



# THE LONDONER

Vol. III. No. 2.]

FEBRUARY 1919.

[Price Annas 4.

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Front Row :—

SGT. GANDER, CPL. TAYLOR.



AN INDIAN BARRACKS BUNGALOW.



# THE LONDONER.

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

No. 2—Vol. III.]

FEBRUARY 1919.

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## ROUND AND ABOUT.

Our Simla Friends. We print the following from a contributor who has been "up top." :—

"The articles 'Tommy this an' Tommy that' in Volume II No. 4, 'Our Friend Miss Litster' in Volume III No. 1, miss a very essential point in the matter of the relations between the troops and the civilian population in India.

Mention is made of the "Munro Canteens," and of other efforts to make the temporary soldier's life more comfortable. But the point is that organisation of this sort can be run in a cold impersonal manner and from a mere sense of duty. There might have been the same spirit behind these as behind the Charity Organisation Society—a spirit of patronage which has inspired a detestation in the minds of the poorer classes, second only to that inspired by the work-house. But this has not been the case, we have everywhere been met in the spirit of 'a man's a man for a' that.'

As a case in point, when the Jutogh hospital was full to overflowing during the influenza epidemic, and when the hospital staff was taxed to the uttermost limit and as one of the orderlies was heard to remark 'the place is a hell on earth,' the Simla ladies stepped into the breach with both material and personal services, careless of the fact that they were exposing themselves to infection, and made things infinitely more comfortable for the patients.

It is the hundred and one little civilities, the 'small change' of social intercourse towards the strangers within their gates which has so endeared to us the memory of the people in Simla. It is the spirit of bonhomie that counts, the other things by comparison are mere trifles. We have parted from our Simla friends, it may be for ever. But for ever or not we shall

hold their memory dear, and

'For this thou shalt from all things suck  
Marrow of mirth and laughter ;  
And wheresoev'r thou move, good luck  
Shall fling her old shoe after'.

The Disintegration of the Londons. At the present moment we are united as a battalion, more completely than has been the case for nine months. Even now however our numbers are woefully diminished compared with those of, say, a year last March. A detachment is, of course, still at Dagshai, but, apart from this the number of Londons "spare" is positively alarming. Wherever one goes there are Londons, "East and West and South and North." A severe drain on our resources was the contingent who left for Poona in November, for we lost in all over sixty men in this way. We understand, by the way, that things at Poona are not so rosy as they might be.

Many good men have also gone as Instructors, etc. to native regiments, and Divisional Headquarters, Army Headquarters and the Divisional Disbursing Officer have all taken their toll. Let us hope however that the time is not far distant when we shall be reunited again in dear dirty old London. What a re-union it will be!

The Address Book. It has been suggested that an Address Book be made up consisting of the names and home addresses of members of the battalion. When the book is completed, it will be placed in some convenient place, say the Reading Room, and any man will then, by reference to it, be able to take the addresses of his friends and acquaintances, should he so desire. Men away from the battalion are requested to furnish their home addresses to the Editor who will at once enter them in the book, and who will in return be

pleased to supply addresses of men with the battalion to those absent. We intend to publish this address book as a supplement to a future issue.

Greetings. (From B. O's, Tuesday December 24th 1918) "The G.O.C. 16th (Indian) Division and Lady Beynon wish all ranks of the 1/25th Battalion London Regiment, a Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and a speedy return to England." We take this opportunity of respectfully reciprocating these good wishes.

The account of the Christmas festivities is held over to our next publication.

### REGIMENTAL LIBRARY.

In our April issue of 1918 we published a request from the librarian for donations of books to form a Regimental Library, as the Garrison Library, being Station property, would have to be left behind in the event of a move from Jullundur. This request has met with a very good response and at the present the library contains well over 300 books. Still more books however are needed, and the librarian again appeals to all members of the battalion.

It must be borne in mind that somewhere in the future we shall have to face a more or less protracted sea voyage, and one need only cast back the mind to the "Ceramic" days thoroughly to appreciate what a boon a library on board would be. Further, one must consider that a book donated to the library will be better looked after than in a bungalow, and in this respect we would urge Platoon book-clubs, of which we believe quite a number to exist, to hand over any volumes which have gone the round.

Volumes may be handed in at the library or at the Londoner Office.

### THE EXILE.

When the Roman Legionary,  
In the pleasant land of Britain,  
With his British wife beside him,  
With his British servants round him,  
With his sturdy children playing  
On the lands his strength had won him,  
Looked around on pleasant prospects  
Was he always quite contented?

Did his thoughts on Rome ne'er linger  
On the land that he was born in,  
On the land where lived his mother,  
On the hot and dusty sunshine,  
On the wine shops and the women,  
Scent and roaring of the theatre?  
Did his heart ne'er feel a longing  
Just once more to see his Homeland?

