



THE LONDONER

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FEB.—APRIL 1918.

[Price Annas 3.



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THE LONDONER.

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

No. 4—Vol. II.]

FEBRUARY—APRIL 1918.

[Price Annas 3.

ROUND AND ABOUT.

Training. From the Army standpoint the winter months are precious, and little time has been wasted so far as the Londons are concerned. Arriving at Jullundur on the evening of the 4th December the next two days were spent in settling down and cleaning up quarters. On the 7th the Battalion was inspected by Brig-Genl. E. C. Peebles, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and on the 10th "A" and "B" Companies commenced a period of company training. From 7 a. m. till 3 p.m. we were kept hard at work, with, of course, breaks for breakfast and dinner. Each day a certain time was set apart for specializing in bayonet work and signalling, the remainder of the time being devoted to field tactics. On 3rd January "C" and "D" Companies began their period, whilst "A" and "B" spent many hours in the neighbourhood of King's Trench, Jullundur Street and Norfolk Street. Never, we believe, has the Battalion enjoyed such a period of trench digging.

On Sunday, 27th January, "A" and "B" Companies marched out to the Field Firing Camp East of the Beyn River. An advance party had gone out some days previously, and, when we arrived, we were gladly surprized on finding such a pucca camp awaiting us. Everything was arranged as in a well ordered camp that had been standing for several months. The canteen arrangements, too, were excellent. "A" and "B" Companies spent three days carrying out various practices and returned to Barracks on the afternoon of 30th January, passing "C" and "D" Companies on their way out to fire their course.

On February 4th we began to taste the joys of Battalion Training. This lasted until March 14th with a slight break about February 12th whilst the Battalion was inoculated against plague. A new feature was introduced, so far as we are concerned, in the matter of a three mile cross-country run. Then the stunts which took place to the south of the barracks, over the sandy kutcha road, were rather trying, although the fine dust that arose in dense clouds may have been of a richer more fruity quality than Burhan. Granted that the training was not so severe as that at Burhan last winter, still we believe that the Battalion is fit again and ready for trouble when wanted. On March 12th, réveille was at 5 a.m. and the Battalion moved off at 6-30 a.m. to undergo Kitchener's Tests, returning to barracks on the 14th at 1 a.m. The first day's work consisted of the usual route march, followed by an attack upon our old friend Vimy Ridge at the Field Firing range. About 4 p.m. dinner was served, and at 7 p.m. a night outpost scheme was carried out. Those remaining in camp froze as warmly as possible under a blanket and great coat. Next morning a retirement action was fought; during the afternoon the troops rested. At 7-30 p.m. a night march was carried out across the very broken country north-east of the camp. The nullah appears to have held up the Heads.

Thursday, 7th February, was **Our Marathons.** a day of much heart-searching. Battalion orders had announced a "strong as possible" parade for

4 p.m. for a cross-country run. The carrot held out was exemption from physical drill for one week for the platoon scoring the lowest number of points. At 4 p.m. the Battalion was formed up in close mass on the large open space south of the Orderly Room, dressed in various rigs. On the signal to "go": there was some confusion until the first flag was reached some 800 yards away. The next flag was about 1,000 yards away across stubble fields, and then on across some ploughed sand, which broke the heart (and running) of many a man. Then a firm level stretch led to the flag-pole on the Brigade parade ground, and a fairly firm road thence to the finish. Total distance, about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

1st man in Pte. C. E. Green, "B" Coy.
2nd " Sgt. F. G. Jones, "D" Coy.

Winning Platoon, No. 14 with ... 203 points.
First Company, "A" ... 261.5

On Tuesday, 26th February, the second run took place. An improvement in starting was introduced by forming the Battalion up in columns of platoons in fours facing "line of advance." For the first mile the course was over open country, then for $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles it ran along a narrow lane with hedges or closely cultivated fields on either side. This proved rather disastrous, as two men stretched across the path effectually held up those in the rear. In spite of this the pace on the whole was much faster, and the course was about three miles.

1st man in Pte. C. E. Green, "B" Coy.
2nd " Sgt. F. G. Jones, "D" "
3rd " Pte. S. G. Emanuel "D" "

Winning Platoon No. 15 ... 142 points.

It is interesting to note that had all the Warrant Officers and Sergeants who started, been treated as a separate platoon, they would have secured second place, their average being one point above the winners.

We have, indeed, received an acquisition to the Battalion in our new Bandmaster,

Our new Band- Band Sergt. P. Tilson of
master. the 1st Durham Light Infantry.

Sergeant Tilson has the proud record of 22½ years' regular service, 17½ years of which have been spent abroad. He joined as a boy at the age of 14 years 9 months in August 1895, and

has been in the Band of the D. L. I. ever since. He saw service in South Africa and is in possession of both African medals, as also the Durbar medal and the much coveted L. S. and G. C. medal. Sergt. Tilson was promoted Band Sergt. in the D. L. I. in November 1914.

He is a good all-round sportsman, and is keen on cricket, hockey, football, and tennis.

At the end of February each man was called upon to pay his full messing money of annas 5 pies 3 into the Company messing funds. Whether this is to be a permanent arrangement or only a temporary measure has not yet transpired.

We understand that *pêche*, a light meal will be substituted for the present mid-day dinner, and dinner served during the cooler part of the day. This change will certainly be appreciated, although the hour for the evening meal is likely to arouse controversy. Naturally one does not want a heavy meal just before sports, and, on the other hand, the non-players would find 7 p. m. rather a long time to wait.

Since January the Regimental **Friday Nights.** Orchestra has been giving a series of Friday Night concerts in the Theatre. Admission is free and a programme is also provided. It is a far cry to Queen's Hall and the popular "Proms" of the old days, yet we realize that few Battalions have the good fortune to listen to such excellent music. Looking in at the Theatre the other night we found a packed house listening to Rossini's "Tancredi." The programme on this night was really excellent, and it is characteristic of the 'Londons' appreciation of good music that Haydn's Symphony (No. 2 in D), received the greatest measure of applause. The movements included the Adagio, Allegro, Andante, Minuetto, and Allegro Spiritoso, and the expression and attack were distinctly good. As a variation from classical music we were treated to a popular March, Valse and Gavotte, and a musical comedy selection.

At the commencement of the series the Orchestra was handicapped by a lack of music, this accounting for certain repetitions. This difficulty has now been overcome, and more varied programmes will be the order of the day. Going to Press the last concert on March 15th

was put on after one rehearsal, the Orchestra seeing the music for the first time that same morning. However the programme went well judging by the applause.

On 16th March Brig.-Genl. E. C. Peebles, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., left the station for Rawalpindi, and Brig.-Genl.

R. E. H. Dyer, C. B., assumed command of the 45th Brigade. He obtained his first commission in August 1885 and was appointed to the Indian Army two years later. He saw service with the 3rd Brigade in Burma in 1886-7, for which he received a medal with two clasps, while his experience of the N.-W. Frontier is indeed extensive, embracing as it does Hazara, 1888, the action of Kotkai (clasp), the Chitral Expedition and the relief of Chitral in 1895 (medal with clasp); the Waziristan Expedition of 1901-2 (clasp) and the operations in the Zakka Khel country, 1908 (medal with clasp).

He was awarded the C.B. for services during the operations in Persian Baluchistan.

With profuse apologies to W. S. Gilbert.

I

If you really want to glow as a sort of soldier
"pro,"

And a modern Marshal Ney,
You must pick up all the slang which is
in military language
And use it every day ;

You must never "stand at ease" put an aitch
in, if you please,

Say the one you drop from 'eard.
Talk of nullahs and plateaux. ask "does any
body know

The meanin' of this word ?"
And all the troops will say, as you walk
your fiery way,

"Now isn't he just the smartest man that ever
you did see ?

And what a most exceptionally soldierly man
This soldier man must be !"

II

You must go upon a course, be a specialist
in Morse

If attention you'd compel,
While on compasses prismatic and the Lewis
automatic

You're an informative well.

You must talk to troops "entrancé" of the
things they do "en francais

And the things they do *not* do.
Its immaterial quite, if your statements are a
sight

More eloquent than true.
And all the troops will cry, as they meet
your martial eye,

Now isn't he just the bravest boy that ever
you did see ?

And what a most particularly soldierly man
This soldier man must be !"

III

Then your military part necessitates tre-
mendous smartness,

You must always be correct.
Make your morals and behaviour even more
than Francis Xavier

Absolutely circumspect.
You subscribe to institutions and your
generous contributions

Make their secretaries dance
And, a last word in conclusion, don't forget to
make allusion

To your services in France.
And all the troops will shout, as they see
you walk about,

"Now isn't he just the cutest youth that ever
you did see ?

And what a most unusually soldierly man
This soldier man must be !"

MAJOR M. H. EASTON.

THE following wire has been received from
our late Second-in-Command :—

"To all ranks, goodbye ; best of luck and prosper-
ity go with you all and a speedy return
home, when I hope to meet you all again."

Major Easton has served all his time in this
Battalion. He joined the 26th Middlesex R.
V. Corps (Cyclists) as we were then known, in
June 1904, and has thus had considerable
service. When the Territorial Force was
formed, the Major, who was then a Lieutenant,
took command of "B" Company. He was
promoted Captain in June 1908, and shortly
after took over the command of "D" Company,
whose recruiting area was in the districts of
Twickenham and Teddington. Old "D"
Company was one of the best companies for
riding and efficiency, which was to a great

extent owing to the interest taken in the Company by their "Skipper."

In the early part of 1915 Major Easton attained his Majority on the retirement of Major A. W. Barrett, and assumed the duties of Second-in-Command.

In July of 1915, the War Office asked for the services of an Officer and two N. C. O.'s to instruct a composite Battalion of Household Cavalry in the duties of Cyclist Training, and the Major was the Officer selected for this duty. His expert knowledge of military cycling was apparently appreciated by the Officers of the Household Cavalry, as he received a handsome presentation in recognition of his services. The services of the N. C. O.'s were recognised in a similar manner.

Major Easton served the whole time with the Battalion in last summer's Waziristan operations, in spite of the internal derangement from which he was suffering, and was in command of the Battalion on the three days' "strafe" when it proceeded to Kundiwan; taking part in the active operations which appeared to satisfy the Mahsuds' lust for fighting.

On the return of the Battalion from Waziristan, the hardships of the campaign no doubt developed the illness from which the Major was suffering, and he was shortly afterwards certified as unfit for service.

WANGLERS I HAVE KNOWN.

I understand that as a rule the entire contents of "The Londoner" are the work of members of the Battalion, and that I share with the Bishop of Madras and perhaps two others the honour of contributing an article from outside. It is with some sense of unworthiness therefore that I respond to the Editor's request for an article on "Wangling."

HOW many years will it be, I wonder, before the word "wangle," noun and verb, attains to dictionary honours? Not many, I should say, if such promotion goes by merit, for it is one of the best new words of recent years; its usefulness is readily proved by the difficulty experienced in finding a substitute for it, or in constructing a definition that shall cover all its delicate shades of meaning. Take the word as a noun, for example, and try to define it: a clever

trick, an ingenious evasion, a dodge, a crafty adjustment, a *camouflage*, a piece of diplomacy,—you would want a score or so of such synonyms to perform all the duties of this most admirable word, which is, in fact, in some danger of being overworked.

Its history and derivation seem not to have received from our philologists the attention they deserve. My own modest enquiries in this direction have resulted in but one rather far-fetched suggestion of origin, which makes the word of a respectable antiquity, as it dates back to the time when what we now term a "knot" was known as a "masher," with its corresponding verb "to mash." The story is that at a laundry largely staffed by young and beautiful damsels, the sign on the window "Washing and mangling done here" somehow got its initial letters buddied, and was made to read "Mashing and Wangling." I do not guarantee the authenticity of this derivation, which indeed does not entirely satisfy me. Perhaps the editor might think it worthwhile to offer a prize for a better one?

