



# THE LONDONER

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# THE LONDONER.

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

BY PERMISSION OF

Lieut.-Col. ARTHUR CHURCHILL.

No. 3—VOL. I.]

JANUARY 1917.

[PRICE ANNAS 3.]

## ROUND AND ABOUT.

### MOVING DAY.

Again, as in our last issue, we record a move. The change from barrack life in summy Bangalore to tents in wintry Burhan was drastic, and the dust added to our discomfort. Shall we ever forget the dust of that first ten days? However, since the rain things are much better, and the "puddling" of tent floors and the laying of mats proceeds apace.

### THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

On the evening of December 15 His Excellency Sir C. C. Monro, G. C. M. G., K. C. B., Commander-in-Chief in India, arrived at Divisional Headquarters. On the following afternoon he inspected the Battalion and on the next day, Sunday, there was a Divisional Church Parade at which His Excellency addressed the troops. He left by train on the Sunday evening. His Excellency's Guard was found by this Battalion, the commanders being, on the first day Lieut. Wells and on the second Lieut. Downs.

### MR. WOOD.

One of the pleasantest incidents of Christmas week was the receipt of a cablegram from Mr. Wood of Corton expressing the Season's greetings. Mr. Wood is one of the people the Battalion will always remember with the kindest feelings in connection with the old "Coast"

days. Jovial, sympathetic and generous, he exerted every effort to lighten the arduous work we had to perform. Many a cold and wet patrol has been made less severe by the thought of a blazing fire and hot cocoa in a cosy parlour at the other end. Mrs. Wood, too, the embodiment of thoughtfulness, was ever doing something to instil a little comfort into the long dreary watches. It's a long long way from Burhan to Corton and Mr. Wood's message is a distinct "home" touch. It is gratifying to note that the C. O. replied on behalf of the Battalion, and also that he sent cablegrams to the Mayor of Lowestoft and the Second Battalion.

### THE RIVER.

Our river provides almost the only pastime of Burhan Camp. It is swift, clear, and abounding in deep pools that are almost ideal for swimming; if they only had a sandy beach they would be quite ideal. Here and there, too, the forbidding cliffs through which it runs are pleasantly varied by pretty little dells filled with trees and bushes now showing the colours of autumn. And what a godsend the river was during that first ten days of dust. There was but one time in the day when you felt clean, and that was when you were in the river. Let us hope that the afternoons will not get too cold for bathing.

### A GOOD JOB.

The drums, which used to look as if they were moulting, now look very smart in blue and red, an improvement for which we have to thank the industry of Bugler Kloot. The job must have absorbed most of his spare time for a considerable period, and we congratulate him on the excellent result of his labours.

### OLD F. COMPANY.

The annual dinner of old F. Company was held at Pavarino's Restaurant, Bangalore, on November 8. It was well attended and an excellent menu was enjoyed. In responding to the toast of his health, Capt. Paget, expressed his pleasure at seeing so many of old F. Company present, and declared that, contrary to rumour, he had no "flighty" intentions but hoped to be with the Company until the end of the war. A few songs brought a thoroughly enjoyable evening to an end. Praise and thanks are due to Sgt. H. White for his very able management.

### TWO GOOD FRIENDS.

The Rev. Mr. A. E. Nightingale, Wesleyan Chaplain in Bangalore, left the station to return to his mission work at Shemmogga only a fortnight before our own departure. Just before leaving, he gave a most interesting lecture at the Y. M. C. A. on "Further Experiences with the Grand Fleet in Wartime," and this last appearance was made the occasion for the presentation of a rose-bowl, a cream jug and a sugar basin in acknowledgment of the gratitude of the Brigade for his exertions on our behalf during our stay at Bangalore. The presentation was made by Brigadier General Crocker. Another good friend from whom we part with regret is Mr. F. Whittaker, Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. His energy on our behalf was untiring; the rambling parties, tennis tournaments, debates, concerts, photographic society, mock Parliament, these are only a few of his activities. If he could see his way to follow us to our new quarters he would be sure of a warm welcome.

### MOCK PARLIAMENT.

The final sitting took place at the Y.M.C.A. Bangalore on 27 November, and was in the nature of a "rag." Prizes were offered for the most humorous "questions" and for a prize for the best impromptu speech. Members were called up to the Speaker's chair and informed of their subject, on which they had forthwith

to make a two minutes speech. This prize was won by Cvc. Painter of the Londons, who spoke on "Londoners and their Fallacies." The prize distribution caused a great deal of laughter, the prizes being such articles as a tube of seccotine, a cake of soap, a bun, a tin trumpet and, to finish up with, a halo for the Prime Minister. Before the House rose the Prime Minister on behalf of the members presented Mr. Whittaker (the Speaker) with a coffee percolator, and thanked him for his services to the Parliament, as well as to the Brigade generally.

### KING'S LIVERPOOLS.

Eleven of the "Emma Gees" went to Peshawar at Christmas and were lucky enough to fall into the hands of the 2nd King's Liverpools, the regiment of which Brigadier General Crocker was in command until he came to Bangalore. The Liverpool R. S. M. at once sent six of our men to one company and five to another, where they were loaded with kindnesses,—a warm welcome, beds, an excellent breakfast and any amount of friendly tips as to what to see and so on. They were pressed to return to dinner, too, but had already made other arrangements. Some people say Regulars don't like Territorials. If they will all show their dislike in the same spirit as the 2nd King's Liverpools, we hope it's true.

### VISITING ROUNDS.

### TWO YEARS AGO.

*(Extracts from Battalion Orders.)*

**SHELL FISH.** Men are cautioned against the dangerous habit of promiscuously buying or eating shell fish. On no account is any shell fish to be brought into billets. (B.O. 15-12-1914).

**BOMBS.** Extract from C. F. Orders dated 29-12-1914. In the event of Bombs being dropped at or near any locality occupied by the Regiment, as many fragments should be secured as possible, and sent to Head Quarters Oulton Broad. (B. O. 31-12-1914.)

A good long pull, a straight strong pull,  
No other pull will do;  
A man must never take *two* pulls,  
To pull the pull-through through.

# THE MUHARRAM.

BY THE BISHOP OF MADRAS.

The Month of Muharram is the first month of the Muhammadan year, (this year, Anno Hijri 1335). The first ten days are held in memory of the martyrdom of Ali, the son-in-law of Muhammad, and of his two sons, Hasan and Husain. Consequently the names of all three are much sung of during the festival. The tenth day is also the day on which God is said to have created Adam and Eve, heaven, hell, the tablet of decree, the pen, fate, life and death.

The ceremonies of the Muharram differ in different places; but the following are the main features of the Festival as observed by the Shiah (Persians):—A place is prepared which is called the Astar-khana (the ten day house) or Imam-Bara (the Imam place), in the centre of which is dug a pit in which fires are kindled, and at night the people young and old fence across the fire with sticks and swords, and whilst dancing round it call out "Oh Ali! noble Hasan! noble Husain! bridegroom (dulha)! alas friend! -stay! stay! &c." the cry being repeated in the most excited manner hundreds of times, until the whole assembly has reached the highest pitch of excitement. They then form themselves in circles and beat their breasts in the most frantic manner. In Madras the Shiahs mostly dress themselves in black or green, black for mourning, and green to represent the colour of Hasan's body when he died of poison. They also, towards the close of the festival, march through the streets, halting from time to time, when the men beat their breasts to time, with the upper parts of their bodies bare, shouting loudly all the while. Every evening special preachers give sermons in which the details of Husain's death at Kerbela are repeated with many pathetic incidents. It might be here mentioned that he died on his way to Kufa in Mesopotamia, to which the people had invited him to come and assume the government held there by Yazid. Yazid managed to win the people back to his own allegiance, and led an overwhelming force

which annihilated Husain and his escort at Kerbela on the banks of the Euphrates. Striking features of the processions are the Tazias, Tabuts or biers, of the tombs of Hasan and Husain, a horse shoe in representation of Husain's horse, and the standards of Hasan and Husain. Another favourite emblem is an open hand, indicating in its five fingers (1) Muhammad, (2) Ali (his Son-in-law), (3) Fatima (Ali's wife, who was Muhammad's daughter) and (4) Hasan (5) Husain (the two grandchildren of Muhammad). The tabuts are carried finally in solemn procession and thrown into some tank or river. In Hyderabad (Deccan) one night is given to the illuminations and procession of the Nal Sahib (Mr. Shoe).

There is also another feature viz. the Muharram "tigers," chiefly carried out by low caste Hindus and simply an occasion for comedy of all kinds, men and boys painting themselves as tigers and dancing with admiring followers shouting "Dulha" (bridegroom) &c. The connection of this with the more solemn Muharram ceremonies is not clear. A reasonable explanation is that some story exists (or once existed) that at the moment of Husain's martyrdom, he miraculously in spirit travelled to India and rescued some Indian princess from a tiger! The main fascination of the "tiger" is the opportunity it gives for noise and buffoonery. Few Muhammadans take part in it though the whole Muharram time is to some of the Sunni sect a great time for comical performances which have no connection with the Martyrdom.

It may be added that the Caliph (Khalifa) Ali was assassinated in the Mosque of Kufa A.D. 660. Hasan was poisoned by his wife at the instigation of Yazid. Husain was slain, with three and thirty strokes of lances and swords A. D. 680.

## BARTON'S DELIGHTFUL WIDOW

By W. H. BARRACLOUGH.

**W**IDOW, 35, private income, wishes to correspond with lonely soldier doing his bit, with view to closer relations after the war. Must be honest, truthful, and of kind disposition. Write Box 5634 Office of this journal.

