

Tuesday 1st August 1922

Now the year is getting some speed up. August, the holiday month, at last. Three more weeks here, a week at Delhi and Agra and by 1st. September on the sea again from Mesopotamia. August will soon go.

Yesterday practising on the Maidan. I broke the shaft of my mashie driver. I brought it down such a whack on a rock. At 4.30 the 2-horse tonga we had ordered arrived and M and I drove off to Yaroda Golf Course. (I have been calling it Neuroda by mistake)

We were on the course by 5 p.m. And played the whole 18 holes. The official total distance for all the "holes" is 5674 yards. Add to this another 1000 for distance between one green and the next tee, and it makes it a 4 mile walk and more if one doesn't drive straight. To smack a ball 4 miles is no small task, therefore, and shows what a fine exercise it constitutes. It is a walk over hill and dale, too, not on the flat like Baghdad. Neither of us played well, I only did one hole in bogey and was putting badly – just the opposite to Sunday. I gave M. 30 strokes and beat him 5 holes up. We enjoyed the game, however, as we always do up there.

Wednesday 2nd August 1922

I have been wanting to have a look round Poona City, but to my surprise it is not considered safe for Europeans to wander unprotected in the native quarters – so I shan't be able to see the old temples and palaces of the old Maratha Empire and capital city.

There is one to Ganapati, the elephant god; one to Ghodepir, the horse saint; another to Vetāl, the Ghost god, and many others to Vishnu, Rama, Siva and Hanuman the Monkey god. But they are not architectural wonders and it's no good taking unnecessary risks.

After tea we went down to the Gymkhana Club and had an evening's Badminton. Makings and I played two games then M. played a game with the "marker" or native professional (too good for Makings); then Lieut. and Mrs Hedderwick arrived and we had 6 games with them. For exercise there is no game I know to beat it, and we were all nicely tired at the finish. I beat Makings and M. and I beat the Hedderwicks. They stayed on at the Club for the dancing, which is held twice a week from 6.30 to 8.15 but M. and I came home, quite content with the Badminton.

Thursday 3rd August 1922

The weather is improving the last few days. That is it is not so showery and it is somewhat warmer. Mr Rice writes that they are having an exceptionally cool summer in Baghdad – the temperature keeping about 107 or 108 degrees; different from last summer when we had 120 deg during July many days. This is rather noteworthy as the Arabs prophesied a cool summer. Still Poona at 80 – 85 is better. Now everywhere is carpeted with fresh green where 2 months or so ago nothing but bare sun-dried earth was to be seen, the green trees wave in the wind and the whole of Poona is one huge garden. I mean Poona "Cantonment" where all the Europeans and better class Indians live not the "City" which is the crowded native part – bricks and mortar etc.

After tea we went out on the Maidan and practised golf – and I broke another club. This Maidan is proving rather expensive to me – I have now broken 2 clubs. However, the club I have now broken, my baffie, I never could play with, so perhaps it is just as well that it is now out of the way.

Friday 4th August 1922

Today was the Mahommedan holiday of Bukr Id and an official holiday. The office was therefore shut, but we went there in the morning, in order to clear up the March '22 Quarter a/cs and I, to write my report on the a/cs. It was an interesting report I think, and will show that we are doing some good – and making some useful suggestions for improving the a/cs and saving public money.

In the afternoon I finished my writing and after tea Capt. Vidal and Major Simpson called for us in their car and we went out to Yaroda. We played a foursome, Vidal and Simpson v. Makings and I, and to my disappointment they beat us by 2 holes. Not much, I know, but we ought to have won, and certainly should have squared the match at the last hole. The thing that annoys me is that I do not progress in my golf; there are so many good players in the club and I should have loved to have entered for one of the many competitions now on.

On our way back we called at the Gymkhana Club, where a dance was in progress. The others stayed, but Makings and I came home feeling nicely tired.

Saturday 5th August 1922

This morning got my report off to Baghdad and finished off several odd

points which remained outstanding.

Today was the second Race day of the big Poona Meeting, which continues every Saturday until the end of October. It was a fine day though cloudy , but we didn't go to the Races, Golf is cheaper and more interesting. So M. and I went to Yaroda and played 14 holes. I started badly as I generally seem to do, but pulled up later and finished several holes up. I only gave M. 27 strokes but instead of playing better, he rather played below form . I did one hole (No. 8) in 4, one under bogey; it is 350 yards in length but considered difficult. One hole is 580 yards in length (No.16) and bogey 5; but No.1 is only 295 yards long and still bogey 5. Still the exercise is the thing and I'm as hard as nails, though I've another touch of Poona-itis today.

We moved out of our rooms at 24 Napier Road today, into 23 and now live and eat in the same house. It is a much cleaner house and we ought to be much more comfortable here. There is electric light and decent furniture in our bedrooms, we had neither at 24.

Sunday 6th August 1922

After breakfast makings, Hepburn and I went by car, picking up Dawe on the way, to Yaroda Golf Course. This makes the third day running and I never seem to play well if I play too much. I was hoping to do better after yesterday's effort, where I was only 13 over bogey for the last 12 holes, or 1 over bogey each hole. Makings and Hepburn played together and I played Dawe again. Started badly as usual, but finished 4 holes up. There was a big match on Bombay v. Poona, eight a side and we watched them start at the 1st hole. All scratch players or under, but many made bad starts, so I was in good company.

The weather has improved, and we had no rain. The lack of rain has soon made itself felt in the R. Mula-Mutha, which now shows rocks here and there in its course. During the dry season it is little more than a channel of rocks. Yet only a week ago it was a rushing torrent, wider than the Thames at Richmond, and not a rock to be seen. With the clearer weather one gets a better view of the mountains surrounding Poona, grey green in the distance, the hard rock mountains which surround Poona district like the rim of a jagged edged saucer. How lovely these mountains are after the flats of Mesopot.

Monday 7th August 1922

The Office being closed for Bank Holiday, Makings and I paid our long-

promised visit to Parvati Hill and though we were disappointed with the temples, which were paltry and tawdry, it was a most interesting visit. We hired a carriage, but it proved to be a short way there, only about 2 miles, which we might have walked. The road for part of the way was hedged with cactus, absolutely impassable, being thick, close and covered with long spines – no finer hedge to keep out marauders is conceivable. This was a Hindu holiday also, and we passed streams of natives walking to the Hill, to pay their devotions to their Gods. At the end of the drive we came to a kind of country fair where numbers were congregated around booths containing sweetmeats of all kinds, a roundabout with wooden horses pushed round by combined effort of 4 men, and a sort of "Big Wheel" with four cradles full of small children which revolved at a surprising pace. This proved to be the poor of the Hill. We dismounted and prepared to walk up. The way was paved with wide dark grey stone steps, slanting upwards like this _____ which made climbing very fatiguing. Crowds of pilgrims were wending their way up and down all clad in their brightest and best.

All along the side of the path were beggars, sitting cross-legged on pieces of sacking, on which offerings were thrown, a few grains of rice generally, or a pie (1/12th of 1d.) if he were lucky. Some were men, some women and some children, often with some deformity which entitled them to the honourable profession of beggars. At one place were some lepers, from whose hands the fingers had long since gone, at another a blind man lying full length on his back struck his stomach calling out some text as he did so. He had his wife and baby with him. Several dervishes or minstrels singing weird chants were posted on the steps. One had a cow, apparently of some sanctity as the pilgrims threw flowers and rice on it as they passed. Two standing together had some special virtue for many women and girls, as they passed they kissed their feet.

We at last arrived at the top and were met by a nice-looking individual clad in white and red who informed us he was the priest of the Temple. This man we hired to show us round, he spoke English very well. There are several temples in the place. At the foot of the Hill stands a small grey stone monument encircled with snakes, on which I saw women scatter leaves and pray to.

