



# THE LONDONER

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MARCH 1917

[ Price Annas 3

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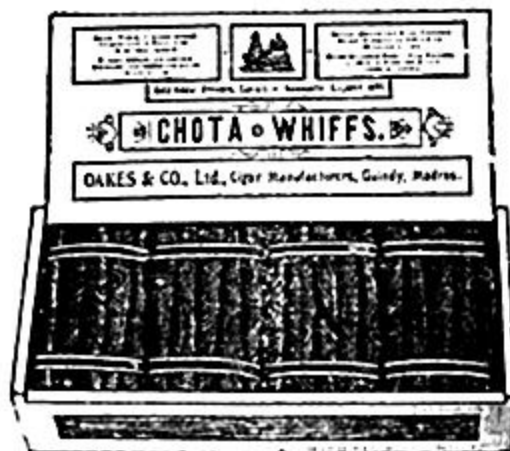
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# THE LONDONER.

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

BY PERMISSION OF

Lieut.-Col. ARTHUR CHURCHILL.

No. 5—VOL. I.]

MARCH 1917.

[PRICE ANNAS 3.

## ROUND AND ABOUT.

### DIVISIONAL MANŒUVRES.

At the movement of writing we are unexpectedly back in camp, after having made a false start on Manœuvres. What is going to happen now we don't know, though every second man we meet does. As, however, they all know something different we think it better not to risk our reputation by backing any of the "straight tips" that are so plentiful. But we think we are safe in saying that scarcity of water and transport required "elsewhere" were the factors determining the sudden change of programme.

### GOOD LUCK!

On 18 January 2nd Lieut. Hambly left us for the S. & T. Corps, and on 12 February 2nd Lieuts. Jones and Wigfall followed suit. On 8 February C. Q. M. S. Aston and L.-Corpl. T. Edwards, both of C. Coy., having taken commissions, left for the O. T. School at Ambala. We are sorry to lose all these old friends and wish them luck in their new spheres of action.

### PROMOTIONS & APPOINTMENTS.

The following promotions have been made during the last month: from Lance-Sergeant to Acting Sergeant—C. W. Summers, J. Bale, O.H. Bond, G.T. Wilden, L. Jones; from Lance-Corporal to Acting Corporal—C. C. Talbot,

W. Kearley, W. H. Mitchell, H. E. Ridout, H. Atlee. And the following appointments: from Corporal to paid Lance Sergeant—C. H. Brinkler, W.L. Loveridge, C.V. Elkan; L-Sergt. H. L. King becomes paid Lance Sergeant.

### MACHINE GUN CORPS.

On the morning of 1 March No. 1 Section of the M.G. Section, with two guns and equipment and eleven mules, set out to march to—where they join up with the Machine Gun Corps (Infantry). The section to whom we bid farewell and good luck consists of: Lieut. St. J. Dix, Sergt. Yare, Corpl. Talbot; Machine Gunners Talbot, Broughton, Pickford, Payne, Watts, Woodward, Berendt, Cross, Cook, Gaillard Dell, Bridgeland; and Drivers Fisk, Denham, Mellor, Bates.

### REGGIE & THE PRINCESS.

Among L.-Corpl. Reg. Winter's correspondence not long ago was the following from Buckingham Palace: "Princess Mary desires the Lady in Waiting to thank Lance Corporal Winter for the Programme he kindly sent her; she was interested and amused to see it." The programme referred to is that of our Red Cross Concert at the B. R. V. Theatre, Bangalore, the one with the spoof advertisements.

## THE 'AIRY SCARY OONT.

The Brigade night operations of 23-24 February were not by any means all beer and skittles, but perhaps one of the worst of our trials was the approach to the encampment of the Camel Corps. "E smells most awful vile" Kipling wrote, referring to the "Commissariat Camel" and, as we trudged along holding our noses, we realized that he knew his subject well.

## NOTELETS.

The new "Parade Stick" wielded by Bugle-Major Oke adds considerably to the impressiveness of his conducting. It was kindly presented to the Battalion by Mrs. Swinnerton.— After just a month without rain there was a much needed fall on the morning of 22 February, accompanied by a surprising drop in the temperature.

## EAST SURREYS.

The following extracts from a notice in the "Spectator" of a history of the East Surreys are interesting enough in themselves, while our meeting with them on the football field and their departure on active service, make the subject topical.

A letter written in 1866 by an old member of the regiment narrates how one Robert Hullock was shot during an action in Holland, and buried in the sand where he fell by a man named John Cames. During the night Hullock recovered, and having been only lightly covered with sand, crawled to a picquet posted near by.

Ten years later, the letter continues, "the regiment was serving in Malta. A soldier of it died and Hullock as part of his duty dug the grave in which he was found on the arrival of the body for interment still at work though nearly ten feet deep; on being drawn out and asked his reason for making it is so unusually deep he replied 'Why Sir it is for poor John Cames who buried me and I think Sir if I get him that deep it will puzzle him to creep out as I did.' On the burial service being read he proceeded to fill up the grave and actually

buried the man who ten years previously buried him. Hullock was discharged and pensioned in 1814. And I served with the same two men in the year 1806, so I conclude by wishing you, the Colonel, all the Officers and Regiment well,

(Signed) JOHN LOWE,"

We must end with some extracts from the delightfully quaint "Standing Orders" issued to the 70th in 1786 and 1788. A copy of these Orders is in the possession of Sir Eyre Coote, and from this copy Colonel Pearse quotes:—

"They [the N.-C. O.'s] are never to connive at the irregular behaviour of the Soldiers in any point whatever. They are to keep up a proper command, and closely attend to their Improvement in Writing and Cyphering; to make themselves Master of all forms of Duty and Returns. To be careful and honest in all Money Matters; to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the Exercise in every respect, and to be fully able to Instruct and take Charge of any Squad that may be put under their Direction. They are to treat the men as civilly as possible; and to endeavour to keep up Harmony, good Order, and Obedience, and to assist all Recruits in the different Branches they are to Learn.

The non-commissioned officers are not to suffer the Women to iron the Men's Linen on the Barrack Blankets.

The non-commissioned Officers of each Room to be answerable that the Barrack Maids keep themselves as well as the Room at all times clean, and have the Beds properly turned up by ten o'clock every morning.

Every time a tailor gets drunk, he is to lose payment of a Waistcoat, and be sent to the Black-hole; and whatever Money may arise from these Fines, such Sums shall be appropriated to the use of Sick in Hospital."

## Battalion Diary.

### FEBRUARY.

- 1 to 3 Three days' manœuvres. Bivouac two nights.
- 8 Bivouac one night.
- 17 Reveille 7 A.M.
- 20 Helmets to be worn from 7-30 A.M. to 5-30 P.M.; previous orders cancelled.
- 23 Night operations. Bn. Parade 11-45 P.M., return to camp 11 A.M. 24th.

## WINTER TRAINING.

Since the days of the Kitchener regime the training of the army in India has aroused considerable interest by reason of its thoroughness and efficiency, and the culminating point of the year's training is the Divisional Manoeuvres. For a considerable period beforehand, battalion and brigade operations are carried out, all tending to the efficiency of the soldier and the enuring of his body to withstand fatigue in order that it may enable him to overcome the hardships which the great mimic war, differing from the stern reality in only one particular, will entail upon him. With us this period is drawing to a close and such a moment is opportunity for the perpetuation of some impressions which may prove interesting to the wider circle of readers of "The Londoner" at home. A training "strafe" or "stunt" is the exercising in field operations of the brigade or battalion over a period of one or more days at a spot remote from the usual training areas, compelling an early start and a late return or, in the case of the longer operations the spending of the intervening nights in temporary camps, either in the open or under improvised shelters.

With a stunt taking a man away for even a few days from a standing camp, provision must be made for his feeding and sleeping, and necessarily many little jobs have to be completed to ensure this. A couple of blankets, together with a change of clothing and a ground sheet have to be rolled within a dhurrie (bed rug) to a uniform size, or if the operations are terminable within a day, rolled in wondrous fashion in a bundle of a dozen or so. If the fates are contrary we appreciate fully the weight and value of the thick sweater donated by the Indian Government through the carrying of it within our overcoats upon our shoulders, otherwise it finds a place inside the dhurrie roll; the overcoats in dozens being twisted and strained into the semblance of circular shape. All is eventually entrusted to the tender mercies of mule and camel transport. Occasionally we observe our cherished bundles in all places possible on the mules, under, over, and behind the brutes while they canter around in temporary freedom, but somehow or other they get through to the destination. The packing and loading of this animal transport is in itself a fine art and

has to be crowded into the hurried period between reveille and parade.

