

**LETTERS FROM  
JAMES HENRY BREASTED  
TO HIS FAMILY  
AUGUST 1919 – JULY 1920**

*Letters Home During the Oriental Institute's  
First Expedition to the Middle East*

Edited by John A. Larson

Documents from the Archives of the Oriental Institute, Organized and Published on the Internet

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This presentation is the first contribution to a new series of Oriental Institute publications, based on original records in the Oriental Institute Archives. It coincides with the opening of the temporary Oriental Institute Museum exhibit *Pioneers to the Past: American Archaeologists in the Middle East, 1919–1920* (January 12–August 29, 2010), curated by Geoff Emberling, and with the appearance of the illustrated re-print of *Pioneer to the Past: The Story of James Henry Breasted, Archaeologist, Told by His Son Charles Breasted* (Chicago: The Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, 2010).

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# INTRODUCTION

## THE 1919–1920 BREASTED EXPEDITION TO THE MIDDLE EAST AND THE BEGINNING OF THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

JOHN A. LARSON, ORIENTAL INSTITUTE MUSEUM ARCHIVIST

In May 1919, the Oriental Institute was organized as a research institute in the University of Chicago, primarily through the considerable efforts of Professor James Henry Breasted, then Chairman of the Department of Oriental Languages and Director of the Haskell Oriental Museum, with the financial support of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and the Rockefeller Foundations.<sup>1</sup> By August 1919, Breasted had determined to lead a small team of scholars— Daniel D. Luckenbill, Ludlow S. Bull, William F. Edgerton, and William A. Shelton — to Egypt and Western Asia (figs. 1–4), in order to expand the collections of the Haskell Oriental Museum at the University of Chicago, to determine which sites might be available for archaeological investigation, and to observe the current political situation in the Middle East, particularly in Egypt and Mesopotamia (now Iraq).

The framework for a study of the inaugural expedition of the Oriental Institute survives in a series of letters that James Henry Breasted wrote home to his family in Chicago throughout the course of the 1919/1920 trip. The principal recipients of Breasted's home-letters were his wife Frances, whom James had married in Berlin in 1894, and their elder son Charles (born in 1897), recently returned to civilian life from wartime service and enrolled in classes at the University of Chicago. A few notes from Father were addressed to the two younger Breasted children, James, Jr. (born in 1908) and Astrid (born in 1914). Shortly before Breasted's departure for Europe and the Middle East, Astrid had been hospitalized, and there are many queries in the letters from a concerned father about the health of "the little girl," who was then only five years of age.

The writing of this corpus of home-letters continued a pattern that had begun during the honeymoon of James Henry and Frances Hart Breasted in Egypt during the winter of 1894/1895. James and Frances both wrote long, detailed letters to their own families and to their in-laws; the letters were saved and collected together to serve as a travel diary. This practice was repeated during two seasons up the Nile in Egyptian and Sudanese Nubia during the winters of 1905/1906 and 1906/1907. Breasted was quite conscious of the fact that his letters could serve as source material for his later writings, and this awareness doubtless affected the style and content of what he wrote.

Extensive excerpts from the 1919/1920 letters appeared in a biography of James Henry Breasted, written by his son Charles. They are presented complete and unexpurgated for the first time here. The original letters were transcribed by Margaret (Peggy) Horton Grant, proofread by Hazel Cramer and Sandra Jacobsohn, and copy-edited by Jean Fincher, under the general supervision of John A. Larson, Oriental Institute Museum Archivist.

Every effort has been made to produce a transcription of these letters that adheres as closely as possible to the content of the originals. The majority of Breasted's letters to his family were typed by him on a portable Corona typewriter that he acquired specifically for this journey. The texts would present few challenges (e.g., fig. 5) for the transcriber were it not for a number of interlinear and marginal corrections and for some extensive annotations (e.g., fig. 6) that may reasonably be attributed to Charles Breasted in the process of

<sup>1</sup> James Henry Breasted, "The Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago," in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages and Literatures*, Volume 35, Number 4 (July, 1919): 196–204.

<sup>2</sup> Charles Breasted, *Pioneer to the Past: The Story of James Henry Breasted, Archaeologist*, Told by His Son Charles Breasted (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1943; paperback Phoenix edition, Chicago and London: The University of Chicago Press, 1977; reprint with illustrations, Chicago: The Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, 2010), Chapter VIII, pages 240–321.

preparing his own manuscript for his biography of his father. James Henry Breasted's handwriting was, for the most part, clear and legible (e.g., fig. 7), and the texts of the handwritten letters have been subjected to the scrutiny of all those who have been involved in processing them for presentation; we sincerely hope that we have managed to produce consistently correct readings. For the most part, Breasted's idiosyncratic punctuation has been maintained throughout, including especially his use of commas, dashes, and quotation marks. Spellings of place names and personal names have been modified only where the letter-writer was inconsistent in his own repeated uses of them.

Before his death in December 1935, James Henry Breasted had begun the draft of an autobiography; the experiences of the first expedition of the Oriental Institute would, undoubtedly, have filled a chapter in his own memoirs, had he lived to complete the manuscript. We can assume that Breasted would have utilized his home-letters as source material, but it is unlikely that he would ever have presented them in their entirety and unedited, as we have done here. These letters were written as a record of the expedition but were also intended for the eyes of his family only. James Henry Breasted was a man of his time, and the observations and opinions expressed in these letters should be read and understood in context.

### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF EXPEDITION PARTICIPANTS<sup>3</sup>

**James Henry Breasted (1865–1935)**, American Egyptologist, Orientalist, and historian, was born in Rockford, Illinois, on August 27, 1865, the third child and elder son of Charles Breasted and his wife Harriet (Garrison). In the summer of 1873, the Breasted family moved to Downers Grove, Illinois, where James grew up and attended public school. By 1880, he began to take classes sporadically at North-Western [now North Central] College in Naperville, Illinois, where he eventually received a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1890. In the meantime, Breasted worked as a clerk in local drugstores and, in 1882, entered the Chicago College of Pharmacy, where he graduated in 1886. He then was employed as a professional pharmacist and acquired much knowledge about drugs, which was to prove useful in later life when he was dealing with ancient Egyptian medical texts. In 1887, Breasted began his study of Hebrew and Greek at the Chicago Theological Seminary, and subsequently was enrolled at Yale University in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1890/1891, where he was awarded a Master of Arts degree, *in absentia*, in 1892.

With the encouragement of William Rainey Harper, then Professor of Hebrew at Yale University, Breasted went to Berlin in 1891 to study Egyptology with Professor Adolf Erman who himself was a student of the pioneering German Egyptologist Richard Lepsius. James Henry Breasted became the first American to earn a PhD in Egyptology (University of Berlin, August 15, 1894) and the first to receive an appointment to teach the subject in an American university (University of Chicago: Assistant in Egyptology and Assistant Director of the Haskell Oriental Museum, from October 1, 1894 to 1901; Instructor in Egyptology and Semitic languages, 1896; Assistant Professor, 1898; Director of the Haskell Oriental Museum, 1901–1935; Professor of Egyptology and Oriental History, 1905–1935). His first appointment at the University of Chicago began with a six-month leave of absence, during which time he was scheduled to do “exploration work” in Egypt.

On October 22, 1894, Breasted married Frances Hart (1872–1934), a 21-year-old American student, whom he had met in Berlin. The Breasteds would eventually have two sons, Charles and James Jr., and a daughter, Astrid (the “little girl” of the 1919–1920 home-letters). The newlyweds spent a working honeymoon in Egypt during the winter of 1894/95, and Breasted acquired several thousand Egyptian antiquities for the new Haskell Oriental Museum (since 1931, the Oriental Institute Museum) at the University of Chicago.

During the next twenty-five years, the publication of a series of textbooks and technical works established James Henry Breasted as one of the senior Orientalists in the United States. From 1900 to 1904 he collected data for the great Berlin *Wörterbuch der Ägyptischen Sprache*, and the German academies in

<sup>3</sup> The biographical sketches are copied from *Pioneers to the Past: American Archaeologists in the Middle East, 1919–1920*, edited by Geoff Emberling, Oriental Institute Museum Publications 30 (Chicago: The Oriental Institute, 2010), pp. 147–51.



Berlin, Leipzig, Munich, and Göttingen asked him to copy and arrange hieroglyphic inscriptions in their collections. During the same period, he began work on the most important ancient Egyptian historical texts, including many unpublished ones, with the intention of producing a sourcebook of English translations for the benefit of historians in general; the accumulated 10,000 manuscript pages of translations and commentary were published in five volumes as *Ancient Records of Egypt: Historical Documents from the Earliest Times to the Persian Conquest* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1906–1907). This major corpus of primary source material enabled the ancient Egyptians to speak for themselves and served as the basis for Breasted's popular book, *A History of Egypt from the Earliest Times down to the Persian Conquest* (New York: Scribners, 1905), in which he drew his conclusions from his translations of the ancient texts.

For two winter seasons, 1905–1907, Breasted was director of an epigraphic expedition to Egypt and the Sudan, under the auspices of the Oriental Exploration Fund of the University of Chicago, Egyptian Section. In 1919, with the financial support of John D. Rockefeller Jr., James Henry Breasted founded the Oriental Institute at the University of Chicago, as a research center for the study of the ancient Near East. For the first five years, the Oriental Institute was supported by a modest annual grant from Rockefeller; with the great gifts given later by the Rockefeller Foundations, the Oriental Institute became the leading Egyptological research center in the Western Hemisphere.

On April 25, 1923, James Henry Breasted became the first “archaeologist” to be elected to membership in the National Academy of Sciences, a personal honor that helped significantly to legitimize the struggling profession of archaeology in American academic circles. Breasted's vision established three related types of research at the Oriental Institute: archaeological fieldwork and excavation; salvage and epigraphic recording of standing monuments for publication; and the interpretation of recovered records for philological purposes and basic reference works, such as dictionaries and grammatical studies.

On June 7, 1935, Breasted married Imogen Hart Richmond (1885–1961), the divorced younger sister of his late wife Frances. James Henry Breasted died of a streptococcal infection in New York City on December 2, 1935. His remains were cremated and subsequently interred in the Breasted family plot in Rockford, Illinois, beneath a granite marker imported from Aswan, Egypt. Breasted was the real founder of professional Egyptology in the Western Hemisphere and, with George A. Reisner, one of the leading American Egyptologists of his day. During his lifetime, he acquired many distinctions, academic and otherwise.

**Daniel David Luckenbill (1881–1927)**, American Assyriologist, was born near the borough of Hamburg in Berks County, Pennsylvania, on June 21, 1881, the son of the Rev. Benjamin Franklin Luckenbill and his wife Mary Jane (Berger). He received his early education in public schools in Pennsylvania. In 1899, Luckenbill graduated from Lehigh (later Bethlehem) Preparatory School in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and enrolled in the College of the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, where he earned a degree in Semitic languages (AB, 1903) and was appointed Harrison Scholar in Semitics for the academic year 1903–1904. He was subsequently awarded a Harrison Fellowship in Semitics for the years 1904–1906.

While at the University of Pennsylvania, Luckenbill studied under professors Albert T. Clay, Herman V. Hilprecht, Morris Jastrow Jr., William A. Lambertson, and Dr. Hermann Ranke. During the summer semester of 1905, he continued his studies in Egyptology under Professor Adolf Erman, who had also been James Henry Breasted's teacher.

In the summer of 1906, Luckenbill entered the University of Chicago, where he was appointed Fellow in Semitics for the academic year 1906–1907. At the University of Chicago, he studied Egyptology with Professor James Henry Breasted and Assyriology with Professor Robert Francis Harper. Luckenbill received his PhD from the University of Chicago in 1907 with a dissertation entitled “A Study of the Temple Documents from the Cassite Period.” In July 1907 Luckenbill's PhD thesis was reprinted by its editor Robert Francis Harper in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages and Literatures* (volume 23, number 4, pages 280–322), and was printed simultaneously as a separate private edition published by the University of Chicago Press for distribution by the University of Chicago libraries. Luckenbill spent the remainder of his

academic career at the University of Chicago (Associate in Semitics, 1907–1909; Instructor, 1909–1915; Assistant Professor, 1915–1919; Associate Professor, 1919–1923; and Professor, 1923–1927).

In the autumn of 1908, Robert Francis Harper was appointed the ninth resident annual director of the American School of Archaeology at Jerusalem (as it was known at the time), and Luckenbill joined his mentor for the academic year. During the academic year 1908–1909, Luckenbill produced a visual record of his travels — approximately 500 black-and-white photographic images of the Middle East, including 76 panoramas — mostly of sites in Palestine, with a handful of pictures taken in Syria and Egypt. The negatives were purchased by the Haskell Fund for the Haskell Oriental Museum in 1910 and now form one of the earliest corpuses of original Middle Eastern views in the Oriental Institute Archives. Luckenbill's prior experience as a scholar/photographer earned him the role of official photographer for the 1919–1920 University of Chicago Expedition.

On February 24, 1914, D. D. (as he was known to friends and colleagues) married Miss Florence Parker — a Chicago heiress and University of Chicago graduate in Religious Education (SB, 1900), who was more than eight years his senior — and moved into her large home at 10340 Longwood Drive in the fashionable Beverly-Morgan Park neighborhood of Chicago. After the death of Robert Francis Harper in August 1914, Luckenbill became Curator of the Babylonian/Assyrian section of the Haskell Oriental Museum at the University of Chicago. In 1921, Luckenbill was appointed as the first editor of the Chicago Assyrian Dictionary project, which he directed until his death.

In the spring of 1927, Luckenbill and his wife sailed to England, where D. D. intended to study cuneiform texts at the British Museum for the CAD. During the sea voyage, he contracted typhoid fever. Less than three weeks before his 46th birthday, Daniel David Luckenbill died in London, England, on June 5, 1927, at a nursing home on Tavistock Square, Camden. A funeral service was held at All Souls Church, Langham Place, London, on June 9, 1927, followed by burial in St. Marylebone (now East Finchley) Cemetery.

**Ludlow Seguire Bull (1886–1954)**, American lawyer and Egyptologist, was born in New York City on January 10, 1886, the son of eminent ophthalmologist Dr. Charles Stedman Bull (1844–1911) and Mary Eunice Kingsbury (1856–1898). Christened with the surname of his paternal grandmother's family, Ludlow graduated from the Pomfret School in Connecticut in 1903 and earned an AB at Yale in 1907. He attended Harvard Law School and received his LLB in 1910. He was admitted to the bar in the State of New York in 1911 and practiced law with the firm of Curtis, Mallet-Prevost & Colt in New York City until 1915.

At the age of 30, on the recommendation of Albert M. Lythgoe of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Bull embarked on a second career and enrolled at the University of Chicago to take graduate courses in Egyptology with Professor James Henry Breasted during the winter and spring academic quarters of 1916 and the entire academic year of 1916/1917.

Bull enlisted in July 1917 as a Private with the Yale Mobile Hospital Unit in the US Army Medical Service Corps, American Expeditionary Forces; by 1918, he had been promoted to First Lieutenant in the Sanitary Corps, with which he served in France until the end of the War. When he left home, Bull took with him an Egyptian grammar and an Arabic chrestomathy to study during his off hours. Ludlow Bull joined Breasted in Cairo on Christmas Day, December 25, 1919, as the first member of the Oriental Institute reconnaissance expedition to link up with its leader.

Bull wrote his dissertation, entitled “The Religious Texts from an Egyptian Coffin of the Middle Kingdom” based on study carried out in Egypt during the 1919–1920 expedition and he received his PhD from the Department of Oriental Languages and Literatures of the University of Chicago in 1922. During the winter of 1922/1923, he assisted Breasted and Dr. Alan H. Gardiner in the earliest stages of their work on the Middle Kingdom coffins in the Egyptian Museum, Cairo — the first field season of the Egyptian Coffin Texts Project. Bull's chief contribution was in listing the Cairo coffins and in classifying the materials from Pierre Lacau's personal research on the coffins.

Dr. Bull's working career as an Egyptologist is associated primarily with his alma mater, Yale University, and with the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. From 1925 until his death, Bull served as Honorary

Curator of Egyptian Art at the Yale University Art Gallery. He was lecturer in Egyptology at Yale University, 1925–1936, and then a research associate with the rank of Professor after 1936. He was Assistant Curator in the Department of Egyptian Art of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, from 1922 to 1928, and Associate Curator from 1928 until his death; he wrote a number of articles in *The Metropolitan Museum of Art Bulletin* and *The Metropolitan Museum Studies*, and was a member of the editorial board of the latter.

Ludlow Bull was Recording Secretary of the American Oriental Society, 1925–1936; Vice-president, 1938; and President, 1939.

Ludlow Seguire Bull died suddenly in his summer home on July 1, 1954, and was buried in Litchfield, Connecticut. Later that same year, Bull's estate donated his papers to the Manuscripts and Archives Department in the Sterling Memorial Library at his Alma Mater, Yale University. The earliest material in the Bull Papers at Yale dates to 1923.

**William Franklin Edgerton (1893–1970)**, American Egyptologist and Demoticist, was born in Binghamton, Broome County, New York, on September 30, 1893, the youngest of the three sons of statistician and economist Charles Eugene Edgerton (1861–1932) and his wife Anne Benedict (White). William F. Edgerton graduated in 1911 from Central High School in Washington, DC, and studied Semitic languages at Cornell University (AB, 1915) in Ithaca, New York, where he was elected to the Cornell Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa from the junior class in 1914.

Edgerton was admitted to the University of Chicago for graduate studies and received fellowships for the years 1915 to 1918 and also studied briefly at the University of Pennsylvania. On May 22, 1918, he married fellow Cornell graduate (AB, 1912; MA, 1913) Jean Daniel Modell (1888–1980) and served in the medical department of the U.S. Army in 1918–1919. Edgerton was the youngest member of the first field expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, 1919–1920, under the direction of Professor James Henry Breasted. Upon returning to Chicago, Edgerton held fellowships in the Department of Oriental Languages and Literatures, 1920–1922. His PhD thesis, “Ancient Egyptian Ships and Shipping,” written under Breasted, was reprinted in 1923 in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages and Literatures* (volume 39, number 2, pages 109–35), and was printed simultaneously as a separate private edition published by the University of Chicago Press for distribution by the University of Chicago libraries.

Edgerton served as an Assistant in the Oriental Institute, 1922–1923. He spent a year of post-graduate studies at Columbia University, 1923–1924. After two years of teaching experience away from the University of Chicago (Assistant Professor of Ancient History, University of Louisville, Louisville, Kentucky, 1924–1925; Associate Professor of History, Vassar College, 1925–1926), Edgerton was appointed Epigrapher with the Epigraphic Survey of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, Luxor, Egypt, for three field seasons under Harold Hayden Nelson, 1926–1929. In 1927, Edgerton studied Demotic Egyptian at the University of Munich, under Professor Wilhelm Spiegelberg. Most of the remainder of his academic career was spent at the University of Chicago (Associate Professor of Egyptology, University of Chicago, 1929–1937; Professor of Egyptology, University of Chicago, 1937–1959; Chairman of the Department of Oriental Languages and Literatures, University of Chicago, 1948–1954). Edgerton received a Fulbright Grant in 1951 for a year of study at Cambridge University, England. On February 22, 1957, Linetta Margaret Cooper of Chicago became the 2nd Mrs. William Franklin Edgerton. After his retirement from the faculty of the University of Chicago in 1959, Edgerton spent two years as a Visiting Professor at the University of California, Berkeley, 1965–1967.

Edgerton collected materials for a dictionary of Demotic Egyptian — the dream of his mentor Wilhelm Spiegelberg — but it fell to Edgerton's student George R. Hughes and to Hughes' student Janet H. Johnson to make the Chicago Demotic Dictionary a reality.

After a long illness, William Franklin Edgerton died in a convalescent home in Bridgeview, Cook County, Illinois, on March 20, 1970, at the age of 76. Edgerton's personal library was bequeathed to the Oriental Institute, where it forms an important part of the older Egyptological titles in the Director's Library/Research Archives, and his professional papers and photographs are now in the Oriental Institute Archives.

Sources: Bierbriar, *Who Was Who in Egyptology*, p. 137; Hughes, “To the Members and Friends of the Oriental Institute,” pp. 5–6.

**William Arthur Shelton (1875–1959)**, son of Leroy Shelton (1835–1895) and his wife Sarah Elizabeth Rogers (1850–1896), was born in Azusa, Los Angeles County, California, on September 6, 1875. He grew up in Texas and Oklahoma. William Shelton attended Yale University, where he earned BD and MA degrees. In 1914, Shelton received an honorary Doctor of Divinity degree from Emory College (now University) in Atlanta, Georgia, and was appointed to the faculty of the new Candler School of Theology, where he served as Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature until his retirement in 1930. In 1915–1916, Shelton was granted a leave of absence from Emory to continue his post-graduate studies at the University of Chicago, where he studied with Professor James Henry Breasted, among others. In 1919–1920, Shelton accompanied the inaugural reconnaissance expedition of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago, under the direction of Breasted, to Egypt, Mesopotamia (Iraq), Syria, Lebanon, and Palestine. With funds made available by Georgia businessman John A. Manget, Shelton purchased antiquities for the Emory University Museum (now the Michael C. Carlos Museum) in Atlanta, Georgia. Toward the end of 1920, Shelton presented to Breasted a set of contact prints of 209 photographic images from the black-and-white negatives that he made while on the trip (now Accession 290, dated January 4, 1921, in the Oriental Institute Photographic Archives). Shelton’s travel experiences as a member of the 1919–1920 Oriental Institute expedition were published as *Dust and Ashes of Empire*. William Arthur Shelton died on February 22, 1959, in Birmingham, Alabama, and is buried in Westview Cemetery, Atlanta, Georgia.

Sources: Shelton, *Dust and Ashes of Empires*; Bowen, *The Candler School of Theology: Sixty Years of Service*, pp. 172–73; Beierle, “One Brick from Babylon,” pp. 8–17.





Figure 1. Map of the Breasted Expedition, 1919–1920



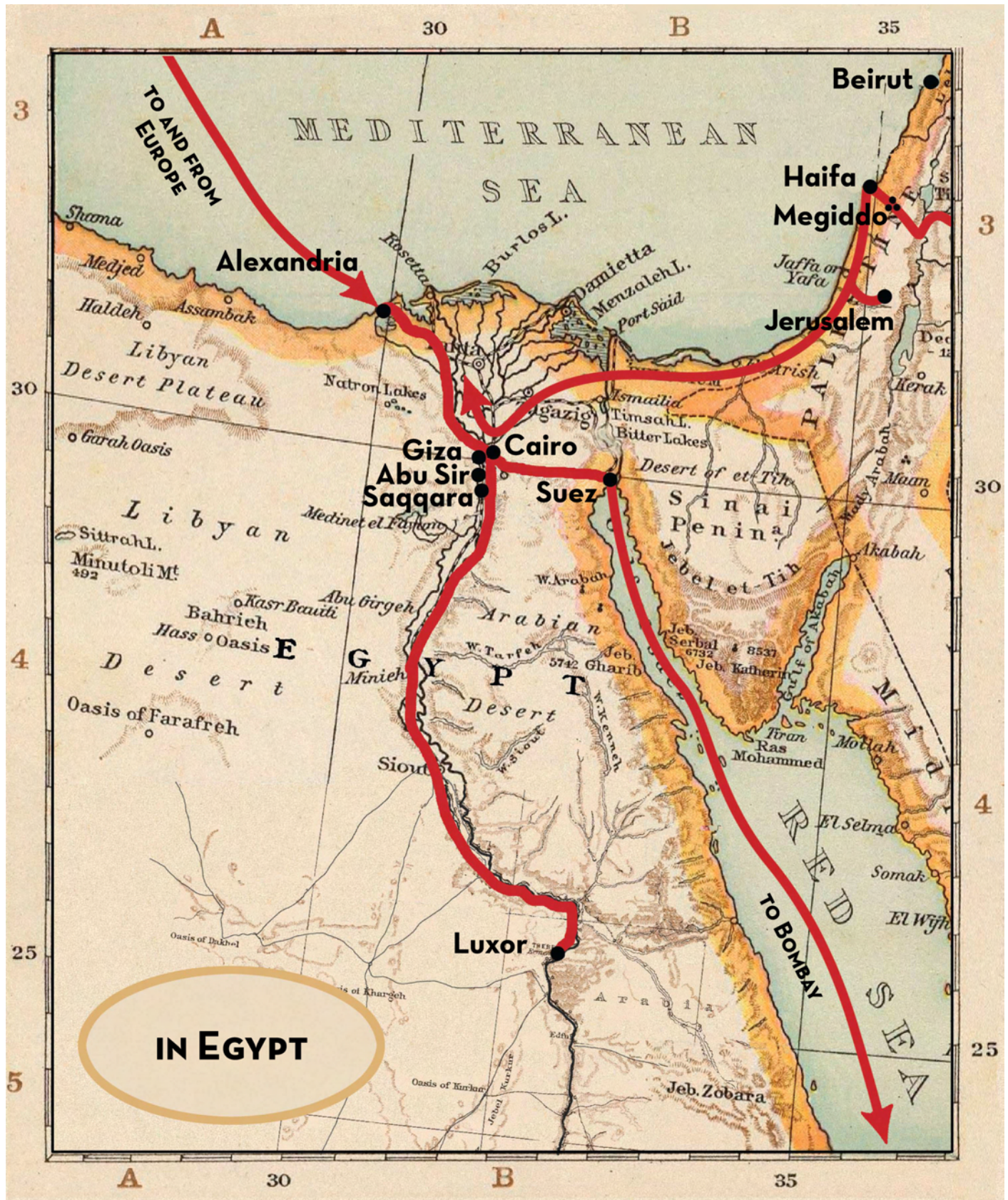


Figure 2. Map showing route of the Breasted-led expedition through Egypt. 1919–1920



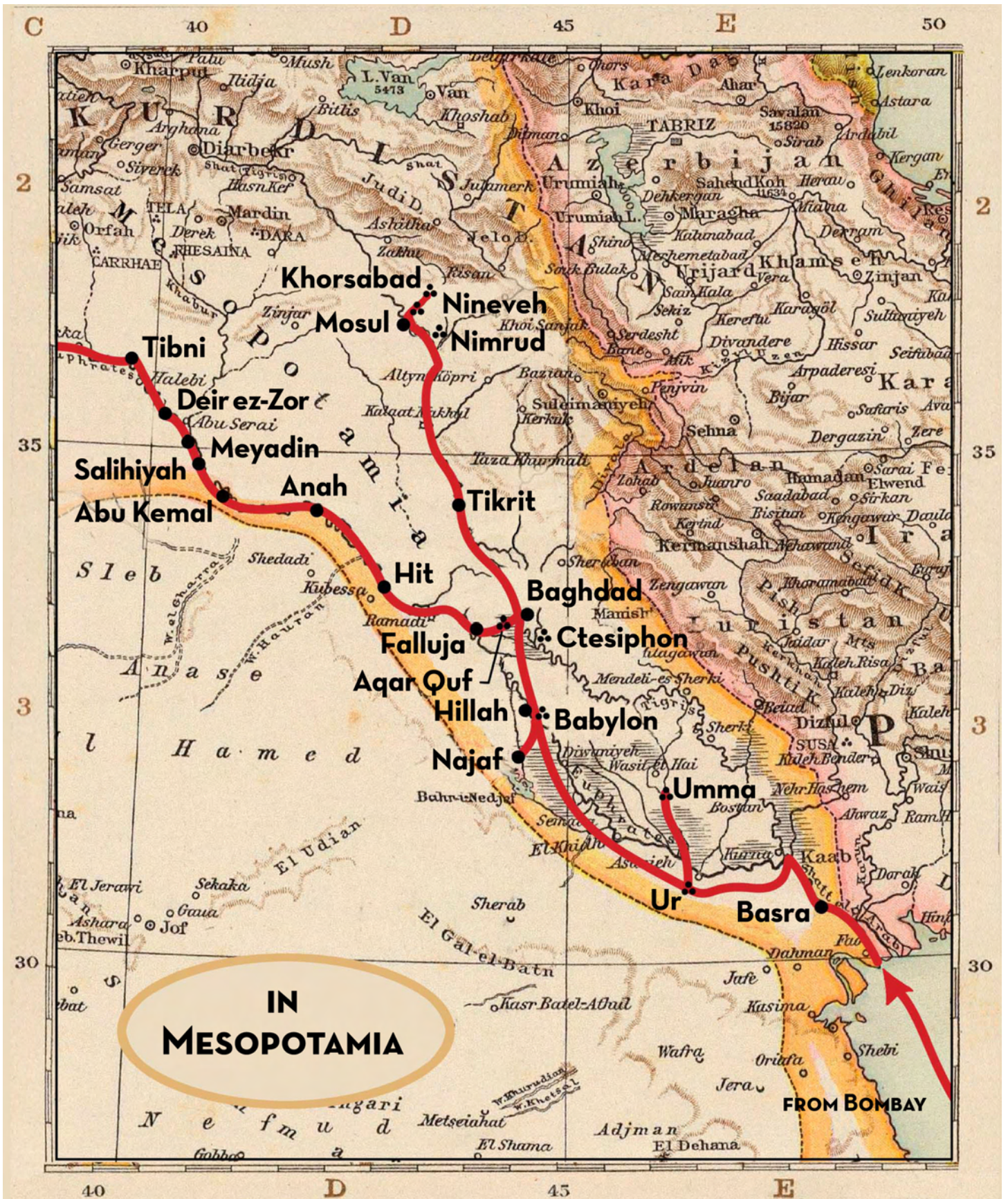


Figure 3. Map showing route of the Breasted-led expedition through Mesopotamia. 1920



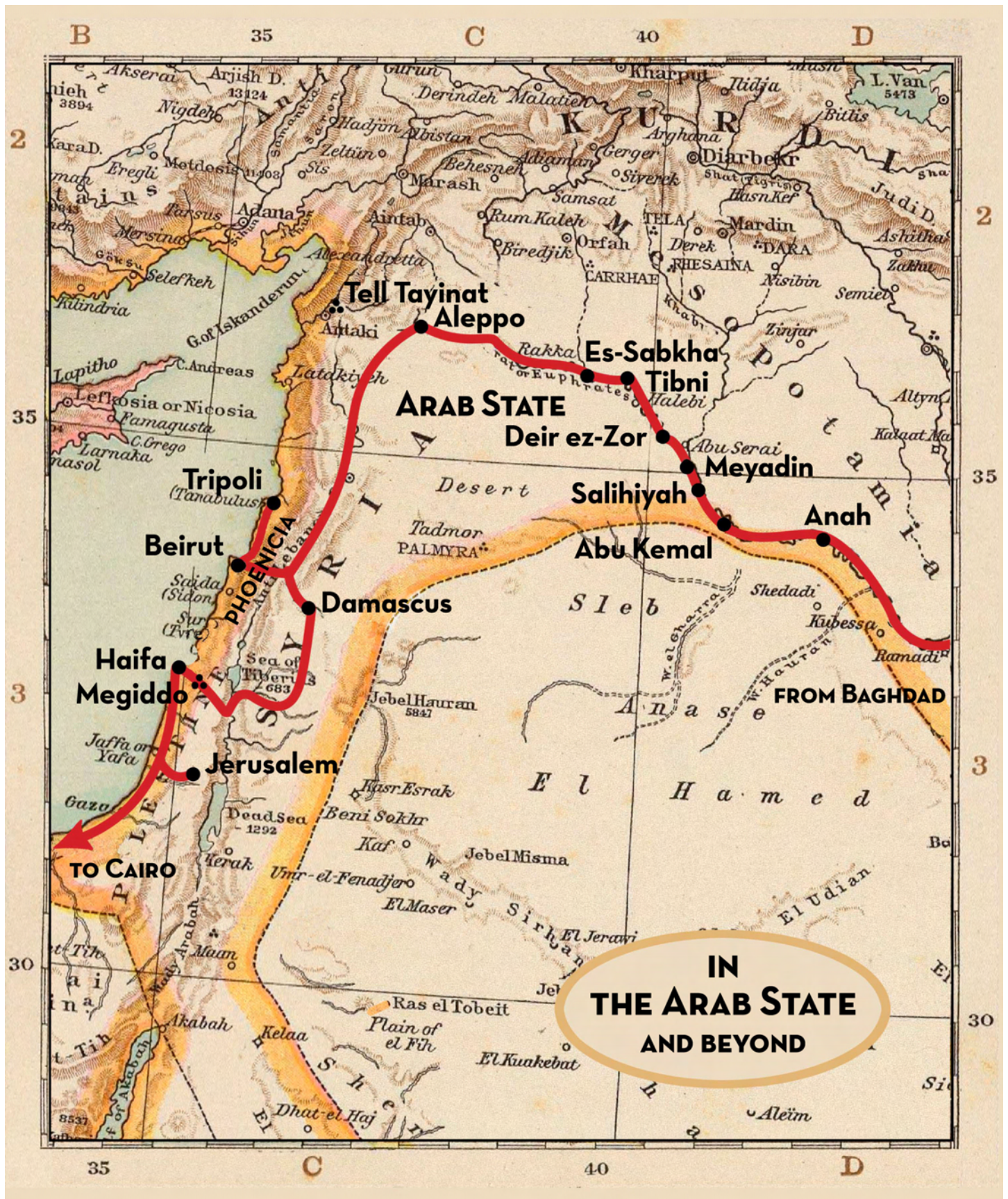


Figure 4. Map showing route of the Breasted-led expedition through the Arab State and beyond, 1920



On board La France, 1:30 p.m., Aug. 21, 1919

My dear ones:-

I have secured my deck chair which had to be <sup>done</sup> at once in order to get a good place, had my first lunch on board, and having written each of you a line, besides getting off ~~some~~ some business that had to be done, I have brought the little Corona up on deck to have a little chat with you before we get off. I hope there will be a chance to mail it at the last minute.

I find the characteristic French inefficiency on board, but boundless courtesy and good will. The ship is far the largest I ever traveled on, and much more spacious and sumptuous. My room is large and comfortable. The berth is a narrow single bedstead, with high room under it for trunk and two bags. A comfortably large closet at its foot, larger than fellow voyager has at the foot of his. The furnishing is rich and fine, all finished in light curly maple, and the plumbing is like that in modern costly American bathrooms. The big saloons are magnificent in characteristic French style with much refinement and elegance. The deck where I sit is so broad on this side that there is broad room for promenade, in addition to two rows of chairs. This promenade deck is largely glazed in with big disappearing windows like an enormous sleeping porch, so that I shall be able to work here in bad weather on my Hale Lecture MS. I found the food at the first lunch excellent, but I am feeding lightly; it is a pity Charles cannot take this eating contract off my hands for this trip!

I had a busy day yesterday. I called up Ginn & Co. and found MR. Plimpton, and without any hint from me he contributed four copies of *Anc. Times* for presentation on the other side, or as he said, "I would be nice to give one to Allenby and the rest out there. Then on my way to the dock to check my trunks I dropped in at the Outlook office and called on Lawrence Abbott, who is one of the finest fellows you ever met. He is going to write a notice of inauguration of our work in the Orient. I left him copies of the two pamphlets. Charles will please cut out the envelope addressed to Abbot in the office, therefore.

I found the trunks all in good order, and got them safely checked, with extra baggage of course. But notice: \$5.50 for crossing the Atlantic, and \$28.70 for the trip from Chicago to N.Y.! Then I called up MR. Kunz again to arrange an appointment to see a collection of Babylonian seals which he had gotten together for the sake of exhibiting the kinds of precious stones worked by the ancient lapidaries. Half of them were unfamiliar to me as minerals and I found it most interesting to go over the specimens with him. He made the collection for the *Am. Mus. of Natural History* here, and he sent over to the Museum and had the collection brought over to Tiffany's for me to look at. He gave me his last book on precious stones, and I have mailed it home addressed to you by parcel post from N.Y., uninsured. When you have done with it, please give it to George, calling his attention to plate facing p. 242, showing the chief stones worked by the Babylonian lapidaries in color, all taken from the collection I saw. Kunz gave me a copy of the plate, which am having mounted on linen to take with me to Babylonia. It will be very useful. K. then telephoned over to Mr. Morgan's library, and I went over there to look over his superb collection of Babylonian seals. I found them in the utmost confusion. His grand children had had a fling among them and the results were not helpful to the user. It was strange to sit in the great palatial hall where I had met Mr. Morgan two days before he sailed for Europe the last time and came back in his coffin. It was just as when he used it; his big chair in one corner, where he dictated letters between inspections of magnificent books and paintings arriving from all over the world.

At 5:30 I went over to Charley's bank and accompanied him home. Tell mother I saw all the old friends. Minnie Case and Aunt Emma Breasted Cox wanted me to send all kinds of greetings and love. Please take this right over to mother and read it to her, and tell her it is a good-bye letter to her. I wish I could have written more to her, but there have been so many things to do, that I have barely gotten through. Give her lots of love from me, and ~~xxxx~~ and likewise to your own dear selves.

Must give this to the Purser now.

Figure 5. Typical typed letter from James Henry Breasted to his family. August 21, 1919. Scale ca. 83.5%



Lord Allenby's Special Train, Dock Siding, Port Said, 10 p.m.  
Tuesday Evening, June 15, 1920

My dear Frances:-

I am sitting in a luxurious special train alongside the Suez Canal on the dock at Port Said, having arrived about two hours ago. The railway runs alongside the Canal from Kantara to Port Said for 25 or 30 miles. As we came up we saw our ship, the "Mantua", steaming along the Canal only a hundred yards from the train. It will be another hour and a half before she arrives here, so that we have something of a wait before we can go on board. Some of this wait we have spent at dinner. Lord Allenby has come down with Lady Allenby to see her safely on the ship, and they invited me into their dining saloon to have dinner with them. Lord Allenby inquired more fully into my trip from Baghdad, and said, "I hope you will tell all this to the Prime Minister and to Lord Earl Curzon. It is extremely important that they should know it. I have wired Earl Curzon very fully and they will be expecting you". I did not tell him that I have a copy of his wire in my pocket, furnished me by one of his secretaries before I left Cairo! I will show it to you on my arrival home. The dinner was very pleasant, and I wish I could recount to you the whole conversation. Among other things of interest Lady Allenby said to her husband, "You must tell Dr. Breasted of the curious coincidence of our visit to the battle-field of Megiddo". I then found that they had visited the battlefield only a fortnight ago, just a few days before our own vexatious fiasco in endeavoring to reach it, of which I have already written you. "You know", said Lord Allenby, "for you have very fully written of it, how Thutmose III crossed the Carmel ridge, riding through the pass to meet the enemy in a chariot of shining egyptum. We had your book with us, and we had just read of it, so we knew the dates. He went through on the 15th of May over three thousand years ago, and on the same day I took Mabel" (sometimes he calls her Mabel, sometimes Lady Allenby) to see the battlefield where we beat the Turks, and we also went through in a chariot of shining metal, for our machine had wheels of aluminum and was all covered with polished metal. So Lady Allenby saw the scene of our victory for the first time on the anniversary of the earliest known battle there, and also approached it in a chariot of glittering metal. I wanted her to see it, for you know I took my title from there, Allenby of Megiddo, because it was a cavalry operation which broke the Turkish line, and I was a cavalry officer."

After dinner as we stood in the corridor of the train, Lord Allenby took me aside and charged me again to tell the Prime Minister and Earl Curzon all the facts, especially those which would reveal the hostility of the western Arabs to the British, who used to be so popular among them. "I am confident", said he, "that they will listen to you, who are without prejudice, and have no interests to serve, much more readily than they will listen to me". He said also some very kind things, which I should feel rather foolish to put in here. As he shook my hand in parting, he added, "I have told the Foreign Office in my telegram, that you have gone a long way out of your way to do us this service, and have asked them to secure you a passage from England to America on a good ship at once." So I hope that you will feel no anxiety on that score. I have also asked them to reimburse you for any expense which you may incur in thus changing your route. I understand that you have disposed of your trans-Atlantic passage from Naples, and the Foreign Office will have secured you another from England by the time you arrive there". He left me with very cordial wishes for my return to Egypt.

I have had a trying time in Cairo, getting duly packed, and passed by the Museum, insured and properly shipped the large and valuable collection which I am bringing home. It will go from Port Said in a ship sailing directly for America without transshipment June 20th. Just as I was leaving, I picked up the official seal cylinder of King Snefru, the builder of the first great pyramid; also another of a great official of king Menkure.

For several days I did not know which way I was to go from Egypt to Europe. The ship in which Lord Allenby wished to get me a berth had left Bombay entirely full, and the A.D.C. had not yet been able to get in touch with her by wireless as late as day before yesterday (Sunday). So Sunday morning I went into the office of the Italian line and paid my fare, and Ali's too. This involved my going to London by way of Italy and France, and I feared I might become involved in the railway and dock strikes in both countries. The young secretaries at the Residency however, assured me that they could secure me every assistance from British attachés on the way, and so I determined to take the plunge. There was some difficulty about a Diplomatic Visa from the American Consulate for Italy and France, but Lord Allenby wrote a personal note asking our Agency (Consulate) to facilitate it in every possible way. There were some other complications, but when I dropped in at the Residency after having gotten all my boxes of antiquities through at the Museum, Wiggin, the young secretary in charge of my transportation

Figure 6. Five page typed journal letter from James Henry Breasted to Frances with corrections and annotations. June 15, 1920.

(a) Page 1 of June 15, 1920, letter. Scale ca. 83.6%



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told me that I could go by way of Naples if I wished, ~~but~~ and he had secured the necessary visas for passage through Italy and France; but that he had finally heard from the big P. & O. liner on which Lady Allenby was going and had been assured that they could give me a berth. So I could take my choice. It did not take long to decide, for the P. & O. goes all the way to England by water, and going on board would be much easier, with a cavass to look after the baggage, and a special train in which to relax without anxiety until we stepped onto the dock at Port Said. Wiggin called a Residency car and we drove to the Italian Line office, where the agent was exceedingly courteous and gave me back my passage money and that of Ali also. Wiggin showed me a draught of the telegram which Lord Allenby proposed to send to H.M.G. and promised to send a cavass to see me to the special train. Ali was at last in order for beginning the journey home and I felt much relieved.

Next day (today) I spent a large part of the morning with a stenographer from the American Agency, <sup>at the request of Col. Allen, U.S. military attaché</sup> belonging to the military attaché, Col. Allen, who desired me to dictate a full statement <sup>diplomatic</sup> to send to the War Department in Washington. Shortly afterward Wiggin called with my tickets, passport, baggage tags, tissue copy of Allenby's telegram to H.M.G., and a stately laissez-passer addressed to all British government officials, and asking them to give all possible aid at any stage of the journey, and signed by Allenby. The train had been advanced in time of departure by ~~half~~ an hour and a half and I had barely time to get my lunch, sitting with Judge Crabites the American member of the Mixed Tribunal, who told me of Harding's nomination. Three quarters of an hour before train time the cavass duly appeared, and with Ali on the box we drove to the station. <sup>the station was</sup> A sumptuous red <sup>carpet</sup> runner was laid down the entire length of the ~~platform~~ station platform, and it expanded when it reached the train, to a spacious red ocean, <sup>which expanded into</sup> which native servants were industriously sweeping as we approached. I found all my large baggage in the "luggage van" as the English always say, and my small stuff was quickly stowed away in a drawing room compartment, where I was presently joined by Dr. Llewellyn Phillips, who had inoculated us all for cholera last February. He is the leading physician in Cairo, and he told me he was going to Port Said to see the little daughter of General Clayton, Internal Adviser to the Government of Egypt. Clayton had two little girls stopping at Port Said with their mother. One of them was suddenly taken ill with some strange infection and died 48 hours later. Clayton had just buried the little thing this morning, when a telegram arrived from P.S. saying the other child was similarly affected and had a temperature of 106. A few minutes later Gen. Clayton appeared on the platform and came into the train, just from his little girl's funeral. Phillips said he had made an examination and there was no trace of meningitis. With the usual English reserve and self-command, Gen. Clayton engaged in conversation with us, and no one would have known there was any trouble.

Lady Allenby presently appeared, coming down the long red carpet alone. The entire station was deserted, for no one was allowed to come in. Lord Allenby <sup>followed</sup> appeared a few minutes later, engaged in animated conversation with Gen. Congreve, Military Commander-in-Chief in Egypt. A lot of secretaries and friends quickly collected, many bringing flowers or sweets. I kept out of the way, but as the car was hot I stepped outside, and Allenby promptly came over to shake hands, and thereupon Gen. Congreve also stepped over and said, "I am very glad you are going on this errand, but, I say, you seem to have scared Gouraud to death! He seems to be frightened out of his wits." I thought he meant something about my journal letter, <sup>probably, urged by the French</sup> I told him about it and asked him to give me some light, but he insisted that he was only joking, and would say nothing more. I am sure he meant something which he finally decided not to tell me. But I could not worm out a single word of explanation.

The only other passengers were two A.D.C.s, with the wife of one of them, Mrs. Maurice, whom he was taking to the ship. Several of the Residency <sup>office</sup> cavasses came along, besides the regular staff of the ~~train~~ special train, including a cook, a steward, butler, and servants. The train consisted of a luggage van ahead; ~~then~~ a dining car; two saloon cars, with several bed-rooms, and dressing rooms and wash rooms, etc. in each car; and finally a second class car in the rear for the servants, where ~~Italian and Arab~~ one of the A.D.C.s stowed away Ali. As the train started, glasses of lemon juice and large bottles of cold soda water were brought in for charged lemonade. An hour later tea was served. <sup>even though</sup> It was very dusty and hot, the weather, not the tea; but the windows were fitted with bluish glass, and large electric fans were running. It was all very different from my arrival last October. A number of stops were made, and at every stop a guard of Tommies climbed out of the train and patrolled the entire length of the train on each side. No one was allowed to come near. At the present moment, sentries <sup>in this war</sup> are posted at intervals are swinging resolutely up and down just outside my windows in the quiet starlight. Lord and Lady Allenby have gone for a walk on the sea shore, which is but a few hundred yards away. The storage battery has been allowed to run down, and the lights are sinking. A steward brings in a lot

Figure 6 (cont.). Five page typed journal letter from James Henry Breasted to Frances with corrections and annotations. June 15, 1920. (b) Page 2 of June 15, 1920, letter. Scale ca. 83.8%



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of candles, but the breeze is too strong for them and I must give this up. I hear Lady Allenby's voice outside and Mrs. Maurice comes in to say that the ship has just tied up to a buoy in the basin beside us. I hear the A.D.C. swearing at the steward for allowing the storage battery to run down. They come in for my baggage, with which Ali also goes on board, and I must put up the machine and send it along.

SS. "MANTUA", Eastern Mediterranean, Wed. Morning, June 16, 1920

It seems quite impossible that I <sup>am</sup> really embarked for home! It is a heavenly summer morning, with a wonderful blue sea all around us, and the usual Mediterranean sunshine. I have just breakfasted with Mrs. Maurice and Lady Allenby, and except for a short daily session with ~~the~~ machine, I am going to rest for ten whole days! Just think of it! Ten days with no responsibilities, no telegrams, no packing cases, no check-books, and no antiquity dealers, - but just fresh air and sunshine, and rest on a summer sea! I looked out on the canal as we ran along it last night, trying to realize ~~that~~ all that had happened since we steamed through it on the 18th of last February to begin an untried journey entirely around Arabia. It all seemed as unreal as a dream, - particularly the return across the desert, which completed our circumnavigation of Arabia. And somehow or other, in spite of myself I have been plunged into the very midst of <sup>the</sup> great imperial game of the powers! I certainly never could have done it if I had tried.

At 11:30 last night the A.D.C.s came and got Mrs. Maurice and myself (Dr. Phillips and poor Gen. Clayton had long since gone) and took us to a long, lithe government launch which lay waiting for us at the pier. Then one of the A.D.C.s went back and got ~~lady xxxxxx~~ the High Commissioner and his lady, and her maid, and presently we shot out among the numerous shipping of the port toward the brilliantly lighted liner, which lay <sup>some way out</sup> coaling. It was a lovely star light night and the cool breeze due to our rapid motion was delightfully refreshing after the long hot summer day in Egypt. The coal barges interfered with our getting at the gangway, and evidently the Captain was not informed of the hour of the High Commissioner's coming. A gang of coal-heavers going on board prevented our reaching the gangway. The A.D.C.s almost fell into the water trying to shunt off these workmen, and the ranking youngster, who had charge of the arrangements, was <sup>now</sup> presently white with rage as he found that there was no ship's officer at the gangway to assist us on board or receive the High Commissioner. Allenby took it quietly, more amused than otherwise, as we finally reached the deck and pushed our way through an unconcerned crowd who seemingly had no knowledge of his coming. The Captain was nowhere to be found nor could the A.D.C. find the Purser to show us to our rooms. After the magnificence of our departure from Cairo, the contrast was shocking! The A.D.C.s <sup>had</sup> presently found Lady Allenby's room, and as soon as she had been settled there, Lord Allenby with his never-failing kindness turned to the A.D.C. and said, "Where is Dr. Breasted's room? I want to know if it is comfortable and satisfactory." At that moment a ~~company~~ manager of the Line appeared, gave me the number of my room, and told me I was to have it alone. I went down and found it a comfortable outside room with only one berth. When I came up again, all had changed as in the twinkling of an eye. The Captain, and the ship's officials and officers of the Line were grouped about the High Commissioner, smiling and bowing, the A.D.C. had been suddenly transformed from rage into beaming good nature, the usual ceremonious atmosphere around the High Commissioner had <sup>been established!</sup> ~~appeared~~ and all was in order again! Allenby asked me if my room was satisfactory and then <sup>with me toward</sup> strolled off down the gangway for a last word on the nature of the <sup>my</sup> errand I was to carry out. He quite embarrassed me with the kind things he said, and I told him so. "Well", he said, "you must live up to the reputation I have given you". I purposely misconstrued him, saying, "You mean on board this ship", for he had told what he had said to the captain. "No", he responded, "in London. All joking aside, it is of the highest importance that the facts you have told me this evening should be plainly brought before the Prime Minister and Lord Curzon, and you have an opportunity to do a very important piece of work. For they do not realize the situation at all. They do not understand that Arab feeling, once so friendly to the English, is now stale and hostile toward us. They do not understand that the Arabs and the Christians are now united against the Jews and that the present policy is aggravating this anti-Jewish hostility to a dangerous degree. Do not fail to make this clear to them as you have done to me. And above all, tell them of the danger of Arab union with Bolshevism in the north, as you told me this evening!" I must confess to a very depressing sense of helplessness as I caught a glimpse of the responsibility he was putting on me.

It was long after midnight. The shouts of men, the clanging rattle of chain hoists, the ~~crunching of~~ <sup>above</sup> many an avalanche of coal, the smell of coal dust, and over all the quiet stars seemed to me to suggest ~~the serene indifference of the~~ <sup>looked down with</sup> ~~tranquil powers that~~ <sup>seem to</sup> look down so unconcernedly on the strife and turbulence of our present earthly situation. ~~I went up~~

Figure 6 (cont.). Five page typed journal letter from James Henry Breasted to Frances with corrections and annotations. June 15, 1920. (c) Page 3 of June 15, 1920, letter; note change of date and location. Scale ca. 83.8%



to the uppermost deck, which was large and spacious and seemed lifted above the dust and noise and there I walked for a long time. As I came around a corner supposing I was entirely alone, I suddenly ran into Allenby and his wife having a last little stroll together. We passed a few facetious exchanges and I went on feeling much relieved. A few minutes later I saw Allenby's launch pushing off from the side of the ship, under the great electric lights. He waved his arm at his wife who watched him from the upper deck and his <sup>black boat</sup> launch shot away and disappeared in the darkness. So I went below to my stateroom, but being unable to sleep I unpacked my things for an hour, and toward three o'clock I finally dropped asleep in a very uncomfortably stuffy atmosphere churned by the electric fan; for the coal dust made it impossible to keep the port hole open.

The ship is large and comfortable, but I must make some shift for a chair. They do not have chairs for rant on these oriental liners. Everybody brings his own chair. I find everybody is standing on his head for me. Evidently Allenby said every necessary word. In the dining room the chief steward had a selection of seats reserved for Lady Allenby's party, which consists of Mrs. Maurice, the A.D.C.'s wife, Lady A. and yours truly. We had a pleasant breakfast together, and now, as I have about caught up with this chronicle, I will begin my ten days' loafing!

SS, MANTUA, Saturday, June 19, 1920

The chair difficulty was easily settled for the captain came along and asked me how I was faring, so I took occasion to tell him I had no chair. He took me at once up on the bridge and asked me to select one of his. A sailor has now marked it as told by the captain, and placed it beside Lady Allenby's. I don't occupy it much, for I find on looking over my affairs that my ten days' loafing was pretty much a dream. I have a lot of unfulfilled obligations to take care of. I promised the Civil Commissioner at Baghdad to hand him a complete plan for the organization of a Mesopotamian Department of Antiquities. What is more, if I could <sup>put</sup> my hand on young Americans of the right experience, I could also man the organization for him, and he would be very glad to get them, for there are no English Assyriologists. Garstang quite truly said to me at Jerusalem, "~~There~~ English Assyriology is practically non-existent". I hope to make a draft of the plan today and get it copied, with a carbon or two, before we arrive in England.

I shall have an opportunity to mail this at Marseilles; but I shall trust nothing more than a card or two to the French mails. ~~xxxxxxx~~ I have been so busy ~~xxx~~ recording for you my own doings that I have neglected to tell you that I received with great joy a bundle of home letters; ~~xx~~ believe of May 19 and 23 (they are now filed away in my big trunk). There I learn of your telephone conversation with President Judson, telling him I came round to Beirut in an oil-tanker! That shows me that the French suppressed my full cablegram stating that we had crossed the Arab State. If they did that, it is highly probable that they got my full journal letter also. It was packed with information of value to them. I supposed war censorship had been entirely removed; moreover I had ~~it~~ the journal registered with the daily mail of the American College. Perhaps I am all wrong, and you may have read the whole thing long ago; but all the English commanders tell me there was a very tight secret censorship by the French, and they all have no doubt the French have seized my letter. It fills me with indignation when I recall all their official assurances of every help and assistance, - assurances which ~~Gouraud~~ Gen. Gouraud their High Commissioner reiterated most cordially, when perhaps he had just been reading my record and profiting by the information! Allenby thinks that I can recover it, "But," he added, "as you are an American citizen, that is a matter into which I cannot mix." You see there was nothing in the journal that could possibly injure French interests; but there was much in it which was of value to them, and if they have taken it, it is not from fear of any damage to their cause, but solely in order to secure, by fair means or foul, any information that may prove useful, even if they steal it from ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ the scientific notes of a traveling orientalist, whom they have pledged themselves to aid! Well, they are welcome to a copy if they will return it all to me when they have finished with it, but it is extremely ~~xxxxxxx~~ vexatious to me to be uncertain whether you have received any account of our extraordinary journey from Baghdad to the Mediterranean right across the new Arab State, - the first non-Moslems to cross it since its proclamation. The topographical notes which I made for historical purposes I can never reproduce nor can I ever restore the daily atmosphere and the thousand and one details of our progress written from hour to hour amid the changing moods of river and desert and Arabs as we slowly traversed the ~~xxx~~ vast Arab wilderness that lies between Baghdad and the ~~xxx~~ Western Sea, - a unique pilgrimage of twenty days! When I have cabled you the name of my Atlantic steamer from England to America, and you have found out the day of her arrival, do telegraph me at the ship, and let me know whether you have received the journal letter or not.

Figure 6 (cont.). Five page typed journal letter from James Henry Breasted to Frances with corrections and annotations. June 15, 1920. (d) Page 4 of June 15, 1920, letter; note change of date. Scale ca. 83.6%



5

I hope the Foreign Office has succeeded in getting me an early passage home from England, for of course there is unprecedented congestion on the Atlantic. H.M.G. is all-powerful in such arrangements. Wiggin came over to me at the steps of the special train and said, "You may be interested to know that a wretched Judge of the High Court came into the Residency just as I was leaving and asked for a berth to England; but I had to tell him there was absolutely no vacancy until August. You really are very lucky, you know!" I only hope things will work with equal efficiency <sup>and successfully</sup> when I reach England. I have terribly cold feet. I have been reading Mr. Britling. If I had any wreckage of idealistic hopes left in me when I left America, the spectacle of the Great Powers plotting against each other in the Near East has quite cured me of it. That reminds me that I ought to see Wells in England; I ought also to see Dr. Hogarth, the Director of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford and discuss the future of scientific work in Mesopotamia; I ought to see Sir Denison Ross, the Director of the new British School of Oriental Languages in London; I must of course see Gardiner and I am due to go to Liverpool to see what part of their museum the university there is willing to sell. If the Foreign Office secures me an early passage, I shall be hopping some to put all this through.

Sunday Morning, June 20, 1920

We are just going into the harbor of Marseilles. We have passed up through the Strait of Messina, looking up at beautiful Taormina and snow-crowned Aetna; then between Sardinia and Corsica. It all brought back many old memories.

I find I can post this on ~~box~~ board with a British stamp, and so I am going to drop it here, which will give it just a week earlier start, for I shall not reach London until a week from today. I might have crossed France and saved a day or two, but I dreaded the long weary journey for I am very tired.

It just occurs to me that possibly the French took also a long letter which I wrote to President Judson from Beyrut. Please tell him about it.

I should be home before the middle of July. Loads of love to all. I hope Charles received his check in time for use at graduation. Probably his acknowledgement went to Baghdad.

aff. J.

Figure 6 (cont.). Five page typed journal letter from James Henry Breasted to Frances with corrections and annotations. June 15, 1920. (e) Page 5 of June 15, 1920, letter; note change of date. Scale ca. 83.6%



6<sup>30</sup> a.m. Tues. Apr. 27,  
 1920.  
 My dear, dear Wife:-  
 In the rush of duties  
 before we go out into the  
 desert on our 400 mile trip  
 to Aleppo, I want to take  
 this quiet morning hour  
 when no one can interrupt  
 just to send you a little  
 love letter all for yourself,  
 as I am doing for each one  
 of you. - My great thought  
 is the home coming of which  
 this desert journey is the  
 beginning. Our movement is  
 now toward home where  
 I shall find again the most  
 precious treasures a man  
 can have, a dear wife and  
our own dear children.  
 I count the days, & my whole  
 heart goes out to you. Good-  
 bye my dearest, dearest  
 wife. God bless you.  
 Till we meet and always,  
 Yours loving Husband, J.

Figure 7. Typical handwritten letter from James Henry Breasted to Frances. April 27, 1920. Scale 100%

## LETTERS FROM JAMES HENRY BREASTED TO FAMILY, 1919–1920

En route Chicago, Illinois, to New York, New York,

**August 18, 1919.**

My dear little family:—

This is the tenth letter I have written this afternoon, but I will try the little Corona for one more, the first I have ever written home on the saucy little machine. I could do it alright if the table were lower, but a good many mistakes are due to the high table. Another alibi, says Charles!

These are the letters I have written:

Mrs. J. B. Stephenson (a good warm one too!).

Dr. J. McKeen Cattell, Editor *Scientific Monthly*.

Mr. Charles E. Edgerton, young Edgerton's father.

Dr. C. H. Thurber of Ginn & Company.

B. Redfield, Englewood Agent (enclosed herein as I have not his number).

Mr. Trevor Arnett.

Prof. James Harvey Robinson.

Dr. George E. Hale.

The dearest little family that ever was!

These were selected from fifty-seven more which can be answered on the ship. I found the process rather warm, so I adjourned to the men's room where I put on my mohair suit and I am cool and comfortable, except in one spot. I have recently been afflicted with goitre. To be more explicit, I have had it since just before breakfast this morning. Thus far it has not yielded to treatment. The darn thing hangs down to my belt and wobbles when I move. It is hotter than Hades, but when you go to lunch it gives you a very comfortable feeling that your valuables are all safe and you don't need to lock your bags!

I am glad I am not paying my own expenses. Extra baggage and food would soon bankrupt a pedagogue. I had calf's liver and bacon, new potatoes, a glass of milk, and an orange for lunch;—price \$1.50! Not including any largesse for the colored gemman! I wondered why it seemed such a strange lunch, till I got almost through, and then I noticed that I had left out the bread and butter,—I'll have some tonight.

The picture of the little group on the platform will follow me all through my journey, everywhere I go; but I am glad I have a little more tangible picture in my bag. I shall want to vary the last glimpse and think you away from the hot, dusty city and looking down on the fine old lake, with fresh air, sunshine, green foliage, and blessed quiet, not to mention oodles of clean sand for the little tads to play in, and no marketing to do!

I will mail this in New York so you will know I have arrived safely. Oceans of love for the dearest little family in all the world from the biggest to the littlest!

Lovingly,

James H. Breasted

Say, I signed this up in succession with the others and you see the result! You can call it Daddy, or father or anything you like.



Tuesday morning [**August 19, 1919**]—half an hour from New York City

My dear ones:—

As we had only one car between us and the locomotive it was rather a noisy night; but I ate a light dinner and slept a good deal. Feel much more rested this morning.

I am greatly relieved to find by this morning's paper that the streetcar strike has been settled in New York. It might have caused serious delay in getting my trunks over to the dock.—I shall have a busy day, but will write you results from the hotel this evening.

Kisses to the little kids, and worlds of love all around, from  
Pater

Hotel Manhattan,  
Madison Avenue and 42<sup>nd</sup> Street,  
New York, New York,  
**August 19, 1919.**

My dear Frances:—

Perhaps you may recognize this stationery, for it is not so long ago that I received a little note on this very stationery to the effect that there was no money available for an Oriental Institute in certain quarters, but that the University would do what it could. Things have been happening since then!

The first thing I did on reaching the station this morning, was to transfer my trunks. I then telephoned to see if the Robinsons were in town. Their very intelligent maid (their Josie), who has been with them many years, before I could tell her who I was, asked if that was Mr. Breasted. She then said there was a lady there, a friend of the Robinsons, who would read to me a telegram if I wished her to open it. So I got your message of Monday evening. It is very gratifying to go out with funds enough to do something!

I will let you know what to do with the funds as soon as I receive Mrs. Anderson's letter. Your telegram was mailed to me from Robinsons and arrived this p.m.

I then came over to this hotel, and from my room (without bath unfortunately), I telephoned to Mr. Rockefeller's office. His secretary had just received my letter, and told me that Mr. Rockefeller would very much have liked to see me, and that if I could have arrived early enough, they would have arranged for me to run up to his summer home in Maine, where he now is. Of course it would have been impossible for me to get away from Chicago any earlier.

I then telephoned to Lansing at the Metropolitan Museum, but he had already left for his vacation. One of the young women, Miss Cartland, who expects to come out and work with me some time at the university, gave me very useful, but very discouraging reports of the state of the antiquity market in Egypt. The moneyed natives have acquired more money during the revolt and have bought up the antiquities and are holding them at absolutely absurd and prohibitive prices. They do not need money and will continue to hold on to their plunder until they learn by experience after a season or two that no one will pay such prices. Please say nothing about this.

My next errand was to go down to the Custom House, way down at the very southern tip of the city, overlooking the Battery and the harbor,—a trip which was feasible because a kind providence has set the subway going again after a two days' strike. There was no trouble about

my income taxes and armed with a clearance I wandered over to the French Line, along with all the other great steamer lines looking out on the Battery and the Harbor, just a step below the little old park of ancient days, still called the Bowling Green.

I got my ticket without difficulty, but tell me, how did the French ever win this great war and beat the Germans! For slowness, red tape and inefficiency they can be equalled only by the business machinery of a much maligned old gentleman known as Uncle Sam.

I then telephoned Mr. Scribner and luckily found him in. Had very pleasant talk. He wants my *Origins of Civilization* and says there would be a wide sale for it. However, I shall not hand it to him until I have looked through Western Asia and added much lacking stuff on the prehistory of that region. As I entered his office, I passed the little room where I sat for the first time in the big publishing house, and was patronized by Mr. Scribner's confidential adviser, Mr. Morse, and did not see Mr. Scribner himself at all. That was fourteen years ago. Time surely alters many situations!

After a lonesome lunch, I called up Mr. or rather Dr. Kunz, head of the jewel department of Tiffany and Company, a very interesting man with whom I have corresponded for years. He gave me a most cordial welcome, and I would like to tell you all that he showed me, but it is nearly eight o'clock I have not yet had any dinner, so I will go out for some grub and write you later of all that from the ship, in order to get this letter off tonight. I want to go to bed early. It is the greatest recipe for good health you can find. I turned in right after my dinner on the train last night, and it made me over again. I was completely fagged, and in spite of my usual wakefulness in a Pullman, I feel like a new man today. It made me entirely over. Please follow the same plan yourself and you will experience a great change. I am going to do it all along this trip and I expect great results.

Love to you and all the dear little family. While I am here in New York and going so much further with every day, my heart is in just one place, and I have just two aims in life: to serve the truth and to make that little circle at home as happy and good as I can.

Affectionately,  
James

A Bord de "France",  
**August 21, 1919.**

My dear, dear Boy:—

I am hoping that when the letters come on board there will be one from you.

Meantime just a word to thank you for all your help, and to tell you what a comfort and reassurance it is to me, that you are there to look after your mother and the little ones. Indeed, it would have been impossible for me to go, if I had not had you to rely on. I am sure you will do your loyal best in patience and kindness to guide and advise in all difficulties. It would hurt me to remind you of your assurance never to strike Jamie, and I assure you this mention of it is not an admonition, but an expression of confidence.

Lange, down town florist advertises two dozen roses for \$1.00 during August. Please telephone down or go down and get two dozen, and put them in your mother's room with love and good-bye from me. I enclose check.

And now goodbye dear boy. God bless you—and write often to your affectionate  
Pater

On board La France,  
**August 21, 1919, 1:30 p.m.**

My dear ones:—

I have secured my deck chair which had to be done at once in order to get a good place, had my first lunch on board, and having written each of you a line, besides getting off some business that had to be done, I have brought the little Corona up on deck to have a little chat with you before we get off. I hope there will be a chance to mail it at the last minute.

I find the characteristic French inefficiency on board, but boundless courtesy and good will. The ship is far the largest I ever traveled on, and much more spacious and sumptuous. My room is large and comfortable. The berth is a narrow single bedstead with high room under it for trunk and two bags. A comfortably large closet at the foot, larger than fellow voyager has at the foot of his. The furnishing is rich and fine, all finished in light curly maple, and the plumbing is like that in modern costly American bathrooms. The big saloons are magnificent in characteristic French style with much refinement and elegance. The deck where I sit is so broad on this side that there is broad room for promenade, in addition to two rows of chairs. This promenade deck is largely glazed in with big disappearing windows like an enormous sleeping porch, so that I shall be able to work here in bad weather on my Hale Lecture MS. I found the food at the first lunch excellent, but I am feeding lightly; it is a pity Charles cannot take this eating contract off my hands for this trip!

I had a busy day yesterday. I called up Ginn and Company and found Mr. Plimpton, and without any hint from me he contributed four copies of *Ancient Times* for presentation on the other side, or as he said, "It would be nice to give one to Allenby and the rest out there". Then on my way to the dock to check my trunks I dropped in at the *Outlook* office and called on Lawrence Abbott, who is one of the finest fellows you ever met. He is going to write a notice of inauguration of our work in the Orient. I left him copies of the two pamphlets. Charles will please cut out the envelope addressed to Abbott in the office, therefore.

I found the trunks all in good order, and got them safely checked, with extra baggage of course. But notice: \$5.50 for crossing the Atlantic, and \$28.70 for the trip from Chicago to New York! Then I called up Mr. Kunz again to arrange an appointment to see a collection of Babylonian seals which he had gotten together for the sake of exhibiting the kinds of precious stones worked by the ancient lapidaries. Half of them were unfamiliar to me as minerals and I found it most interesting to go over the specimens with him. He made the collection for the American Museum of Natural History here, and he sent over to the Museum and had the collection brought over to Tiffany's for me to look at. He gave me his last book on precious stones, and I have mailed it home addressed to you by parcel post from New York, uninsured. When you have done with it, please give it to George, calling attention to plate facing page 242, showing the chief stones worked by the Babylonian lapidaries in color, all taken from the collection I saw. Kunz gave me a copy of the plate, which am having mounted on linen to take with me to Babylonia. It will be very useful. Kunz then telephoned over to Mr. Morgan's library, and I went over there to look over his superb collection of Babylonian seals. I found them in the utmost confusion. His grandchildren had had a fling among them, and the results were not helpful to the user. It was strange to sit in the great palatial hall where I had met Mr. Morgan two days before he sailed for Europe the last time and came back in his coffin. It was just as when he used it; his big chair in

one corner, where he dictated letters between inspections of magnificent books and paintings arriving from all over the world.

At 5:30 I went over to Charley's bank and accompanied him home. Tell mother I saw all the old friends. Minie Case and Aunt Emma Breasted Cox wanted me to send all kinds of greetings and love. Please take this right over to mother and read it to her, and tell her it is a good-bye letter to her. I wish I could have written more to her, but there have been so many things to do, that I have barely gotten through. Give her lots of love from me, and likewise to your own dear selves.

Must give this to the Purser now.

[Father]

On board La France,

**August 21, 1919, 2:45 p.m.**

Dear Ones:—

Imagine my delight on going to the office to look for my telegram, when I found just now your joint letter of Tuesday a.m. (Special Delivery) duly enclosing the toothpicks, and especially the dear letter from Charles, which did me worlds of good.

I am so glad you are to have the car at once; sorry to hear of trouble with tires, but very pleased you are making plans for Lakeside at once. I hope you will stay a month. Thank Josie for her greeting and tell her I know she will take good care of you when you come back from your vacation and she comes back from hers.

At once on receiving your above letter, I went to my bag, pulled out my beautiful new pigskin portfolio, and this is my first letter written on it. I am racing because the time is so short and I must get this off at once; excuse scribble,

Good-bye my loved ones. God bless you all.

Lovingly,

Father

On board La France,

Saturday, **August 21, 1919.**

My dear little family,

I thought I would be writing you a daily installment all the way across, but I have not done so for two reasons. In the first place one's doings on shipboard are not usually exciting or varied, and they do not furnish a great deal in the way of subject matter; furthermore, by the time I got settled into my steamer chair, I was so fagged mentally and physically that I just lay there and luxuriated in the consciousness that nothing could now reach me to disturb. I didn't even spend much time enjoying the magnificent prospect of the vast buildings of New York as we dropped past them down North River. Indeed I never even saw the statue of Liberty!

At length as land faded I mustered enough energy to crawl down to Second Class and look up Lanman. I wound my way among groups of low class French and South Europeans: frowsy women and dirty men crowded into a small extent of after deck. I went into the teeming little smoking room, with as many varieties of smells as there were occupants,—all the while thanking Providence that I had not yielded to Lanman's invitation to share a stateroom there with him! I couldn't find him, so I gave it up and returned, as I had forgotten the number of his room.

Imagine the contrast as I came back to my own room, commodious, clean and bright, with plenty of fresh air singing in at the window,—and occupied by yours truly entirely alone! I keep my trunk under one bed and bags under the other; I use one closet for clothing and the other for book-case and office; I have my bed along the rear wall out of the direct wind, and my sofa under the window, where I can lie and read or write or just vegetate and ruminate, calling down unnumbered blessings on some unnamed ass of a French clerk, who forgot to sell the other berth when the room was canceled! He made me a present of \$185.00, the price of the room for one person being \$485.00! But I am getting several times \$185.00 worth of rest and quiet and refreshment out of it. What a pity that I shall never know him to give him my best compliments and thanks. Poor fellow! He may have been canned by this time, though the clerks on board have not yet discovered the mistake.

The whole business is characteristically French. Yesterday the second day out, the printed list of passengers in both cabins appeared, and I looked at once for Lanman's name but it was not there. I tried again to find him, for my own name was not included, and on asking the Purser's clerk I was told there would not be a complete list until just before we landed. Indeed I suppose we shall reach Havre before they find out what a good thing I am having! It will then be difficult to collect damages from me, and I am afraid they are "just out of luck"! Everything is done for the comfort and pleasure of the passengers, but lack of system is evident. Before we sailed no one knew where a letter for the shore should be left. There was no mail-box clearly marked when the last collection for shore-bound letters would be made, and there was no one to attend to such mail. All you could do was to rush up the gang-plank and find some benevolently minded customs official of Uncle Sam within hailing distance, and beg him as he loved his wife and family to mail your last fond messages. Whether you got mine or not, I do not know, for I had to trust them to such messengers as these. I wrote to all of you (to Jamie the day before) separately and individually besides a joint letter on the typewriter; and finally a card acknowledging the telegram about the little girl's operation, which I was delighted to have, just as the gang-plank was pulled up. I was unable to acknowledge the union suit which I found in my room the second day (yesterday). Many thanks for all your trouble!

Yesterday afternoon I made another search for Lanman. I went to the purser of the second class and explained the matter, and he called the maitre d'hôtel, otherwise the chief steward, who brought the table plans and assured me that no such person was on board. Wouldn't I have been nicely sold out, if I had taken the other berth in his room, and then been doomed to seven days of noise, smells and dirt! It would have killed me, tired as I am! I am not sure yet, that he is not somewhere over there in the general reek, and that I have not dug in far enough. I think I shall go over once more. Meantime I ruminate placidly on how extraordinarily a fellow sometimes drops on his feet through sheer bullhead luck! If Lanman could see my room he certainly would turn green!

So you see I am entirely alone. I don't know a soul on board,—nor is there any likelihood I shall. My table looks like this:

	Backfisch		Vacant	French	
	No. 2	Sonny	chair	bride	
Mamma					French bridegroom
	Backfisch	Vacant	Solitary	Vacant	
	No. 1	chair	traveler	chair	

If you can locate the present writer, you will see that there is no one in his neighborhood who would have the slightest interest in an inoffensive old gentleman, who takes a book with him and reads contentedly all through dinner. The young people are well behaved, and I must say the French bride is very charming, and the happy man as fine and manly a fellow as ever I saw, but just at this juncture they are not interested in the surrounding world, and our conversation consists in a bow when we sit down and another when we rise. When I am not reading I find it very interesting to watch the wide range of expression in the face and gestures, manner and speech of the young French woman as she talks to her new husband. She passes in a few moments through the entire gamut of human feeling and expression;—sunshine and shadow succeed each other with bewildering rapidity, and all with a charm of complete naturalness totally lacking in our own young women. There is nothing like it in America,—indeed I have never met a young American woman with whom I was unacquainted, who impressed me with such highly varied charm of manner. But of course one always idealizes attractive strangers.

As long as I was in New York I was very lonely; but now that I am really gone and have really taken the plunge, that unpleasant feeling has passed away. I smile inwardly as I remember my good wife's admonition not to talk myself all tired out. There is little danger. I do not exchange a word from sunrise to bedtime with anyone. I am as entirely alone, in so far as conversation is concerned, as if I were living in the wildest solitudes of the Sahara. And I revel in it.

**Sunday, August 23, 1919.**

Well, perhaps the laugh is on me. Just after finishing the above disclaimer on conversation, I went for a few minutes into the Blue Drawing Room for a cup of tea. There I found myself next to Dr. Maynard, a Methodist divine from Brooklyn, on a relief mission to Italy. He has my books in his library, knows a lot of my friends and we talked together for two hours. He had some new light on Wilson which I found interesting, and he admires that alleged statesman just as much as I do. He was also a friend of Colonel Roosevelt's. He is very intimate with Professor William North Rice, and by the way, Mrs. Rice died about two years ago very suddenly. Rice himself is very vigorous, and an ardent supporter of Wilson!

We have been having perfect weather, and might be living in the Waldorf-Astoria, as far as any motion is concerned. I had an insatiable appetite from the minute I came on board. The food is pretty good, but the bread is villainous, and when they convert it into toast, you might as well chew a brick. I seem to keep up a fair appetite in spite of lack of exercise. The promenade deck is about 900 feet around, so that six laps make a liberal mile. There is plenty of room and it is very pleasant to do a few miles before dinner. There is also a gym, with all sorts of mechanical appliances for exercise: two stationary bicycles, two saddled horses, rowing machines and various other stunts; but one can't do too much without the proper duds.



I find myself very busy. I am reading Cheyney's excellent short history of England with great delight. So many things I find, which I have always wanted to know and never had time to look up. I try to take about three sessions a day at this. Then I have to study the new snap camera and find out all about it. I bought three little trial rolls in New York and must try them out. Will see if anything interesting comes out and will send you prints if they are worthwhile. The Hale Lectures also have to be done, and I find the job interesting. It is not arduous when you have the stuff in type. I want also to do a little with French conversation in the books I brought, but I don't get very far. I can say the simple things I want, that concern material wants, but the words come slowly. I could not think of the word for towel. I finally recalled it was "something-main" and after a while it slowly returned: "essuie-main." I haven't looked it up, but isn't that right? It will be a long while before I do as well as I could years ago in Paris.

We are just passing out of reach of the Newfoundland station today, so I sent you a wireless reading: Jasbreast, Chicago: Holly Thursday Human, and I suppose you have since found out what that means from the little red book. It cost Fr. 1.95 per word, that is Fr. 9.75 for the five words. As the franc now stands that was about \$1.30. They give you 7 Francs for a dollar here on board, but in New York you can get nearly 8. I thought you might be interested to receive a wireless and to have a message from the old boy on the first Sunday he was away. Tomorrow we drop America and pick up Ireland. I am sorry that the choice of messages in the little book is so limited. I couldn't send you much of a message. The little book says that night letters of twelve words can be sent from London for 75 cents, but perhaps that was pre-war rates.

I have written a note to Sir George on the marriage of Maisie. I don't think you need to trouble to write as I included you all; but I assured them that a contribution to the household equipment would reach the young couple later on when we learned their American address. So that must be looked after eventually.

I find I have an all night trip before me after I land at Havre, in order to reach England. The Channel boats leave Havre at midnight, reach Southampton at 7 a.m. and London two hours later. What with baggage transfer and fare it will cost some \$25 to get me over to London. With true French efficiency they do not allow one to get out of Havre without passing through their Custom House, and opening all one's baggage, not a piece of which is to remain in France! If we get into Havre late Wednesday I may be able to catch the midnight boat and reach London Thursday morning.

I must go now and get a little exercise. I have not had my nose outside today.

**Wednesday, August 27, 1919.**

It is 54 years today since a little shaver arrived in my grandfather's big house in Rockford. It is also just 28 years this week since I went timidly nosing around among cheap rooms in Berlin, trying to find quarters to live in while I endeavored to transform a raw American youngster from the Illinois prairies into an orientalist. I am not at all complacent about what has happened since, but I do know I have worked very hard and as faithfully as I could.

It turned rough last night and of course there is sea-sickness;—but I don't seem to mind it any more. I am just as comfortable as in the quiet water. I spent a very busy day yesterday, finishing the Hale Lectures; and today I have been adjusting the illustrations and making out a complete table, so that Hale can go on with the publication when I am no longer accessible. You

would be amused to know what I was doing with this machine yesterday. A very pleasant New York Jew named Maurice C. Sternbach opened his heart to me, told me about the loss of his little boy, leaving only one; told me how he was going to Holland to sell cotton to the Germans, avoiding the appearance of doing so by living and doing business in Holland; and finally asking me in a very confidential tone if I would not kindly copy his will for him on my machine. He introduced a very pleasant New York lawyer, named Harris, who had just drawn up the will. Well I will not burden you with the contents of the will,—besides it was confidential, but I might give you the first paragraph: “To my faithful friend and barber Sam Pilkoski, I bequeath all the clothing which I may own at the time of my death”. I hope Sam gets ’em, for they come high just at present.

The ship is full of business men like this good Hebrew. Another Jew with wife and child represents Firestone tires in Paris; the good dame at my table, with five children and a nurse, goes to meet her husband in Paris, he being a European agent of Swift and Company. At the close of the Spanish war he was in Havana in khaki as a private soldier in our army. He met there accidentally a member of the Swift firm, who liked him, offered him a job, made him a western manager in a few weeks, and voila, there you have a successful business career. My French bridegroom turns out to be a Swiss, an electrical engineer, director of the street railways in Montevideo, Chile, a city of nearly half a million, and at the same time Swiss consul at the same place. He studied engineering in Italy, and is a very intelligent fine fellow. The ship is likewise full of Spaniards with their families,—loud, disagreeably noisy, but very gracious and polite. Lots of Italians too! They all seem to have money; they bet on the day’s run in the smoking room, paying 10 to 50 dollars for a number, the “pot” amounting to almost \$1000, which somebody wins every noon when the day’s run is announced.

Tomorrow morning we shall enter Havre harbor, but as I said, it will be midnight before I get my channel boat for Southampton–London. So this is the last installment of this long epistle. I want to tell you how much I think of my new private correspondence portfolio. The ship’s paper is exhausted and I turn with great satisfaction to my own supply for good note paper. I find that the key to this little portfolio is the same as for my large one, so that I am saved carrying another key, and have put one of them on my duplicate ring.

You will be interested to know also about the clothes which you have so carefully marked. It is really a great satisfaction and security to have them all safely tagged. It recently saved me a washcloth, which I had left in the bathroom. I never went away so elaborately and generously equipped before, and it produces a very comfortable feeling in spite of some pricks of conscience due to apprehensions of extravagance. Even my copious supply of safety pins has already proved very useful, and when I reach London I shall sew on one of the neck-cords of my bathrobe which is tearing loose, as soon as my sewing kit is available.

Now I must get off some cards for the two little tads and grandma, and then go on deck for some fresh air. I have not had my foot on deck today, and it is now nearly five p.m. I have only one matter of business to attend to. Please send the enclosed letter to the Corn Exchange Bank regarding the Anderson gift, not forgetting to sign and date and to enclose your check payable to the bank for \$2500.

Good-bye, chickabiddies, and write as often as you can to

Your affectionate

Husband,

Pater, etc.



Dear Sonnie:—I have written to President James about the Rhodes scholarship and asking him to write if he is not to be there. Be sure you attend to everything about it yourself. The time is short.

Dear Frances:—Send this to grandma with my love if you are away. You can enclose self-addressed stamped envelope if you want it all back again.

Havre, France,  
**August 28, 1919.**

Mes cheries:—

No more French lines for me! I don't believe in retailing your woes to your family at home, but as I am now at least out of the worst of the mess it may be fairly entertaining for you to hear a little of one's experience. We docked this morning at 10:30. It was an hour and a half before the gangplank was lowered. No information had been given anyone that a visit of the police on board was impending, and that it would be necessary to have a permit from the police before being permitted to land. When I approached the gangplank, with a steward carrying my luggage, I was not allowed to pass for lack of a police permit. I was told to go to the smoking room for one. I went there and found the police had issued all the first class passes and had gone over to the second cabin! You can imagine the mess I got into when I mogged over there. But I was so mad, I climbed over baggage, babies, men, women and irate stewards who told me I could not pass, and finally secured the permit.

I was anxious to get ashore and engage my stateroom on the channel boat to Southampton, as I was told there was great demand for them. I wanted to send a wireless the night before, to reserve a room, but the purser's office had told me it would do no good as I would land at once in the morning and could go over myself and attend to it. So I got through the Douane with my hand baggage, leaving my trunks for later and took a fiacre over to the English dock, where I found they kept French hours and would not be open till two p.m. !-!-!-!-! Well, I finally pushed into the office and succeeded in finding a Johnny who reserved me a room,—two in a room,—and I was not obliged to wait till two p.m.

Going back to the boat, I found the baggage from the hold had just begun to come out on the dock. Beside the douane stood a big fine Paris train,—a special train for our boat, which everybody had been told would leave at once for Paris after the ship had docked. Then began the wildest pandemonium I ever saw, as everybody in the first cabin and many from the second rushed hither and thither trying to find and identify their baggage. The baggage was mixed with great piles of freight; the passages between were very narrow and beset with trunks, and winding through them went clumsy iron trucks with huge projecting hubs reeking with black grease. Although the boat docked at 10:30, it was nearly 4:30 before that Paris train after much and repeated ringing of a warning bell, slowly pulled out, the passengers having spent most of the intervening time in chasing their baggage among those greasy trucks. Of course I was engaged in a similar chase, and mine lasted for an hour after the Paris train had gone! I had all my trunks but the book trunk,—the one Charles packed so nicely for me, and it was after 5 p.m. when I finally saw it on one of those abominable trucks. Imagine the noise on the dock without an inch of cement pavement, but all huge, rough cobble stones. I chased it over to a place where I had managed to corral the other three pieces within a stone's throw of each other. Then I was ready

for a baggage transfer agent, but no one ever heard of such a thing here. The chef of the baggage administration told me to see the American Express, and sure enough, I found an agent on the dock,—an Englishman, who was caring for baggage transfers as agent of the American Express.

About 5:30, after having docked at 10:30 a.m., I started for the channel boat, more dead than alive. I found it raining dismally outside, so I went back and opened my steamer trunk and took out my rain coat. I could not find a carriage, and as I had left my hand luggage at the Channel boat, I walked over there to see if it was all right. There was no way to check it, and I had to leave it in the open douane inspection room on the assurance from a Tommy that it would be perfectly safe. I found it all in good order, and opened my suitcase and took out my new umbrella. I took the Corona with me too and after wandering a long way through wet streets and getting rather wet from the drizzle, I have taken refuge in the Hotel de Normandie, where I hope to get some dinner before I go on board for a night in a little tub on the Channel. Meantime the madame is kind enough to let me jiggle this machine a while until dinner is ready.

Well you can imagine I am not very enthusiastic about the French Line. This is one of the worst days I ever spent within the pale of civilization, and I have still another night on the water and another custom house before me. I cannot but think of the order and system and rapidity with which the ships were emptied and everybody comfortably disposed of, baggage and all, on certain lines which we must now never mention anymore.

For goodness sake don't say anything to our good friends the Ryersons about it. The voyage itself was very pleasant and everything was done for our comfort. The only serious difficulty was the landing, which as you see has taken the major part of a day. Do you remember how we used to paste a big letter on each of our trunks, the initial letter of our name, and when we went to the douane, we found all our pieces side by side awaiting us? Here the dock hands simply dumped a vast quantity of baggage on the dock, in the midst of a lot of freight, and the unhappy travelers scrambled for it, with results as I have tried to picture. I shall be glad enough to settle down on terra firma again, in London tomorrow.

Southampton, England,  
**August 29, 1919.**

A rough night in a cockle shell of a boat, in a small stuffy stateroom with two men in it, and a suffocating atmosphere! But this morning a sunny day and plenty of fresh air in a first class carriage at eight o'clock, with my baggage all disposed of in a few minutes, and very courteous and accommodating British officials not stopping to weigh my stuff and saying, "I think there must be about 200 pounds excess, Sir",—while you feel rather mean, knowing there is some 600 pounds excess, but not feeling that you have any responsibility for the estimate of the company's representative, especially when you are not spending your own money and therefore have some responsibility of your own.

We shall not get off, on this special train, before nine this morning, and so, as I am entirely alone in this comfortable compartment, I have set up the little Corona for a little chat with you all. I can't realize that you are all so far away. At this hour it is two or three o'clock in the morning with you, and you are all snugly asleep, I hope in the quiet and freshness of the country, with perhaps the low summer music of Lake Michigan at the foot of the bluff below your cot-

tage. I wish you could have gotten settled before I left, so that I would know just where to think of you; but I take it for granted that you are already out at Lakeside, and I hope comfortably esconced for the whole month of September in one of the cottages which I saw there. My eye! What wouldn't I have given to have spent it there with you. If it had not been for this London meeting, I could have done so, and it would have been such a delightful memory to carry away with me. Two little tads like ours are a great nervous burden, it is true, but when you realize that you are alone with the ocean between you and yours, you would give a great deal to hear the two little madcaps chasing each other down to breakfast! It will be many a long day before I hear any of that kind of music. Such separations are a big price to pay for opportunity to do scientific work. I am glad that you, at least, are all together.

Last night, as I was tossed about in a hard narrow berth out on the English Channel I got to thinking about our auto insurance, and I felt disquieted that I had not put some memoranda about it in the book of business I left you. I hope you have found the policies among our safety vault papers, with Petersberger's address, and that you have had the insurance properly shifted to the new car. This of course involves some additional expense which I had forgotten to allow for, but I do not think it is serious. You will find insurance at the old rate inserted in the expenses for next year. It is a great comfort to me to think that you are using the car already and having many beautiful and refreshing rides in the country. I hope it meets all expectations, and that brother will take everybody riding on all occasions, and let everybody go on errands whenever it will give happiness.

I don't know where I am going to live in London, but I shall go at once to Parr's Bank and I may find word there from the Author's Club, and if feasible I will go there. If not, I will try the American University Union. Off we go, and it is a little too shaky to write.

Quarters hard to find. Am living till Monday in an old Russell Square house, the picture of the one we used to live in when Charles was a little fellow. It makes me homesick.

Hastily,  
J—

Authors' Club.

2 Whitehall Court, London, S. W. 1, England,

**August 29, 1919.**

My dear Frances:—

I spent a good deal of time this morning trying to get in somewhere but everything is full. They were very kind at the American University Union, but it will take several days to find something.

Meantime I have found a room in the Russell Square district,—just such a place as we once lived in,—only it is one of a string called Whitehall Hotels, and they are well run. The nearest bath is down a flight and a half, and the room is of course dingy enough. London is certainly no joy, as it is at present. I am going out to look a little further now.

This club has taken me in most cordially as you see,—but their rooms cannot be held longer than a week at a time.

I just telephoned to Gardiner, but he is out of town. So here I go on a further hunt. The University Union hopes to get me in at the London University Club, which is very pleasant but they will not hear till next week.

It would be a heap pleasanter if you could go out with me, but that is beyond our present purse as well as unfeasible in the present foreign situation. Clay has arrived with his wife, but his children are grown up.

Being abroad now is a totally different thing from what it once was. It certainly is not a pleasure,—and it is woefully lonely.

Goodbye, dear.

Your affectionate  
Hubby

Hope for letters soon but of course I found none yet. I have two from Bull. He has just been here for two weeks,—but I missed him. He is going with me to Egypt and probably Western Asia also.

To Mr. Charles Breasted, 5615 University Ave, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.



Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, London, England,  
**August 31, 1919.**

Dear Sonny:—

Here in front of my hotel you see the square where Miss Bertha Porter's key used to let you in to play, and run about the gravel walks with your little wagon your Paris uncle gave you. It is rather lonely business for me to be walking around it now, especially today (Sunday). Hope for home letters soon. Write often to your

Lonely old Pater.



Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, London, England,  
**August 31, 1919.**

My dear little family,

I tried hard to write you yesterday, which is the first day I have not written, but I spent two hours trying to send you a cablegram, just to let you know that I had arrived all right in London. As it was Saturday afternoon everything was closed up, and I could not find a telegraph office until I had wandered all over the West End and was dead fagged.

Yesterday morning, I went first thing to the bank hoping to find a letter from home. I did find your two cables about Bull and also a letter from him. Your first(?) cable was not intelligible as it reached me, and I was unable to act on it. You will see that I tried to translate it on the basis of our code, but that did not help. If it is incorrect, you ought to demand a refund, as it did me absolutely no good. The other one was quite clear, and I wired Bull at once. Bull does not mention any cables in his letter to me. If he does not pay the bill, they are an Institute expense, so please let me know the amount.

I am now in touch with Bull and will be able to arrange things all right. Before going to the bank, I went to the Peninsular and Oriental Line to engage my passage out to Egypt. It was well I did so at once. I found that the P. and O. can book practically no one. They are allowed by the British Government only ten berths on each ship, so great is the government's need for space for troops and officers and civil officials. These ten berths per ship are sold for months ahead, and they can give me nothing until the end of December. It was yesterday (Saturday) at 12:30 when I learned this. I dropped into a telephone booth at once. You would laugh to see the operation of the public telephones here, for London is at last beginning the use of the telephone. You stand ready with three large copper pennies, each as heavy as a flatiron, and after you have gotten the girl's ear, she says, "Thrippence please!". You drop in the first flatiron, and after it is in you turn a large button hard which rings a bell, and the girl says "One". You then drop in the second flatiron, turn the button till you hear it ring, and the girl says: "Two". Then when you have gone through this performance with the third flatiron, and have heard the girl say, "Three", you wait a long time, and maybe you don't get your party; but there is no way to return to you your consignment of copper to the treasury of the British Government. Your spondulix is gone forever! And you try again with the game of "One, two, three" until you get somebody. Well, I tried this game on the American Embassy, knowing it was Saturday, and everybody would be going home at noon, and I got them at once, and they said I could get out from the City, where I was, to the Embassy in Westminster before they closed at one, if I hustled. I couldn't find a taxi as they are all snapped up as soon as free in the City. Finally a chap got into one just as I almost had my foot on it, and seeing the look of disappointment on my face he expressed courteous regret, so I asked him where he was going, and he said to Westminster to the War Ministry. It was evident he was a young government official, so I said that was where I was going, explained my haste and asked to share the taxi with him, which he cordially consented to do. I had a very pleasant conversation with him on the way over and dropped off at the door of the Embassy at five minutes to one. I was too late to see the Ambassador. Indeed, I do not know whether he would have seen me, anyway. You know he is a Southern lawyer named Davis; but I got through his outer defenses to the First Counselor of the Embassy, a young man named Martin, who was very courteous. I can see that the Embassy has about as much interest in assisting American

scholars in the service of science as it would have in a joint stock company to carry on mining for prunes in Timbuctoo.

Mr. Martin explained to me what I knew already, that the need of the British government for ships was such that they could not intervene in spite of any interest expressed by the British Embassy in Washington, the high British officials in the Near East, or the universities of America. For in response to inquiries by the Embassy, they said they already had a waiting list of over 500 specially recommended personages, over and above the great body of officers in uniform, civil officials and troops of the line, who must take precedence of these five hundred. All the British could recommend was to go out by land to Venice and there take ship by the Italian Line to Egypt. This it seems is then our only hope of getting out in time to do anything. Davis told me that Worrell, the new Director of the American school at Jerusalem was here in the same predicament as I, and he gave me his address. Finally Mr. Martin ventured this much, that if I was unable to get a berth out, and would call again he would be glad to consider what they might be able to do to help, though of course he could not promise any action. The situation is without doubt a very difficult one, but you can discern from what I write, the burning enthusiasm of official America in London for the imperishable cause of science!

I wandered off at once to find Worrell at his hotel in Piccadilly, though it was late and I had not yet had any lunch; but Worrell was out. So I went over to the Author's Club and got a little lunch, and returned to this hotel to see if my baggage had arrived. One's admiration for British intelligence is seriously cooled by such things as the above described telephone arrangements and the total lack of any provision for baggage delivery. There is not a single baggage transfer company in all this vast city of London. I could come here and organize a system of this kind and make a fortune on American trunks alone. I had to wait for a full half hour around the corridors of this hotel until one of the porters (and there is an army of them) was free, and I could commission him to go in person over to the Waterloo station with the receipt for my baggage which I had secured with much waiting from the "Cloak Room" as they call the baggage room where he was to look around and hire a "van" with horse and driver which would cost 10/6 for the special trip with my four trunks. I had commissioned him in the morning and after lunch, to be sure, I found the things here. I had of course to pay the porter five "shillings" total, with his omnibus fare, etc., 16 shillings. The only other way to do it would be to ask the "roilwei" to deliver the trunks – that takes four days!

I haven't told you about my living quarters yet. Friday, my first day in London was indeed a dismal day. I have rarely felt so down, so utterly discouraged and lonely. The wretched Whitehall Hotel, about which I wrote you, was so comfortless, dingy and hopeless, that by late afternoon, I said to myself, that I would not stand it, if I had to pay my own hotel bill in London. I went into the Savoy, the swellest hotel in London, and found they ask as a minimum 27/6 a day, over \$6.00, for a room and bath. Of course that was out of the question. Eventually I wandered in here and took a single room for the night where there was a bath down the hall and hot and cold water in the room. The Whitehall outfit had a sumptuous bowl and pitcher! I went over there and got my bags, paid them five shillings for having had my bags in one of their rooms all day, and came over here and spent Friday night. The room was so small you couldn't change your shirt with any comfort.

Yesterday morning (Saturday) I was very discouraged about finding possible quarters to live and work in. What was I to do with these four trunks at the Waterloo station? So I asked the hotel management to show me larger rooms. They had none larger for single travelers. I

then asked them to show me a double room, and soon found that a double room would answer my purposes. A good-natured chamber-maid, in response to my inquiries said there was one such room with bath attached. I found room in the bathroom for my large trunk and I thought I could get the others into the bedroom. So I went down to the office and made arrangement for this room at 5 guineas a week, about \$25.00. I am as comfortably quartered as I could expect. My trunks are all about me, carrying with them a strangely vivid atmosphere of the last place I had them open, and rousing poignant memories of the dear hands that had so faithfully prepared everything for them or helped to pack them. My windows look out over the trees of two neighboring open squares, like Russell Square, where dear little curly-haired Charley-boy used to play, and where we all photographed ourselves, with friends from a land which we now never mention. This square, offensively closed by its self-assertive iron railing, and very pretty with its masses of rich green, is directly before the door of the hotel, and makes me homesick every time I go by it.

I had left a message for Worrell and after I had gone on my long chase to send you a cable yesterday, I found a reply from him by telephone. You should have witnessed our efforts to get together for a telephone talk, in two hotels where there is not a single room with a telephone as in America. But we finally succeeded, and I arranged to meet him at his hotel this morning at 11 as he has his wife with him, and his little boy who is not very well. Then I followed your advice and went off to the theater. I heard Robert Loraine in *Cyrano*, and it was a real treat.

I stayed in bed till nine this morning, something I have not done for years I think; and I feel very much rested and encouraged today. It has done me good also to meet some fellow Americans. Worrell kept me to lunch and I met his wife, a petite little Lorrainer, French in her sympathies, but rather German in appearance and accent. She has no reason to feel very kindly towards the Germans. Three of her brothers have disappeared absolutely, and not a trace of them can be discovered; while her father is in an insane asylum and cannot tell what happened to him. He had considerable property, I believe, and that has disappeared also.