This is how the trouble began. Pte. Harry Barton of the 39th Peckham Infantry, stationed in Bangalore, S. India, saw the advertisement in the Agony Column of the Baltham Weekly News and wrote a nice, tactful letter setting forth his qualifications for the job. In due course he received the following reply :  
Dear Mr Private Barton.

Thank you so much for your delightful letter, which I like best of the thirty-two I have received. Some of them were very nice, too, but I could not feel in reading them that the author was, as you put it so delightfully, a kindred spirit. I think that is so important, don't you? Now I feel sure that you are a kindred spirit, so sure that I should not hesitate in offering you my full affection, if it were not for one thing. I, timid little thing that I am, I adore brave men (that is why I said "doing his bit") and I cannot feel quite satisfied that you are facing any real danger. I have not heard of any fighting out in India. And, besides, I am told that soldiers are sent there for punishment. I think it would be so delightful if you would write and reassure me as I should just love to send my brave soldier a few presents. It is delightful to know that there is some one at home thinking of you, isn't it?

Your sincere friend,  
Betsy Perkins.

After considerable cogitation and a number of false starts, Pte. Barton produced and posted the following dignified and manly reply :

Dear Mrs. Perkins,

I am elated at receiving an answer from you especially as I am the selected one of thirty-two. It is indeed gratifying. At the same time I am extremely surprised and a little hurt to hear that you do not think I am "doing my bit." I do not know where you have got your ideas from, but I hasten to inform you that you are labouring under a great delusion. While it is quite true that there is no actual fighting going on here, yet I feel sure you can have no idea whatever of the dangers we are facing, or you would not write as you do. It is no soft job being on duty at a place so close to the frontier as this. Raiding by the border tribes is of almost daily occurrence and several of our gallant fellows have already fallen victims. In fact we take our lives in our hands every time we go out. For my part I care nothing for such dangers, but I

own that the hundreds of venomous snakes with which the camp swarms fill me with apprehension. The other morning, on rising, I put my bare foot right onto a huge cobra, the bite of which, I need hardly tell you, is invariably fatal. Fortunately I was able to grasp it just below the head and after a fearful struggle, I succeeded in strangling it. It measured 25 ft. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches and weighed nearly 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. After such a visitor as this you will understand that we take very little notice of such trifles as centipedes scorpions, or tarantulas (a spider measuring about 18 inches across) all of which we are constantly finding in our beds. The poisonous white ants, too are a fearful nuisance. It is true that we have had very few deaths from their bites, but they cost us a terrible lot in boot leather. The other day one of our men, who had neglected to dip his boots in paraffin, fell asleep for a hour and woke to find his feet quite bare. At first he thought some one had played a trick on him, but the nails and eyelets remaining proved that the ants had eaten the boots rights off his feet.

Of course it is not for me to complain about our dangers and hardships; in fact, had you not doubted my courage, I should never have mentioned these things, as we of the famous Peckham Infantry think nothing of them. I will say no more until I hear from you again, which I hope will not be long.

Once again, with kindest regards,

I am, Yours sincerely,  
Harry Barton.

By the earliest possible mail he received this very satisfactory answer.

My Dear Harry,

(May I call you Harry?) How can I apologise sufficiently for my unkind letter, which must have hurt your feelings terribly? It was only my ignorance. Can you forgive poor little me? It will be so delightful to hear that you can. But meanwhile I am so ashamed of myself that I cannot write any more until I hear that you generously consent to overlook my terrible mistake. Believe me, yours penitently, Betsy.

P. S. Will you be so delightful as to accept a small peace offering I am sending to you by Davies Turner and Co., the carriers? It contains cigarettes, tobacco and a few delicacies such as you poor brave fellows appreciate so highly. And do write soon. It will be delightful to know that I am forgiven.

Pte. Barton found that he could forgive the delightful widow and wrote at considerable length to say so. By the same mail he wrote to his friend Corporal Percy Carter, R. E. F. Franco, a very cheerful letter from which the following is extracted :



....."Will I be so delightful as to accept" a box of cigarettes and tuck? Will a delightful dog eat delightful sausages? Silly old fool, I'll play her up till the end of the war. Percy, old man, keep your eye on the Agony Column and catch a nice ripe silly widow.....

Meanwhile, however, letters had passed between Mrs. Betsy and her sister, Mrs. McQuilland, of Glasgow. Mrs. McQuilland said a number of things, among them the following :

.....Cobras 25 ft. long, indeed! And poisonous white ants! Jock's late C.O., Colonel Parradine, is still in Bangalore.....

Some weeks after this there was an interesting entry in the Battalion Orders of the 39th Peckham Infantry :

Private H. Barton, 2545 was awarded 14 days detention for "fraudulent misrepresentation calculated to bring the Battalion into disrepute."

And a little later a melancholy letter from Pte. Barton to Corpl. Percy Carter, B. E. F., France, concluded :

.....and the worst of it is the old cat got the tuck-box switched off to the wounded at the Station Hospital. If you catch a widow my dear old thing, make sure first that she has not a Scotch brother-in-law in the army.

### LATER ATHLETIC NEWS.

The first "Rugger" match since our arrival in India was played on Sunday Dec. 31, Officers and Sergeants versus Corporals and Men, the latter winning by 13 points to nil. On Sunday Jan. 7 the Battalion sent a team to play the Royal Sussex on the latter's ground, and a very keen and interesting game was played. Unfortunately Sergt. Street of the Sussex was injured toward the close and had to retire, but although the Londons pressed hard they were unable to equalise, and the Sussex won a well deserved victory by one goal to nil.

## THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

There were doleful prophecies when we left Bangalore as to the kind of Christmas we should spend up in the North and miles from anywhere. Yet everyone seems to have enjoyed himself. One enthusiastic signaller was heard proclaiming that he had had "the time of his life." Without going quite so far as that, most of us will agree that it has been quite a jolly time, and very much pleasanter than anyone expected. The Cooks really did marvels with the slender facilities at their disposal and fully earned the praises that were to be heard everywhere. Company Commanders were generous with cigars, cigarettes, fruit and other "extras," and The Murrec Brewery kindly provided free beer for all who wanted it. In the evening a camp-fire concert, with four roaring bonfires, was well attended, the battalion artistes exerting themselves splendidly, as usual, in the public cause. "Lights-out" was extended, and sounds of revelry were heard until a (for us) late hour.

On Boxing Day and Wednesday a very successful Sports meeting was held; it is dealt with fully in our "Athletic" columns.

THE MOMERATH.

## PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENTS

*Pedestrianism for Ladies.* By "Auntie Nick" of "Home Rot." Burhan: Fallin, See & Co. (As. 8.)

*Equipment: How not to wear it. Fifty different ways explained.* By Sergt. Triedall.

*Pets, Poses and Pastimes; with an essay on Snooker.* By Jock Mason. Moorhouse: Burroughs & Waits. (Rs. 5.)

*A Tale of Two Penalties.* By A. & B. Heads. With two illustrations, by W. F. Porter, and T. Smith. Bangalore: The Cobb Press, Limited.

*Hair Raids.* By S. Kittoe. Dartmoor: Clippers & Shears Ltd. (2s. 6d.)

*Up-to-date Methods of Dust Laying.* By P. E. J. Hobden. Burhan: Trickle & Co. (Re. 1.)

*How to fill your Photo Album without expense.* By Sonnette. Bangalore: Baird Press. (Rs. 5.)

## INSECTS AS CARRIERS OF DISEASE.

This subject is at the present day receiving a vast amount of attention from doctors and entomologists. It may be said to be in its infancy, as years of patient study of the habits of various bloodsucking insects will be necessary before scientists are in a position to be in any way dogmatic as to the capability of any particular insect for carrying disease.

All that is known to-day is that certain species of mosquitos are capable of injecting the bacilli of malaria, yellow fever, elephantiasis, etc., and that certain species of fleas are the carrying agents of plague. Undoubtedly there are many other tropical diseases which are carried by insects, and experiments in this direction are being carried out on a large scale by some of the first scientists of the day.

Mosquitos are small insects with a wing expanse of about a quarter of an inch, and belong to a group known as Diptera of which there are many hundreds of different species, including the common house fly, horse fly, etc. Mosquitos are divided into two families, *viz.*, Culex and Anopheles, of which there are at least a hundred species in India. These may be roughly separated by their colouration, and their resting position. Culex has practically colourless wings and holds its body parallel with the surface on which it is resting. Anopheles has generally spotted wings and sits with its head almost touching the surface on which it is resting, with its tail in the air, forming roughly an angle of 45°. Culex is generally supposed to be harmless with one exception, and Anopheles the agent for carrying the bacilli of Malaria, although many species of this genus are said to be innocuous. In both species it is only the female that is a bloodsucker, the male living on the juices of plants.

The eggs of Mosquitos are laid in water, and live there until the perfect insect emerges. Culex generally is found in stagnant pools, and Anopheles in clear shallow pools. They are easily distinguished in the larval state; the latter lies parallel with, and just below the surface of the water, and procures the air necessary for existence through a series of processes shaped like little umbrellas, whereas the former has only one process for taking in air which is situated on the tail; it therefore

rests head downwards with the tip of the tail out of the water.

A mosquito bite is harmless, unless the mosquito has previously sucked the blood of a patient suffering from one of these diseases, of which the most frequent is malaria. There are three forms of malaria, but a description of these would be too long and tedious for these pages.

