

THE LONDONER.

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

No. 2—Vol. II.]

SEPTEMBER—DECEMBER 1917.

[Price Annas 4.

ROUND AND ABOUT.

General Aspect of Weather Condi- tions.

The weather has been quite decent lately, being warm during the day, and cool in the evening, necessitating the wearing of serge. This is a pleasant contrast to the earlier days of our stay at Gharial, when we had plenty of rain, and were frequently enveloped in a cloud. As a result, men who had had only a little fever before, began to suffer from ague, and heartily wished they had never even heard of Murree Hills, let alone seen them. Also the footpaths and roads were not by any means in the best of condition, especially between Gharial and the Kashmir Bazaar.

The Eternal Quest.

Will this ever end, or is it really eternal? In Waziristan we spent certain afternoons and evenings gathering up the stones which decorated the immediate landscape. When we left there we thought we had left such an uncivilised pastime behind us for good, instead of which here we are paying periodical visits to Gharial Flats, to play the same old game. True, we now have a truck or two on a very light groggy railway in which to carry the stones, and perhaps at our next station we shall be supplied with some kind of machinery that will do the picking up for us.

[If nobody had picked stones off Gharial Flats there would be no football ground—ED.]

System of Tats.

There are no gharris in this part of the world, so if you want to go anywhere and object to walking, you must go on a "tat." We had never before

met these animals in India, and after seeing some of them, the pleasures of "tattooing" seemed to be of a very questionable nature. However, judging from the number of riding breeches knocking about, this pastime seems to have found favour with a good many. For Rs. 1-8, or Rs. 2 if it is a good horse, one can enjoy a pleasant ride for three or four hours. The only objection is that galloping is forbidden, so several of our budding Bellerophons have to bump along at an awkward trot, making a most undignified but amusing spectacle.

A Promotion.

On November 10th Battalion Orders published an extract from the *London Gazette* of 29th May last in which Lieut. Ambrose was promoted to the rank of Captain, with precedence as from June 1916.

We heartily congratulate the Adjutant on his promotion.

Walnut Bobs.

Although the *chiccós* of the Murree Hills may know nothing of the delightful fascinations of "cherry-bobs," they have a curious game of their own played with walnuts. A suitable site is chosen on the highway and a small hole is made in the edge of the roadway next the cliff-like side of the roadway. The hole is usually eight inches away from the "wall of rock," circular in shape having a depth of two inches and a diameter of three inches. A line is marked out about six feet away, from which the players attempt to lodge the nuts into the hole.

The game is generally played with three to five players. No. 1 begins with say three walnuts

in his hand and tries to pitch them into the hole. Then suppose one rolls in, one of the other players points to a certain nut which the pitcher now tries to hit by aiming at it with a fourth nut. If he hits it then he takes that nut, his own "aiming nut" and any that are in the hole. If he should miss with his aiming shot, then he must pay forfeit. No. 2 now takes up the remaining nuts plus the forfeit, adds his own quota and tries to pitch them into the hole, and so the game goes on. Simple as it may appear, both men and boys will play together for hours. For instance one may pass a group at 2 P.M. and on the return journey at 5 P.M. they are still deep in the game.

Parades.

Most of us are very thankful for the comparatively quiet time we have enjoyed during our first two months at Gharial. It has helped considerably to build us up after the rough and tumble of the past months. Especially is the peaceful

early morning time appreciated, and when parades did begin on 1st October one could not complain that they were excessive. Physical Drill and Musketry were the most important, and the programme was varied with a route-march or dog-and-stick now and again. "A" and "D" Companies began firing their annual musketry course on Monday, 8th October.

Postal arrangements.

Among our illustrations is a snap of the Field Post Office. Even in such a wild country as Waziristan, with such a laborious approach we were well served with both local and Blighty mails. The Base Post Office at Tank under the direction of Major O. H. Rulock, A. D. P. S., ably assisted by the Deputy Postmaster Mr. Vasder and an intelligent staff, was in every way satisfactory. Assistance was always forthcoming to enable you to obtain letters easily and the system adopted seemed to work without a hitch.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY IN THE FIELD.

WIRELESS telegraphy is being largely used in the field, especially in such countries as Mesopotamia, where there is no telegraph except that which the army of occupation has brought with it. It has the advantage of being very portable compared with the ordinary air line, as it can be moved anywhere in a very short time.

Wireless is used very largely for sending press news, as it then leaves the ordinary telegraph clear for more important work. It is due to wireless in the field that the newspapers are kept supplied with the latest news.

The sets are designed for use with various units, small "knapsack" sets for the trenches, pack-horse sets for use with cavalry, and motor lorry and wagon sets for headquarters. As the sets have varying "wave-lengths," several stations can transmit at the same time without interfering with one another. A message is sent from the trenches by a trench set to the nearest wagon set, which sends it through to headquarters. Here a motor cyclist is in readiness to carry it to its destination.

By the use of codes and a large range of "tuning," wireless signals are rendered unintelligible to the enemy and all unauthorised persons.

The portability of these field stations can be imagined when a trench set can be carried by three men. Its power is derived from accumulators and its aerials only stand about seven feet high. It can be fitted up by trained men ready to transmit inside five minutes. A marvel of compactness is the pack set which is carried, complete with dynamo and oil engine, on five horses or mules. This is quite a powerful set, and with its aerials thirty feet high, can be erected in seven minutes. The wagon and motor lorry sets are larger and more elaborate, and cost several thousands of pounds. The sets are manufactured, especially for the field, by the Marconi Wireless Company.

There are now Wireless Signal Squadrons in the field, a unit unheard of before the war. A squadron consists of a number of troops, each having a number of wireless sets complete with dynamo and oil engine. Owing to the wonderful organisation of these squadrons, messages and signals can be dealt with rapidly and efficiently. The squadron headquarters is usually at the base where a large station is erected. At intervals are the troops, which are controlled by the base station. These troops place their stations out, and are in touch with their troop headquarters.

S. A. COATES.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

KILLED.

- 740222 *Lce.-Cpl. STONE, E. W., C Coy., killed in action at Mamit Khel.*
 740940 *Pte. BURTENSHAW, H., B Coy., killed in action at Mamit Khel.*

DIED OF WOUNDS RECEIVED IN ACTION.

- 740745 *Pte. GAYLER, H. H., B Coy., died of wounds at Kundywam.*
 740885 „ *GEE, G. E., B Coy., died of wounds received at Kundywam.*

DIED OF DISEASE CONTRACTED ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

- 740254 *Sergt. JAMES, H. C., B Coy., died of sickness at Kot Khirgi.*
 740753 *Pte. DALWOOD, R. L., C Coy., died of sickness at Janbola.*
 741216 „ *RIMBAULT, H. A., A Coy., died of sickness at Dera Ismail Khan.*
 740865 „ *MURAILLE, F. G. P., B Coy. died of sickness at Dera Ismail Khan.*
 741211 „ *FRITH, G. F., B Coy., died of sickness at Tank.*
 742052 „ *LEVENTHAL, H., C Coy., drowned at Dera Ismail Khan.*

WOUNDED.

- Capt. C. N. PAGET (severely), B Coy.*
 740308 *Sergt. SQUIRES, I. E. (slightly), B Coy.*
 740811 *L.-Cpl. EVANS, E. G. (severely), B Coy.*
 740767 *Pte. HOLFORD, A. D. (slightly), B Coy.*
 741108 „ *KING, A. E. (severely), B Coy.*
 741171 „ *SALTER, F. W. (severely), C Coy.*
 740690 „ *BROWN, C. H. (slightly), C Coy.*
 741000 „ *PHILLIPS, C. T. (slightly), C Coy.*
 740538 *L.-Sergt. BLOTT, H. (severely), D Coy.*
 740547 *Pte. FELDON, R. G. (slightly), D Coy.*
 741309 „ *TOMLIN, H. W. (slightly), D Coy.*

All those wounded have recovered from their injuries save L.-Sergt. Blott and Pte. King.

MATTERS MAHSUD.

[*The following is taken from the Civil and Military Gazette, 4th July 1917.—Ed.*]

SOFT and slippery is their tongue and soft and slippery are their ways. Indeed there are very few persons who will trust a Mahsud further than they can see him and that is perhaps saying too much for a race or rather tribe of whose treachery and evil-doings a thousand and one instances could be related.

I well remember a certain occasion when an officer who had had dealings with them for many years and who was really fond of them argued through a full hour of one long winter evening in an attempt to condone their past misdeeds.

Within three days he had met his death at their hands.

Many are the attempts which have been made to civilize them and to make them see the error of their ways but all have been of no avail and so the Mahsud still remains a wild treacherous being over whom the only power of persuasion is the rifle and the sword.

The old regiments of the Frontier Force were well versed in their tricks and stratagems and very often got their own back in the many border affrays that took place. But it was a different story when some down-country regiments came in contact with them for the first time.

One of their favourite tricks was to place a couple of men on one side of a nullah through which they expected a party of our troops to pass, while among the rocks and scrub on the opposite side they posted a dozen or more of their picked shots. Proceedings opened by the two men firing on the troops, on which, of course, the latter at once turned in the direction of the shots and were then promptly shot in the back by the remainder of the ambush.

Another stratagem which was invented for the benefit of young and inexperienced outpost commanders was to lay an ambush about four or five hundred yards from the post and then shortly after dusk to fire some shots in the same direction but at a greater distance and raise a hue and cry for help as if some party of travellers had been attacked.

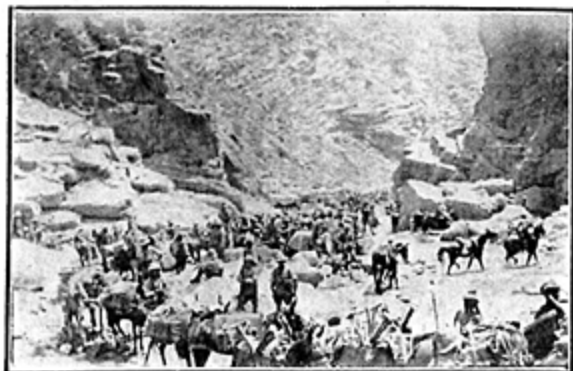
This very often led to the cutting up of the party from the post who went out to assist the supposed travellers.

But perhaps best of all was the coffin ruse: one man was placed in a large sized coffin with a number of loaded rifles and the lid of the coffin was loosely fastened down and carried by half a dozen or so of the remaining members of the gang to the nearest thana. On arrival, one man was sent to the gate to report that a murder had been committed and the body of the murdered man had been brought for inspection. On this the gate would, perhaps, be opened and the moharrir of the thana would come out to ask questions. While these were being answered, the coffin would be edged nearer and nearer to the gate and then seizing an opportune moment the man inside the coffin would spring out, the rifles would be snatched up and the whole party would be through the gateway in a very short space of time, have the few constables at their mercy and carry off everything of any value, including the rifles and ammunition.

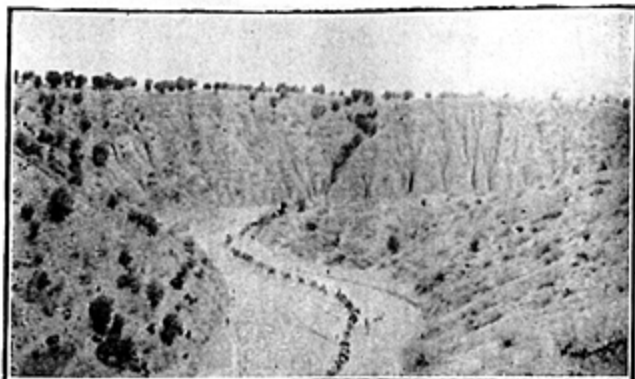
During the last blockade they managed to obtain a large quantity of the khaki uniforms and equipment of our own troops and by this means were successful in a number of enterprises. On one occasion a large party arrayed in these uniforms marched, in column of fours, up to a friendly village who were on their guard against an attack by the Mahsuds but were, of course, completely taken in by what they thought to be a force of Indian troops and fell an easy prey to the marauders.

Their love for our service rifle is well known, but in the last fifteen years or so they have found it very hard to get a proper supply of the ammunition although their attempts in this direction have been most ingenious.

To attack a mule train of ammunition, well guarded as it always was, gave very little chance of capturing the much prized cartridges and they resorted to an attempt to bribe the drabis, or mule-drivers, who at a certain time and place where the road ran along a steep khud side were to stampede the mules and so arrange matters that a number of the animals went over the edge with their valuable loads. At the bottom of the khud among the rocks and trees men had been posted to receive and carry off as much as they could gather in the time.



THE PASS : HAIDARA KACH.



CAMEL CONVOY ENTERING BOJI KHEL.

SCENES
ON THE



THE GENERAL STAFF NEAR MANZAL.

MARCH
W. F. F.



DIFFICULT RIVER GORGE.



TYPICAL RIVER SCENE.



HARO SECUNDUS : TANK.



FIELD POST OFFICE.



12 lb. MOUNTAIN BATTERY.



" ONE OF THE BEST."



BURIAL SPOT: H. H. GAYLER,
KUNDYWAM.

Luckily, however, this plan was given away by the mule-drivers themselves, who saw in it, a very short shrift for themselves, if they were suspected.

Together with their cunning and treachery the Mahsuds are fanatical to a degree and many are the lives of European officers which have been taken by young men of the tribe at the bidding of their Mullahs, who hold out to them hopes of a certain entrance into paradise as a reward for their actions.

Among these murders by the tribe may be quoted:—The shooting of Captain Bowring at Sarwakai by the Mahsud sentry who was guarding him as he lay asleep on the roof of the Militia post.

Colonel Harman's death in the Militia Mess at Wana, when he fell on the fanatic who was about to shoot down all he could in the room.

The killing of Captain Donaldson at Bannu when marching into the cantonment at the head of some troops who had been out route-marching.

The attack made on Captain Brown on the Bannu golf links, on which occasion, thanks to a good strong putter, the assailant was beaten off without doing any serious damage and captured.