Worrell has all the information on the trip via Italy, and expects to go soon, stopping off at Strassburg to see his wife's people. His ship sails from Venice September 22 and he hopes that he has secured passage on her, but confirmation has not yet been received. He and Clay, who is also at the same hotel, are going together, but Clay has not yet secured a visa for his wife on his passport, and is likely to have difficulty in doing so. Indeed I think he is unpardonably presumptuous in trying to take out his wife and daughter at such a time as this. It is odd under the circumstances too, for both he and Worrell are short of money and are going to cross Europe and the Mediterranean all the way second class! It seems the American School in Jerusalem has been unable to raise all the money it expected. They allowed Worrell \$800 to get himself and his family out there, and he has spent nearly all of that and has gotten no further than London, where he has been waiting six weeks, and watching his money dwindle.

I have written you at unconscionable length, but let me say in closing, that I shall make every effort to secure a first class ticket right through to Alexandria on the same ship with these fellow Americans, though I will not agree to go with them second class. They say they think I will have little difficulty in getting a berth. I am willing to shorten my stay here and in Paris, for a number of reasons. In the first place London and Paris are always accessible, and I have the funds to reach them on future trips. Furthermore it is most disagreeably and inexplicably cold here already. You can get no heat of course, and I should think that this room where I am writing is now about 55 or 58 degrees above. You know how dismal that is at home, and it is dou-

bly depressing here. It would be a joy to leave it and bask in the southern sunshine. That alone however, would not carry me away so soon. Worrell wants me to go with him and help plan the American School at Jerusalem, besides seeing Palestine. I think I will do so, and thus use on Palestine, the time I had thought to spend in Paris and London. This is now perfectly feasible because Jerusalem was connected with Cairo by railway during the war, and I can run back from Palestine to Cairo in a night! Even so I shall reach Cairo earlier than I thought.

It is 7:35 and I have had no dinner, so I must close. I look eagerly for the first letters from home. I hope you have been sending them regularly for you cannot know what they mean in the complete loneliness of a life like this in the London hotels. Good-night my dearies! Lots of kisses all around, and Fortune hasten the day when the homeward journey begins.

Always lovingly, J.

Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, London,  
Tuesday Evening, **September 2, 1919.**

My dear ones:-

It is 9:30 p.m. and I ought to go to bed for I was out late last night, but the meetings begin tomorrow and I shall never catch up if I don't send you a little talk tonight. I wrote you Sunday night. Monday was a very busy day. I first went with Worrell to Cook's and had them wire for a stateroom for me, first class, alone. Then he and I went over to the Royal Asiatic Society's rooms in Albemarle Street, next to the famous Royal Institution. We found the recording secretary, a woman, who was kind and hospitable, and who showed me the program with Professor Woods of Harvard down to respond to the address of welcome by the British President. Nobody ever heard of Woods, and he holds no office in the American Oriental Society and I must confess I felt rather annoyed. But I went over at once to call on Dr. Thomas, Chief Librarian of India House in the great Foreign Office in Whitehall. He has charge of the programme and is the whole thing. I handed him a copy of my presidential address, and he gave me a most cordial welcome. He at once looked up Woods' credentials and found that he was called a "delegate". He at once said to me, "Well, in view of Professor Lanman's sickness and inability to be here, as you were his predecessor in office, and have so recently laid it down, we shall of course want you to respond for America". So I am down for my first speech in England. This is all very small I know, but I thought you might be interested in the wheels going round behind the scenes.

It was late afternoon before I got round to see the British Military Permit Office, which issues formal permission, stamped on your passport, to go [to] Egypt and Asia, and no one can get in without such a permit. I found the place swarming with people. The military flunky gave me a number, 64. After waiting a long time, Number 34 was called. I felt low, but I decided to wait. It was 5 o'clock when I got in and stood in the presence of a fine, tall gray-haired British officer, sitting at his desk and just finishing off my predecessor. Without looking up at me, he said to his flunkey, "Johnson, it is five o'clock and I can't take anyone else today". I stepped up at once and dropped my card on his desk, and said, "Excuse me, Sir, but I have letters from the British Embassy". He was looking at my card, and before I could go any further, he said, "Why, I know you, Sir, I have read your books and I owe you a great deal. What do you want me to do?". I had been warned by Worrell to be on my taps—that this was a hard man to get past;



but all was now easy. We had a delightful conversation. His day was ended at his desk, and he walked with me to my hotel, where he came in and had some tea. I went up and got him a copy of *Ancient Times* and wrote his name in it. He was greatly pleased, and the outcome was that he invited me to dinner with him at the most exclusive club in London, the old Conservative Club, which has a magnificent clubhouse out Whitehall way, where the offices of the Cabinet Ministers are. We had a very enjoyable evening, and I am to lunch with him next Sunday to talk about a book he is writing on his experiences in the campaigns in Egypt and Palestine. This morning he put me through and gave me every thing I asked him, and then went over to the French officials, who also have a say, and put in my papers at the head of a long line of waiting people, and finished for me in five minutes, what would have taken me probably the whole morning. It is pleasant to fall on your feet after having been away from Europe for so long.

He told me this morning that he was very much vexed at Clay for trying to take his wife and daughter out there, when the difficulties of getting transport for food are so great. I could not but agree with him, as I had already written you the same sentiments. Clay is proving difficult for Worrell to get on with. His status is that of resident professor in the American School at Jerusalem for one year. He is therefore really under Worrell, but acts like his chief. Tells Worrell even what he ought to spend on his personal expenses, like clothing! He wears frayed out collars, takes a bath once a week and is proud of it, and is adopting a small and insignificant policy toward the British which is already causing trouble. How he ever got where he is, is a mystery to me.

This afternoon I went over with Worrell to see Robert Mond, a very wealthy Hebrew chemist, who does a great deal for Egyptian exploration, and is supporting the new British School at Jerusalem liberally. We found Garstang there,—one of Petrie's men, now just appointed first director of the new British School at Jerusalem. I was surprised at Garstang's cordiality, and we had a very profitable discussion. There is to be the closest cooperation between the British and the Americans in archaeological work in the Near East, and Mond is doing everything he can to further these new and intimate relations. Clay is adopting a critical and suspicious attitude toward it all and we note that the British have observed it.

As we went out Garstang was telling me how useful he found my *Ancient Records*, when Mond spoke up and said, "Yes, but the best book you ever did is your *Ancient Times*. That is a beautiful book,—a lovely book. Do you know I have bought I don't know how many copies and given them to my friends, and among others, I gave a copy to the great chemist, \_\_\_\_\_ (I forget his name), and when he made his presidential address before the British Chemical Society, he made a long quotation from the book, to illustrate modern conditions in England". I confess I am more and more surprised at the wide reading this elementary school book has found. Petrie's assistant Guy Brunton, whom I met at the dinner at the Conservative Club, told me that it was the only book besides fiction, which he took with him when he was in service with the army in France.

Well, I must go to bed and get some rest for that speech tomorrow, which doesn't give me the least anxiety, but I must get up early in the morning and claw around for some ideas and some diction to clothe them in. There is no dearth of either in a situation like the present.

All day long messages for each one of you lodge in my mind, and I wish I could write them to each of my loved ones. Perhaps when I get away from this rush and business of London, I shall have more time. I hoped I would surely receive letters from home today, but nothing

came. Perhaps I shall be more fortunate tomorrow. Goodnight, my dearies, all of you, big and little, with much love from

Wednesday Morning, **September 3, 1919.**—At breakfast.

Just time to regret mistakes in above. No time to read it.

I will cable you about letters to me. Just go on addressing Parr's Bank, until you hear.

Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, London, England,  
Thursday Evening, **September 11, 1919.**

My dear ones:—

It will be four weeks next Monday since I left you all standing on the platform at Englewood and it seems ages! The Atlantic mails are very slow. I have still to receive any further letters beyond the first two written on the Tuesday and Thursday after I left. My hopes rose today when I was handed a slip calling for a registered letter, but it proved to be Gairdner's Arabic method, which you sent just in time, Frances, for it was on my list of London purchases to be made this week. Thank you very much.

It is a real comfort to sit down to this little machine for a talk with those who are in my thoughts all day long. I had expected to be able to spend the evening with you in this way last evening, but I was prevented. I went over to the Royal Societies Club to get my dinner, and while there I met men whom it was important for me to see. In the first place I saw across the room F. Legge, an amateur Orientalist, a barrister living in Gray's Inn, who has for years furnished reviews of oriental books for responsible English journals. He has always found some merit in my books, but has regularly handled them in a hostile spirit because he said (years before the war) they were German in method! I met him in a conciliatory way and found him very cordial. Such a man would never be doing work of this kind in any country but England or America. He is wealthy and does not need to do it. I also met Naville, the Geneva scholar who was dining with Hall of the British Museum. I had not seen Hall for years, and finding he had just returned from Babylonia where he has been excavating, it was of course essential to have a talk with him. He tells me the military authorities wanted to send him home from Baghdad by the Syrian desert to Aleppo or Damascus, but finally for lack of good English chauffeurs for the desert Fords, asked him to return by Bombay instead. It may be that we shall have to go and come that way ourselves. The difficulty is that we cannot get passage on the Orient lines of steamers, for as I have told you, the British government has need of all the boats for its own people. The outlook at present is most confused, and I am completely at a loss how to make the proper preparations for the Asiatic trip. I will not trouble you with all the different possibilities and alternatives. The worst thing is that Allenby has just arrived in London for a vacation at home, and I fear he will not be back in Egypt in time to help us. His subordinates may not be like-minded, and while they will not be likely to reverse his approval, they may not assist us as he would have done.

Day before yesterday Captain Mackay called on me but unfortunately I was not at home. He has just been appointed by the British in Palestine to be chief of the new Antiquities Department. I was very sorry to miss him, and as I knew his address I at once sent him an invitation to lunch. He came today, and I found him a very fine fellow, — most cordial and ready to do anything he can to help us. We are all right as far as Palestine is concerned. His assistant Captain Engelbach is coming to lunch with me tomorrow. You can see how useful it is to come over here and meet these men who are to be in charge of the archaeological situation in the Near East.

Did I tell you that I lunched with Crum and Sir Herbert Thompson last week? I had a delightful visit with them, and the only drawback was that I had to refuse an invitation to lunch from Sir Percy Sykes, the Arabist, who was President of our section, the Near East, at the meetings. I think I have passed the worst of these multifarious engagements, and I hope so, for they are extremely tiring. I stood for an hour and a half yesterday, at a tea in Miss Hull's pretty garden, in Kensington Park Road. She is Recording Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, a woman of means, and very interesting people come to her teas. I met a number of them. Clermont-Ganneau the great French Orientalist appeared with a pretty niece, — a little blue stocking of an orientalist, already publishing short studies; but my French was too poor to talk to her much. I enjoyed very much meeting Sir James Fraser. He told me that a friend of his was making frequent use of my *Ancient Times*. You will find all these people in my English *Who's Who*. If I can find time I hope to dine with Sir Herbert Thompson this week, but if I don't succeed in postponing my sailing from Trieste from September 22 to October 6, I shall be very put to it for time; for Lord Carnarvon who has carried on excavations at Thebes, and knows my books has kindly invited me out to his place for the coming week end. That means that I have all the rest of my London business to do, and possibly to leave Monday night for Paris, after coming in from Carnarvon's Monday morning, and spending all day Monday packing.

Everything now has to be done by my own hands and I can't tell you how I miss the many helping hands which made it possible for me to get away so comfortably from Chicago. For example, on unpacking the camera trunk to show the outfit to Worrell, I found that the camera shutter, especially fitted with cable release by Eastman's people had lost nearly all of its screws, and the pieces were rattling around in the box. I have spent a great deal of time with the London Kodak agents in getting the thing fixed up again. The trunk itself was not made right in the interior. The partitions were not well secured. The one holding the camera case itself had wrenched loose and two others also. I had to unpack everything from the entire trunk, stow the stuff away in my closet and then take it in a taxi to a trunk-maker's. You know what the English trunk makers are! I have been there twice since the first time, and still they do not do it right, but I think it will hold. I expect to get it tomorrow, and pack it again before going out to Carnarvon's.

Inability to sail from England as in normal times has made me a great deal of trouble too. You see I cross France, Switzerland and Italy to reach the ship, and the consuls of all three of these countries must visa my passport. I now have all three, but I spent two hours and a half at the Swiss Consulate this morning, and the first half hour I was standing outside with a crowd of people, waiting for the doors to open. Every consulate asks for a photograph, and the Swiss demanded two. Luckily I had brought with me the spare ones I had left after equipping my passport, but they have now exhausted my stock.

I would like to go through your first two letters and take up a great many details and reply to them, but I am so tired I know you will be glad if I go to bed. I am glad you have the Scribner royalty, as I failed to put the expenses for the little girl's operation in your expense account. I

hope it will pay both the hospital and the doctor's bill. I am interested in every little item of your doings, no matter how small, and as I have only these first two home letters, I have sat down with them, when disappointed at the hotel post-office, and read the home letters over again. This has happened three times. It is a great satisfaction to think of you all riding in the new car. I shall be very interested to hear about it all. Say, Price is up and coming, isn't he! None of us suspected him in the least.

It has now been warm here for a week, and I have resumed my thinnest underclothing. This muggy English warmth is very enervating. I sit with my windows open and my coat off! Very different from the first week which was dismally cold, and set me longing for the fleshpots of Egypt. I hope there is a long string of letters on their way across the Atlantic to Parr's Bank, for a certain lonely old duffer who would be very glad indeed if he could drop down in University Avenue or perhaps in Lakeside and spend the evening with his little family. I have the little group picture on the stand at my bedside, and I say goodnight to it every night as I climb into bed, and I wonder what my dear ones are doing. Tell my dear old mother too that my thoughts are often of her, and I hope she is comfortable and happy. With worlds of love to her and to you all,

Your affectionate  
J.

Highclere Castle, Newbury,  
Sunday, **September 14, 1919.**

My dear Frances:—

You can't imagine how glad I was to receive your letter of September [August?] 25, just before I left London. Your first two of the 18th and 21st were followed after an interval of over a week by your letter of the 28th, and after that came your good long letter of the 25th.

Monday Morning, **September 15, 1919.**

Carnarvon came in and carried me off to see his horses, at the above juncture (that is just after lunch), and the horse inspection a wonderful stud of racers—lasted till tea time.

London, England,  
Monday Evening, **September 15, 1919**

You will see that I tried to write you at Highclere, but there was never a minute. After tea Carnarvon took me for a drive through his vast park to see the lake, on which he said there was a small summer house. You and I would find this "small summer house" a roomy abode for our whole family. Then it began to rain and we came back; Carnarvon wanted to talk shop and so I sat with him until it was time to go dress for dinner. This elaborate affair begins at 8:30 and hence one sits up till midnight if there is any conversation after dinner.

The Earls of Carnarvon are a branch of the ancient Pembroke family, prominent in English history. Highclere Castle contains parts which are a thousand years old. The present building however, was designed by the architect of the Parliament Buildings and put up about 1840. It is

a vast house, full of fine paintings, many of them of the ancestors done by Gainsborough and Sir Joshua. The park is magnificent, with ancestral old trees which we shall not possess for centuries.

The purpose of my visit however, was simply to see the small but extraordinary Egyptian collection, which the present earl has put together, and it was of course solely because I am an Egyptologist that I was invited to the castle. Carnarvon himself is very friendly and democratic,—as unpretentious as you could imagine. He goes about in ill-fitting clothes,—always with a dog, and always seems in a jovial temper. But his really good mind flits incessantly from one subject to another, and he cannot follow any subject through. He has never taken any part in public life and is not popular in England. But he is devoted to Egypt, and has been excavating at Thebes for years. Of course somebody does it for him [Howard Carter], and he sits around with keen appetite for the stuff that comes out of the hole. He has wonderful horses and is an ardent photographer of great ability.

It was interesting of course to see one of the great families of England in their ancestral home,—only one of several great estates: 13,000 acres in this one. I could write you for two hours of my impressions, but I cannot find the time to do it, for I have a good deal of writing to do. This afternoon I got off the official letters necessary to enable Bull, Edgerton and now also Shelton, whose application to go with me came today. That alone made ten letters. So I cannot spend much more time on the visit at the castle. Lady Carnarvon is a kindly hearted little aristocrat, who however worked with remarkable devotion in her own hospital which she ran throughout the war. She is devoted to nursing and is very fond of medicine and surgery. But she is childishly ignorant of almost everything else. A really intelligent person with nothing in her head, but a heart full of kindness for the suffering.

On hearing of my visit to Asia, Carnarvon at once volunteered to write me letters of introduction to the commander in Mesopotamia and several other leading men in the British administration in Asia. That means all sorts of help, like motors, transportation, and even airplanes if I ask for them. So the visit was a valuable one, in a number of ways.

Lady Carnarvon's guardian was one of the Rothschilds, who died only a few weeks ago leaving her a little legacy of a million pounds with a beautiful house in London. She made me promise I would come over to the new house, and said she would telephone me as soon as she came up to the city, or rather as they say here "up to town".

On arriving here I found the enclosed letter from Mrs. H. G. Wells, confirming the telegram which I enclose. I had to wire them I was going out to Highclere Castle but would be glad to come a week later. Besides Wells the other two are also very interesting men, and I expect to enjoy the visit very much. Sir Harry Johnston is the leading English authority on the native races of Africa and he has just perpetrated a novel besides. Olivier I can't quite place and shall have to look him up in *Who's Who*.

I forgot to tell you that Carnarvon's son, who bears the title Lord Porchester, had just returned from Mesopotamia. He was rather an uncultivated and very ordinary looking youngster, who was however, very friendly, —full of his experiences out there, and volunteering to write me a number of letters of introduction to helpful people. It did seem very curious to be saying Lord Porchester to a cub who looked a good deal like Tony James when he lived in the Rubinkam flats, only much younger.

I am glad to say that my berth for Egypt has been postponed till October 6, and I shall leave here just two weeks from today. This gives me a little more time to look around and see the



men I ought to see and do many things necessary before I can go to Asia. Lord Allenby arrives tomorrow, on his first visit home since his great victories. London is making great preparations to receive him. I have taken the bull by the horns and written him a letter stating exactly what I must have if our expedition is to get out on the ground at all. I have sent him a copy of my *History of Egypt*, which, as I had to procure it here is not as pleasing as the American edition,—no gold except on the back. I addressed both to the War Office, and now I shall have to hang around and see if anything happens.

Meantime Griffith has reached home and sends me a warm invitation to come out to Oxford and put up with him, and Gardiner will also be home in a few days. There is much feeling here against Gardiner, both for his pro-German feeling and backwardness to do anything to help,—they all say he was a pacifist, and that his friends have all had rather warm differences with him on the subject. So I have the Wells' party, a visit with Griffith at Oxford, and another with Gardiner here, besides a great many details of preparation and much letter-writing to do, before I go.

But I shall be very glad to go. It is now cold and disagreeable again. You shiver and freeze wherever you go, and there is not a warm corner anywhere. I am going to get out my big winter coat. Here am I with four overcoats and about to buy a fifth, a heavy raincoat for Asia! My room is a cold and dismal place, as solitary and lonely as if it were in the heart of a wilderness. Of all dismally lonesome places, a London hotel is the loneliest. It seemed hopelessly so when I entered it again this morning, coming back from Highclere; and so it was doubly cheering to hold in my hand as I came in your very welcome letter of August 29, the day you sent the cablegrams. It was not long, but none the less a bright spot. Only I was sorry to hear that the dear little girl does not improve and still has temperature. I shall be anxious until I hear that she is herself again.

My old flask is such a disreputable looking thing, that I went out and got a good one before going away Saturday, and then found to my disappointment, that I cannot find any blackberry cordial anywhere in London. They say the war has stopped making all such things. I shall make an effort to find it in some stock dating from before the war, but there is not much hope. If you can find a bottle in Chicago, it would probably be wise to send it to me in Cairo, care the American Consul, for it is highly improbable that I shall be able to find any here. My stock is entirely gone.

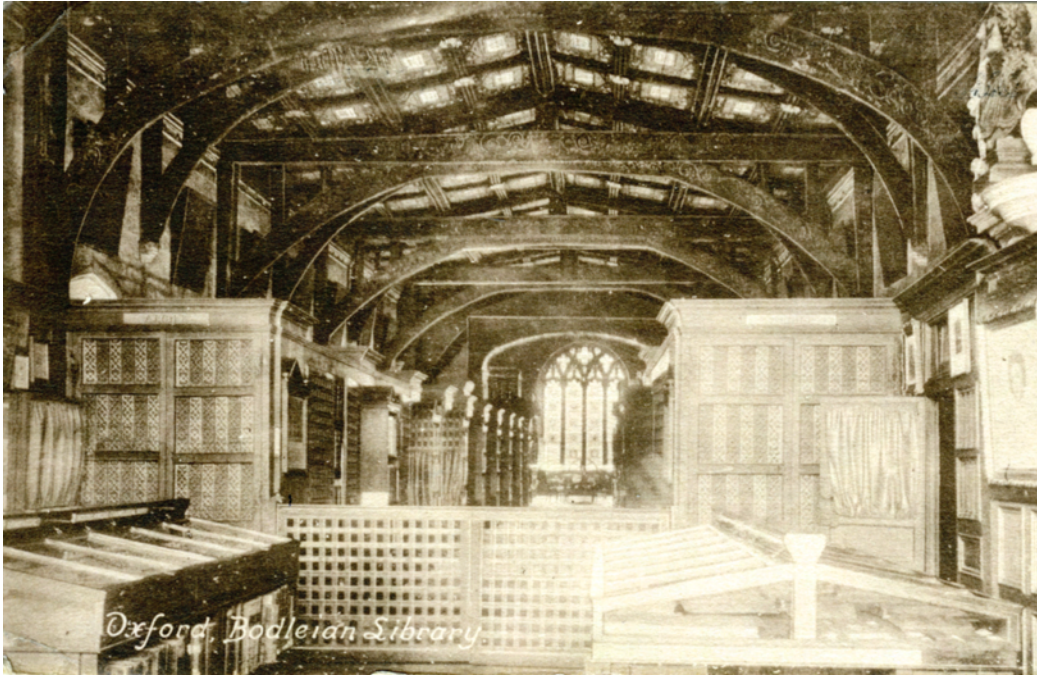
Good-night, dear. I have my little group by my bedside, and I bid them good-night every night as I turn out my light. I hope there are many letters on the way across the Atlantic. For don't imagine seeing all these people and places, many of them interesting to be sure, is any compensation for being away from home. Sunday at Highclere was the loneliest Sunday I have ever spent. I don't envy these aristocrats for a moment. I couldn't be coerced by any possible means into living the life they lead. There is nothing in it,—not half so much as in ours. But I am deeply disappointed that it has not proven possible for you to go away for relaxation and rest. Nevertheless I can understand your desire to stay in that comfortable home; and to me in this dismal hotel our warm, comfortable home seems a veritable Paradise, which I would give more than I can say to be able to enjoy again.

And now I must go to bed to get warm, for I shiver with cold. Good night!

Your loving "Hubby"

Why doesn't Charles write to his father?

To Mr. Charles Breasted, 5615 University Avenue, Hyde Park, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.



**September 19, 1919.**

Dear Sonny:

So glad to have your good long letter of August 31 here. I will try to reply soon. Wonder if you will ever be using this venerable old library. I hope so.—I am going back to London to-night and tomorrow to H. G. Wells for the week end.

Affectionately,

Pater.

En route between Oxford and London, England,  
Friday, **September 19, 1919**, 9:15 p.m.

My dear, dear boy:—

You can't begin to think what a pleasure it was at last to have a letter from you, after waiting so long. It was written August 31, and gave me much welcome news about all of you. I am so glad to hear that the new car is giving pleasure and proving satisfactory. Of course I was disappointed to hear that you found such an unfavorable situation at Lakeside, but evidently it could not be helped. I was not surprised that you found our worthy neighbor anything but a help in arranging matters. I have seen him often in former years clog the whole progress of business at an important faculty meeting. It was always nip and tuck between him and Tolman, which would be able to get in the way most effectively, and honors were usually about even. I am very glad to hear that you have the trees done. I felt most dissatisfied that I had not succeeded in fin-



ishing them. And I am very grateful to you for cleaning up that big job of addressing and mailing and recording the names in all that big list of pamphlets. I don't know what I should have done if you had not come to the rescue. Now if you will let me know that the hole behind the front door lantern, over the arch, is well stopped with cement, I shall be quite reassured, and my chief regret will be that I have never finished the little play house for the children.

I am writing in a frightfully swaying English train, jolting and shaking so that I can hardly strike the right key, and I think I shall have to postpone the rest until tomorrow.

Saturday Morning, **September 20, 1919.**

I found a grist of important letters here this morning, among them a kind note from Lord Carnarvon, promising to send me valuable letters of introduction and asking details of what I want. He wants to know if I would like to come to his dinner to [for?] Lord Allenby, as he is to be in a few days. There was also a very kind note from Allenby, written with his own hand, acknowledging my history of Egypt;—this was purely personal, so I am awaiting with much interest his official response to my request for aid in carrying out our plans. Meantime I have had a very enjoyable and profitable time at Oxford, meeting among others Dr. Hogarth, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, the museum of the University, and the oldest in Great Britain. Hogarth is a very able archaeologist, doubtless the ablest in England; but he is a somewhat gruff person, and his first reaction was complaint about Clay and his hareem. To my amazement he tells me Clay is trying to take his wife and daughter to Baghdad. This performance is creating intense annoyance in British circles. I pulled my best oar as Hogarth is intimate with Allenby and has been out there with him during the whole Palestine campaign. The result to my surprise, when I finally asked Hogarth for a letter to Allenby was the following:

Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, September 19, 1919

Dear Sir Edmund,

May I introduce to your serious attention Prof. Breasted of Chicago University, the most distinguished of American Egyptologists? Any facilities that can be granted to him would be of real service, not only to science but also to our relations with the States. You will find him thoroughly reasonable and need not fear his pressing his plans inopportunistly.

I hope your holiday is doing you good.

Yours very sincerely,

D. G. Hogarth.

I could not have asked for anything better. The result is I am sending this letter to Allenby this morning and asking for an interview. These things have taken my whole morning and I must run out for some lunch and go to the 2:30 train for H. G. Wells country home at Dunmow in Essex. I will hold this and add a codicil as I have now missed the Saturday boat from Liverpool today.

London, England,  
Monday Evening, **September 22, 1919.**

Wells insisted on having Johnston and myself stay on, in order to take us out to the quaint old village of Thaxted. Sir Sidney Olivier is at present Auditor General of the government, and a very able man, so that he had to go back to his office on a morning train, but Sir Harry has retired, so we stayed till after lunch, and although it rained we had a very interesting visit at Thaxted, seeing the old town-hall of which I enclose a view, and the fine old Tudor church. We got back just in time for lunch and I came back to London with the Johnstons (I am not sure whether there is a "t" in his name; look in the British *Who's Who*), in the same coupe. He is a jolly little man, very bright and original and full of reminiscences of an unusually active and successful career. He invited me down to his place, but I cannot accept as my time is now too short and too full of preparations.

The visit in Oxford was very profitable. One of the pleasantest recollections was meeting Sir William Osler, who lives next door to the Griffiths in Norham Gardens. He was most kind and cordial to me. We were to dine together at Queen's College, and when Griffith and I came along to pick him up, Lady Osler came running out to the car in a state of mind, saying: "The most absurd thing has happened to Sir William; he was putting on his shoes after having dressed, and his foot was stung by a wasp which was in his shoe! His foot at once began to swell, and now he cannot get his stocking on, much less the shoe!" So we had to go on without Sir William and I lost a much anticipated visit with him; for he is one of the most delightful of men.

That same afternoon Lady Osler had gone with us in Griffith's car to the almshouses at Ewelme. I really can't recall whether I told you of this visit in a former letter or not. Osler is Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. In the days of Henry VIII the fortunate holder of this post received the magnificent income of 36 pounds a year. His successor under James I wrote the king that he was unable to live on this stipend, and the king thereupon made him Head Master of the School at Ewelme, with full pay therefore, and no teaching duties, but with responsibility for the medical care of the poor in the almshouse there. The school and the connected dwellings of the almshouse were built and endowed by one of the Dukes of Suffolk in 1436. They are a charming bit of Olde Englande, with their tile roofs, and moss grown walls surrounding a court, with a pillared ambulatory from which you enter the rooms of the pensioners. There is an old well in the center of the court, where these poor old souls fetch their water. Rooms for the head master are part of his perquisites, and there the ancient documents of the foundation, with the royal patents, and quaint old letters pertaining to the management of the place are still kept, with their stately old seals of the sovereign, as big as a pancake hanging from appended cords. Now as Osler is Regius Professor, the old arrangement still holds. He receives his stipend as school master, and still has to look after the health of the pensioners. Lady Osler took us into the master's rooms and there we had tea very pleasantly and looked over the musty old documents. Ewelme is about 15 miles from Oxford and the drive out and back was very enjoyable.

There, I think I have given you about all the more interesting things; but I could write you reams about this visit to England. I found telegram from Gardiner, who has now returned to London, and also an invitation to dinner, awaiting me, and I am looking forward to a good visit with him.

It is bitter cold. Ice has formed on ponds not very far north of us, and as there are no fires, it is dismal business. I wear your leather jacket, and I am getting out my heavy winter coat. I expect Paris, whither I go next week will be equally unpleasant. I am very anxious about the

little girl, and I shall soon be without news for long intervals. I do not yet know my exact program, but you can now, after receipt of this, send my letters to Cairo, care American Consul. You may perhaps have received a cable, ere this giving you the same instructions.

I am very glad you are having a good time with Gillespie and Clarence and I hope it will do you a lot of good. I am very sorry that your mother could not have an outing also. I do hope that the new car and pleasant rides may in some measure compensate her for lack of a real vacation.

It is after 7:30 and I must go down and have some dinner. Lonesome business! Write often, sonny dear, to your affectionate old Pater.

Easton Glebe, Dunmow,  
Sunday, **September 21, 1919.**

My dear Frances:—

I sent you a card from London yesterday (with an Oxford picture) acknowledging your last letters,—but as my bag was too full for my new writing pad, I had to leave them in London unfortunately and cannot now acknowledge them more fully as I had wanted to do. You will probably tire of my telling you how dear and welcome is every line you send me.

Wells met me at the station, and I found I had come up in the same coupé with Sir Harry Johnston and his lady. In spite of the fact that she smoked all the way up, I find her a very interesting woman.

Wells as you might expect is a most unusual fellow,—keen and penetrating—jolly and democratic. His father was a professional cricket player, and as he himself told me, his family were quite uneducated people. He asked me to drive back with him to meet Sir Sidney Olivier and his daughter who was coming by a later train. The train was a half hour late and we sat in the car and talked most profitably.

Both Johnston and Olivier are grizzled proconsuls of the British Empire. Olivier among other posts was governor of Jamaica and Johnston has held many a governorship in Africa. It is very interesting to hear these old war horses tell of their experiences and of course Sir Harry is giving me many a useful item on the Africa situation.

I walked out with these two to the charming lake in the neighboring estate of Lady Warwick who has a home here called Easton Lodge. She is coming in to tea this afternoon, and Wells tells me she is an unusually intelligent woman for her social class.

It is fiendishly cold, but luckily I put into my bag Charles' leathern vest, and I wear it all the time. Last night I wore it under my dress shirt! and I should have perished without it.

Mrs. Wells is a bright little woman, devoted to her "H. G." as she calls her husband. They have two very attractive boys, 15 and 18, who came into the library and gave us two amusing masquerade dances after dinner last evening. Wells is writing a universal history! for which he says he has "stolen a lot from Breasted and from Robinson." I am glad he is doing it, for it will aid in spreading the very historical ideas I have been endeavoring to spread myself.

I was just going to lie down for a half hour for one keeps such late hours in these weekend house-parties in England; but the tea bell has rung, and I must go. I will finish later. I have an unfinished letter to Charles in my pocket also.

— — — — —

I went down to tea but no one had arrived, so I will just close this up.—I could write on indefinitely about these interesting people but there never is any time.

In the midst of it all I am very anxious about the little girl. I would very gladly drop out of all this if I could only spend this Sunday afternoon with my dear ones in my own little garden, and know you are all well and happy. The letters are a great solace, and you can't write too many. Much love, dear, from your affectionate Husband.

Author's Club,  
2, Whitehall Court, S.W.1.,  
London, England,  
Tuesday, **September 23, 1919.**

My dearest Frances:—

I had some shopping in this vicinity and so have dropped in here to lunch. Your frequent letters reporting on the little girl have been a great comfort. I cannot now acknowledge them all by date as they are at the hotel. The morning post at the bank reaches me at the hotel at nine p.m.—After a lovely evening, it is indeed a joy to see the girl at the desk pull out one for me. Last night she gave me yours of September 7th and also the dear boy's first letter from Gillespie's cabin. Imagine me going back to my room for a little visit with my loved ones. This morning I had a fine grist again, and was hardly aware of my breakfast, as I opened yours of September 8 and 9 (with many enclosures) and the dear baby's, written over every inch of space. Give her a kiss and tell her to get well soon for daddy who is coming home bye and bye with a red automobile for a dear little girl.—I was so glad to have her card too, I think of the 8th. You had just had Mrs. **Norton** and the Richmonds to dinner.

I am so grieved that you have all these cares and anxieties while I am away when I would be so gladly there to help you. I am surprised that your sister should add any unnecessary trouble at such a time. I cannot imagine what could be the motive.

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The interruption was a very interesting one. Mr. Rose, the Secretary of the Club brought over and introduced Captain Carpenter of Zeebrugge fame, whom you heard talk in Mandel. We had a very pleasant chat. He's a "broth of a bye".

I had a pleasant letter from Lord Carnarvon this morning enclosing an introduction to General Hambro in command at Baghdad.—Also a breezy little note from the General just as he was leaving London,—in response to a letter from Carnarvon—assuring him Breasted would be welcome in Babylonia and he would do all he could for him. I feel quite reassured. I have not met with a single rebuff from the British and I find everywhere the greatest kindness. I lunched with Rose just now and he told me there had been many kind expressions by the committee when I came up for election.

These are awful little scrawls, but I hope they may not be unwelcome, just as every little note you write is a great joy when it reaches the hands of a lonely wanderer. I read them all repeatedly and then scan the envelopes which only a few days ago left my loved ones. Love and kisses to them all.

Your loving Husband.

Imperial Hotel, Russell Square, London, England,  
Thursday, **September 25, 1919.**

Dear, dear boy:—

I have only a little while before dressing to go to dinner at Gardiner's, but I will run off a few lines to tell you how glad I was to have your first letter from Gillespie's cabin. How I wished I could have been there in the fresh air and quiet. This London life wears one out, with so many late evening engagements. And in spite of diversions it is dismally lonely.

Nothing startling has happened since I wrote your mother a note from the Author's Club. I lunched there yesterday with Captain Carpenter, and had a long and interesting talk with him. He is teaching in the Naval Academy here.

The night before I dined with the Gardiners and found them very hospitable. Gardiner is heavier, and slightly gray. His wife looks very much the same. She sent her love to your mother and spoke very warmly of her. The children were not at home, and I am going there again to-night, partly to see the family together; but chiefly to talk over the political situation with Gardiner,—I mean in so far as it affects scientific work in the Orient. The whole situation reeks with politics. The French intrigue constantly for all sorts of advantages, big and little. I had a very cordial letter from Lord Carnarvon, saying he wanted very much to see me to talk over the situation of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and adding that French intrigue was at work as usual. As for the Italians there is nothing but contempt for them in England, when you get behind the surface of purely official propriety. So Gardiner and I are discussing thoroughly what course ought to be pursued.

Lacau, the French Director General in Egypt, succeeding Maspero, is a very sincere and upright Frenchman, and a fine scholar; but he is very unsuccessful as an administrator, and is an idealistic dreamer. He believes in Egypt for the Egyptians to such an extent that he is now definitely planning for the abandonment of the old policy of a fair division with the foreign museums carrying on excavations, and wishes to swamp the Cairo Museum, already far too large, ten times too large for the administrative staff, with an inundation of monuments which it cannot possibly install or administer. Meantime he forgets that the number of educated Egyptians who can appreciate such things is an insignificant handful, while on the other hand, as our birthright and inheritance from the past, Egypt can be a wonderful educational influence in civilized lands of the West by means of the remarkable collections which it can furnish without in the least injuring the Egyptians of today or the Cairo Museum.

At this juncture England is totally without any commanding scholarly and statesmanlike figure capable of coping with the situation. The only really statesmanlike men are Gardiner and Dr. Hogarth, of whom you know. In the British Museum is the notorious stuffed prophet, otherwise called Budge, who has been the ruin of Oriental studies in Great Britain. In University College is the singularly perverse Petrie who never gets on with anyone, least of all the Government. At Oxford is the scholarly, and pitifully helpless Griffith, who would get lost if it were not for his efficient wife; and the really strong man among them, Gardiner, has queered himself by his inactivity during the war. This of course I cannot discuss with him.



Friday Evening, **September 26, 1919.**

I had a very profitable evening with Gardiner last night, and saw two of his children, the small boy being away. He had there also his fellow-worker Battiscombe Gunn, a very able man with whom Gardiner is collaborating on an Egyptian Grammar and also on a Dictionary. They are doing remarkable work plowing up new materials and furnishing very important new results, which carry things beyond our teachers in Germany.

Carnarvon sent word to Gardiner asking him to bring me out to Highclere Castle for a consultation on the above situation. It is rendered the more critical because Quibell, whom your mother will remember also, and with whom you spent the day at Sakkara that time we rode through the ruins of Memphis by moonlight,—Quibell is now in the Cairo Museum as one of Lacau's two assistants, and he has adopted, probably from reasons of policy, a pro-French attitude and is backing Lacau in his mistaken policy. The failure of British scholars at this serious crisis is lamentable. It is just the same in Assyriology. The leading British Assyriologist, King of the British Museum, has just died; Sayce has just retired at seventy; Johns of Cambridge who married Griffith's sister, was brought by Griffith's wife to their Oxford home when I was there, helpless from a stroke of paralysis; and the only Assyriologist left in England is a young American who has been given a job at Oxford, Stephen Langdon. The result is in no small degree due to the failure of Oxford to revolutionize its organization, establish really teaching professorships, and produce competent men in all lines of research. If you get a Rhodes scholarship, you will find it necessary to do much outside of Oxford in order to get anything out of it.

My transportation problem from Egypt to Bosra, in lower Babylonia, is still unsolved. I am going out with Gardiner tomorrow for the week end with Carnarvon and perhaps he may have something to suggest. It is discouraging,—the endless amount of time it takes to get anything put through, and the number of people you have to consult to get anywhere. It is now almost a month that I have been in London, and with the exception of two visits to the Ashmolean Museum and the Pitt-Rivers prehistoric collections at Oxford, I have not accomplished an atom of work. Everything is so slow. It takes an hour to get my breakfast at this hotel, they are so short of help. While I find London unexpectedly well supplied with items of equipment, which I had to attend to here, it has taken ages to get anything. Thermometers, a barometer, a compass, and all such odds and ends. I had to send in an application for a permit at the War Office to buy a revolver, and that meant another letter. I write endless letters. Just the necessary official items for Bull and Edgerton meant ten letters all written in one afternoon.

In the midst of it all my thoughts are constantly with you all and turn wherever I go, to the one dearest spot on earth to me. You can't think what it means to receive a letter from home in the midst of the vast lonely city, going to bed at night, turning out in the morning, and going to my solitary meals, or climbing into the inevitable omnibus,—there is just one idea,—just one thought always with me:—perhaps when I go to the hotel office this time, there will be a letter. Every scratch of the pen from home is precious. Nothing has given me more pleasure than to learn that Jamie is good and helpful, and it is even some compensation for the anxiety I constantly feel about the little girl. Mrs. Gardiner says the little boy of a friend of hers, just Astrid's age, had the same strange intermittent temperature, after the same operation, and it continued for years; but he is now in perfect health.

Well, I will go down to my dinner now as it is nearly seven o'clock, and send this off. Write often. Oceans of love to all my dear ones, from Pater.



En route Highclere Castle to London, England,  
**September 29, 1919.**

My dear ones:—

I have the machine on my knees and it is not easy writing in this shaky old English train, but I am anxious to get off a few words about my visit with Carnarvon. Gardiner and I had planned to leave London Saturday afternoon at 5:05, but at midnight the night before the strike on all the railways in the British Isles went into effect. I tried to get Gardiner on the telephone, but his line was constantly busy. Finally I got him and he told me Lady Carnarvon was sending one of her cars for us,—a drive of some sixty miles. So I got ready at once, and about 12:00 o'clock we drove off through the suburbs of London and out into the beautiful English countryside, hampered only by a very heavy traffic due to the stoppage of the railways.

It was a very pleasant drive and I had a most satisfactory talk with Gardiner on many matters which it is important we should understand one another upon. When we reached the town we found it full of people gathered for the races. All the people at the castle were down at the course and as it was three o'clock we had a quiet cold lunch and a walk in the lovely park, one of the most beautiful in England. I have never had a series of conversations which have done me as much good as those I have had with Gardiner. He is a very fine and noble-minded fellow, and so able that I should name him as now about the best equipped Egyptologist to be found in any country. He has greatly reassured me about my own work, and I am sure it was not mere flattery. He was most insistent that I ought to be very content to have produced a piece of work like my *Records* and said I was the only man who had completed a large comprehensive piece of work like it that with such an achievement and the resulting history was everywhere regarded as the standard history of Egypt, I had every reason to be very content with what I had produced. I would not mention this, but the ideals I have set are so far beyond all this, and what I have done has seemed to me so far from my ideals, that I have settled down into a melancholy recognition of my own lack of success which has sometimes been very hard and discouraging to bear. He urges me to go on with my history writing, but is also very anxious that I should resume work in Egypt. We had a long walk over Carnarvon's estate Sunday morning. We could cover some of the park to be sure, but as the estate is twelve miles long we saw only a bit of it. We climbed to the top of the highest hill in Hampshire, which overlooks the castle and affords an imposing view of the park and its stately old trees.

Imperial Hotel, 8:30 p.m.

The hill is crowned by the remains of an old British stronghold of indefinite date, with moat and earthen wall and postern gate, but nothing is preserved beyond the earthen ridges, which were probably crowned by a stockade. We walked about the place in a keen wind talking of our work and aims. It may seem strange that such a talk should have been so gratifying and reassuring but it all did me a world of good and quite restored my courage and will to go on with my efforts to achieve at least a little in the field of history, and I hope also in the special work of the Orientalist.

To go back to Saturday afternoon, we were deeply immersed in conversation when a lackey came out on the terrace where we were walking in the last rays of the afternoon sun and told

us “his lordship” and his guests had returned from the races and he wished we would come into the library. It is a magnificent room of vast dimensions with many rare old paintings and works of art. Among other things is the office desk and chair of (the) Napoleon I, bearing on the right arm of the chair the marks of Napoleon’s scratching and whittling, which he did when he was talking over important matters with his callers,—pecking away the while at the arm of his chair with his pen knife! We found the room filled with guests, and learned to our surprise that they were all there for the week end. Among them was Sir William Garstin, one of the leading British officials in Egypt for many years and the man who is chiefly responsible for the destruction of Philae. I determined to feel no prejudice however and I found he greeted me most cordially. I had some very interesting conversations with him, and perhaps my liking for him may have been influenced by the fact that he was greatly impressed by my views on the strategic of Great Britain’s position in the Near East and especially in Egypt and Suez. He said he wished I would print my article on Asia Minor as a pamphlet and make it available in England. You know Englishmen of his type are reserved, and I was quite surprised by his expressions of pleasure at having met me. He offered of his own initiative to send me a letter of introduction to the governor of Bombay, which will be a great help if I am obliged to go out to Babylonia that way.

It was a pretty sight to see this magnificent room filled with these aristocratic English men and women, moving about among a sumptuous tea service of silver set out about the room, as they drank their tea, nibbled their biscuits and cakes and chatted of the races. This went on until the warning bell sent us all up stairs to dress for dinner. An hour later I found it very interesting to stand in the lofty vaulted hall, three tall stories high to the roof, with two cloisters one above the other, extending all around the hall, and to watch the shifting colors as the ladies drifted in, gathering slowly as the dinner hour approached. It reminded one of the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward. The first evening I was assigned to take out Mrs. Maudsley, wife of one of the British officials of the Egyptian railways, and I found to my surprise that I was placed next to Carnarvon, with whom I had a long conversation on the British control of the antiquities. The next evening I took out Countess Carnarvon herself and sat next her. It seems an errant lot of snobbery slinging all these titles about in my letters, but such are their titles and what are we plebeian Americans to do about it? I must say I have been very much attracted by the natural and unaffected kindness which Carnarvon and his lady have shown me. I had a pleasant little visit with her, and her devotion to her husband and her unconcealed attachment for him, shown in a world of such conventionality were very refreshing.

The after dinner talks keep you up very late for dinner is at 8:30 and you haven’t left the table until after ten. Carnarvon takes his friends to the billiard room after dinner, still so-called though he has banished the billiard tables and has his Egyptian collection and his photographic outfits there, for he dotes on really artistic photography. The talks there with Garstin, Carnarvon and the other Englishmen of affairs were to me very interesting. You get hold of lots of things behind the scenes. Garstin was an intimate friend of Kitchener and tells me Kitchener urged the occupation of Alexandretta as the first step in the attack on Turkey, and Gray would not let it be done for fear of trouble with France. The feeling against France in view of the incalculable cost of such deference to her foolish sensitiveness is very deep and strong on the part of all thinking Englishmen, especially those who really know. By the way Garstin has had access to all the papers concerning the sinking of Kitchener’s ship. Every indication shows it was due to a mine and the Chicago stories about some Field woman having betrayed his sailing to the Germans, etc., etc., is nonsense.

The railroad strike is in full career. Lady Carnarvon was expecting to send Gardiner and me back to town in one of her cars, but the news of a train sent a lot of the guests hustling to the station. My packing wasn't done in time, and I didn't get off, but Gardiner did, much to my regret. I came up on a second train this afternoon, and had to stand the first half of the way. I had a hard time reaching my hotel again, as I had Gardiner's bag, besides two of my own, and my typewriter which I had taken, in order to write to you. There is deep resentment here at the calling of this strike at such a time, when England is already overwhelmed with troubles and difficulties of reconstruction. The men broke their agreement; but no one here has any confidence in the government, which has been equally untrue to its agreements. The public however, is without reserve on the side of the government. The streets are full of lorries carrying troops and provisions, and it is an impressive sight to see the British State in a life and death struggle with its own subjects. There is not the slightest danger in my feeling, but the situation is evidently a very serious one. What always saves England in such crises is the substratum of common sense among the people, and it never fails eventually to rule the situation. Of course it is very unpleasant for me personally. We shall be on war rations in a day or two, but the food distribution is evidently very well organized. The worst consequences to my own insignificance is the fact that if the strike goes on for a fortnight, I shall not be able to reach my ship at Venice. I received a wire tonight that my reservation has been postponed from October 6 to October 20, giving me much needed time here. I found here also a letter from Sir Edmund Allenby's aide, stating that he would be absent from London until after my departure on the 30th September. As I am now unable to leave on that date, I am hoping to see him.

My plans for the Asiatic trip are still in confusion, and this causes me anxiety, but I am expecting to adopt one of two possible programmes in a few days. It is difficult to get about and settle important matters in this programme, because the tubes have struck and the buses are expected to follow tomorrow.

It will be a week tomorrow since I had any news from home, and of course the strike is delaying all mail, although motor lorries are carrying great quantities of letters, but no second class.

It is cold as Greenland, and I must go to bed in order to get warm. Do excuse this hodge-podge of a letter, which I see is very badly phrased throughout. What a lot of things I could tell you about if we could only all sit down together again. Well, that will come, and will be all the more appreciated when it does come again. Love to all my dear ones.

Affectionately,

J. H. B.

Authors' Club,  
2, Whitehall Court, S.W.1.,  
London, England,  
Wednesday, **October 1, 1919.**

My dear Frances:—

It is now over a week since I have heard from home, and of course I am very anxious about the little girl. The mails are moving very slowly as a result of the strike, and it is evi-

dently going to be worse. All the letters which follow me by way of England will be very much delayed.—My time is still all spent shopping, running about to see men of influence, and writing letters. This morning I called on Sir Frederick Kenyon, Chief of the British Museum to discuss the new French policy of Lacau in Egypt. Found we agreed perfectly.—On my way there I stopped at an Oriental book shop in front of the British Museum to inquire about a book. On hearing my name the shop-keeper said: “Why, you deon’t mean, Sir, as ‘ow you are the cilibrated Prof. Breasted, ‘oo wrote the *‘istory of Egypt!* They deoo say, Sir, it’s the best ‘istory of Egypt in the world,” and he jerked his finger at the copies of it on his shelves. I told him to cut out the “cilibrated” and I would admit the identity!

On returning to my room yesterday, I found that Field Marshall Allenby’s Aide de Camp had been there and left a kind note from him, enclosing two letters,—one to his Chief of Staff and the other to the Acting High Commissioner Sir Milne Cheetham who rules Egypt in Allenby’s absence,—asking them both to do “everything possible” for me. I think that will solve my difficulties.

I must go now and see about a new French visa on my passport, as the old one permits me to land at Dieppe only, and the strike has stopped that line, and only the boats to Boulogne are running. The difficulties are immense and unceasing as you see. There is no time for anything else but difficulties! Will write you soon of my plans, more fully.—

Excuse this hasty note. A great deal of love to you all.

Lovingly, James

Imperial Hotel, London, England,  
**October 4, 1919.**

My dear ones:-

I have just finished writing a long three page letter to George Allen, and I wished it might all have gone to you. It is Saturday night and I am tired after a wearisome day trying to get my transportation into shape. Imagine my disgust this morning when I went down to Cook’s and found they had not reserved my berth on the Orient Express as soon as my passage was shifted to October 20 from Venice, and now the train is full! I am hoping I can get a berth on an earlier day, but that of course cuts off my stay at Paris, where I want to do some work; for I haven’t done a stroke here. They have telegraphed but I shall not hear for two days.

Meantime I have spent the bulk of the day running from office to office trying to get permission to carry more than 200 pounds of baggage. I have finally gotten a letter from the Superintendent of the Southeastern and Chatham Railroad, which will I think enable me to get the outfit to Paris, or at least to Bologne, but what will happen after that it is impossible to say. The only continental train which takes unlimited baggage is the Orient Express and I have missed that owing to Cook’s kind offices. I shall have to get after the American Minister in Paris through our archaeological friend Buckler, to whom I have already written. Meantime the railroad strike here leaves only one line to Paris open, and my passport has been visaed for another route. That means I must go to the French Consulate and get another visa, which will take another half day, although I have secured a note from Captain Boord, which I hope will help.

Under normal conditions I could have shipped from England direct to Egypt and all would have been quite simple and easy, but this situation is one long nightmare of unexpected



changes and difficulties, which you have no more than met and overcome, before you are confronted by another complication. To increase my joys my trunk problem still unsolved, both with regard to the photographic outfit and to camp equipment. I told you something about the difficulties with the camera-trunk. I will not endeavor to tell you the whole story, but will just state that it is necessary to get one trunk for the camera and another for the film-plate supplies. A Londoner is hopeless on such a commission. Charles would laugh himself sick at the absurdities which these trunk men propose and try to put over on me. They are honest and well-meaning in it too, and it would all be very amusing if it were a little less serious. So behold me every morning wandering into the trunk shop to see that they don't sew vest buttons along the front or make the handles of hair ribbons!

Under these circumstances a home letter is a bright spot indeed, and I did have a good time yesterday morning when all those beautiful letters came, of which I wrote you a word from the Authors' Club. Here they are by dates:

F.H.B. September 14, 16, 18; C.B. September 16; besides one from Jamie (not dated), and a picture of daddy from the dear baby. Also a little note, the first I have had from Grandma Breasted.

Every word was dear to me, and I wish I could reply to all of them separately, but this London situation won't permit. So you will all take this, I know as a heartfelt answer to all you have written me,—to mother and Charles and Jamie and baby. The enclosures were all deeply interesting, the autumn leaves of such beautiful red and the blessed baby's pink jacket. Bless your heart, I haven't seen a flower since I have been here, except on Carnarvon's dinner-table where they were sumptuous indeed, and I don't believe there are any in London; but I will take the will for the deed, and try to think that I have a pretty nosegay in my room, and appreciate more than a little the loving thought of me. You certainly are indefatigable, Frances, to get grape jelly made in the midst of all your responsibilities, including a sick baby. I was very much vexed to think Mrs. Stephenson could not have made a home for Harriet; but I am glad she is settled for the winter. Please give my regards and sympathy to Ralph and Elsie; I was shocked to hear of their little girl's narrow escape.

Among other things today I laid together all that I shall need on the caravan trip, in order to find out how large my uniform-chest must be. It was slow work for I had to gather the things from three trunks and two bags. I shall buy it here in London. I have also bought a big Willsden canvas sack containing a field bed, a folding chair, a folding table, a folding bath-tub and folding washing bowl together, and two canvas buckets with rope handles. Each piece is marked with my name, and there is room in the big sack, which is likewise marked with my name, for my blankets also. All these things will be shipped to Egypt, I mean go with me on the ship, in my uniform-chest, which would otherwise go out empty.

It is dismal business doing this all alone. I am like the boy on the Wisconsin trip; I can't get away from the loneliness of it all to find any pleasure in these otherwise very interesting experiences. It was a little consoling to meet a fine looking Russian Jew here in this hotel, who is a prosperous business man from Chicago, and who talked to me about the North Side and the South Side and the West Side! And I found it very welcome and consoling. A day or two afterward he came to me and said, "I have found a young Russian Jew in the hotel who is on his way to study in America. I told him there was an American professor in the Hotel, and he asked me his name, and I said Breasted. Whereupon the young student said, 'O, I have read his big book, and I know it all by heart, and I would give more to meet him than any man I know of'. Won't

you let me introduce him?” I suppose he had been reading the Russian translation of my history. It is very silly of me to tell you these things. I haven’t yet met the young man.

I am very tired with running about today, and it is getting late. I must hang my valuables about my neck and go to bed. I wear my bag in the small of my back or just belt it and find it perfectly comfortable, and not at all in the way. I can pull it around in front and get things out of it through the front of my shirt if necessary. This khaki bag is the most successful and practical thing I have ever had, of this kind. At present I have it full of American, English, French, Italian and Egyptian money, preparatory to my continental journey. The American money I am of course saving for the return voyage. I never take the thing off night or day, and I don’t expect to lose any valuables.

Sunday Morning, **October 5, 1919.**

The strike situation looks bad this morning, and I have made up my mind to go to the trunk people tomorrow morning, make them work overtime and furnish me my camera trunk, etc., Tuesday morning, so that I can decamp for Paris Tuesday afternoon, and reach the English coast Tuesday in time to get my stuff on board so that the momentous decision between the Prime Minister and the Union Chiefs on Tuesday may not catch me here. If the unions do not yield, the situation in England will be little better than civil war, and the extremists among the unions will do all they can to close every avenue out of England. I have no doubt they will fail, for the English people outside of labor circles are solidly against the unions. I sat at dinner last night with a fine young fellow who had been sleeping all night (the previous night) in a lorry which he was driving between London and Coventry; but he felt quite cheery and was going to the hotel dance, notwithstanding he expected to take out his lorry early this Sunday morning. That is the spirit everywhere. There is no doubt that England stands at the parting of the ways between government by the unions (that is national soviet, or council of workers), and government by parliament, as inherited and long revered as a heritage of the people from the fathers. I have not the slightest doubt how the struggle will end, for the English people as a whole have too much respect for their inherited constitutional order to replace it by the inexperienced and irresponsible rule of a group of labor chiefs; but meantime there is every prospect of a fierce and dangerous struggle, and my duty to my mission over here requires me to take the first opportunity of escaping all danger of being indefinitely detained here. — I am sending you two packets of illustrated London journals, four newspapers, a booklet of views of Oxford, and an illustrated paper to Grandma. You may be interested in the views of the strike struggle, but all except the Oxford views, contain something else which may suit Charles when properly pressed. One is for Jamie, and one picture paper for baby. The unmentioned articles cost just as much as in the States, and are no better if as good. Be sure to ask Grandma for the one in her paper. I am sorry the blessed baby and her dear mother are left out in this distribution, but there is nothing else here I can send in this way. Wait till I come home and then.....!!!!

Very much love from Husband, Pater, Father & Daddy.

Imperial Hotel, London, England,  
Tuesday, **October 7, 1919.**

My dear, dear boy:—

I have not been able before to answer your dear letter of September 16, the first after you returned home from Wisconsin, but now I have just a little loop-hole of time, I will try to do so. The reason for this momentary respite from running about is the good news when I reached the International Wagon-Lits Co. this morning, that a canceled berth enabled them to give me a place on the Orient-Express for my train to the ship from Paris, on Friday the 17th. At the same time, forty-eight hours after the settlement of the strike, the trains are again running normally; so I went from Cook's, after paying for my tickets, way out to the Victoria Station beyond Westminster, and found the station authorities quite ready to "register" (which means check) all my baggage through to Paris on the Boulogne fast express, on the strength of the letter from the Superintendent of the road which I spent most of last Saturday in securing. Warm sunshine penetrating even the London smoke and all this good news, especially the news from home that the little girl is almost well, quite compensated for the fact that I found the "vest buttons" on the front of my caravan trunk, in the form of two snaps which did not snap anything but blood blisters on the tips of your fingers every time you tried to close them! I find it awkward writing with the machine as a result of a very effective blister on the tip of a first finger.

The morning's mail also brought a most cordial letter from Sir William Garstin, with a letter of introduction enclosed, to Lady Lloyd, wife of Sir George Lloyd, the British Governor of Bombay. As it is just among ourselves, and of course your mother and you would read the letter if you were here, and I shall never see it again after it is presented, I will append a copy, though I feel very foolish in doing so:

17 Welbeck House,  
Wigmore Street, W.,  
October 15, 1919  
My dear Lady Lloyd,

May I introduce to you a friend of mine, Professor James H. Breasted, who is passing through Bombay on his way to Mesopotamia. He is an American of the very highest scientific attainments and in addition, is one of the most interesting and charming of men whom I have ever met.

I am certain that you will like him and be interested in him.

I had hoped to have visited India this winter, but am advised not to do so by friends on the P. & O. Directorate. They tell me it will be very difficult to get back, so I must try somewhere else,—much to my regret. I have just received a delightful letter from you, to which I am shortly going to reply. This is only to introduce Professor Breasted.

With every good wish to you both,

Yours very sincerely,

(signed) W. Garstin

You see even men very close to the control of the P. & O. find it difficult to secure transportation. For this reason I have again plunged, and written directly to Mr. Balfour, the foreign

minister, with whom you remember I have had some correspondence. I shall not hear from him until after I reach Cairo. I was very much surprised at the tone of Garstin's letter, as I never have met him except the one week-end at Lord Carnarvon's, and only knew him as one of the big names in Egyptian administration.

I have been deeply interested in all you have written. I wish you would write me of all your troubles, as far as you can;—every word will be very dear and precious to me. I am touched that you should think my hasty letters of any value beyond their meaning to those I love, and for whom they are written. I know just how you felt up in Wisconsin, for that is just as I feel here, among very interesting but solitary days. Too bad that the University program should be so limited! I hope you will enjoy it more when you get into it. Huth is very sound and careful, though he lacks the vision and the imagination which make the gifted historian; but we can hardly expect to have a Gibbon teaching Ancient History in a new western University. I shall be very much interested to hear what your other courses are. I think you would be interested in Offner. He is a thoughtful young art critic, with fine discernment and discrimination, but he is totally lacking in drive and the will to achieve. It is this last which brings success in anything, and only this. I am very interested in your account of Scott and the history department. He certainly showed good judgement.

I am very glad that the car was promptly insured; we must never get caught without such protection again. I am glad you are able to do so much on the car in keeping it in condition. I think you will always have to stay with us, dear boy, —both to take care of us and because we want you. Of course you will finally get your equipment in life like other boys, and settle down with the girl you have had a tender spot for, but I hope it may be some time yet before these things arrive. Meantime you will never find more sympathetic ears for all your experiences, gloomy or bright, than those of your mother and father.

The more I ruminate on the remnant of my own career and how I ought to spend it, the more I am inclined to think that it is not for me to take up any piece of work which will keep me permanently in the Orient. My conversations with Gardiner have done me a world of good. He sees very clearly, is probably the ablest technical Egyptologist in the world today, as a result of twenty years complete and undisturbed devotion to the subject in its most technical details, and he is doing remarkable and most productive work in restoring to us whole groups of documents hitherto inaccessible or not understood. At the same time he is writing a grammar and a dictionary. But he regards all this study, both on the documents and on the language, as only a means to an end,—and that end is the production of a symmetrical and balanced literary presentation of all this ancient world to the modern public. In other words, he and I agree delightfully on the question of the ultimate purpose and value of the work we are doing. But he frankly says he is not capable of the literary presentation, and that I am, in an unusual degree. He is so in earnest about it, and so sincere that I believe him without reserve. His motto is "Cultivons notre jardin". He has it on his book plate and he practices it faithfully. I had reached a stage where I needed very much to take account of stock with someone who completely understood our work. One of my chronic weaknesses is to see too many sides of every situation and as a result to be unable to make a decision carrying me in any direction whatever. Probably I shall exhibit frequent symptoms of this weakness when I have reached the Orient; but I shall be very curious to see whether being out there again does not confirm me in the feeling I now have. I think that what I want and ought to do, is to make the Oriental Institute in Chicago my chief center of work, with now and then a trip to the European museums or to Cairo. On these trips, if I have the income for it, I will



take the whole family along!! I am not going to live separated from my family. And the particular job I shall devote myself to, will be a history of civilization. If my big boy should be interested, it is probable that I could secure or make my own work bring in enough to give him an income as a scientific secretary of his pater in the production of this big history; and there would be pot-boilers all along the way, which the youngster could produce and absorb the returns. This is a perfectly tangible plan. I can already see that I no longer have the drive to be out doing the kind of thing I have been engaged in here in London,—a kind of thing that is raised to the nth power when you reach the Orient. It is requiring much more than merely mental and spiritual courage to go on with my present enterprise. . . . .

I have been over to see my new “boxes” as they call them here. They remind me of the asparagus boxes I used to make for my mother! How the English ever won the war is a mystery to me. You simply cannot get what you want,—it is all beyond their imagination. Now I must write to Paris and reserve a room. Goodnight, dear boy,—that is right, take your mother to the theater; I enclose some money for it,—and be as cheerful as you can for her sake.

Oceans of love to your mother, the little kids and loads for yourself, from your loving Pa-  
ter.

Boulogne, France,  
Thursday, **October 9, 1919**, 2:00 p.m.

My dear Frances:—

I turned out before six this morning,—had a cold breakfast and rushed off for the distant Victoria Station (which is way out beyond Westminster Abbey), to take the morning train for Paris. I had taken the precaution to go down there yesterday afternoon and get my six trunks duly “registered” for Paris, so that I had only my bags and type-writer; but my bags have also increased by one, for I now carry what is called here an “attaché bag”, for my papers. So I found a comfortable place without difficulty and by feeing a guard I was able to get into one of the rare women’s compartments with certain conveniences accessible without which I cannot travel in the morning,—and it was well I did so.

The run down to Folkestone through the beautiful Kentish hills was very pleasing on such a superb autumn day as we are having today. The chief drawback was the awful jam of people on the boat, for the rush of travel is far too great for the available facilities. A strong north wind had kicked up a fair muss on the channel and the boat rolled and tumbled a great deal. Wrestling with four pieces of hand baggage and a rolling boat, I managed to secure a place near the head of a long queue, which was rather a badly dammed up stream endeavoring to penetrate the door of the smoking room where the French landing authorities were to examine our passports, an ordeal which I went through just six weeks ago today at Havre. A kindly fellow-traveler with only one bag took one of mine, and before I reached the door, the harbor porters relieved me of further trouble, and I carried only the typewriter and the attaché bag. I am now snugly seated in the Paris train at Boulogne.

As far as getting any work done is concerned the stay in London was a disappointment. I accomplished nothing scientifically. In other ways however, it was encouraging and gratify-

ing. I was received with every kindness and I could [not] ask for more cordial recognition of my work. Men like Sir Denison Ross, Director of the new School of Oriental Languages, were very cordial. I called on Ross and found that he was impressed with my point of view, as expressed in my address at the opening meeting of the Societies. He was vexed at me because I had been late at the session held at his institution, because he said he had a special paragraph of his speech of welcome prepared especially for me, which he did not deliver when he noticed that I was not there. Our two points of view were so sympathetic he told me he would like to write together with me a joint letter presenting it in *The Times*, the great British organ of intellectual opinion. I expect to write him about it from Cairo. The essential point common to his views and mine, is the necessity for a large and comprehensive outlook, as over against the narrow-minded specialization which our Orientalists all practice,—much to the detriment of Oriental studies. “Why,” said Ross, “I nearly failed of appointment to my present job, because they said Ross was too scattering and superficial. Such is the attitude of those in authority in Oriental matters”.

As I sat at my dinner last night and looked out at the fine old trees in Russell Square, it was inevitable that my mind should wander back to the early days of 1895 when you and I paid our first gloomy visit to London,—gloomy I mean, as to weather, and also as to my own future, so uncertain and hazardous. Five years later we were back there again, with little Charles, who played so often under the very trees I was looking out upon; but I had published nothing, I was an obscure youngster, with a still very uncertain future before me. Everything was still to be done and won. Perhaps I am indulging in far too much self-complacency or self-satisfaction; but Heaven knows I need it, and I could not help but contrast those days of struggle, fighting financial anxieties with one hand and endeavoring to accomplish a little scientific work with the other, and gain a place for myself beyond that of mere hack teacher, which seemed all that would ever be possible in America. I am glad now, that I did not take up excavation, for cheap reputation; and especially glad that I did not go in to make money, as I might so easily have done, on the Burton Holmes plan of popular picture shows. Well,—now I will quit, and I hope you will forgive me for patting myself on the back like a complacent old fool, that I am.

I was unable to acknowledge from London, your last two letters, which I was delighted to have, for they may be the last for some time. My stay in Paris, only till the evening of the 17th, is to be so short that I may receive no letters there via London, and it is possible I may not hear from home again until I reach Cairo on the 27th or 28th. I have not the dates of your letters here at hand, but the first one tells of your unfortunate mishap with your tooth. I am so sorry! But I am glad that Schuhmann can do something. If you get a really good porcelain cap or crown on it, you will never notice the difference. See how many years I have carried my porcelain front tooth,—some 24 years, although Schuhmann put in a new one. I never think of it as any different from the other teeth and I am sure it will not give you the slightest inconvenience. But it is too bad that you should have all the pain and trouble.

It is a great relief to know that the little girl is better. Such a situation is very disquieting when one is so far away and alone. You do not mention your mother’s condition, but I suppose there is nothing to say. What have you done about her apartment? I was very much vexed that you should have had any responsibility for Harriet at a time when you have so much on your shoulders already. You did quite right to tell her that you could not look after her, with all you have to do.

We are passing along the low Atlantic (?) coast of France south of Boulogne, with sand dunes like those along our own lake. I write with my machine on my knees,—which is the only

practicable way on these shaky European trains. You do not mind the machine, I hope, for I could not write at all under these circumstances, without it. It is now three o'clock; I had a beastly cold lunch at eleven on the boat as we left Folkestone harbor, so I think I will go and get something to eat in the diner, for I have had no warm food today. We shall arrive at 6:30 in Paris, and I am going to the Hotel Continental, which Bull recommended. I had a very comfortable room in London, though it was directly under the great hotel chimney, and I got showers of gritty soot constantly drifting in at my windows. The food was not bad, but the breakfast was too heavy. No cereal but "porridge" and that of course is always oatmeal. Then you are served fish, mostly "kipper" which is very tasty; after that come bacon and eggs, jam and bread and butter. Without any cereal I always went through all the rest of it in order to get enough to eat. I am glad I am safely out of that Imperial Hotel, for the elevators had been condemned and one always felt shaky in going up seven floors. The hotel laundry lost a handkerchief for me, and I never got it. Then they lost the jacket of a suit of pyjamas. I came down hard and they brought me a new suit, or rather a newly laundered suit, probably better than mine, but with broad vertical stripes of white and mauve! I took them, as the manager sent his compliments with them! I hope to get a room with bath in Paris, for I wrote on in advance. And that reminds me, by way of inconsequence, that I never paid any laundry bills at that hotel, and they failed to insert them in my bill! It has just occurred to me this minute! And I got my nice big double room with bath attached for the price of a single room without bath, such as I had the first night, because they forgot to change the rate when I moved. I didn't think it was my business to go and tell them how to keep books, especially as it was not myself who was the beneficiary from the mistake, but the University. Well I will go and get my lunch and finish this in Paris.

Paris, France,  
Friday Morning, **October 10, 1919.**

The train was 1-1/2 hours late. But on the whole the trip was interesting. For miles along the railroad line were the French trenches marking the extreme western retreat of the allies. German cannon controlled this Boulogne–Paris line and their large shell holes still unrepaired in the roof of the station we went through at Amiens, though the place was never taken by the Germans.—As I went to lunch, I found Robert Mond on the train. I think I wrote you about him.—The taxi-drivers at the station refused to bring me to this hotel (Continental). They were all looking for a run to the Gare de Lyons, where they could find another hire.—I slept in a basement room last night,—well furnished, but an uninviting place,—they will give me a good room today.—I must now go and get my baggage arranged at Cook's.—Before I forget it,—please pay for that author's directory or whatever it is (\$1.75?). It's all right. A great deal of love to you and all my dear ones from

The Wanderer.

Hotel Continental, Paris,  
Sunday Evening, **October 11, 1919.**

My dear little family:—

When I saw the little French children sailing their boats in the big round fountain in the middle of the Garden of the Tuileries this morning, I would have given a good deal if my own

little tads had been among them, not to mention their elders also. It seems only the other day that Charles was playing in the same place. It is not easy to realize that almost twenty years have passed since we used to walk up through the Tuileries and the Champs Élysées after I had finished my day at the Louvre, copying inscriptions. I found the great section of wall with the Annals of Thutmose III along the grand staircase, with the midday sun on it, just as I photographed it, so long ago. The paintings are many of them still buried out of reach of German bombs, but I found the Mona Lisa still smiling her quizzical smile. Bénédictine has his Egyptian objects representing the fine arts beautifully installed. You will remember the fine things on the second floor where the Egyptian scribe is; but all the rest is in deplorable condition, and they still sell at the door the ancient guide book published by De Rougé in 1855! Such is French Egyptology!

I spent a large part of Friday getting my six trunks through the *douane*. You never saw anything to equal these Paris taxi-drivers. The villains will not take you at all unless you offer a bonus, and the purpose of the taximeter is completely vitiated. I had a hard time to find one who would go [to] the Gare du Nord with me, and when I came out, having been long delayed with the trunks, he had become impatient, and although not paid he had driven off with a new customer! The inspector was very gentlemanly and courteous, as soon as I showed a letter I chanced to have in my pocket from Lord Allenby, referring to my work as a “mission” in the Orient. It was luckily written at the king’s castle of Balmoral in Scotland. Consequently the inspector did an unheard of thing for the French *douane*, he never opened my trunks at all and I put them in storage at the “*consigne*”, where Cook will find them and transfer them for me to the Gare de Lyon. My chief troubles of transport to the ship are now over; but unfortunately I am in with two other people in the same stateroom for an eight day voyage to Egypt, with stops at Brindisi and Taranto, where Clay and his family will come on board.

I had a very late lunch after these adventures with the baggage, and then went over to the Musée Guimet to see the Director, Alexandre Moret, who has been very courteous to me. His wife was a student in both England and America before her marriage, and wants to translate my *Religion and Thought* into French. It looked very much like home to see the statue of Washington in the Place d’Iena, in front of the museum. I found Moret had not yet returned from his vacation, and on my return to the hotel there was a note awaiting me from him, stating that he would be back before I left Paris. It was then too late to go to the Louvre, so I wandered into the automobile show, which you may recall was in full swing when we were here after my illness at Lucerne in 1907, exactly twelve years ago. I found it really a remarkable exhibition. Charles would have been greatly interested to see all the leading American makes very creditably represented. The Cadillac people have got the European world by the tail, and the Buick outfit is not far behind. Of course Ford doesn’t need to make any effort and he did not exhibit. I find I am riding in a Ford quite frequently when I get into a taxi, and it was a Ford that brought me and my steamer trunk to the hotel after I had cleared my baggage. The English manufacturers are very depressed over the prospect of being totally unable to meet the competition of a flood of American cars now coming into their market, while they have been making munitions and can’t get going again in time to meet the demand. It does seem hard, and the manufacturers are writing letters to *The Times*, the mouthpiece of every wronged and indignant Briton; and they are sending big deputations to the ministry to plead for a temporary duty, which the ministry hard-heartedly refuses to grant them. I am sending for Charles a catalogue of the exposition, which but faintly suggests what an impressive showing it all made, following so closely upon the great war.



It seemed a duty to see at least a little of the wreckage of the war,—as my studies deal to no small extent with warfare and its history; so yesterday I went out with one of Cook's parties to Reims by train. The only other person in my coupé was a young American naval officer, who turned out to be a former student of the University of Missouri, who was born in Chicago, and whose nearest relatives lived in La Grange and Western Springs. He had worked on naval balloons at Akron and knew Vincent Norton. It was very pleasant to have a little company, for it is depressingly dismal to go about for days and never have a word with anybody but hotel waiters. The train left early and I had to snatch a French breakfast of coffee and one roll at a little café opposite the station. On the way we soon ran into plentiful evidence of the German invasion, and big shell holes dotted the fields on each side of the line. We finally passed villages that had been completely wrecked with hardly a house still standing. Among the most interesting was Bazoches just west of Fismes, with an Eleventh Century stronghold which had been entirely demolished. It was to me very interesting to pass through Fismes. This place is almost directly north of Chateau Thierry, where our boys stopped the German advance. From Chateau Thierry our troops pushed almost straight northward (a little east of north) and took Fismes,—meeting a determined resistance all the way, and suffering heavy losses. I remember following these operations on the map at the time, only a year ago last July. I am sending to you, Frances, a map of the region from Paris to Reims. You can find the Gare de l'Est in Paris and follow the black line of the railroad through Le Raincy, Lagny, Meaux, and then north-eastward through Lizy to Fere-en-Tardenois, Fismes (with Bazoches just west of it) and thence eastward to Reims. Notice the relative positions of Chateau Thierry and Fismes.

We reached Reims at 11 a.m., and after an hour for lunch we took a big Char-a-banc, loaded with 22 people and we drove northwestward from Reims to Berry-au-Bac, following the line of the trenches. I shall never forget that drive. Every one of the big poplar trees lining the road was splintered with shells and machine gun fire, while swaying mournfully in the autumn winds were the rags and tatters of camouflage screens which stretched from tree to tree along the entire road and sheltered the trains of lorries both above and on each side, from observation by hostile artillery. We stopped at a dugout dressing station which penetrated far into the hill, its dark and musty galleries still equipped with rough beds on which hundreds of dead and dying men had lain, as the over-worked surgeons endeavored to reach them. Just opposite was a little German cemetery of perhaps fifty graves, each with its rough wooden cross, bearing the words: "Hier ruht in Gott", followed by the soldier's rank and a characteristic German name, which made the whole place for me intensely real. We passed a number of these cemeteries, and not seldom a single solitary grave by the roadside.

There was almost nothing left of Berry-au-Bac, once a little village with tree crowned hills beside it. On the chief hill north of the town the opposing lines had been but a hundred yards apart. Here was an enormous crater, some 200 feet across, all that was left of a mine dug under the French lines by the Germans. When it exploded 800 Frenchmen were buried at once in the frightful upheaval. Meantime the French had countermined under the opposite German lines, and the two mining parties had passed each other without knowing it. When the French exploded their mine some 2000 Germans went down into the awful pit. Most of these men, both French and German still lie buried in the crater. A little French boy came running along by my side with a 75 mm. brass shell case, from the famous French guns of this calibre. He told me how one battalion of French had beaten three battalions of Germans at this place, just as an American boy will relate similar prodigies of valor on the part of our own doughboys. He said I could have the

shell case for two francs, and I finally bought it. It is about as big in diameter as a quart measure, and about twice as high. The restaurants in Reims use them for flower vases. The police have orders to stop the carting out of France of all metal, so I had to fold my traveling blanket around it to get it out of the station. I shall have to take it to Egypt with me, but from there I will mail it to Jamie as I think he will be glad to have it.

On the way back from the craters, I got caught in some barbed wire and was thrown down the slope of the crater on my head. It didn't injure that end of me however, but I sprained my ankle. I would not tell you about it at all if it were serious. I find I can walk, though it is painful, and I spent three hours in the Louvre this morning walking around, or limping around on it. If it were serious I could not of course do that on the second day. When we returned to Reims we stopped at the cathedral and looked around a little. It is a pitiful sight with yawning shell holes in the magnificent vaulting of the vast nave, and the stained glass all in ragged fragments except in the great rose window, from which it was removed by devoted workmen at the risk of their lives during the height of the bombardment. As for the town, you have seen numberless photographs of the kind of ruin that has overtaken the bombarded towns of France and Belgium in this war, and you need no description from me. Indeed all description is feeble in the face of such utter desolation. It seemed insufficient justice to see German prisoners at work everywhere on the task of restoration. Yet one could not but feel rather sorry for the poor devils. I talked with some of them. Their chief complaint was: "Man hat keine freiheit hier". They said the food was good, but very monotonous, — nothing but rice and beans. I told them it was a jolly sight better than they would get when they reached home, at which they looked very foolish. It was interesting to see however, how they brightened up as soon as they heard a "Guten Tag" or a "Gruess Gott" in their own language. — Perhaps the most impressive thing on the whole excursion was the miles and miles of barbed wire entanglements, wandering in wide irregular zones over thousands of acres and across the distant hill tops as far as the eye could follow them. It was impressive and terrible beyond all words to realize that myriads of brave men had dragged their burdened bodies through these seemingly impenetrable labyrinths, swept by a hurricane of shot and shell, and had died there in unnumbered thousands on the very ground where we stood, till the survivors had at last found their way through it all, and then drove the Germans out.

I am sending for Astrid a lot of cards bound in a little book, which will show the condition of Reims, and I will not endeavor to describe the situation further, for words are too feeble. You may be interested to know that we had our lunch in the leading hotel in town, the upper portions of which had all been shot to ruins with German shells. A temporary dining room of wooden construction with walls of straw board had been put up in the midst of the ruins and there we sat down to our lunch. It was very pleasant to visit with the young navy man, who proved a very wholesome young fellow. He had been serving on his ship on the Archangel front and had just returned from there. Of course he had an interesting lot of experiences to tell, and he told them very quietly and modestly. Such boys are a great credit to us, and we had many of them.

Monday Evening, **October 13, 1919.**

The Louvre was closed today, — some kind of a holiday, — and so I have not been able to work there as I hoped. I had a pleasant little visit with the manager of Spalding's branch here, and picked out my campaign wrist watch. It is a better watch than they offered me in Chicago, and costs about \$22, that is about \$6 less than a watch not so good would have cost me at Chi-

ago. This is because of duty, which amounts to 50%. They are now fitting a protective grating for it. I am glad to say however that my handsome gold wrist watch has been doing good service, and I find it very convenient. Only I do not want to carry it on such a rough campaign.

This afternoon I have been looking at the Egyptian things offered by two Armenian brothers here, the Kalebjian Brothers. They have a beautiful bust marked with the name of Amen-hotep III, with the colors unusually well preserved,—of about, or something less than 1/3 life size. They are asking 15,000 francs for it. At the present rate of exchange that is a little less than \$1900. What there may be awaiting me in Egypt, I cannot tell, and you will see that I have some weighty decisions to make, before I leave here. The price is very high, though it is a fine work of art; and a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. It makes one wish for unlimited funds! It would have amused you to see and hear these two Orientals plastering me with flattery as they prepared the way for selling me all the Egyptian things they have.

Now I must take this down and mail it and get to bed, for I am dead tired. I have found a place just at the end of the Avenue de l'Opera,—a second floor restaurant, where I get a good dinner for 5 francs, at present a little less than 60 cents! Here at the hotel the *table d'hôte* dinner is 14 francs, but you have to pay the government tax of 10% and with the bottle of drinking water (Eau d'Evian), and the waiter's fee, you pay over 20 francs for your dinner. I have now been shifted with to a room with bath attached and I am much more comfortable. I hated to do it, for it costs 35 francs a day, that is a little over, or about \$4; but it is only for a few days.

Good night, my dears; a kiss for you all, and worlds of love, from

A lonely old Wanderer.

Orient Express, en route between Paris and Venice,  
Switzerland, near Montreux,  
**October 18, 1919.**

My dear family,

I suppose this will be posted in Italy and we shall probably have run through the long Simplon tunnel and be in Italy before I have finished it. I was unable to write you the last days in Paris for I was rushed all day long, and when bed-time came I was dead fagged and could only turn in and get some rest.

I found two Armenian brothers, Kalebjian Frères, with an antiquity shop in the Rue de la Paix. They turned out to be wealthy antiquity dealers with a place also in Cairo. Over in the region where Benjamin Hart lived they also had an entire house filled with wonderful things which they were offering for sale,—their main stock indeed. They had quite a number of things from the old Amélineau sale, which they had bought in, bidding against Schaefer! Among the finer things they have a magnificent head of gritstone, a great masterpiece of the first rank,—equal to the famous green head in Berlin. They want \$30,000 for it,—250,000 francs! Such a piece does not appear in the market once in many years, and I wish America might secure it. I am endeavoring to do something in this direction, but of course it is quite beyond the resources I have at command.

It took some time to convince them that fancy prices would not be considered in my buying,—a process which obliged me to put aside many things as too high-priced, which I really

wanted, but which I firmly declined. They assured me they were making prices much lower than the current market, and in some cases I think they were,—indeed I think their prices were almost all fair. I went through their entire stock, which was a job of days, like going through a considerable museum, piece by piece,—slow and wearying work. I usually kept going until 7:30 or even later, and then went off to dinner and bed. I finally got a considerable lot of things selected and listed with their prices recorded. Their prices for this “Lot one” amounted to 11,410 francs. Not included in this was the thing I most wanted, a papyrus of the Book of the Dead complete, about 30 feet long, in perfect preservation, with very numerous colored vignettes including the Fields of the Blessed and the Judgement Scene very fully represented. It was mounted in ten long frames under glass, and they wanted 1250 francs per frame, a total of 12,500 francs for the whole. They seemed very stiff and not easily moved from these prices.

Thursday I went out to St. Germain-en-Laye to see the prehistoric collection and to call on Salomon Reinach, the gifted director there. I took him a copy of *Ancient Times*. He gave me a very cordial reception and kept me to lunch, the first time a Frenchman has ever done that in all my experience. He is likewise the first Frenchman to speak to me in English and excellent English too. He reads *The Nation*, writes for it, is much interested in America, and far more cosmopolitan than the usual Frenchman. His conversation is brilliant and sets a difficult pace to follow. He is the leader of the French art critics and historians of art. He told me I was the first orientalist he ever met who had read any of Saint-Beuve or knew the letters of Taine. We talked socialism and modernism in religion which he does not follow with entire sympathy because it has neglected so much that is necessary for understanding the history of art, like the biblical tales, so that modern young people will ask who those two nude persons can possibly be, when they see a picture of the Garden of Eden! And this fact reminded Reinach that Mommsen did not know what the word “totemism” meant when it was one time used in his presence, although one of Mommsen’s colleagues, a man of culture said of him, “Mommsen ist nicht nur ein Gelehrter, sondern auch ein gebildeter Mann” (Mommsen is not only a scholar but also a man of culture), a statement which too commonly is not true of German scholars. Reinach gave me his morning, and urged me to stay for the afternoon, but I had an engagement for tea with Alexandre Moret, Director of the Musée Guimet and his wife; so much to my regret I had to leave the delightful Reinach and take an afternoon train back to Paris.

I spent two hours with the Morets in their home, the first time I was ever entertained in the home of a French scholar. They would have had me for dinner, but they had just returned from vacation and had meantime lost their domestics, and had been unable to secure any more. You see our troubles are not unknown in France. The reception given me by the Morets was really touching in its warmth, and I shall always remember it with gratitude. Madame Moret has translated much of my *Religion and Thought* for her husband (though of course he reads English), and epitomized for him the more important chapters. She has done the same with my *History of Egypt* for him. She is a highly educated woman, who has studied in Berlin and Oxford, and knows German and English perfectly. I confess to much appreciation of the opinion of my books by such people as these two. Both Moret and Georges Bédite (head of the Egyptian Department at the Louvre), the leading two men of the generation succeeding Maspero in France, told me with great emphasis that my history of Egypt was much better than Maspero’s, and Geuthner the oriental publisher, would like to publish a French translation, if the book were not contracted to Vroment in Brussels. One of my next letters must be to Vroment, to see how the



matter stands. Meantime Geuthner will publish a French translation of my *Religion and Thought*, made by Madame Moret.

Of course I had to spend a morning with Bénédict, who was most cordial. He also took me over to see Pottier, who took me through the latest discoveries of DeMorgan in Persia,—things of the greatest importance. Meantime I spent every minute I could on the antiquity lists in Lot No. 1, and finally offered the Armenians 7090 francs, as against their price of 11, 410; while for the papyrus of the Book of the Dead I offered 8000 francs as against their price of 12, 500. I had meantime yesterday afternoon, using all the time right up to within two hours of the departure of the Orient Express, been through a lot of stuff which they had found in the cellar of their Champs Élysées house. From these things we made up a second lot,—Lot No. 2, for which their prices amounted to 8,250 francs. Meantime I went back to the hotel and packed my bags,—the Armenians knowing that I was going away, apparently quite unconcerned about their things and without having accepted their prices. The brothers appeared at my room door just as I was leaving, when I had but five minutes to give them, and after some conversation, they accepted my offer for Lot No. 1 and the Book of the Dead, which we thus get for about \$1,000. Lot No. 1 does not cost quite so much. The elder brother, who was really rather a good sort, was then anxious that I should settle the price for Lot No. 2, which I should have been very glad to do, for it contains a magnificent prehistoric vase of diorite, found by Amélineau at Abydos, for which they asked 4000 francs, and I jewed them down to 3400 without accepting that sum. They assured me they had bought it against Schaefer's bidding at the Amélineau sale for 3000 francs, and that they were not making the interest on their money. It would have been good tactics to settle the matter then and there; but I had to go to the station at once, and as I had not had time to go through their prices carefully, I refused. I am sorry I did not offer them a low price now, and then come up some, but I had not come up at all on the other transaction, and I "played safe" therefore,—for it was not safe to make an offer without having gone through everything very carefully. I have still to do this now, before I reach Venice; besides writing out two long descriptive invoices with individual prices. So I must close this letter and turn to my job; but I thought you might like a glimpse of what I have been doing. You might read the portions of this letter regarding the purchases (but nothing else) to George Allen.

On reaching the station I found that taking in a fellow passenger to the station (for taxis are very scarce), had made me forget some medicines I had been buying in Rue St. Honoré, so I had to drive back there, a long drive against time, which was safely accomplished though with much anxiety. When I came to turn in, I found that a big bottle had broken in my bag, deluging the bag and all my things, especially my pyjamas! It was a long nasty job cleaning up, and got me late to bed. This morning we are traveling amid the most beautiful mountain scenery, and I wish I might sit and enjoy it a little, rather than write invoices. — Everything is irregular and uncertain. I have had endless trouble getting my baggage through, and it has cost a fortune. This morning the guard announced that the baggage car had broken down and all the baggage had been left in France! Imagine my state of mind! On inquiry it was found that the disabled baggage car contained only the baggage for Belgrade and Bucharest; but that for Venice was still with us in another car! We arrive late tonight and go on board tomorrow afternoon, so that I would have been without anything but my bags and of course unable to sail. Excuse bad writing on this awful train,—not as good as a third rate night train on the Pere Marquette! —though it is called a "train de luxe"!

Oceans of love to all my dear ones! from the Pater.

To Mr. Charles Breasted, 5615 University Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, State United



Venice, Italy,  
**October 19, 1919.**

Dear Sonny:

I answered your last letter from London and shall not see you next until I reach Cairo. You know this famous bridge between the Doge's Palace (on the left) and the prison of Venice (on the right), called the Bridge of Sighs. See Jamie's card also. Out of my window I look down on a U. S. cruiser,—but the Stars and Stripes are not popular here now. Do write often. I shall want to know about your courses.

Affectionately,  
Pater

S. S. "Baron Call", Adriatic Sea,  
Friday, **October 24, 1919.**

My dear little family:—

Here we are off the east coast of Italy about 300 miles from Venice, where you see on the map the projecting headland of Apulia. We shall presently round this and put in at Bari, where we shall remain until tomorrow (Saturday) noon. The short run from Bari to Brindisi will take but 5-1/2 hours, and our stay there will be but a few hours, as we leave there the same (Satur-

day) evening. The next morning (Sunday) we arrive at Corfu where we shall lie for the entire day. What interests me much more, however, is the fact that we shall reach Crete the next morning (Monday) at 6 o'clock, and a stay of six hours will give us time to run out to Cnossus and see Arthur Evans' remarkable discoveries there, as well as to look rapidly through the museum at Candia, where the ship docks. I have secured the visa of the Greek consul at Venice, so that I shall have no difficulty in landing.

This poor little ship is not as large as the "Illinois", nor by any means as comfortable, and I have got to spend eight days on board. But luckily I have a cabin by myself. The people are quite inoffensive folk, and with the exception of the scanty breakfast, the food is plentiful and very good. Indeed the dinner is too long and too plentiful. What do you think of a dinner of soup, fish, meat, turkey (all with vegetables), artichokes, pudding, fruit, cheese and coffee? And all very well cooked too. But Oh, the bath! One bathroom! A painted little iron bathtub, covered with the successive deposits of an indefinite ancestry of earlier bathers,—a veneer which you hope may not come off or at least be sufficiently diluted to prove innocuous! They do, however give you a tub of fresh water for a final rinse off, which is more than I found on the sumptuous La France. By extraordinary feats of gymnastics I succeed in getting my trunk open, standing on the bed, and reaching down into the deeps as I lift the trays and have no place to put them. The bed is too low for the trunk to go under, and it has to be placed end-up, with just enough room to spare to get the door open! There is no place to put anything, and you have to go through the trunk drill frequently in order to get out and put back all the things you would normally put in a cupboard or drawer.

Clay and his family are on board, and we are on the best terms. He improves on more intimate association, though I wish he would employ this spacious bathroom more frequently. I found him at Venice on my arrival there, and necessarily I am seeing a great deal of him. Perhaps it is better to develop cordial relations and to avoid the split which I could see coming, if things went on as before. I did everything I could to be agreeable, and asked him and his wife and daughter over to tea in the beautiful old Hotel Danieli, of which they had not the slightest knowledge. They enjoyed it very much and have been most cordial ever since. Clay bought a wrist watch in Venice for \$3.50! It failed to go, and as he speaks no language but English I went with him around to the little jeweler in the Rialto, of whom he bought it, and by inducing Clay to invest \$1.50 more, I think I have ensured his having a watch which will go at least. You see, in Italian Lire, the amounts involved seem much larger. He paid 35 Lire for his first watch, and his additional investment was 15 Lire more! But a Lira is at present worth only ten cents! When we left for the ship I got the gondola at my hotel and had the gondoliers go round to pick up Clay and his family. Clay was just shaking hands with the head-waiter and the hall-porter and calling them "Old man", as I came up!

The little stay at Venice was the first quiet and restful moment I have had since I left home. The spirit of the place settles like a benediction on one, as one steps from the railway station into a gondola and goes silently gliding out among the picturesque shadows, and the serpentine reflections of quaint old lamps hanging here and there over the water. The weird call of the gondolier as he sweeps around dark corners and warns his fellows against a possible collision, is all that breaks the wonderful silence that broods over the shadows of the city. Then after you have threaded a labyrinth of sinuous channels, the lights of the Grand Canal reveal a long line of sumptuous old palazzi looking out upon its spacious waters. But you only cross it, and are presently lost in the maze of narrow channels again; till at last the silent old Charon behind

you says “Ponte dei Sospiri” (the Bridge of Sighs) and you know you are near the Hotel Danieli, where lights and food and a warm bed await you, after the long cold voyage through the damp old canals and the darkness. For Venice is unseasonably cold, and in spite of the joy of sunshine and the light of sunny southern skies, I wore my heavy winter overcoat every day, and had on Charles’ heavy underwear under it. In one’s room it was seemingly just as uncomfortably cold as it had been in London and Paris, and my new expedition thermometer told me I was not mistaken.

From the windows of my bedroom I looked out on the famous old Riva degli Schiavoni and just a few hundred feet from its margin, almost under my windows, it seemed very good to see the Stars and Stripes floating over one of Uncle Sam’s warships,—a big destroyer, so large that I thought it was a cruiser. Next to her a splendid big British cruiser drew in and anchored, shortly after my arrival, and just down the shore from these a few hundred yards lay a whole group of massive Austrian battle ships, silent and deserted, with their guns all wrapped in canvas. The allies have not yet decided who is to have them; but of course the Italians want them.

Besides St. Mark’s and the other churches there is at present little to see in Venice, for on going into the Doge’s palace I found that all the paintings had been removed leaving only the bare brick walls of the great halls. The same was true of the Accademia. But it was a great joy to wander among the gorgeous mosaics of San Marco, and just to stroll up and down the piazza contemplating the front of the church, with its fascinating atmosphere of the ancient East, the outmost wave of Oriental influence on the north side of the Mediterranean,—a visible embodiment in terms of architecture of the forces which carried the capital from Rome to Constantinople. It meant more to me than at any other time, and I was better able to understand it; though I felt myself distressingly ignorant of the history of the men and the times which produced the cathedral and the other marvelous works of art that are the glory of Venice. The campanile has been rebuilt, and,—shades of Byron and Browning!—there is a modern Milanese elevator within, which carries you to the top in a jiffy, and gives you a wonderful panorama (of) the city for one lira and very little time and fatigue. I sent you a post-card, mailed on the top of the campanile, which I hoped duly reached you, with a view of the city. I have also found some airplane pictures which I sent you the day I left.

We are nearing Bari and I must get this ready to mail there. I have of course had no word from home since I left Paris a week ago yesterday, and it will be nearly a week before I reach Cairo where I hope for the next letters. I cabled you before I left Paris asking you to mail everything to Cairo, care the American Consul, and of course I have given the London bankers the same address. So I hope for a grist of letters at Cairo. Always your loving

Old Wanderer.

S. S. “Baron Call”, between Bari and Brindisi, Adriatic Sea,  
Saturday, **October 25, 1919.**

My dear ones:—

I wrote you a letter from the ship which I mailed last night at Bari, registered because of the uncertainties of the rotten Italian postoffice; together with some post cards of the place which may give you some idea of it. The most interesting thing there, was the church of San Nicolò, the patron of the sailors. We found the great place entirely empty, but a group of priests



were droning out a mass which echoed through the lofty nave like some dying murmur of ancient heathendom, for certainly there seemed to be little that was Christian about it. Nor was there a soul to hear it but ourselves.

An old verger glided out of the shadows and informed us that there was another church below, among the crypts. He led the way and we followed him down into a remarkable low vaulted hall with many columns, of which I sent Astrid a card. At the altar stood a swarthy old Italian priest with the face of a peasant, murmuring mass in a strangely low and melodious voice, which we could barely hear, though he was but a few yards away. Our guide led us inside the rail of the altar, almost to the priest's side while the little group of people gathered to hear the mass were more interested in us than in the ceremony. Here we were shown the tomb of San Nicolo himself, about whom I know nothing more than that he protects the sailors; for our old captain went up to the church this morning to hear mass there. All about the impressive hall were ranged the low columns, supporting the vaulted roof,—columns so low that you could touch the capitals. And such capitals!—all taken out of ancient oriental churches, somewhere at the eastern ports where Italian commerce has touched for many centuries, or Venetian conquest enabled returning Italian mariners to bring home wondrously carved Byzantine columns secured by purchase or as plunder. At the entrance of the church on either side the door, stood two columns supported on the backs of two hornless bulls, for the horns having been of metal were long ago pilfered. The whole idea of a column rising from the back of an animal is oriental, and must have been carried, like the Byzantine capitals from some eastern Mediterranean land.

There was of course the usual out-of-door life, in door-ways and markets, with mothers industriously investigating the heads of their little ones, and always with obvious carnage! It reminded me of our visit while at H. G. Wells's to the big glass houses where Lady Warwick keeps a lot of monkeys. Sir Harry Johnston named all the various breeds for us, but was not content without going in and having a good time with them. Three of them climbed to his shoulders, knocked off his hat and sat on his head. One of them stayed by him and could not be induced to forsake him. This new found friend of Sir Harry's showed him every evidence of interest and affection, and among her attentions she insisted on energetically parting his hair, and accompanied by roars of applause from an appreciative audience she solicitously chased the cooties all around his scanty locks, occasionally seeming to capture one which she held up in triumph, to the unspeakable delight of the audience, who assured Sir Harry that he would not be allowed to come home to dinner until he had been thoroughly renovated,

I am trying to get my accounts straightened out, and between times to go through that new Arabic Grammar which you forwarded to me in London. I will mail this in Brindisi this evening, and perhaps there may be some cards there also.

Love to all my dear ones big and little.

Affectionately, Pater, etc., etc.

To Mr. Charles Breasted, 5615 University Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, America, Stati Unite, Etats Unis



Corfou – Achilleion – Le Palais.  
Sunday, **October 26, 1919.**

Dear Sonny:—

This is where your particular friend the Kaiser used to live in palmier days! Unfortunately we have hit a rainy day, and it's wet.

Affectionately,  
Pater.

To Mr. Charles Breasted, 5615 University Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, America.



Chania, Crete,  
Monday, **October 27, 1919.**

Dear Sonny:—

This wretched place turned out not to be the Candia (further east on the northern coast) near which lies Cnossus with Evans's excavations. We are much disappointed. Only dirty bazaars. Two days more to Cairo and home letters!