Mosquitos, luckily, are nocturnal insects, so you are free from danger during the day. At night, failing a mosquito net, which should be free from rents, and tucked well in under the mattress, the best means of prevention is a little citronella oil rubbed on the exposed parts of the body. Strong ammonia applied to a bite eases the irritation. Quinine is a cure for malaria, but will not prevent it.

Pools or articles capable of holding water should not be permitted in the vicinity of bungalows. If mosquito larvae are found a small quantity of kerosene oil will destroy them, as the oil spreading over the water prevents the little larvae from getting the air on which their life depends.

Of fleas, which are also grouped with the Diptera only two kinds need be mentioned here, *viz.*, the common English flea supposed to be harmless, and the rat flea, which is responsible for the spreading of plague. As its English name implies its "host" is originally the rat, and it lives on that animal in preference to any other, but failing that it will bite man. In an epidemic of plague the first sign is the presence of the bodies of rats which have died of that disease, and as a flea will not live on a dead body it has to go in search of a new "host," and this frequently happens to be a man. When the insect bites, the bacillus of plague is injected, and the man becomes infected with plague, as in the case of the mosquito and malaria. Cleanliness and sanitary conditions form the best preventive of plague, as the flea breeds, not on the body of its "host," but in accumulations of dirt.

In a tropical climate a dead rat should only be touched by a responsible person who will take all necessary sanitary precautions. The little grey squirrel, known as the tree rat is also very liable to plague and should be left severely alone.

T. H. L. GROSVENOR.

## BOOK OF THE MONTH:

"1912"

Professor Brewster's monumental work on the social life of bygone days reaches, in the present volume,\* the interesting though little known period which, in accordance with his custom, he identifies with the year that gave it its most perfect expression, 1912.

England was at peace. It is difficult for us to realise what this means. Imagine a London of which the whole of the West End and even portions of the suburbs were brilliantly lighted until midnight or later; one could cross Piccadilly Circus, it is said, as easily by night as at midday, but this is difficult to believe. Traces of this past magnificence are to be found in Oxford Street to this day in the form of huge iron standards at close intervals down the middle of the road, each of which, according to Bower, the eminent archaeologist, carried two arc-lamps of 1000 candle power. These brilliantly illuminated streets were filled with a gaily dressed throng of all ages including, impossible as it seems to us, numbers of young men dressed in every imaginable shade of blue, brown and grey, the present almost universal shade of drab being then unknown. And all this glittering crowd was bent on amusement:

Everyone had money to spend; and the theatres, music-halls, picture places and restaurants were filled to overflowing with people of every imaginable rank and occupation. No one sat at home mending clothes and boots, or practising the art of making an ounce of margarine cover five slices of bread. In fact, the pleasures and dissipations now confined to army contractors and munition workers were common to all.

Elderly gentlemen inclined greatly to corpulence, an effect doubtless of their strange habit of spending every night in bed instead of getting up to take the usual four hours' pedestrian exercise round the nearest reservoir or brewery. No searchlights wove their mazy dance over the night sky of London, for Zepps were unknown. Aeroplanes were in their infancy; so much a novelty, indeed, that the people used to flock to Hendon, a village near London, on Saturday afternoons to see them. Some of the simpler aerial evolutions such as "looping the loop" were known and greatly admired.

The fashionable young men of the period, or "knuts," as they were called, seem to have been a curious and interesting type. Instead of ammunition boots and the now fashionable grey socks, they wore very light shoes of brown or yellow leather, and silk socks of rainbow hues, contrived to match or to harmonize with their cravats. At festival times, especially during the annual pilgrimage to the sea, which took place in August, this matter of socks attained apparently the eminence of a religious rite. They were changed several times a day, the young man who performed the most frequent and dazzling changes being considered to acquire great merit. He was known as the Super-Knut, or Top-Knut.

Round this term "knut" considerable controversy has raged. Until comparatively recently the theory holding the field was that the knuts were the followers of King Canute, or Knut, who originated the pilgrimages to the sea-side above referred to. The story is interesting: sitting one day on the beach at Margate he was so annoyed at the encroachment of the tide against his express commands that he gave orders for a sea-wall and promenade to be built in order that he might keep his feet dry in future. The sock ritual is said to derive from this tradition, (vide Bickersteth's *History of Pilgrimages*, VOL. VI). The learned Grobelius, however, places the Canute incident several centuries earlier, (circa 800 A. D.) and derives the word from a folk song of the period entitled "Gilbert the Filbert" (vide *Contemporary Knuts*, Vol. I, *passim*). Knight & Lewis, again, ridicule this suggestion and bring abundant evidence to show that the song refers to a distinguished army Officer of the "1912" period whose name was Gilbertson, but who was affectionately known to his men as "Gilbert." For our part, it seems to us that modern research has conclusively established the validity of the old "Canute" theory, and it is a matter for regret that an historian of Dr. Brewster's eminence should appear to countenance, with what reserves soever, the absurd guesses of Grobelius.

But we do not wish to close on a note of disagreement. "1912" is a fascinating study of the past, and though the author's method is perhaps too uncompromisingly scientific to make his book popular among the generality of readers, to those who persevere we can promise a very complete insight into the manners and customs of this quaintly picturesque time.

\* *Manners & Customs*, Vol. IX: "1912" By C. K. Brewster, M. A., D.Lit., O. M. London: Grønhaug, Long & Co. 15s. 6d. net.

## THE END OF THE WAR: WHEN & WHY?

(The winning essay in Competition No. 5)

Truly a hard question to answer, and yet the most vital one to us at present. Let us consider the question as a whole and I will give you an answer: "At the worst it will last two years, at the best it will end early next autumn." These are the words written by General Sir O'Moore Greagh, V. C., and I think it a most suitable answer to the question.

The reason why it may last two years longer I will endeavour to explain. Mr. Asquith has said that we must absolutely knock-out Germany; now, to do that will take a lot more hammering than she has had, and as the war goes on, from time to time we have to alter our opinions; but two years longer is the absolute limit. Much depends upon the munition factories, whether they can turn out enough shells to supply Russia's needs for the spring, and a great deal depends upon the Allies' strategy. Should they make a blunder, now that they have the enemy well in hand it would mean a serious situation for ourselves,—men, money and strength would be wasted.

At the best it will end next autumn; that is my firm conviction, and why? Everywhere the enemy is on the defensive, he is fighting to retain that which he has got, not to gain more. The Italians are making slow but sure progress, and it would not surprise a great number of people if the Italians were the first to reach Berlin, *via* Tyrol. Again, we read of the moral of the German troops being weakened, and the Russian advance, which would be greatly strengthened in the Spring if she were well supplied with munitions; there comes a point which would undoubtedly shorten the war.

We are told, on very good authority that the German garrisons are being denuded of their effectives and German effectives in their winter cantonments are already earmarked for service. Reinforcements still keep pace with the wastage, but the time will come when the casualties will far exceed in numbers the available drafts; then it will be a case of retreat or break up the line.

The Germans are building a new Krupp Arsenal which will produce more munitions than

ever before, but, even with that the Allies far exceed the possible output of all the munition factories in Germany.

With all things considered you will see that there is reason to hope for a speedy and decisive peace. One word before closing. The tanks seem to have been a success. Other surprises that will help our march towards Berlin will arrive in due course, but without the British and French soldier, all the mechanical contrivances in the world would not assure us of the complete victory, which let us hope we shall be celebrating a year hence.

Remember Sir William Robertson's warning "We have yet a long way to go, and we must be ready to go all the way" so let there be no slacking off.

GORDON STEWART.

## BATTALION DIARY.

*Under this heading we propose to publish in each issue the more important events in the history of the Battalion. We begin with a short resume of its movements since its establishment as an infantry unit.*

1915

*December 2*—The Battalion, as an infantry unit, formed by the amalgamation of the 1st and 2nd Line units, with a draft from the 1/6th Cyclist Battalion, Suffolk Regiment, arrived at Chiseldon, Wilts.

1916

- February 3*—Entrained for Devonport.  
 " 4—Sailed from Devonport in S. S. "Ceramic."  
 " 24—Arrived in Bombay Harbour.  
 " 26—Entrained for Bangalore.  
 " 28—Arrived at Baird Barracks, Bangalore.  
*March 22*—Inspected by Sir Arthur Phayre, K. C. B., G. O. C., 9th (Secunderabad) Division.  
*June 19*—Moved to Hebbal Camp.  
*October 7*—Moved to Moorhouse Barracks.  
*November 25*—Inspected by Sir Arthur Phayre.  
*December 1*—Entrained Bangalore Cantonment Station.  
 " 7—Arrived Burhan.  
 " 16—Inspected by H. E. Sir C. C. Monro, G. C. M. G., K. C. B., Commander-in-Chief in India.

## THE MILK DIET.

I have had terrible experience: I have been turned into a Tank.

But of course you would not understand. Let me tell you all about it—at least so much as I think you are old enough to know.

Now, mark you, when I say I have been turned into a Tank I do not mean one of those pantomime pachyderms that patrol up to the German trenches, pinch the bayonet off a sentry's rifle and insert a hand grenade in his mouth as he gapes in wonder. No, rather do I refer to one of those things they put round water the better to preserve its shape. But it is not water which I am outside of, nor beer, but milk!

I have been put on a milk diet. I always used to fancy that Martin Luther must have had a very slender time with his Diet of Worms, but now I am not so sure that it was not preferable to my Diet of Milk.

Appalling thing, a milk diet. My whole existence is moist with milk, I eat milk, I exude milk from my very being. And at night I dream about milk. I shall soon *be* milk. Already I have realised that milk and I are spiritual affinities.

