

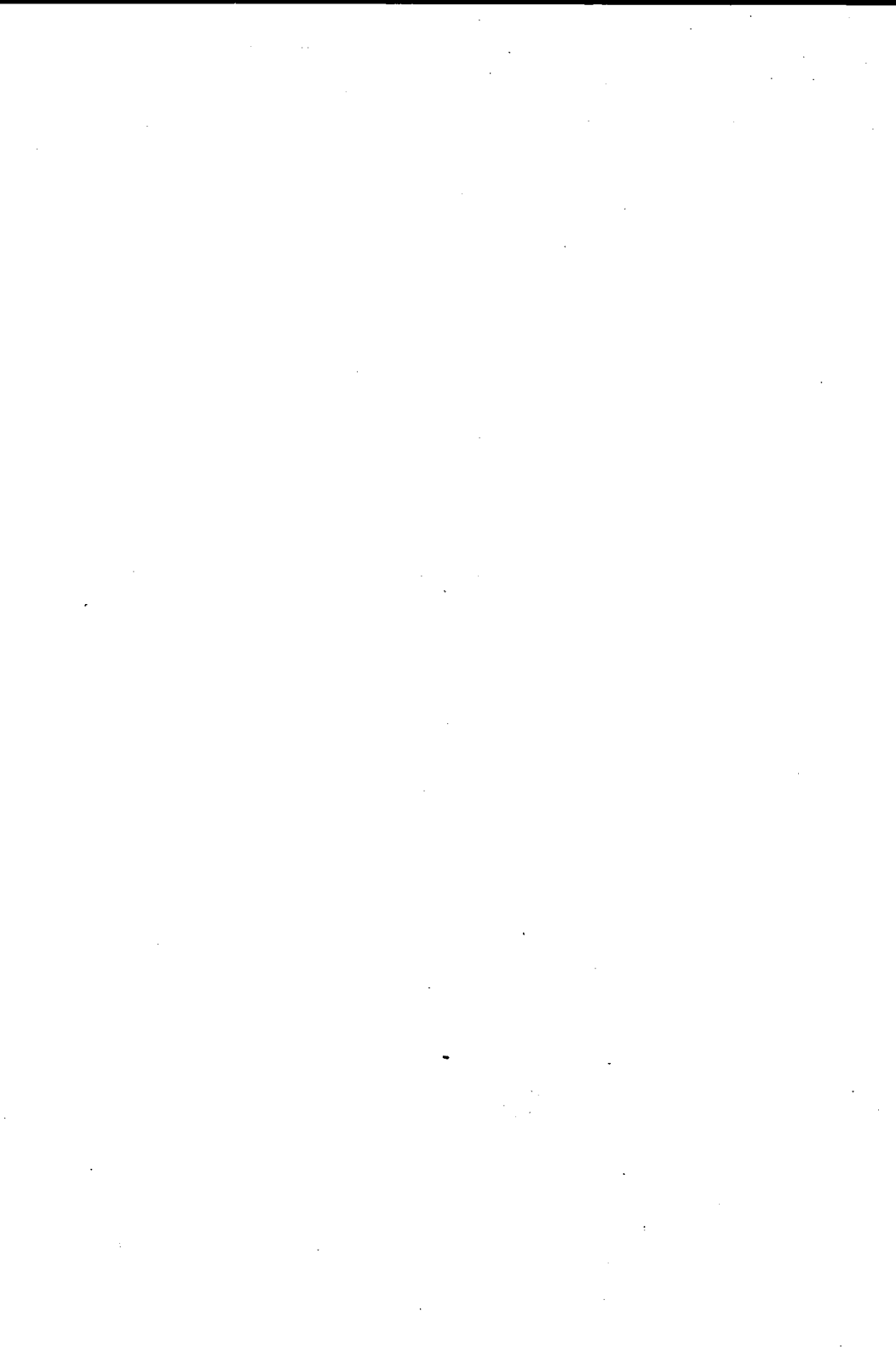
# WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA

By  
LOWELL THOMAS

*With Frontispiece and 64 other illustrations.*

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.  
PATERNOSTER ROW

**WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA**



# WITH LAWRENCE IN ARABIA

By  
LOWELL THOMAS

*With Frontispiece and 64 other Illustrations.*

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO.  
PATERNOSTER ROW

TO EIGHTEEN GENTLEMEN OF CHICAGO  
THIS NARRATIVE OF A MODERN  
ARABIAN KNIGHT IS GRATE-  
FULLY DEDICATED.

