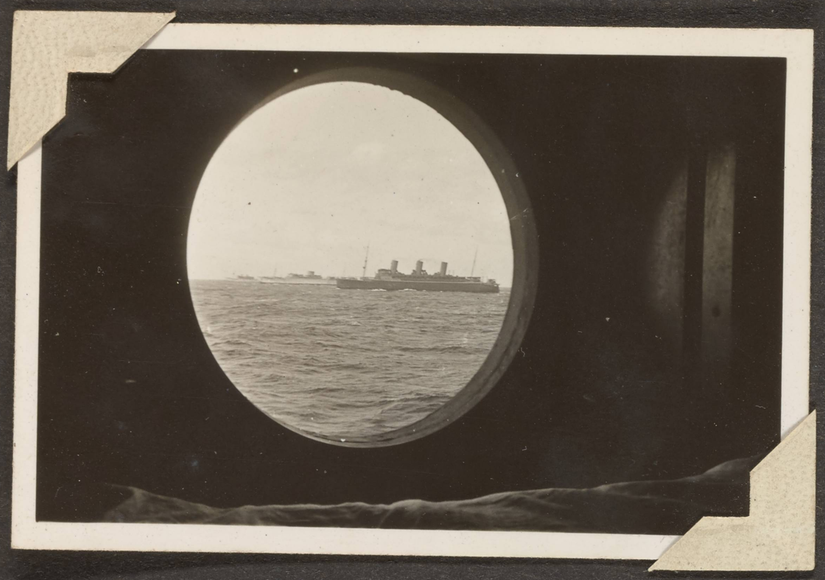
ALBUM







CONVOY OFF CAPE



BAKSHEESH SAHIB!



HORNBY ROAD
BOMBAY



HIS NIBS
COLABA



FRUIT WALLAHS



'DEO'
(BOOT BLACK)



KNIFE
GRINDER

BOMBAY
1941



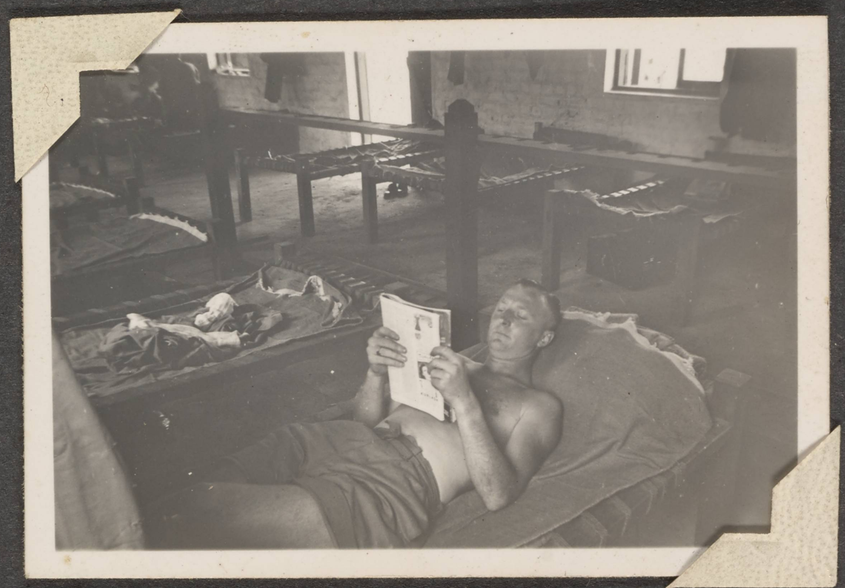
A HACKERY



PRINCE OF WALES MUSEUM
BOMBAY



CHARPOY



WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR DADDY?







BEFORE

AND



AFTER



HORNBY ROAD



ANCIENT & MODERN



GHARRY AND BUTTER CUP









SOME





PUKKA SAHIBS







BREACH CANDY
BOMBAY



VIEW FROM CANTEEN
COLABA



GATEWAY OF INDIA
BOMBAY



MAHATMA GHANDI ROAD
BOMBAY







"ON THE INSIDE"