Thus do I where'er I wander—  
In the scorching heat of Punjab,  
In the monsoon rain of Bengal,  
In the land of the Arahui,  
When the snow and wind are biting,  
Mid the sandstorm of the Frontier,  
On the Mountains of the Afghan,  
Feel the calling of my Homeland.

In the glittering Eastern cities,  
The Bazaars—those crowded places,  
Where the Mussalman and Hindu—  
Men of many different races  
Sikh and Jat and man of Goa,  
Bengali and Parsi trader,  
Wild Baluch and hairy Afghan,  
Push and shout and do their trading.

In the dark and narrow "gallis,"  
Where the windows of the houses  
Seem to beckon and allure me,  
Where the dark-eyed Eastern beauties,  
In their paint and dress of conquest,  
Charms displaying or concealing  
Wait the ringing tread of warrior—  
Wait to break him by his passions.

In the quiet of Cantonments  
Where I meet my own companions,  
With the punkah gently waving  
And the Wine Cup flowing freely,  
Mid the babel of the voices,  
Through the smoke of the tobacco,  
Steals upon me all unknowing  
Thought of my forgotten Homeland;

Fil's my heart with pleasant fancies,  
And I feel the English Spring-tide;  
See the pleasant country places  
Smell the scent of bursting May-trees,  
I forget the heat of India,  
I forget the wild sipahis,  
And my heart goes out with gladness,  
For I'm back in my own England.

T. EDWARDS.

## ON THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING A CIVILIAN.

After four years odd of war, and some extra months of peace, a suggestion that we are all thoroughly and completely "fed" is hardly likely to encounter a tremendous amount of adverse criticism. We must remember however that to be "fed" is by no means a military monopoly; your real Englishman exists and has his being in that condition in whatever walk of life Providence or Allah or whoever is the plenipotentiary responsible has placed him. Be he a multi-millionaire with a row of houses in Park Lane, a handsomely appointed liner—the word yacht is a misnomer—and a covey of motor cars, or be he one of those unfortunates who walk the Embankment as a penalty for undue reticence in the matter of a certain lead, or owing to a penchant for making a certain call without a certain card in a certain suit, be he prince of commerce or prisoner of Portland, be he coal king or coal heaver, whatever he be the genuine Englishman is always "fed up." About the only time when he is not fed up is when he is full up, and after we get our respective discharges we shall probably be just as heartily "sick of the whole damn business" as we are now.

We talk now, of what we will do when we "go home on pass"—pardon, permanently, and as the old song says eventually disemburden ourselves from the caudal appendage of an O. S., we talk of hiring small boys for the purpose of blowing reveille in the wee sma' hours in order to have the pleasure of a little more flagellation, we talk of having men to wake us at 5-30 a. m. with instructions to say "The C. O. wants you Sir" so that we can say "Tell the C. O. to go to Kot Khirgi," we talk of promenading Whitehall in our most faded tattered raiment, hands in pocket, pipe in mouth, hat worn sideways on the back of the head, we talk of giving the "bird" to Subs and G. M. P's. to Brass Hats and A. P. M.'s; we talk of leaving our bed-rooms in a state of picturesque confusion so that somebody else may clear up the mess, heavens what don't we talk of? But there is another side of the picture.

For instance, after three years in India, the practice familiarly known as 'caning Uncle Ned'

has become an institution, the average private (and N. C. O.) having devoured his midday "khana" "gets down to it" with a pleased sigh of relief and remains down till the pleasant rattle of the tea kettle awakens him. He then partakes of "chā" and changes into the appropriate costume for tennis, hockey, football, etc. Then, after a sponge down, he drifts into one or other of the regimental institutes, there to lounge away the evening till bed-time. Cast your mind back, gentle reader, to those far-off days before the war, when you were a "civy." To begin with, instead of finding your work, so to speak at your door, you have to face a journey of anything up to an hour's duration in a crowded tram or train. And then, when midday does at length arrive, you snatch a hurried meal at some restaurant or tea-shop and hasten back again to the same old grind till, perhaps, five or six o'clock P. M. when you start on the same old wearisome journey homewards. And this goes on, week in and week out *ad nauseam*! Regard the prospect with equanimity if you can!

Further, hanging like the sword of Damocles over your head, is the SACK.

"The Sack which can, with logic absolute,  
Confer on you the Order of the Boot;  
And cast you from a state of opulence  
On to the streets your living there to loot."

Remember that however incompetent you are, the army, as a rule, doesn't sack you.

Then, again, consider the hundred and one worrying little details which you have to settle for yourself. You get your wages, you have to parcel them carefully out, so much for rent, so much for food, so much for Insurance etc. etc. The Army, like the fairy godmother that she is, settles all these little things for you and hands you the balance as pocket-money. You would have to employ a secretary to do this for you in civil life.