The above events took place many years ago, but since then there have been others, among which the affair in the bungalow at Tank was perhaps the worst, for in this case the assassin accounted for no less than three officers before he was finally laid low himself.

The Mahsud, therefore, deserves anything but clemency at our hands and he has now added to his sins by creating trouble on the Frontier at a time when there is plenty to do elsewhere.

BORDERER.

PRIZES AND COMPETITIONS.

Competition No. 13.—Twelve essays were received, dealing with The Waziristan Campaign from the Battalion's point of view. We had confidently hoped for a much larger number of entries. It proved rather a difficult subject to handle. The essays were examined by the following: Sgt. England, "B," C. S. M. Nicol, "C," Pte Edwards, "D," Pte. J. E. Nicholson, "H.Q.," with 2nd-Lt. Sanders acting as Chairman.

The 1st prize of Rs. 75 was awarded to Pte. C. A. Stevens, "B," and the 2nd of Rs. 25 to Cpl. S. J. Radley, "B."

The next in order of merit was Pte. A. Pattison of the Signals, with Pte. S. H. White

"B," fourth place. Thus "B" Coy. obtained three out of the first four places.

Competition No. 14.—Photographic competition. A prize of Rs. 10 and two consolation prizes of Rs. 5 for the best and most interesting photograph, taken within the last six months, by anyone in the Battalion.

Any subject may be selected and prints should bear a title and a *mark of identification only*, written in pencil on the back. They should be enclosed in an envelope on which the name and address of the sender, as well as the identification mark, should be plainly written. On no account must negatives be forwarded. The Editor reserves the right to reproduce any of the competing photos. Competitors are limited to three prints each, and entries should reach the Editor marked "Snapshots," not later than 30th Jan. 1918. Unpublished prints will be returned on application.

THE STRAFE.

When Mahsuds of Waziristan
Near Nili Kach a convoy raided,
They carried things a thought too far
And now they're sorry they essayed it.

For Government made up its mind
The time was ripe for intervention,
And troops both Indian and white
Were mobilised with this intention.

And every modern means of war
And aeroplanes and bombs as well,
Were taken to Waziristan,
And I must say they used them well.

From hill to hill, from vale to vale
They chased the Mahsuds day by day,
Until the wretched hillman wished
Sincerely that they'd go away.

And therefore "jirga" by the score
They held, and came to the decision
That peace was preferable by far
To war with the Umpteenth Division.

And thus the Government's request
That many rifles be surrendered
At length was satisfied in full.
(Apologies were also tendered).

And after waiting weary weeks
At Manzal (memory accursed !)
The remnants of the force were sent
Back to their stations—Londons first.

DUPLEX,

THE LAND OF THE NEVER NO-MORE.

As Saint Paul says in an Epostle to one of the Apistles, "I have journeyed in a far land."

Yes. I have just returned from my summer holidays with the Battalion. I have done rather well in summer holidays during the war—1915 Lowestoft, 1916 Bangalore, 1917 Waziristan. I am banking pretty heavily on the offensive next spring.

Nice place, Waziristan, and such charming people. In case you should be thinking of spending a few weeks up there any time for your health, I will tell you something about it.

You get there by train to Tank, where you get out. If you do not get out you go back, because there is no more line after that. If you have ever been there before, you do not get out. You stop in the train to count soda-water bottles.

At Tank you go to a rest camp. I do not know why they call it a rest camp, and I do not suppose you will know either if you ever see it. It is not much of a camp and still less of a rest.

There is also a great deal of sand. Sand is alright so long as it is content to remain as sand, but when it gets tired of being sidewalk and aspires to become atmosphere, things really get a bit thick. No one minds a handful of sand in his *char*, or a part share of the desert in his *burgoo*, but one can have too much of a good thing and it is no reflection on the quality of the sand supplied to the troops to say that, from a cold and strictly artistic viewpoint, I thought that at Tank the local colour was applied with too reckless a generosity. It is a fine thing to have grit in one's character, but I for one do not keep my character in my mouth nor in my ears nor in the little fellow in the middle of my face that keeps the rain off my moustache.

However.

From Tank one goes up the line. Of course there is not really any line to go up, because as I have just been at some pains to tell you, the railway line tires out at Tank. And there are no clothes lines in Waziristan. It is only the lucky ones who have any clothes at all up there. No, this is just an imaginary line. They have to imagine one, else the convoys would not know where to go. There are plenty

of convoys but half of them are empty. They have a pretty easy job. All they have to do is just to go up and down, and this is where they differ from the thermometer up there. The thermometer goes up and stops up, unless it busts the roof off the glass arrangement, in which case the temperature rolls about on the floor in funny little silver balls and is very difficult to read.

Convoys in this part of the world usually consist of camels. The camel is an unearthly quadruped, built on the collapsible principle, well-meaning, but rather given to breathing down one's neck and to dribbling. His head is situate some distance from his body and is connected with it by several yards of Adam's apple. In spite of the facts that he is very fond of showing his teeth in a gaiety smile and that he is a confirmed devotee to chewing-gum, he is hardly a credit to his dentist. He is composed of innumerable angles, most of which are tasteful ornamented with outsize corns. He would prove a pocket klondyke to an enterprising chiroprapist.

It is stated that he can go several days without a drink. Stress of circumstances in Waziristan dictated my total abstinence for three months, and I began to fear I was developing the attributes of the camel. Had my frequent reference to the company mirror confirmed this ghastly idea, I should have embraced a brief but thorough course of hari-kari and left all I owned (spare shirt, pair of socks complete with holes, and one pair of boots in the last stages of senile decay) to the Foundling Hospital at Boji Khel. The camel has large feet, his breath smells and I consider it extremely unlikely that he is beloved of his maker. Alive, he is an olfactory inferno; dead, he relegates the combined aromatic efforts of a hutful of Kaffirs to the category of the "also-ran."

The most useful thing the camel brings up the line is grub. When we first went up, they experimented to see how we got on without any grub at all. I do not think they were very pleased with the result. I know I was not, anyway, after that we perched on the lap of luxury, and the camp was stiff with tinned food of every kind. On all sides there was nothing

but tinned fruit, tinned fish, tinned butter and the tintinabulations of the camel-bells.

Yes. One of the things they serve you out with up there is tinned butter. It is the first time I have ever met it. I do not know that I care very much if I never meet it again. Still, it is not altogether fair to blame the butter for the state in which you get it. You should remember that it has much to put up with before it reaches you. It is bumped about on trains, humped about on camels, and dumped about in a most offensive climate. I think it is more sinned against than sinning. On the other hand, it is more certainly more mucked about than *mukkan*.

Occasionally, of course, you hunger for some little variety in the gastronomic line and that is where citizen Mahsud comes in. Moved thereto by the *dood* of human kindness which rivals the ruby corpuscles in their agile rush through his veins, and moved also no doubt by his somewhat Semitic brand of nasal appendage, he is wont to approach the camp with eggs of extreme age and similar price. Of course, he cannot get into the camp, but you can get out of it. That is the trouble. You can get out but you cannot get *unda*. J. Gurkha gets there first. He is about the only thing in Waziristan that has not got flies on it.

There are flies *and* flies, but the Waziristan fly is in a class all by himself. He rivals the box-wallah for pertinacity and the music-hall artist for inability to see that he is not wanted, while Damon and Pythias stand abashed before his embarrassing chumminess. Heedless of discomfort, he will cling to you through the longest day, brightening your stony path with his artless prattle, while his generosity is bounded only by his means. He will share your last piece of bread and jam with you and instead of complaining when he finds there is no more, he will apply himself with philosophic nonchalance to consuming the last morsels from your gratified lips. He is absolutely tireless in his good work and will stick closer to you than he will to the insidious Tanglefoot.

But do not imagine that he is the only attraction that Waziristan has to offer. It abounds with the beauties of nature and you have no call to think yourself specially favoured by Dame Fortune if you find a locust in your stew or a scorpion in your bed.

The only drawback to a place like that is that you can never be certain of what is going to happen. Do you know, I lost a pukka Blighty tobacco pouch up there? I was terribly frazzled about it.

I am hoping I shall be allowed to go back again some time to look for it. B. MCQ.

CONCERTS ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Although on active service the Londons were not to be without a little music, so at Boji Khel under the direction of Major Easton with the assistance of L.-Cpl. Reg. Winter, a fine camp concert was arranged and although we were without such notables as Will. Powell, Chris. Wakeman, Fred. Dove and Arthur Wright the programme was thoroughly enjoyed. Gen. Sir Charles Bagnon and also the Chief of the Nepalese Army, being present. We were all pleased to see our old Concert Party member, Sergt. Strange back again after being sick for so long.

At the next camp another such show was proposed, and this time the whole Division was to supply artistes, so it was rather a large affair, Lieut. Batty of the Mountain Battery being the general manager. As in the first one, no piano was available, so an orchestra of "Mummers" was suggested which not only "played" an overture but accompanied the artistes. The Londons were represented by Sgt. Strange, L.-Cpl. "Binks" Palmer—who sang his renowned "Pig" ditty—and L.-Cpl. Reg. Winter, who had written a song for the occasion all about "Our own War." The show terminated with a very novel item. With the assistance of the searchlight a "Living" Pathe Frere Gazette was produced, being the hit of the evening.

Great credit is due to the Sappers and Miners who worked so hard erecting the stage and effects, including the searchlight.

Everybody went to their lines perfectly satisfied in spite of the inconvenience caused by the rule which laid down that every man had to be in possession of his rifle. We hope this is not the last time we shall have the pleasure of having a Divisional Concert, but under better conditions. We were pleased to notice that our old friends the Sussex were well to the fore with Signlr. Richmond, L.-Cpl. Jones and Pte. Chester. The Mountain Battery was also represented.

MEMOIRS.

Our first casualty in Waziristan was our old friend and comrade, the late Sergt. James. Sergt. James came to the 1st Battalion with the Special London Detachment in the October of 1914.

His ability with the pen and knowledge of catering gained him the position of Officers' Mess Corporal in the January of 1915 and later he was made Mess Sergeant, which position he filled with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the Officers, until his death. His sudden end on June 8th came as a big shock to both officers and men, for Sergt. James was liked and respected by all. His cheery smile and ever-helping hand will always be missed. During the few days we were at Jandola the Pioneers cut a very nice cross out of some galvanized iron, and suitably inscribed it. It now stands at the head of his grave at Kot Khirgi and is one of the few landmarks in that awful wilderness.

The deepest sympathy of officers and men is extended to those he has left behind, especially to his wife and son.

Private R. S. Dalwood died of pneumonia following fever at Jandola, June 15th, 1917, at the age of 30. He obtained his transfer from the R. A. M. C. to join the Battalion December 1914, and went to Lowestoft, where he entered "A" Coy. On the re-formation in December 1915 "A" was again his Company and he remained in it till joining the Signalling Section in July 1916. In the signalling classification in January 1917 he obtained cross flags with 1st class. The Battalion loses in him a most popular and hardworking member, one whose liveliness alone made him an ever-welcome companion.

Lance-Corporal Stone was one of the old 25th having joined "G" Company in 1910. On completing his term of service, he left the service, but on the outbreak of war he immediately rejoined his old Company, in which he was the cycle mechanic during the Battalion's stay on the coast.

When the Battalion arrived in India, he became Assistant Armourer, which position he held until the time of his death.

Corporal Stone was popular among the members of the Regiment.

No. 5 Platoon lost a willing worker and big hearted comrade when Private H. E. Burtenshaw was killed at Ispana Rhagza, on the same day as Capt. Paget was wounded. Burtenshaw, who came to the 2nd Battalion with a draft from the 3rd in August 1915, soon became very popular in the old "H" Coy. and made a lot of friends in the 1st when the big transfer took place at Chiseldon. He leaves a widow and three children, and we feel sure that the sympathy of the whole Battalion goes out to them in their sad loss which is ours as well.

Private George Edward Gee will be remembered as a slim, very youthful-looking boy who was able to turn his hand to any job that was going and would come forward whenever volunteers were wanted for a fatigue. In spite of his youth and his slight build he was a regular sticker and his old Platoon will remember how he came through Kitchener's Test with his feet covered in blisters. His cheery voice and laugh and unfailing good spirits are sadly missed from the barrack room.

Private H. Rimbault affectionately known as "Rimmy" by his friends in the Battalion, with whom he was very popular.

He was educated at Wilson's Grammar School, Camberwell, and previous to joining the army, held an important position in the head office of Messrs. Sainsbury at Blackfriars. He enlisted in November 1915 and joined the Third Line at Feltham, afterwards proceeding with them to Ashford and Richmond Park Camp, finally leaving England for India at the end of July 1916, and joining the 1st Battalion at Hebbal Camp, Bangalore. His chums would like to take this opportunity of expressing their sincere sympathy with his widow and relatives in their sad loss.

Private Francis Guillaume Pierie Muraille died at Dera Ismail Khan on 18th August 1917, after suffering from jaundice. He went all through the sturt, and then was sent to D. I. K. on trial as a Motor Ambulance Corps driver. Soon afterwards he had to go sick, for the first time since leaving Jullundur.

He was an all round-sportsman, making a good back at hockey, and being one of the Battalion Cricket Team. Since our arrival in India he was sent on a Cookery Course, at Poona, and passed out well. His comrades were always thankful when they knew he was to be one of their piquet. He seemed to take rather naturally

to soldiering, probably owing to the fact that his father served in the French Army.

By the death of Private Frith from dysentery at Tank, No. 8 Platoon has sustained a great loss. Before the war Frith was a Civil Service clerk serving at the Board of Education, but joined the Battalion at Hebbal last year with our first draft. He was sent up to Dalhousie from Jullundur on account of his youth, but re-joined us at Tank, thenceforward acting as H. Q. Orderly throughout the campaign. His boyish smile and unflinching good humour is keenly missed.

It is with great regret that we have to announce the death of Private H. Leventhal, one of the Burhan Draft.

