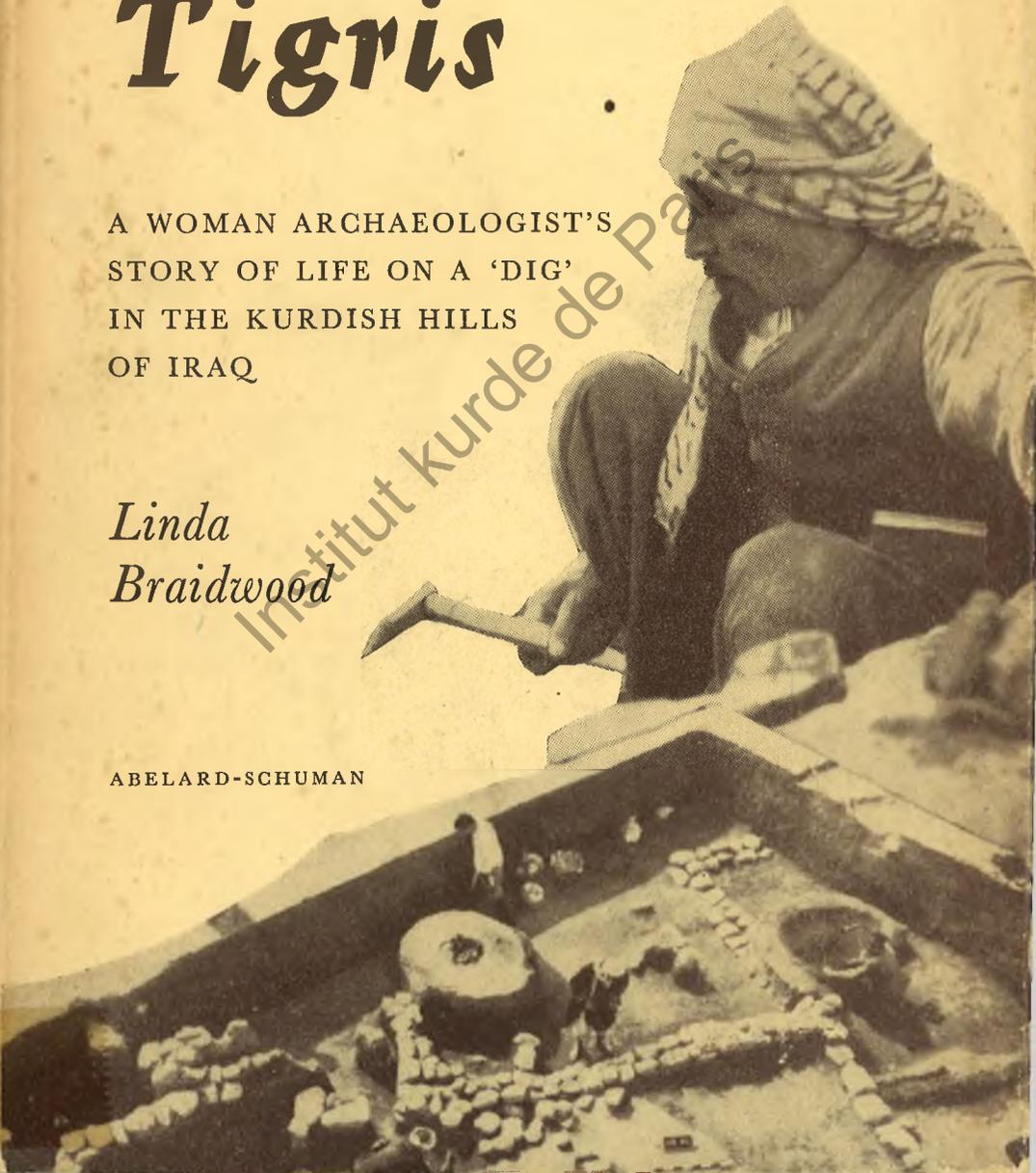


Digging beyond the Tigris

A WOMAN ARCHAEOLOGIST'S
STORY OF LIFE ON A 'DIG'
IN THE KURDISH HILLS
OF IRAQ

*Linda
Braidwood*

ABELARD-SCHUMAN



Digging beyond the Tigris

A WOMAN ARCHAEOLOGIST'S
STORY OF LIFE ON A 'DIG' IN THE
KURDISH HILLS OF IRAQ

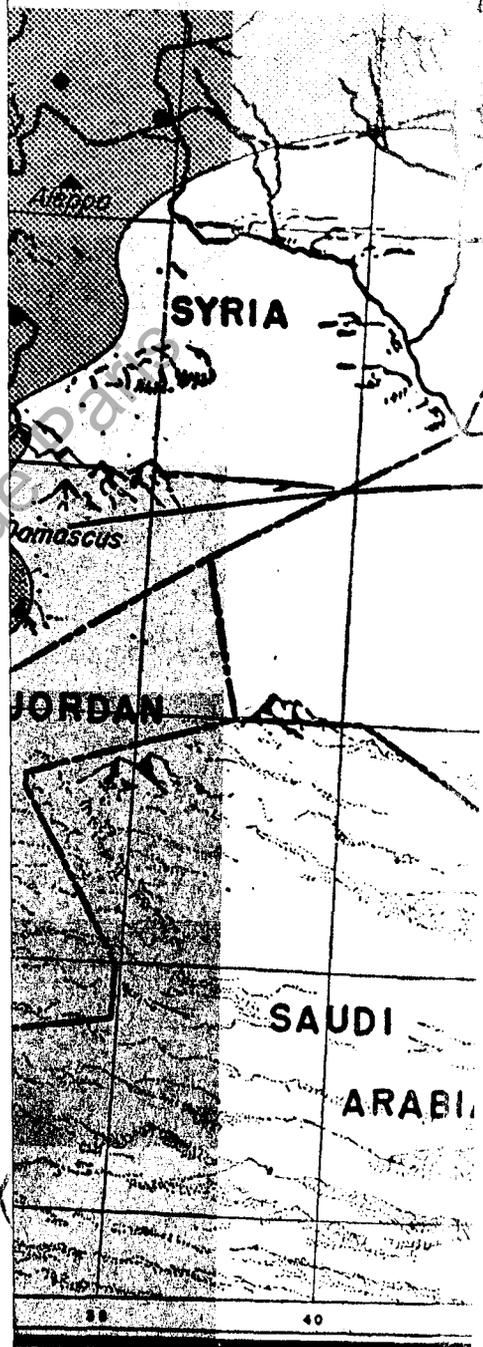
by Linda Braidwood

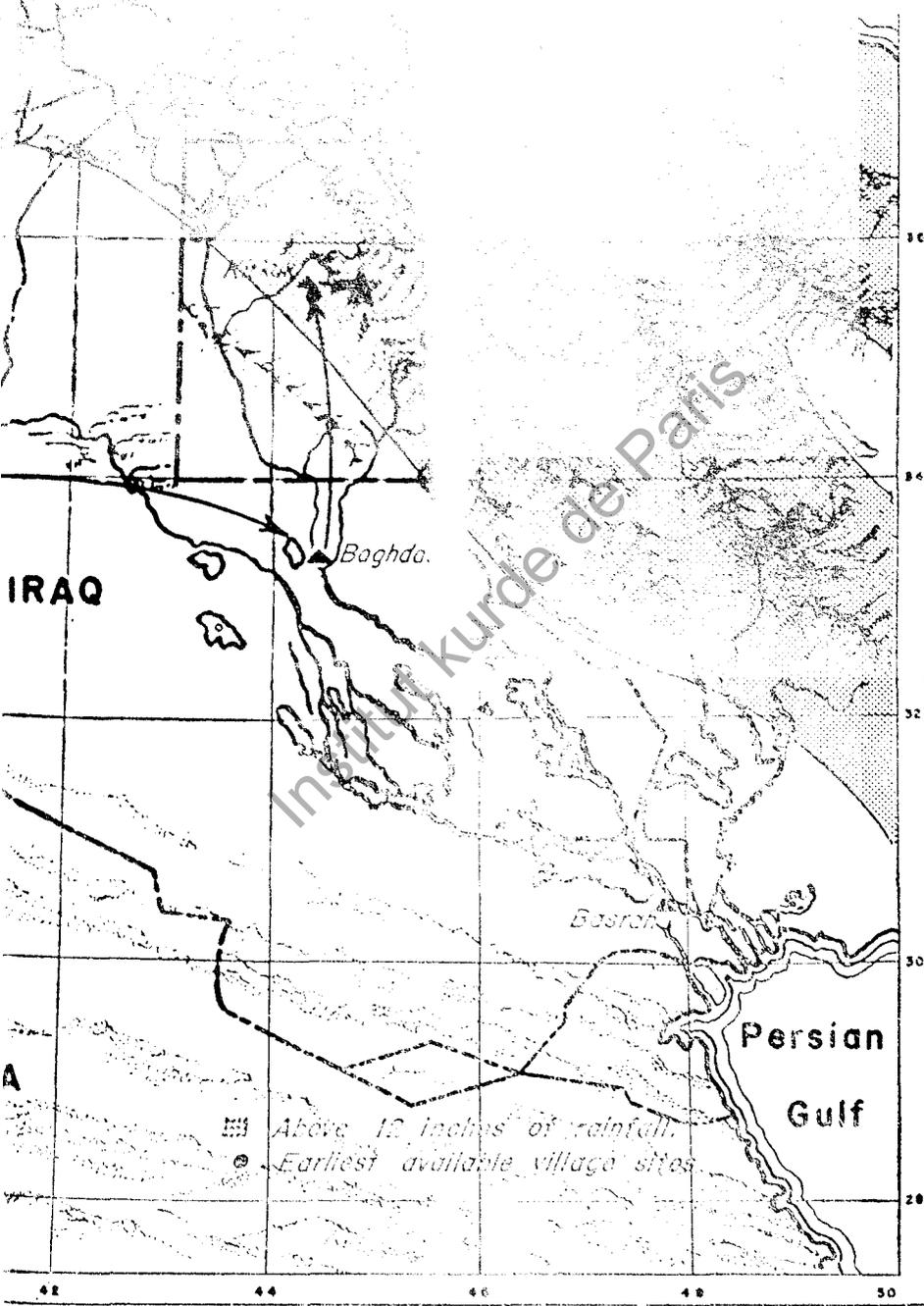
Linda Braidwood tells the story of an archaeological expedition from its original planning stage in the University of Chicago's Oriental Institute to the actual field work in the Kurdish hills of Iraq, 200 miles north of Baghdad.

Mrs Braidwood, archaeologist wife of the expedition's director and mother of two children, who accompanied them, tells us how an expedition is planned and financed; how the staff is chosen, and supplies and equipment assembled, how the workmen who do the actual labour are hired and how the daily routine of living and working on the 'dig' is organized.

The object of the expedition was to seek evidence of the great change in man's history from cave-dwelling savagery to the establishment of settled villages of farmers and herdsmen.

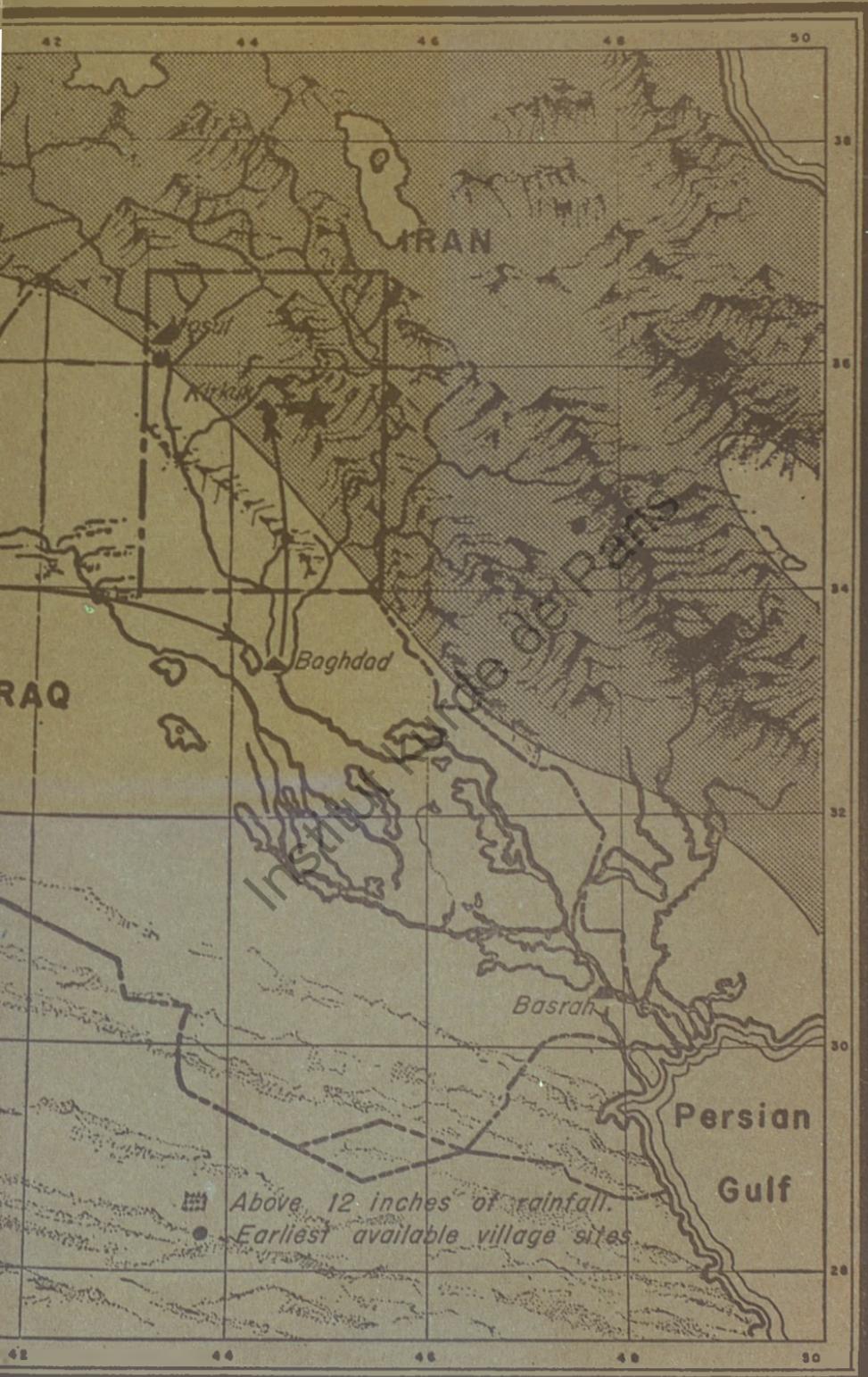
Mrs Braidwood, however, is as interested in the present as in the past, and her story of life in modern Kurdish villages is as readable as her account of the 'dig'.





Indiana Kurde de Paris





IRAN

IRAQ

Mosul

Kirkuk

Baghdad

Basrah

Persian
Gulf

▨ Above, 12 inches of rainfall.
● Earliest available village sites

Dig

A V
STO
KU

by

Lin
arc
pla
cag
fie
200

the
two
tell
fin
sup
the
are
liv

evi
his
est
an

in
of
rea

ut kurde de

4324

*Digging
beyond
the Tigris*

Linda Braidwood



ABELARD - SCHUMAN
LONDON AND NEW YORK

© Copyright *Abelard - Schuman Ltd.*, 1959
*Printed in the U.S.A. and bound in Great Britain for
Abelard - Schuman Ltd., 38 Russell Square, London, W.C.1
and 404 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.*

Institut kurde de Paris

Contents

introduction	ix
1. how we came to dig Jarmo	3
2. getting ready to go	9
3. from Beirut to Damascus	23
4. Baghdad	30
5. up to Jarmo	42
6. getting settled—Jarmo style	57
7. we begin to dig	69
8. an interlude of dancing	81
9. getting into harness	85
10. to market, to market	100
11. a Kurdish market place	110
12. up from hard-boiled egg pie?	120
13. luncheon for the governor	134
14. not so light housekeeping	139

15. ailments: automotive and human 155
16. junior camp members 170
17. animal problems 182
18. the gathering of the staff 193
19. Gran'ma becomes an archeologist 203
20. Spring digging 210
21. holidays 229
22. a (pleasant) state of siege 244
23. a Kurdish wedding and a cherry spree 251
24. a busman's holiday 261
25. digging ended 269
26. the division 282
27. farewell to Jarmo 286

Illustrations

facing page 172

The photographs and illustrations used in this book are the property of the Oriental Institute of The University of Chicago and the Iraq-Jarmo Staff.

1. *Bruce's sketch of older Baghdad houses on the Tigris.*
2. *Bruce's sketch of Kirkuk bridge.*
3. *Modern Baghdad villa on the Tigris.*
4. *Chemchemal plain with mound and village of Chemchemal in center.*
5. *View of countryside on way from Jarmo to Karim Shahir.*
6. *Site of Jarmo as seen from across wadi.*
7. *Making a road in to Jarmo.*
8. *Expedition house as seen from south.*
9. *Modern example of how mounds get built.*
10. *Men at work on Jarmo excavation.*
11. *Mahmud at work on dig.*
12. *Sbergati pickman.*
13. *Bob and Abdullah punching men "out" with Douglas observing.*
14. *Bob taking bakshish.*
15. *Staff picture taken during visit of Naji Beg.*

16. Bob B. at transit making topographic survey.
17. Pay day.
18. Vivian photographing.
19. Liz sorting in stone yard.
20. Bob A. probing a building corner.
21. Linda sorting flints, Douglas doing morning lessons.
22. Jeff and Dick Glessner and Bob B. examining animal teeth.
23. Herb and Sabri out on survey trip cross Lesser Zab river on barge ferry.
24. Conference on photographic tower.
25. Preparing IPC exhibit.
26. Sabri at accounts.
27. Darkroom with Vivian calculating exposure time.
28. Preliminary sketches of typical Palegawra and Karim Shahir antiquities.
29. Preliminary sketches of typical Jarmo antiquities.
30. Jarmo architecture.
31. Rough stone "flooring" on Karim Shahir.
32. Jarmo architecture: mud-walled house.
33. Small testing trenches on Karim Shahir.
34. Esa making chocolate pudding.
35. Ali in winter dress.
36. Water being emptied from donkey's water bag to make mud for Joe's house.
37. Laundry day ended.
38. Zahala with Esa's visiting brother.
39. After a rain; Gretel and Douglas launching the fleet.
40. Vivian and Douglas round up wandering goats.
41. Christmas in camp.
42. Gazelle munching on ancient bone.
43. Vivian sorting potatoes.
44. Fred carefully eating meat to avoid damaging ibex bone.
45. Bruce's sketch of Kurdish musicians and reed pipe used.
46. Line of men dancing at opening fantasia.
47. Sheikh Suliman and son "Billy."
48. Kurdish wedding.
49. Kurdish wedding.
50. Kurdish wedding.

Introduction

THIS IS THE STORY OF A HAPPY ARCHEOLOGICAL DIGGING SEASON in the Near East—of how it was planned and how the expedition lived and worked in the field.

In the old days the archeologist was a romantic individual in a sun helmet. He brought his museum or his patron the loot of royal tombs or of the great cities of known fame—Babylon, Ur, and Nineveh.

The modern archeologist is not interested in glittering antiquities as such. He is searching for general understanding of man's past rather than for royal tombs. He is contributing ideas rather than loot.

Jarmo, the site we excavated, promised to lead to a clearer understanding of the first great change in human history; the time when men first settled down in villages and lived by farming and herding. If we could learn a little more about this, our year would be well-spent.

The Oriental Institute for which we work knew, when our proposed expedition was made part of its budget, that Jarmo

would yield no spectacular objects. Although of late years the effective income of the Institute has dwindled, as a research organization it still feels morally obligated to concentrate on those points in the record about which little or nothing is known, whether the finds are spectacular or not. This unique Institute was founded at the University of Chicago by the late great James Henry Breasted in 1919. Professor Breasted was an Egyptologist by training, a decipherer of hieroglyphic inscriptions, but this hardly suggests his tremendous breadth of vision.

Breasted sought to "recover the lost story of the rise of man." He asked "how did man become what he is?" He knew that, to understand an ancient and extinct culture, the archeologist could not do the job alone. He visualized a really complete expedition as ideally including such trained men as botanists, paleontologists, geologists, climatologists, and anthropologists—who would all work as a team with the archeologist in recovering the story of an ancient culture as it fitted into its natural surroundings.

Breasted focussed his own and his Institute's interests in the ancient Near East "for *there* still lies the evidence out of which we may recover the story of the origins and the early advance of civilization, out of which European culture and eventually our own came forth." He used his tremendous enthusiasm to fire the imagination of men like Rockefeller and others, and gained their support for his work. Before his death in 1935, Dr. Breasted was able to see some of his plans materializing. Oriental Institute field expeditions were at work in Turkey, Syria, Iraq, Iran, Palestine, and Egypt; of the sites under excavation, those of Megiddo and Persepolis are probably most familiar by name to the general public.

The archeologist of today works under different circumstances than his romantic predecessors. Aware of his responsibilities as a citizen in a troubled world, he tries to do his

share towards contributing to good-will between his own country and the country in which he is working. He is unhappy about Hollywood-struck, gun-toting, boy-explorer types of "expeditions" which accomplish little scientifically and do great damage to their country's prestige.

To make his dig tick, the modern archeologist also has to count on a tremendous amount of cooperation and good-will—from his university and various foundations, from his friends and colleagues, from the merchants and shipping agencies who supply and transport his strange needs, from the officials and country folk of the land where he works, and especially from his own field staff.

In our case we are indebted to hundreds of people for their good-will and cooperation. The director of the Oriental Institute, its administration staff, and the University of Chicago's purchasing agents did more than their share. Many Chicago friends helped us. Our doctors and dentist friends somehow arranged their schedules so that a host of preventative shots, last minute dental care and good advice were all provided. Our families had to rally around to take care of our affairs while we were out of the country.

We are above all much indebted to the Institute's present director, Dr. Carl H. Kracling, who believed in our aspirations for Jarmo and its potential yield in knowledge. He not only encouraged us but actively aided us in every possible way, budgetary, administrative, or otherwise.

Out in the field, the director and the staff of the Iraq Government's Directorate General of Antiquities, our friends in Kirkuk, and various local officials and village headmen did everything they could for us. Our Arabic and Kurdish workmen cooperated with each other and with us—making for good efficient digging.

And finally the staff—there were a good many of us, our quarters were cramped and we worked a long season to-

gether. In spite of this, everyone was unusually congenial and cooperative in every way. One couldn't have dreamed up a happier staff.

At home again, we are still dependent on the cooperation of the staff and many non-archeological experts who will help us in studying the excavation materials.

We want to thank our friends and acquaintances—from the States to Baghdad, to the Kurdish foot-hills and back to the States again—for all their help.

Institut kurde de Paris

DIGGING *Beyond the Tigris*

Institut kurde de Paris

Institut kurde de Paris

[1] *how we came to dig Jarmo*

"WE'LL TRY TO GET IT FOR YOU, BOB," SAID THE DIRECTOR, resignedly shaking his head. "I can see you need that amount. But you know how the University finances are these days."

Bob had just handed in the digging budget of our proposed season at Jarmo. We had cut every corner we could. The budget was lean, but efficient. Now all we could do was to keep our fingers crossed. Our Jarmo estimate was only one of the items in the Oriental Institute's budget. If the University Central Administration had to cut the entire Oriental Institute budget too much, there wouldn't be any question of a dig the coming season.

It was well along in September, 1949, when Bob suggested one night that we should tackle the budget for the next digging season. We got out our old accounting sheets and started to work.

"We know we're going to dig Jarmo, so how about calling it the Iraq-Jarmo Project?" said Bob. "A fine idea," I

answered. And so the coming digging season at least had a name.

How did we know it was Jarmo we were going to dig?

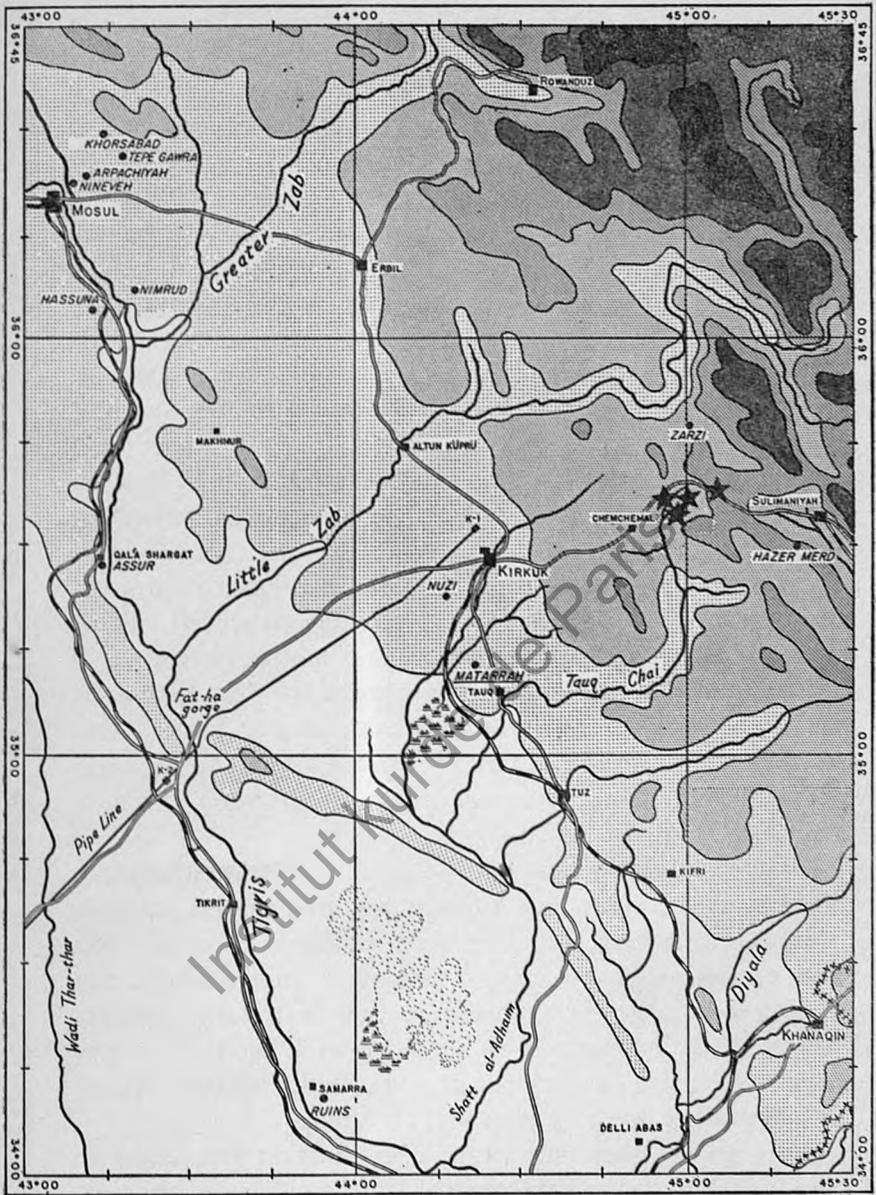
We had first seen Jarmo a year earlier, in 1948, when we had been digging at Matarrah in northern Iraq. The Directorate General of Antiquities, the Iraq Government's official bureau for the control of its antiquities, knew our interests and suggested that we go up and have a look at Jarmo, a prehistoric site they had located in the Kurdish hills some sixty miles away from us.

Over the years we had become especially interested in the early stages of settled village life which had followed the appearance of effective agriculture and animal husbandry. In the Near East such villages date back to around 4500 B.C. The change from cave-dwelling to settled village life marked the first great revolution in human history.

If you plot the known early villages of the near East on a map, you will discover that they are scattered in an arch-shaped pattern from the northern tip of Egypt up through Palestine and Syria, curving across north Syria through northern Iraq and on into Iran.

A good atlas with maps of the mountains, vegetation, and rainfall of the Near East explains the arch-shaped pattern. The early farmers wouldn't have been able to cope with the complicated problems of irrigation and drainage required by southern Mesopotamia and the Nile Valley proper, where little rain falls. They needed rainfall for their crops. And this could be had in the moist hilly uplands where winter rains assure a spring crop, even today.

The idea of plant and animal domestication first began in the Near East, but it was obvious that the villages of the first farmers and herdsmen—the people who had actually discovered that they could cultivate plants and domesticate animals—hadn't yet been unearthed. We felt sure that these villages would be somewhere along those moist, hilly up-



Institut Teknologi Padjad

MAP OF NORTH-CENTRAL IRAQ

Reading from left to right, stars locate Barda Balka, Jarmo (lowest star), Karim Shabir, and Palegawra.

Institut kurde de Paris

lands, too. And a good place to begin looking would be in the highland regions of northern Iraq, where, even today, you find an abundance of wild plants and animals of domesticable types—such as wild wheats, barleys, sheep and goats. Jarmo was located here.

When we first went up to look at Jarmo in April, 1948, we found that it was an isolated spot; no roads led to it. Since our trip was made shortly after a heavy spring rain, we couldn't even reach it the first time by four-wheel drive; we had to wait until the ground was thoroughly dried out.

Our first stop was at the police station in Chemchemal, a small town within ten miles of Jarmo, so that Bob could pay his respects to the local authorities. When he came out he was accompanied by an older Kurd who lived up in a village beyond Jarmo and would act as our guide. This time, when we left the black-topped main road, we found that we could drive with ease across the fields. The only question was how to find our way across the great network of gullies that confronted us in the distance.

Once off the main road we stopped on a hilltop which showed us the whole valley opening to the south. It was about fifteen miles wide, flanked by low mountain ridges on either side. There were very few trees, but it was spring-time and everywhere we saw the emerald green of the meadows contrasted with the burnt red-orange colors of the exposed rocks. These were the banks of innumerable gullies or *wadis* which carry the waters of flash floods after rainfall on the mountain ridges. Between the gullies were the shimmering, green meadows—waving fields of grain alternating with lower stands of grass. Here and there we could see wisps of smoke rising above clusters of low, flat-roofed, mud-walled houses, marking a Kurdish village. It was a somewhat wild but highly colorful and attractive vista.

Bob drove slowly, choosing the most level stretches of meadow. Presently we came to some gently gullied terrain.

Here our guide was sure we couldn't make it and begged to be let out of the truck. But when he saw the ease with which Bob got over this mildly rough stretch, he evidently decided that the truck could do anything. When Bob asked him which was the most direct route to Jarmo, the old Kurd pointed to our left and made no remonstrance as Bob headed in that direction. Fortunately we were all on the look-out and saw the tremendous *wadi* just ahead of us, so Bob managed to stop in time.

Over the protests of our guide, we insisted on a less gullied way. Now, however, we weren't quite sure that we could trust the old man's over-confidence in the truck's ability to make a vertical climb, so some of us ran ahead to do the scouting as he pointed out the general path.

There was a big, steep hill to creep down on a sort of broad path, probably made by cattle, two almost dry stream-beds to cross, and some hilly meadows beyond. At last we could clearly see Jarmo ahead of us. It lay on a high, steep bluff overlooking a narrow, gullied valley.

Presently we were there. The site spread out over an area of about three acres, sharply outlined on three sides—two of the sides dropped steeply to the valley below, the third was a steep but climbable hillside.

We felt immediately rewarded as we began excitedly picking up from the surface implements of flint and obsidian—many of them tiny—and other bits of worked stone. One of the eroded sides of the mound showed us how thick an archeological deposit there was—nearly twenty-five feet. We could even see darkened hearths on this steep, grass-free slope.

We were *definitely interested* in Jarmo.

We wrote the Directorate, asking for permission to do a small test dig. They readily agreed. After a month we came up with tents and dug a few weeks. At the end of that time

we knew that Jarmo merited a season's dig in itself. It was earlier than any of the early farming villages we had yet seen. We sensed it would partially fill in some of the gap in archeological knowledge and tell us something about the beginnings of plant and animal domestication.

We were also curious about how the staff of the Directorate General of Antiquities had managed to find it, since Jarmo was so far off the usual path and difficult to reach. The story as we heard it was much as follows:

The Directorate has men stationed in various cities and towns throughout Iraq to protect the known archeological ruins and antiquities and to be on the look-out for new sites. Since the work of the Directorate is not many years old and there is a dearth of trained personnel in Iraq, these men have only the most elementary training in archeology.

One of these men had walked into the village which we drove through on our way to Jarmo and had asked the headman whether he knew of any antiquities in the region. The headman had answered that they had never seen or heard of any. While they were talking, however, he had offered his guest a cigarette and drawn out his *strike-a-light*. The agent noticed that the flint was a well-trimmed blade and asked where this antiquity had come from. The headman was astonished to hear the flint called an antiquity, but said that if his guest was interested in flints, there was a whole hilltop full of them over there in the distance.

Since there had been no sign of handsome antiquities and only flints were involved, the Directorate agent, it seemed to us, showed unusual perseverance and enterprise in not dropping the matter right there. He made his accompanied way over to Jarmo and gathered a surface collection of flints, obsidian and other worked bits of stone. These he sent off to the Directorate General of Antiquities in Baghdad with the data on the location of the site. Some time later two of

the staff archeologists from the Directorate visited the site on horseback while making an inspection trip in the north. They collected more surface artifacts and included Jarmo in their map of archeological sites.

And this was how the Iraqi Directorate General of Antiquities had found Jarmo.

Institut kurde de Paris

[2] *getting ready to go*

WE HEARD THE NEWS IN JANUARY. IT WAS GOOD AND NOT good. The University had accepted the Oriental Institute's plans for the coming year, but reduced overall expenditures. This meant that there would not be as much money for our project as we knew we should have. Travel, living costs in the field, and, above all, our workmen's wages had skyrocketed. "How *can* we have a profitable dig season and operate on so much less than our pre-war budgets? Hasn't anyone heard that the dollar doesn't buy what it used to?" groaned Bob.

We went over the major items to see what we could cut.

First, the staff. But we couldn't cut down there, for we hadn't even included it in our original budget. We had known we would somehow have to get together a competent staff without paying them. There was no longer the nucleus of paid staff members in the Institute to draw on, as in pre-war days. This meant that we would have to find promising anthropology students who would be able and willing to come out for the season just for the experience.

The first item we had listed was a house. It would be a very modest mud-brick affair; we couldn't do without it and we couldn't cut down on the amount we set aside for it. Next came the equipment we had to take out—perhaps we could cut that a little, but not by very much. Then the amount set aside for shipping out and back and paying customs duties—even what we had allowed probably wouldn't be enough. Next, our estimate of how much it would cost to feed a minimum staff, to run the camp household, and to keep the jeeps going. No cut there.

The last item we mulled over was a big one and we wanted to keep it big: the amount set aside for paying the workmen on the dig. We had estimated the number of days we thought we must dig and the number of workmen needed. It was a simple problem in arithmetic and here was the figure. What really *hurt* was that this was the only major expenditure we could cut down on. But if we cut too much here, it would mean that we'd have a lovely trip out to the Near East, but not much to show for it when we got home. We grumbled, but went ahead and cut, hoping that, once we began digging, some good financial angel would come to our rescue.

Now that the digging season was assured, we could set about clearing up something that had bothered us. Historically as well as archeologically, almost nothing is known of the Chemchemal plain in which Jarmo is situated. The Assyrians were certainly in and out of the area. It is even thought that some of their battles against recalcitrant subjects were fought over on the other side of the Pass—toward Sulimaniyeh. So it seemed a shame to go to all the expense of setting up a camp at Jarmo and end the season knowing about only one site. Jarmo would be a full-time job for us, but someone ought to use our camp as a base and dig a site even earlier than Jarmo. Bob was able to interest the American School of Oriental Research. It agreed to finance a

small dig, preferably a cave site just a step earlier than Jarmo. We were delighted; another chance to help fill the gap in archeological knowledge. On the economic side it would be a help, too. Having more people in camp on another budget would cut down our living and running expenses.

Next to settle was the problem of staff. The Iraq Antiquity Law says that a dig like Jarmo must have a minimum professional staff of four. That meant at least two others besides Bob and me.

The Department of Anthropology had already promised Bob a grant covering round trip air-ticket and cost of food in camp for one promising graduate anthropology student. The field of choice was limited by our requirements. We were looking for more than just a good student. The person must wear well—nine or ten months in camp is a long time. He must be willing to accept responsibility, willing to tackle all kinds of jobs. If a boy, it would be good if he had some mechanical ability. If a girl, she should be able to take photographs, be willing to help run the household; it would be convenient if she knew something about first aid. Some promising students who were most anxious to have the year's experience couldn't afford it; for quite a few were married or had other financial responsibilities. Finally, one of the teachers sent Bob Adams to our office.

He was just the person we were looking for. Bob was doing some graduate work in the Anthropology Department and also working full-time in a steel mill. Questioning revealed a further useful background of engineering courses, mechanical know-how, and war service in the Far East. In addition, he had a thoughtful, inquiring mind.

Our Jarmo budget itself could pay travel and keep for one person besides ourselves. Since we now had a man, we wanted the other person to be a girl. Capable Charlotte Otten, who was our field assistant the last time, had responsi-

bilities and couldn't go. But we soon thought of someone else—Vivian Broman would be just right.

Vivian was also a graduate anthropology student. She had spent a year on her own in Guatemala and this had decided her on archeology as a career. We had seen her in action on a summer dig in southern Illinois and were impressed with her quiet competence and general helpfulness. Vivian was a long way off, but, finally, her letter came saying that she would be glad to go with us. That took care of the Jarmo staff.

Now for the staff of the American School's earlier dig. Bob would act as director-in-charge and, as such, be counted a staff member. Bruce Howe of the Harvard Peabody Museum, who had had years of experience digging in prehistoric caves, would supervise the digging and handle the excavated materials. We already had the people in mind to help him. One was Fred Barth, a Norwegian, who studied at Chicago in the Anthropology Department for several years. Fred would be especially useful for he had specialized in physical anthropology. He would be able to help us with the human and animal bones, in addition to doing regular duty on the dig. Molly, his wife, would have been an excellent person, too, on the staff (she had had lots of archeological experience), but she was expecting a baby sometime during the season. A Pleistocene geologist would round out the staff and we knew of just the one: Herb Wright, a professor at the University of Minnesota. He had already worked in Syria. Minnesota agreed to give him a leave of absence for three months during the winter term. But Herb had to get someone to teach in his absence. That meant money not only for his travel but to pay for his substitute. Since Fred was only coming from Norway, his travelling expenses could be taken care of on the American School's budget and still leave enough money for digging,

but Bruce and Herb had to be taken care of in some other way.

So Bob and Bruce and Herb all got busy writing letters. Carl Kraeling, the director of the Oriental Institute, also wrote many letters. Since we had a sound proposal in mind, two foundations were willing to help. Bruce got a travel-and-keep grant from the American Philosophical Society. The Wenner Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research gave a grant to Herb. That took care of all the staff.

All, that is, except two. These were indispensable to Bob and me and would travel out of our own pocket. Gretel and Douglas Braidwood had already had a season in the Near Eastern field in 1947-48 (our first post-war digging season), when they were six and three respectively. Their archeological activities, it is true, were confined to helping us make surface collections of antiquities. But they had proved themselves good travelers and well-suited to life on a dig. In addition, they had the helpful quality of being able to win friends even when there were language barriers. They were luckier than many adults. At a tender age they had already learned that people are alike the world over, although their ways and looks may differ. We would have to remember to alert them a week in advance so they could decide what toys they would pack.

Next came housing. We wanted an inexpensive, compact house, ready and waiting for us when we arrived at Jarmo. Bob wrote more letters. First to friends we had made some years earlier in the Iraq Petroleum Company in Kirkuk, about forty miles away from Jarmo: Would they please find out whether there was any chance of our borrowing doors, windows, and roofing from their scrap pile? Would one of their geologists go up to the site and pick out the most likely spot for a well? To our joy, the answer was "yes." Bob spent two evenings working on a simple house plan. It looked al-

most palatial when he finished it, but looks are deceiving. The bedrooms, each to house two people, were six and a half by ten feet; the only really large rooms were the dining-living room and the antiquity workroom, about twenty-seven by ten feet.

The finished plan was sent off to our friend, Reverend Jefferson Glessner, the American missionary in Kirkuk. Jeff, out of the goodness of his heart, had said that he would watch over the building process in his spare time. He would also work with the geologist to see where a well could be dug and then locate the house nearby.

Then a letter went off to Abdullah in Egypt. Abdullah is our excavation foreman—a jewel. He has had his hand in on archeological work ever since 1925. We told him that we needed a house by September and that he should get his passport and visa arranged so he could be in Iraq by the end of June. Once there, he should get what supplies he needed (jeep and trailer, shovels, tents, cots . . .) out of storage at Nippur. Then he should go up north to Jarmo and hire men for making mud bricks—we figured around fifty thousand bricks. We told him that Jeff Glessner had the plans and would help him with any knotty problems. With the letters off to Jeff and Abdullah the house was as good as finished. What next. . . .

The next thing to think about was dig and camp equipment. Fortunately, the Institute already had a good nucleus out in Iraq. Some of it we had taken out in 1947-48. More had been added since by the joint Oriental Institute and University of Pennsylvania Museum expedition working on Nippur, a historical site. They would be at home working up their materials, so we could use anything we needed. We had them send an inventory of all the things on hand.

We laughed when we began reading the lengthy inventory. We recognized Irene Haines' inimitable hand in the

typed spelling and the description: “. . . 13 small stariners. . . . 1 thing like an eye-botl. . . . 10 iron staje poles. . . .” We knew by the way items were grouped just what was meant. The only thing that really baffled us was the “thing like an eye-botl.” Whatever it was, we certainly wouldn't need it!

The jeeps had seen a lot of hard use, but we trusted they would run for another season. “It's impossible to guess which parts will be scarce in Baghdad, or what will break down first,” said Bob. “Let's just turn it over to Bob Adams and let him decide!”

That finished the cars! Next came tools. We'd have to lay in a small but goodly supply of them. There is something very mysterious about the way tools disappear in a camp. By the end of a season there will scarcely be a good pair of pliers left, despite the fact that we all try to be very careful about always putting tools back in the tool box in the workroom.

The digging equipment seemed to be in good order. The picks and shovels would need new handles but we could have those made very cheaply in Kirkuk. We did need a new supply of grapefruit knives for some of the finer digging. “By the way, when you take the kids in, be sure and remember to ask Dr. Dahlberg for those old dental tools he's been saving for us,” said Bob. You can't beat a sturdy dental tool for picking hard limestone crusts off stone objects!

We asked the Nippur people to air-express the big dig camera to us, as it needed cleaning badly, and figured out with Vivian what we'd need in the way of developing materials and other photo supplies. We all tried to estimate the number of cut film, rolls of black and white and of color, that we'd need for the season.

Drafting paper for survey and mapping were *musts* on the list—also good drafting ink. You can buy good British

drafting ink in Baghdad, but you can't be sure of getting the colors you want. We needed a good black for drafting and for labelling the thousands of stone objects we would find; also a good white for the dark-colored objects. Then dozens of fine pen points ("Wonder how many we'll wear out *this* season?"), all sorts of paper supplies—cards for cataloguing the objects, typewriter paper, graph paper for drawing objects, notebooks for field notes . . . And the strongest paper bags we could find. We'd need five hundred small ones and a thousand of the big size; for the objects dug up each day are brought home at night in these bags, separately labelled for each find spot. We do re-use the bags, but they have a high mortality rate. Besides, the large ones come in handy for carrying such local groceries as meat, flour and sugar.

We came to "boxes" on the inventory list. There seemed to be plenty of large sturdy ones already out at Nippur, but we needed to get a lot of small ones. Bob Adams went out to shop around and came back from his first stop—the Container Corporation offices—with hundreds in a great variety of sizes. Apparently an order had gone wrong in some respect and was not delivered—a happy error for us because the sturdy boxes were exactly what we needed and were presented as a gift to the Expedition.

"Now, *what* can we do about the generator situation?" Bob inquired. The two little army generators the University had got for us a few years before had bogged down completely. We didn't have the money to buy a new one. Still, we needed the lights—pressure lamps are never very satisfactory for night work. And, when it runs, one little generator provides enough power to feed eighteen or nineteen fluorescent lights. "One of those little Kohler generators is just what we need. Maybe I should write Mr. Kohler and see whether he will take pity on us," said Bob. So he wrote

the letter. Mr. Kohler responded wonderfully and sent us a generator. So that was solved.

There were medical supplies to tackle. There seemed to be plenty of aspirin on the inventory list—we always need a lot, for never a day goes by that we don't have to hand it out to some of the workmen. We were glad to see the snake bite kit still on the inventory. So far, we have never had to use it, but you never know. We needed a lot of things, so we went to see Dr. Coggshall, Dean of the University Medical School and an authority on tropical diseases. He gave us lots of good ideas about the new types of medicines recommended for the things we might catch and wrote out our prescriptions and proper dosages. We ended by getting a good supply of Aralen (anti-malarial) tablets, Sulfadiazine, a few tubes of Penicillin eye ointment, some Diodoquin (for treatment of amoebic dysentery), and a few bottles of Chloromycetin (an anti-biotic to be used only in severe infections when all other treatment had failed). Next came several hundred Band-aids. They only carry that rubberized kind in Baghdad and you just can't get them to stick.

Vivian and I checked through the household supplies on the inventory sheets.

"We must order new wicks for the refrigerator. You know, it's the kind that uses kerosene. Aren't we lucky that the Servell people gave us one last season? What ever would we do without it this year when we'll be so far from Kirkuk?" I said to Vivian. "China, glasses, silverware. . . ."

"Plenty of each."

"Paring knives, and a good butcher-bread knife. . . ."

"We'll have to buy those."

"What we really need is a gallon, covered milk-jug to fit in the refrigerator. With such a crowd we'll have to make up at least a gallon of dried milk at one swoop. Pieplates and bread pans?"

"No, not listed. But plenty of pots and pans. What about a good egg beater? While we're on the kitchen, we'd better write down stove wicks for the kerosene stove. They say it's in fair running order. Let's only hope it lasts the season."

"Now the linen supply. Those old sheets we inherited from the Megiddo expedition are just about to give up the ghost. We'll have to order a dozen cot-size sheets."

"There are only six washcloths."

"We'd better get a dozen more. . . ."

". . . Now let's tackle the grocery list. Irene wrote that supplies in Baghdad are picking up—you can get coffee and shortening and lots of Australian canned vegetables and fruits. She says to be sure to bring along hot cereals, though. There seems to be plenty of dried milk on the market; but let's be sure to take out some cooking chocolate and some of the prepared cocoa mix . . . Canned corn and sweet potatoes would be a good idea, so we get a little variety in vegetables. If we take some dried kidney beans and navy beans we can make chili and baked beans—good old stand-bys."

"How about some dried apples?"

"That's a good idea . . . We'd better lay in a supply of spices and baking powder while we're at it—you can't always get them. Let's be sure not to forget the peanut butter. Oh, and dried yeast, so we can bake our own bread."

"Would it be too extravagant if we took along some of those export hams and bacons? It would be wonderful for holidays."

We nearly forgot the Kleenex and toilet paper. "Seems sort of silly," I said to Vivian, "to take out a case of each. They take so much room. But it's worth it. Toilet paper is still selling for twenty-eight cents a roll, Irene says; small roll, at that. Besides there's nothing like toilet paper or Kleenex for wrapping delicate, small objects."

"Where can we get more packing cases?" asked Bob.

They had rounded up all the strong empty cases in the Institute basement, but we still needed more. Gus Swift heard Bob's plaintive query and said they had a sturdy old trunk we were welcome to. He also remembered seeing an old trunk standing in the alley near their house. "I'll ask the neighbors and find out whether they really want to get rid of it," he said. So the Swift trunk and the Alley trunk joined the cases in the basement.

We all had to give some thought, too, to our personal needs. Iraqi winters can be very cold, especially up north in the foothill country. It is cool but quite pleasant during the day, but the mornings and evenings are generally bitter. Bob B. planned to make a fireplace when he got out. (He's an expert at fireplaces. When he gets through with one, it draws well and never smokes.) But, aside from the fireplace, we'd have only a few portable kerosene heaters. The Glessners had written the last two years saying there was snow up around Jarmo.

I had begun working at solving our clothing problem quite early, but I had forgotten our peculiar American seasonal sales habits. On a cold blustery Chicago day in February, I had scurried downtown hoping to find some warm underclothes for the family. There, spread out on display were only the airiest of spring and summer articles! Even the children's department had swung over to light weight shirts and underpants. Finally, I had a piece of luck. In the Junior Miss section were two pairs of red wool ski-drawers, sizes 9 and 11. They looked small and I knew they'd be fine for Gretel and Douglas.

That was the only piece of luck, though. No underwear for Bob or me. Perhaps we could pick up some nice sturdy pieces in England on our way through during the summer. Along in June, however, we were spared that uncertainty. We went out to visit the Redfields who had just come back from China where Bob Redfield had been lecturing for

the year as visiting professor in anthropology. When they mentioned how cold the winter had been there, we spoke up about our own problem. Greta Redfield immediately said, "Why, we'll have to see about that. We'd better have a look in the barn." We did, and there, stored away in trunks, were a number of warm, useful things. We felt very cheery about the winter.

As the time for leaving drew near we all had many appointments with the doctors for shots.

Bob stopped off at Mr. Finnegan's drug store one night and left a big order: enough ammoniated tooth paste and powder to see us through several seasons, dental floss, shaving cream, several home-permanent refill kits for me—we could practically set ourselves up as a drugstore.

". . . Now where are those extra Easter egg dyes that I bought at Easter and put away in a safe place? We'll not worry about Christmas tree ornaments because we can pick those up in Switzerland, but I must remember to get a big supply of birthday cake candles." These items may seem like non-essentials. Actually they are essentials—children or no children—in the sense that they help make for good morale in camp.

". . . Must find time to go through my recipe files and take out those we'll be able to make in camp, like German potato salad, that good chocolate dessert and Mother's whole-wheat bread . . . Here are Rombauer and the Settlement Cook Book. I'll put them on this pile of things for Bob to take down to the Institute to pack. What else? Miss Jacobs has given us all the books Douglas will need to read this year. Gretel's Calvert School System is already packed. . . ."

We gave Mother an S.O.S. in Detroit and she came for the last few weeks to help with the mending and hundreds of odd last-minute jobs. It would be nice if there were two or three free months to get ready for an expedi-

tion. Somehow it never works out that way. Bob is usually teaching and we are both trying to finish off papers or old expedition reports before we set out again. So the getting ready has somehow to be done in spare moments. We were lucky this time to have Vivian and Bob Adams on hand. As it turned out, they did most of the leg work and the final checking. They were the ones who helped the packers when they finally came after we were gone. Bob Adams was still working at the steel mill, but went short on sleep and turned up at the office in all his free time. Vivian, in between getting ready, took lessons from an experienced photographer, so she wouldn't have to do too much experimenting out in the field.

We managed to involve many others in the Jarmo purchasing. The University did the actual buying when we finally decided what we needed. Scarcely a day went by that we didn't call up John Pond in the Purchasing Department. "John," we would ask, "where can we find some old-fashioned water pitchers—you know the kind you used to use at summer cottages when you washed in your room?"

We kept bothering the girls in our Institute administration wing. "How about some more purchase requests, Kay?" we would ask. "How about some Institute stationery and envelopes? And more of those manila folders?" we would beg. "Better take the stock room while you're at it," they would retort. "The sooner we get rid of the Jarmo expedition, the better!"

It was the middle of July. We Braidwoods were sailing on the *Queen Mary* on the 29th—Bob's birthday. We had to be in Zurich for a Prehistoric Congress the middle of August. The house was neat and shining, all ready for our friends to take over. We had managed to find a good home for our cat. Our own trunks were packed and waiting. Gretel and Douglas had also finished their packing. Although this only consisted of one small zippered bag apiece

that they would carry themselves, it had been a difficult job. The bags contained all the toys, books and games that would keep them amused for the next two months of travel until we reached our trunks in camp.

Gretel and Douglas had made the neighborhood rounds. We had said our goodbyes . . . "Behave yourself, Evie, and see that you send us a letter this time." . . . Everything for the expedition was assembled and waiting for the packers next week. "See you in Beirut. See you in Baghdad," we called back as we left.

"Bob, are you sure we really did pack those phonograph needles?"

The trip had begun.

Institut kurde de Paris

[3] *from Beirut to Damascus*

IT WAS A SUNNY AFTERNOON LATE IN AUGUST. WE WERE getting a bit tired of seeing only the blue Mediterranean beneath us. The airplane began to lose altitude; peering out we could see the Lebanon coast approaching. Soon we began to circle over a large reddish sand-dune area cut across by large runways. This was Beirut's new airfield. We had only a short time to take in the lovely color contrasts—reddish sands, blue sea, and masses of vivid green growth interrupted by red tile house-roofs—then we were bumping along the runway.

We didn't expect to see anyone we knew at the airport; still we automatically looked. We were rewarded, for way back behind the barriers there was a familiar face. It was Abdul-nur of the French School of Archeology. We waved to him and felt like shouting, for, if he was here to meet us, it meant that the French School probably had room to put us up. There are handsome hotels in Beirut, but we preferred to stay at the School. We had spent many happy days there in the past and it felt like home.

Driving out to the School with Abdul-nur, Gretel and Douglas began to recognize familiar streets. It seemed so good to be back in Beirut again; we love this beautiful city with its endearing mixture of East and West. Soon we were at the School and were welcomed by more familiar faces. We were shown our rooms, but scarcely had a chance to get the luggage in before the children were begging us to hurry so that we could see M. Seyrig, the Director.

M. Seyrig had returned from France just the day before and was in his study unpacking. We felt as though only a few months had passed since we were last together; actually it was about two years.

The children went off to explore. Gretel wanted to test Douglas and see whether he really remembered the room we stayed in last, when he was only three years old. He didn't. They came back to ask what had happened to the mobiles. The big one was still hanging from the ceiling in the large living-room, but where were the small ones that used to stand on the floor? They were such fun to watch as they went round. Our friend said that he hadn't yet had a chance to unpack them, but would see that they were put up by tomorrow. The children and I told M. Seyrig that we now also had a mobile at home, made by Bob—a nice ceiling one, inspired by the Calder mobiles in this house.

The next days passed very quickly. The following morning we went down to the pier very early to meet the boat Vivian was arriving on. Thereafter, mornings were pretty standard. This was the time when the firms were open and most of the business transacted. Bob, usually accompanied by one of us, went regularly to the Amlevco office to help speed the cargo through and sign papers, or to check on our airplane passage to Iraq. He managed to get some handsome travel posters to use in camp. The others spent

the mornings laundering or shopping for things we still needed. Beirut is an excellent place to shop. There are good local products, and you can also buy things made in the States, France, or England with equal ease at a relatively low price.

In the afternoons and evenings we made it a point to see friends, or people with whom we had corresponded in the past but not met. We saw some French geologists who had done a lot of work in the Near East. We got in touch with Liz West who lived with her family in Beirut. We had heard of Liz through mutual friends at home. She majored in chemistry while at Vassar, but thought she would prefer to be an archeologist. She had been working in the museum at the American University of Beirut, where her father is a professor. We liked Liz and told her we could certainly use her in camp. We would be able to feed and house her for part of the season, if she could find a way of getting herself out to Jarmo. We promised to write her as soon as we were well settled in camp and we could let her know then whether she should come in the late winter or early spring. At this point, we couldn't promise more than a few months on the dig. Liz was agreeable to this.

Lunches and dinners we usually had with M. Seyrig in his house getting caught up on all the news. On our second night, however, M. Seyrig and we were invited to dinner at a hotel up in the mountains. We tucked the children in bed, left our telephone number, and told them we expected to be back reasonably early. Sandy (an archeologist recently converted to oil work) and his wife and friends called for us, and we set off in two cars. It was pleasantly warm in the city but we took along light wraps for it would be cool up above Beirut. Soon we left the lights and noises of the city behind us. As we started to climb up the mountains, we began to see lights twinkling on all the hillsides. In the day-

time, from below, one could only see the green of the trees; we would never have suspected there were so many communities up along the mountain drives.