The Army, in short, provides a haven of refuge from the stresses, from the cares and from the worries of everyday existence. Will you leave it, and face the seething turmoil of the outer world?

I. S. HALL.

## THE WAR ON THE FRONTIER.

### In Three Scenes.

#### SCENE I.

(Time—July 1931.)

*SCENE.*—A very small village, about fifteen miles over the Frontier, a group of about 20 tribesmen are seated in a semi-circle on the ground and in the centre their chief. On the left of the semi-circle sits Oswald, and on the right an old woman, his late nurse. Tribesmen and chief rise and sing:—

We're a band of desperadoes, thieves and murderers all the lot.

Far from Right and Law we are, those things don't worry us a jot.

Twenty miles across the Frontier, police and soldiers we defy ;

They would have an awful hunt here, if to catch us they should try.

If you think that we have always on this tribesman business been,

You'd be wrong, for in our small ways, better times we all have seen,

Canteen wallahs, dhobies, mehtas, all such trades we used to know,

For the least offence they beat us, then informed us we could go,

Some from Burhan, some from Pindi—any place where troops reside ;

And we found that if we sinned we very quickly had to "slide."

Some for petty peculation, some for lying, some for sloth,

Some for insubordination, some for drinking, some for both.

So in search of fresh employments to this wretched hole we've strayed ;

Here no pleasure, no enjoyments, it's the last place ever made.

(They sit down again all except the chief.) He sings—

A specialist was I, a man of cunning.

And on the sound of my melodious shout,

All sorts of people after me came running,

With alterations to be carried out.

For if the cutting of a corn was needed,

I was the man to whom they all applied.

In matters such as eyebrows to be weeded

The rest of the profession I defied.

For mending or for cleaning sets of dentures,  
No man with me comparison would bear ;  
Had you known me, you never would have  
sent yours

To some expensive dentist for repair.

In trimming of the digital extremities

Among manicurists I did excel ;

My statement as conceit you may condemn,  
it is

However but the truth, may fires of hell

Consume my soul if it be lies I tell !

(He sits down.)

Oswald and his nurse get up and sing:—

Oswald—

When I was quite in early life, my parents  
lived in Quetta ;

(points to nurse)

And they engaged her as my nurse, for lack  
of any better.

Nurse—

Le père de mon jeune ami était homme de  
bien puissance,

Et ainsi je me sentis grand ; mais Dieu, qu'il  
était nuisance !

Oswald—

And so one day, I ran away, in search of  
something novel ;

This child of shame upon me came, and  
brought me to this hovel.

Nurse—

Et, quant à moi, que j'étais fou, je suivis,  
ventre à terre ;

Mais bien bouleversé j'étais et je n'savais point  
que faire.

Oswald—

And she and I were made to sign a contract,  
by this son

Of infamy, to stay with him, till I was twenty-  
one.

And I am twenty-one at half-past three this  
afternoon ;

I'm going home at last, and not a single day  
too soon.

Nurse—

Et moi aussi aujourd' hui, chez moi reviendrai  
Et jamais, jamais je n'veux pas revoir ce pays  
sacré.

(They both sit down.)

*Chief (rising)*—

Come hither youth, I would discourse with thee.

*Oswald (rising and going to him)*—

What is it pray that you desire of me?

*Chief*—

This afternoon your contract will expire,  
Hers also, tell me what is your desire?

*Oswald*—

Above all other things I wish, as well I may,  
To leave you and your gang, 'et quam celerime'

*Chief*—

And is your attitude in this unshakeable?

*Oswald*—

Really, I thought my meaning unmistakeable,  
But as your head appears impenetrable,  
To state my views at length, again I trouble.  
No longer round this noisome hole I'll crawl  
with you,  
You despicable rogues, I loathe you, all of  
you.

The certainty that God made little apples  
isn't in it.

With the certainty that I'm leaving at three  
thirty to the minute.

*(They both sit down.)*

## SCENE II.

*SCENE.*—An ordinary perimeter camp, but very much smaller, with three pairs of sentries. About 20 troops, very ragged and down-at-heel, are sitting in a double row in the perimeter. On the left a C.S.M. is sitting on a packal, and drinking out of a very large mug. The troops sing:—

We're all "broken up" and we don't mind  
your knowing it;

And everyone calls us the "Fed-up" Brigade.  
It's not our real name, but they're right in  
bestowing it,

Perhaps you'll agree when you've heard our  
tirade.

Go for a month without changing your under-  
wear,

Don't think of a wash in the whole thirty  
days;

The seat of your shorts from that garment  
asunder tear;

Tie with string, for to parry the impudent's  
gaze;

Wear out your boots, both theoppers and  
soles of them;

Lose both your puttees in some sudden flood;

Remove not your socks till there's naught  
left but holes of them;

Break half your ribs in a fall down the khud;  
Spend your nights making and guarding  
perimeters;

March every day for about fifteen hours;  
Then, if your cup isn't full to the brim, it has  
Capacity greater than any of ours.

