

Friday 1st July 1921

Today commenced the second trial by Court Martial of Lieut. Campbell the I.W.T. Officer who, acquitted at his first trial (which I have already mentioned in my journal) was almost immediately re-arrested on two charges of perjury and a second charge of misappropriation of Government Oil (2000 gallons). The President was Colonel Commandant Francis, 55th Brigade and one Lieut. Colonel, several Majors, two Captains and one Lieutenant were on it. The same procedure was gone through as at the previous Court, the members sworn, the witnesses, I among them, paraded and the trial commenced. At 11 o'clock I was excused attendance until 5 p.m. Then again I attended and brought Capt. Emery, the Prosecuting Officer home with me for a whisky and soda. He thinks, as I do, that this Court is a much truer court than the other and they are more likely to give a proper judgement than the last court which on the strongest evidence against Campbell yet acquitted him. The case today has gone very well and the principal witness was unshaken on cross-examination. I come on as witness tomorrow.

The Chief (Mr Toplis) is going to Mosul tonight for 10 days or so to visit McNeill who is in charge of the Office there. I went to see him at 4 o'clock and had tea with him at his billet and we talked over my Zeur visit and its consequences. We have decided to suspend further issues of fuel oil to two Civil shipping firms, who are implicated in the frauds, and as a consequence they are howling out that their boats are being held up at various places on the River unable to proceed owing to lack of fuel. It serves them right as they must have known what was going on. So many Arab firms have defrauded the Government whenever they have got the chance that it is just as well to let them know that the Government will punish them when they get the opportunity.

I missed my sleep this afternoon and consequently was very tired at night. I went to sleep as soon as my head touched the pillow, grateful for the cool air, on the roof. It has been a very hot week, about 115 every day, 5 degrees above the average for July.

Saturday 2nd July 1921

I went up to the A.P.M's Office where the trial is being held, at 11a.m. but was not called until 12. Having taken the Oath, I then gave my evidence, from the Auditor's point of view that (1) Lieut. Campbell committed perjury at his first trial when he stated that the Indent for the Oil was made out on the 17th, I proving that it was made out on the 18th February (2) that he committed perjury also when he stated that 500 tins (2000gallons) of Oil were in the Depot yard in March and that he showed them to me when I was there on the 21st March. After my evidence, the defending Officer cross-examined me, as he was bound to do unless he admitted that he did not question my evidence; this was just what I wanted and as I had expected it only served to enable me to make our case even stronger, and to smash theirs. I think Campbell must have felt very sick. Emery came back with me to lunch and agreed that the trial had indeed gone wonderfully well. In the evening I went with Padre Marsh up to the Club and had a round of Golf. I played badly, however, and he beat me 3 up. We came back with the RAF fellows in their big Crossley tender, which holds 11. The exercise did me good - one must have exercise out here - and I must get more.

Sunday 3rd July 1921

I have never much to say on a Sunday which is perhaps just as well this week, for I have already written too much. Holy Communion and Matins before breakfast and write all the morning. After tiffin sleep until 4.30 then tea and write until Mackenzie comes. Dress and go to Evensong at 6.30. The wonderful benefit of the electric fan was demonstrated at Evensong tonight, when soon after the start, all the fans stopped and the lights went out. Soon everybody was in a sweat and the choir and minister and congregation busy mopping themselves with their handkerchiefs. Everybody seemed glad to get out, and I was no end relieved when I got to my billet to find our fans all right - it must have been only a local breakdown, not a general one. For which relief much thanks.

Monday 4 July 1921

We appear to be in the middle of a 'heat-wave'. Last week the temperature averaged 115°C, today it has jumped up to 118.9° in

the shade. So long as one drinks one manages all right, however, except that one perspires so much. Perspiration is, of course, an absolute necessity if one is to live. The continual evaporation of the perspiration on one's body is what keeps one's temperature down to normal viz. 98.4°, actually over 20 degrees lower than the shade temperature.

In the morning I went by motor launch to the I.W.T. Depot at Advance Base (Karsadah) and got a ledger and some more documents which may be wanted in the Campbell trial which is still on and not expected to conclude until Thursday or Friday. I have to give evidence on one more charge. The trip by boat was quite a treat, and reconciled me to the afternoon's work which I had to put in to make up the morning's arrears. Everybody who could get down to the River was bathing and it is not surprising to find that the Arab is a splendid swimmer.

