



# THE LONDONER

Vol. II, No. 6.]

JULY 1918.

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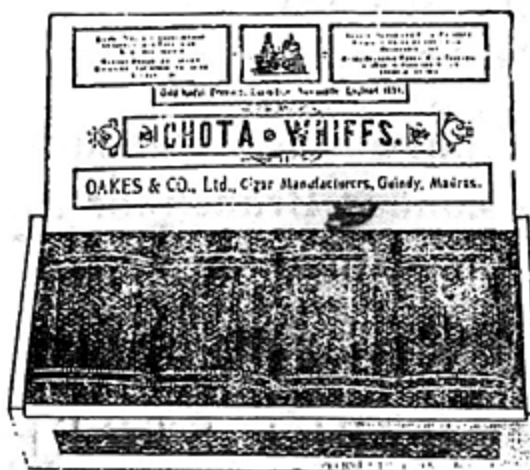
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# THE LONDONER.

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

No. 6—Vol. II.]

JULY 1918.

[Price Annas 3.

## ROUND AND ABOUT.

### Battalion Strength.

The changes in the personnel of the battalion are a source of perpetual wonder to everybody, and to most of us it is very difficult to keep track of all the different faces that come and go.

Since our arrival in India in 1916, no less than 462 men have left us on different reasons, to the Middlesex, to unfit battalions, to different units for special employ, to commissions and to Blighty, invalided. A number too are, alas, dead. Almost all over India and Mesopotamia are the Londons represented from Peshawar to Madras and from Calcutta to Bombay.

### Concerts.

Since the departure of the Concert Party to Mesopotamia, and of the Regimental Orchestra to Jutogh, the Jullundur detachment have experienced somewhat of a dearth of evening entertainments. Granted that nearly all our best known men are away, surely a concert of some kind could be organised. The time from Retreat to lights out is apt to hang rather heavily on the hands of most men, and an occasional concert would do much to relieve the monotony. Perhaps Billy Powell will take up this matter. Few will deny that he is the man for the job.

### Musketry.

N. C. O.'s and men of the battalion who have had to fire their annual classification course at Jullundur this summer, are distinctly "brown" for the combination of bad conditions prevailing has had a disastrous effect upon their scores. Many are the "guns" that have been dropped, and not a few men are looking forward gloomily to

that decrease in the weekly stipend that follows so remorselessly in the footsteps of a "day off" on the range. Bad, or rather deceptive, light is probably largely responsible for this, but whatever be the reason of the débâcle, the result is very much to be deplored, affecting as it does, not only the men who have fired, but the battalion averages which, we fear, will not work out nearly so well as last year. The remainder of the battalion, however, who will perhaps fire under less disadvantageous circumstances, may be able, to some extent, to pull up the Regimental aggregates.

### The Jullundur Depot.

Now that Headquarters have moved up to Jutogh, the contingent of troops left "down" automatically, we presume, sinks to the rank of a dépôt. Many men are bemoaning their fate, after one hot season in Waziristan, in being compelled to spend the next one in the 'branding summer' of the plains, but doubtless a good number of these will, after the apparently inevitable touch of fever, go to the hills. Although our casualties are not so numerous as last year at this time, a great many men seem to fall sick, this being by no means confined to Jullundur however; possibly the bad effects of Waziristan have not yet disappeared, in addition to which the present summer is, by all accounts, warm above the average; though after the purgatorial heat of Tank, a modest 115° in the shade ought to pass unnoticed.

The clashing of the funeral of the late Major Martin, an account of which may be found on

another page, and the King's Birthday was, from the point of view of the troops, distinctly unfortunate; for although nobody be grudged turning out to pay their last tributes to the dead, it was very disappointing to have to get up even earlier than usual on the long looked forward to holiday. However the funeral was over at an early hour, and the firing party, wet through to the skin, were back in barracks by 7 o'clock, so that except for a very early reveille, the "buksheesh" day was not interfered with.

#### The Sabathu Detachment.

From Sabathu, where a party of Londons were sent from Jutogh, comes a moan which leads us to suspect that all is not so "cushy" there as might be. We understand that owing to the comparatively slight altitude of the place, the midday temperature is very little different from that of the plains, and that work and guards are plentiful. From a letter received in the early part of June, we learn that the members of the Officers' Training School there are firing every day, and as the butts are  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles distant, and require three butt-parties daily, we should imagine that this duty comes round fairly often. Work, however, is by no means confined to the troops, and the officers there, who include in their number several old

twenty-fifth men, are "put through it" pretty severely.

#### Jutogh.

The troops at Jutogh however are having a "good and easy time"—we quote the words of one of the men at present stationed there—and exasperate beyond measure the rest of the battalion by giving them very full and glowing descriptions of their doings, coupled with hopes that they (the men elsewhere) are not being worked too hard, and that the heat is not too trying. The Regimental Orchestra appears to have made a great hit among the army "heads" at Simla, and the men at Jutogh find very congenial surroundings in the neighbourhood of India's premier Hill-station. Afternoon teas and similar functions are frequently given by the residents of whom our men speak in glowing terms. Nearly every N. C. O. possesses a pair of dancing shoes, and it is no unusual occurrence to find a lady's handkerchief on the floor of the corporals' room the morning after the night before.

The health of the troops at Jutogh cannot, we regret to say, be said to be excellent, and there are a good proportion of men in hospital. As a large percentage of the Jutogh men, however, were sent up on account of bad health, this perhaps is no more than might be expected.

### SIMLA.

"Aye, lay him 'neath the Simla pine,  
A fortnight fully to be missed,  
Behold! we lost our fourth at whist,  
A place is vacant where we dine."

SO wrote Kipling, who knows his India, probably as not a man living does to-day; and, on visiting Simla one cannot but feel that one would indeed choose for a last resting-place "that cool rest-house down the glen," that lies adjacent to India's hill-Padua, when Nature is at her best. Those who condemn India as a country harbouring nothing but dust, unbearable heat, desolation, and disease, have surely never seen this lovely place!

The railway to Simla, which is of the narrow gauge variety, starts at Kalka, a village at the foot of the Simla Hills. On leaving this

place, the train quickly ascends into the hills, skirting the khuds in a fashion calculated to try the nerves even of a tight-rope artiste. The tonga road, which can be seen for the most part of the journey, is 58 miles in length, but owing to the way in which it winds in loops and "S"s round and through the hills, the "toy" railway, strangely reminiscent of the Scenic Railway at the White City, is much longer. It is indeed a marvellous engineering feat, there being over 100 tunnels in the journey, while in other places the train, like some gigantic centipede, seems almost to hang on to the cliffs themselves.

At Dharampur, the station for Dagshai, Kasauli may be seen on the Western Ridge, the highest point being "Monkey point." Sabathu lies in the Northern Valley, while Dagshai itself is perched high above to the South. That train goes on, over ravines where babbling mountain streams flash down to the valley beneath round the edges of cliffs where the view conveys an impression of a vast garden laid out with terraces of green carpet, one above the other. Little white houses nestle among a curious mixture of palms, waving grasses and fir trees. Still the train goes up, sometimes at a tremendous gradient, while the little engine puffs and shrieks and skids as it negotiates bends at a terrific angle. After going through the longest tunnel on the route, a halt of some twenty minutes is made at flowery pine-clad Barogh, from where, after crossing a four-tier bridge at Kanogh, Tara Devi is reached. All passports are examined here, and the state of health of the passengers inquired into, by a native official, who also makes many other vital investigations.

The "Holy of Holies," seat of the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Forces, and other potentates who control the destinies of the country, is now quite near, and from here one can obtain a fine view of Simla itself, lying under the shadow of Jakko Hill; while to the left, the Viceregal Lodge is outlined against the sky. There are now but three more stations on the line—Jutogh, Summer Hill, and Simla—where one is not sorry to alight, for in spite of the magnificent scenery, the carriages are somewhat small and cramped.

As one leaves the station a glorious panorama is unfolded. Nature's beauty is at its best, resplendent in flowers of red, blue and white and stately pines with their vivid hues of green, brown and yellow, the whole set against a background of cloudless blue sky. It is a blaze of colour that would have made Turner long for palette and canvas.

Below, and on the right of the long road into the town, are the Government Offices, lower still is the bazaar which stretches up to the Mall on the ridge above. Further along is a huge red building—the Secretariat,—and everywhere are the rickshaw wallahs with their rickshaws. On the left of the Mall, pure white against the blue sky is the Post-Office; a few yards further

along the road divides, one branch leads up to the church, the other, continuing along the Mall, down round the foot of Jakko. On the left again is the Town Hall and Library, next to it the Gaiety Theatre, a small but cosy house fitted with possibly the best stage accessories in India. On the right, past a row of shops of all descriptions, many of them under European management, one notices the fire-station, which is hardly of the type familiar to a Londoner, neither does the lethargic fireman on duty bear much resemblance to the navy blue, brass helmeted product of the Metropolis. On the right too, at intervals, are steep steps which lead into the native bazaar below; narrow alleys, barely six feet across, reminiscent of the Scores at Lowestoft.

One of the most interesting features of Simla is the never ending stream of coolies passing to and fro. They are of great strength and some of them are almost hidden from view under their loads of luggage. Their costume consists mainly of a Phrygian cap, a silver charm and neckchain, and a ragged shirt, none too long which shows to advantage the splendidly developed muscles of calf and thigh. They have masses of smooth shiny black hair, and are sturdy thick-set men of short stature. Many of them are good-looking, and a few even handsome.

At the end of the Mall are shops, the contents of which would make the mouth of an artist or a curio hunter literally to water. In one shop are jewellery-necklaces, bangles, stone-set boxes, inlaid frames, charms and other native works of art, turquoise, amethyst, sapphire, aquamarine,—all in a huge conglomerated mass, in another one finds all manner of Eastern relics and trophies—a brass-studded Afghan hide shield, brass gods and ornaments, a pair of Persian stirrups, an ancient spiked steel helmet, with a face guard, and chain mail falling round the back of the neck. There is a profusion of skins, mounted and unmounted,—tiger, leopard, snow leopard, cheetah and many others; there is a collection of images, with weird Chinese specimens leering hilariously from dark recesses, and Shiva and Hanuman ogling each other on the top of a Moorish table. There are silks from Kashmir, rugs from Peshawar, shawls from Benares, table cloths from Tibet, all and



everything is there in fact that the mind of a collector could enumerate, or his heart desire.