On mobilization, he followed the Battalion a fortnight after its departure, but owing to fever, was unable to proceed farther than Zam Post. On his recovery, he was given a light job at Khirgi, where he remained until the Battalion had returned to Jullundur.

While crossing from a barge to the ferry, on his return, he unfortunately slipped from the gangway, fell into the Indus, and weighted by his rifle and equipment was not seen again.

He enlisted in July 1916 at the age of 19 years and arrived in India in March. He is deeply missed by his friends in the Battalion, on whom his generosity, and evenness of temper, have made an everlasting impression. This will be a great shock to his parents who have already given up their only other son, who was killed at Neuve Chapelle in the early months of the war.

VINDICATED

Have they justified their existence at last? I wonder!

Those evil slackers of days gone by who never apparently had a mind above dodging Company work or guards, and when invited to participate in one of the Londons' constitutional route-marches, came on parade on sufferance (more so than most people). The battalion also kept, clothed, and fed another band of these "miscreants." They merely rode the high horse and lived apart, and could be seen "sitting"—yes, always one sitting down to one standing up—about with flags and books, or else inside, "comfy," listening to a "buzzing affair" on the table.

Why all this fuss over a flag? Even boy scouts manage to wag them!

Envied! despised! It was an uphill fight before and a similar fight later, when the Battalion suddenly got orders for Waziristan. Then the "Pettied" came into their own and put into practical use the concentrated efforts of months and months of mental application. No one hesitated to make way for a Company signaller, and even smiles of gratitude or satisfaction for a Regimental signaller were apparent

at times, for who can gainsay the medium through which those frenzied messages of life and death were sent day and night "man wounded send stretcher"—"Reinforcements wanted"—"more bombs and ammunition wanted,"—etc., etc., which never failed to get there? One morning 100 messages were dealt with in a couple of hours by Battalion headquarters. Surely it was worth trying for to have achieved something. After all, time spent during parade hours with a maximum of physical exertion has its equivalent in time spent mainly in mental application, and a Company on the march using their feet may easily compare with a squad of signallers, seated, improving their mental faculties and intelligence.

All honour to those of the Battalion who have made the supreme sacrifice—including the Battalion signaller whose loss was so deeply felt by the "Signals"—and to the Company signaller who now wears a bit of ribbon for a gallant rescue of a wounded comrade.

Is the Battalion a little wiser now? Have they "justified" their existence? I wonder!

DD. DD.

THE W. F. F. ALPHABET.

- A stands for aeroplanes, high overhead,
Dropping us messages, blue, white and red.
- B stands for Beynon, our bold G. O. C.,
Now rightly rewarded with the K.C.I.E.
- C's for the camel, the "oont" known to fame,
Wherever you meet him he smells just the same.
- D's for the Doctors who've all been so busy,
The M. O. is hardly an idler, now, is he?
- E's for the enemy, wily and bold,
After this lesson, he'll do what he's told.
- F stands for the fighting, 'bout which I surmise
When we're all back in Blighty we'll tell awful lies.
- G is the Ghurkha still smiling and fat,
He's just the same "Johnny" in spite of his hat.
- H is the camp known as Haidari Kach,
(I've just got this in, but I don't like it much!)
- I is the infantry, cream of the force,
(I belong to that branch of the service, of course).
- J stands for Jirgah, assembled in state,
Their motto, I'm told, is "Peace made while you wait."
- K stands for Khel, which the Mahsud man uses
For the name of a village or tribe as he chooses.
- L is the "Lashkar" we all hoped to scoop
With 15 rounds rapid while bunched in a group.
- M stands of course for our good Mountain Battery,
Capital fellows, without the least flattery.
- N's for our Nepalese allies so neat,
With a General and Staff of their own, all complete.
- O's for the Orderly Room, held every day,
That's a thing from which, somehow, you *can't* get away.
- P stands for piquets, who climb up the heights
An unrivalled chance to inspect all the sights.
- Q is the quickness with which they descend,
Lest a sniper their party should catch while they bend.
- R is the rear guard, a sight hailed with joy,
If you've been out all day to protect the convoy.
- S is the sangar you build to perfection
Then find that you're sniped from the other direction.
- T stands for Tank, right down on the plain,
But *we* shan't be sorry to see it again.
- U's Umpteen, the number (with the censor's permission)
Of regiments employed in the whole expedition.
- V's for the villages pulled down or burned
The Mahsuds can keep them for all I'm concerned.
- W stands for the wounded, poor folk,
For a fifty mile trek to the Base is no joke.
- X is the 'xpert supervising this pageant,
He goes by the name of Political Agent.
- Y is the yell we imagined one night,
When the whole of the force turned out for the fight.
- Z stands for zeppelin; we've seen 'em in Blighty,
But the Mahsuds have got none, so praise the Almighty.—LAMBDA
Manzal 11th July 1917.



LIEUT.-COL. B. M. HYNES.

OUR COMMANDING OFFICER.

LIEUT.-COL. B. M. HYNES.

[The following account is taken from the "Royal Sussex Herald," with additional matter added.—ED.]

"I first saw light of day within sight and hearing of Chatham Dockyard, where my father was serving in H. M. S. Pembroke, on July 11th, 1879. During my early days I spent most of my time in a fishing village in North Devon during my parents' absence abroad, and at intervals gained a fairly intimate knowledge of the Naval Ports of Sheerness, Chatham and Portsmouth.

I look back with especial pleasure on two never to be forgotten cruises in H. M. S. Valorous and Northampton, both full rigged ships of the old Navy.

I was educated at Park House Reading, and at Lancing College. During the summer of 1897, one Sunday afternoon, I with two school fellows walked over to Worthing and visited the 1st Sussex Regiment who were in camp, and we decided to join them.

One of the two brothers actually did join the Regiment shortly after me, and the other went to the 15th Bengal Lancers. A third, Philip Howell had joined the Guides Cavalry a year previously, and a few weeks ago he was killed in France, probably the youngest Brigadier in the Army.

In April 1898 I joined the Militia battalion of the Lancashire Fusiliers and in March 1899 passed from the Militia into the Regulars and was gazetted to the Royal Sussex Regiment. It is interesting to note that in those days there were more than 300 Militia subalterns competing for fifty commissions.

I was posted to the second Battalion who were serving at Sialkot in the Punjab and so missed being sent to South Africa. The Battalion had just come down from the Tirah Campaign and I don't suppose I shall ever see such an old or fine battalion; lance-corporals had an average of seven years' service, sergeants about fourteen and colour sergeants well over twenty.

We were held in readiness to go to China during the Boxer Rebellion of 1900, but Lord Curzon would not allow any more British troops to be sent out of India. The Battalion returned to England in December 1902 after twenty-two

years abroad, and I remember by name at least three privates who had been with the Battalion the whole time.

During the Russian scare in 1904 we were sent to Malta and as soon as I had got away to what I hoped would be more active spheres the Battalion was sent to Crete on active service during the Rebellion.

I was seconded for service with the West African Regiment from 1905—09 but did not have the luck to go on service with them, although during the period there were several "War Palavers." It was an interesting and instructive experience and one that I would not have missed for worlds."

With reference to this period of service we add the following details.

Shortly after his arrival at Headquarters in Sierra Leone he was given the temporary rank of Captain and sent to command a Station in the interior which had only been selected as a garrison a few months before, consequently the task of making a barracks for the officers and men (which in Bush Stations has to be done by the troops) and also making the necessary roads and parade ground was not an easy one, but it was done and turned out to be one of the best Bush Stations and was so for several years afterwards.

On returning to Headquarters Colonel HYNES found it difficult to obtain Minerals except at something like 2d. to 3d. per bottle. He set to work to remedy this and, as there were no P. R. I. Funds in the Battalion, money had to be found. He formed a syndicate of the Officers who cared to subscribe and obtaining the necessary capital, cabled home and had the Machine going in less than two months, to the great benefit of all the European Officers and N.-C. O.'s of the Regt. as well also the native soldier.

"I was made a temporary Captain in 1906 but reverted to subaltern rank on rejoining the 2nd Sussex at the Curragh of Kildare in January 1910. In the spring of the same year I became a Captain after eleven years' service. During the summer of 1911 I was commandant of the Donard Field-firing Range and had ample opportunity of comparing the musketry proficiency

of the battalions of the Fifth Division. In January 1912, I was sent to Brighton as adjutant of, and to raise the 6th Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment.

On May 21st 1917 I was transferred to the

1/25th London Regt. taking over command of that Battalion just as they were setting out for the Waziristan Campaign.

On 22nd June at Ispana Raghza I received news of my promotion to my present rank.

SPORTS AT MANZAL CAMP.

During our prolonged stay at Manzal Camp a Divisional Sports Tournament was arranged, Major L. Collins of 1/4th Gurkha Rifles acting as Organizer. Every section of the service employed with the force was given an opportunity of competing. The heats began on 16th July and the finals were all finished by 21st. The events are given below:—

BRITISH.

100 Yds.
Sack Race
Pillow Fighting over water.
Quarter Mile.
Tug-of-War.
High Jump.
Long Jump.
Bombing.
Cross Country.
Sergts.' and Corpls.' Limerick Race.
V. C. Race.
N. C. O's. Race.
Wrestling on Mules.
Obstacle.
Relay Race.

INDIAN

100 Yds.
Quarter Mile
Cross Country.
Khud Race.
Obstacle.
Sack Bumping.
Pillow Fighting.
Wrestling on Mules.
Nepalese Officers' Polo Scurry.
Relay Race.
Mule Drivers' Race.
Native Officers' Race.
Kahars' Dooly Race.
Mountain Battery Section Competition.
Cavalry Section Jumping.
Followers' Race.
Bombing.

It will be readily understood that a great deal of work was necessary to ensure the smooth running of such an extensive programme, and we would record our appreciation of the efforts made by those in charge of the Tournament. Most of the events explain themselves, but perhaps the Followers' Race will puzzle the home folks some. In India each Battalion has a certain number of natives attached in a semi-military capacity for performing the innumerable odd duties that crop up. This mixed assembly of "ever-willing over-lazy" humanity is known as Followers. Then we notice that the Camel Driver with his affectionate 'oont was rather left out in the cold. We do not regret his absence!

The part taken by the 25th is reported below:—

"In the heats of the 100 yards the Battalion started off very well, and eight finalists out of

ten was a rather good performance. In the final, Sergt. Parker of the S. and T. through the courtesy of the finalists, was allowed to run, and proved to be the fastest man, although closely followed by Richardson of the Sussex, with Oram "B," Company, filling fourth place.

Conolly of "A," proved the master of pillow fighters and outed his opponents neatly and effectively.

The 440 yards race seemed slow although a good race. Richardson of the Sussex took the lead which he maintained to the straight, with Sergt. Basing on his heels. Basing had the stronger finish and just pipped Richardson on the tape.

Hare of "A" Company ran a well judged race in the cross country event, allowing others to make the pace up hill and on the bad going and then coming along with a fine burst of speed over the last quarter and proving an easy winner. When the war is over (*sic*) "watch out" for Bunny Hare in "Blighty," as with good coaching and training he should be some runner at half a mile and over.

The V. C. race on mules caused some amusement and Sharman of "A" Company took second prize.

The number of starters in the N. C. O's. 220 yards handicap race was small, only seven started and two of those were Sergts. Now then Corporals help Treble to win the dozen bottles of Scotch in the next Battalion Sports Meeting. Sergt. Beckett was the limit man being the veteran and kept his position to the tape, followed by a Sussex N. C. O. and Sergt. Basing.

The final of the wrestling on mules proved to be an easy victory for our "A" Company team and as in their heat, they won without having a man unseated although opposed by the hefty Artillerymen.

Garton and Green of "C" Company in a killing obstacle race finished first and second

respectively, with Lee-Cpl. Harman of the Sussex third.

The Londons,.....team was successful in the relay race, being represented by Ptes. Stinchcombe, Green and Garton of "C" Company, Sawkins, Smith and Cpl. North of "D." In the fourth relay Green got away from the field and then handed over to Garton cleanly. Garton decided the race by his plucky jumps over the bombing walls, so that Stinchcombe ambled down the straight cushy.

"B" Company were semi-finalists in the Tug-o-War, but the Mountain Battery with a weighty team who knew how to pull won the final, with "C" Company of the Sussex as runners up. The latter Company's team were successful in the bombing event."

AS—BIN.

Our friends the 2/6th Royal Sussex carried off the following events:—

- 100 yards, Pte. Richardson, 2nd place.
- 220 yards, Pte. Richardson, 3rd "
- Sack Race, Pte. Ham, 1st "
- Tug-of-War, "C" Coy. were runners up.
- Bombing, "C" Coy. were winners.

[Unfortunately the records of the times have been lost.—Ed.]

The prizes were presented by the G. O. C. on the evening of 21st July. It seemed rather a pity that the scene of presentation should have been situated so far outside the camp. As a matter of fact the spot chosen was the finishing post of the Indian Khud Race.

AU REVOIR A TANTÔT.

As from September 1st the following N. C. O's. were granted Commissions. We wish them every success in their new Regts. and shall always be glad to hear from them:—

- Sergt. H. G. Fulkes "D" Coy. to 7th Battn., North Stafford Regt.
- Sergt. A. G. Wrixon, "C" Coy. to 2nd Battn., Liverpool Regt.
- Sergt. P. A. DeMetz, "C" Coy. to 2nd Battn., R. Highlanders.
- L. Sergt. H. J. King, "D" Coy. to 2/6th Royal Sussex Regt.
- Sergt. L. C. Dodkins, "A" Coy. to 2/4th Border Regt.

Cpl. K. M. Marriott, "B" Coy. to 1st Battn., Duke of Wellingtons.

2nd Lieut. Wrixon, late Signalling Sergt., was with 1/5th R. W. Kents for a month on probation, and is now with the King's at Peshawar. He has met an old school chum there, so is not entirely amongst strangers.

EXTRACT FROM OFFICIAL REPORT.

