



India.

1 Rupee = 1/6d.

16 Annas = 1 Rupee.

Iraq.

1 Dinar = £1.

1000 fils = 1 Dinar.

Iran.

128 Rials = £1.

1 Rial = 2^d (approx).

10 Rials = 1 Toman.

we arrived at Glasgow by train
from Wilmslow at 1.30 pm on
Friday 28th August 1944. Immediately
we boarded the Cronius which
lay in King George V dock. It
was a handsome looking ship
of the Orient line with 2 funnels.
On boarding we thought the
quarters were extremely good as
we passed the officers dining
room: but on being shown
out mess deck we were not so
pleased & had the impression
of being herded about like a
flock of sheep & treated as
gally slaves. Soon we were
issued with hammocks after
waiting in intense heat for them.
Once they were obtained, the

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next thing was - how to
shing them? The night was
spent quite comfortably & it
was surprising how soon
one got used to sleeping in
them. The food was reasonably
tolerable but we soon found
out that oranges, tinned fruit,
biscuits, chocolates & mineral
water could be obtained from
the canteen. Our ration of
cigarettes was 100 per week,
which lasted out fairly
well. After a few days we
were used to life aboard
ship & then on Sunday 30th
August 1941 the ship was
led by tugs out of King
George V dock & swung round

into the Clyde. It was a wonderful sight & now we could see all the ship building yards which appeared to be in full swing & many ships were under construction. We steamed slowly up the Clyde amidst cheers from crowds on the river banks. After a few hours we were in the Hebrides where we anchored until the other ships were ready for the convoy.

During the night of Monday 31st August 1941 we started on our long voyage & for the most part of us an unknown destination. When dawn broke on Tuesday we saw the west coast of Ireland

which was the last piece of
land we saw until we reached
Freetown. During the next 13
days we made headway at the
speed of 12 knots. Once out at
sea we joined a fairly large
convoy escorted by the battleship
Repulse & the aircraft carrier
Furious. There were several other
light cruisers, merchant ships &
5 troopers besides us in the
convoy. I managed to secure
myself a job in the hospital
which helped to relieve the
monotony while out at sea
as there was no particular
jobs for anyone while on board.
After a few days ~~it~~ it
became rough & this told us

that we were boarding on the Bay of Biscay. At 10.0 am on Saturday 13th September 1941 land was sighted & slowly we steamed into port at Freetown. When we docked, the first thing to catch our eyes were the funny little canoes in which the black men paddled around & came alongside the ship to dive for plummies which were thrown into the water. They were most amusing & could speak English fairly well but using one or two stock phrases such as "Any mo'e" & "Glasgow Tanned". We were not allowed ashore here but from the ship we

could see a ⁴very pleasant view
of the town situated amongst
various types of trees with
rather bushy undergrowth
where in some parts it had
been cut away & buildings in
quite a modern style had
been erected. At the back of the
town, were hills stretching
very high, so that sometimes
when the clouds were low, the
tops were quite covered. While
in Freetown some film shows
were given on board, but
owing to the weather being
variable they were abandoned
on several occasions. In one
instance a rather heavy
gale blew up & ripped the

screen completely off the frame,
& blew into the sea. On
Thursday 18th September 1941 at
1.0 pm the ship slowly steamed
out of Freetown Harbour &
within a few hours we were
out at sea again & this was
the last piece of land we saw
until Cape Town was reached.
It was a wonderful sight to
see each ship in the convoy
slowly steam through the boom
with the reflections of ~~them~~^{them} ~~and~~
showing up clearly on the
water. For the next 12 days we
sailed along merrily & arrived
at Cape Town 9.45 am on Tuesday
30th Sept. Just before arriving
here, the convoy split into two

parts, the other ^{5.} part going onto
Durban. As we slowly skinned
into the dock we had a wonderful
view of the town with Table
mountain stretching up behind.
We had 3 days shore leave
here & everybody had a wonderful
time. The South African
people showed great hospitality
& made us feel very much at
home. As we left the ship at
1.0 pm there were many cars
waiting to take us wherever
we wanted to go. The town
itself was very similar to
that of any English town
with buses, trolley buses, taxis,
cinemas, restaurants, theatres etc.
They were some beautiful

shops & most things were cheaper than what they were in England. Parks & gardens were very beautiful & flowers of many varieties we do not get in England were very plentiful. There was no black out here & it was a wonderful sight to see all the shops & cinemas lit up once again. All of us were able to get a good feed which for the most part was badly needed. Oranges were so cheap that they were almost thrown at you & had we gone in the right season peaches could have been obtained for 2/- a box 100.

28 was grand to see a picture
again after being at sea for
a month, & was very intriguing
to us to find everything so
typically English. The South
Africans are very patriotic &
live up to their name in every
respect. There were many
sites to see & so many things to
do but unfortunately in the small
space of time it was impossible.
Nevertheless everyone enjoyed
themselves & felt very much
better for the break. At 3.0 pm
on Friday 3rd October 1941 we
steamed out of Cape Town
harbour leaving behind us
some very pleasant memories
of the days we were ~~in~~ there.

This was the last part of our trip on the Cronias because at Bombay we disembarked. We picked up the other half of the convoy off Durban & sailed onto Bombay. The water in the Indian ocean in parts was so calm that there was hardly a ripple. As we got to the equator once again the weather began to get very warm although the heat was not unbearable & a gentle breeze helped to keep things cool. Albatrosses & many varieties of birds flew round the ship until we left the African coast. Dolphin whales were also seen.

On Wednesday 22nd October 1941
we sailed into the bay at Bombay.
At 10.30 am we dropped anchor &
stayed there until the following
morning. At 10.15 am the engines
were started & slowly we steamed
into the harbour. From the
bay we had a wonderful view
of the gateway to India &
many of the beautiful buildings
which were very prominent.

The weather was extremely
warm & carrying a kit bag
& haversack onto the quayside
was no easy job. The perspiration
poured off me so much that
I literally wrung my shirt out
as though it had just been
washed. While lying in the

day we had the pleasure of
seeing the Ecket which was
on coast duty round this
part of India. After depositing
out kits & bags in the customs
offices we went out side &
were directed to a service
canteen where they gave us a
cup of tea & a packet of cigars.
In a short while we were
marched down to our new
ship which lay in 19 Alexander
dock. This was the Lancashire
which was to take us to Basra.
From the dock side she looked
a terrible ship for the warship
especially compared with the
^{one}
~~ship~~ which lay astern of her,
~~ship~~ which was one of the latest

troopers called the Devonshire.

Anyway on boarding her we found that everything was beautifully clean & far more spacious than the Cronies.

Soon we sorted ourselves out & had a feed & a good wash which was so badly needed.

During this time my pal Ben had contacted the Sgt in charge of the hospital & we volunteered for work ~~there~~^{there} & so getting our own bunk which was very nice. After tea, passes were issued & we were allowed into Bombay. Several of us took a taxi into the town & we wandered round looking at the shops & some of the

most interesting peculiarities
of the Indians. It so happened
that it was the Mohoumaclow
fast day, so there were more
of them in the town than
usual. A great many of them
seemed very poor & the dress
they wore was very ragged.

