

Lieutenant Donald Franklyn Hubert (1895-1917)

These life notes were compiled in 2016
by Anne Freeth Molver
(daughter of Donald's brother John Hubert)

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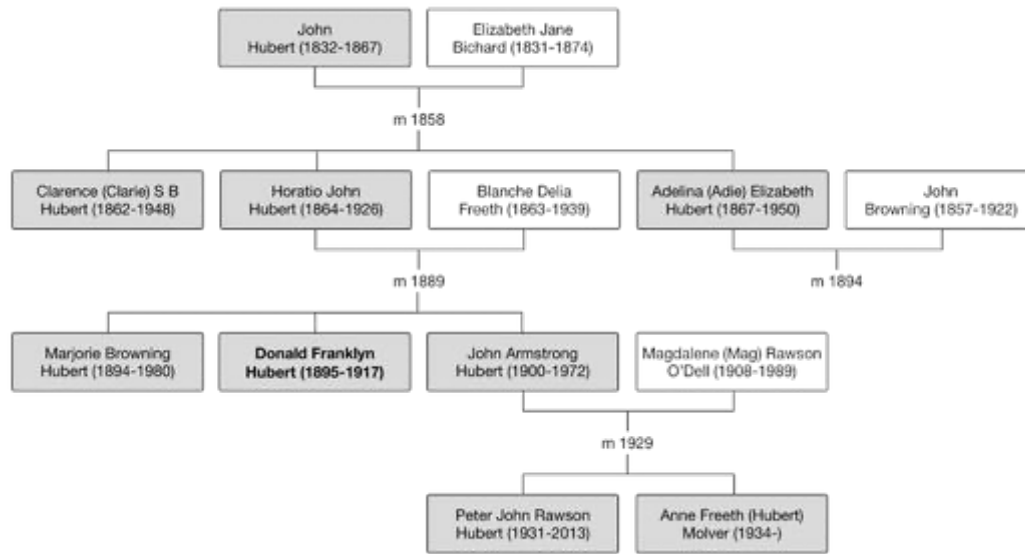


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Growing Up

Donald Franklyn Hubert, born on 4th October 1895, was the second surviving son of parents Horatio John and Blanche Hubert. The Hubert ancestry was centred on the island of Jersey, the line being traceable to around 1610. The population were primarily agrarian and of necessity fishermen and sailors. The countryside was split into small Parishes with residents moving from one to the other as the families evolved. Those that thrived became astute businessmen and professionals, property owners and master mariners or in the shipbuilding industry, and from the 17th century began to explore and help people the world.



Part of the Hubert Family Tree

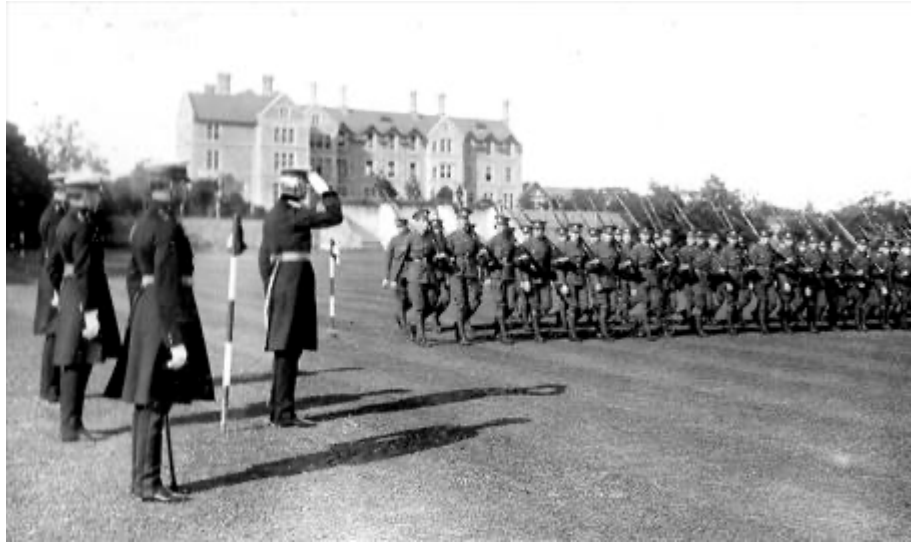


VCJ Hockey XI, 1911
(Donald bottom row at right)



VCJ Shooting XIII, 1912
(Donald standing second from left)

Donald (who liked to be called Bobbie) had a generous happy disposition and enjoyed his three years at preparatory school before entering Victoria College, Jersey (VCJ) in 1905. He excelled at College both academically and athletically, and took a leading role in the school hockey XI as well as the shooting VIII, representing his school at Bisley in England in 1912 when they led all England at 200 yards and missed winning the Ashburton Shield by one point. He joined the school O.T.C. at fourteen and flourished in his chosen career, training as a soldier.