The bazaar at Simla does not differ essentially from the bazaars of other Indian cities. The principal merchandise appears to be silver ware and second hand clothes, and that peculiar smell is there, without which no Indian bazaar appears to exist. Among the natives, are several Mashobra women, invariably carrying a baby on their hip, a particular feature of their costume being the heavily pleated skirt, which they wear very short.

The ascent to the summit of Jakko involves a climb at a gradient in places of 45° past the church and past white bungalows, many of them hotels, which peep out from the masses of foliage that clothe the hill-side. The road lies through leafy glades, where the sunshine slants between the tree-trunks, turning the pine needles through which it shines into minute spears of gold. About half-way up, one begins to encounter monkeys, singly and in groups, who come and regard one, some with an air of great interest, others in a bored, nonchalant fashion. After many twists and turns the Monkey Temple, on the crest of the hill is reached. It is an unprepossessing yet nevertheless picturesque building, long and low in structure with a pyramidal spire. The whole is roofed with corrugated zinc, while at all points the building is patched up with that most widely used material in Indian architecture—the ubiquitous kerosene tin. On one side is a flag pole, with various coloured rags adorning its top. For a small consideration the old man in charge will bring out grain and feed the monkeys. From all quarters, hundreds of monkeys of all sizes come racing up at full speed, big ones, small ones, lean ones, corpulent ones, aged and senile grandfathers, stout matrons with babies, old and young, agile and infirm—all with one accord come rushing up. The mothers carry their young on their backs, or hanging upside down beneath them, as they hurry along; and the tenacity with which the youngsters cling to their progenitors would do credit to a limpet. After much chattering, fighting and clawing, the food is consumed, and they chase each other away into the pines again, or climb trees and sit watching the intruder in a curious old-fashioned way. Some of the larger

ones will even come in a friendly way and sit quite close to him. They have beautiful thick coats, and, one and all, are spotlessly clean.

The best time however to appreciate Jakko and his surroundings is at sunset. There is then a solemn hush over everything, and even the monkeys are still. One looks across over Elysium Hill and in the distance the snows on the Himalayas, that gigantic "Roof of the World," glisten in the last rays of the setting sun, a sight to impress for all time. In the valley, wreaths of blue smoke from the native quarters curl slowly upwards, "the conches in the temples scream and bray" for the faithful to come to prayer; the lights from the hotels gleam through the shadows, and distances become undefined and mystic. Though the mist now creeping along the valley, comes the musical "chink, chink-chink" of the pack-mules' bells, and the plaintive piping of a herdsman. Above the skyline, the moon rises with a sickly pallor, later it will be bright and clear. Altogether it is a wonderful experience to stand on Jakko at this time and the pen of a Gray or a Tennyson is necessary adequately to paint the hushed and solemn beauty of the scene

P. C. CHISNALL.

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## FIRST NOTICE.

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On going to print we regret to announce the death of Pt. W. Harris "B" Coy. at Kasauli.

also of L/Cpl. R. B. James, late Somer set Light Infantry, of cholera at Fort Attack on 1st August 1918.

also of 2nd Lieut. De Metz, R. A. F. Egypt.

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Fuller notices will appear in the next issue.

## JULLUNDUR.

## I.

Jullundur, which, as you've been told,  
Was once a base for hidden gold,  
Is now the Londons' station ;  
'Tis situated in Punjaub,  
And this description will absorb  
Your whole appreciation.

## II.

It is a place of scenes and scents,  
Of cactus plants and coloured gents,  
Just like Burhan—but more so.  
Mosquitoes, flies, and heavy rains,  
And sand, and heat, and noisome drains,  
And common soldiers also.

## III.

These latter live a life of ease,  
In army shirts and naked knees,  
Regardless of convention.  
They sometimes write to Pa, or Ma ;  
And other things they do—that are  
Too numerous to mention.

## IV.

When visiting this lovely spot,  
Come you in train, or car, or yacht,  
You'll find these objects noted.  
We boast of them, and well we might,  
They form a source of pure delight—  
Below you'll find them quoted—

## V.

You'll first come to the slaughter-house,  
Where beasts are killed, from bull to mouse,  
Without the least compunction,  
The mortuary net you'll see,  
And then the famous "S. and T., "  
Quite near Jullundur Junction.

## VI.

From there, go in the station gates.  
Locos. are there in various states  
Of awful dereliction.  
'Tis said that they were made at Home,  
And others say in ancient Rome,  
But that of course is fiction.

## VII.

And now I've shown you all the sights  
(We have ballet girls in tights)  
Perhaps you'd better go away,  
Filled with rapture at Jullundur,  
I will leave you now, to wonder,  
Why you thought much of Bombay.

PHILIP HARDY.

## JU-JUTSU.

NUMEROUS questions have been asked me concerning the Japanese system of self defence, and as this would apparently show that the subject is not devoid of interest, possibly a few remarks about this fascinating and interesting pastime will be appreciated.

Ju-Jutsu, or the "soft art," as the nearest English equivalent has it, is primarily a system of self-defence, rather than a means of offence, and is absolutely scientific, every hold, throw and lock being based on the natural laws relating to balance and leverage.

A thorough appreciation of these two fundamentals will enable one rapidly to make progress in the art. Quickness, agility and a reasonable degree of suppleness come next in importance, and great strength is certainly not an essential, for this quality, though by no means to be despised, counts less in this than in any other known means of self-defence. Ju-Jutsu is particularly useful against street attacks, for it provides defences against kicking, assaults from the front or rear, attempts at strangulation, and so on. This is a decided advantage over boxing, for example, as a boxer can only deal with an attack from the front, and if suddenly set upon from the rear, say on the throat, round the waist, or by a backward pull on his clothing, he must first free himself before putting his art into practice. Even then he may find it necessary to conduct his assailant to a police station, which, if the latter resist, may prove a troublesome affair. There are a number of holds and locks in Ju-Jutsu however, which enable one to do as one wishes in such a case, and another strong point is that the clothing of the attacker is the chief means by which his discomfiture is brought about. To the Ju-Jutsuan, nothing is more convenient than the costume in almost everyday use, the lapels and sleeves of the coat especially forming an excellent grip for one who knows how to use them.

Ju-Jutsu is particularly suitable for the fair sex, and the lady Ju-Jutsuan stands a very fair chance of successfully dealing with any attack made upon her by tramps or such persons and of giving her assailant a very unpleasant surprise, calculated to improve his behaviour for the future. It must not be thought however that a weak woman can easily overcome a strong

man by the aid of a little Ju-Jutsu, but with a good knowledge of the art, a woman of average strength would have a much better chance in such an encounter, than a much stronger woman would without, and she would at least be able to hold an opponent until assistance arrived.

The art of Ju-Jutsu cannot in any way be compared with ordinary wrestling, for example in the "catch as catch can" style, the scientific principle of balance enters very slightly, the attitude usually adopted at the beginning of a bout, being one in which both participants are off their balance and depend on their hold upon each other to prevent them from falling to the ground. When a throw is effected the worst possible position for the man thrown, to adopt, is flat on the back, but in Ju-Jutsu this is the safest possible defensive position. Actual body weight too, is of far less importance to the Ju-Jutsuan by reason of the clever use made of the laws of balance and leverage. Of course, should two Ju-Jutsuans of equal ability meet, the heavier and stronger man should secure the verdict, on the other hand if he be considerably less expert than his opponent, the lighter and weaker man should win, for in this style, weight and strength clumsily used are rather a disadvantage than otherwise.

As sport to sport, Ju-Jutsu cannot well be compared with boxing, for in a contest between exponents of either art, either man might win, by a lucky knock out, or a lucky throw followed by a ground-lock. The merits of each as a system of self-defence, have already been dealt with. To be able to deal with any ordinary attack, a good knowledge of, say, twenty or thirty holds is necessary, though to become really expert, needs constant practice, so that the right thing is done automatically. There are about 400 known locks, throws, etc., but the ordinary amateur can consider himself fairly efficient with a repertoire of fifty. The most difficult thing in Ju-Jutsu however is the "breakfall" which is an art in itself, and which, as its name suggests is the science of breaking one's fall by one's arms, legs, or both. The thud with which a Ju-Jutsuan falls after having been thrown, is made by this "breakfall" and often causes on-lookers to wonder how the user avoids serious injury. Even on a hard surface, the correct use

of the "breakfall" would considerably lessen one's chances of injury.

Ju-Jutsu has been called a cruel method of self-defence, but actually this is not so, for a Ju-Jutsuan knows his power, and can soon convince his opponent that further resistance is hopeless, and can only be made at the risk of severe pain or injury. It could certainly become cruel when used vindictively but this is dependent entirely on the person using it, and is thus a matter of morals, pure and simple.

Ju-Jutsu is a fascinating pastime, and is unrivalled for demanding immediate co-ordination between mind and muscle. It develops one physically in an ideal way for it calls every muscle into play, and improves one's stamina and powers of endurance, besides which it is unrivalled as an all-round system of self-defence.

H. E. SCUFFLE.

## OBITUARY.

We regret to have to announce the death of Major Martin of the 59th Sikhs, F. F., who died of heat stroke on the afternoon of Sunday, June 2nd. The funeral took place at an early hour the following morning, the Londons providing the firing party of 200 men.

The remains were followed to the place of interment by a large number of officers, both British and Indian, almost all the Station Staff being present; part of the route was lined by Indian troops resting on their arms reversed.

Torrential rain fell from the time that the funeral cortege left the mortuary almost to the moment when the body of the dead officer was lowered into its last resting place, and every one alike was drenched to the skin. The solemnity of the occasion was somewhat detracted from by the absence of any funeral music, no band being available, but the simple beautiful words of the Burial Service, the "three rounds blank" fired from two hundred rifles, and the melancholy haunting notes of the Last Post combined to make the ceremony an ineffaceable memory in the minds of all present.

Major Martin's big and cheery figure will be missed by many in the Station. Since serving in France in 1914, where he was badly wounded, he has commanded the Depot of the 59th Sikhs at Jullundur, and has done much good work at recruiting. It is not too much to say that he was equally liked by both British and Indians.