THE DE-BUGGERS COLABA


LONDON 3287 MILES
BAGHDAD 55 MILES
ROYAL AIR FORCE
HABBANIYA
ROYAL AIR FORCE
HABBANIYA



IRAQIES



MINARETS OF BAGDAD

SHIP
OF
THE
DESERT





FALLUJAH BRIDGE
OVER
TIGRIS

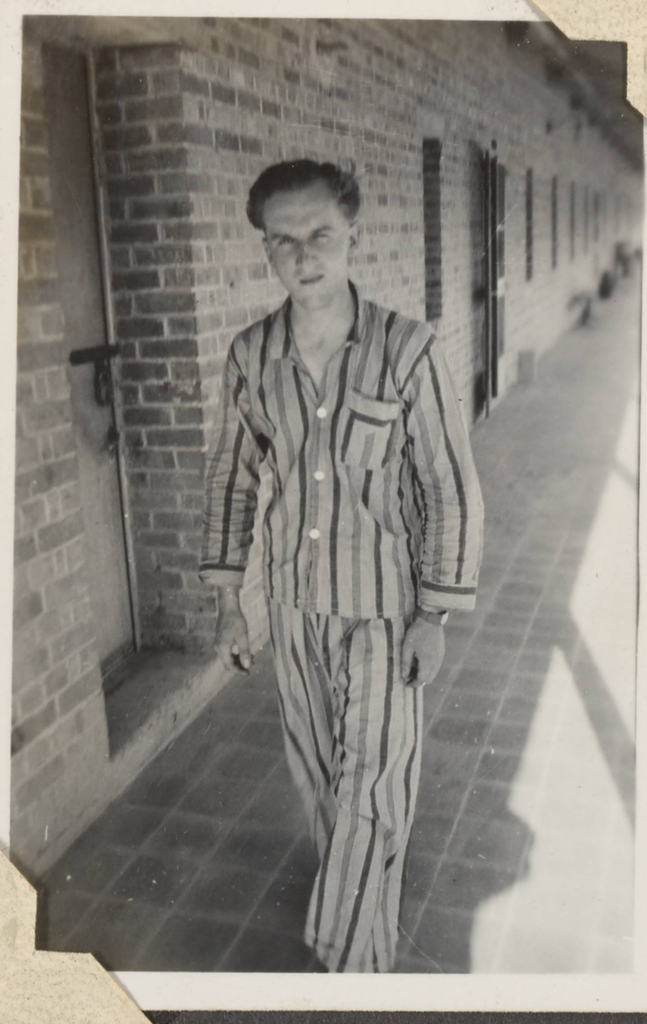


DIH WEST
HABBANIYA



FRONT GARDEN

17·00 HRS



SPIKE

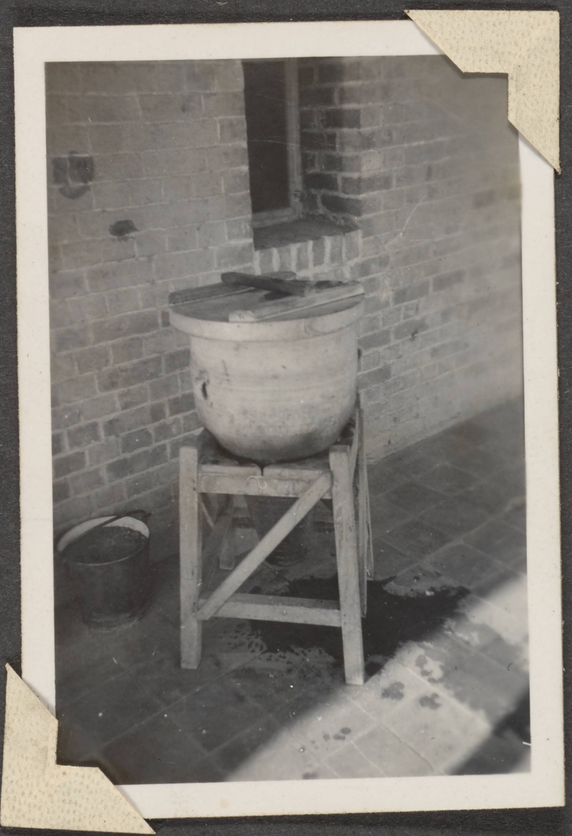


GEORGE



THE SAINT IN IRAQ





CHATTY



SEALAND ROAD



A·H·Q



DESERTION ?



FISHERMEN



LAKE



HABBANIYA

HABBANIYA IRAQ 1942



WATER NYMPH

TRAIL ARMS ?



ANY BETS ?