After a while we entered a resort community with lights blazing everywhere, and felt as though we had just arrived at the Boardwalk in Atlantic City. We heard music from cafés and saw hundreds of people strolling around in Arab or European clothes—the day just seemed to be beginning here. We pulled up to a large stone building which looked fairly new. When we went inside, our jaws dropped with amazement. "It is just like the Arabian Nights," we kept saying. Here was an extremely handsome hotel lobby, with equally handsome cocktail lounges. Everything was *moderne*, from the simplicity of the furniture to the colors used—eggshell-colored carpets, chartreuse and yellow upholstered furniture.

Fortunately by this time we were able to collapse on some comfortable seats in a corner of the cocktail lounge. Our breath had returned and we bombarded Sandy with questions. It seemed that the owner is a Lebanese who, while in the States, gave his hotel plans to Macy's and told them to take over the decorating; all as simple as that. Perhaps some of the hotels at home are as strikingly decorated, but we have never seen them. We investigated the ladies' Powder Room and found it equally handsome.

After drinks we went into the patio-like summer dining-room. We were still bemused. The room was handsome, the dinner excellent and we had never heard an orchestra quite like this one. The costumes and music seemed Mexican, and were. We were told that Mexico and the Lebanon had recently signed a trade agreement of which this was part. In exchange for the best Lebanese orchestra, Mexico had sent one of its best orchestras. Vivian found it fantastic to be hearing Guatemalan tunes in the Lebanon.

We hadn't danced for years, but couldn't resist the music.

By the time we had finished our lengthy dinner—with dancing between courses—we had the floor pretty much to ourselves. We found that the orchestra could play almost anything, old or new. If they didn't recognize a title, we had only to hum the tune and they could play it. With the orchestra and floor all to ourselves, we tried polkas, a Greek folk dance the orchestra taught us, and ended up with square dancing. It was a heavenly evening—but we finally had to go home. When we got back, the children woke up and were scandalized to see the first streaks of light in the sky; what an hour for their parents to come home!

A day later and the final customs clearance papers were signed. We were free to leave. We regretfully waved good-bye to M. Seyrig—if only he would visit us in camp; but he would probably be too busy with his own work. We had rented a car, and began driving eastwards, through orange and banana groves, towards the mountains. We turned around to catch our last glimpse of Beirut. It began to look like a toy city—pastel-colored houses with red-tiled roofs extending from the green mountains down to the blue sea.

Our final stop was to be Damascus, but first we wanted to make a little detour to show Vivian the lovely Graeco-Roman ruins at Baalbeck. It was nice having her as an excuse so we could visit them again. The day grew warmer. We reached Baalbeck and spent a little time walking through the handsome ruins. Then we had to be off to the south to the Damascus road where we had a picnic-lunch date with one of the French geologists and his family—they were staying up in the hills during the summer.

We had a pleasant afternoon. The children all played together, uninhibited by language barriers. We drove out to see an open air site M. Dubertret had found, where there was a profusion of large flint tools—left there by the early food-gatherers who made them. It began to get dark and, when we heard our taxi-driver muttering, we hastily

shouted our *au-revoirs* and set off down the Damascus road.

We reached the Lebanese frontier where we went into the customs office to have our visas stamped for exit. The children, especially, were warmly greeted. We were used to this—for children are loved, admired, and made much of, in the Near East. When crossing frontiers we are especially thankful to have them with us, to facilitate the crossing. We finished the Turkish coffee hospitably served us, the visas were stamped and the luggage passed, unopened. We went on for a short stretch and stopped at the Syrian frontier, where we went through the same procedure.

It began to get very cool. We bundled the children up more warmly in all the sweaters at hand, and pushed on to Damascus. When we arrived it was almost ten o'clock but all the cafés and streets were crowded with people. We were staying at a new hotel, the Semiramis, which had just opened. We looked like tramps after our day in the country, but the porters and desk man were not surprised. We might have been royalty by the way we were ushered in.

The next morning we breakfasted on the dining-room balcony. The hotel is located on the main square and we were fascinated by all the movement below us. The sidewalks and streets were crowded with people, mostly in light Arab dress, highly sensible for the warm weather. Shiny-new American cars and horse-drawn carriage-taxis made their way around the walkers. Men were slowly watering the flowers in the square, hawkers were selling their pushcart wares. Two large buses over on the corner were gradually filling up with passengers and their luggage. How many chickens was that passenger taking with him? We watched him climb to the favored position on top of the bus. There, he made it! The roll of blankets, the squawking chickens and the bundles of food were all safely up with him. Up there he would have fresh air and the passenger next to him wouldn't be so likely to be car sick. We had

heard, too, if you paid for the privilege of riding on top, you were entitled to help yourself to any fruits or vegetables within reach—no matter who the owner. Seemed like a good idea.

We got our cameras and tried to take pictures. We wanted to get in the crowded square, the cafés on the lower roof tops, the mosque in the distance, the mountains beyond. It couldn't be done—the hotel should have been on the other side of the square. But we decided that a mere picture would be incomplete anyhow. What we needed in addition was a wire recorder to record the sounds: the normal drone of Arab voices, the honking cars, the clop-clop of horses' hooves, the hawkers, the barkers who were trying to get people to take the bus to Hama, the chickens, the Call to Prayer coming over the loudspeaker on the mosque—all the wonderful sounds of the Near East. We needed a smelling recorder, too, for the strange but pleasant blend of smells. We could identify only a few—shish-kebab being roasted over charcoal, the smell of ripe cante-loupes . . .

We lingered long over breakfast.

[4] *Baghdad*

WE FLEW FROM DAMASCUS TO BAGHDAD. AS WE CLIMBED out and felt the hot, dry air we knew it was still summer in Baghdad, although this was early September. When we went into the little front office of the airport, however, with passports in hand, it was cool and pleasant. They were using the simple aircooling system that must have been invented centuries ago. You put a thick screen of a weed, called camel thorn, outside the open window and maintain a steady drip of water on it. The evaporation cools the air and the weed gives off a fragrant odor. When the fragrance is gone you simply put in a new supply of camel thorn.

When the official had time to look at our passports, he made quick work of them for our visas were in order. A few minutes later we were through customs. We got into the double-decker airline bus and soon were deposited at the Zia Hotel. Here we felt on home ground again—we had spent many days in the hotel on other trips.

The Zia lies back of the main street, along the banks of

the Tigris river. You aren't bothered back here by the sounds of constantly honking cars on Rashid Street. There are river sounds, but these are pleasant—splashing oars, the muffled sounds of the large barge-boat motors.

The porters scurried out to get our baggage. They hoped we were all in good health and told us that Mr. Michael was expecting us. We went around to the other side of the hotel, to the tables that were out on the lawn overlooking the river. Here we found Michael, the proprietor, looking a bit heavier than when we last saw him, but natty, as usual, in his white sharkskin suit. To our delight we found Bob Adams with him. Bob had arrived by air from Cairo a few hours earlier. Before we could say more than a few words Michael, in his hospitable way, made sure that we each had a glass of beer or Coca-Cola in our hands. Gretel and Douglas had already disappeared. They had gone off with their old friend Esa, the bar-tender, to find some of their favorite pistachio nuts.

While chatting, we found out that Michael's brother, who was studying to be a doctor, was now in London. Michael sent him large parcels of food (especially pistachios) by air every month so he wouldn't get too homesick. "Michael," we said, "that's just like you—you have a big heart." We asked him whether "his" detective story was out yet. This was a book Agatha Christie Mallowan had been writing about Iraq—with the murder taking place in Michael's hotel. He said the book wasn't on sale yet, but Mrs. Mallowan had promised to bring out a copy for him in a few months' time.

We got an early start the next morning and arrived at the offices of the Iraq Directorate General of Antiquities shortly after opening time. We spent all morning in the various offices, introducing Bob and Vivian and paying our respects. It seemed good to see all the familiar faces again. In each office we had to have something to drink with the occupant

—an age-old habit of Arab hospitality. In hot weather the drink is usually an extremely palatable “tea,” made of a certain dried fruit that gives it a strong lemony taste. But this was the month of Ramadan (or fasting) when nothing could be cooked, brewed, or eaten during the day hours. In the past, lemon squash would have been served under these circumstances. But we discovered—somewhat to our dismay—that Coca-Cola had recently come to Baghdad. The Iraq-produced drink was fizzier than ours at home and seemed to taste even sweeter. We could manage one bottle, but not one in each office. Here the children came to our rescue and emptied the bottles for us. No burden for them.

The Director-General, Dr. Najī el-Asil, was not in his office as this was his vacation. So we all took a taxi and went out to his house to call on him. He received us most affably and said he was glad we were going to dig at Jarmo. After telling him of our plans for the season and urging him to come up and visit us, it was soon time to go. We lured the children from the caged birds (bulbuls) they were admiring, got back into our taxi and arrived at the hotel in time for a late lunch.

Since Bob Adams was agreeable to going on up to camp to work on the house, we saw him off on the train that very night. He was all alone in his first-class compartment. After renting a bedding roll from the attendant, he would have a warm though comfortable trip up to Kirkuk. The third class was well filled with people, bundles, and livestock, but these cars were far enough away from Bob so the noises wouldn't bother him. The trip from Baghdad to Kirkuk is a short one (about one hundred and eighty miles) but the train moves slowly and gently. It is the only line we know of that could safely guarantee a smooth ride and a good night's sleep. In Kirkuk, the next morning, Bob would be met by the Glessners who would give him the usual good Glessner breakfast and then get him up to Jarmo. We had

talked with Jeff on the phone. He was very busy right now with his own work and would be glad to have Bob take over the house supervision.

We spent the next few days in Baghdad trying to get things done but accomplishing very little. The main stumbling block was the matter of summer hours. All the government offices (Directorate General of Antiquities, too) were open theoretically from seven-thirty or eight in the morning until one o'clock. But many of the higher officials didn't put in an appearance before nine or nine-thirty. Moreover, you didn't just transact business—you worked up to it gradually. The outcome was that often you only finished one item in a morning. It is the only sensible way to conduct business in a hot climate, but it did mean that we had to adjust ourselves to this quiet tempo. We had to learn all over again to relax and not worry about finishing a job in one morning as one would at home. We had hoped to spend at most five days in Baghdad, but we soon saw that it would stretch out to nine or ten.

In the late afternoon the shops and bazaars were open. We made the rounds to see what was available. Then if the same wanted items were not to be had in Kirkuk, we could have them sent up by train. We also had some buying to do. Bob Adams had called from Kirkuk to say that everything was coming along nicely on the house but that there was no water pump to be had in Kirkuk. He had just finished building a privy and suggested that if we could find a couple of old toilet seats, it would be a good idea. Bob went out in search of second-hand places. Eventually he found a pump that could be repaired and some seats. We needed to buy oilcloth for the dining-table and to cover the kitchen shelves and counters—there was a larger selection in Baghdad than Kirkuk. We picked up some extra reading material for camp. We found a little time to wander through the maze of covered bazaars. I took Vivian to

the copper bazaars to listen to the melodious din made by the copper workers.

The late afternoon was also the time to see the customs clearance agent. He spent hours at the hotel. Together he and Bob went through the long detailed list of contents that would arrive in the boxes. Nawi had to know what each item was so he could translate it into Arabic for the customs people. Bob had his troubles explaining what some of the things were.

Or we went to see what shape the car was in. The cars had been left—at the end of the previous season—in the agency garage with instructions to get them in good shape. Two jeeps were already up north, after breaking down several times on the trip up. After driving the station wagon down the street, we found it was misbehaving. We didn't trust the garage enough to take it back to them for a checkup. The Glessners had told us of the mechanic they used in Baghdad so we took the car to Agoulian who had been the mechanic at the Y. M. C. A. for many years. He was a friendly, capable-looking person and would do anything for the Glessners' friends. He shook his head over the way the car sounded. Then we left, relieved that we had Agoulian to fix it up. We heard later that a few minutes after we had left, Agoulian smelled something burning. He discovered that the garage had done a bad wiring job—the wires were beginning to burn.

Bob made the Embassy rounds and came back with a luncheon invitation from the Ambassador for all of us. The Baghdad Embassy, amusingly enough, is a smaller replica of the White House. It houses both the Embassy offices and the Ambassador's residence. It was almost a shock to enter the Ambassador's wing, for it was very cool—a big contrast with the outdoor temperature. We found Mr. Crocker and the political attaché, Mr. Tatham, well-informed, interested in Iraq and most pleasant to talk to.

We admired the new American air-conditioner. There was only one unit for the whole downstairs space. It was large and efficient and seemed to run pretty much on the same principle as the camel thorn cooler. Lunch was served. It was excellent, but gradually Gretel and Douglas began to shiver with cold. A servant went upstairs to find something to put around the children, and returned with a blanket for one and a linen tablecloth for the other. The goose pimples gradually subsided and the children were happy.

On one of the evenings Nawi, our clearance agent, invited us to go to a movie with him and his family. We had never been to the movies in Baghdad and thought it would be fun to see what it was like.

After an early dinner we walked over to the theater which was on one of the main streets. From the outside it looked like one of our neighborhood movies at home. When we entered, we were surprised to find ourselves coming out into a great open courtyard filled with seats. It reminded us of a drive-in. We wondered whether the people who lived in the apartments surrounding the courtyard had to pay for the privilege of having what is comparable to loge seats. All they had to do to see a movie was to lean out their windows—no one to disturb the view.

The screen finally lit up and we sat through the coming "attractions." They were all American. We writhed in our seats as we saw the awful junk the Baghdadis would be seeing in the coming weeks. "Hollywood at its worst," we thought. "It might be all right to show this stuff at home, but why does it have to be shipped all over the world! It's the only more-or-less first hand knowledge many foreigners have about Americans and American ways . . ."

Things were really underway in the Antiquities department; by the end of the week, our excavation permits would have all the necessary signatures. Bob and I asked Vivian whether she would stay with the kids while we

went down to Nippur to get the things we needed out of storage there. We had an itemized list of everything we wanted and we knew from Irene's description approximately where we could find things. It was hot in Baghdad and would be hotter in Nippur—we would be back as fast as we could.

It was annoying to have the station wagon out of commission. It meant that we would have to get a taxi to take us down and keep it there until we had finished the job. The Directorate General of Antiquities loaned us one of their drivers to show us the way down and to help us. They also gave us letters addressed to the police of the various larger towns we would go through. We laid in a supply of food for the trip: tinned juices, baked beans, biscuits, and some soup tablets. We put two large thermos jugs of water on the floor of the taxi. Then right after lunch we set off in our work clothes.

The drive was hot but the ride was more interesting than we had thought it would be. We were expecting bleak desert for most of the way and were surprised to find as much green as there was. But we had forgotten we were going to travel quite a way along the Euphrates river. The land on either side was covered with a narrow stretch of green foliage—to our inexperienced eyes, it looked almost jungle-like.

Then we turned inland and set out on the last stretch of our trip. Up to then we had had a fairly good road; now it was a dirt track, dusty but easy to follow—if you had a driver who knew the way. We could imagine what slippery going it would be in the rainy season when the Nippur people wanted to come to Diwaniyeh to shop.

Presently we could see the large mound of Nippur over in the distance. We knew that we must soon come to Afej, the small town where the expedition makes its headquarters. Here we did have to stop to pay a courtesy call. So,

with our letter in hand, we knocked at the door of the home of the local official—the equivalent of our mayor. A house boy took our letter, ushered us through the front hall and on out into the garden beyond and invited us to sit down on the chairs placed there. He busied himself producing some more chairs, cigarettes, and glasses of a cool yellowish drink, shooed a rooster back into the house and left us. We gathered that our host was just arising from his siesta—we weren't really arriving at an impolite hour for it was now six-thirty. What to do with the glasses in our hands? Bob and I looked at each other and thought of the irrigation ditch outside—the only source of water in town. We considered pouring the contents on the grass but knew that we were probably being watched by most of the household from the curtained upstairs windows. The only thing to do was to drink it. The mixture was very sweet and I hopefully murmured to Bob, "You remember what Dr. Ort-mayer said about the sugar in dates—this ought to have enough sugar to kill any bugs."

After a short wait a comfortable-looking man arrived. He brought with him the local school-teacher who was supposed to know a little English. We were all served with Turkish coffee and then the conversation began. The school-teacher's English was more limited than Bob's Arabic, so the conversation, such as it was, was in Arabic. Bob did fine. I, being a mere female, could be polite by being silent. I made the most of this advantage, only occasionally saying a polite word of acquiescence or approval. My Arabic is much more meagre than Bob's. I could follow all that was said but would have been hopelessly bogged down if I had had to conduct the conversation.

After half an hour we were free to leave. Our host urged us to call on him if there was anything we needed. We drove a short way along the irrigation canal and came to the

expedition house. Inside, we found the guard who greeted us in friendly fashion. While we had been paying our call he had had time to clear out all the members of his family who had been living with him in the house. The large brick house seemed pleasantly cool after the heat outside and we decided that this would be a good time to get started.

We had the guard find lamps and light them. Hubi, the man from the Directorate General of Antiquities, and the taxi driver had both agreed to help us with the packing. I got out Irene's sketch plan of the house while Bob and the men got down the six chests of drawers we were going to take. We were distressed to find that white ants were eating away at them, but cleaned them up with kerosene. In the meantime I got busy setting out all the dishes and cooking utensils we needed. The guard came back with some straw for packing all the breakables in the chest drawers. Bob took charge of selecting and packing all the survey and mapping equipment he would need.

Around midnight we stopped work and went to sleep on some cots that had been placed up on the flat roof for us. We found it a bit chilly towards morning—even with our clothes on and a blanket over us. The Afej chickens woke us around five. We went down into the small, paved courtyard and boiled some water for coffee. We heard some chickens close at hand and soon saw where they were roosting. Bob said, "What do you think Irene would say if we wrote and told her the kitchen is now a hen-house?"

Some strong village men soon arrived for work. We had to tackle the large room where most of the bulky things were stored. We had unlocked it the night before but after one quick look at it had decided it was a job for daylight—Irene had been right when she said this was going to be the big job. We put the men to work unloading a small part of the room so we could have a passageway. Then they were

able to move out the big refrigerator. More things had to be cleared to get at the kerosene heaters on the back shelf. We had thought to use the shelves themselves but realized that would be a full day's work in itself. Not everything needed packing; the Haineses had put away the linens and bedding and the museum supplies in large cartons and crates. Chairs, tables, picks, shovels, cooking stove, oven, folded cardboard cartons, the old army motor-generator, gradually we were assembling them all.

At noon we sent the two men who came down with us back to Diwaniyeh to find a large truck with four wheel drive that could take the things right in to the Jarmo camp house. They were gone for hours. Finally, after dark, the men came back and said that there was no large truck and they had finally settled for two medium-sized ones; it just wasn't possible to get any trucks that would go all the way in to Jarmo. The trucks arrived about ten and all the things were packed in between ten and one o'clock. There wasn't anything for me to do at that point, since Bob was out supervising the packing, so I just made myself comfortable and did some reading. Some of the local police were sent in by the mayor to see that nothing was stolen off the trucks. The drivers didn't want to begin the trip until around three o'clock so we all rolled into blankets and had a nap. When we did get started we were glad we had thought to bring our blankets with us, for it was fairly cold. We thought it best to stay with the trucks at least up to Baghdad. We had already arranged with Hubi to ride up with the trucks from Baghdad to Jarmo. Things get lost so easily—it would be well to have a responsible person we knew along to keep an eye on things.

As it turned out, we were quite a cozy party for a good part of the trip. We kept wishing we had a camera along for there, escorting us from Afej, was a jeep full of police

with a neat Bren gun mounted on top. If it had been Brinks, we couldn't have had better protection.

The drive down to Nippur had taken about four and a half hours but the drive back with the trucks took eight hours. We were exhausted when we got in.

As we sat out on the lawn having our dinner, we wondered how much longer we would have to stay in Baghdad. Bob thought that in two more days, the permit papers would finally be ready. Agoulian had finished working on the car; it ran smoothly on the way back to the hotel. We had left the Nippur typewriter and radio at the shop down the street for repairs; they would be ready the next day. We could finish off our banking in the morning—we had better change some more money at the same time. . . . We sat and watched the occasional boats slide by. We shooed away the cats that hovered close to the tables—we really needed Douglas to chase them, but he was in bed. We idly wondered if any hotel did more furniture-moving than the Zia. Breakfasts were served outside on the porch. By mid-morning the waiters had moved the tables into the dining-room; lunch was served inside to escape the heat—the windows were closed and the fans turned on. By late afternoon the same tables had all been moved down on to the lawn for dinner.

The papers were signed and ready. Our cases still hadn't arrived from Beirut but since the clearance papers were all signed, Nawi said he could take care of the boxes himself and send them up to us. We would make an early start for Kirkuk and Jarmo the next day. We had packed our baggage and given our thermoses to the waiters. When they brought us our tea in the morning, they would bring the thermoses filled with ice water and the box of sandwiches and fruit they had fixed for us. We looked for Michael to say goodbye and found him all ready to go out for the eve-

ning. "Michael, we're off in the morning. When are you coming to visit us?" we asked. Michael smiled and said, "*Wallah*, this year I will really try to come to see you." Then he turned and shouted, "Boy!, *jib* (bring) chewing gum!" He had promised the children an extra supply for the trip up, and Michael never went back on a promise.

Institut kurde de Paris

[5] *up to Jarmo*

SOMEONE WAS POUNDING AT THE DOOR. "YES?" I CALLED, "Three o'clock, *memsahib*," answered the waiter. "All right," I answered. A few seconds later Gretel's alarm-clock went off. Soon we were all up and dressing, trying to be quiet so we wouldn't wake the people across the hall.

We were off to a good start at a quarter of four. Bob was driving the first stretch. "Will somebody take down the mileage?" he asked. I jotted it down, feeling a bit silly because we always forgot to check the mileage at the other end. It would be nice to know how far Kirkuk really was. It was probably around three hundred kilometers (one hundred and eighty miles), but out here we did our driving or walking in terms of time. The condition of the roads varies so much that mileage gives you no notion of how long a trip will take. We knew the Kirkuk run would take us about six hours, if we didn't have any car trouble on the way.

As we made the turn leading to the suburb, New Bagh-

dad, the sky began to turn pink. We passed the simple mud-brick houses at the outskirts and saw people moving about outside. Two women were coming down the road towards us, walking with an easy graceful swing. They were bare-footed. Their long, full, gaily-printed cotton skirts were tucked up so as not to hinder their walking. A black scarf was wound, turban-fashion, around their heads. How could they ever balance that load? Each woman was carrying on her head five large copper bowls of *leben* (yoghurt), stacked one on top of the other. They were taking it in to market in Baghdad.

We sped by the large, modern apartment houses of New Baghdad and on into open country.

It was all flat country. No trees, but you did get the green of vegetation—for much of this first stretch was irrigated. After quite a long drive we saw, off in the distance to the right, a great mass of green trees. That must be Baquba, a small town famous for its oranges.

About two hours from Baghdad we regretfully saw the green date palms of a town directly ahead of us. This meant the end of our good road. We slowed down to go through Deltawah, to avoid hitting the people and bumps in the street. Here and there we could peek over the mud walls that lined the street and see the houses and gardens beyond. The date palms were so thick that you almost felt as though you were going through a forest. As we left the high palms of Deltawah behind, we prepared ourselves for the gravel-topped, dirt road just ahead.

The gravel hadn't been scraped recently, we found, and we had to drive slowly to avoid skidding. We left clouds of dust behind. The station wagon acted just like a vacuum-cleaner and sucked great clouds into the car through the cracks in the back door. We took our scarves from our heads and tied them over our noses.

Presently we could see the desert lying ahead of us. This

isn't a sand-desert; it is hard and more like the surface of a hard-clay tennis court. Here we could leave the gravel road for there are tracks, made by other cars, to follow over the hard desert floor. The tracks never entirely lose sight of the road, but do wander about searching out the smoothest portions—sometimes even crossing the road and continuing on the other side. You can drive at a good speed over these tracks, but you always have to be able to slow down suddenly when you come to one of the old irrigation ditches—else you will surely break a spring.

After an hour and a half the desert stretch ended and we had to drive on the gravel road again. Before too long we came to the Jebel Hamrin. This is a hilly area consisting of low, bleak, rock-formations. As we approached the hills, a policeman came out of the police post located on the road. Since he made no attempt to stop us we began the curving climb. "Watch out for the gremlins," we called to the children. This region is supposed to be dangerous as a good hiding place for bandits and we had heard tales about "recent" hold-ups but weren't much concerned. Probably some people had been held up here years ago—in the constant repetition of stories out here, "years ago" is apt to become "yesterday" in the retelling.

We still remembered an incident that had happened when we were out before. We had wanted to hire some men from another village. The sheikh of our village had demurred and told us that his village and the other were blood-feuding—that only "last year" ten men had been killed. Later when we asked a government official about this tale, he laughed and said that it was true to a certain extent. About ten years earlier, one man had been killed.

We were through the hills and out in flat country again. Here there were signs of cultivation and villages off in the distance. At last we came to the black-top again and heaved sighs of relief. We opened all the windows to try to blow out

some of the dust. Presently we passed the village and mound of Matarrah where we had dug a few years before. One of the villagers, sitting by the road waiting for a bus to take him to Kirkuk, looked like one of our old workmen. We waved to him but kept on driving; we couldn't possibly get another person into the car.

The countryside wasn't quite so flat as the southern stretch. For some reason or other the British Army didn't do any grading when they built these roads. We found that we had to slow down for each dip. They weren't particularly deep but they were sudden and short, bad enough to break a spring if you didn't slow down.

"Let's see who can see Kirkuk first," said Bob. "No fair, Daddy," said Gretel, "You'll see it first—you always do." But as we went around another curve, we all shouted out together, "There it is!" What we saw was not really Kirkuk but the Kirkuk landmark, the fires from the oilfields. These are the natural gases from underground that are piped high into the air and ignited to prevent explosion. It seems such a waste. We have heard that this same gas could be used to provide all Iraq cities with fuel and cooking gas. But the original installation would be very costly and so the project is not undertaken.

Soon we came within sight of the city which is dominated by the high, steep mound off over at the right edge. No one knows when the earliest settlement was made in Kirkuk for no excavations have been made in the mound. It would be difficult to get at the earliest settlements, anyway: they lie at the base of the whole debris, probably even below the present surrounding ground level. Many people still live on the sides of the mound; their mud-brick houses are scattered along the steep sides.

As we came to the edge of the city we saw the tree-lined boulevard just ahead, running at right angles to our road. At the police post on the corner of the boulevard the police-

man beckoned us to stop; we would probably have to sign in his book. But he recognized us and waved us on. He looked very dapper in his white summer uniform.

Down the curving street we went, past the garages, shops and cafés, and police station—all built of stone—and on up to the main corner. To the right, the road led across the bridge over the river to the old bazaars at the foot of the mound and the road northeast that went on towards Jarmo. But we wanted to go out to the Glessners first, so we turned left. After the carriages that were blocking our way had started across the bridge, the policeman beckoned us to circle around him. A few yards away was another traffic policeman and we recognized him. He was our old friend with the elegant walrus-like moustache.

Before we got the car locked up, the Glessners were out to meet us. It was wonderful to see them again. Gretel and Carol ran into the house by themselves and we followed them through the gate and on up the steps into the large stone house. After a while we went out into the garden to see the roses—always a display. There were hundreds of bushes. The blossoms were overwhelmingly large—almost the size of peonies—and their fragrance filled the place. A maze of tiny irrigation ditches served to water the garden.

At lunch we heard that Dick Glessner, their boy of high school age, had spent much of the summer up at Jarmo helping with the house-building. We gratefully accepted the Glessners' offer to lend us an old wooden washing machine—the kind you crank to turn the dasher—and several large cupboards. A bit more talk and we were off again.

Back we went to the main street to wait our turn to cross the bridge. With all the people who were constantly sauntering across in both directions there was barely room for one-way car traffic. The policeman finally directed us to go ahead and to precede the waiting carriages. We slowly

honked our way across the bridge. The people on foot paid little heed to the cars or carriages. They didn't bother to look around when you honked; fortunately, they did move slightly over to the side.

At the end of the bridge we turned and headed north around the mound of Kirkuk. Jarmo lies about halfway on the road between Kirkuk and Sulimaniyeh—all black-topped road, for which we were most grateful. It was built to open up the Sulimaniyeh area economically and to permit adequate policing. As we climbed the hills to the east of Kirkuk, we had to slow down to make the dangerous right-angled turns. Here, especially, you wished the engineers had done a little more grading and had made at least an attempt at banking the roads.

All through this area the country looks much like our "badlands". There are no trees and no covering green, either, in the dry months. The hills are all soil-eroded. The general color effect is tan with a reddish cast.

We passed occasional old trucks laboring up the hills. The drivers were accommodating, pulled over to give us enough room and waved us ahead as soon as they saw that the road was clear around the next bend. Jitney buses were rarer and we preferred passing them in long open stretches. It was hard to get them to pull over. Not that the drivers were consciously "road hogs"—they just couldn't gauge very well where they were on the road. The busses look vaguely like station wagons with cumbersome wooden bodies, locally made, over old American motors. The back of the bus and the top, as well, are crowded with people and goods. The front seat contains three or four people besides the driver. It is customary to place at least one passenger on the driver's *left* side, so it is almost impossible for him to know when a car is trying to pass, unless there is a great honking.

The road straightened out. We were high enough to get

our last look at the Kirkuk fires. A strange sight to see on a hot day—these great flames belching up out of a tan desolate-looking plain.

As we went further east the bleakness disappeared. There were still no trees, but the ground had a light covering of large gray-green weeds. We were getting closer to Jarmo as we circled through the last batch of hills. Presently through an opening we had a glimpse of the high hills that flank the other side of the Chemchemical plain in which Jarmo is located.

Soon we were coming down the last hill and there was the village of Chemchemical ahead of us. From a distance you could only see the large mound and the mass of green trees that marked the small town. We slowed down and honked our way through a large flock of sheep and goats. We passed the *Khaimakon's* (regional mayor) large stone house at the edge of town and drove on past the police station. Bob would come back the next day with Abdullah to pay his respects and hand in the letters from the Antiquity Department.

There are a few other buildings on or near the black-topped road. These include the village school and a few shops. Then the road curves around the southern base of the large mound and on towards Sulimaniyeh. But the heart of Chemchemical is on the northeastern foot of the mound. Here is where the mud-brick houses and the bazaars are clustered. If you want to do any shopping in this section you have to park the car on the road and hike in. The road through the bazaars is narrow and meant for walking, not driving.

Chemchemical is in a flat narrow plain. But as we left it behind us, the road again began to rise and fall. There were no real hills here; these were old land terraces—crisscrossed by deep gullies, both ancient and modern. Despite the lack of green (except for the weeds) the country

didn't look as desolate as we had feared at this time of year. The rock and soil formations were reddish. Where there were shadows, there were purplish hues. Altogether it looked pretty handsome to us—we were glad to be reaching Jarmo.

When we had driven about six and a half miles from Chemchemical it was time for us to look for our turn-off from the main road. Would we recognize it? Just ahead there was something of an odd-colored green that didn't look natural. We slowed down and found that it was a large pile of painted rocks gathered at the right side of the road. Abdullah must have made a road mark for us. And there was the track, fairly well-worn. We turned off. It was bumpy and dusty and we took our time going on in. We passed near one of the landmarks—*the tree*. It was the only tree for miles about. Why it was still standing here by itself, was a mystery.

After twelve minutes or so we came to the village of Chalgeh. Our track led right through the village. Before we had extended the track on to Jarmo, it ended at Chalgeh. This short stretch from the main road has never had any real traffic. About once or twice a year the agricultural people, who are trying to stamp out locusts, drive their jeeps in to Chalgeh. The police at Chemchemical, now that they have a jeep, also occasionally make the trip in.

The villagers came out at the sound of a car. We waved to them. There were Sheikh Suliman, some familiar looking workmen and lots of women and children. We greeted Sheikh Suliman. A large tin bowl of yoghurt mixed with water was brought out to the car. It was a refreshing drink for a hot day. We each took a sip. (Bob always stoutly maintains that the bacteria in the yoghurt kill any dangerous germs in the water; but, in any case, we had to drink to be sociable.) The women pressed closer and reached into the car to feel the material our dresses were made of. They

were all friendly and smiling. For some reason or other, Kurdish women aren't docile like the women in an Arab village. They have the reputation of standing right up to their menfolk.

Chalgeh is quite a poor village but the children and adults looked relatively clean and tidy. The children and women wore long gaily-colored, printed cotton dresses. The women had black scarves tucked into a turban-like structure on their heads. Some had earrings, some wore tattoo beauty marks on their faces. The men were less gay in their clothing. They wore light colored robes and trousers and usually a gay cotton cummerband around the waist—this was a good carrying place for a large hunting knife. They, also, wore scarf turbans on their heads.

After a few minutes we drove on, circled around a manure pile and close to the houses. Here the dogs came tearing out, began growling and chasing us as we went up the hill behind the village. They were large, rough-looking dogs. They made an awful noise and acted as though they would gladly tear us apart. If we had wanted to take the time to stop, we would really have embarrassed them; a few steps towards them and they would have run for their lives. Up we went past the simple cemetery where sticks and stones marked the graves. Our station wagon couldn't drive much farther. Only a few more yards and we would have to park on top of a hill and wait until a jeep came after us. Since they were expecting us today, one of the boys would have been posted to watch for us. Jarmo was still quite a distance away, but sharp eyes watching from the mound could see traces of us, the dust our car had been raising and occasional glimpses of an ant-like car crawling along.

They had seen us. There was the yellow jeep stake truck coming down the hill on the other side of the *wadi*. We felt a great affection for the truck—it had taken us in and out of many difficult places. It disappeared from sight. Pres-

ently we heard it slowly coming up the big hill near us. Bob Adams was driving. We felt quite conscious of our civilized clothes; Bob was dressed in work shirt and blue jeans and looked as though he had been working. Our luggage and boxes were easily transferred to the truck. We explained to Bob why there was so little—the rest would have to be picked up at the railway station on our next trip to Kirkuk.

We locked the station wagon, climbed up on the truck and braced ourselves against the sides for going down the steep hill. It was a hill we well remembered and will never forget. Abdullah and his men had done a good job of getting out the largest rocks in the track, but the hill still remained rough and steep. You felt safest going (either up or down) in the lowest gear of the four-wheel-drive—then no brake was necessary as you made the curves. On our earlier stay at Jarmo, the children used to make a practice, when guests were brought in, of doing head stands in the back of the truck to divert the passengers—thinking that the trip wouldn't then be so scary for the guests.

As we went through the wide *wadi* we found that it was almost dried up. The wild oleanders blooming over on the far side must have been getting a little trickle—but that was all. We bumped along the rocky bed on the far side and swung out to climb up the steep bank. Then we drove across a bit of flat meadow-land to the second and smaller *wadi*. We started up the gentle hill beyond and found that Abdullah had filled up the badly gullied spot in the road and carved out more room for the track from the hill on the other side. A neat job. We climbed up the big slope beyond and swung left around plowed fields.

Now that we were up high, where we could see for a distance, where was the house? There was Jarmo itself in the distance to the left. And *there* was the house straight ahead of us. It fitted right into the landscape and hugged

the ground in the hollow where it was built—gentle hills to the right, the mountains way off in the background. We couldn't wait to get there. The road had to go in a round-about fashion, to avoid the gullies that even a jeep couldn't manage. It would have been quicker to get out and walk straight across the hills and gullies to the house, but we weren't dressed for it.

The truck creaked its way over a roller-coaster rock formation, made the sharp turn up the short steep hill and just managed to turn sharply at the top in the opposite direction to keep on the track on the down-side of the hill. It was a road you had best not drive at night unless you were well acquainted with every bend and turn. Another flat meadow stretch and ahead of us the track divided. To the left was Jarmo itself; to the right must be the house. Up and down a few gentle hills, and, from the top of the last one, we did see the house—a soft rosy-beige color—straight ahead down in the open stretch. What excitement! It looked like a good place to live.

Quite a group was waiting out in front of the house. A few men were still up on the roof, putting a mud coat on top of the tin. That must be Dick Glessner. There was Abdullah. There were Saleh, Achmet, and Mahmud, all experienced workmen. The other four must be new workmen. That would be Esa, the cook, with his wife, Zahala.

We got out of the truck and began the greetings. We were glad to meet Dick who was off at high school in Beirut when we were out before. We turned to Abdullah. It was so good to see him. He was an old friend and very much a part of our archeological life—we had spent good seasons together digging. Abdullah had been excavation foreman on Oriental Institute digs since 1932. Bob had known him ever since 1933. Before that he had worked for some years for French and German archeologists, mainly in Syria. His first contact with foreigners was as stable boy for a British

cavalry unit in Egypt during the First World War. During his years in archeological work, Abdullah's basic English tended to become more pallid. Since he was a man of propriety, his original colorful expressions gradually disappeared as he realized that they weren't commonly used. Doubtless he learned many new words during the last war when he was foreman on an American airfield in Egypt—but we didn't hear them in camp.

It was hard for us to visualize our dig without the competent Abdullah. We had become even more devoted to him on our last dig when we were all living together in the same compound. When a storm came on during the night, it was Abdullah who was out there first making sure that the tent ropes would hold during the blow, or digging trenches to channel off the rain water. When anything needed doing, Abdullah was there doing it.

We shook hands with Saleh and Achmet. They were both experienced diggers and had been brought by Abdullah from their distant Arab village to help with the house. They would stay on to dig for us. We greeted Mahmud. He had grown up quite a bit since we had last seen him but still retained his pixyish charm. Mahmud's home was in Matarrah, the Arab-Kurdish village south of Kirkuk, where we had worked on our last dig. He was a good worker and willing to turn his hand to anything. He would be especially valuable here at Jarmo with his knowledge of Kurdish and Arabic. He was Abdullah's contact with the workers, most of whom knew only Kurdish. The two languages are completely different—stemming from two unrelated language families. Kurdish baffles Abdullah (as well as ourselves). He said that when the Kurds were talking, it sounded to him as though they were only saying Grrr, Grrrr.

Then we spoke to Esa and Zahala. Both were Kurds. Esa knew a fair amount of English, so that would be a help.

Zahala was a pretty young girl who merely smiled when we greeted her in Arabic—she knew only Kurdish. We had asked the Glessners whether they would try to find a cook for us. Esa had happened to turn up at just the right time. He had worked a little for some of the British oil people and seemed cheerful and willing. Zahala would help him in the kitchen and house. It was unusual to find a couple who would work; the wife was generally at home taking care of the children. But Esa and Zahala had just been married so there were no children. It seemed a good idea having the two of them. Esa came from a village far up in the north—having Zahala would keep him from getting homesick for his village and wanting to make trips home all during the season. "Let's only hope he will turn into a good cook," we thought.

The last to be greeted were the new workmen who had been working on the roof. Two were from Chalgeh, the village we came through. The other two were from Kanisard, a village a half hour's walk beyond Jarmo.

Now we could take a good look at the house. It looked like a good durable job from the outside. We were amused to see that some of the doors and window frames, lent us by the oil company, had been installed upside down. No matter. It only meant that when we locked any doors we would have to remember to turn the key in the opposite direction.

Inside, the rooms were still empty. It all looked pretty much like the plan Bob had drawn. The kitchen was a nice size. That sink should be a big help. The living-dining room and the museum-workroom also looked a reasonable size, but the bedrooms were definitely small. Vivian called out, "Come and see what's in my room." We all went in to look and saw that there was a wash basin at one end of the room. Of course I had to run and look in our room, too. Sure enough there was a wash basin. It seems that Jeff was able to borrow a few extra sinks and had decided that the

rooms housing the ladies would be favored. The others had been placed in the kitchen, the dark-room, and outside the museum-workroom door. The boys could wash and shave at this outside one and we could use it to get water for washing the antiquities. None of the pipes had yet been installed but it was wonderful to know that we were to have running water—what luxury!

Then we went down to see the well—not far from the kitchen end of the house. There really was water in it. We let down a pail on a rope and brought it out full. The water was cool and had a fine sweet taste. Jeff had told us in Kirkuk that one of the geologists had come up with him and had picked out this spot as being the most likely for a well. When Jeff had dynamited and the spot was dug out, they had reached a good supply of water at only eight feet. Jeff had had the laboratory test the water and it had passed the test with honors. It wasn't until the well had been dug and proven that Jeff could pick the site for the house. What a blessing to have good water at hand. When we had been up here before, we had trucked each barrellful from Kirkuk. At home, in America, people tend to take good water for granted—out here it is a thing one gets excited about.

We walked back past the house and on up the far side to examine the privy Bob Adams had built. It seemed a good sturdy job—one side for the ladies, the other for the gentlemen—with one-holers made from packing cases. Bob found a flaw in the arrangements however. What were the department representative and the other Iraqis who lived in the house with us going to use? They weren't used to our type of convenience. Luckily there was still room on the gentlemen's side to make another hole in the ground and build an "à la Turka."

We went back to admire the house once more. Jeff had certainly chosen the right location for us and had oriented the house in a good direction. It was well built and, thanks

to Jeff, the original plans had been followed. It was almost too good to be true to arrive and find it all waiting for us.

The yard outside was full of boxes and crates. The boxes from America that were coming via Beirut still hadn't arrived but here were all the Nippur things. It was late afternoon and we had to get to work and put up beds for the night and get out dishes for dinner. Bob Adams and Dick Glessner, like Abdullah and the others, had been living in tents up to now.

We got into our blue jeans and set to work while the children explored the new surroundings. We found the dressers with glassware, china and silverware. Esa already had a stew cooking over the Primus (kerosene-pressure burner). We took out as much china and silverware as we needed and had him wash them. The men were setting up the cots. We found sheets and blankets and got out towels, while we were at it. We went through all the rooms giving them a liberal dose of the DDT bomb. No screens had been made yet but the spraying should discourage the flies for the night—mosquitoes, too, if there were any about.

We had a buffet dinner outside, using the packing crates for seats. After dinner a strange thing happened. The boys had turned on the Zenith short-wave and had gotten the B.B.C. Third Program. It appeared to be a lecture and we thought we recognized the voice. We identified it as our friend Professor Zeuner in London, speaking of a new method of establishing archeological dates by radio-activity. Professor Zeuner finished by saying that an American expedition was about to resume work in Iraqi Kurdistan on the earliest village yet discovered. And so we were!

[6] *getting settled—Jarmo-style*

THE NEXT MORNING WE MADE THE PLEASING DISCOVERY THAT we were actually awake at an early hour and felt like doing things. Outside a wonderful day was beginning—you could smell it, you could feel it. What a luxury to have the whole outdoors right at hand!

After breakfast we began to concentrate on making the house livable. We did the most obvious things first. We had to eat three times a day, so we first made a temporary working arrangement for Esa in the kitchen. Vivian established a dish-washing routine with Esa and Zahala—the plenty of soap and scalding water theory. We then put him to work cleaning the three-burner kerosene stove we had brought from Nippur. Bob had the men bring in the refrigerator and took care of levelling it and putting it in running order. We set up some temporary tables in the kitchen and unpacked the most essential cooking equipment. We had the dish cupboard placed in the dining end of the dining-living room. Then there was space to store all the china and

glassware that had been packed in the dresser drawers. This released the dressers for use in the bedrooms. The big dining table was brought in, as well as chairs, smaller tables and bookcase.

We didn't have to worry about a floor covering. We had brought up a few small goatshair rugs from Nippur. We used two of these at the living end of the dining-living room. The rest we put in front of each bed. Our floor was what the British in Iraq call "rotten mud." Mud or clay mixed with straw is spread evenly over the entire room and allowed to dry. While drying there is a strong, somewhat unpleasant odor. But once dry there is no smell and you have a smooth, sturdy floor. It is easy to keep clean. You merely scatter water on it and then sweep up the loose debris.

By the end of the first day we had made spectacular inroads on the stockpile of things from Nippur that was stacked out in the yard. It looked as though we were making progress. Actually, we had only moved the large, easy items. The hundreds of things that remained would all take some thought. Most of them were supplies that had to be stored away and so far we had no place to store them. Clearly the next day would have to be the first Kirkuk shopping trip, we needed the cupboards promised by the Glessners, and we needed great amounts of wood for shelving.

We all managed to get a bath before dinner. The shower hadn't been installed yet but the room was there with a cement floor and drain and a big tarpaulin hanging over the opening. At noon we had had the men fill three blitz cans with water from the well and stand them in the sun. By the time we wanted the baths the water from the cans was too hot and we had to dilute it with cold water. We had our choice of bathtubs. One was a collapsible rubber tub we had brought up from Nippur. The other was a tremendous

round copper dish—about the diameter of a tin laundry tub, but not so deep.

I bathed the children first. That was really fun for the dust that came off made it worth-while. Then they got into their pajamas and bathrobes and Douglas volunteered his services as guard while the others of us took turns bathing. He sat on the step in front of the bath, holding back the tarp so it wouldn't billow out in a sudden gust of wind and expose us. To keep us amused he told us a story of some travelling bears. Since the story spread out over quite a few days and a variety of bathers, none of us ever had a clear picture of the story or its events.

After dinner we sat down with pencil and paper and went to work on our first shopping list. "Put down nails," said Bob. "We'll need plenty of three and four inch ones and then six inch spikes. I've figured how much wood we'll need for shelves in the workroom and the bedrooms but you gals will have to show me how you want the counters and shelves arranged in the kitchen so I can figure how much we need there." We took one of the kerosene lanterns into the kitchen, showed Bob where we wanted counters and shelves, and held the lantern while he measured. While in the kitchen, Vivian and I checked on how much remained of the staples Helen Glessner had sent up. We already had quite a long list of groceries that needed shopping for and now added salt and sugar to the list. We needed large containers for items like sugar and flour. Whoever was going to shop would have to take some empty five gallon gasoline tins along and take them to a tinsmith to have hinged covers made.

Back again in the living room, the list grew to an enormous length as everyone made his contributions. We needed more collapsible tables, some benches for the dining-table, and some metal army cots that could be used as double deckers in the bedrooms. These meant a trip to

the second-hand places in Kirkuk where they sold old army goods. We needed screening for the windows and for the living room, kitchen and workroom doors. There would have to be glass for all the windows. But that could wait. What we really needed first was a carpenter to help with all the work—he could then measure the windows for glass. “We’d better take the blue jeep in to see what’s wrong with the battery,” contributed Bob Adams. By the time we added paint—we wanted a gallon of white, and half-pints of blue, green, and black—ten five-gallon tins of kerosene, and sixteen five-gallon tins of gasoline, we began to groan. There was already enough shopping on the list to take care of at least two Kirkuk shopping trips—and probably three.

By the end of two weeks, when we began excavating, we had made terrific strides on our house settling problem. The two Bobs had done many of the major jobs—Bob Adams as chief mechanic, Bob Braidwood as master-carpenter. Counters and shelves were in the kitchen. Some large shelves were up in the museum-workroom so there would be room to put away supplies. Shelves were up in the darkroom and in the bedrooms. All the windows had screens and there were screen doors in the kitchen, living room and workroom. The house had been wired and the fluorescent light fixtures installed. Our boxes from home still hadn’t arrived but the old generator had temporarily been coaxed into working. The lights were a blessing—now we could see to do some odd jobs after dinner each night. The men supervised the building-on of a small generator room at the end of the house: this would not only house the generator but would be the storage place for any automotive equipment. Bob Adams had also spent a lot of time getting the cars to run. They still needed major overhauling jobs as soon as we could get Agoulian up to take care of them; but they now acted more like cars and less like prima-donnas.

We had finally got hold of a carpenter. Jeff Glessner, shortly after our arrival, had contacted one who said he would come up to Jarmo right away. But he never materialized. We had tried to get another but he was reluctant to leave his shop in Kirkuk. Then, one day, Joe appeared at Jarmo and we immediately thought he was the carpenter promised by Jeff. But it seemed that Joe had come up for another reason: he had heard that there was some sort of work by Americans going on up in our vicinity, and wanted a job as foreman. We told him that we already had a foreman for our work but asked whether he could do carpentry. It appeared that he could.

Joe was dressed in the drab coveralls used by our army. It seems that he had worked as jack-of-all-trades in the Persian Gulf Command, during the war. Joe was an Assyrian and Christian, knew some English and a smattering of at least nine or ten other languages. He had an extremely engaging smile, was small but wiry, and looked competent. We soon found he was. He improvised a carpenter's bench for himself out in the yard and was ready for work. His first job was to hang doors in the privy. We were getting a bit annoyed with trying to keep the tarpaulin covering over the doorway in any breeze. Next, he was put on the job of putting up the rest of the shelves in the museum-workroom.

While all this sawing and hammering was going on, Vivian and I found enough to keep us busy with the smaller jobs. We got the kitchen organized: put oilcloth on the counters and shelves, screwed in hooks to take care of all hangable pots and pans, hooks above the counters for spoons, measuring cups, can openers, etc. We tried to make a place for everything and to see that everything was kept in its place.

We mixed a great batch of paint—a handsome grayed, blue-green. With this we painted the dining-table legs, the wooden chairs, and the front door. Gretel and Douglas had

a field day helping us. The dining-table, a serving table, and a small coffee table, we covered with a cherry-colored, mat pebbly oilcloth. We tacked up gay travel posters on the rosy-beige mud walls in the dining and living room ends. We found that we had enough posters left over to put one in each bedroom and out in the privy.

In between, we all tried to work at storing away the supplies that were still piled outside. The Glessners had loaned us a tremendous cupboard. This was put on one long side of the storeroom and served to house all the linens and extra bedding. On the other side of the narrow room, Vivian methodically stored the food supplies as they began to accumulate as the result of Kirkuk shopping trips.

In the museum-workroom there was getting to be some semblance of order. One small cupboard at the end of the room housed all the medical supplies. A large steel cupboard was filled with paper supplies. A steel filing case held the rest of the museum supplies: drafting inks, pencils, erasers, pens and pen-points, tags, lumber crayons, stapler, scotch tape, typewriter ribbons and the like. The shelves in the workroom continued right up to the ceiling. Those that were within reasonable reach were kept free for the storing of antiquities. The very top shelves were excellent for supplies that were only occasionally used. The only exception we made to the shelf priority was in the case of tools. We knew we had to keep these inside under constant supervision. So one low shelf at one end of the room was kept for the tool box, extra tools, and nails.

While we were getting the museum-workroom into shape, we noticed that the light wasn't all that it should be. There were four windows in the room and the large door, but the rosy-beige mud-walls seemed to absorb much of the light. We decided that we would whitewash the walls. So Vivian and I put whitewash down on the shopping list. The IPC, which had already supplied us with so much,

had said we would be welcome to whitewash at any time—they had great supplies of it. The next shopping trip produced several 5-gallon tins full of the white stuff.

As soon as there was a break in the work, Vivian and I decided to tackle the job. We pulled the tables away from the walls, got a large tin to mix in, and a large spoon. I dumped a great quantity of the powder into the tin, poured water on top of it, and began stirring. I kept adding water and stirring and presently called to Vivian who was getting brushes for the job. "Look what's happening to the whitewash!" It was a mess! Instead of turning into a thin watery mixture, it was getting ominously thick and balky. It was even hardening on the bottom of the tin. What we *thought* was whitewash was actually plaster of paris or something similar. Our technique for mixing it was obviously all wrong. We threw out the tin and began again. This time we put some hot water into a pan and floated some of the white powder on top. We hurriedly stirred it and in a few seconds had a paintable thick liquid, which we quickly spread on the walls. We had to move fast for the mixture in the tin was thickening every second. By mixing small batches and applying it immediately, we managed to spread it. It was hardly what you would call a neat job and looked more like rough plastering than whitewashing.

We were only applying the stuff as high up on the walls as we could reach—Douglas was busy at the lower portions of the walls. (Gretel missed out on the whitewashing as she was visiting Carol Glessner.) While we were thus operating, Bob came in to admire our work. He thought the top of the wall should be done, too. Since he could reach the upper portions, he said he would tackle them. So we mixed a batch but immediately found it was dangerous to work below Bob or within reach of him. He had a fast, efficient technique, but woe to the person beneath him—unless you wanted the hard white stuff in your hair. With all hands

working, the strange job was soon finished. Strange or not, it served the purpose and the light in the room was much brighter.

While the settling-in process was going on, we all succumbed to the delights of living close to nature. We got up in the morning revelling in the country quiet, watched the sunrise, marvelled at the distant hills taking on shape and color—reddish hues where they caught the sun, varying shades of purple in the shadows. We had lots of work to do both inside and outside the house, but we only had to look up to watch the progress of the day through to sunset. Then at night the sky seemed to settle down right above our roof, the stars so bright and close at hand that we could almost reach them. By 8:30 or 9 o'clock we had all we could do to keep our eyes open—that delightful feeling of being drugged by all the fresh air.

Once we began digging, the rest of the jobs had to be done in our spare time or on Fridays, the day off for the workmen. By the first week in October, our boxes from home finally arrived. By the middle of October we had finally managed to snare a Kirkuk plumber for a week. He, with his helper, laid pipes and connected them with the sinks. Bob Adams supervised setting up the kerosene hot-water heater in the shower room and getting the water properly piped in. Two large metal drums, loaned by the IPC, were installed above the roof of the generator room as storage tanks for the water supply. Then the plumber installed the hand pump at the well; it was a type that is worked by two men, similar to the arrangement on the little hand cars operated on our railroad tracks. When all was finished and the water pumped up to fill the tanks, we could scarcely wait to try it out. We went around and tried all the faucets in the house and found, somewhat to our amaze-

ment, that water ran from them all. It seemed wonderful, but somehow fantastic.

Now that the water system was in order, Joe was told to clean out the well and then make a cover for it to keep dirt from entering. He had some helpers on this job, but did the lion's share himself—evidently figuring that he was the only one to be really trusted in the matter of cleanliness. We saw him go by the window on his way to tackle the last part of the job. He had just had a bath and was wearing fresh underwear—he, at least, wasn't going to dirty the well. The cleaning-out process was now to a point where he had to go down in the well. There he would scoop out the water that remained at the bottom and any stray bits of refuse, and send up the remaining bucketfuls. After the well was cleaned, Joe put on his usual coverall and made a large canvas-covered wooden frame to fit over the well.

He next turned his attention to installing a door on the shower room and putting up some hooks and a shelf. (Much later he constructed a wooden slat floor for us to use under the shower.) Then it was time to set Joe to work making double-decker frames to hold the metal army cots we had found in the salvage places in Kirkuk.

We had so many jobs for Joe to do that we kept him on, week after week. Presently it came to the point where we were embarrassed about his living conditions. He was a wiry person and seemingly impervious to cold. But there was no denying, as the weeks went on, that the nights were getting on the bitter side. And Joe was still sleeping on a cot outdoors. We finally told him that he had better make himself some sort of house.

From the first he had located himself by preference on the far side of the privy. Now he thought it would be a fine idea if he utilized its long end wall as one wall of his house. Since there were no objections, he built a fair-sized room by

adding three walls and a roof. It was a cozy house and looked very neat inside-and-out when he had finished. The children liked to visit Joe in his house. Douglas finally rigged up a door knocker over the front doorway (covered by a tarpaulin) by tacking up a piece of tin. If you wanted to knock, you tapped on the tin with a stone.

Bob had two major house projects on his mind, neither of which materialized until well along in November. One was a fireplace. He had already constructed two successful fireplaces, one in New Mexico and one in north Syria. As the evenings grew cooler we all began to think how fine it would be to have one.

So one morning, when there seemed a temporary lull in urgent work, Bob marked off an area on the wall in the corner of the living room. Then he had one of the men dig out the marked portion. That is one nice feature about mud-brick walls—it is easy to make renovations. The air was full of dust, but after a short time Bob had the hole he wanted. Then the construction began. Baked bricks were used for the fireplace walls and the lower part of the flue. The upper part of the flue consisted only of the sun-dried mud-bricks with no additions. But this seemed to work all right. For the mantle and the floor of the fireplace, Bob had the men go to the slight ridge behind the house and excavate some large sandstone slabs.