## LIEUTENANT HOMERSHAM.

In our May issue we announced with regret the death of this gallant officer; since then further information concerning him has come to hand.

He and his brother, the late K. J. Homersham were well known during 1913 and 1914 on the Thames, as members of the Skiff Club, and won altogether some score of cups. The brothers also played Rugby football for the Hampstead Wanderers. Lieut. A. J. Homersham was at Aldenham School, in Hertfordshire, and was in the cricket and football teams there; he also represented his school at Aldershot in the Public Schools competition for swords.

He met his death by a splendid act of self-sacrifice. While employed on photographic duty over the enemy's lines, he observed another machine of the squadron being hotly attacked by six hostile scouts. While diving to assist his comrade, he himself was attacked by a further two hostile machines, and, after a short fight, shot down. That he knew he was going to almost certain death is undoubted. His gallant intervention, however, saved the other machine.

"Greater love hath no man" —

The late Private F. J. Knight was a native of Streatham and joined the 3/25th at Feltham in December 1915. He volunteered for the draft to the first line which left Richmond in July 1916 arriving at Hebbal in September and was posted to 5<sup>th</sup> Platoon in which he became a very popular member, although unable to take a very active part in the platoon sports on account of being rather short-winded.

He was one of the few members of 5<sup>th</sup> Platoon who went right through the Waziristan campaign, although he was unlucky enough to go into hospital soon after the battalion arrived back at Jullundur but very soon rejoined the battalion at Gharial where he quickly regained his health and looked quite his old self.

He was a very reticent and conscientious fellow and was very much liked by all who knew him.

His death came a great blow to his many friends at Jutogh as his letters right to the last were always so cheerful. His death was all the more tragic as he was to have left the next day for Bombay en route for England. He was laid to rest in Jullundur Cemetery with full military honours.

## AN UNFORTUNATE ENCOUNTER.

IT was a glorious English afternoon in late September, and every feature of the lovely Sussex landscape seemed to cry out to me in welcome, on this, my first visit to that delectable county since the dark mantle of war had, eight years before, spread itself, like a sinister cloud, over Europe.

As I pedalled placidly along, my mind in a state of perfect contentment my thoughts "wentslipping back upon the golden days" before the war; and I recalled a ride with a friend, which I had carried out in July 1914, over almost exactly the same ground. On that occasion, we had stopped for some time at the "Dragon", at Wisborough Green; and I decided that history should, in my case, repeat itself.

Another cyclist was seated in the bar parlour, discussing a repast of bread, cheese and pickles, a pint of beer being also in close attendance. I ordered similar refreshment, and sat down. My fellow traveller was the first to break the silence.

"You have been in India," he accused.

I admitted the charge and inquired how he could see this.

"Quite simple," he answered. "When you came in, you at once called for the "bearer," and you ordered a "straight" instead of a pint of beer. I have a cousin who spent some time in India, and he used to talk about "straights" and "bearers." Been out there long?"

"Five years," I replied, "four on the Frontier."

"Ah! I suppose you saw a good deal of excitement during those four years up there. We heard something about an expedition five years ago, some place called Waziristan or something. Were you in that?"

"Was I not, and I'm not likely to forget it either. Of course you people here in England don't dream what the North-West Frontier is really like; especially in a summer campaign. When I tell you that we had to fight among mountains anything up to 25,000 feet high, that often we had to go for a whole week with absolutely nothing to eat, and with only about a pint of water, and that the shade temperature was anything up to 180°, perhaps you can form

some idea of what it was like. Why the sun was so hot that it boiled the water in our bottles; and one chap—he was in my platoon too—was so badly scalded, owing to his water-bottle cork coming out, that he had to be sent back to the base. You can believe me or not, just as you like, but I've seen men fry eggs just by breaking them into their mess-tin lids and leaving them in the sun for ten minutes, and we had to have our boots soled with asbestos an inch thick to keep the hot stones from burning our feet."

"Do the tribesmen up there give you very much actual fighting?"

"Rather," I replied, "of course they specialise in night attacks on our picquet and perimeter camps, and many and many a time I've been tip on a picquet—that's a party of men, anything up to 50 strong who are sent up on to the hill-tops—at night, with nothing but a low wall built of stone between me and about five hundred of them. They come at you on all sides, yelling like the very devil; you drop a good many by rifle fire but the rest come on, and then it's a case of hand-to-hand fighting, and with their huge knives, three feet long at least in the blade, they take a bit of holding, I can assure you. One picquet I was on, we were all killed and wounded except three, but a supporting party got up just in time. We hadn't a round of ammunition left, and as we had neither food nor drink for four days, and had been attacked continuously by the enemy for thirty-six hours, you can guess we'd had enough."

"To hear people talk, you might think that these Frontier campaigns are picnics. Well, in my regiment alone, we started 1,200 strong, and in less than two months we could only muster 115; we'd had about 600 killed and wounded (mostly the former), and the rest were either dead or dying of disease. Up there too, it's no uncommon thing to have to march thirty-six to forty miles in a day, and then picquet a hill 25,000 feet high when you get there. It's no laughing matter, I can tell you." I added, noticing that my companion was smiling broadly.

"No," he replied, "I know these affairs are no laughing matter, and from personal experience too, for I was a company commander in the

Royal Sussex during the war, and served right through the Waziristan campaign myself."

Hastily finishing my beer, I left the inn, and jumping on my bicycle, rode furiously away.

## BOXING AT RAWALPINDI.

AT the Railway Institute Sports ground on Saturday, May 11th, the first item on the programme was an 8-round contest between Pte. Lewis of the Yorkshires and Pte. Fern of the Londons. The first round was very even, but Round 2 was easily Fern's, Lewis being down three times for short counts. In Round 3, Fern scored freely with left and right his opponent being sent to the boards for a short count with a right to the jaw. Round 4 was very one-sided, Fern scoring at will, but apparently being unable to knock his man out. In Rounds 5 and 6, Lewis showed great improvement, and boxed very gamely. This improvement was continued in Round 7, the Yorkshireman showing very clever footwork. His ducking was also very neat, and in this round he easily held his own. Round 8 was very even, Fern gaining the decision on points. The London man was undoubtedly the better boxer of the two, and did all the leading through the eight rounds. Lewis fought very gamely, though his forceful swings were either countered or passed harmlessly over Fern's head. He was awarded a prize of 10 Rupees for being such a game loser.

Item No 2 was a six-round contest between L.-Cpl. Hedley of the Durham Light Infantry and Pte. Hoffman of the Londons. Round 1 was stopped owing to Hedley's gloves coming off, and both men had to have their gloves properly tied before re-starting. In Round 2, both men were inclined to clinch, the referee repeatedly calling on them to break away. Hoffman retired in Round 3 after complaining twice to the referee that he was being struck low, and the verdict was thus awarded to Hedley.

Fern's victory was all more meritorious in view of the very short notice that he received of the meeting, as he and Hoffman did not leave Jullundur until the Thursday before the Saturday on which their contests took place.

## MULTUM IN PARVO.

ON physical drill I'm a terror you know,  
For me voice when it's 'eard—though it's  
gentle and low.

Makes 'em jump to attention, spring up with a  
jerk.

I'll give you a sample, a bit of me work.  
Me 'varsity accent, you mustn't mind that,  
It's a family failing—'ereditary "bat."

You asks me me college? errerr I've forgotten.  
So back to the subject, I'll give 'em a 'ot un.

Now you in the front rank—d'yer think yer in  
bed?

Look straight to yer front, yes, and 'old up  
yer 'ead,

Swing out yer arms more, and stop glarin' at  
me

Er else there'll be trouble—you try it and see.  
Now listen to this and you'll know that 'twas  
grit

And de-ter-min-a-tion, combined with me wit,  
That's lifted me up so, and found me the pice  
To buy Shat-el-Arab so fragrant and nice.

To unfix your baynits you gets 'em like so  
Yer 'and on the 'andle, and that you all know  
Yer pushes 'me over and looks to yer flank.

Wot the 'ell are you doin' you in the front  
rank?

Now look 'ere me lad, when yer goes on a  
course,

'Taint no odds if its Bombin' or P. T. or Morse,  
Just knock out your manners, be've just  
like me,

And then you'll get on and get up d'yer  
see?

Now I asks you my lad, d'yer want to get  
on?

Have I got any papers to 'elp you along?  
Yes I certainly 'ave and a few books as well  
The papers is in this 'ere pocket—oh 'ell!

WHAT THE BATTALION IS  
ASKING.

The name of the fever patient who on being  
asked by the M. O. if he were M. T., replied  
"No Sir, Londons"?

Who is the N. C. O. who recently demanded  
of his squad to "on the hands-up"?

Whether it is true that a certain Instructor  
refused to enter the recent tennis tournament  
because it was open to "the men"?

Who is the embryo musketry instructor who,  
hesitating between "concentration" and "dis-  
tribution" ordered "section contribution"?

Whether, in view of a recent lecture in the  
Regimental Theatre, the game is worth the  
candle?

Who is the recently exalted personage who  
purchased a ring with an immense stone?  
Has his naming it the Blarney stone any-  
thing to do with the fact that he is an Irish-  
man! Can the Band throw any light on the  
incident?

How much the foreman of a certain Company  
Mosquito Squad spends in writing pads?

Who is the N. C. O. who recently gave up a  
"cushy" job in order to go on a course?

And whether he isn't disappointed at not  
receiving a badge for it?

Who is the "Kutchah wallah" who is afraid  
to ride a mule, but who wears riding breeches  
when exercising these dear creatures?

What the Orderly Officer thought when his  
bearer, whom he had sent to the Coffee shop  
for six Orderly Officers' Report forms, returned  
with six pints of beer?

Who, in explaining the detail for unfix  
bayonets said it was easy to put the rifle in  
the scabbard without looking?

What did the W. O. mean when he said,  
"Squ-eze up there, leave yourself plenty of  
room"?

Who is the budding signaller, who, when he  
heard "We will have some T. M. S." (Training  
Manual Signalling) interpreted the letters as  
"Ten minutes sleep"?

## A FEW DEFINITIONS, COPIED, WORD FOR WORD FROM MUSKETRY PERPETRATIONS, PART I. 1990.

*Axis of the Barrel.*—An imaginary line drawn between the bung hole and the tap.

