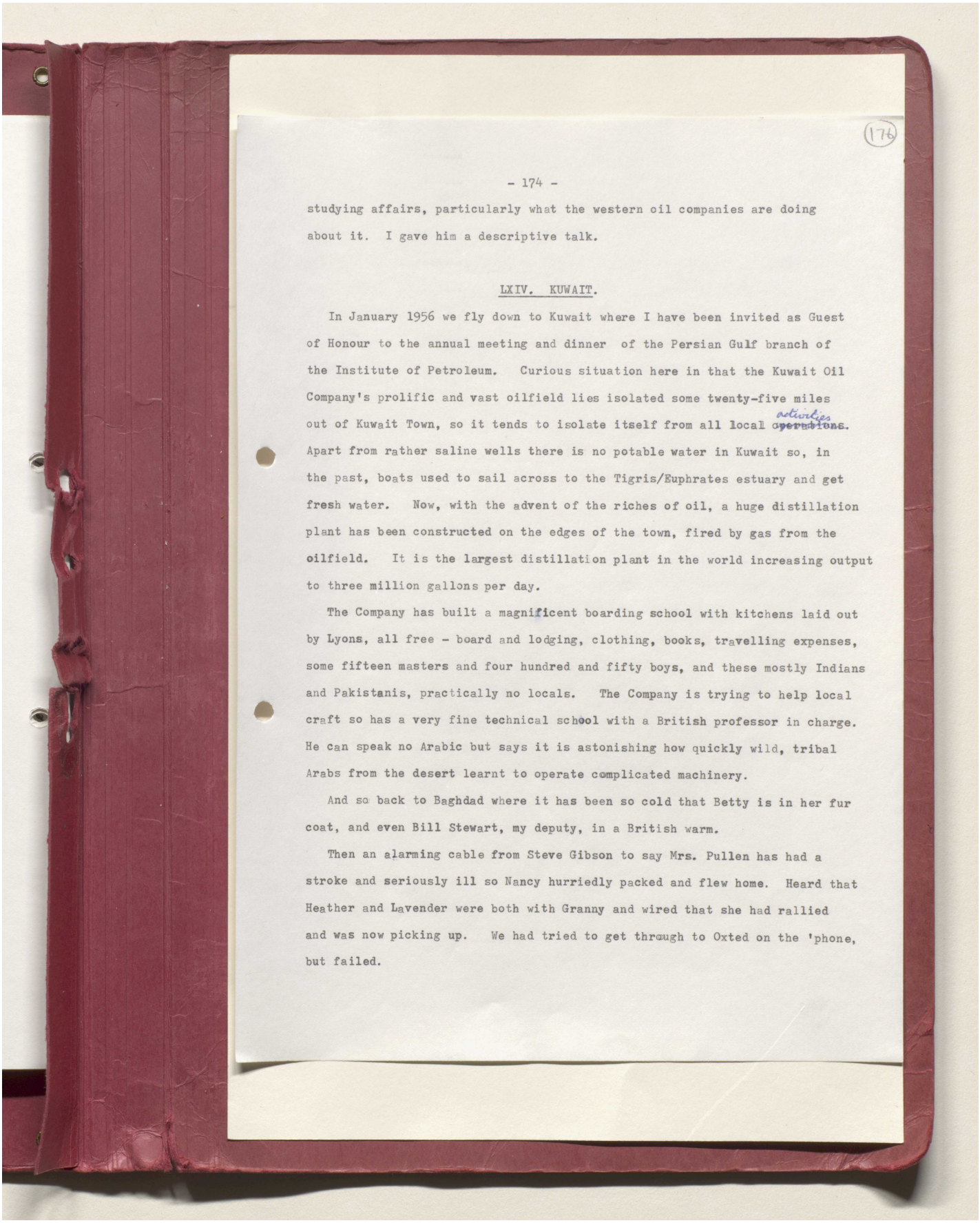
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000096



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(176)

studying affairs, particularly what the western oil companies are doing about it. I gave him a descriptive talk.

LXIV. KUWAIT.

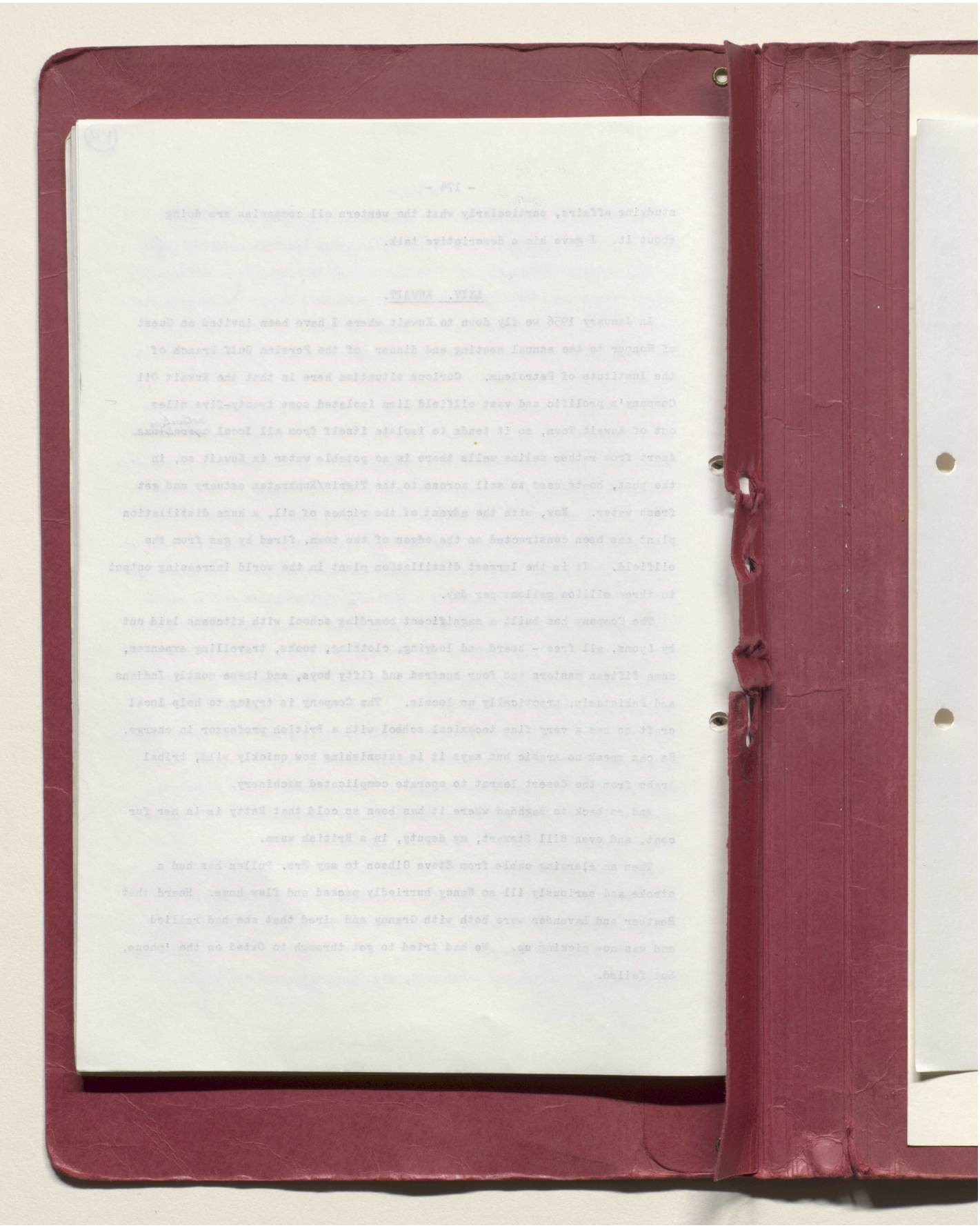
In January 1956 we fly down to Kuwait where I have been invited as Guest of Honour to the annual meeting and dinner of the Persian Gulf branch of the Institute of Petroleum. Curious situation here in that the Kuwait Oil Company's prolific and vast oilfield lies isolated some twenty-five miles out of Kuwait Town, so it tends to isolate itself from all local ~~operations~~ activities. Apart from rather saline wells there is no potable water in Kuwait so, in the past, boats used to sail across to the Tigris/Euphrates estuary and get fresh water. Now, with the advent of the riches of oil, a huge distillation plant has been constructed on the edges of the town, fired by gas from the oilfield. It is the largest distillation plant in the world increasing output to three million gallons per day.

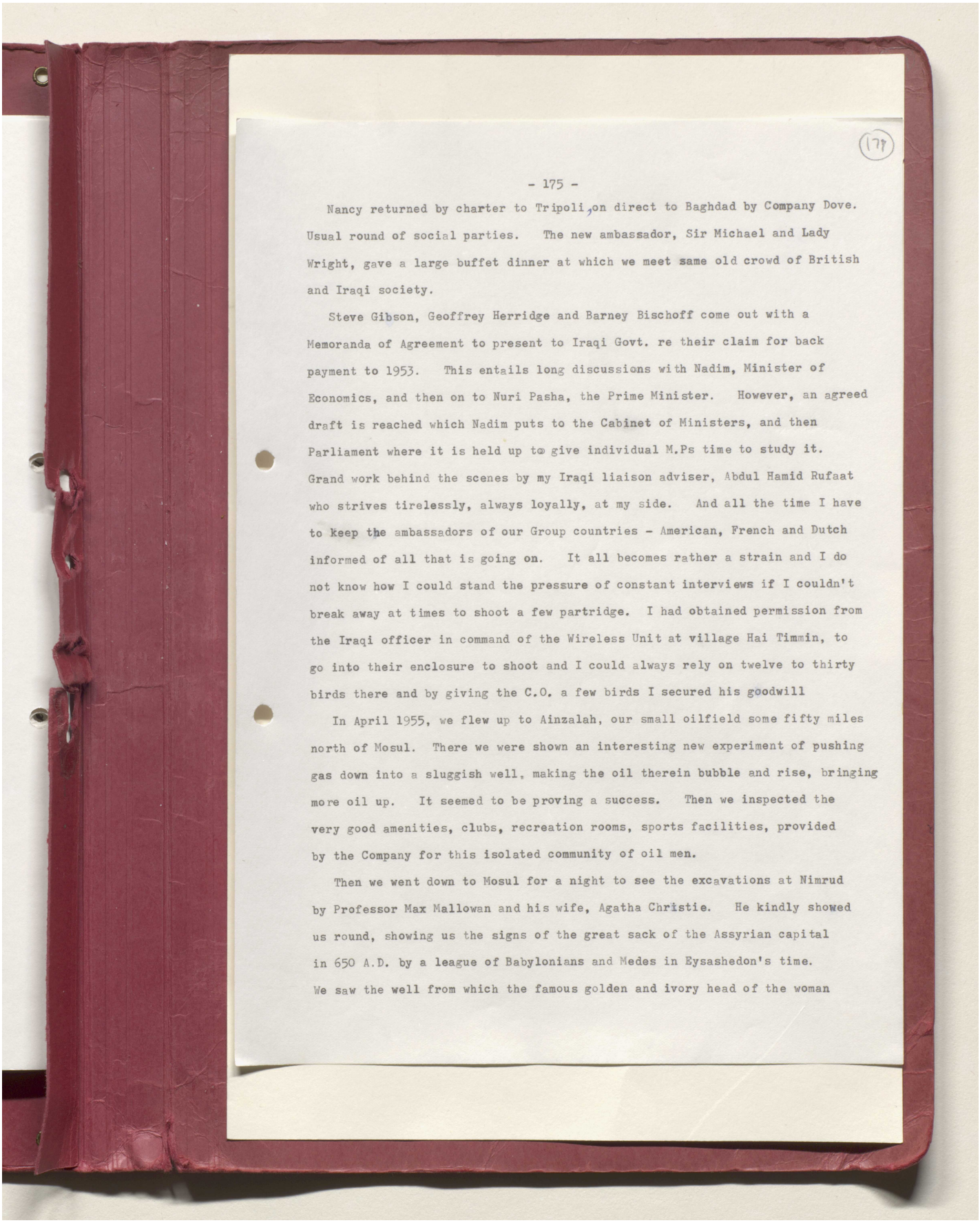
The Company has built a magnificent boarding school with kitchens laid out by Lyons, all free - board and lodging, clothing, books, travelling expenses, some fifteen masters and four hundred and fifty boys, and these mostly Indians and Pakistanis, practically no locals. The Company is trying to help local craft so has a very fine technical school with a British professor in charge. He can speak no Arabic but says it is astonishing how quickly wild, tribal Arabs from the desert learnt to operate complicated machinery.

And so back to Baghdad where it has been so cold that Betty is in her fur coat, and even Bill Stewart, my deputy, in a British warm.

Then an alarming cable from Steve Gibson to say Mrs. Pullen has had a stroke and seriously ill so Nancy hurriedly packed and flew home. Heard that Heather and Lavender were both with Granny and wired that she had rallied and was now picking up. We had tried to get through to Oxted on the 'phone, but failed.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x000098





(177)

- 175 -

Nancy returned by charter to Tripoli, on direct to Baghdad by Company Dove. Usual round of social parties. The new ambassador, Sir Michael and Lady Wright, gave a large buffet dinner at which we meet same old crowd of British and Iraqi society.

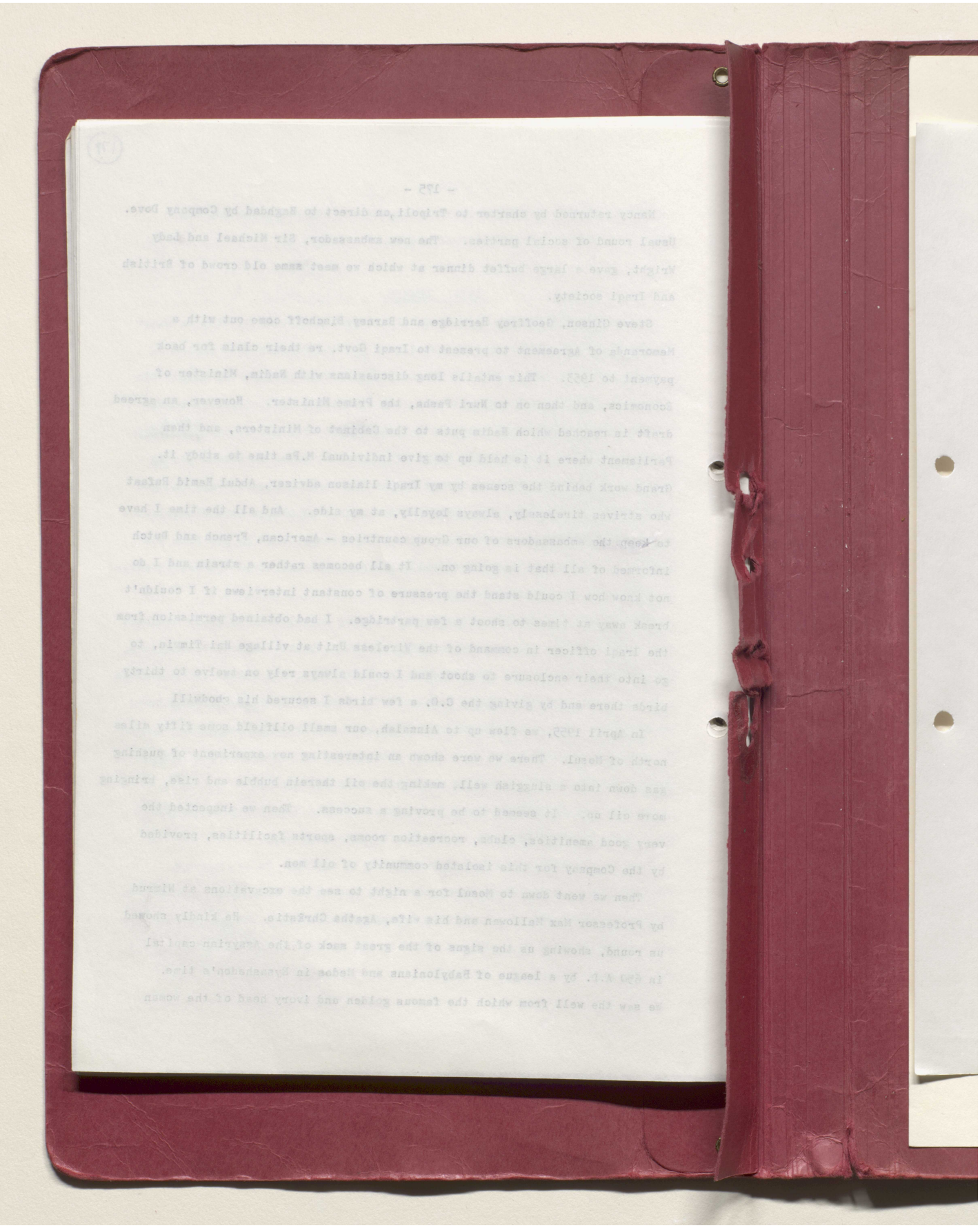
Steve Gibson, Geoffrey Herridge and Barney Bischoff come out with a Memoranda of Agreement to present to Iraqi Govt. re their claim for back payment to 1953. This entails long discussions with Nadim, Minister of Economics, and then on to Nuri Pasha, the Prime Minister. However, an agreed draft is reached which Nadim puts to the Cabinet of Ministers, and then Parliament where it is held up to give individual M.Ps time to study it. Grand work behind the scenes by my Iraqi liaison adviser, Abdul Hamid Rufaat who strives tirelessly, always loyally, at my side. And all the time I have to keep the ambassadors of our Group countries - American, French and Dutch informed of all that is going on. It all becomes rather a strain and I do not know how I could stand the pressure of constant interviews if I couldn't break away at times to shoot a few partridge. I had obtained permission from the Iraqi officer in command of the Wireless Unit at village Hai Timmin, to go into their enclosure to shoot and I could always rely on twelve to thirty birds there and by giving the C.O. a few birds I secured his goodwill

In April 1955, we flew up to Ainzalah, our small oilfield some fifty miles north of Mosul. There we were shown an interesting new experiment of pushing gas down into a sluggish well, making the oil therein bubble and rise, bringing more oil up. It seemed to be proving a success. Then we inspected the very good amenities, clubs, recreation rooms, sports facilities, provided by the Company for this isolated community of oil men.

Then we went down to Mosul for a night to see the excavations at Nimrud by Professor Max Mallowan and his wife, Agatha Christie. He kindly showed us round, showing us the signs of the great sack of the Assyrian capital in 650 A.D. by a league of Babylonians and Medes in Eysashedon's time. We saw the well from which the famous golden and ivory head of the woman

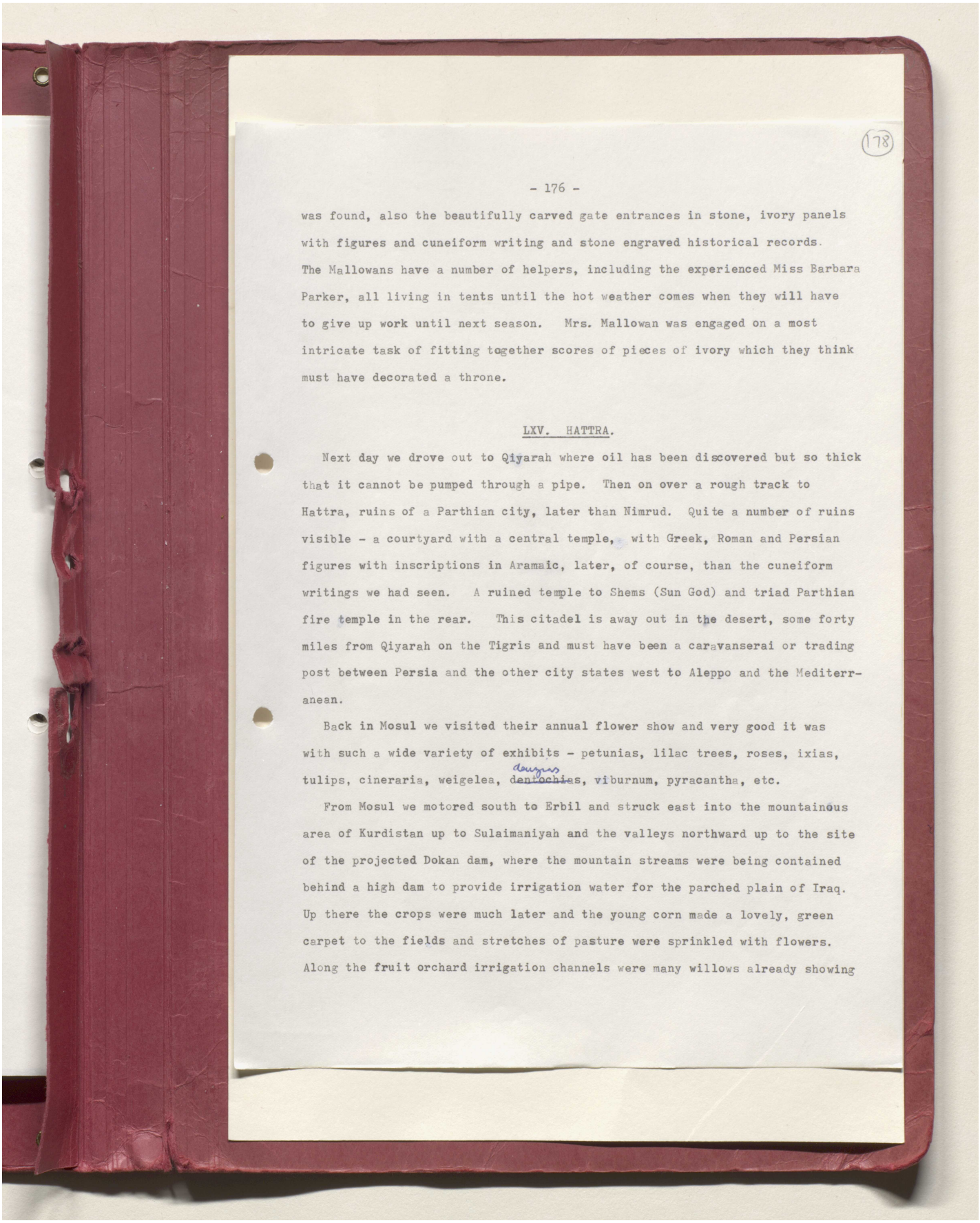
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00009a



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



was found, also the beautifully carved gate entrances in stone, ivory panels with figures and cuneiform writing and stone engraved historical records. The Mallowans have a number of helpers, including the experienced Miss Barbara Parker, all living in tents until the hot weather comes when they will have to give up work until next season. Mrs. Mallowan was engaged on a most intricate task of fitting together scores of pieces of ivory which they think must have decorated a throne.

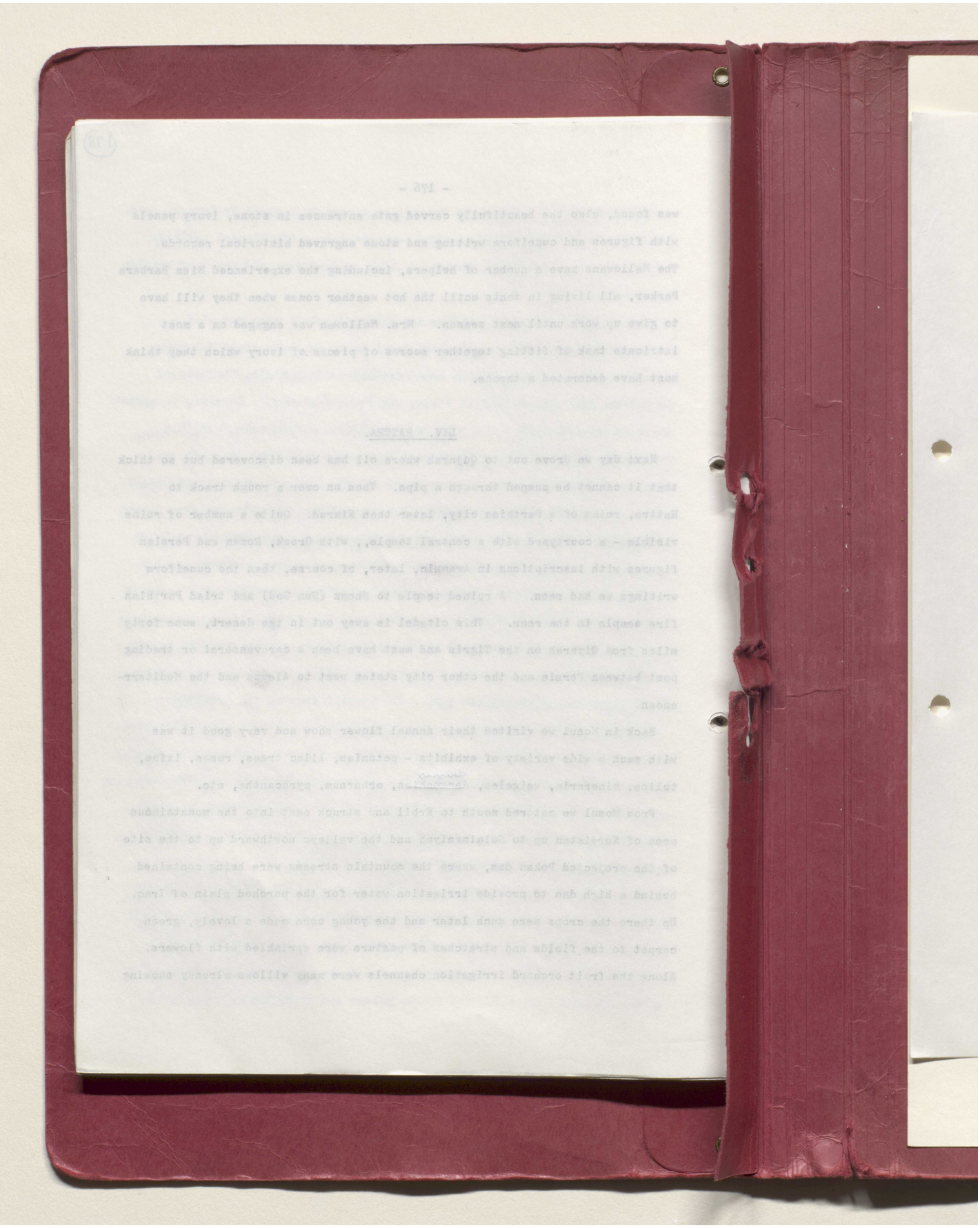
LXV. HATTRA.

Next day we drove out to Qiyarah where oil has been discovered but so thick that it cannot be pumped through a pipe. Then on over a rough track to Hattra, ruins of a Parthian city, later than Nimrud. Quite a number of ruins visible - a courtyard with a central temple, with Greek, Roman and Persian figures with inscriptions in Aramaic, later, of course, than the cuneiform writings we had seen. A ruined temple to Shems (Sun God) and triad Parthian fire temple in the rear. This citadel is away out in the desert, some forty miles from Qiyarah on the Tigris and must have been a caravanserai or trading post between Persia and the other city states west to Aleppo and the Mediterranean.

Back in Mosul we visited their annual flower show and very good it was with such a wide variety of exhibits - petunias, lilac trees, roses, ixias, tulips, cineraria, weigelea, ~~dentochias~~ dauzias, viburnum, pyracantha, etc.

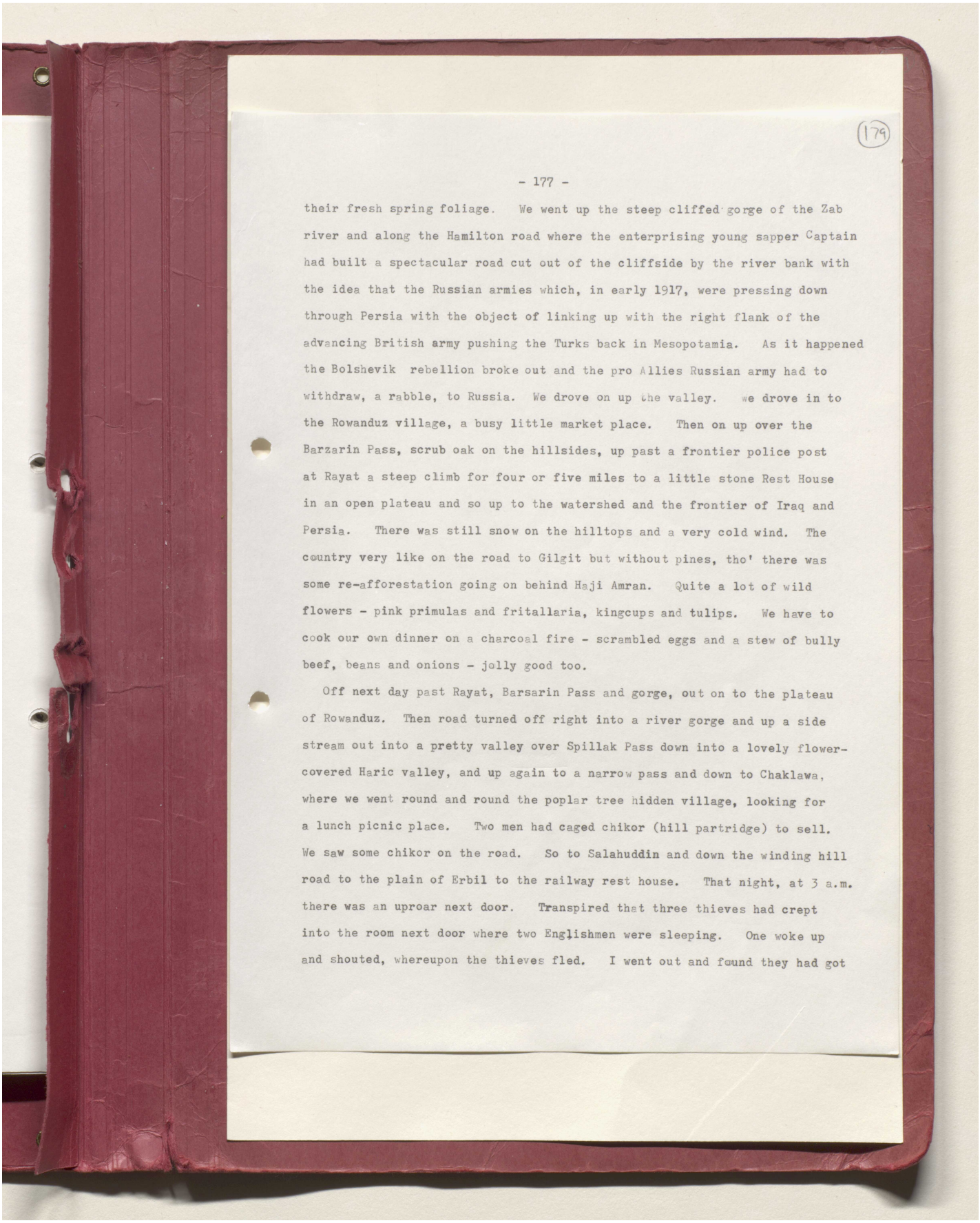
From Mosul we motored south to Erbil and struck east into the mountainous area of Kurdistan up to Sulaimaniyah and the valleys northward up to the site of the projected Dokan dam, where the mountain streams were being contained behind a high dam to provide irrigation water for the parched plain of Iraq. Up there the crops were much later and the young corn made a lovely, green carpet to the fields and stretches of pasture were sprinkled with flowers. Along the fruit orchard irrigation channels were many willows already showing

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00009c



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

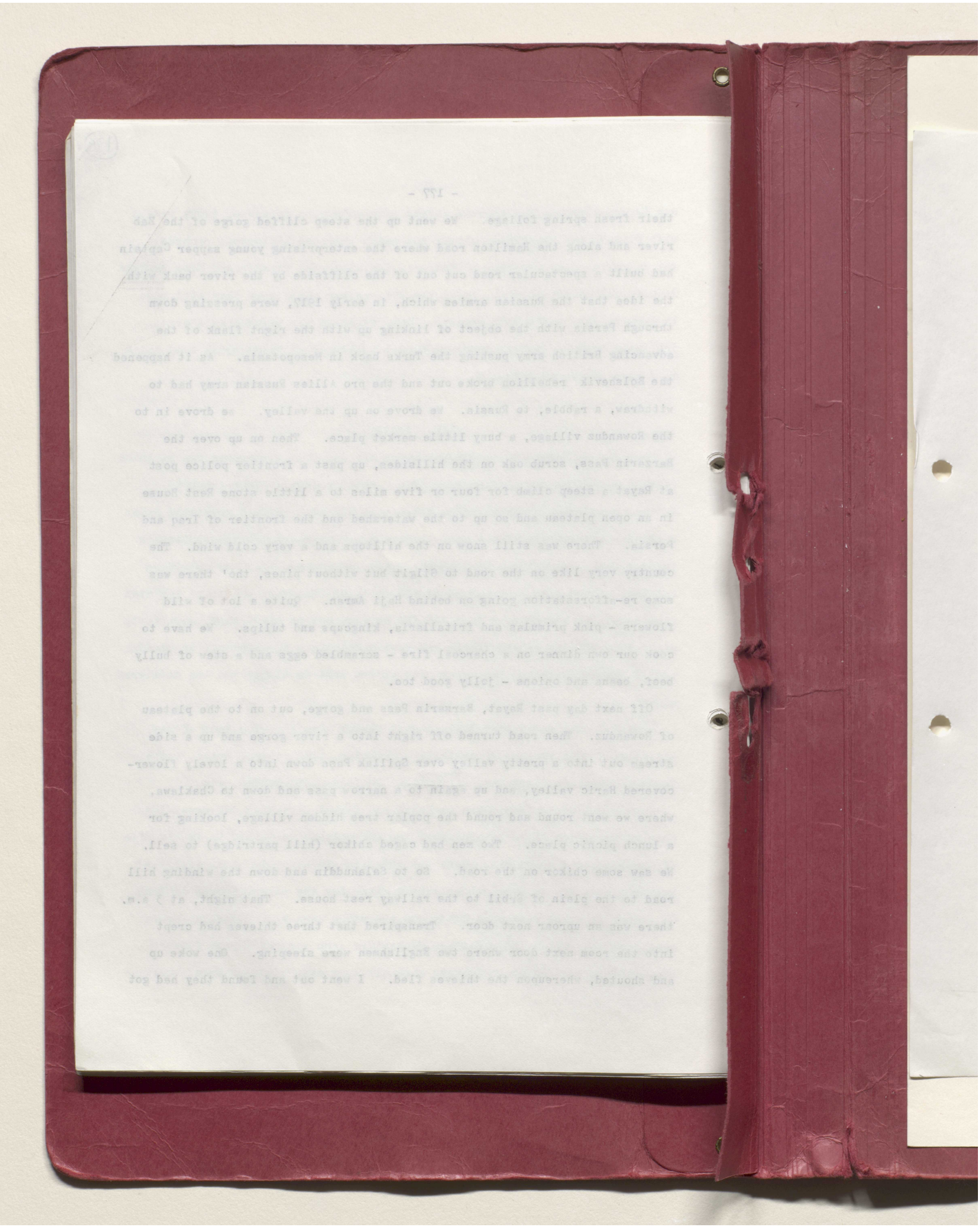
BRITISH LIBRARY



their fresh spring foliage. We went up the steep cliffed gorge of the Zab river and along the Hamilton road where the enterprising young sapper Captain had built a spectacular road cut out of the cliffside by the river bank with the idea that the Russian armies which, in early 1917, were pressing down through Persia with the object of linking up with the right flank of the advancing British army pushing the Turks back in Mesopotamia. As it happened the Bolshevik rebellion broke out and the pro Allies Russian army had to withdraw, a rabble, to Russia. We drove on up the valley. We drove in to the Rowanduz village, a busy little market place. Then on up over the Barzarin Pass, scrub oak on the hillsides, up past a frontier police post at Rayat a steep climb for four or five miles to a little stone Rest House in an open plateau and so up to the watershed and the frontier of Iraq and Persia. There was still snow on the hilltops and a very cold wind. The country very like on the road to Gilgit but without pines, tho' there was some re-afforestation going on behind Haji Amran. Quite a lot of wild flowers - pink primulas and fritallaria, kingcups and tulips. We have to cook our own dinner on a charcoal fire - scrambled eggs and a stew of bully beef, beans and onions - jolly good too.

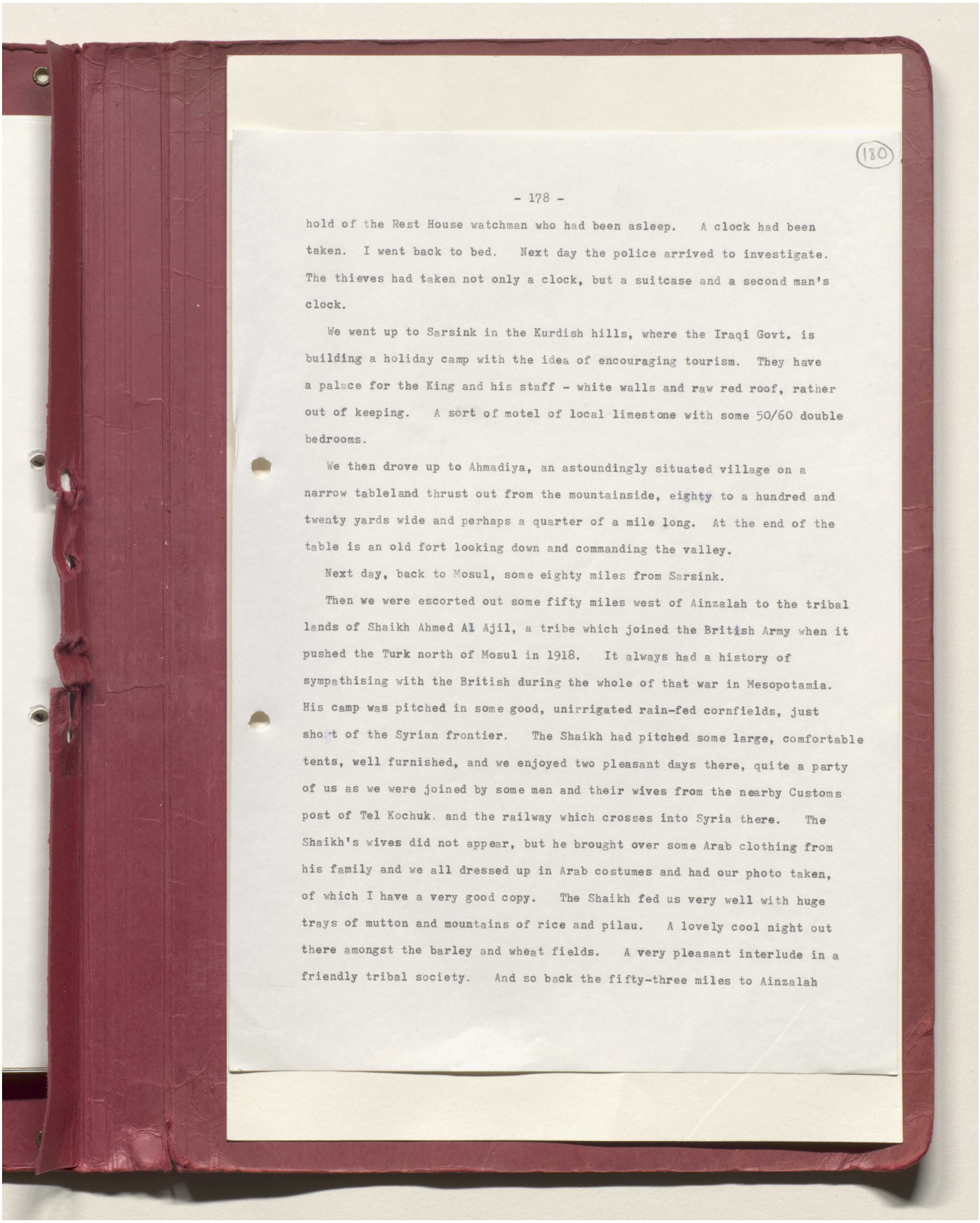
Off next day past Rayat, Barsarin Pass and gorge, out on to the plateau of Rowanduz. Then road turned off right into a river gorge and up a side stream out into a pretty valley over Spillak Pass down into a lovely flower-covered Haric valley, and up again to a narrow pass and down to Chaklawa, where we went round and round the poplar tree hidden village, looking for a lunch picnic place. Two men had caged chikor (hill partridge) to sell. We saw some chikor on the road. So to Salahuddin and down the winding hill road to the plain of Erbil to the railway rest house. That night, at 3 a.m. there was an uproar next door. Transpired that three thieves had crept into the room next door where two Englishmen were sleeping. One woke up and shouted, whereupon the thieves fled. I went out and found they had got

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x00009e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



hold of the Rest House watchman who had been asleep. A clock had been taken. I went back to bed. Next day the police arrived to investigate. The thieves had taken not only a clock, but a suitcase and a second man's clock.

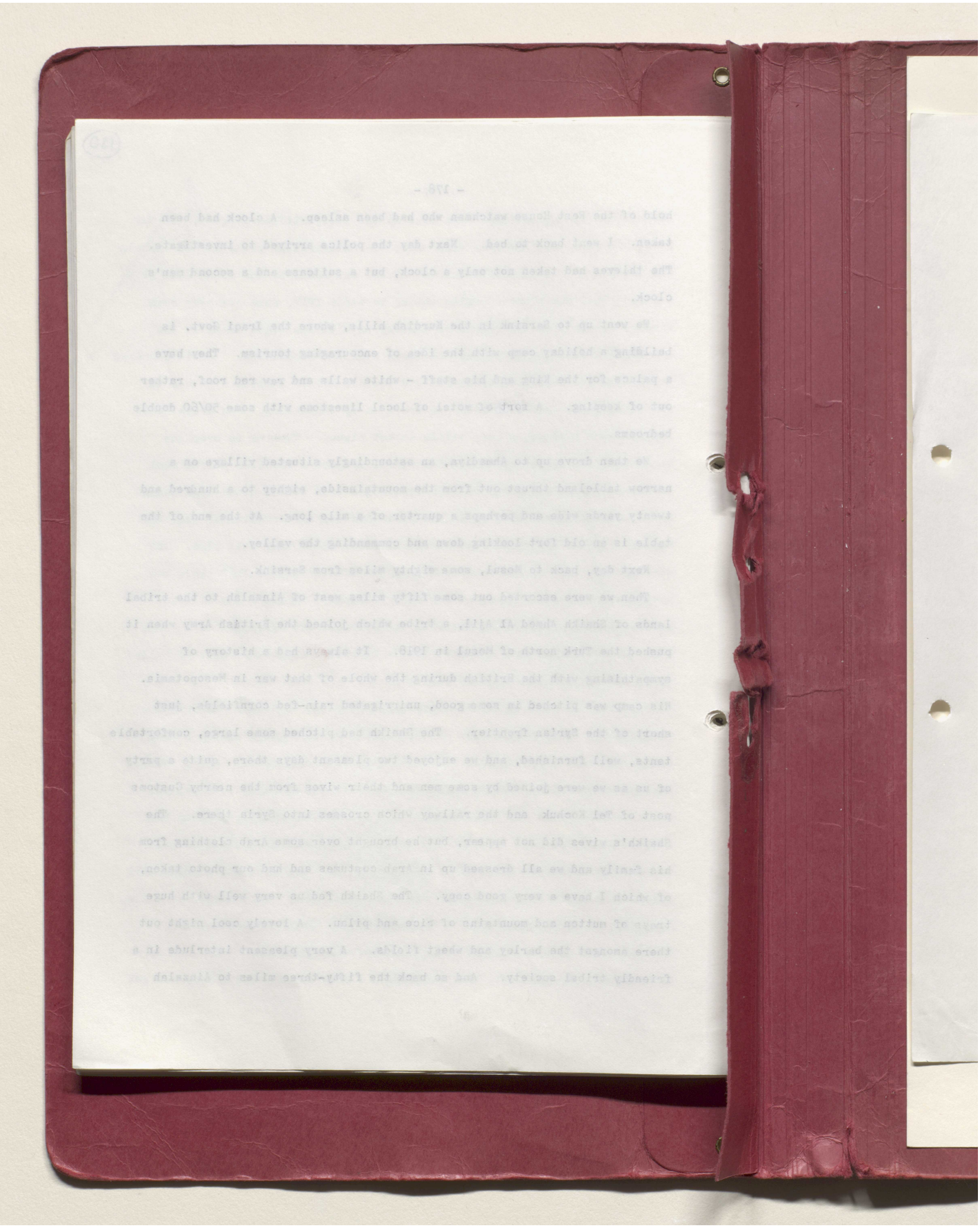
We went up to Sarsink in the Kurdish hills, where the Iraqi Govt. is building a holiday camp with the idea of encouraging tourism. They have a palace for the King and his staff - white walls and raw red roof, rather out of keeping. A sort of motel of local limestone with some 50/60 double bedrooms.

We then drove up to Ahmadiya, an astoundingly situated village on a narrow tableland thrust out from the mountainside, eighty to a hundred and twenty yards wide and perhaps a quarter of a mile long. At the end of the table is an old fort looking down and commanding the valley.

Next day, back to Mosul, some eighty miles from Sarsink.

Then we were escorted out some fifty miles west of Ainzalah to the tribal lands of Shaikh Ahmed Al Ajil, a tribe which joined the British Army when it pushed the Turk north of Mosul in 1918. It always had a history of sympathising with the British during the whole of that war in Mesopotamia. His camp was pitched in some good, unirrigated rain-fed cornfields, just short of the Syrian frontier. The Shaikh had pitched some large, comfortable tents, well furnished, and we enjoyed two pleasant days there, quite a party of us as we were joined by some men and their wives from the nearby Customs post of Tel Kochuk. and the railway which crosses into Syria there. The Shaikh's wives did not appear, but he brought over some Arab clothing from his family and we all dressed up in Arab costumes and had our photo taken, of which I have a very good copy. The Shaikh fed us very well with huge trays of mutton and mountains of rice and pilau. A lovely cool night out there amongst the barley and wheat fields. A very pleasant interlude in a friendly tribal society. And so back the fifty-three miles to Ainzalah

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000a0



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

for a good curry lunch at the oilfield's club. Sat. 23rd April, 1955, a high cold wind in which Nancy was glad to wear her fur coat. Temperature here 78° max. 48° min. much cooler than down south in Baghdad where, however, on our return there next day, quite tolerably fresh.

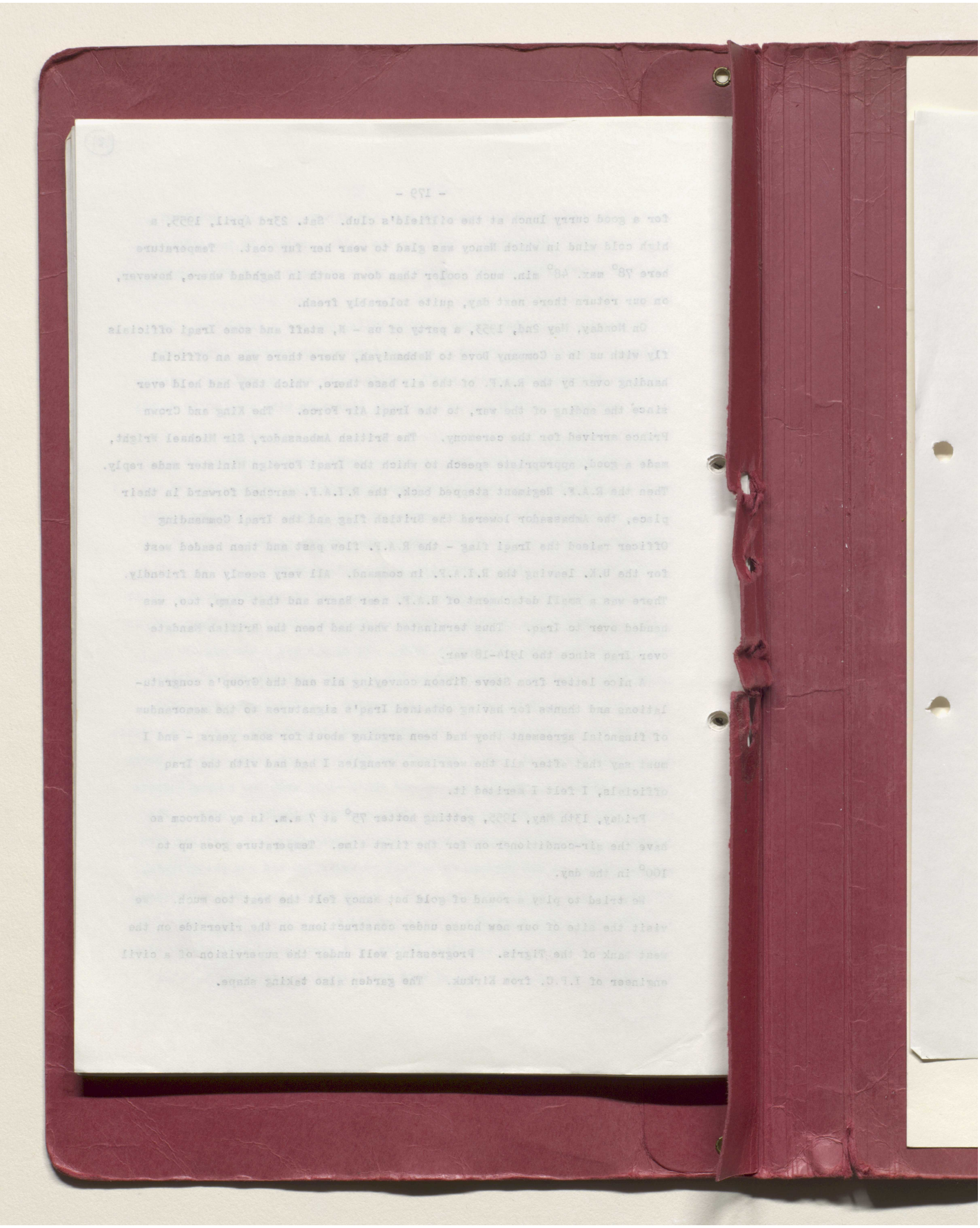
On Monday, May 2nd, 1953, a party of us - N, staff and some Iraqi officials fly with us in a Company Dove to Habbaniyah, where there was an official handing over by the R.A.F. of the air base there, which they had held ever since the ending of the war, to the Iraqi Air Force. The King and Crown Prince arrived for the ceremony. The British Ambassador, Sir Michael Wright, made a good, appropriate speech to which the Iraqi Foreign Minister made reply. Then the R.A.F. Regiment stepped back, the R.I.A.F. marched forward in their place, the Ambassador lowered the British flag and the Iraqi Commanding Officer raised the Iraqi flag - the R.A.F. flew past and then headed west for the U.K. leaving the R.I.A.F. in command. All very seemly and friendly. There was a small detachment of R.A.F. near Basra and that camp, too, was handed over to Iraq. Thus terminated what had been the British Mandate over Iraq since the 1914-18 war.

A nice letter from Steve Gibson conveying his and the Group's congratulations and thanks for having obtained Iraq's signatures to the memorandum of financial agreement they had been arguing about for some years - and I must say that after all the wearisome wrangles I had had with the Iraq officials, I felt I merited it.

Friday, 13th May, 1955, getting hotter 75° at 7 a.m. in my bedroom so have the air-conditioner on for the first time. Temperature goes up to 100° in the day.

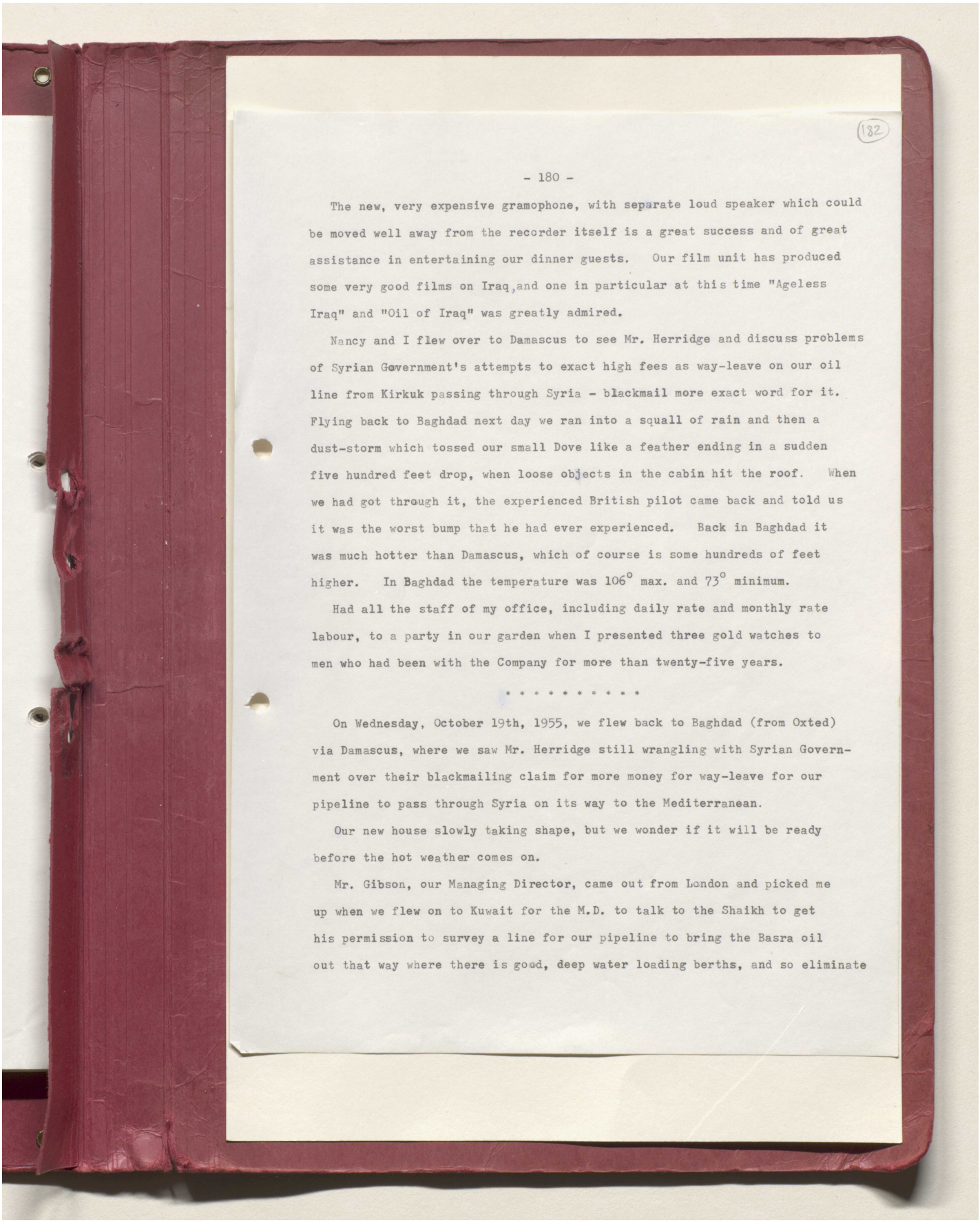
We tried to play a round of golf but Nancy felt the heat too much. We visit the site of our new house under constructions on the riverside on the west bank of the Tigris. Progressing well under the supervision of a civil engineer of I.P.C. from Kirkuk. The garden also taking shape.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000a2



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



The new, very expensive gramophone, with separate loud speaker which could be moved well away from the recorder itself is a great success and of great assistance in entertaining our dinner guests. Our film unit has produced some very good films on Iraq, and one in particular at this time "Ageless Iraq" and "Oil of Iraq" was greatly admired.

Nancy and I flew over to Damascus to see Mr. Herridge and discuss problems of Syrian Government's attempts to exact high fees as way-leave on our oil line from Kirkuk passing through Syria - blackmail more exact word for it. Flying back to Baghdad next day we ran into a squall of rain and then a dust-storm which tossed our small Dove like a feather ending in a sudden five hundred feet drop, when loose objects in the cabin hit the roof. When we had got through it, the experienced British pilot came back and told us it was the worst bump that he had ever experienced. Back in Baghdad it was much hotter than Damascus, which of course is some hundreds of feet higher. In Baghdad the temperature was 106° max. and 73° minimum.

Had all the staff of my office, including daily rate and monthly rate labour, to a party in our garden when I presented three gold watches to men who had been with the Company for more than twenty-five years.

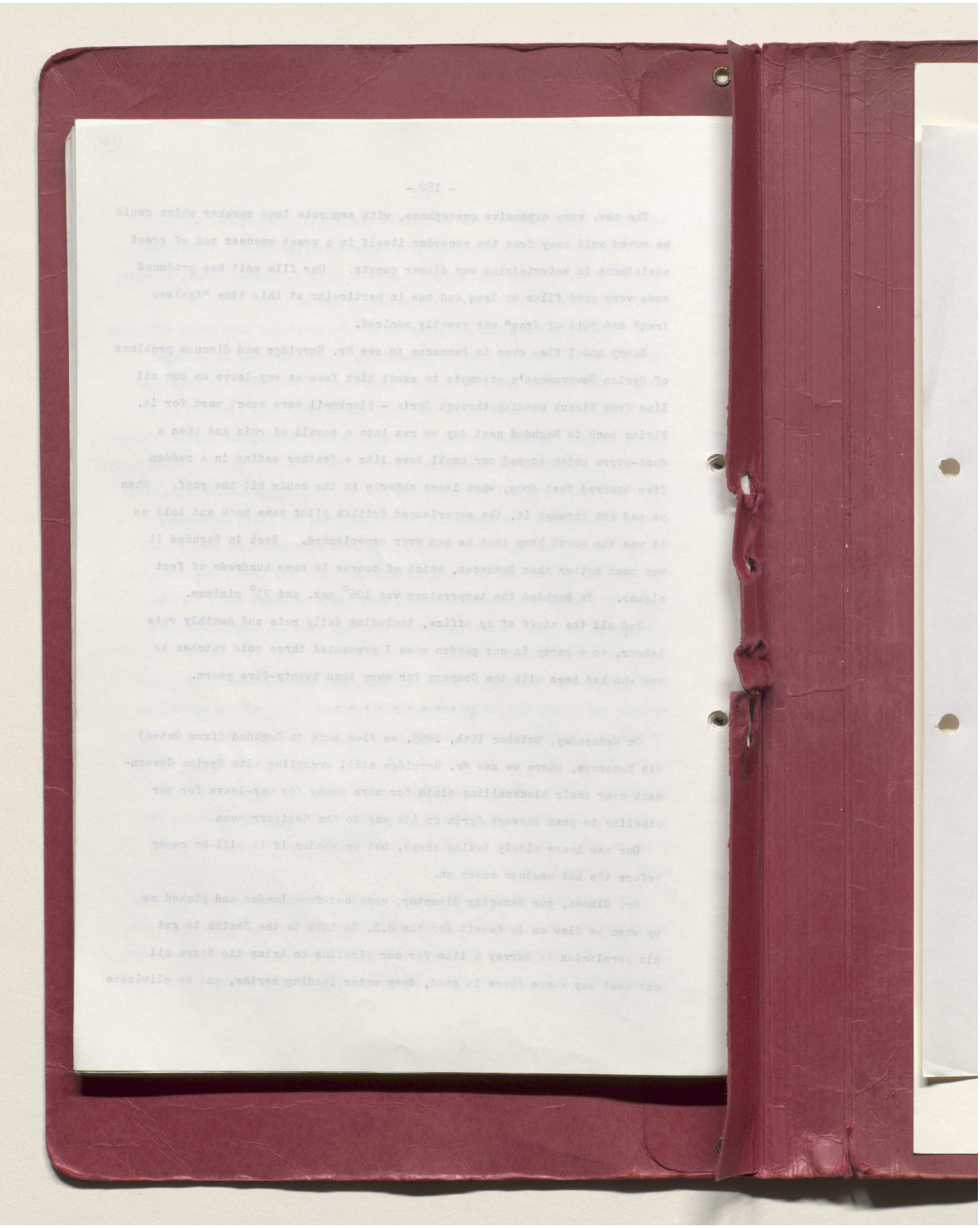
* * * * * * * * * * *

On Wednesday, October 19th, 1955, we flew back to Baghdad (from Oxted) via Damascus, where we saw Mr. Herridge still wrangling with Syrian Government over their blackmailing claim for more money for way-leave for our pipeline to pass through Syria on its way to the Mediterranean.

Our new house slowly taking shape, but we wonder if it will be ready before the hot weather comes on.

Mr. Gibson, our Managing Director, came out from London and picked me up when we flew on to Kuwait for the M.D. to talk to the Shaikh to get his permission to survey a line for our pipeline to bring the Basra oil out that way where there is good, deep water loading berths, and so eliminate

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000a4



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

our present exit at Fao at the mouth of the Shatt Al Arab, where only shallow draft oil tankers can get in. We were met there by the Honble. Billy Fraser, son of Lord Fraser, the late Chairman of British Petroleum. He had been making preliminary enquiries about the possibility. Next day the M.D. and I, accompanied by Fraser and the Manager of Kuwait Oil Coy., met the Shaikh who only speaks Arabic, so we had an interpreter who was Badamullah, son of Abdulla Mullah who had been so helpful in our relations with the Shaikh, but he, unfortunately, had recently died. The Shaikh was fairly forthcoming, but asked for something in writing which we promised to do. Next day flew back to Baghdad. The M.D. told me of the frustrating time he had had in Damascus talking with that greedy and exacting government. The M.D. flew up to Kirkuk, returning here next day.

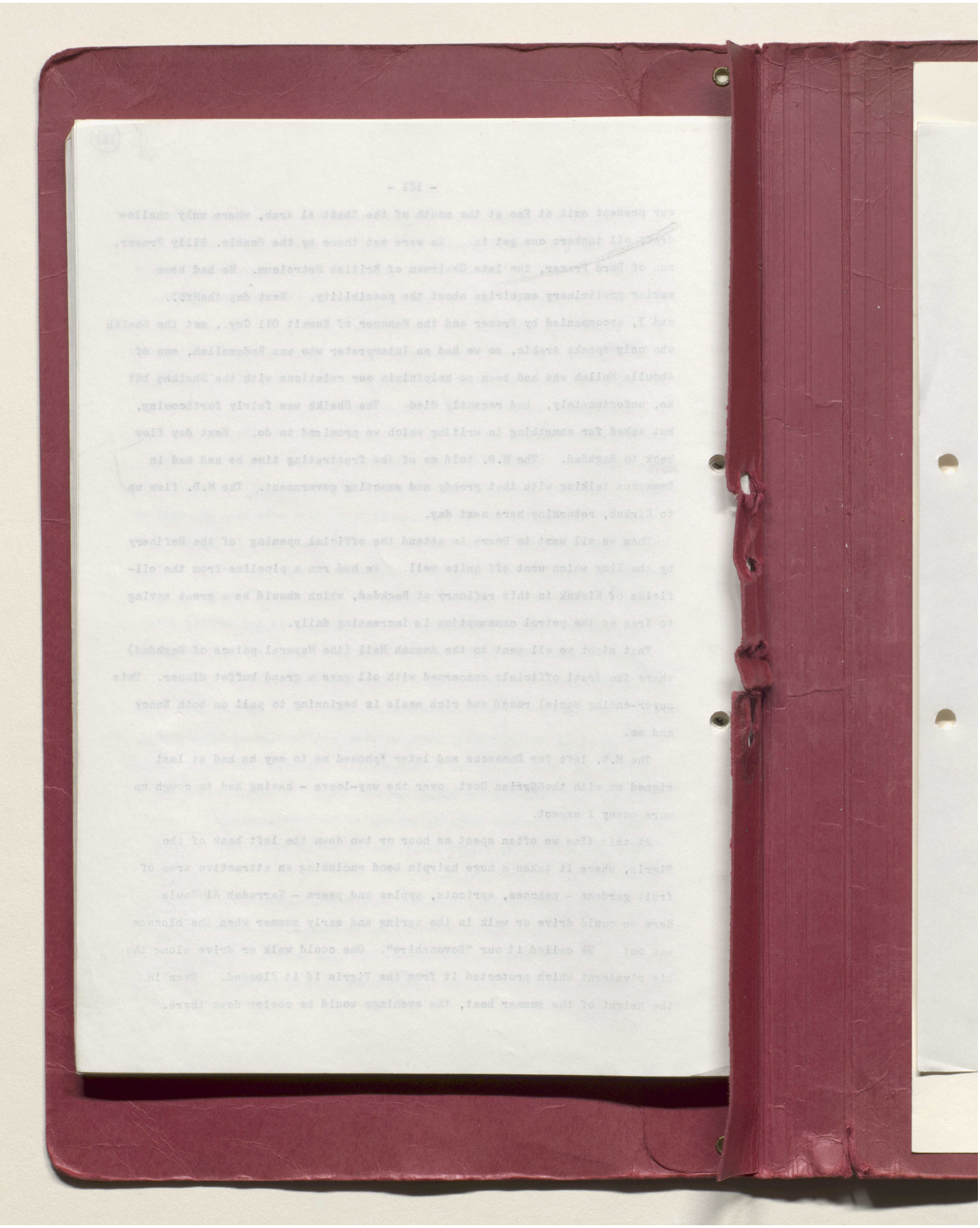
Then we all went to Daura to attend the official opening of the Refinery by the King which went off quite well. We had run a pipeline from the oil-fields of Kirkuk to this refinery at Baghdad, which should be a great saving to Iraq as the petrol consumption is increasing daily.

That night we all went to the Amanah Hall (the Mayoral palace of Baghdad) where the Iraqi officials concerned with oil gave a grand buffet dinner. This never-ending social round and rich meals is beginning to pall on both Nancy and me.

The M.D. left for Damascus and later 'phoned me to say he had at last signed up with the Syrian Govt. over the way-leave - having had to cough up more money I expect.

At this time we often spent an hour or two down the left bank of the Tigris, where it takes a huge hairpin bend enclosing an attractive area of fruit gardens - peaches, apricots, apples and pears - Karradah Al Zawia. Here we could drive or walk in the spring and early summer when the blossom was out. We called it our "Devonshire". One could walk or drive along the big rivetment which protected it from the Tigris if it flooded. Even in the height of the summer heat, the evenings would be cooler down there.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000a6



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

It ran right round to the Masbah area and the settling tanks where the city's drinking-water was sterilized. British engineers had installed in Baghdad a piped water supply which was fit to be drunk straight from the taps which was most unusual in an Asiatic country, where water usually had to be boiled, or percolated through a sterilizer before drinking.

Field-Marshal Lord Alexander came out to Kuwait by a B.P. tanker and came up to us at Baghdad for a day.

Then, on 20th January, 1956, arrived to stay with us the Rt. Hon.Walter Elliott, P.C., C.H., M.C. etc. etc. and Mr. Peart, Labour M.P. (who later, of course, became a Labour Cabinet Minister and raised to peerage). They stayed with us for three nights and were pleasant company.

We gave a large evening reception at the Mansur Club to show our coloured film of the Baghdad floods of last year and of the building and opening by the King of the Daura Refinery. Issued some five hundred and twenty invitations, and over four hundred attended, from Ambassadors, Ministers and I.P.C. staff. Seemed to be very well appreciated.

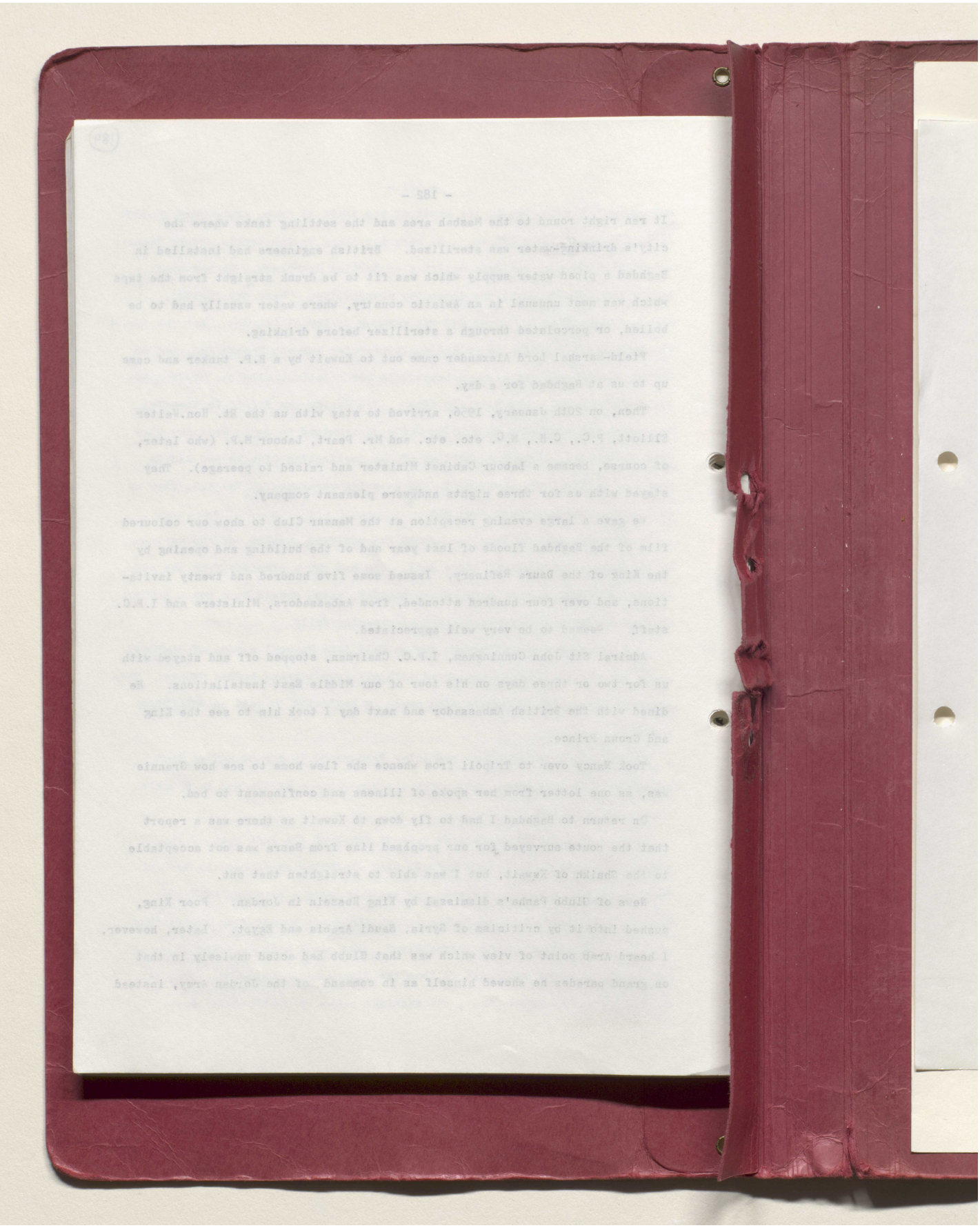
Admiral Sir John Cunningham, I.P.C. Chairman, stopped off and stayed with us for two or three days on his tour of our Middle East installations. He dined with the British Ambassador and next day I took him to see the King and Crown Prince.

Took Nancy over to Tripoli from whence she flew home to see how Grannie was, as one letter from her spoke of illness and confinement to bed.

On return to Baghdad I had to fly down to Kuwait as there was a report that the route surveyed for our proposed line from Basra was not acceptable to the Shaikh of Kuwait, but I was able to straighten that out.

