



No. 1.

OCT., 1916.

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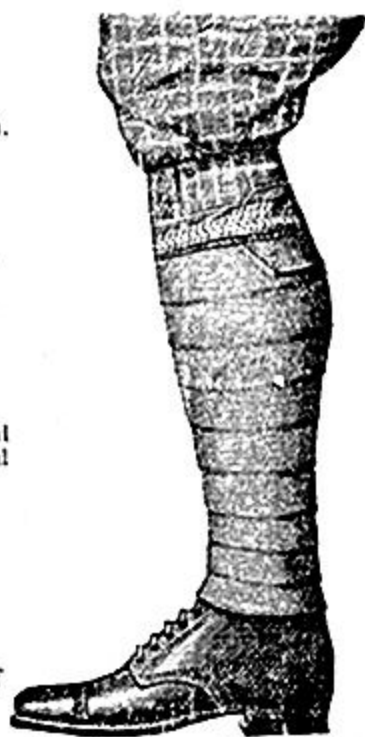
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THE LONDONER.

THE JOURNAL OF THE 1/25TH BATTALION THE LONDON REGIMENT.

BY PERMISSION OF

Lieut-Col ARTHUR CHURCHILL.

No. 1—Vol. I.]

OCTOBER 1916.

[PRICE ANNAS 3.

ROUND AND ABOUT.

HEBBAL.

We have been at Hebbal nearly four months now and have more or less settled down to sand and canvas. The change from Barracks was not exactly pleasant at first but now that we have become accustomed to the peculiarities and short-comings of the place, the opinion is that after all it is "not so bad."

THE ORCHESTRA.

The orchestra continues to flourish, and under the able leadership of 2nd Lieut. Hurburgh has more than justified its formation. In addition to a number of important performances it has given, including an appearance before H. H. the Maharajah of Cooch Behar, at Ismalia his Bangalore residence, it has added materially to the success of the Battalion concerts.

A SUGGESTION.

Reference to the Battalion concerts reminds us of a suggestion that was thrown out recently. Why not a Brigade concert circuit? All the Battalions possess a number of excellent artistes, and each party could arrange to give a concert at the other stations. By the time four shows have been given by each concert party new numbers and "business" could

doubtless be arranged and another tour made. Properly organised the scheme should certainly do much to advance the entertainments in the Brigade. What do our contemporaries think?

KOLAR.

In the athletic column you will find mention of a cup presented to the Battalion by our Kolar friends. This is further proof of the open heartedness and sportsmanship of the Gold Fields people. Many of the Londons have to thank Kolar for some delightful times and although gold is claimed as its chief product we feel inclined to place generosity and hospitality first. We have certainly been fortunate in gaining such a valuable friendship.

Our sincere thanks, Kolar!

SERGEANTS' DINNER.

The Sergeants Mess ninth annual dinner was held at Hebbal recently and proved a most successful event. A large marquee was erected and tastefully decorated. The orchestra played during dinner and an excellent variety programme was performed afterwards by members of the Battalion Concert Party. Nearly all our officers were present and quite a number of visitors from the many Messes in

Bangalore. Kolar was represented, and we understand that the "Gold Fields" visitor declared it to be "some" night. His after dinner speech was certainly very flattering. The Committee are to be congratulated on the excellence of the arrangements and on what was undoubtedly a complete success.

COURSES.

The Battalion is still sending N. C. O's to courses of instruction in Gymnastics, Musketry, Cookery, Nursing, Signalling, Drill and Field duties, and Machine Gun training. This craving for Military knowledge is becoming something of an obsession, and, if it continues, we foresee the time when we shall have to attend commercial and professional courses to fit us again for our normal callings.

Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Waldo Hunt, who has lately taken over the Y. M. C. A. at Hebbal Camp tells us that we may expect considerable improvements in the appearance and conditions of the tents, including the provision of newspaper stands and some new games. He hopes to be able to arrange a programme for the thatched building adjoining the tents covering five nights a week and including lantern lectures, impromptu concerts, Bible discussion classes, bioscope shows and a Literary and Debating Society, to which latter Indian students would be invited occasionally. If possible, arrangements will be made for trips to places of interest in the neighbourhood, with Indian guides. Mr. Waldo Hunt lives at the N. E. corner of the camp and will be pleased to see anyone who cares to drop in for a chat.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

We are asked to announce that there are a few vacancies for new members in the Battalion Choral Society. Apply to the Hon. Sec., Cyc. F. Cole, No. 3 Platoon. Practices are held, by kind permission of the Chaplain, in his tent on Tuesdays and Fridays at 6 p. m. Major Easton and Captain Wildy have given some copies of glees, and promise further help.

VISITING ROUNDS.

THE LONDONER.

Bombay's the Queen of Cities,
Calcutta's fine they say,
Hyderabad is none so bad,
Simla's bright and gay,
Pondicherry is lively, very,
But if you ask me, I'm
For dear old—dirty old—foggy old London,
London every time!

India's sky is sunny,
London's sky is grey,
Bangalore grows more and more
Attractive every day.
Always here the air is clear,
I choose, for all its grime,
Dear old—dirty old—foggy old London,
London every time!

India has the Ganges,
Thames is just a rill,
Kinchinjanga's more than a finger
Bigger than Primrose Hill.
Flying-fish play at Mandalay,
You can have the lot, for I'm
For dear old—dirty old—foggy old London
London every time!

BACILLUS.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Discipline: Its Cause and Cure. By Pte. G. Rouser. Calcutta: Free Press Ltd. (Rs. 15).

Bees and Their Ways: By Captain H. G. Blunden, with 40 black and white illustrations by W.A. Budd and R. E. Guest. Closepet: Stuntz Ltd. (Rs. 2 nett).

Hints on Gardening: By Christopher Wakeman. London: Covent & Garden (2d. Nett. Edition de luxe 21/- Nett).

Sinovitis: Its Pains and Pleasures. By Lieut. A. M. Bell, with a Note on Operations by Corpl. Guy Pryor. Printed for the Author. (Re. 1).

Catering for Tourists: With special notes on Railway Refreshment Bars. By J. A. Suttle, Mysore Buffet Press. (annas 14).

A Tax on Bachelors and Childless People. By H. P. Beesley. London: Increase and Multiply. (2/6 nett).

Rats: How to Kill and Preserve them: By Corpl. Jessett. Hebbal: The Pioneer Publishing Coy. Ltd. (Rs. 2).

WAR NOTE OF THE MONTH.**ENTER ROUMANIA.**

The most important news that has come to us for many months is the entry of Roumania into the war on the side of the Allies. An army of 700,000 fresh troops is in itself not to be spoken of lightly even in this war of millions, but there is far more in the new development than the mere matter of men. When we look at the position of Roumania, we can see within a little what her intervention means.

For the last forty years or more there has been a continual striving in the Balkans, on the one hand by the various little states for supremacy, and on the other hand by the big European nations to preserve peace amongst what were almost looked upon as a collection of naughty children. Greece, Turkey, Bulgaria, Servia, Roumania and Montenegro all had their conflicting ambitions and hopes which led eventually to the two Balkan wars of four or five years ago. Bulgaria, Servia, Greece and Montenegro succeeded in strafing Turkey only to fall out amongst themselves, with the result that Bulgaria was badly beaten and Greece and Servia nearly doubled their territories. Now what part did Roumania play? Very wisely she kept out of the quarrel with Turkey and bided her time. When Bulgaria had had her drubbing, Roumania declared war on her and by an almost bloodless invasion reached the Bulgarian capital, Sofia, and annexed a large piece of country bordering on the Danube. Therefore, at the end of the Balkan wars, Roumania was in the excellent position of having obtained a maximum gain at the minimum cost.