The art of wangling is of course no longer practised in this army but, as we all know, there were some weird things done in the early days of the war, and a few reminiscences of notable wangles carried out in a certain newly raised unit to which I then belonged may be of interest as examples of what not to do—to readers of "The Londoner," especially as the said unit was also, curiously, a cyclist battalion.

For breath-bereaving cheek and an absolutely wooden countenance in the carrying out of his wangles I think the warrior whom I will call Diggles was the limit. There was about his wangles, a massive simplicity, a quality of inevitableness that went far beyond mere ingenuity. Applying for sick leave, he was sent by O. C. Company to the M. O. who without hesitation gave him the bird. Not at all put out, Diggles returned, persuaded the O. C. that leave was granted and that the recommendation would follow in due course. Sure enough the chit arrived saying "sick leave, cannot advise necessary," but by that time Diggles was well on his way to London, Home and Beauty. Knowing what we know now of O. C.'s and M. O.'s. this reads like a fairy story but, as I have said, it happened in the early days of the war when many more things were done than are written in the books.

A little before this my Company was stationed for coast defence at a certain well known seaside town. We were billeted in groups of from three to twenty in various taverns about the town and anything in the way of strict discipline was quite impossible. Diggles, however, was billeted with several others at H. Q. which was situated at a boarding house near the sea-front. On hearing that we were proceeding to this desirable station he had sent for his wife and family, who were comfortably lodged by the time we arrived there, and Diggles had no intention of being separated from them. Was he dismayed at finding himself at H. Q. ? Not the least. There was never any roll call so Diggles just stayed away, simply turning up at parades for patrol or other duties. I believe it is a fact that he did not sleep in billets one night out of the eight weeks our stay lasted.

Our patrols were as a rule, I think, fairly conscientiously carried out, but this could hardly be said of a man named Wooders on a horrible wet and cold winter night, when we were "doing" a desolate stretch of coast between the cottage we used as a guardroom, and a fair sized watering place some three miles away. We were short of men and doing patrols singly instead of in pairs, and two men had returned with harrowing tales of the hardships encountered. When Wooders returned, however, he seemed quite comfortable and comparatively dry, and on cross examination admitted that, having noticed that the up and down trains were just right for him, he had done his patrol by train. He refused to consider himself to blame in any way, however, for, as he protested with an air of injured innocence—"I looked out of the window all the while!"

The incident known as "Kelling's Breakfast" does not quite come under the heading of "Wangles," but as a specimen of cheek it has some merit. The beat of H. Q. sentry, for a few happy days, extended from H. Q. to the post office some three hundred yards away, and not many yards from the post office stands the "Bay Hotel." In the coffee room one morning, the interested stranger might have observed a full private breakfasting heartily and leisurely, his equipment lying on a neighbouring chair and his rifle with fixed bayonet standing in a corner.

This was Kelling who, presently perceiving

that his two hours was nearly up, reluctantly resumed his harness and strolled back to the guardroom.

Kelling and another, one Johnny Jones, had made friends with some kind neighbours named Ford who lived close to our quarters, and they were to be found there at all hours, frequently long after they were supposed to be reposing on their sacks of straw. Our officers unfortunately were also in the habit of visiting the house, but this annoyance was met to a certain extent by a simple arrangement by which Ford or Mrs. Ford signalled the enemy's presence or absence. The corner of a piano near a window was visible from outside both by night and day, and according to whether it bore a red or a blue vase, Kelling and Jones recognized danger or line clear. Made bold by long impunity Johnny Jones remained late one night, in spite of the expected arrival of the O. C. and his sub to play bridge, and on reluctantly saying goodnight went, with his host, to the back door in order to avoid an inconvenient meeting. Unluckily, however, the O. C.'s pleasant fancy had inspired him to come to the back door also, personating a Belgian refugee begging his bread, and as Jones took hold of the handle of the door, it was turned from the other side and a well known voice began an appeal for alms in fluent French. With great presence of mind Ford quickly shot the bolt and found some difficulty in opening it again, by which time Jones was safely outside the front door. He removed himself so quietly, however, that Mrs. Ford did not hear him, and made sure he was concealed somewhere in the house. Our O. C. was something of a wit, it is true, but he must have been agreeably surprised at the peals of laughter that met his humblest attempts that evening, and he never knew that his success was attributable rather to the Ford's relish of the situation than to the intrinsic value of his conversation.

A mechanical ingenuity which should carry them to fame and fortune if directed into the proper channels was shown by two men of my platoon in a pretty little wangle that saved them a sleepless night. They were put on guard, a highly irregular guard which had actually no other purpose than to ensure that the cooks were called early enough in the morning. So they invented a most ingenious alarm-clock out of a long candle, a thread tied

round it, a padlock balanced on the edge of the table, and a pail. They first made a half-hour experiment, noted how much candle was consumed, and then fixed the alarm for five hours and turned in. When the candle had burned nearly to the thread the weight of the nicely balanced padlock pulled the thread through the softened wax and the padlock itself fell with a clatter into the pail. It worked splendidly, they reported, waking them only fifteen minutes too early.

It was another mechanical genius who invented the "Patent Undeniable Puncture." The ordinary puncture wheeze was wearing rather thin, and N. C. O.'s complained that they always happened when no N. C. O. was looking. So L. C. (he was always known by his initials), first making sure that the valve stem was well, but not too well, stuck in the valve tube, tied one end of a strong thread to it and the other end to the hub oiler with plenty of slack, and loosened the valve nut. On starting from headquarters he took care to be well in view of the N. C. O. in charge. After a few revolutions the slack was sure to catch somewhere, tighten up, and pull the valve stem up against the nut. The air came out with a hiss, and L. C. was left behind to mend his puncture and follow at his leisure.

But the greatest of all wangles was the final wangle of Kelling, the breakfaster at the Bay Hotel. He applied—but no, on consideration I think it wiser to refrain. Should "The Londoner" survive the war and the Editor again ask me, when we are all civilians, for a contribution, I shall be happy to tell you the story of Kelling's wangle.

W. H. PRESTON.

THE OLD WAY.

(Written by Captain Hopwood, R.N., as a memorial to ships which were lost on May 31st 1916, and in memory of Rear Admiral Sir Robert Arbuthnot, Bart., Captains, Officers and ships' companies of the cruisers and destroyers who sacrificed themselves in an attempt to make the Hun fleet fight, and give the Royal Navy another glorious First of June.)

I

THERE'S a sea that lies uncharted far beyond the setting sun,

And a gallant fleet was sailing there
whose fighting days were done.
Sloop and galleon, brig and pinnace ; all the
rigs you never met ;
Fighting frigate, grave three-decker, with
their snowy canvas set,
Dozing, dreaming ; on a sudden every sail
began to swell,
For the breeze had spoken strangers with
a stirring tale to tell.
And a thousand eager voices flung the
challenge out to sea—
"Come they hither in the old way, in the
only way that's free ?"
And the flying breeze called softly "In the
old way,
Through the winters and the waters of the
North.
They have waited, dreary waiting, in the
old way,
Strong and patient, from the Pentland to
the Forth.
There was blinding fog and baffling off
the headlands,
There were gales, the fiercest gales that ever
blew.
But they took it, as they found it, in the
old way,
And I know it often helped me think of
you."

II

Then a frigate under stunsails, as she gently
gathered way,
Spoke in jerks, like all the frigates who
have little time to stay.
"We'd to hurry under Nelson ; thank my
timbers I was tough
For he worked us as he loved us, and
he never had enough.
Are the English mad as ever ? Were their
frigates just as few ?
Will their sheets be always stranding ere
the rigging's rove anew ?
Just as Saxon slow in starting, just as
weirdly wont to win ?
Had they frigates out and watching ?
Did they pass the signals in ?"
And the laughing breeze made answer
"In the old way
You should see the little cruisers spread and
fly,
Peering over the horizon in the old way,

And a seaplane up and wheeling in the sky.

When the wireless snapped "The enemy is sighted,"

If his accents were comparatively new,
Why the sailor men were cheering in the old way,

So I naturally smiled and thought of you."

III

Then a courtly voice and stately from a tall three-decker came,

She'd the manners of a monarch, and a story to her name.

"We'd a winter gate at even, and my shrouds are aching yet.

It was more than time for reefing when the upper sails were set.

So we chased in woeful weather, till we closed in failing light,

Then we fought them as we caught them, just as Hawke had bid us fight.

And we swept the sea by sunrise clear and free beyond a doubt,

Was it thus the matter ended when the enemy was out?"

Cried the breeze "they fought and followed in the old way,

For they raced to make a record all the while,

With a knot to veer and haul on in the old way

That had never even met the measured mile.

And the guns were making merry in the twilight,

That the enemy was victor, may be true

Still, he hurried into harbour in the old way,
And I wondered if he'd ever heard of you."

IV

There's a wondrous golden harbour, far beyond the setting sun,

Where a gallant ship may anchor when her fighting days are done;

Free from tempest, rock and battle; toil and tumult safely o'er

Where the breezes murmur softly and there's peace for evermore.

They have climbed the last horizon, they are standing in from sea;

And the pilot makes the haven where a ship is glad to be:

Comes at last the glorious greeting, strongly new yet ages old,

See, the sober grey is shining like the Tudor green and gold.

And the waiting jibs are hoisted in the old way.

As the guns begin to thunder down the line. Hear the silver trumpets calling in the old way,

Over all the silken pennons float and shine

"Did you voyage all unspoken, small and lonely?

Or with fame, the happy fortune of the few?
So you win the golden harbour in the old way

There's the old sea welcome waiting there for you."

ODDS AND ENDS.

On Sunday evenings they have singsongs at the Soldiers' Home at Rawalpindi. A hymn is sung, and then the lady at the piano says "Next?" Someone suggests, say, No. 340, and that hymn is then sung. The other night several men urged their favourite hymns, and there were cries of "Twenty-nine," "Forty-six," "Thirty-eight," and so on. It is not recorded what the lady at the piano thought when someone called out "Top of the House."

"Not lost but left behind" by J. W. Lee, Ambala. The swinging metre of this fine poem leaves no doubt as to the author's abilities.

SIKH REPORT.

WANTED.—An Assistant, male or female, to undertake light clerical labour, such as addressing envelopes, icking stamps, etc. Slight knowledge of Arithmetic a recommendation. Salary Rs. 100 per mensem. Hours 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.

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"Jullundur Daily Mail."

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Surely these notes cannot be the issue of the immortal BRAUDERY!

Separate occasions—shall forfeit both points—Sports, Notice Board.

This sounds like the penalty of deceit.

"TOMMY THIS AN'TOMMY THAT."

After having been petted and generally "made much of" for eighteen months in "Blighty," we felt on our arrival in India, that the white population were treating us rather unfairly in the attitude which they adopted towards us; in fact the position which they took up, coupled with the many restrictions placed on troops in this country, for which they were held responsible, created quite an amount of feeling in the Battalion. Although at the beginning of our circumoriental peripatetics, we were firmly convinced in our opinions on this point; we see now that we were condemning quite unjustly a small but very worthy section of the population of our great Empire. The fact of which we utterly and completely lost sight was, that on our arrival, Territorials were almost unknown in India, and since we wore the same uniform we were classed at once as being of the same species as the British Regular soldier.