*(They all sit down and general conversation ensues for some little time.)*

*C. S. M. (rising and finishing contents of his mug):—*

Of all the sups I ever sipped  
The pick of all is whiskey neat;  
Albeit, through it my erring feet  
From Virtues paths have often slipped.  
On old Glenlivet, in my mood,  
Or Peter Brodrick, I have gone;  
And also on the immortal John,  
Until I was distinctly "slued."

The subtle brew of Black and White,  
The honey sweetness of Red Seal,  
Full many a time have made me feel  
Most incontrovertibly "tight."

But yet, despite all minor ills,  
In times like these of war and strife;  
It is the very means of life

This peerless product of the stills.  
And in the hard-contested fight,  
When heart and strength begin to wane,  
And other tonics are in vain,

A drop of Scotch will put one right.  
So in this place, where there is naught  
But hills and heat, and filth and flies;  
If the necessity arise,

I take a drop of something short.

*(Drain his mug and sits down.)*

*A troop from centre of group gets up and sings:—*

Now in Blighty far away, twenty years ago  
to-day,

I heard two soldiers talking of the army.  
They were talking, if you please, of a soldier's  
"life of ease"

When serving out in India's clime so balmy.  
This of course was rather more than three  
years before the war;

So their statements didn't interest me madly.  
Now I've been so long out here, my con-  
viction is quite clear

That they must have been mistaken rather  
badly.

For in several different stations, I made close investigations,

And they always led me to the same conclusion  
So I finally decided—you'd have done the same as I did.

That the easy life's a snare and a delusion.

(*He sits down.*)

*Sentry (suddenly) :—*

Halt! who comes there? A friend? then friend advance

And let me gaze upon your countenance.

(*Enter Oswald and Nurse.*)

*C. S. M.—*

And who are you, and what's your little game?  
And who's your lady friend, and what's her name?

*Oswald—*

I haven't time to tell you all the mystery,  
Or enter into details of my history.

My name is Oswald, and for many a year,  
I've been a prisoner no great way from here,  
She is my nurse, and when my captors caught me,

They caught her also, when she came and sought me.

O swine, and sons of swine, I wish them dead

*C. S. M.—*

How far is it away from here you said?

*Oswald—*

Their village do you mean? It's no great distance.

*C. S. M.—*

Then we will put an end to their existence.  
Such crimes demand the sternest retribution;  
In fact I think, immediate execution

The only punishment to meet the case,  
Death is the just reward of deeds so base,  
And possibly may bring them to repentance,  
We'll go at once, and carry out the sentence.

(*Troops stand to.*)

### SCENE III.

*SCENE.—Village as in I with tribesmen all asleep except one who is on guard. He sings—*

My comrades are sleeping the sleep of the just,  
And I, I alone, am on guard.

For naught I'd betray my position of trust,  
Although it is certainly hard.

(*Yawns violently and at length.*)

My comrades are sleeping the sleep of the dead,  
As their snorings most painfully tell,  
So I think I will gently get down to my bed,

And quietly slumber as well.

(*Lies down and goes to sleep. A long pause.*  
*Enter C. S. M. and troops from all sides and with great stealth. C. S. M.—*

Behold our foes in swinish slumber sunk.

One almost might suspect that they are drunk.

(*They awake.*)

Secure the villains firmly, tie them tight,  
Both hand and foot, and God defend the Right.

*A terrific struggle ensues, ending in troops and C. S. M., all being beaten down to the ground, C. S. M.—*

Surrender, swine, the game is mine,

My troops have got you set.

Your thieves combine they 've well in line;

You're fairly in the net.

The thing for you at once to do

Is, to my mercy tender

To trust your crew, you're in the "gou",

And so I say, surrender.

*They surrender and are tied up by the troops with log lines.*

Dog, murderers, thieves, how heinous your offences!

Your felony vile, vile, beyond defence is.

Your speedy death, the only recompense is.

Away with them my men; the gallows' maw

Is gaping to receive them and their gore.

Yet stay a minute. I've seen you before.

(*Points to Chief tribesman.*)

*Chief of tribesmen.—*

At Gharial, the place where I was born,

Did I clean teeth, level eyebrow and cut corn.

*Tribesmen in succession turn to troops holding them and sing—*

Char hast thou bought from me, t early dawning.

And cakes from me, (much later in the morning).

To thee, the foaming pint I've often brought.

The boots I cleaned at Hebbal (until caught).

With "Taj Mahals" around thy tent, I've wandered,

Upon my fruit thy pay hast often squandered.

Thy canteen suppers I have often carried.

A box wallah was I, until I married.

Full many a time I've sold thee pork and fat.