The top of the Hill is occupied by a courtyard, outside which stands a stone sacred bull, daubed with red lead. Inside is another sacred bull – Nandi – covered with a red cloth, on which flowers and rice were thrown. The central temple is to Siva, the God of destruction, but we were not allowed inside. At each corner were shrines to Sunya, the sun god, Ganapati, the god of wisdom (an elephant-headed figure), Vishnu and Kali, but the whole affair

was so paltry and cheap and tawdry, that one could only wonder at minds of these people who can find something to worship in it. Rice and flowers were scattered in all the shrines. At the gate sat a man who smeared your forehead with red or yellow or black, as the pilgrim wished. A little higher stood another temple to Vishnu, the god of preservation; his house, appropriately was in a better state, a white temple of true Indian style. We couldn't examine things as well as we should have liked owing to the crowds, so came home early. On our way we hired the roundabout for 10 minutes for a Rupee and treated all the kids around to a free ride. How those kids enjoyed it – and cheered us heartily as we came away. It was unfortunately drizzling and my photos may be no good.

Tuesday 8th August 1922

I should have mentioned in yesterday's journal the caste marks which every Hindu bears on his forehead. This may be either a red spot, yellow spot, two yellow spots, red line, yellow lines, black line, a yellow hairpin with a spot in the loop, or some other sign, and each represents some different cast. It being festival day everyone yesterday had bright new colours up, and this added to the quaintness of the scene.

Capt. Rogers had asked Makings and me to play him and Mrs Rogers at golf – so we played them this afternoon and got a bad beating by several holes. Mrs R played very steadily and made very few mistakes and Rogers played extremely well, I thought. We started badly, but pulled up in second half. They could nearly always depend on beating us by the odd stroke at each hole.

There is always quite a crowd up at the Golf Club, in the evening and it is very pleasant sitting out on the club verandah after one's game, enjoying a drink. Quite a big number of women play.

Wednesday 9th August 1922

We had done so much under our expectations yesterday, and burning to rectify our mistakes M. and I decided to go up to Golf again this afternoon. Anyway it is the best spot in Poona – the Golf Course, and a very pleasant drive there. There is on the way a wonderful avenue, where for nearly a mile the arching branches of the trees meet overhead and make the road something like a tunnel. Some of the houses one passes are very fine, almost palaces, and have beautiful gardens full of tropical colour. And nowhere does the air blow so clean and pure as on the Yaroda Golf Links.

We played 14 holes and finished all square. I gave M. 21 strokes. Again I played very badly for the first 5 holes, but much better afterwards. If ever I had much conceit, golf has taken it well out of me. As a matter of fact it is a wonderful game – it requires judgement, concentration, a true eye, restraint, control of temper, and physical fitness. And it provides splendid exercise. It is the best thing in Poona by a long way – at least so Makings and I think.

Thursday 10th August 1922

Engaged all day yesterday and today in writing report for Mr Toplis (points for his report to W.O.) I have so much to do that these extra letters cut very badly into my time. I have also received a telegram from him approving my journey to Meerut – so I shall be able to visit Delhi and Agra while I am there.

The temperatures there and in fact all over India just now, are not too bad, generally under 100 deg max. It has been delightful here in Poona and a most welcome change from Mesopotamia, where, I hear, the hot weather has commenced: nearly 120 deg every day and at night a minimum of 90 deg – one night it was actually 95.9deg at Baghdad. Here one has a good night always, though I still have to use my mosquito net. The beastly things are “twanging” around me as I write. The rain has ceased and we now get some sun and blue sky every day – which I had begun to yearn for. The daily breeze never fails and my room in the office is always cool and sometimes a wee bit chilly. Of course, Poona is a hill station, nearly 2000ft. above sea level, and is not typical of Indian climate.

Friday 11th August 1922

This letter for Baghdad is taking up a great deal of my official time, leaving so much less time for audit work proper. Still, all is official work and can't be helped; though my work here will have to be finished next Friday, for I leave for Agra and Delhi on Saturday morning at 7 a.m.

My programme is to reach Agra on the night of 20 Aug, stay there 2 days (*leave*). Then to Delhi on 22 Aug, arriving same night. On to Meerut next morning, stay there two days (on official business) Leave on morning of 25 Aug; arriving Delhi and spending two days there (*leave*). Leave Delhi morning of 27 Aug and arrive Jaipur same night. Spend two days (*leave*) at Jaipur. Leave Jaipur 30 Aug, arrive Baroda next morning. Leave Baroda same night and arrive Bombay on morning of 1st September. On looking over the above I expect it may be 26 Aug before I leave Meerut which will bring me to Bombay on Sat. 2nd September. I can then spend 4th and 5th Sept on

business at Dadar and sail for Mesopot on 6thn Sept. This is rather a rush ; but I should be able to manage it if none of the trains break down and also see something of Bombay into the bargain.

Saturday 12th August 1922

Today again we set our faces against the Race Course, and went to the other course, viz. the Golf Course, this afternoon. There is a big stone quarry at one part of the links and often as one passes it there is a loud explosion and a huge piece of stone falls down, and big fragments hurtle up into the air when they are blasting. Most of the buildings in Poona are made of this stone and all the roads are metalled with it. It is rough-shaped at the quarry and carried away in ox-wagons. Nearly all the transport in this part of India is by ox-wagon. One never sees a horse in any but passenger-carrying vehicles. Ox-wagons are very slow, of course, but what does that matter in India. One sees dozens of them on the road, meek and patient and uncomplaining – they are wonderful beasts of burden, and just the animal for India where heavy horses do not stand the climate and are difficult to get. The oxen have large fleshy humps, by means of which they push against a wooden bar and thus pull the wagon along. Lovely horns some have, gaily painted and tipped and ringed with brass, and they are usually fat and well-kept.

Sunday 13th August 1922

This morning Joseph forgot to wake me at the ordinary time for 7o'clock service, so I was obliged to go to the 8o'clock service. This is choral and quite a big congregation was present. It was a very nice service and I rather wish I had patronised this before instead of the 7 o'clock.

After breakfast with Makings, Cpts. Johnstone and Dawe to the Golf Course at Yaroda. Makings and I played Johnstone and Dawe – Audit Staff v. the Pay Department, and let them beat us. Yesterday Makings played extremely well, and so did I after the first 3 holes or so – but today neither of us could do anything right. We “topped” and “sliced” and “foozled” and as a result they beat us 3 holes up in the 18 – However we all enjoyed the morning and got home at 2 o'clock ready, age-ready for our tiffin.

In the afternoon I went out by tonga to take a few photos – as I have taken so few here as it has generally been so wet. I went to the pretty Bund Gardens, just now looking just topping and to Yarowda Hill overlooking the River, then back to the Empress Gardens. These Gardens are lovely spots, just now full of tropical colour and beauty.

Monday 14th August 1922

Tonight Makings and I entertained Capt. and Mrs Rogers, and Capt. and Mrs Vidal to dinner at the Gymkhana Club, and stayed to the dance afterwards. Dinner was served in the Badminton Courts which were thrown into one large building. There were over 25 tables and that means about 150 guests I should say. It was a jolly good dinner and we were a jolly party, right in the centre of the room. We weren't finished until nearly 10 o'clock and by that time dancing had started. In addition to the diners, many others had come for the dance only, so that there were about 200 in all, not many more women than men. Some of the women were dressed very nicely and there are many good looking girls in Poona. I danced nearly all the dances, but they are all new to me, even the way they do the waltz nowadays. But they are not so pretty as the old dances, nor so pleasing – one-steps, fox-trots and waltzes. It was a topping band and I must say I enjoyed it. The dance-hall has a most gorgeous floor and a dance at the Gymkhana in Poona is really a treat. All our guests enjoyed the evening immensely – and now we are out of their debt. We got home about 2.

Tuesday 15th August 1922

When we got home last night we found all round Makings bed suspended from the mosquito frame, his gold clubs and golf bag and balls, and a huge placard pinned to the curtain – CHEERIO CHERUB. It looked so funny, and knowing Makings passion for golf, I roared with laughter, so we woke the others up and had a final drink.

But I woke up very tired and muzzy this morning. Mixed drinks and late nights don't suit me. So this afternoon I had a sleep – not often I do that in the afternoon here.