When the fireplace was nearly finished, we gathered to admire the construction but were alarmed to find that Joe seemed to be a permanent part of the fireplace. His head was the only visible part of him. It was framed there in the flue portion above and behind the mantle. He was busily blocking in the hole and seemed unconcerned. He did manage to escape, much to our relief.

I can't remember whether Joe had any doubts about the fireplace. Some of the other workmen kept shaking their heads at Bob and giving their views that the fireplace just

wouldn't work. As soon as the mortar had a chance to dry, Bob had to make a test fire. Twigs were produced, lighted, and the smoke began curling up the chimney as a matter of course. Another successful fireplace! Bob brought the doubters in to see. They could only shake their heads in amazement.

We had wondered a little about fuel, but Abdullah saw to this. We used both charcoal and wood. Abdullah ordered a donkey-load of charcoal from one of the distant villages. He ordered the wood from two of the workmen. They took a donkey and went up into the hills off in the distance for a morning. When they came back they had a great load of twigs, scrub-growth, that burned well when dry, particularly when aided by a good dousing of kerosene.

Bob's next project was an oven. We had given that quite a bit of thought at home. In Chicago I had spoken of all the baking we would need to do during the season and kept asking Bob if there weren't some way he could build an oven. In the past we had used one of those portable affairs that are made to fit over kerosene burners, but had found it most unreliable. The burners would suddenly flare up and the meat would burn. Or the fire would suddenly die out altogether and the cake or bread would be ruined. What we wanted was an oven that could produce a steady heat, and, above all, that would be capable of low heat when it was needed.

In Chicago, Bob had come across an oil-burner element made for converting the old-fashioned wood range. We had brought one of these out with us. Now the trick was to install it. The kitchen had no available space for such an oven, so we finally decided the best place for it would be in the dining-room outer wall right behind the door into the kitchen. Bob got two metal drums from the IPC. He had a large hole cut out of the mud-brick wall—large enough to take the two drums lying on their sides, one above the

other. Burned bricks were used as a lining for the hole. He had the tinsmith make a hinged cover at the end of each drum which was to open into the room. One, placed near the floor, held the burner element. Above it the second drum served as the oven.

I had said so much about having a *cool* oven that Bob had the men dig up a large sandstone slab and place this between the two drums to act as an insulator. On the outside wall of the house, one of the men was busy plastering in the holes and building a chimney, which extended at its base around the protruding ends of the drums. The chimney was to serve to carry off the smoke from the lower drum which held the burner. A small hole in the back of the drum opened into the chimney.

When all was ready, Bob set up the burner element and, after a lot of fussing, succeeded in getting it to work properly. We put an oven thermometer in the oven portion. Bob lighted the burners and then we waited for it to heat. We kept waiting. Finally Bob said to me, "You did say you wanted a *cool* oven, didn't you?" When I admitted I had, he said, "Well this is *cool*, all right." Even with the burners working at top heat, we couldn't get the oven to register over 250°! I allowed as how this was a bit *too* cool. The only thing left for Bob to do was to rip out the sandstone slab. When this was done the oven began heating beautifully and could be kept at a steady heat anywhere from 275° up to 500°—just exactly what we needed. A large grate of heavy wire mesh was placed in the middle of the upper drum. It was a large enough area to hold three large casseroles or two large cookie tins simultaneously. Now we were happy.

With the oven in place, we felt that we were really settled for the season. Let the rains come when they would and the roads get impassable—now we could bake our own bread!

[7] *we begin to dig*

THE BIG DAY FINALLY ARRIVED. WE HAD EXPECTED TO BEGIN digging on September 25th, but found that the workmen would prefer to wait a few days longer. It was their "Christmas," and they wanted to spend the days at home. It turned out, too, that Sabri Shukri, the Representative of the Directorate of Antiquities who would be with us for the season, would arrive from Baghdad on the 30th. So September 30, 1950, was chosen for the Grand Opening.

The morning of the 30th the waking gong, an old railroad tie hung at the kitchen door, was rung at 5:45. We dressed, without waking the children, had some tea and biscuits, and headed for the dig. Vivian and I let Bob and Abdullah ride in state—Bob Adams had driven over to Kirkuk to meet Sabri's early morning train from Baghdad. We walked and enjoyed the mountains on the way. Although the ground was dry, with only thistles and other weeds sparsely covering it, we discovered three flowers blooming along the way. Small, pink-petalled, with no leaves, they sprang miraculously out of the dust.

By the time we reached the mound, the workmen were gathered. We planned to hire around fifty men. Fourteen would be experienced diggers who had come from their distant Arab village and would live on the dig. The rest would be untrained men chosen equally from our two neighboring villages, Chalgeh and Kanisard. We knew there would be difficulties if we chose more men from one village than from the other.

It was obvious that many more men had come than we had called for. We had to tell them that we couldn't use them all at present, but would send for them if we needed more workmen.

The same thing had happened two days before when Abdullah drove the truck over to Chemchemal to pick up the twelve Shergatis (two, Saleh and Achmet, were already at Jarmo working on the house) we had sent for—all good workmen we had used in earlier years. The truck had certainly looked full! Of course, the men had brought along blankets, flour, and a few other household items. But when we began to greet them, we saw many faces we didn't know; eight extra Shergatis had come along wanting to work. We told them we could only pay those we had sent for the good wages they were accustomed to get. We needed just fourteen Shergati pickmen; if the others wanted to stay and work as shovelmen, they would have to begin at only slightly more than the beginning rates we would pay the local Kurds. They decided to stay and try the work.

Shergat, the village from which our trained workers came, is on the site of ancient Ashur. Architectural excavations were carried on there by the Germans before the First World War. The Ashur excavations started a tradition in the village and the Shergatis began to take pride in their skill as diggers. Wherever there were excavations, some of the men from Shergat would be found working—if they had young sons, they would bring them along to learn how

to dig. During the years of the last war, although no foreign excavations took place, the Iraq Directorate General of Antiquities continued digging. The Shergatis were employed and so kept their digging skill.

There were other villages in the past that produced skilled diggers. But their people, unlike the Shergatis, were not used for excavation work during the war. Consequently, none of the younger generation had an opportunity to learn how to dig and the villages lost their tradition. The Shergatis are now, to all intents and purposes, a closed guild of craftsmen. They are likeable people as individuals and they are competent. As a group, however, they have a large nuisance value: they feel they are indispensable and thus make many demands on a dig. To a certain extent you have to go along and humor them. However, as excavations keep continuing in Iraq, especially when they are continued at the same site, year after year, local villagers are gradually learning the art. Soon there will be a healthier state of affairs: the Shergatis will still be employed, but they will no longer be so demanding.

Before digging actually began, work cards were filled out for each man and boy. There was room at the top for a number and a name. The space below was marked off for two weeks' work. In the center was an area marked *bakshish* (meaning bonus, in this case). Any good digging or any good finds would be recognized by a *bakshish* marked on the card at the end of the day. Below the space for *bakshish* appeared the word "fine." This would seldom be filled in, but the men were told what it meant. A shoddy piece of work or wilful carelessness could let a man in for a fine. The men who knew it liked the *bakshish* system. It was usually only a trifle, but there was always the chance of getting something really good. No one like to have a fine marked on his card and they would do all they could to avoid it.

We signed up the Shergatis first. Number 1 was Saleh

Hussein, Number 2 was Halifa Mohammed, and down the line. We had had these names before and had a notion of how we should spell them. As we wrote the name on a card, we punched a hole in the space allotted for the first day—this was the morning “in” punch.

Next we signed up the three men from Matarrah who had worked with us before and were good pickmen—one of these was Mahmud.

Then we came to the Kurds from the neighboring villages. The Kurds are an agricultural and pastoral people who are used to tribal discipline and are strongly independent. They speak an Indo-European language somewhat similar to Persian. They are Moslems, yet their way of life, as a highland folk, is distinct from that of the Arabs. They inhabit the grassy and wooded uplands of the Turkish-Iraqi-Iranian borders. It is still not known how far back their history actually goes. The present name of “Kurd” apparently came into use around the time of the Arab Conquest (7th Century A.D.). Saladin, the great adversary of King Richard the Lion-Hearted in the Crusades, was a Kurd.

The Kurds have a reputation among outsiders as “rebellious” and “hostile.” We certainly found them very likeable and friendly. It is true that they are a minority group that has, at times, aspired to be an independent nation.

The Kurdish workmen who gathered around us on the dig were a colorful lot in their dress, though their clothing tended to be frayed from wear. A scarf of printed white and black cotton was tied, turban-fashion, over a bright, quilted skull-cap which was only visible from the rear. Their long, open robes—white, gray, blue, tan, lavender, or pin-striped—were held together at the front by a girdle made of many yards of gaily printed cotton, intricately wrapped around the waist. Most of them carried a long knife in their girdles. A high-necked white or colored

blouse was visible at the open neckline of the robe. A few of the men wore quilted cotton boleros over the robe. Below, you could glimpse full, white trousers tapering toward the ankles. Leather or string slippers covered their feet.

Some of their names were also used by the Arabs and, therefore, familiar to us; but a few made difficulties. Bob wrote Raouf Ibn (son of) Hakim as Number 26, but hesitated over Kakaola. All we really needed was to have the name close enough so that, when Bob called it on payday, the person would answer to it.

Now all the men had work cards and we could start digging Jarmo.

But, first, let's say something about mounds in general and Jarmo in particular.

The usual Near Eastern mound is easily recognizable. It is generally situated in a flat plain-area and, even at a great distance, you can tell by its general contour that it is artificial. Mounds have been aptly described as multi-layered cakes—the lowest layer is the earliest, upper layers, or levels, are successively later. The great height of many of the mounds in the Near East is due to the fact that mud has been the main building material. At first, as at Jarmo, the houses were made of mud put down in courses which were allowed to dry before the next one was laid. Sun-dried mud bricks soon came into use. They supplanted the plain mud, and are still widely used today. Baked bricks came into use somewhat later, but were only rarely used until the time of the Persians. They have always been a sort of luxury material, since fuel to fire them is relative scarce.

If mud or sun-dried bricks are used for building, you have to constantly repatch the house during the rainy season. If you neglect it, or perhaps move out and leave it altogether, the roof and upper portions of the walls will have

fallen in by the end of one good rainy season. At the end of a second rainy season, still more of the walls will have fallen down. If someone comes along and wants to build a house on the same spot, he doesn't bother to clear away the remains of the earlier house. He merely levels off the surface and begins building his house. In this way, the floor of the new house will be three or four feet higher than that of the earlier house.

Fortunately for the archeologist, none of these people were particularly neat housekeepers. Broken or worn tools, broken dishes, even bones left after their meals—all these things and many more were just thrown on the floor and allowed to accumulate. It doesn't take many generations to substantially raise the ground level of a village or town!

Jarmo does not look like a mound. It differs from the usual Near Eastern mound in being built on a natural hill. A fair amount of erosion has taken place along two sides of the hill and mound during the last six thousands years. As you look up at Jarmo, from the *wadi* below it, it looks like any of the other steep, weathered bluffs along the stream bed. There is no way of telling, from below, that the upper twenty-five feet is artificial and represents the remains of early people. If you approach from the other side, where you are more on a level with the mound, it looks like a flat-topped hill. The stranger is only aware that he is on a once-inhabited site when he keeps his eyes on the ground and begins to find bits of worked stone, flint and obsidian.

From our test dig in the first season, we had a fairly good idea of what we could expect to find. The area we had dug in was off on one edge. Since the surface was sloping down at this part, it was some feet lower than the center portion of the mound. We had found very few potsherds (broken bits of pottery dishes). What scraps we did find were always near the upper surface. Down in the deeper portions of the dig

there had been no pottery whatever. This meant that the *early* Jarmo inhabitants did not use pottery. But we weren't sure about the *later* inhabitants—did they really use pottery to any extent.

We decided that our best chance of solving this problem was to dig up in the higher center portion of the mound. This was just the place where we had pitched our own tents the first season. We had considered it the choicest place to live—it was even likely that the Jarmo people had also favored it. This, then, was the area we would dig.

The first thing the men had to do was to clear the surface of thistles, stones, and large loose clumps of dirt. The whole top of the mound had been plowed before our arrival and there was much loose debris.

(It has probably been many years since the surface of Jarmo has been planted. The plowing before our arrival was a ruse on the part of the land-owner to convince us that the area was usually cultivated. In this way he figured he could perhaps get the price of crops as rental for the land—an old strategy.)

The stronger men were given shovels for this work. The young boys and frailer men were given *bissas* with which to carry away the dirt. The *bissa* is a large hand-woven rectangle of goatshair. A stout tape attached to the cloth at two ends goes around the carrier's neck. He stoops down and the shovelman scoops the dirt onto the cloth as it rests on the ground. The *bissa* boy then picks up the two ends farthest from him and carries off his light load—in apron-fashion or slung over his shoulder—to dump the contents over the edge of the mound.

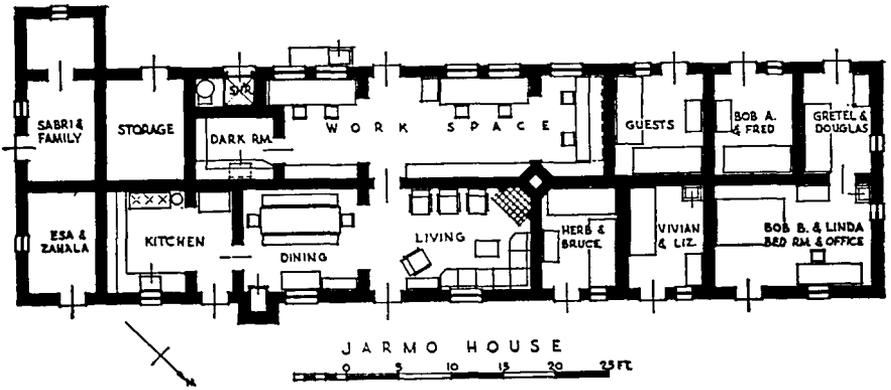
Dumping is often a problem on a dig. If you dump on the site itself, you may be covering an area that you will want to excavate in the future. On many digs, *bissa* men have to

walk long distances in order to dump the dirt away from the site. From the viewpoint of dumping, Jarmo's steep sides are ideal.

As soon as the surface was cleared and smooth, a large rectangle was staked off. Unfortunately, we could not dig the whole site. We measured ten meters (about thirty-three feet) along the steep outer edge of the mound, and twenty meters (about sixty-five feet) in toward the center. A heavy cord was stretched along stakes to define this area. The workmen would work within this and make the edge of the dig correspond to the cord marking. As soon as they had worked down a few inches all over the area, and the edges were well-marked, the cord would be removed.

Of course, when we began getting architecture, the house walls would not confine themselves to the area we were digging. The walls in any level would be traced to the edge of the dig area. If a house wall looked particularly interesting and a corner seemed just beyond the edge, we could have the men dig on and follow the wall to its end. But this would only be done in special cases. If walls were followed throughout, we should get no deeper in the dig than a few levels. In the time at our disposal, we wanted to try to get a good sampling of all the levels we could. Since we were digging prehistoric remains, we would have to work slowly and carefully, collecting all the possible evidence as we went along.

Abdullah assigned the men to the places where they would work. One pickman, one shovelman and a *bissa* boy usually formed a group. The experienced men, the Shergati and the men from Matarrah, were given picks. These were special picks: one-tined, with a five or six inch blade and a short handle. They were like a geologist's pick hammer—light in the hand and easy to handle. The pickmen worked along in a row, side by side, with enough room in between to allow them plenty of elbow space. They



JARMO HOUSE PLAN ON PAPER

In reality rooms were slightly smaller than plan shows. The mud walls are shown as 12" thick, actual thickness when built was 16" or over.

AM. TAB CO., CH.

21 245

NUMBER RATE

**ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
PAY CARD**

NAME
MOLOUD RASOUL

FINES		
■ ■		
■ ■		
■ ■	BAKSHEESH <i>15 + 9 + 11</i> <i>+ 75!</i>	
■		
TOTAL		

SAMPLE PAY CARD

Institut kurde de Paris

worked in a squatting position as a rule, crossing their legs or sitting on their heels. They could sit like this for a long time without getting tired. They would take the surface down about six inches.

They worked slowly and carefully, watching for any objects—or any signs of mud house walls—as they picked away. After they had worked for a few minutes, they used the blunt end of the pick to break up all the clumps into a fine gravel-like consistency. A *hissa* was spread flat on the ground just in front of each pickman. On this were placed any objects that were found. In this upper surface most of them would be only bits of unworked stone, pebbles, and fragments of boulders. We had given strict orders that everything was to be saved. A few worked flints and obsidian, and bits of worked bone also came to light almost immediately.

As the pickman finished looking through his dirt, the boy and man sitting behind him also searched through it for any objects. Then the man shoveled the dirt into the *hissa* held by the boy. The boy carried off the *hissa* of dirt, threw it over the edge of Jarmo, and came back to wait until the pickman had another load ready for him to sort through and carry off.

Late in the morning we saw clouds of dust rising in the distance; Bob and Sabri were finally arriving. They came straight out to the dig. We found that there were others besides ourselves who were waiting to greet this wiry, dark-eyed individual with the fine smile; the Shergatis considered Sabri an old friend as they had been together on various excavations.

The workmen had an hour's break at noon. The Shergatis and Matarrah men went to their tents. The local men had brought their lunch. They ate on the mound or ran down the sides of Jarmo like goats to eat in the shade by the now dry stream-bed at the base.

While the men were eating, we accompanied Sabri to the house and took him on a tour of inspection. He liked his room, but thought a bookcase might be a good addition. We told him that Joe, the carpenter, would make him one; but, no, Sabri preferred to make the bookcase himself. Here was a kindred spirit—Sabri was a man after our own hearts.

After lunch, back at the mound, Abdullah blew his whistle and the men continued their digging happily and tirelessly. Even by the end of the first day's work a surprisingly large number of objects had been turned up. By the end of the second day, and from then on, objects were uncovered in great numbers.

About half an hour before the close of the working day, several of us made the rounds to "take *bakshish*." This consisted of going from man to man and examining the artifacts he had found during the day. If he had found anything unusual, he was given a particularly good *bakshish*. If his finds showed that he had kept his eyes open—for example, if he had found many tiny objects—he received a good *bakshish*. We took experience into account. If an inexperienced workman showed he had been alert, we gave him a much better *bakshish* than a Shergati with comparable finds. Except in unusual cases, everyone ended the day getting some *bakshish*, no matter how small. The amount was written on the man's card, to be added up and given to him with his pay on payday.

The men's finds were then put into paper bags labelled with the date and findspot. We tried to achieve a rough sort-of as we went along. The larger pieces of ground stone and the chipped flints were placed in one bag. The tiny chipped tools and small objects of ground stone (such as beads) in another. Objects of clay and bone were more delicate; if we could recognize them (they were often coated with dirt), we would put them in a third bag.

When the men were all working in the same level one set

of bags was sufficient, unless the finds were so numerous that more were needed for the larger stone objects. When they were working in different levels, separate sets of labelled bags were used to keep the finds differentiated. When all the artifacts had been sacked, the bags were placed in the jeep to be taken home. Abdullah blew the closing whistle and the men lined up to have their cards punched "out."

The worked objects were brought into the museum-workroom. Here we washed those of stone and spread them out to dry overnight on papers that bore the findspot and date. The clay and bone objects were not washed but were spread out on labelled papers—the clay would disintegrate in water; the bone, if fragile, also would not stand washing. These must be carefully cleaned with a dental tool and/or a soft, worn toothbrush. All must eventually be labelled with the findspot.

Much of what the workmen found was unworked—rough stones and animal bones, for the most part. These, and any potsherds found, were left in a special place out on the dig. We had a large space nearby cleared of thistles and stones. Then the men brought in some straw, poured water over the area, mixed the mud and straw and made a "rotten mud" floor. When it hardened, we had a smooth storage yard. One boy was put in charge. He saw to it that all the stones considered unworked by the men were put in one pile, the animal bones in a second. The snail shells (the Jarmo people seemed to have consumed quantities of snails) went into a third pile. Bits of pottery, when found, made up a fourth.

By the end of the second day, objects were coming forth at such an alarming rate that Vivian and I saw we needed another pair of hands. We dispatched a letter to Liz in Beirut. "Dear Liz," we wrote, "this is an S.O.S. Can you come right away? We need you badly. . . ."

Liz rallied at once and was in camp within a few days.

Fortunately, Joe finished the double-decker for the girls' room just before she arrived, so Liz was able to move right in. The room was so small—more like a ship's cabin—that Vivian had to stay outside while Liz manoeuvred her things into place.

Our digging season was in full swing.

Institut kurde de Paris

[8] *an interlude of dancing*

ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE SECOND DAY, WE HAD A PARTY for the workmen in honor of the opening. This party, called a "fantasia," is a *must* when one begins a dig.

If possible, you provide music. So we had told Abdullah that we would very much like to have the pipe-player from Chemchemical.

On our previous stay at Jarmo, Charlotte Otten, the children, and I were driving through Chalgeh one day when we saw some men dancing. We stopped to watch and then remained to admire the staying power of the piper, an older man. When we had to leave, the piper begged a ride as far as Chemchemical. He was so grateful that he played his pipe for most of the forty-five minutes it took us to get there. It was a wonderfully ear-splitting bit of piping. In the rear-view mirror I could see Charlotte with a strained expression on her face; she was sitting as far away as she could, but it was still too close! Our friend's music lasted only during the ride to Chemchemical, but the piping kept

ringing in our ears for the remainder of the day. This, then, was the man we felt we must have for the *fantasia*.

Abdullah sent a messenger for the piper and a drummer. Both were found in Chemchemical and turned up hours before the party was to begin. They apparently felt we should have a sample of their music, so they held forth for a good half hour before they went to rest up for the party. By that time we felt we needed a rest, too!

Instead, we got dressed for the occasion—clean shirts and ties for the men, dresses for Vivian, Gretel, and me.

Presently the workmen began to trickle over the hill from the dig. Two of the men from Kanisard produced the fat-tailed sheep we had bought for the occasion. It was a fine, large specimen. Its throat was slit. Then the butchering began. In an incredibly short time the meat was all cut up into smaller pieces and chunks, and ready for cooking. Saleh, the Shergati, was given the honor of being in charge of the cooking. He and his helpers already had small campfires going. The mutton was soon cooking with onions in the large copper pots. The strongly flavored fat from the sheep's tail was used to keep the meat from burning. Later on, rice would be added to the meat and the dinner would be ready.

While dinner was cooking, most of the men sat side by side up on the hillside nearby, watching the dancing. Eleven men formed a solid line of dancers—all faced forward with their arms around each other to hold the line together. Kurds and Arabs alike made up the line. The leader was the man at the extreme left. He had a long white cloth tied to his arm. As they all began the shuffling dance, moving forwards and backwards in step, the leader waved the cloth in time with the music. The piper and drummer got into the spirit and really made a din. When the piper paused a few minutes for breath, another line of dancers took over.

We were interested to see that Ali usually stayed at the head as leader of the dancers. Ali was a tall, rather handsome Arab from Matarrah—his one defect was an unfortunate cast in one eye. He was all dressed up for the occasion. In addition to his good robe, he wore a pair of dark glasses. We had never seen him wear them before. Vivian whispered, "Where does Ali think he is—in Hollywood?"

A few minutes later we saw that Joe, the carpenter, had restless feet. He got into the group right next to Ali. He was a spirited, though somewhat clumsy, dancer. His army coveralls looked a little out of place in the line, but that didn't bother anyone. When next we looked, Joe had managed to displace Ali and was actually leading the dance; a broad grin covered his face.

Sheikh Suliman of Chalgeh rode over on horseback for the occasion, carrying his rifle, as usual. We called him "Sheikh" as a mark of respect. He was actually the *agha* or headman-landowner of Chalgeh village, the person who was the official village representative in the eyes of the Iraq Government. He was a handsome, affable man, who often entertained us when we passed through his village.

Suliman's young son was working for us on the dig as a *bissa* boy—not a particularly good worker, but, in any case, we would have had to hire him to oblige the father. The boy wore a big smile most of the time and looked so mischievous that we had nicknamed him "Billy." Billy, if dressed in blue jeans and plaid shirt, would have looked like any little American boy.

The dinner was served on large, round trays. About twelve men gathered around a tray to eat. There was no silverware; you ate with your hands. A small tray was brought especially for us. We dipped in with our hands and ate some—not much, for we had dinner waiting for us in the house. But we were surprised to find what a good job

Saleh had done. The dinner was extremely palatable. It didn't seem as greasy as most dinners of the sort. We left the party eating and went in to our own meal.

After a short time we could hear the music and dancing beginning again outside. By then it was almost dark, but Abdullah had borrowed a pressure lantern and it furnished enough light so the party could go on. About eight o'clock the *fantasia* broke up, because the villagers had to walk back home. They were usually in bed by dark, for only the headman of a village would have a lantern. But their day also began very early, well before dawn when it first begins to get light.

The *fantasia* seemed to have been a great success.

Institut kurde de Paris

[9] *getting into harness*

DIG ROUTINE ALMOST IMMEDIATELY FELL INTO A PATTERN.

In the mornings we would rise early and go out to the dig before breakfast. The workmen would be waiting to have their cards punched.

During the day, Bob Adams, as field superintendent, was usually to be found on the dig, keeping a general eye on the excavating. Other duties involved taking the necessary field notes or cleaning a burial on those rare occasions when one was found.

"Field notes" consisted in filling out two different forms each day. One was the day sheet on which was briefly noted which operations were in progress and the level being dug in each, together with information as to the weather, the number of men employed, unusual antiquities found, jobs completed, the names of any visitors, etc. The second form, the day notes, called for a detailed description of the day's work in each separate operation. If the men were digging in two areas, for example, a form was required

for each area. These notes would be invaluable to us at home when we were working up the Jarmo excavations for publication.

On those rare occasions when the workmen would happen on skeletal material in the course of digging, Abdullah would have the men stop digging and call over Bob Adams. Burials required special treatment and Bob would begin by gently loosening the dirt above and around the bones with a grapefruit knife, brushing the loose dirt away with a soft paint brush. After he had established the general position of the bones, he would call in a skilled pickman to do the rest of the exposing. The average Near Easterner is so much more patient than a Westerner that the breakage is always less. The process was always a slow one for the dirt was usually harder than the bones.

When the skeleton, or such bones as there were, was fully exposed, Bob would make extensive notes on the burial as it lay in the ground. The printed burial sheet called for the findspot, the direction in which the skeleton faced, whether the body had been extended full length or had been flexed, whether it was a child or adult, remarks on the state of preservation, on the teeth, and any unusual features observable. The reverse side of the sheet was graph paper for making a detailed sketch of the burial. When he was through making the notes and sketch, Bob would have the pickman try to remove the bones from the earth in which they were imbedded, but usually they were so friable that they rapidly disintegrated as they were being taken from the ground.

When Bob Adams was in the house or working on the cars, Bob Braidwood would take his place on the dig. In any case, he was out there much of the time surveying or mapping the architecture. We had made a topographic survey of the site of Jarmo in 1948 and Bob had to add our main digging operation to the map, as well as any other

THE ORIENTAL INSTITUTE
THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Date Dec. 18, 1950

DAY NOTES BY OPERATIONS—

SITE JARMO

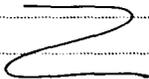
Plot or number II

Level 2nd floor

Behavior of general operation

25 workmen. Central & east b & d
grids, north-central f, southeast e, eastern e.
2 baked-in-place basins on east and
south faces also cleaned.

Behavior of established features or loci



(over?)

New features or loci

A pit in grid d - contains many
stones, a few sherds, not much bone.
Fill is black-grey, very soft - like that
of J-III

(over?)

Burials encountered

J-2 5-3 & 4 reference stakes
leveled.

Caches encountered

None.

Excavation photos exposed—note direction of exposure, etc.

of "gussab" (reed) "trough" in e, from west = 110
of b-i-p basin, west face, e, from east = 113

Superintending

RMA

SAMPLE "DAY NOTES" FORM

(See text, Chap. 8 describing Bob Adams and field notes)

Institut kurde de Paris

small ones we undertook during the season. He spent even more time in his role as dig architect. It was his business to see that the workmen exposed the butts of walls and remaining features that were really there—without leaving stretches of plain mud as walls or outlining doorways where none actually existed. Bob would spend a fair amount of time picking away at walls and corners and door-jambes and sills to convince himself that what was exposed was really correct and well-cleaned.

Once the men had finished the digging of a level, and Bob had satisfied himself that the "housecleaning" was correct, he would set surveyor's pins on the corners and all the features that had to be mapped. Using the plane table and alidade, he would set to work making a plan of the level with all its architectural features: walls, ovens, special groups of stones, milling stones, etc. Between Bob's detailed plane table mapping of the level and the photograph of it, we would have a good record.

After we had inspected the dig in the morning and discussed any interesting problems, Vivian, Liz and I would go over to the storage yard. There, the most menacing pile would always be the stones. Each morning we would be confronted by a tremendous heap, collected during the previous day's excavation. It was our job to sort through the thousands of stones and set aside to take back home with us any worked stones that the men had overlooked. When we were through, we had some of the boys take the piles of unworked stones and cart them away to the dump.

The other piles didn't need attention every day. We would let the bone-pile accumulate until one level was completely dug. Then we would box them up, label the box, and store them in the workroom until Fred Barth could sort them in the spring. The pile containing potsherds grew very slowly. When one level was finished, Bob Adams, who took over the pottery, would sort it out and store it in the

house. The snail shells were also allowed to accumulate by levels and then boxed.

We were keeping the snail shells as material for dating and as clues to climate. This is a new process for "dating" archeological materials developed by Professor W. F. Libby and his associates at the University of Chicago. Libby's method depends on the establishment of the rate of disappearance of radio-active carbon-14 in organic matter. By testing the amount of radio-activity still left in samples of burned bone, charcoal, shell, etc. from a dig, Libby is able to fix the approximate age of the levels which yielded the samples.

Vivian, Liz and I had too much work controlling the objects coming out of the dig to spend as much time as we would have liked on the dig itself. Except for our daily visits and those occasions when we were out photographing or aiding in the mapping and survey work, we spent most of our working hours in the museum-workroom.

As many as fifteen hundred flints and obsidian objects alone might come into the house after one day's digging. These formed the bulk of our finds. Beside these, there were many objects of stone, of bone, and of clay each day.

First I would make a rough sorting of the flint and obsidian, with Vivian lending a hand when she had time. This was in itself a full morning's work.

The tiny pieces of obsidian were divided into those that had been used as tools and the chips that were the by-product in the making of those tools. The flints were sorted first into two groups: the microlithic, or tiny, flint group and the more normal-sized ones. These were then subdivided into tools and by-products.

In addition, each piece of flint and obsidian had to have a findspot written on it—black India ink for the flint, white ink for the obsidian; a time-consuming job, especially when it came to the microliths. There was no time for labelling

them during the first few months, so we stored them on a shelf in separate, labelled bags after I had jotted down in my notebook a rough count, the findspot and the day. I also noted a count of all the other objects found.

The clay, bone and other stone objects also required much time and attention each day. The clay objects were Vivian's department. They all needed to be cleaned before labelling. This was done by using a fine dental tool to flake off the hard dirt. It was slow work to clean without removing the original surface, for the unbaked clay was softer than the coating.

Liz took care of the bone and stone objects. It was easy to clean the bone by brushing with a soft, worn toothbrush. The stone bowls, bracelets, beads, etc. were much more difficult. Especially in the upper levels of the dig, a hard crust was found clinging to most of them. Only after patient, persistent chipping could you remove it.

Each day we chose some of the handsomer objects—and any unique ones—to put into the register. These received a number and were drawn, measured and described. We used a carbon so that we could give the original to the Directorate General of Antiquities at the end of the season and keep the carbon for our own records.

Sabri was responsible for making a duplicate of the register in Arabic. We tried to keep the terms simple so he would be able to find them in his English-Arabic dictionary. But, like every other study, archeology has a definite jargon of its own and, at times, it is hard to avoid it. Then Sabri would come in, with a worried expression on his face, and ask us to explain a term such as "carinated profile," which we had used to describe a stone bowl shape. Sometimes he teased us by saying that we were making up words when he couldn't find them in his English-Arabic dictionary. "Steatopygous" was such a case. We had used it to describe the particularly fat-buttocked shape of a figurine—and

then couldn't even find the word in our own dictionary!

Sabri found plenty to do to keep him busy in camp. In addition to keeping the Arabic register up to date and making detailed sketches of objects for the register, he spent some time every day on the dig, watching its progress and talking with the men. He seemed very much at home up in this area. We found that he had made many trips in the region and was proficient in Kurdish. When we needed an interpreter, Sabri was at hand. He was always ready to make survey trips with us. If we needed help in any matter, he was always ready to come to our aid. For example, he dickered with the landowner of Jarmo to settle on how much rental we would have to pay during our months of excavation.

We knew that Sabri missed his family, but it wasn't until our second month in camp that we found he was uneasy about how they were managing in Baghdad during his absence. It was then that we agreed that he might bring his wife and two small children to live in camp, if he wanted to build the necessary living quarters and the idea had the approval of the Directorate General. The idea appealed to Sabri immensely and it was soon arranged that his family would join him. At first he thought to build a separate little house; but, when we checked over the number of sun-dried bricks still on hand, we found there were too few for that. By a little manoeuvring Sabri was given the room in the south-west corner of the house. There were enough bricks left for him to have a small adjoining room built to serve as a kitchen. The two rooms were small, but would house Sabri, his wife, and two children, aged five and two, especially when the whole outdoors could be used as living space during good weather.

The workmen were settling nicely into their excavation life. The Shergatis made most of their demands on the oc-

casation of the first payday, two weeks after we began digging. Here Sabri proved himself a valuable helper. He was sensible and a good arbitrator. We adjusted some of the Shergatis' wages that were out of line. Then, there were several things they asked for which we considered unreasonable—one, in particular.

We had two guards at the house. This was unnecessary to our minds, but was required of a foreign excavator by the Directorate General of Antiquities as a protection for the foreigner. Whether we wanted them or not, we had to have those two guards. The Shergatis said that we had guards and they wanted one at their tents, too. We thought this was ridiculous and we just weren't going to pay for another guard.

Bob can put on a fine show on such occasions. Actually a mild person, he can do a good job of feigning a temper. "What!" he exclaimed. "We're going to build you a house and now you want a guard! Are you children or men?" The Shergatis were impressed, but they still wanted a guard. Finally Sabri thought of Mahmud. We would send Mahmud up to guard them—by sleeping on the premises. Mahmud grinned broadly and said he was willing to protect the Shergatis. They looked a little sheepish, but decided this would be all right with them. So the matter was settled.

This notion of the Shergatis, wanting guards in their own country, was understandable. They were Arabs from the alluvial plain of the Tigris and tended to be suspicious of the Kurds. They were now living up here in this "wild" country, a long way from home. They got along well with the local workmen and it would presently dawn on them that they were living among friends and that the Kurds they knew weren't so "wild," after all. But, in the meantime—guards.

The local Kurds proved themselves good learners. Before long Abdullah would begin training some of them as pick-

men. He spent a lot of time showing them how to do things properly and soon had a good idea which ones were most deft. They all seemed to like the work; but they were especially happy at the opportunity of earning money. Kanisard and Chalgeh are both poor villages. Many of these men were unmarried: some doubtless had it in mind to earn the price of a bride during the season's work. Others would buy sheep and goats. Some would buy the new cloth for clothing which they and their families so badly needed.

Abdullah was here, there and everywhere on the dig, watching over everything. He made suggestions and lent a helping hand wherever he saw it was needed. If any new feature appeared, he had the workmen stop and would call over whichever of the Bobs was out supervising. The men respected him and asked his advice. They called him Haji Abdullah, as a mark of respect. A *Haji* is a holy man who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Abdullah was a pious man, but had never been to Mecca.

When the men had finished digging a level, the whole area would be plotted and accurately drawn by Bob B. and adequately photographed. Then the walls were torn down and the architectural features removed. After that, the floor was scraped to see whether there were any traces of walls or hearths appearing below—you could sometimes see their outlines after such a scraping.

These mud-layered walls at Jarmo were more difficult to find than mud-brick ones. Once a wall was found, it was not difficult for a good workman to follow along and expose it, but it took definite skill. There was a slight plane of cleavage between the standing wall and the surrounding mud. The expert knew just how to use his pick to flick the "loose" mud from the wall. Only two or two and a half feet remained of the originally much higher walls they were trying to find. The tracer had to work by feel. Once a wall was exposed and the ground moisture had dried out of the

earth, any eyes could see that it was a wall. You could see the lines of the narrow layers of mud as they were allowed to dry before the next course of mud was added. There was a distinct color differentiation.

Once a level was cleared and scraped, the men started digging the next earlier level. They began by taking the surface down again about another six inches. If this was done over a fair-sized area without encountering any floor, walls, ovens, or the like, they were told to dig six inches deeper. The next floor down might appear anywhere between six inches and three feet below. It was often quite a trick to find the bottom of the new level, but, once you struck walls or the floor of an oven, it was relatively easy.

While Bob B. was mapping a certain level, the men had to work somewhere else. We already had such an area to put them in. We wanted to finish the first season's test dig where we were working in the earliest levels of Jarmo. We hoped to be able to dig our large, new area down to the base of the deposit, but were afraid it would be impossible to do that in just one season's work.

After a week of digging, Bob and I decided that it would be a good idea to have a "lab session" with the workmen. We wanted to give them some idea of where Jarmo fitted into the early picture of Iraq and of the kinds of things we might hope to find. The Shergatis were used to working on large historical sites where you dig much faster and not so carefully. They were more used to clearing out a large palace or a temple complex. They knew we wanted them to work slowly and carefully here. They could see that we weren't getting gold or metal objects, nor inscribed tablets. We wanted to give them—and the Kurds, too—some notion of why we were saving all the objects—many of which would, if found, be thrown out on a historical dig. We would try to explain to them that in a *prehistoric* dig

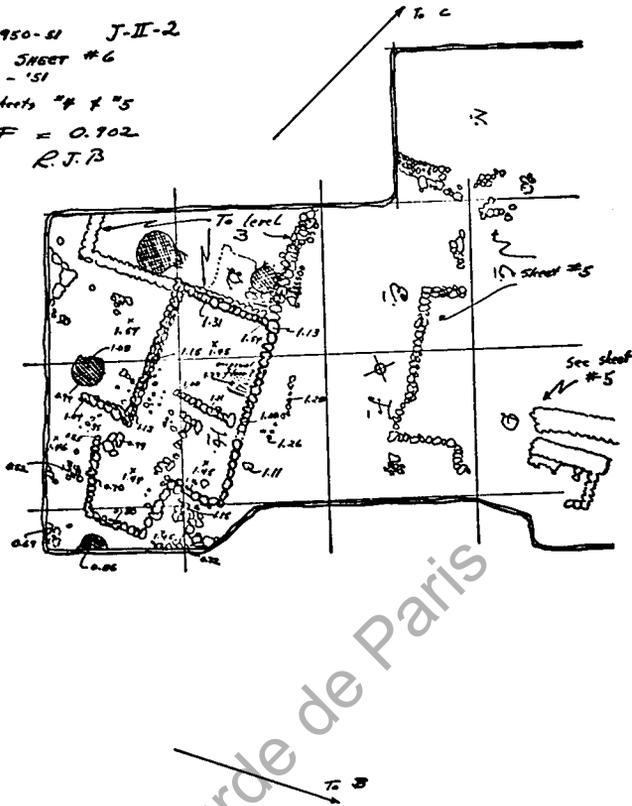
the threads of evidence are so scanty that you have to be careful not to overlook anything.

One morning we brought out some books with us to the dig. Half of the men came at a time and we all sat down together in a circle. Abdullah and Mahmud were there to help us explain our ideas to the men. As we told the story of ancient Jarmo, as we saw it, there were many exclamations of surprise and wonderment. We told them that we wanted them to work carefully so they wouldn't overlook any bits of charcoal, grain, small clay figurines, or tiny stone tools.

They had been finding many tiny obsidian tools. The obsidian was black and shiny and could be seen quite easily against the reddish-beige dirt they were digging in. We produced some tiny flint cores (the blank from which flint blades have been struck off) which had been found in the excavations during the last week. We showed the men the flake scars on the core that indicate that tiny blades have been struck off the core. These tiny blades, and tools made from these blades, must be in the excavation, yet we weren't finding them. It would be much harder to find the flint than the obsidian—the beige tones of the flint were difficult to see against the dirt. The men had been finding the large tools of flint but almost none of the small ones. They were surprised and ashamed that they had been missing something and promised to find them.

Then we showed them pictures of some of the flint tools that had been found in their original wooden hafts in European peat bogs, where the wood was preserved. Some showed the tiny flints set compositely along a lengthwise groove in the wooden shaft. We told them that our tiny obsidian and flints at Jarmo had probably been hafted in wood, but we wouldn't be able to find any wooden fragments remaining. They should watch carefully, however, and report as soon as they found any flints or obsidian lying together in a group. Then we might be able to tell some-

JARMO, 1950-51 J-II-2
 PLANE TABLE SHEET #6
 - MARCH 2 - '51
 See also sheets #4 & #5
 B.S. on F = 0.902
 R.J.B.



SAMPLE OF BOB B'S PLANE-TABLE MAPPING OF ONE OF THE UPPER LEVELS OF JARMO

Page 14 Vol ... Year 1950
 Jarmo REGISTER OF OBJECTS.

No.	Date	Square	Stratum	Locus	Description and Drawing	Category	State	Measurements	Material	Photo
J2-154	Nov. 2.	E	III	2-1	Animal figurine (horse?) accentuated spine, front leg broken 	clay	± whole	h. 52		
J2-155	Nov. 2	B	III	0-1	Long ± barrel head 	clay	± whole	l. 20 d. 12		
J2-156	Nov 2	B	III	0-1	Double bowl stalk-like object, no base broken, appendages fore and aft, crown-like top? complete? 	clay	incomplete	l. frag 34 h. 35		

SAMPLE OF PORTION OUT OF REGISTER BOOK

Institut kurde de Paris

thing from the grouping and perhaps even find the impressions of a wooden haft.

Our "lab session" paid dividends. The men did keep a closer lookout and immediately began finding the tiny flints, and, at the same time, more kernels of grain and bits of charcoal.

To be sure that we weren't missing anything, we had Joe make us a large sieve on legs about table-height. We had bought the fine, strong sieve wire in the States for this purpose. We began to put the dirt that was being dumped by the *bissa* boys, through the sieve as a check. The men didn't like the sieve idea. They took it as a reflection on their ability to find things. We found, however, that they were missing extremely little. The boys who were putting the dirt through the sieve would uncover just a few tiny objects by the end of the day. We kept the sieve at the dig but gave up using it except occasionally. Every week or so we would suddenly call the *bissa* boys to bring their dirt to the sieve. Each time the results would be the same. The men were doing an almost perfect job of uncovering what was hidden in the excavation.

It is important to get a good photographic record of the architecture and other features of a level. Vivian and Liz alternated or worked together on taking the shots of the various levels. Even with a wide-angle lens, it is hard to get a good-sized area into one photograph. It gets increasingly difficult as the levels get deeper. The best solution would be to have a helicopter. Then you could rise to the ideal place in which to photograph the entire area and hover there while taking the picture. Douglas, who was only six and didn't comprehend finances, thought that we weren't very bright not to have brought along a helicopter for other reasons. He pointed out how useful it would be, and how much of a time-saver, in picking up the mail from Chemchemical or the necessary groceries in Kirkuk.

We had no helicopter, but we did have a helpful photographic aid. Bob had seen a scaffold used for photography out in New Mexico. By taking a picture from the top, you could shoot directly down into the dig and cover a fairly large area with one shot. We had brought out one of these scaffolds: it was made of steel and came in mountable sections. We had purchased five sections, each four feet high. Thus you could take a picture from a height of four, eight, twelve, sixteen, or twenty feet—whatever seemed to be needed. There were steel guard rails to fence in the top. Joe made a wooden platform to fit the scaffold. It was sturdy and, consequently, quite heavy.

On the first day when the scaffold was assembled and the platform was being raised by ropes, the whole business nearly toppled over. I shut my eyes, fearing to see both Bobs, who were up on top, fall to the ground along with the tower. When I didn't hear any groans, I opened my eyes and saw that the workmen had managed to brace the tower just in time to keep it from toppling over. Needless to say, after that they figured out a safe way of raising the heavy platform. Four guy wires were also used to keep the tower from blowing over in a high wind. It was actually pretty steady and Vivian and Liz managed to get good clear shots from up there. To Gretel and Douglas, the tower was a glorified jungle gym.

As soon as the digging was well under way and our major house-settling jobs finished, Bob and I began to do something about finding the earlier site for which we had been promised money by the American Schools of Oriental Research. We wanted to do our looking before any rains began.

We had first thought of a cave but were told that there were none in the ridge nearest us—they were all on the other side of the Pass. There were some well-known caves below Chemchemical. These Bob visited with Sabri. They turned out to be very large caves and disappointing for our

purposes, for they contained no signs of early dwellers. What we were looking for was actually cozy rock-shelters rather than tremendous caves. If we couldn't find a rock-shelter anywhere in the area right around us, perhaps we could find an "open-air" site.

We began by questioning the workmen. Many of the Kurds had tramped, as shepherds, over the greater part of the region around Jarmo. We asked them whether they knew of any places where you could find flint tools on the surface, as at Jarmo. Some of them did. So we asked them to go to those places and bring back a surface collection of the flints and any other objects that might be on the surface. They were to visit only one site at a time and report back to us right afterwards. We wanted to avoid any confusion.

In the next few days quite a few collections were brought in to us. Some of them looked quite hopeful for what we had in mind. We picked out the most promising lots and visited these sites first—but gradually visited all the sites which had yielded collections. Few of them could be reached by jeep without great difficulty. If the site was not too far away, it was simpler to walk. However we soon found out what it meant when a workman said it was a ten minute walk; we were still walking at the end of half an hour. But the weather was good and we enjoyed it.

Two of the sites looked especially good. One was Turkaka and the other Karim Shahir. The indications from our surface findings were that both sites were definitely earlier than Jarmo. But Karim Shahir showed indications of being closer to Jarmo in time, than Turkaka, and this was definitely what we needed. Karim Shahir was about half an hour's walk (in *our* sense, by the watch) up the *wadi* from Jarmo. We were told that we could also reach it by jeep and tried bouncing our way over to it in a very roundabout fashion—taking about forty minutes for the drive.

I call it "drive," but that wasn't the word for it! On these

exploratory trips, Bob would usually drive. The guide sat next to him so Bob could follow his pointing directions. I was in the rear "seat." The rear seat in a jeep is uncomfortable enough on any smooth run, but when you are going across extremely rough country, it becomes sheer agony. I remember gratefully one particularly rough trip when I was in luck. The guide decided it would be easier for him to find a way for the car if he ran ahead. What a luxury to climb into the front seat! By the time we got home, I had a headache and vowed never to go on such a trip again. Of course I did, for I wanted to see the new sites. But presently I had sense enough to become selective and only go along if the surface finds brought in were sufficiently promising.

The children liked to go with us on any trips, but they too presently became cautious and wanted to know if we had been over this particular stretch before. "Is it rougher than the way to Karim Shahir?" they would ask. If we didn't know, they would decide to stay at home.

After we had seen a variety of sites, we still felt that Karim Shahir was the "one." But, in any case, before asking permission to excavate it, we would wait until Bruce Howe arrived and see whether he approved of the site.

The men kept on bringing in stray collections, from here and there, all during the fall. Most of them were not what we were looking for, but all the sites were visited and collections made for the Directorate General of Antiquities' collections. Abdullah had also seen some mounds off in the Chemchemical plain during the summer. On several "Sundays" (actually it was Friday that the workmen had off) we would all set off in the afternoon with Abdullah—in the truck or in both jeeps—to investigate the mounds he had seen.

These trips with everyone coming along were very cheery affairs. Most of the time was actually spent in figuring a way for the jeeps to get to the particular spot we wanted to

examine. Sometimes we would have to give up, park the jeeps, and finish the trip on foot. But this didn't seem sporting when you were travelling by jeep, so we struggled desperately first to find a way through.

In any case, we would come home happy with a fine haul of surface collections for the Baghdad Museum. Almost nothing was known archeologically of any of this region. Any information would be a help.

Institut kurde de Paris

[10] *to market, to market*

DURING THE FIRST FEW WEEKS IN CAMP, WHEN WE WERE getting settled, there were many shopping trips to Kirkuk. After that, we tried to keep them down to the average of once a week and bought our food supplies accordingly. But there were other things we couldn't control—such as vehicles needing repairs, the pump breaking down, or having to meet a train—with the result that, over the season, we made a shopping trip to Kirkuk or Sulimaniyeh on the average of once every five days. And then, every second day, there were the smaller ones to Chemchemical to pick up and send mail and to get kerosene and other small items.

After each person had made an initial trip to Kirkuk there were no longer any volunteers for the run. Everyone preferred to stay at home rather than go out to see the great, outer world. The trips were definitely a grind and the shopper would come back at night exhausted—to face the day's work still undone in the museum-workroom. The

only fair solution was to post a sheet with the names of all the staff and rotate the turns.

The evening before a shopping trip, Vivian and I would settle down to make out the list for groceries, household items, hardware, necessary repair work, or whatever—with the others making suggestions. We did have a sheet posted for Kirkuk ideas, but somehow only a few ever found their way to it. Vivian would get out her storeroom current supply sheets and we would check over the items that were low and needed refilling. We were grateful for all the grocery supplies we had brought along from home and only wished we had been less niggardly.

We had wanted to keep our budget as intact as possible and had shrunk from spending a large amount in advance for food. But on the first shopping trip to Kirkuk we had seen that this had been false economy and sheer foolishness. The tinned food we had sent out with our shipment was decidedly lower in price, including the cost of shipment and the customs duties, than the comparable sized tins in the shops. In addition, there was the great amount of time wasted in shopping for items, which would be in and out of stock in a few days with a wait of a month or two between shipments.

We were fortunate in being able to buy at the Spinney store in the Iraq Petroleum Company (IPC) compound. Spinney is a British concern that operates throughout the Near East. Their stores are large and fairly well-stocked with imported foods. The Spinney-run store outside of Kirkuk was not open to the general public as it was run for the benefit of the employees of the IPC. As a special favor they took us on as customers. They had large enough stocks so that we could buy a case of tomatoes or peaches, etc., without draining their supplies. Their prices on tinned items were also generally a bit lower. Crisco or shortenings in general, tinned oleomargarine, and tinned cheese were rationed but

Spinney's manager was good enough to count us as regular customers and let us have our share. Coffee was not rationed but at times was just unobtainable.

Since Spinney's stocked only British and Australian canned foods, we bought a few tins each of a great variety of items, for sampling, on our first shopping trips. We planned to order a case each of the ones we liked on the next shopping trip. But often it happened that in the intervening days Spinney's had completely sold out of one or the other of these items. "When *will* you be getting in more tomatoes?" we would ask. "Oh, perhaps next month," would be the completely frustrating reply.

When we found that Spinney's was out of certain items we wanted (as was almost always the case), we would make the rounds of the shops in town. But those that carried any assortment of tinned goods (almost every little shop, whether a tobacconist or one with nuts, dried peas, lentils, raisins, etc., would have a few cans of dried milk, cocoa, evaporated milk, and jam on its shelves) were few and if they had anything we wanted, we were lucky if they would have ten or twelve tins of it. The prices would also be a bit higher than the Spinney price.

It would have been far simpler if we had brought out shortening, coffee and more canned goods in general.

After we had finished making up the grocery list we would check on the cleaning supplies. We bought as large quantities at a time as we could of creosote, laundry soap (for laundry and dishes), and Vim (an abrasive powder for scouring), but they disappeared so fast it was almost impossible to build up a storeroom supply of them. Before going to bed we would get out the shopping baskets, paper bags, empty bottles and any other items that needed to go to Kirkuk.

The fatal decision had already been made as to who was to do the shopping. Any large Kirkuk list would need two

of us to run errands in order to finish in one day. If a large supply of food was involved we found it was more profitable to send one female along to cope with the Spinney order; she would also know which of any new items suddenly appearing in Spinney's should be purchased. But sometimes we found to our great joy that the lone appearance of one of our men at Spinney's could be extremely advantageous—on one occasion Bob actually came home with a 3 lb. tin of Crisco and a 7 lb. tin of oleomargarine to which we weren't entitled.

In the morning we would have an earlier breakfast than usual and try to be ready to leave around seven o'clock. You could tell that it was a shopping day just by the clothes—skirts for the ladies, jackets and perhaps even a tie for the men. Mahmud would have been told in advance to check the jeeps for gas, oil, and tools, to attach the trailers and load in the baskets, and both cars would be ready by seven o'clock.

It was generally an easy matter to decide which vehicles to take. Usually one was ailing and would have to go in for repairs and while it was immobilized at the garage, another car would be needed to make the run out to Spinney's. A driver would rarely be alone in a jeep—usually he would be accompanied by a child or two or by Mahmud or one of the Shergatis who would be delegated to buy food for the other workmen.

If the trip was uneventful, in about an hour and a half we would be in Kirkuk where our first stop was always the Glessners'. Here the shopper for the workmen would leave us as we reminded him to be back at the Glessners' at three o'clock, the time we wanted to leave again for Jarmo. We would take a few minutes to exchange news with the Glessners, use their conveniences, leave the children (or take one along to Spinney's), and set off on our errands.

One person would immediately set out for Spinney's for

that was a whole morning's job. It took about forty-five minutes for the drive out and back but at least an hour and a half was needed to shop in. Spinney's was open until noon, then closed until around 4 o'clock, so the shopping had to be done in the morning.

The person functioning in Kirkuk proper would first go to Mr. Yunan's store. There he would sit down and have a glass of tea with Mr. Yunan and read off to him the things we wanted him to get in the bazaars for us. We had found that Spinney's fresh fruits and vegetables weren't as good as those we could get in the Kirkuk markets. If we went around from shop to shop in the bazaars buying oranges here, tomatoes at the next place, spinach at the third, etc., it would take us all morning to get what we needed. Mr. Yunan charged us a small fee for getting them for us, but, even then, the prices were less than we would have paid ourselves as inexperienced bargainers. Then the shopper would leave baskets and a few paper bags and tell Mr. Yunan that he would return at two, if that were convenient. The shop would normally be closed in the early afternoon, but Mr. Yunan, an energetic, congenial person, would return and open up if he knew when to expect us. We always tried to buy some of his canned goods; just how much would depend on what the shopper at Spinney's could or couldn't get.

The next stop for the town shopper would usually be the garage to leave the ailing jeep for repairs. Or, if it was battery trouble, he would go to the man who specialized in battery work. The battery man often completely mystified us by declaring "Too much acid in the battery" or "Too little acid in the battery."

After the garage came the bank, for we had to meet a payroll every two weeks. The shopper carried a slip of paper giving the amounts of each type of currency wanted. We tried to keep a large supply of small coins on hand in

camp and to limit our banking transaction to bills—*dinars*, $\frac{1}{2}$ *dinars* (500 *fil*s), and $\frac{1}{4}$ *dinars* (250 *fil*s)—that would easily fit into the army musette bag worn over the shoulder. (The Iraqi *dinar* is the exact equivalent of the British pound—\$2.80—and is divided into 1000 *fil*s.) The bank transaction would take at least an hour. If the director were not busy, he would invite the person to come into his office to have tea with him. One could usually excuse himself after twenty minutes or so and go about other errands.

The first errand, after the bank, would usually be across the street to mail letters at the postoffice. Others might include a visit to the pharmacist for creosote and other odds and ends (we never gave him much real business since we had our own medical supplies), and usually a trip across the street to buy a supply of Iraqi cigarettes, safety matches, and pistachio nuts. Next there might be a hunt up the main street in the area around the bank to look for a certain size pressure-lamp needle (for Esa's lamp) or to shop on the best buy in kerosene heaters. Each trip there were always innumerable little purchases to be made or sought in the shopping area around the bank. By the time the shopper could return to the bank for the money, the morning would be almost gone and it would be time to walk out to the Glessners'.