The head of the column departs in a cloud of dust followed by its long animal train and the rear guard who ere long discover trouble in the form of recalcitrant mules usually surrounded by their loads and engaged in a tussle with their drivers, or as recently happened assist in the rescuing of a drowning camel from a stream into which it had fallen. All such difficulties surmounted, the long march ended and the company site reached concludes one stage but opens another. The perimeter camp has to be fortified and all are called to assist in the digging of trenches, wide and deep, around it with sundry embellishments before a position can be selected and cleared as sleeping quarters. All such toil of necessity ends at sunset. Boxes of biscuits, once whole but now reduced to fragments by the jolting received on the way, appear, and these with bully beef and tea together with such delicacies as jam and tinned fruit are served out, providing a most enjoyable meal amidst the fruits of our labours. Those on outlying picket duty depart to the surrounding heights, releasing those posted earlier in the day; the inlying picket take up their quarters near their sentries and the trenches they will man in the event of alarm; those in support, more certain of undisturbed rest, discard their equipment and construct their sleeping quarters more solidly. Various forms of shelter are favoured; the old campaigner confident of a fine night simply excavates a shallow trench as protection against the breeze and makes up his bed on the ground sheet; the dubious draw from company stores a couple of small poles and, in combination with a comrade, construct a *tente d'abri* by the lacing together of two ground sheets and the stretching of them down in roof-like formation, under which they crawl; others strike a medium by fixing above and around four poles ground sheets as a simple wind screen; but all agree in the morning that a jolly fine night has been spent. Our warfare being consistently against a phantom foe, efforts are made to render it more realistic by the provision of an enemy from our comrades, distinguishable only by the wearing of a white band around the topee. These occasionally inflict

upon the camp a night attack, an innovation not greatly favoured; but usually after an exchange of "blank" all return to dream of the "strafe" of the morrow.

Before dawn the camp is astir, some in the trenches ready to resist any possible attack, others preparing their dhurrie rolls or busily engaged in the loading of camels and mules, but all intent on getting clear at an early hour. Breakfast completed, a hustle is made by all and sundry and before long the advance guard moves out up through the narrow valley, throwing out pickets as it progresses to the heights towering above on either side in order to provide for the safe passage of the column that winds its way beneath them, by preventing their occupation by the enemy. This is a slow and tedious business and means real hard work to those who climb up and up in full marching order with usually a most precarious footing, and who are often deluded on reaching one summit to see the real apex still further above them. A few shots here and there indicate to the fortunate ones below that the "foe" is making the toil of the picket more arduous by the resistance of its advance.

Usually the scheme provides for the theoretical destruction of some material village abandoned by a phantom foe who have fled for protection to the hills around, but await to wreak their vengeance on the retirement of the column with the mythical burden of grain and fodder carried away as a portion of the penalty for some rash misdeed which has brought down the wrath of the "Sircar." The village selected is ultimately reached, measures are taken to safeguard the troops engaged in its destruction, police patrols are put around to prevent any looting, parties are told off for its burning and others for the collection and loading of its produce, all of course in theory. Advance and flank guards move away followed by the convoy and the rearguard who have a difficult part to play in keeping back the "savage hill men" who swoop around angered by the destruction of their homes and the vision of their fast disappearing property. The approach of evening at last brings the welcome notes of the bugle and the cessation of strife, but undoubtedly the most trying portion of the day lies in the return to camp among dense clouds of dust over the long, rough and winding trail. Assuredly this will be the outstanding feature in the memories of the Burhan "strafes"

that will be recalled, with its climax at our emergence from the inferno behind through the narrow gorge on the borders of the camp known indifferently as "Hell's Gate" or the "Consumption Pit."

Training "strafes" vary of course; the whole brigade may be taken after midnight along devious tracks over rough and broken country around the base of a long range of hills which at dawn are the object of an attack, and their climbing the nearest return to the camp and the breakfast awaiting us. Another may be the formation of an outpost line and its defence by day and by night from a skeleton "white" foe, while a third will be the taking of some lofty hill with precipitous sides to discover the wily foe usually ensconced in another such position on the other side of the valley beneath.

The training area has been skilfully selected as an aid to our undoing, abounding in wide, deep and wonderfully broken chasms down which we scramble, and high, steep, and rocky hills up which we climb. Trees are practically non-existent and with the whole country scanty of verdure every movement throws out clouds of flour-like dust.

We have laboured all day in the pursuit of an understanding of the art of war; we have toiled all night with the same objective in view. As cyclist soldiers we were trained in a method akin to that of cavalry and guerilla warfare; next followed our education in the system of trench warfare. To-day we are discovering mountain warfare; adjusting our methods between the combatting of a civilised foe with humane methods of fighting and the wild and savage hillmen with their fiendish customs. As to whether the ultimate end of putting any of this into practice is ever reached,—we must wait and see.

H. H. GAYLER.

### A Pioneer.

The other afternoon in Pall Mall I chanced to meet Colonel Savile, who introduced the cycle into the British Army over a quarter of a century ago, and despite opposition formed the first purely cycling corps—the old 26th Middlesex. He told me he was doing war service as an Army lecturer.

*Daily Mirror.*

## FIRE PIQUETS.

For some time a controversy has been raging regarding the actual lines on which Fire Parties and Piquets should work in the event of an outbreak during the night. With a view to arriving at a definite conclusion on a question which must be considered one of vast import the Editor addressed the following telegram to a number of well known members of the Battalion:—

*In your opinion what should Fire Parties and Piquets do in the event of a fire occurring during the night?*

Below we print a few of the many replies received.

MAJOR SWINNERTON:

While the Fire Party is quelling the outbreak the Piquet should build a perimeter round the burning tent. I mean the tribesmen offer take such an opportunity I mean to make a raid. The surrounding heights, I mean, must be piquetted and N. C. O's must see the men go up together I mean they must not straggle. I don't think there is anything else is there Sergt. Clark?

L.-CORPORAL NORTH:

The matter is very simple. If the Fire Piquet forms into a long line and passes buckets of Purano Gorakhs from hand to hand, the fire will soon be brought under control.

LIEUT. CHAMBERLAIN:

If it is a really good fire I should like to be called. The commander of the Fire Piquet should detail a fatigue man to carry my overcoat.

CAPT. BLUNDEN:

Both parties will fall in in two ranks, by the right. The commanders will call the roll and number off. The Piquet will move to the scene of the outbreak and place group sentries at regular intervals round the fire. The piquet commander will see that the groups know who is on their left and right; who is likely to approach them; how long the fire will last and when they

will be relieved. The line of resistance will be the firing line. The Fire Party will double to the Guard tent and procure the cans of water, right files taking first row, left files second row. Arriving at the fire right half of the party will extend to two.....[We regret that the remaining sixteen to twenty pages of manuscript have been mislaid. Ed.]

LIEUT. AND Q.-M. BURT:

Put it out.

SERGT. FULKES:

No barracking! Remember, Londons, you are sportsmen, and act as such.

LIEUT. COLLINS, R.A.M.C.

The fire-piquet should make a special effort to salve at least one pair of slacks.

CYC. GROSVENOR:

Any men who are entomologists should be careful to take nets and killing bottles. Many rare species of sphagorincaphaniflorantis agilentissimis have been caught hovering round nocturnal fires. I myself captured a very fine hetrohymenstillicantrophilomenophilis during an explosion in England some years ago.

CYC. RUE VAUGHAN:

There is only one course open in such an emergency—send for Dr. Shelly.

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## PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

*A Cook's Tour in India.* By P. Horn. With numerous charcoal drawings and woodcuts by J. Columbine and R. Nash. Burhan: C.M. Knob & Co. (Rs. 2.)

*How to Find Your Way at Night by Shooting Stars.* By Chairman Junior. Jamrud: C. A. Burt & Co. Ld. (As 8.)

*Talks to Our Pets; The Tale of an Orderly Room.* By Cyril Hedging. With highly coloured illustrations by Austral Runner. Burhan: Esses Esses Publishing Coy. (As. 8.)

