

Tu - thou

Main - I

Hum - we

Woh - ~~was to~~

Tuume Tuu you

He-she-it. Woh

they woh

ac

Mouye - me

Hunake - us

Tumba - you

Mouye co. to me -

Touge co to you -

hu co - to them

get-book from Tumber -

Dr Das Gupta, J. M. I. M. S. first

link with India, Bombay. Aden

28th May 8th June. Taj. Mahal Hotel

11th June: to 13th June.

Voh -

He-she-it

Tu - thou

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get-book from Tumba -

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He-she-it

Passive

Hamara -
Tomara - yours
 his or hers
Un cara - theirs.
mara - mine

Nouns.

Billi - Cat
Contar - dog
Ghorra - Horse -
Hathi - Elephant -
Buckrie - Goat -
Gay - Cow
Bail - Bullock
Sewer - Pig
Vheri - Sheep
Rhoti - Bread

Gosst -	Meat -	Kithab
Pani -	Water	book -
Wonde -	Milk	now
Char -	Tea	
Coffee -	Coffee	
Chink -	Sugar -	
Kemuck -	Salt -	
mirch -	pepper -	
Course -	Chari	
Maining -	Table	
Ghair -	House	
Wurwana -	door -	
Kirkie -	window,	
Kihar -	were	
wakan -	there	
abu -	now	
Cub -	when	
ooper -	above	
nechie -	below	
Hai -	is	

Rona - This -
tha - was

Mara - gur - Kihar
where is my horse

Mara - Riholi - Kihar
where is my bread -

Pani yahan hi (is)
water is here -

Ache - 1	dus - 10
dow 2	9 ^{gharah} gura 11
tein 3	Barra 12
char 4	Tarra 13
Barge - 5	Chowda 14
Cha - 6	Punra 15
Sat - 7	Solar 16
art - 8	Sutra - 17
nas - 9	atra - 18

unces 19)

Sura 19

Beese 20

Photo Co

gelow - light lamp,

Canu - to eat -
Penar - to drink
Basnar - to sit -
osnar - get up
1

Ithero - come here
China ither loe
bring sugar here -
Has jana
take aw

gelana - to light
Licknar - to write
Burnar - to read

Mara Charles
bring my tea -

Yah gelanar - light - this
Yah lamp gelow - this lamp before
course las - bring chair -

Veh - course las - -

Chacha
Narm

Whose horse is this

Iska
~~name~~ bread.

Give this to him give

Ya ooska dow

Ya Rhoti ooska dow

2nd Lecture Nouns

Rhoti - Bread - R also used for ^{denim}

Chawhu - Rice - Wonde - Milk

Subzi - Vegetables

Andak - Egg -

Machhi - fish

Murgi - Chicken

Buttha - duck

Gosht - meat

Chini - sugar -

Chae - Tea

Coffa - Coffee

Alcha - Good -

Bourah - Bad

Bahut - very

Zyada - much

Come - less

Naram - soft -

Sakhat - ^{hard} tough

Mitha - Sweet -

Karwa - bitter

Surd - cold

Garam - Hot -

Aloo - Potatoes

Gobi - Cabbage

Pool gobi - Cail

Mooli - Radish

Shalgum - Turnip

Balak - Spinach

Lasal - Carrot -

Matar - peas

Canu - to eat -

Pina - to drink

rukarna - to cook

Attara - Chemist

waito -

Bat - weight

Tuckerie or tanger

Scales

Tap - measure

Gaz - yard meas.

Jutar - shoes -

Topee - Hat -

Pagaree - turban

Chese - ^{thun} what - ^{thun} is this

Narm - name

Is chese ^{Kahi} - ^{car}

narm hi

What - is the name

of this ^{thun} -

Ya bazar -

Ya Kof

Is jute kemut - Rahi

pari. rupee bahut

susta hi -

in 5-R it - is very
cheap -

Bikhana - to spread

Lakhana - to put

Dala - to put inside

Nicala - to put out

Rahna - to live

Jhans - to go -

Wadhna to put -

Copra panchas

Mari sari

First Verb

Licā - the root -

Licnas - to write

Maina - licna - I wrote

Humna licas - we wrote

Tumna licas - ^{thou} you wrote

Usna - licas - he wrote

Unon^{noo} - na licas - they wrote

Perfect Tense

Muna lican hai - I have written

Humna lichai hai

Jesana

Bewakooz - senseless man -

Mana licā tha - I had written
etc

Present Tense -

Mai - likh tha who - I am writing

Hum - likh hai - we are writing

Tum likh hai - Thou art

Tum likh ta hum - you are writing

Who - likh ta hai - he is writing

Future - mai darlonga hai

Mai likha hai

Hum likhagai we will write

Who - likha gas - they will write

Tum darlega

ooloo - owl alloo

Sowar - Pig soovar

Sewer - kabitch - son of a pig -

Pagul - Lunatic

Bhakmakooz - fool - ahmak

gadhad - bonkey -

undari - blind -

Mai barge rupea nay donga
I will not give 5 rupees.

Tum - tum rupee - logae -
You will take three rupees -
Main Sahib ~~ya~~ hai tum rupees

Mai bahout sustahi -
no sin for 5 R it is very cheap
Yae doola cahar ^{Say} laahar Selahi
These shoes were from taken.