After tea we went down to the Gymkhana Club and having arranged with Lieut. and Mrs Hedderwick, met them there for Badminton. We had some topping games and had a real good evening's exercise. I didn't play well – but I got very wet and it put me right after last night. We beat Hedderwick and his wife all right – by a narrow margin, but little Mrs Hedderwick wasn't very fit and when she got home had to go to bed. She has had Poona-itis for a month and there's nothing pulls a body down more than that out here. I'm just nicely tired tonight – and I'm going to have a good night's rest.

Wednesday 15th August 1922

Today being the last day I should have free in Poona, Makings and I went up to Yaroda for our last round of golf in India. It was a lovely afternoon, and

although we only did 12 holes they were very enjoyable. I started badly , as usual, and ended up well – did 4 holes in bogey and won 10 out of the 12, halved one and lost one. My only sorrow in leaving Poona is that I leave that lovely Golf Course behind. It has been my greatest joy out here.

In the evening we entertained to dinner at the Bungalow Capt Dawe, Lieut. and Mrs Hedderwick and Capts. Johnstone and Hepburn. Mrs Atkins, a friend of the Pay Corps men, came in after dinner. She is a very good pianist. We had a topping dinner, and I proposed the health of the R.A.P.C. (Royal Army Pay Corps) to which Capt. Johnstone responded. After dinner we had songs and even danced, and had a really jolly evening. I think, on the whole I enjoyed it even better than Monday and I'm sure our guests did. Our last man to leave, Dawe, left about 1. Our landlady Mrs Scott is still ill and was unable to turn out. Hedderwick said it was the best night he'd had in Poona.

Thursday 17th August 1922

During the morning engaged in drafting my final report to Baghdad regarding the audit of the Poona a/cs. It was very kind of Colonel Ormsby-Johnson to say that I had been of great help to him. We have well paid for the cost of our visit in actual money recovered and I think that the moral effect of our visit has been immense – that cannot be judged in terms of money.

This afternoon I devoted to writing, clearing off arrears of correspondence. It is nice to have letters from old friends both at home and in Mesopotamia, but everyone has to be answered. I had 6 letters this week!

Tonight we went to dinner with Colonel Ormsby-Johnson. He has his wife out here and another charming girl living in his bungalow. They have made such a comfy home of it, and have a really lovely garden. It was a very enjoyable evening.

Makings goes tonight to receive his initiation into the craft of Freemasons. Capt Johnstone is his sponsor and he is very lucky to have such a powerful sponsor – as Capt. Johnstone has taken his 18th degree in Freemasonry. But I can't wait up to see how he fared.

Friday 18th August 1922

This morning I have completed the Audit of the R P's A/cs and finished my final report on the work accomplished. I believe I have done some good work, and I rather wish I had come here a year ago, for then I could have done a lot to put the a/c on a better footing. It is too late now to do much good, as the work is passing over to the R.A.F. on 1.10.22, but there is still a

lot to clear up before 31.3.23, and my efforts will bear fruit, I think. At all events, the officers here have all showed their appreciation and thanked me, and hoped I was coming back again BUT, I HOPE NOT!

After tea said goodbye to Capt and Mrs Rogers and bought my railway ticket so as to avoid delay tomorrow morning. After dinner went to the Hedderwicks and said goodbye to them.

Seven weeks I have spent in Poona – and worked hard, and also enjoyed myself hard. To have got out of the Mesopotamia summer is a great thing, but the change of climate and scenery has done me good, and I shall be able always to look back on my Poona visit as one of the best of my official experiences, and on this alone I can say that India is a fine country.

Saturday 19th August 1922

Up at 5.30, had chota hazri, and left the bungalow at 6.30 with Makings. I am taking my servant with me but only travelling light. M. will bring the rest of my luggage when he leaves Poona. Captain and Mrs. Rogers, with their little son, also came to the station to say good-bye. Met Major Paneson, whom I knew at Baghdad, on the platform and we travelled together to Bombay. Started at 7.30 - reached Bombay 11.30. Had breakfast on the train.

Soon after we left Poona it became wet and misty, and so it continued all the way to Karjat, where we dropped our rear engine. The land on the Poona side of the Ghats was waterlogged owing to the recent rains. It is all rock just under the soil and the water cannot drain through. The mountain streams were everywhere in flood carrying off all of the surface water that could drain into them, and were very pretty. The tops of the mountains were mostly enveloped in cloud, but I got one glorious peep from Bhore Ghat at the wonderful plains 5000 feet below.

The rice plants, which I had seen planted on my way up to Poona 7 weeks ago, are now a foot high, all standing in water.

At Bombay we changed onto another platform and fixed up our seats in the "Punjab Mail" We steamed out of Bombay at 12.30 noon. Sergt. Major Fehally, of the Poona Pay Office, is coming with me but travelling second class. I have a large 1st Class compartment (for 6) all to myself. At Kalyan where we arrived 1.15 we changed into the restaurant car for tiffin, which was very good. Returned to my own compartment at the next stop - viz. Kasara, 2.45p.m.

The country we had been passing through was lovely hilly land, full of trees, and now during the rainy season covered with bright green grass. During the hot weather all this grass dries up for just a scratch below the surface is rock, which in fact everywhere shows up through the grass. Saw very few villages.

At Kasara we took on another engine at the rear and started to climb the Ghats. Though not such a steep climb as the Poona route, it is lovely romantic mountain scenery, even prettier in parts, owing to the many waterfalls and cascades which adorned the mountain sides. At Igatpuri, the Ghats were passed and we dropped our rear engine. I could take no photos of the journey as all the hills were topped with clouds and the light not good enough.

For some distance we ran parallel to a river just above which was a long, high dam holding back the flood of water. This was discharged at one end of the dam and belched forth over some rocks into the river below, throwing up clouds of spray.

This is a fertile enough country, rolling plains mostly, with hills here and there, flat-topped like this (diagram) Some ploughing was being done with wooden ploughs pulled by oxen, but they only scratch up the top few inches of earth and the grass and weeds lie about on top and don't seem to worry anyone.

At 4.30 we stopped at Deolali, where there is a big military rest camp, used by officers waiting passage to the U.K. Here my tea was brought to me.

I have a "praying mantis" in my carriage, a long bright green insect with 2 feelers that look like long hands. When I touch him with my pencil he puts up his two hands as if praying for mercy.

From Manmad, our next stop, the country became less interesting and not so fertile. One hardly saw a soul, and I couldn't help wonder wherever "India's teeming millions" had got to. At Chalisgaon, 7 pm, we went to dinner (a very good meal) and stayed there till 9.15, when I returned to my compartment and went to bed very tired at 10 pm.

Sunday 20th. August 1922

During last night we crossed the Tapti and Narmada Rivers and stopped at 7 stations but I slept soundly through all and didn't wake until 6 am. Soon after my chota hazri was brought in at Rohilsa and then I went to bed again until 8. The country hereabouts is mostly plain, with here and there a small hill,

but lovely and green with large stretches of low trees.

Breakfast at 9.30 - and remained in Restaurant car until we reached Jhansi, a large military centre. Nothing very interesting in this stage of the journey.

Just as the train started at Jhansi, a Hindu got in my compartment, apparently drunk, for half an hour afterwards he was violently sick out of the window. He tried at the start to open a conversation (in English) but I stopped him with "chup" (Hindustani for silence)

The rocks here are of a red-brown colour and about 12 noon we passed a very fine red sandstone building with about 12 pinnacles, perched on top of a red sandstone hill - probably some old Rajput palace, for we are in Rajput country now. Another hill was covered with the strange little Jain temples - I counted 14 on the top of it and there were many others on the side. We have crossed several rivers - one a veritable river of rocks, with little water, though one could see where floods had been. At another two naked boys tended a herd of cows, 15 black water buffaloes which were lying in the water with just their black heads showing and 15 white ones basking in the sand on the river side. We have passed through a stretch of jungle land crammed with dense undergrowth and trees. This is where the tiger lives, but, that left behind we now come into a rockier part - old Rajput country - many of the hills are still crowned with the old red Rajput forts.

