

Saturday 1st July 1922

When I woke up this morning it was with a lovely sense of peace and stillness – we were in Bombay Harbour. It was dark, so I went off to sleep again but it wasn't long before the ship was a hive of excited bees – the Indians gazing on their native land again. Gradually the shore-line became clear and we could distinguish the Taj Mahal Hotel, the Customs House and the Docks. At 9a.m. We began slowly to move in to our allotted berth. What a pleasure it was to see the sweet green grass again and the luxuriant tropical trees many in full bloom, purple, scarlet and yellow (a most magnificent kind of laburnum) in the Dock Gardens. By chance we berthed at the identical berth that the "Huntsgreen" put in at on Jan 16th 1921, nearly 18 months ago, and while many of our lucky passengers hurried off to catch the SS "Macedonia", which was sailing for home at 12 noon. Makings and I got our luggage through the Customs and hied off to book our rooms at the Hotel Majestic, where we have a nice room high up on the second floor, for the sake of the cool breeze, overlooking palatial houses set in cool green gardens.

What a fine city Bombay is, fine, wide streets, grand buildings – and ever improving . Makings and I had intended to go about a bit and see the place, but unfortunately it has been very wet – and at times even cold! But even in our limited travels one could not help remarking on the amount of building still going on and to what extent women's labour is employed here. The Hindu women altho' small are very graceful and these portresses, wear sensible clothing – just a sort of thin coloured bodice to hide the breasts, but so tight fitting that it hides nothing of the shape, and a kind of thin shawl draped round the hips with one end pulled in under the legs and tucked in at the waist at the back. The other end is carried over the left shoulder and over the head.

I drove up to Colaba Hospital in the afternoon to find Captain Tucker's wife, having promised to take her out one evening if possible. The drive was delightful, sometimes by the sea, then through lovely flowering trees and flowers, the most luxuriant tropical loveliness on every side, surrounding country houses embowered in the midst, with peeps of the sea beyond.

Found Mrs Tucker very depressed but her baby son doing very well. After dinner took her to the Excelsior Theatre to see the Powder Puffs – with Makings. Not a bad show.

Sunday 2nd July 1922

This morning Makings and I walked to Colaba Garrison Church to Holy Communion. It is a very handsome Church indeed, large and lofty, the finest Church I have been in since I left home.

The beautiful scents of the trees and flowers, rendered more pungent by the rain, and the long walk there and back, made us very hungry for our breakfast. In the churchyard is a very fine Banyan tree with hundreds of roots descending from the upper branches, dozens of which had already reached the ground and rooted so that the tree looked as if it had scores of separate stems.

It has been a very disappointing day, raining nearly all the time. As soon as we started out we had to return owing to the heavy rain, so most of our programme was knocked on the head. We went in the evening for a drive around the famous Crawford Market, but it was too muddy and smelly to be enjoyable. Here the little shops are the same as in the Bazaar at Baghdad but not so interesting, I thought.

It is ever so nice and cool here compared with Mesopotamia, but I still have prickly heat. There are no mosquitoes in Bombay that I have seen and I'm pleased with the change.

The big buildings of Bombay are extraordinarily fine, and the Victoria Station Terminus of the G.I.P. Railway (Great India Peninsula) and the Taj Mahal Hotel are two of the finest buildings (architecturally) I have ever seen. There are dozens of other buildings only a little less – many in fine open public gardens – in streets, several times the width of our London streets (as wide as The Mall). Trams run frequently to everywhere. Many new buildings were building – but the scaffolding is the craziest imaginable, looks every moment as if it is about to topple down. All of these fine buildings are of stone or granite.

On one side of Bombay are the Docks – on the other is Back Bay, Bombay's seaside, with a fine promenade. The book of views I am sending will explain much better than I can describe in a page or so. Bombay temperatures and climate are among the worst in India; however, owing to the damp heat.

In the evening fetched Mrs Tucker and took her to the cinema to see the "Conquest of Mars". She was so grateful for the two evenings we had taken her out, and I must now write and tell Tucker all about his wife and baby son.

Monday 3rd July 1922

Up early this morning at 5.30 for today we go to Poona. Most of our packing our boys had done overnight and we had all our luggage loaded up and away by 7 a.m. We followed soon after and reached Victoria Terminus to find all our luggage weighed and stowed and our seats all ready.

