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Middle Row : C. F. Lowrie (Secretary), Capt C. N. Paget (Captain), L-Cpl. K. M. Marriott.

Front Row : W. Turner, W. Marriott.

THE LONDONER

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

BY PERMISSION OF

Lieut.-Col. ARTHUR CHURCHILL.

No. 4—VOL. I.]

FEBRUARY 1917.

[PRICE ANNAS 3.

ROUND AND ABOUT

BATTALION TRAINING.

As a preliminary to the big manoeuvres which are pending the Battalion has spent the last few weeks training strenuously, and "strong as possible" parades have been much in evidence. Various practices have been carried out and "mountain warfare," "outposts," "attack and defence" have all received attention. We cannot, of course, venture an opinion on the degree of efficiency to which we have attained but if energy and expedition count for anything we are not in the back row of the Pit.

RIFLE STORES.

The new arrangement, under which rifles when not in use are stored in a Company tent with barbed wire and a sentry, is a great relief to the men. At the best a rifle is a knobby and uncomfortable bedfellow, and still more annoying was the necessity of carrying it about with one all the evening.

WASTED CONGRATULATIONS.

"How lucky you are to be where it is warm!" On a conservative estimate, fifty per cent. of the letters received from home by the last few mails have contained a sentence something like this. It is very consoling to think of at breakfast, as you chip fragments off your pat of butter with your entrenching tool.

DIVISIONAL VARIETY COY.

The 16th Divisional Variety Company will probably be in full working order before these lines are read. It will be a pierrot troupe in costume, and a "fit-up" is being constructed with a view to a tour embracing Peshawar, Rawalpindi, Lahore, and perhaps even more distant places. The company is selected from the artistes appearing at the two Divisional concerts given in the Y. M. C. A. marquee on Jan. 27 and 29 and profits are to be expended for the benefit of the men of the four battalions. The committee consists of 2nd Lieut. L. H. Hurburgh, 2nd Lieut. A. M. Bell, Drummer White (Hants), Pte. Barton (Sussex), L. Corpl. Goodwin (Kents) and Cyc. Wakeman (Londons). Mr. Bell is stage manager, the musical directors are Cyc. Shaw and Pte. Attwell, Pte. Money acts as treasurer, and Pte. Williamson fills the double role of assistant stage manager and assistant business manager. Mr. Hurburgh is Hon. Sec. and business manager, and all communications should be addressed to him at the Field Treasure Chest Office, 16th Division, Burhan. As we go to press we learn that Major Hamer, D. S. O., M. C., has kindly consented to act as President.

BAZAR PRICES.

The official list of Bazar Prices is an interesting document and would probably make housewives at home a little envious. With

eggs at anything from 4½d. to 6d. each and sugar practically unobtainable except in minute quantities, this list must sound like a fairy tale. Mutton is 3d. a pound and goat's meat 2½d., potatoes 14 pounds for 1s 4d. Radishes, spinach and carrots are 4 pounds for 1½d., and new laid eggs 6d. a dozen. Fowls are 10d. and chickens 6d. a piece, fish is 3½d. a pound, milk is about 5d. for three pints and sugar in various grades costs from 1½d. to 4d. a pound. And if you fancy goats, you can buy a Desi goat for 12s. 8d. or a Kaghani one for a guinea; the list does not say if they are alive or dead. All these prices are for "First Quality," a slightly lower price being quoted for second quality in most of the articles, including goats. On the other hand, the things that we really want to buy are many of them very dear, and are continually soaring. Tinned fruit and meat, fresh fruit, jam and writing materials are very near famine prices, and tobacco of well known brands though reasonable in price, does not taste the same as it did at home.

WIRELESS.

Amongst the latest arrivals to the Division we have to welcome our neighbours the "Wireless" who joined us early last month and form a welcome link with the outer world. Thanks to them we are now constantly in touch with Pindi as well as receiving the wireless press messages from Peshawar. To those who noted the big wireless stations at Delhi and Lahore it will come as a surprise to hear that the whole outfit of the Section is carried on four mules and can be erected in seven and a half minutes, the motive power being one of the one-time familiar Douglas motor cycle engines. Private telegrams are accepted for transmission at eight annas for thirty words.

ODDS & ENDS.

A distinct shock of earthquake was felt here on 20 January. We have not heard any news as to where it took place except that the seismograph at Simla indicates that it was probably some thousands of miles away. Hot baths are going very strong indeed, and are proving a great boon, especially now that it is not always possible to get down to the river. Mails have been very irregular lately and the one that arrived on the 26th and 27th had been long expected. Those who have their letters addressed G. P. O. India are for-

tunate, as such letters arrive very much ahead of those which go down to Bangalore and back. Another welcome fall of rain occurred on Sunday 21 January, making the camp once more comparatively dustless. We had another "flying" visit from the R. F. C. on the 18th. The tent roofs escaped damage by a narrow margin and, after scattering some hand bills advertising the Garrison Theatre, Nowshera, the pilot skimmed away to give a similar performance over the Kent and Sussex lines.

OUR NEW R.S. A.

As we go to press we welcome Regimental Sergeant Major R. Firman who comes to us from the 9th Middlesex Battalion, with which he has been Staff Instructor for the last six years. He was formerly of the 4th Middlesex (regulars) and saw service in South Africa with the 3rd Middlesex.

TWO YEARS AGO.

(Extracts from Battalion Orders.)

CYCLES and MARKING. Referring to Order 106, dated 28-11-14, O. C. Coys. will render a return at once to the Qr. Mr. stating how many Cycles in their Company have been painted and marked, and any claims, supported by Bills for cost of same, must be sent in by 9 A. M. Feby. 1st 1915. (B.O. 29-1-1915.)

ERRATA. Reference to Part I, Para VII. Battn. Orders No. 34, the following para. is substituted in place of it. Officers and Soldiers should only be ordered to travel without lights on vehicles or bicycles in cases where military necessity justifies the order. (B.O. 10-2-1915.)

BATTALION DIARY.

- January 1—Proclamation Parade.
 *Reveille, 7 30, Lights Out 9-15.
 „ 15—Lights out 9 45.
 „ 26—Reveille 7-15.
 „ 1 to 31—Training for Divisional
 Manceuvres.

*Decr. 8 to 31 Reveille 6-30, Light out 10-15.

THE PROCLAMATION PARADE.

On January 1st an imposing and memorable ceremony took place, when the whole of the troops composing the Division paraded for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of the Proclamation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria as Empress of India. To the uninitiated or "civilian" mind, there is something strange in the notion of rejoicings by word of command and to those who have not witnessed the operation and have to rely upon the very detailed description contained in the official publication on "ceremonial," the "feu de joie" as a demonstration of patriotic enthusiasm is apt to sound unconvincing. I venture to assert, however, that to the members of our Battalion who took part in the parade this year it will prove to have been a most impressive ceremony, and one which will leave a lasting memory in the years to come.

In the first place, it is seldom that any of us have had the opportunity of seeing such a large number of troops on parade at one time, for, with the exception of the Review of the 1st and 2nd London Divisions in Hyde Park by His Majesty the King in 1913, it has not been the lot of the Battalion, in recent years, to take part in any large ceremonial parades.

Precisely on the stroke of ten, Major General W. Cross Barratt, commanding the Division, with his staff, arrived on the ground and was received by the troops at the "slope." The Union Jack, most efficiently guarded by four Company Quarter-Master Sergeants, one from each Territorial Battalion, was then broken out, and the order was given for the Division to fire a "feu de joie." The wonderfully far reaching power of the General's word of command must have roused pangs of envy in the breasts of many of the N. C. O's who, at Bangalore and elsewhere, had endured the trials of "communication drill." A salute of thirty one guns was fired by the Mountain Battery at regular ten second intervals, while, after the 11th., 21st. and 31st. discharges, the rattle of musketry ran from right to left of the front rank of the leading Companies and back again along the rear rank with excellent precision, followed by the National Anthem on each occasion. Probably to those who took

part one of the most noticeable features at this stage was the remarkable echo of the gun-fire, which resounded from the hills behind us across to the far side of our valley, and rolled and rumbled for several seconds for all the world like distant thunder. By a fortunate provision of the drill book, doubtless inserted by those kindly authorities who in these days regulate every act of our daily lives, from our transit across half the earth down to the shaving of our upper lip, mounted officers are withdrawn to the rear during the "feu de joie." Had this not been so, the scene might have been even more animated.

A Royal Salute followed, and General Barratt then called for "Three Cheers for the King Emperor." The troops took off their helmets and led by the G. O. C., responded so heartily that some of the chargers which had returned to their places showed signs of wanting to leave the ground for quieter scenes. However all went well and as this concluded the ceremony, the various units were then marched off their quarters.

LAMBA.

THE SIGNAL SECTION.

The annual classification test of the Signal Section, which should have been held at Bangalore last November, took place on 15 and 16 January.

We were tested in flag drill, reading and sending helio, flags, buzzer, helio aligning, topography, telephony and station work. There were two surprises in store for us. The first was in helio aligning; instead of aligning on a fixed "station," we had to align on a disappearing "station." The second was that we had to send a "full" morse message on the small flag instead of the usual "half" message. This is a thing we have rarely done since we were at Baird Barracks.

I think everyone will agree that the results are remarkably good, more especially as over half the competitors only entered the section in or after May 1916. Out of 25 men who were classified, we have 19 who passed as 1st class and 6 as 2nd class. Comparing these results with those obtained by the other battalions in our old brigade, at first sight it appears as if we have to take second place, but actually we have more qualified signallers, for the results of the other battalions include N. C. O's and men who have recently attended

Signalling Schools. In fact one battalion included three, and two battalions included four such men. Ours is the only battalion which has had no failures.

There seems to be a general impression in the battalion that there is a great difference between a 1st and 2nd class signaller. As a matter of fact, there is only 3% difference. A 1st class signaller must have an aggregate percentage of 98, and a 2nd class one of 95. The brigade signalling officer in his remarks said that the six who did not pass as firsts were "only just" below first.