News of Glubb Pasha's dismissal by King Hussein in Jordan. Poor King, pushed into it by criticism of Syria, Saudi Arabia and Egypt. Later, however, I heard Arab point of view which was that Glubb had acted unwisely in that on grand parades he showed himself as in command of the Jordan Army, instead

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000a8



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

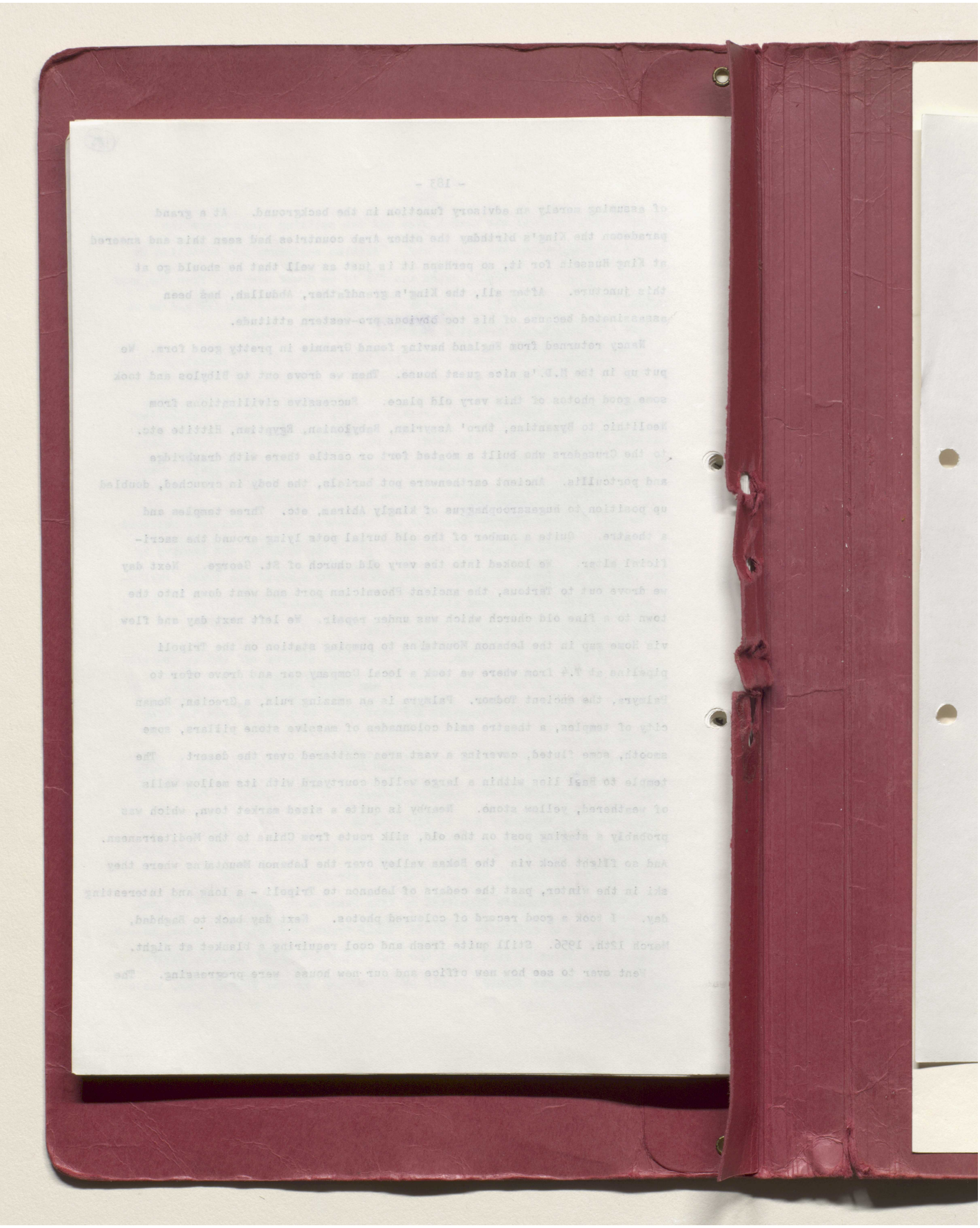
BRITISH LIBRARY

of assuming merely an advisory function in the background. At a grand parade on the King's birthday the other Arab countries had seen this and sneered at King Hussein for it, so perhaps it is just as well that he should go at this juncture. After all, the King's grandfather, Abdullah, had been assassinated because of his too obvious pro-western attitude.

Nancy returned from England having found Grannie in pretty good form. We put up in the M.D.'s nice guest house. Then we drove out to Bibylos and took some good photos of this very old place. Successive civilisations from Neolithic to Byzantine, thro' Assyrian, Babylonian, Egyptian, Hittite etc. to the Crusaders who built a moated fort or castle there with drawbridge and portcullis. Ancient earthenware pot burials, the body in crouched, doubled up position, to huge sarcophagus of kingly Ahiram, etc. Three temples and a theatre. Quite a number of the old burial pots lying around the sacrificial altar. We looked into the very old church of St. George. Next day we drove out to Tartous, the ancient Phoenician port and went down into the town to a fine old church which was under repair. We left next day and flew via Home gap in the Lebanon Mountains to pumping station on the Tripoli pipeline at T.4 from where we took a local Company car and drove over to Palmyra, the ancient Todmor. Palmyra is an amazing ruin, a Grecian, Roman city of temples, a theatre amid colonnades of massive stone pillars, some smooth, some fluted, covering a vast area scattered over the desert. The temple to Baal lies within a large walled courtyard with its mellow walls of weathered, yellow stone. Nearby is quite a sized market town, which was probably a staging post on the old, silk route from China to the Mediterranean. And so flight back via the Bekaa valley over the Lebanon Mountains where they ski in the winter, past the cedars of Lebanon to Tripoli - a long and interesting day. I took a good record of coloured photos. Next day back to Baghdad, March 12th, 1956. Still quite fresh and cool requiring a blanket at night.

Went over to see how new office and our new house were progressing. The

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000aa



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

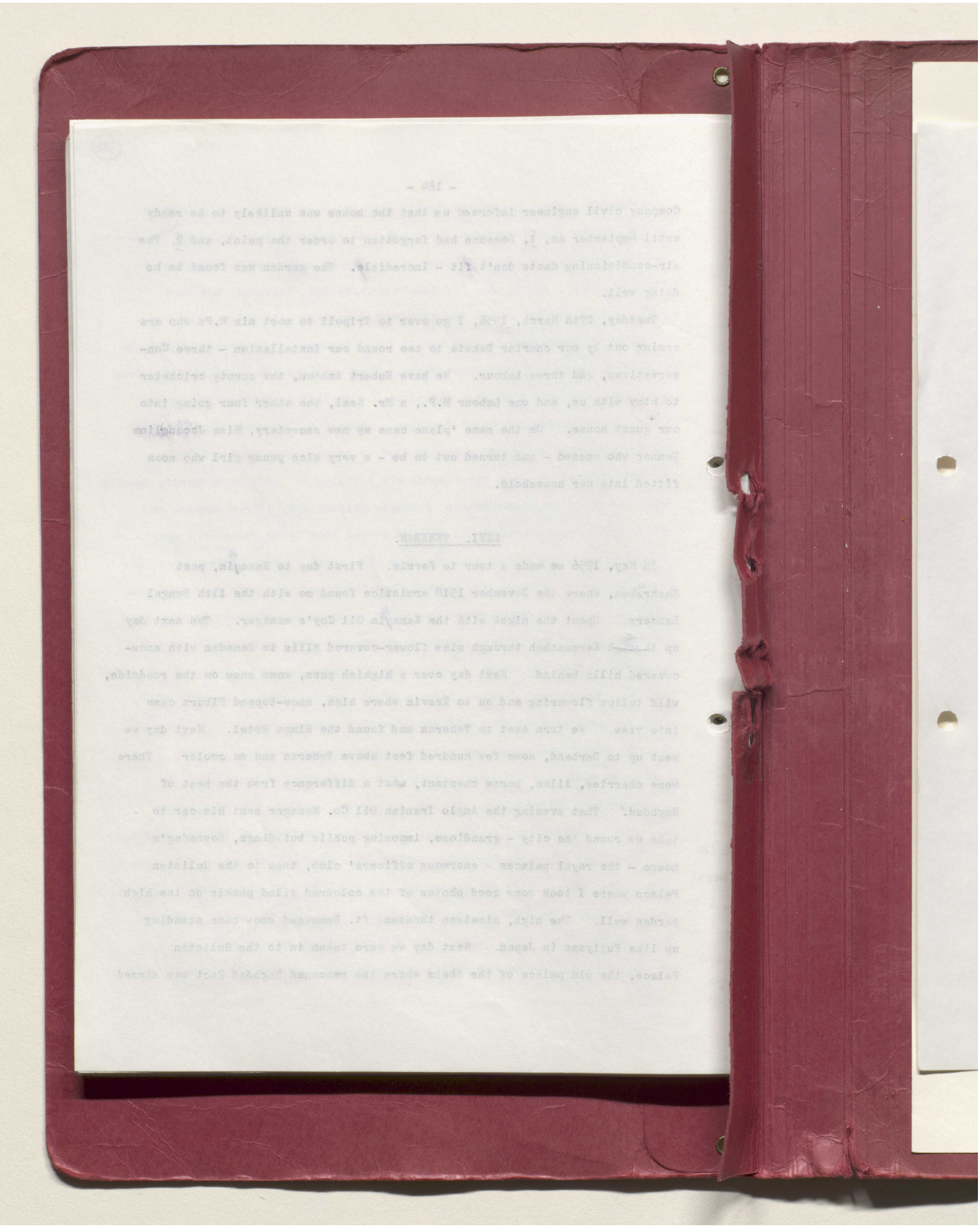
Company civil engineer informed us that the house was unlikely to be ready until September as, 1, Someone had forgotten to order the paint, and 2, The air-conditioning ducts don't fit - incredible. The garden was found to be doing well.

Tuesday, 27th March, 1956, I go over to Tripoli to meet six M.Ps who are coming out by our charter Dakota to see round our installation - three Conservatives, and three Labour. We have Hubert Ashton, the county cricketer to stay with us, and one Labour M.P., a Mr. Neal, the other four going into our guest house. On the same 'plane came my new secretary, Miss Jacqueline Tanner who seemed - and turned out to be - a very nice young girl who soon fitted into our household.

LXVI. TEHERAN.

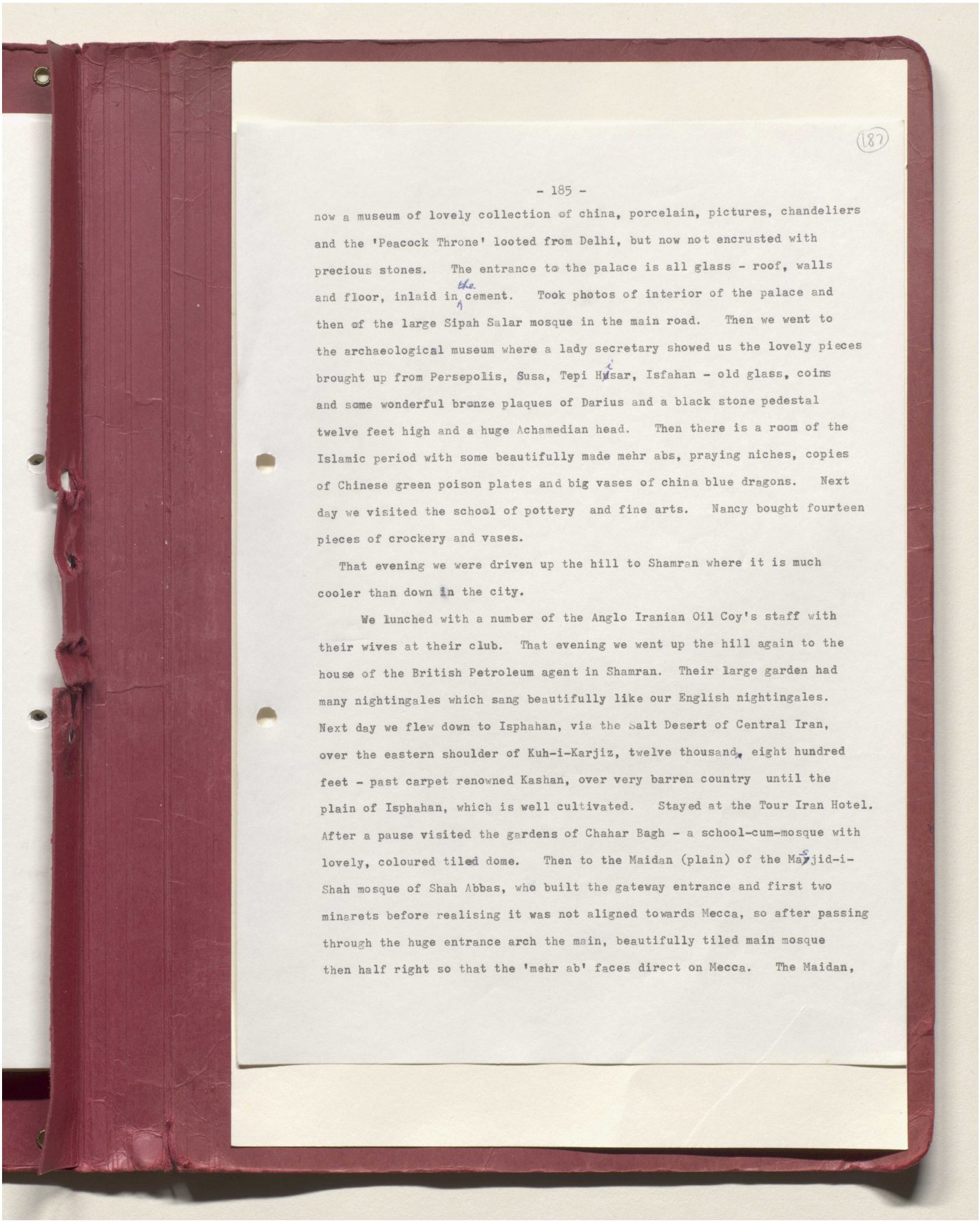
In May, 1956 we made a tour to Persia. First day to Kanaqin, past Shahroben, where the November 1918 armistice found me with the 11th Bengal Lancers. Spent the night with the Kanaqin Oil Coy's manager. The next day up through Kermanshah through some flower-covered hills to Hamadan with snow-covered hills behind. Next day over a highish pass, some snow on the roadside, wild tulips flowering and on to Kasvin where high, snow-topped Elburz came into view. We turn east to Teheran and found the Kings Hotel. Next day we went up to Darband, some few hundred feet above Teheran and so cooler. There were cherries, lilac, horse chestnut, what a difference from the heat of Baghdad! That evening the Anglo Iranian Oil Co. Manager sent his car to take us round the city - grandiose, imposing public buildings, Mossadeg's house - the royal palaces - enormous officers' club, then to the Gulistan Palace where I took some good photos of the coloured tiled panels on the high garden wall. The high, nineteen thousand ft. Demavend snow cone standing up like Fujiyama in Japan. Next day we were taken in to the Gulistan Palace, the old palace of the Shahs where the renowned Baghdad Pact was signed

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000ac



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



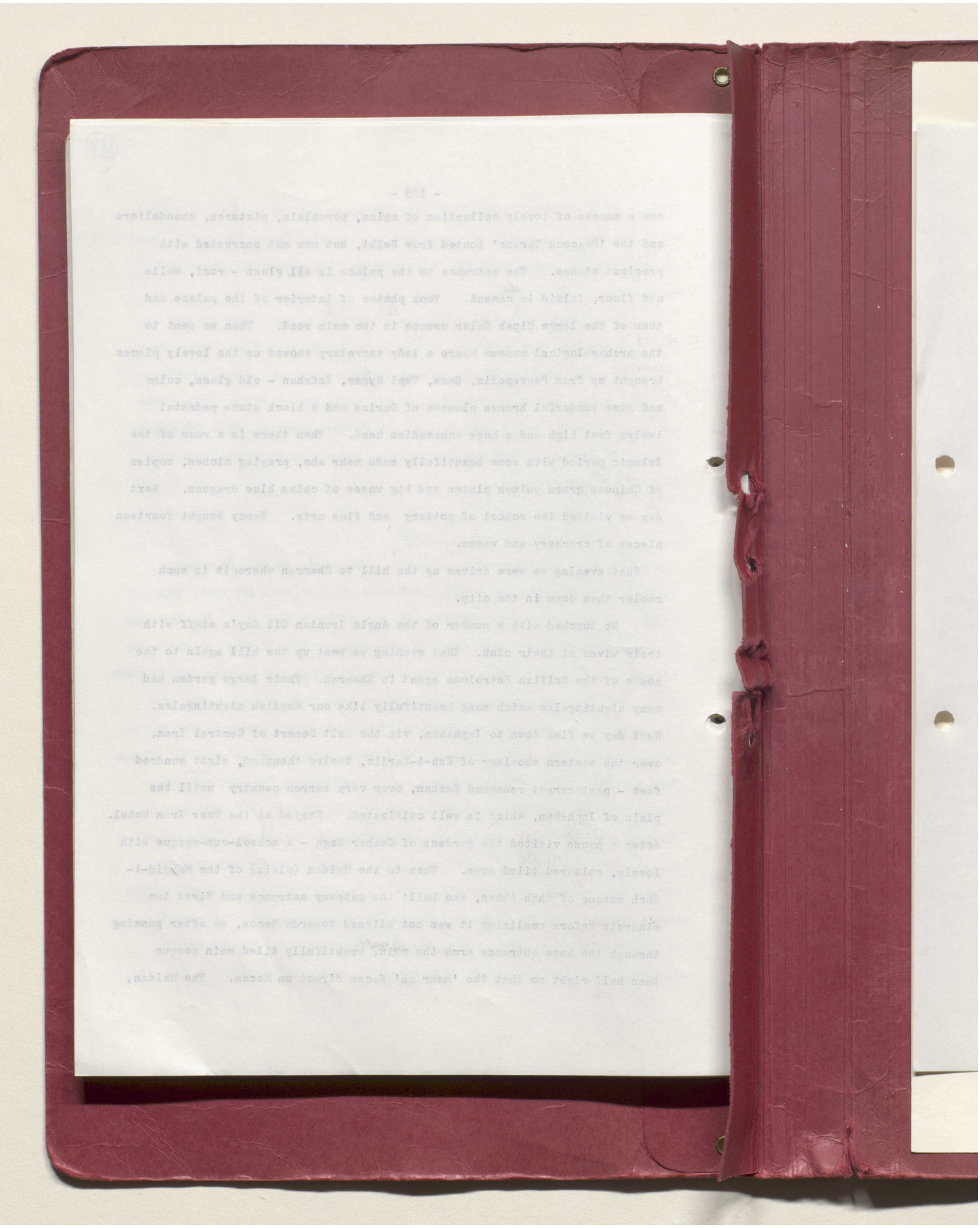
(187)

now a museum of lovely collection of china, porcelain, pictures, chandeliers and the 'Peacock Throne' looted from Delhi, but now not encrusted with precious stones. The entrance to the palace is all glass - roof, walls and floor, inlaid in the cement. Took photos of interior of the palace and then of the large Sipah Salar mosque in the main road. Then we went to the archaeological museum where a lady secretary showed us the lovely pieces brought up from Persepolis, Susa, Tepi Hisar, Isfahan - old glass, coins and some wonderful bronze plaques of Darius and a black stone pedestal twelve feet high and a huge Achamedian head. Then there is a room of the Islamic period with some beautifully made mehr abs, praying niches, copies of Chinese green poison plates and big vases of china blue dragons. Next day we visited the school of pottery and fine arts. Nancy bought fourteen pieces of crockery and vases.

That evening we were driven up the hill to Shamran where it is much cooler than down in the city.

We lunched with a number of the Anglo Iranian Oil Coy's staff with their wives at their club. That evening we went up the hill again to the house of the British Petroleum agent in Shamran. Their large garden had many nightingales which sang beautifully like our English nightingales. Next day we flew down to Isphahan, via the Salt Desert of Central Iran, over the eastern shoulder of Kuh-i-Karjiz, twelve thousand, eight hundred feet - past carpet renowned Kashan, over very barren country until the plain of Isphahan, which is well cultivated. Stayed at the Tour Iran Hotel. After a pause visited the gardens of Chahar Bagh - a school-cum-mosque with lovely, coloured tiled dome. Then to the Maidan (plain) of the Masjid-i-Shah mosque of Shah Abbas, who built the gateway entrance and first two minarets before realising it was not aligned towards Mecca, so after passing through the huge entrance arch the main, beautifully tiled main mosque then half right so that the 'mehr ab' faces direct on Mecca. The Maidan,

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000ae



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

the field where the sports and parades used to take place, is now all broken up into flower gardens surrounded by high walls and pavilions. On the south side is the ladies' mosque - the Shaikh Lutfullah mosque, ~~for the ladies~~. It has no minaret but the dome is a beautiful beige colour. Opposite the ladies' mosque is the high pavilion of Shah Abbas from which the Shah watched the happenings in the Maidan below. Then we went to the garden of the Chhil Satum - actually there are only twenty wooden pillars and not forty as 'chhil' suggests. It is a small museum looking out to the inevitable Persian fountains and gardens. Paintings on the wall of Ismail Shah's invasion of India and of the cruel Nadir Shah's victory at Delhi, etc.

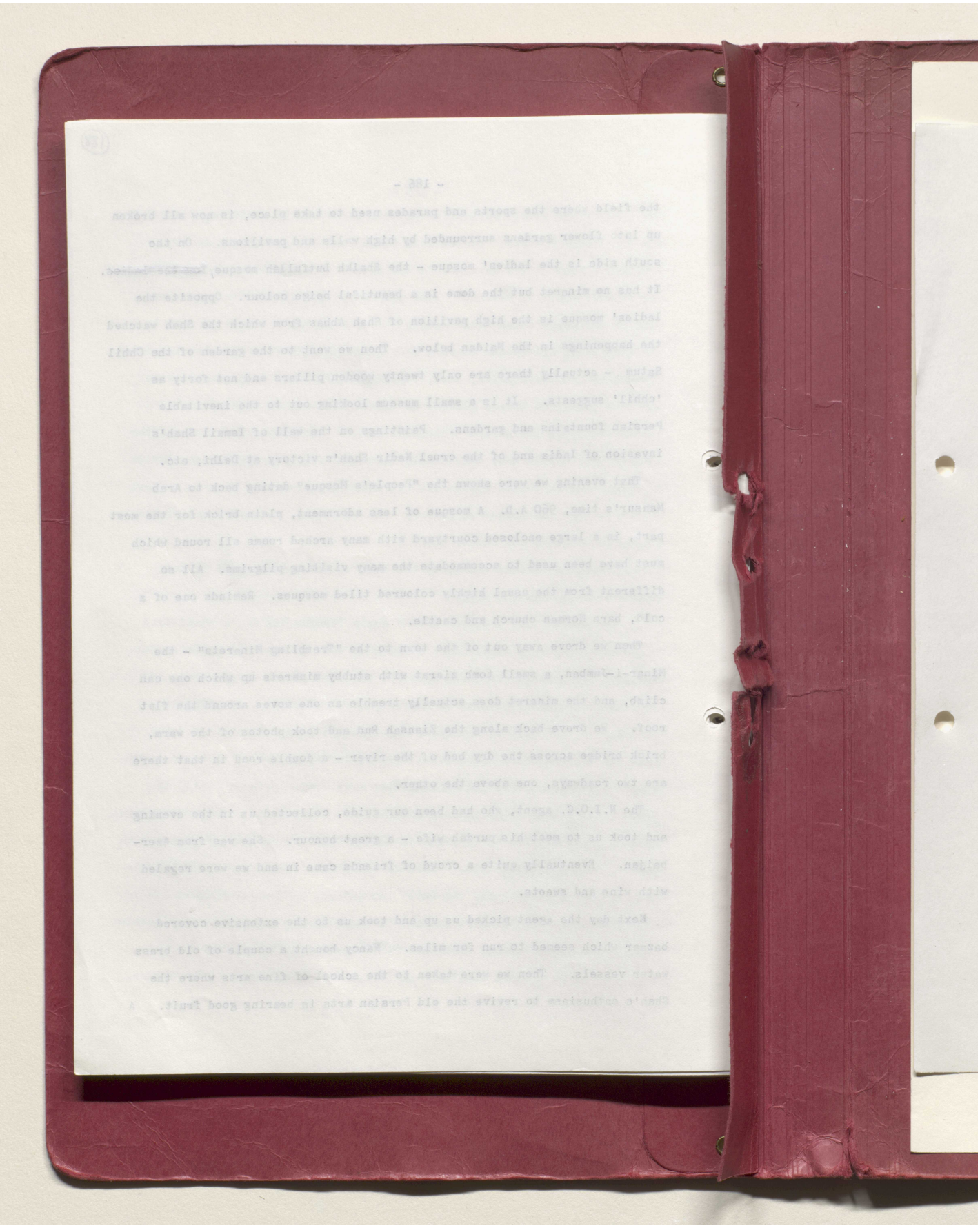
That evening we were shown the "People's Mosque" dating back to Arab Mansur's time, 960 A.D. A mosque of less adornment, plain brick for the most part, in a large enclosed courtyard with many arched rooms all round which must have been used to accommodate the many visiting pilgrims. All so different from the usual highly coloured tiled mosques. Reminds one of a cold, bare Norman church and castle.

Then we drove away out of the town to the "Trembling Minarets" - the Minar-i-Jamban, a small tomb ziarat with stubby minarets up which one can climb, and the minaret does actually tremble as one moves around the flat roof. We drove back along the Ziandah Rud and took photos of the warm, brick bridge across the dry bed of the river - a double road in that there are two roadways, one above the other.

The N.I.O.C. agent, who had been our guide, collected us in the evening and took us to meet his purdah wife - a great honour. She was from Azer-baijan. Eventually quite a crowd of friends came in and we were regaled with wine and sweets.

Next day the agent picked us up and took us to the extensive covered bazaar which seemed to run for miles. Nancy bought a couple of old brass water vessels. Then we were taken to the school of fine arts where the Shah's enthusiasm to revive the old Persian arts is bearing good fruit. A

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000b0



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

Mr. Bahadari, the professor in charge, showed us some of his own work - miniatures, inlaid painting, pottery, excellent work so well worth governmental support and encouragement. That evening the agent took us to a small house where a family carpet-making industry has been going on for generations. We saw carpets being made on vertical looms by children from seven years to twelve with an elder 'mother' in charge of each carpet. There was a Farahabad carpet taking three years to make with a woman and five children at it - only the nimble fingers of children seem capable of weaving the intricate and small pattern. The children seemed happy and gay - and it is certainly more congenial work than slaving in the fields. They make their own vegetable dyes of various barks and shrubs.

Then we visited an old Armenian Church with a small museum attached with religious pictures and firmans (deeds) of various Shahs, granting them protection.

A well worth-while visit, this to Isphahan.

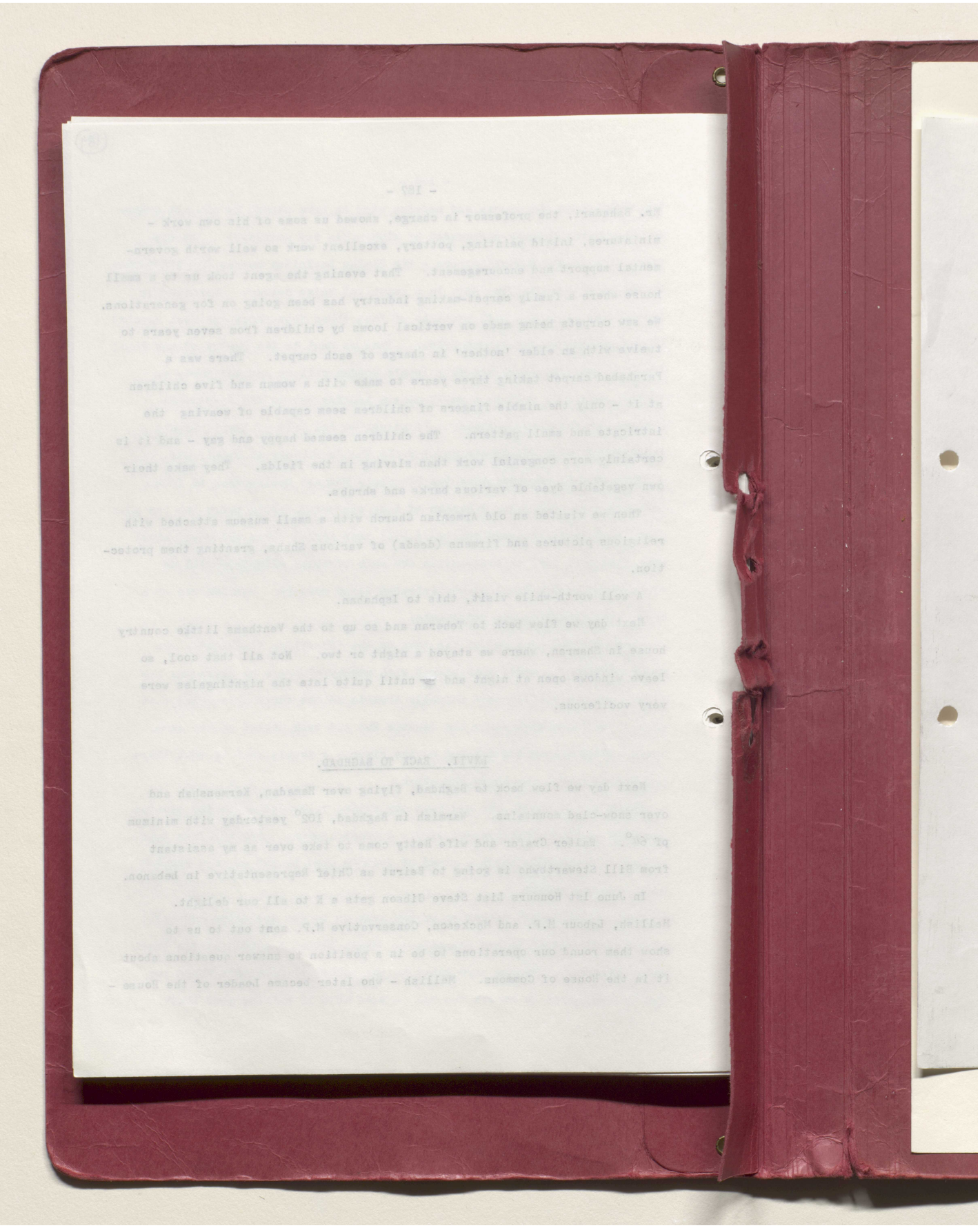
Next day we flew back to Teheran and so up to the Venthams little country house in Shamran, where we stayed a night or two. Not all that cool, so leave windows open at night and [redacted] until quite late the nightingales were very vociferous.

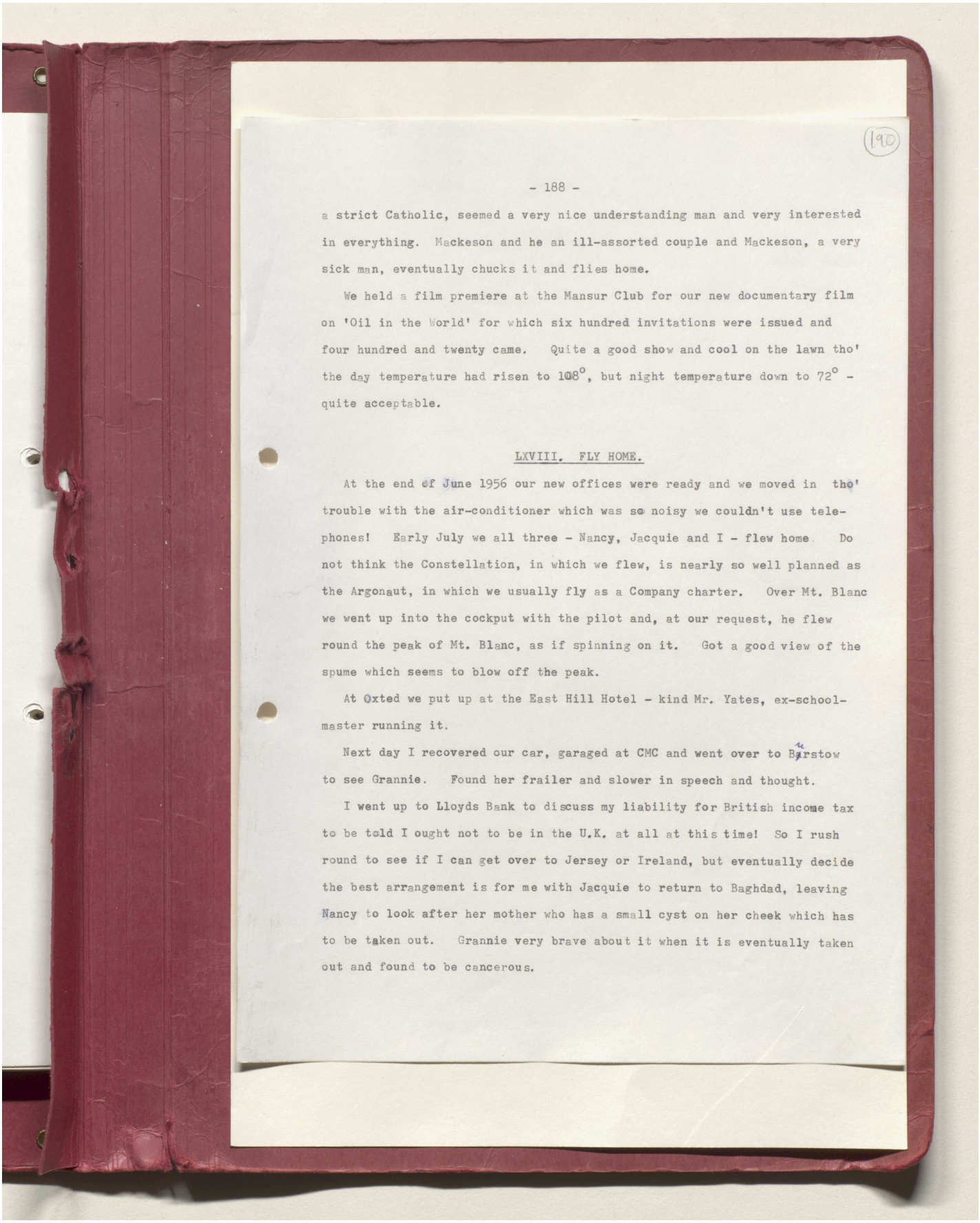
LXVII. BACK TO BAGHDAD.

Next day we flew back to Baghdad, flying over Hamadan, Kermanshah and over snow-clad mountains. Warmish in Baghdad, 102° yesterday with minimum of 64°. Walter Crafer and wife Betty come to take over as my assistant from Bill Stewart who is going to Beirut as Chief Representative in Lebanon.

In June 1st Honours List Steve Gibson gets a K to all our delight. Mellish, Labour M.P. and Mackeson, Conservative M.P. sent out to us to show them round our operations to be in a position to answer questions about it in the House of Commons. Mellish - who later became Leader of the House -

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000b2





(190)

a strict Catholic, seemed a very nice understanding man and very interested in everything. Mackeson and he an ill-assorted couple and Mackeson, a very sick man, eventually chucks it and flies home.

We held a film premiere at the Mansur Club for our new documentary film on 'Oil in the World' for which six hundred invitations were issued and four hundred and twenty came. Quite a good show and cool on the lawn tho' the day temperature had risen to 108°, but night temperature down to 72° - quite acceptable.

LXVIII. FLY HOME.

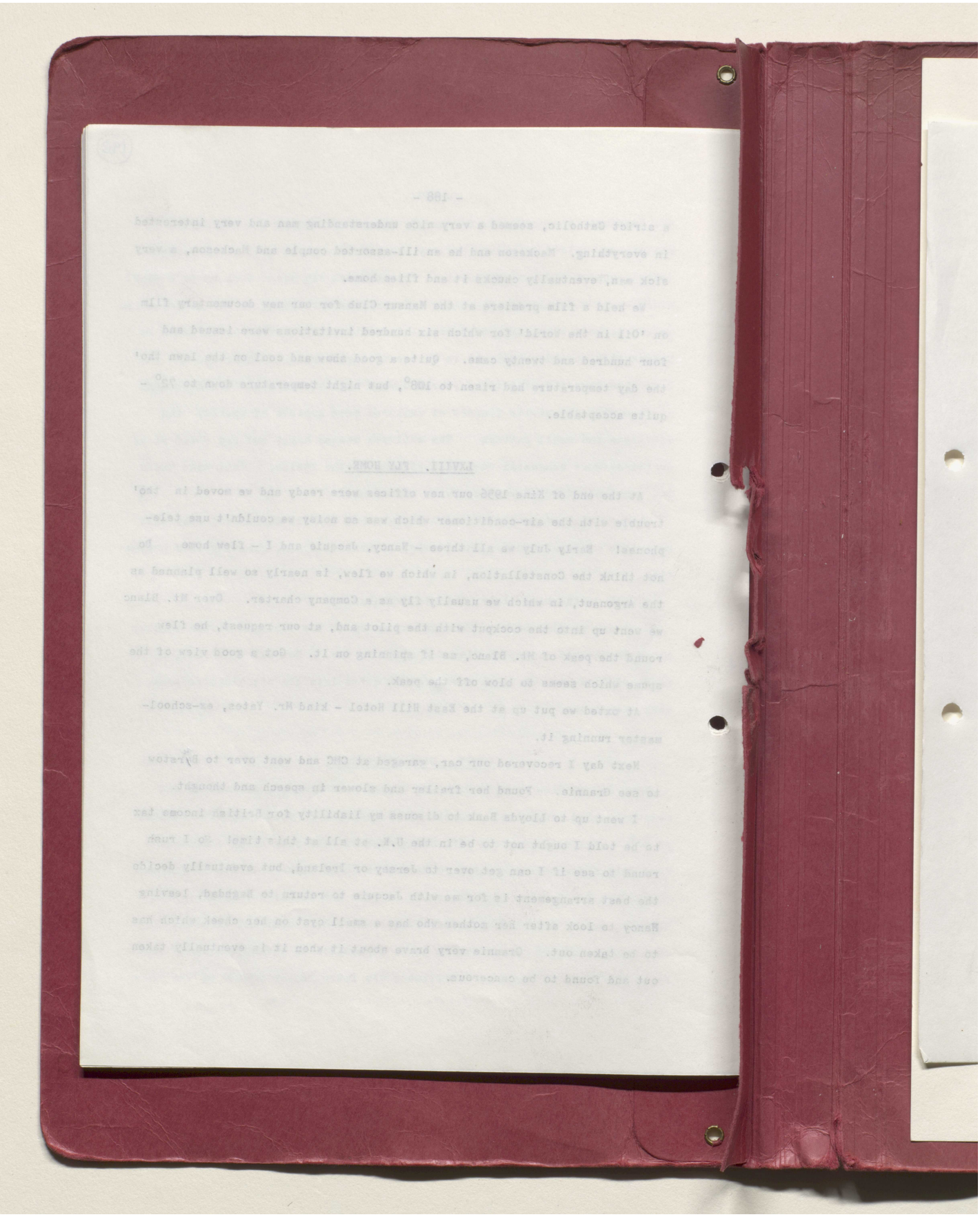
At the end of June 1956 our new offices were ready and we moved in tho' trouble with the air-conditioner which was so noisy we couldn't use telephones! Early July we all three - Nancy, Jacquie and I - flew home. Do not think the Constellation, in which we flew, is nearly so well planned as the Argonaut, in which we usually fly as a Company charter. Over Mt. Blanc we went up into the cockpit with the pilot and, at our request, he flew round the peak of Mt. Blanc, as if spinning on it. Got a good view of the spume which seems to blow off the peak.

At Oxted we put up at the East Hill Hotel - kind Mr. Yates, ex-schoolmaster running it.

Next day I recovered our car, garaged at CMC and went over to Barstow to see Grannie. Found her frailer and slower in speech and thought.

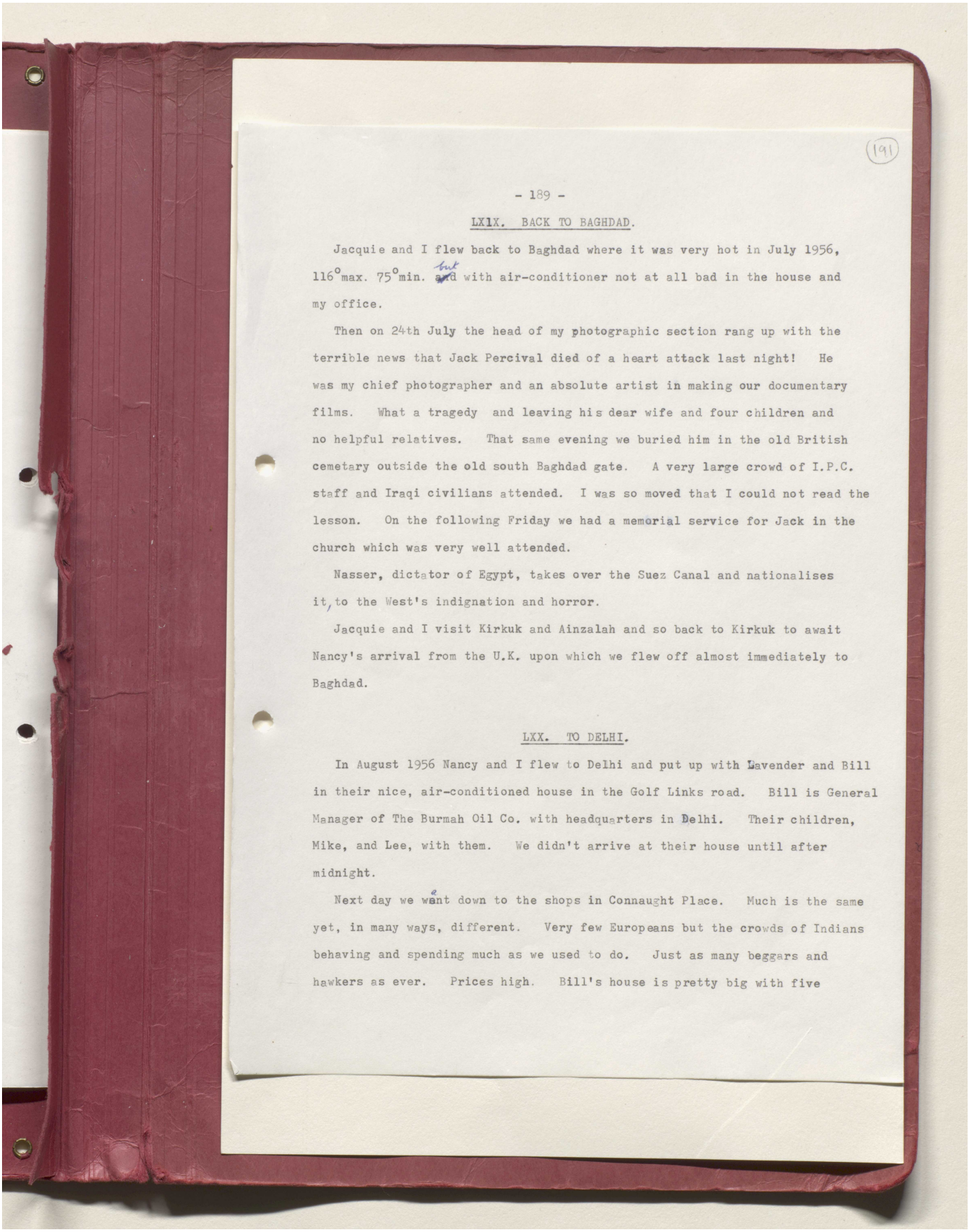
I went up to Lloyds Bank to discuss my liability for British income tax to be told I ought not to be in the U.K. at all at this time! So I rush round to see if I can get over to Jersey or Ireland, but eventually decide the best arrangement is for me with Jacquie to return to Baghdad, leaving Nancy to look after her mother who has a small cyst on her cheek which has to be taken out. Grannie very brave about it when it is eventually taken out and found to be cancerous.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000b4



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



LXIX. BACK TO BAGHDAD.

Jacquie and I flew back to Baghdad where it was very hot in July 1956, 116° max. 75° min. but with air-conditioner not at all bad in the house and my office.

Then on 24th July the head of my photographic section rang up with the terrible news that Jack Percival died of a heart attack last night! He was my chief photographer and an absolute artist in making our documentary films. What a tragedy and leaving his dear wife and four children and no helpful relatives. That same evening we buried him in the old British cemetary outside the old south Baghdad gate. A very large crowd of I.P.C. staff and Iraqi civilians attended. I was so moved that I could not read the lesson. On the following Friday we had a memorial service for Jack in the church which was very well attended.

Nasser, dictator of Egypt, takes over the Suez Canal and nationalises it, to the West's indignation and horror.

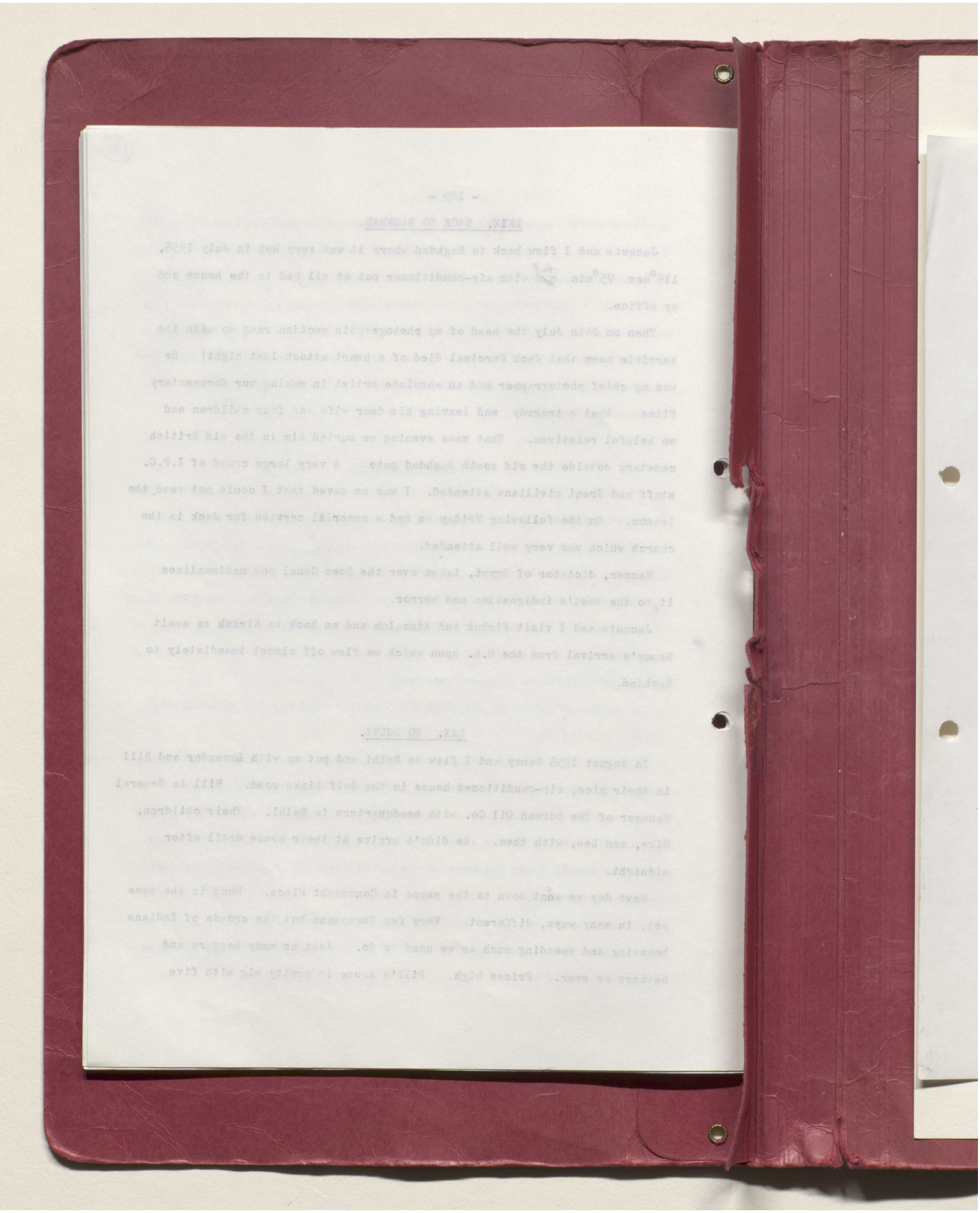
Jacquie and I visit Kirkuk and Ainzalah and so back to Kirkuk to await Nancy's arrival from the U.K. upon which we flew off almost immediately to Baghdad.

LXX. TO DELHI.

In August 1956 Nancy and I flew to Delhi and put up with Lavender and Bill in their nice, air-conditioned house in the Golf Links road. Bill is General Manager of The Burmah Oil Co. with headquarters in Delhi. Their children, Mike, and Lee, with them. We didn't arrive at their house until after midnight.

Next day we went down to the shops in Connaught Place. Much is the same yet, in many ways, different. Very few Europeans but the crowds of Indians behaving and spending much as we used to do. Just as many beggars and hawkers as ever. Prices high. Bill's house is pretty big with five

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000b6



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

bedrooms but rent Rs. 1,100 per month. Then all round New Delhi there are new housing estates crowding in on what was the select Lutyen's city. His large secretariat, with Parliament Building, is, of course, the same, but houses everywhere out on the Lodi and Kutub roads - clerks' flats, two-storeyed, as well as nice detached villas.

We went to the Lodi golf club and found it very crowded, mostly Indians for they have taken up the "Sahib Logs" habits in a big way - and the club and course in very good condition.

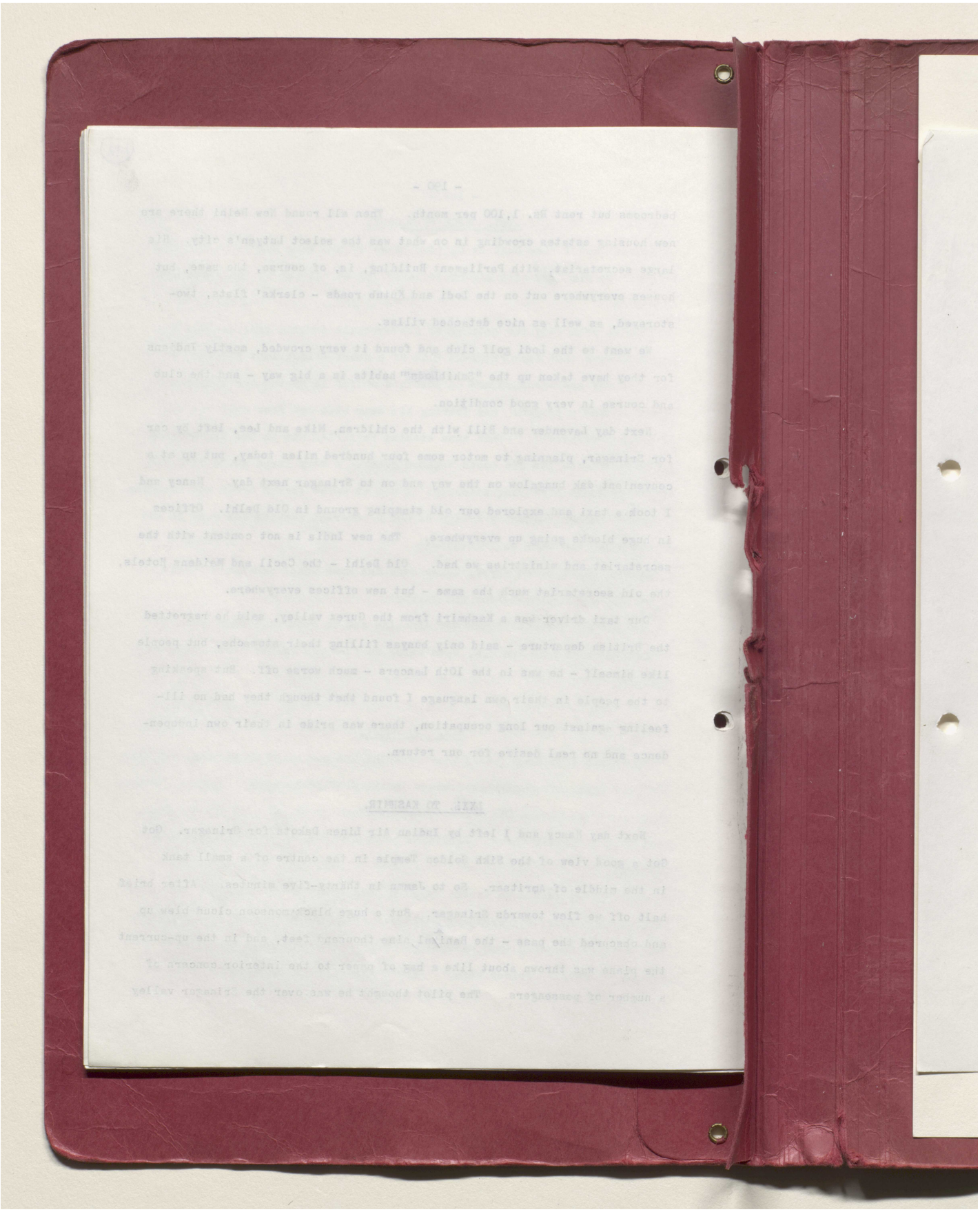
Next day Lavender and Bill with the children, Mike and Lee, left by car for Srinagar, planning to motor some four hundred miles today, put up at a convenient dak bungalow on the way and on to Srinagar next day. Nancy and I took a taxi and explored our old stamping ground in Old Delhi. Offices in huge blocks going up everywhere. The new India is not content with the secretariat and ministries we had. Old Delhi - the Cecil and Maidens Hotels, the old secretariat much the same - but new offices everywhere.

Our taxi driver was a Kashmiri from the Gurez valley, said he regretted the British departure - said only bunyas filling their stomachs, but people like himself - he was in the 10th Lancers - much worse off. But speaking to the people in their own language I found that though they had no ill-feeling against our long occupation, there was pride in their own independence and no real desire for our return.

LXX1. TO KASHMIR.

Next day Nancy and I left by Indian Air Lines Dakota for Srinagar. Got a good view of the Sikh Golden Temple in the centre of a small tank in the middle of Amritsar. So to Jammu in thirty-five minutes. After brief halt off we flew towards Srinagar. But a huge black monsoon cloud blew up and obscured the pass - the Banihal, nine thousand feet, and in the up-current the plane was thrown about like a bag of paper to the interior concern of a number of passengers. The pilot thought he was over the Srinagar valley

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000b8



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

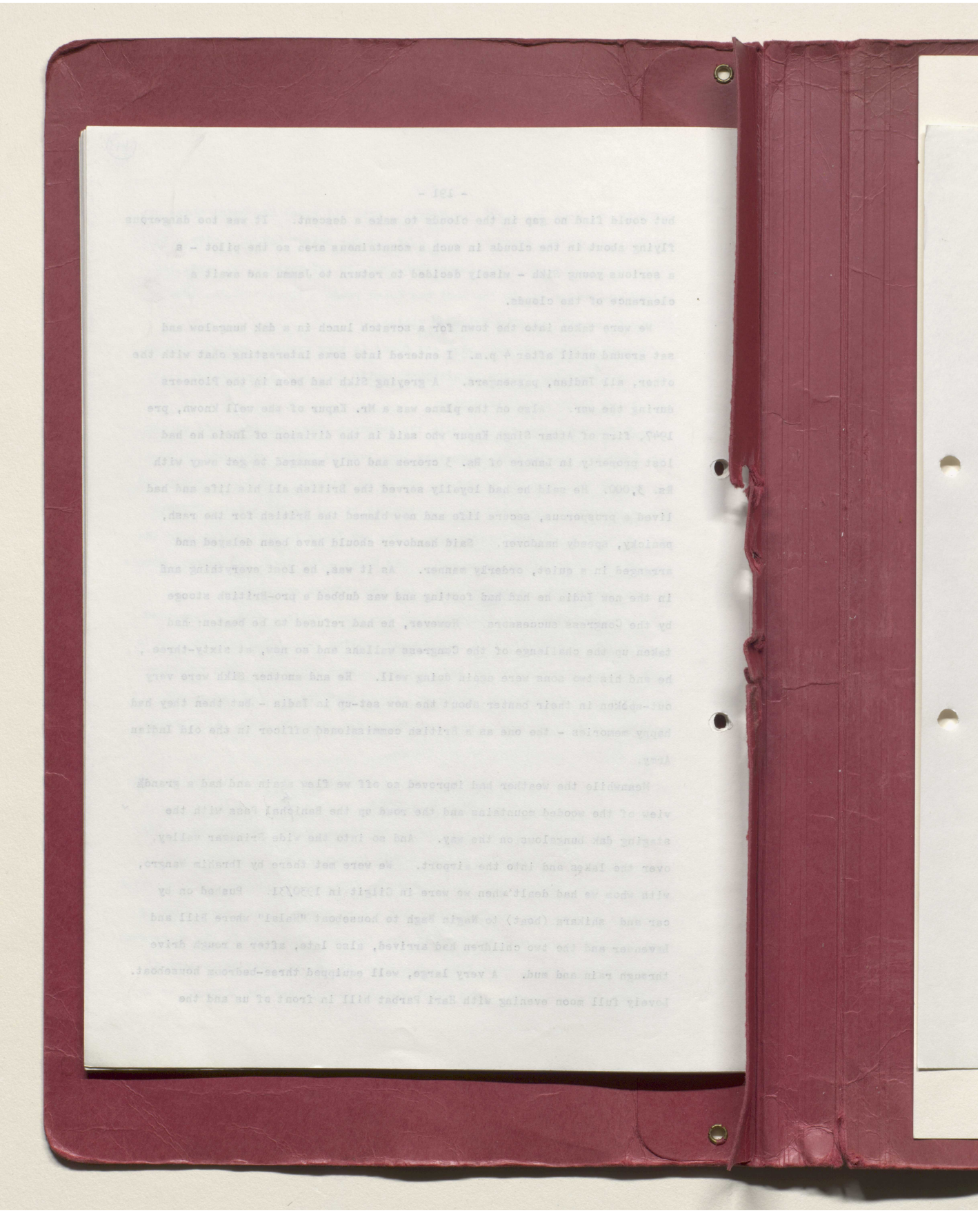
BRITISH LIBRARY

but could find no gap in the clouds to make a descent. It was too dangerous flying about in the clouds in such a mountainous area so the pilot - a a serious young Sikh - wisely decided to return to Jammu and await a clearance of the clouds.

We were taken into the town for a scratch lunch in a dak bungalow and sat around until after 4 p.m. I entered into some interesting chat with the other, all Indian, passengers. A greying Sikh had been in the Pioneers during the war. Also on the plane was a Mr. Kapur of the well known, pre 1947, firm of Attar Singh Kapur who said in the division of India he had lost property in Lahore of Rs. 3 crores and only managed to get away with Rs. 3,000. He said he had loyally served the British all his life and had lived a prosperous, secure life and now blamed the British for the rash, panicky, speedy handover. Said handover should have been delayed and arranged in a quiet, orderly manner. As it was, he lost everything and in the new India he had no footing and was dubbed a pro-British stooge by the Congress successors. However, he had refused to be beaten; had taken up the challenge of the Congress wallahs and so now, at sixty-three , he and his two sons were again doing well. He and another Sikh were very out-spoken in their banter about the new set-up in India - but then they had happy memories - the one as a British commissioned officer in the old Indian Army.

Meanwhile the weather had improved so off we flew again and had a grand view of the wooded mountains and the road up the Banihal Pass with the staging dak bungalows on the way. And so into the wide Srinagar valley, over the lakes and into the airport. We were met there by Ibrahim Wangro, with whom we had dealt when we were in Gilgit in 1930/31. Pushed on by car and shikara (boat) to Nagin Bagh to houseboat "Halal" where Bill and Lavender and the two children had arrived, also late, after a rough drive through rain and mud. A very large, well equipped three-bedroom houseboat. Lovely full moon evening with Hari Parbat hill in front of us and the

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000ba



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

Takkt-i-Sulaiman to our left. A good night's sleep. Next in to the town and a walk along the bund. The Residency now an emporium for arts and crafts - all much the same except for the pathetic scarcity of visitors. The shopkeepers so pleased to see us again and such regrets of the busy thriving past - but the beauty of the place the same - even the beggars and the sycophantic Kashmiri characters. Hard to believe that not far up the well known Gilgit road at Gurez is a military guarded divide on the border of India and Pakistan. In the evening we motored round the well known gardens - the Naseem and the Shalimar and on to the Nishat and the Maharaja's Palace.

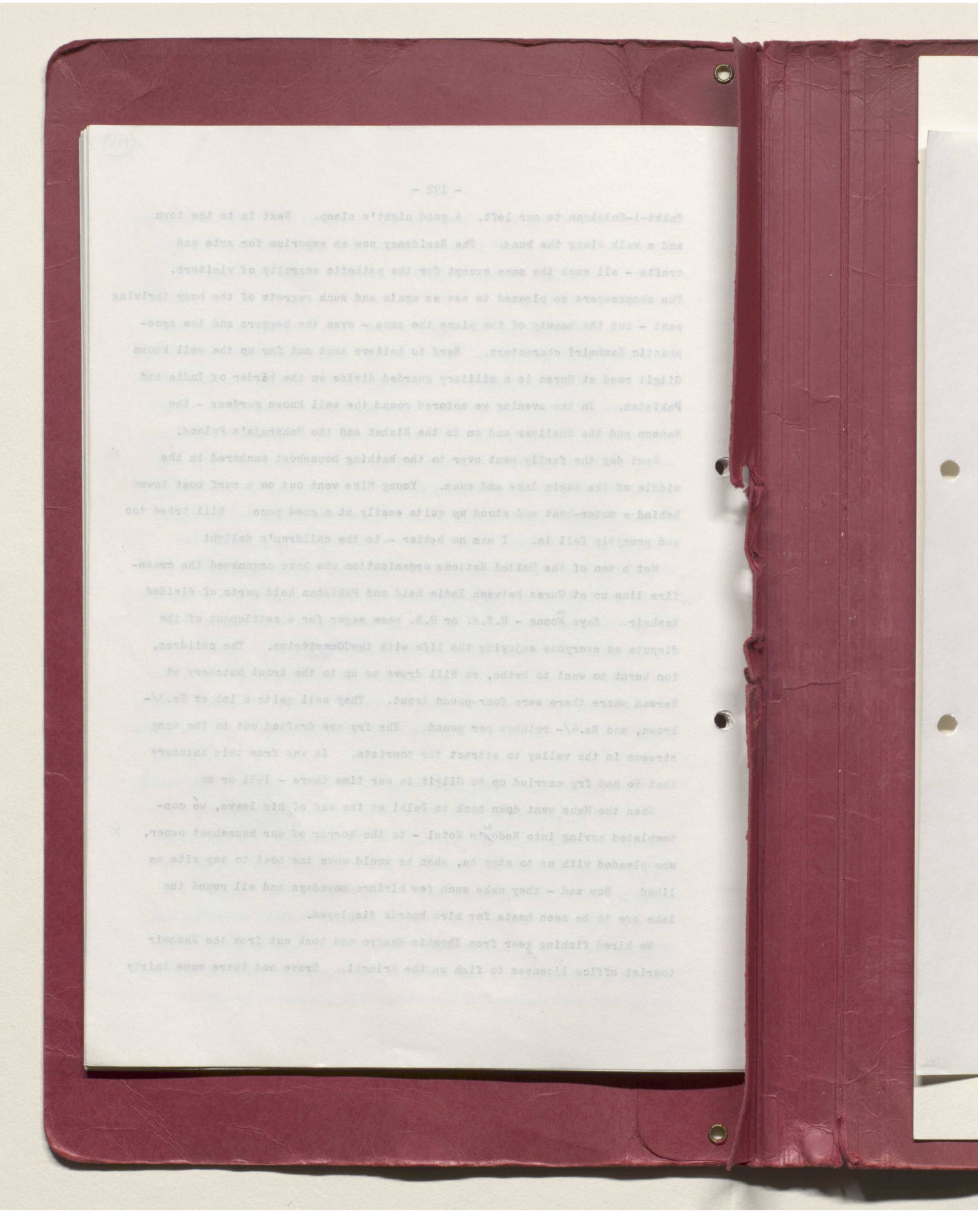
Next day the family went over to the bathing houseboat anchored in the middle of the Nagin lake and swam. Young Mike went out on a surf boat towed behind a motor-boat and stood up quite easily at a good pace. Bill tried too and promptly fell in. I was no better - to the children's delight.

Met a man of the United Nations organisation who have organised the cease-fire line up at Gurez between India held and Pakistan held parts of divided Kashmir. Says Noone - U.S.A. or G.B. seem eager for a settlement of the dispute as everyone enjoying the life with the Commission. The children, too burnt to want to bathe, so Bill drove us up to the trout hatchery at Harwan where there were four-pound trout. They sell quite a lot at Rs.3/- brown, and Rs.4/- rainbow per pound. The fry are drafted out to the many streams in the valley to attract the tourists. It was from this hatchery that we had fry carried up to Gilgit in our time there - 1931 or so.

When the Macs went down back to Delhi at the end of his leave, we contemplated moving into Nedou's Hotel - to the horror of our houseboat owner, who pleaded with us to stay on, when he would move the boat to any site we liked. How sad - they make such few hirings nowadays and all round the lake are to be seen boats for hire boards displayed.

We hired fishing gear from Ibrahim Wangro and took out from the Kashmir tourist office licenses to fish on the Bringhi. Drove out there some thirty

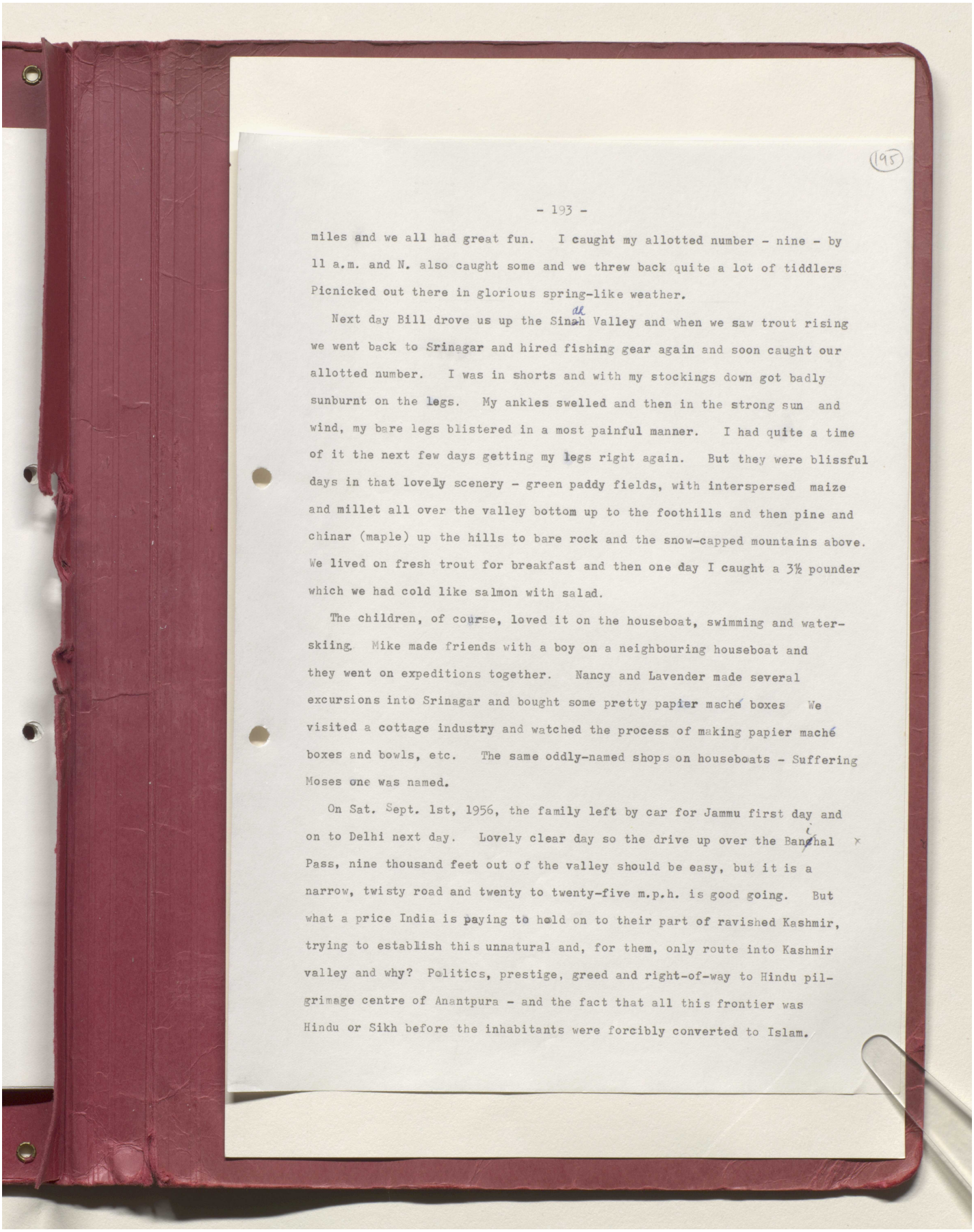
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000bc



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000bd

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(195)

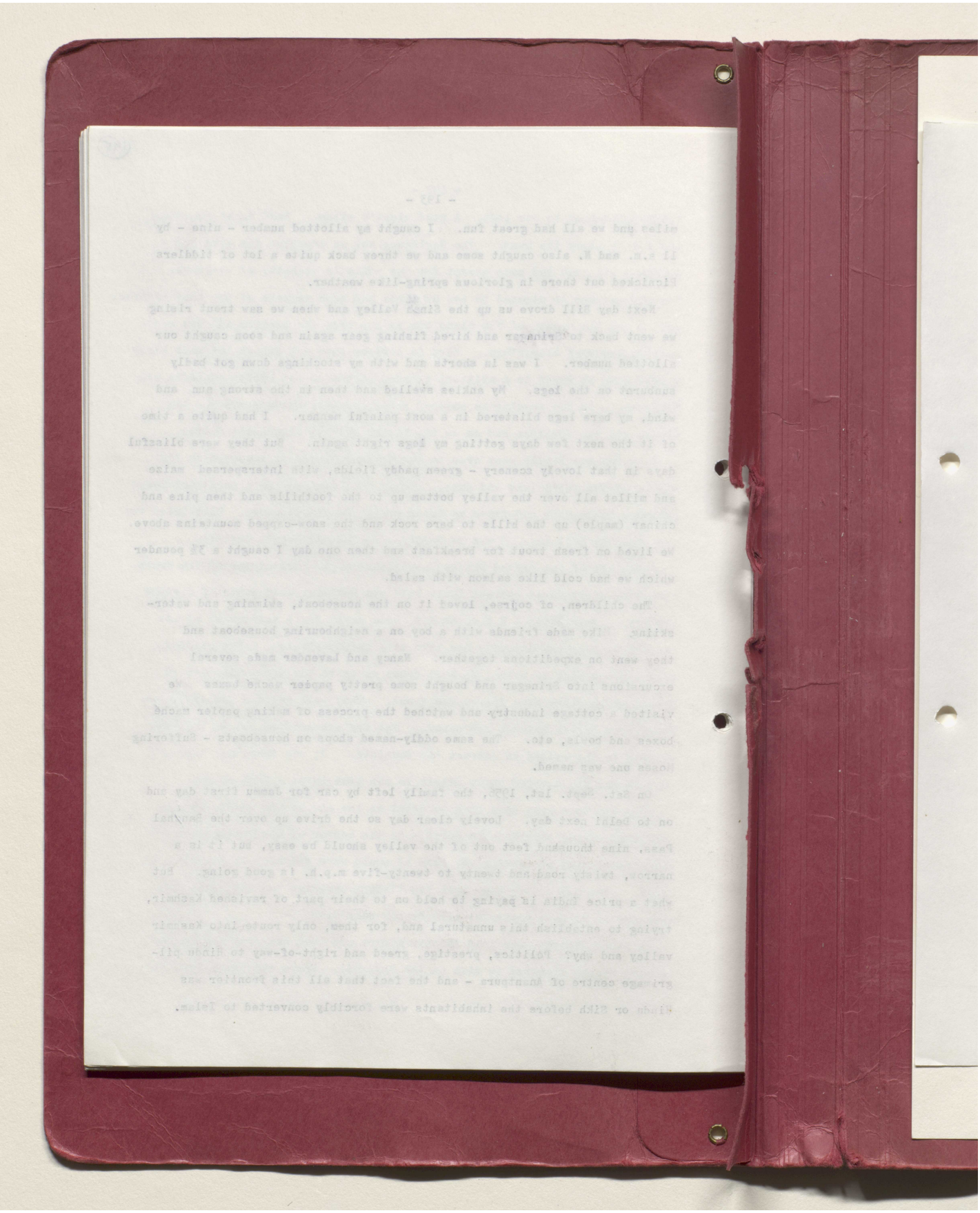
miles and we all had great fun. I caught my allotted number - nine - by 11 a.m. and N. also caught some and we threw back quite a lot of tiddlers Picnicked out there in glorious spring-like weather.