Many of them had no homes
& going back to the ship, it
was quite a common occurrence
to trip over one of them lying
on the pavement using a
doorstep as his ^a pillow. Some
of the kiddies who played in
the street were really very
sweet kids & it seemed a
wicked shame for them to
have to live under such

conditions. ^{9.} An ice cream
parlour was sighted & we
went in ~~there~~, out of the heat
& were very refreshed when
we came out. We tried to
get into the pictures but they
were full so wandered round
& had a look at the gateway
to India & had our photos
taken. As we came from
the photographers an English
gentleman came up to us
& asked if he could direct
us anywhere & we asked him
if he knew where the
services canteen was. He
said he was going near that
& so we walked along with
him. We left him here and

went into the canteen & had a beautiful fruit salad with ice cream at very cheap rate & which seemed to satisfy us most of all. After this we decided to stroll back to the ship & on the way, noticed the very odd ways in which some of these people sleep. Arriving back at the ship we had a few drinks in the saloon & went to bed.

Friday morning we arose after a very sound sleep & started work in the hospital. After an inspection at 20's, we were allowed into the town. We took a garric into the town & bought a few things we required. Ben went

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to see some people at his firm
B.W. & Co & I went to find
Major Mr. Wastie whom I
knew from Sutton. Eventually
I found him but his wife &
kiddie were away on holiday.
Anyway he asked me to come
to his flat for a drink at 6.30
as he was not free until then
I also had to be on duty at 7.30.
After seeing him I wandered
back to B.W. to find Ben &
found him talking to the
managing director, Mr. Cook.
When I came in, he introduced
me & immediately asked me
to tea & dinner. After seeing
Major Wastie for a short
while I returned to Mr. Cook's

service flat & we had a really grand evening with him & his wife. Who were most interested to know exactly what was going on in England to-day. After a grand dinner & good chat about the home country we finally arrived back at the ship at 1.0 am with remembrance of a very enjoyable afternoon & evening.

There were one or two things that struck us in Bombay & they were:- The difference between the Europeans & the Indian people. Most Europeans seemed reasonably well off & could afford black servants to

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wait on them & cars to drive about in. Although petrol was rationed. Secondly, how ~~many~~ poor some of these Indians really are & the conditions in which some of them lived was absolutely unbelievable. At night times, as I say, you could see them lying in the streets wherever you went. Some of the buildings & streets were very beautiful & with the native costume it seemed really wonderful in some parts.

At 11 o'clock on 23rd October 1941 the Lancashire slowly pulled out of Alexandra dock Bombay & in a very short while we

were at sea again. Ben & I
took up our duties in the hospital
aboard & carried on in much
the same way as ^{on} the Orontes.
We messed in the hospital
& had Spt's mess food which
was 100% better than the
food we had been having
previously. On Sunday
morning we had egg & bacon
for breakfast, which was the
first egg we had since we
left England. There was
not a great deal of work to be
done in the hospital but we
found the time passed fairly
quickly although none of us
had any money as there was
not an accountant office on board

and the 10 Rupees we were paid in Bombay was an insult to us all. Previously, on the Frontier, all our English money had been taken off us, & so we were all left destitute. We all shared a grievance over this & wished we had played truant & not given the money in. On Wednesday 28th October 1941 we entered the river Euphrates. We had to travel 600 miles up this river & on the way we saw some of the country where Bible History was first started. Most of the way up the river we saw all the date

palms, just as one sees them in pictures & these funny little mud huts in which the natives live.

This was our first view of Iraq. The next thing we saw were the oil fields, which of course is ^{not} what the country ^{is so carefully guarded.} They were certainly very large & apparently the field we saw is the third largest in the world. ^(unknown to us it was Abadan) We were due to get in on Thursday, but the steering gear broke down, so we ^{were} ~~was~~ delayed a day. Anyway we arrived on Friday afternoon & were off the ship fairly quickly. We marched through the town

having dumped our kit bags on the enemy side. After we had marched ^{about a mile} through the desert 10 Army lorries were sighted at the side of the road & the black men signalled us to get in, which we did.

Actually these lorries were nothing to do with the Air Force & were intended for a Light Infantry detachment which followed us off the ship & it was not until we arrived at the camp that we found out the mistake. Anyway these lorries started off & drove 15 miles across the desert to the Army camp

at Shaibah. Immediately
all our visions of an Air
Force camp disappeared,
for all we could see for
miles were these canvas
tents & sand. There were
no brick buildings at all.
We eventually arrived at the
main point of the camp & it
was then we realised the
mistake had been made,
but nothing could be done
as there was no means of
communication. So we were
stuck out here in the
wilds & called ourselves
the "Legion of the Lost".
We were allocated tents to
sleep in & I had to make the

best of the two blankets we had with us. Although it is hot out here during the day, in the night it is very cold & so most of us did not get much sleep owing to the cold & also sleeping on the sand. Water was scarce & washing facilities, well, there just weren't any.

We carried a petrol tin from the one & only stand pipe to the tent which was for everybody to wash & shave in. The food was pretty terrible, being cooked in field kitchens, & nearly everywhere we eat had sand in it.

The worst of it was, that no one had any money or cigarettes & the flies during the day were almost unbearable, so you could imagine none of us felt very happy with life, & I am sure if we had stayed there very very much longer than we did, some of the boys would have gone out of their mind. After two days, a W/O. from our camp at Slabak showed up & everybody cheered when he arrived & were thankful that they did know of our existence up at the camp. Those of us in the medical branch were

told we were going to Habanyah
 & we really thought that we
 were going to get to our
 destination but little did
 we know there were more
 obstacles to overcome before
 we eventually arrived.

Anyway we were all piled
 into our own lorries &
 taken off to our own
 camp at Shaibah which
 certainly was a great relief to
~~from~~ get away from the
 army. Incidentally, why I
 say this, is because the
 Air Force have the Army
 wacked for accommodation,
 & I don't care what anyone
 says, I don't mind being

called a "Bycream boy," if it means living in a little more comfort to what these Army people do out here.

After another ride across the desert we arrived at our camp in Shaibah. We were all pleased to see brick buildings again & a few Rangers which made it look more like a camp. Those of us going to Habaniyah were told we would move of the next day but apparently later in the day a message was received to say they could not accommodate us & so we had to stay here indefinitely. This upset us slightly, to

Think we had come about
13 thousand miles & then
were not wanted. on the other
hand we were very thankful
to get away from the desert.
The accommodation & food here
was a revelation to the last
few days, & within a few
hours of our arrival we were
issued with a free pack of
cigarettes & the same afternoon
were paid 1 dinar 500 fils.
We were billeted in brick
huts & issued with palisades
& mosquito nets which
were a good send from the
flies which were a
terrible pest. The camp
was about 15 miles away

from the nearest town & the only means of transport was by taxi which was 1500 fils, & so everything had to be found on the camp. There were a few shops here such as a barber, cobbler, & a clothing shop which were all fairly cheap, so we were able to get alterations to our attire which were so badly needed. There was also a nice little cafe' where we could get a good meal at any time of the day. There was the usual N.A.A.F.I. canteen with billiard & reading rooms & quite a nice swimming pool.

There was also a cinema with a change of films every other night, so in a way we had a fair variety of things to occupy our ~~minds~~ ^{selves}. As we had nothing to do we needed something to occupy our minds until our posting came through.

In the cafe, 'The White House' as we called it, there were some of these beautiful Persian carpets which were for sale & only £1 each.

