

under the Tact of the Independent Arabs.
Agabah. Nov. 22, 1942.

H.M. Foot, Colin Bertram who is head of the Palestine Fisheries, Miss Bryant, the daughter of Abu 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-a-way. By 10:40 A.M., in 4 hours, we had reached Maan, where we departed Miss Bryant who lives there with her father. He is a former Palestine Police officer, who is in charge of the labor on the new road from Negb Shtar to Agabah. A big man, no longer young, with tremendous stomach, hearty laugh, and hard eyes. His wife is an Italian. His daughter speaks English, Arabic, Italian, & French. We then rode on to the end station of Negb Shtar, where Abu George Bryant's car awaited us, and brought us to the construction camp immediately below the top of Kh. Negb Shtar. This site has been destroyed in the construction work, & it is fortunate that I planned it & collected specimens there before hand. We arrived at Negb Shtar at 11:40 A.M., & a few minutes later I & the construction camp. We had lunch together with Abu George, ^{and} Major Noble who is in charge of the road-construction now. Major Noble then drove us to Agabah in his car. We left at 1:30 P.M., & arrived at 3 P.M.

It has been raining hard for the last three days in the Jerusalem & Amman districts. There has been no rain in Kerak, however, & none in the Uadi Thumrah. 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 rattled towards Maan.

Agabah is full of people. What interested me particularly were the numerous Saudi Arabs who have come up the gulf in

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their dugout canoes. There were also two approximately fifteen ton sail boats from Jembo + Wajha, which had brought charcoal and dried fish to Adalah. It is said that some of these boats, the larger sail boats + 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 Gion-gaber 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~~ There was a modern freighter anchored off shore today, discharging on to the small pier south of Adalah. Now that the main pier has a protecting sea-wall, and tall cement, electric light standards, up, it seems to be almost complete. A southerly gale did a little damage to its surface the other day, but that is easily repaired. Dredging operations are going on in the basin created by the main pier, + at its 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 Bell of the Arab Legion blew in this evening, having completed a tour along the west side of the Wadi Sirhan. This west side is still in Transjordan. He is another of these 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

purposes. Having had fairly much experience in the last decade and more, I begin to understand how with representatives like Lawrence, Aldenby, Vassell, Glibb, Kirkbride, Foot and Bell, they are able to look after & 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 Ghazal, some 40 miles away. The camels are being loaded now. Foot and I are going, accompanied by Sheikh Audeh ibn Jedd of the Injadat Arabs. Some people say that these Injadat Arabs are descendants of the Tribe of Qedar. He is a tiny, wiry, middle-aged man, who is much respected in these areas.

Bertram left shortly after we arrived here this afternoon for Madresh. His fisheries-launch is there, & he is going down in it to Shalab, about 70 miles south, on the Sirai side, where he says there is a protected anchorage, and good fishing. He is experimenting with different ways of catching & preserving fish here for the Palestine market.

For the last two days, after coming back from Palestine on ~~Thursday~~ Friday with the Kirkbrides, who had stayed with me there, I put up at Foot's place in Amman. It was fun breezing past both the Palestine & Transjordan passport controls, ^{& alien's office} in Kirkbride's car, without showing my passport. The only hitch is that I can't return to Palestine by any other route rather the one I expect to follow in the next 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, when I get to the south end of the Dead Sea, where Foot and I are to be entertained by Mr. Nooney's representatives at the Polish works there?

Foot, P. Lorington, Major Le Gallais, Captain Bell, & Jennifer Foot, run an establishment of their own in the house that Peake Peake used to live in. He had some fine granite Roman columns set up in the garden. The house was being run as a bachelor establishment till Foot's sister, Jennifer, joined it. Lorington is the Director of Customs in T.J. Major Le Gallais is a Jersey islander, & is in the Arab Legion now, I believe, seconded from the R.A.F. 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 son were already away.

Yesterday ~~afternoon~~ ^{morning}, I called on George F. Walpole, Director of Lands & Surveys, & got a bunch of new 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 Ghazal. Ghalib 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 ^{seed} wheat to the tribes, on the condition that if possible they return it in kind next year, was very heartily received by the company of "Ghalib's Girls", numbering about