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so near as I could make it out, was a religion of fight. He 'ad been brought up to fight and had fought all his life. His duty in life was to fight, and the devil take the man that tries foul play while Jock's around. There may be in this a reason for the way the Black Watch fought on the advance to and past Bagdad.

Among all the types in the British army, the man who appealed to me as most like Americans was an Australian, a Lieutenant Pilot in the Royal Flying Corps. Making a friend of him seemed like making a friend of a man at home. He used to come into my tent when we each had a minute and talk things over. He loved to talk about America. The free and open-air life that he had led on the cattle ranches of Australia had made him lean more to the American lively spirit than to the more sedate demeanor of the English. He loved to tell of his exploits as a cow puncher in Australia and say he hoped some day to spend some time on the ranches of Western America. He was a university man and had done a lot of thinking out in Mesopotamia. He, too, was with the English for the first time. In Australia he