



THE LONDONER

Vol. III. No. I.] AUGUST SEPTEMBER 1918. [Price Annas 3.

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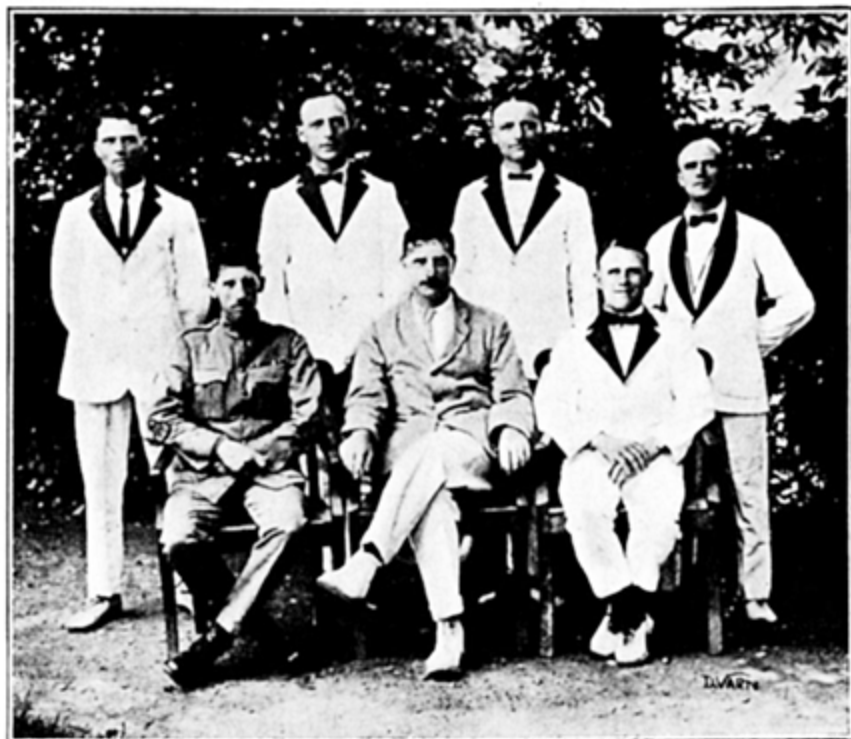


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Sketch—"RUMBLER"

THE JUTOGH CONCERT PARTY.



Back Row.
Front Row.

Cecil Stinchcombe, Don Hennings, W. Hennings, Pa Wade.
Bandmaster P. Tilson, Captn. Mitchell, Freddie Dove.

THE LONDONER.

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

No. 1—Vol. III.]

AUGUST—SEPTEMBER 1918.

[Price Annas 3.

ROUND AND ABOUT.

Our New "Drummy."

We have a worthy successor to Sgt. Dmr. Oke in our new 'Drummy'—Sgt. Dmr. Young of the 1st Duke of Wellingtons. He has completed 15 years in the service, most of which has been spent in India. There are many difficulties in the way of the Sgt. Dmr. whilst the Battalion is scattered at Jullundur, Jutogh, Sabathu and Dagshai: but in spite of this there is a marked improvement in the "Drums" since the advent of Sgt.-Dmr. Young. He is a good sportsman, excelling at Hockey and Football. We have also heard a whisper that "Drummy" is a dark horse in the boxing-ring.

August 4th.

At Jutogh on Sunday, August 4th a strong-as-possible parade was ordered to attend the Special Anniversary Service. The usual form of Morning Prayer was dispensed with and a special form introduced. Perhaps from the commoner's point of view the collection in aid of "Prisoners of War, Bread Fund" was the point most appreciated. The collection amounted to Rs. 53 as. 4.

Tara Devi.

Since Simla has been placed out of bounds the swimming tank at Tara Devi has come into its own. It was known to a few of the battalion previously but its devotees were few. Undoubtedly this was partly due to the low depth of water, but since the rains have fallen the tank, which measures 66 feet by 36 feet, has been well filled. Rumour states the depth to be well over 12 feet, a diving-board and spring board add to the sport. A bathe generally necessitates a walk of about 4 miles each way. The beautiful hill scenery which each twist and turn of the road reveals makes the walk a pleasure. The refreshment

obtainable at the Railway Station however is very poor and dear. The best way is to take some eatables with one and buy a cup of tea at the tea-room.

The Bayonet Course.

For the past two months the parade ground has resounded with the grunts and groans of the various classes assembled there daily for bayonet fighting. Every N. C. O. and man in the battalion, however special his "detail-job" may be, has had to be present during some part of the morning. Instructors from the latest physical training schools have been initiating us into all the new and latest methods. And they have changed considerably since the company training style adopted last winter! Much good work has been accomplished and in consequence the bayonet fighting standard of the battalion has greatly improved.

The New oil Cooker.

As a Battalion we appear to be doomed to undergo experiments in the matter of cooking methods. On proceeding from Bangalore to Burhan Camp in December 1916, we were fed by the old method of drawing up at some pre-arranged station, perhaps six hours late, where a cooked meal was awaiting us. Leaving Burhan April 1917 for Jullundur our troop special had a travelling kitchen attached. This was fitted with the Haddick Cooker which made it possible to serve meals as regularly as in barracks. The car attached to our train was the first of its type used in India, a photograph of the interior was published in Volume II No. 5. Now at Jutogh we have a new form of oil cooker thrust upon us, which is in an experimental stage. This type is intended to burn *crude oil*, and is advocated on account of the cheapness of the fuel. At first sight one is

rather unfavourably impressed with the clumsiness of its structure and it is very evident that it would be unwieldy for field work. In actual use it burns "dirtily," smutting the interior of the cookhouse, and demands constant attention to its various feed pipes. To the average man it gives the impression that the oil and fumes are too easily accessible to the food-stuffs.

Munro Soldier's Canteen, Lahore.

The July report of the Munro canteen at Lahore shows that 4,335 men used the rooms during July and the total number of men availing themselves of this most welcome institution, since its opening, is 36,693. Some idea of the need met by these canteens may be gauged by the fact that Rs. 2,103 was taken during the month for the sale of meals, etc. Those at home cannot realize the difficulty which a soldier experiences in obtaining a satisfactory meal when travelling in India.

The establishment of Munro Soldiers' Canteens at Rawalpindi, Lahore Junction, Ambala, Delhi, Muttra, Dehra Dun, Kathgodam, Pathankot, Kotah, Bareilly and Saharanpur, has been a great boon to the troops.

"A" Company has arranged to place a newspaper file outside the company office. During the past few weeks when everyone has been eagerly scanning the news-columns for details of further advances and fresh attacks this departure has proved a great boon to the company.

Writing from Dalhousie in the middle of August, Arthur Wright promises us an account of the Concert Party's Mesop. Tour. They returned from Mesop., and after giving a show to the respective detachments at Jullundur and Lahore, undertook "the joys of a five day walk" to Dalhousie where they are giving three command performances before General Beynon. They hope to arrive at Jutogh about 10th September.

Few of the men left down on the plains have not, at the time of writing, begun to feel the effect of the merciless Indian summer which has warmed up Jullundur to a temperature surely comparable with that of a much more notorious

place. Prickly heat, fever and heatstroke are prevalent and frequently parties of sufferers from the two latter are "sent up," for the former, alas, there is no remedy, and the expletive "strike me pink" has, in many cases, been realised more completely than the user thereof bargained for. Sleep at night is a matter of difficulty, and the objurgations hurled at the heads of our punkah wallahs are of a truly terrifying nature. Certain of the more hot headed, we may add, do not confine themselves to this variety of missile.

Shooting.

The long drawn out process of firing Table B is now completed, and no longer, or so we hope, shall we be dragged reluctant from our couches at unearthly matutinal hours to proceed (one never "goes" in the Army) to the range, either to mark or to fire. The scores, as previously mentioned, are considerably inferior to those of last season, but taking the very trying conditions into account this can hardly give cause for wonder. It is interesting to note that the completion of the alterations in 'our' range almost coincided with the completion of the musketry. It has been altered to a gallery range, with 10 "windmill" targets, altogether a very pronounced improvement on the old one.

Jullundur.

The long expected and waited for rains have at last apparently commenced, and during the latter half of August, quite a respectable amount of the gentle dew from Heaven has descended like balm upon the parched and troubled plains round Jullundur. At the time of writing, everything is green even the grass in barracks—where any is to be found, and the air is fresh and cool, a blessed change from the stifling atmosphere of the past few weeks. The admissions into hospital have numerically diminished in consequence, and it is even possible to sleep at night with a blanket over one. The relief afforded by the rain to the "gallant band" of 150 or so who have "been down" all the summer can better be imagined than described.

For what delights can equal these
That stir the spirit's inner deeps
When sweating nights of sleepless sleeps
Cease—one wakens almost froze.

The Installation of a Cinema.

We understand that arrangements are being made to instal a Cinema Plant in connection with the Regimental Institutes. The details are in the hands of Pte. R. F. Wood, "C." Coy. who has had fifteen years' experience in the Cinematograph Trade. It is hoped to secure such a supply of films that the programme may be changed every other night. The machinery and also a case of 100 reels of films are already on the way out from London. Such a feature will be a most welcome addition to the station-life of such spots as Jullundur.

THE DWINDLING OF THE POUND STERLING.

EXCEPT to those fortunate and thrifty souls who have been existing solely on their army pay, the progressively diminishing amounts which one receives for every pound sterling sent from home has been a source of irritation. When the Battalion first arrived in India a sovereign remitted through the Post Office realized fifteen rupees; towards the end of 1917 this had fallen to rupees fourteen annas two and recently there has been a further fall to rupees thirteen annas five = 17s 9d.

One of the main causes of this apparent loss in remitting money to India undoubtedly lies in the fact that the pound sterling of money now current in England is *not worth its face value*. The coinage unit is still *nominally* the gold sovereign i. e., a gold coin of a certain standard of fineness and of a certain definite weight. Now before the war there were (except for small amounts) only two forms of "legal tender"—Gold or Bank of England notes; that is, a creditor could refuse payment in any other form. The Bank of England was bound by law to exchange its notes for gold on demand. Thus for all practical purposes there was only one standard of coinage—the gold sovereign. Now the value of the sovereign was kept constant by allowing any one to take an unlimited quantity of gold to the mint and receive in exchange the equivalent amount of standard gold manufactured into sovereigns or half-sovereigns. By this means the market value of gold always corresponded with the value of the sovereign, for the simple reason that if the value of the sovereign exceeded the market value of the gold in it all the gold on the market would gravitate to the mint for coinage until the price adjusted itself—conversely if the value of the

sovereign was less than the market value of the gold in it, nothing could prevent sovereigns being exported and sold until the price adjusted itself. Thus the value of the sovereign could never be anything other than its face value.

On the outbreak of War the familiar "Bradbury" was issued which was legal tender and *inconvertible* that is, it could not be exchanged for gold on demand. Now so long as people were willing to exchange sovereigns for "Bradburys" indifferently no harm was done and if there had been no such thing as foreign trade probably no harm would have been done. The shock caused by the outbreak of war had shaken every nation's credit to a greater or less extent, and our foreign creditors were now demanding gold instead of paper in payment of debts. Moreover transactions which in the ordinary course would have been settled by bills falling due in three or six months now often had to be settled by bills payable on demand. The result was that gold was being attracted abroad from England and the Government had to forbid the export of gold and attempt to get all available supplies into its own hands against present and future liabilities. Thus it came about that the sovereign, which was only worth its face value before the war, now began to be worth more than its face value simply because a sovereign, being a definite weight of gold had a definite value in the market of the world, while the "Bradbury" was merely an I. O. U. of the British Government to be met at some unspecified time. Meanwhile the situation was aggravated by the weakening of British credit and the large increase of imports together with a serious decline in exports caused by the huge demand for war material. Thus a greater amount had to be paid in paper than in gold

for the value of goods imported. The result of this was of course that *all* commodities (including silver) rose in price, irrespective of other factors, by a percentage corresponding to the depreciation in the value of the English currency note.

The bearing of this on the amount realized in India for every pound sterling remitted from England is this:—the coinage standard in India is for all practical purposes the silver rupee—the notes in circulation being exchangeable on demand in a similar manner to the pre-war Bank of England note. Now silver and consequently the rupee has increased in value in comparison with the current English pound paper money (though it has decreased in value in comparison with the English sovereign) and consequently unless the Indian government is to lose on the transaction it must pay out less per pound remitted than it did when the comparative values of the pound and the rupee were normal. As a matter of fact there must have been a loss on remittances to India through the Post Office for some considerable time after the war because the rate of exchange for remittances through the Banks steadily rose from 1s. 4½ d. to 1s. 4¾ d. before the Post Office changed its rate from Rs. 15 to Rs. 14-2.

There are of course many other factors which operate in fixing the rate of exchange between two countries and this is at best a mere indication of what is probably the biggest factor in the present depreciation of the value of the paper pound as compared with the rupee.

WITH THE DERA GHAZI KHAN FIELD FORCE.

BELOW we publish an extract from a letter received from C. Q. M. S. Bond, late of "C" Coy. of this Battalion, who, it will be remembered, left us over a year ago. In passing it may be mentioned that he is now at the Officers' Training School at Bangalore, having taken a commission.

"There's not a great deal to be said about our frontier stunt. We were up there for two months altogether, and marched from Ghazi Ghat Railway terminus to Dera Ghazi Khan, 22 miles. We hung about there for ten days and then did a very hard march—52 miles in 46 hours—in rain and heat to Fort Muuro, which had been sacked and burned the previous day by a few thousand Marris who attacked it.

.....
Perimeters and barbed wire were the order of the day after this, and on we went again.

After reaching Rakhnie the next day we started burning and raiding surrounding villages, and we had plenty of meat, as bullocks, sheep and goats were captured in thousands. A good number of prisoners were brought in too and sent down the line, although when we got further up, these peaceable citizens were to be seen employed in digging out perimeters for us, etc."

"We eventually reached a place called Vitakri in Baluchistan and stayed there for some time, carrying out raids almost daily. We had a big three-days stunt as a grand finale—marched out about 19 miles and camped, next day we went out 26 miles over the most horrible country, all hills, and strafed anything within sight. On the third day we were preparing to make a big strafe on a rather important village about 26 miles away, when the opposition threw in their hand, so we went back to Vitakri instead. This was absolutely the hardest three days' work I have ever done in the army, but all our chaps stuck it very well. I might add that we were the only white troops allowed to go on this three days' stunt."

"On the whole, the conditions were rotten as there were only bad roads for about half our route, and we went nearly 200 miles from the rail head. As we got washed out of camp three times I can sympathise with you in your little experiences in that direction. Rations on the whole were not too bad, although for one week, after we had pushed on quickly, we were very short, and had to live on *chapatis* for a few days, no biscuits or bread being obtainable."

THE BRASS BAND.

Not of course, mark you, that I would wish or even for one single instant of the day presume in any way to imply that there is more than one kind of band.

Nope.

There is.

Bags of bands.

German bands, Blue Hungarian bands, Nigger bands, hat bands, speckled bands and bands of Hope. Pray do not misunderstand my reasons for ending the list there. I might go on for quite a long time, only I cannot think of any more to put in.

"But why" you will say (no denials, please, I know all about you)—"why babble thus in the manner of an impotent clam about all these kinds of bands? Why do it?"

Exactly why? Kiswasti, the emblem of Luck—no. I was thinking of Swastika, I never was a whale at spelling.

And why should I babble about them? They have disappeared from our ken for the time. They are all banned. Patriotism prevents our titillating our several tympana with the German or Hungarian variety, however azure; the Nigger band is a case of the farther the fewer; the hat band is superseded by the puggaree with regimental flash; the speckled band occurs in London where the theatres come from; and Hope is marked by at a discount. As Tennyson puts it in *Kynoch Eden*, that aspirated episode of a hopeless home-coming:—

"Ope? 'Ope! whats 'ope?" Ad 'e a 'ope?"