I bought these in bazaar -

~~Bazar~~ may - rupee co lehai

You have paid too much for it -

Tum na uske kemut - ~~ke~~

bahut - dardai

Where is the bakers shop -

Lumbic. Keidukan. Khe

Capra pano mai sart - on -

You have not put on your shoes -

Ooski futi' nahe panhe -

Lafarna - 'Larl - red.

His cap is red

Ooski Toppe larl hi.

I bought a red hat

Mana ache larl toppe dole lee

What did you pay for it -

Tum na ooski kemut - Khardee.

Put some hot water in my cup,

Mera parla mai gurampai darlo

There is no tea in it..

Ismai Char nainhi

There is no sugar in this tea -

Is Char mai Chaha nahi -

Do you take milk with your tea or

Tum Char mai donde petar

hoo yah naha -

Whose horse is this -

Yae fhorra Kiska hai.

yae becoms ish when followed

by a preposition & Coa becoms

Kis when followed by preposition.

Who is in the house -
Ghis na Conhi -
Who is this man -
Yac ard me conhi -
He is my father -
Woe more bap hi
Ma - mother
bahan - sister
bhai - brother -
Darda - Grandfather -
Narna - Mother's father
Narnie - Mother's mother -
Mamma - Mother's brother
Marmie - Mother's brother's wife
Charcha - Uncle - paternal
Charchie - Aunt -
Bhouhar - Father's sister
phoopha - Father's sister's husband
Sarlah - wife brother
Sarlee - sister

Zinda alive
Marsee - Mother's sister
Mouthies - Mother's sister's husband
How many brothers have you got -
Your brother how many are -
Thumare bhai kitna hi -
I have two brothers & three sisters
Maira dou bhai aur mari teen
bahan hi.
Is your grandfather living
Tumara bap zinda hi -

Thun book abnormal hi -

Voh burra gadhai
He is a great donkey -
Tum soor - Kabutchi
You son of a pig.

this water is very hot
Ya pani both guran hi
Put - some cold ^{water} in it -
Ismai tunda (Cooch - some
pain darrow -
He has lit - the fire &
brought - it -

roh arge jellak - curra, paohi
Put - some charcoal on the fire
Iss are purrah ^{Koich} Koila darlow
this fire is going out -

Ya are (bugnar - to go out -
buzh ti hi

this room is very hot -
Yae camere bahut - guran hi
this train is very slow
Yae rail bahut 'susti'
Tey - quick or sharp -
this knife is very sharp
Yae turie bahut - Tey -

tail - oil
This knife is not clean -
Yae turie sary Na he hi
this table cloth is very dirty
Yae mainy post - malarkhi
The chimney of this lamp is
very dirty,

Isk lamp ke chimney sary Na he
Put some oil ⁱⁿ ^{cooch} this lamp
Isk lamp nai taildalo
today - tomorrow

Agv - aycul bahut - tunda hi
Past -

I eat - - Istre - Iron -
Palany kumta - bedroom -
Muncta - want
Jarley - Sweep
Gharun pani - Hot water - tunda bed
Ithero - come here - pharan - dust
Jacco - throw away - much feeko -
Champ-roho - ^{do not throw}

Notes for letters -

Did you ever get snapshots
I sent of Sicily? (Mother)
I love to listen to the
"Retreat" sounding at
5 "pipewind" ^{the call of the honeyeater} by an Indian
at the camp just next to
The Hospital, its every note
as clear as a bell, & the
sustained notes are
wonderful, Re Hockey -

I wish someone I knew
could be sent over here, it
would be so nice later on
to be able to compare notes
and talk over things. I'm
so glad that I've seen Cairo
& Alex etc for I will be
able to understand what
you are all talking about

later on when we happen to
run across one another at
odd times, in Australia.
The new moon, glorious orange
glow in sky & giant-buds & palm
trees showing up against it - in
the soft-purple light & the little
silver shape, hanging in a
^{soft} ~~path~~ ^{opaque} ~~creamy~~ sky above the
orange, & the church bell, an
old shell case, clanging out-
for the 7 o'clock service, later
on, at 9 pm, it will be dark,
so dark that you can almost
feel it - with the stars shining
like so many million diamonds
in a deep violet-sky, & the
"Last-Post" will be sounded by
a bugler, each note clear as
the note of a bird, & the last-

three notes, rising, clear & sustained, I don't know why, but to me it always seems like the Benediction, & instinctively one bows one's head, as the last note hangs in the still air, clear & flute like. I came across a few lines today in an old book, the words were by Ruskin on the quality of feeling. The enormous difference between one man and another - between one animal & another - is precisely this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; ~~But being human creatures~~ If we were earth-worms liable at every instant to be cut in two by the Spade, perhaps too

much sensation would not be good for us. But being human beings creatures, it is good for us; nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, & our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion - Ruskin - & now, from the sublime to the ridiculous, I wonder why it is the army thinks its R.A.M.C. workers - orderlies etc - need little food, and very ordinary food, but so it is, & it's a sort of point of honour with the Sisters that if ^{an} extra dinner is sent along, the Sister pushes it aside & says "that need not go into the ward", & then after meals are served

she retires inside, and
on going to the kitchen again
you never dream of asking
where the dinner is, unless
you wish to cover your orders
with confusion, ^{it's} a truly
wonderful thing is "Tharmy"
If you badly want a thing,
& you know someone else
has exactly what you want,
you "Commandee" or "borrow"
it, but if any one else comes
along and just sees what
you have & wants it - and
takes it, ^{why} that is quite
another question, they have
stolen it - from you.
(gay insouciance) what?
write for those books.