The train started at 7.50. During the first few miles it runs through suburbs of Bombay but beyond Dadar, 6 miles out, the line runs into low marshy country which owing to the rains was partly under water. This is what the Indian wants for then he can plough the ground which was too hard before and sow his rice which is scattered in the water.

The whole countryside, apart from the water was green and flourishing. Labourers, both men and women, in the fields were busy everywhere, tropical luxuriant trees began to appear, then brooks cutting unexpected channels through the red earth down to the Veda Lake and soon we could see the dim outline in the distance of the Western Ghats.

As the ground got a little higher one caught glimpses of quaint little villages, mostly of palm and reed huts, among the trees. Soon there was cultivation or woods on either side and we were commencing the ascent of the Ghats.

These are mountains only about 4000 ft. or so high, but they rise sheer out of the plain and seem much higher. They are mostly of a brown or black granite rather bare at first, but as we got further inland covered with magnificent forest.

We steamed into Karjat at 10 a.m. and here we took on another engine at the rear for the ascent now begins in earnest. The scenery alone would make the journey worthwhile. We ran between two ranges almost parallel and the plain below became further and further distant, until with a turn in the line we lost it altogether and were right up in the mountains. We passed through tunnel after tunnel cut through the solid rock (though none were long ones) coming out for a few minutes peep every now and again across the most beautiful country. The hill slopes were covered with all kinds of trees, new to us and underneath and on the banks were beautiful flowers and fern-like plants. It was a most exciting journey to me, every moment brought some new view, as the eye moved from the towering mountains to the light green rice fields below. All is green, every shade of green shines out in this luxuriant tropical forest.

Now the track is cut out of the side of the mountain and we pant along – the slope sheer across the valley and the mountain rises sheer, its summit shrouded in clouds and cascades rush down its sides into the torrent below.

Some times a cloud hid the view entirely and as we ran into Bhor Ghat reversing Station we were actually in the clouds – something like being in a very wet, clean white fog.

Soon the cloud had rolled off and we saw where we were - in the midst of mountains covered with the most glorious forest, and our train went on; the engine which had pushed us in now pulls us out backwards and we still climb higher.

Such pretty country it is here right at the top of the Ghats (as the mountains are called), and how exhilarating the mountain air is.

Passing a pool where red and white water lilies grew in profusion we steamed into Khandala – the highest station on the line, 3 miles further on, at 11 o'clock. About the same level is Lonavla, a little further; both places have many very pretty bungalows and some hotels and are frequented as Hill Stations during the hot weather. From Khandala onward the slope down down is gentle and nothing like the romantic west side. It is now cultivated all the way and the fields are wider and flatter. But the air was grand and Makings and I sang with joy at the thought of being in this beautiful country and away from Mesopotamia.

We reached Poona about 12.30 and put up at the Connaught Hotel – said to be the best in Poona – but I thought it very poor. After tiffin we had a rest and then went by tonga (small pony cart) to the Pay Office. It is about 30 minutes drive and it is quite clear that we cannot stay at the Connaught if we are to work at Wanowrie. We saw Captain Johnstone and he has kindly promised to try and arrange for us to live at his bungalow, less than 10 minutes away.

Tuesday 4th July 1922

Slept well last night and up in the morning feeling grand. Poona is 100ft above sea level and altho' we are only 60 miles from Bombay the climate is quite different. Hot and humid in Bombay, it is now windy and cold, and I was a great stupid not to have brought my winter clothes with me. No-one here is wearing cotton clothes except the Indians. It has set in rather wet and rained on and off nearly all day – it was over-clouded and we saw no sun.

Up to the Pay Office in the morning and reported ourselves to Lt. Col. Ormsby-Johnson. He was very nice and so were all the other officers. Most of our morning was occupied in chatting I'm afraid, as each came along and

introduced himself.

In the afternoon went up to Captain Johnstone's place to tea, and fixed up to go there to stay. He and three other Pay Department Officers (Capt. Hepburn, Lieuts Stephens and Fulton) live with some English people named Scott, and we have engaged a room in a Bungalow opposite and are going to have all our food with the Scotts.

Wednesday 5th July 1922

Last night we went with the Pay Department fellows to their entertainment at the Argyll's Theatre. It was a very good show and most enjoyable.

I propose to work the same hours as the Pay Office work which are from 8.30 to 1 in the morning and 2 to 4 in the afternoon except Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday which are half holidays. So today we have begun to get down to our work, which I don't think will prove frightfully difficult.