With luck the Spinney shopper would be back at the Glessners' a bit before noon. She would have had a trying morning and presently out would come the sad tale.

She had as usual first gone to the grocery side of the store and started slowly reading off her list to the clerk who in turn began writing the items down on the order pad. When she had read "fifteen loaves of bread" (these were small loaves of excellent white bread made on the premises every day), the clerk had looked up and said "Sorry but we can only let you have three loaves today—if you had telephoned us yesterday. . . ." On down the list they went.

"Sorry but you've already had your Crisco ration for the month," and "Sorry but we have no more coffee, not even Nescafé." When she had asked when the next shipment of coffee would be in, he had thought it *might* be in about a month.

Finally the long list was written down in the order book. Then when she had given the clerk the large covered tin for the flour and a paper bag for the bread, she was ready to go across the hall to the meat and fresh vegetable department. But the grocery interview had been depressing—there were still quite a few items that would have to be looked for in town. The only bright spot had been that the clerk had told her that he had two large empty biscuit tins saved for us.

Across the hall at the meat department there had been no difficulty about getting fifty pounds of beef, although at first the clerk had, of course, tried to get her to take the old gray goose that we had noticed in the case on several visits. They gave her one large chunk of around 25 lbs. The other chunk she had had them cut up into 5 lb. pieces that could be stored in the freezing compartment of our refrigerator.

While they were wrapping the meat in the paper bags she had brought along, Mr. White, the manager, had come in and stopped to talk. In the course of the conversation, he had asked whether she had taken any of the cheddar cheese that had just come in that morning and was unrationed. This was happy news. Mr. White had had the clerk bring out the large, round cheese. It looked good and the sample he gave her was excellent, so she had bought four pounds of it.

Then she had gone back to the grocery side, slightly cheered by the cheese encounter, only to find that they had collected but a small number of items on the order and were far from finished.

After she had waited a long time, they finally began

carrying out the purchases to the jeep. She had, as usual, checked as the things were put into the trailer and found that they had forgotten to include the flour and soda. That took another few minutes.

So much for the morning. If the shoppers had enough time they would go to the Railway Rest House for lunch, but more often would stay and have a quick lunch at the Glessners'. Sometimes Helen could be prevailed upon to let us make our own sandwiches of bread and cheese purchased at Spinney's. In any case, the lunch hour was the one good opportunity during the trip to talk with the Glessners.

The next move after lunch would be to drive down to find out when the ailing jeep would be ready. After being reassured that it would be ready in another hour, the shoppers would set out on the rest of their errands. They would drive past the bank and on up the main street, dodging the people walking in the streets, zigzagging around the horse-drawn taxis, trying to figure out whether the policeman at the corner meant *stop* or *go* with his hand signal. Driving out to Spinney's was all right for an inexperienced driver, but, until he had had lots of experience, we discouraged anyone from driving on the main streets of Kirkuk. Once a person had graduated to Kirkuk driving, we felt he could handle *any* situation in a car!

The first stop might be at Rashid's for airmail stationery.

We were always happy for an excuse to go into Rashid's. It was a small store consisting of one narrow central room with a smaller room opening off at each side—the whole area was not much more than 20 by 20 feet. Despite its small size, the store carried a tremendous number of different items: notions, cosmetics, film, toys, yarns, jewelry, stationery, hosiery, nursing bottles, a few women's dresses and dubious fur coats, and candy. Even after several trips to Rashid's you couldn't possibly say what all was carried in the way of merchandise—we could see what was on dis-

play, but hadn't the foggiest notion what was contained in all the boxes up on the shelves. It was strange if you couldn't find something you needed at Rashid's.

On our first visit to the store, when we had come in to buy thread but were wandering about wide-eyed taking in the great variety, the young boy who helped as clerk tried in every way to sell us some Chanel No. 5 and some Max Factor lipstick and seemed crushed when we weren't interested in buying any. We told Mr. Rashid on our first visit how much we admired his store and stock. He promptly took us in tow and showed us around another alcove which contained counters with buttons, costume jewelry and another with brassieres and even falsies!

The next lengthy stop would be Yunan's to pick up the fruit and vegetables and to try to get some of the tinned items that weren't available at Spinney's. A stop off at the Provision Store, run by Mr. Peters, to pick up a few extra items not available at either Spinney's or Yunan's, and the shoppers would continue on down to the garage to get the other jeep. Then over to the gas station to fill the gasoline tanks at the pump and to buy some 5 gallon tins of gasoline for the camp supply. There might be quite a wait at the gas station especially if there were trucks in line. The pump was worked by hand and it took quite a long time to fill a truck tank. By now the shoppers would be fairly impatient, too, for it would be getting late.

Once the gas supply was in, they would go back to the Glessners' and repack the purchases in the trailers so they would ride well—usually with the expert guidance and aid of Jeff Glessner. Ordinarily the Shergati would be there, too, waiting with his purchases. If not, he would probably be somewhere along the route and would wave the jeeps down on the way. If the shoppers were lucky they would leave Kirkuk around three o'clock, but usually they weren't this

fortunate and it would be nearer four o'clock as they waved goodby to the Glessners.

We tried to make four o'clock the dead-line for leaving Kirkuk. Then in case of a breakdown along the road there would still be a good chance of spending the night in camp and not somewhere along the roadside. If the cars weren't back in camp by six-thirty or seven o'clock by the latest, some one of the men in camp would make the run to Chemchemal and telephone in to the Glessners to check.

Usually the drive back would be fairly uneventful and the party would arrive in Chemchemal before the postoffice closed and pick up the mail. Then on to camp where everyone would come out to greet them, with some wag usually asking "Did you have a nice quiet day?" After all the purchases had been unloaded, the weary shoppers could finally relax in front of the fire with a glass of sherry and tell about their achievements and disappointments. They would also remember presently to go over to the shopping sheet and credit their names with a Kirkuk shopping trip. It was wonderful to be home again.

[11] *a Kurdish market place*

THERE WERE ALWAYS VOLUNTEERS FOR A TRIP TO SULIMANIYEH. This was the main Kurdish town about the same distance for us as Kirkuk. One big factor, of course, was that there was never as much Expedition shopping to do there. Sulimaniyeh is not on the railroad line and so didn't have the stock of general supplies to be found in Kirkuk, although, during the local growing season, the fresh fruit and vegetable supply was good. This meant that you could spend a certain amount of time just wandering about in the *souks*.

Bob had made the first flying trip over with the children to buy some birthday presents for me soon after we came to camp and had returned quite enthusiastic about the place. After we had been in camp about a month, Vivian and I decided to go over to Sulimaniyeh to canvass the shopping possibilities. Gretel said she wanted to go back with us and Sabri offered to accompany us and show us around. In slight embarrassment, he suggested we might

want to dress for the occasion since foreign women would be a curiosity in Sulimaniyeh. We assured him that we would be very circumspect and would wear our suits for the trip. He also suggested that we take two men along, one to guard the truck and the other to help carry the purchases in the *souks*.

We got off to an early start in the truck. We had put some of the jeep seats in the back so the seating arrangement was quite comfortable. As we went through the Pass and started through the valley beyond, we were glad we had brought our heavy coats for it suddenly began to feel quite chilly. The truck wheezed a little as it climbed the hills, but otherwise performed quite creditably. The whole trip was an extremely handsome one through prosperous-looking valleys flanked by hills on either side with fairly high mountain peaks off in the distance.

Sulimaniyeh lay nestling between large hills. At the approach to the town the road widened out to form a tree-lined boulevard. We stopped at the police-post on the road to let Sabri write all our names in English and Arabic in the policeman's book. In town, we made one tour up and down the broad main street and then Sabri had us drive down a side street a little way. There we had to stop and leave the truck, for the roadway was blocked. We left Arif guarding the truck and set off on foot with Ali carrying two of the baskets.

We hadn't walked far before we found ourselves in a large open courtyard that was surrounded by shops that seemed to carry pottery, lurid-colored candies, and a miscellaneous variety of things—but we didn't really get a good look at them. Our eyes were attracted to a large open area beyond that was filled with new wood, probably saplings brought down from the mountains. We needed stools in camp—to use on the dig and in the house—and Joe had said he could make them if we would get some wood for

the legs. We went over to look at the wooden poles. Some of them had a diameter as great as five inches and were probably fifteen feet long, but most were shorter and thinner. We finally bought three pieces about eight feet long and around two and a half inches in diameter and had Ali take them back to the truck.

Sabri then led us on into the inner *souks*. These, like other *souks* in the Near East, consist of a maze of narrow streets with small shops and stalls lining each side of the passage—with roofs covering the whole complex. We first went through the cloth section: shop after shop stacked high with bolts of printed cottons, for the most part, but further on were shops with homespun, *bissa* cloth, and bur-lap. We stopped at one of the shops with *bissa* cloth, a coarse simple fabric of goat's hair, to look at the varieties of weaves and to price the material. Bob had had one of the workmen build us a mud bench around two sides of the living-room near the fireplace. We wanted to tack *bissa* cloth over the seat and back portion of the bench to keep the mud from rubbing off on our clothing.

Sabri asked the shop-keeper, a benign-looking old gentleman with a long beard, to show us some of the patterns. There were great rolls of the *bissa* cloth ranging in width from about eight to eighteen inches. We indicated that we were only interested in the broadest width. The *bissa* cloth was striped and was woven of natural-colored sheep and goat yarns—thus the colors were limited to black, gray, brown, tan, and white. But it was surprising what a variety of patterns were produced just by varying the width and color of the stripes. We chose one pattern but found that there weren't as many yards of it as we needed. The shop-keeper suggested that we use two different patterns but we shook our heads at this. It finally turned out that there was only one pattern that had the required length and we bought this. It wasn't quite as handsome as some of the others

but we decided that once we had it off by itself, we would like it very much. It was dark gray in the main with narrower stripes of brown and tan. The price amounted to the equivalent of only forty cents a yard.

While we were getting the *hissa* cloth we decided to get some cherry-red cotton to cover the pillows for the bench and found just what we needed in one of the cotton shops.

Sabri was just leading us on through to the vegetable stalls when we saw some tailor shops with quilted jackets of homespun or gayly printed cottons on display. Most of them were obviously for men but a few looked small. Sabri thought the small ones were also for men but the shopkeeper said some of the printed ones were for ladies and beckoned me to try one on. It happened to be a particularly handsome print—black background sprigged with tiny bright flowers—and felt wonderfully warm and soft. The front of the jacket was short and dipped to two long tails behind. I was very much tempted especially since Vivian and Gretel nodded their heads in approval. The shopkeeper immediately sensed that I was weakening and said the price was 750 fils (\$2.10). I was just on the verge of saying I would take it when Sabri said that the price was too high but that if I liked it we could buy some material and make one for much less. To save any embarrassment I gave the jacket back to the shopkeeper and declined it with thanks—thinking that I would be freer on another occasion and be able to get one then. (As I should have known from previous unfortunate experiences of passing things up, I never did get one. For when I looked again some months later I could only find much wilder prints and never seemed to find enough time in Sulimaniyeh to pick out a quieter material and order a jacket made in my size.)

On our way to the vegetables we passed through the shoe *souks*. Some of the shops had rows of scarlet and black

leather slippers hanging above the counter—these were attractive but looked uncomfortable. Some of the other shops carried the comfortable white slippers that we were familiar with and liked: the uppers crocheted of string, the soles made of rags that were pleated fan-fashion and pressed tightly together, reinforced by a camel thong—making a pliable but fairly substantial sole. We decided to wait with the slipper buying until a later trip—if we could get more slipper orders from the other staff members, Sabri thought he would be able to get us a much better price.

Once in the vegetable *souks*, which were on a much wider lane, we made quite a few purchases: chard, egg-plant, and marrows at one shop, tomatoes and cucumbers at another. As we carefully packed these into bags or baskets and gave them to Ali to carry back to the truck, we were conscious of a large number of people around us. We had noticed curious glances earlier but we now seemed to have picked up quite a following. It was a friendly crowd but it was plain that they all wanted a look at the foreigners.

We made our way across the lane to a fairly large shop and began deciding what we wanted. We had ordered sugar, tea, and raisins when we noticed the crowd diminishing. Looking around, we saw that a policeman had arrived on the scene and was quietly but firmly persuading the people to move along. We felt that our brief moment of fame had come and gone—so back to the shopping. We pointed out some large paper-covered cones standing on the shop shelf and asked Sabri what they were. He told us they were cones of hard white sugar—as you needed the sugar you pounded up the amount you wanted. We had to buy two of these more out of curiosity than anything else.

Sabri asked what else we had on our list and Vivian read off potatoes and walnuts. We played “follow the leader” as Sabri led us up one narrow lane, weaving in and out

around a loaded donkey, some men carrying large bales on their backs, and numerous shoppers. We almost lost him as he made an abrupt turn to the right up another narrow lane. As we caught up to him we found him looking at potatoes in two neighboring shops. The potatoes in the further shop looked very good and were in fact much better than the ones we had been buying in Kirkuk. When we asked, we were told that they came from Persia. While the shopkeeper was weighing up the potatoes, we saw some walnuts a few shops down and went to look at them. After we had sampled one and found it good and the price much better than the price in Kirkuk, we told Sabri to tell the man we would take five hundred of them—nuts being sold by the piece. The shopkeeper seemed agreeably surprised at the size of the order.

We left Ali to help count the nuts and wandered about gazing at the wares in the other shops in the same area. At one of them we found some unglazed pottery cylinders that were sealed up with mud. Sabri told us that they contained honey. The shopkeeper opened one, let us see the topmost patty-like honey comb (we judged there must be about four more underneath), and cut into it so that we could see it was filled with honey. The price was reasonable and so we bought the cylinder.

As Ali carried off the nuts and honey, we thought that our shopping was finished but we hadn't counted on Gretel. She had been reconnoitering on her own and now pulled Vivian and me over to a shop a bit further down the passage. Before she said "Look! Halloween," we knew what was on her mind. There were four large pumpkin-like squashes that would make convincing jack-o'-lanterns. Needless to say I bought two of them and then we really were through.

We felt that we had had enough *souk* wandering for the day and besides we were all hungry. As we went back to

the truck Sabri suggested—in view of the interest we were creating in Sulimaniyeh—it might be more restful if we would go to the tea house at the outskirts of town. It took a few minutes to back the truck up the narrow side street to the main street—with Šabri shooing the people away from behind the truck and shouting directions to me—and then we drove to the little restaurant Sabri recommended.

After finding out how many *shish-kebabs* we could all eat (including Ali and Arif) Sabri went in to order them. He came out again in about ten minutes bearing a large stack of *khobis* (flat round sheets of bread) that was curled around the meat to keep it hot. A few minutes later we had parked the truck around behind the tea house and were sitting around tables out in the arbor. Ali and Arif decided that they would sit in the shade of the truck so Sabri took their share over to them and then came back to order tea all around and to eat with us.

Vivian and I had an enthusiastic report on the Sulimaniyeh *shish-kebab* from Gretel and as we began to eat them we decided that she was right. They were made of ground-up mutton, highly seasoned and had been cooked in a long frankfurter-like shape over a charcoal fire. Along with each serving came some parsley, leeks, and a few slices of broiled tomatoes. We used the *khobis* as a plate to contain the *kebab* and tore off sections of the *khobis* as we needed so that we could roll up the meat in it and eat both together as a sandwich. The first *kebab* all around disappeared quickly but as we came to the second, Vivian and I found that our appetites had slackened—the *kebab* had cooled perceptibly in the meantime and a fatty taste came to the fore. There was no doubt about it the *kebab* should be eaten while hot. None was wasted however for Ali and Arif gladly accepted more.

The trip to Sulimaniyeh had been worthwhile and fun at the same time. It could never oust Kirkuk for us as a

shopping center, for it had fewer resources; but we used it occasionally as an alternate when we weren't in great need of Kirkuk for tinned goods or repair work.

The enthusiastic recounting of our day in Sulimaniyeh—added to Bob's original report—had the effect of making Liz and Bob Adams volunteer themselves for the next trip to Sulimaniyeh. As the other members of the staff came to camp (and visitors as well) all felt the urge to go to Sulimaniyeh. Since there were always volunteers we decided that the Sulimaniyeh trips combined pleasure with duty and couldn't be counted on the chart as taking the place of a Kirkuk trip.

Although Kirkuk (and Sulimaniyeh to a lesser degree) satisfactorily supplied our needs all year, we found that Kirkuk just didn't begin to have the quality and variety of fresh fruits and vegetables that the bigger cities, Mosul and Baghdad did. We were in Mosul twice during the spring and each time made it a point to visit the *souks* and bring home great quantities—500 oranges, 15 lbs. of tomatoes, 30 lbs. of cucumbers, etc.—all much better than those we found in Kirkuk and substantially lower in price. The same was true for Baghdad and any person going there on business would also return home loaded down.

On one flying trip to Baghdad to have the dentist take care of Vivian and Douglas, we returned by train accompanied by four *large* baskets of produce. (Michael Zia had had his cook buy an unusually large supply of fruit and vegetables in the markets so we could have some, too.) We had already tried first-class on the train—a room with two beds, one on either side—and found that, if you travelled alone, you were usually put in a room all by yourself. Liz had come up to camp by second-class—a room with four beds, two berths on each side—and had had the room all to herself, since few women travelled unaccompanied by their men-folk. We decided to go second-class, too, since there

was a good chance that we would thus have an extra berth in which to store our purchases.

We saw that the train was unusually full that night as we got on and found, when we reached our room, that a young lady was travelling with us. The porters brought in some of our baskets and suitcases and then left the remainder in the corridor for us to cope with as there wasn't any clear floor space left. We were a little embarrassed at taking up all this space and said as much to the girl. She only laughed and helped us to hoist the baskets and bags up to the upper berth above her bed. We found that she was an Armenian who was working as a seamstress in an English colony at a big airport in the south, and was about to visit some relatives in Kirkuk.

While the floor was uncluttered we had the train porter bring in two rolls of train bedding and make up the two berths on our side (Vivian to have the upper, Douglas and I to share the lower—head to foot arrangement). Then we watched fascinatedly while the girl made up her own bed for she had brought along her own bedding roll. After the outer protecting cover was removed and the bedding unrolled, she had a bed that would have graced the daintiest bedroom: plain under blanket covered by sparkling white sheets, hemstitched pillow-case covering the pillow and over all a very pretty comforter—pale pink, with tiny nosegays printed on it. We were impressed.

Now we brought in the rest of our bags and her things and again found the floor space fairly cramped. But there was enough room for one person to maneuver in and we took turns getting into bed while the others were in the wash-room at our end of the train. After we had chatted a few minutes and discovered mutual acquaintances in Kirkuk, we began to get drowsy and said our good-nights.

Fortunately, Jeff Glessner met us at the train next morning. He laughed when he saw all our purchases and said,

“My, you’re travelling heavy—are you planning to go into business as a greengrocer?” But he managed to stow everything away into the car and get us all in, besides. We dropped the girl off at her relatives and then went on to the Glessners’ for one of Helen’s fine breakfasts. After breakfast we picked up the jeep and trailer at the garage, where they had finished the repair work in our absence, and set off for camp feeling for all the world like hucksters.

We often wondered what our neighbors in Chalgeh village thought of all our trucking through their village after shopping trips. They doubtless thought us completely crazy but then we were foreigners. At any rate we were as good as a travelling circus for them; there was always a full turnout—a friendly cheerful audience—as we drove through to camp.

[12] *up from hard-boiled egg pie!*

A NEWLY HIRED COOK IS ALWAYS A GAMBLE AND ESA WAS no exception. During the first month, I'm afraid, we considered Esa mainly as a liability. He was young and bright and extremely cocky. His only experience had been working for a few years with some of the British families in the Iraq Petroleum Company in Kirkuk. He had begun as a house-boy and worked himself up into a cook's helper. But he had the idea that he knew all there was to cooking—in his mind he was a cook, *par excellence*.

On the asset side was the fact that Esa, with his wife Zahala at hand, was completely happy to be out in the blue and wanted to make only an occasional trip outside camp. Another point in his favor was that he was willing to forego shopping—the usual prerogative of the city cook who enjoys it and besides earns a bit extra on commissions. Since our shopping trips were such lengthy affairs we couldn't possibly have spared Esa for that amount of time. With the simple equipment at our disposal, cooking was a full-time job.

During the first week or two when we were busy getting the house livable, we let Esa go ahead and make the dishes he knew. Some of them, particularly the meat dishes, were good but mostly the food was just unpalatable. I suppose if we had compared Esa's cooking with that of the hotels in Baghdad serving European-type food, we would have decided that we were getting comparable meals. But we weren't prepared to suffer through a whole season of bad eating.

I think, in all fairness to Esa, even at the beginning he would have been a fairly good cook if we had told him to make his native dishes. However, we knew from experience that our American stomachs, with few exceptions, are not conditioned to eating Near Eastern foods over a long stretch of time. Their dishes can be tasty, but great quantities of sheep fat or oil are used to prepare them. You probably have to be conditioned to the grease from childhood in order to digest it in such quantities. We aimed to have a healthy staff and were determined to have good simple meals in our own tradition.

As we found more spare time we began to work with Esa. We soon discovered that any suggestions about food-preparation were merely shrugged off by him. Vivian, in charge of the kitchen, bore the brunt of the Esa irritations, but, since she hadn't had much cooking experience, I tangled with him, too, trying to show him how to prepare food our way.

Aside from his reluctance to act on any suggestions, he was also annoying because he was personally untidy. Almost immediately, too, he started clamoring for a raise. He said that he had never expected to cook for so many people, that the work was just too much for him, etc., etc. We had taken him on at twelve dinars a month (about \$33.00). It was a low wage considering all the work and we were willing to gradually increase the amount if Esa improved. But

right then we felt that he wasn't even worth the twelve dinars. We told him as much and that we weren't happy with his work and that he would have to improve a lot to get a raise. Somehow nothing seemed to make an impression on him; he kept right on in the same old ways still convinced that he had nothing to learn about cooking.

By the end of three weeks we had just about decided that Esa was hopeless and that we would have to get rid of him and find someone else. Perhaps it was the pie we had for dinner that night that forced us to the decision. Esa had planned the dinner himself. The main course was a double-crust ed pie filled with plain hard-boiled eggs. He had made two of them and both went practically untouched. Esa's feelings seemed to be a bit hurt by all the laughter and comments.

That night we sent for Zia, a man from Baghdad, who had done some cooking for the Nippur Expedition. We had met him in Baghdad and had liked his looks. The Nippur people said that he was clean about his person and had done a fair job of cooking.

A few days later Zia arrived. We talked the matter over with him that night. He said that he would cook for all of us but asked for much higher wages than we offered. He wanted twenty-four dinars (twice what we were giving Esa) and was adamant about the wages. This seemed unreasonable as a starting wage and so Bob told him that we couldn't hire him. We paid his round-trip fare and sent him back to Baghdad the next day.

Esa didn't say anything at the time about Zia but undoubtedly knew why he was there. His confidence in his cooking abilities had apparently been shaken by the egg-pie fiasco. Zia's appearance in camp must have been another blow. Whatever the reasons, Esa gradually changed for the better. He became much more humble and willing to learn.

We began with little things. We showed him how to

make mashed potatoes—not lumpy and gray like his, but white and well-whipped. Zahala was all attention with Esa as we beat the potatoes, added hot milk and then beat again. She became the mashed-potato expert and took over the job. We showed Esa how to cook rice so that it was dry and fluffy. Then we made suggestions on how he could improve his stews and also how to cook vegetables to have them tasty. He advanced gradually to meat loaf, chili-concarne, and then to German potato salad and goulash.

As we produced our recipe cards that we had brought from home, Esa seemed much impressed. He was overcome when we brought out Rombauer's *Joy of Cooking* and consulted it for the first time. He apparently had not seen recipe cards or cookbooks before. From that time on Esa was convinced by "American" cooking. His naïve reasoning was that, if a country has a cookbook, it must be a country that knows fine cooking.

Now Esa began to look on Vivian and me as a golden opportunity to learn about really fine foreign cooking, as he now considered it. Both he and Zahala were apparently enjoying the new dishes—except for the potato salad and the goulash which, being Mohammedans, they couldn't eat, since they contained bacon. Esa confided to Vivian that some of our cooking was much like their own Kurdish. Whatever he meant by that, it was certainly the highest praise he could give the food.

Esa became even more ambitious and began to teach himself the letters of the alphabet. When you went out into the kitchen he was likely to point to the salt box and spell out "s—a . . . l—t, salt. Okay?" He had already learned some of the numbers—in fraction form—from using the measuring cups and spoons. He knew the words "teaspoon" and "tablespoon." Presently, when he felt he had mastered the words for various staples, he asked Vivian to type out the recipes for him on cards. He would ponder over

them for a while and then bring the card to one of us and read, "1 cup flour, 1 cup salt." "No, Esa," we would interrupt, "s-u-g-a-r is sugar not salt."

But he was learning remarkably fast. Perhaps seeing Douglas sitting there laboriously doing his first reading, inspired him. Often he would take Rombauer with him to the kitchen and you would find him trying to make out some of the recipes. At the end of the season we couldn't think of a nicer gift for Esa than his favorite book, so we inscribed our *Joy of Cooking* and gave it to him. He was in ecstasy. We could just imagine his impressive entrance as he turned up in his little Kurdish village with the book under his arm.

We were all delighted at Esa's conversion, gave him a wage increase at the next payday, and promised him even more if he would keep himself tidier. The boys thought something should be done about his hair and got him to agree—though dubiously—to a haircut. He moaned a little as he saw about seven inches of his long front locks falling to the ground but took it with good grace for the most part. He looked much trimmer when we had finished cutting. We told him so, but it was plain that he missed his great mop of hair.

Gradually we taught Esa to make cookies, cakes, pie-crusts, and the kinds of pie-fillings we liked. He loved to decorate pies and cakes and would shape the meringue on a pie to read "lemon pie." Or it might just as easily read "eip nomel," for Esa was left-handed and seemed to do mirror writing naturally.

He also learned a typically American pie—pumpkin pie. When we had brought back the two orange squash from Sulmaniyeh to serve as jack-o'-lanterns for the children, Liz heard us musing about pumpkin pie. She then said that her mother used the same kind of squash for pumpkin pie. When we consulted Helen Glessner on the subject she

told us how to cook and drain the squash and gave us her own fine recipe and some pumpkin spices. So on a later trip we bought four more squash which were hung artistically from the large rafter that separated the living from the dining room. When we wanted pumpkin pie, we would cut down a squash and process it. In between, the squash added color to the room as well as a homely touch. If we had also had a fine row of home-made sausages hanging there, the touch would have been complete!

Zahala was learning all the time, too. She helped Esa prepare meals and gradually became the cookie-rolling expert—her sugar cookies were so thin that they could have graced any tea table. Vivian decided that all these feats deserved a reward and so gave them both workmen's cards. Then, when there was a particularly good piece of work by either Esa or Zahala, Vivian would write a *bakshish* on their card.

Quite often we had British visitors, who didn't know us, come out to visit the dig. In some cases it was quite obvious that they felt sorry for us because we seemed to be living such a rough life far from the comforts of home! On one occasion a very nice person even brought out some cakes and biscuits she had had her cook make for us since we poor creatures obviously had only a makeshift kitchen. We couldn't disillusion her when she meant so well but we had the grace to blush afterwards when we ate the cakes and found them far inferior to the products of our own kitchen.

The oven proved a great joy. We taught Esa how to make our whole-wheat bread as time went on, and he and Zahala soon mastered it. Now bread was no longer a problem. Our shopping trips to Kirkuk were dwindling to about one a week. We bought Spinney's good white bread and also local sheets of bread but all of it would get stale by the end of the third or fourth day. This way we could always have

fresh bread. Bread, cookies, cakes, pies, baked beans, and casserole dishes were all baked in the oven with perfect results. Scarcely a day went by that we didn't have something baking in it. Esa's feelings about the oven were evident the first time we used it. "This oven too much good," he said, meaning that it was fine.

Esa and Zahala were also much more cheery while at work. There was singing and laughter in the kitchen. Or sometimes Esa would put records on the little phonograph—he favored the children's records, particularly the cowboy ones. But it was a lot of work, no doubt about it. We could see the work and would also have a good sampling of it whenever we gave Esa and Zahala a day off. Esa's day was long, too: from 5 in the morning until 7:30 at night with only an hour or two to rest in, in the afternoon.

For one thing, cooking on a kerosene stove slowed him down. It was hard to make it burn properly—it might suddenly flare up and then he would have to turn it off and begin all over. When this happened he would also open all the windows and doors to get rid of the sooty smoke that made your eyes smart unmercifully. Then there were other things that took time. If he wanted to bake anything that took flour, he first had to sieve the flour bit by bit, to make sure that he got out any of the little worms that usually infested it. All the stems had to be picked off the local raisins and the grit washed off. Dried apricots had to be sorted through carefully to remove the tiny stones that collected on them as they were drying on the ground; if the stones weren't removed someone was bound to break a tooth. We used milk obtained locally as well as dried milk. The local milk had to be simmered for twenty minutes.

But what probably took more time than anything else was the meat. It wasn't butchered as at home—we just bought hunks of it. Then if Esa wanted to grind it up

for hamburgers or a meat loaf he would first have to separate the meat from the gristle. This seemed an endless job. When we did it ourselves, it would take at least an hour and a half to get the meat ready for grinding. Fortunately we had brought along a good food-chopper.

These time-consuming jobs didn't bother Esa since he was unacquainted with the conveniences we take for granted in the States. But he did realize that he was cooking tremendous quantities of food. There we had to agree with him and sympathize (quietly) too. It was like cooking for threshers the year round. With the fresh air and exercise, we were all eating more than we normally would at home and a few of us were hearty eaters in any case. Fortunately, there weren't so many of us in the fall (six adults and two children) when Esa was in the learning stage. By the time Esa was well indoctrinated, along about Christmas and from then on, we ordinarily had at least eight adults and two children gathered at the table.

Eggs were inexpensive (about $1\frac{1}{2}$ cents each) and we used between two and three hundred each week. They were a handy substitute when we ran out of meat just before a shopping trip. Ordinarily the eggs were brought in by the villagers from Kanisard along with two or three bottles (old wine-bottles) of milk each morning. Sometimes we would run low on eggs and appeal to Abdullah who would then tell all the workmen from both villages to bring eggs the next day. On one such occasion two hundred and sixty-three eggs were deposited at the house! The only bad thing about our calling for more eggs was that then we would have to pay a fraction of a cent more for each. When the villagers brought them in to sell, we would get them at the current price.

Quantity-wise, everything else was on the same scale as the eggs. We would buy fifty pounds of meat on the weekly shopping trip to Kirkuk. It was all we could safely keep,

but it wouldn't last us the week. We found to our delight that since mutton is much coveted, beef was considered the poor man's meat and sold for a much lower price (about 20 cents a pound). Since we all seemed to prefer beef, beef is what we bought. We made a screened-in box to hang the surplus in for storage and to age a bit. We bought the meat in large chunks as that is the way it is generally sold. Actually, Spinney's, where we usually bought it, did some butchering. We could have bought an occasional rolled roast or some chops, but the price was much higher and we just couldn't bring ourselves to spend the extra money for frills.

On one occasion the Shergatis said they were going to buy a cow and wanted to know whether we would like to buy a quarter of it. We said we would. At the time Bob Adams was the only one on hand who had some notion of butchering. He offered to be present at the killing to try to get an intact quarter so that we would be able to get some steaks from it. Bob was misinformed as to the time of slaughtering and arrived just a few minutes too late to save the best steak portion from being hacked up. But he did manage to bring back a fairly intact leg and butchered it so that we were able to treat ourselves to some excellent Swiss steaks.

We occasionally had turkeys and chickens but never considered them a total success, even though we kept them on hand and fed them grain for a while. The Glessners raised their own chickens and Helen Glessner's chicken dinners were perfect but, somehow, we were never able to make our chickens taste that way. Our fowl was always tough and stringy and without much taste—we just didn't have the right touch.

Once, after Fred Barth arrived, we had some delicious game. Fred wanted skeletal material of modern wild animals to send to the expert who was to study the ancient animal bones from our excavation, so that he would have

some modern comparative material. Fred called for an ibex (wild goat). The father of one of our workmen stalked the animal for over half a day, killed it and brought it in. Fred took the carcass down to the creek edge to dissect it. We all felt badly when he reported that the animal was pregnant and was bearing twins. But there was nothing we could do about it at that point. We had excellent ibex roasts and found there was nothing gamey about the taste—it had a pleasant flavor and was very tender. We had to be extremely careful not to damage the bones in any way, so the men had a wonderful excuse for taking them in their hands and gnawing off the last morsels.

We bought tremendous quantities of whatever fresh vegetables happened to be in season. For a few months the choice in Kirkuk was rather limited and we had to fall back on tinned vegetables to get some variety. We bought french beans, broad beans, carrots, beets, eggplant, marrows, a sort of chard or spinach, tomatoes and cucumbers. These were all fairly reasonable in price. Potatoes were another matter. A great number of potatoes were ordinarily imported from Syria and Iran. Iraq was trying to stimulate its own potato-growing and had cut down on the potato imports; as a result, the potatoes were high in price and the quality was none too good.

The one thing we missed was lettuce. Beautiful lettuce is grown everywhere in the Near East. But in many cases it has been watered with polluted irrigation water and you run the chance of getting dysentery if you eat it. So it seemed foolish to take the risk. We didn't miss the lettuce too much when we could get fresh tomatoes and cucumbers. Cucumbers in particular were a treat. They should really be given a different name for although they look like our cucumbers, they taste entirely different. They are juicy, crisp and sweet—entirely lacking any of the slightly bitter taste that is so usual in our cucumbers at home. We peeled

them, cut them into long sticks and ate them with salt. During the winter months (January through March) when tomatoes and cucumbers were out of season, there was an abundant supply of carrots which we scraped and ate raw.

There was also an abundance of oranges (which we bought and consumed in great quantities), bananas, and dried dates that continued on during the winter season. The bananas were very good but usually reached Kirkuk (and us) in a bruised condition, due to poor shipping conditions, although perfect bananas were obtainable in Baghdad and Mosul. The dates were excellent, moister and sweeter than the dates we were accustomed to at home. There are many varieties grown in Iraq. The very best dates we had were given us by Sabri—half of a 5 gallon tinful that had been especially shipped to him from the south. We were all also fond of the pressed date cubes with an almond in the center that were produced and cellophane-wrapped by a large concern in Basra—they were good for packing in lunches.

The oranges were excellent and tasted far better than any of ours at home, but this may have been mainly because the oranges were picked when they were almost ripe and were not shipped in a green condition like ours. Other good fruits are grown in Iraq, such as apricots and grapes, but we rarely had them. Shipping again entered the picture; in Baghdad or Mosul you could find the pick of the fruits, but the best ones didn't reach Kirkuk. We were surprised to find apples occasionally in the market, imported from the Lebanon; but we bought them only rarely as they cost as much as fourteen cents apiece.

A sample better day's menu at Jarmo would run like this:

Breakfast: Oranges, hot cereal, boiled eggs, toast (made in the portable oven over the kitchen stove), and coffee.

Lunch: Lentil soup, raw carrots (or a salad of tomatoes and cucumbers when in season), yoghurt, sandwiches (made at the table—peanut butter, cheese, or a meat spread), milk (dried whole milk with a strong flavor) with cocoa and sugar added, applesauce and cookies.

Almost every day some of the staff would be off on survey or the other digs and would carry along a lunch made up by Esa in the morning.

Dinner: Meat loaf, German potato salad, carrots or green beans (à la Rombauer), bread, chocolate pie, and Turkish coffee after dinner.

When we would run low on our fresh supplies, such as meat and fresh vegetables, the dinner would be less appealing as we delved into the storeroom for canned goods. Despite the tremendous quantities of food we consumed, we found that it was still costing much less to feed our group than it would have been to feed the same number, but with normal appetites, in the States. If we could have lived entirely off the local produce, it would have been cheaper still. But we also had to use large supplies of tinned goods and these sold for twice or even more the amount paid at home. For example, a can of peas would be sixty cents.

But to return to the large food consumption in camp. A large cake or two pies would disappear at one sitting. If we had Esa make a light dessert, he would have to quadruple the recipe (theoretically a single recipe is enough to serve six people) to avoid snide remarks from staff members. And it wasn't only the desserts, it was all the food!

Baked beans are a good example. The first time we made them, Vivian and I discussed how many beans we should put to soak the night before. Two cups of dried beans usually serve five people, so we based our figuring on this and then added another cup. But when they appeared on the table for dinner the following night, howls of anguish went

up and cries that we were trying to starve the hands. The recipe was good and we just hadn't allowed enough for our threshers. Each week, as we soaked the beans, we kept increasing the quantity and still the complaints came, although somewhat diminished each time. We finally hit on the proper number to soak: twelve cups. Under normal circumstances this would be enough for almost thirty people!

Cookies also became a problem. Esa and Zahala became adept at making them and would turn them out by the hundreds. They disappeared in an incredibly short time. Zahala took to hiding the large cookie tin but no matter where she would hide it, it would always be found by at least one avid cookie eater.

Things came to a crisis when two hundred and twenty-five cookies were eaten between dinner one night and lunch on the following day. That was really too much!

Vivian and I decided it would be best to ration the cookies. We took a paper bag for each person and wrote his name on it. From then on, when cookies were made, they would be distributed evenly into each bag. At first, one or two of the bags would be emptied at a single sitting and then those individuals would look longingly at the full bags of their neighbors. Sometimes the slower cookie-eaters would be indulgent and offer their cookies to those without. This happened particularly when the unfortunate person had to be gone from camp all day and take his lunch with him. But usually we were stony-hearted and wouldn't offer the wastrels any. Gretel and Douglas were more soft-hearted and could be more easily persuaded. They were like squirrels anyhow with their cookies and thought it great fun to have a backlog of old cookies still in the bag when the new batch was put in.

After Esa was well indoctrinated he made only one cooking fiasco. One day Vivian asked him to bake an English tea

cake—the kind he had learned to make when he was working in Kirkuk. When the cake came to the table at tea-time and was sliced, it looked strangely dark in color. It also had a peculiar consistency for a cake and was very dry. “Esa, what in the world have you done to this cake?” we asked. Esa said it was just the same as usual. But when we pinned him down to ingredients, he admitted putting in a cup of bread crumbs—whole-wheat bread, at that! We laughed and told him he had mixed the cake recipe in his mind with a meat loaf. But he wouldn’t let on that he had and vowed he had made cake for the British with bread crumbs!

Institut kurde de Paris

[13] *luncheon for the governor*

WE HAD A SURPRISING NUMBER OF VISITORS AT JARMO, CONSIDERING our out-of-the-way location—and often for meals. Any of the Europeans who visited would be given our usual food, as were our friends from the Directorate General of Antiquities. They had all visited or studied in the States and seemed to enjoy our type of food as a reminder of those days. In any case, whenever there were overnight guests, Sabri, in his hospitable way, would insist on preparing an Iraqi meal with his wife for us all.

The only time during the season when we made any special concessions on food was in the fall when we had a large delegation of important local officials as guests. The highest official in the group was the Governor of the whole district around Kirkuk. We heard on one day that they were coming up to visit the dig the next day and would be able to stay for lunch before driving back to Kirkuk.

Sabri was all atwitter at the news. We overheard him speaking to Bob about what we would serve for lunch. Bob

was in one of his teasing moods and said, offhandedly, that our guests would undoubtedly enjoy our usual soup and sandwiches. We were afraid that Sabri might not appreciate the joke so we called out from the workroom, "Don't pay any attention to him, Sabri. When we have guests at home we try to give them something especially nice and we'll do the same for the *Mutasarrif*."

Then Vivian and I began mulling over what we could give them. We had no meat or fresh vegetables on hand as it had been a week since we had shopped and we had expected to make a shopping trip to Kirkuk the following day. We could probably count on at least six guests. The only thing we could think of was to have Abdullah send for two turkeys from Kanisard. So we sent word out to Abdullah. Then we thumbed through Rombauer and the *Settlement Cook Book* for general ideas as to how we could cook the turkeys in a way to please our guests and finally decided to experiment on our own. We would make the turkey into one main dish and then have chocolate pudding and cookies for dessert.

Bob had heard somewhere about giving a turkey whiskey before killing it—some notion that the bird would relax and therefore be less tough. We could at least try it. We didn't have any whiskey, but Bob found some gin and poured that down the gullets of the poor birds shortly before they were to be killed. Esa killed them and took out all their pin-feathers. Then he rubbed them all over with salt and let them stand over night. This was *his* theory on how to make a turkey tender.

The next morning Vivian and I lent Esa a hand after breakfast. He cut up the turkeys into portion-sized pieces, following their anatomy under our eagle eyes. Left to his own devices, he would have chopped them up without any regard for the bony structure—with the result that slivers of bone would have taken us unawares while eating. We

weren't going to have that! Then we dipped the pieces into a bag filled with flour, paprika, and salt and browned them in fat in a tremendous copper cooking pot. Next they were put to simmer with canned tomatoes and fresh green peppers in two large covered pots. It was now almost ten o'clock and we would probably want to eat at least by one o'clock. We should have begun the work before breakfast.

Vivian brought out large quantities of rice. Esa was to add a goodly amount of raw rice to the turkey concoction for the last hour of its cooking. The rest of the rice was to be cooked in mutton fat—the customary way of serving it. We had borrowed some from the Shergatis. We never kept it in the house for fear it might just happen to slip into our food.

The guests arrived around 11 o'clock. They were pleasant and most of them knew English. Our local *Khaimakon* from Chemchemical, a charming, affable man, was also in the group. He had a relaxed, easy way about him and helped to keep the conversation moving. There were six guests—we mentally noted—who would eat with us and probably around eight policemen outside who should be given something to eat. After a short stay in the house our guests went off on a conducted tour around the dig with Bob. They came back around noon and we offered them lemon squash or beer as we all sat down together.

Sabri was visibly nervous and was here, there and everywhere helping act as host and as interpreter where needed. He may have feared that we didn't realize the importance of our visitors and would somehow give offense without meaning to, for Sabri still didn't know us very well at that point. But he needn't have worried.

Vivian and Liz were helping Esa and Zahala in the kitchen and also setting the table. As Vivian was working at the table, Sabri, who was sitting next to me, whispered, "That silver should be dusted." I passed the word along to

maid Vivian with a wink and she made a show of wiping it off before laying the table. Actually, the silverware was kept behind a curtain in the cupboard, was used every meal, and hadn't had a chance to get dusty!

We had decided that the guests would feel more at ease if they were put together with the rest of the men at one end of the table and the females kept at the other end. So Vivian put us and the children at a little auxiliary table that was pushed up next to the dining table. This seating arrangement of men at one end and women at the other was kept in camp, for fun, for a long time. Actually, it wasn't changed appreciably until Herb and Bruce arrived.

The turkey concoction was brought to the table in two large platters and, after all our guests had washed themselves, we sat down. As soon as everyone began eating, a great silence fell over the table. Conversation wasn't necessary or even wanted. We found our own turkey portion a bit on the tough side (so much for the gin and the salt theories—though more cooking would *definitely* have helped) but the mixture was agreeable. Our guests loved it. What surprised us was that they didn't take any of the plain rice cooked in mutton fat until the turkey and rice was practically gone. (We had plenty of rice to feed the policemen, as a result.) The chocolate pudding also disappeared quickly and we knew without being told that we had had a most successful luncheon party.

The guests stayed a bit longer for politeness' sake but then had to leave so as to reach Kirkuk before dark. Before they left Liz and Vivian set up the camera outside and took a picture of all the men in the group with Sabri, Bob and Douglas. We were glad for Sabri's sake when they all disappeared over the hill. Now he could relax. He was happy that the party had been so nice, the food so good, and that all had gone off smoothly.

We praised Esa and Zahala for the lunch. They were

chuckling and laughing away in the kitchen while washing the mounds of dishes, very happy that everything had gone off so well. Esa told us he thought that was a fine way to fix a turkey. A few minutes later he popped his head out of the kitchen and said to Vivian, "Bread nearly gone. I bake now." We nearly fainted at this. Here Esa had just finished a big dinner party (not to mention feeding all the police), there were still many dishes to wash, but he was in a cheery mood and about to bake bread. What a person!

Institut kurde de Paris

[14] *not so light housekeeping*

AS HOUSEBOY WE HAD ALI, WHO HAD LED THE DANCE AT THE opening party for the workmen. He had worked for us at Matarrah a few years before as guard. He had, however, been an unusual guard for he had volunteered to do other jobs during the daytime, such as watering plants, scrubbing out the shower, cleaning shoes—and was occasionally a baby sitter and body guard.

We hadn't planned on hiring Ali to work at Jarmo, since our guards had to be drawn from the village of Kanisard where the land-owner of Jarmo lived. On one of our first shopping trips to Kirkuk, however, Ali had turned up at the Glessners' while we were there and said he wanted to work for us again. We told him that we couldn't use him as guard but that there would be work for him in the house. He was pleased even with this and drove out with us to Jarmo that very afternoon and established himself and the few possessions he had brought with him in the guard house.

Ali was slow and graceful in his movements and never hurried. Someone in camp applied the word "sashay" to Ali and the expression stuck. "Where is Ali sashaying to now?" someone would ask. His speech was slow and melodious and he wasn't as easily excited as some of the others. He was willing in his work but never caught on quickly. However Ali added a certain air of dignity to the household. He was a holy man, came from a respected family, and was pious even to the extent of shunning smoking. It was customary for the men to call each other by their first names, but in Ali's case they all addressed him or spoke of him as "Sayid" Ali. A "Sayid" has implications of descent from the Prophet, although the term is now acquiring the same usage in Iraqi cities as our Mr.

Vivian and Liz took Ali in hand, by turns, to show him how to make beds. When he first came, we were still using cotton blankets and the bed-making was fairly simple. A heavy piece of cardboard went over the steel mesh of the army cot, a rubber air mattress over this, a cover over the air mattress, then the sheets, the cotton blankets and a bedspread to keep out the dust. (The bedspreads were white cotton tablecloths which we weren't using on the dining table as we felt the cherry oilcloth was better than an unironed tablecloth.)

A month later when we began using sleeping-bags, the beds were fairly awkward to make. The sleeping bag then went directly over the air mattress. Most of the bags unsnapped along three sides so you could spread the sheets inside. But there was nothing to anchor the sheets to and they would slide about during the night. Ali was given instructions to open the bags each morning, straighten the sheets and button up the bags. Then he was to cover the sleeping bag and the pillow with the spread.

Ali never really mastered the sleeping-bag beds all season long and would merely give a pat and snap up the bags.

No one had the time to stand around and check on his bed-making. Perhaps if we had, he would have mastered it in a month but I don't know. At any rate, at various times when the beds were too bad, Vivian, Liz, and I, in turn, would take Ali aside and show him all over again. The best way to make Ali fix a fairly decent bed was to rip it apart and let him make it up all over—then the sheets would, at least, get smoothed. We did this fairly often. Once a week, when the sheets were changed and Liz handed out fresh ones, we could count on the beds being fairly well made.

Sometimes the sheets were as much at fault as Ali. We had brought out a new supply of cotton cot-size sheets but put them in reserve, for we had some old ones on hand. These were linen sheets we had inherited from one of the expeditions that had been operating in the 1930's. It seemed a bit ludicrous to have real linen in our simple beds but, since they were there, we used them. Many were worn down the center. So we had ripped them in half and taken them to Kirkuk where Helen Glessner had found a woman to hem them for us on a sewing machine. It must be admitted that some of the sheets were a strange shape. We tried to sort out a few that were particularly awkward and set them aside. Somehow they always seemed to slip back into circulation again. Bob Adams seemed especially ill-fated—he usually managed to get a small square sheet that was too small even to cover the bed.

Ali also cleaned each bedroom once a week. This was mainly a business of taking out the goat hair rug and shaking it, then of scattering water on the floor and sweeping up the loose dirt or dust. He would replace the rug when the rotten-mud floor was dry. When feeling particularly energetic he would even scrub out the sinks without being told and clean the mirrors, as well.

Each morning he would go into the museum-workroom and scatter water there and sweep up the dirt. It was al-

ways a struggle to make him scatter the water gently. If he poured it on the floor, the dust would rise up in clouds and settle on the antiquities, and besides we would have to walk gingerly around on a slippery floor. (A wet mud floor is as bad to walk on as a highly waxed dance floor.) After the workroom, which he would usually clean while we were at breakfast, he would tackle the living room.

Here he would shake out the rugs and straighten the books and magazines. After the fireplace was functioning, Ali swept the hearth free of ashes every morning and then would go out, cut up the twigs into shorter lengths and bring in a fresh supply of wood and charcoal. (Before Gran'ma came to visit us we had let Ali clean out the ashes every morning. But Gran'ma was horrified by this procedure, for she was of the school that never cleans them out. She showed Ali how to push back the ashes each morning and to make them into a neat mound. However, when the accumulation of ashes just got too much for Ali, he would quietly throw out some without being seen by Gran'ma.)

Every morning Ali would see to filling the two kerosene heaters, the tank on the bake oven and the shower heater. He also kept the few kerosene lanterns that were used, filled, and occasionally cleaned the chimneys. About once every two weeks he would scrub out the shower and once a week change the dirt in the cat's sand-box.

Ali's other duties varied with the seasons and the number of people in the house. In the fall we had had him plant a sizeable vegetable garden along the back side of the house. He watered this assiduously—we found much later too assiduously, for he managed to wash out all the seeds. None of the fresh lettuce or tender carrots, etc., we hoped to grow, ever materialized. Ali helped dry dishes in the kitchen after dinner when there were many people in the house. He helped Vivian shift around boxes in the storeroom and put away supplies after a shopping trip. And whenever we

needed a strong arm or things moved we would call for Ali. "Na'am (Yes), Miss Veevian," or "Na'am, Mr. Bob," would come his answer from the other side of the house and in a minute or two Ali would sashay around the corner to help.

And Ali helped with the laundry. Esa had from the start taken charge of the weekly laundry. We had hired Zahala especially as laundress but apparently Esa thought the work was too heavy for Zahala to assume complete responsibility. As a result they worked at it together with Ali helping. We found later that Zahala was only fourteen and were a little appalled at the tender age and glad that Esa used her only as helper on all the jobs.

Esa, who was usually so cheery, became very gloomy when we would announce that the following day would have to be laundry day. If, as sometimes happened, he would decide of his own accord that the following day would be laundry day, he would be fairly blithe about it. Once into the laundering, however, his gloom would disappear and, before long, they would be singing and laughing at the work. But it was a big job, washing sheets, towels, and clothing for so many people, particularly with the laborious methods involved—even the most dedicated laundress would scarcely have looked forward to such a job. And in the winter the job was a cold one, too.

The first step on laundry day was for Esa to light the heater at five in the morning when he got up. The breakfast dishes were out of the way by nine o'clock and Vivian would have the long bar of soap waiting on top of the filled laundry basket ready to be taken out. The wooden washing machine the Glessners had loaned us stood on the back side of the house where the shower was located, in a spot where the dirty water could be channeled off to run down into the creek bed.

While Esa set up a large table next to the washing machine and let out the water that had to be kept in the ma-

chine to keep the wood from shrinking, Ali began to carry water. He brought blitz cans of hot water from the shower and cans of cold water from the pump. Ali's part in the laundering was as official water boy and stand-in as cranker when Esa's arms would tire. The washer was filled, the soap shaved in, and a load of white things put in. The top of the machine was then clamped down and Esa began turning the crank that moved the dasher inside the machine.

After eight minutes of cranking by Esa and Ali, the washing was ready for the rinsing. Zahala took the things as Esa put them through the wringer on top of the machine. We never did manage to get Esa to put buttons inside the clothes as he was putting them through the wringer. Button mortality was consequently high and Esa would hear about it from every person who lost buttons off his or her shirt. As a rinsing tub, we had them use the collapsible rubber bath-tub. Ali filled this with water and Zahala put the clothes in as they came through the wringer. Then the washing was again put through the wringer.

Esa filled the machine with more sheets and white clothes and had Ali begin cranking while he and Zahala began to hang the completed batch on the lines. They would be dry by the time the last batches were ready for hanging.

This was the washing procedure. It took the better part of the day since the process had to be repeated about eight times. In the middle of the washing Esa would usually come to Vivian for more soap. As the washing dried, Esa and Zahala would bring it in to the dining-table where Liz, Vivian or I would fold and sort it. We would have to scold when we saw the misshapen T-shirts—we had told Esa and Zahala so often not to stretch them sideways! When we showed Zahala she would just giggle at the funny shape. We stored the clean linens in the cupboard in the storeroom—the clean clothing went into separate piles and was placed in the museum-workroom to be claimed by the owners.

On washing day we usually got our own lunch to help Esa and Zahala along. Vivian also planned an easy dinner.

Before we arrived at Jarmo we had had some notion of having the ironing done and we had brought along two sad-irons. But we soon gave up the idea of such fripperies as there just wasn't time for ironing. It would have taken Zahala several days just to do the shirts and she was needed more in the kitchen. We tried the sad-irons ourselves on one or two occasions—such as Christmas—but didn't get them to working well on the kerosene stove. It would take them too long to heat and then they were blackened by the soot. Sabri loaned us his charcoal-burning iron one time to press a skirt. But that really scared us. It was a very heavy iron and the catch on the charcoal door would keep slipping with a coal occasionally tumbling out. The upshot was that we stayed clean, but un-ironed.

The only other person whom we used in and around the house—and this only for part of the day—was Mahmud. One of our bedroom windows faced northeast overlooking the road to the mound. Every morning, as we were dressing, we would see Mahmud (after his night of guarding the Shergatis) coming over the hill and down towards the house, swinging along at a sprightly gait. It was a cheery sight.

In the colder weather we always took a second look at the coat he was wearing as he came into closer view. With the money from his first pay check he had bought a coat in Kirkuk at a second-hand store. It was a light tan, belted polo coat with well-padded shoulders. Second-hand overcoats, especially American army ones, have fairly well displaced the simple but graceful robes of sheepskin usually worn by the Arabs and some Kurds during the winter. Many of the Kurds still wore their coats of felt; but if they

could afford it, they, too, bought the second-hand army coats which were warmer. Mahmud looked very natty in his tan polo. But after a few days we noticed him wearing a black overcoat. It seems he had traded his for Halifa's—one of the Shergatis—coat. Somewhat later, he appeared in another tan polo coat not quite so padded or high style as the first. We never found out whether his exchanges and deals were profitable or came about because he wanted the feel of a large wardrobe. Knowing Mahmud and his talents for being in debt, we suspected the latter.

You could also tell from looking at Mahmud's headdress whether he was in good spirits or the opposite. If the weather was warm he would usually wear only a colorful, little Kurdish skullcap, perched at a slightly rakish angle on the side of his head. In cooler weather he would wear a black scarf over the skullcap like the other Kurds. If he were well and in good spirits, the turban-like scarf would be tied in a smart fashion completely exposing his face. But when he was either feeling sick or in very low spirits (this happened only rarely), the ends of his scarf were brought around so as to almost hide his face. When you could see only Mahmud's eyes and nose, you knew that he was really in a bad way.

Mahmud's first job in the morning was to check up on the cars: to make sure that the oil level was up where it should be, that the water in the battery was at the proper level, that the cars were filled with gas and water, and the tires had enough air. When necessary he would drain and replace the oil or help Bob Adams with some minor repair jobs.

Then he would come into the house and find out whether there were any jobs for him to do or whether he should report out on the dig for work. In the late afternoon, when the digging was finished for the day, Mahmud would see to filling the motor generator.

At least two or three times a week he would be sent in to Chemchemical to collect the mail at the post office and to do minor shopping such as getting sugar, kerosene, and gasoline. At first, these Chemchemical trips had to be made by staff members because Mahmud didn't know how to drive, but we would usually take him along to run errands in the bazaars. None of us enjoyed the prospect of spending two and a half to three hours in this way (Chemchemical was only about ten miles away but it took almost forty-five minutes to get there and once in town even the simplest errands would take a long time).