Reached Gwalior, capital of the state of Gwalior at 1 o'clock. The city is dominated by an enormous high red sandstone rock, nearly a mile in length, rising with perpendicular cliffs from the plain; the flat top is covered with forts and other buildings - surely the most extraordinary fortress in India. We could see the city in the distance with its spires and minarets.

Between here and Dholpur (3pm) is a miniature Switzerland, with hills and peaks and ridges about 50 feet high, and I saw many peacocks, which live wild in this country. Reached Agra 3.30 in the rain - and it rained until 7 pm. so we stayed in - sad at losing our first evening. Stayed at Laurie's Great Northern Hotel.

Monday 21st August 1922

Slept very well indeed last night, although the temperature was a bit sticky, as it always is after rain. At 9 am. we started away, in a victoria, for the Taj Mahal, and after a drive of 2 miles or so came to the handsome red stone gateway, almost fine enough to be a remarkable monument in itself. I have read a lot about the Taj, and came prepared to be disappointed - but of all

the sights I have seen none have succeeded like the Taj in delighting me beyond expectation. I can conceive of no thing in the world more beautiful than this exquisite shrine of love. It was built by the Moghul Emperor, Shah Jehan, to the memory of his beloved wife Mumtaz-i-Mahal (wonder of the Palace) or Mumtaz-ul- Zamani, (wonder of the World) who lies buried there.

As one enters the gateway and sees it at the distant end of the great courtyard it strikes one as an exquisite toy, but as one approaches its beauty grows and arrived at its side, it is wonderful, magnificent. It stands on a high marble platform, its snowy brilliance showing above all its surroundings, and as the light of the sun strikes it, it glows with a white radiance and purity that symbolises the great love which was its conception. I must leave its description to the text-book (I think it is fully described in the Wonders of the World) Inlaid in the snowy marble are floral designs executed with semi-precious stones - carnelian, agate, lapis lazuli, jade and so on - most exquisitely done and there is even finer inlaid work inside, where around the tombs of the Emperor and his wife is an octagonal marble screen, so wonderfully latticed and fretted that one can hardly credit it for human workmanship. The thought that comes to me is that it is like marble lace. The inlaid work around this screen is most elaborate. The high dome over is nearly 200 ft high, and one of the attendants chanted a Koran text. First the sound of his voice, echoing in the great dome, increased and then died away long after, in the distance, as it floated to heaven, the most astonishing echo I have ever heard. This is only the shortest possible account of my impression of the Taj Mahal - a dream of marble.

From here we drove to the tomb of Itmad-ud Daulah, the Prime Minister of Jahangir the father of Shah Jehan. It is a flat topped one-storey building of white marble, beautifully inlaid with marble of various colours, surmounted by four cupola-topped towers and in the centre of the roof a beautiful marble mausoleum where the tombs of Itmad-ud-Daulah and his wife stand. The two tombs are of yellow marble and the windows are of beautiful marble fretwork.

At 4.15 pm. we started away again with our guide to visit the Fort, a huge red stone-walled enclosure high above the city level and surrounded by a deep moat. We entered by the Delhi Gate and drove over the drawbridge up a steep red-paved road through another high stone gateway. We first went up into the Moti Musjid or Pearl Mosque. It is of white marble and consists of a large courtyard surrounded by a colonnade. At the west end is a covered hall with square columns the roof surmounted by domes and cupola topped towers. The floor is divided into spaces, those in the centre for men - at the side (shut off by marble latticework) for women; each space was enough for

one person. Other places we visited were the

Darshni Darwaza where the Moghul witnessed from a balcony fights between wild beasts.

Diwan-i-am the Hall of Public Audience

Minar Bazaar and Inner Minar Bazaar

Hindu Temple built by Rajah of Bharatpur

Nagina Musjid- a tiny mosque reserved for the ladies of the Harem

Macchli Bhawan (Fish Palace) the gardens of which had ponds full of fish for the royal ladies to catch. On the upper court is the

Great White Throne a favourite seat of the Emperor

Great Black Throne a slab of jet black marble on which I placed my camera to photograph the

Saman Burj or Jasmine Tower, where Mumtaz Mahal once lived and where Shah Jehan died, looking at the Taj, his beloved wife's tomb, as he breathed his last.

Below is the

Diwan-i-Khas or Hall of Private Audience, a beautiful white marble hall, exquisitely carved and inlaid with floral designs in jade, agate, lapis lazuli etc.

Palace of Mirrors or Shish Mahal the walls and ceiling covered with designs made of tiny mirrors set in plaster.

Khas Mahal whence the portraits of the Emperor and their wives, which once existed, have been stolen.

Jahangiri Mahal where Jahangir lived - also Jodh Bai, his Hindu wife: and the

Gates of Somnath wrongly so-called.

For particulars of all these places I must rely on the guide- book. I name them so that I may not forget - but really the wonderful things I have seen today are so many that my brain has not yet grasped them. Anyway, to try and describe them would take up too many pages of my Journal and more time than I have. But the memories of them will, I hope, live in my brain and be something to remember in years to come.

Tuesday 22nd August 1922

Yesterday I saw the Taj Mahal - alive, eternal - today Great Akbar's City of Victory, Fatehpur Sikri, - deserted, dead - each in itself the sight of a lifetime.

A drive of 4 miles by car along a fine red metalled road shaded the whole way by an avenue of trees (yet the villages we passed were squalid and dirty) brought us to the one-time capital of the mighty Moghul, built after his victories in Gujarat.

Why Akbar in 1569 decided to desert Agra and build a new capital here, history is not clear upon. Tradition ascribes it to the birth of his two sons in the house of a Mahomedan saint, Salim Chishti, who lived at Sikri. Akbar's children had all died in infancy and he desired a son. His prayers having been so readily answered on this spot, he decided to remove his capital to so fortunate a place. He named it afterwards Fatehpur - City (pur) of Victory (fateh).

It is worthy of note, however, that Akbar had a passion for building, and having finished the great fort at Agra, he may have wanted some pretext for another big building scheme. If so, here it was.

The city, as originally built, was some 6 miles round, bounded by a wall on 3 sides and a lake on the fourth, and thither Akbar moved from Agra. Now only the royal part of the city and the great Mosque remain - but what a noble part it is! Completely constructed of red sandstone it is nearly as perfect - carving, lace-work, pillar and kiosk - as when it was built 350 years ago. So new it seems, crowning the hill, that surely there must be people in it? And yet the beautiful palaces are deserted and no other foot echoes ours as we wander round the empty rooms where great Akbar once held court. Still perfect and yet void of life, except for the lizard that basks in the sun on the red walls. How well great Akbar builded - and yet his vanity had its due reward, for 30 years afterwards he was obliged to return again to Agra. What must he have felt when he gave the word to evacuate his beautiful city and leave it to the owls and bats and wild beasts? But it still remains a monument to his greatness. At his word the wonderful city rose and at his word it was left. It affects one strangely, standing in the presence of this great tragedy, and one felt transported back, more than 3 centuries ago, when it was deserted. As I looked from the red walls I could almost imagine the last of its people marching off along the road to Agra, their lumbering wills echoing in the distance. And now, dead and yet strangely alive, peopled with those great spirits of the past.

But I cannot see them, and they live but in echo. All else is emptiness and silence. How can I describe it? - sorrowful and hopeless as some bride cast off ere her honeymoon is finished - the deserted metropolis of the dead Empire of Great Akbar.

This is just an attempt to record the impression Fatehpur Sikri made upon me. To describe each building in detail would take a book - and here the guide book must come in - I must content myself with a record of them.

The mint - now in ruins

Diwan-i-am, or Hall of Public Audience

Khas Mahal with Akbars' House of Dreams

Diwan-i-Khas, or Hall of Private Audience, in the centre of which Akbar sat, with one Prime Minister at each corner and heard the supplicants below, or listened to some religious debate.

Pachisi Court, with a raised court in the centre on which the Emperor and his opponent sat and directed gaily attired slave girls who moved on the white or black squares as chessmen in the game.

Hide and Seek House, for the ladies favourite game.