Affectionately,  
Pater

S. S. "Baron Call", Eastern Mediterranean,  
Wednesday, **October 29, 1919.**

My dear ones:—

On the whole the voyage has been surprising pleasant, in spite of rather bad weather and a tub of an old ship, where the water leaks through on the tables in the smoking room and the dining room whenever they swab the decks. It has been a great help to have good food, and I have found Dr. Jessup of Beirut, who is on board with his wife and two daughters, very agreeable company.

I wrote you about our stop at Bari and mailed it to you from Brindisi, but from Corfu and Chania I was only able to send you all cards. They may not reach you till after this letter is already in your hands, for the Greek post has few connections with the outside world. The visit at Corfu was most interesting. It is the northernmost of the Western Greek islands, which you know on the maps as Corcyra. You will find it in the map in *Ancient Times*, p. 465 in the upper left hand corner, and you can see its position with reference to Italy in the large map, p. 677,



under the heel of the boot, on the opposite shore. It never played a prominent part in Greek history, but it was early colonized by the Greeks and a Greek city rose where the modern town of Corfu stands. The water of the haven is not deep enough to allow ships to dock, so we had to go ashore with a Greek boatman. An old Greek gentleman, one of our passengers who lives in Corfu and was getting off there, pointed out to us his house facing the harbor as we moved into the channel, and he kindly made a bargain for us with the boatman. On landing he took us to a money-changer, who gave us some Greek money in exchange for English. On using it afterward we found some of it was an old issue now no longer accepted, and the small silver pieces, drachmae (equal to a franc), we discovered were all old French pieces, worth 36 to an English pound, while he was giving us only 24.60 drachmae for an English pound, as Greek money stands much higher than French.

We had our lunch in a little Swiss pension, Clay, his wife, daughter and the elder daughter of Dr. Jessup, both “backfische”. After lunch we drove out about six miles to the villa of the German Emperor, and I sent you some cards which give a faint idea of the entrancing beauty of Corfu, and of the site which the Kaiser chose for his summer home. The bowers, summer houses, nooks and terraces, walks and pergolas, richly adorned with sculpture, look out from the lofty spur where the villa is perched, upon a vast panorama of winding shores, with deeply indented bays and serpentine lines of glistening white surf and brilliant azure waters,—so that wherever one turns or whatever walk one enters, these wonderful vistas of sea and land transfigured to almost unearthly beauty, greet ones astonished eyes. Out of range toward the south is Ithaca, the home of Odysseus, and the Kaiser in memory of the Homeric songs, called his palace here the “Achilleion”, and the place is adorned with statues and paintings of Achilles. To wander about these gardens, brought before me more vividly than ever before, the brilliant position,—the dazzling pinnacle from which the pitiful German sovereign has fallen.

As we drove back into the town, between fields bright with many-colored wild flowers, it began to rain and we had to put up the top of the rickety carriage. In this pouring rain, against which my London raincoat was an effective protection (for I had on my convenient and comfortable regimentals), we visited the scanty ruins of an archaic Doric temple, excavated by the Kaiser. Close by was a small museum building containing the sculptures discovered in the excavations, and among them was a large part of the impressive sculptures of the pediment, including the rampant figure of a Medusa fighting a lion. It was all in the crude archaic Greek style of the 7<sup>th</sup> century B.C., like the figures of the Aegina pediment in the Munich glyptothek, which you will remember having visited.

I have been a good deal amused at Clay’s response to all this. He had dropped off at Corfu in 1912 on his way to the Orientalist Congress at Athens, and he had told me that there was an “Ionic” temple at Corfu, which was being excavated at that time. He hasn’t a glimmering of anything but reading Babylonian tablets. I told him of Reinach’s remark, or quotation of a remark about Mommsen: “Mommsen ist nicht nur ein Gelehrter, sondern auch ein gebildeter Mann”, but all my efforts in this direction run off like water off a duck. Yesterday we had some pretty rough scientific fisticuffs, and while I tried to be punctiliously courteous, I gave him some rough jolts. He opened the battle by attacking some positions I take in *Ancient Times*, and of course I came back with plenty of good ammunition which had never come in to his range before. However he is so mechanically minded that his skull is impervious. It is difficult to be courteous to him, for he has an offensive manner. His talk is as incoherent as the gossip and chatter of a shop girl, and he cannot stay by an issue until he has got it fairly into his head, much less until he has stated it



and discussed it. But he has had the patience and energy to push his way through a great mass of ancient Babylonian documents, and he knows a great deal about them. Such knowledge in the hands of a man otherwise densely ignorant produces strange results. He came to me this morning, however, with *Ancient Times* in his hands, and sat down for a long time discussing with complete change of manner and really very amiably, the points where he thought I ought to take a different view. In a few small and quite unimportant details I think he was right and told him so, and thanked him for his suggestions. I think he is beginning to get a little light, but it is too late for him to gain anything more than a glimmering of what a cultivated man must see in the career of man. I am writing in my little stateroom, seated on my trunk, and Clay has this minute appeared at the window with a most cordial greeting for you, Frances; and little Marie Jessup, a dear little girl of eight, says, "Give her my love too, and tell her my middle name is Josephine". Clay tells me he is preparing the way for a position for Bull at Yale, as soon as he has finished his work for his doctor's degree. You see how the lines of connection keep one in contact with a colleague at Yale, and this line is only one of a number. Of course he ought not to be at Yale, or for that matter at any university which is really such; but that undoubted fact does not help me any. He is there, and has got to be handled accordingly.

I could write you reams about all this, but it is not a very edifying subject. Excuse this machine; I must put a new ribbon in; this one catches and stops the spacer; but I shall have to wait until we reach Cairo, when I can get at my supplies.

As I wrote you by card from Chania, the visit there was a great disappointment, for it proved not to be Canea (the modern Greek form of Candia), but a place I had never heard of, near the west end of Crete on the north shore. So we did not see Evan's excavations, the famous palace of Cnossos, nor the wonderful museum in the town. I shall have to do this on the way back if I can. We went ashore in a small boat, and had a couple of hours' walk over the hills of Crete. At the post office where I mailed you some cards the old Greek in charge spoke to me in English, saying: "I love the English and American nation. It was one of your nation that saved me to the true religion and brought me to the true Christ. I sacrifice every Sunday here and preach to the people in this town. Two hundred converts have come in from the efforts of this humble man", laying his hand on his breast as he spoke. He prayed blessings on my head, licked all my dirty stamps for me, and sent me away very grateful. It was quite hot when we reached the ship, so a young English engineer and I hired a boatman to take us a couple of hundred yards from the ship, and we both dived into the clear waters of the beautiful harbor, toward the bottom clearly visible 30 feet below. I wore the pants of my new London mauve and white pyjamas and the Englishman wore his underclothes. It was a luscious bath and proved very refreshing. Clay went with us in the small boat, but could not be induced to go into the water! He evidently isn't fond of water.

As we shall arrive early tomorrow morning, I must go now and get my packing done, and get some fresh air also, for this little room is stuffy in spite of an open window. I can hardly realize that tomorrow I shall enter the harbor of Alexandria again after an interval of twelve years. This great foundation of Alexander means vastly more to me now than it did the last time I entered the harbor. And it is a very different Egypt which I shall find as I go on to Cairo. The fine old days we knew in Egypt are over for ever, and the discontent of all the world has not left this land of the blessed without serious infection.

The days pass very slowly and it seems a hopelessly long sweep of months before I shall see you all again in my own home. But the time will pass, and the work will be done, and we

shall have a joyful, joyful reunion before the leaves fall again. Be thankful that you do not listen to the lonely wash of the sea tonight, as the twilight settles over the waters. If it were only New York just below the horizon! My love to you all!

Lovingly,

Hubby, Pater, etc.

The Continental Hotel, Cairo,  
Sunday, **November 2, 1919.**

My dearest ones in all the world:—

Here am I with the bright Egyptian sunshine all around me, and palms nodding in the Nile Breezes, and the strange crooning of the falcons outside soaring in sharp silhouettes against the luminous sky; and a thousand memories and associations throng my mind as I see and hear and feel dear old Egypt all around me. I have such a lot to write you and seemingly so little time in which to do it, for a host of things have crowded in upon me at the very first.

In the first place you can, or perhaps cannot imagine my disappointment when the clerk at the consulate passed out my letters Friday morning and there were no home letters among them! Yesterday morning, however, the clerk at once said he had a lot of mail for me, and to my delight there was a whole packet of them with the addresses in the dear familiar handwriting of the mother and the boy. How I devoured them, for you see I had been unable to arrange for receiving a single letter anywhere on the journey from Paris to Egypt, that is from October 16 to November 1. As a matter of fact it was on the 13th of October, I think, that I received the last letter from home. Just the dates of your letters received yesterday, first: F.H.B.: September 24, October 2, and 5; C.B.: October 3; Astrid: September 22. You will see that the letter of September 24 announcing the transfer of Mother Hart to the hospital was received long after the one announcing her death. The mails have been very irregular, and the railroad strike in England caused a congestion which was only gradually disposed of. You will never know what these home letters mean to one until you have put oceans between yourself and those you love,—leaving you without a soul to whom you can turn in sympathetic confidence. I read them again and again, and every little home item is precious. I only wish I could take them all up and talk about them and reply to every little reference as I would love to do. If I should do this, however, I would be unable to give you any account of my fortunes and misfortunes here, and I know you want to hear about these things. Before going on to these things however, let me say, that the news of the little girl's steady improvement has been a daily joy to me, and an inexpressible relief. I am sorry to hear that Jamie's Sunday School has not turned out a success at our church. By all means, if he cannot be properly taken care of at our church, have him go to the Baptist Sunday School. Finally,—it has been very distressing to me that I could not be at home during the trying weeks that have passed since I left, in order to do my share in lightening the burden, which must have been so unbearably heavy and grievous for the dear mother. But I am sure there are better days before us, and I have reached the conclusion myself that there can be no other life than one that is both bitter and sweet, and there is no strength worthy of the name except that which has been strained to the uttermost by adverse winds and has grown and gained power by the very stress under which it has suffered.

I wrote you twice from Venice, one registered; but I ought to add that registered mail pouches have been persistently robbed en route of late. I also wrote you twice from the ship; one posted at Bari, I believe, and the other at Alexandria. I sent you all cards also from every port we touched: Bari, Brindisi, Corfu, Chania (Crete).

We reached Alexandria Thursday morning, October 30, at 9 o'clock, but to our disgust the captain could not find room at the docks and told us he would not be able to dock until 4 P. M.! So I showed my letter from Lord Allenby to the port authorities who were examining passports and the officer in charge at once said he would give me a pass to take a felucca for the dock three miles up the harbor. The Clays were planning to go up to Cairo and rejoin their ship at Port Said, thus securing two days to spend in Cairo. They were finally passed through also, though I had to wait over half an hour for them in my big sailing felucca. I watched my six trunks come down the side, swaying on uncertain shoulders, as the porters tottered down the gangway ladders, with the trunks poised over 30 feet of water, and the possibility of seeing the big camera go to the bottom was somewhat disquieting. We had a fine breeze and tacked rapidly up the harbor, arriving at the douana in time to get through and catch the afternoon train. As I entered the customs there was the familiar room where I had cleared our trunks thirteen years ago, when the little French doctor got my red bag of silver! My letter from Allenby was magical. The chief of the *douana* merely asked me to give him my card bearing an assurance that I had nothing dutiable or contraband, and passed the whole lot without opening a thing; while the Clays had to open everything to the last nook and corner. Then everything was loaded on one of the little flat wagons you will remember, and came rumbling behind us to the station. One of Cook's porters was very useful in all this; we were ahead of the ship's passengers and entirely without the crowds of people and the screaming porters who have always made the landing at Alexandria so unpleasant. I have never landed at Alexandria so comfortably. But the Cook emissary was very anxious; he kept his eye on the baggage wagon and took quiet streets to the station as fast as we could drive. There had been rioting the day before, and in fact there are disturbances of slight importance almost every day in Cairo and Alexandria.

But these troubles seem to be confined to these two big towns. The country people have had enough, and are quite ready to settle down under British authority; but the little tarbushed effendis in Cairo and Alexandria are still making trouble. Allenby, who was expecting to spend a long vacation in England, has already returned, and arrives this morning. There is trouble in the air, and the outbreak in Cairo is likely to come at any minute. You need not have the slightest anxiety. The trouble will be confined to certain quarters, just as was the negro rioting in Chicago. The authorities are quite ready and indeed are hoping that the lid may blow off very violently in order to show the agitators the strong hand at once and without mercy. The country is full of British troops and at Shepherd's and here (the only two hotels that are open), one sees almost nothing but khaki on the terrace and in the dining room.

My own little corner in the midst of all this is very different from what it ever was before, and I am human enough to enjoy the contrast with former, and for me much more strenuous days. On calling at the consulate I was rather disappointed to be kept waiting an interminable time, but the reception given me when I was taken in was most gratifying. Mr. Hampson Gary, Diplomatic Agent of the United States in Egypt, is a fine type of the refined Virginia gentleman, who received me with the utmost cordiality and courtesy. This was very different from the kind of thing I had found at the office of the U. S. Ambassador in London. I took occasion, in the most casual way in the world, to discuss the situation in Egypt in the light of knowledge gained



from conversations in England with some of the leading Englishmen, of whom I have written you. Gary took it all as a matter of course, and told me with the utmost frankness the inside of the situation here, and when I veered the conversation to my own purposes and needs he at once volunteered to take me over personally to call on Lord Allenby, who has just received appointment as the High Commissioner of Great Britain to Egypt, the Sudan and Palestine. That simply means he is king of these countries. In the matter of transportation by water (by way of Bombay) to Babylonia, Mr. Gary at once said, "Have no anxiety whatever. We'll get you out there all right". Now just compare that with what I found in the office of the American Ambassador in London.

Meantime, Mr. Gary did not know that I had in my pocket at that minute a letter from Mr. Balfour, assuring me of the support of the British Foreign Office. I think I wrote you that just as I was leaving London I took another plunge. Without a friend to advise me or to push my cause in the Foreign Office, I sent to Mr. Balfour, the Foreign Minister, a copy of *Ancient Times*, referred incidentally to his own writings, told him what I was planning to do, and simply said that his influence would be quite decisive in settling whether we got out to Babylonia or not, and I hoped that I might count upon it. There was not time to receive an answer in London, so I asked him to write me in Cairo. Now such matters are often referred to subordinates in a great ministerial office and hang fire for weeks before a reply is sent; but on my arrival here I found the following letter from Mr. Balfour:

Whittinghame, Prestonkirk, October 13, 1919

Dear Professor Breasted:—

Let me first thank you for your admirable history, which I received with the very greatest pleasure.

As regards your archaeological expedition, I shall be very glad to do anything I can. I am not at the moment administering the Foreign Office; but I have taken the liberty of sending your letter to the authorities there with a request that they might do their best to make all the necessary arrangements.

Yours very sincerely,

(signed) Arthur James Balfour

This was most kind of Mr. Balfour, for without my knowing it he had asked to be relieved of his heavy task at the Foreign Office, which he has been carrying ever since Grey went out. He refused a peerage and asks only to be given a rest, as he is, I think, over seventy years old.

To his request the Foreign Office responded without any delay, for the next day I received the following from Lord Curzon's secretary,—Curzon having been meantime appointed to succeed Mr. Balfour.

Foreign Office  
October 23rd, 1919

Sir,

With reference to your letter of the 6th October, addressed to the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour which has been passed to the Foreign Office, I am directed by Earl

Curzon of Kedleston to inform you that a letter has been sent to His Majesty's High Commissioner for Egypt and the Soudan requesting him to accord you every assistance in his power as regards your proposed journey from Egypt to Bosra.

I am,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant

(signed) T. Wellesley.

The High Commissioner, as you know is Lord Allenby, who has already done everything I have asked, without any official backing. He has now been instructed by his government to do everything he can for me, and with Mr. Gary's assistance also ensured, I have no anxiety about our transportation. But it has taken lots of nerve for a backwoods boy from the Illinois prairies and no end of effrontery in acting as if I had "always come down stairs that way". Before I left London, I also wrote a letter to Lord Inchcape, chairman of the Directors of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, asking for his support in securing transportation to Bombay and Bosra, and a very courteous reply came back from his secretary stating that his lordship was absent from London, but I might be assured of every effort in our behalf on their part. It is awfully decent of Lord Curzon, in taking up the duties of a new and great ministry at such a difficult time, to give an American such a prompt and satisfying reply. You know he married a Chicago girl, and that may have made some difference. He has recently married another American woman, who is said to be very charming. She remarked recently that her husband was now at least half American, since he had married two Americans. I am looking forward to a very interesting interview with Allenby probably some time this week, and will let you know the results.

The Clays left to meet their ship at Port Said last night, after two strenuous days here. They went out to the Philadelphia excavations at Memphis under a fine young American architect named Fisher, and were gone all day, bringing me a cordial invitation from Fisher to go out. Meantime I had gone to the museum to get my passes, etc., to the museum and the monuments, and had a pleasant interview with Quibell, who gave me a pass for the day for the Clays also. After they had spent the morning of the next day, Saturday, at the pyramids I gave them the afternoon and took them through the museum. They had a gorgeous time and Clay was quite overwhelmed and dazed. I must confess I feel much ashamed of myself to have written about him as I have, for during the last days we were together I learned to know him better, and he has very nice traits. It takes time to learn to know anyone, and it is a good deal better to wait and look for the good qualities which may be somewhere in the background than to pounce on the bad ones that may be noticed at once. This is a lecture to myself. So the Clays were immensely grateful, and went away with a tremendous impression of the wonders of Egyptian civilization, and I am inclined to think Clay himself will view with more charity my seeming partiality for Egypt. I felt very sorry for the poor things, for they had not a single rag of the proper clothes. Clay did not have so much as a soft collar, and he went about in this scorching heat with woolen clothing, envying me my silk suits, which are life-savers in this late summer heat of Cairo.

You will be interested to know however, that things have much changed in Cairo. There are almost no mosquitoes. I have been bitten just once since I have been here, and that was because seeing no mosquitoes I tried to sleep without any mustequaire, which I found quite cool and feasible till toward morning one mosquito stung me and woke me up. This change seems to

be due to the fact that the inundation now no longer spreads over all the flats between Cairo and the western desert, but is confined to a series of reservoirs skirting the edge of the desert, leaving all the broad area next to Cairo entirely free of water. The flies are also not as bad as we have usually found them. The trams give the town a decidedly European air, and the European area has enormously increased. I took the Clays for a short drive over on the Gezireh and I saw in the distance Borchardt's villa where Charles once played with the gazelle. Of course the heat is as usual. It has been 83 all day in my room and is still so now at seven in the evening. One touch of old days I found also at the museum. As I arrived with the Clays, who should be standing at the entrance but Habeeb, as large as life, looking much older and not recognizing me at all till I spoke to him. He of course wanted to know all about you, and in response to my inquiry about his children, stated quite cheerfully that he had lost them all! He told me that the shihada (testimonial) I had given him was entirely worn out, and I told him I would give him another, which I must write for him this evening.

Perhaps this will do for a first installment from Egypt. I have a huge lot of writing to do. I have a cable from the Armenians in Paris accepting my offer for Lot No. 2, and that alone means a series of letters and invoices. I am expecting to move over to the old Shephard's Hotel tomorrow providing they can give me a room and bath over their lovely garden where I shall be cool and quiet. But it is very inconvenient to live so far from the museum, and there is no other place to go unless I move out to Helwan which I am afraid to do lest there should be a tram strike, and I could not get over to the Museum.

I was greatly pleased with your report, Frances, of the President's kindly feeling. The same mail also contained a letter from him quite corroborating all you said. He tells me to be sure and take advantage of any unusual opportunities to secure museum material and adds, "if necessary cable me for additional appropriations". This is surely a new era for oriental work in the University of Chicago! And I am deeply grateful, but at the same time filled with apprehension lest I should be unable to meet the opportunity and make good. I find I am little more than a clerk and traveling courier for myself; the scientific work has not amounted to anything thus far.

I am filled with apprehension at hearing that you have been short of funds. I had hoped that the royalty money from Scribner would pay the dentist and the doctor. If you need money, let me know, if necessary by cable; or draw upon my account which you have power to do, letting me know by cable that you are doing so. Of course I have to have money here for a good many things which I do not feel like charging to the Institute, and hence I must know how much I can count upon in my own bank account. I hope you may have no further shortage. I was sorry too, that you had not been receiving regular and frequent letters from me, for I have written you every few days and strewn a good many cards in between. Your cable inquiry (braid crimp) was recabled without error by Parr's Bank, and I found it awaiting me here. I answered at once "Toned aloft cramp American Consul", which I hope arrived promptly and reassured you, though I fear your cable had been waiting here some time for the very next day (yesterday) I received a letter from Parr's enclosing the original cablegram they had received in London. They are evidently very businesslike and careful.

And now my dear little family, I am going to turn in and rest for I find I get rather tired with the ceaseless running about. Tell the dear boy his letter did me a lot of good as all his letters have done, and it will be answered soon. I am so interested in all he writes about his work in the University. Good-night, my dear ones, and a world of love for you all, big and little.

From your loving Husband and Pater.



Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, Egypt,  
Monday, **November 3, 1919**, 6:30 p.m.

My dear, dear boy:—

I have just moved over from the Continental Hotel to Shepherd's where I have a room opening on the garden, with a bath connected,—something not to be had at the Continental except over the noisy streets. A gentleman leaving on tonight's train for the Sudan just as I left you and your dear mother here in Cairo 13 years ago, has not yet vacated,—dinner is not yet ready, and so I am just sending you a little note—not as a fitting answer, but only to tell you how much I appreciated your dear letter of October 3, written just after the University had opened, and telling of your courses. It all did me a world of good. I do hope none of your letters has miscarried,—and none of mine, for with the exception of one busy time in London, there was no gap in mine of any length.

I think you will like Mead. He is a very thoughtful man, with of course some of the slouchiness of the philosopher. I am glad you are doing some natural science too. I appreciate your taking the Greek history, for I presume our good, faithful, plodding Huth will not interest you. Your mother mentions your reading Dury. He is very sound and conscientious with hardly a gleam of real vision anywhere; but he is the best England has. I wish it were possible in spite of these men, who rather obscure than reveal the vision of ancient life, for you to catch such a picture of it all, as the great creative and initial chapters in the human story, that it might fill you with enthusiasm as it continues to do for your old pater.

I meant to tell you all in a long Sunday letter I wrote yesterday, how I went out in the trolley for some fresh air, to the Pyramids, with a young English engineer, a very attractive lad whom I met on the ship,—named Vincent. We wandered about for an hour out there,—I telling him all I could of the story of the Pyramids and finding out a lot of new things as I did so, I could not but feel it very keenly, that the lad listening at my elbow was not my own boy.—There goes the dinner bell,—or gong,—and I will finish this after dinner.

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Wednesday Evening, **November 5, 1919.**

Just see how this has been delayed! I go from one thing to another and get nothing finished. Today for the first time I really settled down at the Museum, with a table, a chair and a step ladder and I copied part of an unpublished new inscription of Ramses II, telling how he discovered a new stone quarry by Heliopolis and took out a colossal statue of himself in a year and 3 days! It really was exhilarating to be digging into new things again, even though my hand is entirely out after all these years and I copy very badly and very slowly; and the old eagle eyes which saw everything are gone forever.

Well, well,—this happens to everybody, as Habeeb said today when I condoled with him the loss of his wife who died last Sunday, November 2. About that I must write you fully for Habeeb's tale is worth preserving. But I will have to do that on the typewriter another time for my hand is weary with copying, and I must turn in and get some rest.

This is a poor return for your dear letter, my boy,—but please find in it a great deal of love and hourly thoughts of you, and your dear mother and the little ones.

From your loving Pater

Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, Egypt,  
Thursday Evening, **November 6, 1919.**

My dear ones:—

You would think that I might be fairly able to get a few minutes by myself here in Cairo, but it is curious how unable I am to do so. This evening, or rather afternoon I came out of the museum, which closes at 4:30, and sighed with relief at the prospect of a little relaxation and possibly a trip to the citadel to rest and watch the sun go down behind the pyramids. But no sooner had I passed out of the door than the good Golénischeff overtook me. I have never met him before this visit to Cairo, and I have been really surprised at the fine, old-school courtliness of this handsome old Russian gentleman, with much of the unconscious air of the grand seigneur about him. He evidently wanted to walk with me and of course I could not rebuff him. He is pathetically grateful to me for helping to get him his new post here to do the papyri in the museum. He at once propounded a deep question in Egyptian grammar,—a thing difficult enough if discussed in English, but far worse in my bad French. I listened patiently, but as we issued into the old Sharia Kasr en-Nil, I caught a glimpse of the marvelous afternoon light on the slopes of grand old Mokattam looking down on the minarets of Cairo;—I sighed, my mind wandered and for a moment or two I was entirely unaware of what he was saying. He noticed my abstraction with the quick sensitiveness of the really fine gentleman, and bowing low, with the remark that he really had not meant to burden me, but that he lived so much alone, he had no one with whom to discuss the problems on which his mind was dwelling, he was about to turn down the next street. The slight air of melancholy which even his fine breeding could not wholly veil, was very appealing to me, and I assured him I was greatly interested. I fear I stretched the truth some, but the presence of this cultivated man left so cruelly stranded by the barbarism of the Russian revolution, as he stood looking wistfully up the street, with a kind of dumb appeal in his fine, intelligent eyes, left me no choice but to give him the fellowship he craved. He strolled on with me to the terrace of Shepherd's where he had once occupied the finest suite in the house winter after winter, and I could not prevail on him to come up and listen to the music and have some tea. He only begged me to excuse him, and lifting his hat he smiled good-bye and disappeared among the afternoon throng. I went in for a short siesta, and had hardly gotten up again when a *suffragi* brought in Golenischeff's card! It bore a penciled note asking for the privilege of handing me some grammatical examples of the construction we had been discussing, and in which I had expressed an interest, when he told me he had been collecting them. So I went wearily out for another session on the subject, and there sat Golenischeff, in immaculate afternoon dress, patiently arranging his papers till my appearance. We went into the writing room and he transferred the papers to my keeping, with necessary explanations. It was then too late for tea, so I did not urge him to stay. As he took his leave, I saw approaching an American colonel in uniform, whom I had met at the office of Mr. Gary's military attaché, Colonel Allen. He had an array of pasteboard boxes in his hands, and the said boxes were of course filled with scarabs, which he very deprecatingly asked me to look over for him. When I had finally left him with the assurance that he had a fine assortment of scarabs worth about 75 cents a bushel as produced at Gurneh (across from Luxor), there was just time left, to go and rid one's hands of the feeling of handling stuff which has been in a native's pockets, and the dinner gong sounded!

Well, I have made a long story of it, but that is the way my little hour of relaxation after the museum closed, vanished and left nothing behind! So being too tired to accomplish anything

very exacting, I thought my family might be willing to put up with me in that condition and I have sat down at this little machine for a chat with those whose every word I read with eagerness and who won't look at what I write in weariness, with a critical eye. However, it is now bedtime;—for it is regularly nearly nine o'clock when I come out of the diningroom after dinner, and I try to turn in early, if at all possible. So I will complete this in another installment. So goodnight, chickabiddies!

Monday Evening, **November 10, 1919.**

Today I have received with the greatest joy after a week's waiting, the following: F.H.B. card enclosed with business mail of October 6, letter of October 11, and C.B. letter of October 12. These are cold memoranda as contrasted with the eagerness with which I went to the consulate to get and read these dear letters. I found it closed at first and I had to go to the museum and work a large part of the afternoon before I was able to return and find my letters. I knew they were there for the military attaché, Colonel Allen, who lives at Shepheard's, told me they were there when I saw him at lunch. But the letters left me rather sad,—for it is evident that a number of my letters have miscarried. I hope they have turned up later, as some of yours have done, arriving after letters which were mailed earlier. I never left you with so long an interval between my letters. I sat at my type-writer in London, and I wrote you reams of letters. I have answered pretty fully every letter the boy has written me, though not as fully as I could have wished. And I have acknowledged every letter from the wife, and have done my best to answer them. I hope you are now reassured as to my whereabouts; for about the time your letters received today were written I cabled you from Paris with new address.

The whole story has been written you,—but as you have seen the delays in England and France have upset my plans of going to Palestine first. The new railway from Egypt to Jerusalem now makes it so easy to run up there for a week or ten days, that I shall do it that way in the course of the next three months. That will enable me to ship from here directly to Babylonia (by way of Bombay) when I do go, and thus be able to devote myself to Syria (north of Palestine) when we return from Assyria across the Syrian desert to the Mediterranean.

I am trying to do the work of three men at least and perhaps more. There are first the antiquities to be purchased for the museum at Chicago. I spend hours a day looking over the materials here in the hands of dealers. It is endless;—each stock like a museum which has to be gone over. This afternoon I began going over the cellar-magazines of the great Cairo Museum, where there are vast masses of things doing nobody any good, and which I am trying to secure for Haskell. I mused through the dust and filth of a small fraction of it only. I must also spend as much of the day as I can on the museum collections copying unpublished inscriptions. Then I must keep up a heavy correspondence, in which I am constantly falling behind;—while at the same time I must maintain a lot of social and official strings which have to be kept pulled all the time. For example, Guy Brunton and his wife are out on the terrace there now, having dined here this evening with friends, and I must go out and talk with Mrs. Brunton who paints wonderfully and is doing some portraits of the Pharaohs and their queens which I want to use for my new edition of the history. Saturday evening Mr. Gary gave me a dinner here, a small one, with two wealthy New Yorkers on their way to hunt big game in the Sudan, and Colonel Allen, military attaché of the American Agency as it is now called. There was a big ball afterward and Gary took me in to meet General Bols, Lord Allenby's Chief-of-Staff. It was rather pleasant to be able to



greet the General with the mention of the fact that I was hoping to give myself the pleasure of presenting to him a letter of introduction from his chief. We had a very interesting conversation at once. It was like a scene from one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's novels, this brilliant ball room, filled with the big men of the British Empire who are out on the frontiers doing things, and taking their relaxation in a roomful of beautifully dressed and pretty women, and doing it with great gusto and evident enjoyment; while all around the air is keen with rumors of impending trouble. It was indeed a fascinating experience to stand in a corner with one of the leading men in the situation, and watch the whirl of the American dances, which after all we scarcely saw, as we talked of the big game of modern empire in the Near East and the grave dangers which French insistence on coming in and taking Syria, has introduced into the situation. It means the continuance of the world-war, and the French army, or its best men, are as much aware of the fact, as their Foreign Office is ignorant of it. At this juncture the General's lady sent his A.D.C. to come and go home with her, and after wandering about among the gay uniforms for a few minutes to settle my mind, I left them all to dance away the night and turned in.

There—I promised the Bruntons to be out on the terrace a half an hour ago, and I must finish this later.

Tuesday Evening, **November 11, 1919**, 5:30 p.m.

I have just been dictating to a hotel stenographer for an hour. Before that I spent a part of the afternoon among the wonderful things in the collection of Nahman, a wealthy Syrian here, who collects with much interest, but also sells many of his things. Oh pains and miseries! If I only had \$50,000! Instead of \$18,500! Now is the last chance. It is evident that as a place to buy, Egypt is nearly exhausted. Why the dealers here have gone to London and purchased the Hilton Price collection when it was auctioned off there, and I have bought some of his best pieces here in Cairo! I must get some more money for use this season, and I have been hoping to hear from Luckenbill that he had secured some from one of our former donors, Mr. Robinson. I ought to go down this minute to see the Greek Kyticas, who has a lot of things at his house,—for I promised to see him soon. I have already lost one or two good things through Gordon, the director of the Philadelphia Museum, who left here before I arrived. So I think I will just run down there, as it is not far, and finish this after dinner.

9:30 P.M. The stenographer handed in my letters and I have been reading and signing industriously. I found some beautiful things at Kyticas's house. A superb black granite bust,—just the thing for the Art Institute,—at 350 pounds. Old Budge is coming out next week, and by George, the old fox puts up at Kyticas's house! I saw the room where he is to stay. He had already pinched an almost life size statue which the old man has there, and which he values at 1000 pounds. Anyhow, I am getting a lot of lovely things both for Haskell and the Art Institute. But the time and the labor!

Yesterday I went over to the General Headquarters in the old Savoy hotel and presented my letter from Lord Allenby to his Chief of Staff, Major-General Bols, whom, as you have seen above, I had already met here. He was courtesy and attention itself, in spite of the fact, which I did not then know, that he had a big programme of arrangements on his hands for the reception of his chief, whose arrival in Cairo was but a few hours distant. I had a very interesting conversation with him, which he asked me to come in and continue whenever I could. But in response to his question as to what particular thing he could do for me at the moment, I told him I wanted

very much to secure prints of all their air negatives of the Nile Valley, Palestine and Syria. He said he would give me a letter to the Commodore of the Air Service, and would send it over as soon as it was ready. He gave me a cordial invitation to come in again and talk over the general situation of Great Britain in the Near East whenever I felt inclined. I found my letter for the Air Commodore, General Grove awaiting me at the hotel when I returned to lunch. It contained among other things the words, “Lord Allenby desires that he be given every facility”. I presented it this morning at the Air Headquarters over on the Gezireh at the old Gezireh Palace Hotel, and it brought me prompt attention. A young officer is to get everything ready and I am to have anything I want among their air negatives of Egypt, Palestine or Syria.

It was on my way back from seeing General Bols that I learned of Allenby’s imminent arrival. As I went down to the American Agency, the native police were everywhere, and the streets from the station right down to the gates of the British Residency were lined on both sides with British troops with fixed bayonets. As the train pulled in the entire air force, a beautiful squadron in V formation, swept over from Gizeh, circled over the station and followed the High Commissioner’s carriage from the station to the Residency. It was an imposing demonstration of British power in the East, and it must have given the hysterical nationalists here something of a jolt.

Mr. Gary is giving a dinner party in the hotel this evening, and said he hoped to see me, before it was over. I must go out and take advantage of the opportunity to show him Earl Curzon’s letter and get my “audience” with Lord Allenby arranged; so I will finish this up in the morning and send it on at last.

Wednesday Morning, **November 12, 1919.**

There was a ball here in celebration of “Armistice Day” last night, and I utilized it to get an appointment with Mr. Gary for this morning. So I must run along and get this off and see him. It is very unsatisfying to me to send you just a mechanical catalogue of my doings; but I know you want to know about them, whereas I would much rather talk of your own doings, mother and big boy, and little boy and babe; for there is where my heart is, and of them I am thinking every minute all day long, even when I am deep in inscriptions, or trying not to show a dealer that I am interested in a monument which I am going to have at all costs! I am sorry I forgot to acknowledge before, Astrid’s fine five page letter, which was most interesting! Kisses all around  
from Pater.

Wednesday, **November 12, 1919**, 12:00 noon.

I’m sitting before my latest inscription in the museum perusing, not hieroglyphs, but dear letters from home, which I have just secured at the American Agency,—the first addressed to Cairo. Will acknowledge fully soon. Worlds of love, your loving Hubby.

Cairo, Egypt,  
Friday Evening, **November 14, 1919.**

My dear Frances:—

I wrote you a marginal line from the museum acknowledging your first letters to Cairo, I mean the first addressed here, and I can assure you they were welcome messengers. They included those of Wednesday, Thursday and Sunday, October 15, 16 and 19. The Sunday was the one when you went riding with Dr. Walker, and Mary Grannan/Grennan came for a little visit. I do hope she returns to us. I find in yours of the 15<sup>th</sup> the two questions about underclothes and special delivery stamps. I am really quite comfortable as to underwear, so please do not trouble to send me any. I am rather overloaded with things, but of course Asia will call for some I have not yet used. I do not think Special Delivery stamps would help any, except when the letters arrive in Chicago on Sunday, when you might possibly get them a day earlier.

I am glad you got past the bad gap which the miscarriage of some of my letters evidently caused. Perhaps the missing ones turned up later. I Will try to give you the date of my last letter each time. I wrote you a number of installments last time, which I believe got off to you, after I added a line at the museum last Wednesday morning, November 12.

I spent all day yesterday, at least when I was not with the antiquity dealers, trying to find a simpler and quieter place to live, but all the pensions and private places are full, with all rooms about to be vacated long since engaged from the moment they are available. I dined last night out at Quibells in Helwan with Golenischeff and Professor Walton, dean of the Law School here. The last and his wife are very agreeable people. They live on the Ghezireh in a charming region and I went out there to tea this afternoon after I had finished the day's work at five. Walton took me to the villa of a British officer's widow, Mrs. Hamilton Hodson, North Ghezireh, Cairo (please put it in your book), who takes in a few officers. It is a heavenly place, but quite full until January. So I am unpacking my things and settling down to work, with the expectation of staying where I am. It will not be for long after all, for our new programme requires us to leave for Baghdad early in February. That means that I shall forsake Cairo for Thebes early in January, and that I shall spend the last week of January in Jerusalem. I go to Jerusalem out of duty. There is nothing there worth going across the street to see.

Villa Mendofiyeh, Garden City, Cairo, Egypt,  
Sunday Evening, **November 16, 1919, 5:30 p.m.**

You couldn't imagine where I am, and what I have been doing. Here I sit in my own apartment, in a comfortable library, with a balcony on two sides, from which I have been watching the marvelous evening light shining on the rich amber cliffs of Mokattam eastward, while the red glow in the west glorifies the river and the dark silhouettes of the swaying palms as the soft daylight slowly yields to the gathering evening shadows. It is the old Egypt with its eternal mystery and charm, which are as strong in their hold upon me now as they were when we first looked out on Mokattam from the roof of the Hotel du Nil twenty-five years ago.

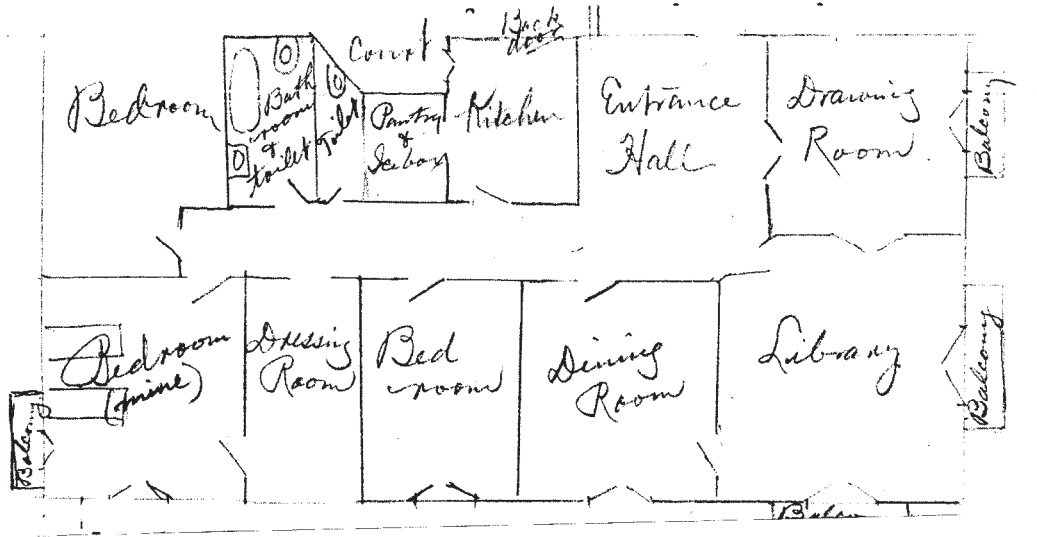
I have been very uncomfortable at Shephard's:—noise, dust, bustle, society, monotonously tasteless food, of which one regularly overeats, etc., etc. My room was on the beautiful



garden, to be sure, but it was on the ground floor, it was dark and somber if I kept the blinds down, and my things were not safe if I opened them. There were two open catch basins directly under my windows, from which I frequently caught the dank odor of ancient wash water, reeking with strong soap and filth. I asked for another room, but could not secure one with bath and toilet, though I was promised one repeatedly. I spent all day Thursday going about among the good pensions looking for a quiet room with sunshine and fresh air,—but they were all full and spoken for weeks in advance. Thursday I dined with Quibell as I have told you above, and Professor Walton was very sympathetic when I told him of my troubles. Yesterday morning he called me up from his charming villa on the Ghezireh, saying that he had just heard from a colleague in the Law School, now in England that he would not be able to come out until some time in January, and that Walton might sub-let his apartment. I came out to see it last night, and decided to take it. This morning the good Mrs. Walton came over here with me, bringing her man to set things in order a little, and this afternoon I moved over.

If you will look at the Cairo map in the latest old Baedeker of mine that you can find, you will see along the river, just south of the Musée Égyptien, the quarter marked “Kasr ed-Doubára”. South of Kasr ed-Doubára, directly along the river is a new quarter called the Garden City. It is rapidly building up with apartments now, but the maps you have may be too old to show its winding parkways. Many sites are still vacant, and they form unsightly blanks of dirt and gravel, but there is a grand prospect toward Mokattam, and I look from a balcony down the street to a broad stretch of Nile from the library window in front and from my bedroom window in the rear. Indeed my bedroom being on the southeast corner commands a beautiful view of Mokattam on the east, and of the Nile seen from my balcony on the south.

The rugs were all rolled up in the middle of each room, so I have just spread them out in the library and my bedroom, where I find a very handsome Saraband and also a good Bokhara. I have made my bed, and hung up my namusiye (moustequaire). My trunks have all arrived, and I have taken out the most necessary things. For six or seven weeks at least, I shall have a comfortable, clean, airy place to sleep and work. Where I shall eat, I don’t know. Mrs. Walton has taken me in for dinner this evening, and then I shall learn whether her cook has succeeded in getting me a man, who can boil some eggs for me and make some coffee in the morning. I can get some lunch near the museum, probably at the Italian Club, and for dinner I shall go to an Italian place in the Ezbekiyeh, where I had an excellent dinner last night as the guest of the Bruntons, who invited Sir Valentine Chirol and myself to dine with them there. Where I shall get my breakfast tomorrow morning I do not know, but I have a few cakes of chocolate in my bag, and I would rather breakfast on that every day than stay in the dust and noise of town any longer. I am hoping too, that Bull may be along any day, and then it will not be quite so lonely as it is now. I can give him room here quite comfortably, and also Edgerton, if he comes. But I have not heard a word from either of them for a long time. Bull was expecting to sail from Italy about the first week in November. Here is a plan of the apartment:



I pay 20 pounds a month for it, and even so my living will be cheaper than at the hotel, where I paid 130 P.T. a day, that is about \$5.80 (for the P.T. is now worth about 4-1/3 cents, instead of five as it used to be), besides plentiful fees in such a hotel. I am close by the Residency where Lord Allenby as High Commissioner lives, and also the American Diplomatic Agency, which is just across the street from the Residency. I only wish I could stay right on here till spring. If it were not for the problem of their school the children might be made very happy here, and we could have a beautiful winter in this wonderful climate. Doesn't it seem absurd for me to be occupying a whole apartment alone!

Well, I must go now and get ready to go to dinner at the Waltons, who have been so kind to me. I have no idea where I can mail this!

Monday Morning.

Just back from chasing breakfast! Appointments all day. Haven't a minute to finish this. Goodbye, dearie.

Always your loving  
James

Shepherd's Hotel, Cairo, Egypt,  
Friday Evening, **November 14, 1919.**

My dear boy:—

I was very glad indeed to have your letter of October 12, written on a Sunday evening when you were feeling bad as a result of sinus trouble. It is too bad that it still pursues you. You would get the better of it I am sure, in this wonderful winter climate, and I wish you might have the benefit of some of these glorious sunny days. I don't see much of them to be sure; for my room is behind the trees in a corner of the garden, and I am most of the time, either at the museum or in some dealer's shop or in my room.

I am very glad to hear that you are having a course in economic geography. You will find it most interesting, and very essential to an understanding of history. Goode is a rather mechanically minded chap, but I have heard he is a good and very thorough teacher, and thoroughness is just the thing for a boy of your age.

That you have had a satisfactory talk with Dr. Reed is very welcome news. I am sure you will find him a very fine man when you understand each other better.

Wish I could read the Hawes book with you. As a matter of fact, I failed to see Cnossus when we touched at Crete, as I have since written you. I hope very much to do so on my return trip from Syria.

I am so glad that you find the car a diversion for you all. It would be of immense service to me here. I use the tram a great deal, and the arabiyehs when I must. They cost about double what they used to.

This doesn't pretend to be a letter but just a message to let you know that your letter arrived and did your old pater such a lot of good.

Always your loving  
Pater.

Villa Mendofia, Cairo, Egypt,  
**November 22, 1919.**

My dear, dear Frances:—

It is 9:15 in the evening. I have just swung round the bend on my bicycle from Grosvenor House, the pension where I have my dinner, and have climbed up here to my new quarters where I am beginning to feel very much at home, with very heartfelt desires to write to you a long, long letter. But what shall I do? I am dead fagged! I have not seen this room since I left it this morning immediately after breakfast, and I have been on the run every minute except when I was getting my rations. I could write you reams every night, and I am so anxious to do so, but I cannot find the time even for the most important business letters, which concern almost our very existence out here. How I would enjoy sitting down and taking up your last letters and replying in detail, and giving you a chronicle of the exciting happenings of the last few days. First let me acknowledge the letters received since I wrote you last,—that is four or five days, probably five days ago.

The dates are October 14, 20 (Grandma Breasted), 21, 23, 25, and one from my daughter of the 15<sup>th</sup>. I am very grateful for every line. Also one from Jamie with account of the football scores. They help to make the lonely days pass, and they are all read over and over again, with many a vision of how you all look in the new car, and how you drive out to “our beach” to sit on the sand. It all seems very, very far away, and then I turn to the great burden of duties occupying every waking moment here, and make another effort to get some of it cleared away so that I can sit down and write a long letter home.

I have been waiting for days for the return of one of the Greek dealers, Nicholas Tano, whose young clerk had been telling me that his employer had a wonderful papyrus put away, which I might see when he returned. Well day before yesterday Tano returned and after dicker-ing for other things for a while he mentioned the papyrus, for I would not mention it first. We had to cross the street to a rug dealer's place to find it. What was my surprise to see a perfectly



intact roll as thick as a roll of wall paper with the outer wrappings of cover papyrus still around it. And when it was unrolled to the point where the writing began, there was the most beautifully written hieroglyphic papyrus of the Book of the Dead that I have ever seen, with wonderfully delicate and refined vignettes, exquisitely done. I cannot recount the “poker face” that I put up, and the long story of jockeying and haggling. The roll is over forty feet long, and the bargaining was much longer. On the second day I heard that the Metropolitan Museum people are to arrive now any day, and I got busy with Brother Tano. That papyrus is coming to Haskell, and Brother Tano has the money,—a whole lot of it,—more than I wish. It cost just about twice as much as the Paris papyrus, and with mounting, packing, and shipping expenses, it will just take all of Mrs. Anderson’s gift. And there I debated in my own mind one night whether I was not too tired to bother with writing to Mrs. Anderson and asking her for money.

And I have a lot of other things,—many of them interesting and important, and some of them too, very beautiful, but I can’t begin to enumerate them. I have bought of Kyticas the Greek, and Blanchard the American, and Nahman the Syrian. Every transaction has taken days. And now comes the invoicing, the marking, the packing and the details of shipment etc., together with reporting in full to the Museum here, paying 2-½% export duty, and getting a permit for the boxes. In all I have become a mere errand boy. I have bought the complete set of stone vases from an Old Kingdom tomb excavated by Quibell at Sakkara; an English army captain offers me his whole collection of magnificent predynastic flints, with beautiful ripple flaked pieces, which he has been many years in collecting,—really a rare chance, for 200 pounds, and a wealthy native from Damietta has a collection made by his father, of 62 pieces of family servants at work for the dead, in the form of little wooden statuettes, engaged in grinding flour, mixing bread, poking the fire, butchering oxen, etc., etc. I am going down to Damietta with Blanchard next week to see it, and we shall sleep in the native’s house over night and come back next day.

Meantime official affairs affecting the trip to Asia have been simmering successfully. A letter from the Air Force this morning tells me my prints from their negatives will be ready soon; and yesterday Mr. Gary called during my absence and left the enclosed card, by which you see that things are going well. A dinner with Allenby will give me a chance to get many things before him which I could not do in a short interview in his office.

Yesterday I went out to the Pyramids to see Reisner. I think he and his wife have both improved,—she especially, but he is still very crude. He was very kind and is going to get me some material for Haskell from his diggings. He has done very important work in the Sudan, and has recovered the entire XXVth Dynasty,—names, tombs, and beautiful mortuary toilet articles.

I hope some time this coming week to go out for two days to Fisher’s excavations at Memphis, where he has unearthed a palace of Merneptah, with very interesting finds. This will give me a chance to rest a little, for I am dead tired.

I believe I have not told you about my housekeeping since my last letter. The next day after my writing you, Mrs. Walton sent me an excellent young *suffragi*, who has turned out to be a jewel. He gets me a good breakfast. I have semolina with ideal milk, coffee or chocolate, good bread and butter, and marmalade, and scrambled eggs. He keeps my shoes looking wonderful, and every morning while I am in my bath, he leaves the breakfast preparations, and goes into my room to arrange my things. When I return from the bath I find everything ready for me exactly as an English valet does things in a swell household in England. And he keeps the whole place immaculately clean. Even you would, I am sure, find everything quite satisfactorily clean. We have ice in the little ice box, and I find a bottle of cold Evian Water on my dressing table every night.

I am being completely spoiled forever hereafter! The *bauwab* takes care of my bicycle, which is of course my landlord's appropriated by me; and my boy keeps the lantern in order, for they are very strict about lights here. You should see me come down in the morning, with my servant behind me carrying my portfolio and the lantern which he puts on the wheel, while the *bauwab* brings it out for me to the curb, and holds it carefully while I bestride the horse. I feel like an oriental lord.

It is late and I must turn in. I paid out nearly ten thousand dollars today, and closed a bargain for several thousand more, and I find it very tiring. But it is very gratifying to secure these things for our museum and the Art Institute, besides being a very exhilarating game. Incidentally I am doing a lot of work for the Art Institute, and I have got them some beautiful things; but their money is all spent now, and mine also, practically. Since I reached Paris, I have spent nearly \$20,000 for antiquities, and it seems a mere bagatelle. I ought to have three times this amount.

Well, good night, dearies. Kisses for all, great and small!

Sunday Morning, **November 23, 1919.**

The Museum observes Moslem regulations, and the place is therefore open all day Sunday with the full European and native staff on duty; but it is closed on Friday, the Moslem Day of Assembly as they call it. So I went to see Reisner on Friday, not being able to get into the Museum, and today I must go back and try to make a little progress with the Palermo Stone, of which the Museum has four new fragments, very insufficiently published. That reminds me. Please ask George to look into my copy of Schaefer's publication of the Palermo Stone and see if my measurements recorded in red ink from the original are still lying in the book on a single sheet of paper. Let me know by return mail, for I must plan to run over to Palermo again from Naples, if those measurements are not there. Send it to me by registered post at once, if it can be found. If you do not find it in the book, please spend no time looking for it; for I have never kept these notes anywhere else, and if they are not in the book they are lost.

To give you an idea how fast things go, I was just leaving Tano yesterday to go to lunch, when he said he had a collection of cuneiform tablets which a merchant of Aleppo had brought over with him. They had all been examined by Sayce, who had arranged for the Dublin University to buy them; but the arrangements offered by the University were unsatisfactory and I could have them if I wanted them. Lunch was at once forgotten; Tano brought out a box, filled with neatly packed little packets, each containing a beautifully preserved cuneiform tablet. There were letters, contracts and things I was not sure about. Some of them bore beautiful and pre-Hammurabi seal impressions, others were evidently of the Assyrian period. There were 258 of these tablets and Tano said I could have them for 50 pounds. That is about 85 cents apiece and as I had Sayce's letters before me, containing the offer of Dublin which Tano refused to accept, I told him at once that I would take them. I got a cold lunch! And clay tablets are not particularly restorative to an empty stomach. But this transaction illustrates how necessary it is to come out here, and be here on the ground occasionally to take advantage of such opportunities. If you can find time, it would be well to call up Luckenbill and let him know that I have a fine body of beautifully preserved Western Asiatic tablets for him, perhaps a group of North Syrian letters parallel with the Amarna letters. Just read him what I have told you of the story of acquiring them.

Finally, an important request or two.

Will Charles please go into the study and at the extreme right end of the top book shelf on the north wall take three copies of my paper bound *Battle of Kadesh* and mail them to me at once. I have but one copy here, and I expect to give that to Allenby at dinner Tuesday evening next.

Also I shall need another pair of President suspenders, medium weight. They ought to be mailed at once to reach me before I leave for Asia.

Next, a 1920 edition of the *Standard Diary*, published by the Standard Diary Company. It is commonly entitled *Standard Diary with Maps*.

Finally a plain nickel Eversharp of the size we are using, same as Jamie's and Charles's.

Tell Charles my sundries box which he fixed is a daily convenience and a great help. I could not do without it. As for my clothes and such things, which my dear wife worked so hard to get ready for me,—everything is perfect and everything plentiful and adapted to every need, in all the highly varied and constantly changing situations as to temperature, weather wet and dry, cold and hot;—indeed I have found no predicament of housekeeping or of sleeping rooms which I was unable to meet. And especially now, everything is exceedingly useful. I am enjoying my fine bath towels, especially. Oh fie! It is so disappointingly late, and I have not yet had my daily accounting with Mohammed Hasan, my faithful man. He does most of the marketing, but I do some, at Fleurent's, and find it rather interesting. Now I must go. Especially pressing is a statement to the President, and following his very kind opening, a request for more funds. For it is distressing to see these fine opportunities on every hand, and not be able to take advantage of them. Good-bye, my dear wife.

Affectionately  
James

Please send me also another circular rubber eraser with a brush on it for typewriter use. George can attend to pencil and this rubber. Beginning with the third paragraph, you may read this letter to George, or Smith,—omitting of course, family greetings and messages.

Villa Mandofia, Garden City, Cairo, Egypt,  
Sunday Evening, **November 30, 1919.**

My dear Frances:—

I can hardly believe that this is the last day of November. It is about three and a half months since I left home, and before we know it we shall be writing 1920! I have been very much delayed in getting off this letter, but as it will reach you about Christmas time, I am sending you a longer letter than usual. It contains, or will I hope, some interesting experiences which I will try not to throw in the form of a magazine article, but I have already made some rough diary notes, and I fear what I have to tell may appear very stilted and formal, when I am only endeavoring to tell things as they happened, and to let you share as much as possible of my life out here. There are things about myself which I might put into a diary, which I am really reluctant to write for any one,—even my family, for they make me appear like a conceited coxcomb. However, I will copy them as I have written them.



Between the Museum and the dealers I have been exceedingly busy. I have made no progress with my invoices, but there is no hurry, for I am postponing the packing as long as possible owing to the frightful prices for wood. The army is about to auction off large quantities of timber, and then I hope to secure some material for packing cases at rates which will not make the packing and shipment of my purchases as costly as the antiquities themselves. But all these things take time.

I believe my last letter carried my doings down to last Monday. I had just secured Papyrus Anderson. My balance for purchases is already on the wrong side of the ledger, and in order to take advantage of the unusual opportunities arising here, I shall have to cable to President Judson in accordance with his kind permission and ask for a further appropriation. You may have heard of my cable before you read this. Last Monday evening Nahman brought out some more Greek papyri, about which I have been writing Edgar Goodspeed. I was dead tired after a day in the Museum. I had only a few minutes and got a cold dinner as it was; but I managed to have a little look into a tattered roll, which proved to be a book, not a business document. It was written in handsome Greek uncials and contained 16 columns about 5 inches to 7 inches wide and some 8 inches high, besides fragments of a few others. They were worm-eaten but preserved from top to bottom, and the gaps were not serious. I first noticed that it was filled with numerals, written of course with Greek letters. Then even my scanty Greek could not fail to make out the faded and fragmentary words “star” (ΑΣΤΗΡ), “observations” (ΩΡΟΣΚΟΠΟΙ), “moon” (ΣΕΛΗΝΗ), “from the lion to the virgin” (ΑΠΟ ΛΕΟΝΤΟΣ ΕΩΣ ΠΑΡΘΕΝΟΥ) followed by the measurement numeral with a line over it; and a similar measurement with the “archer,” (sagittarius, ΤΟΞΟΤΟΥ). It is evidently an astronomical work, and the hand is like that of the Timotheos manuscript (see *Ancient Times*, Figure 223, page 474), suggesting that it is one of the works of the great Greek astronomers who lived in the Third Century B. C. It would be curious if I had discovered a lost work on ancient astronomy, and you can imagine how such an experience makes me regret my lack of early discipline in this field. I have secured the refusal of the papyrus and have written to Edgar Goodspeed about it. Nahman also brought out an intact roll which had never been unrolled. It was too compactly rolled to be loosened and unrolled without serious damage. I could only open it enough to see that it was Egyptian hieratic without being able to determine the content. So Nahman and I both gambled. The roll is probably some 20 feet long, and if a literary document, it is worth a large sum; but if it is only a mortuary text it is not worth a great deal, though valuable to us who have until now possessed no ancient Egyptian papyri at all. Nahman said I could have it for 40 pounds, and as I put up a very successful poker face, he came down to thirty and I took the chance. I have it now in my trunk, and I am pretty safe even if its only a mortuary text; only I can’t get it unrolled this side of Berlin,—Ibscher, you know!

The next evening (Tuesday last) I went over to the Agency and joined Mr. Gary and we went over to the Residency dinner together. As I said above, I hope you won’t find my account of it like a magazine article, rather than a home letter.

The dinner at the Residency last Tuesday was very pleasant, and not a bit stiff and formal. Lord Allenby had Lady Clayton on one side and Lady Congreve on the other. I don’t know who the first woman is, but Lady Congreve’s husband is the ranking general out here since Bols has gone to Jerusalem, and he commands the army in Egypt. Lady Allenby had me on one side and Mr. Gary [American Diplomatic Agent] on the other. Next me also sat Mr. Thomas, Lord Allenby’s secretary, who has read all my books, which of course shows that he is a very sensible and intelligent person. Sir This, That and the Other occupied several other chairs, including Sir

Milne Cheetham, Lord Allenby's Vice, and Acting High Commissioner in his absence. Lady Allenby is most charmingly natural and unaffected and fills her high place with an unassumed graciousness that is very pleasing. She is animated and interested,—asks intelligent questions, and leaves no one neglected. As soon as we had gotten a little acquainted she asked me if I had ever been out to Abu Roash, the site of the former pyramid north of the Gizeh group, and on my responding with some enthusiasm, she quite surpassed my interest in her glowing description of how she and Lord Allenby had discovered it while out riding, and then asked me if I would go out with them some day soon and spend the day there, in order to hear more about the place and to enjoy the magnificent view which it commands.

When she arose Lord Allenby did not sit down again but moved out toward the dining room. I had had no opportunity to talk with him during the dinner. When he entered the drawing room before dinner he had greeted me very quietly but with a kind reference to the correspondence we had had. My *History of Egypt* lay on the table in the library, and I had handed him a copy of my study on the Battle of Kadesh as we went out to dinner. After dinner as the gentlemen drifted into the drawing room following the ladies, to my great surprise Allenby dropped into the group at my side, led me to a chair apart from the company, and seating himself, began to take up a remark I had made referring to Clemenceau's bon mot, "Le bon Wilson avec ses quatorze points et le bon Dieu qui n'en a que dix". From the beginning of the evening in the drawing room, when Allenby thus seated himself, we sat with our heads together, and he continued to talk without interruption or addressing a single word to his other guests, until the company was broken up by Lady Clayton's rising to go.

Whether this was due to a remark of mine expressing a desire to know all I could of the present situation in the Near Orient, I do not know; but I had taken the first opportunity to say that I hoped to further the establishment of cordial cooperation between his country and mine in the future control of the Near East, and for that reason I would be glad of an opportunity to learn all the facts regarding the situation which it might be proper for me to know. He made no response whatever, but he at once began to talk.

It was a curious sensation to sit thus in intimate exchange with this strong man who holds the entire world of the Near Orient in the palm of his hand, and only a few months ago had administered the final annihilating blows to the leading Oriental Empire, which had ruled here for seven or eight centuries. Here was the greatest man in the East and practically king of the vast world from the frontiers of India to Greece and Inner Africa. The quiet, matter-of-fact manner with which he dealt with the momentous events in which he had so great a part, and the directness and unquestionable sincerity of all that he said, made a profound impression on me, the more so because the simplicity of his manner at first quite veiled the greatness of the man.

I soon perceived that he wanted to tell me certain things, and that it was not necessary for me to say anything. He talked deliberately, thoughtfully, but steadily, and I rarely dropped in a word or question, to bring out something more fully on which he had only casually touched. I have been trying ever since this conversation to find time to make a record of it; but I left next morning for the Philadelphia excavations at Memphis, and found only a short interval on the train in which to make a few notes of important matters. The following paragraphs record Lord Allenby's statements in the first person, and I have only inserted in one or two places any remarks of my own, introduced by my initials.

As we sat down, smiling over Clemenceau's witticism, Allenby continued speaking of Wilson:

“My impression of Wilson differs from yours. To me he seemed a man of conviction, with a good deal of strength and courage. I heard him tell the Peace Commissioners what he had done for, and what he expected to see done, and he insisted that it be done. I had to deal with him in the matter of Syria and its future, and I explained to him my attitude and my situation, which was an unusual one. I always maintained that I was commander of an international army. I always insisted that I was not taking any territory for England or as an English commander. I know there are legal difficulties. In handing over Syria to the French now, we are involved in a transaction of doubtful legality. Your Mr. Justice Brandeis, when he was over here, was not sure in his own mind what the legal status of the conquered areas might be. I said to him then that I was not of course a jurist or possessed of any knowledge of international law, but the situation now seemed to me like this:

“I have conquered and occupied certain regions of the Ottoman Empire. I call it Occupied Enemy Territory (O.E.T.), and I have divided it up into administrative districts, and given the whole region an administration (O.E.T.A.). I propose to maintain that administration and keep the countries occupied in quiet and peace, until the peace treaty makes other disposition of the territory. Then I must leave legal complications to later settlement in so far as I can.

“I am now withdrawing my troops from Syria because the Foreign Office has instructed me to do so, and my retiring forces are being replaced by French troops. This change is a difficult one and full of danger. I said so when I was asked to come to Paris to confer with the Peace Commissioners before the Peace Treaty was ready. President Wilson asked me what would happen if Syria were at once turned over to the French. I told him it would immediately result in a terrible war with the Arabs, which would draw in all the surrounding territory, and probably much more: the Young Turks, the C.U.P. (Committee of Union and Progress), the brigands of Talaat and Enver, the Kurds and Armenians, the Wahabis and not least the Bolsheviks. It would doubtless spread far into Asia and set the world on fire again.

“Wilson said to me, ‘Will you make an address before the Peace Commissioners?’ I replied that I could not do that, but I would be glad to answer any questions put to me. The next day Wilson asked me the same questions in the presence of the Peace Commissioners, and the French, including Clemenceau, heard me make the same answer. Wilson then asked me how the wishes of the peoples of the conquered areas of the Near Orient might be ascertained. I told him by asking the people openly and directly, and he then said a commission should be sent for this purpose.

“Later, when I was called to Paris after the conclusion of the Peace Treaty, to talk with Clemenceau about the future disposition of Syria, I could talk to him very frankly, because I have known him for a long time, and we are good friends. So I said to him, ‘You know me well, and we have been good friends. You must believe me when I tell you there is absolutely no occasion for all this French sensitiveness about Syria. We don’t want it. We shall be glad enough to get well rid of the responsibility for it. There is not an Englishman, whose opinion is worth having, who feels otherwise. We are quite ready to hand it over to you, but we want to be sure when we do so, we can do it without stirring up further trouble out there. Certain actions of yours out there have given us grave anxiety. They must be stopped, and your policy changed. Your people out there have been deliberately trying to stir up trouble and excite pogroms, in order to give you a chance to step in and take possession of territory that you want, under pretense of restoring order. You know it is going on, and it must be stopped. We are quite ready, as I said, to retire our troops as fast as you can move yours in, but when this transfer has taken place, we want peace in



the whole region, so that Syria and the whole Near East may return to normal conditions and no longer be a danger to us and to the whole world.’ ”

J.H.B.: “But Lord Allenby, the Syro-Palestinian frontier has been in just this turbulent condition for thousands of years. It will be nothing new if the French do not succeed in keeping it quiet.”

Allenby responded like a flash, throwing out his hand and seizing my arm as he did so: “But my dear sir, while that is very true, it has never been true before that the whole world was ready to take fire from this Syrian blaze. And so I told Clemenceau. He replied, ‘Yes, I think you are right.’ Well then, said I, if you think I am an honest man, and I think you do—believe what I have said and shape your policy accordingly.” Clemenceau responded, ‘It isn’t as simple as that! I do believe you are an honest man, but I do not believe that the British nation is honest and I do not trust them.’

“This then is the situation as I am withdrawing my troops from Syria. Fortunately the French have appointed an excellent man to assume control there, General Gouraud, a man four times wounded in the present war, and now lacking an arm. I am leaving for Beirut tomorrow so that he and I can ride through the streets with our arms around each other, you know” (Allenby’s eyes twinkled) “for public consumption. It will let them know that they can’t hit Gouraud without hitting me. But a much more important reason for my going is to urge him to concede one thing to avoid trouble. That is, to leave my troops in the northern Buk’a. If my posts are removed and replaced by French troops, there will be an outbreak, and I fear a serious one.”

“The commander of all the Arabs openly said he would not submit to French control, and that if we supported French government over them, he would fight us too.”

J.H.B.: “French troubles up there will always be yours also.”

“Certainly! Of course I could not let such defiance pass. I sent a civil commissioner up to see the Arab leader, and he repeated his statement that he would not submit to the French, and he would fight us if we tried to make him. I think I was in the worst funk I have had in this war, for I expected a violent outbreak if I took action against him, but I sent troops at once to arrest him, and to take him to Haifa. I have been in an awful funk for the last twenty-four hours, expecting the trouble to come, but nothing has happened, and I am very glad I did it for the sake of the French. But I ran a great risk. Under Gouraud, however, I look for improvement, in spite of the unfortunate memories left by Picot.”

J.H.B.: “Picot was the man who fled from Beyrut at the outbreak of the war and cruelly failed to destroy his confidential correspondence, leaving it to incriminate the best friends of France among the Syrian natives, so that many of them were shot or hanged, was he not?”

“Yes, that is the man. You can understand the resentment of the Arab leader whom I have just arrested.”

I cannot now recall what it was which shifted our conversation at this point to the Battle of Megiddo, but Allenby evidently took pleasure in talking of it.

“When they gave me a peerage, they wanted me to add ‘Armageddon’ to the title, but I refused to do that. It would have given all the cranks in Christendom endless opportunity. It was much too sensational. So I merely took Megiddo.”

J.H.B.: “Probably only we orientlists know that it is identical with Armageddon, and the great public will never discover the identity.”

“Yes, quite true,—and if such titles are to be used at all, Megiddo had its appropriateness. You know I went straight through the pass for Megiddo, and at the crest I sent the infan-

try through to make a hole for the cavalry. They found a few battalions of Turks in possession of the height, and they killed thirty or forty of them and captured all the rest. The cavalry got through the hole and went forward with orders not to do any fighting but to ride across the Plain of Megiddo and get astride of every road leading north, along which the enemy could retreat. I wanted to get old Liman von Sanders, and for three hours we had him bagged with no possible way of escape. Then some of our men across a road to the north-west were summoned to help some comrades, and got into a fight which drew them for a short time off the road. Evidently von Sanders heard of it at once, for he swept by in his automobiles and escaped. I got 'my lie' out first, and reported that von Sanders had at once fled northward as we advanced. But von Sanders got out a wireless which was probably nearer right than my dispatch, saying that after severe fighting he had retired. Indeed, he did get together some of his clerks, his personal following, and he gave us a jolly good scrap before he got out of the net. Curious, wasn't it, that we should have had exactly old Thutmose's experience in meeting an outpost of the enemy and disposing of them at the top of the pass leading to Megiddo! You see, I had been reading your book and [George] Adam Smith, and I knew what had taken place there."

J.H.B.: "You may be interested to know that one of my students, who is now head of the history department at Beyrut College, has made a complete topographical survey of the region of Megiddo, and has been able to trace the movements of Thutmose's army from a study of the modern terrain. He has recently printed the essay at Beyrut as his doctor's dissertation. By the way, he has met you, and had the honor of taking you up to see the ancient records on the rocks above Beyrut at the Nahr el-Kelb."

"Yes, I remember him very well. His name was ....."

J.H.B.: "Nelson."

"Yes, that is the man."

J.H.B.: "Unfortunately we have almost no one in America besides us orientalist and our teachers at Beyrut and Constantinople and at a few other places, who knows anything about the Near East, or realizes the obligation of the civilized world to keep order here, and to protect the defenseless."

"That is true. Your country is at present behaving very badly!" he said with an engaging smile.

J.H.B.: "A group of senators with no knowledge of diplomatic history or foreign affairs are following unwise leadership, without realizing the danger of the course they are pursuing".

"Well they must know their business or they would not be there".

J.H.B.: "Excuse me Sir,—that does not in the least follow!"

At that moment Lady Clayton, as the guest who had sat at Lord Allenby's right, gave the signal for all to go, by rising. Lady Allenby came forward to her husband and said, "I have asked Mr. Breasted to go with us soon to Abu Roash".

He at once responded, "How would you like to go? Do you ride?"

I said, "Yes, but I presume, not after the rules of the approved British school. I can pick up my hat off the ground, if need be".

He assured me I would not be called on for any difficult stunts and said I should have Lady Allenby's pony. Allenby then chatted with the other men as we strolled out into the huge hall, where native servants were serving the departing gentlemen with whiskey and soda. Here he gave me a very kindly good night, and I went off with Mr. Gary.

As we went out however, he said to me, “You are planning to be here for some time, are you not?”

I said, “Yes, until early in February”.

He rejoined very kindly, “Well then we shall see each other often, I hope, for it has been a great pleasure and honor to have you with us”.

I confess I was quite floored by this modest inversion of the situation, and was hardly able to summon my wits for properly demurring. What I murmured I do not know, but I suddenly discerned the main chance and as quickly as I could I told him that he had me on his hands for as long as he found it endurable, for I was quite dependent on him for the transportation which would enable my expedition to leave for Babylonia.

“Oh,” he said, “that is over in the War Office, in the Savoy Hotel.”

“Oh,” said I, “I thought it was in your office, for I believe Earl Curzon was good enough to write you about it”. “Of course,” said he, “if there is anything we can do, let me know. We shall be glad to do all we can for you.”

As I wandered off with Gary, he told me that Curzon’s letter was being taken care of in the Foreign Office of the Egyptian Government. Under the new protectorate, the High Commissioner is Foreign Secretary in the Egyptian Government. The offices are in a building on the grounds of the Residency, within a stone’s throw of my windows. The High Commissioner (Lord Allenby), being king of Egypt, the Sudan, Libya, and neighboring Asia, has too many duties to attend to this office, and it is entrusted to a Director of the Foreign Office, an Englishman and one of Allenby’s many secretaries. Gary says I can go in there at any time and see how my transportation matter is coming on. Well, that I knew anyway, for I still have Curzon’s letter, stating that he had requested I be taken care of by this government. But Mr. Gary is exceedingly kind, and gave me a card to Secretary Greg, Director of the Foreign Office, and said he would be glad to go in there with me if necessary. So I am going in there soon.

I dined with the Waltons last night. They are such kindly, pleasant people. Among others I met Judge Amos, a very unusually intellectual man, one of the Judges of the Courts here. Walton and Quibell have put me up at the Turf Club, the leading English club. After a short morning’s work (Sunday) at the Museum, I went over there and had my Sunday dinner alone. The Walton dinner kept me up late, so I came home (always on my bicycle) for a nap, as I was too fagged to work. Then I put on my glad rags and strolled over to the Residency at 5:30. Lots of people there, of course, and Lady Allenby as kind as usual. I had sent her a copy of *Ancient Times*; she mentioned it tactfully, saying that she had been deprived of reading farther, by Sir Milne Cheetham, who had a very bad cold and had asked to take the book off to bed with him, as he was unwilling to part with it. Just then Lady Wilcocks stepped up to take her leave, and as I had met her at the Armistice Ball, she greeted me, saying that her husband was with her, but that she had warned him as I came in, that he must not talk with me.

“For,” she added, “he has been here two hours already, and I know he will never leave you if he begins talking with you, for he has been talking about you ever since I told him I had met you at the ball”. I told her that if she would not introduce me to her husband, I must ask Lady Allenby to do so, which of course she at once did. I do not know whether you remember that Sir William Wilcocks is the great English engineer who has planned and developed the entire vast project of controlling the drainage of a large section of north-east Africa, the basin of the Nile. The party that helped us repair our disabled *gyassa* at Kagbar was one of Sir William’s survey parties. The plan of course culminates in the complicated irrigation machinery which



enables much of Egypt to raise three crops a year, each in about a hundred days. Sir William has also surveyed the lower Tigris-Euphrates country, and had delivered to the Turkish government before the war a comprehensive plan for a similar treatment of the basin of these two rivers. Lately he has retired, being an old man, and his plans have been somewhat modified. This has called forth public criticisms from the old gentleman, so severe as to render him almost *persona non grata* with the government. But of course he is the kind of man I want to talk with, about Mesopotamia and Babylonia. He was very cordial and asked if he might call, and Lady Wilcocks, who evidently manages him very wisely, at once said that when he had done so, they would invite me to dinner; but our conversation really must be postponed until that occasion, for her husband had already been there for two hours, as she had told me at first. Sir William was very docile and meekly followed her off.

Judge Crabites of the Mixed Tribunal was there with his wife, and said one of the leading English women had been asking him if *Ancient Times* was being used in the English schools. I said, "No, nor is any other Ancient History, for they make no room for the study of it in the English schools". I promised to send him a copy as he wants one for his little boy.

As I took my leave, Lady Allenby said that they hoped to make the Abu Roash excursion next Friday. They planned to drive by automobile to the Mena House, take lunch there, and have the horses waiting so that we could ride out from the Mena House, for Lord Allenby was anxious to ride up the great causeway which still leads up from the plain to the pyramid, and which he himself had discovered. We were to dress for riding.

I had Mohammed make me some weak tea on returning from the Residency, and as I had a heavy dinner at 1:30 at the Turf Club, I shall not go to dinner this evening, but am staying here to get this belated letter off, and have a visit with my dear ones. My programme probably sounds exceedingly varied and interesting, but my life here is none the less lonely for that. This has been a very lonely Sunday, I can assure you.

Of course the Residency dinner kept me up late, but the next morning I took the train for Bedrashein to visit Fisher and his Philadelphia excavations. As a matter of fact it is now impossible to get off at Bedrashein, for the natives of the town formed a mob during last spring's disturbances and burned the station. Since then trains have ceased stopping there, the people of the town have lost all the visitors they used to have and thus sacrificed all this business, while to make matters worse for them they and the people of the surrounding villages who took part in the mischief have been heavily fined to rebuild the station and pay other damages. So I had to get out at Hawamdieh nearly an hour's ride this side of Bedrashein, where Fisher very kindly had one of his men waiting for me with his riding horse. It took us about an hour to reach Fisher's camp. He and his assistant, a young Harvard man named Sanborn, who had come to fetch me, gave me a very kind welcome and made my stay very pleasant. I remained two nights, Wednesday and Thursday. As the latter was Thanksgiving Day, Fisher had a turkey ("dik-rumi", do you remember?), and put up a sumptuous gorge. It was pleasant to be with Americans on that day, and I shall long remember my Thanksgiving celebration among the palms of Memphis.

We spent most of Wednesday out in the diggings and talking shop. Fisher has been excavating a palace of Merneptah, discovered under the mounds which Charles will remember here, by *sebakh* diggers. It is an unusual and most interesting building, though now at a level so low that several feet of water rise over the floor of the place at this season of the year. This makes excavation very difficult, and has ruined much of the beauty of the building. It first suffered from a great fire,—one of the catastrophes of the declining XIXth Dynasty, toward 1200 B.C.,

when the Hebrews were leaving Egypt and settling in Palestine. Fisher found the great doors of the throne room burned to ashes and their heavy metal pivot-hinges far out in the hall where they had dropped from the massive wood as the blazing doors fell out into the hall. The rooms were magnificently finished with gold overlay, alternating with incrustation of brightly colored glaze inlay, which must have made them very sumptuous. Behind a long deep colonnaded court, like that in our pyramid model, came a splendid colonnaded hall, and this gave access to the throne room, also a columned hall. Behind these public rooms were interesting private rooms of the king, including a bath and a W.C. The building was not a dwelling of the king, but it formed his public offices, and the public audience hall had behind it therefore the necessary private retiring rooms which a sumptuous business office of a commercial magnate or man of wealth has at the present day. It is highly probable that Merneptah was the Pharaoh of the Hebrew Exodus, and it is rather interesting to remember that Hebrew tradition would have placed the famous scenes between the Pharaoh and Moses and Aaron in this building. It is not the less interesting either to be able to look into the face of the man who transacted his royal business in this place, for his mummy lies in the museum here.

Fisher is doing admirable work, and his field methods are most accurate and efficient. It is very gratifying to find that far and away the best work done in Egypt is being done by three American expeditions here, Reisner, Lythgoe and Fisher, that is Boston (Harvard), New York and Philadelphia. Fisher spent three seasons in Dendera excavating carefully a cemetery over which Petrie had already gone in his rapid way, and it was a shock to me to find how inaccurate, slovenly and hasty Petrie's field work is. He has become a mere digger after museum pieces and stuff to satisfy his subscribers. I am going to drop the presidency of his organization as soon as I can do so without sacrificing the interests of Haskell, to which he has always given things of some use, in return for a small subscription we have sent him from year to year.

When I returned from the Residency this evening, I found your letter of November 5th lying on the hall table. It was good indeed to have a word from home on this lonely Sunday evening, and I thank you so much for the dear little calendars and the bookmark with the greetings. Everything that comes from home means far more than you can imagine to one so far away. I have already written cards to Dr. Schuhmann and Dr. Lewis but I forgot to mention bill to the latter. I am very glad you have had the needful thing done with your teeth. The new system sounds like quite an innovation,—and a good one, for evidently the necessary cleaning can be done. I could have one in one place, but I fear the wisdom tooth remaining is too weak for a support in the other. Dr. Walker's bill seems very reasonable indeed. It is a great relief to know that the little girl is now quite well; and it is very pleasant to know that the little ones do not forget their father. I shall want to read Jamie's paper on the Hundred Years War when I am at home again.

Several days ago I received at the Consulate (Agency) such a welcome sheaf of letters from home. They did me worlds of good. First there was yours of October 28 telling of Schuhmann's completion of the new tooth. I read this letter with deep interest,—especially all you say of yourself and Charles. Then there was yours of November 1, the first letter dated in the new month, telling of the interesting Redfield pamphlet on Improvement of Man etc., and especially saying Luckenbill has his leave to come early. This was confirmed by a fine letter from the President in the same mail. Thanks also for the quotations from Emerson which are very helpful. And to fill my cup, there was also your note of November 2 acknowledging my cable from Cairo and telling of Ruth Hughey's visit; and finally also yours of November 3 telling of the Leaf lecture,

your visit to Haskell etc. That reminds me, nobody has sent me any copy of the Hale Lectures. Quibell stopped me in the Museum a day or two ago and showed a résumé in *Nature*, the leading English popular scientific monthly, and asked me if I would not give a brief repetition of the lectures here in Cairo before their scientific society. I have not yet decided.

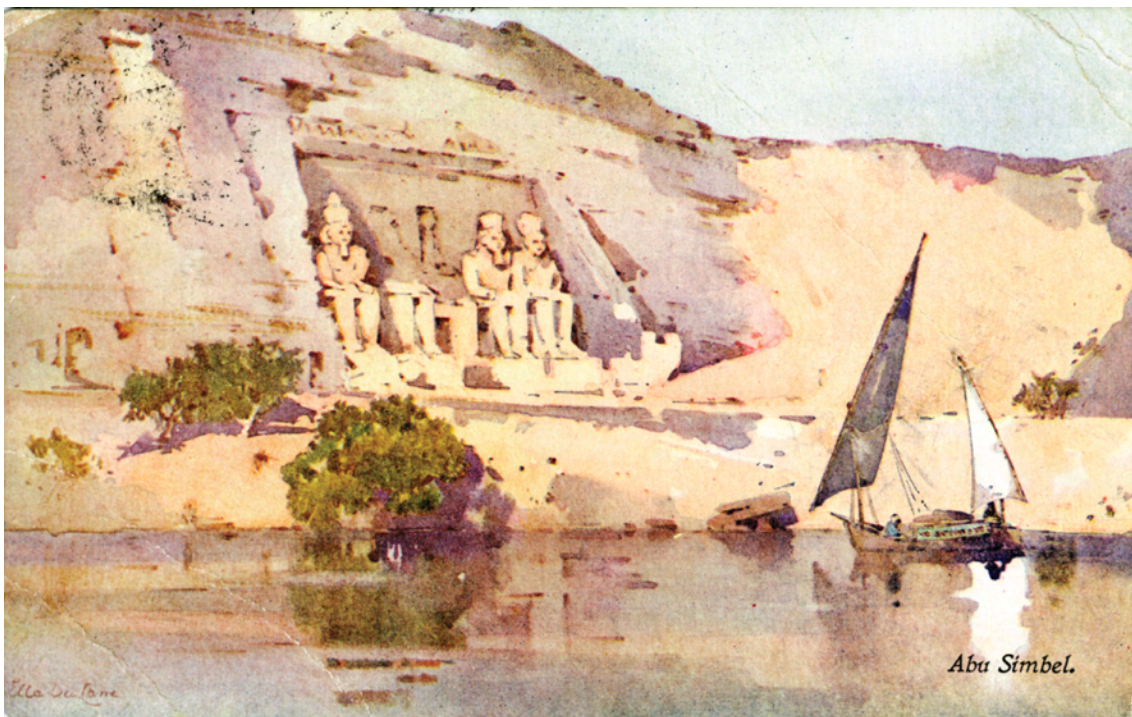
It will take me a long time to run over this and see if I can't patch up some of the mistakes, both in writing and English, for I have had to write fast to get this done, and I have such a mess of important letters to write. And as it is nearly time to turn in, I will close this long-winded epistle. It will be Christmas time when you read it. Kiss the children all around, big and little, and do not let them forget their father. Much Christmas joy to you all, and a world of love from the far away wanderer who would be so glad to be with you. God bless you all.

Lovingly J\_\_

Monday, **December 1, 1919.**

You may perhaps care to read some portions of this letter to some of our friends, of course leaving out more intimate personal matters, and not disclosing Allenby's remarks where they would be published.

To Mr. Charles Breasted, 5615 University Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.



Cairo, Egypt,  
**December 1, 1919.**

In memory of a Christmas in Nubia and with many loving greetings of the season, from Pater.



Villa Mandofia, Garden City, Cairo, Egypt,  
Wednesday Evening, **December 3, 1919.**

My dear Frances:—

I am too sleepy to work, and went to sleep over the job, so I will just have a short visit with you and go to bed.

When I went into the Consulate this morning they handed me your welcome letter of Sunday Evening, November 10, and along with it the neat little packet with the new diary and engagement book,—here in ample time for all engagements of the New Year. The book is much improved, especially by leaving out the useless maps, and will be large enough for all my pocket accounts and memoranda, which accumulate so fast when I am away like this. Thank you very much for attending to it. I included it in my last list of needs so that it surely would not be left out.

I mailed you a seven-page letter dated Sunday, November 30, and registered it at Cook's branch post office Monday, so that I might feel sure you would get it. I hope it has reached you before this. The fact that one of the ties I sent and addressed to Grandma Breasted failed to arrive has rather discouraged me as to that method of forwarding things to you. So I will keep the things I have for you rather than have them lost in the mails, and give them to you when I come. I have sent you all cards besides the long letter, but I fear they will be caught in the Christmas rush and arrive rather late. I did not realize the distance till too late.

I had a cable from Bull saying he had sailed from New York on November 14. A few days later I received a second cable from Paris saying he would be there until the 15<sup>th</sup> of December. I am sorry for the delay. He will not arrive here until nearly Christmas time, and as we leave for Asia early February, his work in Egypt will be very curtailed. From Luckenbill I have had no word at all, but a letter from J. M. P. Smith today says he will come by way of Marseilles, with no certainty of securing passage from there. I had to cable him instructions today. I shall be very glad to see Bull, he is such a fine young fellow that it will be pleasant to have him in the apartment and much less lonely.

I dined last night with the Quibells again out at Helwan. I met one of the old councillors of the Finance Ministry, Farnall and his old maid sister, both delightful people. Farnall would do your heart good. He wears tight trousers, and a coat full in the skirt and tight around the waist; turns up his mustache and wears his rather long hair combed forward over the ears. When he speaks it is always with impressive deliberateness, with his head thrown back in something of a military posture, while his diction is elaborate and stately and formal. He is the last survivor of Thackeray's heroes,—a veritable replica of Colonel Newcome. He thanked me in stately Victorian English for the pleasure and instruction he had derived from my books, and I left him standing in the moonlight on Quibell's terrace with one hand in the ample *bosom* of his tight-waisted coat, his head thrown impressively backward, and a benignant smile on his fine old face. His sister is a bright little old lady as keen as a razor. She sat much of the evening fingering through the pictures in *Ancient Times* and telling me how interested Lady Allenby was in it. It is very pleasant out at Quibell's, though it gets me back so late that I am tired the next day. He lives in a fine Oriental house built by an old Swedish chemist, the man who invented the process of securing nitrogen from the atmosphere.

Lady Allenby sent me a note last night about the Abu Roash excursion, which she has been obliged to postpone. I enclose it as a souvenir. This afternoon at five I was obliged to go

with Mr. Gary to tea with Mrs. Maudsley;—that is it was politic to do so and I went. I forget which government post Maudsley holds. I met there again Major Woolley, of whom I have perhaps not told you. He is to have charge of the British excavations at Carchemish (modern Jerablus) on the Euphrates, and will put us up at his camp when we return from Mesopotamia. So it is sometimes useful to go to a tea when you really have no time for it. I find the late dinners here quite destroy my evening, so I had Mohammed prepare me some sandwiches with potted ham when I returned from the tea, and sat down to a little supper all alone at home. But the result of this effort to gain an evening's work has been that I went to sleep over it, as I said, and you are suffering the consequences! What wouldn't I give for a Sunday afternoon with my family such as you spent on November 9, making fudge and reading to the children! Tell Charles I quite understand how busy he is, but his letter will be very, very welcome when he has time to write it. Good-night dearie!

Lovingly, James.

Villa Mandofia, Garden City, Cairo,  
Friday, **December 5, 1919.**

My dear Frances:—

You are probably surprised to have a letter from me with an American stamp, and posted in America. Mr. Gary, our Diplomatic Agent, who has been so kind to me, leaves tomorrow for the United States for a short vacation and in order to accompany his wife back here. So I asked him to take this hasty note and post it in America. The American stamp is from my new personal portfolio which you gave me when I came away, and it will carry this note to you in Mr. Gary's hands faster than the usual post.

This is the third letter I have written you this week, but I could not resist the opportunity to send you a quick message which may arrive in advance of my last letter. The whole day has been one long interruption. Being Friday, the Museum is closed, and I looked forward to a long session at this desk with the hope of cleaning up at least something of the accumulation and also finishing some of the desk work which must accompany all I do at the Museum. But last night came this *cavass* from the Agency with a note from Mr. Gary saying he had arranged for a call on the French Minister for today at 12:30. You see after we leave Mesopotamia on our return to the Mediterranean, we shall be coming westward into French territory. This is a new and unexpected situation, for I had expected that the British would be in control throughout the whole region until after our journey was over. I had made no preparation for dealing with the French authorities and I don't know any of them; for as you recall all my dealings have been with the English.

So today I went with Mr. Gary to call on M. Lefèvre-Pontalis, the French Minister here. It was very kind of Mr. Gary to go with me, for he leaves for his steamer tomorrow noon. The French diplomat was most kind. He had served three years in Washington and speaks English very well. Everything turned out most fortunately. I explained to him that I had come to Europe at the express instigation of M. Emile Senart, President of the Société Asiatique, to further cooperation between French, American and English Orientalists, and that as President of the American Oriental Society I had corresponded with M. Sénart, the prime mover in the enterprise, and

had afterward had a delightful meeting with him and a number of important committee sessions at which the future plans had been inaugurated. To my surprise, M. Pontalis expressed the greatest interest, and said that M. S  nart was an intimate friend of his, and that he had talked with him of the whole matter and heard him express his pleasure at the cordial cooperation he had received from America. I had a letter in my pocket from S  nart and that clinched the whole matter. I am becoming almost superstitious. I meet with almost insuperable obstacles and difficulties, but every time as sure as they arise some unexpected connection or coincidence brings me through and I land on my feet. It was really very curious that Pontalis should be a special friend of the only French Orientalist I mentioned to him! He then mentioned several other Frenchmen, Orientalists at the Louvre, and these men of course I knew. All is now smooth as far as French official permission and cooperation are concerned. He will give me a letter to General Gouraud, who occupies in Syria the same position which Lord Allenby holds in English controlled territory. But of course all this means expense of time; for I must now go to Mme. Pontalis's teas at the magnificent oriental palace which the French give their minister here, just as I have to be very careful to do at the British Residency.

As we walked back, Mr. Gary asked me if I would not select for him two very early ancient Egyptian things which he could give to President Wilson and to Mr. Lansing. So I spent most of my afternoon doing that job. But when I took them over to the Agency this evening, I found Mr. Gary so pleased with them that I felt repaid. I got a little prehistoric stone vase for President Wilson, and one of Alabaster of the Pyramid Age for Mr. Lansing, and I have just written out a little account of them for Mr. Gary to use. I bought them out of the collection of Captain C. S. Timins, a curious individual whom I have met out here. He has lived for years in Egypt, and has gradually collected many valuable Egyptian things; but he is now going to live in Cyprus as he is tired of Egypt. Kyticas the Greek had told me of a remarkable collection of prehistoric worked flints made by Captain Timins, and he showed me a magnificent ripple flaked flint knife which belonged to it, but the rest of the collection over fifty pieces, had been sealed by Timins before he left last time for Upper Egypt. Later I ran into Timins accidentally, and he offered me the collection for 200 pounds. It is impossible to get together such a collection now, but as I couldn't swing it with my scanty funds, I determined to get him down. He was evidently anxious to sell it, so after a day or two I was just about to write him a letter offering 150, for Petrie and the New York Museum people were heaving in sight. What was my surprise on stepping into Kyticas's shop to have him tell me he had purchased the collection, and I could have it for 200 pounds. That of course meant that Timins had sold it for much less, and sure enough when I happened to run into Timins again he told me he had sold it to Kyticas for 120 pounds, being a dealer; but he would have sold it to me for 150! I have since learned that Timins is an ass who doesn't know enough to feed his face straight, but as I thought I was dealing with a normal person, I have lost 50 pounds,—a most vexatious malheur when you are trying to make your funds go just as far as they can possibly be stretched. Kyticas, of whom I have bought a good deal, is trying to pacify me by putting in a number of good things from his own stock and I have the refusal of the whole at 200. But I have got to have more money to take advantage of this and of so many other chances, that the situation constitutes a great opportunity which will never occur again. So I cabled President Judson three days ago asking if he could not give me a credit of \$5,000 more. It took nerve to do it, but it was certainly in the interest of the University to do it, and I earnestly hope the money can be found. No reply has arrived as yet.



Yesterday I went into see the Director of the Foreign office, Mr. Greg. I had to wait an interminable time, and began to think I would send in word that I would call again, when out came Mr. Greg into the anteroom with such a cordial greeting that I was quite overwhelmed. I find my books are an “open sesame” almost everywhere out here, but in this case there was also a letter from Earl Curzon which undoubtedly greased the wheels. I can ask for anything I want, says Mr. Greg and they will try to get it for me. He explained that he had not until that minute received my card, as he had been in consultation with the High Commissioner at the latter’s office and found my card on his desk when he got back. We had a pleasant little chat. He invited me to Sunday lunch, on behalf of his wife, who is an American, and I am to drop in at the Foreign Office, which is almost under my windows, Sunday and drive out with him, as he lives part way out to the pyramids. Meantime I am to put my needs into a formal statement and send it to his office, and he will take care of it.

If Luckenbill only gets out on time I think I see the end of my perplexities on this expedition. What is yet to come in the way of practical obstacles, I am very familiar with, and it does not give me the slightest anxiety. Well my day is gone, and I have not accomplished anything. I am making important discoveries on the Cairo fragments of the Palermo Stone. The Frenchman who published it, as usual couldn’t see, or rather did not know how to look; and by looking right and reenforcing my weakened eye-sight with a good lens, I am seeing important things which he passed completely over and failed to see. Only I get so little time to work. Tomorrow I have to go and see the collection of a wealthy Jew here, and that will take all the afternoon. Well it is late and I must turn in. No letter from home since I last wrote, but you have written very faithfully and I appreciate it very much. The letters are the only thing which brighten up this lonely apartment where I sit alone tonight. Good-night, dearie,

Affectionately, James.

Kiss the little folks and their big brother.

Villa Mandofia, Cairo, Egypt,  
Saturday Evening, **December 13, 1919.**

My dear Frances:

I ought to be at work at my accounts, but I am too tired to do them straight, and this has been such a busy week that I have not had a minute to write home. So I have gotten off some duty letters and cards, chiefly business and it will be a little less lonely if I have a chat with you before I go to bed.

.....

Sunday Evening, **December 14, 1919.**

I found myself too sleepy to go on, so I turned in and had a longer night of it than usual and got rested up a bit. These are busy days indeed. After a morning’s work at the Museum I went at 1 o’clock to the palace of the French minister where I had lunch. He and Madame Lefèvre-Pontalis were most kind,óseemingly sincerely and unaffectedly kind. Everyone here speaks of them in high terms, especially of her social kindness and skill as a hostess. There were only two other guests besides two relatives of the minister, for Madame Pontalis is in mourning

and does not entertain at all. It was an ordeal for me to sit for two hours following the current of my own ideas [and] watching eagerly for something which my stumbling French was capable of tackling, while at the same time I had to follow the flow of conversation, which was of course rapid and animated as it always is at a French table. It was very wearying. The post had just brought me a copy of my large history from New York at a most timely moment, and I carried it with me to give to the minister. He accepted it of course with the usual French graciousness and charm. I am to send him a memorandum of our needs in Asia and he will see to it that we have all official aid from the French authorities.

I got back to the museum in time for an hour's work before it closed. As I came out Mrs. Peckitt, wife of the Chief Engineer in the Ministry of Railways drove up in her dogcart to take me to tea with the Countess Villamarina. Now doesn't that sound as if it came out of one of Ouida's novels! It is too absurd. But I usually accept invitations to tea; for it comes at an hour when I am too tired to do any more work and it's rather dismal to go back to my solitary and deserted apartment. Moreover it was 4:40 and I had to go to tea at the Residency a little after five, so when Mrs. Peckitt showed me a four page note written her by the Countess expressing her lamentations that she was suffering from such a cold that she could not come to meet me at lunch at Mrs. Peckitt's and begging Mrs. Peckitt to bring me over to tea, I graciously consented to go. The Countess was a young and wealthy English woman, a widow, when she married Count Villamarina, an Italian of course, who now seems to have disappeared from the scene. She is highly esteemed in the English colony here, everybody goes to her teas, and I found Sir Valentine Chirol going in as I came out. So I found the show rather amusing. You will probably be disgusted at once when I say that the Countess reminds me of Mrs. Huntington, whom we met at Pasadena, less paint, perhaps, below the eyes, but a good deal more on the eyebrows, so much indeed that the effect is grotesque and one cannot help thinking of a circus clown. But behind this hideous mask is a very kindly and intelligent woman, who looks out at you through those preposterously disfigured eyelets, and at once begins a bright and interesting conversation. Her rooms are lighted exclusively by ancient alabasters in which she has inserted electric bulbs, the whole being mounted on old Saracen candelabras, all done after her own ideas. I wonder we have not done it long ago. I am going to see if I cannot find some vases we could use in the same way. But they are hard to get now. I stayed only a quarter of an hour and then took a carriage for the Residency. Allenby's aide-de-camp greeted me as I passed in and walked in with me, saying as he did so, 'I hear you are going to ride tomorrow'; but before I could tell him I had not yet heard of it, I was greeting Lady Allenby, who at once asked me if I had received her note.

She then told me the program for tomorrow: lunch at the Residency at 12:45 (which is very early for English hours), then a quick transfer to the Mena House by car, and there horses and a ride up the margin of the desert northward to the ancient causeway leading up to the plateau and the substructure of the pyramid of Dedefre, successor of Khufu (Cheops). There is a grand view, one of the finest in Egypt; but I can tell you better about that when I have seen it again, for I have not been up there for years. On returning to the apartment I found Lady Allenby's note, but it is lucky I went to the Residency and heard the programme from her, for she has made a slip in the hour for lunch as you can see by the note which I enclose.

All this has made a busy day as you see; but the entire week has been just as busy. Monday morning I accidentally found the key to the mailbox in the lower hall, and on opening the box I found among a great accumulation belonging to the former tenant, a note for me from the Headquarters of the Royal Air Force, saying that some prints of their air negatives were ready

for me to see. The note was four days old, so I sent Mohammed at once with a reply to the Headquarters and had him wait for a reply. He came back with a note saying that a car of the Royal Air Force would come for me at 4 p.m. the next day to take me out to Heliopolis to see the prints. It was a very pleasant ride out there, all alone in my grandeur in a huge military car, with two orderlies in front. I found Heliopolis absolutely transformed. Where once was desert and my very new and irreverent better half had made merry when I endeavored to listen to the silence of the ages, punctuated by the untimely braying of a jackass, there is now a populous suburb with an extensive array of pretentious and rather tawdry modern oriental buildings. They extend right out to the obelisk and cover much of the ground of the ancient city whose name very ill suits the obtrusive smartness of this modern suburb with its cafés and shops, its showy club-house, its race track (God save the mark!) and its grand new hotel. You can see how it looks from the air in the views which I enclose.