## A DAY WITH THE SCREW-GUNS.

"Oh, yes! We do see life in the Mountain Battery" said the subaltern. As he seemed the sort of man who might be speaking the truth, we were highly gratified a few days later to find that we were ordered to attend a parade of the Battery for hill-work. Wonderfully keen they were too, when we got there, to see that we didn't miss anything there was to be seen. Two sections were going out that morning and stood all ready for the word to move. Seven mules constitute the firing section and of these the first five carry various parts of the gun itself, the other two carrying boxes of ammunition. Axle, wheels, trail, breach and chase is the order of march, and each of the loads works out at about 300 lbs. Now if you can picture to yourself having to carry that 300 lb. load, even with the advantage of four very sure legs, up boulder-scattered slopes where even infantry scramble and slip, you get some idea of what a mountain battery mule's work consists of. For the rest, the British ranks are all R. A. officers while the N. C. O's., gunners and drivers are Sikhs or Punjabi Mahomedans for the most part, though some other races are represented.

Once on the move the length of the column can be seen and as, in addition to the seven firing section mules, each gun has its first line ammunition and spare mules, with the battery spare parts, including wheels, and the entrenching tools to follow, the whole cavalcade is no mean circus. Clear of the camp and half a mile perhaps, on our road, the Battery Commander decides to show us how the machine is worked. A crisp order, passed from section to section down the long line, and there follows the scene of ordered confusion that, in happier days, one associated with the Agricultural Hall. The axle-mule comes up, and is relieved of its burden and led away; the next two in their turn contribute the wheels and trail; then the breech portion of the gun itself is lowered by three men and locked into place, and the chase or forward portion fitted to it and locked by an ingenious interrupted thread device. And behold! a gun has sprung into being while you wait. There is something strongly reminiscent of "Meccano" about the way these guns are

built up and taken to pieces, but for all that, they are highly serviceable weapons, hurling a 10 lb. shell a distance of two to three miles, and no joking matter to our friend the Pathan.

A round or two is fired, then "Limber up!" The guns melt away into mule-loads again and on we go to the foot of the hills. When we first stood and looked up that slope, a wild thought crossed our mind of telling the Battery Commander that our doctor had forbidden any violent exercise, but somehow he didn't look the sort of person to greet that with sympathy, so up we went, slipping and scrambling and doing our best to appear as if it was the thing we did before breakfast every morning. A friendly caution from a Section Officer "Choose your path above the mules; then if one of them slips and goes down he won't carry you with him" brought home to us in convincing fashion that accidents are common. However we reached the summit in safety, and once again the little guns were assembled and lined up, and fire was opened across the valley.

After a rest, the descent was commenced and here, if possible, the cat-like agility of the mule was even more in evidence than when climbing up. For one thing, the upward path had been by way of a salient affording a slope of sorts on which to gain foothold, whereas for the first two hundred feet of the downward journey the side of the hill fell almost sheer. Bearing in mind the heavy loads, a shift in position of which might mean entire loss of balance, it was little short of miraculous the way those wise brutes picked their way from foothold to foothold. Once a breech-mule slipped and fell a few feet, but fortunately a bush broke its fall at the start. In less time than it takes to tell it was unloaded, set on its feet, reloaded, and off down the slope once more. By the time we reached the level plain again, we were prepared to admit that the Mountain Battery is no place for a fat man unless he intends to go in for weight-reducing. However, for our part, we felt that what we had lost in avoirdupois we had gained in knowledge. All good luck to the screw-guns, say we, and may we soon meet again!



## SIVAGANGA.

Sivaganga, a sacred hill, about thirty miles N. W. of Bangalore, is 4,559 feet above sea level, and, although isolated, conforms to the axis of a fairly continuous mountain range whose general direction is north and south. The country around is hilly and jungly, and the soil is chiefly a reddish mould, shallow and gravelly. The chief products of the district are ragi, baular, gram, padi, sugar cane, and some wheat.

The hill, looked at from the east is supposed to represent a bull, from the west Ganesha, from the north a serpent, and from the south a Linga. The number of steps leading to the top is said to equal the number of yojanas from the hill to Benares; whilst an ascent to the top is almost as meritorious as a pilgrimage to that holy city. It is first mentioned by its present name in the twelfth century as the place at which Santala Devi died, the first queen of Vishnuvardhana of the Hoysala line.

The northern face, (the one usually approached) is occupied with numerous sacred buildings, many of which were erected at the expense of Kampe Ganda, the chief of the Magadi. The two principal temples, dedicated to Gangadharesvara and Honna Devanur are formed out of huge natural caverns, the ascent to which is by an imposing flight of stone steps. There are eight springs or tirthas on the hill, one of which, contained in a deep and very narrow cleft of rock, is named the Patala Ganga or Ganges of the Lower Regions. The level of the water in this spring is said to rise several feet in the hot season, and to sink during the rains; an effect due to natural causes, but regarded as miraculous. On the Eastern face is the Rasholi Math, an establishment belonging to the Lingayits, an interesting sect of which a few notes are given below. The remaining slopes are covered with low jungle, in which, and the caves around, bears and other wild animals may be met with.

On the summit are two pillars, from beneath one of which about a quart of water oozes at the winter solstice or makara-sank-ranti. The attendant priests receive the tiny stream in a vessel, and devoting half to the god, convey the rest to the royal palace at Mysore. The

village, which consists of a single street of stone built houses, has a population of 535, the entrance being dominated by a large gateway. Both Sivaganga and Nundidroog are good examples of isolated masses of granite rising out of the tableland of Mysore.

**LINGAYITS.** About 1160 A.D., a little more than forty years after the establishment of the Vaishnava faith in Mysore, there arose a sect of Siva worshippers, called Lingayits, chiefly composed of the Kamnada and Telugu speaking peoples. Basava, the founder of the sect, whose name literally means Bull, was in fact regarded as the incarnation of Nandi, the bull of Siva. He was the son of an Aradhya Brahman, a native of Bagwadi in Belgaum. According to the legends he refused to wear the brahmanical thread, because its investiture required the adoration of the sun; and so he repaired to Kalyana, the capital of Bijjala where he became the "Prime Minister" and the founder of the new sect.

Its distinctive mark was the wearing on the person of a jangama lingam, or portable linga. It is a small black stone, about the size of an acorn, and enshrined in a silver box of peculiar shape, worn from either the neck or arm. Basava rejected the authority of the Vedas and Brahmans, together with the observances of caste, pilgrimage and penance. These continue to be the fundamental distinctions of the sect. They also disapprove of child marriage, and allow the marriage of widows. Basava declared that all holiness consists in the due regard for three things: guru, linga, and jangam—the guide, the image, and the fellow religionist. The guide or confessor can be any man or woman who is in the creed, and who whispers the sacred mantram in the ear of the jangam or worshipper. A guru is forbidden to eat flesh, to chew betel, or to touch liquor, and must wear a kempu kari bastra or garment dyed with red ochre.

The sacred books are the Basava Purana and Channa Basava Purana, written in Hala Kaunnada, but not of the oldest form. They consist of tales and miraculous stories regarding their gurus and saints, and most of their literature is more popular than learned. The Lingayit faith soon spread over north-west Mysore.

J. E. INGRAM.

# THE LONDONER.

BURHAN: MARCH 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. Booth	... " "	11	
Cyc. Alderton	... " "	14	} D. Coy.
Cyc. Howlett	... " "	15	
Cyc. Nicholson	... Sig. 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 non-deplume; 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.

The change in the colour of our cover is a matter not of choice but of necessity, and we hope to be able to return to the familiar blue next month. The reason of the change is simply that we have been unable to get a paper of good substance in our old colour, and have preferred to change the colour rather than put up with the flimsy cover in which last month's issue appeared.

During the last month the energies of the personnel of the Battalion have been so completely absorbed by manœuvres and training that we have necessarily had to do without some of the help that has heretofore been so willingly and efficiently given. Should traces

of this be discovered in our columns we trust they will be gently dealt with. Our thanks are due to many friends who have kindly responded to our request regarding the making of calls in Rawalpindi on behalf of "The Londoner."

In view of certain new regulations we have considered it advisable to omit from this issue any reference whatever to the movements of our own and other battalions.

## TWO YEARS AGO.

(Extracts from Battalion Orders.)

**CYCLE VALUATION.** The board appointed for valuation of Cycles will sit at H. Q. at 9-30 A. M. to-morrow Friday 12-2-15. All men having cycles to be valued must present them at that time. (B. O. 11-2-1915.)

