

... description: 1926, Mountfort Mills 26 March  
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### Notes

Confidential to you and Roy. N.S.A if you think best.

March 26, 1926

Dear Horace,

Just a line for 15 days mail to tell you I am back here again and at Shoghi Effendi's cabled request to do a little more work on the Baghdád matter. Nothing has gone wrong, but in the course of trying to \_\_\_\_\_ through the \_\_\_\_\_ decided on by the authorities some unforeseen questions have come up that made it seem harsh to the guardian to have me at this end. It's a difficult problem at best, enmeshed in Iraqi politics and complicated by the wish of the mandatory power nor interfere more than absolutely necessary with the stumbling of its \_\_\_\_\_ in its efforts to stand up on its own feet and take its place among grown-ups. The British are with us but hope to find a way to do it without too much strong arm work. With our better knowledge of the folk they are dealing with, through our friends there, it looks as if eventually a stilter course must be adopted. I am glad to say there has never been a suggestion that we are outright nor a doubt expressed but that a way to give back the property must be found. So we have every reason to believe in ultimate success. The problem is to hurry it on.

It may be helpful for the convention to take some action that could be communicated here and to Baghdád. I'll consult Shoghi Effendi and either he or I, if he wishes, will let you know. I've only just arrived.

Unfortunately, I was very heard down and out during a good deal of the time here – strehtoeocie poisoning, was the high sounding name thus gave in. I couldn't throw in off in this \_\_\_\_\_, *but did finally get back to Paris, but only to get what I hope was its final kick that completely flattened*

*things. I was just coming too in the sunny South when a cable came from Haifa asking me to return here instead of going on there which I was about to do. So here I am. See this self stuff to explain seeming neglect of your honourable official communication and more in* , lack of \_\_\_\_\_ to your kindly personal letters of sympathy and – more than you know – encouragement and cheer.

And now there seems no chance for me of San Francisco. From the guardian's letter following the cable it will probably be Haifa after here, unless a \_\_\_\_\_ unlooked for success results sooner than there is any reason to expect. It's a rashing handicap in line to be so far away from Baghdád. But that's that and it has to be taken as it is. My desire for San Francisco was all selfish for reasons you will realize. Over here is 99% desert in the things we know most count and I did long for and, God knows, do need, the blessed benediction of fellowship for a while with all you who have been so quick with service this past year. And you know what our conventions – yes, everyone of them – do for us. Well, take a deep draught for me, assimilate it as you so well can and send it along over here.

I'm particularly sorry not to have talked over with the guardian the many things you asked me to. I shall; of course, when I see him, if be chance that should be in reason, I'll get word to you at San Francosco.

You ask my plans. I have none. Hopes, yes, but every time I try] a plan of late the heavens – I hope it's the heavens – upon and it is no more.

God bless you – everyone of you and all your \_\_\_\_\_ did work!

As ever,

Mountfort