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Through his fighting he had twice been reduced from sergeant to private, but he did not care. He had fought what his sense of fairness taught him to fight. That was all that mattered. A Sergeant came in one day and borrowed something from Jock. Jock gave it to him with the characteristic Scotch warning, "See that ye get von back again." The Sergeant, his dignity ruffled, said, "Who do you think you're talking to?" "Hoo about theeself?" said Jock. "If I'd been a mon such as ye I'd been more than a sergeant to-day." That was enough for the Sergeant. He knew the man he was talking to.

But along with the bulldog part of Jock's make-up went the most sympathetic and loving nature I ever knew. With those near his heart he had something of the nature of the mother lion. He would spring at anyone who attempted to disparage or to injure any of his friends, and would stand up for them to the last minute. He had not the least pride about his own goodness, but when it came to that of a friend it was different. There was a man in camp with us who had been a lay preacher before the war. He had not had