I would like to have bought one as in England they would be worth from anything from £10 - £15 with the tax on.

A favourite drink out here
seemed to be Russian tea,
which is tea with sugar
& a lemon squeezed in - in
place of milk. It makes a
very nice thirst quenching
drink. Although it was
winter time, the flies were a
terrible pest & worried us
ceaselessly all day & every day.
It took sometime to get used
to them & we were only on
the camp a few days before
Dysentery broke out. Measures
were taken to try & stamp out
these pests but still they
persisted & seemed to multiply
in their thousands. When
the flies subsided during the

evenings, the bats took their place. I had heard that bats were numerous out here but never thought they would be more numerous than the birds during the day.

Mosquitos did not bother us a great deal, & the figures for malaria out here seemed to be quite low. A week has passed since our arrival here & we all hope to go soon as we are still doing nothing here & most of us by now are getting a bit stale. Unfortunately, the day before the party left for Habbaniya I fell sick with dysentery. I was soon carted off to hospital

I put on fluids. For the first few days I felt like nothing on earth & really did feel ill. Anyway they kept me on fluids for a fortnight & towards the end of this time I began to feel extremely hungry & at long last they started me on light diet & then onto chicken diet, which was very tasty. Fortunately for me I only had bacillary dysentery & so my ^{not} inside was infected in anyway greatly. The hospital I was in, was staffed & run entirely by R.A.M.C. Although it was supposed to be an R.A.F. Hospital. Nevertheless they

were all very kind & did their best for the patients. It is 3 months now since we left England & so far I have received no letters, after being in hospital nearly a month I finally got my discharge from L on 6th Dec. & proceeded back to the camp at Shaibah. Posting to Habbaniya was arranged for me the following day. That night I spent in the officers ward in the sick quarters. At 5.30 pm on 7th Dec I reported to the guard room where a van pick me up & another fellow & took us to Margil. This was a

journey of 15 miles across
the desert passing through
Bassah & Ashad on the
way. The driver of the
van was a native I
never before have I seen a
van move as fast as this
one did. Many a time when
we were going through the
towns we had ~~many~~
narrow squeaks, & I was
very pleased & relieved when
we arrived at the Station.

Before leaving the camp, we
were told that we were ~~to~~
booked for a 2nd class sleeping
berth on the train but on
seeing the R. T.O. were informed
that all 2nd class were filled

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by officers, & so we had to
travel 3rd class. These were
~~carriages~~
carriages with seats very
similar to those in train-
cars but did not move.

During the night it got very
cold & I was very thankful
of my 2 blankets. The train
stopped about every half an
hour at stations right out
in the blue & miles away
from anywhere. As we
were travelling 3rd class we
could not get anything to
eat & by the time dawn
broke we were both tired
& hungry. Neither of us
got any sleep owing to these
arabs who kept getting

on and off the train. We
climbed onto the luggage
racks & tried to get a few
hours but had to keep one
eye on our kit in case it
was pinched. These stations
we stopped at were more or
less a little hut by the side
of the rail but no platform
of any description. Everytime
we got to a station natives
would come round selling
cakes & buns of various
types but knowing the very
concealment method & the way these
Arabs live we decided it was
safest to leave them alone.
We did manage to buy a
couple of hard-boiled eggs

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Which we knew could not be contaminated in any way. This was all the food we had until we reached Baghdad. The train was due to arrive at Baghdad at 9-30 am but owing to the number of stops on the way & the casualness of the whole affair we did not arrive until 2-30 pm, just a matter of 5 hours late which seem to mean nothing to them at all! By this time we were both very hungry & asked the R.T.O. what we could get something to eat. He directed us to the Y.M.C.A. & when we got there, expecting

A decent meal, all they could give us, was tea & buns. The Sgt who was arranging for our transport came in & told us that it would not arrive until 5.30, & so he took us to an army camp where we were able to get a good feed. Our transport arrived in good time to take us ~~the~~ 55 miles across the desert to Habbaniya. Both of us were very pleased when we finally reached the camp at 7.30 & were both ready for a good night's sleep in comfort. I was shown to my billet which was cpls only & was issued with sheets & pillows &

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blankets with a nice soft
bed to sleep in. It was a
happy relief to feel that I
had finally got to my unit
& would be able to start
work again. That night I
slept like a top & in the
morning was very excited
to see the hospital & my
laboratory. I was given
a very warm welcome
by the boys whom I knew
& met one of my old pals
from the lab at Hallow who
is in the lab there. After the
first few preliminaries I
went to the lab & met the
Sgt in charge whom I had
come out to relieve. He gave

me a very warm welcome
I showed me the laboratory.
It was a fine ^{place} than ever
I expected & very modern
indeed. I was very thrilled
about this & looked forward
to times when I should be
able to get down to some
studying again. The mess
was extremely nice & the
food easily the best I had
since joining the R.A.F.

The cpls had a separate table
of their own & chiks to
wait on us. Bread & butter
was cut nicely. Table clothes
tea in cups & made freshly
in tea pots. For breakfast
if you did not like what

was on the menu, eggs could be obtained ^{at} ~~of~~ the ^{cost of} ~~and~~ 5 fils. This was the nicest mess I had ever been in. The billets were extremely good with spring beds, sheets & plenty of lockers for your clothes. It was grand to get my kit out once again instead of it getting all messed up in my kit bag. Each billet had a chieko who cleaned your buttons & boots each morning, made all the beds & kept the room generally tidy. In the afternoon he would bring round tea at about 3.0 pm for those who wanted it. In other

words he acted entirely as a
butler to us. He did all
our washing & everything all
for 100 fils a fortnight.

After being out in the desert
& then at Shaibah it was
a great relief to come to such
privileges & comfort as this.

Although this camp is
right out in the desert & 55
miles from Baghdad, which
is the nearest town except
for a little village about 10
miles off called "Zolouges". This
place was definitely unsafe
to go to, because when the
Iraqis tried to invade the camp
in May, this village was
raided & many valuables were

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secured by our boys, & of course the inhabitants have not forgotten it. These Iraqi tribesmen are very sleuth in their methods, & would not hesitate to kill any one of us on sight in that village. Although as I say the camp is right out in the desert, it is supposed to cover an area of 20 sq. miles & believe me when I say it is very large. It is so large that we have our own taxi service, & when you want to go to another part of the camp, you just get on the phone & ring up for a taxi. There is a large cinema on the camp

& The films ~~are~~ quite good
although we ~~do~~ ^{did} get some
good f shows. There is also
a large swimming bath as
large as the galleon, & a row
of shops $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile long
which is called "Cheapside"
These shops vary in all kinds
& one can get most things
you require at any of these.
There are clubs of every
description & kind. Cricket,
Tennis, football, Hockey,
Swimming, photographic,
Boating, riding & many
others. There is a large lake
near by where the boys spend
a great deal of their time
yachting. The hospital over

Their own horses & we go
for rides at 75 fils an hour.
We have our own tennis
courts and our own vegetable
gardens. After settling down
it was Christmas time &
a fairly good programme was
in store for us all. On
Christmas eve we had a
fancy dress polo match
on donkeys. I went dressed
as a schoolgirl. All the
boys had a very good
laugh & some of the
costumes which were made
were extremely good &
everybody enjoyed the
afternoon. In the evening
there was a Sing song in the

canteen. Christmas day was patients day & we went round the wards doing our best to entertain them. In the evening I was invited to a party at the Buffalo Lodge which was very enjoyable.