L.-Cpls. Godbolt, Passmore, Hambrook and Lines, who attended the course at the Bangalore School of Signalling secured four of the eight "Distinguished" certificates awarded there. The section can now boast of seven qualified Assistant Instructors, five of whom are "Distinguished."

We were very sorry to lose Cyclists Lane-Dean, Fisher and Bird, who have been attached to the R. E. Divisional Signal Coy. We wish them all the best of luck.

Since the classification we have to welcome Lieut. O.A. Easton, who recently passed as an Instructor of Signalling, as our Regt. Signalling Officer. We look forward to many interesting days under him, and in co-operation with the company signallers, with whom we are now working.

ESSES ESSES

PUBLISHERS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Lost in the Fog; or, The Horse's Revenge. By J. Chamberlain. Burhan: Search & Co. (Rs. 5).

The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter; a Romance of the Great War. By H. Bailey. Burhan: Bazar Press. (As. 4).

Throat Lubrication. By Canon Edwards. Burhan Tract Society (As. 8).

Notes on Woodcutting. By G. Voss. With 16 working illustrations. Revised and corrected by a well known Backwoodsman. Burhan: Cutawsplit Publishing Coy. (2 chips).

Raspberry Culture for Ladies. By S. Mand Seeko. Burhan: Cuttingham. Oph & Co. (Re. 1)

How to Get into the Papers. By a Society Lion. Burhan: Chamberlain & Co. (Rs. 2).

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

GET RID of your rubbish! Special prices given for cricket bats, tennis racquets and hockey sticks. Apply Voss & Co., The London Firewood Factory, Burhan.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS. Several vacancies in crack London Battalion, Guaranteed *no fighting*, the battalion having already successfully avoided Zeppelin attacks, France, Mesopotamia, Salonika, East Africa and other theatres of war. A home from home, carpeted with hay that only the best mules use; every convenience; luxurious meals, table d'hote or à la carte; bracing climate. Apply "Showy" c/o this Office.

TERRITORIAL SCOUTS, doing their bit in India, beg some patriotic person or society to give or lend binoculars, prismatic compasses, and watches. "Scout" c/o The Londoner.

WANTED. a Home, by a Gentleman of good repute who has reached the age of discretion; very jovial, has been used to society of most companies and is, for the time, holding the rank of Temporary 2nd Lieutenant; requires good company comfort, good food and afternoon rest; is an authority on hygiene. Money no object, best offer accepted. Apply T. W. J., this Office.

WANTED. for occasional visits to Rawal Pindi, the loan of a pair of "crown" rank-badges. Advertiser has badges for tunic but none for British warm. Apply A. Coy. Orderly Room.

ORIGINAL membership ticket of the R. A. T. A. what offers? Renowned throughout the battalion as the "open sesame" to all Clubs, canteens and harems in India. Owner leaving for England shortly, wishes to give some less fortunate person a chance of partaking in the unprecedented advantages offered to the possessor of this invaluable acquisition. Apply I. B. Brown, Umteen Platoon.

CARTRIDGE CASES. Why be charged? Buy one of our patent 500 h. p. double-million-magnifying Copper Magnets. A couple of fatigue men with one of our Magnets can collect not only all your own empties but those of the company on each flank. A boon to Company Commanders! The despair of P.'s R. I. Territorial Utilities Coy., Calcutta.

SOLDIER BÂT.

Soldier Bât is the language spoken by the rank and file of the old Regular Army.

It is a curious mixture of words from native languages, of slang words adopted from the streets, mines and workshops of every part of the United Kingdom, and of strange words that have been current in the Army for generations, and whose origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. It is a language that changes so often that no civilian can learn it, and no one can keep in touch with its ramifications but the "Old Sweat," which is Soldier Bât for a private soldier of many years service, with a war medal or two, who has never aspired to promotion, or who has been a N. C. O. and "got broke," that is, been reduced to the ranks. The following is a typical Canteen conversation between two old Sweats.

"Old Spud Murphy's clicked." "As 'e?"
 "Yes, done it proper this time. 'Ad a chit from 'a pal in Blighty saying his wench 'ad took up 'with a blank dash civvy. Went on the booze 'ek dum, blowed all his pice, flogged his kit 'sub chese and got half cut in the boozer. Com-ing out he runs into a bunwallah Lance Jack, 'calls him a soor of a rookie, bashes him under 'the jaw, and lays him out, and then bolos a 'redcap to come and see what he'd done. They 'run him into clink, and he tried to clean up 'the guard. He's safe for the Glass House."

A civilian might get the drift of the above conversation but none but an old Sweat could understand it in its entirety.

To the soldier abroad there is only one name for England, Home and Beauty, and that is "Blighty." It is curious to see how the use of the word has spread to the men of the New Armies in France, to the very newest of whom, Blighty means Home. Much has been written about the origin of the word and many fantastical explanations have been put forward. I think there is no doubt that "Blighty" is merely a corruption of the Hindu word Belaiti, which means English, the two words being pronounced alike. The British Soldier, on first coming to India heard this word constantly used by native tradesmen and "box-wallahs" (pedlars), to show the excellence of their wares—anything English is good—and adopted it to mean "Home".

In India, a soldier learns a few words of Hindustani, mixes them with English and, re-

gardless of grammar, produces a sentence that is understood by all natives who are brought into touch with him, but which is double Greek to the uninitiated. For instance:—"Dekko that "Mehta, Bill; let's bolo him peachy to sweep "up sub chese. All teak?" which being translated, means:—"See that sweeper, Bill? Let's "call him in afterwards to sweep up every thing. "Is it all right?"

"Dekko" is Hindu for "Look," but the Old Sweat uses it variously to mean "Look," "See," "Let me look" and "Do you see." "Bolo" is from the Hindu verb "Bholna," to speak, but in soldier bāt can be used for "Shout" or "Speak to." Thus, "give him a bolo" means in English "Call him." "Peachy" and "sub chese" are pure Hindu, but "peachy" sometimes means "soon." Another much mis-used word is "pukkarro" meaning to take, get borrow, steal or otherwise obtain.

No one seems to know why the Military Prison at Aldershot is called the "Glass house," but old soldiers know it by no other name. "Flogged" is another word whose origin is obscure. Why should a man who sells his kit be be said to "flog it"? To an old sweat, "gippo" is soup or stew, and "bergoo" is porridge, a cake is a "wad," a pint of beer is a "straight," the canteen is the "boozer," when he is drunk, he is "cut," or "half-cut," if he is a heavy drinker it is said of him, "he can scoop"; if he doesn't drink beer he is a "bun-wallah." When he is hard up he is "broke," or "got no pice." A two anna piece is a "dozie," a rupee is a "chip." To do a thing at once is to do it "ek dum." "Accha," of course is Hindustani for "good," but is used to mean "all right," and sometimes "thanks".

The word "Chokee," which is Cockney slang for prison, provides a curious instance of a pure word being debased to slang in another language. In one of the many Indian dialects, the word "chokee" means police station and has become Cockney slang through the medium of the Army.

"Soldier Bât" is a subject about which volumes might be written and it is to be hoped that some day a man will arise to do it justice

T. EDWARDS.

THE KHYBER PASS.

The Khyber Pass, about eighty miles from Burhan, though actually British territory is to a great extent dominated by the Afridi tribesmen who continually snipe at wayfarers, and rob them if they are not well protected. By unwritten law, however, Tuesdays and Fridays are "dies non" as far as freebooting is concerned, and, provided you put no undue strain upon the self-control of the gentle Pathan you may safely progress through the Pass in parties of ten or so. Passes must be obtained from the Political Officer at Peshawar.

The railway journey to Peshawar (pronounced P'shore, by the way) is rather dull, the scenery being very much of the Burhan type all the way. There is however, one rather fine bit at Attock where the line crosses the River Indus. The river here runs between high hills, crowned on one side by a massive fort, which looks impregnable to any force not equipped with wings.

Of our visit to the City itself and the bazars, it is difficult to write, for it was all very interesting but practically beyond description without an enormous amount of detail and a considerable expenditure of ink and paper. We went to the top of a very high building, once a prison for the wife of Shah Jehan, from the roof of which we had a perfectly wonderful view of the city and the surrounding hill country. The Khyber, Malakand, Swat, Mohmund and half a dozen other valleys, all connected in our memories with stirring deeds and hard-fought struggles, were pointed out to us. The aspect of a City like Peshawar from above, too, is very instructive, for the domestic life of the people is almost entirely upon the housetops. The bazars were crowded with every type, savage looking Pathans, horse-dealers from Afghanistan and Turkestan, slit-eyed Mongolian-looking Tibetans and light-coloured Kashmiris, besides the Punjabi and the ubiquitous Babu from Bengal. It is very unsafe for Europeans to enter the City Bazar except in parties, and either riding or driving. There is a good bazar in the Cantonment also, which we visited. Very fine articles such as rugs, mats, shawls, embroideries and all kinds of skins and furs can be bought very reasonably at Peshawar.

At nine next morning we started for the

Pass, with plenty of provisions packed into the little pair-horsed tongas, which are very much like light dog-carts. The little ponies although unprepossessing in appearance, are really wonderful fellows. They seldom get out of a trot, except when they break into a canter which they usually do going uphill. The drive that day was very bit of 40 miles and they cantered just as readily at the finish as at the start.

From Peshawar to Jamrud, nine miles, is flat and not very interesting, except for a Moslem College and a big mosque about half way, and for the loop-holed and guarded police-posts all along the road. Jamrud itself lies just at the foot of the hills and is a great fort with gates barring the road entering the pass. We all had to hand in our passes and sign our names. In the courtyard of the building, the caravan was waiting for leave to proceed and presented a wonderful sight. As the pass is open only two days a week all the merchandise passing between India and Afghanistan has to come through on those days; it is shepherded by British troops once it enters the Pass and has to be out at the other end by nightfall. The assembly was a scene of wild excitement, and we were delighted by the energy of one gentleman clad in flowing robes and armed with a thick bamboo, who seemed to have assumed the office of M. C. and Director-General. He cursed and lashed out at everyone within reach and dealt out some hefty blows when he was't obeyed quickly enough.