DATE PLANTATION
HABBANIYA



COMING



GOING



CEMETRY GATE



HABBANIYA CAMP

THE ONLY REST HOME AT HABBANIYA



INSIDE CEMETRY



THIRST



THE PAY OFF



SNAPPER



SNAPPER AND SPIKE



BACK GARDEN OF CAMP



KENLEY ROAD



A·H·Q

THE FORTUNES OF R.A.F v REBELS WAR

MAY 1941



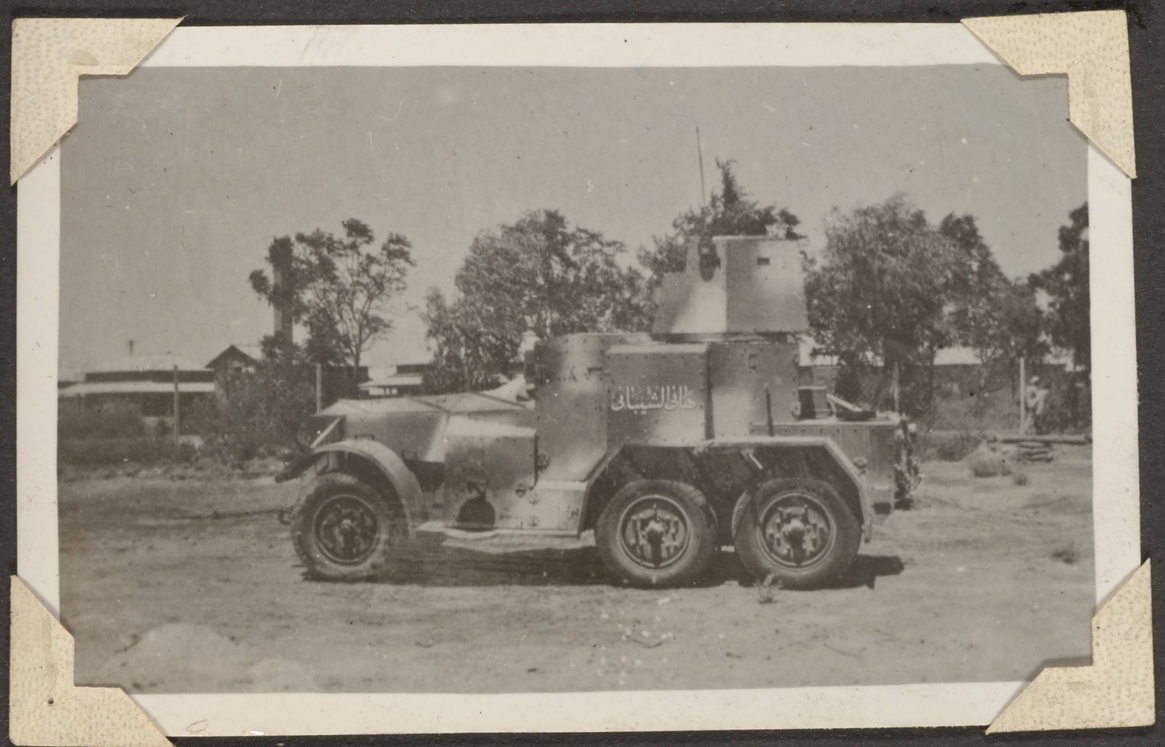
IRAQI

GUNS



BRITISH
MADE
TANKS AND
ARMOURED CARS

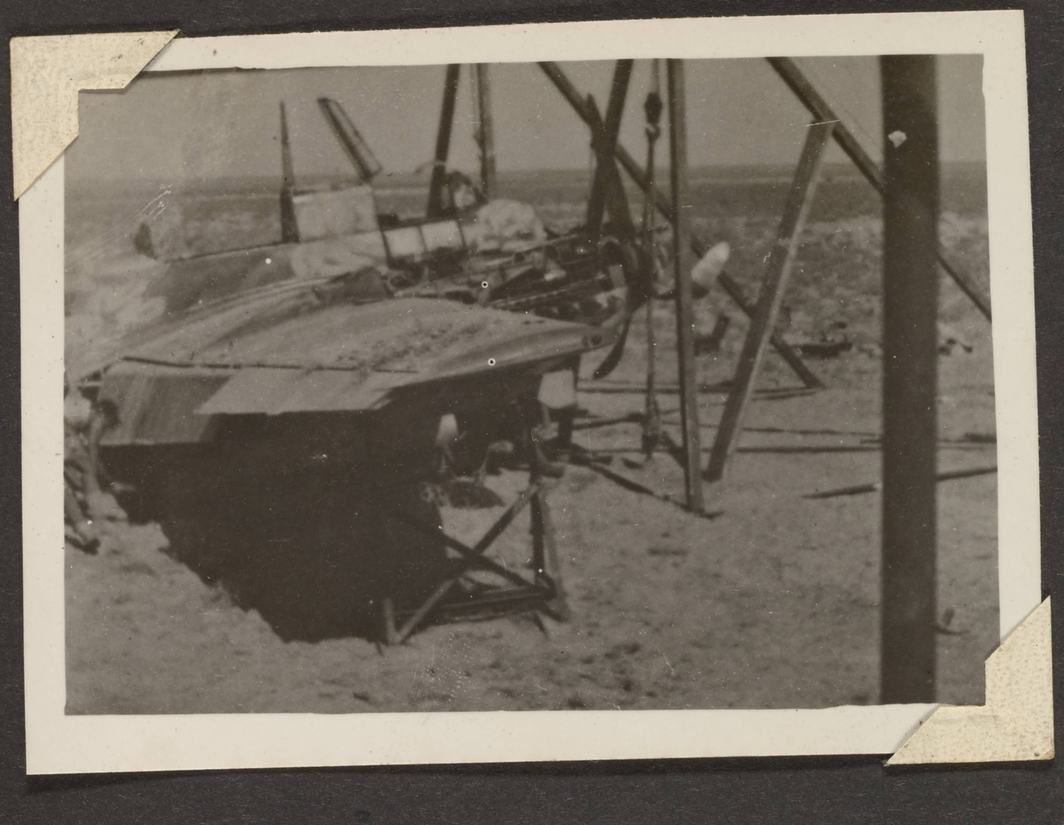




USED
BY
REBELS







M·E· 110 THAT

COULDN'T 'COPE'





"YOU SHOULDNT
HAVE JOINED
BLOKE"









TOMMY, HAPPY AND ABDUL



HAPPY, LEN, SNAPPER AND SPIKE
IN RATTING SUITS

THE SIEGE of HABBANIYA

'Twas on an April morning in nineteen forty one,
The Station siren sounded, the "Do" had just begun,
From cosy "chairp" we hurried, onto the tarmac bare,
But no one really worried, we saw no danger there.

Then one bright f/o pointed, toward the South plateau,
Thar's men and guns in them thar hills, but are they friend or foe,
In any case they can't remain, we'll have to scare them out,
Though not a kite was started, there still remained a doubt.

In diplomatic circles, Rashid had been untrue,
In compliance with the treaty he'd to let the troops thro',
But his army took position, "dug" in the hills so near,
And ultimatums were the rule, Ali wanted Habbaniya.

With no immediate action, two days we just "stood by",
And none could tell the reason, the when, the where, or why,
The powers that be had all the "gen", but kept tvents so tight,
Two thousand airmen knowing "nowt", but spoiling for a fight.

With May the 2nd dawning, five "Wimpey's" hove in sight,