Boxing day was our day & I went for a lovely walk in the morning & played billiards & ping pong in the afternoon. Our dinner was at 6.0 pm & as usual the officers served us. This dinner was the best I had had in the R.A.F. We started off with soup, fish followed with chips & sauce, then turkey, mashed & roast potatoes, green peas & stuffing.

Christmas²⁶ pudding. Best
flowed freely & there were
plenty of cigarettes, almonds
& raisin, oranges & bananas.
Altogether it was a very
enjoyable dinner & well
cooked. After dinner we
adjourned to the canteen
for a concert given by
members of the camp
concert party which was
very enjoyable. Following
this we had a sing song
& the officers came along
& joined us. It was very
good fun & they called
on quite a number of them
to sing songs which they
did readily. As usual

been flowed freely & by the time the party broke up it was early hours of the morning. And so Xmas passed away & quite an enjoyable time was had by all in spite of the fact that we were so far away from home. I had been on the station 3 weeks by now & up to the present I had received quite large helpings of mail, although some people had not received any for months.

On Monday 5th January 1942 I was initiated into the Buff Lodge with all due ceremony. This proved, after

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a few weeks to be a most interesting and entertaining evening every Monday.

Time rolled passed & things went on in the usual way. Playing plenty of sport & quite enjoying life on the whole. Mail still arriving fairly regularly.

On Friday 20th Feb: 1942 Ben & I managed to get a week-end in Baghdad. At 3:0 pm the gate arrived at the Hospital reception room for us & we piled in. It was a terrible day & a dust storm was just beginning. As we passed out of the main gates of the camp, both of

which we thought had not
 be driven over before. Again
 we made a detour & went
 round & round in circles.

eventually arriving back at
 the same place where we
 had left the lorry. All of us
 looked very bewildered &
 amazed & stopped again
 for further consultations.

After more shouting & signs
 we made another effort.

Petrol was running short
 & we had visions of
 sleeping on the desert all
 night. After travelling for
 a while we came across
 an old Iraqi shephard
 with his lantern & an old

stick & who is commonly called a "Desert Rat" in that part of the world. After consultations with the driver, Ben decided it would be better if he came with us & directed the way. Luck was with us, he knew every inch of the desert & in a short time we found the main Baghdad road again. We were very grateful for his help & Ben gave him a handsome tip of 250 fills. He was most grateful & left us feeling pleased we had done him a good turn as well as he - us, as he was very ragged &

stunk most profusely. After we had left him at the little village, we found out from the driver that he lived there, so the laugh was on us. Nevertheless, for the experience & putting us on the right road again, it was well worth it. This so

called desert rat was one of the filthiest old men I have ever seen in my life. His clothes were very ragged & old, & by the amount which came forth, we imagined he had never seen a bath.

Soon we arrived in Baghdad & in a short while we got rid of all the sand.

which by this time ~~was~~^{was} ~~was~~
almost covered us. Ben
had already booked us a
room the previous week &
after having tea we
adjourned to our room. It
was beautifully situated
at the back of the hotel,
with a balcony facing the
river. We also had our
own bathroom. Incidentally
the name of the hotel was
the Tigris Palace & was
supposed to be exclusive
to officers & S.N.C.O.s but
that did not worry us.
After a good clean up, we
went to dinner. We had
not been seated a dinner long

When a young Lt in the R.A. walked in & whom I recognised immediately as an O.C. & with whom I was at Cronleigh, years ago. We had a very excellent dinner & afterwards went to the pictures as the sand had turned into rain. The following morning we woke at our leisure & after breakfast went for a walk up the main street to have a look at the shops. They are most difficult to describe & are best done so by photos, but believe me when I say they are the dirtiest & filthiest I have ever seen, Nevertheless

Some of them contain articles which are of extreme value in England & here, are comparatively cheap. After spending sometime at the photographers & obtaining a few photos we went to the bazaar for which Baghdad is so famous. Although these shops are very quaint they had some beautiful stuff in them & many things I would like to have bought but would be impossible to get home.

Some of the rugs we saw selling at 15 D would bring at least £50-100 in England. Not only these but silk,

& many other things were of very good value. These tiny little shops ~~are~~ peculiar to this part of the world & hundreds of them are all jammed together in a very confined space. They go by tracks & you go up various ally ways to find certain articles. After wandering a round we returned to the hotel for lunch and afterwards set out for the mosque at ~~the~~ Caclunain but the weather was against us, so we returned to the Sue & have a look at the shops in that part of the basead. We did not find so much of

interest here as they were
mostly catables & looked
more like a cheap market
than anything. That evening
we tried another of these
funny old cinemas & saw
quite a good show. Sunday
morning was beautiful &
the sun shone through the
windows in our bedroom
quite early in the morning.
After breakfast, we visited
St. Georges Church which is
reputed to be one of the
oldest in this part of the
world & afterwards to the
Museum. Here we saw
many old relics, some
of which dated back to

2000 years ³² B.C. After lunch
we took Lt. Munnery & two
other officers down river to
to see the Amarah workers.
Some of the silver ware was
really wonderful craftsmanship
& one was very tempted
to spend plenty of money
here. We passed from the
Amarah workers to the
bazaar once more for a
final look round, afterwards
returning for tea. After
dinner our things were
packed ready & at 8 o'clock
The gari arrived to take
us back to camp. We
had a good run back &
arrived in good time.

both feeling very refreshed
after an enjoyable week-
end. Work continued in
the same routine day after
day. On 29th March 1942
a new draft arrived here,
amongst them an old
friend of mine from Halton
Cpl Koppo who joined Ted &
myself in the lab. We were
very pleased to see him &
seemed to add a new interest
to life. Warmed weather
approaching. 3rd April
great panic. One case of
Smallpox isolated & consequently
the whole unit vaccinated
& all billets fumigated. On
Saturday 11th April 1942 I

was passed to Bassah. I might add that this shook me very much as I thought that I should not move from Habbaniya. At 2.0 pm the gari arrived to take me to Baghdad & so once more on that long & dreary journey to Iraq. Feeling very despondent I waved good bye to Ted & Hoppy as the gari moved off. We arrived in Baghdad in plenty of time for the train which gave me the chance of getting a good feed. Tried to get a second class carriage on the train but as usual it was impossible.

anyway I got in with
some Army Spts who were
also travelling South. They
were a good crowd & we
had some fun together. We
managed to get into the
dining car for a cup of
coffee & for once the dining
car attendant showed a
little generosity & let us sleep
there until 5.0 am so we
could get a little sleep in
the open chairs. We appreciate
this as it was totally
impossible to get any in the
carriage. At 5.0 they woke
us up & gave us tea. The
train arrived punctually for
once in a while & the Garsi

34.