On leaving Jamrud, the road begins to climb rapidly and rises more than two thousand feet in the next eleven miles to Ali Musjid. This was to be our destination, as there would not be time to go right through the Pass to Lundi Kotal and back in the day except by motor, which is occasionally done. The scenery through the Pass is rugged and awe-inspiring in the extreme and reminded some of our party of the gorge at Andermatt, although of course the roar of the Reuss river is wanting. Indeed immensity and silence are the striking features of one's progress up the well built road, corkscrewing above itself at every turn. The hills reach up on either side, range upon range. Those heights within rifle shot of the road are generally crowned by a little brick fort or watch-house manned, on those days when the road is open, by a

detachment of the Khyber Rifles. This is a regiment raised from the hill tribes themselves whose sole duty is the safeguarding of the Pass. I am told that when these fellows have served their time and earned their pensions, they go back to their villages and later on come out and fight us as occasion offers. As our tongas drove up the road we could hear these little guards being turned out to salute us, and the words of command being given in English to "slope" and "present arms."

We reached Ali Musjid about noon and stopped for lunch and to give the ponies a rest and a feed. So far we had seen little sign of human habitation and here, too, there is only a small village, but a huge fort. However, we had not alighted more than a few minutes when down the hillside one at a time, appeared a few Afridis, each with his rifle slung on his shoulder and a belt of cartridges and a big knife at his waist. They are fine built men, tall and with keen black eyes and good foreheads. One man to whom I was speaking, had strikingly fine teeth, as even and white as a row of pearls. They were quite friendly and allowed us to examine their rifles and ammunition, the latter home made or at any rate recharged.

With my stumbling Hindustani, I could not get very far but soon had a group round me all talking at once and trying to get at my meaning. I made them "examine arms" and looked down the barrels, which I told them were well kept, as indeed they were. They were very pleased at this and did it again and again. The rifles were of all kinds, mostly taking '45 Martini ammunition, but some were very old with Snider action, probably about 1870 to 1875. On the other hand there were one or two modern Lee-Enfield rifles which I strongly suspect were stolen from our troops. Finally one of the group seized my arm and accompanied by his friend pulled me along the path a little way. He then pointed out a yellow patch of rock on the other side of the valley, about 400 yards away, and invited me to have a shot at it with his rifle. At first I demurred as I was inclined to think that the sound of a shot might cause trouble with the sentries, but he assured me that it was permitted, so I got down and loosed off. It was an explosive bullet and kicked up no end of a dust at the other end; fortunately I hit the mark. He was very pleased and wanted me to do it again but I thought I had better rest on my laurels.

Shortly afterwards the head of the south-bound caravan appeared. First, foot passengers, all sorts and kinds with bag and baggage. Kurds, Afghans, Afridis, and tribesmen of every sort, with their women, heavily veiled mostly, and many small children. Next came donkeys and mules loaded with bulky bales of merchandise. An endless stream of these passed us for nearly half an hour, and then came the camels. Great woolly fellows, grumbling and grunting along with huge packages on their backs. Two or three carried most awkward parcels, such as a charpoij or wooden bed, slung across and sticking out on each side. On top of many of the loads sat a tiny baby with the drollest little pointed hat on its head, looking just like a little brown Billiken blinking at the sun. All the family goods and chattels go on the camel and even the poultry have a ride on top in most cases. For an hour and a half this procession rolled on, and there must have been at least a couple of thousand camels to say nothing of the mules and donkeys.

The Caravan is kept in some sort of order by a few of the Khyber Rifles, who do not scruple to thump and kick the unfortunate wights who stray from the path, or don't get out of the road when they are told. One Lance-Corporal rushed at a mule-driver who would'n't clear off the path when told to, and lambasted him with the butt of his rifle till he squealed frantically for mercy. What with the shouts of the drivers, the directions of the escort, the babble of the crowd and the continual grunting and groaning of the camels, Petticoat Lane on Saturday night was a fool to it. Can you picture then, what happened when, half-way through, the North-bound caravan arrived and passed the other? I won't attempt a description of the pandemonium, but it was worth coming half across the earth to see. In the midst of it all my friend the tribesman with the Martini came back and wanted me to try the effect of a shot across the valley over their heads. Nah pooh!

After the scene I have described the journey going back, down the steep and winding road, was in the nature of a rest cure, and our return to Burhan Camp comparatively uneventful. It would be difficult to find a more interesting trip, or one into which more varied scenes could be crowded in the short space of thirty-six hours.

THE INDIAN CHOO-CHOO.

Railways in India are very seldom, and even when they do, only slowly. But then, if the battalion is in a hurry it does not travel by rail, it marches.

There are three gauges in India, called the Broad Gauge the Narrow Gauge and the Metre Gauge. I will try to explain the difference. You have all heard of the Overland Route to India? Very well, the Broad Gauge is to take trains that have come overland from Blighty and the Narrow Gauge is for the stay-at-home trains. The Metre Gauge is for poets to travel by.

A train consists of two parts, the engine and the carriages. A train has a great number of wheels. It has to have a lot, anyway, else there would not be enough to go round. The engine has a tender attached to it. They fill this with wood or coal, but it is really there to prevent the driver and stoker falling out of the back of the engine when they start suddenly. Locomotives burn either wood or coal according to the journey they are about to make. If they are going through a part where they are likely to be solicited by buccaneers, banshees, warlocks or werewolves, they carry coal so that the driver will have something with which to demand from the sowers of darkness a fitting civility; but if, on the other hand, they are due to travel a line which tours along precipices at once Heathen and Robinsonian, they carry wood to ensure an adequate supply of material for wooden legs and arms.

Indian engines wear cow-catchers, but this only with the fixed and underhanded idea of giving one a false impression of the speed they are liable to attain. To anyone familiar with the local brand of railway, it seems absurd to suppose a train could possibly catch a cow, though it might conceivably meet a calf coming uphill.

Axle-boxes, also, are to be found on many trains. Originally they were only fitted to troop trains so that in the event of the soldiers' tinned butter ration showing any shortage it could speedily and sufficiently be replenished with train grease. Nor is there any occasion on record when this harmless substitution has been detected.

Communication cords are furnished, but are not to be brought into action for anything so trivial as the recovery of a rifle which has fallen overboard. Such procedure can only result in the guard getting his shirt out, a recognised indication of loss of temper except in the case of natives, who mostly lean towards the exterior fashion in underwear. If however any of the brutal and licentious soldiery should feel impelled to make an improper use of the alarm cord, it may profit them to learn that the penalty is much smaller in India than at home.

On railway journeys there are always certain times in the day when the train comes to a more or less protracted stop. One of these is early in the morning, at the time when the driver takes his shaving water out of the boiler, and they have to wait before there is enough pressure of steam to get going again. It must be frightfully jolly to be an engine driver and always wash in hot water.

Though, mark you, engine driving is a job demanding at least the glimmerings of an incipient intelligence. You cannot take any rabbit and say to him "You're an engine-driver, drive engines!" You must remember that it takes steady nerves and a hand free from alcoholic uncertainty to steer a long train for hundreds of miles along the rails without once wobbling off, even at night.

Certainly, in spite of its little failings and peculiarities the railway affords a very pleasant means of seeing the country. The fact that as yet the line to Calcutta is unknown to the battalion is doubtless an oversight which will be remedied within a few months, when we get our next move. And after that, America is a nice safe country for soldiers.

Railway journeys are always fairly popular with the battalion, and their popularity is in direct ratio to the unpopularity of parades.

B. MCQ.

Where there's troops there's dust.
A run in time saves fatigues.
The proof of the country is in the eating.
It's hope that maketh a man go sick.

(Burhan Proverbs.)

THE LONDONER.

BURHAN: FEBRUARY 1917.

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

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L.-Cpl. Cooper	... " "	9	} C. Coy.
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Cyc. Alderton	... " "	14	} D. Coy.
Cyc. Howlett	... " "	15	
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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.

Our circulation continues to improve. Of No. 1 we sold nearly 1200 copies and of No. 2 about 1400. We printed 1350 of No. 3 and were sold out in a few hours. A reprint of 300 copies was ordered and these, too, have all been disposed of. One curious result of the appearance of No. 3 was a renewed demand for Nos. 1 and 2. We were able to supply the latter, and have still a few left; but as to No. 1, if any astute reader has been holding on for a rise, we shall be glad to give a rupee each for a limited number in good condition.

The Book and Magazine Exchange seems to be appreciated by a good many men, and only a few of those who use it seem to need a gentle

reminder that it is an *Exchange*. There are, however, more weekly papers than magazines put in the box, and so far there have been very few bound books. Surely there must be some bound books that the owners have no further use for?

Our contributor "The Momerath" points out that in his note on the Christmas Holidays in our last issue he should have said that the cigars, cigarettes, fruit and other "extras" were provided by all the officers, not by the Company Commanders alone; and that, in addition to those mentioned, messages of goodwill were received from Mrs. Arthur Churchill, H. E. the Commander-in-Chief in India, General Barratt, and Colonel Gilbertson-Smith.

"The Londoner" is printed in Rawalpindi, thirty-six miles away, and this gives rise to difficulties that we did not experience at Bangalore, especially as communication by post is slow and irregular. We shall be greatly obliged, therefore, if anyone going in to Rawalpindi, who is willing to make a call or two on behalf of "The Londoner," will let us know the day before.

A Coy. Rambling Club.