We could see that Mahmud was keen on the idea of learning to drive by the way he watched every move of the driver. Since it seemed economical to teach him, the Bobs took him in hand and gave him lessons. He became a fairly good driver in a remarkably short time. Then, after we had accompanied him on the run to Chemchemical several times to make sure that he knew how to manage the difficult turns and hills, we let him make the trips by himself. And Mahmud really enjoyed these trips. He made quite a picture as he slowly started off in the open-top jeep, sitting very erect behind the wheel with the ends of his scarf flying behind him in the breeze.

After Mahmud began driving, the rest of us—with the exception of Sabri—rarely made the trips to Chemchemical. But Sabri would alternate with Mahmud for he occasionally had business to attend to in Chemchemical—either seeing the local officials or shopping. Sabri didn't mind these trips either and was a dear about doing any shopping or other business for us. As a matter of fact these trips were probably, in a way, a rest for Sabri, for it must have been quite a strain on him being with us so much of the time—puzzling out our English and some of our foreign ideas. In Chemchemical he could relax with friends who talked the same kind of language.

When Sabri came back from a shopping trip, everything was meticulously accounted for on a sheet of paper, down to the last *fil*. Sometimes it would take a little detective work to find out what a certain item with an exotic name was; but usually it was easily recognizable, if you would sound out the letters—merely a matter of spelling simplification. It was very thoughtful of Sabri to write our lists in English using our alphabet, since I would have been completely bogged down if all the items had shown up in Arabic and Arabic characters. Thus an accounting with Sabri was an easy matter.

An accounting with Mahmud was an entirely different affair. It was usually an adventure. It also took lots of time. Mahmud couldn't read or write. He had a good memory for figures, but his verbal accounting would usually be complicated by the fact that he had spent some of the money on cigarettes for himself, that he had also done shopping for the workmen, or that he had just forgotten an item.

If Mahmud went to Chemchemical in the afternoon, he would usually wait until the next morning to give the accounting so there would be plenty of time for it. Then he would turn up in the museum-workroom and I would say, "Well Mahmud, do you want to make a *hesab* (accounting)?" It tickled him to have us use some English in talking with him, although he might not understand it. He would smile and answer, "Yes, Mrs. Bob," and, after getting a pencil and sheet of paper, we would begin.

The list was, fortunately, never very long. It always contained postage. We had tried all sorts of systems with Mahmud for getting an itemized accounting on letters posted, but had had to give that up and be satisfied with a lump sum. (After Mahmud had left, I would play around with the total and try to assess each individual involved a reasonable amount. The rates at the Chemchemical post office were

far from constant—a one sheet airmail letter to Norway might cost us 66 *fil*s one week and 56 the next. The post office was also apt to mix up the rates to foreign countries. We could hardly blame the tiny office for its understandable confusion. The amount of mail we sent and received within a week was equal to what they would normally have handled over a period of several months—and then their regular mail would have been confined mainly to Iraq.)

Next, Mahmud's list might well include sugar, tea, or a drum of kerosene—or all three. We had found it more economical to invest in two empty drums (fifty British gallons each) and replenish our kerosene from open stock in Chemchemical than to buy the five gallon sealed tins. (It would also have been much cheaper to have done the same with gasoline but here we were afraid of explosions.) Sometimes the list would contain eggs and, occasionally, dried onions.

When we had finished the short list I would check back with Mahmud on the quantities and prices and then make the extensions and total the whole. The list might then read:

Postage	1/200
20 kilos sugar at 120 <i>fil</i> s	2/400
50 gallons kerosene at 42 <i>fil</i> s	2/100
½ <i>boga</i> tea (<i>boga</i> =2½ lbs.)	550
30 eggs at 5½ <i>fil</i> s	165

6/415 (six *dinars*

and four hundred and fifteen *fil*s—approximately \$17.96.) I would give Mahmud my total and say that since I had given him seven *dinars*, he owed us 585 *fil*s. Mahmud would produce his change and, usually, it would be short—in this case perhaps by 207 *fil*s.

Now the work of chasing the elusive 207 *fil*s would begin. Mahmud would crack his knuckles and reitemize his

purchases. Perhaps we would be lucky in retracing his steps and soon find out that the man at the kerosene shop had taken an extra 207 *fls* to pay for two gallons of gasoline which were owing him. If the shortage couldn't be explained on the second try, we would call in Esa to see whether Mahmud had brought him any extra items and to jog Mahmud's memory in general. Esa was pretty good at this and the three of us (sometimes with others joining in, too) would begin our guessing game, sooner or later hitting on the right solution.

Occasionally it would turn out that Mahmud had too much change. Perhaps the postmaster or a shopkeeper had made the mistake of giving Mahmud too much change or Mahmud had spent some of his own money on our purchases. Whenever this happened and we told Mahmud we owed him a certain amount and put it in his hand, he would go off with an incredulous but pleased expression on his face. No doubt he would be overtaken just outside the door by the guard to whom he owed money and have to give away what he had.

We never could quite figure out what Mahmud did with all his money. He earned quite a bit, relatively speaking, but at each payday a great chunk of his pay would go, on the spot, to settle past debts with us or Abdullah or others of his creditors. Some of his money certainly went home to his father and some of it had gone for the overcoats, but what of the rest? Vivian had a hunch that various people in Kirkuk were in debt to Mahmud. She had noted on one shopping trip with him that a man suddenly had appeared out of the crowd and greeted Mahmud and pressed some bills into his hand before disappearing into the crowd again. In any case, Mahmud never seemed to worry about his perpetual financial difficulties and when we kidded him on payday, he would just laugh it off.

We were all extremely fond of Mahmud. His failings as

well as his abilities were part of his charm. He was quick to learn when you taught him. When Esa and Zahala had a day off and we got our own meals, we soon found that Mahmud made a good stand-in for dish washing. The first time we called him into the kitchen and said "Mahmud, how about doing the dishes?" he answered "Okay." He probably didn't know what we said but he could see the dishes neatly stacked and ready for washing. We produced one of Esa's aprons for him and took a few minutes to show him the routine. That was all that was necessary—from then on when we needed him, he washed dishes quickly and efficiently. We had Ali help with the drying but Mahmud would wash the dishes and dry half of them while Ali was still laboring over his half.

During the rainy season Liz worked with Mahmud for a few days, teaching him how to write our letters and numbers. It took quite a little practice for him to come up to our standards but it was very quick, considering that he didn't know how to write and the difficulty of working with pen and India ink on stone. Liz gave him the larger unworked flints to label first. But he was gradually able to make his letters, numbers, or symbols small enough so that he could label the tiny unworked flint chips (the worked objects we labelled ourselves). He was presently skilled enough to manage the white ink on the obsidian—this was fairly tricky for you had to apply the white ink thickly enough so that it was opaque and still wouldn't run.

The guards took only small part in matters about the house. They pumped the water morning and night and were on hand to help unload the supplies after a shopping trip. But other than that they did precious little but stand around at night. One was always standing at hand at night when you would go outside. They would usually cough discreetly to let you know they were there, for sometimes,

in the dark, you couldn't see them until your eyes got accustomed to it. They were probably afraid of being walked over.

Joe and Abdullah both entered into household matters in camp to a much lesser degree than Esa, Zahala, Ali and Mahmud.

Joe, as carpenter, was constantly being called on during the fall to make a shelf in this room, or to fix a door so that it would close properly and stay shut. It was convenient to have Joe as a neighbor on the premises for he kept a good supply of food on hand and, if we were in a pinch, we could call on him for a few eggs or some of his bread. He always brought tremendous quantities of bread with him when he came back to camp after a week-end at home. We especially liked the Assyrian bread. It was formed into large round sheets like the local bread but differed in that it was paper thin and crisp. If you wanted to roll up some food inside the bread, you just scattered a few drops of water on the surface and it would become rollable. But it was just the nice crispness that we liked best about the Assyrian bread.

Joe got along fine with the other workmen despite the fact that he was Christian and the rest all Moslem. His little house never lacked visitors at night. The guards, in particular, found it a cheery place to visit on their nightly watches.

One night, as we were gathered in the living room, I heard the children calling from their bedroom. When I got there they both shouted "Have you seen our new guard?" I looked through their outer door where they were pointing and then called the others from the house to enjoy the picture. It was Joe. He had decided he would try guarding and had borrowed some of Sharif's clothes. There he was marching up and down, like a soldier of the guards, wearing the turban at a rakish angle, knife in girdle, and shouldering the rifle. It was really an amusing sight and the guards

themselves thought it extremely funny. They had never seen such form—their guarding consisted of sauntering about or just standing like an ordinary person.

Abdullah, too, was much liked by the men despite the fact that he was a foreigner. But he was also set slightly apart because he was the excavation foreman. They respected him for his capabilities, as well as for his being a pious Moslem, and gladly accepted his directions and suggestions on the dig. Abdullah had an admirable gift for getting people to work peaceably together.

Abdullah was our agent for all local purchases. He made himself responsible for seeing that the supply of charcoal and fire-wood was kept up. He contracted for milk and eggs from the villages or for turkeys when we had them. He would pay for these items out of his own money and keep the accounts on them. After every payday, Abdullah and I would have a session on his accounts and I would pay back Abdullah what the Expedition owed him. Esa, at first, resented having us handle the egg and milk accounts through Abdullah. But it was simpler for us and, besides, we knew Abdullah was honest and we had no opinion about Esa's honesty while he was new. However, Abdullah, in his tactful way, soon found a way to have Esa in on the buying. Each payday he would give Esa money in advance for the daily supply of milk and eggs and Esa would then give his accounting to Abdullah—so Esa was happy too. This was fine with us, for Abdullah knew the current local prices for eggs and milk and we didn't.

When there was no digging, Abdullah would report at the house to find out whether there was any work that needed doing. After a rain he and a few others would dig "run-off" trenches near the house and fill in the paths with more gravel so that we wouldn't have to wallow in mud when going from room to room or from house to privy. He would also repair any spots in the house walls that were weakened

by the rains. Road maintenance was another of Abdullah's jobs. After a rain he would take some men and go over the whole road out as far as the black-top, filling in with gravel as needed and removing dangerous rocks that had washed down. During the winter he also helped clean antiquities—chipping off the deposit on stone objects.

We knew Abdullah's capabilities and respected his judgments. We also felt a deep affection for him and knew that he could be counted on as a staunch friend.

Institut kurde de Paris

[15] *ailments: automotive and human*

WE HAD FOUR CARS IN CAMP: THE BLUE JEEP, THE RED JEEP, the yellow jeep truck, and a station wagon. Visitors would be impressed by the array, until they began riding in them. The cars were only three years old but had aged before their time, thanks to the condition of roads in general and the lack of good, regular, mechanical care. Life would have been simpler if we had had two *new* cars. As it was, we needed all four on hand just to make sure of having two in running order. Each car had its own foibles. All had one thing in common: many of the repairs had been effected with baling wire—which was the main-stay of repair work out in those parts. Unfortunately, the baling wire sometimes gave way.

The two Bobs spent hours nursing the cars along and coaxing them into running. It was a job that carried on all through the season. When Herb came and needed a jeep for his survey work, it was well that he knew something about the inner mechanics of a car for on his trips he was depend-

ent on one jeep. If he and Sabri were stuck in some far-off spot he had to tinker with the car until it was running again—there was no other way. Bob B. could handle simple ailments, but we were fortunate that Bob Adams could take care of slightly more complicated troubles and also diagnose what was needed in the way of expert repairs.

The automobile agency in Baghdad had been a complete loss as far as we were concerned. They lacked competent mechanics and charged high prices for imaginary repairs. Bob had a hot correspondence with them over much of the season. They had billed us for nearly one thousand dollars—in *dinars*—for the work and parts they claimed they had given three of the vehicles. The itemized billing claimed the insertion of spare parts which we knew had never been added. After threats of exposure to the home company, Bob finally won the battle and we didn't pay the fraudulent bill or any part of it.

Fortunately, Jeff Glessner had put us in touch with Agoulian, who was a good mechanic. But Agoulian was, after all, down in Baghdad and it was difficult to get the vehicles down to him. We did manage to get each one to him once during the season for a complete overhaul, but that wasn't enough to keep them in good running order the rest of the time. Two different times during the season Agoulian came up north and was able to help us with our troubles. But even those occasions were a bit difficult without a shop to work in.

Agoulian would always get the vehicles into beautiful running order and, while he was around, there was no chance of car trouble. But we finally had to come to the conclusion that he had put a hex on the cars. They were on their best behaviour while he was around, but shortly after he had gone they became balky again, usually with a new ailment.

We used some of the small shops in Kirkuk in between Agoulian's ministrations. There were two in particular:

the one specializing in battery complaints and the other—that belonged to Mr. Butros—for any mechanical troubles.

There were two chronic ailments that we disliked more than any others. One was having the front wheels of the station wagon act independently of each other. When this happened you would feel a frightening lack of control over things in general, as the car began seesawing in various directions. You could only hope that the trouble wouldn't occur on one of the bad hills. Vivian had it happen to her just after she had cleared the worst one.

The second disconcerting ailment involved the gear shift mechanism on the truck. Suddenly we would find that we were stuck in second gear (the baling wire had given way) and could not shift to high or, worse still, back to low. We could, it was true, change over from upper case second gear to lower case second gear and, if the truck was in good running order, it could manage almost anything in lower case second gear. But we found out it had apparently lost some of its original zip.

The first time the truck decided to stay in one gear coincided with a shopping expedition to Kirkuk Vivian and I had planned. Naturally, we were the ones delegated to take it in the following day. At this early phase of the ailment it was possible, when starting off, to shift the truck into either first or second. But you had to make your choice—if it was first you chose, you would probably have to stay in first until the end of the trip, or the same for second gear. It was a long drive in to Kirkuk and would be interminable, if you had to go in first all the way. The only hill we really worried about was the bad one on our own road. There were high hills on the black-top in to Kirkuk, but there were also fairly broad shoulders to manoeuvre in and usually truckers who would help in case of emergency. I was advised to choose second—it would certainly make the hills.

So off we started for Kirkuk, the children with Vivian in

the jeep, Mahmud and I following in the truck. When we came to the *wadi* just before the big hill, Mahmud got out so that he could put rocks under the rear wheels of the truck, in case we got stuck. I got a good fast start down in the *wadi* and began going up the hill, making the first right-hand turn with the accelerator pressed to the floor-board. But the crucial part lay ahead. If the truck faltered before the next turn, it would never make the hill. It not only faltered, it gradually came almost to a stop. I would have to try to get it into first. I put on the foot brake and the hand brake but the truck still began skidding slowly backward downhill. Mahmud was there with the rocks, however, and rocks and brakes together held the truck in place. Now would it shift into first? Wonder of wonders, it did, the truck began to make the rest of the climb and I to breathe more normally. "That hill!" I thought.

Once at the top, I found I could get it back into second. The truck did all right on the first hills, but, when we came to the biggest hill that was near the Kirkuk end of the trip, Mahmud again got out and ran along behind as I began the long climb. A truck was stuck right in the middle of the road halfway up the hill so I got ours over onto the gravel shoulder on the left of the road to circle around it. The truck began gently to slow down but Mahmud and the truckers pitched in to do a fine job of pushing that carried us up the worst part. I didn't even have to experiment to see whether I could shift into first.

This was only one of many car incidents; everyone in camp had his own unpleasant experiences. You didn't mind a little minor annoyance such as having to push a vehicle to get it started—this was a familiar scene in camp. And you didn't mind so much breaking down on the main road, for the truckers and bus drivers would always stop and lend a hand. The truckers usually carried along some baling wire and other miscellaneous repair material. On one

trip that Bob, Vivian, and Herb made down to Baghdad, they got stuck on the road because an essential screw had disappeared. But after a time a truck came along and stopped. As soon as the driver saw what was wrong, he went back to the truck and brought forth a 5 gallon tin of assorted screws and bolts. He poured the contents into the middle of the road and they all got down on hands and knees and hunted until they found the right one.

But there was no doubt about it, the cars needed constant tending. The two Bobs (and especially Bob Adams) became reluctantly resigned to spending much of their time with them. Even Mahmud picked up quite a bit of useful knowledge about cars as he helped Bob Adams. But Mahmud didn't have to reconcile himself to working on the cars—he loved it and didn't have other pressing work to do.

The human ailments were, fortunately, not so time-consuming. Vivian acted as chief doctor in camp. She was the logical one for this job since her father was a physician and this was a closer connection than any of the others of us had. I, for example, only had a brother as a surgeon.

For the most part we were surprisingly well. We took Aralen, a malarial discourager, twice a week and none of us got malaria. We had Gretel make a calendar each month so we could keep track of the days and she put the numbers of Aralen-taking days in a special color. There were a few cases of malaria in the fall among the workmen and Dr. Vivian was called on in each case. She gave the men a large dosage of Aralen and it served to keep the malaria from bothering them again during the dig season.

Gretel and then Bob Adams both had a mild case of jaundice. They were put to bed and given a fat-free diet and entirely recovered after about a week, without losing overly much weight.

Colds were comparatively rare in camp and, when they

occurred, were usually traceable to recent visitors or contact with Kirkuk.

The most usual complaint—and this only at rare intervals as a rule was “gypsy-tummy.” “Gypsy” is British army slang for Egyptian. The same ailment is also called Baghdad-tummy and probably has many other names. It wouldn’t be surprising if Near Easterners, newly arriving in the States, had something comparable—say a New York-tummy or a Chicago-tummy. When it occurred, it would usually be after eating local food on some outing or other occasion. The symptoms were a definite queasiness in the stomach and a tendency towards cramps, often accompanied by diarrhea. You definitely felt like staying in bed.

We all, at one time or another, had a touch of gypsy-tummy, usually fairly mild. But the men outdid the rest of us in having it and had more severe bouts on the whole. Perhaps it was because they didn’t eat as sparingly of the food as the rest of us, or were just more susceptible.

Herb, in particular, managed to return from some of his survey trips in fairly bad shape. He and Sabri were gone for several days at a stretch. They took an adequate supply of tinned food with them, but they visited all manner of tiny villages in the hinterland and it was hard to avoid hospitality. By the time Herb had arrived, Sabri was well indoctrinated as to the eating habits that were best for us—he had seen us succumb to gypsy-tummy after partaking of local food. He thought the sheep fat was particularly indigestible for us. When they returned from the first trip and Herb was ill, Sabri came in wringing his hands, “I told Herb not to eat so much of the chicken, but he *would*. It was the chicken that did it.”

On one particular trip they took that lasted several days, we ran across Sabri driving through Kirkuk. He was glad to see us and explained that they had had a bad time. The car had run out of gasoline way out in the blue, Herb had

had a bad attack of gyp-tummy and Sabri had walked five miles to borrow some gasoline. They had arrived in Kirkuk late the night before—too late, he felt, to take Herb to the Glessner's. He had awakened one of his friends, who also worked for the Directorate General, in the middle of the night and they had stayed there. Herb was there now and Sabri had just taken the car to be fixed at the garage and then they would start back for Jarmo.

We went to see Herb to give him a little moral support and found him in the parlor of Zeki Hassan's house, all wrapped up in a blanket and looking slightly woebegone but still able to smile.

Herb took several days to get over this bout. The weather was nippy since it was winter, and he preferred huddling by the fireplace, wrapped in a blanket, to staying in his room. At night he thought it might be a good idea to move his bed into the living room by the fire. So a delegation went out and brought in his cot but, in moving the cot, the bedding was removed. We then proceeded to make up the bed in the living room under Herb's eagle eye. The bed was uncomfortable as it was, Herb announced. He liked a hard bed and the bed was just too soft for him—perhaps the air mattress needed more air or perhaps it needed less air. We experimented, reached a solution and then began putting on the cotton under-blanket and the sheets, with Herb criticizing at every step. It was not in character, for he was used to sleeping in his bag on a mud floor or out in the open on his trips. "He must be feeling pretty sick," we thought, but, even so, had a hard time to keep from laughing as we redid the bed and got it smooth. The next day Herb's fussiness was all gone and he felt much better. In another day he was so much better that we began teasing him about his fussiness.

Vivian, who was sent off by her father with a well-stocked supply of medicines, had a magic bottle which usually

worked wonders. The mixture was half paregoric and half milk of bismuth. One teaspoon of this liquid, repeated at four hour intervals, would usually settle a mild case of gypy-tummy in a day. If the case was more severe (as with Herb) and this didn't settle the ailment, Dr. Vivian would prescribe a dosage of sulfa which would settle it in two or three days.

Vivian's bottle lasted a long time, but was eventually finished off and we had no luck in getting it duplicated—one of the ingredients was lacking in Baghdad. It had tided us over a good part of the season, however, and, as it worked out, gypy-tummy was almost non-existent towards the end of the season.

But if we were, on the whole, a fairly healthy lot and not too much of a burden on Vivian, the workmen made full use of the medical attention. There were the malarial cases in the early fall and these were the most serious. But it seemed as if hardly a day went by at any time that Esa wouldn't come in to report that someone was outside needing attention. Mostly it was stomach aches or headaches—Vivian doled out epsom salts and aspirin in great quantities.

One man kept coming back to her wanting Vivian to do something about a skin irritation on his face. Finally, hoping to get rid of him, she and Bob Adams collaborated in painting his nose and cheek with a potassium permanganate solution. He looked awful as he went away with his purple patches. It took days for the purple to disappear, but there were no more complaints about the skin—the treatment even seemed to do some good!

Cuts of various sorts were frequent. Vivian would stand over the man to see that he did a good job of washing the cut with soap and water—some of them reacted just like little boys—before she applied the medication and bandages. Vivian believed in being thorough.

On one occasion she was confronted with a snake bite but

the boy had already had preliminary first-aid by one of the workmen—the area had been cut open and was bleeding freely. It seemed to have done the trick (or perhaps it wasn't a poisonous bite) for, after being bandaged up by Vivian, the boy went right back to work and was fine.

Esa and Zahala would also frequently consult Vivian in her medical capacity. Zahala would occasionally have a day when she would feel droopy (she was pregnant) and would squat miserably in a corner of the kitchen. Esa, too, would have his days when he would complain to Vivian, "My stomitch pumps water."

One particularly bad forty-eight hours a lot of things went wrong at once. First Bob hurt his leg while cranking a recalcitrant jeep. It bothered him a lot that night and he decided to go into Kirkuk to see the doctors at the IPC hospital. So he set off in mid-morning with Gretel and Mahmud accompanying him in the jeep—Mahmud was to do a little shopping for us.

Shortly after they had gone, Sabri accidentally shot himself. The first thing we knew about it was when people began excitedly crowding into the museum, calling for Vivian. Sabri was in the center, white-faced and clutching his arm. He must have thought at first that he was mortally wounded. We put Sabri in a chair and then got rid of the excited guards and Esa and Zahala; Hadiah, Sabri's wife, took their two children outside. As we all crowded around to look at the small neat wound, Sabri told us how it had happened. They had decided to air their beds and houseclean in general that morning. The guards were helping Sabri carry out the rugs and other things. He had told them he would carry out his own bed as he kept a revolver under the mattress and didn't want them to get hurt. As Sabri lifted the mattress to take out the revolver, it somehow went off and shot him in the upper arm.

None of us had had any experience with gun wounds, but from the shape and appearance of the wound, it looked to us as though the bullet had grazed his arm rather than penetrated it. Some of us examined the walls of Sabri's house but soon gave up the search. It would have been impossible for us to find a bullet or its traces in those rough mud walls. Vivian washed the wound and bandaged it up with some penicillin ointment. Then she gave Sabri a sedative and told him to lie down and rest. But this was almost impossible, for he was a nervous person anyway. As the news spread, there was a constant stream of visitors from the dig coming to find out for themselves how he was. We offered to take him in to Kirkuk to see a doctor, but he didn't feel up to it after the shock to his nervous system.

We were surprised to find that Sabri had been carrying a revolver with him; we, ourselves, made it a point not to have any firearms in camp as we felt it entirely unnecessary. Sabri didn't develop any temperature and seemed somewhat better that evening, despite the continuing excitement.

The blue jeep returned about dinner time with only Mahmud and a note from Bob to the effect that the hospital wanted him to stay in town overnight so they could check on his X-rays the next morning. Bob suggested that I come in the following day to pick him and Gretel up at the Glessners. He had sent Mahmud so that we would not think that they had had a breakdown.

After getting the message, I told Sabri that he might just as well go in with us to the hospital in Kirkuk the next morning, but he thought he would rather go to Chemchemical first and see the doctor he knew there.

We took both jeeps on the trip. The ammeter was suddenly seriously overcharging on the red jeep and we should take it in to Kirkuk so the battery man could work on it.

The blue jeep had starter trouble and various other complaints and should go in, too—Bob had planned to take it into Mr. Butros the afternoon before, but had probably been held up too long at the hospital. In any case, one of the cars would be ready in time to carry us back to camp. Douglas wanted to go along on the trip so we set out; Sabri and Douglas riding with me in the red jeep, with trailer attached, Hadiah and the two children riding with Mahmud in the blue jeep.

We dropped Sabri and his family off at Chemchemal and set off towards Kirkuk. I led because we had to drive slowly enough, so the overcharging would be kept to a minimum. Mahmud kept close behind, but when we went through the Persian tea garden section he fell a bit behind and, when he came within sight again, Douglas said he had two men riding with him—friends, apparently, who wanted to go to Kirkuk.

After we had gone a little further I told Douglas to keep his eyes open for Mahmud, as I hadn't seen him in the rear vision mirror for a few minutes. If he was having car trouble, we would have to turn around and go back and find him. There were slight dips and curves in the road at this point and you couldn't see more than about fifty yards back at a time.

A few seconds later Douglas gave a scream and shouted, "The jeep just turned over and Mahmud and the men jumped out." I looked in the mirror and said, "You must be mistaken. The jeep is right side up." But, as Douglas explained that the car had somersaulted, I was already looking for a good straight stretch of road to park the trailer because there wasn't enough room to turn around with it attached. It took a few minutes to get the trailer unattached and then we sped back. The blue jeep, though right side up, was stopped in the middle of the road at right

angles to it. By then two bus-loads of people we had passed on the road had stopped and there was a crowd milling around. They were friendly and sympathetic, but curious.

As we looked for Mahmud and the two men we glanced at the jeep—the shattered windshield and the crumpled hood showed plainly that the car had, indeed, made a complete turn. We found Mahmud, walking around and looking white and shaken, his pants torn and gashes on one of his legs. The other two men were stretched limply on the ground but were conscious; one was moaning slightly. It was obvious that they had to go to the hospital.

Mahmud declared he could still drive the blue jeep into Kirkuk, but I pointed out the flat tires and suggested that it be pushed over onto the shoulder and left there for Mr. Butros to tow to town. The buses we had passed some time before on the road had come along and the passengers helped push the jeep. We left it in charge of a local shepherd who had appeared on the scene. The bus passengers also helped the man who was still on the ground to his feet and into the front seat of the jeep. The other was up by now and walking around. We thanked all the helpers and bade them farewell and went back to pick up the trailer. Mahmud started to get down to attach it, but I told him to stay in his seat—I could see that his leg, as well as shock, were bothering him. After the trailer was attached we set off slowly for Kirkuk.

Mahmud spoke a little saying how badly he felt about the jeep, but I told him that it could be repaired; the main thing was that they were all still alive. Then all were silent. Mahmud, I could see, was greatly depressed about the accident. I didn't ask him for details on how it had happened—I probably wouldn't have been able to absorb all the details in Arabic, in any case, and it was just as well to have him rest quietly. I offered cigarettes all around to cheer things

up. Mahmud and the other man in the back accepted, but the man in front just shook his head. He felt poorly but did not seem to be in too much pain.

At twenty miles an hour it seemed an interminable stretch of time before we finally reached Kirkuk. Douglas and I talked a little, but mostly I kept thinking how fortunate we were not to have had a death.

I took the men to the I.P.C. hospital where Bob was. After first-aid treatment they were sent by ambulance to the Government Hospital in Kirkuk. We were told that the one man had broken his collar-bone, but that Mahmud and his other friend had only minor bruises.

While the men were being looked after, I finally got a chance to ask Bob about his leg. He said that the doctor thought it was a wild sciatic nerve. Just then the doctor came in again and said that the hospital was expecting a bone specialist to come out in another month and that Bob should come in then to see him. In the meantime, he advised Bob to stay off the leg as much as possible for a few days.

After leaving the hospital we headed over for Spinney's to pick up some groceries that Bob had ordered. On the way I was able to tell him of the shooting in camp. The groceries, for once, were ready and soon loaded in and we headed back for Kirkuk. Once there, we stopped first at the Government Hospital to inquire about the men. The man with the broken collar-bone was resting quietly and would be kept in the hospital for about a week or so; but Mahmud and his other friend had been discharged.

After stopping at the Glessner's long enough to get a sandwich and to brief them on the situation (Jeff said he would see Butros later on about the jeep), we set off with Douglas and Gretel, thinking to find Mahmud along the way and pick him up. We were a bit surprised not to find him wait-

ing for us at the Glessner's and even more surprised not to find him anywhere along the way.

When we reached Chemchemical we found Sabri and his family setting off for Kirkuk in a local car. His doctor friend had advised him to go to the Government Hospital in Kirkuk where they could X-ray his arm. We told him about the accident and about Mahmud's disappearance and Sabri said he would find Mahmud.

Sabri and his family reappeared a few days later. The bullet was apparently still in his arm, but, since it no longer bothered him, he planned to have it removed down in Baghdad after the end of the season. He had found Mahmud.

Mahmud, it turned out, was in jail. The police had heard of the accident and, through some mistake, had thought Mahmud was stealing the jeep and had, therefore, seized him. In any case, they were holding him in jail until Bob would come in and verify the true facts and ask for his release. It was very lucky for Mahmud that the accident had caused no death—else he would have been in real difficulties.

Sabri and Bob went in the following day and saw our acquaintance, the Chief of Police, and managed to get Mahmud "sprung" in an hour or so. He was glad to see them.

Back in camp again, Mahmud was visibly dejected for a few days, but, gradually, his normal high spirits returned. We never did get the details of his accident entirely straightened out, but had a fair notion of what had happened. As he was going around a curve, one of the busloads honked to get by. Perhaps Mahmud was startled—he may not have noticed the bus behind him if he had been chatting with his friends—at any rate, he turned the steering wheel too sharply to the right, and the jeep, as it went on the shoulder, may have struck the hilly bank. Whatever it was that caused the roll-over, it still amazed us that Mahmud and his friends could have anticipated it in time to jump

clear. We told Mahmud not to carry any more friends on his drives and again let him drive. He was actually a good, careful driver and now had learned that, although a jeep can practically turn on a dime, it was dangerous to do it.

All calmed down to the usual tempo in camp. We had had enough excitement to last us the rest of the season. Bob's leg was greatly improved. He still favored it, but wasn't hobbling as much as in the beginning. It got enough better so that he actually forgot about it a month later and loaded the truck in Kirkuk with fourteen 5-gallon tins of gasoline. That was just enough to set the whole business off again. But he had really learned his lesson and this time, after the leg was better, he remembered not to put too much strain on it.

And so all was well again in camp—except for the vehicles which continued to be ornery.

[16] *junior camp members*

THIS WAS THE CHILDREN'S SECOND DIGGING SEASON AND THEY soon felt at home in camp. They had some old friends among the workmen; Abdullah, in particular, was a favorite. Besides Abdullah there were also Mahmud, Ali, and a few of the Shergatis. But what particularly made them feel completely at home was their relationship with all the staff members.

Having Gretel and Douglas on a dig seemed so natural to Bob and me that it was a bit hard for us to think back to prewar digs when the children hadn't been there. But we couldn't expect the staff to share the same sentiments. We knew we would all get along together in camp, somehow, but didn't realize how fortunate we would be. Not only were we adults completely congenial but the children found they had suddenly acquired an understanding bunch of aunts and uncles—Vivian, Liz, and Bob Adams, and then Herb, Bruce, and Fred as they arrived. It was an enriching experience for them. Bob and I never had to worry whether

the children were bothering the staff members or whether they were being spoiled. The children soon knew from experience that they could go to anyone for help or companionship but that they couldn't take advantage of them. The staff members gave freely of their time when they could; if they were too busy they told the children so.

Sabri, too, was exceedingly nice with Gretel and Douglas. If there had been any question of spoiling them, he would unconsciously have done his share. (From what we have seen in the Near East there seems to be quite a tendency to spoil children—even more than here in the States, to humor them in every way and to avoid any discipline or unpleasantness; especially if the child is a boy.)

It hurt Sabri deeply to see a child unhappy. When Vivian, Sabri, Gretel and I made our first trip together to Sulimaniyeh, we left Douglas behind in camp. He had already gone with Bob and found the *souk*-tramping too long and boring. We knew that he would be much happier playing in camp but, of course, he was temporarily unhappy at being left behind. As we drove off, Sabri asked me to stop and take Douglas along, that he couldn't bear to see him unhappy. He seemed unconvinced when I told him that Douglas would have a far better time playing in camp. On our return, Sabri seemed surprised to find a bubbling, cheerful Douglas awaiting us—he had plainly had a wonderful day. I don't know whether after that he still found us too hard with the children, but, in any case, it was never mentioned again.

Sabri was always glad to have the children visit him in his room. Before his own family arrived and he was kept busy with them, he went out of his way to do things for Gretel and Douglas; spending hours drawing designs for them and making a variety of things. This activity kept him from getting too homesick. He told us later that if it hadn't been for the children and the homelike atmosphere they gave camp, he would have gone back to Baghdad

after the first six weeks. (He was only compelled to stay six weeks with us and then could have been relieved by another member of the Directorate General.) The children tided Sabri over this first unhappy period of parting from his family and getting acquainted with strange people with foreign ways.

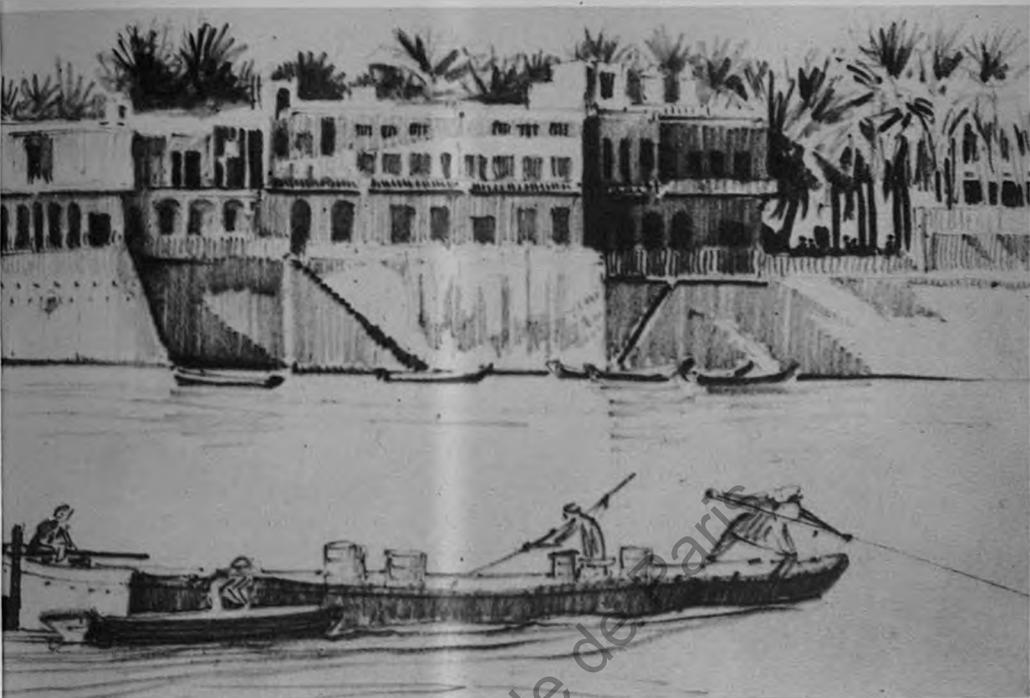
But it was a happy day for Sabri when his family rejoined him. We soon became fond of his wife, Hadhia, and the children and enjoyed having them in camp.

Gretel found Sabri's children a little young to play with. (Thikra, the girl, was 5 years old and Shukri, the boy, about 2.) But Douglas and Thikra were quite companionable, although their language handicap and different playing notions usually combined to limit their play to short periods of time. Except for two or three times when Douglas played with an American boy his own age in Kirkuk, Thikra was the only playmate Douglas had outside of Gretel.

Gretel, for her part, was lucky in having Carol Glessner as a friend. She spent quite a bit of time at the Glessners' in the fall before Carol had to go to Beirut to School—Carol, in her turn, came to visit at Jarmo for a few days. Gretel missed Carol when she left but could look forward to seeing her at Christmas and Easter.

If Gretel and Douglas had been given their choice of playmates, they would naturally have chosen someone of their own age and sex to play with; as it was they were fortunate in having each other. They would have their serious disagreements at play but they also managed, in between, to have lots of fun with each other.

School routine took up much of Gretel's morning and a little of Douglas'. The University of Chicago Laboratory School, which the children attended, had lent us the reading books for Douglas. One of the teachers, Miss Jacobs, had briefed us on teaching suggestions for him. We had purchased the Calvert School materials to use for Gretel.



1. Bruce's sketch of older Baghdad houses on the Tigris.

2. Bruce's sketch of Kirkuk bridge.





3. *Modern Baghdad villa on the Tigris.*



4. *Chemchemical plain with mound and village of Chemchemical in center.*



5. *View of countryside on way from Jarmo to Karim Shabir.*





6. *Above: Site of Jarmo as seen from across wadi; main excavation marked by photographic tower in center, smaller excavation cut at upper right.*
7. *Opposite Above: Making a road in to Jarmo.*
8. *Opposite Below: Expedition house as seen from south; road in background leads to dig.*



9. *Modern example of how mounds get built; abandoned, disintegrating mud-brick house.*



10. Men at work on Jarmo excavation; pickmen are squatting, hissa and shovelmen standing.



11. *Above: Mahmud at work on dig.*
12. *Opposite Above: Shergati pickman; Saleh.*
13. *Opposite Below: Bob and Abdullah punching men "out" with Douglas observing (1948 season).*





14. Bob taking bakshish; Abdullah at left, Gretel above observing camera (1948 season).



15. Staff picture taken during visit of Naji Beg. Left to right: Sabri, Bruce, Naji Beg, Bob B. Fred, Bob A., Liz, Linda, Vivian (Herb missing).





16. *Above: Bob B. at transit making topographic survey; Abdullab behind him, visiting sheikh looking on at far left.*
17. *Opposite above: Pay day; workmen gathered in shade of house.*
18. *Opposite Below: Vivian photographing, Fred holding tape for survey at Karim Shabir.*



19. *Liz sorting in stone yard.*

20. *Bob A. probing a building corner.*



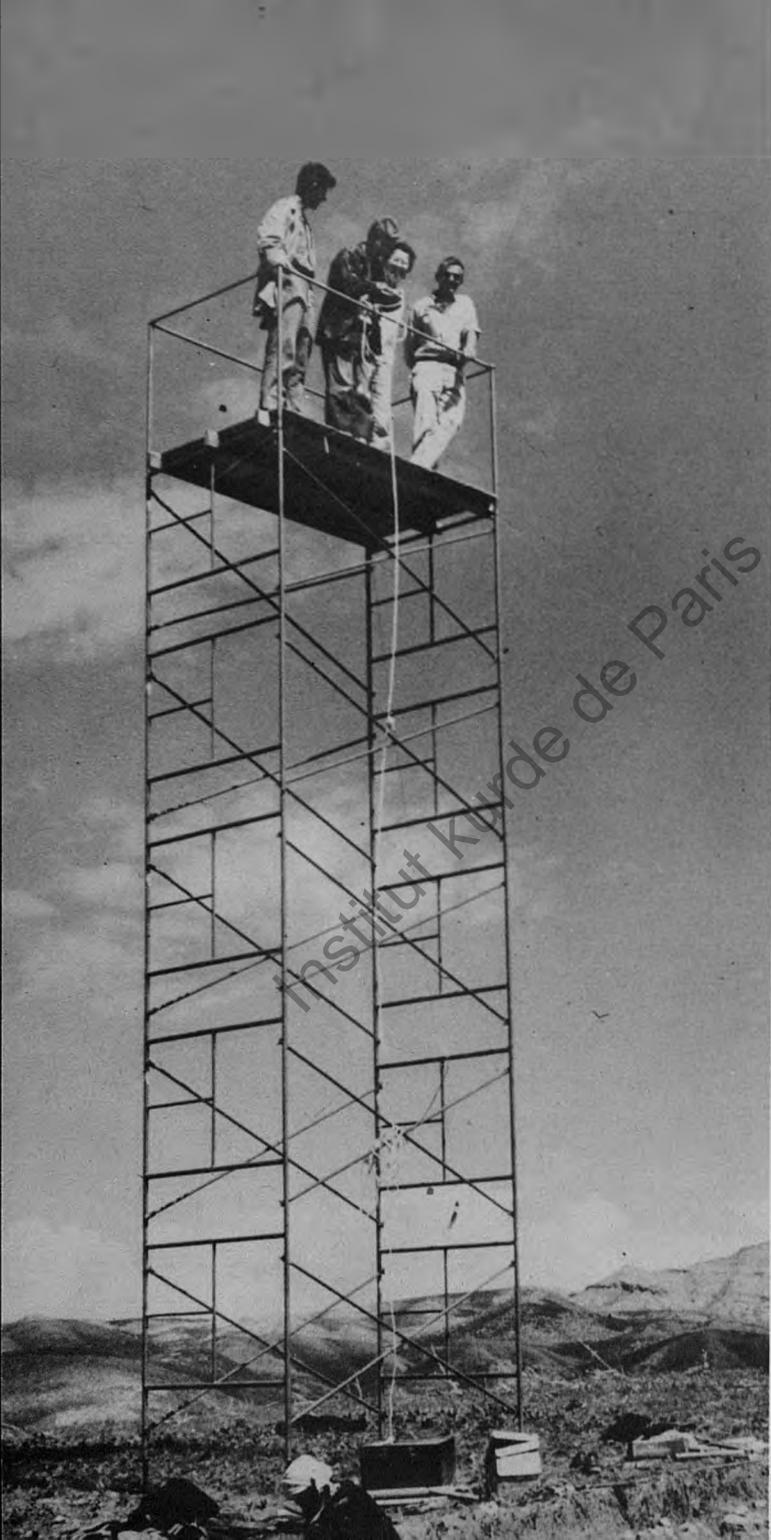


21. *Above Left: Linda sorting flints, Douglas doing morning lessons.*

22. *Above Right: Jeff and Dick Glessner and Bob B. examining Jarmo animal teeth.*



23. *Herb and Sabri out on survey trip cross Lesser Zab river on barge ferry; Herb standing at far left, Sabri sitting on jeep.*



24. *Opposite: Conference on photographic tower.*
25. *Preparing IPC exhibit; Bruce, Liz and Vivian at table, Bob B. at camera.*





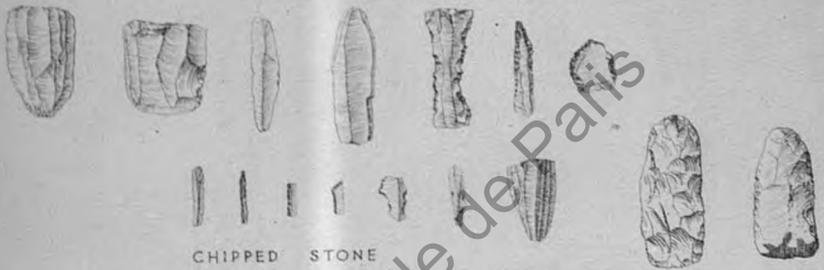
26. Above: Sabri at accounts.

27. Below: Expedition's darkroom with Vivian calculating exposure time.

PALEGAWRA



KARIM SHAHIR

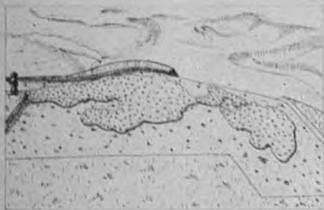


CHIPPED STONE



GROUND

STONE



"ARCHITECTURE"

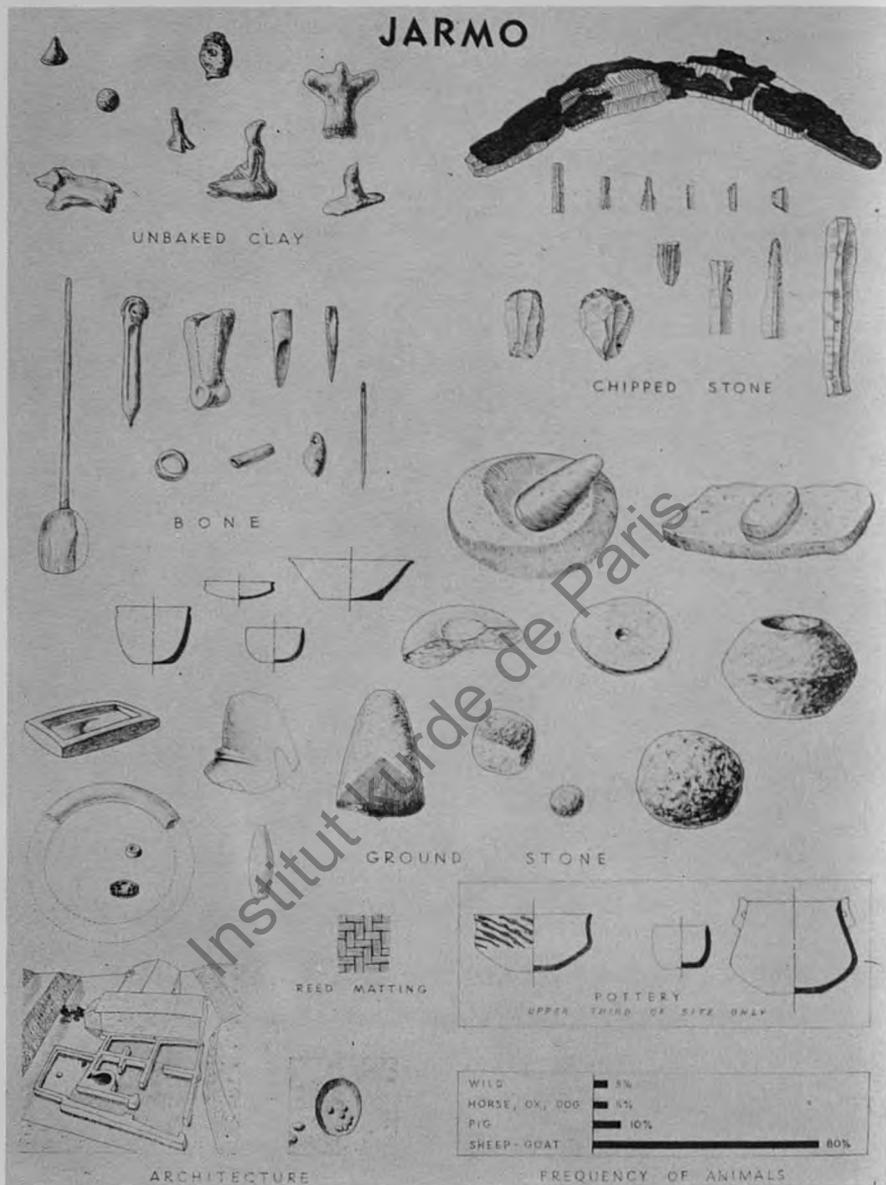
UNBAKED CLAY

SHELL

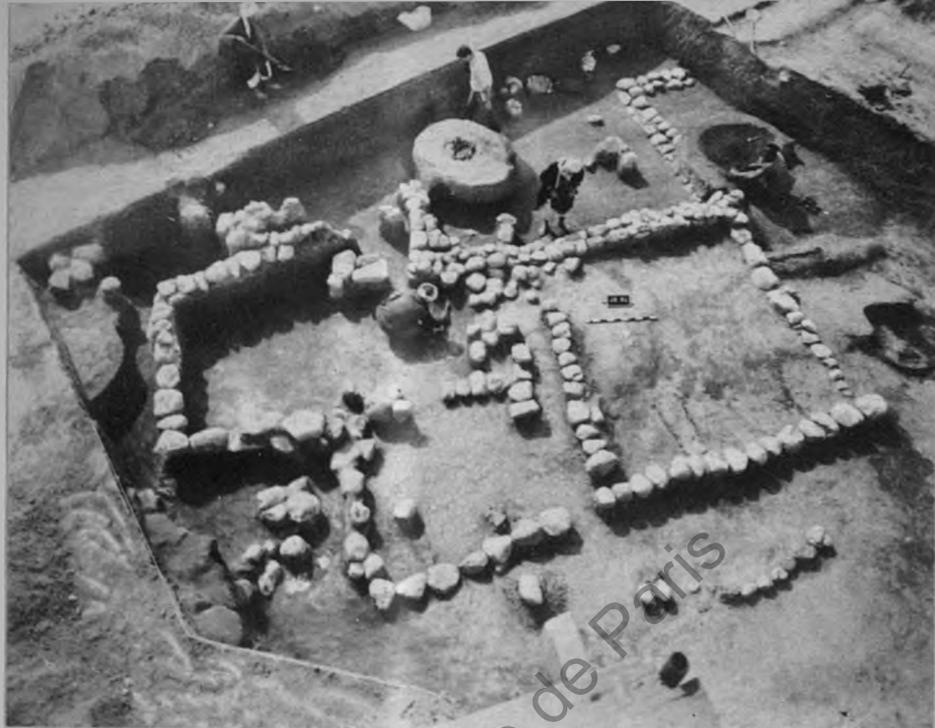
BONE

28. Preliminary sketches of typical Palegawra and Karim Shahir antiquities. Mortar at left and architecture drawn at much smaller scale than other objects.

JARMO



29. Preliminary sketches of typical Jarmo antiquities. Architecture, pottery, rectangular stone palette, stone bowls and mortar and milling stone (center spread) at much smaller scale than other objects.



30. *Jarmo architecture: stone house foundations and clay oven foundations in upper level.*

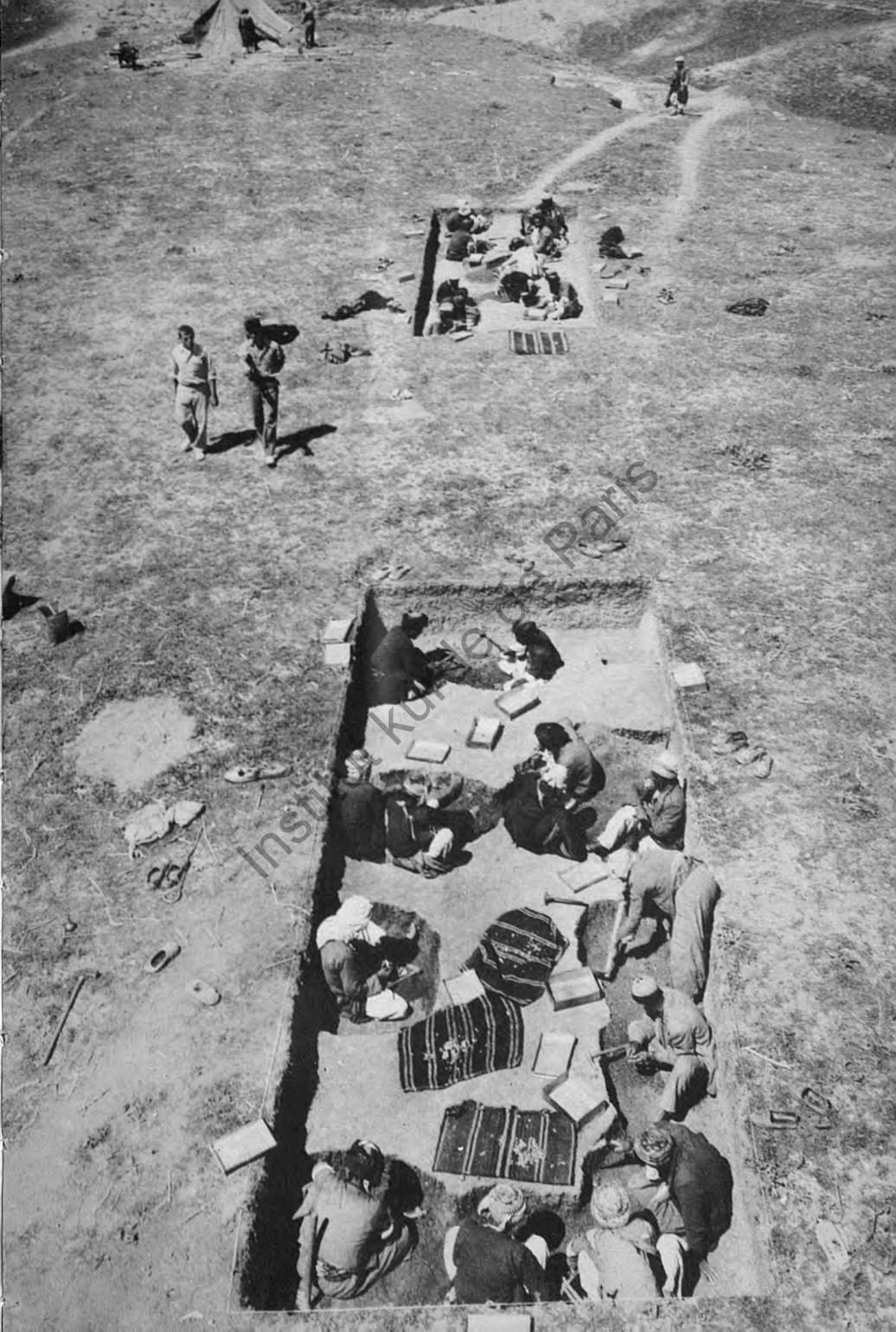
31. *Rough stone "flooring" on Karim Shabir.*





32. *Jarmo architecture: mud-walled house. Oval area at upper left is oven, striations on room floors are reed impressions.*

33. *Small testing trenches on Karim Shahir.*





34. *Esa making chocolate pudding.*

35. *Ali in winter dress;
coat of sheepskin.*





36. *Water being emptied from donkey's water bag to make mud for Joe's house; Joe in center of group.*
37. *Laundry day ended; washing machine wrapped in tarpaulin, in foreground.*





38. *Zahala with Esa's visiting brother who is wearing his local village dress.*



39. *After a rain; Gretel and Douglas launching the fleet.*



40. *Vivian and Douglas round up wandering goats.*

41. *Christmas in camp.*





42. *Gazelle munching on ancient bone.*

43. *Vivian sorting potatoes; Mahmud, Zabala, Esa, and Ali helping.*

44. *Fred carefully eating meat to avoid damaging ibex bone.*

45. *Bruce's sketch of local Kurdish musicians and reed pipe used.*





46. Line of men dancing at opening fantasia; Ali at extreme left.

47. Sheikh Suliman and son "Billy."





48. *Kurdish wedding; men guests in courtyard washing hands before eating.*



49. *Kurdish wedding; Moloud, the bridegroom.*

50. *Kurdish wedding; bride at right, our guard's mother in center.*



After breakfast we would look up the day's assignment and I would get Gretel started off on one of her subjects—doing her work in the living room. I would then call for Douglas. He had various mining projects on the small hills near the house and would invariably be there after breakfast. The soft, weathered shale-like materials were admirably suited for such projects. It was too soft to permit tunneling but was hard enough to encourage the use of a pick. When the overhang became a bit dangerous he would dispose of it by picking. He occasionally found different colored strata which gave him great pleasure. We were all on call for daily mine inspection or whenever he found something unusual.

Douglas would come into the museum-workroom and do his daily reading as I began to sort out the previous day's accumulation of flints and obsidian. When he had finished his stint, he would get the small pick-axe from the shelf and be off again to his mine. Or he might ride out to the dig for a visit if a jeep was just going out. Once out at the dig, it was pretty certain that his friend Faraj would give him a ride back to the house on his donkey when he came on one of his frequent trips to get water for the workmen.

