



THE LONDONER

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MAY TO AUGUST, 1917.

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TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES.

THE LONDONER.

The Journal of the 1/25th Battalion The London Regiment.

BY PERMISSION OF
Lieut.-Col. B. M. HYNES.

No. 1—Vol. II.]

MAY—AUGUST 1917.

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ROUND AND ABOUT.

Machine Gun Corps. At a late hour on Sunday, 13th May, the following members of the M. G. Section left for.....to join up with the Machine Gun Corps. We have been associated with many of them from the earliest days of the war and in bidding them farewell we wish them the best of luck in the future. The section is comprised of, Sergt. Bond, Cpl. Scarlett, L/-C. Taylor, Ptes. Smith, Kusly, Fry, Charlton, Kennedy, Peck, Rout, Moppett, Kearley, Middleton, Huddleston, Downer, Rink, Brown and Ither.

Promotions and Appointments. The following appointments have recently been announced: Pioneer Sergt. H. E. Bailly, Signalling Sergt. G. Brown, Provost Sergt. C. J. White.

From Lance-Sergt. to acting Sergt.:—T. W. Cooper, S. P. Dobbs, C. J. White, L. C. Dodkins, C. H. Brinkler, C. V. Elkan, A. J. King, and W. L. Loveridge.

From acting Cpl. to Lance-Sergt.:—E. J. McCrerie, H. G. Kirby, G. Brown, H. Bateman, A. G. Paul, A. D. Johnson, J. E. Squires, A. L. Cox and W. Grover.

T. F. Efficiency Medal. The Territorial Force Efficiency Medal has been awarded to Sergt. C. G. Beckett of "A" Coy. under an Army Order dated 1st November 1915. Sergt. Beckett is to be heartily congratulated on receiving this distinction.

An Arrival. On the 7th May Capt. E. Russell Austin of the 22nd Battalion, London Regiment "The Queens," reported for duty with our battalion.

The Munshi. The Hindustani students who commenced their studies about October last are making capital progress despite the frequent breaks owing to "moves." It is rather diverting to see the C. O. S. wandering around of a morning hunting up those who have "played the wag" the previous night. Munshi Karam Chand Jaini has lately been appointed the new regimental munshi, taking over his duties from the 31st March last.

The Band. The weekly route marches which have been resumed since our return from manoeuvres have been greatly enlivened by the Band who have produced quite a new repertoire of martial airs. These have become very popular and the Band deserves our thanks and congratulations on the success of their efforts in the brightening up of our country "slogs."

Punkahs. The first of May saw the introduction of the punkah system into the barracks, something of a novelty to us notwithstanding our length of service in India. The punkah

wallahs differ in no respect from other natives around us in their love of ease, performing their monotonous task with the least exertion, occasionally being urged to greater activity by a copious flow of pidgin Hindustani from the perspiring unfortunates within.

Since our return to barrack life whist drives, arranged along the verandah, have been held by practically every platoon, either among themselves or in conjunction with other companies. These have afforded some relief from the monotony of the daily round and it is to be hoped that all those who have expended a great deal of time and trouble on their promotion will have felt some recompense in the success of their ventures.

Whist Drives.

Hobbies.

Our leisure hours are not all wasted; many spend their time pursuing various hobbies or in keeping their hand in at their trades, and have turned out some really fine work. Bugler Woodward, with but a make-shift bench and very few tools, has built up quite a splendid specimen of the silversmith's art a pendant with chain attached. Could not the example of the 2/6 Sussex be followed of inaugurating an Art and Crafts Exhibition and so assist to develop these hobbies? Their C. O. has granted Rs. 1,000 from regimental funds for prizes and in addition has offered to defray from the same source 50 per cent. of the cost of the tools and materials incurred by *bona fide* competitors.

H. H. G.

WITH THE MULES TO DALHOUSIE.

AS 75 per cent. of the Battalion have yet to leave their homes of rest at Jullundur and carry their equipment and rifles up to the hills so plentifully supplied by the Indian Government; and as a small proportion of that number will have the thankless task of guarding the Company baggage convoys, it is possible that the experiences of the first transport guard may be of interest.

Regarding the train journey, the least said the better. Owing to the issue of fans and mineral waters, the move bore such a close resemblance to a Sunday School Treat that a lady on one of the stations en route was heard to remark "Wherever are the babies!" We detrained at Pathankote at dawn, somewhat sleepy, and occupied the rest camp, which (doubtless owing to an oversight on the part of those who arrange these things) has been pitched only a quarter of a mile from the station.

The troops, be it understood, do their marching by night because of the heat, but the transport must perforce progress by daylight to avoid the unwelcome attentions of loos wallahs, who have been known to steal the harness off an outfit without either the mules or the cart knowing anything about it. Also, as we found to our cost, the dangers of

the road are too great for transport to move safely at night.

Behold us then, at Pathankote, saddling our packmules and loading dhurries in the wee sma' hours, and after much trouble (and infringement of a recent Battalion Order), in the inky darkness, getting under way at about 5 a.m. This on an empty stomach, mark you. The first nine miles were fairly level, and brought us to the half-way house, where a cup of tea proved very comforting. By this time the sun was blazing down, and both men and animals were reduced to the eyeball stage before Dar appeared round the last of a multitude of corners. This camp is most beautifully situated, and indeed from this point onwards the scenery amply repaid us for our fatigue. At Dar we washed, shaved, fed and slept, and were up betimes for a resumption of the ante-daylight argument with the mules.

Away again at dawn, we speedily put behind us the softest ten miles of the trip, first climbing a little, then dropping a little, then climbing a lot, and finally descending into Dunera. This camp was excellently appointed and we were very comfortable during our short stay. The fly was present in the ointment of course, in the shape of a huge hill, broadside

on, which loomed in front, and on its expansive surface we could see the road making seemingly interminable bends and twists before it vanished around the summit.

This particular annoyance, however, was dwarfed into insignificance by the shock of turning out into drenching rain the next morning. By the time the convoy was on the road we were well watered, and when at last we topped the hill after a stiff three mile climb we all squelched in unison. The mules, of course, were unusually bucked on such a foul morning and frisked like the little hills David sang about. One particularly pleasant merchant handed a packal the finest "two-at-a-time" I've ever seen or heard, looking round when his heels reached the ground with "Hold That!" clearly written on his mobile countenance.

Once over the summit matters progressed more favourably, until a mule, by accident dressed in uniform and called a native driver, chose an especially noxious bit of road to doze off and drop his reins. His precious charges, resenting this lack of interest on the part of their confrere behind, trundled the whole concern over the khud? Never has native moved more quickly. Even Mr. Burt's retainers, fleeing from the lash of his tongue, are as snails when compared with that driver as he took one frantic bound into safety. Guarded by some misguided providence the mules were still alive and kicking when we reached them, fifty feet below, but the cart was badly dented, and an hour of our precious time had been wasted before the baggage was hauled up and reloaded elsewhere.

Again the road went up, and up again, and at one time we had the eerie experience of trudging through a cloud with only two carts and the cliff on the left in sight, and on the right an apparently unfathomable abyss. The eighth mile saw us descending at last, and soon we were being welcomed at Naina Kud. This little settlement, situated on the banks of a mountain torrent is almost lost amongst huge heights which tower up into the sky, the most massive of which carries a long winding white ribbon on its side up which we were to toil on the morrow.

Ten minutes after arriving most of us were stripped and rubbed down, and rolled up in blankets, but some hardy spirits went down to the transport to fetch a pukka change from their kitbags. These came back with tales of missing kit, and a general rise in the wind at the camp was observed. We were too fed to be worried by minor details, however, and soon the majority were sleeping away their fatigue.

The following morning brought a more drenching downpour than ever, and we commenced the last stage of the journey in anything but high spirits. Then came the dramatic moment. One of the men, marching beside his cart called a halt and pointed to a khaki patch about 30 feet up the cliff. A party climbed up, and soon various articles of kit were passed down from a cache which had evidently been hastily improvised in the darkness. Much cheered by this unlooked-for recovery of the missing kit we recommenced our climb. Up the road wound, and continued to up—with the exception of one solitary mile—all the way to Dalhousie: and the roads being heavy and the gradients in places very steep, it was not long before the mules required assistance. The scenery, when the lowlying clouds permitted a glimpse, was magnificent. Great peaks shouldered up in all directions, the nearer slopes thickly clothed in dense pine forest, and the further mountains gleaming white against the drab sky. Sometimes we could see right down to the plains, smoky in a blue haze, and always we could hear the rushing of the noisy mountain torrents, swollen by the previous day's rain. Higher and still higher, round bend after bend, each promising the summit, and then merely revealing a fresh ascent, mules panting, escort cursing and sweating, now through icy sleet and then through a brief spell of sunshine until at long last the gradient eased, and Captain Blunden hove in sight to direct us.

It was some trek, quite different to anything we have struck before, and at times we cursed our luck for being on the transport, but as I said before, the scenery, most of which the main body passed unseen in the night, repaid us to the full; and I would for this reason advise those who wish for a good view of by far the

finest country we've seen in India to commence straightway channelling to their C. Q. M. S.'s for a "job" on the transport.

I will not write concerning Dalhousie. A far more facile pen than mine must scribe our first impressions of the delectable health resort we had marched so far to see. Perhaps someone will also tell of the little storm which rolled up and welcomed us to our new home. "That is another story."

GON JOE.

ATTEMPTS AT NATURE STUDY.

No. I.—THE TADPOLE.

IN this little spasm it would probably be more interesting to deal with that first member of the underwater world in natural history, with which in our early days we first became acquainted, and in these sterner times are so often reminded of—the tadpole.

This abnormally proportioned creature is, as is well known, really the primary existence of that croaking creature with which we became so familiar when bivouacking "down south." During the first three months of its life it is provided with gills for breathing purposes, but after this it develops lungs, and, as we all remember, uses them well.

It is really astonishing the number of folk who, when visiting rural scenes, fail to notice the many quaint characteristics of our little friend. Did you know that it was something of a ruler and strict martinet, having beneath its sway many who to the uninitiated appear much finer looking, far more graceful; and certainly some possess a knowledge of their world far greater than the tadpole, for have they not explored those grey green waters of experience far beyond where it has dared to venture? Why is it then that all seem content to do its bidding, to obey its smallest wish and to work out all its little theories? Why! Ah, that is a question that the ages have been unable to explain.