On January 28 last the Ramblers made an interesting excursion to the remains of the Greek village of Taxila near Sarai Kala, about 15 miles down the line. These ruins which are said to be some 2300 years old are the sole remaining landmark of the invasion of this country by Alexander the Great. The whole of the excavations, which are under the direction Sir John Marshall, cover a large tract, the ruins of a temple and several other buildings being on hills quite half a mile apart, while the actual village lies in the plain still further away. The surrounding hills also show signs of attempts at fortification. Considering their age a large number of buildings and frescoes are well preserved but generally speaking a lot is left to one's imagination. No doubt the whole of our time would have been spent in the excavations had our guide been able to tell us a little about them; as it was, most of the afternoon was spent in exploring the surrounding country, which is very pleasant and picturesque.

THE FIGHTING RACES OF INDIA.

On Thursday 4 January Staff Captain R. L. Burnett delivered a lecture in the Regimental Institute on this subject. It was so popular that a repetition was called for on behalf of those who were not present on the first occasion, and the lecture was repeated on 18 January.

In commencing his lecture Capt. Burnett said that his object was to try and give his hearers a better understanding of their comrades of the Indian Army. He was often hearing, and no doubt his hearers had heard, numbers of sensational stories of the misbehaviour of Indian troops in France and Belgium, such tales as that of the two hundred Sikhs who mutinied and shot their officers down. He did not hesitate to stigmatise these stories, mostly circulated by men in the various services well behind the fighting line, as downright lies. He had fought with Indian troops both in France and in Mesopotamia and knew no finer fighting men.

We must be content to report only a few of the interesting details Capt. Burnett gave us of our Indian comrades in arms and their heroic deeds.

The Brahmins. Brahmins are mostly enlisted in the United Provinces. They are very particular about their food which becomes a matter of considerable difficulty on active service. One Brahmin was the very best bomber I have ever seen. He loved bombs. His mouth positively watered while the bomb fizzed in his hand.

The Garhwalis. Lord Roberts discovered that a large proportion of the men in Gurkha regiments who obtained the Indian Order of Merit were not really Gurkhas, but Garhwalis, and he therefore created a separate Garhwali regiment. In France they did extremely well, and Naik Durhwan Singh Neggi won the second Indian V. C. Half the battalion was attacking a German salient by moonlight and Neggi's Company was held up. Neggi jumped the parapet, ran a hundred yards to the German trench where he jumped in among the bombers and laid them out. With Capt. Lumb and eight men he routed the German M. G. detachment, and though wounded in five places continued to bayonet the enemy, who surrendered in shoals. He was sent to England and received the V. C. from the hands of King George. The Garhwalis' most famous action was at Neuve Chapelle

where, on advancing, it was found that the wire in front of them had not been cut. They never hesitated but cut and slashed at it with their kukris like very devils, the wounded throwing themselves on the wire to hold it down for their comrades. They got through, but only one officer and 160 men were left out of the two battalions. An officer who was with them told me that before an attack they may be seen praying to their little images and looking like anything in the world rather than fighting men. But at the word "go" they are changed into raging demons and will charge through any fire.

The Gurkhas are fine men and fine fighters, and they know it, as the following story shows. A battalion was attacked by cholera which raged among them for some time. It was then found that a Captain, two Lieutenants, a hundred men and a bugler had died. This is the composition of a royal bodyguard and the Gurkhas said that without doubt the Almighty wanted a bodyguard and sent for their men. The Gurkha has some pretty ways with the enemy; for instance, when fighting Pathans, whom he hates like poison, he always goes into action with a bundle of straw and a bottle of oil, and if he captures one he makes a bonfire of him, knowing well that the Pathan believes that if he is burnt he will go to hell. Again, Colonel Eardley Wilmot relates how at the battle of Peiwar Kotal in the Afghan war a Gurkha officer ran ahead of his men and was shot. His brother immediately drew his kukri, rushed at the Afghan who fired the shot, and cut him clean open. And he did this while surrounded and being himself cut to pieces. Gurkhas have a very exciting way with snipers. Colonel Eardley Wilmot, after a great deal of trouble, was permitted one night to go out with a party on a stalking expedition, but it was stipulated he should go unarmed. There were eight snipers to be attended to, and eight Gurkhas and Colonel Wilmot went out. Each Gurkha crept up to his man, a whistle blew, eight kukris flashed and eight snipers lost their heads. The Gurkhas are usually great friends with British troops, especially the Highlanders, and are intensely loyal to the British crown. In Gallipoli the 10th Gurkhas was the only battalion that got over

the backbone of the peninsula and looked over on the Sea of Marmora.

The Jats are Scythians by descent and belong to the Sudra caste. The Jats had been in disgrace, before the present war broke out, for a case of sedition in Calcutta, and it was a surprise to find that a regiment of them was sent for service in France. But they have been a great success there. At Givenchy the 6th Jats were told to attack certain trenches. We will capture them at 5 p. m. they said. Suddenly an order came to attack at two o'clock. They tried but failed. They attacked again at 3, took the trenches but were driven out. They tried again, again failed, and were ordered to abandon the attempt. At 4-30 the Subadar Major went to the C. O. and said "they promised to take these trenches at five o'clock. Is there any objection to their keeping their promise?" They were permitted to try again, they took the trenches at 5 o'clock and held them.

The Mahrattas. At one time it was a question whether we or the Mahratta should have India, and we had to fight him for thirty years over it. The Mahrattas have done great work in Mesopotamia. At Ctesiphon the 117th were attacked by the Turks; they jumped out of their trenches, met the Turkish attack in the open and crumpled it up completely. At Kurnah, the supposed site of the Garden of Eden, they attacked in boats across 7000 yards of flood water. This engagement is known as the Kurnah Regatta. It is warm in summer at Kurnah. A wounded soldier at Bombay, being asked by a kind lady what the climate was like out there, replied "Hell's the hill-station for Kurnah, Ma'am."

The Pathans are not subjects of the British Raj. They claim Jewish descent and call themselves Beni-Israel. They are adepts at mountain warfare, and make excellent bombers, snipers and stalkers. They did fine work in France and in East Africa. One of their officers, *Mir Dost*, when all the other officers were gassed, rallied his men, dug in, and superintended the bringing in of the officers. In carrying one of them in he was wounded and crippled for life. He was sent to England, and King King George went to Brighton specially to decorate him with the V. C. In 1905, Capt. Burnett says, I met a Pathan soldier, an old friend of mine. As there had lately been a punitive expedition in his district and he had been at home on leave at the time, I was anxious to know if

he had been fighting against us. No, he replied he must be true to his salt, "but the General was an old friend of mine, I was his orderly at one time, so I kept him awake all one night by flinging stones at his tent!"

Punjabi Mahomedans. The principal tribes are the Ahwans, Gakhars (neighbourhood of Rawalpindi), Mahomedan Jats, Gujars, Rajputs, Kuttacks and Yusufzai. Some of these, especially the two last named are tremendous swells in their way. They delight to get themselves up in a tall, sausage-roll turban with a gold frill, gold embroidered waistcoat and very baggy white pants and go down the bazar, distributing glad eyes. They are very good fighters and have done splendidly against the Germans. There was a lance-nalk (lance-corporal) named Shahmed Khan, who was always pulling his machine gun to pieces and cleaning it, and such was his care of it that he has been known to fire 6000 rounds without a jam. He was the most remarkable scoundrel I have ever met. I wanted him to be made Havildar (Sergeant) but the C. O. objected that he was a troublesome fellow. "Every time he goes home I get a sheaf of letters complaining that he has been through the village with a thick stick, beating every body." I replied that that was the sort of man you want for a sergeant but the C. O. did not see eye to eye with me. On one occasion the whole of an outpost M. G. detachment was laid out with the exception of Shahmed Khan. He continued working the gun for an hour and a half, when he was ordered to withdraw. He brought the gun back alone and then returned again and again, and collected the wounded and every scrap of equipment and ammunition, although practically surrounded by Turks. For this exploit he was awarded the V. C. As a Mahomedan he was not supposed to drink alcoholic liquor, but I came round a traverse one day and found him with a big bowl of rum. I said "When you drink that I suppose you will say 'Mahomed, turn away thy face!' like the Arab of the desert when he drinks wine?" He replied "Mahomed has forgotten me in this trench, God's forgotten me, why should I bother?"

The Sikh is not a race but a religion and includes every race in the Punjab. The idea of their founder was to get back to the idea of one God and to do away with caste. The Sikh is the converse of the Mahomedan. The Mahomedan smokes and does not drink wine, the

Sikh drinks wine, but does not smoke. The Mahomedan butcher bleeds animals to death while reciting verses from the Koran, while the Sikh must kill them with one blow and not utter a word. They have won great distinction in France, some of the best bombers I had in France and Mesopotamia were Sikhs. In August 1915 the Germans were digging a suspicious trench in front of our regiment and the Staff suspected preparations for a gas attack. An officer came down from G. H. Q. and said that the situation must be cleared up. Two Sikh Havildars named Harnam Singh and Bhan Singh, with several men, volunteered for the job. Harnam Singh and three men were selected to do the reconnoitring and Bhan Singh and three men the covering patrol. Harnam Singh reached the Hun wire, which was not very strong at that point, and leaving his men there got into the suspicious trench alone. He found it empty and only half finished. He went along the trench until, rounding a traverse, he bumped into a sentry, who gave the alarm. At this about fifteen Germans came out of their main trench. Harnam Singh, instead of running back the way he had come, ran up the trench until, seeing an opportunity, he jumped over the parapet and lay down just outside it. The Germans missed him in the dark and went on up the trench. When they had passed he got back into the trench, finished his job and brought his party safely home. Meanwhile Bhan Singh's party had been fired on by a machine gun and Bhan Singh hit below the knee. Whether the bullet was a reversed bullet, or whether it ricoched and then key-holed, is not known but Bhan Singh's leg was nearly torn from his body and only remained hanging on by a bit of skin and flesh. He refused to be carried in until Harnam Singh was safe home, and remained out for two hours until certain of this. It cost him his life, as he died about twenty-four hours afterwards from shock and exposure.