Last night - it was rather sweet in the
Anti tent - I went in after dinner & the
lights were just going out - no oil - only the
little stove & in the dim light - you could just
see the various objects in the tent, & outside
it - was brilliantly moonlight, across the
river you could see the desert, ending
in a most exquisite mauve purple light
& a cluster of date palms on the edge of
the river, with white dazzling tents &
lights here & there, all reflected in the
river which was just like a mirror,
I put "all sing the songs of Arabia" on the
gram, & sat back in the tent - looking
out into the moonlight, & could, in
imagination see the whole thing.
Our lives up here are filled up with little
things like these, it's all the little things
that go to make up the whole - and
unless you have imagination you miss all
the beauty of the place, some of the
people up here see nothing of it - all
it is, to them simply a rotten place where
we must work (as little as possible) & play
(as much as possible)

Sisters & Staff Nurses are
requested to provide
their own bellows -
watches - p. bath ?
winter rains in Mesopotamia

Muezzin calling the world
to prayer.

The potter making Chert's out
of clay. watch him fascinated
by his wheel & deft-kneading
of the clay, & as each new
vessel finished, set in sun
to dry, & he began on another
& the shapeless dough was
moulded into form under
the guiding thumb of the
potter & I wondered the
power of the man to fashion
these pots from the clay.
not always in the same
form, but each new form
gaining beauty of its own. &
as I gazed, the words of Omar
came to me from afar.
For in the market-place ^{of day} ^{and} ^{night}
I watched the potter moulding his soft clay

Miss Page - Braman - Wilson -

Re Frank & my holidays, oh dear
life if I only could, if I only could get
over there & see them, the temptation
is almost too much, and I would
give worlds to, why didn't I get his
letter a week ago, if I had only
known before.

Tell Smithie re the "Euphrates"
cases.

The church tent - notice board
or perhaps you have heard bell
& pass in through the open
doorway at the side.

I. E. F. Indian Expeditionary Force.
British & Indian Troops selected to
open up the new holiday resorts
of Basra - Kut - & Baghdad.

There is some delay in the
completion of arrangements at
Kut - & the pioneers work at
Baghdad, but Basra is already
known as the Brighton of Mesopotamia, & the first regatta on
the Tigris can be expected
shortly. The I. E. F. is unanimous
in its opinion of the climate.
To popularise Mesopotamia,
visitors' expenses are, until
further notice, being entirely
defrayed by the Government.

Indian Ink - Lines 1916

Tonil & ^{Jeane} Wound - difference made by stars
Can't remember Adanson a bit - one of the
many ships - So glad re dear old Geo -
dear old Waddy - I wonder if we were
all too happy & care free in those
dear days, or if there is such happiness
in store for us later on to make up for all
this sadness, there are times when I hear a
tune on the Gram, ^{or by a band} one of those dear memory
haunted things, & it just makes me feel
positively heartbroken, not for myself but
when I think of those happy days & remember
we were only a few out of the whole world, &
then think of those days in Malta & how
day after day someone's happiness
was destroyed, & that has been going on
solidly for the last two years, & it's not
right now that everyone will feel it - but
later on, when others are welcoming their
own back & they realize there are always
going to be empty places in their home.

Further & Eto / Miss R. Kirkcaldie -
Bank of NSW Threadneedle St. London & C.
~~John~~ Plunkett is a nice boy. What is
Ludley Hardy's address. Heas -
Jack Hamilton - Trooper - 156 - 11th A.L.H.
Dear old Jack, what a pity he had
to go off so soon - Just - it - funny
Maurice Barton came into the
ward to see me yesterday, I got
him into the duty room, & tho just
receiving a convoy, & most frantically
busy, I had every intention of having
a good long talk to him, all of which
was frantically against rules, in
the army, - when in walked my
blessed M.O. & wanted to go & see the
new patents, he looked at Mr Barton
who promptly rose to attention & of
course had to go, I absolutely hate
my Mrs, beastly little snob, Parker
& I both hate him & when I
thought of what Maurice had given

up to join, & how in civil life this
little brouder simply would not
be known by him, cough - I don't mind
these people looking at me in a pitying
way when I am seen talking to my Mrs
but I do resent it - for my men - for they
feel it, my laud you never finished your
letter to me last mail, & put in a blank
page - Re Joan & her presents - good
for both Jack & Bonnie to have one another
to play with etc - never got Red X boxes
yet - but they will probably turn up at
the end of six months - gave papers
to Mr Barton & young Armstrong -
Coloured nighties -

• One Impression of India -

One of the most amusing sights is the sports ground, during a cricket-match (The view) in passing; one sees nothing but a scething mass of black umbrellas with their backs to you, looking for all the world like mushrooms that have been blown over by the wind, or perhaps they are upright, with a human stem, either sitting on its heels or cross-legged, or dotted here & there like isolated mushrooms every native carries a huge black umbrella, even if their only clothing is a loin cloth,

• Coconut-day 2nd August -
When the Indians hold it - a public holiday, all shops & banks being closed, they have most wonderful processions to the water and throw coconuts & things into the sea, to propitiate the monsoon & make it to cease, in order that the small craft can start trading with the coastal ports, for, till the end of the monsoon they are locked up in the harbour -