Let it be at once clearly and thoroughly understood that, by this, we mean no slight whatever on our Regulars for whom we have an unqualified and unlimited respect. "Tommy Atkins" has his own grievances, far more real and galling than ever we thought ours to be, and even had the 'old contemptibles' been the most unmitigated collection of blackguards under the sun, their immortal valour at Mons and elsewhere entitles them to admiration and recognition for greater than, we fear, they (or rather the pitifully small remnant of that incomparable army) will ever receive. Tommy is no blackguard however, though he is no plaster saint; he is just a rough and ready man with his little weaknesses like all the rest of us; unfortunately it is his weakness, and not his strength, upon which 'Anglo-Indians seem to have based their opinions which, extended naturally enough towards ourselves, irritated us to such an extent two years ago.

Today, however, everything is changed. Thomas's backslidings are now lost sight of in the whole-hearted admiration compelled by his magnificent achievements, and we, who, while as soldiers cannot be compared with the Regulars, have yet "done our bit" to the best of our abilities, are recognised as differing widely from the earlier impressions formed of

Territorials; as being, in fact, for the most part decent young men, and not the dregs of the country, sent out here as being no use for service in Flanders.

The consequences of this modification of opinion were not long in becoming manifest, and although the number of soldiers in India is not tremendously greater now, than before the war, the amount of interest taken in the troops and the extent of the work done to alleviate their hardships as far as possible have increased beyond recognition. Possibly the best known and most appreciated war work of this country is the "Lady Monro Soldiers' Canteens" which, to quote a prominent lady worker in that most laudable movement "had its birth in the desire of English women in India to make some return by personal service for all that the British soldier was doing for their country in the war.

The object at railway stations is to alleviate, as far as may be, the discomforts which attend British soldiers travelling by railway in this country, and the institution of bright, clean rooms where a soldier may rest and amuse himself with papers and magazines while waiting for his train, and where he can obtain a decent meal at moderate rates in cheerful surroundings, goes a long way towards rendering his journeys less wearisome and uncomfortable. It is the desire of each Canteen and its Society of Lady Helpers to achieve these object in as great a measure as possible.

Five of these institutions have been opened to date at Delhi, Lahore, Ambala, Rawalpindi and Kotah, and others will probably follow if the need for them makes itself felt. The methods and arrangements in each Canteen differ to some extent, to suit the varying conditions of the station and the hours of train services. But the idea underlying each and all is the same and the efforts of the ladies who devote so much of their time to this work is solely to make the lot of soldiers a little brighter and to do their bit in the war. Their work is not done in a fashion which makes the soldier feel that he is the recipient of charity, but in a spirit of sympathy and kindness which is thoroughly appreciated.

Our "Padro" the Rev. F. E. Markby and H. D. Watson, Esq., I. C. S., the Deputy Commissioner, have also done much, by means of their frequent invitations to men of the Battalion to afternoon teas with tennis, badminton, clock golf and other amusements to relieve the monotony of our existence, and those of us who have had the pleasure of being the guest of either can testify to the interest taken by both in our welfare.

PERSONAL.

FIRST BATTALION NOTES.

IN a long and exceedingly interesting letter, our old Musketry Instructor (ex-Sergt. Wood) tells of some exciting moments in Palestine. He is now with the R. F. C. on that front, and seems to be thoroughly enjoying his hazardous duties. On one occasion, whilst using his machine gun on some enemy transport, he was attacked by two Hun airmen who, to use his own words "gave me a bad quarter of an hour." However he succeeded in shooting down one of his antagonists, whereupon the other "sheered off." Soon after Christmas, owing to engine trouble he was forced to make an impromptu descent among the Judean Hills, and turned his machine over on the edge of a precipice 2,000 feet deep.

When in Cairo on leave he ran across F. O. Jones who is now on garrison duty with the Welsh Regiment. Ex-Corporal Marriott and ex-Sergeants Dodkins, DeMetz and Cooper are also in Egypt trying their luck at flying, but the latter has had a fall, and although uninjured is returned to his unit owing to shock.

Sergeant Watts, late of "B" Company and now a C. S. M. is still on the Embarkation Staff and travelling between Bombay and Basra on troopships, while Turtle (old "D" Company transport driver) is in the Wireless Signal Squadron in Mesopotamia with Coates. Another old "D" Company man, J. C. Webb, is with the Signal Section of the Second Battalion. He is now a "lance jack" and has recently attended an Assistant Instructors' Course at Dunstable. Cyclist Pratt has been out in the deserts of Mespots with a Packhorse Cavalry

Station (whatever that may be) for some months and, Ted Knight is with the Wireless Pack Troop of the Aden Field Force. He has been ill in hospital, but has now recovered.

From a letter from F. E. Helyar who with Emms, Johnston and Ridout is in No. 3 M. T. Company, Bombay:—"The latest arrivals are Corporal Wiseman who is just going to Mesopotamia as a telegraphist, and Corporal Mason of "B" Company, who is now one of the "nuts" in the Bombay Civil Police Force."

Sergeant Haarer, now on the Military Account Staff at Lahore, has heard as follows from Sergeant Weaver in France:—

"I am now attached to the 47th Divisional Salvage Company, so I have temporarily relinquished soldiering to be a sort of glorified army dustman, still it's 'not a bad job.' Do you remember Mr. Collins?—he is now a Captain out here in the 6th London, and has done jolly well, all the chaps speak highly of him. (He has been 'mentioned', and it is rumoured, recommended for the M. C.—) Deakins of old 'D' Company, is now a Battalion H. Q. Cook—a very 'posh' job. I have been awfully lucky myself; I have only had one slight scratch and have had my mouth in Blighty. What a time!"

A more recent letter from Sergeant Weaver contains very regrettable news to the effect that Sergeant Seddon, M. C., is wounded and missing since November 30th last. As acting C. S. M. he went "over the top" with his Company and was last seen in the enemy's trenches engaging several Germans. Sergeant Maguire (old "F" Company) was also killed on the same date.

Captain (late Col.-Sergt.) Harrison is now in the —th Corps, Army Cyclists, while Lieutenant (late Corporal) Rushbrook of old "H" Company is acting Adjutant of the 7th Rifle Brigade. It is interesting to note that an old friend of Mr. Burt's, Sergeant-Major Wright, is now Sergeant Weaver's R. S. M.

We hear that Mr. Sanders is now in Bombay and is busy there with electric plant. Mr. Wells is in Simla, and Mr. Hambly has recently arrived in Rawalpindi attached to No. 2 Mechanical Transport Company. Mr. Bell, it is believed, is still in Madras, though nothing has been heard of him for some time.

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SECOND BATTALION NOTES.

It would appear that "T.2-25" is rapidly approaching extinction, for we learn in a letter from Colonel Gilbertson-Smith that all the original Second Battalion men have now gone to the B. E. F., except about fifteen Sergeants, of whom a good many have put in for commissions. Quartermaster Smoothy has broken down in health, and it is expected that he will be compelled to retire, Lieutenant (? Captain) Burnett was last heard of as being alive, but it is thought that he has since gone to Italy.

Many old second men will remember Tommy Webbs, and will learn with sorrow that he went down with H. M. S. "Strongbow," torpedoed while on escort duty in the North Sea. Discharged from the 25th in 1914, as suffering from a weak heart, he joined the R. N. A. S., and served through the Gallipoli campaign being subsequently posted to "Strongbow" as a wireless operator.

Hickford suggests that some of us who found Waziristan rather trying, should sojourn in the Ypres sector for a month or two. He is forbidden to divulge his present whereabouts, but says that Mizen has gone back to "Blighty" from France and has been drafted to a Cadet unit.

Sergeant Watts of old "A" Company, after having been from July to November in the Ypres sector, has been seriously wounded, so seriously in fact as to involve the amputation of a leg. He is now back in the War Hospital at Chichester, and is doing as well as can be expected. Describing his experience Sergeant Watts says:—"On our way up to the front line trenches to take over, a shell burst and something hit my left leg. I went down, and had to wait some time for a stretcher party who carried me back about 200 yards to a strong post. About 3 A.M. the next morning, another party took me back to the next post, and so on, until I arrived at a First Aid post about 5 miles in rear. The going was very bad indeed, and the bearers often sank deep in the mud; I can tell you that being dropped, with a compound fracture of the leg, is not nice. From the First Aid post I was taken back to the Corps Dressing Station where my leg was done up properly in splints, and from there to the Casualty Clearing Station,

which is really a Field Hospital. After a short wait I went into the operating theatre and awoke that night to find myself in a nice clean bed. I had no idea the leg was off until the sister told me so next morning."

R. V. Cook (old "B"), Cross (old "C") and Woodward (old "G") having obtained commissions, are with the D. L. I. at Rawalpindi undergoing Infantry Training.

Old "H" Company men will be sorry to learn that Oakshott, the old Company transport driver, has died of fever in Salonika.

All ranks will be glad to hear news of Lieutenant Chamberlin, who left the Battalion at Gharial, on being given a commission in the Regular Army. After a brief sojourn in the land of the two rivers, he is now learning first hand the difficulties that Moses experienced during his campaign, and appreciates the maxims that he laid down on staff duties and sanitation. Censorship forbids his going into details of the doings of his Battalion, of which he is now adjutant, but we do not expect that the 'tigers' will be slow in making their presence felt in their new surroundings.

Old "E" Company will be exceedingly sorry to hear of the death of Mrs. Jack Sutherland. Ben Cook has also entered the Unknown and Bert Middleton is now in a London hospital.

Hunter, old "F" Company, who is now a Sergeant with the R. F. C. in France, states that he recently met old "E" Company and Groves, "H" Company, who are both motor cyclists attached to that Corps.

F. Bartlett is still with the Second, but has been transferred to the A. S. C. M. T. and is expecting at any moment to be called to Headquarters. Wood, the ex-motor-cyclist, is the only other man of old "E" left, and he is now machine gun Sergeant. Sergt. Fuller has taken a commission, and Sergt. Bullions has gone to France with a draft.

THIRD LINE NOTES.

The draft of 300 men sent to the 7th Londons in October 1916 seem to have had a very rough time, for according to a letter from Ted Putnam, there are now very few of them left. He himself by the way is at Bangalore of all places, as a 2nd Lieut. in the I. A. R. O., having been wounded at Messines in June last. His brother George Putnam has also been recommended for

a commission, but is not yet recovered from a wound he received about the same time, while the third brother, Will, is now with the 1st-35th Sikhs at Peshawar as a Regular Subaltern.

"Billy" Ewens, Hallworth and Bancroft have unfortunately been killed, the former by the premature explosion of a British shell, and Ward died of wounds in December 1916. L/Corpls. Grger, Levers and Burt who are now at an O. T. C. and Captain Giffen have been wounded slightly and Lieut. Sampson seriously, while 2nd Lieut. Ellis is suffering from shell shock. Dilby and Hutchinson have both won the Military Medal, and 2nd Lieut. (late Pte.) Sampson, the D. S. O. Sergt. Calpus is now a 2nd Lieut. in the 18th Corps, Cyclist Battalion.

SUFFOLK NOTES.

Corpl. L. Calton, Tank Corps, who will doubtless be remembered as a motor cyclist of old "H" Company, has been awarded the Military Medal for gallantry in action and Captain (now Major) E. L. D. Lake, also old "H" Company, is now in a London hospital suffering from a wound in the left wrist, which he sustained during the heavy fighting last autumn.

THE MIDDLESEX DRAFT.

Several letters have been received from men of the draft to the 1/9th Middlesex. At present that Battalion is somewhere not far from Baghdad, and on the whole our friends are not having too bad a time. They are training hard, sand is plentiful, *la biere* the reverse, and Scissors are five annas per packet, otherwise things might be worse.