The Sappers & Miners are of course, not a race at all, being drawn from every race, class and trade, some of very low caste. But they have done some of the most wonderful work in France. At the first battle of Neuve Chapelle they took the place of infantry and held on to their positions. But the trenches are safe in comparison with the legitimate job of the S. & M., humping material at night, wiring, sapping and digging pits in No Man's Land. They go back into billets by day, it is true, but when we returned to the billets we had left twenty-one days before there was scarcely a single officer

or man of the S. & M. the same. The Sappers & Miners are magnificent.

DIVISIONAL CONCERTS.

The concerts given by the Divisional concert party in the new Y.M.O.A. marquee on 27 and 29 January proved to be even greater successes than had been expected, the 'house' being crowded out on both evenings. Most of our old friends of the London's were there as well as artists from the other battalions. Saturday's show opened with a fine rendering of "Less than the Dust" by Rayner (Hants) who was followed by Rue Vaughan with "Dr. Shelly" and as usual brought down the house. Feest (Sussex) who gave "The Trumpeter" also sang excellently in his duet with Money, and in the Sussex trio. Harris followed with his splendid recitation "Dangerous Dan McGrew" which was encored with "Kissing Cupo Itace" and our new humorist Dove got well away with "Hold your hand out" and encored with "My high hat." Lieut Downs was certainly the finest 'straight' turn on both evenings with "Two eyes of grey" and "Follow me home." Chris Wakeman kept everyone laughing with his satire on "Song Making" and in "Excelsior ad lib" which he gave with Winter at the Second show.

The "Lost Chord" as a cornet solo with violin obligato by Collis and Jeffers (Hants) came in for much merited applause and was encored with "Where my caravan has rested". The first concert concluded with a screaming burlesque "A mess within a Mess" by Vaughan and Laue who surpassed themselves.

Wright at the second show gave a splendid rendering of "A perfect day" with "The trail that leads to home" as an encore. In both shows "It and Bit" figured largely and were by far the best turn of the evening especially on the second evening when they made friends with the G O O by offering him a "wireless" cigar. Our versatile friend Winter also gave a solo on his one stringed fiddle. Pte. Richmond (Sussex) very cleverly impersonated several Dickens characters and Jagels (Kents) gave his well known monologue "The Fallen Star." White and Beeching were good in a rag-time turn but seemed better in their trio with Rayner. Oke was excellent in "Sammy the dashing Dragoon" which he sang in his inimitable way. Last but not least Shaw and Atwell at the piano were excellent both in accompanying and as soloists. To the pioneers and scene painters who rendered good service in fitting up such a fine stage, the thanks of all are due.

WHAT THE BATTALION IS ASKING.

What *did* the horse do to Joey?

What is this we hear of a "disturbance after lights-out"?

And such a rigid disciplinarian, too. Tut-ut!

Whether the sergeant's charge wasn't *rather* ingenious?

Whether the stretcher-bearers were awfl'y bucked at having a real case for once?

And whether it is true that Capt. Long's horse laughed?

The Cobb Cup medals or the end of the War? Which will come first?

Whether it is not, perhaps, possible for a Referee (even the only one), to be too keen on "getting on with the match"?

In the case of a broken collar-bone, frin-stance?

Whether Sergt. Baily (J) likes his new job?

And whether it is not a case of the right man in the right place?

And how the other Sergt. Bailey is getting on with his training for the coming aquatic sports?

And is his watch still twenty-five minutes slow?

Who is the N. C. O. who cherishes and so carefully polishes a couple of three-o-threes?

And is he keeping the second because he is uncertain of his aim?

Who won the "Unfit" wrestling championship?

If the four men of "Our Pets" liked doing distance-judging fatigue for O and D better than the rest liked extended order drill?

Which Company is it in which every man has been "kicked by a mule," and do the M. G. mule drivers say nasty things about family quarrels?

And did the said Company retaliate by sending the M.G. drivers an obstreporous mule who thought he was a camel?

And, on being asked why he gave so much trouble, did the mule reply "Because I *must*"?

Who won in the famous horse v. pedestrian race to Hasan Abdul?

And whether the Old Un's excuse that he had to stop and dye his horse brown is not just a little unsporting?

Is it true that "The Londoner," encouraged by the success of the Book and Magazine box, is starting a Rumour box,——"please give as good as you take"?

Whether the two C. Coy. signallers have got over their disappointment at the washing-out of the order for Salonika?

Who sank the good ships "Hesperus" and "Bread Poultrice"?

And what will be the next boat to be unlucky?

Have you seen Prof. Dix in his "Diving from Horseback" act?

And Mdle. Burt in her daring mule race with the M.O.?

INSECTS AS CARRIERS OF DISEASE.

Last month my notes were confined to those insects that are carriers of disease by a direct method, that is, by the insect biting an infected subject, and afterwards injecting the bacilli into a previously healthy person. In this issue it is my intention to try to explain briefly how other species carry disease by indirect means. The principal offenders are those only too well known to everyone, whether in England, India, or any other part of the world, *viz.* the house fly, blue bottle, etc. The diseases carried by these insects are chiefly typhoid, dysentery diarrhoea, &c. It will doubtless be remembered that when the battalion was stationed at Hebbal, there was an epidemic of amœbic dysentery, and at the same time the latrine fly, (*Fannia Scalaris*,) was very abundant. Had these been examined microscopically it would doubtless have been found that a percentage of these flies were carrying the cyst of this complaint. The method by which these diseases are spread is the visit of a fly to decomposing matter and filth generally, from that carrying and depositing on food the bacilli of any disease it may have accumulated on its previous repast. Flies are most voracious feeders, and to aid the solution of any solid substance, on which it may be feeding, it regurgitates part of the contents of its intestines, thus not only infecting one's food with germs accumulated on its exterior, but also those from its interior. It will be readily seen that the fly in addition to being a nuisance is also a source of danger to the human race. With the army in the field there is of course far more danger of disease being carried by flies than in civilian life, the reason being that, however efficient the sanitary squad may be, there must of necessity be a lack of those conveniences for the disposal of sewage and debris, that are in every day use in private life. Stables with the attendant manure heap are also a prolific source of supply, as this is a favourite breeding ground for the common house fly (*Musca domestica*) which lays its eggs just below the surface. These hatch in about 24 hours, the young larvae burrowing in the moister parts and there living and feeding voraciously until the penultimate change, when it leaves the damp food, seeks

the driest spot and there changes to a bullet shaped pupa. The larvae of flies are well known especially to those who indulge in fresh water fishing as "gentles." Flies are very prolific and a single female is capable of laying anything between 500 and 1000 eggs, but fortunately there is a very large percentage of mortality; climatic changes cause a high death rate, cold wet or very hot weather all tend to be detrimental to increase; other natural causes which thin the ranks of the enemy are of course birds, reptiles &c., also a genus of flies known as ichneumons which feed on the intestines of the larvae, but in such a manner that they do not interfere with the vital organs of their victim and thus cause premature death.

Death, however, is a foregone conclusion as the parasite on completing its growth finishes all that remains of the intestine leaving only an empty skin. Other species known to every one and which complete their life cycle in much the same manner, are the bluebottle or blow fly (*Caliphora*) and greenbottle (*Lucilia*) which feed on dead animal matter or even neglected wounds of human beings; the latrine fly (*Fannia*), a dangerous criminal, prefers human faeces. It may be remembered that when writing about butterflies, I stated that these insects undergo what is known as complete metamorphosis, *i. e.* four distinct changes: ova, larva, pupa and imago. There now comes an instance of incomplete metamorphosis, and that insect is the flesh fly (*Sarcophaga*) which does not lay eggs, but produces living young on flesh both human and animal, either living or dead. It will thus be seen that to kill a female fly may destroy a large family. Had Tennyson been thinking of flies, instead of seven headed monsters, his advice would have been sound, and well worth following, for he wrote in "The Princess":

Kill him now,

The tyrant! kill him in the summer too.

T. H. L. GROSVENOR.

Photographic Print Exchange.

Will those interested in such an exchange please communicate with the Editor, who will be glad to introduce them to others with a view to exchange of prints or loan of films.

BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE THIRD LINE*

To those thoughtless persons who declaim against the gaiety and so-called "extravagance" of the well-to-do in war time we commend the volume under notice. As the author, Miss Beetle says "How many a smiling face conceals an aching heart!" A noble thought, this, and finely phrased, one among many of the jewels with which her work is enriched, "jewels five words long, which on the stretched forefinger of Old Time sparkle for ever." Take the following passage:

"With a heart wrung with compassion for the sufferings of Belgium and of our brave fellows in the trenches, Lady Euphrosyne forced herself to wear a mask of gaiety for the benefit of her soldier guests. To look at her, charming in her furs, reclining in the luxurious limousine of her Rolls Royce, gaily chatting to an officer on either side of her, one would have thought her without a care in the world. A run to Brighton and back, or to the scene of some Zeppelin outrage in the eastern counties (fortunately her husband's position made her independent of the absurd petrol restrictions) would leave her weary to exhaustion but gamely concealing her fatigue from her guests. Dinner at the Ritz or Savoy, a revue, perhaps and supper and dance at Ciro's or elsewhere left her in my hands in the small hours a physical wreck, but uncomplaining. "So long as the dear fellows enjoy their too short leave," she would say with a wistful smile, what matter about me? Better wear out than rust out!"

There speaks the spirit that, whether in the soldier, the sailor, or the "third line," makes England what she is! In explanation of the apt phrase "third line" we must again quote our author:

"If our first line is the navy and our second our contemptible little army," then surely our third may be said to be the ladies of Society who at their Country's call have so unhesitatingly sacrificed luxury and leisure for the sake of "Tommy" and "Jack."