Panch Mahal, or Palace of five stories.

Jodh Bai's House, with its turquoise tiling,

Hawa Mahal, or Wind Palace, with fretted red screens where the ladies could take the air.

Elephant Gate the beautiful elephants smashed by the later Emperor Aurangezeb.

Hiran Minar or Dies Tower

Jama Masjid, or the Great Mosque, a copy of that at Mecca,

Tomb of Salim Chishti - so beautiful as to defy description. Of white marble, pierced and fretted like the most delicate lace - with the wonderful mother of pearl tomb within.

Bulant Darwaza Great Gateway, or Gate of Victory. This seen from the outside almost baffles description by its immensity. It is 176ft high and proportionally wide and stands at the top of a hill, which makes it look even more immense.

We had started at 7 a.m. and it was 10.30 before we had finished the round and came to the "Dak Bungalow" for breakfast and a wash. This is a rest house like those all over India, maintained by the Indian Government for travellers in lonely places where no hotels are. They gave us a good breakfast and we wanted it after our tramp around of 3 1/2 hours.

I'm afraid I haven't done Chishti's Tomb justice. It is a sacred place and we had to put canvas overshoes on before we went in. Tied on the marble lace-work windows were scraps or threads of clothing tied on by women who wanted children. The Saint managed children for Akbar, so why not for them? The mother of pearl, inlaid work in black marble, is exquisite and the tomb is regarded by many as more wonderful than the Taj Mahal.

From here we motored to Sikandra, where is the burial place of the great Akbar. It is surrounded by a high battlemented wall and is 150 acres in extent! Entered by a noble gateway, inlaid with marble of all colours in geometrical designs, it seems like an enormous park, with Akbars tomb in the centre. The mausoleum rests upon a raised terrace 500 feet square, and the

top storey, the fifth, open to the sky is surrounded by a white marble cloister of most beautiful marble lace work. Here is the cenotaph of Akbar, with a pedestal by, on which at one time rested the Koh-i-noor diamond. The real tomb is in a vault on the ground floor covered by a beautiful black velvet pall, all embroidered in gold.

Back at the Hotel at 1.30 we had tiffin and caught the 3.45 train to Meerut. We reached Delhi at 8.p.m. but it was dark and one could see nothing of the city. Meerut we reached at 10p.m. and drove to Royal Hotel where, contrary to our expectation, we have found very comfortable quarters. It is much hotter at Meerut, tho' further north, and I slept outside, "au clair de la lune"

Wednesday 23rd August 1922

When we arrived at our Hotel last night in the dark it looked a very dismal sort of place, all shut and lights out. But today we have found it to be very comfortable and are very lucky to have dropped on such good quarters.

Meerut is not a very big city, nor interesting from a visitors point of view, but it is a big military centre. Like all military cities, the 'cantonment' or part where the English people and the richest natives live is spacious and nicely laid out. All the bungalows have big gardens and the roads are wide and clean. The chief 'cantonment' road is the Mall, in which our Hotel is, lying back in spacious grounds and for width I don't suppose our Mall in London can beat it. There are fine trees in abundance and the cantonment is a forest almost, cool and shady. The rooms at the Hotel and office are fitted with Punkahs, and I have a small girl who pulls my Punkahs backwards and forwards and so creates a draft, for 4 annas a day.

Went to the 'C' Mule Depot in the morning, but found their accounts hopelessly in arrears, and occupied in the morning in trying to work out their financial position and what was the best way to get things straight. Without exception, the accounts were the worst I have ever come across.

After tea S.M. Feehally and I went by tonga to the Mutiny Church, where the first shots were fired in the mutiny of 1857, and photographed it. From there we drove out to the Monkey Tank, where are two Hindu temples where monkeys are regarded as sacred animals. There are hundreds of monkeys there, some fine big fellows of some age. They swarmed along the temple walls and steps, in the trees, on the ground, everywhere. I've never seen so many monkeys in my life. The zoo is a pool to it. There were mother monkeys carrying their babies on their backs as they walked along or clinging under their stomachs, quite the funniest sight I have seen. One of the

temple men called them for us and they came running from everywhere for the corn cobs and dhal he threw to them. They are tame enough and took some grain out of my hand. The trees in the district (called Sooraj Kund) are sacred to them and no-one may take the fruit, which is left for the monkeys.

The Hindus have a monkey God, called Hanuman, and that is why they treat them as sacred. Peacocks, of which we saw dozens on the way here, are also sacred. One also sees plenty of wild deer and brilliant green parrots - but I haven't seen a tiger yet - and can't say that I want to.

Thursday and Friday 24 & 25 August 1922

These two days I have done some strenuous work at the "C" Mule Depot and the Follower's Central Depot, and have had very little time to myself. However, all next week is mine and I can only pray for good weather.

I think I have done some real good work at these Meerut Depots, and saved the jolly old British Taxpayer tens of thousands of pounds, so I have more than paid for the cost of my little trip and feel that I have earned my few days leave.

Yesterday at about 5p.m. we had a real tropical downpour which lasted till nearly midnight. For some time it came down almost solid and the whole place was flooded. The rain has made the atmosphere very close and sticky, and brought on a little touch of prickly heat, so I shan't be sorry to get out of the place.

After dinner Lt. Leigh put on his gramophone and we sat out on the verandah until 11p.m. Now I must get to bed for I have a strenuous day's sightseeing to get through tomorrow at Delhi and have to get up soon after 5 o'clock.

Saturday 26th August 1922

How it poured last night - these two days at Meerut I have had some experience of what is called a tropical downpour. I was awake early and left in the rain and caught the 6.56 to Delhi. The country between was half under water but our line was all right, altho' the line to Moradabad had been breached by the floods. We arrived at Delhi 8.45a.m.

I arrived at the Albion Hotel at 9.30, soon engaged a guide and was away in a pair-horse phaeton at 10 a.m! Why waste time?

Our first stop was at the Kashmiri Gate, which is one of the Gates or

entrances in the old wall, for Delhi was at one time a walled city. It was stormed by the British in Sept.1857, at the time of the Mutiny, and the breach blown in the wall, and the deep damaged holes in the wall where our shot struck have never been repaired and are still to be seen.

Farther on is the C. of E. Church, rather more striking than most C. of E. churches in India, known as the Mutiny Church. It was the centre of some fierce fighting in the Mutiny and the old ball and cross, which surmounted the spire, are mounted in the grounds for all to see.

Our next point was the great Jumma Masjid - or Friday Mosque - the largest Mosque in India, and standing on some higher ground, seems to dominate Delhi more than the Fort does. The walls are of red stone, but the domes and the west end are of marble. It is said to hold 10,000 people. The covered space at the west end is marked out in oblongs, one for each man and all the same size, when he came to pray on Fridays.

This was a temple of Bucksheesh. I had to put on canvas overshoes when I entered - bucksheesh to the man who put them on. I wished to walk around above the cloisters, to get a view from above ground - bucksheesh to the man who opened the Gateway. While I was viewing the mihrab, or shrine at the west end, a priest brought up three other men and told me that they were the muezzin who called the faithful to prayer - more bucksheesh. Finally more bucksheesh to an old Mullah, but I had some value for this, for he showed me some relics of Mahommet: viz:-

1. two portions of the original Koran written from his dictation (1300 years ago) and brought from Medina, in Arabia, where the prophet died;
2. a hair of his beard (1300years old) the thickest bit of red bristle I've ever seen, stuck under a piece of glass fixed in a tin box made from a piece of a petrol tin;
3. one of his slippers or sandals, now all mouldy and rotted (1300 years old) and covered with dead flowers.
4. a miraculous imprint of his foot in solid stone, where once he trod. (still 1300 years old!)

What credulity these people have. The reputed chapter of the Koran and the miraculous footprint are obvious frauds; the hair of the prophet's beard is a piece of thick red bristle, the slipper may be genuine but I doubt it!