I was met by a pleasant-faced young officer, Captain Longinotto, who showed me what they had in the way of prints,—hundreds on hundreds of them, but practically nothing of any use to us archaeologists. He showed me also a letter he had just written ordering his flyers to photograph the whole margin of the desert from Gizeh to Dahshur; for he said he had received orders from Headquarters to make them for me. He gave me anything I wanted from the collection he had, and I enclose you some which I have marked. The station of the flyers at Heliopolis is on the margin of the eastern plateau and looks down on the southern delta and southwestward to the Gizeh pyramids which were just disappearing in the last twilight as we had tea before starting back for Cairo. Captain Longinotto rode back with me, going to a dinner at Shepherd's, and I had a pleasant conversation with him on the way. These young officers seem so youthful to me. Although this boy was an experienced flight officer, I felt in conversing with him as if I was talking to a young undergraduate like ours at the University of Chicago. This boy could do his work no doubt, and he was very attractive in manner and personality, but he has not the slightest glimmering of a knowledge of the situation of the British Empire in the Near East. He asked me many questions when he found that I knew something of it, and was deeply impressed when he found that I knew the Chief and had dined with him.

I got home just in time for the supper which Mohammed now gets me every evening, as I cannot subsist on this late English dinner. I have found a good Italian *confiserie* which everybody patronizes here, and I can buy a roast chicken or a boiled tongue very reasonably, and with a foundation like that to build on, Mohammed gets me up a prime supper. This change has done me a great deal of good. Mohammed keeps his kitchen in perfect order and very neat and clean. He cleans the whole flat every day,—that is as much of it as I use, and does most of it before breakfast. He brushes my clothes and keeps my shoes in such a state of lustre that I shall despair when I lose him. He comes in when all his work is done in the evening to see that my petroleum heater is in order, for it is cold here now and I burn a petroleum stove in this study just here at my side every evening. Then he asks me if I want anything more and bids me goodnight and goes off to bed on the roof with all the other servants in this building.

Tuesday morning, the same day that I went to Heliopolis, I had gone in the morning to leave a memorandum of our expedition needs in Asia with Mr. Greg, the Director-General of the Foreign Office here. I was just coming out when I met him coming in. He at once took me into his office and we talked for an hour on the situation out here. I had no time to write out this conversation, much to my regret and it would be impossible for me to reproduce it here, which is really a pity; but suffice it to say that he assured me all I wanted would be arranged, and that



I should have a letter of introduction from Lord Allenby to the British Commander-in-Chief in Asia. Going into the American Agency which is just opposite the Residency where the Foreign Office is, I found a letter from Baghdad, and on opening it I discovered a long and most cordial greeting from Major-General Percy Hambro in command at Baghdad, to whom I had written from London. To tell the truth I had completely forgotten that I had written him; but Lord Carnarvon had given me a letter of introduction to him, and anxious to get all the light I could on our Asiatic situation I wrote to General Hambro from London and sent him a copy of *Ancient Times*. He responds with assurances that we will do anything in reason that we need, tells me what hotel to use in Bombay, says that if I will let him know he will reserve rooms for us in the hotel at Bosra; that he will arrange all transport as soon as we reach Bosra; and that we shall be given the privilege of buying our supplies as we need them from the British Commissary stores wherever we are. This settles the supply question once for all and gives us plentiful, cheap and good quality food wherever we may be.

The Foreign Office was on the job meantime, for the very next evening the bell rang as I sat at a rather late supper, having had a big lunch that day with the Peckitts. Mohammed presently ushers in a staff officer from the Residency, who apologizes for the hour etc., but said he wanted to be sure of finding me in and of getting the exact facts with regard to our transportation needs from Egypt out to Babylonia by way of Bombay. Naturally I was glad to see him. He told me he had orders to handle our transportation under the Army Administration, and that he would at once put in the reservation, but would not be able to let me know the exact date until later, as the sailing schedule was made up only a short time in advance of actual sailings.

I must say these Englishmen have treated me mighty well. I have found universal cordiality and kindness and readiness to help. The only snippy person I have found was perhaps one of the secretaries of Lord Inchcape (President of the P. & O.), who sent me an acknowledgement of *Ancient Times* which you forwarded to me; but as I had gone over Inchcape's head to the London Foreign Office, I did not need his help; though another secretary of Inchcape's wrote me very cordially.

That was Wednesday evening. Thursday evening Lord Allenby's secretary, Mr. Thomas called, just to be friendly and ask a few questions on matters of shop. He knows some Egyptian and tells me he has read all the volumes of my *Ancient Records* (notice not *Ancient Times*, but four volumes of *Ancient Records*) clear through!! Lord help him!

Friday I finished a long letter to Mrs. Anderson, which I will try to remember to send you (the carbon) as soon as I know that she has received it; for it contains some matters that would interest you. As the museum was closed (Friday) I went to lunch with Madame Foucart whom I had met at the Peckitt lunch, and whose husband is Director of the French Institute here. He has not yet reached Egypt from his vacation. They live in the building of the Institute, which is a palace built for a daughter of the Khedive, the Princess Munireh. It is a huge and sumptuous building, containing large apartments for the Director and the Secretary and Librarian, besides a suite of library rooms, one of which is a spacious hall; also with living and study rooms for six students. This place, with an elaborate printing office for Oriental Languages alongside, is the home of French Egyptology in the land of the Pharaohs. The men in charge and the students have nothing to do but carry on research work. They have enjoyed these facilities for many years; but the substantial returns to science are amazingly meager. I cannot but give my imagination free rein as I dream of what might be done with such an institution with a little vision and practical ability at the head of it. Why should not our country have a place like this here? If I should

spend the next few years devoting all my time and energy to this end, I suppose it could be done. Madame Foucart is a very intelligent woman and deeply interested in her husband's work, as all good women are. She wants me to start an American Institute here and share the French library with them. Well, well, we shall see.

Friday morning as I was finishing Mrs. Anderson's letter, the bell rang and Mohammed brought in the rich Syrian Jew, Nahman's son, who said he came to tell me that his father wanted very much to see me. So I made an appointment to go and see him that afternoon at six. For I was going to tea at 5 at the Waltons' to find out when I am to be evicted from my flat. The old fox likes to get me there to show me new things. He had some of course, but he wanted especially to tell me about the collection of the old Swiss gentleman, Mr. Bircher, which he asked me to go with him next day to see. So Saturday afternoon we went over there after I had finished at the Museum. The house lay in a little side street off the Muski, and it was not until I was inside that I remembered I had been there about fourteen years ago. It is an ancient house built some 450 years ago, with wonderful old Saracen carving and antique glass in the open work of the fretted stone windows. Here Anton Bircher has lived for nearly fifty years, conducting a little office just off the spacious court below, and carrying on there an importation business in which he has amassed a fortune. For nearly forty years he has been buying antiquities and he has an immense mass of stuff. He has an elderly woman as curator to look after it all, and after serving us oriental coffee under the afternoon light coming through the wonderful ancient glass and shimmering over a fountain in marble mosaic in the floor, he left us to go back to the office where he has spent half a century, and the lady took us around the collection. Nine tenths of the stuff is junk. Of the other tenth, he has sold off much that was valuable. There is a small number of things I wish I could get for Chicago, among them is a charming black serpentine(?) statuette, about 1/3 life size, of a daughter of Amenhotep III named Isis, wrought with exquisite refinement and grace. The head is unhappily gone, but the girlish figure with its graceful contours and soft sinuous flesh forms, is a masterpiece. It is a very valuable work, but Bircher sold it to a Hollander just before the war, who was unable to secure it because the war prevented. Now this purchaser has just sent a check out to pay for it, — 50 pounds! — and the bank lacking a letter of advice has refused to cash the check. I told Mr. Bircher that I thought he was released from that sale, but he said he must wait and see if the bank did not receive a letter of advice and that he had written to the gentleman in Holland. It is a great pity. Nahman has secured the refusal of it, providing the Hollander does not get it, and now he (Nahman) has waived this refusal in my favor. Just what Nahman means by being so unselfish to me, I do not know; but somehow I have the feeling that Nahman rather likes me. I have treated him like a gentleman, and Borchardt of course and some of the others who buy of him treat him with contempt. I am hoping very much to secure this piece for Chicago, but I have so many irons in the fire that I can't keep them all going.

I was dead tired when I finished going over this huge collection, and when I came home and tried to write to you (last night) I went to sleep over it. I think I have gossiped enough for one session and I will go and turn in for this too has been a wearying day, and tomorrow will be another.

I received this week your very welcome letter acknowledging mine from Venice, and it is now too late to try to answer it, but perhaps the above will do. Quibell has invited me out to his home for a Christmas Eve party, which is kind of him indeed. We are going out to Sakkara next Friday and Saturday. This letter may serve to give you an idea of the things I am doing, but it does not perhaps suggest that I am in the Museum the bulk of the day, grinding my eyes out on

the Palermo Stone. I have made some good finds on it,—a whole row of kings of a united Egypt before the dynasties, all wearing the double crown, which none of the Frenchmen saw! I showed them to Petrie who was very much pleased as they corresponded to his Dynasty O. This letter would interest George and let him know what I am doing. You might read practically all of it to him, except family matters of course.

Wish I might hear from the big boy. The theater check came back a long while ago, but I haven't heard yet what play you went to. I hope he liked the ties from London. Kiss them all around for their daddy, and give them each my love and tell them not to forget the far away Pater.

Lovingly, James.

American Diplomatic Agency, Cairo, Egypt,  
Monday, **December 15, 1919.**

Have just found your most welcome letters of November 13, 17 and 20. It is nearly eleven a.m. and I must rush to Museum. Have been sitting here reading your dear letters for an hour and such a good one from Jamie about the Iowa game 9 to 6! Tell the big boy not to worry about writing to me, when he is so busy. Of course every letter is an oasis; but I shall understand. I am glad he is getting good marks, more soon.

Lovingly, James.

Villa Mandofia, Cairo, Egypt,  
**December 19, 1919.**

My dearest Frances:—

Here am I, much to my regret acknowledging in great haste your dear letters of November 13, 16, 19 and 22. The reason is this. On going to the American Consulate this morning I found a cable from Bull saying he had sailed from Trieste the 18th. That means he comes in next Tuesday at Cairo. On stepping over for an interview with Mr. Robert Greg, Director-General of the Foreign Office, he gave me the good news that Passage is being reserved for my expedition on a transport sailing from Port Said February 10 for India. At the same time he told me that he and his party were going to leave tomorrow morning for a trip up to Tell El-Amarna, Beni Hasan and Abydos. At all of these places, especially the first and the last, excavations have been made which I have not seen,—and very important ones as you know. Mr. Greg asked me if I could not join them. It is not safe to go to Amarna alone, and as this is a government party, I thought I ought to go.

I had an appointment to spend the morning on the collection of old Anton Bircher, so I rushed off and stayed there, after having had trouble in finding it in the heart of the native district, until 1:30. Then I hurried through my lunch, and after finding out all particulars about the arrival of the *Helouan*, Bull's steamer, I decided that I could arrange for his reception in my absence, for I shall be back the day after Bull arrives. So I went into Shepherd's and telephoned to



Greg's house that I would try to go. Greg seems to have been pleased as you see by the enclosed note, which has just come by one of the Foreign Office orderlies.

This arrangement meant a great deal to do, for Bull's room was not ready and there were no blankets for his bed. Good Mrs. Walton had sent me a note from Mrs. Goadby (still in England) that there were blankets in the "big black trunk", but no one knew where the key to the big black trunk was to be found. So when I got home I had first to get Bull's room fixed up and find some blankets for him. While Mohammed was cleaning the room, I looked through the desk where I now write for further keys, having at first found some in it. There was one drawer which was locked, so I tried the post-box key on it and lo, it opened and there in the back of the drawer was a key neatly tagged "big brown trunk". Well I went into the store room and found the big brown trunk, with the big black one standing near. So I opened the big brown trunk, and there on top was a reticule bag, with a tag sticking out of it just like the one on the first key. I pulled it out and it read "big black trunk", and in a few minutes I had out the blankets for Bull's bed. His room is now all ready for him.

I had a lot of things to get ready also for the trip up river, but by seven when Mohammed called me to my supper, I had everything ready. But I have had to write a full letter of explanation to Bull and tell him he will find the key at Blanchard's shop, where I am leaving it duly tagged. Also another letter to Howard Carter, the artist who excavates for Lord Carnarvon who called on me this afternoon while I was out; and finally another letter to Quibell explaining my absence. So now it is late and I have no time left, when I have so much to write to you.

I wish I could write you fully of the excursion with Lord and Lady Allenby on Monday last. I had lunch with them at the Residency before we left. I found Lady Allenby alone on the great veranda along the rear of the Residency, overlooking the only green lawn in Egypt, the river, and beyond through a wonderful vista in the trees around the Residency gardens, the pyramids of Gizeh. We sat down there and chatted for a while, when out strode Allenby from his office and after greeting me pleasantly, he turned and said in his direct way, "Mabel, what was the day we had set for dining those ministers"? and having gotten the information he was off again to his desk. But he presently emerged and sat down with us for a few minutes, and then we went in to lunch. It was very pleasant and informal sitting with these two, and no one else present but an aide-de-camp, who was most modest and unobtrusive and rarely said anything.

We talked of the present situation in Egypt, and from Allenby's quiet unconcern you would not have imagined that an attempt had been made on the life of the Prime Minister, Wahba Pacha only three hours before. He made some wise remarks about the danger of mere school learning such as the little Egyptian effendis get, without any real knowledge, and admitted that they themselves (the English) were very much to blame for lack of proper training for natives. I told him about Booker T. Washington's ideas of training for such a people, and suggested that a series of Tuskegees up and down the Nile would be of great value to the people. He agreed.

The conversation drifted to Syria, and Allenby began talking of Emir Feisal and the French, and especially of his own conversation with Clemenceau about Feisal.

"I told Clemenceau", said Allenby, "that they must let Feisal come to Paris and show him kindness". 'We shall do nothing of the kind,' said Clemenceau. 'It was you English who got him out here, and you can take care of him; we don't want anything to do with him.' "Yes", said I, "we English brought him out because you French didn't have a cruiser fast enough to get him here in time. But now you have got to see him; you are going to have trouble enough in Syria, but you will have much more if you don't see Feisal and come to friendly understanding with

him.” But when I talked to Feisal about it, he said he would sooner be chopped in a thousand pieces, and he showed what he meant by using his right hand as a hatchet and chopping off small pieces way up his left arm,—he would sooner be chopped in a thousand pieces than go anywhere near Paris. ‘Why’, said Feisal, ‘they treated me as if they thought I had the plague, and sent me clear around Paris at a good safe distance, on my way to England.’ “Nevertheless”, added Allenby, “Clemenceau thought it wise to get him to Paris before he went back to Syria, and he is on his way back there now in a French cruiser”!

The cars came around as soon as we had finished lunch, and as we drove off two men in khaki on swift motor cycles dropped in behind Lord Allenby and stuck close to the car all the way out to the pyramids. The horses were waiting and I soon found myself astride one of Allenby’s big Australian horses which he had ridden in the Palestine campaign. I had never ridden so powerful a horse. He was a handful. Lord Allenby was most attentive and kind. The horses had not been ridden for a day or two and were full of ginger. They dashed off at a rapid canter along the desert north of the Mena House and my camera was soon flying about most uncomfortably. Allenby noticed it and riding up to me insisted that I give it to him to hand over to one of his orderlies who was riding behind us. My horse was pulling pretty hard as we rode off again and Allenby presently stopped the whole company and had his aide-de-camp get off and loosen the curb and let out the curb reins a trifle. He is evidently an experienced horseman. It was easier after that, though I had all I could do to manage the animal. Lady Allenby rides beautifully, but not astride, and the swift canter did not disturb her in the least. She began an animated conversation which continued for some time with the horse going at a good pace.

Allenby led the way around the little village of Aburoash, five miles north of Gizeh, and then out into the desert, when we turned south and stood looking up a vast artificial causeway of most imposing proportions raised from the desert level to a high promontory dominating all the landscape. It is a remarkable sight. We rode up this causeway, soon coming to fragments of granite, which is not native north of the First Cataract as you know, and at length we had reached the top and stopped in the midst of a great stone yard where vast blocks of granite had been cut into shape for the pyramid. Allenby was very much interested and asked many questions. He good naturedly submitted to being snapped with the camera, and Lady Allenby kindly took off her veil.

They asked me to come in to tea as we drove into the Residency grounds again, and Allenby showed me the new map of Jerusalem, as it had been newly laid out to protect entirely the old walls and city from encroachment by any modern buildings whatsoever. I hope to get a copy to bring home. I was somewhat lame as I strolled home at six o’clock, and rather stiff the next day. I wish I could have told you something about the wonderful views both on the way and returning, as well as on the summit of the promontory, but it is now late and I am dead tired and must turn in; for I have to take an early train tomorrow morning, and shall breakfast at seven.

I was so so much interested in your account of the boy’s plays. I have read the letter repeatedly. I planned to reply to these letters in detail. I mentioned the receipt of all but the last in my last letter, though I took the dates off the envelopes, which I now see are different from those within; but if I wait till my return, I shall leave you for over a week without any letter. So I will send off this hasty note. I wanted to send Jamie a little letter too. Thank him for his account of the Wisconsin game. Too bad we lost! Such worlds of love to you and my dear ones.

Lovingly, James.

Abu Kerkass, Upper Egypt, opposite Benihasan,  
Saturday Evening, **December 20, 1919.**

My dearest Frances:—

Here am in the sitting room of the rest house of a sugar factory in Upper Egypt. Opposite across the hall, my man and the Gregs' servant are setting the table for dinner. My Mohammed has just put up my field bed, a new one I bought in London,—with a field carpet of canvas on the floor—and a canvas washstand etc., etc. I should be most comfortable if I had not forgotten to tell Mohammed to put in some sheets. However, it will be good preparation for Asia, where I shall not have any.

We left Cairo at 8:30 this morning, reaching this place at 1:00, having had an excellent lunch on the train,—prepared by Mrs. Greg's cook. We even had hot soup from Thermos bottles. At every station coming up, the local official greeted Mr. Greg through the car windows. Here at Abu Kerkass all the local notables were assembled at the station to offer their respects to the head of the Foreign Ministry. There are now carriages in the towns of Upper Egypt, and while Mrs. Greg went to the rest house here, the rest of us, Greg, his first attaché, Mr. Vareker and myself rode in grand style out through the town and through two villages to the river, several miles away. At every turn the native police were drawn up in salute. At both towns or villages their *omdeh* came out and we had to stop to accept his homage to the government official. He was very anxious that we should drink tea, but Greg succeeded in putting him off till our return from the tombs at Beni Hasan.

Monday, **December 22, 1919**, 8:30 a.m.

n, with the oranges hanging all about me, the bright Egyptian sun pouring his friendly light through the palms, and the ravens and falcons noisily crying from every tree. The others are not yet out to breakfast.

On train between Abu Kerkass and Belianah.

Monday, **December 22, 1919**, 2:00 p.m.

Our wonderful morning has been abruptly transformed into a violent sandstorm with the hot *hamsin* wind whirling vast clouds of murky dust into the sky, and filling one's eyes, ears and nose with gritty dust with which you and Charles are very familiar. Greg and I spent the morning going over the *sucrerie* with a very intelligent and interesting old Frenchman, and I learned much of importance about the economic life of Egypt of today. At twelve we lunched at the rest house. The sugar company is a large French corporation with a huge capitalization and their general directorate officials often come up here to go the rounds of their five big Egyptian factories, and hence they have at each a comfortable dwelling with kitchen and servants. At 1 o'clock we took train for Belianeh whence we go tomorrow to Abydos. You may remember our sailors made bread at Belianeh the year you and I visited Abydos from our little *dahabia*.

But to go back to our Saturday afternoon at Beni Hasan. A huge *felucca* took us cumbrously across the river, where we found donkeys awaiting us. The kindly faced *omdeh* of the



town opposite Beni Hasan accompanied us, and I think all told at least fifty natives, *ghafirs* with their rifles, *shawîshes* and donkey boys and village notables. As we pushed up the slope to the tombs at Beni Hasan, I was thinking all the time of the ragged old man [who] went up before us, playing on his gunbarrel flute his funny little tune which he repeated over and over, each time ending absurdly in the air, when we visited the place 25 years ago. The tombs have suffered sadly and I found it depressing to realize how soon they will be gone. I read passages from the inscriptions to Greg who was much interested, and at 4:00 we started back, crossing with the *felucca* as before. The good *Omdeh* who accompanied us now pressed us so, that we could not refuse to go with him to his large and comfortable house, where we found an elaborate tea spread for us on a dining table in his spacious dining room. Only after we were nearly finished with our tea which was excellent by the way, would the old man sit down and drink with us.

His house and that of his yet wealthier colleague in the next town, while they suggest the rise of a local nobility like the feudal barons who built the Beni Hasan tombs 4000 years ago,—at the same time represent a new Egypt which you and I can hardly conceive. Imagine a whole group of *fellahin* around Abu Kerkass with an income of £E 4000 (Egyptian pounds), practically \$20,000. It comes from cotton. The price is now so high that it pays about £E 100 an acre, that is nearly \$500.00. If a *fellah* has 40 acres, his income is nearly \$20,000 a year, and many a native has 40 acres. These quiet and stately old *omdehs* in little towns of Upper Egypt you never heard of, are making \$50,000 a year. There are 40 million dollars worth of cotton now on the docks at Alexandria, guarded by British troops, till shipping can be found for it, and this present crop is bringing in a total return of \$500,000,000 (5 hundred million) dollars to the Egyptian landowners and *fellahin*. You can understand therefore that the house of the second *omdeh*, where we finally could not avoid stopping for a cup of Turkish coffee, was a large and spacious palace with interior decoration by a European artist, French pier-glasses and Parisian salon furniture. Such were some of the observations I gained on our Saturday excursion. We turned in early after an excellent turkey dinner furnished by the directors of the *sucrierie*, which was being prepared as I began this letter.

Sunday morning (yesterday) I was up at 4:00 a.m. and had a pretty cold plunge in the bath across the corridor. The others turned out at 4:30 and at 5:15 we breakfasted, in time to take a train for Dêr Mawâs at 6:00 a.m. At 7:00 a.m. the *mamur* (chief of district police) and the chief of the local town police of Dêr Mawâs met us as we arrived and in spite of our protestations accompanied us all day. The reason was obvious. The people of this district stoned to death seven British officers on the night express en route from Luxor to Cairo last March. The leaders and worst offenders were later captured and 39 of them were hanged. This has made a great impression. Besides there is a regiment of East Indians camped only a few miles away, and we felt perfectly safe. But the *mamur* and his local chief at Dêr Mawâs ran no risks; they stayed right by us.

We rode to the river through the town and several villages, every body rising with very respectful greetings as we passed. There were I suppose a dozen rifles accompanying us,—two of them as smart young police orderlies in Bedford cord as you could wish to see; while lines of a dozen of the district police in *galabiyehs* presented arms at every corner we turned. There was the usual picturesque crossing of the river with the shouting excitement, frenzied fetching of chairs for their excellencies, braying of donkeys, chattering of sailors, rowing chants, and all the river life we have seen so often. As we went down into the boats the sun broke through the eastern cloud banks with a myriad of glorious arms diverging earthward, and we felt that Ikhnaton

had graciously intimated to the Sun-god that a greeting to his friends who were coming to visit his forsaken shrines was our due.

I was of course moved by a host of thronging memories as I rode in among the palms of Amarna,—as you can imagine; but before I knew it my donkey was winding his way among the huge mounds of rubbish from Borchardt's excavations in the ancient town. Presently we were entering houses from which the sounds of human occupation had vanished 3,300 years ago. One ascended the gentle rise of entrance stairway into a vestibule with a single column; turned to the right twice, and entered a stately colonnaded reception hall with two doors in the rear wall leading to [the] dining room, with a divan at one end and a drained stone coped floor at the other, where perhaps flowers stood and might be watered without flooding the room. The wall decoration on walls preserved to a height of from 2 or 3 to 8 or 9 feet, were sometimes quite discernible and can be reconstructed. There were stairs preserved half-way up to the second floor, both rooms with the drainage still in place, toilet rooms with all necessary equipment and discreetly screened; kitchens with furnaces blackened by the last fire, and ovens almost ready for use, cupboard rooms, and courts with circular granaries. A door at one side of a finer house might lead into a little garden, walled off from the street and in one case with the garden well, bricked, lined, and with a spiral stairway leading down to the water, all in very good preservation.

It was most impressive to see these homes of Ikhnaton's nobles, whom I have known so long from their tombs and inscriptions. It was a curious sensation to look about over Borchardt's work and realize that the Germans were debarred without doubt for many years from doing anything here where they have really accomplished so much.

Belianeh, Upper Egypt,  
Tuesday, **December 23, 1919.**

I am sitting in the dining room of the director of a big steam power irrigation plant at Beliniah. We finished our excursion at the Amarna tombs, going to both cemeteries where you and I rode out so often twenty-five years ago, and you sat outside high up on the cliffs and surveyed the spacious plain of Amarna and I poured over the inscriptions inside, till the welcome call to lunch released me from the darkness of the tomb and Habeeb served our lunch on the rocks by the tomb door. These wonderful Amarna sculptures have suffered much since we saw them, but I was glad to have another view of them.

When we reached Dêr Mawâs again the chief of police served dinner in the police headquarters, and at 9:15 p.m. we took the train back to the *sucrierie* at Abu Kerkass where a second dinner and our beds awaited us. It was 11 p.m. when we turned in, and having been up since 4 a.m. I was very tired.

We slept till 7:00 the next (Monday) morning after our strenuous Sunday at Amarna. At ten, the interesting old director of the sugar works took us over the plant; we lunched at 12:00 and at 1:00 we took the train for the south again. I arrived at Belianeh and got out here in order to make an earlier start for the place, that is Abydos, this (Tuesday) morning. The Gregs and Veriker went on twenty miles to Nag Hamadi where they put up at another *sucrierie*. I was kindly taken in by M. Ismalum, the director of the big irrigation works here. He is a cousin of the Syrian dealer Nahman at Cairo, whom I have often mentioned in my letters. He met me at the station

in a carriage and brought me home to a good dinner and an excellent bed. He has a pretty little Italian wife and two charming children. This morning he had a carriage ready for me loaned by the *omdeh*, and I drove out in great comfort over a good carriage road to Abydos.

I could see the very stretch of high river bank in the town where our sailors made bread 25 years ago. I had a soldier from the *merkaz* (police station) on the box, and my Mohammed at my side. Everywhere the local police and *ghafirs* lined the way and presented arms. It was too amusing. They had received orders to guard the road for a government official and they thought I was Greg who was coming along two hours later! I had my revolver in my pocket but it was not necessary. The drive took a short hour and I was received by a whole platoon at the Seti temple.

I went at once to the temple of Ramses II (north of the Seti temple) to copy the Poem of Pentaur on the north wall. It was as cold as Greenland. The drive across the plain had been bitter cold. I really had considerable difficulty in copying at all, my hands were so stiff and cold. It went so slowly therefore, that I had not finished when the Gregs arrived, having taken the first morning train from Nag Hamadi. I tried to finish, but my hands got so cold I gave it up,—I am getting valuable service out of my heavy Bordighera knickerbocker suit, but it had given every sign of being a hot day. I had roasted all day yesterday in hot *hamsin* storm, and so this morning I put on my cotton khaki! The wind had whipped round to the north, and the drive to Abydos was chill and gloomy. A winter overcoat would have been very welcome. So I had to get up and move about.

I went with the Gregs therefore to see the extraordinary building which was unearthed before the War behind the Seti temple. It lies under many feet of desert rubbish, with its lower portions under water. It is built of vast blocks of granite with rectangular piers like the so-called Sphinx temple. At one side lay two large mill stones wrought from the granite of the building itself, and all along the piers and architraves one could see rows of wedge marks which had enabled very efficient Vandals to ~~quarry away~~ split off huge fragments and in this way to quarry away the whole upper portion of the building. When it was done I could not say. It is a marvelous building – still a great mystery which cannot be solved without much more excavation.

We had lunch in the Seti temple, among its exquisite sculptures. I am very glad I had an opportunity to see them again. One really loses the freshness and beauty of this wonderful art unless he sees it again and again. Tailing on the documents as I have done, one needs to drop them now and then, and to spend a few hours in unrestrained enjoyment and unexacting enjoyment of such supremely beautiful things as those in the Seti temple at Abydos.

After lunch we wandered about, finding the keenest pleasure in every beautiful relief about us. Then I took some pictures of the new temple and Greg and I walked out over a mile into the desert to Umm-el-Gaab (“Mother of pots”) the potsherd covered tombs of the earliest kings of Egypt, the rulers of the first two dynasties, where our gold bar of Menes was found.

At 4:45 we drove back the seven miles across the plain and had tea at Ismalum’s where I am writing. The Gregs have gone on to Luxor, stopping tonight at Nag Hamadi again.



In the sleeping car above Cairo,  
Wednesday Morning, **December 24, 1919**, 7:45 a.m.

Our train is an hour late. We should have been in Cairo at 7:10. I am sorry because Bull arrived yesterday and lodged last night, I suppose, at my apartment; for I left the key with the dealer Blanchard and wrote Bull at the ship where to go and get it. That was the evening of my last letter to you when I had a heavy lot of writing to do. Mr. and Mrs. Ismalum gave me an excellent dinner last night, and he had a carriage ready to take me to the station whither he accompanied me.—Ismalum is a Syrian Jew whom you would take at once for a handsome and cultivated Italian gentleman. He graduated second in his class at the school of mining engineering in Paris. He is therefore able and educated. I found him very attractive,—a new type in my experience,—and his wife adores him. He nearly lost his life in the March troubles, and his wife who was in Cairo at the time, was helped by the Gregs, at a time when she was beside herself with anxiety,—the more so because both his predecessors as directors at Belianeh were shot and killed by natives dissatisfied with the amount of water delivered by the company for the fields.

We are nearing Cairo. I cannot realize that tonight when I am asleep you will be gathered around the Christmas tree. I am sorry I have not been able to send you all some remembrances other than poor cards. But I have things for you all which it will be safer for me to bring home when I come.

You have often asked about my health. I am now in excellent health, though I had some trouble in London and Paris, which continued till after I reached Cairo. I shall take out cholera virus with us to Babylonia and have it done there as it lasts only three months. Typhus virus they tell me is no good. I see I was not clear above. The cholera virus keeps indefinitely but immunity after inoculation lasts only three months.

Villa Mandofia, Cairo, Egypt,  
Wednesday, **December 24, 1919**, 10:15 a.m.

Bull is not here. I think he must have gone to a hotel. I am puzzled what to do, for Quibell has asked me out there for this Christmas Eve. At the American Agency no home letters; but something else. It is 3 weeks yesterday since I cabled President Judson asking for \$5,000 more. The cable from him came yesterday and reads: "Luckenbill brings you twenty-five thousand more for purchases.

Judson."

Something of a Christmas present! I wonder what has happened! Think of my relations with the University of Chicago and President Judson just 12 years ago! Christmas 1907, spent in Berlin, when I should have been in the Sudan! Kiss the little ones and their big brother for father and accept a heartfelt of love at this Christmas time from your

Loving husband.

Villa Mandofia, Cairo, Egypt,  
**December 30, 1919.**

My dearest Frances:—

I suppose the Christmas rush of mail is delaying your letters, for I have not had a word from home since I last wrote you, and for some time before that. It is a week today since I returned from the up-river trip, and I had not had a letter for a week before that, so that it is about two weeks since I have heard from you. Your last letter was dated November 22 and told of Charles' part in the plays, so the last news I have of you is five weeks and a half old.

As Bull's ship was delayed a day he did not arrive until Christmas day, so it was a curious sensation to be sitting here alone in this apartment all Christmas Eve and to realize that as I was sitting here you and Charlie were busy with the preparation of the tree, and the little boy and girlie were all eagerness and impatience to come in and see their Christmas treasures, in which their father had had no part. It was as if I had been transported to another world, and had lost you all. I hope tomorrow's post will bring something from home at this Christmas time,—I mean of course letters. They are all I want, so long as I am away.

I sent you a kind of journal letter with the story of the trip in Upper Egypt just a week ago this morning, that is Wednesday, December 24. Bull should have come in Tuesday evening preceding, but I heard nothing of him, until Wednesday evening, when I received a wire from him saying he would be here Christmas day at 12:30. I had been down to meet the afternoon train Wednesday, but all to no purpose. It has been much less lonely since he came. It would be hard to find a more engaging pleasant fellow as a traveling companion. Mrs. Blanchard invited us to Christmas lunch with some friends and gave us a very pleasant hospitable welcome. I happened to meet Mrs. Quibell Wednesday morning at the museum and could explain to her about Bull's coming. The Quibells had invited me out to dinner Christmas night (25th), and I had accepted without knowing that Bull was coming. She was most kind and insisted on Bull's coming too, but said they could not put him up as they were expecting to do for me. But I told Bull to pack a bag and stay at one of the Helwan hotels for the night. So we had the Blanchard lunch at midday and the Quibell dinner at night, and Christmas was therefore far from being as lonely as it otherwise would have been. We really had a very enjoyable evening at Quibells', though my mind kept reverting to a little group around a tree so far far away across the waters. All I can do under such circumstances is to drive these thoughts away by resolute application to work, but it is not easy at this season.

I am busier than ever. I have in the first place had a series of calls to make with Bull to get him into the running. I have taken him on a formal visit to the French minister, who received us graciously. I have taken him to call on Allenby's aide-de-camp, Major Tweedy and found him very cordial; and Sunday we went in for tea at the Residency, and I presented Bull to Lady Allenby. It is a pleasure to do these things with him, for one knows that he makes a pleasant impression wherever he goes, and that a look at him at once satisfies everyone of his quality. It will not be so easy with some other members of the expedition! This morning we went in to the Foreign Office to see Mr. Greg, but he had not yet returned from Upper Egypt, where I left him.

Naturally President Judson's last unexpected cablegram, of which I wrote you a week ago, has given me much to do. This morning came a cable from Mr. Hutchinson, which read: "Spend ten thousand more, get Tano kneeling statue if possible, Hutchinson". So within a few days I have been loaded with the responsibility of spending \$35,000 more than I had before,

making the total of my purchase fund over here, over \$53,000. If I had known this purchasing work was to be so heavy, I would have brought some one as secretary. For the work of listing and invoicing is very heavy, together with all my accounts, involving vouchers and expense accounts for some \$70,000.

At present Bull goes over with me almost every day for an all day's session at old André Bircher's house (not Anton as I formerly wrote you), behind the Muski, and we are looking systematically through his huge collection. It is an immense job, for it contains over 17,000 numbers. I wish there were time to tell you of our adventures and experiences. I have found a large massive rectangular cedar coffin at Bircher's with texts from the Middle Kingdom written on the inside,—what I call Coffin Texts in my Morse Lectures. They will make a fine body of material for Bull's dissertation. Bircher had sold it to Brussels before the war, for 400 pounds Egyptian; but that is now off and he will take 350 from Bull, who I think will buy it. I am very much pleased to have settled Bull's dissertation work in this way. The Assyriologists have no difficulty in getting new documents for their students, for clay tablets are cheap and plentiful; but it is quite difficult for us to find new material of this kind for our students. I hope to do something similar for Edgerton, who is unfortunately very late in arriving, and will not reach here much in advance of Luckenbill; but of course Edgerton cannot spend any money and it must be something the university can properly buy.

I suppose you have not seen in the American papers any announcement of the death of Kuno Meyer, which appeared in the English newspapers. Apropos of nothing in particular, who should turn up as the native factotum at Congdon's, but Abdul whom we once drove off the boat at Abu Simbel by our ridicule of his laziness. He is amiability itself, and tickled to death to see me,—asked any number of questions about the sitt and the walad. He seems to be an industrious and efficient fellow now.

Regarding our programme and itinerary, I hope we shall be able to keep somewhere near the following:

- Sail from Port Said about February 10.
- Reach Bosra about March first.
- Leave Bosra about March fifth.
- Leave Baghdad about April first.
- Leave Mosul about May first.
- Leave Aleppo about June first.
- Leave Beirut about July first.
- Leave Jerusalem about August first.
- Leave Crete about August fifteenth.
- Leave England about August 25th for New York.

You will receive this letter about the 20th of January, and on that date you should begin to address me care of the American Consul, Baghdad, Mesopotamia. Then allowing about four weeks for reaching Aleppo, you should send a letter or two there, also to the American Consul. It will probably take about four weeks also for letters to reach Beirut; address care of American Consul there also. I will order a map sent you by which you can follow our route.

It is now very late and I must turn in. Good night, my dear wife,

[James.]



Villa Mandofia, Cairo, Egypt,  
**January 6, 1920.**

My dearest boy:—

It was a joy indeed to have your long good letter of Thanksgiving time! I have written you within, a rather long letter which you will want to share with your mother. I wrote it first and then turned to this little note which is just between you and me. It has been a comfort to me to write you of your own future, and to assure you to take your time with regard to it, and to have no anxieties. How I would have loved to be there, dear boy, during your last college year, to tell you all this! It has been bitter lonely without you. I go about with a great ache under my vest, which means hourly longing to see and talk with you, and my only deliverance from such distress,—temporary deliverance to be sure,—is to plunge deep into the work. It is hardest at evening, when I am too tired to do any very absorbing work, but by no means too tired to think of home and you.

I appreciate more than I can tell you all that you have been doing to keep the home going, and to help your mother when she has been going through such heavy trials. I hope it has not had a serious effect on your college work; but it worries me that you should sit up half the night to make up the accumulated work. I knew you would be faithful to your work, boy. I don't know what you may think of the plan I am proposing to you. I know I would be more courageous if I told you boldly to strike out for yourself and get the independence which only experience of going alone can bring. But you had some of it at Camp Devens, and you are having some this winter, in running a house without any other head. And I believe we could have a wonderful time together, boy, with occasional trips to the Orient. Of course this might be very hard on your mother, but we could arrange that some way, by bringing her out to Beyrut or some such place, while you and I went about.

I shall feel very badly at not being present when you graduate, and I do so already as I think about it. I am sorry you have not had a more generous allowance while you were in college; but as it is or was, I have only come out even at the end of each year at the very best. But before I leave here for Baghdad I shall send you a check which you must save and use to meet your graduation expenses, when I know there will be unusual outgo, and you will need a little pocket money to feel comfortable. I am glad you found the ties useful. They were not very good for there were no fine ones to be found anywhere in Europe. I hope you have used the little theater check long ago on a good time with your mother.

Now I must acknowledge your mother's letters, which I can do very briefly for you will be showing her the following long one from me. Nearly eight long months before I shall be signing the last of these letters and turning homeward again! The weeks never seemed to drag so wearily, and yet I have so much to do, that that I have been digging in a little too hard, and have had to take a rest today, which I am improving in this way. Good bye, my dear, dear boy! I am counting every day until I see you again.

Always your loving old  
Pater

Villa Mandofia, Cairo, Egypt,  
**January 6, 1920.**

My own dear boy:—

It is now Tuesday morning. Sunday evening I was sitting with Bull at our usual little supper of Semolino and cold chicken, baked beans or tongue, as the case may be, when Mohammed came in told me that the *cavass* from the American Agency had been there twice with letters for me! I had been at the place in the morning but had received the same reply that I had been getting for three weeks, and so I did not go again that day, especially as it was Sunday. It will take some effort of imagination to picture the kind of Christmas I had been having. Not a word had come from home for ten days before Christmas, and it was eleven days after Christmas when the *cavass* finally sent me word of American mail. He had brought the letters with him, but as I was not at home, he would not leave them, for four of them were registered. I gave Mohammed a card and sent him over for them, and so at about eight o'clock on Sunday evening, January 4, he came back and handed me my packet of delayed Christmas mail. The delay seems to have been due to the terrible storms, in the midst of which Bull came out. Among the letters was at least one from each of you, and I was just in the midst of an engrossing visit with you all, when Mr. Thomas, Lord Allenby's secretary called! At any other time I should have been delighted to see him, but I gave him the best welcome I could and prayed he might not stay long. My prayers were answered, but it was pretty late when I had finished the most satisfying home visit I have had, since I came away.

Well, my dearest boy, your letter did me more good than I can easily tell you. It was the one written, or begun the night before Thanksgiving and continued till the following Sunday,—the longest one you have yet sent me, but you cannot make them any too long for your old father. I was deeply interested in your account of all your work and doings, especially your part in the plays. How I wish I could have seen them! Even what Offner was able to say in his review, which was rather cleverly written, showed me you struck a good big twelve, and I was very proud and pleased,—as you will some day know when your boy does the same way!

I am sorry your work has been too heavy for enjoyment. I will confess to you that I have tried hard to like Mead, because I know what an unusually fine citizen and member of the community he is. He has been treasurer of the Settlement League for many years, and carries many similar responsibilities, for which we all owe him a debt. I realize this fully, but I am still unable to feel any spontaneous liking for him. Whatever regard I can summon, has to be screwed up by force of argument and logic in my own mind! I am glad you are getting something out of Goode's course. He has made himself an excellent teacher. Our good Huth really deserves your favorable opinion, and you will get solid attainment out of your course with him, even if you find little inspiration in it.

Ah, boy, how glad I would have been to be seated with you at one of those football games! You did quite right to go to all of them, and I am sorry your mother could not have gone oftener with you. It will always be a source of keen regret to me that I could not have been at home during your last year at college. My mind runs constantly on plans for your future, and I find my own dreams for what I may accomplish myself, involving themselves always with some work for you. There are two courses of action which I may follow. Both of them, if you wish it, will offer you too a future career of scientific achievement, with a feasible income and an enjoyable life of intellectual attractiveness. They are as follows:

1. The development of the University Oriental Institute, the future of which is already assured,—especially as you consider that I am handling about \$70,000 on my first trip for it. (To show you how modern it is in Cairo at the present moment, an automobile has just overturned under my windows, and the injured occupants are being carried away as I write!)

2. The establishment and development of a Cairo Oriental Institute like that of the French, about which I have written you; but a really effective institution which would accomplish the work of furnishing the materials for a history of mankind.

Plan No. 1 is already assured. It seems that we shall all live in America, but that I shall take occasional short trips to the Near East. This present long trip has been made advisable because it was the first one after the war, and because it was necessary to look over both Egypt and Asia, but such a long trip will not be necessary again. Although you are still without any equipment as an orientalist, you could have been of immense assistance to me on this trip, which has been far too much of a task for one man. Bull is out this morning doing a lot of things that I have formerly had to do, and which do not require any knowledge of ancient oriental languages. But in the end, these are necessary. Between trips you could serve as a secretary of mine at Chicago, just as young Chamberlain and Coulter have done, while at the same time you were taking a course or two in archaeology, history and oriental languages, chiefly Egyptian, until you had gradually acquired the equipment, not of an oriental philologist, but of a general orientalist, especially in history, archaeology and museum management. You might also do work with some of the best men in the world in Europe, joining me afterward at the end of a semester, on one of the short oriental trips. I would be able to give you a stated salary sufficient for your needs so long as you do not marry, for I fear if this move were contemplated, my exchequer would not be sufficient and the fortunate young lady would have to chip in!

At the end of five years you would have gained a very unusual experience fitting you for two different sorts of work in the future when pater is no longer here. The present director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Arthur Fairbanks, was a teacher of Greek in the University of Iowa when he was called to the head of that institution (the Museum), where he must receive a very comfortable salary. Robinson, the Director of the Metropolitan Museum was a graduate student at the University of Chicago within my time there, and probably receives ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year, besides living a very interesting life. Some such position would inevitably come your way if you desired it; for your pater hopes to stay here long enough to help you along and to see you in such a post if it appeals to you.

Field work with an expedition has become less and less in my judgement, the kind of thing I would like to see you doing. A season's experience would be a valuable thing for you, and I can put you with any expedition now out, any time you want to go;—but as a permanent arrangement it is demoralizing, upsets all family life, and completely cuts a man off from all common life with his own people and community. The Reisners are bringing their daughter to America next spring, but when he returns next autumn, he must either take his wife with him and leave the young girl alone, or leave the mother with the daughter in America and go out alone himself. I understand he refuses to accept the latter horn of the dilemma himself.

The other line of work for which five years with me would equip you, would be that of an ancient historian in some great university. These posts are becoming more and more possible and numerous. The salary of the future university professor is not to be the beggarly pittance which it has been in the past. You have of course seen notice of the recent endowment given by John D. Rockefeller for increasing university salaries. There is no doubt but that the establishment of the



Oriental Institute at the University of Chicago will have a great influence in the United States. Others like it will appear, and either in ours or some other, a post to teach ancient history, would give you opportunities for regular trips to the ancient lands. These would feed your portfolios of original documents, and stimulate your imagination, and broaden and quicken your whole life. You could continue a now established tradition of the Breasted histories in the education of a people of over a hundred millions in America, and other millions beyond the seas. The income from these books is also a matter which might be continued indefinitely if properly nurtured by the addition of a whole series of related books, maps, diagrams and student helps of all sorts. Whatever you do in the future, I am confident you ought to be in something which would give you an opportunity to write, my boy. This last letter of yours impressed me all the way through as being so well written. In the whole range of writing I have found nothing so inspiring as the life of men, and of course especially the life of vanished generations,—particularly when we range them one after the other until an imposing array of centuries discloses to us a deep vista of the human past issuing from the mists of the geological ages. It stirs my blood every time I let my mind play with the idea, and it is the moving inspiration in all the work I do. Does it never catch your imagination in this way?

Plan No. 2 is of course still merely a dream. But I must confess that when I find the Rockefeller millions pouring into science and education as they are, I see no reason why I should not try it. Indeed it is a fair question whether I am not obligated to try it, for I stand nearer to this great body of wealth than any other American orientalist. Why should not two of those millions go into equipment and endowment of a great archaeological institute in this the greatest center of such studies in the world? This fund would buy one of those old palaces, equip it with all conveniences for living and with a complete modern library, and give the place an income sufficient to pay a considerable scientific staff, and maintain a group of fellows each receiving a comfortable fellowship income. The programme of work I cannot begin to sketch, but there would be a place for you in it of course, and eventually why should not you be the most influential man in the whole organization. Your father's place in it certainly would not be a disadvantage.

This plan of course means the complete transfer of all of us from America to the Orient. Occasional visits to America we could of course make, but we would gradually lose our American friends and eventually feel very little connection with the home land. This side of the programme I find very unattractive. I never felt my lot so completely identified with my own land and people as now. I would be content to come home and spend the rest of my days without ever setting foot on foreign soil again. To me plan No. 1 is very much more attractive, even though it may not accomplish so much scientifically. Moreover it is of course my bounden duty to go on developing Plan No. 1 for some time to come.

This being the case I have the following to propose to the boy. Take a semester at Harvard for a change and for the experience, if you feel you want it; and then come to me in the spring. But if you do not want the Harvard experience stay with me beginning next October, giving me much time every day, and devoting your surplus time to preparation for eventual oriental work. Just what this preparation is to be we can decide later. There is plenty to do, however, though it could be most systematically done in the form of courses with me and some of the others, besides frequent talks just between you and me. Meantime, the next thing that is likely to happen is that John D. Rockefeller Junior will want to make a trip to the Orient, particularly in Egypt; and

if he does he will want us to go along. It is then that I would be morally bound to put up to him the plan of an Oriental Institute in Cairo.

What I am trying to set forth is in short, that a perfectly feasible career awaits you either in an American Museum or University, or quite possibly in an American Institute in the Near East, and what I am proposing is that you gradually prepare for it by taking a post as my secretary for the next few years, using as much time as possible for formal preparation in actual university courses or similar work. This means that you are not to worry or be in a hurry, but to stay on as long as it is not to the disadvantage of your preparation, with your old pater et mater, and it will be a joy for the pater to pay the bill.

You have brought this long disquisition on yourself you see, by the inquiry in your last letter about “the possibilities in store for a youngish man of twenty-two”. To me it is a very attractive programme, on which I cannot begin soon enough. What a joyous day that will be when I walk down the gang-plank at New York, with my home and loved ones only a few hours away, and the boy waiting perhaps to begin work that we can do together! But I don’t want you to make such an important decision merely because it will please the old pater. Make it only because it appeals to your sympathies, to your interest, arouses your enthusiasm, and quickens your imagination. If it does not appeal to you in these ways, be sure before you turn away from it however, that something else does make this appeal. Don’t leave out either the sense of achieving things of high usefulness, above meat and raiment, for your fellow men;—such things as will satisfy your finest sensibilities, aesthetic and intellectual and moral,—yes and even religious. For all these motives I know are strong in you. Finally remember that whatever decision you make, it is not irrevocable. It would be a pity after the loss of time due to your army experience to lose any more; but you are still young, and if you should want to change, you can do so, and your old pater, who went a number of times around Robin Hood’s barn before he struck his trail, will be the last to reproach you if you should want to change.

Kiss the little ones and their dear mother, and write as often as you can to

Your loving old  
Pater.

Villa Mandofia, Cairo, Egypt,  
**January 6, 1920.**

My dearest Frances:—

The long gap in the line of home letters, caused apparently by the storms, is at last ended and I have now beside me a very welcome series I assure you. Charles’s letter will tell you how welcome they were, because the unfortunate delay happened just at Christmas time, with the proverbial perversity of such misfortunes. I have now your letters of November 27 (which was 39 days in reaching me), November 29, December 2, December 4, and December 7, which last is numbered one; besides Jamie’s of December 2 and Astrid’s of the same date. You tell me of the beginnings of your winter, with the children eager to reach the first snow; of your Thanksgiving Day and the pretty table decorations which you made of forest leaves, and many other home happenings which I assure you are very eagerly read by a wanderer who has had no home news for three weeks just at the holiday season, when thoughts of home will not yield to work. I am glad to hear that the vexations and anxieties of settling your mother’s estate are now passed.

I was sure it could be settled so, and never had any confidence that her will would be worth anything, as I wrote you. You do quite right to go to the rest and quiet of the ladies' dining room at the University Club, and I hope you will not fail to go there whenever you are downtown at lunch time. When are we to begin doing things the easiest way, if we don't do it now? I have tried to carry this doctrine through on this trip, and indeed I am obliged to do so. That reminds me that I am not sure whether or not in the hurry of my stay in Paris, I wrote you that besides my little wrist watch, I found opportunity to get a first class Patek-Phillippe watch at a low price just before I took the train from Paris to Venice. It is a great satisfaction to know that I can go to a train by this watch without fear of missing it.

I am very much relieved every time I think of the plentiful stock of coal in our bins; for it is uncomfortable enough here as soon as the sun sinks. We light a petroleum heater at sun down every evening, but we have been having trouble to get the petroleum. Mohammed had to wait in line for two hours the last time he got it. What a shame that the university should be hampered by shortage of coal.

Have no anxiety about Mrs. Warren. I could not give her a minute, if she were to happen in right now; but I do not think there will be any danger. We are leaving soon for Luxor, where we are going to live in the house built over in the cemetery by Morgan for the Metropolitan Expedition, and after that we sail very soon for India and Babylonia. I hardly think she will be able to get her fingers on me.

I enjoy all the quaint little sayings of our little daughter, of which you mention several in these last letters. You can't make them too numerous. How I wish I could be there to hear them! Tell the little dear that I am very much pleased with the Christmas card she made for me, and I have it here on my desk. I will try to write to Jamie also, and acknowledge his letters, which I am always very glad indeed to get. I believe this Christmas letter makes three I have received since I last wrote him. But I don't forget him and I am very glad to hear he has been doing well at school. Of course I was much pleased with Baby's letter too, and I have read them both to Mr. Bull, who liked them also.

I have written Charles a long letter, so that I must cut this a little or neglect the writing that awaits attention on my desk. The programme of the past week since I wrote you last has been chiefly the examination of the Bircher collection which is a very heavy task. I have now finished the selection of possible purchases and am trying to arrange prices, another heavy and exacting task. Then comes invoice making and checking off for the packer. Besides this there is the buying for the Art Institute, and going through other collections, where I thought I had finished when the additional money came from both the University and the Institute.

Meantime I try also to work in the museum. Bull and I have been at work on the magnificent encrusted coffin of Ikhnaton, endeavoring to recover its inscriptions which are of the greatest interest. As usual the publication (by the French—though of course nothing must be said about it) is unusable, and I rejoice that I am not puzzling my brains in Haskell over the unspeakably bad copies of Daressy on the printed page, but have before me the sheet gold on which the original inscriptions are charmingly incised. On asking about the body of Ikhnaton, I was told that nothing had ever been done about it since its examination by Eliot Smith; but that it lay in a packing box in a magazine. Thither Firth, one of the new men and rather keener than the rest, took me to see it. He pulled a rough box out from under a table and on opening it we found the bones of Ikhnaton. It was a curious experience to lift his skull from the box and endeavor to realize all that it had once harbored. On turning over the lower jaw I found that one wisdom tooth



was still embedded in the gums which had partially shrunk away and exposed it. The teeth were powerful and in splendid condition, except that some one had let the skull fall and had broken the lower front teeth. We turned to work on the coffin with renewed interest. An anatomist is now working on the body and it will soon be properly prepared and restored to the coffin down the front of which, in a sumptuous golden band, runs his mutilated name, to which are added the words: “the beautiful child of the Sun (Aton), who here lives forever and forever, and is true in the sight of earth and sky”. It makes my blood boil to think of a slip shod scholar making non-sense of an inscription like that.

Our doings otherwise have not been of special interest. We have been out to dine with the Quibells again, to meet a young captain Cresswell, one of the British inspectors of antiquities in Syria, who proved a very interesting young man. Sunday we lunched at the Mohammed Ali Club with young Vareker of the Foreign Office, and afterward we went with Greg to meet his wife at the zoo, where you and Charles used to go. Afterward we had tea at the Gregs and rode back to town on our wheels by moonlight. The next morning as I was standing in front of Lord Allenby’s office waiting to see his aide de camp, Mr. Thomas, Allenby’s secretary came out and told me that Lord and Lady Allenby had just left for their great trip to the upper equatorial Nile, whence they will not return for six weeks. Lady Allenby had told me all about it when I took Bull in to meet her. Thomas told me she expressed much distress to learn that I would not be here when she returned to share in her trip to Sakkara but I assured him my regret must be greater than hers.

There, I will not write any more gossip, but go and turn in for a good long night’s rest. I do hope you will turn over a new leaf and do the same every night; but I fear there is no hope, for every letter I get shows that you are sitting up late. I should dearly hate to lose the letters, but do try to go to bed. It is the difference between success and failure, health and sickness. Do try.

I shall soon begin to look for letters with accounts of your Christmas doings. Bull sends you many greetings and good wishes of the New Year. It is very pleasant to have him here, and I am fortunate indeed, if I must be away from home at all, to have so pleasant and congenial a companion. He has not a single unpleasant habit or trait, and is always the same pleasant and kindly soul. Well, good night, my dear wife. The months are passing slowly but they are passing, and I am about to write to Cook’s London office engaging passage for the return voyage! Think of that! I shall ask them to get me reservations for about the 20th of August, or perhaps a little earlier, and as soon as they send me the name of the ship and the date I will let you know. It does me more good to think about that than anything I have done since I left home. So good night, my dearie. Kiss the little folks and be of good cheer. Always your devoted

Husband.

Villa Mandofia, Cairo, Egypt,

**January 14, 1920.**

My dear Frances:—

I have a very welcome series of letters from you to acknowledge: December 1 (delayed and received after No. 1, which was dated later), December 8 (No. 2), 8th (No. 3), 10th (No. 3), 11th (probably No. 4, but not numbered), and December 15th (No. 5); besides a little letter from Jamie written December 14th and one from Astrid of the same date. They are all read and reread and valued as only you will learn when you have been separated as long as I have been, from your loved ones.

I am distressed to know that you have had any financial anxiety. You know you can draw a check on my own account when you need money, if you will let me know at once. Let me say now that you must buy the coal for next winter as soon as the bins will take it and the company is ready to deliver it. Call up Mr. Dinsmore early in April and put in the order for 30 tons, and pay for it when the bill comes in, from my bank account if you have not the funds in your own.

Before I forget it let me thank you for the little French [book] you have so thoughtfully sent me. It seems to be very practical and I shall take it with me to Asia against the day when we enter French territory in Syria. But my chief interest in your letter was your account of your interviews with the president. I certainly appreciate all you have done, and I suppose what he learned from you had the more weight as it was not intended for his ears. It is most encouraging loyalty which he is showing, and I feel my own loyalty to the institution I have served so long immensely warmed and stimulated by it. It is not the least an ungrateful reflection, to wonder, as I look back on the recent years, whether I have climbed into the President's bandwagon, or he has climbed into mine. There is evidently a certain measure of the latter alternative. I am very grateful to you for the good work you have done; I am so glad also that the president gave Luckenbill something to spend in Paris.

I will not enter into the Allen-Pittman difficulty. I am too busy. It will have to straighten itself out. But please don't put all the blame on George. There is blame on both sides, and it must not be forgotten that Allen is faithfulness personified.

Please extend my sympathy to Uncle Charles Cleveland and Edith; but do it by telephone to Evanston and do not spend your strength in writing. I am too deeply involved here even to sit down and write them a note. I appreciate your kindly admonitions to take it easily,—to take a nap every afternoon, etc.; but I am busier and more pushed than I am at home, and it is no easy matter to find the time for writing you as I would like to do. The days never seemed so short as they do here, and in spite of the slow moving months when I think of my home, on the other hand when I contemplate the work the years seem short indeed.

Last Thursday, a week ago tomorrow, Bull and I, in the company of Firth, one of the new men on the Antiquities Service, went out by automobile to Sakkara. Think of taking a car almost out to the pyramids, and then turning south, driving on top of the canal dyke, the "gisr" as the natives call it! It was sometimes ticklish driving, and we seemed likely to slip off into the canal in several places, but we got through all right. We had our three field beds, besides hand luggage, and with Mohammed perched on top of the latter, and holding a heavy bag in his lap, we drew up at last under the shadow of the Sakkara pyramids and walked up to Quibell's house, which he now no longer occupies, having been succeeded in this Sakkara post by Firth.

We spent a wonderful day among the tombs and pyramids, and as I looked about, I wondered where my faculties of observation had been slumbering in all my former visits, for I was now seeing so much more than I had ever seen before. If my health and strength are spared I shall be able to improve my *History of Egypt* immensely and also to write a book on the Origins and Early History of Civilization which will carry things far beyond anything now available. The Hale Lectures which you have been reading will suggest what may be done, and although they are only a hurried breaking of the ground, I am glad I did them; for they put into consecutive order and gave sequence to a lot of disconnected masses of material facts which my mind had never fitted together. I am glad to hear you say in your last letter that you do not regret my calling or the sacrifices which it entails. I could have let this great moment following the close of the war, pass by without a quiver; stayed at home and accomplished a lot of work; but I would

have gone to seed and settled down into the inertia of the latter middle years from which I never would have aroused myself. There was at least one more good strong kick left inside this old and dyspepsia-ridden machine and I had to let it out. If the Department of Oriental Languages had not risen to the situation created by the end of the war, then there was absolutely no hope for its future. Etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc.!

But to return to Sakkara, Mohammed unpacked our lunch, or the provisions we had brought to supply one and spread it out on the table in Quibell's old dining room, where we fed royally on an omelet and much tinned stuff, mostly from the west side of the Atlantic, while we looked out on a magnificent view across the green valley to the great cliffs of the eastern desert on the other side. In the evening we dined in the same way, watching the waning light as the shadows drew far across the green and the brightness of the sunlit desert yielded to the starlit splendor of the desert sky. Mohammed spread out our bedding on the bedsteads still remaining from Quibell's outfit, but sleep was not very comfortable without a proper mattress.

The next day Quibell came over with some friends from his home just opposite Sakkara at Helwan, and about 11:30 we left them and moved north along the margin of the desert to the pyramids of Abusir, where I had never seen the excavations of Borchardt. Here is the pyramid of Sahure, which enabled Borchardt to restore the beautiful palm colonnades of the Fifth Dynasty, the oldest colonnades in the world. It was this pyramid which is represented in the model outside my office door in the North Museum hall in Haskell. Here two sand-cars, dog-carts with broad-tired wheels came out to meet us from Bedrashen and went on northward with us toward Gizeh. We visited the wrecked Sun-temple of the Fifth Dynasty not far north of Abusir, also excavated by Borchardt, and likewise still unknown to me except from the publication. It was very impressive with its magnificent alabaster altar. Toward dusk we climbed the rim of the plateau and descended into the vast excavation in the rock made for an unknown king as the substructure of his pyramid near Zaweit el-Aryan, a tremendous place, paved with colossal blocks of granite almost too tall to look over. As we climbed out of this gigantic cutting in the rock of the plateau, the sun disappeared and all the eastern cliffs for miles south of Cairo were transformed into plastic glory of pink and gold which vanished as we looked and merged into a massive barrier of somber rocky bulwarks, behind which all at once a glittering host drew forth and marched in splendor up the eastern sky, while we stood alone in the solitude of the western desert. An hour later we were rattling along in a modern electric trolley speeding toward Cairo.

Thursday Evening, **January 15, 1920.**

In three days it will be five months since I left home and saw you all standing on the station platform at Englewood, just as I looked back twenty-nine years ago and saw my dear old father standing and looking after the train that carried his boy away for years of study in Germany. But the months are passing very fast now, and before we know it we shall all be together again.

The enclosed official order may interest you. When I broached the matter at the Residency, Lord Allenby's aide-de-camp said at once they would arrange it. A few days later, just as Lord and Lady Allenby were leaving for a trip in Equatorial Africa, the Air Commodore had replied that they could of course take me, but that the regular charge when it was done for a civilian was 20 pounds (\$100) an hour. When the aide-de-camp went in perplexity to Lord Allenby about it, he said it was absurd: that the purpose was scientific work and it must be done without

charge. A few days later I received the enclosed duplicate of the official orders in the matter. I had a pleasant interview with the Air Commodore, whose rank is that of a general in the army, and on Tuesday, that is day before yesterday, having put on warmer clothing than usual, I went out with Bull by tram to Heliopolis. We had lunch together at the hotel, and after losing much time finding the right airdrome, we were carried by a Royal Air Force car to the proper place. There we found a group of young air men gathered around their major at the door of their mess, greatly enjoying his efforts to clean up the mess dog, which somebody had been decorating with red ink. There was of course much hilarity and good-natured chaffing as the major, a mere youngster, souzed the poor little brute in a bucket of soap suds and thrust his thumbs into the little beggar's eyes, the victim howling dismally all the while. We explained our errand and were informed that my bus was coming up from Helwan. So we sat down on the porch of the mess while the washing of the pup was completed, and waited until we saw a speck rising over the southern horizon. It grew and grew, and wheeled off seemingly for Suez but really only to come down on a head wind and landed just in front of the mess.

It had been, as my ill luck would have it, a cold and cloudy morning, with little prospect of enough sunshine to do the photographing I wanted to do. It cleared however while we were at lunch, and the sun was now shining brightly, but it was much colder than normal. The young officers were inclined to regard my experiment as a good joke, but I was not in the least disturbed by their apprehensions. My pilot climbed down from his machine and brought me a helmet furlined, fur-mounted goggles, an air pilot's huge leather overcoat and a large pair of heavy gauntlet gloves. Bull stood by and gathered in the stuff I peeled off as I got inside of all this array handed me by the pilot. The young officers crowded around and fastened me into my gear, till I looked like Peary in the Arctic regions as Bull stepped off and took a snapshot against the machine. The pilot disappeared over the top of his covered perch, telling me as he did so that he had fastened a notebook and pencil over my seat and I could write to him all I wanted him to do. I had explained to him just what course I wanted him to follow, so that I would need to give him only some additional local directions. The young air men showed me where to put my feet to find the steps up the tall side of the machine and presently I was perched behind the pilot ready to start.

He put on the power and we marched slowly down the field, rolling on the wheels to the other end of the airdrome, so as to turn around and rise facing the wind. I was very busy adjusting my camera and seeing that the strap which held it around my neck was safe and firm. Then with a tremendous roar the machine rushed back across the field again, as the young fellow put on full power, and presently we lifted and were off over the roofs of the hangars and the buildings of New Heliopolis. It was terrific. As we sat directly behind the propeller we received in our faces the full power of the terrible vortex caused by the revolving screw. It was impossible to speak a word in the crashing noise of the engine and the rush of the wind. I opened my mouth to find myself gasping and choking, and quickly perceived that one could only breathe through the nose. But I was seriously asking the question whether I could stand two hours of it, for I saw that the pilot has a glass wind shield and the observer was not protected in anyway, except that he sat deep in his perch.

We rose rapidly and headed directly westward across the southern apex of the Delta. Then the full splendor of it all broke upon me, and it was thrilling beyond all words to express. Five thousand feet below spread the green carpet of the Delta with the misty wilderness of the desert stretching for a hundred miles on east and west. I will not burden you with fruitless efforts to convey such impressions. All that one would say is so futile and feeble after such an experience.



Before I knew it we were sailing over the margin of the desert at the western edge of the Delta, and I was looking obliquely down on the ruined pyramid of Aburoash, and its vast causeway, up which I had ridden with Lord Allenby only three weeks ago. It had seemed a long ride up that causeway then, and now from a height of 5000 feet it looked like a child's sand bridge on the sea shore. I had the camera all ready for the first shot, and when I lifted it above the edge of the car the blast flattened the bellows and drove them into the field of the picture. Do what I would I could not prevent it, and I had to make the exposure anyhow, with much of the view cut off by the intruding bellows. Then the five miles from Aburoash to Gizeh were passed in less than as many minutes and we hovered over the Great Pyramid. I suppose I am the first archaeologist who has ever opened a camera on the pyramid from a point where all four sides could be seen at once. The pilot veered and banked the machine sharply so that we tilted far over to one side and I looked over the side of the machine, my eyes looked straight down upon the Gizeh group and the camera was somewhat protected. It is a curious sensation to look down for 5000 feet, straight down, with nothing under you whatever. Then came Zaweit el-Aryan and Abusir, Sakkara and Dahshur, and far to the south Lisht and the Fayum.

As we passed the grand pyramid group at Dahshur, I turned and looked northward along a magnificent line of pyramids thirty miles long,—an imposing vista which I shall never forget, with the giants of Gizeh towering in the background thirty miles away. I snapped the camera on this twice and devoutly hope that the bellows may not have spoiled the picture. By this time I was getting groggy. I had to put a new roll into the camera, first of course taking out the old one. The air was very lumpy and at frequent intervals we dropped with a sickening fall into a hole in the air, as you come down in an elevator. This had been going on for nearly an hour. I stuck to my pictures and to studying the terrain from one great pyramid cemetery to the next, grinding my teeth and swearing I was not going to give up to it. But it was all of no avail. I leaned over the cockpit rail and surrendered to the Sahara a very good thirty piaster lunch! The pilot had written me a very nice little note and poked it back at me, asking me how I felt and if he was going right. This was when we were crossing the Delta. I had replied that I was fine and to hit it up as much as he liked. I was glad he was not writing me any more such inquiries over Dahshur. I lost my Eversharp writing him where to go on the return trip, and I had to let the pictures go for a little while and gather a little gimp to begin again.

I was not a bit sorry when we turned about and sailed away northward on the return. I learned after I came down that they rarely keep any one up more than twenty minutes on the first trip. I tried to stick to the camera, and I think I got two fine views of Abusir as we passed it again going north, but I was pretty seedy. The magnificent panorama of the eastern desert illuminated by the low afternoon sun behind us as we swung northward I shall never forget. It was in marvelous contrast with the rich and sumptuous green of the valley in the foreground, behind which the desert cliffs and ranges rose in one plastic yellow snow drift after another. At Gizeh we turned northeastward, sailing over Cairo at 6000 feet so that I could have dropped another lunch directly into the Ezbekiyeh Garden! We passed directly over the Citadel and in a few minutes more the pilot turned off almost all his power, the awful roaring and the terrific wind blast ceased, and in the first really pleasant motion there was every sensation of buoyant flight as we spiraled gently downward, tilting alarmingly to be sure as we banked on the short curves, but at length shooting out upon the landing field as one coasts down a toboggan slide, the wheels taking the ground so gently that I was hardly aware of it. A moment more and Bull was running out from the mess house porch to greet us, and my trip was over. We had been out nearly two hours.

The young officers came out to see how much there was left of me, and were quite surprised to find that I still had my camera, and that I had not lost my helmet. To be sure the first blast of the gale from the propeller had nearly carried it away, but I had saved it and drawn the fastenings tighter. I could not hear what they said, and it was only after we had sat at tea in the mess room for half an hour that I recovered my hearing; but it was not until the next day that I heard normally again. The young air men were much interested in what I had been trying to do, and listened eagerly for half an hour to the story of the cemeteries on the pyramid plateau. The young major in command, the artist of the dog-washing, was very cordial and asked me to come out whenever I could. Finally, when I was a little rested, Bull and I took the trolley for Cairo. I had twenty exposures of the pyramids in my pocket!

Friday Morning, **January 16, 1920.**

I was too tired to finish this last night, and I see it is very futile stuff, in view of the wonderful experience which should have inspired it. I fear you will think I had forgotten my responsibilities to my family, to go out on such a venture. I think, however, if you had been here, you would have told me to go, because I could have explained the reasons I had particularly in view, and you would have appreciated them.

Bull and I had lunch at the Continental yesterday, and I had the misfortune to be discovered by the Contessa di Villamarina, of whom I have written you before. She at once sent Percy White, one of the journalists here, over to hand me the enclosed card, so Bull and I wandered up to her rooms for twenty minutes which reminded one very much of Kipling's British aristocracy in the Orient, Mrs. Hawksby, etc., etc. Then we spent the afternoon with the dealers, who will be the death of me. It's fine to be able to buy after all these years, but O my, the work and the responsibility! Is this bronze falcon at Tano's for 15 pounds as good a purchase as the other one for which Kyticas is asking 20? Would the Art Institute people value a silver bronze statuette of Imhotep more than a fine artist's model of a lion in limestone relief? Let me see, I forgot to enter that last tablet from Nahman's, which he offered in a University lot, and which must be shifted to the Art Institute invoices. Etc., etc., etc.

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Dr. Phillips has just called to see me about cholera and typhus inoculation. There is no such thing as typhus inoculation, and there is no danger if one keeps clean and free from vermin. As to cholera, he will secure the toxin from the army surgeons and inoculate the whole group just before we leave. So have no anxiety. Now I must run and do a hundred and fifty things that ought to have been done long ago, among them secure the Shepheard's Hotel stenographer for a huge pile of correspondence which has got beyond me.

Worlds of love to all my dear ones,

Lovingly, James.

There is no time to read and correct this.

Metropolitan Museum House, opposite Luxor, Egypt,  
Sunday Evening, **January 25, 1920.**

My dear Frances:—

Imagine my pleasure when Lansing remembered this noon after lunch, that he had a letter for me reposing in his drawer. It was your No. 6 of December 18, and it has been eagerly devoured. I shall look for the compasses with much anticipation, and they will be very convenient, for at present I have to carry one in my vest pocket, but I shall value it chiefly because you gave it to me.

Not a word from Luckenbill yet, although he must have landed in France over a fortnight ago. He now has only sixteen days to get here, as we are due to sail from Port Said on the 10th of February. As Bull and I were climbing the hill behind this house to visit the tombs in the cliffs above us, Edgerton and Shelton appeared over the ridge, having just come up from Cairo. I expect Luckenbill will drop in on us in much the same way. This will make us a party of five. I don't know whether I wrote you from London that Shelton, professor in Atlanta, and one of my students, wrote me in London asking to join us, and I wrote him he could do so. Perhaps you don't remember him, but he has been working with me along with Bull and Edgerton at Chicago. This makes three of my students who have followed me out here, and this fact will, I think be of interest to the president and trustees; for I shall be able to carry on a certain amount of instruction. I went up this afternoon with these three men and took them through certain important tombs, especially the tomb of Ramose, grand vizier under Ikhnaton when he was still calling himself Amenhotep—a tomb which you may remember, as we worked in it once and had our lunch there and got into trouble with the guards for trying to remove the rubbish and secure copies of the uncut inscriptions still visible in black ink, and especially of the scene where Ikhnaton is shown under the sun-disk with the descending rays, though still appearing as Amenhotep in the inscriptions. This tomb has now been excavated and proves to contain wonderful sculptures. I had the youngsters read the inscriptions, tell me who the people were, and make their own historical conclusions. It was a curious sensation to be holding a seminar in this great Theban cemetery with students whose last work with me was done in Room 28, Haskell Museum.

I shall not be able to catch up with my chronicle of doings from the point where my last letter (dated I think, last Thursday week or Friday week, 15th or 16th) left off. I was rushing about among the dealers at a desperate pace, endeavoring to rescue the fine things which my new funds (the \$25,000) enabled me to secure. I have secured some wonderful things. A noble collection of bronzes selected from a whole series of many hundreds which have been collecting in the hands of dealers during years of the war. Among them is a sitting Sekhmet with a smiling lioness's head, the whole of silver bronze and nearly two feet high. I have also a silver bronze statuette of Imhotep reading from a papyrus roll. I have a wonderful collection of prehistoric stone vessels, and flint tools and weapons, two large stelae with historical inscriptions, an XVIIIth dynasty officer's battle axe which he carried in the fifteenth century B.C., with bronze head, fine wooden handle and leather lashings all in perfect condition; a very fine specimen of Amenhotep III's remarkable scarab inscriptions announcing his marriage to the lovely Tiy, his queen, etc., etc., etc. I can't begin to tell you of it all.

A day or two before I left Cairo, Nicholas Tano took Bull and me out to his home in Heliopolis and showed us with much secrecy a group of 25 remarkable statues of limestone which had been excavated at Gizeh and therefore belong to the 29th century B.C. They are all small,

the largest not two feet high. Four of them depict a deceased noble and his wife; the others his servants and members of his family engaged in all sorts of occupations for his comfort and enjoyment. Three of them are playing the harp, one is slaughtering and quartering a beef, a group are grinding flour, mixing and kneading dough, molding loaves and baking bread; others are cooking food over a fire; one is mixing beer and another decanting and sealing it in jars; one is turning pots on a potter's wheel, the earliest example known showing the potter's wheel. They are all colored in the hues of life, and while they are not the best Egyptian sculpture, they form together as one sees them arrayed on a large dining table, a bright and animated group like a picture out of the real life of nearly 5000 years ago, when Europe was still in the Stone Age, and the cultivated life of Egypt was already possessed of highly developed arts, and its society had already produced sculptors who could put such life into vivacious groups in stone. Tano is asking a stiff price for this extraordinary group,—4000 pounds Egyptian, and unfortunately Lythgoe of the Metropolitan has the first chance at them, although he has not agreed to this price yet. The University of Chicago has the next chance if the Metropolitan does not take them. I am devoutly praying that Lythgoe may not decide to take them, as of course have a good deal of sculpture of the same age. I have not the money for them, even with the recent \$25,000, for I have been buying rapidly, securing one good thing after another, and there is not much left of the \$25,000; but I would get a safe refusal of them, and endeavor to secure the money; at the present rate of exchange out here, 4000 pounds Egyptian make about \$16,000.

Just as I was leaving Luxor, old Mohammed Mohasseb sent his son to see me and tell me he had something to show me. After many precautions and much secrecy, the son took me into a court of a house where lay a beautifully colored white and red mummiform coffin, as fresh and bright as the day it left the painter's studio. He wants 400 pounds for it. Nahman, the rich Syrian banker, had told me that Yussuf Hasan of Luxor had bought from a village dealer at Keneh four very splendid prehistoric and early dynastic stone vases of white and black mottled stone, one of them with a very early king's name which he could not read. When I arrived in Luxor, I went directly to Yussuf Hasan's house. The old man came out to greet me, as he had not seen me for years and took me in, to show me ordinary stuff, much of it junk, just as they always do. Coffee came in, and we talked of old times and everything else but the real subject which both of us knew was in the back of his head and mine. He brought out a great bronze statue of Osiris over two feet high, much oxidized, but encrusted with precious stones and overlaid with gold, most of which was gone. He showed me also a lovely bronze mirror, with a Hathor head on the handle. I took it to the window, and under the oxidization I could just read the faintly glimmering signs that made the name of the great queen Ahmose-Nofretere. I was holding one of her toilet mirrors in my hand! And old Yussef knew it was valuable. The old fox must have seen gleams of my interest in my buying face,—my poker face, as I realized I was holding in my fingers a mirror which had reflected the face of a famous and beautiful queen of the East, over three thousand four hundred years ago! Three hundred pounds he wanted for the mirror and the Osiris statue together! He rummaged in a crazy old safe built into the thickness of the walls of his house and brought out one treasure after another. Among them was a lovely little hand, and likewise a foot carved with marvelous refinement in deep blue lapis lazuli,—part of a wondrous statuette wrought by some forgotten master living at the imperial court in this great capital of the East when Egypt was ruling the whole eastern Mediterranean world. And so I could go on indefinitely. I secured these things for the University, and many others; but what I wanted most to see was those archaic stone vases with an early royal name on one. When I asked him if he had any early



stone vases he looked quite uninterested and brought me out some, which I bought;—but they were quite the usual thing, though one of them bore an unknown queen's name. So I developed complete indifference toward all the prehistoric stone vases in the world, and bidding old Yussuf a cordial farewell I departed.

The next morning I went over to pay him and to make arrangements for the packing of the things I had bought. When this had been completed and much coffee had been drunk, and everything in the universe except archaic vases had been talked about, I rose to go. We went to the door and there, at last, old Yussuf finally asked me quite casually if I would come upstairs and see some things up there. I replied that I was very busy and hardly had the time. Then I had old Yussuf coming! He could not conceal his anxiety to have me come upstairs and see these things he wished to show me. So after sufficient warning to the *harim* to keep out of the way, we went up. There were six prehistoric and early dynastic vases arrayed on a divan. One of them was almost as large across as a bushel basket, and the others smaller. They were out of black and white mottled stone, excessively hard; and they were of the very best work. Old Yussuf thought more of their size than of the inscription which one of them bore, that was evident; but I had still to turn them around and find the inscription without betraying any interest in it. Finally I saw it, much confused by the mottled color of the stone. I had finally to assume much ostentatious indifference and carry it casually to the window. Here was the delicately traced palace front on the side of the vase. Surmounting the palace was the figure of the royal Falcon, the earliest of the royal titles of the Pharaohs, and below it a little lost in the intricacies of the mottled surface, to my delight I saw the name of Menes, the first of the dynastic kings of Egypt, 3400 B.C. I was holding in my hands a piece of palace furniture of the oldest sovereign in the world, of whose history we know anything,—who ruled the world 5300 years ago.

The consequent jockeying I could not begin to recount. Old Yussuf says he paid Girgis, the Keneh dealer, 500 pounds Egyptian for these vases, and J.H.B. tells him he paid far too much, etc., etc., etc. Yussuf says he is proud of the high price he paid;—that he has made every dealer in Egypt very jealous because he succeeded in securing these wonderful vases against all their bidding by paying this lordly price,—beating even old Mohammed Mohasseb, who owns nearly a thousand acres of land and has an income from these lands, of nearly 20,000 pounds Egyptian a year. These dealers are men of wealth, to whom the profits from such dealing in antiquities is but part of a much larger income. Old Mohammed Mohasseb's son said to me: "What does this antiquity business which we run for a while in the winter amount to, when we make out if it only a beggarly 1000 pounds or possibly 2000 pounds a year, when we have our lands with cotton and sugar cane and wheat bringing ten times what they used to bring?" I have not yet come to terms with Yussuf for these vases, for you will see that I am dealing with shrewd men, not in need of money, who know when they have stuff which cannot be duplicated.

.....

We have just had dinner with Howard Carter, who is carrying on excavations in the Valley of the Kings' Tombs. He buys magnificent things for Lord Carnarvon, who is supporting his excavations in the Kings' Tombs.

It is nearly midnight and I must close this and take it to be mailed. There is a deal I wish I could write you, of daily experiences and feelings. You get only a mechanical catalogue of my doings, but I assure you there is much that goes on inside of which I say nothing, for it would take much space and time, and after all do either of us little good, when the hard fact is that I must go

on and finish this enterprise and reach home next September, and not before, though I shall make every effort to get there in late August if I possibly can.

So good night, dear; kiss the boy and the little ones for their father.

Always your loving

Husband.

You might read my experiences with the dealers to President Judson on a Sunday Evening at the house, if you find opportunity. Also about my students early in the letter.

Continental Hotel, Cairo, Egypt,

**February 5, 1920.**

Dear Frances: —

My last letter to you was written from Luxor at the Metropolitan Museum House where we had a very profitable and enjoyable visit. Not the least of the pleasures was the arrival of a lot of delayed mail especially your welcome letters of December 25, 26 (No. 7) and January 1 (which I take to be No. 8, but I have mislaid the envelope). There is no gap between December 26 and New Year's Day, for you refer to your last letter in the New Year's Day letter; January 2 (No. 9) and January 4 (No. 10). You would not find it is easy to imagine with what attention, and with what unpleasant fullness in my throat, I read your full account of the first Christmas we have ever spent apart in twenty-five years. I will not attempt to acknowledge these letters and take up all the references to which I would love to reply. I can only refer to a few things, as our days are now very short in Egypt and I am pressed indeed. I am so glad you are using the car and getting some benefit out of it during the cold weather.

I must not forget to mention that the suspenders have arrived, the Eversharp, the *kuffia*, which brought back many an old memory, and the copies of Kadesh. Luckenbill has now handed me also the compasses with which I am very much pleased. It was indeed thoughtful of you to send them and the *kuffia* also. The compasses, by the way, would have been a legitimate expense for expedition equipment, but as a present from you I want to keep them such. Perhaps one of them might be charged to my accounts and used by Luckenbill; what do you think?

Of course I was much interested in your experience with T. George Allen. I have great confidence in his character, though he has faults of disposition, and it is to be hoped that these will wear off somewhat. I am sorry you have been troubled with it all. You will remember what a creditable showing he made when his wife was making him and everybody else uncomfortable, especially his old parents, the evening we were there. His conscientiousness, is I think a great asset too; but he must learn to get on with those with whom he has to work.

You evidently had a fine time at your New Year's dinner with the President and the Ryersons. I am very glad you did it. How different from the days of twenty-five years ago when we were beginning under the old administration! I am about to write the President recounting what I have done, and enumerating additional purchases which we have opportunity of getting, if further funds are made available.

I am glad you had a concert in Mrs. Ryerson's box, and I hope you will go to the theater again as often as there is anything that is really good. Poor old Buckley! It is really pathetic that he leads such a lonely life; but I fear you will not be able to do much for him!

And now a little about our doings before I turn in! At the Luxor hotel I made the acquaintance of some very interesting and attractive people. I noticed in the dining room at a neighboring table good old Sir Valentine Chiral, who is sending home a series of able letters on the situation in Egypt, now appearing in the *Times*. I stepped over to speak to him as I went out and he introduced me to Mrs. Spender, a very fine woman, the wife of Alfred Spender, editor of the *Westminster Gazette*. She is an interesting example of a serious minded woman aiding her husband and deeply interested in his work. Spender is a member of the Government Commission sent out from England by the present cabinet to investigate the Egyptian situation and propose a workable system of government. The commission is headed by Lord Milner. The next day Sir Valentine brought in some newly arrived friends, Mr. John Collier, R. A., the well-known painter, and Mrs. Collier who is a daughter of Huxley; also Miss Huxley, a granddaughter of the famous scientist. They were all charming people, and Mrs. Collier I found to be a worthy daughter of her great father, full of humor as he was, and rarely intelligent and discerning. While I was at the Metropolitan House Sir Valentine brought them over and I took them through some of the Theban tombs,—a trip to which I also invited Davies. Afterwards we had tea at the house, and much pleasant discourse.

I should not fail to tell you that Davies has been completely transformed by his marriage. He is a different man. He is also a very lucky one,—perhaps luckier than he deserved, for he has married a noticeably pretty, sensible, sunny and industrious wife, to whom he is completely devoted, and it was pleasant to see. You notice that I put “pretty” first, as I did when I married myself!

When Bull and I returned to the east side and entered the dining room of the hotel for dinner, Sir Valentine and the Colliers made the waiter shift our plates to their table, and we lunched and dined with them for the remainder of our stay. Mrs. Spender was also there and she had interesting tales to tell of the native discontent at Assuan. England is in for long-continued troubles and anxieties in this country, which she cannot possibly cast adrift. The Commission has had the old Semiramis Hotel placed at its disposal and it lives there and holds its meetings and has its offices there. I lunched there yesterday with Mr. Spender and Sir Rennell Rodd, both members of the Commission and had a very interesting time. I am going to lunch with them again tomorrow. It is a curious sensation to be consulted by British dignitaries of this sort on conditions in Egypt and the Near East, when I have never been so honored by the statesmen who control the policy of our own country in these ancient lands. I shall be in close touch with the Commission from now on, but unfortunately I have no time to give to the matter, though the importance of giving time to it can hardly be overestimated.

Night before last I dined with Lord and Lady Carnarvon and their daughter Lady Evelyn Herbert (who have just arrived and are at this hotel), to meet Major-General Sir John Maxwell, who is also a member of the Commission. We had a long talk lasting till nearly midnight, on the unsolvable problem of the future of Egypt and the remedy for the present troubles. I wish there were time to write you all about it, but I cannot find time even to make any notes of the facts in the case, and my memory is no longer to be trusted in such matters, I am sorry to say.

You will be interested to know that while at Luxor I had a letter from Mrs. Warren announcing her arrival in Cairo and asking many questions of course. I did not reply until my arrival here, and meantime I had devised a plan for disposing of her without unkindness, but nevertheless I believe effectually. I determined to put her in the hands of the Countess, who as you remember lives at this hotel. The first time I entered the dining room I sauntered over to the

Countess's table and told her my wife had written me about the widow of a deceased colleague, an authoress etc., etc., etc., and would the Countess kindly look after her a bit and introduce her to people! The Countess seems to have swallowed my bait fairly well, for she was immensely flattered. I enclose you some of her recent letters, especially one to Lansing asking him to tea tomorrow. Meantime I had written a little note to Maude R. Warren, asking her to come to the hotel tomorrow at five and I would take her up to the Countess's rooms for tea, answer her questions as best I could, and that thereafter the Countess would take her under her wing.

Meantime I was in the Museum on business when Firth greeted me with great amusement, and told me a story which I hope will be a source of amusement to my better half as it finally was to me, rather than of anger as it was when I first heard it. Firth said: "There was a lady in here yesterday and she approached me with an apology for asking a question. She very much desired my opinion as the possibility of her being able to go with Professor Breasted to Mesopotamia! What did I think of it? I told her she was asking a question which nobody else but Professor Breasted could answer". Thereupon, observing my wrath, Firth most irrelevantly and inappropriately burst into mirth. My first reply to Firth was to the effect that my wife had written me about this lady. And then I told him who she was. Firth's tale explained a call which Bull had received from Maude the day before; for she asked Firth the name of some member of my party whom she could consult; "for", said Firth, "she seemed deathly afraid of going to you about it". Bull came to me at once to tell me she had called on him, and I, not yet having heard Firth's tale, said to him at once, "She wants to go with us". "Well," said Bull, "I haven't told you, remember, for she made me promise I wouldn't". There, my dear, you have the beginning and also the end, for Bull turned her down flat he told me, and she will get nothing out of me but the courtesy due a colleague's widow. Wouldn't I create a nice sensation among the young officers and diplomats at the Residency, by asking them to let me take a lady along! I have told the whole story to the Metropolitan Museum group, who are here and sit at our table, and also to Luckenbill. Besides being a wise precaution, this seemed also appropriate because Maude wants to see their excavations and asked me in her Luxor letter to intercede for her in that quarter. I will let you know what the Countess says to her!

Friday Morning, **February 6, 1920.**

I have been over at Shephard's dictating letters, and have failed to finish this. It will be wiser not to say anything of Mrs. Warren's manoeuvres at home. I enclose you some letters and also photos. Love to my dear big boy, the blessed little ones, and a great deal for their dear mother.

Always, your devoted J\_\_\_\_\_.

Hotel Continental, Cairo, Egypt,  
**February 11, 1920.**

My dear Frances:—

I sit at my typewriter with my sweater on under my jacket and my winter overcoat around my legs, and my fingers are so stiff that I find it awkward to write. Yesterday I went out in Sunny Egypt with the umbrella my wife gave me under my arm, a raincoat on my back and rubbers



on my feet; it was raining dismally and had been for two days. The streets were a dreadful mess. This morning the thermometer was only half a degree from the freezing point, beating anything on record. There is no means of heating, as you know, and I have never spent such an uncomfortable week shivering with cold anywhere else. A coal pile would look very good to me just now!

I have unfortunately no home letters to acknowledge and I fear those I might have had this week have gone on to Baghdad, following the instructions I sent you. But we have been delayed in getting passage. We sail next Tuesday, February 17 on the American S.S. "Benares" for Bombay. We shall thus be one week behind the itinerary I sent you. That doesn't mean that we shall arrive home a week later, necessarily. For I have determined to sail from the Mediterranean for home not later than August 15, and I expect to see home by the first of September.

I believe I began numbering my letters, but I can't remember what the last number was,—so I never got beyond No. 1. However you can always tell whether you have lost any, for I never allow much more than a week to elapse without getting off to you a rapid survey of the week. My last was a fat one, registered with a lot of snap shots in it, and I am sending you more this time, which I owe to the kindness of our good Ludlow, as I am now beginning to call Bull. He is such a fine fellow.

The days are so full that I find it very wearying. Let me give you an example—day before yesterday. We have been having a really delightful visit with the Metropolitan Museum boys: Winlock who came on the same ship with Luckenbill, and Lansing who came down from Luxor with us to meet Winlock. One of Winlock's first observations to me was that the Metropolitan was too involved with other purchases to think of the remarkable group of IVth Dynasty tomb statuettes,—the group of twenty-five about which I wrote you in letter before last I believe. Of course I waited then to see what Tano would do. For two days nothing happened. Then his assistant brought in a note saying that Tano would very much like to see me. I was snowed under, with lists and papers, and while I was trying to clear these off my desk, Ludlow telephoned from the American Consulate that my passport had expired, and I must come down and arrange for renewal. So I shoved the stuff aside and went over there. This errand was followed by another for a visa at the British Consulate, then another at the British military permit office, and finally one more at the French Consulate where we were visaed for Syria.

It was nearly lunch time when I returned, but I had a conversation in the lobby with Carter (Lord Carnarvon's field man), regarding the kinks and moods of our friend Tano with whom I was soon to have a tussle. I then rushed down to the Semiramis to have lunch with some members of the Milner Commission, including Amos, the Legal Adviser of the Government. It was most enjoyable and profitable and instructive, but consumed a great deal of time. Mr. Alfred Spender, editor of the *Westminster Gazette* was very anxious to get all he could not only about the political situation, but also regarding the administration of the antiquities, and I thought it my duty to give him all I could. I arranged to take him at 5:45 to see a magnificent side-lock of pure gold encrusted with precious stones, which had been hacked off a glorious statue half-life-size by natives who found it and many other wonderful treasures because they had been allowed by the present system to dig fertilizer in a temple enclosure. It was pouring as I left the lunch, and Mr. and Mrs. Spender took me back to the hotel in their car.

There I found Winlock of the Metropolitan with whom I had a full consultation regarding Tano and the advisability of the purchase for us, as well as about Carter's opinions and his knowledge of Tano. Winlock and I had an appointment at 5:00 to drink tea with Kelsey of the University of Michigan and to talk with him about manuscripts and the source of the remarkable

Greek manuscripts bought out here by Mr. Freer of Detroit. I had no sooner gotten Kelsey safely stowed away in a corner with Winlock than I saw M. Lefevre-Pontalis, the French Minister coming toward me. He greeted me very cordially and asked me if I had received his letter. I told him I had indeed, and that the answer which I had written that morning had gone off to him by special messenger. I then told him he would find in the letter a request for a letter of introduction to General Gouraud, the High Commissioner of France in Syria, and asked him if he could give it to me. He said he certainly could and would, and that I must not fail to meet a gentleman whom he then brought to me and introduced as the Count Robert de Caix, Chief Secretary of the High Commissioner in Syria, and the real ruler of that country for Gouraud is of course chiefly a military man. A pleasant conversation ensued, and it was agreed that I should call for my letter and also to talk further with the Count de Caix the next day.

In the midst of all this however the Spenders were due to go to Nahman's and see the golden statue fragment, and sure enough as I was beginning to talk with the two French gentlemen Mr. Spender and his wife arrived. I had arranged with Winlock to give Mr. Spender some evidence which he possessed regarding the situation,—evidence regarding the corruption of the greatest of the present noisy Egyptian patriots, the notorious Saad Pasha Zaghloul. So I shunted the Spenders off onto Winlock for a while, so that I might go over and have a spell with Tano. I had arranged with Tano to inspect a black granite bust, in which I was only mildly interested, so I walked in and talked with him about the bust; but after he had waited in vain for me to mention the 25 tomb statuettes, he told me himself that they were now free for me to consider if I wished to do so. I had been consulting with the best judges of such material for several days. Carter, who is one of the best practical judges of sculpture, and himself a fine painter, said Tano could get 5000 pounds for the group if he sold them separately, piece by piece. Lansing put individual prices on the pieces which footed up to 4500 pounds. MY own judgement was that the group as such being without parallel as an unbroken tomb equipment of servants, musicians, artisans, etc., besides the series of portrait statues of the dead man and his wife, was worth his price of 4000 pounds. So while Spender was talking to Winlock I offered Tano 3500 pounds. He expressed great disappointment and refused my offer. I told him that I had a friend waiting, and that I would come again in the morning to go to his magazine and see the black granite head. He followed me into the street and talked with me there, and I thought I had him coming; but I bade him good-night and went back to the hotel.

Finding Mr. and Mrs. Spender I drove with them, though it was then after seven, to Nahman's house where we found him very flattered to see one of the Commission and quite ready to show the wonderful golden lock, the so-called side-lock of youth worn by Horus and the young princes of the Pharaonic house. Of course I got back to dinner very late. Coming from the dining room, Winlock introduced an American geologist named Higgins, and I had a valuable conversation with him about the origin of the Nile Valley. In the course of our talk he mentioned Joliet, Illinois, where his father had been a lawyer. I had never seen him before, but I said to him, "Yes, your father's name was Dan Higgins, and before he went to Joliet he taught school in Downers Grove, where my sister went to school under him, and all the little shavers in the lower rooms were as afraid as death of him". Well Mr. Higgins was somewhat surprised, but said I had it right! The Countess di Villamarina drifted over and asked the date of a decorated pottery fragment she had just bought,—interrupting a conversation I was having with Carter. In the meantime I got some very important facts regarding the geology of oases from Beadnell, one of the government geologists, who has written several books on the oases. It was by this time quite late

and I was scuttling for bed, when the Earl of Carnarvon buttonholed me and wanted to talk about the possibility of our finding an oriental magician such as Lane saw many years ago! He poured out a long tale of recent wonders in London which he had experienced in the sole company of a remarkable medium. I was ready to drop! Such was one day in Cairo.

**Thursday, Feb. 12, 1920.**

I haven't a minute, but I must tell you that I closed with Tano yesterday, and the University has acquired an absolutely unique group of IVth Dynasty sculpture, the like of which does not exist in any museum in the world. And now all depends on President Judson's support which he has so loyally given to this expedition; for I bought them when my money was all gone, and I must sit down now and write him a full statement of the situation. Good-bye, dearie. Kiss all the children big and little for their daddie.

Lovingly,  
James.

Port Said, Egypt,  
Tuesday Night, **February 17, 1920.**

My dear Frances:—

In two minutes more I could have written Wednesday morning, for it is close to midnight. We arrived here after a tedious five hour run this evening at eleven; but owing to the customary stupidity of hotel porters in the Orient, we are still sitting about waiting for our hand luggage, and are unable to go to bed. The imbeciles insisted on loading in the heavy baggage with the hand luggage, and as we came in a Ford, we are still yearning for the sight of hand bag, a piece of soap, a tooth brush or a suit of pyjamas. The last week in Cairo has been one long siege of late hours and hard work every minute, and I think if one of these porters turns up

S.S. "Benares", Port Said, Egypt,  
**February 18, 1920.**

Just what I was going to do to that porter I am not sure. The baggage turned up on a hand car, so that we got to bed about one A.M. There was a masquerade ball going on in the wretched hotel with three half drunken revellers running in and out of the next room; while the dock just below was filled with loading ships. Fine place for sleep!

I have had an important and long letter to write to President Judson and this has taken all my time. I write in a tucked up little dining saloon, as we are three in our cabin and there is no room there. I am sorry not to have been able to send you a good home letter every day or two; but the position has been simply desperate. If it could have been anticipated that I was to buy on such an astonishing scale, I would have taken out a secretary with me. It has been a killing pace, with never a minute to write a respectable letter and the unanswered correspondence growing

into a huge pile. The steward wants this table and I must stop. Have just cabled you. Will write to mail also from the other end of the canal.

Worlds of love to all my dear ones,  
More soon,  
Your loving husband.

To Charles Breasted  
Suez Canal,  
**February 18, 1920.**

A little lift at graduation time for the dear boy. I am very very sorry that I cannot be there,—it means so much to me to have my boy finish at college.

S.S. “Benares”, Suez Canal,  
Wednesday, **February 18, 1920.**

My dear Frances:—

I wrote you a line this morning, begun last night and I have been endeavoring all day since we came on board to shake loose from enforced correspondence and send a more satisfactory message home before the long voyage on the Indian Ocean. I have gotten off a long letter to President Judson, another to Mrs. Anderson, another to Theodore W. Robinson, and several others which have been waiting. I might tell you the why of these first three. Of course I must report to the President the situation with regard to the new credit of \$25,000 which he sent me. After it had been spent the remarkable Tano group became available for us, and this, with other things and the new export tax of 2-1/2% on antiquities (amounting to 350 pounds or more for us) has put me in debt probably nearly \$25,000 over the new credit. What the president will say I do not know. I have done the best I could to take advantage of an opportunity which [may] not recur again, and I shall always think it was my duty to do so for the sake of the University.