Certainly we have not. We used to hope that some day we should be home, but we packed that in some few layers down. And rightly so. For it is no use to hope we are home while we are out here. And little more to hope so when eventually we are home. *Hinc illae lachrymæ!* or as the mummies used to say in the British Museum, hence the pyramids!

Talking of mummies I have at length been enlightened on a point, my inability to decide which had caused me considerable misfortune. Through worrying over it I was unable to obtain at night that modicum of sleep which my doctor prescribes, therefore to put things right, my conscience left me no alternative but to chastise my Uncle Edward in the afternoon. Morpheus

and I were so busy, you have no idea. Furthermore, this incessant worry interfered to a serious degree with my military duties. I was troubled and distraught on parade, and earnestly impressed on people that one division on the wind-gauge means six brigades per hundred yards, that they should always close their pouch before buttoning up their breeches, and that they should put their fingers down their throats when unloading. But worst of all, my absent-mindedness almost led me into paying the dhobi. Things had obviously come to such a pass as could no longer be tolerated. I was convinced that the best way out of my trouble was to remove the cause of it. "Only solve this ghastly problem" said I, "which is undermining my constitution, and little Cuthbert's careless laugh will echo once more through the ancient cloisters."

This was the problem.

No doubt, you all know that noble song which has eased so many broken hearts, "Back Home in Tennessee"? You do. Good enough. Now can you tell me why "the roses round the door make me love mother more"? The answer is not "a lemon," neither is it "to get to the other side."

No, there is something deeper in it.

In vain did I ponder the problem and finally I laid it before one of my sleuth-hound friends, a certain provost sergeant. This is how he eliminated my query-mark.

Some little time back there arrived in Tennessee a family who had just come over from England,—father, mother, sister and two brothers. They were well-to-do and purchased a farm including a farm-house just large enough for their needs. Unexpectedly a brace of cousins invited themselves over for a lengthy stay. They were named Mabel and Marmaduke. Now over and above the ordinary establishment there was only one chair going spare, so that the younger brother, by name Pendragon, had to give his seat up to Marmaduke and either to have his meals after the others or to feed off the mantelpiece. This rather ascended his olfactory organ and one night, finding themselves à deux, he suggested that, though a guest, Marmaduke might take his turn on the waiting list, thereby allowing Pendragon occasionally to obtain a meal not entirely divested of the

usual trimmings of civilization. Marmaduke refused to see the justice of this demand, so Pendragon slew him, and calling his mammy solicited her assistance in the satisfactory disposal of the body. They woke up Hezekiah and Maria, their faithful negro retainers, and together they buried Marmaduke just outside the front-door. Now arose a difficulty. The freshly turned soil was sure to arouse suspicion when Marmaduke failed to make his invariable appearance at breakfast. But mammy rose to the occasion and it was by her advice that a climbing rose-tree was shifted from the back of the house to the spot where the worms were assembling. The local police inspector, however, had his own opinions about Pendragon, and though he could prove nothing, he found it practicable to raise the temperature of things for him to such an extent that he fled the country, and his bursting into the song was caused by the receipt of a mail informing him (a) that the sphere of the inspector's usefulness had been moved to a distant township, and (b) that it was safe for him to return at once to sunny Tennessee. and thus we find that it is entirely owing to his mammy's brainy suggestion, for removing all traces of the unconventional stiff-yard, that Pendragon tells us in his song that the roses round the door make him love mother more. "And," said my narkish acquaintance in conclusion, "if any of you got any better answer, let him write and let me know, that's all."

I thanked the sleuth for his masterly solution and, freed for ever from the carking trouble which so long had made life a misery, I took my departure. Everything else was chained down.

But I was going to tell you about the brass band, was I not? Dear me, how forgetful. But then I always have been like that ever since the eventful day I lunched in a poppy-field. Of course, it is the kind of thing that might have happened to anyone. I often wish it had.

But about this band. Mind you, as a band it is quite the thing, but I venture humbly to opine that nightmare clamourings of a tormented banshee are infinitely preferable to the unearthly death rattle torn from the brazen throat of a band at practice.

It occurs to me as a great pity that people cannot be born with their instruments in their mouths. One hears of babies being born with a silver spoon. Why not with a bugle or a flute? I admit the probability of the pianist suffering a facial distortion from which his chances of recovery verge on the negligible, but think of all the scales he never would have to learn, and other people never would have to hear. I have heard musicians at practice consigned to the most unenviable hereafters, and, as one who strives to maintain an unbiassed sense of justice, I cannot but think some of them well-deserved. Probably a special gehanna will be reserved for musicians who require a lot of practice, and of so incandescent a nature will it partake that, lest such innocuous sinners as murderers, all undeserving of its extreme severity, should stray inadvertently into it, it will bear over its ghastly portal the reminder in letters of fire. "Are band and drums all ye that enter here?"

I believe I am in no wise distorting the truth when I affirm that Shakespeare gives us the straight tip in regard to a friend and his affection tried. He suggests that we should do very little amiss were we to grapple him to our hearts with hoops of steel. But there is a difference between a hoop of steel and a band of brass. Fancy attempting to seal anyone's affection by taking him to hear a brass band at practice—up to their necks in the throes of an organised sound riot.

It is so silly.

B. McQ.

I see by the last mail's papers that much excitement is occasioned by gentlemen who hear a cuckoo for the first time in the year, or even a second time.

This being so it cannot fail to interest your readers to learn that whilst trying to sleep this afternoon, (20th July 1918) I heard three brain-fever birds, six pariah kites, thirty-seven *minahs*, sixty-four parrots, well over one hundred and fifty crows and a *chawallah*.

Yours etc.

ENTERTAINING IN MESPOTS.

KNOWING that a few items of news concerning the five "Actor soldiers" who departed from Jullundur on February 27th last would be of interest to the boys of the regiment, I submit a few extracts from the diary of the "call boy."

Our only regret upon receiving orders was that all members of "the Londoners" were not to accompany us in our tour through the "Land of Two Rivers."

Since departing from the regiment we have missed very much the inexhaustible fund of humour supplied by our inimitable friends "It and Bit," whilst the smiling countenance of the "Wee Dove," would have been greatly appreciated by all the boys in Mesopotamia.

We joined hands with the nine members of the "Royal Sussex Entertainers" at Lahore, and in charge of Lieutenant R. C. Morton, of the Sussex Regiment, proceeded to Bombay where we embarked on board the H.M.A.T. "Syria" on March 7th. After forty-eight hours journey from Bombay a fire broke out in the coal bunkers, which necessitated a hurried return, and upon arrival the boat was instantly surrounded by fire boats.

Transshipping by lighters to H.M.A.T. "Ellora" a start was once more made.

Six days on board were spent busily rehearsing in the hold of the boat.

There were three other parties with us, two from Southern India, and the third being our old friends the Hants and Kents in combination.

Captain Barnes of the 9th Hants, who is well-known in the entertaining world, was in charge of the four parties, and was responsible for the smooth running of the tour.

Two performances were given by the parties whilst on the boat, and a collection was made in aid of the Seamen's Benevolent Fund.

We landed at Basrah on Sunday March 17th and were temporarily billeted in Ashar Barracks. Here we met many of our old friends, including Chipchase, Alec. Carmichael and Wiseman.

After numerous and highly appreciated performances at the various hospitals and depôts

in and around Basrah we started upon our tour upcountry and duly arrived at the historical City of Baghdad; performing at Amara and Kut en route.

Baghdad, that wonderful Eastern City of our boyhood story-books, can only be appreciated by those who have traversed its highways and by-ways, and who have come into touch with its quaint and peculiarly Eastern Customs.

A little party of old 25th boys, including Tommy Goodchild, Probert, Gander and Charlie Taylor sought us out upon our arrival in this city, and together we spent several happy "Arabian nights" at their billet situated in the upper region of a one-time harem.

During a week's stay here we gave a number of performances, which included three at the Central Y. M. C. A. an open air theatre of huge dimensions with a seating capacity of over 2,000.

Present at the last of these shows was the Commander-in-Chief in Mesopotamia, a Russian General of note, also seventeen British Generals. We then continued up the R. Euphrates to Sahiliyah via all the principal places, including Ramadi and the City of Hit, of Biblical importance. It might interest you to know that we were in both Hit and Sahiliyah about a week after they were taken by our Expeditionary Force. Returning to Baghdad a flying visit was paid to Nejeef, reputed to be the second oldest city in the world, taking 18 hours to cover just over 100 miles arriving at 6 p.m. and showing two hours later. Notwithstanding the fact that it was in the wee sma' hours e'er we retired to bed, "Reveille" was a few hours later and we packed up and journeyed back to Hillah, the scene of recent operations in which the 1-9th Middlesex took part. Here we gave our usual performance in the precincts of the fort.

Up early the following morning we boarded a motor launch and took a little trip to the famous ruins of Babylon.

To watch our plump pianist leaning over a miniature precipice in search of a souvenir in the shape of a piece of Babylonian brick caused much merriment among the party.

Leaving Hillah behind us, we once again returned to Baghdad prior to journeying up the Tigris front to Samarra. It was on this

front that we had the unique experience of witnessing an air battle between our boys and Jonny Turk. Thompson, Harrison, Howlett and Simpson, members of our old Signal Section, were all on this front busily engaged in wireless work.

On our way back from Samarra we stayed two days at Akhab where we met many of our boys who left us last year to join the Middlesex.

At the early hour of 5 a.m. with many hand-shakes and promises of good times when back in Blighty, we left the old boys behind and started upon a ten-mile tramp to the nearest railway station. Here we entrained and commenced our tour up the Diyalah front *via* Baghdad. By this time the heat had reached 125° in the shade, and dancing on a stage built of sand bags, with grease paint streaming down one's shirtfront, and mosquitoes, flies and other pests sliding along one's epiglottis, while reaching a top "A" would have tried even the patience of Job had he been a "gaff Wallah." After giving some dozen shows on the Diyalah front we packed up our troubles in our old "prop" box and commenced the long return journey to Basrah on board a river paddle steamer.

We stayed in Basrah a week, giving a few farewell performances at hospitals, etc.

Our last performance was given at the 3rd British General Hospital, and this completed a total of 60 shows given by us in Mesopotamia.

Malaria and ague were so prevalent among the party during the tour, that on no occasion were we able to show with a full complement of performers, and consequently as you can well imagine, under studies were kept very busy.

The rousing receptions and highly complimentary speeches received at every one of our concerts thoroughly convinced us that our humble efforts during the four months tour in Mesopotamia had not been in vain.

I am shortly posting to the offices of the Londoner a few very excellent snaps taken by our camera men during the tour, which will no doubt prove of interest.

Since leaving Jullundur in February last we have covered a distance of 9,300 miles 2,700 of this total being done in Mesopot.

Means of conveyance were very varied and included railways, paddle streamers, motor lorries and launches, a river monitor, Ford cars, mule carts, and even an antedeluvian tramcar.

The humorous side of our life during the past few months must not be omitted, and one of our funniest experiences took place at Ramadi, on the Euphrates front.

The stage here was of huge dimensions, and pieces of scenery, standing about fifteen feet high, made of plaited straw, were erected upon it.

The show had only been in progress about ten minutes when a fierce gale arose, and started to play havoc with the stage.

Our light comedian, Jack Laurie, was lustily singing the chorus of "Good Bye-ee" when the elements proved stronger than the men endeavouring to hold up the scenery, and down came the scenery about our ears. With pieces of stage curtain enveloping us, and chunks of scenery under our arms we gracefully retired singing the last strains of Good Bye-ee.

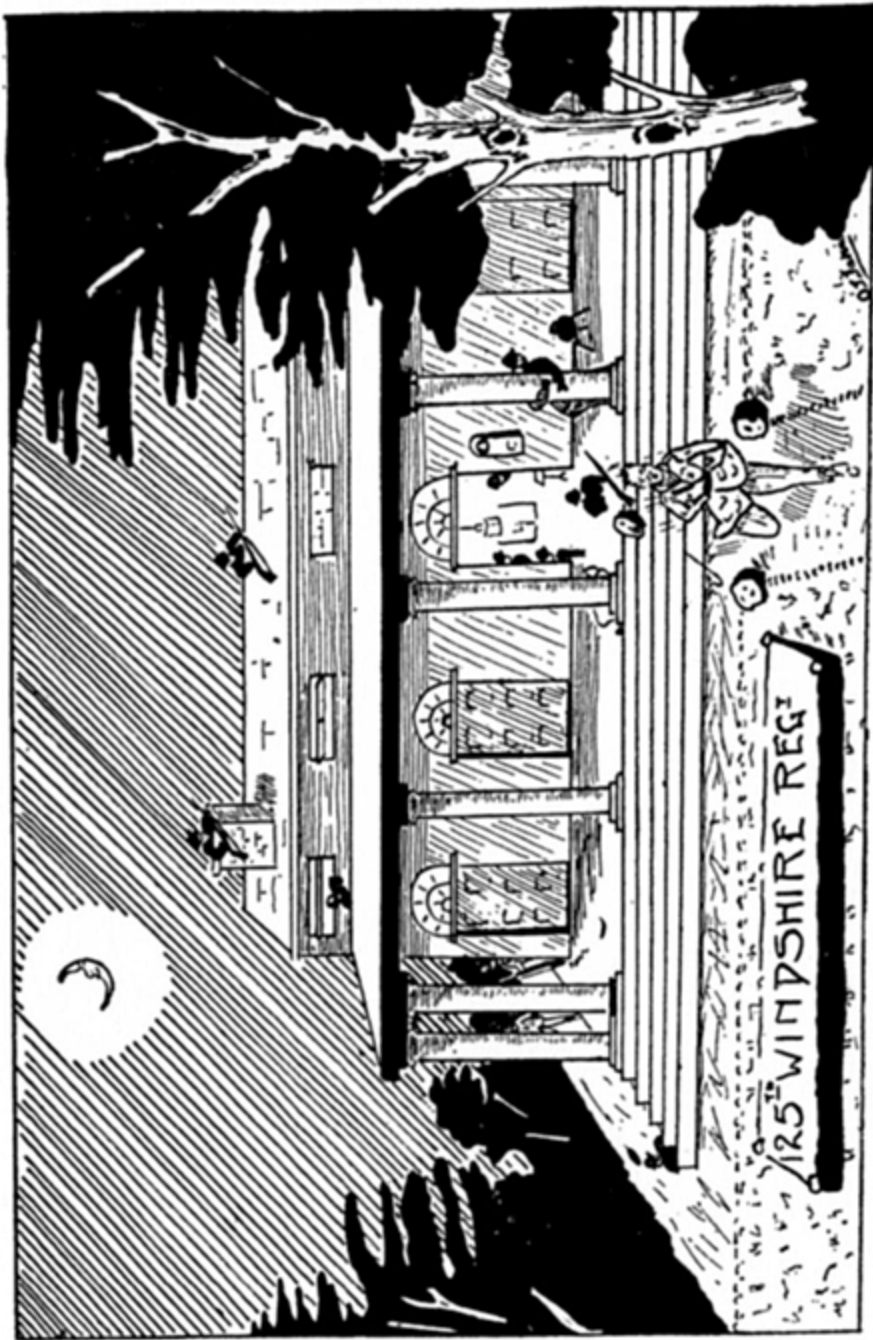
We must not forget to mention our old friend "Uncle Joe" who acted as producer and stage manager, and his never tiring and able efforts were undoubtedly responsible for the success of the tour, and the reputation gained in Mesopotamia by "B" Concert Party 16th Division. This same party showed in Simla during October under the title of "The Versatiles."

A. W.

OUR FRIEND MISS LITSTER.