They'd journed up from Shaibah, been travelling half the night,
Watch office Morse was racing, the "Wimpey's" made a turn,
With tracer bullets chasing, they dived in line astern.

Eighteen two-fifty pounders had each of them on board,
And they laid them very neatly amid the Iraqi hoard,
Whilst in the shallows trenches, inside the wire fence,
The airmen cheered them loudly, "We'll teach the wogs some sense."

Then much to our discomfort came whistles overhead,
And "three point sevens" and "four point fives" a choto panic spread,
For the lads of Habbaniya, but few of them had known,
The terror of exploding shells - a screech - a thud - a moan.

The reaction set in quickly, each had a part to play,
Twenty odd guns to silence before the close of day,
So up went our old Gordon's (museum pieces these),
And with our Hart and Audax, brought Ali to his knees.

But not before we'd lost some lads, (we stopped a shell or two),
They gave their lives for freedom, they died for me and you,
Revengeful Levies some of them, and others friends of mine,
Each did his share - we're grateful - and may his light so shine.

The Iraqi Air Force did its best to shake us from our stance,
But when it came to combat, they didn't stand a chance,
Cos we had Blenheims on the job, long nose Mk. IV planes,
And when "Peggy" Audax paid a call, she was shot down for her pains.

Then Ali called in Jerry aid; (we had expected this),
Three Heinkels made a triple run, and barely scored a miss,
Were we put out? - well - just a bit, we'd lost a few more mates,
Then Hurricanes were on the scene, - the kite that Jerry hates.