As to Mrs. Anderson, she cabled me that she wanted the fine papyrus for New York and she would send me more money for Chicago, which indeed arrived the very afternoon I left Cairo. I have of course demurred and have written a diplomatic letter which I hope may save the document for Chicago. I really do not see that she has the right to divert it in this way. This added anxiety and disappointment regarding this fine acquisition did not help to make the last month in Egypt pleasanter.

Mr. Robinson is Vice President of the Illinois Steel Company. I secured some money from him for a small purchase of Babylonian antiquities several years ago. Luckenbill in cooperation with me, tackled him again before he left and received \$500. Another attack at this juncture will probably bring some more.

The arrangements for packing our purchases scattered in four different places in Luxor, and in six different places in Cairo, with different kinds of packing required by varying conditions and sorts of objects; full invoices necessarily submitted to the Cairo Museum for clearance of purchases; lists for the packers, lists for the consular invoices, lists for the shipper, accession



lists for Haskell, constant inspection of the budget, bills paid, partially paid, or still wholly payable and involving many thousands of dollars,—calls on the men who could help us in Asia, correspondence with the French Minister, etc., etc., etc.,—all this, known only to me and necessarily done by me, has made the last weeks in Cairo and Luxor pretty much a night mare. I still have a huge mass of Haskell accession lists to clear away on this voyage, and I fear we shall reach Bombay before I have finished. I shall take an hour or two for rest each day any way, and that is more than I could from 6:30 A.M. to 11:00 P.M. in Cairo.

The visit in Luxor had some very pleasant features. The Colliers, Miss Huxley and Sir Valentine Chirol were very pleasant people to meet. Old Yussuf Hassan, who is an old aristocrat had asked me to come to [his] house for dinner and to bring a group of friends. I asked the friends just mentioned. Old Sir Valentine said he had been doing a lot of that kind of thing and begged off; but the others came and we had a picturesque time, eating endless courses, and listening to old Yussuf telling of the great folk with whom he had consorted, especially the Duke of Connaught, of whose friendship he was very proud. He was a conceited old chap,—Yussuf I mean, and proudly took us to look about through his gardens and houses, for he is well-to-do.

I secured a beautiful painted coffin of cartonnage in Luxor, among many other things. It would be delightful just to sit here and tell them off, but I must get some rest, and see a bit of the canal which I have never traversed before. It would have amused you to see your husband going about in Luxor. News that I was buying had preceded me, and I was waited on by rows of finely dressed natives, all of whom were aware that I had been made *pacha*, and addressed me always by that title. As I went through the streets one dealer after another accosted the *pacha*, or “basha” as they always call it, and urged him to step in and buy up the unspeakable treasures which awaited his commands. Among those who made themselves known was that redoubtable Abdul who was our *suffragi* on the upper Nubian trip through the cataracts. He seemed very quiet and respectful and asked for work, and sent numerous greetings to you and Charles. He is married and has two children and since my return to Cairo has sent down a letter begging for work. I learn however that he went to all the dealers here where I bought things and exacted tribute on the plea that he had brought me to them! Yes he had indeed, for Luxor has changed much, and I several times took him with me to show me where a dealer I had known had moved. My naïve Mohammed whom I left in Cairo yesterday, asked me for additional *bakhsheesh* because he had not done as did Abdul and taken gifts from the dealers,—and thus I learned of Abdul’s exploit!

Things went very fast after I returned to Cairo. I lunched three times and dined once at the Semiramis with various members of the Milner Commission, of which I have written you,—the last time (the dinner) with Lord Milner. They are a very fine group of Britons, but they are confronted with an insoluble problem and an impossible task. I think they know it, too. Lord Milner was very kind, but seemed more interested in talking my shop than his, at which of course he is grinding all day long and every day. One of the tasks I have left unfulfilled was to write a letter for the use of the Commission on the state of the Antiquities Department and what ought to be done. Is it not a shame, when I get a chance like that to see my ideas put where they will do some good, I am physically unable to write the letter! If I had had a secretary, I could have done it on a large scale. I have drafted a letter, and if I am not dead fagged, I will try to write it tonight. If not I will write the gentlemen that I will do it on the Indian Ocean and send it to them in London. That will make one more thing to be done before I reach Bombay, but I want very much to do it, for the condition of the Antiquities Administration is lamentable and the loss

to science and the world is incalculable. You know Lacau is now in Maspero's old post as head of the Department, and it is the case of a good scholar put into an administrative post which he is unable to fill.

Lord and Lady Allenby arrived from their equatorial journey 24 hours before I left Cairo. Greg, head of the Foreign Office, called to say good-bye, and told me they would like to see me before I left. So I went over to the Residency day before yesterday at 5:30. The aide-de-camp took me in to see Lady Allenby who was not receiving but had three friends with her, including Lady Congreve, wife of the military commander in Egypt under Allenby. The High Commissioner came in presently and gave a very interesting account of their journey of 5900 miles in 40 days. Lady Congreve tried to get him to redeem an old promise to go with Lady Allenby, herself and me to see Petra, but Allenby was very cautious and in spite of all feminine wiles would not be committed. Old Sir Alexander Baird, who has been in Egypt for 60 years, came in as we rose to go, Allenby excusing himself for engagements.

I said, "I suppose I may see your aide-de-camp about the letter to Feisal". In his quick abrupt military way he turned and asked, "What letter"? I explained that I understood he was going to give me a letter to Prince Feisal. He said, "I have not heard anything about it, but come with me and we will fix it up at once". So I went with him to his sumptuous office. He clawed around among the desk drawers, after showing me a seat, dropping half-whispered expletives as he failed to find his writing paper. Then he drew out some type-written sheets clipped together, and after scarcely perceptible hesitation, he tossed them over to me, saying, "That is confidential, and I must ask you to say nothing about it, but it is important and you ought to know it". My eye fell on a big rubber stamp marked "SECRET", then on the heading: "Armée française en Syrie", and I found myself presently deep in a report from French headquarters, which I expect Maude R. (who is sitting over in the opposite corner of this little saloon!) would have been very glad to have for the *Saturday Evening Post*. I suppose I ought not to write this, but the censorship is off, and it can do no harm, but you should say nothing about it to any one but President Judson, to whom I have written the same story. It is evident that the whole middle section of the Fertile Crescent from Baghdad to Aleppo and Damascus is on fire, and a concerted effort is being made by the Turks and the Arabs to throw the French into the sea. We shall not get far from Baghdad, I fear. Be quite free from all anxiety. We shall run no risks, and shall turn back and come quietly home by the route we came over, whenever it seems hazardous to go any further.

Allenby meantime had been writing me a kind note to Prince Feisal, the only man in Asia who could protect us among the Arabs, if we were foolish enough to go among them. I read the French report as he wrote, and when he had finished his letter, he said to me, "Your know, I told old Clemenceau this was coming, and when he asked why, I said, because you are so unpopular, and when he asked why again, I said because you're your religion exclusively for export, and when you take a territory you at once turn it over to your Catholics. That's the first reason, and the second is that a Moslem woman is never safe whenever your army is around. Well, Clemenceau and I are old friends, you know, but he didn't like that very much"!

"Well," said I, "you have just missed seeing him out here, to tell him 'I told you so'".

"No," he said, "I just caught him in Luxor as he came up and we went down, and we lunched together. But I did not tell him that, nevertheless, for he is now an old man and out of politics". So my letter was at last ready, and Allenby gave me a very kindly good-bye and Bon voyage.

There I have given you a few of my last experiences in Cairo, and you have heard the main things, though there are scores of times every day that I have said, “How I would love to write that home,” but have found it impossible. The final bit which I have not given you is about M.R.W., who sits a little way across this little saloon. When the last transport for India came by, just a week ago, Lord Allenby was still absent at the Equator, and in some way we missed out on our passage. We at once looked up the situation and found that the new American and Indian Line from New York to India had a sailing in just one week. Anybody can book on this boat and M.R.W. who is sailing under the YMCA banner had no difficulty in securing a passage,—for she has letters from the best of people, and the YMCA in Asia helped her. We carry with us a letter from Lord Allenby ensuring us passage from Bombay to Baghdad. What M.R.W. will do there I do not know. She is on her way to Persia. The Countess introduced her to the Persian minister at Cairo and she thus secured connection which will I presume enable her to get into Persia. Of course, as soon as our caravan journey begins, we control the passenger list, and there won’t be any ladies in it I can assure you. By the way she has letters to some of the leading Persians from President Judson, and the best policy for us is to treat the matter quite as a matter of course. You are keen enough, I am sure, to need no suggestion from me that it would look queer for you to say very much in criticism to others. You should be very careful.

You cannot imagine the desolation on each side of this dreary canal through the desert lying between Asia and Africa; but it thrills me when I think how the greatest forces of civilization have ebbed and flowed across this inter-continental bridge, creating at last a great fountain head of civilization,—Egypto-Babylonian civilization—from which the forces of culture have diverged to carry civilization to Europe and eventually to the whole world. What finer mission for a body of university men from the New World, than to recover some of the imposing wreckage from these ancestral shores and to carry it far across the seas, to the remotest homes of men, where the civilization born in this inter-continental region has found its latest and its newest home! To me it is like bringing back the Grail.

Just as I was leaving Cairo, you cannot easily imagine how welcome were letters Nos. 11, 12, 13. I was greatly concerned to hear of Jamie’s accident, and much relieved to hear of his shoveling snow. Too bad you had so much trouble with Josie’s foot too! It never rains but it pours. But I know you are taking care of it all with the faithfulness which you always show, and which is an hourly and daily comfort to me to think about. I am greatly distressed to hear of the death of Mrs. Tufts. Of course I will write to him. That is another duty of this voyage. Good-bye, my dear ones. When you receive this there will be added thousands of miles between us, and the one thought that rules every moment is the longing for the hour when I can turn back to you, and the joy of imagining the day when I shall be with you again. But now I must go for a little fresh air and exercise, for after dinner I must try and write some kind of a letter to the Milner Commission. Before you receive this, you will have received a cable from Bombay announcing our arrival there (10 days from now) and perhaps also one from Bosra. I hope you have your map and can follow us,—I mean the one I ordered for you. Good-bye again, my loved ones!

Lovingly, Pater.

Many thanks for Earl Lecture and Scientific Monthlies! The unregistered Eversharp and Kadesh copies never reached me. I am very grateful you had them duplicated. Please send me another pair of President suspenders, light weight. If sent before or by the middle of March, I think they

would reach me in Baghdad, care American Consul, but perhaps my cables may indicate a better address by the time you have this.

S. S. "Benares", Northern Red Sea,  
Thursday Evening, **February 19, 1920.**

My dear Frances:—

I wrote you a hasty line begun at the hotel in Port Said and continued briefly on the ship; and another, a somewhat long letter written in the Canal and posted at Suez. I hope you have duly received them along with two cards for the children.

We passed out of the Canal during the night (last night). It is over a hundred miles long and it usually takes at least 12 or 13 hours for the passage; but if there is much delay passing other ships, it may take as much as three days. I have never been through the Canal before, as you know, and I naturally found it interesting to pass or rather cross the line of march of the Pharaoh's armies in Egypt's great campaigns in Asia,—the road along which so many armies of Egypt and Asia have passed back and forth for thousands of years. All day we have been sailing down the Gulf of Suez, which is over 170 miles long. Philips' map which I ordered for you will not enable you to follow our voyage down the Red Sea, but gives you only our area of exploration in Western Asia. If you will take the map in my *History of Egypt* you will see the copper mines marked in Sinai and will understand what an epoch-making region this has been, especially if you have been reading my Hale Lectures. As we passed down the Gulf we had on one side the fine jagged ridges of the desert east of Egypt, and on the other the great rock masses which rise skyward above the desert of Sinai. Along the Egyptian side the highlands are broken now and then by *wadis* and depressions through which the earliest Egyptians reached the Gulf of Suez. The greatest of these is the Wadi Araba. Along the low shores afforded by these *wadis* the Egyptians built the first ships that sailed the Red Sea. To look out on these rolling waters today, stretching blue and boisterous between the desert mountains on each side, and to realize that the earliest men to navigate salt water were able to organize caravans bearing water and provisions and build craft that would carry these supplies and the people who used them across the broad Gulf to the burning waterless *wadis* of Sinai, is an impressive experience. At noon today we had Mount Serbal and Gebel Musa rising grandly behind the rock bound coast of Sinai. It was good for the soul to hear the first officer devoutly explaining to a passenger, that yonder was Mt. Sinai where "the sermon on the mount was delivered"!

A little north of Serbal is the Wadi Maghara (see history map) where the earliest known copper mines still survive, and all about them the inscriptions of the earliest kings who ever carried on such an enterprise. And here we were sailing down the waters which had been crossed by these kings with their earliest ships to gain access to these mines. It was from these operations that Europe first received knowledge of metal and learned to use it. To the people on this ship, many of them missionaries, the traditional training of church-going folk in America made Sinai sacred and impressive as the place where a great moral code had been delivered; but as a matter of historical fact no one knows where the Sinai of Moses should be found, and the copper mines of Wadi Maghara have affected human history far more profoundly than even the traditional events connected with an unidentifiable Mt. Sinai. For there never would have been any civilized



Europe to receive and profit by the Mosaic Law, if the Egyptian Pharaohs had not discovered and mined copper in the peninsula of Sinai.

As I write the ship which has been moving along on an even keel, begins to roll for we are leaving the Gulf of Suez and entering the broader Red Sea. I thought this was a new American Line, the result of the war, but find it is made up of two English ships merely shifted to a new schedule, and plying between New York, and Calcutta, via Bombay. It is a small ship, with primitive arrangements and limited comforts. I am in a three-berth room with Luckenbill and Bull. The room is fairly large, outside and has two port holes, so that we are able to secure fresh air. The food is fairly good. There is plenty of rice. It appears in some form at every meal, and I am living on it. The servants are all East Indian boys in quaint costumes. Our boy brings us tea, toast and fruit every morning, to be disposed of in bed. Then we go tandem to the bath, and shave in similar succession, Ludlow bringing up the rear. We are not permitted to breakfast until 9:00 o'clock, in order to give the officers a chance to breakfast first, for the dining saloon is not large enough to accommodate officers and passengers at the same time.

As the ship comes straight from New York we find many Americans on board, chiefly missionaries going out to India. Among the passengers is a government physician, Dr. Chalmers (who knew a number of my friends and had read my books, being a discriminating person), traveling with his wife and a young girl they are chaperoning, on their way from the Sudan homeward for a holiday in England, which they expect to reach by way of Japan and the U. S. These people, together with our group and Mrs. Warren, form the nucleus at our table. I was so weary when I came on board that I looked forward with apprehension to being obliged to talk willy nilly to a table-full of people; but I had a fine long nap this afternoon, and I feel so rested that I rather enjoyed the conversation; for I can transform myself into a listener on occasions by energetic application of will power.

It is 1310 miles from Suez to Aden and 1650 miles from Aden to Bombay, making a total voyage of over 3000 miles, including the canal. From Bombay we have again a voyage of nearly 1600 miles to Bosra, or Basra as you will find your map spelling it. It will take us 10 days from Suez to Bombay and six days from Bombay to Basra, perhaps five if we get a good boat. The captain informs me that we shall not have the slightest difficulty in securing transportation from Bombay to Basra, and if there should be any difficulty I have in my pocket a letter from Allenby to the Military Transport in Bombay which will certainly carry us on. The captain also informs me that when we return we shall not have any trouble in securing berths back to the Mediterranean. This is a great relief to my mind, for the situation of transport in India has been so bad that I feared we might be held up for weeks on our return.

It is now quite evident that we shall be returning by way of the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean, instead of by Syria, as I wrote you was revealed to me by the confidential French Army report which Lord Allenby showed me. This of course quite upsets the itinerary which I long ago sent you, providing for a march from Mosul to Aleppo, and thence up the Orontes to Beyrut.

Southern Red Sea,  
Saturday Evening, **February 21, 1920.**

We entered the tropics last night and this morning we were in latitude 20 N, having passed Mecca and Medina before sunrise. The temperature of the sea is over 70 and before breakfast that of the air was 78. I shed my winter underclothing; for I must confess that the last

week in Cairo I put on one of the heavy union suits of Charles' which you put into my trunk. The trouble with a winter in Cairo is that you sit indoors with a temperature of 48 or 50,—that is a much lower temperature than we ever have indoors at home. Life was misery during the last fortnight at Cairo, and when Luckenbill succumbed and put on his winter underclothing I surrendered also. But such clothing is unnecessary in these waters. Tomorrow I shall put on a white suit. I have only one with me. I could not bring my silk suits, as we are stripped for caravan transportation and there was not room; but I have the alpaca or mohair suit which you made me get just before I left, and I expect it to be very useful.

We have settled down into the routine of life on ship-board in the tropics. At seven-thirty the Indian steward brings in tea, toast and fruit, which we three, Luckenbill and Ludlow and I sit lazily up in bed and devour. We then go tandem to the bathroom, and shave likewise tandem. There,—having written the other side of this sheet two days ago, I have repeated some valuable information I see,—for I failed to read over what I had written before beginning again tonight. After breakfast I try to find a quiet corner with a table where I can go on with my list and invoice making, in order [to] have my papers and accounts in shape to date. But a quiet corner hardly exists on this ship. The dining room is constantly needed for preparations for the next meal, the music room or saloon is not as big as my bedroom, and the smoking room is an impossible place, little larger and filled with intellectual persons playing bridge, drinking whiskey and soda, and talking refined English. In the afternoon immediately after lunch I can indulge in a good long nap, a luxury I have not known for many moons, and then walk a little till tea at four. After Tea the expedition plays deck tennis, a game introduced by Ludlow. It involves mild exercise and is quite good fun also. I am supposed also to be in a shuffle board tournament, in which I have played one game. Then I read a grammar of modern Syrian Arabic, in which I recognize many old friends, and at seven we have dinner. We usually go out and inspect the stars after dinner for a while, and it is quite interesting to see the heavens change as we go south, just as we once did in the Sudan. Last night I discovered the Southern Cross for the first time, and tonight as we went out for our usual star-gazing, the outmost star in the handle of the Dipper was lost below the horizon, for you know the Dipper stands on the handle in these latitudes now.

But to resume our itinerary where I left it when I stopped writing Thursday evening,—I think it now looks about like this. We shall reach Bombay, Sunday, a week from tomorrow, that is February 29.

Leave Bombay, March 3, or thereabouts.

Reach Bosra, March 8.

Leave Bosra for Nasiriyah, about March 12.

Begin caravan journey for Baghdad by way of the chief ancient ruins of Babylonia, including Babylon, about March 15.

Reach Baghdad, about April 15.

Trips about Baghdad, including caravan up the Tigris as far as it is safe; also eastward to the Persian frontier (President Judson's line of march); and sojourn in Baghdad itself, April 15 to May 7.

Return to Bosra about May 8, and sail for Port Said, which we ought to reach by June 1 or at least early in June.

Stay in Cairo to finish up business, June 1 to June 7.

Beyrut, June 10.

Journey from Beyrut to Aleppo by rail, June 12.

Jerablus (on the Euphrates), the ancient Carchemish, June 13–15.

Caravan from Aleppo back to Beirut, up the valley of the Orontes, June 16–30.

Caravan along Syrian coast, visiting leading Phoenician cities, July 1–15.

Jerusalem and vicinity, July 16–23.

Port Said, July 24.

Sail from Port Said by way of Crete for Brindisi, July 25.

Arrive Brindisi, July 30.

Arrive Naples, August 1.

Sail from Naples (if time permits and does not delay departure for America) for Palermo, August 2.

Return to Naples, August 4.

Sail from Naples for America, August 5 to 10, possibly as late as 15.

Arrival in America, not later than September 1.

Vacation with the Breasted family, September 2–30. Hurrah!

I have allowed a good deal of uncertainty in these dates after Bosra. And after we reach the Mediterranean again, it is quite uncertain that we shall be able to run north to Aleppo and explore the Orontes valley as we had hoped. I regard the whole Syrian portion of our journey as far the most important, and you can imagine our disgust at the fact that the whole trouble which is keeping us out, and making work there probably impossible for perhaps years to come is the French occupation. If we can explore the coast under the guns of British cruisers we shall be fortunate, and as for the inland, the Orontes valley, I fear all that is out of the question. The war has uplifted us all with its revelation of the myriad of heroes with whom we have been unsuspectingly living;— and now the peace leaves us or at least me aghast at the number of fools with which the world is filled. And having thus relieved myself I will explore my trunk for some thin pyjamas and go to bed.

Northern Indian Ocean, two days from Bombay,  
Friday Evening, **February 27, 1920.**

I have really been so tired writing up my purchase lists, that I have loafed a little in the evening and hence the long gap in this important chronicle. Yesterday I finished the lists at last with a long sigh of relief, and this morning I wrote a statement or series of suggestions for the improvement of the Service des Antiquités of the Egyptian government for the Milner Commission. I have another day for getting off quite a series of belated letters before we reach Bombay day after tomorrow (Sunday). The six day voyage from Bombay to Bosra will, I hope, give me a little time to look through the collection of travelers' reports which Luckenbill has brought out. Of course I should have been at work on this material long ago, but the lists have kept me tied down every minute. It is however, very gratifying to read over these lists now and realize that all the fine things they contain will make Haskell for the first time really an oriental museum worthy of the name.

Today we passed a sister ship of this line outward bound for New York and we wished we could toss a letter to her deck and send news directly home. Thus far the Indian Ocean has been smoother than the Red Sea, and we have had ideal weather, though it is very hot. It makes

one wonder what it will be like coming back for without our electric fans life in the staterooms would be impossible. Ours got a kink in it today and wouldn't go, and we nearly stifled until it was put in order again.

The Red Sea was to me intensely interesting. Some of the people on board who had been reading my books sent a committee to me asking for a lecture, and the result was I put on my dinner coat and gave them a talk on "the Red Sea in History". Notices were also put up in the second cabin, and the people from there, including also some Jesuit friars, came over likewise and we had a dining room full. The captain let me select the necessary maps from his charts, and this was a great help. I used to look at the Bab el-Mandeb, at the south end of the Red Sea when I was a little fellow in tiny red brick school house at Downers Grove, and wonder and wonder how such far off lands and places looked and how it would seem to be there. Even to an old timer such as I have come to be, it is very far from a matter of course to pass through this famous strait. Here were the desolate rocky islands, so long infested by Arab pirates, and the scene of many an adventure of our old friend Sindebad. One of them, the island of Perim, is held by a British garrison, and is used as a large and important coaling station, although it is entirely without water, which has to be obtained by distilling sea water. The African side is the land of Punt, which the first Egyptian ships began to visit some 5000 years ago, and here lived the fair fat queen, who was visited by the fleet of Queen Hatshepsut which you have seen so beautifully sculptured and painted on the walls of the Dêr el-Bahri temple at Thebes. We have on board a Dr. Chalmers, head of the government medical laboratories at Khartûm, who says he has often crossed from the Nile to Port Sudan on the Red Sea coast, and has employed a little government steamer for biological investigations of that coast. He thinks it would be quite possible to charter this boat for a reasonable sum and make an archaeological survey of the coast. As you know it is filled with inscriptions still uncollected which would reveal to us the history of the development by which the Far East was gradually drawn into connection with the Red Sea,—a process by which the models of Egyptian ships, and the whole physical equipment of Egyptian navigation passed into East Indian waters and even into the Pacific, where many of its highly individual characteristics may still be found in the Far Eastern shipping of the present day.

Leaving out the American commercial men, who spend most of their time in the smoking room playing cards for beer (one of the coarsest and most vulgar lot I ever came across), there are some interesting people on board. Colonel Saunders is a British officer who went through the Dardanelles and Palestine campaigns, and was in command of the whole north quarter of Cairo during the March insurrection of last year. He is going out to central Africa to raise tobacco, leaving the Mrs. at home, as it is evident he and she don't get on. He is a very attractive fellow. A big and ponderous, florid-faced Briton is Major Barlow. He also sits at our table and though very taciturn and modest, we have at last induced him to talk. He was chief liaison officer between the famous Lawrence in Palestine and Allenby's headquarters. Perhaps you have not noticed anything about the extraordinary Lawrence. He was a student of Hogarth, the classical archaeologist, director of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, whom I met there, and whose letter of introduction to Allenby I copied and sent to you. Lawrence went to the East with Hogarth and became familiar with the Arabs and their life. He gained an unusual acquaintance with Arabic dialects, and learned to know the most prominent Arab leaders. They all liked him and he had a strange and unprecedented influence over them. When the war broke out and it was seen that the Arabs only needed proper leadership to rouse them against the Turks, the English sent Lawrence out to undertake the task. What follows reads like a romance. This young Englishman roused all



Arabia, and marched with the Arab leaders at the head of thousands of desert tribesmen on Allenby's eastern flanks as he advanced northward against the Turks. Lawrence left the bulk of his Arabs behind, after reaching the head of the Red Sea at Akaba, and advancing northward on the east of Jordan with only a thousand of his best men, he flanked the Fourth Turkish Army on the east of Jordan and cut all the four railway lines which connected the Turks with their northern base at Damascus. In terrible danger of being overwhelmed by a sudden onslaught of the Fourth Army, some 20,000 strong, Lawrence maneuvered so cleverly that he kept out of the way of harm, while constantly harassing the discomfited Turks until he had their whole Fourth Army on the run. He killed about 5000 of them, took about 8000 prisoners and scattered the rest completely. His triumphant entry into Damascus reads like a story from the crusades.

I have just been reading his own MS report to Allenby, which Major Barlow had in his bag. The French are so insanely jealous of Lawrence's power and influence among the Arabs, that the British have not published Lawrence's report for fear of offending the French. It is a pity, for it is an extraordinary document. I am going to ask Barlow to let me make some notes from it. If you can secure at the University Library the last October number of the journal called *ASIA*, you will find in it an article by Lowell Thomas on Lawrence which will give you a readable account of his work among the Arabs. Lowell Thomas was giving a picture show in London when I was there, containing much of this article. He is a cub reporter from Chicago,—ignorant, unlettered and vain,—an altogether absurd little rooster. Mrs. Greg asked me in Cairo if I had heard him, and said that as an American she felt utterly humiliated at the performance in London. If you get the above number of *ASIA* you will find Mr. Thomas hobnobbing very familiarly with Lord Allenby, the Duke of Connaught, Lawrence and others. Major Barlow was looking over the article in *ASIA* last night and snorted with disgust. "Why," said he, "I took the little cad from Cairo to Akaba myself, when I happened to be going up, for we would not let him go alone. He never got over eighty miles from Akaba, and we let him stay only ten days all told, from the day he arrived until he left; and here he is with Feisal watching the battle of Maan. He never got anywhere near Maan!" So much for enterprising young America in the Near East!

Lawrence has written a book of several hundred thousand words recounting his work in the Near East. He was carrying the MS in a bag on a train in England, and on leaving the train, he took the bag along, not discovering until after he had left the station that the bag he held in his hand was a duplicate bag, exactly like his own, with his initials and other marks on it, and the same marks of age. Someone has gone to great trouble to make an exact duplicate of his bag in every particular. The question arises who it was who would have had reason to suppress his book, and Major Barlow, who told me the story, answers the question without hesitation. The bitter feeling that I have found here between the English and the French has surprised me greatly. There is open talk of a future alliance between England and Germany whenever English public opinion will permit. They call France the bully of Europe, and they are sick and tired of kow-towing to the French. France on the defensive was magnificent, but France victorious is sadly disappointing.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards of Hamadan, Persia are interesting people. He is a manufacturer of rugs at Hamadan. Mrs. Edwards is a member of the American Oriental Society, and I remembered her having read a paper at one of the meetings, after which we happened to sit opposite each other at the lunch. As Mrs. Warren is going to Persia she has found Mrs. Edwards very helpful, and they are much together. Mrs. Warren is working all day long at her type-writer, preparing a long report on YMCA work for the headquarters. Evidently she does a great deal of

work for them. I learn from the table talk that she has made her great interest in life the two little boys of our former colleague in political economy, Davenport, now in Cornell, whose wife is her intimate friend. She is devoted to these two little chaps, and is saving all the money she makes writing, for them. This gives her an interest and a purpose in life. She knows an immense deal about the faculty history at the University of Chicago, and it has been rather interesting to hear whole chapters of the earlier biographies of my colleagues, about which I knew nothing. She plays deck tennis, a new game introduced by Ludlow, with the other members of the expedition on the forward deck for an hour after tea every day, while I am playing shuffle board with the young people at the stern. There has been a tournament in shuffle board, and my partner and I have won ten games out of eleven played, which has given us the lead on games.

S. S. "City of Benares",  
Sunday Morning, **February 29, 1920.**

We are approaching Bombay and shall enter the harbor about two o'clock, leaving the ship about four this afternoon. The voyage has been a delightful one as far as weather is concerned. It is evident that the heat in the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea must be very trying in summer for it is now oppressively hot. We have just finished the last of a big box of sweets sent by the countess. It was mostly candied fruits and really proved very satisfying to one's sweet tooth.

Major Pratt-Barlow loaned me his MS of Lawrence's report yesterday and I made an abstract of it for our papers. Luckenbill wanted it also, so he has copied the abstract and made also a carbon which I am enclosing you herewith. If you will take the Philips map you can begin at Akaba (NE corner of the Red Sea), and follow Lawrence from Akaba through Azrak (Kasr el-Azrak), and the railway junctions at Deraa to Damascus. Remember that Lawrence was operating exclusively on the east of the Jordan valley, while Allenby's army was pushing north on the west of Jordan. Lawrence cut the only railway line of retreat open to the Turkish forces facing Allenby on the west of Jordan, and this enabled Allenby to capture, cut up and destroy practically the whole Turkish army in Palestine. He took some 90,000 prisoners, and killed a great multitude. Pratt-Barlow tells me that fifty planes on the great day of the Turkish retreat were doing nothing all day but swooping low over the road massed with the helpless Turkish columns and dropping bombs on them where a miss was impossible. As soon as a plane had dropped all its bombs, it returned to the base in a few minutes and secured a new quota, which it quickly dropped on the fleeing Turks. The commodore of the Air Force sent to Allenby saying that the butchery was intolerable and asking permission to call off the planes. Allenby sent back the stern reply, "When there has been enough of killing, I will let you know. Meantime, obey orders". When Major Pratt-Barlow next day went up the road toward Damascus, along which the Turks had retreated, the appearance of the highway, especially in the vicinity of Es-Salt, was indescribable. On every side were heads, legs, arms, stomachs, everything that belongs to a man. Only 400 Turks of all their army anywhere in Palestine are supposed to have escaped. The rest were dead, wounded or prisoners. Some of the small places mentioned by Lawrence in his report, you will not find on the map, but most of them,—quite enough to understand his account,—you will be able to find without trouble, especially Akaba, Azrak, Amman, Deraa and Damascus.

Now I must turn to a long letter to George Allen on Institute affairs. From the impressions that Luckenbill brings out, it is to be a large affair before we have done with it. It is evident that the conclusion of the war was the moment to jump in, and reluctant as I was to leave home, I could not evade the duty of making one more effort to put at least one American department of Oriental Languages in a position for scientific production like that of a department of Chemistry or Astronomy. I can see it is coming. The president told Luckenbill, "Tell Mr. Breasted he need have no anxiety about there being plenty of money for his work in the future". It is obvious that we have just as good a claim on funds, equipment, building and increased staff as any department of modern natural science; but to make the trustees and the donors see this has always been impossible heretofore. I think *Ancient Times* had a lot to do with it.

Bombay, India,  
Monday Morning, **March 1, 1920.**

Slept(?) in a barrack room of 50 beds. Hotels all full. — Furious hurry. The devil take India! Love to my dear ones. Affectionately, James.

S. S. "Torilla", Indian Ocean,  
**March 3, 1920.**

My dear ones:—

Since yesterday evening we have been on the Indian Ocean again. Just after lunch on Sunday, February 29, we steamed into the harbor of Bombay. We had to wait in sight of the docks however, for the tide to give us enough water to enter the slip and dock. It was four p. m. before we were disembarked, and we sizzled in a blistering sun long after we reached the dock, waiting for permission to go ashore. I had done an over-conscientious thing and declared the tuppenny revolver I had bought in London, and I was delayed for a time depositing the thing with a customs officer, where it could be taken up again whenever we sailed. As soon as I could I left the others at the dock to clear the baggage and drove off post haste to the Taj Mahal hotel, the only good hostelry in the city, to make sure we had rooms. We had cabled (instructed by Major-General Hambro in Baghdad) from Port Said asking for rooms and we had confirmed the reservation by wireless from the Indian Ocean two days before landing. I found the Taj crowded to the doors. The manager, a native, showed me reams of similar telegrams, all sent in vain. I met Dr. Chalmers and his wife in a great stew of anger; for he had written and cabled weeks before and had sent twenty pounds as a deposit, and it had all done him no good. The manager told me to go to the Majestic, the Apollo and Watson's, the only other hotels in town. I went to one after the other, and there was not an inch of space at any of them, nor any prospect of getting in later. It was by this time about 5:30 P.M., and the boys were waiting for me at the dock. The native driver said he knew a big hotel and I said go there, double quick. He drove me to a fine looking public building marked: "Passengers' Hostel". I found a native in charge who said, "Yes, we can put you up. Go up with this boy and pick out your beds and bring me back the numbers". It was a laboratory building of the local Institute of Science I believe. I found a huge open laboratory

room, perhaps 150 feet long, containing 50 beds. It had been arranged as a hospital and so used during the war, and owing to the shortage of hotel room, had been turned over by the government to be run by Cook's as a shelter for travelers. I found five beds unoccupied, and immediately engaged them for our party.

It was probably 6:30 by the time I got back from the dock and our party, instead of resting in comfortable rooms at the Taj as we had expected, sat down each on his own bed and contemplated his pile of baggage, arranged like sand-bag entrenchments all around, along with a similar array stretching far down the big hall, where British officers and similar unfortunate travelers, stranded like ourselves, were camping out. Then I did an over modest thing. I had in my pocket a letter from Sir Valentine Chirol to the governor, Sir George Lloyd, and another to Lady Lloyd from Sir William Garstin, of which I think I sent you a copy from London. I should have telephoned out to the governor's private secretary. What I had planned to do was to drive out to Government house at tea time and present my letters to the governor and his lady; but that cursed revolver and the endeavor to find rooms for my people had delayed me until long after the tea hour. I was hot and dusty, weary and travel-stained; it would have been dinner time before I could make myself presentable, especially in such a general and promiscuous hostelry as our present quarters, where the wash-room was a pig-pen. There was nothing to do but go to dinner with the boys and be philosophical.

The night was hideous with men coming in until almost daylight, and most of them brutally indifferent to the fact that other men were trying to sleep! At two in the morning I got out and walked down the big hall to ask three men who were cheerily visiting with a big light turned on full blaze, if they would be willing to postpone their session until after breakfast that day. They consented, and when I went back to my bunk I found myself next to the only man in the hall who snored! It had taken him some time to work up to third speed, but he made up for lost time when he shifted into third! At day-break I went to the dirty shower bath to freshen up a bit, but it was witheringly hot and I was rather wilted. Some native boys brought in a big cargo of tea as I returned, and this was comforting.

We could not get any breakfast until nine, and the first task was to secure our berths for the voyage to Bosra. I induced the "Lady Superintendent" to hurry our breakfast, and it was only a little after nine when we got a carriage and hied us to Cook's, the ubiquitous and convenient Cook. On arrival there we found a shining brass sign giving the office hours at 10 to 5! There was nothing to be done but wait as patiently as we could. When we got in the young man in charge of our section said there would be a sailing the next day, but he could not tell me about vacant berths until the steamship line opened for business. I begged to know when this might be and he told me at eleven! I told him I could understand now why the first Mesopotamian campaign, based on India, had failed; he smiled feebly. I spent the rest of a scorching day between the offices of the Steamship company, and those of the British Army Embarkation Officer, to whom I had a communication from Viscount Allenby. The young gentlemen to whom I endeavored to hand this communication, an embarkation captain in the Transport division, replied to my good morning, with the remark: "I am talking to some one else, d'ye see!" As his chief had greeted me with the utmost courtesy, I continued to push letters under the young gentleman's nose, and when he discovered from whom they were, he promptly climbed down. By four that afternoon, having pushed, pushed, pushed without cessation except a short recess at lunch, I had secured five berths for our party on a very comfortable ship sailing the next afternoon. Meantime we had also drawn the necessary money at Cook's, secured 24 hours reservation of five berths



for the 15th of June for our return voyage from Bombay to Egypt, and arranged to send a deposit to Naples for our Atlantic reservation next June, besides visiting the American Consul, securing his visa, and a letter to the British authorities ensuring the visa from their office and the permission to embark for Mesopotamia. It had been a grilling day, and when it was over I was all in. It had been quite evident from the start that the captain of the “Benares”, who had told me I would have no trouble in securing berths from Bombay to Bosra, had been quite mistaken. What had happened evidently was, that the outbreak of trouble in Mesopotamia had suddenly absorbed the shipping again, and was forcing the British to re-enforce their garrisons on the Tigris and Euphrates.

Thursday Evening, **March 4th, 1920.**

We have been having delightful weather. A perfectly calm sea, and a breeze so cool that I have put on a woolen traveling suit.

To resume with some account of our brief stay in Bombay.—As I returned to our barracks at the laboratory, dead fagged and longing for a night’s sleep, I remembered that I had met Colonel Sanders an hour earlier, and that he had told me that he had just left a very poor room up under the roof of Watson’s hotel, to go and take up quarters in one of the English clubs. It was nearly six o’clock; but I took a carriage, and while the boys were down paying for the berths I had secured, I drove over to Watson’s, sent my card in to the manager, and as a result succeeded in nailing Sanborn’s [Sanders’(?)] room! It was indeed a dirty and squalid shack of a room, opening on a crazy wooden veranda, with a monkey tied to the railing at the door of the next room where some British officer was lodging. But in spite of the noise from the sculleries immediately below, it was much quieter than the laboratory barracks, so I went over to the latter, gathered up my stuff and shifted over to my palatial new quarters in the hope of securing at least a little sleep. Room and meals go together in the East, so I dined alone, with only a British officer at the table to which I was taken. He proved to be a very pleasant and intelligent official in the government, just out of the army. I had a very instructive conversation with him, and he told me his wife was an American.

The next morning, according to arrangements with the boys, I called for them with a car, and we drove out along the beautiful water-front of Bombay, several miles to Government House, where I wished particularly to hand in the letter from Sir Valentine Chirol, which he especially charged me to deliver. The private secretary said he was sure the governor would like to see me. I explained the shortness of my stay in Bombay, wrote a greeting for the governor, Sir George Lloyd, on my card, and told the secretary it was not at all necessary for His Excellency to spend a moment of his busy time on an itinerant orientalist. But he insisted on my waiting. The sea was washing the sands below, and the palms nodded in at the windows, as I sat in this paradise of a garden at Malabar Point and waited. Scarlet vestmented native attendants flecked the masses of tropical foliage with brilliant color, and presently one of them entered to tell me His Excellency was awaiting me. I followed this gorgeous display of color across the superb garden, was presently met by a young aide-de-camp and in a moment I was presented to the governor of sixty million Orientals.

Sir George Lloyd is probably under fifty and looks less. He was informal and engaging in his manner, leading me by the arm to a sofa where he sat down with me, expressed great inter-

est in my mission, and asked many questions about our work. As he did so, and the feeling of momentary strangeness passed away, we seemed all at once to be excellent friends on a very informal basis. He drew up his foot on the sofa, rubbed his shoe and nursed his ankle, as we do in a porch chair on a summer veranda, while we talked of the big things in the present world situation. He seemed anxious to justify British stewardship in India, and charged me with messages for my countrymen. Some of them were striking. "In managing the public revenues of 60 million of people, how many white men do you think I am able to put over the task?" he asked. "Just two," said he, as he held up two fingers, "and the native personnel is practically worthless. With a personnel absurdly under-staffed, we are endeavoring to carry on heavy responsibilities in a very exhausting climate. My private secretary, who brought you in, has been serving out here twelve years, and has had only three months leave in all that time. I have been on duty for six years myself, without leave. We are very weary of our heavy load", he continued, "and we believe if the United States understood the nature of our task and our motives for carrying it, they would come in and help. I wish you would tell your people this". This must suffice to suggest what was to me a very interesting conversation. I might add that when I referred to the complete collapse of Wilson's alleged statesmanship, he said: "You know Frederick the Great said that the most brutal conceivable punishment for a guilty people whom he wished to chastise, would be to put them under the rule of a philosopher!" He asked me when I was returning to Bombay on our way back, said he would be out at his summer place, where he carries on his administration during the hot months, in the Poona hills, and urged me to come out and be his guest there, as it was but four hours distant from Bombay.

We passed by the Towers of Silence on our way back to the city and the rest of the morning was spent in arranging our return passage from Bombay next June, and from Naples to New York next August. We had a bad scare at the ship, the port officer at the gangway meeting us with the unexpected news that the ship would sail at 4 P.M., whereas we had been told by the company we should sail at five. Our baggage was on the way down in a large native handcart, and if the ship sailed at four, there was every prospect that we would be obliged to go with the clothes on our backs and nothing else. I hunted up the captain at once and he assured me the ship would not sail till five. Not long after four, our baggage duly arrived. My only trouble then was the fact that I had been unable to secure the return of my revolver, which I had deposited at the Customs on landing. I happened at that juncture to notice a fine looking harbor officer, a native, handing a revolver to an Englishman, and explained to him my difficulty. He at once went with me, called a carriage, and drove with me to two different offices, where at length I found the revolver. I was somewhat anxious lest I should miss the ship, but my courteous guide smiled pleasantly, saying, "Have no anxiety. I have the ship's clearance papers in my pocket, and she cannot sail without them". We reached the ship again a few minutes before five.

This ship is very much more comfortable than the one which brought us out to Bombay. By the way, I hope you have received a full account of that voyage which I mailed to you by registered post at Bombay. Luckenbill and I occupy a large room with three beds in it, and the three young men have a similar room next to ours. Mrs. Warren is not on the ship. We are exceedingly comfortable, and I am even able to write in the stateroom which is a great help, for public rooms are so noisy and disturbed. The passengers are very pleasant people, mostly British officers, their wives, and even some children, cared for by native Indian servants. The oriental life on the steerage deck fore and aft is very picturesque and diverting, especially when the natives line up before the deck furnaces to receive their food. There is one gaily colored *harim* of three wives and

eight children, living together in the utmost harmony. The oldest and fattest of the wives, who is evidently on the retired list as far as family expectations are concerned, does the cooking on two little charcoal stoves on deck, and brings forth some very tasty looking stews, of which we catch distant but appetizing whiffs. The dishes and the children are washed in the same pot. A line of painted sheet iron deck-latrines provides a cleanly solution of an otherwise difficult problem for such a mass of people.

Saturday Evening, **March 6, 1920.**

I was unable to write last evening, for a passenger who had come out on the “Benares” gave me away, and the captain, who is an unusually intelligent and well-informed man, together with Bishop Warne, for 32 years bishop of Lucknow, India, came to me and cajoled me into a so-called lecture to the passengers. They seemed to be much interested.

This morning as we looked out of our port-hole, which is on the north side of the ship, we found the coast of Persia forming our northern sky-line. We had expected it, for last evening we were entering the Gulf of Oman amid a display of phosphorescence such as I had never conceived. Wandering lines of light diverged from the prow of the ship on both sides, and as this ridge thrown up by the hull broke into waves sinuous tongues of flame in a luminous ragged fringe shot out from the combing crest of the wave glowing with the bright bluish-green hues of a drift-wood fire. I would have been glad indeed to spend the evening leaning over the rail and contemplating this wonderful and gorgeous display, if they had not involved me in a speech.

This morning we could see the life to which the fiery display was due. These waters teem with life. As far as one can see the reddish spawn of fish is visible from the surface deep down into the waters. Sometimes it gathers in a ruddy scum extending far over the surface of the sea, and looking like floating iron rust. It has been supposed that the name Red Sea arose from this phenomenon. Myriads of jelly fish of all sizes, each a vague and filmy circular veil, or sometimes a larger and more elaborate form, went floating by as the ship plowed along. Now and then a water serpent, with bands of black and white squirmed along the surface, or with slow serpentine propulsion, pushed his way straight down and disappeared in the dark depths of the green waters. Twice a large turtle, perhaps two feet across, paddled deliberately out of the way, while here and there schools of small fish could be seen moving rapidly along, ruffling the mirror-like surface of the sea, as if a flurry of wind were passing by. Far out from the ship could be seen the trails of moving creatures leaving a long narrow wake on the surface of the sea, and with the glass it was possible to see the projecting head of some strange creature. Groups of three and four flying fish would rise from the water, when pursued by their enemies, and flying like birds skimming the surface of the sea for forty or fifty yards could at first hardly be distinguished from birds, till they dropped into the water and disappeared. Then the grey-green form of a hammer-headed shark directly alongside and only a foot or two below the surface, suggested what would happen to anybody who fell overboard. I was continually reminded of Doré’s drawing of Milton’s “gorgons and chimaeras dire”, or his sketches of the sea and its life in the *Ancient Mariner*, as the ship steadily plowed its way through this sea-jungle whose surface betrayed only here and there sinister hints of the vast tragedy which was being unceasingly enacted in its gloomy depths.

The southern coast of Persia interested me intensely. Desolate pale gray cliffs, which look like limestone, rise directly from the sea, and after we passed the headland of Jashak, or Jashk,

the coast ridges westward of Jashk were flanked by distant mountains 6000 to 10,000 feet high. Here and there a rift transverse to the coast had permitted the drainage to bring down a little alluvium, and as we approached the Strait of Ormuz, the mouth of the Persian Gulf, we met one such narrow strip of fore shore where there was a grove of trees among which we could distinguish the tops of tall palms. Otherwise the entire coast and the hinterland behind it, are a desolate desert. I could understand now why Darius failed in his impressive effort to make Persia a maritime nation (see *Ancient Times*), and Alexander's terrible march westward along this coast on his return from India, — a march that cost him a large part of his army, as I look out of my port hole to the very coast along which he passed, assumes a reality which it never had before.

This noon we entered the Strait of Ormuz, and just four days out of Bombay, we were in the Strait. The captain did not follow its northern bend, but leaving the coast of Persia, made straight northwest for the projecting coast of Arabia, which you will find on the map marked Ras (Cape) Mussendom. Its backbone is a north and south ridge of imposing mountains which drop abruptly to the sea in rugged and picturesque forms, and continue northward in a straggling group of craggy islands extending many miles out into the strait. For the first time the British government has since the war placed a few lights in the Persian Gulf, and one of them is on one of these islands. It was nearing sunset as we approached them, and the captain boldly steered a course through the islands, thus saving a long detour to the north. A scanty olive green mantle of vegetation, following the rainy season which is now just closing, covered the heights of these rocky islets, past one of which we went so close that you could count the birds perched on its gaunt front, and could almost have thrown a stone against its cliffs. The sea had cut far under the base of the cliffs, and deep and gloomy caverns were for a moment illuminated by the setting sun as we caught momentary glimpses far down their forbidding throats. A gloomier "Toteninsel" I have never seen. At the head of Cape Mussendom a rift in the cliffs displayed a strip of beach, and here stood several people beside a small boat, belonging doubtless to the local fishermen, whose sails we could occasionally discern along the coast. This whole eastern region of Arabia is known as Oman, and supports a scanty Arab population. You may remember Reinhart, whom we met years ago at Franz Pasha's in Cairo, and recall that he was Consul for years on this coast, where he lost an eye from ophthalmia. This so broke his spirit that he eventually died. He wrote a very useful grammar of the Arabic dialect of Oman, which is the standard book on the subject.

The prospect of these islands and the magnificent headland, touched by the last rays of the setting sun, as we left them behind and looked back upon them, furnished a prospect of sea and land which I shall long remember.

I have just sent off a radio message to Major-General Hambro at Baghdad, and I hope that he will engage accommodations for us at Bosra, which he very kindly volunteered to do in his letter to me at Cairo.

Sunday Morning, **March 7, 1920.**

This morning we are far on our way up the Persian Gulf. The coast of Persia is again visible on the north as I look out of my port hole. The same desolate cliffs, seemingly of limestone, drop abruptly to the sea, much as they drop from the Sahara plateau to the floor of the Nile valley. But the rocks lack the rich and luminous color which makes the Nile cliffs so beautiful. The



captain is heading for Bushire on the north shore of the Persian Gulf, where he is instructed to drop some mail bags, though we shall not stop. Bushire is not included in your Philips' map.

We are very much encouraged by information which we have been able to gather from the British officers on board. One of them who was in Mosul on February 12 is quite confident that that we shall be able to reach Mosul and see Nineveh. This will enable us to visit the leading ruins of both Babylonia and Assyria, whereas if we are unable to reach Mosul we shall see little more than Babylonia. Our survey of Babylonia also, is to be much easier than we expected. One of the officers informs us that the railway from Bosra to Baghdad (see Philips' map) has been shifted from the Tigris to the Euphrates. Our line of march from Bosra to Baghdad therefore, will never be very far from the railway. This line was only finished two months ago, and a regular train service is hardly a month old. We are therefore getting the earliest possible advantage of the transportation facilities.

We have found on board a young officer going out to begin duty as third or fourth officer in the mercantile marine on an oil steamer. If you will look at the eastern edge of the Philips map, you will see marked the oil fields and a pipe line of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company leading down from the Persian mountains to the river at Abadan, just below Muhammara, where the company has its offices, the docks and loading arrangements being at Abadan. I had learned at Cairo of the arrival of a traveler who had come to Egypt, around Arabia directly, without making the long and expensive detour to Bombay. I had spent some time in Bombay looking this matter up, and had ascertained that the place to go in order to arrange it was Muhammara. Luckily we now find a young man among our fellow passengers who knows all about it, and is employed by the company with which we shall deal. He is quite ready to aid us all he can. The oil steamers do not endeavor to get passengers; but they have a couple of extra rooms which are quite comfortable, they set a good table maintained by oriental servants, and the entire deck and bridge would be at our disposal. Besides saving probably a fortnight's time, many days on a scorching tropical ocean and much expense, the use of one of these steamers would carry us around the entire coast-line of Arabia and give us a view of it at close range. For this trip alone I would be glad to go even on an uncomfortable ship, and it will give us a glimpse of South Arabia to compensate for the loss of our caravan trip through North Arabia and Syria, which I had at first planned. One of our first jobs in Bosra therefore will be to take a launch down the river to Muhammara with this young officer, and endeavor to make definite arrangements for five berths on an oil steamer leaving about the last week in May for Egypt. It should not take us more than 10 or 11 days, as against three weeks on this trip out; and if we had to wait a week in Bombay as is often the case, the saving would be over a fortnight. This will greatly aid us to finish up in Syria on time.

Monday Evening, **March 8, 1920.**

We have just sighted the light at the mouth of the Shatt el-Arab, which is the name of the united stream by which the Tigris and Euphrates flow into the Persian Gulf. We shall cross the bar before midnight and lie inside the mouth of the river at anchor all night, and then proceed up the river some sixty miles by daylight to Bosra. We anchored off Bushire this morning and two crazy old Persian sail boats came out to get the mail bags. It is a little less than 200 miles from Bushire to Bosra, of which something over sixty miles is voyage up the river. The day has been dismal and squally, with a biting cold north wind. We have had to dive into our duffle bags and

get out our sweaters, which the heat of India had lead us to suppose were going to be superfluous. I have closed our port hole and I sit with sweater on, as I write. I hope we may finish our work in Babylonia before the worst heat comes on, though it is pretty bad by May. We should have escaped it entirely if we had been able to return to the Mediterranean again by caravan; but now of course we must return through the Persian Gulf in the summer heat.

I am not sure whether I have told you that we succeeded with some difficulty in securing a supply of cholera serum in Cairo, and were all twice inoculated before leaving there. We have brought the serum with us, and have it now in cold storage on the ship. We shall ask an army surgeon to give us another shot in Bosra, although two are usually regarded as enough. There was not a single case of cholera in Bombay, and the British have kept things so clean in Mesopotamia that I do not think there is any serious risk from any of the usual tropical epidemics. All the men are feeling first rate, and I am very well myself.

It is now nearly four weeks since I had a home letter. I shall wire the American consul at Baghdad to forward all our mail to Bosra, as soon as we land there tomorrow, and in two days I hope very much to have my first news from home. At last I have more months of absence from home behind me than I have before me. I shall be at home again in six months from now (five months, I suppose, from the time you will be reading this letter), and in a few days it will be seven months since I left home. It seems a century. There are times when it is just as hard as it was at the beginning, but fortunately the responsibilities and the pressure of work keep my mind mercifully immersed in things which do not permit me to dwell on the long absence. Yet even in the busiest moments, in banks and consulates, on docks and boats, in custom houses and hotel lobbies, the thoughts of my home and my loved ones come over me like a dream and shut out all the busy present around me, and there is an ache under my vest that will not be quieted.

Luckenbill has come in and turned in, and I must do likewise. I will try to finish this in the morning, after we have had our first glimpse of Babylonia.

Tuesday Evening, **March 9, 1920.**

It is just a week since we sailed out of Bombay harbor. We crossed the bar after midnight, as the tide delayed us, and anchored inside till this morning. The sixty mile voyage up the Shatt el-Arab was exceedingly picturesque and interesting, affording us our first glimpses of Babylonia; though not of any portion of it containing ancient ruins, for this stretch did not exist in ancient times, but has been accumulated by the river since then. The entire stretch of sixty miles is one vast palm plantation. An ocean of palm tops seemed to stretch to the horizon on both sides sometimes, though at first we could see the desert behind. These millions of palms furnish enormous quantities of dates, a very valuable food resource. While there were some villages of mud brick huts, there were dwellings scattered at short intervals all the way from the Gulf to Bosra. Every hundred yards there was an irrigation trench leading back among the palms, alternating with larger ditches and occasionally a considerable canal, while several times these proved to be stately branches of the river, up which we could look into a picturesque vista for perhaps a mile or more, with numerous wing-and-wing sails as on the Nile. The Shatt el-Arab is an impressive river, at times displaying an imposing width and volume. The water is very dirty, of a pale fawn color. Fishermen in small boats drop in their hooks at favorable points, and here and there long lines of wooden floats showed where they were drawing in large nets. There are many sail-boats,

not very different from those of the Nile, but the smaller feluccas are long and narrow and turned up at both ends like the *kaiks* of Constantinople or Venetian gondolas.

At Abadan we passed the huge tanks of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, with their docks and far-reaching works, at the point where their pipe lines come down from the Persian mountains. A little further up, at the junction of the Shatt el-Arab with a fine broad branch, is Muhammara, where the Oil Company have their offices. The Sheikh of Muhammara (see the map) has long been a protégé of the English, and their arrangements with him would have cut the Germans off from reaching the Persian Gulf with the Baghdad railway. The water front is much finer than that of Bosra, which we reached about 4 P.M. The chief Engineer showed me a photo he made in 1916, showing his ship tied up to palm trees, just where we are now moored to one of an extensive series of docks. Bosra is a vast military camp extending for four miles along the Shatt el-Arab, with shipping, native and English, stretching practically the whole distance in mid-stream or along the docks. We are three miles from the post and the hotel.

My wires to Major-General Hambro missed fire, or we failed to connect up for some reason. There was no message for me at the dock and the military authorities had not been told about us. It was too late to reach him by wire, as the telegraph closes at five, and there was no conveyance for reaching the hotel. The captain is letting us sleep on board and feeding us too; so we are quite comfortable,—more so than if we were at the so-called hotel. The custom officials came on board and I met one of them on the dock, but as soon as he saw my letters, he said we could land without further examination. In the morning I am hoping I shall find a letter at the American consulate from General Hambro. In any case we shall be able to make a start in our preparations for the caravan journey to Baghdad. Clay is only a week ahead of us as he was not able to get transportation from Bombay as early as we did. I do not see how he can do much alone.

We are getting out our khaki outfits and regard ourselves as really out on the first lap of the Western Asiatic campaign. A good night's sleep will be very useful at this juncture, and I think I will make for one now and mail you this in the morning. Don't forget the old pater, who feels so far away. Kiss the children big and little, for their father.

Always lovingly,

James.

Wednesday Morning, **March 10, 1920.**

We have just finished breakfast on board, gotten all baggage ready, and having been directed how to get through the camp some three miles to the offices and the hotel, Luckenbill and I were just starting to hoof it, and had shaken hands with the captain, when the Embarkation Officer to whom I had spoken last night came swarming up the gangway with a cheery smile and good morning, adding: "I have orders for your transportation and quarters; transportation will be here at ten o'clock. Please have all your baggage ready". This was better than a long walk through the hot sun, and we are now waiting for our transportation in a much more comfortable frame of mind.

We have not had much sleep for a ship lying at dock is not a quiet place, and it was nearly morning before the confusion and noise of shouting natives finally ceased and we got a little rest. The night was very cold, just as in the Sudan, and I shivered all night, having packed away my blankets; but everything will be accessible for tonight. There was hoar frost on the ground this morning, but the sun is now blistering hot. Cotton khaki is very comfortable, and one feels

dressed for the job. I am anxious to get off a wire to Baghdad asking for our letters. I was unable to reach the telegraph last night. We have a big job before us here: You know a good deal about it. We must arrange equipment for sleeping five men and sheltering them from the last rains of the season; we must collect complete canteen for feeding the party and cooking the food; we must select and buy supplies enough to last till we reach the next post; we must find a cook and a couple of camp servants; we must secure a sheikh with enough camels for our transportation, together with camel men and helpers. All this will take a week at least.

We then take the train for Nasariya, which you will find on the Philips map at the end of a branch railway running west from Bosra. The new railway from Bosra to Baghdad, which is not marked down on your map, pretty much follows the route of the Bosra-Nasariya line, but it passes right through ancient Ur of the Chaldees (modern Muquayyar, or Mugheir, or Mukayyar). This is our first site, and as we can use the railway to reach it, our first job must be to get our camels engaged and march them off for Ur, so that they will be there when we reach it. Ur is about six miles southwest of Nasariya, and our caravan journey will be from there to Baghdad. We shall zigzag from place to place, keeping near the Euphrates and the line of railway in order to use it as much as possible. The problem will be how to get our caravan forward to meet us when we have used the railway for a stretch. Now I must get the boys together and make ready for our first day in Babylonia.

General Nepean's Headquarters,  
River Command, General Headquarters,  
Basrah, Mesopotamia,  
Sunday, **March 14, 1920.**

My dear little family:—

It is now nearly a month since I have heard from home. I wired the American Consul at Baghdad as soon as I could reach a telegraph office, asking him to forward everything here, but nothing has come. I am hoping for better luck tomorrow, for tomorrow night is likely to see us off on our Babylonian caravan.

A few minutes after I had put in the last paragraph in my steamer letter of last Wednesday, the 9th, the chief of staff from General Headquarters came on board the ship to call on me and bring me a cordial letter from Major-General Hambro in Baghdad. He brought me also a hearty invitation from General Nepean, his immediate chief to be his guest at General Headquarters. The General has charge of the River Command, which extends from the Persian Gulf up both sides of the river (Shatt el-Arab) to Amarah. His Chief of Staff, Lieutenant-Colonel Venning, also informed me that a launch would presently come along side for all our kit and for the other members of the party, who would be taken to the hotel, conducted by the military, and at the same time he asked me to go with him to headquarters in a car waiting on the dock, which would be put at my disposal with its native driver for the duration of our visit in Basrah. A very few minutes altered the complexion of our situation essentially.

We were presently bowling down a concrete automobile road between miles of palm trees, among which appeared myriads of military, administration and stores buildings, with an enormous radio installation towering over everything. It all stretched on for miles. We crossed



bridges and canals, we wound around parked ammunition and stores, we passed innumerable hieroglyphic signs in black paint on white boards, like C.O.O. or N.A.C.B., etc., etc., etc., each marking one of the myriad wheels within wheels in this huge administrative machine which keeps this great addition to the British Empire properly going, and defends it from the hostile Arab communities still making themselves as dangerous and obnoxious as they dare. It was a rapid drive of half an hour, carrying us through various military quarters bearing the names of Arab villages now completely effaced, but once distributed far and wide over the palm-grown plain all around Basrah. The town itself is not on the Shatt el-Arab, but straggles along the banks of a creek known from a village beside it as Ashar Creek. Then there is Margil, and Makina, the site of an old native licorice factory (hence Makina = machina), Magil, Ashar village, etc., etc., etc., all now military areas bearing these names, and enveloping old Basrah in a great fringe miles and miles in width, with military roads winding among and through them. It is amazing what has happened here in a few years! Immaculate fire stations, drinking water supply stations, public sanitary stations, carefully arranged and duly labeled public latrines, postal stations, telephone stations, telegraph offices, electric light and power plants, bridge and road repair departments, steam-rollers at work, all these and scores of other evidences of an efficient and enlightened public service, fill one with wonder and admiration.

We rolled up in front of an oriental buff brick building with many oriental awnings, facing a pleasant prospect on the river, and here Colonel Venning took me in and showed me to a large room, with native bath room alongside. He told me that the General was absent on a tour of inspection and would be returning the next day. Meantime I would probably find it pleasanter to take my meals in the staff mess which was directly across the corridor from my room. He then showed me a file of papers, dispatches and orders concerning our expedition and the arrangements for our advance from here to Baghdad. Everything was to be done for us, and permission to visit the first ruins awaiting us at the south end of Babylonia, and arrangements for much of the trip, were already on hand.

I had asked Luckenbill to come along with me in the car, and the young officers of the Staff asked him to come in to lunch also. In their mess room hung a large autographed engraving of the Kaiser in hunting costume. You have seen it often in Berlin. The young men then told us, in response to my expression of surprise, that we were sitting in the German Consulate. All the furniture and oriental carpets had been the property of the German government! So I am sitting in a German chair at the moment, writing at a German table, and I sleep in a German bed!

Wednesday afternoon I began at once the task of arranging for caravan life. You know what that means. We would have been utterly helpless, in view of the huge extent of this place, if I had not been supplied with a car. All stores are classified by kinds. Tents are in one place, oil-stoves in another, field candle-sticks somewhere else, table ware and kitchen canteen miles away in another depot; beds, chairs and camp furniture in the officers' store, provisions in a canteen; rations in a supply depot; and so on for everything. It takes a half hour's fast driving to reach the Chief Ordnance Officer, or C. O. O. as he is commonly called. I spent an hour driving about trying to find the American Consular Agent the second day, and we have only now succeeded in finding out where he is in this huge pigs-in-clover puzzle. Our difficulties are enhanced by the fact the driver is a turbaned East Indian who knows almost no English, and we have great difficulty in making him understand which of these many places we want to reach. Yesterday, when we were trying to reach G Group in the Ordnance Depots, we found we had been driven many fruitless miles to the Dairy Depot! However I am glad to say that everything has at last been

found except one additional tent, which will come tomorrow. The Chief Ordnance Officer reported that he had orders to send all his oil stoves to Baghdad for the use of officers' families there, and that if he gave us one he would be disobeying orders. I got the matter before the General, and he at once gave orders to deliver us a stove. Many such snags have arisen, but they have always been surmountable with patience and diplomacy.

The next morning following our arrival at General Headquarters the Chief of Staff (Lieutenant-Colonel Venning) came in and told me the General had just arrived and would like to see me. He gave me a most cordial reception and said he was sorry he did not have the accommodations to take in the rest of the party. I brought up the chief difficulties confronting us, and he assured me of assistance in every particular, and as you see above, he has fully kept his word. I then shifted over from the Staff Mess to the general's table, where we have very pleasant meals, and excellent cooking with only the general and young Captain Corry, his aide-de-camp, beside myself at the table. The general is a fine old fashioned British soldier from the Indian service, a very kindly and upright gentleman, most solicitous for the welfare and comfort of everyone in his command. He goes to service twice on Sunday, he visits the sick in the hospitals, he looks after the young English women who are out here as nurses, and leaves nobody neglected. It was pleasant to see him at the table looking out of the window as three English nurses passed, and saying, "I say, Corry, those girls all have their topees on, haven't they?" The East Indians call a sun-helmet a topee, and the general had issued a circular order that all nurses should wear them when going out, owing to the danger of heat prostration which is so generally neglected by newcomers, with disastrous results.

The general loves to see his people having the right kind of a good time. Charles would be interested to see him at this kind of thing. Yesterday afternoon (Saturday) the stores and depots were all closed, so when the general asked me if I would go with him to a hospital concert, I accepted the invitation. We went on the river. The general has a whole fleet of launches. One of them was placed at my disposal when needed. His own launch is a beauty,—an American pleasure launch, a fifty-footer which does twenty miles an hour,—three miles to the gallon. The general is very fond of it. We crossed the river and went up a canal to a hospital where Corry sprang out and presently returned with a pleasant young nurse who had just come out and the general wanted to give her a good time. We then returned past the whole long water front,—miles of buildings and depots,—to the nurses' quarters, where we had tea. At five we adjourned to a large auditorium, where the convalescents were gathered, even a row of cots along in front of the front row of seats. The programme was furnished by officers, their wives, and the nurses. Corry was first. He has a fine voice which he uses very well indeed, and his singing was very pleasing. I was very tired but I used the hour for rest, and found it intensely interesting.

Then we took the launch back to General Headquarters, the general going to the nurse in charge and asking leave for two more of the nurses besides the one we had brought. So we came back with three nurses, and the general's butler had a fine dinner ready for us six, spread in his private dining room. Officers do not of course have to change their rig for dinner, and I had only a quarter of an hour to change mine and get into a dinner coat, without having a bath. After dinner cars were waiting for us and we drove out through the palms in the star-light, to a really very nice camp theater, built by London mechanics, a scene painter etc., etc., who were out here in the ranks during the campaign. You should see the chase brass appliqué designs up and down the pleasing pilasters of the proscenium,—brass work made out of Turkish shell cases by Tommies

who were metal workers. The whole thing was a voluntary labor of love by boys now long since demobilized, or lying in military cemeteries all up and down the Tigris.

The programme was as follows:

- I. VAU DE VILLE  
Four numbers
- II. A CURTAIN RAISER  
“A Dear Little Wife
- III. VAU DE VILLE  
Four numbers, one a very pretty dream fancy.
- IV. A COMEDY IN ONE ACT  
“Browne with an E”

The performance was a dress rehearsal, the last rehearsal before the four presentations of the play next week. All the people were officers and their wives. They had a royal good time, and with one or two exceptions their acting was good. The general had charge of the comedy, and he took his job very seriously, going in to inspect the make-up, looking after properties to see if his instructions had been properly carried out, and when the post coach arrived at the Alpine inn, the general was in the flies giving the cue to his Indian bugler to blow a flourish at exactly the right moment. A surgeon's wife was doing the American girl, and the General asked me to be sure and give her all the points I could as to American slang and accent! It was all very amusing.

After the play was over, there was of course whiskey and soda, and none of the men let it pass. It was eleven when we started back to General Headquarters. Corry took two of the nurses back in his car, and the one from across the river went with the general and me to General Headquarters, where the launch was waiting. The general insisted on seeing her back to the hospital dock, and sent me off to bed. A half hour later I heard a loud crash down by the dock, immediately in front of General Headquarters, and a lot of native shouting. This morning at breakfast the general told me that a native boat in violation of harbor rules was going along without lights and they ran into her, much as we did years ago in Mr. Farr's launch. The general's launch did not spring a leak, but the bow is stove in,—his fine new American launch, which it is difficult to repair out here! Without the slightest irritation in his voice, the general casually remarked, “I think we shall have to punish him for violation of harbor rules, you know. We have taken his number”.

One of the interesting things for me at the play was the native East Indian Band. The colonel of the regiment to which it belonged told me his regiment was 120 years old, and that the band was made up entirely of “line boys”, the sons of old members of the regiment, who are received as mere children into the service of the regiment, are drilled and instructed, and made regimental orderlies, and receive some two-thirds as much pay as their fathers. You can understand, under these circumstances, the loyalty of the Indian regiments in this war. These Indian troops have had a lot to do with the conquest of the region we are going through. The authorities insist that we shall not go anywhere without an escort. It will sometimes be made up of *shabana*, or native Arab police, who are already very smart and keen on their job. Again, we shall be accompanied by Indian troops, from just such regiments as I have mentioned.

I begin to feel very much at home in these quarters. The office of the Chief of Staff (Colonel Venning) is next my big bed room, and he wanders in when he has anything of importance to tell me. He is a very wholesome fellow, with a wife and three children here, whom I have met. They are about to leave him for England, where the children are to be put in school. Captain Corry, the young aide-de-camp is a very attractive fellow. As I told you above, he is musical and

loves to sing. He takes charge of musical entertainment for the hospitals. He is much interested in the ancient history of the country. He strolls in whenever he has a moment's leisure, and likes to talk. We had a very interesting conversation in the general's car last night. The general loves to drive and so he took the wheel, with the native driver next him, while Corry and I sat behind. We talked of the British Empire and the great responsibility of young Englishmen in carrying it on. He said he thought it was the greatest job a man could do, and that he loved it, as did all the men he knew in India, where he began. I spoke of the sacrifices and Venning's children. Corry said he thought a man had no right to a family if he undertook the job of maintaining the British Empire on the frontiers. He told me of his attachment, — a fine girl in England, of whom he was very fond and she knew it. "But", he added, "I told her long ago that it is all off. I am going to stay on here the rest of my life, and I am glad to do it". The general is evidently very fond of him, and when the sedate general was almost overturned by the young aide-de-camp galloping down the stairway of the nurses' home as he fled from condign punishment at the hands of one of the nurses for some misdemeanor, the old gentleman was hugely amused and was ready to lay a wager that Corry would get caught, which proved to be the case. He likes to see the young couples making their arrangements out here, as they do wherever young people are thrown together. He called my attention to young Major Parrott, one of the steadiest of the Staff, who was walking down to the concert ahead of us, after the tea, absorbed in conversation with one of the nurses. "There", he said, "I knew Parrott was interested in one of these girls, but I have never seen her before. It's all right. He's a fine boy". One of the Staff, Major Burn, has just come from the hospital with flu. He has made a nice little collection of cylinder seals and similar things, and Luckenbill and I have looked them over. This afternoon Burn came in and handed me notes of a conversation he had just had with Luckenbill, and asked me if I would look them over and see if he had got them right. His interest in it all, when feeling weak and seedy, seemed to me pathetic. Indeed, the lives of these fine young fellows, out here in this God-forsaken region, seem pathetic indeed. It is different from the life of the officer enlisted for the war. They are in it for a lifetime. Corry says it is much better here than on the Afghan-Indian frontier, especially against the Masudis. He told me how his chief on that front had instructed him as a matter of course, always to save one cartridge in his revolver, for himself. To fall into the hands of the Masudis is an indescribably awful fate.

There, — I hope I have given you an impression at least, of what it is like here, though it is quite impossible to do more than create an impression. I cannot give you the whole story of our work and programme thus far, and I will wait and give you the story of our march rather than anticipate the real journey with a projected itinerary which is likely to be much altered. Your Philips map will show you the route. We go by train to the vicinity of Nasiriya, getting out directly alongside of ancient Ur, at a station called Ur Junction. Wouldn't that jar you! Ur Junction! Just imagine it. The military commandant will come down from Nasiriya to meet us there, and bring two Ford vans! We shall motor to the ruined city, and thence to its ancient port, now called Eridu and at least 175 miles from the sea. The modern name is Abu Shahrein, but neither of these places is marked on your map. They are a few miles south of Nasiriyeh. We shall then be furnished with a launch for the trip to Shatra el-Mumtifik and to Duraji, whence we go to neighboring cities now in ruin. We shall then go on to Diwanieh where I hope to receive letters from you, if I do not receive some meantime before we leave here.

Good-bye — It is now 2:40 p.m. and at 4:00 two Ford vans are coming for our stuff. So I must go to my packing and final adjustments for living in a tent. Have no anxiety. We shall be



accompanied by a military guard wherever we go, and there are no epidemics. Kiss the children for pater.

Lovingly,  
J\_\_\_\_\_.

Ur Junction, Babylon, Mesopotamia,  
Thursday, **March 18, 1920.**

My dear little family:—

Here I sit in a freight car, where I slept last night on a field bed, and behind me looming high against the setting sun, is the temple tower of Ur of the Chaldees, the traditional home of Abraham. It is something less than four miles away. And when we had arrived yesterday morning it required only a little manipulation of the official wires to produce two Ford vans, and we were presently rolling away across the desert at twenty miles an hour. Behind us was Ur Junction! Ur Junction! What do you think Abraham would say to that! It consists of a group of tents, a mess house, and a row of quarters for the officers of the army in charge, a post office, and three tents in a row serving as a railroad restaurant where we had breakfast immediately on leaving the train. It lies on the main line from Basrah to Baghdad—the main line along which the first train passed not long before our arrival, and which we are the first archaeological expedition to use. There is a little branch line running up to Nasiriyeh and hence the sounding name, Ur Junction.

As we left it we had just before us in the morning sun, the ruins of our first Babylonian city. It consists chiefly of the temple tower of the Moon-God of ancient Ur, and the adjoining larger buildings, like the palace of the ruler and the administrative buildings. These form a nucleus at one end, beyond which low mounds mark the houses of the unpretentious town. There is none of the architectural grandeur of the Egyptian buildings with their vast stone superstructures and imposing colonnades. There was little or no stone in ancient Babylonia, and everything had to be built of brick, burned or unburned. Nevertheless, I found it very impressive to be standing in the first ancient Babylonian city I had ever visited, with the bricks of the temple tower lying all about, marked with the name of Nabonidus, the father of Daniel's Belshazzar, and the older lower course of the tower displaying bricks bearing the titulary of Urengur, who lived in the 24th or 25th century B.C., almost 2000 years before Nabonidus. We have made full photographic records of the place, the large camera being operated by Luckenbill, and architectural summary of buildings and details, which are made by J.H.B. The boys, Bull, Edgerton and Shelton, are of the greatest assistance in the practical jobs connected with the living arrangements, and in the making and keeping of records, from which they gain much profit and experience. I cannot but think how useful our big boy would be under these circumstances, from the delay this morning, when one of our Ford vans got a puncture, to the pacing off and tracing of the ground plans of buildings, and recording observations of the preserved superstructures. His mapping experience would be invaluable to us here.

Last night as we pulled in at Ur Junction again, on our return from the ruins, I found a flat car standing on the siding, bearing an additional van sent 120 miles up the line by the kindness of General Nepean,—that is, all the way from Basrah to Ur Junction, especially for our use. That is the way they are treating us here in Babylonia.

This morning in the restaurant tent, I found a young Captain Barkley, Political Officer at Shatra. He had an entire Red Cross ambulance car at his disposal and was just going up to Nasiriyeh. He said he would take up our entire outfit for us, and keep it at Nasiriyeh until we returned from today's trip to Abu Shahrein (ancient Eridu). We got our vans together, but were too late in getting our stuff over to his car, and missed the train. We had spent the night in the van, suffering from bitter cold, in spite of blankets, just as we used to do in the Sudan. So we returned to our freight car, stowed our stuff away again, and left for the 16 mile ride across the desert in our Ford vans to ancient Eridu, once the seaport of Ur and now some 175 miles from the Persian Gulf.

I must tell you about all that later, and get ready for our train to Nasiriyeh.

Hastily,

Love, Love, Love,  
James.


Launch "Ballia", Shatt el-Hai,  
above Suwêg ibn Sagbân, Mesopotamia,  
Sunday Morning, **March 21, 1920.**

My dear, dear boy:—

We are slogging along against the current, a strong one,—making for Kal'at-Sikkâr,—a run of four hours. An hour's ride from the river on our right (east), is Tello as de Sarzec, the excavator called it, though the natives tell me it should be Tell-'o and of course you see the importance of the difference.

How I wish you could join us on this trip. You couldn't ask for a finer set of boys than I have with me, and you will be surprised to know that the keenest and most helpful of all is Edgerton. But none of the boys sees what to do in the constant exigences or even crises so frequently recurring on a trip like this. For example, we have just had a fire on board and narrowly escaped seeing the launch burn up. We have eaten breakfast on board and our cook filled the oil stove while it was alight and set the whole outfit on fire. This would never have happened but for the poor devil's attempt to protect the fire from the wind, for we are out in a driving wind storm. Had the boys been wide awake they would have made him a sheltered nook with a piece of tenting, as I tried to do and nobody lent a hand.

We are going up the Shatt el-Hai some 20 miles north of Shatra el-Muntafik. The water is so muddy I haven't had a decent wash for 48 hours. Its dull faded fawn colored surface is rolling and tumbling in waves several feet high, and there is a swift current cutting under the wave washed banks. The water is so high and the banks so low, that we are on a level with the monotonous flat plain stretching away in all directions. Here and there indeed the plain is lower than the river's surface and the water is restrained by a low dyke. The soil is exactly the same color as the water and is baked as hard as bricks in the sun's heat. The Arab peasants scratch the surface in crooked striations with a pitiful wooden plow and gather a good crop but only a fraction of what might be expected from a soil and climate like these.

Along the banks are occasional little groups of round topped huts, with walls of mud and roofs of reed matting carried over like a barrel vault . Numerous flocks of sheep and goats straggle far across the plain and find a scanty patch of grass now and then, among long stretches

of dusty bare hardbaked earth. The women and children leave the flocks and come running out of the huts to gaze curiously at our launch. Frequent groups of Arabs with garments girded up around their loins stand waist-deep in the mouths of irrigation trenches by which they lead the waters to their fields. They are armed with long-handled spades and hoes which they wield lustily in repairing breaches, building dykes or deepening the trenches. Now and then we pass chunky reed rafts (كراك قصب) standing high out of the water, with a black robed Arab and his black robed harim perched on its top. He has much difficulty in keeping his clumsy craft from driving ashore in the heavy cross wind, by spasmodic use of a curious pole made of reeds bound together. The stream is only 300 to 400 feet across, and being in color almost exactly like the low plain on either hand the result is a deadly monotony of landscape stretching in ignoble flatness from horizon to horizon. Overhung as it is today by a dull grey sky but little brightens there the parched plain, nothing more forbiddingly desolate can be imagined.

The boat shakes a good deal,—the wind flutters the paper incessantly and the gas smells,—all together writing is somewhat hampered. Nevertheless I must give you a little log of our doings. We spent Wednesday the 17th (March) at Ur, as I have written you from there. The morning of the 18th (Thursday) we went out in 3 cars (Ford vans) 16 miles south of Ur Junction to Abu Shahrein, the ancient Eridu, once on the Persian Gulf, but now about 175 miles from its shores. It was a curious experience to go out bowling across the desert where once rolled the waters of the Persian Gulf, and passing Ur again, to leave as many miles of desert behind us in 1-1/4 hours as a caravan could cover in a day!

We had left our stuff in a baggage van (box car) at Ur Junction while we went out to Abu Shahrein and we found it all right on returning. Thursday evening we had it coupled on to a local freight train for Nasiriyeh, ten miles away and at 7:30 p.m. we pulled in at Nasiriyeh, having ridden very comfortably perched on our duffle bags in the box car. The commandant, Major Beaver came down to meet us with a 5 passenger Ford and a Ford van. I had sent our Basrah van (see previous letter) on from Ur Junction and it also appeared at the station. Two ox carts drew up likewise and we soon disembarked.

I had had the boys get out a day's food in a special basket ready for the next day's excursion, and so we left our stores all in the box car and took only bare necessities up to the town. Luckenbill and I were invited to put up with Major Ditchburn, the political officer, and the three boys were taken in by Major Beaver. It is not a little interesting to see the British administrations beginning in this remote corner of the world, especially at Shatra. Our Basrah car broke down the next morning, but I secured another from the irrigation administration through the kindness of Major Ditchburn; but it was noon before we could start on a 40 mile ride up the Shatt el-Hai to Shatra el Muntefik. Riding across the Babylonian plain in this way was most instructive. It gave us our first glimpse of Bedwin life out in the wilds. We had four cars, two vans and two five-passenger cars. Crossing scores and scores of irrigation ditches and canals often involved ticklish driving. We had our Tommy and 3 Indian drivers. The Tommy was all right, but one of the Indians finally drove one of the vans off a bridge and the entire front, engine and wheels hung over the canal. We got it back, but the steering rod was broken. We went on to Shatra (where we passed Clay but could only shake hands) and were cordially welcomed by the Assistant Political Officer, Captain Berkeley. We then sent the uninjured van back for our luggage from the broken van where Ali the cook and Abbas the camp boy were watching it.

It was nearly 4 p.m. when we sat down to lunch with Captain Berkeley. After long consultation we got a tentative program arranged by wire with the next Political Officer on the Shatt

el-Hai, Captain Crawford. Berkeley then took us around the bazaar of Shatra. It is a little town of 6000 people and Berkeley has about 60,000 souls in his district. Here he rules like a king. He is only 22 years old, and the sheiks come in and consult him as if he were a sovereign. For many years the tribal troubles among the Muntefik Arabs have resulted in the killing of probably 2000 men every year (native reports), and the Turks had no control over them. No taxes had been paid by the Shatra district nor had any effort to collect any been made by the Turks for 15 years before Captain Berkeley took charge. One turbulent old Sheikh alone has paid Berkeley 60,000 rupees (about \$25,000) taxes and Berkeley is now collecting 300,000 rupees yearly from the district. He has built a neat headquarters for his offices at a cost of 15,000 rupees, with cells just by the door, where I saw two political offenders incarcerated. It would interest you to see a young Englishman of about your age gravely showing us his new roofed market building for women, and the arrangements he has made for cleanliness in the general market. I cannot tell you half of the interesting things we saw here, winding up for tea at the house of Said, a wealthy merchant, where all the leading men of the village followed us in and we sat gravely talking for an hour.

Berkeley's cook made our visit the occasion for getting frightfully drunk and we fared badly as to food. Next morning (Saturday, March 20), we started early for Tello, the ancient Lagash. The king who drilled the phalanx shown in my *Ancient Times* ruled here. Berkeley's launch was out of order and we had to take a native boat (*bellum*) and pole or tow upstream for over an hour to a point where Berkeley had arranged for horses to meet us. There was some difficulty in picking out the equine victim which was to carry Luckenbill's 215 pounds! Off we rode at last, and were soon out among the irrigation trenches and canals which often cost us long detours. It was not until nearly one p.m. that we rode in among the ruins of Tello, the mounds of which we had seen for two hours before we reached them. Indeed we could discern them the evening before from the roof of Berkeley's house by careful use of the field glass.

We lunched on the highest mound, while our two Arab guards, sent with us by Captain Berkeley, sat watching our horses, with their rifles over their knees. Tello is the most extensive place we have visited, but it is very disappointing. There is only one building of burnt brick of which any superstructure survives,—a Parthian palace built of brick taken from a much older palace of the famous viceroy Gudea. Gudea's bricks are numerous, all stamped with his name. Indeed the court of Berkeley's house (not built by him) is paved with bricks bearing Gudea's name. But the sombre mounds of his town are at least 1/4 mile long, and traces of houses extend far out into the plain, especially on the southwest side, as we noted in approaching from that side.

It was nearly 4 p.m. when we mounted our horses again and set out for the river, going almost exactly westward. The water and the canals delayed us somewhat. I had sent Ali and Abbas and one Arab guard up the river in a large *bellum* as we left Shatra, with instructions to ascend the stream to the village of Suwej (or Suwedj) ibn Sagbân, or Suwej ibn Sirhan, which is nearly opposite Tello, and to pitch the tents and get dinner.



As we neared Suwej I saw an Arab horseman approaching. And as I was at the head of the column, he rode up, shook hands and gave us a cordial welcome. He was the sheikh of Suwej, a fine looking Arab, who sat his horse like a prince—Sajed ibn Sagbân. As we approached the village chatting I saw our tents pitched close to the river. All the town gathered about and contemplated our proceedings as we set up our field basins, sent the servants for water, and washed up in river water dirtier than we were!



Ali now came and said he had no dinner ready,—the Sheikh Sajed had invited us to a repast at his house. So just at dusk, Sajed's servants appeared and served coffee beside our tents. As we drank it began to rain and we therefore followed Sheikh Sajed to his house. He cleared the little streets or lanes before us, cuffing now and then an overcurious boy or girl, and we swept through the village in great state. Sajed led us to a spacious Mejlis tent, at least 50 feet long and high in proportion, entirely open on one of the long sides and roofed with dark camel's hair tenting. A bright fire was burning on a large low clay hearth in the middle of the tent. Facing it down each of the long sides sat the leading men of the village, who rose at once as we entered. I greeted them as best I could and they responded courteously. One usually says "Salâm alêkum" on entering a dwelling and the household respond "Alêkum es-Salâm". We were led to the far end of the tent where rugs and cushions were spread. I was put down with space for my party on my own right and a single vacancy on my left, intended of course for the host. I asked him, as he remained standing to take this seat, but he politely refused, on being pressed, said he was my servant, (أنا خديمك) *Ana Khidmatak*) more literally, "my servitude". Of course I was expected to repeat the invitation, which I did, and this procedure having been repeated several times more, our host at last sat down, as he was intending to do all the time.

It was a striking scene before us as we were all at length seated. In the middle the servants prepared coffee on the clay floored hearth surrounded by gleaming brass utensils, and on each side were ranged in two long lines the village notables, picturesque enough in their native dress. The flickering firelight touched the *kuffiya* draped heads, and ample *abbas* (cloaks), among which swarthy faces and gleaming dark eyes watched us expectantly while over all spread the dark canopy of the lofty camel's hair tent roof.—Coffee was served several times, and the sheikh himself plied us with cigarettes of his own making, which he insisted on lighting. Our servant Abbas then came to me and asked in a whisper, if I would like to have him bring forks and knives from our tent. I told him no, we would eat as our host did. He said, "With your hand"! and I said, "Yes indeed". A huge round dish a yard in diameter piled with rice cooked with raisins was then brought before us and placed on a rug on the floor. Many small dishes each bearing a whole roast chicken or pieces of roast mutton were then ranged round the rice, together with a flat dish of sweet cereal pudding for each guest. Much urging only at length induced the host to seat himself with us. He broke into quarters large pancake like loaves of Arab bread at least a foot in diameter and with these pieces of bread to aid us we fell to like brave(?) trenchermen for we were hungry. We are nearing our destination and I cannot go on with the Arab supper.

On entering the village I was met by a native messenger from Captain Crawford, saying he had sent his launch down to meet us and we could come up to him this morning. Sheikh Sajed appeared at our tent at daylight with eggs and bread, and we soon had all our stuff on board the launch. It is a big staunch craft nearly 50 feet long, and we are lucky it is for this wind would capsize a smaller boat. There is a violent sand storm raging, and our eyes and ears are full of dust. Blinding clouds of sand and desert dust are driving across the river and far across the plain, obscuring the palms of Kalet Sikkar which we are now nearing, the only palms, with one exception, which we have seen since leaving Shatra yesterday.

The name of the place is really Kal'at es-Sikkar, "the fortress of Es-Sikkar" as there was once a stronghold here. The local people all pronounce the initial *K* soft like *j*, i.e., *jal'at* or shortened *jil'a*.

Kal'at es-Sikkar, Mesopotamia,  
 Sunday Evening, **March 21, 1920.**

Captain Crawford was down at the river to meet us and our stuff was carried up at once to his house. It was 1:30 when we disembarked, but 2:30 before we got any lunch. Crawford says he wants to go out to our next objective with us, and as he cannot go tomorrow owing to an important *mejlis* (session) of his sheikhs, he wants us to go to another ruin, which will occupy a full day, and then go to Tell Yokha with him. Of course we have acquiesced.

Launch "Ballia", Shatt el-Hai  
 below Kal'at es-Sikkar, Mesopotamia,

Wednesday, **March 24, 1920.**

We have ascended the Shatt el-Hai to a point about halfway between the Tigris and Euphrates, and are now returning to the Euphrates for its ascent. The two days at Kal'at es-Sikkar were eventful. I wish I could tell you of our accommodations and the wretched hovel in which Captain Crawford lives, and which was all he had to offer us, but I must use this trip on the shaky launch to tell you of our adventures at Kal'at es-Sikkar. We spent Sunday afternoon, what was left of it,—resting and discussing our plans with Crawford.

Immediately after breakfast Monday morning Captain Crawford had horses ready for us, and we rode off with a guide and *sowâres* or mounted Arab guards with rifles. We rode northeast from Kal'at es-Sikkar out of the picturesque gate of the little town, where the women were coming in with heavy water skins on their backs or jars on their heads. We had not gone far when my horse bolted. Edgerton, who had never ridden at all before our Tello trip, was riding next me, and his horse at once followed mine. The Arabs usually put only halters on their horses, much as they do with camels. We therefore pulled on the rope reins in vain, the pressure coming on the animal's neck and not on his mouth. The desert was as flat as a floor, but the irrigation trenches with hard baked embankments on each side confronted us every 100 yards. The horses took them in one flying leap after another. I thanked the Lord I had ridden as a boy and shouted to Edgerton to hug his horse with his legs. At length the willful brutes were caught in the angle between two trenches coming together at right angles. They were deep and unfortunately dry. Edgerton's horse did wonderfully and to my surprise went over just in front of me in splendid style. The first trench left my horse too low,—he failed to rise over the next embankment and came down all standing while I went on. I never lost hold of the halter rope, and the horse trying to bolt of course as soon as he got his feet again, found himself halted. There he stood with the saddle under his belly gazing quietly at me, and I at him. I did not get a scratch,—nor so much as break my glasses, though they were so splattered I could only see out in spots. I could see Edgerton a mile away, rapidly disappearing on the horizon. Then I noticed some Bedwin tents close by, and a dark Bedwi running out to help, and praising Allah that I was all right. The rest of the party were far out of sight below the horizon. One of our Arab guards at length rose over the sky line galloping after me, and it was only as I saw him far off on the vast Babylonian plain that I realized I was alone in the heart of the Arab wilderness. It was a curious sensation, and made me fully realize the abrupt transition from a scholar's study in University Avenue and the amenities of university life to the nomad wilderness of Western Asia and its many survivals from the prehistoric barbarism of the Orient. I would not have missed the experience for a king's ransom!

The Arabs righted my outfit, but asked me to take another horse! I said by no means, but they must put on a bridle. They brought one from the tents and put it on the horse, and when I mounted he danced and bucked like a young mustang. The Arab bit is a barbarously cruel contrivance, and it was half an hour before the poor brute settled down to accept his distress philosophically. We finally overtook Edgerton among some Bedwin tents, and I was greatly relieved to find him uninjured. Before we got him settled on a quiet horse, his nag bolted again in spite of a bridle, and the boy fell off intentionally just before reaching a deep trench where he would surely have come to grief.

We were at length off again and a ride of 2-1/2 hours brought us to the extensive mounds of Tell Amûd, an unknown ancient city. It had rained dismally all the way out. The surface of the mound was a sea of sticky mud and we waded about with a great mass of it on each foot, while the steady downpour made it difficult to keep our records. As we devoured our lunch, we sat in the downpour on a few ancient bricks. The mounds are covered with broken pot-sherds, many of them fine green glazed fragments of Persian vases. The place had evidently not been inhabited since Neo-Persian times. I finally found the fragments of a large and handsome two-handled Persian vase of green glaze with chain pattern decoration which when put together made up practically a complete specimen worth 100 pounds at least. But we could not carry the fragments home on horseback and they still lie on the mound. We searched in vain for an inscription,—especially a stamped brick which might have contained a dedication revealing the name of the place. We wandered far and wide through the drizzle over an extensive circuit of mounds, but found no inscription. It was a strange and rather tantalizing experience to look out over this once populous city, endeavoring to repeople its vanished houses with the life that once flourished here, and has now passed away, leaving not even a name that might give it identity. Excavation would without doubt disclose it. As we rode away the rain ceased.

The next day (Tuesday, March 23) Captain Crawford had horses assembled on the other side of the river (west side) and we rode off southwest for Tell Yokha. It was a long and wearisome ride of nearly five hours, but interesting and instructive every step of the way. Five of the neighboring sheikhs had signified their desire of riding out with us, and Crawford too was with us. We had 5 Arab guards armed with rifles, and together our cavalcade numbered 16 horsemen. At our first group of over a hundred dark camel's hair tents, there was a strong mud fort with tall round towers, intended as a place of refuge for the tribes when one of the incessant tribal wars was on. The sheikh came out to greet us, accompanied by a servant bearing coffee,—the never failing symbol of hospitality. As we rode on, two more sheikhs from a somewhat turbulent tribe which had been recently bombed by British airmen, came in and assumed a friendly attitude.

All around us on the plain were the distant mounds of ancient cities,—all of them unknown. One of the Arabs who could read gave me their names, and I have recorded them all (six in number) with the correct Arabic spelling. We rode up on the mounds of one of them, Tell Libadîyeh (تَلِّ لِبَادِيَّة), but there was nothing on the surface to reveal its identity. About 1:30 having been in the saddle nearly 5 hours, and having come 23 miles from Kal'at es-Sikkar, we rode up among the vast mounds of Tell Yokha. Luckenbill is so heavy he had been having constant trouble with his horse, and although he had changed several times, he and Edgerton were miles in the rear accompanied by two of the Arab guards, for I had galloped on far in advance in order to inspect Tell Libadîyeh which lay somewhat off our line of march, and Captain Crawford had followed.

So we were far in advance as we ascended the mounds of Yokha. To my surprise we found things encumbered with great drifts and dunes of sand, which had drifted in from a stretch of desert 4 hours to the north, showing very vividly what I had long known, that there is sand desert even between the Two Rivers.

The mounds of Yokha are of vast extent. The strong north wind was driving the sand into our eyes, and besides this, it was too late to make our usual sketch plan of the extent of the ruins. Shelton had managed to hang pretty close to our flanks, and he soon came over to us. A moment later he plucked my sleeve and said, "Who are all these"? Looking where he pointed, I saw a body of 30 or 40 Arab horsemen, sweeping up the slope of the mound directly upon us. Crawford was 50 paces away and did not see them. I walked over to him and asked him to look round. His face never changed, and with the utmost composure he asked our Arabs who these horsemen were. They replied they were the Bnê Ghweinîn. In a moment they halted, drawn up in an impressive line, like a platoon of cavalry on parade. The Bnê Ghweinîn had been recently bombed by British airmen; their sheikh and many of his followers had been outlawed, and these were the men before us, a hundred paces away. Crawford was splendid. He folded his arms and quietly contemplated the horsemen. We had 5 rifles and they had 30 or 40. We were completely at their mercy far out in the Arab wilderness. Crawford said afterward, "I thought we were surely done in". He is 26,—but he has a wound in one leg not yet entirely healed, part of his right hand shot away, and a bullet through his stomach. Needless to say a volley from the outlaws would not have disturbed him! Four sheikhs dismounted from their horses, left them in the line and came forward to us. The sheikhs in our party introduced them and they all stepped forward and kissed Crawford's right shoulder, at the same time dropping from their heads their rope-like *agâlas* arranged in coils over their headcloths. To let the *agâla* fall thus to the shoulders is a token of complete submission. It was quite evident that this had all been arranged beforehand by the sheikhs who accompanied us. Crawford told Sheikh Miz'al he must come along with him to Kal'at es-Sikkar and afterward to headquarters at Nasiriya to make his formal submission there and stand his trial for his misdeeds. Miz'al was not expecting this and the palaver which followed was long and interesting as one sheikh after another took up the word. Miz'al did not assent but rode with us nevertheless to the tents of his tribe,—a two hour's ride eastward toward the river, the Arabs shouting, racing at wild speed, caracoling their horses in wide curves and brandishing their rifles.

Here we arrived about 4:30 p.m. and were at once taken to the madhîf (مذحف) or guest-tent of Sheikh Mutlaq, Miz'al's brother, who is now sheikh in Miz'al's stead. The big black camel's hair tent, open on one side, was carpeted with gay rugs and at the right were cushions where Crawford and I seated ourselves, the rest of our party on our right, then the sheikhs who were with us, and the notable men of the tribe. Tea and cigarettes were at once brought in and passed by Sheikh Mutlaq himself. Then four men appeared carrying between them an enormous tray heaped high with boiled rice on which lay two whole roast sheep. It was set down in the midst and a smaller tray of rice, together with numerous roast chickens, pieces of roast mutton, bowls of clabbered milk, and generous piles of Arab bread, were all placed before our party. As we fell to, the leading sheikhs gathered around the big tray, and a circle of dark hands carried the food to a circle of dark faces in a scene which I am really too tired to describe. The food was really well cooked and delicious, but imagine drinking clabbered milk from a bowl the outside of which, under the rim, was reeking with filth, left there by many Arab mouths. I thought of our paper cups in public drinking places, and being hungry and thirsty (for we had had nothing to



eat since early morning) I shut my eyes and drank. Circle succeeded circle around the big tray and then it was carried out for the women and children. Only the skeletons of two sheep still surmounted the remnants of the rice.

There was now a stir in the assembly and suddenly, where the big tray had just stood, appeared two holy men (*sayyids*) accompanied by Sheikh Miz'al. All three knelt before Crawford, and Miz'al at once prostrated himself with his forehead to the ground, and with words of contrition, begged forgiveness, while the two holy men also interceded on his behalf. An Arab is a very proud man, and it was an extraordinary sight to see a Sheikh thus humiliate himself before his whole tribe. Along the open side of the tent the tribesmen pressed anxiously forward an array of expectant faces which quite surpassed description in the divergent features of the highly varied and picturesque types. Other Sheikhs also pleaded for Miz'al, but Crawford was quite unyielding. The sheik must ride with him to Kal'at es-Sikkar, and afterwards stand trial at Nasiriyeh. The scene went on thus for half an hour. This imperturbable young Englishman sitting here unarmed in the midst of a wild Arab tribe, who outnumbered us 50 to one, and could have slaughtered us all in a few minutes, swayed them like a king. As he concluded the interview by rising, and going out to his horse, the whole tribe surged about us, and all at once they opened a passage and five women passed rapidly up to us. They were Miz'al's four wives and his mother, coming out to plead for him. I mounted my horse and rode out of the press to snap a photograph of the extraordinary scene. As I rode away I found Miz'al's mother and one of the wives at my elbow wailing out appeals for the outlaw. We all rode off rapidly, Crawford looking back at intervals to see if Miz'al was following. His people were evidently advising him not to go and we saw no more of him.