soon arrived to take us up to the camp. Went up to the Sick Quarters & met a Dispensed who left Habb. a few weeks previously. He showed me the lab, which was only one small room with very little apparatus. Then I met Sped Frey who I had heard so much about as a pathologist & who was acting as S. M. O. He greeted me cordially, & then to my great disappointment he told me that I was taking over the duties of Sanitary Assistant. I explained my position to

him but unfortunately he
seemed to think that it went
hand in glove with lab
work. The following day
I met the 7/sgt who was
in charge of Sanitary work
for S. Det, & I explained the
position to him & he told
me he had got an a.c to
do the job. The fellows in
the Sick Quarters were a
grand crowd of chaps & if
it had not been for them I
should have been very
miserable. 7/sgt Walker
showed me round the camp
& it was then that I
realised how true the stories
are about Basrah being ^{one of} the

most deadly place for malaria. The Sick Quarters itself was very nicely situated on the water front & we could sit & watch the boats come & go as we often did. Luckily the boys managed to find me a bed in the Sick Quarters otherwise I should have had to sleep in one of the ranges, & I can assure anyone that this was not at all pleasant owing to the fact that they were swarming with rats & the chances of plague setting in could quite easily be foreseen. Although this station had many

Setting of
easily at
this station

disadvantages, on the other
hand it had advantages.
Unlike Habbaniya there
was not a great deal of
amusement on the camp
with the exception of a
cinema. But it was quite
easy to get into Ashed by
cat as it was only 5 miles
away. Ashed was quite a
unique little town & the
creeks which run up in
various places were called
the "Venice of the East." From
the ^{photos} ~~pictures~~ they look very
picturesque, but in summer
they dry up & all that
remains is a terrible smell.
The bazaars here were very

similar to those in Baghdad
& after visiting them a few
times the Arabs get to know
you quite well. There was
one certain Amadah worked
here who was a genuine chap
& who knew us quite well.

He spoke English fairly
well & had been to the
Worlds fair in New York.

Every Sunday evening a
special motor launch
went to Ashed for those going
to Church. We used to go
to this grand old church
every Sunday evening & it
was very interesting going
down the river.

In this part of Iraq we

were able to study the life of the natives no more than anywhere else. The more you got to know about them the more intriguing were their habits. Their modes of living were so primitive & unless seen by oneself it is almost unbelievable that such conditions exist to-day.

The women all wore these black cloaks which covers them completely. The history behind it is that they are only to be seen by their husbands. When a man wants to get married he does not go about it in

the same manner as we do. That is to say meet a girl & start courting her & then get married. He says to his father that he wants a wife & his father goes round to people he knows & asks them ~~for~~ if their daughter is for sale. He does not see her but ascertains how old she is & whether of good breeding. Then he takes his report back & tells his son stating the price they require for her. Usually 50. 60 or 80 d. If the girl is of exceptionally high class they may go over the 100 d.

After this procedure the
mother and the daughter
interviews the girl herself
& brings his report back.
The fellow then decides that
he can afford it & hands
over the money to his
prospective father-in-law,
who with this money has
got to buy a house for
his daughter & any presents
he thinks she ought to have.
It is not until the marriage
ceremony is over that the
bridegroom sees his wife
when they retire to a room
by themselves. The bride is
confined to the house for
7 days & on no account is

is she allowed to come out.
Now that he is married this
fellow has to support all
his relations that is to
say his father & mother-in-
law & and brothers or sisters
in law who are not married
& they all live in the same
house. How they manage
amazes me because the
majority of doabs only earn
about 100 fils (2/-) a day.
That is the way they
carry on & the majority of
them seem to be quite
happy. A divorce suit is
one of the most difficult
things imaginable & the
only satisfactory way is

seems is for a man not
to shave for a week & then
make violent love to his
wife. One day I had a
job of going in the ambulance
to fetch a patient who was
a queer Rabies & in convulsions
from one of these native
villages. When we arrived
the ambulance could only get
so far owing to a wide
stream & we had to walk
about 250 yards through these
narrow roads & between old
shambles of rushwork houses
to get to his house. This was
the first glimpse of real
native ^{life} I had had & it was
not until then that I realised

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in what ³⁹ ~~firmly~~ conditions these
natives lived ~~was~~ it
would be impossible to put
into words the sight I saw
but to describe it as best
I can, the least to say about
it would be that the over-
crowding act of England
did not come into the
picture. There were rows
& rows of these little
rushwood houses in which
it seemed at least a dozen
people in each one. When
anyone is taken ill, they
do not believe in medicine
although they do not mind
us taking anyone away to
hospital as long as he

comes back cured but there
belief is that if he goes to
the big mosque at Baghdad
he will get better. Eventually
we arrived at his house where
he was lying on the ground
being held down by four
people with about 20 others
standing & watching. As we
made our way in most of
the women & children started
crying because we were
taking him away. The next
thing to do was to get him out
of the house which was no
easy task. Once we did get
him out we were surrounded
by crying kiddies & women
& the procession started back

to the ambulance. Anyone could imagine what difficulties we were working under with people surging round the stretcher & trying to hold this fellow down.

Eventually we came to the stream & as there were only 2 planks across it I had vivid imaginations of everyone going into the water, a thing which I did not relish knowing that this water was highly polluted but which they used for every purpose. We got to the centre of this narrow bridge & the fellow started out of his fetters & it was

very surprising how everyone kept their balance. All the natives wanted to tip him in the water to cool him off. At last we got to the ambulance & got him in much to our relief & started on our way to the hospital.

A few days later we heard that this fellow had refused an operation & had gone to the mosque. Whether he lived or not we never heard.

It may be worthy of note that this job was carried out in the heat of the afternoon & the temperature in the shade was well over a 100, so anyone can guess how

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The perspiration just flowed out of us. As I have said the S.O. was situated on the water front we could watch every ship dock & depart. During one week in May 1942 we watched no less than 6 troopships dock, each one full of troops. It was easy to see from this that troops were literally poured into the country. Not only troopships but as many if not more cargo ships arrived, ^{each} carrying at least 10 Boston planes from America. The Lend Lease Act seemed to be in full swing in this part of

The world as far as we could see. It was interesting to note that these ships flew flags of many different nationalities.

During this month H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester came & inspected this part of Iraq. He inspected the Levies but did not come near us, although he saw everyone at Shaibah. In the officers mess there no officer under the rank of Squadron was permitted in the mess during the luncheon. I thought this rather an insult & so did many of the officers concerned. Talk about fuss & ceremony. I had to take

2 ~~main~~ patient #2.

to hospital that morning
I believe me it was very
difficult to get through
as all roads were closed &
military police stopped all
traffic. One Iraqi officer
stopped the ambulance &
told us we could not
proceed any further because
His Royal Highness was
on an inspection. I told
him that I am sure the
Duke would not stop us
from taking a patient who
was seriously ill to hospital,
and after a lot more
arguing he let us through.
The Duke came up the
river by night & was

escorted by 2 high powered
speed boats manned by the
Navy who each had a 600
gun, & their orders were
to shoot if anyone got in
their way. Anybody would
have thought they were
guarding ^{something} which was priceless.

As the summer wore on
so the heat rose but the temp
never showed ^{more than} about 120° in the
shade, although the humidity
was as high as 80° on several
occasions, & this, as anyone
may realize is very high.

After a great deal of moaning
I managed to get stuff for
my laboratory, but all the
same I was very limited.

nevertheless I got off the
Sanitation duties & settled
down quite well & after
while I found plenty of
work with out any Sanitation.
As I have stated previously
the Sick Quarters was situated
almost on the water front with
quite a pleasant outlook &
after a time one got accustomed
to the routine habits of life on
this station. I varied
considerably from Habbaniya,
where there your life was
centered entirely on your unit
& in the camp itself. Here
life is more or less centered
in the Sick Quarters, going
to the pictures sometimes

during the week & Ashat on
Saturdays to go round the
bazaars & have ice creams &
a dinner at a cafe. Sunday
was usually a restful day &
in the evening we went to
Ashat on the launch, to church.

