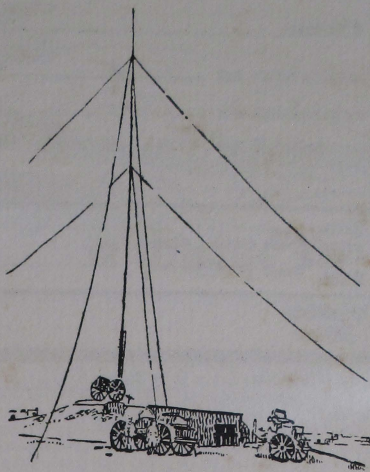


# 1919

## "D" TROOP

### IN KURDISTAN



No. 16 Wagon Station, Mosul.

Back in Baghdad "D" Troop Headquarters inherited "The Billet." Courtyards that in war-time had buzzed with life now echoed empty. Its luck was out. Did it not have the slowest trip across ever, a matter of three months? And likewise a terrific month in an Egyptian isolation camp? However, for the present it had no horses, and in consequence there was no watering-up or grooming to do. The five stations, now on a motor basis, were disposed as follows:—

No. 2 Wagon, Baqubah—as chief directing station.

No. 15 Lorry (Daimler set), Kalat Shergat—attached to the 55th Infantry Brigade.

No. 16 Wagon (with a captured Telefunken set), Mosul.

No. 13 Pack (in vans), Mosul—standing by.

No. 14 Pack (in vans), Kirkuk—whence it had gone from Mosul to relieve No. 1 Wagon Station.

Lieut. Sandars was appointed to command of the unit, with the rank of Captain.

On the 2nd of February, 1919, the wagon at Baqubah was destroyed by fire, whereupon No. 15 Lorry was withdrawn from Kalat Shergat and commenced duty at Baqubah on the 16th—the same day as that on which Squadron Headquarters and "A," "B," and "C" Troops embarked at Advanced Base for the voyage down the river.

March and April passed without incident. On May 2nd No. 14 Station returned to Baghdad, but on the 17th its personnel left for a village near Amadia in Kurdistan, going via Mosul and Zacho, in order to relieve the men of No. 24 Station of the 2nd (British) Wireless Squadron (which had taken part in the Shergat operations in October). The relief was effected by the 23rd of the month. On the same day No. 13 opened at Zacho—Britain's garrison post on the Turkish frontier—which is situated on an island in the Khabur River. The route to Zacho could hardly be called a road (although it eventually became accessible for wheeled traffic); beyond, pack-transport had to be utilized. A Turkish telegraph-line served to indicate the line of the road more efficiently than to carry messages.

## KURDISTAN.

These movements took our men into the heart of Kurdistan, a country of rugged mountains and valleys, whose only vegetation is a few stunted shrubs. Wherever a small pocket of workable soil occurs in a valley, there is to be found a community of wild, lawless men, who pasture just enough sheep and goats and till just enough of the soil to keep themselves equal to maintaining a feud with two or three neighbours. The Kurd, being alien to Turk, Persian, and Arab, has always lived in a chronic state of warfare with the powers that be. Moreover, the country in which he lives is not exclusively his own; scattered over it are villages of many of the Eastern Christian sects—Georgians, Syrians, Chaldeans, and Nestorians. In some districts the Christians manage to live in amity with the Kurds, but in others there exist bitter feuds or else a state of latent hostility. After the Armistice, a big tract of this country came under British control, and, as usual, Britain did not shrink from the task of bringing peace to a troubled land. Political officers and their staffs were at once established at Suleimaniyah (visited by No. 8 Station in December, 1918), Zacho, Amadia, and other important centres.

Amadia, a walled town of oval shape, set (2,000 feet above a valley) on a flat-topped spur of the Ser Amadia range, dates from ancient times as a protection-post for the caravans coming down from the Van country to Mesopotamia. It has but four entrances, each of which can practically be defended by a single man. Owing to its elevated position, however, it suffers from an unsatisfactory water-supply. By the beginning of 1919 a new route to Amadia was opened up via Dohuk roadhead (45 miles from Mosul), sappers and miners having made the track beyond Dohuk passable for troops and pack-animals moving in single file; in addition, night-resting posts (each with a supply of water) were instituted along the way. It then took four days of exceedingly heavy going to cover the 39 miles between Dohuk and Amadia, besides which the hours of darkness had largely to be given up to picquet duty, in order to ensure the safety of the camp. At Amadia the political staff and *gendarmerie* lived in the



<b>Station</b> _____	<b>Abteilung</b> _____
angenommen am ____/____ 19 ____ Uhr ____ Min. <small>vorm. nachm.</small>	durch _____
aufgenommen am ____/____ 19 ____ Uhr ____ Min. <small>vorm. nachm.</small>	durch _____ von _____
befördert am ____/____ 19 ____ Uhr ____ Min. <small>vorm. nachm.</small>	durch _____ an _____

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**Fern-  
Licht-  
Funk-  
Spruch** Nr. \_\_\_\_\_ aus \_\_\_\_\_

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**Dienstliche  
Zusätze:**

<b>Abfender:</b>	<b>in Befdg.</b>	<b>Ort</b>
	Abgegangen	
	Angekommen	

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An									
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Portion of log-sheet used by German operators, Mosul Wagon Station.

town itself, the nearest British troops being at the village of Bebadî, two miles distant on the Zacho road. At Bebadî was also No. 24 Wireless Station, the staff of which were to be relieved by the men of No. 14 Australian station.

The work of a political officer in this almost unknown country was both dangerous and difficult. Troops could not always be spared to accompany him when first taking over, and his safety accordingly depended on native guides and levies of questionable loyalty. Even when he was settled in office he had to exercise almost superhuman wisdom and tact in the exercise of his duties; and not the least of his worries was the partiality of his *gendarmes*, who would set off with the greatest eagerness for an attack upon their enemies, but with equal slowness if ordered to deal with their friends.

### AMADIA.

Up till then everything had been quiet in Kurdistan; the tribesmen seemed to respect the power that had been able to break Ottoman prestige. But such a state of affairs was too good to last. Murmurs grew to rumblings. The weakness of Bebadî Post from a defensive point of view becoming more obvious, the garrison was ordered into Amadia citadel until a more satisfactory point could be found. In Amadia we renovated old tumble-down houses and barracks, sprayed disinfectant lavishly, and soon made ourselves comfortable. But water had to be obtained from outside the town, and H.Q. experienced the greatest difficulty in supplying it with even a percentage of our rations.

Before long our survey parties found, at a point 23 miles to the south-west, the pass of Suwara Atika, which was pronounced suitable for a garrison post. Accordingly, on June 4th, the troops moved out from Amadia, leaving behind the political officer and his two assistants, No. 24 Station (nine Australians), and about 80 *gendarmes* (whose loyalty it was considered, would not stand any great strain).

The withdrawal of the garrison proved to be a psychological error, giving the tribesmen the idea that we were afraid of them. Rumors cropped up everywhere, and several anonymous letters were received by the political officer. But he felt quite confident of his position, and, as for us, we seemed to be on such friendly terms with the leading citizens that nothing was further from our minds than any thought of hostile feeling.

Meanwhile an Indian telegraph unit was working double shift to get the land-line through. By the last week in June this was completed and tested; and on the 28th we, too, took the mountain trail to Suwara.

### No. 24 AT SUWARA.

Here we spent a fortnight settling down in camp. Then, in the morning of July 15th a message for the political officer at Mosul was handed to us for transmission. That message, which struck our hearts with dismay, was to be the forerunner of many a batch of high-speed traffic. It read:—

"Letter just received from Abdul Latif, headman of Amadia, saying Hamasala and Shaban used force against Government officials in Amadia last night about 23 hours. Abdul Latif heard noises from his garden, and did not go to Amadia. Says he is sure political officer has been killed."

At half-past five we knew the truth—our friends of a fortnight ago were dead. The second message ran:

"Gendarme arrived from Daoudieh states that the mukhtar (headman) of Tini brought news that he was in Amadia last night and knows that Captain Willey, Lieut. MacDonald, Sergeant Troup and two Christian *gendarmes* were killed. No further news can be obtained."

### MOSUL ACTS QUICKLY.

Before dawn next morning the chief political officer of the district, Colonel Leachman, arrived post-haste at



Royal Air Force aeroplane flying above the mountains of Kurdistan (from an official photograph.)



Suwara, and by the afternoon there had been formed a small punitive column—consisting of a company of Garhwali infantry, a mountain-gun, a machine-gun, and No. 24 Station—which moved out without delay for Amadia. The following account of its operations has been supplied by an Australian who took part in them.

### THE AMADIA COLUMN.

"Leading our pack-horses and mules, we trekked along the great valley, and, after a weary march of about fifteen miles, halted for the night at a defensive position, the wireless station erecting its mast and working traffic with Mosul. At dawn we were off again, and soon the plateau of Amadia was to be seen ahead, the sun shining on its minarets and white buildings. About 7 a.m., after climbing more hills, we found ourselves close to Bebad, a couple of miles from Amadia. Packs were then taken off, and patrols sent out to reconnoitre; and we expected any minute to see two R.A.F. aeroplanes which were coming from Mosul to assist us.

"We had rested but a few minutes when about 200 rifles opened fire from the rugged hills above us. With bullets kicking up the dust all round, we improved our position as best we could. The mountain and machine-guns replied, but, seeing that any further advance was at the moment impossible, the C.O. decided to withdraw. In the meantime, just as our station was advising Mosul about the "appreciable" opposition, the two 'planes arrived and dropped some bombs on the Kurdish position. Then, juggling mast-sections and gyroscopes as bullets zipped and whined uncomfortably close, we dismantled the station.

"When the tribesmen realised that we were retiring, they increased their fire, and, hurrying from ridge to ridge, kept up the attack for miles. Our two guns covered the withdrawal magnificently, and we sustained few casualties. Descending from a level stretch into a deep nullah about three-quarters of a mile long, we were greeted on the flank by a fresh band of Kurds, who poured in their fire at close quarters. The air was alive with flying lead; leaves were flicked from the trees as we hurried on, yet a wounded Indian driver was the only casualty at this point.

"Issuing at last from the nullah, we climbed a high ridge and were thus in a better defensive position; the tribesmen evidently realised this, for they now abandoned the fight. However, we had to reach Suwara before nightfall, so the march was continued at a forced pace. By now both men and animals were feeling the strain; large numbers of Garhwalis, who are usually noted for their powers of endurance, began to drop out in a state of collapse. The last few miles to the pass were up-hill, and the column had literally to be pushed over every foot of the rough and rocky track. Every step was painful.

"Once back at Suwara, mules were sent out to bring in a number of sepoy who were too knocked up to walk; and the exhausted 'Wireless' had to erect station and keep 'sparks' flying until eleven o'clock."

Next morning the great valley was astir, and the situation was only too clear. Refugees, mostly from the various Christian villages, came pouring in, fleeing from trouble which they knew would overtake them if they stayed in their homes after the withdrawal of the British. After receiving food at the post, they were sent on to Mosul, where they could be looked after. They were in a terrible plight, all clothed in dirty old rags; and women were carrying infants tied in slings on their backs.

The failure of Leachman's expedition, and consequent loss of British prestige, made immediate action necessary. The Kurds had thrown down the gauntlet, and we could not afford to let the challenge pass. Accordingly, two mobile forces—known as "Nightingale's Column" and "Lumb's Column"—were organised at Mosul and Zacho respectively from troops of the 18th Division. Nightingale's Column ("Nighcol"), with No. 14 Station attached, left immediately for Suwara, and, after resting there for a few days, moved out on active operations at the beginning of August.

### A DIVERSION.

Before "Nighcol" arrived at Suwara, however, the Kurds caused a slight diversion by raiding one of our supply-columns, killing one or two *gendarmes* and Indians, and getting away with a couple of mule-loads of "loot". Shortly after this our intelligence received information that the raid was only part of a plan involving an attack in strength on Suwara post; it also discovered that our chief enemy was Rechid Beg, who was actively assisted by the Sheikhs of Bermaneh (Bahadin) and Hamzan, and by Abdul Latif, headman of Amadia. The arch conspirator, accompanied by a body-guard, came on to Suwara a few days afterwards and loudly protested his innocence. He failed, however, to produce the Amadia murderers; a day or two later he was given twenty-four hours to evacuate the valley, and was warned of the intended reprisals.

### AT ZACHO.

Meanwhile in the Zacho district, to the west affairs had been moving in a similar fashion, though not quite so dramatically.

The first few months spent by No. 13 Station with the Garhwali garrison had been fairly quiet, but it was the quiet before the storm. The Guli and Goyan tribesmen, with their very oriental spirit, soon began to be somewhat contemptuous of a power that treated them with equality. This feeling, secret at first, soon found expression in raids on the village, which, though exciting,





A Kurdish village set on fire during the reprisal operations.

usually ended without damage, our picquets early giving the alarm, and the machine-guns and Very lights completing the job. No reprisals were undertaken, with the result that the tribesmen became still bolder; a political officer met death at their hands, and peaceful villages lived in terror of them.

The tragedy at Amadia brought matters to a head, and Zacho, like Suwara, its companion post, was called upon to provide a punitive force. This was Lumb's Column, which moved out on August 18th and arrived the following day at Kawoka, meeting with but slight opposition. No. 13 Station accompanied the column.

### NIGHTCOL BEGINS.

The first place to be attacked was Bermaneh, the stronghold\* of Rechid Beg and his brother Bahadin, less than eight miles from Suwara. That eight miles, however, included mountain ranges up to 7,000 feet in height; in addition it had the advantage of excellent natural defences. The natural corollary to this was a surprise attack, and a start was accordingly made about 9 p.m. on the 1st of August—a night bitterly cold and as black as pitch. It was a tough job leading mules over the steep inclines and hills of unknown country, strewn with boulders, while only those who have led these animals through creeks at midnight know what difficulties that task involves. Mules will never wade a stream; instead, they insist on jumping, a process that usually lands them midway across with fresh determination to stay there. The only thing then to do is call on the assistance of some infantrymen, and half-carry, half-push the beasts forward!

The column re-assembled at dawn, and, although an hour late, succeeded in surprising the Kurds. Bermaneh was rushed as planned, the tribesmen nevertheless putting up a good defence. About eleven o'clock, realising that the game was up, they retreated into the Ser Amadia range, from which they sniped at our infantrymen, who by this time were going through the village collecting arms and commandeering foodstuffs. The chief prize, however, was nothing less than the person of Sheikh Bahadin and his household; so by way of adding insult to injury, engineers blew up his house with explosives.

Late that night the column reached the friendly village of Daoudieh, here linking up with its supply train. Next morning it visited Hamzan (whose hostile sheikh has already been referred to), and a good haul of vegetables and fowls was made. This day the wireless station was out of action till midnight, being repaired only by superhuman efforts on the part of the station mechanic; but all traffic was cleared by daylight.

### TROUBLES OF No. 14.

What a time the wireless was having! Their fragile gear was all but smashed to smithereens every hour through the pack mules stumbling or knocking their loads against overhanging ledges of rock; half the night was spent in traffic instead of sleep; and by 3 a.m. they were packing up again. The wireless station was, of course, the last thing to be dismantled, for it had to hang on until the clearing message came through from

\*In addition to a mutual stronghold, they had their own villages—see next page.

Mosul. In addition, as the operators had to work at a fairly swift rate in order not to keep it waiting. Another trial lay in the fact that the aerial masts must be kept inside the camp perimeter, which meant that they had to be erected and dismantled across mule-lines, etc., to the tune of much good Australian.

The attack on Zewa, a village not far from Bermaneh, proved disappointing. Here we did not even get any provisions, and so went to bed hungry, with pains from eating scraps of half-cooked chapatty. Supplies were replenished at Daoudieh, and the column went off to Aradina. Although on our approach white flags were hoisted by the villagers, a search was made for rifles of which more than a hundred were secured.

### BACK TO AMADIA.

This was the end of the campaign against the conspirators personally; from now onwards the effort was to be concentrated upon locating the murderers. As a preliminary measure the column moved, *viâ* Bedadi, to the old fortress town of Amadia. Except for a few Nestorians it, too, was deserted, the Kurds, warned of our approach, having thought it wiser to flee into the hills, from which they could put up a better defence. The Nestorians pointed out to the G.O.C. the graves of the murdered officers, whose bodies Abdul Latif had caused to be buried. Next day picquets were sent out into the hills in order to protect the Masurka Gorge (the sole pass through the Ser Amadia range), by which the column would later proceed, and to command the route leading to it. Inquiries were made as to the identity of the murderers, and, during a search of the village, there came to light British military stores that had been pillaged from convoys. This led to the arrest of a number of Kurds, in outlying villages, who were tried by court-martial.

The column rested in Amadia for five days, and during the second week of August, as the picquets, having observed no sign of the enemy, reported the hills clear, a detachment left the main camp about 7 a.m. with half-an-hour's march in front of it before it would reach the entrance to the Masurka Gorge. Good progress was made, and the leading troops were about midway through the gorge when on both sides, at a distance of fifty yards, heavy rifle-fire broke out against the centre of the column, which, on account of the narrowness of the ravine, was moving in single file. Ambushed thus, there was little chance of escape for those upon whom the fire was directed, and confusion reigned as animals stampeded and men dived for cover. The troops in front, however, managed to reach the upper end of the gorge and break out to cover, as did some of the rear parties from the other entrance. It was at least half-an-hour before news of the disaster reached Amadia, whereupon reinforcements and mountain-guns were immediately despatched to retake the gorge and drive the Kurds from the hillsides—a task which was to tax them severely.

The work of clearing the country to the west of the gorge was entrusted to the Gurkhas, that on the eastern side to the Garhwals with the machine and mountain-guns. But it was no easy matter to dislodge from the craggy slopes an enemy so used to fighting in such country; and as the advance proceeded the guns had



frequently to be man-handled to fresh positions. On the western side the Gurkhas had to undertake a stiff climb of 2,000 feet, but they accomplished it in two and a half hours, fighting all the way—a really marvellous feat. In spite of heavy firing from the Kurds they held on until reinforced next day, when the position was consolidated. Enemy opposition had by then diminished, but a constant sniping fire made picqueting extremely dangerous.

The guerrilla warfare continued for four days, after which the Kurds finally gave up their attacks and withdrew to the other side of the range. The position then became easier, though it was never safe to leave the gorge unprotected, as Kurdish scouts still in the hills made isolated attacks.

Midnight on August 14th will be remembered for a thrilling false alarm, in which the whole camp turned out, wireless included. But the only "enemy" that appeared were a few Indian stretcher-bearers who had stampeded earlier in the operations.

### SUWARA ATTACKED.

At this juncture the post at Suwara—the loss of which would have been a serious blow, since it commanded the main British line of communication to Dohuk and Mosul, and in addition contained a fairly large reserve of stores—was attacked in earnest. Forcing a picquet, the Kurds penetrated to within 250 yards of the camp. The British troops were outnumbered by four to one, there being at the time less than 500 rifles at the post. Land-line communications were cut, so No. 24 wireless station had to open up, and, at 7.15 a.m., under heavy fire, urgent messages asking for assistance were sent out to both "Nightcol" and Mosul.

The aeroplanes asked for from Mosul arrived two hours later, and it is believed that the Kurds lost their sheikh about the same time. The tide turned: the enemy war drums no longer beat triumphantly, and the attackers drew off. Had they but known how to push home their attack, nothing could have saved the post. During the day reinforcements arrived from "Nightcol", having covered the 21 miles of rough country in the record time of seven hours.

### "NIGHTCOL" REORGANISED.

After one or two smaller alarms, affairs at Suwara quietened down again, and on August 19th the "Nightcol" party was able to return to Amadia, where preparations were being made for a new advance *via* Masurka Gorge. At Hazié, an unimportant village eight miles out, the party camped for the night, pushing on next morning to Derghali, the home of Rechid Beg's brother, which was burned together with several smaller villages in the neighbourhood. Of the enemy there was as usual no sign. Deir Sherish, Rechid Beg's own village, was next visited, but that wily individual had taken with him all his goods and valuables. Nevertheless, all the important houses were blown up and the crops destroyed. In the meantime "Nightcol" made its headquarters at Derghali. It was now the end of August.

### "LUMBCOL" AT SHABKANE KALE

#### No. 13 STATION.

The narrative must now turn to the adventures of "Lumbcol" during this period. On August 20th a reconnaissance was carried out towards Benuna, some three miles to the north-east of Kawoka; considerable opposition was met with, the enemy fire coming mainly from a precipitous ridge overlooking the village on the south. This ridge being stormed by the Garhwalis, supported by a mountain-battery, the Kurds fled to another (a natural rock fortress, known as Shabkane Kale), which covered the village on the northern side, and was itself protected by a deep chasm and, to the south, by cliffs 3000-4000 feet in height. Here the

enemy was completely hidden; nevertheless the mountain battery shelled the position until the afternoon, when the column withdrew to Kawoka.

The following day aeroplanes bombed the Kurdish stronghold, and were heavily fired on while so engaged. On the 22nd the column moved out to the east of Benuna "strafing" villages in the neighbourhood of the Kharbur River; when returning to camp the Kurds attempted to close in, but were effectively stopped by machine and Lewis gun fire. Then in the course of the afternoon a party of Gulis under Sadio Beru and also a party of Kurds were encountered, but they, too, were both driven back with heavy loss. Next morning before dawn the British force set out to return to Birsawi, and at daybreak, while moving through the valley, the enemy opened fire from the surrounding heights. For a time the position looked serious, but the machine-guns were at length able to cover the withdrawal, and, after slow progress, Birsawi—only eight miles distant—was reached nine hours later.

### "LUMBCOL" RAIDED.

The column remained here until August 28th. Then, shortly after midnight, it moved out again for Kawoka, arriving there at 11 a.m. after an exhausting march. No opposition was met with on the way, but from the moment it reappeared at Kawoka sniping fire began to come from the ridges ahead. During the night an enemy raiding party got in between the outposts, and from the south directed a heavy fire on the camp, particularly in the vicinity of the wireless station. It was at first thought that a large force of Kurds had penetrated the lines, and the excitement was increased when one of the mountain-battery star-shells hovered immediately above the camp; but this conjecture was probably wrong, for they drew off after a quarter of an hour's retaliation from every gun in camp.



Bahadin, Sheikh of Bermaneh—one of the conspirators.



The wireless set and engine were in a small dugout covered by a tent-fly, and, although every care had been taken to prevent the exposure of lights, it was afterwards surmised that one of the operators going through the doorway had probably allowed a ray from the hurricane lamp to escape into the darkness—hence the target. At any rate the Column H.Q. Staff, camped but ten yards away, were next morning somewhat curious as to why the Kurds should have picked on them and the wireless station!

## BENUNA.

By this time it had been decided that both columns were to make a joint attack on the Guli tribesmen, who from their Benuna fastness continually raided and harassed the neighbouring Christian villages. The idea was to launch a surprise attack from three points. The "Nightcol" troops, who were called upon to make forced night-marches, each man carrying his rations in his haversack (for no transport could be spared to accompany them), had now to leave the shelter of the valley; this rendered necessary the provision of extra picquets along the line of communication as well as with the main body.

Benuna was forced on the 29th, after a short tussle; but the Kurds managed to escape by a secret route that had not been closed by the expedition. Wireless communication was provided by "Lumbcol's" station, No. 13 at Kawoka, which kept in touch by means of helio and runners. Afterwards this station returned to Birsivi.

## JERANUM OPERATIONS.

(No. 14 Station.)

"Nightcol's" next move was against Jeranum, stronghold of the Kishuri tribesmen, and on this "stunt" it had as a guide a brother of Rechid Beg, one Musa, who (at any rate for the present) had thrown in his lot with the British. After rationing and waiting for the return of the troops who had been operating against Benuna, the column left Derghali at 6 o'clock in the morning on a five-days' march. On the first day fifteen miles were covered; searching several villages on the way, all of which were found to be friendly, and meeting with no opposition, camp was pitched at Ura for the night. Next morning the march was continued as far as Mai—a search of Baiju village en route bringing to light no less than eighty rifles—and here the station tried from the camp-site to communicate with Mosul, but, as was expected, the height of the intervening mountains prevented this from being done. The operators were then obliged to climb a spur and erect the mast at a spot some 800 feet above the camp, where an outlying picquet was stationed; as the spur was bare of cover the sappers and miners were ordered to build a stone parapet around the station in case of attack, and here, in touch with Mosul, the Australians passed an uneventful though bitterly cold night.

## A STRENUOUS DAY.

Next morning the march was resumed up a dry river-bed, but the uphill going was very rough and laborious, the troops having to pick their way over a confused jumble of boulders. Nevertheless, sticking to the task with commendable spirit, they at length (after refilling their water-bottles on the way, and enjoying half-an-hour's rest) reached a pass, some 5000 feet above the valley, that led to the old Kurdish-Christian village of Kanuk. Later, when about half-way down the other side, a report from the advance-guard to the effect that there were no signs of water or food at Kanuk prompted the General to advise H.Q. that the column would be "missing" for two days, and at 2 p.m. No. 14 wireless station was ordered back to the pass to erect and get the message through. Toiling up the steep hillside, it was half-past four ere this could be

done, after which the station came down again with the rear-guard. Worn out, having eaten nothing since breakfast, the operators and their drabs were simply forced at the end of an hour, by which time they had reached the foot of the hill, to have a quarter of an hour's rest, and thereafter to take a ten-minute spell at the conclusion of every hundred yards' advance. Finally they got into Kanuk about 7.30 p.m.—only to be ordered to try and get Mosul again. But all attempts proved fruitless, even from a nearby hillside; and, instead of closing down the set and bringing it into camp for the night, the Australians, "too tired to care what happened to anyone or anything," had a bite and turned in.

As the region beyond Kanuk was so barren and trackless further advance would have been futile, wherefore the G.O.C. decided to push out small detachments to scour the countryside, the main body, with the supplies and the wireless station (which erected its mast higher up the slope) remaining behind. The detachment ordered to Jeranum found that village deserted, the inhabitants having fled on the approach of the troops, who secured a fine haul of feed for the horses and mules.

The return journey was then begun, the column taking over two hours to climb from Kanuk to the top of the pass. Kurds were immediately seen to be following, but, as they kept at a fairly long distance, it was not considered worth while to chase them. Next morning, however, just as the column was leaving Mai, they opened fire on it from some adjacent hills, inflicting several casualties. The mountain battery immediately replied and held them off until the column got clear. Naturally the Kurds concluded that their opponents were retreating, and so continued to dog them. Entering Mai soon afterwards they turned the inhabitants out, and, by the time "Nightcol" reached Aradina, refugees from this and other villages were streaming in to seek British protection.

## AWAITING NEWS OF "LUMBCOL"

From Aradina the column, having crossed the pass into Amadia Valley, came to Daoudieh, where it was issued with fresh clothing and its supplies replenished while awaiting instructions as to its next field of operations—which turned out to be the region in the west end of Amadia Valley and into the Guli country. On this occasion the line of communication would be through Zacho. At this stage General Cassells visited "Nightcol" and took the opportunity to thank the members of the wireless station for their splendid work throughout the recent operations.

Amadia Valley now being clear of hostile Kurds, the column set out for Birsivi with a feeling of security, and marched, for seven hours without a halt, over open country under a hot sun. The crops at this end of the valley had been cut and stored, and the troops gave their animals a good feed as they passed through. As communications during this march were not likely to be of an urgent nature, the wireless station was allowed to close down at 8 o'clock each evening, a concession that was greatly appreciated by the operators, whose hours of work for some time past had been long and arduous. At Spindorog, a small village by the Kharbur River, the force was compelled to stay three days, awaiting news of "Lumbcol's" operations in the Goyan country.\* Such a lengthy delay had not been anticipated, and, in order to conserve the rations, permission was given to bomb the river for fish, the troops welcoming the change of diet. They also seized the opportunity, after months of hard work with little chance of enjoying a good wash, to indulge in swimming and in washing their clothes.

\*On several occasions, Nos. 13 and 14 Stations, though comparatively close together, were unable to communicate with each other.



# THE KURDISTAN CAMPAIGN

*Zacho, with No. 13 Station erected. When the station marched out with Lumbcol, its duties at the post were taken over by No. 32 of the Second Wireless Squadron.*



*The fortress city of Amadia, on the plateau in the middle distance, viewed from the neighbourhood of Bebad.*



*Sergeant Troup, who was shortly afterwards murdered, with members of the wireless station and the village notables. Amadia.*



*Camp and transport-lines at Suwara Atika pass.*





# THE KURDISTAN CAMPAIGN



Hazie, an unimportant village about eight miles from the top of the Masurka Gorge, visited by Nightingale's Column during the third week in August 1919.



Nightingale's Column approaching the top of the pass above Kanuk. The wireless station was half-way down the far side of this pass when it was ordered to re-ascend and pass traffic to Mosul. A day without water and rations, since the early morning.



Column traversing the pass referred to above.



# THE KURDISTAN CAMPAIGN

No. 13 Station entering the valley leading to Kawoka. A pass to the left led to Sheranus.



No. 13 Station erected at Kawoka. During its stay here it became a target for enemy fire. The photograph was made the following morning.



An Indian mountain battery in camp near Shabkane Kale. Guns of this type proved invaluable during the Kurdistan Campaign.



The village of Quovrak.





# THE KURDISTAN CAMPAIGN



Walled perimeter camp at Quovrak, about half-a-mile above the village on the Robazak road—scene of the attack by Kurds described on page 145. No. 14 station is shown erected in a dug-out shelter, having taken over from No. 13 on marching in, while the latter (with Lumb-col) retired to the village.



The valley of Birsui, in which both columns rested for some days while plans were being settled and supplies organised.



Wireless station erected on the summit of Balakish ridge, 6,300 feet up, among a veritable chaos of mountain ranges.



The village of Robazak, one of the most advanced points reached by "Nightcol"—being destroyed. The wireless station remained here for three days while operations were directed against Karoar, a well-settled district and the chief stronghold of the Goyan tribe.



# THE KURDISTAN CAMPAIGN

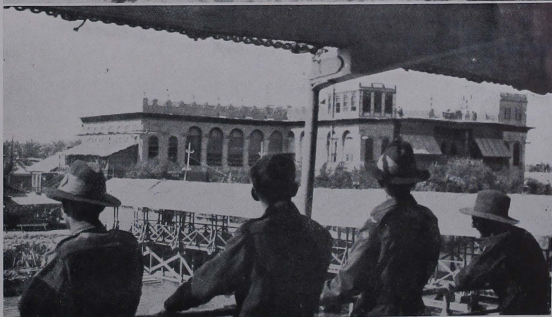
*Chupatty-time. Chupatties made by our Indian drivers were always more acceptable than those less dexterously made by ourselves, and proved a welcome change from biscuits—but this doesn't mean that we would eat them with the same relish back here in Australia.*



*A station erected half-way up a rocky mountain-side. Time and again stations had to leave the main body and essay precarious climbs in order to pass urgent traffic.*

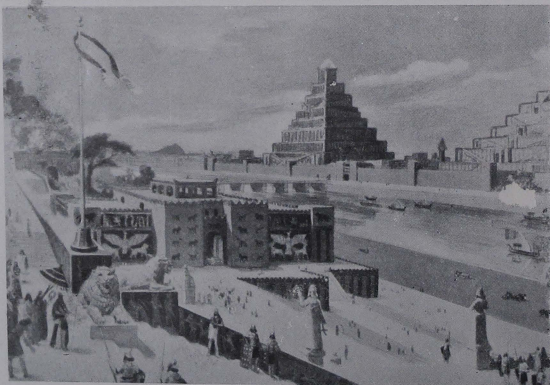
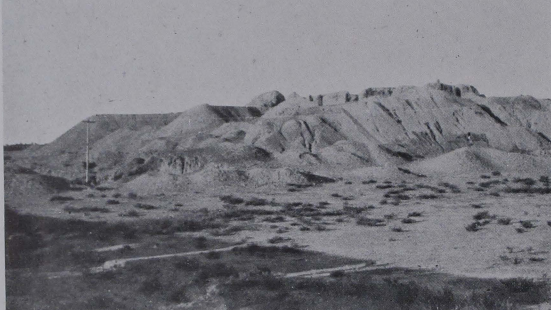
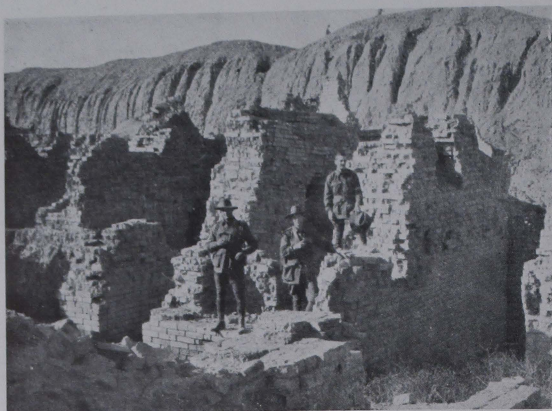


*Good-bye to Mesopotamia. Members of "D" Troop along the rails of H.M.A.T. "Varela" as she moves out from the wharf at Basra, on the way to Bombay and home.*





# AT BABYLON SIDING



The ruins of the ancient city of Babylon, on the River Euphrates fifty-four miles south of Baghdad, were visited by most members of the Squadron. There is, however, very little to be seen except miles and miles of ruined cellars and foundations, the part of the city above ground-level having long since disappeared.

Travelling from Baghdad along the railway to Hillah, the first mound encountered is that called Babel; "a stern, shapeless mound," says Layard, "rising from the scorched plain, covered with fragments of pottery and stupendous masses of brickwork occasionally laid bare by the winter rains." Most of the remains now visible at Babylon are of buildings erected by Nebuchadnezzar, who ascended the throne at a time when the city had been despoiled and humiliated by the Assyrians, and who, within a generation, raised it to a magnificence far beyond its ancient splendour. The other mounds at Babylon, though larger, appear much the same as this one. On the left can be seen the heaps of "spoil" dumped by the German excavators who worked here for many years. Excavations were also carried out by French and American parties, but not to the same extent as those undertaken by our late enemies, who seem to have been anxious to establish themselves in any areas served by their "Road to the East."

A restoration of the city of Babylon, specially prepared for Harmsworth's Encyclopaedia. On the right can be seen the Euphrates, flowing past huge pyramidal temples (of which, in fact, no trace remains to-day). In the middle distance is the Ishtar Gate, a magnificent structure in glazed tiles, marking the commencement of the Sacred Way. Along this broad paved road the statues of the gods and goddesses were, on festival days, carried in processional magnificence to the Temple of Marduk in the Amran mound. On the left can be seen re-created the famous hanging gardens—lifted high in the air by arch upon arch of brickwork. Its site has been identified, with absolute certainty, through a deciphering of cuneiform texts.



# ARMY NURSING SERVICE

The nursing staff of the hospital at Bushire, Southern Persia — Sisters Stewart, Wellard, Waterstrom, Purcell and Parnell, one of whom made the photograph.

Sister Hobbes, of the Q.A.I.M.N.S., at Basra, August, 1916. (Miss Hobbes died at sea on 10th May, 1918, on the hospital ship, Kanowna.)



Christmas Day, 1916, in one of the wards at the Victoria War Hospital, Bombay.



Mess Room and Sisters' Quarters, No. 34 Welsh General Hospital, Poona.



The original medical staff of the hospital at Tank, North West Frontier of India—Sisters Browne, Steel, and McAllister, with the British medical officers.



Lent by Matron G. E. Davis, R.P.C.





TWO FAMOUS TOWNS IN ASIA, BOTH OF WHICH WERE WELL KNOWN TO MEMBERS OF THE SQUADRON

The upper panorama shows Kirkuk, photographed from the roof of the Turkish Barracks on the southern side of the river. On the left can be seen British transport equipment; on the right the long bridge of many arches, partially destroyed by the Turks.

The lower panorama shows Hamadan, lying beneath the shadow of Mt. Elwend; few cities can boast as large a population at such

a height (7200 feet) above sea level. In the middle distance on the extreme left the tents of a Dunsterforce party can just be seen; No. 9 wireless station was in the walled enclosure that is partly hidden by the tallest group of poplars. The well-defined line on the mountain side on the right is one of the many irrigation canals, the skilful construction of which attract the attention of the traveller wherever he goes in Persia.



## "LUMBCOL" AT PIRAKH.

In the meantime "Lumbcol" had on September 11th moved north from Birsivi on a reconnaissance to Pirakh (11 miles); a small enemy party was encountered on the way, but it was easily disposed of by one of the flank-guards. The return journey was made along another route on the following day, and at the outset it was necessary to climb a ridge (2,000 feet) by a path that went almost "straight up." Both mules and packs frequently came to grief, and on one occasion an unfortunate beast belonging to the wireless station rolled fifty feet down the hillside, being saved from further mishap by striking a sapling; one of its packs, however, broke loose and careered on its way for another 300 feet, where it might have remained but for the fact that it contained the code-book and the spare parts. It was recovered with appropriate blasphemy. So narrow was the pathway that at times the packs had to be off-loaded and carried by hand so that the animals could manoeuvre round projections. The troops, who were now feeling the strain of many hardships, were well nigh exhausted by the time they got back to Birsivi, a number of them suffering from dysentery and malaria.

## "LUMBCOL'S" OPERATIONS.

"Lumbcol's" six weeks of trekking had all been exceedingly strenuous. The country over which it had operated was, if anything, even more mountainous than that traversed by "Nightcol," communication therefore being more difficult to establish; and sickness, particularly malaria and colitis, left the men in poor condition to face the day's march—usually over tracks so narrow that a number of animals lost their footing and went headlong with their loads into the ravine below. To the memory of cheerful comradeship in the many tasks performed, No. 13 Station was able to add the recollection of the following note, handed to the sergeant-in-charge while at Birsivi:

"It may interest you to know that the splendid way you and your men have worked has been noticed by all of us. Show them this and tell them that I consider that the soldierly conduct of the station has been the example of the whole column."

## BOTH AT QUOVRAK.

"Nightcol" now joined up with "Lumbcol" at Birsivi and during the next five days, while the staffs were drawing up their plans, the combined force was rationed. September (it was now the second week of the month) had brought winter closer to the troops than their clothing provided for, and, as the nights in the valley were bitterly cold, they began to wonder as to the conditions they would shortly have to face in the hills.

In the coming operations Quovrak, a day's march from Birsivi, was to be the base; "Lumbcol" as advance-guard would proceed thither a day ahead of "Nightcol", for whom it would provide picquets along the route. From Quovrak "Nightcol" was to move against the tribesmen, while "Lumb" kept open the line of communication and attended to the matter of supplies for the whole force.