Another two hour's ride, the last half hour in darkness, making the network of canals, trenches and steep embankments difficult to negotiate, brought us to the river, where after some delay we found Crawford's launch. We had been in the saddle nearly nine hours, and had ridden nearly 40 miles. At 7:30 we embarked in the launch for Kal'at es-Sikkar, and the river had risen so much and the current was so swift that it was 10:30 when we arrived.

We were due at supper with a well-to-do native merchant, and it was after 12:00 before it was over. We turned in at 12:30 having had a fairly full day!

Launch on the Euphrates, Mesopotamia,  
Thursday, **March 25, 1920.**

We left Kal'at es-Sikkar early yesterday morning in Crawford's launch for Shatra where we arrived without accident at Shatra, 40 miles south of Kal'at es-Sikkar on the Shatt el-Hai. Unfortunately I have not my copy of your Philips map with me here, as we have left our heavy baggage at Nasiriya, so I cannot give you the places as noted on your map. At Shatra we found 4 cars awaiting us: two vans and two 5 passenger cars. We did not stop for lunch but went on at once in order to do the 40 miles of very bad road from Shatra back to Nasiriya before dark. Our imbecile of an Indian van driver from Basrah lost first an inner tube and then the casing without knowing it! We picked up first the tube and then the casing, and the Indian, 1/4 mile in advance of us was calmly running on the rim! till we overtook and stopped him! Arriving at Nasiriya a little after 4 p.m., we found Major Ditchburn the Political Officer had two launches all ready for our immediate departure. We had done 40 miles by launch on the Shatt el-Hai, and 40 miles by

car and would have been glad of a rest, but were anxious to get on. Everyday gained means getting home one day earlier and you can not think or begin to think what that means to me! It was after six, when all delays were surmounted and we started up the Euphrates for Duradji or Daraji 40 miles away. Our stuff was in one launch and we rode in the other. There was a little cabin with side seats and table, and a charcoal stove aft; so Ali got us some supper. A feeble quarter moon served us till possibly 10 o'clock, and when it disappeared we ran aground. At 11:00 we anchored till dawn, when we slogged on again for two hours, arriving at Daraji in time for a brief excursion to the extensive ruins of Warka, mentioned in the Old Testament as Erech. The local sheikh had been notified in advance to meet us with horses and as the ruins were distant only 1-1/2 hours ride we were all on board the launch again and underway on the return trip to Nasiriya by 4:30 p.m. These launches, which the British have brought out, seem strange enough in these ancient oriental surroundings. I knew nothing of them until our arrival and they are proving as helpful as they were unexpected, saving us many a long and weary land march,—that is both time and strength.

Nasiriya, Mesopotamia,  
Friday, **March 26, 1920.**

We had hoped to resume our journey toward Baghdad today by railway, going as far as Diwaniyeh or Diwanié. But there proved to be no space available as it has to be reserved in advance, and we shall be unable to get off until tomorrow. We are here something like 200 miles from Baghdad, and Diwaniyeh is near the middle of this 200 mile stretch. When we reach Diwaniyeh therefore we shall be only about 100 miles from Baghdad, and our only other stop on the way will be Hilla or Hilleh, from which place we go to the ruins of Babylon. About three days at Diwaniyeh and four at Hilleh should complete our work on the way to Baghdad—that is, we should be there inside of ten days, arriving not later than April 5th or 6th. You will have received a cable long before reading this, announcing our arrival. Our programme now looks about like this:

Arrival in Baghdad, April 6	
Trips around Baghdad:	one day
Ruins of Ctesiphon (Al-Madâfn)	
Kerbala and Nejef	3 days
Hît on Euphrates	2 days
Behistun monument of Darius	3 days
Leave Baghdad for Mosul	April 15
Trips around Mosul:	
Ruins of Nineveh	1 day
Ruins of Khorsabad	1 day
Leave Mosul for Baghdad	April 20
Stops and trips down Tigris from Mosul	8 days
Arrival at Baghdad (return)	April 29
Trip by Tigris, Baghdad to Basrah	4 days
Arrive Basra	May 4th
Leave Basrah by oil steamer as soon as available	
Arrive Port Said and leave for Beyrût not long after middle of May.	

In that case we shall be able to finish in Syria and Palestine in ten weeks very easily, thus enabling us to sail from Egypt to Italy about August 1, and from Naples for New York about August 15, reaching home September 1, a little over 5 months from now! That programme certainly does me good to contemplate. Just consider,—it is now six weeks since I have had a word from home! You would not find it easy to imagine how I go about among these new and unfamiliar scenes, thinking always of you all, and wondering how you all are,—not as a group, but each one separately in one little day dream after another. If I told you all I think and how often I yield to these day dreams, you would think me very weak and sentimental, and not made of the right stuff for living the resolute life demanded by such work as I have undertaken. They poured vastly too much of this kind of feeling and emotion into the mould when the rather unsuccessful job of casting your humble servant was being done, and the sacrifices entailed by this long exile cut cruelly deep. Evidently I am not a hero. If I write many pages of purely external doings and affairs, I could always write you many more of what is going on inside, but it would not be good for us if I did. I am sorry my typewriter is not with me all the time. Perhaps I burden you with hastily worded and badly written annals of our doings,—showing only too evident traces of the weariness in which they were written. I am keeping only an exclusively technical journal, and even if you do find this rather heavy and poorly written stuff, please file these letters to serve as a more personal journal of our expedition.

After concern and anxiety for my family, my chief trouble now is my official finances in Egypt, and I look anxiously for a cablegram from President Judson relieving me of the present uncertainty. I have always lived within my budget, and to have gone so far beyond it is distressing. When all this is settled what a joy to take the ship home again! I have done what I could to serve my university and my science, and now comes the joyous return to home and family and work and friends! Good-bye, dearest boy. Kiss the dear mother and the little folks and don't forget to write to

Your loving  
Pater.

Station Master's Tent, Ur Junction, Mesopotamia,  
Saturday Morning, **March 27, 1920.**

My dear, dear Frances:—

I sent off by registered post from Nasiriya yesterday, a long letter addressed to Charles. I hope it has reached you for it contained much of our doings in lower Babylonia, which we are now leaving. We have just come down ten miles from the Nasiriya terminus by rail to the main line of the railway from Basrah to Baghdad, and have some time to wait for our train here.

It rained again this morning, making the roads a slippery greasy mess exactly like the prairie mud of Illinois. We skidded about very uncomfortably in reaching the station, and these two oxcarts loaded with our smaller, excursion outfit were so slow that we barely reached the station in time for the train. But Major Beaver, the military commandant at Nasiriyeh was down to meet and help us, and he held the train 5 minutes.

On train below Samâwa, Mesopotamia,  
Saturday, **March 27, 1920**, 1 p.m.

The locomotive has gone bad and we are held up out in the desert below Samâwa where we should presently stop for lunch. Your map of course does not show the railroad, opened as I have told you, only a few weeks ago, but the main points on the line are Ur (Junction), (then it passes a few miles south of Daraji), Samâwa, Diwaniya, Hilla, Baghdad. We arrive at Diwaniya tonight. The political officer there has been notified of our arrival, and judging from our reception hitherto, we shall be well looked after. We are being given quarters, all our meals, and all transportation, except by railway, without expense.

Dîwâniya, Mesopotamia,  
Sunday morning, **March 28, 1920**, 6:30 a.m.

Major Daley, the Political Officer here was down at the station to meet us, and at the same time to send off his little 5 year old daughter and nurse to Baghdad. He took in Luckenbill and me, and the others have gone to the mess. We found Major Daley's wife ready to receive us in a bright, cheerful "drawing room", in a house brought together by the Major by joining together several adjacent Arab houses. It is a very pleasing home showing everywhere the presence of a woman.

Dîwâniya, Mesopotamia,  
Monday Morning, **March 29, 1920**.

We had a grand day yesterday, only clouded for me by the lack of any word from home. Bull came in from the commandant's office the evening of our arrival bringing a packet of letters which I went through eagerly, assured there must be at least one home letter among them. Not a single one! Only business letters! There must be delay in Cairo. It was about February 13 that I received my last home letter in Cairo. It is approaching 7 weeks with no home news! One of my letters is from the New York map dealer, saying he has no more of the Philips map on hand and cannot send you a copy. I am so disgusted! I have been sending you much geographical detail regarding our line of march, supposing that you had the map. The Andrae atlas will show you the main route in any case. And the larger towns and rivers will all be found in it.

This is an interesting household. Mrs. Daly is a wee little woman, very bright and interested in her husband's work. They have a little girl of five, twin boys of 3-1/2 and another little stranger is just at the threshold; but Mrs. Daly is as cheerful as sunshine although she is the only white woman in the town and the next two months will see the awful heat of summer well on its withering way with 120° to 130° or even 135 degrees (Fahrenheit).

Koldewey's House, Hillah, Babylon, Mesopotamia,  
Tuesday, **March 30, 1920**.

This picturesque town of Hillah is just on the outskirts of ancient Babylon. The view of the Euphrates shown in my *Ancient Times* was taken from the balcony just outside my bedroom



door, and shows a corner of Koldewey's house in which I am living. You must remember Koldewey. A new officers' mess has been built abutting on this house and enlarging it, and here live the British officers of the local administration. Poor old Koldewey! It has all ended so differently from anything they could have imagined! The old Euphrates flows past my windows below the balcony. It is now only a branch known as Shatt Hillah ("River of Hillah").

I must go back to Diwaniyah and our visit to Niffer, ancient Nippur. The town was the Abydos of ancient Babylonia, the greatest of the early religious centers. It was excavated by the University of Pennsylvania, chiefly under the field directorship of Haynes, who returned to America and died as a result of his devoted work here. We found his house, though in melancholy ruins. The buildings of the ancient town, chiefly the temple tower, are the most impressive we have yet seen in Babylonia.

Not less interesting than Nippur were the conversations with Major Daly, who took a Sunday off and drove us out in his own official car. He is the keenest and most intelligent of all the British officials we have met here, and he is in charge of the most important district in Babylonia. He is already collecting taxes amounting to 2-1/2 million Rupees, almost 1-1/4 million dollars. Yet when he took charge there were over 400 fortresses in the district, and tribal fighting, especially over irrigation, was incessant. The day he arrived and took over his post, a battle between tribes was going on many miles out. Daly inquired as to canals and finding none in the way drove out in a Ford vanette and suddenly appeared in this strange contrivance which none of the wild tribesmen had ever seen before. He drove between the firing lines and in a few minutes the tribesmen on both sides were crowding about the machine. On his calling their attention to the fact that he could always reach them in the new vehicle, both sides took the peace oaths and the fighting ceased. In the course of a few weeks he succeeded in starting a movement for demolition of the fortresses by showing he could right their wrongs much better than they could. Eventually one day he induced a well known sheikh actually to begin tearing down his walls. The falling fragments could be seen from the next fortress only a few hundred yards away, and thus it went on from fort to fort far across the plain. In a few days all were down, a state of affairs unknown for centuries. A few tribes refused the new arrangements. They are the kind of people for whom Mr. Wilson's 14 points are admirably suited! But Major Daly for some reason failed to apply them! He found a bombing plane more efficient. He could go out 50 miles with his pilot and bomb a tribe, come back for the usual morning's work at his desk; run out and give 'em another after lunch and transact the regular afternoon's business before tea, or postpone the bombing picnic until after tea, and return in plenty of time for a bath before dinner. The scattering on camels the first time he did this, said Daly, was very amusing. In two cases the tribal sheikh held out for 15 days and then yielded to the discontent of his tribe and came in and submitted. If such methods are condemned on humanitarian grounds, consider the alternative. The Arabs on the upper Daghara river "bundled", that is, dammed and diverted the whole river, although they needed only a fraction of its water, and they turned much of it into a marsh. They thus laid waste a large district below, many square miles in extent, impoverished and starved whole tribes: men, women and children, and drove them out of homes they had held for centuries! To the Arab, "liberty" is simply the opportunity to oppress all his neighbors and raise unlimited hell. The automobile and the airplane are beginning to do what was attempted in vain for thousands of years by Babylonians, Assyrians, Persians, Macedonians, Romans and all the rest—the curbing and civilizing of the lawless Semitic or Bedwin nomads.

The same lawlessness prevailed in the towns. During Major Daly's first month at his post, he was met practically every morning on his way to his office by the corpse of a murdered man, brought to him by the victim's relatives for redress. These almost daily murders in one village represented the normal conditions under Turkish sovereignty, which was purely nominal, leaving the Arabs to fight things out among themselves, because Turkish control, was too feeble, timid, and corrupt to restrain the Arabs at all, or even to collect any taxes except at intervals of many years. A Turkish official did not dare appear on a street alone, or go out among the tribes even with a strong Turkish escort. Such a Turk was merely a local vulture legally authorized to plunder the people for filling his own maw under pretence of collecting taxes. It was not uncommon for a local Turkish official to have his throat cut. Daly found it impossible to let a particularly atrocious murder pass, especially as he discovered that he was himself marked as a coming victim! He had no one to help him, but turned a clever bit of Sherlock Holmes work himself and found the murderer,—one of his own leading native police. Sounds like New York and Chicago, doesn't it? Daly at the same time got the goods on two of the murderer's cronies as the guilty ones in another dreadful murder. Imagine the hardihood of the first murderer, who sauntered in casually and reported finding the body of the victim in the street, just where he had himself dragged it under cover of night. Daly tried these three gentry and hanged them publicly. Murders stopped at once, the decent people came and thanked him, all has remained quiet and orderly ever since, and Daly is sovereign lord of the whole community.

At present he is very busy on a large irrigation project, the enlargement of a 16 foot canal to a width of 80 feet! It is 7 miles long, and the job is therefore not only to make an excavation 64 feet wide and 7 miles long, but also to shift 64 feet away a huge embankment stretching along one side of the canal. I saw 14,000 Arabs engaged on this job distributed in tribal levies along the entire 7 miles, each levy furnished, fed and kept at work by the tribal sheikhs. A few months ago these 14,000 wild men were engaged in cutting each other's throats, as a result of ceaseless quarreling over the distribution of water. Now they are all delighted at what is being done, and have no desire to fight. Daly took me in his car along most of the canal line to inspect the progress of the work. It will take only a few weeks, probably 3 to 4, and will be ready for the present flood. The natives greeted Major Daly everywhere with wild enthusiasm. He had only to lift his hand and shout, and all the men within hearing would run together in a huge circle, trotting round and round in a fiery war dance, brandishing their long spades high over their heads in lieu of rifles, and shouting the refrain of a rhythmic war song with such improvised words as: "Daley has taken our rifles", a reference to his recent disarming of the whole population, collecting over 20,000 rifles. For miles we went up and down the canal and started this war dance, known as a "hausa" (حَوْسَة). Daly says that after a few minutes of this, a gang of men will work very much better all day. Such are a few of the incidents in the transformation of this decadent land at the hands of the British.

We left Diwanieh and our friends the Dalys with great regret. There is only one train from Diwanieh to Hillah. It is only a little over 50 miles, but it takes nearly 4 hours as the train arrives at Hillah long after midnight. Telegraphic notice of our coming had been sent both by Daly and myself, and the Hillah Political Officer had been notified also from Baghdad. Unfortunately the Political Officer himself was away on vacation. We learned afterward he deputed a certain Captain Outlaw to look after us, and this well-named individual allowed us to arrive with no one to meet us, and no transportation to a night's shelter. After the train moved out we looked up to the brilliant Babylonian night sky, bright with a radiant moon; and the cold night wind admonished

us to seek a warm corner,—in vain. Nobody knew anything. I finally found a young British officer who told me there was a car to be had in the neighboring railway camp of the constructing engineers. All was still as the grave,—the palms threw long shadows in the moonlight, and the stars twinkled through the dark palm-crowns, massive and somber against the sky. Suddenly we were challenged by a sentry, as we approached their tents. My companion quickly answered “friend”, and we entered the group of tents. We were unable to rouse anyone, but found a large empty tent, which I determined to requisition. We found some sleeping porters who carried our bed-bags and kit-bags over, and by the light of a lantern soon set up our beds, and turned in about 2 a.m. In the morning one of the engineers appeared at our tent-door and introduced himself by saying breakfast was ready in the mess tent! After breakfast he and his assistant, a young Canadian lieutenant, drove me into Hillah in a Ford vanette, where I soon found the Political Officer, a Major Pulley. He very much needed oiling. Our papers on his desk had been there so long that he had forgotten them. I could see that although he was perfectly courteous, the initial impetus given our expedition by the good offices of the Baghdad government very much lacked some new steam. So I telegraphed to Major-General Hambro in Baghdad and had a reply at once putting a car at my disposal, and I think we shall now get on all right. We were given quarters in the Political Mess, as it is called,—a term strangely suggestive, at this juncture, of the situation of the Allies, and everybody else for that matter.

Ruins of Babylon, Mesopotamia,  
Wednesday, **March 31, 1920.**

Here I sit in Koldewey’s Babylon house. I find there is some doubt about his having lived in the Hillah house I have mentioned above. But there is no doubt about this Babylon house. We all came up here this morning: Luckenbill and I in the car assigned us by General Hambro’s wire and the boys in a launch which brought both them and the kits. The beds are set up in the German house, with German pictures looking down from the walls, and we have just had lunch in the dining room.

Hillah, Mesopotamia,  
Wednesday Evening, **March 31, 1920.**

I am sitting on the balcony of the German house here, as the sun sets, and the evening light settles over the quiet river, with a bright white moon sailing over the palms. I am quite alone, having returned here in the Hambro car, and left the boys at Babylon in Koldewey’s house 6 miles away. The Arab servant has just served tea, and our Abbas is cleaning up my room, so I have shifted to the balcony. We had a fine afternoon making a preliminary survey of enormously extensive ruins of Babylon. It is alive with interest at every turn, but the thing perhaps which interested me most was the bridgehead and piers of the bridge of Nabonidus, father of Belshazzar. It crossed the Euphrates, and connected Babylon on the east side with the suburbs on the west side. The Euphrates has shifted westward at this point and its old bed is now dry so that we could trace the scanty remains of the piers in mid-stream. It is the oldest dated bridge known, though only from the 6th century B.C.

I left the boys and walked up the dry bed of the Euphrates for half a mile with ruins of the once magnificent city on each side.

Ruins of Babylon, Mesopotamia,  
Thursday noon, **April 1, 1920.**

I came up in the general's car from Hillah, the rest having all spent the night here among the ruins in Koldewey's house. Things have improved in our situation at Hillah, perhaps as a result of General Hambro's telegram. General Wauchope's aide-de-camp called on me with an invitation for dinner this evening, and also hoped I would be able to take him about the ruins of Babylon tomorrow morning. I took the opportunity of securing from the aide-de-camp a number of things I wanted, especially transport for the remainder of our stay here. We finish Babylon tomorrow (Friday) night; go out to Birs Nimrûd (ancient Borsippa) Saturday, returning the same day, and then going out 30 miles to Nejef, the sacred city of the Shi'as on Sunday, returning to Hillah Sunday night. The same night we shall take train about 12:30 for Baghdad, reaching there Monday, April 5, early in the morning. I found two letters at the Political Officer's desk this morning, one a business letter from Cairo, the other letter for Luckenbill from his wife. I am still without a single word from home since 3 or 4 days before leaving Cairo, that is for about 6-1/2 weeks. I am unable to understand it. The clerks in the Cairo Consul's office must have made a mess of it. Luckenbill sits reading his letter as I write in the German House. Well, I must make the best of it, and get what satisfaction I can contemplating my little family in the group photograph which I keep standing on my camp table at the head of my bed; but if I could get my fingers on the fool consular clerk who is responsible,—the good Lord pity him!

Ruins of Babylon, Mesopotamia,

Friday noon, **April 2, 1920.**

I spent yesterday morning on the Festival Street, 30 feet above the level of the old street.; there it is with the pavement still in position just as the Hebrew captives must have walked on it. The pavement bricks have a finishing surface of asphalt or bitumen like our asphalt streets. Luckenbill and I also examined the Ishtar temple where, according to Herodotus's unsavory story every woman was obliged to sacrifice herself. In the afternoon we examined the wonderfully interesting mound at the extreme north tip of the city still called by the Arabs "Bab-il" ("Gate of God") which preserves the venerable name of the old city and sounds strangely enough, surviving thus in the mouths of the modern natives. It is a vast and lofty mass of substructure, but what it supported is not evident. The natives and uninformed visitors call it the "Tower of Babel". I returned alone through the palms growing in thick groves where once the crowded houses of the great city stood. A native with his son and 3 donkeys came along behind me and insisted on my mounting his donkey. We chatted as we rode on through the palms, talking of his crops, of his children and his little blind girl. "Sahib", said he, "we are very glad the Turks are gone, and the English are here. The Turks were very bad. They hanged us and they cut off our heads if we did not let them steal our crops and our sheep. Oh yes, Sahib, things are much better now". The little boy said to me, eyeing my wrists curiously, "The sahib carries two watches, one on each wrist". You see, he had discovered my wrist compass, which you will be glad to know is an invaluable treasure. I wear it constantly and find it much more useful than the pocket compass I formerly carried.

At Koldewey's house I found a car waiting which took me back to Hillah for the night. I had a very pleasant dinner with General Wauchope, cousin of the general of the same name who



was killed in the South African war. This morning he sent his car around to my quarters and I returned to his, where he and his aide-de-camp joined me, and we drove up here to look over the ruins. The general was deeply interested and I spent the whole morning with him. It is useful work to show the British rulers of these ancient lands something of the great scientific responsibility which rests upon them. To my surprise they are openly discussing the feasibility of installing Koldewey over the excavations again! I took him down to the ancient Euphrates bridge and left him there,—after he had again invited me to dinner and asked me to bring Luckenbill along.

3:30 p.m.

Luckenbill and I have worked along the lower end of the Festival Street where pre-Nebuchadnezzar buildings rise from a pavement probably 30 feet below the pavement of Nebuchadnezzar's Festival Street. We have made some good photographic records of all this. They show how Nebuchadnezzar raised the palace quarter high above the level of the Assyrian restoration which followed the complete destruction of Babylon by Sennacherib. Sennacherib, Emperor of Assyria, weary of constant rebellions of vassal Babylon, utterly destroyed the city and turned a canal over that wreckage. His successors restored the venerable city, and a generation later, after the destruction of Nineveh and the fall of the Assyrian Empire in 606 B.C., Nebuchadnezzar the brilliant young king of a revived Babylon, raised his vast palace over the Assyrian restoration of the city and crowned the whole with the famous "Hanging Gardens". It was deeply interesting to find the pavement of Nebuchadnezzar's gorgeously adorned street, some 30 feet higher than the floors of the Assyrian building along the street. It was all done in the time of the Babylonian captivity of the Hebrews, after Nebuchadnezzar had destroyed Jerusalem in 598 B.C.

We have also been over the scanty remains of the Greek theatre, erected by Alexander's successors after his death, which you remember took place at Babylon in 323 B.C. It marks the extraordinary interfusion of East and West which had been going for some time and culminated in the western spread of Christianity, an oriental religion.

At 4 o'clock a government launch comes up for our camp outfits and the rest of the party are all coming back to Hillah for two nights more. I am glad to say I have found a mixed local train service from Hillah to Baghdad, leaving Hillah at 4 p.m. and reaching Baghdad at 8:50 (evening), thus relieving us of the necessity of traveling all night after taking the train at 1 a.m. So we go the 30 mile trip to Nejef tomorrow (Saturday) and the short trip to ancient Borsippa (Birs Nimrûd) Sunday in order to get back to Hillah in time for the 4 p.m. train. I have wired Major-General Hambro, the day and hour of our arrival and I suppose he will have quarters for us somewhere. I have sent to him and also to the Civil Commissioner an outline of our plans for trips from Baghdad as headquarters. I am confident now, that we can carry out these projects by the first of May, return to Basrah and sail thence for Egypt (Port Said) not later than the middle of May, reaching our Syrian work thus before the end of May. This ensures an early return to America, leaving Alexandria by August 1.

Hillah, Mesopotamia,

**April 2, 1920, 6:45 p.m.**

Luckenbill and I left Babylon for the last time at 4:45 this afternoon, in General Wauchope's car. The launch had not yet arrived when we left, being 3/4 of an hour late. I was afraid

the boys might be marooned in Babylon over night with no food, so I went to Brigade Headquarters and found the proper officer, who went with me to I.W.T (Inland Water Transport), where we learned the launch had left Hillah at 3 p.m. for Babylon. Sure enough, at 6:00 p.m. the launch moored below my balcony with all on board. I spend a good deal of my time on courier work of this sort. Luckenbill is always most willing and obliging, but he is as helpless as a child in all these situations and stands in a dazed fashion loudly projecting indignant interrogations into space, and wonders why nobody answers or does anything! Imagine losing our only dark cloth the very first day it was used! I told him to buy some black native goods in the first bazaar. That was 16 days ago. Today when I asked Luckenbill to come out with me and make some views, I found he had overlooked,—to my amazement there was no dark cloth! Now a camera cannot be accurately focussed without a dark cloth, but here it had been used for three days at Babylon, of all places, to say nothing of the other places we had visited, without a dark cloth. The cloth must be used also in such bright sunlight as we have here and in Egypt to cover the plate holder when the slide is out, but this too has not been done though I gave very particular instructions on this point. Where shall efficient help be found? Nobody in this party can use any Arabic but, although this Mesopotamian dialect is entirely new to me for it is totally different from that of Egypt, I boned up enough on the way here, to get along. But the whole party turns to me for help. “Could you tell Ali, we need so and so”? “Abbas ought to be told to go and watch that baggage we left at the last landing”. “Could you tell these porters where to take our things”? etc., etc., etc.; when I ought to have my mind on other things. The first time I asked Luckenbill to give the servants certain instructions and save my time and attention for other things, he replied that his Arabic was not equal to it. As he had talked very fully about his acquaintance with pronunciation of Syrian Arabic, I supposed he could use it. He speaks only English to our two boys. Sometimes they understand and sometimes or mostly they don’t, and I have to step in. As for Shelton, he too is most willing and obliging, but he is a cross between Simple Simon and Handy Andy. My dear good Ludlow, the finest traveling companion you could desire within the limits of civilization, is far too luxurious and easy and deliberate for a rough and ready life like this. While Edgerton has been completely transformed, and is far the most quick, active and generally useful of the group.—Well, please do not breathe a word of all this to anyone. There has not been a single quarrel or altercation. I have once or twice come down with some emphasis, but the spirit of the whole party is agreeable and after all that quite offsets all the troubles I have mentioned.

Ruins of Babylon, Mesopotamia,  
Sunday noon, **April 4, 1920.**

Well, I was not expecting to be here today again, having once said good-bye to the place. But last night in returning from Nejef, I found a note from General Wauchope in my room, which I enclose herewith. So this morning we have driven up here with the general. Lunch is spread under the palms of Babylon, two orderlies and an Indian servant are serving cold bottled stuff, and I have just had a refreshing lemonade. The general is over at the railway waiting for friends who are coming down from Baghdad on a railway motor.

I was unable to put in any entries yesterday, a wonderful day! We drove 40 miles south to Nejef, perhaps the holiest and most venerated city of Islam. It is the burial place of Ali, who married Mohammed’s daughter, and many Mohammedans regard their two sons Hasan and Hu-

sain as the only legitimate descendants of the prophet, and the real and legal heads of Islam. The devotees of Ali form a great eastern division or sect of Islam called Shîahs, as against the Sûnni or western sect. All Persia is Shîah. Pilgrims come from far across Asia to pray at the venerated tomb of Ali. All Shîah Moslems desire to be buried beside it. I have met a man carrying a corpse wrapped in reeds and balanced across his horse on the pommel of his saddle, while he rode behind it and kept it in equilibrium as he followed the winding road across canals and embankments. Such “corpse-carrying” is widely practiced and there are men who follow it as a calling. I photographed the first one I met, and I think I got everything on the plate but the smell! In the turbulent times that are past, these corpse-carriers were frequently robbed by the Arabs. They therefore hit upon the idea of putting their money in the mouth of the dead. The Arabs however, soon discovered where the cache was, and wrenching open the mouth of the corpse, they likewise discovered the cash! Such is the respect of the Mohammedan for his pious fellow Moslem. These bodies are brought from far and near for burials at Nejef by the tomb of Ali. Only a short time ago the body of a former Shah of Persia, possibly the grandfather of the present Shah, was carried to Nejef for secret interment. The place is so holy that no non-Moslems have been permitted to enter it, and with few exceptions no white man has ever visited it, for his life would not be worth a farthing. The first British Political Officer there, Captain Marshall, was murdered. The British hanged eleven of the leading murderers and banished the rest. All is now quiet there. Nejef is situated about 100 miles south of Baghdad, and 40 miles south of Hillah, on the edge of the Arabian desert, south or west of the Euphrates.

We drove out of Hillah a little after 9 a.m. in two Ford vanettes. Thirty-four miles out we crossed the outermost branch of the Euphrates on a bridge of boats at the picturesque old town of Kufa. Winding across the plain as we left Kufa behind, we saw shining above the margin of the desert in the south, a golden dome. It was the dome of Ali’s tomb. Then as we made our serpentine way among the palm groves, the city gradually rose above the horizon and floating above the tremulous mirage swam amid vapourous lakes,—no longer grounded on prosaic earth,—a phantom city floating in the clouds along the horizon, and dominated by the glittering golden dome of Ali’s tomb. There is a lot of futile words, powerless to convey the mysterious vision of this remarkable place as one rides out to it along the margin of the desert. The Political Officer received us cordially and took us about. We went through the bazaars,—the real oriental thing. These craftsmen were not putting out crudely and hastily made junk for sale to the usual army of tourists, as in Cairo and Damascus. To my surprise the goldsmiths were producing beautiful filigree work, which I am sure you will admire when you see what I am bringing you. Here we were in bazaars absolutely cut off until recently from any contact with European life—bazaars which any orientalist would have given his ears to see, a few years ago. A little procession carried a body past us, and went on to lay it in the mosque by Ali’s tomb, before it was taken out to the cemetery for burial. The bazaars and houses cluster so thickly about the mosque that its effect is quite marred. Its entrance is adorned with a gorgeous profusion of brightly colored Persian tiles several centuries old. No non-Moslem is permitted to enter and we could not go in. Within, all sorts of merchandising is carried on—vendors of fish and vegetables, among them many women, jostle the low stands of the squatting money-changers, sitting in rows along the walls of the courts, and one is forcibly reminded of Jesus’ cleansing of the temple in Jerusalem.

The town is surrounded by a wall, picturesque but of recent date, built to repel the attacks of the Wahhabees. We climbed the wall, and got a fine prospect of the town and the surrounding desert. The cemetery stretches far out upon the plain, and contains myriads of burials, from the

simplest earth mounds to the gorgeous tawdriness of the Sheikh of Mohammera's domed tomb. Just below us was a large enclosure where mortuary attendants wash the incoming bodies before burial. As we stood there, seven men issued from this place, each with a body on his head. Of course we photographed them as they passed, but one very obtrusive feature of the procession, as the wind came our way, was not caught by the camera!

Hillah Fort, Mesopotamia,  
Monday, **April 5, 1920.**

I shall not be able to go on with the last of our work at this place. I must run to breakfast now and get off to Birs Nimrûd 15 miles south. This afternoon we leave for Baghdad. Excuse this scrappy chronicle, and accept worlds of love for you, and all my dear ones, the big boy and the little boy, and the baby girl.

Lovingly,  
James.

General Hambro's House, Baghdad, Mesopotamia,  
Wednesday Morning, **April 7, 1920.**

My dear Frances:—

I sent Charles a long journal letter a fortnight ago, and another to you day before yesterday from Hillah. I hope they have duly reached you. Both were registered. My situation as to news from you is deplorable. Not a single home letter here at the American Consul's office! It is now seven and a half weeks since I have had a word from home. Last night a large batch of mail arrived for all the members of the expedition, but not a single line for me. Apparently the Cairo Consul's office is not at fault, for among last night's mail was a letter for me from the Cleveland Museum, addressed to the Cairo Consul and duly forwarded here care Baghdad Consul. I am going to the Baghdad post office this morning with the envelope of this letter to see if they can throw any light on the mysterious disappearance of over seven weeks mail. It is dismal enough, knocking about in these remote and benighted lands, thousands of miles from home, but I assure you the added circumstance of absolutely no home communications renders the whole journey melancholy enough. Well, enough of such troubles and back to the job!

Our programme is now definitely settled and without doubt can be carried through on schedule time, as follows:

Baghdad and vicinity	9 days
This includes a trip up the Euphrates as far as Hît and probably beyond, occupying four days,	
Baghdad to Mosul and return	10 days
Baghdad to Bisutun in Persia	6 days



This last trip is chiefly to inspect and secure archaeological details from the huge relief of Darius the Great, overlooking the great highway from Babylon to Ecbatana, the ancient capital of Persia, the modern Hamadan.

In 25 days therefore, we should be back in Baghdad, with the above programme behind us, that is we shall be ready to leave for Basrah and take ship there for Egypt again, early in May. I am just making arrangements for our passage by oil steamer from Basrah to Port Said, sailing from Basrah some time between the 5th and 10th of May. It now looks very much as if we could sail from Egypt for Italy by the first of August, and from Naples for New York not later than August 15th and probably earlier. I may be home therefore before the first of September.

General Hambro's House,  
Thursday Morning, **April 8, 1920.**

I spent all yesterday morning in arranging our return passage to Egypt, or at least getting the arrangements started, so that they can receive General Hambro's O.K. I also drove around to three different Post Offices, the last being the office of the Director of Postal Service for all Mesopotamia, an English Officer named Major Clerici, who was very courteous and obliging, and has cabled to Cairo, and everywhere else where my letters might be lurking. The Consulate has just sent in another letter for Edgerton. Everybody in the expedition has received a sheaf of home letters, while only I am left out. Curious perversity of things, isn't it?

The general left Tuesday night for an important inspection across the Persian frontier, and returned this (Thursday) morning. He left instructions with his chief of staff to take Luckenbill and me out to Ctesiphon in his big Vauxhall car, which is much more comfortable than the Fords we have made most of our jaunts in. The boys followed in a Ford. Ctesiphon lies on the same bank of the Tigris as Baghdad, 25 miles down the river. It was the residence city of the New Persian Kings, built by them after their sudden and remarkable rise to power soon after the overthrow of the Parthians in the Third Century A.D. Besides the line of city walls and the few mounds within them, all that survives is a scanty portion of the great White Palace,—a marvelous building of burned brick. The vast Throne Room, crowned by a gigantic arched roof, the greatest arch in Asia today, is still a most impressive building. I am a fairly hardened observer of great buildings, but I found this magnificent hall simply overwhelming. Crawling along under this colossal crown of arching masonry, one's own pygmy figure seemed like some contemptible little insect, gazing up at the sky! I wish I could describe it to you. You will find a chapter head-piece in *Ancient Times* toward the end of the book with a short description of the place in the foot-note below. It is a great gratification to see it, and to be convinced by the evidence of one's own incredulous eyes, that this vast over-arching roof was swung out over the colossal void, without any wooden centering supporting the masonry, till it had been keyed into place, as our western builders are always obliged to do. As if it floated buoyantly on the atmosphere, the gigantic arch crept on and out over the enormous hall, and under it only the great void, until the whole was covered, and when the builder had accomplished this miracle, he had created what, in spite of its wrecked condition, remains the most imposing interior without columns, now standing anywhere on earth. Nothing in the way of a vaulted interior achieved by later architecture can compare with this vast palace hall, in spite of the fact that so little of it remains.

Friday Morning, **April 9, 1920.**

I was interrupted in this letter by an appointment to go with the American Consul to see the native dealers. We have at once plunged into the most important finds. We have a six-sided, baked clay prism, 18 inches high bearing the Royal Annals of Sennacherib, valuable Assyrian reliefs, nearly 1000 tablets of literary and similar content, etc., etc., etc. If we can come to terms with the owners, all sorts of legal difficulties and obstacles confront us in securing the right to export the things and take them to America.

Friday Afternoon, **April 9, 1920.**

Hurrah! Luckenbill and I were drinking tea which Abbas had brought up, when in came the *cavass* from the American Consulate next door, bringing his big registry book and a fat registered letter from you! It is today practically eight weeks since I received the last home letter, and I hope you may never have occasion to know how dismal it is to drop out of the world as I have done, and lose all connection with ones kith and kin. “Like fresh water to a thirsty soul is good news from a far country”. Your letter is numbered fifteen (15), and dated January 27, a Tuesday, the day of the Gogorza concert. It has taken nine and a half weeks to reach me! I hope my letters have not been so long in reaching you. You mention No. 14 as having been sent registered to Cairo. It will doubtless come along soon, and I hope preceded by No. 13, which is all I have not received. No. 12 reached me in Cairo, if my memory is correct, but in cutting down my baggage to the lowest possible limit, I was obliged to leave my file of home letters in Cairo, in my big trunk.

I am sorry I wrote you in my last of any of the insignificant troubles which unavoidably attend an expedition like ours. I don’t believe I could have found a group of fellows more amiable and willing and unselfish than the men I have around me;—It is simply that I grow a little weary sometimes of always being responsible for the details in the arrangement of our immediate future,—details which I might reasonable expect my colleague or the boys to see for themselves and provide for;—but they never do! But Luckenbill is loyal and obliging, and as we have now got down to heavy work with the Asiatic dealers, I am shifting most of it on to his shoulders. I have not read any cuneiform for many years, and I depend entirely on him for the character of the texts, whenever that is not evident from the exterior; but sculptures and similar archaeological objects I select for myself and I find I know them much better than he does. You must not mention to anyone outside of the university, or anywhere where it might reach the press, the things which we have found here. Clay was here only a day or two and succeeded in running down only one small group of things, which however he did not secure. The Civil Commissioner who is practically king of the country, Colonel A. T. Wilson, is an exceptionally strong man;—has very decided views about the proper policy for his treatment of the country, and I fear has such a sensitive regard for what he considers the rights of the Arabs (imagine Arab rights based on their appreciation of cuneiform documents!) that he may not allow us to take out a single thing. But I have a strong weapon against him in that British officers of wealth have already taken out great groups of stuff in their baggage, as their personal collections!

I was invited to dine with the new Commander-in-Chief, General Haldane, last night and found it a very enjoyable meeting. It is all water to our mill and will help us in the future. I had a letter of introduction from Lord Allenby to General MacMunn, the former Commander-in-Chief in Mesopotamia—but on arriving here I found that General MacMunn had been transferred to India, and General Haldane had just come out in his stead. As I had no letter to General Haldane, I was not expecting any opportunity to meet him;—but General Hambro is kindness itself, and I suspect he arranged it. Mrs. Hambro has just gone back to England to her children, and the general is about to shift over for a few weeks to the house of the Commander-in-Chief, in order to let one of the ladies of the English colony who is not well and cannot find proper rooms, have his whole comfortable house until she sails for England, when he will return to it. He is, you see, a man of boundless kind-heartedness, and I am already the recipient of so much kindness at his hands, that I don't know how to pay my debts. He came into my room this morning with a carbon of the letter he had written to the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, directing them to give us passage in one of their big oil boats around Arabia to Egypt, and thus saved us several thousand miles of the hottest kind of sailing across the Indian Ocean to and from Bombay. The work with the antiquities we have found is preventing our trip to Hit, noted in the above itinerary, and we shall spend the time here, entirely on the job of listing and endeavoring to locate all the available things of value. But I am deeply perplexed as to the proper method of procedure in buying the things and obtaining the right to take them to America.

It is beginning to be very hot here after the first two hours of the morning;—the winter rains of which we have encountered a number, are now probably all past, and the nights are no longer cold, though they are cool and refreshing. The flies are a terrible pest, and the tiny sand flies which go through any mosquito net, are soon due to appear. Curiously enough the flies cannot stand the extreme heat of this region and by the middle of June or even earlier they disappear; but we shall have them as long as we are in the country.

Once we are safely stowed away on board the oil steamer at Basrah, I shall feel as if the second of the labors of Hercules were completed. The first was Egypt, and the third will be Syria. Our next step of 250 miles up the Tigris to Mosul looks to me like a journey round the world. I suppose I am getting tired and travel-weary, just as the armies were war-weary toward the end. But you will have a cable from me long before you read this letter, letting you know that we are leaving Mesopotamia and returning to the Mediterranean. I have had a cable from Nelson at Beirut, conveying an invitation from the college to deliver the Commencement Address there on June 17. You might call up Fiske at the Press and let him know. He always wants such items for his news column. The invitation, though it involves a responsibility I would gladly have escaped, was peculiarly attractive to me. I have so long worked on the ancient civilizations of these lands of the Near East, that I felt singularly impelled to improve this opportunity of conveying any message that may be in me to the young men from all these venerable lands, who are gathered in such numbers in Beirut.

General Hambro's House, Baghdad, Mesopotamia,  
Saturday morning, **April 10, 1920.**

Abbas has brought in the early morning tea which everybody in the eastern region of the Near East has served at his bed-side, following the custom in India. I find it very welcome and refreshing in this enervating climate. As there is still a little while before breakfast I will endeavor

or to finish this letter. We had dinner last night on the general's huge veranda overhanging the broad Tigris, and looking far up and down the river and across to the palm groves on the other side. It seemed incongruous enough to watch the lines of electric lights along the shores, marking also the lines of the two bridges of boats which connect the two sides of the river here. The evening air is delightfully balmy and cool, and the lapping of the waters is drowsily soothing, as the Indian servants bring in the dinner,—a very good one too. This evening the general has invited Gertrude Lowthian Bell to dinner. You perhaps remember her. We began once to read aloud one of her books, "From Amurath to Amurath", I think. She is an English woman who has been out here among the Arabs, like Lady Hester Stanhope, for some 25 years,—of course no longer young, and a terrible blue stocking, but I have no doubt an interesting woman.

That reminds me that Mrs. Warren left here for Persia a day or two ago. Luckenbill called on her, but I did not see her. It is not likely that our paths will cross again, and as she is getting what she wants through her Y.M.C.A. connection, and she will not need to ask us for anything. General Hambro has just stepped in and says, "Tell your wife that an English general who knows without being told, how the arch of Ctesiphon was built, says you are looking fine". Now that, as a message to an archaeologist's wife, strikes me as pretty good. You note how he qualifies, before he gives you his opinion! And it is true that he explained to me his idea of how the vast arch was put up, before we went out there, and he was quite right. I think therefore he is quite qualified to report on the exterior of an archaeologist! Hambro is a prince of a man! A man of independent wealth, who after 27 years in the army,—the last five from August 1914 to August 1919 in constant service in France,—comes out to these new dependencies of the British Empire, involving life in the hottest region on the globe and separation from his wife and children, to aid his nation in carrying this huge new burden of responsibility. He has charge of all the railways (as Q.M.G, Quartermaster General), all the river transport, much of overseas transport, and absolutely all stores and supplies, including those necessary to feed 40,000 refugees from Armenia at the Bakuba camp near Baghdad. He disburses some 250 or 300 million dollars a year, has of course a huge organization under him, goes to his office every morning at 8:30, takes only an hour for lunch, does not come home for tea nor have it served in his office, and does not leave his desk until seven in the evening. This programme is relieved only by short trips of inspection. A man in business life doing this job would receive at least \$50,000 a year. He gets a thousand pounds, one third of which is at once absorbed by income tax, and another third by the unfavorable rate of exchange, leaving him about 333 pounds or perhaps \$1300 at the present rate of exchange! But he likes it, finds it interesting, and puts his whole energy into it. But when the Hearst newspapers talk about English land-grabbing, and English colonial servants lolling about in luxurious bungalows, living a life of ease and idleness at the expense of oppressed and toiling subject races, they are simply practicing their usual monumental lying, administered to a gullible American public in millions of daily two-cent doses, to the profit of the fat Hearst bank accounts.

General Hambro's House, Baghdad, Mesopotamia,  
Monday Morning, **April 12, 1920.**

Well, you can't imagine how welcome was another home letter which the *cavass* from the consulate brought in yesterday;—No. 16 registered. I find also that I had received No. 13 just before leaving Cairo, so only No. 14 has as yet failed to arrive. It makes an immense difference



to me to know that you and the children are all right as I take the trail again this afternoon for the trip up the Tigris. There is no time now to acknowledge properly your letter or the numerous enclosures. I am sorry to hear you are financially hampered. I hope by this time that the royalties have helped out. If not, use my bank account, signing my name;—but do not fail to send me a memo of every check drawn, and leave me a margin of at least \$500, for I cannot tell what emergency might oblige me to use personal funds out here.

Tell the little boy, I was so glad to receive his letter telling of his Sunday School work, and his class lunch with the kitchen so conveniently near, and all the rest. I will certainly write him a letter soon,—as soon as we have another little pause in our travels, which I hope will be at Mosul. Ask him to find Mosul on the map of Western Asia, lying on the Upper Tigris. The ancient city of Nineveh lies just across the river from Mosul, and in *Ancient Times*, in the story of Alexander the Great, he will find a rather bad view of the ruins of Nineveh, seen from the roof of a house in Mosul as one looks across the river Tigris.

I was very glad indeed to have also the nice pictures, with such wonderful colors, from my dear little girl. I think the Chinaman's legs are very remarkable indeed! I hope she will make some more. Father will not forget the little red automobile, though the market in red automobiles on the Tigris is a little slack at present! I was very glad also to receive my little girl's dear little letter, all duly signed with name, and I will try to answer it. I am sorry there are no picture post-cards on the Tigris; they have all gone to look up the little red automobiles!

As to the subscription for the Pilgrim Fund,—I feel immensely removed from such responsibilities out here. It would be quite impossible for me to duplicate my present church subscription. I think the best we can do is \$25 a year. I will enclose a check as soon as I can get at my check book. But now I must push on with a very busy day. Our train on the Baghdad Railway leaves this afternoon at 5:35. I have all our financial arrangements to make, for I am a kind of general courier for the whole bunch, and must get over to the bank at once. There is a lot of packing to do, a great deal of writing which I shall not be able to finish, a lunch at Miss Bell's, with her old father Sir Hugh Bell, and plentiful other business. In three weeks more we shall be leaving for Basrah, which means we have begun the journey home! A welcome day!

Tell the big boy to write when he can to his old pater. I hope you may never be in a situation where letters mean so much and are looked for with such eagerness and longing. All this is part of the price to be paid for results, and my compensation lies in the conviction, right or wrong, that it is service to science,—nothing great or brilliant but the best that I am able to offer, and done as I feel, at a cost to be measured only by the extreme sensitiveness, loneliness and almost morbid love of home with which I am unfortunately encumbered.

Good-bye, my dear wife! The next letter will be near recording the beginning of our return journey. Always your affectionate

James.

Military Rest Camp, 18th Division, Kal'at Shergat, Mesopotamia,  
Tuesday, **April 13, 1920.**

My dear Frances:—

It is nearly noon and we have just debarked from the Baghdad train, the slow mixed train, the only one there is. It is something over 180 miles from Baghdad to Shergat and we have been

since yesterday at five p.m. in the train. The rolling stock on these new “Mesopotamian Railways”, as they are officially called, is entirely East Indian, having been brought over during the war from India. We had a compartment with six berths. They are simply broad seats,—the lower berths—and the upper ones are shelves of the same width, let down from the side at about the height of a man, and suspended by heavy chains. One brings his own bedding and can make himself surprisingly comfortable. The road-bed is very rough and it takes some time to forget the jolts and the noise,—not for Luckenbill, however, who drops off sound asleep and snores blissfully in five minutes.

This morning one could at once feel the difference in the air. We had passed out of the dead level of the parched Babylonian plain at only a hundred feet above the sea, and had risen to the upland north of the prehistoric shores of the Persian Gulf. The air was fresh, keen and invigorating. As we looked out of the windows the alluvial river plain south of Shergat, was rapidly giving way to rolling upland. All was clothed in pale green, a mantle of luxurious steppe grass several inches high, but not growing thickly. It was very different from the dusty levels of the Babylonian plain, especially as there has been very little rain in Babylonia this winter. We passed through one area where the depressions were filled with water, frequent pools were visible, the soil was everywhere water-soaked, and it was evident that it had rained within a few hours, although we have almost passed out of the rainy season at this date. Elsewhere there was plentiful dew, and the dewy odor of the morning was to me an intense pleasure, recalling a thousand old associations.

In the east we had quite near, the westernmost ridge of the hills parallel with the mountains of Persia, the Zagros range, extending in a northwest–southeast line. Our line was soon running through undulating hills, and the eastern ridge had almost the stateliness of mountains. We could see the Tigris at intervals between us and the eastern highlands, from which a long spur stretching northwest, was presently to throw itself directly across the course of the river. Long long ago the river cut through the northwestern reach of this spur, leaving the elevated tip as an isolated height on the west side of the stream. On the summit of this elevation the men of Assur built their stronghold some 5000 years ago, nearly 3000 B.C.. From this town of Assur, the earliest home of the Assyrians, a kind of Rome of the early Orient, the Assyrians took their name, and from here they spread eventually to dominate the whole Near East. It was to me a fascinating experience to see it all for the first time.

The hills all around are cut by *wadis* in which the erosion has laid bare the limestone rock underlying this plateau which stretches between the mountains of the north and the alluvial plain of Babylonia. The hill-tops are grown with a pale green mantle of steppe grass, starred with beautiful flowers, blue, white, yellow and red, especially the vivid red of the wonderful anemones which nod to one from the hill-tops or often from the numerous crannies in the scarred walls of the *wadis*. Winding slowly about among these billowing hills, the indolent train suddenly swung around a headland, a bold hill, and disclosed to us the ruins of the first Assyrian capital, overhanging the river and crowning the heights which command a wide region round about.

On handing in my papers here at the military headquarters, I find that the telegraphic orders for our transportation to Mosul, two vans and two touring cars, had not arrived until this morning and only a single touring car was available. A colonel on a tour of inspection from General Headquarters, also without any transportation, tried hard to get possession of this car, but I stood on my rights as determined by my papers, and he backed out. We shall spend the night in this camp, where our beds are already set up in two large tents, and as lunch is not

ready, I take advantage of a few minutes to jiggle off a little story of our doings. Now I will tuck the type-writer away and rest a bit before lunch.

Wednesday Morning, **April 14, 1920.**

We have just had breakfast at the officers' mess and our transportation will be here in half an hour. My type-writer is mounted on a provision pannier and I am sitting on the camera trunk as I write. Through the tent door I look down across the broad river plain of the Tigris, several miles wide, probably as much as five miles in places, and extending as it does for many miles above this point, it reveals very vividly the sources of the material life on which the men of Assur depended, and which built them up for centuries while they were beginning the development of a great nation on the height overlooking this plain. I had no idea of it when I wrote about the place in my *Ancient Times*. All the data I had indicated that the Persian hills came right down to the river at this point. It is an indispensable element in history writing to be acquainted with the lands of which you write by actual contact with them.

We have just been watching a long train of 125 wagons, manned entirely by Indians, deploy from the night's camp and wind slowly away across the plain for Mosul, 80 miles up the river. Two such trains, 250 wagons in all, constantly moving between the rail head here and Mosul 80 miles up, complete the transportation link between Baghdad and Mosul. The latter place forms the northernmost limit of British control on the Tigris. Beyond that point all is entirely unsafe. We shall be able to go out to the neighboring ruins, and especially to see Nineveh; but we cannot go further. Indeed we are accompanied by escort, even between here and Mosul, and a big Rolls-Royce armored car, equipped with a machine gun, rolled in next to the mess house last night as part of the new convoy armament. It will go up just ahead of us this morning. The Arabs here are not as well under control as in Babylonia, where they used to be much worse. A British major went out alone to sketch, just south of Assur a few days ago and did not return at night. The next day a searching party found his body. He had been murdered by the Arabs for what he had with him. There is no danger if people do not go out singly, but stay together. And you can rest assured we are observing every precaution. I would not write you these things, but before you read this you will have received a cablegram announcing our arrival in Egypt again; so you need have no anxiety.

We shall be glad to leave this camp, although it is very pleasantly situated. The colonel in charge is a swash-buckling, whiskey-swilling New Zealander, who made it very unpleasant at dinner last night because we refused to follow his lead in drinking. His would-be facetious jibing at our dry propensities was very offensive, and his coarseness disgusting. We were relieved to get away from the dinner table. I am now writing on my lap, sitting in the Ford car, waiting for our last car, which the young captain in charge of transport here seems to have forgotten. We sit all ready, with three vans loaded, and one touring car, but cannot move until the last touring car arrives, for the whole group must move together.

General Fraser's House, Mosul, Mesopotamia,  
Wednesday Evening, **April 14, 1920.**

General Fraser had kindly wired General Hambro before I left Baghdad inviting me to come to his house on arriving here, and I am very comfortably put up in a large room with a sitting room partitioned off and more conveniences than are usual in this country. The house of course surrounds a large court, which in this case has been treated as a garden, with largish fig trees and a pergola. It stands on the southern outskirts of the town, at some distance from the hotel in which Luckenbill and the boys are being put up. I brought up with us an old priest who is Vicar-General of the Assyrian Church here, as one of the branches of the Oriental Christian Church is called. He is a good old soul whom I met in Baghdad. He came to call on me and described a lot of antiquities he had, and regretted he was not to be in Mosul where his home is, during our visit. He asked the American Consul to influence us to give him transportation up here, and I consented. He paid for his own ticket on the railway, or that is he paid me 30 rupees of it, and still owes me 4 rupees and 11 anas (about \$2.00). I had some difficulty in securing him lodgings at the rest camp in Shergat, and this morning just as we were driving off, with the old chap in the vacant front seat beside the driver, a sergeant came running up and told me orders were that a rifleman must have room in each car. We already had one roosting on the baggage in each one of our three baggage vans, so I went up to the Colonel's office to see what it meant. He said he had positive orders from General Headquarters to allow no car to leave without a rifleman in each car! And I must therefore throw out the old priest! I stuck and hung till the Colonel was beginning to get annoyed, and then the sergeant reminded him that there was an order also that a minimum of three rifles with each convoy was required. The Colonel looked it up, asked me if I had a revolver, which I promptly exhibited slung from my hip under my jacket, and he then gave us permission to procede. We had to wait however, for a half hour longer until three vans with mail bags, and a fourth with other luggage, joined us. As each of these cars had also its rifleman, we then had seven Indians each with his rifle perched on our nine cars. It was not until 11:00 A.M. that we at last moved off northward. Of the nine cars in the convoy, five were ours, three vans with luggage and two Ford touring cars, which however are not allowed to carry five persons out here, but only two in each seat, one of whom is the Indian driver. This limits the passengers to three in each car. Luckenbill and I were on the back seat in our car and the old priest sat with the driver in front. The general informs me that even so the road we have just traversed from Shergat is not safe. I suppose that is the reason they have brought up the big armored car we saw there.

Our experiences come along so rapidly that I have no proper time to get them into a journal. We arrived as you have read above, at the Rest Camp at Shergat an hour or two before lunch yesterday. As soon as I found that transportation would not be available until today, it was evident that we must use yesterday afternoon at Shergat. There was one touring car assigned to us, which I had saved from the talons of the visiting colonel, and with this it was possible to make two trips and thus get the party five miles down the river to the old or earliest Assyrian capital at Assur, of which I have written you. Soon after lunch therefore we were off, and as we emerged from the tents we could see the ruined walls of the old city rising along the escarpment of a bold headland thrown out along the west side of the river. The road wound through the river plain upon which we looked down from our tent door this morning. The place had been completely excavated by the Germans in an uninterrupted campaign of 12 years which was



completed a few months before the war broke out. It is the only place that has been completely excavated in this Assyro-Babylonian world, and the Germans have published the results in a great series of volumes which are models of what such work should be. The slopes of their great dumps are now grass-grown, but their shafts and tunnels and lateral trenches look as fresh in many places as if made yesterday. Along the northwest side of the city, protected by a large watercourse running into the Tigris, the old stone footing of the city wall may be traced for most of its length. The excavators have made long tunnels following this wall under the sun-dried brick masonry, and tracing every detail with the greatest care. Especially interesting is the northwest gate of the city with its heavy stone pavements still in place leading out across the watercourse, and supported on a substructure of large burned brick. I found blood-red anemones growing in the crevasses of this stone masonry and I enclose some of them in this letter. I followed the walls down the watercourse, and along the Tigris water-front and then climbed up into the city. Here is a large German house, looking like an Oriental fort, a big magazine building with a huge walled enclosure, and several other buildings. A large staff of archaeologists, architects and engineers had lived here. They had a launch on the river and much equipment. No expedition ever sent to the Orient was so elaborately fitted out as this German expedition at Assur and the other one conducted by Koldewey at Babylon. Within the city the Germans had cleared and planned everything right down to the native rock where they found the oldest settlements known here in the north,—archaic remains reaching back to about 3000 B.C. All the members of the expedition were given commissions at the outbreak of the war, and served here until the collapse of the Turks. It is a crying pity that the war should have ended probably forever the most thorough and painstaking investigations ever carried on in the ancient Orient. The afternoon at this earliest capital of Assyria was to me a most instructive and impressive experience, and I hope we shall be able to go there again on our return. As we descended from the city walls to our car again we found several hundred shells lying beside excavated gun emplacements. They formed part of the Turkish ammunition supplies, abandoned when the Turks made their final retreat from the place. We made a photograph showing this Turkish ammunition with the walls and ruins of Assur in the background.

When we drove out of the rest camp this morning at eleven o'clock we were therefore leaving behind the earliest capital of Assyria and making our way northward about eighty miles up the Tigris to its later and more splendid capital of Nineveh, which is just across the river from Mosul. We soon rose to the breezy and spacious Assyrian uplands, grass grown and carpeted with far reaching expanses of wild flowers in every hue of the rainbow. The most plentiful among these flowers is the deep red anemone, looking like little red poppies. The hills soon began to show plentiful outcroppings of stone, the coarse alabaster, or a variety of stone very much like it, which the Assyrians used very plentifully in finishing and adorning their palaces. Wide and impressive prospects across this hilly and broken steppe were flanked by splendid ranges of the Persian mountains rising to 10,000 feet. As we moved northward we had before us dim contours of the snow-clad range on the north of Nineveh. Four hours of driving over this highly varied and interesting country carried us at length up the slope of a massive ridge from the crest of which all at once as we rose to the highest point, we looked down upon Mosul on the west side of the winding Tigris, with the wide spread mounds of Nineveh on the opposite shore. We could follow the lines of the ancient walls including a wide stretch of grain fields and the picturesque little village of Nebi Yunus ("Prophet Jonah"), perched on the great platform where once rose the palace of Esarhaddon. From Assur we had driven in four hours practically the whole

length of ancient Assyria before it was more than a little kingdom along the Tigris for eighty to a hundred miles; and we had passed from its earliest to its latest and final capital. Every minute of the journey had been one demonstration after another in economic and historical geography of the early East. I had learned more in four hours than unlimited study of topography by means of maps at home could possibly have taught me. In a few minutes we came winding down from the ridge, as Charles will remember we once dropped from the heights overlooking Wilkes-Barre (I believe it was), though here the drop was not so great, and drove rapidly across the intervening low hills along the river to the outskirts of Mosul. Our old priest came in useful here. He showed us the way to D.H.Q. (Division Headquarters), where I found the chief of staff, Colonel Duncan, to whom the good Hambro had given me a letter. He gave us a cordial welcome and showed me General Fraser's house, which was only two or three hundred yards from Division Headquarters. After my kit had been dumped, the old priest went with the boys to their hotel, as I have already told you.

Colonel Duncan and the general are very kind and are making all arrangements for us to visit all the important sites to be reached from here. We shall spend tomorrow on Nineveh, and then go to Nimrud, one of the earlier capitals before the rise of Nineveh and after Assur. The stone and brick bridge here has been out-witted by the river, which has shifted westward so far that it has forsaken its old course along the west walls of Nineveh and is now a quarter of a mile away from the walls. This process has carried it also out from under the bridge (a much later structure of course), so that when the river is in flood as at present, a wide and swift torrent separates Mosul from the west end of the bridge. This interval, usually crossed by a bridge of boats, is now open owing to the strength of the current which obliges the town authorities to cut the boat-bridge until the current moderates. Hence we shall be obliged to ferry over tomorrow for our visit to Nineveh. At the same time our cars for the visit to Nimrud, day after tomorrow, will be ferried over today, so as to be available promptly when we need them.

Thursday Evening, **April 15, 1920.**

Such a wonderful day at Nineveh! The following is a quotation from my journal: "The prospect northward from this high palace area of Sennacherib and Assurbanipal reminds one very much of the view in Lombardy from Turin to the encompassing ranges of snow-covered Alps. The Persian mountains rise on north and east, purple and blue in the hazy distance, and above the gaunt arrêtes the gleaming snow peaks march in imposing procession among the slow summer clouds. A situation of imposing grandeur for the imperial city of the Assyrian conquerors! I sit in the midst of a wide carpet of daisies under a blazing summer sun of scorching heat, but a cool south breeze plays across the flowers and must once have proven as refreshing to Sennacherib among the palms of his terraced gardens on this lofty palace platform, as it is to us on this very warm day of 1920 A.D. The vast platform must be at least 25 acres in extent, and waving fields of wheat cover probably much more than ten acres of its spacious area. It is perforated with frequent shafts made by the old-time so-called 'excavators', when excavation consisted solely of grubbing for museum exhibits. Some larger pits and a few wider trenches suggest similar if slightly larger enterprises. But all great Nineveh awaits systematic and long-continued investigation, like that at Assur. Below us stretch wide fields of grain and vegetables, extending from the palace platform far out to the distant walls of the city. This lower area once covered

with dwellings, markets and bazaars, has evidently been cultivated for a long time, doubtless for centuries,—perhaps from the days when Xenophon saw the place a complete ruin, two centuries after the fall of the city in 606 B.C.”

We later found many shallow shafts from which a tunnel had been pushed far under the ruins. Signs of recent digging were unmistakable as one explored these tunnels. We found the stone masonry substructure of the palace buildings which had been penetrated by several of these tunnels. It is evident that the natives are carrying on illicit digging in these passages. When will the English begin the proper study and investigation of this vast treasure-house of ancient Oriental life and history? Unfortunately the village of Nebi Yunus, together with a mosque and a rather extensive Moslem cemetery cover the southern palace platform, where Esarhaddon erected his palace, and will seriously interfere with, if not wholly prevent any proper investigation of this great and important portion of ancient Nineveh. But the northern platform, much more spacious, where Sennacherib and Assurbanipal had their palaces, is entirely open to excavation and might easily occupy a well equipped expedition for ten or fifteen years. Nineveh presents the greatest opportunity and the heaviest task confronting oriental research in Western Asia; but I fear the English have neither the men, the money nor the conception of the task necessary to carry it through successfully.

Friday Evening, **April 16, 1920.**

This has been one of the finest, if not the finest day we have had since we began work in Western Asia. It had not been possible to free the cars we needed on the east side of the river in time to ferry them over for our use there today, and at the last minute I was able to arrange for three Red Cross ambulances which met us at the eastern bridge head this morning. An interesting drive of 20 miles down the east side of the Tigris brought us to the ancient city of Calah, mentioned in the Old Testament and now called Nimrûd. Early this morning I wrote a note in my best French to the old priest, the Vicar-General, who came up with us from Baghdad and whom I have mentioned several times. I asked him to go with us to Nimrûd as soon as I knew we had room enough in the cars to give him a place. When I found him this morning ready to go, he at once told me that he knew the Sheikh, Haggi Mohammed ibn-Abd el-Aziz, the owner of the ground all around Nimrûd, as well as that on which the ancient city itself stands. He urged that the Sheikh should go with us, as he would be useful now, and eventually also in the future if we ever desired to excavate at Nimrûd. I told him to drive around and get the Sheikh and meet us at the ferry. I hope I can tell you later something of the ferry at Mosul; but suffice it so say that the Christian priest and the Moslem Sheikh only a few days ago, as we now hear, at deadly enmity, duly appeared after some delay, sitting amicably side-by-side in our automobile, driving down to the ferry! With these two worthies then we drove out across the grainfields, with no trace of a road, and leaving the highway leading southward from Nineveh well to the east, we turned west over the fields toward the river on which Nimrûd evidently once lay.

We eventually pulled up, after much straining and thumping of Uncle Henry's indispensable vehicles, alongside the temple-tower of ancient Calah. All the way out the good old priest sounded in my ears the praises of the Sheikh, telling us how many villages and towns he owned,—no less than fifteen!—and how many caravans he had robbed, and how many people he had massacred, and how his word was law for many miles around. The priest spoke French, and the Sheikh, not understanding a word, nodded complacent acquiescence to all that was said!

He bore a large silver-mounted scimitar hanging at his side from one shoulder, and he told me proudly that he could trace his lineage back to the caliph Khalid, who lived in Syria before Haroun al-Rashid. The people of the region certainly bowed to his every word. We pulled up at some Beduin tents alongside a forsaken village completely devastated by the Turks during the war, and the people came out at once with milk for us, and they sent messengers to the Sheikh's home at Balawat with instructions to prepare a banquet for us there against our arrival late in the afternoon.

Meantime we were to work at Nimrûd. We found the temple-tower in better preservation than any we had before seen. The lower terrace deeply covered with disintegrated sun-dried brick, was faced with excellent stone masonry, a thing unknown in Babylonia. Haggi Mohammed, our Sheikh, had carried on large operations here, and had quarried out one whole corner of the monument, the blocks thus obtained being laid in long rows preparatory to being used for building the walls of an extensive summer villa which he planned at this place. Thanks to the British all that is now stopped. South of the temple-tower are the impressive remains of three palaces, with great winged bulls at the gates, and many large slabs of the stone dado covered with well-preserved cuneiform inscriptions of Assurnasirpal in the ninth century B.C. Magnificent monuments from this place were taken out by early English explorers and are now in the British Museum; but nothing has been done toward recovering the plans of these palaces, or the character of their architecture. Here is a grand field for work, with the evidences of what is to be found, lying all about, leaving no uncertainty as to the returns to be expected. Several outlying mounds cover villas and outbuildings of the king, such as have been found at Assur, and distant gates in the far-sweeping lines of walls could be seen far across the city.

A drive of half an hour brought us from Nimrûd to a monastery of the old Vicar-General's church, known as Mar Elias, which means St. Elias. We were hospitably received by the monks, and given a little refreshment which was welcome, as we had not stopped for any lunch, owing to the shortness of our time, and the grand spread awaiting us at Balawat. They showed us their old church, which was evidently several centuries old, and told us their foundation went back to the Fourth Century A.D. Driving almost due north from Mar Elias it was after four o'clock when we at length reached the Sheikh's house at Balawat, where he had a large *madhîf* (guest tent) spread, with divans ranged about it after the town manner. After several rounds of coffee, followed by several more of tea, the door of the distant compound opened, and a crowd of men appeared bringing the huge tray of rice, piled high with roast mutton, with which we are now quite familiar, and also many another dish of food.

The miscellaneous display of eatables was placed on a table especially for us, and chairs were brought for all the party, except of course for a numerous fringe of natives and relatives gathered thickly about us. The walls of the big tent were raised on all sides and as it stood on an isolated hill we could see far across the surrounding uplands. A cool summer breeze played across the hill top and through the tent, while all about us was a moving pattern of nodding flowers touched with bright colors by the rapidly sinking sun. Had it not been for the lateness of the hour, it would have been a delight to linger on till the sun set. We urged the Sheikh to hasten the inevitable coffee and to finish the dinner. Nothing would do however, but that we must see his horses, a drove of thirty-five which his men now brought in across the meadow. They were fine specimens of the Arab breed, and the Sheikh went around with the greatest pride naming every strain, and telling us their qualities. It was 5:15 when we at last started across the hill tops on the long journey "home", over not even the pretense of a road.



Just beyond the Sheikh's house a little to the north, was the small mound of Balawat, which is on the land belonging to the Sheikh. Years ago Rassam, an oriental employed by the English to plunder Assyrian ruins for the benefit of the British Museum, dug out here the bronze mountings of a splendid pair of doors, covered with repoussé pictures from a villa of Shalmaneser IV of the ninth century B.C. They are now in the British Museum. Of course he did not clear the place, and has left us no report of its plan or character. We could no more than inspect the mound, from which without doubt much more might be taken. After a photograph or two, for we had but a few minutes, we drove on. Two miles north of this ruin of Balawat, we passed the picturesque town of Karakosh, a settlement of some 500 houses, and as the old Vicar-General told me at first it had 6,000 inhabitants, a number which he increased as his enthusiastic account of the place proceeded, to 10,000. (I learned afterward it is really 4,000!). For the place does not contain a single Moslem: the entire population is Christian, a very remarkable exception in this region. The old bishop and a number of his priests came out to greet us, and were very disappointed because we could not stop.

On leaving Karakosh our troubles began, for we had one puncture after another. Luckenbill's immense weight makes a great difference, whether on an Arab horse or in a light Ford car, and the punctures came thick and fast. With them came also the gathering shadows, making a broken and almost roadless country nearly impassable. We were glad we had with us the Sheikh himself, who controls the tribes in this region, for we were out in a country where two British officers were murdered last December, and their bodies devoured by wild beasts before they could be found. Of one of these men, the searchers finally found a thigh bone, and a few other gruesome bits by which he was identified, but of the other man everything had disappeared. They buried one coffin with the thigh bone etc. in it, and for the funeral of the other man, (for they had a grand funeral for the two men here at Mosul), they buried an empty coffin and held the service over it. It was finally quite dark and the cars could only creep cautiously along, and the last puncture found us just entering the ruins of Nineveh, with the lights of Mosul visible across the river. We crossed the ferry in darkness, having the good fortune to find one ferry-boat still going, and when I reached the general's house, the aide-de-camp was just organizing a search-party, and had telegraphed to the posts up and down the river in the hope of getting information of us. They seemed much relieved at our safe arrival. At dinner the general announced that he would allow us to visit Khorsabad the next day, as he now had more favorable news from the north.

Sunday Evening, **April 18, 1920.**

I was too tired yesterday evening to bring this chronicle up to date. I sent Abbas with a memorandum to Luckenbill and the boys early in the morning yesterday (Saturday) in order to have everything ready for our departure for Khorsabad, but we were much delayed in getting hold of our old friend the redoubtable Vicar-General, whose information I had found useful as we passed through the country. We had crossed the tedious ferry and reached our Red Cross ambulances on the east side, and were trundling slowly across the ruins of Nineveh by ten o'clock, which was very late. I sat with our Indian driver and had behind me an Arab rifleman and the old priest, both of whom knew the road. East of the walls of Nineveh we turned northward, and as soon as we had issued from the walls of the city we found the road, or what was called a road, to Khorsabad almost impassable. I was glad I was accustomed to driving, for over and over again we would have smashed if I had not told the driver what to do. At one semblance of

a bridge I stopped the car, jumped out and told the driver how to get over. I supposed that Luckenbill would do the same, but he was too slow and his car barely escaped going off the bridge! Luckenbill at once remarked, “You ought to have stayed by and seen us over. We nearly went off the bridge”! You see what I am expected to do and be. Indeed I constantly went up and down that line of cars, directing, stopping, cautioning and encouraging, and repeatedly we would have come to grief but for such direction. I sometimes or perhaps I should say most times seem to be in charge of a kindergarten party, absolutely dependent on me for nearly everything they need except the breath they breathe. It is better for me not to put down here all that is said and done, but there has been no scene and no row, for I simply will not have that kind of thing in my expedition: it is far better afterward to have been inexhaustibly patient. I might give you this item. I very much wanted a good view of the northern mountains just behind Khorsabad, with the snow peaks, but the big camera was packed away, and my colleague asked me to take a snap shot with my hand camera. I explained that a time exposure was necessary to get the mountains at all. So he unpacked the big camera, while the cars waited, and on going back to indicate just what I wanted included in the view, I found my friend, without a tripod, holding the big camera in his hands and just about to trip off—would you think it possible—a snap-shot! Handy Andy Shelton is the prize, however. He will open two holes in a tin of milk in this way: he carefully and gently makes a large pouring hole at one edge, and then at the other edge for the air-vent hole, he strikes a violent blow, squirting milk out of the first hole all over everybody in the party. He will balance a whole plateful of costly bully beef on the end of a shaky trunk in the train, where the whole thing promptly dances off on the floor and dumps the beef into the dust! When my colleague opens a tin of milk, however, he pierces the hole for the air a trifle of over an inch away from the pouring hole, and not above it, but at one side! Luckily I have a sense of humor and that saves me in most situations...

By noon we had reached the village of Khorsabad, some 15 miles northeast of Mosul. It is a tiny hamlet of not over fifteen houses, perched on what was once the magnificent palace platform of Sargon. It was the northernmost residence of an Assyrian king, almost a hundred miles north of the earliest capital at Assur, of which I have written you. Indeed we have traversed all of the ancient original kingdom, in coming up from Assur to Khorsabad, which Sargon, an able soldier, who usurped the throne in 722 B.C., placed on an eminence or rather on the slope at the western end of a great gaunt ridge seemingly of limestone, thrown out westward as the southernmost ridge of the northern mountains, overlooking Assyria. The new residence as we approached it seemed immediately under the shadow of the northern mountains, the snow peaks of which rose directly behind the southernmost ridge at whose western end we found the palace platform. It was a magnificent situation for a royal residence, and the trip from Mosul gave us a vivid impression of how Assyria stretched northward along the Tigris, right up to the abrupt rise of the northern mountains.

Years ago Botta and Place, both French Consuls at Mosul, excavated the palace platform and took away all that was of value. It seems to have been completely gutted. I found out from the sheikh of the village, however, that the Frenchmen had not excavated the great gates of the city, the large mounds covering which, we could see ranged along the southern slopes of the ridge. At great risk to our cars we managed to drive directly across the cultivated fields and stopped just below one of the gates in the southwest wall, near the southern corner of the city. Here I found a large building, clearly traceable within the southwest wall of the city and abutting upon it,—a building which had not been excavated by Place, nor has he planned it. The eastern-

most gate in this wall, close to the south corner of the city, was a large structure, now, like all the other gates, completely covered with earth from the disintegrated sun-dried brick of the super-structure. But the stone sculptures of the gateway are still in position, and a short distance eastward, we found under a few inches of soil a magnificent big stone paving block still in position and bearing in large stately cuneiform characters the annals of the great king. The block must be some five by ten feet in size, and itself alone would make an imposing museum piece. Sargon's annals are of the greatest importance for he usurped the throne during the Assyrian siege of Samaria, whence he sent the so-called Ten Tribes away as captives. We have demonstrated that the excavation of these seemingly untouched gates, would bring a fine return in museum monuments. Meantime of course this particular block will be broken up and sold in fragments by the Arabs.

We managed to negotiate the difficult road in safety on the return journey, and it was with some relief that I saw our last car turn in through the walls of Nineveh. It was a not unwelcome feeling also, to leave the northern mountains behind, swarming as they are with Kurds, a vicious, murderous race, who are making the British constant trouble, and are likely to continue doing so. On leaving our old priest, I made an engagement with him, to meet him at his house and inspect some antiquities which he has, and which turned out to be valuable, as I will tell you later. We have spent today looking about Mosul and tomorrow morning at 7:00 we leave with the convoy for Shergat, where we take the train for Baghdad again.

General Fraser's House, Mosul, Mesopotamia,  
Monday Morning, **April 19, 1920**, six-thirty A.M.

I turned in early last night in order to get well rested for the long trip back to Baghdad and the early start this morning, but Raman, the old Assyrian thunder god of air and weather, decreed otherwise. I had slept perhaps an hour, when I was awakened by thunder, and that first peal which woke me, continued without an instant's cessation for over half an hour! It was to me a most extraordinary phenomenon, for I have never before met anything like it. After this thunder had at length moderated to interrupted peals, it began to rain heavily and with the rain came a violent wind storm which made every window rattle and creak. I can suppose that lying here at the foot of the northern mountains, between the cold of their snow-covered peaks and the heat of the southern plains, we are especially liable to such violent outbreaks as this. The thunder had about it a strange suggestion of vastly spacious mountain wildernesses over which it was rolling upon us from the snowy north. In the midst of the darkness and the roaring storm, I heard the creak of the screen door in my ante-room as it opened twice. I seized my revolver, and of course with all sorts of visions of blood-thirsty Kurds, I turned on the electric light, and rushed out into the ante-room, where two huge----- cats! turned as they saw me and fled out the door! With slight intermissions the storm continued all night, but I turned out at 5:30 to get my party started. I was all packed and ready, doing it all myself, for Abbas, like the true oriental, did not turn up at 5:30 as he had been told, when at 6:30 he appeared bringing in a note from Colonel Duncan, the general's chief of staff, saying that it would be impossible for a car to move today. I found the aide-de-camp in his bath robe in the court, and he added the information that we might not be able to move for several days, as the roads would be in an impassable condition for perhaps as much as four days! So I have quietly opened the type-writer to improve the time till breakfast.

Perhaps you were surprised to hear that I have electric lights in my room. Well, I was myself. I expected it in Baghdad, but not here in the heart of the undeveloped Orient. An excellent British mechanic has mounted in a row, five or six engines taken out of disabled lorry trucks and an airplane, and with their combined power he is running a dynamo which the general got up from Baghdad. The outfit furnishes light for all the administrative offices, as well as the general's house and some others, besides power also to run electric fans of which I have two huge ones with wooden wings five feet across, mounted from the ceiling. It seems incongruous enough to find these latest conveniences of civilization in a quaint old oriental town overlooking the palaces of Semiramis and Sennacherib. Of course there are plenty of oriental arrangements still unmodernized, like the ferry which we have used every day of our stay here. Imagine a row of large, clumsy and heavily timbered boats, each open at one end, like our steam ferry boats, for the entrance of horses, donkeys and crazy old Turkish coaches, comically askew and threatening instant collapse if any one ventures to climb in. Swarming up and down the river banks like so many ants, are crowds of shouting orientals who overflow into the boats, and from the boats again inundate the shores,—all shrieking like a multitude of lunatics, directions, advice, orders, messages to friends, abuse, billingsgate and revilings of your father, and your father's father, your mother and your mother's mother, vileness which would cause the instant arrest of the speaker in a civilized community, all heard with the utmost unconcern by everybody, including crowds of women. The old sheikh of the ferry sits at the open, shoreward end of the boat and receives from every entering passenger the fare, which varies according to the passenger's financial status or his momentary inclination. Water carriers fill their jars or water-skins with the filthy water of the river, a group of convicts with heavy shackles on their legs come pushing along on a cart a metal tank which they fill with water for the public offices and drag it up the steep slope under the urgency of a rifleman who follows close behind them. Above is a line of curious earthenware stills with fires under them, and an attendant feeding the fires watches the distillation of *arrak*, a frightfully intoxicating beverage. Behind stretch the bazaars, with goldsmiths, coppersmiths, cobblers and plentiful other craftsmen, besides merchants selling every known commodity of the East.

6:45 P.M.

I have spent the day in these bazaars, camera in hand, and have found it very instructive. Here are the same crafts and the same tools which enabled the Assyrian Emperors to build their palaces across the river, 2700 to 2600 years ago. I found workmen sawing up blocks of alabaster, just as their ancestors did to furnish the slabs for the splendid sculptured relief wainscoting which lined the magnificent halls of the Ninevite palaces, when Sennacherib was besieging Jerusalem, and Isaiah was delivering political speeches on the street corners twenty-six centuries ago.

I called on the Political Officer, Colonel Nalder this morning, and had a very instructive talk about modern conditions and the possibilities for excavation. I found that Clay also is very interested in Nimrûd, which we visited as I have already recounted. I propose to hand in the official certificate of my commission from the University of Chicago, of which President Judson very thoughtfully gave me duplicate copies, so that I can part with one, and on the basis of this I shall make formal application for permission to carry to completion, a systematic and methodical clearance of Nimrûd in accordance with the strictest requirements of modern science,—a totally



different thing from grubbing for museum pieces. The museum pieces will come without the slightest doubt, but they will be an incidental result. If we are unable to find the money for the work, it will be easy enough to relinquish our permit in favor of some one else, but I am not going to let Clay and Yale anticipate us in this post-war campaign in the Orient. You may be interested to know that when Miss Bell, who knows more about archaeology than anyone else in the British administration out here, brought up the name of Clay, she added, “But of course he cuts no ice”. I really couldn’t contradict her, though I have come to feel very much more charitable toward him;—indeed I have only the kindest feelings for him. But that is no reason for letting him push in Yale ahead of Chicago!

I spent practically all of yesterday at the house of old Khayatt, the Vicar-General. The day proved one long oriental comedy, vexatious beyond endurance, laughable to tears, wearisome and exacting to the last degree of exhaustion. When evening came I was completely done. Luckenbill and I went over to the old gentleman’s house the first thing in the morning. We were led into a great arcaded and colonnaded court, the chief surfaces of which were all adorned with the richest and most ornate designs carved in alabaster. The old man gave us a stately welcome at the rear of the court, and we drank coffee, we drank tea, we drank sherbet, we smoked courtesy cigarettes, and we palavered for an endless time. At length he showed us some Assyrian reliefs in alabaster, from our much desired city of Nimrûd, a foretaste of what we shall find there. Then he brought in a cylindrical pillow cushion, which investigation proved to be full of feathers. We got rid of these on the balcony outside, and found within a cylindrical hard bundle covered with cotton fabric. Removing this we found a large tin can, and packed in much cotton within, we found a cylindrical bundle wrapped in oiled stuff. Unrolling this, we disclosed some more cotton packing, and inside this was at last the kernel of the nut, an eight-sided baked clay prism, bearing an account of the campaigns of Sennacherib. Later on, in the house of a neighbor of the old man, we waited an endless time while they found the key to an upper room where Luckenbill and I sat down and went over the fragments of what the old priest said had been no less than 15 of these prisms, or to be more accurate in some cases “barrel” cylinders, with records of Assurbanipal, Esarhaddon and Tiglath-Pileser. These had once been intact, so the old man said.

Quiyarah (Gayyarah), Mesopotamia,  
Tuesday, **April 20, 1920**, 4 P.M.

This has been a hard day. It rained again last night and was raining this morning when I turned out at 5:30. At 6:30 the general’s orderly came in to inquire whether we were going. I sent word that I must leave the decision with Colonel Duncan, the chief of staff, who replied to my inquiry that the convoy would go. At seven I was in the car driving over to the funny little shack which served as the hotel where Luckenbill and the boys were. The mails delayed us and it was not until nearly eight that we finally started,—a convoy of twenty machines! A few miles outside of Mosul we found a bridge washed out by the terrible storm of the 18th of which I have written you, though I did not know when I wrote, what a destructive storm it had been. It took over an hour to get the twenty machines, mostly by pushing with plenty of men, across the wadi where the washed out bridge was. The officers in command of the convoy seriously considered turning back, for the road was in a terrible condition, but they finally decided to go on. It drizzled dimly, and the machines went just fast enough so that the drizzle drove in under the tops as there were no side-curtains. We skidded about helplessly, thumping and bumping, and at short inter-

vals a machine would stop, bringing the whole convoy to a standstill. We have now been on the road nearly 8-1/2 hours and we are now waiting at Gayyarah for a machine with a broken spring. Two of our cars are repair cars with Indian mechanics, and they are now busy putting in the broken spring some miles back on the road. The name of this place means “oil well”, and there is both a well and a refinery here, which furnishes all the oil and gasoline needed at Mosul. We are still 28 miles from Shergat, where we should have taken our train for Baghdad at 1:25 this afternoon, but we do not worry about the train for the storm washed out the railroad south of Shergat, and there isn't any train! If the machines behind us do not delay us too long we shall make Shergat before dark this evening in about three hours. Repairs are being made at the wash-out, and it is hoped there will be a train tomorrow. I sit writing in the machine [my car], but they report that our delayed machines have heaved in sight, so I must shut up shop and make ready to go on.

Shergat Rest Camp, Mesopotamia,  
Wednesday Morning, **April 21, 1920.**

Gayyarah oil wells are down on the banks of the Tigris, and when we rose from the river valley to the highlands again we found the road much better. The Indian drivers hit up a speed which was surprising for a lot of Fords, and we ate up the distance quickly. At 6:30 P.M. we drew up before the tents of this rest camp again. It is full of people, and the sergeant in immediate charge of the tents had only one left. Luckily it is a large one, with just room for all five of our beds. We have just been in to eat an abominable breakfast in the mess, after a worse dinner there last night. The arrangements here are not good as far as food is concerned. The water is taken from wells and as the region is full of gypsum or some similar calcium rock, all the well water is bitter and nauseating. The tea is frightful,—you feel as if you were bolting a disgusting dose of Epsom salts. All the vegetables have the same nauseating bitter, Epson salt taste, for they are cooked in the same water. If you want a drink, you must call for a bottle of soda water. The only meat is bully beef, and the bread is heavy, soggy stuff. Imagine our feelings when we are told this morning that there is no prospect of a train. The food has already knocked out Luckenbill's inside, which is triple copper plated and double riveted;—as for mine, it is still holding on!

So I have sent a letter down the line a mile or so to the station master's tent. I have framed it in the most approved military official tone, and signed it with all available titles calculated to impress a British official, and if this communication results in no transportation for us today, I shall go up to the Colonel's tent and ask for transport out to Assur again, for we saw it only hurriedly a week ago yesterday, as chronicled already in this long screed. And what is better, we shall make up a lunch out of our available stores and picnic out there for the rest of the day, thus avoiding one of the horrible meals at the Rest Camp mess. Meantime I have set up the type-writer on my camp bed with results as visible above, and Shelton has gone off down the line with my letter to the station-master.

In spite of the extraordinary interest of this trip I find myself very weary of this vagabond life, which I have now been leading for over eight months, and I force myself to write and send home this chronicle of our journey, with the feeling that you must finally find it very tedious and tiresome. But at any rate, it serves to let you know how we get on, and as I have no such continuous narrative in my technical notes, it may also serve later as a journal of the trip. So I will push on with it, as best I can. I cannot begin to give you a complete journal by a great deal, for

that would be beyond my time and strength to give, and as well as beyond yours to read. I want when I can, to give you a further account of our day in Mosul with the old Vicar-General, an account which I was unable to finish above.

This delay in our return to Baghdad is again cutting out my home letters, for there must be a number there waiting at the consul's office. Shelton has just come in from the station master's office and reports no prospect of a train today. Ludlow Bull, whom I sent up to the colonel's tent to ask for a car to Assur, returns and reports no car available, and moreover, if it were we should be obliged to take along three riflemen! For the break in the railway, it is now learned, was made by the Arabs who undermined the line. The Arabs are out and shooting into the camp next below us,—so we have given up the proposed outing to Assur, and we shall face another awful lunch at the mess. It is reported that the break in the line will be repaired by 4 o'clock tomorrow morning, so that we shall probably get a train down to Baghdad tomorrow afternoon. There are plenty of troops and we have no anxiety; the camp is surrounded by a high barbed wire entanglement, and patrols in addition to the usual sentries, were on duty around the camp all night last night. I really think in view of the usual Arab marksmanship, that I would rather face their rifles than a dinner at the rest camp mess! Now I am going to put up my moustiquaire (for our tent is next to the mess dining room and we are overrun with flies), and get little rest. Eighty miles of skidding and rain and a night on a camp bed, leave one pretty tired.

Shergat Rest Camp, Mesopotamia,  
Thursday Morning, **April 22, 1920.**

Yesterday afternoon came a fuller report on the condition of the line. There are or were three breaks: one on this side of Baiji (near Ain Dibbs), said to have been made by the Arabs, and two on the other side, with a train caught between the breaks. Last night the line was reported clear as we went to dinner, and this morning's report from below says that three trains are on the way up, and that one will go back today. So the probabilities are that we shall be in Baghdad tomorrow. To meet every possibility, however, we are having Ali cook a big casserole of rice to take with us. The relief from the awful food here will be a relief indeed. The difficulty is that the young lieutenant in charge tries to have an English dinner, with soup, fish and a roast. Imagine soup made of this bitter water! Salmon last night that was spoiled! Potatoes boiled in this bitter water! Beans ditto! Some shreds of bully beef intended for a roast! And finally the only thing that we could eat was some preserved apricots of American origin! All this is entirely unnecessary. The Tigris, with perfectly good, though turbid water, is perhaps a half mile away, and a small camel train with a settling tank would make sweet water available for everybody. The colonel in charge is evidently an ass, but of course I can't say anything as we are not on a hotel basis. We pay only the cost of the food served us, which amounts to 3 rupees, about \$1.35 a day. If the Indian cook were allowed to make native dishes, especially stews, which he understands, it would be much better. The train is said to be coming, and I must soon close this hurried entry. Among the passengers are Miss Bell and her father Sir Hugh Bell, who have been caught below between the two breaks. I don't know how they fared for food, but we are endeavoring to be ready for any contingency, taking bread, the rice Ali is cooking, a lot of tinned stuff from our own stores and plenty of biscuits and tinned milk. I have to watch every detail myself. We were caught on the road coming down here from Mosul, with all the dishes unwashed, though they

had not been used for three days, but had been chucked into the food pannier unwashed and left there, with two servants idle for three days! This was due to Handy Andy, supposedly in charge of this outfit, and I cannot depend on my colleague to furnish the slightest supervision in these things. You know how necessary light is on a trip like this. When we took the train at Baghdad, I left Ludlow in charge of our three luggage vans, with five Arab porters to carry the stuff across to our car, where I told him I would receive the things if he would see to it that nothing was left in the vans. After the vans had departed and we were on the train, it was discovered that our only lantern had been carried away in one of the vans. Down at the ferry the other day as Luckenbill and I were waiting for the others, we were suddenly obliged to shift from one ferry boat to another. I had my own hands full of things, and I looked back to see Luckenbill vituperating Ali, who was loaded down with the big camera and its appurtenances, for not bringing also the lunch basket, which was being carried away among a lot of dirty Arabs in the departing ferry-boat while Luckenbill stood there empty-handed, watching it go! This time I did say, “Luckenbill, why didn’t you bring it yourself”?—to which he made no reply. I will not go further with this kind of thing in my letters. Saying as much as I have, borders on the querulous and childish, but it is perhaps as well that you should have an idea of the real situation. I ought to add that the chief cause of the trouble is the complete change in the character of our transport. I supposed that we should be going all the way by caravan, which as you know can be systematized so that everybody knows his work, the servants quickly learn the routine, and everything is regularly done. We really are not very well equipped for our present method of transport, partly by rail, partly by launch, again by automobile and sometimes by horse. I haven’t even saddle-bags, and if I had, they would be much in the way when going by any other means of transport. It is difficult to adjust ourselves to all these different means of getting over the ground. At the same time, our kitchen is going only rarely,—not long enough to drop into any routine. Hence I am inclined to be very charitable to all my fellow travelers. Please do not read any of the above reflections on any member of the expedition to any one.

On train at Shergat, Mesopotamia,  
**April 22, 1920, 10:30 A.M.**

The train came in below rather suddenly, and we found that we must make good our reservations by quickly taking possession. Shelton ran down and found a six berth compartment, the only one available, with a British officer already in it. He seized it in my name, and I came along at once with type-writer and bag and jumped in. Meanwhile the car is being shunted down the line to fill the water tanks, and the boys are getting our kits down without the use of Abbas, who, like the true oriental that he is, has wandered off to buy some bread just when we most need him. So I am employing the interval in the midst of the thrilling scenery of the yards to jiggle off another installment of this letter. It isn’t very easy to hit the keys with the car shunting and bumping about, but it is pleasanter than doing nothing.

I have been able to do a good piece of work since I have been here at Shergat. You may remember that when the British took over the Sudan, after Kitchener’s famous campaign, they very wisely put the monuments for the time being under charge of the department of education. The same thing is about to be done here. While I was at Hillah, General Wauchope kindly gave me a letter to Major Bowman, the first Director of the Department of Education out here. On



sitting down to our first luscious dinner in the Shergat mess, who should be sitting next me but Major Bowman! We had a very interesting conversation in which his wife, who was with him, joined. Next day (yesterday) after lunch, the Major asked me what I was going to do with my afternoon. I said I was going to work. He intimated that he wanted to talk with me, and I agreed to meet him at tea-time. After tea, therefore, he and his wife and I took a walk out toward Assur, and sat down on a hill, where we had a long talk. With Assur before us, and of course at their request, I gave them the story of the city, in the course of which they really got a rapid sketch of the history of Assyria. They seemed intensely interested and asked many questions. I then gradually veered around to the future of investigation on the Tigris and Euphrates under British control. I found Major Bowman most open to suggestions, until I found myself sketching for him what I thought ought to be done out here. To make a long story short, I lodged a whole scheme in his mind, including the work of the University of Chicago, and I shall have further opportunity later on, to fill up the scheme more in detail. This was all done much more effectively, as we sat out on the top of a breezy, grass-covered hill, with the ruins of the earliest Assyrian capital before us, than it could possibly have been done in his office at Baghdad. He has the compartment next to ours for the trip to Baghdad, and I expect to see much of him there. Such an incidental, undesigned meeting is far better than one which has been formally planned and arranged. It illustrates the value of having come out here. If the funds can be made available for the continuance of our work in the Orient, I now have the necessary official preparation indispensable to securing a successful position out here, well in hand: in England, France, Egypt and Mesopotamia. Our coming trip to Syria will, I have every reason to think, improve our position with France also. As you know, I have in my bag the necessary preliminary official letters, and these will be presented at Beyrut early in June. Apart from the scientific data that we have secured, and leaving out also the immense value of this expedition to all its members professionally in giving us a first-hand knowledge of the lands of the Near East, the official connections, and points of contact and influence which have been secured have made the trip of the greatest value to the future of oriental research in the University of Chicago. When I think of the fruits which may easily result from this long absence from home, I feel quite ashamed that I have mentioned discomfort, loneliness, inconvenience, the mishaps inevitable when five men of different habits and temperaments travel together in very intimate association, or even the hardships which have sometimes been unavoidable. After all they are of slight consequence and easily forgotten. I should never have been able to forgive myself if I had not made one more effort to bring this all about. After all this hard year is only another outstanding illustration of the thing I have talked about to Charles so often: there is nothing worth having which does not exact its price. It is possible to be sure, to lay too heavy payments on one's own shoulders as well as on those of others, but I don't think that has been done in this case. We shall all rejoice in the results when they come, and I can now settle down with some satisfaction for the rest of my days, having quieted my own conscience, which never would have given me any rest on any other conditions. The practical plans I have in mind would not involve my coming out here on long trips like this one but only an occasional short trip of inspection. On such trips, as the conditions of travel improve, it would not be necessary for me to come alone; and in any case no long separations would be involved. I shall hardly be up to another such long and rough experience as this one.

As I remember, it was just about a year ago now, that I received Mr. Rockefeller's letter, opening up this new vista. How time flies, in spite of the endless length of this separation! I love to watch the calendar now: Here we are with only a week more of April left! A few days after the

first of May we shall be on board our oil steamer on our way back to Egypt, and the return journey will have begun!

5:30 P.M. En Route. Baiji Station.

We have passed Ain Dibbs station where the Arabs were indulging their shooting propensities 48 hours ago, but we saw no traces of them. We have also passed the first break in the line without trouble, and although we left Shergat over an hour late we have arrived here almost on time. We shall pass the other two breaks below by daylight, arriving at Tekrit, the former rail-head, about 8 o'clock, and if no further mishaps occur, we shall be in Baghdad early tomorrow morning. Just for fun let me mention that by some oversight the usual feeble oil lamp is lacking in this compartment:—this, by way of recalling that we have no lantern! But we always muddle through somehow. We have passed through a very heavy shower, which drove into the compartment, but that is now past and the sun is shining brightly. Evidently winter determined not to let us forget that it is the season of rains in this region of the world, for the rains should be over by this time.

Willingdon Hostel, Baghdad, Mesopotamia,  
Friday Morning, **April 23, 1920.**

We pulled into Baghdad this morning at 7 o'clock. As I clambered out, Major Bowman asked me to come and stop at his house from tomorrow, as their guest room is occupied today. We were met at the train by General Hambro's staff car and two vans, which quickly shifted us and our kits to the Hotel Maude, just across the street from here, but General Hambro's reservation for us had expired owing to the delay in our arrival, and we had to come over here, where we are uncomfortable and cramped. The first names we saw on the register were those of two fine looking Italian Air Force officers whom we had met here, as they stopped on a flight to Japan. We were looking at their names when the news came in that they had crashed at Bushire on the Persian Gulf, and both been killed. I will not stop to write more or delay this.

A world of love to all my dear ones.

Affectionately,  
James.

Major Bowman's House, Baghdad, Mesopotamia,  
Sunday morning, **April 25, 1920.**

My dear, dear Frances:—

No letters here on my arrival from Mosul, as I had hoped! What would I not give to see my little family this beautiful Sunday morning! Instead, only duty and much of it! Things are happening fast. I wonder how they will all have turned out by the time you are reading this. I dined with General Hambro at the Commander-in-Chief's house Friday, the day of our arrival. The Chief was away, but two naval officers, sent up from their ship to plan navigation equipment for the Tigris and Euphrates were there. Things are going badly with our tank-steamer passages. A notoriously nasty official of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company, the kind of nasty Briton that his

fellow Britons dislike as much as we do, is blocking our reservations. Meantime General Hambro showed me at his office yesterday some sketches of wall paintings just discovered by the British officer at Salihyah, in course of digging trenches. The Civil Commissioner proposes that I go out to examine them for him, and bring back full records before the paintings suffer damage. Now Salihyah is far up the Euphrates, something over 180 miles, possibly 200 miles. That is to say it is so far that it is half way to Aleppo! This brought up the question of the feasibility of going on to Aleppo. You can find these places in my large atlas (Andrae). The British Political Officer or governor in this Euphrates region is a well-known explorer and student of the Arabs who has been among them for years, named Leachman, Colonel Leachman. His name is on the most recent maps of north Arabia more than once. He will receive me at some point part way up toward Salihyah, and let me know the feasibility of continuing on to Aleppo. The trouble is that for such a trip ~~is~~ the tail of my kite is somewhat long! I asked to have Luckenbill go with me to Salihyah and the Civil Commissioner consented. If we should go on to Aleppo we should have to wait two days at Salihyah until the boys could be brought up to overtake us there.