Guy Pryor's advice to his old Platoon Sergeant concerning volunteering resembles in a marked degree that given by "Punch" (we haven't the nerve to say 'our contemporary') to those contemplating the commission of matrimony. Freddy Cripps is a Lance-Corporal, Bomber having at last accepted a stripe and Hiscocks is now a full Corporal. Two members of the draft have done pack-drill for appearing on parade, the one unshaven and the other with dirty buttons.

In at least one platoon of this Battalion, there is talk of getting up a subscription to supply old members of the platoon, now with the Middlesex, with tobacco, cigarettes, etc.

This is certainly a most praiseworthy idea and it would doubtless be very pleasing indeed to our old "pals" now no longer with us. *En-avant mes amis.*

[We would remind our readers that the amount of information appearing in the *Londoner* concerning men away from the Battalion is in exact ratio to the number of letters from such men handed into our office. The "Personal" column is *not* a feature which is in any way connected with our imagination.—ED.]

THE ALL-INDIA BOXING AT AMBALA.

March 4th--16th, 1918.

THE London team as first projected was as follows:—Sgt. C. J. White, L.-Cps. Mesley, Hawkins, Kerr, and Ptes. Smith, Silverstone, Holford, Mockler, Fern, Denton, Young, Godwin and Hoffman. This number was, however, reduced as follows:—L.-Cpl. Kerr and Pte. Godwin, sick in hospital at Jullundur, a particularly bad loss, as both were expected to go far. Ptes. Denton, Fern and Hoffman failed to pass the strict medical examination held at Ambala, and Pte. Young was the victim of an attack of fever which made him an unwilling tenant of the Station Hospital. The actual number fit to compete at the commencement of the Tournament was thus reduced to seven.

First Night.—Silverstone v. Draper, R. F. A., 1st Round. Feathers.

In this fight the London man completely out-classed the Gunner, who retired in the second round after being warned for holding.

Smith v. Williams (Somerset L. I.), 1st Round. Feathers.

Smith showed his form very well in this bout, and was the only man in the ring right through the three rounds, winning easily on points after punishing his opponent effectively.

2nd Night.—Hawkins v. Jennings (M. G. C.).

This fight was quite spoilt by the continual interference of the Referee who repeatedly stopped the combat to give impartial warnings about holding. Hawkins finished the winner of a closely contested three rounds.

3rd Night.—White v. Watmore, (1/9 Hants), 1st Round. Middle Weights.

Those who saw "C. J." despatch a certain

gentleman at Bangalore Stadium would have enjoyed this particular contest. The Hants' representative went to the boards three times *ek dum*, and after the third did not rise.

4th Night.—Silverstone v. Benfield, (S. L. I.), 2nd Round. Feathers.

This fight went the whole three rounds without either principals suffering much punishment. The London man showed clever footwork and was especially good in defence, but the other man got the verdict, having made the leading throughout. This was our first reverse.

Holford v. Fraser, (D. of W.), 2nd Round. Light Weights.

Fraser proved a fairly hot merchant, and by vigorous onslaughts obtained a majority of points in the first round. Archie, however, recovering as only he can, made splendid headway in the second and third rounds, and in the last minute had his man almost out, but unfortunately failed quite to appreciate this. It was a splendid three rounds, and everyone anxiously awaited the verdict, popular opinion anticipating a fourth round. The judges, however, disagreed, and the Referee gave the victory to the Wellington's man.

5th Night.—Nil.

6th Night.—Smith v. Bond, (D. of W.), 2nd Round. Feathers.

Smith again shone as one of the cleverest boxers present. In spite of a terrific attack from his opponent he quickly landed three in succession to the jaw and his enemy was counted out in the first 90 seconds.

Mesley v. Garrett, (D. of W.), 2nd Round. Welter.

Although opposed to a very obvious "bruiser" Mesley led on points at the end of the first round showing clever footwork. Early in the second round, however, his wrist "went," and, although he stood up gallantly to his man, the Referee stopped the fight and gave the victory to his opponent.

Hawkins should have boxed on this night in the second round of his weight but was prevented by sickness; thus at the end of the first week's fighting our team was reduced to three—White, Mockler and Smith.

7th Night.—White v. Nicholls, (K. D. G.), 2nd Round. Middle Weight.

This battle went the whole three rounds and

was a good contest. C. J.'s opponent, however was palpably "windy" and paid too much attention to defence to gather points, while the Londoner's continually effective left turned the scale after the first round. White won by a comfortable margin.

8th Night.—Nil.

9th Night.—Smith v. Lowe, (S.L.I.), 3rd Round. Feathers.

Smith should have scratched this fight, being quite unfit to enter the ring owing to an attack of ague. He went in, however, and early in the first round a comparatively gentle lead from his opponent caught him off his balance. In the resultant fall his head struck the boards with a very severe impact which left him stunned for some time after the Referee had called "Out." General disappointment was voiced in the House, for Smith's clean, clever fighting had brought him praise and well-wishing from all Regiments present, and it was generally agreed that if fit he would certainly have won through to the final. His previous boxing was of the highest order and as clever as any shewn through the whole tournament.

10th Night.—White v. Stagg, (D. L. I.) 3rd Round. Middle Weight.

This somewhat formidable opponent went straight in for the knock out. White, however, had something to say in the matter, a ding dong three rounds was the result. Neither gave an inch, and heavy blows were given and taken on both sides throughout. The Londoner's boxing and footwork was superior, but Stagg had a point winning style—crashing blows delivered from murderous rushes and provided the spectacular type of fighting. He won by the narrow margin of one point after one of the toughest fights seen here.

10th Night.—Mockler v. Richardson, (R.F.A.), 2nd Round. Bantam Weights.

By the peculiar drawing Mockler had quite a long holiday before tackling his first opponent. In this bout he displayed his usual perfect coolness and very fine style; easily outpointing his man.

11th Night.—Mockler v. Seago, 10th Middlesex, 3rd Round. Bantam Weights.

These two were beautifully matched but absolutely different in style, Seago being a thorough "smasher." By fast rushes he broke through Mockler's guard several times and landed likely blows, thus piling up the points.

THE LONDONER.

JULLUNDUR, FEBRUARY TO APRIL 1918.
JUTOGH,

EDITOR . . . Pte. J. E. Ingram. A.

ASSISTANT EDITOR Pte. R. S. Maden. C.

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C. Q. M. S. Oakley Platoon No. 5 } 'B' Coy.
Pte. Long . . . " " 8 }

Pte. W. E. Hill . . . " " 10 } 'C' Coy.
Pte. H. E. Scuffle " " 10 }

Pte. Bass . . . " " 14 } 'D' Coy.
Pte. Lewis . . . " " 15 }

Pte. Nicholson . . . Signal Section } H.-Qrs.
Pte. Freethy . . . " " }

EDITORIAL OFFICE.—No. 14 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.

AS we anticipated, Volume II, No. 2, went with a rush, the print of 2,000 copies being sold out practically the same day. Orders for more poured steadily into the office, and so a Committee was called to consider the advisability of

a reprint. The chief factor in the situation was the item "loss on production," for the first edition had entailed a loss of Rs. 420. The most expensive item was the cost of making the half tone blocks for the illustrations, and this feature of the magazine meant an outlay of Rs. 500. Then another item "over which we had no control" was the rise of about 40 per cent. in printing rates, and taking all these factors into account the question of a reprint was ruled out. Each of the Companies disposed of 325 copies, H. Q. of 190, and the Officers' Mess of 75; the remainder being sundry sales. Owing to the serious increase in the cost of production we have been compelled to adopt a cheaper line of paper. It undoubtedly detracts from the general appearance of the magazine, but this had to be balanced against an issue price of 6 annas per copy. The absence of photos in the present issue is due to severity of training, during the period of which, the magazine work had to take a back seat.

The increased demand for No. 2 caused us to print an extra 400 copies of No. 3 which contained several interesting snaps. However the sale was rather disappointing and we have a large number left on hand. It means that this loss must be met by cutting down the illustrated features of future numbers.

We notice with satisfaction, the substantial increase in "D" Coy.'s sales. Prior to our last issue they had figured pretty consistently at the bottom of our "sales table," but on this occasion they all but obtained second place, being beaten by "B" Coy. by the very narrow margin of 2 copies. "C" Coy. headed the list with a total of 318 and "A" were a poor fourth with 172. In the sales of No. 4 we shall look to the "senior" Company for substantial increase on these figures.

Contributions to the "Personal Column" have been rather better than usual, but not quite good enough. It is an easy matter surely for a man to hand into our office a letter, when he has finished with it, (it will be returned within a couple of days if he wish) and these letters, and plenty of them, are the only means by which the feature which is usually considered among the most interesting in the magazine can be kept up. We renew our request therefore for any information, no matter how trivial, concerning old members of the Battalion, no longer with us.

Battalion Notables.



No. 5.

Lieut. and Quarter Master C. M. Burt.

BATTALION NOTABLES.

No. 5.

LIEUT. AND QUARTER MASTER

C. A. BURT.

BEFORE the editorial staff had seen the light of day the subject of our 5th Battalion Notable had joined Her Majesty's Forces, for in 1888 he enlisted in the 1st Battalion, Scot's Guards. We can now congratulate him on the completion of 30 years' unbroken service, a period which to us, who count ourselves old soldiers with 3½ is, to say the least, staggering.

He remained with this Battalion for twelve years, in which period he rose to the rank of Drill and Colour Sergeant. During his stay with the Scot's Guards, he qualified in a course of instruction in Nordenfeldt Machine Gun (1890), whilst in '91 he was employed as N. C. O. in charge Canteen, Guard's Recreation Ground at Chelsea. From '91 to '94 he was Drill Instructor to the Guard's Depot. During the annual training of the 3rd Battalion in '94, '95 and '96 he was sent to Scotland to act as their Drill Instructor. In '95 at Chatham he passed out top of the School in a course on Military Engineering. 1896 found him as Acting Quartermaster-Sergeant of St. George's Barracks, and in the same year he qualified in Rifle Machine Gun and Range Finding at the Hythe School of Musketry. In 1897 he was employed as Drill Instructor, Royal Military College, Sandhurst, the same year being promoted to the rank of Drill and Colour Sergeant.

In 1895, 17 N. C. O.'s and men were required from the 1st Scot's Guards to join the Special Service Corps for service in Ashanti. Practically the whole of the Battalion volunteered and he was one of the favoured few selected. For this service he is in possession of the Star granted to the "Ashanti Expedition 1895-1896." Then too the long row of ribbons includes the "Queen's Medal" for South Africa, and the "Long Service and Good Conduct Medal." In 1902 a Coronation Medal was granted to the Warrant or N. C. O.'s of the Irish Guards considered most proficient in instructing recruits; he gained this, as also another given in 1911 to the Warrant or N. C. O. who the Commanding Officer considered most deserving.

Whilst in South Africa with the Scot's Guards,

during the Boer War he was recalled home to England and transferred to the 1st Battalion, Irish Guards, on the formation of that Battalion in 1900, at the same time being promoted to the rank of Regimental Sergeant-Major. Shortly afterwards he qualified in a course of Physical Training and Free Gymnastics at Aldershot.

It was in 1905 that he became connected with the London Cyclist Battalion and continued to fulfil the duties of a Regimental Sergeant-Major until the well remembered days at Chisleton. To his many other qualifications he now added that of a short Armourer's Course at Birmingham, and during 1911 attended a Refresher Course at Hythe.

A few weeks before we left England he was promoted to Lieutenant and Quartermaster.

His keen sense of humour, enjoyment of a good joke, and large-heartedness have endeared him to both Officers and men of the Regiment.