The Pay Dept. Officers have put us up as members of the Poona Gymkhana Club, and invited us out to golf and tennis, bridge and dinner. They seem a very decent lot and prepared to take a lot of trouble to make us comfortable.

After tea sent our boys up to 24 Napier Road with our things, and after dinner at the Connaught Hotel paid up and then went up to 23 Napier Road. Our hostesses name is Mrs A.W. Collins Scott. Her husband is a retired Indian Army Officer. It is a very roomy and nicely furnished house and I think we are going to be very comfortable.

Thursday 6th July 1922

Nearly all the time we have been here so far it has rained and it will continue raining for about a fortnight. But this rain which only commenced about a fortnight ago is making the country look very beautiful and green. Grass is springing up everywhere where before it was brown and dry, every tree is in full foliage, gardens are being set out and re-stocked and the flowering trees are a mass of bloom. The most wonderful of all to my mind is the "Golden Mohur". It is a fairly tall tree generally from 30 – 50ft. High with a feathery foliage and just now, is a mass of gorgeous scarlet blossoms like orchids, 4 inches square. The effect when it stands among other trees, is magnificent. The trees around it may bear yellow, mauve or white blossoms, some of a very strong perfume and altogether, Poona just now is a very beautiful place to one fond of plants and trees and gardens. The houses in the European quarter are all of the bungalow type, and each stands in spacious grounds –

there is an air of ease and roominess which is very pleasant after the rush and crowd of Baghdad – and each has its grounds nicely set out and furnished with beautiful trees.

Friday 7th July 1922

Yesterday Capt. Vidal called for me and we picked up Capt. Rogers and went to Poona Golf Course. It was a fine drive there we passed over the Mula Mutha River by a fine granite bridge, the river was in heavy flood - its red-brown waters tearing down at a great pace. We passed groups of high cactus, now in flower and avenues of flowering trees and so up to the Club House which stands high. The course is a very sporting one. It is very rocky and there are several quarries and brooks where it is hopeless to expect to recover one's ball if it drops there. Groups of cactus, too, and trees and enclosures, hills and rocky dips make the course much more difficult than at Baghdad. It is beautiful and green everywhere. It is so easy to send one's ball out of bounds and I did badly. I played Rogers who is a good player, twelve holes and only halved two! I didn't win one. The game was rather spoilt by rain, which got too bad eventually and we gave up at the 12th hole and sat in the comfortable Club verandah and had drinks. I'm hoping to go up often and that I shall do better when I get more used to the course.

Saturday 8th July 1922

The landlady of 24 Napier Road, where we sleep and dress, is an authoress of sorts, and has written several works on religious subjects, of which she has given me two. One of about 800 pages called "Meditations for Each Day of the Year" is a wonderful collection of sermonettes, Hymns and Religious thought. She is quite a character – about 70 years old and 140 inches round the waist – her furniture is about the same age.

In the afternoon took Makings out on the piece of ground by 23 Napier Road and gave him some tuition at golf. It is a rolling, sloping field covered with grass just starting to grow – quite good for golf.

After tea went to the Church to find out times of services and from there by the famous Poona Racecourse to the "Empress Botanical Gardens" This is a beautiful spot and contains a fine collection of well developed tropical trees and plants – many just now in their finest foliage and in flower. Something like the big glasshouses at Kew, only in the open and immensely longer. Two fine streams run alongside the Gardens – one in flood, but the other, for some unknown reason, nearly empty in spite of the rains.

Sunday 9th July 1922

To early service this morning to St. Mary's Garrison Church at 7 a.m. Fine lofty Church and rather High also in its service.

After breakfast Capt. Vidal called for us and we went to the Golf course, it having been arranged that Vidal and makings were to play Mrs Vidal and me (a "foursome"). Fortunately it kept fine and we did twelve holes before it came on to rain. I rather spoiled the morning by playing very badly and the others beat us by three holes. I don't seem to be able to use myself to this course. Here it is hills, quarries, ravines and rocks. At the North end of the course stands a huge square rock, about 300 – 400 yards long and high above the course. On top of this a rich Parsee has built himself a most gorgeous marble and stone palace which commands a view of all the country around. Already it has cost a quarter of a million and is not nearly finished, so I'm told. On the summit of another hill about 5 miles away stands the ancient Hindu temple of Parvati, which we intend to visit shortly.