Notes for letters - Mother
Hurry waiting for mail to & from -
Poor old Grace, only post heard.
Whitney's Grandchildren
Awful Russians,
Trench shoes & socks,
Admiral Bessant at home,
Box post received not in letters?
Poor old mummy & letters. Re Gilbert
Butterflies here - Re War Office Notice, return
Please write any old day in case no notice
was taken - re strikes & details
Re mummy, which was not in post, but
what's Daddy's hardy address - Re Cook's
Mum's papers - I do hope you are better, dear
I don't like your old head going like this
I do hope the Withshire got over safely -
Poor Fred - Those rotten strikers, of
course rotten re Germans free in Aus, re ships
Where is Keith Waugh - awful Cyclone - Clem
Bate, poor old Geo. - re woolies - re parcels -

Dear July 10th
Mr. Winchcombe - letters from
Louise & Mr. Willis - thank & leave -
Am afraid I had not been writing &
very often lately, Re Grace -
Thanks my beloved but I had my 2
months in hospital & there I prepared
Poor Mabel & the chair - re Mr. Bessant
Dear old Geo, so glad to hear she looks so
well & a comfort - dear old Will, fancy it being
4 years since I was there for cheering & all the boys. I should
be the flower here ~~many~~ only odd letters
poor dear Cheery - G.P. & things -
Grace & hospital, Smith & foot - hope
you make plenty & you start
riding astride - re Daisy - joining riding
Reasons - re Norman Strack -
would have done better & fine - dear old Geo
So glad his leg is better, re #25, & old
daddy, old Sinclair - So Will, a long
I don't know what is? Write any old day
I do hope the papers get the Civil War
what is the name of the book? I'll tell you
not any more, long to see it, throat,
Daddy's party - re Mr. Bessant & Andrew -
Strikers - Mr. Milne Glad to see you stay in bed
& your return, Geo - Garden Keith Webb -
reasons, write any old day, G-Berrie
hair growing, Jamie & Rhon, Louise Kathleen

Kit - July 7th letters.

Re mails Mr. Winchcombe. Re Grace & Kit -
poor old dear, am so glad Smithie will nurse her,
Mr. Shield - Re Franko's ^{stack} poor kiddie & colds,
Pet Kathleen & Rona - Bonnie Mitchell,
Bruce & Douglas Mc. Re peaceful life after war &
coming over here. Big game shooting - Re returned
men turning out badly, youngsters & teens -
Jock must be a dear little youngster - wasn't it at
the Parks that Murie stayed yrs ago at Theribri,
must answer Bonnie letter & write Jock
where have Joan & Barbie gone to school -
re women in India - no letters - Can't
resign, & would have to go to England first -
I'm all right - but will ask for a transp. 1918 -
poor Allen, dear Franko, so good to have a letter
was wait till our men return, Mr. Bessent &
India, dear old girl, they have quite enough to do
with their money, adored my family as I do -
Joan's letter, the dear notes, loved it - wish she
would write me sometimes, brought 4 swans -
length of holiday, Alan's engagement, Franko
& English wife go, no send some snaps -

re snaps - Bonnie

Murie

No letters for ages - dressing Jack
Re face, glad they had trip down, how
she loved it, Re Pinner, Mr. Martin &
rains - lovely flowers, glad the
lawn panned out - so well - about the Hasalls
son die - Prayer on Shropshire - Re Cable -
Re young Penny - dear old Jack - Mc. Birt -
Frances day at Red Hill, Miss Gillespie - are
they any relation to the Moore G's, just what G
needed after her op - re slugs - re B. Brooke
re "Saladin" Grace says Richard is a lonely child,
longing to see him -

Aunnie

• faundice brought on by chief?
mom at 125
ried - yes back to mesopot
have any more liver; Ill ask for a
almost sure to get it, if not Ill

letting may Norris - re prices
• Shankie's.

Auntie

Grace - jaundice brought on by chills?
with thermometer at 125°
Parker married - yes back to Mesopotamia
& then if I have any more liver, I'll ask for a
transper & almost sure to get it, if not I'll
resign -

Fancy meeting May Norris - re prices
re boy & thankies -

Elf. Re W. Mace from Archie's
office - Re mails - Re France
day - Got odd mails - re Jaci
who was sent man packing boxes -
There are Jean & Barbie, sorry re Maurice
Bartons wife etc, you should see the
women of India - dear old C. & J. -
glad the Snaps got out safely, I'm
some more for these Snaps -
which I had my gold sticks
Strikers - civil war - Gilbert, give the Ruths
address. Fred & Jack,
those damned strikers, to dare to refuse to
handle the soldiers things, Re Mackwoods
do not read Gallipoli, couldn't bear it - I get it every
fortnight, it comes to Colombo, who are the Patrick's
ever, to hear about Mr Honey poor soul, hope you
made plenty for W.C. day, too cold for my thin
things, I guess there will be some corner in Hades,
for the men who have refused to help our soldiers
along the trail, I hope the heat will be some
considerable, rotten the human folk there
are a few things I'd like to say to the cuss,
darling, don't send any more parcels to me, I
have quite enough to do with your money -

Frank & G. B.
Re White - Amstron, & black to?
re deodar trees & little balls;
re Geo & the address at P.S.
Re Talepapur Sikri & the Mahal
Young P. basket - 7th A.S.H.
My fish story,
Undated letter to Geo, leave in
Cairo & London - man & Leopard -
Indian ink notice - Jack coming to see me by
my train, re my going, Pussycat on boat -?
what are your colonies -
my trip up a boat from Calcutta -
The man & shirt - the goat??
The man of India, begin when
the the americans have off
re Fuller's Earth -
"Go Back for flowers"