At Gharial didst sometimes ride my tat.

Oft have I seen thee at the billiard tables.

Up at Burhan, I hawked with furs and sables,

Anent my goods, I've told thee many fables  
C. S. M.—

Our victory a drum's as hollow as,  
To think that they are our old followers !  
That one in blue my own old wallah was.  
Release them men ; cut off the bonds defiling  
'em,

And you my lad, yes you, just cease from  
styling 'em.

Ensanguined animals, no use reviling 'em  
*The troops loose their prisoners.*

*Tribesmen:—*

Released from Terror's icy hand,  
We make our bow, a faithful band  
Of wallahs, followers, boys and bearers ;  
'Twas very good of you to spare us.

*Troops and C. S. M.*

Our little war is safely done,  
And on the whole we've liked the fun,  
And nobody will contradict us.

If we proclaim ourselves the victors.

*Tribesmen—*

This tribesmen lay is not our line,  
And we're not sorry to resign  
The part, and if you'll take us home,  
We promise never more to roam.

*Troops and C. S. M.—*

Please do not think, we're here to stay,  
We're going home this very day.  
And if what half you say is true  
No doubt you'd like to come home too.

*Tribesmen, Troops and C. S. M.—*

So home we'll go, in perfect amity,  
We and our "foes", as we were wont to style  
'em.

And whosoe'er comes here again, why damn it  
he

Most surely should be placed in an asylum.

*CURTAIN.*

## DER TAG.

After four years and three months of the bloodiest war in history, the day for which the whole world has been longing and praying has arrived. Six months ago peace seemed to be a nebulous Utopia, having a problematical existence in the far distant future, and now it is an all but accomplished fact, for the terms of the Armistice, which so "flabbergasted" the German delegates, make it quite certain that the enemy cannot re-open hostilities, and the signing of the actual peace treaty is merely a matter of time.

At the present moment we confess freely that we can hardly realise that the war is over. In spite of 1918 being, in all human probability, our last Christmas in the army, we still find ourselves, acting and thinking as if the army were our career. Army routine sinks deep, and many of us in the Battalion have, unconsciously perhaps, to a great extent become soldiers, with a soldier's habits, and a soldier's point of view, and the prospect of becoming a civilian once more seems unreal and unnatural. The actual announcement of the cessation of hostilities came as a shock, followed by a foreboding of the wrench to come, for, scoff as we may, it will be a wrench when the final parting comes, and a big wrench too. We may say what we like in

disparagement of army life, and nobody is likely to accuse us of taciturnity in this direction, but the fact remains that ninety per cent. of us have enjoyed our life in the army, and we shall realise this when we are civilians once more. There is a subtle something in army life, very hard indeed to define, which grips one. Comradeship is doubtless an important factor in this curious spell, for one gets to know a man more intimately in the army than is possible in civil life. We enlisted a miscellaneous mob of bank clerks and bargees, lawyers and lift-men, artists and artisans, but since then we have come to know, and to respect each other. This great fundamental fact the army has taught us—that a man is a man, and as a man should be judged on his own merits and not as a mere appendage of his property. The pre-war snobbery of all classes of the British nation has been effectually and, let us hope, permanently abolished by the war ; our life in the army has been a splendid education, and when the day comes for us to bid our comrades farewell,—our comrades whose adoption we have tried through four long years of the most fearful period of the world's history,—shall we leave them with a light heart ? A thousand times "no."

Yet, overshadowing all the melancholy ad-  
umbration of parting from our good friends,  
rises supremely the glad realisation that the  
whole beastly, bloody, obscene business of war  
is over. Northern France and Belgium are no  
longer a blood soaked shambles, men are no  
longer maimed, driven mad, or unspeakably  
injured as a matter of daily routine, and we  
can once more, thank God, behave like decent  
rational self-respecting beings, for the time  
has now come

"When the war drum throbs no longer,  
and the battle flags are furled.  
In the Parliament of Man, the federation  
of the world."

### THE ARMISTICE CELEBRATIONS.

To judge from the recent Blighty "dak",  
London would appear to have taken leave  
of her senses over the signing of the Armistice.  
Most of us are old enough to remember the  
Boer War, though it certainly seems rather  
grotesque to describe the catastrophe of  
August 1914, and the South African affair by  
the same word, and we do not remember any  
scenes in any way comparable with what took  
place in London on the night of November 11th.  
During the Boer War, the announcement of  
certain victories was followed by a fair amount  
of "Mafficking," and the actual announcement  
of peace was received without much popular  
demonstration. From 1914 onwards however  
London seemed to accept the news of Mons  
and the Marne, Loos and the Somme, with a  
great deal less excitement than the result of  
a bye-election, then, when the end came with  
such dramatic suddenness, to have gone mad—  
there is no other word for it.