Some Golf course, eh?

Monday 10th July 1922

Reviewing our first week's work here I'm afraid we haven't much to show, but the work is new and needs learning and as we go we shall pile up knowledge which will make the audit easier and more effective for the future.

The weather is so cool I am wearing my flannel suit and as I must have a change of warm suits I have ordered a blue serge suit from a native tailor, named G. Succaram Tookaram. As usual we bargained for the price and I beat him down from Rs. 95 to Rs. 80. He tried it on today and I think it will make a good suit, as cheap as one could get in England (£5.5.00)

I have not been long in getting a touch of "Poona-itis", as it is called; a combination of different stomach troubles. It makes one feel weak, but is not dangerous. It's the damp warm weather causes it, and altho' this is more pleasant to an Englishman I've no doubt that the dry heat of Mespot is more healthy. Still, I'd rather be here – the beautiful green trees and grass, the lovely flowers, the birds of India, the brooks and hills and valleys are very pleasant to one's eyes after the deserts of Mesopotamia. Moreover Mespot is a *foreign* country – this isn't.

Tuesday 11th July 1922

My Poona-itis is still going strong – much to my discomfort, so this afternoon being a half holiday I went to bed.

Last night Makings and I took a stroll into Poona and each bought a badminton racket so that we could play at the Poona Club, where there are some fine Badminton courts. The native parts of Poona are very squalid as one might expect, but full of interest. The natives live on about 10/- a month for food, clothes, lodging and all – that is the poorest do – the richest can afford to spend a quarter of a million pounds on a new house, some are millionaires many times over.

After tea, an old robber, named Abdul Satar, (good name) brought a cartfull of Indian cloths, mats and we have had about two hours fun with him. I bought several things but I expect the old scoundrel got away with many rupees over their proper price. He had some beautiful things and very much wanted me to buy a cream and pink nightdress, which was open all down the front and only did up over the bosom. What ought I to have done? Buy it?

Wednesday 12th July 1922 (My Wedding Anniversary)

My anniversaries seem to be ill-fated – on my Birthday I was sick, and today my wedding anniversary I had Poona-itis badly enough to make up my mind for me that it was time I had "castor-oil", the only effective remedy, so they say. So after tea, I had nearly a wine glass-full nicely enfolded in whisky.

The weather is slowly improving. It is still nice and cool, but there is not so much rain – not so often and not so heavy. But the rainy weather will continue until the end of July, more or less, and after then it keeps cool until October or November. It is only in the Spring months Feb. to May that the Poona climate is unpleasantly warm. Then everything dries up and the grass dies off.

But these beautiful cool summer months pay for all. Every day as we walk to the Office we stop and gaze, from the top of the hill, at the distant mountains, which lie all around Poona, for Poona lies in the centre of a big plain like a sequin in the centre of a saucer. As far as the eye can reach are green trees and fields and valleys and hills and there must be many fine drives. Practised driving tonight on the field outside and my driving was perfect. I have found out what my old fault was.

Thursday 13th July 1922

Our old lady here (Mrs Higgins) has a proper menagerie – four dogs, several

chickens which stroll all over the place, four cows and bulls, two horses and other things. They must be an expense, for she feeds them well and I don't believe she ever gets any milk or eggs. Why she keeps the horses, goodness knows, as she has a motor-car. Every now and again the menagerie strays out into the road and then there is a terrific hullabaloo getting them back.

In the afternoon, after tea, Capt. Vidal called for us and we went up to the Golf Course. Mrs Vidal and I played Vidal and Makings, and were doing very well until the 5th hole I broke my driver. It was a splendid hit and the breakage was solely due to a flaw in the head of the club. I had been driving splendidly and laying the ball straight and we were already two holes up and would have beaten them easily – instead of which they finished two up, on 12 holes. Breaking my club put me off my game, and tho' we were all square at the 10th, we lost the last two holes. Never mind.

Succaram Tookaram, the Indian tailor, brought my suit home and altho' it wants a little alteration it fits extremely well, quite equal to English fit.