Mr Cowan

"The Solos letters" Re postage on letters
& parcel, for mother

Notes re places & things -

Of later Moslem art, the crown flower is
the Taj Mahal at Agra; & of the Taj, what
can one say; it is a thing whereof it is
hard to write, for no writing can convey its
peculiar & unique appeal to the emotions.
There was an anecdote related to me
when I was at Agra, it was of a middle
class, middle-aged American, quite paid,
when at home, in "Park". He was doing
India rapidly, with no trace of sentiment
to all appearance, the price of things interesting
him far more than the customs of the East;
no man could have been less readily suspected
of yielding to the emotions, yet when they
took him to the Taj for the first time, on a
night of moon & stars, he gazed in blank
silence for a space as he came through the
entrance portal. Then he lifted up his voice
& wept, disturbing the solemn stillness
with his sobs & ejaculations. So at least
the story was told, by a resident in Agra,
who himself was present & witnessed the
scene. It is not so hard to credit when
you have yourself seen the Taj Mahal by
moonlight or sunset, as I saw it.
One has seen it - 1000 times in P.C., in fable
photographs & clumsy process print, in
watery colour & oils, they cut it out of
cardboard, in imitation marble, it has
been described to death, tourists travel
half round the world to see it, & go home to
gush. If any object could awaken
disillusion & resentment - by being too well
known, that object should be the Agra
shrine. But it comes victoriously through
all, there is no spoiling it,

I admit - The first-view of the Taj is commonly disappointing, but that is because of the conditions under which it is so often taken. The tourist, alert & anxious to lose no time, makes for the tomb, as soon as possible after his arrival in Agra. In the morning or afternoon he rushes out in the heat, he has not time to notice the wonderful old ancient gates thro which he passes, beyond a hasty glance at the Mosques. Then he stops with a gasp of amazement, Is this the Wonder of the World, this smallish square building with its four dumpy cupolas huddling under the dome & the four cylindrical lighthouse towers, looking in the remorseless clearness of the atmosphere absurdly distant from each other. One is apt to be taken aback by the simplicity of whole thing, & one could even imagine him admitting that it was rather pretty, but cold, unresponsive. The dazzling sunlight is flung full on its gleaming surface so white that no bird will rest on it. There are no shadows or softness about it, and the angles come out crudely. If he saw it - but once, & then went away, he would probably continue thinking it "pretty" & smile derisively when he heard its praises sung, but let him pass on across the terrace into the soft glow of the interior. Here the golden sunlight - strays in filtered through exquisite trellises work of marble, till the whole chamber is filled with a soft light, revealing the flowers in low relief on the mural tablets of the anti-chapels & the wonderful inlay of turquoise, poppy, emerald, on the walls of the shrine. Under the vast dome lies the tomb of Mumtaz

Mahal, the great beauty for whom the Shah Jahan built this exquisite monument. But to see the Taj at its best it must be seen by moonlight, or the hour of sunset, when its beauty is revealed, beauty that is withheld from the day view. The marble with the glow of the sunset, on the gleamery of the moon loses its cold snow pallor, & takes on warmth & life, its shadows are not black, but a deep, almost-purple, sea like this. ~~There is something seasons about it, I've~~ heard people say it is feminine, that it lacks strength. But of course it is feminine. The Moslem art was forbidden to imitate the human form, but it could symbolise. Doubtless had the old Shah Jahan been an artist he would have left a painting of the Mumtaz Mahal. As it is, you watch the soft lights hovering around it, as you would watch the soft colouring in the face of some loved face. The meaning which its subtle & allusive art conveys is significantly revealed when you see it neither in full day nor by night, but at the moment after sunset, when most of the light has faded from the sky, & only a few flying streamers of rose & opal are left under a canopy of azure, paling swiftly into greyness. The dim shape, all shrouded in white might be the figure of some veiled Eastern Princess, walking with bowed head & rhythmic footsteps in her gardens by the shining river, and the four watching minarets are the grave & kindly Sentinels keeping guard over the beauty & tenderness the modesty & shrinking charm which so often find shelter behind the purdah screen of Indian womanhood. The Crown of the "Palace" as Mumtaz Mahal ~~was known means~~

was famous for charity & mercifulness as well as for beauty & wit. The Emperor was inconsolable when she died. His had been a true love-match. He tried to console himself by studying for the most skilful architects & craftsmen he could find and with their help & a lavish outpouring of treasure he built the tomb by the Jumna. Purely a great artist was Shah Jahany as well as a great lover. The Palace Fort at Agra is full of gorgeous buildings, & the finest are those which owe their origin to him. The Pearl Mosque a dream of delicacy & grace, by some thought lovelier than the Taj itself. He was 75 when he died, for 7 years he had been confined in the exquisite pavilion called the Jasmintower, in the Agra Fort, & in full view of the Taj, an old & broken king, driven from his throne by his son Aurangzeb, & faithfully attended by his daughter Jehanara, who voluntarily shared his captivity & gave up her life for him. His last day of life he spent gazing down the river to the tomb where Mumtaz Mahal lay. When sunset fell & darkness hid the domes from his sight, he died calling on the name of Allah the Merciful. His sins be forgiven him, He shed blood & broke truth. But he made the world more beautiful. The loved much. They laid him beside the wife he had loved so much, with the same screen of laced & embroidered stone thrown round both to shelter their slumbers & the same unfading flowers blooming by their graves. The Taj, seen from the Jasmintower of the Palace, itself a box of gems, in a wonderful setting, as the sun sets, is one of the most beautiful sights possible.