The combination of events which may make the trans-desert trip (through the Syrian desert) at all possible, is interesting. Salihyah is right out in the fighting,—the extreme outpost of the British occupation on the Upper Euphrates. When I proposed a trip up the Euphrates to the military men, they did not want to send me even as far as Anah which is far below Salihyah. The discovery of the wall paintings, about which, probably, I shall know nothing whatever, has induced the authorities to consent to send me there. My arrival there, so it seems, happens to coincide with very important negotiations between the British and the Arabs regarding the Anglo-Arab boundary on that river. You may have seen in the papers that the Arabs had seized Der-ez-Zor, the uppermost British post on the Euphrates. The Civil Commissioner revealed to me how that came about. The British Government, (what is commonly called H.M.G.—His Majesty's Government—out here) in council with Arab representatives in Europe, agreed to give up Der ez-Zor into the custody of the new Arab State,—but H.M.G. quite forgot to notify their own authorities in Mesopotamia of the change! The Arabs instructed their people to go and take Der ez-Zor, and the British officials there, not knowing of the new arrangements, resisted and were captured and imprisoned by the Arabs! Imagine the feelings of the Civil Commissioner here at bungling like this by H.M.G.,—bungling which brought on serious trouble with the Arabs. I take it you understand that the Civil Commissioner is practically king of all this immense region on the Tigris and Euphrates—from the mouth of the Persian Gulf to the northern mountains above Mosul on the Tigris and formerly to Der ez-Zor on the Upper Euphrates. As soon as the military frontiers advanced through this region northward from the Persian Gulf, the country was transferred as fast as proved practicable to civil authority, under a British Governor called the Civil Commissioner. It is his local representatives, called "Political Officers", whom we have been meeting in our various excursions to the different ruins. The Civil Commissioner at present is a young Colonel A. T. Wilson, a man of unusual ability and strength.

After explaining the Der ez-Dor incident, the Civil Commissioner added: "I may as well tell you in strict confidence the exact situation on the Euphrates, and explain why it will not be possible for you to go to Persia before your trip to Salihyah. No one but the Commander-in-Chief, not even General Hambro, knows that I am about to evacuate Salihyah, and even Anah, and turn them over to the Arabs. These places are both so far away, that it is better to hand them back to the Arabs. Malul Pasha, the Arab governor of Der ez-Zor, will be holding a conference with Colonel Leachman while you are in Salihyah, to arrange this transfer. The Arabs will be on

their good behavior. If Leachman suggests that they show their good will by furnishing safe conduct to an American party as far as Aleppo, it is highly probable that Malul will cordially agree to do so. There is some risk, but it is a very favorable opportunity. Only you must not delay until you return from Persia. If this plan appeals to you, it will be necessary to cut out your Persian trip. In any case you must not mention to anyone the coming evacuation of Salihyah”!

We then arranged a meeting for this morning at 9:30, for most of the British officers in the Near East work on Sunday as on other days. I was very busy all day yesterday after this interview making contingent preparations, and there was great excitement in the rank and file when they were told of the possibility of our going back to the Mediterranean overland! Before I left I asked the Civil Commissioner to inquire of Leachman by wire as to the probabilities regarding our dash for Aleppo, and get me an answer if he could by this morning. I then had a long interview with General Hambro about transport, and it was very awkward, not explaining to him why the overland trip to Aleppo might be feasible! At the same time, General Hambro explained that he had commandeered passage home for us by way of Bombay, which was all he had directly under his control. The British officers in Basrah who had told me he had full control of the oil tankers were entirely mistaken. He agreed however to use all his influence with the tank steamer people, but he could not lay commands on them. He showed me his file of telegrams, verifying the reservation of passages for us via Bombay to Egypt.

Yesterday afternoon I moved over from the hostel at the Officer’s Club to Major Bowman’s house. He and his wife gave me a very kindly and hospitable welcome and took me for a delightful drive around the city along the top of the dyke which protects it from inundation during high water. We stopped at the tennis club and had cool ginger beer and enjoyed the wonderful roses and hollyhocks. Such hollyhocks for stateliness, and splendor of coloring I have never seen before. The roses too reminded me of California. After dinner, which by the way was much better than at the hotel, Major Bowman asked me if I would like to have my field-bed carried up to the roof of the house. So Abbas carried it up. When bed-time came, I found my bed high on the roof, on a corner overhanging the river. A quarter moon was reflected in the swift current and gave a mild and pleasant light which made the whole broad river quite visible for a long way up and down. I crept under my *namusiyah* and lay for a long while looking at the stars, and the flickering moonlight touching the fast moving stream at innumerable points, while the murmur and wash of the current made quiet music to lull one to sleep. Major and Mrs. Bowman were at the opposite end of the roof, and this morning as I was awakened by the doves fluttering about the roof, and lay watching the gulls floating like flecks of foam on the rapid river, the Major came over in his pyjamas and brought me a cup of tea. It was only six o’clock and we lay there quite sociably sipping tea, and having a very pleasant morning tea-party on the roof for half an hour.

The major and his wife went off to church before breakfast and left the native servants to serve me an excellent breakfast, while an automobile waited below to take me at nine to my appointment with the Civil Commissioner. I had a most satisfactory interview with him, lasting an hour and a half, and laid the foundation for future operations here, which will be of the greatest value. I cannot attempt to outline the conversation, but I might mention that he would be glad to see us apply for Nimrud and complete the clearance and investigation of the place. I ought to say also that he had brought in all his files of letters and papers pertaining to the antiquities, and showed me without reserve all the important letters which have passed between him and His Majesty’s Government on the subject, especially the delicate question of excavations recently



carried on out here by the British Museum and not approved by His Majesty's Government! All this occupied nearly an hour and a half of a very busy man's time. Then I asked him what he had received, if anything, from Colonel Leachman. He pulled out a telegram and read: "Highly probable can arrange for Breasted party go to Aleppo. Suppose you want me to arrange for *arabans* (wagons). Think they will want two". I urged the Civil Commissioner to ask for three, and he consented. He said to take advantage of the opportunity we must leave next Wednesday. That is April 28. I told him it would make much confusion for us to find after we reached Salihyah (that is Luckenbill and I), that the way was open to Aleppo; for we should then be obliged to wait there three days for the boys to come up from Baghdad and overtake us, besides leaving a number of important matters for them to settle here, which I really should attend to myself. He told me therefore to take the three boys along and both the servants. I think that means we are bound for Syria next Wednesday.

You have an advantage of me as you read this letter; for you will have had, before you read it, a cablegram announcing one of two things: either our departure from Basrah by steamer involving a long hot voyage on the Indian Ocean and an exhausting stay at Bombay without hotel accommodations; or our arrival at Aleppo or Beyrut. For I will cable you in either case. As regards the Syrian desert I would not write at all about it until the journey should be over, but the long interval before you receive my letters makes it possible to do so, for you will have certainty before you when you read this and you need not be troubled by the apprehensions which beset me as I write and which, in view of the circumstances, I need not conceal. I have thought the matter over well. It is a grave responsibility to take four men beside myself across four hundred miles of war zone, three fourths of which or nearly so are beset by treacherous Arabs. It is likewise to be carefully considered whether a man with a family waiting for him at home ought to undertake such a journey. In this connection I have been greatly relieved to receive Ginn & Company's annual statement. Isn't it a relief! Moreover the new form of *Outlines of European History I*, which is to be called (absurdly enough!), *History of Europe*, and which is now being printed (the one I had so much trouble about), will increase this return. And you notice how well the new small history has done,—the one I refused to abridge further. In any case I have no anxiety regarding the financial resources of my family for twenty years to come. I hope you have ceased to worry about expenses. We ought now, to begin to save a little each year. It is pretty late in life for a man like me to begin on this line,; but we really ought to do it. So practice every economy you can without wearing yourself out, and do not worry about money in the least.

Monday Morning, **April 26, 1920.**

I am using a half hour before breakfast to add to this hasty chronicle. I should have inserted the date at the head of the above paragraph which I have just written, but I forgot to do so. You can imagine, or perhaps you can't, what a busy morning I had after leaving the Civil Commissioner. I rested and wrote a little after lunch, and at four o'clock the major and Mrs. Bowman drove me out to a wonderful garden of palms and oranges, owned by a wealthy native. He himself was absent, but he had arranged a sumptuously filled tea-table in the garden under the trees, and several of his relatives, together with an army of servants, waited on us. We had a very interesting walk about the garden, and learned much of the habits, varieties and cultivation of dates and oranges. There are over 30 varieties of dates under cultivation here, and this garden contained 1400 date palms. Experiences and information follow each other so fast here that I am

quite unable to record it all either in my journal or in these rambling letters. On our way out we visited the great mosque of Kazimain, a suburb of Baghdad,—a magnificent structure with three golden domes, four golden minarets, and two superb gateways, sumptuously encrusted with gorgeously colored tiles, representing an expiring art here in old Iraq. There is only one craftsman surviving here, who can still make such lovely tile with rich pink roses strewn in opulent but ordered carelessness on a blue ground. This master is a Persian and when he dies the art will die with him. Major Bowman is endeavoring to have it taught to a group of younger potters, and to develop it as a new industrial art in this ancient land.

Well, I have a lot of correspondence waiting for me after breakfast, besides business of all sorts all over town. So I must leave this for the present. It is with a curious feeling that I have started the boys on the final arrangements for the “kick-off”. I feel somewhat like the chaps who made their first air-plane dash out into the Atlantic for the first trans-Atlantic flight. Syria is supposed to be absolutely cut off from Baghdad by hundreds of miles of hostile country. When we arrived here by way of India, no one dreamed that it would be possible to return to the Mediterranean overland. We are putting our heads into the lion’s mouth, but I am taking every precaution. I shall go on beyond Salihyah only if advised by Colonel Leachman to do so. And he will not advise it unwisely, for it would be a serious responsibility for the British Mesopotamian government to send off an American expedition to be cut to pieces in the Arab country on the Aleppo road. So I shall tell Colonel Leachman that I put the responsibility on him. That reminds me that I find among my now large pile of letters of introduction, one to Colonel Leachman from young Lord Porchester, Earl Carnarvon’s son. It will be useful just at this juncture; though Leachman is bound to carry out his chief’s orders regarding us.

I hope very much for another home letter at the consulate before I go; but I fear I shall not be able to add very much to this by way of a reply, for our time is now short: today, tomorrow and then the start. Allowing five days for the trip to Salihyah (180–200 miles) and the stay there for studying the paintings, and seven days for the dash from Salihyah to Aleppo, we should be in Aleppo in 12 days from April 28, that is about May 10, or almost a month earlier than we had thought possible, reckoning with the return via Bombay. It may be we can return to America earlier than my previous letters indicate. The financial situation, the purchase of most remarkable antiquities, and the most valuable historical records that have ever been brought to America, are all awaiting a reply to a cable I sent to President Judson a fortnight ago, which was unfortunately in cipher or code, because it was so long. I fear many mistakes were made in transmission by way of Bombay, involving a number of relays, and it may have been unintelligible when it reached Chicago. I did not learn that the government itself complains of many badly sent code cablegrams, until after my message had been sent, and then it was far too late to try again. I am still hoping we may hear before we leave. I shall make a desperate effort by part payment and the aid of the American Consul, who has been most helpful, to nail down these things for the University of Chicago, so that we can hold them till funds are made available. I have asked the president by cable for \$50,000 more,—probably a piece of effrontery, for which he may blame me, but it will take all of this to improve this extraordinary opportunity. I hope he received my letter from Port Said, written on the ship as we sailed for India. Of course I am writing him from here; but you might read him this letter lest mine to him should miscarry. And now I must go to my work.

Good-bye, my dear ones! Whatever happens, I know you trust me to see my duty, and to try to meet it faithfully. The dear boy will be near his graduation day when this reaches home. I

wish these many duties here would give me time to write him all that is in my heart, as I think every day of his last undergraduate quarter in college, and see him almost hourly standing at the gateway of mature life and the responsibilities of a grown man. I am sorry indeed that no little letter goes off with this to Jamie, as I promised, but perhaps I shall find just a minute to write him a note and put it in here before it goes. And the blessed little girl has also written me many letters which have been pleasant indeed to look at and see the little fingers in imagination, that made every little mark! Tell her the best reply that father can make will be pinned to a little red automobile when he comes home next August. Goodbye, my dear wife. I am so glad you do not need to be anxious about money any more. Plan for a restful summer, if you can, and go to the country with the automobile, and the children, if you can arrange for rest and comfortable living with the country air. Try Ephraim or Fish Creek(?) or some other pleasant place; but be sure to arrange for change and rest. God bless you all! A thousand loving messages that fill my heart every hour for you all! And if anything happens in the desert, it will be when I am thinking of you and only you, my dear ones.

Always your loving  
James.

I enclose you all some little notes,—and also some casual papers to show you how the “wheels go round”.

[Miss Astrid Breasted]  
Baghdad, Mesopotamia,  
**April 26, 1920.**

My dear little girl:—

I have read all your dear little letters and they made me very happy. The little girls in this country have very dirty faces, and their clothes are dirtier still; but they are quite pretty.

Give your mother a big kiss, and take a great many from  
your loving Father.

[James H. Breasted, Jr.]  
Baghdad, Mesopotamia,  
**April 26, 1920.**

My dear little boy:—

This is just a little answer to your good letters which I am always so glad to get. I wish there were more time to tell you of all we do and see in these strange countries, but I can do that when I return next August, perhaps earlier!

Meantime please write often and tell me all about your work and your play,—and especially your school.

Kiss your little sister, and many for you too from  
Your loving father.

[For Charles Breasted]  
Baghdad, Mesopotamia,  
**April 26, 1920.**

My dear, dear boy:—

Day after tomorrow we shall begin the long home journey, going almost straight west toward the Mediterranean. When you read this we shall be within sixty days of embarkation for home, and you will be in the midst of your graduation celebrations. It will always be a deep grief to me, that I was unable to be there with you.

**April 27, 1920, 6:20 A.M.**

You see how I am interrupted! The American Consul came in and we went out on a very important purchase.—I only want to tell you again how proud I am that my dear boy, who is such a joy to me, is graduating from college.—We must have some outings together and talk it all over when I return, and meantime I hope you will have a happy graduation and many, many pleasant times.

Always your loving  
Pater.

As a safeguard I may mention that I sent you a check as I left Egypt.

[Frances H. Breasted]  
Tuesday, **April 27, 1920, 6:30 A.M.**

My dear, dear Wife:—

In the rush of duties before we go out into the desert on our 400 mile trip to Aleppo, I want to take this quiet morning hour when no one can interrupt, just to send you a little love letter, all for yourself, as I am doing for each one of you.—My great thought is the home-coming of which this desert journey is the beginning. Our movement is now toward home,—where I shall find again the most precious treasures a man can have, a dear wife and our own dear children. I count the days, and my whole heart goes out to you. Good-bye, my dearest, dearest wife, God bless you. Till we meet and always,

Your loving Husband.

Baghdad, Mesopotamia,  
Wednesday Morning, **April 28, 1920.**

My dear Frances:—

We are delayed this morning owing to transport difficulties. I have been up since 4:30, and am waiting now in front of the American Consulate for our last van, of which we shall now have five, with two touring cars, making seven. In another hour we shall be off.



I was greatly pleased last night to receive your registered letter of February 18 and 19, containing many enclosures including your dear little girl's drawing of the little Chinese children and her first letter, which I am treasuring among my home letters. Tell her they are very nice, and father thinks a great deal of them. The registered letter to Cairo has never turned up. It will now have to go on to Beirut. I fear it will now be a very long time before I hear from you again. I have cabled Cairo to forward everything to Beirut.

You will of course see that this sudden overland trip to Syria completely changes our schedule as sent you in recent letters. We shall be in Beirut the first week in May, a month early, or nearly so. I lunched yesterday with the Commander-in-Chief. He thinks we shall get through all right, and hopes we shall be back soon for excavations. Promises all possible help.

The Arab governor of Aleppo and district is a native of Baghdad. His wealthy and aristocratic old father lives here still. I called on him yesterday with the American Consul. As soon as he heard I was going overland to Aleppo, he said, "I will give you a letter to my son, the governor of Aleppo". The American Consul is still on duty there, in spite of many disturbances. We shall be treated royally by the governor on presentation of this letter, and get through to Beirut without difficulty, or at least without danger. There is always very great difficulty. Last night our old friend the Vicar-General gave us a tea which proved to be a banquet in oriental fashion, at six o'clock at the house of his cousin. The old chap read a three page eulogistic speech (written on both sides) in choice oriental French. You should have heard my reply, also in French! The reason for all these attentions, it is better I should write you later.

I must go now and accelerate things as usual.

Always your loving  
James.

Post Commandant's Guest Tent, Hît, Upper Euphrates,  
Thursday, **April 29, 1920.**

My dear Frances:—

It is nearly dinner time....

Above Hadîtha, Upper Euphrates,  
Friday, **April 30, 1920, 2 P.M.**

You see I don't get very far in this journal letter when we are interrupted. We are now trying to repair a broken wheel, or rather to get it off the machine so that we can put on our only new one. One of the Indian drivers stalled his engine going up a rocky hill, and let his car race back to the bottom too fast, breaking a rear wheel in a bad gully. This is the way it goes all the time from sunrise till dark. We left Baghdad four hours late Wednesday morning, because we needed more transport, as I wrote you. It was nearly ten o'clock when we crossed the bridge to the south side of the Tigris and drove off westward, five vans and two touring cars. We had engine trouble all the way to Falûjah, some forty miles, so that we arrived there very late, that is just at lunch time, when we should have breakfasted there. Just above Falûjah, we should have crossed to the south side of the Euphrates at Dibbân on a boat-bridge, but the flood had carried down a native boat slap into the bridge and broken out a section, making it unusable. It was

necessary to make a long detour along the north side of the Euphrates to Ramâdi, cross there on a similar bridge and spend the night at Ramâdi. It was very interesting to inspect the British gunboats at Falûjah, and see the extensive water transport which they carry up to Hît, where the irrigation arrangements at present prevent the boats from going further. But there was little time for all this when we had before us a run over a new desert road of 42 miles instead of 32. At 2:30 therefore we ran out of Falûjah, guided for a few miles by the Post Commandant, Captain Rudkin, who was very kind and gave us lunch.

There is little use in telling you of all the obstacles, which one after another threw us back. One car after another stalled in the sand, and running up and down the line lending a hand to get the stalled cars out was hot and wearying business, after a short night's sleep and a day that began at 4:30. The boys did awfully well and Luckenbill came to the front splendidly. But in spite of all we could do, the traces of the road dwindled as the sun sank in the west. It was evident one of our drivers had taken us off the track at some point, or we had done it ourselves, for Luckenbill and I headed the column most of the time. Before stretched endless desert as the last gleam of sunshine faded out into twilight. We saw lights, and taking the lead with the only acetylene light in the party, Luckenbill and I tried to reach water, by turning toward the river. We did get into once cultivated, but now dried and parched fields, and were soon stopped by an embankment. It was moonlight, and across the level flats we saw a number of Bedwin camp fires. We had no desire to visit them however, and parked the automobiles for the night in a circle around an empty space where we set up our field beds. Luckenbill at once volunteered for any watch, and the others followed asking me to arrange them in order. So I suggested we follow alphabetical order, each taking an hour and 36 minutes, beginning at 9:00. This would make five watches in 8 hours, and place the last one from 3:24 to 5:00 A.M., which I would take myself, the others all being in alphabetical order. We would start at five.

Luckenbill, who was last of the group, held over and did not call me, so I turned out a little before five and we got off as quickly as we could.

Ten miles above Hadîtha, Upper Euphrates,  
Friday Evening, **April 30, 1920**, Nine P.M.

Here I sit with the automobiles around me in misty moonlight, looking down across a half mile of desert to the Euphrates, the murmur of whose full flood I can faintly hear. Otherwise all is silence. The boys are all in their beds except poor Edgerton, who is curled up on a seat with his overcoat over him, to which I have added my raincoat. I see that Luckenbill too contented himself with an automobile seat, and his bed lies rolled up beside me. I am keeping the first watch of two hours, and have another hour and a half before me. A globe candle enables me to use the time as you see, and every fifteen minutes I make the round of the camp with my gun in one hand and Ludlow's *shillelah* in the other.

This second night far short of our destination is the result of a third day of mishaps without end; but I might hastily tell you of the course of our adventures where I stopped above. After our first night in the desert it took us nearly two hours to reach the bridge over the Euphrates at Ramâdi. I had much trouble at this post in finding the young British captain who was soundly slumbering in bed when we arrived at 7:30. Before we could get our breakfast at the post and start the machines it was nearly ten o'clock, and a second day's Engine trouble, repeated punctures, and bad driving by the Indians, threw us back constantly. The road was very bad and it

was long after two P.M. when we arrived at Hît where we should have had an early lunch. A run of fifty miles over a particularly bad section of the road would bring us to Hadîtha; but we were very tired and I found that the further stages were of such a length that it would do us no good to reach Hadîtha that night. So I decided to remain at Hît, where we had opportunity to visit the weird bitumen pits or fountains in a basin so wild and desolate that it seemed the very gates of hell with fumes of sulphur, blackened rocks and pits of boiling bitumen.

The young officers at the post of Hît urged us to stay for a comfortable breakfast and get away at nine A.M., but I could not accept. I was up at 4:30 and had the caravan moving by six. We had a hundred mile run before us to reach Anah. In spite of constant delays from punctures and engine trouble, and disagreeable encounters with surly Indian drivers, we reached Hadîtha at 12:20. I gave the drivers 25 minutes for lunch and at 12:45 we were off again for Anah, with something less than 50 miles to do over the worst road we had yet struck. Less than ten miles out of Hadîtha when things had been going very well for almost an hour, a driver immediately ahead of my car stalled his engine on a short steep hill, and unable to hold the car he let it back without much control and smashed the left rear wheel. We had an extra wheel, but after two hours of hard work, no one could succeed in taking off the old wheel. Then our head driver, a really good Indian, said we must give up trying to move the broken car. So after much difficulty I got the advanced cars back again (for they were miles down the road) and we carefully divided the load of the broken car among our six remaining cars, already overloaded before. While doing this an Indian officer on the way to Anah came along in a van with kit and servant on behind. I finally prevailed on him to take one of our kit bags with him, and at last we were off, heavily overloaded, and left the old derelict by the roadside.

We did very well, however, though we had some hard pushing to get the cars up a steep rocky hill after the first mile or two, for going parallel with the big river as we are now doing, we are obliged to cross all the old drainage channels that flow into the Euphrates. So we plunged down into wadi after wadi, only to climb painfully up the other side each time, amid rough and jagged rocks with little semblance of a road. At this juncture the driver of the other boys' car stopped and reported trouble in the differential, and the noise inside it showed clearly a serious breakage. What a help dear sonny boy would have been in all this trouble! Meantime, against orders three of the vans had run far ahead, and disappeared miles away over the top of a desolate rocky ridge on the distant northern horizon. Luckenbill made off in our touring car (his and mine), but it was about an hour before he could capture these truants and bring them back again. They would have left us in the desert carrying away all our food and bedding! They were ugly and sullen as they drove up to our group again, and one of them who had been offensive before, not only came back at a smashing pace so that his load flew skyward at every bump, but he backed in beside one of the other cars and collided with it seriously as he did so. I stepped over to him and I think Charles would have stood by and cheered the old gentleman through the next round; for I hauled back and slugged the Indian a first class smash in the jaw! At this juncture his remarks were numerous and fairly audible, but ever since he has been quietly on his job. I told one of the others he would go in the guard house at the next post if he didn't quit his deviltry, and he too seems to have simmered down.

By the time Luckenbill got back it was too late to reach Anah or anything else. There had been a violent wind all day. It now freshened into a gale and vast clouds of dust were driving across the desolate hills. We sought a place under the lee of the hills where we might reach the river for water, and enjoy a little shelter from the driving dust storm; but when we settled down

for the night it was much as we found it under the cliffs of Kummeh and Semneh in Nubia fourteen years ago. There was fierce lightning in the dark and cloudy west, and every appearance of a rain storm. We had left our tents at Baghdad for good. The wind was now so violent that it threatened to pick up the field beds and carry them off across the desert, and of course no bedding would remain for an instant on the bed. I laid a heavy kit bag on my bed while I stretched a water proof canvas sheet over the bedding, and then tied the canvas down to the under works of the field bed by the eyelets in the sheet. Fortunately the wind then began to die down a little and gradually dropped to an evening breeze and the storm in the west at length disappeared. Luckenbill suggested that one of our vans which is exactly the type used by florists, could be used as a kitchen and would enable us to cook some rice. Shelton who has really transformed himself into a most useful member of the expedition, cooked some rice and made some tea. We did not dare trust Ali to run the petroleum cooker in a closed car, after our experience in the Shatt el-Hai, when he nearly set fire to the boat. We had our first cooked food of the day, and now the boys are all asleep, and I am jiggling off this letter by the aid of a dim camp candle. I hear voices faintly from the highway just around the corner of the cliff showing that a caravan is passing, probably trying to avoid the Arabs by moving at night.

House of Captain Shellswell, Political Officer, Anah, Upper Euphrates,  
Sunday Morning, **May 2, 1920.**

You can't imagine what a relief it has been to reach this beautiful, palm shaded village stretching nearly five miles as it struggles along the Euphrates filling entirely the narrow margin between the cliffs of the desert plateau and the shores of the river below, much as we have so often seen it in Nubia. The houses all about us are shattered and fallen, knocked down by the explosion of a huge ammunition dump placed here by the Turks and blown up by the British after their capture of the place. The ground all about is littered with large caliber shells and a number of over-curious Arabs who have monkeyed with them have been gathered to their fathers with a rake. This is a beneficial result. The fewer Arabs there are, the more wholesome is the atmosphere,—at least from our point of view.

Yesterday morning I put together the baggage in two lots, one which Luckenbill and I would take with us to Anah, and the other everything which was to be left with the boys. I planned to make a break with Luckenbill for this place and get additional transport to go back for the boys. I had been wondering all night what results might accrue from a telegram which I had written at once after the crippling of our second car, asking the Chief Officer at Anah to send us help. I sent it back to Hadîtha by our trustiest Indian driver. Just as we had got our three cars started after exasperating obstacles and delays, and Luckenbill and I were driving off to Anah, leaving the boys in the desert, we saw dust far down the road. A car at length emerged and I found in it as it approached a Sikh and a Ghurka with a good repair outfit. They said they had run out and repaired a car with a broken wheel and that it would be along in a few minutes. It was of course our derelict,—that is No.1. Sure enough as I looked eastward, I saw our car coming, accompanied by two Red Cross ambulances. In a quarter of an hour all our stuff was loaded, the boys sat each with the driver of a van, and we rolled off for Anah. A mile or two up the road, a fine looking young Englishman came along and greeted us cordially, asking me to take the vacant seat beside him in his smart-looking, special bodied Ford run-about. He was the transport officer from Hît, sent out to see that we got in. I rode very comfortably with him for the remain-



ing 25 miles, and had a pleasant visit with him. We passed two long transverse lines of Turkish trenches, and a large masonry bridge over a wide deep wadi, which the Turks blew up as they retreated. We were obliged to ascend the wadi in a short detour in order to cross it.

Anah is nearly five miles long as I have already told you, and the straggling houses all along the way were many of them surmounted by a crooked pole mounted straight up on the roof. This pole had once carried a white flag, a token that the inhabitants of the house below were friendly, but in every case it had been carried away by the strong winds, and as a signal it was no longer necessary. As we drove into the fine looking serail, Captain Shellswell came out to greet us, and showed us rooms in the serail building, which is also his house. It was not yet lunch time.

After lunch Captain Shellswell and I drove up to the camp at the other end of the long village. He told me that he had been very anxious about us because he had been listening in on the telegraph wire which is also used for telephone and knowing the Morse code, had happened to hear my message calling for help. So it was the telegram which did the business. He said that raiding by hostile Arabs was still going on. Just two months ago there was a considerable battle between the Arabs and the British here. Shellswell and I went on to the camp and called on the commandant, Colonel Hardy, a Canadian. He kindly consented to send a telegram to the chief in Abu Kamal, asking for transport to fill up our gap. At the same time Captain Shellswell also sent one to Colonel Leachman, Political Officer at Abu Kamal, with a similar request. I then returned for some rest, fairly certain that we would be able to move the next (this) morning.

Salihiyah, Upper Euphrates,  
April [May] 4, 1920.

I sit inside a Roman fortress of Byzantine days,—a place of vast extent with imposing walls and massive gates. The sun is just setting and tipping with golden light the tents of the outermost forces of the British Empire in this remote Euphrates world,—the tents of the greatest of modern empires in a stronghold of the greatest of ancient empires. Tomorrow at dawn we load all our stuff into three baggage wagons, and ourselves into two passenger wagons, the said five vehicles being now drawn up alongside our camp, and we shall slowly move out into No-Man's-Land, between the British Empire and the new Arab state.

So much has happened since I was last able to add a word to this record, that it is difficult to catch up. The needed additional van duly appeared, and at the same time came a long distance telephone message from Colonel Leachman, saying we were to engage our *arabanahs* for the Aleppo trip. At Leachman's orders, Captain Shellswell had stopped nine empty *arabanahs* at Anah on their way to Baghdad as they passed through the town. So he and I went out and saw the drivers and having selected three baggage wagons and two for passengers, we made a bargain with them to take us through to Aleppo for 400 rupees per wagon, that is a little less than \$200.00,—less than it would have cost us to come around by way of Bombay again. I was very busy with arrangements all the rest of the time in Anah,—so busy that I failed to get a snapshot of the Turkish ammunition dump and the shattered houses,—and Luckenbill forgot it too.

Early Sunday morning, May 2, we joined a convoy of 34 vans for the trip from Anah to the last British stronghold here in the northwest. There were many rumors of trouble with the Arabs. As we swung our seven machines into line with the big convoy, the colonel (Hardy) greeted me cordially, and told me to keep with the convoy, for their *shabanas* had been fired on from

across the river the day before. It seems also that unlike all other Arabs, those of this region are excellent marksmen. Not long ago they shot the Indian driver of one of the vans right through the heart as he drove his machine at full speed. A neighboring driver sprang out of his machine, stopped the driverless car which was running wild, and saved the body of his comrade, fighting off the Arabs as he did so. However, we made the sixty miles, mostly over a very good road, to Abu Kamal, without incident or accident.

We were kindly greeted by Colonel Leachman and taken at once into headquarters, where we were assigned to the colonel's office room, which he temporarily shifted to his bedroom as they are so short of space. General Cunningham, who beat the Arabs here in a big fight just two months ago, also gave us a cordial welcome, and I handed him a very strong letter from General Hambro. The general asked me to drive with him the next morning out to this fort of Salihyah, as he was much interested in the new paintings just discovered. So we came out with a rifleman on the front seat by the driver. On the way out the general described to me the battle with the Arabs as we drove over the very ground on which it was fought, and looked up at the high cliffs on which the guns which decimated them had been planted. We had a few hours preliminary work on the paintings and a look around this vast stronghold of the late Roman Empire on the Euphrates. After lunching with the young officers in command of the post we returned in the early afternoon. It is a drive of some 27 miles from Abu Kamal to Salihyah.

As we drove into Abu Kamal, we passed the two planes on duty here, and the general told me I might go up and have a look at the country if I was interested to do so. Of course I was. We went in to tea, and after I had rested a bit, the general told me the plane would be ready in a quarter of an hour. I also arranged for Luckenbill to go up too. It was a grand sight to look out across a circle with a radius of nearly fifty miles, far into the desolate wilderness of the Arabian desert, with its wide wadis and rocky ridges. We went up only about 2000 feet, and the winding course of the Euphrates, fringed with a narrow line of vegetation and flanked beyond by the desert, was very instructive in exhibiting the topography of the country. When we came down Luckenbill went up and had his joy ride also.

Yesterday afternoon our *arabanahs* arrived in Abu Kamal, and Colonel Leachman gave them their final instructions about us. He gave me a letter to the Arab governor in Der ez-Zor, Maulud (not Malul, as in my former letters) Pasha. I learn also that the Arab governor of Aleppo, to whom I have a letter from his father in Baghdad, is likewise in Der ez-Zor. Nothing could be more fortunate for our safe conduct from Der ez-Zor to Aleppo. To get us to Der ez-Zor in safety, we must be conveyed through the country of the Arabs with whom the British are now fighting. Leachman sends us tomorrow morning, with a *shabana* from this fort for about ten miles out, where the last frontier guard post of the British Empire still stands. There Turki Beg (or Bey) will send some horsemen to meet us and conduct us safely up river till we join some horsemen from Meyyadin, the first post in the Arab State. They will take us to Der ez-Zor. I should have stated that Turki Beg is a border friend of the British, who is glad to assist them.

All being in readiness we came up here to Salihyah (27 miles) this morning, bidding the general, Colonel Leachman, and all the officers good-bye and receiving many friendly wishes for a successful trip to Aleppo. We unloaded our stuff by the mess tent and dismissed the cars which have been with us now for a week tomorrow. I sent back also our servant Abbas, who was sick and took on in his place a man furnished by Colonel Leachman, who will go as far as Der ez-Zor. I had to arrange a lot of transportation, and write a number of "chits" as the Indian officers call a note or written message. Then we went at the paintings. They are in a sanctuary which

has a chancel at the west end and an entrance at the east, and has every appearance of being Christian; but the paintings which are exceedingly interesting, do not contain a single unmistakable Christian feature. On one wall is a striking scene showing a Roman officer standing before an altar with fire burning on it, and conducting worship for a group of Roman officers behind him. His name and title have been inserted in Roman letters before his figure by the artist:

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If I had a glossary of the thousands of Roman officials now known, it is possible I could find this Julius Terence, Tribune, and thus date the building at once. It must have been built either just before the official recognition of Christianity by the Roman State under Constantine, or during the reversion to the Pagan gods under Julian. For the above group of people are standing before three statues of the Roman Emperors on bases, like the well known heroic figure of Augustus, and also two figures of oriental goddesses, with their names written in Greek alongside their figures. This city with its huge stronghold was a part of the Eastern Roman Empire in the third or fourth century of the Christian Era. The sanctuary was visited by many people, and the painted walls are covered with scribblings scratched in by Greek visitors. I regretted that there was no time to copy all these, for they were in a rapid cursive hand and very difficult to read or copy. I hope I have enough evidence to identify the place. It is an important piece of work which the new Mesopotamian Government have asked me to do here and with the exception of the graffiti scribblings, I have a full record of this sanctuary and its paintings. I set Luckenbill to photographing the paintings on a large scale, Shelton and Bull to making a ground plan, Edgerton also helping, when he was not keeping the catalogue of negatives. I made the archaeological notes on the paintings, and managed to skip around and keep all the other jobs duly inspected also. The result is a large body of full descriptive notes; 24 large negatives of the paintings including each important figure and face on a separate plate; and a ground plan with dimensions of the building. I was thus able to write Colonel Wilson, the Civil Commissioner tonight that I shall be able to send him a full record of the place as soon as the negatives can be developed. I feel very much gratified that we have been able to bring back an important body of new evidence, some of it excavated, like the above scene of official Roman worship, since our arrival on the ground,—new evidence on the eastern history of the Roman Empire on this remote frontier.

As I was pegging away at the walls, with the wind whirling dust and filth all over me, and my ears, eyes and nose filled with grime, a young officer came around the corner and said, “A wire from below for you, Professor!”. It had come up from Baghdad, been telephoned out from Abu Kamal, and was thus handed to me on the edge of the world in this ancient Roman fortress on the upper Euphrates. I took it and read: “President Judson wires from Washington quote you may draw immediately for twenty five thousand dollars call at Cairo for telegrams end quote”. That was pretty good news, after a day’s grubbing in the filth for the lost story of the past in this great eastern world. I wish President Judson could know what benedictions I called down upon him and continue to do so tonight, as I sit at my little type-writer beside my hard camp bed, while the full moon pushing up the eastern sky sheds a wonderful light over this grand old Roman stronghold. Do read this letter to him, hasty and poorly done as it is. Of course I am writing him, but cannot put all that into an official letter. We start at dawn, less than eight hours from now, and I must get some rest.

Meyyadin, Upper Euphrates,  
Wednesday afternoon, **May 5, 1920.**

We have made our first day's journey into the new Arab State. Just before we left Abu Kamal a Ford car came in, bringing an oriental merchant from Stamboul. He had given an Arab "officer" a lift from Aleppo to Der ez-Zor, and on arriving there he was held up by this "officer" in clumsy disguise, and robbed of 205 gold pounds! This was not very encouraging news of the working of the Arab State. But I recalled the basis on which the hold-up business flourishes in my own country and took courage. This morning we were out at dawn, and contenting ourselves with a cup of tea and a crust of bread for breakfast, we loaded our stuff into the five *arabanahs* or Turkish wagons waiting alongside our camp. Major Wright-Warren, the Officer Commanding, came out in his pyjamas and gave us a hearty good-bye, and having settled ourselves in two of the crazy *arabanahs*, our train of five wound its way slowly out of the old Roman fort and bore due west into the Arab country. Just as we were pulling out, five men armed with rifles, joined us. They had been sent according to agreement with Colonel Leachman by Turki Beg to guard us until we had been taken over by the Arab State. We went on feeling measurably safe, but after an hour rather empty! About eight miles out we dropped down from the high plateau to the level of the river plain, and filled our water tank with river water for drinking, putting it in with half a tankful of chlorinated water, and trusting to this to disinfect the river water. An hour later a motor car overhauled us, followed by a Light Armored Motor Battery machine, commonly called a Lamb, after the initials of the organization. It was Colonel Leachman and another officer going out into No-Man's-Land to meet the Arab representatives headed by Maulud Pasha, governor of Der ez-Zor, to arrange for the British withdrawal from nearly a hundred miles of Euphrates, to the vicinity of Anah. We are therefore crossing a frontier which will shift tomorrow nearly a hundred miles down river and this coming together of the representatives on both sides has made it possible for us to take advantage of the unusual situation, especially the pleasant state of mind of the Arab leaders, to cross quickly to Aleppo, while the Arabs are on their good behavior. Colonel Wilson, the Civil Commissioner was quite right in refusing to let us go on the Persian trip if we wished to make the dash to Aleppo. Later, as there was but one time for such an adventure, and you see we are exactly timed to be on the critical spot at the moment when the negotiations are being carried on,—that is today.

An hour later another magnificent armored car came rolling up behind us. Leachman had greeted us pleasantly and inquired if we were all right, but we did not know the officer in this car. All this gave us a feeling of safety for another hour or two, and about 3:30 we descried the minarets of Meyyadin across the plain. A police official met us and conducted us to a khan, where our wagons entered the court and drew up in a circle, under the contemplation of a numerous crowd of curious natives. The officer, of course representing the Arab State, spoke to me in broken French, but I found we could get on better in Arabic. He told me there was a room in house reserved for us, and when we had gathered up our baggage, we were conducted there by the officer and a crowd of the usual hangers-on, headed by a volunteer who carried our rude flag-staff, dismounted from our wagon, and bearing a flag which it looks very good to see out here. Colonel Leachman had suggested that I mount an American flag on our wagons. Of course I did so at once, and I have it now flying outside of our window.

So here we are in the hands of the Arabs. Leachman is now miles in our rear, and we must paddle our own canoe. Half way out here five Arab soldiers of the new state met us on the road,



and we were then formally in the hands of the Arab authorities, who had sent them out at Leachman's request to meet us and conduct us safely to Meyyadin. But the functioning of the Arab State was quickly illustrated by the appearance of one of the soldiers, who had seemed to be their leader, on the roof outside our door, as soon as we were settled. Ali came in and whispered that he had come to receive his *bakhsheesh* for coming with us. I went out at once and asked him if he and his men were going with us tomorrow again. He said they were,—to take us to Der ez-Zor next day. So I gave him 3 rupees for himself and two for each of his men. That was about \$5.00 for one day's safe conduct by the Arab State, and it is evident we shall pay at least that for the next ten days, all the way to Aleppo.

I have been giving you much too short an itinerary for the trip to Aleppo. I have always figured about 500 miles from Aleppo to Babylon for the marches of ancient armies and caravans, that is about a month for an army going 15 or 16 miles a day. But figures quite too low were given me at Baghdad. The caravan distance from Baghdad to Aleppo is 524 miles, of which we had put a little over 280 miles behind us in the cars, when we arrived at Salihyah. Leaving Salihyah therefore, we had nearly 250 miles before us to reach Aleppo. This is divided now into ten stages, and it is difficult to do two stages in a day, but if you do less, you have no place to stay. It will probably take us 9 days from this place. The food question is difficult, for we left behind our large double burner stove to reduce our transport, and the small one has just burned up completely. We have sent out for some wood and Ali is cooking us our first meal today over a wood fire. There is never a moment's quiet, for of course I have the party all around me, and I am thankful they are all such fine fellows. But when I am not doing for them or making their arrangements, the natives butt in. The teamsters have just come up and demanded money, and after I gave them 250 rupees they came back from the bazaar and reported they could not use rupees here. So I had to compute the amount in Turkish gold, and hand it to them after a half hour's bother and talk. I am reeking with dust, much need a bath, but as water must be brought a long way from the river, this luxury must be indefinitely postponed. I hope however, for enough water for a shave before we dine!

One piece of good news has been very encouraging. Perhaps I have mentioned it before. At Abu Kamal the news came down the river that Suwedi, governor of Aleppo, the man whose old father gave me a letter to him before I left Baghdad, is at Der ez-Zor. We have thus the help of the two governors at both ends of the trip, and unless we fall in with a band of irresponsible marauders, we shall reach Aleppo entirely unmolested.

Der ez-Zor, Upper Euphrates,  
Thursday Afternoon, **May 6, 1920.**

The chicken I bought yesterday together with some boiled rice, an omelette and some tinned fruit, made a welcome relief from a day which had been pretty much a long fast. As soon as we could get our field beds put up we tumbled in, and were just ready for slumber when the soldier who brought us to our lodging came up and announced that his chief, the army officer in command of Meyyadin, was below and desired to call on us. I told him we were all in pyjamas, but by all means to bring him up. We found him a very pleasant fellow, much interested in America, and curiously enough, seemed to be rather ashamed of his own land and people. He apologized profusely for the plain accommodation given us, but said it was absolutely all that they had, and laughingly referred to the great hotels of America, which it seemed he had heard about.

He complained that his country lacked everything, especially enterprising people, and said he was going to America. He presented me with a picture post card, displaying Haroun al-Rashid receiving the ambassadors of Charlemagne, showed me his commission with his photograph on it, and finally also gave me his card, bearing the name Ahmed Nadji, with a number of titles in Arabic. He said he had telephoned (God save the mark!) to his chief, Maulud Pasha at Der ez-Zor, who would be ready to receive us. He had the good sense not to stay long, and saying we must be tired, gave us a friendly good-night.

The night, however, was as noisy as usual in any Arab town. There is one unbroken hubbub and pandemonium of barking dogs from twilight till dawn. The noise rolls over the town in waves, as one group of savagely barking curs takes it up after another, and if it dies down for an instant it quickly sets in again. I have now accustomed myself to sleep in spite of noise, and to work under conditions I would have thought quite impossible at home. So the barking of legions of dogs does not keep me awake as it did at first. We also had a visit from a large cat who improved the darkness to forage on our provisions. We finally frightened her off effectually and thought we might then enjoy a night's rest. But a half hour later a soldier began hammering at the door of our house, shouting to wake the dead. We paid no attention and the row continued until I looked out of the window and called down asking what he wanted. He said he was fetching a comrade who was sound asleep in our house, so he kept on pounding and shouting for a half hour more, until he at length roused the sleeper, and we were finally able to get a little sleep.

As we turned out there was a great clatter of horsemen in the street below, and looking out I saw several field guns and a body of cavalry marching down the street. They were going to take possession of the new territory evacuated by the British. Our friend of the evening before was at their head. He looked up and seeing me at the window waved his hand and shouted good-bye in English. Our drivers presently appeared and I ordered the wagons. We had nothing but tea again for breakfast, but nevertheless we were better prepared than before, for I had directed Ali to cook plenty of boiled rice, and had sent our other boy to buy fresh native bread and eggs in the market. Our lunch basket, therefore, contained boiled eggs, bread (and very good bread too is this native bread!), a biscuit tin filled with boiled rice, and a tin of condensed milk. On these we both breakfasted and lunched in the crazy old *arabanah*. All would be comparatively comfortable feeding in this way, were it not for the myriads of flies. If possible they are more numerous and even more persistent than on the Nile. The evident character of the unspeakable filth in which they have been revelling before they swarm all over one's food, doesn't make it any more appetizing. The physicians have now shown that it is due to the flies that dysentery spreads so rapidly in these regions. It is evident of course, how they acquire and carry the infection to the food they crawl over. We have had no trouble thus far, and luckily dysentery is now confined to Baghdad and vicinity.

As we rode out of Meyyadin we found only one horseman to accompany us,—one rifle against five which rode with us yesterday. This one promptly relinquished his horse to our new man Mohammed, while he himself climbed into one of our wagons, and was soon rapturously snoring on top of our bed bags, with his rifle stowed away below! But we felt quite safe. It was a journey of only six hours, some 25 miles from Meyyadin to Der ez-Zor. On our left as we started was a stately Roman fort dominating the hills from the top of a high cone almost filling a bay in the cliffs on our south. The road unfortunately cut off a northerly bend of the river, and hence we were unable to look up the valley of the Khabur River, one of the chief northern tributaries of the

Euphrates, for of course it has none on the south where the Arabian desert is. The Khabur valley is very important in the history of Western Asia, for it is fertile and productive. Many of the Hebrew exiles lived here.

Several more horsemen with rifles joined us as we approached Der, and we were quite an imposing procession of five wagons and a troop of armed horsemen as we drove through the market of Der with swarms of children running alongside the wagons and crowds of curious oriental townsmen thrusting their heads out of the bazaars and fairly into our wagons, as they examined both us and our outfit. We drove to the serail where an officer met us and took my letter from Colonel Leachman to Maulud Pasha, while I was ushered into a waiting room outside his offices. He was not there, and the letter had to go up to his house. After some waiting he sent word down that rooms were ready for us at a hotel(!), but if we did not like them we would be welcome at his house. We went at once to the hotel, while half the town accompanied us. I write now in a funny little room, one of a series attached to the khan. I was hardly settled when an orderly appeared with an invitation from the Pasha to dinner at 7:30.

At the same time poor Ali comes in and says he has lost his cap and also his breeches and sure enough he stands, uncovered both as to head and legs. He asks for 40 rupees to replenish his wardrobe. I run through my accounts to see what we owe him, and finding he has this amount and a little more to his credit, I give him his 40 rupees and he goes off to the bazaar smiling. I have just settled to the machine again when two soldiers bring in a fine looking sheikh with a huge silver-hilted sword. He asks to furnish us with a guard to Aleppo. I ask him if he is from the pasha, and the soldiers tell me he is not. I tell him I must see the pasha before I can make any such arrangements, and the sheikh goes out, very sore and angry. This starts one's imagination of course. Where does the old villain live and will he be on the road waiting for us? But of course I could not offend the Pasha by going around him and employing a guard furnished by someone else, and having nothing to do with this figment of an Arab State!

Meantime I must also find and call on Suwedi, who is really here, and as he therefore will not be in Aleppo to help us on our arrival there, I must secure some kind of a letter from him to use in Aleppo. But the question of etiquette arises. I must not call on Suwedi first.

Tibni Khan, Upper Euphrates,  
Friday Evening, **May 7, 1920.**

I was interrupted by the above necessity of calling on the Pasha first, lest he be offended by my calling on any one else before I came to see him. So I dropped the type-writer at once, sent out to determine where the Pasha was, and found he was at his desk in the serail. — So thither Luckenbill and I sallied forth, and were at once ushered into the great man's presence. He was a young, fine-faced Arab seated at a desk and appearing incongruous enough in his picturesque desert attire, thus framed behind a desk. A number of waiting natives on the divans watched us curiously, and listened attentively to our greetings and our story, and especially to a long oration in the finest Arabic by the Pasha on the state of the new Arab nation, and the difficulties confronting it. It was an interesting scene, but I was anxious to get our future plans arranged. As soon as I properly could I asked him about Nadji Beg Suwedi (Suwedi being really the father's name). I had heard all sorts of whispers about him and did not know why he had really come up to Der ez-Zor. I therefore asked the Pasha frankly whether it was proper for me to call on Nadji Beg and ask about our further journey to Aleppo. The Pasha said certainly that he himself would

send soldiers with us, but that Nadji Beg was going to return to Aleppo the next morning, in all probability, and that we could go with him. The Pasha then sent a messenger for Nadji Beg, who presently appeared, and expressed great pleasure at receiving a letter from his father which of course I had at once handed to him. He told me he would be leaving for Aleppo in the morning, and would be very much pleased to have us go with him, expressing only some apprehension lest our three baggage wagons should be unable to keep up with him, as he expected to make the trip to Aleppo in four days. Luckenbill and I then took our leave and walked for half an hour along the Euphrates, here divided by a large island, connected on both sides with the mainland by a bridge and filled with beautifully green and luxuriant gardens.

On returning to our lodging, our Mohammed announced a visitor, who appeared in the person of a handsome young Arab officer. He at once began to talk about the Arab State and the much desired assistance of America. Before we had gone very far, four more officers appeared, quite filling our little bed room. Their leader introduced the others by name and title and said they had come to discuss with me the political future of the Arabs, because they had such confidence in America and such admiration for the great republic, whose aid they so much needed. I was really touched by their earnestness and their childlike eagerness for light and for information regarding the intentions of the British. Everybody in town had been delighted at the information I brought that the British were going back nearly a hundred miles. The news went from lip to lip, and we were regarded almost as the official messengers who had brought it. I had hoped for a few minutes in which to tidy up my travel-stained khaki outfit, but the visitors stayed on until the colonel, the officer who had first called, told them we were momentarily expected by the Pasha and must go. Indeed he had been sent to show us the way to the Pasha's house. The leader of the group then asked if they might come again, and when I had explained that we were obliged to leave the next morning under Nadji Beg's safe conduct, they showed the deepest disappointment, and went away quite cast down. We then walked quickly to the Pasha's house where we found all prepared to receive us. It was 7:30 P.M., and while coffee was served and the cigarettes passed frequently around, we talked with the Pasha and his officers, of whom half a dozen straggled in after us. They all wanted to talk about their country and its need of help, which they begged me to say, when I reached home, was eagerly expected from America. They all expressed not only admiration but affection for America and complete confidence in our ability to help them. I confess that this wide-spread respect for our country this general expectation of help which it was sure to send, threw a new light on our responsibilities. The world was everywhere expecting great and new things from us. We too were ready and eager to furnish new light and direction. We failed because of totally inadequate leadership. I tried as best I could to explain to them our own difficulties, but I could not make them see it. We were so tremendously powerful, we had such unlimited wealth, we were the land of liberty and human rights, where all men were treated justly and fairly; surely we could secure—or help to secure—the same things for the Arabs who had so long endured pure despotism.

They told me of Feisal, now proclaimed king of Syria, of his father king of the Hejaz, and of his brother Abdullah, proclaimed king of Iraq (Babylonia and Assyria), a proclamation which the English had at once disavowed and disallowed. They showed me their new flag and explained the meaning of its colors, and gave me one printed in colors on paper. An hour had passed before any one had thought of dinner. The Pasha led the way, and as usual insisted I should take the seat of honor at the head of the table, an honor which as usual I had persistently to refuse in his favor. The dinner was good and very welcome after the kind of fare we have been



furnishing ourselves. The Pasha was pale, with refined spiritual features, which showed suffering, and on my noting that he ate scarcely anything, he said he had been through a long sickness and was only that day out of his bed. The dinner talk was again almost entirely devoted to the future of the Arabs. The Pasha had been the first Arab officer to go out with Lawrence whose report I have sent you, and while he expressed appreciation of Lawrence and of the fine qualities of the English, he said the English must necessarily serve their own state and people, but he must likewise serve his. What they wanted was for the English to go and leave the Arabs to run their own affairs, hoping for the guidance and advice of America, until the new Arab nation, after centuries of strife and disunion, could gather strength, gain experience and deserve a place with the other nations of the world. They all expressed deep seated resentment toward the British, and unconquerable determination not to permit English domination. It was, I assure you, a great surprise to me, and I believe it would be equally so to the British statesmen now guiding the British Empire.

Nadji Beg came in after we had left the table and we made the last arrangements for a start at the earliest possible moment in order to make Aleppo in four days. We left the Pasha with regret, and I am very sorry that we failed to secure a snap shot of him. On reaching our lodgings, I found Mohammed, Leachman's former servant, who had come to Der with us, was waiting for me with another man-servant to go with us all the way to Aleppo, as he (Mohammed) was obliged to go back to Abu Kamal to rejoin Colonel Leachman, I told Mohammed of our arrangements for an early start, and charged him to see the drivers and make them understand they must be on hand with all five wagons at 4:30 the next morning. I was very anxious to be prompt, for it had been a vast relief to know that the safety of the party all the way to Aleppo would be guaranteed by Nadji Beg's presence and assistance. Mohammed said he would surely attend to it, and as it was late and I was very tired, with a short night before me I let it go at that.

I was out at 3:45 and aroused the party. The new servant Ibrahim, who had told me he would sleep in the house, was not to be found, much to my indignation; for I wanted to send him for the wagons. To make a long story short, we got our things down into the street, and waited till nearly six o'clock for those scoundrelly drivers, who had been duly told by Mohammed, just what I had charged him. Our personal *arabanah* did not come until after 6:30, and I was so enraged that I found it difficult not to treat the driver as I did one of our Indian drivers some days ago. However, we got off at last, Nadji having long before sent me word that he would wait for us at Tibni, 31 miles away, and that he would go on ahead in order to avoid driving in the heat. We had constant trouble with the drivers, who had evidently been making a night of it in the town. They all went to sleep on the box, and we loafed along at 2-1/2 miles an hour. Toward noon we passed the tents of a large tribe of Bedouin, the Albu Hayyal, and the Sheikh sent out a messenger to urge us to come in and have coffee. I thought it best to accept, and we walked over to the big black *nadhif* (guest-tent) where the sheikh gave us a cordial welcome, and asked me warmly after our welfare and that of America. "For" said he, "we Arabs all love America, and without America, the English and the French could not have won the war". "Well", said I, "the war is over now". The sheikh looked at me shrewdly and said, "Between the Arabs and the English?". Whereupon there was a loud murmur of approval from the old men, and some score wild looking Arab rifles, who sat around the big *nadhif*. We chatted on, the sheikh assuring me again that the Arabs loved America, an assurance that was very welcome as I looked about and realized that we were there alone in the heart of the Arab world of western Asia, deep in the vast Euphra-

tes wilderness without a soul who could have raised a finger to help us. They spoke approvingly of the American flag on our *arabanah*, saying it was the first one they had ever seen.

After the coffee had gone around twice, I suggested that we be allowed to take a picture of the assembled Arabs, and they all assented with evident pleasure, for the Arabs loved to be photographed. So we lined them all up in front of the big black tent, and Luckenbill snapped them all several times, the Sheikh absolutely refusing to stand at my side and be taken with us,—evidently because of an injury to his nose, which had carried away a part of it. As we crowded back into the tent, a huge Arab with a massive tent-mallet in his girdle raised it over my head. I thought for an instant that we were in trouble, but the Arab explained that was what he would do if I were an Englishman, and as he did so smote the ground several times with all his strength, saying that was how he would treat the English if he got a chance! As I took my leave and thanked the sheikh for his hospitality, he stopped me and told me he had an important letter which he wished to send to Aleppo addressed to a newspaper there. He said he knew he could trust an American to deliver it. I said certainly, and one of his servants at once brought the letter which the sheikh handed me while all the assembled Arabs stood watching in silence as I laid it carefully into the beautiful wallet which Charles gave me. The Sheikh accompanied us to the *arabanahs*, and directed one of his riflemen to mount beside one of our drivers and accompany us to the next khan. [\*His name was Ramadhan Beg Shilash, and his tribe are the Albu Hayyal.]

When we arrived at Tibni it was so late that Nadji Beg had already gone to the next khan, leaving a soldier to explain that if we left at dawn the next day, we could still overtake him. At first I demanded the drivers should make good their tardiness of the early morning and go on to the next khan. But when I learned it was nineteen miles away, I gave it up.

Kishlak Ma'dan, Upper Euphrates,  
Saturday, **May 8, 1920**, 10.00 A.M.

Well, here we are at the next station, the one that was 19 miles away when I stopped writing last night. I turned out at three o'clock this morning. It was bright moonlight and pretty cold. I called Ali and Sa'aleh (Ibrahim) the new servant and got them started making tea, having first called the drivers. I then took a lively run up and down the long flat roof of the khan in my BVDs, while the stolid drivers below, seeing the white ghost prancing on the roof in the moonlight, thought I was crazy, and have eyed me askance ever since. They were very sore at having been roused so early, and said they would be ready in two hours. And do you know, in spite of all I could do, they were right. It was 5 A.M. when we filed slowly out of the khan court. As you know, a khan is simply a large court with covered sheds or stables along three sides, and rooms in two stories along the fourth. We slept very comfortably in our field beds in one of the upper rooms and did not find any vermin, though I expected to be overrun with unspeakable things. Of course there is no furniture of any kind,—simply the bare room; but there is a fireplace for cooking, and Ali was able to prepare our dinner there over a wood fire. We paid 6 rupees for the use of the place and for the wood we burnt. That was about \$3 or 60 cents per person, leaving out the caravan!

Having reached this place at 10 o'clock we have made 19 miles in 5 hours, which is better time than before. The reason is we have forced the drivers to follow our directions. They are driving with them up to Aleppo a very heavily loaded wagon with four horses, containing bales of merchandise (the wagon, not the horses). This slow and ponderous load they [the drivers]

solemnly put at the head of the procession to make the pace. This morning we forced them to let us pass this heavy wagon. Then I put the boys at the head of the caravan while we took the rear (that is, Luckenbill and myself), with the three baggage wagons between us. In this way we have been making nearly four miles an hour. We have arrived here a few hours after Nadji Bey left this morning, for he spent the night here. We shall reach Kishlek Sabkha tonight, having done 42 miles in one day. We should then be 130 miles from Aleppo and we shall do it in three days, arriving the day after Nadji Beg. The horses have nearly finished eating and I must stop. Luckenbill has just brought out some good sour milk and the prettiest little 5 year old Arab girl you ever saw. He is now taking her picture.

Kishlak Sabkha, Upper Euphrates,  
Saturday Evening, **May 8, 1920.**

We have been making over 4-1/2 miles an hour, and this has brought us here nearly an hour earlier than I expected, for we arrived about 4:30. The reason for our good speed was not alone because we urged the drivers and kept them in a position to be controlled, but because the Euphrates valley spreads out above this place into a plain several miles across,—a dead level and quite capable of cultivation by irrigation. Indeed we saw some traces of irrigation trenches still surviving. While there have been many flourishing shores, with luxurious gardens at intervals, this is the first plain I have seen along the Euphrates above the Babylonian plain, where agriculture might be carried on over a considerable area and furnish the basis for a state and government of some power, just as at Assur. Such observations cannot be made on the basis of the existing maps, and they are of the greatest value in my future historical work. The situation of this plain is well marked by the mountain on the opposite shore, called by the Arabs Jebel Munkhir. It can be seen for hours as one traverses this plain going northward, and it is near the northern end of the plain. The region ought to contain the remains of ancient towns, but thus far I have failed to find any.

We are now about 130 miles from Aleppo, and about 400 from Baghdad, which we left ten days ago. If we are able to stand this pace, getting up at three in the morning, cold food all day, etc., etc., we shall reach Aleppo in three days from this point. One of my pastimes in the *arabanah*, when I am not studying the topography and the landscape, or catching up with lost sleep, is to make a probable calendar of our future movements, especially the date of our sailing for home. This overland trip across the desert has saved us weeks of time, and brought us at once into north Syria, whence we can move southward toward Egypt and a ship for Italy, doing our work in Syria and Palestine as we go. From Aleppo southward we can use the railway in the Orontes valley, and stop where we wish to make local inspection of the ruins and mounds. In this way we can probably accomplish all that is necessary and reach Egypt in time for a ship to Italy about July first, and thus sailing from Naples probably by July 15. If so I can reach home by the first of August! Hurrah!

Just as I was writing this the old Sheikh of the Sabkha Arabs came in with a note from Nadji Beg, left this morning, as he went off. It asks us to take the old chap along with us,—I suppose for our protection. He is an intelligent old fellow, and loves America like all the Arabs we have met. But he will be rather in the way if we have to take him in our *arabanah*.

El Hammam, Upper Euphrates,  
Sunday, **May 9, 1920.**

A pig-stye would be palatial beside the filthy hole in which we are preparing to spend the night! Nothing I have ever seen approaches it. Our life in the Sudan was luxury and cleanliness compared with it. We have an English report on the Baghdad-Aleppo route, made early in the war. At this point the report has the words "Bad khan, 1918". We would like to add, "Worse, 1920". I will not go into details. We have had a long rough hot day. The stage of thirty miles assigned for today allowed a little more sleep and we did not turn out until 4:30. At five, old Sheikh Suwan appeared at my door all ready to go. It was tough. We had to find a place for him in one of our wagons, and to put him in a baggage wagon with the driver would have mortally offended all the Arabs of this place. He had brought with him just at our dinner hour last night, the *mudir* of the village, and a lot of other notables, to ask us to see that he was looked after for he is an old man. These pre-war Turkish carriages are made for orientals, sitting as they are accustomed to sit, on the floor. The owner furnishes some rugs and cushions, and by adding some of your own bedding, you can lie down at any angle and make yourself really quite comfortable. The rough road, however, keeps knocking you about very violently, and the trip is a pretty rough business when kept up day after day.

We condensed as best we could. Luckenbill and I had stretched out side by side and found the situation very tolerable. The passengers who paid no fare kept entirely out of sight, but were much in evidence notwithstanding. Nevertheless we cultivated a philosophical state of mind, and got on very well, exchanging sympathetic experiences as one or the other of us succeeded in catching one! But with the old Sheikh to provide for, further condensation was impossible. We finally took some things off the front seat beside the driver, put them behind with me, while the room still remaining beside me, was assigned to the sheikh, poor Luckenbill taking to the front seat with the driver. And so we drove off, amid the most hearty salaams of the villagers who gathered about to bid their sheikh farewell. The old chap of course sat cross legged, and as soon as the rough road began, he gradually spread over the whole place and spilled around promiscuously. When his knees were not in my ribs, he was sitting on the type-writer, or in the lunch basket. This is amusing when you write it, but for nine, hot, dusty hours it loses its amusing aspect. At present the old chap sits at my side, and will have to be given room to sleep on the floor beside me, for the entire khan is full. So he has wandered in, and I have just saved my field bed from being completely wrecked by his sitting on it. You know how fragile an X-bed is, and I have given him a seat therefore on a duffle bag, where he is contemplating the type writer with much curiosity. At my other elbow sits his nephew, a fine looking boy of fifteen, who is accompanying his uncle to Aleppo. This is protection with a vengeance! Rather more than we anticipated. I find my apprehensions, as I felt them before we entered the Arab territory, rather diverting. There is not a shadow of danger! Americans may travel where they like in Arabia, for the Arabs know we are not looking for some advantage out of them. I think an Englishman would be in the greatest danger, if he sat where I do at this moment; and a Frenchman still more so. But there is no danger for an American. Everywhere I hear the same words from the Arabs: "The Arabs love the Americans, and we would like to live with them like brothers. We hope they will come here and help us". The only thing that might happen to us might be a chance meeting with highwaymen who would rob us. But I have heard of similar occurrences in various parts of civilized America according to the best of my recollection.



As we left Sabkha this morning we ran into my suit-case roosting in the road all by itself. Bad loading! Though I have tried my best to systematize the work, even making out a list of each man's duties, I have ridden in the dust all day behind the baggage wagons to see that we lose nothing. The suit-case was found a second time dangling over the side of the wagon and banging against the wheels. A few miles out of town we passed a large group of Bedwin tents a hundred rods from the highway. "My tents!" said Sheikh Suwan, "come in and have something to eat". But the boys were a half mile away, leading the caravan, and I told the sheikh it was impossible. Presently the handsome boy whom the sheikh introduced as his nephew, appeared running beside the *arabanah*, and told us with great glee that he was going to Haleb (Aleppo) with his uncle. The old man sent him over to the tents to direct them to follow with food for his journey. An hour later we stopped to feed and water the horses at a group of huts, which the sheikh said was called Mazar. Here his territory ended, having stretched all the way from Tibni, a stately domain for an Arab sheikh. At Mazar I asked the women to bring out some milk, and although very hardened to dirt by this time, I could not down more than a single cup of the filthy stuff. At this juncture a fine looking Arab in splendid attire, with a brand new Mauser rifle, was introduced by the sheikh as his son, and he added, "He has come riding after you to see you safely out of our land and to wish you safety and health." The son, Rakaan ibn Suwan by name, at once gave us a very cordial greeting, with the expressions regarding America to which we have now grown accustomed. They all have the same curious gesture which they use to express the relations between the Arabs and America. They hold up one first finger with the thumb turned in toward the palm, and then doing the same with the other hand, they lay the two first fingers together and say: "Thus are the Americans and the Arabs side by side as brothers". The sheikh asked me why no American rifles had ever appeared in Arabia, although the Americans do everything by machinery. I went to the *arabanah* and took down the type-writer while a crowd of curious Arabs gathered about. Taking a sheet from my note book I wrote the name Rakaan and gave it to him. But he said at once I must also write my own name with his, which of course I did, and he put the sheet carefully away in his mantle. They were much interested to know that the Americans wrote in this way; but they were still more astonished when I told them there were houses in America with forty windows, one above the other! Many were the grunts and the "By Allahs", which greeted this information. Rakaan assured me that if any Americans ever came that way again, he would be at their service without reserve, and so with many an "In peace", and "In the safety of Allah!", we left Rakaan looking after his father, whose hand he had demonstratively kissed and laid against his own forehead as we drove away.

The river plain all along this region from Sabkha up to El-Hammam is wider than in the Hît to Anah region. A small nation is thinkable in this region, and indeed on the opposite (left) bank of the river, at the mouth of its northern tributary, the Balikh, there are extensive ruins of an ancient town, which has never been more than cursorily examined. At present the place is called Rakka, and fine Neo-Persian blue-glazed bowls are found there and sold by the European antiquity dealers. We were sorry that we could not cross and examine these ruins, but the other side of the river is very unsafe.

I wish I knew more about natural features of the earth. The botany of this region, of course, is beyond me. I get no further than the tamarisks and a few flowers,—the latter being thus far very scanty. Indeed the rolling desert wilderness of northern Arabia, which in this region merges into the Syrian desert, is very barren,—more so than I had anticipated. The withered vegetation of a greenish brown hue, merging into yellow, stretches far across the desolate hills,

with a strangely monotonous aspect. I have seen no Bedwin tents on the plateau, and although it is only the first of May, and the winter rains have but just ceased to fall as you have noted in my letters, the ground is parched and dusty, and the grass withered and brown. All the Bedwin are down on the river plain near the shores of the Euphrates. The color of the soil in the valley or on the river plain below is exactly the same as that of the desert plateau above. This color is difficult to describe. It is a dusty and faded terra cotta, just the color of Missouri river water in flood time. There is no contrast therefore as in Egypt, between the tawny desert and the rich black loam of the flood plain. Indeed, I have thus far not seen a single square foot of black soil in Babylonia, Assyria, or Western Asia anywhere. All the soil, even the most rich and productive in Babylonia, displays the same light color, which we in America would at once misjudge as a very poor clayey soil.

A few miles above Sabkha, the road rose along the face of the cliffs, and to our surprise we had immediately below us a river of beautiful clear blue water, filled with fish, some of large size, with numerous turtles basking along the shores. Above us was the steep wall of the rugged cliffs and below us a wall of rock almost as steep, dropping sheer to the water. We went along thus for about a mile. What we had below us was a lake lying in an old and abandoned channel of the river. We would have given much for a bath in this attractive clean water, the first we have seen since early in March.

Nahr ed-Dahab Khan

Tuesday Afternoon, **May 11, 1920.**

We thought we had struck the worst at El Hammam, but this is decidedly worse. The rooms in these khans are raised a story above the barnyard enclosure where the horses, wagons and drivers spend the night. But in this hole there is only one second floor room and that was taken. We are therefore down with the horses and all the rest of the mess just outside our door. This might be thought to possess something of a rustic flavor not altogether intolerable, but for the fact that a heavy wind is blowing. It picks up all the dried horse droppings outside and they become droppings in a very personal sense. My field bed is already deluged, and my bag is full. As the drivers put a leaky petroleum tin on top of my bed-bag, the resulting mixture of flavors and aromas is curious and interesting. Especially effective and penetrating is the smudge from the burning dung, the only available fuel. The disconsolate Ali has just carried a huge tray of it past my door. Our dinner is now being cooked over it, and as a result of the wind, much of it is also being cooked in our dinner as well.

We are now in the Syrian plain where the armies of the Pharaohs crossed century after century to reach the Euphrates. We have slowly passed from irrigation agriculture within the narrow limits of the Euphrates shores, to a rain agriculture producing on the whole a very scanty harvest. Yesterday was a long, hard day,—the longest stage we have had. I got everybody out at 3:00, which was not as heroic as it seems. The Babel of arriving and departing wagons in the khan at El-Hammam continued without interruption all night:—drivers shouting to their comrades and their horses, wagons rattling:—in short a constant row which beggars description. I finally fell asleep and was wakened by Luckenbill, who said it was four o'clock. It was really, as I saw by a glance at my illuminated wrist watch, just 1:40. Luckenbill in reading his own wrist watch had mixed up hour and minute hands, with the above result. Of course it was impossible to sleep again, though my worthy colleague was snoring peacefully in a few minutes. I have said

nothing about it, further than to advise him to use matches next time. So I was out at 3:00 and by 5:00 we got the caravan off, making a stage of 45 miles, the longest we have yet made in a single day. This carried us from El-Hammam to Meskeneh, the point where the Euphrates begins to turn south-eastward toward the Persian Gulf.

The khan at Meskeneh was impossible, and as there were luckily several government buildings left unfinished by the Turks, we went over there. The keeper of the khan came over to see me, with many assurances: "O Pasha, I will give you fine rooms, clean and beautiful". "Yes," said I, "I have seen them". "And I will bring you water, which is far away in the river". "Yes," said I, "Go and get the water, and I will pay you, but we shall go to the other buildings to sleep". Just as the wagons drove from the khan where I had told them not to unharness the horses, we could see a huge dust storm with a front about a mile along, twisting and swirling and rising to the clouds of vapor above in sinuous clouds of dust from below. Before the wagons could be unloaded it was upon us, deluging our stuff with dust first and then with rain, in the midst of which two violent claps of thunder shook the house where we had found refuge. The house had huge windows and the floors were covered with the usual kind of filth in such places in the east. All this was blown into our faces and over our stuff. Luckily the wind subsided after half an hour and Ali gathered some desert herbage to serve as fuel and make us some tea. We lighted our field candlesticks, saved from the wreckage, you remember, and were at once visited by swarms of crickets which infested the place. At the same time enormous black beetles as large as a silver dollar came droning in at the open windows and flopped down like so many flying toads alongside the lights. There was nothing in this desert halting place but the khan and these deserted buildings. Saalah, the new servant, I sent for eggs to the Bedwin whose black tents we could see nearly a mile off in the desert as the darkness gathered; but he was afraid and returned after a short time saying that they had none. I told him he was a liar, and that he had not been there in so short a time,—gave him orders to go there at once and bring both milk and eggs. Meantime I found a man whom we entrusted with our four canvas buckets to go a mile and a half to the river and get us some wash water, for we were still begrimed with dust. Just as our dinner of rice and tinned meat was ready, this man appeared with a companion and four buckets of water, for which we paid 6 piasters, that is about 30 cents. There was a great hurrah as each of our party of five got his six-cent wash! and gathered with the rest about the camp dinner table. Just then Saalah appeared with a big wooden basin of milk and a lot of eggs. A little lad had come with him to take back the basin and we were glad to see the last of it before we drank our milk, for it was unspeakably filthy inside and out.

You can form no conception of the filth of these people. Our drivers sit out in the dung heaps around the khan court, just outside our door and eat with the greatest enjoyment. They drink out of buckets in which they have just watered the horses. Not only so, but these same buckets are used for washing down the sweat-begrimed horses, which the drivers do very thoroughly, omitting no part of the horses anatomy at either end. They swab off the poor beasts with their own bandana handkerchiefs, which they afterward spread out on the horse's back to dry. They sit at dinner on the same cushions and rugs which are afterward placed in the *arabanahs* for us to lie on. So after this comfortable upholstery has been slept on all night by the drivers, stretched out on the horse-droppings in the yard, we climb into the *arabanahs* and ride on it all day. We are simply alive with fleas, and existence is one long scratch. You feel them crawling all over you and resign yourself to misery as best you can. Well, I suppose I should have left this

all out; but perhaps it is well you should know that exploring in Western Asia is not a junketing party.

Driving out of Meskeneh we rose to the Syrian upland, and as the river and the road parted company, we looked back for the last time on the Euphrates. We had entered the Mediterranean East, and a new chapter in our experiences and our explorations was about to begin. Tonight in this execrable den of filth we are 25 miles from civilization and a comfortable hotel in Aleppo.

Baron's Hotel, Aleppo, Syria,  
Wednesday Morning, **May 12, 1920.**

Two weeks ago this morning we left Baghdad. We have come some 550 miles from the upper reaches of Babylonia, up the Euphrates valley to the heart of Syria. We have been eight days in the *arabanahs*, sleeping in the vile khans and knocking about all day in the rough wagons, and it would be quite impossible to try to convey the feeling of deliverance as I entered this hotel and ordered a bath! I positively think I haven't got a flea on me; but I am one mass of red blotches from head to foot. The drivers were so anxious to reach Aleppo that they woke Ali at 2 o'clock, or rather earlier, for he called Luckenbill and me to tea at two. I heard the soldiers acting as escort tramping about over head, and what was worse, I felt them, for with every step they took, the filth and vermin from the blackened ceiling above came down in a shower on my bed. For this reason I had put up my moustiquaire. We were so glad to get away from the filthy den, that we got up, forgetting that there is an hour and a half difference in time between Baghdad and Aleppo, and we were really turning out about 12:30 A.M.!

When I stepped out into the court all the other wagons were gone. The stars twinkled with marvelous brightness, while a half moon threw a ghostly light over the huge court of the khan and hanging just above the western horizon threw long broken shadows of our wagons across the litter and filth of the desolate place. All at once the place was beautiful and the spirit of the never-changing East seemed to brood over the long arcaded court of this station through which the life of the Orient had so long ebbed and flowed. A ruddy light came through the door by the main entrance, and as I stood in the silence of the night listening to the munching of the horses, the sound of voices came faintly through the open door. I peeped in and there sat our drivers earnestly talking with the *khanji*, which means the keeper of the khan. The scene was strikingly like some old Dutch painting of the kitchen of a wayside inn, with the coachmen gossiping with the landlord. The candle light behind them brought out in illuminated silhouette the weather-beaten features of their rugged faces, enveloped in the smoke of the cigarettes at which they puffed away with the greatest gusto. I stepped out through the great gate of the khan and looked out over the silent Syrian desert touched here and there by the fast fading moonlight. Beyond lay civilization and home, and behind me the vast Arab wilderness of the Tigris and Euphrates through which we had come. In a few hours we should be safely through it all, and then with this great adventure safely achieved, I could embark for home in a few weeks. Over there in the dark wagons was a photographic trunk filled with old Babylonian and Assyrian documents of the greatest value,—nearly a thousand of them,—with some wonderfully cut cylinder seals, some sculptures and a bronze statuette from the archaic Babylonian age, of which only a few exist. Better still, in a box by my bedside in the terrible room I had just left, was a six-sided prism of terra-cotta 18 inches high, bearing in fine cuneiform the royal annals of Sennacherib,



recording among all his other achievements, the campaign against Jerusalem which called forth the great orations of Isaiah,—the very campaign on which he lost a large part of his army by a terrible visitation of plague, rendered classic in English literature by the poem “The Destruction of Sennacherib”. It cost 19,000 rupees,—nearly \$9,500, but there is no monument of equal importance,—indeed no such example of royal Assyrian annals in any museum in America. There in the moonlight and the filth of the oriental khan, I took courage, and felt grateful that we had been able to secure it for America, and especially for our own university. I am of course writing to President Judson, and to him I will explain the curious situation which makes it unwise for us to say anything about the sources of these monuments I am bringing home from Asia. We must say simply that they were acquired in western Asia.

I have had nothing to eat since our breakfast at 2:30 this morning, except two boiled eggs, and it is now 11-1/2 hours since we had that breakfast, so I will adjourn to lunch!

Baron’s Hotel, Aleppo, Syria,  
Wednesday Evening, **May 12, 1920**, 6:30 P.M.

This noon we ate the first good food we have had for just two weeks. My [but] didn’t it taste good! After a little nap Luckenbill and I spent the whole afternoon talking first to the vice-consul, and then to the consul himself, Mr. Jackson. I can’t begin to describe to you the situation here. Even if time and space and strength sufficed, it would be altogether indescribable. The [American] consul, a very fine and experienced man, continues to reside here, though of course accredited only to the Turkish State in whose former territory he is serving. Until this territory has been formally handed over to the Arab State by the Turks, it is impossible for him to possess any legal status here at all. Fortunately the Arabs have not thought that far, and he passes informally as the American Consul here. Only 17 miles northward lies the Turkish border, beyond which are many American teachers and missionaries. They are in constant danger at the hands of the Turks. As you probably saw in the dispatches, two fine young Americans doing relief work in Aintab, not far beyond the border, were shot on the highway as they were trying to reach their work at Aintab. It is better I should not write who did it until after I am in Beirut.

The consul has offered to help us get out to the excavations at Jerablus, the ancient Carchemish, northeast of here on the Euphrates. We left the river too far below the place to see it. He says we can do it, but there is much risk. I have decided not to take the risk for a number of reasons, though the chance is very tempting for it was one of the most important things I came to Asia to see. Furthermore, the French are just sending an expedition to relieve Aintab which has been and constantly is in great danger. Two months ago 450 Frenchmen holding the place, found themselves with only four days’ provisions and surrendered to the Young Turks on condition that they be permitted to retire to Jerablus. As might have been expected all the Frenchmen but about fifty were massacred on the way. A new French expedition failed even to reach the place during the siege, much less to relieve it; and a third expedition of 3500 men has just passed northward for the recovery of the town. This means that the Arabs will if possible cut the railroad south of here, to embarrass the French. That would cut us off from reaching Beirut, or getting out at all without great difficulties. I have made up my mind therefore, that it is my duty to get the expedition out of such a situation as fast as I can. We are going to see the Arab governor tomorrow, accompanied by the consul, and to ask him to give us safe conduct to the great mound of Kadesh (Tell Nebi Mindoh), just south of Homs on the Orontes and then to Baalbek, which I

have never seen; and finally to Rayak where we take a little cog railway across Lebanon to Beyrut. All this carries us at once into a safe region, or at least to sea connection, which will enable us to decamp when we please without hindrance from any one.

The consul says he could arrange for us to go over and see the ruins of ancient Antioch on the Gulf of Alexandretta at the northeast corner of the Mediterranean, but it is a region entirely out of control by the Arab government, and the visit would be dangerous. He could arrange to get “safe conduct” for us by putting us in charge of a bandit who lives here in Aleppo, and who has control of all the country between here and Alexandretta, — a man who has been a friend of the consul’s for years. It did not take long to cancel Antioch from our program! Tomorrow morning therefore, I shall ask the governor to get us south as fast and as safely as he can. It is evidently quite impossible to do any scientific work away from the railway leading south. We shall make the two stops I have mentioned above, and let it go at that; though not without great regret.

The consul gave us the first news of the mandates here in the Near East: Mesopotamia to Great Britain without condition; Palestine too under condition that there shall be room for a Jewish State; Syria to France; and Armenia to the United States. All this is extremely interesting when one is on the very ground. When the mandate for Armenia was first proposed for the United States, I was greatly in favor of it. But since then two important changes have completely altered my opinion. The intrusion of French control over a deeply resentful people in Syria, has plunged France into a long war with the Arabs on the south of Armenia; the grotesquely feeble and dilatory policy of the Allies toward Turkey has given the Turks the opportunity to resume their old policy of defiance all along the line, and placed another chronic war on another frontier of Armenia. At the same time the triumph of Bolshevism in Russia, which is carrying on a constant system of propaganda southward brings in a third new element, which together with the other two make it in my judgement a very unwise project for the United States to assume the responsibility for the defense and maintenance of Armenia. To police the country would require a large army, enormous funds, and a constant drain in men and resources. And for what? For the Armenians? Well, we might as well recognize once for all that the Armenians are not worth the price, and refuse to pay it. I am sure that it is also President Judson’s opinion as a result of his own observations in the Near East.

You ought to hear the British officers tell of their experiences with the Armenians! How they sold to the Turks for use against the British great quantities of supplies sent for Armenian relief from the United States. I had a long talk with Colonel Duncan, chief of General Fraser’s staff at Mosul about the British dash over hundreds of miles of mountain country in response to tragic appeals for assistance from the Armenians in Baku and vicinity. When the Armenians were finally organized into a line of trench defenses, their sectors of the trenches were regularly found empty whenever the British went to look them over. Inquiry elicited the information that the Armenian officers and men were in Baku, where they might be found in the cafes! When the fighting began, one company of Staffords (British) held their position in the trenches until all their officers were killed and over half of the men. The Armenians on both sides of them had run away, allowing the Turks to cut off the heroic Staffords at both ends! And so the story went on. I think our young Americans are altogether too good to be sacrificed in this way for a lot of poltroons like this.

Baron's Hotel, Aleppo, Syria,  
Thursday Evening, **May 13, 1920.**

When you wrote me a letter at 11:30 A.M. and addressed it to Aleppo, you did a fine morning's work. For this morning when I went to the American Consulate, there was home news to greet me coming from the terrible life of the desert,—home news only a little over a month old, for it was dated April 9th. I carried it a round all the morning,—busy as busy could be,—and reading it or in it whenever anybody gave me a moment's respite, I had the long drawn-out pleasure of getting it in nibbles. I saw all the home scenes,—the little family circle incidents, which may mean nothing to you as they come along in household routine, but are infinitely precious to the wanderer with seas and lands between him and his home, into which he thus gains glimpses. Well, well, the time will pass and I shall be at home again to talk it all over and to tell you all about it; but if I could talk a thousand years I could not tell you how grateful I have been for just this letter which met me here at the end of the desert journey.

It has been such a busy day! When I woke this morning—lying between sheets in a clean sunny room, with a good breakfast awaiting me below, I rubbed my eyes and wondered if it could be true. Only the previous morning I had waked in the awful den which we have begun to call “the Golden River Hotel” (Nahr ed-Dahab means “Golden River”), with the horse manure all over my bed and the filth dropping down with the vermin from the ceiling as the soldiers tramped around above us. Well, it was worth it to be the first white men to cross the Arab State since it was proclaimed. I am unable to get into cable touch with America from here. So I have wired Nelson in Beyrut, which can be reached, and have asked him to forward a cable to the *Tri-bune*, for it seems to me a Chicago journal ought to announce at once that University of Chicago men have been the first to cross the new Arab State. I have also other reasons. Among them I may mention that the Yale men without having any money in sight to carry out their plans, announced in the press all over the country a great Yale expedition with excavations to be made in Asia Minor. The whole business has petered out. They have no money and no prospect of any. Clay has quietly retired out of the back door of Mesopotamia by way of an oil-steamer I told him about, and the University of Chicago Expedition, commissioned by the British Mesopotamian Government to do a piece of archaeological work for them on the way, has come out by the overland desert journey, as planned from the beginning, and arrived in Aleppo in safety. Now of course that kind of self-congratulation is for home consumption only, but if you select your hearers I have no objection to its being read to our friends and those of the university,—first of all of course to President and Mrs. Judson.

The first task this morning was to meet the American Consul and go with him to call on the Arab governor of Aleppo. We drove to the serail, under the shadow of the lofty and impressive citadel of Aleppo, where the governor received us cordially. I told him I wanted to stop twice on my way to Beyrut, first at the vast mound of Kadesh (Tell Nebi Mindoh), and then at Baalbek. He said he would write me two letters: one to the *mutessarif* of Homs, near Kadesh to see what the *Mudir* of Kosseir, the station nearest to Kadesh, furnished every aid and facility in reaching Kadesh, and another to the *kaimakam* at Baalbek to see that we are protected there. We shall thus see the chief things I needed to look over in North Syria, except Jerablus northwest of here on the Euphrates, which as I wrote you above, is evidently too risky for us to undertake, especially as the news has come this morning that the present French expedition to Aintab, just north of us here, has been beaten back and forced to retire. This leaves about twenty Americans

there without succor, food or protection, and with no way to get out. We might be cut off in the same way at Jerablus.

The railway connecting Damascus and Haifa (on the coast by Carmel) has just been cut, and we cannot reach Jerusalem from Damascus as we planned. We shall push on from Baalbek at once to Beirut, and arrange from there for a quick run, with light baggage, to Damascus to see Feisal which will be easier in view of my letter to him from Lord Allenby. But Feisal will not be able to let anybody know he has a letter from Allenby, the Arab dislike for the English is so strong. We shall have to return from Damascus to Beirut again in order to get out and reach Jerusalem, and thence Egypt and home.

To return to Aleppo experiences again, I found the governor much interested in the Aleppo citadel, which he had never visited, for he is not a native of Aleppo. So I asked him if he would come with us to look it over, and we made an appointment for five o'clock. Meantime we went to the chief of police and had our passports visaed; and as the consul had warned us that we would have great trouble in getting our baggage through at the station, unless we arranged it with the police in advance, we got the chief to send notice of our coming to the station and authorize us to pass without having our baggage examined. We had also to secure a permit for our invaluable Ali, who is going with us. By this time it was nearly five and we waited for the governor to go with us to the citadel. It is a magnificent old place in the heart of the city, built on a high mound undoubtedly covering the ancient town already mentioned in the inscriptions recording the great Egyptian conquests. The governor was much interested in the fact that his city was so old. The present citadel is of course relatively late, but the great gate and towers go back to Malik ez-Zahir and the crusades. We found magnificent views from the lofty walls, and looked far out over the eastern desert to the horizon behind which lay the Golden River Hotel!

Kusseir (or Kosseir), between the Lebanons,  
Saturday, **May 15, 1920**, 5 P.M.

I am sitting in a freight car, looking out over the fine plain of Kadesh, with the huge mound of the ancient city rising an hour's ride distant, dominated by the majestic ranges of Lebanon and anti-Lebanon on either side. I wonder if you remember how I once worked all the way across the Atlantic, straightening out the great game of war-chess which Ramses II played on this plain with the Hittites in the 13th century B.C.? It is no small privilege to be permitted now for the first time to look out upon the places mentioned in Ramses' war records, and to recognize here point after point, over which I worked at such a disadvantage without having seen them. Tomorrow, however, I shall have a chance to see things at closer range, for the mound is still four or five miles distant, if not more.

The last hours at Aleppo, like the close of our stay at every important place, were very busy ones for me. I was awfully rushed, with a host of things to attend to (and my fellow-voyagers could not even remember to have the drinking water tank filled with fine Aleppo water before it was sent to the train), and at the last minute two visitors came in. One was Dr. Lambert, in charge of the American relief work here. I was very much pleased with him, and regretted it was not possible to have talked longer with him. Then came a Miss Wickett, Dr. Lambert's secretary, who brought the letters of the American Relief Committee to be taken down to headquarters at Beirut. Miss Wickett was President Faunce's secretary at Brown University when I was giving the Ann Mary Brown Lectures there. I had of course forgotten her completely. She told me they



had made all preparations to put us up at the quarters of the American Relief, but unfortunately we knew nothing of it.

This place is just south of Homs and the lake of Homs, which you can easily find on the map. The governor, as I mentioned above, arranged to have orders come here from Homs to facilitate our visit in every way. Luckily I took the precaution to ask for a copy of the governor's letter sent down here. We had to turn out at 3:30 this morning and get away with our large equipment of stuff on the only train, leaving at 5:45. On arriving here at 2:00 P.M., I found the governor's instructions had not arrived, and the copy I had asked for was invaluable. We had expected to stay in the station, and put up our field beds there, but it had been burned down like all the other stations on the line, by the retreating Turks and Germans, and is now being rebuilt. Luckily the station master has been amiable and has allowed us the use of an empty freight car, where we have put up our field beds. There is a cold raw wind blowing, and it penetrates to the skin. I am going to change my underclothes, and feel lucky that I have some heavier ones here. At the present moment a squally shower has added to our discomfort, in spite of the fact that the rainy season is long past.

The station-master went up with me to see the *mudir*, and the commandant. Both agreed to aid us not only on the basis of the governor's letter, but also because, as they informed me with much impressiveness, it was America which enabled the Allies to win the war. I had to sit, after a long and weary walk to the *mudir*'s office, for an hour and a half talking with him and his officers, and then of course accept an invitation to dinner this evening. This infliction, in view of the fact that the horses are coming at 4:30 tomorrow morning, I would have been very glad to escape, but the *mudir* promised to send soldiers back to the station with me, and I could not easily refuse. It was the less welcome because I had been obliged to accept an invitation to dinner last evening in Aleppo with the French liaison officer, who is the representative of France there. Out at 3:30 this morning, and again tomorrow at the same hour! with a dinner preceding each turn out! It's a strenuous life. But we are getting over the ground, and every step now brings home that much nearer. I secured some interesting antiquities in Aleppo, but must postpone any account of them.

Kosseir Station,  
Sunday Noon, **May 16, 1920.**

We have had our visit at the mound of ancient Kadesh! I will not attempt to tell you of the place for that would make my letter an archaeological report; but I am sure you would have been greatly interested in following the plan of the first battle the strategic of which is known to us. The tell or ancient mound is a matter of a quarter of a mile long, and lies in the midst of a level plain surrounded by the splendid ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, as I mentioned last night. Both are at present crowned with snow and offer a fine prospect. A modern village, largely of houses built of blocks of basalt surmounts the mound, which is probably over [a] hundred feet high at the highest place, the north end. The chief man of the village insisted on our coming into his house, where he served us an excellent lunch of omelette in olive oil, hot bread, fresh unsalted butter with honey, plenty of milk and curds. The service left something to be desired, but the food was delicious, especially the bread, with butter and honey.

There has been much questioning, and evidently some doubt about us. I think some of the natives suspect we are French, but do not venture to treat us as such. When I came home from

the awful dinner last night, I was accompanied by two drunken soldiers, who were very familiar, and at one time I thought they were going to make me trouble. The dinner was the first native dinner I have had in Syria, and differed greatly from the Bedwin dinners we have had in the desert; but I will not describe it here more than to say, that I was led out from a very solemn assembly in a lower room, to an upper chamber, where I found the *mudir* and the commandant sitting around a small table with five other Arabs, all eating from seven little dishes of hors d'oeuvres, and drinking arrac. I was supplied with a small glass of this delectable beverage and at short intervals was fed with a fork with tid-bits from the small dishes,—the said fork meantime having been pushed into sundry other, native mouths before each push into mine! After a long session at this interesting sport, we adjourned to a lower room, where I joined the solemn assembly I had seen there before. They told me of a native who had had his horse stolen by a French soldier, and there was much weighty discussion of the outrage. Then dinner was announced, and I was taken to the next room to sit at the head of a table bearing a whole roast sheep, much boiled rice, fried meats, bread, and various milk dishes. They supplied me with a plate, and then the *grabiola* began as usual. The food was delicious, and I had a wholesome and nutritious dinner. We then promptly rejoined the solemn assembly, most of which took our places at the dinner table, while a low table was brought in for us, and spread with several dishes containing an excellent milk-rice pudding, rather over sweetened. After coffee, I begged the *mudir* to excuse me, as I would be obliged to rise very early next (this) morning for the ride to the Kadesh ruin. The whole company gave me a friendly good-night, and I went across the dark plain of Kadesh to the distant station, accompanied by the two drunken Arab soldiers, I have mentioned. They nearly knocked in the door of the freight car, where the boys were sleeping, and waked them all up. The field bed I had spread in one end before leaving, was welcome, I assure you.

We were a little slow getting out this morning, and it was 5:00 o'clock before we had reached our horses. There were the usual oriental delays, but a little after six we had reached the Kadesh mound after a wonderful ride across the Plain of Kadesh in the light of dawn. Our survey of the place went on without incident, but every body assured us we must have some soldiers with us, to ensure our not being mistaken for French and shot by the Arabs! We finished earlier than I had expected, and after our lunch at the house of the village head man, as already mentioned, we started back with plenty of time, which was lucky; for a heavy series of showers drove over Lebanon from the sea (west), and we stopped at an old mill on the Orontes to escape a wetting. As we sat in the door of the mill looking up at the village, a large crowd of natives poured out and descending the slope approached the mill. I was wondering what they were about, and what they wanted, and having done so out loud, I discovered that Ludlow was quite concerned and anxious to return before they reached the mill, although it involved a wetting for us all. When they finally arrived they proved to be a harmless body of reapers, men and women, going to mow the grain in the neighboring fields.

I am sitting in the office of the chef-de-gare, where he has given me a corner of his table but train time is now approaching and I must stop. We leave here for Baalbek, and tomorrow night move on, over Lebanon to Beyrut, where we shall sleep for the first time without any apprehension of trouble. I have had a wire from Nelson, and he is arranging to put us up at the college.

Baalbek, Syria,  
Sunday Evening, **May 16, 1920.**

I am tired to death and it is nearly dinner time, but I must put in just a line before we cross Lebanon tomorrow and look down on the Mediterranean. It is just two months today since we left Basrah to begin our travels in Western Asia, and I would have found it impossible at that time to believe that we should have completed the inland and have returned to the Mediterranean in two months. It has been a wearing, nerve wracking experience, and it will be an enormous relief to realize tomorrow that it is all past except some examination of the Phoenician coast, which will not take more than ten days, and will be made up of short excursions north and south of Beirut. A student of Nelson's on the train gave us the distressing news of the death of Dr. Howard Bliss. I hope this may not interfere with Nelson's going with us on these trips.

We were unable to find room in the first class carriage at Kosseir, and there was no room in the baggage car for our stuff. So the station-master, whom we had quite won over, put our stuff in a freight car, and we all jumped in with it. This quite shocked the two official worthies, the *mudir* and the commandant who had come down from the village ostensibly to see us off, but in reality to have their pictures taken. You should see this precious pair, especially the commandant. One of the most ferocious pirates, with a terrifyingly long black mustachios, and a huge overhanging eagle nose,—such a creature as you might deck out to be a bad man in the pirates of Penzance,—that was our worthy commandant. And both of them so pleased to have their pictures taken that they beamed with delight, and the pirate swung up his huge scimitar and looked his terriblest as the camera clicked him off. We promised to send them some prints from Beirut, and I hope we shall not forget it!

We waved them good-bye as our freight van moved away, and presently as we opened the big side door, we were having magnificent views of the imposing valley between the Lebanons, and we forgot all about a freezing cold night in a freight car at Kosseir, in the enjoyment of all that was spread out before us, just as I could see it had expanded before the greedy eyes of Ramses II and the other Pharaohs who plundered this region over and over again. As we rose to the Buq'a, the high basin between the Lebanons, we had the snow peaks on both sides "and it grew wondrous cold". Poor little Ali huddled in his bedding, and we felt much like doing the same. We left Kosseir at about 2:30 and at 5:30 we discerned one of the superb colonnades of Baalbek. I look out in the evening light from my windows and I have the wonderful temple ruins rising before me against a background of the snow peaks of Lebanon. And behind these peaks is the Mediterranean, which we will see again tomorrow night!