I remember once when armed and equipped with all that tackle which is the glory of a small boy—jam jar, net, stick, string and pin—field service order complete, I had sallied forth o'er

green meadows such as only "Blighty" knows, where in the hedges wild flowers grew in sweet profusion, to the placid waters of a little stream shaded by cool and leafy trees, the epitome of peace and comfort. After gazing at the water for quite a long time and wondering why my tempting bait was neglected, I noticed that the inhabitants appeared to be moving hither and thither, this way, that way, returning at intervals to the same place, guided, fascinated or ordered, I knew not which, by a rare bird of very fine plumage; brown, with just below the head some curious markings, very similar to a crown and a star. It was perched high above the water, and below, seemingly assisting, I observed our amphibian friend who appeared to insist that all those there assembled should move their fins in unison. The tadpole did not seem to be educating them in the art of graceful movement, nor to desire it, but was just harrying around its fellow creatures for the gratification of the little brown bird: possibly also its own. A striking feature I noticed, was that throughout, it was assisted by a very tiny bright object held by the fin, so small that it was only after much scrutiny that I observed it. The tadpole appeared to be highly attracted by this appendage, for at every glance it became most energetically excited and agitated, rushing here and there,—it appeared to be haranguing the denizens of the pool beneath. My one regret was that I was ignorant of the language of the piscatorial world. A knowledge of it would have been most gratifying; it would have enabled me to understand the gathering, and the reasons for the concerted movements.

After a long period of such manœuvring, a tremor seemed to pass through the tadpole's body and from a condition most active it became suddenly stationary. The "school" were affected likewise and became still. Soon all scattered along different directions and only the tadpole with its tiny appendage was left. Then, being isolated, I noticed what an excellent specimen it was, one of the rarest of its kind, for there is one only of this special variety to every thousand of its species. One in a thousand! Think and ponder! It was the *Getupfartherthere majoricus*. Lucky above all others is he who catches it! My bent pin was not strong enough.

G. H. ST. CLAIR.

"A FUNNY STORY."

Laugh!.....I haven't laughed so much since Aunt Jane fell down the area steps and broke her neck.

'Course, everyone knows ole Pip was always the wettest of wets, but to think of Bill Price, old Blimy Bill, behaving like a fifteen year old flapper—strike me pink, it's the limit!

They was always pals, them two, which is rum when you come to think of it, 'cos Blimy Bill was a rough, noisy, canteen-wallah sort of a bloke, while ole Pip was one of these clever suckers, very quiet, with spectacles and a voice like an officer's. He didn't half click once when he went with a message to the R.S.M.'s tent and called out "Is the Sergeant Major in?" "Yes, Sir" says the S.M. dashing out and coming smartly to attention. Then he looks round for the Major or somebody and sees ole Pip. *Laugh!*.....

Well, Bill was always knocking ole Pip about,—keeping him in order, he called it. Not really knocking him about, of course, 'cos he could've broken ole Pip's back with his thumb and finger, in spite of Pip's being two inches taller. Six one he was and about as thick as a bootlace, the sort you buy in the bazar—and about as strong. You'd see him lying on his bed in the bungalow, with a blanket over him,—it was never very hot in Bangapet—and Bill come in singing and shouting, and however sound asleep ole Pip seemed to be he was out of bed on the other side like a flash before Bill reached him. Bill said it was bad for him, lying about all the afternoon, and he wasn't going to have it. Led poor ole Pip a nell of a life he did, but my word, let anyone else try to come the acid on Pip and wasn't there a schemozzle, not half!

Well, one evening a fellow comes into the guard room when I was just lying down for a kip—I hadn't fallen into this srip job then—and tells us he seen ole Pip down the Lal Bagh with his arm round a tart's waist. Ole Pip, wot'd never been known to look at anything in skirts either in Blighty or out here! No one believed it, but it was true all the same, and soon the whole battalion knew all about it, and ole Pip didn't half get the bird over it, neither. Not that he worried, seemed

to go about in a kind of dream not caring about anything except getting away to meet this here girl of his. Half-chat she was, one of them fine big tarts, nearly white, with a mouthful of teeth like Phyllis Dare, lots of black hair, and a wicked kind of sideways look in her eye. The very last sort you'd ever have expected an old stick-in-the-mud like Pip to take on with, or her with him for that matter. But he always had plenty of pice, ole Pip, and of course everybody knew that's what she was after. Except Pip. And no one dared tell him so after the first time, neither. If Blimy Bill hadn't been handy and caught hold of the bayonet just in time it's even betting Jim Peters would have gone west.

And what a fool ole Pip did make of himself! The money he spent on her,—blimy, it was enough to keep the battalion in beer for a twelvemonth. Clothes and hats and jewellery by the cartload, not to mention two chip seats at the pictures and boxes of chocolates and gharries. Bought a motor bike and side-car, an 8 h. p. Indian, to take her rides in. And all the time putting her on a pedestal and hardly daring to kiss the hem of her garment so to speak, always as respectful as if she was a Nempress. And all the while there was—well, I don't want to tell tales out of school—but there was at least three men in the battalion, well, I wouldn't like to tell you just how respectful they was to her. I'd heard all about her from them, and to see ole Pip worshipping the ground she walked on, and all the time*Laugh!*.....

Well, then suddenly something happened and there was no more money from home for ole Pip. Nobody ever knew what it was, some said his father had a business and it had gone bust. Anyway, Pip never said nothing about it, only one night he came in looking like he'd seen a ghost, and after that he never went out in the evening any more, and the tart, she took on with a sergeant-major in the Artillery ek dum. There didn't seem to be much difference in ole Pip, only he was a bit quieter than ever, and Blimy Bill stopped chivvying him out of bed afternoons. Babus from the shops started coming

round with bills and presently he got rid of the mobike and a ring he used to wear and other things and I suppose he managed to settle up. Anyway, the Babus stopped coming. And ole Pip got more like a bootlace than ever, and Bill kept bothering him to go sick but he wouldn't. Then one day on parade he went right out and as soon as the M.O. saw him and counted his ribs he run him up here quick and put him in D. Ward. I wasn't here then, it wasn't till two munce after that I fell into this billet, and ole Pip was still here. They'd had him on milk diet and chicken diet and special stunt diets of the M.O.'s, and all he did was to get thinner and thinner and lie looking up at the ceiling all day. Some of the boys used to come and see him at first, but it didn't do him no good, the Sister said, and after a while only Bill used to come on Thursdays and Sundays and sit by his bed for hours, and sometimes ole Pip would talk a little. Once I heard him say "she can't know I'm ill, or she'd....." and then I had to move away, not wanting to have a row with a man of Bill Price's nasty character. All I can say is that his language to me when he went away was ungentlemanly. I say no more.

At last he got so wasted away that they marked him "Dangerous Case" and Bill was sent for twice in a hurry, but Pip pulled round again. Then one Sunday they had a long talk and Pip actually sat up in bed, a thing he hadn't done for weeks, talking in his weak whisper and his eyes glittering like a mad man's. I'd a given a chip or two to hear what it was all about, and of course I was perfectly entitled to go where I like in the ward, but—well, I hate the idea of a vulgar quarrel with a man of Bill Price's class.

Well, next evening, it was just getting dark, I see Bill coming up the drive with a bit of skirt. I stepped back behind a pillar to have a dekkko and blow me if it wasn't ole Pip's

tart! "Wait here" says Bill and goes upstairs to the ward. I wasn't three yards away from her and I stands there without moving an eyelid. Presently out comes Bill again, and beckons her in. "Give me the money first" she says "Not an anna" says Bill. "Then I'm off" says she. "Hush!" he says and they spoke so low I missed a lot. Then I heard Bill say "Here's your fifty chips, then, but if you don't make a pukka job of it I'll give you such a bashing you won't never get another man to look at you for the rest of your life." She laughs "Teak" she says, "get on with it" and they went into the ward. Quick as lightning I nips round the corner, up the other stairs and along the verandah to the window by Pip's bed,—fortunately it was open. There was Pip's bird on her knees with her arms round his neck and I give you my word it was as good as a pantomime. "Pip, my darling" she says, "Pip, it was all a mistake. Ethel was jealous, she told me lies about you. It was all a mistake" she says "I love you, Pip, I love you" she says, and so on, like the last act of a drahmer. Tell you straight, she didn't half rub it in. Gawd knows how Blimy Bill raised that fifty chips, and they say he never went near the canteen for three munce afterwards, but I will say the tart gave him value for money.

After they cleared out I went in and had a dekkko at ole Pip. He was lying there smiling up at the ceiling as if he saw angels, and "George" he says to me, "George, goodbye old man. I shan't bother you all much longer. I'm so happy," he says, just like that, and he turned over and fell asleep.

He snuffed it next day. Of course it's very sad and all that, but when I think of the poor silly old sucker lying there and taking in all that fifty chips worth for gospel,—well, blimy! *Laugh!*.....

R. B. JAMES.

THE CHIT.

WE have to thank the art of writing for much, but for nothing more than our indispensable Indian "chit." By "chit" we do not mean the young lady of youthful years and uppish manner, but anything written or printed, and more particularly the notes that pass from one person to another in this India of ours. Its uses are enormous and only a few can be given as an example. Such is the glorious money system out here that the really superior person never pays for anything. He just signs a "chit" for it, a special provision of Providence which ensures us three cheerful weeks in each month even if we have a rude awakening in the fourth, when our "chits", like chickens, come home to roost.

Then again, such is the honesty of the native that his neighbour will not trust him with anything at any price, and though your bearer may go to the bazaar or mess on a perfectly pre-arranged errand, yet will he be turned empty away unless he takes with him a "chit" from you saying in effect that he is himself and he has come for what he has obviously come for. Thus is time saved and everyone rejoices. But these are all small matters compared with the "character chit"—an institution full of good points, but a snare and trap to the unwary.

If by good or bad luck, as the case may be, you have got rid of your old servant and need a new one, even before he has fairly shaken your dust off his feet you are waited on by a procession of would-be employees, each armed with a bundle of none too clean pieces of note paper which he is only too anxious to thrust under your nose. It must be splendid to be able to have as your most treasured possessions a whole sheaf of testimonials saying what a wonderful chap you are, even though as so often happens, you don't come up to sample or the man described, isn't you at all, but the fellow you bought, borrowed, or stole them from. No wonder the native can be complacent. But to return to our queue of insistent servants. You take up the first man's bundle and glance at the first chit which is signed by a Lieut.-Colonel or Commissioner. You look at the owner and his general air of prosperity, his gold ringed turban and heavy stick, and if you are wise you will

hand back his "chits" saying politely that when you are a general he shall be your head bearer. He retires gracefully assuring you that the date of your appointment to the rank is merely a matter of months.