Leaving Birsivi at 6 a.m., it took "Lumbcol" six hours to cover the five miles to Sheranus. Some days before, in order to mislead the Kurds, secret service officers had spread false information as to the line of advance, with the result that the main body of the tribesmen was in waiting some ten miles west of the actual route. A small detachment had, however, been left to guard the pass leading into the hills, and here "Lumbcol" was held up for a time. On arrival at Quovrak it was found that the density of the intervening mountain ranges did not facilitate wireless com-

munication with Zacho unless the mast could be erected some 300 feet above the valley. "Lumbcol's" station (No. 13) accordingly took up a position on a spur overlooking the village, having only the camp perimeter for protection against snipers.

## AN EXCITING DAY.

As "Nightcol" arrived rifle-fire could be heard coming from points on the mountainside, and it soon became evident that the main body of the enemy, having discovered the ruse, was now taking up a position overlooking the village. This sniping became much heavier during the afternoon, in spite of the fire of the mountain batteries, which, though silencing some of it for intervals, could not drive the Kurds themselves from their secure positions. In the end No. 13 Station was forced to dismantle and seek better cover, the picquets were strengthened, and "Nightcol" commenced to dig in.

At 6 p.m. the Kurds made a determined attack on the British position. The picquets were hard pressed, and it was a difficult task getting reinforcements up to them in the darkness, particularly because of the liability of their being fired upon by their own side. The position grew serious about 8 o'clock, when the attack reached its height, for the Kurds were giving a remarkable display of grit and doggedness not hitherto evinced against the British troops during this campaign. If they succeeded in forcing the picquet line, they would dominate the camp, and thus be able to inflict heavy losses among the transport animals, a blow that would temporarily cripple the British operations. At half-past nine, however, a lull occurred, and by 10 the fire had died down, though sniping was kept up until the morning. Daybreak found the Kurds back in their defensive positions, which were thereupon stormed by the infantry (supported by mountain guns) in the direction of Balakish Ridge. Isolated parties, however, still lingered in the vicinity of the route along which "Nightcol" would proceed.

## AN ACCIDENT.

At 6 a.m. the mobile column moved out for Balakish Ridge (6,300 feet), about eight miles distant; the track, after leaving the valley, ran along the edge of a precipitous, rocky mountainside, and in places the rock had to be blasted and covered with dirt in order to give the mules a footing. At one such spot a mule belonging to the wireless section came to grief through slipping, and the engine frame and part of the generator were smashed. Word was immediately sent back to "Lumbcol" for a spare frame, and, on its arrival, this was speedily fitted by two operators who had been left behind at the scene of the accident and were protected by a detachment from the rear-guard; the head of the column had, however, reached a point below Balakish Ridge, where it was awaiting reports from parties sent forward to reconnoitre, before they rejoined it.

## ROBAZAK.

The route being reported clear, the column climbed to the top of the ridge, which overlooked (as one of the wireless men wrote) "a veritable chaos of mountains." This was not an altogether suitable place for a camp, as the nearest water was half-a-mile away in the valley, and it would take an hour and a half to fetch supplies; but, as the country was so broken and the enemy so well hidden, it was far safer to keep on the ridge. During the day a detachment of infantry was sent into an adjacent village (Robazak) to hunt for signs of the enemy, but met with no success; before returning that night it destroyed the villagers' crops. Next day "Nightcol" moved into Robazak, leaving a strong picquet on the ridge in case of a surprise attack by the Kurds—for if they gained control of this high



land the force would be cut off and thus placed in a ticklish position—and posting groups of men at other points on the way. The troops (still wearing summer clothes) were glad to move down into the valley, for rain had now set in and they and the animals were feeling the cold. However, the wireless station was obliged, in order to get within range of "Lumbcol", to erect on a spur 500 feet above the valley.

### KAROAR.

It was decided to camp at Robazak for three days and operate from here against Karoar, the stronghold of the Goyan tribe, which nestles in a valley four hours' march away. For several miles around Karoar, quite the largest village visited by the Australian wireless men in Kurdistan, the countryside was covered with crops. The column was hoping for a decisive action against these tribesmen, who, however, kept at a distance and, after two hours' desultory fighting, were content to watch the destruction of their homes and crops.

When "Nightcol's" report on the Karoar "stunt" reached Mosul, orders were immediately sent to push on to Nerva (an operation that would take at least five days); but, owing to the inclement weather and to the poor condition of the troops, whose clothing was unseasonable, General Nightingale succeeded in persuading G.H.Q. to abandon the project. "Nightcol" then began the return journey to Balakish Ridge and Quovrak, where it joined up with "Lumbcol," and the whole force marched back to Birsawi.

### END OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Thus ended the campaign in Kurdistan, which General Nightingale summarised in the following message to his troops:—

"On the break-up of "Nightcol," and on the conclusion of the campaign in Kurdistan, I wish to express to all units of the Column my great appreciation of their very hard work and unflinching cheerfulness during three and a half months of most trying operations, in an unusually mountainous and difficult country.

"During the time we have been together, we have experienced great heat and great cold, we have changed camp 50 times and marched over 400 miles in a land never before traversed by British troops. We have visited every part of the Amadia Valley, Barwari Bala, Kishuri, and Goyan territory, and a portion of the Guli country as well. We have destroyed the enemy's two chief strongholds at Deir Sherish and Karoar, and assisted in the capture of Benuna.

"We have suitably dealt with five other hostile towns, and have defeated the enemy on every occasion that he has appeared. This is a record to be proud of and to remember.

"My personal thanks and gratitude are due to you all."

### No. 24 STATION—SUWARA ATIKA.

Though No. 24 had been stationary at Suwara Post (except for its participation in Leachman's expedition to Amadia), its relay duties had kept it exceedingly busy. Despite heavy atmospheric and the difficulty of maintaining touch with the distant packs, yeoman service was rendered throughout the autumn.

Reference has already been made to its creditable behaviour during the alarm of August 14. Had not the Station opened up under fire, there is no doubt that things would have gone badly with the post.

### A SUMMARY.

The distance between stations, the mountainous nature of the country in which the columns were oper-

ating, and the excessively heavy atmospheric, which persisted with monotonous regularity, made the work of reception, especially during the night-time, exceedingly difficult. In spite of the considerable strain imposed on the operators, who were usually exhausted by the day's march, a high state of efficiency was maintained, and no delay of any consequence occurred. The stations (Nos. 13 and 14) attached to the mobile columns had constantly to change position within a radius of 200 miles of Mosul, with the result that signals of varying strength—from "just audible" to "strong"—reached the group controlling station, No. 16.

At times the stations were located on 4,000 ft. peaks; at others they were situated in little more than crevices between hills of equal height, which considerably interfered with reception. Thus traffic for No. 14 had often to be passed via Nos. 13 and 24. Atmospheric disturbances also required the nearer stations to act as relays for others farther out, and at times even the former found difficulty in passing traffic.

### No. 16 STATION—MOSUL.

The task of No. 16 Station at Mosul during this period was heavy and exacting, for as there were no other means of communication during these operations it had to work continuously. An idea of its press of business may be gathered from the traffic-return figures for the month of August, when close on 5,000 messages (approximately 200,000 words) were handled, and for September, when the figure was repeated. That two consecutive months of such work passed without any serious hitch is an achievement, the importance and value of which the divisional general recognised in a congratulatory telegram that he sent to "D" Troop's commanding officer.

### No. 15 LORRY.

This station continued until October 13th as directing station in land-line touch with the Baghdad "Billet", where continuous watch was also kept. As the scene of operations moved farther north so the demands made upon it became lighter; but it had to be kept at a high state of efficiency, in case of possible failure of telegraphic communication with Mosul, Kermanshah, Basra or any of the other points where wireless stations still remained.



To the creek for water.



OCTOBER 22nd, 1919.

Dusk: The purpling desert fades where yesterday,  
With horses two and three we walked jilani way  
Slow ritual paths of exercise; no longer there  
Breaks out the whistle's triple blast or call to char.  
But still our work is done. Mosul to Basrah calls,  
Is heard; the message back outwings the eagle, falls  
Upon the tuned listening ear of Kermanshah.  
All is complete—we've banished distance from afar.  
Now do the pulsing lorries wait outside our door,  
And buzzing voices fade from billet forty-four.  
Our parting thoughts incline to Shergat, Tel Afar,  
To Paitak and Pir Hayah, to Kara Su and El  
Hadhr,  
... and last of all, they turn to thee,  
O Mansur's capital, in joyous jubilee—  
A cheer breaks out .... What happy days we had  
By thy brown walls. Farewell! Farewell, Baghdad!

—K.B.

## DEMOBILISATION

Though "D" Troop was a small unit in a far-off land it was not forgotten by the authorities in Australia, who, through the A.I.F. representative at Bombay, made energetic efforts to secure its release from active service. In fact the A.I.F. representative succeeded in August in extracting from the Indian Government a promise that the troop would be repatriated within a month—a promise that he joyfully cabled to Australia. But such promises carried little weight on the Kurdish frontier. Strictly speaking, it is probable that, if the Australians had been withdrawn at this stage, the operations in Kurdistan would have been abandoned, since in the whole of Mesopotamia there would remain insufficient wireless personnel to take charge of the necessary stations—even in the previous year the Second Squadron had manned only four or five mobile stations. In such circumstances there was no other course than to wait until the campaign ended; by then (early October) the British wireless squadron had managed to collect enough men for one or two standby stations, and these took the place of "D" Troop. By the 14th of the month the last of the Australians, thin and tanned, had arrived in Baghdad from the wilds, and, with thirty-two in the men's mess, the "Billet" began to live again.

October 22nd was the great day. Before the big front door of the Billet clanged shut and the key had been returned to the Military Governor, the blue-and-white signal colours, which for years had hung out in front, were unscrewed as a war-museum souvenir; then lorry-load after lorry-load of men and their kits moved off for Hinaidi station. By nightfall they had squeezed themselves into five "tin" trucks, and were soon rattling sleeplessly over the metals; at 3 a.m. the arc-lights of Kut Supply Depot were sputtering overhead, and they dozed off at last. The troop did not delay long at Kut, for it had a "priority" passage, and before noon was aboard the P.S.51. With low water in the river, no travelling could be attempted after dark. For the first night the vessel lay up at Sheikh Saad (now an abandoned village); for the second it anchored in mid-stream near Ali Sherg; for the third, just above Qualeet Sale. But no sooner had darkness fallen on this last occasion than the twinkling light of a hurricane lamp was seen far off across the desert; before long an Indian orderly arrived with the inevitable "chitty"—orders to proceed—which the skipper did not receive at all kindly!

At Narrows Central Station (the traffic control centre) it was learned at 9 p.m. that all up-river traffic had been held up so as to give passage to the P.S.51, which was to travel all night in order that the Australian troop would reach Kurna by dawn for an inspection by the G.O.C.-in-Chief. The inspection duly took place; after being thanked for their post-war services, the Australians were informed that their embarkation would be expedited, and that in the meantime they would be given the best possible quarters at the Base.

The General was as good as his word. The men were saved from attending mess-queues and performing guards and other duties incidental to the huge Basra Base Depot, camping instead by themselves, with beds and all manner of camp equipment, in huts recently vacated by the 23rd Ammunition Column. With £35 of belated cash from the Adelaide Comforts Fund, base rations became quite respectable.

After eight days Basra was left behind. Light-heartedly the men marched through the palms to the wharf of the 3rd British General Hospital (whereon "D" Troop disembarked nearly two years before) and went on board the Hospital Transport *Varela*. Whether they had any right to be on her, they neither knew nor cared—they were homeward bound—the last complete Australian unit that saw active service. On November 9th, the *Varela* put in at Karachi, at the mouth of the Indus, to disembark Indian convalescents. Bananas once more! All ate more than were good for them.

In Bombay the troop camped at Colaba, but there its good luck ended. In a few days most had spent their cash, and thereafter, for three weeks, had to be content with barrack fare. Then on the 1st of December they boarded the *Medic*—an enormous transport of whose twelve troop-decks they could but partially fill one. Food was astonishingly good—even early-morning coffee and supper cocoa. The trip was slow, due to adverse winds and engine trouble; some days the ship travelled barely two hundred miles, and made a nineteen-day passage to Australia. After spending an hour or two in Albany, a day and a night in Adelaide, the *Medic* at last reached Melbourne, the men for Sydney and Brisbane going overland by express.

Like the Squadron men before them, those of "D" Troop went their respective ways with mixed feelings. Whatever the happiness of the future, the grand fellowship of the A.I.F. will never be forgotten.



# Glamour

*An Envoi addressed to Mesopotamia  
after leaving it*

*Freed from the bondage of thy sand,  
My lips are strangely moved to praise  
The loneliness of thy bare land,  
The fiery wind, the noon ablaze.*

*The night of the majestic stars,  
The moon that shames a northern sun;  
The memories of ancient wars,  
The Kings long dust, the deeds long done.*

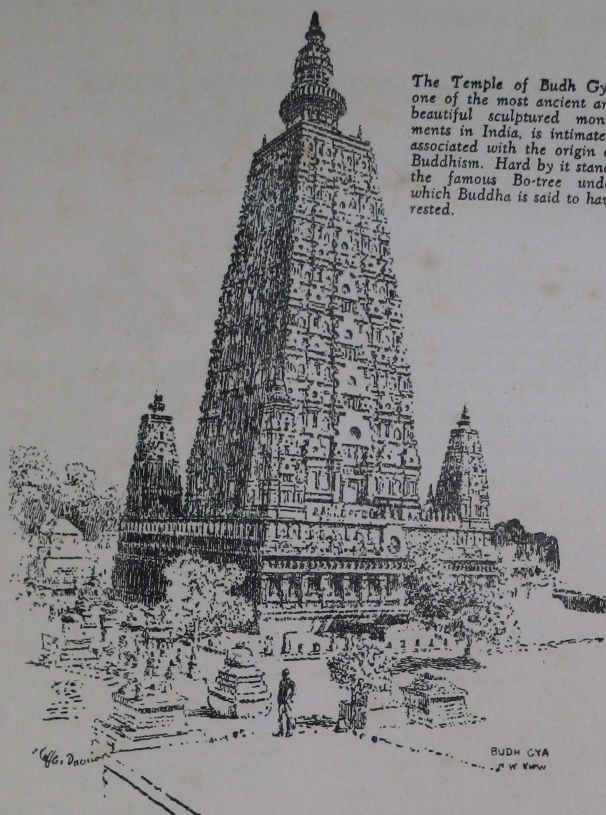
*The ruins where the jackals cry,  
The rustling of the palms, the tense  
Stillness when all strange sounds die  
In a world bare but immense.*

*The giant rivers sweeping down  
From mountains where the dawn of Time  
Trod with her shy feet, rosy brown,  
And loveliness was born sublime.*

*All this thou gavest and I took,  
And, dreaming of the West, was blind,  
But now across the seas I look  
And bear the burning East in mind.*

J. GRIFFITH FAIRFAX  
in "Mesopotamia"





The Temple of Budh Gya, one of the most ancient and beautiful sculptured monuments in India, is intimately associated with the origin of Buddhism. Hard by it stands the famous Bo-tree under which Buddha is said to have rested.

## C O N T R I B U T I O N S

The following twenty-seven pages contain paragraphs, notes, diaries, sketches, jokes and similar material affording interesting sidelights on the campaign from the point of view of the wireless men themselves.

They are arranged in chapters corresponding, as far as possible, with those of the preceeding main history.





Bombay—the Waterfront.

## EN ROUTE

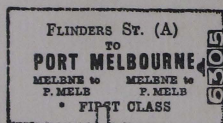
### TROOPSHIP MEMORIES.

**AMUSEMENTS.**—Arguments over cards; baggage-room picket; coal-lumping; feeling hungry; hair-cutting, housey, onion-peeling, Salvation Army (ship-police), trombone-practice, canteen queue, waiting for a good cup of tea, wearing boots on Sundays, watching flying fish and sunsets, walking round in lifebelts

**RATIONS.**—Purple stew, pink tripe, lime-juice, weevils and porridge, pickles and cheese, rubberised pudding.

**NIGHT LIFE.**—Hammocks go up at 6 p.m., and down at 6 a.m. Dimensions: width, three inches (when the chaps on either side of you have gone to bed), length about a foot too short. Overheard one night, "I expected to put up with a lot but never with sleeping like a fly on the roof!"

**MAL-DEMER.**—It is observed that many go round and endeavour to turn quiescence into eruption. They jest cheerfully on such subjects as sardines and pork.



A souvenir of troopship leave in Melbourne.

### A COLOMBO INCIDENT.

(Pack Troop.)

Feb. 23rd.—Sighted land. Passed Hospital Ship A71; it was great to hear the coo-ees. Of course we were all anxious for leave, and as we did not get any satisfaction on the point by tea-time, a few of us decided to take it if we got a chance. Native boats swarmed round us as we lay at anchor coaling. As soon as it was dark enough a boat came alongside and offered to take us ashore for 2/-, so we dropped a rope over the side and slid down. The rope was very wet but we did not mind this. They rowed us straight across and we reached the shore without being challenged. Next worry was whether we should be arrested; so we formed up and marched through the streets. If anyone stopped us we were going to say we were the picket! After a couple of miles we came to the European part of the town, where we chartered rickshaws and had a good look round. Most of our party arrived back without being missed, but four were not so fortunate, being caught by the O.C. coming aboard.

At eight next morning we were told to transfer to the "Sardinia," so everything was forgotten about the unlucky four. At 12 we disembarked on a punt, which was towed across to the new vessel. Afterwards leave to Colombo was allowed.

### A MATTER OF PORRIDGE.

(Bombay, Feb. 1918.)

**Scene.**—His Britannic Majesty's steam transport *East-ern*, waiting at Victoria Docks to disgorge her human freight, also in the service of H.B.M.

An open rowing boat holding a uniformed Colonel and a subaltern drifts idly alongside. How was that innocent couple to know that D—, the most vivacious one of all the troop, was standing at an overlooking porthole, bucket in hand, and as ever anticipating a good joke.

D— was "Emma Oh" (mess orderly) for the day; and that bucket held, besides a gallon or so of uneaten porridge, other remnants and indigestibles such as bits of crust, bones, and a few pinnts of greasy stew.

The boat drifted nearer. With an unavoidable sweep, the greasy remnants of dinner spread over the procrastinators in the dinghy.

Memories of a luckless "Loot" endeavouring to wipe the mess from his eyes, and a flustered colonel whose ruddy rotundity made him appear about to explode, will always be accompanied by the sound of ribald laughter from the spectators on the deck above.

Among these could be seen D—, for that moment of his career at least universally regarded as a hero!

### A BOMBAY NOTE-BOOK.

Policemen in blue and gold with pancake hats and truncheons, an ancient watering the cobblestones with a goatskin, women in coloured vests and *saris* carrying burdens on their heads, Parsees with shiny "cow-hoof"\* hats, bullock carts coming and going, a flock of pigeons disturbed.

Bonds and warehouses, bales of cotton, great buildings mildewed by the monsoons, vast tenements, palaces and huts of thatch, squalor and magnificence side by side.

Museum, where the trams start; Jacob's Circle, where the roads start; Victoria Gardens, where the squirrels are; Crawford's Markets, where the fabled scents of the Orient still perfume the air; Malabar Hill—red roofs ablaze in the glow of a setting sun, an hour later—the twinkling miles of the Queen's Necklace; Green's Restaurant, where the band plays softly and there are flowers and palms and a fountain.... and stewed duck and orange....

Colaba Barracks. Long bungalow huts. Doors and windows and verandahs. Beds and mattresses and

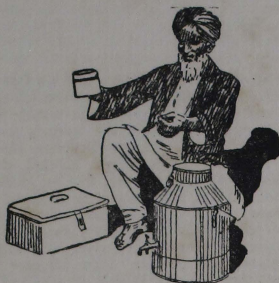
\*Originally a sign of their subjection to the religion of their adopted country—now worn in pride of race.



steamy nights. Cool breezes off the sea. Very tough steak and onions.

Narrow streets, with open shops occupying every inch of frontage. Letter-writers. Sellers of Betelnut. Signs in *babu* English. Flickering lights. Mystery.

The Route to the Mainland. Glorious shady avenues where branches meet overhead. Fabulous palaces. A white temple on a rocky island. Factories and cotton mills, cotton mills and factories. Nahim, a great ruined tank and a jungle of palm trees with a number on each, ragged huts. Bandra. The old Portuguese church, incense and standard bearers; a road ending on the sea-shore.



The char wallah, or tea-man—a familiar sight in Indian camps and barracks.

## INDIA.

### Some Celebrated Merchants.

"Char Wallah! Char Wallah! Char Wallah!

"Very decent drop; real Sergeant Major's."

"Ho! Kitna Pice?"

"Teen anna Sab, fill it up, very hot drop Sab."

"Fill it up for a Dosie, or I'll—!!!"

"Acha Sab, \_\_\_\_\_ Char! Anybody want?"

"Brass Wallah! Plenty Brass Souvenirs Got It!"

"Kitna Pice snake candlestick?"

"45 Rupees Sab, very cheap, very—"

"What! 45 Rats? Um dado tum 5 Chips bus."

"Ucha Sab, teek hi, paunch Rupee give it."

"Nappi Wallah! "

"Toe-nails cut, warts, corns, bunions, very good shave give it."

"Come See Little Mongooose-chill very big snake!!

Come on Charlie, hurry up Charlie! ek-doe-teen,

England-Scotland-Liv'pool-Dublin-Ireland!!!

Little more music, !!—xx—!! !!—?..!

Hundred—Million—Fousan; Come on Charlie.

Hurry up Charlie! Kill big snake dead gen'l men.

Just little more music buss—!!—x !!—!!—

Cpl.-Sab, Sergt.-Sab, Sgt.-Mir, Sab, Sub Sab Dekko!

Big Large Snake dead. Chota Mongooose kill it.

This snake Char Rupee. Sub doe-anna bucksheesh.

Come on!"

"Mukken-mukken, Dood-dood."

"Monkey nut, banana Wallah!!!"

"Very good, very sweet, plenty cheap."

"Jou! You old —! Kis-wasty tum baito hither?"

"Nay monta bana—"

"You ugly faced, muzzle-mugged—Jou!!!!"

"Name on kit bag, put it Wallah? Swanky do it,

Come in wheelbarrows—Go in Motorcars,

BAGS O' LAUGHIN'."

"Hithero! Stick my Monika on Jildy."

"Any nob you like Sab," Swanky do it."

## THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.

S.S. Mooltan, 15/1/17.

(Due in Bombay to-morrow, 6 a.m.)

Midnight: Finished playing cards. Went round all the boys and told them to wake up, and get their blankets rolled and take them on deck as it was 6 a.m. Caught about half-a-dozen, but, when they found out it was only about 12.30, oh! the language was something awful.

S.S. Ellengra, at Karachi, 23/1/17.

Tied up alongside of wharf, everything quiet. C—, of I.W.W. fame, said: "Here's a joke." Going to the open hatch, he called down to our mob, "All Australians wishing to go ashore fall in on deck properly dressed." There was a scramble. Seven Aussies arrived on deck, and finding nobody about, they decided not to wait for the others—away they went, and were saluted by the military police on guard at the bottom of the gangway. They just got across the wharf when they were spotted, but they promptly bolted for a taxi that happened to be waiting and toured Karachi, had a good feed, etc., and arrived back at 3.30—and were put in clink.

Next day they were tried by court-martial, and, when asked what they had to say, explained about somebody calling down the hatch, and on seeing nobody about when they arrived on deck, thought that the others had gone, and so went ashore. President: "Which way did you go?" "Down the gangway, sir." President: "Wasn't there somebody at the bottom of the gangway?" "Yes, sir, two military policemen." "And did they not stop you?" "No, sir, they saluted us." President: "Seven days cells." Sergeant-Major: "About turn, quick march." And that is British justice.

### Tugboat No. 2 on the Tigris.

March 4th: 2 a.m. to-day we ran on a mud bank. It was still blowing cold, and after two hours' struggling, etc., to get the tub off they decided to put all stores and troops on to the two barges alongside and so lighten the steamer. They got all the Tommies and Gippos off, but we still stayed under our blankets, as it was too cold to get out of the warm beds. Anyhow, the S.M. had another go to wake us up, but we would not be awakened. "Come on, you there, get on to the barges." No reply. "I will get the O.C. along to you fellows." Still no reply. Anyhow the O.C. arrives. "What's the matter?" S.M.: "These Australians won't wake up, sir." O.C.: "Everybody else off?" S.M.: "Yes, sir." O.C.: "Well let them stay; it would be more damned trouble getting these chaps awake than it would be getting the boat off the mud bank." Great sighs of relief from the mob, who were soon asleep again.

8th: Arrived at Ctesiphon and sighted a ration dump. The corporal got a chit off O.C. of tug-boat, and away we went. Good dump. Plenty of tucker. An A.S.C. man opens a case of milk and takes out four tins, telling D. that here is his milk. D. leaves the four tins and picks up the case. I had to get the cheese and L.C. the bacon. After we got all we could (honestly or otherwise), we set off for the tug-boat, myself leading with the cheese in tow. After going about 50 yards we bumped a brigadier-general on horseback, who wanted to know what the hell, etc., etc. But we did not wait to explain; we scattered and made ourselves scarce.

11th March: Arrived at Bawi—6 a.m. Went ashore with chit for some tucker at ration dump but came a "gutser." Bumped the officer who was an H.L.L. man; wanted to know who we were, what corps we belonged to, etc. Told him, and he said: "Well, you can get to hell out of here; this is a III. Corps dump and there is nothing here for G.H.Q." Pleaded nothing to eat for two days, etc., etc., but no good. All we got was, "I have had dealings with Australians before."





## EARLY DAYS

### "NAGS." by Samuel Hall

(N.Z. Pack Troop.)

There are horses and horses. All I ever struck in the army belonged to the latter variety. There is a glorious uncertainty about a horse from the Remount Depot—it might be anything up to three parts mule. Your civilian has some sort of a choice of a horse, but the common digger simply has one "wished" upon him. My first "wish" came at Makina Masus. She was a docile-looking but weedy chestnut. I called her "Ya Bint" for a couple of days; then I got to know her better and called her several names. Anyway, I altered "Ya Bint" to "Kismet." She had only one vice and that was her off hind leg. I became a fatalist every time I tried to lift that leg. In some previous incarnation I think it must have been a steam hammer. We were supposed to scratch out the mud from the underside of all four hoofs once daily. At those parades, I could only count up to three. When the orderly officer came to inspect the job, I always knew which leg to lift last—by that time he'd moved on. You'll observe that we did the lifting; perhaps it were better so, the hospitals were particularly crowded at that time. Like most females, Kismet was contrary; she objected to being disturbed at meal times—once her nosebag was on, it was "stand clear." At such times she usually stood on three legs—the fourth was stripped for action. Lady-like, she was a slow eater; but the horse-lines fatigue didn't stand on ceremony. In their ignorance, they used to try and bustle Kismet—then the fourth leg came into action. After I'd finished my midday spar with the flies for the jam, I used to take a stroll to the horse-lines to watch the fun—I usually found Kismet being belted.

Then Kismet and I were stuck on a barge bound for Ali Gherbi; I heaved a sigh of relief, for Kismet's hoofs required no cleaning on a barge. Then I went into hospital. I was glad to leave Kismet behind. But I knew she'd "get" someone some day, that's why I called her Kismet. She "got" a couple. Then she was returned to the remount labelled "not wanted on the voyage."

My next "wish" came in Palestine—he had already been christened "Imshee." He had shell-shock. At the sound of a gun, he "imshed." Shortly afterwards, I received orders to return to Meso. I was glad to leave Imshee. I was always afraid that some day a bomb might drop near him when he had his head turned towards the Turks.

I next became acquainted with "Buckshee." He was a wanderer, and they took him in; after that, he did the taking in. I wondered at first why such a good-looking horse should be hanging round loose; I soon found out. Buckshee was "puggle." He was a quiet horse—except when the moon was nearing the full. But he was a sport, every inch of him; he fought fair.

It was the Marquis of Queensberry with his fore-legs, La Savate with his hindquarters, catch-as-catch-can with his teeth, and jiu-jitsu all over. The trouble was that he used all styles together in the opening round. It took seven men to put a rug on Buckshee—firstly, the fool who tried to do it single handed, then two stretcher-bearers to carry the said fool to "dock"; then a reinforcement with a motor driver to bring him up from the base. After that two more men were required actually to do the job. Buckshee had another pet aversion, and that was from having the strap of a nose-bag placed over his ears. Once his nose got into the bag you had about a fiftieth of a second left to complete the operation. Buckshee should have been a linguist; he taught me to swear in seven languages, though I left it to the Aussies to cast reflections on his parentage! I was d—— glad to see the last of Buckshee.

Lastly, came "Fireworks." He was a lanky, cornered looking blighter, with fire in his eyes. I was the last man on the station, and I wondered why Fireworks had been left over. I soon found out. Fireworks's daddy must have been an equestrian statue—he had a cast steel mouth. But he could walk, could Fireworks. He wanted to go to the front of the column from the jump. A curb bit was useless on him. He all but pulled my arms from their sockets the first day out, then I "jerried" to him. I put him behind a garry for the rest of the trip. At Kasr-i-Shirin we used to exercise our horses on a plain several miles in extent. One day, very foolishly, I let Fireworks out. I straightened out the hook holding the curb-chain trying to stop him. He stopped himself—at the end of about five miles, but he'd put me wise—Fireworks could gallop. There was a race meeting shortly afterwards. The Hussars' horses turned out for the big money, with their well-clipped glossy coats glinting in the sunshine, looking "Desert Gold's" every one of them. Fireworks had a year's growth on. His preparation before entering the arena consisted of a roll in the mud. I got 7 to 1 on him. I don't remember whether it was twenty-five or thirty lengths he won by. Anyway, shortly afterwards I was put on a wagon set and had to "pad the hoof," so—I was sorry to leave even Fireworks!!

### FIRST N.Z. PACK.

Now a mighty man of pips governed the men of Enzed. About the time of May he, having gathered his valiant ones about him, and having commandeered a smoke from a subservient one, spoke thus: "Be it known unto you all that a party will ere long journey afar through the land of the Chaldeans and of the children of Ezra." And so it came to pass.

And the party numbered thirteen, which was an omen.



Of the departure, its confusions, its hustlings, reproachments and chastenings be little said, for were they not all of an exceeding greenness, even they who were set in authority also?

Then did they, their chattels, their horses and their provender (consisting largely of the beef of bully) embark upon an ancient barge, being such as was provided by the mighty ones of Hind for the transport of vermin (for was this not in the days before the great investigation\*).

Of their tribulation on the face of the water to Amara and by sandal, mule and horse across the desert land for many days; of Mudelil, that village which was not a village; of the fare which they perforce devoured; of the sores with which they were afflicted—let naught be said. For have not many who came long afterward and suffered not, oft lifted up their voices saying, "Lo, we have heard; we have heard unto seventy times. Go easy on the old soldier stuff, Dig!"

### "SEGREGATED."

(Magil, 1916.)

The squadron had been segregated owing to an outbreak of cholera. Notices were posted each end of the line, "Segregated."

A newly-arrived chummy started to walk through; he was stopped by the picquet. "Hey, you can't come this here. We're segregated."

"Gord blime, I thort you were Australians," he replied.

### PASS FRIEND, ALL'S WELL.

(Magil, 1916.)

He was a new chum, and, child-like, in the dusk of eventide he wandered. Suddenly, through the dusk came a sharp command. He stopped, and—"Hell," he'd forgotten the password! With knees knocking he sidled up to the sentry, to find himself at the point of a bayonet—all he could mutter was "What's the matter, mate?" Unfortunately the face behind the bayonet was black, and the only English words it knew were "Friend" and the reply "Pass friend"—it was a Gurkha. Luckily for the wanderer an officer happened to overhear the dialogue and matters were soon adjusted; but deep down in his heart he muttered a fervent prayer of thankfulness, and a resolve to be a damn sight slicker with his "friend" in future.

A few nights later he strayed again. He had not proceeded far when again a sharp sound came through the darkness. Quick as a shot came the reply "Friend!" The answer he received might have passed for a Gurkha's "Pass friend," so he walked on, only to be met with a burst of ironical laughter from his cobbles in a nearby tent. Then he "tumbled"—over a goat!

### "SALUTING."

(Magil, 1916.)

Lieut. (after passing groups of men who had saluted ostentatiously): "This saluting business is rather a bore, sergeant."

Well-known Transport Sergeant: "Yes, sir. They'd salute any — thing, wouldn't they?"

### FLIES.

(From Candler.)

"The flies in the tents, dug-outs and trenches, unless seen, were unbelievable. To describe them is to hazard one's reputation for truth. You could not eat without swallowing flies. You waved your spoon of porridge in the air to shake them off; you put your biscuits and bully beef in your pocket, and surreptitiously conveyed them in closed fist to your mouth, but you swallowed flies all the same. They settled in clouds on everything. When you wrote you could not see the end of your pen. I overtook a squadron of cavalry, and, in that state of semi-coma in which the heat wraps one, I

\*The Mesopotamia Commission which apportioned (or endeavored to apportion) the blame for the disaster of Kut.

thought they were wearing chain armour. I had walked my horse beside them for some minutes before I discovered that what looked like mail was the steely blue metallic mesh of flies. At the beginning of the fly season I saw a distant squadron of horse waving their handkerchiefs rhythmically in the air, as if they were cheering. A hardly credible demonstration on the part of the undemonstrative trooper, and I took it for a trick of the mirage until I discovered that they were waving off flies. The Mesopotamian variety is indistinguishable from the English house-fly except that many of them, one in twenty, perhaps, will bite. These apparently are not a different species, only more impregnated with vice."

## A CHRISTMAS EPISODE.

(K Station at Ali Gherbi.)

Christmas week and it certainly looked as if we were to celebrate the festive season on army fare and chlorinated water! The long overdue parcels and "buckshee" comforts were either hung up at the base or in one of the river boats stuck in the mud. The question of the hour was how were we going to provide for a "Merry Xmas?" Things certainly looked doleful—no letters, no parcels, no Roderick Dhu—not even a rum issue. The boys looked as glum as they felt, but the ragtime of K Station were not content simply with bemoaning their fate and cursing the land of two rivers—they organised themselves into a committee to study how the difficulty could be overcome.

A happy thought by one suggested "Ye Olde Carol Singers" as an appropriate and perhaps remunerative business. The suggestion took fire, and a nice little choir of a dozen went into training—sotto voce—so as to prevent their "hated" I Station friends and enemies from getting in ahead of them. The organiser selected the carols and a choirmaster was appointed; the choir responded to the best of their ability—some were musical, some decidedly the reverse. Everything progressed well. The victims were to be the officers, and the time set for the attack was just after Officers' Mess, when it was hoped the golden juice (i.e., Rod Dhu) would be the beverage gracing the tables of the various messes. The final rehearsal being pronounced O.K., the choir "fell in", marching order being "mugs hooked to belts" (vide Sunday School picnic days).

Arrived at the Commandant's mess, the night, and incidentally the whole camp, was startled with the carol "While Shepherds Watched their Flocks by Night."

The effort was much appreciated by the listeners, and the choir was duly thanked for its little performance. Unfortunately the English officers evidently did not for one moment consider that anything but thanks was expected of them—but the pig islanders thought differently, and thereupon broke into psalm in the following strain:

"While wireless kept their watch by night,

All cold with sitting down,

The officers of the mess came out

And passed the bottle round."

(The last two lines were sung very slowly, distinctly, and with great feeling). This naturally had the desired effect. The choir were invited in "ack dum" and drank to the health of all and sundry. The carols were repeated (by special request), and the touching finale of "For they are jolly good fellows," which was sung in Maori, brought the mess to the feet of the singers. It was the beginning of a "very" merry Xmas.

The programme was repeated from mess to mess, and as the night progressed the choir became more and more jovial and untuneful. By the end of a couple of hours the choirmaster had completely lost control of his followers. Some were bent on Hakas, some tried to compete with the jacks, and not a few would persist in doing acrobatic stunts on tents, or hanging round their horses' necks, till at last it fell to the picquet to gather them in, and, after removing their boots, to lay them peacefully and happily to rest.



# ON THE PLAINS OF KUT

## AT FELAYIEH WITH I. CORPS.

(E. Wagon.)

Felayieh was about three miles behind Sanniyat lines and about the same distance across the Tigris from Arab Village. Dusty and muddy alternately, it was exceedingly typical of every camp round about the lines of investment. The wireless lines were about a quarter of a mile from the river, so swims were possible, and there was plenty of drinking water; but rations were almost as poor as with the cavalry, and our river fleet was hard put to it to bring us even as much it did.

Routine duties occupied the day—wireless watch, carting earth, and building up horse-lines. In the distance our big guns at Sanniyat roared almost incessantly, and shrapnel would be seen bursting splendidly over the Turkish trenches. Enemy aircraft were very active here, and the frequency of their bombing raids was rather disturbing.

But our most cheerful memories of Felayieh centre round our Christmas dinner, its speeches and toasts.

## NAMES AND PLACES.

(Sinn, 1916.)

Maps and places and high-sounding names—high sounding because the British imagination is sometimes vivid and because the wandering Bedawi will often give a name to the featureless waste where his water buffalo graze scantily in the springtime.

Then there are other places where one night a corps comes and makes it civilised as if by magic. There are streets and water-tanks, telegraph offices and treasure-chest officers, canteens and hospitals, a football ground and miles of tents. A month or two and all has vanished. The desert has reclaimed its own.

## EXTRACT FROM CAVALRY ORDERS.

(Arab Village, 1916.)

"Under no circumstances is the Cavalry Division to be referred to as 'Crocker's Circus.'"

## THE BEETLE.

(Sinn, 1916.)

Remember a night when the Cavalry Troop was camped at Es Sinn. The mob had retired early (picquet exempt). Was awakened about 11 p.m. by a heavy pounding of the ground nearby. The pounding was accompanied by frequent yells of "I've got 'em!" Made investigation and found the disturber to be none other than our old friend D.M. He had mistaken a beetle, which was strolling across his face, for a purple porcupine.

(P.S.—He had a rum issue about three hours before.)

## THE STATION SECRET PAPERS.

(Sinn, 1916.)