General Rochfort inspecting the OTC at Victoria College, Jersey 1913

They were a very close family and extremely proud of Bobbie's achievements. His sister Marjorie was a year older and was very talented and intelligent, later to become a valued member of the medical profession. Bobbie also had a younger brother John with whom he had a very special relationship, in spite of a difference in age of five years. He was a hero to John, and a mentor through John's early years at home when he was a bit of a rebel.



Donald (in bowler hat) at the Declaration of War, Jersey 1914

In 1912 he spent a wonderful summer of wild and open air camping in Newfoundland and became keen on further exploration of the Colonies, particularly India. Firstly, he had to return to England to take the London

Matriculation exam, followed in 1913 by the Arts test for admittance to the Military College at Sandhurst, where he came fifth and gained a prized Cadetship. In mid-September 1913 he entered the Military College for a brief eleven months before being summarily called up, destined for the war zone, and was gazetted as a second lieutenant on August 14th, 1914.

Ireland and France 1914

Bobbie's first posting was with the 4th Battalion Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers training in Ulster. His first taste of army life was travelling to Levan camp on the deserted Clonmany Peninsular via Derry. After a lengthy journey by ferry and trains he discovered the camp was 7 miles out of town and there was no transport while the weather was appalling, with gales of wind and rain. Finally, he met a man with a friend called Patrick who had a horse and cart *"and I nearly died with amusement, he was talking the broadest Irish imaginable, one eye wandered independently of the other... and he informed me that his mare Bess was so 'teered as not to be able to scarcely stand'. He said he would take me and eventually we got started"*.

After weeks of butts and range work followed by musketry training for men and NCOs, he received a telegram on the 20th October 1914 ordering him to go to Hurley camp at Winchester having been selected to join the 3rd and 4th Expeditionary Force. He was to join the 1st Battalion Royal Irish Rifles returning from Aden and home leave. They took a couple of weeks hard retraining having arrived back at camp drunk and unfit after home leave, training helped by 15-18 mile route marches. On 4th November they started embarking, arriving in France on the 9th, to be marched to their destination under artillery and sniper fire to relieve Indian troops in the trenches in the Armentières sector.

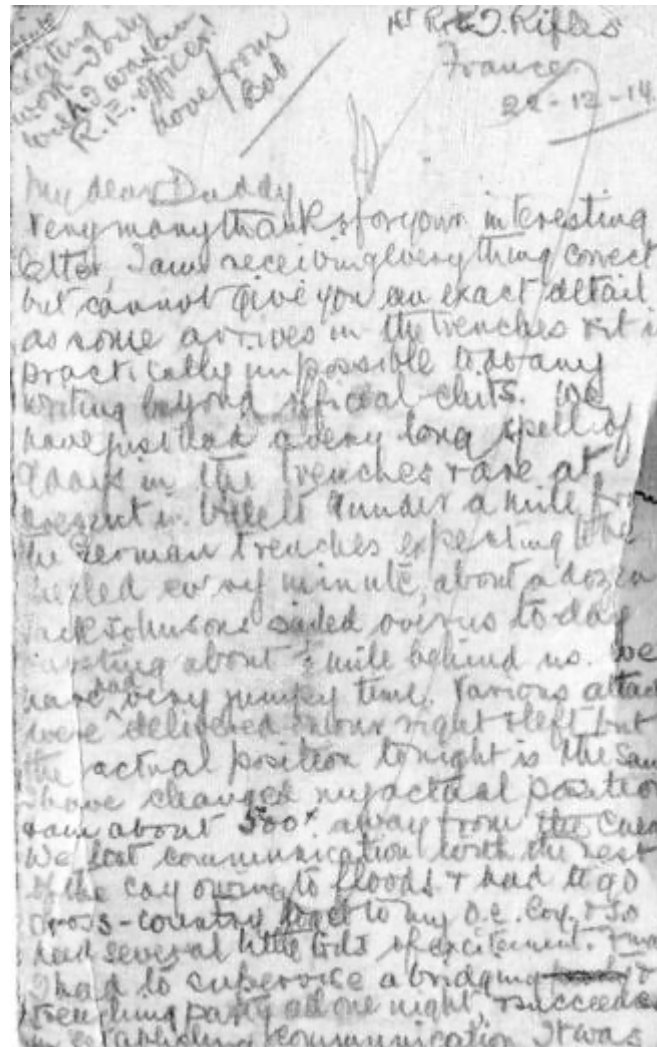
Life in the trenches was dirty, freezing cold, wet and dangerous, and to start with boring although sleep deprived. Food and clothing parcels from home kept spirits up, especially the bars of chocolate!