Then came the great war. Bulgaria and Turkey sided with Germany, and Servia and Montenegro, already exhausted by two wars, were practically blotted out before the Allies could help them. What should Roumania do? She was right in the thick of the fighting, but to gain anything by entering the war she must be on the winning side. To be otherwise meant following the fate of Servia.

To join Germany, too, meant fighting Russia to whom she owed her very national creation and existence, and for whom, unlike Bulgaria, she still retained feelings of gratitude. Therefore the Roumanians again sat on the fence like a wise people. They did not want to fight Russia, and they had to be sure of being on the winning side.

That was the position of things till the three great offensives, the Russian, Anglo-French and Italian developed. The success of the Allies decided her course, and Roumania took up arms against Germany. And this is a fact of vital political importance.

Greece knows now what we have known ever since 4th August 1914, namely that the Allies will win, and she has her own salvation to work out. At present she is in as ignominious a position as a warlike nation could possibly be. If she remains neutral, she will find Roumania the strongest power in the Balkans, and it is more than likely that where Roumania leads, Greece will follow.

So much for the political side. Now how can the Allies put to the best use this new bolt in their locker? If you look at the map of Europe you will see how Roumania is wedged in amongst the combatants. She has Russia on the north, Hungary on the west, Bulgaria on the south, and the Black Sea on the east, whilst Servia just touches her frontiers on the south-west. Right across from Roumania in a N. W. direction run the Carpathians, a broad range twice as high as Snowdon, forming roughly the frontier between Russia and Austria-Hungary. To the north of them Russia and the Hun have been fighting desperately all through the war on a front that stretches from the Carpathians right across Europe to the Baltic. South of the Carpathians lie the plains of Hungary, flat, easy country all the way to Vienna and Budapest, the twin capitals of Austria-Hungary, and if the Allies can get there—exit Austria. Before Roumania came into the war, Russia's only line of advance on these cities lay across the Carpathians, not a pleasant obstacle on your line of communications where the snow in winter is waist deep in the passes. But now she can pour troops through Roumania and invade

Austria-Hungary without meeting any serious natural obstacles. Better than this, Russia can completely turn the right flank of all those huge armies which have been holding her back so long.

The entry of Roumania gives the Allies a new field to manœuvre in as long as the whole Eastern Front. To meet such an attack Austria must stretch her already sorely strung-out lines a further 400 miles, and can she rely on further German help in doing so? That is the question that must be giving the German General Staff many sleepless nights.

So much for the Austrian side, but what else is open to Roumania and Russia? When the great Russian retreat gave the Hun a chance to push through to Turkey he realised a long cherished dream, a dream that was deep in the heart of every German, and for the realisation of which he was prepared to make the greatest sacrifices. That dream was the open road from Berlin to Baghdad and the East. For that, Germany had been planning for years, and so long as she holds that open road as she does now, she will not reckon herself beaten. That road lies through Belgrade, Nish, Sofia and Constantinople along the famous Balkan Railway. Along that line came the munitions that fed the Turk in Gallipoli and around Kut. But for that line we should probably now be in Constantinople and General Townshend would not be a prisoner, and to threaten that line we are holding on to Salonika like grim death. But within 150 miles of the Roumanian frontier lie Belgrade and Nish; the former linked to Roumania by the River Danube, the latter by a railway. To cut that line would mean the isolation of Bulgaria and Turkey and a driving of a wedge into the middle of the enemy.

Yet a third field is open to the Allies. A strong force invading Bulgaria from the North would take the main Bulgarian army in the rear. From Roumania to Sofia, the Bulgarian capital, is less than half the distance from Sofia to Salonika where the main Bulgarian forces must be.

From whatever way you look at things, this next month should prove the most absorbing and vital of the war. How speedily the new pressure will be felt depends on the preparedness of Russia and Roumania and the degree of exhaustion to which the former has beaten Austria. Progress may be slow or swift, but the result is inevitable and must mean the shortening of the war by many months.

BEAUTY HINTS.

BY NANCY.

The wearing of shorts, though it keeps the knees delightfully cool, has the disadvantage that it tends to a loss of that beauty of complexion that is to a great extent the secret of our English charm. Fortunately we have an easy method of obviating this disaster, for it would be no less. Take a small portion, say a quarter of a pound, of the butter ration so liberally distributed every day, and smear it thickly over the knees before retiring to rest. On rising, gently wash the skin in warm water with a little oatmeal added. (*Never* use soap, by the way.) After a few weeks of this treatment you will find your knees again fresh and rosy. A slight drawback to this method is that the butter attracts ants and other fauna of the country-side, but surely no one will grudge the loss of a few night's sleep for so desirable an object. *Il faut souffrir pour être beau.*

It is quite a mistake to think that the quality of the voice is all that matters in the giving of orders on parade. Under the strain of attaining the necessary volume of sound too many officers and N. C. O's. forget the importance of maintaining a pleasing expression, and allow the face to become contorted in a most distressing manner, reminiscent of the gargoyles of Notre Dame. This has a very bad effect on the *moral* of the troops and should be carefully avoided. Half an hour's practice every day before a mirror will soon work a wonderful improvement.

THE LONDONS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE BATTALION.

In the year 1888 the first, and for twenty years, the only Cyclist Battalion of the British Army was authorised as the result of some manœuvres carried out the previous year by a body of cyclists, volunteer and civilian. The new corps was known as "The Middlesex Cyclist Volunteers" and officially as the 26th Middlesex (Cyclist) R. V. C. It had an establishment of 3 Companies of 40 each, which was increased in 1899 to 3 Companies of 120.

On the establishment of the Territorial Force in April 1908 the 26th Middlesex (Cyclist) R. V. C. was transferred to the new force as the 25th Battalion (County of London) Regiment, Cyclists. The Battalion was composed of Officers, N. C. O's and Men who transferred from the Cyclist Battalion and Cyclist Companies of the Volunteer Force, which now ceased to exist. The strength of the Battalion on June 1st 1908 consisted of 17 officers and 271 other ranks. On 1st February 1909 the Battalion had the honour of being the first unit in the whole of the Territorial Force to attain the full complement of officers and other ranks, and by the 1st March 1909, there were 103 men supernumerary to the strength.

In the East Anglian Manœuvres of 1912 the Cyclist Battalions of London, Devonshire and Wales formed the first Cyclist Brigade to be employed as such on Army Manœuvres, and the Brigadier, Colonel (now General) S. Lawford was highly complimented on the result of the work carried out.

The title of the Battalion has undergone several changes since the formation of the Territorial Force. The first title was the "25th Battalion, County of London Regiment (Cyclists)", which was changed in February 1909 to "25th (County of London) Cyclist Battalion, The London Regiment". On the 5th February 1915 the nomenclature of the original Battalion was altered to "1/25th Cyclist Battalion

London Regt." and under India Army Order No. 459 of July 1916, the word "Cyclist" was held in abeyance until such time as the Battalion is again employed as a Cyclist unit.