During the hot weather nearly
everybody sleeps outside in
the open & one ~~Monday~~ morning
a funny coincidence occurred.

An inspection parade is held
on the square every Monday
morning & we being medical
are exempt from it. This
sick quarters is very near
the square & our beds in full
view. On this particular
morning out, ^{chief} did not wake

us up in time & we overslept,
 to be awakened by the W/O's
 voice yelling at the men on
 the square. We knew that
 if he saw us we should
 probably have to go on
 parade in future which
 was not our idea at all. The
 only thing we could do was
 to lie inside our mosquito
 nets which acted as good
 protection and was too far
 away for him to see.

When the chance came one
 by one of us (4 in all) slipped
 in to sick quarters and all
 managed ^{it} without being seen.
 I was the last one & just
 before I was about to go by

beard came out & stood with
a mug of tea in his hand
for me. I told him repeatedly
to go away but he was too
dumb to understand. By this
time I had no alternative
but to make a rush for it
and as luck would have it,
got into S. A. unnoticed.

15th July 1942 I received the
bad news that Joan had
died. It knocked me cold &
had to ~~take~~ ^{take} ~~me~~ ^{me} ~~very~~ ^{very} ~~steadily~~ ^{steadily}
~~for a couple of days~~ ^{for a couple of days} as I was afraid of
~~had~~ ^{had} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~with~~ ^{with}, a nervous
breakdown, but I recovered
slowly & tried hard to forget
it but her memory always
remained. The M.O. said I
could have a holiday in

Ferhan but up to the moment nothing had come of it.

On Wednesday 29th July, 5 of us from the Sick Quarters were invited to dinner by the Matron of the Grand Hospital which is a big hospital about 5 miles from here.

Miss Millows knew most of us here when we were at the old hospital (now taken over by the Army). I was the only new one in the party.

We had a lovely dinner & bags of iced drinks at her house. Afterwards playing cards ~~and~~ until about 11.30. eventually singing up for

out ambulance to come & pick us up. It was a most enjoyable evening & made such a nice change.

Now that I had my laboratory once more, although the work ^{was} fairly limited, I had plenty to keep me very busy. The time seemed to pass very quickly & I felt much happier, although there was always that longing to get back to Habbaniya to a big lab where the work is more varied & interesting. Still I suppose I ought not to be too greedy & thank God for small mercies & for a lab to work in at all.

30th August 1942. It seemed hardly a year ago to-day I sailed from England & on the whole the time has flown by quickly, & when I look back during this past year quite a number of interesting things have taken place, most of which I have noted. To-day I was notified that my leave had been granted & that I was to start on the morrow for Tehran. It was a very pleasant surprise for me as I had not expected to go for another fortnight owing to the fact that one of my pals from the S.A. was already on leave, & it is not often they allow

two of us away at once. Any-
way at 3.0 pm on 31st Aug
the gari picked us up for the
first part of about a 700 mile
journey. We proceeded to
Shaibah transit camp where
we stayed the night to pick
up the convoy to Ahwas in
the morning. The journey
to Shaibah was one of the
bumpiest I have ever experienced,
I riding in an open waggon
on one occasion we were nearly
thrown out. Shaibah transit
camp was a very grim place
but as we were only staying
a night it did not worry
us greatly. It was just a
mass of tents and a flimsy big

gale was ^{47.} blowing which
did not help matters greatly.

The tent we were in, had
a few forms which were to
be our beds for the night. It
was obvious that we were
not going to get much sleep
so some of us walked into
the main camp & went to
the pictures. After a few very
restless hours on forms we
were ~~woken~~ awakened at

3:0 am Tues: 1st Sep. I proceeded
to breakfast. At 4:0 am the
lorry arrived & the party of
12 of us piled in with our
rations. We proceeded to
Tanouma & across the ferry
& then to start for an 84 mile

^{ride}
across the desert. When we
got across the ferry, the convoy
formed up - about 10 lorries in
all. The first part of the
journey across the desert was
not too bad and we made
very good headway. About half
way we had a break & stopped
for a spot of food. The last
20 miles was the grimest
journey I have ever done in
my life & by the time we
arrived at Ahwaz were
absolutely covered in sand &
felt very much worse for
wear. Arriving at the
station we were told that
we could not get the train
until the following day, but

after a bit ^{48.} of wangling we managed to get them to put an extra coach on the train that was going that day. Anyway the train did not leave until 4.0 pm so we had about 7 hours to wait. We found out where we could get showers and a shave and made ourselves at home on the station. If we had been in England anyone would have stared at us but in this part of the world it is quite a common thing to see people lying about in the most obscure places. Anyway we tried to get some food in a canteen & they had run out by the time we got there

anyway
they had run
the time we got there

so we had nothing else to do
but to get out our own ration
& scrounge some hot water
for tea. The fellow in charge
of the canteen tried to charge
us 2 rials each for hot water
but we were wise to him &
got it free in the end. He was
a real swindler we found
out later but we were too smart
for him to catch us. It was
here that most of us tried our
first "Sinalco" which is quite
a nice drink made from the
juice of pomegranates. It seemed
a long wait until our train
arrived & we were very pleased
when it did seeing that we
had a 24 hour journey to Tehran.

At 7.30 pm ^{49.} we slowly steamed
out of Ahwas Station for a long
journey through the mountains.
The carriage we were in was
very similar to that of any
English corridor train but the
backs of the seats pulled up
making 4 bunks. We managed
to get a decent dinner of chicken
on the train which was very
welcome. Soon we made up
the beds and prepared for
sleep. This was the first time
I had really slept on a
train & did so very effectively.
Awakening the next morning
very refreshed. On looking
out of the window we saw
some wonderful scenery &

were now right up in the mountains. It was a real treat to see green fields and pastures again & had it not been for the high mountains one would not know it was not England. This was the scenery for the rest of the journey. We travelled on all day & from time to time running up & down to the engine getting hot water for tea. Since starting the journey we had changed engines & towards the evening we had to go up a very steep incline, & the engine would not take it. We got out & went up to the engine & spoke

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to the driver who was an
Englishman. We heard then
that the whole railway
system had been taken over
by the Army & fellows who
in peacetime were engine
drivers & who are now in
the R. E.'s were driving the
trains. He took us into the
cab of the engine & explained
why it would not take the
gradient. Apparently the engine
had been transformed from a
coal burner to an oil burner for
economic reasons, & this was
its first tryout. Owing to the
overload she just would not
take it. I asked him what
we were going to do & he said

There was nothing he could do until the coal train arrived & which was due to pass this point in about 2 hours time.