**APPRECIATION.** The Inspector General of the Territorial Force, after his short visit yesterday expressed great pleasure in everything that he saw and the workmanlike appearance of the men. He stated that he had heard nothing but very favourable reports about the Regiment. The Commanding Officer hopes that all ranks will assist him in maintaining this reputation. (B. O. 16-2-1915.)

**COURT OF ENQUIRY.** A board of officers composed as under will assemble at LOWESTOFT on the 11th Inst. for the purpose of enquiring into the loss of one Gallon of RUM from a consignment received from the Supply Depot, Northampton. Proceedings to be rendered in duplicate. President: Capt. Easton. Members: Lieut. Wildy, 2nd Lieut. Cowland. (B.O. 9-3-1915.)

**CHIN STRAPS.** Great slackness is being shown in having the Chin Straps down and properly adjusted. The N. C. O. on duty at the gate will be responsible that no man goes out without his Chin Strap down and properly adjusted. Any man seen by an Officer or Sergt. in the town not wearing his Chin Strap properly is to have his name taken and reported to the Orderly Room, and is to be sent back to quarters immediately. (B.O. 15-3-1915.)

## BURHAN.

From Calcutta right away to the Khyber Pass, a matter of twelve or thirteen hundred miles, runs the Grand Trunk Road, familiar to all readers of Rudyard Kipling's "Kim." A traveller from Calcutta to the Khyber would find himself, some hundred miles short of the latter, at the small railway station of Burhan, until lately a mere wayside halt serving the native village half-a-mile away and the surrounding neighbourhood, but now the centre of a large military settlement. As our traveller pauses in the road, which here runs due west, he has on his left the busy lines of the Supply and Transport Corps (native), beyond these the village and, away across the plain about three miles, a line of high hills of picturesque outline running parallel with the road. On his right is the railway, and beyond that at some fifty yards distance, the Londons' camp. He has already passed one Gurkha and one English battalion on his right, and further on lie a mountain battery and other battalions both white and Indian. Just beyond the station, on the left of the road, is the extensive encampment of the Y. M. C. A. with a large concert marquee and numerous tents for use as reading-rooms, lecture-rooms &c.

The ground on which the Londons' camp is pitched rises at an easy slope to a range of low hills which cut off the northward view at about five hundred yards from the road. This slope until a few weeks before the battalion arrived was covered with growing crops and, in the usual Indian fashion, is carefully terraced with a view to holding the water on it. One of the first jobs to be performed after our arrival was to reverse this scheme by a system of gullies contrived to carry the water off. Up to date the gullies have not been overworked, the small amount of rain that has fallen having been speedily sucked up by the thirsty soil. At present the camp is no more than moderately dusty, but when we arrived it was, quite literally, inches deep in a soft, all pervading, penetrating dust from which there was no escape. We breathed it, ate it, drank it and slept in it. Its one virtue was said to be that when on a fatigue job you had only to stamp your foot twice and disappear in the consequent cloud of dust.

Down by the station there is quite a busy scene, especially in the morning. The road outside is full of bullock-carts and little two wheeled pony carts or tongas, some of them private conveyances, others for hire. The "first-class" tongas are 8 annas the first hour and 4 annas an hour afterwards, and they go quite a good pace, too. Some of the ponies are rather quaintly decorated with necklaces of blue beads. In the narrow strip of ground between the station and the Road is the Post Office, consisting of two E. P. tents, where you can buy stamps and do other business if you have plenty of time to spare. It is advisable to buy your stamps before mail day or you may be unlucky. Outside the Post office, squatting on mats you will usually see one or two professional letter writers composing letters at the instruction of the Indian customer squatting besides them. Sweets, monkey nuts, shelled walnuts and cigarettes from ten for an anna upwards are sold by the merchant squatting in the dust among his baskets of goods. Another vendor peels sugar-cane and chops it up with a shears into bits about three-quarters of an inch in length. If you are lucky you may see a native washing a white garment with the aid of only a small square of board and a brass pot holding about a pint of water. On the platform patient passengers await the train. When the train comes in it is usually patient, too, and there is plenty of time for the hawkers of chupatties, curry, rice &c. to dispose of his wares. The food is in brass pans kept hot over smouldering charcoal, and the method of serving is to dump a portion of curried mutton, bright yellow grains of some sort, or whatever dish is desired, into the middle of a chupatti which is folded over it, much as fish and chips is served in a bit of newspaper in the less aristocratic parts of our native village. A chupatti, by the way, is a flabby, brown soft pancake kind of thing made of flour and water and cooked on a metal plate over a fire. The messes of food look very appetising, and though one refrains from eating them owing to visions of how and where they might have been cooked, perhaps after all they are no worse than many of the things that every town dweller eats and doesn't see cooked.

A few hundred yards up the road a curious little bazar of tents has sprung into being to serve the troops. The assortment of goods obtainable at the innumerable little general shops is really wonderful. All sorts of tinned goods and jams, boot polish, drugs, hair oil, stationery, paraffin lamps, cigars, cigarettes, bootlaces; in fact it is difficult to ask for anything at all within the bounds of reason which they haven't got. After dark is the best time to visit the bazar, it is more picturesque by oil light. First, shyly retreating from observation on the mound of the railway cutting is a tent with the sign "The Punjab Piggery." Here you can buy pork, pork pies, and doubtfully cured bacon at 8 annas a pound. A few yards further on the bazar proper begins. One of the first shops is a sweetmeat factory, advertising its presence by the sickening smell of boiling fat which, until we came to India, we knew only as warning of the proximity of a fried fish shop. Indians of all creeds and races, apparently, are devoted to sweetstuffs, and the sweet shops are always the most brightly lighted and prosperous looking. Great bowls of boiling sugar are being stirred over the fire, piles of greasy looking sweets shine in the lamplight. One very popular sweetmeat is in process of manufacture. A huge bowl of melted fat simmers over a fire; beside it squats the artist holding a large bowl filled with a very runny batter. In the bottom of this is a small hole which the artist stops with his finger. Holding the bowl over the simmering fat, he deftly removes his finger, thus allowing a thin stream of batter to run into the fat, at the same time moving the bowl so as to weave the stream of batter into a pattern. The resulting delicacy, when taken out of its bath, is of a rich golden colour, resembles in shape the little twisted up spice-rolls you used to get in German restaurants, and smells horribly.

A little further on a man is making chupatties, several Gurkhas sitting on benches and watching the process. He has a very superior "plant," quite different from the usual hot plate over a fire of twigs. An oven has been constructed in the earth of the bank, with an opening at the top about the size of a coal-plate in a London pavement. The fire has been raked out and the walls of the oven shimmer with heat. The chupatti merchant grabs a handful of dough, smacks it about from hand to hand till it assumes

pancake shape, dips it in a vessel containing liquid and then, lowering it carefully through the opening, smacks it against the side of the oven, where it sticks. As the chupatties cook, he fishes them out with a hooked rod and throws them on to the pile by his side.

A little further on is a fruit seller. Prices would seem all topsy turvy to one fresh from home; small oranges cost three-half pence apiece while new laid eggs are sixpence or sevenpence a dozen. Beyond him is a "sweetmeat" merchant who specialises in silver-paper covered chocolates for English palates, and eschews the greasy native dainties. Near by is a tent selling furs and silks. It is great sport bargaining for furs. An alleged "silver fox" will start at fifteen chips and eventually change hands at three eight. Some of the furs, though not of course real silver fox, look and feel quite good and are probably cheap at the price. When not engaged in trying to sell furs, the proprietor puts in his time doing wax-work on squares of satin, but the day time is the time to see this. With the end of a stick he picks up a blob of treacly cream-coloured wax out of a pot and with the trail from it deftly traces ingenious patterns on the satin, much as we, when we were little, used to make patterns on our bread with the golden syrup. These tracings are afterwards touched up with gold or other coloured powder, and make very pretty table-centres or, in larger sizes, curtains. The work is said to withstand heat and to be washable.

The tinsmith's shop, too, is well worth watching. He will make you any little thing like a funnel or small saucepan for a few annas, and while you wait. The little anvil on which he works is just stuck loosely in a hole in the ground, and its wobbling doesn't seem to worry him in the least. When he arrives at the soldering process he grabs a dirty looking bag that turns out to be a bellows, and a little furnace on the floor which has escaped your notice springs into life. The soldering is a little slapdash, but quite the quickest you have ever seen.