Tuesday 5th July 1921

It is surprising what a help a pair of sun spectacles is. The terrific heat beating on the unprotected eyes nearly burns them out of their sockets. Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego never needed to be thrust into any burning fiery furnace in old Babylon. All they needed was to walk in the street at midday! I find that my sun glasses not only keep off the heat but also the glare. It is impossible to describe the terrific brightness of the sunshine out here. When I was at Advance Base yesterday morning I had forgotten my glasses and I was obliged to hold my handkerchief before my eyes to keep out the glare and the heat. It is well known, too, that to protect the eyes by sun glasses helps to keep down the bodily heat.

Now is the feast of Melons in Baghdad. Gufas in hundreds are coming in from the gardens of Muadhaim and Kazimain laden and piled up with water-melons of all kinds - some small, some of huge size. All the fruit shops are piled with them, and donkeys are hurrying from the gufas keeping the shops supplied. Everyone in Baghdad is eating melons. They are composed of nothing but water, of course, and that is their value. A melon is practically a pleasant drink. They sell at all prices - 2 annas for the small ones

to a rupee for the very finest. My man bought me a beauty, solid all through, for 6 annas, about 8 inches thick.

In the afternoon I slept. At five Horton called for me and we went up to the Golf Club together. It was too hot to be too vigorous and we left off at the 12th hole - all square.

Tonight we had a guest night. Four guests should have come - three turned up. We put up a very good dinner, and our guests hugely enjoyed themselves. Plenty of conversation, "Little old man" and other "haves" and ping-pong. Our serdab notwithstanding the heat outside was lovely and cool, and so were our drinks, thanks to 40lbs of ice. What one would do in this country without fans and ice is unthinkable.

Wednesday 6 July 1921

Yesterday was the hottest day recorded in Baghdad since records have been taken by the British - 120.8° in the shade. The highest previously recorded was in August some years ago by the Germans -121.0° degrees. I should think that today has been nearly as hot.

It was very sticky in the office during the morning and this afternoon I perspired profusely during my sleep. About half past 5 Captain Emery called in and told me that I shall be wanted on the Campbell trial (3rd charge) tomorrow afternoon at 3.00p.m. and we talked over the evidence I have to give. He told me that the trial on the first two charges (perjury) was concluded today and the court has arrived at a decision which won't be divulged until the third charge has been tried. He thinks this trial has gone much better indeed and that there is not much doubt that Campbell is convicted. Pullar, the Prisoner's defender, says I am told, that the odds are 100 to 1 on conviction. Just Pickard and me to dinner tonight the other two being out.

Thursday 7th July 1921

Everybody has been talking today of Tuesday's record heat. It will be interesting to know what yesterdays figure was. Today there was a little movement in the air in the morning but this afternoon

has been warm again. The difference between the wet and dry bulbs of the thermometer was however no less than 24 degrees and that means that if the body is perspiring and the perspiration evaporating properly it can lower its temperature 24 degrees below that of the air. 120.8° minus $24^{\circ} = 96.8^{\circ}$ which is under 98.4° , the normal heat of the body. So one manages to stand the heat.

The Baghdadis are very fond of ices and a sort of drink made up of mushy ice coloured red, yellow or purple. There must be hundreds of sellers of these ices in the streets and bazaars - and they and the melon sellers do a roaring trade. The price is 2 annas a time. In the meantime our ice factories and ice barges are working night and day turning out ice, at the wonderful price of 2lbs a penny!

Friday 8 July 1921

I attended the Court Martial yesterday at 3 as ordered, but they did not call upon me that afternoon and directed me to attend at 9 this morning. I did so but it was not until 11.30 that I was called. This was the third charge - that of selling 2000 gallons of oil and converting the money to his own use. After I had given my evidence in support of the charge, I was cross-examined, which they were bound to do. They could not shake my evidence a little, but only increased my opportunity to strengthen the case against Campbell. It was the last question which let me in, however. In reply I produced a document signed by Campbell and purporting to account for 10 tons of oil - that statement I characterised as a lie and said that I would prove it. To my astonishment Campbell jumped up and admitted that his statement was a mistake. He dare not risk the proof being given. Arising out of his admission I then said that the surplus in January must have been 15 tons of oil - not 10. In the end the Court asked me to prepare a statement from the accused's books - amending the book figures, which were now admitted to be inaccurate, in the light of what had since transpired. This I was given until Monday morning to prepare. I was before the Court from 11.30 until 2 p.m., by which time I was pretty peckish. I returned from tiffin at 3 p.m. and talked until 4 p.m. That is hot work these days and in this temperature. Emery and I came back to my billet and agreed that all was going

extremely well. It must make Campbell sick to think that the questions he has insisted on asking (against his counsel's advice) have enabled me to score most heavily.