IN selecting the above for the title of this article I feel that I am in no way presumptuous. The definition of the word Friend is, I believe, "A person attached to another by affection and goodwill," and if ever these qualities were possessed and displayed by anyone certainly they have been by Miss Litster to the men of Jutogh.

I was amongst the first of the Battalion to come to Jutogh and like the rest of us, very



Who said "Guard, Turn out"?

keen to explore the much-talked about Simla. I went, I saw and rejoiced, and the only fly in the ointment was the need of the all-important afternoon tea; the Y. M. C. A. did their best for us but somehow there was something lacking, and it was in this connection that we first met Miss Litster and other good ladies of Simla. Early in May the R. A. T. A. Room was opened, and obviously appreciated, for a visit there became an item in everybody's programme.

On my first visit to the R. A. T. A. Room I was surprised and in confidence, highly delighted, to be received by a lady looking very chic in the uniform of the Munro Canteen, possessing a most engaging smile and an abundance of cheery conversation. Within five minutes I felt that I had known the lady for many moons, and this I am told is the impression carried away by all the men who have met Miss Litster. It is in connection with the fortnightly parties so very kindly given by Lady Ker that our friend reveals her sterling qualities, for it is owing to her indefatigable energies and that wonderful power of making friends, that so many successful concerts have been arranged and enjoyed. Another brilliant idea was the inauguration of the special train service from Simla to Jutogh in the Wee Sma' hours of Thursday and Sunday mornings. Anyone having had dealings with Departmental Authorities will know what a colossal task was attempted and accomplished when this was brought about. What a relief to know that one could get back to Jutogh in comfort and not be faced by a five-mile walk, or a heated argument with the rickshaw coolies, and incidentally a saving of a chip thirteen.

Miss Litster has several times invited small parties of men from Jutogh to her home for tea and musical evenings, etc., and each of the chosen few have come away convinced that life is worth living after all. Some wisacre has said that "One man's gain is another's loss" and that is amply illustrated in the case of Miss Litster's marriage, when, it is to be regretted, her efforts on behalf of the men of Jutogh will come to an end. How greatly her many kindnesses will be missed is yet to be realised.

Miss Litster was married at Christ Church, Simla, on 14th September at 3-15 p. m.

Acting on the suggestion that a presentation should be made to Miss Litster, the hat was

passed round and thanks to the hearty response the Battalion was able to make a gift that will keep their name for ever before her.

I conclude by offering our friend on behalf of the men of the Battalion their sincere regard and appreciation and every good wish and happiness for the future.

"RECRUIT."

THE CHAPATI.

In the minds of the happily uninitiated the word "chapati" may, very possibly, conjure up nightmarish visions of some prehistoric mammoth, whose skeleton has been disinterred in Siberia or other such delectable regions. Before proceeding further therefore in this malodorous subject, I will interpret, for the benefit of these blissfully ignorant beings.

In the first place, permit me to utter a word of warning. He who values his life—an idiosyncrasy by no means uncommon—should abstain carefully from mentioning this sinister name to any one whom he even suspects of having had acquaintance with the North-West Frontier of India. It is a remarkably sore point with such people and allusions to a chapati should, in all circumstances, be absolutely shunned.

And now for a definition of the word. The chapati is the staple article of diet of the great majority of those dusky individuals whose misfortune it has been to be born in Northern India. These are chapati-devourers by nature, but others have at times by force of circumstance, also become devourers, if not devotees of the chapati, as in the case of a considerable portion of the army who, in times of dire stress, have been compelled to resort to this article of diet as a gastronomical stop-gap. The derivation of the word is by no means clear to me possibly because I have never attempted to find it out, but I have my own theory in the matter which I feel inclined to set forth, however illogical it may seem.

The word 'chup' in Hindustani means 'quiet.' Also the word 'pate' means 'receiving' 'finding.' Connecting the two words we have a compound word meaning "finding quiet or finding silence" and as the unsalted novitiate, on consuming a

whole chapati, would, in all probability, find the silence of the grave, this theory has something to support it.

The unorientalised Englishman however, on learning that 'cha' is the Hindustani equivalent for 'tea' and forthwith finding some connection between the 'pate' and the English "patty" will probably form a notion that these unspeakable atrocities are in some way related to the English teacake and the fragrance of these dainties will assail his nostrils. This will probably induce him to join the army and get sent at once to the North-West Frontier, in which case his disillusionment will be rapid and complete; or he may write to the papers, exposing the crying scandal of troops in India being fed on teacakes in war time.

To disillusion one suffering from this patriotic inclination would be cruel, not to say Hunnish. Rather would I send him (anonymously of course) a chapati pattern 1917, Mark IV.* Class Non-tearable. Never again would he write to the Press, though in all probability his name would appear in some of the papers, not however at the foot of a lengthy epistle, but in the Obituary Column.

Having read thus far, you are doubtless wrapped in wonder, not to say awe at the unique and terrifying properties of the chapati, this of course being subject to your never having been brought into direct contact with these terrible exterminators of mortals blessed with only normal gastronomical apparatus. I will explain then the composition of these thinners of humanity.

By a terrific effort then, carry back your mind to pre-war days, and try and imagine a pancake made of unscreened flour and water only, and devoid of all the additional ingredients which make a pancake a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Then consider it as having been baked on a piece of kerosine tin. Should you ever come to India, this mental process will probably persuade you permanently to delete Shrove Tuesday from your calendar.

The process of manufacture of this delectable article of diet may possibly be a source of entertainment to any who are interested in cookery or any of the other occult sciences. It would doubtless appear simple if set down in cold blood in one of Mrs. Beeton's Manuals for Busy Housewives, when the possession of

rolling pins, pastry boards, cake cutters, and all other modern culinary equipment is taken for granted; but in Central Asia the trade in these articles is most disgustingly slack, and antiquated methods prevail in consequence.

The predominating motion in the construction, or rather in the finishing of a chapati closely resembles that used by a conjuror when dissolving eggs or tame rabbits into thin air. The detail is as follows:—

"Holding the chapati limply in the palm of the left hand, palm uppermost, grasp the edge at any convenient point on the circumference firmly between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, thumb uppermost. With a firm pressure vertically between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and at the same time maintaining a steady anti-clockwise motion, pass the.....but no. Only a very king among drill instructors would ever succeed in enunciating clearly this complicated movement. I will desist.

It may be stated without fear of contradiction, that in Northern India wars are won and lost, and chapatis are made and eaten with the most alarming regularity—in fact one might almost say daily—but still the British Army in India lives and laughs.

They have no fear of the bayonet, for cannot a chapati be obtained at a trifling cost and thrust inside the tunic?

They ignore the heat of the Plains, for cannot a really sun-proof shelter be made if sufficient chapatis be amassed by the combined soldiery?

The biting winds of the snow capped heights hold no terrors for them, for is not a chapati vastly superior to any leather waistcoat?

They economise in chewing gum, for chapati is cheaper and lasts longer.

In short, the chapati for extreme adaptability is unparalleled, and stands without a rival. It outclasses War Bread.

It beats the proverbially unbeaten leather.

For sports purposes it replaces the 'discus' of ancient Greece.

Mustard plasters cannot be compared unto it.

The British Army in India stands uncovered before it, unanimous in their praises, and the very hills of the land of Ind re-echo with their mighty shout, "The Chapati is IT". But they don't say in what direction.

O. H. BOND.

PERSONAL.

1ST BATTALION.

We are glad to hear from Lieut. Maxwell R.E.'s. at one time a Sergt. in "G" Coy. At time of writing he was awaiting overseas orders. He had lately met with Capt. Pritchard A. C. who was formerly in the 26th Middlesex and latterly in the 25th. He had been acting as Adjut. to a tunnelling Coy. in France. Maxwell also ran across Stockie now a Lieutenant in the R.O.C. The three met at——and had quite a pow-wow over the old days.

E.J. Hawkins "B" Coy. who went to Mesop. with the searchlight section has recently been through an R. A. F. course in Egypt, but failed on the medical examination. He returned to Mesopotamia, and is expecting to be gazetted shortly to the I. A. R. O.

Lieutenant Marriott left A.——for Port Said, where he is doing submarine work as a Pilot R.A.F. with a squadron stationed there.

Lieutenant Woods R.A.F. is still instructing at an Artillery observation school, Cairo.

Lieutenant Dodkins, R.A.F. is back again in India.

Joe Price who left "B" Coy. at Oulton Broads to join the R. E.'s has gone to Egypt with a view to taking up a Commission. Lieut. Chamberlain writes,

"Since leaving the Battalion I have had untold experiences which I regret at the time of writing I must keep a sealed mouth. You of course know I went to Mesopotamia, and was sent straight up to the front line some—miles beyond Baghdad where I stayed about five months. We left Mesopotamia and went to Egypt where I spent some nice and happy days in Cairo, and where I took over Adjut. of the Battalion. It was not long before we were hurried up into Palestine, and before we knew where we were found ourselves in the front line. We had a pretty bad time of it and lost a few whom we least wanted to lose. This country is really a marvellous place and seems to be every inch as written of in the Bible. One continually comes across relics of olden times dating long before B. C. and of course more after that period.

I am sorry I am unable at present to give a more detailed account of myself and doings for censorship rules are far more strict here than in Waziristan. My memory is often trailing back to the very happy days in which I spent the greater part of my time with No. 5 and old "B." Coy. I shall never forget those Poly Boys who were so sporting and whose comradeship was so dear. Please convey to all my best wishes for the future. Tell them I look to the day we shall have after the war at our reunion dinner. Don't be surprized if you ever hear from me in France. My address is 2nd Leicester Regt. E. E. F. and I shall be delighted to hear from any who may like to write. Good luck to you all.——

Billy Huggins (late. "H." Coy.) writes cheerfully of his past doings. He came through the "Cambrai affair" and had several other narrow escapes.

Sends kind regards to all old pals and would be glad to hear from any of them. His address is c/o Major Kennedy 51st Divn. B.E.F. Force.

Lieutenant Edwards who left us in 1917 has been having a busy time on the Frontier. His regt. is recruited from hillmen of the Kalat State Brahuis, and on the whole he finds them rather wild and very dirty. Whilst at Sibi at the beginning of the year he met Mr. Hillman, who was doing duty as observer to the R. F. C. Since leaving us Edwards has had rather a varied experience. First as O.C. Fort Abazai, then with the 2/107th Pioneers at Bareilly on their formation, a month at Pachmari, then as Instructor of a Div. Lewis Gun course at Quetta, and now as Q. M. Kalat Depot with another move in prospect. We heartily congratulate him on getting his second pip up. He too wishes to be remembered to all his old pals in the Londons, and until the "after the-war-meet" in London sends to all best wishes.

Sgts. Chiapchase and Pratley are living in a hut next to Wiseman at Basra.

E. Smith was discharged some time back as medically unfit and is now in London. Tommy Fawdon who left "B." Coy. at Lowestoft with E. Smith to join the Army Cyclist Corps, has now returned to France.

Vicarey (Jago) who was the Officers' Mess Corpl. at Lowestoft was discharged as medically

unfit but has rejoined and is now a driver in the R. A. F. at Haddiscoe.

Jerry Hulme who had been discharged has now re-enlisted in the Royal Fusiliers. Sgt. Sweett who left for Burma some three months ago is settling down to his new task with the 3-70th Burma Rifles, and finds things fairly pleasant so far.

The latest news from Bill Dodkins is that he is recovering from shell shock in No. 2 General Hospital, Wandsworth.

Our late R.S.M. O. Crawford has been wounded in France.

Sgt. Robinson (late Pioneer Sgt.) is at the Depot, Poona, and it is not likely that he will return to Mesopotamia. Corpl. Koski who is also there expects to return at the end of August.

Pte. Legge attached to the Accounts Department, Poona, has been invalided home on account of chronic gastric trouble.

Some of the old boys of "F" Coy. had a "reunion" dinner in Poona during August. Those present were Sgt. Lacey, Cpl. White, Ptes. O'Regan, Sabey and Thelwall, also Ptes. Hands and Hughes of "G." Company.

Passmore writing from Burma, says that after hanging around Rangoon for 5 weeks he and Godbolt were separated. Passmore is now with Loveridge and Sweett, and Godbolt has Bob Rogers and Butler of the Kents as companions. Billy rather likens his Burmese squad to Gurkhas, but thinks they are cleaner. On the whole they are young, and if one took the bigger boys out of a troop of Boy Scouts at Home they would represent very approximately the squad he has to instruct.

Bob Rogers does not appear to be so favourably impressed with his squad of Burma troops as Billy Passmore is. The men are drawn from several tribes; *Burmas* the most intelligent but dirtiest and laziest of the lot; *Karens*, thick-headed but cleaner; and *Chins* (hillmen) the thickest headed but best triers of the lot.

Lieutenant Joseph (Lancs. Fus.) writes cheerfully from France. He wishes especially to be remembered to those left of old "C" and "D" Companies. He is also anxious to contribute regularly to the Memorial Fund.

Owing to wounds received last year he is likely to remain unfit for front-line work, and is at present stationed at a Base. Porter joined the R. N. V. at the commencement

of war and on breaking up the ship, transferred to the A. S. C. and went to Egypt. He was at Suvla Bay, and Palestine, after 3 years he got leave and is now in Blighty awaiting a Commission.

2ND BATTALION.

C. Q. M. S. Baker has a Commission and is now in Italy. Mitchell also with a Commission is at Bulford awaiting orders. Blackburn having obtained Commission went to a Labour Battn. at Cambridge, but packed up soon after arrival and went to Eastern Genl. Hospital and he was discharged on 11th February 1918 with heart trouble. He has now obtained a position with a firm as Assistant Works Manager at aeroplane works, Blackburn. His Orderly Room successor Venner, who was at one time an old 26 Middlesex man, has now taken 3 stripes and is very fed up with his army career ending in such a fashion.

Jerry Humphreys of old "H" Coy. has been wounded in Palestine, but has now recovered, and is reported as being quite fit again.

We quote from the Polytechnic *C. C. Gazette* as follows:—

"From Cadet Jim Bonner Fanks, Winchester:—"

"Ever so sorry for not writing before, but really, being in England, there is nothing of any importance to write about. Our only excitement last month was the half-term exam. and the great excitement was that I scrambled out top, by three clear marks. My powers of guessing, or telling the tale must have improved somewhat."

"Our boxing team has won a cup and set of medals. I was the only one to lose; but was not disgraced, as I was giving away 16 lbs., and met a man who was champion of somewhere or other. Managed to collect one black eye as per usual. Pleased to see from the 'Gazette' that most of the boys are all right so far, but sorry indeed to hear of Harry Greenwood's death."

Men of old "C" Coy. will learn with regret that Sergeant V. H. Smith of the "Water Rat" who left the second in August, 1915, having been captured by Germans in East Africa, and released by the British force in that country, has died. He had attained the rank of Captain. Information has been received by Mr. James Smith, of May Villa, Walton-on-Thames that

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN

POULTRY?

THEN COME AT ONCE AND
INSPECT MY

MODEL POULTRY FARM.

I stock every conceivable variety of fowl
LEGHORNS, BUFF ORPINGTONS,
WYANDOTTES, (Golden or Silver)
PLYMOUTH ROCKS, BLACK MINORCAS,
COCHIN CHINAS, Etc., Etc., Etc.

I can let you have on very reasonable
terms any number of

PULLETS or STAGS, TABLE BIRDS or LAYERS.

I have also a large quantity of

BROOD HENS

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CLETTES of CHICKENS
Supplied in

ANY BREED.

Try a sitting of my celebrated
"BLACK and WHITE"

Strain, unequalled as layers or table
birds.

Messes, etc., extensively catered for.

Q. M. CABURT,
Jutogh.

THE

Army Varieties Supply Coy.