So you go on to the next man and read that "Waza Khan is a good servant when he likes and is honest as far as I have been able to discover." The paper is dog-eared at the corners and has a faint but familiar odour about it. You turn to the next chit which describes the man as clean and tidy. One glance at the figure before you makes you think that perhaps his previous masters must either have been easy going or a trifle shortsighted. You turn to the next man to find he has a fearful fist full of "chits." They date back to the first conquest of India by the British. To your surprise the owner looks remarkably well preserved for so old a man, and on taxing him with this little discrepancy he unblushingly tells you that most of the "chits" refer to his father, who unfortunately died about twenty years ago! Time and a poor knowledge of the language prevent you discussing the ethics of this point of view and you pass on to the next in the queue. So you go down the long line finding a fly in every pot of ointment and perhaps heaving a sigh—if you have had a good tiffin—over the frailty of human nature until you finally make your choice.

When in course of time this paragon leaves you, you are faced with a new problem, for you in your turn must add your mite to swell his tale of perfection. "Chit" writing is an art, and offers great scope for quiet sarcasm. One in particular comes to mind. "—is an Hindu bearer with all the characteristics of the Hindu very highly developed. He knows very little English but luckily says very little. He is a good servant when he has to be and if you know how to keep him up to the mark." Yet "chit" writing is not confined to the Sahibs by any means. Your servant is for ever wanting those little inexpensive things which can only be got in the bazaar and at the end of the month presents you with a "chit" shewing what he has purchased. The worse his English the more he delights in the preparing of this work of art, for he loves to air his knowledge of the written,

though he may say he knows nothing of the spoken, English language.

Here are a few extracts:—

	Rs.	As.
Kersine Ile	2 0
Sidal Sop	0 6
1 Brun Polis	0 6
1 Kobra	0 4
1 Packt Machts	0 4

The last refers to the humble matches that master likes too much! Still your faithful bearer has not left your life for ever, for even though he is no longer with you in person he must needs write you a "chit" at suitable times of the year. The word "write" is purely a figure of speech, for the composition of the document is left to a professional writer who begins by calling down blessings on you as "Protector of the Poor" and after explaining how hard it is for a poor man to live, winds up with a modest request for a loan, assuring you the while that the sender will ever be your devoted slave and servant and that your career cannot fail to be one of unexampled brilliance and success, for which the writer's prayers may be taken as directly responsible.

Space does not permit a dissertation on the "chits" that pass between sahib and sahib, and particularly those that find their way to and from the Orderly Room, but let us take to heart the truth of the saying that for India the pen is far, far mightier than the sword.

BLEATINGS ACROSS THE HILLS.

OUR correspondent with the party of forty-six Non-Commissioned Officers and men transferred on the 30th March as "unfit" to the 1st Garrison Battalion, Somerset Light Infantry, writes as follows:—

"As most of us were on the platform at Rawalpindi when the two troop trains carrying the Battalion stopped for tea, your readers will have heard that we were attached to the Yorks Regiment and put up in their Attached Section bungalow. We drew beds and bedding, made an arrangement with the Bawarchi for extra messing, and were left pretty comfortably to ourselves for a fortnight. On Monday, 16th April, we packed up and proceeded to the camp of the Gordon Highlanders in Topi Park, being attached to A Company. Those who were judged fit to march turned in, the remainder doing line and rifle guards during the night. The marching party started at 3 A.M. on the Tuesday with A and B Companies for Lower Barian in the Murree Hills, a three days' march. They slept a night at each of the three rest camps, Barco, Tret and Sunny Bank, made an early start each morning, and arrived at Lower Barian about 11 on Friday morning. The non-marching party started for Sunny Bank about 7 A.M. on the Wednesday in Red Cross motor waggons, completing the journey on ponies and arriving here early in the afternoon. As they rode into the camp they were addressed by the Gordon's Major who asked "Are you cavalry?" "No sir," replied Corporal Mason, "We're cyclists." The Medical Officer on seeing a sick man described as cyclist So and So, wanted to know if we had ridden up on our bicycles. Doubtless he didn't know what a tender spot he was touching.

Lower Barian Camp is beautifully situated among pine woods on a hill which faces Murree across a huge valley. It is 6,500 feet above sea level and the difference in temperature between this and the plains is very striking, especially as for some days after our arrival it rained and hailed every day. On the Friday night of our first week at Barian there was a really terrifying thunderstorm, the lightning being more vivid and the thunder-claps more startling than any in our experience. One unfortunate man in the Gordons was struck and killed instantly.

The paths have now dried up nicely, but at first they were difficult and even dangerous to negotiate, especially after dark, being covered with a peculiarly slimy and treacherous mud. The bare Indian foot is a useful implement for nearly all kinds of going, but this

slime was too much for them and it was amusing, when you could spare any time from your own struggles, to watch the wallahs skating and staggering about and occasionally falling flat.

The scenery is very like that of the show parts of Switzerland, and from a point some way behind the camp there is a magnificent view of the snow mountains. The weather is now, and has been for some days, perfect. Just behind the tent in which these lines are written tulips and sweet violets are growing wild, and the air is laden with the penetrating aromatic scent of the pines. Hundreds of Englishfolk pay lots of money every year to spend their holidays in less delightful spots than this, yet men can be heard all around wishing they were in Jullundur. "Man never is, but always to be, blest."

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 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 have received a very interesting letter from Sergt. Seddon of whom mention was made in our last issue. After paying *The Londoner* a compliment he says "Old F Company members will no doubt remember Sergt. Maguire, and old C Company Cpl. Bugler Weaver (now Sergt.), both of whom are serving with this Battalion, 1/7th London Regiment. All the rest of the 1st Battalion draft to the Divisional Cyclists are now with the 1/19th London Regiment including some of the "Special London Detachment"—the name which the first draft of recruits gave themselves at Oulton Broad—whom it was my privilege to train along with George Riches.

Most of the older 1st and 2nd Battalion men will recollect Lieut. V. F. C. Collins who first came to Oulton Broad about October 1914 and was with B Company until December when he went to the 2nd Battalion, afterwards doing duty with the Divisional Cyclists and at the Depot, from there going to the 3rd Line as Captain. He is now a near neighbour, being attached to one of the units brigaded with us, and we are frequently in the line together. Good wishes to all old friends."

Percy Gaillard, late of our M. G. Section, now with the 222nd M. G. Company at Campbellpur, writes that their training ceased on the 14th April, but future movements are unknown. "The other troops here are another M. G. Company who are very decent fellows but make us all jealous, seeing them rushing about on new Indian motor cycles or being taught to ride them; some cannot even ride a push bike and so half a dozen 'transports' or army cycles have been procured to teach them cycling first and then motor cycling."

All who remember L.-Cpl. A. G. Gorvin of old F Company will regret to hear that news has just come to hand of his death from swamp fever in German East Africa, where he had been on service with the Motor Transport.

Ted Knight, B Company has successfully passed the remainder of his trade tests and now holds the rank of Sergeant in a Wireless Company stationed at T in the Murree Hills. Congratulations.

Cyc. Taylor, who left the Battalion at Burhan for the Litho Section of the R. E.'s, has sailed for the Gulf.

Bugler Klot, who was posted to the same corps, is having quite a good time at Kirkee, near Poona, and expects to follow Taylor to the Gulf on the completion of his course.

Up at Murree Cpl. Mason and Cyc. Vaughan have made a great hit at concerts given by the Gordons. Vaughan's sketch "Father" went down very well. Both will probably work with the Gordons' Concert Party until the arrival of the Somersets.

Cycs. Barnicott and Hand have both secured clerical jobs at Poona in the office of the Controller of Accounts, Expeditionary Force "D." Cyc. Groombridge has left for the Embarkation Staff offices at Bombay.

SECOND BATTALION NOTES.

See note at head of col. 1, page 9.

L.-Cpl. Hickford of old H Company and of the Motor Cycle Section, who has sent along the very interesting article on tanks, appearing elsewhere in our columns, says that they are expecting to receive marching orders at any time, though they have been in a state of expectancy for the last couple of months. In conveying the kind regards of the members of the late Motor Cycle Section to all old 2nd Battalion men he especially wishes to be remembered, with Jim Bonner, to all the old members of H Company.

Bob Bamford, of old H Company, will be remembered as a Cpl. in the Motor Transport Section of the 2/25th, which he left in October 1915 to take up a commission in the A. S. C., going over soon afterwards to France as O. C. of an Ambulance Column comprising 70 cars. Later he had charge of the fitting up of a large steam laundry capable of dealing with the clothing of 20,000 men. Since then he has been home on leave and latest news to hand reports him as quite fit and well.

Abrahams and Smith of the Quartermaster's staff are each the possessors of three stripes. George Webster known to many as a bugler at H. Q. has been promoted to Band Corporal.

An interesting letter has been received from Lieut. A. H. Carpenter of the "2/25th," formerly the Colour-Sergeant of old H Company, who writes of a very slow time on the east coast. Serjts. Cross, Nelson and George, with Cpl. Webster and Cyc. Cook are the only members of old "H" who are still with the 2nd Battalion. Cycles are used to a very small extent now. At the time of writing they were expecting a move from their winter quarters in some worm-eaten old maltings to a camp near Saxmundham in Suffolk.

Lewes Grammar School, the headquarters of the 2nd Battalion during the winter and spring of 1914-15 is in use again as a school for boys. The house in St. Ann's Crescent in which the M. G. Section were billeted, has been fitted up as a Red Cross Hospital. The old naval prison now shelters the leaders of the Irish Rebellion.

SUFFOLK NOTES.

See note at head of col. 1, page 9.

The Sole Bay (Southwold) boys are very pleased at the news that the recent German bombardment of that locality resulted in no loss of life and very little damage.

Machine Gunners Stead, Hastings, Jeffreys and Rackham, all went through the battle of the Somme. Rackham was wounded and sent to England, while Hastings had the great misfortune to dislocate both his knees.

THIRD LINE NOTES.