If I were to drink as much beer every day as I drink milk, I should be called a confirmed toper. When I get back to normal living,—and I am determined to do so in some way even should I have to swim there through seas of milk—I think I shall take to drink. It would be a sin to do otherwise, with the truly amazing capacity I am developing. I think I must be nearing my maximum capacity now. If they want to increase the quantity of milk I am to take, they will have to administer it in its condensed form. Then they will only have to add boiling water to me and I shall be the best for infants and invalids.

I suspect that it is only Europeans who are put on milk diet. This to keep them *au lait*, and so distinguish them from *Kaffir noir*.

It is probable that ere long I shall find myself understudying the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Only, instead of trailing behind me all the available urchins of the district, I expect to have a large and enthusiastic following, both feline and serpentine, thirsting, not for my blood, but for my milk—if indeed there will long be any difference.

Also I dread my return to duty, particularly the attack practice. A very little doubling forward and flopping down and I shall be churned into butter. What a ghastly outlook! Fancy a packet of the "Best Fresh" in the column on a route march!

A tropical climate is supposed to give one a liver and a fiery temper, but in my case I am being filled to overflowing with the milk of human kindness. For though as yet it seems to me more like inhuman cruelty, one must remember that it is often cruel to be kind, and must hope that all is for the best. What use then, to repine? My path may be beset with trouble, yet for me there is no choice but to tread it. Forward then,—along the Milky Way.

You have all heard about the Queen in the History books who said "When I die, you will find 'Calais' written upon my heart in letters of blood." When I die they will find written upon my heart in letters of milk "Families Waited On Daily."

B. Mc. Q.

## PERHAPS.

O, wonderful days are in store for us all,  
 For all, that's to say, who are spared,  
 We'll think that we've dropped into heaven itself  
 The day after Peace is declared.  
 They'll charter some specials to hurry us back  
 To Bombay, where I hear we'll be chaired  
 Round the town by the citizens (so I've been  
 told)  
 The day after Peace is declared.  
 The King and the Queen and all the Brass Hats  
 Will be round, asking how we have fared,  
 And the C.O. will say "you can have one with me"  
 The day after Peace is declared.  
 The Captain who's honoured by sailing us home  
 Has been heard to say all that he cared  
 Was he hoped we'd allow him to lend us some iron  
 The day after Peace is declared.  
 Arriving in dock there'll be banners and flags,  
 And the banquet will all be prepared,  
 And lights-out will be ten minutes later they say,  
 The day after Peace is declared.  
 And once it's all over and I've got the push,  
 And the medals and honours are shared,  
 You'll be up plucky early to catch me again,  
 The day after Peace is declared.

G. LE GRYS

# WHAT THE BATTALION IS ASKING.

If the Guard Corporal really liked being picked out as "smartest man."

\* \* \*

Whether the W. O. has issued a new drill-book?

\* \* \*

And if not, where do the following weird Commands come from; "Form two thick", "Fix—as you were—stack rifles", "At the halt, facing left, advance in column", "Slope picks—eyes right"?

\* \* \*

And had the hero of the last named order made a vow a few hours previously to smarten and trim his section?

\* \* \*

And is the new drill-book the platoon Sergeant's authority for saluting at retreat while bareheaded?

\* \* \*

When he dropped his belt and watch through the opening why didn't he dive after them instead of stopping the train?

\* \* \*

What the Field Officer said to himself when the sentry told him that "*this* guard only turns out for His Excellency"?

\* \* \*

Whether the managers of the messes and liquor bar have been warned that the re-engagement bounties are shortly to be paid?

\* \* \*

Which was the most welcome shower of rain that ever fell from heaven?

\* \* \*

And is it a fact that the indent for a thousand vacuum-cleaners was cancelled the same evening?

\* \* \*

Was it indigestion or a guilty conscience that brought Sergt. Suttle into the Mess at such an astonishingly early hour?

\* \* \*

Whether there is much to choose between the North and South Indian in the matter of commercial morality?

\* \* \*

And whether the North can't give points to the South in the gentle art of "making the foreigner pay"?

If we win the swimming cup at Calcutta three years running shall we be allowed to keep it?

\* \* \*

And (talking of winning things), that prize of ten chips offered by a Sergeant for best platoon shot at Hebbal,—has the lucky bugler who won it bought war stock, or what?

\* \* \*

Whether our new "Garden Suburb" shooting range at the top of the mule-lines is not the pride of the Battalion?

\* \* \*

And whether it might not be improved by the provision of a few long range targets for marksmen and first-class shots?

\* \* \*

But not in the direction of "The Londoner" Office, please.

\* \* \*

Whether the overworking of certain words in a certain Orderly Room, "transmogrification" for instance, doesn't amount to cruelty?

\* \* \*

If the Battalion barbers are as fierce as they look?

\* \* \*

Has the Sergeant, he of the stentorian voice and eagle eye, found any pets to take the place of the melon seedlings he used to pamper with a cup of water and a salt spoon?

\* \* \*

Why, having come into the Corporals Mess by the usual entrance, did the officer try to leave by Father Christmas's traditional route?

\* \* \*

And whether his brother officer wasn't rather unkind in refusing to let Gussie kiss him,—even if he is married?

\* \* \*

And, by the way, where did Gussie learn the art of snake charming, and does he blow on a calabash horn when feeding his pets?

# THE LONDONER.

BURHAN : JANUARY 1917.

EDITOR ... Cyc. R. B. James, A. Coy.

## REPRESENTATIVES.

Sgt. Oakley	...	Platoon No. 5	} B. Coy.
Cyc. Andrews	...	" " 8	
L.-Cpl. Cooper	...	" " 9	} C. Coy.
Cyc. Freethy	...	" " 10	
Cyc. Alderton	...	" " 14	} D. Coy.
Cyc. Howlett	...	" " 15	
Cyc. Gaillard	...	M. G. Section.	H.-Qrs.

EDITORIAL OFFICE.—S. W. Corner of Camp, near Mule-Lines.

**NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—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. Contributions should be placed in the box at the door of "The Londoner" Office, or handed to your Company Representative.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

All communications should be addressed to C. Q. M. S. Gerrard, A. Coy., 1/25 Londons, Burhan Camp.

We regret to announce that Sergt. Gore, who started "The Londoner" and in spite of many difficulties succeeded in establishing it on a firm basis, has resigned the editorship, finding himself no longer able to spare time for the work, which, even on a small paper such as this, is considerable. Of the loss his decision means to "The Londoner" we need say little, but if you have liked the paper you have him to thank, for his personality is writ large all over it. Fortunately, though his name disappears from this page he himself remains a near neighbour to "The Londoner" office, and his sound judgment and unflinching invention and resource are still at our service.

No. 2 went very well, the sale being about two hundred copies better than No. 1. No. 2 is still on sale, though only a few copies are left; No. 1, of course, is quite out of print. We have received very kind congratulatory notices in "The Madras Times", "The Madras Mail", "The Bangalore Daily Post" and "Cycling". The editor of the "Cyclists Touring Club Gazette" sends a very flattering acknowledgment of the issue we posted to him, saying that as an old Anglo-Indian journalist he is well acquainted with "the difficulties attending the production of in journal of this class, especially in a place like Bangalore." We wonder what he would say about a place like Burhan. "The Londoner," also, has reached the trenches, as Cyc. Priestly (No. 4 Platoon) hears from his brother in France that he found a copy last time they went in.

It is our endeavour to produce an issue of "The Londoner" once a month but, owing to circumstances which we are sure our readers sufficiently appreciate, we have been obliged to let December pass without one. We had hoped also to give in this number photographs of the winners of the "Cobb" and "Kolar" cups, but, owing to lack of facilities for photographic reproduction, combined with the move from Bangalore, we have been obliged to postpone these.

We wish to thank Cyclists Parry and Porter and L.-Corpl. Evans for their very useful help in typing MSS., and several readers who have been good enough to lend the private letters from which our Personal and Second, Third, and Suffolk Notes are chiefly compiled. Such letters are always useful; please bring them, or extracts from them, to the Editor as soon as possible after you have read them; otherwise you will probably forget.

## BOOK & MAGAZINE EXCHANGE.

Readers are invited to bring any books and magazines they have finished with to "The Londoner" office and leave them in the box provided, helping themselves to others in exchange. No attempt will be made to organize this exchange; it is left to the good feeling and public spirit of members of the Battalion to give as good as they take. In the absence of a library we must make as much as we can of what literature there is in the camp.

## THE GENTLE MOHMUND.

Sandwiched between practically forbidden Afghanistan on the one side and the fat cities of India on the other, lies a tract of mountainous country known throughout the British Army as "The Frontier." Pierced by three main passes, the most famous of which is of course the Khyber, it is in parts barren but its fertile tracts are sufficient to support a population several hundred thousand strong. These people are utterly untamed by civilisation and up in their mountain homes are as free as the air, since it is very unhealthy for any but a big army to pay them a visit. They are divided into tribes, the most numerous being the Afridis, round the Khyber, and the most prosperous the Mohmunds who live just north of them.

The Mohmunds can muster about 20,000 fighting men, and would probably be called ill armed savages by armchair critics at home, but indeed they are nothing of the sort. Their bravery, reinforced by a judicious fanaticism, is beyond doubt; they can make quite a good living on their land, and the fighting and raiding they periodically indulge in is simply a pastime, improved into a sport by the firing off of their precious rifles, the most treasured possession of any hillman. A Frontier fight must therefore be looked at from the point of view that it is the hillmans "beano" and is conducted by him on those lines.