*Line of Sights.*—The adjutant's comment on some guards he has inspected.

*Barrel Opening.*—A ceremony too obvious to need description.

*Concentrated Fire.*—The hereafter.

*Dangerous space.*—The Orderly Room verandah.

*Forces acting on the Bullet.*—The German Forces.

*Trajectory.*—The shape of I. D. F. members when performing that mystic evolution known as "on the hands, down."

*Elevation.*—The sudden vertical position of a new Lance-Corporal's head.

*Jump.*—What we do when the C. Q. M. S. says: "Fifty" instead of "Five" (We don't often jump).

*Ricochet.*—When you start for the station without a belt, bump into the R. P. S.: bounce from him to the C. O. R., and from there to the B. O. R., coming to a dead stop in the cells.

*Wind.*—The class of people referred to in "elevation" can tell you all about this.

*Range Duties.*—(Shan't copy this. It's obviously a woman's job.)

*Foresight.*—The quality evinced by a soldier who dislocates his shoulder two days before Kitchener's Test.

*The Bore.*—Plague inoculation.

*Muscle Exercises.*—Practice 1. Carry a full box of ball ammunition to the station.

Practice 2.—Repeat Practice 1.

Practice 3. " " 2.

*Gase Scapah Ole.*—Welsh for "Auntie's mouth."

"CUM GRANO SALIS."

*Publications.*—A recent Sporting Yarn entitled, "The Simla Hills are very high, But we will find the Passes."

By Abbs and Burnett. (Trappers) should prove interesting.

## THE AFTERMATH.

IN August 1914, William Smythe had mounted the difficult first few rungs of the ladder of social and commercial success. Still a young man, his abilities had won him the good opinion of the directorate of the London Capital and South Westminster Bank, with whom he was employed; and he hoped to be appointed to an important Managership in the near future. He was on the committees both of the most exclusive cricket and tennis club in the neighbourhood, and of the Hampgate Bcc Constitutional Club, while his wife was a prominent figure at the local Primrose League habitation. He was a churchwarden of the most fashionable church of the district: and though somewhat hampered by heavy life insurance premiums he could still afford to rent a semi-detached villa, "Chez Nous" in one of the best roads, which villa was a rendezvous of the élite of the neighbourhood.

Soon after the outbreak of war, William Smythe, Esquire, became Cyclist, Smythe W., No. 1abz, and strangely enough he was still Pte. Smythe W., No. 740xyz, at the end of the war in 19— He settled down to his new life fairly well, but always at the back of his mind was a longing for the time when he would again be William Smythe Esq. In his mind's eye he pictured his return to "Chez Nous," with its bi-monthly at Home when the Vicar and the local gentry would call for small talk and refined discussion over afternoon tea, and the hundred and one details of civilized life which were lacking in military circles. He would be thoroughly contented—he told himself—once free of this beastly army life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six months after Smythe's return to civil life, the Smythes were giving a Christmas dinner party at their villa. While there was a marked absence of vulgar ostentation, everything spoke of opulence tempered with refinement: the table was set out with glittering silver and tastefully arranged flowers on spotless linen. The good food, the choice wines, the light chatter, the subdued light shining on alternate sombre evening suit and bejewelled décolletage made a pleasing appeal to all the senses. It was a veritable triumph for the hostess. Yet strangely



# THE "COCK" TAVERN

Is absolutely the **BEST** place in the Punjab for Cocktails, Liqueurs, Spirits, and Short Drinks of any description.

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REALLY COMFORTABLE SURROUNDINGS.**

**OUR BAR-TENDERS HAVE HAD A  
UNIQUE EXPERIENCE**

in mixing all varieties of Cocktails.

Our "QUININE LIVENER" is Some Drink.

(Open to Soldiers in uniform from 5 to 5-30 p.m.)

## THE "APIS" MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED,

beg to announce that they have  
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### BADGES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

If you want any variety of  
badge, either in Cloth or  
Brass, call at our

Show-rooms.

WE HAVE A SPECIAL LINE IN  
MARKSMAN'S BADGES,  
which we are getting rid of  
at tremendously reduced  
rates.

Local Representatives:—

Messrs Richley & Oakes,  
Jullundur.

## A HOLIDAY AT BREEZY BRACING JUTOGH

is a much more appetising  
prospect than the sweltering  
heat of the Plains in July.

### WHY NOT GO UP?

DON'T MAKE THE EXCUSES THAT  
YOU HAVEN'T TIME, YOU CAN'T  
AFFORD IT, ETC., ETC., BUT

## CONSULT OUR AGENCY.

DON'T PUT IT OFF.  
SOME AT ONCE.

BE ON OUR NEXT PARTY  
The Station Hospital Holiday  
Agency, Limited.

Telegrams : Heatstroke, Jullundur.

enough Smythe was moody and taciturn, and even after the ladies had retired and the pleasing aroma of good cigars filled the air, he still belied his reputation for vivacity and wit, and still there remained on his face an expression of settled gloom and a dreamy far-away look in his eyes.

That night Smythe had a curious dream. He dreamed that he had died. After being carried through space for what seemed an eternity, he found himself in a long white-washed room along the sides of which were two long rows of benches at which were seated men drinking, and the language which assailed his ears would have shocked Billingsgate. An angry dispute was proceeding at the far-end of the room. Several different groups were singing in horribly discordant voices different popular songs, occasionally joining in unison in a chant-like melody expressing uncomplimentary opinions of the previous song and singer thereof. Impelled by some unseen force, Smythe found himself on his feet singing some long forgotten ditty about a man who was deficient of some essential articles, at which the company rose to its feet—or rather such as were capable of so doing—and chanted a dismal dirge, the burden of which was that he was to sit down. Having unsuccessfully essayed a further song, and recounting the various wonders which its hero (who was periodically during the song accused of excessive inebriation) had never seen, even in travels extending over ten thousand miles and more, Smythe sat down to consider his situation—was he in hell? he did not think so; yet it was strangely unlike his ideas of heaven...At this point a man who seemed to have some authority, hit the table violently with his stick and Smythe awoke to find that some one was knocking at his bedroom door, and that it was a quarter to eight and that he had barely time to snatch a hasty breakfast and catch his train for the city.

Catching his train with only a few seconds to spare, Smythe sat in the corner of a first class smoking compartment, more moody and depressed than ever.

Some months after, Mrs. Smythe of "Chez Nous" was lamenting the mysterious disappearance of her husband, and Private Thomas Jones was wishing fervently that he were back again at the pretty villa which once was his.

PERCY.

## KISWASTE.

### I.

AS on my faithful bed I lay  
I wondered, in an idle way,  
Why, in this war (which so they say  
The greatest of all wars is.)  
Should an Almighty Providence  
So very partially dispense  
To some all kicks, to some all pence;  
And what the actual cause is.

### II.

For some, by virtue of their "lay,"  
Are in receipt of extra pay,  
While others, just as good as they  
Get but their daily shilling.  
And some there are whose lives are hard  
By reason of perpetual guard;  
While others from this are debarred,  
Though every bit as willing.

### III.

And there are men who time on time  
Are "on the peg". With cheek sublime  
(It matters not how grave their crime,  
How black their case,) they win it.  
Yet others "on the carpet" go,  
With conduct sheets as white as snow,  
But they don't get away. Oh no!  
They fall severely in it.

### IV.

I meditate upon these things,  
And meditation with it brings,  
A sense of wrong which deeply stings,  
An all-pervading wonder,  
That such a state of things should thrive  
That chance unseeing should contrive,  
For all that's worthless to survive,  
While all that's best goes under.

## PERSONAL.

## FIRST BATTALION NOTES.

A letter has been received from Lionel King (old "D" Coy.), who recently passed, with possible marks, a Physical Training Course at Aldershot. He was made a Corporal on the strength of this, but shortly afterwards "bumped," owing to a difference of opinion with a Provost Sergeant. He is now with the 2/10th Londons in France, and states that, before he left England, he met Godfrey (old "D" Coy.), now a Subaltern in the Middlesex Regiment, who was proceeding from hospital to a convalescent home. He was suffering from a bad knee and had lost a finger from his right hand. Another old First Battalion man whom King met is Morrison of old "E" Coy., who is still fit and well and going strong. Jack Webb (old "D" Coy.) is now in France with the Rifle Brigade.

Corpl. Pluppard, who will be remembered as a M. G. Driver in the Lowestoft days, is now a 2nd Lieut. in the 17th Tank Corps. He has been in hospital in France for some time, suffering from impetigo, but is fit again and training at Wool in Dorset. He has heard of several old "twenty-fifth" men who went to the R. F. C. including Maynard, who is now a Sergeant, Grove, now a Corpl., Nutting and Jones, both First Air Mechanics, and Pearce, who is also a Sergeant. He hears that most of the men who went to the R. F. C. are doing fairly well.

Everyone will be interested to learn that Lance-Corporal Jessett, who left us at Burhan last year, has now been discharged with a pension as "unfit for further war service" from April 1st 1918. Sergeant Haarer, at Lahore, after having tried all other sources in vain, has obtained Prall's address by means of mutual friends in Blighty. "Gussy's" friends will doubtless be very pleased to learn this address which is—

Pte. Cedrie A. Prall, 1040,  
2nd Wireless Squadron,  
Sappers and Miners,  
Margil, M. E. F.

Sparkes, now a cadet at the R. A. F. Depot, Aboukir, has seen 2nd Lieuts. Dodkins, De Metz and Wood, the former is awaiting a boat for Blighty, and the others are now back in Cairo. 2nd Lieut. Marriot, he states, is in Palestine.

All First Battalion men will be interested to hear that the last mail brought news of Mr. and Mrs. Woods of Corton, who, joined by Miss Woods, send their very kindest regards to all the "25th" boys.

DEAR —

. . . . . if I remind you of the old Orderly Room at OULTON BROADS perhaps light will dawn upon you.

One of the third line men who was drafted to this battalion and was wounded in this last show sent me the "Londoner" and there are just one or two little things I want to point out in 3rd line Notes p. 81 of the January number.

I see they report that "Sgt. Crump was killed" but I shook hands with him on March 25th, 1918, on the road side during retirement.