On arrival - *"Well, we were not troubled much by the Germans. The trenches were only about 500 yards distant from each another, and there we sat and looked at each other. The only thing that was worrying was the German sniping which went on all night and day. They are very clever indeed at it and are jolly good shots. Their artillery shelled us on two occasions but was nothing really dangerous, though wonderfully accurate. We all slept in holes in the ground filled with straw. I had a nice cosy little one but you were not allowed to stay in it for long at night, that and the cold are the trying factors"*.

Bobbie had one narrow escape while on the parapet fixing up the wire in front of their trench, when a bullet grazed his shinbone. It turned out to be fired from one of their own piquet line. But - *"My men do me splendidly; I have an orderly bugler who is really a splendid fellow. He is really meant to go errands and carry inter-company messages, but I have discovered it is far better to send him on water fatigue as he is frightfully good at stealing with extreme stealth a fowl that may be wandering about one of the looted farms; he prepares it splendidly and cooks still better. So yesterday the whole of No11 Platoon had chicken besides ordinary Govt. rations. My servant does all my ordinary cooking and attends to meals generally. Anything that calls for especially skilled hands I send down to my bugler. In this way we get along really well. We struck a huge loft full of apples the other day all*

divided up into piles according to their respective merits as cooking or eating, so we have an ample supply of stewed or baked apples while I keep a bag of rosy eating apples always going in my rabbit hutch".

In late December and early January 1915 the rain became incessant and the trenches were flooded adding to their discomfort. They had to dig new trenches as well as providing communication and other trenches for a draft of - "wretched London spoon-fed Territorials" who were very unfit. Shelling became more constant and effective.



Letter from the trenches to his father, Dec 1914

The rest days in billets behind the trenches were sometimes more exciting, wondering whether the artillery fire would finally find them. *"Comfortable billets this time but the drainage is a little weak, as a shell broke a small bridge over a stream nearby and the water is becoming stagnant. But still we are off again tomorrow. ... We have struck an enormous supply of coal, and a huge boiler in an outer shed on the farm so of course we could not resist having a bath in a cider press. ... As soon as you leave the trenches and look about you, you see nothing but ruined farm houses, dead pigs and cattle lying about the fields, young calves and dogs and all manner of beasts wandering about homeless. Occasionally you see a French peasant who, if working towards the firing line, is promptly arrested as a*

spy. So you see it is a very trying life, and but for these rests we would all go off our heads I think. ...

At present we are quietly sitting by a fire in an old deserted French farm, franking letters and writing home. The whole time there is an artillery duel going on over our heads. The Germans were shelling the village behind us all morning and our artillery is returning the compliment this afternoon. It is marvellous how callous you get to all these alarming things. ...

Well we are again in billets in a small country town, having a general clean up. It is a treat even to see these tiny dirty French shops. We spent the latter half of this afternoon buying all sorts of necessities for the trenches, and I am really quite tired out. ... It is broad daylight and only 600 yards away from the Huns so we have to be cautious; six Jack Johnsons have just burst on either side of this house and we thought that we should have to clear out before they got close, but they have ceased fire. We have had a terrible busy time – 6 nights in the trenches”.

Christmas Day 1914 in the trenches

Christmas Day in the trenches was very different, and this was not only due to the festive rations the men received - “We had a wonderful Xmas and one which I shall never forget. There had been fairly heavy firing all Xmas Eve, chiefly artillery, but towards 4.00 pm it died down. In the meanwhile the woolly snow clouds had broken up and a very clear moon shone out on a frosty white ground.

At about 6.00 pm all the Germans along the line of trenches opposite this Battalion put their burning braziers on the parapet. There was a long row of gleaming braziers at about equal distance apart. Then the Germans began to shout across to us ‘A merry Chreestmars to you Engleeshmen’.

We did not take any notice at first as it might have been a ruse to get us out. However, it ended by our people following suit. I fixed up with the German officer in front of me not to fire, so we all got on top of the parapet and then followed a further exchange of greetings. An R.A. officer who also knows German asked them to sing ‘Die Wacht am Rhein’ which they did with much gusto and there were loud cheers from both sides. They returned the compliment by asking for ‘God Save the King’; we also sang ‘Rule Britannia’ and last but not least ‘Tipperary’. There were loud cheers at the end of this distinguished repertoire and for about an hour more my platoon sat on the frozen parapet and sang Irish songs to the Germans, one of whom sang ‘Asleep in the deep’ jolly nicely.

Later on, not content with this they shouted to us to come halfway, but of course we did not comply as goodness knows what might have happened. Gradually everyone became drowsy and one by one they dropped down into their trench. ...

