Nile to Aleppo, with the Light-horse in the Middle-East

Dinning Hector William
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NILE TO ALEPPO
BY THE SAME AUTHOR

BY-WAYS ON SERVICE

"He has a notable literary gift."—
Morning Post.

"He has seen strange things with intensely keen eyes."—Daily Express.

"He is a vivid writer, with a keen eye for detail, and a direct way of setting it down which grips the attention."—Times.

"He sees things with fresh and observing eyes, and he has a most receptive mind."—Punch.

"He can write."—Sydney Bulletin.

"He has a striking literary gift."—
Archibald Strong in Melbourne Herald.
THE SILK BAZAAR AT DAMASCUS
NILE TO ALEPPO

WITH THE LIGHT-HORSE
IN THE MIDDLE-EAST

BY

HECTOR DINNING
CAPTAIN, AUSTRALIAN ARMY

ILLUSTRATED BY

JAMES McBEY

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.
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TO

THE LIGHT HORSEMEN OF AUSTRALIA

AND TO

THE HORSES

WHO STOOD BY THEM

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
FOREWORD

Someone ought to come forth from amongst the Light Horsemen of Australia and reveal them. This book will not reveal them; it is too personal. In any case the writer has not the faculty for revealing them. They scorn publicity; but someone ought to give it them—not for their sake, but for the sake of their Nation. Our Infantrymen in France have got to be known in the world. For one thing, they fought beside Englishmen and Americans and French who acknowledged their worth and made it public. English acknowledgment of them alone has spread their fame. Most generous praise they have had from British General Headquarters. Nothing of the sort have the Light Horsemen had from a similar source in Egypt. Books have been written about our men in France. A party of English journalists was once invited to come and live with the Australian Corps there. The praise given by them was almost idealistic. Our Force in France has had Australian correspondents with it ever since it moved there; it was not until late, when the Sinai
Campaign was over, that the Light-Horse got publicity through a correspondent. It is true that correspondent was appointed in time to do justice to their great dash in the last phase of the war in the Middle-East. But all the nobility of their work in that hard and breaking desert campaign went unrecognized at the time. And that was the great work—the work that alone made possible the final spectacular and triumphant sweep up to Aleppo and out to the Haurân.

So the popular notion grew outside that the Palestine Campaign was a "picnic." The legend goes that a troop-ship bearing Diggers home from France, passing through the Canal, hailed the Light Horsemen on the bank: "Ullo, you blokes! Bin 'avin' a good picnic out 'ere?" "Aw, not too bad! jest bin moppin' up the——s that cleared you orf the Perninshuler!"

This rejoinder connotes the Light-Horse attitude of mind. Only thus indirectly and facetiously can they be got to own the importance of their work. With the native modesty of the true horseman, they are dumb as to the epoch-making nature of their work. They are a modest people, these men of the Bush. They are in many ways an unsophisticated people. They have no readiness to seize on the spectacular aspect of the campaign. They are plain, blunt men, lean, level-eyed, loving their horses, careless of danger, careless of the