Nearly every shopkeeper has a "hubble-bubble" or hookah going, to which he puts his lips occasionally for a pull of smoke. What it is they smoke is a mystery; in the lump it looks like sticky blackish dirt with bits of straw in it.

But the Indians in these parts will smoke anything. If they can't get anything else they will pick grass at the roadside, roll it up in a green leaf and holding it vertically, painfully draw the smoke through the lower end.

The attractions of the bazar are now nearly exhausted. There is the charpoy maker, but he is to be seen at work only in the day time. A charpoy is a bedstead with a rough wooden frame, strung across with twisted grass rope, making a fine springy couch. The stringing of a charpoy is very interesting to watch and is done in a most ingenious manner, as indeed are so many ordinary Indian crafts. The whole thing costs only about two rupees.

At the far end of the bazar is the Government Dairy depot, selling excellent butter at a rupee a pound, and milk and cream at reasonable rates. There is nothing more to do now but to stroll back, passing on the way the wireless station which is indicating by a stream of violet sparks and much crackling and splutter that we are still in touch with the great world where they say, there is a war going on.

ARBEEJAY.

## BOOK OF THE MONTH.

### IRREGULAR VERBS\*

To employ a very hackneyed expression, this little book really does "fill a long felt want." In an admirably concise and lucid manner it conducts the student through the strangely fascinating difficulties of military grammar. It is indeed remarkable that the author has been able to cover the whole subject in so few pages and, attractive as are many of the bye-ways into which he shows the way, we must confine ourselves in this short notice to one very small section of his work, that dealing with the irregular verbs in which army grammar abounds.

Of course, most of these are more or less familiar to all army men, but in many cases considerable uncertainty seems to exist as to their exact forms, and it is useful to find an authoritative statement on many disputed points. For instance, take the verb "to climb." This shows most curious irregularities in the Present Indicative:

*Sing.* I address sergeants respectfully,  
Thou crawlst  
He is right up it.

*Pl.* We turn out smart on parade  
You channel  
They beetle.

The Perfect tense being "I have got a stipe at last." Scarcely less curious is the verb "to feed":

*Sing.* I am mess orderly.  
Thou art a greedy beast.  
He is on sick parade.

*Pl.* We are always the onions.  
You wait till I'm mess orderly.  
They can chuff same.

While the verb (passive) "to be run" presents many interesting peculiarities:

*Sing.* I am the victim of grave injustice.  
Thou hast clicked.  
He has trodden in it.

*Pl.* We won't stand it.  
You'd better take what he gives you.  
They've been asking for it.

The student will perceive that he has undertaken no light task in setting out to memorise these extraordinary variations, for the examples we have given are only typical of many others. Take "to win" for instances, (past tense):

*Sing.* I won it.  
Thou didst knock it off.  
He stole it.

and "to imbibe" (perfect tense):

*Sing.* I have had a pleasant evening.  
Thou art tight.  
He is drunk.

*Pl.* We are merry and bright.  
You are well oiled.  
They are disgustingly full.

An excellent little text-book, which we hope will soon become the standard work for all regimental schools.

\*Elements of Army Grammar. By O. Sweet. Aldershot: Pale & Golden. (1s. 6d. nett.)

## IN THE "NEWS."

You've often read in papers all about the gallant deeds  
 Of our soldiers, and you think the life is grand,  
 But there's lots of things that happen to a soldier every day  
 You never see in print, because they've banned.  
 Just take a humble private who enlisted at the start,  
 An ordinary chap—say, name of Smith,  
 He didn't fancy marching and he couldn't ride a horse,  
 So he straightway went and joined the "25th."  
 I can't remember reading in the "Mirror" or the "Mail"  
 How they took his bike away and made him walk.  
 How they "kidded" him that he was going out to fight the foe,  
 And he found it only ended up in talk.  
 I've never seen an article by Bottomley or Shaw  
 On the most dramatic charge right through the war;  
 How we started wearing "Kipper-caps" with no chin-straps at all,  
 A thing that we had never done before.  
 I've read some long despatches both from French and Duggie Haig:  
 "We advanced and though attacked we held our gain"  
 But I've never seen reported how the gallant "25th"  
 Times out of number captured Agram plain.  
 We've fought some awful battles, but as yet we've no V. C.'s,  
 Though some deeds will get rewarded is my hope,  
 For instance once when Private Blank and several other chaps,  
 Tried hard to unfix bay'nets at the slope.  
 I know there's danger out in France, also the Persian Gulf,  
 I've read of all the hardships they endure.  
 But just because you never read of what goes on out here  
 You mustn't think it's just a little tour.  
 Our lives are all in danger when we try to load the mules,  
 When out upon a march we're choked with dust,  
 And if you're on the transport you must be on the alert,  
 And not approach a camel when it's "must."  
 I've read about our army being splendidly equipped,  
 They certainly have done their best for us,  
 Though when you're on the march it seems they've done a bit too well,  
 The weight of it's caused many a man to cuss.  
 And when the weather's very cold you walk about in drill,  
 At freezing point you're nearly on the verge,  
 But when it gets much hotter—say one forty in the shade—  
 They kindly dish you out a suit of serge.  
 I scan the picture papers every time the mail arrives,  
 They're not so enterprising as of old,  
 I'll just suggest one photo—they can use it if they like,  
 T'will prove to be quite worth its weight in gold,  
 It's a photo of the mountains, late at evening, in the dark,  
 (They can mark it with the usual kind of cross)  
 Just above a lonely figure who's reclining on the ground,  
 Singing pretty little ballads to a horse.

## WHAT THE BATTALION IS ASKING.

Good morning! Have you used Purano Gorakh?

\* \* \*

Is Doddy going to set up in business as a Beauty Specialist?

\* \* \*

Or is the Lewis-Wallah alone to be favoured?

\* \* \*

Is it fair, is it right, is it just?

\* \* \*

When the Esses Esses are going to take a few lessons in spelling?

\* \* \*

Who is the Y. M. C. A. Marathon Marvel, and how is he getting on with his Harriers Club?

\* \* \*

And, considering the amount of pedestrian exercise we do already, whether he hasn't got a lot of hope?

\* \* \*

Who is the subaltern who *adores* sultanas, especially when acting as orderly officer?

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

\* \* \*

If "bear ye one another's burdens" really refers to carrying wood for defaulters?

\* \* \*

Or if it was just the corporal's hobby?

\* \* \*

Who is the Warrant Officer who daily patronizes the junior mess, and is it true his appetite is so enormous as to require double meals?

\* \* \*

And isn't there something in the rules about payment for meals supplied to visitors?

\* \* \*

What the R. S. P. C. A. are doing about Chairman Junior's new charger?

\* \* \*

Which was the more surprised,—the sleepwalking sergeant or the sergeant whose bed he tried to capture?

\* \* \*

Why is the duff so short of sultanas today? (This has nothing to do with any other paragraph on this page.)

## THE RED TRIANGLE.

Our representative at the Y. M. C. A. writes: An interesting and amusing evening was spent on Saturday 17 February in lightning competitions of draughts, ping-pong, rings, and billiards. Cyc. Stevens (London) easily won the draughts, beating Cyc. Charlesworth (London). The final of the ping-pong between Pte. Chown (Kents) and Pte. Williams (Sussex) was xetra good, the

play of both men being excellent. The score reached 24 all, when Williams played a rather weak stroke, which gave Chown the game. Sapper Clarke (R. E.) beat Cyc. R. E. Guest (Londoners) in the final of the rings. At billiards each competitor had the table to himself for five minutes and had to spot, and take the balls out of the pockets, the prize being given to the highest score. This was won by Sapper Clarke (R. E.) whose score was 63. Cyc. Dunman (Londoners) was second with the score of 61, and Cyc. R. E. Guest (Londoners) third with 58. At the request of a great many, similar competitions will be arranged in the future.

Arrangements are being made for a branch of the Y. M. C. A. to go with each brigade on the forthcoming Divisional manoeuvres. There will be facilities for reading, writing, and indoor games, such as draughts, chess, darts, rings, etc.

The chess tournament seems to be hanging fire a bit, so will all men who have games to play please get them played as soon as they can. The Hindustani class is proving a great success, and at the end of our stay in Burhan most of the men will be able to go in for examination with good chances of passing.