We now drove through Chandri Chowk said to be one of the finest streets in India - but I thought little of it excepting for the absorbing interest in the crowds - to the famous Delhi Ridge and the Mutiny Memorial. From here one

gets a view of the whole country and could trace the march of the gallant handful of British troops coming from Meerut, who stormed first the Ridge and then the Fort. What a marvellous feat, 6000 men hurling themselves without any hesitation at an enemy ten times their strength, and beating him though only half their number remained when the Fort was at last taken in Sept. 1857. One regiment, the 60th. Rifles (King's Royal Rifle Corps) lost 389 men out of 390 strong. That wonderful bravery was more than the Indian could understand. It frightened him and he fled.

On our way back we passed the Viceroy's house and the Government Secretariat Offices. Also the ruined ramshackle tomb of Shah Alam - who died in 1806 - poor feeble Moghul who was blinded and kept a prisoner by his conqueror until rescued by the British. How different is his poor tomb from that of the first great Moghul - Akbar!

In the afternoon to see the wonderful little Jain temple, where I had to put my shoes off, and shut up my camera before I was allowed to enter. I was conducted round by the chief Priest and a young priest - but altho' beautifully carved in places, it contains the veriest lot of gimcrack rubbish I ever saw. Still it's their religion I suppose, and who am I to laugh? The priests were inordinately proud of their tinsel temple - I was pleased - more bucksheesh.

Then into the Fort. Old Akbar built this well in 1550, and the marble palaces added by Shah Jehan are wonderful. Like at Agra, I feel I cannot do justice to the beautiful buildings it contains. They didn't affect me like Fatepur Sikri or the Taj. Here is a list of them (see guide book for details):-

Nanbar Khana, or Music Palace, for announcing the great Moghul's arrival.

Diwan-i-am, or Hall of Public Audience where Akbar heard petitions from all his subjects be they great or small. The Jhoroka, or throne about the height of people's heads - but with the loveliest inlaid (precious stones in marble) panelling. This was known as the "Seat of the Shadow of God".

Diwan-i-Khas, Hall of Private Audience - all marble and inlay work and rich floral paintings.

Hamman, or Turkish Bath. (with hot, warm and cold)

Moti Masjid , or Pearl Mosque, the Moghul's little private jewel of a mosque.

Musamman Burj, or Jasmine Tower.

Rang Mahal, Palace of Colour - must have been a most gorgeous place at one time - but until 1900 it was partly used as a kitchen for British troops.

The Diwan-i-Khas contained the famous Peacock Throne looted by Nadir

Shah in 1739. It was worth £6,000,000, and was one mass of precious stones.

The Hall of the Scales of Justice, most beautiful of all. The inlaid marble was at one time very fine everywhere, but bits have been looted or badly repaired, or even not repaired. On the whole, the Delhi Gate, one of the entrances, guarded by stone elephants, was the most striking, but so far I cannot say that Delhi has struck me like Agra, which would stand first even if it only contained the peerless Taj.

Sunday 27th August 1922

As at Agra, one cannot see Delhi by staying in Delhi. Today I went out to Kutb Minar and this second day (like the 2nd day at Agra) was most interesting.

The streets of Delhi afford interest all the way. One often sees a sort of square box whose sides are of some sort of cloth, strung on a stout pole and carried on the shoulders of two men. This is a dhooly. Inside is a Mohammedan woman, who is not allowed to show her face except to her husband. Most Mohammedan women in India, however, wear a white overall covering from head to foot. It has two small holes for the eyes, but even these are covered with lace-work, so the eyes cannot be seen. They have fat-tailed sheep here, too, with tails so heavy that a small truck has to be tied to the sheep to enable it to drag its heavy tail along.

The route lay through the city and out by the Ajmeri Gate. Our first stop was at the Jantar Mantar, a set of extraordinary looking buildings, built 200 years ago for an Observatory by Jai Singh, Rajah of Jaipur, a great astronomer. These had huge curves along which the shadows of the sun and moon were observed, and houses for observing the sun and moon and stars. My guide had some weird notions concerning them. This strange place lies in the district of Raisina where New Delhi, which is the new capital of India, is being laid out. The new Government House is a huge building of pink sandstone, and when finished will vie with some of the wonderful buildings of the past.

Safdar Jang's tomb was next visited. Built 150 years ago, it seems still as if it were new and is a wonderful red and white building. We passed soon afterwards a district which was full of tombs, mostly in ruins, some quite small, others more imposing. Among the latter is the tomb of Sikandar Lodi, the King who gave his name to Sikandra, near Agra. A few miles farther along a shady avenue, and we reached the famous Kutb Minar. It stands in a lovely garden (or park, rather) a giant, looking pin-new, among the ruins of one of the old Delhis. Here there is a perfectly gorgeous Dak Bungalow

where I had my breakfast.

Kutb Minar is a red sandstone tower of five storeys, 238 feet high. There are 300 steps to the top (Did I climb it? No!) It was commenced in A.D.1200 and is most beautifully fluted, the finest tower I have ever seen. Near by is the unfinished Minar of Ala-ud-din, who desired to build one to eclipse that of Kutb-ud-din - but after getting it to 87 feet he died and no more was done to it. Kutb Minar is described as the seventh wonder of India. Ala-ud-din was responsible for many other beautiful buildings round here, mostly in ruins, but a very fine red sandstone gateway remains, the carving still as sharp as if new. It was built A.D. 1310.

In the great Mosque of Kutb-ud-din stands an iron pillar, called Raja Dhava's Pillar. It is a plain column only 23 feet high, but it was made about A.D.300, 1700 years ago and still shows no sign of rust. Had old Raja Dhava discovered rustless steel?

In the mosque is also the marble tomb of Altamash, Kutb-ud-din's son-in-law, the oldest tomb in India - open to the sky.

The ruins comprise remains of 27 old Buddhist, Jain and Hindu temples which were pulled down to build the mosque. We left about 11.15 and two miles further on came to the tomb of Tughlaq Shah, the builder of Tughlaqabad, another Delhi. Tughlaq, his wife, and his wicked son who killed his father, sleep in this tomb. It is a solid edifice of red stone. It once stood in the centre of a lake 1200 ft in diameter and is connected by a stone causeway 600 ft long to the Great Fort at Tughlaqabad. This is a colossal fort 5 miles in circumference, of great strength; its massive walls of bastions contain many slabs weighing over 2 tons. Old Tughlaq must have employed hundreds of thousands of labourers on its building, for it is said to have taken only 2 years to build.

Further on we came to the little village of Nizam-ud-din, named after the Mohammedan saint of the same name. Before I entered the precincts of the tomb I had to take off my shoes, and walked round in my socks! This is a very sacred place and many pilgrims visit it. The tomb is of white marble beautifully carved and pierced, and bears some wonderful colouring. The grave (cenotaph) had a red pall, covered with dried flowers whose sweet perfume filled the whole place. Several pilgrims stood around praying. I was presented to the High Priest, a lineal descendant of Nizam-ud-din. The tomb was built in 1325 A.D.

Outside is the Hall of 64 Pillars - a marble edifice built 1610 A.D. There is also a large square tank into which a man and a boy jumped from a height of

about 80 ft. I gave the man 4d. and the boy 2d. How's that for generosity?

Here also the Jahanara Begum, the beautiful daughter of Shah Jehan, and Khusru, the Urdu poet. Not far from Nizam-ud-din is the Tomb of Humayun, the first of the great Moghul Mausolea. It is of red stone with marble bands and is of very striking appearance. Dozens of other tombs are here.

It was here that Bahadur Shah, the last Moghul Emperor, surrendered in 1857, and nearby Major Hodson, with his own hand, executed the Emperors sons and nephews. This put the finishing touch to the Mutiny - but Hodson was to have stood trial for it in England ... He was, however killed at the storming of Lucknow.

On our way home we passed the Old Fort of Delhi (Purana Kila) where Humayun fell down his steps and died, and also the famous Lal Darwaza (or Red Gate) I had by this time (it was nearly 2p.m.) got pretty tired and I gave the Old Fort a miss.