When Douglas had finished, I would check on Gretel's progress. She was an omnivorous reader and would often be tempted from her work. If the temptation in the living room was too great, I would have her come and sit beside me in the workroom, which was more conducive to study. Work on arithmetic, spelling (she would often have Vivian or Liz hear her spelling lesson before she came to write it for me), grammar workbook and occasional compositions would usually take up most of her mornings and she would normally be through for the day. Then she would be free to go back to her book or engage in some project with Douglas. There was an occasional history lesson, but, since the book was fairly interesting, we covered the history as supplementary reading when the children were in bed at night. Science and

geography lessons—which were also only occasional—were taught by Bob in an after-lunch session with Gretel about once every two weeks.

Lessons took place daily unless there was a trip to Kirkuk or out on survey. Gretel and Douglas were both good travelers and were often invited on trips even when Bob and I weren't going. But, if we were making a trip together and I didn't have to do the driving, we would often continue the lessons on the trip. Gretel could always use practice in spelling or could be given arithmetic problems to do in her head. Douglas would often take along his current reading book or his word cards to memorize. Miss Jacobs had suggested that we get a small inexpensive handprinting set and print each new word on a card. Before reading, Douglas would memorize the new words that would appear in the day's reading. Bob Adams was slightly appalled when he found that Douglas could memorize the words but didn't yet know the individual letters.

On one trip to Kirkuk, Bob stopped off for a few minutes to pick up the mail in Chemchemal. Douglas had just finished memorizing the words for the day and, picking up his book, began to read aloud. In a few seconds there was an interruption by a pleasant young man who introduced himself in passable English as the local English teacher (we were parked right in front of the school which was adjacent to the post office.) He was much interested in the brightly illustrated reader Douglas was reading from and also wanted to know the purpose of the cards. He thought the cards a fine idea and asked if he might borrow the printing set for a while and also any books that Douglas had finished. He said they would add new zest to his English teaching. We sent them down to him with the next person going to Chemchemal. How much use he actually made of them, we never found out, for after a few weeks he was transferred to a distant school.

Gretel and Douglas had been given a small area out on the mound, at a distance from the main excavation, where they could have an undisturbed dig of their own. They occasionally picked away at their small hole and carefully sacked anything they found, marking the bags with their own findspot. But usually they preferred to make surface collections—a much easier way of accumulating artifacts.

Sometimes Gretel would be called on to help with the measuring tape or rod-holding when Bob was mapping. Douglas would often bring out his substantial toy jeep-pickup and would haul off some of the discarded stones as we finished sorting them in the mornings. Sometimes they made trips down into the *wadi* where Douglas would be on the look-out for new rocks to add to his collection and Gretel would gather clay for modelling. Often we would think as we saw them that they were only repeating what the Jarmo children must have done some six-thousand years earlier. They usually climbed up the photographic tower to view the surrounding countryside. Then, too, there was often some fascinating new thing for Abdullah to show them out on the dig: a baby donkey that had followed its mother (some of the workmen rode over on donkeys), a newly-born goat wrapped up in one of the men's coats, and, on one occasion, a fox that had been caught in a trap. Gretel and Douglas both considered the baby donkey so attractive that they walked all the way back to the house and out again bringing their cameras.

We often let the children sit on our laps and steer the jeeps back to the house. They both became so good at steering that, in the late spring, Bob would occasionally take one of them out at a time just before dinner for a short driving lesson. Douglas had to sit in his lap and would tell Bob when to step on the foot clutch so he could shift gears. Gretel, by using a pillow, was able to sit in the seat by herself. Driving the jeep was a great thrill for them.

More of their playtime was spent in the vicinity of the house than on the dig. They had explored the countryside for about a mile around and had found a rock shelter that they considered their own hide-out. A high, steep hill about a block from the house became their sliding hill. It was a bit difficult to climb, but, once up and after you had gingerly seated yourself at the very top, you had a swift, exciting ride down. Every camp visitor, no matter the age, sooner or later would be invited to slide down the hill, the children counselling them in advance that blue jeans were advisable for the trip.

Gretel and Douglas took as much pleasure as we did in looking for new wild flowers and would usually come back from their walks bearing a handful. Even in the fall, when the ground was dry, you could find a rare flower springing up out of the dust. But after the rains and as the days passed into spring there was a constant increase in flowers, with new varieties appearing to replace those that had ceased to flower. There were varieties of fragile iris that looked like orchids, as well as tulips, poppies, hollyhocks, oleanders, narcissus, and many more that we couldn't name. Some of the fields would be carpeted with flowers—a lovely sight. Sometimes Zahala on her walks would bring in a new variety that none of us had seen. Then the children would set off with her over the hills to find the source.

The narcissus beds were a thrilling sight. The men on the dig began bringing us bouquets of the sweet-scented flowers. When we couldn't find them ourselves, we asked Abdullah to find out the nearest source. It turned out to be near the village of Kanisard and we set out in search of it. When we found the huge beds (some covering an area as large as fifteen by thirty feet), we wondered why our noses hadn't led us there directly from the house—the fragrance was almost overpowering. In two minutes we had each picked huge bouquets, but the flowers were clustered so closely to-

gether that you couldn't even tell that any were missing. We sent all the others to see the wonderful sight and were glad that a Glessner visit coincided with the narcissus display. They had heard about them but had never been in the right vicinity at the time to see them.

After a rain was an exciting time—for Gretel and Douglas in particular. If it was a downpour the little *wadis* near the house would be a torrent of rushing water and unmanageable. There would also be a great waterfall down over the rocks behind the house. On one such day Bruce said the waterfall reminded him of Hänsel and Gretel for it looked for all the world like a huge chocolate waterfall. But a few hours after the rain—when the rush of waters had somewhat subsided—the creeks were perfect places for sailing boats or for construction projects such as islands or dams. The children whittled some boats themselves, but called on the staff members, one after another, to contribute to the fleet.

We had a clothesline up overhead in the museum-workroom to use during rainy weather. When the creek facilities were good, it was usually filled with the children's blue-jeans and socks. Despite boots and rolled-up pants, there were always a few casualties and they might have to change their clothing as much as four times in a single day. Sometimes, when the weather was unusually cold, they would come in shivering to thaw out by the heater or the fire. Strangely enough, they never seemed to catch cold after their soakings.

Another mutual project both children enjoyed was giving plays; Gretel was author and producer. They used whatever props happened to be at hand. At first the plays were usually given for an audience of one or two—whomever they could catch. But they gradually became more ambitious in their acting and, on one occasion, managed to get everyone to promise to come and see their play. This was right after

a payday and we were finished with our work a bit earlier in the afternoon.

After work we were each handed a written invitation stating the location and the fees—3 *fil*s for a box seat, 1 *fil* for a balcony seat. We scrambled across the creek bed out behind the house and up the hill on the near side where it was a simple climb. The stage was under a natural rock-overhang, where there was a narrow strip of level ground facing the long steep hillside. The box seats (and there were five takers for them) were reached by a frantic scramble halfway down the steep hillside where the seat holders perched precariously on a huge boulder. We, who had chosen the cheaper balcony seats, had a much easier time of it on a fairly level narrow ledge on a plane with the stage but off to one side.

The play opened with the white-washing scene from Tom Sawyer, but was stopped from time to time by an impolite audience that yelled, "Louder!" and occasionally came forth with cheers and catcalls. Finally the play was finished and we were all served with lemon squash—fortunately up on level ground.

After Joe left camp along in December, Gretel and Douglas took over his little house and fixed it up to suit themselves. Gretel, with Douglas agreeing, soon came to the idea that they should give a party for all the adults. Since the only time when they could be sure that everyone would be at home was at the dinner hour, they decided to make it a dessert party. The first one was a success so it was repeated various times.

They would find out in advance that all were willing to come to such an affair and then hand out fairly elaborately written invitations. They would already have contacted Esa and Vivian and found out that they could have the kitchen to themselves at a certain time in the afternoon. Shutting themselves up in the kitchen with Rombauer, Gretel would leaf through the book and then finally decide. Usually it

would be the "hurry-up" cake. Gretel acted as main chef; Douglas, as assistant, would help beat and also be on hand to lick the bowls. After the cake was baked and frosted, they would hide it in the kitchen.

Then they would hurry out to sweep their house and ready it for the guests. Pillows would be brought from the big house and extra chairs—there was already a cot there to sit on. They would get a kerosene lantern and then, just before we had dinner, they would carry out the extra kerosene stove from the workroom so the place would get warm in time. The children ordinarily had their supper quite early and would normally be in bed while we were having our dinner. On their dessert party evenings, they would have their supper as usual and then be free to make all the last minute arrangements. While we were having dinner they would be carrying out the dessert plates, silverware, and the dessert itself.

After we had finished our dinner we would all get our coats and some flashlights—and, if it were raining, as often seemed the case when the parties were given, our raincoats. Then we would tramp out to the little house which would by now be fairly warm. There we would sit wherever there was room and be served by the host and hostess. Fortunately, the dessert was always edible—in fact, good—so in a few minutes it would be demolished to the last crumb and the host and hostess would happily speed the parting guests.

For a while Bob got us all organized into playing a game of "one old cat" (or "Peggy," the name I knew it by) for a few minutes before lunch. Gretel and Douglas both joined in with more enthusiasm than skill. The game was played with an old stick and a large rubber ball. Consequently, when one of the boys would come up to bat, we would spread back and up over the hillsides anticipating a tremendously long hit. For some reason or other we soon gave it up—

perhaps because the equipment wasn't quite suitable for a good game. Douglas continued for quite a while, however, finding willing recruits in Ali, Mahmud or whomever was at hand. It was a fine sight to see Ali running up the field with his long skirts flying behind him.

Sometimes time would hang heavily on the children's hands and then we could usually put them to work sorting the obsidian from the flint or helping count the artifacts by arranging them in groups of ten each—or Vivian would remember that it was time for Gretel to make another wall calendar.

But usually they could find something to do. Gretel, when alone, would always read. We had a fairly good supply of light reading material in camp aside from the large number of books we had brought out for the children. When Gretel had re-read the children's books many times, she began on the detective stories. She was very fond of one in particular, Agatha Christie's *Murder on the Orient Express*, and must have read this about seven times. But she and Douglas were especially happy when the children's magazine we had ordered arrived every month. And it was a special event when large manilla envelopes would arrive from my sister Irma, containing magazine stories clipped for Gretel.

A trip that Vivian and Gretel made to Baghdad in the spring turned up a number of children's classics that were new or had been read only once, and brought them back to camp. We were glad to see *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn* and *Treasure Island* in the group and kept these for nightly reading. We had brought out all the *Dr. Doolittle* books to camp for reading aloud and had already gone through the entire series twice. Now, after having read the *Swiss Family Robinson* (which struck us adults as a little on the fatuous side—not having read it since childhood), a children's *Odessey*, Bible stories and other books we had collected, I would presently have been reduced to reading

some of the more popular Doolittle books for a *third* time.

Gretel also took a great fancy to modelling clay with Liz, who had a gift for making convincing little animals and, in her spare moments, indulged her gift. She and Gretel gathered the clay from the *wadi* below Jarmo and made quite a few animal figurines and small containers. When the objects had been sundried they would experiment with firing them in the fireplace—often with good results. Gretel would also occasionally find someone (often Bob Adams) to play checkers with her in the late afternoon. In the early evenings when we sat by the fire, she usually brought her knitting—inspired, no doubt, by the other knitters around her.

Douglas' interests were more on the active side. His mining continued over the entire season. When Herb was in camp and tramping about the region in the near vicinity of Jarmo, he would often take Douglas with him on his geological hikes. These were a great treat.

After Douglas saw Fred trying to invent a trap so he could catch a mouse alive to get the skeleton intact, Douglas decided he would make a trap himself. But Fred's "Rube Goldberg" traps didn't interest him. After consultation with Fred, Douglas merely dug a hole in the ground a little away from the house and covered it over with chicken wire, after putting some bread as bait inside.

At first he only trapped ants, but, gradually, the trap began to acquire more unusual specimens such as beetles and toads as Fred—without letting Douglas know—exerted himself. Fred felt repaid by the wonderful squeals of joy as Douglas found a new inhabitant in the trap.

But Douglas never found the live mouse he really hoped for—and neither did Fred.

[17] *animal problems*

WE DIDN'T ACTUALLY SET OUT TO ACQUIRE PETS—THEY JUST happened. The first to come was a gazelle. When we first arrived in camp there was an extremely nice *Khaimakon* in Chemchemical who came up to visit us at the dig. When he met the children he said something about finding a gazelle for them. Shortly afterwards, as we went through Chemchemical, we received a message that the *Khaimakon* would like us to stop in on the way back from Kirkuk to have tea with him.

We managed to return at a reasonable tea-hour and, as we parked in front of his house, saw the *Khaimakon* and a friend waiting to receive us. As we entered the garden in front, we saw a handsome young gazelle tethered to a stake, nibbling away at the grass. It started bounding around wildly as we passed close by and our host called a boy from the house to quiet and untangle the animal. We had an excellent tea, enjoyed as much by the children as the rest of us, for there was an abundance of tea cakes,

biscuits, and candies. We also enjoyed the conversation for the *Khaimakon* was a good conversationalist and his friend, who was from Sulimaniyeh, had attended the University of North Carolina and wanted to know how things were in the States.

Presently it was time to take our leave so as to arrive in camp before dark. The *Khaimakon* wanted to know whether we would be able to manage the gazelle on the way home. We thought we would. It was agreed that Vivian would be the one to sit in the rear seat and hold the gazelle. I would keep the children up in front with me so she would have enough room. So in went Vivian, and the boy handed in the gazelle plus collar and rope. Vivian had a mighty struggle to get the creature into a riding position. She had hopes that it would quiet down and become less nervous after a time, but this didn't prove to be the case. She had hold of the creature's legs—the forelegs grasped in one hand, the hindlegs in the other. After we had driven along in complete quiet for quite a way, she tried to relax a little. But the gazelle was still straining to get away and Vivian had to quickly regain her old firm grip. It was good that we arrived in camp when we did, for Vivian was about worn out with holding the struggling animal and only too glad to turn it over to the men.

We decided the best place to put the gazelle for the night would be in the museum-workroom. So Bob Adams carried the animal there while we moved anything of importance up out of its way. We set out a pan of water and brought in a few greens and a little bread. Then we sent out word through the guards for one of the villagers to bring some barley the next day when he came to work.

Gazelly (as the children immediately called it) quieted down considerably in the next hour or so and we found we could walk through the museum without having her run in the opposite direction. The next day Bob Adams drove an

iron stake in a green spot not far from the house, where we could tether her. It was good that he was there to take her out for she was wild to go and pulled at the rope with all her might. We kept visiting her—children and grownups—and plying her with barley or water or just went out so she would get used to us. The second night the creature inquisitively poked her nose into the living-dining room while we were having dinner. We decided she was feeling more at home. At the end of the third day of tethering, with Gazelly pulling even more strongly at the rope (thanks to the barley diet) as we tried to get her back in the house, we made up our minds that by now she was more or less used to us and we wouldn't tie her up any longer. It just seemed a shame to keep her tied up. That night she even came out and wandered about the living room for a bit.

The next morning we held open the screen door. Gazelly slowly moved over to the doorway, sniffed the air and then slowly put her forelegs out and then the hindlegs. At first she couldn't quite believe she was free and walked slowly and sedately along the terrace. But suddenly she knew she was free and then she began leaping and bounding with wonderful grace. We put a pan of grain out on the terrace for her and left her to her own devices. She stayed near the house all day, alternately browsing and leaping about. Towards late afternoon there was no sign of her nor did she return that night. We gave her up for lost and began feeling a bit sad for we had already become attached to her.

The next morning, as we were walking out to the dig, Vivian and I noticed strange footprints in the dust of the road. We suddenly felt light-hearted. "They must be Gazelly's footprints," said Vivian, "and they are leading straight to the dig."

When we got up on the mound there she was walking all around the dig. We succeeded in coming close to her a few times but as soon as we came too close, she would take off in

a flash and bound away making lovely leaps over any of the smaller holes. She seemed to sense it was a game. Gazelly was tamed.

She never spent another night in the museum-workroom but occasionally she would stay up around the Shergatis. Where the rest of her nights were spent, we never knew. A part of the day she would spend in the vicinity of the house for she knew that she could always get grain there; we could presently even stroke her as we held out the barley.

Usually in the early morning you would find her up on the dig wandering around in and out of the excavations. The men petted her, too, and she would go from one to the other to have her head scratched. She soon acquired the bad habit of nosing around in the workmen's lunches and taking a nibble here and there—in one case eating an entire lunch. This was too much. Abdullah had one of the workmen bring some barley to keep on the dig to discourage the pilfering. The men also learned to wrap their lunches inside their coats, which were put on the ground alongside the dig while they worked.

She even went so far as to begin to nibble tentatively at the animal bones that came from the dig. As soon as we caught her at this we chased her away and scolded at her. From then on we never could tell whether she really liked munching the bones (Bob said she did it to get the salt in them); but she had certainly discovered a way to tease us. As we sat, sorting out the stone pile in the morning, we would sometimes hear a crunching noise near us. When we looked up there would be Gazeily calmly munching but gazing at us and ready to leap away at the drop of a hat. When we would dart at her she would run but, as soon as we settled down again, she would come back and stand near us munching whatever it was she had in her mouth.

Sometimes she would disappear for a day or two. When

this happened Esa would announce with a gleam in his eye, "Gazelle too fat." By which he meant that since she was well filled-out, some stranger had come along and shot her. But after a while some workman would usually find her wandering around near Kanisard and carry her back in his arms. She was easily recognizable with her red collar.

We were sad when she finally did disappear for good in the spring. We felt that we were probably responsible for her untimely end—for such it must have been. She was so tame now that she would have been an easy mark for any hunter. We didn't suspect any of the people from the villages near us, for it is doubtful that they would have made an end of her while we were around. But we had occasionally seen gazelles off in the distance and we figured that our gazelle had probably seen them and followed them for a time—on into strange territory where the red collar would have meant nothing more than private ownership.

Kitty arrived unannounced about a month after the gazelle. In fact, we did not even know for two or three days that we had him. We had been having field mice in the house; they were attractive sturdy little mice, and bold as well. It seemed a shame to kill them, but we couldn't let them take over the house. So we bought mouse traps and succeeded in keeping the number down. Abdullah, who at that time was living in one of the rooms in our house, also had mouse trouble and negotiated with one of the workmen for a cat.

The first thing we knew about it was when we heard a plaintive mewing one morning up at the guard's house. Gretel and Douglas were all excited and went to investigate. They came back and reported that they had seen a little tiger-striped kitten who was very frightened. Abdullah was given the kitten when he returned from the dig and from then on it spent most of the time in his room. We could sometimes see the kitty as we passed the window and the

children would go in to visit it. Occasionally, during those days, we heard a mewling close at hand as we worked in the museum-workroom and would catch an occasional glimpse of the frightened kitty but couldn't come close enough to pet it. But one morning when we had just heard the kitten in the museum and then had gone outside, we saw a kitten sitting in Abdullah's window. Now it dawned on us for the first time that there were two kittens around!

We put a dish of milk down on the workroom floor and, after a while, got a good look at our kitten as he came out to drink. He was also striped but in darker tones than Abdullah's cat. We quietly came up to the corner where the kitten was but as we came closer he hissed and spat and then disappeared behind the boxes. So we left him alone for the time being, since he was anti-social, but fixed a sandbox for him in the corner.

The kitten kept up the same behaviour for more than a week and this outraged us all. The cat might be wild, but he wasn't going to act like *that* in our house. If we were to have a cat, it should have cat-like ways.

One night the challenge was taken up. Bob Adams and Vivian put on gloves and set off to take possession of the cat. He eluded them in the museum and ran on into the kitchen where he hid behind the refrigerator. This was a canny move for it was a hard place to reach. But Vivian and Bob worked away and came quite close to the snarling kitten who now had its claws out ready to scratch. At this point, Bob and Vivian decided it might be a good idea to throw a little water on the cat to quiet him down. So Bob threw some water and managed to get a little on the kitten and much more on Vivian who let forth a shout. But they were finally able to catch the kitten. Bob carried him at arm's length—for he was spitting and snarling—to the living room and strong-armed him into a sitting position on his lap.

Now we could get a good look at our new member. He was still a kitten, probably about eight weeks old. He was a scrawny little thing, but rather nicely marked. As he quieted down, Bob began to stroke him. After a while he could do it without holding on. Presently the kitten disappeared back into the museum-workroom and we left him alone for the night.

If we had thought the cat was now tamed, we were wrong. For the next day there were still hissings and clawings whenever anyone approached. At that point we wondered just what James Thurber would do under the circumstances. We decided to repeat the procedure of the night before. After a long struggle, the cat was finally captured. Again he quieted down as soon as he was firmly established in a lap. He even went so far as to purr a little that night.

The next day we still had a wild cat.

This was a challenging game and we all took part in it for a while after dinner each night. This procedure must have gone on for at least a week with puss still playing hard-to-get—although after a while we no longer needed the gloves. The kitten got used to the idea of sitting in our laps at night but it was a long time before he developed a liking for petting during the day. We should have been scientific and kept a record on Kitty and the taming process but when we started out to tame him, we kept thinking it would only take a day or two.

Kitty was completely tamed after about a month. The strange thing is that now, if anything, he was over-tamed for he had lost some of his cat-like qualities. He was completely dependent on us and craved petting from one and all, preferring to sit comfortably in a lap rather than off by himself. He would be apt to follow you around like a dog. He was a completely trusting soul and, as a result, was made the subject for all kinds of experiments of an evening to which

he would docilely submit. Poor Kitty—he was much safer in the hands of the children. Gretel only petted him; Douglas might tease and chase him but this was simple and straight-forward. It was only the adults who thought up refinements in teasing such as putting scotch tape on its paws. But even then Kitty would be set free when some kind-hearted soul thought matters had gone far enough.

Kitty never did learn to do a good job of catching mice. They just seemed to avoid most of the house after he arrived. The storeroom still had a mouse problem but we didn't want to shut him up in the room with the mice for there were too many things around to be disturbed in a chase. Vivian kept on setting the trap and every morning Kitty would follow her out to the storeroom and excitedly take over any victims. Thus, indirectly, Kitty solved the mouse problem.

For a while in the late spring after the gazelle had disappeared, the children had two goats and, for a few days, Douglas had a fine time playing shepherd boy. But these happened to be particularly stupid goats without any special charm, so everyone was slightly relieved when they finally just strayed back to their original fold. Even the children didn't miss them. We had been spoiled by the gazelle and her graceful fastidious ways.

The workmen occasionally caught birds and brought them to Douglas as pets, but we always set them loose. They would usually have a wing injury and we would hope for the best as we put them out in the field far from the house. We saw quite a variety of strange birds in this way—one of them was clearly the hoopoo bird that one sees in ancient Egyptian paintings. Another was an odd water bird that was grey, in the main, but had a cherry-colored beak and legs.

Besides the birds that were brought in to us, we were always fascinated by the colorful birds that were around

us. There were the charming red-breasted swallows who tried to build their nests inside the house but were foiled by the screen door of the workroom. Then there were small, yellow, canary-like birds who came near the house but weren't as tame as the swallows.

Along the main road, where there were telephone wires, it was always quite a sight in the spring to see the vivid green bee-eaters and other large turquoise-colored birds whose names we didn't know. Chemchemal had its storks that returned every spring to nest on top of the tower above the police station. We would also see stork nests in the villages along the main road on the way to Kirkuk. Less attractive were the buzzards who hovered over our large garbage pit and when they hovered over a field were a sure sign that an animal lay injured or dead directly beneath them.

Besides the mice we also had our small share of other unbidden guests. One was announced by Esa one winter evening. Esa, who had gone out to take a shower after dinner, came rushing in in his shorts saying breathlessly to Vivian, "Miss Vivian, come see one big thing in shower." We knew it must be a worthwhile sight to cause him to come in, in such a state of undress. We crowded into the shower and Esa pointed out a snake high up on the wall in a crack just above the shelf. The rest of us all took our showers in the daytime without the electric light. Since that part of the wall was then dark we would never have noticed the snake. But it was clearly visible in the lighted room. The warmth of the shower room must have caused it to wake up slightly from its hibernation and move a little. The men took a crowbar, got the snake down and proceeded to kill it. They tried to save its head so we could find out whether it was poisonous, but it got mashed a bit in the process. Vivian and Gran'ma had a fine time the next day skinning the snake and drying the skin.

The snake was only an incident that was quickly over

with, but in the early fall we had our troubles with bats. We would see them swooping outside at dusk and had no objections to them until they took to invading our bedroom. What made our own room particularly fascinating to the bats, we could never find out. There would be no sign of them, of course, during the day but at night, when I would go in to tuck the children in bed, we would hear a light, zooming sound as the bat flew from wall to wall in our adjoining room. The children were fine for they had mosquito nets around them. But we had no net over our bed and, besides, there was just no reason for a bat to take possession of our room.

I would call for the Bobs and they would begin their activities with a stick and broom. The bat was elusive and the work difficult as the small space had limited foot-room. After some time the bat would be segregated in the children's room and I would hold up a sheet at the doorway to keep it from returning into ours while the men managed to get the bat to fly out and hastily slammed the door shut.

We just couldn't figure out how they were getting in. The only time the doors were opened was in the morning after Ali had swept out the room. We finally discovered a smallish hole in the window screen and Bob put in a new screen. This may have done the trick for we had no more bats in our bedroom.

Fortunately, we never found scorpions in our rooms, although we would occasionally receive a nasty shock when we saw enormous scorpion-like spiders running up the walls. But they were harmless, despite their ugly appearance.

With all the peculiar animal life around us, it was no wonder we often thought and spoke of James Thurber and wished he were there to enjoy the situations and to advise us. One day—probably made bold by the distance from the States—we facetiously wrote a note to Mr. Thurber asking

for his advice on some of our animal problems. We were all completely floored when there was a reply to the note a few weeks later. We decided that he must be an extraordinarily nice person (besides being one of our favorite authors) to bother with us when he had other things to keep him busy. The Thurberesque wording was unmistakable—it read:

I don't know much about animals in Iraq, but back here we knock bats down with a rolled newspaper. I have seen wildcats only in books and zoos, but in the south they are shot by men and wrestled with by women. I am not clear as to this Gazelle that eats old bones and I figure that Gazelle must be the name of your dog, or someone's dog. I am glad that your major problems are animals and not people. Over here it is people. . . .

We tacked the note above one of the tables in the workroom where we could see and enjoy it all season.

[18] *the gathering of the staff*

BY FEBRUARY ALL THE OFFICIAL STAFF MEMBERS WERE gathered in camp.

Vivian, Bob Adams, Bob Braidwood and I had opened up together, followed in a month by our recruit Liz West. Herb Wright arrived right after Christmas, Fred Barth came in February, followed in a week by Bruce Howe.

Herb could only remain until the middle of March, when he had to return to his University to teach the spring term. He spent most of his time away from camp. He was trying to acquire evidence for the geological history of this north-eastern section of Iraq during, and subsequent to, the Pleistocene—the last half-million years of time, at least. What was the history of the river valleys and of the landscape in general? What were the climatic changes involved? This would be a framework for Jarmo and the other early sites we were interested in. He studied the behavior of the Taurus Chai, the river running through our plain. He traced the other Tigris river tributaries, looking for river terraces,

checked on distant rock formations, and, in between, observed everything else of a geological nature.

Herb and Sabri, who acted as interpreter and way-smoother, made many long trips lasting from two to four or five days. They would drive the jeep as far as the road or track would go and then walk—perhaps for one day, perhaps two. Sometimes Mahmud would go with them to a certain spot and then drive the jeep alone back to camp. He would arrange to pick them up again in a few days at the other end of the valley.

Herb was an indefatigable walker—but, then, he was a geologist! We all had to admire Sabri for being able to keep up with him on these strenuous trips. Sabri would come back from a trip completely exhausted (even Herb would sometimes show signs of wear) and fall into bed. But, unless Herb had picked up a bug somewhere during the trip—in which event he would grudgingly spend the next day or two in camp, Herb and Sabri would be off on another rugged jaunt the following morning.

When Herb came in at night, usually it was well after we had finished dinner, we would sometimes jokingly greet him by asking, "Well, Herb, and where are you off to tomorrow?" Generally he wouldn't commit himself at night—perhaps he just didn't know or the idea hadn't fully crystallized yet. By early morning, however, he would be in full preparation for another trip. He had a large territory to cover and much too little time in which to do it to his satisfaction.

During most of Herb's stay in camp we did little digging on Jarmo as there was too much rain. The rains, fortunately, weren't continuous enough to keep Herb from making his trips. Sometimes, though, he would have to postpone them for a day or two until the roads were relatively passable. The run-off was fairly quick on the roads. The excavation, however, was another matter. The water col-

lected inside the excavation and it would take three sunshiny days to dry the ground sufficiently to resume digging. By this time there would usually be another rainfall. We sent most of the Shergatis home at Christmas to cut down on the overhead but kept six workers on, hoping to be able to excavate between the rains. After another week of rainy days alternating with sunny ones—in which we kept the Shergatis busy in the house cleaning antiquities—we realized that we wouldn't be able to dig again for some time. So we sent them home.

We were actually happy for a chance to settle down to the museum work. There was a backlog of labelling, sorting, cataloguing, cleaning, drawing, and photography that clamored to be done.

Bob Adams and I met Bruce in Baghdad in February. We greeted the "Fellow of the Baghdad School" (the yearly appointment of the American Schools of Oriental Research that had been bestowed on him). Bruce had just finished his Doctor's dissertation at Harvard and, now that it was over, was keen to get started on the digging. We talked a little about the early sites that we had found on survey and written him about. By then it was time to pay our respects at the Directorate General of Antiquities and to see the collections. Bruce wondered, too, whether he should pay a call at the Baghdad School and we had to tell him that there was no building. "Why, you're the Baghdad School for this year," we said, "and you can't very well visit yourself."

As usual, we were saddled with a fairly lengthy shopping list of odds and ends—India ink, special-size film, transformer for photographic lights (to be borrowed if possible), banking transactions, a call on the Mallowans, etc. Bruce immediately endeared himself to me by taking an active part in the shopping. "Now what can we scratch off the list this afternoon?" he would ask.

We were finished in a few days, picked up the jeep, which had preceded us south for repairs, and drove back to camp. We found, to our surprise, that the gravel road had been scraped and was in good shape.

By the time Bruce arrived in camp, Herb had made most of his longer survey trips and had a good idea of the problems he still wanted to solve. The first matter at hand was to decide on the site that Bruce would dig. We hoped that the dig would be started soon enough so that Herb could see it before he left and also investigate any geological problem there might be in connection with the new site. We pulled down the three best flint surface collections (that were earlier in time than Jarmo) for Bruce to mull over. And then he visited the sites.

Bruce was enthusiastic about Karim Shahir and agreed that, of the many we had surveyed, it seemed the closest in time to Jarmo and should be excavated. So Bob wrote to the Directorate General asking for an excavation permit, with all possible dispatch, for Karim Shahir in the name of the American Schools of Oriental Research. The four staff members for Karim Shahir would consist of Bruce, who would be in active charge, Fred Barth, Herb, and Bob, as nominal director.

Fred, who had arrived in camp about a week before Bruce, was already hard at work sorting out the boxes of Jarmo animal bones we had set aside for him. He was anxious to finish as much of this as possible before beginning the dig with Bruce.

Bruce was still eager to tackle a cave site (much of his previous work in N. W. Africa had been in caves) and we were all for it. After consulting with Sabri, we decided that, in the event of our finding a cave site—further afield, since there were none in our immediate vicinity, we would be able to get a sounding permit for the American Schools from the Directorate General that would suit our purposes.

In a full excavation permit the foreign expedition is entitled to one-half the finds; in a sounding permit the finds are all the property of the Iraq Government. But in any case, all we wanted of the cave materials was a chance for Bruce to study them—and this we knew would be possible.

While awaiting the permit to excavate Karim Shahir, Herb spent much time indoctrinating Bruce and Bob on the geological situation and the problems involved and making some shorter survey trips.

Two early cave sites, off in the general direction of Sulimaniyeh, had been excavated and published in the late '20's by Prof. Dorothy Garrod of Cambridge University. We wanted to visit these sites while Herb was still available to examine the setting. The earlier of the two, Hazar Merd, we weren't able to reach since it involved crossing some *wadis* that were still flooded. But the trip to attempt it was profitable in the sense that when we visited the government Experimental Agricultural Station, to find out about reaching the site, we were presented with a large sack of corn to pop!

We were, however, successful in reaching the later of the two Garrod sites—Zarzi. We were more directly concerned with this site since its flint materials seemed ancestral to those of Karim Shahir and Jarmo. Zarzi was an all-day expedition. It involved driving an hour and a half to a place where we left the jeep and then a strenuous three-hour climb to the valley where the cave was located. The entire walk was through pleasant country, much of it uplands with scrub oak. We hadn't seen so many trees out in an open countryside for a long time.

The village of Zarzi, when we reached it, proved to be a small attractive place that fascinated us architecturally. The houses, unlike those we had seen elsewhere, made use of many materials: wood for beams and columns, stones and reeds and mud for walls. Sabri sought out the head-

man and told him that we wanted to visit the cave site excavated so many years earlier by an Englishwoman. No foreigners apparently had been in since Miss Garrod's time for the headman looked at us intently as he welcomed us, said that he had worked as a youngster on the cave excavation—and then asked whether I was Miss Garrod. I was honored by his question and was sorry to disappoint him, for it was plain that he was somewhat nostalgic for those eventful days of his youth.

He probably also missed some of the excitement of those earlier days. We had been musing over the contrast between our uneventful trip to Zarzi with only a shepherd lad to guide us in and Miss Garrod's trip in the region as she had described it in her report (of 1930): “. . . that we were allowed to move freely about . . . (though always, of course, with an armed escort) is a most striking sign of changed times.” Times *had* changed in the Kurdish foothills of Iraq!

We followed the guide given us by the headman and made the gentle climb to the cave in the hillside above the village. There, the first thing we did was to sit down, unpack our lunches and eat—ravenously at that. We couldn't have had a lovelier spot for our lunch. We were perched on some rocks adjacent to the cave entrance; to our left we could look up the narrow tree-studded valley lined by low hills, to the right, a distant snow-capped mountain was framed against the blue sky. It was a cool day but the sun was warm and comforting.

There was only one thing we missed. We had Miss Garrod's excellent report with us but we felt she should be here in person to tell us about the site. We realized how she must have felt about this lovely spot and it somehow didn't seem right for her not to be here to share it with us.

After our lunch, we scrambled about collecting all the flint implements we could find while Herb made his obser-

ventions. We had to leave after half an hour as we were to have some tea in the village before setting off on our long hike to the jeep.

Back at the village we were welcomed into the headman's house and sat down with other village guests (men) on rugs placed on the floor in a large long room. We sat in two long rows facing each other. A large copper tray with samovar and glasses was placed in the center before our host. Swallows fluttered above our heads as they left their nests and went outside. Our host produced an old well-worn photograph (showing a group of men including himself) which, he proudly explained—interpreted by Sabri, Miss Garrod had sent to him after she had finished her short dig at Zarzi. It was a valued possession. After the third glass of tea we were able to decline any more without rudeness and, soon after, went outside. Sabri had asked the headman for us whether we could take pictures of the attractive houses. He had graciously assented and added that we could also take pictures of himself. We spent a little time doing this and then set off over the uplands.

As we passed some tent-houses—belonging to semi-nomads—on our way up the first hill, we took a few more pictures. They were making some mats and we wanted one of that in particular. We had found mat impressions in the Jarmo excavations and were interested in the method of making. I gestured to two pretty girls to see whether I could take their picture. They nodded and then one of them ducked and ran just as I was taking the picture. I looked around to see what had caused the bolting and found that Herb had moved in behind me to take a picture too. A woman photographer was all right, but they weren't going to have any strange man coming too close to them!

We arrived home just as it was beginning to get dark—picking up two pyjama-clad apparitions on the last ridge just before the road dipped down to the house. The chil-

dren always came out to meet the jeeps if they had been left at home.

We felt it had been a most satisfactory day. We had reached our destination—there had been some doubts at first whether we could actually reach Zarzi without horses—and had returned with good collections. Some of the survey trips were frustrating: sometimes you returned without having been able to reach the site—at other times, when you did reach the place, it didn't have what you expected. In either case, a whole day or much of it would have been wasted.

In their geological reconnoiterings, Bob took Herb and Bruce to visit Barda Balka, a site near Chemchemal, which the Directorate General had discovered. The surface was strewn with flints—"hand-axes" and many other implements—all typologically belonging to a very early time. Herb thought it would be valuable to spend one or two days digging some test pits on the site in an attempt to place the early implements in the geological sequence of gravels and silts he had established for the area.

The Karim Shahir excavation permit had just arrived and this was good for it meant that Herb would be able to see Karim Shahir in progress before his departure. The Karim Shahir permit had gone through quickly, but had taken about three weeks. If Herb and Bruce were to do some work on Barda Balka the permit would have to be granted almost overnight—a virtual impossibility for foreign excavations.

Bob, after consulting the book containing the Iraq antiquity laws and Sabri, who knew all the fine points of the law, telephoned the Directorate and asked whether they would grant permission for Herb and Bruce to act on behalf of the Directorate General of Antiquities in this matter. Dr. Najî el'Asil who was very much interested in Barda Balka, since he was one of the discoverers, thought this a fine idea. Since Bruce and Herb would be undertaking

this work for the Iraq Government, the permission could be (and was) granted in a hurry and reached camp in about four days.

Late spring arrivals were those of Kees Hillen and the Swifts. We had planned their coming months in advance while we were still in Chicago. Although their stay in camp, of necessity, was brief, they were there in the role of participating staff members rather than spectator-guests.

Kees is a Dutch archeologist who had studied for some years at the Oriental Institute but was now back in Holland. He was spending the year acquiring archeological field experience in the Near East. Before he came to us in the early spring, he had spent some months in Iran working on an excavation made by the French in the historic time range. After a month spent on our prehistoric excavations—where he helped in the field with survey work and in the museum-workroom with cataloguing—he went to Nimrud to spend a month with the Mallowans on their large historical site.

Gus and Eleanor Swift arrived in early May. Gus is an archeologist, Research Assistant of the Oriental Institute and primarily interested in early historical times in the Near East. As with Kees, this was Gus' and Eleanor's first visit to the Near East and they were trying to hit all the archeological high spots. They had shipped their car to Beirut from the States and had seen quite a few well-known sites on their drive across to Jarmo.

We were delighted to see the Swifts in camp, but, unfortunately, Eleanor could only be at Jarmo for about a week. Then much to our regret she had to pack up for her flight back to their children in the States. Gus put her on the plane in Baghdad and then came back to work with us on the dig until we closed camp.

When the Swifts arrived they were accompanied by Adib,

a chauffeur-guide who was well-versed in archeological sites in the Lebanon and Syria for he had chauffeured M. Seyrig all during the 1930's when he was Director of Antiquities in Syria. Adib was equally proficient in French and Arabic, an agreeable person, and an excellent guide for the Swifts on their trip to camp.

He was a difficult person to have at Jarmo, however, for he was a city dweller and completely out of his depth in our strange surroundings.

The first problem was where to put him. He obviously couldn't be put with the workmen up on the dig and we didn't have room for him in the house. We finally decided to put him in Joe's house and we had Ali get that ready for him. Adib didn't think much of his quarters and still less of his bed, which was just a camp cot like ours. It *was* a bit harder than ours as we had no more air mattresses left and had put a few blankets under the sheet. The next morning, after Ali had come to us saying that *Sayid* Adib had found his bed uncomfortable, we secretly began calling him the "pea princess." We gave Ali a few more blankets to tuck under the sheets and let it go at that.

Eating was also a problem. He would have been embarrassed to have eaten at the table with us, but he also felt above eating with Esa in the kitchen. He finally ended up by eating on a little stool outside the kitchen door—in solitary splendor. Abdullah was an old friend of his and he considered him an equal, but Abdullah was busy with the dig and could spend little time with Adib.

Adib, however, ceased to be a problem after a few days when he was taken in to Kirkuk on a shopping trip and put on the train bound for Baghdad.

[19] *Gran'ma becomes an archeologist*

ONE OF THE HARDEST-WORKING VOLUNTEERS A DIG EVER HAD was Gran'ma. We teased her about being the original "Man Who Came to Dinner." She and Hans von Meiss-Teuffen, a Swiss explorer-photographer, drove in to camp in a Hillman Minx just after Christmas. They had both been doing some photographic work in the Baghdad Museum, had heard of our expedition, and had come up to take some stills and movies of the men digging.

They arrived just before our first big rain. It was almost ten days before the Hillman could be taken out to the main road again. In the meantime we found our guests extremely congenial and helpful. After a day or so had passed they insisted on becoming paying guests. And, in addition, we set them to work. Hans spent many hours experimenting with Vivian on the best methods for doing object photography with the simple means at our disposal.

Liz had had to go back to Beirut for a month to do some museum work she had promised to return to do. We

missed her and would have sorely missed her capable hands had it not been for Gran'ma. Gran'ma was set to work labelling the thousands of flint and obsidian microliths that weren't yet findspotted. When her fingers became cramped from the pen, she worked at chipping away the hard surface deposit that coated so many of the stone objects—the bowls, bracelets, beads, etc. Gran'ma was a good worker and willing to tackle anything.

As soon as the Hillman Minx could be taken out of camp, Hans had to leave. He had an engagement down in Kuwait with some sheikhs to photograph a falcon hunt. He had managed to get a few stills and some feet of movie on digging but not nearly as much as he had hoped. The ground was only dry enough to dig on one day during his stay, and then only in a small area near the surface where we were enlarging the excavation.

We had already tested some of Gran'ma's potentialities and so we asked her whether she could stay on a while longer and slave away for us. She said that she could stay another month before going back to Baghdad—and would like to—but that she had her terms. Her terms were that she would continue only as a paying guest. She went on to say that she figured that her stay at Jarmo would be an opportunity to get a quick introductory course in archeology.

Gran'ma stayed and moved into Liz' bed when Liz left. Her real name was Helen Joy Lee but she fancied her nickname of Gran'ma and said we might as well call her this as it was the name she usually went by. She did have some grandchildren and so was entitled to it, but it had also become a professional name. During her travels she wrote a weekly column for her home-town newspapers in Connecticut and Florida called "Travelling with Gran'ma."

She was a tireless worker and must have findspotted close to forty-thousand tiny obsidian and flint blades, and la-

boriously cleaned close to a hundred stone objects. If the weather was nice we graciously permitted her to go out for short periods to make surface collections for us. A few times Vivian and I took Gran'ma to practice digging techniques in one of the old unused test pits on Jarmo. She was happy when she found a few animal bones and some flints and could see the lines of stratification appearing as we cleaned up the walls of the old pit.

In between times she worked away at the garden and put in more seeds. Her seeds sprouted and we would have had fresh vegetables if Gran'ma had been able to stay longer—unfortunately none of us had her green thumb. She showed Esa how to kill and dress turkeys and took over the kitchen while Esa and Zahala spent a few days in Kirkuk. Our evenings were enlivened by the tales she could tell (while rapidly knitting away at some children's sweaters for a welfare society in Baghdad). These were of some of her experiences in the east coast hurricane of 1938 when she had been partially blown out to sea and given up for lost and an incredible sailing trip to Alaska when she acted as chief cook and the captain knew nothing about sailing.

We were sorry when Gran'ma had to leave us around the middle of February. The evening before she left Bob decided we would have to give her an oral exam to see whether she had passed her short course in archeology. He immediately set to work making and lettering the certificate to present at the successful conclusion of the exam. He put a seal on it and had all of us sign the document.

Even the children were allowed to stay up later than usual to participate in the questioning. Gran'ma was placed in a chair on one side of the living room and the rest of us all took seats facing her. Bob, as Chairman of the Examining Board, called on us, one after the other, for our question. Gran'ma, though knowing it was all in fun, was still a bit nervous until the questions began. They were on subjects

with which she was familiar such as the best way of killing turkeys and how to do a good job of cleaning antiquities.

"The candidate will please state what she considers the most useful knowledge she has acquired during her period of candidacy," went one of the questions.

"That is a bit difficult to answer," began Gran'ma, "but I *have* found out that the best and quickest way to get blisters is to clean stone objects. On the other hand, I figure it was more useful learning how to sass the Herr Direktor."

The Chairman had to advise the Candidate to be less frivolous in her answers. "This is, after all, a serious occasion," he would pontificate.

When it came to the last question, Herb's, he really asked a pertinent archeological question for fun, but was waved aside by one and all. The Candidate had successfully passed the oral. Then she was presented with the Certificate—a really handsome affair, though some of the inked lettering had unfortunately run!

Quite a number of visitors came and went during the season; a surprising number, considering the remoteness of our camp.

Some were old friends. We had a number of visits by members of the Directorate General of Antiquities. Dr. Naji el 'Asil visited us twice during the season, once in the fall when he was accompanied by Fuad Safar and then in the early spring on his way north to visit Hattra. We were sorry each time that he wasn't able to stay longer, for he was a delightful guest with a wide range of interests that made for interesting conversations.

We had been anticipating a spring visit from the Kraelings (Director of the Oriental Institute) who had been spending a few months in the Near East. A few days before their expected arrival, we had a fine time inventing

road signs we would like to see posted along the track in to Jarmo:

"500 yds. to Jarmo Rest House,"

"300 yds. to filling station and lunch counter,"

"See Jarmo—one of the world's most impressive sights!"

We knew the Kraelings would enjoy it as much as we; unfortunately, we had no large pieces of paper or cardboard at hand to use for the signs so they were spared this bit of Americana.

The Kraelings came and went almost before we knew it. They could only spend two nights with us as they had to cover a lot of territory on their trip and this was merely one of a great many stops still to be made. Carl Kraeling spent much time with his movie camera getting shots of all the digs and their settings to show to the Oriental Institute members on his return to the States. Elsie took quite a few 35 mm. stills of the various digs; in between she helped us spoon-feed the difficult baby goat we then had at hand.

Some of our guests were familiar to us only by name. This was the case with the Pallises. Svend Pallis was professor of ancient history at the University of Copenhagen. A former student of his, a friend of ours who was now at the Oriental Institute, had written us suggesting that the Pallises might visit Jarmo. We were delighted to have them as guests for two days for they were greatly interested in all that went on. This was their first trip to the Near East and they were having an exciting time seeing all the ancient sites Prof. Pallis had known only from books. Kis Pallis, a vivacious red-head, was as busy observing as her husband. She had just been made the editor of a Danish woman's magazine and was collecting modern travelog items for her paper throughout the Near East.

Still others of our guests were completely unknown to us. They had heard of our excavations through the Di-

rectorate General of Antiquities, the IPC or just via the grapevine.

We were hailed by a Citroen truck in Chemchemal one day as we were on our way home from Kirkuk. There were three occupants: a Danish anthropologist and two French artists who had started from Europe and were heading, by way of north Africa and the Near East, towards India to work there. They had learned from the Directorate General that Jarmo was the only excavation functioning at the time, so they had driven up for a look at north Iraq and Jarmo. They brought their small truck in to camp but left again the following day, slightly apprehensive lest they be confined to Jarmo indefinitely by rains.

Everyone seemed to be worried by this prospect!

We admired the enterprise of two American women from Dahran, Arabia, whose husbands were working for the oil company. They were making a few weeks' tour of Iraq, seeing all the main archeological sites, and had stopped off at the Glessners on one of the rare days when they had planned a trip up to Jarmo. It happened to be just at the time when the narcissus beds were blooming. After making the rounds of the excavation and seeing the objects in the workroom, the Glessners, Mrs. Snyder and her daughter and Mrs. Davis had to be taken to share the experience of seeing the narcissus beds.

We had visitors from Kirkuk, both Iraqi and foreign, coming to visit us on Sunday afternoons, especially during the fall when there was no danger of rain. The trip to Jarmo was just long enough to make a nice Sunday picnicking excursion. Since no one bothered to make the trip unless he was really interested in seeing the excavations, the guests were always welcome.

We had occasional visits from Baghdad members of the Iraq Agricultural Department on their inspection trips up

north. They were especially welcome for we always had many questions about the plant life of the area that needed answering, and they were always most helpful.

We enjoyed our guests and were always happy to have them, but we were also glad that Jarmo was sufficiently isolated so people thought twice before coming to visit us. We had heard that the Mallowans had had 2000 visitors during the two months they spent at Nimrud! We weren't anti-social but the idea of such numbers terrified us—we might as well be back in Chicago.

Institut kurde de Paris

[20] *spring digging*

WE FINALLY WERE ABLE TO START DIGGING AGAIN ABOUT THE first of March. The rains began to dwindle.

We did not bring back any of the Shergatis since they were now in great demand at two other sites. The Directorate General of Antiquities had begun its own dig at Hattra and the Mallowans were beginning their digging season at Nimrud for the British School of Archaeology. Some of our Kurds were by now fairly good pickmen and we thought that we would be able to manage nicely without the Shergatis. We were also glad to save the extra money in high wages we would have had to pay them.

Jarmo digging funds were extremely low by this time. Bob had written letters here and there seeking additional funds, but with no results. For a while it even looked as though we should have only one or, at the most, two weeks of spring digging on Jarmo. But then, unexpectedly, certain friends of the Expedition generously contributed gifts. Their gifts and the sizable reduction in our overhead and general

living costs, brought about by the arrival of the staff of the American Schools, made it possible for us to carry on small-sized excavations at Jarmo with only small interruptions for the rest of the season.

When we resumed excavation in early March, provisions had to be made for a second digging crew to work at Karim Shahir. Karim Shahir would require the more expert crew since we didn't know what to expect at the site. By now we knew fairly well what digging problems to expect at Jarmo. Though the excavation funds for Jarmo were limited, there was more flexibility in the Karim Shahir budget and they could afford expert help, since the only expenditure on the American School's budget up to this point was for Herb's keep and survey trips. Abdullah would be the digging foreman on Karim Shahir. Joe, our carpenter in the fall, would be the dig foreman on Jarmo and we had him come back so that he could observe and learn from Abdullah while he was still at Jarmo.

Some thirteen untrained workmen were hired for Karim Shahir from the village that owned the land on and around it. Sabri and Bruce arranged with the headman for these men. They, in turn, showed up at Jarmo a week before digging was to begin at Karim Shahir. They spent the week learning by observing and working with our trained men. Abdullah, as usual, had his hands full. We planned to keep a few of the more expert pickmen at Jarmo but would send more than half to Karim Shahir.

Digging began on Karim Shahir on March 14th and the new crew aided, and abetted by Abdullah, Bruce and Fred (and Herb for a few days), proved competent. Only one minor incident occurred. The men from the village near Karim Shahir objected strenuously to one of the experienced men from Kanisard and claimed that his uncle had killed one of their men. To keep peace, Latif was sent back to work on Jarmo.

Shortly after Karim Shahir was begun, Bruce left Fred in charge and, with Herb, spent part of two days on their geologico-archeological project on Barda Balka, making small test digs where needed. That finished, both were free to go back to Karim Shahir. Herb was able to observe on Karim Shahir but, since he had only a few more days to spend in Iraq, he was mainly busy finishing off a topographical map of the area and concentrating on including the area of Karim Shahir. He was aided in his mapping by Kees Hillen, the archeologist from Holland who was visiting and helping on the dig for a month.

Jarmo was making headway—though slowly. The size of the digging crew was now a mere handful; we had also had to radically reduce the size of our digging area in the main operation. Joe, with Bob Adams (or Bob B.) keeping a careful watch, was doing fairly well as foreman. We were beginning to get good architecture and making new finds daily. A few times when the digging would come to the point where it would be a great help to have a larger crew, all the Karim Shahir workers would be put on the Jarmo budget for a day and then be sent back to the Karim Shahir dig the following day.

The rains even now weren't entirely finished but they were much rarer. There was such a hard, continuous rain right after pay-day one afternoon, however, that the men who lived at Chalgeh had to bed down in the workmen's house out on Jarmo. They had taken one look at the roaring *wadi* and knew they would never be able to cross it that night.

Our routine during the spring digging season was similar in most respects to the fall—perhaps a bit more diversified and lively with the addition of the American Schools' staff.

Esa would give the rising alarm a little after five in the morning. Sometimes we would already be awake and stir-

ring around before the signal, for the mornings were unusually lovely. We helped ourselves to the tea that was on the table in the dining room and then went our separate ways. Bruce and Fred would go into the museum-workroom and do some flint sorting before breakfast. If Bob Adams had any special work he wanted to do on the pottery, stone vessels or large ground stone objects (or a car needed his attention), he would not go out to Jarmo before breakfast. Unless one of the girls planned to go over to Karim Shahir that morning and had to get the camera equipment ready, Vivian, Liz, and I ordinarily accompanied Bob to the dig to open up. Usually Bob went out in the jeep carrying his mapping or survey equipment but he was occasionally able to walk with us.

The early morning walk still remained one of the nicest events of the day and was even more beautiful in the spring. There were always new flowers to be seen along the way—sometimes almost lost in the fresh green of the new grass. We stopped to watch a colony of ants to check on their day to day progress. We often saw lizards or, occasionally, a small round black ball moving slowly along the ground—then we would look for the dung beetle that was pushing it along, a tiny creature in comparison with the size of the ball. And we never tired of looking at the peaceful hills in the distance.

After we had climbed the last rise leading to the top of Jarmo, we might stop for a minute to look at our imaginary golf-course. Not that we were golfers—our thinking along these lines was purely for the benefit of others and the game in general. It was a golf course to end all golf courses and only for champion golfers. The tee-off place would be from this smooth piece of ground not far from the workmen's house, the first hole would be on that tiny level stretch far on the other side of the *wadi*—with innumerable

gullies and traps in-between to make the game all the more interesting. Our speculations never reached further than the first hole.

By now we would be at the excavations. It didn't take long to punch the workmen's cards, go through the stones in the storage yard and check on the dig's progress—all were greatly reduced in scope. If Bob was going to do mapping that morning he would get set up for it but wouldn't start the actual mapping until after breakfast which had been set up to 6:15 to take care of those who were going off to Karim Shahir.

By the time we had walked back to the house it would be time for breakfast and the children were usually up and out to meet us. As we sat down, Esa would ask how many sandwiches he should prepare. It was a vigorous thirty-five minute drive from camp to Karim Shahir and those going out would not be able to get home for lunch. At breakfast someone might comment that it was Aralen day (the anti-malarial pills we took on Wednesday and Saturdays) and get the retort, "Why it can't be—look at Bruce's sweater."

And, when we looked, we would all be convinced that it must be Tuesday and not Wednesday—Bruce's sweater was inside out. We had quickly discovered this valuable, methodical trait of his: each night, when he took off his sweater, he would peel it off and would don it the next morning as it had come off—whether right side out or wrong side out. As the weather grew warmer, however, we discovered to our sorrow that we couldn't always count on the sweater to give us the day—Bruce would have confused the issue by peeling his sweater in the middle of the day and putting it on again towards sunset. Most unthoughtful of him!

After breakfast there would always be a bit of confusion while the Karim Shahir workers would check on getting

their supplies into the jeep—lunches (Vivian would see that Esa had included enough oranges and cookies), plenty of drinking water, paper bags for the antiquities, empty cigarette boxes and match boxes for small flints and charcoal, notebooks, pencils, and more aspirin for the workmen, and whether Mahmud had remembered to fill the jeep.

We stayers-at-home would then settle in to our tasks. We never felt sorry for Bob when he had to go out to do mapping or survey or other odd jobs. But we often felt for him when we would shut him up to get busy at a report or to answer professional mail. There was much of this for him to do—the pile to be answered never seemed to diminish as each new mail added its share. No one begrudged him this job.

Vivian would spend about twenty minutes with Esa getting him supplies for the day and straightening away on what to make for lunch and dinner. Then she could tackle her share in the museum-workroom—getting caught up on registering objects and settling down to work on classifying her thousands of unbaked clay objects.