Lady Euphrosyne Samuel, the subject of these memoirs, is one of the most fascinating figures of our time. Although the matter is not mentioned in this volume, her marriage in 1911

to Mr. (now Sir Moses) Samuel caused considerable interest in Fulham where, as our readers will remember, Mr. Samuel resided at the corner of Fulham Road and Acacia Terrace, utilising the ground floor of his spacious premises as an oil stores and general emporium. At the outbreak of war Mrs. Samuel (as she then was) placed her services unreservedly at the disposal of the Fulham Ladies' War Services Committee, but unfortunately her strength was not equal to the demands made upon it and after nearly two days in a canteen her health broke down and her medical adviser refused to allow her to continue the work. Mr. Samuel was at the same time devoting himself to war work and undertook the task of erecting huts for the troops in various parts of the country. Shortly afterwards the family moved to De Vere Gardens, Kensington, and Mrs. Samuel's connection with the Fulham War Services Committee was necessarily severed. She threw herself, however, with enthusiasm into the patriotic movements of her new environment and was very soon a member of most of the local committees. After a most interesting account of this and other activities, Miss Beetle continues:

"But it was in her visits to the canteens and other institutions that cater for our brave "Tommies" that Phrosy was seen at her best. "It was charming to see how the dear, brave fellows' faces lighted up at her approach. Her distinguished and elegant presence left a trail of happiness and content among the rough heroes thro' whom she moved. But she could be stern at times. I shall never forget the quietly dignified way in which she rebuked an uncouth soldier who omitted to stand up as she passed by. It turned out afterwards that he was unable to do so, having lost both feet at LeCourtrai; but the principle remains the same."

The scandalous attacks made by political enemies on Mr. Samuel will be within the memory of our readers. The affair is only casually dealt with in these pages, his puny antagonists being treated with the contempt they deserve. Mr. Samuel's appointment as canteen contractor to a very large area in the north emphasised his complete vindication. Shortly afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Samuel went to live in Belgrave Square, and Mrs. Samuel here found her sphere of usefulness still further extended. While continuing as far as possible her committee and visiting work, an ever increasing proportion of her time was absorbed

*The Third Line: Reminiscences of Lady Euphrosyne Samuel. By A. Beetle. London: E. Fisher Tunnish. (15s. 6d. nett.)

in the duties referred to at the opening of this notice, the entertainment of officers on leave and convalescent.

As a social reformer and keen student of the economic situation, Lady Samuel (Mr. Samuel was knighted about six months ago, for his services) has not received the attention she deserves. Her trenchant utterances on the folly of the attempts to limit expenditure on so-called "luxuries" are familiar to most students of the subject. But that she took a broad, statesman-like view of the subject is evidenced by this extract from her diary, quoted by Miss Beetle:

'March 3. Attended Soldiers Wives' Aid Committee. Deplorable case of Mrs. Jeans, 'munition worker, right hand rendered useless 'by explosion. Husband killed in France, 'and separation allowance stopped. Alleged 'inability to obtain any allowance by way of 'pension. A grant about to be made when I 'arrived. On enquiry, found that while at 'munition works the woman had actually pur- 'chased a bicycle for her daughter and a gram- 'phone for her son, disabled at Mons. Had since 'sold these to pay rent. As I told the Committee, 'we must set our faces sternly against such ex- 'travagance. After some absurd remarks from 'Mrs. Andrews I carried the Committee with 'me. Case dismissed. Absurd woman! Really 'anyone who can encourage the thriftlessness 'of the lower classes in these times ought to be 'sent to prison. Dined at Carlton with poor 'Stewart, last night of his leave. Soup cold, 'the Clicquot over-iced. A horrid pothouse! 'I shall try Claridge's, Teeny says you can 'occasionally get something fit to eat there.'

Even amid the anxieties of her social work among the poor, we see, Lady Euphrosyne never forgot the claims of our brave defenders. We hope that this work will have a very wide circulation. Too little is known of these devoted women of the "Third Line." Shrinking, as they do, from publicity, their life of self-abnegation is almost entirely unknown to the general public. Save for an occasional mention and perhaps a page portrait now and then in such publications as the "Sketch," (there was one recently of Lady Euphrosyne in her new home in Park Lane), they are heard as little of as the humblest infantry soldier or Red Cross orderly. This is not fitting, and we welcome this volume as an instalment of justice to a grossly neglected class of war-worker.

PERSONAL.

(Some difficulty is experienced in obtaining information for these columns. They are compiled almost entirely from private letters, and the Editor begs that such letters, or extracts from them, may be brought to him after the arrival of each mail. It is not necessary that the information should be intensely interesting or terribly exciting; the mere fact that you have heard from So-and-so, and that he is alive and well, may be just what other readers will be pleased to know. It should be stated clearly whether the note or the letter refers to First, Second, Third or Suffolk.)

We hear that Lieut. L. R. Briggs, who left us in December 1915 for the R. F. C., was wounded and taken prisoner in the Somme area on Sep. 10. Writing from Darmstadt to a friend in England he says, "my engine failed during a combat with some German machines and I was brought down. I got hit in the shoulder and arm but managed to land all right. I am being well looked after and doing well." Some time in October he went into hospital with a slight attack of diphtheria, and from there was sent to "some destination unknown," probably a convalescent internment camp in Switzerland.

Cyc. W. Mount, A. Coy., who left us in April last to go to Mesopotamia as a dental mechanic, rejoined on 13 January. Thompson and Pearson, who went with him, are still at Basra. Cyc. Mount has been as far as Amara, about half way from Basra to the front. The journey, a very crowded and uncomfortable one, took three days and was made in paddle steamers brought from the Irrawady river in Burma. They passed Kurnah, the site of the Garden of Eden, a very desolate spot, nothing but sand and a few palms, and, a little higher up, the tomb of the prophet Ezra. In Amara anyone out after eleven p. m., without a lantern is tired on, and any Arab out after eleven p. m. is hanged. There is a big gallows in the public square and there were executions every week or so.

Cyc. Jones of old D. Coy. is now a sergeant in the S. & T. at Peshawar. In August 1914, our battalion being full up, he joined the East Surreys and came out with them to India. He wishes to be remembered to all old friends. Sergt. Robinson (D.), L.-Corpl. Carter (A.),

and L.-Corpls, Butcher and Koski (C.) who left us in November for Peona as motor-cyclists, sailed on 12 January for Mesopotamia.

* * *

Lieut. Kittoe has been posted to the 29th Mule Corps at Nowshera and expects shortly to proceed to the Frontier. We understand that he has "commenced author" with a pamphlet entitled "Chips for Pips." Cyc Francis of A. Coy. left us on 25 Jan. for Mesopotamia. Cyc. E. A. Knight of B. Coy. also left on the same day for Peshawar, as instrument repairer. Percy Curnew, who left the M. G. Section for the R. E.'s. Signal Section in December 1914 and went out to France shortly afterwards, is now a Lance Corporal with the 5th Divisional Signals. He has had many ups and downs on the line. M. W. Barton who was a Sergt. in old E and H Coys. but went to the 2/25th when we left the East Coast, is now a R. Q. M. S. at the London Command Depot, Seaford, Sussex, a large convalescent camp to which wounded and sick "ferriers" are sent to recuperate. Colour Sergeant Calvert, who left us in February last, time expired, married, and enlisted as a private is now full sergeant in the R. F. C.

* * *

Sergt. Woods left us early in the new year for an O.T.C. whose headquarters are not far the other side of Rawalpindi. We hope soon to hear that he has passed out with a commission. We hear that L.-Corpl. Palentine (old D. Coy.) now in the R. G. A. has been awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

SECOND BATTALION NOTES.

The 2/25th gave a concert at—on Dec. 9, the chair being taken by R. S. M. Cleverly. The artists contributing in various ways were Cyclists Efford, Morgan, Lambert, Newnham, Austin, Neal, Crafer, Bob Butler and Coltman; L.-Corpl. Martin; Sergts. Sedwell, Warriner and Vautier; O.S.M. Webb; O.Q.M.S. Freke; Cpts. Mortlock and Ridler. Martin, by the way, put up another stripe shortly after. Corpls Mitchell and Martin, it seems, have turned "The Strafers" into "The Old Boys' Club" and have themselves become rabbit pie experts.

Dicker of the M. G. Section has been passed "unfit for service abroad" and though still a 2nd Lieut. in the 9th Sussex, is acting as munition officer in a factory

* * *

Old A. Coy: Cyc. Spear, discharged owing to ill health wishes to be remembered to all old friends. Sergt. Armstrong, now a Lieut. in the Royal Fusiliers, is, we are sorry to see, reported wounded and missing.

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See note at head of column 2 page 80.

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In a letter to Lieut. Morton, Capt. Barton mentions old D. Coy. men who went out to France: Swindale in hospital with dysentery, Baxter wounded in the elbow, Howlett missing, O. L. Green wounded. Sergt. Revell (now 2nd Lieut. in the A. S. C.) sailed for India on 28 November. Nelson, Weller, Bale and Chapman are now full sergeants, and Smithson a corporal. Capt. Barton adds "please remember me to all the boys."

* * *

Old E Coy: His many friends here have read with sorrow in the Peshawar Daily News: London, Jan. 16, Naval Casualties, Killed, Flight-Sub-Lieut. Ranulph H. K. Vallings. We have also to record the sad news of Faire's death, killed in action in France on Oct. 9. A friend writes, "the W. O. reported him as missing but his mother tells me that a man in the 25th named Hunt was at his side and saw him killed." Second Lieut. L. T. D. Stables has been transferred to the 6th Bedfordshire, and is now somewhere in the fighting line. The following advertisement is from an Eastbourne paper:

Shuffrey—Wallis. On Nov. 20, at Eastbourne 2nd Lieut. Reginald Allen Shuffrey, Army Cyclist Corps, of Oxford, to Gladys Irene Wallis, eldest daughter of Mrs. Gordon Melhado, of Eastbourne.

* * *

Old F Coy: Gerald Vaughan Jones, L.-Corpl. of Motor Cyclists who took a commission in the R. E. Signals just before we left England is now in the R. F. C. He has been flying at the front, and once nearly came down in the German lines. He writes that Farquhar has recently arrived there as a pilot. "Ginger" Spenton and George Oxley are in France with a Trench Mortar Battery. A. G. Cooper, also in France, wishes all old friends a Merry Xmas and a happy new year.