The cinema is now in full working order, and (barring accidents) will be shown to the British troops on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and to Indian troops on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. On Saturday night there is generally a good concert.

The Indian football competition was brought to a close on Saturday 17 Feb., when A. Coy. 2/8 Gurkhas beat A. Coy. 1/4 Gurkhas by 2 goals to 0. It may interest some of our readers to know that the Gurkhas were playing for a that goat; in their opinion, being far better than a silver cup.

In the British competition D. Coy. Sussex and D. Coy. Hants. are to play the final.

After the manoeuvres the Y. M. C. A. will try to arrange some trips to the Khyber Pass and other places of interest, and hope to be well supported by the Londoners. In fact, keep your eye on the Y. M. and look out for big happenings after March 16.

EGAO.

## IRRESPONSIBLE JOTTINGS.

It is some game learning Hindustani, but personally I have given it up as a bad job, and now confine myself to such words as "jeldee," "idder ou" or "baksheesh" as being convinced they are the most useful. It is heart-breaking trying to form a sentence when you have to juggle the words about till it reads something after this style, "This whom of house is?" or "your what name is."

\* \* \*

Why the Kaiser can't they speak straight forward, and save us and themselves a lot of trouble? I remember trying some of my Hindustani in the canteen, and asking for "Ek piyala cha." The answer I got was "What do you want, sahib?" I came away with the conviction that they did not know their own language, and here beginneth my resolution as set out in the first paragraph.

\* \* \*

Having had more than my share of Guards lately I have had time to think, and a brilliant idea has struck me, an idea staggering in its simplicity! Here it is: There must be hundreds of men suffering from insomnia; why not organise them "en masse" and keep them for Guard duties?

• • •

Think of the advantages of my idea! Think of the men it will release for the "strong as possible" parades, and those delightful manoeuvres which there is such a keenness to take part in! A battalion could be formed and registered as "The Imperial Insomnia Guards"; an appropriate nickname would be "The Sleepless First." Then drafts could be sent to every regiment purely for guards, and automatically the battalions could always be at full strength. These valuable men would be doing a national service, serving the great cause as the right men in the right place.

\* \* \*

Not only would there be an advantage in smarter turn-outs on the orderly officer's inspec-



tion, each man striving to show that he was the best non-sleeper, in his endeavour to get a stripe as a "super insomniast;" but there would be a saving in material as it is obvious these wonderful soldiers would not require blankets or bedding of any kind.

I admit it was a hot day when this inspiration came to me, but all the same I put it to the proper authorities to forward to the Army Council, and am sanguine that there will yet be a chance for every man jack of us to participate in all parades, which after all are the salt of life to us.

HAMBARAC.

### IS CHESS OF INDIAN OR CHINESE ORIGIN?

(The winning essay in the C. O's. Competition,—No. 8.)

Greece, Italy, Egypt, Persia, India and China all claimed the invention of the game of chess. Another suggestion is that it was invented in Burma, this country being situated between India and China, and then spread East and West; but it has few advocates.

Greece and Italy were ruled out in the seventeenth century on the ground that English poets mentioned chess after it was introduced there but, so far as is known at present, Latin and Greek writers never did. Also, there is no genuine Latin or Greek name for the game, which surely would not be the case if it had been known or invented by the ancients.

Egypt's claim seems weak, there being nothing beyond the fact that Egyptian draughtsmen (more probably chessmen, as the pieces were lion-headed) existed some hundreds of years ago.

For some time Persia had a strong claim, but Sir W. Jones, first President of the Asiatic Society in the eighteenth century, discovered that in one of the "Puranas," some old Persian writings, there is a definite statement that the game of chess came to Persia from India.

There are few writings available in either India or China giving direct evidence on the subject. One writer states that in Chinese annals the origin of chess is ascribed to a certain Hansing, who invented it to relieve the

monotony of his soldiers in winter quarters, but against this is the suggestion that the game came from India about that time and that Hansing took the credit of its invention to himself. Proof in favour of the Hindus is to be found in the Persian epic, the Shah-nameh, which gives an account of its invention by an Indian minister, Sissa, to console the mother of two Indian Princes for the death of one, whilst contending with his brother for the throne. Also the Chinese Dictionary says the game came from India about 557 A. D.

Consequently I think chess was invented in India, and spread to China via Burma. Whether Persia had it before Burma and China is unknown.

J. E. NICHOLSON.

### HOW TRUE!

[For instance, a fleet cannot operate on land.  
Mr. A. H. Pollen in "Land & Water."]

A fleet cannot operate on land,  
Mules are not good at climbing trees,  
Muckan-wallahs on the whole were not a great success  
When the Army turned them into G. O. C's.

The camel is an admirable beast  
But he cannot play the violin as yet,  
The hyena as a vocalist is very highly prized,  
But I cannot recommend him as a pet.

The R. F. C. has very little use  
For sucking-pigs as pilots of their 'planes,  
And submarines are nearly always sure to lose their way  
When wandering in English country lanes.

No oyster ever won the D.S.O.,  
Tigers rarely wander down the Strand,  
But a Terrier has been found who simply dotes on Army stew,  
So we're not without a slender hope that in a year or two  
Fleets will learn to operate on land.

BACILLUS.

## PERSONAL.

Last month we recorded the capture of Lieut. L. R. Briggs in the Somme area on 10 September. Writing home on 15 November, he says: "All I can tell you about the 11 September is that I had a fight with three German machines, in the middle of which my engine stopped and I was then pretty well at the mercy of the enemy because I had a fixed gun and could only fire level or down. So I shoved my nose down and nose-dived to the ground. I was (here some words are obliterated) and they followed me right down to the ground. The machine was riddled with bullets, the ailerons and one of the elevator wires were cut, and several lift wires, the tyres were shot off and altogether it looked an awful mess, but I luckily managed to keep a certain amount of control and made a good landing just behind the trenches." Lieut. Briggs was severely wounded in the right arm but at the time of writing was making a good recovery.

\* \* \*

Cyc. Pearson (now Sergt.) who left us last March caught paratyphoid at Basra and was invalided back to Bombay last October. He is now at a convalescent station near Bombay and wishes to be remembered to all old friends.

\* \* \*

Cyc. Lake sends kind regards and wishes to all old friends who were in the same draft as himself at Dell Road Schools, Oulton Broad, in December 1914. Since he was discharged he has made several unsuccessful attempts to "join up" again but has been rejected each time owing to heart trouble. At present he is back at the office much to his regret for he is heart and soul "with the boys."

\* \* \*

J. A. Plumpton, now Lieutenant, who left old G. Coy. in February 1915 and was gassed and invalided home in December 1915, has now been passed fit for general service at home. W. E. Plumpton, who went back to the Second Battalion is now at the War Office on accountancy work. Corpl. A. J. Green (old G. Coy.) is now in the R. N. A. S. at—Airship Station, Norfolk. He sends kind regards to all old friends.

Cyc. W. A. Simmons of B. Coy., who left us last month is now at the Army Clothing Factory, Shahjahanpur. He is promoted Corporal and in charge of thirty native tailors.

\* \* \*

Major F. E. Seymour is promoted Lieut.-Colonel and is now in command of his battalion, the 10th. Service Bn., Dublin Fusiliers.

## SECOND BATTALION NOTES.

From the "Acton Gazette" of 19 Jan. we learn that "Lieut. A.P. Dobson, Royal Berkshire Rifles, attached to the M. G. Corps, has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery in Delville Wood. He has been in France for the past sixteen months." His friends of the M. G. Section, and old E. and other companies are delighted to hear it. Good old Dobby!

\* \* \*

Gerald Golden (old F. Coy.) who went out to France with the first draft is home again on a month's leave before going to a Cadet School for training for a commission. He was in the Somme offensive and "doesn't particularly want to be in any more of them." At Havre he saw Capt. Ransford who is employed on the staff that "looks after all our cyclists in France." Golden says that of the first draft there are 15 to 20 left, "the others have vanished somewhere."

\* \* \*

The Battalion has been sending drafts to various London regiments in France, and is now reorganized, having three companies of Class A. men and one company of B and C men.

\* \* \*

Sergt. Major (now 2nd Lieut.) Lascelles has not returned to his old battalion as was expected, but has gone to the 3/10th. (Hackney Rifles). Corpl. Wells has been promoted Sergt.-Cook. For the information in this and the preceding paragraph we are indebted to L.-Cpl. McGibbon who writes from the Drill Hall, High St., Fulham, our new Depot, and wishes to be remembered to all old B. Coy. men. He adds "S. M. Crawford is still here, he has been on leave some time now, awaiting disposal."