Dawn eventually turned up, and everything was quite quiet; as you may already know we are made to stand to for one hour before dawn in case of attack; throughout the whole of this time until after breakfast (about 9.30 am) there was perfect silence in the German trenches and it was only after breakfast when, apparently full of lager and sauerkraut, they appeared. We agreed to meet halfway, and the most extraordinary sight of seeing British soldiers exchanging favours with the Germans actually in the centre of the battlefield, took place”.

Wounded in France 1915

In February 1915 Bobbie had a few days leave in Jersey, and after his return to the front preparations for the first big offensive began. On 14th March the troops left their trenches and the battle of Neuve Chapelle had begun. The 1st Battalion Royal Irish Rifles led the attack in their sector of the line and Bobbie, being in the leading company, was amongst the first 'to go over the top'. He fell wounded two hours after the opening of the attack, and was saved by sheltering in a shell hole until he was found and carried back. Three days later he was in the Red Cross hospital at Fishmongers Hall, London with a bullet hole through his ankle, feeling very frustrated and anxious to escape, but the authorities had removed all his clothes!

Apparently the walking casualties were occasionally collected in a convoy of lorries and driven through the aristocratic suburbs of London returning via Billingsgate - *"just to show that there is no ill-feeling between Capital and Labour so far as the military ... are concerned ... such a thing is considered out of the question in pyjamas and a bilious coloured greatcoat"*.

13/3/15

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

Office of Origin and Service Instructions

TO { Hubert D. Reftis

Jersey

10/3

13 MAR 1915

Hubert 12 Victoria

Consent of Hubert

to inform you that

Hubert royal Irish

Reftis was wounded on 10/3

March in right ankle and

is now in hospital at

Fishmongers Hall London E.C.

Secretary War office

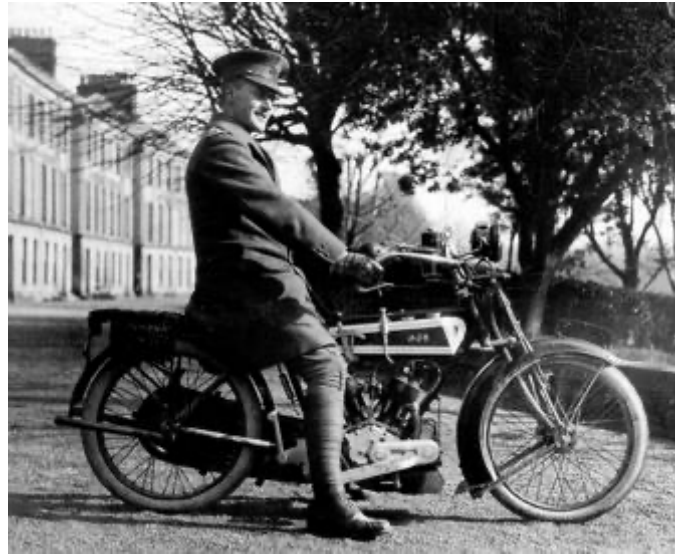
War Office telegram re Donald being wounded, March 1915

Bobbie was able to limp home to Jersey to recuperate on 25th March. On the 23rd June he was ordered to Ireland, this time to Portobello Barracks in Dublin, to join the Royal Antrim Rifle Corp. helping to command 300 men of whom 70 were crocks and the rest recruits. Here he stayed while his ankle strengthened, a period spent correcting accounts, but also having quite a social time. He found the atmosphere in Dublin most unpleasant - the city was dirty and they were booed when marching down the streets while brawls were commonplace - in contrast, during a weekend in Clonmany travelling through Belfast he found that city very go-ahead.

India 1915 - 1916

On 13th September 1915 Bobbie received a telegram from the War Office instructing him to report to the Military Secretary at the India Office to receive embarkation orders - the beginning of his chosen Indian Army career. He was in

the Atlantic by 18th October heading for the Mediterranean war zone and Marseilles to collect more India transfers, then to Port Said and the Suez Canal to Bombay.



Donald before going to India, Sept 1915

On arrival in Bombay on the 5th November he found that he had been attached to the 83rd Wallajahbad Light Infantry based at Secunderabad in southern India and not an active Punjabi or Gurkha Regiment as he had wished. At that time the 83rd Regiment acted as a training and reserve regiment of Punjabi men and supplied men to other battalions at the front. In spite of numerous requests Bobbie was to remain attached to the 83rd until the end of August 1916 when he was able to apply as a trained officer for active service in Mesopotamia.

In the meantime, he set his back to whatever task was given to him from Regimental Accounts and Staff work, parades, sport including tennis and hockey, riding (he bought his first horse Hilarity before Xmas), Field Days, training recruits in musketry, machine guns, bayonet fighting, bomb throwing, assault (where his experience in France was extremely useful), discipline and authority.