Next day Bill drove us up the Sind Valley and when we saw trout rising we went back to Srinagar and hired fishing gear again and soon caught our allotted number. I was in shorts and with my stockings down got badly sunburnt on the legs. My ankles swelled and then in the strong sun and wind, my bare legs blistered in a most painful manner. I had quite a time of it the next few days getting my legs right again. But they were blissful days in that lovely scenery - green paddy fields, with interspersed maize and millet all over the valley bottom up to the foothills and then pine and chinar (maple) up the hills to bare rock and the snow-capped mountains above. We lived on fresh trout for breakfast and then one day I caught a 3½ pounder which we had cold like salmon with salad.

The children, of course, loved it on the houseboat, swimming and water-skiing. Mike made friends with a boy on a neighbouring houseboat and they went on expeditions together. Nancy and Lavender made several excursions into Srinagar and bought some pretty papier maché boxes We visited a cottage industry and watched the process of making papier maché boxes and bowls, etc. The same oddly-named shops on houseboats - Suffering Moses one was named.

On Sat. Sept. 1st, 1956, the family left by car for Jammu first day and on to Delhi next day. Lovely clear day so the drive up over the Banihal Pass, nine thousand feet out of the valley should be easy, but it is a narrow, twisty road and twenty to twenty-five m.p.h. is good going. But what a price India is paying to hold on to their part of ravished Kashmir, trying to establish this unnatural and, for them, only route into Kashmir valley and why? Politics, prestige, greed and right-of-way to Hindu pilgrimage centre of Anantpura - and the fact that all this frontier was Hindu or Sikh before the inhabitants were forcibly converted to Islam.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000be



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

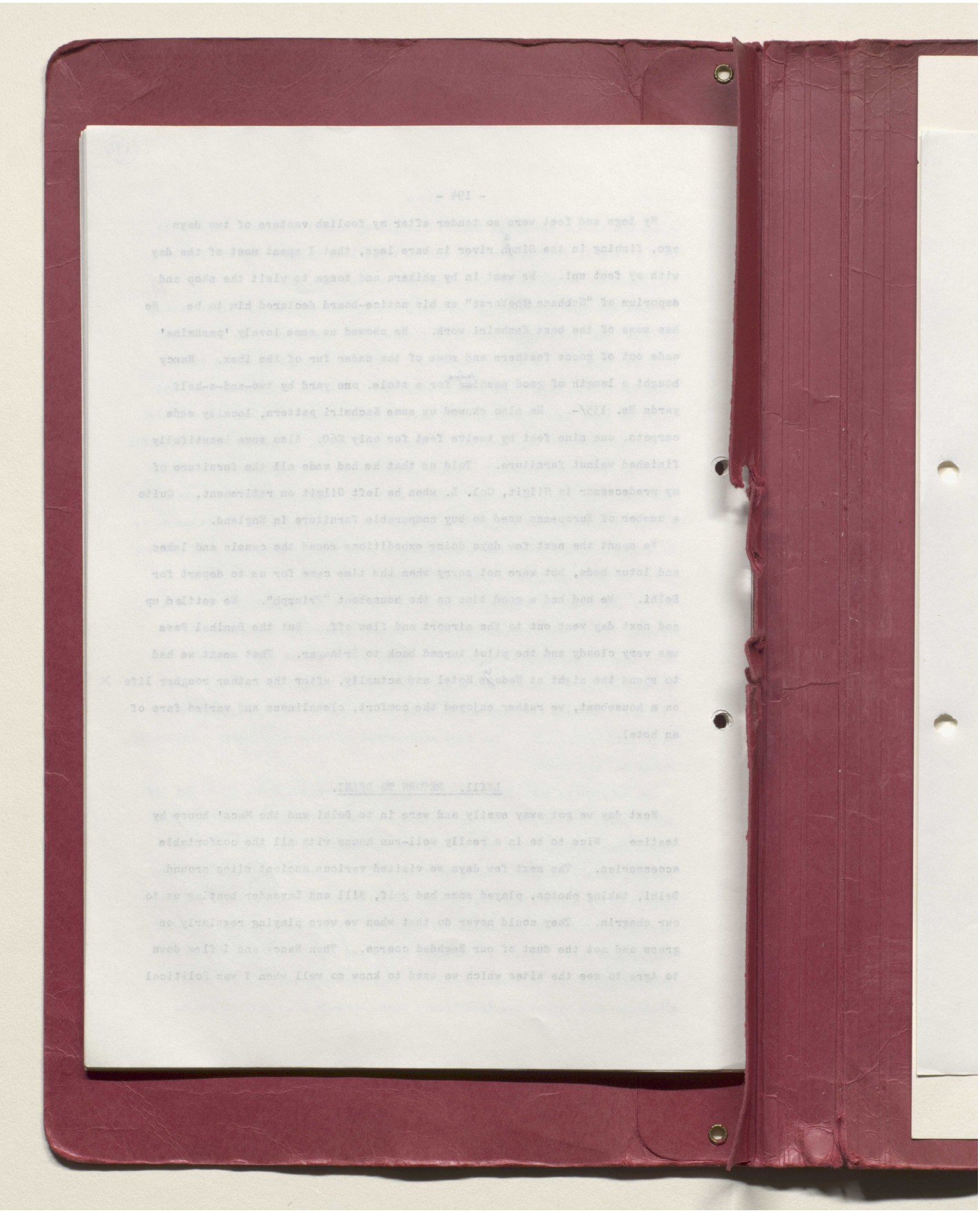
My legs and feet were so tender after my foolish venture of two days ago, fishing in the Sindh river in bare legs, that I spent most of the day with my feet up!. We went in by shikara and tonga to visit the shop and emporium of "Subhana the Worst" as his notice-board declared him to be. He has some of the best Kashmiri work. He showed us some lovely 'pashmina' made out of goose feathers and some of the under fur of the ibex. Nancy bought a length of good pashmina for a stole. one yard by two-and-a-half yards Rs. 135/-. He also showed us some Kashmiri pattern, locally made carpets, one nine feet by twelve feet for only £60. Also some beautifully finished walnut furniture. Told us that he had made all the furniture of my predecessor in Gilgit, Col. L. when he left Gilgit on retirement, Quite a number of Europeans used to buy comparable furniture in England.

We spent the next few days doing expeditions round the canals and lakes and lotus beds, but were not sorry when the time came for us to depart for Delhi. We had had a good time on the houseboat "Triumph". We settled up and next day went out to the airport and flew off. But the Banihal Pass was very cloudy and the pilot turned back to Srinagar. That meant we had to spend the night at Nedou's Hotel and actually, after the rather rougher life on a houseboat, we rather enjoyed the comfort, cleanliness and varied fare of an hotel.

LXXII. RETURN TO DELHI.

Next day we got away easily and were in to Delhi and the Macs' house by teatime. Nice to be in a really well-run house with all the comfortable accessories. The next few days we visited various ancient sites around Delhi, taking photos, played some bad golf, Bill and Lavender beating us to our chagrin. They could never do that when we were playing regularly on grass and not the dust of our Baghdad course. Then Nancy and I flew down to Agra to see the sites which we used to know so well when I was Political

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000c0



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000c1

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

Agent in nearby Bharatpur. Took some good coloured slides of the Taj Mahal, tomb of Ittimad-ud-Dowlah and out to Fatehpur Sikri from where we could look across open country to Bharatpur. We stayed at familiar Lauries Hotel and found it as good as ever. And so back to L. and B.'s comfortable house in Delhi.

Spent a few more days with them playing golf - dining with the Malcolm Macdonalds (son of Ramsay Macdonald) who was High Commissioner in Canada and then Ambassador, Peking. They have some lovely furniture and 'objets d'art' purchased in China.

LXX111. RETURN TO BAGHDAD.

So then we had to fly back - rather reluctantly - to Baghdad. On our way one engine conked out so the pilot decided not to land at Basra, fearing he might not be able to get up again with a full load of passengers, so decided to fly straight on to Beirut where any spares required would be available. A nuisance taking us out of our way, but so it is. And so back to Baghdad where we find all pretty well.

Have a lot of reading of files to do to get up to date.

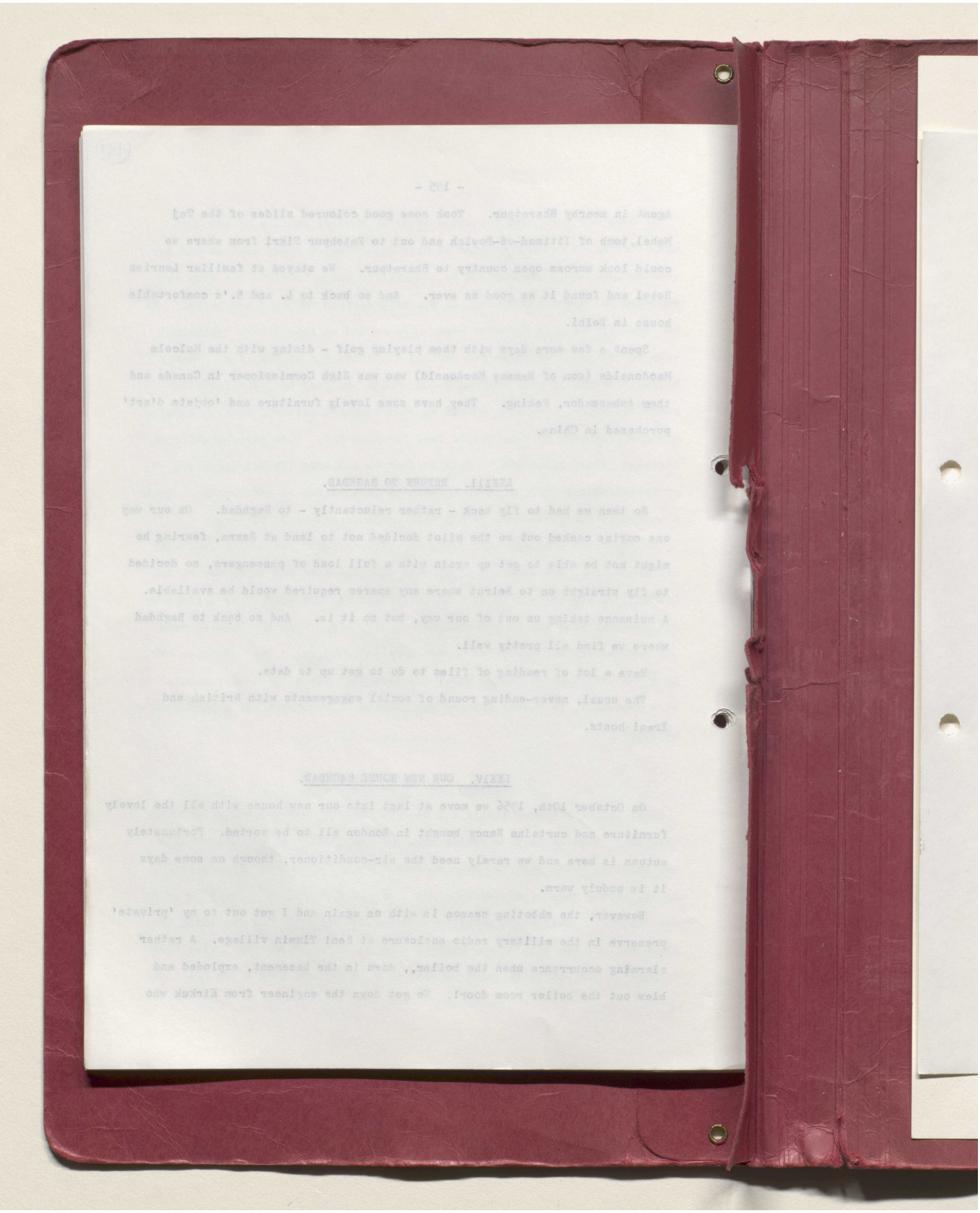
The usual, never-ending round of social engagements with British and Iraqi hosts.

LXX1V. OUR NEW HOUSE BAGHDAD.

On October 10th, 1956 we move at last into our new house with all the lovely furniture and curtains Nancy bought in London all to be sorted. Fortunately autumn is here and we rarely need the air-conditioner, though on some days it is unduly warm.

However, the shooting season is with us again and I get out to my 'private' preserve in the military radio enclosure at Beni Timmin village. A rather alarming occurrence when the boiler, down in the basement, exploded and blew out the boiler room door!. We get down the engineer from Kirkuk who

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000c2



surmises that the pilot light must have gone out, resulting in a build up of gas which must have been ignited by a spark.

The many coloured transparencies I had taken in India were processed by our film unit and provided a convenient means of entertaining our many guests.

LXXV. NASSER SEIZES SUEZ CANAL.

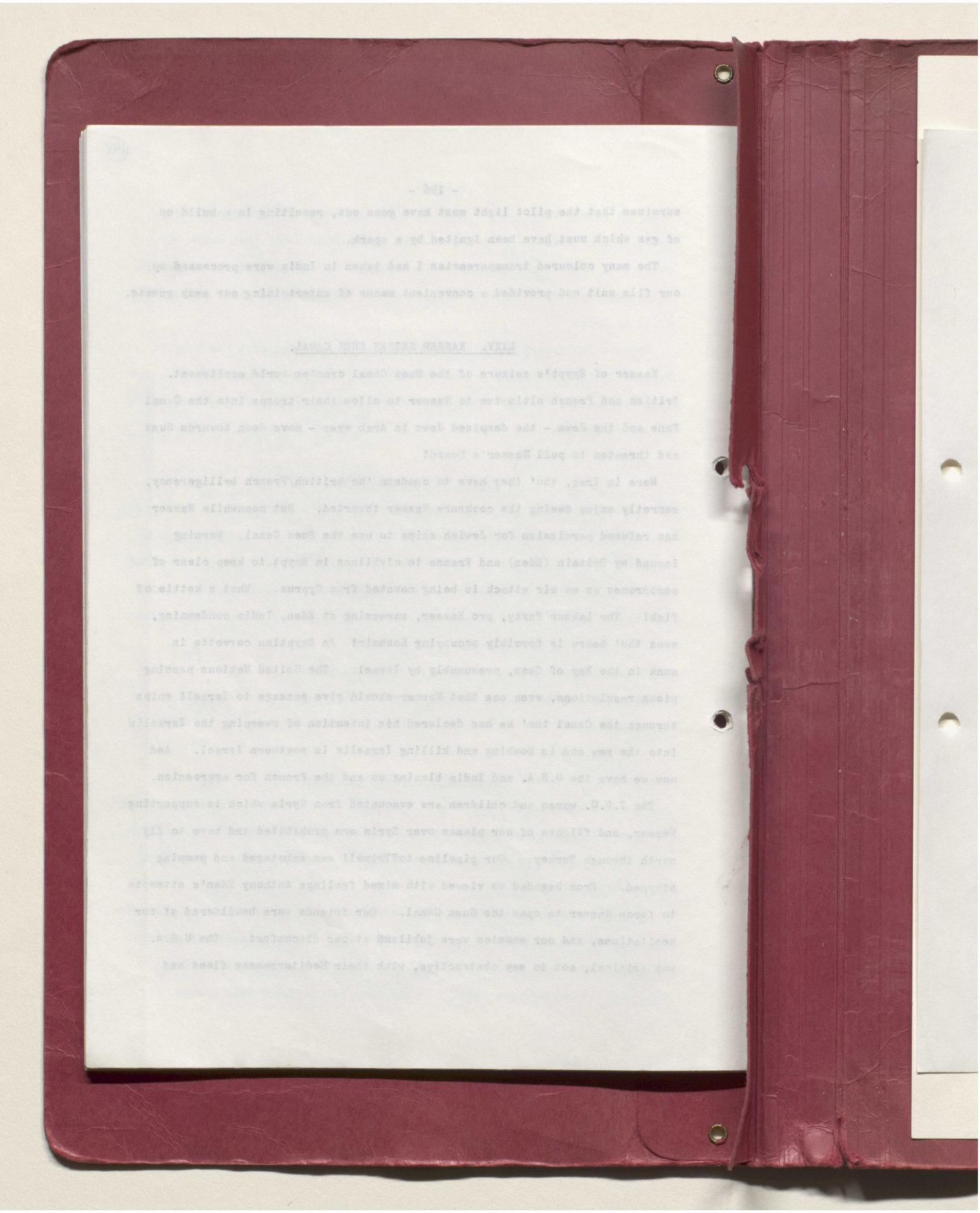
Nasser of Egypt's seizure of the Suez Canal creates world excitement. British and French ultimatum to Nasser to allow their troops into the Canal Zone and the Jews - the despised Jews in Arab eyes - move down towards Suez and threaten to pull Nasser's beard!

Here in Iraq, tho' they have to condemn the British/French belligerency, secretly enjoy seeing the cocksure Nasser thwarted. But meanwhile Nasser has refused permission for Jewish ships to use the Suez Canal. Warning issued by Britain (Eden) and France to civilians in Egypt to keep clear of aerodromes as an air attack is being mounted from Cyprus. What a kettle of fish! The Labour Party, pro Nasser, screaming at Eden, India condemning, even tho' Nehru is forcibly occupying Kashmir! An Egyptian corvette is sunk in the Bay of Suez, presumably by Israel. The United Nations passing pious resolutions, even one that Nasser should give passage to Israeli ships through the Canal tho' he has declared his intention of sweeping the Israelis into the sea and is bombing and killing Israelis in southern Israel. And now we have the U.S.A. and India blaming us and the French for aggression.

The I.P.C. women and children are evacuated from Syria which is supporting Nasser, and flights of our planes over Syria are prohibited and have to fly north through Turkey. Our pipeline to Tripoli was sabotaged and pumping stopped. From Baghdad we viewed with mixed feelings Anthony Eden's attempts to force Nasser to open the Suez Canal. Our friends were bewildered at our hesitations, and our enemies were jubilant at our discomfort. The U.S.A. was critical, not to say obstructive, with their Mediterranean fleet and

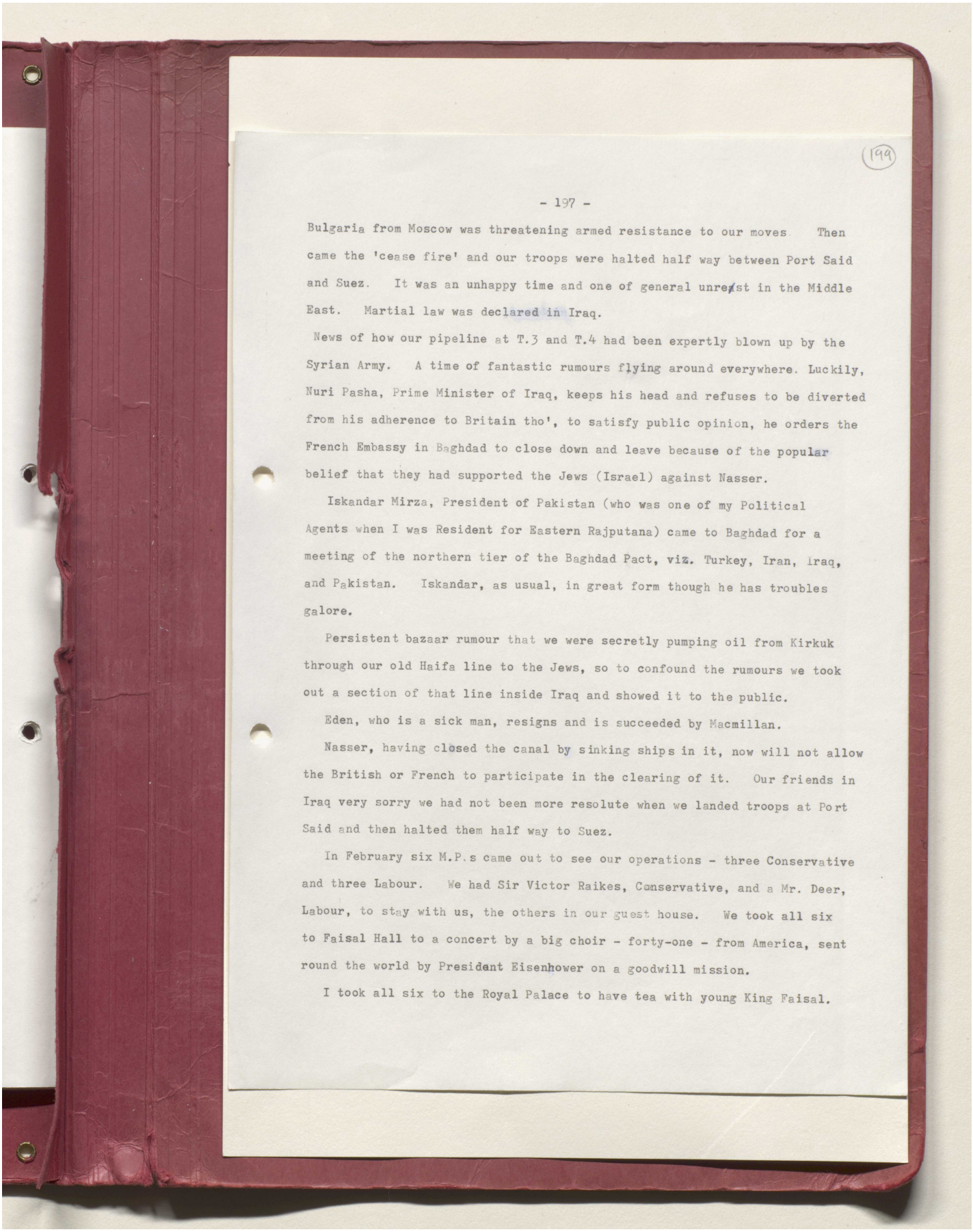
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000c4



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Bulgaria from Moscow was threatening armed resistance to our moves. Then came the 'cease fire' and our troops were halted half way between Port Said and Suez. It was an unhappy time and one of general unrest in the Middle East. Martial law was declared in Iraq.

News of how our pipeline at T.3 and T.4 had been expertly blown up by the Syrian Army. A time of fantastic rumours flying around everywhere. Luckily, Nuri Pasha, Prime Minister of Iraq, keeps his head and refuses to be diverted from his adherence to Britain tho', to satisfy public opinion, he orders the French Embassy in Baghdad to close down and leave because of the popular belief that they had supported the Jews (Israel) against Nasser.

Iskandar Mirza, President of Pakistan (who was one of my Political Agents when I was Resident for Eastern Rajputana) came to Baghdad for a meeting of the northern tier of the Baghdad Pact, viz. Turkey, Iran, Iraq, and Pakistan. Iskandar, as usual, in great form though he has troubles galore.

Persistent bazaar rumour that we were secretly pumping oil from Kirkuk through our old Haifa line to the Jews, so to confound the rumours we took out a section of that line inside Iraq and showed it to the public.

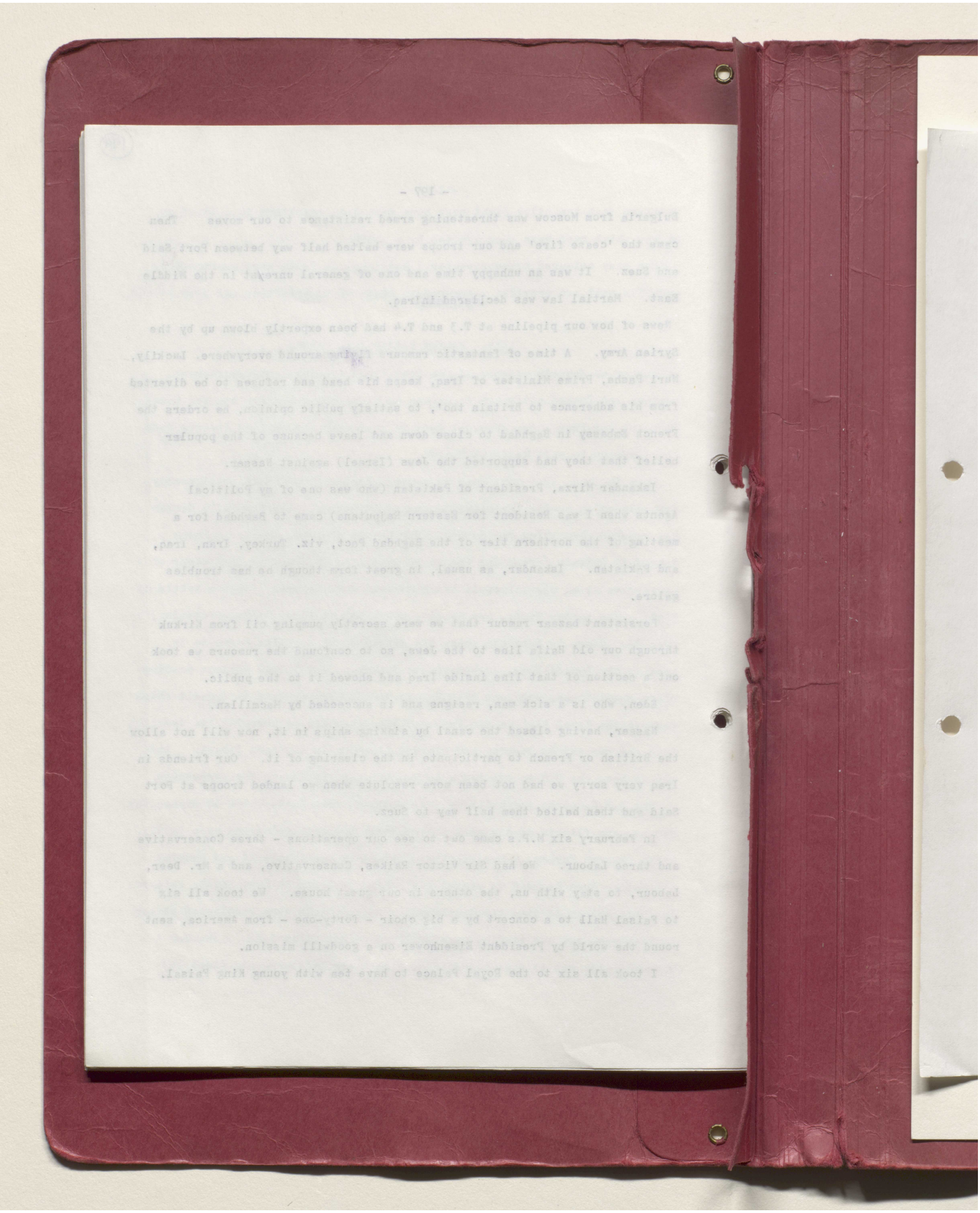
Eden, who is a sick man, resigns and is succeeded by Macmillan.

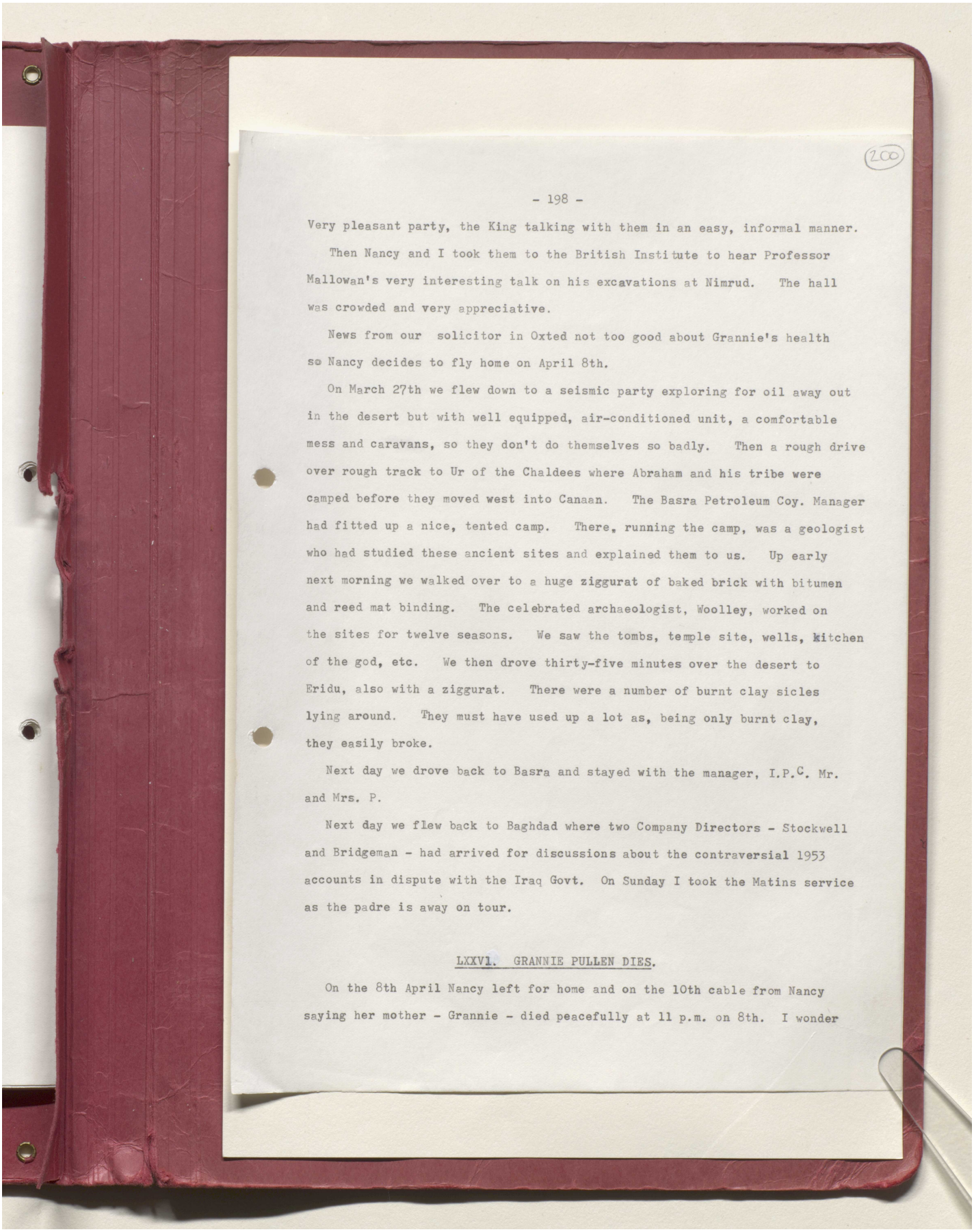
Nasser, having closed the canal by sinking ships in it, now will not allow the British or French to participate in the clearing of it. Our friends in Iraq very sorry we had not been more resolute when we landed troops at Port Said and then halted them half way to Suez.

In February six M.P.s came out to see our operations - three Conservative and three Labour. We had Sir Victor Raikes, Conservative, and a Mr. Deer, Labour, to stay with us, the others in our guest house. We took all six to Faisal Hall to a concert by a big choir - forty-one - from America, sent round the world by President Eisenhower on a goodwill mission.

I took all six to the Royal Palace to have tea with young King Faisal.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000c6





(200)

Very pleasant party, the King talking with them in an easy, informal manner.

Then Nancy and I took them to the British Institute to hear Professor Mallowan's very interesting talk on his excavations at Nimrud. The hall was crowded and very appreciative.

News from our solicitor in Oxted not too good about Grannie's health so Nancy decides to fly home on April 8th.

On March 27th we flew down to a seismic party exploring for oil away out in the desert but with well equipped, air-conditioned unit, a comfortable mess and caravans, so they don't do themselves so badly. Then a rough drive over rough track to Ur of the Chaldees where Abraham and his tribe were camped before they moved west into Canaan. The Basra Petroleum Coy. Manager had fitted up a nice, tented camp. There, running the camp, was a geologist who had studied these ancient sites and explained them to us. Up early next morning we walked over to a huge ziggurat of baked brick with bitumen and reed mat binding. The celebrated archaeologist, Woolley, worked on the sites for twelve seasons. We saw the tombs, temple site, wells, kitchen of the god, etc. We then drove thirty-five minutes over the desert to Eridu, also with a ziggurat. There were a number of burnt clay sicles lying around. They must have used up a lot as, being only burnt clay, they easily broke.

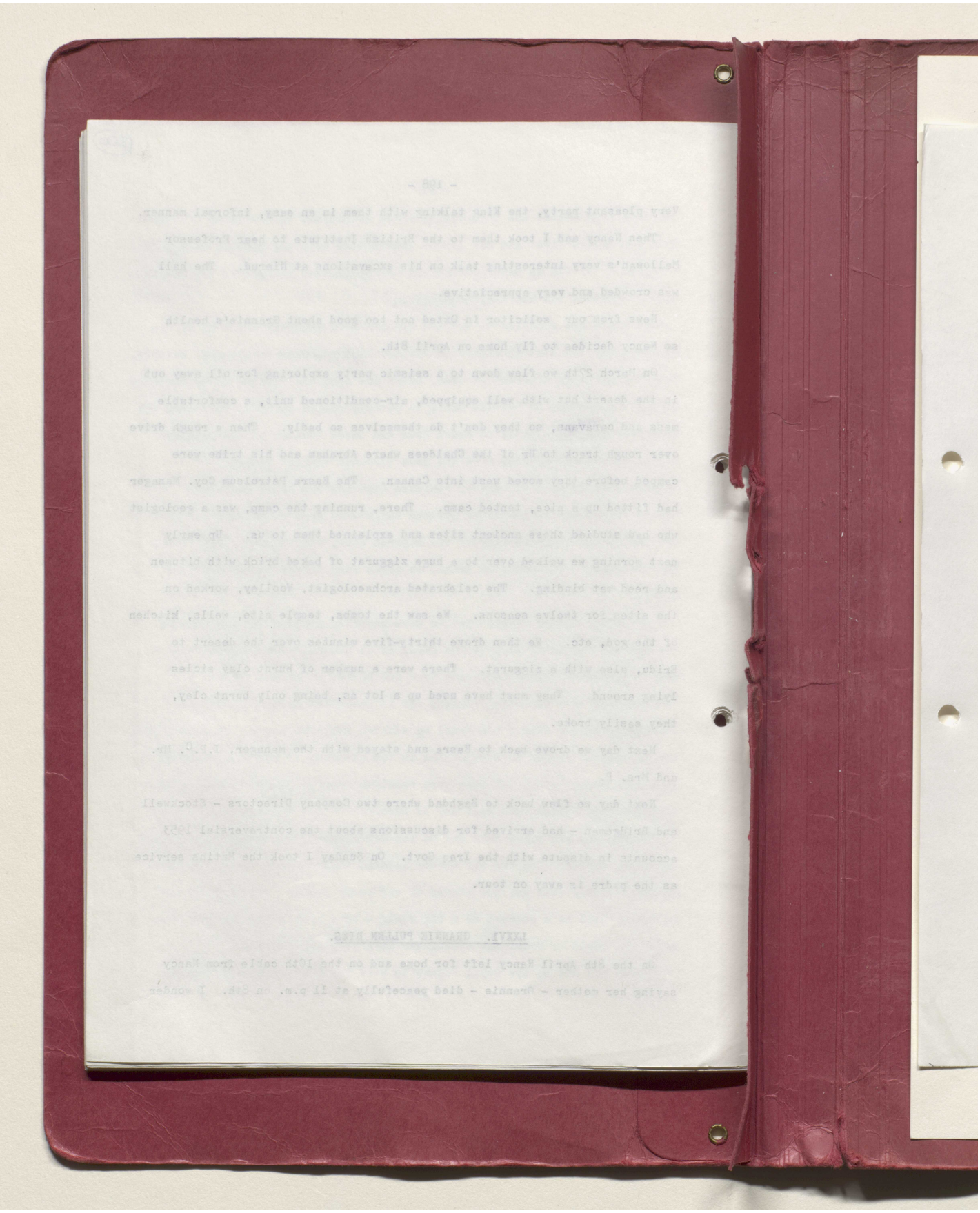
Next day we drove back to Basra and stayed with the manager, I.P.C. Mr. and Mrs. P.

Next day we flew back to Baghdad where two Company Directors - Stockwell and Bridgeman - had arrived for discussions about the contraversial 1953 accounts in dispute with the Iraq Govt. On Sunday I took the Matins service as the padre is away on tour.

LXXVI. GRANNIE PULLEN DIES.

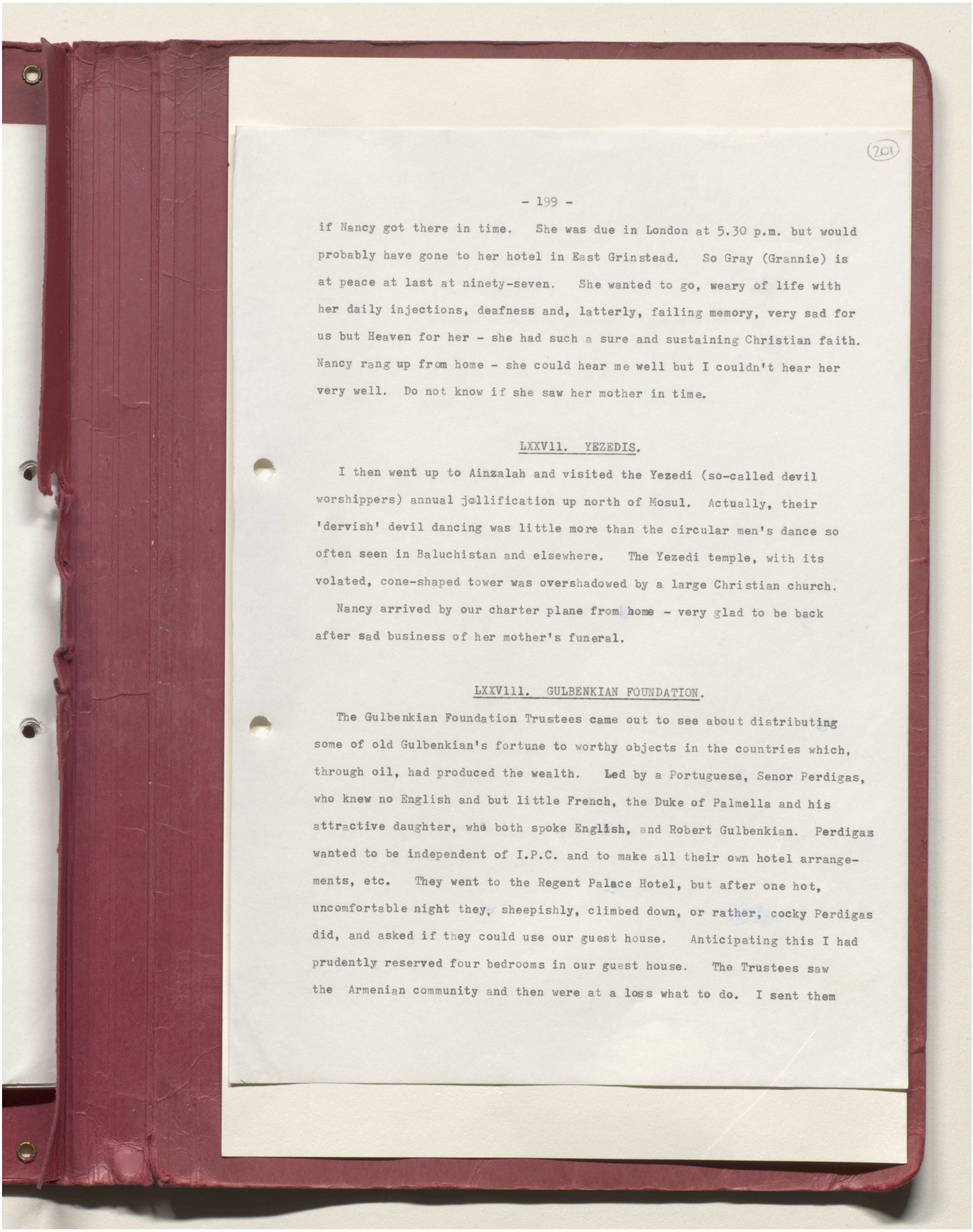
On the 8th April Nancy left for home and on the 10th cable from Nancy saying her mother - Grannie - died peacefully at 11 p.m. on 8th. I wonder

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527774.0x0000c8



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



if Nancy got there in time. She was due in London at 5.30 p.m. but would probably have gone to her hotel in East Grinstead. So Gray (Grannie) is at peace at last at ninety-seven. She wanted to go, weary of life with her daily injections, deafness and, latterly, failing memory, very sad for us but Heaven for her - she had such a sure and sustaining Christian faith. Nancy rang up from home - she could hear me well but I couldn't hear her very well. Do not know if she saw her mother in time.

LXXV11. YEZEDIS.

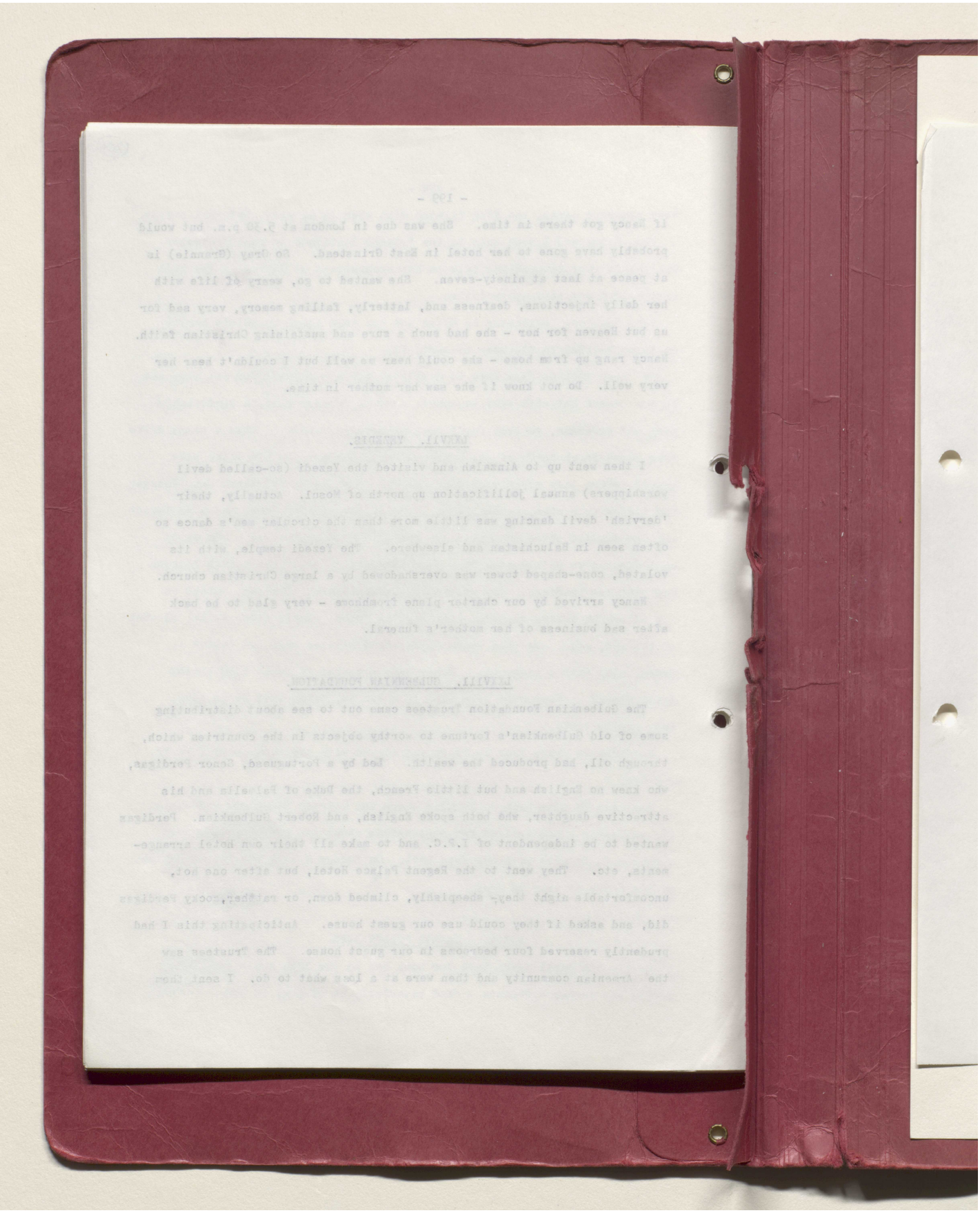
I then went up to Ainzalah and visited the Yezedi (so-called devil worshippers) annual jollification up north of Mosul. Actually, their 'dervish' devil dancing was little more than the circular men's dance so often seen in Baluchistan and elsewhere. The Yezedi temple, with its volated, cone-shaped tower was overshadowed by a large Christian church.

Nancy arrived by our charter plane from home - very glad to be back after sad business of her mother's funeral.

LXXV111. GULBENKIAN FOUNDATION.

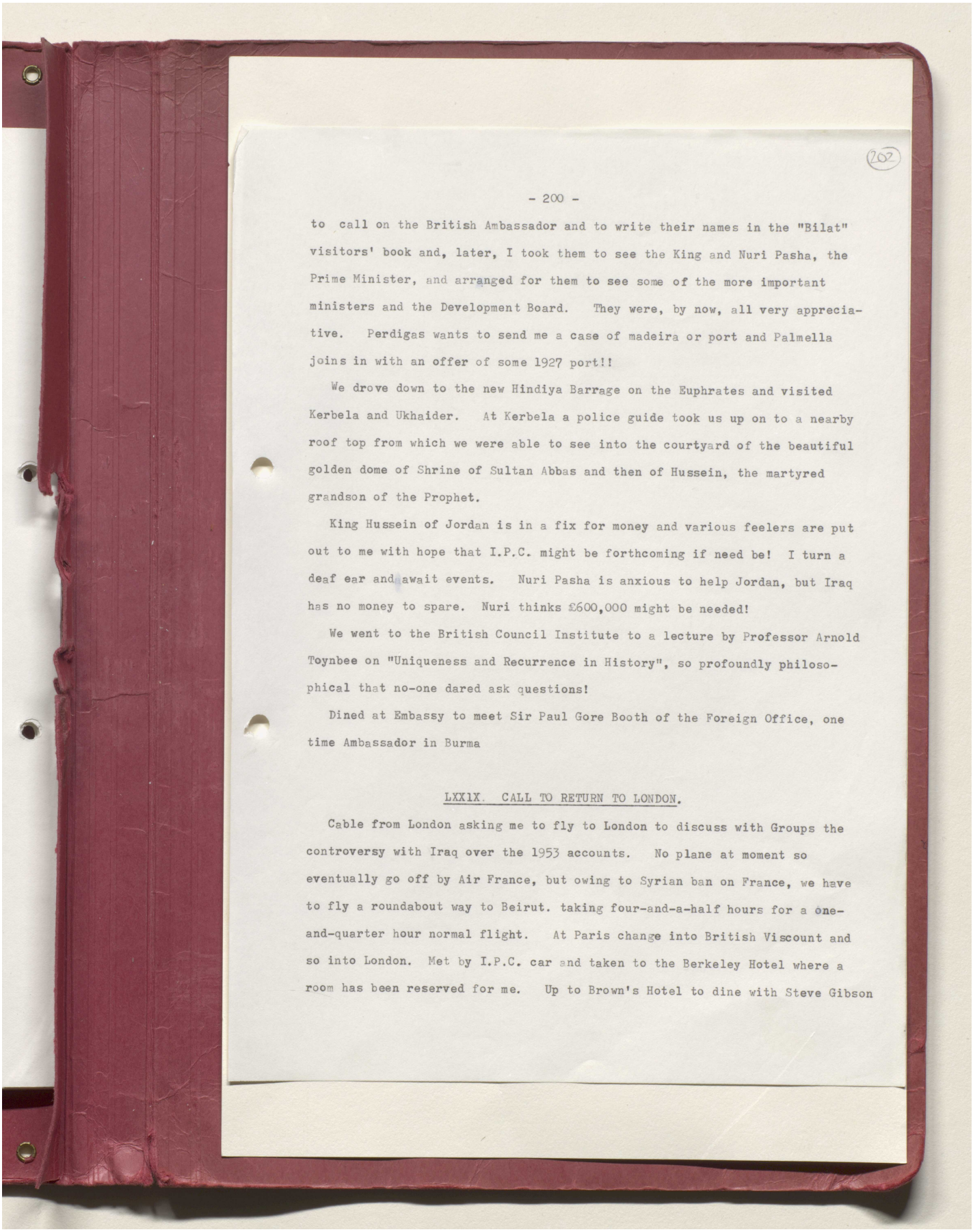
The Gulbenkian Foundation Trustees came out to see about distributing some of old Gulbenkian's fortune to worthy objects in the countries which, through oil, had produced the wealth. Led by a Portuguese, Senor Perdigas, who knew no English and but little French, the Duke of Palmella and his attractive daughter, who both spoke English, and Robert Gulbenkian. Perdigas wanted to be independent of I.P.C. and to make all their own hotel arrangements, etc. They went to the Regent Palace Hotel, but after one hot, uncomfortable night they, sheepishly, climbed down, or rather, cocky Perdigas did, and asked if they could use our guest house. Anticipating this I had prudently reserved four bedrooms in our guest house. The Trustees saw the Armenian community and then were at a loss what to do. I sent them

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000002



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



to call on the British Ambassador and to write their names in the "Bilat" visitors' book and, later, I took them to see the King and Nuri Pasha, the Prime Minister, and arranged for them to see some of the more important ministers and the Development Board. They were, by now, all very appreciative. Perdigas wants to send me a case of madeira or port and Palmella joins in with an offer of some 1927 port!!

We drove down to the new Hindiya Barrage on the Euphrates and visited Kerbela and Ukhaider. At Kerbela a police guide took us up on to a nearby roof top from which we were able to see into the courtyard of the beautiful golden dome of Shrine of Sultan Abbas and then of Hussein, the martyred grandson of the Prophet.

King Hussein of Jordan is in a fix for money and various feelers are put out to me with hope that I.P.C. might be forthcoming if need be! I turn a deaf ear and await events. Nuri Pasha is anxious to help Jordan, but Iraq has no money to spare. Nuri thinks £600,000 might be needed!

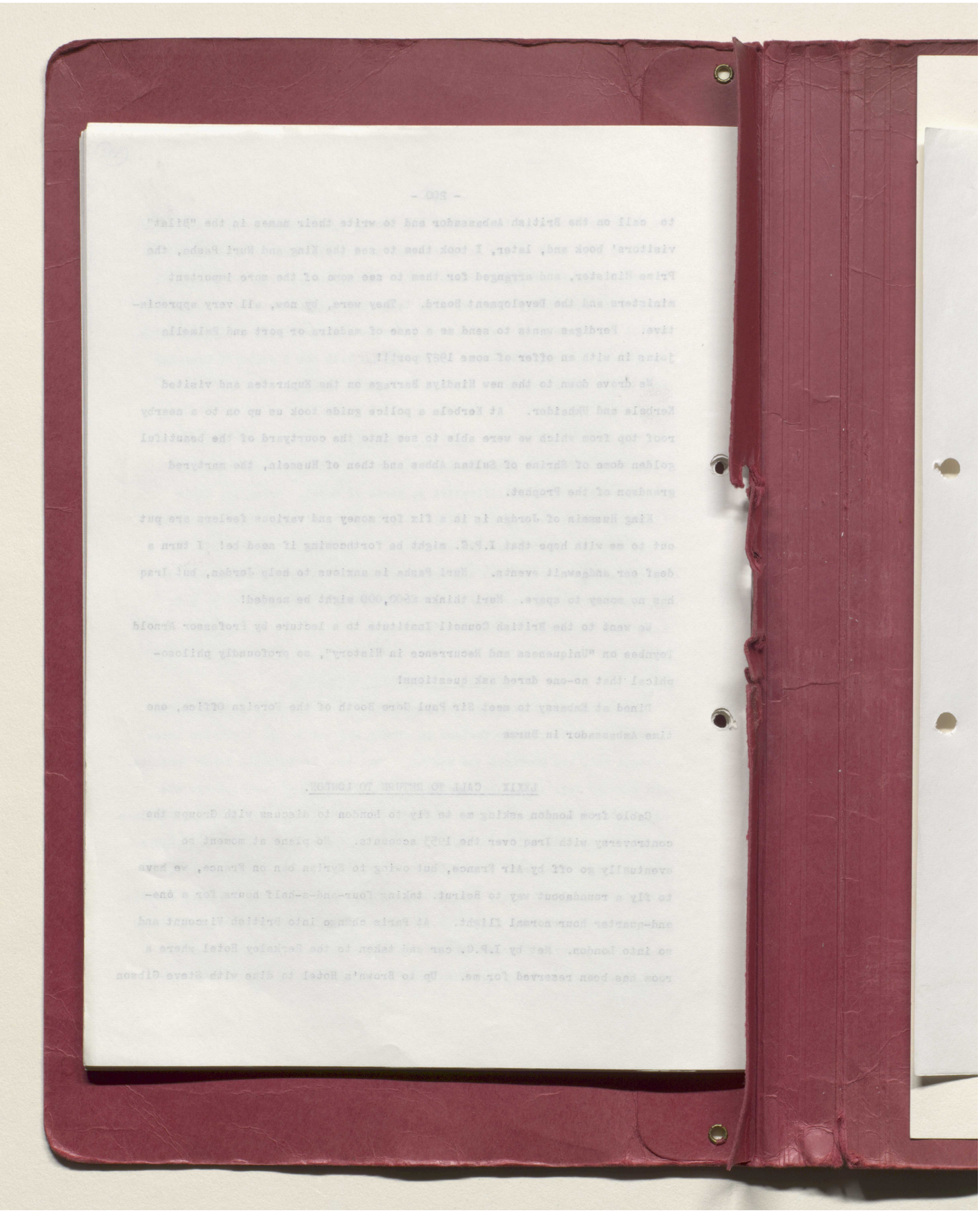
We went to the British Council Institute to a lecture by Professor Arnold Toynbee on "Uniqueness and Recurrence in History", so profoundly philosophical that no-one dared ask questions!

Dined at Embassy to meet Sir Paul Gore Booth of the Foreign Office, one time Ambassador in Burma

LXXIX. CALL TO RETURN TO LONDON.

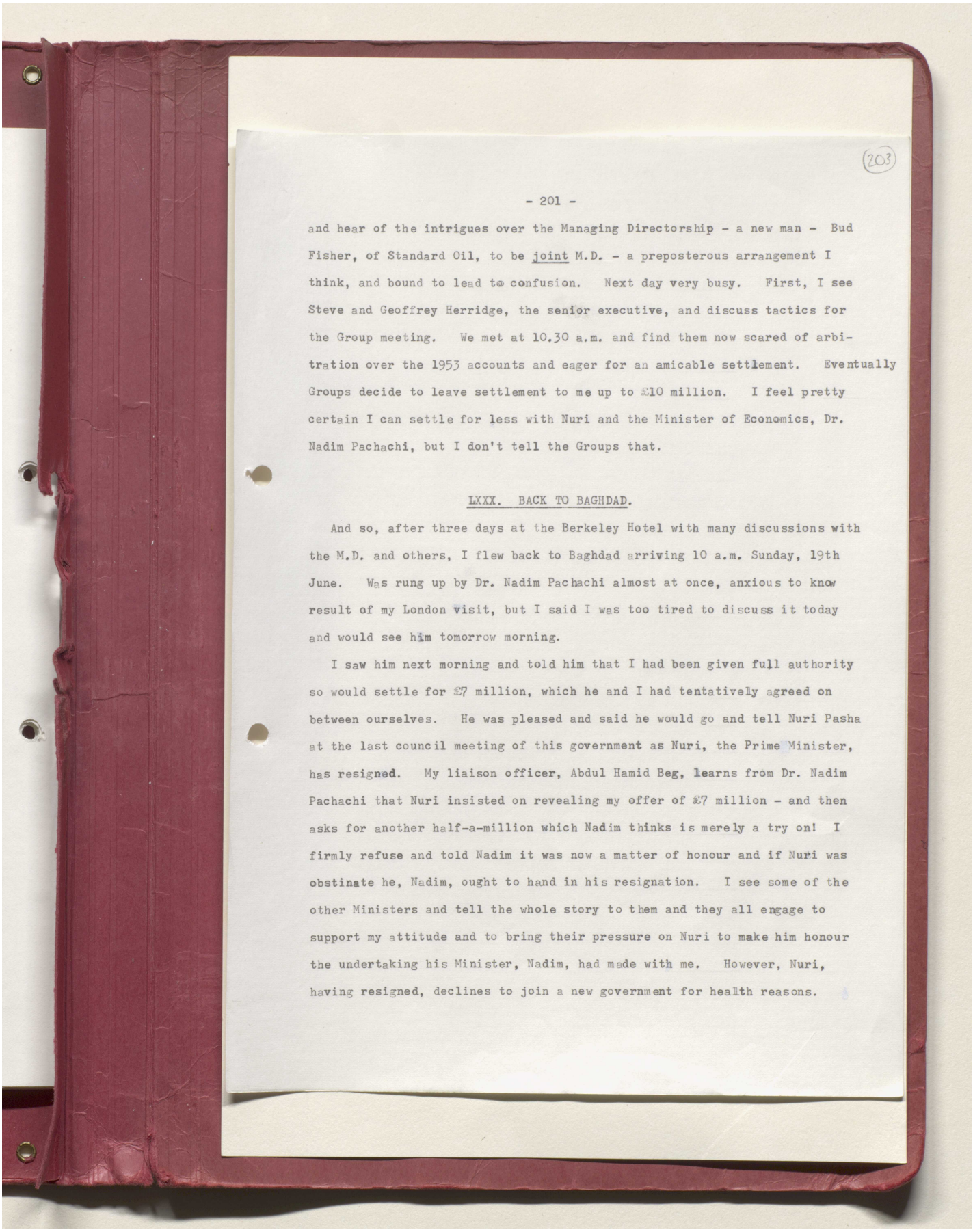
Cable from London asking me to fly to London to discuss with Groups the controversy with Iraq over the 1953 accounts. No plane at moment so eventually go off by Air France, but owing to Syrian ban on France, we have to fly a roundabout way to Beirut. taking four-and-a-half hours for a one-and-quarter hour normal flight. At Paris change into British Viscount and so into London. Met by I.P.C. car and taken to the Berkeley Hotel where a room has been reserved for me. Up to Brown's Hotel to dine with Steve Gibson

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000004



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



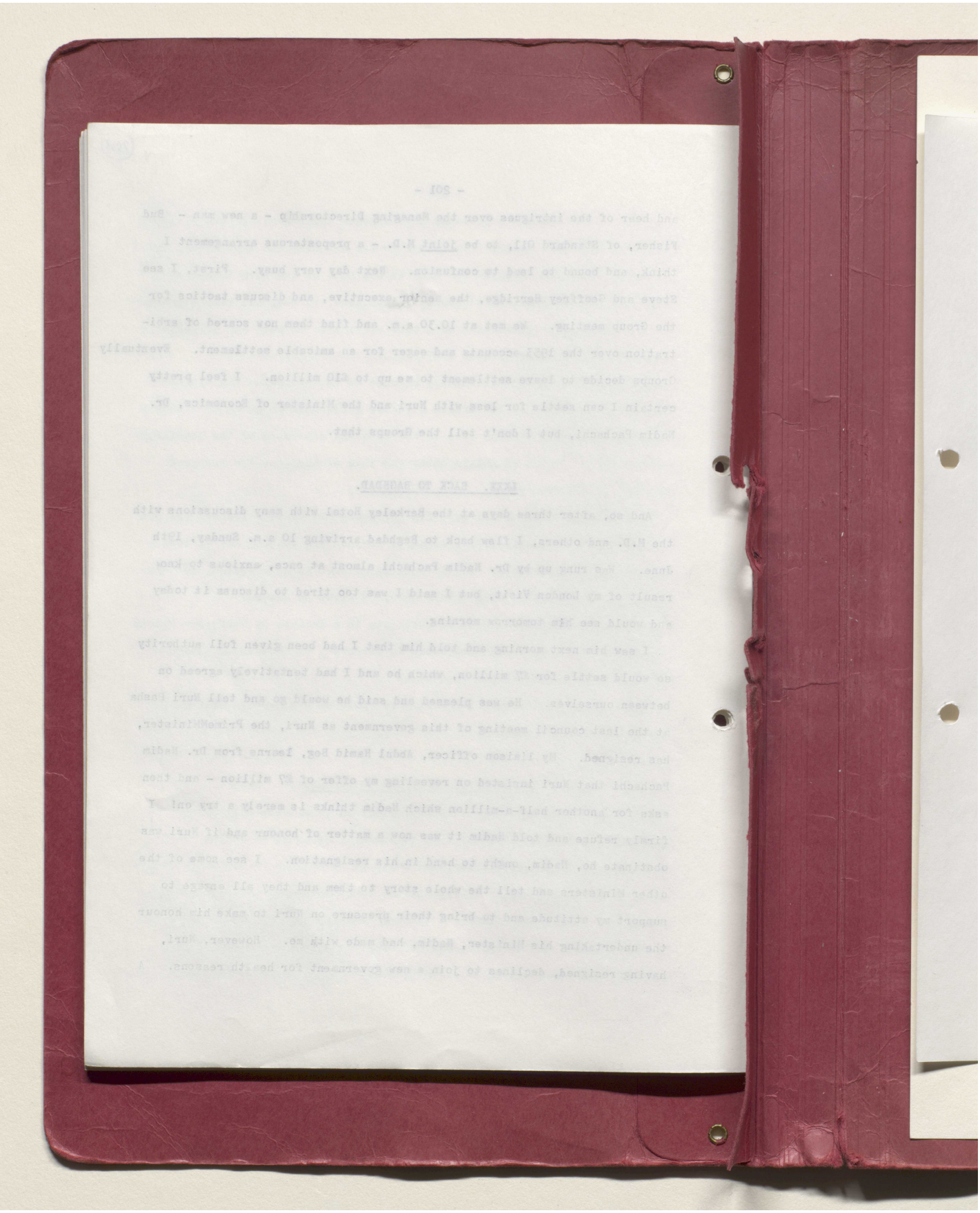
and hear of the intrigues over the Managing Directorship - a new man - Bud Fisher, of Standard Oil, to be joint M.D. - a preposterous arrangement I think, and bound to lead to confusion. Next day very busy. First, I see Steve and Geoffrey Herridge, the senior executive, and discuss tactics for the Group meeting. We met at 10.30 a.m. and find them now scared of arbitration over the 1953 accounts and eager for an amicable settlement. Eventually Groups decide to leave settlement to me up to £10 million. I feel pretty certain I can settle for less with Nuri and the Minister of Economics, Dr. Nadim Pachachi, but I don't tell the Groups that.

LXXX. BACK TO BAGHDAD.

And so, after three days at the Berkeley Hotel with many discussions with the M.D. and others, I flew back to Baghdad arriving 10 a.m. Sunday, 19th June. Was rung up by Dr. Nadim Pachachi almost at once, anxious to know result of my London visit, but I said I was too tired to discuss it today and would see him tomorrow morning.

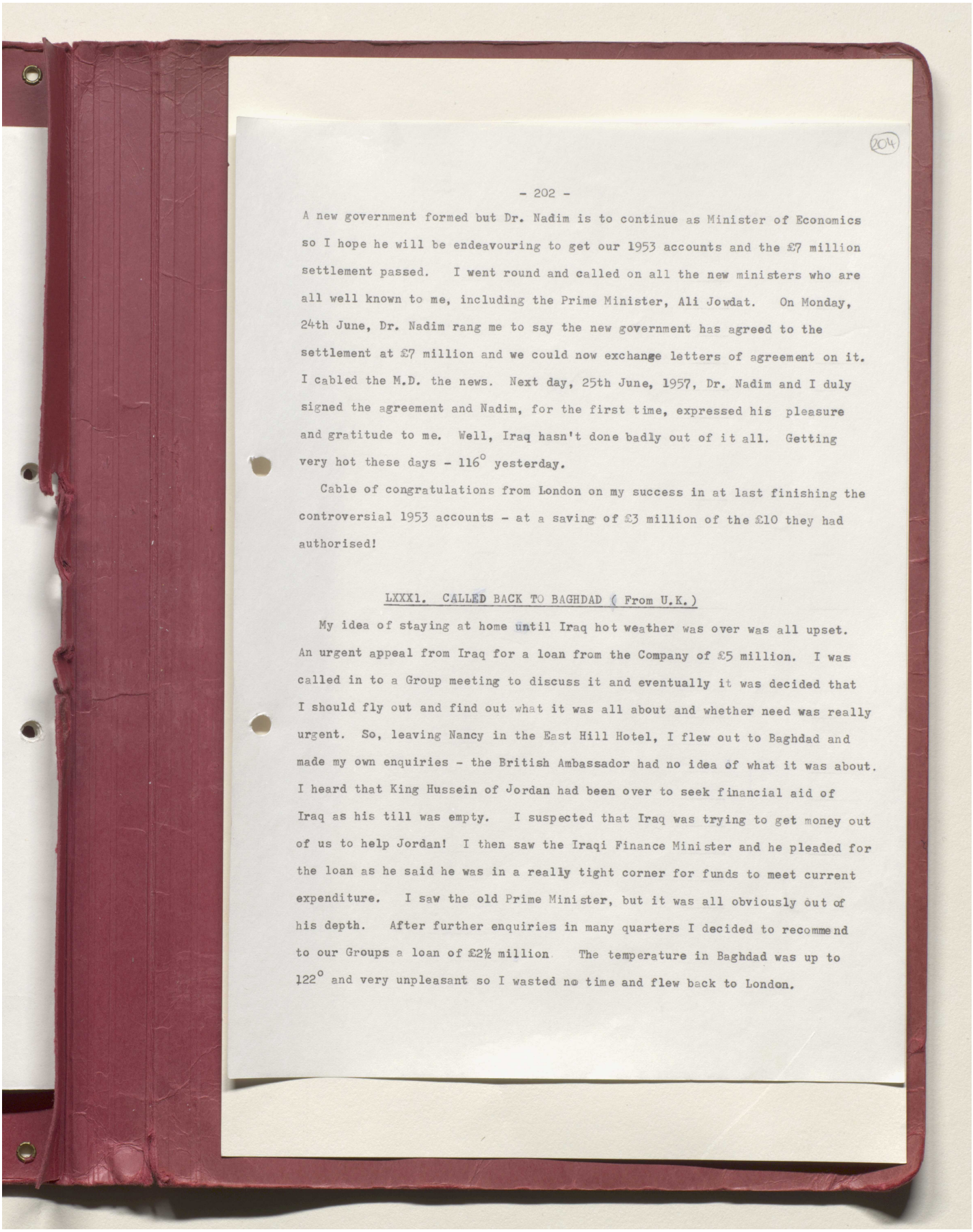
I saw him next morning and told him that I had been given full authority so would settle for £7 million, which he and I had tentatively agreed on between ourselves. He was pleased and said he would go and tell Nuri Pasha at the last council meeting of this government as Nuri, the Prime Minister, has resigned. My liaison officer, Abdul Hamid Beg, learns from Dr. Nadim Pachachi that Nuri insisted on revealing my offer of £7 million - and then asks for another half-a-million which Nadim thinks is merely a try on! I firmly refuse and told Nadim it was now a matter of honour and if Nuri was obstinate he, Nadim, ought to hand in his resignation. I see some of the other Ministers and tell the whole story to them and they all engage to support my attitude and to bring their pressure on Nuri to make him honour the undertaking his Minister, Nadim, had made with me. However, Nuri, having resigned, declines to join a new government for health reasons.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000006



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



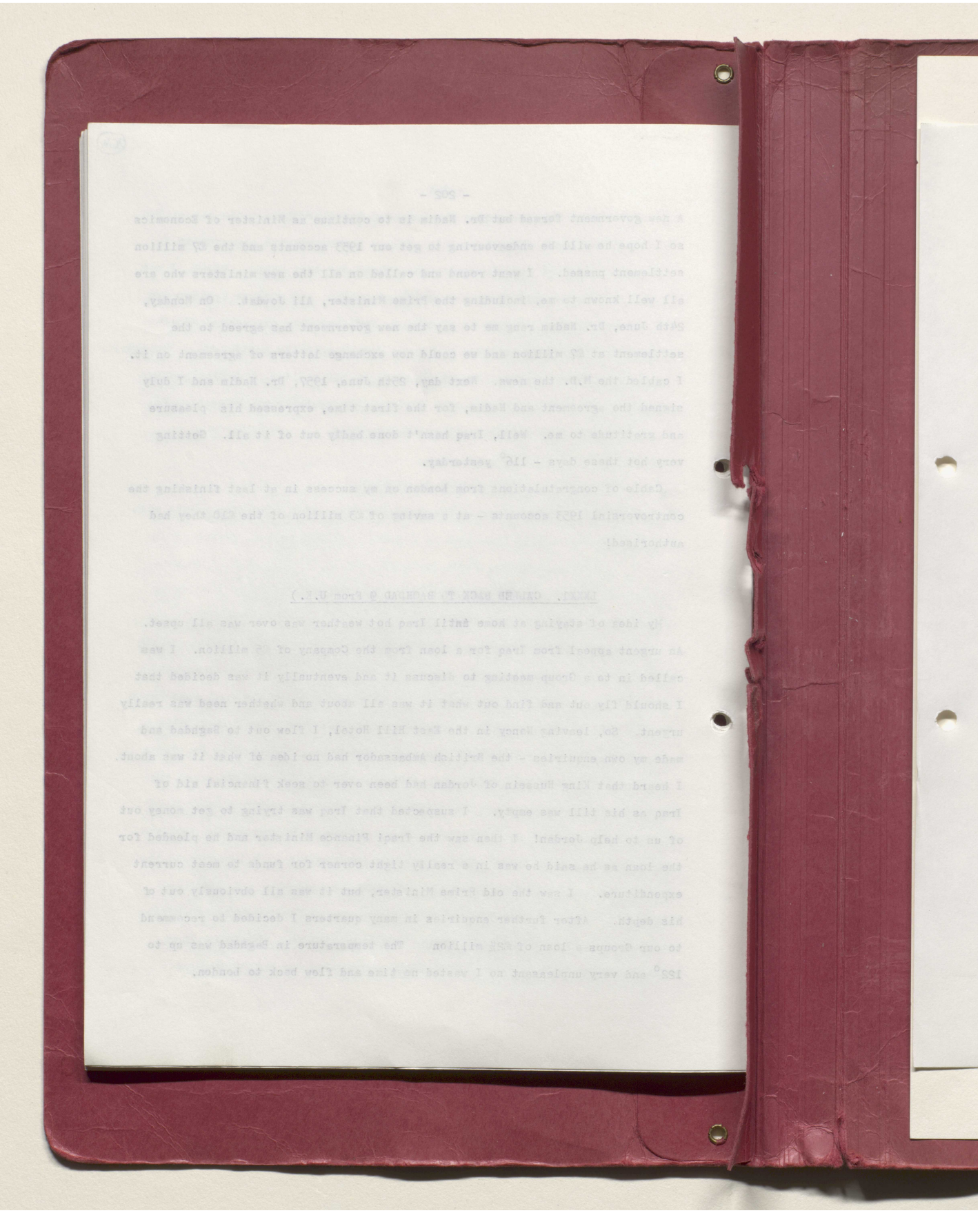
A new government formed but Dr. Nadim is to continue as Minister of Economics so I hope he will be endeavouring to get our 1953 accounts and the £7 million settlement passed. I went round and called on all the new ministers who are all well known to me, including the Prime Minister, Ali Jowdat. On Monday, 24th June, Dr. Nadim rang me to say the new government has agreed to the settlement at £7 million and we could now exchange letters of agreement on it. I cabled the M.D. the news. Next day, 25th June, 1957, Dr. Nadim and I duly signed the agreement and Nadim, for the first time, expressed his pleasure and gratitude to me. Well, Iraq hasn't done badly out of it all. Getting very hot these days - 116° yesterday.