Saturday 9 July 1921

This morning at 10 I went down again to the I.W.T. Office at advance Base by Launch for material for the statement I have been asked to make. By great good luck I lit upon some most important further evidence. First that the December figures were incorrect as given by Campbell. Second, that the January figures were wrong - and third, proof that the statement made in February that a 15 ton truck of oil had been counted in stock, was an absolute lie. I have since combined all this in a statement which I am to produce tomorrow morning at the Court. This is telling evidence and will be the last thing presented. I should think it will form a decisive factor.

In the afternoon Emery came in to tell me that all had gone well during the day's proceedings and to discuss the statement which I have to produce but just as he came Horton arrived to take me down to golf. So he is coming tomorrow to talk things over.

I played Captain Watson this afternoon and very badly I played too. I suppose it is the unsettling week I have had unsettles my play. Anyway although now and again being good, I was bad too often and finished 3 down. Never mind, I must beat him next time. A defeat never makes me downhearted. One thing about Golf in July is it makes one thirsty. When I had finished and had my wash I just rushed at the shandy gaff and three pint glasses nothing like satisfies! I can sympathise with the Tommy the other day who was "in" for getting drunk. His excuse was that he got thirsty and had some beer - How many? Nine bottles!

Sunday 10th July 1921

While I was waiting in the APM's office on Friday morning, I was present at the examination of 6 Arabs who had been caught the previous day attempting to run a convoy of 1000 rifles into Baghdad. The authorities have found that there has been a good number of rifles smuggled into Baghdad lately - said to be the

Kemalists, or friends of the Turks. The movement is anti-Feisul, also. Feisul is being pushed by the British Government strongly, and woe betides anyone who speaks against him. Philby, one of the heads of the Civil Government, who had dared to express opinions adverse to Feisul, was promptly sacked the other day and goes back to India. Some people (and influential people too) say it is too early to force Feisul on the Arabs and prophecy trouble.

The Gun-running Arabs although they lied like stink about themselves and were caught out in the act, would not give away anything as to their employers. Major Bolton told me he was determined to shoot all six. Something had got to be done to stop it or there would be trouble.

Monday 11th July 1921

This morning I was down at the office early 7.30 getting my evidence typed for presentations to the Court-Martial. Today is its last day. I arrived there at 9.00 and immediately presented it. Some was pure audit evidence and rather too technical for some members of the Court, but I proved it all in the end and left them convinced. Emery and Pullar then made their final speeches and the Court was closed in order that they might consider their verdict.

I was awakened from my sleep in the afternoon by Emery, who came in about 4 to give me the news - Campbell had been found guilty on all three charges. This is a dramatic reversal of the decision of the first court-martial and is a great victory for me, as well as for Emery. If I can do something to stamp out the corruption which has grown up in the Army in this country and to bring those responsible to justice, I shall have justified my existence. It is a pity that we don't manage to get those higher up - Campbell is only a Lieutenant - but all this has shaken them and they are afraid - and the name of the Army Auditor is BIG in the land, and officers are keener now on keeping proper a/cs than ever they were. In this case, the auditor has clinched the evidence, and malefactors will be deterred by this, for they will never quite know what their books may reveal. Naturally the Chief is very pleased with the result. Campbell is a married man with one boy and has an exceptionally good record behind him, except

for the finish, and he was absolutely broken-hearted by the verdict. He made a very pathetic appeal for mercy when asked what he had to say in mitigation of sentence and made a considerable impression on the Court. Whether he will get a light sentence, we must wait to see, for sentence won't be promulgated for a few days.

I shall now be able to settle down to my work again - although there is the Zeur fraud to deal with yet.

It was hot again yesterday - 119° - and again today. This is a most exceptional period of hot weather and it is strange that the Arabs had prophesied a hot summer for this year. However, one is getting used to it.

Tuesday 12 July 1921

This is the anniversary of my Wedding day. Ten years ago - on Wednesday 12th July 1911 - I was married to the dearest, sweetest woman in all the world and I am proud to be able to pay this tribute to my dear wife in my Journal - that these have been ten years of happiness and love. And as a test, there is no man in this world who is looking forward with greater joy to his reunion with his loved one than I.