He also learnt of the protocols, diplomacy, entertainments and amusements of the ruling hierarchy of the country. This included being given command of the Residency Escort in Hyderabad for a week (the Resident was the go-between for the Indian Government and the Nizam of Hyderabad), and in April dining with the Nawab of Bhongir at his castle with Captain Le Messurier driving in his Studebaker. The next day they drove to the spectacular Dominions Show arranged by the PM of the Nizam. The Le Messuriers became true friends and gave him the run of their bungalow and car.

He was appointed Adjutant for a while, then Quartermaster for the Regiment, completed a 3 month course in Hindustani, and travelled to Satara via Poona for a 2-month Musketry and Machine Gun course which included time writing up lecture notes for teaching. While on the Satara course Bobbie met an instructor, Lt. Matheson from the 54th Sikh Regiment situated in Peshawar, North West Frontier, and he was encouraged and became eager to join them, however he did not expect his CO to release him.

Burma 1916

In mid-July the Regiment was instructed to leave Secunderabad and go to Burma – half the Regiment to Mandalay and the other to oversee a Turkish internment camp at Thayetmyo, 150 miles away. Le Messurier was to command the camp. As Regimental Quartermaster this meant an enormous amount of work for Bobbie, arranging train, boat and river travel for the whole Regiment, and their feeding. The first batch left by train on the morning of 5th August under the command of Major Le Messurier, and the rest a couple of hours later, to meet on the wharf at Madras.

They were loaded onto a small British India ship, the Sgra, in very cramped conditions. Many of the sepoys became ill at sea although it was a calm voyage of two days, followed by a night's delay waiting for the tide to rise, up the Irrawaddy to Rangoon. The Thayetmyo detachment left that night while those for Mandalay waited until the next afternoon. The journey to Mandalay took about twenty-four hours, a most interesting journey changing from paddy fields to low scrub with a few little lakes. They arrived in Mandalay and immediately relieved the 91st Punjabis who were ordered to Basra at the head of the Persian Gulf, new troops for the Mesopotamian campaign. Mandalay itself was very picturesque and they were stationed in Fort Dufferin, surrounded by a huge moat filled with water and mosquitoes. King Thibaw's Palace and the gold pillars of the Pagoda were immediately behind the club.

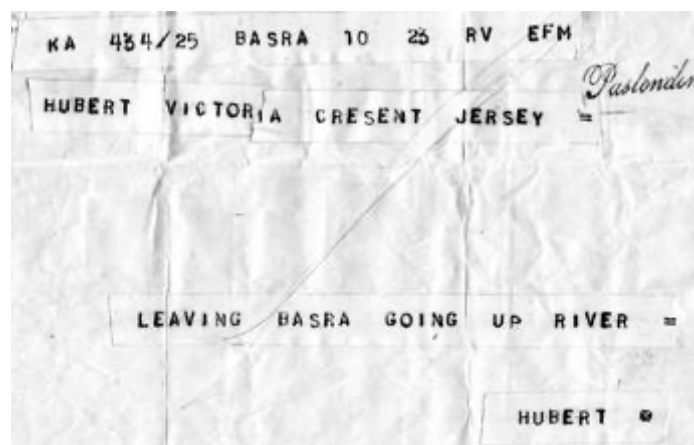
Although Bobbie was hoping to join Le Messurier in Thayetmyo as Adjutant, an opportunity came at the end of August for him to apply to go to Basra, so he only spent a weekend at Thayetmyo, travelling with the Le Messuriers by train from Rangoon to Prome and then six hours by river steamer visiting little villages on the way. Thayetmyo had been a frontier hill station and reminded Bobbie of Windsor Park. He left his horse to Le Messurier and sold him his motor-bike – his only remaining possessions from India.

By the third of September Bobbie was steaming from Rangoon to Calcutta in a 4000 ton 'rotten little tub' with 34 passengers. Five of the passengers were also destined for Basra. A long train journey of two days travelling 'fast' at about 30mph across India took them to Bombay where they boarded the 5000 ton S.S. Elephanta to pick up men in Karachi before steaming for six days to Basra, and then a week to get to the front up the river. While in Bombay he wired the CO of the 53rd Regiment in Basra to apply for him from the 54th, and another to the 54th asking them to recommend him to the 53rd. He believed the 54th would remain his link Regiment after the war.