Major Commandant Gilbertson Smith, 26th Middx. (Cyclist) R. V. C. took over the command of the Battalion on its transfer to the Territorial Force, with the rank of Lieut. Colonel, and on 14th May 1909, was granted the Territorial Decoration. This officer having been granted one year's extension of Command, retired from the Active List on 16th April 1913 "on completion of period of service in command of a Battalion." On the same date he was appointed Honorary Colonel of the 25th (C. of L.) Cyclist Battn., The London Regiment. It might be interesting to note that the first official document signed by his successor, the present Commanding Officer, was the letter of recommendation for Lieut. Col. Gilbertson Smith, T. D. to be Honorary Colonel. Colonel Gilbertson Smith, resumed harness at the outbreak of war, and is now in command of the second battalion.

Lieut.-Colonel A. Churchill was promoted from Captain to his present rank, and took command of the Battalion on 16th April 1913.

Major H. A. Stenning was Second in Command of the Battalion from its formation as a T. F. unit until he retired on 16th April 1913, after being granted the Territorial Decoration. He now commands the third Battalion.

Captain A. W. Barrett was promoted Major, and succeeded as Second in Command, but retired owing to ill health in the early months of the present war, when Captain M. H. Easton was promoted Major, and was appointed Second in Command.

Captain A. H. Trapmann was Adjutant from the formation of the T. F. until 16th July 1911, and during that period did valuable work in the Battalion.

The first Regular Officer appointed to the Battalion as Adjutant, was Captain the Hon. R. St. John, Durham Light Infantry, who

commenced his duties on 17th July 1911, and resigned his appointment to take up the duties of Aide-de-Camp to General Maxwell, the Governor-General of Jamaica.

Captain E. F. E. Seymour, Royal Dublin Fusiliers succeeded as Adjutant to the Battalion, and this very popular officer obtained his majority in January 1916 and was ordered to return to his Regiment.

Our present Adjutant, Lieut. J. Ambrose, was formerly Quarter-Master, and as such is well known to the Battalion. This officer has seen much service in the non-commissioned ranks of the Regular Army and has the honour of wearing the ribbon of the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Lieut. C. A. Burt, the present Quarter-Master was Regimental-Sergeant-Major for over eleven years, and during that time his valuable services were much appreciated by all ranks. He previously served for twelve years in the Scots Guards, and for five years in the Irish Guards. In the latter Regiment he was the first Warrant Officer to hold the appointment of Regimental-Sergeant Major.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

In sending in contributions the following rules must be observed.

Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only.

If you do not wish your name to appear sign your contribution with initials or a *nom-de-plume*. But in any case write your name and Platoon number at the foot. This is for the Editor's information only, and will be treated as confidential.

Address contributions to The Editor, Londoner and place in box in Y. M. C. A., tent.

The Editor will endeavour to return unsuitable MSS, but he cannot hold himself responsible for loss or damage.

THE GOVERNMENT TOURS.

(From our own Correspondent).

Since August 1914 when the Government world tours were introduced India has become one of the most popular of holiday centres.

These personally conducted trips of which there is an extensive variety have attracted universal interest, and this country has probably never had such an enormous number of visitors.

Another party arrived at Bombay recently and proceeded to Hebbal which is one of the most picturesque and delightful resorts in Southern India. The party which was met at Bombay by Major Easton, one of the Government's representatives, arrived here looking remarkably fresh and determined to enjoy every item of the unique programme which has been prepared for them.

At Hebbal our visitors are to have the novelty of sleeping under canvas after the manner of the British soldier in India, and so that the experience shall not be lacking in realism leaky tents have been procured and large numbers of mosquitos (which normally are not common to these parts) and scorpions have been imported.

The officials responsible for the entertainment of the party are anxious that the programme shall come as a surprise (as no doubt it will) and consequently only a few details are available. It appears certain, however, that a lot of walking will be done and a number of interesting places including Yeshvantpur, Pinnya and Yelahanka, will be visited.

There will be times when it will be inadvisable to go out, the excessive heat constituting a danger to those not acclimatised. These periods will not prove tedious, however, as a series of native sports and pastimes has been arranged which will include a quaint little game called "close order drill."

Some of our readers have doubtless seen this being played. It consists of four lines of men, each of which has a leader, being arranged in a fairly regular formation. A brief command by an outside player and the four lines become a tangled mass. Then comes the fun for the leader of each of the lines has to get his party back into its original formation which leads to further complication. Played carefully the game provokes much laughter.

Providing Fortune is kind and arranges the monsoons in time some mountaineering expeditions will be carried out; but of course unless the weather is really bad this part of the programme will not be adhered to.

The medical arrangements are excellent and there is little likelihood of more than three quarters of the members being in hospital at once.

[Since sending in this report our correspondent has interviewed some of the members of the party and informs us that so delighted are they with the place and the completeness and excellence of the arrangements that there is a unanimous decision to prolong their stay indefinitely. *ED.*]

THE BUG HUNTER.

The Editor has asked me to supply a few monthly notes on Natural History. As general interest at present appears to be principally concerned with butterflies I propose in this issue to tell you a little about the earlier life of these insects and of the best means of killing and sending them home.

A butterfly, before it arrives at the state best known to us, undergoes a complete metamorphosis, that is, it has four entirely different forms of existence, viz., the egg, the caterpillar, the chrysalis and the imago or perfect insect. The egg is laid by the female parent on a leaf or stem of the plant which the caterpillar is destined to eat, and in the majority of cases it will starve rather than eat any other species. In due course, which varies according to species from a few days to several months, the egg hatches without application of heat or other external cause, and the little caterpillar immediately begins to feed; in the majority of cases its

first meal is on the empty egg shells. Growth is now very rapid, and in a few days the caterpillar begins to feel very light in the skin. It leaves off feeding and appears to be dying, but in a short time the skin splits down the back, and the caterpillar crawls out. This ecdysis, as it is called, usually occurs four times during the caterpillar period which lasts, according to species, from three weeks to three years. The next change that takes place is to the chrysalis, and, during this period the insect is incapable of feeding and has little or no power of movement. Then comes the appearance of the perfect insect and, contrary to the general idea, no growth takes place in this state; the butterfly emerges with its body absolutely full size, and with four little stumps for wings. It crawls away until it finds a convenient position, where it can hang with its wings downwards. In this position it starts a pumping movement, forcing a fluid into the veins of the wings; this continues until the wings are full size when the fluid hardens thus stiffening them and rendering the insect capable of flight. The whole of this process lasts under an hour.

Now for a few notes on killing and preserving. Cyanide of potassium is the best killing medium, but as it is a very deadly poison it is difficult, in Bangalore in fact almost impossible, to obtain. The next best method is by smartly pressing the thorax, *i.e.*, the part of the body where the wings join, immediately behind the head. Other insects may be killed by putting them in a jar in which is a lump of ammonia, or by a prick with a pin dipped in tobacco juice from a foul pipe. For sending butterflies and moths home by post, fold the wings over the back and slip the insect into a little triangular envelope, laying the body in the crease of the paper with the wings toward the apex. The edges of the envelope should then be folded over, and the envelopes packed in layers in a strong box. Beetles and similar insects can be safely packed in boxes with cotton wool.