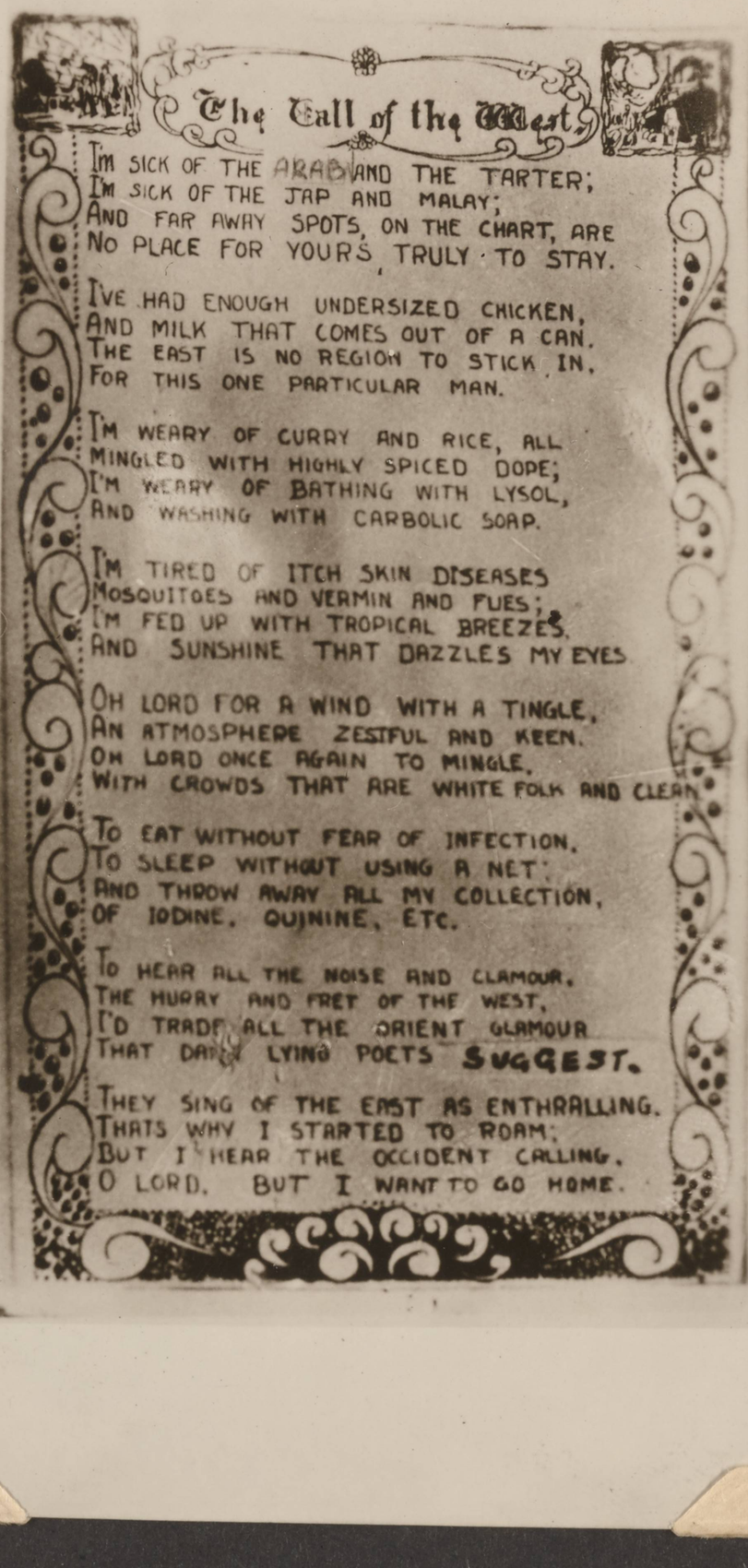
For days the "Spotters" were on edge, the Station lagged,
Iraqi's dropped an egg or two, and then the air "Blitz" flagged,
Meanwhile, the King's Own Rifles, Levies, and Ghurkas few,
Were advancing on Fallujah, the "wrecks" were with them too.

They combed and blitzed that village, for 'tisn't more than such,
We heard 'em in 'Baniya, and weren't we happy ----- much;
So on to Baghdad non-stop, a leaflet raid this time,
We wouldn't bomb the city, it would have been a crime.

Ramadi caught the next lot, all day we let them drop,
And just a few days later, some lads went there to shop,
For food was short at Habbaniya, and beer and baccy too,
And bully beef and biscuits is poor stuff on the blue.

We took a trip to Mosul, wrecked Heinkels on the ground,
Our "Glads" met C.R. 42's, which didn't hang around,
But B.B.C. kept rather "mum", the claims we made were small,
And listening to Lord "Haw Haw," we'd shot down none at all.