I am also sorry to have to tell you that poor old Seddon was killed during the Cambrai Show and Lt. Herbert, whom you report as wounded "died of wounds."

In this Battalion ( Corps Cyc. Battalion) the old 25th is fairly well represented. Major T. H. Harrison (late Col.-Sgt.) commands. I have his old Company (47th D. C. C.) His son Tommy (late "C" Coy.) after a year with the Royal Fusiliers out here, has got his transfer to us. Lt. W. V. Alloway from the 2/25th, Cpl. Stuckey (late "H." Coy.) and Cyc. Price (late "H" Coy.) have also joined us.

Harrison met Col.-Sgt. Calvert with a Balloon wing about a month ago and I hear that Capt. Morris and Lt. Kinnear are out here as instructors.

These little items of information may interest you and your readers. Please remember me to any who may remember me. Wishing you all the best of luck, I remain,

J. JULES DOGGETT, CAPTN.  
(Late "G" Coy.)

[ We are very pleased to publish the above letter, and welcome the corrections forwarded. We would remind our readers that the information given in the "Personal" columns is collected from letters received from Blighty, and every endeavour is made to ensure that the facts stated are correct.—Ed.]

L. R. Atkinson ('B') has finished his course at Bangalore and has been posted to 101st Grenadiers, Aurangabad. Painter ('B') from the same course has gone to the 81st Pioneers Bangalore, and Reg. Otter ('C') to the 5th Infy. Depot, Alipur.

Freddy Yare and Bond, late machine gun Sergts. are both at the present Bangalore course (officers' school.)

Cpl. Crouch ('B') is still with the Inland Water Transport at Basrah but is shortly expecting a commission in the I. A.

S. M. J. E. Holdsworth ('A') who left us at Baird Eks, Bangalore for Basrah, has been over on furlough. He has now returned to Basrah and learns that he has received "a mention" in General Maude's last despatches.

We congratulate Butcher, Little, Oke and Rushbrook on passing out from the lately concluded officers' course at Sabathu. Butcher goes to the 48th Pioneers; Little to 2/11th Rajputs, Oke to a station near Bombay and Rushbrook to Signal Services.

Dell is now L/Cpl. in the 222 M.G.C. at A—W. H. Smith with the M.G. corps in Mesop writes that he is having a very good time. He misses the joyful Company of the Chawallah and the supper bar. A couple of days at the Baghdad races helped to lessen camp monotony. He has met with Chipchase and Sgt. Robinson (late Pioneer Regt.) and Bugler Kloot. All are keeping fit.

Pte. W. Smaggasgale ("A") Coy. who for some months had been away from the Battalion Nursing Orderly duty has now been invalided back to Blighty. We trust that he will have a pleasant voyage and that the change will speedily restore him to health.

## SECOND BATTALION NOTES

Hickford has been seeing life in France lately, as the following very interesting extract from one of his letters will show:—"My recollections of the first day are somewhat vague, the din inside the tank was terrible, what with the engine thrashing away, the guns raising Cain, and the general rattle. We had a good time, blowing up machine guns and so forth; and we strafed Jerry generally until he was at some difficulty in distinguishing between his arms and his elbows. Of course, it rained in the night, and we all got pretty well soaked—sitting round and shivering till about 6 A.M. when we cranked up and started to give Jerry another belting. All the day long we rambled up and down, dusting him up wherever we could find him; and then, just at dusk, we camouflaged the old "bus" and crawled back to camp for the first real sleep for three days."

"We were hauled out of it next day at 7 P. M. and worked all night getting ready. We had to go over in broad daylight, and Jerry gave us a royal welcome as we approached. I could see shells falling all round, and Heaven alone knows why we weren't hit. We did our job and started back, and, as I was walking outside, I got a chip of shrapnel in the leg, nothing to speak of, but it turned septic, and next day I had to go to the dressing station with it, and from there to the casualty clearing station. I missed Blighty by inches, but had a good time in dock for three weeks, and for another five weeks I was in a convalescent camp, doing nothing, before returning to my company."

Boxhall, who was wounded last August, has been in Blighty ever since, and it is expected that Yorbury will soon follow him as the result of a broken leg sustained while playing football. Bert (now Sergt.) Davis is in charge of an Officers' Mess "somewhere in France," and Bill Bowles is on the Intelligence Staff. Bonner has followed the example of Mizen, and is now back across the channel for a commission.

A. L. Day, who, it will be remembered, left us at Chiseldon is now in the R. A. F. in France, and L. H. Day is in an Officers' Training Corps. Butler and Bartlett are in the A. S. C. (M. T.) at Shortlands and are expecting, at an early date, to be sent overseas *via* Bulford.



W. A. Thomas, who is marked B. I., is driving ambulance at Norwood.

Capt. Stoneham is still with the 2/25th and is quite well. Sometime in May, Capt. Bidler, Lts. Mortlock, Sellick and Upton (the one who took 'B' Coy., to Worthing) went on draft to France.

Sergt. H. J. Pryor old 'F' Coy, late bombing instructor to the 2nd, went over to France last Easter, and is now reported killed. His brother was transferred last November from the 1/25th to the 1/9th Middlesex and is now in Mesop. His old chums sympathize with his family in their loss.

Warriner is in England and keeps fit, and rejoices with a family of two.

Baby Burnett is in France and doing well. We offer our congratulations to Col. Gilbertson Smith's son Henry, who has been awarded the M. C. He will be well remembered in the armoured car stunts round Holt with his—"you can't touch me I'm armoured"

Sam Bradbury brother to the Bradbury of old 'B' who accompanied his brother to France was killed whilst standing by the side of his brother, who was invalided home suffering from shell-shock.

A recent mail from Blighty brings the sad news of the death of Lieut. G. Ridlers' R.N.V.R. He was reported killed in action in the official lists of April 3rd. When the 2nd Battalion was formed at Putney in August 1914 Geo. Ridler was appointed Colour-Sergt. to 'E' Coy, which position he retained until he was gazetted to the R. N. V. R. at the end of April 1915, the Battalion being then at Holt. His genial disposition, and keen sense of humour coupled with his powers as a raconteur helped to ease the burden which army life imposed upon raw recruits. We tender our heartfelt sympathies to his wife.

Tommy Goodchild writes that he is back in Basra again after three months' work with an advanced base in Baghdad. He had the

pleasure of seeing the Concert Party and also ran up against Bipks Pearce (Suffolks 'D' Coy.) and Johnson 'A'. He has been transferred from the Londons to a Warwickshire Battalion.

Intelligence from the Second Battalion itself is as follows:—Corpl. Baker (old "F" Coy.) having risen to the rank of C. Q. M. S. has taken a commission in the A. S. C. (M. T.) as also has Sergt. Mitchell. Sergt. Blackburn, the Orderly Room Sergt. has "got his ticket" and Sergt. Webb (old "C" Coy.) is now C. S. M. of No. 4 Company, while Sergt. Cross holds a similar rank in No. 1 Coy. Weller is C. Q. M. S. of No. 3 Coy. and Sergt. Woods has gone to the R. A. F. as a pilot, Jones, late Signal Sergt., is an Equipment Officer in the same Corps.

On April 24th, Pte. A. King left Jullundur for England, being invalided home on account of wounds received at Kundy Wam. All who knew him agree that he was "one of the best" and he carries with him to Blighty the sympathies and best wishes of everybody. His popularity was evinced by the number of kind inquiries which he received daily from his comrades concerning the fate of his "cakes."

It was for rescuing King under fire that Pte. Chapman gained his Military Medal, a decoration which "Alf" always said was, in his opinion, quite inadequate.

Cadet L/Cpl. Sparkes, now at R. A. F. Base Depot, Aboukir, Egypt, suggests that we had better stay in "cushy glorious India," as Egypt is far too near the war to be pleasant. He hopes to get his "pips" shortly, when he will probably be sent to England. In the Sialkot "Final" Examination he succeeded in obtaining 4th place out of the whole school, thereby winning a much coveted stripe.

Wansey Smith of old "C" Coy., who went out to France as a Private, came back and took out a commission, is last heard of as being again on the Western Front as a 2nd-Lieut. He is trying to get a transfer to the R. A. F.

[The Editor regrets to have to inform Third Line men that, since the last publication of the "Londoner" no information whatever has come to hand concerning this unit.]

# THE LONDONER.

JULLUNDUR, MAY TO JUNE 1918.  
JUTOGH,

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

ASSISTANT EDITOR L.-Cpl. R. S. Maden. C.

## REPRESENTATIVES.

C. Q. M. S. Oakley Platoon No. 5 } "B" Coy.  
L.-Cpl. Porter ... " " 5 }

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.*

**C**IRCUMSTANCES over which we had no control materially delayed the date of issue of last our number. Given average luck, we hope in future to publish monthly, but this unfortunately allows very little margin for any untoward occurrence, and in India, a land where the word "peechy" is probably the heaviest worked of the whole vocabulary of the country, delays are very apt to take place. We are frequently asked why, as the *Royal Sussex Herald* is published fortnightly, we experience difficulty in bringing out a number of the "Londoner" every month. One very important factor in

this is that while the Sussex are within walking reach of their printers, we are some distance away, and this makes a difference far greater than one might think.

It would be of very great assistance to the Editor, were more criticisms given on the magazine. Naturally the tastes of people differ, in literature as in everything else, and an article, which to one man appears to be absolute rubbish, may appeal quite strongly to another. It is not, therefore, a great deal of use to act to any extent on one or two isolated suggestions, but in a consensus of opinion, the general requirements of the battalion may be more or less accurately found. The "Londoner" is a Regimental magazine, and, as such, is run for the benefit, and (may we presume to say?) for the pleasure of the men in the Regiment; in which case obviously it should be of such a nature as will be most generally acceptable. General criticism is therefore needed, and the Editor will be very grateful for any suggestions, opinions or criticisms with which he may be favoured, and which, needless to say, will receive his very careful consideration.