See note at head of col. 1, page 9.

Cpl. J. F. Ditchman, an old member of the 26th Middlesex, who joined the 3rd Battalion nearly two years ago, is leaving for France with seven other N. C. O's. of that Battalion, one of them being C. S. M. Coppard.

PRIZES AND COMPETITIONS.

Competition No. 12.—This competition dealing with suggestions for new features suitable for publication in the *Londoner* is held over: republication being considered.

Competition No. 13.—Two prizes are offered for essays on—"The Waziristan campaign from the Battalion's point of view, the attempt to include a description of the country passed through."

1st Prize Rs. 75. 2nd—Rs. 25.

QUERY.

Oh dear! those gee gees again! Up goes the Army Ordnance Corps, and nuts and bolts, hand guards and keeper screws all over the tan. Now *why do you do it sergeant?*

* * *

Who can supply the Dictionary Authority defining *sub-chese* as "strong-as-possible, including mess-orderlies."

* * *

Who is the L.-Cpl., who was unable to give the detail for "stand-at-ease," by numbers!!!

THE CHEWERS OF THE KHUD.

PEOPLE go up into the hills for many reasons—some because they win the toss, some because they lose it, and some because, at a remote epoch in their early infancy, they were sufficiently ill-advised to incur the invading toe-nail or the Hohenzollern measles.

Those who are meditating a visit to the more elevated portions of the map of India should be careful that their kit is of colossal proportions. This is important, as even the most favoured travellers lose a large portion of their impedimenta. One's best chance is to start off with so much kit that the loose-wallahs cannot possibly remove it in its entirety, and thus one may reasonably hope that a certain residue will remain to one as a reward for such foresight.

The only alternative is to whittle one's kit down so thoroughly that it can be carried on one's person. Perhaps this is the better plan, though even here it is advisable to bring into play a soupçon of mature judgment, and not to go mad and dash at it. Red tape has always been the bugbear of the junior service, and even in these more enlightened days of star-shells and luminous wrist-watches, the authorities look with the same childish disfavour upon the practical brain-waver who turfs his arms and equipment down the khud, as was apparent in a critical communique issued by Caesar Sahib some little time back and now published as an interesting appendix to his highly diverting remarks on the Gallic Wars.

The question of the exact restrictions which prudence imposes upon the earnest loser of kit is one which bristles with almost the same number of difficulties as a cheval-de-freeze with icicles. There are many who maintain that the traveller, whose farewell to his kit brings up with a jerk at his tooth-brush, is exhibiting a yellow streak inherited by him from sybaritic forebears, but as one who, with aching heart and bleating feet, has trod the primrose path of dalliance that leads to Banikhet Barracks, I am in a position to assure all intending visitors to this bracing sanatorium that the family tooth-brush is positively the ultimate article that should enter the maws of the peripatetic sweeper. One cannot insist too strongly that every little

bicuspid deserves its bit of brushing, and every little molar its modicum of massage; as, in the later stages of the march at any rate, it is only by sheer dental strength that one progresses at all.

I am aware that a certain careless writer states that it is rather one's eyebrows that come into action here, but he is forgetting that they have been used so extensively on the road that by the time a skilful application of ærodrome neck enables one dimly to discern Banikhet Barracks towering far up in the central blue, these useful hirsute appendages are in a condition approximating to that of the threadbare boot-brush which plumbs the more intimate recesses of the Enfield Mark Three Star and the Dursley-Pedersen Red Seal.

In fact, even if we disregard completely the question of the hoarding of food stuffs, we cannot do better than paraphrase the words of a hand-book enjoying some little—very little—popularity in the battalion, "the efficiency of the teeth is, therefore, of paramount importance."

The next point we have to clear up is—can the hero who carries a handkerchief in his kit in addition to his tooth-brush, be accused of converting a service trek into a frivolous outing? And further, assuming the handkerchief finally to receive a grudging invitation, should it be white or coloured?

I may perhaps be accounted fastidious but I confess that to me the idea of a sojourn in the hills accompanied by no fewer than one handkerchief appeals to me in many ways. It should be remembered that a handkerchief can be put to a variety of uses. For cleaning a rifle, carrying lizards, and wiping plates and mugs it is invaluable, while both as a ration-bag and as a depository for semi-salivated chewing gum, it has proved its worth on many a stricken field. To all therefore of average physique I would say, put up with the extra fatigue entailed, and swell your pack with a handkerchief as well as a tooth-brush.

As for colour, dally not with temptation. To the snowy kerchief, exhibit the frozen face. Surrounded as we are by war (at a safe distance, no doubt) we might at any moment flash the

white flag by instinct and yield to the enemy. Have no truck with it therefore. Cut it right out, and stick to the patriotic design or the gay Bandana. Should one wish to parley with the foe, one has only to send a polite request to the nearest Scots regiment, then, so soon as the necessary article arrives, one can hoist the flag of trews.

We have then at length and with much cerebral disturbance determined the weighty question of kit.

About the journey itself little need be said. We will not harp on all the little luxuries thrust upon the hesitating soldiery during the railway journey, nor waste words describing the spacious accommodation at the rest camps, which in some cases provides a whole E. P. tent to 43 men. These things must be seen and experienced ere they can be believed by the Twenty-fifth, cloyed though they be with kindness and pampered with every indulgence.

But we cannot refrain here from venting a few words of appreciation on Banikhet Barracks. There is no excuse whatever for mistaking them for huts for German prisoners or isolation sheds for cattle with foot and mouth disease. In the one case they would be surrounded by barbed wire, and in the other resplendent in frequently renewed whitewash. Neither of these charges can be brought against them.

Their crowning beauty is the unprecedented facilities they offer for immense and eternal fatigues. It should be understood that a matter of some quarter of a mile occurs between the dumping ground for transport and the Company Stores. Goods cover this interval in luxury on the man-haulage system. Curiously enough, the only complaints about this method come from the fatigue parties themselves, who, when detailed, artfully contrive to dissemble their delight under a quickly assumed cloak of extreme despondency, babbling idly such phrases as "I'm alright, et Audax," "B for Robinson," "Where's the steak? We're the onions," and so on. These are evidently the cabalistic watchwords of some secret society and they pass rapidly from mouth to mouth on each of the festive little occasions

when some few tons of material is to be wafted up the gentle incline.—it is little more than 1 in 2 at its steepest parts. The slope becomes artistically littered with tents, coir, blankets, ammunition boxes and exhausted humanity, while a steady stream of honest sweat runs ankle-deep down the hill. It is a happy scene, nor is there any danger of its dying out. Fatigue parties may reassure themselves on this point, for when, towards the end of their holiday in the hills, every thing has been transferred vertically up to the barracks, it will be time to start lowering it all down again.

As regards Musketry, it is done on the Eric system, or little by little. This is chiefly due to the organisation of the Defence of the Realm officials, who have, for obvious reasons, secreted the firing-points and butts in a fragmentary manner over the greater portion of the Himalayas. The object of the inclusion in M. R.'s of the remarks anent firing perpendicularly upwards and downwards at once becomes intelligible. It is usual up here to fire first at the longer ranges and to work back to 100 yards. Thus, when a man views his group, he sees at once the same mistakes he made at 500 and is enabled to note them down for use when he fires his Annual Course in 1918. The advantages of this scheme are too apparent to need any further indication.

Finally, with tears in my several eyes, let me entreat each Company Quartermaster Sergeant who comes up here to make himself responsible personally that his stores are replete with thermometers and barometers. There can be no sight so brimming with the true pathos of life, as that of the Company Officer, an unearthly light in his eye and no reliable information to his hand, grappling bravely with the Error of the Day. It is up to you, therefore, O 1/4-Blockes, to supply him with as many of these instruments as he wants, and in less than a week he will have it all worked out.

The first company discovered the Error of the Day as soon as they arrived. It was in coming up here at all.

ECHOES FROM THE COAST.

TO have passed from a recruit through the complexity of infantry training, thence to the work of a military cyclist, coupled with an understanding of the duties of a machine gunner, followed by a long course of duty as a motor-cycle despatch rider, to the driving of that remarkable addition to modern warfare, the tank, is undoubtedly a striking example of the adaptability which the soldier of to-day has to bring to the profession of arms. That at any rate is the experience of Gunner A. E. Hickford, formerly in the motor cycling section of the 2nd Battalion who has sent along an interesting account of his experiences in the latter direction.

...“Of all the innumerable courses through which we have to proceed to secure efficiency, undoubtedly that relating to the driving of the tank itself is most unique. In attempting to give an idea of my experiences in this direction I do so under the limitations of having to give but a meagre description of certain details and omit many others.

On the first day, four of us were taken by the instructor to a jacked up “tank,” and after the engine had been started were initiated into the art of gear changing. It takes four of us to get the engine started up, all heaving on a huge crank to move it: on a cold day it is not exactly a job for anyone with a weak heart.

The next day we were taken through the “tank” school, which greatly reminded us of the museum at South Kensington. Here all details of clutch, diff., mag., etc., were explained to us at great length.

On the third day we had a bus allotted to us and were sent out to drive it. After greasing about a hundred and twenty bearings we got the engine started and set out for No. 1 track, this being a circular route over a few dips and shallow trenches. Like every novice at this unusual style of driving I made the mistake of viewing the “tank” in the same light as a car, and when the old bus heeled over to an angle of about forty-five degrees I prayed to Heaven and waited for the crash. Of course the crash never happened and we simply spent the day each driving round in turn, the only excitement being when one track or other slipped into a trench

and then usually one or two members of the crew would be thrown clean off.

As we attained a certain degree of proficiency on one track we were put on to another more difficult, until at last a day arrived when we had to go through the mine craters. The first was fairly easy being only about ten feet deep, but the next day I had to take the bus over three craters which had been blown side by side. To get an idea of the driver's point of view it must be understood that in ordinary circumstances he is placed about eight feet above the ground when the tank is on the level; when it commences to climb a bank about a couple of feet high the driver goes up until he is over sixteen feet above the level of the ground. Accordingly, when I climbed the loose earth at the edge of the pit, I discovered that I was something like thirty or thirty-five feet above the bottom, and as this distance appears to be magnified owing to the restriction of the view I began to wonder whether I had not got mixed up with the Royal Flying Corps in error. However we got down safely and commenced to climb the ridge dividing the craters. We came up at about fifty-five degrees, and twice I tried to get a balance on the top but each time slid back owing to the earth giving way. In the third attempt I took it up a little more, and when the ground gave way dropped down the other side with a terrific rush and rattle, but nobody was killed. After this the remaining lumps and bumps were successfully negotiated. Then I discovered that I had completed the last of the tests.