Beg to announce that they have now placed
on the Market two entirely novel commodities
of great use to the Soldier in India. A trial is
solicited of their patent

GINGERINE PUNK POWDER. NO MORE NIGHTS OF PUNKAHLESS RESTLESSNESS.

A few grains of this invaluable mixture
dropped into the gunfire of a lethargic Punkah-
wallah will work miracles.

THE PRICE OF
THIS INVALUABLE PREPARATION
is rupees 2 per Large Packet only.

MESSING MEETINGS ABOLISHED.

Quartermaster Sergeants

are recommended to try

CAMOUFLAGE CHUTNEY.

Any meal, however unpalatable
is made

TASTY AND APPETISING

by the addition of a few drops
of this wonderful Preparation.

PRICE :

Large Bottles Rs. 2-4, Small do.

Re. 1-8.

PERSONAL NOTES—CONTINUED.

his son, Captain Valentine H. Smith, of the Queen's Regiment, attached to the King's African Rifles, has succumbed to malaria in German East Africa. Before the war he was in the 25th County of London Cyclists, rejoined the 2nd Battalion on the outbreak of hostilities, and was subsequently given a commission in the Queen's.

Further particulars add that he was captured by the Germans on April 11th, 1918, released by British troops May 21st, and died June 1st. We sympathize with his family in their loss.

Wallie March, late A. S. C. M. T. driver, 2-25th M. G. S., now with a Commission in A. S. C. M. T. in Mesop. writes:—

"Seven months attached to Siege Battery; Officer in charge workshops, having good time, sends regards to old "E" Co. and M. G. Section.

Lieutenant Parkinson, A. S. C. M. T. (late 2-25th M. T. Officer), left Abukir in May for Blighty, as Pilot R. A. F. He was torpedoed *en route*, but is believed to be safely landed at Malta.

Lieutenant Wallington (late 2-25th M. G. S. and M. G. C.) is at a school of aeronautics and awaiting flying instructions; R. Bloxam is at the same school undergoing a course.

Ted Knight, formerly H. Q. 2-25th and of "B" Coy. 1-25th, who went to Aden with the Wireless Section, is now at Cairo on an R. A. F. Cadet Course. He sends best wishes to all old boys.

We regret to announce the death of Strauss, killed in action in France. He was posted to "E" Coy., in the Putney days of August 1914. Before the Battalion moved to the coast he had obtained a commission, and had risen to the rank of Major.

Corporal Habberfield, "B" Coy., writes of several old "B" Coy. boys:—

Bill Bennet has been discharged through wounds received in France.

Griffiths who was on munitions at Norwich has now joined 10th Londons.

L./Cpl. Payne who returned to Blighty from Dalhousie (May 1917) is in 1/10th Londons and on signalling course at Dunstable.

Cpl. McIntyre is now commissioned as in a Tank corps. Sgt. Miller has also a commission.

No news of Owen Anger since 15th October 1916. Habberfield is wondering whether any of the boys in India have news of him. Curiously he remarks that "am not keen on the girls now, as they wear the same great-coats as we do!!!! (12 months in the Punjab would cure this fastidiousness. Ed.)

R. B. Shaw of "D" Coy. who was left behind at Holt, being under age, was transferred to the Rifle Brigade in middle of 1917. He had a spell in France and has now been invalided out of the army on account of Bright's disease. The remnants of the 2nd are at Saxmundham, but are expecting a move. He found Capt. Barton still much the same sarcastic old "Suck." Wishes to be remembered to all old chums.

A. E. Webb writes from Malta—He is now in charge sanitary staff of large Hospital, which is beautifully situated in a valley which opens out on to the beach. He has been to Salonika and is awaiting transfer home on account of general health.

Wansey Smith of "C" Coy., who was reported as being in France in our last issue, is now rumoured as having been killed. We should be glad to receive any definite information on this point; and until reliable information is to hand would caution our readers against the rumour.

T. W. Cheke, "E" Coy., of pleasant memory, has resuscitated himself and writes.

BEACON VILLAS

Station rd.

Marple,
Cheshire.

Many thanks for continuing to send the "Londoner."

I give below an account of my doings, in case they are of any interest under "Personal." Sorry I can't tell you about anyone else as I have lost touch with every body but Gooders and Jimmy (late R. B. James) and you probably know all I can tell you about them. I should like to hear from any old pals, at the above address.

You remember that I left Brancaster to do chemical work in France. This turned out to be gas-pushing in the trenches, and I protested along with others against qualified chemists being put on to plumbing work, and eventually I was given a workless job at the depôt, and

filled in a few months with country walks, bridge, and writing stunt letters. To avoid misunderstanding on the part of those who have heard of Infernal Cheke, I may say that there was no scope for such games.

Early in 1916 I was discharged, being in the category of "Unsuitables," i. e., professional chemists, drunkards, etc. Finding nothing better I went back to my job of helping a patent agent in his wangles, to his profit but not mine. He failed to get the Ministry of Munitions' approval for my work, hence I had to quit when conscription started and joined the Ministry's Acetone Department. In a few months acetone petered out, and it was decided to transfer the chemists to other departments. This was done by the beautiful method of giving us a month's notice with deep regret and every appearance of finality, and not saying anything about re-engagement until two or three weeks later. Result—those who found worse jobs took their transfer—those who found better did not. I found better, and am now research chemist to a Manchester firm of dye makers and doing something of real use for the first time in my life. Have just been called up for medical examination and promptly told to clear out again when they found I had been discharged after service overseas.

Yerbury (old "F" Coy.) has been in Bath hospital with a broken leg caused by a football accident. He is through with his commission and will begin training when he comes out of dock.

2nd-Lieut. H.L. King, 2/6th Royal Sussex is at Lahore and quite well. He has been appointed Brigade Lewis Gun Instructor.

2nd Lieut. H. G. Fulkes, 7th N. Staffs, is in Mesopotamia and has been transferred to the "Dunsterforce."

Telbutt (old "F" Coy, 2nd Battalion), now of the R. A. F., is in Egypt and has been promoted to sergeant.

All the above wish to be remembered to old friends. The latest news from Bartlett is that he has passed out of the M. T. School and is now commissioned to the A. S. C. Mitchell of "E" Coy. is now Signalling Officer with the 1/6th Suffolks.

Bunny Hirschland appears to have settled quite contentedly in a Q. M.'s Office, Signal Services, Poona.

We are sorry to hear that Sparkes has been in hospital again with malaria. This has prevented him from making any headway towards attaining his "wings." However since he is in the hands of a charming lady doctor and some pretty V. A. D.'s, he foregoes the usual grouse of hard luck! Bloxham has been down with tonsillitis, but is out again and ere this we hope has successfully passed his examinations. The following extract may interest:—"India, by the way, sent some good stuff over here (Egypt)—out of the forty men who came from Sialkot, with the exception of six sick, all but one passed the examination here with honours."

Extract from a letter from James just before his death, "We Londons grow beautifully less and most of the remainder were marked A 1 a little while ago. A large number have already left us. We arrived here (Fort Attock) on 19th July. It's "az-ot-az-ell." I can do with the mornings, and the afternoons you lie on your bed under a punkah, and it is just endurable—but after tea! You don't know what to do with yourself, everything is red-hot and when you lie down about 10 P.M. you bound up with a yell, for the sheets are red-hot too! I can't eat and am living on raw eggs, sometimes as Bombay oysters, sometimes with milk."

THIRD LINE

The following is an extract from an old third line man, now serving in France with the 18th Corps Divisional Cyclists:—

"I survived the retreat all right, after having had a very exciting time. I thought I was captured, etc., on umpteen occasions. We were fighting continuous rear-guard actions, for weeks.

You will be sorry to hear that several old 25th boys went under in the stunt. Do you remember Pinky Couch? He has been killed and Wm. Thatcher and Alf. Diver wounded. Both are now in Blighty, and I presume in hospital. Fred. Hockey is still having a good time in England as a P. O. Instructor. Jack Phillips and Watts are in Italy and Rawrie still at a Cadet School.

Croxford, "A" Coy., is quite well and is now a Q. M. S. in France. Also Diver "A", transferred to Divisional Cyclists, has been wounded in hand and knee and is now in hospital in Blighty.

THE LONDONER.

JUTOGH, SIMLA,
JULLUNDUR. AUGUST TO SEPTEMBER 1918.

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

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

R. A. T. A. SIMLA.

I have been asked to write a few lines for *The Londoner* in connection with the work of the R. A. T. A. in Simla. I believe there was a tea room run by this Association for the men in Jutogh last year, but I really know nothing of the lines on which it was run.

In the spring of this year on my leaving the Ambala Canteen, where I had worked all the winter, I was asked by Br.-General Luke and Mrs. Bell to undertake the management of a tea room for soldiers, which would be run by the R. A. T. A.

Canon Wheeler, on behalf of the School Committee, kindly permitted us the use of one of the rooms in the Christ Church Boys' School, which, though not as large as we might have wished, was very well situated for our requirements.

The tea room opened on the 4th of May. The idea was that *all* soldiers would be welcome; though it was chiefly for the convenience of men, who, after their journey in from Jutogh, desired refreshment, and a room where they could read and rest every afternoon.

Several ladies in Simla have given their time and kind help waiting in the room, which I am sure was greatly appreciated.

Fortnightly concerts were arranged and many kind and talented people willingly helped to provide an occasional evening's amusement for men who cared for music. We did not exactly set up as rivals to the attractions afforded

by the rink and cinema! The success of these evenings was largely due to the generosity of Lady Ker who has always shown an unfailing interest in the welfare of Tommy in India.

In conclusion I should like to add what a very great joy it has been to me to work amongst you—and, if in this small way, I have shown anything of the appreciation I have felt for the men who have left their homes in Blighty to do their bit and if I succeeded, however little, to make their visits to Simla a little brighter and more comfortable than they would otherwise have been, I feel more than repaid for the work I have done.

DOROTHY LITSTER.

Continued from Personal from page 15.

Harrison who is with a Wireless Squadron in Mesop. has successfully passed his final tests at Baghdad. A. P. Howlett is with the Headquarters of Heavy Artillery. Simmy (Simpson, "D") and himself are at a Special Receiving Station, which deals with all Press work. T. T. (Thomson Signals) is also doing similar work. They are living in "dug-outs" and life is "not too bad." With the exception of Howlett they are in good health.

SUFFOLK NOTES.

Rackham, now in M. G. Corps, writing from hospital in France in May 1918, mentions that he was in hospital about the same time last year. After both spells of hospital he had got to Blighty. He was also fortunate in getting a month's convalescent leave in December 1917 and so was able to spend Xmas at home. Whilst home he met with Joe Stead and L./Cpl. Chas. Hastings, who by the way is getting married. Nightingale had been on a visit some months previously. Quite a number of the old Suffolks are still on the coast. Our Herb is a prisoner of war, he took a Commission some while ago.

"Old Pip" (Laurence) is attached to Tanks and is home wounded. Hayward and James were both home and were both Lieutenants.

"Pip Emma" (Cpl. James) was on munitions and had got married a short while back. Freddy Cotton was still at Saxmundham. Staden Bungay (Read) and Co. are "across the water." Paxman has joined the R. N. D.

Rackham makes enquiries *re* Dell and Whistock.

MIDDLESEX.

Under date of June we learned that Moss, 'Binks,' Johnson, Bartley and Hill were at a convalescent camp and were "doing well." Also that Kettle and Risely had just passed through *en route* for Bangalore on a month's leave. Bill Ground has also been on furlough.

In the meantime we regret to report the death of Pte. Kettle at Wellington (some reports read Bangalore).

Cpl. A. V. Deverson has been down again with fever and jaundice. Although a certain number of "Gharial Wallas" got leave to India, he was among the unfortunates. Better luck next year Deverson!

The general outline of work at present is Reveillé, 4-30 A. M.; Parades, 5 to 8 A. M.; Breakfast, 8-15 A. M., after which it is too hot to be pleasant.

E. Bolton of "B" and Thorn are now Lance Jacks, Woodlands and Barraclough of "A" have "fallen into" the P. R. I.

Mount who is in Mesop. on dental work, has been in dock again with what he calls the "waizri brand of fever." Finds the flies as attentive there as at Boji Khel. Rather surprized on "falling-in" one morning to discover himself next to "Binks." Binks by the way is at the base awaiting a Medical Board.

Will Edwards writing from a Convalescent Camp, Baghdad, says that E. P. tents are pleasantly situated amidst date palms, close to the river. The rivercraft are very interesting, especially the new "air-propeller" driven craft, which skim along at a great pace and make plenty of noise.

Later.—He had returned to Fattalion which was in summer camp. It was much too hot for his liking, 117°.

Roory Tooke of "A" Coy. who left us at Gharial on being transferred to the 1/9th Middlesex, writes from Deolai stating that he has volunteered for service in France and is rejoining his old unit—the Suffolks.

Whilst in Mesopotamia he has suffered rather a lot from eye trouble. He sends kind regards to "A" Coy. and all Suffolk lads in the Battalion.

Cadet G. W. Harding has returned from France and has had a spell of six months in

Blighty in training for R. A. F. work. He has attended "schools" at Hastings, Oxford and Uxbridge. Sends best wishes to all "G" Coy. boys.

Has anyone news of Cyclist Len Hatcher, old "D"? He left the Battalion at the end of 1915 for service with the Divisional Cyclists in France.

Kenneth Brown has completed his course and rejoined his Regiment (D. L. I.) At Agra he met Lieut. Bull and Albrecht who is with the S. T. C. At present Brown is on leave in Kashmir. His first impressions read—"Srinagar is a filthy town of rickety wooden buildings and the natives are about the dirtiest I have seen in India. Some of the women are certainly handsome and finely built, possessing also a most unmistakable 'joyous orb.'"

We congratulate Lieut. Dodkins on getting his second pip. He is now at Risalpur.

Barnes, late "B" Coy., writes: Tanooma, Mesopotamia, 15th August: "We only arrived at our final destination a day or two ago, and I am here with Rust, while Buckwell and Hewett are at Margil. We live in mutty huts situated in a date palm grove. The work is not hard and our hours are from 9-30 A. M.—1 P. M. and 2 to 5 P. M. It is jolly hot during the day and at night we sleep on the jetty to keep away from the sandflies."

The Concert Party whilst in Mesopotamia met Lieut. Fulkes on the Dyalah front, and also Lieut. Lewis who was attached to "A" Coy. last year, both are fit and well. Then at Bombay on the way back they met Lieut. Bell who left us from Burhan. He continues to do exceedingly well and is off to Mesopotamia on a staff appointment in the Inland Water Transport.

Each of the five "Londoners" have received from the Battalion a copy of a letter received from General Marshall, the G. O. C. in Mesopotamia, thanking the members of the Concert Parties for their valuable services amongst the troops in Mesopotamia.

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death of Bandsman Mullins of our old friends, the Duke of Wellington. Many of us will remember "Mull" up at Gharial (and also at Jullundur last Christmas) and will hear of his decease with sorrow. We understand that he died of influenza with complications,

KELLING'S LEAVE.

KELLING is already well-known to readers of the "Londoner," who will not be surprised to learn that his unofficial title was "Senior Wangler." Kelling once took fifty-eight hours' leave with a forty-eight hour week-end pass. There would be nothing unusual about this in most companies, but Kelling's O. C. was exceptionally strict about such things, and moreover was specially on the watch to catch Kelling—and Kelling knew it.

Freke, the Orderly Room Clerk, during the company's stay at fashionable Dulton, had a habit, when making out passes, of leaving the time blank until he had consulted the interested parties. It happened this Saturday that the O. C. signed and distributed the passes in Freke's absence, with the time still blank. Freke managed to rescue all the passes but one, and that one was Kelling's, who had seen his opportunity and faded quietly from Freke's sphere of influence. Freke trusted Kelling and hoped for the best—the O. C. also trusted Kelling and awaited the worst. At midday Sunday he began to think continuously and gloomily of Kelling, and said to Freke "what time did you put on those passes?" Freke said two o'clock, the latest time allowed. And the O. C. went on thinking.