Simla, June 23rd.—On the night of the 19th-20th a heavy but ineffectual attack was made on one of our camp pickets. On the 20th a Mahsud lashkar was driven off to the hills near Ispana Razbza, after some opposition, with a loss to us of one British and five Indian rank and file killed, and three British rank and file, one Indian officer and eleven Indian rank and file and one follower wounded. In this operation a Company of the 1/25th London Regiment is reported as having done noticeably good work.

HARO SECUNDUS.

(See Illustration.)

Whilst waiting at Tank many attempts were made to relieve the monotony of camp life. Things began to look very rosy when at 6 P.M. on 2nd June we were ordered to fall in for a swimming parade.

Our minds at once recalled the joys of the Haro at Burhan, and we hoped that a clear stream of sparkling water had been discovered. After the days of burning sun and whirling dust, a "splash" was just the thing. Of course being in a savage country we had to take an armed party with us to prevent any possible surprise attack.

We marched out of camp for the river in high spirits, and after crossing several cultivated fields came to a rather deep ditch. A halt was called—no, not to find a bridge which might afford a crossing—this was "our river." In width, one could easily jump it, its depth was about a foot, and the banks afforded a grassy approach. But the water! Instead of a clear limpid stream it was a very thick muddy drain, and to add to our discomfiture the camels were being watered some half mile above, and needless to say they added to the mud and refuse. But in spite of such a disappointment most made the best of trying to "get a dip".

IN PASSING.

That a certain chicken missed something by being HATCH-ed at Gharial instead of Tank. Good egg!

Why a certain little man tries to be so FIRM IN his ways?

Who said, "Although a little WILD 'E isn't arf a bad sort?"

That there was an AMBROS-ial aspect about Waziristan.

Whether GILLETTE has had any "close shaves" lately?

Whether the BROOKS in Waziristan, like Tennyson's, "babble on for ever"?

Who was the sergeant, who, when being instructed to send a piquet out to a certain spot on a range of HILLS, said he couldn't "pick it out"?

Who was the officer who wished he be-LONG-ed to the staff, on the stunt?

THE JIRGAH.

I have been asked by the Editor to give him an article on the Mahsud Jirgah which met at Sarwakai on the 10th August 1917. To the uninitiated reader this title conveys no meaning at all and it is by no means easy to explain. If one describes it as an assemblage of the tribe met to arrange peace with Government, one is reminded at once of an august body of Legislators, dressed in silk hats and frock coats with an occasional billycock or a red tie to mark a Labour or Irish member, sitting on cushioned benches or round a table in solemn silence and listening in a dignified way to some member letting off hot air. The scene at Sarwakai Fort on the 10th August 1917 when the last act of the South Waziristan Field Force drama was staged was, however, somewhat different. For some days the tribesmen had been streaming in mostly on foot but a few ancient chiefs mounted on ponies with saddles begged or stolen from the *Sirkar* dressed in their Sunday (and week-day) best. This holiday dress consisted of a few pence worth of dirty cotton shirting and a wisp of greasy rag tied round their heads to keep their long hair more or less in position. The Mahsud lets his hair grow long and it is consequently very dirty. The young blood does not improve matters by treating it with yolk of egg.

The principal item of interest on the days immediately preceding the Jirgah was the distribution of rations to the tribesmen each evening. It is the custom to treat the Jirgah members as guests of Government while actually sitting and each man is entitled to a ration of *atta* (flour) and native sugar, besides grain for his horse. Table manners are unknown to these simple children of nature and the scene at the evening division of rations reminded one rather forcibly of feeding time at the Zoo, with this exception—that lions and tigers can occasionally behave like gentlemen. On such an occasion as this everyone shoves and shouts himself hoarse before the local food controller: stones are thrown and to push the point of his argument one sportsman inserted his dagger in a brother sportsman's stomach, thereby depriving him of any desire for food for some days.

The final numbers assembled on the 10th August were officially returned at 3,300—this after several determined but fruitless attempts by Mahsuds with healthy appetites to have themselves counted twice or even thrice for rations. Heavy rain had fallen most of the day before and the cotton sheetings had lost any bloom which ever attached to them though here and there the advertisement of the Lancashire exporter stamped in blue on the small of the back lent a touch of colour to the drabness of the scene. Only a few wore clothes which claimed, however feebly, to be white; the remainder wore stuff dyed with the juice of the dwarf palm, which produces a dull grey slate colour much more difficult to spot on the bill-side than khaki. As this jirgah was merely ceremonial and all the work had been done previously by myself and my assistants the actual proceedings were harmonious, and the General Officer Commanding and Chief Political Officer with their officers interviewed the tribe in comparative peace. The terms of settlement were explained to the tribesmen who formally accepted them, and then in a dramatic scene the vast assembly rose to its feet as one man and repeated aloud the prayer for peace, asking for the blessing of Allah on its undertaking.

This final act lasted in all less than an hour, after which the Jirgah was dismissed, and the G. O. C. returned with his party to Manzal Camp. One final distribution of rations concluded

the proceedings, and as a token of their friendly feelings the Mahsuds supplemented their dinner by stealing a quantity of very unripe peaches from the Militia garden at Sarwakai. One shudders to think of the gastric troubles caused by a combination of half-cooked dough and considerably less than half-ripe peaches but so far no casualties have been reported. Next morning at dawn the tribesmen began to disperse to their homes, but many hardened Legislators hung on to repeat the cry of the horse-leech family "give, give." The Mahsud sees no shame in begging and takes the eminently practical view that a refusal breaks no bones and that constant dropping wears away a stone. He begins with some impossible request such as for a rifle or a thousand rupees, and descends gracefully but persistently till a harassed Political Officer is glad to get rid of him with an old pair of boots or a tin of Lipton's tea.

J. A. O. FITZ PATRICK, C.L.E., I.C.S.,
Political Agent, South Waziristan.

WHAT THE BATTALION IS ASKING.

Why was "C" Company so quiet, peaceful and happy from Manzal to Gharial?

Has Wee MacGregor's water-bottle been repaired yet?

Will the editor divulge the secret of how to make money by following horses or mules as per Boji Khel?

The name, number and religion of the "D" Company Private who having lost his way, when eventually discovered was murmuring "Has anyone here seen Father"?

Who were the signals transferred to the Sanitary squad at Manzal and why?

What was the idea which moved the staff sergeant to salute the Y. M. C. A. Secretary. Is he after "a cushy post"?

Is it a fact that our Battalion has the largest selection of helmets and topees in India?

Did the famous artist who painted that beautiful picture "A Morning Dip" use the stream we bathed in at Tank as a part of his picture?

Who is the L.-Corporal who when told to pass down the message "spate approaching" turned in into snake?

Who turned "C" Company sergeants' tent into a chicken run?

Is the Corporal better who is reported to have had "consumption of the chest in the intestines"?

Who was the N. C. O. who informed a musketry class that the speed of a bullet was determined by its velocity?

Why does the Quinine Parade? Is it because it is the best Tonic So'fa?

Who was the "C" Company Burhan draft wallah who gave away cigarettes because..... "I vós not like dem. I vill only vrow dem..... away"?

Since when has it been permissible to march on to your marker by breaking through the Battalion's front?

What does Attend "C" really mean?

What were the remarks made about the S. S's. lance-jacks?

And if it is true that these referred more to what they *didn't* do?

Are shorts any protection to Privates in a night attack?

Who took the bung out of Tank?

Who is the budding Napoleon who is so eager for men to "Hoory oop and ge' a move on"?

Is good eyesight necessary for marksmanship?

And is the Dalhousie climate better than the Waziristan?

"WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR DADDY?"

[Below we give some selected answers from prominent members of the Battalion.]

"Took it out of the electric fans at Tank, my boy." Sgt. Paradise Lost.

"Swatted the mosquitos to some purpose." L./Cpl. Plantation.

"Kept up the prestige of the Military Police while the soldiers were away." Sgt. Whale.

"Went back to fetch some military bicycles for use in the boulder-strewn river beds." Sgt. Crasher.

"Watched the signals go up and do what Tank Railway Station." Pte. Malum.

"Divided my time between caring for the stomachs and ailments of those left at a hill station."

Pte. Organist.

"My son, my eyesight was so bad that my marksmanship was altogether untrustworthy for real soldiering."
Sgt. Jabey.

"I proved that tramping around at Tank was quite sufficient to keep my feet warm."
Pte. (L./Cpl.) Boots.

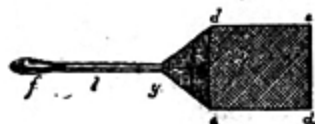
ANOTHER ENEMY.

BY A SUBALTERN IN EGYPT.

Let me narrate a small affair which occurred only this morning, to shew that we are really assisting in the extermination of the Enemy pest.

Here, as in other spheres, we have been handicapped by the Enemy's preponderance in numbers, and it is only now in the closing months of the year that his declining manpower makes it possible for us to strike with appreciable effect. In the matter of Supplies also he has had the advantage; indeed it has been quite impossible to prevent him actually living on our supplies. Then again transport difficulties, for him, are almost non-existent, and in the art of concealing himself he is a pastmaster. Superior mobility is also on his side, and his communications are better than ours. But it is in the air that his supremacy is most marked.

It happened at dawn, and as our eyes opened to the new day his scouts were already upon us, and skirmishers approaching from all directions in unorthodox formations. I must tell the story as it affected me personally, as I was unfortunately alone when the assault was delivered and had to act single-handed. I am naturally modest, and would not dwell upon my doings, but that otherwise the Annals of the war would be incomplete, and I want you to know we do our share.



I laid about me right and left, and by the time succour arrived I could count some thirty slain, not to mention several who managed to stagger away stunned by the fury of my onslaught.

And to what do we owe this success? Why,

as in France a new engine of destruction has made its appearance and has struck terror into the heart of the Foe, so our weapon has a like effect. It swoops silently through the air, and is upon him without a note of warning, just like a shell from the French 75's, so well known and dreaded by the Hun.

I am afraid the secret of its manufacture has leaked out, and in giving a few details I hope I do not in any way assist the Enemy. It has a wooden handle (see sketch F. L. Y.) and its death-dealing end (see sketch D. E. A. D.) is of wire mat, pliant and stinging. Sorry I cannot place the invention to the credit of British genius. It is to the Neutral U. S. A. that we are indebted for the "KING" FLYKILLER. "It kills without crushing" costs only 1 rupee.

THE FLIES DID IT.

The engine tooting loudly and the LONDONS
marching proudly

To go upon a journey to the war
We had no fond relations to see us at the
station

Or the lass we'd vowed to love for evermore.
At Tank the Regiment halted, o'er the barrier
I vaulted

But the canteen was sold out I had the wheeze
And so we had to risk it on some Bully
Beef and Biscuit

And fifteen lbs. of kit was our *subchese*.
Against the foe engaging and the battle fiercely
raging

And the flies were really "getting down our
tail"

With grim determination, we cursed their—
creation

But by our jam they'd sworn that they'd prevail.

We mowed them down in batches, we had
some lovely catches

I noticed quite a hundred walking lame
And when we went on piquet, we knew not
how to stick it

For they followed us because they were so
tame.

WEGGIE.

TANGI TROUSERS.

The Tangi Patent Asbestos-seated Trousers.
Of WORLD WIDE Reputation are
specially recommended for
FRONTIER OPERATIONS.

Troops wearing our trousers found it remarkably
easy to take efficient cover in
WAZIRISTAN.

A Famous General writes—

"H— IS BETTER THAN HOT SEATS BUT"
'TANGI' TROUSERS BETTER THAN
EITHER."

A well known Q. M. S. writes—

"HAD I ONLY KNOWN OF YOUR
TROUSERS I SHOULD STILL BE ABLE
TO SIT ON THE MIDDLE OF MY CHAIR."

If you can't understand this, and wish for fuller
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THE WATER-BABIES.

DO NOT FAIL TO SEE THIS LAVISH
PRODUCTION FEATURING
450 ACTORS (ALL WET)

AND

MILLIONS OF TONS OF WATER (TO SAY
NOTHING OF THE MUD).

SEE Father Neptune (complete with blanket
and riding-crop) !

SEE the rifles and dhurri-rolls turned into
TADPOLES & TIDDLERS ! !

SEE the 450 Tritons—brought all the way from
JULLUNDUR on purpose to take part in this
great amphibious spectacle ! ! !

PRICES as usual.

Soldiers and mermaids half-price to all parts
under more than 3 foot of water.

KALA BAGH HIPPODROME.

"The Star" reports—"The finest turn that he
has yet presented to his clientel"

Q. M. BURT, in his fascinating Sketch

"ME AND MY TAME BULLOCKS,"

With perfect understanding down goes Mr.
BULLOCK'S head and up goes the Q. M.