## FOREWORD

SURELY no one ever offered a volume to the public who was quite so deeply indebted to others, and I have long looked forward to the opportunity of expressing my gratitude. To do this I must turn back the pages of time to the days when, accompanied by my photographic colleague, Mr. Harry A. Chase, and two other assistants, I left America to gather information and secure a pictorial record of the various phases of the struggle that was then in progress all the way from the North Sea to far off Arabia.

We had set forth early in 1917 and were expected to return at the end of a year or so to help in the work of stimulating enthusiasm for the Allied Cause. The late Mr. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of Interior, had suggested that I resign from the faculty of Princeton University in order to undertake this. To Secretary Lane, Secretary of the Navy Daniels, and Secretary for War Baker, who were responsible for our becoming attached successively to the various Allied armies, I am indebted for the opportunities which enabled me to obtain the material for this volume. This was before a special appropriation had been set aside for such work, and as the result of Secretary Lane's suggestion, eighteen distinguished private citizens supplied the funds for the undertaking.

Mr. Chase and I have just concluded a three-year speaking tour of the world, during which I have shown the pictorial record and narrated to several million people the story which we brought back of Allenby's conquest of the Holy Land, and the hitherto unknown story of Lawrence and the War in the land of the Arabian Nights. The generous praise and innumerable courtesies

which have been extended to us during this tour have been received by us on behalf of these eighteen nameless gentlemen. For it is to them that the credit is due. In Europe, Americans are commonly regarded as mere worshippers of Mammon; yet these financiers are typical American business men, and if this book proves to be a contribution of value because it happens to be the only written fragmentary record of the most romantic campaign in history, then the credit belongs to these unselfish, anonymous gentlemen of Chicago. For had it not been for them, the story of Colonel Lawrence's achievements in Arabia might never have been told, and might never have become very widely known even among his own countrymen.

To Colonel John Buchan, who in those days was one of the mysterious high priests of the Ministry of Information, I am indebted for the permit that got me out to Palestine at the time when other missions were not allowed there, and at the time when Allenby, Britain's modern Cœur de Lion, was leading his army in the most brilliant cavalry campaign of all time. I also am deeply indebted to the great Commander-in-Chief himself, and likewise to the chief of his Intelligence Staff, Brigadier-General Sir Gilbert F. Clayton. It was they who were responsible for our being the only observers attached to the Shereefian forces in Holy Arabia.

During the time that Mr. Chase and I were in Arabia, I found it impossible to extract much information from Lawrence himself regarding his own achievements. He insisted on giving the entire credit to Emir Feisal and other Arab leaders, and to his fellow adventurers, Colonel Wilson, of the Sudan, Newcombe, Joyce, Dawnay, Bassett, Vickery, Cornwallis, Hogarth, Stirling, etc., all of whom did magnificent work in Arabia. So to them I went for much of my material, and I am indebted to various members of this group of brilliant men whom General Clayton used in his Near Eastern Secret Corps. Eager to tell me of the achievements of their quiet scholarly companion, they refused to say much about

themselves, although their own deeds rivalled those of the heroes of "The Arabian Nights."

To the Right Honourable Lord Riddell, and to Mr. Louis D. Froelick, editor of *Asia Magazine*, I am grateful for the encouragement which led me to believe that I should attempt the delightful task of recording what little I know of this romance of real life. I owe a special debt to Miss Elsie Weil, former managing editor of *Asia Magazine*; also to Captain Alan Bott, M.C., R.A.F. ("Contact"); to my colleague, Mr. Dale Carnegie, the American novelist; and to my wife—for it was their invaluable co-operation that finally enabled me to prepare this volume.