I shall welcome queries on any Natural History subject which, if of general interest, I will answer through the columns of the *Londoner*, if not I will answer them personally. All questions should be addressed to the Editor.

T. H. L. Grosvenor.

[Cyclist Grosvenor is too well known to require introduction and we need not remind you that any query submitted to him will receive that attention that only a specialist can give.—*ED.*]

THE LONDONER.

HEBBAL : OCTOBER 1916.

EDITORIAL.

It is customary in the first issue of a journal to say something with regard to its objects, and aims and ambitions, and although "The Londoner" is being published for a small circle of readers, and can make no elaborate pretensions a few words with regard to the first number are very necessary.

No. 1, of course, will meet with a large amount of criticism, a lot of which will probably be adverse. So be it. We expect it and shall hope to benefit by it. Journalists delight to criticise and when they in turn become the criticised it seldom happens they are sensitive enough to be hurt by it. So criticise for all you are worth but—be fair and let your criticisms be practical and embody suggestions for improvement.

We will anticipate one question which is certain to be hurled at us—"Why have not we had a journal before?" Well, the idea was discussed quite a long time ago and it was decided to start a paper. But at the very time when arrangements were complete and the scheme had almost materialised the rumour-mongers, who had for sometime been in a state of lethargy (probably due to exhaustion), awoke and recommenced their fell work. We were to be off in a few weeks. How did they know? Never mind. *They knew.* That was sufficient. Who were we, poor weak mortals, that we should question the mysterious, almost supernatural, knowledge of such an omnipotent class as the rumour-mongers? Of course the fever spread, and in a short space it became an accepted fact that we were moving. And the journal? Obviously impossible. So the idea lapsed.

Time went on and we moved not. The rumour-mongers went to sleep again and, whilst they slept, we crept out of the press—and here we are.

From now we are in your hands entirely. "The Londoner" is a paper for the Londons and we shall endeavour to conduct it on lines which shall please all sections of the Battalion.

But we must have your support, your suggestions and contributions. If you do your best in these directions the journal is certain to prove a success.

Whenever the English mail comes in we shall look to you for notes concerning old members and friends of the Battalion. However unimportant a piece of information may appear to you, remember that it may interest others and may even contain material for something really important. Let us have it.

Some of the features of this issue will be continued in No. 2, and a number of new ones will be introduced. One of the officers (name deleted by the Censor) will write an article in each issue in which he will deal with the most important event in the war news. "Echoes of the Boer War" will be continued and experiences will be written by the various members of the Battalion who took part in that memorable campaign.

We propose to have a column of "Third Battalion Notes" if members will send us any news they receive. It is suggested that we should publish "Suffolk Notes" also. The Battalion retains many pleasant and interesting recollections of this County, and if our Suffolk members will supply the material we shall be glad to include it in our pages.

We hope to continue the competitions and shall welcome suggestions for new ones.

The matter of illustrations is under consideration, and although there are not the facilities here for general pictorial work we shall endeavour to include some in subsequent issues.

Just a final word—send "The Londoner" home.

BOOK OF THE MONTH.

REALISM.

We learn from the title-page that "Gannaway's Career" is its author's fourth novel; how we have come to miss the work of so remarkable a writer we cannot imagine.

The story deals with the experiences of Herbert D'Arcy Gannaway, a younger son of an old county family, who joins the army as a private in August 1914, and after various vicissitudes enters Berlin as Generalissimo of the Allied Forces (the story, it will be noticed, is prophetic) on a date which is not precisely specified. A touching love-story is cunningly interwoven with the theme, but what especially appeals to us is the vivid picture of army life and the encyclopædic knowledge of army matters which the author displays. Take the following from the description of Private Gannaway's first evening in barracks:—

The Colonel and the Sergeant-Major, engaged in animated conversation, paced the parade ground arm in arm.

A mere detail, doubtless, but how this trivial incident, so familiar to all of us, brings the scene before one's eyes. Again:—

It was five o'clock and the cheerful note of the bugle woke the sleepy barrack square—"Come and set a picquet, boys, come and do a guard, 'Tisn't very easy, boys, 'tisn't very hard!" With joyous shouts the fortunate dozen came running to the guard-room. "Some people have all the luck" growled Ginger Hewitt, stretched at full length on his bunk. "I ain't done a guard for six weeks. Sergeant Ryan's got 'is knife into me, that's wot it is. 'I ain't fair!"

How the whole atmosphere of the army is created for us in this apparently unimportant passage! Later in the same chapter the author's intimate acquaintance with the soldier's life is displayed:

Reining his charger in on its haunches, the Lance-Corporal flung himself from the saddle and strode into the guard-room. The men rose

respectfully to their feet. "Where's the Captain of the Guard?" he demanded curtly. "Here, Sir." "Very good. Carry on, men," and the men resumed their various occupations as the Captain ushered the Lance-Corporal into his private room.

This is the reader's first introduction to the sinister and mysterious figure of the Lance-Corporal. This highly placed officer appears at intervals through the story, always impressive, sometimes almost harsh in his stern devotion to duty. Yet he has his human side, too, as witness the striking incident of Ginger Hewitt falling out exhausted on the march. The Lance-Corporal without hesitation gives up his horse to Ginger and falls in with the men, trudging through the dust in his top boots and with his weighty fifteen foot lance carried lightly in one hand.

A thrilling chapter recounts the struggle for the shooting championship of the regiment, when Gannaway and Sergeant Blood, the villain of the story, who have tied for first place, fire at longer and longer ranges until finally Gannaway challenges his rival to settle the contest with five shots at two and a half miles. Blood's dastardly substitution of blank for ball cartridge in Gannaway's magazine robs our hero of the championship. He disdains to make any complaint, but retribution overtakes the scoundrelly sergeant in the next chapter. An unfortunate private falls under his displeasure, merely because his bayonet is rusted into the scabbard and cannot be drawn on the command "fix bayonets." He explains that he has been out in the rain, but Blood attacks him with a torrent of foul abuse culminating in the ferocious gibe: "I shall never make a soldier of you, drat you!"

A low murmur broke from the ranks at this brutal insult. The unlucky victim burst into tears. "Shame!" cried a voice from the rear, and several men threw down their rifles in indignant disgust.

The arrival of the Colonel, accompanied by the Lance-Corporal, and the prompt removal of the brutal sergeant's stripes, provides a fittingly dramatic conclusion to Book I. Of the subject of Book II, which deals with the hero's enthralling adventures on the field of battle, we have no experience

* Gannaway's Career. By J. C. Platt. London: Stodder and Houghton.

and therefore refrain from criticism, but if it is as true to life as the earlier part, which we see no reason to doubt, the whole work undoubtedly constitutes a valuable contribution to the literature of the War. Our appetite is whetted, and we shall take the first opportunity of acquiring the other works of Miss (something tells us it is "Miss") Platt, namely "Alma Mater; A Tale of Oxford Life," "The Dogger Bank" and "Greater Love—a Story of the Alps."

THE RAMBLERS' WEEK END.