Cable of congratulations from London on my success in at last finishing the controversial 1953 accounts - at a saving of £3 million of the £10 they had authorised!

LXXX1. CALLED BACK TO BAGHDAD (From U.K.)

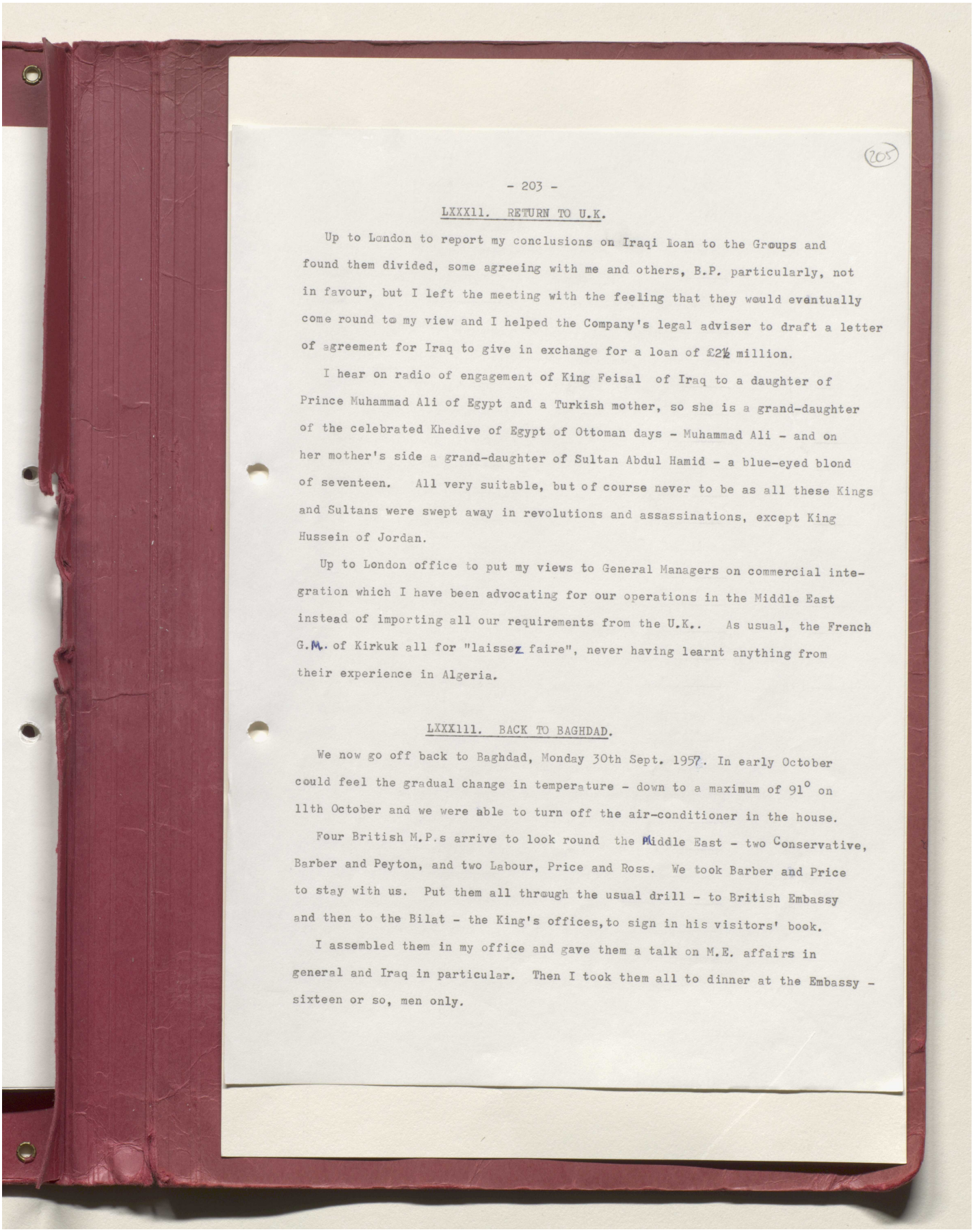
My idea of staying at home until Iraq hot weather was over was all upset. An urgent appeal from Iraq for a loan from the Company of £5 million. I was called in to a Group meeting to discuss it and eventually it was decided that I should fly out and find out what it was all about and whether need was really urgent. So, leaving Nancy in the East Hill Hotel, I flew out to Baghdad and made my own enquiries - the British Ambassador had no idea of what it was about. I heard that King Hussein of Jordan had been over to seek financial aid of Iraq as his till was empty. I suspected that Iraq was trying to get money out of us to help Jordan! I then saw the Iraqi Finance Minister and he pleaded for the loan as he said he was in a really tight corner for funds to meet current expenditure. I saw the old Prime Minister, but it was all obviously out of his depth. After further enquiries in many quarters I decided to recommend to our Groups a loan of £2½ million. The temperature in Baghdad was up to 122° and very unpleasant so I wasted no time and flew back to London.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000008



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



LXXX11. RETURN TO U.K.

Up to London to report my conclusions on Iraqi loan to the Groups and found them divided, some agreeing with me and others, B.P. particularly, not in favour, but I left the meeting with the feeling that they would eventually come round to my view and I helped the Company's legal adviser to draft a letter of agreement for Iraq to give in exchange for a loan of £2½ million.

I hear on radio of engagement of King Feisal of Iraq to a daughter of Prince Muhammad Ali of Egypt and a Turkish mother, so she is a grand-daughter of the celebrated Khedive of Egypt of Ottoman days - Muhammad Ali - and on her mother's side a grand-daughter of Sultan Abdul Hamid - a blue-eyed blond of seventeen. All very suitable, but of course never to be as all these Kings and Sultans were swept away in revolutions and assassinations, except King Hussein of Jordan.

Up to London office to put my views to General Managers on commercial integration which I have been advocating for our operations in the Middle East instead of importing all our requirements from the U.K.. As usual, the French G.M. of Kirkuk all for "laissez faire", never having learnt anything from their experience in Algeria.

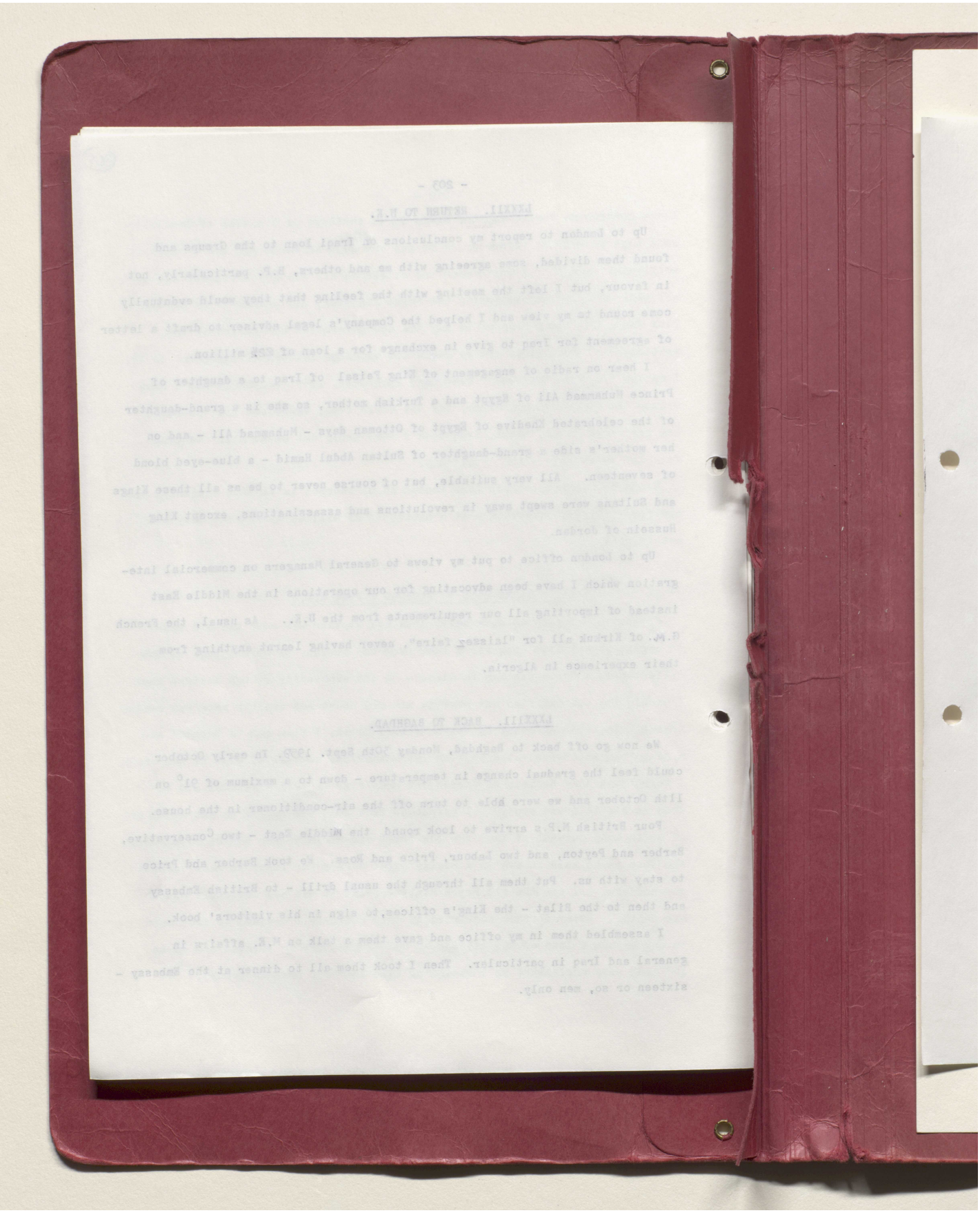
LXXX111. BACK TO BAGHDAD.

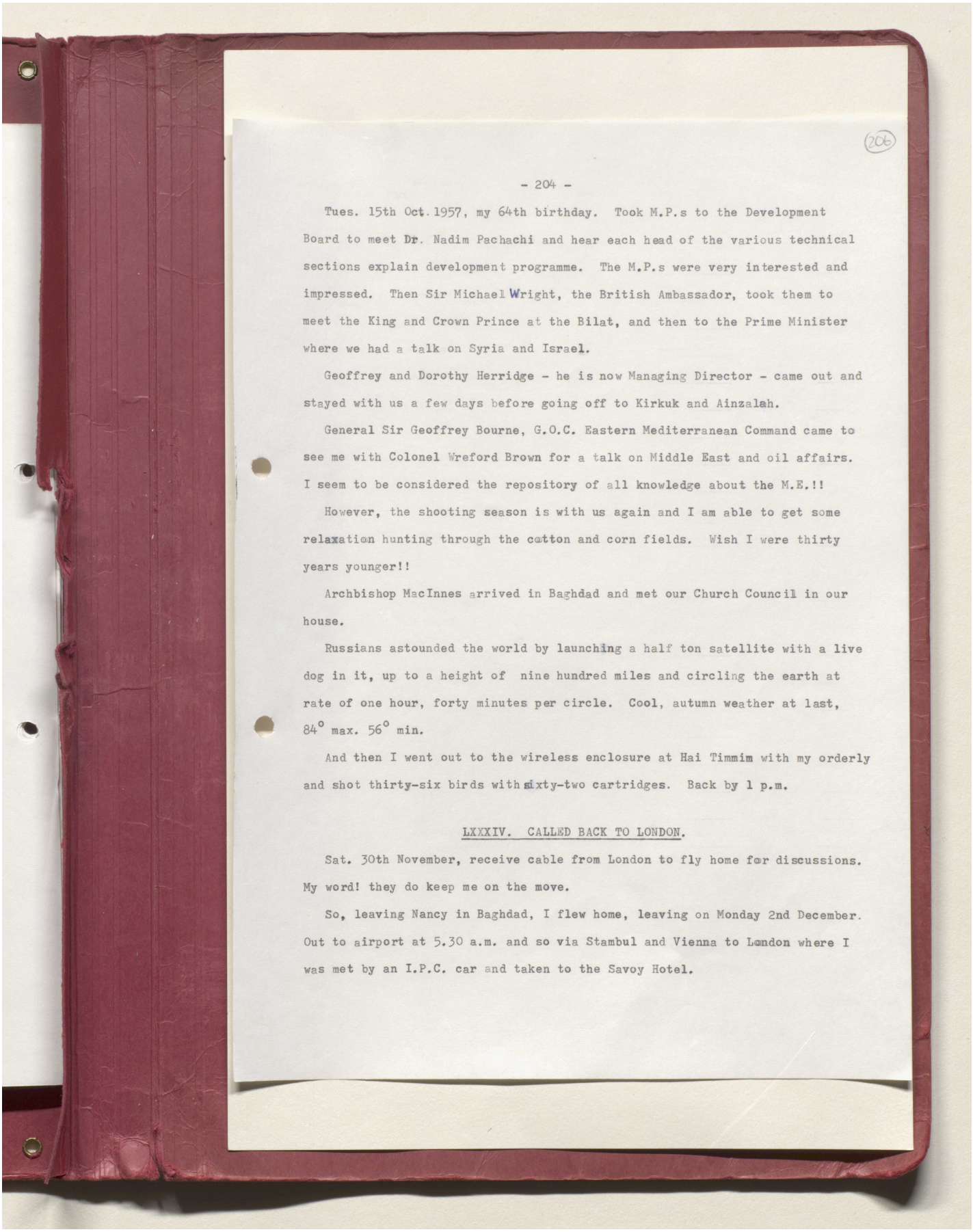
We now go off back to Baghdad, Monday 30th Sept. 1957. In early October could feel the gradual change in temperature - down to a maximum of 91° on 11th October and we were able to turn off the air-conditioner in the house.

Four British M.P.s arrive to look round the Middle East - two Conservative, Barber and Peyton, and two Labour, Price and Ross. We took Barber and Price to stay with us. Put them all through the usual drill - to British Embassy and then to the Bilat - the King's offices, to sign in his visitors' book.

I assembled them in my office and gave them a talk on M.E. affairs in general and Iraq in particular. Then I took them all to dinner at the Embassy - sixteen or so, men only.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00000a





(206)

Tues. 15th Oct. 1957, my 64th birthday. Took M.P.s to the Development Board to meet Dr. Nadim Pachachi and hear each head of the various technical sections explain development programme. The M.P.s were very interested and impressed. Then Sir Michael Wright, the British Ambassador, took them to meet the King and Crown Prince at the Bilat, and then to the Prime Minister where we had a talk on Syria and Israel.

Geoffrey and Dorothy Herridge - he is now Managing Director - came out and stayed with us a few days before going off to Kirkuk and Ainzalah.

General Sir Geoffrey Bourne, G.O.C. Eastern Mediterranean Command came to see me with Colonel Wreford Brown for a talk on Middle East and oil affairs. I seem to be considered the repository of all knowledge about the M.E.!!

However, the shooting season is with us again and I am able to get some relaxation hunting through the cotton and corn fields. Wish I were thirty years younger!!

Archbishop MacInnes arrived in Baghdad and met our Church Council in our house.

Russians astounded the world by launching a half ton satellite with a live dog in it, up to a height of nine hundred miles and circling the earth at rate of one hour, forty minutes per circle. Cool, autumn weather at last, 84° max. 56° min.

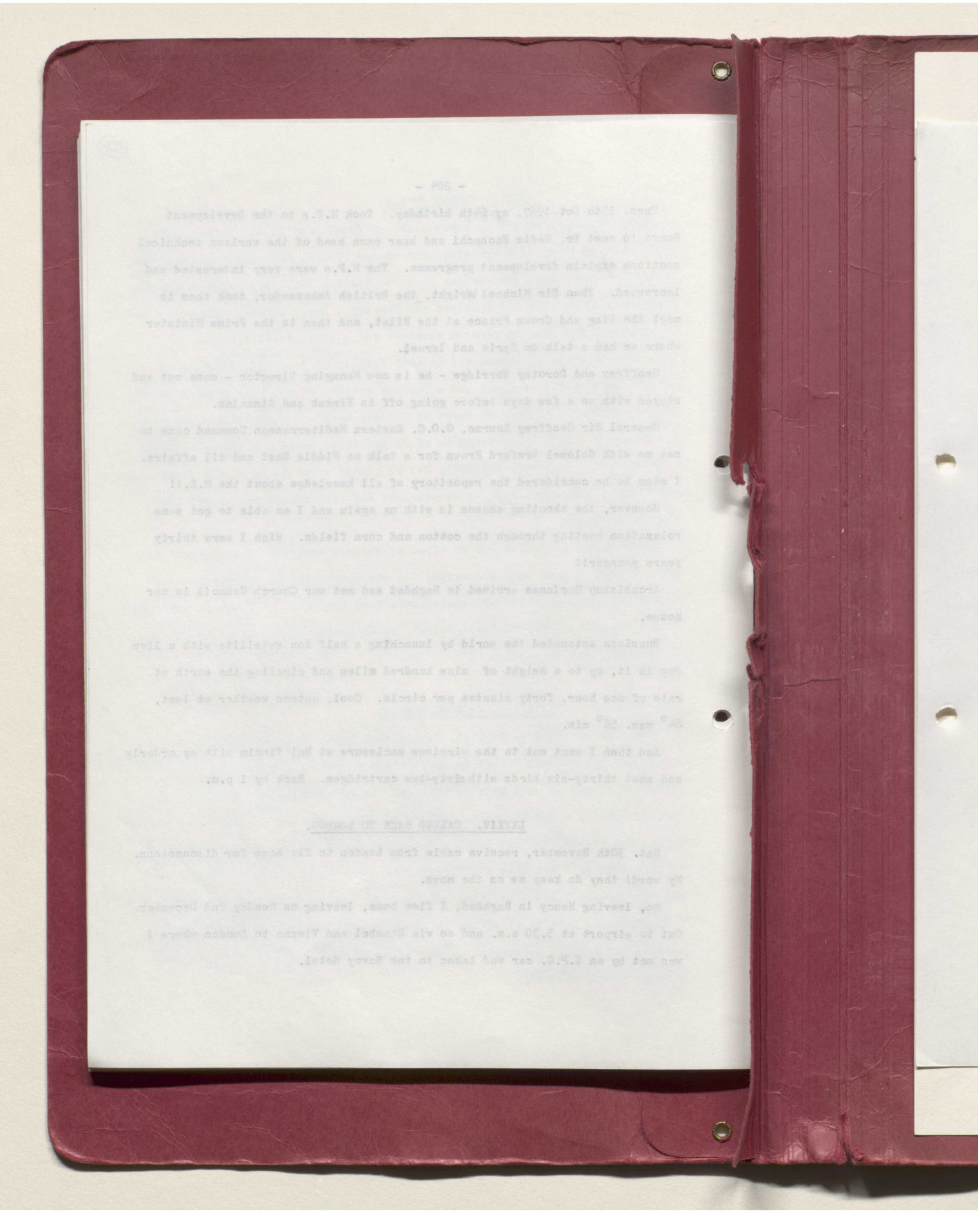
And then I went out to the wireless enclosure at Hai Timmim with my orderly and shot thirty-six birds with sixty-two cartridges. Back by 1 p.m.

LXXXIV. CALLED BACK TO LONDON.

Sat. 30th November, receive cable from London to fly home for discussions. My word! they do keep me on the move.

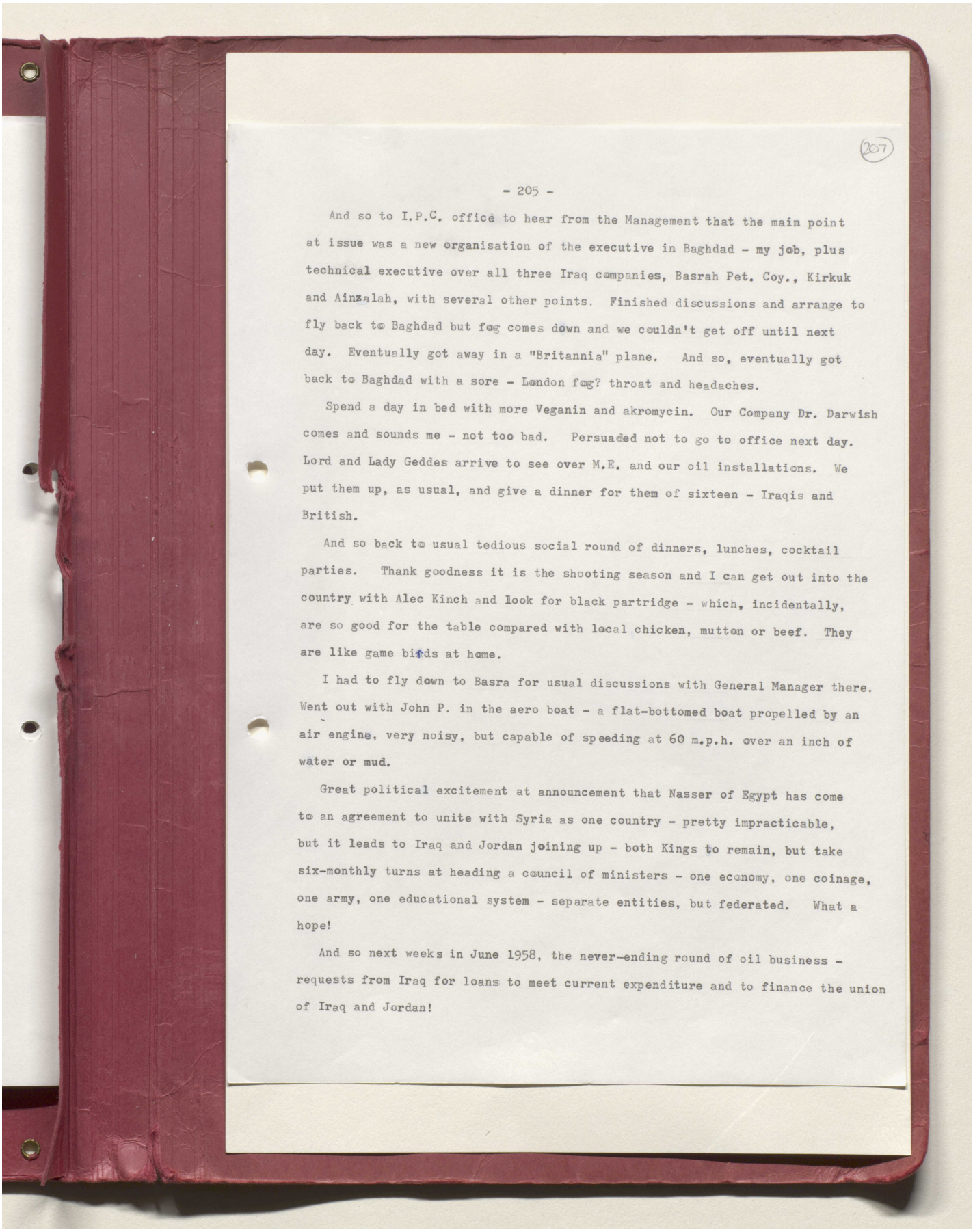
So, leaving Nancy in Baghdad, I flew home, leaving on Monday 2nd December. Out to airport at 5.30 a.m. and so via Stambul and Vienna to London where I was met by an I.P.C. car and taken to the Savoy Hotel.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00000c



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



And so to I.P.C. office to hear from the Management that the main point at issue was a new organisation of the executive in Baghdad - my job, plus technical executive over all three Iraq companies, Basrah Pet. Coy., Kirkuk and Ainzalah, with several other points. Finished discussions and arrange to fly back to Baghdad but fog comes down and we couldn't get off until next day. Eventually got away in a "Britannia" plane. And so, eventually got back to Baghdad with a sore - London fog? throat and headaches.

Spend a day in bed with more Veganin and akromycin. Our Company Dr. Darwish comes and sounds me - not too bad. Persuaded not to go to office next day. Lord and Lady Geddes arrive to see over M.E. and our oil installations. We put them up, as usual, and give a dinner for them of sixteen - Iraqis and British.

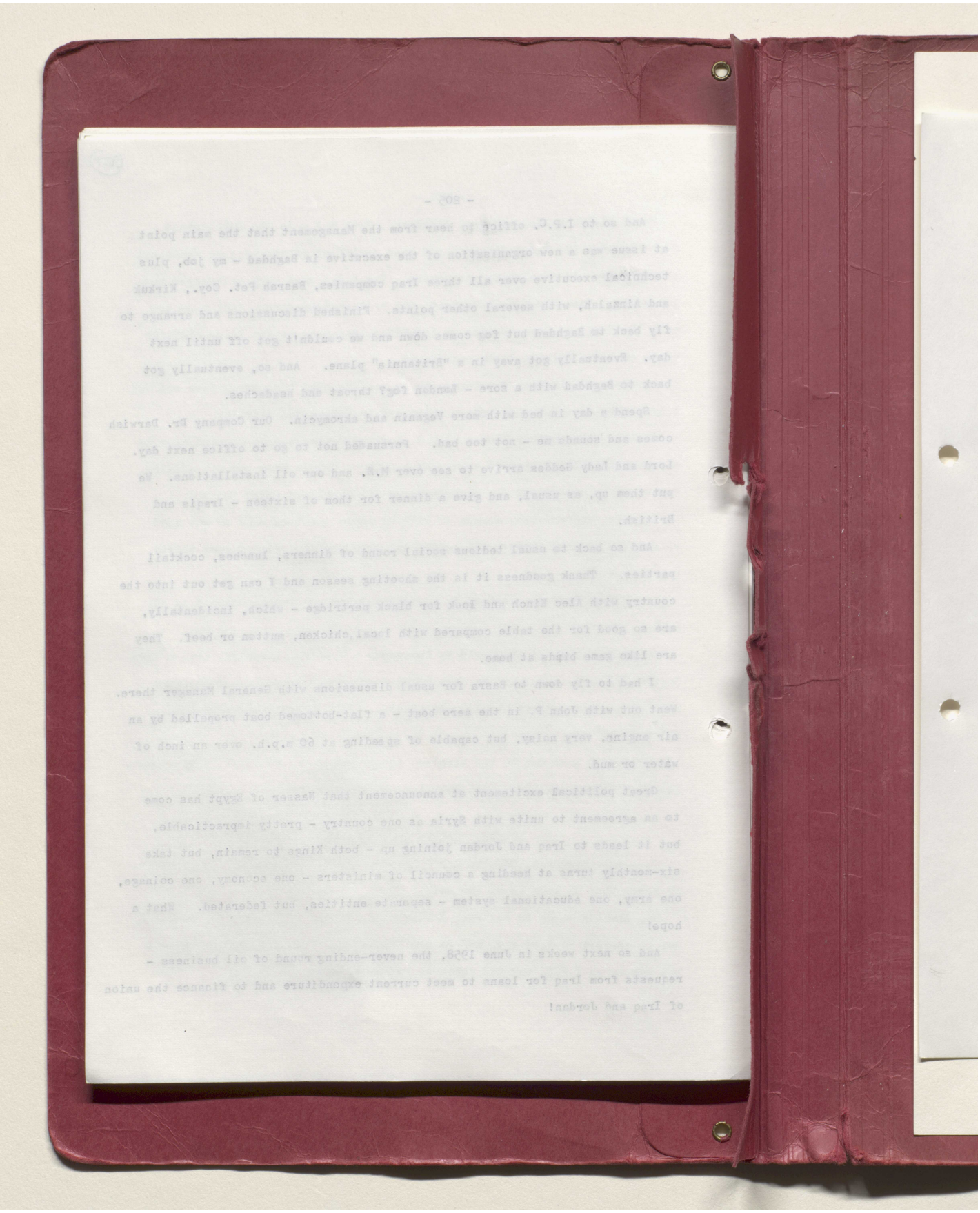
And so back to usual tedious social round of dinners, lunches, cocktail parties. Thank goodness it is the shooting season and I can get out into the country with Alec Kinch and look for black partridge - which, incidentally, are so good for the table compared with local chicken, mutton or beef. They are like game birds at home.

I had to fly down to Basra for usual discussions with General Manager there. Went out with John P. in the aero boat - a flat-bottomed boat propelled by an air engine, very noisy, but capable of speeding at 60 m.p.h. over an inch of water or mud.

Great political excitement at announcement that Nasser of Egypt has come to an agreement to unite with Syria as one country - pretty impracticable, but it leads to Iraq and Jordan joining up - both Kings to remain, but take six-monthly turns at heading a council of ministers - one economy, one coinage, one army, one educational system - separate entities, but federated. What a hope!

And so next weeks in June 1958, the never-ending round of oil business - requests from Iraq for loans to meet current expenditure and to finance the union of Iraq and Jordan!

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00000e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

Rebellion in Lebanon and many killed and rebels blow up our oil line to Tripoli. Beirut in chaos.

U.S.A. offer £15 million help to Jordan-Iraq union, but British Govt. only offers meagre £5 million and calmly suggest I.P.C. put up £5 million!

LXXXV. REBELLION IN IRAQ.

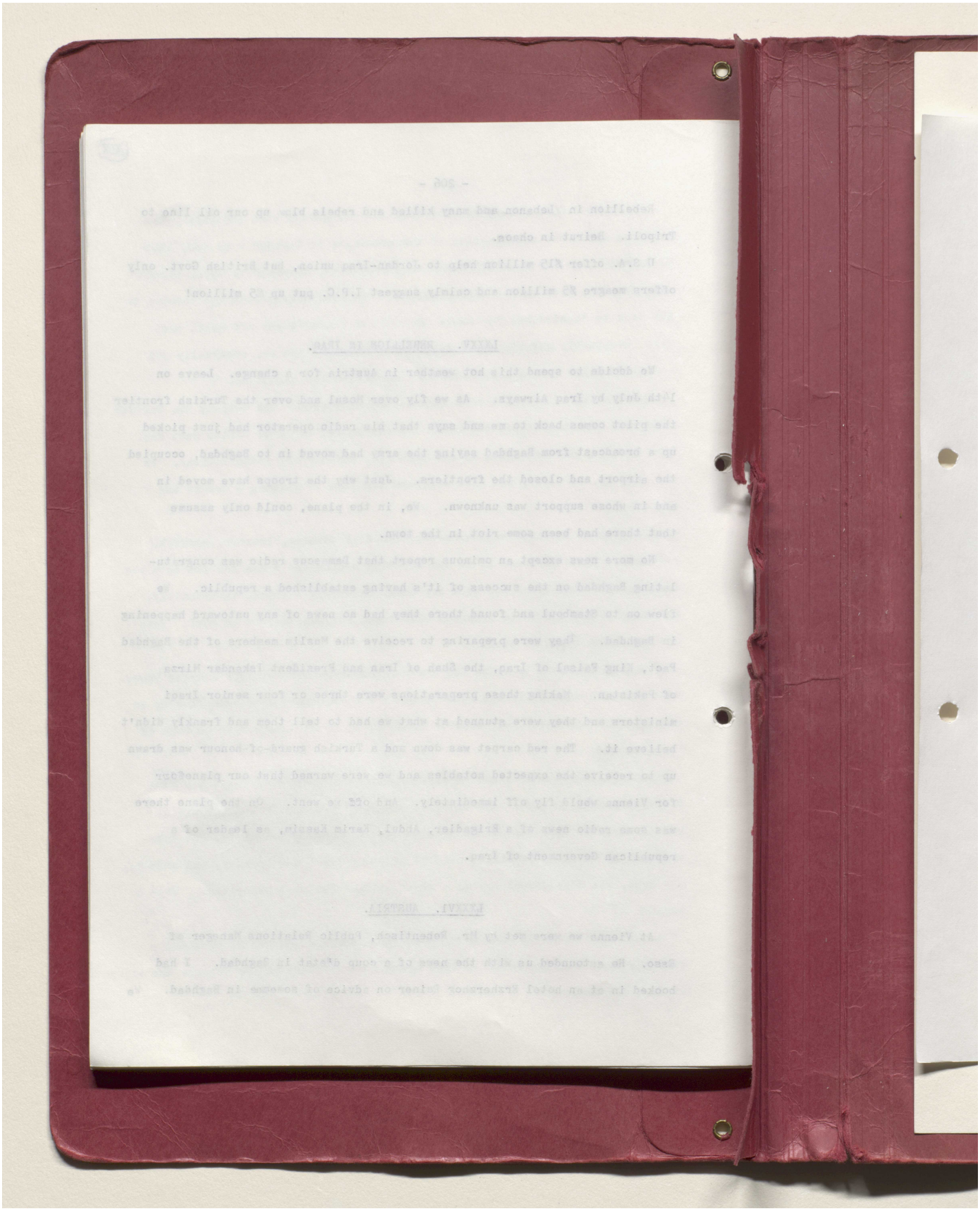
We decide to spend this hot weather in Austria for a change. Leave on 14th July by Iraq Airways. As we fly over Mosul and over the Turkish frontier the pilot comes back to me and says that his radio operator had just picked up a broadcast from Baghdad saying the army had moved in to Baghdad, occupied the airport and closed the frontiers. Just why the troops have moved in and in whose support was unknown. We, in the plane, could only assume that there had been some riot in the town.

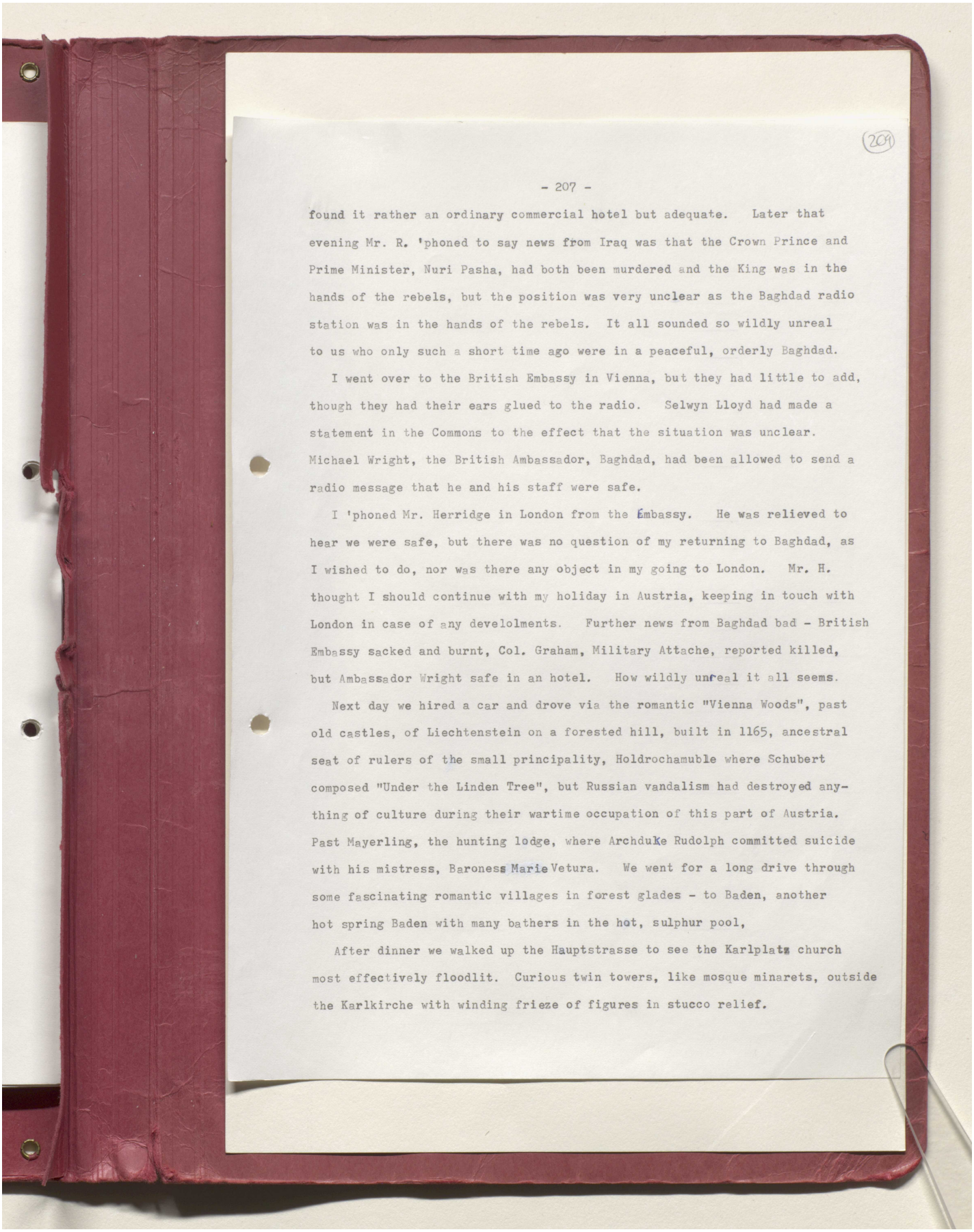
No more news except an ominous report that Damascus radio was congratulating Baghdad on the success of it's having established a republic. We flew on to Stamboul and found there they had no news of any untoward happening in Baghdad. They were preparing to receive the Muslim members of the Baghdad Pact, King Faisal of Iraq, the Shah of Iran and President Iskandar Mirza of Pakistan. Making these preparations were three or four senior Iraqi ministers and they were stunned at what we had to tell them and frankly didn't believe it. The red carpet was down and a Turkish guard-of-honour was drawn up to receive the expected notables and we were warned that our plane for Vienna would fly off immediately. And off we went. On the plane there was some radio news of a Brigadier, Abdul, Karim Kassim, as leader of a republican Government of Iraq.

LXXXVI. AUSTRIA.

At Vienna we were met by Mr. Rebentisch, Public Relations Manager of Esso. He astounded us with the news of a coup d'etat in Baghdad. I had booked in at an hotel Erzherzhog Rainer on advice of someone in Baghdad. We

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000010





(209)

found it rather an ordinary commercial hotel but adequate. Later that evening Mr. R. 'phoned to say news from Iraq was that the Crown Prince and Prime Minister, Nuri Pasha, had both been murdered and the King was in the hands of the rebels, but the position was very unclear as the Baghdad radio station was in the hands of the rebels. It all sounded so wildly unreal to us who only such a short time ago were in a peaceful, orderly Baghdad.

I went over to the British Embassy in Vienna, but they had little to add, though they had their ears glued to the radio. Selwyn Lloyd had made a statement in the Commons to the effect that the situation was unclear. Michael Wright, the British Ambassador, Baghdad, had been allowed to send a radio message that he and his staff were safe.

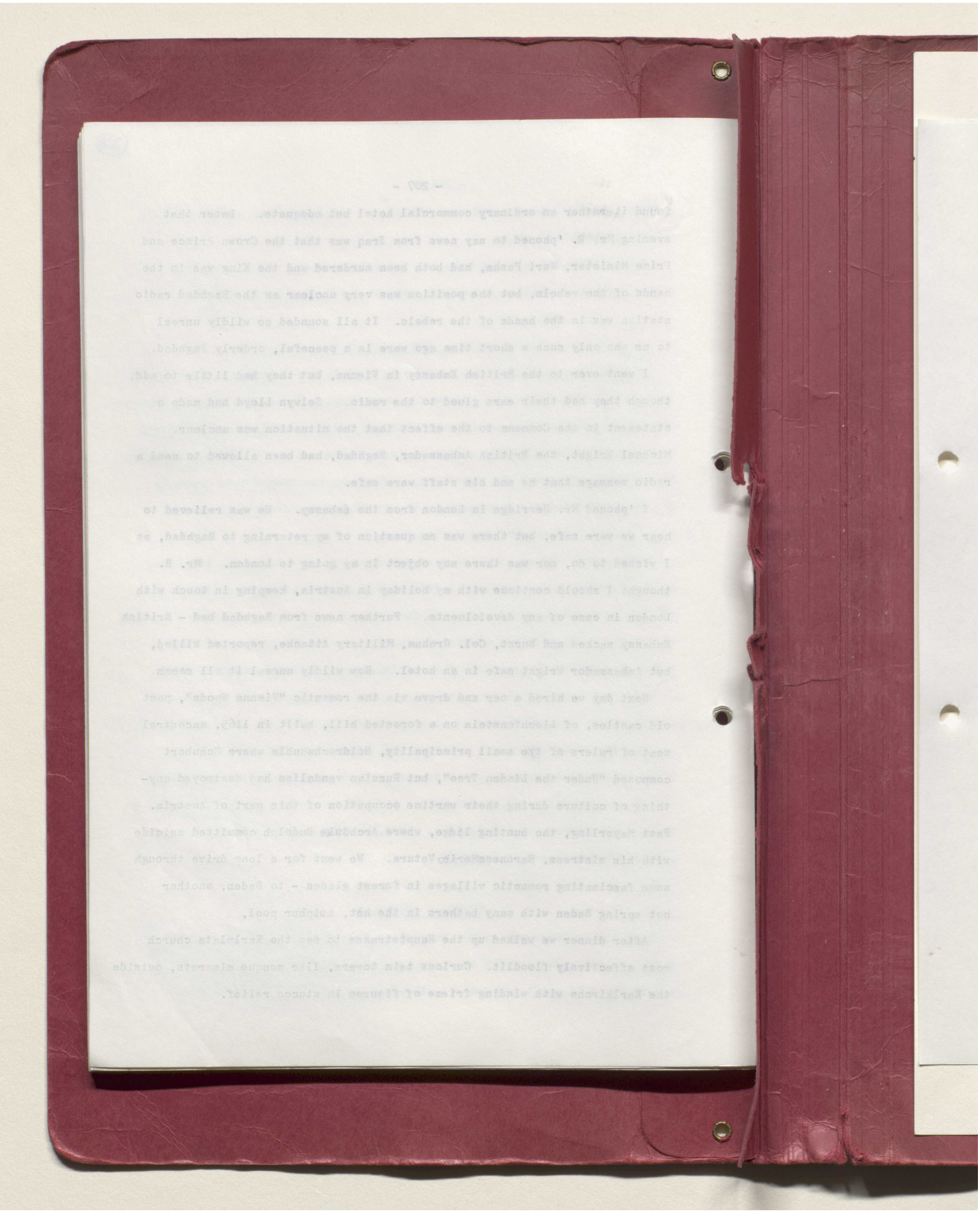
I 'phoned Mr. Herridge in London from the Embassy. He was relieved to hear we were safe, but there was no question of my returning to Baghdad, as I wished to do, nor was there any object in my going to London. Mr. H. thought I should continue with my holiday in Austria, keeping in touch with London in case of any develolments. Further news from Baghdad bad - British Embassy sacked and burnt, Col. Graham, Military Attache, reported killed, but Ambassador Wright safe in an hotel. How wildly unreal it all seems.

Next day we hired a car and drove via the romantic "Vienna Woods", past old castles, of Liechtenstein on a forested hill, built in 1165, ancestral seat of rulers of the small principality, Holdrochamuble where Schubert composed "Under the Linden Tree", but Russian vandalism had destroyed anything of culture during their wartime occupation of this part of Austria. Past Mayerling, the hunting lodge, where Archduke Rudolph committed suicide with his mistress, Baroness Marie Vetura. We went for a long drive through some fascinating romantic villages in forest glades - to Baden, another hot spring Baden with many bathers in the hot, sulphur pool,

After dinner we walked up the Hauptstrasse to see the Karlplatz church most effectively floodlit. Curious twin towers, like mosque minarets, outside the Karlkirche with winding frieze of figures in stucco relief.

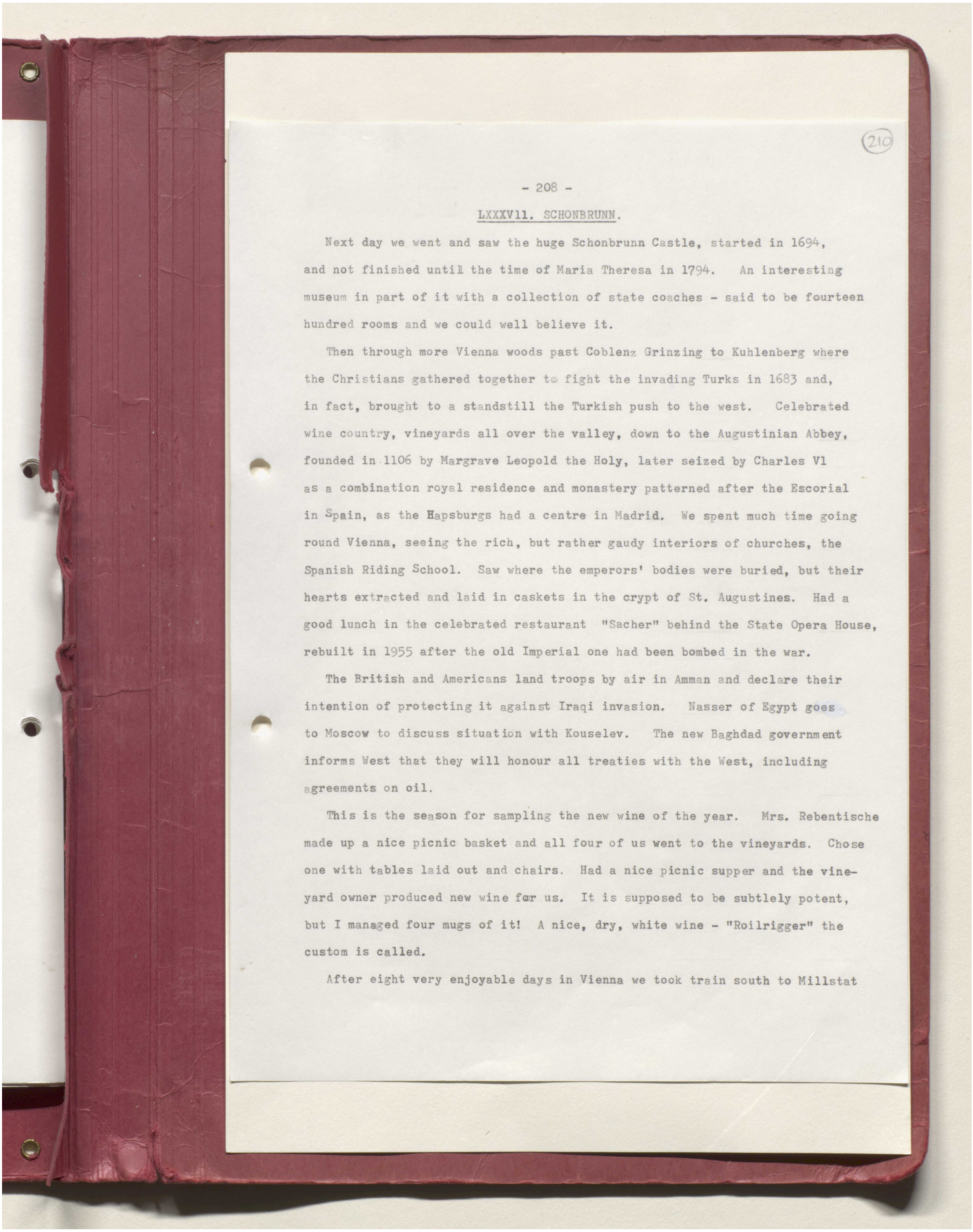
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000012



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



LXXXVII. SCHONBRUNN.

Next day we went and saw the huge Schonbrunn Castle, started in 1694, and not finished until the time of Maria Theresa in 1794. An interesting museum in part of it with a collection of state coaches - said to be fourteen hundred rooms and we could well believe it.

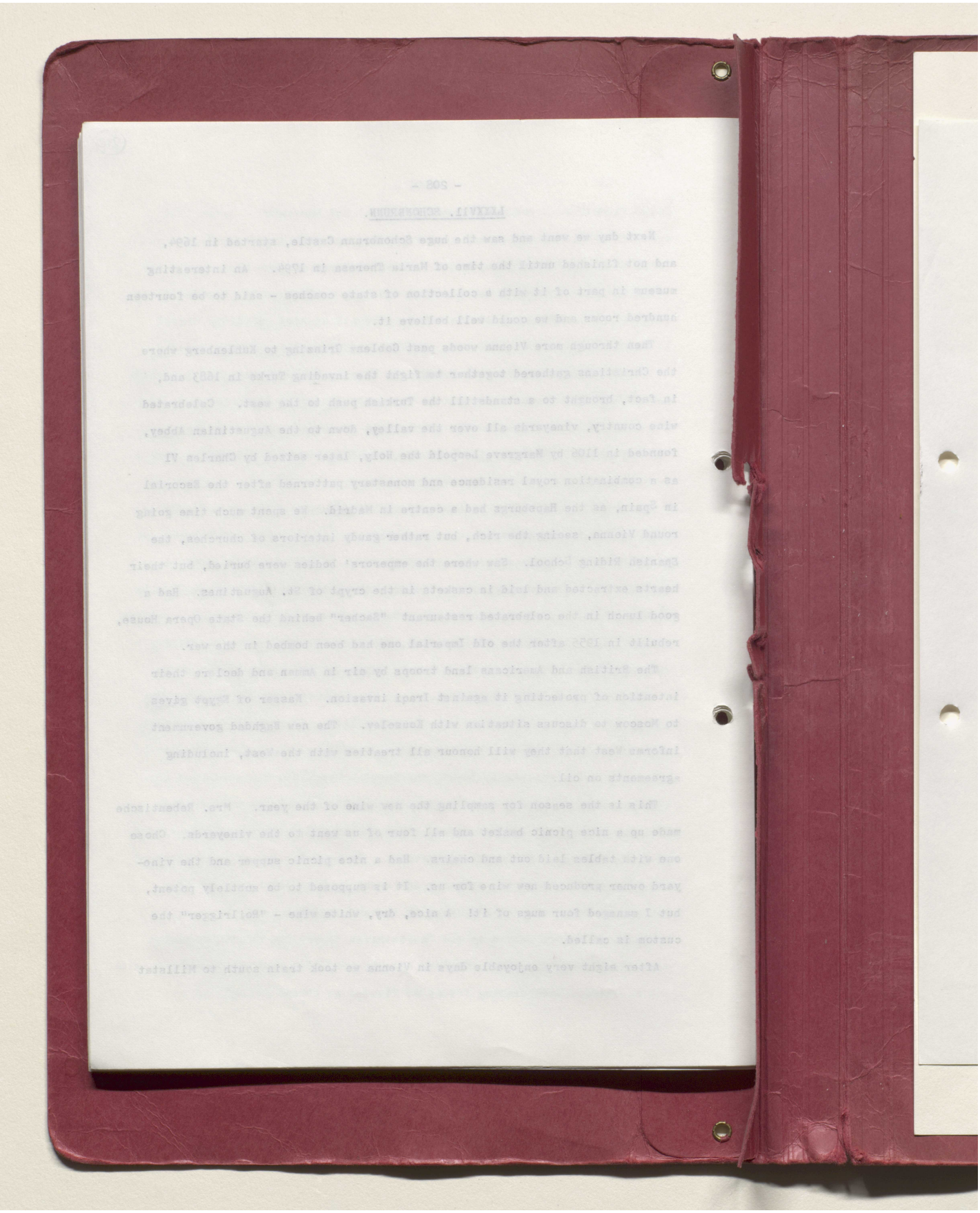
Then through more Vienna woods past Coblenz Grinzing to Kuhlenberg where the Christians gathered together to fight the invading Turks in 1683 and, in fact, brought to a standstill the Turkish push to the west. Celebrated wine country, vineyards all over the valley, down to the Augustinian Abbey, founded in 1106 by Margrave Leopold the Holy, later seized by Charles VI as a combination royal residence and monastery patterned after the Escorial in Spain, as the Hapsburgs had a centre in Madrid. We spent much time going round Vienna, seeing the rich, but rather gaudy interiors of churches, the Spanish Riding School. Saw where the emperors' bodies were buried, but their hearts extracted and laid in caskets in the crypt of St. Augustines. Had a good lunch in the celebrated restaurant "Sacher" behind the State Opera House, rebuilt in 1955 after the old Imperial one had been bombed in the war.

The British and Americans land troops by air in Amman and declare their intention of protecting it against Iraqi invasion. Nasser of Egypt goes to Moscow to discuss situation with Kouselev. The new Baghdad government informs West that they will honour all treaties with the West, including agreements on oil.

This is the season for sampling the new wine of the year. Mrs. Rebentische made up a nice picnic basket and all four of us went to the vineyards. Chose one with tables laid out and chairs. Had a nice picnic supper and the vine-yard owner produced new wine for us. It is supposed to be subtlely potent, but I managed four mugs of it! A nice, dry, white wine - "Roilrigger" the custom is called.

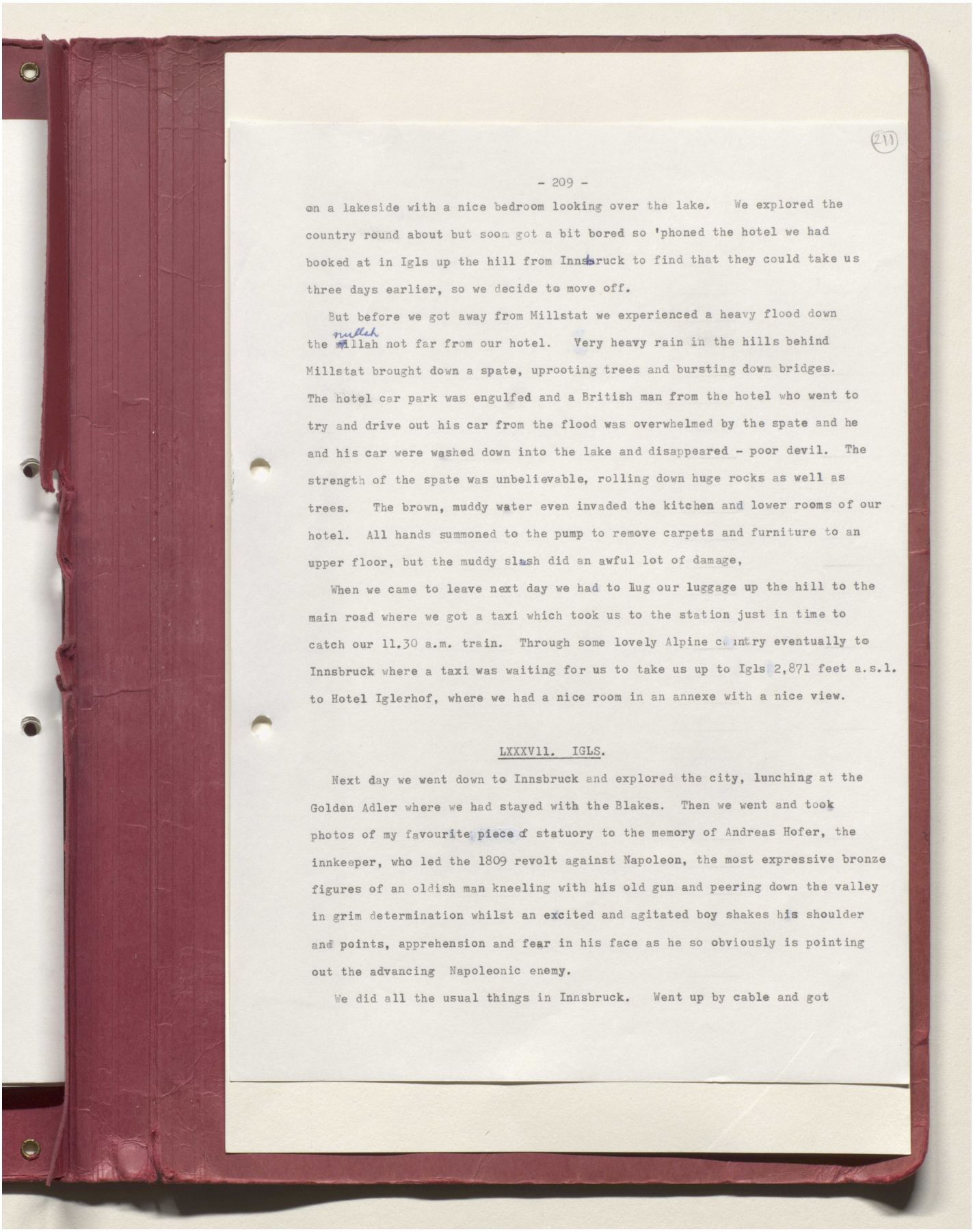
After eight very enjoyable days in Vienna we took train south to Millstat

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000014



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



on a lakeside with a nice bedroom looking over the lake. We explored the country round about but soon got a bit bored so 'phoned the hotel we had booked at in Igls up the hill from Innsbruck to find that they could take us three days earlier, so we decide to move off.

But before we got away from Millstat we experienced a heavy flood down the nullah not far from our hotel. Very heavy rain in the hills behind Millstat brought down a spate, uprooting trees and bursting down bridges. The hotel car park was engulfed and a British man from the hotel who went to try and drive out his car from the flood was overwhelmed by the spate and he and his car were washed down into the lake and disappeared - poor devil. The strength of the spate was unbelievable, rolling down huge rocks as well as trees. The brown, muddy water even invaded the kitchen and lower rooms of our hotel. All hands summoned to the pump to remove carpets and furniture to an upper floor, but the muddy slush did an awful lot of damage,

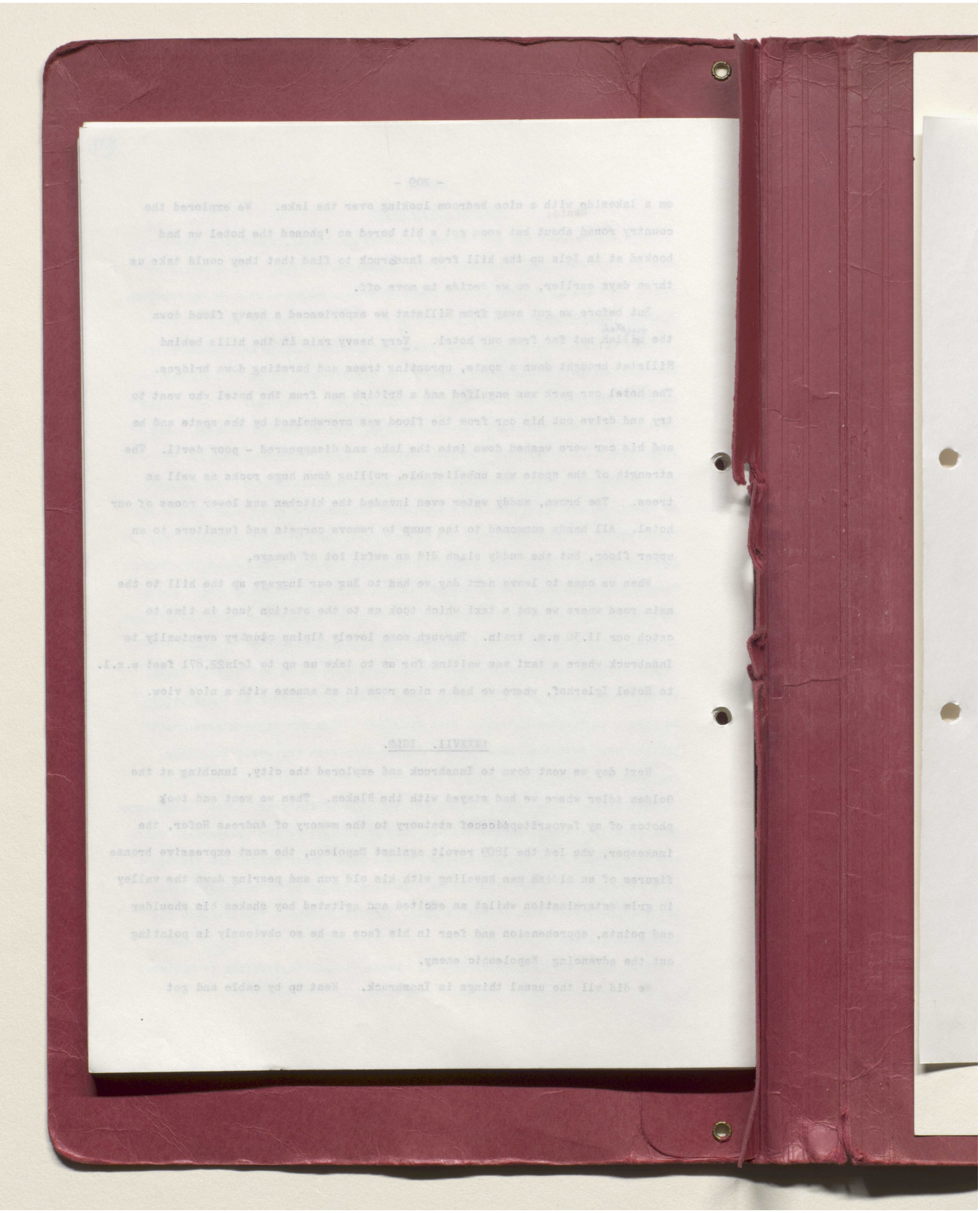
When we came to leave next day we had to lug our luggage up the hill to the main road where we got a taxi which took us to the station just in time to catch our 11.30 a.m. train. Through some lovely Alpine country eventually to Innsbruck where a taxi was waiting for us to take us up to Igls 2,871 feet a.s.l. to Hotel Iglerhof, where we had a nice room in an annexe with a nice view.

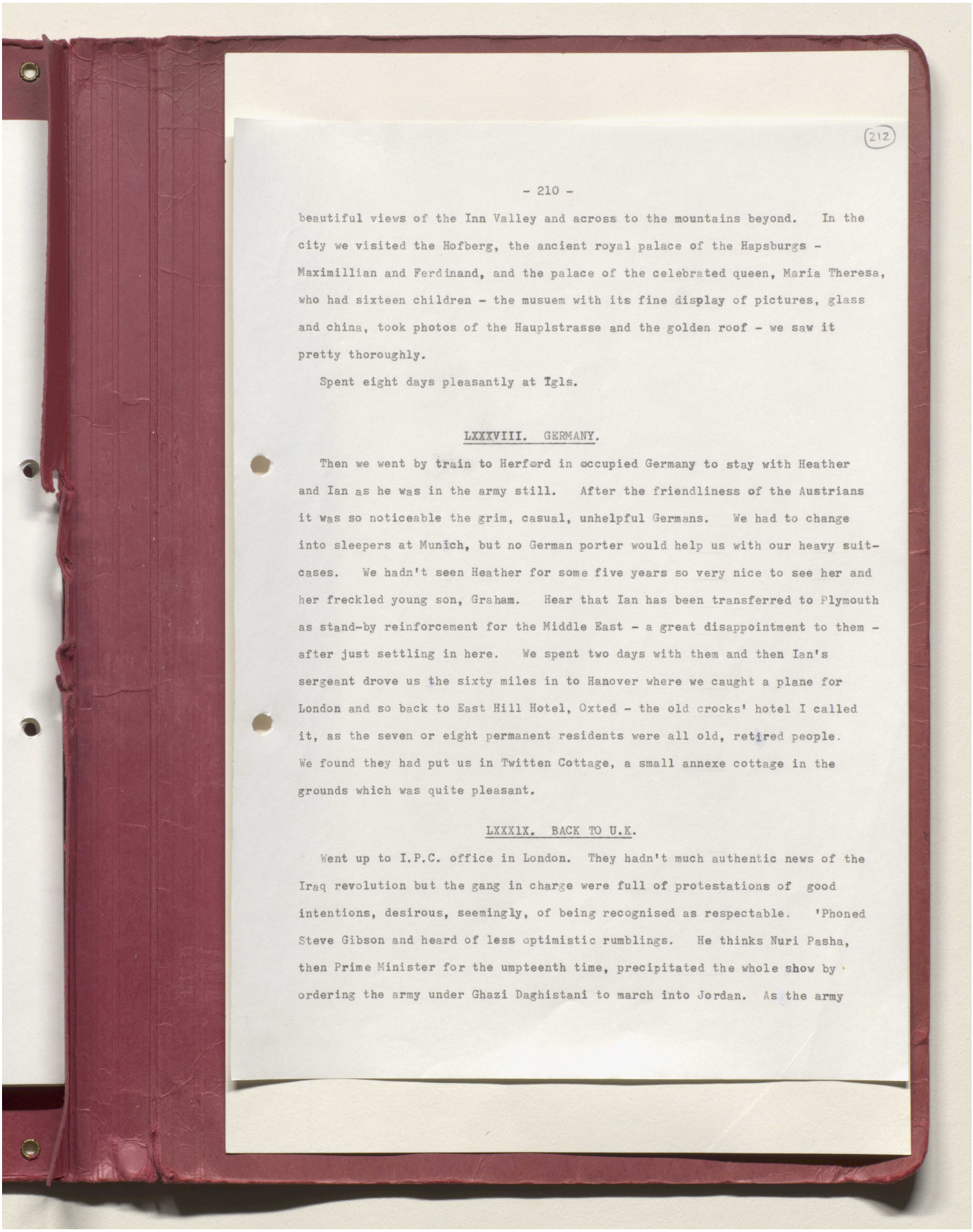
LXXXVII. IGLS.

Next day we went down to Innsbruck and explored the city, lunching at the Golden Adler where we had stayed with the Blakes. Then we went and took photos of my favourite piece of statuory to the memory of Andreas Hofer, the innkeeper, who led the 1809 revolt against Napoleon, the most expressive bronze figures of an oldish man kneeling with his old gun and peering down the valley in grim determination whilst an excited and agitated boy shakes his shoulder and points, apprehension and fear in his face as he so obviously is pointing out the advancing Napoleonic enemy.

We did all the usual things in Innsbruck. Went up by cable and got

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000016





beautiful views of the Inn Valley and across to the mountains beyond. In the city we visited the Hofberg, the ancient royal palace of the Hapsburgs - Maximillian and Ferdinand, and the palace of the celebrated queen, Maria Theresa, who had sixteen children - the musuem with its fine display of pictures, glass and china, took photos of the Hauplstrasse and the golden roof - we saw it pretty thoroughly.

Spent eight days pleasantly at Igls.

LXXXVIII. GERMANY.

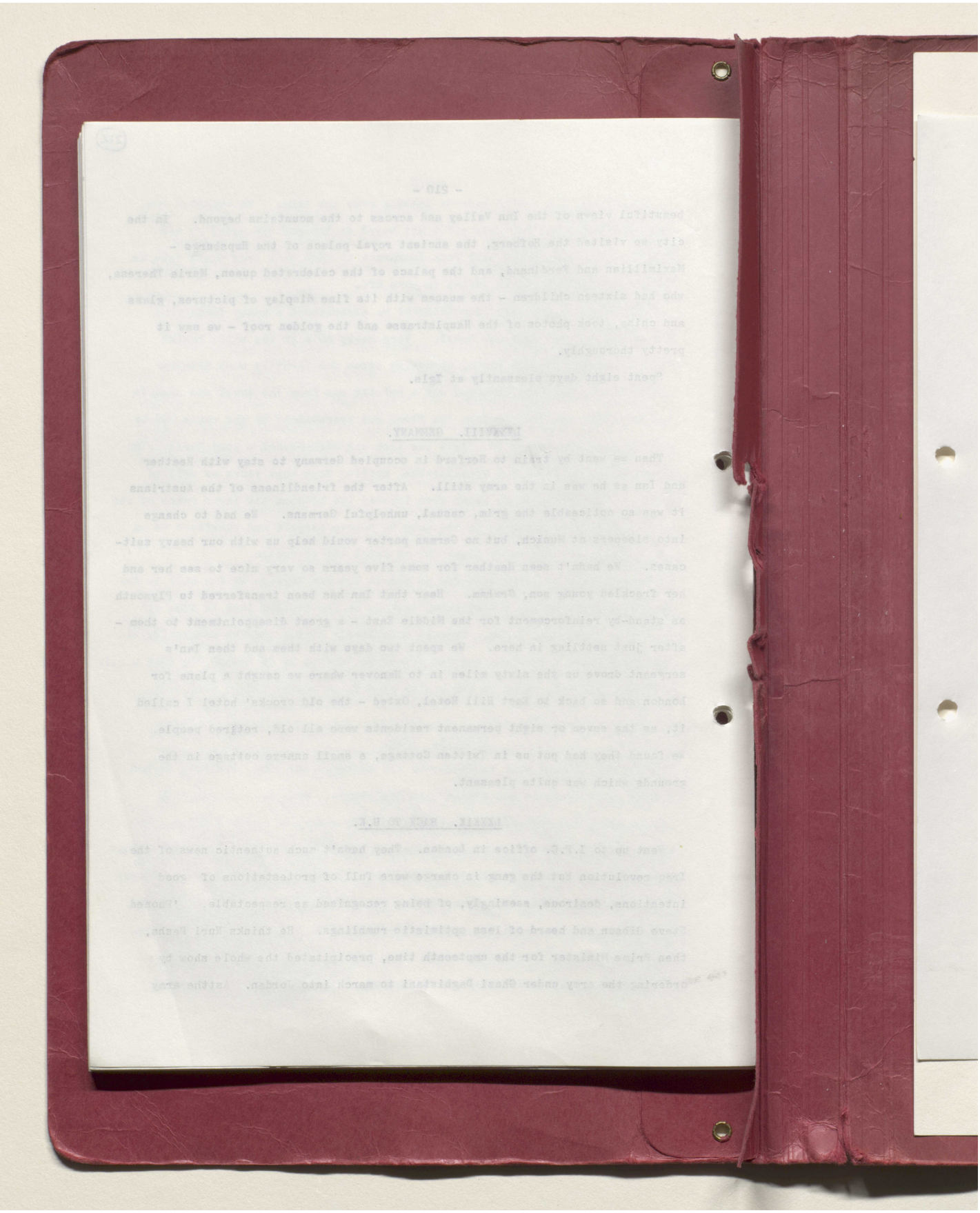
Then we went by train to Herford in occupied Germany to stay with Heather and Ian as he was in the army still. After the friendliness of the Austrians it was so noticeable the grim, casual, unhelpful Germans. We had to change into sleepers at Munich, but no German porter would help us with our heavy suit-cases. We hadn't seen Heather for some five years so very nice to see her and her freckled young son, Graham. Hear that Ian has been transferred to Plymouth as stand-by reinforcement for the Middle East - a great disappointment to them - after just settling in here. We spent two days with them and then Ian's sergeant drove us the sixty miles in to Hanover where we caught a plane for London and so back to East Hill Hotel, Oxted - the old crocks' hotel I called it, as the seven or eight permanent residents were all old, retired people. We found they had put us in Twitten Cottage, a small annexe cottage in the grounds which was quite pleasant.