More copious outside contribution is also needed. There are many men in the battalion who are quite capable, did they care to exert themselves, of producing good copy; but either through modesty or pure laziness, (in the majority of cases we shrewdly suspect the latter) the necessary effort is not made. Idle ability cannot, for the time being at any rate, urge lack of leisure as an excuse, and it would probably be found that the task of writing "some thing for the Londoner" proves a very pleasant way of whiling away the postprandial hours, which, unless spent in slumber, are apt to hang rather heavily. We take the opportunity, while dealing with the subject of contributions, cordially to thank the few who have, so far, conquered their modesty (it would be unwise to say laziness) as to provide us with some very acceptable "copy."

We sympathize with our comrades of the 2/6th Royal Sussex in their many sad losses during the past few weeks. Lahore has proved a death trap, nine deaths having occurred there since their departure from Kuldana, and also one at Dalhousie.



# Battalion Notables.



No. 6.

Pte. C. A. Stevens—Present Holder of the Southern Roads  
24 Hours Record.

## BATTALION NOTABLES.

**CHARLIE STEVENS** of "B" Co., the next in our series of Battalion notables, commenced his career as a road racing cyclist in 1908 at the age of 33, an age at which most riders have given up this strenuous form of sport. Riding under the auspices of the well-known Polytechnic C. C., of which he was Assistant Secretary in 1908, Stevens has participated in 51 road events, in 37 of which he was associated with our late and much esteemed co-editor Bert Gayler. Improving in speed each succeeding season, Stevens exhibited his best form during the earlier part of 1914, when he placed the following performances to his credit:—

50 miles in 2 hrs. 25 mins. 43 secs. being beaten on this occasion by Sgt. Stock by one minute; 100 miles in 5 hrs. 10 mins. 21 secs.; 207 $\frac{3}{4}$  miles in 12 hrs.; and 371 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles in 24 hrs. All these events were ridden under unpaced conditions, chiefly in the Fen country. Favouring more the long distance events, Stevens has competed in six 24 hour fixtures, securing 3rd place in the North Road C. C.'s "24", in 1913, with a total of 371 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles. In the season 1912, he participated in two 24 hours fixtures within five weeks, sandwiching the Speedwell "100" between them.

He considers his best performance to be the setting up of fresh figures in 1912 for the Southern Roads' 24. hr. Record. Despite sixteen hours of heavy rain, Stevens aggregated 345 miles in this attempt, the record still standing in his name.

Strenuous touring in earlier years resulted in the acquiring of the necessary stamina for these long distance ventures. The longest holiday tour undertaken was that of 1902, when, starting from London, he cycled to Land's End, thence to John o' Groat's *via* Carlisle and Edinburgh returning by the Great North Road to the capital,—a triangular ride of 1875 miles accomplished in 22 days.

Path events were never to his liking, the track being utilised merely for "speeding up" work in his training.

From 1908 to 1914, he covered nearly 6,000 miles in racing alone, his yearly touring mileage usually running into five figures.

A member of the London Referees' Association, Stevens is a more familiar figure to us as a Battalion referee,—a position not always easy to fulfil with satisfaction to all parties concerned. He much appreciates the spirit in which his decisions are received.

## SUFFOLK NOTES.

A letter has been received from East Africa with news of Sergt. Gerling of old "E" Coy., who is now with the Nigerian Carrier Corps. He speaks of a most interesting leave trip of three weeks duration to Uganda, and altogether, he seems to be having as enjoyable a life as can be expected in East Africa.

C. S. M. Coulton, of old "H" Coy., and Sergt. Hawes of old "G" Coy. are both with the King's African Rifles.

We regret that L/Cpl. Breach of old "E" Coy. was reported missing during the recent offensive.

## THE MIDDLESEX DRAFT.

The latest intelligence from our friends in the Middlesex is that their Battalion has been carrying out a sort of punitive expedition against a tribe of Arabs. The latter, apparently, having murdered a Political Agent, retreated to the town—which place was surrounded. It was forbidden to tamper with the temples in the town for religious reasons, but apart from this stricture, the troops were allowed to shoot at any thing that moved in the town human beings, and live-stock alike, and this is reported as being "rather good fun."

During these operations the Middlesex were not unnaturally sniped, and they have had a few casualties. There would appear to have been plenty of work for them to do at night in the shape of guards, picquets and wiring; and the only shelter from the sun during the day was



that obtained from blankets, etc. "The Regimental Barber" we are informed, "is in his element, for we are not "run" for being unshaven. Water is also very scarce and we have to go for a week at times without a wash."

"Binks" is reported as suffering from dysentery, though a later (unconfirmed) rumour states that he has been awarded the D. C. M. for gallantry. We sincerely hope that this is the case, but in the absence of any authentic information, the rumour must, we fear, be accepted with reserve. Dicey, who was recently mistaken for an Arab and very nearly shot, is well, as are Sid Cox, Pates and Johnson. Sumpton is down with ague, and E. T. Brown has not yet rejoined. Nash, Woodland and Black are all on the sick list.

L./Cpl. Cripps has gone to a Trench Mortar Battery, and we learn that most of the men who went from Gharial have been down with something or other. There is, we are informed, a persistent rumour that the Gharial contingent are being returned but, as our correspondent pithily but vulgarly remarks, "what" opes!"

### SOME FRONTIER EPISODES.

IT is perhaps not generally realized that, in addition to the somewhat frequent little wars that the Government has to carry on to punish and keep in order the refractory tribes across the North-West Frontier, the military and police at frontier stations are constantly occupied in dealing with minor raids by armed gangs of marauders.

These raids are mostly cattle-lifting affairs, or attempts to loot villages or travellers on our side of the border. They all have to be dealt with, and frequently entail a good deal of hard marching and scrapping.

Kidnapping is also sometimes attempted, and it is on record that a worthy Band-Sergeant was once unfortunate enough, for reasons best known to himself, to fall asleep in the roadway in the outskirts of Peshawar. A gang of Mohmands coming down with the object of

looting the bazaar found him, carried him back to the hills, and held him up for ransom, which the Government was eventually obliged to pay.

Nowadays kidnapping is mostly confined to carrying off the children of rich Hindu shopkeepers in the hope of extracting money from their fond parents, and the Government no longer pays the whole or part of the ransom owing to abuse. Thus one gentleman who lived in British territory would arrange for a friend from across the border to come and kidnap him. This ruffian would accomplish the deed with much noise and discharge of fire-arms, and having carried off his friend to the hills, call loudly for ransom. After a good deal of negotiation and threats the ransom would be paid, and the two would divide the spoils and go about their business rejoicing.

The following is an instance of a typical frontier raid:—

A small band of marauders had penetrated about fifty miles within our territory and swooped down upon a village. Some of the gang had held up the streets with rifles and daggers while the rest collared all the cash and gold ornaments they could find. This accomplished the gang had cleared off at a good pace back towards the Frontier, taking with them four Hindu boys.

The Deputy Commissioner received the news by signal, and, after asking the General for the help of some cavalry, galloped off to the scene accompanied by the Constabulary Officer. Here they found that the trail of the raiders had already been picked up by some skilled trackers in the police, and the pursuit was carried on up rocky stream beds until dark. At dawn the trackers again took up the trail across very difficult and rocky ground, while the cavalry scoured the country miles ahead and blocked all likely paths. During the day the Hindu boys were found abandoned in a nullah, and just before evening the cavalry, having covered seventy odd miles, located the gang in hiding in a narrow river bed with high banks. The raiders were well concealed in this position, so a cordon was carefully drawn round their lair the surrounding party taking care not to give the enemy a target.

It was now quite dark, and the Deputy Commissioner shouted down and called on the

gang to surrender, but without success. Things being at a dead lock he thought of a new device. He had some brushwood collected, lighted, and thrown over the edge of the bank on to the gang below with the hope of either smoking them out or giving the sowars a chance of a shot by the light. Unfortunately a firebrand stuck halfway down the bank, flared up, and illuminated the face of the British Officer commanding the cavalry who was peering over the edge. The poor fellow was instantly shot dead from below.

A sharp fusillade was now opened on the ditch in which the gang lay concealed, and finally they made a dash for liberty. A short, sharp encounter, and the whole lot were accounted for by the cavalry.

On another occasion the General Commanding at a frontier station received a request from the Deputy Commissioner for a strong force to help capture a raiding party of thirty led by a notorious outlaw which was reported at a village about thirty miles away. Accordingly off went a couple of squadrons of cavalry followed by fifty tum-tums carrying infantry. On this occasion the raiding party had demanded food and shelter from village headman for the day before proceeding with their depredations by night. The headman was an unusually stout fellow, and after putting them in a mosque with plenty of food, tobacco and drink had promptly sent news to the police.

The cavalry arrived on the spot about dusk. The Commanding Officer found that the raiders were still in the mosque surrounded by the Military Police, and that a certain amount of firing was going on. The mosque was situated at the edge of the village houses, and appeared to be a difficult nut to crack. He thereupon sent for a mountain gun to blow down the building, and meanwhile disposed of his men so as to prevent the raiders' escape.

On the arrival of the infantry the cordon was strengthened but one sepoy got shot from the door-way in taking up his position. The sides of the mosque were found bullet proof but the roof was not so, and an attempt to get on top was frustrated by shots from within.

About nine o'clock the outlaws suddenly charged out, shot Captain Stirling commanding a detachment of the 57th, and made a dash for the fields. A troop of cavalry at once went in pursuit, and with difficulty accounted for some of the gang in the corn fields.

It was not known whether any of the gang were still left in the mosque, so vigilance around it was not relaxed. Presently one of them crawled out wounded and gave himself up. Others from within called out that they were wounded and wanted water, but declined an invitation to hand over their rifles first.

In the early hours of the morning a hole was successfully made in the roof, and it was found that the remaining occupants of the mosque were dead. Part of the cavalry were sent to search the surrounding country, but the majority of the gang had scattered and escaped. They lost eight killed and four wounded, but the casualties of the troops amounted to one officer and six men killed and seven wounded.

Not only in raids does the British Officer on the frontier risk his life. He is constantly in danger of assassination by some ghazi or fanatic. A tragic incident just before the war occurred at Tonk, when Major Dodd, who had made for himself a great reputation on the Mahsud border, was shot by his own Pathan orderly while on his way home from Wana. This same orderly accounted for the lives of two more officers and a policeman in his efforts to escape before he himself was killed. Similar incidents have unfortunately occurred at different stations quite recently.

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## MAIL DAY.