The almost annual scrap starts in various ways. Perhaps a Mullah (a religious leader) wants to make a bit of a reputation for himself; or his following, having "acquired" a nice supply of ammunition, force his hand; anyhow, the Mullah declares a holy war and collects his followers. He may or may not be backed up by other Mullahs, and so the force of hillmen engaged always varies. The first signs of a scrap coming along are usually a raid or two on the villages in the plain. The Police posts are sniped and any cavalry patrols that go out are fired on. Back in Peshawar and Nowshera is the 1st. Division whose special job it is to deal with little matters of this kind. Troops are sent out to the various perimeter camps that lie between Abozai and Michni, a distance of under thirty miles, and then the fun begins. This year, as a slight improvement on the usual show, a blockhouse line with plenty of barbed wire and a live wire was put up, shutting

in the gentle Mohmund as soon as there was any sign of a scrap, and this undoubtedly interfered a bit with his arrangements, as raiding was not an easy matter.

The concentration of the Mohmunds always takes time, and during this procedure he contents himself with gentle sniping at night, while by day he sits on the hilltops and watches what you are up to. You sit and watch him from the plain below. A party of hillmen will troop down to the foothills or "downs" and build a sangar or two, which the mountain battery promptly demolishes. By night his camp fires blaze up on the ridges and, if you are wise, you will dine when he dines, unless you want to be sniped at mess.

When all his forces are collected and a propitious day arrives off goes the Mullah to the inevitable battle ground, the Shuban Khwar and the troops move out and everyone gets ready for the customary one day scrap on the morrow. The Infantry are up early, move out in extended order, and line the downs. As you go up you get a bit sniped, but on your arrival not a man is to be seen. The 18 Pounders and howitzers, aided and abetted by the aeroplanes, then proceed to search the valley and ridges. With your glasses you can see a few of the enemy in their blue fighting kit moving about well out of rifle fire, and perhaps see a few go sky high if a shell gets them, but they are mostly under cover all right in the nullahs; and don't for a moment think they have cleared off. The hillman, though he says he doesn't mind shell fire much, considers it unsporting and has sent in to tell us so, while he was very "peeved" this year about the aeroplanes. You lie on your little hill watching the gunners target practice till three or four in the afternoon, when the time comes to draw off for the night, and then your real job begins. The hillman knows just about when you will have to leave your hills and about half an hour before that time he begins to reappear and to do a little more sniping. Then you withdraw, and no sooner have you left your perch than he is on it, and gives you a peppering though hindered a bit by the gunners. You get back to camp with or without casualties as the case may be, and the scrap is over. The gentle Mohmund, quite satisfied, having had his sport, proceeds to disperse.



The Mohmund is a sportsman until he gets you wounded or prisoner; and then he treats you in way that would quite qualify him for an alliance with the Hun. That is the only blemish on his character as a fighter; so long as he is fighting, he fights clean, and with a sense of humour. The Armoured Cars out one day fired a burst at a ridge from which they had been sniped, and a flag at once appeared signalling a "miss." A further burst was greeted in the same way, but we were luckier with the third. Again, as we advanced on the 12th. November a Mohmund sat on the foothills and blew our military bugle calls, improving them by a few flourishes of his own.

He prides himself on being a fine shot; actually, as an individual, he is not, and will miss you clean at a hundred yards. But, having regard to some of the ancient weapons he uses, his collective fire is wonderful and he gets your range with his exploding bullets in a truly marvellous way. His bravery is splendid and on every withdrawal you will see him strolling along the hilltops picking up empty cases. Of course he fights on his own ground where the nullahs, bushes, and rocks help him to get the concealment he wants, but on his day he can put up quite a good fight against the best troops in the world. He is a foeman quite worthy of your steel, and fighting him is none too easy when you remember that every killed and wounded comrade must at all costs be brought back to safety. He is worth fighting, and if you have to fight him you must watch and study him.

### THE JOURNEY.

A railway journey of six days' duration is certainly something of an event, especially when, like ours, it covers nearly three-quarters of the length of the great Indian peninsula and takes one from the perpetual summer of Bangalore to the freezing nights of the North West Frontier Province.

Reveille was at 5 on the morning of December 1st, and just six hours later the second of our two trains pulled out of Bangalore. The train was a mixed one, being made up of all sorts of coaches, from the cramped and uncomfortable "III class Indian" to the comparative luxury of the one "Military Coach," the very latest thing in troop trains and bearing the date

1916. Each compartment has a moveable table, seats six men and has bunks for the same number. The coach is really a miracle of compactness and convenience. The sixty men who occupied it were lucky. The first train had five of these coaches.

As far as Dhond which we reached on Sunday at 10 hours we followed the same route as on our journey from Bombay to Bangalore. Here, however, we branched off to the North, leaving Poona and Bombay to the west. The weather began to change considerably, and though the days remained warm and bright the nights began get bitterly cold, or so it seemed to us, fresh from nine months of Bangalore weather. We were all very glad of the extra blankets that were issued at Agra on the evening of Tuesday, 5th. Here we had a great disappointment, as the anticipated route-march did not come off, and consequently we did not see the Taj Mahal. To be within two miles of the most famous and beautiful tomb in the world and to see only a whitish smudge through the smoke and deepening dusk, which some one assures you is the dome.—could anything be more exasperating?

We were, indeed, singularly unlucky in regard to seeing things en route; we seemed to pass through all the hilly scenery at night, and the two places where we had short walks were wholly uninteresting. Our first train had better luck at any rate as regards scenery for they crossed the Vindhya Hills on the afternoon of the 4th, and the steep climb afforded some fine sights. The bridges over the Chenab and Jhelum River were really worth seeing, each being quite a mile long, and from here the general scenery was fine, growing more wild as they proceeded. The Hants, we hear, were very lucky, spending eight hours at Agra, where they saw the Taj and everything else worth seeing.

However, we were all sorry when the journey was over. It was a delightful six days, full of change of scene, good comradeship, and card-playing, and almost entirely devoid of parades and duties. Feeding was rather irregular and one got a little tired of bully, but after all it was pleasant change from stew. One thing is certain, if you've got to go a long railway journey go a really long one. Twelve hours or twenty hours bores you to tears, but a week's journey is a week's holiday.

## BURHAN EMPIRE

Varieties all day (and night)

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Shamsudeen. Lyries by Lionel.  
Dodkins. Music by H Oke.

We forget who the Book is by.

BOX OFFICE NOW OPEN.

**PERSONAL.**

Major Swinnerton has received letters from both Sergt. P. Thompson and Sergt. A. T. Jenkins of old A. Coy. The former is in Mesopotamia; the latter, who left for Australia four years ago, went through New Guinea, Gallipoli and Egypt and is now O. R. Sergt. Anzac Section, 3rd Echelon, G. H. Q. France. Both wish to be remembered to all old friends.

2nd Lieut. Dodkins, one time Sergt. Bill Dodkins, is now with the A. C. Corps at the soldier's Elysium, Chiseldon Camp. He here met Cye. Braughall, recently returned wounded from Vimy Ridge.

Members of old B. Coy., will remember Cye., E. Smith. He has recently been discharged through illness. Lieut. Doggett and Sergt. Seddon have been in France some months and Lieut. Briggs is now a prisoner in Germany.

Col.-Sergt. Harrison old C. Coy., is now a Captain, while Cye. Heffield is back at the depôt with shrapnel wounds in the leg.

Many of us remember "Billy" Bovey of old D. Coy., who transferred last year to the 1/1st London Divisional Cyclists, and was afterwards attached to the 1/19th Londons, in which battalion he quite recently received a commission. We grieve to learn from a letter just received here by Cye. Telford of A. Coy. that he was killed within a week of his return to France. Len Hatcher and Jerry Holmes are wounded, the latter discharged; Tommy Fawdon is with the A. C. C. in our old Chiseldon Lines. All of old D. Coy.

Bombr. A. E. Boreham 72010, K. Pattery, R. H. A., B. E. F., France is still in the thick of fighting and would like to hear from any of his old G. Coy. friends, as would Cye. Ravenhill who is now serving with the Civil Service Rifles at Winchester. Cpl. E. C. Robertson and Pte. A. L. Apted were both in the early October engagements, the latter receiving wounds from which he ultimately died. This sad news is contained in a letter from Cpl. Robertson who was in the same engagement.

Pioneer L. C. Sedwell who left us for the 2nd Battalion, is now a Sergeant and Brigade Instructor of Infantry Training. He mentions the following as being still in the 2nd Battalion: Corpl. Manuel old A. Coy., now L.-Sergt.; Cye. Colpus old G. Coy., now Corpl.; Cye., Way old G. Coy., and Cye. Webb old D. Coy., now signallers; L.-Corpl. Morris old C. Coy., now Corpl.

Sergt. Spackman, awaiting discharge on account of weak heart. He adds "all others, as far as I can remember, went with the draft" Sergt. Sedwell sends Xmas greetings to his old pals.

L.-Cpl. Coates (old D. Coy.) and Cye. Prall (Signallers) are shortly leaving for the Gulf as Radio-wireless Operators. Good luck to them!

Major E. E. Seymour writes from the Western Front to Capt. Blunden and enquires about old friends. He has seen "The Londoner" and asks to have his name put down as a subscriber.

