

Beyond the large village of Bardakhān-i-nau, where we arrived on February 16th, this plain presented itself as a great deltaic waste, scrub-covered in parts, but elsewhere of bare sand liable to inundation. The river being in flood and quite unfordable even higher up, we had to follow its winding terminal bed down stream for some 16 miles before we reached a point where a small craft at anchor was found to carry us across. The business of getting our baggage on board by means of a leaky little boat was not finished until after dark, and the night had to be passed on board under conditions compared with which the accommodation afforded by the vessel that carried us on our sea venture seemed almost luxurious. The unloading on the opposite shore next morning was equally slow and troublesome, and not till the afternoon could fresh transport be collected for a move to the village of Lāvar.

For the rest of our journey our route led along the narrow strip between the sea and the utterly bare and wildly eroded sandstone range separating it from the wide plain of Dashtī eastwards. This ground, badly broken by numerous ravines and not easy of access from the other side of the range, could never in historical times have accommodated settlements of any size. I had chosen this, the most direct, route to Bushire in the hope of being able to avail myself of motor transport on the road which was said to have been under construction for some time past. But though traces of it could be found near Lāvar, it must have been completely washed away by streams in many places farther on—if it was ever made. With the scanty donkey transport it had been possible to secure, progress continued to be slow until I was met on February 20th, beyond the village of Bulkhair, by a couple of Chevrolet cars which, in response to a request sent ahead from Daiyir, Major E. Gastrell, British Consul at Bushire, had kindly dispatched to expedite my arrival. The road leading across a succession of ravines and much eroded rocky ridges was difficult enough until more open ground was reached near the Tangistān plain. All the same, thanks to this timely help and the pluck and skill of the Persian drivers, I reached in the evening the hospitable roof of the Residency at Reshire (Rīshahr), where the Hon. Colonel T. C. W. Fowle, C.I.E., British Political Resident in the Persian Gulf, and Mrs. Fowle offered me the kindest welcome.

SECTION III—CONCLUDING STAY AT BUSHIRE

My visit to Bushire had been directly caused by the tribal disturbances which barred access to the ground originally included in my programme, and my prolonged stay there was due to the same unfortunate incident. Everything pointed clearly to the official order from Tehrān postponing further field-work on my