Friday 14th July 1922

One of the most extraordinary things in this wonderful country is the way in which their domestic animals make free of everywhere. Cows and bulls lie about on the path, in the centre of the roadway, wander anywhere they please and no-one hinders them. Goats and kids are just the same. Several times I have been in a motor-car or tonga and only avoided collision by a hair's breadth. The Hindu venerates the cow, and regards it as sacred – that's the reason, I suppose. The average low-class Hindu family is quite content with one room and yet keeps several goats, perhaps. During the night the goats sleep with the family, but during the daytime stroll about the streets and pick up what food they can.

This evening Makings and I had a stroll in Poona – I wished to buy a new driver in place of the one I broke. I have found one I like and shall buy it tomorrow. But I cannot find anything suitable for my bunnies' birthday. There are no toy shops and in the silk shops and curiosity shops there is nothing suitable. There have been several merchants call at the bungalow with Indian fancywork – we look over their things – but buy nothing.

Saturday 15th July 1922

In the afternoon went out and bought my new driver. I took the shaft of my old club and bargained that to the shopkeeper for Rs.2 and thus obtained my new club for Rs. 10. After tea makings and I changed into flannels and drove

down to the Gymkhana Club. This is a most commodious place. There is a large Club House with reading rooms containing all the English papers and periodicals; a huge Library, tea rooms, a large terrace where under shelter one can sit and have tea or drinks; a gorgeous ballroom and theatre; a cricket ground, a playground for children, ten tennis courts, two Badminton courts and so on. Everything in the Sports line is catered for, and I hear that it is the foremost sporting club in Western India. Makings and I played Badminton – first of all three sets of singles, which I won only by the skin of my teeth, and then two other men asked us to make a four. We had two games of doubles which my partner and I won. Five strenuous games – the best bit of exercise we have had for some time.

We have borrowed an armful of books from the library, but I'm afraid all this encroaches very much on writing time.

Sunday 16th July 1922

Up early and to Holy Communion at St Mary's Church. I was the only man – there were about 20 women, including half a dozen nuns from the Convent nearby.

After breakfast Makings and I drove to the Golf Club (this is part of the Gymkhana Club) at Neuroda and played through the whole 19 holes. I played up to form this time, or nearly so. My new driver is going to be a useful club when I'm more used to it. I was driving well, and straight and did 2 holes in bogey and 7 or 8 in one over bogey – about 110 for the round, which is not so bad for a difficult course like this. It rained a bit but we didn't mind!

After all, the Scotts are not going to give up their bungalow. Mrs Scott is going to stay on while Mr Scott is at Bangalore, so we shall not have a shift. We had arranged to go to another bungalow for our food, five minutes away, so after tea we went there to make our apologies and thank the people (named Hedderwick) for offering to take us. The Hedderwick's bungalow is not so nice as the Scotts, so we're pleased. Also they have no piano. This would have been a great loss as Mrs Scott plays well, and we often have music after dinner.

Monday 17th July 1922

Last night we went to dinner at Capt. Dawe's bungalow – a most comfortable place in Elphinstone Road where he lives with Mr and Mrs Mather and another man named Calder. Mr Mather is the big chemist and wine merchant

of Poona, a Scotsman and doing pretty well I should say. Mrs Mather is an Irish woman from Killarney, and a very charming woman.

These big roomed airy bungalows are the ideal summer houses for India, and the usual house for Europeans. They are nearly all built the same.

Bath	Servery	Bath
Bedroom	Dining Room	Bedroom
Bedroom	Drawing Room	Bedroom
Bedroom	Verandah	Bedroom
	Stoep	

The Kitchen and scullery are separate buildings away at the back. There is also a separate building for the Indian servants.

All the rooms communicate with one another and all doors are kept open so that the air can blow through. The Stoep comes out from the front of the house and has a roof. It is generally creeper covered and cool, and is where we all sit of an evening. Each bungalow has about an acre of ground.

Tuesday 18th July 1922

Rather late home last night as we were unable to get a tonga we had to walk. So feeling rather sleepy this morning.

I have got a touch of neuritis in my right arm – which has kept me rather worried as I don't want a recurrence of this old trouble and I have no "Exmolin" by me. We had promised to play tennis at Gymkhana club with Capt. Rogers and his wife and so I turned out, otherwise it would have been best to have given my arm a rest.

Mrs Rogers proved to be a rather pretty and very pleasant girl and played good tennis. We had four sets and lost them all – but we didn't mind, it was the exercise we wanted and Rogers and his wife didn't mind winning. It is so pleasant at the Club and we sat on the "beach" afterwards and had our drinks and watched the children play. The "beach" is so called as it is the children's playground with swings, galloping horses and other things for them.