As soon as the other leave men had returned on Monday he began to ask for Kelling, and asked in vain all afternoon and evening. Freke retired about 10 P.M., knowing that he couldn't outlast the O. C.—and besides, he suspected that he would want to get up early next day. On Tuesday before breakfast he heard that Kelling had returned at midnight, but where was that pass? Just before parade he at last found Kelling, who said he had called about 6 A.M. and found only Meekin, the O. C.'s none too bright batman, and delivered his pass to him with instructions to hand it on to Freke. After a short talk with Kelling, Freke hunted out Meekin, who had forgotten all about it, recovered the pass, wrote in 2 P.M. and blackened the ink with ammonia fumes, and reported that Kelling had returned at lunch-time on Monday when no one but Meekin was

to be found, and that Meekin had had the pass ever since.

The O. C. had no choice but to accept the tale, but the Colour-Sergeant winked and said "Has Meekin been informed?"

T. W. C.

ORPHEUS C. KERR MODERNISED.

It was on manœuvres that it happened, and manœuvres that year were a—well, I'm confident, that nobody really enjoyed them. Of course it was in Blighty, and the war was over, the year being 1927, but at the same time, I feel convinced that they were never a source of genuine pleasure to anybody. After a particularly hard day's work, the "Stand Fast" had been blown, followed half-an-hour later by the "No Parades;" and we were told that the rest of the day was our own—it was then about 6-30 P.M.—and that we had better make ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night. Having evaded the Company Orderly Sergeant who, stalking through our lines like a veritable Angel of Death, was telling off various unhappy individuals for guards, picquets, etc., I obtained possession of my bundle, and proceeded to fashion a couch, as luxurious as the somewhat limited means at my disposal would permit, whereon to repose my weary body.

Things began to assume a slightly more roseate hue. By some happy fortuity beer was obtainable, the dinner which I had just consumed for once reflected credit on the company cooks, the evening was fine, I had "scrounged" a pipe of really good tobacco from an affluent comrade; and as I lay back on my bed with a mess-tin full of that incomparable beverage already alluded to, I reflected that, after all, manœuvres weren't too bad. The "hatred, malice and all uncharitableness" which had filled my heart all day long began to fade away under the soothing influence of that which was in my mess-tin, and I looked forward placidly to a night of that deep dreamless slumber known only to those who have manœuvred.

In a detached way I watched my platoon officer in conversation with the O. C. Company. Little did I wot of the nature of their conversation, otherwise my feelings would have been very different. I was soon undeceived, however, and the platoon officer's opening remarks, as he came over from his Company Commander, completely and ruthlessly shattered my vain hopes of night's repose. It appeared that a party of "enemy," strength unknown, had been observed in the vicinity, and my unhappy platoon were to go out and, if possible, strafe them. Finishing the contents of my faithful mess-tin in a long soul satisfying ingurgitation, I reluctantly rose and left the warm precincts of my cheerful "kip," though to say that I cast no longing lingering look behind would perhaps be slightly to overstate the case.

As we moved off I could see the myriad lights of the large town, near which our manœuvring had taken us, twinkling in the darkness, and I thought bitterly of the gay evening I might have spent, had I been in that town instead of in the army. However it was useless to think about it so I blundered on to the accompaniment of groans not loud but deep, uttered by the unhappy soldiery.

After having proceeded for some distance we halted, and being in the front four I had a good opportunity of seeing what was toward. The black bulk of a cottage loomed upon the right of the grass track along which we were travelling, and the platoon sergeant went to the door and knocked.

A toothless old hag of unutterable hideousness answered his summons, and after having with some difficulty grasped the import of his question as to whether she had recently seen a body of troops pass, answered in an emphatically vulgar negative, and slammed the door in the face of the astonished N. C. O. We proceeded on our journey.

Some little time after, inquiries were instituted by the same worthy sergeant at another cottage at which we had arrived. A lad, of age about seventeen, and whose breath reeked, even at a range of ten yards, of onions, informed him that a body of troops, of about our own strength

had passed the cottage half-an-hour or so previously. Again we proceeded.

At the next cottage at which inquiries were made, our sergeant's knock was answered by a plump and by no means uncomely girl, whose appearance revived somewhat the lagging interest of the platoon. Apparently she was versed in military matters, for she told us that about a couple of platoons had passed during the evening going in the same direction as ourselves. After a brief consultation between platoon officer and sergeant as to the advisability of pursuing a party of double our own strength, we moved off once more.

Detached cottages in that particular part of England seemed to be much more plentiful than is ice cream in another locality, for about thirty-five minutes later we arrived at yet another. With a slight air of boredom the sergeant advanced to make the usual interrogations. A senile old man of incredible decrepitude, in reply to his inquiries said that troops of about three times our number had been past the cottage.

This finally decided the officer that further pursuit would be rash, and as nobody had the faintest idea as to our whereabouts it was decided to wait till light before returning to the battalion. After untold hours of agony, dawn slowly came and with it signs of animation from the cottage, near which we had tried with but moderate success, to sleep. A female emerged, and with a start we recognised her as being the same personage as the unpleasant looking old dame to whom our first inquiries had been addressed the night before. In a strained voice the sorely tried Sergeant asked her where we were.

"Tha's on t'raace course" she replied, and went on in her barbarous dialect to give us her opinions of soldiers and the like who disturbed respectable folks at all hours of the night with foolish questions. The situation dawned on us. We had been chasing ourselves round and round the race course all night.

"Well I'm blowed!" said the officer.

"Well I'm damned!" said the sergeant.

But the comments of the troops were entirely unprintable.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS AT JUTOGH.

THE Regimental Orchestra has been giving weekly concerts on Sunday evenings at Jutogh since the arrival of the detachment which have been much appreciated. The playing of the Orchestra has improved and the addition of some much needed instruments notably an Oboe and Double Bass has increased their power, they have now a very considerable repertoire and there must be considerable work for their Librarian. The programmes given have been varied. To judge from the applause the Cossack Patrol is their most popular number so far, but the fine violin solos by Band Sergeant Silverman have also been very cordially received. Not that any of the pieces played have not had an appreciative audience. The most ambitious programme was played on the 11th August and was as follows:—

1. Grand March... "*Fame & Glory*" MATT.
2. Overture ... "*William Tell*"... BOSSINI.
3. 'Cello Solo ... "*Simple Aveu*"... RHOME.
(Bds. E. Avery).
4. Grand Selection "*Carmen*" ... BIZET.
5. Entracte .. "*Coppelia*" ... DELIBES.
6. Cornet Solo ... "*The Lost Chord*" SULLIVAN.
(Cpl. H. Morris).
7. Suite ... "*Ballet Egyptien*" LUIGINI.
8. Czardas ... "No. 3" MICHIELS.

Regimental March.

GOD SAVE THE KING-EMPEROR.

This programme was played excellently though we think that the earlier portion of the overture from "William Tell" required further practice as there was some lack of cohesion. For the Cello Solo Bandsman Avery had a new Cello which has been procured to replace his old instrument which was seldom out of the repairer's hands latterly and we think that the Band have succeeded in securing a very good instrument for him. "Carmen" was a great success but the cornet was a trifle at fault. The Cornet Solo was beautifully performed by Corpl. Morris on a new "Clippertone" Cornet imported by the Sergeants from England and presented by them to the Band. It is a very fine toned instrument and after the Solo the Colonel thanked the Sergeants from the stage for the gift. The Colonel mentioned that a

few instruments were still required for the Band, to wit, a Bassoon, a Bass Trombone and another Tenor Trombone and a pair of Tympani Drums. We learn that the Bassoon has since been procured and that the two Trombones are on order but we have our doubt as to whether it will be possible to procure the drums!

We congratulate the Band Master and Band on the wonderful progress that has been made which must have meant great application and hard work on the part of all concerned.

ON THE PROWL.

NOTICE that Modger (Morris) has been rather busy lately and upon enquiry find that he has a new silver cornet. This is a very welcome addition to the Band and the Sergeants' Mess are to be congratulated upon making such a handsome gift.

It is whispered that the Corporals' Mess have also an instrument on the way out from Blighty. When we remember that twelve months ago we hadn't a Band at all, and that through the energy of the C. O. and the support of our officers, no less than Rs. 4,000 has been collected—we have much to thank them for.

FOUR of the five Battalion Signallers sent to Kasauli on the July "A" Course have passed out Distinguished and the fifth obtained a pass. Our Signals always were "hot" and we congratulate them on their efficiency.

2nd Lieut. F. C. T. Lane—Distinguished.

Pte. W. R. Freethy.	}	Distinguished.
" F. Gill		
" J. E. Nicholson		
" W. Howe		Pass.

SOME time ago Sergt. Kirby of Headquarters Simla set off for duty in the wilds of Persia, but on reaching Quetta was taken to hospital suffering from appendicitis. He is now back in Simla awaiting an operation. We commiserate with him in his misfortune at missing such an adventure, and trust that he will soon be well again.

A MESSAGE from Miss Litster— "By the way I would be so grateful if in the columns of the magazine you would mention my regret

at being unable to invite more than fifty of the men to my wedding reception. I would love to have *all* of them as I consider them real friends of mine but alas! space will not permit a larger number, but I just want them to know that though the hostess is willing the room is small."

In a recent issue of the "C. & M. Gazette" a reprint from the "London Gazette" announced that Lt.-Col. B. M. Hynes. Capt. A. J. Amtrose and Pte. Chapman, M. M., had been mentioned in despatches. We heartily congratulate each of them.

We congratulate Major W. S. Stafford on attaining his majority, although the news has not yet reached the Battalion "through the usual channels" his promotion has been published in the Home papers.

Major W. S. Stafford. Major Stafford has done yeoman service in the Volunteer and Territorial Forces. He served in the ranks of the 2nd V. B. Leicester Regiment from 1896 to 1900, when he entered the commissioned ranks, and has since served continuously. He commanded old "E" Coy. before the introduction of the four-company system.

We have no hesitation in saying that the Major is the most sporting Officer in the Battalion always ready to turn out in his Company Football and Hockey teams in which he is as keen as in everything he takes up.

Major Stafford is now due for the Territorial Decoration—the most coveted of Territorial Officers' decorations, having completed over 22 years' service.

SABATHU NOTES.

(From C. & M. Gazette.)

Life at Sabathu is not without its lighter side and the monotony of work is occasionally relieved by a Saturday night's entertainment. On Saturday, September 14th, a concert party of the students made its *debut* under the title of the Scarlet Sabathus. Reg. Winter's display in both parts of the programme was killingly funny, and except that he rather overdid the drunkard his performance was quite first rate. His sketches on an improvised violin made out of a soap box and an anna's worth of wire brought (and paid for) at the local ironmonger's were extraordinarily clever whilst his imitations given in "English as she is spoke" were amongst the best I have heard. The reason he gave for a six o'clock aim was quite

intelligible, if unorthodox. The enthusiasm amongst the audience was quite delirious, and at times I was anxious for the security of the roof

"SOME 'OPES."

I.

I went on guard the other day;
And, while preparing for the fray,
I mentioned in a casual way
(With optimism that gropes
Among all things for something bright)
To these around me, that I might
Come off; they answered, left and right,
"Some 'opes! Some bloomin' 'opes!"

II.

To Orderly Room one day I went,
To see if they'd advance some "rent,"
Remarking that 'twas my intent,
By use of softest soaps
And honey'd phrases, so to sway
Old Quarters, that he'd straight away
Advance a hundred—"Oh, I say,
Some 'opes! Some bloomin' 'opes!"

III.

While dallying with Uncle Ned
Last Wednesday afternoon, I said
"To-morrow we will stay in bed
Until the midday 'top' 's
Been fired." Everyone looked sick
"There's no parade of dog and stick"
Continued I. They answered quick
"Some 'opes! Some bloomin' 'opes!"

IV.

I met a friend some time ago,
And said to him "I chance to know
A man, who's in the D. D. O.,
And with these matters 'copes,
Who says we'll get this extra pay
Somewhere about the end of May."
He answered, as he turned away,
"Some 'opes! Some bloomin' 'opes!"

V.

I happened once to tell a friend
The war would very shortly end,
(He was, I might explain, a blend
Of misery and mopes)
"We'll soon be home again," I cried.
He shook his head, profoundly sighed;
And in funeral tones replied
"Some 'opes! Some bloomin' 'opes!"

PTE. R. B. JAMES, DECEASED.

It was with deep regret that we learned of the death of R. B. James of the 1st F. S. Garrison Battalion, Somerset Light Infantry, and formerly of "A" Coy., 1/25th London Regiment. He was taken ill on the morning of August 1st and died of cholera six hours later. At the time his company was garrisoning Fort Attock, and in that lonely spot, he, with three of his comrades who had also succumbed, was laid to rest with full military honours.

James was educated at the Emanuel School, London. Although 38 years of age he enlisted on August 29, 1914, in the 2/25th Battalion, London Cyclist Regiment. Whilst "E" Coy. was stationed on the East Coast he acted as assistant to the Coy. Q. M. Sergt. and the improvement in the messing arrangements whilst he was in charge was much appreciated. In December 1915 the 1st and 2nd Battalions were amalgamated at Chiseldon; and with the 1/25th James arrived at Bangalore in February 1916. For some considerable time he had been suffering from dyspepsia and as a new arrival in a strange country he found it very difficult to purchase suitable foods, and very soon serious gastric troubles set in.

In October 1916 he collaborated with Sergt. Gore in producing the first number of the "Londoner," and thereafter acted as Editor, until he left the Battalion. Several times he would be left with the task of writing up eighty per cent. of the issue himself. The success of the Regimental Magazine was undoubtedly due to his untiring energy, keen sense of humour and delicate wit: then too he was a widely and deeply read man. At Burhan in March 1917 he was classed BIII Special, through chronic dyspepsia and transferred to the Somersets who were stationed at Rawalpindi. After his transfer he continued to contribute to the *Londoner*; his last article being "Wanglers" under the name of W. H. Preston in Vol. II, No. 5.

His was not an athletic nature, but he was keen on Fives and swimming. The Haro at Burhan was a great attraction. Unlike so many men his chums were not limited to the circle of his platoon, but were to be found in every company, and his genial nature and good companionship won him many friends.

A large number of letters have reached the *Londoner* Office, from men scattered over India, expressing sorrow at Jimmy's death. Each rings with a note of personal loss. For all felt that somehow in an indefinable way James formed part of one's life. Indeed he was a chum whose friendship one valued and respected. A phrase which constantly recurs in the letters is "Jimmy was one of the very best, and the best pal a man could have."

Then too so many of the Brancaster boys were eagerly looking forward to that day of re union, when Jimmy would have occupied the head of the festive board.

PTE. KETTLE 1/9TH MIDDLESEX REGIMENT.

It was with deep regret that we heard of the death of the late Pte. Kettle at Wellington in July. He joined the Suffolks in May 1913 and after war was declared served with them for 15 months on the East Coast, he joined this Battalion with the Suffolk draft at Chiseldon in the December of 1915, and came out to India with us. He served with the Battalion in Waziristan and was fit enough afterwards to go with the draft to the 9th Middlesex from Ghazal in October 1917. He went with them to Mesopotamia and after being there over six months was lucky enough to get leave in India; during his furlough he contracted pneumonia at Wellington. He was always a quiet fellow but never the less a real good pal. His platoon were sorry to lose him last October and regret his death very much. The sympathy of all goes to his parents and relatives.

PTE. W. G. HARRIS.

It is with deep regret that we have to announce the death at Kasauli on 30th July of Pte. W. G. Harris of No. 6 Platoon.