An additional feature has been added

ENTITLED

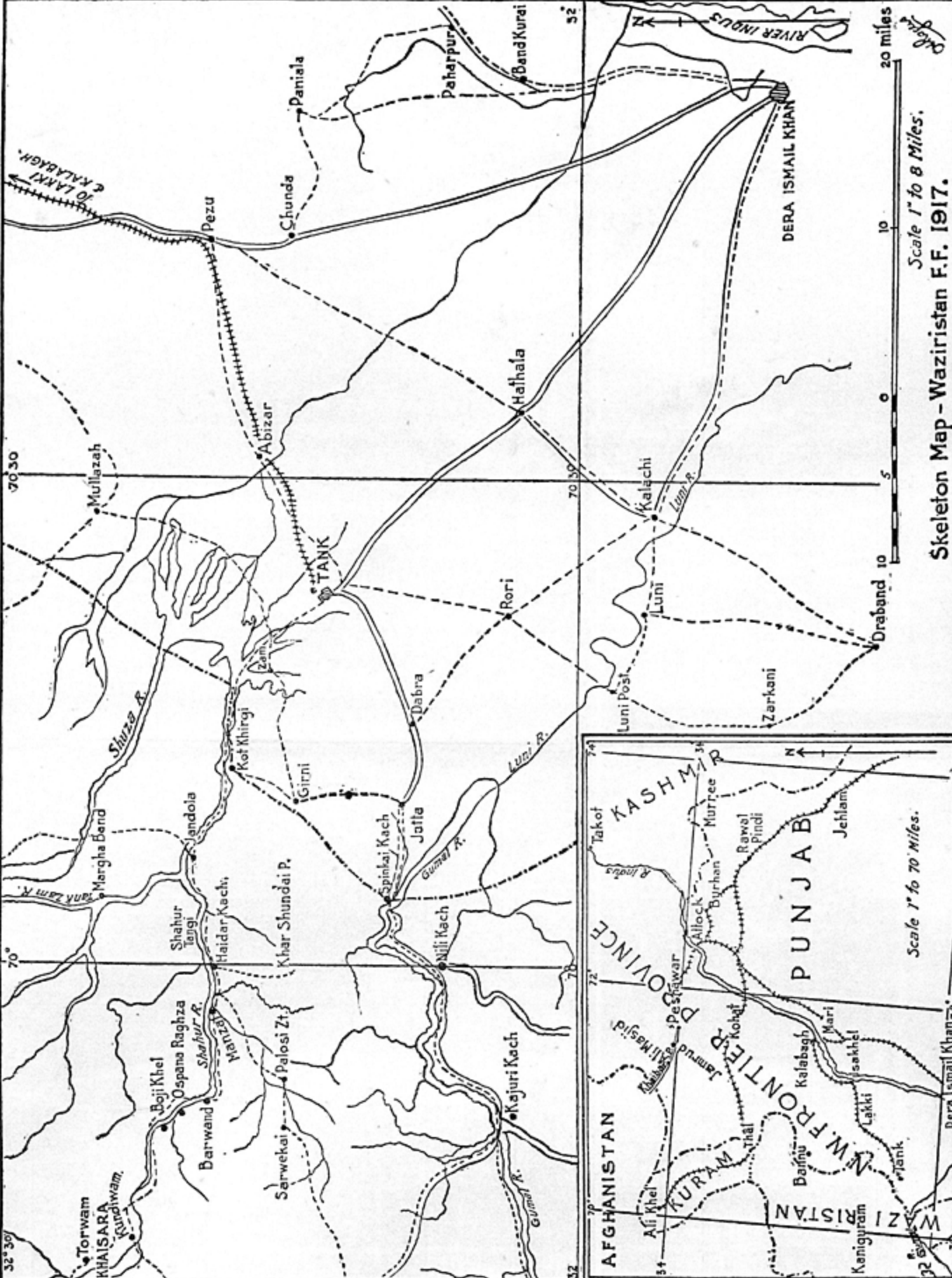
THE TANK DISAPPEARING TRICK

So simple.

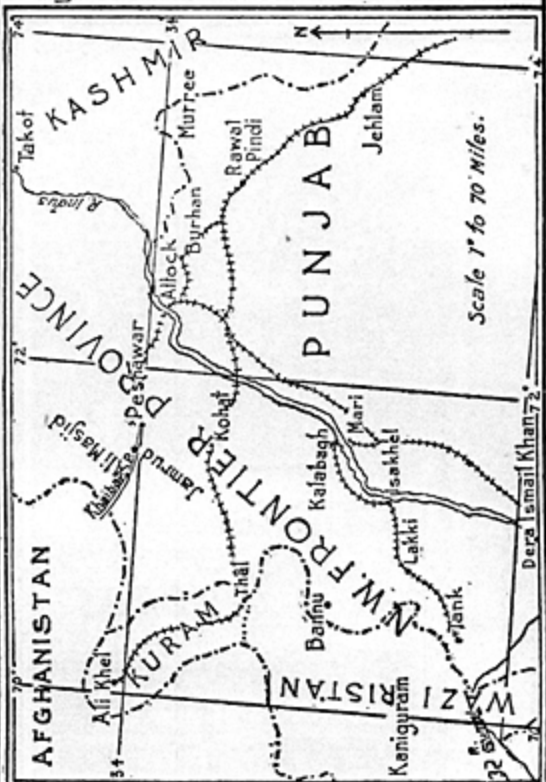
Walking on water publicly demonstrated.

Weight no objection.

The only difficulty is Getting out,



Skeleton Map - Waziristan F.F. 1917.
Scale 1" to 8 Miles.



Scale 1" to 70 Miles.

very much the better for having spent the afternoon with his mind actively alert, and his body benefiting to the fullest extent from the cool wind which invariably blew down the river-bed all the afternoon. Next day he tries again, adopting the same methods, but paying more attention to the fixing of the bait upon the hook, hopes for better results. Probably one big one will be landed. It gives a tremendous amount of encouragement, but unfortunately won't altogether provide a supper. After a day or two he notices that others some yards off seem to land the fish as "easy as pie," and always to "go home" with enough to fry for supper. And indeed they made quite a tasty meal cooked in the mess-tin lid. He notices that the successful angler's methods are very rough compared with his own, and eventually asks for the secret. It is soon explained. The pin is not a very efficient "hook," and so the fishers make up for the inefficient barb. Hence instead of waiting for the fish to take the pin into its mouth, you must put it there. The method—as soon as the fish begins to bite a sharp jerk of the wrist will usually land the fish high and dry on the bank.

"Oh! I see" and he stands and watches half a dozen landed. Returning to his own base of operations with keen expectancy he tries the new methods. After some half dozen jerks with no result, a sprat is landed and so the novice increases in skill until "half a supper" is caught. A few days patient work is still needed to make sure of a supper any time it may be wanted. Altogether it made a splendid way of spending the slack hours of the afternoon. Then some days were known as "bully beef" ones. A stew of bully beef on service is, well,—! The dixies were usually returned to the "cookhouse" as full as they came out. Hence instead of returning to camp, a meal was prepared on the spot. Plenty of dry wood about provided the fire and with the addition of a tin of sardines or herrings to the issued loaf, milk and tea, etc., a very enjoyable meal was made.

To some "sons of the sea" the rod and line method of fishing was too tedious, and with the aid of a mosquito net and a "beam," a dredger net was soon put into action. It needed two men to work the trawl, and a

bathing costume was the most serviceable dress. The trawlers waded into the stream and with the net stretched between them held down the beam closely to the bed of the stream with one hand whilst the other hand supported the opening at the top. "Skilled workers" trapped many fish by this method. It may not have been so sporty as the pin method, but it brought the men into active employment, and also produced hearty suppers.

Yet another method adopted by Johnny Gurkha was very interesting. The whole of his tackle amounted to a cunning movement of the hands. Johnny had learned that the larger fish lie under the stones in the river bed and sides, and so quietly stealing up to them, he would probe around the boulders, and with a sudden movement the fish was seized in his nimble fingers. Tommy seeing how easy it looked also tried this method. The fact of no tackle being required was a great asset. But the suppers provided by this method were very lean!

Simple and childlike as the doings may appear now, up there with "nothing doing," the pastime provided a veritable God-send.

G. O. M.

EASING THE BURDEN.

After the first fortnight of the expedition practically every hospital patient in the force had his comfort and happiness added to in one way or another by the issue of articles provided from the Red Cross Depot. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief in endorsing the remarks made by the General Officer Commanding the Northern Army writes:—"The Commander-in-Chief cordially endorses all that has been said by the General Officer Commanding the Northern Army in his letter of the 8th September regarding the work done for the troops of the Waziristan Field Force by the Joint War Committee of the Red Cross and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. In His Excellency's opinion the promptness and efficiency of the work in the field reflects the greatest credit on the association and Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Barratt has expressed the sentiment of gratitude which is felt by all ranks of the army for the sympathy and kindness they invariably receive from the Red Cross, etc."

THE LONDONER.

GHARIAL.

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER 1917.

EDITOR Pte. J. E. Ingram.

REPRESENTATIVES.

C. Q. M. S. Oakley	... Platoon No. 5	} "B" Coy.
Pte. Long	... " " 5	
L.-Cpl. Cooper	... " " 9	} "C" Coy.
Pte. Penn	... " " 10	
Pte. Bass	... " " 14	} "D" Coy.
Pte. Lewis	... " " 14	
Pte. Freethy	... Signal Section	} Hd.-Qrs.
Pte. Nicholson	... " "	

EDITORIAL OFFICE.—S.-W. corner of No. 10 Bungalow.

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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In so far as possible attempts have been made to gather into this number all aspects of

our campaign in WAZIRISTAN. Owing to the fact that the Battalion is widely scattered at different convalescent camps some items are sure to have escaped attention. If our readers will forward these details they can be included in the following number, and thus a complete survey of the Battalion's doings will be obtained. We thank all those who have sent in snaps for reproduction in our illustrations. We hope to produce more in No. 3, and shall gladly welcome photos dealing with any phase of the operations, not so far touched upon.

The publication of the Brigade Magazine which was mooted "up the line" fell through. This will account for the scarcity of copies!

Having settled down to barrack-life again for a period, every endeavour will be made to procure a regular publication of the LONDONER. All ranks are invited to send in matter for publication. Individual co-operation alone can make the journal a complete link between the various companies and also between those serving far afield.

A word of explanation may appear necessary on the subject of No. 3 Battalion Notable.

We do not feel justified in leaving him out of the series, or of deferring his insertion to some later date. Before we left Jullundur, we had agreed that he should form the subject for No. 3, and at that time he was actually preparing the matter for the article.

Everyone in the Battalion unites in offering to S. P. Chapman signals hearty congratulations on being awarded the coveted military medal for gallantry and devotion to duty during the recent operations in Waziristan. The matter will be dealt with more fully in the following number.

It is just a year ago, since the first number of the *Londoner* appeared. During that time it has been published from five different "stations," and probably a record in publishing was achieved by the fact that No. 6 appeared in the heart of Waziristan, at Ispahana Raghza Camp.

A Memorial Fund has been started at the initiation of the C. O. for the erection of some memorial in commemoration of our fallen comrades. It is too early yet to say what form it will take, but we may rest assured that it will be a credit to the regiment.



Fancy fighting a dirty bundle
of rags like that Bill!

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.)

FIRST BATTALION NOTES.

Cpl. Blunden after being transferred to S. L. I., is again A. I., and has been transferred to his old regiment, the Scottish Rifles. He left Burhan Camp for England on Sunday, 16th September.

R. E. Lines, who left the battalion at Burhan, has been appointed to a commission, and after being attached to the 66th Punjabis, stationed at LORALAI, Baluchistan, is now with the 38th Divl. Sig. Coy. at Kasauli.

Those who remember Cpl. O. K. Gurney, ("E" Coy.) will be pleased to hear that he is now enjoying civil life, being exempted from military service at a recent examination.

Cpl. Old, the motor cyclist, was on leave at Lowestoft not long ago, and looked up many old friends.

Capt. E. B. Barnett is with a Machine Gun Corps at Grantham.

All who knew him will be grieved to learn the sad news of "Freddie" Sheppard's death. He died of consumption at his home on Thursday, 2nd August. A member of the K. R. R. C. before war, he joined "A" Coy. at Ashford, and later became a motor cyclist. He received his discharge in August 1915, and everyone was sorry to lose one of the jolliest and most popular fellows in the Battalion.

We are indebted to Bugler Blesson for the following information:—"Amongst those left behind on the East Coast were Buglers Squires and Dixen. Squires is now a midshipman in the navy, and Dixen went out to France with the last draft, and I am told he was wounded, with other 1st Battalion men, some of whom have been mentioned in despatches."

Gunner P. Gaillard, writing from Campbellpur sends us some interesting news, as contained in this extract:—"The other half section who were left behind with you and who later left for Mhow, became the 223rd Coy. and are now the 260th M. G. Coy. Scarlett is a L.-Sgt.: Smith, W. H., is a full Corporal; Kearley, R. E., and Kilsby are unpaid L.-Cpls. At present they are at Dalhousie and are attached to the 16th Indian Division." The men at Campbellpur expected to leave for Pindi on 20th August, and to return to Campbellpur on 20th December. "Percy Thomson of the old Gun Section, who left us at Bangalore to go to Mesopotamia as dental mechanic is now at Mhow. He was invalided back after spending a year at Basra, and hopes to transfer to us. Perhaps you know more of him than we do as he expected to return to the 25th if he couldn't transfer to us . . . Will Kearley has just reached Blighty after a twelve weeks' journey."

Cpl. R. T. Sherwood (late of "C" Coy.) appears to be in for a little Blighty leave. He crossed the Channel in December 1916, and was wounded by a piece of shrapnel on May 3rd. He is quite satisfied with himself and says it was just the thing he had been looking for. He wishes to be remembered to all his chums of the good old Lowestoft days.

Capt. Pollard is employed on the Intelligence Staff of the War Office. He is still suffering from the effects of a difference of opinion with a Boche shell, which blew him and his motor cycle in several directions, mortally wounding the cycle and smashing his shoulder. His little volume on "Ypres" is in great demand among all who have ever been in the Salient, while his more recently published "Book of the Pistol" is regarded as the standard work on the subject. Capt. Pollard has probably one of the finest collections of ancient and modern pistols in the country.

Later, Capt. Pollard has been appointed in an advisory capacity to the National War Museum on the subject of "Pistols."

The following is an extract from a letter of an old member, writing from Attock:—"Two Motor Transports came through here yesterday and told us news of the 25th Londons. They said the regiment (or Division) was surrounded at Tank and that aeroplanes were dropping food down to them. Let's hope it's not true."

A superb example of an authentic rumour. The A. S. C. certainly have a better opinion of the Mahsud than we.

SECOND BATTALION NOTES.

Sapper W. Fairbrother (late "A" Coy.) writing from Deolali Hospital. He arrived there from Mesopotamia (Baghdad) August 28th after two doses of sand fly fever and one heat stoker. He wishes to be remembered to all old chums and Archie Holford, Convalescent Depôt, Bangalore.

G. H. Percival is again "on trek" with the 25th Royal Fusiliers in British East Africa. During February last he acted as "clerk" to the R. T. O. at Morogoro, and shortly afterwards spent about seven weeks at Wynberg (a suburb of Capetown) to recuperate. He then returned with his regiment to the "War area" only to "crock up" with a severe attack of fever in June, necessitating a return to the base.