Home by 8 o'clock and after dinner had quite a good evening singing songs and to bed soon after 10.30, feeling nicely tired. Poona suits us both, I think.

Wednesday 19th July 1922

I am astonished at the rents in Poona. This bungalow we live in is rented at Rs.200/ month = Rs. 2400 a year or £160, three or four times what rents were before the war. Even a small 3-roomed cottage fetches Rs. 80 a month. This is the Poona "Season" of course but that doesn't explain everything. There's a good deal of profiteering in houses going on here as elsewhere. We have a bedroom and bathroom and portion of a verandah with very poor furniture, no lights, no hot water supplied, for which we pay Rs. 100 for a month – nearly £7.

Tonight we went to dinner with Capt. and Mrs Rogers at their bungalow in Elphinstone Road. Such a pretty little home she has made of it and treated us to a very fine dinner, too. I'm afraid Rogers and I talked too much "shop" though. They have one son, a manly little boy, who came down from bed to see us and Sylvie's photo which I had taken to show Mrs. Rogers. We spent a most enjoyable evening and had great good fortune to find a tonga when we left at 12 o'clock or we would have had a long walk home.

Thursday 20th July 1922

Today being a half day at the Office, we went out to the Golf course by tonga for a round of golf. Such a slow tonga, too, it was, taking $\frac{3}{4}$ hour to get there.

I kept up my form, and did some pretty good holes, including three in bogey. I wasn't doing so well at first, and actually fozzled my drive at the first tee with about 4 couples waiting for their turn watching me. But I improved later and enjoyed the game; won by one hole. We only did 14 holes – for then it came on to rain hard. I said to my caddy "Bote bersart bote golf ke wusty" = Too much rain, very bad for golf – and he replied "Ha, lakin bote itche karner ke wusty" = Yes, but very good for food. A good rain is a vital necessity in India otherwise the crops fail and food is scarce and dear.

We came home in a proper downpour and it has rained hard all night, and the river is rising again. Heard today that Stephens is leaving Poona on the 3rd August, so we shall move into 23 Napier Road as soon as he has vacated his room.

Friday 21st July 1922

Last night it rained hard and kept up till this morning and the channel at the side of Napier Road is a rushing torrent with rain water from the high ground. It is astonishing the quantity of water that comes down from an inch of rain, but the reason is that none can soak through the earth, as Poona and district is built on a huge flat rock, or rather it is rock under a covering of earth not very thick. Everywhere one goes one sees the rock showing through, a soft kind of brown rock with little round pieces of green or blue, and streaks of white in it. Near by are quarries where dark grey stone as hard as granite is got, and many of the bungalows are built of this stone. Labour is cheap and quarried stone cheaper than bricks. Thus the newer parts of Poona and the better class bungalows are very fine, some of the houses here belong to rich Parsees of Bombay and elsewhere, where they come during the hot weather.

Also, hard stone being so cheap, the roads of Poona are all macadamised; better as a whole than in an English city, always clean and never muddy, such a change from Mesopotamia, where the least rain would convert a "road" into a quagmire a foot deep in mud.

Saturday 22nd July 1922

This rain may be very good for crops, and it may keep the temperature down, but it puts a stopper on sport. We had intended going to golf this afternoon but the continual rain has made that impossible; parts of the course must almost be under water.

After tea we went down to the Club although it was still raining and took our Badminton racquets for the Badminton courts are under shelter and rain makes no difference. We had two or three singles games and then 5 doubles games against another fellow there and one of the Indian boys who attend to the courts. These youngsters are extraordinarily good. We lost the first four games but won the fifth – the last. After 7 or 8 games I was like a wet sponge, but the exercise was good.

After a drink we had a browse round the splendid library and chose some books to bring home. Quite a number of parties were playing bridge on the balcony, and the big ballroom (where there will be a dance tonight) was covered with tables where people were having tea. The club was full (Saturday being a favourite day there, especially when it is wet) and the crowd of men and women, extremely fashionable.

Sunday 23 July 1922

Went to Church at 7 o'clock as usual. On my way back it started to rain, and rained hard all day. We have now well over the average rainfall for Poona, but some parts of North India are still short of the proper amount.

We had intended to go out for a morning's golf, but the rain has kept us in all day and I have done a good day's reading instead.