The steering offers great opportunities for healthy exercise. The driver calls out “left” and it is then the steersman's duty to see that we veer away to port, (excuse nautical terms but the papers tell us we are land sailors), but as there are forty tons of ironmongery to be shifted the order is easier given than executed. The last straw comes when, after your eyeballs are protruding like hat pegs and your left aorta permanently strained, the driver turns and suggests that a little display of energy would improve things somewhat”

A. E. HICKFORD,

Gunner.

THE LONDONER.

JULLUNDUR—GHARIAL.
MAY TO AUGUST 1917.

JOINT EDITORS ... { Cyc. H. H. Gayler.
" J. E. Ingram.

REPRESENTATIVES.

Sgt. Oakley ...	Platoon	No. 5	} B Coy.
Cyc. Long ...	"	" 5	
L.-Cpl. Cooper ...	"	" 9	} C Coy.
Cyc. Penn ...	"	" 10	
Cyc. Edwards ...	"	" 14	} D Coy.
Cyc. Howlett ...	"	" 15	
Cyc. Freethy ...	Signal Section		} Hd.-Qrs.
Cyc. Nicholson ...	"	"	

EDITORIAL OFFICE.— Tent in D Coy. 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 in the canteen or handed to your Company Representative.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—All communications should be addressed to C. Q. M. S. Gerrard, A Coy., 1/25th London Regt., Wellington Barracks, Jullundur.

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For weeks past the phrase has been passing from lip to lip "when is the *Londoner* coming out?" The only authoritative reply has been "Peechay!" Handicapped at the outset by the move and the sudden loss of its Editor, No. 6 occupied a considerable period to collect and collate. The censoring authorities are scattered widely apart and the post takes days and not hours to convey M.S.S. around the various offices. The printing has to be done a hundred miles or so away and consequently all the work of correction and revision has to be carried on through the post. Last but not least we would remind our readers that throughout we have to combat the spirit of the eastern world—procrastination.

In our last issue we deplored the loss of Cyc. R. B. James. Changes since have brought about the departure of Sergt. Fulkes who has for some time past written so breezily the athletics article; a difficult task, as nothing is so carefully scrutinized as published opinions on sport. The partisan spirit is keen to observe and quick to protest. The satisfaction felt by all is indeed a tribute. Fortunately for the *Londoner* Cpl. C. H. Rogers (D. Coy.) has consented to supply the monthly article. We know of no better man; to make his report on general sport a success needs the assistance of all sports secretaries. Look to it then.

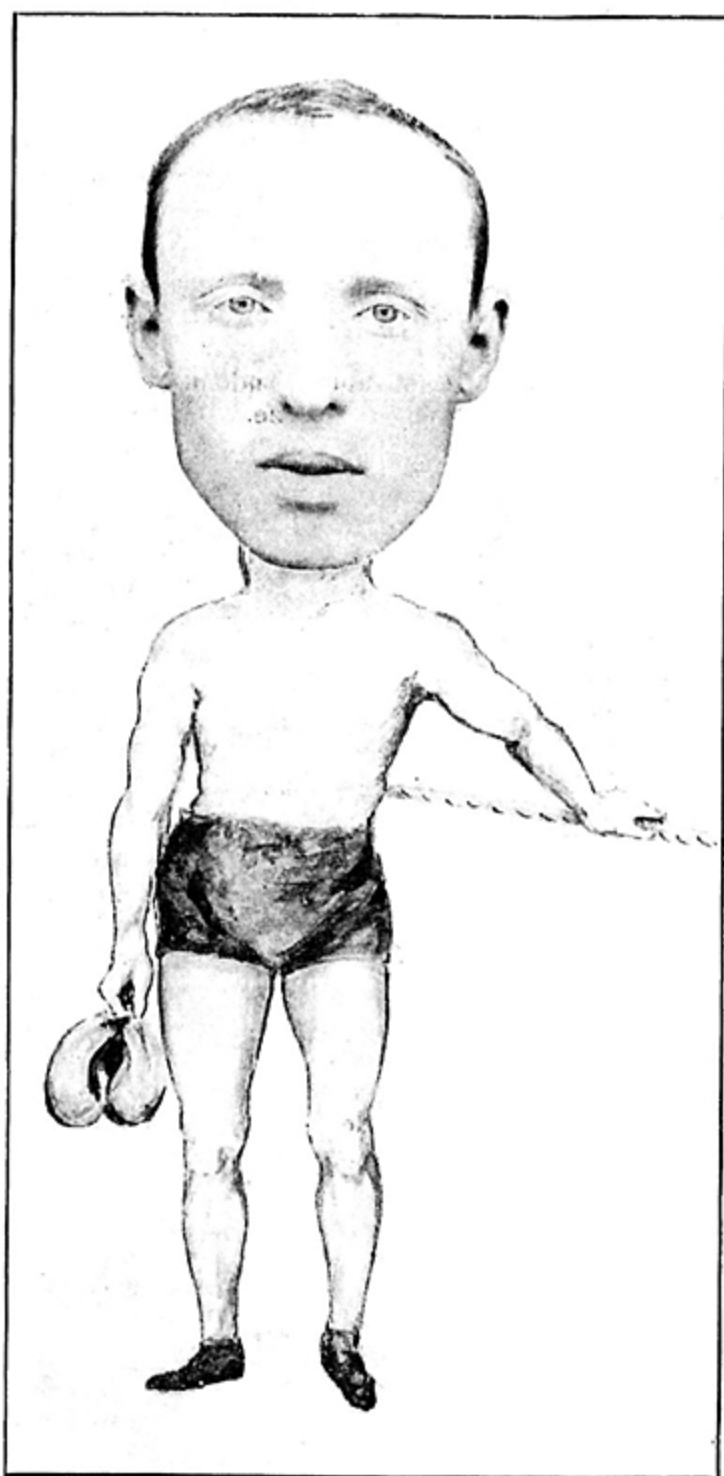
It is now mid-September and still this number stands in much the same position as it did on 23rd May last. Any blame must be visited upon our newly made acquaintances the Mahsuds!

We have suffered another severe blow in the loss of our co-Editor H. H. Gayler. Whilst on an outlying piquet he was killed. One of the best beloved men in the Battalion and a most hard-working Editor, our loss is indeed a heavy one. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to his sorrowing family. Next issue we hope to publish an appreciation by his chums.

It is intended that No. II shall be the special Waziristan number. Notes, articles or anecdotes relating to the campaign will be welcomed.

Next Issue will be the Waziristan Number; let us have your personal anecdotes and queries.

Battalion Notables.



No. 2—Sergt. C. J. White.

BATTALION NOTABLES.

No. 2 SERGT. C. J. WHITE.

LIKE Lance-Corpl. Treble, Sergt. C. J. White also discovered his abilities in the realm of sport among the members of the "25th."

In spite of the fact that he did not take up boxing seriously, until after mobilisation on the out-break of war, his record is a splendid one, comprising seventeen bouts, of which he has won thirteen. On each of the four occasions in which he has been defeated, the decision has gone against him on points only. He has never suffered the knock out blow, though half of his victories have been achieved in this manner. Sergt. White has favoured us with the following interesting details:— "I did not take up boxing seriously as a sport until after mobilisation, but had a pretty good grounding previously in the A. B. A. style. Three months or so after war broke out I was taken in hand by Cye. Bateman of old F Coy. whom doubtless many of the old 1st Battalion will remember. He was a capital trainer, having done a considerable amount of professional boxing in his time. Although not overfond of hard work himself, he believed in making his pupils do plenty. He quite realised that in Army boxing the A. B. A. style was not much use so spent his time teaching me in-fighting and ring-craft.

My first fight was at the Marina, Lowestoft, where I met a R. N. man called "Battling" Riley, nearly two stone heavier than myself. It was a most curious scrap. Right at the start I stopped a right cross to the jaw that put me through the ropes. I remember getting back into the ring, and the next thing I can recollect is going to my corner and telling my second that I was glad the 1st round was over. Much to my surprise he told me that it was the end of the third. Goodness only knows what had happened in those three rounds. I have absolutely no knowledge at all. In the sixth and last round the sailor managed to land one very low that put me out of time for about twenty minutes. However, as it turned out, it was lucky for me,

for he was at once disqualified and the fight awarded to me—about the only way I could have won it.

My next scrap was a contest of ten rounds for the championship of Lowestoft and district, my opponent being Pte. Birch of the Norfolks. It was rather a sudden affair as he got his jaw in the way of one and went out in the 1st round.

About the hardest fight I have had was against Pte. Newton of the R. S. Lanes. at Poona. We stood toe and toe and swapped punches practically the whole of the three rounds, both going to our corners at the finish nearly out. To our disgust however, the judges could not divide us and ordered an extra round, so we went out and tottered about the ring for a couple of minutes. It was lucky there was not any wind about, as a strong draught would have blown us over."

It is given to very few athletes to play a duality in sport with success. To secure pre-eminence a man must specialise. "C. J." is one of those fortunate individuals, being able to combine boxing with swimming. Like many other successful athletes, it was the famous Regent Street Polytechnic that started him in the right direction. It was in the baths of that institution that he acquired the natatory art under Baker, but it was not until 1911 that he took up swimming seriously when he joined the Chelsea S. C. In 1912 he became a member of the West End A. S. A., taking up water polo as his special branch of the sport, and being fairly fast gained his place in the polo team of that association. In 1913 he played in the Middlesex County water polo trials and was selected to play for the second team in all their fixtures during that season. Throughout he acted as reserve for the first team. Towards the end of the season Sergt. White played for the first team of Middlesex County in their match against Kent, and also for the County in the S. C. International Trial. Before the commencement of another season the war broke out bringing all sport to an end.

BOXING RESULT.