Out here we took things more quietly.  
Throughout the 11th everybody in Simla and  
Jutogh was on tenterhooks. We understand  
that the Commanding Officer and the Adjutant  
were in the Orderly-room for hours beyond  
their usual time, waiting for the telephone  
bell to ring, and we do not think that any-  
body would have gone to bed that night if  
the news had not come through.

It became generally known in Jutogh at  
about 8-30 p.m. that the Armistice was actually  
signed and the troops proceeded to "celebrate."  
Naturally everybody was more or less making  
a fool of himself, and altogether it was "some"

night, and then some more. However we  
never heard that the barracks were in any  
danger of being burned down.

At midnight, an order for a 'strong as  
possible' on the Ridge next morning was  
received from Simla (by the way, we suggest  
that that phrase will now soon lose its terrors  
for us) and the troops proceeded there next  
morning to hear the Viceroy, accompanied by  
the Commander-in-Chief, formally announce  
the signing of the Armistice, though he was  
unable to state the exact terms. At midday,  
the boys were entertained to an excellent  
tiffin by the officers of Army Head-quarters,  
and in the afternoon the rink was opened,  
"refreshment" being provided "bukshesh."  
The B. I. then marched back, in the very best  
of spirits, to the station, and returned, as they  
had come, by special train to Jutogh. We  
tender our very hearty compliments to the  
Authorities for their foresight in this matter  
of a special train.

A local armistice, so to speak, was declared  
for ten days, during which time there were  
several concerts and other functions. We have  
been unable to obtain details of the latter, as  
everybody, for some obscure reason, appears  
to have a hazy idea of what really did happen,  
and we, ourselves, were at Jullundur, Lahore,  
Ambala, and other places en route. Generally  
speaking, however, the battalion would seem  
to have devoted its energies to giving the  
direct lie to the reputation which it has enjoyed  
(?) since its departure from Chiseldon. We  
understand that the Commanding Officer had  
a few words to say in this matter.

At Jullundur, we hardly dared to expect  
that the glad tidings could reach us on the  
evening of the 11th, but we "thanked them  
in anticipation" as it were, and afterwards  
retired to bed. About 2 a.m., however, a Staff  
Officer came round on horseback from the  
Brigade Office, and informed the Guard  
that the Armistice was signed. Within half  
an hour we understand, this was made known  
to most of the soldiery, but, being very  
"tired", the latter for the great part made un-  
complimentary remarks about the Armistice,  
turned over, and carried on with the "caning"!  
And turned out for P. T. the next morning!!  
The next day, however, we celebrated the  
matter officially, and certain of the regimental



institutes were exceedingly well patronised in consequence. We are informed that the "strong as possible" next morning, J. D. Kewasti, suffered somewhat as a result.

The announcement of a general holiday did not come through for several days, routine being carried on more or less as usual, and this gave time for a regular programme of celebration to be arranged, which included a procession through the city, of British and Indian troops, followed by the Commissioner and other prominent officials of the district on elephants and on horseback. A salute of 21 guns was fired by the Artillery, and the troops were entertained to an A. I. tiffin by the ladies of the district. There was a torchlight tattoo by British and Indian infantry and a torchlight "ride" by Indian cavalry, also native dancing and wrestling, tent-pegging, and a firework display, the British Forces finishing up with an exciting tum-tum race home.

During the "vacation" the following functions took place:—

*Whist drive.*—This was highly successful; Major Swinnerton presented the prizes, also the prizes for the tennis tournament, and the refreshments were provided by the officers. Prize winners ladies and gentlemen respectively:—  
1st, 2nd Corpl Snook (Wireless) and Pte. H. W. Ovens ("C")

2nd, Bdsm. W. J. Preston and L/C Pyett ("D")

Hidden Number, Morrison and F. W. Cross.

Booby, Ptes. "Nobby" and "Bottomley"

*Tennis.*—The final rounds were played on the Sergeants' and Corporals' courts and the former very opportunely entertained the soldiery to tea. Naturally we expected great things, but they were in tip-top form and we were by no means disappointed. For details and also for details of cricket and football see Athletics column.

*Billiards.*—Sapper Jones (Wireless) beat Horace Clayton ("C") in the final of an open handicap.

*Mule Race.*—These intelligent animals could not be persuaded to keep to the course laid down, but quite a good race ensued after the course was altered to a straight run with the winning post in the direction of mule lines Winner. "Judy," Cayless up.

"Gaffs."—The "Versatiles" were fortunately

in the Station and gave one show which was rather reminiscent of a certain variety of opera NOT produced at Covent Garden or at the "Gaiety." The military were immensely pleased. Another concert was given, open to the station, and the third performance was the "Cabaret Girl" which many of us saw for the first time. The troops took full advantage of the opportunity of showing their appreciation of the services of the "Versatiles" in a subsequent "benefit" performance, in which a lot of brand new "business" was introduced.