It strikes me now that in the East, at least in Mesopotamia, there is nothing like the care and courtesy bestowed on women as in our own country. Very, very seldom does one see a man with his wife - away from his home. The men, Arabs, congregate at night at the numberless coffee shops in the city, squatting on the benches, smoking narghilis, and now and again taking a sip at a cup of coffee. There they sit and chat for hours (goodness knows when they go home) Some go to the native theatres and cinemas, or drive in arabanas or motors. This latter is the only time you see man and wife together. As a matter of fact I know that many families are very happy, but the eldest son is of far more importance than his mother - who is regarded as of little use if she cannot bear children. She is still somewhat of a chattel, and always will be while she is kept so rigidly guarded and apart and veiled. In England a man must strive to keep his wife's love or she may forsake him for another man, This is impossible in

Mesopotamia. Once married to a man there is no escape - unless of course he sells her to another man. There is actually a considerable traffic in girls, and there is plenty of scope for the man who seeks the delights of feminine charms.

But the Arab woman, and the Jewess too, makes no complaint. She knows her job is to bear children and she does it very successfully. These people are very prolific, though infant mortality is high. Barefoot, a silver or gold anklet on each ankle, veiled to the eyes and with a little brown baby under the black abba, describes the average Arab woman. Perambulators are unknown. But this is just as well, for they would be the veriest curse in Baghdad, where the paths are as often the avenue for pack-mules, horses and donkeys as the pedestrians.

Wednesday 13th July 1921

Yesterday's shade temperature 119° Monday's max. shade temperature was 118.6°. I had a letter from Rice telling me that the shade temperature at Basrah on Tuesday 5th July, our record day, was 128.3° and the night temperature 95.5°. Also that it was impossible to sleep that night. But I rather doubt the Basrah temperatures - some people say that they are not taken under proper shade conditions. I'm afraid I'm making too much of the heat in my Journal. But anyway, a Journal is a record of personal impressions and there is no doubt of the impression this heat makes upon one.

Horton and Wayman called for me this afternoon and we went down to the Sporting Club. We played 12 holes, quite enough in this heat, and Horton and I, playing Wayman, beat him 4 holes up. Quite a number of women were there - either playing tennis or enjoying the social part of it. The garden is very restful, with its green lawn, and the drinks after the game nothing short of nectar.

Thursday 14th July 1921

I don't seem to be able to get away from the weather - yesterday was equal to the hottest day ever recorded in Baghdad - 121° in the shade. The poor sparrows sit around on my verandah with their beaks wide open, hardly able to breathe; hardly able to fly

away when I approach. Every afternoon I sleep (but I make my pillow wet every time) and yet I am so tired at night. And still tired when my man awakes me in the morning at 6 a.m.

I hear that Feisul has been elected KING by the Arab Council, and that he is acceptable to the Country Arab. I hope so, and that this country has now an opportunity to settle down on a proper basis, and develop. It has such wonderful natural wealth and the land is so fertile that it might become one of the richest and most prosperous countries of the world. What it was 2000 years ago it could become again, when it was a network of canals and a land of agriculture and pastures. All it wants, I am sure, is a chance.

Friday 15th July 1921

I don't seem to be able to break the back of my work at the Office. A huge pile awaits me in the morning and a huge pile is left when I leave though I may have got through a good day's work. I haven't much time to go out when this is the state of affairs.

Notwithstanding my arrear I have been trying not to bring work home to the billet to do, being convinced that the worst thing in this country is to 'overstrain' oneself, especially during this weather.

At five o'clock Horton and Wayman called for me and we went down to the Sporting Club. Wayman played the best ball off Horton and me, and we beat him 5 up. He didn't win a hole until the last hole, the 12th, and I unfortunately missed my drive. I holed out at the 2nd hole, from about 40 yards out, in 4! I played much better today although I muffed my drive now and again. Home at 7.30, bath and a good dinner. It is surprising what a good appetite one has, in spite of the heat.

Saturday 16th July 1921

Today's temperature report of last Thursday's temp. gives the maximum temperature as 120.3° and the minimum temperature as 91°. This was the night temperature of course and it really was a stinker. 91° is the temperature when people collapse and die of

heat-stroke in England - just consider on top of that that the shade temperature goes up 30° during the day! This isn't a white man's country, and although there is a wonderful winter season it's a good country to be out of, I think.