1914	Battling Riley, R. N.	W. F.	6 rds.
...	Cyc. Bridger, 1/25th Londons,	W. Pts. 3	„
1915	Pte. Birch, Norfolks,	W. K. O.	1 rd.
...	Boyo Lambert,	W. K. O.	10 rds.
...	Darkey Saunders,	L. Pts. 15	„
...	Cpl. Bean, 3/3rd Londons	W. K. O.	3 „
1916	Cyc. Brown, 1st Kents,	W. Pts. 3	„
...	Pte. Nimmo, 2/6th R. Sussex,	W. K. O.	2 „
...	Cyc. Whittenbury, 1/25th Londons,	W. K. O.	2 rds.
...	Cyc. Smith, 1st Kents,	W. K. O.	1 rd.
...	Lce.-Cpl. Edmunds, 1st Kent.	L. Pts. 3	rds.
...	Cpl. Whitecross, R.F.A.,	Devon. L. Pts. 3	„
...	Sgt. Codling, R.F.A., Hants	W. Pts. 3	„
...	Pte. Newton, R. S. Lancs.,	W. „	3 „
1917	Pte. Farthing, 21st Lancers,	W. „	3 „
...	Pte. Birch, Lincolns,	W. „	3 „
Lce.-Cpl.	Powell, Brecknocks.	L. Pts. 3	rds.

SWIMMING RESULT.

Championship.—	Chelsea	...	1912
„	Chelsea	...	1913
„	Chelsea	...	1914
„	Marylebone	...	1913
„	West End A. S. A.	...	1912
„	West End A. S. A.	..	1914
„	Thames Whitely Race		1912

WATER POLO.

Member of West End A. S. A. Team	...	1912
Member of Middlesex County II Team		1913
Member of Middlesex County I Team		1913
Rep. County Middlesex v. Kent	...	1913
Rep. County Middlesex v. Surrey, Relay Chp.	1913
Rep. Southern Counties, International Trials	1913

THE PAST.

“One of the greatest discoveries in the annals of ancient literature has recently been unearthed by the explosion of a bomb near the Wellington Barracks, Jullundur. Immediately after the explosion a small box of an unknown metal was picked up containing a roll of papyrus. Fortunately a distinguished mythologist was found serving with the battalion at present stationed there and although the papyrus was in a bad state of preservation he has been successful in deciphering the hieroglyphics. The scroll contains apparently details of some incident which took place at the regimental theatre just before the time of King Bullybeefas.” — *The Punjab Daily Mail*.

[We have been successful in securing a copy of the translation from Cyc. Hubble Bubble which appears below — Ed.]

A PSALM OF DESOLATION.

Set down by the hand of one Fedupas, scribe to the great Oasyouwerus, umpteen ifteen B. C.

Woe is me, woe indeed is me! Verily, verily this is a desolation of desolations. Where, oh where are the singers of songs and the dancers of my far off native land? Where are the Tichites, Phil Raypines and those of the land of Od?

I sat me down and wept. Yea was sore distressed. And lo and behold, like the rushing of the mighty wind which gathereth dust, there came into the city of Jhul in the province of Undher in the land of Hind, a caravan of mules drawing props and a car in which there sat three man singers, one woman singer and a magician heralded by the wallahs of Char, and those mighty hunters the cheetah wallahs. The woman singer was indeed fair to look upon—many seasons ago.

These took council among each other to bewitch the great and ancient inhabitants of Jhul and the Roaming Soldiers and centurions encompassed about. And it was so; or should have been, but it never was and never will be.

But it came to pass, that, at the first time of their chantings and their dancings, they were accorded the Royal and Ancient Order of the Bird by the phalanx of the Roaming Soldiers and centurions, who had gathered together to hearken unto them within the amphitheatre at annas VIII each helot, *vide* the scrolls of P and M, except those who were base born and

did enter when the bar was loosened, and did let fall the chip and the pie upon the pavement.

So lo and behold the soldiers, Roaming or otherwise, murmured among themselves saying "Who can these strangers that sojourn among us be? Did they not tell us that they were from Londonicus and the places round about? And look ye' they gat no plaudits!..." And there was much weeping among the multitude who covered themselves in sackcloth and ashes and with much gnashing of teeth and twisting of whiskers went into the darkness without.

Now on the morrow it hapt to pass that the strangers made forth to sing and to dance once again. Many of the soldiery did gather together there rostrums to seat the populace, and for this were ushered within buksheeh; the scrolls of P. and M. show but only three who did out-fork. At the appointed hour the soldiery gathered without, but not one jot or one tittle more was gathered within. Then he who was chief among them called his fellows together to take council among them, expounding the parable of ye sower, "Ye sow not neither do ye reap."

Now it so happened that a certain sergeant of the soldiery rose up and smiting his breast spoke unto those without saying "Enter ye, or enter ye not herein. The hour of Last Post hath passed and if ye say ye want not to enter, then verily I say unto you go your way even unto your beds." And the soldiers answered "Aye, verily we will go our way, even unto our beds for the curfew shall not ring to-night."

And they departed thence.

Then the Chief Singer was exceedingly wrath, but he kept his sayings in his heart and uttered them not. And he gathered up his chattels, he and the three man singers and the woman singer, even she of fair looks, many moons ago, and they shook from off their feet the dust of the land of the heretics, and the place thereof (we hope) shall know them no more. Here endeth the first theatrical venture.

T. W. L.

ATHLETICS.

BY CORPL. C. H. ROGERS.

WITH the arrival of the battalion at a station at which sports can be enjoyed to the fullest extent, the last two months have seen a revival of sport to an extent this battalion has never previously witnessed. Perhaps the most pleasing feature of this keenness is the extraordinary number of men who are now "having a cut" at everything. Many who had never previously touched a hockey stick are now skilled exponents of the game. The same applies to a somewhat smaller extent to other games, notably tennis, and in many cases also to cross country running which has recently "come into its own" down here.

To such a degree is this so, that the various football and hockey secretaries are finding it increasingly difficult to arrange either inter-company or battalion games without clashing with the various platoon fixtures.

The only "fly in the ointment" is the Dust Storm!!! Times out of number games have had to be hurriedly abandoned in the face of one of these storms which, in the course of a few moments transform the quiet calm of an Indian evening into the fury of a howling stinging, biting tempest.

Our heartiest thanks and best wishes for the future go to Sergt. Fulkes who has previously written these notes and also to Corpl. Marriott, our late Hockey secretary. Only those who have actually experienced the woes and trials of a secretary can fully appreciate the amount of time and work involved to "make good"—though of course like every other job it has its consolations.

One of the surprises of the season has been the revival of No. 7 Platoon. At present they are bracketed with No. 12 at the head of the table, but I hardly think they will remain there as they have not yet come up against any of the stronger teams.

No. 12 are playing brilliantly this season and look like pulling off the Championship again. Their game with No. 5 was indeed a "Derby" day. The football was well worth going some distance to see and "Derby" Hall's goal was a 'peach.'

Of Battalion and Company football there is practically nothing to report. Several good men have been lost by the removal of the M. G. Sections to the M. G. Corps and their absence will be badly felt when representative teams are required. Fortunately there is plenty of other material to draw upon.

The state of affairs in the Hockey League has undergone a great change during the last few weeks as a result of one game. At first it appeared that the Signals would have few serious rivals for the Championship, as they won their first five games easily. The turning point came in their match with No. 5 when after a strenuous game the Signals were defeated by the odd goal in three. As No. 5 are still undefeated, it is quite possible the Signals "slip" may cost them dear.

During the time that we have been at Wellington Barracks, five Battalion matches have been played, two each with the Jullundur Club and City and one with the 56th Rifles. Honours are even with both Jullundur teams and the 56th Rifles were beaten to the extent of 5 goals to 1, so that there is really not much to complain of.

I think everyone will be glad to see a much higher standard of efficiency among the Referees of the Battalion, and it is to be hoped that the cup kindly presented for competition by Capt. Stoddard will have a stimulating effect.

CRICKET.

I am indebted to a member of A Coy. for the following report:—

"At Banikhet, teams composed of Officers and N. C. O's. v. the men have played an interesting match, the former winning by the narrow

margin of 8 runs. The Officers and N. C. O's. batted first and good bowling and fielding caused wickets to fall rapidly, the total at the close of the innings being only 53. Sergt. Gore was top scorer with a bright 25.

The men did not fare much better, for in an hour and a half they were dismissed for a total of 58, Major Swinnerton creating something of a sensation by taking 5 wickets for 3 runs!

In their second knock the Officers and N. C. O's. did much better and compiled 124, Sergt. Basing keeping his end up well for a steadily played 35.

With 120 to get to win the men played up well and the result was always in doubt. The "tail" wagged rather dangerously until Lec.-Cpl. Vaughan bowled Birch. Their best scores were 18 by Nash and 15 not out by Chizlett. 5 wickets for 3 runs, by Major Swinnerton, 9 for 45 by Carmichael, 8 for 49 by Batstone and 12 for 92 by Lec.-Cpl. Vaughan, were the principal bowling items.

A COY. v. 1/4TH QUEENS.

This was played on May 10th, the Londons having a strong side and winning easily. The scores were A Coy. 182 for 7 declared; "Queens" 44. The best scorers for the Londons were:—Nash 28 not out, Major Swinnerton 21 not out, Sgt. Beckett 21, Sgt. Gore 19, Lec.-Corpl. Vaughan 19. Bowling:—Carmichael, 7 for 23, Batstone 2 for 0.

A COY. v. KENTS.

Played on 17th May, the Londons were again successful winning by 104 runs, the scores being Londons 95 and 62, Kents 29 and 24. Batstone batted well for 33 and Lec.-Cpl. Vaughan for 15. In the second innings Pryor was best with 18, Batstone scoring 13. Bowling:—Vaughan 4 for 12 and 5 for 12, Carmichael 4 for 15 and 4 for 8.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

- Sergt. JAMES, H. C., died of sickness at Kot Khirgi.*
Pte. DALWOOD, R. L., died of sickness at Jandola.
Lce.-Cpl. STONE, E. W., killed in action at Mamit Khel.
Pte. BURTENSHAW, H., killed in action at Mamit Khel.
„ GAYLER, H. H., died of wounds at Kundywam.
„ GEE, G. E., died of wounds received at Kundywam.
„ RIMBAULT, H. A., died of sickness at Dera Ismail Khan.
„ LUCKHURST, G. H., (1/4th Buff's att.), died of sickness at Tank.
„ MURAILLE, F. G. P., died of sickness at Dera Ismail Khan.
„ FRITH, G. F., died of sickness at Tank.
„ LEVENTHAL, H., drowned at Dera Ismail Khan.