Sure enough it came along on time & we switched one of the engines over with ours & tried to make up for lost time. It was no good, but we arrived at Tehran at 120's, 4 1/2 hours late. Tehran was the first modern station I had seen since leaving England & reminded me of Waterloo or Victoria, but the point that struck us was the big Swastika painted on the stairway. We found out later that the whole

atmosphere in Teheran was more pro German than British but those who were pro British were the people in responsible positions & the ones that mattered. The gari was waiting outside the station to take us to the rest camp at Gulhet about 6 miles outside Teheran. Owing to all the tents being full we were unable to move in until the morning when other fellows were moving off. Anyway we got down to it in the dining hall & were soon asleep. I woke up early in the morning & felt quite cold. It was grand to feel cold for a change instead

of always being hot. Soon we were up & after breakfast moved out stuff to places in the tents where people ^{had} just moved out. After sorting out, I found John Sanders & we soon got together in a very short time. The camp consisted of about 20 tents situated in most beautiful surroundings of the British Legation. If one could imagine a large estate in England with plenty of large trees, grass & beautiful lanes on which shadows are cast by rays of the sun through the trees, the site would be admirably described. A better & more beautiful

place would be very difficult to find. One end led into the grounds of the British Legation where several lovely houses were situated & the other end led out onto the main road just at the foot of the mountains. John soon showed me ~~about~~ all around & took me to the house owned by M^{rs} Smith & where all of us were invited to sit in her loggia & read & listen to the wireless also use her iron for our clothes which was always available in the garden. She was a very dead lady & tried to make the boys at home as much as possible.

The rest of the morning was spent in straightening up & ironing some of my clothes which had got creased up in my kit bag. As usual in the afternoon most people have a short siesta which I have found out, is very prevalent in this part of the world. At about 3.30 I did & I caught the bus into town. It is worthy of note that these buses are single decks but they are never satisfied until it is packed so that everybody is jammed in like sardines. My first real glimpse of the town was very impressive. With the exception of South Africa

it was the most European town I have seen in this part of the world. The streets were very wide, large shops, traffic lights, buses, & the most modern American cars. It was a real treat to see proper picturehouses & shops properly decorated again.

Teheran is noted for its best gardens which I must say are very fascinating and unless actually seen are very difficult to describe, but an idea may be gathered by this description. Imagine a garden with small trees dotted about and tables laid. Either at one side, ^{or one end} is an alcove & a platform

whose the band play & in front
a small piece cut out for
those who wish to dance. In
some of these best gardens they
have some fine cabarets &
shows which I will deal
with later. Anyway I felt
very hungry & John took
me to the United Services
Club which is especially for
British troops & we had a
first class feed. The food was
really excellent & so enjoyable.
This was all run by voluntary
workers, most of whom were
well to do English women
whose husbands were
government officials & their
part was more or less the

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same as the W.V.S. in England.
The only thing was that the
food was 100% better as I am
sure half of it could not
be obtained in England. This
place was extremely well
patronised by the troops &
everybody thought how
extremely kind these people
were to us, & no praise high enough
can be given to these ladies who
help to make our life enjoyable
out here. After we had a very
good feed we had our shoes
cleaned by a bootblack as neatly
everybody does. Never before
have I seen a bootblack get
such a wonderful polish, ~~before~~
& when he finished my shoes,

They shone so brightly that they might easily be mistaken for patent leather. We strolled round and had a look at the shops & then I noticed the number of troops there were. Besides quite a large number of British troops there were thousands of Polish Army soldiers and A.T.S. girls.

Of course there were large numbers of Iran soldiers & airmen & quite a few Russians. Never before have I seen quite a galaxy of uniforms. The striking feature about these Polish A.T.S. girls was that the majority of them were very fat & chubby built & looked very healthy girls. After walking round we went to the

Café Continental which is one of the very high class but gardens I saw an excellent concert given by the Polish soldiers. Although we could not understand the language the music was very good indeed & they had a first class orchestra. Quite a number of the tubas were entirely acting with incidental music & which of course everybody could understand. Owing to a curfew at 10-30 & every person in military uniform had to be off the street unless a late pass was obtained, we had to leave the concert before it finished. Nevertheless it was

most enjoyable & I returned
back to camp with a satisfied
feeling that once again I was
living in a civilized world &
not continually amongst a
crowd of natives.

Friday 4th Sept. In Persia,
Friday is the Sabbath day & most
people have the day off, the
same as we do in England, &
instead of taking the cat out &
going down to the sea for the
day they go up into the mountains.
John & I decided we would go
also & got our rations for the
day, starting off about 8.30 am.
As we were only about 2 miles
off the foot of the mountains
we walked all the way. It

was the first time for ages
that I had done any real
walking & after a little while
I started to get tired but soon
got my second wind & was
alright then. After about an
hour we reached the ~~first~~ a
village at the foot of the
mountain, called Daband. (picture)
& was one of the most picturesque
places ~~that I have seen~~. The gardens,
trees, waterfalls & scenery were
simply magnificent & the
buildings all very modern.
We rested here & then went
on. The scenery now was some
of the most beautiful I have
ever seen in my life, amidst
rocks & boulders there were ~~also~~

waterfalls, large & small, caves, alcoves, trees, rock plants & everything which makes these surroundings so wonderful. It was very rocky & fairly steep & the climbing not at all easy. After another 2 hours we reached one of the small peaks but I am afraid a very long way off from any of the large ones. Anyway we were satisfied with our progress & sat down & had some food. We decided not to go any further as we did not want to overdo it & so we started off back to camp. Coming down was easier going than ~~coming~~ ^{going}.

I When we got to Darband, managed to get a bus back to camp. After a short rest and a wash and change we set off for the town I went to the Services Club for a good meal. As we were walking round, just by chance I bumped into an old friend of mine, Arthur Carrott who ^{was} stationed here at the Aircraft Factory I whom I had not seen for 2½ years since we were rookies together at Hanston in March 1940. The opportunity was too good to lose, I so I arranged to meet him on Sunday night after the service. We left Arthur I

His pal & went to the
Charyfoul, another Beet
garden, which incidentally is
the most popular because all
these Polish A.T.S. girls go there,
and had a drink & then
went to the pictures & saw
Pinochio. The picture house we
went in was as good as an
English one & we had an
excellent slap upstairs. It was
a real treat to sit in a
decent cinema once more.

After the pictures there was
just time for a coffee & then
catch the bus back to camp.

Saturday 5th Sept. In the
morning I made full use of
Mr^s Smith's iron, & washed

I ironed quite a few clothes. Had
 a good rest in the afternoon
 & at 4:0 pm set out with
 John for the town. First
 call to the Services Club for
 a good feed. Then we had
 a wangled round, paid a
 short visit to the Changanou
 & then decided to go & see
 a cabaret at the Astoria, which
 is perhaps the most aristocratic
 but golden. We had just
 taken our seat here & ordered
 but when the Chinese Foreign
 Minister walked in. The
 cabaret was quite good but
 not as good as some I have
 seen in England. We just
 managed to see the end of
 it & catch the bus in

it & catch the bus in good time.

Sunday 6th Sept. There was a church service at the American mission at 11-15. John & I went down to it. It was held for the forces & conducted by an Army padre. The hymns & psalms were all ones we knew & so it went down very well. It was too late to go back to the camp for lunch so John & I popped in the Cafe' Europe or Polish cafe' as it is called & had a very nice lunch there. After lunch we returned to camp, had a rest & came out again & had a high tea at the Polish

café again. We went to the American mission again at 6 o'clock & heard an American service - This was the first one of its kind I had ever heard.

After the service I met Arthur but he had some friends with him & as John was with me, I decided to meet him on Tuesday as John was going back. We had a quiet evening then, & had a spot of supper & returned to camp.