Liz was doing all the object photography for Jarmo and Karim Shahir (we had to supply the Directorate General with a print of all the dig photographs and all registered objects), and might decide to work on that. In which case she would set up the light table—Joe had made us one for photography with a frosted-glass top—in one corner of the museum-workroom, get the makeshift lamps into position, go out and fill the generator and get it started. Then she would come back into the house and make sure that the lights in all the rooms were off before she turned on the lamps, so the load wouldn't be too heavy.

Liz and Vivian worked together on printing the negatives and, from time to time, would spend the whole day doing nothing but printing. If Liz wasn't working on photography, she would mark findspots on objects for a while—Gran'ma

had got us all caught up with the findspotting during the rainy season. Liz, when she came back from Beirut, managed to work at them every day and, with Mahmud's help on the easier ones, was never more than a day or two behind. The number of objects found daily had dropped off greatly with the digging crew substantially reduced. In between, Liz worked at classifying her share of the object categories—bone tools and the small decorative stone objects (bead, bracelets, and the like)—and making drawings to scale of them.

If it were Fred's turn to stay at home he would be outside on the narrow terrace at the back of the house, sorting away at bones or flints from Karim Shahir. Bruce, when home, would also spend most of his time sorting the Karim Shahir flints out on a large table on the terrace. The light outside was much better for doing any detailed sorting—inside the house it was hard to see the flaking on a flint blade or whether a flint blade had the silica sheen or polish along the edge that comes from having been used in reaping.

I was lucky, too, in that I would of necessity work outside at the detailed sorting of the Jarmo flints on which Vivian and I would have already finished the rough preliminary sorting the night before. I would get Gretel started on her school work in the living room and go to set up my table at one end of the house where it was comparatively shady all morning. Then I would bring out the box of worked larger flints or flint microliths or small obsidian tools of the particular Jarmo level I was working on at the time. I would also bring out empty boxes to sort into and notebook and pencils. Then the detailed sorting of the flints into the various types would begin: borers in this box, sickle blades in that, scrapers in another, etc. It was a quick preliminary sorting into types of tools—with well over a hundred thousand flints and obsidian from Jarmo to sort, there

was no time in camp to make any sort of a final distinction of types. The same was true for Bruce and his sorting of the quantities of flints that had come from Barda Balka and were coming daily from Karim Shahir.

While I was sorting, I would stop occasionally to gaze off over the hills or to listen to the distant piping of a shepherd boy. At some time during the morning Douglas would come along to do his reading. After he had finished, he might bring out the phonograph and play some records there in the shade or spread out a tarpaulin on the ground and play with his cars. Or he might help me by counting the implements in a box I had finished sorting, first laying them out in piles of ten for easy counting. Gretel, also, might prefer to do her work outside and come to join us.

One of the most convenient things about sorting was that you could do it with part of your mind and have the other part free: to listen to the children and answer their questions, to spell out a word Bob asked for through the screened window, or to help Esa (if he couldn't find Vivian) by explaining the difficult part in a recipe.

My table overlooked part of the road leading to Jarmo. Several times during the morning Faraj would come riding down over the hill on his donkey—on his way to get water for the men at the dig. He looked gay and carefree as he bobbed along with his legs swinging out at the sides in rhythm with the quick trot of the animal. If the pace wasn't fast enough to suit him, he would give the donkey a loving tap on the rear with the stick he carried. If Faraj saw Douglas, he would beckon him to come for a ride—this would have to be before the large canvas water bag on the donkey's back was filled, else the ride would be a wet one.

It wasn't unusual to see a workman trudging over the hill towards the house—if he came very slowly and his headscarf covered much of his face, Douglas would call out,

"Vivian, you're going to have a patient." And Vivian would come out with her business-like medical expression on her face and with Esa's help would discover the ailment (or attempt to) and give the proper advice, medicine, or treatment.

By then it would probably be lunchtime and I would move the table round the corner on the front side of the house to keep it in the shade. Bob by now would be heartily sick of being cooped up in the room all morning and glad to be rescued by the call to lunch. After lunch we all relaxed a bit—some would sit down and read for a little while, others would have a short siesta. Gretel and Douglas would climb into their beds with a book (or Douglas with some cars) and Bob and I would stretch out with an old *New Yorker* or shut our eyes for a while.

After a bit we would get up and usually continue our work of the morning. Bob would go out to the dig, for at least a brief visit, often taking a child with him. Several times a week, after he had returned from the dig, we would get into a jeep and drive over to Karim Shahir to see what progress they were making.

Or if it happened to be payday (once every two weeks) we would check to see that we had all the workcards. Bob would usually bring in the Jarmo ones at lunchtime. Bruce and Fred would send the Karim Shahir ones over with a workman, unless one of us had made a flying trip over to the dig that morning and had brought the cards back at lunchtime. Ali would be sent out to get those belonging to the guards. Then one of the girls would join me at the dining room table to help work on the cards.

Each card had to be totalled: this would include the wages (the highest daily wage was about \$1.50, the lowest about \$.60) and the additional *bakshish* with an occasional fine to be subtracted, and always the withholding tax. (Each workman was required by the Iraq Government to pay an

8 *fil* tax—about 2½ cents—every payday. The tax was a simple one to handle for we bought a block of the 8 *fil* tax stamps in advance and then gradually got back our original investment as we deducted the stamp tax each payday.) After the card was totalled and the amount written at the bottom, one of the girls would paste the tax stamp on the back and fill in a new workcard with the workman's name and number.

We wanted to have the cards ready by three o'clock and usually managed it without too much difficulty. What slowed us down was having a great number of rates of pay (usually around ten different ones) and the fact that quite a few of the men had not worked the entire time. By law we had to pay for a seven day week when the men had worked six days—the law stipulated however that the men had to have worked the preceding six days without a break. Occasionally we would run across a card that had received only one punch on a certain day. Then we would have to stop and wonder (and often ask Abdullah or Bob Adams or Bruce) whether the one punch meant that Raouf had only worked a half day or whether he had been off on another job at closing time and had so missed the second punch.

Usually by the time we had finished, the men would begin coming over the hill. By now Ali had set out a large table in the shade in front of the house and brought out four or five chairs to set around the table. As the men came, Abdullah would have them sit down on the ground in a large group near the table—if the sun was hot they would gather in the shade of the house. We would unlock the trunk and get out the money box and bring it outside with the old and new paycards. Bob sat at the end of the table, with the cards before him, facing the workmen and I sat next to him where I could see the card and amount written on it, with the money box before me. Sabri sat across from us at the other side of the table and Vivian sat

next to him. Abdullah stood across from Bob. The other staff members were usually at hand to watch and kibitz but they preferred to stand behind us, leaning against the house wall, rather than to sit. If Bob wanted to make any announcements to the group as a whole (to praise, blame, etc.), he made them now and Sabri would convey the message to the group in Kurdish. If Bob had something to say to only one group, the workers on Jarmo, for example, Abdullah would ask them to stay on after the others had been paid and had gone.

Now we were ready to begin paying. Bob called off the name on the first card and Abdullah repeated the name. While the man was coming forward, I looked at the card in Bob's hand to see the total and then got out the right amount in bills and coins. Abdullah took the old and new card from Bob and handed the old card on to Sabri who turned it stamp-side up on the table. Sabri took the man's right hand and pushed his thumb down on the ink pad and then pressed the thumb in the center of the stamp as the man's seal. Vivian took the card from Sabri and with her pen wrote the date over the thumb mark. (The old workcards were always saved in case someone might conceivably come and check up on whether the tax had been paid.) By now, I had counted the money into Abdullah's hands and he handed it over to the workman.

Earlier in the year I had often handed the money directly to the workman until an incident occurred with Namik. When he came up to the table to get his pay, he stood directly in front of me and I reached out to put the money in his hands but he quickly drew back out of reach. Abdullah took the money, gave it to Namik and smiled at our puzzled faces. He explained that Namik, who was a pious man, had just washed his hands and was about to go off and pray. If I—a woman—had touched his

hands, he would be unclean and would have to go and wash again before praying.

After all the men had been paid, anyone who thought he had received the incorrect amount could come up to the table and register his complaint. When this happened, Sabri and Abdullah would warn the man that if he was wrong he would have to pay the Expedition a fine of 50 *fil*s—if we were wrong we would give the man 50 *fil*s. The men only rarely registered a complaint and then usually had to pay a fine. One payday, however, when we were hurrying to get everyone paid before a threatening downpour, I must have made about five errors—making the same mistake each time of miscalculating the value of a $\frac{1}{4}$ dinar note. These men discovered the errors and came back. I immediately knew the bad mistake I had made and paid them what was owing and the extra 50 *fil*s with apologies. Seeing these men get an extra 50 *fil*s and that I had been making mistakes that day, encouraged those with a gambling instinct to try their chances. They came trooping up but after they had seen the first three or four pay a fine of 50 *fil*s, the rest all backed away. We almost broke even on my error!

At this time some of the workmen would also come up to get loans—sometimes a fairly large amount if they wanted to settle a bride-price they had been saving for all season. One of the men, after having borrowed a considerable sum from the Expedition, had even gone to Bob Adams and borrowed the rest of the bride-price deficit from him. He was a good, steady worker and Bob was eventually paid off, as was the Expedition.

After the workmen had finished, we paid Mahmud, Ali, the two guards, Esa and Zahala, and then Halifa Jarmo, Fatuma Jarmo, 'Aliyah Jarmo and Abu Adtham (Bob Adams, Vivian, Liz, and Fred respectively.) They got the low-

est wages paid (200 *fil*s or \$.56 a day), the one we had originally paid the littlest *bissa*—carrying boy in the fall. All were working their fingers off for the Expedition without any salary. We felt the least we could do was to keep them in pocket money for stamps and sherry or any other luxuries they wanted. (Actually if they kept up any kind of correspondence, they could easily use it up for stamps alone—a one-sheet airmail letter home cost \$.15, a two-sheet was \$.25.)

Payday was the time for settling accounts all around. This was evident at the table as soon as Mahmud was paid. Poor Mahmud—but he seemed quite resigned and cheerful as Abdullah reached over with a smile and blandly counted out the bills from Mahmud's hands that Mahmud owed him. Then Mahmud settled with Esa and was lucky if he had anything left.

Then Vivian and Liz would go into the house to figure out the individual assessments on stamps and drinks and collect the amounts from the staff members. We had a sheet on the wall where the postage was listed and another sheet where the drinks were marked up each evening—unless someone forgot. Periodically Vivian would have to assess an additional amount of money to each person to make up for the drinks that hadn't been chalked up.

While the girls were working at this, Abdullah and I, and Bob if he weren't busy, would come in and get Abdullah's accounts for the past two weeks and then pay him what we owed him. Abdullah would only ask for his wages on rare occasions. We paid him the bulk at the end of the season, mostly in traveller's checks so he could take them home to Egypt.

Usually after payday I would be inspired to get the fairly complicated University accounting sheets down. I would make entries for the past two weeks, figure total expenditures to date, and make estimates on future expenses

to see how much money was still left for digging—a lengthy process and not a very cheering one in the spring for the Jarmo excavation. The accounting for the American Schools on Karim Shahir was on a much simpler scale and less brain-racking. Once tackled, the accounting would usually spread out over several evenings.

Paydays were much like the other workdays except that we were usually finished about a half hour earlier than usual. While each took his turn in the shower, the others kept on sorting, washed the day's antiquities or remembered to water the garden. The children got into their py-jamas after their showers and, if Bob was at hand, he might take one of them for a short lesson in the jeep. By the time everyone had showered and dressed, it was almost time for dinner. (Dressing meant a clean shirt for the men and perhaps a blouse and skirt for the women. We just weren't up to Gertrude Bell who is reported to have put on a dinner dress every night even while dining alone in a tent in the desert.)

Bob Adams would go down to start the motor generator and, one by one, everyone would gather in the living room for a drink and general conversation. While Gretel and Douglas had their supper—if it was a particularly handsome sunset they would have it out on the back terrace—I usually read to them. Then we would join the others in the living room, I with a sherry or wine, the children with a coke. As the evenings lengthened, the children would stay up while we had our dinner, Gretel reading or knitting, Douglas often out visiting Sabri and his family.

Our dinners were usually quite gay with much bantering and give and take. Everyone came in for his or her share of teasing—no one was spared or wanted to be. Vivian, in particular, was a favorite subject for she could be counted on for a nice, explosive reaction. Bob, for example, knew he could get an indignant rise out of her if he

would pretend to spit a prune pit over in the corner while commenting on the convenience of having a mud floor.

As the weather grew warmer we had Esa arrange the dinner in buffet style and we would help ourselves and take our plates outside where we would sit on extra jeep seats or in the jeeps themselves. One night while we were having our dinner in one of the jeeps, Bruce decided it might be nice to see the sunset while we ate. So he started the motor, turned the car around and while we held onto the plates, drove up on the ridge behind the house. There we had a lovely view of the sun setting over the hills on the far side of Chemchemal.

Once the children were tucked into bed, with a final bedside short reading in the light of the kerosene lantern they had in the room, I went back to join the others in the living room. We might first read a little—taking turns at the *New Yorkers*, *Time*, and newspapers. We had a subscription to the *New York Times* Sunday edition—these were usually 6 weeks old when they arrived and sometimes several would arrive at once. The news would be a bit late but there was still quite a bit of reading, not to mention the fun of looking at all the ads and getting ideas on what the “well dressed” woman should wear on her next visit to Karim Shahr or her next shopping trip to Kirkuk. The *Times* was also most useful to us as a paper supply in the museum-workroom for it served to cover the tables and was used to spread the flints on when we had washed them.

Our really favorite bit of reading, however, was the *Iraqi Times*—Gran'ma had started us in this habit for she had had her subscription forwarded to Jarmo when she came up. We never bothered to read the whole paper through, although it was small. The parts that charmed us most were the personal news items and the coverage of crimes and a column on learning English that was full of homely advice—all of it fascinating reading. While some of us were

reading, others would be thinking up tricks to play on the cat as he went from one to another, settling down a few minutes in each lap on the way.

Then it would be time to go into the museum to do our nightly sorting stint or to finish off other odd jobs of recording and drawing or map inking. Occasionally, someone would feel it was high time he were having a haircut and we would get out the hair-cutting set from its hiding place (Liz had hidden it away after the men had decided one night that it would be a fine idea to make a pattern in Kitty's fur by using the hair clippers!)

Our specialty was crew cuts. The victim would sit in a straight chair in the living room, where the light was good, and I would begin. We had bought some good hair-shears in Switzerland and the clippers were Sears Roebuck's "best."

One time, just as I had finished the sides and the customer had relaxed as I began on the back of his head, Vivian gave an awful screech from the workroom and shouted, "Fred Barth, you are the awfulest person!" Fred had dropped a toad down the back of her neck. We called to Fred and threatened him with a haircut if he didn't behave. This was a real threat for he was fond of his long locks and had visibly suffered at the time of his first haircut, although I had nobly restrained myself and had only trimmed his hair a little . . . There, the top was trimmed down to half an inch all over and the first customer was finished. Usually a second one would step up and offer himself while the scissors was out.

Vivian and I had a fine mutual arrangement that was harder on her than on me. I gave her haircuts and she, in turn, gave me Tonis as needed (three in all). Vivian had a long, permanented bob when she first came to camp. She had, apparently, always wanted a short cut (*à la* Bea Lillie) and kept working on me with each haircut until finally I

had her hair short and then she was happy. But the short hair really suited her, especially when the permanent was all gone. The first time I needed a permanent was in November; I had kept cutting off my hair until none of the Chicago permanent was left. It was one of the first Fridays when no essential outside trips had been planned.

We got started early in the morning. Vivian first took my picture to get a "before" view and then cut my hair. She gave me a good, fairly short cut. But then she found that it was an agonizing job to get the really short hairs rolled up on the curlers. She struggled and struggled and by noon had the hair turned up and processed. When the hair was finally set, dried and combed, Vivian took the "after" picture. She was all ready to enter a competition. But after the first permanent Vivian always made it a point never to cut the hair so short again. By the third one (given in Baghdad on the way home) she really was an old hand and could have had a job at one of the best beauty parlors.

Liz was the only one in camp who could take care of her own hair-cutting. But she was blessed with a fine mop of curls and could chop it off in any direction and still have it look good.

After the hair-cutting was over we would go and join the people in the workroom. It was pretty full when we were all working in it. There were three fluorescent lights in the room and everyone would be grouped around them. Fred and Bruce were down at their table at one end of the room where the American Schools' dig material was shelved. They were sorting out the Karim Shahir finds for the day. Bob Adams and Liz were at the table along one wall in the center of the room—Bob, typing away at some of his notes; Liz, trying to fit together the pieces of some broken bone needles so she could mend them before draw-

ing. At the table at the far end of the room were the laundry basket with Kitty lying peacefully on top, Vivian next to him brushing the dirt off the clay objects found that day, and Bob doing some inking on a plan of one of the levels.

Bob complained strenuously at being shoved further down the table as I crowded in beside Vivian to sort out the day's flint finds. "What did I do to deserve this—why can't people ever let me alone," he was still muttering as he took up his pen and began inking again. "Have you seen the prize?" Vivian asked as she handed me one of the little animals. "What is it supposed to be?" I asked as I admired the nicely modelled figurine, "a boar?" Vivian thought it was more likely a goat with its horns missing and pointed out the uneven broken surfaces at the top of the head. Fred came over to see the animal and give his opinion. He brought along their prize find of the day—a small stone plaque that he insisted had an incised design. We looked and looked and saw a few haphazard scratchings but nothing more and told Fred we didn't understand his design.

"Talk, talk, nothing but talk around here," groaned Bob, "and besides I can't even draw a straight line tonight. Fred, what do you say we put Kitty in the basket?" Poor Kitty was put up without protest into the limp local basket that hung from the rafter overhead. Fred always disparagingly said that Kitty just wasn't a cat the way he submitted to any sort of treatment but even he had to allow that those were mewings that came forth from the basket. The cat was moving around trying, without success, to find a comfortable way to sit. Liz stood up on her chair and rescued the cat who immediately went to take refuge in Bob Adams' lap. Bob was still typing away and merely hadn't taken part in teasing the cat because he wanted to finish the page he was working on. It was true that the

cat had no sense about seeking out a resting place where he would be safe. Perhaps he enjoyed the teasing.

Then it was time to stop. Bob had put away his drawing board, carefully dried and hidden his pen (so no one would steal it for use in labelling and so spoil it) and went in to turn on the radio for news. I put the flints and obsidian in the bags on the shelves, ready for Liz to label. Vivian wanted to keep the clay objects out to add them to her catalogue the next day, so she put box covers over them so that Kitty wouldn't begin playing with some of the little balls during the night. Liz put the sandbox—in which her mended bone objects had been stuck to dry—up out of harm's way. Bob Adams put away the typewriter and went out to get a drink of water. We went over to see how Bruce and Fred were making out on their sorting. They were nowhere near through—Karim Shahir was turning up a tremendous quantity of flints daily with so many men digging—but were ready to call it a day. From the radio we could hear that it wasn't quite time for the news, so Vivian and I decided to go out to check up on the refrigerator to see that all was in order. Kitty, ever hopeful, followed us out to get one more scrap of food.

The B. B. C. news began coming through quite clearly. We listened, half-heartedly—the news always sounded dully the same—and if there were something really new, one of the Bobs would be sure to pick it up. But we perked up our ears at the end; the cricket scores sounded different tonight. "This is the end of the world news," the voice declared, and Bob Adams reached up to turn the radio off. One by one we picked up our flashlights, said our good-nights and went out into the night to admire the starry sky and so to bed. Bob Adams would give us a few minutes longer on the lights and then turn off the generator and get into bed himself.

Another day had flown by.

[21] *holidays*

THE CHILDREN WERE BETTER THAN A CALENDAR FOR THEY would remind us long in advance of holidays and begin to enjoy them in anticipation.

By peeking into all the passports as they came into his hands, Bob had found that mine was the only birthday that would occur while in camp. Vivian's we had celebrated down in Baghdad before the season began. We had hoped to be in camp in time for it but, as Michael Zia observed, "It isn't everyone who has a birthday in Baghdad. You will remember this birthday, Vivian, isn't it so?" Michael had produced for the event a beautiful chocolate cake, decorated with red roses, and champagne, and we had had a very pleasant dinner on the lawn overlooking the Tigris. It was probable that Vivian *would* remember this Baghdad birthday.

We had barely settled into camp when my birthday came along in early October. Bob and Sabri had taken the children over to Sulimaniyeh a few days in advance to buy

birthday presents. They had come home full of smiles and mysterious hints. There were many admonitions that I was under *no* circumstances to go into the bottom drawer of their chest of drawers. In the late afternoon the day before the birthday Gretel went into Vivian's room and there were mysterious goings-on behind the closed door. The morning of the birthday we went to the dig as usual before breakfast, leaving the children still asleep. While we were there we saw a lone figure come up on the mound. To our surprise it was Gretel. She went straight up to Vivian, whispered a question in her ear and after getting the whispered instruction, immediately set off again to walk back.

When we approached the house at breakfast time, Gretel and Douglas came dancing out to meet us shouting, "Happy Birthday!" They pulled us all into the dining-living room apparently very eager to have breakfast. What a wonderfully fancy table greeted us. Dr. Ortmyer had given the children some colorful punch-out party decorations, which they had saved and brought out to camp with them. We all had gay place-cards and there was a colorful centerpiece. But what were all those objects and that mound of gayly-wrapped parcels in front of my plate? I first stopped to admire the greenery (oleander leaves) that had been lovingly placed to make a wreath around the birthday plate. Then there was pressure to open the packages and to look at the presents.

As I unwrapped I found some handsome little bedroom slippers, a gayly painted and metal-studded chest (with compartments for safely storing away tea glasses), colorful glass bracelets, a pair of handsome wine decanters and an obviously-American object—a small plastic bottle. What an array of handsome presents! The children were as excited as I was.

In the afternoon there were goings on in the kitchen. It had been taken over by Vivian and Gretel—with Douglas

occasionally inspecting. There were a few groans, too. The oven hadn't yet been installed and the portable oven was apparently playing its usual tricks. It was a long hard afternoon for Vivian and Gretel. It was Vivian's first effort at cake-baking and the mixing went slowly; besides the oven had ruined one cake and they had had to make a second one! But after a long time they came out, tired but content. When it was time for dessert at dinner that night, Gretel went out a few minutes beforehand to see that all was well. She followed Esa as he carried in the handsome cake all alight with candles and everyone began to sing, "Happy birthday to you. . . ." It was a beautiful cake and we all enjoyed it down to the last crumb—saving a small bit for Esa and Zahala. A very fine birthday and I was glad I had been lucky enough to have it in camp.

Hallowe'en came along and Douglas and Gretel had a lot of fun carving their jack-o'-lanterns. When they were through, the faces were really quite formidable. After dark they draped themselves in sheets, lit the large sturdy candles in the jack-o'-lanterns and went out to scare all on the premises. They were able to startle quite a few as they went up to the guards' house, around to Abdullah's room and on up to Joe's corner. Here they were able to sneak up unawares on Joe and some of his friends gathered around his small campfire. It was all the more fun since none of them had seen a jack-o'-lantern before.

Thanksgiving Day we were invited in to the Glessners along with another American family (geologists we had known who were soon after, unfortunately for us, moved down to Qatar on the Persian Gulf), and Agoulian and a friend of his from Baghdad. We had wanted to bring along some of the dinner but Helen had refused and said this was to be their party. Mary Hotchkiss had prepared one turkey, but Helen had roasted the second one and made all the usual Thanksgiving trimmings—including four pump-

kin pies and two mince pies. As we sat down and Jeff gave the blessing, we had to think how truly grateful we were for having such friends and the opportunity of being with them.

It was a wonderful dinner—we couldn't remember when we had had any turkey that tasted so good, not to mention all the other things. Douglas, poor thing, had to go over and lie down on the couch in the middle of dinner for he just didn't feel too well. We felt sorry that this had to be the one day when he wasn't feeling lively. Especially since it was one of the rare opportunities for playing with another little boy his own age—the Hotchkiss boy. But it couldn't be helped and we put him in the bedroom to rest after dinner.

It was fun being able to talk with Helen and Mary while we took our time about the dishes. And afterwards there was, for once, no need to look at our watches as we sat talking in the living-room, for we all planned to spend the night in town—a few at the Glessners', a few at the Hotchkiss' and the others at the Rest House. The Hotchkisses had brought along some colored slides of the lovely surroundings of the school in Scotland which their older children were attending. We first enjoyed these and then urged Jeff to show us the pictures he had taken in the village he was working in up near Mosul. These were interesting to see as Jeff had caught the people at many of their simple daily tasks.

Thanksgiving Day was perfect. But the next day was anything but perfect. We had to take advantage of our being in Kirkuk to do all our regular shopping and it was an unusually frustrating day with everyone having his misadventures. And then on the way home we had car troubles. Agoulian had driven up the station wagon which had been down to Baghdad for repairs. In addition, we had both jeeps and trailers. Each car had its troubles on the way

home; a flat tire on one, the trailer persistently bouncing off another as it went over a road dip, and the front wheels of the station wagon suddenly going in different directions. A fine trip home it was!

Next in order was St. Nicholas' birthday on the 6th of December. Gretel and Douglas were only the ones enterprising enough to hang up stockings and so were the only ones to have them filled. They were happy to find candies and nuts. There was always the remote possibility of finding only a stick if you had been a bad child.

By this time we were thinking ahead to Christmas. Bob began by asking the workmen whether they had seen a pine tree in the vicinity and finally discovered that they only grew much further north. This discovery wasn't really as simple as it sounds. Bob didn't know the Arabic word for pine tree and tried to describe it to the Shergatis and said that we wanted it for Christmas. They immediately said that they knew what he meant, that the Nippur people had had one for their Christmas. But when Bob asked the name of the tree they gave him the word for palm tree. Such confusion! The Nippur people *had* used a palm tree since they hadn't been able to find anything else. Then Bob found one of our travel posters showing pines and, when they saw it, they knew what he meant. They gave him the name for it but said that the tree was only to be found up in the far north.

When Sabri was asked about the tree, he said that we could ask the Agricultural Station for one. This was done on the next trip to Sulimaniyeh and they promised one for Christmas, although Bob had his doubts about what the size of the tree would be. So when Bob Adams, who had been in on a shopping trip to Kirkuk a few days before Christmas, came back bearing a very large pine branch, we all felt much relieved. Jeff, bless his heart, without saying a word to us had gotten it for us from up around Mo-

sul. A day or so later, Sabri, who had been to Sulimaniyeh, brought back the gift from the Agricultural Station—they had sent two unmistakable pines and they were handsome but very tiny. We planted them down by the well, hoping that they would flourish over the years.

We finished the Christmas cookie baking well in advance. It was the only time when we had a real surplus of cookies on hand. Vivian and I (with Liz and the men lending a hand to stir) baked a great variety of German Christmas cookies: *lebkuchen*, *springerle*, S, cinnamon stars, *pfeffer-nüsse* and quince drops. A single recipe makes quite a few cookies, but in those cases where we felt there weren't enough we doubled the recipe.

The urge to bake them came in early December when we found quinces in the market. The only logical use for quinces, other than jelly, to my mind is quince drops. Vivian was game to bake Christmas cookies with me, so we bought the quinces. Then when it came to consulting my mother's recipe we found that though we did have plenty of egg-whites and the lemon that was needed, we didn't have any powdered sugar. However we had plenty of coarse granulated sugar and well-worn hand mills and mortars, and rubbing stones and pestles excavated from the dig, so we decided to try them. We found the hand mill worked better than the mortar. We made enough powdered sugar for the quince drops but it was slow work. (When it came to powdered sugar for the other recipes, we put Zahala and Ali to work at it in their spare time.)

Quince drops take a lot of beating and all the staff took turns at it—taking shorter and shorter turns as the mixture became stiffer. When it seemed stiff enough, we dropped it with a spoon onto waxed paper which was spread out on large screens in the workroom. It took several days for the quince drops to dry out and, in the interval, we lost quite a few. At first, we accused Bob Adams of taking

them but he indignantly denied he had taken more than two. We finally decided the guards must be taking them at night when we were all in bed. We hoped they really appreciated them.

Many evenings were given to baking the Christmas cookies, but we enjoyed them. We made the *lebkuchen* (first making candied lemon and orange peel which were the only ingredients we didn't have) and, then, gradually all the others save for the *springerle*. We hadn't planned on *springerle* since these required special carved forms which we didn't have. But Bob said, "What? Christmas cookies but no *springerle*? I'll make you some forms." And he did, too. In all, he carved five different deeply-incised designs on small blocks of soft wood and they all made handsome cookies. We pressed out the forms, dried the cookies overnight, and then were ready to bake them. Mother's recipe called for anise seeds in the bottom of the baking pan but we didn't have any. We had thought to use the Syrian drink, *raki*, which has a strong anise flavor, but, at the last moment, found some essence of anise at our Kirkuk druggist's and so used that instead.

We were adamant about the Christmas cookies. Everyone received a sample at the time of baking but all the others were stored away in covered tins up on the top shelves in the museum-workroom and not brought out again until Christmas had come. But then we really did enjoy them for they had all turned out surprisingly well.

We had brought along lots of Christmas paper and tags and there was a great activity and a general scurrying around on the day before the holiday. Bob got down the suitcase in which we had locked the Christmas presents we had bought in the States for the children and the wrapped gifts sent along by our family and friends. We planned to have our celebration on Christmas Eve since this was what the children were used to and there were no objections.

When Christmas Eve morning came, we were up as usual but did not go out to the dig as this and the following day were given to the men as holidays—the Expedition's Christmas present to the men. We planned our Christmas dinner for the early afternoon and, as a result, Vivian, Liz, and I spent quite a bit of time in the kitchen in the morning helping Esa—as the menu was all new to him. We had baked the pumpkin pies the evening before. We were to have our first ham (we had brought a few from home for special occasions and surely Christmas was one of them) and we got this into the oven quite early. Liz set to work on the excellent but slightly complicated Rombauer wine sauce. We were also having sweet potatoes (canned ones, but we would candy them), creamed onions, canned corn, and carrot sticks.

While we were in and out of the kitchen, the men were doing their last minute wrapping and helping the children hang up the festoons they had made and some of the Christmas cards we had received.

Our dinner was finally served around two o'clock. The ham was perfect and was considered a great treat by each and everyone. When we had finished, we all felt that it had been a second Thanksgiving dinner—we only hoped that we would be able to move.

Presently Bob corralled Gretel and Douglas and took them with him to go to Chemchemal to collect the mail. Gretel knew this was a ruse to get them out of the way and protested, but went to get her coat. They all bundled up warmly and Bob took along some chains against the possibility of rain, for the sky looked somewhat threatening. Then they set off.

Vivian, Liz, and I got busy putting strings on ornaments, cookies and silver-wrapped candies and getting out the candle-holders. We had found three dozen candle-holders and candles in Switzerland and then in Austria had discovered

some tree ornaments of little carved and painted wooden angels playing various musical instruments. We helped Bob Adams to find the best side of the tree-branch and then held it while he fastened strings from behind and tied them securely to survey-lining pins which he pushed well into the mud-wall.

We fell to work decorating the tree and by the time our ornaments were up and the candles and candle-holders, we all had to stop and admire the sight. We also found we had to shut Kitty in the kitchen so he wouldn't play with the things on the tree. We got out the table ornament Bob had put together the night before—small brass angels who moved in a circle when propelled by the heat of three candles. Next we brought out all our wrapped gifts. We put the children's things in two separate piles one on each side of the tree and all the rest of the gifts off in another corner. Then we filled a large tray with assorted Christmas cookies and put it with a large tin of chocolates on the table. We took a last approving look around, locked the doors leading into the room, and left by way of the museum-workroom.

It was almost six o'clock as we went to our rooms to dress; it was dark outside and beginning to rain. Soon the festive clothes were on and the girls came in to join me in our room where I had lit the kerosene lantern and had the heater going. (Our room was the only bedroom large enough—it was also Bob's study—to take a heater and still permit some movement. We had only two heaters, both new, to use in the house. During the day we used them in the museum-workroom and the living room. At night we would take one and put it in the girls' bedroom long enough to warm it up and then take it on to our bedroom which, being larger and with exposure on three sides since the children's room opened off of ours, was also colder.) Bob Adams was down in the generator room trying to start the motor but

having trouble—a rare thing. By now it was raining hard—a pleasant sound from within the room where you could hear the rain pelting on the roof.

We saw the headlights of the jeep as it came over the ridge and on down towards the house. Bob and the children came in shaking the water off their clothing. It was good they had bundled up so warmly for their trip—also that they had taken the skid chains along for they had needed them for the return trip. Fortunately they had crossed the *wadis* before the big downpour—by now they would be impassable.

Bob went down to the motor room to join Bob Adams as soon as we told him why there weren't any lights. Gretel was in a mournful mood as we had her put on a dress and declared, "This is the worst Christmas ever,"—the combination of rain and no lights had gotten her down. But she was the only one, for the rest of us, including Douglas, were in high spirits. Vivian began reading to the children to make the time pass more quickly while I put on my heavy coat and galoshes and went down to see how the electricians were managing. They were just winding the rope to give the motor a spin as I got to the doorway. On the first try it didn't catch but, after the second rope-winding and pull, it began to chug away—and became steadier every second. All was well.

The girls, the children, and I waited in the museum-workroom while Bob made a speedy change and put on his Tirolean jacket in honor of the occasion. After a few minutes—it seemed much longer!—we heard a bell ringing somewhere in the house and Bob shouting, "Good-by Santa," and, then, there was Bob, coming through the door from the living room. The children pushed him aside and made a mad scramble into the room; we followed close behind.

The room was unlighted save for a cheery blaze on the

hearth, the candle-lit table decorations and the candles on the Christmas tree—truly a lovely sight. The children's eyes were now shining as they danced around, admiring the tree. We all managed to get in one verse of "Silent Night," but then Gretel and Douglas flew out of the room, grabbed their raincoats in the workroom and went out into the night. In a few minutes they were back carrying their gifts for us. They stood by with beaming faces as we opened and admired the gifts—soap carvings, crayon-decorated paper-covered boxes for trinkets, small decorated bottles and a knitted purse and handkerchiefs Gretel had made.

By now they had begun to open their own gifts under the tree and this was an exciting time—such squeals and cries of joy! They had scarcely finished when Sabri and his family arrived. Their presents were brought out and Thikra and Shukri immediately unwrapped theirs and began playing with them: a large toy dog for Shukri that slowly moved in various directions and squeaked, and a set of metal toy dishes for Thikra. The cookies and candies were passed around several times and then Sabri and Hadiah wrapped up the children and went off to their own rooms.

Just as they went, Abdullah rapped at the door and came in with Mahmud and Ali to wish us a Happy Christmas, too. We were presently joined by the guards and Esa and Zahala. We had them all sit down to enjoy the tree with us. The children passed around the cookies and candies and made some Coca-Colas, while we found the presents, which the children handed out. None was opened at the time but all were worn and exhibited the next day—Abdullah's sweater, Mahmud's scarf, etc. Esa and Zahala smiled knowingly as they were given their strange-shaped parcels. They had asked Vivian weeks before to purchase some Sulimaniyeh slippers for them. They had told her that hers

were just the right size—they had apparently gone around to each room and tried on everyone's for size. Vivian had seemingly forgotten them on the trip that was made before Christmas—but here they were.

After a nice half hour's visit, our guests all departed. It was then well past Gretel's and Douglas' bedtime and they were sleepy but were still enough awake to stay and see the rest of us opening our presents. And what a wonderful array they were. Some were edible: Vivian had baked a 5 lb. tin of sugar cookies especially for Bob Adams, and the Director had been presented by the others with a fine bottle of rum. Many were silly—tricks and games—and quite a few were practical, some had been bought in the *souks*, others had been lovingly knitted.

I had apparently been complaining off and on for weeks that my watch was full of dust and wouldn't keep proper time, but was completely overcome with surprise and joy when I found that my nice husband had given me a watch. Bob said that it was Kirkuk's best and was sold to him very proudly as containing 15 stones (jewels). It ticked loudly as I began to wind it but it had a clear face and kept good time.

Bob wasn't so *surprised* with my main gift to him but he was *overcome* to be getting it at all. It was a vivid red scarf—made in his favorite popcorn stitch—very long and with a long black fringe at one end—I made the fringe on the other end the following day. In much earlier years he had been given such a scarf—same dimensions and coloring—by his Aunt Nellie and had worn it happily until it disintegrated. He had loudly hinted for another and so I had begun one about three years earlier. I had planned to give it to him on each of the preceding Christmases but never found time to complete it—though each Christmas would find it a little longer. Here at last it was, in all its glory: a few slightly different shades of red as I would run

out of one batch of yarn and it was still not quite as long as he wanted it and I would have to buy another batch. But it was complete to its black fringe on one end that had been made by Vivian while I had been finishing the other end.

The children again had a wonderful time but soon they asked to be taken off to bed. As I was tucking Gretel into her upper bunk, she murmured sleepily, "Hasn't this been a wonderful Christmas?" "Blessings on the little doubting Thomas," I thought as I climbed down the ladder. Douglas was murmuring something, too, but I couldn't catch it. He was practically asleep, still clutching his new Schuco roadster.

When I came back into the living room, everyone was busily trying out the puzzles and games. Kitty was there, too, gingerly pushing his paw at one of the low ornaments but a little cautious about getting too close to the candles. He looked just like Christmas with the bright red ribbon around his neck. We tasted all the different varieties of Christmas cookies trying to decide which was our favorite and then presently made our way to bed. We felt just like Gretel—it had been a wonderful Christmas.

Christmas Day continued to feel like a happy holiday, although it was still raining gently. We slept later than usual with no waking bell to get us up and found the children's beds empty. They had been in the living room for hours really discovering what they had been given the night before. We were completely lazy all day and didn't do a stroke of work but sat about reading and chatting. There was no dinner problem for we had enough left over from the day before and welcomed a repeat on the menu. In the evening we played games—the first and almost the last evening during the season when all felt free to play—and had a gay time at Fan-tan and a delightfully silly game called I Doubt It.

But all holidays must end sometime and the next morning we settled in to do some work. We had pleasant interruptions during the week, however. The first was when the Glessners, with Dick and Carol home from school, came up for a day's visit. They brought a nice American-British couple and their young son with them. Douglas and the Allworth boy hit it off nicely together and had a grand time playing by themselves while Carol and Gretel went off together. We were glad the Christmas rains had stopped so they could come up for the visit. At the end of the day when they had to go back to Kirkuk, Gretel went along to spend a few days with Carol.

The weeks in camp flew by as usual and before we knew it Easter was almost upon us. We were delighted to hear that the University in Beirut would be closed for spring vacation, enabling Liz's father and mother to visit us for a few days. The children had helped make and frost hundreds of bunny sugar cookies. They had also dyed a few eggs to give to all of us. But the Easter Rabbit had many recruits the night before Easter when the children were in bed. We had sent out a call for more eggs, and the kitchen basket was full and we had a great additional supply in the storeroom. There is no saying how many eggs were dyed and handsomely decorated, but it must have been around a hundred.

The egg hunt was highly successful. The eggs were hidden over an area of at least two acres. The oleander bushes along the little *wadi* over beyond the house had exotic blossoms. Any little dip in one of the many gullies might hide an egg and the cluster of anemones on the flat stretches of ground had many new blossoms. We all came out to watch Douglas' and Gretel's progress and to see how many we could discover with our own eyes. Kees Hillen, the Dutch archeologist who was still visiting us, consider-

ably lengthened and confused the game by quietly rehidng the eggs as Douglas and Gretel found them.

We enjoyed having the Wests with us for they were lively and interesting. Liz and her father took long walks and came back with many new flower specimens—and he was able to tell us what they were. Liz' mother spoiled us by making candy and doing many other nice things. We were sorry when they had to leave right after Easter.

And we were sorry when Easter was gone for it meant the season was nearing its end.

Institut kurde de Paris

[22] *a (pleasant) state of siege*

THE HOLIDAYS CAME AND WENT ALL TOO QUICKLY, BUT THERE were other special events that stood out in our minds. Shortly before Christmas Bob promised the Iraq Petroleum Company that he would give a lecture on our work for their employees. He felt it was the least he could do in return for all the generosity they had shown us. I went in with Bob on the day of the lecture and, after dropping him off at the IPC compound went back to Kirkuk to pick up Helen Glessner who was planning to go to the lecture with me. She was ready and we set off for the Employee's new recreation building off on the other side of Kirkuk in the direction of the Railway Station.

There we were given seats in the front row. Bob and the acting host had already arrived and were talking to some of the British company officials and their wives who had come. The large attractive room was well-filled. There were around seventy-five Iraqi men present, but only several women. I commented on this to Helen Glessner and

she agreed that it was a pity that the wives stayed at home.

It had been hinted to Bob that he had best "keep it simple"—that many of the employees would have only a very elemental grasp of English. He could not use slides for illustration, as the few we had with us did not fit the company's projector. There was, however, a large blackboard at his disposal. Bob spoke slowly and distinctly and often purposely repeated his ideas. He explained why we had come all the way to Iraq to work a site like Jarmo, with no gold objects or cuneiform tablets or temples. He admitted that we could have found even more spectacular materials than those of Jarmo in the American Southwest—and at much less cost. Then he developed his ideas about the beginnings of farming and village life and the economic foundations for the Western cultural tradition.

It was a first-rate job, I felt, as Bob was giving the lecture—in fact one of the best I had ever heard him give. He was definitely keyed up by the responsibility of getting across to his audience that small but important part in the prehistory of their country that we were trying to delineate by excavating at Jarmo.

The audience was extremely receptive and there was quite a long question period after the lecture. The questions themselves were interesting for they were highly observant and very much to the point. Such lively interest was shown that Bob ended by saying that they would all be invited in the spring to come up and see the excavations at Jarmo and the antiquities. (We spent the night as guests of the company in the IPC guest house and enjoyed the luxury of having a large two-bedroom, two-bathroom suite and an excellent dinner with the manager of the guest house.)

The day for the excursion up to Jarmo was tentatively set for sometime in April. And well along in the spring a definite date was fixed. A day before the event two IPC lorries came to camp. They were an advance guard to look

over the roads and the general lay of the land. That night we began getting together the antiquities we would put on display and decided how to arrange the whole exhibit. We had been told to expect eighty people who would arrive, bringing their lunches, shortly around noon. We heard later from one of the officials that close to 800 had wanted to come, but that they had had to restrict the number pretty much to those who had attended Bob's lecture, since the transportation was a problem.

After breakfast that morning we had Ali and Mahmud carry out the dining-room table and the smaller serving table of the same height and place them together right in front of the house. The two blue-green benches we used to sit on for meals were placed in front of the table. We thought the cherry oilcloth would be a good background, both visibly and aesthetically, against which to display our objects, so Ali went to work with a scrub brush and soap and water.

The displays were to be in chronological order reading from left to right with Barda Balka at the far left and Karim Shahir next to it on the smaller table, and then Jarmo taking the entire surface of the larger table. The smaller objects went on the table and the large heavy mortars, milling stones, pestles, and the like, were placed on the benches in front of the table.

When the tables were dry, Bruce arranged the objects for Barda Balka and Karim Shahir. We on the Jarmo staff brought out the objects in our own categories that we thought should be displayed. While we were arranging and rearranging to get the best effect, Bob lettered some cards, to be tacked to the back edge of the table, giving the name of each site and its approximate date. Then the men put up ropes around the tables to keep the visitors from pressing too closely to the objects.

The exhibit was now ready and looked so handsome that

we thought it deserved some color photos. So while Bob was setting up the movie camera, I took a few stills, and then Bob in his turn ran quite a few feet showing the exhibit in general and a few individual objects held in the hand.

Gretel and Douglas had been going up on the ridge behind the house every few minutes to see whether any cars were coming. From the ridge they could see parts of our road all the way to the black-topped road and would be able to see the dust raised by moving cars. Now they came down in great excitement, shouting that the cars were beginning to come. We all went up to watch a few minutes and, sure enough, there was a procession of what looked like tiny ants just turning in off the main road. It would take at least half an hour before we could expect the first arrivals in camp but we decided that we had better have our lunch right away so we would be free to cope with the guests.

As soon as we were through, we went up on the ridge again to see the progress of the cars. We were all pretty excited anticipating such a large crowd in camp. We could just faintly see that a large number of cars were now parked in Chalgeh and we could occasionally catch a glimpse of one of the two lorries that were being used to transfer people from the top of the big hill across both *wadis*. What surprised us was that none of the dogs in Chalgeh were barking. Even though the distance was great, their barking would be heard from up on the ridge unless the wind was unfavorable. They were probably, for once, completely baffled. We heard from one of the Chalgeh men afterwards, that even the Chalghians were somewhat overcome at seeing so many cars all at one time.

Now we could see large vehicles way over to our right moving along on our side of the *wadi*. They were bringing in the first loads. But here was something we hadn't

counted on: over to the left we began to see little figures that were rapidly growing larger as they came running up and down over gullies in a straight line for the house—completely bypassing the round-about road. We felt almost as though we were in a state of siege—they had outwitted us and were coming from all directions! And Gretel must have felt the same as she came running down to us from her perch further up along the ridge, for she was wringing her hands and saying, “What should we do? They’re coming!”

And here were the first arrivals—mostly younger men—who came up and over the ridge behind the house, red-faced and panting, carrying their ties and suit-coats. Some had only enough breath left to say “hello” before they threw themselves down on the ground to rest. After a few minutes they were sufficiently revived to join the others at the sink on the terrace where we had put out an extra supply of towels.

By now the first loads had been deposited in front of the house and other walkers were coming in. We had thought that everyone would first have his lunch and then we would all take our places behind the tables to explain and answer any questions.

But, by the time we had greeted the newcomers and met some of the British officials (there were about eight in all), answered their questions about life in general in camp and taken them on a tour of inspection of the house—including, of course, the refrigerator so they wouldn’t feel so sorry for us—it was evident that our plans had miscarried. There was Bob caught behind the table alone, surrounded with people about five feet deep—there may have been only eighty people but they looked like hundreds. There was even a man on the roof right next to the oven chimney taking pictures of the exhibit and the people. Bob had al-

ready begun talking about the objects and the guests were listening attentively.

As it turned out it really worked better this way, for we at the fringes could answer the questions of those who could see the objects but not hear Bob very well. As Bob finished, the people in the very front began to make their way out of the crowd and let the others come up closer to see the things. When the crowd around the table had thinned out to a few people, Mr. Bennett, who was in charge of the trip, called, "Time out for lunch."

In a flash the people spread out over the countryside. Soon, wherever you looked, you would see families or small groups picnicing. It was a strange sight but a nice one, too, seeing the hillsides peopled. While everyone was eating, we had a chance to answer more questions about the dig and also about the house. The British contingent was especially interested in the house. They knew that the IPC had loaned us a substantial number of items to use in its construction. They were a nice, friendly group. I think we even began to make them understand how much we liked our general archeological way of life and why we didn't hanker for the fleshpots of Kirkuk.

After lunch, there was a tour of inspection of the dig. It was simple for the large crowd to see the excavation for they spread out on both sides while Bob got down into the dig itself. Here he explained what the workmen were busy at and pointed out the more interesting architectural features—house plans, ovens, etc. It was wonderful to see the interest of the gathering—they were all as quiet as could be while Bob held forth. Bob had explained how you can identify a site by the artifacts lying on the surface. So, as soon as he stopped talking and the questions were finished, many of the people began wandering all over the surface of Jarmo picking up bits of flint and obsidian and odd

stones, and bringing them back to us to explain what they were.

Soon it was time for them all to be leaving. The boys got our vehicles moving to help in the great trek over to Chalgeh. After several trips everyone was safely deposited in the village. When the boys came back they were admiring the way in which the whole thing had been managed. It seems that the IPC organizers had even brought along a wrecker which was kept down in the *wadi*—ready for any emergency—until the lorries had finished the last trip up the big hill. We had enjoyed the visitation; but camp seemed wonderfully quiet after they had all gone!

Institut kurde de Paris

[23] *a Kurdish wedding and a cherry spree*

WE WEREN'T ACTUALLY VERY SOCIABLE DURING THE SEASON. We received quite a few invitations and would have been welcomed at any of the IPC parties. But Kirkuk was a long way off and none of us felt inclined to spend the extra night in town when the invitation coincided with a shopping trip. However we did manage to attend a few things in our more immediate vicinity.

We were invited to two weddings by our neighbors in Kanisard. If we had stayed longer in camp there would certainly have been many more invitations from the men who had just finished earning their bride-price by the end of the digging season. We were puzzled as to what our connection with the first marriage was—perhaps the bridegroom was the brother of one of our workmen. But there were no doubts about the second. It was the wedding of one of our favorite pickmen. It was a shame that Herb had to miss it, as Moloud, the bridegroom, had spent quite a bit of time making trips with him.

We were called for around nine-thirty in the morning by

Moloud's father, with assurances that all was ready. We females had first contemplated wearing skirts but then thought better of it as Gran'ma pointed out that we would be doing a lot of sitting on the floor. We all managed to get into the truck and bounced up the road and on over the hills for about fifteen minutes until we reached Kanisard.

There were quite a few people standing around as we drove into the village and parked the truck in the large open space in the center. Over along an outer house wall in the sun many rugs had been spread for us to sit on; so we sat down in a row enjoying the warmth of the sun. First we were given some of the local hand-rolled cigarettes—an empty tube at one end for a mouthpiece—and then tea. We all had about three glasses of tea (always very sweet) and then, luckily, weren't offered any more. We were surprised to see that Zahala after a few attempts at conversation with the Kanisard women—who were sitting close by—soon gave it up. Esa explained that, although they all spoke Kurdish, they couldn't understand each other's local dialects very well. Esa could understand the Kanisardis, but then he was in the way of being somewhat of a linguist.

There seemed to be no great activity around us, so we realized we were probably in for a considerable wait and we females wished we had brought our knitting with us. We spent some time in smiling at the group of gayly-dressed women and children who were sitting near us and presently got up our courage to go over and take some pictures of them. We had asked Moloud in advance and he had told us that we could take pictures and that he would like to have them. A good many of the women were rather shy of the camera; as a result we managed to get several of the group as a whole, but no real close-ups except one. This was the mother of Sharif, our guard, who was very friendly and quite regal in her way.

Presently there was entertainment as some of Moloud's friends began to dance. Bob who had the movie camera along managed to get quite a few feet of the dancing. The dancing stopped after a while and we were still waiting. So Douglas and Gretel, who were getting a bit restless, began to do somersaults on the rugs in front of us. This inspired the more acrobatic-inclined ones in our group. Soon Bob was doing headstands and Vivian and Bob Adams headstands and cartwheels—to the great amusement of everyone.

After a while, more people came out to join the gathering and began edging in the direction of the road that led on towards Karim Shahir. We went over and had a look, too, and could barely make out a tiny procession a long way off. After a while it came closer and we could see that all the people in front were on horseback. The bride was bringing up the rear on her horse which was being led by the bridle. Behind her were two donkeys carrying her goods. She was coming from her village which was way off at the foot of the hills.

As they came closer we got up on the truck so as to get a better view and a chance for pictures. As the procession entered the village, some of the waiting party shot their guns off in the air. This had also been done at the previous wedding but we didn't know whether it was purely a sign of welcome or had some particular meaning in the whole ceremonial. The bride's face, we noticed as she went by, was completely covered by her handsome dark flower-printed scarf. At the entrance of the house where the festivities were to be held (the doorway was just at the end of the wall where we had originally been sitting), a person up on the roof poured a dish of grain over the bride as she entered on the horse.

A few minutes later the women were invited inside where the bride was. The men stayed out in the courtyard with

the large group of men guests. We entered a narrow, dark room where we found the bride and a few other women already seated along one side of the wall. We were invited by gesture to take our places on the colorful rugs that were spread along the other wall and end of the room near the bride. Many more women and children crowded in after us and took their places wherever there was room. We seemed to be receiving more attention than the bride, but they probably figured they would be seeing her a long time. The attention didn't worry us and we may even have been doing the bride a service in giving her a chance to get her bearings in a strange place.

Two of the women near the bride were helping her throw back from her face the heavy scarf, which had a large unusual knot in front to signify she was a bride, and we looked on, wondering what Moloud's bride would look like. We soon saw that she was a very pretty young girl, probably around fourteen, with an appealing face—just as pretty as Moloud was handsome. She seemed a little timid, which was natural under the circumstances, but even managed a wan smile or two. She had been fixed up for the event with henna applied to her hair, face, and even her hands, which were covered with rings.

There was, unfortunately, no exchange of conversation between us and the others in the room. There was no use in our saying the few polite remarks we knew how to say in Arabic for they only knew Kurdish. But they seemed to enjoy looking at us and we looked at them with as much interest. We all could smile at any rate. Gran'ma was the only one of us not inhibited by the situation, and she made comments in her usual fashion. A few of the women, in particular, we had noted before as being extremely handsome. We were glad that one of these was sitting in the center near us so we could really look at her. For the most

part, the light was too dim to see any of the faces except those that were within the area of light coming in from the door.

We could see little of the interior of the room for there were no windows and the doorway gave the only light. In the center of the hard-packed mud floor was a shallow pit for the charcoal fire. There were only dull embers now, but we were amazed when one small bare-footed child stepped into the outer portion of it by mistake and then didn't even cry out.

There was practically no furniture in the room. In the corner of the room behind Gran'ma and Gretel was a large, colorfully-painted wooden cupboard on legs. When one of the women went over to get out another rug, we noticed that it contained, besides rugs and bedding, tea glasses, bread and a few other objects that were unidentifiable in the light. In the dark corner right next to the door was a high, large cylinder made of clay or pottery. We didn't know what this was and made a mental note to ask Sabri about it (but we forgot to). That was all that we could see—besides people—in the room we were in. There seemed to be a tiny room or open space adjoining this room on the far side of the door, but it looked empty.

They now brought in some tea for us. I had taken along a large supply of cigarettes in my pocket, for I had found that the women like them, and now began passing them around. Vivian asked me when I was planning to take pictures and I told her this was probably as good a time as any. To tell the truth we were a bit apprehensive about taking pictures for fear of scaring someone. I had finished the color film outside and had changed to black and white so that I could take some flash-bulb pictures inside. It would be fun to have the pictures and really be able to see what some of the guests looked like. I now pulled the flash ap-

paratus out of the bag, fastened it to the camera and inserted a bulb. Then I focussed the camera on the bride and the woman next to her and hoped the flash would work as I pressed the button. We were relieved when it did—and even more relieved that no one seemed startled. Douglas took the old bulb after I had taken it out, and then handed it on to a small child who was near him. A happy thought, for he (or she—it was hard to tell since the little children all wore long dresses) was delighted with the toy. The other children and even the mothers moved closer to see the strange object. It was evident that we had to furnish more bulbs and I was happy to oblige by taking more pictures and then passing on the bulb.

A woman next to Vivian kept poking her to attract her attention. Vivian suggested we get a picture of her so that she would later know what her neighbor looked like. I moved around a bit at our end of the floor and took some pictures of the dark corner near the door. By now, with all the clouds of cigarette smoke rising, the dim light, and the mass of people—some of them regular old crones—it began to strike me that it would have been a perfect setting for a witches' den. Presently the roll was finished and the children had all been supplied with used bulbs.

By now trays of food were being brought in and set before us. As honored guests, we were apparently to eat first and then the others. In checking accounts with the men afterwards, we found that they were first brought water to wash in—mere females probably don't bother with this formality. There was a large pile of bread, two dishes of mixed rice and mutton, one dish of meat, and then onions in a saffron gravy. There was a spoon in the gravy mixture as a special concession to us, we judged, but we only used it to dip some onto our bread. Not being adept at eating the rice with our hands, we resorted to scooping

the mixture on the bread and eating it more like a sandwich—the children managing to spill almost as much rice as they ate. When we had finished we passed the trays along and the bride group and then the others took turns eating. We sat a while longer after all had finished eating, for the men still seemed to be busy drinking tea outside. Finally we took our leave, patting the bride on the arm and saying a few words of thanks in Arabic and English—feeling it didn't matter which.