Old H Coy: Oyc Percival and Oyc Syd. Coombes have been in several engagements in B.E Africa.

* * *

The motor cyclists have been transferred en bloc to the H. S. M. G. O. as gunners and drivers to the Tank Section and ordered to strike their stripes. Sergt Jones and Corpl. Wood declined and returned to the 25th. Smith, Twine and Roberts failed to pass the physical test; the remainder were split up. Bonner, Davis, Overall and Hickford going to one section, Mizen, Boxshall, Yerbury and Bowles to another, and Yeowell to a third.

From an interesting letter from "Wally" March we learn some news of the transport drivers. His brother Harry is on munition work at Vickers Maxims, Spencer has been transferred to the K. F. O. He adds "do you remember the two young fellows in the 'What Nots' concert party at Holt? They are both in the 2/25th, 'Charlie Chaplin' a lance jack." We remember them, and what about Pickles?

THIRD LINE NOTES.

By the last mail information was received of the doings and whereabouts of several old friends. Corpl. Palmer ("Algy") has passed through a cadet school on his way towards a commission, and has gone on for a course on "Tanks." Boshell who transferred from the 3/25th to the Chemical Section of the Royal Engineers in August 1915 is still flourishing in France. It is rumoured that he is preparing a thesis on "The Flora and Fauna of the Trenches."

See note at head of column 2 page 80

L-Corpl. Hilling has now left the Divisional Cyclists for more exciting work in the "tanks." G. J. Warren has gone across to France as a gravel crusher, having been transferred with several others to the King's Liverpools. Charlie Skinley is in hospital at Birmingham, very severely wounded. Sergt. Allegro and Sergt. A. G. Banks have received commissions in the A. C. C. From Sid. King has been received a very interesting account of his adventures in and beyond the front line on the Somme. He wishes to be remembered to all friends of the old Feltham days.

SUFFOLK NOTES.

There is very little news to record. We regret to hear that Cyc. Gibbons (B. Coy.) is reported missing. Members of A. Coy., on the other hand, will be relieved to hear that David Palmer previously reported missing and probably killed is a prisoner of war in Germany. Transport drivers Ablutt, Gosling and Gorham were, when last heard of, in a repair workshop behind the firing line at Salonika, and all in good health.

* * *

See note at head of column 2 page 80

* * *

Corpl. Fowler of the Scout Section is now a sergeant and has just been through a gymnastic instructor's course. Capt. Keeble White, late of the Scout Section, now in the Flying Corps, has married our late Colonel's daughter. Capt. Lake acted as best man. Peck late of F Coy. who left us at Saxmundham to join the O. T. C. has been awarded the Military Medal for distinguished service in France. Capt. Scrimgeour, late adjutant, has gone back to D. Coy. this time as O.C., so doubtless much "Wappid Load" will now be done in this company.

WHILE PRINTING.

While this number of "The Londoner" is in the press we hear several items of general interest.

The 1/25th has been turned out of Fulham House, which has been taken for a depot for the Brigade of Guards. Our present H. Q. is the R.F.A. drill hall over the road.

We regret to hear that Corpl. Jack Murray (old F. Coy.) serving with the 72 M.G.C. died in No. 1 Canadian General Hospital (France) on 27 Dec., of acute nephritis.

The Zeppelin that was brought down about the end of November, fell, we hear, in the Inner Roads, off Lowestoft. The whole of the town turned out to look on.

PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION See p. 85

ATHLETICS.

BY SERGT. H. G. FULKES.

FOOTBALL.

The first series of games in the inter-Company competition for the Divisional Cup, presented by General Barratt commenced on Saturday and Sunday 13 and 14 January. B. Company, Londons being drawn against Head-Quarters of The Hants, and "D" Company against C Company of the Sussex. D Company's match was postponed owing to all the Sussex being in Pindi to witness their Battalion play in the Murree Hills Cup Competition:

The game between B Company Londons and Head Quarters Hants, which the former won by 5-0 was marred by very weak refereeing, and a great deal of unnecessary barracking on the part of spectators on both sides. I have made a few comments on this matter in my General Remarks section: B played a good game and were undoubtedly the better side, and quite worth their 5 goals even though one did go over the bar, and another, scored by "Solly" I believe, was off-side. Still B won and that's the chief thing.

C Company Londons played B Company Hants on Sunday 14th and lost by 2-0. I don't think anyone sympathises with C for their loss. Anyway they don't deserve sympathy. On paper they are the best Company team we have, and so they would be on the field, if only they'd play to win instead of to the gallery. In this instance they played their usual short passing game. Of course the ball wouldn't travel for their light touches, through inches of dust, and nearly every pass was easily intercepted. They bucked up in the last fifteen minutes, but it was too late then.

I had great hopes that A Company would go some way in this Competition but unfortunately they were unable to place their best team in the field against D Coy. of the Kents, Sergt. Baily, and Brown, their goal keeper both being on the injured list. However, they put up a good game, and D Kents only managed to score their winning goal in the last three minutes, the score being 2-1 in favour of Kents.

On Saturday, 20 January D Company, Londons played their postponed game against C Company, of the Sussex and won by 3-1. The game was fast and interesting and I was very glad to see their forward line had at last found their form. The bad luck that has dogged them for so long had vanished, and the inside forwards took every opportunity offered by the well timed centres of their wingers, Smith and Mesley.

Head-Quarters played D Company of the Hants, in the second round on Friday, 26 January, having drawn a bye in the first round. This was of one of the finest games I've witnessed so far and ended in a draw, each side scoring once. There seems to be a great deal of doubt about Head-Quarters' goal, and from my position on the half way line it did not appear to me that the ball entered the goal. It was one of three magnificent shots put in by Scarlett, Head-Quarters' left back, from well in his own half and appeared to pass just over the bar, as a previous shot had done. However, after consulting the linesmen, the referee gave a goal.

Head-Quarters played an entirely fresh combination in their team, Watts going centre forward, where, by the way he was quite lost, and Sergt. Baily, late of A Company taking his place at centre half. As usual Baily played his best, and that's "some." Lieut. Dix was on the right wing and Lieut. Homersham played goal. There's no doubt Lieut. Homersham is a good goalie but how he came to let that goal go in I can't imagine. There is nothing wanting in the defence, and with a good centre forward I consider they are the best team we have. One cannot rely on backs to score goals.

D Company played C of the Hants in the second round on Saturday, 27th January and lost by 2 goals scored in the first half. D were handicapped by losing the toss and having to play against wind and sun. For all that they were up against a better team, whose halves never gave D forwards a chance to

combine. Whisstock at right back was as usual brilliant and saved the situation on more than one occasion.

B Company played the R. E. Signals in the second round and beat them 4-0. I did not see this game but from reports gather that B. gave a pathetic show against a very weak team.

On Saturday, 13 January A Company visited Pindi and played D Company of the East Surreys, losing by 3 goals to nil. This was the first game played by A since arriving at Burhan, and naturally they were very much out of practice. Better luck next time, A. I'd like to hear of a few more games played outside the Division.

The Battalion visited Hasan Abdul on Saturday 21 January to play the Middlesex. It was a typical English football day, cold, with a nasty wet drizzle. Was unable to see this match, *Duty* preventing me. A new forward line was tried without much success as far as the inside forwards were concerned. This seems to be our great difficulty. Surely something can be done to get over this difficulty, with all the talent there is among the companies.

SWIMMING.

Am glad to be able to report that Mr. Sanders and Sergt. C J White having duly inspected the River Haro and found suitable spots in which to hold races and diving competitions, are getting to work to fix up some Aquatic Sports.

GENERAL.

I notice a boxing booth is being made just at the back of the Y. M. C. A. concert marquee and hope to be able to report some interesting boxing contests in the near future.

Am inclined to think that the large crowds that gather to witness the Ruggar games, are not due wholly to an interest in the game but principally to see how many get knocked out and hear Lieut. Wells referee.

At present the Y. M. C. A. football ground, on which matches in the Divisional Cup competition are played, is very badly off for goal posts, string having to suffice for cross bars. This is a very unsatisfactory state of affairs and has led to more than one gilt goal being

awarded. I do not know who is responsible for the ground, but surely something better than string can be provided for cross bars. I should think sufficient bamboo could be found to make the present goals more reliable.

A word on "barracking." In common with many more, I feel very strongly on this point, and I know all real sportsmen will agree with me that such a thing is greatly to be deprecated. I particularly object to hear a supporter threaten one of the opponents, team for an offence, and yet when one of his own side commits a similar offence and is pulled up by the referee, he commiserates with the player and remarks on the said player's hard luck in being spotted. This incident actually occurred at one of the Cup ties and was made by a London supporter. The 25th have a name for good sportsmanship and it would be a pity to lose it, and lose it we certainly shall, if this kind of thing continues.

Now, Londons, remember you're sportsmen and act as such. Whatever your opinions are regarding referees or players, don't let bad feeling creep in. Nearly always, rough play is the result "barracking."

I don't know who is responsible for choosing the referees for this Cup Competition, but I think stricter enquiries as to the knowledge of these officials might have been made. One match in particular was hopelessly spoilt by a pathetic exhibition of refereeing. The man did his best, but that's not good enough for Cup Competitions when one realises that the whole conduct of the game and spectators practically rests with the referee and his ability to control the game.

A photograph of B. Coy Hockey Team, winners of the Kolar Cup, appears with this issue. The Cup was presented by our good friends of the Kolar Gold Fields for an inter-Company Hockey League.

LATE NEWS

The replay between D. Coy. Hants. and H. Q's. Londons took place on Sunday 4 Feby., the result being a win for the Hants. by 2-0.

PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Winter training in India is evidently too strenuous a time for men to take much trouble over competitions. It is easy to understand this; the weekly letters to Blighty are quite enough to absorb all the pen and ink energy of the man who has been out on a stunt all day. In these circumstances we offer a prize in a competition which calls for the minimum of effort and at the same time gives everyone an equal chance.

Attempts for Nos. 6 and 7 were considered by a committee composed of Cye Joyce (M. G.), Cye Gayler (B.), Cye. F. Fox (C.), and Corpl. Blunden (D), which decided unanimously as follows:—

No. 6 "Spoof advertisement or publishers' announcement." The prize is awarded to Cye. F. H. Robinson, M. G. Section for the "Concert" advertisement on page 86.

No. 7 "Parade ground command or fire order." The prize is awarded to Cye. W. H. Barraclough, A. Coy., for the fire order "On that 'ere 'ill, 'arf way up, black an' white cow grazing, abaht five fingers left, two o'clock, enemy in lump five rabunds consecrated fire."

No. 8 "Is Chess of Indian or Chinese origin?" The C. O. awards the prize to Cye. Nicholson, Signal Section. His essay will appear next month.

* * * *

Competition No. 9—The regimental numbers of men in this battalion run from 8 to 4422. Write a number between these limits on a piece of paper, add your name and platoon number and drop it in "The Londoner" box. The competitor whose number is nearest to the regimental number of the man on sentry at No. 2 post, Main Guard, at noon on the day of publication of our March issue will receive a prize of Rs. 5. One attempt only is allowed to each competitor.

Competition No 10—Two prizes of Rs. 10 and Rs. 5 are offered for the best photographs of topical interest. It is intended to publish these, and special attention should therefore be given to definition. Write a non-deplume or number (not your regimental number) on the back of each photo submitted, enclose in an envelope, and drop in "Londoner" box. Your name must not appear in any way.

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

CHESS.

The Battalion Chess Committee have been busy trying to arrange for a loan of tents in which to carry on Inter-company and Battalion tournaments. Although this has not been possible the Secretary of the Y. M. O. A. has kindly arranged that for two nights in the week a tent shall be placed at our disposal, and also the large concert marquee will be made suitable for Inter-Battalion matches. For the present the tent will be used by A, B and D Companies on Tuesday evening, and C. and Head Quarters on Friday evening. Members are requested to leave the tent punctually at 8 P. M. Also we would draw our players, attention to the tournaments and handicaps which are being arranged by the Y. M. O. A. An entrance fee of Rs. 2 is charged, and these games offer a excellent opportunity for men to strengthen their play, and to acquaint themselves with tactics employed by other chess players. Cye. E. A. Knight of B Company has left for Peshawar, and the Company is now represented by Cye. R. F. Painter No 6 Platoon.

"H.-Qrs." began a handicap tournament during the journey up. Ten of the Signals and one Band entered in the one section, and although 157 games have already been played off, 56 still remain to be settled. Pattison and Knibb have both played all their games, losing two each, but owing to their short handicap, are out of the running. (1st Prize Rs. 2 and runner up Re. 1.) The other section was run by the M. G. Section, and this handicap is also unfinished. It is hoped that those men having games outstanding will endeavour to get them played off, so that a new series of games can be arranged. Cye. Rutley, just transferred to the Signals, will of course be a loss to A Coy. Team.

This month we deal with the "En Passant" Rule. A pawn may take another pawn "en passant" (in passing) It is generally known that a pawn may on its first move be moved up two squares; but there is a restriction. Supposing Black has moved his King's pawn to K 5; but White has not touched his Queen's Pawn. Now according to the usual rules White if he thought fit, could move his Q P to Q 4, and thus place his pawn alongside Black's pawn at K 5. In this state of affairs Black would not be able to take White's pawn if he wished to. Hence the en passant rule allows Black the option of taking White's pawn, as though White had only moved to Q 3. But it must be noted that White is at liberty

to move his pawn two squares; and that Black must exercise his option of taking with his advanced pawn at the following move; of course he is not compelled to take. Put tersely 'A pawn may be taken on its first move by any pawn which could have taken it, had it moved one square.'

In order to guide and strengthen the play of beginners and of those who are seeking good styles of opening, we print the following games, played for the championship at the Manhattan Chess Club by three Masters of the Game.

Queen's Gambit Declined.

BERNSTEIN WHITE	KOHLER BLACK.	BERNSTEIN WHITE.	KOHLER BLACK.
1 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	12 K to Kt sq	Q to Q 2
2 P to Q B 4	P to K 3	13 B x Kt	P x B
3 Kt to Q B 3	P to Q B 4	14 Q to Q 2	K to Kt 2
4 P x Q P	K P x P	15 K Kt to Q sq	P to K R 4
5 Kt to B 3	Kt to Q B 3	16 Q to B 4	Q Kt to Q sq
6 P to K Kt 3	Kt to B 3	17 P to K 4	Q to B sq
7 B 2 Kt 2	P x P	18 P x P	Kt x Kt
8 Kt x P (Q 5)	B to Q Kt 5	19 B x Kt	Q x P
9 Castles	B x Kt	20 K to Q B sq	Q to R 6
10 P x B	Castles	21 Kt to K 4	Resigns
11 B to Kt 5	B to K 3		

Queen's Gambit Declined.

MARUCHES WHITE	BERNSTEIN BLACK.	MARUCHES WHITE.	BERNSTEIN BLACK.
1 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	15 Q Kt to Q sq	Q to K sq
2 P to Q B 4	P to K 3	16 K R to K sq	B to Kt 2
3 Kt to Q B 3	P to Q B 3	17 Kt to K 5	Kt to Q sq
4 Kt to B 3	Kt to Q 2	18 Q to B sq	Kt to Q 2
5 P to K 4	P x K P	19 Kt x Kt	B x Kt
6 Kt x P	K Kt to B 3	20 B x P	B to Q 5
7 Kt x Kt	Kt x Kt	21 B to K 3	R to Kt 5
8 Q to Kt 3	B to K 2	22 P to B 3	B x P
9 B to Q 3	Castles	23 P to K Kt 3	B to Kt 2
10 Castles	P to B 1	24 K to B 2	Q to B 3
11 P x P	B x P	25 K to K Kt sq	Q to B 5 ch.
12 B to Kt 5	B to K 2	26 K to K sq	B to Kt 5 ch.
13 Q to Q B 2	P to K Kt 3	27 B to Q 2	Q to K 6 ch.
14 B to B 4	P to K Kt 3		Resigns.

Since neither of the problems in No. 2, has yet been solved, 2nd Lt Sanders has offered a prize of Rs 5, for their solution. Solutions should be sent in to the "Editor" by February 25th. The problems are reprinted below.

Problem III By W J. Wood, (London).

White K. K Kt sq. Q Q B 3, Rooks at Q sq and K B 5. B. K R 1. Pawns at Q 5, K 2, K B 3, K B 6, K Kt 4, K R 3.

Black K Q R 8. Kt's on Q Kt 8. and Q. Kt 7. Pawns at Q R 6 and 7. and K Kt 3 and 4.

White to play and mate in 4 moves. An example of a double "Indian."

Problem IV By Lieut. Gibbins, (Marlow.)

White K at K Kt Sq. Q. Q R 8. B K 2, Kt K 4, Pawns at Q Kt 6, Q B 2, K B 2 K Kt 3.

Black K. K 4, B. Q R 7. Pawns K R 4, K 3, Q B 5, Q Kt 5. White to play and mate in 4 moves.

An interesting and amusing puzzle is given below. Imagine a chess board consisting of eight squares by five squares i. e., 3 squares have been cut from the length of an ordinary board. On the back row at each end is a row of eight white knights, and eight black knights respectively. (In play substitute pawns)

Problem.—Make white knights change places with black knights, moving them a single move at a time alternately white and black, without any knight ever attacking one of the opposite colour.

J. E. INGRAM.

TO-NIGHT

GRAND EVENING CONCERT,

BY

B COY. CHORAL SOCIETY

in aid of The Search Party

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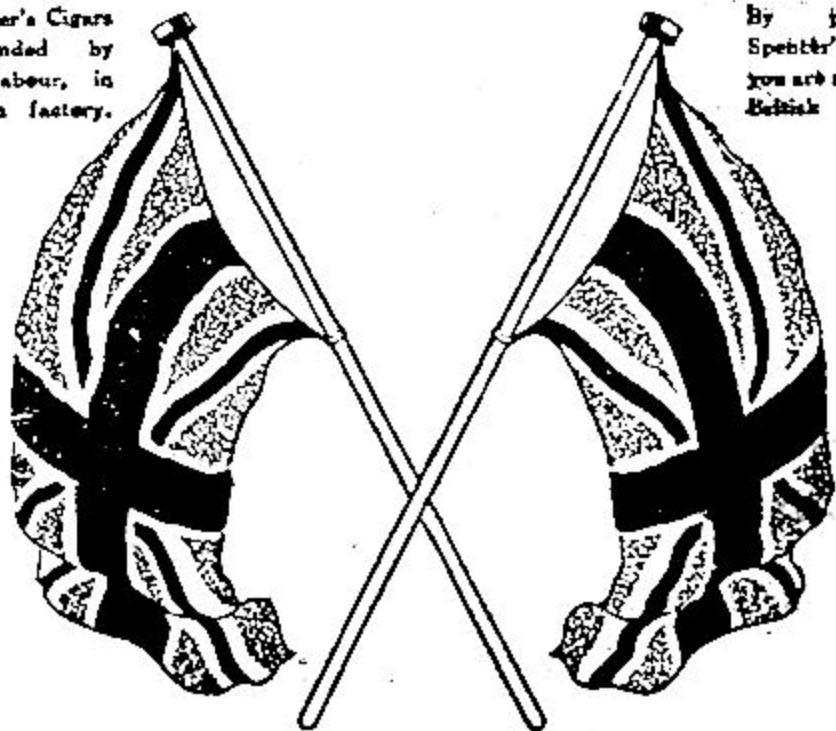
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