LXXXIX. BACK TO U.K.

Went up to I.P.C. office in London. They hadn't much authentic news of the Iraq revolution but the gang in charge were full of protestations of good intentions, desirous, seemingly, of being recognised as respectable. 'Phoned Steve Gibson and heard of less optimistic rumblings. He thinks Nuri Pasha, then Prime Minister for the umpteenth time, precipitated the whole show by ordering the army under Ghazi Daghistani to march into Jordan. As the army

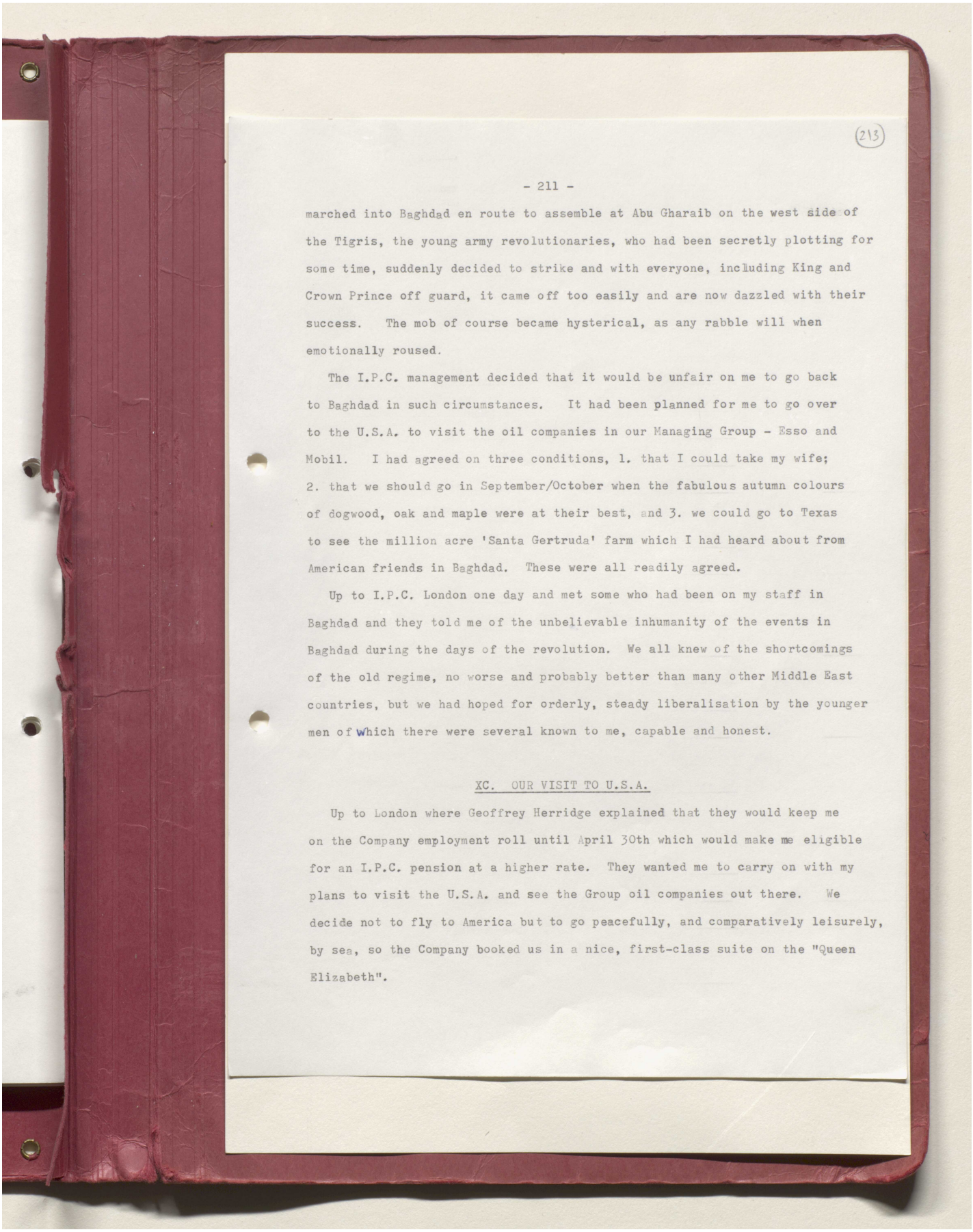
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000018



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



marched into Baghdad en route to assemble at Abu Gharaib on the west side of the Tigris, the young army revolutionaries, who had been secretly plotting for some time, suddenly decided to strike and with everyone, including King and Crown Prince off guard, it came off too easily and are now dazzled with their success. The mob of course became hysterical, as any rabble will when emotionally roused.

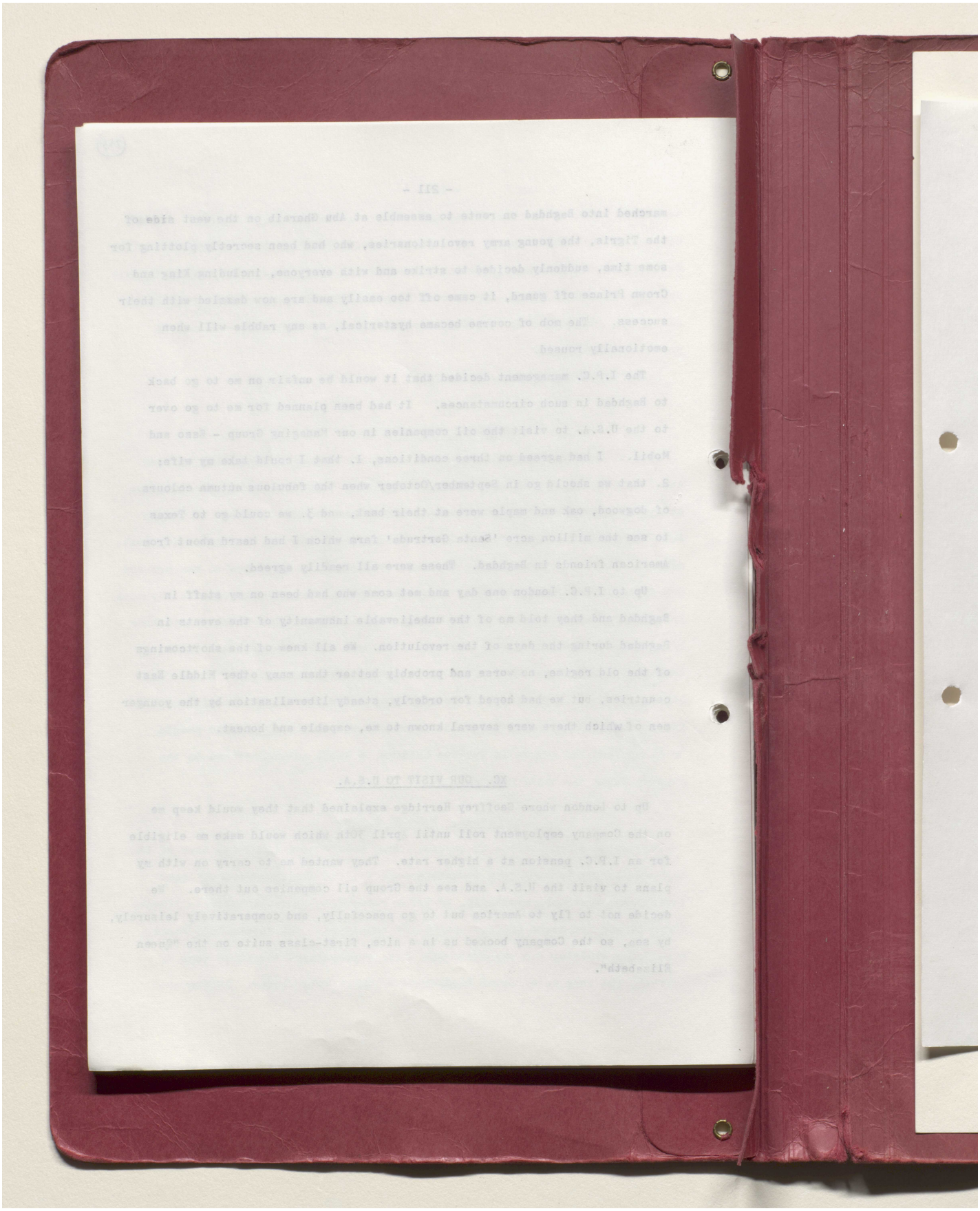
The I.P.C. management decided that it would be unfair on me to go back to Baghdad in such circumstances. It had been planned for me to go over to the U.S.A. to visit the oil companies in our Managing Group - Esso and Mobil. I had agreed on three conditions, 1. that I could take my wife; 2. that we should go in September/October when the fabulous autumn colours of dogwood, oak and maple were at their best, and 3. we could go to Texas to see the million acre 'Santa Gertruda' farm which I had heard about from American friends in Baghdad. These were all readily agreed.

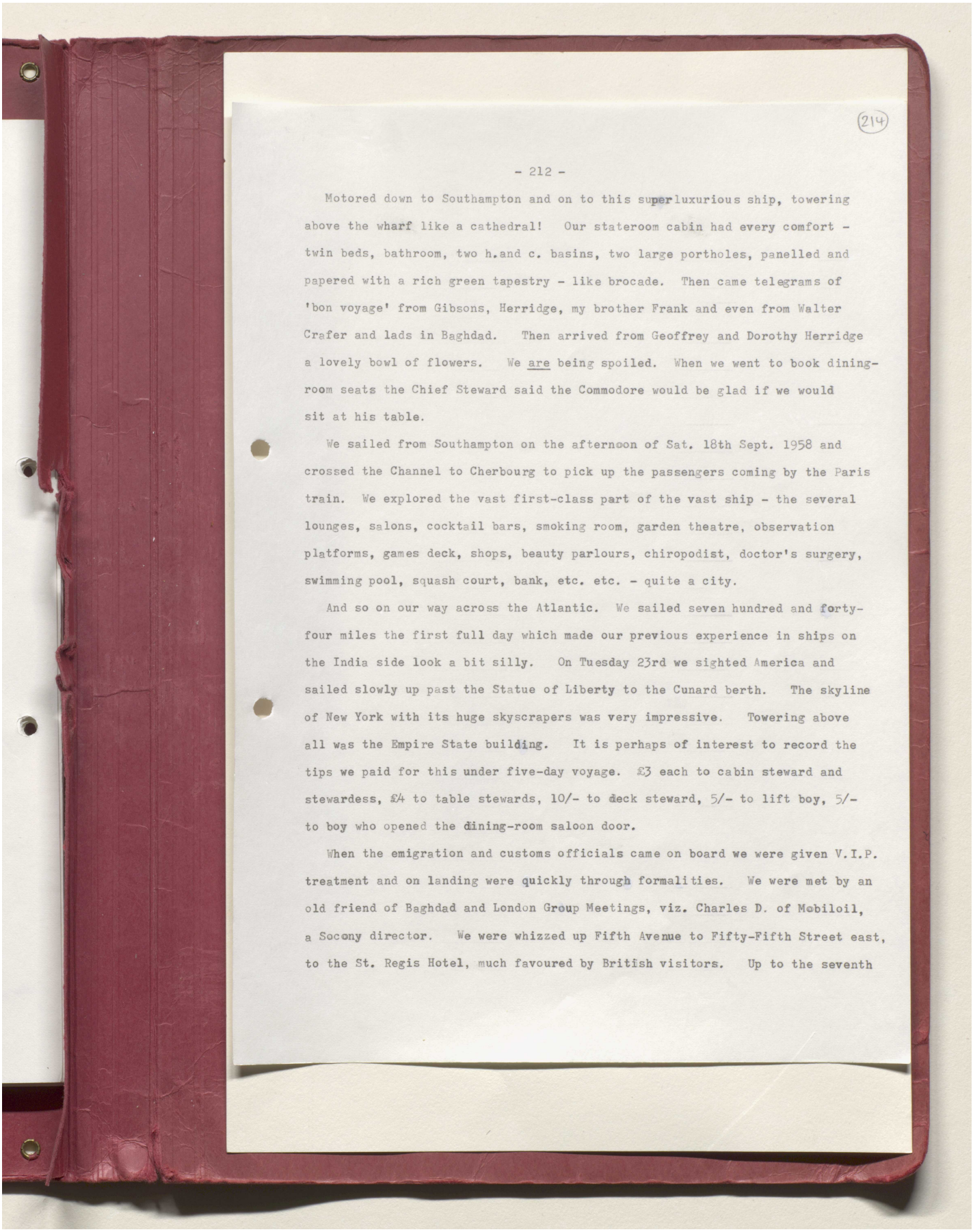
Up to I.P.C. London one day and met some who had been on my staff in Baghdad and they told me of the unbelievable inhumanity of the events in Baghdad during the days of the revolution. We all knew of the shortcomings of the old regime, no worse and probably better than many other Middle East countries, but we had hoped for orderly, steady liberalisation by the younger men of which there were several known to me, capable and honest.

XC. OUR VISIT TO U.S.A.

Up to London where Geoffrey Herridge explained that they would keep me on the Company employment roll until April 30th which would make me eligible for an I.P.C. pension at a higher rate. They wanted me to carry on with my plans to visit the U.S.A. and see the Group oil companies out there. We decide not to fly to America but to go peacefully, and comparatively leisurely, by sea, so the Company booked us in a nice, first-class suite on the "Queen Elizabeth".

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00001a





(214)

- 212 -

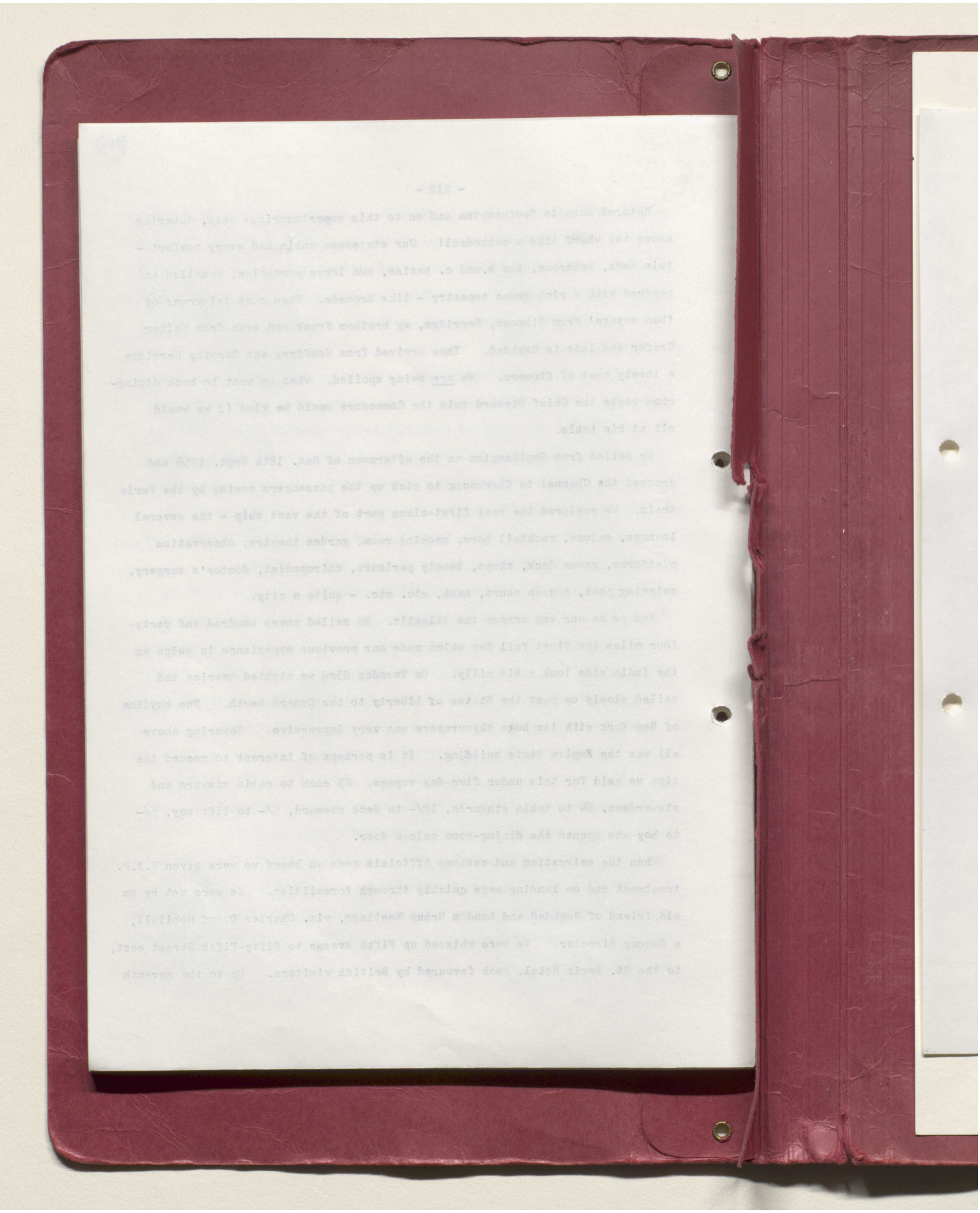
Motored down to Southampton and on to this superluxurious ship, towering above the wharf like a cathedral! Our stateroom cabin had every comfort - twin beds, bathroom, two h.and c. basins, two large portholes, panelled and papered with a rich green tapestry - like brocade. Then came telegrams of 'bon voyage' from Gibsons, Herridge, my brother Frank and even from Walter Crafer and lads in Baghdad. Then arrived from Geoffrey and Dorothy Herridge a lovely bowl of flowers. We are being spoiled. When we went to book dining-room seats the Chief Steward said the Commodore would be glad if we would sit at his table.

We sailed from Southampton on the afternoon of Sat. 18th Sept. 1958 and crossed the Channel to Cherbourg to pick up the passengers coming by the Paris train. We explored the vast first-class part of the vast ship - the several lounges, salons, cocktail bars, smoking room, garden theatre, observation platforms, games deck, shops, beauty parlours, chiropodist, doctor's surgery, swimming pool, squash court, bank, etc. etc. - quite a city.

And so on our way across the Atlantic. We sailed seven hundred and forty-four miles the first full day which made our previous experience in ships on the India side look a bit silly. On Tuesday 23rd we sighted America and sailed slowly up past the Statue of Liberty to the Cunard berth. The skyline of New York with its huge skyscrapers was very impressive. Towering above all was the Empire State building. It is perhaps of interest to record the tips we paid for this under five-day voyage. £3 each to cabin steward and stewardess, £4 to table stewards, 10/- to deck steward, 5/- to lift boy, 5/- to boy who opened the dining-room saloon door.

When the emigration and customs officials came on board we were given V.I.P. treatment and on landing were quickly through formalities. We were met by an old friend of Baghdad and London Group Meetings, viz. Charles D. of Mobiloil, a Socony director. We were whizzed up Fifth Avenue to Fifty-Fifth Street east, to the St. Regis Hotel, much favoured by British visitors. Up to the seventh

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00001c



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00001d

floor, a large bedroom with attached sitting-room. Flowers arrived from 1. Charles L. the Public Relations Officer, 2. the N.E.D.C. (Near East Development Corporation) who were one of the I.P.C. Groups, 3. corsage from the Shepherds, roses from the Rathbones, he the senior member of the N.E.D.C.

We had a quiet evening with tea and dinner in our room. Nice summer temperature of 72° - these deep, canyon-like streets do not let in much air! Next day was nice and sunny so we went up the Empire State Building, one hundred-and-two floors up, the highest skyscraper in the world, one thousand three-hundred-and-forty feet. Fantastic view over all Manhattan Island. Back to hotel for lunch.

At 5 p.m. Charles D. arrives to conduct us to N.E.D.C. reception for us in the library of the hotel. A big reception of Jersey, Socony and other oil company people, including Mr. Hills, Consul General for Iraq with whom we exchanged memories, and many others who had called on us in Baghdad.

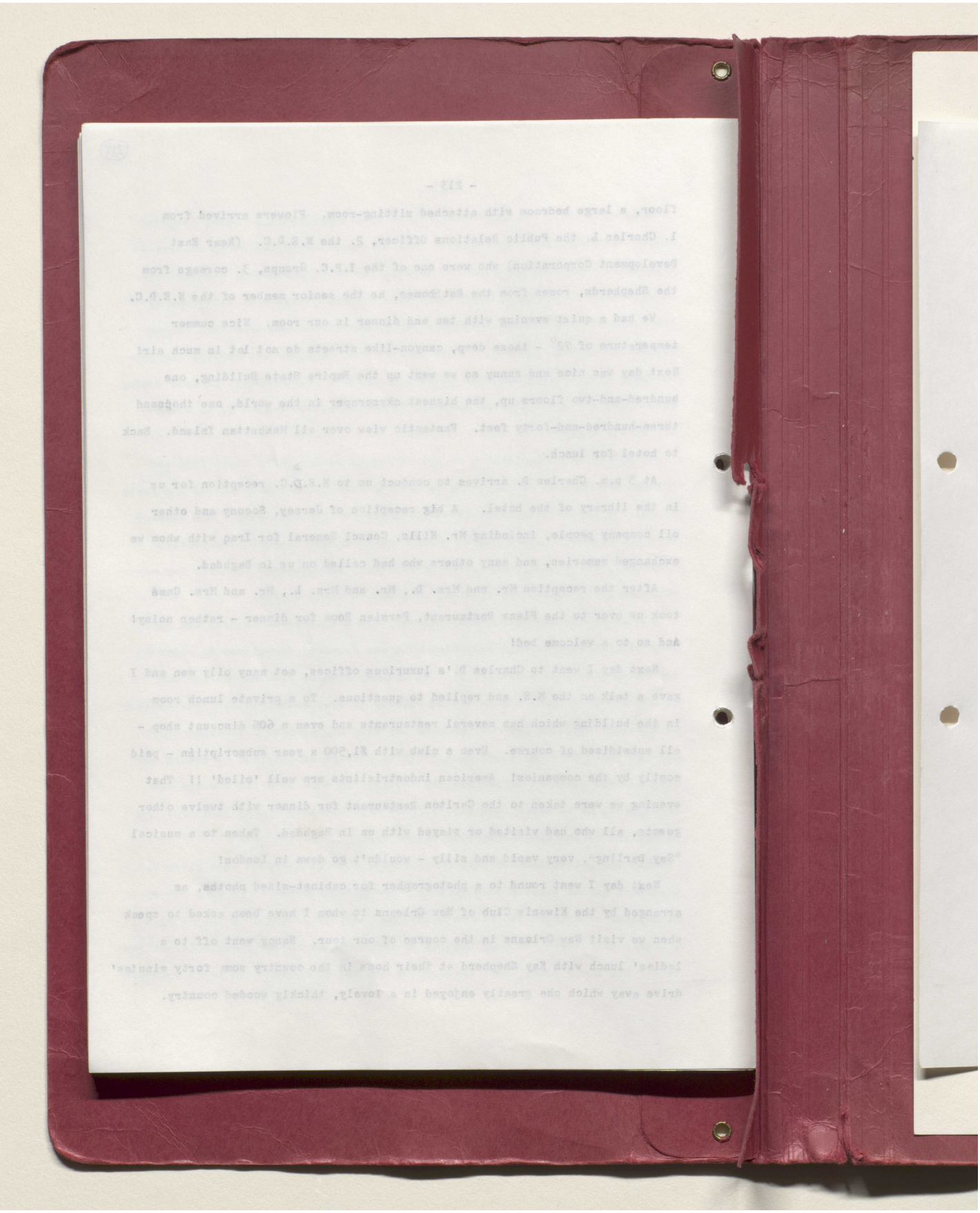
After the reception Mr. and Mrs. D., Mr. and Mrs. L., Mr. and Mrs. Case took us over to the Plaza Restaurant, Persian Room for dinner - rather noisy! And so to a welcome bed!

Next day I went to Charles D.'s luxurious offices, met many oily men and I gave a talk on the M.E. and replied to questions. To a private lunch room in the building which has several restaurants and even a 60% discount shop - all subsidised of course. Even a club with $1,500 a year subscription - paid mostly by the companies! American industrialists are well 'oiled' !! That evening we were taken to the Carlton Restaurant for dinner with twelve other guests, all who had visited or stayed with us in Baghdad. Taken to a musical "Say Darling", very vapid and silly - wouldn't go down in London!

Next day I went round to a photographer for cabinet-sized photos, as arranged by the Kiwanis Club of New Orleans to whom I have been asked to speak when we visit New Orleans in the course of our tour. Nancy went off to a ladies' lunch with Kay Shepherd at their home in the country some forty minutes' drive away which she greatly enjoyed in a lovely, thickly wooded country.

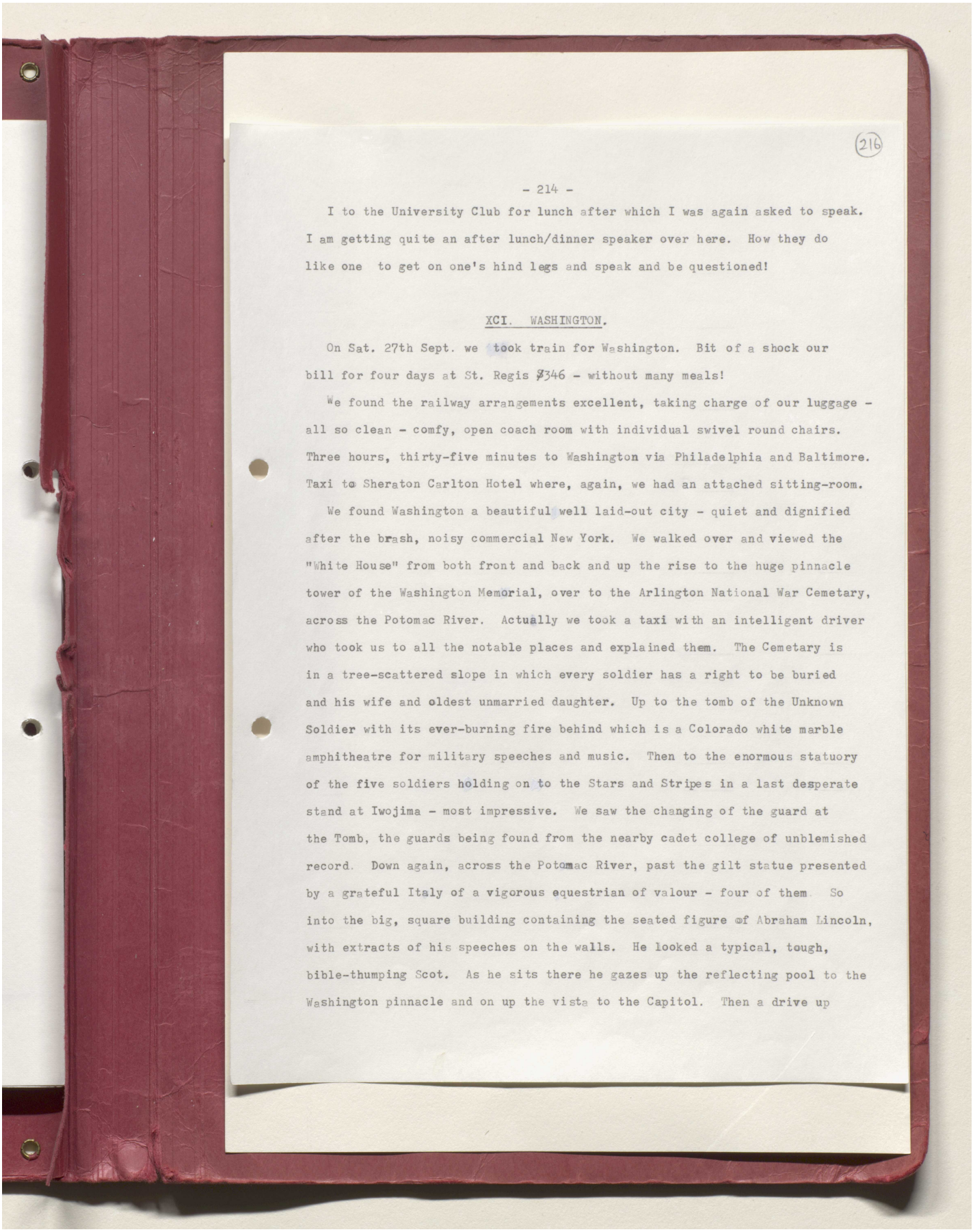
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00001e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



I to the University Club for lunch after which I was again asked to speak. I am getting quite an after lunch/dinner speaker over here. How they do like one to get on one's hind legs and speak and be questioned!

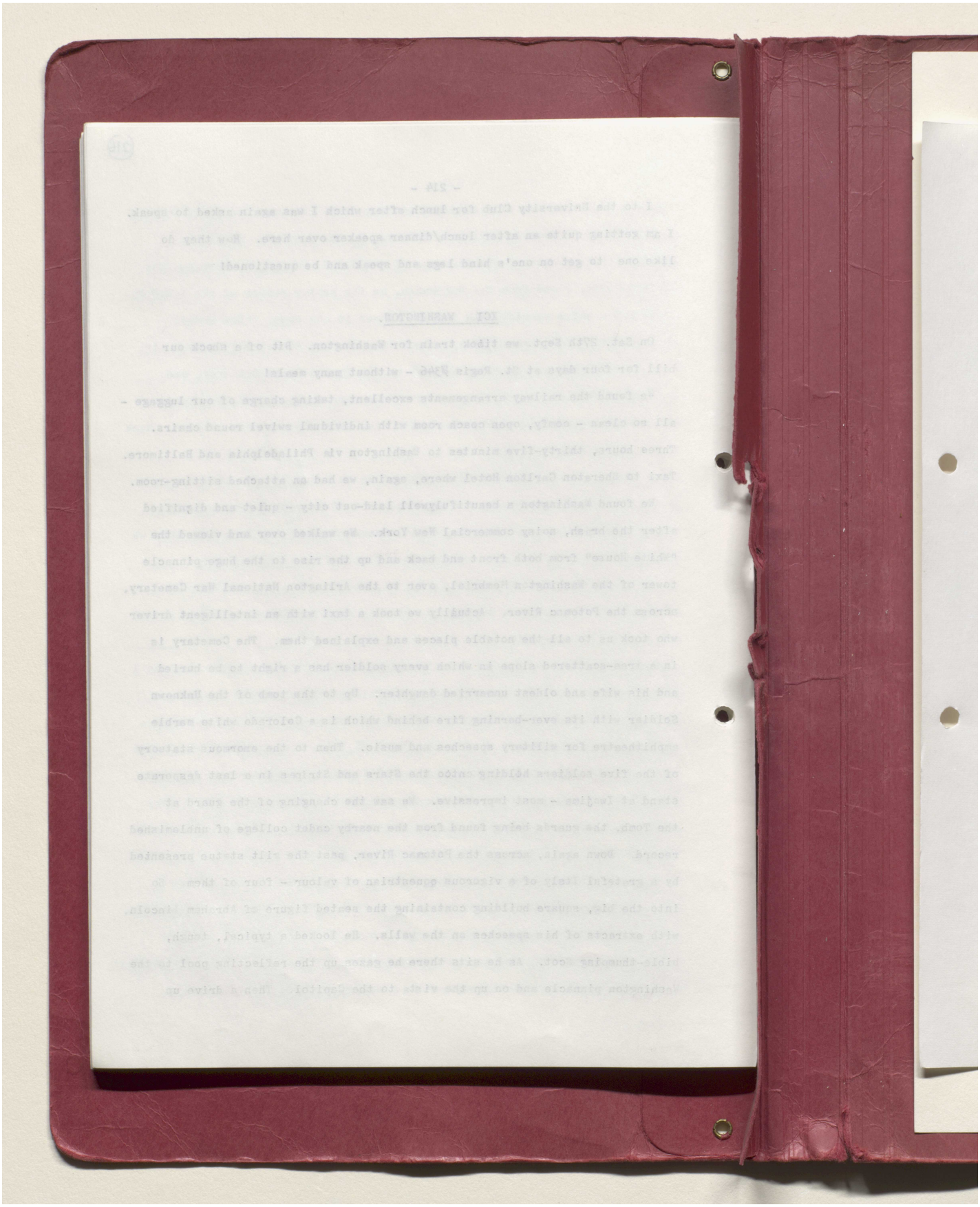
XCI. WASHINGTON.

On Sat. 27th Sept. we took train for Washington. Bit of a shock our bill for four days at St. Regis $346 - without many meals!

We found the railway arrangements excellent, taking charge of our luggage - all so clean - comfy, open coach room with individual swivel round chairs. Three hours, thirty-five minutes to Washington via Philadelphia and Baltimore. Taxi to Sheraton Carlton Hotel where, again, we had an attached sitting-room.

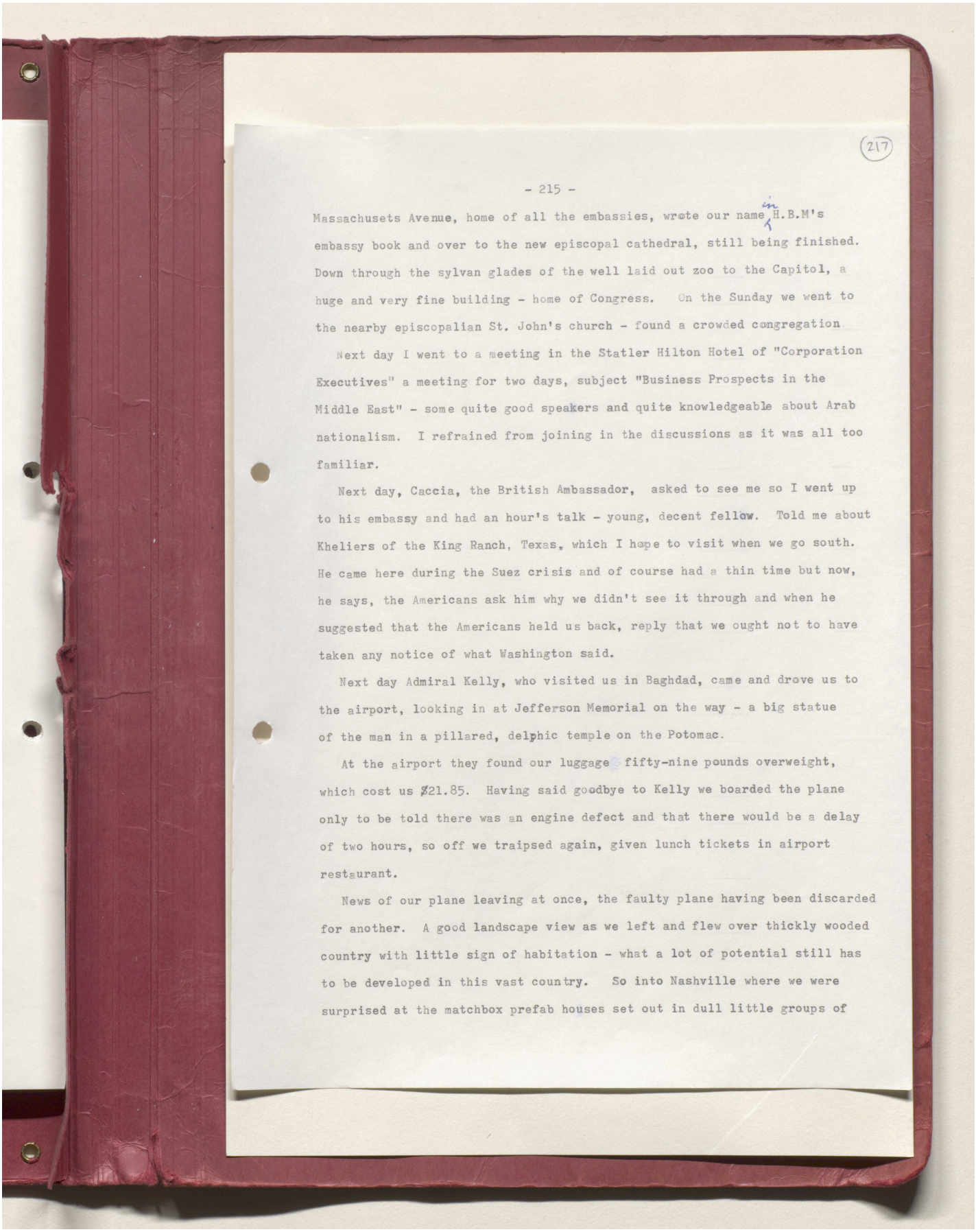
We found Washington a beautiful well laid-out city - quiet and dignified after the brash, noisy commercial New York. We walked over and viewed the "White House" from both front and back and up the rise to the huge pinnacle tower of the Washington Memorial, over to the Arlington National War Cemetary, across the Potomac River. Actually we took a taxi with an intelligent driver who took us to all the notable places and explained them. The Cemetary is in a tree-scattered slope in which every soldier has a right to be buried and his wife and oldest unmarried daughter. Up to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier with its ever-burning fire behind which is a Colorado white marble amphitheatre for military speeches and music. Then to the enormous statuory of the five soldiers holding on to the Stars and Stripes in a last desperate stand at Iwojima - most impressive. We saw the changing of the guard at the Tomb, the guards being found from the nearby cadet college of unblemished record. Down again, across the Potomac River, past the gilt statue presented by a grateful Italy of a vigorous equestrian of valour - four of them. So into the big, square building containing the seated figure of Abraham Lincoln, with extracts of his speeches on the walls. He looked a typical, tough, bible-thumping Scot. As he sits there he gazes up the reflecting pool to the Washington pinnacle and on up the vista to the Capitol. Then a drive up

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000020



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Massachusets Avenue, home of all the embassies, wrote our name in H.B.M's embassy book and over to the new episcopal cathedral, still being finished. Down through the sylvan glades of the well laid out zoo to the Capitol, a huge and very fine building - home of Congress. On the Sunday we went to the nearby episcopalian St. John's church - found a crowded congregation.

Next day I went to a meeting in the Statler Hilton Hotel of "Corporation Executives" a meeting for two days, subject "Business Prospects in the Middle East" - some quite good speakers and quite knowledgeable about Arab nationalism. I refrained from joining in the discussions as it was all too familiar.

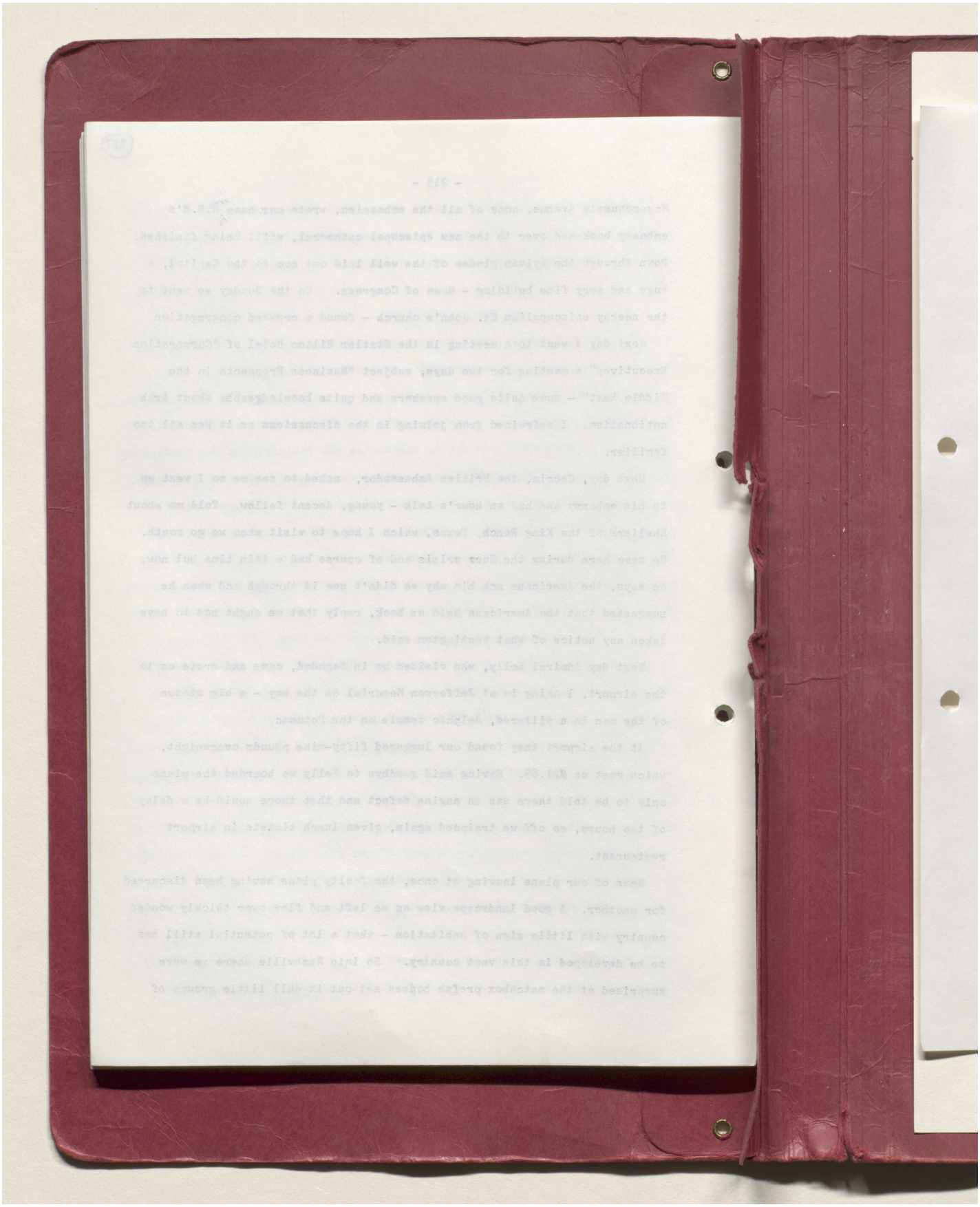
Next day, Caccia, the British Ambassador, asked to see me so I went up to his embassy and had an hour's talk - young, decent fellow. Told me about Kheliers of the King Ranch, Texas, which I hope to visit when we go south. He came here during the Suez crisis and of course had a thin time but now, he says, the Americans ask him why we didn't see it through and when he suggested that the Americans held us back, reply that we ought not to have taken any notice of what Washington said.

Next day Admiral Kelly, who visited us in Baghdad, came and drove us to the airport, looking in at Jefferson Memorial on the way - a big statue of the man in a pillared, delphic temple on the Potomac.

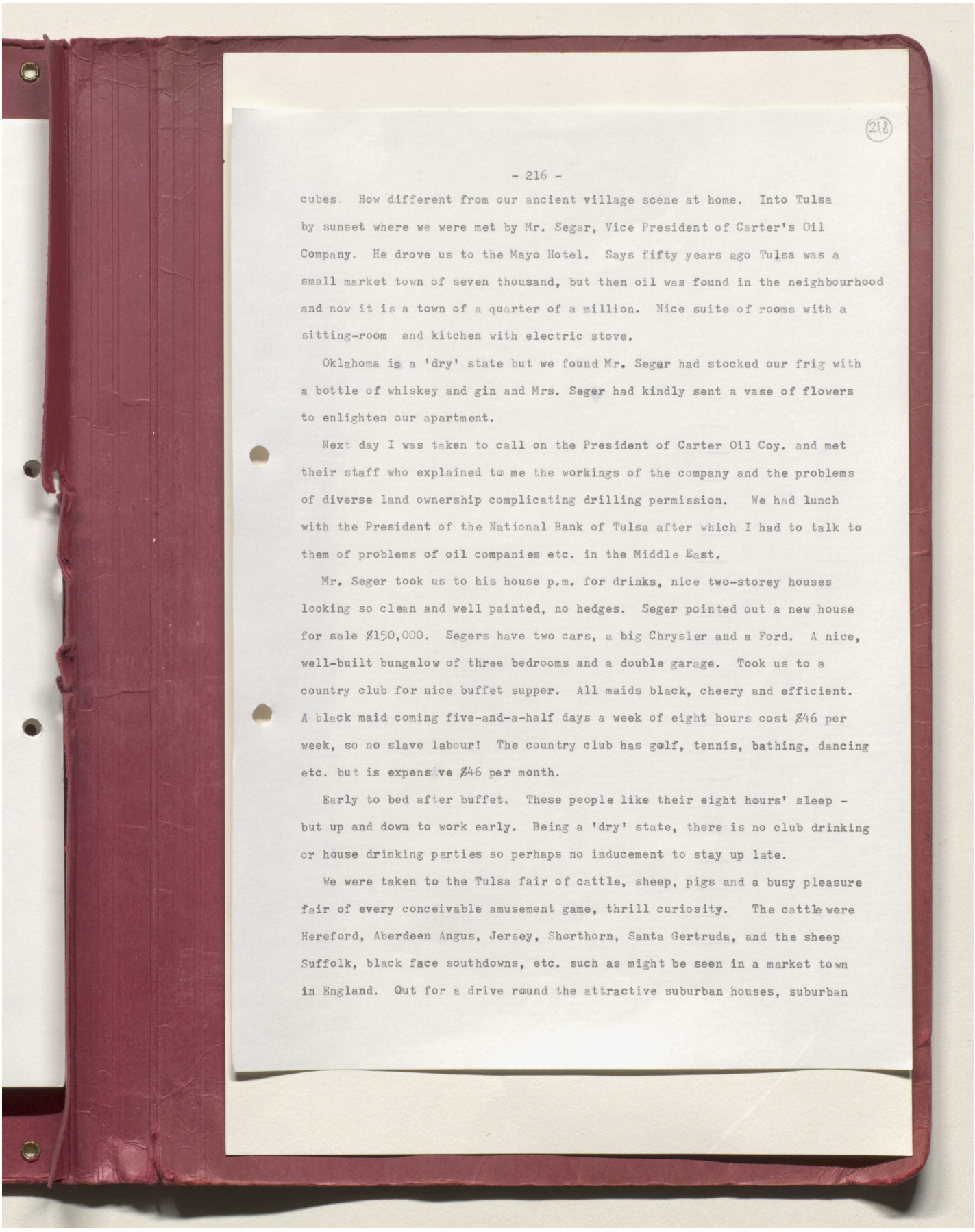
At the airport they found our luggage fifty-nine pounds overweight, which cost us $21.85. Having said goodbye to Kelly we boarded the plane only to be told there was an engine defect and that there would be a delay of two hours, so off we traipsed again, given lunch tickets in airport restaurant.

News of our plane leaving at once, the faulty plane having been discarded for another. A good landscape view as we left and flew over thickly wooded country with little sign of habitation - what a lot of potential still has to be developed in this vast country. So into Nashville where we were surprised at the matchbox prefab houses set out in dull little groups of

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000022



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000023



218

- 216 -

cubes. How different from our ancient village scene at home. Into Tulsa by sunset where we were met by Mr. Segar, Vice President of Carter's Oil Company. He drove us to the Mayo Hotel. Says fifty years ago Tulsa was a small market town of seven thousand, but then oil was found in the neighbourhood and now it is a town of a quarter of a million. Nice suite of rooms with a sitting-room and kitchen with electric stove.

Oklahoma is a 'dry' state but we found Mr. Segar had stocked our frig with a bottle of whiskey and gin and Mrs. Seger had kindly sent a vase of flowers to enlighten our apartment.

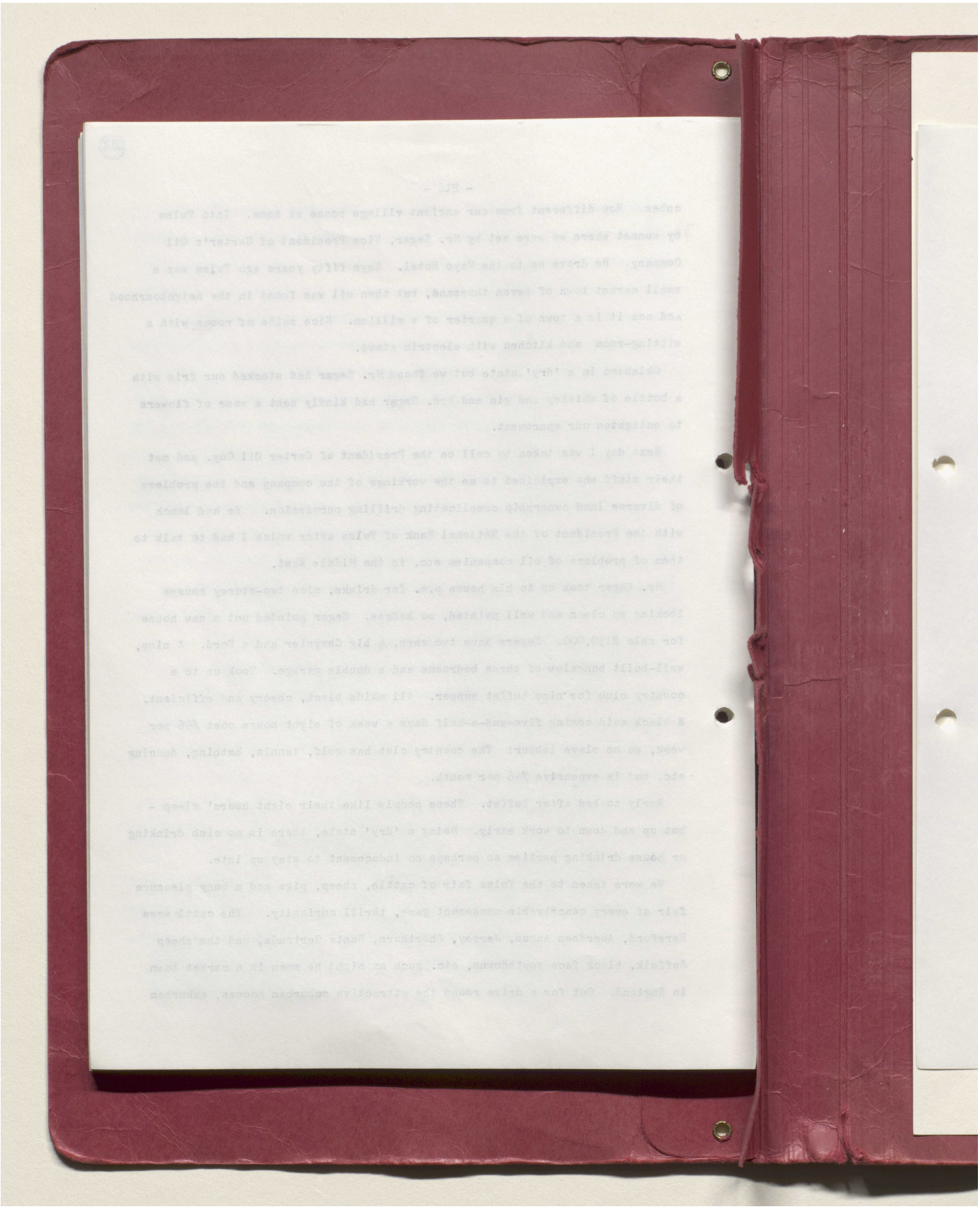
Next day I was taken to call on the President of Carter Oil Coy. and met their staff who explained to me the workings of the company and the problems of diverse land ownership complicating drilling permission. We had lunch with the President of the National Bank of Tulsa after which I had to talk to them of problems of oil companies etc. in the Middle East.

Mr. Seger took us to his house p.m. for drinks, nice two-storey houses looking so clean and well painted, no hedges. Seger pointed out a new house for sale $150,000. Segers have two cars, a big Chrysler and a Ford. A nice, well-built bungalow of three bedrooms and a double garage. Took us to a country club for nice buffet supper. All maids black, cheery and efficient. A black maid coming five-and-a-half days a week of eight hours cost $46 per week, so no slave labour! The country club has golf, tennis, bathing, dancing etc. but is expensive $46 per month.

Early to bed after buffet. These people like their eight hours' sleep - but up and down to work early. Being a 'dry' state, there is no club drinking or house drinking parties so perhaps no inducement to stay up late.

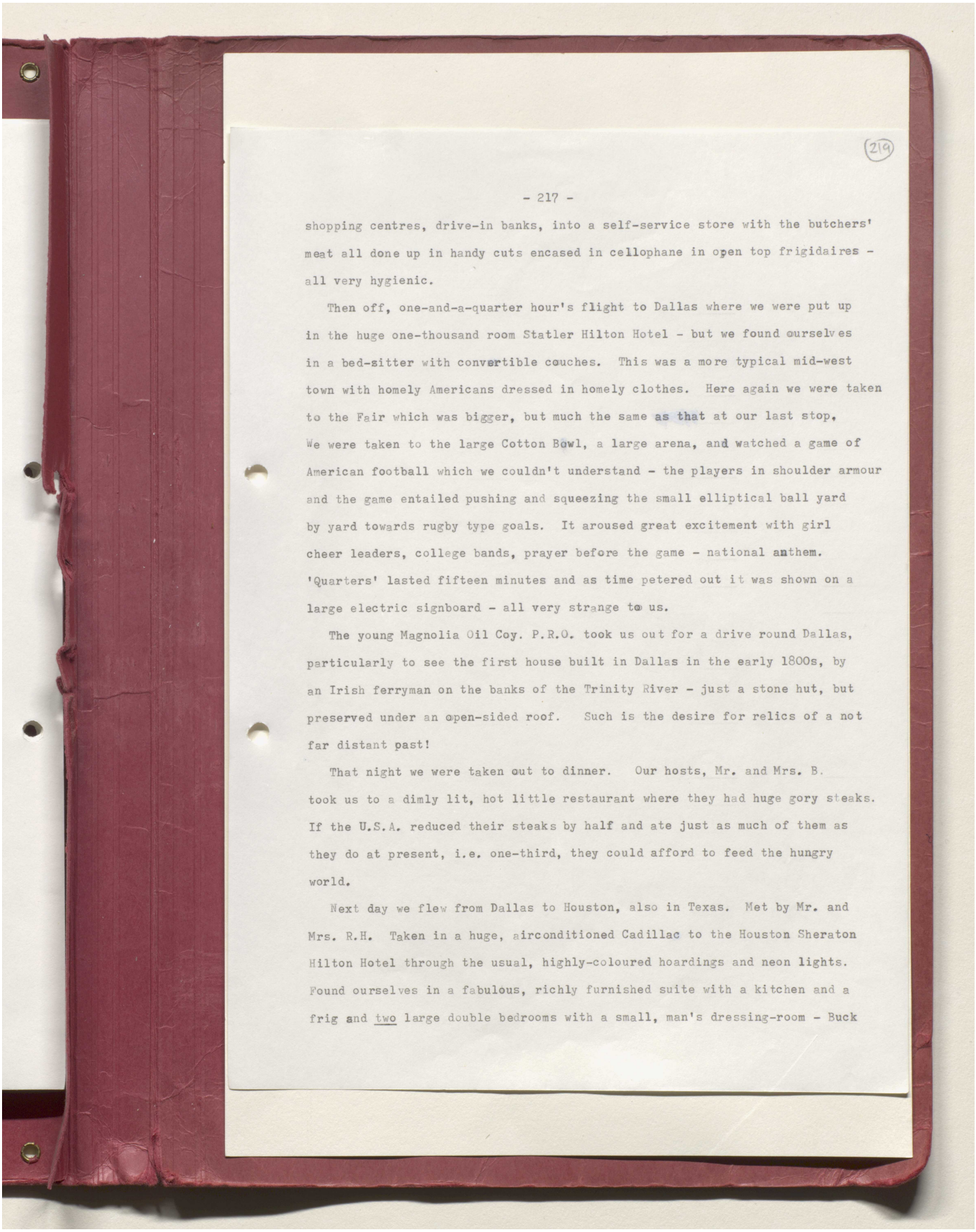
We were taken to the Tulsa fair of cattle, sheep, pigs and a busy pleasure fair of every conceivable amusement game, thrill curiosity. The cattle were Hereford, Aberdeen Angus, Jersey, Shorthorn, Santa Gertruda, and the sheep Suffolk, black face southdowns, etc. such as might be seen in a market town in England. Out for a drive round the attractive suburban houses, suburban

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000024



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



shopping centres, drive-in banks, into a self-service store with the butchers' meat all done up in handy cuts encased in cellophane in open top frigidaires - all very hygienic.

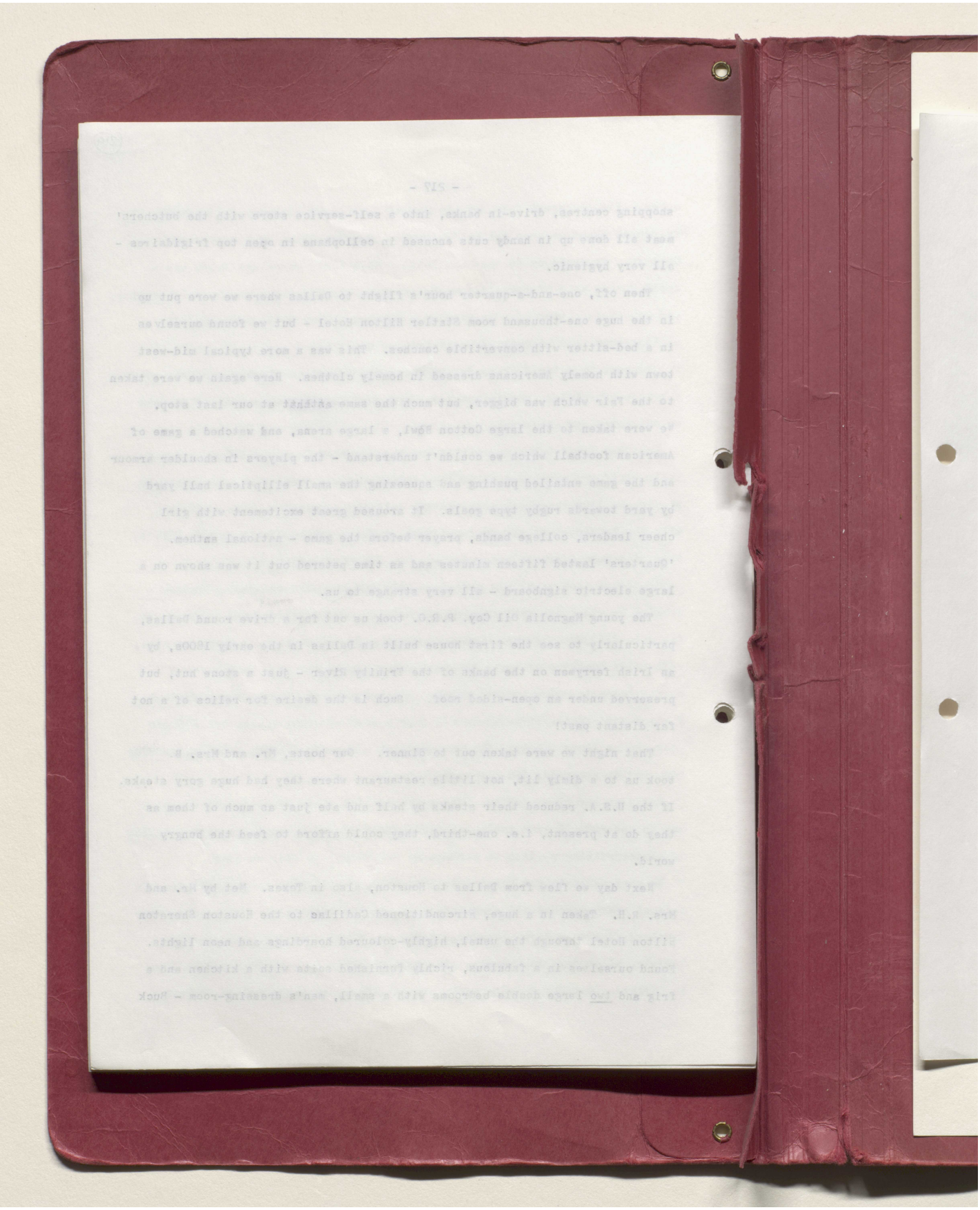
Then off, one-and-a-quarter hour's flight to Dallas where we were put up in the huge one-thousand room Statler Hilton Hotel - but we found ourselves in a bed-sitter with convertible couches. This was a more typical mid-west town with homely Americans dressed in homely clothes. Here again we were taken to the Fair which was bigger, but much the same as that at our last stop. We were taken to the large Cotton Bowl, a large arena, and watched a game of American football which we couldn't understand - the players in shoulder armour and the game entailed pushing and squeezing the small elliptical ball yard by yard towards rugby type goals. It aroused great excitement with girl cheer leaders, college bands, prayer before the game - national anthem. 'Quarters' lasted fifteen minutes and as time petered out it was shown on a large electric signboard - all very strange to us.

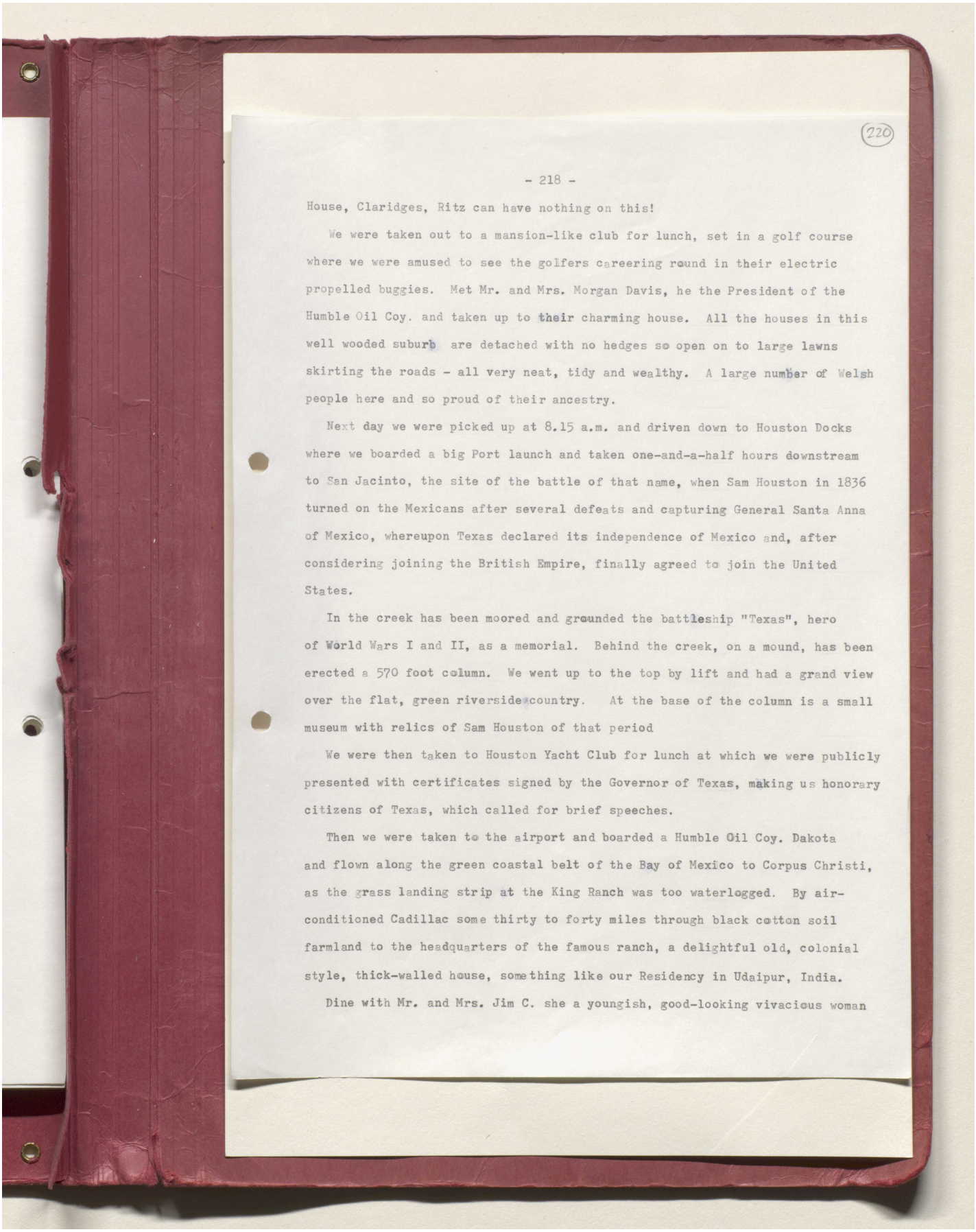
The young Magnolia Oil Coy. P.R.O. took us out for a drive round Dallas, particularly to see the first house built in Dallas in the early 1800s, by an Irish ferryman on the banks of the Trinity River - just a stone hut, but preserved under an open-sided roof. Such is the desire for relics of a not far distant past!

That night we were taken out to dinner. Our hosts, Mr. and Mrs. B. took us to a dimly lit, hot little restaurant where they had huge gory steaks. If the U.S.A. reduced their steaks by half and ate just as much of them as they do at present, i.e. one-third, they could afford to feed the hungry world.

Next day we flew from Dallas to Houston, also in Texas. Met by Mr. and Mrs. R.H. Taken in a huge, airconditioned Cadillac to the Houston Sheraton Hilton Hotel through the usual, highly-coloured hoardings and neon lights. Found ourselves in a fabulous, richly furnished suite with a kitchen and a frig and two large double bedrooms with a small, man's dressing-room - Buck

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000026





220

- 218 -

House, Claridges, Ritz can have nothing on this!

We were taken out to a mansion-like club for lunch, set in a golf course where we were amused to see the golfers careering round in their electric propelled buggies. Met Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Davis, he the President of the Humble Oil Coy. and taken up to their charming house. All the houses in this well wooded suburb are detached with no hedges so open on to large lawns skirting the roads - all very neat, tidy and wealthy. A large number of Welsh people here and so proud of their ancestry.

Next day we were picked up at 8.15 a.m. and driven down to Houston Docks where we boarded a big Port launch and taken one-and-a-half hours downstream to San Jacinto, the site of the battle of that name, when Sam Houston in 1836 turned on the Mexicans after several defeats and capturing General Santa Anna of Mexico, whereupon Texas declared its independence of Mexico and, after considering joining the British Empire, finally agreed to join the United States.

In the creek has been moored and grounded the battleship "Texas", hero of World Wars I and II, as a memorial. Behind the creek, on a mound, has been erected a 570 foot column. We went up to the top by lift and had a grand view over the flat, green riverside country. At the base of the column is a small museum with relics of Sam Houston of that period

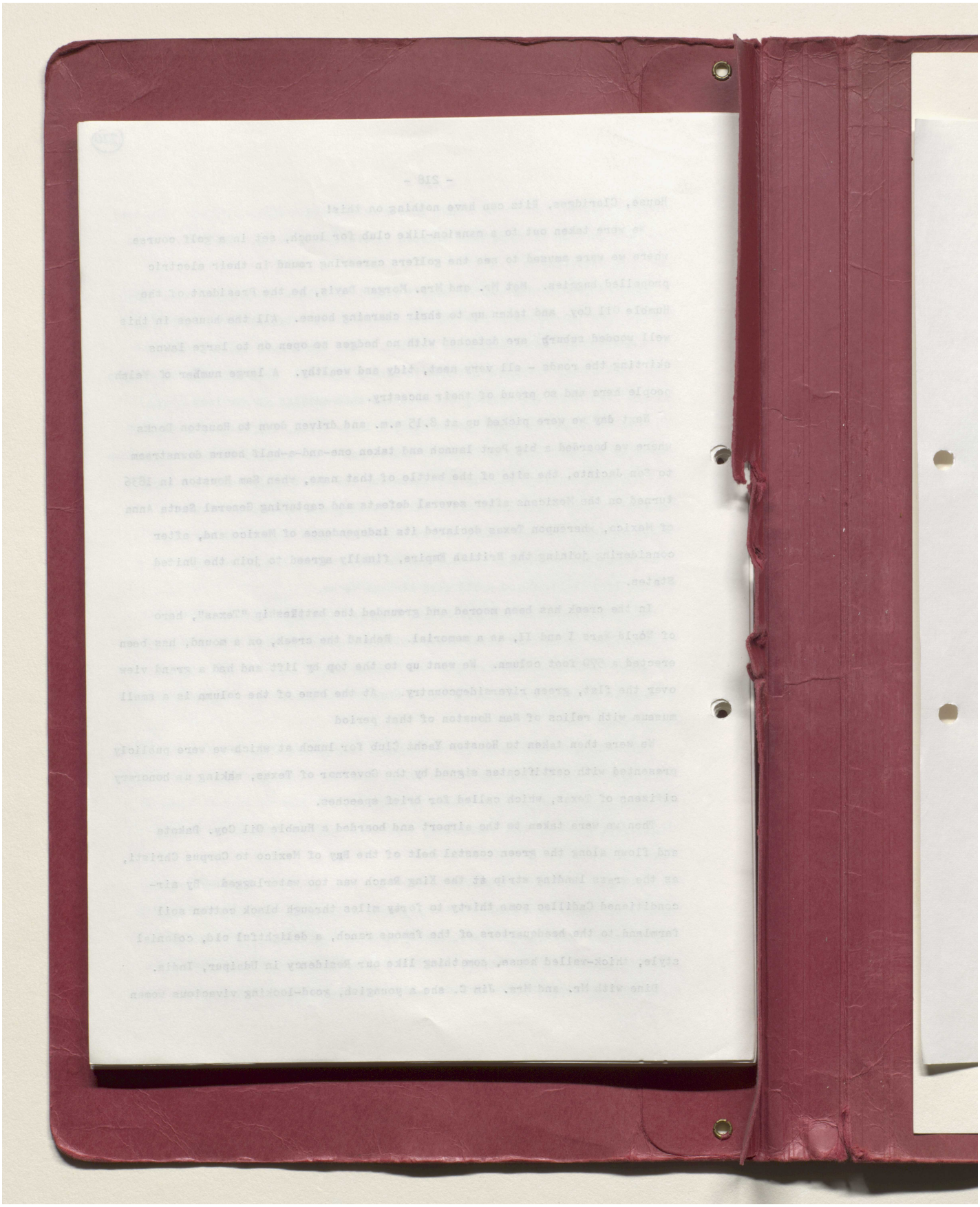
We were then taken to Houston Yacht Club for lunch at which we were publicly presented with certificates signed by the Governor of Texas, making us honorary citizens of Texas, which called for brief speeches.

Then we were taken to the airport and boarded a Humble Oil Coy. Dakota and flown along the green coastal belt of the Bay of Mexico to Corpus Christi, as the grass landing strip at the King Ranch was too waterlogged. By air-conditioned Cadillac some thirty to forty miles through black cotton soil farmland to the headquarters of the famous ranch, a delightful old, colonial style, thick-walled house, something like our Residency in Udaipur, India.