Air Vice Marshal Salmond, of the RAF called in to see the Chief this morning about the big Aircraft Park a/cs and I am to spend two or three days there next week over the beastly a/cs. Salmond flew over from Cairo in a non-stop flight - started at 8.00a.m. and arrived at Baghdad at 6.30p.m. just over 10 hours in the air. There is some talk of establishing a regular cross-country air service, which shows the strides that flying is making. The R.A.F. are up in the air continually, and since I came here there has not been a single fatal accident.

In the afternoon I went up (after a sleep) to the Sporting Club and had a round of golf with Wayman. I played well enough, but Wayman played better and beat me two holes up. At the last hole I most unfortunately broke my driver. It was cracked before I started, and I very foolishly played with it. The best driver in Mesopotamia it was, so the professional told me, and now alas, it is the worst!

In the evening after dinner I went with Horton to the Alwiyah Club where every Saturday night is held a Dance at which the whole of Baghdad Society goes. There were about 30 women and 200 men! They have a beautiful Ballroom and a good band - and the girls are in great demand. The only unmarried women were the nurses; the remainder were married girls, wives of the Civil Administration. I was buttonholed by two or three acquaintances so couldn't have danced - but in any case I had no desire to. It is a swagger show and I have a mind to go to dinner there one night.

Sunday 17th July 1921

George, it's warm tonight. My pyjamas are already wet through as I sit writing. Still we've only another 6 weeks of this!

To Holy Communion and Matins and home by 8.15a.m. After breakfast I went up River Street to the Amarah workers and after some bargaining I bought for 20 Rupees a small silver powder box

for my sister's birthday. These articles are all made and engraved by hand. The black enamel pictures are burnt in very hard by some means and the article can be polished ad lib without damaging it. It is one of the few really distinctive products of Baghdad. I've done a real full day's writing today and as I've been up since 5.30 a.m. I am entitled now to go up to bed (10.30p.m.) There's a little air tonight but the temperature is still over 100° and I shall be glad to get up on the roof where the temp (100°) is nearly 10 degrees below that of my room. I seem to have nothing to write about but the heat! I must try and change the subject next week!

Monday 18th July 1921

It seems an extraordinary thing that at the same time as we are having our heat-wave here in Mesopotamia, a heat wave is in existence in England, France, India and elsewhere. A little more heat than usual doesn't matter here (except that it is bad for Europeans) for all watering of crops is done by irrigation from the two Rivers. No rain ever falls in Mesopotamia between April and November, so more heat cannot diminish what doesn't exist. But in India this lack of rain may mean famine and disaster, and it is already having serious effects in the Home Country and France.

Today I did a good day's work. As I have to visit the Air Craft Park tomorrow I made an endeavour to clear off the work on my table. I went also from 5 to 7 in the afternoon and what kind spirit helped me I know not but the pile had disappeared by 7 o'clock as if by magic. So I shall have my mind untroubled by thoughts of that dreadful arrear tomorrow. But too much work is a bad, bad thing in this country - one day, alright, but every day! NO!

Tuesday 19th July 1921

The wonderful boon of ice! The other day there was a temporary breakdown in the ice-making plant at "E & M" (Electrical and Mechanical Division) and we did without ice for one day. But every drink was hot - really and truly hot. Fancy hot ginger beer and hot soda water! It doesn't quench the thirst one jot, but seems to increase it. The coolest thing was the water in one's

"chatty". One drink "off the ice" is sufficient to quench one's thirst but fifty which have been nowhere near it won't do it.

In the morning at 8 a.m. a swift launch was ready to take me and two of my staff across the Tigris, where on the other side we were met by a motor car which took us to the Aircraft Park. It covers a big area as befits its importance - since the occupation of Mesopotamia is to be carried out not by the Army but by the R.A.F. There are at present SIX squadrons in the country and soon to be increased to NINE and this means 54 aeroplanes. The stores, workshops, personnel, hangars, transport etc for such a force covers a lot of ground. Like everybody else in Mesopotamia, the Park has been labouring under difficulties - insufficient staff and inefficient at that, at keeping stores and a/cs.