Heavy rain fell on the Friday evening on which the A. Coy. Ramblers started for Seringapatam, but the actual trip was carried out in perfect weather. After an al fresco breakfast, consumed in picturesque attitudes on the Seringapatam platform, we broke up into parties of convenient size and visited the sights of this famous spot: the breach through which the British stormed the fort in 1799, the ruins of Tippu's palace and Zenana (now a sandal wood store), the Great Mosque, the Daria Dowlat, or Summer Palace, decorated with quaint frescoes recording the battles between Tippu and the English. Proceeding to Mysore by a midday train, we spent the afternoon in visiting the Park and later on the Zoo (open at 3 p. m.) where the obliging and courteous Curator, Mr. Hughes, very kindly showed one or two parties round his treasures, including a wonderful orang-outang who kept us in fits of laughter with his weird gymnastic performances. An Indian love drama at the Town Hall theatre (three earnest students of the drama remained until the bitter end, about 2-30 a. m.) finished the day. After a night spent at the Wesleyan school, whose Superintendent, Mr. Spencer, did everything possible for our comfort, we climbed the "Thousand Steps" of Chamundi Hill, from which there is a most extensive view of Mysore City and the surrounding country. We were unable to obtain a permit to see the Palace, but spent a most interesting hour at the Museum and after an early tiffin returned to Bangalore through some quite beautiful hill-country. The thanks of the Ramblers are owing to Cyclist Thomson for his able organization and untiring energy, and to all who helped with the catering arrangements. An approximate time-table is appended for the information of intending Ramblers.

Time Table.

Leave Bangalore City Station.....	Friday 11-15 p. m.
Arrive Seringapatam	... Saturday 5-45 a. m.
Leave Seringapatam " 11-20 a. m.
Arrive Mysore	... " 12 noon.
Leave Mysore	... Sunday 1-45 p. m.
Arrive Bangalore	... " 6-15 p. m.

(Reveill  and Lights-out by arrangement.)

THE DRAFT.

The long expected draft, consisting of 122 N. C. O's and men arrived here in two detachments after a journey of five and a half weeks.

The S.S. "Ulysses," 15,000 tons, left Devonport on the last day of July with 2,300 troops and made a smooth and uneventful passage to Gibraltar where a stay of two days was made while cargo was landed. From here an escort accompanied the ship, and life-belts were worn, but Malta was reached safely on August 9th and another halt of five days occurred while more cargo was unloaded and an inspection made by Brigadier General Bruce. On the 17th Salonika harbour was entered, some troops were landed and six Bulgarian prisoners taken on board, a fate which they seemed to accept philosophically, not to say gladly. A day at Port Said and two days at Suez, where the troops went ashore for a route march and more troops, including some Indians were taken on board, and then the "Ulysses" entered the Red Sea. From here on the history of the voyage may be boiled down thus: August 25th. Very hot, left Suez. August 26th. Hotter. August 27th. Hotter. August 28th. Hotter. On the following day one of the ship's stewards committed suicide by shooting and throwing himself overboard simultaneously. An hour's stop was made, but the unfortunate man's body was not recovered. The ship anchored off Aden, a most desolate spot where everything is imported, and even the drinking water is distilled sea-water, and left without regrets the same evening. The weather became

considerably cooler in the Indian Ocean and there was a sports day on September 1st, Cyclist Simpson winning the Light Weight boxing competition. Bombay was reached on the evening of the 3rd, and on the following morning one party of the Londons went to a rest camp, while the second party landed in the afternoon and left for Bangalore the same evening. The "rest camp party" left Bombay at 9-30 p. m. on September 5th and arrived at Bangalore at 9-30 a. m., on the 7th, a considerably quicker journey than ours. A diary from which we have derived most of our information and for the use of which we are very grateful continues: "We were put aboard the train four to a compartment instead of six, therefore the lower two bunks in each case were not used. We were given a bottle of soda-water and a fan each, and a coolie was sent with a large supply of ice, of which we only used a quarter. We had the soda-water bottles exchanged for full ones several times." The last night of the journey was less comfortable, owing to a change to the narrow-gauge line, but it is evident that in the land portion of their journey the Draft has had a softer time than the Battalion. We congratulate them, and await their transfer to the various companies for the pleasure of making their closer acquaintance.

PERSONAL.

Old "H" Coy. will be sorry to hear that Cyc. Littlewood, who transferred to the Army Cyclists in November 1914, was killed in action at Vimy Ridge in May last. In the same engagement Cyc. Stinton was seriously injured, losing his trigger finger.

Cyc. Broughall of "A" Coy. was also wounded at Vimy Ridge whilst on observation duty.

Captain Blunden hears regularly from Major E. T. E. Seymour, our late Adjutant, who is at present in France with the 1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers. In his last letter he says he wishes he could have the Battalion again for "an hour's drill like the good old days." And they were "good old days" too!

An interesting letter has been received from L/Cpl. Bovey who went to France with the draft

which the Battalion sent in July 1915. Many familiar names are mentioned in the letter. Nearly all the draft have been in the "thick of it."

It is regrettable to note that Cpl. Robertson of old "G" Coy. has died from gas poisoning, and that "Seaman" Hoath of "F" has been killed by shrapnel. Cpl. Heffield of "C" has been wounded, and "Jerry" Hulme of old "D" has had his right wrist so badly wounded as to render him unfit for further service.

C. Q. M. Sgt. Cummings who recently returned to England is taking a commission in the 3/7 Battalion, London Regiment. He was one of the many "K. R. R's" we have in the Battalion, having enlisted in the 1st Cadet Battalion Kings Royal Rifles in 1905. He attained the rank of C. S. M. of the Cyclists Coy. in 1913. On the outbreak of war he joined the 2/25th and was made Colour-Sergt of "G" Coy., and when the Battalion was re-organised on the four company system in August 1915, he was promoted C. S. M. He joined the 1st Battalion at Chiseldon, and was posted to "B" Company, reverting to the rank of C. Q. M. S., which post he filled with marked ability up to the day of his departure. During his ten months' association with "B" Coy. his efficiency and courtesy made him extremely popular with all ranks, whose best wishes he carries with him to Blighty.

Lieut. Burt has received an interesting letter from Lieut. C. W. Stockman. He is serving with the Royal Defence Corps stationed at Abbey Wood, Kent. Lieut. Stockman who, up to the time we left England, was the Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant was one of the Battalion's most popular figures. He was at one time Colour-Sergeant of "G" Coy.

In the same letter comes the news that Sergt. Bugler Collins, and Colour Sergeant Calvert have joined the R. F. C.

MUSKETRY.

The Battalion carried out collective Field Firing at Yesvantpur last week and we understand the results were "not so bad." Special mention of this, together with the Musketry returns, will be made in our next issue.

ECHOES OF THE BOER WAR.

[Below we print the first article of a series written by present members of the Battalion who served in South Africa. These articles will bring out the difference in conditions between the present War and the South African Campaign of seventeen years ago. The use of really heavy artillery in the field, aerial reconnaissance, and perfected motor transport are among the changes that have arrived in that comparatively short space of time. We are confident that these recollections of active service will be full of interest for our readers. ED.]

No. I. By Regt. Sergt.-Major W. Crawford.