*Gymkhana.*—This was held at the Jullundur Club, most of the events being open to H. M. Forces. Light refreshment was provided by the Club.

## UNCLE NED.

Now a soldier's life it is stern and hard,  
A round of fatigues and parades and guard.  
He's overworked and he's underfed;  
And his only friend is his Uncle Ned.

From the harrowing "stunt", from the toilsome  
march,

From the "posh" inspection, all stiffness and  
starch,

He returns to his bungalow, all but dead,  
And tells all his woes to his Uncle Ned.

And if ever he's feeling a "thora kharab,"  
With ague that racks, or with pains that  
stab,

With a fevered brain, or an aching head,  
For relief he goes to his Uncle Ned.

When the summer weather 's in fullest swing,  
And the sun 's too hot to do anything.

And he feels like having a rest instead,  
He passes the time with his Uncle Ned.

When the day is over, and work is all done,  
And the lights are extinguished one by one,  
And it's time for the troops to retire to bed,  
He flies to the arms of his Uncle Ned.

Oh! a soldier's life is no life of ease,  
For there's much to annoy him, and little  
to please;

But one joy remains, when all others are fled,  
Where, on where, should we be, without dear  
Uncle Ned?

## PERSONAL.

We are extremely pleased to see this feature of the magazine growing at such a rate, and always welcome any information. If required letters loaned to us will be returned within a few days. Now that the bulk of this Battalion has been together for three years we shall only refer to anyone as "First Battalion" etc. if he has never been to India with us. In the circumstances we refuse to express any regret that practically all information was out of date even when received by us.

A letter has been received from CAPT. J. AMBROSE, D. C. M., wishing the Battalion a temporary good-bye, and stating that he was sorry he could not see them all before saying good-bye.

After 4½ years with the Regiment, in perhaps the most historical period of its history, he feels a little sorry of heart in parting.

LT. COL. CHURCHILL writes wishing a merry Christmas and happy New Year to the Officers, Warrant Officers, N. C. O's. and men of the Battalion, and hopes that they will soon find themselves facing homewards.

From the brothers KNIBB, on clerical work in the Wireless Signal Service Depôt, Pindi, we hear that COATES is now a Lance Jack with the Dunsterforce in Persia. PRALL AND TURTLE are in Mesopotamia; BROWN still in the office and H. S. GREEN (late "C" Coy.) in Persia. From "BUNNY" HIRSCHLAND, D. S. C., Poona:—TOMMY EWENS is in Persia, KELLY AND CHURCHILL at Secunderabad.

HUGHES AND O'REGAN have left the Signal Depôt, Poona, for the 38th Divisional Signal Coy., thus throwing in their lot with FISHER, BIRD, DEAN AND LANE, who left our signal section at Burhan to join the R. E.'s. They were all hoping to see Salonica shortly. LEVY and RIDOUT have left Poona for Mesopotamia on telephone work. ROBINS still flourishes at Kirkee.

Gunner W. H. SMITH, No. 38, M. G. Corps, M. E. F., is now officers' mess caterer. From the same corps "HELL FIRE DICK" has been invalided to "Blighty."

2ND LT. A. GORE has left Bombay to join the R. A. F. in Egypt. CECIL TALBOT AND VIC. PICKFORD have taken commissions from the

M. G. Corps. L/C. DELL (Suffolks) AND MELLOR ("A." Coy.) are on a draft for Mesopotamia from the M. G. Corps. 2ND Lt. (late Sgt.) YARE is with the Guides at Medan. 2nd Lt. J. BAILEY (late Musketry Sergeant) is with the 1/11th Gurkhas at Manmad.

Sgt. MIDDLETON was in Baghdad having a rather thin time with sandfly fever. Pte. GRIDLEY who left us at Burhan has got Blighty leave from Messo. Pte. PAYN who left at the same time is in an Armenian Refugees' camp.

We hear that LT. DIX has bagged the M. C. at the expense of the pilots of eight hostile aeroplanes, two of which he brought down, the remaining six clearing off—can anyone give further details?

Pte. G. D. GROUND is an orderly in a clearing hospital in Egypt, while MORLEY (11 Platoon) has been returned from nursing duty to the Somersets at Pindi.

Capt. C. E. C. KING is still at the Admiralty. Rumour credits him with certain pictures of France in last year's Academy.

2ND LT. A. E. WOODWARD is with the Devon Regt., Trimulgherry, 2ND Lt. A. V. COOK with the 6th Loyal North Lancs at Hebbal and 2ND LTS. H. BERENDT AND GAILLARD with the M. G. C. at Mhow.

From Pte. C. W. COLES (Postal Unit Basra)—Sgts. CHIPCHASE and CARMICHAEL, TOM GOODCHILD, Sgt. RUSH, Lt. BELL, FISHER, Cpl. WISEMAN, Pte. HESK are all in the neighbourhood. All the "dak wallahs" have been down with fever.