Wednesday 20 July 1921

This morning over to AirCRAFT Park again and put in a fairly good morning's work. The R.A.F. day is rise at 4.30; Breakfast at 7; Break for Lunch 9.30; Finish 12 noon. During the hot weather in this country this is quite enough - especially as most of the men are merely living under tents, with a temperature of 126° - 130° to bear. Today was a bit cooler, but nevertheless I developed the thirst of my life - due probably to the fact that I have contracted a cold and Nature called for drink to keep my temperature down. During the day I had 5 breakfast cups of tea: 5 glasses of water: 6 glasses of shandy gaff: 3 glasses Kia-ora and soda: 5 ginger beers: 1 whisky and soda and 1 coffee.

At 5 o'clock Wayman called for me and I went up with him to Golf. Either he played badly or I played a little better for I beat him 2 holes up. It was very nice out at the Club and I enjoyed the game and came home feeling a bit better. It was here that I had 5 glasses of shandy gaff. Quite a lot of people go up there to sit on the lawn in the cool of the evening, and many of the English ladies bring their children. All of which helps to give it a homely tone and cheer the exile.

In the evening we had four members of the Army audit Staff to dinner - McEvoy, Parry, Hudson and Cairns. The last three are Second Division Clerks and young men of about 25 or so, full of

spirits and enjoying their tour out here as one might enjoy any other adventure. All bachelors and "sports". So you can imagine what a merry table we had, and that they did justice to the feed we put up for them. After dinner one round of "Little Old Man" and then some ping-pong. They were keen on it but it's a bit too warm just at present so far as I am concerned. We had 5 dozen minerals in and during the day drank the lot.

I forgot to mention yesterday (Tuesday) that I went to Dinner with the 6th LAMBS at North Gate Barracks. Pullar, the O.C. asked me. He is a splendid fellow and has a splendid lot of Officers under him. He is a gentlemanly quiet sort of man and consequently his mess is not the swaggering roistering lot you get in some messes where they take their cue from their roistering O.C. I quite enjoyed the evening and came home about 11.30 in Pullar's car, accompanied by a nice fat cigar.

Thursday 21st July 1921

It is an extraordinary thing that notwithstanding the continuous sunshine and the excessive heat that it does not make one brown. At home a fortnight or three weeks at the seaside, given reasonable weather, will make one as brown as a berry. Here, people who have been here for years, (and even natives especially Jews and Christians) are as fair as when they came out. Certainly I am, and I can only put it down to the continual perspiration. Pickard is just pink and white, and I have hardly come across a single European with any sun-colour. I have mentioned before that the women here are quite fair - and so are the kiddies. The Arab men are browner, but they are of a different blood, and brown is their natural colour.

It has been a bit cooler today again - only 118° but Tuesday touched the highest temperature ever recorded in Baghdad - 121.2°, while the absolute sun temperature in the Aircraft Park (taken in a vacuum) was 177° . So now you know why people get sunstroke out here if they stay out in the sun for long. Not only is a sun-topee a necessity but a European must have a spine-pad as well to protect his spinal column, which connects with the brain.

Friday 22 July 1921

Yesterday and today we continued our audit visit to the Aircraft Park. I had hoped to finish yesterday but I came across a bad section of the a/cs and had to go again today. I must say these R.A.F. men have been kindness itself to us. They have supplied boats and cars to carry us to and fro, sandwiches and drinks every day at 9.30 and 12, and Major Rees invited the three of us today to dinner next Thursday, and will send a car and bring us and take us back. I feel quite sorry that I have to write a snotty letter to him about our visit.

Owen was in the Office today on his way down from Mosul to Basrah. He says the heat at Mosul is much harder to bear than that of Baghdad although the thermometer does not register so high; for in addition to the greater humidity of the atmosphere (which makes heat more felt) most of the houses are built partly of marble which has the faculty of storing the heat during the day and radiating it out again at night: thus keeping the night warm which might otherwise have been cool and refreshing.

Saturday 23 July 1921

It's a good job the heat has dropped a bit the last few days, by that I mean 4 or 5 degrees -because I have been rather shaky this week with a cold, and in great heat a cold is very distressing, one perspires so, and feels so down. Some sort of breeze has blown up and now people are talking of the "break" in the hot weather, although the heat is 115° or more daily. The nights are much cooler, down to 81 or thereabouts.

Besides the deluge of melons, we are now getting other fruits. One of the choicest is green figs, which are delicious stewed. Pomegranates still green are making their appearance, and plums of all sorts are plentiful. There is no dearth of fruit - in fact the plenteousness of it is apt to make one careless in the eating of it - for instance it is unwise to eat too much melon. Unripe or stale fruit it is madness to eat of course.