I have had to make the Indian tailor alter my suit, but it is fairly right now. Clothes and boots and shoes are as cheap here as anywhere in the world, I should think. That is, made to measure things. A new mess suit for my boy cost Rs. 10 only. Braid on my dress trousers, a double line each side, Rs.5. A pair of evening patent leather shoes made to measure I am paying Rs.20 for, a pair of brown leather slippers to measure Rs.3. Makings is having a pair of black walking shoes – Rs.12. I have had my dear wife's photo and kiddies photo framed in gilt for Rs.3 each. Labour is so cheap. A man gets 8d. a day and finds his own food and clothes; a woman 6d. a day. My caddy at golf gets 4 annas for a round and polishes up my clubs; the "argy-wallah", a boy who goes on in front and shows where the ball is gets 2 annas - less than 1d. an hour. And "no tips" is the universal rule.

Monday 24th July 1922

The mosquitoes are as bad, if not worse, in India as in Mesopotamia. They have been at my legs until they are a sight – I have a hundred bites I should think, and my ankles are quite raw. The irritation of them is almost past belief. I have had to go back to my old remedy – to wear two pairs of socks during the day and one pair, into which I tuck my pyjama trousers, at night. That helps to keep the fleas away, and there are plenty of them also. Another nuisance is a tiny black fly, called the mango fly or the eye fly, and this little brute hovers in front of one's eyes; attracted by the shining eyeball, so people say. This little insect gets into the eye very often and sometimes causes very painful sores, which may develop into ophthalmia. But for all that this is a fine country, much to be preferred to Mesopotamia, I think.

In the evening, the rain having stopped we had about an hour and half's strenuous golf on the Mardan (or square field) outside our bungalow. It is splendid exercise, hitting hard all the time, but I was very annoyed at making some very bad shots.

Our "food" landlady Mrs Scott, has been suffering lately with a swollen gland in the neck, but tonight as she felt better, we had an evening's music. I wish I had some new songs.

Tuesday 25th July 1922

We started the Audit of the March 22 quarter a/cs here yesterday (or rather Saturday), that is, 3 days behind programme, which we must endeavour to pull up. The work is still proving interesting and is panning out well.

After a fair morning it came on the rain heavily in the afternoon and we at first decided not to go out to Neuroda to golf. But after tea it seemed to be clearing up so we altered our minds. At 4.30 we started off by tonga. We pay Rs.3 - and for this the "tonga-wallah" drives us there (4 miles) waits over 2 hours and drives us back. It poured when we got there but stopped about 5.30, and we just did 14 holes comfortably by 7 o'clock. In spite of the wet I did much better and drove well from the tee all through the game my mashie shots were also much improved and altogether I greatly enjoyed the game. It was worthwhile if only for the sake of the air.

Makings has contracted a touch of Poona-itis and didn't play up to form and I was 5 holes up at the finish. Just as we got back to the bungalow it came on the pour again.

The temperature today is extraordinarily low – 80 deg max: 70 deg minimum, so much so that I am actually beginning to feel chilly.

Wednesday 26th July 1922

Today it has again rained heavily and we were well above our average rainfall in Poona. The temperature also keeps low and altho that is to our liking, it is not so to our landlady at 24 Napier Road (Mrs Higgins) who is an old lady and suffers from asthma.

Captain Dawe came in this morning and asked us to come up to golf in the evening. We were quite ready, for the Neuroda Golf Course is the prettiest and healthiest spot in Poona and the journey there is always worth while, even if only from the health point of view.

We played a 3-ball game – never a very satisfactory arrangement, because 3 people playing 3 balls take much longer than a 2-ball game. Consequently those behind you are always pressing you close and that puts one off one's game. However, I didn't do too badly, but it was very windy and not so enjoyable as usual.

It was 8 o'clock when we got back but we weren't late for dinner after all.

Our Indian cook was late – the excuse being that the wood was very damp.

Thursday 27th July 1922

We are getting nicely on with the second Quarter's a/cs. - Jan to March 1922 ; the Oct to Dec. 1921 Quarter we finished last week - and putting out some good work on it. I feared at first what sort of job I should make of it – but I fear nothing now and verily believe that the a/cs have never been so well done!