Boys of old "H" Coy. will be sorry to hear that Percy Taylor was wounded near the left lung during another big push around Ypers. He is progressing favourably.

Champriss—transferred to the S. L. I. and now in the Controller of Military Accounts' Office, Poona—is Secretary and Treasurer of a Dramatic and Debating Society, which was organised by him, and has taken on splendidly. At a recent visit to the pictures he had the pleasure of seeing The Shack and Martello Tower of Pevensey Bay displayed on the sheet, in connection with the V. A. D.

Reference to our January number will shew that A. F. Gardiner was reported as missing since 9th October, 1916. We regret to state that his wife has now been officially told that it must be assumed he was killed in action on that date, as all investigation has proved futile. He enlisted on 29th August, 1914, and was transferred to the 1st Battalion soon after. After we left England he transferred to the 1/9th Londons, and went to France in a draft on August 29th, 1916.

Those of old "E" Coy. will be glad to learn that Stables, now a 2nd Lieut. in the Bedfords, spent a week at Middleton's Farm, Brancaster, last August. Things were looking much the same, and many enquiries were made regarding the "old boys." 2nd Lt. Stables was invalided from France some months ago with wounds. He is now at the Depôt, Felixstowe, awaiting orders.

Capt. Stoneham, writing from Saxmundham has apparently heard all about our recent "war," and the part we played. He hopes all his old boys came through safely, and is looking forward to a letter. Mr. Wildy has left for France and Mr. Burnett, now a Captain has had command of a company ever since he went out there, and may soon become Adjutant of his Battalion. Captain Simpson left the 2nd early in August, and now has a company at a command depôt in Manchester. Members of old "A" Coy. will be pleased to learn that Capt. Church is returning to the 2nd Battalion.

Andrews of old "B" Coy. is in the R. E. Signals in France, and wishes to be remembered to all his pals. Lanfestery, also of "B" is now in the R. F. C. in England, still a private.

Harry March, of "E" Coy. is working in a Munition Factory near London, but expects to be combed out soon. He gets home every night, so is quite satisfied, especially on pay day. His brother, Wallie March, A. S. C., has passed his Cadet course and is waiting for his commission in the M. T.

The last news of Lieut. Parkinson, late M. T. Officer of the 2nd, was from Salonika where he is on transport work.

The 2nd have had a little excitement, having witnessed the fight between Zeppelin L-48 and our planes, one Sunday morning in June. The Zeppelin was sighted in broad daylight and hung about for three-quarters of an hour. Then our planes got busy, and soon the Zeppelin came down, a mass of flames. The 2nd had to find the wreck and guard it, and put out two fires. It took nearly six weeks to clear up the wreckageThe Battalion is now learning a new drill on cavalry lines.....Lieut. Smith has been suffering from gastritis, but has now gone back to Grantham and hopes to get his third "pip" very soon, when he will again go overseas.....2nd Lt. Spielman is with a Works Coy. about 30 miles from the 2nd's Headquarters and goes over to see old friends now and again. Capt. Ransford is in the Flying Corps as an observer. C. S. M. Crowe has taken a commission in the A. S. C. All the drivers are now Corporals and distributed all over the place. Benstead is Sergt. Fitter.

Sub-Lieut. Ridler, R. N. V. R., who will be remembered as Color Sergeant of "E" Coy. in the South Coast days writes from Blandford,

Dorset, where he is recovering from wounds received in Gallipoli. He is fed up with hanging about in Blighty, and hopes soon to be transferred to the Hawke, but if this doesn't materialise, intends to take a course of gunnery at Whale Island, and then go on one of H. M. ships. He would very much have liked to go into action with "his old crush" and wishes to be remembered to them all.

Everyone in "E" Coy. will remember Willis, who left us with a commission. He went through a machine gun course at Grantham, and became M. G. Officer of the 189th Brigade, in France. His old friends will be grieved to hear that he was shelled under in April last (about the 20th) and died of wounds three days later. All spoke well of him, and he was generally recognised as a good officer.

Capt. King was recently home on leave from France where he is attached to a Corps Headquarters, his artistic talents being found more useful to the Empire than his cyclistic. He is said to have increased his fund of good stories that used to be the delight of the orderlies on night duty at Brighton and elsewhere.

Cyclist Stelling is limping about Whitehall with green tabs and a cap that fits him better than the one he used to wear in "E" Coy. His work, too, fits him better, but when you ask him what it is he says hush and looks mysterious.

Jerrold, who left us as long ago as early Putney days is a Captain or Admiral or something, or whatever it is they have in the R. N. D. He was Adjutant of his ship (or foesle or battalion) until he got a hit in the arm. He is now vegetating in a London Nursing Home.

Kenneth Hare recently almost published a book of poetry. He was schoolmastering in or about London, but he is now once again on the Active Service List, being O. C. Photographs at the National War Museum.

Hugh Lunn, unluckiest of all the old members of "E" Coy. is at a Kriegensge fangenenlager (is that how you spell it?) somewhere in Germany. He receives letters from his friends, but so far no letters have arrived from him.

Two 25th Officers appeared in the Casualty Lists recently. Both were attached to other Battalions of the London Regiment. One, 2nd Lieut. R. C. Wildsmith, was killed, the other Lieut. R. W. Phillips was wounded. This was

in the fighting in the Messines area, apparently.

Later. Capt. King has not returned to France. He has acquired a job at the Admiralty. That is the worst of these amphibious artists.

He used to draw ships in the "Sphere" you will remember.

SUFFOLK NOTES.

We regret to have to announce that Jack Mitchell of "E" Coy. who was reported as missing, is now officially reported killed.

A letter has been received from Sergt. Pender of "E" Coy. who, when home from France, paid a visit to Saxmundham, and tells of many changes at the old Headquarters. No old friends seem to be left except the R. S. M.—who is still "going strong"—and one or two Sergeants. Several sergeants have recently left for service in Africa. Civilian friends send their best wishes to all old members of the 1/6th now in India.

We are sorry to say that during the recent air raid on Felixstowe, many casualties were caused at the depôt camp, where many old comrades are stationed.

Late members will be pleased to hear that Minden Day was celebrated in the usual manner.

One of the boys has had the pleasure of seeing one or two 1/6th men at Bangalore, where they are stationed after service in France. Old members will be grieved to learn that many of the 1/6th have fallen in France.

THIRD LINE NOTES.

Sergt. Ireland was transferred to the 2/16th Londons, and holds the rank of Corporal.

We have heard from Sergt. Grove, late of "A" Coy. who is now stationed at Basra in the Military Accounts Department. He has had two doses of fever, but is fit again, and has some "fine times" with Tommy Goodchild. He wishes to be remembered to men of his old platoon, and particularly to those who left Feltham with him.

Those who were in old "B" Company at Feltham and Richmond will be sorry to hear that Sergt. Brabham has been killed in France.

Old members will regret to hear of the death of Pte. Weller, killed in France. Weller, it will be remembered, was in the Artificers' shop in the good old biking days.

Has anyone heard from Kite?—(Ed.)

On Friday afternoon, 5th October, we laid to rest the remains of Pte. George Sayers. Preceded by the firing party and the Duke of Wellington's Band, the coffin draped with the Union Jack, was borne by six of his comrades. On the top of the coffin was placed his helmet, belt and side-arm. Practically the whole of "A" Company including the Coy. Officers followed as mourners. Meeting the body at the mortuary, it was borne to the cemetery at the slow march, arms reversed and the Band playing "Regret."

At the grave side many of his comrades from other companies were present, as also the C. O. and the Adjutant. The Chaplain conducted a very impressive service. Full military honours were accorded in the firing of three volleys and the sounding of Last Post.

Two wreathes were sent from the Company, and flowers from Mrs. Milnes and Mrs. Forster of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

The late Pte. G. Sayers was 28 years of age, and enlisted in the 3/10th Londons (Hackney) on 28th July 1916. He was transferred to the 1/25th London Regiment on 5th March 1917. During the Waziristan campaign he acted as Mounted Hospital Orderly, in connection with the convoys between Jandola and Khirgi, and when he rejoined the Battalion at Gharial looked fit and well.

We tender our sympathies to his wife and family.

BATTALION NOTABLES.

No. 3.—PRIVATE H. H. GAYLER.

The late Herbert Henry Gayler, whose passing as a result of wounds received in action at Kundiwan is regretted by so many of us, furnished one of the most striking examples of what thoroughness in training and "the will to succeed" can do towards the attainment of athletic success.

Possessing very few of the physical attributes of a champion save "a great big heart," by persistent training and sheer determination to excel, Gayler climbed steadily up the ladder of cycling fame until in 1913 he was hailed as the greatest road rider of the day.

In 1906 as a member of the Kensal Rise Cycling Club, he was first induced to try his

hand at speed-work, and on a heavy roadster machine he clocked 2 hours 39 minutes for 50 miles. Thenceforward he never looked back but year by year showed steady improvement.

His times in the Bath Road "100" (the Blue Riband of the Road) are typical.

In 1907 he did 5 hrs. 55 mins. 45 secs., in 1908 5 hrs. 33 mins. 42 secs., in 1909, 5 hrs. 30 mins. 30 secs., 1910 5 hrs. 23 mins. 59 secs., 1911 5 hrs. 13 mins. 27 secs., until in the 1912 event he achieved the coveted 5 hours, his exact time being 5 hrs. 0 min. 44 secs. incidentally beating the redoubtable Midlander, Charles Moss.

He represented England at the 1912 Olympic Games at Stockholm, but in the 200 mile race round Lake Malar he had the misfortune to break a front fork, what time an American Competitor rode over his neck. Nevertheless Gayler finished 31st in the final placings.

The next year saw the accomplishment of his two finest performances. He opened the season by a smashing record over the "Anfield 100" course on a wet and dismal day, and finishing 26 minutes ahead of the next competitor, an almost unprecedented performance, from an entry list of 100 of the best men in England and Scotland. Later in the same year, in the Polytechnic C. C. 12 hours event, he ran out with a score of 223½ miles, which stands as Amateur World's Record in an unpaced "12."

In 1914 he beat 5 hours for a "100" three times and was the first man to gain the Gold Proficiency Badge put up by the National Cyclists Union in view of the then-forthcoming 1916 Olympiad in Berlin.

In all, Gayler rode in 87 races, including 26 "hundreds," 33 "fifties," two "two-hundreds," five 12-hours and two 24-hours events.

In addition to his athletic achievements *mens sana in corpore sano* might truly be said of Gayler. A well read and particularly well informed man, to tour with him was a liberal education. For some years he was Honorary Secretary of the Polytechnic C. C. and at the time of his death was Joint Editor of the "Londoner."

He died, as he lived, a pukka "whiteman," and not only the Regiment but the sporting world generally, mourns the loss of a great athlete and a thorough sportsman.

Battalion Notables.



No. 3.

The Late Pte. H. H. Gayler.

WHO IS TO BLAME.

Time after time we have drawn attention in these columns to the importance of every military undertaking having a capable and energetic press-agent attached to the staff, and never has the deficiency been more pronounced than in the recent Southern Waziristan Expedition. A campaign of colossal proportions, of far-reaching importance, and devastating in its progress, starts and finishes, and a few lines in two or three journals is all that reaches the great public. It is wrong! Here is a vast war machine replete with every modern device that science has produced ("Wrigley's" and "Fly swotters" were included in its equipment) set in motion without a suggestion of public recognition. When it is remembered what press-agents have accomplished in such minor campaigns as those still malingering in France and Mesopotamia the deficiency is more remarkable. With a really fine pressman on the staff much might have been done. As it is much has been left undone. For example, no chance has been given to dear old ladies to send out woollen comforts nor in any part of London is there to be found an office of a "Fund for supplying warm waistcoats for warriors in Waziristan." Missing is the article by Hillaire Belloc written a year before the campaign in which he not only prophesied the expedition but curiously enough gave maps showing the line of operations. The opportunity has been denied Mr. Pemberton Billing to ask, in the House: "Why in the recent air raid on——was a 'Yost' machine used when it is generally admitted that the best aeroplanes for tropical use are 'His master's voice.'?"

Even the "Daily Mirror" has been neglected for pictures of soldiers struggling up precipitous hills, entitled "Tommy enjoys a little mountaineering," have not appeared. Neither has "John Bull" been able to hurl "The Waziristan Wangle, who has blundered"? At its readers, so far as we know, the "Hyde Park Parliament" has not used its orange boxes to explain to its ever-questioning audience why the campaign should never have been started. Trafalgar Square has remained unaffected, and the Albert Hall has been entirely voiceless.

No history of the expedition in 24 fort-

nightly parts at 7d. net each part (order your copy now to avoid disappointment) has emanated from Harmsworth. "The Murderous Mahsud," a stirring, topical Frontier drama in 18 parts has failed to appear on the screen and even the revue comedian has been pathetically dumb.

But we could cover pages enumerating institutions which have been kept in ignorance of this latest chapter in the Empire's history. That such a state of affairs exists calls for rigorous investigation, and we can only hope that the responsible authorities will take immediate steps to adjust what is unquestionably a grave scandal.

Even as we sign this a plaintive voice outside is saying "Why have we not had a flag day."

A. G.

HOSPITAL LINKS.

The medical authorities determined that the shortcomings of Mespots should not be re-enacted in Our Affair, and everything from the attentions of the Regimental sick-bay right through to the Base Hospital at Rawalpindi, was done that could be arranged to alleviate the sufferings of the sick. The M. O. (Captain Dawson, D.S.O.) and the sick-bay staff were kept very busy indeed, and everyone appreciated their cheery readiness to oblige in case of minor accidents.