There are others infinitely better qualified than I to give the world a full account of the Arabian Revolution. For instance, Commander D. G. Hogarth, the famous Arabian authority who played a prominent advisory part, could easily do this. It is to be hoped that his archaeological work and duties as curator of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford will not prevent him from preparing a final official history. But it is to Lawrence himself that we must look for the inside story of the War in the land of the Arabian Nights.

Unhappily, no matter how much unselfish work a man does for his country, and no matter how modest he is, there are always people hovering about on the side lines ready to tear his record to pieces. For instance, there are those who say that Lawrence has received altogether too much "publicity" through me. They piously declare that this is not in accordance with military ethics. There may be something in this, though I doubt it. But if there is, the blame should *all* be mine.

There is no question but what the praise I have given him has embarrassed him exceedingly. Indeed had he realised when I was in Arabia, that I one day would be going up and down the world shouting his praises, I have not the slightest doubt but what he would have planted one of his nitro-glycerine "tulips" under me, instead of under a Turkish train!



However, not only did Lawrence little dream that I might one day be "booming him," as he describes it, but it had never even occurred to me that I should be so doing. The conspirators who were largely responsible for my coming to England were Sir William Jury, formerly of the Ministry of Information, and Major Evelyn Wrench, of the English Speaking Union, and more particularly, Mr. Percy Burton, the London impresario formerly associated with Sir Henry Irving, and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson. It was Mr. Burton who came to me in New York and inveigled me into agreeing to appear for a season at Covent Garden Royal Opera House, London, with my production, "With Allenby in Palestine and Lawrence in Arabia."

Another "bazaar rumour" that has been going the rounds is to the effect that Colonel Lawrence has renounced Christianity and turned Mohammedan. This also is the offspring of some feverish imagination! From what I saw of Lawrence I rather believe that he is a better Christian than the most of us. In his introduction to a new edition of Doughty's classic, "Arabia Deserta," he says of that great Arabian traveller: "He was book-learned, but simple in the arts of living, trustful of every man, very silent. He was the first Englishman they had met. He predisposed them to give a chance to other men of his race, because they found him honourable and good. So he broke a road for his religion. They say that he seemed proud only of being Christian, and yet never crossed their faith." The tribute he pays to Doughty, might be applied equally appropriately to himself.

L. T.

---

The introduction by T. E. Lawrence to "Travels in Arabia Deserta," by Charles Montague Doughty, which the author quotes on page 311, is contained in the edition published in 1921 by Messrs. Jonathan Cape.

# CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
FOREWORD - - - -	V
I. A MODERN ARABIAN KNIGHT - -	15
II. IN SEARCH OF A LOST CIVILIZATION -	21
III. AN ARCHÆOLOGIST TURNED SOLDIER -	37
IV. THE CULT OF THE BLOOD OF MOHAMMED	47
V. THE FALL OF JEDDA AND MECCA -	57
VI. THE GATHERING OF THE DESERT TRIBES	72
VII. THE BATTLE AT THE WELLS OF ABU EL LISSAL - - - -	82
VIII. THE CAPTURE OF THE ANCIENT SEAPORT OF KING SOLOMON - - - -	89
IX. ACROSS THE RED SEA TO JOIN LAWRENCE AND FEISAL - - - -	97
X. THE BATTLE OF SEIL EL HASA - -	112
XI. LAWRENCE THE TRAIN-WRECKER -	118
XII. DRINKERS OF THE MILK OF WAR -	127
XIII. AUDA ABU TAYI, THE BEDOUIN ROBIN- HOOD - - - -	132
XIV. KNIGHTS OF THE BLACK TENTS - -	139
XV. MY LORD THE CAMEL - - - -	146
XVI. ABDULLAH THE POCK-MARKED, AND THE STORY OF FERRAJ AND DAOUD -	152