\* \* \*

From the "London Gazette" 13 Jan: Sec. Lt. G. Vaughan-Jones is granted the temp. rank of Lt. whilst with the R.F.C.

Sub-Lieut. G. J. Ridler, R. N. V. R., (Col.-Sergt. old E. Coy.), who was reported wounded in our January issue, writes from home that he is now recovered and awaiting orders. He was hit in the right leg at the attack on Beaucourt while leading the advanced skirmishing party, and was the first officer casualty. Every officer who "went over" was either killed or wounded. Sub-Lieut. Ridler has been staying with his brother Capt. Ridler at the 2/25th's quarters and may possibly be "lent" to the Battalion by the W.O. pending his return to the Anson Battalion, R. N. V. R.

In the naval casualty list dated London 19 Feb. the name of Sub-Lieut. Hugh K. Lunn appears as "missing." He left us to take up his commission a very few weeks after we began coast work in Sussex, but all the M. G. Section and E. Coy. have vivid recollections of him, and will join in hoping we may yet hear better news.

### THIRD LINE NOTES.

We regret to hear that L.-Cpl. H.G. Trowell who went to France with one of the drafts, has been killed. He was wounded in the head and died a few hours after being operated on.

### SUFFOLK NOTES.

With great regret we hear of the death of Corporal Ernest Avey (old H. Coy.) who was killed in France while serving with the—th. Suffolks.

We hear that Lieutenants Sharland, Fenwick, Rayson, Newman, Moseley, Smyth and Samuels have all acquired their third star. Capt. Scrimgeour is now serving in France; Capt. Lake, now at home on sick leave, expects to return to France in the spring.

On 22 Dec., the anniversary of the day on which we joined the 25th, a draft of 32 men with Sergeants Knights and Roper left— for France where they joined the—th. Suffolks.

All our motor cyclists are now with the "Heavy Section M. G. Corps," training for the Tanks, and, we hear, having a pretty stiff time of it.

No "fit" men are now employed on any Regimental or Company job, their places having been filled by men of the "C. 1" class.

### OUR NEXT DESTINATION.

Directly I heard we were going to Xyzpur I sought one of the many old sweats who apparently are an essential part of a Divisional Staff and plied him with questions. These old soldiers have been in India since the Flood and know everything about everywhere. They have experienced everything of consequence that has happened except the Mutiny; unfortunately they happened to be on furlough when that occurred. If you tell them that you are new to the place and seek knowledge they will most surely befriend you. And so I knew if I asked a few questions about our next destination I should certainly get a few valuable tips.

It seems Xyzpur is a good station, but warm, although the temperature seldom rises above 1,000°—in the cold season that is. The barracks are very comfortable and butter is laid on from the main, every bungalow having one or more taps. The cooking arrangements are excellent. No fires are necessary; boiling water is drawn straight from the main and meat can be roasted in one minute by placing it on a window ledge on the shady side of the kitchen. Men dare not go out between Reveille and Lights Out and must of course remain in barracks between Lights Out and Reveille; at all other times they are at liberty to go where they please.

The town is quite interesting and possesses many novel sights, not the least of which is the streams of molten metal rushing down the gutter,—the result of misguided engine drivers ignoring the warning not to stop there.

Quite a nice place you see. The old sweat himself has not been there for some years as it appears that after visiting Pqrpur, the place we are due to go to next Xyzpur always gives him influenza and chilblains.

### A Lewis Carol.

I thought I saw a ghastly strife  
Where nation grappled nation;  
I looked again and found it was  
A homeward embarkation;  
"It's not the Twenty-Fifth," said I—  
"They're out here for Duration."

# ATHLETICS.

BY SERGT. H. G. FULKES.

## FOOTBALL.

There is very little to record in football news this month owing to the extra energetic Brigade Training only allowing time for games on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon.

The outstanding feature of the games played has been B. Coy's fine effort to get into the final of the Divisional Cup. They forced two replays, and were finally beaten by 4-0. D. Company Sussex, their opponents, were undoubtedly the better team on the day they beat B.

I was only able to witness the first and last of these games, and both were worth going a long way to see. The last game was just like the good old times at Chelsea or Tottenham, with the Sussex band supplying the necessary music during the interval, and the crowd of spectators, quite the largest I've yet seen at these matches.

The Sussex are to be congratulated on the arrangement of their ground, which made it possible for all the spectators to view the game in comfort without encroaching on the playing field.

The Battalion sent a team to play the Kents on their ground, and won by 1-0. Another combination was tried and the result certainly shows improvement. Still, somehow or other the forward line doesn't seem able to get going as it should do. Smith of A Company was the pick of the forwards and scored the only goal from inside left position, although he was playing outside right. The team placed in the field is as follows. *Goal:* Davis (D.) *Backs:* Scarlett (H. Q.) and Whisstock (D.) *Halves:* Greenaway (B) Watts (H. Q.) L.-Cpl. Talbot (H. Q.) *Forwards:* Smith (A.) Turner (B), Phillips (D.), Gilding (D.), Mesley (D). The left wing pair didn't strike their usual form at all which detracted a great deal from the effectiveness of the forward line. Phillips, although a good worker, with plenty of dash, does not strike me as the best centre forward in the Battalion.

## RUGGER.

Our first game of Rugger outside the Battalion was played against the Somersets on Sunday 18 Jan., and although we were beaten, I can't say we were disgraced, as the following criticism of the game, kindly supplied by Sgt. Hills, show:

On Sunday afternoon 18 Jan. we sent a London XV down to meet the Somersets. Our opponents had won the Calcutta Cup last year, and agreed to put out a weak team, which however managed to gather in some forty odd points. In the first half we played one half and five threes and lost 32 points. In the second half Cpl. Grover came out of the three line and played scrum half to Mr. Dix, and our opponents only scored a further 11 points. Mr. Dix played a splendid game throughout, and the forwards, though much lighter than the Somersets, managed to hold their own in the scrums. They can still improve a great deal in the loose. The three-quarters must learn to mark each his man and to tackle low. The futility of collaring high was very obvious against a team like the Somersets who, needless to say, gave a very fine exhibition of scientific Rugger from start to finish and deserved every one of the points they acquired at our expense.

## BOXING.

All interested will be glad to hear that the C. O. has given permission for a team to represent the Battalion being sent to Mhow to participate in the All India Boxing Championships. Sgt. White, who is taking a prominent part in the arrangements, informs me that the following have been provisionally selected:

<i>Middle Weight</i>	L. Sgt. White	... B Coy.
	Cyc. Owen	... D "
<i>Welter Weight</i>	L. Sgt. White	... B "
	Cyc. Mesley	... D "
<i>Light Weight</i>	Cyc. Holford	... B "
	" Hawkins	... A "
	" Moore W.	... B "
	" Godwin	... C "
	" Cotton	... D "
<i>Feather Weight</i>	" Simpson	... A "
	" Turner	... B "
<i>Bantam Weight</i>	" Smith	... A "
	" Mockler	... D "

Cpl. Mitchell (A.) and Cyc. Kerr (C.) will accompany the team as seconds. As the tournament does not take place until 2 April there will in all probability be several alterations in the team.

If the men can only show similar form to that shewn by them at the second White's Tournament at Bangalore the Battalion will stand a very fair chance of distinguishing itself in the struggle for the Divisional championship.

Good luck, any way!

### PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

*No. 9.* "Sentry on No. 2 post on day of publication." The result of this competition will be posted on the Company notice boards.

*No. 10.* "Photographs of topical interest." The entries were considered by a committee composed of Cyc. Cornock (H.Q.), Sergt. Gore (A.), Cyc. Andrews (B) and Corpl. Rogers (D.) who have awarded the first prize of Rs. 10 to Cyc. E. A. Guest (Pl. No. 8.) for "Native Village near Bangalore," and the second prize of Rs. 5 to Cyc. Davies (Pl. No. 2) for "Persian Well."