From the sick-bay the patient, if he persisted in maintaining a high temperature, was sent to the Divisional Field Hospital. This was a travelling affair and followed the troops up the line. Being at the furthestmost point as it were one could not expect electric lights and fans to be provided. Most of us found the treatment and attendance there admirable. After a few days' stay if little improvement was shown, one was marked for the next convoy down the line. Most agree that travelling by camel down the rough river course was anything but pleasant. An arrangement looking very much like a wooden garden seat, called *kajawah*, was hung on either side of the camel, and the patient either sat or laid down, according to the state of his health. A light head covering or awning was provided.

In making for the Base Hospital the first large station passed was

JANDOLA.

"I was invalided down the line and on reaching Jandola was much surprized to see what a fine hospital had sprung up since we had left. In place of the 140lb. tents, there were commodious E. P. tents expected. Each of these tents had a superstructure of thick strand thatch, which protected the tent from the sun, and kept the interior as cool as an ice safe. Then instead of lying on the ground, or in a stretcher, each inmate was provided with a spring bed and also a suit of pyjamas. The floor of the tent was concreted, and over each bed was a huge circular mosquito net, which by the way bore the trade mark of Waring and Gillows. After the rough and tumble up top, the very sight of the place, with the fellows clean and refreshed was enough to take 50 per cent. of the pain away."

KIRTY.

When able to stand the journey travelled on via Khirgi to

TANK.

"Tank War Hospital could hardly be described as 'a thing of beauty and a joy for ever' but it was a welcome haven after a weary camel ride of five days from Raghza Tangi. The camel has well been called the 'Ship of the Desert.' With its aid one may experience the pleasant sensations of *mal-de-mer* even in Waziristan.

Tank Hospital consisted of a couple of *mutti* bungalows. It was comparatively well furnished with new spring beds, and there were punkahs and a few electric fans to make the sultry atmosphere bearable. Our diet consisted of milk and a little thin soup. A light diet—but meatless days were a welcome change from bully and biscuits. Iced sodas were something of a compensation for the frequent doses of quinine. The secretary of the new Y. M. C. A. branch was an energetic and welcome visitor. He provided us with stationery, filled our foun-

tain pens for us, and did his best to make us feel comfortable. The orderlies, too, showed how active one could be even at 120° in the shade.

The hospital was not devoid of amusements, a favourite game was 'Hunt the Kit.' This game is more strenuous and more lengthy than the ancient sport of 'Hunt the Thimble.' You are told by the orderly that your kit has come by a different route but may be obtained from the Stores. You go across to the Stores and the Storesman jerks his head towards a pile of kits in the corner. Then the hunt begins in earnest. It is not advisable to carry on after your temperature has reached, say, 115°, but you may continue next day. The game will probably be unfinished when you leave the hospital, but some months later you may hear of a Board of Inquiry being appointed to adjudicate.

Another good game was 'Help your neighbour Out-of-doors.' We had to sleep in the open as the bungalows were too hot. Having carried our beds outside we got into them and carefully covered ourselves up as a protection against the inevitable sandstorms. Next morning good exercise was provided in digging ourselves out.

Tank is not in favour among the troops as a resort and we were not sorry when the Ambulance Train took us off *en route* for Pindi."

W. R. F.

From Tank one was passed on to

DERA ISMAIL KHAN.

"Cheer oh, boys, here come some of the men out of 'dock'. I bet they have had a cushy time, lets go and have a *dekho* (look) at old Bob, he might have something interesting to tell us. Hello Bob! how's things? Oh! middling old man, nothing to write home about. Where have you been? D. I. K. Hospital worse luck, when I left you at Manzal I thought I had said goodbye to bully and biscuits. But no, we had to face it again. There, they tried a new dish consisting of Cabin biscuits broken up fine and served with Sinica marmalade, and also bully beef in stew form; sometimes we saw fresh beef, which made a welcome change.

Did you ever get anything for tea? Well, we were sometimes told there was going to be an issue of two eggs for tea, but when the native cook came up at tea time, he usually told the sad tale about "kooch nay" eggs, but after a little persuasion we might get one. Quinine was plentiful, and was usually dished out somewhere near meal times. I left D. I. K. Hospital to go to Pindi, well you talk about a life on the ocean wave, our journey between these two places was ten times worse, being pushed in flat bottom boots, across mud, and water which was very seldom less than a foot to two feet deep is no pleasure, especially as it takes something like eight hours, and then when you reach the hospital train you have bully beef issued with vinegar.

Oh! well so long boys, I can't stop I am going to see "Quarters" about my credit, I know I've got some hope, but I'll chance it.

Yours
Burlington B."

From D. I. K. one was shunted on to

RAWALPINDI.

18TH BRITISH GENERAL HOSPITAL.

"It was not until the close of the campaign that I 'went out,' and had to be put in the hospital train at Mari Indus instead of carrying on to Jullundur. However once arrived at the 18th British General Hospital at Pindi, all regrets were soon forgotten in the tender care that was so lavishly bestowed by the whole staff. Everything was done for the comfort and well-being of the patients. All hospital trains were met by fast, easy-running, Red Cross motor ambulance cars. The wards of the hospital were well lighted by electricity, and kept cool by the use of many electric fans. The food was especially good, and plentiful. Not since leaving home, I think, has food been so well prepared. Comforts were fairly freely distributed."

After such a "course" of Hospitals on becoming fit one was sent to a Convalescent Depôt to recuperate. For our Battalion the Depôts were situated at Dagshai and Upper Topa.

DAGSHAI.

Dagshai in the Simla Hills, provided accommodation for two or three hundred convalescents from the W. F. F. It is about 6,000 feet above sea level and commands fine views of Kasauli and the neighbouring hills and also across the distant plains. Simla, about 40 miles distant by road, is hidden by a high ridge opposite Dagshai. On clear days snow-capped hills can be seen to the North-West but they seem far more distant than those visible from Gharial. Like many other hill stations Dagshai suffered from an abnormal rainfall this year but there was some compensation in the fine cloud effects and gorgeous sunsets.

On the Railway journey from Pindi to Dharampur our batch of convalescents must have presented a rather unusual spectacle. We had only our service clothes with us—somewhat travel-stained shirts and shorts, ragged puttees, the remains of a pair of boots—*bus!* Certainly the occupants of the restaurant car on the Bombay Mail seemed rather surprised at our appearance amongst them.

The convalescent section at Dagshai was mostly housed in "double-deckers." The accommodation was good and there were some first-rate soldiers' institutes in the neighbourhood so our life was a pleasant contrast to that of the previous few months. The process of getting fit did not go on quite uninterruptedly. One morning, for instance, breakfast was served up *hot* and the consequent nervous shock was too much for some of the convalescents. On another occasion some of the men got their pay three weeks in succession and again the shock was too much for them. But these were mere incidents in a life the general course of which was smooth and uneventful.

W. R. F.

UPPER TOPA.

After being one of the many inmates of Tank, Pindi and Gharial War Hospitals Topa Convalescent Depôt was much appreciated.

Topa is one of the highest points in the Murree Hills, comprising the camps of the wireless, R. G. A., R. F. A., and Signal section of the R. E.'s and is also the holiday or leave camp of the Punjab military stations. As a convalescent camp it is most excellently situated,

its one drawback being its over large share in heavy rain storms. (At least it was so during my stay there.) The duties were light and the parades were chiefly of the "dog and stick" order. The officers and staff were most attentive and paid great attention to the comfort of the men, most of whom belonged to the Queens, Sussex, Kents and Londons. The food, in consequence of the extra grant was fairly good.

The residents of Murree were generous with their invitations, and we spent many happy days through their kindness. Amongst others Mrs. White and Col. Popham Young very frequently entertained us and the Chaplain and his wife will be long remembered for their kindly hospitality.

Kit was none too plentiful (or cash either) when we first arrived, and I think our Provost Sergt. would have had to be a Sherlock Holmes to discover what Regiment we really belonged to; for if any were invited out to Murree it was a case of getting fixed up in borrowed plumes and hence the cap-badge and tunic did not always agree. However that was all remedied before leaving, as everyone was fitted out with kit.

Altogether then my stay at Topa Depôt was most pleasant.

OUR WAR.

If you want to know all about the war,—
The awful war I'll say no more,
Just purchase my book and now's your chance,
And you'll see how we made our great advance.

We started off with our bundles so gay
But had to walk I am sorry to say
The week end excursion was cancelled you see
From Tank to that seaside resort Khirgi.

We marched all the night till early morn
O'er stoney roads and fields of corn
We arrived at a place they called Zam Post
Where the Gurkhas were preparing some
"Mahsud Roast."

I hope we go back before very long
We get lime-juice to keep us from getting too
strong

We sleep with our rifles so snugly curled
And you read funny things in the "news of
the world."

This war is all wrong it seems to me
I shall have to remind the G. O. C.
Of Lord Nelson's last words if we want to
stick it
My boy "It will never get well if you *pick it*."
At the prize distribution over the way
I took lots of prizes and felt so gay
But the General soon got on my track
He caught me and made me put them all back.

WEGGIE,
Manzal Camp.

A BRIEF STORY ABOUT MAHSUDS.

Waziristan is a country of hills within which, at intervals, lie remarkable plateaux or stoney plains, for instance *Manzal*. These hills are bare as a rule though the higher mountains are covered with conifers of different kinds. A short visit to Waziristan in the cold weather is likely to produce a false impression on a healthy person who has a good appetite, for in the robustness of his health he leaves the country with rosy cheeks and tells people who have not seen the locality that there is no place like Waziristan! In the hot weather some of the lower parts of Waziristan are not unlike the infernal regions and it was said by someone the other day, that the spirits of the evil are only sent to Waziristan. The Shahur Valley is almost a paradise compared with the Gomal Valley and this is the reason why all the members of the South Waziristan Field Force from the General down to the last joined Londoner never got depressed in spite of the heat and the muddy water which some of the men as they marched along, lapped up in June as if it were good wine. In spite of all this the British Soldier climbed difficult hills with heavy boots to the astonishment of the Mahsud whose query was "How can he do it?"—the Mahsud foot gear consists of shoes made of dwarf palm and two pairs can be had for one anna. It is however stated that Mahsud knives were very much more expensive and "Tommy" paid so lavishly for them that some Mahsuds reaped a harvest in lieu of the other harvest. The Mahsud of course only parted with his knife after he had got an inkling that there was to be no war to the knife. The Mahsud is a Wazir: it is

incorrect to speak or write of a Wazir as a "Waziri." Should anyone do this, official notice might be taken of so gross an ignorance of philology—all the same some people irreverently speak of the Mahsud as "the Wazaroo" as he is a bad man. There are two kinds of Wazirs, *viz.*, the Darwesh Khel and the Mahsud and they are said to be cousins. The Darwesh Khel is the rich relation so he will not own the Mahsud as a cousin and he tells the following story about the origin of the Mahsud:—

"Once upon a time there was a king in India and he wanted to marry some Afghan girls, so he despatched his minister to that country of 'men and stones' (this is how the late Amir Abdur Rahman Khan described Afghanistan) to fetch him some beauties on payment. Even now on this Frontier a wife can be bought for from Rs. 300 to Rs. 800. Twenty years ago prices ranged lower and the increase might be due to war-profiteering. Well, in time back came the emissary with a certain number of damsels (history does not say how many) and presented them to the king who was well pleased with their appearances, but on entering the *harem* he found that they were enceinte. Horrified, the amiable Monarch sent for the Wazir, which means a minister, but not necessarily the Prime Minister, and forthwith deported him with the girls to the land which then had some other name. In time the little Wazirs were born and they played with bears which lived on the acorns of the country and they increased and multiplied to such an extent that after killing off the bears they settled in the country which they called Waziristan after their reputed ancestor, the Wazir, who was undoubtedly a clever man and passed on his cleverness to his progeny who were clever enough not to tackle the South Waziristan Field Force for whom they showed considerable respect, in spite of the great notoriety they had earned as ambuscadors: of unsuspecting picquets in the Gomal."

This story will not be complete without the statement that the Powindahs, a nomad Afghan race, used to come into India through Mahsud land only about a hundred and fifty years ago. As the Mahsuds increased they forged weapons out of the iron which is found in Mahsud land and they fell on the Powindahs who abandoned their route through Mahsud country and adopted the more remote Gomal line. The Mahsuds took

to plundering the unfortunate Powindahs even in the Gomal which was a kind of "no man's land." So bitter was the hatred between the Mahsuds and the Powindahs that the latter whenever they caught a Mahsud alive, buried him in the ground up to his shoulders and then tilted on horse-back at the exposed head of the living Mahsud till it was knocked out of all recognition.

About twenty-eight years ago the British Government decided to open up the pass and gave a subsidy to the Mahsuds in order to induce them to give up their habits of plundering. Query—What is a spikey what not?

WAZAROO.

UP AGAINST THE MAHSUDS.

THOSE of us who took part in the projected Divisional Manceuvres from Burhan Camp, which terminated so very unexpectedly in the withdrawal of a Brigade to proceed on service to Tank and the return of the remainder of the Division to standing camp, can hardly have anticipated that we ourselves would be drawn into the vortex of war which was then showing its first ripples. The operations which took place then and which had, for their immediate cause, the deaths of Major Hughes of the S. Waziristan Militia and a number of his men were carried to what was thought to be a satisfactory conclusion and the troops concerned were in process of dispersion, when the tribesmen again mustered in force, and, with greater boldness and determination than they had ever previously shown, started once more their accustomed tactics of intercepting and seizing convoys and attacking small parties of troops. Accordingly it was decided to organize an expedition on a large scale against the offending tribes and to inflict upon them such loss and punishment as would teach them a definite lesson to last for years to come.

The Battalion was mobilized at Jullundur on May 23rd and proceeded by rail to Tank, which was reached, after divers minor adventures and experiences, on the 26th. The fortnight which was spent here will not be remembered with any particular pleasure by officers or men, for intense heat and frequent dust storms rendered life under canvas somewhat of an ordeal. We learned that we were at first destined for the Line of Communications, but subsequently, owing to an

outbreak of sickness in another British battalion, the news came round that we were to take their place as part of the "striking force." It need hardly be said that this information was hailed with delight by all of us and the utmost keenness was shewn.