Mesopotamia 1916 - 1917

On arrival in Basra on 11th September 1916 Bobbie was sent to No 2 Indian Base Depot, and was disappointed to find that he had to take over ten Regimental Depots to cater for any detachment en route to the front, each run by a few men under an Indian Officer. However, on 25th September he sent a cable stating he was going up river. While taking a convoy of horses to the front, he must have developed sandfly fever as a note states he was transferred from the British Hospital Basra to the officer's hospital at Beit Nama on the 4th October, and was attached to the 9th Bhopal Infantry. By the 12th October he was back in Basra wondering if they were going to march him up the line with a troop convoy as his

'legs are still a bit rocky'. He enjoyed his few days at Beit Nama which were very peaceful, with his time taken up with fishing, walking, reading and writing.



Leaving Basra telegram to his parents, Sept 1916

Two weeks later Bobbie writes from a 'halfway house' rest day stop having undertaken seven days of hard marching – *"We did about 12-15 miles a day, marching from one wired post to the next. I used to be up at 4:30 am every day, breakfast 5:15 and march at 5:45. We usually got in at some time between 9 am and 11 am according to the condition of the roads, the distance to be got over and the condition of the bullocks supplied. Some of the latter got along very nicely, but others were awful. You see you have to keep in a compact body owing to the Arabs, which necessitates regulating the pace of the Infantry to that of the bullocks. ... Though the country is desperately flat it is very interesting, and at 5 am and 5 pm with sun rising and setting in a perfect sky it is lovely. The old Tigris looks lovely and you really don't believe that Mesopotamia could possibly be such absolute hell in the hot weather. It has been really cold at night lately"*.

While trekking they suffered some thieving from the local Arabs, including four rifles and part of the mule drivers kit. He expected to be trekking for another two weeks unless they sent him on by boat.

By 17th November Bobbie had been in the trenches in similar conditions to his experiences of France, and was at a two-day hockey tournament in a camp six miles back from the trenches with the 20th Punjabis. It was – *"a topping spot at the junction of two rivers with plenty of fishing and shooting. A longboat called a bellum in this country belongs to the depot and I have rigged up a sail such as the Arabs use on the Tigris in it. Stead the QM of the 9th and I go for sails in the old tub, it is awfully good fun. We take two Sikhs along with us as boatmen, they are awfully keen on it"*. While back from the trenches Bobbie was training new recruits, starting with a Company of Gaur Brahmins – *"cheery devils from the frontier around Dargai"*.

The weather in November was excellent with warm days and cold nights – *"Dawn is perfectly lovely. The Push-ti-Koo mountains are bright purple with the red sunrise behind them. The Tigris is usually as calm as a mill pond, but of course flowing pretty freely. There is practically no sunset as the light disappears so awfully quickly. The river is steadily rising, and the other day the Wadi, a small stream flowing into the Tigris rose 6ft in 6 mins! ... The water comes down in a huge bore from the mountains, and is absolutely thick with clayey mud. The actual*

country we are fighting is as flat as a pancake". The countryside was teeming with game and animals – "You get grouse, partridge, geese, duck within a two-mile radius of the camp. Further in are tracks of pig and antelope, while in the Push-ti-Koo there are lion so they say. Every night you hear hyena, jackal and wild dogs quite near in. At one spot on the march up I actually got a blooming jackal in my tent".