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THE conversation in the long white ward of the war hospital, having covered the topics that are invariably discussed when two or three soldiers are gathered together, had slid on to the subject of mails in general, and why we had not had one for such a long time in particular. An old Regular soldier had just concluded a narrative about a letter in England which had taken two-and-a-half years to reach its destination, its contents when at length it did reach its recipient being then uncashable, except by application to the G.P.O. in London, which so

disgusted the man to whom the letter was addressed, he being at that time stationed at Berwick on Tweed, that in a fit of exasperation he shot himself.

Several other stories concerning the vagaries of the postal service had been related, when the man whose bed was next to my own spoke. "Yes" he said slowly, "you often hear of letters being delayed a long time, and a lot of trouble being caused by the delay, but what about the trouble being on account of a letter that wasn't delayed long enough? That's not so common, is it?"

"I knew two chaps in my regiment—the Lindshires, and I think they were the closest pals I've ever seen in my life. One of them—Jack his Christian name was—it doesn't matter about the rest of it—was married to a girl in Blighty. He thought all the world of her, and by all accounts, she thought all the world of him too and a bit over. Any way, he was always lugging her photo out from his pocket when he thought no body was looking and kissing it, and every minute of his spare time he spent writing letters, to her, he used to get bags of letters too in reply, I've seen as many as seven in a fortnight's mail, all in her handwriting. I knew her handwriting because he showed me the photo of her once with her signature on it—a dam' pretty girl she was too.

Well, after knocking about India for some time, we were sent out to Mesopotamia, and up into the front line almost at once, and I can tell you that Mesopotamia wasn't the place than it is now. Anyhow the two pals got separated, for the first time since they'd joined up together. Harry—that was the other one's name—went down with a touch of fever and stayed down at the base and Jack went up with the Batt. Before he went up (I got all this afterwards) he gave a letter to his chum, addressed to his wife, to be posted to her in case he went under, just a pathetic little note saying that when she got it she would know he was gone, and she could be sure that he'd died with her name on his lips, and so on. After he'd let Harry see what was in it, he sealed the envelope and addressed it all ready to be posted without any trouble.

So you see Jack went up, and Harry stayed behind, and there they stayed for a fortnight or so. After that we had a bit of a scrap

and lost a good few casualties, Jack among them, slightly wounded, but bad enough for him to be sent back to the base. In the meantime they'd cleared all the fit men out of the base and sent them up to their units. Harry (the letter still on him) was among this lot, having got over his fever in a few days. The two parties must have passed each other somewhere on the line, but neither of the two saw the other.

The wound was a bit more serious than we'd thought, and Jack was in hospital for about a month. Perhaps it wasn't the wound so much that kept him in as the news that Harry had been killed by a sniper the very day he had rejoined the regiment. Jack was awfully upset about it, for I've said they were very close friends indeed—more like brothers, in fact, and he worried himself into a fever, and was delirious on and off, for a fortnight.

However he got over it all right, then suddenly he remembered the letter, and wondered what had happened to it. It wasn't unlikely that some R.A.M.C. chap had got hold of it and posted it, seeing that it was already addressed, and I forgot to tell you, in one of those green passed-by-the-censor envelopes too, the ones where you say on your honour that there's nothing inside likely to be censored. He didn't want his wife to get such an awful shock as she would if the letter reached her so he sent cablegram saying that he was all right and thought no more about it.

About four weeks after, as my battalion had been withdrawn from the front line and was camped near the base, we got a bit of a mail. There were not any letters for Jack, but half of the rest of us were in the same boat so he didn't worry about it, for we heard that the rest of the mail had been held up somewhere, and would be along in a couple of days or so.

At that time Jack had got a job as Company storeman and slept in the store tent which was next tent to mine. We were all lying down talking and snoking, it was about half-past eight at night—when suddenly we heard a shot that sounded to come from next door. We all got up and rushed into the store tent, and there was Jack lying across a heap of picks



and shovels with half his head blown off and a pool of blood all round. There was a rifle near him with an empty case in the chamber, also a copy of Reynolds, about a month old, folded over so that about half of one column was showing.

I picked it up, and there between a report of a divorce case, and an account of the trial of a man for bigamy, was just a short paragraph headed "Suicide at Keelesby." I've got the cutting here if you'd like to see it.

He handed me a soiled fragment of newspaper and I read—

'A most distressing case of suicide took place at Keelesby yesterday, a young married woman being found hanging from a beam in her house by a piece of rope. A letter from the deceased's husband, who is fighting in Mesopotamia, was found on an adjacent table, the contents of which were to the effect that on its receipt she would know that he was dead. The pathetic part of the case is that the discovery of the corpse was made by a telegraph messenger boy who was carrying a telegram to the deceased, also from her husband, saying he was alive and well. Obviously a most unhappy mistake had occurred somewhere which cost the unfortunate woman her life.' "A verdict of 'suicide by strangulation' was returned."

The dead silence which had followed my reading of the extract was broken by a shout of 'Mail up.'

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## WAZIRISTAN HONOURS.

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Although somewhat belated may we congratulate those officers who served in the Waziristan Field Force in 1917, on the appearance of their names in the last Birthday Honours List. Notably we would mention the following who came in personal contact with the Battalion.

General Sir Arthur A. Barratt, G.C.B., K.C.S.I., K.C.V.O., A.D.C., in whose hands rested the whole direction of the Operations, received the G. C. B. Our Brigadier, Lieut.-Colonel C.O.O. Tanner received the Brevet rank of Colonel. Colonel E. F. D.

Money, Commanding 2-1st Gurkhas and who for a few days after the departure of Colonel Tanner, commanded our Brigade and Major Cornish, 1st Nepalese Rifles, both received the D.S.O. Major Mackie attached to the Mahindradal Regiment also received the M. C. Our old friend Colonel Frank Johnson, Commanding 2-6th Royal Sussex Regiment, was the recipient of the C. M. G. Colonel Johnson joined the 1-6th Royal Sussex on the day that war was declared and subsequently raised the 2-6th Battalion. Those of us who know Colonel Frank's untiring energy and keenness appreciate his well deserved honour. Major E. P. Quinan of the 27th Punjabis, General Staff Officer III and Intelligence, received the Brevet rank of Major.

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## DANCING CLASSES.

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SINCE the beginning of June classes for the teaching of dancing have been running at Jutogh. About one hundred men and N. C.O.'s have, up to the present, been taught. At first the attendance was very large but during the past few lesson-nights the attendance has slacked off a little. It is pointed out that the present scheme offers an excellent opportunity for men to become proficient in dancing at an extremely low outlay———i. e., just spare the time twice weekly Mondays and Fridays. The P. R. I. has kindly lent the hall. Our best thanks are due to the many pianists who have undertaken the dreary task of "thumping the groan box through the evening."

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## CONCERT AT JULLUNDUR.

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IN spite of depleted state of the detachment at Jullundur quite a good concert was given in the Regtl. Theatre on 29th June. No less than six of the artistes made their first appearance on this evening. The hearty reception accorded them was a clear indication of their worth, E. K. B. with his Pudding made up as an excellent yokel whilst Briggs with his portable band made it quite evident that we could "manage" without the Simla Branch. Furguson,

Buckley and Chapman as straight turns did well, and give promise for the future. "It and Bit" were up to scratch both in their concerted item and in their individual turns. Quite a good farce was provided by A. Fern & Co. in their "Barber's Shop" scene. Derby Hall and Opie specially loomed big. Quite a noticeable feature of the evening was the humorous references to "H's" mimics, and 168's. Also A Coys' pice, "coming in July" had a good thrashing.

Capt. Nathan of the 54th Sikhs gave a very entertaining conjuring display. Chota Greenstone and Sergt. L. Death ably provided the musical accompaniment.

Owing to Billy Powell's transfer to the M. T. at Robart that most popular feature of the Londoner's Concert Party—"It and Bit"—must cease running. We have generally reckoned that a Concert without "It and Bit" is rather foredoomed to failure. However we trust that Reg. Winter may find a worthy successor, and so be able to re-establish his favourite feature.

#### AN APOLOGY.

In our issue of May we have reported that No. 14 team beat No. 7 in the falling Plate Competition; whereas it should read No. 14 beat No. 11 B.

*Overheard at the Rink.*—A "Scotch" party inadvertently collides with one of the 'drums' and tendering profuse apologies, with 'I say, Sorry old chap', is met with,—"not so much of the 'old chap' and a little more of the sahib!

*Notice.*—A copy of Vol. II No. I has been returned as being "insufficiently addressed." Enclosed with the copy is a large photo of the old machine-gun Section (Lt. Dix in centre.) The owner may have same by applying to the Editor.

Although we are not at present in a position to reprint the extract containing the notification of Captn. W. S. Stafford's promotion. We are confident in asserting that all ranks in the Battalion join us in congratulating him for his well-earned majority.

Also we would take this opportunity of congratulating W. Easton on putting up the Mons Ribbon. He is indeed fortunate in being able to wear coveted decoration.

## ATHLETICS.

SINCE the departure of half the battalion to the hills, and the approach of the hot weather, out-door sports have been somewhat at a discount. In spite of this two competitions have been played off, i.e., the Half Company Football Tournament and the Inter Company Hockey League while quite a lot of tennis has also been played.

### FOOTBALL.

Very little information is to hand concerning sport at Jutogh, but the staff team there have been defeated, I understand, by our men at football by a score of 3—1.

Battalion football is now pretty well over for the season, and the results of all games played is as follows:—

Played	...	...	14
Won	...	...	6
Drawn	...	...	2
Lost	...	...	6
Points obtained	...	...	14
Points possible	...	...	28
Goals	{ For	...	23
	{ Against	...	21
Goal scores:—			
Corpl. Whisstock	...	...	6
Pte. Batstone	...	...	4
L/Cpl. Clayton	...	...	4
Pte. Turner	...	...	3
L/Cpl. Hall	...	...	2
Dmr. Gleeson	...	...	2
Pte. Philips, E.	...	...	2
Pte. Davis	...	...	1

### HALF COMPANY FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT.

This tournament, which was played off at Jullundur, does not merit much comment. The

play all round was below the usual standard of platoon games, being very much slowed down by the heat.