Ah, of what does this mysterious phrase remind us? Of scouts out in the desert searching for a page or two of notes, lest the entire British Army fall into enemy hands—yes, of even the sergeant eating them in hasty mouthfuls before his body falls into the hands of the enemy picquet. Amongst them were to be found keys to codes (which frequently leaked out and became the means of much invaluable information to those who were not supposed to hear about it). Here also were station calls which changed daily (or was it hourly, of with the phases of the moon?).

But best of all was the list code words for every unit and important appointment in the force—quite a cheery volume for any bored operator on the midnight shift. What humorist compiled it I often won-

dered? "RABBIT" seemed most suitable for G.S.O. Intelligence, I thought, though to allot "BLOOD" to the Chaplain-General was hardly sportsmanlike, but why should the unfortunate Wireless have the implied anathema of "SLUG", while G.H.Q. revelled in "YACHT" and its accompanying luxurious associations.

One never thought there were so many corps, divisions, searchlight patrols, and armoured trains in the world—let alone in the force. And the brigades too—they were ever a source of trouble! Who does not remember that blister S.H.Q. received at Es Sinn, all over the question of reporting enemy aeroplanes. Standing orders said that whenever an outpost saw one, the fact must be reported to the nearest signal office and repeated thence to the nearest wireless station, who would forward on the news. The message was to be prefixed with the letters PW, following by details of direction and of the unit reporting. Well, one day an aeroplane was reported independently to two Anzac stations and the consequent messages were duly logged by the operator at R.A.F. Headquarters: "P.W. Aeroplane proceeding S.E. to Es Sinn Disgrace"; and a second after: "P.W. Aeroplane S.E. to Es Sinn Delusive." R.A.F. promptly reported the lack of discipline that allowed comments of this kind, and D.A.S. sent the kick on with interest. But we shall pass over the matter of his disgust and our triumph when the dear little code book was produced and the following information indicated:

DELUSIVE—38th Brigade.

DISGRACE—40th Brigade.

## FIRST ON WATCH.

(Sinn, 1917.)

G station experienced a very quiet time whilst attached to the 13th Division at Es Sinn, the only groans coming from the operator who opened up the station at 4 a.m. Recollect one cold rainy morning when I spotted "Clickitie" crawl stealthily into the instrument tent and seize and light the lantern with the greatest care. A glance at my "potatoe" showed 6 a.m. Said nothing, apart from keeping one eye open. With the aerial still earthed, Click began logging for his life, at times pressing the head-phones close in to catch faint sips. A perusal of the logs at 6.30 showed he had heard VTC, VTB, SAZ, OSM, and a few Russian stations. He looked up with a smile and said: "Of course I heard more, Sarge, but you don't want all the small fry logged, do you?" I told him to plug in his aerial and keep a sharp look out for VIS (Sydney). He fainted on the spot. Some station G. . . .

## THE FOLLIES OF SINN.

Mess-Up Theatre.

(Sinn Abtar, Feb. 19th, 1917.)

1. Their first Song Lize (Lies).
2. The Q-Emma will wrestle with history.
3. Dvr. Thompson will endeavour to Sing alone.
4. Fitz will become serious.
5. Tommy and the Q-Emma will Sing together.
6. Now comes McCosker the last to Sing.
7. Finale. A Four-Fold Song.

Interval to repent.

8. Rolph's first effort.
9. Q-Emma and Fitz will strive to amuse.
10. Jim Wall will tell of Murphy.
11. Spr. Marshall will issue a few sound rations.
12. Grand Spectacular Extravaganza.

I.W.W. or I didn't raise my boy to be a Soldier.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Elec. Engr.: J. Wilkenski.

Wardrobe Mistress: Horrie Hawkins.  
Bring your own Supports.





A large bellum on  
The Tigris.



A stork and her  
nest, Baghdad.

## THE ADVANCE and AFTER BAGHDAD

### A POLITE CORRECTION

(Near Bawi.)

General Crocker (Cav. Division) picking up fragments of pottery: "So these are the ruins of—."

L Station's Cook: "No, they are relics of—."  
Genl. Crocker (after further inspection): "I believe you are right."

L Station's Cook: "I know — well I am!"  
And the General laughed.

### CTESIPHON.

An extract from Muir's "Caliphate," which describes the treasure captured from the Persians at Ctesiphon. A.D. 637.

The booty was rich beyond conception. Besides millions of treasure, there was countless store of silver and golden vessels, gorgeous vestments and garniture—precious things of untold rarity and cost. The lucky capture of a train of mules disclosed an unexpected prize consisting of tiara, robes and girdle of the King. The Arabs gazed in wonder at the crown, jewelled swords, and splendour of the throne; and, among other marvels, at a camel of silver, large as life, with rider of gold; and a golden horse, with emeralds for teeth, its neck set with rubies, and its trappings of gold. The precious metals lost their value, for gold was plentiful as silver. Rich works of art in sandal-wood and amber were in the hands of everyone, hoards of musk and spicy products of the East. Camphor lay about in sacks, and was at first by mistake kneaded with cakes as salt. The prize agents had a heavy task for each man's share (and the army now numbered 60,000) was twelve thousand pieces, besides special largesses for the more distinguished. The army forwarded to Medina, beyond the royal fifth, such rare and precious things as might stir the wonder of the simple citizens at home. To the Caliph they sent, as fitting gift, the regalia of the Empire, and the sword of the Chosroes. But the spectacle of the day was the royal banquetting carpet, seventy cubits long and sixty broad. It represented a garden, the ground wrought in gold, and the walks in silver; meadows of emeralds, and rivulets of pearls; trees, flowers and fruits of sparkling diamonds, rubies and other precious stones. When the rest of the spoil had been disposed of, Omar took counsel what should be done with the carpet. The most advised to keep it as a trophy of Islam. But Ali reflecting on the instability of earthly things, objected; and the Caliph, accepting his advice, had it cut in pieces and distributed with the other booty. The part which fell to Ali's lot fetched twenty thousand dirhems.

### AFTER BAGHDAD.

(E Station, March-April, 1917.)

After four days in Baghdad we rejoined I Corps

(this time to be attached to the 3rd Division, commanded by General Keary) at their Hinaiidi camp. There was some excitement crossing the pontoon bridge when we were leaving Baghdad—we almost came to grief. The approach through the narrow, roofed bazaar had already made the horses restless, and a strong wind blowing up caused the bridge to rock like a rowing boat. On one section where the running plank had been knocked off the wheels of my wagon were on the edge—another inch and all would have had a bath!

Our course took us away from the Tigris and we reached the banks of the Diala River at Baqubah, but did not halt there for long before going to Sharaban, where we relieved D Station, camping by a canal on the far side of the town. Here we were close behind the British advanced lines; on one occasion a sudden long-distance bombardment would have practically wiped us out, but for the fact that the shots were badly registered, and the shells landed in open desert.

In Sharaban our force captured over nine thousand tons of grain and the position had to be held until it could be transported to the rear of our lines. This was accomplished and we evacuated the position on April 3rd. Two days got us back to Baqubah and we expected to get a rest, but no, we were put under orders for III. Corps on the Adhaim River. The heat was now getting bad both for man and horse, and in addition the water was not good.

We arrived at Sindiyeih (on the Tigris, near its junction of the Adhaim) and had a spell there for a couple of days. As the troops had not long been in this district we were able to get eggs for almost nothing. But soon the Arabs woke up and things changed.

On April 6th we reached a wadi, apparently a flood overflow from the Adhaim, but to us famous only for its insects. No one could sleep for even ten minutes without a bite from something or other! We called it "Insect Valley!" Next march was to Dogameh—over dry marl ground, that burnt like hot iron—in patches so flat that a marble would not roll. However, at Dogameh we camped in a barley crop, and I can tell you we enjoyed it until a plague of grasshoppers arrived and took our crop and some of our horses' hair with it. On the 11th we made a hurried midnight retreat amidst clouds of dust.

After a week the time became ripe for the forcing of Adhaim crossing. Dogameh was reached again on the 17th, and we spent the next ten days slowly moving forward with Advanced H.Q. of III. Corps till we reached Satha Post. Three days later the battle of the Adhaim developed, and on our side, from the point of view of casualties sustained in proportion to the number of troops engaged, it proved to be the bloodiest in the campaign. Added to this there were continuous dust storms, almost unbearable heat, and poor water and rations. No Briton or Australian who participated in this operation retains very pleasant memories of the



Adhaim. However, the humor of two occasions remains in mind. Here they are:

SCENE:—Satha, Shatt-al-Adhaim. Time, dusk. Operators of wireless station struggling to erect huge mast amidst rushing mob of Indians, horses, wagons, artillery, limbers, troops, etc.

General: "Heah, I say, what is this enormous contraption? What, may I ask, does it represent? Awa, what is it?"

Tired and Grimy Operator: "This represents the Anzac Wireless Squadron and . . . . . (continuous for five minutes)."

General (slowly wheeling horse in stupefied manner): "Gee whizz."

SCENE: 4 miles above Satha. A group of Turkish prisoners around whom are guards and wild and woolly Australians.

Officer: "Heah, go away from those men—do you hear? Go away! If you stop, you will be placed on guard duty. Why, what do you mean by hanging round here—you don't look like soldiers at all."

As the Australians turned slowly on their collective heels, wondering to themselves what the "noise" was all about, one was overheard to say: "The — old fool, who said we looked like soldiers!"

## AFTER BAGHDAD.

### A Cavalry Station Diary.

March 23rd.—Received short notice to pack and join the Cavalry again. Everyone disappointed. Plenty of compliments flying about. Rode 20 miles and camped in fertile country (Khan Jedida).

24th.—Moved through Deltawa, and dined on the comforts which we had brought from Baghdad. We had also been able to get some kit, first since Arab Village. Appreciated the comforts; we haven't seen bread for a month.

25th.—Advanced only a few miles. Erected several times. Continued somewhat similarly—reconnoitring and advancing, until the 31st, between the River Diala and the Khalis Canal, in order to contain the Turks. Last day exciting because we received a mail.

April 1st.—Returned to Tekana. It seems that the Turks have abandoned Dali Abbas.

2nd.—H Station joined up; cavalry have been in touch with the enemy up Dogameh way. Returned to Deltawa and spent about a week in camp. Rations are short and the horses are getting very little to eat.

6th.—Rose at 3.15 a.m. and did 27 miles. Camped. At 10 p.m. suddenly got orders to retire 6 miles. Everybody fed up. During the night L station's cook received an unexpected ducking in a flooded nullah.

7th.—Camped from 1.30 a.m. till 3.30 a.m.—advanced a couple of miles. Continued with the same sort of thing until the 11th. We are drawing on the Turks—successfully as it afterwards turned out.

12th.—We spent our next three days trying to outflank the Turks on the Kifri road. On the first day four shells landed very close to the set—some splinters hit the far mast. We closed hurriedly in the middle of a message.

The next two days were not so dangerous but were equally strenuous.

22nd.—In camp at Sindiyeh on the left bank of the Tigris. Here a composite cavalry brigade was made up with H station, while L went to Baqubah and C returned to Es Sulaiikh, where they remained (except for a week's strafe on Arabs). H Station is stiff—still with the cavalry. Hear we have a month's work still before us.

23rd.—Moved off at 2 a.m. and acted as flank guard with the infantry during their capture of Dahuba. We were right up in front—had several narrow shaves; shrapnel burst amongst us, wounding a driver in the leg and also a horse.

26th.—Continued with the cavalry up the river—now co-operating with the infantry on their Adhaim battles. Plenty of shrapnel—three of the horses had skin knocked off them.

May 4th.—Packed up for return with the cavalry. Thank heaven, we are going into summer quarters. Rations terribly poor—had only bacon and biscuits for the last week. Moved about 10 miles.

5th.—Moved another 15 miles.

7th.—At Barura river-head. Station to be transferred to the infantry—under orders to go back up the Adhaim again. That's injustice if you like. H station has been continuously at it ever since December 12th. How about some of the other stations having a go?

16th.—Spent a week touring the Adhaim with the infantry. Now we are under orders for III. Corps at Baqubah. Words fail us!

## FINDING D STATION.

(Column for Hindiyeh, May, 1917.)

"Hindiyeh force out of communication. Take 10 men as escort, join the force and fix things up. They're somewhere S.E. of here; you're sure to see their tracks."

These were orders and I was the recipient.

The force with which I had to join up was on its way to protect the irrigation barrage at Hindiyeh, on the Euphrates. After being in regular communication with us for some days, it had suddenly failed to gain touch; but an aeroplane located it at Museyib, apparently O.K. Hence the order to re-establish communication. As the local Arabs were reported to be rather hostile, I was given a comparatively large escort.

With additional instructions to pick up some mail at the Advanced P.O. across the river, we set out with a Ford van and a Fiat lorry borrowed from Army Sigs. Collecting the mail took some time, and it was about 3 p.m. before we finally got under way.

Finding the track was not difficult; we soon reached Mahmudiyyeh, a post about 15 miles out. Here we were directed to "follow the old Turkish telegraph line; it'll take you right there." The track was fair, so we soon settled down to the monotony of the desert; the line of broken cast-iron poles seemed unending. Mile after mile was done in good time, and the track at last became indistinct, but, the broken poles being well in evidence, I hadn't any doubt that we were going in the right direction, until finally we approached a village, the inhabitants of which seemed very excited at our coming. I was in the Ford and a bit ahead of the lorry, so waited and gave instructions to the boys to get their rifles ready for any emergency. We then pushed





The Euphrates at Hillah (from the sketch by Donald Maxwell, R.A.).

on through the village, where the wildest excitement prevailed. Once through, the track became very sandy and rough. Looking back I saw an Arab galloping after us; he was gesticulating wildly, pointing ahead, and shouting out in Arabic, from which the only understandable words were "Hillah Mozier Mozier." I knew there was a town called Hillah, and that it had a doubtful reputation, so as it was now dusk, and as there were no signs of the column, I decided to make back and try for Mahmudiyeh.

On returning to the village the inhabitants flocked round the cars, and an old patriarch, whom I took to be the sheik, came up. As the cars started to move he pushed one of his Arabs, armed with an old Mauser, into the back of the Ford, indicating by signs that he'd be our guide. I didn't like the idea of an armed Arab behind me, and felt more comfortable when "Wilkie," the mechanic, got in with me. Giving Wilkie instructions to keep the Arab covered, and shoot him if he proved hostile, we started on the road. Our guide started finding fault at once: the lorry was "Mozier" because it couldn't go fast enough; my revolver was "Mozier," so he handed me the driver's rifle. Then the blanket of darkness fell with its usual tropical suddenness, and a dusty breeze started to blow.

The Arab, who had been muttering to himself, suddenly motioned the driver to go to the left, where there was absolutely no sign of a track, but after a little deliberation, I decided to chance it. Our pace became a crawl, as we were moving over open desert with practically no light, the Ford's only one burning dimly at slow speeds. Peering ahead into the unknown wasn't a very pleasant feeling, especially when one's mind continually reverted to the tales of Arab atrocities. By this time, however, I had a little more faith in our guide; he had eyes like a cat and knew every hole in the desert, and without him we would undoubtedly have turned turtle long before.

We'd been going for what seemed hours, when right ahead there was a flash of light, and, before we realised it, we were in the covered bazaar of a village. The inhabitants, who crowded in on all sides, looked very unpleasant, but made no hostile demonstration, our guide meanwhile yelling and standing up with his rifle ready. Passing through this suspense we thereupon found ourselves on a bund with flood waters on both sides—no room to turn if we wanted to.

I was of course completely "bushed" by this time, though I knew by the flood waters that we couldn't be far from the Euphrates, and were possibly on the right track. The narrow native bridges over the gaps in the bund were a ticklish proposition for the lorry without lights. In one case we practically had to lift the Ford round to show the way across a particularly bad one; even then one of the lorry's wheels went over the edge and was only with difficulty got on again. A few more

bridges, then some palms, and finally a challenge—"Halt, who goes there." At the sound of the voice, our Arab jumped out and disappeared into the darkness.

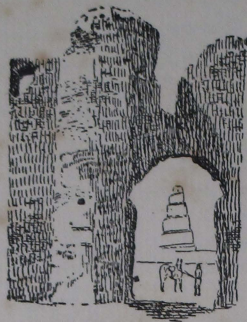
Heaving a sigh of relief, at last we arrived, only to be "strafed" by a colonel, who said we had no business to come without an armoured car, and were d—d lucky to get through, etc., etc. On hearing our story he was more surprised, and then explained that the track left the telegraph line at a very fine angle—in fact, it looked just like the numerous desert tracks which all lead to the same place. He had thought it possible that any party following afterwards might make a mistake, and had therefore sent a troop down to the first village to "put the wind up" the sheik, saying that the village would be wiped out if anything happened there. Parties were not allowed to go on to Hillah, which was a particularly unhealthy spot to be in at that time. Hence our guide and the excitement.

## DINNER WITH THE SHEIK AT FELUJA.

While stationed at Feluja, two of us were invited to dine with the Sheik, and after some consideration—we accepted. From the point of view of an experience it proved interesting, but from the point of view of a good "blow out"—which we could well do with—it was disappointing.

When we arrived, the food was on the table, which was bare of linen or ornament. One large enamel dish of nicely cooked rice lay in the centre of the table, and at each guest's place was set an enamel plate of stew, made mostly from kid and tomato, well seasoned and rather tasty. There were present the Sheik, two other Arabs, and we two visitors, and immediately on our arrival the five of us sat down and fell to. We—as infidels—were given spoons, which we used for a while, but eventually tried the native custom and started in with our fingers, to the great delight of our host and his two friends. There is an art in eating in this manner, and it is astonishing how the unaccustomed ones make a mess of things in their first efforts. The idea is to pick up a piece of meat from your own plate, saturate it with gravy and drop it into a hole you have previously made in the centre dish of rice, cover it over until sufficient rice adheres to it to absorb the gravy (incidentally cleaning your fingers of any of the latter thereon), and then carry the ball to your mouth without dropping rice or gravy to the table en route, and without touching other than the rice on your own immediate share of the centre dish, or leaving any gravy behind you thereon. Try it next time you have curry and rice.





The spiral minaret at Samarrah—relic of a vast open-air mosque dating from the 9th century.

## THE SECOND SUMMER (1917)

### HOW WE PASSED THE TIME AT SAMARRAH.

(E Station, 1917-18).

After the capture of Baghdad and our famous tour of the Adhaim, we chose for our vacation the beautiful and picturesque spot called Samarra! No trace of vegetation relieved the dusty glare of the desert, and the only things in the landscape worth mentioning were the old Tigris flowing down to the sea, the city wall, the famous golden-domed mosque, the neighbouring Malwiyah minaret, and the ruins of the German railway station.

Our "possy" was an unlucky one, inasmuch as every "willy willy" that came across the desert—and we had some beauties up there—never failed to strike us. On these occasions all heads would dive under blankets, and nothing could be heard except perhaps the bobajee swearing in the cook-house. Loose blankets, boxes, and tins and anything else lying about usually went for ever. It can well be imagined that to fill in time in such a locality was no easy job. Still, we made ourselves fairly comfortable. Swimming was our "strong point" during the summer, most of us being in the water three and four times a day. Before breakfast we usually enjoyed a lengthy dip in the river, playing at leap-frog, chasing, water-polo (with someone's topee), diving, sprinting, and anything else to make fun; at midday, having to swim the horses, we ourselves were not supposed to bathe, but nevertheless, when out in deep water we would drop off for a dip; and at night, before tea, we were in again. So much time did we spend in the water that one began to feel we might turn into Tigris salmon. The rest of the day was spent on duty or fatigues, and in playing cards, reading, letter writing, and (of course) arguments. Ye gods! we had some budding "bush-politicians" in our station, and there was scarcely a current topic that wasn't thrashed out. It does one good to look back upon the debating powers of this lot of "furfur"-mongers, bolsheviks, bush lawyers, military "experts," and agricultural professors. We also tried fishing to help pass the time away, but soon got fed up with sticking on the end of a line. So "old Bill," an inventive genius, made a spear. The chief spearman would stand up to his chest in the water, while we other poor, silly coots threw bait around him to attract the fish. We had a hundred goes at them but rarely had much luck. "Chits" for beer were never lacking and thus we managed to get

plenty of liquid refreshment, which somewhat brightened our existence. Periodically, too, a ghari would make a bee-line for the canteen, returning laden with cases of pork and beans, tinned milk, sardines, salmon, lollies and cigarettes. To break the monotony Turkish planes visited us almost daily, and we used to watch with interest our anti-aircraft batteries flinging hundreds of pounds worth of ammunition at them. Only once were we rewarded by seeing a machine brought down.

Then one day an officer arrived and he livened up things to an alarming extent. No more idling in our tents, no more fishing, no more throwing the brush over the horse's back and calling it groomed. We had regular parades, the drivers cleaned their rifles and the operators the set and spare parts, the horses were inspected every day, new dugouts were constructed and sandbagged, and, worst of all, gas-mask drill was ordered—and carried out. I'll never forget the difficult job we had in cleaning up our harness after digging it out of the sand, in which it had lain for weeks; to make the rusty links bright and shiny again was by far the hardest work—files, emery paper, and kerosene all being given a trial.

Then, after making the camp ship-shape, the inevitable happened—orders coming along for us to move to I Corps H.Q., about three miles away. Here we had all our work to do over again—dugouts, sandbags, cookhouse, horse-lines, etc. Trenches were also dug in order to provide cover during air-raids; but the operators, disdaining this shelter, tunnelled beneath their own tent a dugout large enough to hold a regiment, and at the sound of the warning gong they would dive into it like rabbits. A special "funk-hole" was also dug for the use of the operator on duty, and specially-lengthened telephone cords enabled him to reach it with ease. The drivers, who had to stand by the horses on such occasions, were not in as fortunate a position; although it is quite amusing to-day to think of those six figures, clad in shirts or pyjamas, racing in the moonlight across the quarter of a mile of open space to the lines, and dropping to the ground at the hum of a falling bomb. Needless to say, they shivered with the cold.

Occasionally we had some great concerts and ram-sammies. One long streak of a driver, who acted as organist at church parades, always brought the "pocket-edition" organ home to camp, where it was used for less reverent, but highly enjoyable, purposes. Staff B—used to read from *The Sentimental Bloke* and Ginger Mick; Denny would give his favourite



song, "Too-ra-loo-radoo," and Jock an obligato on pannikins and tin-plates; and all hands joined in the choruses.

With the arrival of winter, football commenced, and, though our numbers were few, we managed to rake up a rugby team which put up many a good show against those from neighbouring British units. On Christmas Day there was played one of the funniest matches possible. Two or three hundred men, mostly "half-tanked" and rather merry after a sumptuous dinner, joined in the game, irrespective of sides. They surged up and down the field and, when one poor coot would get the ball, it wasn't long before he had fifty or sixty struggling humans piled up on top of him! It is impossible to say who won; the referee was seen but once, for during the remainder of the time he was simply buried out of sight. About a dozen stretcher-bearers were on the line, and they were busy all the afternoon. One officer looked like scoring a try, when a spectator with a diving tackle brought him down; result—both carted off on stretchers!

However, when one looks back on the time we spent at Samarra, it is possible to forget the heat, flies, mosquitoes, floods, mud, cold, and disease, and much easier to remember the cheerful spirit of comradeship which, in the face of everything, enabled us to have a comparatively good time.

## BELED.

(F Station—Summer, 1917).

Beled—midway between Baghdad and Samarra, with a tiny railway station the only building in sight. Who of F Station is likely to forget the summer we spent at Beled? The mean temperature continued in the vicinity of 130 degrees; there was nothing to do except water the horses at the station well three times a day, and go through with the usual camp routine.

Yet mention of Beled conjures up some pleasant memories. Jim —, sometime actor and now a driver, wrote playlets which were performed late at night under the stars. The nucleus of a really good choir was unearthed—"Monterey" and "There's a light still burning in the window" were favourites. Then there was one Alec. Does anyone remember how many somersaults Alec could turn before hitting the ground after tripping over a tent guy? And we only had 48 small bottles of Guinness amongst the lot of us.

The 8th (Jullundur) Brigade sports provided a week's amusement too. True to tradition, there was no horse race for ranks below N.C.O.; F Station was therefore constrained to make some unofficial promotions and there blossomed forth on the desert Lance-Corps. Jimmy — and Mac —. Mac rode "Dick," a long-legged bay horse, who had been given a high-sounding aboriginal name for the day. After a week's secret preparation, "Dick" appeared at the appointed hour, complete with all accessories, even to fly veil. He hadn't been groomed during that time and looked such a sorry nag that two Sikhs were the only people, besides the "owner" and his friends, to risk their money on him at the rupee "tote." Mac rode a great race and finished first by a head; and the tote paid 70 to 1!

On another occasion three members of F were "on the mat" for neglecting to salute the brigadier. Preferring death to dishonour, they nobly chose a court-martial in preference to summary punishment. The staff captain, however, decided otherwise, and that, on account of their youth and inexperience, they should be summarily dealt with. The sentence was deprivation of beer issue when the canteen arrived from Baghdad! However, as the canteen never arrived, the sentence did not press very heavily on them.

## MIRAGES.

(Aziziyeh, Summer 1917.)

Many tales could be told of these wonderful phenomena—tales of lakes appearing in the distance towards which thirsty men and horses eagerly spur on in the hope of reaching, only to find that the "lake" fades away and disappears, leaving nothing but burning desert.

An incident, which many of the N.Z. Wireless Troop will remember, occurred at Aziziyeh, when some thousands of Indian troops were waiting for the word to proceed up the Tigris. Days were monotonously inactive, broken only by an occasional Arab raid at night, resulting in the loss of rations and sometimes a rifle which cost the owner some 80-odd rupees.

Then the camp was suddenly plunged into activity, for at 3 p.m. on a very hot day the alarm was sounded: "Fall in, in full marching order," was tooted out by an Indian bugler. In quick response out dashed the Sikh regiment of Lancers; the pontoon bridge across the river was immediately opened. Away across the desert could be seen many moving objects resembling horses and men. Although indistinct, with the aid of field glasses they quickly cleared up and Arab horsemen could be plainly seen riding towards the camp. The signal for the Lancers to advance across the bridge immediately "put the wind up" the followers in camp, and general bedlam prevailed as the horsemen dashed out and were lost in clouds of dust. A pack wireless station was mobilised in a limber and crossed the river ready for action if occasion arose. For an hour or two excitement reigned. Our horsemen were eventually seen to be far out on the horizon, and yet farther away and now in the middle of them could be observed the hundreds of Arabs still riding towards camp. About 5 o'clock we could see that our men were returning and by six the advance party arrived and reported having ridden hard for over an hour and seen nothing but desert.

The horsemen we had seen (so it turned out later) were Arabs riding to Baghdad to attend a Moham-medan festival, and the nearest they had been to our camp was 30 miles.

## "BUCKSHEE COMFORTS."

(Aziziyeh, Summer, 1917.)

Army rations are at the best of times anything but likely to give the "Digger" that "glad and satisfied feeling," and, after nearly 12 months' of them, supplemented only by very infrequent visits from the canteen boat, the mail bag disclosed a communication from the N.Z. High Commissioner notifying that 74 packages of comforts had been forwarded for the Wireless Troop. In due course those 74 packages arrived, and can it be wondered that even the most ardent Methodist among the troop forgot to say grace that day. Bacon was a delicacy out East, but to have 74 cases of flabby Lance Corporal pig suddenly bumped to barely 100 men—well—! In a temperature of 120 in the shade that bacon looked very silly and was soon reduced to a greasy mess. The High Commissioner must have smiled when he received our letter of thanks, but his intentions were evidently good—for he immediately despatched two huge cases by the quickest available route. In due course these arrived, and wouldn't the boys have given something to be able to hop into a shop with the three brass balls over the door; for dinner jackets with brass buttons, discarded garments from a wardrobe of a duke and duchess, were rather indigestible morsels for hungry men. Anyhow the Belgians were minus two cases of comforts, and the Arabs had a win.



# LIFE IN BAGHDAD

## ABBAS.

(N.C.O.'s Mess, The Billet, March, 1927.)

Abbas, though rather more intelligent than the average, was a typical dirty little Arab brat of about 15 years. He joined the Squadron at Baghdad on the recommendation of Yuseff, the self-appointed commissaire to the N.C.O.'s mess. Thereby hangs this tale.

After the long spell of tent life mid the dust, heat, flies, and mosquitoes of Magil, the mud, cold, and rain at Es Sinn, and the long, practically forced march to Baghdad, the first glimpse of Sinbad's hometown, with its blue-tiled domes and minarets, was something to be remembered; but what a disillusionment on entering the town. One wondered how even the thousands of pariah dogs, the scavengers of the town, existed in such filth and dirt. However, after the first disappointment, the thought of living between four solid walls with a permanent roof overhead was a comfort not to be despised.

The formation of a mess was one of the first steps taken by us N.C.O.'s on entering our moderately clean billet. 'Twas my turn as mess caterer. We numbered only five and, as the unit was practically under strength, an orderly was out of the question. All of us had a natural aversion from the part of slushy, so we decided on employing a native, if one clean enough could be found.

Having now a table to sit at, benches to sit on, and a bazaar to buy things in, a tablecloth seemed the one thing necessary to complete our happy little home. Dipping into the mess funds, I was soon at the bazaar haggling over the price of sheeting, but, owing to the Arabs' appalling ignorance of English or Hindustani, I wasn't succeeding in driving much of a bargain, when from behind me I heard a voice, speaking in perfectly precise English: "What is it you require, sir." I turned to find a youngster of about 14, whom I took to be a Jew. He proudly informed me he spoke four languages, and, if I required anything, he would do the bargaining and buy cheaper than I could. He was as good as his word. I thought this kid would be a great acquisition to the mess, so put it to him. He declined with great dignity, and scornfully added, "My father would not allow me to be a servant." However, he said he would endeavour to get an Arab and promised to bring one along to the billet.

Next morning Yuseff (we christened him Joseph) turned up with a filthy Arab kid in tow, and gravely introduced: "Abbas, who is to be your servant." The difficulty then was the lingo. We hadn't been there long enough to get more than a smattering of the colloquial Arabic, and Abbas, of course, was ignorant of English and Hindustani. Joe stepped into the breach again, offering to come along each day to train Abbas. He refused payment, asking only for a bottle of petrol occasionally to start his father's ice-making engine across the way.

After a wash, brush-up, and an issue of shorts and shirt from the Q.M., Abbas was duly installed at 8 annas per diem. Everything went well. Yuseff turned up for breakfast, dinner, and tea, and ate more than any member of the mess; but, after a week or so he developed the habit of poking around places where he had no right to be, and, as his knowledge of languages might have resulted in leakage of information, it was decided he'd have to finish.

I thanked him very much on behalf of the mess and said we didn't think it necessary to take up any more of his time. He refused a ten chip bill I offered and stayed to tea, next morning turning up at breakfast time with a bill on his father's business paper: "To services as Commissaire R.150." I told him to go to blazes, but the Q.M., being more softhearted, gave him R.15 to stop his howling and to get rid of him.

Just at that time there was a short issue of meat and, though officially it was against orders to buy in the native markets, we didn't see the sense of going hungry when there was plenty to be had. We decided to send Abbas. He was intelligent enough, so I suppose my Arabic was at fault; anyhow I couldn't make him "mallum" (understand). In desperation I drew a rough picture of a sheep (my drawing was as good as my Arabic), but after several guesses Abbas gave it up. I then tried mimicking with the first "Baa-a-a" Abbas said: "Mallum! Mallum Sahibi!" Heaving a sigh of relief I drew a ring round a leg; he "malledum" again and was soon back again with a beautiful leg of lamb ("lah-lem," as he called it). I tried him next day with fish. Not being able to make a noise like a fish, I tried a combination of sketch, movement of jaws, and waving of hands—he got it first time. The only time he ever made a mistake was when he brought back a vegetable marrow for a cucumber.

Abbas with his 8 annas a day was becoming quite affluent among his particular clan; he began to put on all sorts of airs, until, about a month after he joined us, he asked for a day off "to get married." Of course he got the day off, with liberal backsheesh as a wedding present. His bride, a year younger than he, was the daughter of a dhoobi-woman.

For a couple of weeks Abbas was radiant. He rushed through his work and cleared home at the earliest possible moment; then one day he was very grumpy and sulky and would do nothing right. After a lecture on carelessness (he'd picked up more English and Hindustani than we had Arabic), he was asked what the trouble was. He absolutely boiled over. "Marie b— b— imshi, Wahud b— b—!" It appeared Wahud had been making a couple of rupees a day bootblackening for the boys in the other billet. Marie—the eternal feminine—had been dazzled by his shining silver pile and cleared out with him.

Abbas lasted in the mess till that well-remembered night when the Major's Persian carpets were "souvenired" by a burly Arab; after that, the edict was issued that natives were not to be allowed in the billets. I saw him a few days later. He'd gone back to his native filth, but still maintained that Marie was a b— b—!!

## OVERHEARD IN NEW STREET.

A member of the squadron, well known for his wit as much as for his impediment of speech, was walking along New Street, Baghdad, one afternoon, and was of course not exactly looking for officers to salute. He was about to pass a well-dressed officer without "chucking" a salute, when he was greeted by a "gentle" prod with a cane, and the remark—"Good God, man, don't you know who I am." It took Bill nearly three minutes to answer him, and then in jerks it came: "N—n—no—no—no—no—no—no—no—no—the—advantage—of—me there."



## ALMOST A DISASTER.

(N.C.O.'s Mess, *The Billet*, Winter, 1917.)

A Sergeant of the N.Z. troop had come in from one of the out-stations. He reported sick the following day, and that night we all shared his blankets (he had about six). Next morning the sick report came in: "Sgt. ——— suspected smallpox." Imagine our feelings. Later a report came through canceling the first, but for a joke this was kept dark. The Major kept it going by saying all our kit was to be burned, including our much-prized Aussie hats. I really thought he meant it, and had my old felt hidden away, but, much to our relief, the room was only fumigated.

## ARAB AUCTION.

This is unique in its way and typically Arabesque. A large native-made sack of vegetables—in one particular instance the writer watched, it contained cucumbers—is brought in and placed on the ground. The auctioneer draws attention to it and favours the audience with a lengthy description of the contents. The purchasers and a great many others gather round and cram as close to the lot as possible—this apparently to cover up their actions. Everyone near enough is energetically feeling the contents of the bag and incidentally doing his darndest to make a hole large enough to get out a sample. Several succeed, and, after most of them are more or less well supplied, the auctioneer wakes up and protests vigorously. Then the bidding starts and the sampling process is resumed. So much is filched that prospective buyers begin to get really anxious, and, when the lot is knocked down the purchaser gets very wild and endeavours instantly to stop the sampling—and even to recover some of the samples. But my! what a terrible noise they make for a very little result.

## MOUNTING PICKET.

(*Horse-lines*, Summer, 1918).

An afternoon hotter than usual, the flies more persistent, a more acrid tone in the general profanity—it is parade for picket at the Horse-lines. The lance-corporal in charge gives the usual instructions, which are noted with that deep respect always accorded lance-jacks in the wireless squadron.

Pointed references to rifles more than usually neglected are met with thread-bare but sufficient excuses as the N.C.O. passes along an exceedingly crooked line. From a neighbouring tent a cheerful, grinning face protrudes, the owner congratulating the picket on its smart and soldier-like appearance. The picquet then replies with defamatory reference to the interjector's ancrestry.

Slips of paper drawn from a hat decide the hours of duty for each man, after which the party, without embarrassing the corp. by first coming to attention, slouches off to its tents.

## SUNRISE.

(*Horse-lines*, Summer, 1918).

A shudder passes over the date-palms; almost imperceptibly the air begins to move. From the encircling desert the jackals howl matutinal exchanges. The all-pervading smell of burning manure (the Arabs' fuel) disgusts the sensitive nostril. The breeze increases in the tree-tops, and sleepy horses move uneasily. Thousands of crows, rising from a nearby garden, encircle the camp before flying off for their day's scavenging. Gradually the darkness pales before the approaching sun. In tints no artist ever put on canvas the east is adorned, when the sky changes from pale yellow to radiant gold and crimson. Rapidly, and as though thrown on a screen, the sun-sounding landscape leaps into view. Soon a red and angry looking sun shoots clear above the date-palms. Another Mesopotamian day is born.

## AUSTRALIA.

(Written while in Hospital, Baghdad.)

Australia, we've travelled to fight for thee,  
O'er oceans, o'er lands that were fair to see,  
But never so fair nor ever so free  
As thou, oh our home, Australia.

We've suffered with hunger and perished with thirst,  
Known sickness and pain at their very worst,  
And longed till we felt that our hearts would burst  
For thee, oh our home, Australia.

Oh! we've longed to be back where the gum trees  
grow,  
Where the winds that sigh through the swamp oaks  
blow,  
The down of the thistles as flakes of snow,  
Back in our home, Australia.

Where the reed birds down in the creek beds sing,  
And the tinkling bells of the milk herds ring,  
As home through the dusk of the eve they swing,  
Back in our home, Australia.

We have longed for the sound of the surf once more,  
As the billows break on the glistening shore,  
Or dashed to foam up the cliffs they roar,  
On the coasts of our home, Australia.

Australia, we've travelled to fight for thee,  
But never so fair nor ever so free,  
As thou, oh our home, Australia.  
O'er oceans, o'er lands that were fair to see,

## MARY THE CHALDEAN.

(By permission of the "Evening News", Sydney.)

She came swinging into camp, barefooted, and poising on her head a huge bundle of washing done up in a colored cloth.

"Hullo, Mary!"

"Hullo, brother! Good to-day, brother?"

The heavy silver ornaments on her ankle clashed together as she strode by, and the flowing folds of her Chaldean headdress trailed in the breeze beneath the burden on her head.

Mary—by occupation a dhobi; by religion a Chaldean. Washing and religion were the two things in life Mary took most seriously, and she worked at both very well. One supplied her with fine ideals, the other with a field in which those ideals could find expression, and thus it was that the light of Heaven came to shine out of a common washtub.

The actual form of faith to which Mary was supposed to assent was never known, but for all practical purposes her creed was very short and very simple. She had a deep-rooted conviction that all Englishmen were Christians and that all Christians were of one family. "Mary sister, you," she would say, and sought every possible opportunity of giving her ideal practical expression through a happy and generous good nature, quite regardless as to whether her sisterly interest was acceptable or not.

Nothing could shake Mary's faith in her obligation to universal sisterhood. The definiteness of her conception of this fundamental principle of the Christian religion, and the simple beauty of her practical expression of it, were as refreshing as they were unique.