On Mr. Burt's introduction to "T.25," Guards, it is to be feared, were not all that they should have been. A certain guard had been instructed to a certain extent by the new R. S. M. in guard mounting etiquette, but alas, the guard which relieved it had had no such fortune. The changing was conducted satisfactorily until the commander of the old guard gave the order to slope arms, after the present saying before giving the order "one and three". The commander of the new guard, never having heard of this before, and with some vague notion of odd and even gave his command to slope arms, preceded by the words "two and four."

Mr. Burt's feelings can better be imagined than described.

As R. S. M. Mr. Burt was identical with the recognised "sealed pattern" Sergeant-Major. A few years before the war, when enthusiasm in the Terriers was fast waning, it was he who held the Battalion together. Many old N. C. O.'s came to Fulham House on the termination of the engagement to hand in arms and equipment, but in the majority of cases after a few words with the R. S. M. they took them back again after re-engaging. In peace time it is the Sergeant-Major who keeps the Battalion going; any way it was very much the case with Sergeant-Major Burt. We always had his old comrades in the Guards as Instructors in specialist work, which accounted for our efficiency in Signalling and Gymnastics.

The following yarn characteristic of Mr. Burt as R. S. M. can be vouched for. Shortly after the Battalion arrived at Oulton Broad, a certain Corporal (who, by the way, is now an Officer) was put in charge of a squad of recruits. This Corporal came to the Sergeant-Major one evening when the following conversation took place:—

Corpl.—"May I speak to you for a minute, Sir?"

S. M.—"Certainly my lad—Br-r-r.—What is it?"

Corpl.—"One of the recruits has insulted me, Sir?"

S. M.—"What did he say?"

Corpl.—"He called me a b—fool."

S. M.—"Well? Br-r-r—are you a b—fool?"

Corpl.—"No, Sir."

S. M.—"Then go and tell him he is a b—liar Br-r-r!"

After which the Coporal retired feeling not quite so important.

(Continued from page 105).

Cool as ever, the Londonman boxed beautifully, but as in the previous bouts the less scientific "puncher" won on the strength of continual hustling and heavy leads.

12th Night.—Lieut. Lysaght v. Lieut. Bonsted, 2nd Gurkhas. Final, Officers' Light Weights.

These two were also well matched, and mixed things right away. Both went in for hard hitting throughout, and an excellent three round resulted. Mr. Lysaght held the majority of points on the first round, the second was honours easy, but in the third round the "Gurkha" turned the scale with several effective right swings. This was one of the closest fights of the evening, and was loudly applauded.

So far as the London Regiment was concerned this was the end. Sickness played havoc with the team, and the foregoing results might cause the casual reader to despond. One or two points however are worthy of mention. Our team was up against a formidable array of champions and belt-holders, who came down in teams over 20 strong, hard as nails from three or more months' training for this event: men who have made a study of army fighting for years, and whose experience dwarfed that of our comparatively young team. It was also pleasantly obvious in almost every bout in which our Regiment was represented that our boys' boxing was

above the average, and if only they can manage to combine with this a little of the "whirlwind" tactics which are so greatly appreciated in these contests they will go very far in the next tournament. One criticism, however, before concluding. Our men have not yet learned how to get the most out of three rounds. Except for the solitary instance of Smith's last fight, the Londoners finished every contest as fresh almost as when they entered the ring, while the winning men would have been hard put to it to go another short round. We should have gone further if our men had paid themselves out more in the last rounds of their respective scraps. The team's boxing was worthy of all praise, and earned them a name here for clean skilful fighting. We did not come empty handed away, for White was very justly awarded the best loser's prize in the Middle Weights

GON JOE.

KAGHAZ KUCHH NAHIN.

SHOULD one be led by statistical interest, frivolous fancy, or mere vacuity of mind, gently to trundle a metaphorical eyeball over the history of the world, one can call to mind a number of terrible famines.

Of these, perhaps the most notable was the ghastly pin famine of 1872 when the cleverest in the land were reduced to a state of doddering moisture through the impossibility of obtaining their staple article of brain food. Strong men rushed through the streets weeping like little children, and the night was made hideous by their lamentations and by the fiendish chuckles of billions of winkles, snatched ruthlessly from their cerebose home, but still safe in their little shells from those who sought them for food.

Again there was the great calcum powder famine in the early eighties. The far-reaching effects shook society to its foundations, and in some of our oldest families alone, no fewer than seventeen murders, four suicides and countless divorces were directly attributable to it. Complacent dowagers who had hitherto more or less successfully concealed their age were forced to keep indoors and to receive no one till after dark, and chorus-girls found it next to impossible to get into the Peerage. The famous, Beauty Chorus at the Apollinaris had hurriedly to be disbanded, and its several members

thrown adrift in a cold and critical world, were eventually only too glad to appear as the demon witches in a suburban pantomime. Florrie *Frou-Frou*, the great stage favourite, ran out of powder one never to be forgotten night, dropped her teeth down the sink, and ignited her wig with a cigarette-end. This succession of tragedies so broke her up that she made away with herself, and old stagers will remember the glaring head lines in next morning's papers: "Beautiful Actress crawls through a muncing machine. Revolting Details."

Nor can one pass completely without mention the Rubber Famine, which caused so much inconvenience, and in some cases, absolute privation, just before the war. A certain Cyclist Battalion suffered agonies through having to do a camp without any tyres; the Orderly Room staff had to learn to write in circles in imitation of the extinct rubber stamp, and spring chickens were fetching fabulous prices, while the students of the International Correspondence School were wearing faces as long as the war.

But these famines of days gone by, appalling as they were no doubt to the involuntary recipients of their lachrymose largesse, chase themselves into a becoming insignificance when considered in reference to that famine to be, the sinister spectress of whose advance guard of tribulation already giggle relentlessly upon us and lay their iceberg mitts upon the very heartstrings of our imagination. This famine will be felt wherever the English language is spoken and in Scotland. Not yet? Perhaps not. But in a very few months. And we must look ahead. Elsewhere our organs of vision placed neatly in the smalls of our several backs. I am aware that our musketry experts issue grave warnings about the financial depression inevitably attendant upon the reckless employment of superabundant foresight. Forgive them. It cannot be denied that upon the foresight of the thinkers depends the pulsating destiny of the Empire. Let us then join the thinkers. Each with his little bit of foresight.

First let us reflect what is really meant by a paper famine. It means an existence in which vellum is a vanished vanity, parchment a play thing of the past, envelopes an extinct eccentricity and Battalion orders a bygone boast ——— But no.

Our striking imagination refuses a future with no Battalion orders. It would be cruel. The Battalion without its orders? as well Rob the Lord Mayor of his Show, the Shepherd of his Bush, or the Friar of his Balsam. It is unthinkable.

Battalion orders must be continued and if paper is treading in the hoof prints of Drake, a substitute must be found. After all, paper is only a modern achievement.

On what did Cleopatra pen her amorous missives to Anthony, making clandestine appointments on the houseboat? Surely it was the papyrus, for her.

On what did Nero inscribe his historical summons to the Fire Brigade of Rome: "Salvete O Fire Fighters. The kitchen chimbley is a fire. Cannot attend to same myself, as it is my violin lesson night. Haste yee—?"

Unless my memory be addled, he scratched it upon a waxen tablet with a stylus (a handy little instrument which can also be used as a pipe cleaner.)

On what did Tiglath Pilezer, the great Egyptian Physician, note his prescriptions? I trow he engraved them on wet clay bricks which were afterwards baked to harden them.

Here are three possible solutions to the great problem, but give each its meed of grave deliberation.

The objection to papyrus seems to be in the difficulty of getting it. It would probably mean a sergeant and 20 men proceeding to the Nile to cull the requisite greengrocery. And the next thing would be a memo. in this strain:—"Dear Sir, I have the honour to report that I paraded my detachment for papyrus gathering at 5 P.M. on the whoop-teenth instant. At 5-5 P.M. a fleet of crocodiles ate 19 men of my detachment. I am sending the remainder of my detachment with this report. I am using the papyrus gathered to write it on. What do I do now please? Yours truly, F. E. Dupp, Sgt. Another objection to papyrus is that writing on it is not at all nice, Cleopatra found this out. She always said that writing on papyrus gave her the needle. This can be seen in London today on the Embankment.

So perhaps it were best to wash out papyrus. Then I must confess I can imagine one or two drawbacks to the waxen tablet. First what kind of wax would one use? Hardly cobbler's

wax. Of course, it would then be easy to stick B. O's. up in the canteen, but they would be liable to stick all together, and the orderly sergeants would have to fight it out when the order call went. It would be the first case on record of an orderly sergeant being stuck up about his job. So I do not think cobbler's wax would do. It would have to be bee's wax.

I do not know, but I should think honey-combs are somewhat seldom birds in India. Honesty compels me to admit that I have never looked for any, but against this one must weigh the stark and indubitable fact that I have never found any. Yet, even supposing they were forthcoming in sufficient quantity, would it be quite *à propos* to use them for B. O's. which are more remarkable for businesslike brevity, than for the percentage of honeyed words in their composition? Perhaps not.

There remains to us the clay tablet. This would of course necessitate a lot of storage room for back files of orders. Perhaps the best way out of this difficulty would be to erect buildings of the bricks, with the writing inside, one building for H. Q. and one for each of the Company offices. It would then devolve upon the Company clerk each Saturday morning to build up to date and clean his trowel and to lay it out for kit inspection. He would in addition have to be provided with a step ladder to look up recent dates when the walls soared beyond a certain height, but high words are no rarity in a Company office when the monthly balances are proclaimed.

One can of course foresee an occasional missing spoke from a military bicycle when the orderly has a spill and drops his earthenware memo, but on the whole I think the brick will be found the best substitute for paper.

In conclusion let me append one word of comfort. Should a friend knock Battalion Orders off the canteen counter on to your foot, smile gently and console yourself with the eternal truth of that old and well-tryed proverb "Hard words break no bones." B. McQ.

"THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL."

MORE than two years have elapsed since we, or rather some of us, embarked from Devonport on H. M. T. S. *Ceramic*. Many of the faces then familiar are no longer with us they are scattered over India and Mesopotamia,

a few alas are sleeping their last long (!) sleep among the savage hills of Waziristan. When our new regimental numbers were allotted at Tank, that place of unpleasant memory, there were only about 400 old First and Second Battalion men left, and now this total has in all probability been reduced to less than 300.

To counteract the steady drain on the strength of the Battalion, three drafts have been sent out to us; the first (from the third line) joining us at Hebbal not long after the arrival of the Battalion itself, the second from the 10th Londons at Burhan in early March 1917, and the third, also from the 10th, very shortly afterwards. Concerning the last draft very little is really known for the majority were sent to the 1st-9th Middlesex, before ever being "introduced" to the Battalion, in fact the majority of the 200 men whom we lost in November last were furnished by them.

The majority of the Battalion were probably disappointed with India on our arrival at Bangalore. We had heard so much of the lure and charm of the Orient, and we found so little. In fact we are of opinion that the charm, etc., only exists in dreamland when one is comfortably seated around the old fireside. The picturesque natives, the pagodas and the palm trees, the velvety tropic nights; all these and many other cherished illusions were soon rudely shattered. Descending to more prosaic matters, we had also been told of the glorious ease of a soldier's life in India. This delusion of course wore off more gradually, but the actual contradiction was none the less uncompromising. Even in South India one has recollections of 21 mile marches, "stealthy wars by night" and so forth from which the mellowing influence of time fails to remove the gall.

The East is such a mass of contradiction, one sees natives playing mouth organs, bicycles loaded on camels, modern motor cars passing bullock tongas of a type probably used in the days of Alexander, or a world old road reeking of Asia, with telegraph poles, and a railway running along side with perhaps an aeroplane overhead. Almost invariably in Indian scenes there is some element, which to use Mark Twain's immortal phrase, "neither trumps nor follows suit." Occidental civilization is a much vaunted institution, but spectacularly it has spoiled India by the gruesome incongruities it provides.