In the afternoon, or rather evening, I went down to the Sporting Club with Horton, Wayman and Watson of the Supplies Directorate and played a foursome, Horton and I beating Wayman and

Watson two holes up. It was a good game and we won on merits. It was just vigorous enough for me, still not quite recovered from my cold. And those lovely drinks afterwards and the comfy run home. If one couldn't get these breaks I think life out here would be almost unbearable.

Sunday 24 July 1921

What a joy it is when Sunday comes round again! It is a remission from the office, of course, but it is welcome chiefly because it marks the termination of another week's exile, and the beginning of another week which brings me nearer home. And it is the day when I write home: only the exile, the man separated from his dear ones, knows the joy of the letter home. It is a most important day, mail day; quite as important as the day when the mail from home comes in. That is, of course, a feast -day. Immediately the bag comes in, eager hands sort out the letters - and then the work of the office is suspended while letters from home are read. Mostly happy letters - watch the faces - and some have letters so sweet and dear that their faces shine and eyes glisten with sheer joy. God bless Mail day.

Monday 25th July 1921

On Saturday Pickard and I received orders from G.H.Q. to vacate "J" Mess and join "C" Mess G.H.Q. needless to say much to our disgust as we both had nice comfortable rooms, spacious and clean and fairly cool and we had become attached to the Mess; just the four of us, happy and friendly together. It had its disadvantages, of course, so far away from G.H.Q. and right on the busy thoroughfare of Baghdad. On the other hand it had many advantages. It was in the heart of the Bazaars, near the Banks and above all it had none of the drawbacks and restrictions of the usual military Mess. It was small enough to run easily and we ran it properly, kept it clean and nice-smelling. Everyone who came praised it.

After tea Pickard and I went down to "C" Mess to see our new rooms. There were two left. I took the one on the road which is also unfortunately a hot one and gave old Pickard the inner cooler one. I'm sure he would never be able to sleep in the room I have

taken: he doesn't sleep well in "J" Mess and this certainly won't be an improvement on it, whereas I sleep well.

Tuesday 26 July 1921

Today the sentence on Lieut. Campbell was made known. He is cashiered (dismissed the Army with ignominy) and is to be sent out of the country at once. He was given no sentence of imprisonment, having regard to the three months he had been in custody and his previous good record. I had expected (and he deserved) a more severe sentence. What possesses these Courts I don't know. But it is something effected and I've no doubt that most officers in Mesopotamia are aware of its effect for good.

The mail came today with five letters for me including my watch from Ingersolls which they have had since February last and which they were carefully holding pending the receipt of 1/6d from me! Poor me, out in the deserts of Mesopotamia where Rupees and Annas hold the field and I don't suppose Ingersolls would find much use for them. However, my last letter of 28/5 must have woke them up a bit for they are now very apologetic although they still want that 1/6d badly. Let's hope someone will pay them.

Wednesday 27th July 1921

Good-bye to "J" Mess - today we moved, Pickard and I. We were too busy in the morning with office work to do anything, but when I came back to tiffin at 10'clock I found that Imam Ali had got everything packed and ready. The lorry arrived soon after 2 and I went out into the street and engaged 3 coolies, and they soon got busy loading up Pickards things. I was busy collecting and checking the Mess property, which I am taking with me and trying to sell - knives, forks, pots, table linen and so on. About 4, Father McHugh one of the R.C. Padres who are taking over the Mess came and I checked over with him all the Government Mess property and handed it over to him. He wouldn't buy any of our private property so I took it to "C" Mess. The lorry came back about 5 and I soon had my stuff loaded up and installed in my new room. It isn't such a bad room, as rooms go, and I expect I shall settle down all right. The dinner at night was a very formal and frigid affair, with none of the good humour and fun of our

evening meal at "J" Mess. But I slept like a top at night on the roof, which is a high and wide and airy one.

Thursday 28 July 1921

By the time I returned home to tiffin today my bearer had got my room practically ship-shape and it begins to look quite nice. I have got a separate bathroom which is a great convenience where I can bath and wash and shave. I have a rather warm corner, but that will have its advantages in the winter, for 5 months. This is a fine large Arab house with a roomy centre courtyard. The mess room, cookhouse etc are on the ground floor and most of the Officers quarters on the first floor opening off the verandah which runs all round. There is a large garden, full of tall date palms and other trees. It is only 5 minutes or less from G.H.Q.