Jatchpur Sikri (The dead city)
India has numbers of dead cities, Chitor, Amber, near Jaipur, among its green deserted hills. The huge fortresses of Golkonda, & Vijayanagar, the once mighty centre of the Hindu Kingdom of Southern India with its forest of ruined temples, but none of these can vie in impressiveness with Akbar's capital of Jatchpur Sikri, some 20 miles from Agra. For the other places are more or less ruinous & time-worn, but the Palace of Jatchpur Sikri looks as it must almost have done when it came fresh from the builder's hand some 3 centuries ago. There is no mould or clay upon its walls, no broken arches, or ruined columns, or crumbling ornaments. It lies too far into the wilderness for vandalism or barbaric spite to have wrecked it, and the clear dry air has dealt so lightly with the red sandstone of its fabric, that it stands today, intact in its desolation, — an island fragment of that vanished Moghul Empire. Dead & still it lies, bare & cold its audience-halls, its Council Chambers, its galleries, its temples, its baths & playing-grounds & the cages of chiselled stone where Akbar's women lived. It seems as tho the Westroving Angel had breathed upon it in a night & swept all life out of it in a blast, leaving the cenotaph of empty courts to stand in petrified perfection through the ages. It dates back to no very remote antiquity & in this it resembles all that is best in the architecture of Northern India. Elizabeth had been Queen of England six years when Akbar halted his men on his march at the lonely village of Sikri.

where the Sheikh Saleem Christi, a holy
anchorite, prayed & fasted in his cave,
Akbar held his court there for no more than
17 years, when he removed to Agra, some
accounts aver that the transfer was prompted
by consideration for the feelings of the Saint.
Saleem Christi, the holy man complained that
the Concourse of human beings in the City
& Palaces disturbed his devotions & that
either he or the Emperor must go elsewhere,
but recent inquiries have suggested that
the City of Victory was more probably
deserted because the water supply was inadequate.
Whatever the cause, there it stands, the
most splendid & striking testimony to that
capricious & irresponsible Eastern
despotism, which could use the lives, the
labour, the destinies of men for its own
purposes, & could at its will call rich &
populous towns into being, in the wilder-
ness, & drop them back again into solitude
& silence. Nowhere does that come
quite so clearly before us as in the beautiful
dead city Akbar built & left.

Jeans: Re feelings, & natives
w/oly horror of B. Com - Re old Williams
rejoice - poor End, re persons
& submarine - my love! they wont be able
to see my heels for spray when once
the war is over & I hit the trail for Australia
Card from Leo Chateau

pp 3708

Sister W. Hobbes.
Military Hospital
Valletta - Malta



Ich Wien.

See that all diet-sheets
are marked up.
Alter diet-sheets on Wed or Tues-
for Cigarettes & Tobacco.
Get list ready for Red X
for Wed morning, 9-30 am.
Ask about Garrison men
& their food, make order clear.
Counter Prickants.

for relief of pain by drawing
blood from inflamed surface.
- reflex action - local application.
Cupping - Mustard plaster -
Mustard leaf. Iodine -
Liniments - ointments
Lotions. Blisters, Croton oil
(few drops on lint - leaves scars)
Actual Caustery - Leeches.

Red X - Wed 9-30 am

Pipes - Chocolate
Tooth brush & Powder
face cloths - Matches
Pen - Valentines meat-
juice - Writing block -
Lead pencil - Note book
Sweets - Handkerchiefs

See about Gas ring

Pie Mills - in place of Begg's

17 Humanity & in Humanity
10 by A.S. Elwell - Dutton
6
1-13. Commander of
"Westerly"

Washing 4-1-17-

at - 1 - Pillowslip ^{one filled} - 2
sh - 2 - Nightie - 1
soms 3 Cuffs - 2 pair
sode 1 - Cap 1

10 - 1 - 17-

ress - 1 - Overall - 1
serrons 5 - Petticoat - 1
sp - 1 - Cuffs - 1 pair
owels 2.

18 - 1 - 17-

Sheet - 1 - Pillowslip 1
serrons 4 - Towels 2
p 1 Cuffs 2
llar 1 Dress 1

Red X - Wed 9-30 am

Pipes - Chocolate
Tooth brush & Powder.
face cloths - Matches,
Pen - Valentines meat-
juice - Writing block -
Lead pencil + Note book
Sweets - Handkerchiefs.

See about Gas ring.

Pie Mills - in place of Bega

17 Humanity & in Humanity
10 by A.S. Elwell - Dutton²
6
1-13. Commander of
"Westerly"

Washing 4-1-17-

at - 1 - Pillow slip ^{one filled} - 2
sh - 2 - Nightie - 1
soms 3 Cuffs - 2 pair
sode 1 - Cap 1

10 - 1 - 17-

ress - 1 - Overall - 1
srows 5 - Petticoat - 1
ap - 1 - Cuffs - 1 pair
owels 2.