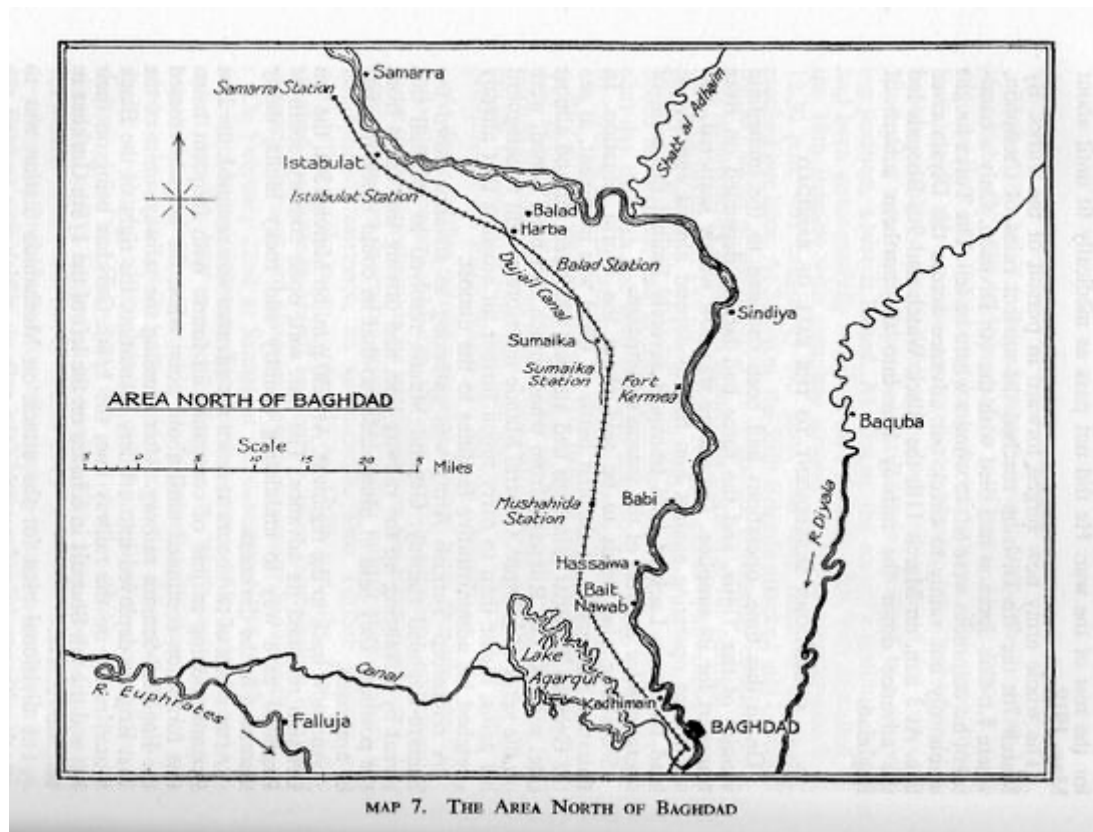
Tigris scenes, 1916

They returned to the trenches in early December to a very changed situation, rain, mud and filth, being sniped at by the Turks who were also using bomb-guns, to which they responded with grenades and bombs with some effect. After eighteen days solid in the trenches he was recovering from jaundice for the second time, having *"only seen his toes on two occasions"*.

By the end of the year he wrote – *"Here we are practically at the last day of the year, amid surroundings very similar to New Year 1914. Torrents of rain have been falling for the last two days and the place is a perfect quagmire. ... I have dug down 3 feet and put up my old camp bed in the bottom of the pit, so the wind trouble is obviated, and I have a trench and mound for the water to run into off the top of my tent. With this amount of rain, the river will soon be rising and a lot of the ground occupied by troops will be swamped if the bund breaks. ... Tomorrow we are going to have a minor 'burst'! We had a great dinner on Xmas Day and quite a jolly time. Lord Curzon sent us 3 bottles of Champagne, but owing to my blooming jaundice, the doctor would not let me have any! However I am fit now, so I shall be able to eat anything tomorrow, but there is no Champagne left"*.

By 6th January 1917 the war was definitely starting to hot up – firstly they had to move to the other side of the river where there were no tents, by the 14th the Regiment was marched off to hold a piquet line on the river bank leaving Bobbie's D Company to guard what was left, and then they were sent to make a new road for four days. This was followed by his Company being ordered to proceed to the narrows camp, to act as guides to take the Seaforths up to the trenches and piquet line and relieve the Bhopals. After that D company continued their training with a new batch of people unused to trench life.

While the bombing training was underway Bobbie nearly got blown up – *“Everything had gone very nicely until one man came up who obviously was terrified out of his wits of the thing. Old Mohar Singh one of my subadars was with me in the traverse at the time, and both of us tried everything to still his nerves, which seemed to be steadying a lot. I gave him a bomb and he proceeded to draw the pin out quite quietly, but lost his head in throwing it. It hit the parapet, bounced up in the air, and came down plum in the same traverse as we were in. The thing had already been going for 2 seconds, and there were only another 3 to go. Mohar Singh lifted the petrified fellow clean off his legs, flung him down on the other side of the traverse and leaped on top of him to get out of the way in time. I jumped over the bomb and fled the other way. ... However I gave him another and he threw it quite well.”*



Map of the area to the north of Baghdad

Their war against the Turks elsewhere in the area was proceeding well, the garrison in Kut had been relieved, the enemy suffered heavy casualties, and gradually more lines of trenches were being captured. However, the Turks round Sannaiyat were showing more activity and their own positions on the right flank were being reconnoitred by hostile patrols and attacked. The Regiment was ordered to march to the trenches on 11th February, but Bobbie was sent back to rest for a bit, before returning to relieve other officers. During this rest period the Indian Regiments were challenged to a hockey match with the Black Watch which ended in a draw! On the 14th February Bobbie writes – *“this year we are living between two dykes one on each side of us. One is to hold back the marsh which comes up with the north wind, and the other is to contain the river in case of a high flood. But unless it pours during the remainder of February we shan’t have*

any trouble until the snows begin to melt in the Caucasus and Push-ti-Koo, when the Tigris is turned into a seething torrent and rises above its banks".

On the 2nd March 1917 Bobbie mentioned that the Turkish forces had nearly been pushed right back and defeated, however Baghdad was their real aim. The city was taken on 11th March but the fighting continued.