CHAPTER	PAGE
XVII. AN EYE FOR AN EYE, AND A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH - - - - -	157
XVIII. "A ROSE-RED CITY HALF AS OLD AS TIME" - - - - -	165
XIX. A BEDOUIN BATTLE IN A CITY OF GHOSTS - - - - -	180
XX. "THE RELATIVE IN MY HOUSE" -	188
XXI. THROUGH THE TURKISH LINES IN DISGUISE - - - - -	195
XXII. THE GREATEST HOAX SINCE THE TROJAN HORSE - - - - -	205
XXIII. A CAVALRY-NAVAL ENGAGEMENT, AND LAWRENCE'S LAST GREAT RAID -	211
XXIV. THE DOWNFALL OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE - - - - -	219
XXV. LAWRENCE RULES IN DAMASCUS, AND THE TREACHERY OF THE ALGERIAN EMIR -	231
XXVI. TALES OF THE SECRET CORPS - -	240
XXVII. JOYCE AND CO. AND THE ARABIAN KNIGHTS OF THE AIR - - - - -	246
XXVIII. FEISAL AND LAWRENCE AT THE BATTLE OF PARIS - - - - -	255
XXIX. LAWRENCE NARROWLY ESCAPES DEATH; ADVENTURES OF FEISAL AND HUSSEIN -	264
XXX. LAWRENCE FLEES FROM LONDON, AND FEISAL BECOMES KING IN BAGDAD -	273
XXXI. THE SECRET OF LAWRENCE'S SUCCESS	287
XXXII. THE ART OF HANDLING ARABS - -	293
XXXIII. LAWRENCE THE MAN - - - -	304

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Colonel T. E. Lawrence, the mystery man of Arabia - - - - -	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	<i>Facing page</i>
The "uncrowned king" of the Arabs on the Governor's balcony in Jerusalem - -	18
"Arabia Deserta" - - - -	19
The archæologist and poet who turned soldier -	32
Lawrence at headquarters in Cairo - -	33
A muezzin calling the faithful to prayer -	40
Lawrence on his racing camel - - -	41
Emir Feisal, now King in Mesopotamia - -	48
Hussein I., King of the Hedjaz, "Commander of the Faithful," and founder of a new Arabian dynasty - - - - -	49
The last resting-place of the mother of us all -	62
The Waldorf-Astoria of Arabia - - -	63
Lawrence usually dressed in robes of spotless white	86
A sheik of Araby - - - - -	87
Colonel Lawrence and the Author - - -	100
Shereef Lawrence outside his tent - - -	101
The effect of a tulip on a Turkish bridge - -	120
A crash in the desert - - - - -	121
Lowell Thomas - - - - -	130
A council of war in the desert - - - -	131
Sheik Auda Abu Tayi, the Bedouin Robin Hood. Sheik Mohammed Abu Tayi, "the Father of Eloquence" - - - - -	132
Lawrence in Arab robes - - - - -	133

	FACING PAGE
Shoreline at the head of the Gulf of Akaba -	136
The dreamer whose dreams came true -	137
From archæologist to world's champion train-wrecker - - - - -	140
Bedouin Irregulars ready for a raid on the Turks -	141
The Bedouins are particularly fond of revolvers, wrist-watches and field-glasses - - -	158
An Arab thoroughbred - - - - -	159
Our caravan approaching " The Lost City " -	170
" We wandered for days, but never came to the end of the temples and buildings carved from the solid rock " - - - - -	171
" Pharaoh's Treasury " as the " Temple of Daia " -	176
" We rode into the vast auditorium on our camels " -	177
The three-storied Temple - - - - -	186
" A magic city hid in Araby " - - - - -	187
" The relative in my house " - - - - -	188
Lawrence occasionally visited enemy territory disguised as a gypsy woman of Syria - -	189
The peasant women of Syria are born jugglers -	192
The modern yashmak worn by the ladies of Cairo is a feeble excuse for the veil worn by the orthodox inmates of the harems of Arabia - -	193
Emir Feisal and Shereef Lawrence conferring with Bedouin sheiks - - - - -	208
Emir Feisal mounted on his favourite Arab charger -	209
Colonel Dawney of the Coldstream Guards -	220
Commander D. G. Hogarth, a famous authority on Arabia - - - - -	221
Colonel Joyce, Commander of the Arab Regulars -	222
Armoured cars in Holy Arabia - - - - -	223
Lawrence's mountain-guns in action - - - - -	232
General Jafaar Pasha from Bagdad - - - - -	233