In the evening Irvine and I went to dinner with Squadron Leader (Major) Rees of the Aircraft Park. At 7.30 a magnificent motorcar called for me and I picked up Irvine and by 7.45 we were at the RAF Mess. The tables were laid outdoors (the Mess house is on a high mound) and lit by electric standard lamps. We had a most enjoyable time, a splendid dinner and came home at 11.30 by the same motorcar very tired - but contented. There were 25 at dinner and I heard some thrilling tales of mid-air fights and crashes, American-German spy mechanics, and blood curdling tales of Arab cruelty. My host is very disfigured about the face, the result of a crash due to his machine being tampered with by an American - Hun mechanic. They pressed me to try a flight over Baghdad one morning early - and I think I must. I am assured that it is safer than walking. They are a fun lot of fellows, these R.A.F. chaps, who carry their lives in their hands and their conversation gets rather lurid at times, as may be expected. But they are a splendid lot of men and I much admire them. I have another invitation to dine with them on Saturday.

It was weird coming home in the car along the deserted road. The headlights lighted up the road perfectly throwing up the rows of over-hanging date palms into strong relief on either side. It seemed quite uncanny as we tore along through these tropical trees, the bull-frogs croaking on either side. Not until we got to

Maude Bridge did we see a soul - and then just a few belated coffee-tippers.

Friday 29 July 1921

The Air Force men told me that they are going to take over the meteorological work in Mesopotamia now that their meteorological officers have arrived. They tell me that the Baghdad temperatures are wrong and that the shade maxima should be at least 5 degrees higher. The temperatures are at present taken in the shade under the East end of Maude Bridge. The nearness of the water and the wind under the Bridge drop the temperature at least 5 degrees. So that the actual temperature of 121 recorded should have been 126. How's that for heat?

Tonight Pickard and I went for a walk around the east side of Baghdad - a most interesting walk. Some of the back streets are far more Eastern in character and one meets only Arabs - no Europeans. I took a photo of the celebrated Mosque which covers the site of the tomb of Sheikh Abdul Kadir Kilani, a celebrated Sunni Mussulman and also of some camels at rest for the night near Baghdad East Station. This is where the caravans for Persia start and there are always resting caravans about. We came home through the Shorja Bazaar which is comprised mainly of fruit and vegetable shops.

Saturday 30 July 1921

It seems strange to us, this Eastern idea of keeping all the shops of one trade together, and it is, to a small extent breaking down in Baghdad. But as a general rule if you want drapery goods, gold and silver work, shoes, saddlery, copper utensils, fruit or what-not, you stand the best chance of getting what you want if you go to the proper part of the Bazaars. If you don't get it at one shop there are 40 or 50 other shops! We have the same idea in Tottenham Court Road, of course, which is all furniture firms, and Oxford Street, nearly all drapers.

Tonight at 7.30, Major Rees' beautiful car called for me, and I picked up Irvine and Slark and we went to dinner at the Aircraft Park again and afterwards to see Charley's Uncle at the R.A.F.

Theatre, acted by RAF men. The female parts are taken by men of course, and jolly well done too. It was a most laughable show and it was the best laugh I had had since I had left England. There was a first class orchestra, too, and a very good male chorus. It was over at 11 p.m. and we came home soon afterwards after a last thirst-quencher, in Major Rees' car.

Sunday 31st July 1921

Sunday again! And tomorrow is Bank Holiday, 1st August, but apparently everyone is working at G.H.Q. for we have heard no rumours of any holiday.

I am now nearly half an hour from the Garrison Church, and I felt very tired when Imam Ali (faithful man) woke me at 5.30 because I hadn't got to bed before 12.30 the night before. But I wouldn't miss it for anything and I picked up Mackenzie from "D" Mess and together we went to Holy Communion and stayed to Matins. We also went together to Evensong at night. I divide my Sunday between Church and writing.

I am beginning to like my present billet better: I think on the whole it is cooler and my new room is plenty big enough and now I am more used to the noise I am beginning to get an hour or so's sleep in the afternoon. Sleep and exercise are necessities in Mesopotamia and I am feeling slack rather, having had no exercise this week to speak of. However next week I will remedy that. I have now had the offer of a horse for early morning rides - but that extra hour of sleep is hard to forego, and I don't really know whether I want it or not.