H.M. Foot, Colin Bertram who is head of the Palatine Fisheries, Miss Bryant, a daughter of Abla George Bryant, and I left Amman this morning at 6:40 A.M. We drove in the rattling, little, gasoline engined trolley car, that looks as if it had been taken out of the cartoons. However, it can do some 50 miles an hour or so on a straight away. By 10:40 A.M., in 4 hours, we had reached Ma’an, where we defeated Miss Bryant who lives there with her father. He is a former Palatine Police officer, who is in charge of the labor on the new road from Negba Taba to Agabat. A big man, not young, with tremendous stamina, hearty laugh, and hard eyes. His wife is an Italian. She speaks English, Arabic, Italian, French. We then rode on to the end station of Negba Taba, where Abla George Bryant’s car awaited us, and brought us to the construction camp immediately below the top of Kh. Negba Taba. This site has been selected in the construction work, and it is fortunate that I planned it so that there was a small rock bed. We arrived at Negba Taba at 11:40 A.M., and a few minutes later at the construction camp. We had lunch together with Abla George Major Noble, who is in charge of the road construction work. Major Noble then drove us to Agabat in his car. We left at 1:30 P.M., and arrived at 3 P.M.

It has been raining here for the last three days in the Jerusalem-Amman district. There has been no rain in Kerak, however, a morn in the Wadi Husn. The desert south of Amman is already beginning to get green with the early rains, and the animals ought to have a good year. We saw a gazelle today, as we settled towards Ma’an.

Agabat is full of people. What interested me particularly was the numerous Sudan Arabs who have come up the gulf in
Archbishop
P. Leverington
G. F. Walpole
Colin Bentham
Major Le Gallais
Jennifer Foot

Bishop Buke of T.J.
Greek-Orthodox
This Spainian canoe was also two approximately fifteen ton sail-boats from Yambó & Wajiba, which had brought charcoal and dried fish to Agilo. It is said that some of these boats, the larger sail-boats to the smaller dug-outs are away from home, sailing the length of the gulf, for a year at a time. One is reminded of the time of 'three years' reported in the Bible to have been taken by Solomon's ships on their round trip from Ezion-geber to Ophir & back. I was interested to note that the sailing vessels brought charcoal with them. Perhaps similar vessels brought some of the charcoal in ancient times which helped fire Solomon's smelters.

There was a modern freighter anchored off shore today, discharging on to the small pier south of Agilo. Now that the main pier has a protective sea-wall, and tall cement, electric light standards up, it seems to be almost complete. A siren very slowly did some little damage to its surface the other day, but that is easily replaced. Dredging operations are going on in the basin created by the main pier, at the entrance on the west side. I am afraid that such dredging will have to be permanent to prevent the entrance to the basin from being silted up.

Captain Hall of the Argo L ominous pleased this evening, having completed a tour along the west side of the Wadi Sinan. This west side is still in Transjordan. He is another of those splendid Englishmen, something of the Lawrence type, who take to the Arabic language & Arabic ways like a duck to water. I had heard of him before, & he apparently of me. He is small, slight, almost effeminate in appearance, with a high voice, but obviously one of those chaps with wills of iron, sharp minds, and clear
Having had fairly much experience in the last decade and more, I begin to understand how with representatives like Lawrence, Allenby, Vansittart, Kirkbride, Toft and Bell, they are able to look after and advance the interests of their country.

We are going to take advantage of the full moon tonight, and ride all through the night, making for Ghorandal, over 140 miles away. The camels are being loaded now. Toft and I are going, accompanied by Sheikh Ardah ibn Tali of the Tribes of Arabs. Some people say that these Tunisian Arabs are descendants of the Tribe of Quds. He is a thin, wiry, middle-aged man, who is much respected in these areas.

Berdan left shortly after we arrived here this afternoon for Tiberias. His fisherman’s launch is there, so he is going down in it to Tiberias, almost 40 miles south, on the Sinai side, where he says there is a protected anchorage, and good fishing. He is experiment with different ways of catching and preserving fish line for the Palestine market.

For the last two days, after coming back from Baladri on Friday with the Kirkbrides, who had stayed with me then, I put up at Hotel’s place in Amman. It was from leaving past both the Palestinian and Transjordan passport controls, in Kirkbride’s car, without showing my passport. The only hitch is that I can’t return to Palestine by any other route then the one I agreed to follow in the past few days, because I would have to do a lot of explaining as to how I left the country without having my passport stamped. Going through the Wadi Arabah, I shall simply be back in
Palestine, where I got to the north end of the Dead Sea, where Foot and I are to be entertained by Mr. Noronhaya's representatives at the British works there.

For P. Livingstone, Major de Gallais, Captain Bell, and Jennifer Foot, run an establishment of their own in the house that Parks Parks used to live in. The house was being run as a bachelor establishment till Foot's sister, Jennifer, joined it. Livingstone is the Director of Customs in T. J. Major de Gallais is a Jersey islander, as is the Arab Legion now; I believe, descended from the RAF. He flew in the last war. He had just had a house built on Jersey Island, when the Germans came. His wife got away in time. He & his cow were already away.

Yesterday morning, I called on George F. Whatfield, Director of Lands & Surveys, I got a bunch of maps from him. He would not let me pay for them.

Monday, Nov. 23, 1942.

At 5 o'clock this afternoon, shortly after sunset, we arrived at Ghorandal. Gulli has had a new police post constructed here, of the type customary throughout T. J. When I was here in 1934, there was only a small hut. This comparatively elaborate affair surprised me much, and pleased me no little. Foot, as the Assistant British Resident, who is charged also with the distribution of food to the Jabba, said it's a condition that if possible they return it in kind next year. I was very heartily received by the company of "Gulli's Girls", numbering about