Colonel Lawrence conferring with one of his advisers at the Arab Bureau in Cairo	-	-	244
Colonel Joyce	-	-	245
Feisal I., " King of Bagdad "	-	-	256
Emir Feisal and staff at the Peace Conference	-	-	257
The Author, sketched by James McBey, official artist attached to Field-Marshal Allenby's forces during the " Last Crusade "	-	-	263
An Arab Apollo	-	-	264
" In his desert robes looked like the reincarnation of one of the prophets of old "	-	-	280
A brigand from Jebel Druz	-	-	281
" Shereef " Lawrence	-	-	288
A camel caravan in the Wadi Araba	-	-	289
Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby of Jerusalem and Feisal I., King of Iraq and ruler of Bagdad	-	-	294
Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby, the modern suc- cessor to Richard Cœur de Lion	-	-	295
Tallal el Hareidhin of Tafas	-	-	308
A Syrian villager	-	-	309
Colonel Lawrence	-	-	310
General Fakri Pasha, the Turkish tiger who defended Medina	-	-	311
Lawrence confers with Arab Nationalist leaders from Bagdad and Damascus	-	-	314
The king-maker	-	-	315

*The Publishers desire to state that Colonel Lawrence is not the source from which the facts in this volume were obtained, nor is he in any way responsible for its contents.*

# With Lawrence in Arabia

## CHAPTER I

### A MODERN ARABIAN KNIGHT

ONE day not long after Allenby had captured Jerusalem, I happened to be in front of a bazaar stall on Christian Street, remonstrating with a fat old Turkish shopkeeper who was attempting to relieve me of twenty piastres for a handful of dates. My attention was suddenly drawn to a group of Arabs walking in the direction of the Damascus Gate. The fact that they were Arabs was not what caused me to drop my tirade against the high cost of dates, for Palestine, as all men know, is inhabited by a far greater number of Arabs than Jews. My curiosity was excited by a single Bedouin, who stood out in sharp relief from all his companions. He was wearing an agal, kuffieh, and abba such as are worn only by Near Eastern potentates. In his belt was fastened the short curved sword of a prince of Mecca, insignia worn by descendants of the Prophet.

Christian Street is one of the most picturesque and kaleidoscopic thoroughfares in the Near East. Russian Jews, with their corkscrew curls, Greek priests in tall black hats and flowing robes, fierce desert nomads in goatskin coats reminiscent of the days of Abraham, Turks in balloon-like trousers, Arab merchants lending a brilliant note with their gay turbans and gowns all rub elbows in that narrow lane of bazaars, shops, and coffee-houses that leads to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.



Jerusalem is not a melting-pot. It is an uncompromising meeting-place of East and West. Here are accentuated, as if sharply outlined in black and white by the desert sun, the racial peculiarities of Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan peoples. A stranger must, indeed, have something extraordinary about him to attract attention in the streets of the Holy City. But as this young Bedouin passed by in his magnificent royal robes, the crowds in front of the bazaars turned to look at him.

It was not merely his costume, nor yet the dignity with which he carried his five feet three, marking him every inch a king or perhaps a caliph in disguise who had stepped out of the pages of "The Arabian Nights." The striking fact was that this mysterious prince of Mecca looked no more like a son of Ishmael than an Abyssinian looks like one of Stefansson's red-haired Esquimaux; Bedouin, although of the Caucasian race, have had their skins scorched by the relentless desert sun until their complexions are the colour of lava. But this young man was as blond as a Scandinavian, in whose veins flow viking blood and the cool traditions of fjords and sagas.

The nomadic sons of Ishmael all wear flowing beards, as their ancestors did in the time of Esau. This youth, with the curved gold sword, was clean shaven. He walked rapidly with his hands folded, his blue eyes oblivious to his surroundings, and he seemed wrapped in some inner contemplation.

My first thought as I glanced at his face was that he might be one of the younger apostles returned to life. His expression was serene, almost saintly, in its selflessness and repose.

"Who is he?" I turned eagerly to the Turk profiteer, who could only manipulate a little tourist English. He merely shrugged his shoulders.

"Who could he be?" I was certain I could obtain some information about him from General Storrs, governor of the Holy City, and so I strolled over in the direction of his palace beyond the old wall, near