He joined up in the early part of the war in '14 and was posted to old "B" Coy. at Lowestoft. His loss is deeply felt by his numerous friends, and they feel that the gap thus caused in their ranks cannot be filled. It will always be remembered what a good "sticker" he was, and how he came right through the Waziristan Campaign.

"Ben," as he was affectionately known by his companions, was always very keen to take part

ROLL OF HONOUR.



The late Pte. W. Harris.



The late Pte. C. Kettle.



The late Pte. R. B. James.



The late Fte. Ted Knight.

in any sport, and was a regular member of his platoon's hockey team. Ben's presence on any job, right down to the smallest objectionable fatigues, was always a comfort, that kind of comfort which one can always find in a comrade, who can grin when circumstances are, or seem adverse. The platoon slogan "Who is Ben", frequently heard when "someone" was grinning and bearing it in conspicuous silence, now has a deeper meaning, for as he was amongst his old comrades, so he now is in their hearts "One of the best."

We feel that in him we have lost a most reliable and energetic pal, whose liveliness and unfailing good humour made him an ever-welcome companion, and his chums would like to take this opportunity of expressing their sincere sympathy with his parents and relatives.

SERGT H. BATEMAN.

By the death in Paddington Hospital on 3rd August last of Sergt. 'Hughie' Bateman the Battalion lost one of its most popular sergeants and oldest members.

Sergt. Bateman joined up old "A." Coy. as long as 1910, and as with anything he took up, he threw himself heart and soul into the Territorial work and soon became a most efficient member. Leaving the battalion in the early months of 1914, he was one of the considerable number of old members who rejoined immediately on the outbreak of war; presenting himself for re-enlistment on August 5th. He was again posted to his old Company, where all his previous service had been spent. He received full corporal's rank at Chiseldon and Sergt's stripes just before the battalion left for Waziristan. He was with the battalion throughout the operations, being in charge "A" Coy.'s Lewis Gunteam.

Being so well known throughout the battalion for his sportsmanship and unfailing cheerfulness in all circumstances, he was badly missed when he was invalided to England in February of this year.

TO A PUNKAH WALLAH.

A sombre life is thine, O punkah wallah,
A sombre life and sad. Wherefore, I ask,
In stern pursuit of the elusive dollar,
Takest thou to thyself this toilsome task,
Of pulling punkhas? Afternoon and morning
Thou punkest, rest and recreation scoring.
Inscrutable thy face as any mask.

Canst find not more congenial employment,
Of annas yielding thee a better crop?
Some job where business mingles with enjoyment,
Such as the vending of unwholesome 'pop'
To thirsty troop, who spend their hard-won wages
In vain desire to quench the thirst which rages,
Within their tired throats, without a stop.

And after summer, in the months hibernal,
When weary wretched troops are made to work
All day, and in the silent hours nocturnal
For miles profanely stagger through the murk,
Returning then to camp with knees a'dither.
Thou disappearest then—ah tell me, whither?
In what unkennd concealment dost thou lurk?

Seekest thou in these months fresh occupation
To bring the rupees 'gainst a rainy day?
Or to some other more salubrious station,
There to recuperate, dost wend thy way?
Profound, O punkah wallah is thy mystery
Occult the devious details of thy history.
What art thou then, and wherefore? Tell me pray.

CHHOKRI.

WHAT THE BATTALION IS ASKING.

Who is the man who receives a present of a *chapatti* and one "Red Lamp" every morning? And isn't he rather at a loss to get rid of them without hurting his *friend's* feelings?

"Don't say *yep*—say *y-e-s*! Besides it aint English Grammar either." Who is the author?

Does the Sergeants' Mess find it very difficult to "sober down" in response to the *hammer blows*?

N. C. O. incharge guard—"guard to your guard room——slope arms."

What does George know about it?

It is right that "A" Coy. cooks are being issued with dungerees?

With the approach of September the porkwalla is likely to experience a heavy decrease in sales. The Irishmen of the battalion take their long vacation trip! Why is "B" Coy. using No. 1 Eungalow as stable for the pony corps? Did the first morning's performance come up to the promoter's expectations? The mystery of the ammo. in "A" Coy.'s store! and how a leaky drainpipe saved the situation. By Q. M. Gerrard and Dunc. Ask the Q. M.?

Has Jerry a second home at the Band Bungalow?

Pte. A. to *Sanitary man carrying bent wires*
"What are you doing with those fish-hooks? Sanitary man. "Fish-hooks! No. They're fly catchers for the Q. M.'s ducks!"

Now Samny what is it that attracts the ladies so? Is it the ring or your eyes?

Then too why not pay a visit to the shoe-maker-sergeant, a reef taken out of the strap will make it less liable "to trip at the knee"!

Jullundur wishes to know "whether two members of the Sussex Concert Party didn't have a very narrow escape, after the concert was over."

Did a certain sergeant ask the corpl. instructor if he might run down the bayonet fighting course again "because he liked it", or was it the *running* that appealed to him?

Corporal, age 23, is desirous of corresponding with young lady, age 20 to 22, with a view to matrimony. Photos exchanged. Apply to No. 3358, The Civil and Military Gazette, Lahore.

Is he in the Londons? Can the Corporals' Mess shed any light on the subject?

What are the special attractions at Ambala? Curious they should pull with such force when one is en route for a 'course'!

Was the sergeant very surprized when he discovered that Billy had got there first?

A Jutogh special.

The following notice was posted in the guard room.

"The dress for the Regimental Pazaar is tunics buttoned up slacks or shorts if shorts putties or khaki socks white shoes and grey socks is not allowed."

The addition of a few commas judiciously sprinkled will assist the reader in complying with the necessary dress regulation.

The dress for the Regimental Bazaar is, tunics, buttoned up slacks, or shorts, if shorts; putties or khaki socks, white shoes and grey socks, is not allowed!

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISSING RUPEE.

IT has always been my endeavour in chronicling the cases handled by my friend Holmlock Sheres, to give prominence, not necessarily to those of a sensational nature, but rather to those which brought out the almost uncanny faculty of deduction, which Sheres possessed to such a remarkable degree. The affair of the Missing Rupee, however, amply satisfies both conditions, and I have no hesitation whatever in adding it to the already long list of my friend's triumphs.

Some time after we had both been called up, I was sitting with Sheres in the regimental canteen in the baking Punjab Station to which our battalion had been sent; and he was rating me soundly for adding to my memories the case of the Blind Marksman, which had created much popular interest at the time, rather than that of the Guard-room teapot, which, though in reality a much more subtle affair, had not claimed the same amount of general attention,

and had therefore been passed over. The discussion was interrupted by the entry of a man who sat down at a table opposite.

"Now Blotson," said my companion, "there is a man from whose appearance many things may be inferred. Tell me, what do you notice about him?"

I looked long and carefully at the new-comer but failed to discover much. He wore glasses and his hands and face were very dirty. "Beyond his being short-sighted, and having been on fatigue recently, I can't see anything about him," I said.

"Hm! So you don't observe that he has been a church-warden, that he is unpopular among his comrades, that he arrived in the station within the last few days, probably from some hospital or military prison, and that he has been awarded C. B. for wearing shoes after dusk?"

"Sheres, you are absolutely weird!" I cried.

"It is simple, my dear Blotson," was the reply. "He has the very distinctive walk of a church-warden which can be very easily picked out. Other trades may adopt it for a time, but in this man's case it is obvious that he has been walking in that manner for so long that it has become his natural gait. That he is unpopular with his comrades, may be deduced from the fact that, although an habitual beer-drinker—did you observe the way in which he put down his glass on the table?—he is in here alone, and although an experienced drinker, and obviously hot and thirsty, he does not consume a whole pint of beer in one drink, the inference being that he has been in a place where beer is unobtainable, and that he has become unaccustomed to it. He is not brown enough to have been on service, and the two next most unlikely places for obtaining beer are hospital or prison. That he is a recent arrival in the station is evinced by the fact that he is sitting on the most rickety and uncomfortable form in the canteen, which proves that he has not been in often lately, as he would have been, had he been in the station."

"But the C. B., and the shoes?" I asked.

"The dirt, from which you very correctly deduced that he had been on fatigue, was black which can only come from the guard-room lamps, therefore he is a defaulter. The shoes, I admit are rather a long shot, but, coming as he has recently done from another station, he

would not be aware of the regulations existing down here with regard to the wearing of shoes after dusk. That he is now wearing boots shows that he has since become acquainted with the regulation, and in all probability the price of the acquaintance was two or three days C. B. But perhaps you would care to accompany me in a little investigation which I am about to make concerning the effects of some of the prisoners taken in recent battle of Phillour?"

Needless to say I accepted the invitation, and half an hour later we found ourselves in the spacious, cool, well-lit guard-room. The Sergeant of the Guard and a harassed looking Provost Sergeant were in consultation, but both looked up as we entered.

"I'm absolutely at a loss in this case Sheres," said the latter. "The whole thing is inexplicable. Sergeant Rustan Lee, who brought back the prisoners from Phillour, had to hand over to the Sergeant of the Guard, sixty-two rupees, one anna, six pies, belonging to the prisoners, and on counting the money, which he had kept separate from his own, he found that it was a rupee and a pie short. However he made up the money out of his own pocket and Sergeant A. Postle gave him a receipt for it."

"Next morning when Sergeant Laddy here took over from Sergeant A. Postle, they found that the money amounted to sixty-three rupees, one anna, seven pies, that is a rupee and a pie too much."

"One moment," said Sheres, "May I see the money which was handed over, and the list of men with the amounts belonging to each? These I take it are what I want."

He bent over a list of names, and a pile of money on the table. Glancing through the former, he then turned to the latter. The amount was made up of two two-eighths and forty three one rupee notes, 14 rupees in small change, 24 half-anna pieces, 19 pice pieces and 10 pies. Hardly looking at the silver coins, or at the half or quarter anna pieces, he smelt the notes carefully, one by one, and subjected each of the pies to a close scrutiny. On inspecting the last one he gave a little cry of delight, and whipping a microscope from his pocket, he examined the coin yet more closely. He then straightened himself with an air of satisfaction.

"I should like to see Sergeant Lee and Sergeant Postle, separately," he said.

An orderly was despatched, and presently the former of the two N. C. O's. entered. Sheres put several, to my mind, irrelevant questions and then—"By the way Sergeant Postle," he said, "How many pies are there in a pice?"

"Four, er, that is, three" was the reply.

Holmes thanked him, and almost immediately after his retirement Sergeant Lee appeared. Sheres put similar questions to him, terminating again by inquiring the number of pies in a pice, and receiving, word for word, the same answer. "Can you give me ten rupees for a ten-rupee note, Sergeant Lee?" he asked. The answer was in the negative, and this having apparently concluded the examination, the Sergeant withdrew.

"Come Blotson," said Sheres, taking me by the arm. Let us go and see some of the men who fought at Phillour. We left the guard-room and returned to the canteen, where Sheres, having asked several of the men questions about the great battle, reiterated his request for change for a ten rupee note. Nobody it seemed had got any change. Sheres was too late. They had obliged Sergeant Lee with all their change the day before, on the way back from Phillour, and having turned into bed at once, and slept till late the next afternoon, had come over to the canteen and had found themselves in rather a hole, nobody having anything less than a five-rupee note, and the native bartender being also short of change.

"And now, Blotson, let us make a trip to the station," said Sheres. Half an hour later, we were consuming tea and cakes in the station refreshment room.

"I suppose we are the first soldiers you have had here for weeks," said my companion to the bearer. The bearer however said that a sergeant sahib had been in the day before, and on judicious questioning, informed us that he had spent exactly a rupee on tea, cakes, etc., and two packets of Player's cigarettes. Sheres, having given him liberal *buksheesh*, paid the bill with a ten-rupee note, asking for as many rupees or rupee notes as possible in exchange. The bearer brought him a five-rupee note, two-rupee notes, a rupee and about 1 rupee 5 annas in small change.

"Have you no more rupees or rupee notes?" asked Sheres. The bearer replied in the negative, stating that business was very slack

in the hot season, and that the two notes and the rupee were the only receipts, save for an occasional very small amount, since the previous Saturday when all the refreshment room takings were paid into the Bank. The 5-rupee note, he added, he had had to borrow from the Booking Office. Directly we were outside the station, Sheres drew the two rupee notes from his pocket, and smelt them eagerly, and with apparent satisfaction. "We will now have another interview with Sergeant Lee," he announced. "My case is almost complete."

We found that personage in the guard-room with Sergeant Laddy. Sheres greeted them both courteously, and produced his cigarette case. "Damn it!" he cried. "I've run out of cigarettes. Can either of you oblige me?" Sergeant Laddy was a non-smoker, but his companion supplied my friend's wants.

"Ah, a Players!" said Sheres. "I have not seen one for ages. Would it be rude were I to ask you where you get them?"

"From the station refreshment room," replied Lee shortly.

Sheres nodded. "The game is up Lee," he said sharply. "Don't you think it is a very shabby trick you have played?"

We stood stupefied. "What the devil do you mean?" blustered Lee. "I've a great mind to have you put under arrest for insolence."

"Your high-handed tone is quite useless," replied Sheres. "My case is complete, every link in the chain of evidence rings true, and I charge you with misappropriating sundry coins of great value, substituting therefor ordinary currency. Let me tell you exactly what you did."

"In the first place, you discovered that the Phil'our prisoners in your charge had on them over 60 rupees of 1863 coinage. As every body knows, by a singular mistake made at the mint, coins of that date contain a large percentage of pure gold, and as many as possible were called in. You very properly took charge of the prisoners' effects, including this money, and the idea then came to you to hand over to the authorities the correct amount, but in ordinary currency. It would have been foolish to include any five or ten rupee notes, as the list of the amounts taken from each prisoner contained no higher sum than 4 rupees 9 annas. You therefore obtained the smaller change from the men of the escort,

"Arriving at the station, you went to the refreshment room, but you inadvertently paid your bill, an item of which was two packets of Players, with a rupee of the amount which you had got ready to hand over to the guard, so of course when you came to pay over the amount you were a rupee short, which you made up with your '63 currency. The odd pie is accounted for thus. You counted out 60 rupees 15 annas 3 pice. Then, falling into the error of reckoning 4 instead of 3 pies to a pice, you allowed 4 pies to make up 61 rupees, which left you only 5 instead of 6 pies, so you had to part with a pie which you have carried on you for some time.

"Not liking to lose one of your '63 rupees, you obtained some more change directly afterwards from the Sergeants' Mess, and, re-entering the guard-room on some pretext or other, you made the exchange. However, in the excitement of the moment, you put in two rupee notes instead of one, so of course this morning when the money was counted again there was a rupee and a pie to spare."

"Well!" admitted Lee. "I must confess that you're right in every detail. But how did you discover that it was a '63 rupee that I made up the amount with, that I got the change from the Mess, and that the pie I put in had been on me for a long time?"

"Two of the rupee notes," replied Sheres, "did not bear traces of recent folding, as did the others, and they were also slightly beer stained, which at once suggested that you had got them from the Mess. This would also in all probability account for their being stuck together, which in its turn would explain your putting two in instead of one. That it was a '63 rupee with which you made up the amount is obvious from your eagerness to get it back. The pie was quite polished, by long friction with the contents of your pocket."

"And how," I inquired, "did you know that it was a rupee, and not a note that was paid to the bearer at the refreshment room?"

"Because both the notes, by their odour, had recently been in the possession of natives. It was by the absence of this odour, that I first decided that the money handed to the guard was not that taken from the prisoners. The presence of 1863 pies, at once suggested a motive for the exchange. (It was highly

improbable that Sergeant Lee was able to obtain any pies from the escort, as they are usually only in use among natives, otherwise he would doubtless have exchanged them as well.) The only person who could have thus exchanged the money was Sergeant Lee, and the rest, of course, was merely a carefully worked out chain of deductions."