Often enough she would not ask for payment for her work, being satisfied with the assurance that "brother," for the time being, was out of funds. The garments she returned had all been carefully gone over—lost buttons had been replaced, torn parts mended, and well-worn socks darned. "Mary mother, you" would be her explanation. The equities of trade



would have freed her from much that she did, but the nature of her ideal required her to do as much as she could.

Then the time came to say farewell. The tears welled from her eyes, and her voice was faltering and broken as she took each man by the hand and wished him good-bye.

It would be worth while to hear again the cheery "Hullo, brother," of Mary the Chaldean.



### AGGAR GUF.

One of my first leave afternoons in Baghdad found me on the upper deck of the Kazimain horse-tram. As we left behind the houses of the western section of the city, a strange object appeared far off on the desert skyline—a black tooth shimmering through the mirage. My interest must have communicated itself to an Arab gentleman on my left, because he promptly uttered several guttural syllables, which I duly noted in my diary.

Later on, after the armistice, when Ford vans became more "borrowable," we chartered one and set off across Iron Bridge and westwards. Poor Ford—it had to "loop-the-loop" over nullahs and long-forgotten irrigation canals. After nine miles we were there—at the foot of a great ruined tower of sundried bricks, rising sheer from a hillock of its own debris.

The builders of this tower seem to have had very definite ideas on the subject of reinforcement, for every row of bricks was separated from its neighbour by a layer of reed matting, while every twenty layers or so were further strengthened by the inclusion of much stouter sheets of matting.

It stuck in our minds, that reed matting, much as it stuck between the rows of bricks, for a closer inspection disclosed the astonishing fact that it still retained its texture and strength.

After scouting round amongst the rubbish of centuries for souvenirs in the shape of patterned potsherds, we went off back to the billet.

Back home in Australia, I did not forget Aggar Guf. I scanned the index of every book of Mesopotamian travel until I got on its elusive trail at last. I was more than rewarded when I read the following

paragraph in one of them. It was quoted from Purchas, his *Pilgrimage* (an old English work, dated 1626) as appearing on page 50 of the folio edition:—

"For about seven or eight miles from Baghdad, as men passe from Felugia, a towne on Euphrates, whereon Old Babylon stood, to this newe citie on Tigris (a walke of about forty miles space) there is seen a ruinous shape, of a shaplesse heape and building, in circuit less than a mile, about the height of the stonework of Paule's steeple in London, the bricks being six inches thicke, eight broad, and a foot long (as Master Allen measured) with mats of canes laid betwixt them, yet remaining as sound as if they had beene laid within a yeeere's space. Thus Master Eldred and Master Fitch, Master Cartwright, also, and my friend Master Allen, by testimony of their own eyes, have reported. But I can scarce think it to be the tower of Babel, because authors place it in the midst of old Babylon, and neere Euphrates, whereas this is neerer Tigris."

From another book I gleaned some more information. Aggar Guf is all that remains of the temple-tower or *zigurat* of Dur Kurigalzu, a city of the Kassite Babylonians, founded in 1410 B.C.

Good old matting—may you last many another three thousand three hundred years. And may you impress many another traveller, as you did old Purchas and ourselves.

### THEY ALSO SERVED.

(Indians attached No. 9 Station and Horselines, Summer, 1918).

I first met Mehta Bluebell at Kermanshah. Tall, thin, and black, he invariably went armed with an empty petrol tin and a broom. How that tin worried him on the subsequent trek to Zinjan and back to Baghdad—a nice wooden container that had been made for it helped after a week to boil the dixie. On the move from Kermanshah Bluebell was given a pair of fat-tailed sheep to drive, and they were forever getting tangled in his lanky legs, or tumbling down a nullah. But there never was a more necessary or faithful slave than Bluebell.

The column had just reached the foot of the pass at Asadabad, when it was noticed that a ghari was missing. Someone started to ride back. Then, like a whirlwind, round a bend in the road swung what looked like a flying bedstead. Something had frightened the mules and they came down at a mad gallop. Sprawled atop a load-and-a-half, and hanging on for dear life, was drabi Fargoo (nicknamed "Bunghi"). He won the tussle. A philosophic soul was Bunghi, serenely undisturbed in any circumstance, generous, too! Oftentimes a hot *chupatty* came our way—when a *chupatty* was a rare feed. For any gift his gratitude was most profound. A man of deeds, rather than words, his almost sole remark, though oft-repeated, was "utcha Sahib" (all right, Sahib), and you could depend that it was.

Hookma! What rare memories that name revives. Sweeper Hookma the *puggalwallah*, with the inevitable "red lamp" (cigarette) sticking out at the end of his fist. Will his fantastic career in the Horselines' yard ever be forgotten? Every sweep of his birch was made to the merry jingle of the bells he loved to hang around his neck. What with his thin scraggy ankles encompassed by rag, and with beads and coloured rags and other rubbish strung about him, he was gorgeous. Did ever decorated donkey look more ludicrous?

Rest to you, Bluebell, wherever you are; and Fargoo, peace to your ashes; and to you Hookma, poor wandering soul, Salaam, bhothe Salaam.



# CAVALRY DIVISION DAYS

## FROM BONDI TO BAGHDAD.

(Cav. Div. Sigs., Es Sulaikh, Summer, 1917).

It is a far stretch from Baghdad to Bondi, but an incident which occurred while the Australians were encamped at Es Sulaikh, a few miles up the Tigris from Baghdad, linked the two together.

An Indian was washing on the edge of the Tigris when his feet slipped on the muddy bottom of the river, and he slid into deep water to be immediately swept out from the bank by the treacherous current of the river.

An Australian, seeing his plight, at once jumped in, uniform, boots and all. He reached the drowning man as he was sinking for the third time, and eventually got him safely to the bank.

His fellows in the Cavalry Division never forgot the incident, which was only one of many that earned for our men the respect of the Indians.

The Australian had been a member of the Bondi Surf Club!

## THE END OF THE WET SEASON.

(Cav. Div. Sigs., at Sadiyeh, Winter, 1917-18).

Early in December, 1917, after strenuous work, the Cavalry Division settled down near Sadiyeh on the Tigris for the wet season. There were all told about a hundred Australians in the camp—the personnel of the three wireless stations and of the Cavalry Div. Sig. Squadron. No sooner were we settled down and the camp drained (the drains were designed, with typical military eccentricity, to run the water uphill) than the rain began in earnest. Waterproof coats were "issued" all round, as well as a few pairs of gum-boots "for use on the horse-lines"; but, as almost everyone regularly visited the horse-lines, wet or fine, the Q.M.G.'s branch must have forgotten that it was dealing with a cavalry division.

Although it was supposed to be a slack time, we did not find it so. Rising a quarter of an hour before dawn (temperature seven degrees below), we would exercise the horses for an hour and then groom them for another forty-five minutes. After breakfast more parades would usually be held, followed by drain-digging, harness cleaning, and other work until darkness had set in. Up till the last week of March this gay life was punctuated by torrential downpours, which penetrated even the most secure tents. But by the 28th of that month it seemed that the rainy season had finished, and we were assured there could be no more rain until next December; and instructions were received for the immediate return to store of all rain-coats and gum-boots.

The very same night that our coats and boots were passed in, the wind blew with hurricane force, bringing up by the following afternoon a heavy rainstorm, which lasted for some hours. Before long most of the tent-dugouts resembled swimming pools, and the idea of camping in them for the night was entirely out of the question. All hands took the misfortune philosophically, though not without expressing their feelings in a forceful manner as they vainly attempted to find "a better 'ole." Even the big E.P. signal-office tent was a wreck and full of water, and had of course to be righted without delay. A few of the fatigued party afterwards managed to secure a camp high and dry on stationery boxes, while the cook slept on his travelling kitchen, sheltered by a couple of sheets of galvanised iron. Others sat up in the few comparatively dry tents, telling yarns and singing.

About midnight, when the storm abated, a number of enthusiasts decided straightaway to bail the



Watering-place, Istabulat.

water from the tents before it had time to soak in, and then to dig until they struck dry ground. The bailing was done with pannikins and jam and kerosene tins, and the mud, too sticky to deal with otherwise, was rolled by hand into lumps and flung out. Then digging down some four inches till it was dry enough to suit them, they spread out blankets and turned in, warm as toast from the exercise.

In the morning intermittent showers still continued. A few tents were moved off small "lakes," and the erstwhile occupants began diving for sundry articles. The horse-lines were simply a quagmire, and the animals themselves looked for all the world like newly-finished mud walls. Under such circumstances, and the day being the first of April, could anyone refrain from having a practical joke?

About 10 o'clock a pukka English officer—an A.D.C. and a bit of a wag—strolled into the signal office. Ringing up a major in charge of ordnance supplies, whose office was about a mile distant, the aide told him that the General would like him to come over immediately—"couldn't say what for, but the matter is urgent." The major protested: It was still pouring rain, the track was impossible for a horse, a couple of minor creeks would have to be waded. . . . mud . . . "Couldn't the General come to the phone? Couldn't he send a message by an orderly, who could wait for a reply?" No, was the reply; the General had wished to see the Major personally, and there was no other way.

Three-quarters of an hour later the Major walked into the mess, asking an officer there what the — he had been sent for on such a — day. On someone suggesting that he had possibly overlooked the date, the air suddenly became electrified, though his lurid vocabulary seemed to be far too small for the occasion. Refusing to see the joke, and declining a drink with the H.Q. staff, he strode out and returned to his camp in a rage.

## OVERHEARD ONE NIGHT.

(Cavalry Camp, Sadiyeh, Winter, 1917-18).

The station had been flooded out by a typical Mesopotamian winter deluge. Pitch dark, lamps mostly full of water, mess-tins and boots floating round the dugouts, rifles buried in the mud. Then a voice from out of the darkness: "Fancy not wanting to go, Bill."

## FOOTBALL.

(Written by "Gunboat.")

Of the recreations enjoyed by the Wireless Squadron in Mesopotamia, football undoubtedly held pride of place, and when one remembers the conditions under which it was played—on the improvised grounds in the desert at Sadiyeh, Baghdad and elsewhere—the liking for the game can be easily gauged. As this por-



tion of the globe is blessed with an annual rainfall of not more than six inches, it is scarcely a matter for wonder that the earth thereabouts is hard. A bad fall in any sort of game, where the teams were out for a willing "mix up," generally left the victim badly skinned, and with an unwritten invitation to have a few words with the dispenser of "number nines" at the nearest field ambulance.

Sufficient training for these Homeric struggles was generally provided at the daily work at the horse-lines camp, while a good course of "bully-beef" never had a very deteriorating effect. On the other hand dubbing fatigues at the saddle racks were very devastating on form.

The bulk of my experience of the wireless boys as footballers was earned at Sadiyeh. At the end of November, 1917, after a very uninviting stay in hospital, I happened to join the stations attached to the Cavalry Division at Sindiyeih just as they were going out on the war-path. We travelled up the Adhaim, but did not "war" very much and returned on the 9th of December.

After thirteen days of hard work getting our camp into comfortable order, we decided to try some Rugby. Accordingly, teams from the Cav. Div. Sigs. and the three Wireless Stations duly turned out on December 22nd to do battle. Memory in respect of this game has become dimmed; suffice it to say that a very creditable exhibition was given in which the general spirit of give and take was much in evidence. The apparent lack of condition was made up for by the dashing efforts of the players; and the wonderful barracking of the hairy mob on the "line" was a feature of the sport much enjoyed by General Jones. The "Sparks" team ran out the winners. A week later another game was played, the Cav. Div. Sigs. winning this time (6-nil).

The suggestion for a combined team of Australians from the Cav. Div. Sigs. and the Wireless Squadron was then mooted. The initial game (Australians v. The Rest) was played on New Year's Day, 1918. It was, I think, in this enjoyable exhibition that C.L. made his famous dash for the line, and scored. Our boys won 11-3; and eight days later repeated the dose to the tune of 12-nil. After this we sallied forth in quest of opponents from the remainder of the Cavalry Division, and with the help of the Y.M.C.A., met a team derived from practically every unit in the division, with the exception perhaps of the Burmese Sanitary Corps. After a game of many thrills and much language we suffered defeat to the extent of 8 to 3. On this occasion the barracking was of great power, but the urging cries can hardly be quoted here.

Two days later the officers of the Cavalry Division gathered together a very strong combination to play the Australians, and a large crowd of spectators thronged the banks of the Tigris to watch the game. It is true that the opposing team had the advantage in weight, but nevertheless our boys tore into the fray with plenty of gusto. After a lively time the game finished up in favour of the officers (13-11). A return match played on January 30th resulted in a win for us by 11 to nil. This time we had the services of a player well-known in Rugby football circles in Australia, who was serving in the R.F.A.

On the 11th February, 1918, we motored to Baqubah to play the Royal Air Force, but on arrival found that they were unable to accommodate us with a game. In the end we raked up a few indifferent performers and played a scratch match.

Some ten days later we played the R.H.A., beating them 14 to nil. This game will be remembered for

the roughness shown on all hands. Hard knocks were dealt out "ad lib." Next day at least one of the players was an inmate of the field ambulance; nevertheless, it was a very enjoyable disturbance.

On the way home we played at Deolali (when we were supposed to be in isolation) against the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, who were reputed to be a very good side. Our team, now training on draught beer and Deolali stew, both thick substances, were in fairly good condition, and on a ground no softer than Martin Place, succeeded in cantering away from the Duke's footsloggers (16-5).

Afterwards there arose in the squadron an argument as to the respective merits of Sappers and Drivers at football. A game was accordingly arranged, and after putting all the other contests in the shade, resulted in a victory by 3 to nil for the meek little collection of humanity known as Sappers.

An exhibition of the "Australian Rules" game was also given at Deolali for the benefit of all concerned, including some Australian nurses. "Australian Rules" was always a source of enjoyment to Thomas Atkins, who regarded it as a "flaming old woman's game, choom!"

## WITH THE 7th CAVALRY BRIGADE.

(To Tauq Khana and Fatha).

(1918).

Apr. 22.—After a week of rumours, postponements, packings, unpackings, and delays through rain, we are to move from Sadiyeh tomorrow with the 7th Cav. Brigade (Brig. Gen. Norton).

Apr. 23.—Moved out at 8. Bridge across the Tigris very shaky owing to the floods. Brigade got lost later, and, after wandering round the country for two hours, the staff found a road of sorts and we had to hurry to make up for lost time. Arrived Dugameh, watered up and fed—and don't they pick some nice places to water horses!

Apr. 24.—Rained again during the night. But it laid the dust. 12.30: Sappers are erecting station. The column has gone on but the rear-guard is with us. 1.5: Message through. I suppose we will have to "go" to catch up with the column. 6 p.m.: We did—like blazes for about 10 miles to Satha Post. Travelled through the desert, which is blossoming with poppies, bluebells, daisies and a few hollyhocks.

Apr. 25.—The usual going—40 minutes trot, 10 halt, and 10 walk dismounted in the hour. 10.15: Three planes land and have a confab with the General. 2.45 p.m.: Chai Khana. First shots fired. Watered and had a bite to eat. Gathering all the water after the other chaps had finished, I had a bath (only 1½ miles to the river) and felt a lot cleaner. Full moon to-night. . . .

Apr. 26.—Bengal Lancers and R.H.A. are advancing towards the Turkish position in the Jebel Hamrin. Saddled up ready to move; messages still coming through. Dismantled, packed up, and off at last. What a hurry-up ride it was! Johnnie threw a few shells at us, but these fortunately were all out of range. Camped in a nullah after 7 miles trip. . . . Orders for reveille at 2 a.m. to-morrow.



Apr. 27.—1 a.m. Raining and blowing like —, and I was stiff enough to be on picket. Horse-line was in sandy soil and, when the hail came pelting down, up went one end of it, several heel pegs, etc. The moon was hidden by clouds, and as it was against orders to show lights, horses got all over the place. . . . Later the rain cleared off a little, but, the wind continuing to cut through us, we started to dig shelters in the banks of the nullah. 3 a.m.: Saddled up, but awaiting orders. Still as cold as charity in our shelters. 8 a.m.: I don't think I shall ever forget this day as long as I live. Still waiting for orders, so I had a look for some water for the horses, and found a very acceptable pool of rain water. 12 noon: Unsaddled and fed. 6 p.m.: Saddled up and moved forward to Bde. H.Q. on the hill. Managed to get some more water for the horses. The rain proved a blessing after all—but for it we should have been 40 hours without water. From information received (as the police say at home) the Turks cleared out at 10 p.m. last night. . . .

Apr. 28.—Moved out for Chai Khana, arrived about 10 p.m., and camped all day.

Apr. 29.—Chai Khana. . . . 9.30 p.m.: After patting ourselves on the back that we were about to return to camp and dig in for the summer, just received "the oil" that we are to move out for another stunt.

May 1.—Moved out last, as usual; had to "jildy" up to catch the column. 12 noon: Arrived Satha Post. . . . Showery weather; could be worse.

May 2.—7.45 a.m.: Moved out. After a fair night we got out to time—what a wonder. 12 noon: Halted for a feed. 9 p.m.: Arrived at Akab after a fair ride, with a 15 minute trot to the hour—26 miles. . . . Since we left Sadiyeh the rations have been bread (sometimes), biscuits, bully beef, bacon (2 oz. per man—if lucky), tea, and a little sugar.

May 3.—9.30 a.m.: Moved to the other side of the river (Shatt-el-Adhaim), to which we could

have moved the day before and had the time to ourselves. Put down and pulled up the horse-lines four times. . . .

May 4.—7 a.m.: Moved out. . . . 11 a.m.: Watered, and halted for a snack. 4.30 p.m.: Arrived at Samarra after a very hot march of 30 miles.

May 5.—Samarrah. Tried unsuccessfully to get across the river to E Station. The river being in flood, the pontoon bridge was broken. We were after some jam. "Oh! for some jam."

May 6.—5 a.m.: Moved out. Arrived at Daur 12 noon, after a good march. Another good watering place. 5 p.m.: Raining like hell.

May 7.—10.30: Plane arrives with the "dinkum oil." 3 p.m.: Arrived at Ain Nukhailah after a hell of a march. Only two stops: 10 minutes in the morning, and one at 12 for half-an-hour. Not much feed for the horses—only half-rations for them and us. Ours consists of two biscuits, one tin of "bully" between three persons, tea and sugar.

May 8.—4 a.m.: Up. 6.30: Moved out to the top of the hills and what a "bosker" sight after the never-ending flat country. 10 a.m.: Arrived at Bde. H.Q., unsaddled and dried our blankets, etc. 8 p.m.: After a quiet day washing socks, etc., we retired fairly contented. Rations are much better; got some fresh meat for a change.

May 12.—Still at Ain Nukhailah Pass. The water in these hills is rotten. A number of the horses are suffering from red-water, and it seems to be loaded with minerals; in consequence we have not had a decent drink of tea since we have been here.

May 13.—Moved out at 5.15. Went about 15 miles, erected and passed traffic (warm, don't mention it), while the R.H.A. advanced to shell a Turkish supply boat and depot.

May 14.—5 a.m.: Returned to first camp in the Ain Nukhailah Pass.

May 15.—Moved off at 4 a.m. After a waterless march of 30 odd miles we arrived at Daur, and had an enormous drink of Tigris water. . . . I thought the horses were never going to stop. Now we are off back to the Summer camp.



From a war-issue of Punch:  
"That, Sir, is a unique war-relic—  
plucked off a minaret in Mesopotamia  
by one of our gallant airmen."





A member of "D" Troop at Babylon Siding. The main line from Baghdad to Hillah passes by the shapeless mounds that are the remains of a city that was once the greatest in the world.

## OUT OF THE DIARIES

A taura sand-fly fever.

One of the gharis got stuck in the sand.

Had a good yarn with the boys from "C" Station.

Went out for exercise, at the same time looking for fuel, which is rather scarce.

During the afternoon we started in to build a cook-house.

Found water undrinkable; luckily we had a couple of packals with us.

This was a very dusty day.

Found out that our raincoats were not much good.

Went over to canteen, but found it too late to get anything.

Did not get much sleep as the flies were troublesome.

Paraded to — on the very unsatisfactory way he was looking after us and our horses.

Erected Station—then had a good feed of oranges and eggs.

After breakfast all hands started to work on horse-lines.

Staff Sergt. wanted his horse groomed, but, as he had plenty of time to do it himself, no one would do so.

Sent a wireless asking for our kits to be forwarded. Late at night we heard that kits had left in charge of —. They had not arrived when we went to bed.

Rode to Y.M.C.A., where we were lucky enough to buy cigarettes.

One of the pack horses bolted, causing a little excitement.

So we celebrated the occasion.

Everybody fed up with this stunt; been living on bacon and biscuits for a week.

Received short notice to pack up and go out. "Comments" about the military flying around.

We went out wearing as many clothes as possible so as to keep our kits down to 20 lbs.

Watering from bucket—a job drivers love.

Did not rise till 8 a.m.—very nice.

Rained this afternoon—walking round with about three pounds of mud on each boot.

Three chaps coming from the cook-house slipped and lost their dinners.

Feeling quite deaf through overdoses of quinine, and incidentally living on a diet of milk and water—a tin of the former to a bucket of the latter.

We set out on what was said to be a few days' stunt, but it lasted six months.

Our stay here was rather on the tame side, mainly transmitting warnings regarding hostile aircraft.

Every day we receive Reuter's cable summary, and by passing it on to the Sergeant at the dump we get some extra rations.

We had to dump our kits which we expected to get back in due course, but we were sadly disappointed, as it was the last we saw of them.

The date plantations are surrounded by a high wall supposed to be high enough to prevent a rider on a camel from looking over.

In the East a carpet and a roof make a house.

We had to walk about four miles behind the gharis to draw rations.

Broke two pack-frames this stunt, but carried on after temporary repairs.

Rain fell continuously and soon the camp was a foot under water.

Bivouacked and erected, and sent traffic; had to close without waiting acknowledgement.

Got one tin of jam, which we opened with much ceremony—had enough to cover half-slice of bread.

Were bombed by an aeroplane—not very nice.

Went to water in a very good place—must be a mistake somewhere.

5 p.m.—While we were away watering it rained and wet the blankets we had left out to dry.

We saddled up—but unsaddled again and are waiting.



Driver — "hops out" the station.

English wireless press from Malta every day, also French from Eiffel Tower and German from Berlin—and from Constantinople one in English, which the Germans send us to tell us the truth about the war.

Our tent was blown away to-day by a bomb from a Turkey plane—no one in it.

To-night had enough to eat for the first time—bully rissoles, spuds, and bread and jam. I never thought jam was so nice.

Very warm to-day—lying about under any old shelter we can get.

Unable to establish communication till daylight, when atmospheric and fading ceased.

Sergeant rode on ahead twenty miles on his motor-bike, and got back at sunset with a haversack full of canteen stores, which were much appreciated.

For tea stirred up some mashed bully with batter and fried like pancakes.

A sing song followed.

We are back again on bully and biscuits; when you are hungry they are all right.

Shot a partridge but a dog took it during the night.

Lieut. — has lost his haversacks with Signal books, etc., so I think we shall lose the war if they are not found.

I was just starting to curse the war, horses, and everything when a few of the boys arrived and gave me a hand to straighten out the horse-lines.

Spent an hour looking for prickly grass seeds among my blankets.

Managed to get a case of condensed milk from canteen.

To-day is the dustiest day I have ever seen—can only see about 20 yards—everything full of dirt and dust.

Left at 4 a.m. after a lot of trouble with new horses. They are not used to the packs and play up when we put them on.

Just before we got back to camp we watered the horses at a spring. It took four of us half-an-hour to get one of the horses out—mud like glue.

Got back and found another station had taken our tent and lines—so had to set to work and make new ones.

Bathing in mountain streams is nice but extravagant in soap.

Overhead on the air: "I am the great Lawadzki; why don't you answer?"

Dusty willy-willies hundreds of feet high sweep over the plain and through our lines all day long.

Somebody walked over old Ram Singh's chupatties in the dark.

We are already reduced to Persian food, Persian utensils, and Persian speech—and if we don't go home soon will be reduced to Persian clothing.

The Hairy Mob.

Everyone is keen on photography. Yesterday B—took two tablets of developer instead of quinine.

"How mooch? Sahib, how mooch?"

So cold now that the boys are wearing all their kit.

The smell was simply awful.

We got over the firewood difficulty by carrying as much as possible on the packs.

"For we are the brains of the Army!"

Wish we had kitbags that open at both ends.

It's not use trying to get home that way!

Only water available had a dead horse in it.

Bobagee tried some gram soup, but it was a failure.

Bill from Kangevah.

Mesopot. pastimes. Looking for lizards in a "Liz-zie." Hunting hyenas on a Douglas.

"There's an Arab in the trees over there!"

Before we went on leave we were given a medical examination and a lot of good advice.

We got the idea that we had at last struck a military paradise, but that was pretty soon knocked on the head.

Visited the tailor to hurry him up; then cleared off up town and had a good look round.

Had only second-class warrants, but managed to travel first all the same.

## SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

Oh, they took a bit of mutty and they built a hut or two,

They puckeroed some Arabs, likewise a Persian Jew; They got a tora pani and a date palm standing there, They showed it to a sheik, who said I'll build a harem there.

So they got a hundred bibbies and some pomegranates, too;

They introduced malaria, the sandflies and the 'flu, Then they sprinkled it with fever dust, 'twas the only dust they had,

And when they had it finished, well they labelled it "Baghdad!"

(Tune—"Irish Rose.")

Back in civilian clothes,  
What a difference no one knows;  
Where no reveille blows

To wake you from your doze.

The early morning parade,

From my memory will fade.

Sergeants yelling, orders telling,

Oh, the row they make.

For the stew and bread and jam

I do not care a damn.

There's no more cook's fatigue,

Route marches by the league;

No more swanking, no more saluting,

No more hide-bound faluting.

When I get back, when I get back,

Back in civilian clothes.

(Tune—"Back Home in Tennessee.")

Only one more . . . roll-call

Only one more church parade,

Only one more kit inspection,

And of that I'm not afraid.

When this cruel war is over,

Oh, how happy I shall be,

When I get my civvy clothes on,

No more soldiering for me.

Officers will then be navvies,

Sappers own their motor cars;

No more jam in two pound jars,

No more rising at six-thirty,

People told me when I listed,

Fame and medals I should win,

But my fame was in the Guard room

And my medals were of tin.

(Tune—"What a friend we have in Jesus.")

I often wonder why I growl the way I do.

Is it because I don't get fowl but always stew;

For bread and jam is very nice, I don't deny,

But oh! the smell of the officers' mess as I go by.

I used to live so well a year ago;

They told me camp was very nice to know;

I soon learnt to love you, but oh! you stew,

I hate you worse than guard or clink, fair dinkum

I do!

I know what C.B. is, and also clink,

But to dodge that stew I'd do a month I think.

And when I go away

I'll be thinking all day

Of what was in that awful stew.

(Tune—"A Broken Doll.")

I've lost my rifle and bayonet,

I've lost my pull through too,

I've lost the socks you gave me;

They lasted a day or two.

I've lost the razor that shaved me,

I've lost my tooth-brush too,

I've lost my hold-all;

So now I've got . . . all

Since I lost you.

(Tune—"When I Lost You.")





The rest camp at Ruz, typical of scores throughout the lines of communication. In the foreground is a canvas tank, filled with chlorinated water; at this tank some of the men are filling their water-bottles.

## ON THE PERSIAN ROAD

### SOME PARTIZANSKI SIDELIGHTS.

Eight-thirty on the morning of 26th of November and four of us were pushing off from headquarters on a long four-day journey to join up with the Russian Partisan force and operate their wireless station, at any rate so far as traffic in English was concerned.

It was sundown on the 29th before there came into sight the tents of the Russian encampment at Mandali, and glad we were to see them after our cold and lonely journey. As we approached the shelters a solitary figure approached, and exclaimed "Yakaloff!" This was our introduction to the Russian tongue, and by degrees we ascertained that "Yakaloff" was the christian name of the sergeant in charge of the wireless station.

Yakaloff conducted us to a tent furnished with a camp stretcher and other comforts of home, and we thought to ourselves, "My word, things are not too bad when sergeants are provided with such gear!" But on looking round we noticed that the rest of the troops were grouped off in pairs and sheltered under miserable coverings consisting of nothing but sheets of unbleached calico, about 6ft. x 4ft., erected over shallow excavations and supported by their rifles.

We took our ease while Yakaloff produced a primus stove and brewed some coffee. While we were partaking of this light refreshment, in stalked another Russian who appeared to be somewhat perturbed and commenced to jabber rather volubly at Yakaloff. It transpired that the newcomer was the officer-in-charge of the wireless station, and the rightful owner of the tent, and that he was naturally rather incensed at the liberty taken with his belongings in the sacred name of hospitality.

The equipment of the Russians was miserable in the extreme, and it was surprising that they had managed to carry on for as long as they did. Their horses were weedy, ill-fed, and did not know what it was to be groomed or clipped. The men themselves were poorly clad, and even the sergeant had strips of calico wound round his feet by way of socks.

At 10 p.m. the following evening the Partisan force began the first of three twenty-mile all-night marches with the object of participating in the British operations against Kizil Robat and Kifri. The Turks, however, were seen retreating from the Kizil Robat about noon on December 3rd, and so this part of our adventures came to an end.

After this the Russians went to Telibarah, about 12 miles south on the Ruz canal, bivouacking there for a

few days. Finally, on the 15th, they packed up and moved to Sharoban. By this time their volunteer spirit had mostly evaporated, and many began to clamour for return to their native country, a desire intensified by the fact that the force had suffered casualties at Kizil Robat. By way of encouragement, therefore, G.H.Q. arranged for them to move back to a site about ten miles from Baqubah, and to be provided with fairly comfortable quarters under canvas. They only stayed here six days, however, and finally, on the 1st of January, 1918, the main part of the force left for Kermanshah. Wheeled transport was out of the question, and the problem was partly solved by employing Kurdish mules and local drivers. Our kits had to be left behind, and a change of underclothing, blankets, and waterproof were all we could take. We were not even allowed tents.

From the start miserable weather was encountered, rain practically every day. The first halt was at Kizil Robat, and the second at Khanikin, where we camped in an old stable with horses and horse-flies for company. Then came Kasr-i-Shirin, and here we tried to sleep in a ruined palace, which, being minus most of the roof, afforded little protection against the weather. Then on through Sarepul to Paitak, where, fortunately, we had only light showers.

January 7th, Russian New Year's Day, saw us on the road to Karind; it was a rainy and comfortable introduction to the mountains. The weather was bitterly cold, and, to cap it all, we rode into a snow-storm which lasted hour after hour. It was our first experience of snow, and we did not take kindly to it after two summers on the hot plain-country. At Karind we bivouacked in the big caravanserai. It was something to have a roof overhead, but, as our blankets and clothes had not been dry for four days, we could have been happier.

We moved off to Harunabad on the 9th, a beautiful morning with the sun shining brightly on the snow-clad hills. Along the road the axle of the wireless wagon broke, and this made us rather late in arriving. The next stage was to Mahidasht; the next and last—Kermanshah, which was reached at one o'clock. We were as usual billeted in a dirty caravanserai. Owing to the requirements of the wireless mast, the station had to be erected in the open, outside the town. This meant a long walk before going on duty, so we arranged to do all-night watches, in turn. After such a long vigil on a hill outside the town walls, the operator on duty was more than glad when morning came.

On January 13th, through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Stead, who were serving under the



American Board of Missions, we obtained a room in one of their outhouses, normally used as a school-room. This was a pleasant change from the dirty bazaar and, as Mrs. Stead volunteered to undertake our cooking, we were in luck's way for once.

Duties consisted mainly in attending to the horses, and in wireless watch. The transmission side, however, was short lived, for, in some mysterious way, the main shaft connecting the engine to the generator snapped, with the result that, while messages could be received, none could be sent out. Nothing else of interest happened until the 28th, when three reinforcements arrived at the station; from now onwards we took it in turn to do our own cooking and some peculiar "hashes" were concocted with the scanty rations that were available.

On March 11th all the Partisans excepting H.Q. staff left for Hamadan, and with them went the wireless station. On the 14th, Bicherakov and Baratov left by car, and so we saw no more of the Russians.

A week later the first party of Dunsterforce arrived from Baghdad, and, after a few days' spell, went on to Hamadan. Although snow lay thick on the ground, these troops arrived in summer kits and suffered considerably from the cold. On the 27th four of our men left for Hamadan; on the 31st F Station arrived, with a staff of eight. On May 25th came No. 9, the N.Z. wagon; then on May 31st we shifted to a permanent billet in the Consulate garden, and erected a dismantled wagon-station that had been specially brought up from Baghdad. We manned this station until relieved by Second Squadron men on August 27th.

## BETWEEN HINAI DI AND BAQUBAH.

(Relief for N.Z.'s on No. 9, June, 1918.)

Here we are on the railway station at Hinaidi, Baghdad terminus of the lines to Kut, Ruz, and Chaldari. It is quite a lofty spot, this Hinaidi, for in Iraq a foot is sufficient to merit the adjective—and our platform can beat that by six inches. Even the offices of the R.T.O. barely distinguish it from the desert round about, for they are about a hundred yards away, across the lines and their tangle of signal gear.

Upon this stage are many actors. Tommies come and go, being easily disposed of, but with Indians it is another matter. They arrive, apparently from nowhere, in a never-ending stream, laden with an accumulation of gear that only an Indian would deem worthy of transport. The convalescents, with an addressed tag round their necks, are secure, but the others rush up and down in confusion until the railway staff at last deigns to fix them up.

Overhead the rich blue of the dusk is giving way to the opal greens and shafted orange bands of early evening. Everything is darkly silhouetted against the fading light, with a beauty that seems quite wasted on Mesopotamia. Yes, completely wasted, for someone down at the powerhouse rudely throws across a switch and brings rows of blazing arcs out of the darkness into sputtering life—and so our thoughts are turned to other things. By nine the train has drawn in and we can take a stroll en masse to the Arab joint in a queer "Chu Chin Chow" tent nearby. Here near-tea and near-wads are partaken with a gusto they do not deserve . . . but then who could possibly have put away bully and onion stew at four o'clock on a mid-summer afternoon in the Horselines, with a trip to Persia in the offing?

At 9.30 the train pulls out. In our dog-box compartment we try to arrange ourselves comfortably, but it is no good—a tin cattle-truck (in which we could at least lie down) would be preferable. A swinging hurricane lamp discloses an incredible tangle of arms and legs, stores and equipment—and so we doze off the thirty-mile passage to Baqubah, where at 1.30 a.m.

there is a prodigious bump, accompanied by raucous voices. In sleepy confusion we erupt upon the permanent way and then and there unroll our bunks. It becomes evident that travelling with bed and rations complete has its advantages after all.

Sunrise affords a desolate panorama of sage-green scenery, likewise a cheerful feeling, though perhaps a mug of gunfire (morning tea) by the courtesy of a passing engine had something to do with the latter. At this dreary siding nothing further happens till eleven, at which hour a goods-train, fully laden with tattai-matting and earthenware chattys, draws in on the narrow-gauge line. Consequently we do not deem it a very great concession when the whole train is graciously indicated to us for our accommodation. But having (on a previous occasion) to hang on to the rope netting over a truck of *bhusa*, we select the tattai as the height of comfort, climb on board without a word. . . . and so bid a soldier's farewell to Baqubah.

## IN A REST CAMP.

(Ruz railroad, June, 1918.)

Our triumphant advance has turned into mark-time—into a complete halt in fact—and here we are in a rest camp, odious resort, awaiting further orders. Half-refreshed by a tepid wash we are lying round in a super-heated E.P., wondering what the future will bring forth—at least, only a few are worrying, because the others have their eye on the transport corporal, struggling in a corner with a case of Asahi, all fresh and warm from the canteen. Outside all Mesopotamia is asleep, or so it seems if you are the unfortunate who has been chosen for a "route-march" among the guy ropes to the cookhouse. An Arab boy and a donkey or two, a sentry blinking in the glare, a plodding telegraph-messenger dimly seen through the dust of a passing van—and the tale of life is full.

It is quickly becoming a problem how to put in the long hours between breakfast and sunset; mostly, we spend about eighteen hours out of the twenty-four in an endeavour to reach the remaining six quicker than is herologically possible. Then it is that we can go for a stroll without topee or spine pad and likewise enjoy a dip in the canal, although the beneficial effects of the latter are somewhat discounted by the breath of hell that hits us on climbing back to terra firma. Between times we visit the canteen—not that it contains anything worth buying, but just for the sake of something to do. At others we put away scraps of bacon and call it breakfast, cups of char and call it lunch, and shreds of dried mutton at 1630 (4.30 p.m.) and call it dinner. One quickly tires of reading when there is nothing to lean against, while in the nature of things letter-writing is impossible, and even cards require too much energy. Usually we sleep when the flies are not too bad and the gramophone in the sergeants' mess has ceased to play. Sometimes a sudden burst of energy leads to the discussion of "When I get my civvy clothes on" and "Dishes I like." But whatever the topic, it inevitably leads to argument—the respective merits of operators, drivers and the Queen Cities of the South!

Most of the other troops seem to have wisely departed from this rest camp—a circumstance which induces the camp sergeant-major to come along with vague suggestions of an impending guard. But the corporal is equal to the occasion; he explains that signallers have no side-arms, are not allowed to have them, and in any case would not know what to do with them if they did have them. So that danger is averted for the present, but tidings of our departure seem as distant as ever.



"The Lion  
and the Sun"  
—the national  
emblem of  
Persia.



## OVERHEARD IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A station is on its way up a steep pass, the transport sergeant driving a double-banked team off the wagon-box with a stock whip. Up comes a nervous Brigadier-General. "Isn't there a danger of them clearing out, Sergeant?" "A — good job if they do," is the immediate and unexpected reply.

## THE CHRISTENING OF YOUNG SOLOMON.

(AA Station, Kermanshah, Summer, 1917.)

Following on the retirement of the Russians from Kasri-Shirin, we members of AA Station found ourselves in Kermanshah on June 23, 1917. Two days later a Persian, of excellent appearance and dressed in immaculate European clothes, came into our camp, saying: "I am a Persian Christian; I love the English very hardly, also the King of the English; I wish you success in all the wars." He was obviously one of the leading lights of Kermanshah. His name, he said, was Mister Solomon—the Mister, someone remarked, in order to distinguish himself from his illustrious namesake of other days. Later on, when it transpired that we were Australians, he still loved us very hardly, also the "King of Australia."