On the evening of June 6 active preparations for the march were commenced. Baggage was stacked, ammunition checked and piled, and later camels were struggling and groaning on all sides, while mules, kicking and churning up clouds of dust, helped to make the pandemonium worse than ever. By 1 a.m. however, on the 7th the column was on the road. On reaching the road junction E. of Zam Post some delay occurred, owing to a difference of opinion with the guide, but ultimately the O. C. Column decided to follow the road past the fort at Zam, and we accordingly turned off in that direction. It was just at this stage that musketry fire was heard about a mile ahead, scattered at first, but later rapid and brisk. Our advanced guard pressed on past the fort and arrived on the ground just in time to see the finish of the fight and the enemy in considerable numbers retiring rapidly before our advance. Owing to the necessity of carefully securing the high ground on either side of our route, the column was obliged to halt for a considerable time on the very scene of the fight, and a most unpleasant experience it was. A party of Gurkha piqueting troops had been ambushed and in the first few moments of surprise their losses were heavy. The dead, poor fellows, lay about in ghastly altitudes while the wounded were being led or carried to the rear for attention. By the time the march was resumed the sun was high in the sky and our destination for the day, Khirgi, was not reached until noon. The road, for the later portion of the march, was merely a track, marked out in the bed of the river and composed of rough stones and boulders. Moreover, the flowing water winding from side to side of the broad bed had to be crossed at almost every few hundred yards at a depth of two to three feet. It can scarcely be wondered at, then, that after the preparations for camp were complete, baggage unloaded, tents erected, and the thousand and one fatiguing duties usual on such occasions over, there was scarcely a man among us who was not physically dead beat. Many, indeed, were

in worse case and became unconscious, and in one instance a Warrant Officer who fell senseless on some stones and was believed by his comrades to be merely resting, was found afterwards to have suffered the severest burns on his body as the result of contact with the hot stones.

However, our programme provided for no rest at Khirgi so on the following morning we moved on up the river bed to Jandola—fortunately a short march. Here we were to stay for a few days while the rest of the force assembled. On the 12th June, a reconnaissance in force was decided on and the two Brigades composing the striking force moved out across the river to the north and then advanced to and occupied the chain of hills overlooking the Takki Zam River. The advance was unopposed, but on returning towards camp the enemy appeared in numbers on the ridge which had been vacated and opened a brisk fire, with which they followed us up, right into camp. Our casualties in the Londons on this day were two wounded only.

After a couple more days spent in preparing the route as far as possible, we left Jandola on June 15th and marched to Haidari Kach, having to pass through the formidable Shahur Tangi, a narrow gorge whose sides rise to many hundreds of feet, but through which there is only room in places for one laden pack animal to pass at a time. As the Londons furnished the escort to baggage and the rear guard, it was a long and weary day's work. Although parties of the enemy were reported by the piquets, the advance was unopposed.

Haidari Kach is a picturesque camp situated on a plateau above the river and is far cooler than Jandola. Here we were right in the enemy's country and the utmost precautions had, of course, to be taken, the camp being surrounded by a high stone wall or "perimeter wall" behind which a sufficient number of fully armed and equipped men had to sleep at night while sentries, in pairs, were posted every 20 or 30 yards. Three days were spent here and on each day parties were sent out to destroy and burn neighbouring villages and crops, while others marked out and prepared, as far as possible, our route for the next advance. We had a taste of both these duties, but were not molested by the enemy.



A NOVEL KIT DISPLAY.



DRYING KIT ON THE PLATFORM.

FLOOD
SCENES.



TANK
AUG. 14TH '17.

C. O. AT TANK—NOT MARGATE.



LOOKING FOR A LOST PUTTEE!



CAPT. WILDY FISHING FOR KIT.

On the 19th June, the whole force moved from Haidari Katch to Barwand and this time the Mahsuds determined to stop us if they could. We were at first in the main body and therefore came in for none of the actual fighting *en route*, our experiences being confined to a spent bullet or two whistling overhead. On reaching the spot selected for the site of the camp however we were directed to furnish one or two piquets and these parties had to fight to secure their allotted positions. We had one man wounded only. This night however was not to be one of rest. The enemy harassed us during the construction of the camp and seized every chance to snipe us during the night. Our situation, however, was happy compared with that of the piquets, one of which in particular, furnished by a Sikh Battalion and consisting of an Indian Officer and 27 men was occupying a lofty ridge directly in front of that section of the perimeter allotted to our Battalion. This unhappy piquet was attacked by strong parties of Mahsuds during the whole of the night and was under a heavy fire at close range. It is impossible in frontier warfare to send out reinforcements at night, but everything was done that was possible to assist them. Searchlights were directed upon the adjoining ridges and heights, while at intervals shells from the mountain guns were to be seen bursting over any spots where the enemy had been observed. The party defended themselves manfully with bullet and bomb until daylight and when they were relieved it was found that they had suffered severely having had 4 killed and 11 wounded.

The next day, the 20th, was again a day of brisk fighting. The force moved from Barwand to a more suitable camping ground at Ispana Raghza, a distance of only 3 miles. The whole movement however was hotly opposed and as the Londons were, on this occasion part of the advanced guard, we were under fire most of the day. The enemy was evidently in considerable numbers and occupied the plateau upon which it was intended we should camp, as well as the high ground beyond. However a steady advance, assisted by artillery and machine gun fire drove him off the plateau and shortly afterwards we gained a footing on the lower hills beyond, where we were destined

to remain, under desultory fire, pending the completion of the camp defences. Our losses on this day were more serious: one N. C. O. (L./Cpl. Stone) killed and 4 wounded.

The following morning, June 21st, we received orders to occupy heights to the south of the camp and cover the destruction of a village by other troops. This movement was opposed by the enemy, and half of "B" Company under Captain Paget was subjected to a very hot fire in the course of which one man (Burtenshaw) was killed, and Captain Paget himself and several others wounded. Eventually "C" Company was despatched to support and by means of concentrated rifle and machine gun fire the enemy were driven off and the heights secured without further loss. During these operations detachment of Nepalese on our left were actually charged by the hillmen and their position, for a time was very precarious. On this day, also, the other Brigade inflicted a severe punishment on the enemy occupying the heights on the opposite side of camp, to the north. That night the camp was attacked by rifle fire, but the attack was not pushed home. The scene was nevertheless most thrilling, as the whole face of the perimeter opposed to the enemy was lit up by the flashes of the rifles and the hiss of bullets overhead was heard in all directions.

On the 23rd June, leaving a force behind to hold the camp, the remainder of the two Brigades moved out with the lightest baggage possible to Narai Raghza at the entrance to the Khaisara valley. The enemy, in spite of the punishment he had just received, offered considerable resistance, but in spite of this the movement was carried out. A piquet of "B" Company which occupied a ridge about 800 yards from camp was subjected to very severe sniping and although support was sent to them it was found necessary to occupy other high ground in the vicinity before their position was properly tenable. Even then they were under fire for practically the whole time they were there and they sustained considerable loss. It was for his gallant conduct in bringing in a wounded comrade from this piquet under fire that Pte. Chapman was awarded the Military Medal.

The 24th June was occupied in a punitive operation up the Khaisara valley in which, however, the Londons did not take part, and on the 25th the force returned to Ispana Raghza with a little rearguard skirmishing only.

Shortly after our return we heard that Mahsud emissaries had come in asking peace terms and eventually an armistice was agreed upon to enable these to be formulated. The force then moved 3 miles up the valley to Boji Khel, a more pleasant and suitable camp than Ispana Raghza. Here, after some delay a jirgah or council of Mahsud leaders assembled and accepted the peace terms dictated by the G. O. C., one condition being the immediate delivery of certain stolen Government rifles. These were forthcoming after one or two postponements and on the 12th July we returned along our route and went into camp at Manzal where we remained until the disbanding of the force. The story of these latter days would prove monotonous enough were it to be set out in detail, for it was simply a round of piqueting and escorting of convoys, varied only with the ordinary routine of camp and the advent of an occasional sniper. The memory of days such as these may dim to some extent the recollections of the more stirring moments preceding them, but it will be many a year before the incidents which took place while we were with the Waziristan Field Force are effaced from our minds.

24-9-17.

LAMBDA.

ATHLETICS.

Jullundur.

Three long months, with but little opportunity for athletics (*i.e.* in Waziristan) have passed since last any record of the Battalion's sports doings was written, and it is somewhat difficult to give a comprehensive account to cover such a long period, especially as it includes sports under such diverse conditions as existed in S. Waziristan—at its worst, and Gharial—at its best.

True to its reputation, the 25th quickly got to work at the earliest opportunity at Manzal, where several hockey and football games were played and again on its arrival at Gharial.

Though largely hampered at the hill station by the lack of playing fields—only one football and one hockey pitch being available for the use of all the troops in the near neighbourhood, the fullest advantage was taken of the grounds, with the result that practically no single

evening was without its game, either inter-company or inter-battalion.

The results, considering that our teams had been playing on sandy and hard grounds for eighteen months and were then suddenly "switched" on to grass pitches, must be considered really good as far as football is concerned, but the various hockey "elevens" were "up against stiff propositions" in nearly every instance, though there again the players felt the effect of the change of playing surface to a very large degree.

As on previous occasions, great diversity of opinion has been shown with reference to the best representative Battalion football team, and certainly there are several positions which are very difficult to fill satisfactorily, particularly in the forward line, which always seems to lack driving power. The defence does not now present the same difficulty as the only doubtful position—left half—has been filled very satisfactorily by Sgt. Duthoit, who certainly has been showing even better form in that position than in his old place at back; while "Derby" Hall at centre half, has almost made us forget what a brilliant player we have lost in L.-Cpl. Goodchild, now in Mesopotamia.

Unfortunately, however, we have just lost one of our best forwards in Miller of "C" Coy. who has left us for Simla. He will long be remembered for his clever head work which has produced so many goals for the Battalion.

The Hockey team has been exceptionally unfortunate, as not only has it been without Capt. Paget but several other players have been temporarily placed *hors de combat* by sickness, and now Engerran will be away for 3 months at Kasauli on a signalling course.

Cricket had to be practically left alone at Gharial, owing to the scarcity of space, though one match was played soon after the Battalion arrived, while the only sports meeting arranged within reasonable (?) distance—at Ghara Kali—had to be abandoned owing to the bad weather.

News of Corpl. Treble's success at Bombay comes to hand at the last moment. I am sure all the Battalion will join with me in congratulating him in thus winning the mile championship (open to all India) at Bombay at the recent meeting. Our congratulations must also go to Warren on finishing second in the 2 miles cycle race.

FOOTBALL.

Londons versus Duke of Wellington's Own.

A good win for the "Londoners" by 2 goals to 0. The first half was very even, but the London elevens somewhat ran the "Dukes" of their feet in the second half. *Result!* Londons 2, D. of W. O.

Londons versus 2/4th Border Regiment.

Played October 12th at Gharial. *Result:* Londons 1, Borders 0.

A very lucky win, as the Borders were distinctly the better team—the 25th were saved by their defence, for whom Whistock and Hall both played very fine games.

Londons versus 2/6th Royal Sussex—Oct. 4th

The visit of our old friends the Sussex produced the best game seen for some months, a goalless draw being a very fair result.

The visitors won the toss and defending the Topa goal, quickly made a sustained attack on the London Goal which, however, was finally cleared. The play during the remainder of the first half was of a very even character. During the 2nd half the home forwards improved considerably, and were unlucky in not scoring, Smith, particularly very nearly netting from a free kick after a foul on Miller.

Neither side was able to make much impression on the opposing defence and the game finished with the above result, after which the teams adjourned to tea, kindly provided by Lt.-Col. Hynes.

Londons 0, versus 2/6 Sussex 3.

With a fine team the Sussex defeated the Londons at Murree with considerable ease.

At the outset the visitors had quite a fair share of the play, though they were always less dangerous in front of goal than the Sussex who as the game progressed asserted their superiority more and more.

Injuries to Hall and Davis of the Londons seriously handicapped the defence and the Sussex finished up comfortably winners as stated above.

1/25th Londons versus Duke of Wellington's Own.

The return match between these two teams, produced a good and exciting game though somewhat spoilt by too much whistle, the London team, though in my opinion the better eleven, having to be content with a draw of one goal each.

Team Goal.—Davis ("D" Coy.)

Backs.—L./Cpl. Whistock ("D" Coy.), Clayton ("C" Coy.).

Halves.—Berns ("D" Coy.), Hall (Capt.) ("C" Coy.), Sgt. Duthoit ("D" Coy.),

Forwards.—A. Little ("B" Coy.), Turner ("B" Coy.), Phillips ("D" Coy.), Miller ("C" Coy.), Mesley L./Cpl. ("D" Coy.),

Other Results—

N.C.O's. (Londons)	(1) v. N.C.O's. D. of W.	(2)
Sergts. Londons	(0) v. Sergts. Borders	(5)
Sergts. "	(0) v. " D. of W.	(4)
"B" Coy.	(0) v. A.I.F.	(0)
"D" Coy. "	(3) v. A.I.F.	(0)
"C" Coy. "	(6) v. "C" Coy. Sussex	(1)
Corporals "	(1) v. Corporals "	(1)
5 Platoon "	(0) v. 8 Platoon Sussex	(0)
Corporals "	(0) v. Corporals Sussex	(4)
7 Platoon Londons	(0) v. 7 Platoon Sussex	(2)
6 " "	(4) v. 6 " "	(2)
"A" Coy. Sussex	(2) v. "B" Coy. Londons	(0)

A platoon knock out competition was organised during the last few weeks at Gharial and was extremely successful, some of the games being the best witnessed during our stay in India. I refer particularly to those between Nos. 8 and 5 (1st round) and 8 and 14 (2nd round), while the final, between 14 and 12 produced one of the cleanest and fastest games seen for many a day. There was absolutely nothing between the two teams, indeed 12 were certainly lucky in pulling off the game, though, considering that they were handicapped in having Clayton hurt just before the final they are to be heartily congratulated on the result.

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