Nos. 13 and 14 Platoon met Nos. 9 and 10 in the final, and the former were on the whole the superior side though they had to play two games before gaining the verdict. Both games were very poor for a final, especially from the onlookers point of view, and in the re-play, the losers experienced an incredible amount of bad luck.

#### AMBALA FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT.

The above Tournament commenced on February 6th, 1918 and was played at Ambala, on the Edward Club Ground. There were 7 teams contesting and the "London followers" played the following matches:—

February 6th, versus Sailors Club, won 2-0  
Semi-Final—versus Edward Football Club won 5-1  
Final, February 10th.

Versus Ahmaden Club, Meerut. Result Londons 3 Ahmaden Club 0.

The above team *i. e.* "London followers" was composed of those employed by 1-25th London Regt. We are glad to find room to report the above contest, although candidly we know very little of the facts relating to this Tournament.

#### HOCKEY.

The Inter Company League was won fairly comfortably by "B" Coy., who were fortunate enough to retain most of their regular players when the contingent went up to Jutogh, and were thus able to field a fairly strong team.

Platoon hockey games are few and far between owing to the heat which makes the game rather too strenuous.

On Saturday, May 18th, the Jutogh detachment sent a hockey team to Solon to play the 38th Divisional Signal Company. The side included Captains Stafford and Paget, who were at Solon, but was otherwise somewhat of an experimental nature. A fast and close game resulted in a

draw of 3 goals all. Gilding at centre forward played well for the Londons and shot two of the goals, but the right back of the Signal Company was in good form and did not give our forwards much rope. Oram also showed that he has not lost his form whilst away at Kasauli.

The team stayed the night at Solon with the Signals and returned to Jutogh next day.

#### TENNIS.

The tennis team of the 1/9th Hants visited us on May 26th and a win for the Londons resulted, by 5 sets to 4 and 88 games to 84 all doubles. We should be interested to know whether "Nobby" Porter imagined the Hants men to be mounted on stilts or whether he was merely attracted by the tree near the screen on the Corporals' courts. Our opponents left us on the Tuesday morning for Lahore, where they were to play the 2/6th Sussex.

Our thanks are due to the Sergeants and Corporals for placing their courts at our disposal.

The Corporals Tennis Tournament (singles) resulted in a win for L/Cpl. Porter who beat L/Cpl. Owen in the final by two sets to one.

Tennis has aroused a great deal of interest in "A" Coy, and since half the company went up to the hills, the club membership has greatly increased under the able management of L/Cpl. Leeks and the Committee, who have found an additional court necessary. Several tournaments have been played and an "at home" is expected to come off in the near future.

At Jutogh, the officers of the station challenged the W. O.'s and Sergts. and beat them by 78 games to 59. The most interesting set of the afternoon was between Capts. Stafford and Stoney and Assistant Surgeon Deatker and Sergt. Jackson. Mr. Deatker, by the way, is Singles Champion of the Punjab, and these couples gave a really fine display.

A return match was played on May 25th the result this time being a win for W. O.'s and Sergts.

	Sets.	Games.
W.O.'s and Sergts.	... 9	65
Officers	... 7	56

The teams were as follows:—

<i>Officers.</i>	<i>W.O's and Sergts.</i>
Major Edmonds and Lt. Easton	School Masters Dennis and Hammand
Capt. Stafford Austin	Mr. Deatker and
2/Lt. Francis and Lt. Notley	S/Sgt. Jaskson
2/Lt. Sheddon and Moseley.	Edms Tilson and Sgt. Applegate
	C. S. M. Burnett and Sgt. Herod.

Again some very fine tennis was witnessed especially in the sets between Captains Stafford and Austin and Assistant Surgeon Deatker and Sergt Jackson. Lieuts. Francis and Notley and Messieurs Dennis and Hammond also gave fine exhibitions. Capt. Stoney was unfortunately prevented from playing for the officers through illness.

On June 3rd at Jutogh the Corpls. and men of 'C' and 'D' Coy. challenged the Sergts. to a tennis tournament of four pairs a side. Very good play was witnessed, the Cpls. and men putting up a good show which really justified a better result. They were handicapped considerably by the fact that the officer's and Sergt. Courts proved to be very much "faster" than their own.

Result.	Games.	Sets.
Sergts.	86	12
Corpls and men	54	4

#### Teams.

C. S. M. Burnett	}	...	{	L/Cpl. Godbolt.
Sgt. Duthoit				" Browning.
Sgt. Herod	}	...	{	Pte. Rose.
" Summers				" Blake.
Band M. Tilson	}	...	{	L/cpl. Bartlett.
Sgt. Death				Pte. Brazier.
Sgt. Broke	}	...	{	Pte. Joyce.
" Applegate				" Jemmett.

On June 30th at Jullundur the Officers met the Sergts. in a tournament of pairs 3.

The names were put into a hat and partners drawn for resulting as follows:—

Major Stafford	}	...	{	Sgt. Bell	
Capt. Austin				" Dobbs.	
" Hatch	}	...	{	Sgt. Harry.	
Lt. Livermore				" Brinker.	
Lt. Lamberton	}	...	{	Sgt. Talbot.	
" Davis				" Elkan.	
Result.				Sets.	Games.
Officers		...		5	42
Sergts		...		4	27

## B LLIARDS.

The Battalion Handicap provided many surprises, one of the greatest being the disappearance of the majority of the back-markers in the early rounds. L/Cpl. Price did not even survive the preliminary round being beaten by Pte. Gates and "Derby" Hall was defeated by Archie Holford in the first round. Holford also disposed of two other back-markers in the shape of Lieut. Beynon and Corpl. Rogers. Hall and Coleman clashed in the second round and the verdict went to "Sammy" by 27 points, after a fine recovery by his opponent. Another surprise was the fine show put up by Mitton who in fact penetrated to the final, beating Pte. Hall in the third round, and Sergt. Loveridge in the "semi." Sergt. Loveridge seemed unable to get going, and for most of the game Mitton held the lead without his handicap points, winning eventually by 33, after a good pull-up by his opponent.

The other-semi final saw Lieut. Lamberton dispose of Pte. Holford. At the time when the former had scored his "owe" points the score stood at 84-1 against him, but undismayed by this big deficiency he won easily.

The final was played off on the evening of June 3rd and Lieut. Lamberton, catching up his opponent almost immediately, won comfortably by 85 points. Mitton never seemed to be able to start, being possibly rather nervous in the presence of a very large audience, and playing against so redoubtable an opponent as Lieut. Lamberton.



A break prize of 10 rupees was very generously put up by the winner of the handicap, which went to "Sammy" Hall for a break of 38.

Following immediately on this handicap, a flying Handicap was held. Games were 25 up and the semi-finalists were Cpl. Winter v. Pte. Dutton and L/Cpl. Tuck v. L/Cpl. Price. L/Cpl. Tuck and Dutton reached the final, which went to the latter.

Yet another handicap of 150 up was run by the corporals which was won by L/Cpl. Porter who beat L/Cpl. Owen in the final by 47.

A match with the 79th Battery, R. F. A. resulted a win for us by a margin of 201 points. The scores were as follows:—

79th Bttry.		Londons.	
Bdr. Dasset	172	L.-Cpl. Price	200
Sgt. Murray	200	" Porter	198
Bdr. Netleton	151	Pte. Coleman	200
S./Sgt. Smith	172	L.-Cpl. Hall	200
Cpl. Drew	83	Pte. Hall	200
Gnr. Bricknell	167	Cpl. Rogers	200
Tpr. Urguhast	200	Pte. Pearce	128
Gnr. Goodenough	179	Sgt. Loveridge	200
Total	1325	Total	1526

A return match was played on the Battery's "ground" on May 21st, 23rd, which the Londons also won, by the narrower margin of 100 points. The battalion was represented by:—

Pte. Coleman.  
L.-Cpl. Hall.  
Pte. Hall.  
L.-Cpl. Price.  
L.-Cpl. Porter,  
Cpl. Rogers.  
L.-Cpl. Beswick.  
Pte. Pearce.

## RUNNING.

At an Athletic Meeting arranged by the Signalling School at Kasauli on 13th July, Pte. Green, the only member of our Battalion taking part, was successful in the open events—half mile and the mile. In the half-mile Green forced the pace from the start and maintained the lead until within 50 yards of the tape when L.-Cpl. Wellspring with a good sprint passed Green and breasted the tape 10 yards ahead of him. In the mile Green again forced the pace

leading by 15 yards from start to finish. His time was 5 mins. 14 secs.

Pte. Green hopes to compete at the 1/9th Hants sports at Kasauli on 1st August we wish him every success. He is running in the half mile and five-and-a-half mile events.

## THE RED TRIANGLE.

SHORTLY after arrival of the Battalion at Jutogh a Y. M. C. A. was opened under the leadership of Mr. Marshall Lowndes Edgar, M. A. He came straight out from Princetown University some months before America declared war; and put in ten months at Y. M. C. A. work in England before proceeding to India. His enthusiastic sympathy and keen interest in the welfare of the men endeared him to the Regiment. We sustained a real loss when in June Mr. Edgar was transferred to Ferozepore. For a month the gap was filled by Revd. D. W. Shropshire, who has now returned to Lahore Cantonment.

We welcome the Revd. G. Eldridge as the new Secretary. Mr. Eldridge has lately returned from the Gulf on account of the serious illness of his wife. He has spent 14 years in India, and has had much to do with Y. M. C. A. work at Poona. We trust that during the next few months we shall have the pleasure of spending some happy and useful hours under his leadership. Then too Mr. P. A. Gould, M. A., S. T. B., General Secretary of the Simla Branch has helped a great deal in establishing the Jutogh Branch.

The usual in-door games exist and also badminton, quoits, and tether-ball, a new American game. Lady Ker with her usual generosity has provided the Branch with a piano, and this with a gramophone provides plenty of music. Lady Munro has expended Rs. 600 on crockery, which makes it possible to supply the large tea-fights without calling upon the troops "to bring your own mug." Up to the present two of these teas have been given, at which practically all ranks in the Cantonment were present. Following the tea a splendid concert is given by the ladies of Simla. We would heartily thank Mrs. Molesworth, wife of Col. Molesworth, for undertaking to arrange for these concerts, which by the way, are given once fortnightly in the Regimental Theatre.

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