Dine with Mr. and Mrs. Jim C. she a youngish, good-looking vivacious woman

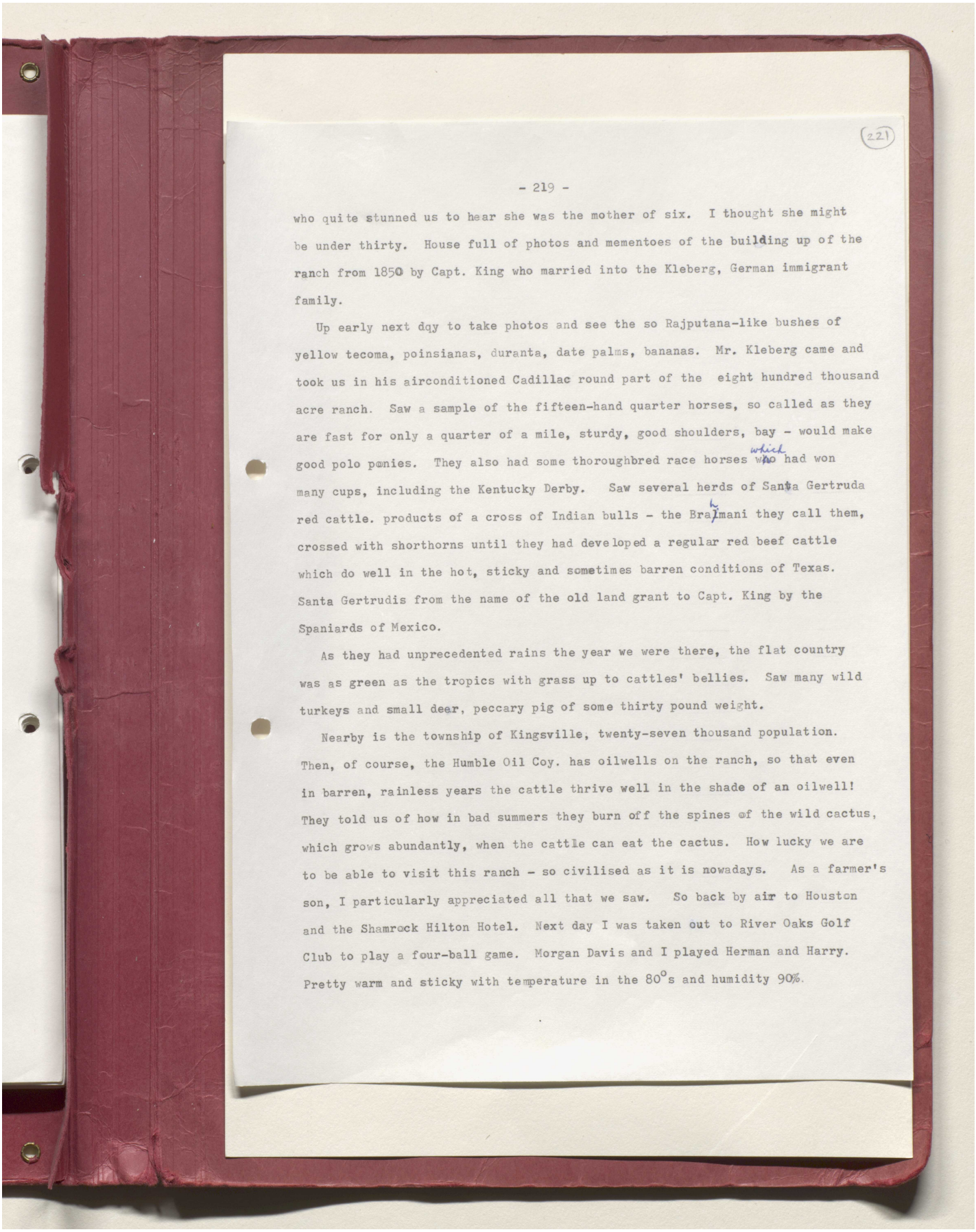
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000028



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



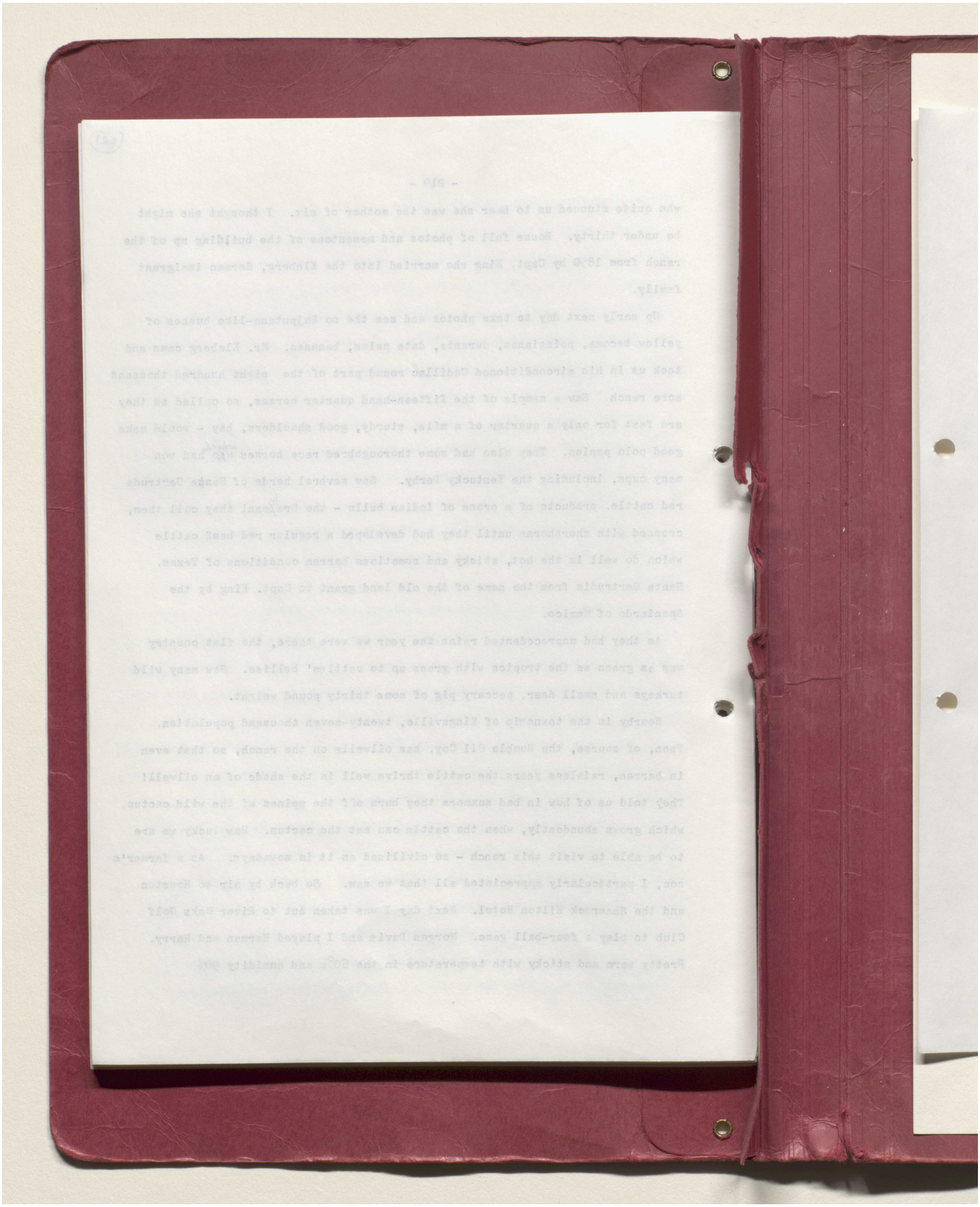
who quite stunned us to hear she was the mother of six. I thought she might be under thirty. House full of photos and mementoes of the building up of the ranch from 1850 by Capt. King who married into the Kleberg, German immigrant family.

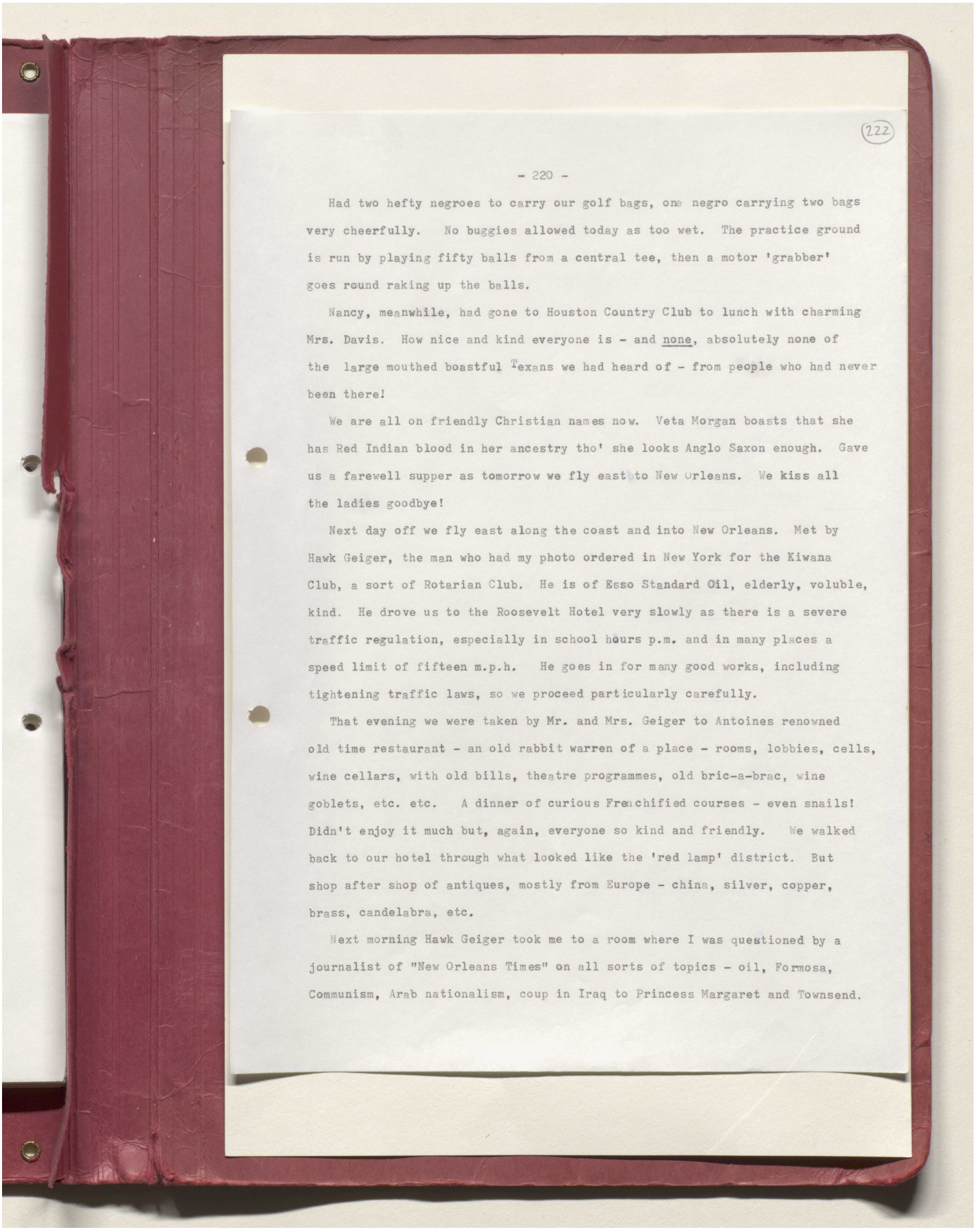
Up early next day to take photos and see the so Rajputana-like bushes of yellow tecoma, poinsianas, duranta, date palms, bananas. Mr. Kleberg came and took us in his airconditioned Cadillac round part of the eight hundred thousand acre ranch. Saw a sample of the fifteen-hand quarter horses, so called as they are fast for only a quarter of a mile, sturdy, good shoulders, bay - would make good polo ponies. They also had some thoroughbred race horses which had won many cups, including the Kentucky Derby. Saw several herds of Santa Gertruda red cattle. products of a cross of Indian bulls - the Brahmani they call them, crossed with shorthorns until they had developed a regular red beef cattle which do well in the hot, sticky and sometimes barren conditions of Texas. Santa Gertrudis from the name of the old land grant to Capt. King by the Spaniards of Mexico.

As they had unprecedented rains the year we were there, the flat country was as green as the tropics with grass up to cattles' bellies. Saw many wild turkeys and small deer, peccary pig of some thirty pound weight.

Nearby is the township of Kingsville, twenty-seven thousand population. Then, of course, the Humble Oil Coy. has oilwells on the ranch, so that even in barren, rainless years the cattle thrive well in the shade of an oilwell! They told us of how in bad summers they burn off the spines of the wild cactus, which grows abundantly, when the cattle can eat the cactus. How lucky we are to be able to visit this ranch - so civilised as it is nowadays. As a farmer's son, I particularly appreciated all that we saw. So back by air to Houston and the Shamrock Hilton Hotel. Next day I was taken out to River Oaks Golf Club to play a four-ball game. Morgan Davis and I played Herman and Harry. Pretty warm and sticky with temperature in the 80°s and humidity 90%.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00002a





(222)

- 220 -

Had two hefty negroes to carry our golf bags, one negro carrying two bags very cheerfully. No buggies allowed today as too wet. The practice ground is run by playing fifty balls from a central tee, then a motor 'grabber' goes round raking up the balls.

Nancy, meanwhile, had gone to Houston Country Club to lunch with charming Mrs. Davis. How nice and kind everyone is - and none, absolutely none of the large mouthed boastful Texans we had heard of - from people who had never been there!

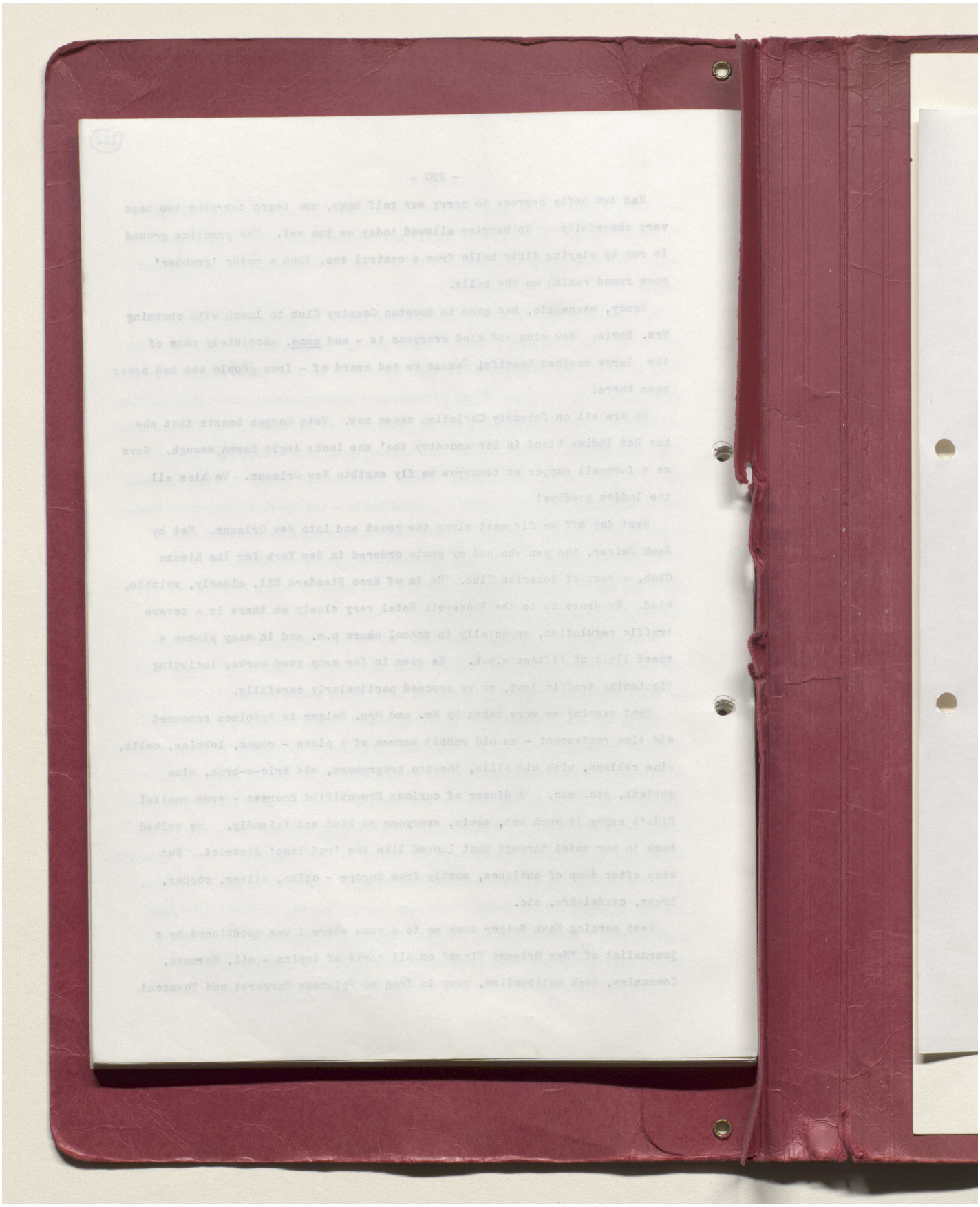
We are all on friendly Christian names now. Veta Morgan boasts that she has Red Indian blood in her ancestry tho' she looks Anglo Saxon enough. Gave us a farewell supper as tomorrow we fly east to New Orleans. We kiss all the ladies goodbye!

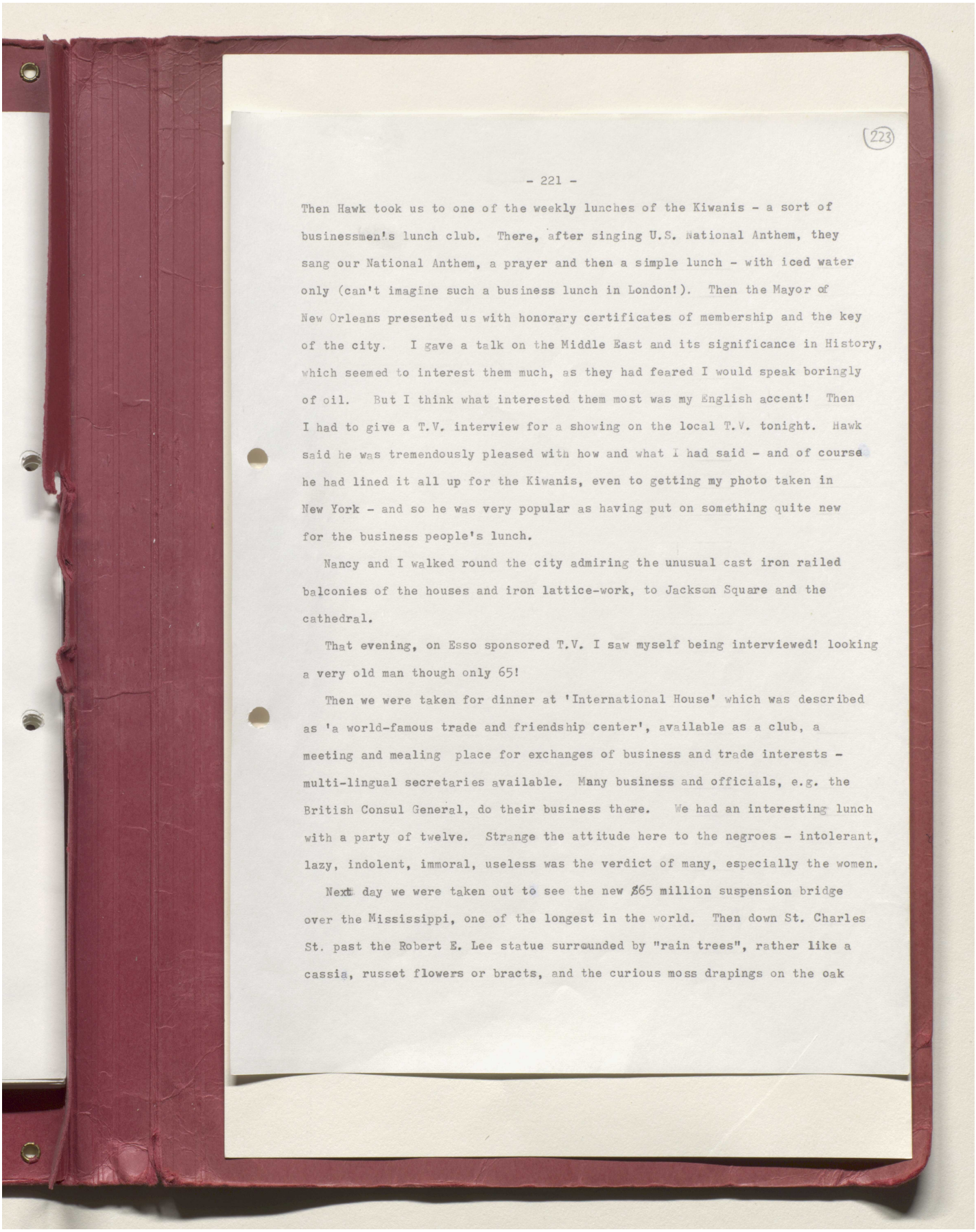
Next day off we fly east along the coast and into New Orleans. Met by Hawk Geiger, the man who had my photo ordered in New York for the Kiwana Club, a sort of Rotarian Club. He is of Esso Standard Oil, elderly, voluble, kind. He drove us to the Roosevelt Hotel very slowly as there is a severe traffic regulation, especially in school hours p.m. and in many places a speed limit of fifteen m.p.h. He goes in for many good works, including tightening traffic laws, so we proceed particularly carefully.

That evening we were taken by Mr. and Mrs. Geiger to Antoines renowned old time restaurant - an old rabbit warren of a place - rooms, lobbies, cells, wine cellars, with old bills, theatre programmes, old bric-a-brac, wine goblets, etc. etc. A dinner of curious Frenchified courses - even snails! Didn't enjoy it much but, again, everyone so kind and friendly. We walked back to our hotel through what looked like the 'red lamp' district. But shop after shop of antiques, mostly from Europe - china, silver, copper, brass, candelabra, etc.

Next morning Hawk Geiger took me to a room where I was questioned by a journalist of "New Orleans Times" on all sorts of topics - oil, Formosa, Communism, Arab nationalism, coup in Iraq to Princess Margaret and Townsend.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00002c





(223)

- 221 -

Then Hawk took us to one of the weekly lunches of the Kiwanis - a sort of businessmen's lunch club. There, after singing U.S. National Anthem, they sang our National Anthem, a prayer and then a simple lunch - with iced water only (can't imagine such a business lunch in London!). Then the Mayor of New Orleans presented us with honorary certificates of membership and the key of the city. I gave a talk on the Middle East and its significance in History, which seemed to interest them much, as they had feared I would speak boringly of oil. But I think what interested them most was my English accent! Then I had to give a T.V. interview for a showing on the local T.V. tonight. Hawk said he was tremendously pleased with how and what I had said - and of course he had lined it all up for the Kiwanis, even to getting my photo taken in New York - and so he was very popular as having put on something quite new for the business people's lunch.

Nancy and I walked round the city admiring the unusual cast iron railed balconies of the houses and iron lattice-work, to Jackson Square and the cathedral.

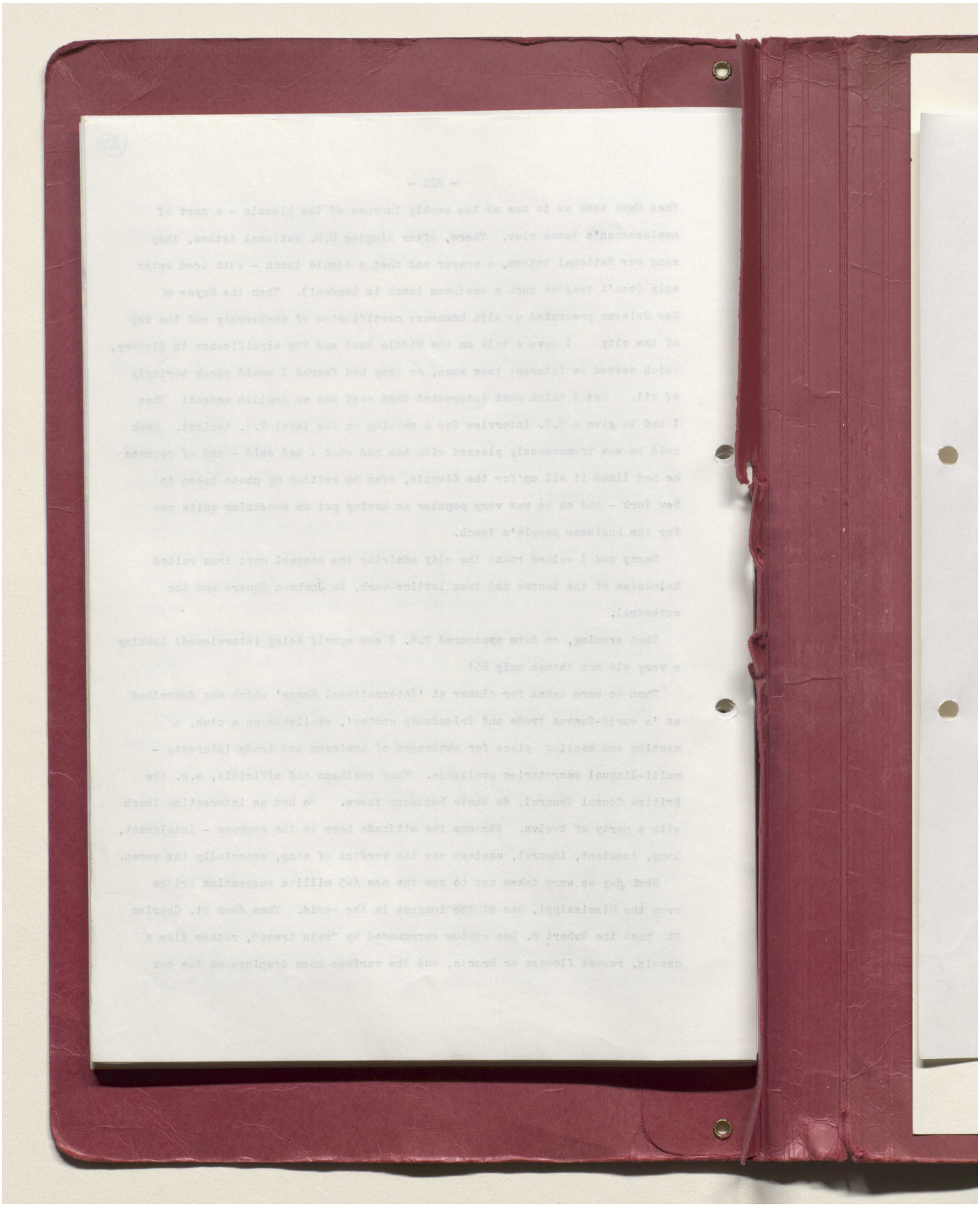
That evening, on Esso sponsored T.V. I saw myself being interviewed! looking a very old man though only 65!

Then we were taken for dinner at 'International House' which was described as 'a world-famous trade and friendship center', available as a club, a meeting and mealing place for exchanges of business and trade interests - multi-lingual secretaries available. Many business and officials, e.g. the British Consul General, do their business there. We had an interesting lunch with a party of twelve. Strange the attitude here to the negroes - intolerant, lazy, indolent, immoral, useless was the verdict of many, especially the women.

Next day we were taken out to see the new $65 million suspension bridge over the Mississippi, one of the longest in the world. Then down St. Charles St. past the Robert E. Lee statue surrounded by "rain trees", rather like a cassia, russet flowers or bracts, and the curious moss drapings on the oak

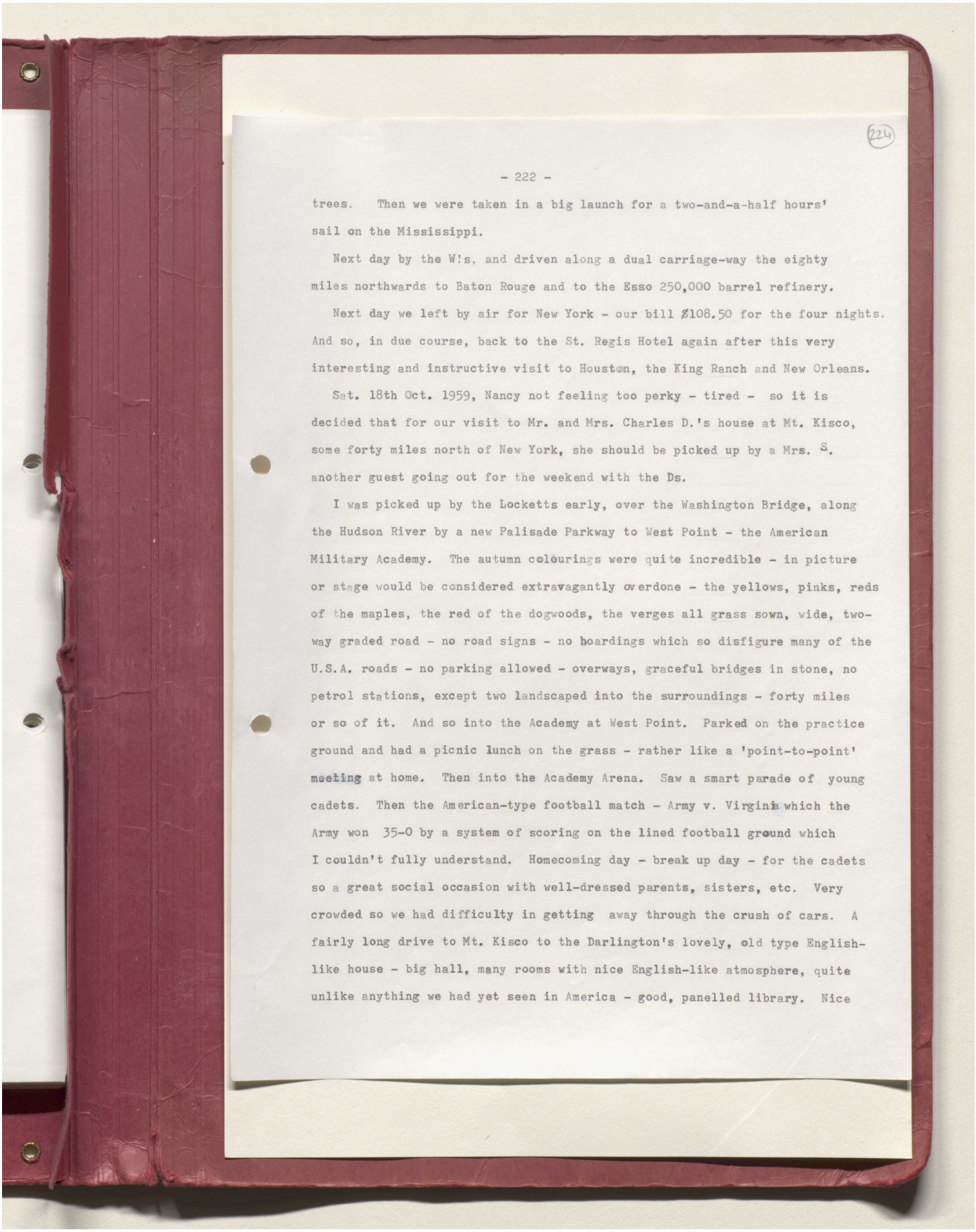
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00002e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



trees. Then we were taken in a big launch for a two-and-a-half hours' sail on the Mississippi.

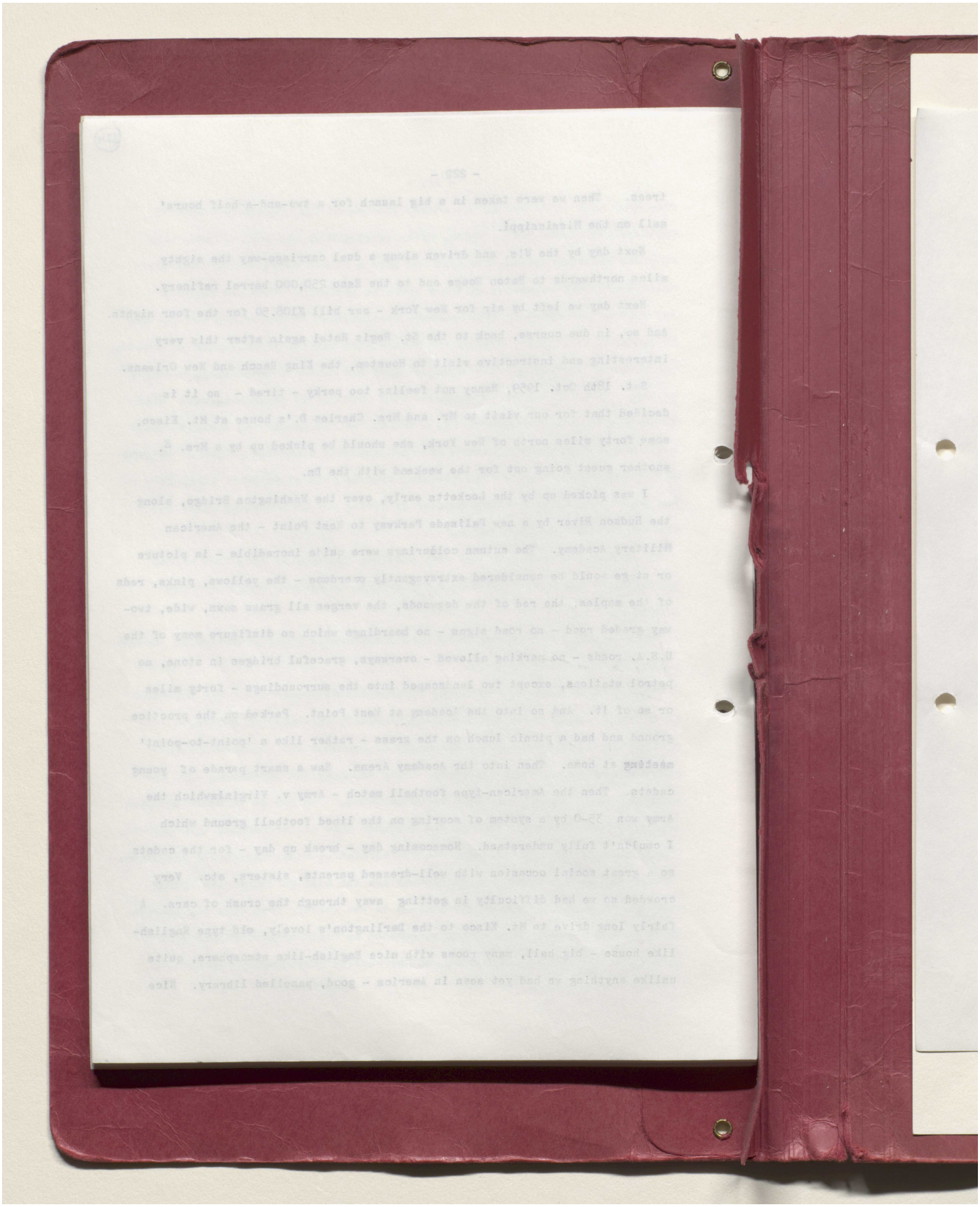
Next day by the W!s, and driven along a dual carriage-way the eighty miles northwards to Baton Rouge and to the Esso 250,000 barrel refinery.

Next day we left by air for New York - our bill $108.50 for the four nights. And so, in due course, back to the St. Regis Hotel again after this very interesting and instructive visit to Houston, the King Ranch and New Orleans.

Sat. 18th Oct. 1959, Nancy not feeling too perky - tired - so it is decided that for our visit to Mr. and Mrs. Charles D.'s house at Mt. Kisco, some forty miles north of New York, she should be picked up by a Mrs. S. another guest going out for the weekend with the Ds.

I was picked up by the Locketts early, over the Washington Bridge, along the Hudson River by a new Palisade Parkway to West Point - the American Military Academy. The autumn colourings were quite incredible - in picture or stage would be considered extravagantly overdone - the yellows, pinks, reds of the maples, the red of the dogwoods, the verges all grass sown, wide, two-way graded road - no road signs - no hoardings which so disfigure many of the U.S.A. roads - no parking allowed - overways, graceful bridges in stone, no petrol stations, except two landscaped into the surroundings - forty miles or so of it. And so into the Academy at West Point. Parked on the practice ground and had a picnic lunch on the grass - rather like a 'point-to-point' meeting at home. Then into the Academy Arena. Saw a smart parade of young cadets. Then the American-type football match - Army v. Virginia which the Army won 35-0 by a system of scoring on the lined football ground which I couldn't fully understand. Homecoming day - break up day - for the cadets so a great social occasion with well-dressed parents, sisters, etc. Very crowded so we had difficulty in getting away through the crush of cars. A fairly long drive to Mt. Kisco to the Darlington's lovely, old type English-like house - big hall, many rooms with nice English-like atmosphere, quite unlike anything we had yet seen in America - good, panelled library. Nice

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000030



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

dinner-party for twelve that night. Up early next morning. House is on a hill looking down in all directions across wooded downs in brilliant autumn colourings - just as I had hoped to see from photos American friends had shown us in Baghdad.

I disturbed a dear in the woodland at the end of the lawn - ate a nice windfall apple like a Laxton.

That evening Charles took us for a nice drive round the country, all in such brilliant autumn colourings - all up to our expectations. Alice D. so nice, kissed me goodbye and said she was longing to see England again. We were driven to the station by their Polish man-servant whom they have had for ten years, having brought him over from the U.K. So in by a dirty, one-class train to New York with Charles D.

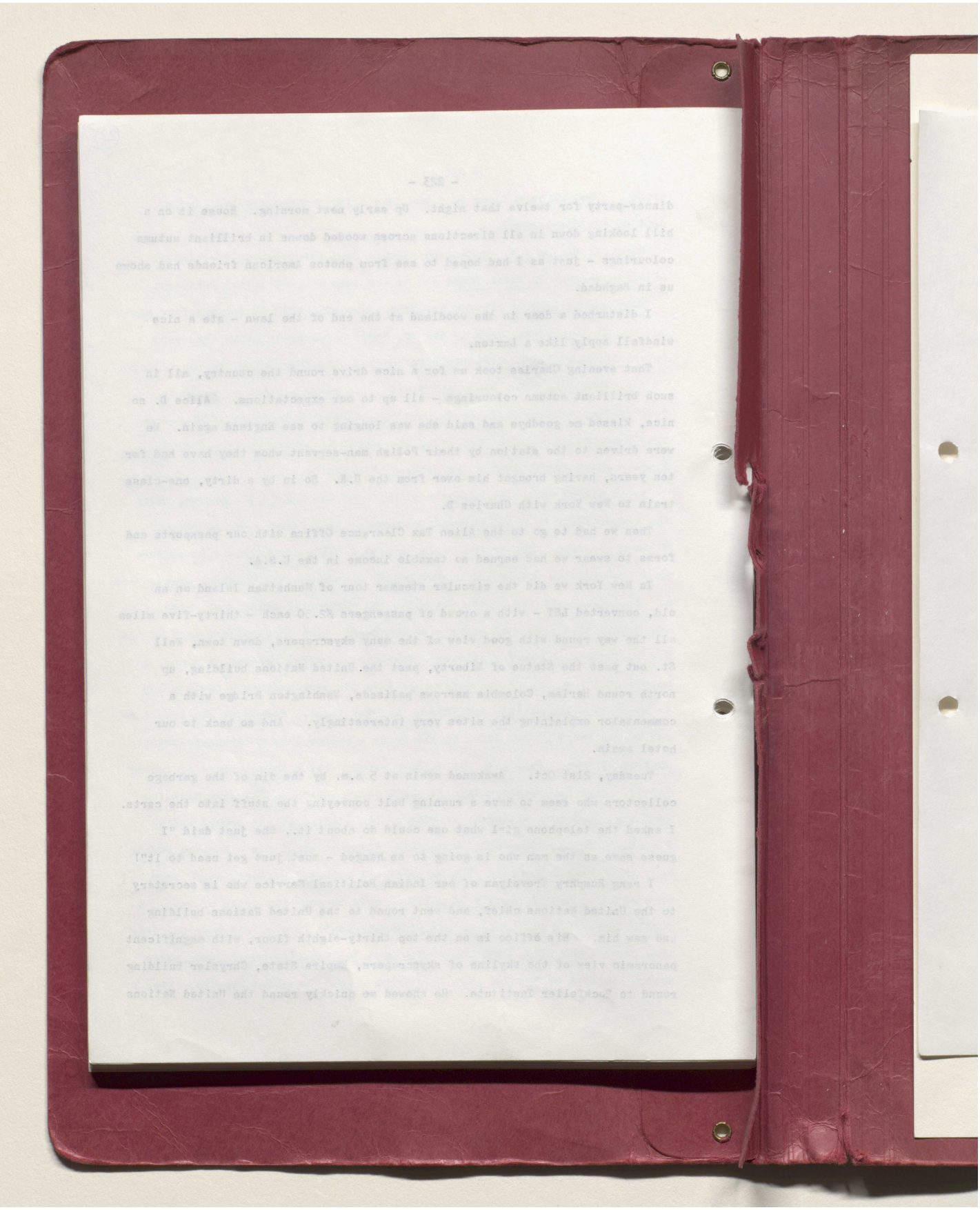
Then we had to go to the Alien Tax Clearance Office with our passports and forms to swear we had earned no taxable income in the U.S.A.

In New York we did the circular steamer tour of Manhattan Island on an old, converted LST - with a crowd of passengers $2.50 each - thirty-five miles all the way round with good view of the many skyscrapers, down town, Wall St. out past the Statue of Liberty, past the United Nations building, up north round Harlem, Colombia narrows palisade, Washington Bridge with a commentator explaining the sites very interestingly. And so back to our hotel again.

Tuesday, 21st Oct. Awakened again at 5 a.m. by the din of the garbage collectors who seem to have a running belt conveying the stuff into the carts. I asked the telephone girl what one could do about it. She just said "I guess same as the man who is going to be hanged - must just get used to it"!

I rang Humphry Trevelyan of our Indian Political Service who is secretary to the United Nations chief, and went round to the United Nations building and saw him. His office is on the top thirty-eighth floor, with magnificent panoramic view of the skyline of skyscrapers, Empire State, Chrysler building round to Rockfeller Institute. He showed me quickly round the United Nations

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000032



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000033

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

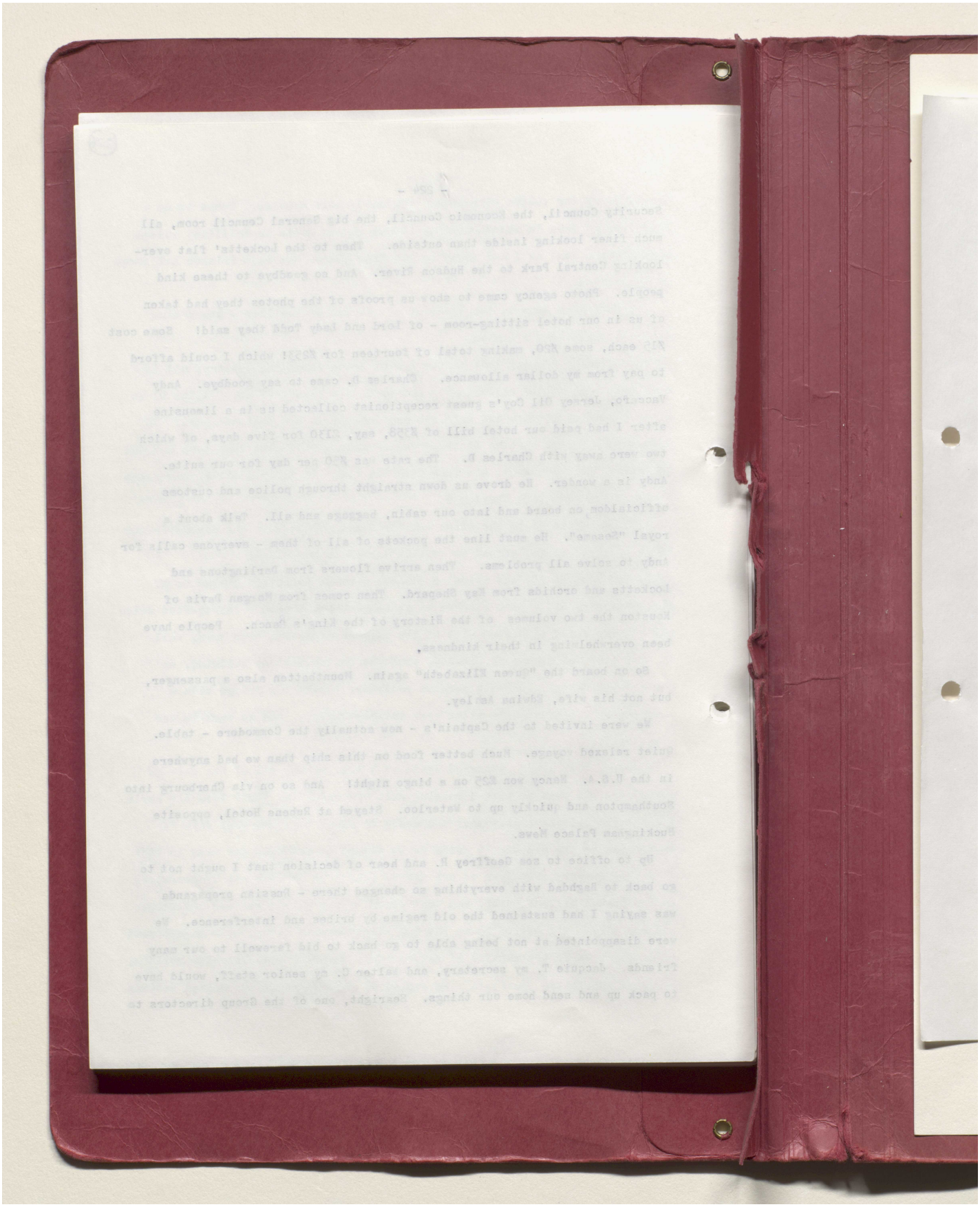
Security Council, the Economic Council, the big General Council room, all much finer looking inside than outside. Then to the Locketts' flat overlooking Central Park to the Hudson River. And so goodbye to these kind people. Photo agency came to show us proofs of the photos they had taken of us in our hotel sitting-room - of Lord and Lady Todd they said! Some cost $15 each, some $20, making total of fourteen for $253! which I could afford to pay from my dollar allowance. Charles D. came to say goodbye. Andy Vaccaro, Jersey Oil Coy's guest receptionist collected us in a limousine after I had paid our hotel bill of $358, say, £130 for five days, of which two were away with Charles D. The rate was $50 per day for our suite. Andy is a wonder. He drove us down straight through police and customs officialdom, on board and into our cabin, baggage and all. Talk about a royal "Sesame". He must line the pockets of all of them - everyone calls for Andy to solve all problems. Then arrive flowers from Darlingtons and Locketts and orchids from Kay Shepard. Then comes from Morgan Davis of Houston the two volumes of the History of the King's Ranch. People have been overwhelming in their kindness.

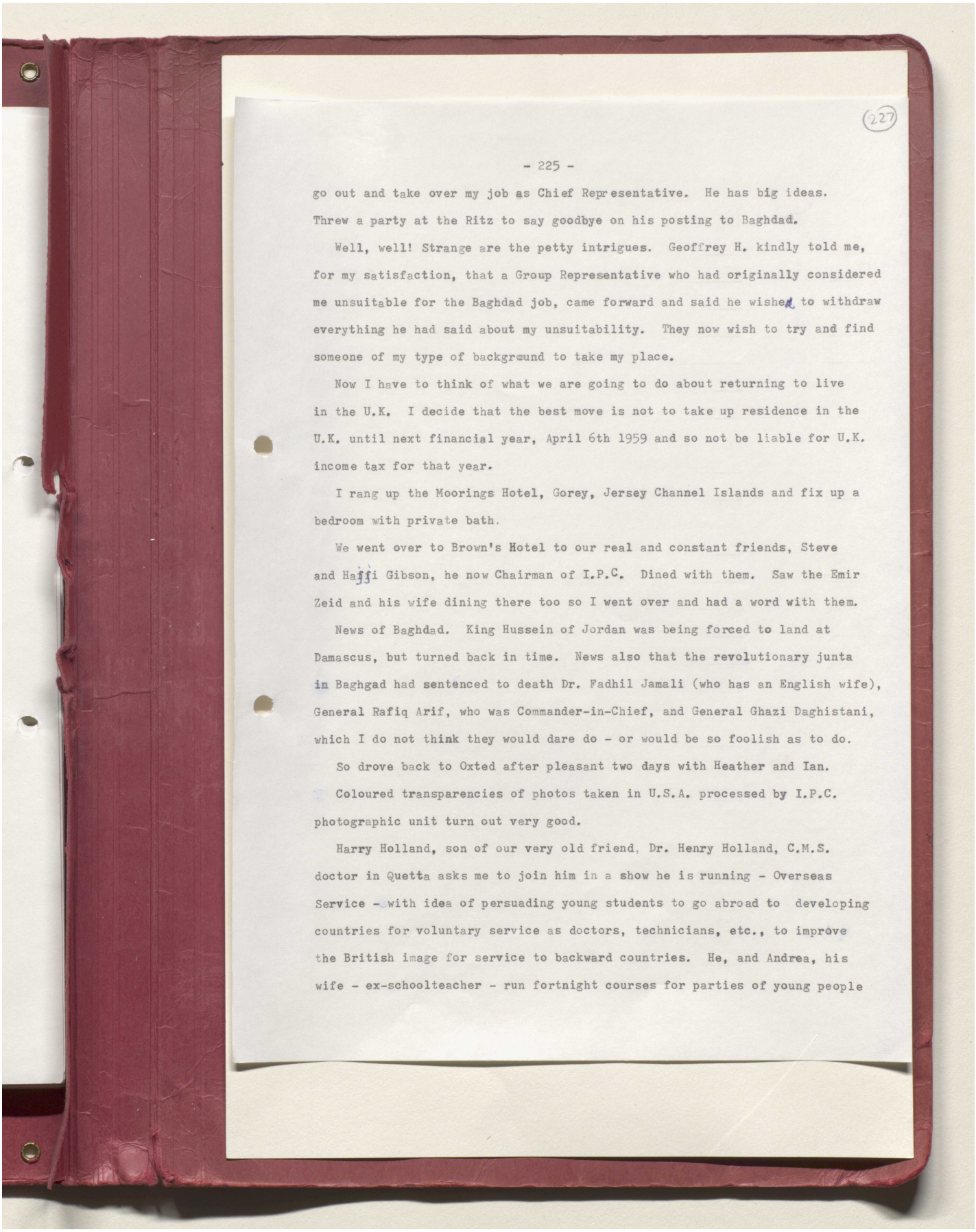
So on board the "Queen Elizabeth" again. Mountbatten also a passenger, but not his wife, Edwina Ashley.

We were invited to the Captain's - now actually the Commodore - table. Quiet relaxed voyage. Much better food on this ship than we had anywhere in the U.S.A. Nancy won £25 on a bingo night! And so on via Cherbourg into Southampton and quickly up to Waterloo. Stayed at Rubens Hotel, opposite Buckingham Palace Mews.

Up to office to see Geoffrey H. and hear of decision that I ought not to go back to Baghdad with everything so changed there - Russian propaganda was saying I had sustained the old regime by bribes and interference. We were disappointed at not being able to go back to bid farewell to our many friends. Jacquie T. my secretary, and Walter C. my senior staff, would have to pack up and send home our things. Searight, one of the Group directors to

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000034





(227)

go out and take over my job as Chief Representative. He has big ideas. Threw a party at the Ritz to say goodbye on his posting to Baghdad.

Well, well! Strange are the petty intrigues. Geoffrey H. kindly told me, for my satisfaction, that a Group Representative who had originally considered me unsuitable for the Baghdad job, came forward and said he wished to withdraw everything he had said about my unsuitability. They now wish to try and find someone of my type of background to take my place.

Now I have to think of what we are going to do about returning to live in the U.K. I decide that the best move is not to take up residence in the U.K. until next financial year, April 6th 1959 and so not be liable for U.K. income tax for that year.

I rang up the Moorings Hotel, Gorey, Jersey Channel Islands and fix up a bedroom with private bath.

We went over to Brown's Hotel to our real and constant friends, Steve and Haffi Gibson, he now Chairman of I.P.C. Dined with them. Saw the Emir Zeid and his wife dining there too so I went over and had a word with them.

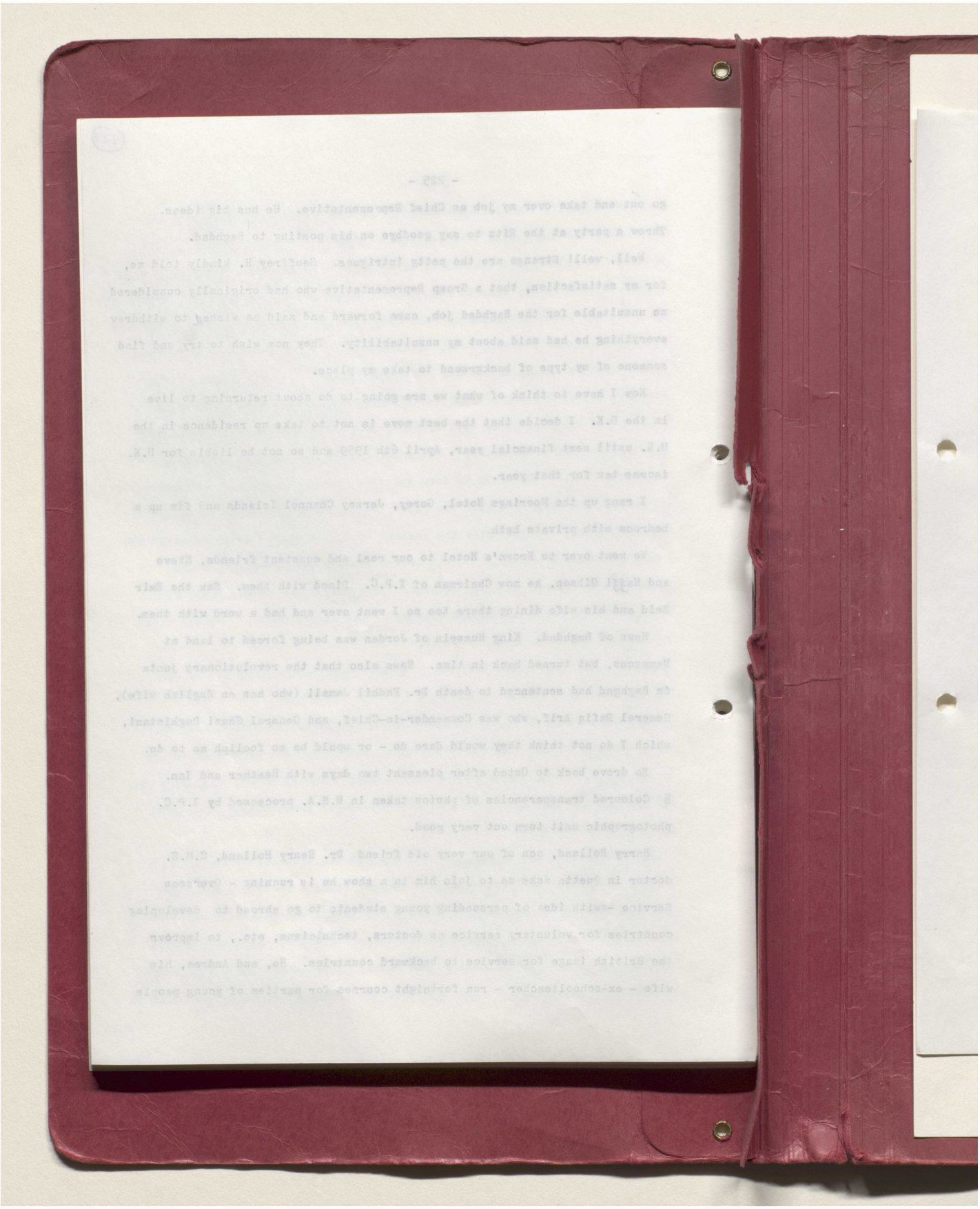
News of Baghdad. King Hussein of Jordan was being forced to land at Damascus, but turned back in time. News also that the revolutionary junta in Baghgad had sentenced to death Dr. Fadhil Jamali (who has an English wife), General Rafiq Arif, who was Commander-in-Chief, and General Ghazi Daghistani, which I do not think they would dare do - or would be so foolish as to do.

So drove back to Oxted after pleasant two days with Heather and Ian.

Coloured transparencies of photos taken in U.S.A. processed by I.P.C. photographic unit turn out very good.

Harry Holland, son of our very old friend, Dr. Henry Holland, C.M.S. doctor in Quetta asks me to join him in a show he is running - Overseas Service - with idea of persuading young students to go abroad to developing countries for voluntary service as doctors, technicians, etc., to improve the British image for service to backward countries. He, and Andrea, his wife - ex-schoolteacher - run fortnight courses for parties of young people

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000036



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

at Dunford College, near Midhurst in Hants. It is a lovely, large, old house, was the home of Richard Cobden of the Corn Laws fame, gifted by his grand-daughter Mrs. Unwin (publishers) for the "good of society". Now a Y.M.C.A. hostel, let occasionally to such benevolent organisations as Overseas Service.

We stayed there two nights and heard some of the lectures. Sir Alec Kirkbride, late British Ambassador in Jordan, gave a talk on the Middle East and I gave a talk on "Iraqi Revolution and After". Sir John Shaw organises the M.E. section but is getting tired of the job and Harry Holland wants me to take over from him. Sir Thomas and Lady Rapp there. He was a minister in the Foreign Office and was the man who put me on to John Murray to run my commercial section in Baghdad. The whole show needs some pep and enthusiasm inculcated into the Service, which is chiefly for men going to the M.E. and refreshers for those who have been some time in the M.E.

XCII.

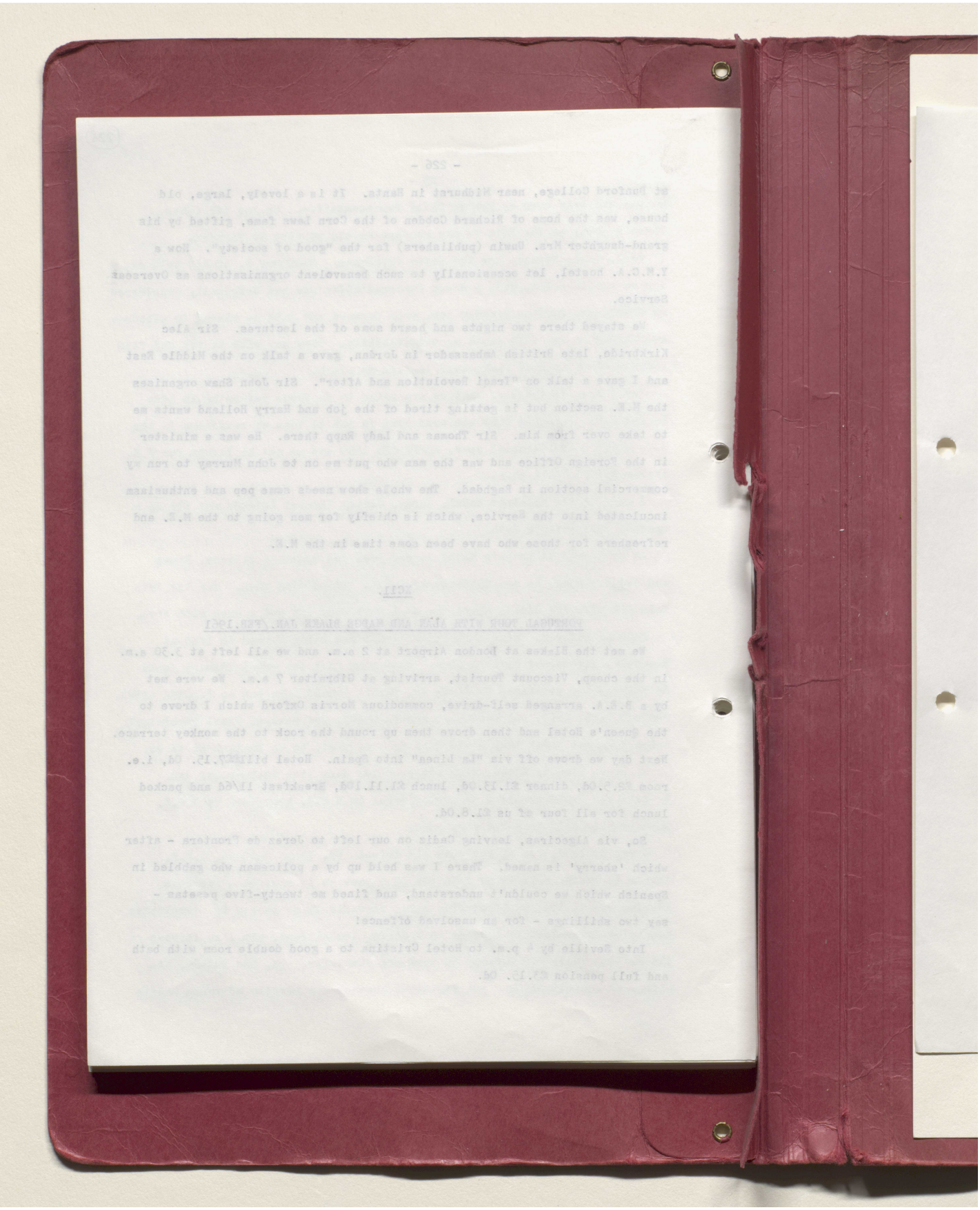
PORTUGAL TOUR WITH ALAN AND MADGE BLAKE JAN./FEB.1961

We met the Blakes at London Airport at 2 a.m. and we all left at 3.30 a.m. in the cheap, Viscount Tourist, arriving at Gibraltar 7 a.m. We were met by a B.E.A. arranged self-drive, commodious Morris Oxford which I drove to the Queen's Hotel and then drove them up round the rock to the monkey terrace. Next day we drove off via "La Linea" into Spain. Hotel bill £7.15. Od, i.e. room £2.5.Od, dinner £1.13.Od, lunch £1.11.10d, Breakfast 11/6d and packed lunch for all four of us £1.8.Od.

So, via Algeciras, leaving Cadiz on our left to Jerez de Frontera - after which 'sherry' is named. There I was held up by a policeman who gabbled in Spanish which we couldn't understand, and fined me twenty-five pesetas - say two shillings - for an unsolved offence!

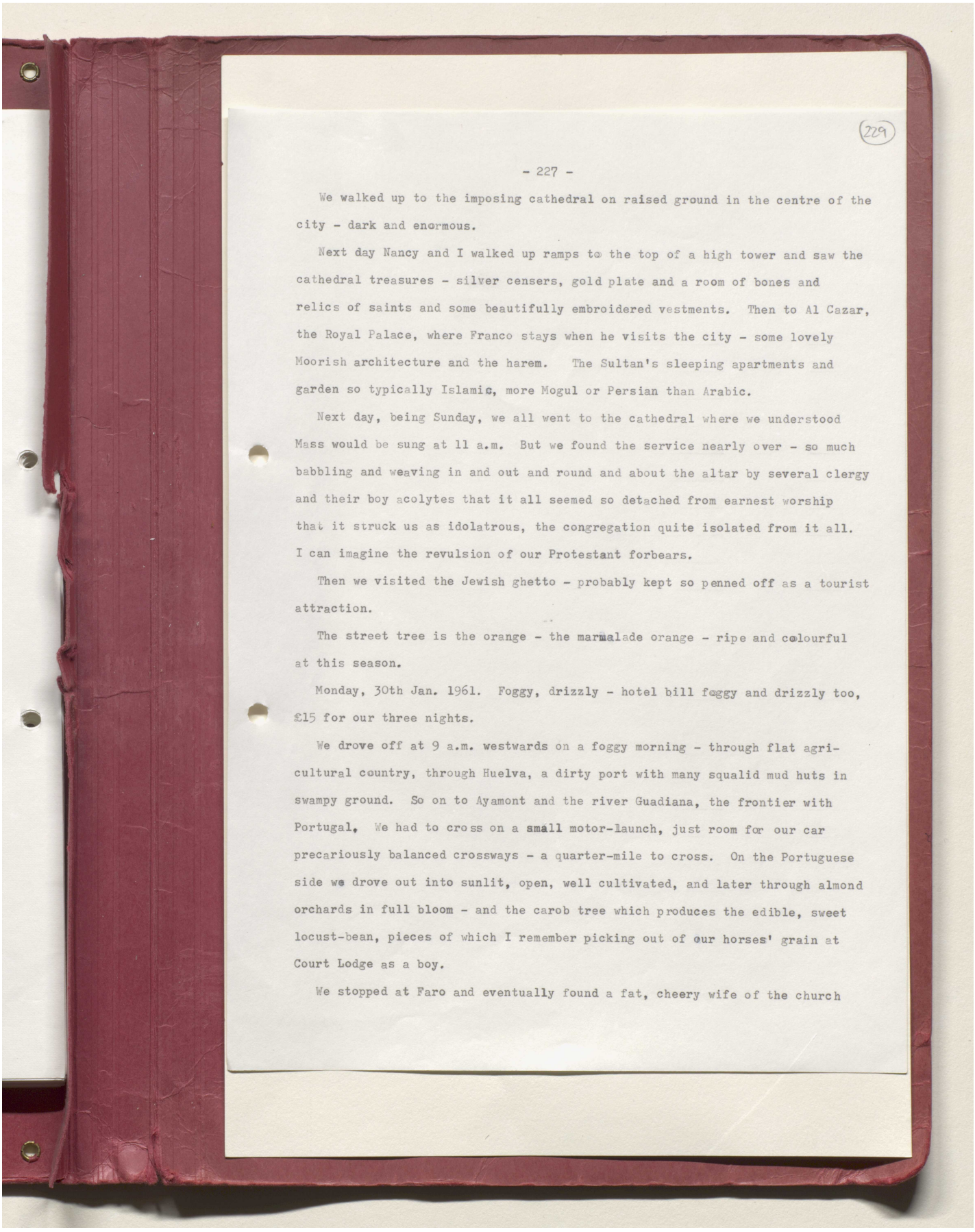
Into Seville by 4 p.m. to Hotel Cristina to a good double room with bath and full pension £3.15. Od.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000038



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



We walked up to the imposing cathedral on raised ground in the centre of the city - dark and enormous.

Next day Nancy and I walked up ramps to the top of a high tower and saw the cathedral treasures - silver censers, gold plate and a room of bones and relics of saints and some beautifully embroidered vestments. Then to Al Cazar, the Royal Palace, where Franco stays when he visits the city - some lovely Moorish architecture and the harem. The Sultan's sleeping apartments and garden so typically Islamic, more Mogul or Persian than Arabic.

Next day, being Sunday, we all went to the cathedral where we understood Mass would be sung at 11 a.m. But we found the service nearly over - so much babbling and weaving in and out and round and about the altar by several clergy and their boy acolytes that it all seemed so detached from earnest worship that it struck us as idolatrous, the congregation quite isolated from it all. I can imagine the revulsion of our Protestant forbears.

Then we visited the Jewish ghetto - probably kept so penned off as a tourist attraction.

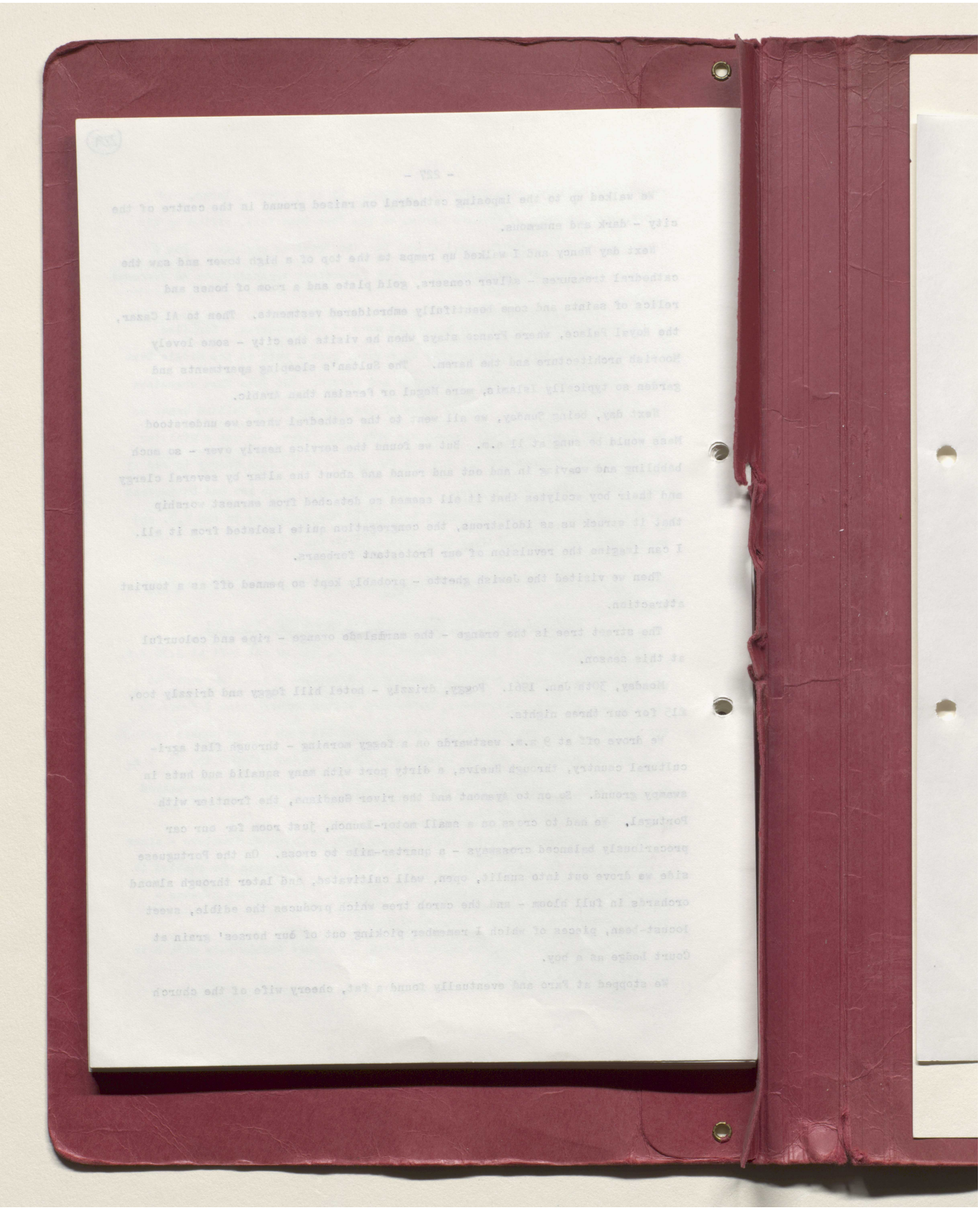
The street tree is the orange - the marmalade orange - ripe and colourful at this season.

Monday, 30th Jan. 1961. Foggy, drizzly - hotel bill foggy and drizzly too, £15 for our three nights.

We drove off at 9 a.m. westwards on a foggy morning - through flat agricultural country, through Huelva, a dirty port with many squalid mud huts in swampy ground. So on to Ayamont and the river Guadiana, the frontier with Portugal. We had to cross on a small motor-launch, just room for our car precariously balanced crossways - a quarter-mile to cross. On the Portuguese side we drove out into sunlit, open, well cultivated, and later through almond orchards in full bloom - and the carob tree which produces the edible, sweet locust-bean, pieces of which I remember picking out of our horses' grain at Court Lodge as a boy.

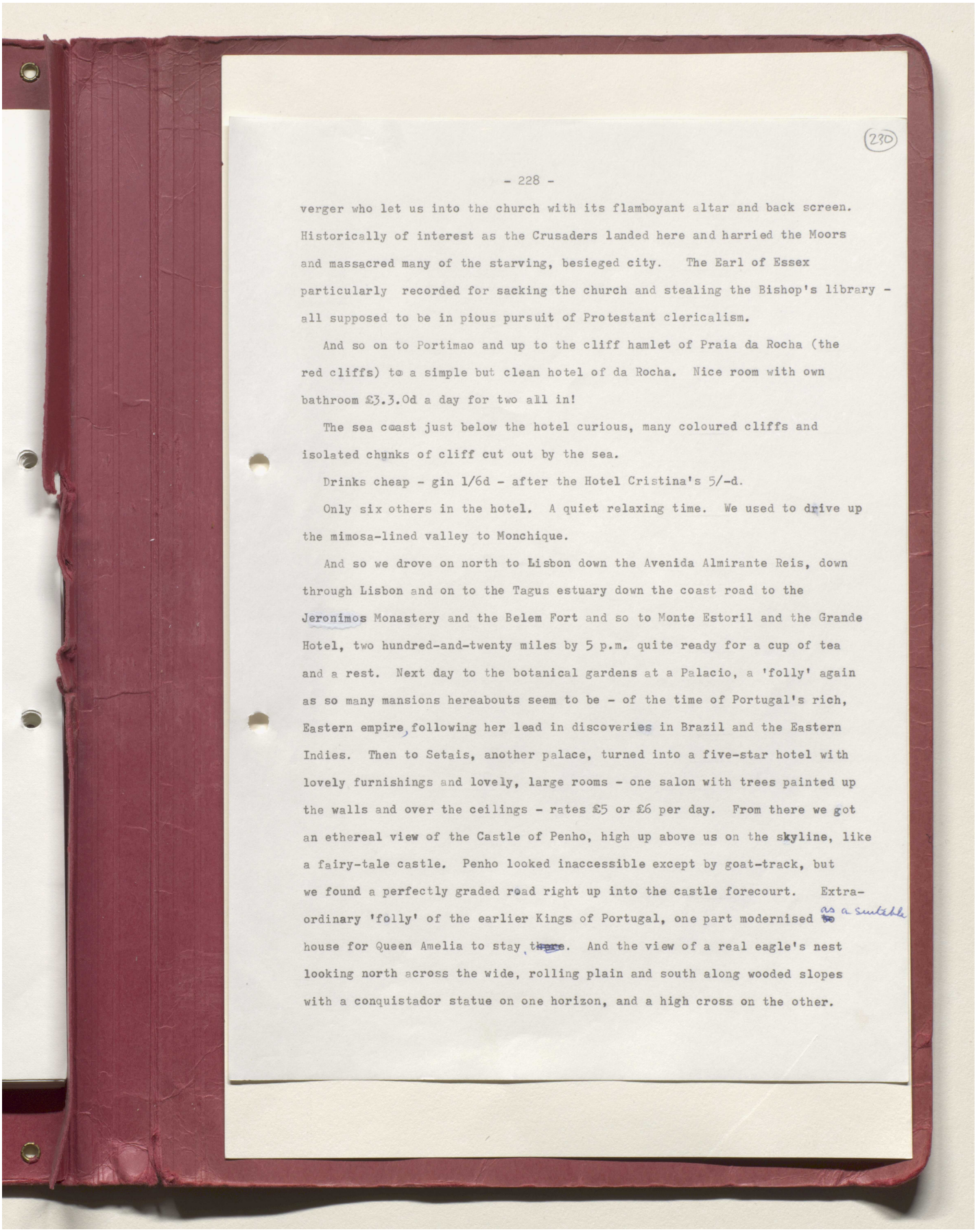
We stopped at Faro and eventually found a fat, cheery wife of the church

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00003a



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



(230)

verger who let us into the church with its flamboyant altar and back screen. Historically of interest as the Crusaders landed here and harried the Moors and massacred many of the starving, besieged city. The Earl of Essex particularly recorded for sacking the church and stealing the Bishop's library - all supposed to be in pious pursuit of Protestant clericalism.