\* \* \*

*Competition No. 11*—As already announced on the Company notice boards, two prizes of Rs. 15 and Rs. 5 are offered for the best articles descriptive of the Manoeuvres. In spite of the unexpected change of programme (these lines are written on 8 March) we have decided to run this competition as it is thought that, even failing further operations, the three days already spent in the field should provide ample material for an interesting article. No word limit is imposed, but it is suggested that it will prove impossible to do justice to the subject in less than two columns (800 words), and that an article of over six columns (2500 words) is not likely to win a prize. Competitors must write name and platoon number on their attempts. Closing date 31 March.

### CHESS.

Quite a novel tournament was played off on Monday 12th February. The Londons' Chess Club met the Hants' Chess Club in a friendly encounter, both Clubs putting out a team of forty players. It was quite a task getting all the games under way, but, with the ready and kindly help of the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. tables were arranged for all, and a very pleasant evening was spent. Some very keen struggles were fought out, while, on the other hand, one player at least found the Fool's Mate an easy method of settling his opponent. All agreed that the evening afforded good recreation, and it is hoped that we can arrange a return match with an even larger number of players. Capt. Long, for the Londons, voiced the pleasure we derived from meeting the Hants on such friendly terms, and expressed the hope that such tourneys might become more frequent among the various units of the Division. Lt. Tyer replying for the Hants, agreed that to meet across the Chess Board was far pleasanter than opposing one another across nullahs, and hoped that this might be the first of many other encounters. Play began at 5 P. M. and carried on until 8 P. M. Most of the men were able to play 2 games, but some could only manage to finish one game owing to the play developing into a protracted struggle. The result was 38 games for the Londons, and 19 games for the Hants.

Owing to the transference of a portion of the M. G. Section to the M. G. Corps, the tourney commenced on the journey from Bangalore has been wound up, the competitors having the highest number of points at the end of February being adjudicated the winners. G. Talbot and A. V. Cook tie with 35 points each, while Huddleston (scratch) put up a good performance with 34 points, losing only one game.

The prize of Rs. 5, offered by 2 Lt. Sanders to the solver of Problems III and IV has been awarded to Cyc. J. E. Nicholson of the Battn. Signallers, who was successful in sending in a correct solution to Prob. III. So far, however Prob. IV remains a mystery. The other solution sent in by Cyc. Dennis (C) failed,

in that Black was open to force a stale-mate consequent upon White's 2nd move—B to Q4. Either the Brigade stunts have been too severe to allow of much leisure for the solving of such knotty problems, or else the problems are of such an order as to defy the combined assaults of the Battalion. For the first day or two following the publication of No. 4, the Editor's tent was besieged with claimants for the honour of having solved No. III, but up to the time of going to press only two solutions have been received. With regard to the Knight's Puzzle no solutions have come to hand.

### Solution for Knights Puzzle :

Firstly number off the squares on the board consecutively. Then play as follows,

37—31, 3—9; 33—27, 5—11; 27—37, 6—12; 31—16, 8—14; 38—32, 7—13; 32—15, 13—3; 35—30, 4—10; 40—23, 14—4; 37—31, 11—25; 34—28, 12—27; 35—29, 10—25; 28—22, 3—18; 39—24, 4—10; 29—14, 18—33; 23—8, 2—17; 24—7, 17—34; 15—6, 1—18; 15—5, 18—35; 30—13, 26—36; 31—16, 9—26; 13—3, 36—30; 22—32, 30—40; 32—15, 27—37; 6—12, 25—10; 16—6, 34—28; 6—16, 19—34; 12—2, 25—35; 15—6, 10—25; 14—4, 28—38; 5—11, 35—29; 11—1, 25—35; 15—5, 29—39; *i. e.* Thirty two moves for each colour.

### PROBLEMS.

#### Problem V. By H. HOEG.

Black (4 Pieces) K. QR8, Pawns QR7, Q Kt7, K B4.

White (5 Pieces) K. Q3, Q. KB3, R. KR Sq, B. Q Sq, Pawns K3, K B4.

White to play and mate in three.

#### Problem VI. By Gunner Mansfield.

White (9 Pieces) K. KRS; Q at KR7; rooks at Q Sq, KB 5 bishops at K Kt7, K Kt8; Kt at Q4; pawns at Q Kt 2, K. B3.

Black (5 Pieces) K at Q6; bishops at Q Kt 8, K Kt 8; Knights at Q R5, Q7. White to play and mate in two.

Below is given an example of the Vienna opening. The late J. L. Jacobsen, the retired unbeaten champion of Australia, (White) played this game against W. H. Jonas (Black) for the Australian championship.

### Vienna Opening.

JACOBSEN.	JONAS.	JACOBSEN	JONAS.
1 P to K4	P to K4	11 R to Kt sq	Q to B sq
2 Kt to QB3	Kt to Q B3	12 Kt to Kt 5	B to Kt 5
3 P to B4	Kt to B3	13 P to K6	B X Q
4 P X P	Q Kt X P	14 P X P ch	Kt to B sq
5 P to Q4	Kt to Kt 3	15 B to B5	Q X B
6 P to K5	Kt to Kt sq	16 B to R3 ch	Kt (Kt) to Kt
7 Et to B3	P to Q4	17 R X Q	Kt to B3
8 B to Q3	B to Q Kt 5	18 R to K5	P to K Kt 3
9 Castles	B X Kt	19 R X K6	K to Kt 2
10 P X B	B to K3		

White mates in three moves.

### SOLUTIONS.

#### Problem III.

1. R.—B4, P×R; 2. R to KB Sq, P to Kt 4, 3. B to K Sq, Kt moves; 4. B×Kt mates, or

1. R.—B4, P×B; 2. Q to K5, P to Kt4 3. KR to Q4, Kt moves; 4. R×Kt mates.

#### Problem IV.

1 B X R, K to B4;	2 Q to Q5, K X Kt;	3 B to Kt 6 ch, K to K4;	4 P to B4 mates
	P to Kt:	K to B6;	4 Q to Q sq ..
	K to K4;	3 Kt to Q5 ch, K to K3;	4 B to B7 ..
	Any other:	4 B to K6, any;	4 P to B4 ..
P to Kt 6:	2 Q to B5 ch, K X Kt;	3 Q to B6 ch, K X Kt;	4 B to B2 ..
	K to Q5;	2 B to Kt 6 ch, K to Q5;	4 P to B7 ..
	K to Q5;	K to B6;	4 Q to B5 ..
Any other:	2 Q to Q5, etc.	3 Q to B5 ch, K X Kt;	4 P to B3 ..

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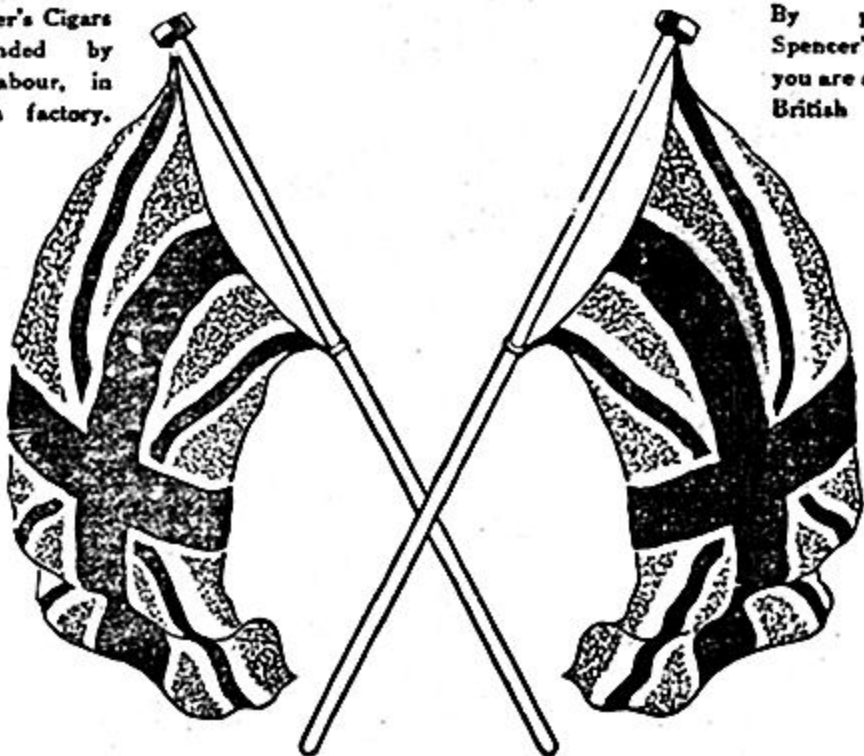
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