**SECOND BATTALION NOTES.**

From private letters to various members of the battalion we gather somewhat conflicting statements with reference to the draft that the 2/25th sent to France some time since. But, in any case, the news is very bad indeed. The draft went to the 1/9th (Queen Victoria Rifles) apparently in August and the men here been in action in a very hot part of the line—one correspondent says "last time we went over the top." We read such phrases as "of the hundred that came out, there are only twenty odd left"; "seventy five per cent were wiped out, others more or less badly wounded." Another writer, however says, "we lost 46 out of 85, but I am pleased to say most of them are wounded and back in Blighty." Yet another correspondent was wounded in an attack on October 10th and adds "most of our company were killed and only a few got back to the trench at all." From a very reliable source we hear "fifty per cent of our August draft are already dead or wounded."

With regard to individual members of the draft, we hear of the following old B. company men: Habberfield was wounded but is now back with the battalion; A. H. Harvey was wounded in the left arm and is believed to be now in England; Ernie Shelton is in hospital at Rouen with dysentery. We regret to add that A. F. Gardiner (old A. Coy.) is posted as missing from 9 October, and that McKechnie (old B. Coy.) and Horrigan (old F. Coy.), are said to have been killed.

The name of Sub-Lieut. G. J. Pidler, R. N. V. R., appeared in the official list of wounded on November 21st. He will be remembered as Colour-Sergeant and later C. S. M. of old E. Coy.

Cyclist Cassell has received a letter from Capt. Upton, dated 11 November in which he says that the battalion is now in billets after having spent the summer under canvas, and that it is rumoured they are to lose their bicycles very soon. They have our sympathy. Wheatley is said to have been wounded and mentioned in despatches. Capt. Upton adds "please remember me to any of my old boys; I am always keen to hear how you are all getting on."

Major Swinnerton has received a long and interesting letter from Capt. King who left the 1/25th to take command of old E company, 2/25th at the outbreak of the war. After the amalgamation of the 1st and 2nd battalions Capt. King left the 2nd. and undertook the task of raising a cyclist company for the 58th division. He took this company to France, on Easter Sunday 1916, and as soon as he had got it trained, Divisional Cyclist Coys. were abolished in favour of the formation of Corps Cyclist Battalions. Capt. King's company was split in two, Capt. Ransford going away with one half; and after some time, mostly occupied in supplying working parties in the fighting line, the remainder were disbanded, and Capt. King is now engaged on staff work, his address being c/o. H. Q. 6th corps, B. E. F., France. He complains that his old friends won't write and that he can get no information about the 2/25th.

In a letter to Lieut. Morton, Col. Gilbertson Smith gives much interesting information regarding the battalion. Lieut. Smith, his son is now in "the convalescent company at Grantham" but expects to be off to France again soon. Many N. C. O.'s have recently taken commissions, including C. S. M. Lascelles who is expected back in the battalion as a 2nd Lieut., Sergt. Cook Winn and Sergt. Revell, who are 2nd Lieuts. in the A. S. C., and Tyrell, Reid and Woods who have gone to an Officers' Cadet Battalion. Two or three cyclists have also taken commissions in the A. S. C. and the battalion's motor cyclists have been taken away "much to my regret."

W. H. Webster, (old H. Coy.) now an officer in the 4/4th Royal Fusiliers has been wounded and twice recommended for bravery. Hugh Knowles, who has also taken a commission has been ill almost ever since; he is now at home. Crandley, now 1/Corpl., went haymaking with the rest of his company near Skegness, at about thirty five shillings a week.

### THIRD LINE NOTES.

Strictly speaking, there is of course now no third line unit. The remnants of the old 3/25th were amalgamated with the 3/10th (Hackney Rifles), and now find drafts for any unit, as may be required by the War Office. We continue the title of this column as a matter of convenience only.

Our men continue to have a good time at Hurdcott camp, though it annoys them to see the Divisional Cyclists with the very latest thing in military bicycles while they themselves have to hump the pack and pad the hoof. It is gratifying to note that at the recent signalling tests most of our men were able to secure their "crossed flags."

We understand that a draft 300 strong went to Havre on 24 October and is there undergoing very severe training. Apparently some at least of them have been in action, as a few are reported to be back in England, wounded. Some of the third line officers have already seen service in France and unfortunately there have been casualties among them. We regret to hear on what seems to be good authority that bugler A. G. Clarke, who went to France with the Divisional Cyclists was killed in action on September 15th while acting as a bomber.

We are indebted to a reader for a copy dated October 1916, Vol. I, No. 1 of "The Kukri" which describes itself as "the official organ of the Hackney, 'Gurkhas' and Topical Journal of the Putney 'Sikh'—lists published by kind permission of the C. O. Lieut. Colonel H. A. Stenning, T. D." It is a light hearted and cheery journal with amusing line drawings and some entertaining and informative articles on sausages, football and other burning questions. The description of "Amalgamo, a winter game for third line units" is evidently by one who knows and has suffered. There is a letter of good wishes from Mr. Horatio Bottomley and no less than five columns of verse, besides, an item entitled "The Ten Commandments of the 25th Cyclist Battn., London Regiment, India," which readers will remember as having been circulated as a leaflet at Baird Barracks. Congratulations to the editor and all concerned. Long may "The Kukri" prosper! It may interest the Hackney Gurkhas to know that we are now brigaded with two battalions of their coloured brothers.

**SUFFOLK NOTES.**

Our Suffolk members completed their first year in this battalion on the 22 December.

We glean the following information from letters to several men:—Old D Coy.: Corpls. Howard, May, and Ward, Ptes. J. Moore and Jerrell have been wounded; Pte. R. Peck is missing, believed prisoner of war. E. Coy.: L./Corpl. J. Brittain is wounded. G. Coy.: Pte. Day Race, is wounded and in hospital in England; Pte. W. Green, is a prisoner in Germany. H. Coy.: L./Cpl. Mortlock is wounded. Corpl. Bristow, who by a regrettable error was reported killed, is in hospital in England. We wish him safe recovery.

Suffolks will be pleased to hear of the promotion of Captain Ellison, the very popular captain of old C. Coy. to the rank of Major; he is now second in command of the 1/6 Suffolks. Lieut. Samuels is now acting Adjutant of the same battalion, and Capt. Beney of old E. Coy. is now with the R. F. C.

**THE RED TRIANGLE.**

The Burhan Y. M. C. A. was formally opened by General Barratt, Commanding the 16th Division, on 1st January. The Hants band was in attendance, and the Kents' concert party gave an excellent entertainment later in the evening.

As a matter of fact, the Branch has been open in practice for some time, as many of our readers are aware. Those who have not yet discovered it should note that it is just across the road, immediately opposite Divisional H. Q. In addition to a large concert marquee and a spacious refreshment room, there is a writing-room, a reading-room and a games-room, the latter with two 8 by 4 billiard tables as well as chess, draughts, pingpong, &c.

Mr. L.A.C. Wide, General Secretary for the N.-W. Frontier, is at present here organising the Branch, and he, as well as the Local Secretary, Mr. Gordon M. Reese and his assistant Mr. J. T. Yeomans, are anxious to see as many of our men as possible taking advantage of the Association's various activities. There is a very fair football ground behind the Y. M. C. A. Camp, and it is hoped to form a League with trophies for inter-battalion competition. We are promised, also, basket-ball and volley-ball and wait eagerly to see what manner of games these are.

There are Bible Classes and Classes for Mission Study, and meetings are held on Sundays and Wednesdays at 6-30. A debating society and a mock Parliament may perhaps be started if these are seen to be desired. Classes will shortly commence in Hindustani, French and Shorthand, both elementary and advanced. It is hoped to establish a cinema show very soon, and concerts, probably on Saturday nights, by the Kents, Sussex, Hants and London Concert Parties are starting at once.

INK-WALLAH.

**A MORAL TALE.**

A certain cyclist Battalion was once put upon Coast duty by a Kind and Thoughtful Government. For fifteen months it lived at a Seaside Resort in Comfortable Billets and Hotels. It enjoyed good food and everyone treated it with the utmost kindness; in brief the Battalion was in Clover—but knew it not. It tired of the Same Old Place and sighed for Other Lands to conquer. At last there came a Day when the Battalion prepared to Move and All thought there was going to be Something Doing, but when it found It itself in Huts in the middle of a Swamp, It began to grumble again. It grumbled even More when It heard that It was to be sent to India. When It arrived in India, It was put into Spacious Barracks where It enjoyed Every Convenience but it still Complained because It had not been sent to Mesopotamia or East Africa. After some months It left the Comfortable Barracks and went under Canvas, where It complained that Its Ardour was damped by much Rain and its Palate destroyed by enormous Quantities of Stew. When It went back again into Barracks It complained that they were not the Same Barracks and that Everywhere was three quarters of a Mile from Everywhere Else. Suddenly It was ordered to go North, where It found Itself in the middle of a Permanent Sandstorm and said This the Absolute Limit. But in a few hours It saw that It had made a Mistake about the Limit, for before lights-out It was Frozen Stiff.

MORAL.

Make the most of the Blessings of To-day; for To-morrow there may be None.

N. E. KEARLEY.

### FUNGUS.

Our correspondents at home and at the various fighting fronts report that opinions are very much divided with regard to the new Army Order cancelling "K. R. 1696 in so far as it refers to shaving the upper lip." The feeling of the younger and more thoughtless is one of unmixed satisfaction, but the elder and more sober elements point out certain drawbacks. Has the Army Council, they ask, considered the effect of this order on the supply of munitions? Is this the time, with guns and shells urgently wanted by ourselves and our allies, is this the time to wantonly increase the demand for razor steel, thus absorbing the energy of thousands of workers who might be more usefully employed? It is calculated that the extra area shaved every day since the new order came into force amounts to no less than 23,456 acres and 1 rod, pole or or perch. Think what this means in wear and tear of steel.