British troops entering Baghdad, 11 March 1917

Bobbie's last letter home dated 2nd March describes some of the fighting in which he was involved. They faced 4000 Turks on a narrow front where the battle went back and forth over five succeeding lines of trenches. Finally, the Turks left at night and the Bhopals sent out patrols to trace them and attack them in retreat, which they did quite successfully, and then they were halted for some time. – *"I hankered to push on and capture some more Turks who were reported 6 miles west of us at a spot called Horseshoe Lake, I reached the spot all right, but there were only traces of the enemy. While there I received orders to hold the hill that night to cover the advance of the Division. The 9th pushed off from Secwarda at about 5 am that day, unknown to me, and I was left alone with about 50 men to find my way back to Brigade which of course was trekking as hard as it could go. I started at 9 am and finally ran up against them at 4 pm, dead tired and hungry".*

Tragedy near Mushahida Station

Bobbie was killed in action by a sniper bullet on the 14th March 1917, shot through the head.

On that fateful day, as described in the Victoria College Book of Remembrance, – *'an attack was made on some Turkish lines about four miles west of Baghdad by a force composed of the Black Watch and 9th Bhopals. The Black Watch were hard*

pressed, half the Battalion having become ineffective, when the 9th Bhopals were ordered up to press home the attack. Hubert was now in command of a Company, and while leading it to the assault fell mortally wounded. ... A few hours later, when the sound of battle died away, he was laid to rest where he fell'.

N.B.—This Form must accompany any inquiry respecting this Telegram.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

If the Receiver of an Inland Telegram doubts its accuracy, he may have it repeated on payment of half the amount originally paid for its transmission, any fraction of 1d. less than 1d. being reckoned as 1d.; and if it be found that there was an inaccuracy, the amount paid for repetition will be refunded. Special conditions are applicable to the repetition of Foreign Telegrams.

Office of Origin and Service Instructions.

Office Stamp: 17 MAR 1917

Charges to pay: 4 31

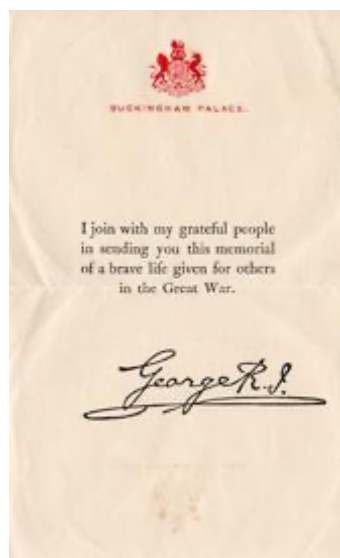
Handled at: 17/3/1917

Received here at: 17/3/1917

TO: Hubert 12 Victoria Crescent St Helier Jersey.

Deeply regret to state Lieut
D. F. Hubert of Bhopal infantry officially
reported from Persian Gulf killed
in action 14 March Mr Secretary
Chamberlain desires to express sincere sympathy
with you in loss of this gallant officer military
Branch Office Secretary

War Office telegram reporting Bobbie's death on 14 March 1917



Letter from King George and Memorial plaque, 1917

His Commanding Officer, Lt. Col. H.H. Smith, in a letter to his parents wrote – 'Your son had endeared himself to all ranks, he was the most capable young officer it has been my privilege to know and had he been spared, I have no hesitation in saying he would have made a great name for himself – I cannot tell you how greatly I feel his loss. ... His last words were what one would expect from such a gallant gentleman "I am hit but never mind me, keep on advancing". We have not

been able to mark his grave, had we done so the Arabs would have opened it to rob him of his clothes. Later on, should I be spared, I will do my best to mark the spot'.

His mother Blanche tried to determine the location of Bobbie's burial site as she wished to have a memorial stone commissioned. Eventually she was able to communicate with an Indian Army source, still serving in Iraq, who was able to make enquiries on her behalf.

In response, the Imperial War Graves Commission, in a letter dated 14 Nov 1923, stated that Lieutenant D.F. Hubert of the 9th Bhopals *"was buried 4 and a half miles S.S.W. of Mushadiyah Railway Station, 1 mile west of railway line near Tel Azbay Mound, Map reference T.C.90 (D) A.G.57c (2) and his body remains where he was first buried. The grave is at present unmarked ..."*. Mushadiyah Railway Station is marked as Mushahida Station on the map above and is presumably close to the modern city of Mushada.

There was further correspondence in 1924 to say that Bobbie was to be re-interred in the Baghdad Cemetery with a headstone, but there is no record of this having taken place.



The Basra War Memorial

His final remembrance should be recorded on the Basra Memorial with the 40,625 other names of those Commonwealth soldiers killed in the Mesopotamia Campaign during and after World War I.

Anne Molver
August 2016