The Rebel Leader did a bolt, to Iran smart went he,
Though rumour says he didn't stay, but made for Germany,
It took a month to win this war, a month of shot & shell,
The Rebel Leader's done a bunk, I hope he's gone to -
- H???!!!


The Call of the West
I'm sick of the ARAB and the tarter;
I'm sick of the Jap and malay;
And far away spots, on the chart, are
No place for yours, truly to stay.
I've had enough undersized chicken,
And milk that comes out of a can.
The east is no region to stick in,
For this one particular man.
I'm weary of curry and rice, all
Mingled with highly spiced dope;
I'm weary of bathing with lysol,
And washing with carbolic soap.
I'm tired of itch skin diseases
Mosquitoes and vermin and flues;
I'm fed up with tropical breezes,
And sunshine that dazzles my eyes
Oh lord for a wind with a tingle,
An atmosphere zestful and keen.
Oh lord once again to mingle,
With crowds that are white folk and clean
To eat without fear of infection,
To sleep without using a net;
And throw away all my collection,
Of iodine, quinine, etc.
To hear all the noise and clamour,
The hurry and fret of the west,
I'd trade all the orient glamour
That dam lying poets suggest.
They sing of the east as enthralling.
Thats why I started to roam;
But I hear the occident calling,
O lord, but I want to go home.

MY PRAYER



'SNAPPER' 'SON' 'SPIKE'

'JOHNNY'

HADBANIYA
IRAQ
1942



SHELL HOLE IN N·A·A·F·I·





BEFORE LEAVING
TIGRIS PALACE
HOTEL

WATCHING TRAFFIC
ON THE TIGRIS







ANY CHAIRS
TO MEND



The Battle



and After



JUST THE
BOYS



MILKMAN
AND MATES

'WOG'
HOUSES



CAMELTHORN
'BINTS'
CARRYING
WATER FROM
EUPH





RIVER BED WHEN THE SUN WAS WARM



ALL CLEAR

THE 'DEAD END KIDS' OF HABB'





MAGNETO REPAIR SECTION

HABBANIYA

1942



DELLER, FRISTON, OWEN, SMITH,
HUGHES, APPLETON,
ABDUL



SPIKE AND MYSELF







AL RASHID STREET
BAGHDAD



'HAPPY'
DAY



'COPORAL
SAHIB'



'SMUDGER'
SMITH

DEMOBILIZATION FORM.
(To be carried in the hand by all airmen on leave from IRAQ.)

If I seem rather strange and act rather queer,
If I seem like a Wand'ring Jew, never fear,
I'm perfectly harmless - thats why I'm here,
I'm on furlough from MESOPATAMIA.

John Bull in an article touchingly wrote,
Declaring the Air Force was always broke,
That was the truest word he e'er spoke,
About the madmen from from MESOPATAMIA.

They gave us no money - but we didn't complain,
We would have had some - if we had been sane,
But money is the cause of all our pain,
So we left ours in MESOPATAMIA.

If I should do things that seem senseless to you,
You'll find theres a method in each thing I do,
I'm a marvel at catching flies, fever and flu',
They teach us that in MESOPATAMIA.

They sent us to Blighty I think as a test,
To see if a change and a few hours rest,
Will bring back the brains the sun has sent west,
Of the airmen of MESOPATAMIA.

So if I look quite lost in some Blighty street,
With my cap in my hand and my kit at my feet,
Just pity me kindly and say its the heat,
And the date palms of MESOPATAMIA.

And if in the Strand I am charging a bus,
And otherwise creating a terrible fuss,
If I'm smashed up and squashed, don't stand by and cuss,
I'm only from MESOPATAMIA.

Take me up tenderly, treat me with care,
I'm one of the crowd that England sent there,
To live in the desert a-trying to scare,
The arabs of MESOPATAMIA.

We were stationed in Eden for a time they say,
The place we were told from which Eve ran away,
And out there shes never been seen to this day,
She has bolted from MESOPATAMIA.

We found milk and honey just floating about,
Peach Melbas and cream grown with fine Brussels sprout,
But they fed us on grass when the 'bully' ran out,
At Habbaniya in MESOPATAMIA.

Theres no known disease that won't thrive there, and then,
The sun dries your blood and the ink in your pen,
And dust covers thousands of Englands white men,
In the deserts of MESOPATAMIA.

And if when I die I am sent for a spell,
To a place where strained souls are made clean and well,
I'll beseech Peter in mercy to send me to Hell,
But not back to MESOPATAMIA.