The six day railway journey from Bangalore to Burhan was an experience to be remembered as was the cold on the morning of our arrival at the latter place. Possibly at Burhan we saw more of what India really is, for during our stay there most of us took brief trips to Peshawar, Lahore, or some other city. The people of the North too are far before the Southerners, in mendacity perhaps there is little to choose, but the upland folk seem to have very much more about them.

Our acquaintance with the bungalows and iced drinks of Wellington Barracks was brief, for hardly had we had time to settle down in Jullundur when there came a "rumour wildly blown about" of war on the Frontier, and unlike other rumours it proved true. Who among us will ever forget Waziristan—the heat, the flies and the dust, and the weary, weary marches up and down that accursed river bed, and last but not least the flood at Tank on our way back?

The peace and quiet of Gharial came as a strange but none the less pleasant contrast to these stern events, and most of us look back on our stay in the hills with affection, a sentiment also extended fully to Captain Thomas, R.A.M.C., whose kindly ministrations and never failing patience completely won our hearts.

"Casualties" among the rank and file of the Battalion during the past two years have been heavy, but among the Officers they have been heavier still. Messieurs Easton, Livermore and Morton are the only three (then) junior Officers left; Mr. Burt of course is still with us, but we have lost Major Easton, Captains Harrison, Long, Wildy and Gillett and our C. O. is now no longer Lieutenant-Colonel A. Churchill. It is practically a year ago now since our new C. O. took over, and we take this opportunity of congratulating him on the anniversary, his first with the 1/25th, but we hope by no means his last. The past two years have also seen the abolition of our old flash which at Wellington once called forth from an old regular the title of "the houp-la boys."

Just as the two years have brought about many changes in the Battalion itself, so has the time changed greatly the ideas and outlook of the men in it. The iron has entered into our souls; we are beginning to be cynical, and selfish; most of us too are far more

irritable and intolerant than we were, and a very common sentiment is "this life is enough to spoil anybody." It cannot be denied that our stay in India has involved a great amount of hard and at times trying work, but after all, the times are hard "all round," and our lot compares very favourably with the great majority of Battalions in Flanders and elsewhere. There are those who adduce this as an additional reason for dissatisfaction and who say that they joined to fight, not to spend the best years of their lives "on the square." On the other hand we are all the better for having roughed it for two years and we have amassed a goodly amount of that priceless jewel—experience.

And now on the second anniversary of our departure from the only country in the world, we are back again in Jullundur. Whither our next journey will take us is a matter for vaguest conjecture—to another station, to some fighting front, or back to our own land about which we say so little and think so much.

"Who can forecast the years?"

WHAT THE BATTALION IS ASKING.

THE name of the budding Lance-Corporal who on Physical Drill parade gave the order "on eternal feet-hop."?

Who is the owner of "red and white dog," recently alluded to by a certain Warrant Officer?

Whether our present Librarian received that appointment on account of his ability to reach the top shelves?

How many tins of Shat-el-Arab are sold weekly in the Sergeants' Mess?

The name of the Warrant Officer who gained that proud position by grit and determination?

The reason for the extraordinary behaviour of a certain Officer when the Jullundur Draft is mentioned to him?

When is the N. C. O. who gave the order "Right arm upward, left arm downward—hop" going to get his commission?

Will his platoon be pleased when this does happen?

The correct position of attention while holding two restive mules?

Who is the soldier who said "It's the Burhan Draft that has made this Battalion what it is?"

Whether many "drafties" of the first and second do not sorrowfully agree with him ?

The name of the platoon commander who on his question "Is he a policeman" ? being answered in the affirmative was heard to call aloud on his maker, And if he really did say under his breath "The force is going to the dogs?"

Who is the proud possessor of the oldest drill tunic in the Battalion, and do the rents in it make him sigh ?

What is the minimum age-limit at which one may take a commission ?

What the troops really do in France, as there are so many things they don't do ?

When will the new scale of pay become an accomplished fact ?

Whether there is not a misapprehension among some of the later commissioned additions to the Battalion as to proficiency Pay, Class I, and out of whose pocket it comes ?

Whether the typewriter, recently acquired by a certain Company Officer, is as smooth-running and satisfactory as it was before it changed hands ?

What are the real and unvarnished opinions of the Company Orderly Room staff on the aforementioned machine and whether the vendor's specification and description conformed strictly with the truth ?

Whether Wee McGregor has yet recovered from his attack of "mousseronerie de la tête ?"

WHY AM I IN DEBT ?

Er-rer.....what did the Sergeant Major say when he sneezed his teeth out on the march ?

Who was the sentry who told the Orderly Officer "My beat extends from reveille to tattoo" ?

Who was the Officer who, at the Field Firing Camp at 9 p. m., asked the Signalling Corporal whether he was in touch with barracks ?

And was the reply "Only by runner, Sir" ?

When is Jynger Jarge, the old buck navy going to wear those "civvy" clothes he had sent out ?

Who invented QUININE ?

Did he ever taste it ?

And did he die a suitable death ?

Which is the mule that will eat anything up to packet of Woodbines, but dislikes the officers' sandwiches ?

OBITUARY.

A recent issue of the *Civil and Military Gazette* contains the sad news of the death in action of Lieutenant A. J. Homersham who, it will be remembered, transferred from this Battalion to the Royal Flying Corps early in March 1917. He left India for Egypt on the 11th of that month, and prior to the deplorable intelligence of his death was last heard of from Sergeant Blott's brother who met him in London late last year.

Mr. Homersham joined the Second Battalion on November 10th, 1914, and members of old "G." Coy. will well remember him as a daring motor-cyclist before he received his commission in the late summer of 1915. He came to the First Battalion shortly before its embarkation for India and was then posted to No. 6 Platoon. In November 1916 he attended a Musketry and Machine Gun Course at Satara, being subsequently appointed Machine Gun Officer.

A good horseman, a fine cricketer (Thames Ditton C. C.) and in Association football a goalkeeper of no mean repute, he did much to organise Rugby football both in the First and Second Battalions and we mourn his loss, not only as a keen and efficient officer but as a true sportsman in every sense.

He was only 24½ years of age.

Yet another promising young life has been cut short in the person of L-Cpl. Tom Smethurst. As one of the good old "Saturday Night" soldiers, Smethurst served in the famous "Shiny Seventh" but was discharged as unfit some time after mobilization. Though he was the only son of a widow, he re-enlisted in the third line of our Battalion, and on arriving at Hebbal in 1916 was posted to No. 8 Platoon. He joined the Lewis Gun Section at Burhan, but left us soon after our arrival at Jullundur to take up an appointment as a lithographer in the Sappers and Miners at Kirkee. After serving some time in Mesopotamia, he returned to Bombay stricken with sand-fly fever and malaria. Thenceforward his health declined and he ultimately succumbed after an operation for abscess appendicitis.

Because of his unfailing good humour and his ever-readiness to help a comrade Smethurst will always be remembered as "one of the best."

PAPER set at recent Examination of candidates for admission into H. M.'s Army.

1. About 6-50 A. M. (Thursday) an officer arrives on the Battalion parade ground, and finding it devoid of troops asks the sentry on No. 2 Post whether the quarter dress has gone. The sentry suggests that, being Thursday, there is no parade. What steps ought the officer to take?

2. Construct sentences bringing out the meaning of any four of the following six phrases:—

I a tora shot IV Well down to it.

II Sweating on onc. V Pushed up.

III Slash up. VI Spare part.

3. Discuss the merits and demerits of the present system of forming fours as it concerns

(a) Auction Bridge.

(b) Solo Whist.

4. How many, if any, cut offs does the Sht. Mag. L. Efd. Rifle Mk III * possess?

5. You are Company Officer holding Orderly Room and defaulters are brought before you on the undermentioned charges. State what punishment you would inflict, if any, and on what grounds:—

(a) Trumping his partners ace while in the Recreation Room and making a frivolous excuse to avoid censure.

(b) Idleness and inattention while being in-culcated.

(c) Standing up without orders after the "Stand fast" had been sounded.

(d) Failure to report sick, having been warned for Main guard.

(e) Absent from his bed from 1-30 to 3-30 P.M.

6. A Staff Physical Drill Instructor has ordered you "To that there fence and back—double." Ought you to redouble, and if so, why?

7. In what way is the Quarter Dress connected with poultry?

8. A copy of the *Londoner* and two pairs of socks are purchased through the P. and M. Books. Assuming the purchaser to be slightly in credit, estimate roughly his debit balance in rupees—(i) at the end of the current month, (ii) at the end of six months.

THE BAND.

AMONG the many new departures in the Battalion of late, one of the most popular is the Brass Band.

For a considerable time we have looked with envious eyes at the Bands heading most Battalions, with perhaps an expression of regret that we ourselves had to be content with a corps of "Drums" technically known as the Noise, a very, excellent combination in its way, but hardly sufficient to satisfy those who wished to hear on the march that martial music which in its best form can only be rendered by a Brass Band.

Those who attended one of the last Orchestral Concerts at Gharial, will remember the few remarks made by the Commanding Officer on the subject of a Band for marching purposes. From that day steps were taken to put into effect that which was hailed on all sides as a most desirable innovation, and early in January the instruments arrived which formed the nucleus of the present Band.

The finding of suitable men to play the instruments was much facilitated, as in the existing Orchestra we had upwards of twenty who were already musicians, though perhaps unversed in the vagaries of brass and wind instruments, and it is satisfactory to know that without exception every member of the Orchestra is now "double-hand," in the sense that he is able to play both in the Brass Band and Orchestra.

We were also fortunate in securing several men from the "Drums" and the Battalion generally who had considerable previous musical knowledge, and thus having something of a *personnel* we were ready to commence making ourselves efficient enough to play on the march.

Having had a few days to shake down in our new quarters, we were shortly introduced to our new Bandmaster, who came from our friends the D. L. I., the excellence of whose Band is well known, and we then set to work in real earnest.

To go into details of our training from this point would be tedious, suffice it to say that in Bandmaster Tilson we found not only a keen instructor, but a helpful and sympathetic friend. The result was achieved in what might be considered record time, for on Sunday, February 24th, only five weeks after taking up the instruments, we played the Battalion to Church. Since then the Band has turned out on several marches with conspicuous success,

and with the addition of further instruments already promised, should prove a distinct acquisition to the Battalion.

The highest credit is due to Bandmaster Tilson for his unceasing interest and encouragement. Only those in immediate contact with him can possibly know the enormous amount of work and energy he has placed at our disposal.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"LEST WE FORGET."

TWO concerts were given by the Battalion Concert Party on the 18th and 19th January last in aid of the dependents of those men of the Battalion who were killed or died of disease during the Waziristan Expedition of 1917. After expenses were paid, a sum of Rs. 933-0-6 remained, which in English money amounted to £65-16-10.

This amount has been remitted to the Territorial Force Association for the County of London, with a request that the money should be distributed by them according to the circumstances of each case.

The Regimental Theatre was packed on both nights and those who patronized the concerts enjoyed a first-rate programme given by the versatile "Londoners." The Orchestra was in excellent form and contributed greatly to the evening's enjoyment. In addition to a classical overture and popular gaiety selections, they accompanied "The Londoners" in a number of songs and concerted items, besides playing the incidental music to the sketch. Conductor Silverman wielded the baton in his best "Empire" style and delighted the audience with his violin solos. Tom Morris made a great hit with a new song "I want to see the war all over" (with topical allusions). Tom also worked hard in the concerted numbers and in the sketch he "brought the house down."