Broke for months and far from home, more or less ragged, recently ambushed, raided and looted by Kurds in Chahar Zabar pass, no mail for months, no tents, no aspirin or quinine, down to it at times with dysentery, malaria, or "three-day" fever, and living on unleavened bread (tasteless and full of grit) from the bazaars and goat stew without salt or vegetables—but still cheerful—we seemed to appreciate this man Solomon in a marked degree. HE LOOKED WELL FED. And he seemed to appreciate us; he regarded our coming as a good omen. After having the Russians, the Turks, and now the Russians again, over-running the country, to say nothing of frequent raids by Kurds, the people of western Persia longed for better days; and Solomon hoped they would come with the arrival of the British.

So it happened that on the day of our arrival in Kermanshah, a son-and-heir was born to the Solomon's, and, with hope in his heart, the head of the house decided to call the youngster after our "King." Then, on the 17th of September, after weeks of preparation, there congregated at Solomon's mud-brick house some of the notables of the ancient capital and also a dozen Australians. It had been previously arranged that the ceremony was to be in strict accordance with the Australian (and English) custom, which, as explained to Solomon, meant a banquet of the best victuals obtainable, speeches from all present, and rare wine to assuage our thirst and wet the baby's head.

The guests numbered twenty in all, and included a Chaldean priest; the deputy-chief of the town (a sort of glorified suburban mayor); the "Minister" for Customs (more or less a mystery); two intimate

friends of Solomon—one, "Doctor" George, a medicine man; the other a merchant named David, known to us principally on account of his business acumen, he having on a notable occasion treated one of our boys to a penny-worth of sweet tea on the understanding that the latter would buy some soap at his shop in the bazaar; a *fakir* of the *Tezidis*—by hobby, a philatelist, whose collection appeared to consist solely of Persian stamps of small denominations, of which he had about a hundredweight; a Persian musician—specially hired for the occasion; and, lastly, a Scotsman, serving as an officer in a Cossack regiment, who had been so long in Russia that he had almost forgotten his own language, and who had more or less attached himself to us in the hope of eventually getting to Mesopotamia.

Halfway through the feast our host called a halt, and asked who would stand sponsor to his son. We all would! The priest sprinkled the infant and named him; and we toasted him in good fashion. Then every one of us in turn delivered an oration each time we drank to the child, the tumult increasing and the speeches becoming more unparliamentary as we went along. What these other fellows said in their speeches was incomprehensible to us; while the essence of our remarks was doubtless not understood by them, because, as the party progressed, and as Solomon and the other locals smiled and bowed their appreciation, some rather flowery A.I.F. rhetoric was used. And then we sang hilariously and danced like mad to the accompaniment of "The Persians are lions, lilli-lum-lum." Henry and the priest were to be seen upon the table, with "Old Pat" and the "Minister" beneath it; "Tai-hoa" was doubling up with laughter; our prince of cooks was showing the "Doctor" how to set a broken leg; David, extolling the virtues of his soap to "Pen-rith"; "Ajax," whose grandfather was born in the land of porridge, and the Scot performing the sword dance magnificently; "Studooff," expert at the Lancers, swinging corners with the *fakir*; and the others hopping everywhere. Oh! merry feast in far off and half-starved Kermanshah.

Solomon, though he had never been away from the town of his birth, and had never seen a train or a boat or, up till then, a motor car, was well versed in the history and glory of ancient Persia; and, holding a strong conviction that his country would again some day lead the world in commerce, art, and politics, he felt that his son was destined to take a leading part in this development.

Since those days the Shah of Persia, after living in Europe for a number of years, has been dethroned, and the Premier (one of the people) installed in his place. Therefore, who knows but that, in the days which lie ahead, young Billy Hughes Solomon (for such he named) will fulfil his father's dream and even become King of Persia!—J.M.

## A PARDONABLE ERROR.

(AA at Kermanshah.—Christmas, 1917.)

As we were under orders to return to the Squadron, Captain Durie, the manager of the bank, entertained us to a Christmas dinner several days prior to the actual day. Later on, however, we heard that we would be in Kermanshah on the 25th after all, so on Christmas eve most of us went to a restaurant to order a dinner for the morrow. We found that, in addition to fowl, it would be possible to have any fancy satisfied, as the Persian chef, who could speak broken English, had worked in a "very good hotel in Baghdad," and professed, like all these fellows did, to be "the friend of the English." My fancy was a custard, and when I ordered it he appeared to understand exactly what was required.

Next day we all trotted down to the restaurant. The first course over, we were all keenly looking for-



ward (considering that we had polished off a whole hen each) to the various fancies on order. Most of the boys had plum pudding with sauce, but as my order did not make its appearance, I hailed the chef, and, on repeating my order, he smiled and said: "Oh, yes, sir, it is coming." A few minutes later one of our boys tapped me on the shoulder and remarked—"Say, there's your custard; take a dekkho through that door"; and, on looking in the direction indicated, I saw our worthy chef breaking raw eggs over a plate piled with rice. A few minutes later he brought this in and placed it before me. I looked at the concoction, smiled, and then said, "Is this your Persian custard?" "Yes, sir," he beamingly informed me, "that is the Persian custom."

It turned out that he had mistaken my request, and prepared me a *pilau*, the national dish of the country—and without doubt a "Persian custom."

## EIGHTEEN HOURS OF HAMADAN.

(No. 9 Stn., Aug. 1st, 1918.)

On shift on the wagon from three a.m. till six. The autumn dawn has just sufficient nip in it to make the engine hard to start for the day's traffic, but by half-past five I am busy relaying a long message across the mountain surge to Kermanshah. Half-way through, as I press the key for a dash, there is no spark, only a dull rattling. Mechanic Mac— is forthwith dragged out of bed, only to announce that the big end has gone and that nothing can be done without a new crankshaft and sundries. Of crankshafts it so happens there is none nearer than Kermanshah, so to No. 17 an urgent message is forthwith despatched by land-line. Upon receipt of the message George, long awaiting transport to No. 9 (his rightful station), takes the spare crankshaft to "Percoms" and brandishes it before him, at the same time explaining that the exigencies of the signal service demand his (and its) immediate passage to Hamadan—which he (and it) duly receives. But this is a digression, for the account of that incident properly belongs to the 5th.

The accident affords us an opportunity for a visit to the bazaar, where we can ever derive entertainment. Soon our steps are leading us across the cobbles to the stall of the premier carpet-seller. Here, as on many an occasion before, we sit down and watch while he and his assistant lay out one by one the colorful stock for our inspection. Tiny glasses of *chi* are ordered from the tea-shop round the corner; and when we leave empty-handed he is not in the least annoyed. Farther down the bazaar we strike our old student friend, Hadji Ali—now an interpreter distributing propaganda on behalf of Dunsterforce. He invites us to lunch and at noon we go and sit in the porch of a cook-shop till the meal be ready. While we are waiting, there comes a blind boy singing, with bunches of sweet herbs to sell to those who do not consider his singing worthy of *backsheesh*. Later we go inside to a private room and dine on spiced kabobs and poached eggs, scooped up with fragments of newly-baked *chupattay*, followed by slices of melon and a concoction of sour cream.

An hour or so later we are back in our "Anzac Boarding Establishment," as we call it. No. 9's hospitality has raised it above the level of a mere station. We have five "Dunsters" learning to operate; a 2nd Squadron wireless officer and several men en route from Mianeh to No. 52 at Bijar; as well as two M.T. officers and their batmen, drivers, and luggage!

After tea, when the pinks and blues and siennas of the sunset have vanished behind the range, we go down to the Armenian Cafe for supper. A new venture this, and one that is very acceptable to the troops. Meals of several courses are obtainable dur-



A Jew of Persia.

ing the day, with white bread! Curious looking stuff it looks—when you haven't seen any for a couple of months. Here, too, we can sit at tables with real table cloths (!), and put away astonishing quantities of tea and cakes. Then we make our way homeward through the night, singing "Happy is the life . . ."

Back at the tent four of us play auction for Persian cigarettes, while Cec. declaims from *The Sentimental Bloke* and Joe sweetens the air with his flute. Why, it might almost be a week-end camp back home! But when the tent flap is thrown back we can no longer deceive ourselves, for no Australian landscape can boast of Alwan and its poplars.

## THREE DAYS ON THE ZINGAN TRAIL.

(No. 9 Station—September, 1918.)

### FIRST DAY.

Saturday, September 14th: Breakfast over, we get busy packing. Down comes the hundred-and-sixty-pounder that has sheltered us for the last two months from the burning sun of Iran; the firewood sack claims the beds and tables that used to make us a bit comfortable. It does not take long to get all the gear stowed away on the wagons, but after that things come to a halt—we still lack our hired Persian transport. The mules had not arrived at twelve, or one, or two, or even three; but at four—when re-erection of camp was under serious consideration—they put in an appearance midst a storm of abuse. It then takes the brigands in charge of them a couple of hours to load up with the fodder, of which we have to take twelve days' supply with us.

When they are ready the "circuit" moves off. Circus, did I say; no circus was ever as funny as this one. No. 1 wagon takes the lead, with so many things hanging on it that the brakemen can hardly find their brakes. Four operators are perched up on this wagon like footmen; at least they would resemble footmen if they were attired in uniforms, instead of in shorts, greybacks (shirts) of doubtful hue, and four different kinds of headgear. On No. 2 wagon are more operators and the station mechanic, our petrol supply, and the unwieldy mast-sections, but all are practically hidden from sight by haversacks and water-bottles, rifles and mess-tins, billies and tucker-boxes. A limber (humped like a camel) follows, likewise our two gharis, whose cutchers are undaunted by the fact that their loads approximate those of G.S. wagons. A feature of one gharri is four dangling kerosene tins—apparatus of Bhika the bhisti. On foot comes sweeper Santa—three hurricane lamps are in his



charge, but he prefers them to the two sheep and a goat he previously drove from Kermanshah to Bisitun. Last of all come the horses and donkeys of the Persian transport—watched over by our Scotch staff-sergeant. Thus the army travels when out of sight and mind of the "heads."

It is now dusk. The sun has disappeared behind Alwan, and long shadows inspire us to melody; the homely notes of "There's a long, long trail" are heard as the column winds round the slopes of the hill Musallah, whereon once stood the palace of Esther, Queen of Persia. The town is soon left behind and the first of the toll-gates passed on the road to Kasvin. Now we are truly on the track again, plodding slowly through the darkness.

It is eight o'clock before we reach the open paddocks—known by the high-sounding title of "No. 1 Marching Post"—where the camp fires of the Gurkhas are already twinkling. Char and cold mutton are soon forthcoming beneath the clear, cold stars, and then the blankets claim us, with never an ear for the sound of the slowly jingling bells that come mysteriously from far-off caravans.



## SECOND DAY.

The sixteenth:—Dragged out at 3 a.m. from under the tarpaulin (by which we try and shut out a little of the autumn nip) . . . business of trying to breakfast off nothing . . . and of getting the carts loaded in the dark and chilly dawn. Two horses jibbed at being asked to leave at such an hour.

We are on the road before five. The trek is uneventful until we come to Moron, the passage through which gives a half-hour of excitement unequalled by any scenic railway in existence. The approach to the village is by a narrow road, bounded (on the left) by a high mutty wall and (on the right) by a creek about fifteen feet deep with steep banks. This road is usually no more than six inches wider than the wheel-base of our wagons—in parts even less than that—and in places where the water has washed away a bit of the bank it is best to shut your eyes and trust in the drivers. Here and there to break the monotony are tiny bridges over irrigation ditches; these were designed for donkey traffic and come so near to collapsing as to give us shivers all over. One actually does collapse, and H. is thrown off the box into the ditch. At one narrow corner a donkey is run over, but escapes unharmed. The village itself is a maze of narrow streets full of right-angled turns,

round some of which even our limbers have difficulty in passing. The villagers turn out in full strength to view the novel sight of Aussies on trek, and small boys and greybeards rise promptly to their feet when we call out, in severe tones, the Persian equivalent of "Stand up!"

The village passed, we are thankful for a peaceful stretch to rest our nerves. It is the usual plain—vaster, and, if anything, more barren and purple than before. As the column does not halt for lunch, we have chupatties and honey on the box—honey with a few of the dead bees strained out with an emergency bandage. W. upsets his jar over the limber, and the accident is considerably commented upon! Towards noon miles upon miles of recently cropped ground pass into view, and then come acres of vineyards with autumn-tinted raisins drying in heaps. By three we are in camp at Akh Tappeh. Up goes the station, and, with many curses and cups of *char* to keep us going, we hang round till all hours, in the bitter moonlight. Before we can turn in, the station has to be dismantled and packed up.

## THIRD DAY.

The twentieth:—Very rough going all day; at the end, after crashes over mounds and ditches, the brakemen can hardly hang on. First came the inevitable village with its narrow cobbled streets, then a region of steep slopes and deep nullahs. There was usually a bridge over the nullahs, but one so narrow and with so right-angled a turn-off that the drivers had to draw up the mountain-side to get straight on. Once on a bridge, an inch or so to either side would have sent the whole show crashing down into the gorge. The road up the next hill was thick with boulders, but somehow we got to the summit—and then gasped in amazement at the other side, which was precipitous beyond imagining. The track was quite impracticable, but, by using the headline, and fifty Gurkhas, plus the entire strength of the station, on the rope, it was just possible to let the limbers down in sections. During this process another brakeman was thrown off.

Soon we were on the flats again, with Hissar in full sight, and a great purple-flanked mountain behind it. But by the time we reached the town the sky was heavily overcast and it was quite dark, with rain imminent over the mountains. Passing through Hissar we came to a little rocky patch on a hillside, whereon we proceeded to erect station by the light of two hurricane lamps. Marvellous to relate nothing was broken in the process. Tea was a rather scattered affair, consisting of indigestion pellets (fried mutton) and imitation chips (made of remnants from the bottom of the chupatty bag).

## A ROAD SONG

Are you from Zingan,  
Are you from Zingan,  
Where they make chupatties all the day long.  
Are you from Zingan,  
Are you from Zingan,  
Are you from Hamadan or Kasvin or Enzeli,  
Anywhere around Caspian Sea;  
Tell me how be you,  
Tell me how be you,  
'Cause I'm from Zingan too!  
(Tune—"Are you from Dixie".)



# MOSUL AND SULEIMANIYAH



A Mesopotamian Scorpion.

## WITH THE SCORPIONS AT TEKrit.

No. 13 Station—September, 1918.

Our camping ground at Tekrit was honey-combed with holes, from which, on warm nights, scorpions issued forth and inspected our blankets. There seemed to be several species—the largest being quite four inches long—horny-tailed old warriors with stings like fair-sized fish-hooks. One of the boys was bitten in the leg and, although taken to hospital and given several injections, he suffered agonies for two days.

However, sometimes we got our own back by digging them out and making them fight in empty petrol tins. On one occasion we cornered the winner, and he settled matters by stinging himself to death.

## BITTEN!

(No. 15 Lorry at Shergat, November, 1918.)

It was late at night. The well-worn "500" cards had been carefully gathered together and preparations for a few hours' rest begun, when pangs of hunger reminded us that rations of late were not "according to authorized scale." An operator, however, brought to light a small tin of Aussie biscuits, which some time previously he had with rare thought stowed away against such an emergency. The biscuits no sooner eaten than an excruciating cry came from Sapper F., who, seizing hold of the calf of his leg, gasped—"The —'s bitten me." The agonised look on his face seemed to indicate that he had been bitten by the dreaded scorpion.

Hurriedly undoing his boot and leggings, we then carefully rolled up his breeches and underpants in order to ensure the capture of the creature which had caused so much alarm. The laughter which prevailed, upon the dislodgment of a biscuit-crumbs that had taken an outside instead of an inside course, can well be imagined.

## A FAITH CURE.

(On the way to Mosul with No. 10)

On the third day we reached Istabulat, made camp, and were about to settle down in the shade of the waggons, when our *drabi*, Ram Singh, was discovered apparently in a state of collapse. Complaining of pains in the head and stomach, he assured us between groans that he would soon be dead. After a while we became alarmed, especially as we had no spare drivers to replace him if he persisted in dying—and on this course he was evidently quite decided. The medical section was not expected in camp for an hour

or more, and so our sergeant and corporal, with due solemnity and much shaking of heads, held a consultation over the patient—took his temperature (with a thermometer from the veterinary chest) and pulse, and had a look at his tongue and throat. The amateur M.O.'s then retired behind a waggon and soon agreed that there was very little wrong with the patient; but they also realized that something must be done immediately as he seemed intent on dying.

A search through the veterinary chest disclosed lots of nice black balls—the "cure-all-ills-in-horses" medicine—but nothing at all suitable for a human being. At their wits' end, they finally decided to try a little "faith cure" stunt while waiting for the field hospital to arrive. An empty bottle—marked in red "Iodine, poison"—was taken from the chest and filled with water. This was vigorously shaken up in the patient's presence and, after a further and more thorough examination, the "aqua pura Tigris" was applied with a camel-hair brush to his head and throat with all due ceremony and care. The "doctors" then impressed on the patient that perfect quiet was necessary for fifteen minutes, after which he must get up and make himself a cup of strong tea, and in half-an-hour he would then be quite well.

Within twenty minutes the apparently doomed man was grooming his horses. Such is fame—Ram Singh subsequently became a regular "Gunga Din," the faithful attendant of his sergeant and corporal sahibs who had rescued him from the very jaws of death.

## CAL'S ADVENTURES.

Up at Mosul with No. 10, I was cook—and not a thing to cook. But over there at the river, below its steep banks, was an Arab cultivation patch, so Dick and I goes off for pumpkins. I grabs one and gets it under my arm, and Dick, he gets another under his. And then I sees the Arab coming; big he was, too. "Shall I drop it," says Dick. "No, hold on to it," says I. Up comes the Arab, six-foot-three and half as wide. I thought we were as good as murdered, but when I "donked" him, he lost heart. So after all we had pumpkins for scrum.

The following night we goes off to another place down river, where we hadn't got a scrap of firewood. Looking about I found a pump affair with a big, wooden wheel; and back we went for axes.

Chopping away, it came in two—we got the wheel apart, and the rest fell down the well. But as we were rolling it and getting over near camp a "Jack" came running up, and caught us. We had to roll the wheel back.

Next morning they brings us before the general, who looked very serious, and gave us to understand that the Arab valued his property at 60 rupees. We didn't know what was going to happen to us, and were taken by surprise when he said: "Next time I hear of anything of the kind, I'll make you roll the thing all the way to Baghdad."

## HOW WE "DISHED" THE COLONEL

(No. 7 at Ilyas, November, 1918.)

Rations came to us twice a week from Mosul per convoy, and usually contained enough "lukri" to last one and sometimes two days. How to boil our dixie during the rest of the time was a problem, and after burning all the available wood in and around the monastery (which was little enough, as it was a stone building), and helping ourselves whenever we could outwit the Lancer guard, to a few rafters from an abandoned Arab village nearby, we found ourselves completely stumped.



It was bad enough being on half rations (including black bread and chupatties), but the idea of not having bully stew or rissoles, or even a drop of "char", fairly made our hearts sink to our boots. But wait! A brilliant idea struck one of the crowd. Yes, that long streak of a mess secretary (as he styled himself) had a good notion indeed. About a mile from the monastery ran the old Turkish land-line, erected on long wooden poles, but, as it was now being used by the British, we knew that to carry in the poles through the doors of the monastery would only lead to trouble.

However, each morning when we went out for exercise, something up someone's tunic suspiciously resembled a saw. Leaving the telephone wire intact, we pulled down every second post, which was thereupon sawn into lengths to fit the spare-part boxes of a pack saddle. By a coincidence, it was necessary to exercise during the afternoon a pack horse carrying these boxes, which were filled with the precious wood. Before returning, to avert further suspicion, the boxes were always emptied at the foot of the monastery wall, and at night were hauled up on a rope by willing Aussies. It was quite an easy matter to get the precious "lukri" to the cook-house—and thus we "kept the home-fires burning." Never a word was said when complaints came out from Mosul, stating that telegraph poles on the Turkish line had been tampered with.

## EASTERN HOSPITALITY.

No. 8 en route to Suleimaniyah, November, 1918.

The scene is Kurdistan, with the mountains all purple and gold in the soft mantle of closing day, and gentle zephyrs fast turning the glare and heat into cool, refreshing eventide. Our journey from Mumla, whence in the early morning we had paid our farewell "salaams" with a graciousness that became the personnel of a pack station, had been long and somewhat wearisome. But now, at the approach of dusk, we were nearing a pretty little village tucked away on the mountain-side.

With the impetuosity of youth our diminutive native follower, Abdul, went on ahead and announced our coming to the sheik, who—inasmuch as he had a weakness for entertaining—was just an ordinary sort of political head. Goodness knows how Abdul explained us, but the villagers were highly excited at our arrival, and the genial sheik, whose name was Mamud, welcomed us as if we were true sons of Allah and invited us to a feast which was being prepared. Hungry and tired after the long day's travelling, we lost no time in accepting the invitation, but first of all we had to unpack our gear, erect station, and prepare a bivouac.

While we were thus engaged Mamud sent along to a small waterway his best cushions and carpets, which were laid out so as to form three sides of a square. On arrival we settled comfortably among the cushions, and from the open end of the square two servants, operating a teapot and a large samovar, handed out small glass tumblers of sweetened tea. The first course comprised rice cakes, as large and as thin as a news-sheet, a tray of oily rice, and a bowl of spiced meat covered with baked artichokes. Taking our cue from Abdul, we each picked up a cake and proceeded to cover it as evenly as possible with rice and meat; having done so, we rolled it up into a sort of Cornish paste and without further ado began the meal. It is true that, on account of having little or no experience

of Eastern dishes, we started with some slight apprehension, but, on finding the food quite palatable, soon discarded any such fears. The second course consisted of—or at least resembled—junket and rhubarb. The "junket" tasted slightly sour—perhaps it was some of the dinkum "Russian culture"—while the rhubarb had fermented, but was none the worse for that.

After eating solidly for an hour or more we began to appreciate the wisdom underlying the provision of cushions and rugs. As we reclined in attitudes more comfortable than elegant, an attendant brought round cigarettes and small cups of thick, liquorice-like coffee. Then followed the after-dinner speeches; those who had partaken of more than a fair share of the rhubarb were noisy for a while. Ere long, however, they dropped off to sleep, and the more sober ones returned to the dull routine of the horse-lines and instruments.

## KIRKUK TO SULEIMANIYAH.

Transport rejoining No. 8, January, 1919.

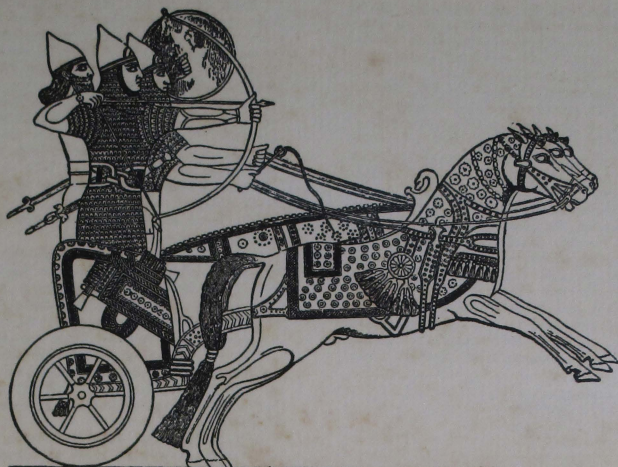
With a long day's ride to Chemchemal before us, we saddled up and got away from Kirkuk about 7 a.m. Soon after getting out of the town the country becomes very rough and hilly, and we began to climb. Halting beside a spring at midday in order to feed the horses and have a snack ourselves, we pushed on again, and arrived at Chemchemal about dusk, with rain threatening overhead. The horses pegged down, we began to look round for shelter and a meal. The sheikh sent us out rice, stew and chupatties—all very welcome—and, after getting a fire going, we soon had some tea. We then turned into bed in the sheikh's guest-house—a mud shanty, but nevertheless comfortable—which was cleared of the local gentry, and had a good night's rest.

We were up early next morning, and spent another long day in the saddle, with a bitterly cold wind blowing off the snow all the time, and the country becoming more rugged as we advanced. On every side villages could be seen nesting in the valleys under the shelter of the hills; the one for which we were making was some distance from the road, and, in order to reach it, we had to make our way along narrow tracks over the hills. Rain falling as we arrived, we were greeted with the amusing spectacle of Kurds desperately attempting to make watertight the roofs of their houses—some pulling rollers over them, others merely tramping up and down—whilst their more fortunate compatriots reclined at leisure.

In the morning, after travelling some miles along a fertile valley, with a beautiful view of the snows of Persia to the south-east, we reached Suleimaniyah about 2 p.m. Suleimaniyah lies at the foot of a range of hills just outside the Persian border, and is about 3,000 feet above sea level. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the houses flat, mud-roofed structures, built rather for warmth than for beauty.

British political officers had been in charge of the administration here since November last, with no troops to back them beyond the local *gendarmierie*. As was usual in towns wrested from the authority of the Sublime Porte, starvation was rife, and it was quite common to see men, women and children lying about the bazaars and streets in the last stage of physical exhaustion. These sights were taken quite as a matter of course by the more fortunate inhabitants of the town; but British organisation and British money came to the rescue, and besides establishing soup kitchens, also provided seed wheat and the means to cultivate the land.





War chariot with Assyrian soldiers, from a slab excavated at Kouyunjik (Layard).

## IN KURDISTAN

(With Nightingale's Column, September-October, 1919.)

The chilly atmosphere of the previous night, which caused us to lie in disgruntled wakefulness, does not prevail in the valley, and, though we started the day with cardigans an hour after sunrise, these are now hanging upon the mules instead. At Khalbesh, an unpretentious but malodorous five-dogs-and-a-cat-kind of village, every bil-macann is scrutinized and several rifles are confiscated, while the villagers, looking as docile as their villainous, unwashed faces will allow, sit upon the door-steps.

Along the way we meet two petty traders. The O.C. of the column glances at their boots. "Hal military——"—and two Gurkhas, completely dwarfed, are soon standing alongside them. Another trader with his asses and goods, and (most heinous offence!) a revolver, walks unsuspectingly into the head of the column, and is too afraid to run.

Hamzan. The birds have flown. In one house we find Mr. McGowan's folding bed, which had been stolen in transit. Even had he received it, however, Mr. McGowan would not long have enjoyed its solace, for two months later he was murdered.

So hurried was the evacuation of this place that many articles were left behind; and a fair (but only a fair) share of these are very soon appropriated. Bruce, perched in the shaky branches of a climbing vine, redeems some luscious grapes; Algy smuggles a sack of pumpkins and tomatoes; and Ken, finding some Indians with cucumbers, threatens to report them to General Sahib and removes the "cucumbers" to his spacious haversack. We are indeed living sumptuously. Goodie, apparently oblivious to the depredations of his boys, studies things of comparative unimportance, such as "Number of words. Time sent. Code, etc., etc." Sometimes, too (about once a week), he endeavours to smoke a pipe. "Number of words, etc." added, Goodie tiptoes with the message to Con. on duty, who struggles bravely and as a rule with good effect.

Miners again lay guncotton, and with a dull roar Hamzan, the past home of notorious Tahir, goes skyward.

The trader caught this morning is tried. An official account is, for once, rather interesting:

"Military court was assembled to-day for trial of Aghi Abdullah. Charge: Carrying arms on public highway.

Guilty.

Fined 1800 Rupees and sentenced to two years rigorous imprisonment.

Evidence showed accused to be professional cloth-buyer going to Dohuk to trade, armed with one revolver and money."

It is amusing to learn that he was armed with money.

Those of the camp personnel who have elected the "Mystery Machine" a god, come in awed silence and shrinking temerity to bask in the flicker of the blue sparks. But they are neither above the dignity of asking for cigarettes or *backsheesh*, nor of walking off with any oddsments that may have been unwisely left lying about.

We leave Dergali, the town of Musa (an old and stubby follower of Islam, who yesterday came in to us with only one mule and a servant), in blackened ruins. Musa's castle, set upon a small rise, is not a bit palatial inside, thereby removing the glamour of its exterior appearance. There is, however, one clean compartment—probably the reception hall; while the ladies of the harem surely abided in the odious unlit rooms and developed cats'-eyes.

As we moved from camp at sunrise, Musa (or, to give him his full title, Musa Beg Effendi), either said his prayers upon the mule he rode, or said none at all, for at the prescribed hour we were scrambling down the steep descent joining Dergali to the small wooded plain below, where an aeroplane had met its



fate. General Sahib can be seen referring to his new toy—the altimeter. This instrument, no larger than a big watch, is calibrated in hundreds of feet up to 25,000—a height which we have no desire to attain. Let high mountains be.

From Derghali the scene changes. At 5000 feet we are one-third of the way up the great topographical ladder which ends in the immense Anatolian Plateau forming the roof of Asia Minor. Within a few days, if our plans do not miscarry, we hope to be but a rung from the top; however time will tell. Eight miles along the track, from a township whose name none can either pronounce or spell, numerous buckets of grapes are procured, thus lessening the future wine supply by a few bottles. Besides being pressed for wine-making, the white variety of grape, which greatly predominates here, is also dried for raisins to be used in exchange for the other necessities of life. Thus, one township will grow walnuts, another tobacco, and a third rice, and so on, according to the suitability of soil; and, by their system of mutual exchange, the whole community is provided with everything.

# MENU

## SOUP

Ox - tail

## FISH

Salmon Pâte

## ENTRÉE

Curried sheep kidneys

## ROASTS

Sirloin of beef

Murriga a la tel - affar

Vegetables

## SWEETS

Diggers duff and arak sauce

Odds and ends trifle

Jones burrawallas and custard

Shoey's wads and E.M.F. biscuits

Fruits in season and nuts

## LIQUEURS

Mosul wines

lager beer

Stout

whisky

Tea

coffee

## TOASTS

«The King» Lieut C.W. Goodman

«The Squadron» Dvr. C. Goy

«Our folks at home» Sgt. L.W. Orford

The menu for the Christmas Dinner (1918) at Mosul. The type was set by two of the boys at an Armenian printer's in the bazaar. On the card is to be seen "Murriga a la Tel affar" (chickens brought from Tel Afar); "arak," a spirit distilled from fermented dates; "Jones' tinned peaches"; cakes made by "Shoey" (the cook) and biscuits from the Expeditionary Force canteens (E.M.F., apparently an electrical pun on E.F.C.).

From Mai to Ura the mountain track leads north-east, and at first skirts a rushing torrent of snow-water where poplars and walnut trees grow picturesquely side by side. Baiju, a queerly situated nest of fifty dwellings, disgorges as many rifics at the demand of the Political Officer. So precipitous is the slope that each house looks as if it is ready to topple down. From here onwards the country becomes more difficult. Loose pieces of slate cover every gorge, and cause much discomfort to both men and animals. The abrasions resulting from falls exhaust the supply of medical bandages, so that the M.O. has to resort to cloth obtained from the bazaar of a town along the road. Even the linen wings of the wrecked aeroplane are cut into strips and utilised.

Ura, a patch of green cultivation and six houses, squeezed into a gorge that we have been following for miles, is a peculiar place—it lacks dogs. Here the altitude is six to seven thousand feet, and astounding results are accomplished by the wireless operators, who copy down messages from far out in the Mediterranean. The set is erected on the top of a ridge, whose slope and loosely crumbling surface severely tax the strength and agility of the pack mules. Only by many zigzags and frequent rests did we arrive at his summit.

Up on top the wind is terrific. The loose soil fails to hold the mast pegs, and crash!—Number two mast is down. Our contempt of winter winds is lost in the humorous contemplation of Algy who, telephones on head, and an interrupted message blowing about in his hand, leans against the gale and shakes his fist.

Con, resolving himself into a forage party, marches forth and returns with potatoes—a vegetable we have not seen for many months. They are indeed an unexpected luxury, and, to curtail waste, are cooked in their skins.

Beyond Ura the track is abominable. We are travelling through a gorge so deep that the sun does not "rise" until 10 o'clock; and our flank-guards are posted away up above on the surface of the world. The mules, sliding over the loose stones, continually lose their packs, with the result that after four hours we have only covered five miles. Up till now we have not suffered from lack of water along the way, and so did not bother to carry a reserve supply. At this stage, however, it is unobtainable, and we suffer for twelve miles a terrible thirst which eventually leaves us for a time incapable of articulate speech. Sucking pebbles (in the genuine classical manner) gives no relief. At last on rounding a bluff we catch sight of a small stream, and the mules break away from their drivers as they rush frantically towards it. The drivers, uncaring, follow suit, and, kneeling alongside them, drink the same water as their animals.

Half-a-mile below the village here, where nature has kindly endowed the topography with a few square yards of flat and productive soil, we establish our station, but, for the first time on the stunt, fail to achieve communication. The 900-foot bluff above appears to be the cause of our trouble—so we determine, even at the risk of a landslide, to go if possible to the top and there try again. Upwards we start, with the onlookers frankly sceptical. At first the attempt seems doomed to failure, for the stiff slope offers little foothold to the animals; but, with two men standing below each mule and supporting the packs, and with others cutting zigzag lines across the face of the hill, all goes well. Half-an-hour later we are on the crest, where our efforts to get in touch instantly meet with success.





Refinery at ABADAN, PERSIA

## TRAVEL IN IRAQ AND PERSIA

(MAJOR SANDFORD MORGAN.)

Just a hundred years ago the traveller who desired, or was forced by necessity, to journey through the countries that we know to-day as the Middle East, could only contemplate the prospect with foreboding. He would envision weeks, and perhaps months, of tedious travel, swaying on the hump of a camel, as part of a huge caravan moving along age-old desert routes. He would know that the resting places along the route would not afford any sort of comfort, and, even on arrival at his destination, no matter what the size of the city, he would have to make-shift to find his own accommodation at some public *caravanserai*. If part of the journey could be made by inland waterway, he would consider it a fortunate circumstance indeed. Such were the conditions of travel within the area bounded by the Mediterranean Sea on the west, Syria, Kurdistan and Armenia on the north, the great mountains forming the eastern boundary of Persia on the east, and the waters of the Persian Gulf on the south.

### AFTER 1861.

Before the year 1861, when a company began to run paddle-steamers up the Tigris and Euphrates, facilities for travelling by land were confined to camel caravans, horses, donkeys, and a few three-horsed arabas (four-wheeled carts). In the Gulf, however, matters were more advanced, for there exist records which show that as far back as the seventeenth century the British East India Company

had ships calling at Basra, and that it kept open for navigation the stretch of water (now known as the Shatt-el-Arab) between Basra and the sea. These same records also show that the local Turkish pashas often called on the company to help them in their attempts at government.

To-day a fleet of modern, light draft, passenger-steamers ply along the Tigris from Basra to Baghdad; passages on these ships may be booked even in India. This progress is directly due to the enterprise of Messrs. Lynch Bros., who commenced operations in 1913, after a treaty, acknowledging their rights and granting them permission to navigate the Tigris, had been negotiated between the British and Ottoman Governments.

### RAILWAYS.

During the years 1835-37, on account of the operations of the Chesney expedition, the eyes of the whole world were focussed on the Middle East, and great plans for railway communication between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf were discussed in England. Nothing came of these discussions; but in 1888, when direct railway communication was established between Berlin and Constantinople, more elaborate projects for continuing the line to the Gulf were immediately set on foot. A German syndicate finally secured valuable concessions from the Turkish Government, and the Anatolian Railway Company was formed. Further concessions were granted to it in 1893, and again in 1899, when there was secured an agreement which would be ratified by the Baghdad Railway Convention of 1903.

For certain reasons, which hardly need enumerating in this article, matters stood thus until 1913, when, in consequence of pressure exerted by Germany, an Anglo-German-Turkish agreement was drafted, providing for the continuation of the existing line at least as far as Basra. This agreement was initiated in London in June, 1914, but its finalisation depended upon the outcome of other negotiations then going on between Germany and Turkey; and these had not been effected when the war broke out in August.

### EFFECT OF THE WAR.

During the war the fighting forces revolutionised means of travel for their own purposes, and what they left behind them became the foundation for the almost miraculous advance that is apparent even to the most unservant tourist. To-day it is possible to book a berth in Australia, and upon reaching India, to travel (via Bombay or Karachi) in an up-to-date luxurious steamer, which in seven days pulls alongside the modern land-stage at Basra. Here the traveller finds quite a presentable house (The River Front Hotel), where the conveniences and comfort are on a par with the best in the Middle East.

### THE JOURNEY ONWARD.

At Basra railway bookings can be made for almost any known port of the Near East. A daily train, with sleeping-cars and even shower-baths attached, runs from Makina Station direct to Baghdad in thirty hours, stopping for meals en route at special restaurant stations. The trip by steamer, though it takes longer (sometimes as much as five days, if the river is low)





is of course the more interesting way of proceeding to Baghdad—by that means places such as Kurnah (traditional site of the Garden of Eden), Ezra's tomb, Kut-el-Amara, and Ctesiphon are seen, and a much better estimation of the country and its mixed races is gained.

From Basra trains also run *via* branch lines to Kifl (an ancient caravan centre in the desert, famous as the site of the tomb of Ezekiel) and to the tribal city of Nasiriyah; and these and other short lengths of railway, now fully established and in good working order, enable travellers to reach out-of-the-way and fairly unknown places without a tiresome journey in a rickety arabana or the hardship of camel caravan.

## BAGHDAD.

Let us suppose, for example, that we are in Baghdad, having travelled by the Persian Gulf route. In this ancient city there was in 1922 only one hotel (and that but third-rate) at which Britishers could stay, but now we find a first-class establishment which makes a speciality of catering for tourists. Nowadays Baghdad expects a "bumper" tourist season every winter—the only safe period for casual visitors—commencing in late October and continuing till early March, after which the sun gets too hot for comfort. During the "season" the climate is similar to that of an Australian winter, and good thick clothes, together with rain protections, are necessary. It is also essential to possess a pair of knee-high "gum-boots," for the streets of Eastern towns are not by any means well drained. Inoculation against enteric, vaccination, and the provision of warm clothing are practically the only health precautions necessary. No extraordinary measures need be thought out beforehand, though a topee (sun helmet) is necessary for the journey to Colombo, across India, and up the Gulf. Water should not be drunk indiscriminately, *i.e.*, without first knowing whether it has been chlorinated and filtered.