Monday 6th Sept. This was John's last day with me but as usual in the morning we did a spot of washing & ironing. After a sista we set off for the services club and

the Services Club and
As always had a good fun.

Afterwards we wandered round
the town for a little while
eventually finishing up at
The Kabanjou. It was fairly
packed here that evening with
troops but we managed to
find a table. Thought I would
have a dance with one of these
Polish girls which I did but
any progress was impeded by
the fact that she could neither
speak English or French. I tried
one or two of them but found
very few who could talk English
so gave it up as a bad job.
Anyway they are all very good
dancers! After a little while
at The Kabanjou we decided

To finish off the evening at our little coffee shop. It is worth of note that the coffee in Persia is really excellent & the best I have tasted since leaving England.

Tuesday 8th Sept. John left for Basrah early in the morning. A party was organised to visit the one and only cigarette factory in Iran, the director of which was Mr. Smith. He set off about 10 o'clock & had to get about 3 miles the other side of the town.

At first we found it difficult to make anyone understand where we wanted to go but luckily found somebody who

spoke French & who directed us
most of the way. As bus took
us most of the way & brought
us to the native part of the
town where we had to walk
about 1/2 mile. It seemed
incredible that within 3 miles
of a, shall we say modern
European town, there could
be a ^{native} village with the same
old filthy habits, stinking
shops & untidiness of dress
that I have seen so much
of at Bassah. Anyway we
squeezed through these dirty
streets & came to what seemed
to be a better part and a
sort of ending to a main
arterial road. Laying back

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from the road was an enormous building in its own grounds. This masterpiece of architecture (obviously German design) looked more like a hotel than anything, but actually was the office of the factory. Behind this great building was the factory & we were shown all round it by the manager who was an Iranian but had studied in England for 3 years & spoke very good English. This factory had some 3500 employees & their own hospital, dentist, & a marvellous canteen. As I have said before it was very modern & they turned out quite good

canteen. As I have said
before it was very modern &
they turned out quite good

cigarettes, but naturally did
not have as many varieties
to choose from as we do.

Nevertheless they make two
good grades of cigarettes & one
poor grade which most of
the natives buy. Cigars were
also made and quite
reasonable too. The price of
both cigs. & cigars was ridiculously
low compared with any
English brand, this price being
about 4² for 20 cigs. After
spending the better part of
the morning wandering
around this enormous factory
we felt quite tired & caught
a bus back into the town
& had a snack in the NAAFI

and then returned to camp for a rest in the afternoon. In the evening I arranged to meet Adhith & we decided to go for a short walk around the town. Then he went to collect his photo & I thought it so good & had mine taken also. After this we went to the Kavanjou & had a good talk about old times, leaving in time to catch the bus back to camp.

Wednesday 9th Sept. Woke up feeling grim. glands & a sore throat, so stayed in bed all the morning. As I was not meeting Adhith, did not hurry myself but got up late in the

afternoon & after a ~~shave~~
wash & shave I felt better &
ambled slowly down to the
Services Club for the usual
feed, afterwards went to the
pictures & saw a film, but
it was in French. I was rather
bored with it & fell asleep in
the pictures. Had a coffee &
returned to camp.

Thursday 10th Sept. Went down
to Mr. Squires house in the
morning, wrote a letter &
listened to the wireless. It
was grand lying on the big
settee out in his loggia & just
listening to the birds in the
trees. Very pleasant morning.
As usual went to the Services

club for dinner in the evening.
 I met Arthur & went to a
 Polish concert at the Astoria.
 This was the second one I
 had seen I enjoyed it more
 than the first. Unfortunately
 we had to leave early in
 order to catch the bus.

Friday 11th Sept. Spent a
 very pleasant morning at
 Mr. Squires house, wrote my
 diary & a letter. Met Arthur
 at 2.30 and went to the
 Olympic games stadium &
 had a look round. It was
 a marvellous place and
 one of the finest stadiums
 I have ever seen. After a
 walk we went to the Services

Club I had a feed & had some very good games of table tennis. As usual we paid a visit to the katanjou & finished the evening off by going to the pictures.

Saturday 12th Sept. Went down to Mr. Squires house in the morning and listened to the wireless. Went out with one of the boys in the evening & stayed at the Continental to see a cabaret. Not very good.

Sunday 13th Sept. Had a lazy morning in bed. Came into the town about 5 o'clock. I went to the Polish Cafe for a meal & then met Arthur and went to the American Mission for

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The American Service. Afterward
we were invited to one of
the American ladies houses
where we had sandwiches &
coffee & then hymn singing
afterwards.

Monday 14th Sept. Wrote up
my diary & did a bit of
washing in the morning.
In the evening as usual
went to the Services Club
& then to the pictures.

Tuesday 15th Sept. Went down
to Mr. Squides house & listened
to the wireless & read some
papers. Had a drink in the
evening, went for a walk
& then to the pictures, calling
in at the Karanfoul just

before catching the bus.

Wednesday 16th Sept. Went on
the lorry to Detham Tappin
I went to the S.O. I saw the
M.O. whom I knew at Habb.
After, went I found Arthur
who took me all over the
aircraft factory, very modern
place & all the latest types of
machinery. As usual in the
evening, went to the Services
Club for a good feed & then
wandered round to the Kavanough
I met Mac. Had a drink with
him & finished off the evening
by going to the Polish Cafe for
another feed, only just made
the bus back in time.

Thursday 18th Sept. Had a good

lay in in ^{the} morning & directly after lunch went up to Dersham Toppet & met Arthur. Had a drink in the NAAF, with some of the boys & then strolled down to the Services club with Arthur. Had a game of table tennis, then did a bit of shopping & went to the pictures afterwards just popped into the Kavanough & then a feed in the Polish cafe' before catching the bus.

Friday 19th Sept. This was our last day at Teheran so I had to make the most of it. Packed up my things in the morning & met Arthur in the afternoon went & had a feed at the

Polish cafe & then wandered
round the shops & did a bit
of shopping - bought some
lovely coffee & brought back
with me. Finished up as
usual at the Kavanoue &
then said goodbye to Arthur
catching the bus back for the
last time after a very enjoyable
leave. Saturday we were
up early & the lorry took us
down to the station to catch
the train. The train journey
did not seem too bad going
back & everyone had something
to talk about. We arrived
at Ahway 90c Sunday morning
& were taken up to the rest
camp where we had to spend

The night before catching the
convoy in the morning. We
went into Ahwas in the
evening & I was sorry I
had no film in my camera
as there were some good
photos to be taken. Went &
had a good feed & then to
the NAAFI & had some
Canadian beer which was
the best I have tasted since
coming overseas. Met quite
a number of Yanks who
seemed very decent chaps.
Monday morning saw us on
the move by 60c. & then
convoy formed & moved off at
70c. We were all very thankful
when this part of the journey

was over ⁶⁷ and eventually
arrived at Tanouma 10-30.

We had to wait here sometime
for the ferry. Eventually it
came & soon we were across
& not long before we arrived
back at Bastak. We were
all very thankful to get back
again after the long journey
& were able to get cleaned up
once again. Soon settled
down to work & got into
the routine of things & then
after a fortnight I went sick
with Pandfly fever & had to
have a week in hospital.
Soon got over that & once
again settled down to work
which went on quite steadily.