Nor is this the only argument to be urged against this singularly ill-considered order. What of the regimental barbers? We understand that the National Union of Napis throughout India is already formulating a demand for a fifteen per cent increase of wages, with the threat of a strike if not conceded. And again, if the Army Council has really taken such a violent dislike to face fungus and must gratify it at all costs, could they not at any rate provide that the harvest should be put to some useful purpose instead of being wasted. Our statistical expert assures us that the fungus removed in consequence of the new order would have sufficed to fill 769, 325 pillows for the wounded, each measuring 24 by 15½ inches. He also wishes us to state, though we do not quite see what it has to do with the matter, that if all the extra hairs shaved off up to and including December 31, were placed end to end they would reach from here to Bangalore, thence to Kut-el-Amara, *via* Ur of the Chaldees and Padan Aram, and back to Peshawar.

However, the point is that all this crop of fungus is wasted, utterly and shamelessly. The only attempt at doing anything at all so far as we have heard, is that some regiments are having their moustaches carefully mounted, like butterflies, in glass cases as souvenirs of the great war.

We trust that Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues in the new war cabinet will take drastic steps to deal with this new scandal.

### SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

**F**OR SALE, a Discharge Ticket, with free passage home. Or would exchange for a packet of "Watch" cigarettes. Owner gone mad. Apply early to avoid the crush which is confidently expected. Box B. F. c/o "The Londoner."

**W**ANTED, Service Rifle and set of Webbing equipment in exchange for Sam Browne Belt and walking stick. Write "Ponds" c/o "The Londoner."

**F**ACE FUNGUS and Lip moss. A job lot for sale, cheap. Softer than coir, try it in your bed. Cleaner than hay; try it on your tent floor. Shorn, Lamb & Co., Burhan.

**L**YTDOOTY, the best and surest remedy for colic, sunstroke, blood poisoning, and all tropical diseases. Send anna stamp for trial sample to Sproocers, Ltd., Chemists & Druggists. Branches in every Camp and cantonment.

**N**UNTUFFA'S famous bullock pies. Have you tried them? if not, why not? Once bitten, never forgotten. The ingredients are the best and hardest in India and want some biting. We have taken two gold medals and one iron cross at the exhibitions held at Dandarda and Lok jorpuram. The Bootmaker Sergeant says: "Your pies are invaluable to me and I find the contents most durable. They are used solely by us." On sale at all high class Restaurants and Tanneries in Bangalore.

**W**AR ECONOMY. Have you seen our Combined Horse and Cigarette Holder. Two articles in one. Invaluable to mounted officers. Will hold the biggest charger in the Indian Army, or the smallest fag-end of a "Scissors." Novelities, Ltd., Bangalore.

**L**OANS, from Rs. 100 upwards, negotiated in the strictest confidence. No publicity, no annoying enquiries. The Bangalore and Burhan Financial Syndicate. Telegrams "Patnic."

**W**E SERVE SERGEANTS SOLELY, not soldiers. All the choicest portions carefully selected. Ration, liver, heart and tongue a speciality. Dade, Broadbent & Co., Butchers and General Caterers, Burhan.

# ATHLETICS.

BY SERGT. H. G. FULKES.

At present the only sport possible here is football, and the only piece of ground anything like fit for playing on is the Battalion Parade Ground, and this is exceedingly small and far from level.

I have surveyed the driver Haro, at the back of the Camp, and from what I've seen I should think that with a little energy in the right direction it might be possible to hold some aquatic sports there. I put this forward as a suggestion, and hope the matter will be taken up.

Had we stayed long enough at Moorhouse Barracks, there is no doubt tennis would have taken a prominent place in Coy. sports. As it is, anything in the nature of tournaments was practically confined to Officers, Sgts. and Corpls. Of these three messes the Corpls. have apparently taken the matter up most strongly as the following table of Cpls. Fixtures shows:—

Home team.	Opponents.	Result.
Sgts. 1/25th London 32 Games.	Cpls. 1/25th London 60 Games.	Won.
Cpls. 1/25th London 65 Games.	Cpls. 2/6 Sussex 35 Games.	Won.
Cpls. 2/6 Sussex, 69 Games.	Cpls. 1/25 London 78 Games.	Won.
Officers 1/25th London 88 Games.	Cpls. 1/25 London 47 Games.	Lost.
Cpls. 1/25th London 66 Games.	"A" Coy. 1/25th London 47 Games.	Won.

The Officers pairs were as follows: Major Swinnerton and Lieut. Jones, Lieut. Downs and Lieut. Bell, Lieut. Ambrose and Lieut. Wigfall, Lieut. Dix and Capt. Paget.

Of the three tournament games played by the Sgts. all were lost, two being against the 2/6 Royal Sussex Sgts. and one against the Cpls. 1/25th London.

## FOOTBALL.

Fortunately before moving the final result of the Coy. Football League was decided. A

Coy. by drawing with B assured themselves of the Championship and the Cobb Cup. The game was one of the most interesting and exciting of all the league games played, with just the dramatic touch so necessary to make a final "it." The game was excellently controlled by C. S. M. Leaney of the Royal Sussex, and the thanks of all concerned, are due to him for contributing in no small measure to the clean and interesting nature of the game. I say clean, in spite of the fact that two penalties were awarded, one for A and one for B but in each instance the "foul" was in no way dirty, being merely the result of the excitement of the game. Personally I was not surprised to see A Coy. finish winners as their style of play and method appealed to me at the beginning of the season, when I remarked that "A" should be watched.

There is still one remaining match to be played in this competition, and that is between C & D. The league table therefore stands as follows:—

	Played.	GOALS.					Points.
		W.	L.	D.	For	Agst.	
A	8	4	2	2	16	6	10
B	8	3	2	3	12	14	9
H-Qrs.	8	4	4	—	10	18	8
C	7	3	4	—	10	10	6
D	7	2	4	1	10	10	5

## HOCKEY.

The "Kolar Cup" has finally found a resting place with B Coy., but not until the last game was the result certain; H-Q's. never letting go until finally beaten by B in the last match of the league. This will no doubt in a small way compensate B for the narrow margin by which they missed winning the "Cobb" Cup. Medals are being provided for the winning team.

The final placings in the league are as follows:—

	Played.	W.	L.	D.	For	Agst.	Points.
B	8	7	1	—	38	14	14
H.Q.	8	6	2	—	25	12	12
D	8	4	3	1	22	10	9
C	8	1	5	2	15	20	4
A	8	—	7	1	9	52	1

## CRICKET.

During our stay at Bangalore cricket was not attempted until about the beginning of Sept., and even from then till our final move from that district very little progress was made.

I can only give the result of games and Company positions, to date, and hope that in the near future we may move to a place where sport other than dust bathing is to be had.

	Played.	W.	L.	D.	Points.
H.Qs.	3	3	0	0	6
D	4	2	1	1	5
A	4	2	2	0	4
C	5	2	3	0	4
B	3	0	2	1	1

## GENERAL.

I have said nothing about the friendly games of Football, Hockey and Cricket this month as I believe I dealt with all those of any note last month. Several games of all kinds were played between companies and platoons of this battalion and the 2/6th Royal Sussex, but unfortunately I have no record of results. This is chiefly due to the fact that I cannot get round to see every thing, and although I appealed for reports, criticisms and results of any sport, in the first number, so far I have had next to nothing sent in.

A report or criticism on any kind of sport will be most welcome and even if the sport doesn't interest the sender, it will probably interest someone else. So let's have anything and everything and if anyone does not agree with some of my criticisms or remarks I shall be only too glad to publish any disagreement sent in, in writing, or answer any questions. I want some one else to do a little writing and give myself a rest. The report of our sports meeting which follows has been kindly taken off my hands by Sergt. Suttle.

## SPORTS MEETING.

The Battalion Sports were held on the 26th and 27th December, and in spite of the Christmas festivities, there were numerous entries and the various events were well contested. The sports were postponed from the date originally fixed, December 7, owing to our move from Bangalore. The original programme was not strictly adhered to, the open events being struck out together with a few others. It is unfortunate that the open events were not included, but it certainly did not seem that a track anything like fit to ask visitors to could be made out of the Parade ground. A large fatigue party worked on the course and aided by a shower of rain, made a fair track but by that time it was too late to invite entries.

*100 Yards Flat.* Heats were won by Sergts. Beckett and Basing and Cyclists Hiscocks, Foss, Mesley & Holford. The Final was run on the second day, and after a splendid race Sergeant Basing was the first to reach the tape. Mesley was second and Holford third. There was no more than a yard between the first four.

*Sack Race.* This caused some excitement in the Heats as well as in the Final, which was run off later in the afternoon. Result: Cyc. Diamond 1, Cyc. Caley 2, Cyc. Crook 3.

*Long Jump.* Although the results would not appear to indicate good jumping, they were in fact quite good, taking into consideration the adverse condition of the ground etc. Result: Cyc. Hall 1, (17ft 5in.) Cyc. Hare 2, (16ft 11½in) Cyc. Pyett 3, (16ft 5½) Hare was unfortunate as although he twice beat Hall in the actual jump, in each case he touched the ground with his hand.

*Four Legged Race.* This was a somewhat novel event causing much amusement. Three men formed a team, the middle one facing the rear. Result:—Cyclists Owen, Baseley & Crook 1, Sergeants Eayrs & White & Cyc. Sabey 2.