There are a few other minor points which should be considered: Money is the same as in India, where Australian notes can be exchanged for rupees according to the ruling rate at the moment. It is wiser to change money at a bank rather than deal with any of the moneychangers, who eagerly solicit business and of course charge more than the bank does. There are sixteen annas to one rupee, and annas are the smallest coins that are likely to be needed. In Persia it may be necessary to change rupees to tomans and krans, although the rupee is recognised as legal tender in most places likely to be visited east of the Great Syrian Desert.

## TO PERSIA.

There is a very interesting route by which one may travel from Baghdad to Europe—that is, by going through Persia by car from Khanikin to Tabriz, and there catching a train which connects with the Russian railway system. Another way equally interesting, is to visit Teheran, the capital of Persia, and then drive to Enzeli on the Caspian where a Russian steamer connects with Baku, and thence continue by train to Moscow. To-day a number of transport companies cater for travellers proceeding to Persia, running modern motor cars right through to Teheran twice a week for about £20 each, a sum which includes the hotel accommodation, food, and drink along the road. There are also special summer-time fares which run to about £15 return, according to class of car hired.

## BEYOND BAGHDAD.

To travel north, south-west, or west from Baghdad is hardly more difficult than taking a similar journey from one of our State capitals. To the north there is a good railway service to Shergat (some 200 miles), where a car may be hired which will land the tourist in Mosul on the same day. The road from Shergat follows

the course of the Tigris and makes an interesting journey. To the south-west of Baghdad the traveller is naturally drawn because Babylon and the Tower of Babel are in that direction. A train runs twice daily from Baghdad West station to Babylon, the journey occupying three hours.

There is also a service of cars which makes day-trips to these ruins and to Hillah, and back to Baghdad; the road passes the Hindiyeih Barrage.

## NEARBY SHRINES.

The wealthy Mahomedan pilgrim can now do the last stage of his pilgrimage in a luxurious car, for there is a service to both the holy cities of Kerbela and Nedjef, the European tourist is not yet encouraged to go to these "forbidden" cities (though he can, and does, but is warned that he goes at his own risk).

## THE DESERT TRIP.

The number of passengers who travel across the great Syrian Desert by the mail cars, a service inaugurated by a New Zealand company, now runs to a thousand or more each month; the fare—which includes the cost of providing food and drink—is about £20. There are also other trips at £5 per head, without provisions. In addition two companies run daily protected convoys of cars to the Lebanon, and back, the journey taking two days.

Truly it may be said that there is no part of the world to-day which offers a wider field for the discriminating traveller than does the Middle East.

## THE VALUE OF IRAQ.

Mesopotamia—now known as Iraq—undoubtedly is of vast importance in modern world affairs, and likely to occupy the serious attention of many Governments. Its name will always be closely associated with some of the darkest days, some of the most poignant memories, and some of the most unselfish sacrifices of the Great War; the surrender, through lack of food, of the gallant force under General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara, brought the Allies to the verge of despair; the Armenian deportation (the uprooting of a nation) was one of the greatest horrors of history; while the capture of Baghdad by General Maude and his army was a brilliant achievement which shattered the cherished ambitions of the Government then mismanaging the land.

The subsequent development of Iraq—first under a British military administration, then under a civil authority, with its own Arab King and Parliament—is a masterpiece of efficient organisation, and many eminent men are giving special attention to the prospects and problems of this country which, it seems, is likely to become again one of the most prosperous in the world. The possibilities are unlimited, as are, in the opinion of experts, its enormous mineral and agricultural resources. Baghdad under the Abbasia Khalifs was acknowledged to be the finest city in the world, and, as recently as the sixth century A.D., was the capital of a kingdom supporting ten millions of people on produce derived from nine-tenths of the land fit for cultivation.

There are many reasons that could be given to prove the future value of Iraq, but here may be stated the most obvious, namely its geographically central position for the development of overland traffic and aerial navigation. The world's future highways will have their natural junctions in that country. Travellers from the Far East and Australasia will pass this way on their journeyings to Europe. Large railway centres and important aerodromes will, within the comparatively short period of 25 years, or earlier, be situated in Iraq.

By wise and unselfish administration, and with the loyal co-operation of the Arab Sheikhs, there should be cheap transport by rail, river, and air, good hospitals, schools for the younger generation, and sound justice for all; the modern world will then see what the ancients saw in Iraq—a paradise.



# A T B A B Y L O N S I D I N G



Between the railway station and the village Kuwairish is a region marked on the map as "ancient quays." The ground here is somewhat low-lying and pools of rain-water add to the desolation. How true is the prophecy "the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels."



Moving southward and ascending the main mound, the traveller reaches the north-west corner of the massive wall that once surrounded Nebuchadnezzar's palace and fortress. He cannot be anything but amazed at the strength of the brickwork that still remains after twenty-five centuries.



# AT BABYLON SIDING



*Members of the 7th British Cavalry Brigade in Babylon, on an excursion, arranged by the T.M.C.A. after the Armistice. Without a doubt the old sculptured lion had not seen such an army for many a long day.*



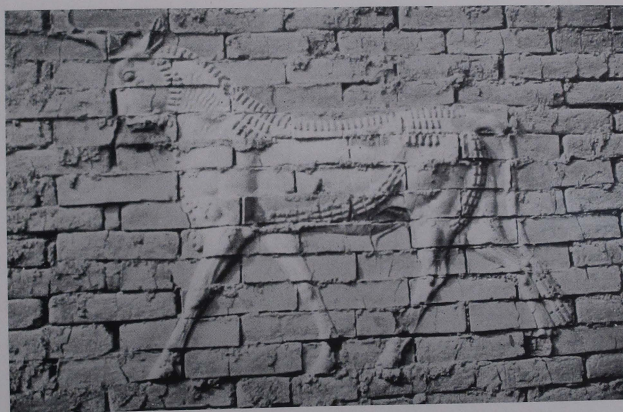
*From the grouping of this sculpture (rudely carved from black basalt), some imaginative travellers have suggested that it depicts Daniel in the lions' den. Nowadays, however, it is generally accepted as being a Babylonian trophy of war, captured from the Hittites in far Asia Minor; if the latter view is correct, it can only be imagined by what arduous toil and suffering this massive statue was transported southwards, probably by the unfortunate Hittite prisoners themselves. The lion is not, of course, in its original Babylonian site, having been discovered by the excavators among apparently unrelated débris and re-erected at the spot where it is seen to-day.*



# A T B A B Y L O N S I D I N G



The various underground levels of the Ishtar Gate (for, of course, cellar life played as important a part in old Babylon as it does in Nedjef and Kerbela to-day) were enhanced with burnt brick designs corresponding to those in the tile work of the section above ground. The designs represent monsters of two kinds—one having the scales, body and fangs of a serpent, with lion paws as front legs and eagle's claws as hind ones, and a unicorn's horn, the scales, body and fangs of a serpent.



A monster in bas-relief on the walls of the Ishtar gate. This seems to be a combination of bull and horse, and is believed to be symbolical of Adad, god of Storms.

Though interesting to the traveller, these bas-reliefs and similar monuments pale in importance when compared with the mass of cuneiform documents uncovered in the excavations. The variety of these is remarkable and covers a complete library of international literature, letters of individuals, pay-rolls, deeds of land, codes of law and foundation-stones of temples and palaces.



# ANDREWS GROUP ORDER NO. 1

SECRET—REFERENCE T.C. 205.

COPY No. 6

25th March, 1918.

1.  
Information.

Enemy continue to hold positions about Khan Baghdadi on both banks.

2.  
Intention.

Intention is to complete destruction of enemy forces below Anah.

3.  
Movements of Advanced Guard.  
Comdr. to be detailed by 6th Jats  
1 Company 6th Jats.

Main Body in Order of March  
50th Brigade Signals  
No. 3 Pack Wireless  
6th Jats less 1 Company  
Oxford and Bucks L.I.  
24th Punjabis  
97th Infantry  
256 M.G. Coy.  
48th Pioneers less 1 coy.  
10th Lancers  
Double-horsed Bty. 222 Bde. R.F.A.  
215 Bde. R.F.A.  
Bde. S.A.A. Section  
450 Coy. R.E. Under Orders O.C.

- (a) Hour of start, 9 p.m.
- (b) Starting Point about A D 50 B 3/3 marked with 2 signal lamps.
- (c) Halts ten minutes every clock hour.
- (d) Flank Protection. Nil.
- (e) First Line transport will accompany each unit.  
First line carts will report to O.C. 450 Coy. R.E. at 8.30 p.m. and move as shown.  
Cable Wagon must be given priority.

First Line Carts, 450 Coy. R.E.  
In Order of Units.  
108 C.F.A.

10th Lancers will act as escort to the Guns.  
Officers Commanding Four Infantry Bns., 256 M.G. Company, 48th Pioneers, 10th Lancers, and 215 Bde. R.F.A. with their Staff officers, will march at the head of the column.  
2nd Line transport in order of units will move under orders of Lieut. Gravett after that of Cav. Bde., which starts at 8.30 a.m.

Rear Guard

Nil.

4.  
Contact Planes

A Contact plane will be overhead at 5.20 a.m. It is marked with two streamers.

5.  
Inter-Communication

Daylight Signals, which give a dark blue smoke at a height of 20 or 30 feet will be used by the Cavalry Bde. and D.H.Q. to denote their respective whereabouts.

6.  
Water

Troops will carry maximum water possible and carefully husband it.  
Infantry Battalions of 50th Bde. will draw one A.T. Cart for conveyance of their water tanks and pumps from Bde. Transport Officer. These when loaded will report to Bde. Headquarters at 8 p.m. to-day and will be handed over to 450 Coy. R.E. to march all together at head of first line Carts.

7.  
Rations.

Four men per unit will accompany, to act under orders of Staff Captain.  
Rations up to evening of 26th on man; for evening 26th to evening 27th on 2nd Line Carts.

8.  
Dressing Station.

Main Dressing Station will be near Main Road, about A.D. 26. D. 5/5.

9.  
Lights and Smoking.

No lights or smoking after passing starting point—to be strictly enforced.

10.  
Orderlies.

Units will keep one man per unit at Group Headquarters to take messages. He will report to Bde. Signals by 8.30 p.m. to-day, and move with them. He may be relieved at O.C.'s discretion.

11.  
Maps.  
12.  
Hospital Guard.

Officers will carry the following Maps, T.C. 205, 208 or 146, 209.

13.  
Camp.  
14.  
Watches.  
15.  
Reports.

O.C. 97th Infantry will detail guard of N.C.O. and 6 men to remain with 108 C.F.A.

Tents will be left standing and guard of 1 N.C.O. and 3 men left with them.

To be synchronised at Group Headquarters before starting.

To Head of Main Body.

Issued at 5 p.m. to Units.

Acknowledge.

A souvenir of the Khan Baghdadi operations of March, 1918.





# APPENDIX

*containing*

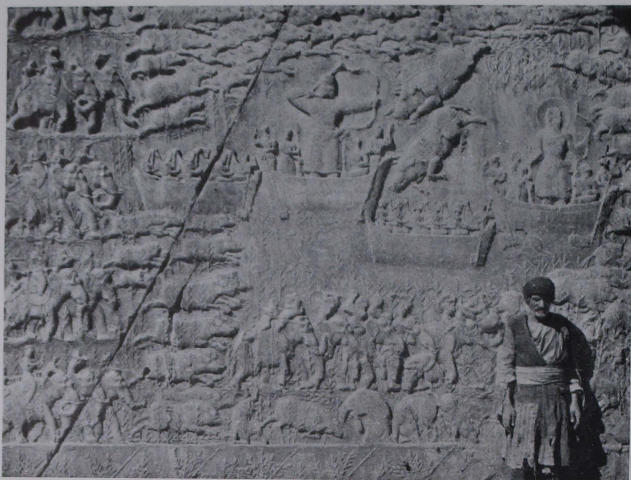
Schedules of Dates  
and Movements.

Glossary.

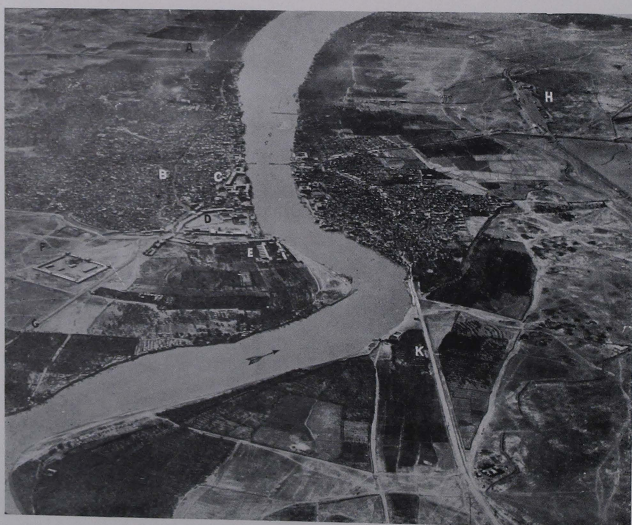
Nominal Rolls.



# KERMANSHAH AND BAGHDAD



In the larger cave at Tak-i-Bustan (see page 95) is a magnificent bas-relief depicting King Chosroes hunting boar. The king is shown in a boat, drawing his bow, while his soldiery (mounted on elephants) drive the game towards him, putting to flight a multitude of small fish in the process. Two boar fall victims to regal prowess, while barges of musicians and a representative of the priesthood add to the amenities of the chase.



Baghdad from the air, from a Royal Air Force photograph. The references for the letters are as follows: A is the site of the horse-lines camp; B, New Street; C, Turkish Infantry Barracks (31st British General Hospital); D, Citadel; E, 23rd British General Hospital; F, Turkish Cavalry Barracks; G, the road to Moazzam; H, Baghdad Railway Station and road to Advanced Base; K, the tramline to Kazimain.



# D A T E S

On this page, and on the next three or four, various dates have been summarised. These comprise:—

**Section 1.**—Pack Troop Dates (February 5th to July 6th, 1916).

**Section 2.**—Squadron Dates (April 26th to October 14th, 1916).

Note: Dates for the period October 14th—December 12th (Mobilisation of Squadron stations) and for the period December 13th—February 23rd, 1917 (Cavalry operations round Kut) appear in the text.

Note: Schedule showing movements of all stations in Persia and Russia during 1918 appears on page 94.

**Section 3.**—Schedule showing movements of Squadron stations from February 24th, 1917 (the crossing at Shumran) until their disbandment after the Armistice (extra stations in Persia and Russia during 1918 excepted).

Double or triple width indicates that two or three stations, respectively, were together on the dates quoted.

The following abbreviations have been used:—  
An asterisk indicates a change; that is, the station was re-attached (as stated) or else moved independently.

*lf* means left for the place next mentioned.

*a* means arrived on the date next mentioned.  
*r* means returned (usually to the last bivouac).  
*rb* means relieved by station quoted.  
*v* means vice, i.e., relieving the station mentioned.

AIC.—Advanced First Corps.  
AIII.C.—Advanced Third Corps.  
L.A.M.B.—Light Armoured Motor Battery.  
Mocol.—For or with Mobile Column.  
Cav.—Cavalry Brigade.  
P.—Punjabis.  
D.—Division.  
M.—Miles.  
14 H.—14th Hussars.  
B.—Infantry Brigade.  
1st H.—First/Fourth Hants.  
nr.—Near.

## SECTION I.—PACK TROOP DATES

1916.

- Feb. 5th.—Left Broadmeadows.
- „ 23rd.—Arrived Colombo.
- „ 24th.—Re-embarked (“Sardinia”).
- „ 28th.—Arrived Bombay (Colaba Barracks).
- Mar. 10th.—Left Bombay (“Teesta”).
- „ 12th.—Arrived Karachi.
- „ 16th.—Arrived Bundar Abbas.
- „ 21st.—Arrived Basra.
- Apr. 17th.—N.Z. Troop arrived.
- „ 18th.—Camp moved to Makina.
- „ 28th.—First Pack Station (Austral-ian) made up and joins Column.
- „ 30th.—Shaibah.
- May 1st.—Granat.
- „ 2nd.—Ratawi.
- „ 3rd.—Ghabishiyah.
- „ 4th.—Lagait.
- May 7th.—Khamisiyah (Arab Protection Post) and attached Post Commandant.
- „ 9th.—Second Pack Station (N.Z.). embarks for Mudelil (P5).
- „ 12th.—Arrived Amara.
- „ 16th.—Joined 18th Echelon, near Amara.
- „ 26th.—Left for Mudelil.
- „ 29th.—Arrived Mudelil.
- „ 21st.—Camp moved to Magil.
- „ 29th.—Second N.Z. Station left for Ali Gharbi (Arab Protection Post). Arrived about June 3rd.
- „ 31st.—Second Pack Troop Station embarked. Arrived Nasiriyah. June 2nd.

## SECTION II.—SQUADRON DATES

1916.

- Apr. 26th.—Left Moore Park.
- May 30th.—Left Melbourne.
- June 15th.—Arrived Colombo.
- „ 18th.—Embarked for Bombay.
- „ 21st.—Arrived Bombay.
- „ 24th.—Embarked for Basra.
- „ 27th.—Called Karachi.
- „ 30th.—Arrived Muscat; left July 2.
- July 3rd.—Arrived Bushire; left July 4
- „ 5th.—Arrived Basra.
- „ 6th.—Arrived Magil and joined Pack Troop Camp.
- „ 17th.—Two Stations sent out with 19th. Column.
- Sept. 29th.—No. 2 Station returned Magil from Nasiriyah.
- Oct. 9th.—No. 1 Station returned Magil from Khamisiyah.
- „ 14th.—First Stations embarked for up-river.



# MOVEMENTS OF SQUADRON STATIONS

February—September, 1917

1917  
FEB.

A	B	E	L	C	H
G.H.Q. Report Centre, Sinn	H.Q. III. Corps, Atab	H.Q.I. Corps, Felayieh Amara		Cavalry Base, S 9	
28 Shumran	(Suggested only) 26 Shumran 27 Bghailah 28 near Summar	27 beyond Shumran 28 Bghailah	24 Cav. Div. crossed at Shumran, out till midnight, r Shumran 25/26 Endeavouring outflank enemy then r to bivouac near Tigris 27 As before but stations remain Twin Barges Div. to Imam Imlik 28 Rejoined Division and retired ten miles to wait for infantry		

MAR.

3 Sheikh Jaad 4 Shidhaif-ash-Sharqi 5 Aziziyeh	1 towards Aziziyeh 2 Aziziyeh  5 Zeur 6 Bustan 7 beyond Ctesiphon 8 ? 10 crossed Diala 11 Baghdad	4 Summar 5 Aziziyeh 6 Zeur 7 Bustan 8 Bawi 10 crossed Tigris 11 Baghdad 15 3rd Division 18 Diala above Baghdad 19 Baqubah 21 Abu Jisra 23 Sharoban e "D"	1 After recon. Cav. Div. with C, H. & L. Stns. a Aziziyeh 5 Contd. towards Lajj, where Div'n again in touch with enemy 6 Recon. beyond Ctesiphon, returning to bivouac at Bustan 7 Out all day on right flank, returning at night to same bivouac 8 Crossed Tigris at Bawi, continuing by night march along river 9 Cav. withdrawn from left flank and return Tigris for water 10 Advance hindered by dust storm, stns. being away from Div'n 11 Rejoined Division and continued through Baghdad to Hnaidi 15 7th Cav. Bde. and 'H' Stn. to right bank near Advanced Base. 18 7th and 'H' to Kazimain left bank; 6th Bde. C & L to Khan Jedida 19 Till April 1st, 6th Cav. Bde., C & L, reconnoitring and slowly advancing between River Diala and Khalis Canal beyond Deltawa 19 Till 22nd 7th Cav. Bde. and 'H' Stn. in billets, Kazimain 23 Till 28th 7th Cav. Bde. and H in touch with Turks on Tigris 29 Till 31st 7th Cavalry Brigade and H Station reconnoitring and slowly advancing between River Diala and Khalis Canal		
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APRIL

4* If Baghdad a 7th	4 Baqubah 5 through Daltawa & Sindiye to III. Corps H. Q. at Dogameh a 7	1 Dali Abbas having been abandoned 31st Div. retires to Tekana 6 Advance to near Dali Abbas, remaining in this region till 12th, drawing Turks on; this resulted in their defeat at Serajik 13/14 Attempt to outflank Turks on Kifri Road was unsuccessful 15/10 Division and stations remain in camp—near Dogameh (?) 20 'H' and 7th Cav. If Sinjah a 22—later 'C' & 'L' Sindiye 23 On left flank re- sulting in capture Dahuba 26 Continue on flank 27 and reach Satha 28 Recon. near Satha 29 Crossed Adhaim & 30 worked on right			
17* If Kasr-i-shirin a 23rd *Col. Rowland- son, Liaison Officer with Baratov's Force	17 Dogameh 18 Wadi near Adhaim 20 Barura 24 Dahuba 25 towards Satha a 27				

MAY

	5 If Barura a 8th 6 8*8B. If Samarrha a 9	*Baqubah	8 Es Sulaikh 18 With Lucas Col. 42B—Punitive Expe-4 dition to Mufraz and 9*40B., If Adhaim, Radwanayah r Esreturning Sindiye Sulaikh 24th	1 flank, returning Adhaim If Barura a 7 If Adhaim, Sindiye 16th, later *III. Corps	
--	--	----------	--	---	--

JUNE

13 If Kermanshah a 23 1 A Baghdad (a new station added to Squadron Establish- ment vice AA Stn. at Kermanshah)	*7th Division	2 *Out with Punitive 7 Col. from Baqubah	1 *Baqubah r "L" 13* returns Sindiye 22* Mehrut Post 23 Beled Ruz		
---	---------------	---	--	--	--

JULY

		31* If Beled Ruz a 1 vH *37 Inf. Bde.			
--	--	--	--	--	--

AUG.

			1 rb L If Es Sulaikh a 5		
			14 If Beled Ruz a 17 18* With Hesketh's Col. during capture of Sharoban, r Beled Ruz 21st 23 If Es Sulaikh a 26		

SEPT.

	*I. Corps		18*6 Cav., If Feluja a 21 26* Norton's Col., Baqubah	25* Cunningham's Post 26* Norton's Col., Baqubah	
			28 Flanking movement 27 Mehrut Post 29 and capture of 28 Capture of Ramadie 29		Mandali



# MOVEMENTS OF SQUADRON STATIONS

February—September, 1917

1917  
FEB.

I	F	K	G	D	J
L. of C. Ali Gharbi	G.H.Q. Report Centre, L. of C. Sinn Amara	Ali Gharbi	S.H.Q. Sinn	S.H.Q., Sinn	Sheikh Saad
	24*Atab *III. Corps ? 26 Shumran 27 Bghailah 28 near Summar *13D	if Aziziyeh a 4th Land station for G.O.C.'s steamer 28 Shumran		24*A3C, Shumran 25*13D., Bghailah (?) 26 On the move 27*14 D. adv. 11 miles 28 In camp, Aziziyeh	

MAR.

? *If Aziziyeh a 4vA	1 near Shidhaif (?) 2 Aziziyeh 5 Zeur 6 Ctesiphon 7 towards Diala 10 near Tel Mahomet 11 Es Sulaikh	3 Sheikh Jaad 4 Shidaif-ash-Sharqi 5 Aziziyeh 6 Zeur 7 Bawi. Crossed Tigris and continued with 7th Division to Baghdad, arriving 11th 12 Continued about 30 miles r Baghdad 17th 18*With 7th Bde. during occupation of Feluja	7*crossed Tigris with 35B, continuing with them till Baghdad 11th 14*Keary's Column if Baqubah a 17, then towards Sharoban a 22 23 'rb 'E' Station 24*Baqubah	1 Near Aziziyeh 3 Beyond Zeur 6*III. Corps, Ctesiphon	? Bghailah (?)
	25 If 40B, but did not find, and rejoined 13D on 27th. Continued with Div'n during dispersal of enemy 30 Daltawa				

APRIL

5*Mansuriyah 6 Kermea *7th Div'n 7 Sumeike 8 Beled 9 Harbe	Feluja (Tel. Of.)	28 If Baghdad a 29th 30*Column for Hindi- yeh Barrage, arriving 3rd
16 Dujail Canal		
21*Cobbe's Column 23 Istabulat 24 Samarra		

MAY

JUNE

15 Beled, \*8 Inf. Bde.  
14 Out from Aziziyeh  
15 with Mobile Col.

JULY

17\*If Baghdad a 22  
26\*Es Sulatk

9/14 With 7th Inf. Bde. during operations against Ramadie, which were abandoned. \*15th Div'n.

20\*If Baghdad a 24  
26\*Es Sulaikh  
31\*If Hindiye a 2 v D  
\*24 P., 52 Inf. Bde.

AUG.

26 Istabulat

2 'rb 'J'  
4\*Mahmudiyah  
5 Es Sulaikh  
14 If Baqubah  
18/20 With Thompson's Column during capture of Sharoban  
23\*35 Bde.

SEPT.

17\*Baghdad, Karradah  
20\*with Echelon of  
15D If Feluja a 22 v G

22\*Brooking's Column  
24 12 miles through sand  
25 Advanced 12 miles  
26 Advanced 1 mile  
27 Advanced 6 miles  
28 Battle of Ramadie



# MOVEMENTS OF SQUADRON STATIONS

October 1917 to April 1918

	A—1	B—2	E—5	1—9	J—10	L—12
1917 OCT.	AA still at Kermanshah A still at Baghdad	Still at Baghdad	Still at Samarrah	Still at or near Baghdad	Still at Hindiyeh	17 Telibarrah, *13D  24 Baqubah, *3C
NOV.			8SD (PARTISANSKI) 26 left Baghdad 27 Baqubah 28 Beled Ruz 29 Joined Russians, Mandali 30 If Mirjana, or Dec. 1st 2 Kifri Operations 13 Telibarrah (Ruz Canal)	6*Es Sulaikh 26*Caswell's Post 27 Cunningham's Post 28 Baqubah, *3C	31*Col 52B for Kifl	29 Dali Abbas, *13D
DEC.	1*A Es Sulaikh (Cavalry Traffic)			1*A3C, Kalat Mufri  ? *Baqubah *3 Corps	1 52B, Kifl 2 Kufa	3 Longridge-S'h'niyeh 4 Nahrin Kupri 5 Qarah Tappeh 6 Nahrin Kupri 7 Sahaniyeh-K. Mufri 8 Baqubah  ? *13D., Dali Abbas
1918 JAN.	31*A Baghdad 31*AA closes down 1*AA Mahidascht 2 Hasseinabad 3 Harunabad 4 Karind 5 Sermil 6 Paitak, *Escort 7 Sarepul 8 Said Ahmad 9 Kz-i-Shirin 10 Kbaikin 11 Mirjana 13 Ruz 14 Abu Jisra 15 Baqubah 16 Khan Bani Saad 17 Baghdad disbanded vice A. Stn.	2*Caswell's Post 3 Baqubah, *3C v I remaining here till Feb. 2nd, 1919, when it was destroyed by fire		3 r/h No. 2 Stn. 4*Abu Jisra 5 Ruz 10 Kizil Robot 11 Khanikin 12*1/4H, Kasr-i-Shirin		
			VIS Pack in vans attached escort for "AA" Stn. reached Khanikin 1st, Kasr-i-Shirin 2nd, Sarepul 3rd, and Paitak 4th. Joined by "AA" 6th, detached from escort at Kasr-i-Shirin on 10th, and returned Baghdad 15th			11*Ruz 12 Kizil Robot 13 Khanikin *3cB vD
FEB.	February 1st.—All stations to be known by numbers instead of by letters.				4*53rd Bde. 9*r/h No. 11 10 Kifl 11 Hillah 12 Museyib 13 Mahmudiyyeh 14 Baghdad 26*11 Cav. Hinaidi	
MARCH			39 Established in the field from Nos. 3 and 4 "H o c e e s" C o l. (LAMB) a Fuhaimah 28 Anah, then r Hadi- tha *12th Inf. Bde. Apr. 5: Changed to No. 13 Apr. 10: Disbanded	24 Sarepul 25 Paitak 26 Surkhadiza v 6	8 Iron Bridge 18 Khan Nuqtah 19 Feluja 22 Abu Dhibban 23 Ramadie 24 Sahliyyeh 26 Baghdadi, Alus 27 near Fuhaimah 28 beyond Fuhaimah 30*Fuhaimah 31 Alus	
APRIL	16*Khan Bani Saad 17 Baqubah 18 Abu Jisra 19 Dali Abbas *A3C  26 Ain Lailah 27 Umr Mandan				1 Khan Baghdadi 2 Hit 4 Uqbah 5 Ramadie 6 Abu Dhibban 9*7 Baghdad a 11 16*Khan Bani Saad 17 Baqubah 18 Abu Jisra 19 Dali Abbas *13D 25*40B., Cayley's Pass 26 near Nahrin Kupri 27 Umr Mandan 28 near Kihar Chai 29 Tuz Khurmatli	14*Kurdarrah 15 Ruz 16 Longridge *38 Bde.  24 beyond Sahaniyeh 25 Ain Lailah 26past Qarah Tappeh 27 Jehal Gilabat (?) 28 near Kulawund 29 1 mile from Tuz 30 Tuz Khurmatli
			29*17th Division			



# MOVEMENTS OF SQUADRON STATIONS

October 1917 to April 1918

	C—7	F—6	H—8	K—11	G—3	D—4
<b>1917 OCT.</b>	3*If Es Sulaikh a6	5*Khan Nuqtah 6*Es Sulaikh 9 Baghdad, *3C 11 Cassell's Post 12 Cunningham's Post	18 Occupation of 19 Kizil Robat 21 Mandali	Still at Aziziye	1*Turner's Col., Hit Still at Sharaban (Operators only by van) 2 Ramadie (Hit evac) 3*12th Inf. Bde.	17*Adv. III. Corps 24*14th Div'n.
	23* Cav. Hq., Daudiyah 24 Sadiyeh 29 Beled 30 Istabulat 31 Cavalry Division now formed up complete; C F & H Stns.	13 Baqubah 26 F H and 7th Cav. If Sadiyeh a 27th 28 F H and 7th Cav. If Sinijah a 29th 29 F H and 7th Cav. If Istabulat a 30th	24 Abu Jisra 25 Baqubah a 27th a 29th			
<b>NOV.</b>		1 Azahki Canal; H*AIC: all stns. If vicinity Daur a 2nd. 2 2pm H opposite Daur; at dusk C F also opposite Daur. 3 C F Wadi Aujah r Daur; H 5m south Wadi Aujah r Daur. 4 C F If TC 105, K 84 a 5th; H If T C 104 H 10 a 5th. 5 C F at dusk return Wadi Aujah; H moves forward a mile 6 H Jibin Wadi, r *Cav. at Aujah; F with 14 H Tekrit, r. 7 C F H and Cav. Div. Mukash Shafah; C Station erected. 8 C F H and Cav. Div. Khan al Kalah; H Station erected. 9 C F H and Cav. Div. Istabulat; F Station erected. 10 C F H and Cav. Div. Sinijah; C Station erected. 11 C F H and Cav. Div. Sadiyeh; H Station erected. 13 C F H and Cav. Div. Sindiye; C Station erected.				
<b>DEC.</b>		1 C F H and Cav. Div. Sathia; H Stn. erected 7.15 p.m. 2 C F H and Cav. Div. Chai Khana; F Stn. erected 12.15 p.m. 4 F Stn. with 7th Cav. Bde. right bank Adhaim, r Chai Khana. 6 C F H and Cav. Div. If Sathia a 7; C Stn. erected 1.30 a.m. 7 C F H and Cav. Div. Tigris near Akab; H Station erected. 8 C F H and Cav. Div. return Sadiyeh; F Station erected.	12 rb 2nd Sqdn. 18 a Baghdad (boat)			1 Kurdlarrah 8*1/4H, Kizil Robat
<b>1918 JAN.</b>		13*14H Baqubah 14 Abu Jisra 16 Kizil Robat 15 Sharaban 17 Khanikin 18 Kasr-i-Shirin  21*Operators only with Matthew's Col. (1/4H) in vans to Tak-i-Garreh  24 Climbed Paitak Pass to Surkhadiza (6 m.)  28*Drivers If Ruz a30				9 Khanikin  14*Mirjana 15 Sharaban 16 Baqubah 17 Khan Bani Saad  25*Broderick's Col 9m 26 r Ramadie 27*12th Inf. Bde.
<b>FEB.</b>			4*Mahmudiye 5 Khan Haswah 6 Khan Mahawil 7 Hillah 8 Kifl 9 Kufa r10 *53B	18*Lucas Col. (42B) 18 Khan Abu Rayat 21 Uqbah 25*Andrew's Column	18 Baghdad 20*Op. If Feluja a 21 21*Div. If Feluja a 22 23 Ramadie *15th Div.	
<b>MARCH</b>	25*7th Cav. Bde.	26 Walking and lead-25*6 Cav., Baqubah ing packhorses If26 Abu Jisra Kermanshah a 31;27 Sharaban joined by operators from No. 38.	20 rb 28, 2nd Sqdn. 21 Kalah Abhassiyeh 22 Hillah 23 Museyib 24 Mahmudiye 25 Baghdad	8 Broad Wadi 9 Hit 11 Sahiliyeh 25 With Col. during 26 attack on Baghdad 27*nr Haditha *11Cav. 28 Anah 30 Fuhatmah 31 Haditha	9 Uqbah 11 Hit 13 Sahiliyeh 23 With 15D HQ during attack on Khan Baghdadi position 27 *Brooking's Col *15D 28 remained Khan Baghdadi	
<b>APRIL</b>			16*Khan Bani Saad 17 Baqubah 18 Abu Jisra 19 Sharaban *6 Cav.	1 Khan Baghdadi 15 Sahiliyeh *50 Bde.	12 Sahiliyeh 13 Hit 14 Khan Abu Rayat 15 Ramadie	
	24 Dogameh 25 Sathia--Tauq Khana 26 Foothills 27 Advanced one mile 28 Tauq Khana		From 24th onwards Nos. 8 and 11 were "stepping up" for the 7th Cav. Bde. Column to Kubeisa 24 via Table Mountain to Longridge 25 16 miles to Ain Lailah in Jebel Hamrin 26 Night marches 25/26 Umr Mandan 27 Cavalry attack on Kulawund Position 28 Continued with Brigade towards Tuz 29 To Tuz Khurmatli--bivouaced with 10	25*With Aitkin's Column to Kubeisa (Punitive Column)		



# MOVEMENTS OF SQUADRON STATIONS

May 1918 to February 1919

1918 MAY	1	PERSIAN STATIONS	9	12	7
	3 Baiyt 4 Tuz 10 Tawq 15*If Baqubah a 23	8SD 39/18 19	38/17 47 50	4*13D, near Tuz 5 Tawq 6 beyond Tazah 8 Kirkuk	1 Satha 2 Akab (Left Bank) 3 Adhaim Right Bk. 4 Samarrah 6 Daur 7 Ain Nukhailah 8 The Cemetery 13 Towards Fatha 14 Cemetery—Ain Nukhailah 15 Daur 16 Samarrah 17 Khan Mifragi 18 Akab 19 Sadiyah 20 Baqubah 21 Cunningham's Post 22 Chaldari
	24 Abu Saida 26 Longridge 27 Nahrin Kupri 28 Shaman Kupri 29*Kitri *40B. e 10	For details of these extra Australian stations in Persia during 1918, see page 94; SSD (Russian wagon en route Telbarah to Kermanshah and at Kermanshah); No. 38/17 (British permanent wagon at Hamadan); No. 39/18 (Russian wagon at Hamadan); No. 19 (Russian Cabinet at Kasvin); No. 50 (Russian radio at Enzeli); No. 47 (Russian radio at Baku, also pack set at Lenkoran).			24*Tazah 25 Tawq 26 Tuz, *40 Bde.
JUNE			9*rb No. 38 (17) 19 N.Z. Staff relieved	7 rb No. 8 8 Austrn. personnel arrive	
			23*Kara Su Bridge 24 Bisitun 25 Sahneh 26 Kangeviah 27 Asadabad 28 Yungi Khan 29 Hamadan	9*Qarah Tappeh 10 Dali Abbas *13Div.	
JULY	14 No. 13 Motor Pack which had been in reserve at Baghdad since June, reached Samarrah 14th Jibin Wadi 15th, and Tekrit 16th, *51st Bde.		4*relieve No. 18 *(Line Commandant Dunsterforce)		
AUG.					
SEPT.			5		
			? *I. Corps		
			14*Sweet's Col. 14 No. 1 M. Post 15 Hasseinalbad 16 Akh Tappeh 17 Khainak 18 Tazli 19 Kala Jukh 20 Hissar 21 Mazidabad 22 Sultanieh 23 Diz 24 Zingan 29*past Sultanieh 30 Amerabad		
OCT.					
	18*55B., Ain Nukhailah 22*rb 24, *Tekrit 23*L.A.M.B. 24 El Hadir 25/27 Reconnaissances round Kalat Shargat and Tul-ul-Baqq 30 Huwath 31 Quayarah	14 No. 14 Motor Pack, which has been in re-13 Daur since 14 beyond Tekrit June, reached Beled 21 Abu Rajash 25th, Baiji 26th, Bila-22 Jift (Baiji) 27th, Quayarah 2nd, Shura 3rd, and Mosul 4th	1 Khorumdere 2 Karveh 3 Shah Dehan 6*Caravanserai 7 Ab-i-garm 8 Aveh 9 Manian 10 Rezan 11 Ruan 12 Kuligan 13 Hamadan 23*Yungi Khan 24 Asadabad 25 Kangeviah 26 Sahneh 27 Bisitun 28 Kermanshah 30*Mahidascht 31 Hasseinalbad		11 Khan Jedidah 12 Tewuir 13 Akab 14 Khan Machifa 15 Samarrah 17 Daur 18 Tekrit 21 left Tekrit 22 Ain Nukhailah 23 advanced 16 miles near Fatha position 25 Zab reconnaissance 26 12m. across Zab 27 Fathah 28 Hadranayah 29 Tigris crossed 30 Quayarah 1 Hammam Ali
NOV.	1 Hammam Ali 2 Abu Sif 3 Mosul 9 No. 16 opens with No. 13 operators	1 24*32nd Lancers, Tel Afar, returning Mosul Dec. 24th	1 Harunabad 2 Chasma Safid 3 Sermil 4 Patlak 6 Sarepul 7 Kas-i-Shirin 8 Khanikin 10 Jessen's Post 16 Ruz 21 Baghdad		2 Abu Sif 3 Mosul 12*Souter's Column (13th Lancers) 12 Tigris Right Bank 13 Ilyas 29 Mosul*
DEC. FEB.	Dec. 16 If Kirkuk a 19th; Feb. 2nd Baghdad	1 Jan. 30 If Kifri, and relieves No. 1 Baghdad a 19th	2 *55th Bde. 18 Jan. 10 rb 15, If		Jan. 1 If Baghdad a 2 Jan. 16 If Baghdad a 23