Chris. Wakeman had a rousing welcome on his reappearance after a long sojourn in the Hills. He put on a song scena called "Watching the people pop in" in which he was assisted by T. Morris as *Colonel Peppercorn*, Cecil Lowrie as *Florence* and Fred. Dove as the *Page Boy*. This item was well staged and capitably acted. Chris. was in good form and

proved as popular as ever. With Freddy Dove, another old friend reappeared after a long absence, and as his cherubic face beamed across the footlights, it was the signal for loud and prolonged applause. Freddy, looking as if he had "just stepped out of a band-box," did a couple of characteristic turns in his happiest style. It is generally agreed that these were the best shows we have had in the Battalion. One of the most popular items was the concerted item "Tenax et Audax" (see No. 5), which we hope to hear again, for it is a song with great possibilities. Then the other members of the Concert Party—Harry Oke, Leslie Harris, Walter Hennings, Cecil Stinchcombe and T. C. Shaw all worked well in the good cause.

WE are all very sorry to lose five prominent members of our Concert Party, who have joined the 16th Divisional Concert Party to tour Mesopotamia. The members who have gone are Ptes. Morris, Wakeman, Shaw, Wright, and Harris. Tom Morris joined us at Burhan and with his wide experience helped the "Londoners" greatly in acting as stage manager to the Party. He came to the front with his "Dance with Your Uncle Joe," and has had several good numbers since, also figuring largely in the sketches and concerted items.

Chris. Wakeman, we all know, as being one of our oldest members, coming to the 1st Battalion at Chisledon, and bringing with him a well earned reputation from the 2nd Battalion. He scored, in the first instance, with his "P. S. A.," taking off a curate admirably. Among his latest success was "Watching the people pop in."

Leslie Harris, who has always scored with his musical monologues, joined us at Burhan, and first came into the limelight on Xmas night at that particular camp, and has made marked improvement, being quite a gifted actor, his cow-boy impersonation being the best we have yet seen in India. He is also more than a capable "straight man" in some of our sketches.

Arthur Wright is quite our best man in the sentimental line and we were all pleased to get him back after being sick for so long. He possesses a fine tenor voice.

T. C. Shaw (Kitch) is, perhaps, the hardest worker and cleverest member, being the man who "tickles the ivory," that is plays the piano. He has been the means of orchestrating

nearly all the numbers worked by the Party, and as far back as Bangalore days he both composed and was responsible for many of the orchestrations still used by the Party. He composed most of the musical accompaniment for "It and Bit" who are unfortunately left out of the tour, being N. C. O's., the C. O. could not see his way clear to part with them. We all wish the 16th Divisional Concert Party every success, and we shall look forward to the time when they return and the "Londoners Concert Party" once more "carries on," if it is only to join with us at Bombay en route for Blighty.

REGIMENTAL LIBRARY.

IN the event of the Battalion leaving Wellington Barracks, the present Library being part of the "Barrack Furniture" would have to be left behind. It is therefore proposed to form a Regimental Library which will of course be the property of the Battalion, and the Librarian (Pte. T. H. L. Grosvenor) therefore makes an appeal for the gift of as many books as possible from members of the Battalion, thus hoping to form a nucleus for the new Library.

WE take this opportunity of offering our congratulations to Captain and Mrs. H. C. B. Mitchell on the recent interesting event in their ménage; and, since it was too late for our last issue, of tendering our salutations to the former on his appointment to the Battalion.

BATTALION MEMORIAL FUND.

LAST September the Commanding Officer suggested that the Battalion should establish a "Home Memorial Fund" with the idea of providing a sum of money that would be immediately available on demobilisation for the purpose of providing a Memorial of the services of the Battalion during the War, and to the memory of Officers, N. C. O's. and men who may have been killed in action or died of disease since leaving England for service overseas, the rate of subscription, which was to be voluntary, Rs. 2 per month for Officers, 8 annas per month for Sergeants, and 4 annas per month for men.

The suggestion met with a ready response from all ranks, and the Fund was started in September last. Also old members of the Battalion now serving with the Somerset Garrison Battalion, asked to be allowed to contribute

and just recently two men of "B" Company now serving with an Aircraft Park, forwarded Rs. 5 as it "was to them a duty."

The total subscriptions up to date amount to Rs. 1,654-4-0 which enabled the Commanding Officer to take advantage of the present high rate of exchange and remit £100 (at a cost of Rs. 1,417-0-7) to England. This latter sum is now on deposit in the joint names of Colonel Gilbertson Smith, T. D., as Honorary Colonel, and the Commanding Officer for the time being of the Battalion.

It is proposed from time to time to send home further sums.

ATHLETICS.

SINCE our return from the Hills, we have had very little chance of inter-Battalion matches of any description with our friends the Sussex, other things of more importance having occupied our minds, but their recent visit restored the interest once again between the two Regiments.

After our successful week end with the 1-9th Hants, we have been trying to keep the ball rolling, and therefore threw out challenges for Football, Hockey, Cricket, and Billiards, all of which, naturally enough, were very quickly accepted by the Royal Sussex.

The weather unfortunately left very much to be desired, with the result that our cricket screens began to disappear in a south-westerly direction. However this did not interfere with the games, which were carried on with great enthusiasm, and which proved most interesting and enjoyable to players and spectators alike.

On March 8th, the Regimental teams visited the 1/1st Kents at Ferozepore, arriving very "dry" and very hungry, only to find the Regiment in a state of great excitement, orders having been received to mobilize. After much trouble, we were led to our quarters, the party being so large that we had to split up among different companies. Much pleasure was felt by the cricket team on the arrival of Lieutenant Lysaght, from Ambala, where he had been, staying with the Boxers, and much surprise by all of us in meeting Sergt. Sammy Meager, who, it will be remembered, left us for the Arsenal. *We noticed his flash was not in its correct position, but undoubtedly he has forgotten the duties*

of a Regimental Provost Sergeant. He wishes to be remembered to all the "Bhoys." On completion of our fixtures, which were not altogether successful, we returned to Jullundur, very stiff owing to the soft beds which were provided, but very glad, indeed, to get one night's sleep before embarking on that celebrated "acid hunt" known as Kitchener's Test.

FOOTBALL.

Before dealing with any games played since our match against the 1/9th Hants, I should like to say a few words with regard to the Battalion team itself. As we all know, the team has experienced the worst of luck, and our inability to win matches is really no reflection upon its capabilities. We have also been most unfortunate in losing players such as Scarlett, Talbot, Miller and Watts (who, by the way, is now reckoned to be the best centre half in India), and our numerous trials show only too well that, with the exception of L-Cpl. Sawkins who gave two brilliant displays at outside right, we have not got men capable of filling the breach. However, let us hope for brighter days in the future.

Training, or rather the lack of it, is our chief drawback, every team we oppose being faster and better trained, and it must be admitted that an hour and a half per week is not enough. The fact that we have always been the superior team on the first half only goes to prove that we lack speed and staying power. Grant us time in which to train properly, and I feel confident of an immediate improvement. It is hardly fair to our own men in their untrained condition, to pit them against teams who have been training for months. I am no believer, personally, in making a defeat into a victory by means of excuses; but I believe that there is always a "reason why," it being in this case insufficient training.

Losses are more disheartening to the players than to the spectators, and I feel sure that you will be with me in saying that great credit is due to the team for the dogged and persevering way in which they have stuck to their up-hill task.

*1/25th Londons versus 2/6th Royal Sussex
(on Saturday, February 23rd).*

The game does not call for a great deal of comment, and the score 1—2 against us about represents the superiority of the visitors.

Both teams played gamely in the first half, and until the change of ends it looked as though the contest would be a close one. Half time came with no score.

On resumption the Sussex attack bore down on the home defence, and L/Cpl. Prior netted, although in the opinions of the crowd he should have been adjudged off-side. This reverse somewhat revived L/Cpl. Whisstock who had previously gone to centre forward, Clayton having returned to the defence, and by a clever piece of footwork he beat both backs and scored. A minute after he was through again, only to be exceedingly unlucky, his shot striking the visitors' custodian on the chest.

A second piece of good fortune came to the Sussex from their outside right, who put in a very accurate centre which was carried into the net by the wind.

The game ended with the visitors very lucky winners.

TEAM.

Davis, L/Cpl. Whisstock and Sergt. Duthoit, Phillips, L/Cpl. Hall and Greenaway, Little Clayton, Phillips, Batstone and Pappin.

*1/25th Londons versus 1/1st Kents (Sunday,
March 10th).*

On meeting the Kents, we were very unfortunate on not being able to place a fully representative team in the field, L/Cpl. Sawkins, Cousins, Little and Sgt. Duthoit being sick, and our skipper Derby Hall away on a course of Bayonet Fighting. The side was slightly rearranged from the team that met the Sussex. L/Cpl. Whisstock and Clayton going back, with Beswick at centre and Gilding at outside right.

The Londons won the toss and kept the sun behind them from the kick off—Phillips put Pappin away who hooked in a lovely centre, only to see it snatched up by the home back. Play continued to be very fast and half time arrived with the Londons one goal down. On change of ends, the home attack broke through and netted, although the point should have been disallowed, the whistle having gone for offside before the ball crossed the line. The crowd, however, shouted for a goal, and the referee allowed them to make his decisions. We retired beaten by 3 goals to 0.

The defence was all that could be desired and Pappin had quite a benefit day, repeatedly breaking away and centring with great accuracy.

Davis showed his best form, having no chance whatever with the shots that scored.

TEAM.

Davis; Whisstock and Clayton; Shelton, Greenaway and Phillips; Gilding, Turner, Beswick, Batstone and Pappin.

BATTALION TEAM.

GOAL SCORERS.

Batstone	4
Clayton	3
Miller	2
L/Cpl. Whisstock	1
L/Cpl Hall	1

CRICKET.

1/25th Londons versus 2/6th Royal Sussex.

Londons.

Sussex.

Lt. Lysaght, b. Argent	47	C. Q. M. S. Street, <i>lbw.</i>	
Pte. Hall, run out	19	b. Vaughan	125
Capt. Paget, c. Johnson,		Pte. Argent, <i>lbw.</i>	
b. Argent	9	b. Vaughan	3
Pte. Chapman, c. Johnson,		Capt. Johnson, c. Paget,	
b. Argent	3	b. Holford	30
L/Opl. Carmichael, c.		Capt. Roberson, c. Chap-	
Freshwater, b. Argent	24	man, b. Wickens	3
L/Cpl. Vaughan, c. Street,		L/Cpl. Murray, c. and	
b. Murray	0	b. Chapman	1
Pte. Wickens, c. Collins,		Bdmr. Nield, b. Chapman	81
b. Murray	12		
Pte. Halford, c. Collins,		Pte. Collins, b. Wickens	8
b. Street	0	Sgt. Freshwater, b. Wickens	4
Lt. Lamberton, b. Norton	8	Pt. Norton not out	1
Pte. Beswick, b. Nield	32	L/Cpl. Stanton, b. Wickens	6
Major Swinnerton not out	8	Pte. Barker, b. Chapman	0
Extras	47	Extras	40
Total	209	Total	302

At cricket we received somewhat of a surprise, our visitors beating us by 93 runs, but this can be put down decidedly to our bad fielding. Included in the visiting team was C. Q. M. S. Street of the Sussex C., who made a brilliant score of 125 runs, while Bandmaster Nield made 81.

Our highest individual score of 47 was made by Lieutenant Lysaght, while 47 extras helped to swell our total. One cannot, however, help noting the brilliance of Pte. Wickens, who has so greatly strengthened our team. He bowled 29 overs

with four wickets, the number of runs scored off him being 79. I think the attention of the Cricket Committee should be drawn to the bad fielding which undoubtedly cost us the match, as C. Q. M. S. Street, who ought to have been caught quite early in his innings, was badly missed. Improvement, however, is noticeable in the team which, let us hope, will continue.