18 - 1 - 17-

eat - 1 - Pillow slip 1
srows 4 - Towels 2
p 1 Cuffs 2
llar 1 Dress 1

Red X - Wed 9-30 a/c

Pipes - Chocolate
Tooth brush & Powder.
face cloths - Matches
Pen - Valentines meat-
juice - Writing block -
Lead pencil - Note book
Sweets - Handkerchiefs.

See about Gas ring.

Pie Mills - in place of Bega

17 Humanity & his Humanity
10 by A.S. Elwell - Dutton
6
1-13. Commander of
"Westerly"

6
6

Washing 4-1-17-

at - 1 - Pillowslip ^{one filled} - 2
ts - 2 - Nightie - 1
rows 3 - Cupps - 2 pair
sode 1 - Cap 1

10 - 1 - 17-

ress - 1 - Overall - 1
erows 5 - Petticoat - 1
ep - 1 - Cupps - 1 pair
owels 2.

18 - 1 - 17-

eat - 1 - Pillowslip 1
erows 4 - Towels 2
p 1 - Cupps 2
llar 1 - Dress 1

Red x - Wed 9-30

Pipes - Chocolate
Tooth brush & Powder
face cloths - Matches
Pen - Valentines med
juice - writing block
Lead pencil - Note book
Sweets - Handkerchief

See about Gas ring

Pie Mills - in place of

17 Humanity & in Humanity
10 by A.S. Elwell - Dutton
6
1-13. Commander of
"Westerly"

Washing 4-1-17-

Sheet - 1 - Pillow slip ^{one filled} - 2
Towels - 2 - Nightie - 1
Aprons 3 Cuffs - 2 pair
Camisole 1 - Cap 1

10 - 1 - 17-

Dress - 1 - Overall - 1
Aprons 5 - Petticoat - 1
Cap - 1 - Cuffs - 1 pair
Towels 2.

18 - 1 - 17-

Sheet - 1 - Pillow slip 1
Aprons 4 - Towels 2
Cap 1 Cuffs 2
collar 1 Dress 1

26-1-17.

Sheet - 1 - Pillowslip 1
Towels 2 - Aprons 6
Cap 1 - Belt - 1
Cuffs 1 pair Night gown 1

31-1-17

Sheet - 1 - Towels - 2
Pillowslip 1 - dress - 1
Aprons 6 - Cap - 1

Go round at 8-15-
& see where orderlies & Sisters
are wanted, & worst Cases -
then go & see if tent all right
oil - water etc. Note bed cases -
Come back to mess & see
that all lamps are out &
everything straight for the

night - Go back to tent,
prepare supper & get
everything ready in case
of emergency call out,
1/4 to 12 Supper for self, 14-13-112
& one Sister from 10 one from 9.
& one from 7-8 or 3-4 - then get
supper ready for 2nd batch at 1/4
to 1, 1 from officers, 1 from 10 & 1
from 7-8 or 3-4, & while they are
at it, do a round & at 2 am,
come over to mess & put
large urn on, for morning, &
go back to tent till 4 am,
Come to mess & put on kettles.
get Matron & Home Sister tray
ready, take over from mess
tent - any of the mess tins,
etc. See any bad cases,

do another round at 5 am
& gather up slips, getting
to quarters by 1/4 to 5. make
matrons tea & Miss Murray,
& look around generally,
then write report for
matron -