"Sheres, this is positively uncanny," I cried.

"Not at all, my dear Blotson," he replied. "Elementary I assure you."

GOSHT.*

I

This is the meat that soldiers eat.

II

This is the man who tried his best.
To cut, consume, and then digest
The terrible meat that soldiers eat.

III

This is the pain so sharp and strong,
That came so soon and stayed so long
Inside the man who tried his best
To cut, consume, and then digest
The terrible meat that soldiers eat.

IV

This is the M. O., who, I think
Wrote D U T Y, in red ink,
To cure the pain so sharp and strong
That came so soon and stayed so long
Inside the man who tried his best
To cut, consume, and then digest
The terrible meat that soldiers eat.

V

This is the C. O., whose intervention
Resulted in seven days' detention
Because of the M. O., who, I think
Wrote D U T Y, in red ink,
To cure the pain so sharp and strong
That came so soon and stayed so long
Inside the man who tried his best
To cut, consume, and then digest
The terrible meat that soldiers eat.

VEGETARIAN,

**Hindustani Meat.*

JOHN JERVIS—EARL ST. VINCENT.

IN reading for the second time the Life of John Jervis, Admiral Lord St. Vincent, the writer thought that extracts might not be out of place in the "Londoner"; and if these are read with as much pleasure as it has given to write them there is ample compensation.

The life of such a man is a great lesson to all of us. The action of the ship's company of the "Blenheim" shows how the necessity for preserving discipline should be recognized by all ranks and that every effort from the highest to the lowest should be made to this end.

All personal feelings, wishes and ambitions must be subservient to the common cause. How great is the man who can subordinate himself to duty and how mean and petty is he, who unable to discipline himself, tries to subvert the discipline of others.

The demagogue and agitator have no place in either of the services and their mess-mates' example and persuasion should make their existence intolerable.

In newly raised units, such as our own, with no backbone of old soldiers and no traditions of our own, this feeling is not sufficiently in evidence and I hope that these extracts will be taken to heart so that each one of us may learn a particular lesson for himself and that he will feel he is a necessary and integral part of a vast and complex organisation, the efficiency of which largely depends on his individual efforts.

Further let it be learnt that all action taken for the preservation of discipline is entirely impersonal and that the strictest disciplinarian may, and should be, at the same time a good mess-mate and companion, having forgotten for the time that he has ever had occasion to stiffen the back of his weaker brethren.

These extracts are in most cases *verbatim* but all apologies are made to Captain W. V. Anson, Royal Navy, in cases where his own inimitable style has been mutilated for the sake of brevity.

B. M. H.

Little is known by the average Englishman about the life and work of many of our greatest soldiers and even less about our great naval heroes; yet in the Navy itself, to-day, the name of John Jervis is still associated with great reforms apart from the one incident in his career for which he was created Earl St. Vincent. This incident he may well have missed by bad luck, but yet before that he had set his mark on the Mediterranean Fleet as Commander-in-Chief when flying his flag in the *Victory*.

The earlier part of Jervis' career we must pass over suffice it to say, he was born in 1735, the son of a lawyer into which profession his father wished him to enter, but Jervis followed his own bent and with £20 for his outfit joined the *Gloucester* at the age of 13. He was reduced to such penury in the West Indies that on one occasion he was forced to sacrifice the ticking of his bed to make a pair of trousers; in 1754 at the age of nineteen he was promoted lieutenant into the *Devonshire*, having by his industry passed an excellent examination

and won the good opinion of his Captain and his Admiral, Anson, by his zeal and proficiency. He followed his old Captain, Saunders, as first Lieutenant, to the *Neptune* in 1759 where he made the acquaintance of General Wolfe and was present at the investment and capture of Quebec, where he doubtless met the 1st Royal Sussex Regiment with whom he was to serve at a later date. He was, as a reward for his good services, appointed to a command in the *Scorpion*, shortly afterwards transferring his pendant to the *Albany*, Sloop, as a Commander at the age of 25. During the summer of 1760 he served under Rodney off Havre-de-Grace and in October was promoted Captain of the *Unicorn* and shortly afterwards to the *Gosport*, 60 guns, as Post Captain.

The *Gosport* was paid off in 1763 and Jervis did not serve again until 1769 when he was appointed to the *Alarm*, a 32 gun frigate, in which ship he had an eventful commission which enhanced his reputation for resourcefulness and as a seaman. She was paid off in 1772 and then Jervis spent some time travelling

on the Continent visiting naval establishments and collecting much information, which in later years was of great value, more particularly round the coasts of N. W. France, which he surveyed in a small yacht, visiting the Roadsteads of Brest, L'Orient and Quiberon. On 1st September 1775 he hoisted his pendant in the *Foudroyant*, 84 guns, which had been captured from the French and in which he continued to serve, as Captain, till 1782.

In the *Foudroyant* he established his reputation. She was looked upon as the best and most efficient ship in the Mediterranean and a splendid school for young officers. Jervis whilst in command of the *Foudroyant* had the satisfaction of proving the value of his training in a gallant action with the *Pegase*, 74 guns. The French fleet of six sail of the line with a convoy were chased by twelve sail of the line under Admiral Barrington and on the French vessels scattering, Jervis singled out the largest as his particular prey. One can imagine Jervis at this time fully occupied with getting his ship ready for action, with every stitch of canvas set, with increasing wind and sea, hailing the midshipman whom he had sent aloft to watch the enemy. "Do you see the enemy distinctly?" and on receiving the reply in the affirmative he answered "That's right Bowen; so you keep her in sight, and rely upon it, I will never lose sight of you."*

At midnight the *Foudroyant* was close up to the chase and she was recognised as a ship of the line. The enemy was on the weather bow of the *Foudroyant* with the wind on the starboard quarter. The officer on the fore-castle hailed "She has put her helm up to rake us, Sir," Jervis was going to put his helm to starboard to give the enemy his starboard broadside but his Aide-de-Camp, Bowen who was now by his side, exclaimed "If we put our helm to port we shall rake her, Sir." "You are right Bowen," said Jervis. He put his helm to port and raked her. This little incident recorded by himself shows how all through his life Jervis was ready to

listen to any man who was keen and intelligent, and while reserving his own judgment, if he took the advice offered him he never failed to give the credit where it was due. As the French ship hauled up into the wind Jervis clewed up his mainsail, took in his studding sails, passed close under her stern and continued to rake her. The enemy fell off on to the wind with all her sails in confusion. This determined Jervis to board so he laid his ship along the port side of the enemy and at 1 a.m. she struck her colours after an action of 45 minutes. In the *Foudroyant* only Captain Jervis and five seamen were wounded, whereas in the *Pegase* the losses were very heavy and the ship considerably damaged in the hull and in her masts and yards. In the heavy sea the ships soon separated and it was with great difficulty, and after the loss of two boats, that a prize crew was put on board and forty prisoners brought on board the *Foudroyant*. For this action Jervis was rewarded with a Baronetcy and the Red Ribbon of the Bath. Jervis had been then in command of the *Foudroyant* for six years whereas the French ship was newly commissioned. So much for training and gunnery, which counted as much then as now. Jervis paid off the *Foudroyant* in 1783 when peace was concluded with France.

On war with France being again declared, Jervis as a Vice-Admiral was given command of the squadron that was sent to seize Martinique, St. Lucia and Guadeloupe, flying his flag in the *Boyne* (98), and it is interesting to note in this expedition the 1st Royal Sussex Regiment, then the 35th Foot, took part and the battle honours appear on their colours. Jervis was invalided home in the *Boyne*, which was accidentally burnt to the water's edge at Portsmouth soon after her arrival. Jervis was not however left long to recover from his illness as in 1795 he was appointed Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean in succession to Hotham. He arrived in Corsica in November 1795 and shifted his flag from the *Lively* to the *Victory*; as the last gun of the Admiral's salute was fired he made the signal to "unmoor" and he commenced his command. He brought with him a system of rigid discipline, a habit of careful attention to the health of his ships' companies and the art of inspiring activity and emulation in all who served under him. He was now 61 years

* A promise faithfully kept. Jervis subsequently secured Bowen's promotion in his own ship and he was afterwards with him when he flew his flag in the *Prince* as Lieutenant in 1790. In 1792 he was made Commander and in 1794 Captain of the *Terpsichore* and fell in the action with Nelson at Teneriffe, Rapid promotion and a glorious career!

of age but extremely able and vigorous. In the fleet which he commanded were Captains who were all to become famous, Nelson, Troubridge, Collingwood, Hallowell, Freemantle, Hood, Hope and Cockburn; Hood being the ancestor of the gallant admiral of that name who was lost in the Horn Bank action of May 1916.

The Mediterranean Fleet was constantly employed in the blockade of Toulon and was forced to keep the seas in all weathers (he caulked his ships at sea and effected all necessary repairs without returning to harbour) and for 27 weeks on end the fleet kept station before Toulon never taking their eyes off the fleet they were ordered to imprison. Space forbids telling of one-tenth of the incidents and history of the next few months up to the time of the battle off Cape St. Vincent which was fought on February 14th, 1797, but one can imagine the constant strain of maintaining the fleet in face of such difficulties and the constant gales and the insufficiency of the supplies sent from England, for Jervis writes to the Victualling Board, "Owing to want of fresh meat from Leghorn, which is now closed to us, the next best anti-scorbutics are lemons and onions which I have ordered from Barcelona. No price is too great to preserve the health of the Fleet." (There was no such thing as preserved meat in those days, only salt beef, pork, and biscuits, often of a poor quality.)

To the Navy Board he writes about the state of his ships, "are a complete sieve from

poop to the orlop deck, both in the decks and the sides; repaired as they are with planks of Pomeranian and Holsteim growth, the water runs through them like a porous dripping stone."

The morning of the 14th February was grey and misty when a strange fleet was signalled by the *Lively* and *Niger*. The signal was made for the British Fleet to chase. As the enemy fleet was counted the numbers were reported to Jervis, who had fifteen line of battleships.

"There are eight sail of the line, Sir John."

"Very well!"

"There are twenty-seven of the line, Sir John."

"Enough Sir! the die is cast and if there are fifty of them I will sail through them."

Captain Hallowell who was standing by clapped him on the back, saying—

"That's right, Sir John. By God! We shall give them a damned good licking."

In the next issue the story of the battle will be told.

George Pindy has been told off "to drill" his platoon. After several evolutions he has got them in line with bayonets fixed.

George (in stentorian tones) "Platoon—fix"

No movement "Fix"

Ditto louder "Fix"! "Fix"!!

Still no movement. "Now that right hand man are you asleep? Take a smart pace forward.....Oh!"

ATHLETICS.

SERGT. C. H. ROGERS.

Many as are the advantages of convalescing in the Hills, the chances of much sport can hardly be said to be one of them; and as the Battalion—or the larger and luckier portion of it—was at Jutogh during the period covered by these notes, the number of games of Football and Hockey, etc., actually played was necessarily small, while at Jullundur the heat, considerably intensified by the small rainfall, has acted as an effectual damper on all games except Tennis,

while even that could only be played after 6 P.M.

The most noticeable feature of the games played has been the number of family events played, e.g., Sergeants *versus* Corporals.—Corporals *versus* Staff (Jullundur), etc.—and there is little doubt that these series of games, besides being more interesting than single events, do much to create a friendly feeling between the various "Messes."

MAJOR
W. S. STAFFORD.



PRESIDENT,
BATTALION SPORTS
COMMITTEE.

BATTALION ATHLETIC TEAM.

Pte. Green. L/Cpl. Parkinson. L/Cpl. Porter. Pte. Warren. Pte. Diamond.



Sgt. Jones, F. G.

L/Sgt. Mesley.

L/Sgt. Treble.

Sgt. Basing.

Comment on, or criticism of the majority of games is extremely difficult, as the splitting up of the companies and alterations in teams necessitated thereby to meet requirements has taken away much of the previous representative character of the games and made it impossible to compare previous results with those of the present time.

Three running results are to be recorded—all pleasant ones. L-Sgt. Mesley and Pte. Green are both to be congratulated on their wins, especially as both were opposed by men of no little merit. Both are running better than ever previously and it is to be hoped that, as representatives of the Battalion, they will "pull off" many events in the future.

It is only fitting that some appreciation of Major Stafford's many services to the sporting side of the Battalion's life should be recorded on his attaining his majority.

Only those who have actually come in personal contact with the Major can appreciate the many courtesies and kindnesses and the amount of work he has bestowed on his self-imposed tasks; while the various Sports Secretaries throughout the Battalion will bear witness to the numerous occasions on which troubles have been smoothed over by help from him as Sports President.

Always willing to turn out for his Platoon, Company or Battalion, he has been a tower of strength to us—originally at Football and in more recent years in Hockey and Tennis, while his prowess as a rifle and revolver shot is too well known to need mention. It is only given to those in the "know" to appreciate how much of the success of the Battalion Sports Meeting was due to his indefatigable efforts.

"B" Company have shown in a practical manner their appreciation of L/Cpl. Yates' services as Coy. Sports Secretary.

Elected originally at Bangalore in 1916 he has been mainly responsible for the successful carrying on of the Company sports from that time till his resignation at Jullundur in 1917, and the Company by their presentation to him last month, showed that the work he has done has not gone unappreciated.

All interested in Athletics will learn with regret of the tragic death of Pte. Reid of the North Stafford Regiment. Reid was one of the most prominent athletes in this country and with L/Cpl. Smith has represented the North Stafford Regiment in all races of any importance, for some years past. Of a cheery disposition, he was a thorough sportsman, and was always the first to congratulate anyone who beat him, though results rarely necessitated this. Pte. Reid was accidentally shot at Mussoorie and unfortunately succumbed [from his injuries. The sympathy of all who knew him] and of the sports world in general goes out to his comrades and relatives.

SPORT AT SABATHU.

On July 19th the detachment at Jutogh sent a sports team to Sabathu to play against the detachment there, at Football, Hockey, and Billiards, and managed to return winners of the three events.

FOOTBALL.

Jutogh 2. Sabathu 0.

Team.

Davis.

L.-Cpl. Oram. Shelton.

Norman. Whetnall. C. S. M. Burnett.

Peters Smith. L.-Cpl. Yates. Batstone. Cpl. Mesley
Referee.—Pte. Pyle, Sabathu; Linesmen.—
Cpls. Barber and Kerr.

From the kick off, Jutogh attacked strongly, and after 10 minutes play, from a centre by Mesley, Yates netted. Shortly afterwards a long shot by Whetnall just missed the cross-bar, and Yates failed to convert a centre from Peters. Play was suspended for a few minutes owing to White of Sabathu stopping a drive from Norman just behind the ear. On resumption, Whetnall put Smith away, who ran through and scored. Half time arrived with the visitors in the lead by 2 goals to 0. On change of ends, Smith, whilst dashing through, fell, owing to a piece of faulty ground and badly cut himself. He left the field accompanied by Peters. At this stage Sabathu attacked with immense vigour, but the visiting defence withstood the onslaught. The game ended in a win for Jutogh, no further goals having been scored.

*Detachment versus No. 8 Ptn.
Officers' T. C.*

WON 3—0.

Goal scorers : Topham (Cpl.) 2, Congdon 1.

Football.

Detachment versus "B" Coy., O. T. C.

After a very exciting and ding dong struggle the Londons won by 1 to 0, scored by Yates L.-Cpl.

In the second half the Officers played a splendid game, bombarding the Londons goal, but thanks to Beaman, the Home Custodian they were unable to score.

Detachment versus B. Coy. O. T. C.

Result. Detcht. 0 O. T. C. 1
Detch. 1 O. T. C. 5

Detachment versus No. 1 Ptr. O. T. C.