And so on to Portimao and up to the cliff hamlet of Praia da Rocha (the red cliffs) to a simple but clean hotel of da Rocha. Nice room with own bathroom £3.3.0d a day for two all in!

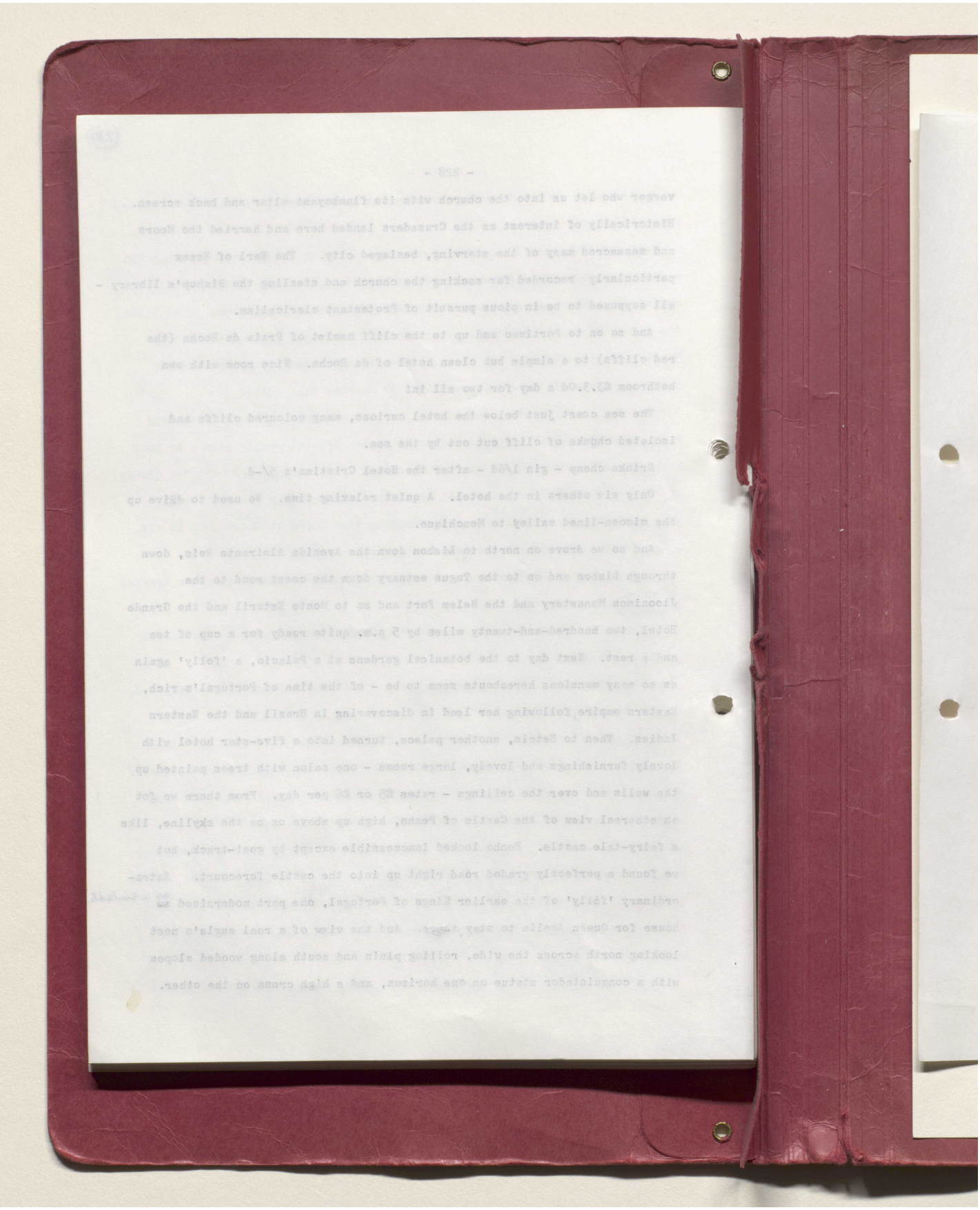
The sea coast just below the hotel curious, many coloured cliffs and isolated chunks of cliff cut out by the sea.

Drinks cheap - gin 1/6d - after the Hotel Cristina's 5/-d.

Only six others in the hotel. A quiet relaxing time. We used to drive up the mimosa-lined valley to Monchique.

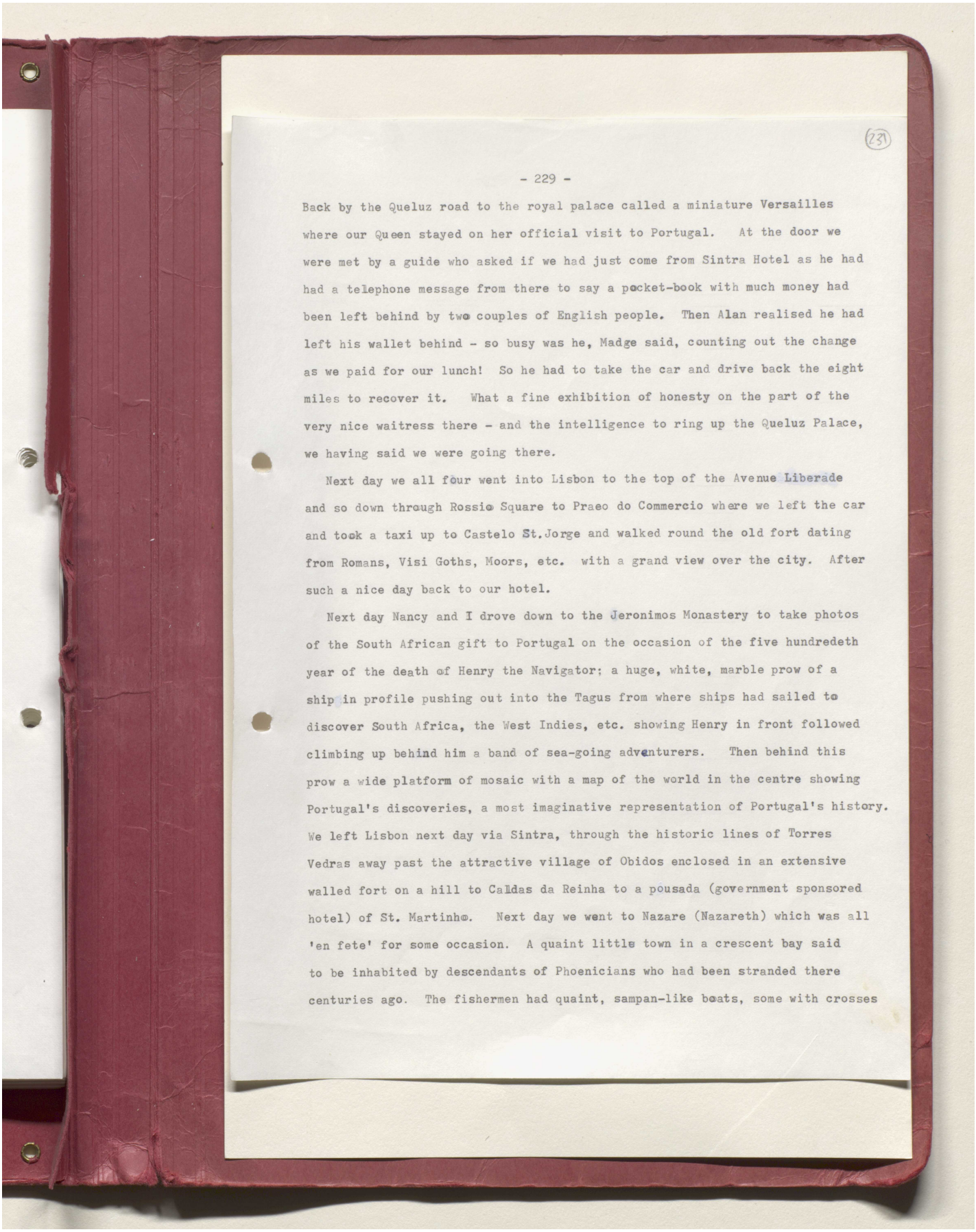
And so we drove on north to Lisbon down the Avenida Almirante Reis, down through Lisbon and on to the Tagus estuary down the coast road to the Jeronimos Monastery and the Belem Fort and so to Monte Estoril and the Grande Hotel, two hundred-and-twenty miles by 5 p.m. quite ready for a cup of tea and a rest. Next day to the botanical gardens at a Palacio, a 'folly' again as so many mansions hereabouts seem to be - of the time of Portugal's rich, Eastern empire, following her lead in discoveries in Brazil and the Eastern Indies. Then to Setais, another palace, turned into a five-star hotel with lovely furnishings and lovely, large rooms - one salon with trees painted up the walls and over the ceilings - rates £5 or £6 per day. From there we got an ethereal view of the Castle of Penho, high up above us on the skyline, like a fairy-tale castle. Penho looked inaccessible except by goat-track, but we found a perfectly graded road right up into the castle forecourt. Extra-ordinary 'folly' of the earlier Kings of Portugal, one part modernised ~~to~~ as a suitable house for Queen Amelia to stay ~~there~~. And the view of a real eagle's nest looking north across the wide, rolling plain and south along wooded slopes with a conquistador statue on one horizon, and a high cross on the other.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00003c



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

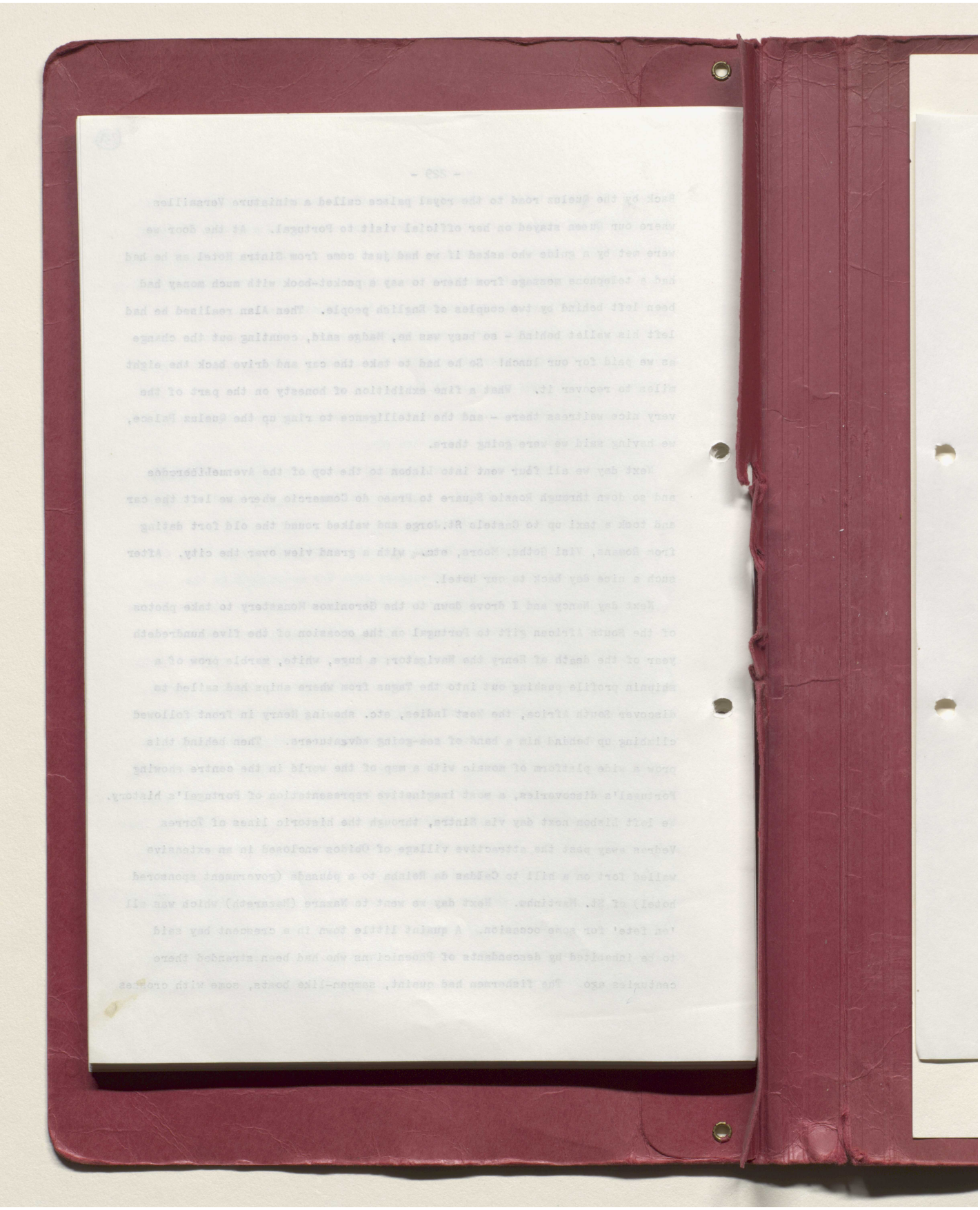


Back by the Queluz road to the royal palace called a miniature Versailles where our Queen stayed on her official visit to Portugal. At the door we were met by a guide who asked if we had just come from Sintra Hotel as he had had a telephone message from there to say a pocket-book with much money had been left behind by two couples of English people. Then Alan realised he had left his wallet behind - so busy was he, Madge said, counting out the change as we paid for our lunch! So he had to take the car and drive back the eight miles to recover it. What a fine exhibition of honesty on the part of the very nice waitress there - and the intelligence to ring up the Queluz Palace, we having said we were going there.

Next day we all four went into Lisbon to the top of the Avenue Liberade and so down through Rossio Square to Praeo do Commercio where we left the car and took a taxi up to Castelo St.Jorge and walked round the old fort dating from Romans, Visi Goths, Moors, etc. with a grand view over the city. After such a nice day back to our hotel.

Next day Nancy and I drove down to the Jeronimos Monastery to take photos of the South African gift to Portugal on the occasion of the five hundredeth year of the death of Henry the Navigator; a huge, white, marble prow of a ship in profile pushing out into the Tagus from where ships had sailed to discover South Africa, the West Indies, etc. showing Henry in front followed climbing up behind him a band of sea-going adventurers. Then behind this prow a wide platform of mosaic with a map of the world in the centre showing Portugal's discoveries, a most imaginative representation of Portugal's history. We left Lisbon next day via Sintra, through the historic lines of Torres Vedras away past the attractive village of Obidos enclosed in an extensive walled fort on a hill to Caldas da Reinha to a pousada (government sponsored hotel) of St. Martinho. Next day we went to Nazare (Nazareth) which was all 'en fete' for some occasion. A quaint little town in a crescent bay said to be inhabited by descendants of Phoenicians who had been stranded there centuries ago. The fishermen had quaint, sampan-like boats, some with crosses

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00003e



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00003f

on the bows, some with eyes painted on the turned up prow. The fishermen, wearing long, stocking-like nightcaps like pirates, were all 'en fete'.

We left after our four days at Martinho and drove as far as Fuerra Alentjo and put up for the night at an estaljem (again a sort of government sponsored guest house), very comfortable and cheap, £5.17.6d for the four of us. We have now left the pines of north Portugal and now in cork, olive, and a pine tree which grows like a big umbrella or a puff - perhaps the pine which produces the edible pine-nut.

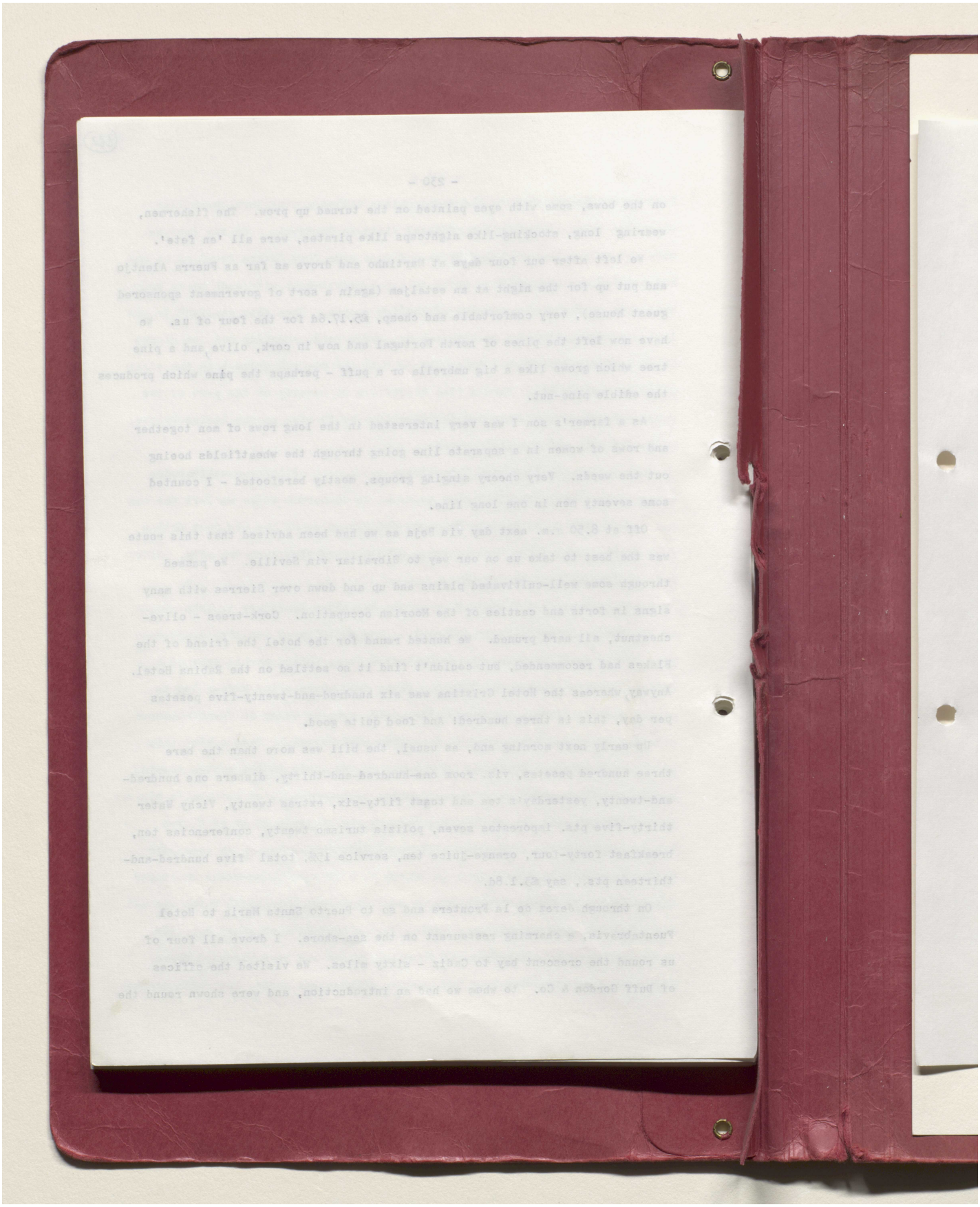
As a farmer's son I was very interested in the long rows of men together and rows of women in a separate line going through the wheatfields hoeing out the weeds. Very cheery singing groups, mostly barefooted - I counted some seventy men in one long line.

Off at 8.50 a.m. next day via Beja as we had been advised that this route was the best to take us on our way to Gibraltar via Seville. We passed through some well-cultivated plains and up and down over Sierras with many signs in forts and castles of the Moorish occupation. Cork-trees - olive-chestnut, all hard pruned. We hunted round for the hotel the friend of the Blakes had recommended, but couldn't find it so settled on the Rabina Hotel. Anyway, whereas the Hotel Cristina was six hundred-and-twenty-five pesetas per day, this is three hundred! And food quite good.

Up early next morning and, as usual, the bill was more than the bare three hundred pesetas, viz. room one-hundred-and-thirty, dinners one hundred-and-twenty, yesterday's tea and toast fifty-six, extras twenty, Vichy Water thirty-five pts. imporestos seven, polizia turismo twenty, conferencias ten, breakfast forty-four, orange-juice ten, service 15%, total five hundred-and-thirteen pts., say £3.1.8d.

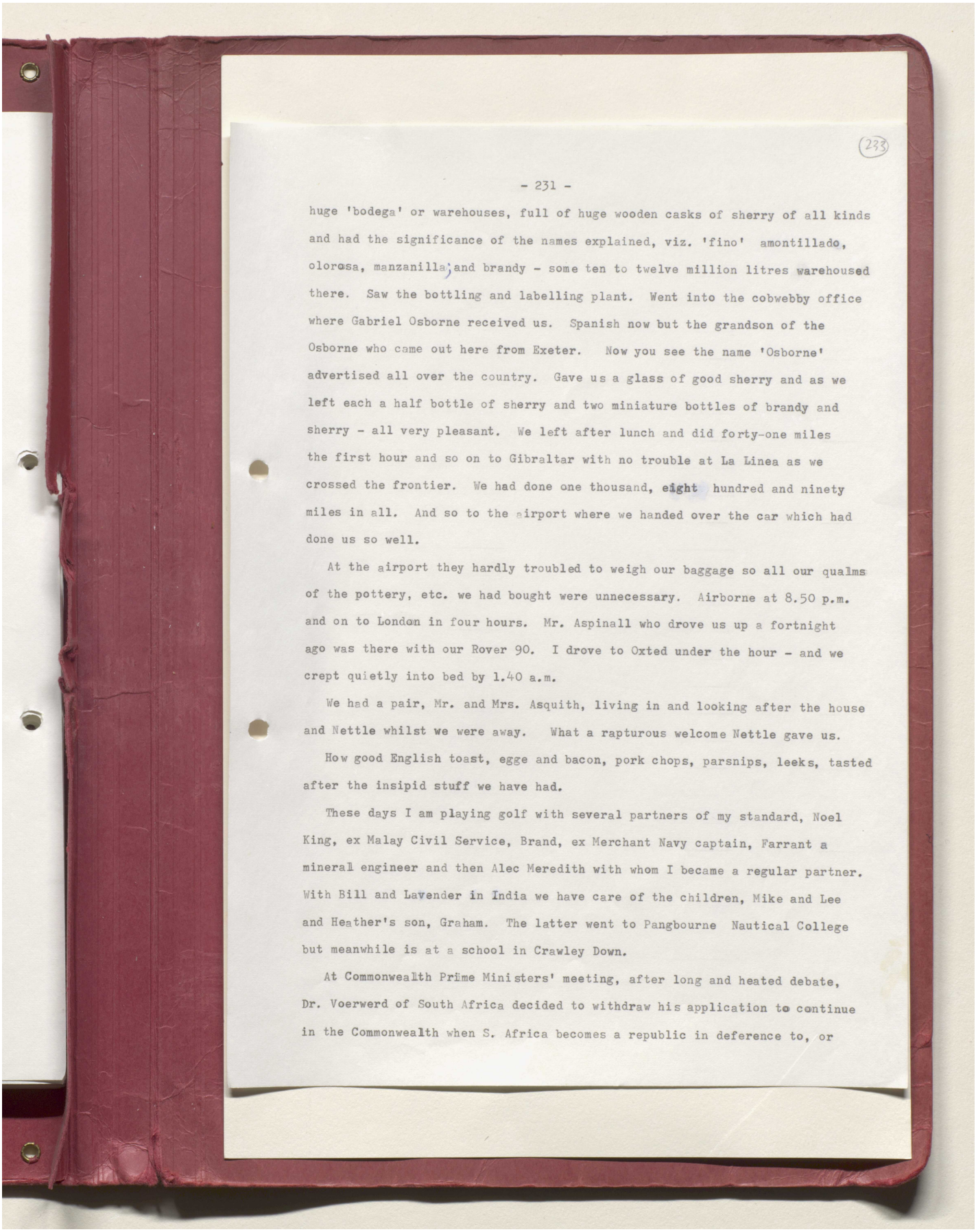
On through Jerez de la Frontera and so to Puerto Santa Maria to Hotel Fuentabravia, a charming restaurant on the sea-shore. I drove all four of us round the crescent bay to Cadiz - sixty miles. We visited the offices of Duff Gordon & Co. to whom we had an introduction, and were shown round the

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000040



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



huge 'bodega' or warehouses, full of huge wooden casks of sherry of all kinds and had the significance of the names explained, viz. 'fino' amontillado, oloroso, manzanilla and brandy - some ten to twelve million litres warehoused there. Saw the bottling and labelling plant. Went into the cobwebby office where Gabriel Osborne received us. Spanish now but the grandson of the Osborne who came out here from Exeter. Now you see the name 'Osborne' advertised all over the country. Gave us a glass of good sherry and as we left each a half bottle of sherry and two miniature bottles of brandy and sherry - all very pleasant. We left after lunch and did forty-one miles the first hour and so on to Gibraltar with no trouble at La Linea as we crossed the frontier. We had done one thousand, eight hundred and ninety miles in all. And so to the airport where we handed over the car which had done us so well.

At the airport they hardly troubled to weigh our baggage so all our qualms of the pottery, etc. we had bought were unnecessary. Airborne at 8.50 p.m. and on to London in four hours. Mr. Aspinall who drove us up a fortnight ago was there with our Rover 90. I drove to Oxted under the hour - and we crept quietly into bed by 1.40 a.m.

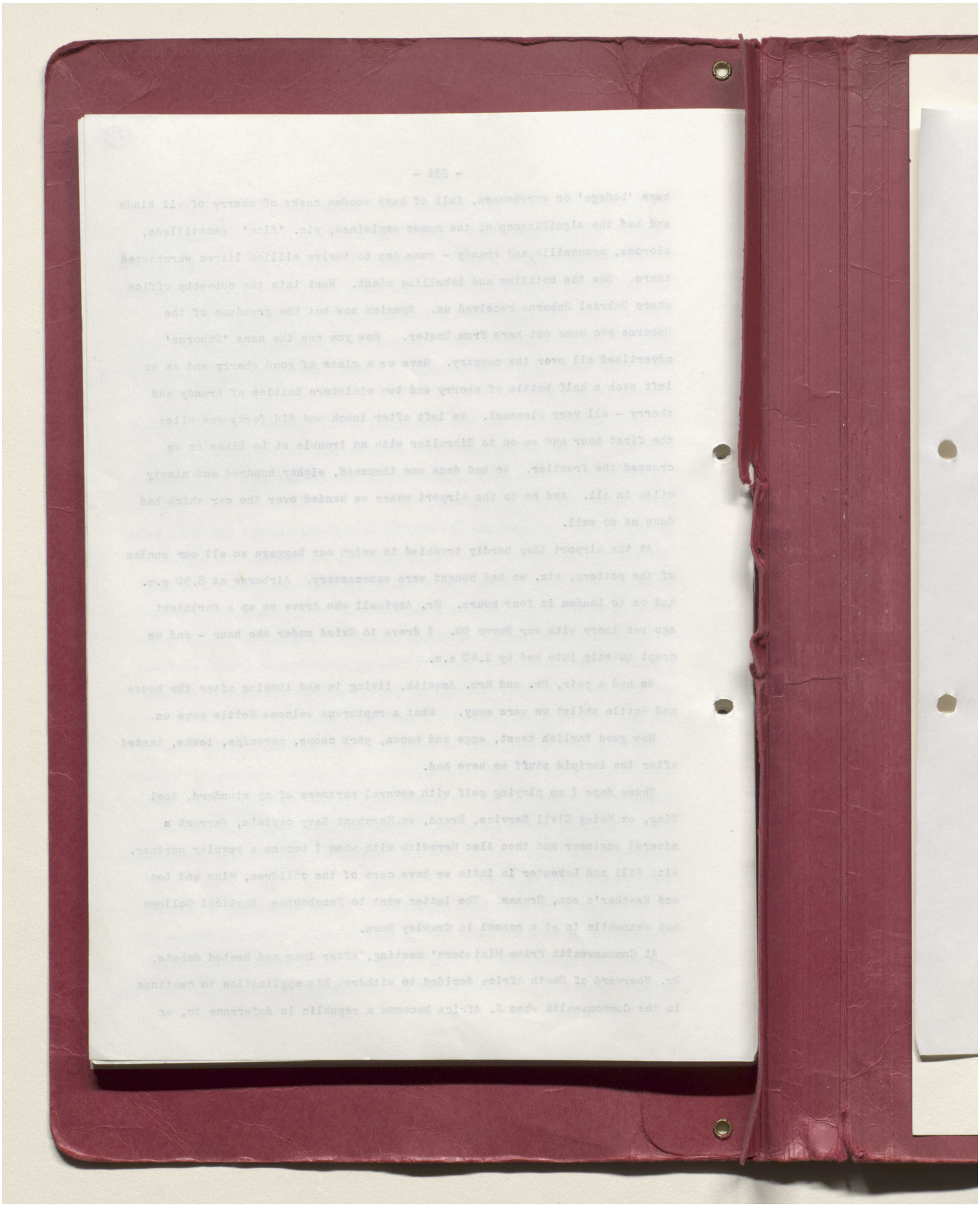
We had a pair, Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, living in and looking after the house and Nettle whilst we were away. What a rapturous welcome Nettle gave us.

How good English toast, egge and bacon, pork chops, parsnips, leeks, tasted after the insipid stuff we have had.

These days I am playing golf with several partners of my standard, Noel King, ex Malay Civil Service, Brand, ex Merchant Navy captain, Farrant a mineral engineer and then Alec Meredith with whom I became a regular partner. With Bill and Lavender in India we have care of the children, Mike and Lee and Heather's son, Graham. The latter went to Pangbourne Nautical College but meanwhile is at a school in Crawley Down.

At Commonwealth Prime Ministers' meeting, after long and heated debate, Dr. Voerwerd of South Africa decided to withdraw his application to continue in the Commonwealth when S. Africa becomes a republic in deference to, or

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000042



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

rather because of, the attitude of the Afro-Asian members at S. Africa's apartheid policy. A great pity and it shocked everyone.

Took Graham to London Airport and put him on a plane to fly out to New York to spend his school holidays with his parents.

April 12th 1961. News that Russia put a man into space, once round the world and then back to earth - the whole world agog and of course it brings great kudos to Russian technology - Yurie Gagarin was the astronaut.

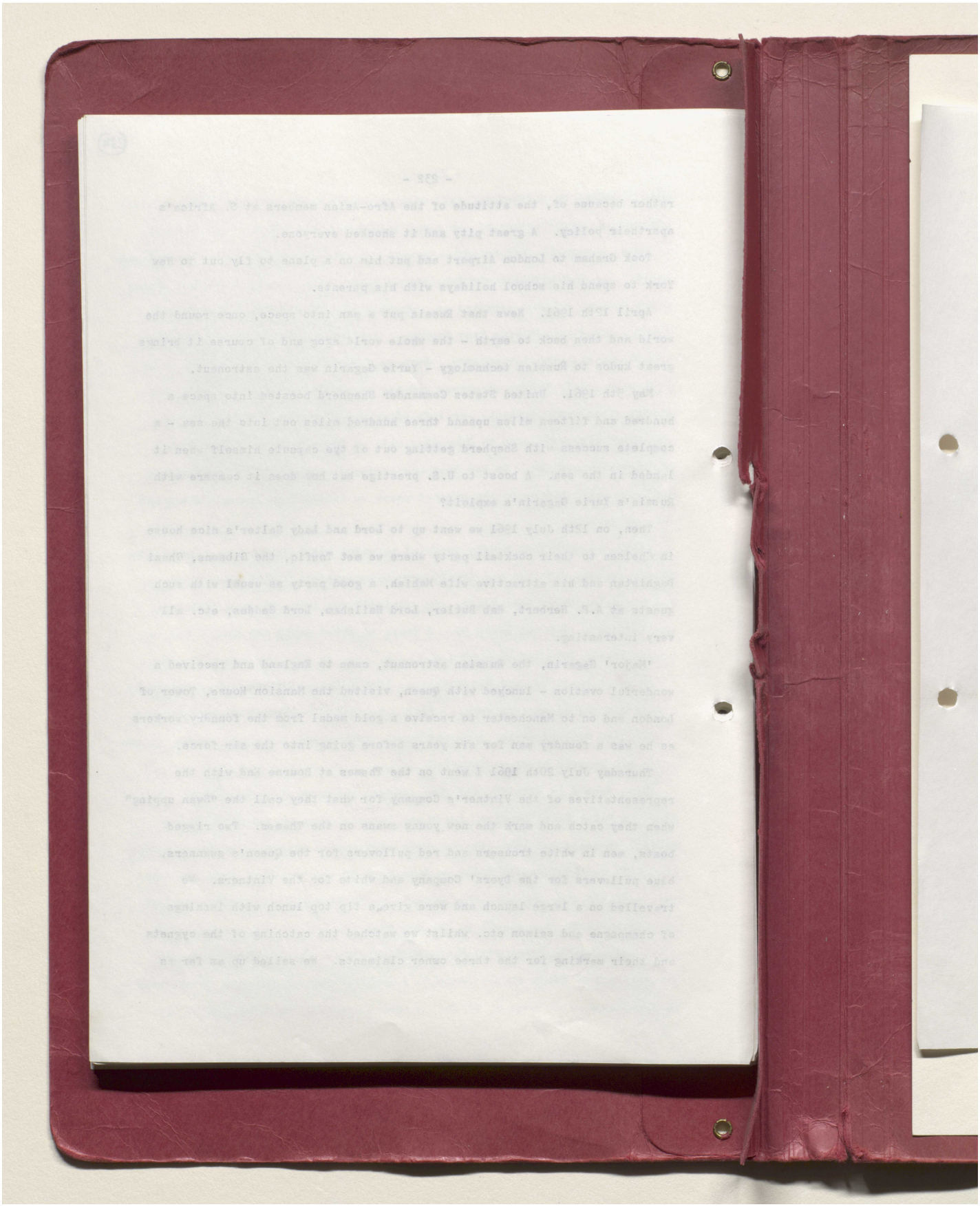
May 5th 1961. United States Commander Shepherd boosted into space a hundred and fifteen miles up and three hundred miles out into the sea - a complete success with Shepherd getting out of the capsule himself when it landed in the sea. A boost to U.S. prestige but how does it compare with Russia's Yurie Gagarin's exploit?

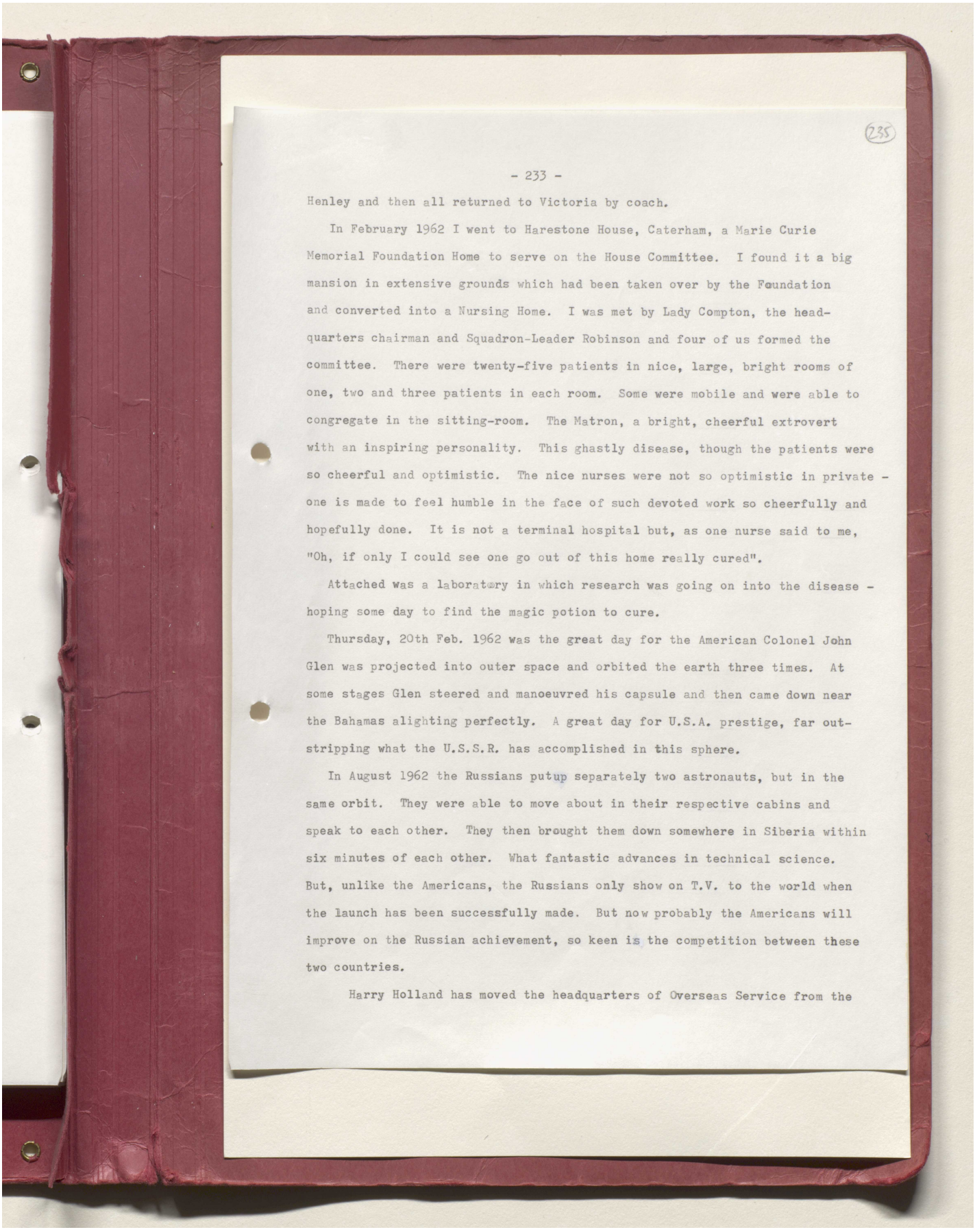
Then, on 12th July 1961 we went up to Lord and Lady Salter's nice house in Chelsea to their cocktail party where we met Taufiq, the Gibsons, Ghazi Daghistan and his attractive wife Mahiah, a good party as usual with such guests as A.P. Herbert, Rab Butler, Lord Hailsham, Lord Geddes, etc. all very interesting.

'Major' Gagarin, the Russian astronaut, came to England and received a wonderful ovation - lunched with Queen, visited the Mansion House, Tower of London and on to Manchester to receive a gold medal from the foundry workers as he was a foundry man for six years before going into the air force.

Thursday July 20th 1961 I went on the Thames at Bourne End with the representatives of the Vintner's Company for what they call the "Swan upping" when they catch and mark the new young swans on the Thames. Two rigged boats, men in white trousers and red pullovers for the Queen's swanners, blue pullovers for the Dyers' Company and white for the Vintners. We travelled on a large launch and were given a tip top lunch with lashings of champagne and salmon etc. whilst we watched the catching of the cygnets and their marking for the three owner claimants. We sailed up as far as

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000044





Henley and then all returned to Victoria by coach.

In February 1962 I went to Harestone House, Caterham, a Marie Curie Memorial Foundation Home to serve on the House Committee. I found it a big mansion in extensive grounds which had been taken over by the Foundation and converted into a Nursing Home. I was met by Lady Compton, the head-quarters chairman and Squadron-Leader Robinson and four of us formed the committee. There were twenty-five patients in nice, large, bright rooms of one, two and three patients in each room. Some were mobile and were able to congregate in the sitting-room. The Matron, a bright, cheerful extrovert with an inspiring personality. This ghastly disease, though the patients were so cheerful and optimistic. The nice nurses were not so optimistic in private - one is made to feel humble in the face of such devoted work so cheerfully and hopefully done. It is not a terminal hospital but, as one nurse said to me, "Oh, if only I could see one go out of this home really cured".

Attached was a laboratory in which research was going on into the disease - hoping some day to find the magic potion to cure.

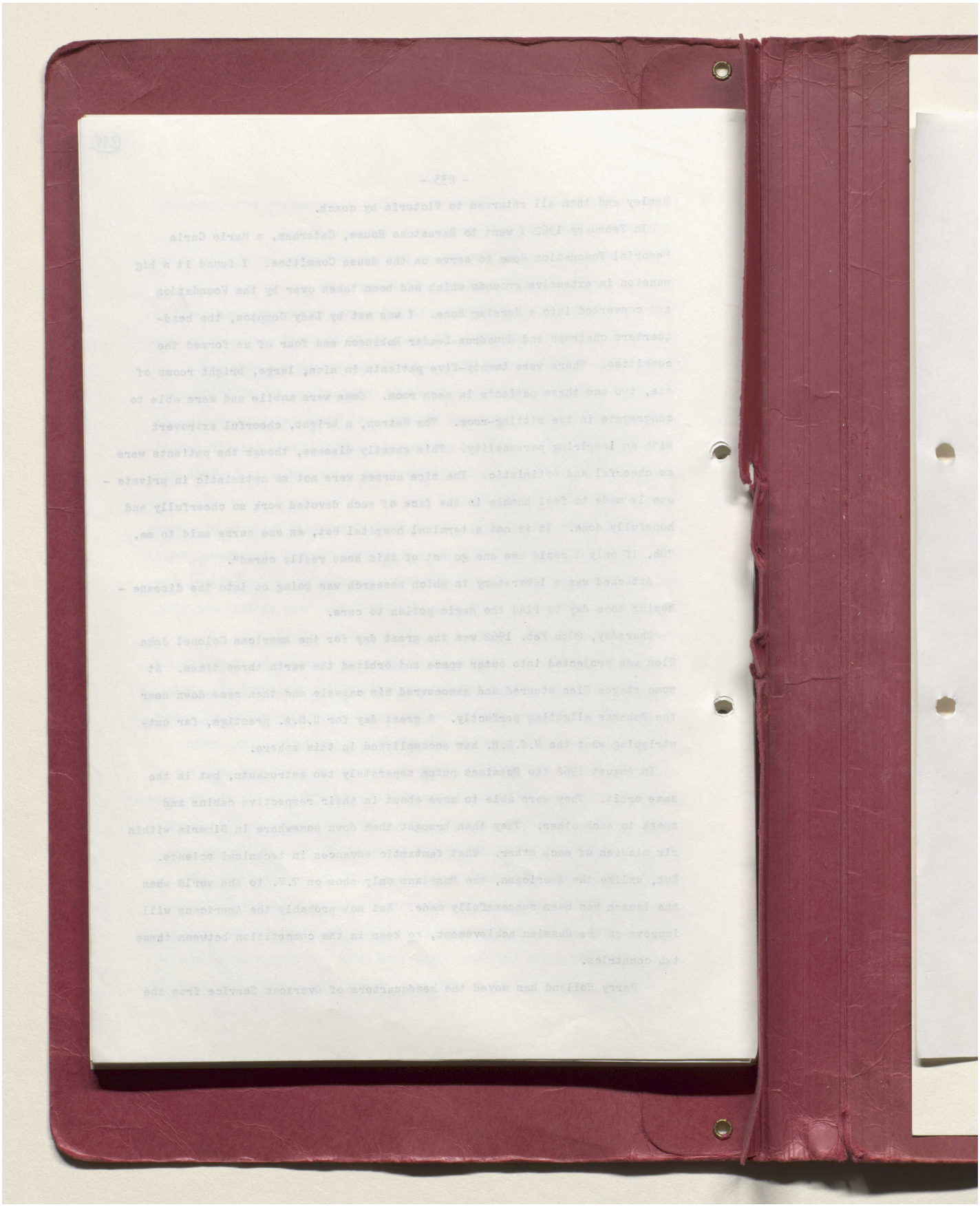
Thursday, 20th Feb. 1962 was the great day for the American Colonel John Glen was projected into outer space and orbited the earth three times. At some stages Glen steered and manoeuvred his capsule and then came down near the Bahamas alighting perfectly. A great day for U.S.A. prestige, far out-stripping what the U.S.S.R. has accomplished in this sphere.

In August 1962 the Russians putup separately two astronauts, but in the same orbit. They were able to move about in their respective cabins and speak to each other. They then brought them down somewhere in Siberia within six minutes of each other. What fantastic advances in technical science. But, unlike the Americans, the Russians only show on T.V. to the world when the launch has been successfully made. But now probably the Americans will improve on the Russian achievement, so keen is the competition between these two countries.

Harry Holland has moved the headquarters of Overseas Service from the

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

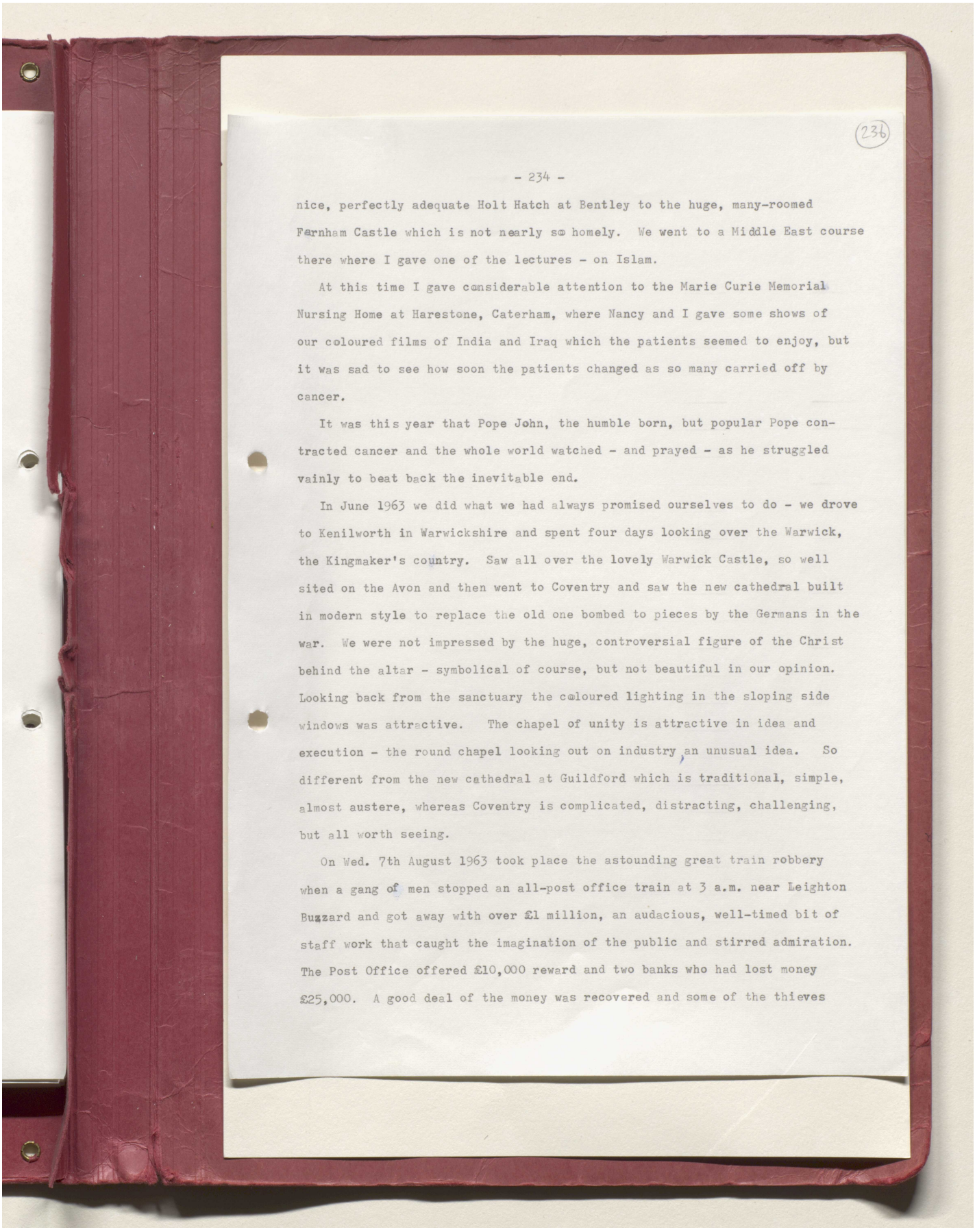
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000046



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000047

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



nice, perfectly adequate Holt Hatch at Bentley to the huge, many-roomed Farnham Castle which is not nearly so homely. We went to a Middle East course there where I gave one of the lectures - on Islam.

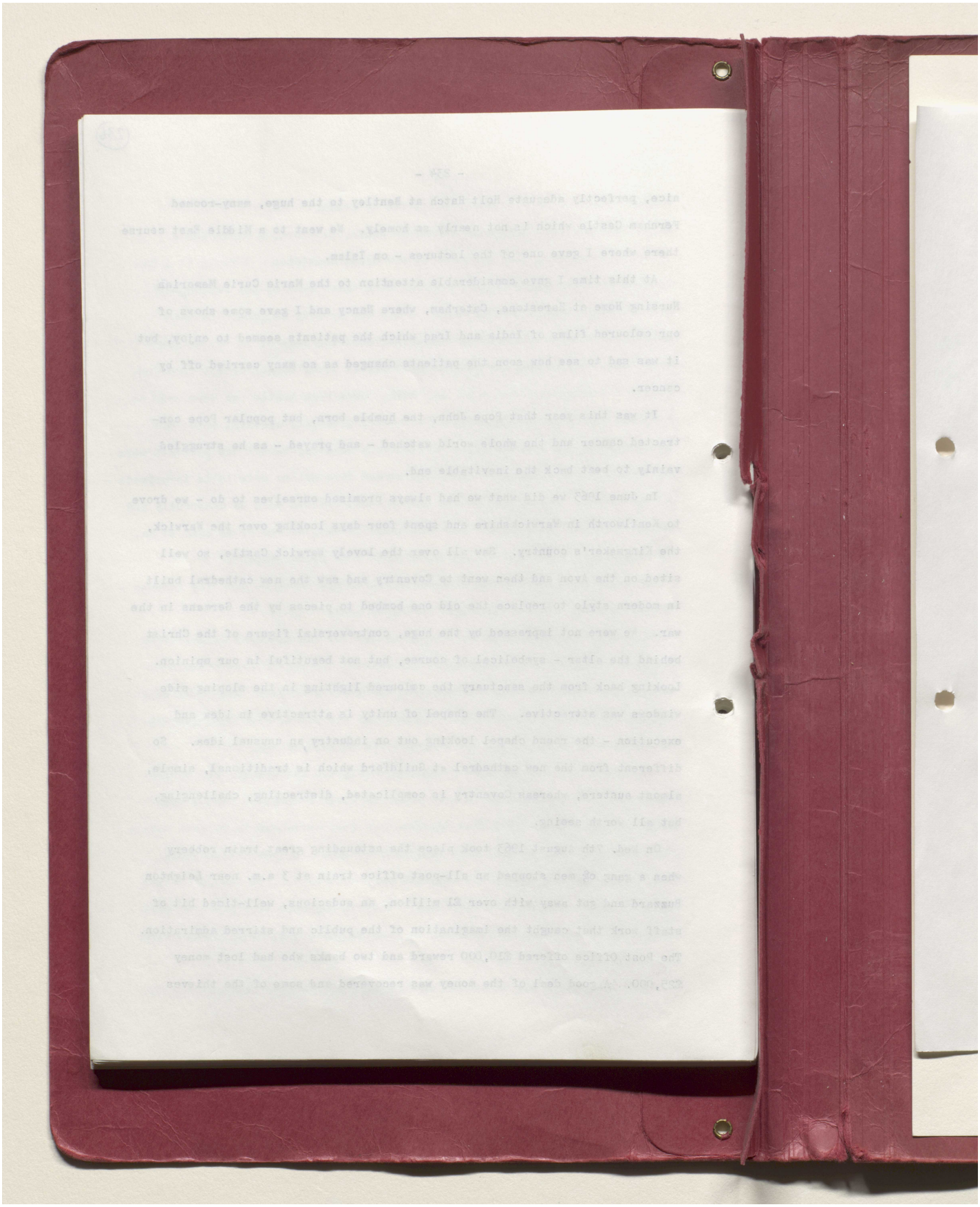
At this time I gave considerable attention to the Marie Curie Memorial Nursing Home at Harestone, Caterham, where Nancy and I gave some shows of our coloured films of India and Iraq which the patients seemed to enjoy, but it was sad to see how soon the patients changed as so many carried off by cancer.

It was this year that Pope John, the humble born, but popular Pope contracted cancer and the whole world watched - and prayed - as he struggled vainly to beat back the inevitable end.

In June 1963 we did what we had always promised ourselves to do - we drove to Kenilworth in Warwickshire and spent four days looking over the Warwick, the Kingmaker's country. Saw all over the lovely Warwick Castle, so well sited on the Avon and then went to Coventry and saw the new cathedral built in modern style to replace the old one bombed to pieces by the Germans in the war. We were not impressed by the huge, controversial figure of the Christ behind the altar - symbolical of course, but not beautiful in our opinion. Looking back from the sanctuary the coloured lighting in the sloping side windows was attractive. The chapel of unity is attractive in idea and execution - the round chapel looking out on industry, an unusual idea. So different from the new cathedral at Guildford which is traditional, simple, almost austere, whereas Coventry is complicated, distracting, challenging, but all worth seeing.

On Wed. 7th August 1963 took place the astounding great train robbery when a gang of men stopped an all-post office train at 3 a.m. near Leighton Buzzard and got away with over £1 million, an audacious, well-timed bit of staff work that caught the imagination of the public and stirred admiration. The Post Office offered £10,000 reward and two banks who had lost money £25,000. A good deal of the money was recovered and some of the thieves

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000048



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000049

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

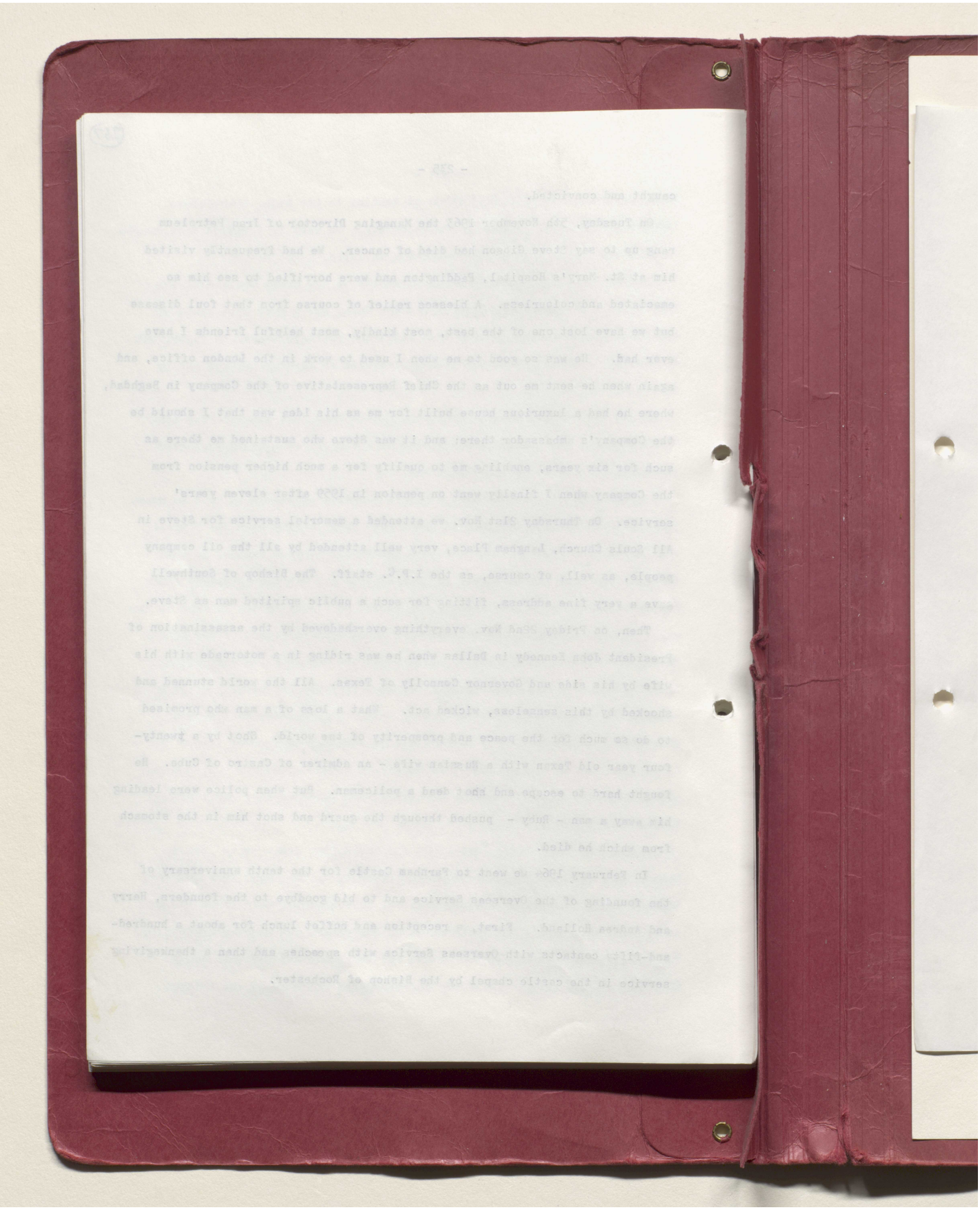
caught and convicted.

On Tuesday, 5th November 1963 the Managing Director of Iraq Petroleum rang up to say Steve Gibson had died of cancer. We had frequently visited him at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington and were horrified to see him so emaciated and colourless. A blessed relief of course from that foul disease but we have lost one of the best, most kindly, most helpful friends I have ever had. He was so good to me when I used to work in the London office, and again when he sent me out as the Chief Representative of the Company in Baghdad, where he had a luxurious house built for me as his idea was that I should be the Company's ambassador there; and it was Steve who sustained me there as such for six years, enabling me to qualify for a much higher pension from the Company when I finally went on pension in 1959 after eleven years' service. On Thursday 21st Nov. we attended a memorial service for Steve in All Souls Church, Langham Place, very well attended by all the oil company people, as well, of course, as the I.P.C. staff. The Bishop of Southwell gave a very fine address, fitting for such a public spirited man as Steve.

Then, on Friday 22nd Nov. everything overshadowed by the assassination of President John Kennedy in Dallas when he was riding in a motorcade with his wife by his side and Governor Connolly of Texas. All the world stunned and shocked by this senseless, wicked act. What a loss of a man who promised to do so much for the peace and prosperity of the world. Shot by a twenty-four year old Texan with a Russian wife - an admirer of Castro of Cuba. He fought hard to escape and shot dead a policeman. But when police were leading him away a man - Ruby - pushed through the guard and shot him in the stomach from which he died.

In February 1964 we went to Farnham Castle for the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Overseas Service and to bid goodbye to the founders, Harry and Andrea Holland. First, a reception and buffet lunch for about a hundred-and-fifty contacts with Overseas Service with speeches and then a thanksgiving service in the castle chapel by the Bishop of Rochester.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00004a



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

May 1964, sudden death of Nehru in India - heart attack. Serious question as to who can succeed him in that difficult job of Prime Minister.

In June 1964 Nancy and I went to see over Hever Castle. A curious little castle, rather like a child's toy with a moat round it which one might almost jump over. An Italian style garden with a large number of broken pieces of statuory and a large lake at end of a piazza - Anne Boleyn's walk through a rhododendron maze, pheasantry, etc. - must cost a lot to keep up - but of great historical interest and beautifully located in a large park.

On July 27th 1964 Churchill made his last appearance in the House of Commons, sixty-four years of membership, except for a brief break of two years. Tomorrow the House will pay an unprecedented tribute to the old warrior, historian, maker of history, saviour of democracy - and indeed of the world sanity. He is showing his age now, hardly comprehending the House's tribute, very doddery on his legs.

On Sunday, 24th Jan. 1965 Churchill died and the Captains and the Kings of the world came to attend his national funeral in St. Pauls. Unprecedented, a ruling royalty, the Queen attended a commoner's funeral.

In April 1965 Lavender, Moira Drake and I attended the "Floralies of Ghent" - the Dutch tulip tour. We drove with some forty others by coach from London down to Manston airfield in Kent and then flew over to Ostend. From there we drove by coach via Bruges, a lovely old town with attractive squares and buildings, on to Ghent to the fifth year "Floralies", a huge building in a public garden. But the crowd was so numerous we had difficulty in moving round to see all the beautifully arranged mounds of azaleas, fountains, water falls. It would have been nice to have had a private view, but in such a crush it was a slow crawl round the displays. Not surprising, I suppose, as the "Floralies" is held only after every five years.

On next day to Brussels around the sights of which we were driven - the garden of remembrance for the much-loved Queen Astrid - a lovely city with some lovely architecture in the old parts. And so on to Antwerp, a textile

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00004c



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

and industrial city, all so neat and tidy, and on by wide autobahn into Holland, past Delft to Keukenhof (Kitchen, as it is called, with its college for girls in the grounds for domestic science). It is a large park with an elongated lake with beech and lime trees, lawns and large splashes of hyacinth beds, all in full bloom, interspersed with tulips, grape hyacinths, daffodils and narcissus - and a showy windmill at the top end of the park. Not so large or varied as our Wisley but beautifully laid out. A feature was the many futuristic metal statuory - pretty awful some of them and all rather meaningless, particularly one of a dustbin lid erected on a seven ft. pillar of old, rusty iron.

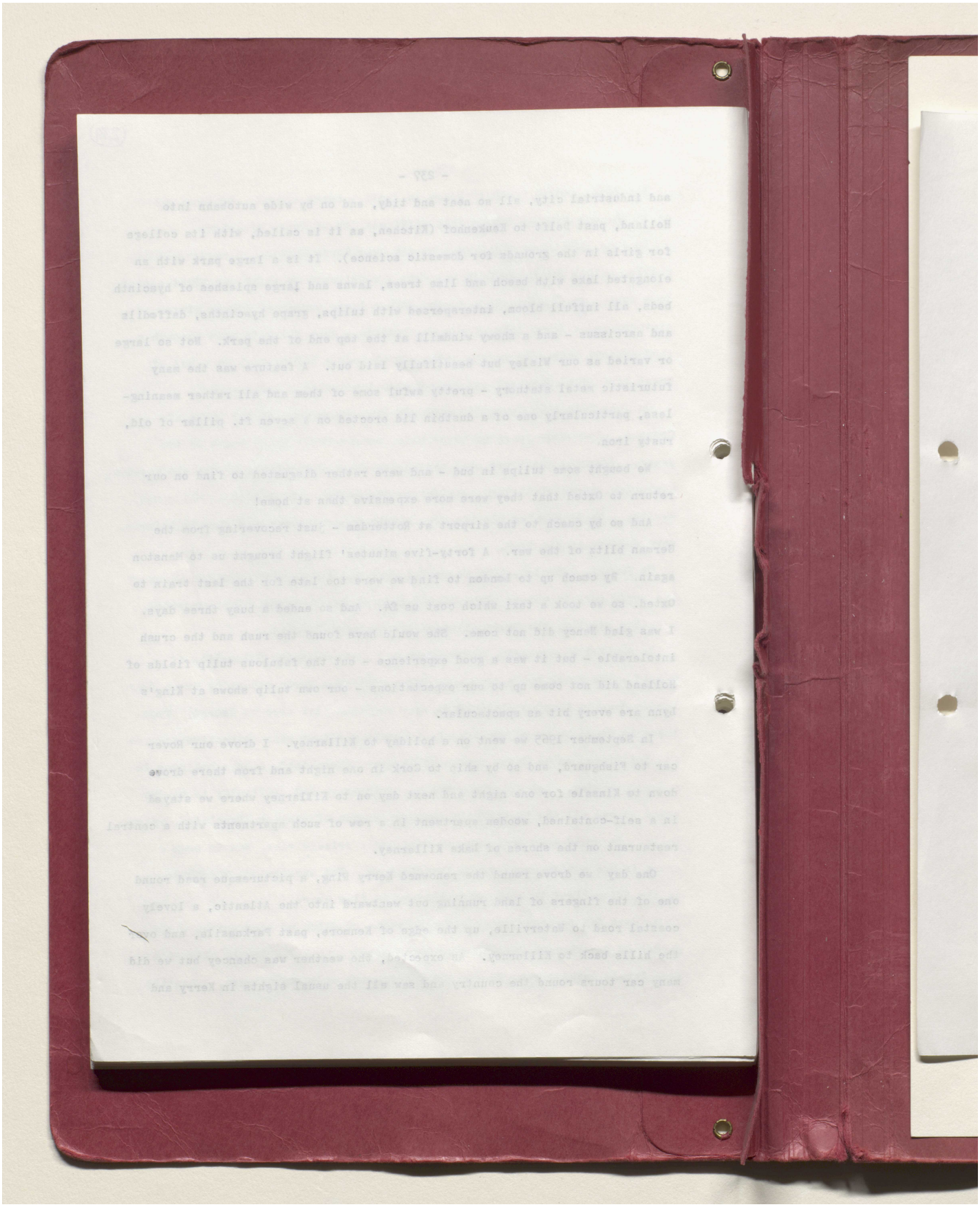
We bought some tulips in bud - and were rather disgusted to find on our return to Oxted that they were more expensive than at home!

And so by coach to the airport at Rotterdam - just recovering from the German blitz of the war. A forty-five minutes' flight brought us to Manston again. By coach up to London to find we were too late for the last train to Oxted. so we took a taxi which cost us £4. And so ended a busy three days. I was glad Nancy did not come. She would have found the rush and the crush intolerable - but it was a good experience - but the fabulous tulip fields of Holland did not come up to our expectations - our own tulip shows at King's Lynn are every bit as spectacular.

In September 1965 we went on a holiday to Killarney. I drove our Rover car to Fishguard, and so by ship to Cork in one night and from there drove down to Kinsale for one night and next day on to Killarney where we stayed in a self-contained, wooden apartment in a row of such apartments with a central restaurant on the shores of Lake Killarney.

One day we drove round the renowned Kerry Ring, a picturesque road round one of the fingers of land running out westward into the Atlantic, a lovely coastal road to Waterville, up the edge of Kenmore, past Parknasila, and over the hills back to Killarney. As expected, the weather was chancey but we did many car tours round the country and saw all the usual sights in Kerry and

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00004e



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY

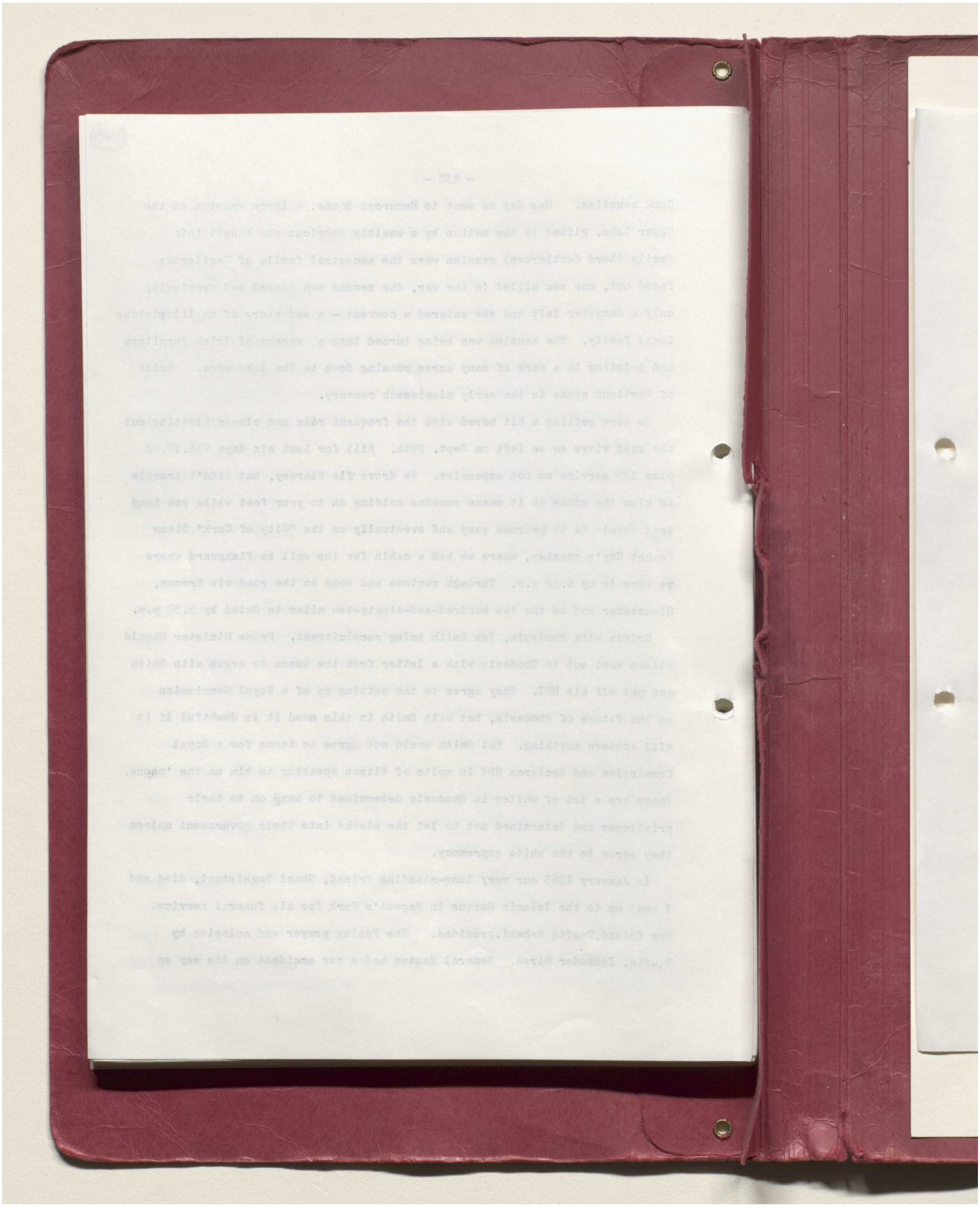
Cork counties. One day we went to Muckross House, a large mansion on the Upper Lake, gifted to the nation by a wealthy American who bought this family (Lord Castleross) mansion when the ancestral family of Castleross faded out, one son killed in the war, the second son gassed and eventually only a daughter left and she entered a convent - a sad story of an illustrious local family. The mansion was being turned into a museum of Irish furniture and painting in a park of many acres running down to the lake edge. Built of Portland stone in the early nineteenth century.