*440 Yards Flat.* The quarter is always looked upon as one of the best races of the day and this was not an exception. After a very keen race the following finished in the order named: Sgt. Beckett 1, Sgt. Basing 2, Cyc. Mesley 3, Cyc. Diamond 4. Won by two yards, four yards between second and third.

*High Jump.* A very exciting contest. The winner showed a very good style and it is evident he is no novice. Result: Cyc. Bartley 1 (5ft 3in), Cyc. Hall 2 (4ft 10in) Cyc. Pyett & Cpl. Pryor were runners-up.

*880 Yards Flat.* As was expected L.-Cpl. Treble was an easy winner. Cyc. Holford looked a good second but Sgt. Basing forged ahead at the finish. Result: L.-Cpl. Treble 1, Sgt. Basing 2, Cyc. Holford 3, L.-Cpl. Jones 4.

*Victoria Cross Race.* This was run off in three heats, the Final being on the second day. Result: L.-Cpl. Scarlett & Cyc. Lane 1. Cyc. Watts & Cyc. Morris 2.

*2 Mile walk.* This was a most popular race and the walking was very good, the winner showing a splendid style. Result: Cyc. Porter 1, Cyc. Free 2, Cyc. Robins 3, Won easily by about 300 yards, a very close finish between second and third.



*Inter-Company Relay Race.* A very interesting event and with a good lead established by L.-Cpl. Treble in the 440 yards C Company won from A. C Company team: L. Cpl. Treble, Cyc. Garon, Cyc. Stinchcombe, Cyc. Thompson. A Company team: Sgt. Basing, Sgt. Beckett, Sgt. Jones and Cyc. Guest.

*100 Yards Officers Race.* This was handicapped on the basis of half a yard for every year over 25 years of age. Captain Stafford proved a most popular winner by a couple of yards, second and third having a hard fight. Result: Captain Stafford (6yds start) 1, Lieut. Kittoe (7½ yds start) 2, Captain Paget (Scratch) 3.

*100 Yards Veterans over 35.* Judging from the speed of this race, Army Training would appear to keep our Veterans in very good condition. Result: Cyc. Wade 1, Cyc. Price 2, Cyc. Opie 3. A very close race.

*Band Race.* Handicapped according to the Instruments carried. Result: Cyc. Gilding (Flute) 1, Cyc. Froud (Bugle) 2.

*Inter-Mess Race.* A very exciting contest between the Officers' Sergeants' and Corporals' Messes. Unfortunately, the Corporals' chance was spoilt by L/Cpl. Willis stumbling within a few yards of the finish of the 220 yds and L/Cpl. Treble had no chance of regaining the lost ground. The Sergeants, maintaining the lead gained by Sgt. Basing, proved the winners by a good margin. Sergeants' Team: Sgts. Basing, Beckett, Dade, deMetz. Officers' Team: Captain Stafford, Lieut. Dix, Captain Paget, Lieut. Homersham. As the prize for this event was not presented with the others it is assumed it is one that could not be placed in an envelope. Good Health, Sergeants!

*Wrestling on Mules.* This was a good proof of how well trained our M. G. Mules are, and speaks well for the Transport Sergeant and the M. G. Sections. The M. G. Drivers beat the Company Drivers and the Machine Gunners. M. G. Drivers Team: Cyc. T. Robinson, Cyc. G. Robinson. Cyc. Brown. Cyc. Peck, Cyc. Fisk.

*One Mile Flat.* Quite a good field turned out for the Mile, Lance Corporal Treble finishing an easy winner, as was anticipated. It was a splendid race for the second and third places, Cyc. Hare, with a fine sprint in the last hundred yards, just beating L/Cpl. Jones for second place. Result: L.-Cpl. Treble 1, Cyc. Hare 2, L.-Cpl. Jones 3, Sgt. Basing 4.

*Boot Race.* Each Competitor had to take one boot off and these were all put in one sack. The competitors then had to run to the sack, find their boots, and finish with them correctly laced up. Result: Cyc. Phillips 1, Cyc. Puttock 2, Cyc. Opie 3.

No. 5 Platoon scored the greatest aggregate number of points and thus won the Platoon Championship. They made a remarkable record in the two mile walk, obtaining 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, & 6th places. Result: No. 5 Platoon 22 points. No. 1 Platoon 20 points. No. 2 Platoon 13 points. No. 10 Platoons 12 points.

At the conclusion of the sports the prizes were distributed by the C. O., who called for a vote of thanks to Capt. Stafford for his hard work as organiser. This was very heartily accorded.

On Saturday in Christmas week the concluding item of the sports, a three mile cross country race, was run. There was a very exciting finish. Fifty yards from home L.-Cpl. Treble was leading with Cyc. Hare and L.-Cpl. Jones close up. Hare and Jones sprinted and got away from Treble and it looked like a dead heat until Hare unfortunately pecked a couple of yards from the finish, losing by a few inches to L/Cpl. Jones. A fine race.

### CHESS.

We hope to keep the Club going in full swing, though under present circumstances it is none too easy. All the Chess sets on order have been delivered, and are in the hands of the various Company Representatives.

On October 31st a representative Battalion Team of 8 players met the Bowring Institute, and we spent a very interesting evening. The Bowring won by 8 games to 7.

Whilst in Camp we may be fortunate enough to arrange some inter-battalion matches. The inter-company matches have been progressing fairly favourably.

On Nov. 3rd "A" beat "B" Coy. by 13 games to 2.

" 8th "C" Coy. beat "D" Coy. by 6 games to nil.

" 18th "A" Coy. beat "H.Qrs." by 11 games to 2.

The problems in No. 2 seem to have caused a good deal of brain-scratching, and although the Editor has been hotly accused of setting problems that end in stale-mate, so far no solutions have come to hand.

Since both a good deal of friendly criticism and numerous questions have been received with regard to the brief note on "castling," the rules are set out fully below.

At some comparatively modern period of the game the King was allowed, once, an additional move—that of shifting his position on the back row in conjunction with either of his rooks. When the intervening Bishop and Knight on one side, or the intervening Queen, Bishop and Knight on the other, have been moved out of the way, the King can castle on whichever side is thus cleared. But the following rules must be observed.

- (1). Neither King nor Rook may have been moved.
- (2). The intervening squares must not only be clear of your own pieces, but also of your opponents.
- (3). The King may not move through check.
- (4). You cannot castle to move out of a "check," neither can you castle into check.

In castling one should move the King first, and then lift the Rook over the King to its appropriate square. Strictly, both pieces should be moved simultaneously.

The object of "castling" is to disconcert an attack being made upon your King down the centre of the board and to make him snug at the side. It also brings the Rook into play. In order to be "safe" one should open up a pawn to avoid the King being blocked in by your opponent checking on the back row with either a Rook or Queen.

The Madras Mail in suggesting that the origin of the game is closely associated with Moslem royalty says: "The names which in English we give to the pieces have little sense. It is absurd, for example, that the Queen should do all the fighting, while the King is a *roi-faissant*; and it is absurd too that Castles should move about the battle-field. In the Indian game, the original game, the Queen is the "Vizier," or Prime Minister, the most important individual in the State. The Knight, the Bishop, the Castle are represented

in the Indian game by the Cavalry, the Camel-corps and the Elephant-corps. The horseman jumps, the camel walks crookedly and the elephant walks squarely forward. The "Castle," by the way, is the howdah on the elephant's back, as in the well known public house sign in England, "The Elephant and Castle." The word "Pawns" is a corruption of "Peons" the infantry men. The pieces are cleverly emblematic of an Indian army in bygone Moslem days."

With reference to the above, the C. O. kindly offers a prize of Rs. 5 for the best article entitled "Is chess of Indian or Chinese origin?" Attempts must not exceed 350 words. Closing date January 25.

J. E. INGRAM,

### PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Essays and articles are apparently not popular as subjects for competitions; very few attempts at competition No. 5 have come in. On the other hand, No. 4, "spoof advertisements and publishers' announcements" drew a large number of entries, and we repeat it as competition No. 6.

The attempts were considered by a committee composed as follow: Cyc. Hare (A Coy.), Cyc. Andrews (B. Coy.), Cyc. Cooper (C. Coy.), and Cyc. Alderton (D. Co.), and its decisions are given below.

*Competition No. 4.*—"Spoof advertisement or publishers' announcement." The prize is awarded to Cyc. W. H. Barraclough, A. Coy., for the advertisement appearing at the head of this month's "small advertisements."

*Competition No. 5.*—"The end of the War: When and why?" The prize is awarded to Cyc. Stewart, A. Coy., for the essay printed on page 50.

*Competition No. 6.*—Rs. 5 will be given for the best spoof advertisement or publishers' announcement.

*Competition No. 7.*—Rs. 5 will be given for the funniest parade ground command similar to those noted in "What the Battalion is Asking," or the funniest fire order. These need not be commands actually given, you can invent them.

*Competition No. 8.*—Rs. 5 is offered by the C.O. See chess column.

Competitors must write their name and platoon number on their attempts. Closing date January 25.

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Rawalpindi.

**Mysore Arts and Crafts Institute****SALES-DEPOT,**

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The above Depot has been opened to encourage the Art Craftsmen of Mysore State by providing a Sales Room in which their products are exhibited and are for sale at reasonable prices. The collections include a large number of good specimens of Mysore Sandal-wood Carving, Rosewood Cabinet Work inlaid with Ivory, Chennapatna Lacquered Toys, Bangalore Silk Saris and Flowered Silk made in the Government Weaving Factory, Woollen Pile Carpets and Rattan Work of every description.

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