Result. Detcht. 7 O. T. C. 0

HOCKEY.

Jutogh 5. Sabathu 1.

Team.

Hood.

L.-Cpls. Browning and Hambrook.

L.-Cpl. Clark. L.-Cpl. Oram. Pte. Whetnall. Peters. Sergt. Drm. Young. Gilding. Howgego. Godbold.

Referees.—C. S. M. Burnett and Pte. Pyle.

The visitors broke away from the commencement, and within a few minutes Gilding scored. The game was very fast, and the exchanges during the opening were very even. As the game progressed, however, the visitors gained the superiority, and it was only the home custodian's play that saved the side from a heavy defeat. Sergt. Drm. Young made his first appearance on the visitors' side, and scored a couple of goals. The game ended in a win for Jutogh.

Goal scorers : Gilding 3, Sergt. Drm. Young 2.

BILLIARDS.

Jutogh versus Sabathu for a prize of Rs. 10, kindly presented by Mr. Mosely.

Result.—Jutogh won by 7.

The Committee decided to put the prize up again for a flying handicap which was won by Pte. Batstone.

Sabathu are now in the midst of a Detachment Billiard Handicap for which they received 50 entries, and with the table recovered, some very fine games should be witnessed.

Result—later

Pte. Wade of "C." Coy lost in the final to a Sgt. of the 1/9th Hampshire Regt.

Sabathu Detachment versus Dagshai Depot.

Result : Sabathu by 28.

RESULT ETC.

Football.

July.	B v D	Result	B 1—D 2
Lowd Sgts. v Staff Sergt.	"	"	Londons 1 Staff 0
C v B	"	"	B 2—C 0
N.C.O.'s v Men	"	"	N.C.O.'s 1 Men 0
return match	"	"	N.C.O.'s 0 men 3
A and B v C and D	"	"	A and B 0 C & D 1
C v D	"	"	C—1 D—1
August and September.			
C v D	"	"	C—4 D—2
A v B	"	"	A—1 B—1
B v C	"	"	B—8 C—1

Cricket.

Londons v. Army Headquarters,

Simla, July 7th, Annandale Ground.

Result—Army Headquarters won by 7 wickets.

Tennis

The W. O.'s. and Sergeants were "At Home" on Sunday, August 18th, when a tournament was held between H. E. the Viceroy's Orchestra and Jutogh Station.

A most pleasant afternoon was spent and very good play witnessed. The C. O. kindly gave permission for the Band to play during the afternoon.

The result was a win for Jutogh as follows :—

Jutogh.	91 games	12 sets.
H.E. the Viceroy's Band,	63 games	4 sets.
Team--Jutogh Maj. Swinnerton and Capt. Stoney		
S.-Masters Dennis and Hammond		
B.-Master Tilson and Col./Sgt. Suttle		
S.-Sgt. Jackson and Sgt. Applegate,		

Sergeants v. Corporals.	
Result.—Corporals	sets 12 games 79
Sergeants	sets 4 games 53
Teams—Sergeants.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> R. S. M. Firman & Sgt. Dmr Young C. S. M. Brooks & C.Q.M.S. Gerrard. Sgts. Applegate & Cox Col. Sgt. Suttle & B.M. Tilson
Corporals.	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> L.-Cpls. Owen & Carmichael Cpl. Evans & L.-Cpl. Oram Cpl. Tieble & L.-Cpl. Cawte L.-Cpls. Pearse & O'Connor.

Single's Tournament at Jullundur. Winner L-Cpl Porter.

A challenge was thrown out by Jutogh Station to the Battalion and the Match (4 pairs a side) was played off on Sunday, October 13th, on the Officers' and Sergeants' Courts. Play was of a high order and was keen throughout.

Result a win for the Station by 12 games and 2 sets. Capt. Stoney and his partner played an exceptionally good game, playing and winning their 4 sets straight off without a break in between the sets.

The Teams were:—

Jutogh Station.

Captain. Stoney and Sgt. Lions.

Messrs. Wilson and Gardiner.

„ Dennis and Hammond.

„ Johnson and Knoop.

The Battalion.

Major Swinnerton and Sgt. Applegate.

Capt. Ambrose and B. M. Tilson.

Sgts. Evan and Andrews.

Cpls. Jemmett and Keppler.

Games—

Jutogh ... 80 1/25th Londons ... 68

Sets—

Jutogh ... 9 1/25th Londons ... 7

"A" COMPANY V. "B" COMPANY.

28th August.

From the kick off, "A" Company broke away, and narrowly missed scoring. Creed of "B" on clearing, giving a corner, which was easily cleared. "B" now began to assert themselves, and for quite ten minutes, bombarded their opponents' goal, but without result, "A" Coys. defence putting up a stubborn resistance. "B" however forced a corner, which taken by Busby, struck the upright and went out of play. From the goal kick, "A" got away and by a neat bit of combination, "Tommy" Smith netted from 20 yards range.

Half time arrived "A" leading 1—0. On resumption the "B" attack pressed strongly but several opportunities were wasted, an open goal being missed at 8 yards. At this stage "B" had all the play and by a clever piece of dribbling Smith of "B" put Turner away, who scored.

Just as the whistle went for time, Turner let drive, but Ing on goal rose to the occasion and brought off a very brilliant save.

Result:—A—1 = B—1.

"B" COMPANY. V. "C" COMPANY.

7th September.

From the start "B" opened attack and after 5 minutes play Turner scored. Within a few minutes of the first goal being scored, "B" Coy. got away again and from a pass by Busby, Turner netted. "C" Coy. at this stage were completely outplayed, and try as they did they could not get going. Just before half time Turner increased the score by netting twice more. Half time arrived with "B" Coy. leading 4—0. On resumption "C" Coy. managed to get within shooting distance, and Garton scored. Busby for "B" broke through on his own, but he tapped the ball a trifle too far forward and Aldford the "C" Coy. custodian got there first and cleared.

From a centre by Thernall "B" Coy. Turner again scored, and shortly afterwards Hallett scored a good goal. The whistle went for time, "B" Coy. leading 8—1. Turner scoring 7 and Hallett 1.

HOCKEY.

1-25th Londons versus A H Qr. Simla.

Played on the Annandale Ground, Saturday, September 4th, 1918.

TEAM.

L/Cpl. Forscutt.

Cpl. Oram, Pte. Markham

L/Cpl. Clark, Whetnell L/Cpl. Burch

Peters Smith Little Srgt. Young, Howgego.

Referee—Pte. Ingram.

The Londons won the toss and set the Staff to play against the sun. From the outset the Staff broke away, but were prevented from scoring, Hambrook clearing on the nick of time. Play was of a very ding-dong nature and both sides went very near to scoring. After a scrimmage Smith for the Londons broke through and scored. This reverse put the Staff on their mettle, and for a considerable period the Londons defence had a worrying time. Half time arrived with the Londons leading 1—0.

On the resumption the Londons attacked vigorously and a shot by Peters narrowly missed scoring. From a break away the Staff caught the Londons defence napping and ran through and scored.

The Londoners, however, were having all the play but they were extremely unlucky, several shots by Sgt. Young and Little being saved. 10 minutes from time the Staff again broke through and scored, and try all they could the Londons did everything but score, Little actually hitting the home custodian on the chest with the ball. *Result*:—Londons 1. Staff 2.

I am indebted to "Beno" for the following reports of the running at Kasauli:—

At the Minden Day Sports Meeting of the 1/9th Hants Regt., August 1, 1918, Pte. Green representing the Batt. scored a clever win in the 5½ mile Marathon.

Forcing the pace from the start Green had a lead of 300 yards at the end of the first mile. In spite of the rather severe course he was able to retain practically all his advantage and finally finished a good winner by 250 yards in 27 mins. 12 secs.

On August 10 at a Gymkhana arranged by the Officers of the Hill Depot, Green was again successful in the only event open to N. C. O's. and men—1 mile. Green took the lead in the first lap, but was deprived of it by Pte. Luckham (Hants) in the 2nd and 3rd laps. However, the Hants man had obviously set a pace he could not himself keep and Green again took the lead in the 4th lap, and running well within himself won by 10 yards in 4 mins. 55 secs.

A party consisting of Sgt. Treble, L. Sgt. Mesley, L./Cpl. Pyett Ptes. Nash, Diamond and Stinchcombe, journeyed from Jutogh to Sanawar to compete in the 440 yards flat open race included in the sports of the Lawrence Military Asylum there on October 10th.

Of the race itself there is little to be said—from start to finish the result was never in doubt. Sgt. Mesley got away well and beating Guy of the Dukes for position round the first bend, kept the lead to the finish and won a good race. L./Cpl. Pyett just beat Pte. Nash for third place. Second place was filled by Guy the crack quarter mile of the Dukes. Sgt. Treble was unfortunately unable to run owing to an attack of fever. The time 60½ secs. was

not bad on a 220 yards track with positively dangerous corners.

The party were the guests of the Principal and had a delightful time, being treated more as old boys of the school, than visitors.

THE TIMING OF RACES.

This is a most difficult operation to perform in the case of sprint races, and requires a life-long apprenticeship. In fact, few but professionals are thorough adepts at the art. The only true method is the one of starting the watch by the flash, not the report, of the pistol, and stopping it directly the runner breasts the tape. The eye must not be taken off the muzzle of the pistol for a single instant, and a perfect unison of the two senses of seeing and feeling is absolutely necessary. Care must be taken that the watch is a reliable one, and that the distance run is correctly measured.

On going to print we regret to learn of the death of Corpl. Siggers, late "A" Coy. who died of dysentery at Lahore. He transferred some months ago to the R. A. F.

We are happy to be able to contradict the obituary notice which appeared in our last issue with reference to Lieut. DeMetz. C. S. M. Nicol has heard from DeMetz who complains of being "very much alive."

Such an error is very regrettable and we trust our contributors will try and send us only authenticated news for the Personal columns.

We heartily congratulate Lieut. Dix on being awarded the Military Cross. He acted as Machine Gun Officer to the battalion.

Lt. R. St. J. Dix, Lond. R. and R. F. C.

While on a reconnaissance which lasted four hours he attacked enemy infantry with machine-gun fire and bombs. Though he was attacked by eight enemy scouts, one of which he shot down out of control, he obtained very valuable information. He did excellent work throughout the operations, flying at very low altitudes, and never spared himself in his determination to obtain accurate information and to inflict losses on the enemy.

THE INFLUENZA EPIDEMIC.

AFTER this number had gone to the press, the Battalion passed through a rather bad time. The influenza epidemic which is of world-wide range severely gripped the Battalion both at Jutogh and Jullundur. Up to the present (31st October) we are glad to report that no deaths have occurred at Jullundur. On the other hand Jutogh has suffered heavily and six comrades have been laid at rest in the small Cantonment Cemetery.

At Jutogh the Station Hospital was much too small to deal with the large number of cases, and "A" and "B" Lines were temporarily converted into hospital wards. The few fit men left were transferred up the hill, and the "guards" had the novel experience of finding themselves unrelieved for seven days.

The work at the hospital was made more difficult inasmuch as the orderlies were also taken ill. At this juncture yeoman service was rendered by those who remained fit of the Band. Early in the difficulties Mrs. Davidson from Simla arrived and assisted with the Nursing. Later her efforts were ably supported by Mrs. Conchman, Mrs. Hadow, Mrs. Sleigh and Mrs. Highett, who very kindly came out from Simla to help.

The burial service over Pte. Lewis was read by Pte. Goldstein in accordance with the Jewish rites, whilst in the other cases Canon Wheeler, Chaplain of Simla, officiated.

*We therefore commit his body to the ground
"in sure and certain hope of the Resurrection."*

742053 ... Pte. Lewis. W. "A" Coy.
21st October.

740795 ... Pte. Smith. T. E. "A" Coy.
21st October.

740044 ... L.-Cpl. Barber E. C. "B" Coy.
22nd October.

740434 ... Pte. Jennings A. W. "A" Coy.
23rd October.

740165 ... Pte. White F. H. "B" Coy.
25th October.

741277 ... Pte. Higgins W. H. "A" Coy.
26th October.

Then too we regret to learn that 740960 Pte Sproston J. "C" Company died of Pneumonia at Tank on 20th October.

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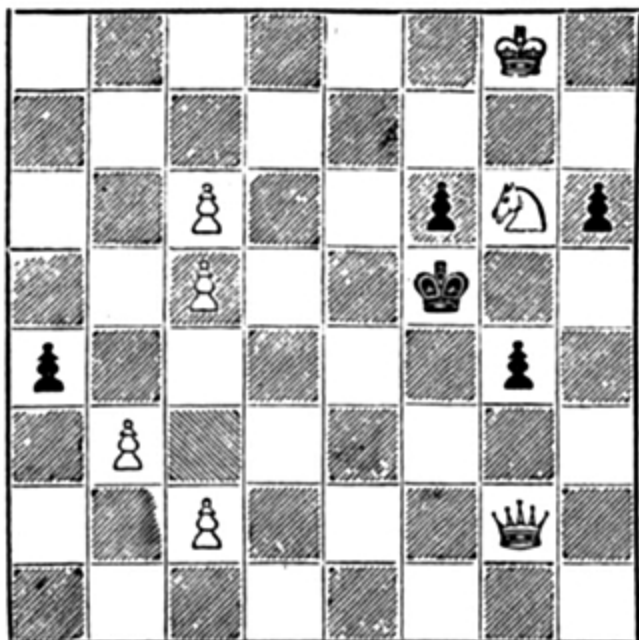
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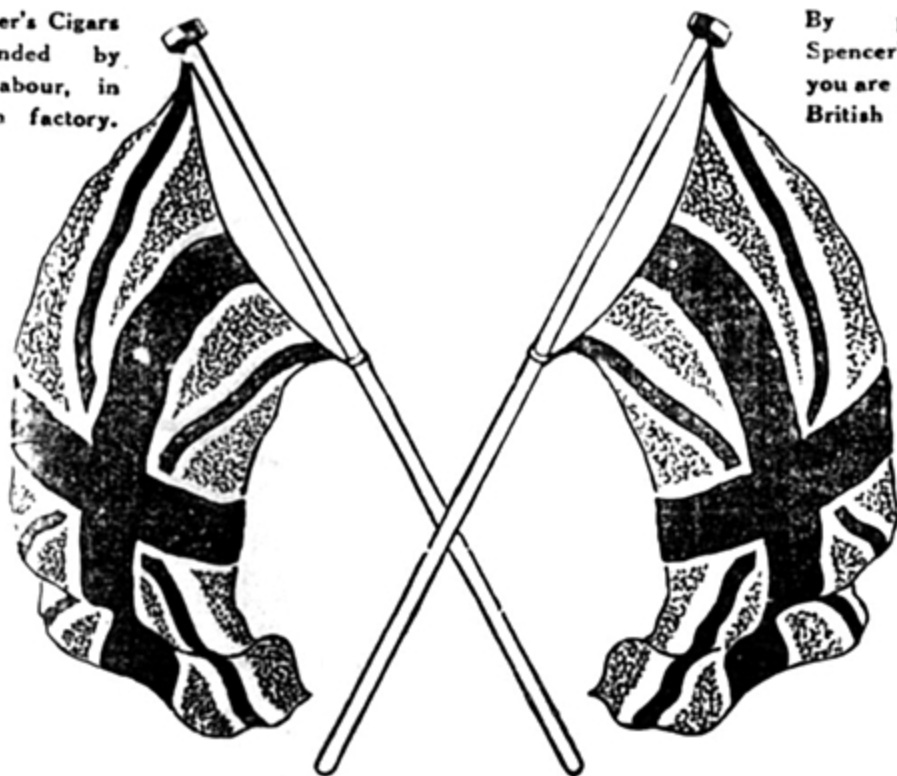
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