Just before reaching Delhi we passed the Kotila, or King Asoka's pillar. It is one of a series erected about B.C.250 by Asoka from Kabul to Orissa and contains 14 famous edicts. In those days writing materials were scarce and this was Asoka's way of publishing his edicts. Not a bad way either, for here they still remain for everyone to read although old Asoka has been dead over 2000 years.

What a morning! I was even glad to get back to the Hotel and have my tiffin, but I had a glorious time, and lived every minute of it.

I'm afraid I didn't give Delhi Fort justice when writing up my journal. I was so tired. After tea, I went up again and roamed around and saw the places once again. I visited the Shah Burj, or King's Tower, where is the entrance of the Nahr-i-Bihisht or River of Paradise, which flowed through all the buildings along a shallow marble canal, cooling the air in summer and perfuming it. I stood in the Diwan-i-Khas again and admired its beauty. In each corner of the centre ceiling is this inscription in Arabic :

"If there is a Paradise on earth, it is this, it is this."

How beautiful is the marble tracery in the court of the Scales of Justice. I noticed that the thin marble tablet that bears the picture of the Scales of Justice is transparent, and the light is so contrived that the evening sun shines through it.

In the Diwan-i-am is the throne where the Prince of Wales sat at his Durbar this year - the seat of the great Akbar. Then I forgot to mention the Moti

Masjid, or Pearl Mosque - the loveliest little marble mosque one could imagine with marble and gilt domes and minarets. And last but not least the Magazine (only the entrance remains) where 9 British Officers and men fought the enemy for 4 hours in the Mutiny (1857) and when at last the enemy in overwhelming numbers scaled the walls they blew up the magazine and perished in it, killing dozens of the enemy at the same time.

Monday 28th August 1922

Left Delhi this morning by the 8.50 train for Jaipur. The 1st class carriages on the Indian Railways are very comfortable. There is a long sofa each side and easy chairs, an electric fan and a nice clean lavatory to my compartment - all for me.

Reached Rewari at 11.30 Day now blue and cloudless. This is a district where rain has apparently been deficient, for crops are not so forward or so fine as near Delhi. On the right (or west side) a low range of hills relieves the flatness of the country.

The Hindu women's dress in this region is the same as Delhi way, a very pretty bright coloured costume consisting of a voluminous skirt fastened from the hips - a bust bodice just holding the breasts and meeting at a point between them, showing all the rest of the body - and a bright cotton sari over the head. A ring through the nose, rings on the toes, armlets, and plenty of bracelets round the wrists and ankles complete the outfit. The Mahommedan women of the poorer class wear a pair of tight trousers and a kind of half shirt over the body. They don't seem particular about showing the face - tho' the better class Mahommedan woman is very, very particular.

One begins to see more camels hereabouts used both for draught and riding. Fakirs, or holy beggars, there are in plenty. They let their hair and beard grow long and wear nothing but a loin cloth and a string of beads. They carry nothing but a staff and beg their way from place to place. Some, having acquired sufficient holiness, remain in settled spots, and there receive the offerings of the pious - very little I should say, judging by their appearance.

At a place called Ajeraka we crossed a bridge over a river of sand, a quarter of a mile wide at least. I suppose it is a river of water when enough falls, but it looks as if rain had very badly failed in this district. There were several other sand rivers of the same kind between here and Jaipur. This is a great line for peacocks. They are numerous all along the line. One has just flown screeching into a tree. The other day near Delhi I saw one in full flight and

very beautiful he looks, sailing along with his long tail stretching a yard or more behind him. As a matter of fact with his beautiful green and blue plumage he is quite one of the sights of India.

1 o'clock. From Khairtal onwards we have been running midway between a double range of hills, which seem always to be getting nearer, but never do.

1.30 p.m. passed a sumptuous looking white building probably belonging to the local Rajah.

1.40 p.m. Alwar, capital of the state of Alwar. Here I had tea and biscuits, all the place could supply. Perched on a rock above the town is the Rajah of Alwar's palace crowned by a dozen cupolas or kiosks. Away to the left is another handsome palace, cupola crowned - but one could see little else in the way of buildings but mud huts. India is full of contrasts of that kind.

There are plenty of cattle and goats everywhere. It looks very strange to see the birds perched on their backs - sometimes 3 or 4 of them.

At Rajgarh (Kings Fort) are several solid bastioned forts on the summit of the hills by the station - almost impregnable they look. Had tiffin at Bandiku's at 3.30 p.m. where we stopped 45 minutes. Every station on the Indian railways has its little hut labelled "DRINKING WATER FOR HINDOOS" and another labelled "DRINKING WATER FOR MAHOMMEDANS" What's the difference, I don't know, but they never drink together.

All the way the country has been interesting and I enjoyed the journey. I arrived at Jaipur at 9 p.m. and elected to go to the Jaipur Hotel. I find it an enormous place and I the only visitor - which makes one feel uncomfortable. I wish I'd gone to the New Hotel now. However I shall be out all day, so it really doesn't matter.

Tuesday 29 August 1922

Today has not been an exciting day - but cram full of interest nevertheless. My guide turned up early - an interesting old fellow, Mahomedan, who spoke English perfectly.

The city of Jaipur is alive, absorbing, intensely interesting - the most Indian city that I have seen in India. I really think it is worth a visit just to stroll along its bazaars and watch the craftsmen at work and the colour of the crowd, the bright clothes the women wear and the men's turbans. Within a dozen yards or so one sees all the colours of the rainbow and some that are

not in the rainbow, too! The Rajput women are rather pretty and very graceful, and there are plenty of them and the men - fine fellows mostly in a bright coloured turban and a pocket handkerchief, the latter round the waist.

The whole morning I spent visiting several shops - places where the most beautiful work was being done. First, a goldsmiths and jewellers. Here were beautiful gold ornaments, boxes, lockets and the like enamelled in all colours really wonderful work; precious stones of all kinds and some lovely necklaces - two of pearls were Rs. 3000 and Rs 2000 each. I much fancied one of amethysts and seed pearls Rs 30 only. Second to a factory where were made brass-ware and carpets. There were half a dozen carpets in making all being made by boys - four or five boys to a loom while a man in charge of the loom called out the pattern. The boys worked in the wool and called out what they did so that the man in charge could check it. Thus the carpet grew until complete. Then another man, with shears, cut down the wool until he got the right thickness of pile. I inspected the showroom where the brass-ware was, engraved and enamelled in black, red, green, blue, white and yellow. I was much tempted to buy. Third and next I visited a dyers, who showed me shawls, cloths and turbans; he tied one around my head (the silk 30 ft. long) and then put on me a mauve and gold coat and clapped his hands with delight. A boy was sent running for a mirror and really I did look what he said - a Rajah. My complexion has got so brown. But what is the use of a turban to me - I couldn't tie it! So I gently refused to buy. Fourth, next another brass-ware shop. Alas, here I fell - though very willingly, and bought two fine specimens - two plates, each a foot in diameter, richly engraved and enamelled (25 Rs.) Fifth. To an ivory shop where I spent Rs.7 - Rs. 3 on picture postcards! Then after tiffin I bought from a man who came to the hotel, a carnelian necklace of 67 rich red stones - Rs. 6.

At 4 p.m. out again, this time to the Maharajah's Palace. It is very Oriental and some of the parts e.g. the Diwan-i-Khas and the Diwan-i-am are beautifully decorated, but all are exceedingly bright, though no doubt they are well suited to the bright costumes when the Maharajah sits in state. We went down to the Alligator pond, where an Indian called the Alligators out for me, great ugly brutes - but very slow indeed on land. Then to the Tigers. All are man-eaters caught locally and brought into Jaipur. One of the keepers teased each as I came to its cage - and they snarled and growled, they meant business if they could only get the wrong side of those bars! I then saw the Royal stables and as I came away a man ran up to me with more necklaces a carnelian one and one of light green jade I was sorely tempted to buy - but didn't. Afterwards through the Park, where is a collection of wild birds and animals. I halted my carriage in front of the lions cage and one of them got up and stared and licked his lips - he had seen the horses! These

are the real wild animals they've got in Jaipur and no mistake!