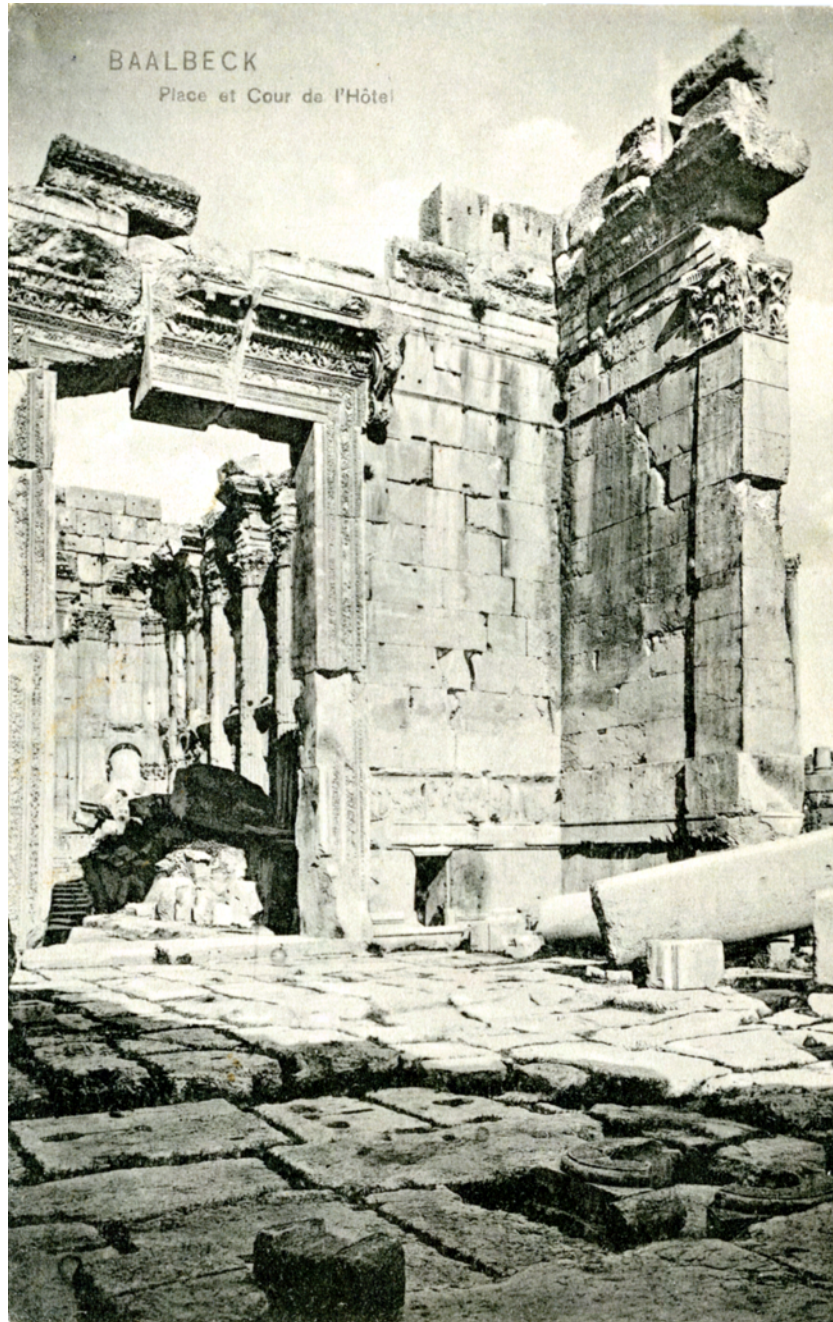
Nelson's House, Beirut, Syria,  
Tuesday Morning, **May 18, 1920.**

Got into bed at 3 this morning. Loads to do! Am wiring you. Worlds of love,  
James

Have had no time to look over above,—excuse many mistakes.



To Mr. Charles Breasted, 5615 University Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, U.S.A.



Beyrut, Syria,  
**May 22, 1920.**

I mailed consignment of my journal letter,—covering most of trip from Baghdad to Beyrut, on my arrival here. I hope it may arrive safely. It was registered. I also called you “Corps Consul, Cairo”. I shall be home early in August.

Affectionately,  
Pater.



Later: Shall reach home by July 15.

Much of this letter is of course confidential. You may of course read it to President Jusdon. The Palestine situation will interest J. M. P. Smith.

Harold Nelson's House, Beirut, Syria,  
Sunday Morning, **May 23, 1920.**

My dear Frances:—

I wired at once to Cairo to forward all mail here, but sufficient time has not yet elapsed to receive any. As I had a good letter from you at Aleppo, however, I have not been so long without home news as if the Baghdad letters had been the last. I sent you by registered post the day of my arrival (that is early last Tuesday morning, May 18), a journal letter containing almost the entire journey from Baghdad to Beirut. I hope it may arrive in safety, for I was unable to make a carbon copy, and it is the only record I have, of what was really a remarkable journey, under the circumstances.

The trip from Baalbek here was uneventful, though it might have been otherwise, for after an hour's ride south from Baalbek on the main line from Aleppo, we got out at Rayak, a junction where a rack and pinion road branches off and crosses the range of Lebanon to Beirut. It is narrow gauge, and this section of the journey therefore demanded a change of cars. Our cumbrous equipment of camp furniture made the start and change as usual slow and laborious, but by six in the evening we were safely installed in the Rayak-Beirut train, outfit and all. The trip over Lebanon is one of superb scenery, but darkness rapidly gathered and we were deprived of the magnificent prospects granted the traveler by day. The journey is one of about 40 miles from Rayak to Beirut, but it takes from six to seven hours. We were due just before midnight, but it was nearly one o'clock before we pulled in at Beirut Port station. Harold Nelson was down to meet us with a baggage cart and two carriages, and the outfit delayed us so long that it was about two A.M. when we reached his house. Mrs. Nelson had some hot chocolate for Harold and me, as we had dropped Luckenbill and the boys at the college, where they were given comfortable rooms in the new "Reynolds Club" (for I have forgotten its name) building. It was practically three o'clock when we turned in, for of course we had to give some account of ourselves after the remarkable journey through the desert.

I live most comfortably here in the guest room of the Nelson home, and Luckenbill comes down from the college for his meals here. Harold is most kind, as is his wife likewise. The college has given him complete freedom from all teaching and other duties so that he can go about with us. It is a great gratification to find a student of mine who has made good as decisively as Nelson has done. He is recognized as one of the leading members of the faculty, and he has a wide influence. I will make no effort to tell you of the institution, but it is a center of power and influence of which America may well be proud, and Nelson is contributing essentially to its influence and success. The graduates among the native Syrians are scattered all over the Near East. Two of them are in Feisal's cabinet at Damascus, and the college has to be careful lest it should be compromised by the political activities of its former students who are now of course ardent nationalists loudly demanding independence.

We have now safely returned from our trip northward up the coast. I hired two automobiles (Fords of course) for two days. Harold went with us, and gave us exceedingly valuable information of all kinds. We stopped first a few miles north at the mouth of the Nahr el-Kelb

("Dog River"), where I had my first opportunity to see the remarkable records grouped there,—records which I have known for years, but have never been able to see. There are three great tablets of Ramses II, from the 13th century B.C., three carved by the Assyrians, presumably in the 7th century B.C., one huge record by Nebuchadnezzar (6th century B.C.), and several by the Romans, including a fine tablet of Marcus Aurelius. One of Ramses' tablets has been usurped by the French and now contains a record of Napoleon III's invasion. Beside it are two new tablets, one English and one Anglo-French, recording the latest invasions which have swept by this historic point. The records here looking out upon the sea and the wreckage of the ancient roads thus stretch from the 13th century B.C. to the 20th century A.D., a period of some 3300 years.

We stopped also to visit the old Scandinavian engineer of the Beirut water works, Rudolph von Heidenstam, a very intelligent man of many languages, who has for some time been collecting the evidences of prehistoric man in this region. He has a fine collection of flint implements, both palaeolithic and neolithic, which he himself has found and studied with good results. I am going out to see him again, and if possible to spend a day with him among the places where he has been finding his flints. Much to my regret we did not find any traces of prehistoric man on the upper Euphrates. Indeed we were too much hurried and too much preoccupied by the possibilities of the immediate situation to search the river terraces as I would have been very glad indeed to do.

Leaving the old Swedish engineer we went on to Jebail or Gebail, the ancient Byblos, the oldest city on the Mediterranean, of which we have any knowledge. The Egyptians brought cedar from this port in the 30th century B.C. Nothing of the city of this oldest period can be discerned, but I went over the water front with some care, photographed the present harbor and what may have been an earlier one on the south, and found that the sea is cutting into the ancient mound along the water front. The early rubbish fills the hollows between promontories of projecting rock, and covers the rocks neighboring on the water with a mantle of ancient remains,—not of buildings, but of the small, loose wreckage of an ancient city such as we orientalists become very familiar with as we go about the Near East. If there are any remains of large buildings they are further inland, and are probably covered by the modern town.

On reaching Tripoli, which is some 53 miles from Beirut, we went to the house of Mr. Fowler, the resident missionary, who had made arrangements for putting us up. I wanted very much to get out north of Tripoli far enough to see around the north end of Lebanon, into the country behind it, or east of it, where we had so recently visited Kadesh as we came south from Aleppo. So Mr. Fowler drove out with us for an hour along the sea road north of Tripoli, and I got a snap shot of the pass leading from Kadesh to the sea, taken from the sea road. It was seven P.M. when we returned to the Fowler home, where Harold and I were put up, the others going to other quarters. Harold and I had to sleep together, and as the mosquitoes were very bad, we did not get much sleep.

Next morning we visited the old Crusaders' castle overlooking the town, and had a look at the bazaars of Tripoli. It was ten o'clock when we finally started south again very reluctantly but it was quite impossible to go any further north, for we had gone the night before almost to the Nahr el-Kebir (the Great River = the ancient Eleutheros). Mr. Fowler figured that we had gone some 20 miles north of Tripoli, which would have carried us about 75 miles north of Beirut. It was a most instructive glimpse of the Phoenician coast. I was greatly interested in the roads leading inland from the sea over Lebanon. The only one north of Beirut until the end of Lebanon is reached, which is practicable for an army, is that of the Nahr Ibrahim, near Jebail,—

a river of some volume, along which a road ascends into the mountains and reaches the valley between the two Lebanons. I walked up this valley for half a mile or more from the sea, and photographed the road for some distance up into Lebanon, finding the ruins of a fine old Roman bridge around the uppermost bend. It is the beautiful Adonis Vale of antiquity.

Having this gained some very valuable notes on the topography and roads of the northern half of Phoenicia, we are beginning tomorrow with the southern half, including Tyre and Sidon. Old Dr. Ford, an American missionary, is still living at Sidon, but Tyre has been very unsafe. About a week ago the French governor of Sidon, with an armored car preceding and following him, was fired upon and some of his people wounded. Murder and robbery have been every day occurrences on this road for months. Several days ago the French bombed from the air and blew up the village of the bandits, and hanged a number of them at Tyre. The French commandant at Sidon (M. Charpentier) has been told by wire of our coming tomorrow and will be on the look-out for us. If it is safe for us to go on to Tyre, he will of course know all about it and can advise us what to do.

The programme has now become very simple and easy. This South Phoenician trip will occupy two days. Two or three more days in Beyrut will enable me to leave for Damascus, where I shall not remain more than two or three days. We learn that the Damascus-Haifa railroad is now running again, and we shall run over from Damascus to Haifa in a few hours, spending the next day on the battlefield of Megiddo, which is only an hour's auto drive from Haifa. The next day I shall take the train for Jerusalem, arriving there presumably about a week from tomorrow, that is May 31. A fortnight in Jerusalem, running out to special points, is ample for all I want to do in Palestine, so that before the 15th of June I should be in Cairo again, as it is now only a night's run by railway from Cairo. At present I am trying to secure a berth on a steamer for Naples leaving Alexandria, June 27th and arriving in Naples June 30th. I hope to sail from Naples by the Italian Line sometime between the 5th and the 15th of July. I should be in New York by August first, or even earlier. You may receive a cable before you read this giving you exact date of sailing from Naples.

This year I think we all deserve a good vacation in August, and I wish you would arrange for it, as soon as you receive this letter. If you think Fish Creek or one of the western simple country places too crude or inconvenient, I wish you would get the addresses from Mrs. Burton and write to Lake Placid in the Adirondacks and find out terms. You and the children could come east and get settled there, and I could come directly from the ship in three or four hours. If you could find someone to stay with the children you and Charles could come down the Hudson and meet me with the car, and we could drive up from New York to Lake Placid again. It would be simpler by train however, and we would have plenty of driving later. Ask Mr. David Jamieson, who you remember, has a country place up the Hudson;—maybe he could make a suggestion. He must know pleasant and inexpensive places up in that country.

Now another matter! I have been doing "a heap o' thinkin'" since I received your account of Josie's gradual failure. In Basrah the local missionary, Mr. Van Ess, was very helpful in finding us a cook. He is the Ali I have spoken of so often in my letters. He had been a cook in a restaurant for some time. It was of course an oriental restaurant, and quite different in cooking from ours. Ali said he had not seen his family for ten years. They lived in Mosul and as we were going to Mosul he would like to go with us. In Mosul he found that his father, his father's brother, several of his brothers and sisters and his mother also I believe, had all died as a result of privation during the war. I expected he would want to leave us and stay in Mosul, but he only came to me

and asked me for 50 rupees for his surviving sister, which I gave him. Since then he has stuck to us through thick and thin. Every night he has come around to see if my field bed was in order, and whether I needed my moustequaire put up. When he found we were headed for Aleppo and Egypt he announced he was going with us to Egypt. Recently I gave him what he thought was 50 piasters for food. It was really five notes of which four were tens and one was a fifty. Next day he brought back the fifty and said to me, "You gave me ninety, not fifty". I thought this was pretty good. He has really been as devoted as a faithful dog.

This morning I asked him if he would like to go to America with me, and he at once responded that he would. I talked over pay with him, and I find he would be contented with his food and lodging which he doesn't get now, and \$25 or \$30 a month. He has no friends,—nothing to keep him here, and what is more, if he stays within the borders of the Arab State he will be conscripted at once as a soldier. They tried to get him all the way down from Aleppo, but I had secured a police pass for him, and they could not touch him. Now he is in French jurisdiction and has no desire to put himself in the power of the Arabs again. He is 21 years old, small and boyish,—pathetically quiet and wistful, precisely like a well-trained dog. It will take \$150 to \$200 to get him to America, and after seeing the lad throughout a very trying campaign in Western Asia, I am ready to venture to take him to America to help you in the house. I would make him sign an agreement to stay at least five years if we wanted him, and his passage money spread over five years, would not be serious. He will be able to do anything you like. If you want him as house man, for general cleaning and bed room work, for furnace or for garden and watering, or for cooking when the cook is out, he can do it, and he will do it without a murmur. He will work early and late without reference to hours, and as for quarters, all he needs is a little corner for his blanket, which he rolls up and puts away every morning.

If you do not think it wise, you can cable me just the word "No", care American Consul, Cairo, and I will give it up;—[Too late now, I am bringing him!]  
—but I have a shrewd suspicion that in Ali we have a jewel, because you can use him in every possible way. If I am wrong, I am willing to suffer the penalty in cash and make the best of it. Of course if you think you have got your problem of help all arranged and that he would be quite superfluous, let me know by cable at once as above. When I think of the innumerable things and kinds of things Ali has done on this trip, and then turn my mind and imagination to the endless list of things you do and look after in your housekeeping, Ali looks pretty good to me. For example, when the useless thief Saaleh, who stole all Ali's clothes when he left us at Aleppo, came back and said there were no milk or eggs among the Bedwin, Ali at once drops his cooking and plunges off without a word into the darkness and the desert to get us the things we wanted. And that is Ali all the time!

Nelson's House, Beyrut, Syria,  
Tuesday, **May 25, 1920.**

Yesterday we undertook our trip southward along the coast. I had called on Chamonard, the archaeologist of the French government here. He was very courteous, and promised every assistance. I found to my regret that Count de Caix, whom I had met in Cairo, and who promised to give us every facility here had just left for Paris, and will not return until after I am gone. I also learned that Admiral Knapp, who is High Commissioner of the United States at Constantinople, had just been here in his flag ship. He dined with General Gouraud, the French High Commissioner, saw the missionaries and left while I was on the northern trip to Tripoli. When



he learned I had just come through overland from Baghdad he was very anxious to see me, but he had gone when I got back. I would have been glad to be useful to my own government, for I have never had a chance before.

In the evening I had a note from Chamonard saying he had telegraphed the French commandant at Sidon, asking him to take note of our coming and advise us whether it would be safe for us to go southward from Sidon to Tyre. He also sent me a map which I had asked for. Early yesterday morning we drove off in two Fords toward Sidon, which we reached without accident. It is about 30 miles down the coast, which is not so bold or rugged, nor by any means as beautiful as the coast northward. A police official nabbed our two cars at once and claimed a local tax of one pound each, which had to be paid before we could proceed. We then went on to the fine large mansion of Dr. George A. Ford, who was born here in Syria and has been a missionary here all his life. His house stands outside of the city in the ancient Sidonian cemetery. He has himself excavated many of the tombs which surround his house. You don't see any superstructure for they consist simply of a shaft with a burial chamber at the bottom. It was in one of these Sidonian shaft tombs that the magnificent Alexander sarcophagus, and the other of the mourning women, were found. It was of course a very interesting place to visit. A great number of tombs still remain to be excavated,—many of them on land owned by Dr. Ford, and he would be glad to have us come and clear them out. From those which he has himself excavated, he has gathered an impressive collection of anthropoid sarcophagi hewn in Greek marble, about thirty or more in number. He has also the torso of a Phoenician king, wearing on his girdle the royal uraeus serpent of the Pharaohs. Very notable also is a kneeling bull in stone, part of a capital like those from Persia in the Louvre. It could be made into a beautiful museum piece. Dr. Ford wants \$25,000 for the whole collection, as a contribution to the orphanage of the mission at Sidon. This mixing business and philanthropy is not the best way to handle the transaction; but the collection is very cheap at this figure because Dr. Ford has no acquaintance with the huge prices which the last 25 years have gradually seen coming in. Curiously enough, Dr. Ford is an old college friend of President Judson's and showed photographs of his collection to President Judson last summer just after I left. I am hoping we may be able to secure these things, which would make a wonderful Phoenician room for our museum, quite without parallel anywhere, but unfortunately the museum of the American College here would like very much to have the things, though they have no money in sight for them at present. Nevertheless Harold Nelson expects to make it the first order of business on his arrival in New York, to see if some American friend of the college will not purchase the collection and give it to the college. The college will not stand in our way, if they fail to find the money, and I think if we can move quickly, and put the college in the attitude of standing in our way, we can secure the collection without difficulty.

In Sidon I called on Charpentier, the commandant, and asked him what he thought about our proceeding southward to Tyre. He said at once that in spite of the cleaning up which the French had been putting through, and which I mentioned above, there were still brigands infesting the road to Tyre. He said we might get through without accident, but that there was great danger. A few minutes later at Dr. Ford's house we met the local officer of the American Relief Committee. He told us three men had just been shot by brigands on the road to Tyre! We decided that the climate on the road to Tyre was not favorable to archaeological researches, and hoped that it might improve before our next visit!

Dr. and Mrs. Ford kept us to lunch, regaling us with stories of solemn warnings from the American Consul at Beyrut, who insisted they should move to Beyrut, or at least leave their

house outside the town and live in Sidon itself. Every native along this coast from here to Egypt knows Dr. Ford and knew his father before him, so he has no fear, and cannot of course listen to the admonitions of an American Consul, not very familiar with the situation. On the way back we visited the scanty remains of a temple of Eshmun, the only surviving portion of a building of any extent in all Phoenicia.

Nelson's House, Beirut, Syria,  
Wednesday, **May 26, 1920.**

This morning we have been making the final preparations to leave all camp outfit, field beds and the like behind in storage here in Beirut. We have slept for the last time in a field bed! El-hamdu li'llah! I went over to the college just now with Harold to arrange for the storage of our stuff until some future need for it arises. As I unrolled my field bed, a corpulent, well-fed and contented looking bedbug slid expeditiously across the blanket! I contemplated him thankfully, enjoying the comfortable assurance that he and I and many of his kindred were bed-fellows no longer, and I resigned him to the waiting executioner in the person of the faithful Ali. In the corridor we met Professor Nicolay, the Acting-President, since the death of Dr. Bliss. He reminded me that I am to address the assembled college tomorrow afternoon at four o'clock, and very kindly expressed his regret that it will be impossible for me to remain and make the Commencement Address as I had expected to do. Coming overland from Baghdad has brought me here so early that it would be necessary for me to return here from Egypt to keep the Commencement Day engagement, so I asked them with much regret to excuse me. So I shall have a busy day tomorrow, our last day here, preparing for final departure, for this address, and for an interview with General Gouraud, the French High Commissioner in Syria.

Thus far the endeavor to reach home soon, or to ensure passage homeward has not proved successful. I presume you will have received by this time a cablegram giving you the date of my sailing from Naples, but viewed from this place and date, the outlook for securing passage is very gloomy. The overflow from India, the strikes which have tied up the French ships in Marseilles, the hosts of wealthy Egyptians going to Switzerland for the summer, have crowded the Italian ships, the only ones left by which to reach Italy. Thus the Mediterranean ships are all full for the first half of the summer, and the Atlantic ships westward bound are all full for the second half of the summer, and between the two the prospect of getting back to America soon are not bright. It may be so late by the time we reach Italy that there will be nothing left on the trans-Atlantic lines from Italy to New York. It seems that when the ships are more than full, the companies sell everything themselves and leave nothing for Cook, in order to avoid giving him a commission. I have therefore just wired a long message to Cairo to one of the antiquity dealers there, an active aggressive young fellow, and asked him to see all the agents of the lines themselves and secure us berths for Italy arriving not later than July 5th in Naples;—if necessary in second class, or dividing the party among different lines. If I succeed in nailing berths for an early sailing from Naples to New York, I shall see to it that I reach Naples in time to catch the New York sailing, if I have to cross the Mediterranean in the steerage! And judging from all reports, that arrangement is not in the least unlikely! I shall know before I leave here however, as I have asked Naples and Cairo to wire me the results.

Palace Hotel, Damascus, Syria,  
Friday Evening, **May 28, 1920.**

I had a very wearying day yesterday. The morning was filled with preparations for our departure to Damascus, and in the afternoon I had an appointment with General Gouraud, High Commissioner of France in Syria, at 3 o'clock, and an address before the students of the college at four. While I had only a brief conversation with Gouraud, I was impressed with him as a very strong man. When he asked me when I was expecting to come back for work in Syria, I said, "Probably not for a year,—not until all was quiet and safe". This was not wholly a diplomatic answer to give, but I could not dissemble. I mentioned the discontent of the Arabs, and Gouraud replied, "The power of France will subject them. Il faut se subir". This was a good answer for a soldier to make. His business is force. But for the French Government to set about the subjection of unwilling Syrians among whom are many educated men and who understand something of what self-government means, is no better than for Germany to undertake the subjection of the Belgians. The conditions in French Syria are terrible, but I shall be obliged to keep quiet about it. Public safety is far worse than under the Turks, while corruption and bribery are just as common also, only with the difference that it costs more than it did under the Turks to buy what you want from a civil official.

It was a great pleasure to speak at the college and I had a large gathering of native Syrian students, who gave me a warm welcome. My ancient history books have been adopted both in the preparatory school and the college: the smaller book for the school and the larger for the college. It was for me a very inspiring occasion. Besides Luckenbill and my three students from Chicago, Harold Nelson was also there, a student of mine and now head of the history department in the college.

At the same time I received good news from Cairo. Young Kyticas had been right on the job and I received a telegram from him saying that he had secured me two berths on the *Esperia*, sailing from Alexandria for Naples on June 15 and arriving in Naples June 18. The *Esperia* is a new ship of the Italian Servizi Marittimi, and one of the finest boats on the Mediterranean. Later I received a second telegram from Kyticas saying he has secured a third berth on the same ship, as desired. This will enable Edgerton to go with me to Italy. We shall be able to catch the White Star Liner *Cretic*, sailing from Naples for Boston on June 25th, and arriving in Boston about July 10. By the 12th or 13th I shall be at home! I can hardly believe it. But the facts I discussed with General Gouraud about the disturbed conditions here, make it quite impossible to go about, as you have gathered from what I have written you of our Syrian excursions:—stopping short at Sidon, on the news that three men had been held up and shot just beyond the outskirts of the town! There is no use in staying on in Syria under such conditions, all due to the French occupation. All that I need to do is to go back to Egypt (after stopping at Megiddo and Jerusalem) to finish up my business there. This I can do very quickly as soon as the American Consul recovers the cablegrams sent by President Judson, which the consul's office people seem to have lost for me. If they don't, of course I will wire the president's office asking to have them repeated to Cairo again. There is just about time to do all this before June 15. I don't like another trip to Upper Egypt, especially at this hot season, but if the funds are here I must go up to Luxor again to secure some very important monuments for which I did not have the money when I was there before. You will have had a cable with my date of sailing, before receiving this letter. The only thing that might interfere is failure to secure passage on the *Cretic*, June 25th; but I do not antic-

ipate any trouble, for I have cabled to Naples, and it will be a little early for serious congestion westward bound on the Atlantic.

Palace Hotel, Damascus, Syria,  
Saturday Evening, **May 29, 1920**, 5:30 P.M.

I have just come back from a very interesting interview with King Feisal at his house here in Damascus. He has a palace also, but prefers the informality and simplicity of his own house. I had sent up my letter of introduction from Lord Allenby by Consul Young, and the king sent word that he would see me at five this afternoon. As my responsibilities and anxieties for the success of the expedition have now really begun to relax, I told the boys we would go to a movie last night. They sold us the tickets without saying when the show began, but then told us it would be 9:30. We were then kept waiting until 10 before there was anything to see, but the amusing oriental life which crowded into the place.

It is now Ramadhan, and the people all fast during the entire day of course. Yesterday I enjoyed a walk with Nelson just at sun-down, as we looked into the cafés and restaurants and saw the people eagerly awaiting the boom of the sunset gun, which would permit them to fall upon the plentiful dishes which they had spread out in readiness for the onslaught. We bought some Ramadhan cakes, made of flour and nuts, and coated with sesame seeds,—really delicious things and made only during this month of fasting. Damascus is the greatest place in the Orient for pastries and confectionery, and they are as tasty as they look. The chief confection, besides many kinds of cakes, is *khlawa* or *khlawi*, which is made of sesame seeds, nuts and honey. It looks exactly like putty, but is delicious stuff and much used for food, as it is very nutritious. Mrs. Nelson put up a tin of it for us on this trip and we shall use it for lunches in the train. After the walk we took home our Ramadhan cakes to give some to the boys. This mention of Ramadhan really belongs to the above account of the visit to the movies, for in Ramadhan, the people sit up much of the night in order to eat. So they visit the cafés and places of amusement and stay there amusing themselves and feeding until toward morning. Even the children sat waiting until ten P.M. to see the movie show. If they venture to sleep very much, they have an arrangement with a drummer, who goes about the city all night beating his drum and waking the sleeping families for another feed before dawn. I haven't yet heard the drum in Damascus, but that is what we found in Tripoli.

I finally went out to protest to the manager, that he was keeping us non-Moslems up too late for his bally show, and then told him I would take my party to more comfortable seats in the magnificent boxes(!), if we had to wait any longer. So he agreed and as we marched to our new seats, I was crowded against a bench by incoming people, and a huge projecting nail tore a great triangular hole in the leg of my trousers, my only traveling suit here,—one of those Jack Cooper made. I was disgusted, for Damascus is over 2200 feet above the sea, on the edge of the desert, and it is uncomfortably cool without woolen clothing. It was the suit I was expecting to wear at the audience with the king. Next morning I asked Consul Young, who lives at this hotel to help me out, and he sent one of his men to a good place to have the trousers repaired. When I went to his room this afternoon to go with him to the king, the trousers came back, so well mended that you can hardly find the place where they were torn. I had been wearing the alpaca suit you urged me to get (and very useful it has been), so I changed quickly to the heavier suit again as I was uncomfortably cool.



We had got into our carriage and driven a few yards, when we noticed a government automobile with a military driver just stopping in front of the hotel. One of the *cavasses* ran after us and told us it was an auto sent by the king, so we turned back, letting the carriage go, and entered the auto, which drove with a terrible noise of exhaust and whistle alarm through the narrow streets of Damascus, to the king's house. We were taken by courteous young aides through a reception room to a rear balcony, overlooking a luxuriant garden, with orange trees and many others unfamiliar to me, among them a medlar pear richly laden with fruit overhanging a brightly playing fountain. Below us spread the houses and minarets of Damascus. As we chatted with a young pacha, the king stepped quietly out on the balcony, and greeting us with bow and hand-shake, much as any European gentleman would do, sat down and began talking with us in French, which he speaks even more haltingly than I. The conversation was quite commonplace until I brought up the situation of the Arab state and told the king of our journey from Baghdad. He was much interested, as the consul assured him we were the first non-Moslems (you can't of course say "white men" to the Arabs!) to cross the desert from Baghdad to the Mediterranean since the Arab State began. Feisal asked me particularly about conditions in Mesopotamia, and we were soon on delicate ground when the question arose regarding Mesopotamia, or Iraq as the Arabs call it, and the feeling of the people about their rulers. I had to be careful about what I said about the feeling in Iraq toward the British, but I did not hesitate to tell King Feisal the facts regarding the feeling there concerning his own brother Abdullah, who claims the kingship over Iraq, as Feisal has gained that over Syria. I had to tell the King straight out that the hero of Iraq was not his brother, but the great Sheikh Ibn Sa'ud, a superb Arab, who some years ago led his people across the desert and captured Mecca. He is a Wahhabi, one of the sect of Puritan Moslems, who do not revere the saints, will not tolerate the sacredness of tombs, not even that of Mohammed at Medina, or of revered objects like the Kaaba, the sacred Black Stone at Mecca. They do not even allow smoking, so universal among Moslems. King Feisal did not take offence at my frankness, and when the audience closed, he asked me how long I was to stay in Damascus. Learning that I was to be here two more days, he asked the Consul to invite me to dinner for next Monday night, that is the day after tomorrow. He motioned me to pass out before him, which of course I could not do, and leading us across the reception room he opened the exit door with his own hands, as any courteous host of the humblest rank might do. We found the automobile waiting to drive us back to the hotel.

The delay here is very unfortunate. It will give me the interesting opportunity of dining with the king, but I had hoped to be in Jerusalem by Monday. The traffic is so light on the railway, that they run a train only three times a week. We shall reach Haifa Monday Night, June 1, instead of Jerusalem. It will take a day to go out to the Battle Field of Megiddo. The sunset gun has just boomed, and *muezzin* cries float over the city from all directions as I write, and I shall not reach Jerusalem now until the evening of the third. If I stay five days, as I expected, it will be June 9 before I reach Cairo, and I shall have only five days in Cairo,—far too short a time for all I have to do. Luckenbill goes back from Haifa to Beyrut with Nelson, and will stay there for a fortnight to develop our negatives, and pack our antiquities. He will come on with Nelson and his wife, leaving Athens by a Greek line about July 15.

This morning we wandered about in the bazaars, visiting the tomb of Saladin, and looking at the work of the coppersmiths, who are making very pleasing cylindrical vases, damascened with copper and silver, out of brass shells from the German guns here during the Turkish campaigns. While I was at the audience, the others have been walking out the "street called

Straight", and along the mediaeval wall many centuries later than Paul's time, but containing a window identified with certainty as the one out of which he escaped from the city, let down in a basket.

Palace Hotel, Damascus, Syria,  
Sunday, **May 30, 1920.**

Consul Young, a pleasant and accommodating young Virginian, lives in this hotel, and this morning he went out with me to buy some clothes for Ali. We wandered among the bazaars for two hours, and I got the most necessary things, for the poor beggar was beginning to look very disreputable. We have a *galabiyeh* among our own things at home, which he can wear on state occasions, and I am getting him some cotton ones (two), a girdle or two and a *kuffiyeh*. He looks very picturesque. Of course he will shed this kind of thing for all heavy work and cleaning for which we can clothe him in khaki, and in old things of Charles and mine. I am just writing out a contract which I will have him sign here before the American Consul. I am proposing to give him \$25 a month, besides his food, lodging and clothing for 2-1/2 years, and after that \$30 for a second 2-1/2 years, with the privilege of dismissing him at any time if his conduct proves unsatisfactory. I have forgotten to state that Ali speaks enough English so that you can get on with him. He can read and write and pores much over an Arabic cook-book!

On train, between Haifa and Jerusalem, Palestine,  
Thursday Morning, **June 3, 1920, 7:15 A.M.**

I am sorry this letter has been so long held up, but until reaching Haifa it has been of no use to mail any letters. I will try to bring this down to date and mail it this afternoon at Jerusalem. Of course the dinner with King Feisal was very interesting. The Consul had not been using his dress clothes for so long that he was late in getting dressed. A pleasant young adjutant called before he was ready, saying the car was below waiting for us. I think we were a little late at a king's dinner! Which was unfortunate in Ramadhan, when the poor King, like all his subjects, has been fasting all day!

This time we drove to the palace, where we passed through an endless array of sentries, aides-de-camp, adjutants, chamberlains, the last of whom filled three anterooms in succession. Stopping at last, we were introduced to the King's younger brother, Zaid Pacha, who was regent in the King's absence in Paris, and to Nuri Pacha, his chief general, who seemed little more than a boy. The King at once came out of his apartment and greeted us with noticeable weariness, though very courteously. He explained that on account of Ramadhan it was necessary to have dinner early, so we went in at once. The King motioned me to the seat on his right, which I was reluctant to take, as Uncle Sam was officially present, but of course I could not demur at any arrangement he chose to make. So the Consul and I sat facing each other on the King's right and left. Next me on my right was the King's brother, Zaid Pacha, and on his right Nuri Pacha. Opposite these two and myself, were the consul and a chamberlain, while at the end of the table facing the King was an officer whom I do not recall as to name and position.

The dinner was simple and about such as you would find in a fair hotel;—ending with the famous Damascus pastry and really luscious Damascus fruit. Politics had been rather delicate ground the day before, for I should have mentioned that the King said bluntly his present un-

happy position between French and English aggression, the one in Syria, the other in Palestine, was our (America's) fault! The Consul and I had both demurred, but I do not think it made much difference in the King's feeling. So I avoided politics at dinner, and we talked of other things, especially of a possible visit by the King to America. After dinner the King led the way to a balcony overlooking the palace gardens and the entire city. There was a full moon, and below us lay the gardens of Damascus, the minarets and the sea of houses bathed in bright moonlight! It was a spectacle never to be forgotten. At my side too, stood the founder of a perhaps illustrious dynasty, beginning a new epoch in the age-long history of the Orient.

It was evident that the King was worn and weary with the fast, and the disturbed nights which it involves, so we took an early departure. Before doing so I took from my pocket a photograph of the King, which I had secured for the purpose and asked him if he would be kind enough to sign it. He took it at once to his desk and put on his name in red ink. Then the Consul and I bade him good-night, and I added that I hoped it was merely *au revoir* until his arrival in America. We drove through the moonlit streets of Damascus, with the gorgeously appareled *cavass* of the Consulate beside the driver, and it all seemed like a dream in fairy land.

The day had been a very busy one. We met a former student of the college who knew Nelson, and whom, to Nelson's surprise, we found to be a member of the legislature of the new Arab (Syrian) state. Nelson said, "We flunked this chap several times at the college, and at last refused to graduate him. He went to America, matriculated at Columbia, and graduated easily!" He made a good impression on us, and said he would call and take us to a meeting of the legislature, which was one of the things I especially wanted to do. On our last day therefore, he called and we went with him to the meeting of the legislature. It is made up chiefly of members formerly elected to the Turkish Congress at Constantinople. We were introduced to the President of the chamber, Riza, a stately turbaned Syrian, who had long been exiled by the Turks in Egypt. Another former student of the college also came over to see us and we had a very instructive conversation on the political situation. The Syrians say we must intervene. I explained the difficulties. Taufik Mufarraj, the Columbia graduate, then asked me what we went into the war for, "Was it not to protect the small nations?" I said, "We went into the war to beat the Germans". "Well, if that is all", said Taufik, "then you have simply produced a situation which enables other nations to do just what Germany would have done if the Germans had won." Now, that is not an easy statement to refute, in view of the experience of Syria.

These young men brought me a copy of the Declaration of Independence which they had passed on the 7th and 8th of March in the hall where we stood, and likewise copies of the Constitution which they were discussing and endeavoring to hammer into shape. The question of the morning and for seven or eight days preceding, was that of decentralization,—states' rights; and the discussion was quiet, orderly and interesting. The old sheikhs in turbans were for enforcing complete centralization with no local independence at all; while the younger men in European clothes and wearing red tarbushes, plead for local autonomy and large local liberty. Before we came away they gave me a copy of a new souvenir of their independence, a book with a picture of the King and portraits of all the leading men who had put through the Declaration of Independence.

In the afternoon the President of the Chamber (the Legislature), with the two members, the former students of the college, called to see us at the hotel, and we had a very interesting conversation, which I wish I could have recorded in full, but I cannot find time even to keep up this scanty record. These matters pretty well filled up the day, and in the evening, as I have already recorded, came the dinner with the King.

The next morning early we were at the station to take the train for Haifa. One of the young railway officials was a former student of the college. His name was Fuad. He had reserved for us two three-seat coupes in first class; and had seen that they were locked. Then we enjoyed an example of the difficulties confronting the new Arab State. One of our coupes had been opened and appropriated by officers of the Army, and the other was occupied by a group of picturesque Beduin, in full desert regalia. They were relatives of Sheikh Nuri Shaalan, whom you will find mentioned in Lawrence's report (sent you in MS), as having borne a distinguished part in Lawrence's campaign which destroyed the Fourth Turkish Army along the very line of railway we were going to traverse. One of them was a black Sudanese, and they said they did not see why Beduin should vacate for mere Turks, seeming to regard wearers of European clothing as Turks! One of them said he would plant a dagger in Fuad's *bosam* if he attempted to enter the coupe, but Fuad went up just the same and climbed into the coupe. He summoned all the officials available but they could not free the coupes for us, for the Beduins had a note from the King! If there had been time other folks might also have procured a note from the King;—but as it was, we had to retire ignominiously to the third class where harim coupe was emptied for us. Then the train was held while the station master went back and brought us a cash refund of over 8 pounds, which they were at first reluctant to disgorge. Everybody is in terror of the Beduin, and their services in the war make them a strong group over against the townspeople and the educated modern class. The Beduin terrorize the towns much as did the cowboys of a generation ago on our own frontier in the western states.

We had a long weary ride on the cramped hard wooden benches of the third class, with many vermin-infested natives trying to climb in with us at every station, but our much humiliated friend Fuad stayed on the train with us and kept them out. Imagine the situation however! The paymaster was traveling in our train and holding it up a half an hour at each station to pay two or three station employees their wages, and then to have a pleasant conversation with them afterward! The road led directly southward from Damascus, and had been built by the Turks as part of their Mecca line which they call the Hejaz Railway. It has a junction at Der'a with the line leading to the Mediterranean coast, to Haifa nesting under the seaward end of Carmel. We should have reached Der'a about noon, but the paymaster's pleasant programme delayed us until 4 P.M. before we pulled in at Der'a. We managed to get some lunch there, and shifted into the First Class coupe, vacated by the relatives of Sheikh Nuri Shaalan. They had without doubt shared in Lawrence's campaign and I would have been glad to talk with them, but they shouldered their sacks and marched off toward the desert.

Leaving Der'a we swung westward, leaving the Hejaz line which continues southward to Mecca. For two hours after this we rode westward down the beautiful gorge of the Yarmuk River, which flows into Jordan just south of the Lake of Tiberias (Sea of Galilee, or Lake of Genesaret). As we reached Samakh, at the south end of Lake Tiberias, we had dropped nearly 3000 feet from Damascus, over 2260 feet above the sea to Lake Tiberias, 680 feet below sea level. At sun down we looked northward over the waters of "blue Galilee", and after running for less than twenty miles up the valley plain of the Jordan, we turned westward again to cross the plain of Megiddo (or Jezreel or Esdraelon) to Haifa on the Mediterranean. We had had graphic evidence of a different kind of rule as we approached Samakh. Hanging from a telegraph pole beside railway line, we saw swaying in the wind the body of one of the Beduin who had been cutting the Haifa-Damascus line! He had shot two Jews, and resisting arrest, he had been properly quieted by the Indians sent to bring him in. But the Arab state cannot treat the Beduin in this way,—with



results as above set forth. Other reminders of the disturbed conditions in these ancient lands were not wanting. West of Der'a at Muzerib I saw the wreckage of an airplane, quite likely to be the one you will find mentioned by Lawrence in his report, as wrecked by the enemy at this place.

We were glad indeed to pile out of the train at Haifa after ten o'clock at night. There were no carriages at the station, but we hired four porters to load up with the hand baggage and lest room should be in demand at the hotel, I asked Harold to run on ahead to engage beds while we came on with the porters and the luggage. It was very late by the time we turned in for it was a long walk from the station to the hotel. Nevertheless we were out at 5:30 the next (yesterday) morning, and were able to find two automobiles to take us down along the northern edge of the Carmel ridge to Megiddo. It is the fortress commanding the middle pass across the Carmel ridge, the first transverse barrier met by an army advancing from Egypt into Asia. The first battle ever fought there of which we have any knowledge, was that of Thutmose III in the early fifteenth century B.C. I had Nelson write his doctor's dissertation on this battle and the topography of the field where it was fought. He has taken a lot of photos on the spot and made an excellent study which is a real contribution; but we were anxious for some further photographs, and some of Nelson's have faded and must be replaced by new ones, as the negatives have deteriorated. Since this earliest known battle on the spot, it has been the great battlefield between East and West for 3300 years, down to Allenby's victory over the Turks on the same ground. The New Testament name of the place is Armageddon—simply "Mount (*har* or *ar*) of Megiddo", and you may remember Allenby told me he had refused to be ennobled as Lord Allenby of Armageddon, but chose the less sensational form "Allenby of Megiddo". There is a strong ancient Canaanite fortress on the site,—the very old city which Thutmose III captured by siege. It has been partially excavated, and you can see there was every reason why we wanted to reach it. Before we started we stopped at the local steamship offices and secured tickets back to Beyrut for Harold and Luckenbill, and we then drove merrily out of Haifa, skirting the north side of Carmel, where Elijah called down fire from heaven on his altar and discomfited the priests of Baal!!!! About two miles out the driver of the boys' car, a perfectly new Ford, while trying to examine his tires, drove the car into the ditch. We all went back and succeeded in getting it out. After having driven for hours along the hills on the north side of the plain of Megiddo, until we were far up toward Nazareth, which looks down on the plain from a lofty side of wonderful beauty on the north of the plain, we found that neither of our drivers knew the road. Across the plain southward, but miles away we could see the splendid site of Megiddo, dominating the whole plain, and commanding the pass across the Carmel ridge. The ruins of the old city or fortress rose quite clearly into view against the background of the Carmel Ridge.

The villagers told us there was a road across the plain toward it, so the best we could do was to take it, and go no further up to Nazareth. Having followed this road to the line of the Haifa Railway we found it went no further. We were now in the heart of the plain with no road evident for getting out. The stationmaster on the line told us we could follow the line eastward to the Afule road, which ran across the plain to Nazareth and southward to Megiddo. For over two hours we drove over plowed fields and dry stubble land, mostly on first speed at great expense of nervous strength and patience. The drivers had long since collapsed into hopeless imbecility. We finally came out on a spring where we replenished the almost empty radiators, and replaced a broken down tire case. Then as we drove away, our hero of the Haifa ditch, drove his car into green scum-covered pool which only a blind man could have failed to see. We got him out with

much trouble, and made off for Afule about 3 miles away, and waited at the station, but the boys' car failed to appear.

It was then one P.M. The station master said there was a train at two,—a goods train which would not carry passengers. I said it would carry six the next to Haifa, and sent our driver back to bring in the boys. His gears had been grinding badly ever since we started, and as he endeavored to start, he could not throw the outfit into gear. I then started him off on foot with a hasty note to the boys to come in on foot and catch the train back to Haifa. At the same time I found a squad of Indians, and asked for their sergeant, who acceded to my request to send a rider down the road after the boys, so that they might not miss the train. Just then a young British lieutenant blew in riding a dusty Ford, on his way to Ludd south of Carmel. I could not induce him to go down the road and get the boys in early enough for the train, as he had a long run to make before sunset. We sat down on the station platform, Luckenbill, Harold and I and ate some *khlawa*, the only food we had with us, as the lunch was in the other car! Just then the boys' car hove in sight. The driver had run them into a mud-hole which we had been careful to get out and take our driver around!

A long tussle with station people followed. There was no passenger train for Haifa until the next afternoon. Just then our driver came along and said his car was running again. We determined to make a last effort to reach Megiddo along the Afule road, and off we went,—our car making a blood-curdling crunching at every revolution. A native boy from a threshing floor assured us there was a road, and also a bridge over the Brook Kishon, which you will recall from your Sunday school days. About a mile out, the boys' driver ran into an enormous tangle of cast-off military telephone wire, which got mixed up with pretty much the whole car. It isn't entirely good for the varnish on a new Ford. The next thing we knew, after we had finally extricated the much-wired car, we ran plum against a huge marsh with a channel of water in front of it, and no way around. We asked our young guide from the threshing floor, who had been riding on the running board, where the bridge was, and he gave it up.

I told the drivers to crank up at once and make with all speed back to the station, to try to catch the train. Both of them thereupon began staring helplessly at the walls of distant Megiddo which challenged us from across the plain. It was now not more than two miles away,—possibly three; but if we missed that train, we had before us a night in a native village, with no shelter, no food, and no bed or bedding. I found means to get the drivers going again, and off we raced for the station. I looked back just in time to see the boys climbing out of their machine. Their driver had raced plum into the mess of wire again, though we had just passed it by a wide berth. I made up my mind that they might spend the night there as far as I was concerned. You can understand what I mean by traveling with a kindergarten. Nevertheless, I almost died laughing. The train was already in as we raced for the station; but we caught it, and the boys finally pulled in, in time to climb in also.

I found an albino European or Oriental inspector, who said he could not let us go without permission from Haifa, and that he would telephone at once to Colonel Holmes, the British officer in charge there. He called up Holmes from the office just at my elbow as I stood on the platform, and I kept waiting to be asked to the phone, as I had told the inspector I wanted to speak to Colonel Holmes myself. Then this interesting Albino disappeared, and I learned afterward that he had been upstairs speaking with Colonel Holmes from there. He of course queered us. The native station master was helpless, as he had no permission to let us go on board. I tried to bluff him by getting into a box car with all the men, but he promptly sent for the military police who

were not far away. We had to climb down and we saw the train pull out without us. I tried to get into communication with Colonel Holmes myself, but failed, as he had gone out.

There was only one last resort. That was to try to get to Nazareth. We started off on the Nazareth road, but after a few miles, just at the foot of the hills on the north of the plain our car gave one last crunch and quit. Shelton said he didn't mind staying in the region, if obliged to do so. Bull, Edgerton and I were the only ones who were pushed by a fixed date for sailing from Alexandria; so I asked Shelton to go with Nelson and Luckenbill on foot to Nazareth, while we would drive there in the new car and try to scare up transportation for them to Haifa. By five P.M. we had reached Nazareth, found an old German woman running a little hotel. She told me the only automobile in the region was away on a trip; but I succeeded in engaging a carriage. As we drove out of the village, our three stranded companions came down the road and I told them of the arrangements. They had found a direct path, while we had zigzagged up the lofty hills very slowly and they had come up about as fast as we did. I sat beside the driver and saved the car twice on steep and winding zigzag roads from going over the edge. After two hours of grilling experience like this we drove up to our hotel at 7:15 P.M. The boys got in at ten, and found a good dinner awaiting them. Meantime a gentleman in a red tarbush showed up and told me he was the owner of the cars, and that he wished his money, 20 pounds, for the use of them. I informed this gentleman that I had never passed a word with him before in my life, and consequently had never agreed to pay him anything. The bargain had been made with the driver of our car, who had limped into Nazareth with the wreck just as we drove out. We gave each driver two pounds to pay for gasoline, and that was the last we heard of them. Such was one day's work, making a further survey of the Battle Field of Megiddo!

I turned in at nine, but was out again this morning at 4 to catch the six o'clock train for Jerusalem. I am nearing the end of this record, for as I write we are passing up into the hills of Judaea from the sea-plain. I have been anxious to see the old city of Gezer, quite near the line, and visible after leaving Ramleh. It once controlled the valley road from the sea-plain up through the hills to Jerusalem, and has been excavated by the English. The Pharaoh once presented it to Solomon as dowry for the Egyptian king's daughter. Shelton was on the watch for it,—our redoubtable Shelton! I might have known he would miss it, but I wanted to finish this before reaching Jerusalem, so as to be able to mail it at once; so I kept on with my writing. I have just looked to inquire of Shelton about Gezer, and he replies that he isn't sure whether something he saw on a hill where Gezer ought to be, was the place or not, but he etc. etc., etc!!!! Anyhow we have passed it! I confess, I am chiefly interested now in getting home. We have accomplished all that we set out to do, except a more full and satisfactory examination of Syria. For this exception the French occupation is responsible. As far as museum acquisitions are concerned, I have every reason to feel contented. We shall be able to make a creditable showing, and one that will not fail to bring in more funds for Oriental work.

I enclose two cards from Nazareth for the children. I have a little earthen ware jar, for each of them, with the name Nazareth moulded into it. They can show these in Sunday school, and the little folks will be interested in things that were made in Nazareth.

I shall follow this soon, and there will be little time now to write. I shall soon be able to talk, and that will be better! Love to the big boy, and the babies and their dear mother!

Always affectionately,

James.

Hotel Allenby, Jerusalem, Palestine  
Thursday Evening, **June 3, 1920.**

I have been trying ever since I reached civilization at Aleppo, to find out from Cairo whether the consul had my cablegrams from President Judson, but have failed at every point to elicit a reply from the consul. I tried again yesterday at Haifa, and when we drove off in the morning, I left with the landlord typewritten copies of the telegrams I charged him to send at all costs. When I returned in the evening, he handed them back to me with the report that the telegraph clerk required them to be written on the form,—a thing no clerk has ever exacted before in all my oriental experience. So I came on to Jerusalem, and the first thing I did here was to make for the telegraph office. Arrived there I found it closed. It was King George's birthday, and all the telegraph offices in Palestine were closed! Likewise the post offices! So I could not mail this today as I had hoped. I find out also that the trains for Cairo run only three times a week, and we shall have to stay here until next Tuesday the 8th, just a week before I sail from Alexandria. This means a desperately hurried time in Egypt. I am still in the dark as to the amount of my credit in Cairo, and whether I can pay my debts there; but as the president's Baghdad cablegram gave me an immediate credit for Asia of \$25,000, I take it he must have expected to cover the Egyptian indebtedness or he would not have authorized further outlay in Asia. But meantime I am vexatiously in the dark. I shall cable to the president tomorrow, asking that Cairo cablegram be repeated to me there, and hope to get a reply before I leave; but the cables are so slow that it is difficult to get a reply back from America in less than a week.

I called on Clay this afternoon and found he was at a fete in honor of the King's Birthday. I went over to the fete and found him and Garstang, Dr. Peters and others. Lots of local gossip and political news! To my amazement Clay tells me that the British School of Archaeology here has only 500 pounds a year and cannot get any more. I walked over with him to the building site of the American School which makes an impression very favorable and not at all in accord with the unfavorable reports of its suitability I have heard elsewhere. It is directly alongside the beautiful institution of the French Dominicans, just outside the Damascus gate on the north of the city. Clay and I went in and called on the head of the establishment, the able and charming Pere Lagrange,—also Pere Dhorme, their Assyriologist, and Pere Vincent, the best of the Palestinian archaeologists, but the last was not in. As we were finishing dinner tonight, Clay and his wife called, and we had a further little visit.

Clay tells me that the British authorities have clamped on the censorship lid here, and all letters are now censored. I am greatly concerned lest they have scooped in the whole of my journal of the Baghdad-Aleppo overland trip, which I could not reproduce, and which I sent you by registered post from Aleppo. I fear it must have come through the censorship here. You will know before you read this, whether it has been lost or not. It was mailed on Tuesday, May 18th from Beirut. In any case I shall not post this present section until I reach Egypt next Wednesday. Meantime I will send you a picture card, and I am sure my cable will keep you from worrying at the failure to receive letters. It will be a crying pity if my journal of this unique Baghdad-Aleppo trip is lost. Everybody here is amazed that we got through. I have received no reply to my *Tribune* cable, and I expect that was captured by the censor also. Well, it can all be kept till I arrive. I find no telegram here from Beirut confirming Naples reservation on the White Star Liner "CRETIC", sailing from Naples June 25<sup>th</sup>., but I can cable to Naples again if I don't hear soon.



Hotel Allenby, Jerusalem, Palestine,  
Saturday, **June 5, 1920.**

I find it difficult to believe that in less than three weeks I shall be on an Atlantic liner headed for the United States! Yesterday afternoon as I came home I dropped in at Cook's and found a cable there from Naples saying that passage on the White Star Liner "CRETIC" had been secured;—so Bull and I will be sailing from Naples June 25th, and arriving in Boston I presume about July 9th. You can easily ascertain the date of arrival by calling up the White Star office in Chicago. I was unable to reach the cable office until this morning, and several hours after leaving my message, they sent it back asking for pay for 18 words (6 more than I paid for) to include my full name and hotel address! I hope that it will reach you Sunday morning (tomorrow), June 6th.

Yesterday was a very busy day. Clay blew in just after breakfast and asked me if I could go up at 11:00 to the administration and give the British Intelligence Chief the information I had gained on the overland trip from Baghdad. He had been up there to see him and found that he was just reading *Ancient Times*! A car would be down for me at 11:00. I arranged to go, and Clay was going along. Captain Mackay the new British Inspector of Antiquities was calling on me at the time, and we all prepared to go up together. Meantime Major Waggett (he prefers to be called Father Waggett) had told the Commander-in-Chief, Major-General Sir Louis Bols, that I was here, and the general asked him to ask me for lunch. Clay did not know that I knew General Bols, and seemed surprised when the enclosed card was handed in by the chauffeur as the car arrived. On the way up we stopped at the Governorate and I took in all our passports and secured laissez-passers for the whole party; for this is still a war administration at Jerusalem. We took Clay home and then Mackay took me up in the car to the Mount of Olives where the British Headquarters are housed in the magnificent hospice built there by the Germans. It is a large and showy stone building with a lofty tower. In the court are two high niches containing bronze statues of the German Emperor and Empress life-size, in the attitude of adoring saints. A sumptuous Byzantine church is included in the building, and a large fresco in the ceiling shows the same two august personages enthroned side-by-side, the Emperor holding in his right hand a large model of the building in which the scene is found. The auditorium is sumptuous in carved marble, mosaics, and imposing Byzantine arches. I went up the tower where one gains a wonderful view of the whole region from the mountains of Moab in the east, flanking an imposing panorama of the Dead Sea and the Jordan valley, with Jericho just hidden behind a low peak above the valley, to the desolate ridges of the Judean highlands in the west. Nowhere else can a view such as this be obtained, for the point of observation is some 2600 feet above the sea, while the lower Jordan Valley and the surface of the Dead Sea are 1300 feet below sea level, the deepest chasm in the earth's surface known to us. The surface of the Dead Sea, some 15 miles from the observer, is thus nearly 4000 feet below him. The scene is of the greatest geological interest to begin with, and at the same time one to rouse every religious emotion of one's childhood, as you realize that you are standing on the Mount of Olives looking out over Bethany, the hills of Bethlehem and Tekoah, the home of Amos, the Valley of Kedron near which was Gethsemane, and behind it Jerusalem itself, with a Moslem mosque where once the temple stood.

Mackay took me in to see Father Waggett and together we went in to join the general at lunch. He gave me a very kind welcome, and at once told me he was reading *Ancient Times*, and had ordered two more copies from London, one for his youngest son and the other for the head-

master of the boy's school. He was curious to get the reaction of the head-master, a traditionalist of course. He promised to send me the master's letter as soon as it came. Two other guests then came in, one perhaps the handsomest young Italian girl I ever saw, as youthful and girlish as a young American High School girl. Behind her was an old gentleman of 70, the two making as I thought, a very pretty picture of father and daughter. Imagine my surprise when I was introduced to Lady Newlands and her husband, General Newlands! The girl was as intelligent as she was handsome, and promptly entered upon a bantering argument with Father Waggett, whom she was trying to convert to Catholicism!

At luncheon I had to tell much of my experiences on the overland trip. They were all talking of King Feisal's absence in Paris, and were quite incredulous when I told them I had dined with him in Damascus only three days before. I can't begin to recount the conversation, but it was a very diverting game for me. General Bols is one of the finest men in the British army. Lord Allenby has more than once said in public that Bols was the man who suggested the plan of the final and decisive battle with the Turks in Palestine,—the one at Megiddo. After lunch I went into a corner with him, and told him what I knew of Arab hostility to the British. I had chaffingly told them at lunch that the Arabs did not want the French because they had to pay the French twice as much as they had formerly paid the Turks to get what they wanted, and they did not want the English because they could not get what they wanted at any price! Bols asked me with much seriousness whether I thought Feisal was really in control of his Arabs. I am confident that in this question lies the chief English difficulty. They have long been subsidizing Feisal and made no secret of doing so, but now that is supposed to have ended. I would be willing to wager a good deal that on the quiet they are still subsidizing him, and what they are anxious about is whether in holding him loyal to the English, they are at the same time holding the Arabs. I told Sir Louis I could not answer his question, and did not think any one could, but that the sheikhs I had talked with showed little enthusiasm for Feisal. It was a very curious thing that Sheikh Ramadhan handed me, an American stranger, a confidential letter to be delivered in Aleppo, while only an hour or two before me Nadji Beg an official of Feisal's government, had passed by the Sheikh's tents on his way to Aleppo.

Our conversation then drifted to the situation in Palestine, where the position of the English seems to be steadily growing worse. I attempted to hire an automobile to run out into the Jordan Valley to view the interesting and partially excavated mound of Jericho. The Englishman with whom I dealt said he could not let a machine go out there, as it was not safe. The Arabs on the east of Jordan were continually raiding the valley. Only a fortnight ago two Indian drivers were shot by snipers, one of them killed and the other badly wounded. Now, just consider that you can see the whole region of Jericho from the Mount of Olives, that is practically from Jerusalem, and anyhow directly from the roof of the British Headquarters! The Arabs of the desert on the east, and the Moslems of the towns are deeply disaffected, and they do not trust any of the Allies. "Consider their grievance", said General Bols. "The Allies agreed to send out an International Commission, or a commission from each of the Allied Nations to find out what the people of Syria and Palestine wanted. Furthermore they were to be given a plebiscite. When this had been agreed upon by practically everybody at the Peace Conference, Clemenceau suddenly spoke up, saying, 'If this is done for Syria, it must also be done for Mesopotamia'. Miss Bell and others representing English interests in Mesopotamia, protested vigorously, and as a result, first France said she would send no commission, then Italy, and finally Great Britain abandoned the project, although the people of Syria had been solemnly assured it would be put through. Al-

though it was then entirely futile, President Wilson had the Commission representing the United States come out here and go through the country studying the situation". I did not want to interrupt General Bols by remarking that this action of Wilson awakened hopes here which have produced a most unfortunate disappointment, quite undermining the confidence of the Syrians in the United States. "Then", continued the general, "what shall we think of a government, which after disappointing the people of Palestine in this way at the very beginning, promises them solemnly that they shall have a British government, and promptly goes on to give them a Jewish government, in a country containing only ten percent of Jews!"

When a British general in command of a country speaks that way about his own government,—and a British general of unusual brains and ability, there is certainly some cause for his indignation. I can't begin to describe the situation. The money of wealthy Jews is simply inundating this country, and it is augmented by the money of western Christians too who are caught by the idea of the restoration of the Chosen People to their Promised Land. None of these people go themselves, or want to go. They are patriotic by proxy and through money subscriptions. The result is that the Christians and Moslems of this ancient land, who form 90% of the population, are being subjected to a hated Jewish supremacy which they have not deserved, and which is abhorrent to every fair-minded westerner. Every petty Jewish official in the country is being subsidised by the Jewish funds poured into the country. It is even common gossip that the Jews of the world have offered the Moslems half a billion dollars for possession of the mosque on the temple mount. I do not know whether this is true. When I called on the singularly attractive Dominican brothers at their institution, Pere Lagrange was in much distress because the Jews in the Palestine Oriental Society were insisting on publishing their papers in the journal in modern Hebrew! They have recently begun an agitation objecting to the proximity of so many crosses in the British military cemetery alongside the site of the future Jewish University,—crosses marking the graves of the fallen British heroes who gave their lives to win this country for the Jews who now object to their monuments. You can imagine the feeling of the whole British army here. If this thing gets into the British papers at home, the Lord help the Jews! But British feeling is the smallest part of it. The appointment of a Jewish High Commissioner by the British politicians at home, is not a blunder of merely political consequences. It is almost certain to kindle a conflagration of the most serious proportions. Strong anti-Jewish demonstrations have already been made, many Jews have been killed and many more wounded within the last few weeks. And the commander of the British army asks, how can anything else be expected? Well you can see it was an interesting lunch,—this with General Bols!

Is it not extraordinary! The French force themselves into Syria as the unwelcome lords of the Syrians, and produce a situation of growing trouble and disorder; while the British, welcome rulers of Palestine, force upon the protesting people of the land an utterly abhorrent Jewish supremacy, producing in Palestine a situation equally full of trouble and disorder! It is easy to say that a tottering group of British politicians have been bought up by Jewish money, but I hate very much to believe it.

I dined last night with Captain Mackay, and met there Major Legge, who is Chief of the Department of Education. He asked for advice as to a policy for the education of the Moslems, who are about the only ones left for the government to take into its schools, for the Christians are supplied with mission and sectarian schools, while the Jews have funds for their own schools far exceeding in amount the entire school budget of the government! I urged a system built up on courses in civics and vocational training. Tonight I am dining with Garstang, Director of the

British School of Archaeology here. He wants to see me about his collection in the museum of the University of Liverpool, which he tells me they would like to sell! It is evident the British are desperately put to it for funds.

Continental Hotel, Cairo, Egypt,  
Thursday, **June 10, 1920.**

The plot thickens! But I have not a minute to write you of it. Sheikh Ramadhan's letter which he cunningly set the stage for me to carry, was evidently for the French! In Aleppo they told me Count de Caix had gone to Paris! He was in Aleppo at that very moment, reading the letter that Sheikh Ramadhan had foisted onto me! Lord Allenby has asked me to go to London and see Lloyd-George and Earl Curzon, to whom he has already given me letters. He is trying to arrange passage which is almost impossible even for him. I heard him tell his aide-de-camp: "Tell General Headquarters I regard it as very urgent that Professor Breasted should be given passage to England". Meantime I am snowed under with things to do here. You will have received a cable from me of course, if I go to England, and on the ship at least I will be able to write you what has happened.

I fear the French got my Beirut letter to you with full journal of the overland trip from Baghdad. How I wish I knew! Love to the children and their mother from JHB.

Two home letters! So glad. You wrote all about Charles' plays. So interested! Your poem is dear. Can't write more.

Continental Hotel, Cairo, Egypt,  
Thursday, **June 10, 1920.**

I failed to get the above off in time to get the registration before it closed, so I will add a few words before dinner and get it off in the morning. I have given you a hint above, of happenings dark and deep. The evening before I left Jerusalem, Garstang brought around General Waters-Taylor and his wife. He is the keenest Briton I have met out here,—a veritable sleuth! Garstang asked me to tell him of Sheikh Ramadhan's letter. He looked through his note-book and jotted down carefully the dates I gave him. Then he said, "Count de Caix had not left for Paris when you were in Beirut. In all probability he was in Aleppo, and he went there, among other things, to get the very letter you brought from Ramadhan".

Well, there was no help for it, and it was not likely that we could find out just what was in the letter, but the next day General Waters-Taylor went down to Cairo from Jerusalem in the same train with me. He asked me into his reserved compartment and we talked all day. At Kantara in the north-eastern Delta, where you meet the Egyptian Railway at the Canal and change cars, we were met by Lord Stradbroke, the Commandant at Kantara, who came down to greet the general, and as there was a wait of nearly two hours, Lord Stradbroke took us up to his headquarters in his car, where we rested a bit and had some refreshments. I wish there were time to summarize the long day's conversation with the general. All I can say is that he gave me the history of Sheikh Ramadhan, and the present situation. Ramadhan was an officer in Lawrence's army, and lost part of his nose there, as I have told you, if my journal letter got through. After the armistice King Feisal gave him large sums of money to carry on propaganda in the north among the Kurds and Turks on his behalf. It was then discovered that he was carrying on pro-



paganda in the interests of Mustapha Kamal, the renegade Turk (really a Saloniki Jew), who is head of the rebellious Young Turk party in Asia Minor and is leading a powerful army there. Feisal then recalled Ramadhan and afterward made him governor of Der el-Zor, where he led the Arab seizure of the place, and the imprisonment of the British officers, owing to the misunderstanding of which I gave you an account in one of my Baghdad letters. Now he is again flirting with the Turks of Mustapha Kamal's outfit, but this time seemingly in the interests of the French! You remember earlier in this letter I have expressed my own surprise at Ramadhan's not having used Nadji for carrying his letter. Now I know why. He is working against Feisal's interest again, and made me his messenger to the French without my knowing it! Whose Bedwins were those who examined me at Baalbek as to whether I had delivered the letter? Ramadhan was running no risks. If I had not delivered the letter,—well, I wonder what would have happened.

As soon as I could get out yesterday morning I went to the Consulate, where I had my first home news for nearly a month. My, but it was welcome! Then I stepped over to the Residency to ask the Foreign Office to assist me in getting our baggage through the Customs. When they heard of the trip from Baghdad, they said they must tell Lord Allenby, and he sent out word that he would like to see me at once. I went in and as we began to talk, Sir Paul Harvey was brought in and Lord Allenby asked me if I could come to lunch as he had an appointment with Sir Paul which he could not postpone. The lunch was intended for a lot of diplomats. I sat next to a handsome Italian woman, Countess di Nobile, whose husband was something-or-other. General Waters-Taylor was there; General Congreve who is Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Egypt; Colonel Storrs, Military Governor of Jerusalem; etc., etc. Storrs said Sir Louis Bols had been caught more than once sitting at his business desk in his office reading *Ancient Times*—a breach of discipline for which they held me responsible! Allenby made me talk some and tell about our trip from Baghdad. There was present also a young Indian officer, a native of Kashmir named Nasir ed-Din, a captain in rank, who has just been appointed by the British government their representative in Mecca at the court of the new king, Hussain, Feisal's father. I made arrangements to meet him at dinner here at the hotel and have a talk with him.

After lunch we wandered out on the broad balcony in the rear of the Residency, where a plate of small raw fish was brought to Lord Allenby, from which he proceeded to feed a comical looking marabout stork, which trotted up on the porch and smiled serenely while Lord Allenby poked fish at him. It made a very picturesque and amusing picture and I told Lord Allenby I was very sorry indeed I did not have my camera with me. Meantime General Congreve came over and talked with me about conditions in their territory in Western Asia, and I expressed my apprehensions regarding Palestine if the present policy were continued. I walked into the drawing room again with Storrs and Waters-Taylor, and Allenby presently joined us and drew me off into his office which adjoins the corridor leading to the drawing room. There in his direct way he led at once to the matter which was on his mind, saying, "Look here, Congreve has just suggested to me that His Majesty's Government ought to hear what you know of Western Asia. Would it be possible for you to go home by way of England and have a talk with the Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister?" I told him I had already engaged passage via Naples for the United States, but that if I could do anything to bring the facts before the government in London I would certainly be very glad to do so, and would gladly alter my plans accordingly. Allenby then sat down and wrote with his own hand the two following notes:

THE RESIDENCY  
CAIRO

9th June /20

Dear Prime Minister,

Professor Breasted, who carries this letter, is too well known to need introduction. He has just travelled through Mesopotamia, and by land to Aleppo. He has therefore the latest and best information on these regions.

I think it would be well worth your while to see him. He brings this letter to you at my request, not at his own suggestion.

Yours sincerely  
Allenby

THE RESIDENCY  
CAIRO

9th June /20

Dear Lord Curzon,

If you can give an interview to Professor Breasted, who brings this letter, I am sure it will be well worth your doing so.

He has just come back from Mesopotamia, by land, through Arabia and Syria; and has the latest information in those regions.

Yours sincerely,  
Allenby

I must add a postscript to say that Professor Breasted brings this letter at my request, not at his own suggestion. In fact, his visit has upset his previously formed plans, as he was going straight from here to America.

A.

Allenby then called in his aide-de-camp and said, "Communicate with General Headquarters and tell them I regard it is very urgent that Professor Breasted should be given passage at once to England. But, by the way, when do you want to go?" I replied, "As soon as possible". "Very well then, probably you can get him a berth in the same ship Lady Allenby is taking". As I went out, I said I devoutly hoped something could be done, for the present policy was steering straight for trouble. "Yes," Allenby replied, "I think so too, and I have told them so, but they won't listen to me. Perhaps they will take it from you". So I left him, clearly troubled by the outlook, and he followed me to the door with the assurance that I should hear from him at the earliest possible moment about the ship for England. I walked across the Residency lawn to

a carriage feeling very much in a dream and wondering much at the curious chances that thrust responsibility on one. This one came to me because I walked into the Residency to secure some help in a matter of baggage at the Custom House, and I came out charged with an international mission which may have something to do with saving Palestine from civil war, and the whole Near East from a conflagration.

Today I went to the young secretaries at the Residency with all our passports, including Ali's. They sent a *cavass* over to the passport office to secure the necessary official permits for Bull and Edgerton to leave Egypt; but on my passport they put the big DIPLOMATIC VISA, with the seal of HIS MAJESTY'S HIGH COMMISSIONER, which means that my baggage goes in and out of every port and station on the way to England, without examination or delay. If I am obliged to go overland, they also telegraph to all the necessary points on the journey where I need assistance, and the entire English service of diplomatic secretaries and the like will be on hand to see me through. But all my visions of a quiet restful trip home have vanished; nevertheless I could not have refused to go.

Affectionately,  
James.

Telegram  
To Frances Breasted  
From Breasted  
June 15, 1920

CANTO FROM ENGLAND EARLY JULY CREEK COOK.  
PALLMALL.

[hand-written on telegram]

Canto: Cannot leave on date fixed. Hope to sail from England early July.

Creek: Forward my letters to Paris care of Cook

Lord Allenby's Special Train, Dock Siding, Port Said, Egypt,  
Tuesday Evening, **June 15, 1920.**

My dear Frances:—

I am sitting in a luxurious special train alongside the Suez Canal on the dock at Port Said, having arrived about two hours ago. The railway runs alongside the canal from Kantara to Port Said for 25 or 30 miles. As we came up we saw our ship, the "Mantua," steaming along the canal only a hundred yards from the train. It will be another hour and a half before she arrives here so that we have something of a wait before we can go on board. Some of this wait we have spent at dinner. Lord Allenby has come down with Lady Allenby to see her safely on the ship, and they invited me into their dining saloon to have dinner with them. Lord Allenby enquired more fully into my trip from Baghdad, and said, "I hope you will tell all this to the Prime Minister and to Earl Curzon. It is extremely important that they should know it. I have wired Earl Curzon very fully and they will be expecting you". I did not tell him that I have a copy of his wire in my pocket, furnished me by one of his secretaries before I left Cairo! I will show it to you on my

arrival home. The dinner was very pleasant, and I wish I could recount to you the whole conversation. Among other things of interest Lady Allenby said to her husband, “You must tell Dr. Breasted of the curious coincidence of our visit to the battle-field of Megiddo”. I then found that they had visited the battlefield only a fortnight ago, just a few days before our own vexatious fiasco in endeavoring to reach it, of which I have already written you. “You know”, said Lord Allenby, “for you have very fully written of it, how Thutmose III crossed the Carmel ridge, riding through the pass to meet the enemy in a chariot of shining electrum. We had your book with us and we had just read of it, so we knew the dates. He went through on the 15th of May over three thousand years ago, and on the same day I took Mabel (sometimes he calls her Mabel, sometimes Lady Allenby) for the first time to see the battlefield where we beat the Turks, and like Thutmose III we also went through in a chariot of shining metal, for our machine had wheels of aluminum and was all covered with polished metal. So Lady Allenby saw the scene of our victory for the first time on the anniversary of the earliest known battle there, and also approached it in a chariot of glittering metal. I wanted her to see it, for you know I took my title from there, Allenby of Megiddo, because it was a cavalry operation which broke the Turkish line, and I was a cavalry officer”.

After dinner as we stood in the corridor of the train, Lord Allenby took me aside and charged me again to tell the Prime Minister and Earl Curzon all the facts, especially those which would reveal the hostility of the western Arabs to the British, who used to be so popular among them. “I am confident”, said he, “that they will listen to you, who are without prejudice, and have no interests to serve, much more readily than they will listen to me”. He said also some very kind things, which I would feel rather foolish to put in here. As he shook my hand in parting, he added, “I have told the Foreign Office in my telegram, that you have gone a long way out of your way to do us this service, and have asked them to secure you a passage from England to America on a good ship at once. So I hope that you will feel no anxiety on that score. I have also asked them to reimburse you for any expense which you may incur in thus changing your route. I understand that you have disposed of your trans-Atlantic passage from Naples, and the Foreign Office will have secured you another from England by the time you arrive there”. He left me with very cordial wishes for my return to Egypt.

I have had a trying time in Cairo, getting duly packed, passed by the Museum, insured and properly shipped the large and valuable collection which I am bringing home. It will go from Port Said in a ship sailing directly for America without trans-shipment June 20th. Just as I was leaving Cairo, I picked up the official seal cylinder of King Snefru, the builder of the first great pyramid just preceding Gizeh; also another of a great official of king Menkure.

For several days I did not know which way I was to go from Egypt to Europe. The ship in which Lord Allenby wished to get me a berth had left Bombay entirely full, and the aide-de-camp had not yet been able to get in touch with her by wireless as late as day before yesterday (Sunday). So Sunday morning I went into the office of the Italian Line and paid my fare, and Ali's too. This involved my going to London by way of Italy and France, and I feared I might become involved in the railway and dock strikes in both countries. The young secretaries at the Residency however, assured me that they could secure me every assistance from British attachés on the way, and so I determined to take the plunge. There was some difficulty about a Diplomatic Visa from the American Consulate for Italy and France, but Lord Allenby wrote a personal note asking our Agency (Consulate) to facilitate it in every possible way. There were some other complications, but when I dropped in at the Residency after having gotten all my boxes of antiq-



uities through at the Museum, Wiggin, the young secretary in charge of my transportation told me that I could go by way of Naples if I wished, and he had secured the necessary visas for passage through Italy and France; but that he had finally heard from the big P. & O. liner on which Lady Allenby was going and had been assured that they could give me a berth. So I could take my choice. It did not take long to decide, for the P. & O. goes all the way to England by water, and going on board would be much easier, with a *cavass* to look after the baggage, and a special train in which to relax without anxiety until we stepped onto the dock at Port Said. Wiggin called a Residency car and we drove to the Italian Line office, where the agent was exceedingly courteous and gave me back my passage money and that of Ali also. Wiggin showed me a draught of the telegram which Lord Allenby proposed to send to His Majesty's Government and promised to send a *cavass* to see me to the special train. All was at last in order for beginning the journey home and I felt much relieved.

Next day (today) I spent a large part of the morning with a stenographer from the American Agency belonging to the military attaché, Colonel Allen, who desired me to dictate a full statement to send to the War Department in Washington. Shortly afterward Wiggin called with my tickets, passport, baggage tags, tissue copy of Allenby's telegram to His Majesty's Government, and a stately *laissez-passer* addressed to all British government officials, asking them to give all possible aid at any stage of the journey, and signed by Allenby. The train had been advanced in time of departure by an hour and a half and I had barely time to get my lunch, sitting with Judge Crabites the American member of the Mixed Tribunal, who told me of Harding's nomination. Three quarters of an hour before train time the *cavass* duly appeared, and with Ali on the box we drove to the station. A sumptuous red runner was laid down the entire length of the station platform, and it expanded when it reached the train to a spacious red ocean which native servants were industriously sweeping as we approached. I found all my large baggage in the "luggage van" as the English always say, and my small stuff was quickly stowed away in a drawing room compartment, where I was presently joined by Dr. Llewellyn Phillips, who had inoculated us all for cholera last February. He is the leading physician in Cairo, and he told me he was going to Port Said to see the little daughter of General Clayton, Internal Adviser to the Government of Egypt. Clayton had two little girls stopping at Port Said with their mother. One of them was suddenly taken ill with some strange infection and died 48 hours later. Clayton had just buried the little thing this morning, when a telegram arrived from Port Said saying the other child was similarly affected and had a temperature of 106. A few minutes later General Clayton appeared on the platform and came into the train, just from his little girl's funeral. Phillips said he had made an examination and there was no trace of meningitis. With the usual English reserve and self-command, General Clayton engaged in conversation with us and no one would have known there was any trouble.

Lady Allenby presently appeared, coming down the long red carpet alone. The entire station was deserted, for no one was allowed to come in. Lord Allenby appeared a few minutes later engaged in animated conversation with General Congreve, Military Commander-in-Chief in Egypt. A lot of secretaries and friends quickly collected, many bringing flowers or sweets. I kept out of the way, but as the car was hot, I stepped outside and Allenby promptly came over to shake hands. Thereupon General Congreve also stepped over and said, "I am very glad you are going on this errand but I say,—you seem to have scared Gouraud to death! He seems to be frightened out of his wits". I thought he meant something about my journal letter. I told him about it and asked him to give me some light; but he insisted that he was only joking, and would

say nothing more. I am sure he meant something which he finally decided not to tell me. But I could not worm out a single word of explanation.

The only other passengers were two aides-de-camp, with the wife of one of them, Mrs. Morrice, whom he was taking to the ship. Several of the Residency *cavasses* came along, besides the regular staff of the special train, including a cook, a steward, butler and servants. The train consisted of a luggage van ahead; a dining car; two saloon cars, with several bed-rooms, dressing rooms and wash rooms, etc., in each car; and finally a second class car in the rear for the servants, where one of the aides-de-camp stowed away Ali. As the train started glasses of lemon juice and large bottles of cold soda water were brought in for charged lemonade. An hour later tea was served. It was very dusty and hot,—the weather, not the tea; but the windows were fitted with bluish glass, and large electric fans were running. It was all very different from my arrival last October. A number of stops were made and at every stop a guard of Tommies climbed out of the train and patrolled the entire length of the train on each side. No one was allowed to come near. At the present moment sentries posted at intervals are swinging resolutely up and down just outside my windows in the quiet starlight. Lord and Lady Allenby have gone for a walk on the sea shore, which is but a few hundred yards away. The storage battery has been allowed to run down, and the lights are sinking. A steward brings in a lot of candles, but the breeze is too strong for them and I must give this up. I hear Lady Allenby's voice outside and Mrs. Morrice comes in to say that the ship has just tied up to a buoy in the basin beside us. I hear the aide-de-camp swearing at the steward for allowing the storage battery to run down. They come in for my baggage, with which Ali also goes on board, and I must put up the machine and send it along.

S.S. "Mantua," Eastern Mediterranean,  
Wednesday Morning, **June 16, 1920.**

It seems quite impossible that I am really embarked for home! It is a heavenly summer morning, with a wonderful blue sea all around us, and the usual Mediterranean sunshine. I have just breakfasted with Mrs. Morrice and Lady Allenby, and except for a short daily session with this machine, I am going to rest for ten whole days! Just think of it! Ten days with no responsibilities, no telegrams, no packing cases, no check-books, and no antiquity dealers,—but just fresh air and sunshine, and rest on a summer sea! I looked out on the canal as we ran along it last night, trying to realize all that had happened since we steamed through it on the 18th of last February to begin an untried journey entirely around Arabia. It all seemed as unreal as a dream,—particularly the return across the desert, which completed our circumnavigation of Arabia. And somehow or other, in spite of myself I have been plunged into the very midst of the great imperial game of the powers! I certainly never could have done it if I had tried.

At 11:30 last night the aides-de-camp came and got Mrs. Morrice and myself (Dr. Phillips and poor General Clayton had long since gone) and took us to a long lithe government launch which lay waiting for us at the pier. Then one of the aides-de-camp went back and got the High Commissioner and his lady, and her maid, and presently we shot out among the numerous shipping of the port toward the brilliantly lighted liner which lay some way out coal-ing. It was a lovely star light night and the cool breeze due to our rapid motion was delightfully refreshing after the long hot summer day in Egypt. The coal barges interfered with our getting at the gangway, and evidently the captain was not informed of the hour of the High Commis-

sioner's coming. A gang of coal-heavers going on board prevented our reaching the gangway. The aides-de-camp almost fell into the water trying to shunt off these workmen, and the ranking youngster, who had charge of the arrangements was presently white with rage as he found there was no ship's officer at the gangway to assist us on board or receive the High Commissioner. Allenby took it quietly more amused than otherwise as we finally reached the deck and pushed our way through an unconcerned crowd who seemingly had no knowledge of his coming. The captain was nowhere to be found nor could the aide-de-camp find the purser to show us to our rooms. After the magnificence of our departure from Cairo, the contrast was shocking! The aides-de-camp presently found Lady Allenby's room, and as soon as she had been settled there, Lord Allenby with his never failing kindness turned to the aide-de-camp and said, "Where is Dr. Breasted's room? I want to know if it is comfortable and satisfactory." At that moment a manager of the Line appeared, gave me the number of my room, and told me I was to have it alone. I went down and found it a comfortable outside room with only one berth. When I came up again all had changed as in the twinkling of an eye. The captain and the ship's officials and officers of the Line were grouped about the High Commissioner, smiling and bowing, the aide-de-camp had been suddenly transformed from rage into beaming good nature, the usual ceremonious atmosphere around the High Commissioner had reappeared and all was in order again! Allenby asked me if my room was satisfactory and then strolled off down the gangway for a last word on the nature of the errand I was to carry out. He quite embarrassed me with the kind things he said, and I told him so. "Well", he said, "you must live up to the reputation I have given you". I purposely misconstrued him, saying, "You mean on board this ship", for he had told what he had said to the captain. "No", he responded, "in London. All joking aside, it is of the highest importance that the facts you have told me this evening should be plainly brought before the Prime Minister and Lord Curzon, and you have the opportunity to do a very important piece of work. For they do not realize the situation at all. They do not understand that Arab feeling, once so friendly to the English, is now stale and hostile toward us. They do not understand that the Arabs and the Christians are now united against the Jews and that the present policy is aggravating this anti-Jewish hostility to a dangerous degree. Do not fail to make this clear to them as you have done to me. And above all tell them of the danger of Arab union with Bolshevism in the north, as you told me this evening". I must confess to a very depressing sense of helplessness as I caught a glimpse of the responsibility he was putting on me.

It was long after midnight. The shouts of men, the clanging rattle of chain hoists, the crunching of many an avalanche of coal, the smell of coal dust and over all the quiet stars seemed to me to suggest the serene indifference of the tranquil powers that seem to look down so unconcernedly on the strife and turbulence of our present earthly situation. I went up to the uppermost deck, which was large and spacious and seemed lifted above the dust and noise and there I walked for a long time. As I came around a corner supposing I was entirely alone, I suddenly ran into Allenby and his wife having a last little stroll together. We passed a few facetious exchanges and I went on feeling much relieved. A few minutes later I saw Allenby's launch pushing off from the side of the ship, under the great electric lights. He waved his arm at his wife who watched him from the upper deck and his launch shot away and disappeared in the darkness. So I went below to my stateroom, but being unable to sleep I unpacked my things for an hour, and toward three o'clock I finally dropped asleep in a very uncomfortably stuffy atmosphere churned by the electric fan; for the coal dust made it impossible to keep the port hole open.

The ship is large and comfortable, but I must make some shift for a chair. They do not have chairs for rent on these oriental liners. Everybody brings his own chair. I find everybody is standing on his head for me. Evidently Allenby said every necessary word. In the dining room the chief steward had a selection of seats reserved for Lady Allenby's party, which consists of Mrs. Morrice, the aide-de-camp's wife, Lady Allenby and yours truly. We had a pleasant breakfast together, and now, as I have about caught up with this chronicle, I will begin my ten days' loafing!

S.S. "Mantua,"

Saturday, **June 19, 1920.**

The chair difficulty was easily settled for the captain came along and asked me how I was faring, so I took occasion to tell him I had no chair. He took me at once up on the bridge and asked me to select one of his. A sailor has now marked it as told by the captain, and placed it beside Lady Allenby's. I don't occupy it much, for I find in looking over my affairs that my ten days' loafing was pretty much a dream. I have a lot of unfulfilled obligations to take care of. I promised the Civil Commissioner at Baghdad to hand him a complete plan for the organization of a Mesopotamian Department of Antiquities. What is more, if I could put my hand on young Americans of the right experience, I could also man the organization for him, and he would be very glad to get them, for there are no English Assyriologists. Garstang quite truly said to me at Jerusalem, "English Assyriology is practically non-existent". I hope to make a draft of the plan today and get it copied, with a carbon or two, before we arrive in England.

I shall have an opportunity to mail this at Marseilles; but I shall trust nothing more than a card or two to the French mails. I have been so busy recording for you my own doings that I have neglected to tell you that I received with great joy a bundle of home letters, I believe of May 19 and 23 (they are now filed away in my big trunk). There I learn of your telephone conversation with President Judson, telling him I came round to Beyrut in an oil-tanker! That shows me that the French suppressed my full cablegram stating that we had crossed the Arab State. If they did that, it is highly probable that they got my full journal letter also. It was packed with information of value to them. I supposed war censorship had been entirely removed; moreover I had the journal registered with the daily mail of the American College. Perhaps I am all wrong, and you may have read the whole thing long ago; but all the English commanders tell me there was a very tight secret censorship by the French, and they all have no doubt the French have seized my letter. It fills me with indignation when I recall all their official assurances of every help and assistance,—assurances which General Gouraud their High Commissioner reiterated most cordially, when perhaps he had just been reading my record and profiting by the information! Allenby thinks I can recover it. "But," he added, "as you are an American citizen, that is a matter into which I cannot mix." You see there was nothing in the journal that could possibly injure French interests; but there was much in it which was of value to them, and if they have taken it, it is not from fear of any damage to their cause, but solely in order to secure, by fair means or foul, any information that may prove useful, even if they steal it from the scientific notes of a traveling orientalist, whom they have pledged themselves to aid! Well, they are welcome to a copy if they will return it all to me when they have finished with it, but it is extremely vexatious to me to be uncertain whether you have received any account of our extraordinary journey from Baghdad to the Mediterranean right across the new Arab State,—the first non-Moslems to cross



it since its proclamation. The topographical notes which I made for historical purposes I can never reproduce nor can I ever restore the daily atmosphere and the thousand and one details of our progress written from hour to hour amid the changing moods of river and desert and Arabs as we slowly traversed the vast Arab wilderness that lies between Baghdad and the Western Sea,—a unique pilgrimage of twenty days! When I have cabled you the name of my Atlantic steamer from England to America, and you have found out the day of her arrival, do telegraph me at the ship, and let me know whether you have received the journal letter or not.

I hope the Foreign Office has succeeded in getting me an early passage home from England, for of course there is unprecedented congestion on the Atlantic. His Majesty's Government is all-powerful in such arrangements. Wiggin came over to me at the steps of the special train and said, "You may be interested to know that a wretched Judge of the High Court came into the Residency just as I was leaving and asked for a berth to England; but I had to tell him there was absolutely no vacancy until August. You really are very lucky, you know!" I only hope things will work with equal efficiency when I reach England. I have terribly cold feet. I have been reading Mr. Britling. If I had any wreckage of idealistic hopes left in me when I left America, the spectacle of the Great Powers plotting against each other in the Near East has quite cured me of it. That reminds me that I ought to see Wells in England; I ought also to see Dr. Hogarth, the Director of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford and discuss the future of scientific work in Mesopotamia; I ought to see Sir Denison Ross, the Director of the new British School of Oriental Languages in London; I must of course see Gardiner and I am due to go to Liverpool to see what part of their museum the university there is willing to sell. If the Foreign Office secures me an early passage, I shall be hopping some to put all this through.

Sunday Morning, **June 20, 1920.**

We are just going into the harbor of Marseilles. We have passed up through the Strait of Messina, looking up at beautiful Taormina and snow-crowned Aetna; then between Sardinia and Corsica. It all brought back many old memories.

I find I can post this on board with a British stamp, so I am going to drop it here, which will give it just a week earlier start, for I shall not reach London until a week from today. I might have crossed France and saved a day or two, but I dreaded the long weary journey for I am very tired.

It just occurs to me that possibly the French took also a long letter which I wrote to President Judson from Beirut. Please tell him about it.

I should be home before the middle of July, Loads of love to all. I hope Charles received his check in time for use at graduation. Probably his acknowledgement went to Baghdad.

Affectionately,  
J\_\_\_\_\_.

Savoy Hotel, London, W. C. 2, England,  
Sunday, **June 27, 1920.**

My dear boy:—

I suppose a letter from you may have gone to Baghdad and chased me about without catching me, for it seems a long time indeed since I have seen a word from the boy,—six months at least! And now your graduation high jinks are all over and you are having a good rest after the busy last year in college. I shall want to hear all about it and I shall never cease to regret that I could not have been there to see you having your last frolics in college, especially in the plays. Your mother sent me some preliminary announcements which I read with the greatest interest.

This is a lonely Sunday in London, I can assure you,—the more so because I ought to be some two days at sea on the homeward voyage. However, that will not now make such a big difference as it seems to do, for when I do embark I shall be a week nearer home than if I were sailing from Naples. I shall not be able to do anything about my passage until tomorrow, but you will have received a cable long before this, giving you the ship and date. I cabled you from Plymouth “Amber London”, which I hope you received promptly.

I came up yesterday on a fast train from Plymouth with Lady Allenby and Mrs. Morrice (I have been spelling her name wrong). We left at 11:00 A.M., had lunch on the train and a pleasant ride out through the Devonshire hills past Exeter Cathedral to Paddington Station, where I left the ladies and came over with Ali to this swell hotel. When I went to the desk to see about my room the clerk said, Lord Curzon had engaged a suite for me; so here I sit in a large and comfortable sitting room, luxuriously furnished and fitted, while connected with it are an entrance hall with coat closet, large bedroom and bathroom. No instructions were left as to who would pay the bill, which is six guineas (nearly \$30.00) a day for the rooms alone! I thought at first that I would make a change, but there was nothing else vacant yesterday, and after I had succeeded in finding a room and bath this morning, I finally thought better of it and decided to stay where I was. Of course I cannot put a charge like that into my expense account for the University of Chicago, but Curzon’s secretary knew that Lord Allenby had asked them to pay any additional expense caused by my visit to London, and so I have concluded the responsibility for this hotel bill is on His Majesty’s Government

I found a letter here from Curzon’s secretary last night saying that I am expected at the Foreign Office on Tuesday afternoon, the 19<sup>th</sup> June. I have a lot of writing I ought to do, but I was feeling awfully seedy, so I got a ticket at the Oxford Theater, thinking to see an English play, and to my disgust it was a modern American affair, “The Man who Came Back”. You probably know the thing. I find I am dead tired, so I slept late and did not breakfast till eleven. There was no room in the hotel for Ali, so he rolled up in his blanket and slept on the floor in the entrance hall. Today I have got a room for him.

This afternoon I took him out for a walk along the Embankment and showed him Waterloo bridge and the obelisk, still show[ing] splatters from sky bombs. Indeed the bases of the big bronze lions around the base of the monument, are deeply scarred and disfigured by bomb explosions. Ali was greatly interested and when I showed him the Parliament Houses and told him they were the seat of government, he said, “You mean the house of the Sultan”! Otherwise his reply is always: “Na’am (Yes)”.

Then we walked into famous Downing Street, and over to dingy No. 10, which has been the office of the Prime Minister ever since the Eighteenth Dynasty. I rang the bell though it was

Sunday, and handed to the porter a letter I had written to the Prime Minister, containing also one from Lord Allenby, and the porter assured me it would be received at once by the Secretary, who was expected back at his desk this afternoon. We strolled on up to Trafalgar Square, where I went in to the National Gallery for half an hour, taking Ali along. I made no effort to explain to him what it was all about, and he stared in amazement. I found the greatest pleasure in looking at the Turners. His aerial deeps are miracles of painting which no one else has ever approached and I think Ruskin is not extravagant in extolling him as he does.

I find I am quite alone in London. Gardiner left yesterday for Switzerland, and will not return till next September; everybody else I know I telephoned to, and found only a butler or maid with the same story everytime, —off for the week's end! Except Sir Herbert Thompson, who seems to have no telephone, but he lives so far over in the West End that I did not risk a call, but concluded he had gone to the country with the rest.

It is evident my seediness is not weariness alone. My head is hot and full and dizzy by spells, and I am inclined to think I got a dose of malaria in Western Asia; for I was bitten badly by mosquitoes in two malarial areas in spite of all I could do. I'll have a quinine orgy if it goes on this way. The dingy sky of London doesn't help one much. I have seen the sun but a few minutes since I landed in England, and I go out now with the inevitable rain-coat every time, and also with that exceedingly convenient folding umbrella which your mother gave me.

Monday Afternoon, **June 28, 1920.**

I have been the rounds of the steamship offices this morning, and I find I can get a berth without difficulty for myself; but you know the cheap seats always sell out first, and so I find both third and second classes are both full up, and there is no room for Ali; —for of course I can't pay first class for him. So I engaged two berths for myself on two different ships: CELTIC (White Star), sailing July 7<sup>th</sup>, and CARONIA (Cunard), sailing July 10<sup>th</sup>. The first will arrive on the 16<sup>th</sup> and the second on the 20<sup>th</sup> as it stops at Halifax. Then I saw the managers of both agencies, showed my letters and was assured they would consult the government and see if they could not secure me room for the boy from the government reservation of 2-½ % of the ship's space. To clinch matters I then telephoned to Lord Curzon's secretary and was assured by him they would leave nothing undone to secure me a third class berth for Ali on the CELTIC. So I hope to sail on the 7<sup>th</sup>. This is very different from my situation last summer when I tried to secure the influence of the American Embassy here (Wilson's outfit of course) and found myself awaiting around in anterooms and not getting through them. It is a satisfaction to be able to get around our own Embassy and deal directly with His Majesty's Government.

This morning as I came out of a steamship office in Trafalgar Square, a good looking young American stepped up to me and greeted me by name. He then took me over to his car where his wife sat, with a University of Chicago pennant across the windshield in front of her. It was one of my students just finishing up a six week tour through Wales and Cornwall with his wife and twin boys!

On my return my phone rang and I found Mrs. John Collier, Huxley's daughter on the other end, with a cordial invitation for lunch tomorrow. Her husband is a famous painter and Member of the Royal Academy, and you may recall that I met them last winter in Sir Valentine Chirol's party at Luxor. Some of the people I called up are returning from the week's-end and I shan't be quite so lonely. I walked down Whitehall to the Author's Club for lunch this noon and

found the secretary just at lunch, and a vacant place beside him where I fed much more congenially than at this painfully modish hotel. It is so much so that your mother will be interested to know I felt obligated to doff my shabby old hat in favor of a new gray velour from the Civil Service Stores. I think the uniformed flunkies at the doors have already noticed the difference, and I have distinctly gained caste! That reminds me that clothes are still very much cheaper here than with us, in spite of having gone up 100%. I have taken advantage of the opportunity and ordered a lounge suit, as they call them here, at the Civil Service Stores, where I have long been a life member. The cost is 7 pounds, with a bit extra for the American pockets and belt loops, making the total about \$30! I shall not take more than one, for the fit is indifferent, though the goods are the best.

There, I think you have all your father's highly important doings since landing again in Europe! It is just ten months since I landed here last summer, with no arrangements made and feeling utterly in the dark on a host of matters essential to the success of my mission. Scientifically I have not accomplished a great deal, but with regard to museum returns and the practical foundation necessary for our work to take a place in the newly organized Near East emerging from the Great War, I am quite satisfied. The vexations and disappointments, of which there was no lack, now seem insignificant. I am sorry I ever mentioned in my letters any of those which inevitably arise from differing temperaments and dispositions. I have forgotten them all and they never should have been recorded. I found no letters at Cook's this morning and I fear the time is too short for me to receive the last home letters.

I have just got a seat to hear a new play by Galsworthy, which you may know, called "The Skin Game". I don't propose to be taken in by an American melodrama this time! I must go now and try on those clothes, and then it will be time to find some dinner and go to the theater. I have just been telephoning to Hodder & Stoughton, the London publishers of my large Egyptian history,—indeed of all my Scribner books,—and found it amusing. I had asked Ginn's office here to secure two copies of the larger *Egypt* and to send them, together with a copy of *Ancient Times*, to the Prime Minister and to Lord Curzon, as a kind of preparation for the ordeal. These statesmen bluff the public all the time with their "show-window stuff", and so I was playing a little of the same game! Imagine my disgust at receiving a letter from Ginn's saying Hodder & Stoughton reported none of my books in stock,—and they the publishers of the book! So I got the manager of Hodder & Stoughton on the wire and asked them whether they had ever heard of a book called so-and-so, which I understood was on their publishing list. When the manager found out who it was, he gave me a lot of stuff which I confess was very pleasant to hear from a London publisher, and assured me it was a matter of binding, as they are finding it exceedingly difficult to get back to normal working speed since the war. But when he heard the names of the two people the two copies were for he promised to get them out of the bindery this afternoon, and see that they go over tomorrow morning. I have the use of Ginn's stenographer while I am here and I hope to get some of my writing done.

Thursday Morning, **July 1, 1920.**

I am leaving in a few minutes for Paris, where I have got track of an ancient Babylonian King's golden diadem with a long inscription on it. I hope to get it. I return Saturday the 3<sup>rd</sup> and run out for the night at Cobham, Kent, with my friends Mr. and Mrs. Spender. You remember he is editor of the *Westminster Gazette* and a member of the Milner Commission on Egypt. Her has



put all his recommendations in regarding Egypt, that is the antiquities, into the Milner Report to His Majesty's Government and I am very much pleased. I have really got some things done it would seem, on this trip.

A debate in the House of Lords and his departure for the Spa Conference kept Earl Curzon from his appointments until yesterday, when I had nearly an hour's talk with him. I am very glad the ordeal is over. I cannot report on it now, though I wish I had time to write out a full account of the discussion while it is fresh in my mind.

I cabled home yesterday that I would sail July 7<sup>th</sup> on the CELTIC of the White Star Line from Liverpool, presumably reaching New York on the sixteenth. I hope it has reached you promptly.

Just one final word, my boy! I don't want you to feel that I am pushing you into anything as your calling in Life. I want only two things in this connection: First that you shall choose the thing which you can do best and which will make you happiest and most contented; and Second, I want you then to have the very best training and experience it is possible to get, for whatever calling you may choose. Try to choose wisely, and if you must change, have no hesitation in doing so when it is evident you should. My parents accepted my own indecision and changes in this matter, and the least I can do is to let my boy do the same, and help him at every step just as my dear father and mother did.

A few days after you read this I hope to follow it. Good-bye and a world of love to you all.

Don't forget sister's little red automobile. Have it in the basement when I arrive.

Your loving

Pater.