Some of the men we lost in Wayerister

A STORY OF A MAN OF MARK.

NOW it did hap, in a far off land known to soldiery as Blighty, that a certain band of Pilgrims did, for a little space in the duration of their pilgrimage, lie at a place Hight Chysl Donne (Place of Mud)—a fair village in the West Country of Blighty, where lie housen of tin beyond counting, and whither troops do congregate in numbers above belief. And at no great way from Chysl Donne there be a valley Yclept Raynge where do these same troops shoot with hypes, both for their practisement in this art, and in account of those weekly pence, the which he who scoreth a certain number of points doth amass extra to his pay.

And it came about that this band of Pilgrims (who were of a race known as Londoners) being for the nonce reckoned by the Seincie of the hosts of Blighty (whose name was Gallia) as troops, were fain to go to Raynge, there to practise themselves in the noe of their hypes; and eke to bathe their bodies in the Holy Dew, the which did fall oft-times upon this favoured spot; and each day were certain of their numbers, more especially those of the Third Company, given command that they should repair to certain ditches of mud; known as Buttes, there to keep tally of the shots out-blown by their fellowes, and were dubbed "markers" or "Raynge Fatigues" insomuch as it was an undertaking of exceeding laboriousness.

Now those who marked would often, in the lightsomeness of their hearts, for the sign of the Bull his Eye, put out that of the Mägpie or of the Lancer his Lance; and for this last, the first, and so forth, wherefore did a certain one of those who fired upon the Raynge amass of points a goodly number by reason of his indifferent shooting, and did in consequence pride himself mightily upon his prowess with the hype, bragging so lustily of his wonderous doings that his comrades did come to look upon him as a shot of great someness.

And a little later it fell out that this goodly party, their numbers being now swollen to a whole nine hundred and three score and one, were given hest that they should betake themselves with all speed to a place by name Bhangerlawe, a many leagues away over the

seas, the which did they obey incontinent. Housed were they at the first by a great soldier, one Bahod, but at the last did they outhang in the House of Mhure.

And having come to this place, it might be a space of four months was it given out that each and every troop should partake of a course of Hypecraft, that it might be seen which of these had skill in the handling of this engine, and which had not; wherefore was a vast camp prepared a little way outside of Bhangerlawe; whither did the troops repair that they might fire this course, and, Dei gratia, secure those pence over and above their stipends which be the mead of those who by virtue of their skill do amass a score whose amount be not less than ninety and five.

And it so chanced, that the certain one who on account of the frolics of those who had marked at Raynge was esteemed a good shooter of great merit, being at this time stretched upon a bed of affliction, stricken there-to by sore illness, did fire his course apart from his people and with others who did possess hypes and munitions by the use of which a score of exceeding magnitude could not but be made; wherefore did he accrue to himself a total of an hundred and two score and two, by token of which he was known among his comrades as a man of mark; albiet himself could not shoot even were the Tophee De lux of Makyntosch to be the guerdon.

And the Londoners, having mean times so-journed in divers strange and insociable places, and having suffered perils and discomforts unbelievable did come at length to a town hight Jerthan Dar, wherein those in authority did decree that there be out-blown yet another course, wherefore was our Man of Mark greatly in trepidation for it did seem to him that, failing he did make scores of a goodly size, as behoved a shooter of such repute, deeply would he be in it; inasmuch as that his comrades would surely make mock of him for a braggart and a windbag. Therefore did he commune deeply within himself, and being a shrewd, not to say cunning fellow, at length came to his mind a stratagem whereby would the score of his comrades be set at nought.

Now of all the Practices in the great Course, cometh first the practice of the Group; and our

Man of Mark, the nature of the group being put up by him who was marking; and being asked wherefore so indifferent did make explanation in this wise:—

“Four rounds did I give, and all as I do most strongly believe into half the space of a man’s hand; but when my finger was tight round the trigger for the last, needs must the addlepate nearest to me, himself loose off with tremendous uproar; wherefore did I start and my shot soare heavenwards, striking the mark high up and at the hour of noon, thus lieu of inches four did I get but a sorry twelve, one wide.”

And after the practice of the man who is no longer there, the mark of which he did in no ways injure, did he say:—

“Justly am I served for I did shoot at the wrong target thereby presenting to another my score of fifteen. Nay I grieve not for surely did he stand in need of the points, the which do not I.”

And after the Practice of Rapidity at ten score yards whereon did he obtain but five points:—

“Of a truth am I the most misfortunate of men. ’Tis hard to credit but the shock of my first discharge did so shrewdly jar mine hype as to change the sighting thereof from ten to twenty score yards wherefore of course was I high. In sooth was it fortune of the Quart its Pot.” [And having twice as the saying goes himself washed out at the Practice Application]:—

“Would that I had an hype of the Triple Mark, for in the use of such sights as these, needs must squint and stare, till the very target he blurred past all seeing” and thereafter did he make shift to borrow an hype of the Triple Mark.

And after this, was the Practice, the which the men call the Minute of Madness; during which period did our hero hit the mark but thrice. Was his reason:—

“But four rounds did I out-blow when my plaguery machine did so jam itself, so that by no trick or belabourment could I open my breach; what sayest thou? Nay of a surety, am I then but a poor recruit who knoweth not the use of an hype, that I should so bemean myself as to make claim for a further allowance of time? Not so.”

And after the Practice of Application of four hundred and four score paces he did cry in a loud voice:—

“May the fires of hell seize upon yon lousy rouge from whom we purchase our munitions. There did I fire my five shots into the eye of the bull, but alack! three of these, being in no ways good, but poor ill-made weaklings, did have in them scarce strength enough to reach to the Buttes. Such rubbish as well might one hurl by hand towards the mark.”

And after the Practice of Application at a distance greater by an hundred yards:—

“It profiteth but little for a man to shoot an he feel himself to be in no good health. This day am I afflicted with strange buzzings in the head and achings of the back the which put me in but sorry vein, as thou canst see by my score. Also is my right shoulder exceeding sore, wherefore am I shy of mine hype like a very maid. Nay, what odds? Yet am I much beholden.”

And after the last practice of the Course did this man (now no longer of mark) explain unto those near him—“Of what avail should it have been to me to fire at the mark seeing that even I had hit five times the Bull in his eye then would my score have been all too small. Nay rather did I entertain myself by firing upon the sign of the Lancer, and at yon small white pot upon the post, the which did seem to me a goodly mark for a shooter of ability such as is mine.”

And so did this man, albiet shorn of his badge of mark still retain to himself the reputation of a shooter of great skill nathless a one of most misfortunate temper, the which, in the noe of hypes, goeth to show the virtue of a good exculpment, for if better than nothing be a sorry excuse, in very sooth then hath a brave one, the worth of points a many in each practice.

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MEMORIES OF THE FIFTH OLYMPIAD.

THE fifth of the quadrennial series of international contests in sport held at Stockholm in 1912 was remarkable for the bold bid for athletic supremacy made by the contesting nations other than Great Britain, who at that time had failed to realise that the laurels gained in the field of sport were in danger of being lost. With customary thoroughness America chartered a liner in which her athletes crossed and lived under a system of disciplined training, and obtained that fitness essential to super-excellence not only by systematic exercises, but also adherence to customary diet; even that most important feature, water for drinking purposes, was brought over from the States. Many countries took their representatives away from their various employments and subjected them to special training for a considerable period beforehand. English athletes pursued their callings up to a few days previous to the contests, training as well as possible under such limitations, probably in ignorance of their requirements, crossed to Sweden, and entered the lists against such competitors. The Swedes, although possessing the great initial advantage of the decision of the Olympiad within their country, made great preparations for success. For years a system of education in sport and physical fitness had been in vogue, special awards being offered in various sports to all who passed very stringent tests. Many victories and ultimate success was the result. There was nothing lacking in interest shown by British athletes—who displayed a remarkable keenness to secure international honours—or of the governing bodies of the sports who, themselves impoverished, could not supply the deficiencies of what was really a national duty. While other countries including many of our colonies voted large sums of public money for the training and support of their representatives, the British Government of the day stubbornly refused to entertain any such idea. Our representatives trained in the true spirit of amateur sport perhaps, but the expectation of victory over men trained on professional lines and subsidised by their governments could not be hoped for.

The selection of the English representatives was conducted by the ruling bodies of the various sports, the final arrangements being made by the British Olympic Council. The selection was not completed until many trials had been decided and only the best of the athletes survived; from these the final choice was made. The experiences of two of their number will probably be of interest to all our readers, as one deals with the running, and the other, the cycling, side of that memorable series of national trials.

The events comprised every form of sport except that of path cycling which was omitted owing to the absence of suitable tracks. The contests took place during the first fortnight in July, a period which coincided with "the white nights of Sweden" when daylight merges into a semblance of twilight at midnight, to speedily appear again as the dawn of another day. The majority of events were decided in a spacious stadium only slightly inferior to that of London. During the whole of that period a perfect festival of sport was in progress; on the encircling cinder path national champions were seen contending with each other for world supremacy, smashing in the doing records of long standing, not only in the finals but even in the heats; in the centre, squads of gymnasts from every country performing their movements with splendid precision; competitors engaged in the various field sports, high, long, and pole jumps, hammer, discus, and javelin throwing, etc.; and wrestlers from every nation, who followed each other unceasingly all through the day to the raised platforms; the whole forming a continuous struggle for victory.

H. H. GAYLER.

RUNNING.

Of the track events, the two outstanding races which impressed themselves upon the minds of those fortunate ones who were lucky enough to watch such a feast of sport, were undoubtedly the 5,000 metres and the 800 metres. In the former, that wonderful natural athlete, Hannes Kohlemainen of Finland, broke the existing world's record by over thirty seconds; it is to be regretted that tapes were not taken across at two and three miles, for records at these distances were also well beaten, but of course the times were not taken, Jean

Bouin, the famous French athlete and holder of the record for the hour, had set his mind on this race and resolutely refused to take part in the 10,000 metres, which event was also won by Kohlemainen prior to the decision of the final of the 5,000 metres. Records began to go in the heats; Bouin and Kohlemainen both smashed records in their respective heats. In the final these two from the start drew right away from the field, Bouin forcing the pace all the way. The first mile was covered in 4 min. 31 secs and by that time the rest of the field were somewhat left. Two miles were covered in about 9 min. 4 secs. with Bouin still leading and here long standing records began to go. Three miles were reached in the wonderful time of 14 min. 2 secs. and from this point the Finn, slowly but surely, began to make up the yard or so he was behind. All the way up the straight it was a neck and neck race with the Finn just beating the Frenchman by a tenth of a second only, in 14 min. 33 $\frac{1}{10}$ secs., a world's record which will probably stand for many years. The third man home was G. W. Hutson, our best man, whose time was 15 min. 11 secs., the gap between the first two competitors and the rest of the field being about two hundred yards. The writer had been beaten by Bouin in his heat, but competing in the final was unplaced. Bouin and Hutson have both unfortunately fallen in the present war, whilst Kohlemainen was persuaded to go to America.