# MOVEMENTS OF SQUADRON STATIONS

May 1918 to February 1919

1918 MAY	6	8	11	3	10
	5 8 * Col. A; 11 * part Bde. via Zab; both near Kirkuk		8* Sahiliyeh *50B.		7 Tauq Bridge 8 Tazah or Kirkuk 9 Tazah or Kirkuk 10* Cayley's Force,
	6 Crossed River to Kirkuk; retired Taziyan				
	7 Moved to Kirkuk, camping on R. Bank				
	10 near Altun Kupri; then retired 12 miles				
	11 Nos. 8, 11 and 6th Cav. Bde. to Kirkuk				
	12 Nos. 8, 11 and 6th Cav. Bde. to Tazah				
	13 Nos. 8, 11 and 6th Cav. Bde. to Tauq				
	14 Nos. 8, 11 and 6th Cav. Bde. to Tuz				
	15 Nos. 8, 11 and 6th Cav. Bde. to Kifri				
	19 Nos. 8, 11 & 6th Cav. Bde. to Abu Hajar				
	20 Nos. 8, 11 & 6th Cav. Bde. to Sharoban				15 If Kifri a 19 *40B
					29* Qarah Tappeh 30 Subaniyeh 31 Dali Abbas
	27 Dali Abbas *13D	26 N.Z. staff relieved			
		27* Kurrarrah			
		28 Mirjana *14th Div.			
JUNE					
	3 *Part operators with Station left for Tak-i-Garreh a 13th	3* Abu Hajah 4 Nahrin Kupri 5 Kifri 6 Tuz* and takes over from N.Z. (No. 12* 40 Bde.)	7* Khanikin 8 Sangar 9 Sheikh Maidan & joins Dewing's Col.		1 Baqubah 2 Khan Bani Saad 3 Baghdad, where N.Z. staff is relieved by Australians
	24 Station made complete by arrival of new operators, also transport				
	25 If Kermanshah a 28		29 If Darband-i-Khan a 30		
	30* Wodehouse's Col.				
JULY					
	1 Pir Hayah		4 returns Maidan		
	2 Khan Karim		26* Gurashala		
	3 Kamarian		27 Merkes		
	4 Asaulah		28 Khanikin		
	5 Paq-i-Suleiman		30 Joined by Drivers who had remained		
	6 near Senneh		Mirjana		
	7 Senneh				
AUG.					
	? Sakiz reconnais.		1* Kurds Irregulars 3 Paitak 2 Kasr-i-Shirin 4 Sermil *36th Bde.		
SEPT.					
			1* Paitak 2 Kasr-i-Shirin 3 Khanikin 4 Kurrarrah 5 Mirjana *14 div.		
OCT.					
				4/15	
			9 Hit *50 Inf. Bde.	26 No. 4 closed on this date and returned Baghdad. Personnel were then attached No. 15 Lorry set, which reached Samarrah 29th, Tekrit 30th, Baiji 2nd, and Kalar Shargat Sth. as control station, Tigris Group	7*11 Cav. Iron Bridge 9 Mashahidah 10 Beled 11 Istabulat 12 El Ajik 21 Wadi Auja 22 Tekrit 23 Ain Nukhailah 24 Sud yab (Zab) 25 ur Uthmaniyah 26 Gabnaus 28 Hadramiyah 29 Hwaish
		18 Lewin's Column	15 III Corps, Hambis		
		19 If Tauq a 20th			
		22 Tazah			
		23 near Kirkuk			
		24 Kirkuk			
		26 Kalar (Altun Kupri)			
NOV.					
	16 If Hamadan a 22— remaining there in re-serve under orders of Norperforce and 2nd Wireless Sqdn.	8 Kirkuk 19 Tazah 20 Tauq 21 Tuz			1 Ouayarah 2 Hammam Ali 3 Abu Sif 4 Mosul 8 near Abu Sif
					16 If Baghdad a 29
		30 If Suleimaniyah via Gil a 3rd * Political			
DEC. FEB.					
	Jan. 15 disbanded and staff If Baghdad Feb. 1st	Jan. 8 If Baghdad a Kirkuk and Baiji a 19	Jan. 1 If Baghdad a 2 Dec. 20th, If Baghdad Jan. 10th a 23	No. 3 Feb. 10th *If Baqubah a 13 v No. 2	



# GLOSSARY

## HINDUSTANI

Ak dum	At once.	Dood (dudh)	Milk.	Meeta (mehta)	Native refuse carrier.
Arch (ach-ha)	Yes, alright.	Dust	A two-anna piece.	Moochi (mochi)	A saddler.
Baito	Wait (literally "sit down").	Drabi	Mule-cart driver.	Mukken (makhan)	Butter
Bat	Language (word, affair, news).	Dus	Ten (number).	Nay (nabi)	No.
Batman	Official's servant.	Eiskamofat	The same; similar to.	Oont (unt)	Camel.
Bhixti (bihixhti)	Water-carrier.	Ek	One (number).	Pahni (pani)	Water.
Bhot (bahut)	Plenty.	Garum (garm)	Hot.	Pani	Rivers.
Bhusa	Chopped straw.	Gharri (ghari)	Mule cart.	Piche	Shortly.
Bibi	Woman.	Gharri wallah	Mule-cart driver.	Pice (paice)	Money "Kitna pice,"
Bimacan	House (at home).	Ghi	Cooking oil or fat.	Pichi	How much?
Bobagee (babarchi)	Cook.	Ghora	Horse.	Pozi	In a little while.
Bolo	Speak.	Gram	Coarse split-peas, used as horse and mule rations.	Puckero (pakari)	Jam.
Buckshee (bakhshish)	Alms; for nothing.	Half-Chat	Half-caste Indian.	Puggil	Take; seize.
Budjee (baja)	O'clock.	Jau	Go away; get out.	Ramsammi	Mad.
Char	Four (number).	Jeldi (jelau)	Hurry; run.	Rooti (roti)	A celebration, singing, dancing, etc.
Char	Tea.	Kiswasti	Why; what for?	Subchese	Bread.
Chagal	Water-vessel, water-bag.	Kisker	Which.	Sari	The lot.
Charzi	A four-anna piece.	Kirher	Where.	Sarkaro	Woman's garment.
Chini	Sugar.	Kirna	How much?	Tum	Clean wash.
Chit	A written message.	Khush	Pleased, satisfied.	Teen	Three (number).
Chip	A rupee.	Kooshi	Easy.	Teck	Good.
Chora (ch-hota)	Little.	Kurb (kharab)	Bad.	Tyro (tharo)	Wait.
Chupatty	Pancake-bread.	Kutchra (khaach-char)	A mule.	Toro (thora)	A bit, small portion.
Cutcher	See Kutchra.	Lau	Bring.	Wallah (wala)	An ending to denote "person".
Dahl	Vegetable curry.	Legau (lejau)	Take away.	Wapis (wapas)	Back; return.
Dekko	Look.	Legus wallah	A thief.		
Dhobi	Washer-woman.	Lukri (lakri)	Firewood.		
Do	Two (number).	Malum	Understand.		

## ARMY, COLLOQUIAL, ETC.

AAA	Morse code for "full stop."	Establishment	Scheduled number of officers, men, equipment, animals, etc., allotted to each unit, etc.	Nan	Bread (P.).
Abba	Outer garment (A.).	Furphy	A rumour.	Number nines	A famous pill.
A.T.	Army transport.	Gunfire	Early-morning tea.	O.O.O.	Signal Service prefix—Urgent operation message.
Al Hamdu Lillah!	Quite well, thanks be to Allah (P.).	Gusht	Meat (P.).	One Pip	Second Lieutenant.
Agal	Double horse-hair ring (part of Arab head-dress). (A.)	Gutser	To suffer a reverse through failure of one's plans.	Packal	Water tank for pack transport.
Araq	Spirits (A.).	G.S.	General service wagon.	Percoms	Commandant, Persian L. of C.
Asahi	A make of Japanese beer.	Haji	One who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca.	P.S.	Paddle-steamer.
Bellum	Rowing boat (A.).	Hairy Mob	The old hands.	Possy	Spot personally selected for comfort or conveniences, etc.
Bund	Embankment (H.).	H.E.	High explosive.	Pull-through	Apparatus for cleaning a rifle barrel.
Birinj	Rice cleaned from the husk (P.).	Hops out	Challenges to fistfights.	Q.M.	Quarter Master.
B.I.	British-India (Steamship line).	Hopping-on pots	Jam-tins, etc., used as "billys" by the cavalry men when there was no time or fire-wood for boiling the larger dioxies.	R.A.F.	Royal Air Force.
Caley	Plenty (P.).	Hold-all	Roll containing soldier's toothbrush, razor, etc.	Red Lamp	Low grade cigarettes issued to Indian ranks.
C.B.	Confined to barracks.	Housey	The game of lotto, adapted to gambling.	Red Tab	Staff Officer.
C.C.S.	Casualty clearing station.	I.E.F. "D"	Indian Expeditionary Force "D" which served in Mesopotamia ("A", "B", and "C" on other fronts).	Salam aleikum	Peace be with you (P.).
C.G.S.	Chief of General Staff.			Sarraf	Money changer (A.).
G.O.C.	General Officer Commanding.			S.A.A.	Small arm ammunition.
Coup (Khub) hast	That is good (P.).			Shia Imams	Ho'y men of the Orthodox sect of Islam. There were twelve in all.
Chargal	Water-bag.			Shimal	A burning, dust-laden, desert wind.
Chatry	Pottery water-cooler.			S.B.	Signal Service prefix—Ordinary service message.
Chu Chin Chow	A famous war-time musical comedy, introducing the "Forty Thieves" and other characters from the "Arabian Nights."			S.M.	Signal Service prefix—Ordinary message.
Clink	The guardroom.			Surge	Fading of wireless signals, which is particularly trying in mountainous districts.
Crown and anchor	A notorious gambling game at which it was practically impossible for anyone but the proprietor to win.			S. & T.	Supply and transport.
D.A.S.	Director of Army Signals.			Taman shud	Finished (P.).
Details	Individuals or small parties not allotted to a station, etc.			Tufeng	Rifle (P.).
D.M.S.	Director of Medical Services.			VIS	Sydney Radio.
Dump	Supply Depot.			VTA, VTB, etc.	Permanent wireless stations in the Persian Gulf.
D.S.	Signal Service prefix—Urgent service message.			VTC.	Basra wireless station.
Dixie	Army cooking vessel.			Willy-willy	Whirlwind.
Dubbin	Compound for preserving leather.			Wads	Small cakes.
E.F.C.	Expeditionary Force Center.			Yakdan	Boxer for mule transport.
E.P.	Egyptian-pattern tent.			ZZZ	Station closing down; forced to dismantle.
					80-pounder, 160-pounder, etc.



## GEOGRAPHICAL

A—Arabic. P—Persian.	H—Hindustani T—Turkish.	Garm Hammam Hind Hind Bridge	Hot (P.). Baths (A.). India. A bridge over a canal near Baghdad. Persia (P.). Range of hills—usually barren (A.). Bridge (A.). Constantinople (T.). Fortress (A.). Cold Red (T.). Caravansera. Castle (A.). Earth coloured. House (A.). Bridge (P.). Mountain of the Arch. Station for horses; camp- ing place.	Ravat Rud Sangar  Sar Sanniyat  Shargi Sefid Surkh Su Taki-garrah Tazi Tappch (Tepe) Tel, tulul Vilayet	Pesantry (A.). River (P.). A hard stone (P.), hence a small fort of stones. Head, summit. Land included in the Sultan's personal es- tates. East (A.). White (P.). Red (P.). River, water (T.). Valley of the Arch. Brackish water (T.). Hill (T.). Mound, hills (A.). Turkish administrative district.
Ain Ak Abad	Spring (A.). White. Populous land, cultivat- ed.	Iran Jebel Kalat Khan Khunuk (khanak) Kizil Kasr Khaki Khaneh Pal Paistak Robat			
Ab Abu Bab Bulak Baq Beled	Water (P.). Father of (A.). Gate (A.). Spring. Gnat (A.). Open plain, district (A.). Grove of palm trees (P.).				
Bustan	House (A.).				
Bait	Spring (P.).				
Chasma (chasmeh)	River (T.).				
Chai	Four (P.).				
Chahar					

## NOMINAL ROLLS

These rolls contain the names of all Australians and New Zealanders who served in Australian and New Zealand units (or in Dunsterforce) in the Middle East

An asterisk has been placed against the names of those whom war and peace have struck from our ranks.

### FIRST HALF-FLIGHT

Captain	Petrie, H. A., D.S.O., M.C.	48	Sgt. Mechanic	Player, S.
Captain	White, T. W. D.F.C.	52	Chief Mech	Wheeler, W. F.
Lieut.	Burn, W. W. A.*	12	1st Air Mech	Hudson, K. L.
Lieut.	Menzies, K. R.	31	1st Air Mech.	Niskanen, F.
Lieut.	Merz, G. P.*	19	1st Air Mech.	Peters, G.
Lieut.	Treloar, W. H.	50	1st Air Mech.	Solnick, A. I.
1 Serg-Major	Shorland, A. E.	44	Air Mech.	Adams, E. L.*
3 S.Q.M.S.	Garling, S. W.	45	Air Mechanic	Curran, D.*
14 Sergeant	Abdy, C. E.	23	Air Mechanic	Lord, W. H.*
8 Sergeant	Cowper, G. H.	47	Air Mechanic	Munro, J.*
2 Sergeant	Hudson, K. J., M.S.M.	49	Air Mechanic	Rayment, W. C.*
3 Sergeant	Heath, C. V., D.C.M.	10	Air Mechanic	Soley, T.*
43 Sergeant	Mackinlay, G. J. W.	16	Air Mechanic	Williams, L. T.*
6 Sergeant	Wardell, C. E.	15	Air Mechanic	Yarrow, F. T.
29 Farrier Sgt.	Murray, A.	439	Driver	Anlezark, J. A.
28 Farrier Sgt.	Garling, A. B.	37	Private	Bass, R. J.
4 Farrier Sgt.	Neenan, J. F. P.	36	Driver	Bell, A. L.
11 Flight Sgt.	Sloss, J. McK., M.S.M.	35	Private	Brown, J.
13 Corporal	Bisset, H. J.	40	Driver	Carvell, H.
17 Corporal	Clayton, S. G.	438	Driver	Campbell, W. A.
32 Corporal	Curtin, D. D.	442	Driver	Collins, W. G.
46 Corporal	Dobney, W. E.	25	Private	Davis, S. W.
42 Corporal	Chapple, E. J.	7	Private	Dixon, H. S.
34 Corporal	Gower, J.	24	Private	Eastlake, A. S.
20 Corporal	Lonsdale, R., M.M.	30	Private	Edwards, H. J.
18 Corporal	Lord, H. F.	39	Driver	Fraser, K.
26 Corporal	Robinson, S. G.	22	Driver	Jones, G. S.
51 Corporal	Stubbs, J.	33	Driver	Mundy, W. S.
41 L/Corporal	Lewis, O.	441	Driver	Mundy, W. S.
436 L/Corporal	Sutherland, C.	21	Driver	Pastmore, R.
440 A/Corporal	Coles, A. A.	437	Driver	Sutherland, C. S.
		38	Private	Treweek, N. L.

### THE PACK TROOP

Major	White, Samuel James, O.B.E., M.C., M.I.D.	7715	L/Corporal	Westerman, William John, 2 M.I.D.
Lieut.	Moore, Frederick Ernest, M.B.E.	7663	Sapper	Bishon, Edward Frederick
Lieut.	Smith, James Leabourne, D.F.C. (Flying Corps)	7716	Sapper	Bowen, William Exon*
Lieut.	White, Joseph, M.C.	7676	Driver	Boyle, Thomas Matthew
7722 S.Q.M.S.	King, John George	7717	Sapper	Bregmen, Theodore Montague
7683 S.Q.M.S.	Sands, Stanley Milton	7704	Sapper	Cameron, Kenneth Ewen, M.I.D.
7666 S/Sergeant	Divison, Albert John	7703	Sapper	Carmichael, Geoffrey Francis
7702 Sergeant	Alexander, Harold Bryce	7677	Driver	Carroll, James Bernard
7675 Sergeant	Allen, Cecil Frederick*	7719	Driver	Coupland, Charles Ernest
7667 Sergeant	Durie, John, M.S.M., M.I.D.	7706	Sapper	Ferris, Alexander
7689 Sergeant	McPherson, Ewen	7707	Sapper	Fletcher, Andrew, M.I.D.
7681 Sergeant	Parish, Herbert Thomas	7720	Driver	Hamilton, James Leslie*
7713 Sergeant	Pell, Arthur Ernest	7721	Driver	Holley, Albert Gordon*
7725 Sergeant	Simpson, Victor William	7708	Fitter	Huggins, Harry
7662 ER/Sergeant	Bedingfield, Alfred Samuel F.	7668	Sapper	Jackson, David
7703 ER/Sergeant	Burge, William Henry	7712	Sapper	Lake, Oliver Edward
7661 L/Sergeant	Adams, James Joseph	7679	Driver	McDowell, Gordon Maxwell
7731 L/Sergeant	Bourke, John Thomas, M.S.M., M.I.D.	7680	Driver	Marryn, Bert Clayton*
7685 Corporal	Simpson, Arthur Roderick, D.C.M.	7670	Driver	Mathews, Claude Edward
7702 Corporal	Smith, Jason Clarence	7682	Driver	Manifex, Otto Trampler
7678 Corporal	Donaldson, Andrew Forrester	7723	Driver	Parry, William James
7730 Corporal	Howey, William	7724	Driver	Regan, Walter Benjamin
7711 Corporal	McDonald, George Duncan, M.S.M., M.I.D.	7714	Sapper	Shelley, Albert Edward
7718 L/Corporal	Cameron, Peter Alexander	7684	Driver	Rodgers, James Arnold
7710 L/Corporal	MacKay, Findlay Cook, M.M.	7726	Driver	Seroggy, John Charles
7671 L/Corporal	Sainsbury, Rupert Henry	7727	Driver	Sperber, Albert Max
		7686	Driver	Spragg, Walter Robert
		7674	Sapper	Watkins, David Oliver
				Watson, Thomas McPherson, M.I.D.



# S.H.Q. & "A" TROOP

Major	Marr, Charles William C., D.S.O., M.C., 2M.I.D.	14334	Sapper	Crellin, Ramsay Radcliffe
Lieut.	Sutherland, Alexander Robert	14273	Sapper	Dillon, Charles
Lieut.	Randall, Harold Victor (Palestine)	14262	Sapper	Fitcher, Arthur Sydney*
14232 S.S.M.	Wilken, James Henry, M.S.M. (Palestine)	14289	Sapper	Goldsmith, Henry George
14231 S.S.M.	Head, Fawcett Dinsdale	14254	Sapper	Grigg, Edward Clifford
14233 S.S.M.	Newman, Albert	14277	Driver	Henderson, John Gordon
14350 S/Sergeant	O'Dea, Francis Patrick	14358	Driver	Jerrams, Leslie Saunders
14321 S/Sergeant	Silby, Arthur Clive, M.I.D.	14282	Driver	Jones, Charles
14322 S/Sergeant	Thomas, Ernest Arthur	14392	Driver	Jury, Albert Victor
14280 S/Sergeant	Thompson, George Laidlaw	14352	Driver	Kennedy, Ronald Harwood
14239 Sergeant	Blasland, Fawcetta, M.M.	14284	Driver	Larden, Sydney Norman
14351 Sergeant	Callaghan, Andrew Theodore, M.S.M.	14344	Sapper	Levy, Reginald Michael
14323 Sergeant	Cox, Lewis Adrian	14268	Sapper	McCance, Oliver Linden Roy
14342 Sergeant	Heath, Clarence Austin	14290	Sapper	Martin, Leonard George
14261 Sergeant	Holst, Arnold, M.I.D.	14264	Sapper	Mathews, Christopher John
14336 Sergeant	Hurst, Frederick William, M.S.M.	14278	Driver	Maycock, Jack*
14328 Sergeant	Johnston, Allen Percival, D.C.M.	14271	Sapper	Mayger, Alan MacDonald
	Longton, William Hector Joseph, M.S.M., M.I.D.	14337	Sapper	Messenger, Percival Albert
		14329	Driver	McAuliffe, John Patrick Thomas
		14272	Private	Metcalfe, Arthur
		14263	Sapper	Miller, John Angus
		14285	Driver	Morrison, George
		14270	Sapper	Mullins, Joseph Allan, M.I.D.
		14331	Driver	Newton, Cecil Edward Sale
		14275	Driver	Nolan, Ellis
		14343	Driver	O'Brien, John Martin
		14391	Sapper	O'Meara, Patrick James
		14394	Driver	Pritchard, Edward
		14355	Driver	Pye, John
		14354	Driver	Reisz, William Lawton
		14359	Sapper	Richardson, Charles Herbert
		14349	Driver	Ritchie, Harold Colwell
		14411	Driver	Rutledge, William John
		14338	Sapper	Shaw, William Henry, M.S.M., M.I.D.
		14357	Driver	Shields, Lionel Edgar Arthur
		14346	Driver	Skinner, Victor William John
		14269	Sapper	Stanger, Ritchie Isbister
		14258	Sapper	Smith, Stanley
		14333	Sapper	Smith, Robert Percy
		14287	Driver	Targett, Thomas Henry
		14340	Sapper	Trezie, Lionel Knox
		14288	Driver	Watson, Harry
		14356	Driver	West, James William
		14412	Sapper	Widdicombe, Leslie Willis
		14332	Sapper	Willis, James Harold
		14341	Sapper	Winter, Edward

## SQUADRON REINFORCEMENTS

### SECOND REINFORCEMENTS

	Clark, Robert
14432 Sergeant	Canavan, Herbert Victor
14463 Sergeant	Kirchubel, Cecil Milton
14465 2/Corporal	O'Donnell, Irvin Aubrey
14441 L/Corporal	Doyle, Edward James
14440 Driver	Byrnes, John Cecil
14439 Driver	Hallday, Francis Robert
14462 Driver	King, Joseph Freebury
14464 Driver	Kugelmann, Vernon
14460 Driver	Ryan, Terence
14434 Sapper	Clements, Bruce
14433 Sapper	Cody, Herbert Bede
14456 Sapper	Currie, Richard
14457 Sapper	Epsie, Harold
14458 Sapper	Gillow, George
14436 Sapper	Gilsenan, Earle Rupert
14459 Sapper	Loftus, William James
14438 Sapper	Porter, George James
14431 Sapper	Shanahan, Reginald Regis
14435 Sapper	Simpson, Alexander Thomas
14461 Sapper	Swindells, Willie

### THIRD REINFORCEMENTS

14485 Sergeant	Callum, Peter
14519 Sergeant	McKenzie, Percival Stuart
14481 L/Corporal	Fowler, Darrell Elwyn Hodgson*
14484 L/Corporal	Stuart, Jackson
14481 Driver	Bridges, Cyprian Arthur George
14491 Driver	Barton, Edward Maurice Darville
14490 Driver	Davidson, William John Fraser
14489 Driver	Graham, Fred
14514 Driver	Hay, Frederick William Herbert
14515 Driver	Jackson, John
14516 Driver	Keogh, Eustace Graham
14517 Driver	Lander, Austin Herbert
14518 Driver	Millen, Dennis Ramsay
14485 Driver	Uller, Harold Gordon
14493 Driver	Wilson, Allen John
14494 Driver	Wilson, Gordon McLeod
14506 Sapper	Barratt, Stanley Roy
14507 Sapper	Budds, Ernest Lewis
14508 Sapper	Cameron, Alfred Robert
14509 Sapper	Cameron, George Alexander
14495 Sapper	Davoren, Patrick Joseph
14488 Sapper	Drachuk, Paul
14510 Sapper	Harvey, James Mervyn
14483 Sapper	Lavery, Charles
14482 Sapper	McDonald, Clarence Roderick

14492 Sapper	Mansfield, George Eph
14511 Sapper	Marshall, Reginald Percy
14486 Sapper	Phillips, Stanley Alexander
14512 Sapper	Rolfe, George Arthur
14513 Sapper	Verney, Arthur George

### FOURTH REINFORCEMENTS

	Captain	Hillary, Michael James, O.B.E., D.S.O.
	S.Q.M.S.	Evans, George Henry
15983	S/Smith	Caldecott, Edwin
16028	T/Sergeant	Chappel, Geoffrey Joseph Justin
16022	L/Sergeant	Loche, Thomas Clyde
15991	Corporal	Bannister, Thomas William Charles
16012	Corporal	Bell, Thomas Henry
16011	Corporal	Jones, Henry Herbert
16023	Corporal	Hyde, Clifton Edward Fielder
15987	ER/Cpl.	Forsyth, Robert
15984	L/Cpl.	McDonnell, Norman Thomas
16026	L/Corporal	Simes, Benjamin Joseph
15996	L/Corporal	Whitcher, John Edward
16030	L/Corporal	Wall, James Edward
16029	L/Corporal	Armstrong, Harold
16003	Driver	Borland, Alexander
15981	Driver	Reichall, Angus William Wesley
16020	Sapper	Brown, Stafford Brighton
15982	Sapper	Bunston, Roy Walter
16031	Sapper	Chapman, David John Blakemore
16001	Driver	Callingham, Gordon
16021	Sapper	Clark, Leslie Henry Charles
16019	Driver	Denham, John Henry
16014	Driver	Fitzgerald, Jim
15985	Sapper	Gartland, David James
15998	Driver	Gailey, Arthur Edward
16015	Driver	Giles, John
16000	Driver	Gordon, Arthur Leslie
15988	Sapper	Harris, Frederick
15986	Sapper	Hayes, Alfred William
15997	Driver	McCarthy, Fitzroy
15989	Sapper	McCook, James Hughes
15990	Sapper	Milson, Robert James
16024	Sapper	Mitchell, Albert Henry
16025	Sapper	Moriarty, Edward Victor
16016	Driver	Nicholas, Lewis David
16017	Driver	Ort, Ernest Ralph
16027	Sapper	Parker, Gilbert Alexander
15999	Driver	Parson, Aubrey Reginald
16018	Driver	Thomson, John Frank
16002	Driver	Walter, Harold Bertram
16004	Driver	Watson, Beresford McEwan
16005	Driver	Webb, Ernest



## FIFTH REINFORCEMENTS

16051 S/Sergeant McCarthy, Daniel  
16052 S/Sergeant Winterbotham, Clifford William  
16054 S/Corporal Gra, William John  
16056 2/Corporal McMinn, Charles Ernest  
16053 L/Corporal Brown, Charles William  
16055 L/Cpl McDougall, John Thomas  
16046 S/Smith McKendry, John William  
16041 Sapper Bree, William Laurence  
16042 Driver Flower, Maxwell Addison  
16043 Driver Gall, Arthur Orlando  
16044 Driver Mullins, Leslie Joseph  
16057 Driver Pattle, Leslie John Donald  
16045 Driver Young, George

## SIXTH REINFORCEMENTS

16449 Driver Bates, Kendall Eric Hilton McL.  
16445 Sapper Dixon, Charles Frederick M.  
16455 Driver Eaton, Jack  
16447 Sapper Elliott, Thomas Digby  
16451 Sapper Farcey, Edward Downton  
16452 Sapper Gibson, Edward Claude  
16442 Sapper Halden, John Charles  
16441 Sapper Holmes, George Thomas  
16453 Sapper Isaacs, Henry Shepherd  
16446 Driver Kern, James  
16443 Sapper Lennox, Alexander  
16450 Fitter Moss, Wilfred Arthur  
16454 Sapper Salter, George Henry  
16448 Driver Smith, James Richard  
16444 Driver Woods, Cecil Noel

## SEVENTH REINFORCEMENTS

17126 Captain Bagot, Edward Daniel Alexander  
17126 A/Sergeant Page, Francis Robert  
17131 Sapper Alexander, George Robert William  
17115 Sapper Waters, Walter Thomas  
17113 Driver Benham, Mervyn Roy  
17101 Driver Brier, John Henry  
17114 Driver Bryant, George Richmond  
17116 Sapper Courtney, Lawrence Marquess\*  
17102 Driver Clarke, John Robert  
17103 Driver Cochran, Arthur Lachlan  
17117 Sapper Davis, Stewart Evans  
17104 Driver Dhu, William Archibald  
17118 Driver Farquharson, Edgar Richard  
17119 Sapper Flanagan, Owen Paschal J.  
17133 Sapper Gardiner, George Robert  
17105 Driver Gossip, Harold Douglas  
17106 Driver Goy, Christopher Thomas Frow  
17107 Driver Hodgkinson, Robert James  
17108 L/Cpl Lowther, William Burton  
17109 Driver Lytton, Henry Edward

## CAVALRY DIVISIONAL SIGNAL SQUADRON

Captain Payne, William Henry  
Lieut. Gill, Lynnwood Lawrence, M.I.D.  
Lieut. Houston, Robert, M.I.D.  
1236 S.S.M. Ormsby, Maurice Rex Irwin  
206 T/S.S.M. Hagen, James Suggett, M.I.D.  
17518 T/C.Q.M.S. Cordingley, Charles Harold  
17506 Sergeant Switzer, John Henry  
17523 S/Smith Titchhurst, Alton Leslie  
1003 Sergeant Hackney, James Charles  
17516 L/Sergeant Cornish-Trestail, Arthur George  
17520 ER/Sergeant McKellar, Donald John Alexander  
17507 Corporal Cocks, Edmund Clarence\*  
17508 Corporal Colyer, Rupert Alexander M.  
17509 Corporal Crispe, Herbert Leslie  
17532 Corporal Green, Albert Ernest  
17511 Corporal Jenkins, Claude Benjamin  
17512 Corporal King, Russell Chester Campbell  
17513 Corporal Makepeace, Paul  
17552 Corporal Penriagh, James Alexander  
17514 Corporal Roberts, Maurice George Henry  
17515 Corporal Roberts, George Henry  
17517 Corporal Wilkinson, George Isaac  
17525 2/Corporal Hallam, Reginald Basil  
17521 T/2/Corporal Scott, Percy Fitzgerald  
19224 Sapper Campbell, Robert Herbert  
17527 Sapper Cowell, George William  
17528 Sapper Creasey, Douglas Harold  
17529 Sapper Cardman, Robert Alexander  
17530 Sapper Gillett, Ronald Oswald R. J.  
17535 Sapper Landgren, Robert Clarence  
17536 Sapper Lund, Arthur Gerald  
17537 Sapper Marquis, John Harold  
17538 Sapper Marsden, John Albert  
17551 Sapper Osborn, Walter Harold  
17544 Sapper McKay, Archibald Edward  
17539 Sapper Parkes, Murray  
17540 Sapper Payne, Curtis Robert  
17541 Sapper Portbury, Ernest Albert  
17526 Driver Astell, Harry\*  
17531 Driver Givings, Reginald Claude  
17533 Driver Harris, Cedric Vernon  
17519 Driver Monk, Oswald George  
17546 Driver Sinclair, William George Gladstone  
17543 Driver Stevens, Harold  
17522 Driver Tarrant, Charles Roy  
17524 Driver Williams, Evan James

17121 Sapper McGiffin, Charles Clark  
17123 Driver McKenny, James Alan  
17124 Driver Nelson, Louis Victor Augustus  
17125 Sapper Prentice, Edgar Owen  
17132 Sapper Roberts, Rupert  
17110 Driver Renneberg, Daniel  
17127 Sapper Small, William Thomas  
17128 Sapper Stanley, George Aubrey  
17134 Sapper Smith, Wilfred Roland  
17130 Sapper Wallace, Robert Ray  
17111 Driver Warriner, William Young

## EIGHT REINFORCEMENTS

17166 Sapper Bradbury, Francis  
17175 Sapper Brown, Walter Lawrence  
17167 Sapper Chalmers, Peter  
17176 Driver Chapman, William Alexander  
17177 Driver Dick, William Valentine  
17168 Sapper Dollery, Victor Thomas  
17170 Sapper Johnston, Wilfred Alexander  
17171 Sapper King, George Henry  
17172 Sapper King, David Matthew  
17179 Driver Magin, Harold Joseph Cyril  
17173 Sapper Moore, Robert Frederick  
17174 Sapper O'Donohue, James Joseph  
17182 Sapper Pike, Frederick George\*  
17180 Driver Price, George  
17181 Driver Reilly, Norman Noble  
17183 Driver Wild, Patrick Joseph Thomas

## NINTH REINFORCEMENTS

21035 Driver Barker, Frederick Andrew John  
21016 Driver Browne, William Barry  
21017 Driver Cheeseman, Edward George  
21019 Driver Clancy, Edward  
21018 Driver Cogan, John Livingstone  
21020 Driver Keable, Norman Charles  
21021 Driver McPherson, Robert  
21022 Driver Peterson, Bernard Magnus  
21023 Driver Quinn, Walter Alexander  
21024 Driver Reynolds, Arthur John  
21025 Driver Russell, Henry John  
21026 Driver Smart, Cecil John

## TENTH REINFORCEMENTS

21232 Sapper Bjorn, Harold Martin  
21233 Driver Curtin, Cornelius Francis  
21238 Sapper Duff, Benjamin Eric  
21239 Driver Milne, Donald McCombie  
21235 Sapper Pead, Alfred Hains  
21236 Driver Tulloh, Reginald Harold Edwin  
21237 Driver Vick, Lawrence Joseph

## FIRST REINFORCEMENTS

17561 Corporal Ashford, Edward McKellow  
17564 Sapper Ferguson, Ralph Ivo  
17562 Sapper Gilliard, Roy  
17563 Sapper Tanner, Charles

## SECOND REINFORCEMENTS

20167 Sapper Bruce, Keith Herbert  
20156 Driver Calder, Robert Malcolm  
20164 Sapper Clatworthy, Clifford  
20162 Sapper Davis, Jim  
20170 Sapper Durkin, Herbert Angelo  
20153 Sapper Evans, Frank Henry\*  
20171 Sapper Hopkin, Daniel  
20155 Driver Hyde, Raymond George Reginald  
20160 Sapper Hyde, Leslie Samuel  
20159 Sapper McLean, John Calvin  
20166 Sapper Murray, Edward Stanley  
20152 Driver Neilson, Cyril Owen  
20163 Sapper Passmore, Geoffrey Richard  
20158 Driver Rodwell, Robert Robinson  
20154 Driver Scott-Smith, Herbert  
20172 S/Smith Samson, Sydney Lindsay  
20169 Sapper Sligo, Norman Kenneth  
20168 Sapper Smith, Sydney  
20165 Sapper Taylor, George Albert  
20157 Sapper Warfield, George  
20161 Sapper Whitehead, Percy Edgar

## THIRD REINFORCEMENTS

Lieut. Bernie, George Tennyson  
Lieut. Laxton, Robert Lester  
21271 Sapper Coughlan, Percy Lloyd  
21273 Sapper Jones, Albert John  
21272 Driver Hoelscher, Jeffrey  
21274 Sapper Kelly, Stanley James  
21275 Sapper Mooney, Harold William  
21276 Sapper Rowlands, Douglas Kirkpatrick

## SPECIAL REINFORCEMENT

Major Gool, Richard Harry, M.I.D.





Baghdad Copperware.