Go round & make note of
all seriously ill cases -
then tell matron -

Tell Bailey to change
Miss Whittaker's room
first thing in morning,

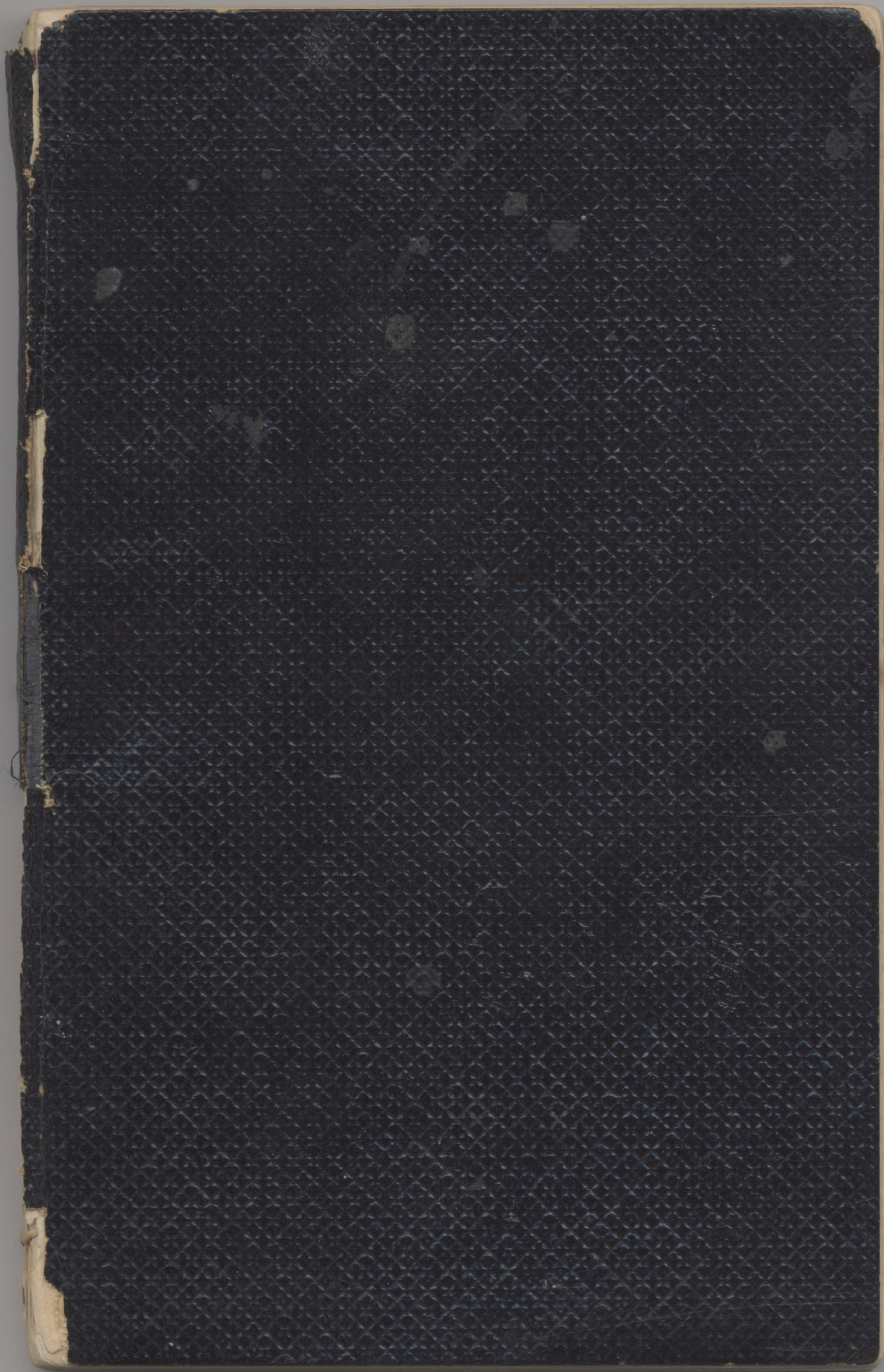
Miss Murphy re Servant:
Statement

Her Part -

She longed to creep away - to hide her heart;
God showed her work, in life's vast-busy mart!

She longed to weep: to shed hot-tears awhile;
God taught - for sake of others - she must smile!

And, as she struggled with the care - ^{heavy} -
God healed her heart - & taught her soul a song.





"Mahalla" - old slave dhow -
on the Tigris, carrying dates
to India & other places in
the season from
Mesopotamia

POST CARD

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Dearest old Mum & family
just to wish you all good wishes for a
peaceful New Year & all good luck for 1917.

Yours lovingly
Marnie

32nd B.G.H.

Amara
Mesopotamia

25-11-16



"Mahalla" - old Slave Dhow -
on the Tigris, carrying dates
to India, and other places
during the season, from
Mesopotamia.

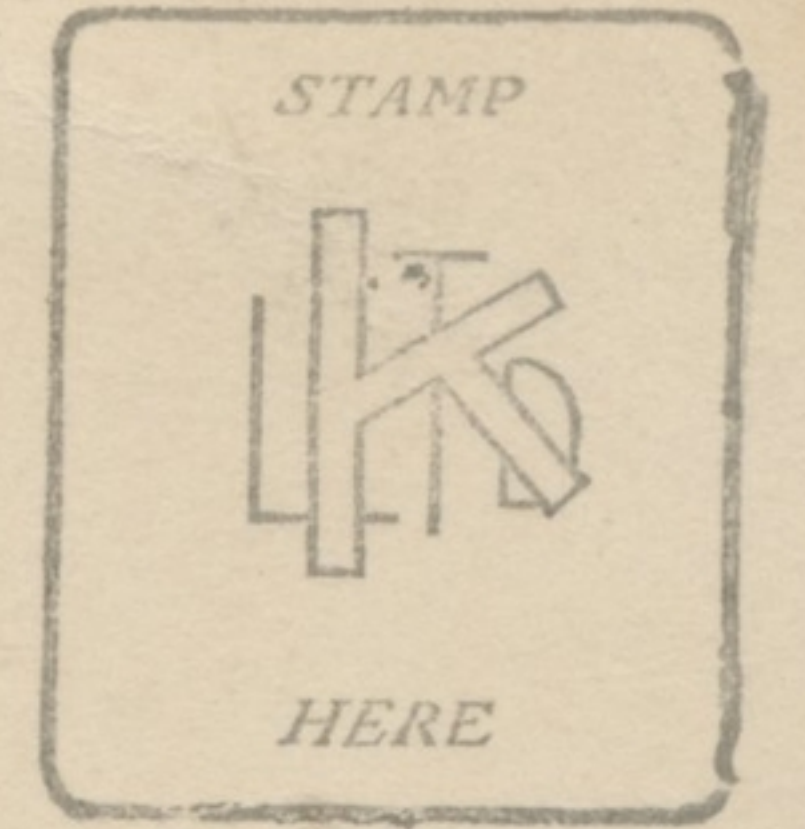
Beyond the Date Palm Grove
stretches the Syrian desert -
in Arabia, the dates only go
back about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile, where
it is irrigated,

POST CARD

CARTE POSTALE

Communication—Correspondance

Address—Adresse



Warlikest-Mausy & Els.

With all good wishes for a peaceful
New Year & for 1917.

Yours lovingly

Narrise

32nd B.G.H.

Amara

Mesopotamia

25-11-16