On 14th January 1899 I retired from the Scots' Guards as Sergeant and settled down into civil life. I certainly thought that I had finished with the Army. But in October of the same year the South African war broke out and I received orders to report at the Tower of London. I duly reported, passed the required medical examination, and on the 21st embarked on the P and O Troopship "Nubia" for the Cape. We had 1750 on board and were packed as tightly as the proverbial sardines. As to the food it included salt junk and biscuits (dated 1854) 3 times a week.

We arrived at Cape Town on the 18th. November and at once entrained for Orange River, arriving there on 21st. A short march took us to Thompson's Farm in the direction of Kimberley. That night every man slept fully dressed. No fires were allowed and strict silence had to be observed.

About 3 a.m., we were awakened and without any kind of meal moved off to the battle of Belmont. The fight was fierce but short, indeed by noon it was over. So rapid was the advance of the Brigade of Guards that the engagement had nearly ended before the guns got into action. When they did arrive they had in addition to the artillery pieces two twelve pounders and two 4.7's from H.M.S. Doris. These were drawn by bullocks and donkeys and knowing the difficulties of bullock transport here, even on good roads, you will readily appreciate the extent of the task the naval men had to contend with. Directly the battle was over, however, we set about fitting them out and in a few hours the guns had good horse teams and every sailor was mounted. On the 24th we moved towards Enslin

or Gras Pan where another sharp action was fought. In this engagement the Marines made a wild attempt to rush the Kopje and lost very heavily. This action was marked by a very rapid flank attack on the part of the enemy, which was checked by Sir Arthur Paget swinging two battalions of Guards round to meet it.

Still advancing we marched on the 27th towards Modder River, bivouacking at Honey Nest Cloof. Here, just near the railway station, the Riet and Modder Rivers meet. It was on the 28th that the battle of Modder River was fought. This proved to be a very tough problem, as the natural banks of the river slope down to the water for from 30 to 50 feet forming a very strong position for the enemy.

Here we lay for 16 hours without food or drink. The heat was terrible and it is difficult to imagine more merciless conditions. To add to our discomfort (much too mild a word for our condition) a swarm of locusts settled on us. Our losses here were very heavy and things were going far from well. But during the night the Boers evacuated the position (and at daybreak on the 29th we crossed the river.

From now we rested until December 10th when, just before sundown, we moved off and with all available artillery subjected Magersfontein to a terrific bombardment. This was followed by the attack of the Highland Brigade. The attack was unsuccessful and our losses were very heavy. Vivid though my recollections are of that night spent in collecting dead and wounded they are best left undescribed.

So, on 12th December we retired to Modder River and awaited the arrival of Lord Roberts with reinforcements and more artillery. When these arrived the Army struck

across country towards Bloemfontein, thus drawing the Boers away from Magersfontein to a natural position at Paardeburg formed by the river dividing and making an island, a very strong and difficult place to attack.

This move necessitated leaving the railway and resorting to road transport for which tremendous numbers of bullocks and mules had to be used, each waggon requiring a team of 16. On the third day out we suffered a big disaster, 200 waggons of provisions being burnt by the Boers. An inventory was taken of the remainder and it was estimated that only one biscuit could be issued daily to each man until Bloemfontein was reached, and Paardeburg had to be won first. It was on this occasion that Lord Roberts issued an order that any man caught looting would be hanged. Ignoring this setback we continued the advance and after several days of hard fighting Paardeburg fell and Cronje with 4,500 men surrendered to us. This was on 27th February 1900. Never before had I seen such an ill assorted set of men as that which made its way towards us from the river bed. Of various nationalities and in many kinds of dress; dirty, dishevelled and in a state of absolute dejection, they looked in every respect the beaten side. The night before the victory the Boer laager was fired by our shells, and one cannot imagine a more impressive sight than this huge blaze which lit up the wild country around us and cast a glow to the skies.

The work of sending the prisoners to Cape Town was considerable, but this I had nothing to do with as the victory had to be followed up and almost at once we were off and again engaged the Boers at Dreifontein where the enemy had hastily entrenched. This being open country the action was short and decisive, being finished after a few hours. We had then an uninterrupted march into Bloemfontein, which being in direct railway communication with our base enabled us to get provisions and refit preparatory to the General Advance on Pretoria.

WHAT THE BATTALION IS ASKING.

How the English balances are arrived at?

Is the advent of ladies in the Army Pay Office responsible for some of the strange results?

Whether the ladies of a certain East Coast town have petitioned the War Office for the return of the Battalion to England?

How many letters bearing the Lowestoft Post-mark arrive by each mail?

How a certain shooting party fared at Closepet?

Whether the cheetah smiled upon it from the hills and sang "what a game it is!?"

How some of the sergeants like Seringapatam?

Who was the sergeant in the party who enquired of the native guide whether hops were grown in the grounds of Tippu's Summer Palace?

And whether it was the same Sergeant who said they had no right to bury Tippu so far from the Station?

Is there any record of a toad being able to sing and dance?

Who are the Corporals who, after dinner, send out for egg suppers?

PRIVATE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[Short advertisements under this heading will be inserted free of charge.]

"FUSIL" receives "The New Age" regularly and would be glad to pass it on to anyone interested, and if possible to arrange an exchange.

THE GRAVEL CRUSHER.

As most of my tenacious and audacious readers are doubtless aware, versed as they are in the art of war, an army is composed of several arms; although a legacy is not a centipede, nor is a scullery a boat-house.

Now the arms of the army are, roughly, the cavalry, the artillery, the engineers, the infantry and the cyclists. Of these we may entirely disregard the cyclists as our experience leads us to believe that the War Office regards them only as potential infantry. Of the others, the cavalry are very given to finding fault and are perpetually cavilling. The artillery, so called after their inventor, one Artemus Hilary the man who loved his little joke, are used for hasty landscape gardening and the removal of natural features. (The substitution of unnatural features usually occurs should one field a shell with one's face). The engineers are people who draw pots of money. They always look very bored, because they have long given up any hope of ever spending it all.

Undoubtedly the infantry are the people who do all the work. As a matter of fact, a few months ago I thought it was the cyclists who were the hewers of wood and drawers of water. But that was before I was reft of my jigger and forced to pad the weary hoof.

Now we are out to-day to consider the case of the infantryman. We are told that his most important duty is to be able to march and to shoot. In reality, he does a great deal more marching than shooting. Even if he does shoot he has to march to do it. And when he has done it, he has to march back again. Whereas because he goes marching, it does not follow that he will shoot when he gets there. Oh no. When he gets back he may shoot into bed or into the canteen, but in most cases that is as far as it goes. My impressions of an infantryman are that he marches and marches and continues to march. He is a sort of gramophone record of the Marseillaise, an incarnation of perpetual motion. In brief, he marches.

He is usually a man who when he enlisted did not know there were any soldiers who travel other than per hoof. Perchance he imagined he would do nothing but march through smiling villages singing "Tipperary" what time beauteous virgins showered apples upon him. Instead, he finds that the villages are far—very far—between; that "Tipperary" is never sung in the best battalions; that the damsels *may* be beauteous; and that he is very lucky if the shower is only of apples. Or else he is one of those who has got his ideas of infantrymen from recruiting posters. He fancies his luck standing on the sky-line silhouetted against an art sunset. You know there is a great deal to be said for the idea of starting a Realist School in Recruiting Posters. For instance, one would show a fatigue party trying to erect a marquee whose ropes are all eaten through by white-ants; another would display in diagram form the exact number of minutes contained in the second hour on sentry from two to three in the morning while you are waiting for your relief. Further, all marching pictures would present the final or "eyeball" stage of a route march, and the pack would be drawn not according to fanciful dimensions, but of the size and weight it actually feels to the merchant who has to hump it.