The Maharajah's palace is a high palatial looking place, what could be seen of it - but the Rajah is in residence and I could not go in. The most interesting thing so far however is the Observatory the Jantar Mantar, built by the same Jai Singh as built the one at Delhi, but much more elaborate and in better condition. My excellent old guide explained them all to me and I must acknowledge that these lunatic structures were lunatic no longer. The whole were laid out in 1710 - 200 years ago.

On my way home I called at the Residency to report myself. There is a British Resident here - Colonel Patterson and he has a fine house in acres of grounds. I should say it's a cushy job.

I seem to carry the Monsoon about with me for there was a sharp shower this afternoon and a good downpour tonight; but it has cooled the air nicely, and is very good for Jaipur. It is still raining, but it will lay the dust nicely for my visit to the deserted city of Amber tomorrow. The rain has sobered Jaipur - there are no sounds of traffic, nor shouting; the peacocks, afraid of their plumage, have gone to bed, so I think I'll go too.

Wednesday 30th August 1922

This morning started away at 7.30 for Amber. All the way we passed gaily dressed native men and women some in carts of every kind, some on foot. They were most of them going to the Fairies' Garden, a favourite resort of the Hindus. Here they bring their children, especially any that are ailing, so that if a fairy's shadow fall on them they may be cured. There is a little temple in the garden where they make their offerings.

Further on two ranges of hills seem to meet and in the valley is the ruined city of Amber and up on a rocky plateau, the Maharajah's Palace. Still further up are the Forts built on the summits of the hills with strong wide walls connecting them. The situation and surrounding are most picturesque, and one wonders why the move was made to the present city of Jaipur. Perhaps the old city was not big enough for the growing population or perhaps the then Rajah, Jai Singh, wanted to build a city of his own, like great Akbar. However, I should say that the present site is better than that of old Amber.

Toiling up a steep slope, we came to the Palace Gates, where there was one of the Rajah's soldiers to receive us. The first building inside is the Diwan-i-am and seated in this was a Rajah of some small state and his retinue of servants, about 40 or 50. He had just paid a visit to the Temple of Kali, or

Bhowana, to which he had presented Rs.50 She is a black goddess, and I saw the blood drenched spot where a goat is sacrificed every morning - in lieu of the human sacrifice which she prefers. No doubt the goat is preferred by the priests, who get enough meat for the day thereby.

The Palace is in splendid preservation, for only privileged visitors are allowed to see it, and some rooms are wonderfully decorated. One, the Hall of Pleasure, is patterned with small pieces of mirror set in a plaster pattern, and gives an astonishing effect when lighted up. In company with my Guide, I wandered from place to place in this fairy palace - and felt that any moment I might come across 'Sleeping Beauty'. Marble beautifully carved, pearl plaster (hard as marble) of exquisite design, and floral decoration in tasteful festoons - the colours as bright as new, - distinguished each room. It all was empty and forlorn. I can't help feeling sad over Amber - a pearl cast to the swine. This afternoon I had my last drive around the city - I shall not see India again like this. I went to a little booth near the Palace Gate and the proprietor produced the most wonderful collection of jewels. I bought a jade necklace (Rs.17) then through to the Elephants Stable. One enormous fellow I tried to snap but the light was bad.

On and to the Public Gardens. Here there is an up to date Museum and a native band under a white bandmaster giving a performance equal to that of a good European Concert! And yet in the same city I saw a Jain priest hurrying along in a white robe with an enormous tassel to his girdle, and wearing a cloth guard over his mouth for fear that he might unknowingly breathe down some invisible insect and thus destroy it! In the evening my servant went into the Bazaar and had some Bhang - I turned the laughing jackass out of my room and dressed myself. At 8.10 a car called for me and I went to dinner at the British Residency. Colonel Patterson and his wife were charming and I had a very pleasant time. They have a magnificent house. So now what am I to do? It is 11.30 and I must be up at 3.30 to catch the 4.55 train for Ajmer - and my servant is like a log sleeping off the effects of his Bhang!

Thursday 31st August 1922

Last night got home about 11 p.m. and when I went to bed concentrated my mind on the time I wanted to wake - 3.30 a.m. I awoke at 3.15 a.m; Cone' worked this time!

We caught the 4.55 train easily and arrived at Ajmer at 8.15 a.m. Along the line there are hills each side - at Ajmer they come quite close. On the pinnacle of one, particularly steep, is a white temple - however do they get

up there? I put up at the Dak Bungalow. There was no guide obtainable but the Khansama (steward) of the bungalow offered to show me round. He knows Ajmer well, though he didn't know much English - however with his little English and my little Hindustani we got on quite well, and he was cheap.

Ajmer is even more truly Indian than Jaipur, though it is not so full of temples, and I enjoyed it immensely. The little winding streets of the native city are crowded with colour and movement. They seem to be busy, too, but my guide complained of the prices of grain, which is four times as dear as it was ten years ago.

We first went to the Anasagar Lake, or rather where the lake should be - but, alas, it is bone dry, as the rainfall has been very low this year. Along the bank are some beautiful white summer houses built by the Moghul Emperor, Shah Jehan, 300 years ago. But the strangest thing that I have yet seen is the great Jain temple here. The one at Delhi is a toy beside it. The interior building is about 50ft. high and the floor 80 ft. by 40 ft. and it is crammed full of small gilt model buildings and figures. One half has a rock fortress in the centre, and about 15 circular walls around it. The other half is a model of several palaces and contains thousands of figures of men, women, horses, cows, camels, elephants, and carriages and what not. I should say the whole is meant to indicate the passage through life till Nirvana is reached. Floating in the air halfway between the ceiling and ground are little boats with swan's heads taking happy people to heaven(?) those lucky ones who have attained perfect holiness, perhaps. I wish I could have found someone to explain it to me.

Then to the Mosque where is the Durgah or Tomb of the greatest Indian Mahomedan saint, Pir Khwaja Moyn-ud-din. Here they put canvas shoes on my feet - but in the Jain temple I had to take my shoes off. The saint's tomb is not nearly so beautiful as those at Agra or Delhi, but I was not allowed inside. On leaving the Mosque a necklace of flower buds was placed around my neck. I wish I could have had my photo taken then.

Next I visited an old disused Mosque, built by Akbar the Great out of 27 Jain and other Hindu temples he had destroyed. An old Jain priest came out to tell me that it was really a Jain temple and asked me to sign his book. I took a photo of him. I also tried to take a photo of the interior of the great Jain temple, but I am not at all sure that I was successful, for my camera went wrong and the bulb release wouldn't work. Were the old Jain Gods determined that I should not photograph their temple? I'm not sure that the photos I have taken in Ajmer will be much good as my camera has worked badly all day.

The greatest delight of all in Ajmer has been driving round the native bazaars. It is a Hindu holiday today and the women are in their holiday dresses and jewels. Truly beautiful some of the costumes are, lavishly embroidered with gold. Every known colour is employed, I should say, though pink, red and green are the favourites.

I saw another Jain priest wearing his air-strainer over his mouth and two fakirs almost naked, with ashes all over their bodies and sprinkled on their heads. In the afternoon went to Akbars Fort and to the Mayo College, where the sons of the Rajahs and Princes of Rajputana are educated. It is a most handsome building of white marble.

I wasn't feeling well, so I came home early. I suppose I mixed whisky and port too freely last night.

This is a very pretty town and I had a good view of it from Akbars Fort, built 1567.

Ajmer is surrounded by hills on three sides and its white buildings lie in the form of a crescent at the foot of the hills. It is the headquarters of the great B.B. and C.I. Railway, which has its workshops here also. There is a lot of pottery and Indian shoes made here, and my visit to the bazaars was the best thing of the day. The city is more like the East, more like India, than any I have seen.

And now the real part of my Indian tour is ended. It has been a most wonderful experience, and I shall never regret these days in India.

The Moharram of the Mohammedans is on and as I write I can hear their weird drums in the distance. But that won't worry me for I shall manage a good nights sleep after my short one of last night. My servant Joseph was all right this morning and very penitent. There's nothing he won't do for me today, and he's promised he won't have any more "pan", or betel nut - until next time.