We were getting a bit bored with the frequent rain and clouds blotting out the good views so we left on Sept. 29th. Bill for last six days £36.10.0d plus 10% service so not expensive. We drove via Blarney, but didn't trouble to kiss the stone as it means someone holding on to your feet while you hang head down! On to Penrose quay and eventually on the "City of Cork" Steam Packet Coy's coaster, where we had a cabin for the sail to Fishguard where we were in by 6.30 a.m. Through customs and soon on the road via Brecon, Gloucester and so the two hundred-and-eighty-two miles to Oxted by 5.30 p.m.

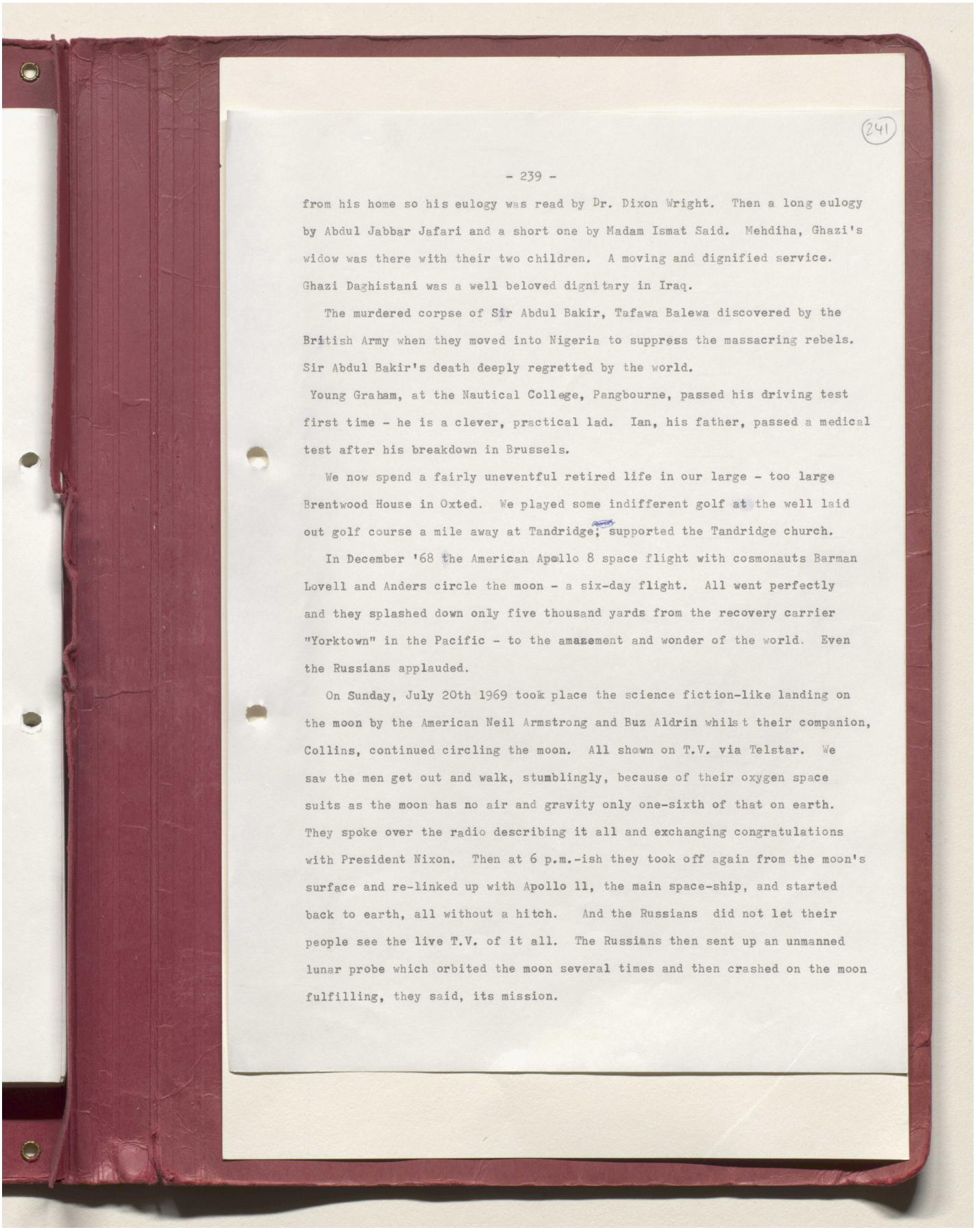
Crisis with Rhodesia, Ian Smith being recalcitrant. Prime Minister Harold Wilson went out to Rhodesia with a letter from the Queen to argue with Smith and put off his UDI. They agree to the setting up of a Royal Commission on the future of Rhodesia, but with Smith in this mood it is doubtful if it will achieve anything. But Smith would not agree to terms for a Royal Commission and declares UDI in spite of Wilson speaking to him on the 'phone. There are a lot of whites in Rhodesia determined to hang on to their privileges and determined not to let the blacks into their government unless they agree to the white supremacy.

In January 1965 our very long-standing friend, Ghazi Daghistani, died and I went up to the Islamic Mosque in Regent's Park for his funeral service. Our friend, Taufiq Wahabi, presided. The Fatiha prayer and eulogies by Taufiq, Iskander Mirza. General Renton had a car accident on the way up

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000050



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000051



241

- 239 -

from his home so his eulogy was read by Dr. Dixon Wright. Then a long eulogy by Abdul Jabbar Jafari and a short one by Madam Ismat Said. Mehdiha, Ghazi's widow was there with their two children. A moving and dignified service. Ghazi Daghistani was a well beloved dignitary in Iraq.

The murdered corpse of Sir Abdul Bakir, Tafawa Balewa discovered by the British Army when they moved into Nigeria to suppress the massacring rebels. Sir Abdul Bakir's death deeply regretted by the world.

Young Graham, at the Nautical College, Pangbourne, passed his driving test first time - he is a clever, practical lad. Ian, his father, passed a medical test after his breakdown in Brussels.

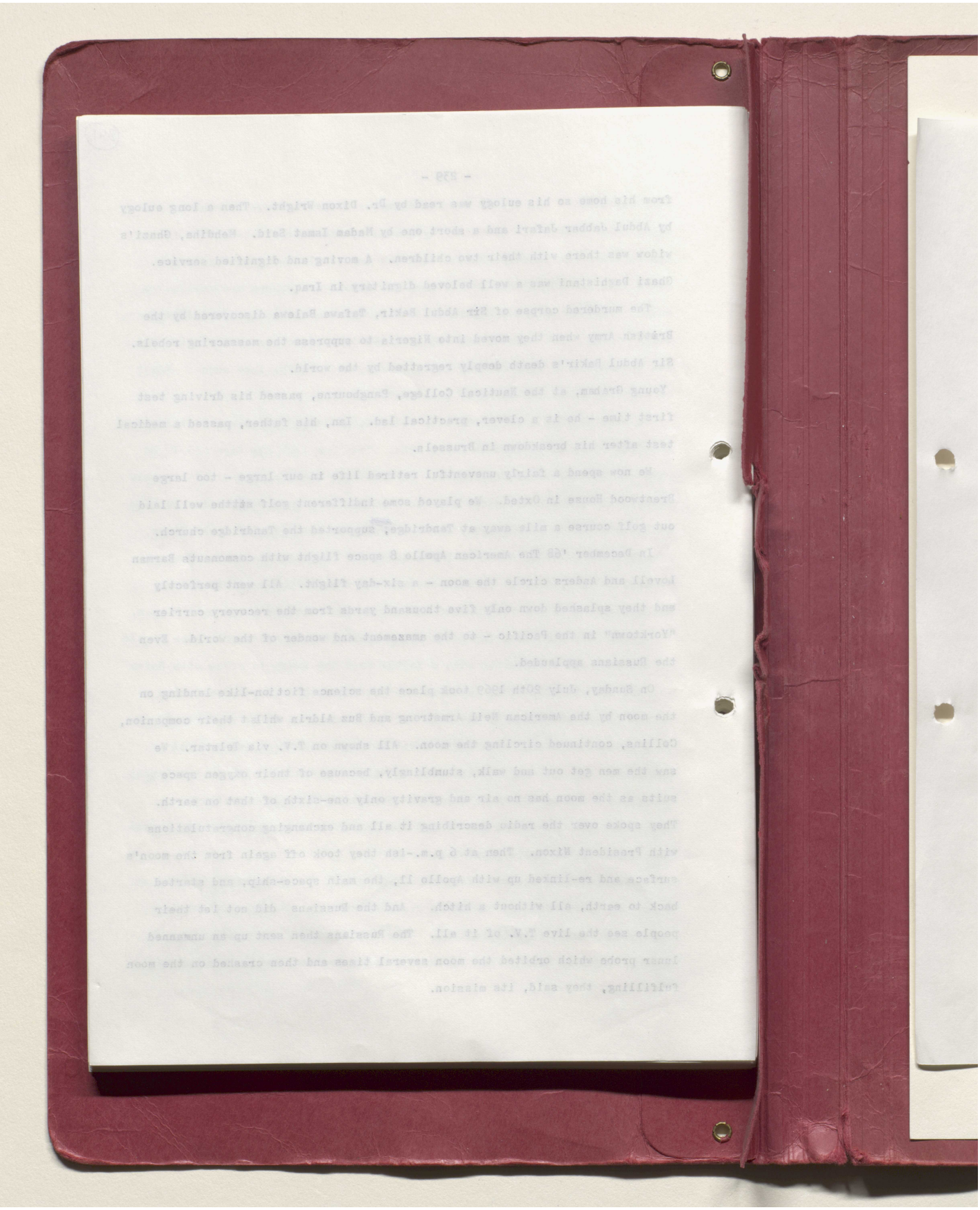
We now spend a fairly uneventful retired life in our large - too large Brentwood House in Oxted. We played some indifferent golf at the well laid out golf course a mile away at Tandridge, supported the Tandridge church.

In December '68 the American Apollo 8 space flight with cosmonauts Barman Lovell and Anders circle the moon - a six-day flight. All went perfectly and they splashed down only five thousand yards from the recovery carrier "Yorktown" in the Pacific - to the amazement and wonder of the world. Even the Russians applauded.

On Sunday, July 20th 1969 took place the science fiction-like landing on the moon by the American Neil Armstrong and Buz Aldrin whilst their companion, Collins, continued circling the moon. All shown on T.V. via Telstar. We saw the men get out and walk, stumblingly, because of their oxygen space suits as the moon has no air and gravity only one-sixth of that on earth. They spoke over the radio describing it all and exchanging congratulations with President Nixon. Then at 6 p.m.-ish they took off again from the moon's surface and re-linked up with Apollo 11, the main space-ship, and started back to earth, all without a hitch. And the Russians did not let their people see the live T.V. of it all. The Russians then sent up an unmanned lunar probe which orbited the moon several times and then crashed on the moon fulfilling, they said, its mission.

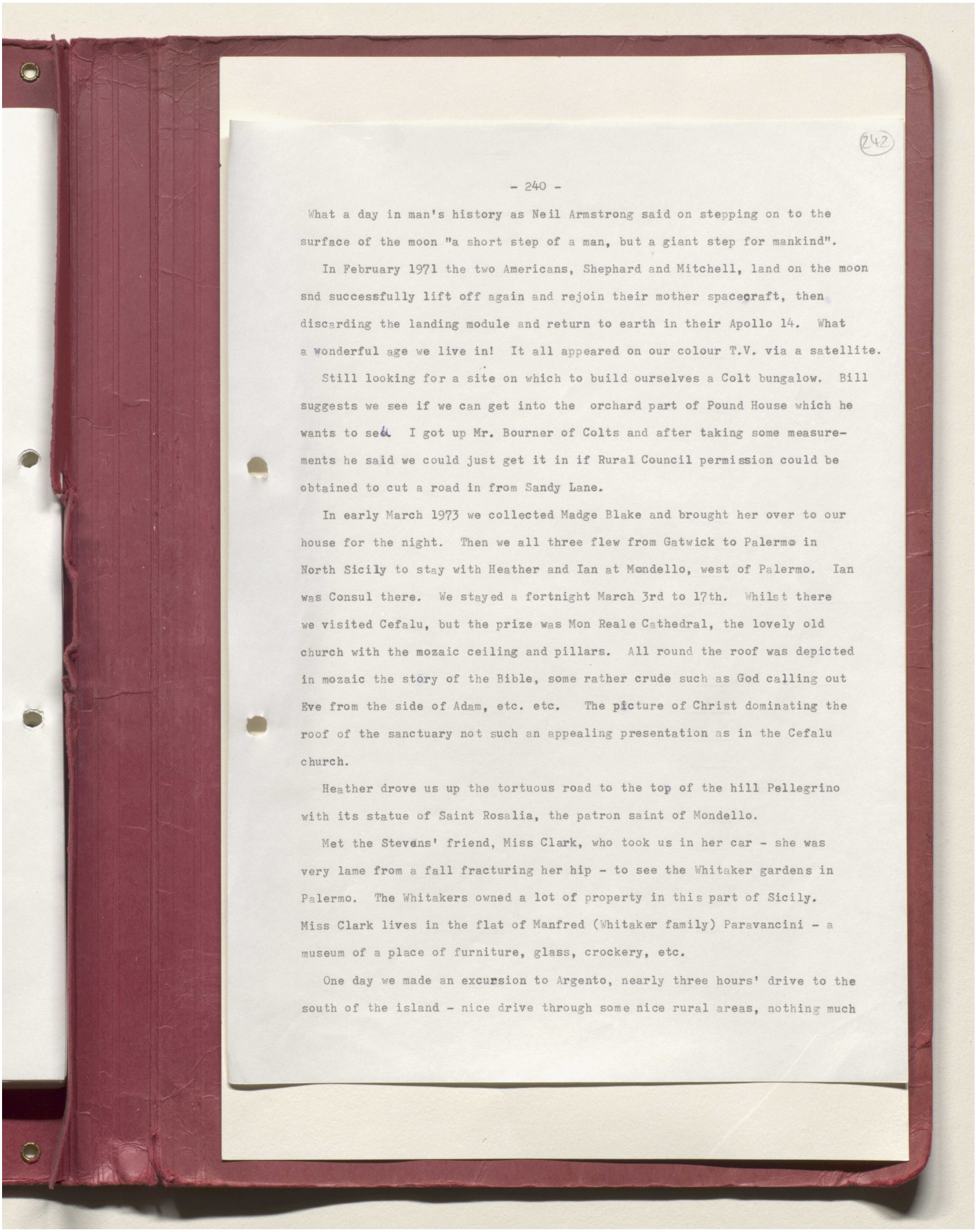
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000052



مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



What a day in man's history as Neil Armstrong said on stepping on to the surface of the moon "a short step of a man, but a giant step for mankind".

In February 1971 the two Americans, Shephard and Mitchell, land on the moon snd successfully lift off again and rejoin their mother spacecraft, then discarding the landing module and return to earth in their Apollo 14. What a wonderful age we live in! It all appeared on our colour T.V. via a satellite.

Still looking for a site on which to build ourselves a Colt bungalow. Bill suggests we see if we can get into the orchard part of Pound House which he wants to sell. I got up Mr. Bourner of Colts and after taking some measurements he said we could just get it in if Rural Council permission could be obtained to cut a road in from Sandy Lane.

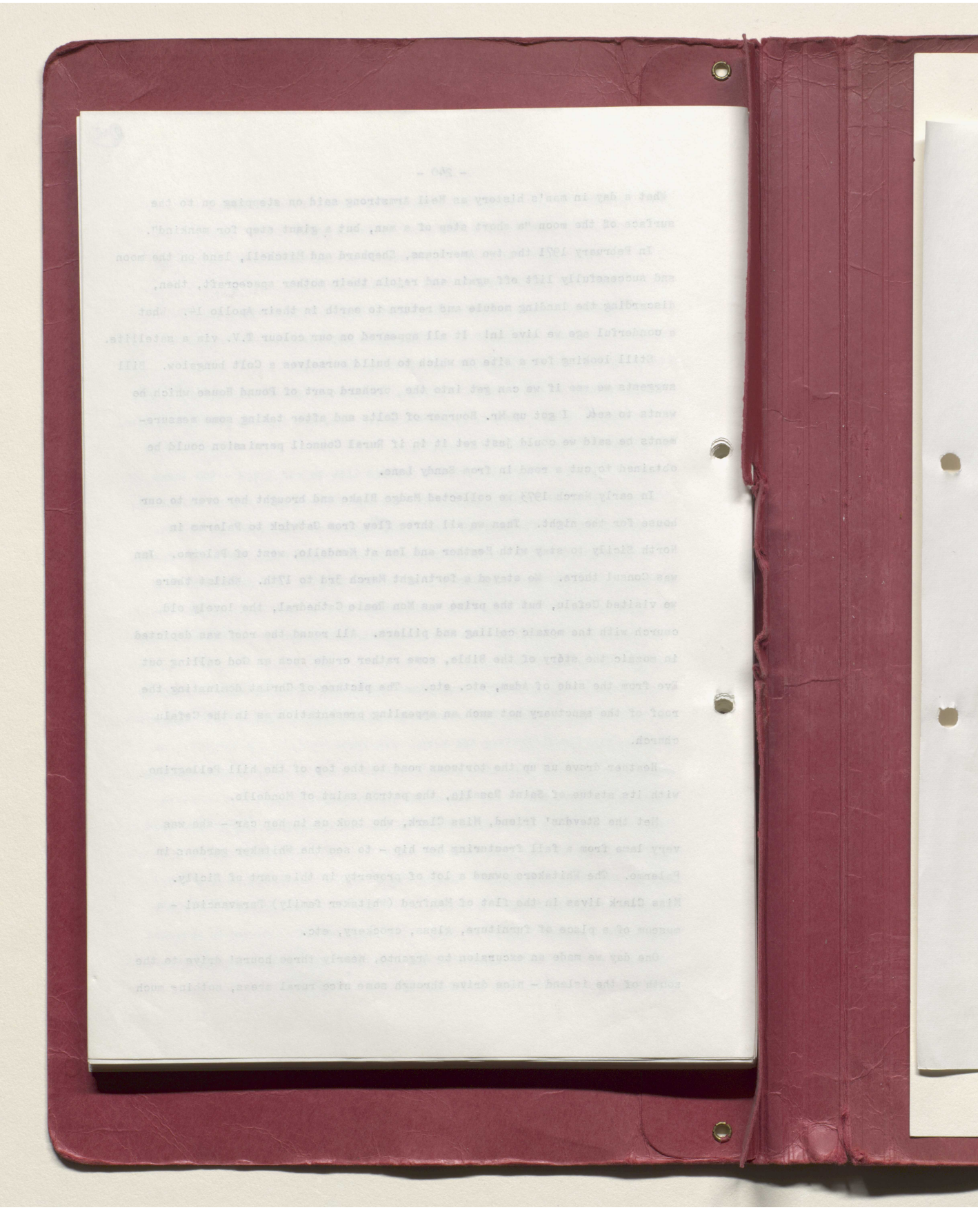
In early March 1973 we collected Madge Blake and brought her over to our house for the night. Then we all three flew from Gatwick to Palermo in North Sicily to stay with Heather and Ian at Mondello, west of Palermo. Ian was Consul there. We stayed a fortnight March 3rd to 17th. Whilst there we visited Cefalu, but the prize was Mon Reale Cathedral, the lovely old church with the mozaic ceiling and pillars. All round the roof was depicted in mozaic the story of the Bible, some rather crude such as God calling out Eve from the side of Adam, etc. etc. The picture of Christ dominating the roof of the sanctuary not such an appealing presentation as in the Cefalu church.

Heather drove us up the tortuous road to the top of the hill Pellegrino with its statue of Saint Rosalia, the patron saint of Mondello.

Met the Stevens' friend, Miss Clark, who took us in her car - she was very lame from a fall fracturing her hip - to see the Whitaker gardens in Palermo. The Whitakers owned a lot of property in this part of Sicily. Miss Clark lives in the flat of Manfred (Whitaker family) Paravancini - a museum of a place of furniture, glass, crockery, etc.

One day we made an excursion to Argento, nearly three hours' drive to the south of the island - nice drive through some nice rural areas, nothing much

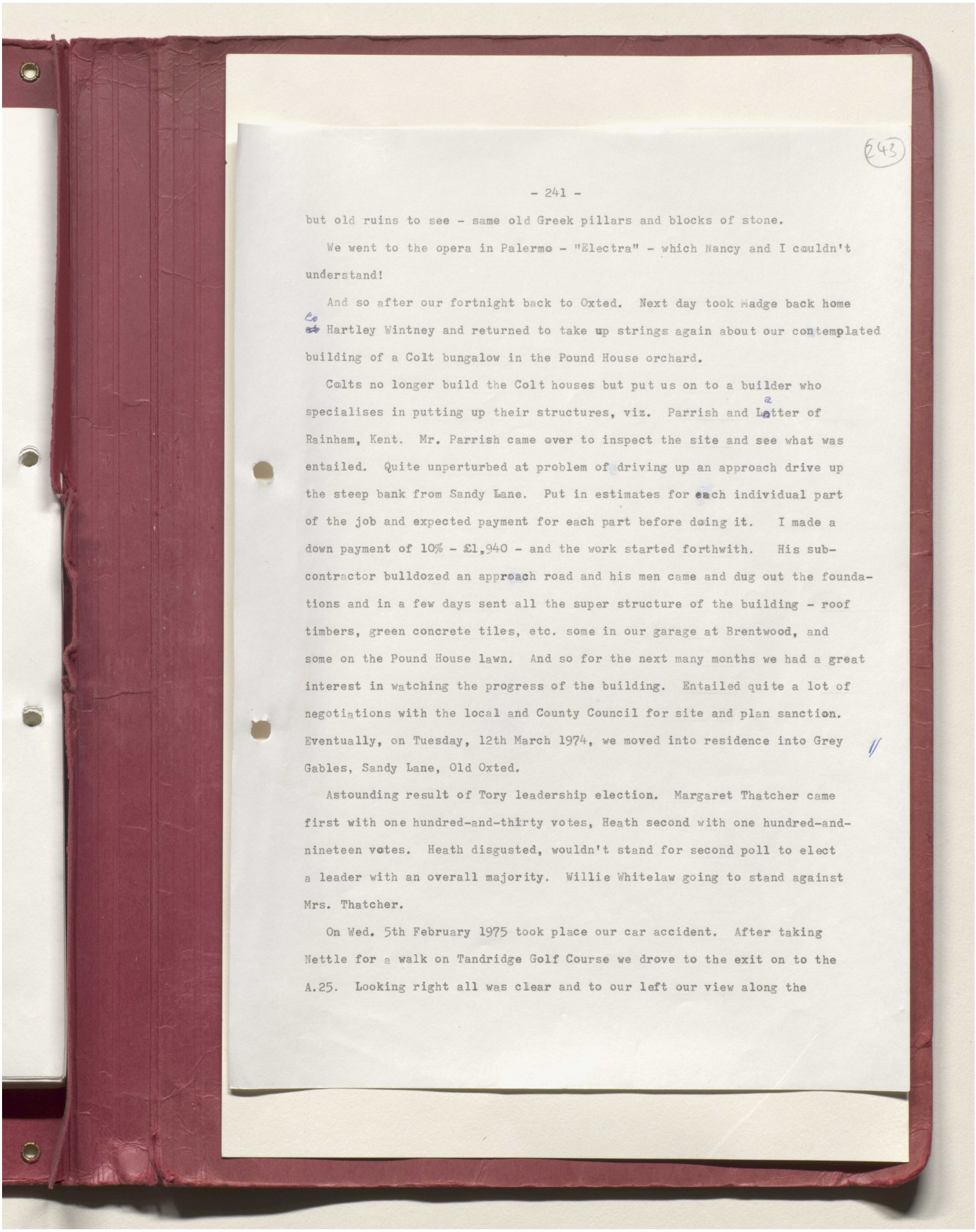
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000054



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000055

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



243

but old ruins to see - same old Greek pillars and blocks of stone.

We went to the opera in Palermo - "Electra" - which Nancy and I couldn't understand!

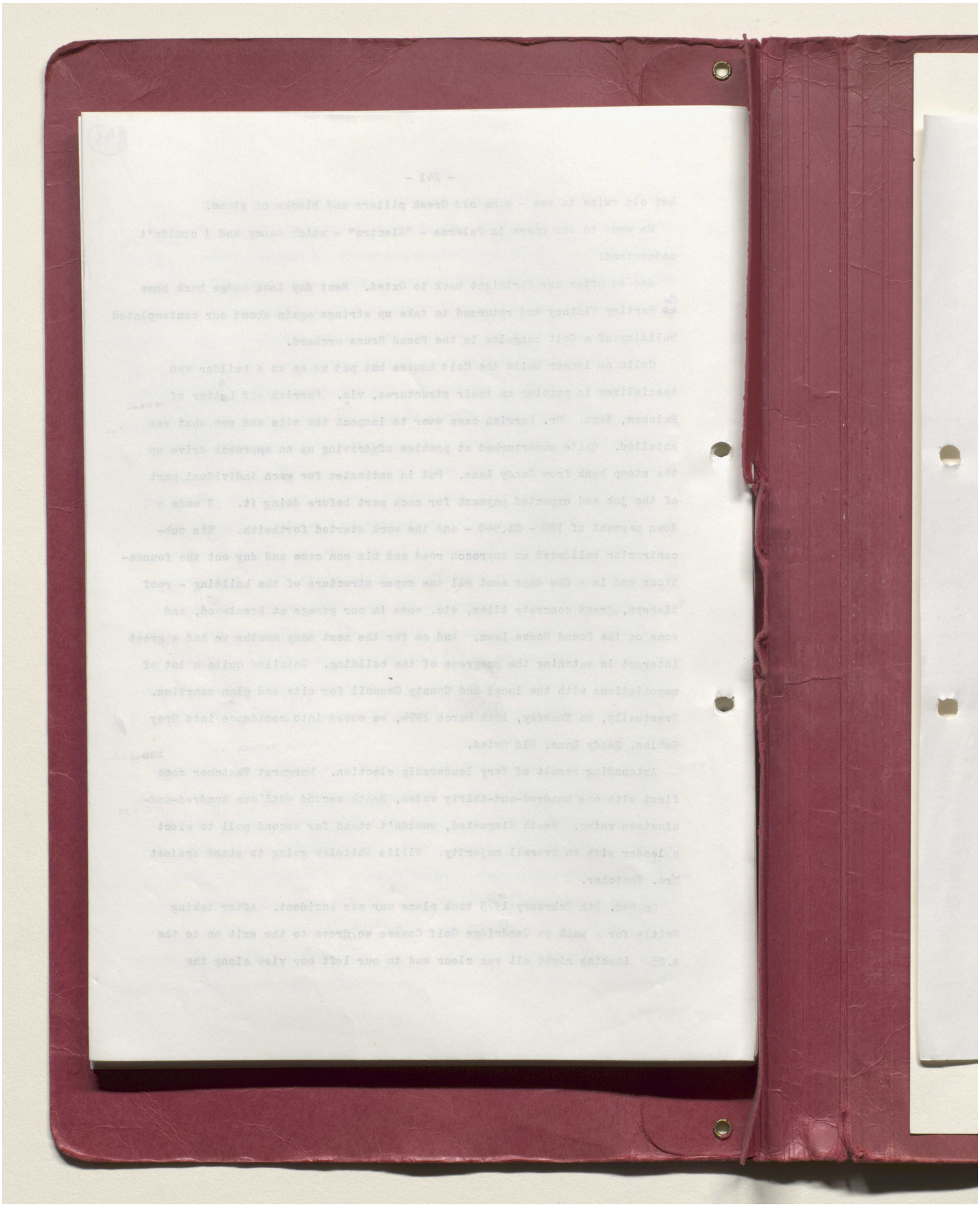
And so after our fortnight back to Oxted. Next day took Madge back home to Hartley Wintney and returned to take up strings again about our contemplated building of a Colt bungalow in the Pound House orchard.

Colts no longer build the Colt houses but put us on to a builder who specialises in putting up their structures, viz. Parrish and Latter of Rainham, Kent. Mr. Parrish came over to inspect the site and see what was entailed. Quite unperturbed at problem of driving up an approach drive up the steep bank from Sandy Lane. Put in estimates for each individual part of the job and expected payment for each part before doing it. I made a down payment of 10% - £1,940 - and the work started forthwith. His sub-contractor bulldozed an approach road and his men came and dug out the foundations and in a few days sent all the super structure of the building - roof timbers, green concrete tiles, etc. some in our garage at Brentwood, and some on the Pound House lawn. And so for the next many months we had a great interest in watching the progress of the building. Entailed quite a lot of negotiations with the local and County Council for site and plan sanction. Eventually, on Tuesday, 12th March 1974, we moved into residence into Grey Gables, Sandy Lane, Old Oxted.

Astounding result of Tory leadership election. Margaret Thatcher came first with one hundred-and-thirty votes, Heath second with one hundred-and-nineteen votes. Heath disgusted, wouldn't stand for second poll to elect a leader with an overall majority. Willie Whitelaw going to stand against Mrs. Thatcher.

On Wed. 5th February 1975 took place our car accident. After taking Nettle for a walk on Tandridge Golf Course we drove to the exit on to the A.25. Looking right all was clear and to our left our view along the

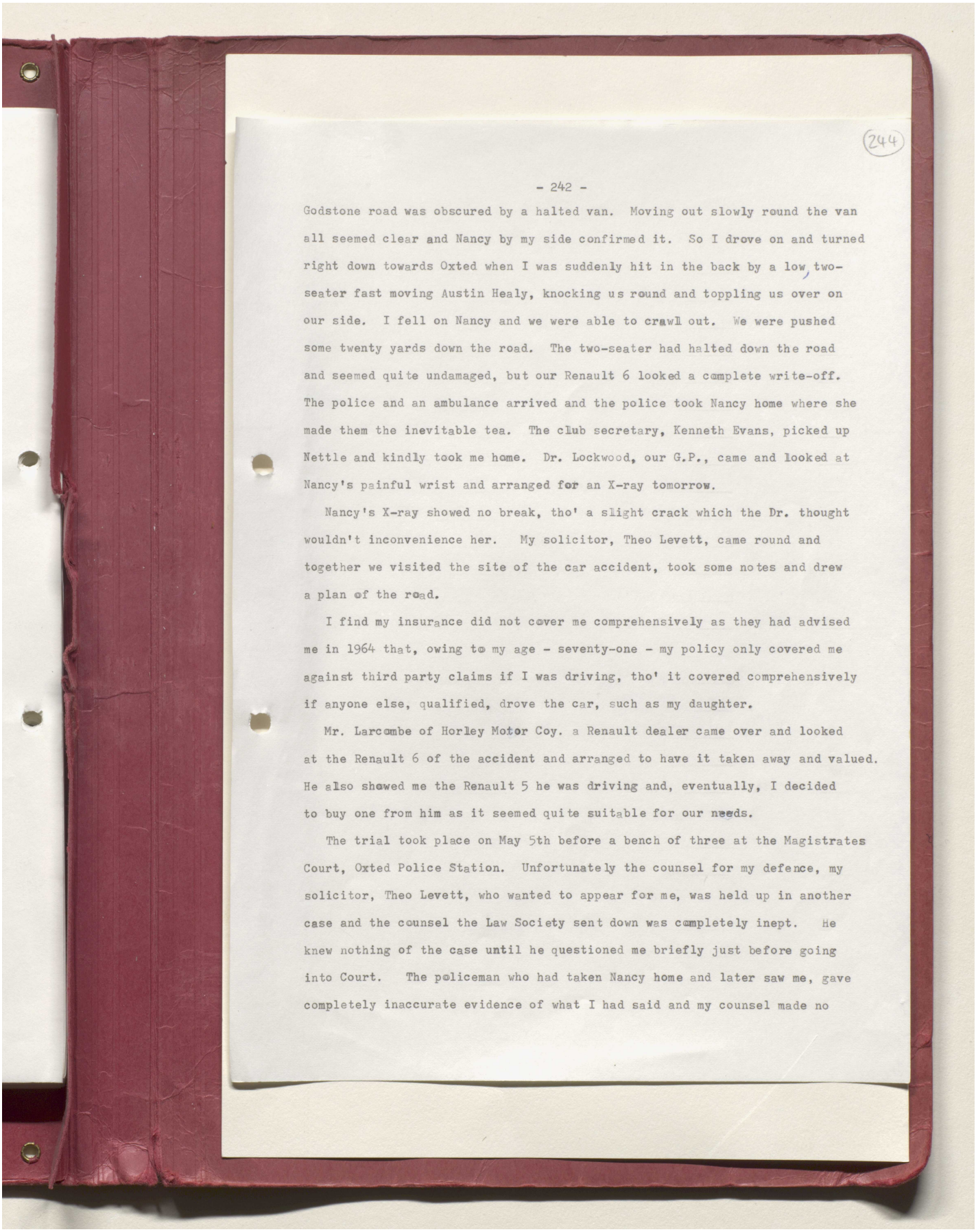
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000056



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000057

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



Godstone road was obscured by a halted van. Moving out slowly round the van all seemed clear and Nancy by my side confirmed it. So I drove on and turned right down towards Oxted when I was suddenly hit in the back by a low, two-seater fast moving Austin Healy, knocking us round and toppling us over on our side. I fell on Nancy and we were able to crawl out. We were pushed some twenty yards down the road. The two-seater had halted down the road and seemed quite undamaged, but our Renault 6 looked a complete write-off. The police and an ambulance arrived and the police took Nancy home where she made them the inevitable tea. The club secretary, Kenneth Evans, picked up Nettle and kindly took me home. Dr. Lockwood, our G.P., came and looked at Nancy's painful wrist and arranged for an X-ray tomorrow.

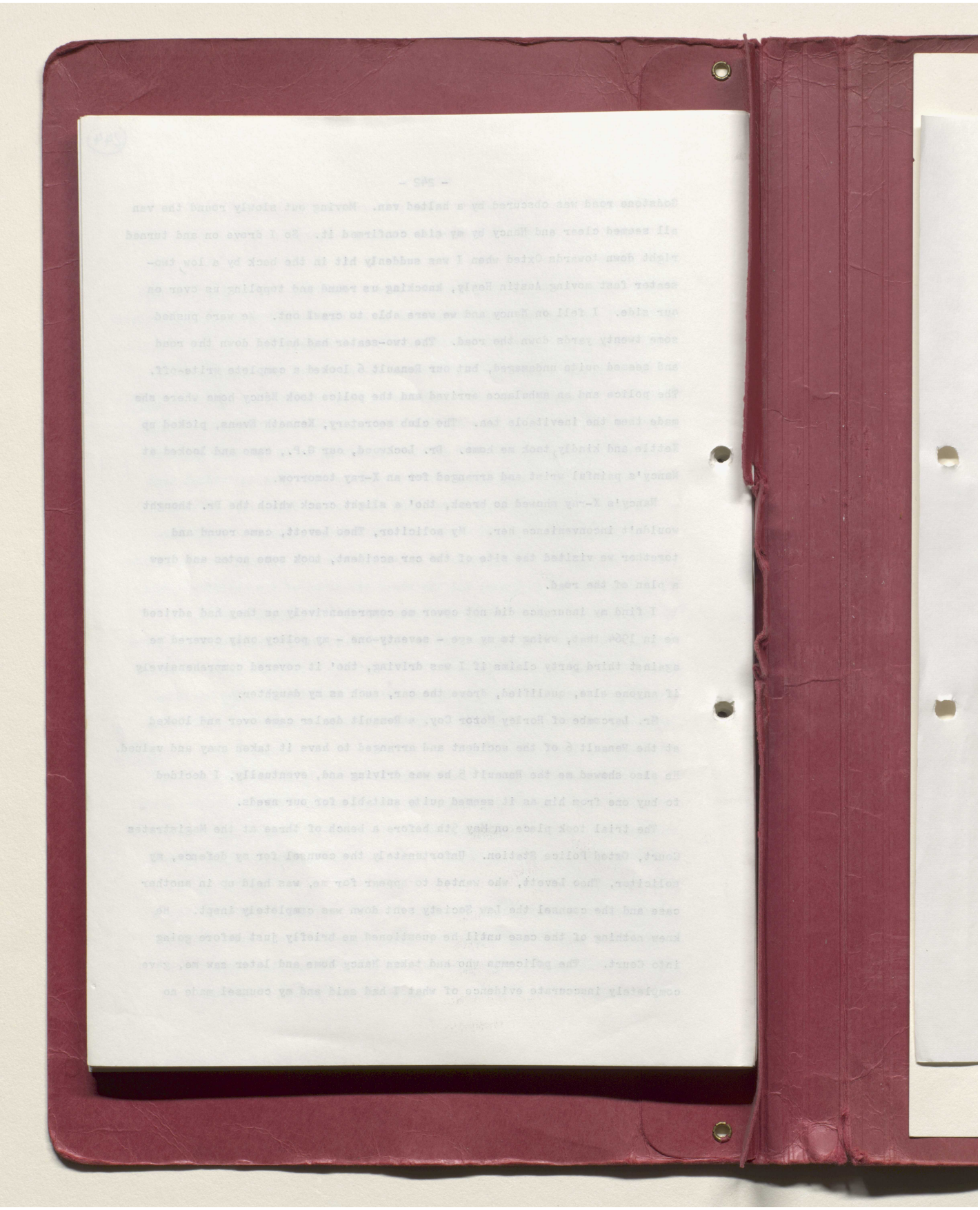
Nancy's X-ray showed no break, tho' a slight crack which the Dr. thought wouldn't inconvenience her. My solicitor, Theo Levett, came round and together we visited the site of the car accident, took some notes and drew a plan of the road.

I find my insurance did not cover me comprehensively as they had advised me in 1964 that, owing to my age - seventy-one - my policy only covered me against third party claims if I was driving, tho' it covered comprehensively if anyone else, qualified, drove the car, such as my daughter.

Mr. Larcombe of Horley Motor Coy. a Renault dealer came over and looked at the Renault 6 of the accident and arranged to have it taken away and valued. He also showed me the Renault 5 he was driving and, eventually, I decided to buy one from him as it seemed quite suitable for our needs.

The trial took place on May 5th before a bench of three at the Magistrates Court, Oxted Police Station. Unfortunately the counsel for my defence, my solicitor, Theo Levett, who wanted to appear for me, was held up in another case and the counsel the Law Society sent down was completely inept. He knew nothing of the case until he questioned me briefly just before going into Court. The policeman who had taken Nancy home and later saw me, gave completely inaccurate evidence of what I had said and my counsel made no

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000058



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000059

attempt to pin him down. The driver of the fast driven sports car which had knocked me and car some twenty to twenty-five yards down the road made contradictory and fuddled evidence obviously expecting to be held responsible for the accident as he had seen me moving out across the road and contended he had slowed down in consequence, yet hit me with such force in my rear to carry me down the road and smash up my car. Yet the bench held case against me, fined me £30 and endorsed my licence. My solicitor was so incensed at the ineptitude of my counsel that he excused himself from lunching with him and refused to charge me anything for the case or counsel. And so my blameless sixty years of driving was blotted by this unfair case. Theo didn't think it was worth appealing as the police story was always supported.

A few years later our Tandridge church vicar driving out on to the same road admitted he hadn't looked at the traffic coming from his left - was bashed into and his car and the other car were complete write-offs. The police came and when they found no-one was hurt and no-one was making a charge, took no action whatever, saying it was a case for the two drivers' insurance and they had no concern in the matter. So is justice administered.

My solicitor, Theo Levett, came in and said he was complaining to the Inns of Court at the ineptitude of the counsel they had sent to represent me. He was strongly of opinion that he should have got me cleared easily and the whole matter was gross injustice. Now, I suppose, I am branded as a criminal!!

Very hot summer and Nancy and I spend most afternoons over in the cool of the Pound House as our Colt bungalow heats up unbearably, but 1975 was a very hot, dry summer everywhere.

In Feb. 1976 I paid £992 in advance for the Swan Tour we hope to go on in April 1st to 14th. We flew out to Venice and joined the m.t.s. "Orpheus", a nice five-thousand ton ship that had been on ferry service Holyhead to Dublin. We had a small two-berth cabin on third deck. On board was Rab Butler and his wife. We are due to sail down the Adriatic and then round

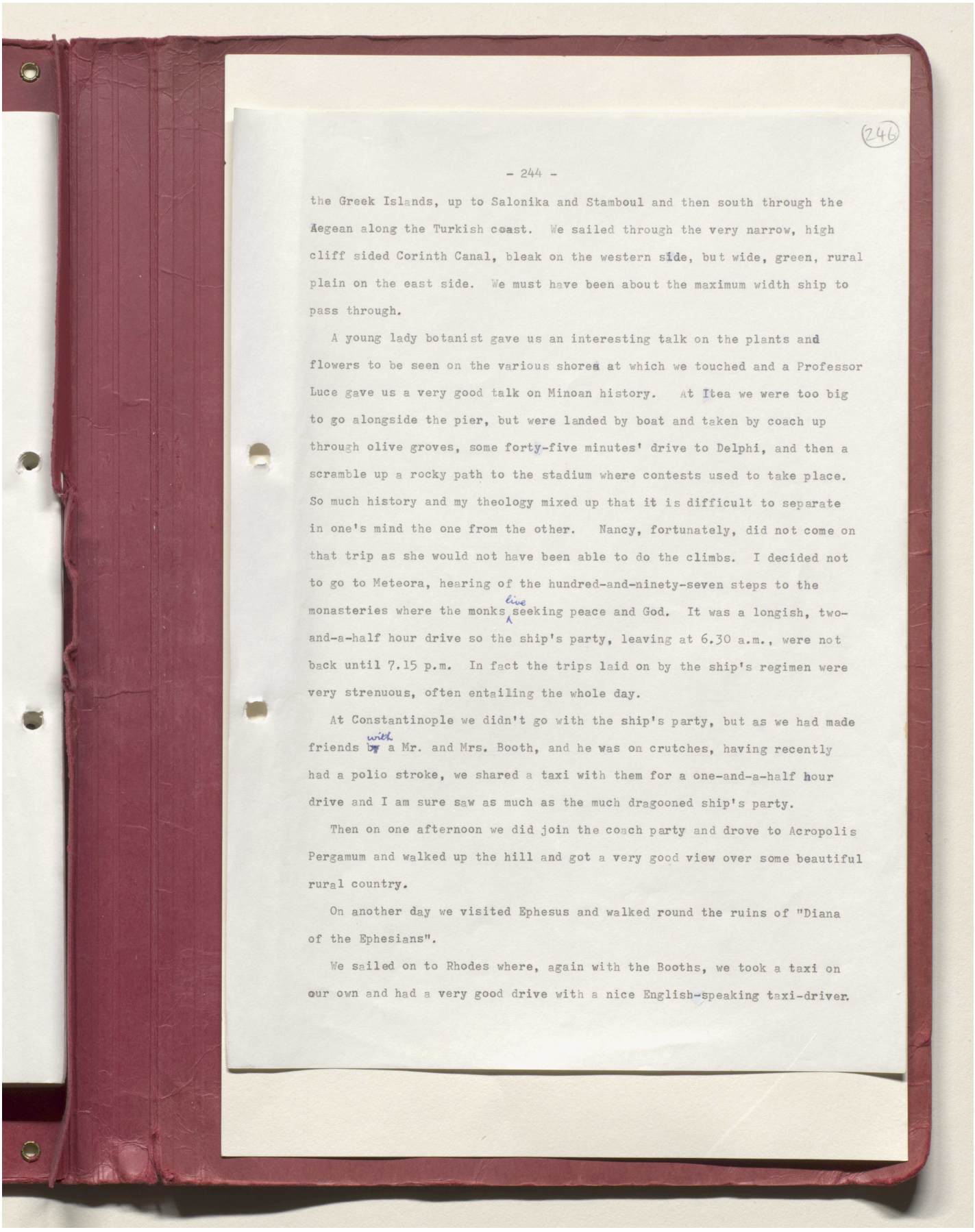
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00005a



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00005b

مكتبة قطر الوطنية
Qatar National Library

BRITISH LIBRARY



the Greek Islands, up to Salonika and Stamboul and then south through the Aegean along the Turkish coast. We sailed through the very narrow, high cliff sided Corinth Canal, bleak on the western side, but wide, green, rural plain on the east side. We must have been about the maximum width ship to pass through.

A young lady botanist gave us an interesting talk on the plants and flowers to be seen on the various shores at which we touched and a Professor Luce gave us a very good talk on Minoan history. At Itea we were too big to go alongside the pier, but were landed by boat and taken by coach up through olive groves, some forty-five minutes' drive to Delphi, and then a scramble up a rocky path to the stadium where contests used to take place. So much history and my theology mixed up that it is difficult to separate in one's mind the one from the other. Nancy, fortunately, did not come on that trip as she would not have been able to do the climbs. I decided not to go to Meteora, hearing of the hundred-and-ninety-seven steps to the monasteries where the monks live seeking peace and God. It was a longish, two-and-a-half hour drive so the ship's party, leaving at 6.30 a.m., were not back until 7.15 p.m. In fact the trips laid on by the ship's regimen were very strenuous, often entailing the whole day.

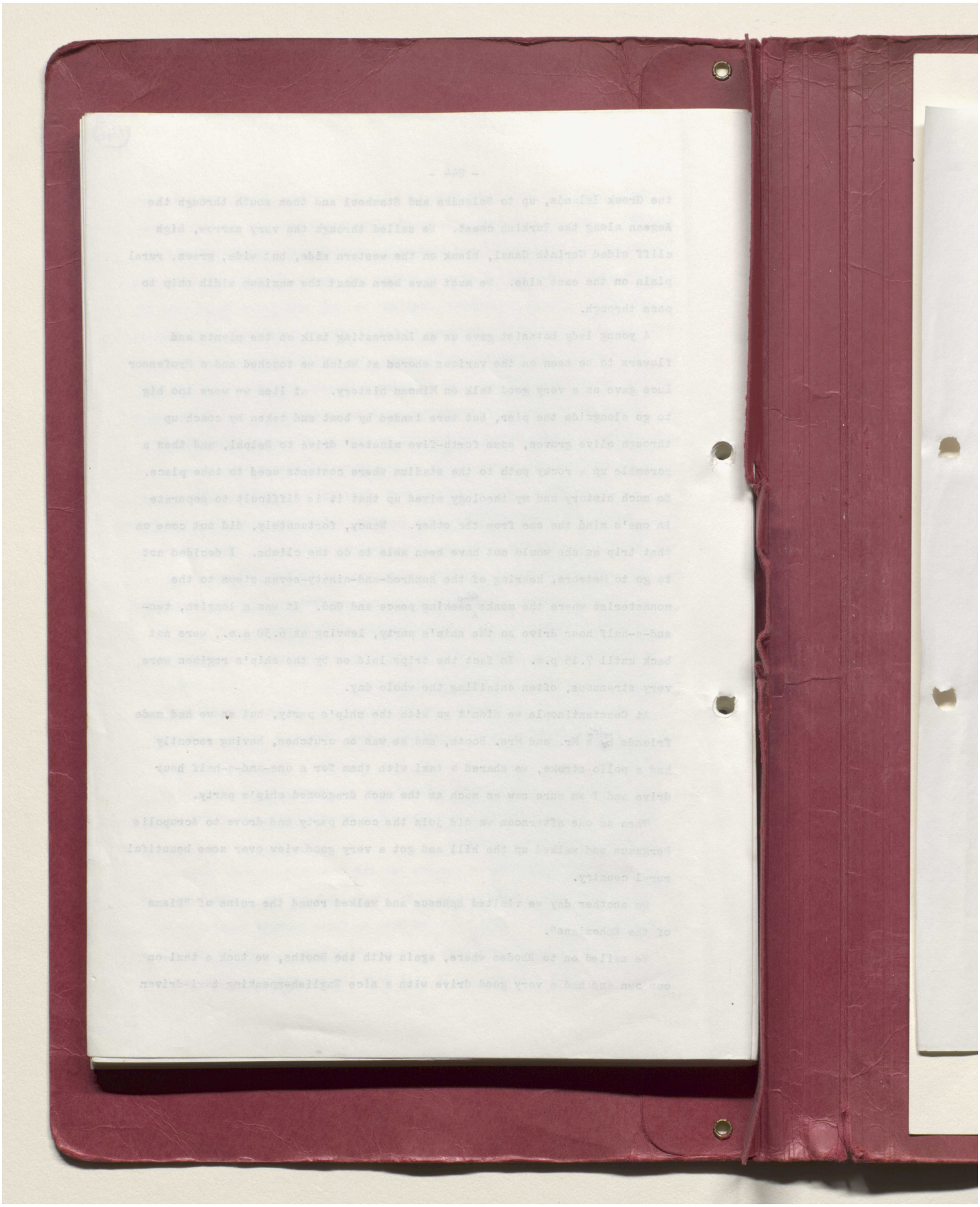
At Constantinople we didn't go with the ship's party, but as we had made friends ~~by~~ with a Mr. and Mrs. Booth, and he was on crutches, having recently had a polio stroke, we shared a taxi with them for a one-and-a-half hour drive and I am sure saw as much as the much dragooned ship's party.

Then on one afternoon we did join the coach party and drove to Acropolis Pergamum and walked up the hill and got a very good view over some beautiful rural country.

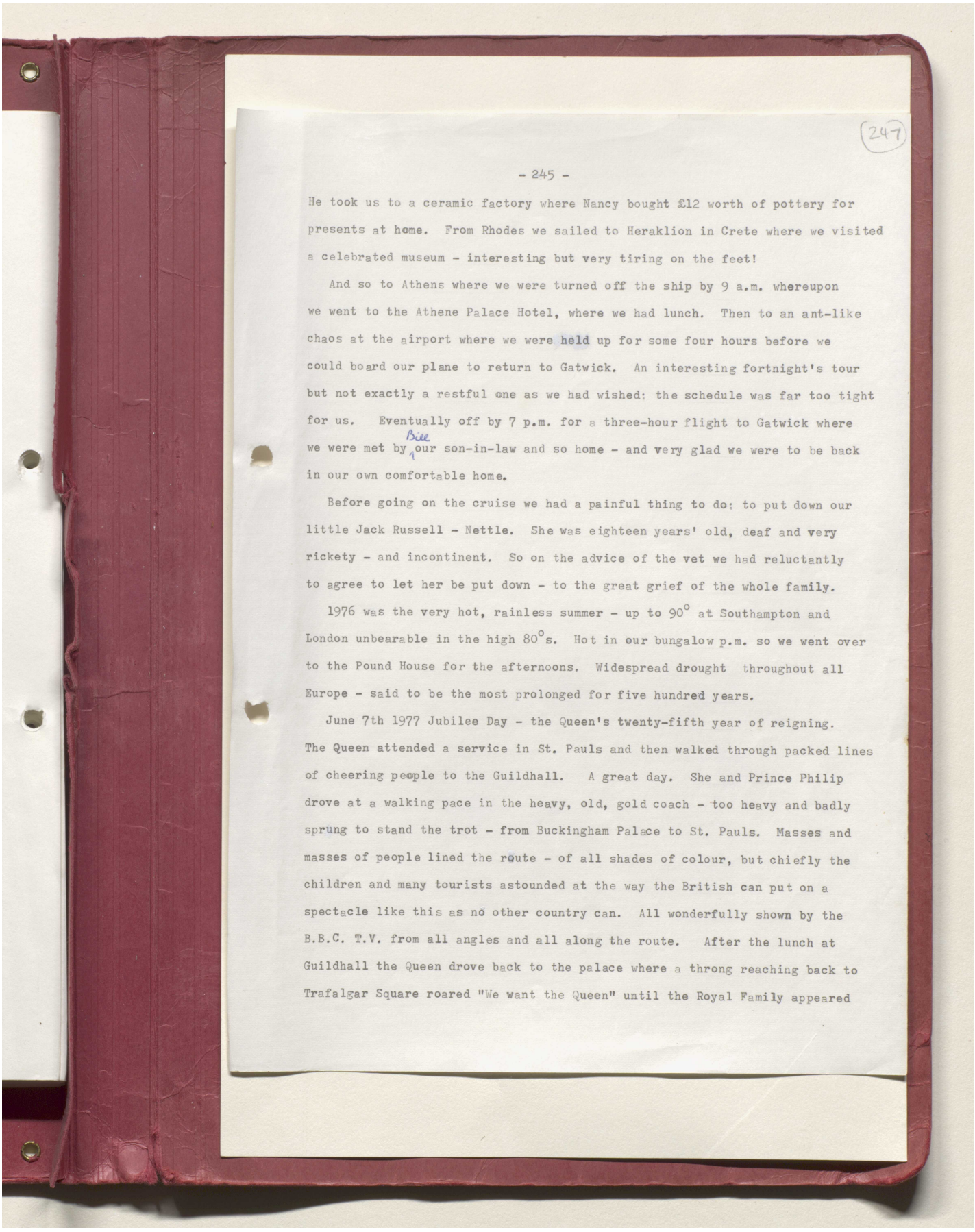
On another day we visited Ephesus and walked round the ruins of "Diana of the Ephesians".

We sailed on to Rhodes where, again with the Booths, we took a taxi on our own and had a very good drive with a nice English-speaking taxi-driver.

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00005c



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00005d



247

He took us to a ceramic factory where Nancy bought £12 worth of pottery for presents at home. From Rhodes we sailed to Heraklion in Crete where we visited a celebrated museum - interesting but very tiring on the feet!

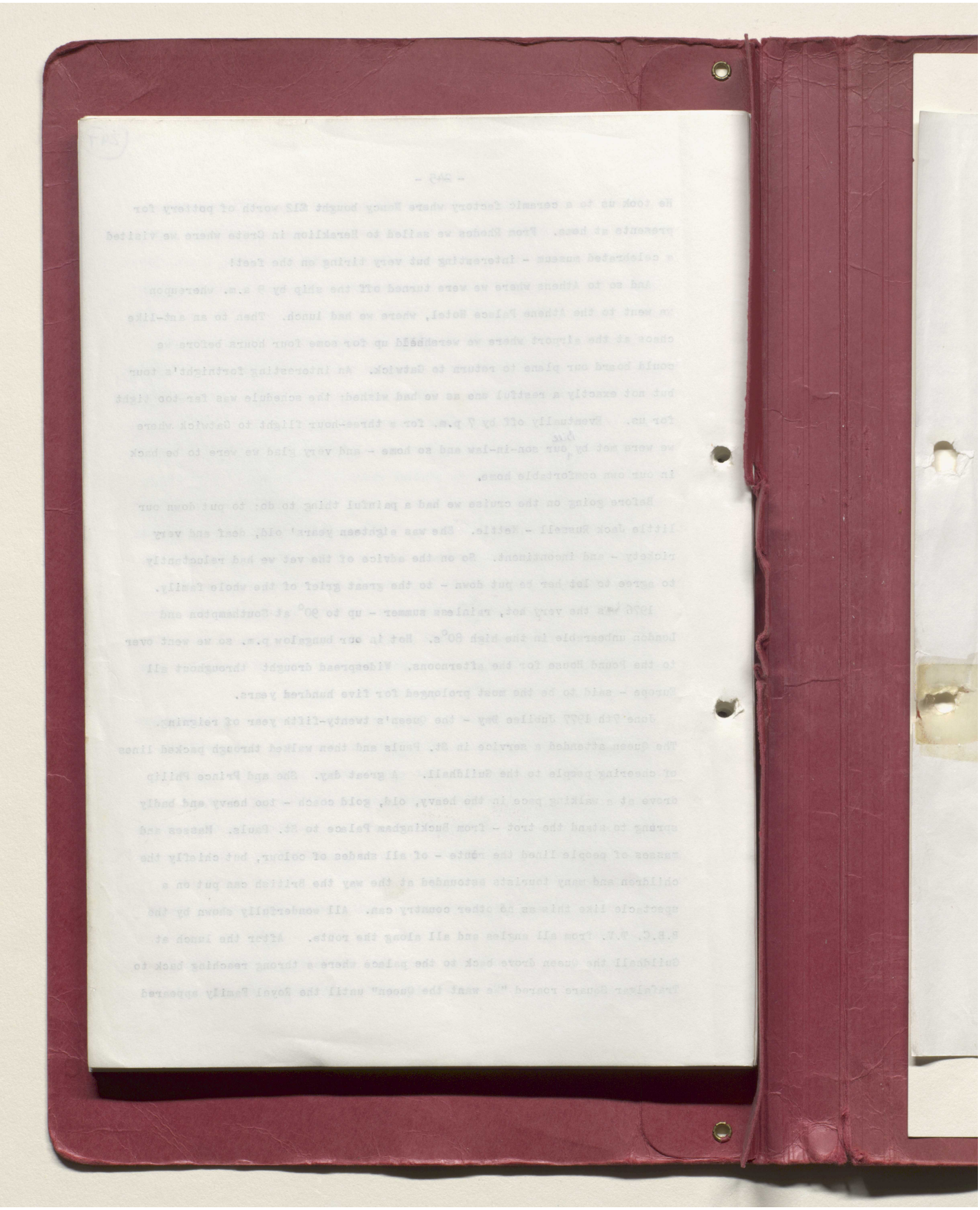
And so to Athens where we were turned off the ship by 9 a.m. whereupon we went to the Athene Palace Hotel, where we had lunch. Then to an ant-like chaos at the airport where we were held up for some four hours before we could board our plane to return to Gatwick. An interesting fortnight's tour but not exactly a restful one as we had wished: the schedule was far too tight for us. Eventually off by 7 p.m. for a three-hour flight to Gatwick where we were met by Bill our son-in-law and so home - and very glad we were to be back in our own comfortable home.

Before going on the cruise we had a painful thing to do: to put down our little Jack Russell - Nettle. She was eighteen years' old, deaf and very rickety - and incontinent. So on the advice of the vet we had reluctantly to agree to let her be put down - to the great grief of the whole family.

1976 was the very hot, rainless summer - up to 90° at Southampton and London unbearable in the high 80°s. Hot in our bungalow p.m. so we went over to the Pound House for the afternoons. Widespread drought throughout all Europe - said to be the most prolonged for five hundred years.

June 7th 1977 Jubilee Day - the Queen's twenty-fifth year of reigning. The Queen attended a service in St. Pauls and then walked through packed lines of cheering people to the Guildhall. A great day. She and Prince Philip drove at a walking pace in the heavy, old, gold coach - too heavy and badly sprung to stand the trot - from Buckingham Palace to St. Pauls. Masses and masses of people lined the route - of all shades of colour, but chiefly the children and many tourists astounded at the way the British can put on a spectacle like this as no other country can. All wonderfully shown by the B.B.C. T.V. from all angles and all along the route. After the lunch at Guildhall the Queen drove back to the palace where a throng reaching back to Trafalgar Square roared "We want the Queen" until the Royal Family appeared

Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x00005e



on the balcony and the crowd would not let them go. The B.B.C. did a superb service. Tom Fleming was the commentator and excellent he was - a nice voice and so well-informed. We saw the Queen that night light the first bonfire of many circling the U.K. and North Ireland, and even a sight of the early morning bonfire in New Zealand. A great and truly British show - the Queen's Silver Jubilee.

In June 1977 I flew up to Edinburgh and was picked up by Lavender and Bill and driven over the Forth Bridge and up through some lovely hill and dale country, through Perthshire and on to their cottage at Enoch Dhu, some ten miles from Pitlochry. A nice, two-storey cottage with some useful outhouses in one of which Bill has installed an electric powered lathe with which he has some great fun turning out wooden articles as he does at Oxted.

A heather and pine covered hill behind leads up to typical grouse moors and in front another forest covered hill.

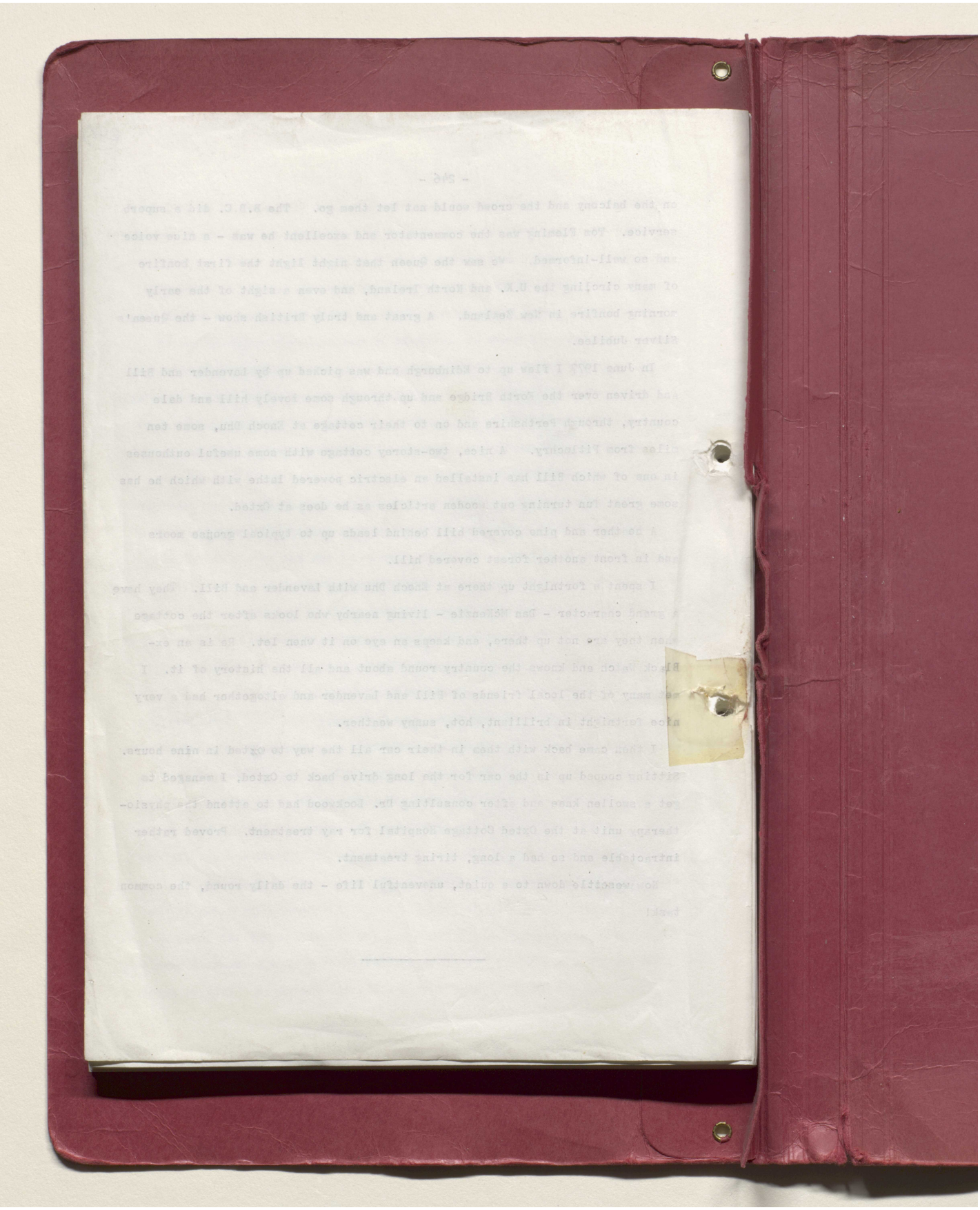
I spent a fortnight up there at Enoch Dhu with Lavender and Bill. They have a grand character - Dan McKenzie - living nearby who looks after the cottage when they are not up there, and keeps an eye on it when let. He is an ex-Black Watch and knows the country round about and all the history of it. I met many of the local friends of Bill and Lavender and altogether had a very nice fortnight in brilliant, hot, sunny weather.

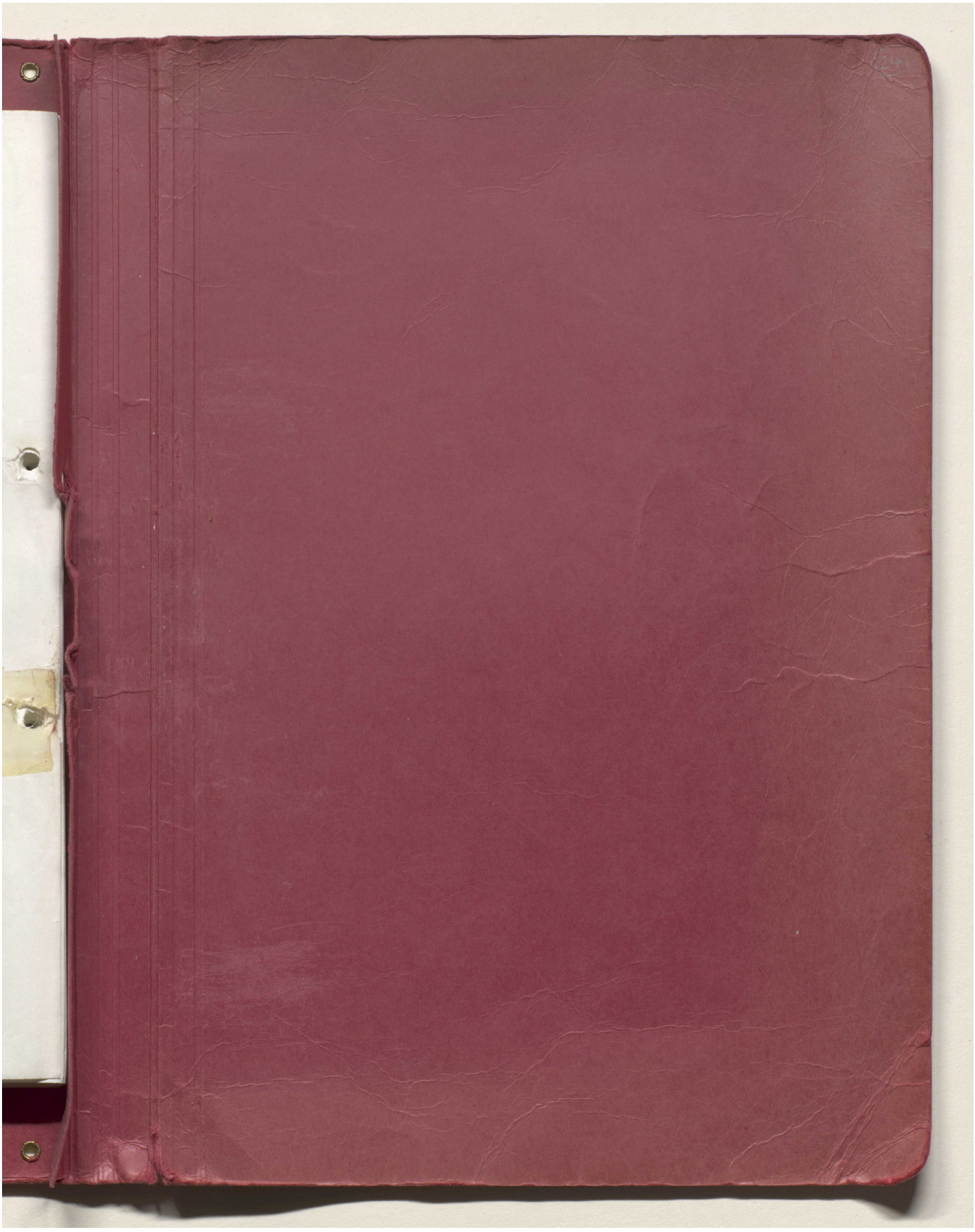
I then came back with them in their car all the way to Oxted in nine hours. Sitting cooped up in the car for the long drive back to Oxted, I managed to get a swollen knee and after consulting Dr. Lockwood had to attend the physio-therapy unit at the Oxted Cottage Hospital for ray treatment. Proved rather intractable and so had a long, tiring treatment.

Now we settle down to a quiet, uneventful life - the daily round, the common task!

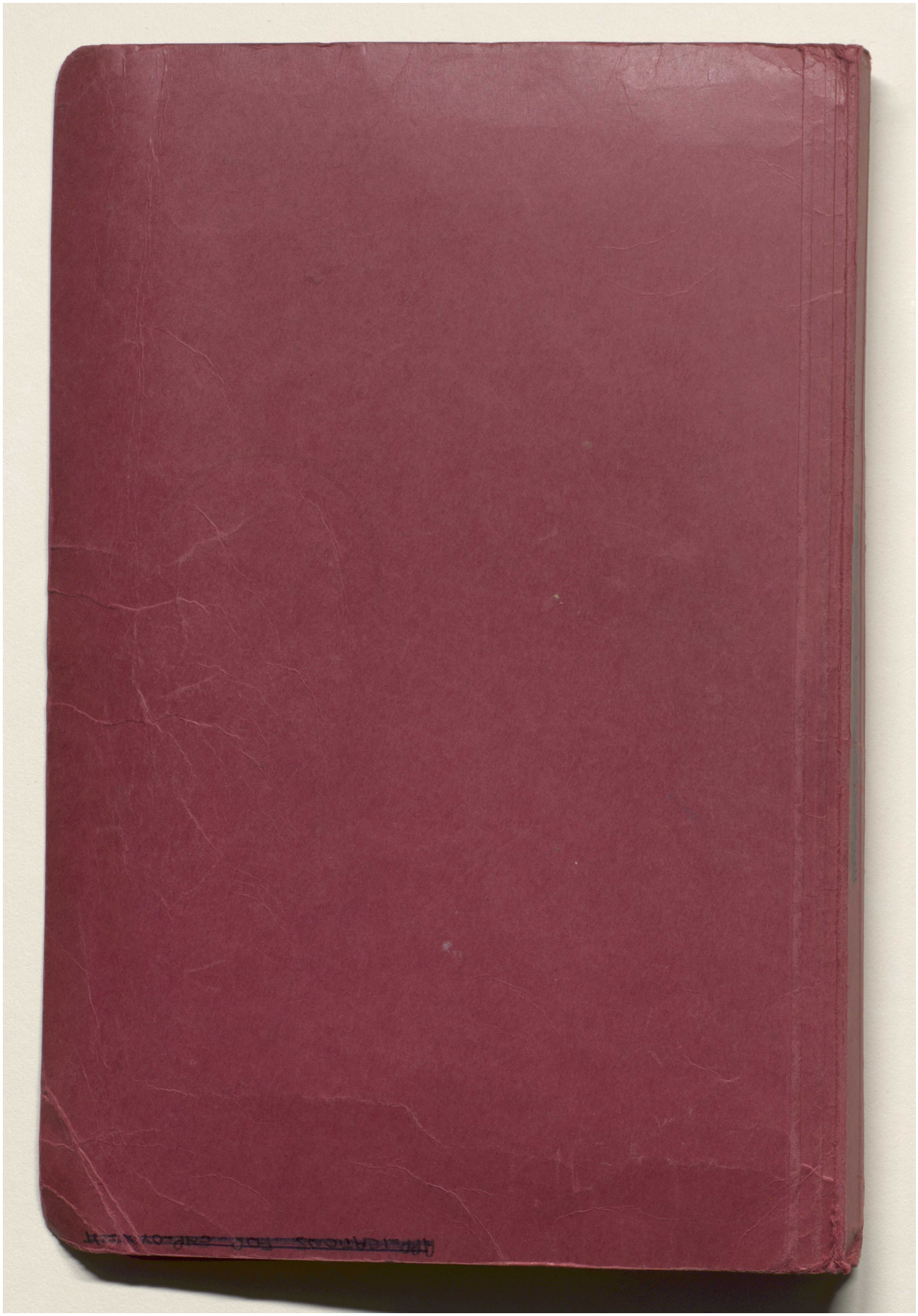
Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Unknown

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000060





Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Open Government Licence
View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000062



Reference: Mss Eur F226/30. Copyright for this page: Open Government Licence

View on the Qatar Digital Library: http://www.qdl.qa/en/archive/81055/vdc_100096527775.0x000063