## "D" TROOP

Captain	Sanders, Cyril Lindsay
Lieut.	Goodman, Cyril William, M.I.D.
20542 S/Sergeant	Barnett, Frederick Stanley
20541 S/Sergeant	Hull, William Howard
20547 T/Sgt.	Ireland, Alexander Charles
20548 T/S/Sergt.	Benson, Eric Aberton, M.S.M.
20543 Sergeant	Blakey, John Edward
20544 Sergeant	Orford, Leslie Walter
20552 T/Sergeant	Sawyer, Arthur John
20584 T/Sergeant	Brannin, James
20545 T/Sergeant	Meagher, Nicholas Joseph, M.S.M.
20597 T/Sergeant	Osborn, Frederick
20456 Corporal	Rudd, Alfred Thomas, D.C.M., M.I.D.
20576 T/2/Corporal	Cusack, Sidney Claude
20607 T/2/Corporal	Hall, Cecil Reilly
20581 L/Corporal	Wallace, Bruce Davies, M.S.M.
20585 L/Corporal	Lovett, Percy
20601 L/Corporal	Milne, James Edgar
20549 MT/Driver	Smith, Richard
20553 MT/Driver	Barnes, Thomas Edward
20559 MT/Driver	Blanch, Arthur Ernest
20569 MT/Driver	Cooper, Charles Frederick*
20571 MT/Driver	Fordham, Cecil Alfred
20580 MT/Driver	Gale, George Henry rt.
20588 MT/Driver	L'Green, Athol Victor
20550 Sapper	Muir, Alexander Kethel
20551 Sapper	Bentick, Lyell Dennis
20554 Sapper	Bennett, Reginald Jack
20555 Sapper	Bradley, William Thomas
20556 Sapper	Burke, Eric Keast
20560 Sapper	Clayton, Kenneth Hardie
20564 Sapper	Connor, John Reginald
20561 Sapper	Corkill, Louis Daniel
20562 Sapper	Constant, Victor Camden
20563 Sapper	Dale, Herbert Alexander
20564 Sapper	Davison, Allan Edwin
20565 Sapper	Denny, Laughton
20566 Sapper	Dowling, Francis Maurice
20568 Sapper	Dredge, John Kenrick
20567 Sapper	Ellis, Reginald George
	Ferguson, Jeremiah Molloy
	Fitzpatrick, Percy

20570 Sapper	
20572 Sapper	
20573 Sapper	
20574 Sapper	
20575 Sapper	
20577 Sapper	
20578 Sapper	
20609 Driver	
20579 Sapper	

20582 Sapper	
20583 Sapper	
20589 Sapper	
20587 Sapper	
20591 Sapper	
20592 Sapper	
20593 Sapper	
20594 Sapper	
20595 Sapper	
20596 Sapper	
20611 Sapper	
20598 Sapper	
20599 Sapper	
20600 Sapper	
20602 Sapper	
20603 Sapper	
20604 Sapper	
20605 Sapper	
20606 Sapper	
20608 Sapper	
20610 Sapper	

Gallard, Edward Charles
Galley, William Hubert
Gluyas, Alfred William*
Gracie, Gustave Alwyn
Harnan, Eric Charles
Hodgson, John
Jackson, Arthur Henry Francis
Kelly, James Cyril
Knuckey, Dick Denzil Randall, M.S.M., M.I.D.
Mardon, George Edward
Mead, Albert Ernest
McGrouther, John Lambert
Mulholland, Thomas Edward
Neal, Herbert
Neville, Austin Rutherford
Osborne, John Wesley
Pethybridge, John Thomas
Pugh, David
Rhead, Francis Gerald
Sandilands, John Thomas
Selwood, Charles
Sharp, Archibald George
Skerrett, Alan Bayley
Stafford, Sidney Francis
Stiff, Donald Percival Pollard
Sullivan, Vincent Mackay
Sutton, Robert Bertram
Wadley, Claude Goodwin
Wilkinson, Louis Clive
Worthington, Leonard Thomas

## FIRST REINFORCEMENTS (Sailed with unit)

20641 MT/Driver	
20645 MT/Driver	
20646 MT/Driver	
20642 Sapper	
20643 Sapper	
20644 Sapper	
20647 Sapper	

Cummins, Leo James
Revill, Thomas George
Webb, Stanley Archer
Fisher, Albert Lester
Gaines, Frederick Cartwright
O'Shea, Thomas Patrick
White, Ernest Edgar

## 11th & 12th REINFORCEMENTS


23039 A/L/Cpl.	Nelson, William Barton
23090 T/MT/Dvr.	Hense, Norman Charles
23081 T/MT/Dvr.	Jackson, Harold James
23076 Sapper	Allen, Stanley Victor
23089 Sapper	Barbour, George
23023 Sapper	Bright, George Arthur
23077 Sapper	Bingham, Cyril Ernest
23022 Sapper	Roustead, Leslie Charles
23021 Sapper	Barrett, Arthur Reginald
23084 Sapper	Chapman, William Keith
23026 Sapper	Carney, George
23025 Sapper	Campion, Cyril Thomas
23027 Sapper	Craig, Alfred Nicholas
23024 Sapper	Cummins, Alfred Kenneth
23028 Sapper	Davidson, Harry Alexander
23085 Sapper	Downey, Kevin Wilson
23029 Sapper	Hineswood, Norman John
23088 Sapper	Johnston, James
23030 Sapper	Knight, John Herbert
23031 Sapper	Lochrie, Alexander Walter
23083 Sapper	Leslie, Norman Fitzmaurice
23035 Sapper	Morrish, Alexander Joseph
23033 Sapper	Murray, James Ernest

23034 Sapper	Murdoch, Hector Brinson
23080 Sapper	Moore, Allan Roy
23086 Sapper	Millar, Charles Norman
23032 Sapper	Minchin, Alfred Hugh
23036 Sapper	McIntosh, Hector George
23037 Sapper	McLachlan, John Norbert
23038 Sapper	McMahon, John Joseph
23040 Sapper	Nash, Thomas James
23041 Sapper	O'Daniel, Leonard Coumbe
23079 Sapper	O'Connor, John Glendon
23082 Sapper	Smith, Arthur William Gordon
23042 Sapper	Raymond, Henry Francis
23078 Sapper	Robertson, Liston John
23043 Sapper	Smith, Aubrey Erskine
23045 Sapper	Scarfe, Arthur Parsonage
23027 Driver	Smudden, Percy Stewart
23044 Sapper	Summers, Alexander Forrest
23046 Sapper	Tapping, Frank
23047 Sapper	Tibbitt, John George
23087 Sapper	Valentine, Henry Augustus
23048 Sapper	Vindin, Dawson Sydney*
23050 Sapper	Walsh, William Stanley
23051 Sapper	Willshire, Edward Walter



# N.Z. PACK TROOP (and Reinforcements)

Captain	Melville, Jeremiah William	50446	Sapper	Jones, James	
Lieut.	Clarke, William Robinson Henry*	4/2187	Sapper	Keefe, Theodore Maddison	
Lieut.	McKeown, William Joseph Aloysius	35942	Sapper	Kelly, Herbert Quirk	
Sgt.-Major	Tegner, Augustus Alfred Becher*	4/2184	Sapper	Kiddey, Percy Thomas	
Staff Sergt.	Manell, Frederick Martin	27649	Sapper	Kilgour, Dennis William	
18419	Sergeant	Anderson, Joseph	38892	Sapper	Kirkwood, Alfred Robert
Sergeant	Croucher, Richard*	4/2185	Sapper	Kite, George Walter	
4/2178	Sergeant	Hall, Samuel	4/2186	Sapper	Kitts, Peter
18458	Sergeant	Lind, Charles	35726	Sapper	Lawn, Victor Charles
4/1880	Sergeant	Marshall, Alfred Lovering, M.L.D.	4/2190	Sapper	Lawson, Albert Edward
Sergeant	Olsen, William Redgard*	58305	Sapper	Lee, Herbert	
43370	Sergeant	Robertson, William Bambridge	27917	Sapper	Lippitt, Charles Francis
4/2208	Sergeant	Robinson, Frederick Charles	52232	Sapper	Little, William Stroudley
1/726	Lance Sgt.	McNeill, Arthur William	42218	Sapper	Lovridge, Leonard Cecil Best
4/2176	Lance Sgt.	Hadfield, Joseph	31783	Sapper	Lynch, John Hayman
4/2189	Corp.	Kellegher, Frederick	4/2196	Sapper	Maddock, James
4/2049	Corp.	Antwis, Augustus	36269	Sapper	Mansell, James Harvey
4/2180	Corp.	Hayman, Arthur Henry	4/2194	Sapper	Marshall, William
4/2193	Corp.	Marsh, William	25083	Sapper	Mason, William Henry
4/2163	Lance Corp.	Atkinson, Carlyle	18461	Sapper	Mathews, Samuel Cauldwell
4/2209	2nd Corp.	Soper, Vivian Roy	4/2195	Sapper	Mathiesen, Sydney Edward Charles
17009	Lance Corp.	Browne, Charles Warden	18425	Sapper	Michelle, John Harvey
4/2188	Lance Corp.	Keegan, Henry Stewart	4/1957	Sapper	Middleton, Frederick Charles
18427	Lance Corp.	Naylor, Horace Garfield	30043	Sapper	Miller, James Alexander Montgomery
4/2217	Lance Corp.	O'Hagan, Michael	18420	Sapper	Mineope, William James
Lance Corp.	Pearse, William*	35943	Sapper	Morgan, Grosvenor Andrew	
36206	Lance Corp.	Venn, William Henry, M.L.D.	36270	Sapper	McClare, Francis Joseph
45459	Sapper	Anderson, Talbert Gordon	4/2191	Sapper	Macdonald, Thomas Alexander
25053	Sapper	Amour, Frederick Donald	4/2198	Sapper	McFarlane, Francis Ledingham
36195	Sapper	Amos, Albert James William	4/2199	Sapper	McKenzie, William
4/2164	Sapper	Bagshaw, Charles	4/2020A	Sapper	McMaster, Thomas Williamson
4/2165	Sapper	Barnes, Walter Ernest	Sapper	McMillan, Llewellyn John*	
35525	Sapper	Barr, Charles William Mayo	4/2202	Sapper	McNatty, Charles Burton
31162	Sapper	Beale, Harold	38735	Sapper	Nicholls, Harry
36263	Sapper	Bell, Alexander Linfield	37932	Sapper	Norris, Walter James
36264	Sapper	Bell, Cervantes Jason	Sapper	Olsen, Albert*	
45973	Sapper	Bierre, Harold Sigurd	18460	Sapper	Owens, William Thomas Hugh
4/2260	Sapper	Bines, Frederick William	42204	Sapper	Park, Herbert John
28302	Sapper	Binkley, William Henry	27950	Sapper	Parker, James Frederick
37906	Sapper	Birch, Leslie Ernest	25089	Sapper	Paton, Thomas
43367	Sapper	Black, Duncan	Sapper	Partridge, Harry Arthur*	
36265	Sapper	Blandford, Morgan Dove	50447	Sapper	Purcell, William Kiron
4/2166	Sapper	Boyne, Norman	4/2206	Sapper	Quayle, Thomas James
35518	Sapper	Brosnan, John Patrick	18217	Sapper	Rayner, Walter Herbert
35577	Sapper	Brown, Henry John	4/2207	Sapper	Robins, George Henry
4/2167	Sapper	Browne, John Alexander	25091	Sapper	Ross, David William
Sapper	Bruce, William Charles*	47541	Sapper	Rowe, Lewis Oscar	
Sapper	Burke, Harold Herbert*	28213	Sapper	Rune, Thomas	
35519	Sapper	Buchanan, Robert Thomas	36275	Sapper	Scott, Henry George
4/2168	Sapper	Burns, Alexander	36271	Sapper	Shepherd, George
25057	Sapper	Burns, Joseph Downes	17025	Sapper	Skellern, Harold
58287	Sapper	Cahill, Michael Patrick	36078	Sapper	Skinner, Thomas
35527	Sapper	Card, Arthur Blaymes	4/2210	Sapper	Smith, Henry Cobden
4/2061	Sapper	Carradi, Charles Samuel	Sapper	Smith, Peter Irvine*	
4/2169	Sapper	Clark, Thomas Welsh	Sapper	Stubbs, Charles Frederick*	
58321	Sapper	Clow, John	35944	Sapper	Stevens, Charles Frederick
35915	Sapper	Colclough, Ernest	20258	Sapper	Stevens, Ernest Parton
58311	Sapper	Cook, Richard Daniel	28818	Sapper	Sutherland, Hector Norman
4/2171	Sapper	Corder, Cyril Ashton	18426	Sapper	Sweeney, Edward
42834	Sapper	Corr, John	4/2212	Sapper	Taylor, Arthur Bertram
43368	Sapper	Coutta, John Lewis	18457	Sapper	Taylor, George Robert
4/2172	Sapper	Craigh, Arthur Githkin	35528	Sapper	Tinney, John Guy
36266	Sapper	Crombie, William Herbert	Sapper	Toy, John Carlyn*	
4/2173	Sapper	Crowhen, Henry	58319	Sapper	Treanor, James Denis
28442	Sapper	Cryer, William John	30044	Sapper	Utting, Leonard Charles
43366	Sapper	Cumming, James Watson	36272	Sapper	Voyce, George Henry
43369	Sapper	Currie, William James Douglas	4/2213	Sapper	Walker, William Herbert
35524	Sapper	Davies, Harold William Samuel	18459	Sapper	Walshe, James Denis
36214	Sapper	de Berry, Charles Frederick Francis	4/2214	Sapper	Ward, Eric Wingate
61565	Sapper	Dixon, Claude Albert Paul	26950	Sapper	Wells, Francis Raymond Arthur
4/2174	Sapper	Doherty, James Anthony	50448	Sapper	White, Duncan Norman
25486	Sapper	Donaldson, Peter Woodnorth	37089	Sapper	White, Stanley Ward
4/2175	Sapper	Drummond, David Archibald Victor Clive	4/2215	Sapper	White, William John
58313	Sapper	Duncan, Ernest Alexander	31195	Sapper	Wicks, Alfred
36197	Sapper	Dunne, Albert Thomas	36192	Sapper	Witham, John Percival
35941	Sapper	Easthorpe, Edwin Richard	35576	Sapper	Woods, Leonard Arthur Allen
4/2182	Sapper	Erwin, Charles	50449	Sapper	Wright, Ernest Reginald
38882	Sapper	Faley, Charles Richard	70050	Farrier	Hopkinson, Harold Percy
25064	Sapper	Farrell, George Patrick	70063	Farrier	Rutherford, James McJarrow
37088	Sapper	Ferguson, James Anderson			
36079	Sapper	Fitzwater, Charles Edward			
18454	Sapper	Fraser, Donald			
18452	Sapper	Gardiner, Arthur Herbert			
18455	Sapper	Gibbs, George Henry			
25070	Sapper	Goodwin, John Archibald			
48875	Sapper	Goulding, Charles James			
4/1927	Sapper	Green, Isaac Sylvester			
36267	Sapper	Grinlinton, Vesey Gore			
31046	Sapper	Hall, William Henry			
65662	Sapper	Hall, Thomas Joseph			
4/2179	Sapper	Hampton, James Henry			
4/2088	Sapper	Head, Gilbert Charles			
37073	Sapper	Hill, John Cowie			
36196	Sapper	Hitt, Frederick			
18418	Sapper	Holden, Charles Thomas			
18431	Sapper	Holmes, Joseph			
44479	Sapper	Hooker, William Edward			
4/2181	Sapper	Hume, Walter			
36268	Sapper	Hutchinson, Thomas Maitland			
4/2183	Sapper	Jens, Percy William			



Button from the tunic of a Russian soldier.

Button from the tunic of a Russian soldier.





# AUSTRALIANS OF DUNSTERFORCE

Major	Sutor, H. B.	3092	C.S.M.	McKane, J.
Captain	Judge, C. G. K., M.C.	5292	Sergeant	Arthur, G., M.M.
Captain	Latchford, E. W., M.C.	1068	Sergeant	Ashmore, L. W., D.C.M.
Captain	McVilly, C. L., M.C.	1026	Sergeant	Barnett, J.
Captain	Mills, C. F., M.C.	2566	Sergeant	Batters, P.
Captain	Savage, S. G., D.S.O., M.C.		Sergeant	Bell, P. R.
Captain	Stewart, R. J., M.C.	799	Sergeant	Bullen, A. L.
Lieut.	Cameron, E. C. B.	834	Sergeant	Carnegie, R. M., M.M.
Lieut.	Fraser, W. A., D.S.O.	45	Sergeant	Carson, W. E.
Lieut.	Hitchcock, A. P., D.C.M.	1180	Sergeant	Davis, D.C.M., M.M.*
Lieut.	Hosper, R. H., M.C.	2051	Sergeant	Deery, J.
Lieut.	Lord, F. W., M.C.	294	Sergeant	Doherty, C.
Lieut.	McIvor, W. F.	298	Sergeant	Kerr, L. A.
Lieut.	O'Brien, E. N.	319	Sergeant	Lehman, C. P.
Lieut.	Scott-Olsen, E. G.	2914	Sergeant	McGorm, A.
Lieut.	Sorrell, J. H. A.	36	Sergeant	Miller, W.
Lieut.	Stuckelberg, F. W.	1764	Sergeant	Murphy, B. F., D.C.M.
Lieut.	Turner, O. W.	1427	Sergeant	Olsen, C.
Lieut.	Withers, R. B.	5185	Sergeant	Schultz, W., M.M.
Lieut.	Williams, F. E.	2146	Sergeant	Smith, H. J.
2/Lieut.	Lav, P., M.C., D.C.M., M.M.	661	Sergeant	Tait, T.
C.S.M.	Parker, G.	417	Sergeant	Wallace, C. T.
		4350	Sergeant	Whalley, C.

# NEW ZEALANDERS OF DUNSTERFORCE

Major	Starnes, Fred, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.I.D.	12/1162	Sergeant	Brown, Joseph
Captain	Bathgate, Charles McLelland	20098	Sergeant	Clarke, Robert Boyce
Captain	Hay, Arthur Cyril Purves	9/1415	Sergeant	Duncan, Gordon
Captain	Kingsote, Geoffrey Ernest Fitzhardinge, M.I.D.	9/1144	Sergeant	Grant, James
Captain	Nicol, Robert Kenneth, M.C.*	8/66	Sergeant	Leeden, Robert Gordon
Captain	Rutherford, Thomas Wyrille Leonard, M.C.*	8/3359	Sergeant	Missen, John Henry
Captain	Scouler, Spencer Gray, M.I.D. (2).	10858	Sergeant	MacKenzie, Alister
Captain	Seaward, Cyril Frederick, M.C.	34906	Sergeant	Nimmo, Alexander, D.C.M.
Captain	Seddon, Samuel Thomas, M.C.	32373	Sergeant	O'Connor, William
Captain	Tracy, William Francis, M.C., M.I.D.	24058	Sergeant	Ryburn, William Morton
Captain	Wells, Edwin Royden, M.C.	13983	Sergeant	Smith, Thomas Bruce
10748	Sergeant	6/3172	Sergeant	Strawbridge, Herbert Alfred
11/971	Sergeant	23/1837	Sergeant	Swinbanks, John Henry
12/103	Sergeant	33158	Sergeant	Tollan, Henry George
12/3949	Sergeant	41050	Sergeant	Turnbull, Owen Percy
		10134	Sergeant	Weld, John Edward*
		54627	Sergeant	Wilkins, Alfred Napoleon

# AUSTRALIAN ARMY NURSING SERVICE (India)

Prin.	Matt Davis, G. E., R.R.C.	S/Nurse	Cadwalader, D. A.	..	Dennis, L. B.
..	Medal (1st Class)	..	Cameron, J. McC.	..	Derrin, M. J., M.M.
S/Nurse	Adams, E. M. R.	..	Cameron, M.	..	Derrin, R.
..	Alexander, A. O.	Sister	Campbell, J. G.	..	De Sully, I. V.
..	Alfred, E.	..	Campbell, L., R.R.C.	..	De Vaux, B.
Sister	Alchin, E. A.	..	Campbell, M. E.	..	Devine, A. L.
S/Nurse	Allen, H. A.	S/Nurse	Cannard, M. A.	S/Nurse	Devine, K.
..	Altovant, N. K. C. R.	Sister	Cannon, H.	..	Devine, M.
..	Amey, G. J.	..	Carpenter, M. C.	Sister	Doherty, W. E.
..	Anstey, M. E.	S/Nurse	Carter, E.	S/Nurse	Donnes, A.
Sister	Armstrong, M. E.	..	Cassidy, G.	..	Dorrington, A. D.
S/Nurse	Austin, A. I.	..	Carter, R. E.	Sister	Dorsch, G. M. O.
..	Bailey, T.	..	Cattanach, H.	S/Nurse	Dowell, M. S.
..	Bain, H. M. H.	Sister	Chambers, F. E.	Sister	Dowling, M.
Sister	Baker, D. E.	H/Sister	Chapman, E. H., R.R.C.	Matron	Dowsley, A. E., R.R.C.
..	Ballard, R. E.	..	Chapman, E. G.	S/Nurse	Dubrule, E.
..	Barnard, F. K.	Sister	Chappell, E. G.	..	Duff, M. J.
S/Nurse	Barry, F. B.	..	Chataway, M. E.	Sister	Duggan, M.
Sister	Bartlett, M. A., A.R.R.C.	S/Nurse	Chauncy, E. V.	S/Nurse	Duncan, E. I.
S/Nurse	Bassett, M. E. V.	Sister	Christensen, V. D.	..	Dunn, M.
..	Baudinet, M. C.	S/Nurse	Christie, A. D.	Matron	Dunne, T. J., R.R.C.
Sister	Becker, G. L.	..	Clapp, H. W.	Sister	Durack, C. V.
..	Bell, E. E.	..	Clare, E. J.	S/Nurse	Dwyer, U. E.
..	Bennett, A. L., R.R.C.	..	Clark, H. M.	..	Eddie, I.
..	Bennett, G. C.	Sister	Cleary, E. M.	..	Ekers, L.
..	Bennett, M. M.	S/Nurse	Clements, A.	Sister	Ellis, D. A. L.
Matron	Bignell, M. T.	Sister	Clune, A. A.	S/Nurse	Engblom, E. E.
..	Bishop, G. P.	..	Coate, A.	Sister	Erwood, K. E.
Sister	Bishop, L. M.	S/Nurse	Cockburn, C. K.	S/Nurse	Evans, I. A.
..	Black, L. M.	..	Condon, H. M.	S/Nurse	Everett, I.
..	Blackley, D. H.	..	Coom, G. W.	Sister	Fallot, A.
..	Blair, M. P. A.	Sister	Cotton, K. M.	..	Farquhar, A. G. G.
S/Nurse	Booth, A. V.	S/Nurse	Coundon, D.	S/Nurse	Farrell, G.
Sister	Bowder, K. H.	..	Crab, L. I.	Sister	Farrell, M.
..	Bradford, M. R.	S/Nurse	Craven, M. L., A.R.R.C.	..	Farrow, D. C. H.
..	Bradshaw, I. C.	..	Cronin, I. C.	S/Nurse	Faux, E.
S/Nurse	Brown, A. L.	..	Dalyell, E., A.R.R.C.	Sister	Ferguson, A. H. M.
Staff Nurse	Broadbent, V. C.	S/Nurse	D'Arcy, R. G.	S/Nurse	Ferrier, M. M.
..	Brocklebank, C. R.	..	Dart, H. B.	..	Fisher, E. H. B.
Sister	Brooke, K. W.	..	Davidson, M. H.	Sister	Fisher, J. J.
..	Brooks, C. J.	S/Nurse	Davies, E.	S/Nurse	Flac, V. J.
S/Nurse	Brown, L. M. I.	..	Davies, E. R.	C/Sister	Flett, L. E.
Sister	Brownlow, E. K.	..	Davies, L. M.	S/Nurse	Flett, E. G.
S/Nurse	Browne, E. G., A.R.R.C.	S/Nurse	Davis, D.	..	Forsyth, F. C.
..	Brydon, J., A.R.R.C.	..	Davis, O. F.	..	Foster, E. V. I.
S/Nurse	Drummitt, I. M.	Sister	Dawes, R.	Sister	Francis, S. S.
Sister	Buchan, J.	S/Nurse	Deakin, E. L.	..	Fraser, A. C.
S/Nurse	Bullock, G.	Sister	De Groot, C.	S/Nurse	Fraser, L. W.
Sister	Burke, E. A.	S/Nurse	Delany, E. B.	Matron	Fraser, P.
C/Sister	Butler, E. B., A.R.R.C.	..	De Lisle, M. St. C.	Sister	Freest, M. M.
S/Nurse	Byrne, M. M.	Sister	Demorton, M. I.	S/Nurse	Frost, C. M.
Sister	Cadwalader, C. E.	..	De Moulin, E. E.	..	Fulton, T.
		..	Dennis, L.	Sister	Furness, D.



Sister	Gaden, M.	Sister	Law, W.	S/Nurse	Nickoll, E. M.
"	Gallagher, E. M.	S/Nurse	Lawler, G. F.	Sister	Nobbs, E. J., A.R.R.C.
"	Gallagher, J. I.	"	Lawrence, L. M.	"	Nolan, J.
"	Gallin, A. M.	Sister	Lawson, H.	S/Nurse	Norton, V.
"	Gallin, E.	"	Leitch, N. E.	S/Nurse	O'Brien, M. E.
"	Galloway, E.	"	Lenton, M. M.	"	O'Callaghan, M. M.
"	Gant, J.	"	Lewis, C. P.	"	O'Grady, A. V.*
"	Garven, E. J.	S/Nurse	Leyland, B. A.	"	O'Hanlon, E. F.
"	Gibson, J., A.R.R.C.	"	Logan, H. O.	"	O'Neill, H.
"	Giddings, E. M. A., A.R.R.C.	Sister	Lines, N. E.	Sister	O'Rourke, M. A.
S/Nurse	Gill, A. M.	S/Nurse	Little, I. C.	"	Oversell, D. S. N.
"	Gill, E. M.	"	Lomman, D. P.	"	Paisley, V. A. M.
"	Gillan, H. R.	"	Lord, B. E.	S/Nurse	Palmer, E. M.
"	Gillespie, C.	Sister	Lord, E. I.	"	Parkin, M. E.
Sister	Gillies, O. M.	"	Low, A. L.	Sister	Parkinson, O. G.
"	Gilliland, W. A. C., A.R.R.C.	Sister	Low, N. M.	S/Nurse	Parsons, N. S.
"	Goddard, M. J. T.	S/Nurse	Loxley, C. M.	Sister	Payne, W.
"	Gordon, C. I.	"	Lowrey, V. H.	S/Nurse	Pearce, I. E.
S/Nurse	Gordon, R. E.	Sister	Lynch, H.	Sister	Pearce, M.
"	Graf, J. D.	"	Lyons, L. J.	S/Nurse	Pearson, A.
Sister	Graham, F. J.	"	McAlear, K.	"	Pennfold, M.
S/Nurse	Grant, I.	S/Nurse	McAllister, C. J.	Sister	Penrose, L. W.
Sister	Gray, A. A.	Sister	McCarron, M. A.	"	Perkins, E.
"	Greene, C. S.	"	McCarthy, E. M.	S/Nurse	Perry, B.
S/Nurse	Greene, M.	S/Nurse	McClintock, R. M.	Sister	Perry, E. A.
"	Greer, O. J.	"	McColl, E. M.	S/Nurse	Pescott, E. L.
"	Griffin, A. E.	"	McCraw, C. L.	Sister	Peters, H.
Sister	Griffith, C. R.	Sister	McCreary, B. E.	"	Peterson, R.
S/Nurse	Grylls, F. E.	S/Nurse	MacDonald, E. H.	S/Nurse	Phillips, R. E.
Sister	Guest, A. S.	Sister	McDougal, M.	"	Phillips, M.
"	Gurner, M. H.	S/Nurse	McElroy, S. M.	Sister	Phillips, N. O.C.
S/Nurse	Hall, A. M.	"	McGeogh, A. M.	S/Nurse	Phillips, R. O.
Sister	Hall, M.	"	McGuinness, I.	"	Philp, E. M.
S/Nurse	Halpin, M. M.	"	McIlwraith, E. G.	"	Pickworth, E. M. R.
Sister	Hammond, H. G.	Sister	McInerney, M. M.	Sister	Pickford, E.
"	Hardin, M. M.	S/Nurse	McIntosh, I. E.	S/Nurse	Pillinghome, M.
"	Hardie, M. G.	"	McIntyre, D. F.	Sister	Pollock, E. J.
S/Nurse	Harding, A.	Sister	McIntyre, E. C.	S/Nurse	Power, F. L.
Sister	Harris, I. S.	S/Nurse	McIntyre, E. J.	"	Power, K. M.*
"	Harrison, S. M. V.	Sister	McKane, B.	"	Prentice, R. A. A.
S/Nurse	Hart, J. A.	S/Nurse	Mackay, E. B.	"	Primrose, E. P.
Sister	Harte, K.	"	Mackay, P. L.	"	Pritchard, F. E.
"	Harvey, K.	"	Mackay, O. S.	"	Purcell, E.
"	Harvey, N. A.	Sister	McKeechnie, C. R.	S/Nurse	Quigley, D. A.
S/Nurse	Hatherly, A. S.	Sister	Mackellar, F. M. B.	"	Rae, E. M.
Sister	Hay, M.	S/Nurse	McKendrick, R.	"	Rainbow, A. M.
"	Hazard, C. M.	"	McKelvie, J. C.	Sister	Raine, C. A.
S/Nurse	Hefferon, I. G.	S/Nurse	McLean, C.	S/Nurse	Ramsay, L. G.
Sister	Henry, E.	"	McLean, C. E.	"	Reed, E. A.
S/Nurse	Hewitt, W. M.	S/Nurse	McLean, E. C.	Sister	Reidy, E. G.
S/Nurse	Higgs, E. M.	Sister	McLellan, L. M.	S/Nurse	Reilly, M. S.
Matron	Hoadley, E.	"	McNally, M. T.	"	Reilly, T.
S/Nurse	Hockings, A. M.	S/Nurse	McPhail, I.	Sister	Rhodes, P. A.
Sister	Hodson, A., A.R.R.C.	Sister	MacPherson, A. I.	S/Nurse	Richards, E. F. A.
"	Hogan, M. E.	Sister	McPherson, E.	"	Richardson, D.
S/Nurse	Hooper, B.	S/Nurse	McVeigh, B.	Sister	Richardson, E. H.
"	Horan, E.	"	Maggis, E.	"	Richardson, J. T.
Sister	Horne, E. L., A.R.R.C.	"	Mahoney, N. E.	S/Nurse	Ricketts, B. L.
S/Nurse	Hornsbay, A. L.	Sister	Male, A. C.	"	Rigby, J. L.
"	Howard, L.	Sister	Maloney, K.	"	Rigby, M.
"	Hudson, P. B.	S/Nurse	Marchant, L. A.	"	Ritchie, H.
Sister	Humphries, E. C.	"	Marr, M. O. M.	S/Nurse	Roberts, A. F., A.R.R.C.
S/Nurse	Huon, A. E.	"	Marshall, M.	"	Robertson, G. M. N.
Sister	Hussey, C. C. M.	Sister	Marum, J. E.	"	Robinson, M. V.
"	Hutchison, E. M.	S/Nurse	Mason, S. O.	Sister	Rodger, M.
S/Nurse	Inison, A. E.	S/Nurse	Mason, V. K.	S/Nurse	Rodger, E.
"	Isaacs, N.	"	Mathur, E. K. D.	"	Rogers, A. M.
"	Ivers, M. D.	S/Nurse	Meade, G. A.	"	Rogers, L.
Sister	Jack, E. K. A.	"	Meador, R.	Sister	Ross, J.
"	Jack, R. M.	S/Nurse	Melvil, C. A.	S/Nurse	Rosster, C. A.
"	Jackson, E.	Sister	Michalanne, V. M.	"	Rotherham, M. E.
S/Nurse	James-Wallace, E. C.	S/Nurse	Miller, H. E.	"	Rothery, E.*
"	Jenkins, V. G.	"	Miller, N. H.	"	Rout, M. M.
S/Nurse	Jolly, A. A. McK.	C/Sister	Mills, E.	"	Rowan, E.
C/Sister	Jones, H. F., A.R.R.C.	Matron	Milne, H. E.	"	Rowe, V.
S/Nurse	Jones, R. V.	Sister	Moberly, G. F., R.R.C.	"	Russell, O. R.
Sister	Jurd, L.	Matron	Molloy, J. E. B., A.R.R.C.	S/Nurse	Rutherford, L. C.
"	Justice, M.	Sister	Moloney, K.	Sister	Ryan, K. E. M.
"	Keane, N. A.	S/Nurse	Monaghan, E. R.	"	Ryan, M. J.
"	Keating, M. G.	Sister	Monckton, N.	S/Nurse	Sale, E. H.
S/Nurse	Kelly, B.	S/Nurse	Moroney, L. G.*	"	Saltmarsh, D. K.
Sister	Kellaway, S.	"	Moroney, D. U.	"	Sanders, C. D.
"	Keys, L.	S/Nurse	Morris, A. R.	Matron	Saunders, M. M.
S/Nurse	Kilaly, B. C.	"	Morrison, C. E.	Sister	Scott, A.
"	Kincaid, E. D.	"	Morrow, M.	"	Scott, J.
Sister	King, E. W.	"	Mudd, J.	S/Nurse	Search, D.
S/Nurse	Kissack, M.	"	Mulligan, G. G.	Sister	Sedgers, R. C.
"	Kittling, C. E.	S/Nurse	Munday, T.	S/Nurse	Scemmens, M. A. S.
Sister	Kitson, D.	Sister	Munro, E.	Sister	Settle, L. M.
"	Knight, E. E. M.	"	Murphy, L. E.	"	Sexton, A. K.
S/Nurse	Knowles, P. A.	S/Nurse	Murray, C. M.	"	Shannon, M. A.
Sister	Lacey, M. G.	"	Murrell, L.	S/Nurse	Sheehan, M. G.
"	Lade, Z.	"	Nadenbousch, A. J.	Sister	Shepherd, D. F.
S/Nurse	Laidlaw, A. I.	"	Nagel, A. L.	S/Nurse	Sheridan, M. M.
"	Laird, P.	S/Nurse	Neate, M. G.	Sister	Sheriff, M. A.
"	Lane, N.	S/Nurse	Newitt, G. A.	S/Nurse	Shillabeer, J. M.
"	Langan, M. A.	S/Nurse	Newton, E. C. K.	"	Sim, A. G.
Sister	Langford, L. E.	"	Newton, M.	S/Nurse	Simonds, H. V.
"	Langworthy, G. H.	"	Nicholson, M. E., A.R.R.C.	Sister	Sinclair, M.
"	Lapidge, H. A. I.	"	"	S/Nurse	Skidmore, J. G.
S/Nurse	Larard, I. R.	"	"	"	Skinner, R. W.
Sister	Lardi, A.	"	"	"	"
Sister	Larkin, G. M.	"	"	"	"
S/Nurse	Lauritz, G. L.	"	"	"	"



Sister Slater, M. M.  
 Smart, C.  
 S/Nurse Smith, D. H.  
 Sister Smith, E. M.  
 S/Nurse Smith, I. G. B.  
 Sister Smith, M. H.  
 " Smith, M. M.  
 " Smith, M. M. L.  
 " Smith, R. E. I.  
 S/Nurse Smith, V. W.  
 Sister Somerville, E.  
 S/Nurse Souter, E. J., R.R.C.  
 Sister Sprigg, I.  
 S/Nurse Spriggins, P.  
 " Stafford, D.  
 Sister Stafford, M. F.\*  
 S/Nurse Stanley, F. M.  
 " Stapleton, F. M.  
 Sister Steadman, A. M.  
 " Steel, V., A.R.R.C.  
 S/Nurse Stephens, M. E.  
 Sister Stephens, P.  
 S/Nurse Stewart, L., A.R.R.C.  
 " Stimson, K. V.  
 " Stirling, E. M.  
 Sister Stock, M. H.  
 S/Nurse Storror, J. P.

Sister Stuart, L. T.  
 " Sumner, G. N.  
 " Tarr, S. J.  
 S/Nurse Taylor-Williams, H.  
 Sister Thomas, M. J.  
 " Thompson, A. M.  
 " Thompson, D.  
 " Thompson, E. A.  
 " Thompson, M. E. L.  
 " Tomlinson, G. L.  
 " Toomath, I. G. M.  
 S/Nurse Tucker, B. M.  
 " Tulloh, K. M.  
 " Tweedell, P.  
 " Vickers, M. E. L.  
 Sister Vierk, E.  
 S/Nurse Vowles, M. C.  
 Sister Wakefield, J.  
 S/Nurse Waldie, J. T.  
 Sister Walker, L. McK.  
 S/Nurse Walker, K. H.  
 " Walker, M.  
 " Walker, R. H.  
 " Waller, L.  
 Sister Walsh, M. E.  
 S/Nurse Walsh, M., A.R.R.C.  
 " Warner, A. E.

S/Nurse Waters, S.  
 " Waterstrom, M. B., A.R.R.C.  
 Sister Warren, K. W.  
 " Waterhouse, K. L.  
 S/Nurse Watson, E. A.  
 Sister Watson, E. M.  
 " Watson, R.  
 " Wedgwood, A. M.  
 " Wellard, E. L., A.R.R.C.  
 S/Nurse Welshman, M.  
 " Whidburn, L. C.  
 " White, L. E.  
 Sister Whiting, E. J.  
 S/Nurse Wilford, I. A.  
 " Wilkins, M.  
 " Williams, E. R.  
 " Williams, S.  
 " Williams, S. M. H. St. G.  
 " Wiltshire, A. M.  
 Sister Williamson, A. A.  
 S/Nurse Wilson, E. A.  
 " Wilson, J. V.  
 Sister Wiseman, M. G.  
 S/Nurse Woodroffe, E.  
 " Wright, H. E.  
 " Youl, A. M.  
 Sister Young, R. H.

## DISPENSERS

18578 W.O. Cl. II. Tubmen, O. G. B. (in charge)  
 18597 Staff-Sgt. Ackary, H. F.  
 18581 Staff-Sgt. Bailey, H. E.  
 18400 Staff-Sgt. Bailey, R. F.  
 18580 Staff-Sgt. Batterbee, M. R.  
 18582 Staff-Sgt. Bayley, P. R.  
 18121 Staff-Sgt. Belcher, P. D.  
 8173 Staff-Sgt. Bennett, W.  
 21047 Staff-Sgt. Beresford, J. Q.  
 18124 Staff-Sgt. Berry, B. S.  
 18404 Staff-Sgt. Brennan, H. T. C.  
 18971 Staff-Sgt. Brooks, W. L.  
 19674 Staff-Sgt. Burlinson, R. L.  
 18577 Staff-Sgt. Collins, M. J.  
 19673 Staff-Sgt. Davies, C. H.  
 19672 Staff-Sgt. Davies, D. S.  
 18974 Staff-Sgt. Elliott, J. R.  
 18583 Staff-Sgt. Evans, E. P.  
 18589 Staff-Sgt. Fitzgerald, A. V.  
 18402 Staff-Sgt. Fletcher, M. P.  
 18122 Staff-Sgt. Harvey, S. W. M.  
 18405 Staff-Sgt. Holden, A. W.

18576 Staff-Sgt. Holmes, A.  
 13131 Staff-Sgt. Hughes, E. C.  
 7875 Staff-Sgt. Johnson, W. L.  
 18578 Staff-Sgt. Jones, H. W.  
 18972 Staff-Sgt. Martindale, C. F.  
 21082 Staff-Sgt. Menzies, A. B.  
 18123 Staff-Sgt. Mitchell, F. M.  
 21027 Staff-Sgt. Monahan, A. J.  
 14730 Staff-Sgt. Morgan, D. T.  
 18406 Staff-Sgt. McGloin, J. M.  
 18584 Staff-Sgt. Pinches, W. T. G.  
 18585 Staff-Sgt. Ponting, S. W.  
 19675 Staff-Sgt. Rainsford, A. F.  
 18403 Staff-Sgt. Ross, H.  
 13463 Staff-Sgt. Rowe, A. C.  
 21015 Staff-Sgt. Shewan, H. A.  
 18401 Staff-Sgt. Smith, S.  
 18568 Staff-Sgt. Turner, A. F.  
 18587 Staff-Sgt. Usher, N. L.  
 18590 Staff-Sgt. Woods, J.  
 18125 Staff-Sgt. Wrigley, E. W.  
 18588 Staff-Sgt. Younger, R. S.

## MISCELLANEOUS UNITS

### AUSTRALIAN REPRESENTATIVE, BOMBAY

Captain Wickham, F. H.  
 Lieut. Hastic, R. L., M.S.M.  
 1653 War. Officer Baker, T. I.  
 276 War. Officer Brevermann, A. C.  
 224 Staff-Sgt. Norman, G. K.

71984 2nd Corporal Figgis, H. A.  
 71989 2nd Corporal Pascoe, E. J.

### I/C PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION, BASRA

2965 War. Officer Barker, D. C.

*Mieczyslaw Karwadzki.*

The visiting card of a Russian  
 wireless operator, well known to  
 our men.



Baghdad—a corner  
 of the bazaar.