The bride would continue sitting in the same place most of the day, except for a short time. Then she and the bridegroom would go off into another room with a third person—at which time they would be married. But we didn't know any of the details.

Outside we were joined by our menfolk and set off for home, some riding, some walking. On the way back we discussed what we would send as a wedding present. We had given the two cones of sugar—bought in Sulimaniyeh—at the previous wedding. We decided now to send Moloud and his bride a sack of the flour we had inherited from the Shergatis.

We should have gotten more details on the bride-price. We had heard that, even out in the country-side, it could amount to as much as 200 *dinars* (\$560.00) but that deals were often made whereby the bride-price could be as low as forty *dinars* (this was true in Moloud's case) or sometimes nothing. The latter was the case if two weddings and only two families were involved—that is, if each family contributed a daughter and a son.

A few times towards the end of camp when the Jarmo funds were particularly low, Bob would speculate at the dinner table, "I wonder what Vivian and Liz would bring in as bride-prices. They're fine strapping girls and would probably bring in a good thing." This was guaranteed to

get a rise out of the girls, but then we would all try to figure out just how many more weeks of digging on Jarmo their bride-prices would pay for.

Almost at the end of the digging season we had an irresistible invitation from Sulimaniyeh which included lunch to be followed by a cherry-picking spree. We set out fairly early in the morning so as to do some shopping in the *souks* for gifts to take home with us. Around 11 o'clock all eleven of us went to the house of our host, *Sayid* Baba Ali Sheik Mahmoud, who had studied political science at Columbia. There we found he had invited two other English-speaking guests—one an extremely interesting man who worked in the Department of Agriculture in Baghdad and was in the north on an inspection trip, and the other a teacher whom Sabri joyfully greeted since he had been one of Sabri's teachers.

We all sat down in one of the large living rooms of the house and immediately found we had lots to talk about with Baba Ali and his guests. Bob began right away to ask Mr. Meymarian the Agricultural representative about the wild flora of the region and we found that he had much to say on the subject. While we were talking, we gratefully accepted the beer offered us (lemon squash for the children), since we had become very warm walking around in the *souks*. Our host was a delightful person. The children were quick to discover his charm and before long they were following him around as though he had been an old long-lost friend.

The time passed so quickly that, before we knew it, lunch was being announced at 1 o'clock. The doors into the adjacent dining room were thrown open and our eyes opened wide as we saw the long table with its attractive array of large serving dishes piled high with food. There were plat-

ters of rice garnished with raisins and almonds, platters of chicken, platters of *shish-kebab*, and then tomato and cucumber salads, bread and yoghurt. Gretel and Douglas sat down to eat, but the rest of us ate standing up so that we were free to wander to another part of the table to help ourselves to another dish. It was excellently cooked and none of us were backward about helping ourselves. The dessert was also a great treat: beautiful large strawberries and sweet cherries from our host's garden and orchard.

Soon after lunch we set off on our trip to the farm. The children and I had the pleasure of riding with Baba Ali in his new jeep. On the way we stopped at a lovely park that lies on part of the Agricultural Station grounds. Here an enormous spring fed the little streams that wandered through the grounds. There were many trees, planted by the Agricultural Station, along the edges of the streams, making it an attractive shady oasis and a good setting for the picnic tables that were located here and there. From the park we drove up to the village of Hazar Merd—one of the villages belonging to Baba Ali.

Bruce and I had already visited this village, when we had gone up beyond it to see the caves, high on the great hillside, that had been excavated by Miss Garrod years before. We had then noticed Baba Ali's handsome orchard, but hadn't been tempted since none of the fruit was ripe at that time. But now, we willingly followed our host through the gate and on into the orchard beyond.

The orchard was larger than we had thought—some 4000 trees of different kinds of fruit, many of them American in origin. When we came to the cherry trees we nearly went wild sampling all the different varieties. There were many bing cherry trees (and different varieties of the bing-cherry) and many other kinds. We couldn't make up our minds whether we preferred the bing-type or some of the Persian

varieties. We had our fill of cherries and also took along a large basket when we went. At the same time we had to think that a plague of locusts couldn't have devoured more in half an hour than we did!

Institut kurde de Paris

[24] *a busman's holiday*

WE HAD ONE BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY WHILE IN CAMP. NONE OF us had seen all the archeological sites in the Mosul region and we knew that we wouldn't unless we planned a special trip. So we took a few days off in the spring and, accompanied by Abdullah and a supply of sandwich-making materials and waterproof clothing, set off in one jeep and the truck for the north. We had made reservations at the Mosul Railway Rest House for two nights and were lodged in a bungalow in the midst of a lovely flower garden.

The region around Mosul has sufficient yearly rainfall to support good crops. It is a rich area that in ancient times was the heart of the Assyrian empire. The earliest known inhabitants were those in the early farming village of Hassuna and the slightly later village of Arpachiyah; both somewhat later in time than Jarmo. The early farmers weren't confined to Hassuna and Arpachiyah. They must have been spread well over the area with many settlements, but at present we know only a few of them. Deep soundings

made at the large site of Tepe Gawra and even at the site of what was to become the mighty capital of Assyria, Ninevah, have shown that the earliest inhabitants at both places were early farmers similar to those of Hassuna and Arpachiyah.

These farming villages thrived and increased in number and size. As more people began to live together, new ideas and new ways of doing things took hold. Villages were gradually replaced by good-sized market towns, with still further exchange of ideas between people. It is at this time (Obeid prehistoric period) that people first began settling in the alluvium of the river valleys throughout Mesopotamia. They now seemed able to cope with the problems of irrigation, the vital factor that made living possible in the arid southlands.

We will probably never know exactly why the people of Mesopotamia became civilized at such an early time—why they kept rising, improving, and creating, until by around 3000 B.C. we can speak of Mesopotamian civilization.

Written records tell us that the people in power at the time of the flowering of civilization were the Sumerians. We don't know where they came from, nor how long they had lived in Mesopotamia. The Sumerians were peaceably supplanted in power by the Akkadians. When we speak of Sumerians and Akkadians, we are, in fact, speaking primarily of languages which were being spoken in southern Mesopotamia in early ancient times. We know remarkably little about the physical type of those who spoke Sumerian vs. those who spoke Akkadian.

There was no strong central power in Mesopotamia at this early date. The land was divided into separate city-states, one or another of which might be paramount at a given time. As civilization began, the most influential city-states were in southern Mesopotamia.

It was not until the time of the Assyrian domination in the early first millennium B.C. that a succession of powerful rulers effectively unified the land. Northern Mesopotamia was the stronghold of the Assyrians and the center of their kingdom, but their power spread far beyond the boundaries of Mesopotamia as the Assyrians became the world power of the day. To them goes the dubious honor of first conceiving the idea of mass transplanting of peoples in order to subdue them. There were many Assyrian rulers, and, since few of them chose to live at the same site, many palaces were built: at Ninevah, Nimrud, and Khorsabad, to mention only the sites we visited.

After the fall of Assyria, there was a brief revival of power in southern Mesopotamia under Nebuchadnezzar's dynasty but then world power passed to other countries, to Persia, among others. Still later in time came Alexander the Great bringing Greek influences with him to the east. After Alexander and the reign of his followers, the Romans took over throughout much of the Near East. Roman power was seriously challenged in Mesopotamia and other parts of the Near East by the Parthians. Hattra, the desert fortress being excavated by the Directorate General of Antiquities, was one of a number of such sites constructed by the Parthians to protect their trade routes. About the 7th cent. A.D., the Arab Conquest took place.

We decided to leave the large mound of Ninevah, which dominated Mosul, until last and visit first those sites which were further away. Our first stop was at the prehistoric village of Arpachiyah, some 10 miles outside of Mosul, which had been excavated in pre-war years by the British archeologist Mallowan. As we walked over the small, low mound, pitted with excavation holes, we kept a sharp lookout for the handsome pottery characteristic of this time

range (mainly Halaf period). We found many fragments of the painted pottery, a few decorated in two and three colors. We wondered about the size of this early village and decided that it would be hard to estimate. Bits of pottery, spread over much of the flat ground surrounding the mound, showed that outlying areas also were inhabited for a time, as well as the mound proper.

From Arpachiyah we went on a bit further to the mound of Tepe Gawra. This is a large, high, steep-sided mound representing many different periods of occupation. The University of Pennsylvania spent many seasons excavating at Tepe Gawra in pre-war years. They opened some good-sized trenches and areas in the mound, but only dented the surface. From their excavations they found that Tepe Gawra was occupied for thousands of years. The earliest inhabitants were simple farmers like those of Arpachiyeh. But the site continued to be inhabited while Tepe Gawra underwent changes carrying it from tiny village to good-sized market town to proper city, symbolic of Mesopotamian civilization. As would be expected on a site that covered such a long time span, we found and collected many different kinds of pottery—since each period produces its own characteristic ware.

After Tepe Gawra, we drove on for several more miles until we came to Khorsabad. This is the large palace site that the Oriental Institute excavated in the 1930's. Khorsabad was built by the Assyrian King, Sargon, as a summer palace. Sargon died before it was completed and it is doubtful that any other royal person occupied it. Khorsabad is definitely on a monumental scale and you can still get some notion of the magnificent spread of the palace from its grass-covered ruins. When we saw the location of the site and its distance from the Tigris River, we had to marvel at Delougaz' engineering of the shipping of one of the colossal bulls that had guarded the entrance gate and now

dominates one wall of the Oriental Institute museum. Even aside from the difficult chore of getting it shipped down the river, it was quite a feat.

The next morning we started down the black-topped road, which flanks the west bank of the Tigris, on our way to the ruined Parthian desert fortress of Hattra. About thirty miles south of Mosul, at a cluster of asphalt wells, we called on the commandant of the Special Police who gave us a policeman as a guide. Here we turned westwards into the desert. As we made the long drive, following the well-marked tracks across the desert, we marvelled at the pre-World War I travellers who had visited the site without cars and carried along food and water for days for the round trip. Again we marvelled when we saw the impressive walls and towers of the site ahead of us and the great height of the standing ruins. It was an exciting experience, especially after more than two hours of rapid driving over the open desert.

When we had circled around a good portion of the walling and found our way into the entrance, we saw the expedition tents at the far side of the enclosure in the distance. Our friends of the Directorate General of Antiquities were just about to end their first season at the site. As we came up, we saw that the mud-brick expedition house we had heard they were building for the coming season was almost finished. It was good seeing Fuad Safar and his family again and Mohammed Ali and the other members of the staff. Fuad was very pleased because they had just found a large number of sculptures and wall reliefs showing a curious mixture of oriental and Greek styles, in a temple they had been excavating.

After we had wandered around part of the site, admired the handsome ruins still standing and seen the excavations Fuad was now making (and greeted the Shergatis we knew), we had lunch. While we were eating, we asked Fuad how they managed about their water-supply way out here

in the desert. He told us they had to truck it in from Mosul, at a coast of about 100 dinars (\$280.00) a month. Water was clearly a luxury in this case.

There must have been more water in the region during Parthian times. We had seen a number of wells in the various buildings that had been excavated during this season, and had seen the workmen pulling up water out of them. Fuad told us that the water from these wells was brackish but that some of the workmen didn't seem to mind it.

Shortly after lunch we had to take our leave so as to get back to Mosul at a reasonable hour. We told Fuad that we wanted to stop to see Hassuna on the way back to Mosul. Hassuna is the early village site, slightly later in time than Jarmo, that Fuad, together with Seton Lloyd, had excavated for the Directorate General during the war. Fuad told our policeman of a few of the turns to make off the main desert tracks and advised us where to find people who would show us the rest of the way so we wouldn't get lost.

We set off and sped along over the desert. When we had made the proper turns towards the north, the landscape gradually began to change into habitable land. We found the first village Fuad had indicated and finally managed to reach Hassuna just a bit before dusk. Hassuna, like Arpachiyah is a fairly small, low mound. Fortunately it was still light enough to pick up potsherds and flints from the surface and the old dumps. Among us all we managed to get together a fair haul of pottery and flints; plain pottery, incised—decorated sherds and painted sherds.

The next morning we drove out to Ninevah which was right outside Mosul. We had been seeing the mound each time we drove in and out of Mosul for Ninevah compels your attention. It is a tremendous mound and, with its surrounding complex, covers an area of many square miles. We drove around its base and found the road at the far side that leads to the top. Excavations were first made there in the mid-

dle of the 19th century, when archeology was a treasure hunt for the great museums of Europe. Some serious archeological work had been done by the British at Ninevah in the 1930's, but despite the past digging that has gone on, the surface of the mound has only been scratched; old trenches are now so overgrown with weeds that they are scarcely noticeable. There are no visible, impressive architectural remains, but one can't help being impressed by the tremendous size of the mound. From its top we were able to get a good view of the surrounding plain. Far in the distance we could see the stretch of low mounds that mark the remains of the original city wall. Before we left we drove over to a northern city gate that has been partially excavated and still preserves its two tremendous stone bulls flanking the entrance.

Our next stop lay in the general direction of our homeward trip. It was Nimrud, the large Assyrian site being excavated by the British School of Archeology in Iraq under the direction of Max Mallowan. Nimrud is a lower mound than Ninevah and doesn't cover as large an area, but it is still a tremendously large site. The mound is near the Tigris and since it is located in a flat plain, is visible from a long way off.

We had hoped to see the dig in progress but found that digging had already stopped for the season and the Mallowans and their staff were getting things in readiness for their imminent departure. They were all very busy, needless to say, but we weren't planning to stay long since we wanted to reach camp that night. However, it didn't take too much urging for us to agree to stay for lunch. Agatha, coming out of the darkroom where she had been catching up on the developing, argued convincingly that by the time we looked at the antiquities and saw the dig, their lunch would be ready.

They had found handsome ivories during the season. Much of their work up to that point had been to system-

atically uncover the palace buildings excavated in the treasure hunts of the last century, making sure that they had a complete record of the work that was originally done. We were especially fascinated by a tunnel they had uncovered that had been described in an early report. The tunnel seemed endless, going deeper and deeper into the mound until it was hard for one to breathe. Then it came to an end. It had originally doubtless been made in the hopes of rich finds.

They had also found bits of very early pottery in one of the deeper holes, showing that Nimrud had been occupied long before the Assyrians held sway.

Lunch was lively with shop talk. We enjoyed getting Max' reactions to our season's work—imaginative reactions stimulated by his own years of prehistoric work.

As we took our departure, and snatched Gretel away from one of the books she had begun, we told Agatha that Gretel was undoubtedly one of her most devoted readers—she had read one of her books, *Murder on the Orient Express*, seven times! Even while on the dig, Agatha managed to put in some time on her own writing each day. She had a small study where she could conveniently disappear.

When we reached Kirkuk, we stopped in for a few minutes at the Glessners. There we found that Helen's fifth sense had told her that we were going to arrive and she had a chocolate cake waiting for us. We reached camp safely a bit after dark. It certainly felt good sleeping in our own beds again that night. But we also felt the trip to have been a great success.

[25] *digging ended*

THE SEASON HAD FLOWN BY LIKE A DREAM AND HERE WE were on May 31st finishing our last digging for the season. The picks and shovels were brought in from the mound; Abdullah and some of the men began cleaning them to get them ready for storage.

The dig at Jarmo had continued on a small scale off and on right down to the last day and, even then, we were extremely reluctant to stop the work. Jarmo was full of surprises—an unusual stone bowl form, an oven complete to chimney, a new type of figurine—and kept on turning up new features right down to the last day.

Two months digging at Karim Shahir had proved just the right amount of time to give a good idea of what the site contained. It was a most satisfactory dig from this point of view—Bruce felt that further digging would only produce more of the same materials and he was content to close up around the middle of May.

We weren't sure until the digging on Karim Shahir was finished, whether the American Schools would still have enough funds to manage a week's test dig in a cave. In the spring we had finally found a cave site (Palegawra), over in the next valley beyond the Pass, that seemed promising; we had tentatively asked the Directorate General at the time for permission to make a test dig later in the season. When it became apparent on Karim Shahir that one more week would round off its excavation, we sent word to the Directorate asking them to confirm the sounding permit.

So Bruce had his cave site after all. Palegawra proved worth the week's test-trench digging, for it nicely rounded out our sequence.

What had we found during the season at the various sites and what first impressions did we have of the people whose belongings we had been digging up?

Barda Balka was the earliest. Barda Balka was actually outside the problem we had set ourselves (the time of change-over from man, the food-gatherer, to man, the food-producer). The two day test-dig there was undertaken for the Directorate general by Herb and Bruce more for the geological data it would yield—to identify the gravels in which the tools lay imbedded—than for the archeological information itself. But, as it turned out, archeologically, too, the site was revealing. The simple flint and limestone tools (hand-axes, pebble tools, and flake tools), when compared with similar ones known elsewhere, showed that man, the food-gatherer, was camping in the Chemchemical Valley as early as 85,000—100,000 years ago.

The animal bones found at Barda Balka were so badly decomposed that Fred had to depend mainly on the teeth for information about what animals had been killed for food. He found evidence mainly for wild horse—but there were a few indications of large cattle, rhinoceros, elephant,

and sheep or goat, confirmed by Dr. Frazer of the British Museum of Natural History.

Many thousands of years passed between the time of man at Barda Balka and man at Palegawra—our cave site. Man was still living in the area during at least part of this great span of time, for the cave at Hazar Merd up near Sulimaniyeh, which had been excavated by Miss Garrod, was occupied somewhere in this time range. We had also found tools comparable to those of the Hazar Merd habitation just outside of Chemchemal.

Exactly where to place Palegawra in the general time scale wasn't clear. It was obviously earlier than Karim Shahir. We gave it a rough guess date of around 10,000 B.C. It might have been several thousand years earlier than that but we thought it would probably not have been later than 10,000 B.C. The antiquities found in the test trench at the Palegawra cave consisted of many flint blade-tools and some unworked animal bones. The flint tools, including many tiny ones, were fairly similar to those found by Miss Garrod at the Zarzi cave (the one we had visited up near Sulimaniyeh) and showed that the two must have been occupied at approximately the same time.

The Palegawra people were still food-gatherers. We found no signs of agriculture. The animals that they hunted for their food were mainly wild horses, deer, gazelle; only a small number were sheep, goat and pigs—the potentially domesticable animals. Since the number of the latter was so small it seemed most likely to us that it was purely by accident that they were included in the food supply and were killed by chance along with any other wild animals that happened to be hunted. We found nothing in the way of antiquities at Palegawra that suggested that these people had time to think about much more than gathering their food and, probably, clothing themselves in skins.

Karim Shahir was quite a different matter and much more exciting from our point of view. There were definite indications that the people here were living differently from the Palegawrans and were something more than just food-gatherers. We knew there was a lapse of time between Palegawra and Karim Shahir—perhaps not more than two or three thousand years or so.

The Karim Shahir settlement covered an area of about two acres. The thinness of the deposit indicated that people didn't occupy the site over a long period of time—perhaps they even only used Karim Shahir during the summers and went back into caves during the winter for additional warmth. They must have built some kind of shelters, but Bob and Bruce were exasperated because there weren't enough indications to let them figure out just what kind of a structure they used. There were traces of rough stone floorings—perhaps the upper part had consisted of matting or reeds.

Their tools were mostly of flint, many of them microliths. Only a few sickle blades were found among the flints but these along with a few fragments of milling stones seemed to indicate at least some attempt at reaping for food. We found no traces of grain and the reaping may only have been that of wild grain.

They used a lot of meat for food; half of the animal bones, according to Fred, were those of completely wild animals. The other half were of sheep, goat, and pig—the kinds that can be domesticated. Unfortunately, you can't tell from examining the skeletal remains whether an animal *is* wild or domesticated. The large numbers of sheep-goat-pig looked very much to us as though the people at Karim Shahir were making some attempt at herding these animals to keep them on hand for food.

The Karim Shahir people also found some time to think about other things than food alone. They ground bits of

stones into beads and made stone bracelets and little decorative plaques. They also made simple pins out of bone. Bruce and Fred found two tiny clay figurines in the area they dug on Karim Shahir. We couldn't tell just what they were meant to be, for they were rather shapeless, but it showed that the people were beginning to use clay for modelling. Some of the larger stone tools were axes made by chipping and grinding the stone—other than flint—and may well have been used in wood-working.

We felt that the Karim Shahir people were definitely on the way to living a new kind of life and had broken with the age-old past.

Then Jarmo—life here seemed almost brilliant in contrast with Karim Shahir and what had preceded it. Again we felt clearly from the excavated materials that there was a time interval between Karim Shahir and Jarmo—perhaps a thousand years, perhaps less.

Jarmo was a well-established, thriving village community. The descendants of the earliest settlers continued to live on at Jarmo for a long time, building and rebuilding their houses. They lived in houses comprising several rooms; the walls were built of pressed mud and some of the later dwellers even built their houses on stone foundations. They made the floors more sturdy by stamping mud down over a layer of reeds. They built ovens inside the houses—in one case we even found an oven in one room with its chimney running up through the wall and the oven-door opening in an adjoining room. We also found some large stone door-sockets showing that they must have had at least some substantial doors.

The Jarmo people were clearly agriculturists. We found great numbers of the sickle blades they had used for reaping their grain. We were lucky enough to find one whole sickle. The curved wooden haft in which the blades had been mounted had disappeared, but the four flint blades

were still covered with the bitumen with which they had been glued into the haft. Many broken milling stones or querns and mortars, also rubbing stones and pestles appeared in the houses. And we had found some of the wheat and barley they had left lying about.

After Fred had had a first look at the many animal bones, there was no question in our minds that the Jarmo people were herdsmen who didn't even do much hunting. Only a small fraction of the finds were of untameable, wild animals—almost all were of sheep and goat, pig, cattle, and dog, with sheep and goat by far the most abundant. We had no way of telling whether they used the sheep and goats for milk as well as for meat.

The earliest settlers at Jarmo already used stone bowls for containers and probably had reed baskets, and, we suspect, animal skin vessels. They also made simple large containers in the floors of their houses by hollowing out a basin—then lining the basin with clay and building a fire in it to harden the clay. The idea of making portable dishes, by the simple method of shaping them of clay and baking them to harden them, didn't occur to anyone at Jarmo until after many years had passed. And even when they got the idea (we think from other people) they never did learn to make good hard pottery dishes, although they kept on turning out first-rate stone bowls.

Their tools were made mainly of flint and obsidian, many of them microliths, as at Karim Shahir and Palegawra. Their use of obsidian showed that the Jarmo people engaged in some sort of trading with the outer world. The IPC geologists told us that the nearest obsidian source they knew of was up to the north at Lake Van in Turkey—about three hundred miles. Many of their larger tools were made of stone other than flint and obsidian, which they shaped by chipping and grinding. Some of the tools, as at Karim Shahir, were for wood-working. They also used

many bone tools and made pins and needles of bone, as well.

They probably used animal skins for clothing as the earlier people must also have done. Many of the neatly made flint tools would have been excellent for flaying and scraping hides. But we also found spindle whorls which showed that they were spinning, probably sheep and goat wool, and meant that they were probably also weaving cloth.

It was clear to us that the Jarmo dwellers had much more leisure time than their predecessors—spare time that undoubtedly came from having a stable food supply. What we found of their possessions showed that this leisure took a creative turn. A hollowed-out boulder would have served them very well as a container, but they weren't content with a mere container. They must have spent innumerable hours working away at a stone bowl until it was exactly the handsome shape that they wanted. Their creativity also showed itself in the great variety of shapes—in bowls, dishes, and saucer-like plates—that they made, and in their choice of handsome stones.

The same fine craftsmanship went into most of their other ground-stone working—into the small pestles used to grind paint, and cosmetic paint grinders or palettes and into all of their decorative or ornamental objects. Bracelets of marble or white limestone seemed to be a favorite ornament. They even managed to get variety in these by making some elliptical in cross-section, some round and some plano-convex in section. On quite a few they decorated the outer surface with grooving or incised patterns. And besides the bracelets they made many handsome beads and pendants in a great variety of shapes.

Their work in bone was also extremely skillful. They made handsome bone spoons, getting variation by changing the shape of the bowl or the handle length. Some were short-

handled and much like a modern "nut-spoon." Others had fairly long handles, some of which they decorated with an intricate incised pattern. They also made charming little rings of bone. Many of the pins and needles showed a delicate skill.

Although the Jarmo people never did learn the tricks of making good pottery—and we suspected that this was a matter of improper treatment of the clay—they did make great use of clay as a creative medium. And it was precisely their clay objects that made us most often ask ourselves, "Just what were these used for?"

There were hundreds of little clay balls (handsome little balls were also made of stone) and small cones. Did they use these merely as toys and in games of some sort? And then the recognizable figurines . . . Quite a few were obviously feminine and some were pregnant and it seemed likely that these were meant to represent the "mother-goddess" and so would have some religious significance. But what were we to think of the little human head representations we found and of the hundreds of nicely-modelled little animal figurines? And then, besides, there were great numbers of small, well-shaped stalk-like objects that were cryptic to us as to their meaning and use—and a great worry to Vivian whose business it was to describe them.

We could easily see that the Jarmo farmers and herdsmen had also been unusually creative craftsmen. Jarmo was the earliest village yet known and, therefore, closer than anything we had seen to the revolutionary impact of the new food-producing way of life. We suspected this may have accounted for the intense creativity and experimentation which we sensed in the different crafts. By contrast the peasant farmers who followed the Jarmo people seemed to have concentrated most of their creativity in pot-painting. They were well-fed, clothed and housed, but save for their

handsome pottery painting, their crafts looked dull compared to Jarmo.

There still seemed to be a small gap in the sequence between Jarmo and the next later peasant farmers of the Hasuna type. So we did not know exactly how this shift in creative attention, from a variety of crafts to the painting of pottery, came about.

There were many questions we still had about Jarmo. Some of them would be answered when we had had a chance to study the material and many of them would have to be answered by experts in other lines. Some of the questions would never be answered at all—such as the names of their gods and goddesses or the subjects of their stories and myths.

But one of our questions was clearly a matter to be solved by excavation and we felt badly that we hadn't had the necessary means to answer it during the season. There were traces of the Jarmo people's possessions over the whole three-acre area; but we didn't know how much of it they had had houses on, at one and the same time. We had wanted to dig a narrow trench across the whole mound to get an idea of how closely the houses were grouped in a given level—and what the actual extent of the village was at a particular time. In this way we would have had some basis for estimating the Jarmo population of the time and the physical character of the village. We would have hoped to establish the presence or absence of a market place and perhaps of some special building—a headman's house or even a small religious building. This wouldn't have been a very costly operation but since our budget was limited, we felt our first duty was to get as far down in the excavations as we could—to get an idea of the earlier levels. We just didn't have money to do both.

Now as to some of the experts who would help in an-

swering some of our questions. One was Hans Helbaek, a Danish botanist, who was interested in the beginnings of plant domestication and with whom Bob had corresponded over the season. He would be the one to tell us how close the Jarmo farmers were to the beginnings of plant domestication. He had written Bob that besides the actual grain we should also look for grain impressions in the mud of oven floors—that the grain impressions would actually be more useful than the grain itself in identifying the species of grain. We found the grain impressions and saved them for Helbaek. He had also asked for a collection of the wild domesticable grains now growing in the area.

Bob got in touch with the Iraq Department of Agriculture. They were glad to cooperate and had one of their experts, Dr. Rawi, send a collection of the modern wild varieties of the region to Helbaek.

Fred had only made a preliminary judgment and sorting of the animal bones from the various digs. The complete study was out of his real line of work. For the final study of the animal bones, Bob was able to interest Prof. Amschler of Vienna, who is one of the few people who have concerned themselves with the history of domesticated animals of the Old World. He was the one who would have to tell us whether the Karim Shahir people actually did herd animals and also as much as he could about the Jarmo people as herdsman. Were they close to the beginnings of herding or had herding begun much earlier? It seemed likely that Helbaek and Amschler together would be able to answer the question of whether, as it seemed to us, herding had begun somewhat earlier in time than agriculture.

There had been less than a dozen burials at Jarmo and none had appeared either at Karim Shahir or Palegawra. At least some of the burials we found were really accidental; cases of unfortunates entombed by falling roofs or walls.

The human bones from Jarmo were in a very bad state of preservation. But there was enough material to indicate to Bob and Fred that the people must have looked similar to the present inhabitants of Iraq. The fragmentary skeletal material would, however, go to Bob's colleague, Sherry Washburn of Chicago's Department of Anthropology, for a final opinion. Another Chicago colleague, Al Dahlberg, would examine the human teeth for us. We hoped to get further anthropological information from his study, perhaps with some generalizations on diet. Fragments of human bone would also be sent to Professor Bill Laughlin of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Oregon for his blood-group tests.

The pottery would go to our old friend and colleague Fred Matson, professor of ceramic engineering at Pennsylvania State College. He would be able to tell us why the Jarmo people had done such a poor job of pottery-making. He would also be able to tell us whether the few good pieces of pottery we had found in the lowest pottery-bearing levels were locally made or were, as we suspected, brought in from outside.

Then there was the charcoal that we had found in the excavations at Palegawra, Karim Shahir, and Jarmo. This would first go to Helbaek so that he could see if there were any indications of plants to be found. After that it would be sent to Professor Elso Barghoorn, an expert on wood at Harvard, to see what kinds of trees could be identified in it. The trees would have some bearing on whether there was a wetter climate prevailing during the time of the Jarmo dwellers than there is at present. The charcoal would end up with Prof. W. F. Libby and his associates at the University of Chicago's Institute of Nuclear Physics and would be used, by means of the radio-active carbon-14 test, to give the approximate ages of Jarmo, Karim Shahir, and Palegawra.

The shells of the land snails that the Jarmo people had eaten would go to Dr. Fritz Haas, conchologist at the Chicago Natural History Museum. Dr. Haas, from a study of the snail shells, might also be able to give us some clues as to the kind of climate that prevailed at the time when the Jarmo people lived in the area. These shells could also be used by Professor Libby in his test. Dr. Haas would be able to tell us, in addition, if some of our other shells had come from the sea—pretty shells used as beads, perhaps brought up from the Persian Gulf. As with the obsidian, these could show us the area over which Jarmo had trading relations.

The stone artifacts found in the excavations—of materials other than flint and obsidian—would be examined by Mrs. Hans Romberg, a petrologist at the University of Chicago. She would be able to tell us, working together with Herb, which were local stones and which had come from further afield.

Then there was Herb and the geological facts he had found out about the area. When he had studied all his material he would be able to tell us much about the environment in which these people—from Barda Balka, Palegawra, Karim Shahir, and Jarmo—had lived.

We had done our best to do a good job in getting the materials out of the ground and in caring for them in the museum-workroom. But to get a fuller picture of our early people at Jarmo and Karim Shahir—and at Palegawra, though to a lesser degree since there was less material—we were dependent on a large variety of experts in many countries. They would have to give us the setting in which the people had lived, and contribute greatly to our understanding of their way of life.

We felt happy about what had been achieved during the season but wished at the same time that we could have

done even more. Our materials would fill in some of the gaps in the story of man at that stage when he was changing over from a food-gatherer to a food-producer—but we still wouldn't begin to have the complete archeological picture.

Institut kurde de Paris

[26] *the division*

OUR REASON FOR ENDING THE DIGGING SEASON WAS VERY simple: we had no more money left.

Since our budget was tight and we wanted to do as much digging on Jarmo as we possibly could, we did a lot of calculating the last two months. We estimated and re-estimated, trying to decide how much we could still put into digging and yet finish our work in Baghdad at the end of the season.

Some of our debts were more-or-less fixed. This was the case with the balance we owed on Abdullah's wages and his travel back to Egypt and the amount we would owe the Iraq Government for Sabri's *per diem*. (Sabri's salary was paid by the Directorate General. He was in addition given a fixed *per diem* for each day he was away from Baghdad, his home base. We were responsible for repaying the Iraq Government the accumulated *per diem* at the end of the season.) But even these two relatively fixed debts would increase or decrease, depending on whether we dug two weeks longer or two weeks less.

Then we had to allow for our living costs in camp for two weeks after the digging was finished. It would take us about this amount of time to finish off our work and get packed up. We could estimate fairly well by now how much it would take to keep us in camp for a week—the food, the kerosene, the wages of Esa, Zahala, Ali, and the guards, etc.

But some of the items were difficult to estimate. How much should we set aside for the trucking to Baghdad and Nippur at the end of the season? Would we need two or three trucks? And how much should we allow for the clearing of our boxes through customs and for their actual shipping to the States? We wanted to get one of the jeeps completely overhauled and in good running condition for the next expedition. We needed to pay back taxes on all the vehicles. There were always last minute debts to settle with the Directorate General, such as paying our final rental fee to the landlord of Jarmo. Then how much time would we have to spend in Baghdad itself in arranging for the antiquities to be shipped?

In the end our calculations finally brought us to the reluctant decision that May 31st would be the deadline for digging and that we would have to be out of camp by June 14th.

We had allowed ourselves five days after May 31st in which to finish our sortings and get ready for the division of antiquities. The Iraqi antiquities law is based on the rights of a sovereign state to its own antiquities, but a division of finds is made at the end of a season of excavation: one-half of the finds remains in the possession of the Iraq Government, the other half is allowed to the foreign institution sponsoring the excavator. There is a clause that specifies that any "unique" object must go into the Baghdad Museum collections. If the Iraq Government wanted to discourage foreign excavations, it could regard almost any

object found in an excavation as "unique" in some way. Actually, the Directorate General of Antiquities is liberal in interpreting what is "unique" and reserves this term for objects that are absolutely *unique* of their kind and which are not already represented in their own collections.

The objects that we had registered and given numbers presented no difficulties. We tried to divide them into two equal shares; seeing to it that each share had, for example, a certain type of stone bowl, a bone spoon, etc. There also had to be an equal number of registered objects in each. It was all to our advantage to make each share as equal as possible, for we didn't know which share the Directorate General would choose for its collections. We weren't quite sure what to do about our great quantities of unregistered objects. If only hundreds were involved—as with the stone bowls—it was not too difficult for Bob Adams to make an equal division of these. Vivian went ahead and divided her thousands of clay objects into two representative shares. But she was dubious as to whether the Directorate General would really want so large a collection; besides she would be glad to have as much as she could for further study in Chicago.

When it came to the flints, we made no attempt to do anything with them before the time of the division. In any case we barely had time to finish off our detailed sorting, level by level. We were also pretty sure that the Directorate General would not want to keep half of the great bulk of flints and would prefer to have us take them back to the States for detailed study. There was no one in the Directorate who had taken up the study of flints.

We kept steaming along right up to the day that our friend, Taha Bekir, arrived June 5th as the representative for the Directorate General on the division. By this time the photography work and the mapping details had been finished, the cataloguing done, the dividable objects divided

and the flints sorted. We were glad of a chance to relax with Taha and Sabri that night—the division itself would begin early the next morning. We had a very jovial evening, with Taha threatening us that he was going to be very mean on the division. Bob, in turn, retorted, “In that case we won’t show you all the gold and the cuneiform tablets that we found in our excavations!” (Deciphering cuneiform was Taha’s specialty.)

The division next morning was quite a simple affair. It began with Jarmo. Taha took one of the two rows of registered objects we had laid out—since they were so equal he practically shut his eyes to make the choice. When it came to the large number of clay objects and the overwhelming bulk of flints, he said that the Directorate would only want good representative collections, level by level and type by type. The Jarmo Division was finished and Taha went over and did the same with the Karim Shahir registered objects and the flints—they would only want a good sampling of the latter. In the cases of Palegawra and Barda Balka, where we were not legally entitled to any of the flints found, as both excavations had been short test digs, he again asked for a representative collection of the implements. He said that the Directorate knew that it was more important for us to have the flints back in the States so we could make a thorough study and report on them. So long as good sample collections of the flints from all the sites were in the study collections of the Baghdad Museum, that was all that was necessary.

In little more than an hour the division had been finished. When it was through, we sat down to an early lunch so that Sabri could drive Taha in to Kirkuk to visit friends and catch the evening train for Baghdad.

We waved good-by to Taha as he and Sabri set off in the jeep. “We’ll see you in Baghdad within a week, *Inshallah!* (if God wills)” we called after him.

[27] *farewell to Jarmo*

CLOSING UP A DIG CAMP IS ALWAYS A DULL, DEPRESSING BUSINESS—the more so when you still have problems you want to solve and know that you won't be able to solve them. There is a lot of plain, old drudgery involved in getting everything accounted for and packed up for shipping. It is somewhat simplified if you return to the same place season after season, for then you can at least leave the digging and household equipment and general odds and ends in the expedition house.

We couldn't really complain too much about this season's close, for the many willing hands pitching in and working together sped the work along and decreased its dullness.

We had one week in which to get everything done.

First we tackled the antiquities in the museum-workroom. Vivian sorted through the clay objects, making sure that the Directorate had a thoroughly representative collection. Then she packed them up and set the boxes aside in a special place. Next she wrapped the rest of the clay objects,

level by level, for their trip back to the States. Liz and Bob Adams were busily doing the same for their categories. It was good that we still had a large amount of toilet paper—it was disappearing rapidly as each object was wrapped and carefully packed in boxes, so there would be no rattling around to break them on the trip to the States.

As the individual boxes were finished, Bob Adams and Gus Swift helped pack the small ones into larger cartons. Those for the Directorate were boldly marked with a B (Baghdad) and kept in one place. The ones we were taking home with us were marked E (Expedition) and packed into large wooden crates.

Bruce and Fred had to go through all the flints from Barda Balka, Palegawra and Karim Shahir, level by level, and pick out a representative collection from each site for the Directorate General. There were fifteen different levels at Jarmo for me to go through. As I finished one collection, putting the various tool types in separate envelopes labelled with the description, I would write down in my notebook a description of all the artifacts going to the Directorate to keep my record straight.

We had a terrible time finding enough envelopes to hold the Directorate sample collections. We used all the envelopes in camp and Mahmud brought us back the last batch to be found in Kirkuk—we just hoped they would hold out.

The paper envelopes were sufficient to contain flints for the trip down to Baghdad, but would have been useless for the trip back home. Their sharp-edges would have cut their way through in no time and the sortings would have been hopelessly mixed. We had anticipated this: Bruce had brought some sturdy cloth bags with him and Helen Glessner had found a family in Kirkuk that made us hundreds of large and small bags of unbleached muslin.

As I finished making the Directorate's collection from one level and set it aside, Bob Adams and Gus got busy at the

tedious job of sacking the rest of the flints from that level for shipment to the States. All the tool types had to be kept separate to save re-doing the same preliminary sorting again. They, also, had to fill out a card to tie to each cloth bag, stating the level and specific tool type.

It took me the better part of two days to finish the Jarmo flints, with both Bob Adams and Gus pitching in. I was much relieved to be through with this dull, sedentary job and looked pityingly at Bruce and Fred who were still hard at work on their flints. They were doing all their own sacking and this was slowing them down.

While the men finished packing up the Jarmo antiquities and nailed up the crates for the States, the girls began other packing jobs—mostly for storage in Nippur for the next expedition. The Nippur people would be returning to the field in the fall and would need to know what was lacking so they could order those items at home to take out with them. So we made a revised inventory for them as we packed, together with a list of notes and suggestions.

Bit by bit the museum-workroom was cleared out—Bob carefully packing up all the survey equipment, the girls tackling the large job of museum supplies, Gus and Bob Adams clearing the tool shelves and the larger equipment that was stored on the top shelves. "Now don't tell me that another pair of pliers has disappeared!" we heard Bob Adams complain. "There isn't a single decent pair left but Vivian's." Meanwhile, Bruce and Fred were quietly sacking and sorting away in their corner in the midst of the havoc.

Esa and Zahala had finished their last washing at Jarmo—and were remarkably cheerful about it! Bob Adams took down the water storage drums that we had to return to the IPC. For the last two days we would go back to the original way of having water hauled up from the well. Abdullah and Mahmud had already begun driving the endless

truck and trailer loads of finished packing to Chalgeh. There they were stored in Sheikh Suliman's courtyard until everything was assembled and the trucks which would take them to Baghdad arrived. Bob had tried, without success, to find truckers who would be willing to come right into camp. All were afraid they would never be able to make the big hill.

Bruce had to leave early to catch his plane back to the States. We waved our last fond farewells as he drove off in not-so-grand style; he and Bob were hauling back the cupboards and washing machine we had borrowed from the Glessners.

We had nearly eaten our way through the large storeroom. We would return what was left to Spinney's and get credit for it. The linens were packed and all the blankets that had been washed—there were some still to be picked up at the laundry woman's in Kirkuk. The wiring and the fluorescent fixtures were down and being packed. "Did anyone pack a water-pitcher? I've packed and checked off five, but haven't seen the sixth." . . . "Where did the *bissa* cloth get packed? It's ours and I wanted to pack it in the footlocker, but now I can't find it." The boys went down to clean out the motor room.

We had found and invested in some paper plates and cups which we could use for the last day in camp. That night, after dinner, we all set to work inventorying and packing up the dishes, tableware, and kitchen equipment that hadn't yet been packed. Esa cleaned the stove for storage. Bob got the Servell ready to ship. "How about calling it quits tonight and getting an early start in the morning?" said Bob. So off we went to our stripped rooms to have our last sleep in camp.

And so the last day arrived.

Abdullah and his helpers began bright and early on the

trucking to Chalgeh. The refrigerator was finally safely hoisted into the back of the truck with many cries of "Ya'allah" and "Imshi". The beds were stripped and set outside. The dirty bedding was stuffed into a duffle bag to be taken to Baghdad with the luggage. We would get the hotel to wash it and keep it in their storeroom until the Nippur people arrived in the fall.

We each said a regretful "Good-by and good-luck!" to Fred, as he set off in the jeep with Liz, bound for Sulimaniyeh. As of now, Fred was detached from the American Schools' staff and for the next two months—as ethnologist for the Ethnographic Museum of the University of Oslo—would make a modern village study in one of the Kurdish villages up near Sulimaniyeh. Liz was getting an early start with Fred, so as to be back again before we all set off for Baghdad.

"Where can we pack all this junk that's left?" Vivian asked plaintively, looking at those last miscellaneous odds and ends assembled on the one remaining table in the work-room.

Presently Abdullah came back for his last load. We bade good-by to the guards and waited to see whether Abdullah could get the truck started before we took off in the jeeps and station-wagon. He couldn't. But the ground was level, so the men pushed until the motor caught. Finally we were off. "Good-by, dear house and friendly hills, and thank you for sheltering us all through the season. We'll miss you."

We were sorry to be making this last trip over the roller-coaster rough track. But when we got down into the *wadi*, we forgot to be sorry and just looked and groaned. There was Bob stuck on the big hill. It looked like quite a long time before the car would be towed up, so I reached into my knitting bag and pulled out *Huckleberry Finn*. "How about some reading?" I called to the children. They came running up and we found a shady spot in the shelter of

one of the rocky ledges on the hillside and relaxed. ". . . So, thinks I, I'll go and search them rooms. Upstairs the hall was dark but I found the duke's room, and started to paw around it with my hands." I closed the book. We would have to wait to see what he found in the duke's room, for the truck was finally towing Bob up the big hill. It stalled once, but safely backed down into the *wadi* and was pushed again until the motor started. As we followed, I thought, "Don't care if this *is* the last trip up this hill for a good long time!"

It was getting dark as we pulled into Kirkuk and said good-bye to Esa and Zahala. They were going to catch a bus up north for their village in the mountains. They would spend the summer there (and the baby would be safely born, we hoped) and then Esa would begin looking for work in the fall. We hoped all would go well with them and that Esa would find a good job with some of the IPC people. Bob had given him one letter of recommendation to the Head of Employment in the IPC and another addressed, "To whom it may concern."

As we circled around the Glessners to park, we noticed a large truck at the back door. Jeff was there supervising the loading of furniture. "We certainly picked just the right time for coming," we called. Jeff laughed and told us to go into the house and make ourselves at home wherever we could. The Glessners were leaving for Beirut and the States in a few days on a sabbatical, and were moving all their furniture up to Mosul for storage.

Inside we found Helen Glessner. She smiled when she saw us and said, "Well, you look about ready for a bath!"

The trip from Kirkuk to Baghdad was completely mad from beginning to end. We had, at first, talked about spending the night at the Rest House and getting an early morning start; but this would have meant hot daytime hours on

the desert stretch. If we left at night (after our baths at the Glessners and a few last chores in Kirkuk), it would mean that we would get into Baghdad—with any luck—in the early hours of the morning. We were all a bit on the tired side, but the ride would, at least, be cool. We had Mahmud with us and that meant there were six drivers for four vehicles. So a little rest would be possible.

The road was very dusty. We spread out and staggered the cars across the entire road to avoid as much dust as possible. The wind was shifty that night; so, as it shifted, the three following cars would stagger themselves to the other side of the road. The dust was thick, even so, and we had difficulty seeing ahead of us. It seemed an endless trip, with hours between each familiar landmark. At one point we passed Abdullah with the trucks. Occasionally we stopped to stretch, change drivers, or get a bite to eat to keep up our energy. And still we rode on and on.

At the town of Deltawah the road divided and went in various directions. While Vivian and I stopped to make up our minds which road to follow, Gus Swift flew by us in the blue jeep. We could only see him for the few seconds he was silhouetted in the lights of our car and then he was swallowed up in the darkness beyond. But we had never seen him driving the jeep before; he sat up so tall and straight, looking neither to the right or to the left, and so entirely intent on his driving, that in our weakened condition it struck us as awfully funny. We burst out laughing and had a hard time stopping.

At the far end of the town we saw the others and counted ourselves and the car lights, "One, two, three, four," we were still together.

We drove into Baghdad around six o'clock. When we got to the hotel, I wasn't even conscious of what the others were up to, but found out our room number from the porter and went straight up with the children following. By

now they, of course, were wide awake after a good night's sleep, but I told them to be quiet and find something to keep themselves busy. Then I threw myself down on the bed—dirty as I was—and was out like a light.

Summer hours were again in force in Baghdad. Our mornings were spent at the Directorate and the Museum. The first job was to check over the boxes for the Directorate and make sure that all their share was there.

We saw Bob Adams and Liz off within a few days; Bob for Aleppo in Syria, where he was going to begin a small tour of the area, Liz for her home in Beirut. The Expedition was dwindling fast. We hoped that the rest of us would be free to leave soon. Baghdad is hot in June and, besides, our real reason for being in Iraq had ended and we felt we should be on our way.

We had our final accounting with our faithful friend, Abdullah, wished him well and hoped we would see him again before too many years had passed. He was understandably anxious to get back to his home and family in Egypt. He had been gone for over a year. During this time there had been a new addition to the family and a death—one child, who had always been frail. Abdullah was first going by train to northern Syria to visit the grave of his first-born, a little daughter born during an excavation season there, and then to Egypt.

We said good-by to Mahmud. As we paid him what we owed him, we suggested that he had better hurry home with his money before he spent it all in Baghdad. His great ambition now was to be a truck driver and we hoped that he would get the chance he was looking for. As with Abdullah, we were a little wistful when he left. Mahmud had also become a part of our lives. We had no worries about Abdullah—he had for many years capably taken care of himself and those around him, and would continue to do so.

But what would become of Mahmud? We just hoped that life wouldn't treat him too roughly.

There were still many mornings to be spent in the Directorate while they got the papers in order that would permit us to take the antiquities out of the country. Our clearance agent had left Iraq and Sabri took over all the leg-work of getting the boxes cleared. But it took some days.

We had time now, in the afternoons, to go into the large Baghdad *souks*, for offices closed at noon for the day. We did some leisurely shopping for our friends at home. Since we had enough time, it was fun to bargain to see how low we could get the prices.

We spent a pleasant afternoon with Sabri, Hadhia and the children at their house in Baghdad. We had time to see some of the handsome old buildings, and, one noon, had a picnic lunch with Fuad and Sabri in the open courtyard of a lovely old building on the river bank, which is now used as a storage place by the Directorate. Sabri prepared the lunch and had made various Baghdad specialties. We particularly enjoyed the Tigris fish that had been broiled over charcoal.

We had many chats with Michael Zia and took him to task for not visiting us in camp. He promised to come next time, and added that, even if it were many years hence, he would still keep the children at half-rates until they were twenty-one. We thought to ourselves that it would be a fine thing if the boat and railway companies would have as generous instincts as Michael!

Vivian and I even tried our hand at cooking for the Zia. We had been spoiled by the chocolate ice cream we had been making in camp—a creamless recipe given us years earlier by friends in Beirut. When we suggested to Michael that he might improve the Zia ice-cream by adding a little salt, he suggested that Vivian and I give his cook a demonstration in ice cream making. We were delighted.

We went down to the Zia kitchen right after lunch one day. We found it comparatively cool since it was a large room down in the basement and had good cross-ventilation. It was very clean and neat, with large broad tables and counters. The pots and pans were overwhelmingly large and the stoves enormous. We did our cooking—a large potful since we were making a gallon—over a kerosene stove that burned much better than ours in camp. But we were surprised to see that they had some of the efficient wood or coal-burning Swedish stoves that we had known in the States. The cook explained that they only used these during the winter as they warmed the room up more than the kerosene stoves, but he agreed that they were excellent and regretted not being able to use them now as he especially missed them in baking.

Our mixture was finally cooked. We left it with the cook to cool and told him how much evaporated milk to add just before freezing. They used a very large hand-turned dasher type of freezer. And in the late afternoons, while we were showering and dressing, the pleasant sounds of the crunching ice would drift up to us through the window that opened out on the narrow court off the kitchen. We all particularly enjoyed the ice cream that night. Michael had some special guests for dinner and we felt pleased when he came over and said his guests had especially complimented him on it. The cook did a fair job of copying our demonstration and, for the rest of our stay, the ice cream was quite good.

But finally the last crates were sealed and all was arranged for their shipment to Beirut—via train to Mosul, to Aleppo in Syria, down to Beirut and then to the first boat bound for the States.

We said “good-by” to all our friends in the Directorate and to Michael. Vivian, Gus, the children and I settled ourselves into Gus’ car to retrace the road leading north to Kir-

kuk—and beyond to Mosul. Bob would see that the shipment actually got on the train and would take the night train up to Mosul and meet us there. From Mosul on, we had a rugged two weeks' itinerary planned that would take us to the main archeological sites that had been dug in northern Syria and southern Turkey.

As we left Mosul on June 24th, 1951, and headed off for the northwest towards the Syrian border on roads that were new to us, we all felt the season had ended.

"How soon will we see Tante Irma?" asked Douglas optimistically.

Institut kurde de Paris

a few books about general and Near Eastern archeology

W. F. ALBRIGHT; *The Archaeology of Palestine* (British Pelican, 1949)

ROBERT J. BRAIDWOOD; *The Near East and the Foundations for Civilization* (University of Oregon Press, 1952)

JAMES H. BREASTED; *The Conquest of Civilization* (Harper, 1938)

JAMES H. BREASTED; *The Oriental Institute* (University of Chicago, 1933)

V. GORDON CHILDE; *Man Makes Himself* (Mentor Books, 1951)

GRAHAME CLARKE; *Archaeology and Society* (Methuen, London, 1947)

HENRI FRANKFORT; *The Birth of Civilization in the Near East* (University of Indiana, Bloomington, 1951)

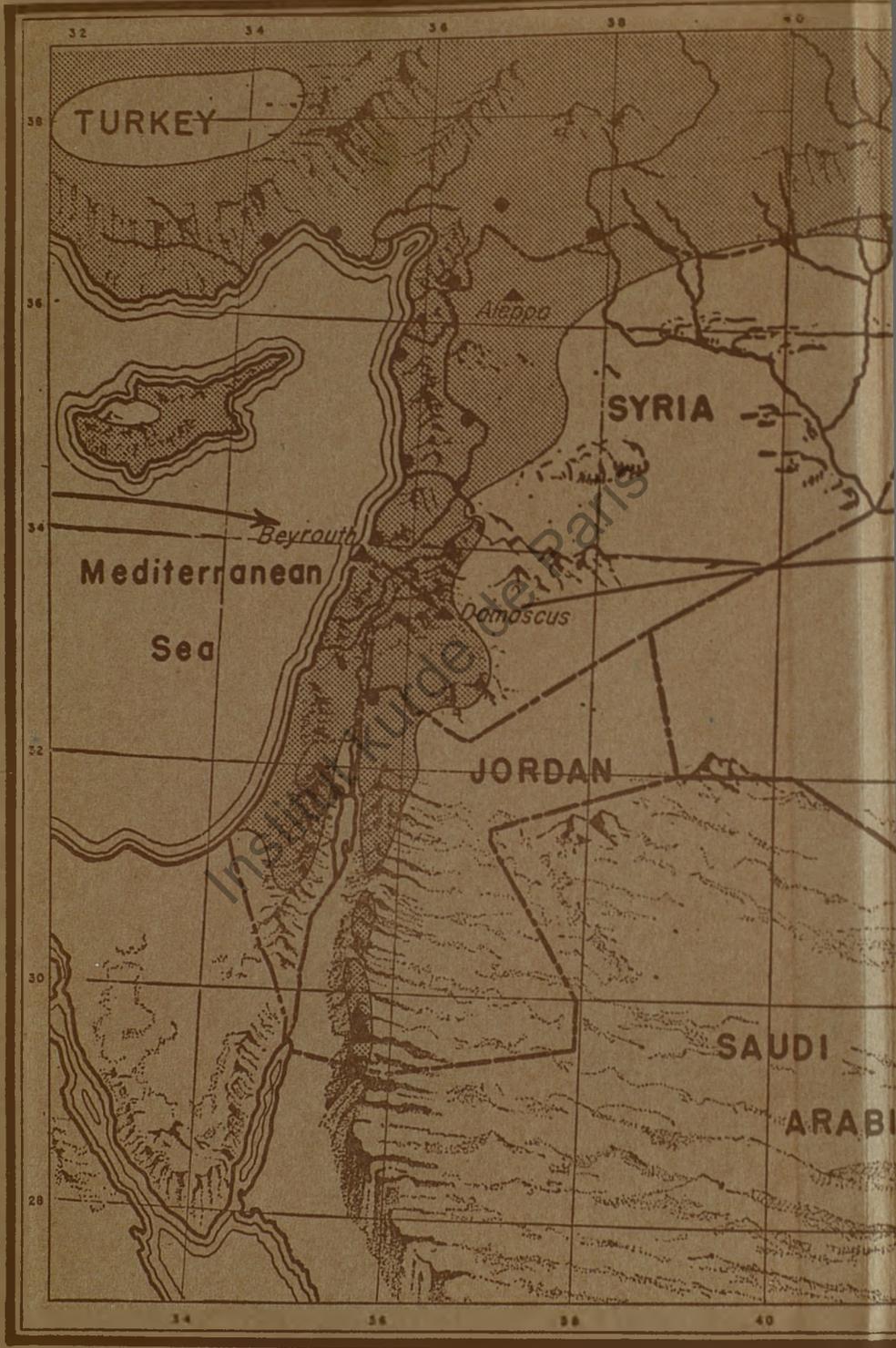
JOHN A. WILSON; *The Burden of Egypt* (University of Chicago, 1951)

ARCHAEOLOGY—a quarterly magazine, published by the American Institute of Archaeology, Andover Hall, Cambridge 38, Mass. Contains non-academic and well illustrated articles, dealing with the antiquities of the whole world



Institut Kurde de Paris

Institut kurde de Paris





Institut kurde de Paris

LINDA BRAIDWOOD was educated at Wellesley and the Universities of Munich, Michigan, and Chicago. She is married to the archaeologist Robert J. Braidwood.

She herself is a staff member of the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago. In 1937-38, 1947-48, and 1950-51 she was a member of its expeditions to Syria and Iraq. Between digging seasons she works on the Institute's publications, and she is also an editorial advisor for *Archaeology*.

Institut kurde de Paris

ABELARD-SCHUMAN LTD

Publishers

LONDON AND NEW YORK

Institut kurde de Paris