The 800 metres was also an extraordinary race, the first three men home, everyone an American, beating the then existing world's record. Writing from memory, the final was fought out between five Americans, Brock (Canada) and Braun (Germany). Braun's chance was fancied a good deal for he had not been beaten at this distance, but in this event he was well beaten by three of the Americans in a much faster race than he had been used to. One of them, Meredith by name, was a schoolboy prodigy of seventeen years of age and won in 1 min. 51 $\frac{1}{10}$ secs., and going on, beat 1 min. 52 secs. for the half mile. I believe he has since beaten this record and also the world's quarter mile record in America. Perhaps it is rather unfair to pick out these two events from a meeting where the creation of world's records was almost a daily occurrence, where the high jump was won at 6 ft. 7 in. and nearly every event resulted in

some record or other being broken, but at the time they struck the writer as being the most remarkable of a remarkable series of races. The race which gave us the greatest satisfaction was undoubtedly the 1,500 metres, which was looked upon by everyone as a "cert" for America, but A. N. S. Jackson of Oxford University, with a truly wonderful finish credited England with her first win. The final of the 100 metres was contested between five Americans and Patching of South Africa; it was not until eleven false starts had taken place that the competitors finally got away. Applegarth was very unlucky in not reaching the final; there are many good judges who still assert that he won the second round, but the Swedish judges after consulting a photograph of the finish refused to alter their decision.

The arrangements for timing and judging the races were excellent. The "clock" was started by the hammer of the pistol and stopped by the breaking of the tape, which also automatically exposed a photographic plate. Thus the judges were able to verify their placings by photography.

The hitherto unbeaten City Police Tug-of-War team was particularly unfortunate in being disqualified in the final. Some mistaken individual conceived the idea of pulling on sand and as the Police tug-of-war team averaged about eighteen stone the result can be imagined. They could not possibly keep a foothold and several of both teams were soon sitting in the sand. Unfortunately *all* the judges were facing the British team and did not see that the Swedish team were also infringing the rules, a fact clearly shown by the official photograph.

Of the field events, the less said the better from our point of view. In some we were not represented at all, whilst we were hopelessly outclassed in the others. What else could be expected when such events are never included in home athletic meetings!

The result of the games was a great triumph for America and American methods. Whether such methods are good for the individual and amateur sport is another matter, but similar methods will have to be adopted by Great Britain if we wish to hold our own in future Olympiads. The progress made by the continental nations since the Olympiad held in London in 1908 was also very noticeable,

particularly in the case of Sweden and Finland; unless we look to it other nations besides America will soon be ahead of us. In the public schools and universities there is plenty of talent which, sought out and properly coached, will yet uphold the name of the country which *still* stands for all that is best in sport.

A. L. TREBLE.

To be continued.

WHAT THE BATTALION IS ASKING.

Whether the C. S. M. who bought the suit of mufti for six chips had inside information of the future? Warrant Officers of the Battalion have permission to wear plain clothes when not on duty. (B. O. No. 87.)

* * *

If the Corporal who bought a Colonel's set of military text-books for eight annas had, like Dick Whittington, optimistic thoughts of his future? He's started well. Got another *bar* up the same week.

* * *

Keep on smiling. Remember "Log Cabin to White House."

* * *

Whether tussore silk pyjamas will be fashionable now among the Corporals?

* * *

And if it is not true that many a Corporal's tunic hides the shirt of a Colonel?

* * *

Who is the budding Sherlock Holmes who finding the piece of grease proof paper, rumbled the butter in the bread?

* * *

Where *do* our sergeants go to of an evening in those horsey togs?

* * *

And "our Herb" of all people!!!

* * *

Are they making preparations for the time when route marches are speeded up and distances are increased?

* * *

Or have they heard that they are going to be mounted like Coy. Commanders in future?

* * *

Sergeants—take Joey's advice as one who has tried it, don't go out on a horse after dark.

* * *

Who was the quarter-bloke who cuddled the horse before he kissed the tan, and what did he do it for?

* * *

Still even a horse will do to practise on now-a-days.

* * *

Was the C. S. M. very much annoyed when a native handed him on the range a rifle found a couple of hundred yards or so from the firing point?

* * *

And what were the exact words he said when he found that it was his own? Oh! how could you?

* * *

And has he had his leave stopped as punishment?

* * *

Who is the Warrant Officer who gave the order, "The four last platoons about turn—quick march" when only the four last files were wanted?

* * *

Is this order the latest from Chelsea. "On the right form artillery formation"? Phew! who said "rapid training for war"?

* * *

What *are* those mystic words so mysteriously whispered?

* * *

Shish! "what time are you going out?" Shi'ish!

* * *

Now why are those horsey sergeants selling their riding breeches? Anything doing.

FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

*Jullundur Cantonments,
Punjab.*

DEAR MOIRA,

Since my last letter I have left that beautiful and salubrious spot away there amidst those glorious hills and picturesque nullahs of Jamrah, for a short stay in town. Since my arrival I have enjoyed to the full (Does Madeleine mean "fed up"? Ed.) the gaieties of social life, and have had the pleasure of meeting many of the fair sex who grace this cantonment. It has quite a mode of its own, but the leaders of fashion seem greatly at variance in their ideas of clothing the female form divine. One modiste insists upon her clientele donning trousers, with a very large waist line and copious folds to the knee, below which they are pleated to the ankle. A really charming effect, but perhaps the loveliest, dinkiest things are the garments favoured by another dressmaker whose customers are adorned with trousers of fair width to the knee, below which they are tightly constricted from calf to ankle, revealing the symmetry of the leg. So modest, but really so daring! Another costume is quite so-so; a simple unadorned skirt being much in favour. Simplicity is in fact the ruling quality, but there is a marked fondness for anything masculine or military. The passing love of Joffre blue and khaki is quite dead, and all the fashions of this spring are very feminine in the new sense of the word. That is to say they are practical and dainty at the same time. A suggestion of flow in the trousers takes away any boyish touch, yet by being short they are quite fit for muddy or dusty roads. The materials, too, are distinctly feminine; tussore, foulard, crépon, and voile with liberty for the more elaborate dresses. The colours are womanly also, light and soft; periwinkle blue, rose passé, oyster white, and tender grey, which can be allied to sterner shades such as navy blue, sand colour, steel grey and dark green.

All the modistes agree that the ideal upper garment should resemble the shirt such as our men folk wear, but at present it is fashionable to wear this outside the trousers. It affords a

glorious opportunity for many of those embellishments such as the daughters of Eve love. In colour-schemes it is invaluable, for it lifts a dull pair of trousers into brightness and yet does not obtrude that brightness on the public eye too openly; being partially hidden by the serai. Some of the best are embroidered with beads around the throat, down the front and even round the hems of the tails. Silk is almost as much used for them as any other materials and every colour is called into service. Though a comfortable garment, its great shortcoming is the failure to reveal the lines of the figure. Undoubtedly it would meet with great disfavour from our sisters at home, who examine so critically each other's measurements for a "twelve-inch group," I mean waist line.

The other day in Amritsar I saw a perfectly lovely silk shirt and trousers, so chic, so pretty, in a beautiful shade of Burhan cerise. The shirt was really exquisitely embroidered with a most charming design in narrow gold braid. The trousers were of the latest Punjabi fashion, whose leaders usually anticipate the latest creations of Worths of Paris; being exceedingly full from the waist to the knee, and then they were slightly gathered to the ankle. Probably it was the dress of a charming Begum or some graceful dusky debutante about to come out at the next drawing room or court. One young girl I noticed was wearing a shirt of a most adorable shade of khaki, quite like those worn by our dear little subs. "over there", or those darlings languishing in exile in this mysterious East of ours. Another I observed wearing a picturesque serai of emerald green, the hems being embroidered with heavy gold braid. A very bright blue shirt was similarly adorned, whilst the trousers of a vivid hue of carmine were decorated with a network of narrow gold braid—quite a cleverly worked out colour scheme—I assure you.

While shopping in the bazar last week I observed a matron wearing some trousers quite of the Ramsammi style made of fine silky material of a peacock blue of a really artistic shade, which set off her ample figure to advantage. The upper portion of her dress, together with the serai, was of a beautiful tint of ancient white toned to the colour of a delicate brown, matching admirably the artistic colouring of the adobe

walls of her surroundings. What tasteful feelings these people have to be sure! In harmony with her scheme of colour the lady had followed out the usual custom of dispensing with her socks, the charming colour of her skin tinged with the dust of the highway, creating a pleasing effect. It really requires the pen of a Ruskin to describe it effectively.

Ornaments are decidedly varied, but I have especially observed some lovely nose rings. The bangles, which out here are worn suspended from the ear as well as on the wrist, are really stunning. Mrs. Jhones Fitz Smythe would think them charming and undoubtedly would assist to make another furore at her next "at home." Their introduction into London society cannot long be delayed.

The matrons are decidedly patriotic and practise war economy to the fullest extent. In fact they exceed the limit with regard to their dear little children, the chikkos as our soldier boys out here call them. Most are adorned in their natal dress while others compromise with a metal disc resembling a threepenny piece suspended from the waist.

I notice that the papers at home have been speaking of the graceful sinuous form of the women of the East, and advising their readers to search for such an ideal. I have striven hard to discover it. The dress of course disguises their forms, but I cannot find gracefulness in their walk; it resembles too closely the waddle of a duck far from its element, and I do not advise it.

These daughters of Hebe though possessing possibly many attractions have one failing which effectively banishes affectionate feelings or closer association. One cannot imagine the most love-lorn swain being anxious to embrace a Venus who possibly has just returned from a search after the domestic fuel along the highways in the path of the bullock.

Your ever loving,

MADELEINE,

H. H. G

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