LONDONS *versus* KENTS AT CRICKET.

(Saturday and Sunday, March 8th and 9th.)

The Londons won the toss and batted first, Lieutenant Lysaght and Pte. Hall as usual opening the innings.

From the outset, it looked as if the Kent bowlers were in for a lively time, our side securing some really fine boundaries. There is one particular mistake however which we should do well to note, and that is striking at a rising ball. This fault has been noticed on several occasions and in this match cost us a wicket, Pte. Hall being caught by Lieutenant Thomas.

The Committee are to be congratulated on the capture of Lieutenant Bull who proved to be a batsman of no mean order.

I think the scorer might overlook those drives through the scoring table which caused him so much anxiety. The innings closed with a score of 208, of which 72 were compiled by Lieutenant Bull and 29 by Lieutenant Lamberton. The Kents now opened the batting, but collapsed, their innings closing for 79. The improvement on our fielding was very noticeable, Lieutenants Lysaght and Lamberton securing some very fine catches. Chapman was also great, preventing the Kents from snatching several runs. Amongst our bowlers L/Cpl. Vaughan and Chapman were the star turns, Pte. Wickens unfortunately having to drop out of the team owing to a bad arm caused by inoculation.

The Kents followed on, and put up a splendid fight, closing their second innings with a total of 265 runs. Captain Bunting and Sergt. Ollerenshaw making best scores with 46 and 62 runs respectively.

In our second innings we only succeeded in knocking up a score of 77 for seven wickets, when at 4 P.M. stumps were drawn.

Londons.		Innings.		Kents.		Innings.	
	1st.	2nd.		1st.	2nd.		1st.
Lt. Lysaght ...	16	9	Pte. Goodban ...	17	29		
Pte. Hall ...	3	2	" Sharpe ...	9	9		
" Chapman ..	19	2	" Hayward ...	5	7		
L/Cpl. Topham	26	0	L/Cpl. Cory Smith	1	22		
Lt. Bull ...	72	34	Cptn. Bunting	9	46		
L/Cpl. Vaughan	0	Did	Sgt. Merralls ...	14	39*		
Pte. Clayton ...	0	not	" Ollerenshaw	10	62		
" Wickens ...	8	bat.	Pte. Carby ...	0	0		
Lt. Lamberton...	29	2	2nd Lt. Thomas	0	6		
Pte. Beswick ...	1	10*	Pte. Honey ...	8	34		
" Balk ...	10	9	" Dean ...	2*	1		
" Extras ...	24	9		4	10		
Total ...	208	77	Total ...	79	265		

*Not out.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
Pte. Wickens ...	nil for 16	Pte. Chapman ...	1 for 71
" Chapman ...	4 " 21	L/Cpl. Vaughan	6 " 68
L/Cpl. Vaughan	6 " 38	L/Cpl. Topham	nil " 51
(includes 5 maiden overs).		Lt. Bull ...	2 " 40
		Pte. Hall ...	nil " 25

HOCKEY.

1/25th Londons versus Royal Sussex.

The last item of our programme with the Sussex was played off on Sunday, February 24th, which brought to a conclusion a most entertaining and successful week end. Result:—Londons 5 (Cpl. Rogers 3, Capt. Paget 2); Sussex 3.

Team.

L/Cpl. Whisstock; L/Cpl. Godbolt and Capt. Stafford; Ptes. Minty, Nunn, and Pierez, Pte. Pattison, L/Cpl. Engerran, Cpl. Rogers, Capt. Paget, and Pte. Eldridge.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9TH, 1918.

Londons versus Kents, at Ferozepore, on March 9th.

Team.

Pte. Barnes; Nunn and L/Cpl. Godbolt; Ptes. Minty, Clarke, and Little; Pte. Pattison, L/Cpl. Lowrie, Cpl. Rogers, Ptes. Gilding, and Eldridge.

From the outset the Londons opened an attack with great determination, and after 10 minutes play Rogers put the Blues ahead. Still maintaining their superiority, further success came from our left wing, Eldridge sending in well out of reach of the home custodian. Play was getting very fast and furious, and from a corner the Kents broke through and scored, although in the opinion of the crowd the referee gave a wrong decision. The game now developed into a rough and tumble, very heavy charging and dangerous play being allowed to go on unpenalized. We retired with our first

defeat of the season by 4 goals to 2, the game being spoilt by the very questionable decisions of the referee.

For the Londons, Barnes' performance in goal was exceedingly brilliant, while Nunn at back worked terribly hard. Cpl. Rogers was the pick of the forwards, but there was no doubt a weakness caused by the absence of Capt. Paget from the attack.

BILLIARDS.

1/25th Londons versus Royal Sussex.

Result, Londons 5 games 1,108 points.

Sussex 3 " 968 "

Nett win by 2 games and 140 points.

Scores.

Sussex.		Londons.	
L/Cpl. Higgins	109 played	2/Lt. N. C. Lamberton	150
Srgt. Hutchings	113	L/Cpl. Hall	150
Cpl. Weeks	150	R. S. M. Furman	136
L/Cpl. Prior	150	Pte. S. G. Hall	104
Capt. Johnson	107	L/Cpl. Price	150
Pte. Smith	150	Pte. Porter, H. R.	118
" Jones	106	" Brazier	150
" Barker	83	" Batstone	150
Total ...	968	Total ...	1,108

Londons versus Kents, at Ferozepore.

Londons.		Kents.	
Lt. Lamberton	200	Capt. Carlile	66
" Bull...	184	Pte. Davis	200
L/Cpl. Price	170	" Mackintosh	200
Pte. Batstone	179	" Sandiford	200
" Hall	200	" Godfrey	185
" Coleman	195	" Goocher	200
" Brazier	134	" Brake	200
L/Cpl. Porter	177	" Hogbin	200
Score ...	1,239	Score	1,231

The Londons, while losing 6 games out of 8, thus won, on the aggregate score, by the narrow margin of 8 points.

For Londons Lieutenant Lamberton made a break of 33 and Pte. Hall a 30.

No. 7 v. No. 14.

Played on Headquarters Ground, 23rd March.

These two sides provided one of the most entertaining games that the league tournament has provided for some time. The play was fast and in good spirit, and until the whistle went for time, it was anybody's game. No. 14 have a very useful side with a fine defence, and it was only the fine play of 7's halves that prevented them securing a victory.

On the other hand No. 7's defence was shaky. Creed was certainly in his wrong place at back, but the main weakness was in the attack. Pattison was the pick of the forwards. The game ended in a draw of one all.

No. 7 v. 15.

Played on Battalion Ground, 24th March.

Resulted in a win for the latter by 2 goals to 0. The ground was very slippery after the previous day's rain, which accounted for the play being somewhat of a scrappy nature. Sergt. Jones returned from Lahore in time to turn out, and put his side ahead by scoring from a long dropping shot. Shortly afterwards Ryall for 7 should have equalized the points, but with an open goal he gently shot to the goalkeeper who easily saved. There was no doubt about the superiority of No. 15, whose combination was excellent, and "D." Company are to be congratulated on possessing two fine teams, *i. e.* Nos. 14 and 15 Platoons. The game was fought out very hard, No. 7 having to win to secure runners up in the league, but No. 15 went out with great determination to win and easily succeeded, Whisstock being very little troubled. "Micky" Norman for the losers proved very effective in the half back line, with Whetnall as partner.

No. 5 v. No. 8.

*Played on Headquarters Ground,
24th March.*

This match proved somewhat of a local Derby, No. 5 having to win this match in order to retain second place in the league. It was pretty obvious that No. 8 were out for all they could get, and up till half time the game was even. On change of ends, however, they cracked up, and 5 took the game in hand, Capt. Paget securing the Hat Trick and Champ scoring the fourth. Just before the finish the news came through that their rivals for the "runners up" position were 2 goals down, and hence No. 5's position was quite safe, and they won easily by 4 goals to nil. This match closed the over-prolonged Inter-Platoon Football League.

Final result :—No. 12 Top.

No. 5 Runners up.

THE HURBURGH CUP.

Kindly presented to "A" Company by Lieutenant Hurburgh, to be competed for among the platoons in various sports.

In the first instance the cup was presented to No. 1 Platoon as it was decided that, having gained most points at the Battalion Sports Meeting they should be entitled to hold it, and continue to do so until beaten by another challenging platoon.

The first challenge came from No. 2 Platoon and the game decided upon was hockey. The match took place on March 24th on "A." Company ground and throughout was keenly contested. In the second half, however, No. 2 opened the scoring, L.-Corpl. Hawkins netting the ball. No. 1 immediately attacked and E. Smith netted. Then Atkins ran through and beat the goalie thus giving the lead to No. 1.

The remainder of the game was of a ding-dong character, and after a splendid run, Jeffries at outside right, scored for No. 2. This levelled matters up and as no further goals were obtained by either side, No. 1 Platoon, not having been beaten, retained the cup.

"A" COY. v. 45TH BRIGADE STAFF
HOCKEY TEAM.

A very enjoyable game was played on Jullundur Club ground between the above on 11th March. At the close of the game time was called and the score stood at 1—1. It was decided to play an extra 10 minutes for the decisive goal. The Staff played well and deserved the odd goal which they secured, thus making the score 2 goals to one.

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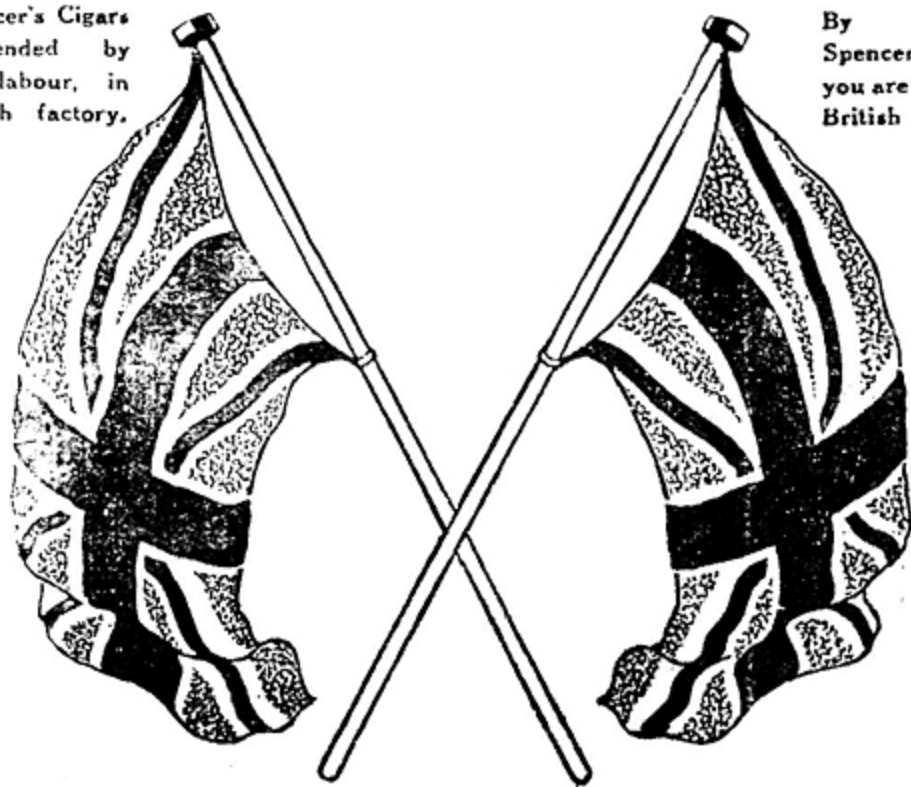
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