However, an infantry man does other things than march—not many, I admit, but still some. For instance, he digs trenches. Now a trench is a hole in the ground, longer than it is deep, and deeper than it is wide. As none of the best holes are considered finished until they have all the earth cleared out of them, the infantryman gets a shovel and pick from the Company Stores, (if possible without signing for them,) and delves. There are two styles of trench digger. One aims to see how much he can accidentally throw over his platoon officer and sergeant, and the other to see how little he can contribute to each shovelful.

Also, any time one of the other branches of the service is in difficulties, if, say, the transport or the guns get stuck, it is the infantry man who has to pull them out. Any time there is any dirty work to be done, call for the infantryman. Let him wear his feet off up to

the knees, let him dig till his hands are open wounds, then show him photos in the "Sunday Pictorial":—"Our Tommies at work and play",—"Tommy is always smiling", and hear what the infantry has to say.

Ourselves, we have been unfortunate. But for others, who have willingly joined infantry battalions when there are cycles aching to be ridden, we have no pity, we can only think of them with a pained wonder. Wait only till the war is over, and we are once more *les garçons du village*. Then we will get on our bikes to go up the road to the pillar-box, and put on roller-skates to cross the dining-room. It has been computed by an able statistician that if the moisture exuded on route-marches by this battalion since it was made infantry could be collected, it would be easily sufficient completely to irrigate Mesopotamia.

One has no particular affection for one's feet, but there are limits to the amount of ill-treatment one is prepared to see meted out to them. Yes, there is one man in this battalion who will not do much walking when the war is over, and he begs respectfully to sign himself

B. Mc Q.

OMAR IN THE ARMY.

Awake! for Morning and the Postman bring,
Glad tidings and that most Delightful Thing,
The "English Balance" six months overdue,
But now with Cash in hand I'll have my Fling.
Dreaming while yet the Bugle's note is blown
Of all the Wild Oats that can now be sown,
Of all the Brass and Silk I now can buy,
And pay back Debts that out of "Nap" have grown.
The worldly Hopes men set their Hearts upon
Are mine—and then with Cash to spare, anon
I'll open an Account upon the bank;
Thus time shall pass before my Wealth is gone.
Let's see! There's three Quid made up of odd pence
Due ere we left Old Blighty to come hence,
And Pay they did not give us on the Boat.
I drew no Dough within the sick-bay's fence.
But what is this I hear old Quarters say?
"Six Chips you owe, six Chips I'll see you pay
"Your Credit has become a Debit now
"We'll stop it from your Screw next wages day"
O Woe is me! My Balance, like my Muse,
Hath leaked away. To both my fond adieus!
"Ode to my Credit" must alas be writ
"Owed to my Debit". Kismet! Can I choose?

LITTLE SUNSHINE.

SECOND BATTALION NOTES.

A correspondent informs us that the Second is still at Bungay, but has sent several drafts to France.

We learn with the deepest regret that 2nd Lieut. Shackell, formerly Coy. Or.-Master Sgt. of old F. Coy., who went to France with the Divisional Cyclists, has been killed.

Sergeant McEune, old E. Coy. has taken his discharge from the army, with a disabled knee. We do not know whether to offer congratulations or condolences but, at any rate, Mrs. Mac will be pleased.

Among late members of the 2/25th "gun team" who now hold commissions are Bentley (R. F. C.), Welby (4/1st Londons), Frith (Cambridgeshires), Powell (Oxford and Bucks), Crowe (E. Yorks). Hancock is believed to be in France as M. G. Officer.

Cyclist Wigley, as he was when we left England, became Corporal Wigley and until lately was working at "war valuation" in a Solicitor's Office at Ipswich. He is now once more Mr. Wigley, as it was discovered that he is medically unfit and he took his discharge on August 30th.

Lieutenant Stelling, 1/19th Londons, (formerly Cyclist Stelling of old E. Coy.) was invalided home last May after five months' active service. While recovering from an operation he caught scarlet fever, and when last heard of, was convalescing in Dorsetshire. He expected to return to the front this month.

Transport Driver Talbot, having been declared unfit, obtained a transfer to, and is now serving with, the Royal Flying Corps. Drivers Bartlett, Harry March, and Wally March are still with the 2/25th at Bungay.

Cyclist Stables of E. Coy., after a rapid promotion to full Corporal, obtained his long delayed commission and is now hard at work with an O. T. C. at Keble College, Oxford.

ATHLETICS.

H. V. Cobb, Esq., the British resident in Mysore, has most generously presented the Battalion with a magnificent silver cup, to be competed for by the companies. I know it is unnecessary for me to say how everyone in the "1/25th" more than appreciates this gift, and I think if Mr. Cobb could witness some of the "fights" for his cup, he would know that we can express our thanks in deeds as well as words. The English cup simply isn't in it, by comparison.

After seeing some of the games in the "Cobb" Cup Competition, no one can doubt that it will be a complete success. Some of the games played have produced very fine football. Head-quarters are doing well at present, but I rather fancy they will have all their work cut out to maintain their lead.

It's about time "C" got going if they want to do anything. At present they seem to have forgotten that goals, and not pretty play, win the game. Let's hear from you, "C."

I've heard "D" quoted as the "dark horse" in this Competition. May be they are. Personally I consider them equal to any other team, and just a bit better than most. A forward line that can work together, and just a little luck, will make all the difference.

The performances of "B" Coy. have been sorely disappointing. I hope better days are in store for them.

Keep an eye on "A" Company. I rather fancy they are going to supply the surprise of the league.

I'm glad to hear that a Coy. Cricket League has been started, one match having been played already. May it flourish.

By the way, very little is heard of the Battalion Sports Committee nowadays. Is there such a thing, or has it degenerated into a one-man job?

Kolar has made the Battalion a magnificent presentation in the form of a Silver Cup, value about Rs. 300, to be competed for in a Hockey Tournament. I have not seen this Cup, but am fully convinced it is irreproachable. In fact everything Kolar does is irreproachable, as all those who have paid a visit are quite aware, and the Cup will be an everlasting reminder of the splendid reception given us by Kolar whilst we were in India.

Excepting for "friendlies" between Platoons, one sees very little Hockey now. How about a Company League for Hockey? Battalion Committee, please note.

Very pleasing news comes to hand from Poona, where some of our N. C. O's are undergoing a Course of Physical Training. L/Cpl. Jones, "D" Coy. was persuaded by Sgt. C. White to enter a Novices' 10st Competition. After beating 3 men he only just lost in the final, a very praiseworthy performance, considering the class of boxers he was up against. Sgt. C. White, entered the open Middles and met and beat Sgt. Codling, R. F. A. the 11 st. 6 lbs. Champion of the 9th (Secunderabad) Division. In the semifinal he managed to beat Pte. Newton, 1st S. Lances, after an extra round.