Makings and I got restless during the afternoon and eventually decided to go out to golf again – the third afternoon running! We wished we hadn't afterwards, as it turned out very wet and windy and golf suffered accordingly. You can't play well in a gale of wind. I was "off" my driving and that always annoys me. However we played 14 holes. I was 4 or 5 holes up altho' I am still giving him 2 strokes per hole. Making's mackintosh lets the water in and he was so angry with it that he gave it to his caddy. The poor boy could hardly believe it and when he understood it was a gift he leapt up in the air for joy. These poor little fellows wear nothing but a shirt and that very ragged sometimes. They get wet through this weather and only having the one garment it has to dry on them. They get 4d. a day – and all that goes on food I expect.

Friday 28th July 1922

Today being Mail day I stayed home and wrote. It is unfortunate that the English mail goes out the day before the inward mail comes in, so that the letters are at least a week old before I can reply.

Makings having given his old mack away yesterday, we went out to buy a new one tonight. We eventually found a rather good tailor's where M. got a raincoat for Rs. 38 (£2.10/-) several pairs of socks and a new velour hat – Rs.20. One can get nearly everything here at about English prices. When one can get things made to measure by Indian workmen they are generally a lot cheaper. I am now having a pair of tennis shoes made – buckskin uppers and chrome leather soles of pliable grey leather for Rs.16 (£1.1/-)

I seem to be spending a lot of money at Poona – more than I intended to – but I am getting value for most of it. But Poona is a much more expensive place than appears on the face of it and the only way to save one's money here is to join the Salvation Army (which has a flourishing mission here) or become a hermit.

Saturday 29th July 1922

Today was the first day of the Poona racing season – so after tiffin M. and I walked to the Race Course, only 10 minutes or so away. The weather was showery, but there was a good crowd there, about the most cosmopolitan crowd I have ever seen. English, French, Japs, Arabs, Parsees, Indians of every creed and caste. It is probably the variety in the costumes and head-dresses of the Indians which makes the crowd appear so mixed. Each caste wears a different turban and sport the brightest of colours – bright yellow, green, red, gold, white. The Parsees and the other Indian women wear long silk sarees of the most gorgeous colours – no head-dress – many beautifully worked in silver and gold. Altho' the rainy weather dulled things the moving crowd was a kaleidoscope of colours.

The Totalisator, where one bets is said to be one of the most perfect in the world. It is a marvel of mechanism. Anyway, it collared Rs.40 of my money, though had I backed one of the horses tipped me I should have been money in. I only had one winner, and that a very poor price. The one I didn't back came in at a good price but I was so fed up with my losses that I didn't back it and just my luck, it romped home!

Sunday 30th July 1922

To early service as usual and back in the rain (as usual).

After breakfast , Makings, Capt. Hepburn and I off to the Golf Club, picking up Capt. Dawe on the way. An officious policeman stopped our gharry as it had 4 passengers, the regulation number being 3. When we came home I gave a note of explanation and apology to the driver to present to the Superintendent of Police, in the hope that it will save the driver a fine. I played a match with Dawe, and did 16 holes. I won 9, he won 3 and we halved the rest. Today for some reason, I was punching the ball into the tee when I drove; when I shall become a more consistent player goodness knows. (perhaps its just as well I don't become too expert - as golf is too expensive a game in England, I'm afraid.) I was putting very well on the greens, however, and approaching well – but playing badly with my "baffie". It was blowing very strongly all the morning and it was as good as a day on the cliffs at the seaside.

After tea we went out on the Mardan and had golf practice. This is a portion of an old golf course and we get a lot of fun out of our games there – and it has the advantage being next -door, and free.

Monday 31st July 1922

Judging by the scanty clothes they wear, these Hindus must feel cold this weather. The men wear a dhoti, or thin cloth tied around the waist and one long corner in front brought in under the legs to the waist at the back. Over the body just thin shirt. The women wear the same loin garment as the men, generally, and a bust bodice, just hiding the breasts. The neck and waist are bare, but one end of the dhoti or sari, as it is called for women is brought over the head and down the front of the body. Many wear jewels in their noses, bracelets, anklets, rings on their fingers and on their toes. They are very upright and graceful, due to carrying loads on their heads – the women here do most of the carrying. Most are of low caste and low ideas. One often sees women walking along the fields picking up cow dung with their hands. This they make into flat cakes and dry for fuel. I saw one girl today pick up some water in her hands a cow had just done in a field and carefully sprinkle it over her girl companion. Good Luck, I suppose, for her friend. The cow is, of course, their chief sacred animal.