Pte. Newton is a fairly well known "pug" up Poona way. Unfortunately Sgt. White was unable to box in the final, as he was in Poona Hospital suffering from a broken nose, two black eyes, a split lip, a twisted shoulder and three damaged ribs. Out of 6 fights our men were engaged in, only one was lost. A really fine piece of work.

The Sergeants sent a team of eight to play the Sussex Sergeants at tennis and were unfortunate to lose by 19 games, the scores being 50 against 31. With more practice and an impartial Committee to select the team, there should be no need for me to chronicle any more losses of this description.

The Battalion Cricket team that visited Kolar were up against a very strong proposition, and were beaten but not disgraced, by a better team. I should like to see a little more care exercised in the selection of the Cricket team, as I feel confident that we can place a better team in the field than that sent to Kolar. The Company Competitions should find the necessary improvements, and I hope the Selection Committee will keep their eyes open. Don't let the sporting reputation of the Regiment suffer for the sake of giving a few a day's outing.

I am very glad indeed to see we sent a team to Calcutta for the All India and Army swimming Championships. The team selected was as follows :- Lt. Sanders, Sgt. H. White, Sgt. C. White, L/Cpl. S. White, L/Cpl. G. White, Pte. Beaman, Pte. Middleton and Pte. Green.

In the All India Championships we entered the following competitions:—

Water Polo, 220 yards relay race, 110 yards Individual, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile Individual, 110 yards back stroke and in the Army Championships, the 110 yards Individual and 220 yards relay race. In the next issue of the "Londoner" I hope to be able to chronicle a substantial proportion of championships to our team. Lt. Sanders and Sgt. C White are both County Water Polo players, the former having played for Surrey and the latter for Middlesex. It is rather doubtful at the time of writing, whether "C. J." will be able to go, as he is at present at Poona, but I hope the powers that be will see to it that our best man is not left out. Evidence is not wanting to show that our team is anxiously sought at Calcutta, Sgt. H. White having received three wires asking us to be sure and send a team.

"A" Coy. created the surprise I anticipated when they beat H. Q's in a very exciting and most interesting game. Both sides played really good football and I think I voice the opinion of all who saw the match in stating that there was not a dull moment. It was unfortunate that the last ten minutes or so were played in almost complete darkness, the last goal scored only being visible to those in the immediate vicinity. I am sure the "goalie" did not stand an earthly. It is to be hoped future matches will be started earlier and thus avoid any unnecessary abandonment, as might have occurred in this game.

Once more "D" Coy. in their match with "C" tried another forward line and a fresh left back. It is unfortunate that injuries prevent them keeping one team together. On the whole the forward line was not bad, but a forward who persistently faces his own goal, and takes a ball facing that way, is a source of great danger to his side. They had hard luck. "C" played very pretty football at times but their skill was quite wasted. A little less tricky play and more hard shooting would have seen "C" winners by more than the odd goal.

I should very much appreciate anything in the way of suggestions, criticisms, &c. on sports matters in general, from anyone who cares to send them in. Please address such communications to the Sports Editor.

THE SPORTSMAN.

LATER ATHLETIC NEWS.

"A" Coy. were beaten by "B" in the League the result being 2 goals to 1. I really think that on form "A" should have equalised.

Our swimming team won the Army Championship Team Race at Calcutta. They were however defeated at Water Polo in the semi-final by three goals to two. Sgt. C White did not play.

COMPANY LEAGUE.

Team.	Matches				Points.	Goals.	
	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.		For.	Against.
H. Q's.	4	3	1	0	6	7	6
"A" Coy.	4	2	2	0	4	7	4
"C" "	3	2	1	0	4	5	4
"B" "	4	2	2	0	4	6	8
"D" "	4	1	3	0	2	3	5

CHESS.

By means of this column it is hoped to draw together the Chess players in the Battalion, our aim being to discover a representative team which shall be able to challenge other Regiments and Institutes in Bangalore. Will any interested in chess kindly assist those in charge (pro tem) of company arrangements, in order that each company may have a healthy organization?

Company Committees are hoping to run inter-platoon and inter-company matches, whilst the Battalion Committee will arrange Battalion Tournaments. Unless the Committees are well backed financially the standard of prizes offered will necessarily be low, and it will be difficult to arrange for a scheme of Brilliancy Prizes to be offered to the players making the most brilliant combination of

In commencing such an affair as this the scarcity of sets of chess-men at once raises a difficulty. Hence the Battalion and Company Committees will be glad to accept, on loan or otherwise, any sets of chess-men that friends may have on hand. To assist in the matter of getting chess sets together "A" company challenges any other Company team; the losers to provide a chess-set to the value of Rs 5. Queries etc. to be addressed to 'The Chess Editor.'

COMPANY REPRESENTATIVES.

			MEMBERS.
A Coy.	Cyc. R. V. Howell	No. 1 Platoon	20
B "	" E. A. Knight	" 5 "	26
C "	" R. S. Maden	" 10 "	40
D "	Cpl. C. H. Rogers	" 16 "	15
H. Qrs.	Cyc. J. C. Knibb	Sig. Section	20

PROBLEMS.

No. 1. (Second Prize in the Second Tournament of L'Eco Degli Scacchi).

White : K on KB sq ; B on QR sq ; Kt's on K Kt2 and Kt7 ; P on KR6 (five pieces).

Black : K on KR sq ; P's on KR2, KB3, K4, Q5 and QR7 (six pieces).

White to play and mate in three moves. An interesting thematic problem.

No. 2. By J. C. Wainwright.

White (12 pieces) K at K2 ; Q at KR7 ; Rooks at Q Kt4, K B8 ; B at QR5 ; Knights at Q8, KR2 ; pawns at Q3, Q6 ; KB7, K Kt5, KR5.

Black (6 pieces) K K4 ; pawns at QR3, Q4, Q5, K2, KR6.

White to play and mate in 3 moves.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Competition No. 1.

A prize of Rs. 5 is offered for the best new and original spoonerism. In case there may be some who do not know what a spoonerism is, we may mention that it is a form of humour invented unintentionally by the Rev. Mr. Spooner, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and consists of a transposition of two initial letters with comic effect. The classic instance is that of Mr. Spooner intending to make some reference in a sermon to "a half-

formed wish," and startling his congregation by remarking "We all know what it is to have a half-warmed fish in our hearts."

No chestnut, such as "biting a rook" for "writing a book" or "roaring with pain" for "pouring with rain" will take the prize, and spoonerisms of topical or army interest will receive preference. You may send in as many as you like.

Write first the words meant to be spoken ; next, in another line, the spoonerism, thus :—

Move to the right in fours.

Move to the fight in roars.

Competition No. 2.

Rs. 5 will be awarded to the writer of the best contribution entitled *India : what I expected and what I found.*

Contributions must not exceed 750 words and may be in prose or verse, serious or humorous.

Competition No. 3.

Rs. 5 will be awarded to the author of the best suggestion for new features (including subjects for competitions) for "The Londoner."

Competitors must write their name and Platoon number on their attempts and must mark envelope "Competitions."

Address to Editor, "The Londoner," and put in box in Y. M. C. A. tent not later than October 14th.

All attempts will be judged by a committee composed of one representative from each Coy., but it must be understood that the Editor's decision will be final.