LT. L. W. ROBERTSON who left us in 1916 to return home is now with R. A. H. Q., 3rd Division France and asks to be remembered to all the old people left. LT. S. H. KITTOE, S. T. C. now has three pips.

Major M. H. EASTON, we are glad to learn is much better and was seen in London recently by LT. L. W. ROBERTSON.

Sgt. BOOTH, S. T. C., who left "C" Coy. about a year ago has been with the East Persia Force. He writes from hospital but is doing well. The "flu" has caused some deaths among the British troops in Persia.

We have received the following from Jock Mason ("B" Coy.) :—

"I met old CHARLIE WATTS, (late Sgt. "B." Coy.), who has just returned from a three months' voyage to Suez; he handed me the magazine and it is quite enjoyable to read it. What an amount of changes there have been since I left at Burhan, but I am pleased to see that things are going on well with you all.

As you say in the paper, you meet the Londons all over the country. I have been travelling about a good deal since I left you and it does not matter where I go I meet some of the old 25th. In Bombay there are quite a lot. MR. SAUNDERS is here on the staff and doing well, Drum-major OKE is stationed in Bombay and is an adjutant in some native Regt., Sgt. HOWARD, who was a 2nd Lieut. got made a Captain about a month ago. A month back I saw Capt. WILDY (late "B" Coy.); he came to Bombay to take over some armoured cars, and he is going to be O. C. of that section. I have a very nice job. I have been here nine months and have got a transfer to the C. I. D. (Criminal Investigation Department) and I must say the work is very interesting indeed and much better than the work I had when I first came here."

From Flight Cadet R BLOXHAM, 1st November 1918.

"I am now at a Higher Training Squadron, having completed my two hours solo flying without breaking anything (touch wood!) On your first solo you are only expected to do one circuit of the 'drome. I had a "barbary wallah" of an instructor. The last thing he said to me before sending me off was "Don't forget, if you crash my bus, I'll see that you get—well turned down!" My first fly was of ten minutes' duration and I careered insanely round, a menace to the rest of the British Air Force! I should have brought down many good British machines but they all steered clear of me!! Subsequent trips were carried out in a saner frame of mind and were really uneventful, save one when I nearly landed on another machine on the ground!!! However, the proverbial hairs breadth intervened and I congratulated myself that even had I hit him, I should have been O. K. being top man. He wouldn't though.

Lt. ARNOLD is a pupil officer here now. Quite a decent old bird."

Flight Cadet SPARKES seems to like the R. A. F. He says "I am once more at the same seaside base as where I first spent my time in Egypt—made famous by Nelson—and have commenced flying and can almost manage a bus by myself. It is *great*—surely God's finest sport."

From Sparkes we also have the following :—  
"A pilot from the line tells me MARRIOTT (Cpl. K. N. Marriott who was in No. 6 Platoon—Ed.) was killed in the last stunt. His engine "konked" over enemy lines—he was forced to land, being shot on landing. He was in the same squadron and is certain of his information. Perhaps these two (De Metz and Marriott) have been confused for I met a pilot who had a letter from De Metz quite recently from Amria (Egypt)." We regret to say that we have confirmation of Marriott's death from his brother "Chips" and from official sources.

We have received the following from Sgt. WEAVER (Old "C" Coy.) :—

"In the field 28th July 1918.

As you know the authorities have disbanded certain regiments in each division and the 7th was the unlucky one in ours, so consequently myself and quite a lot of the 7th were sent to the 19th. It appears that the draft from the 1-25th to the A. C. C. which included among others BOVER, HATCHER GODFREY, MORRIS, etc., were sent to the 19th, so when I reported I was surprised to find L-Cpl. MORRIS in charge of the bootmaker's shop. He is the only one left of that draft. He tells me BOVEY was killed by a sniper within a few hours of obtaining his commission. DEAKINS (Old "D" Coy.) and myself are I believe with MORRIS the only 1-25th men left in this Battalion.

Of the 300 draft to the 7th the only ones that remain so far as I know with this Division are DEAKINS, BENWELL, HIGGINS (now an M. M. and Corporal) PAYNE, CRAWLEY and one or two on Headquarters staff.

Capt. COLLINS is now in Blighty with trench fever whilst Capt. SHAW is out here somewhere.

Yesterday I ran into the 2-10th Battalion, they came into the same village to be billeted, so I saw quite a lot of the old chaps, including Sgts KITCHENMASTER and LINDSELL and C. S. M. COWAN, the two latter only having been out a few days.

C. S. M. KELLY was wounded only the previous day by a "minnie."

I am waiting for an interview with the Divisional General to go to Blighty to take a commission."

Pte. SMAGGERSGALE is in hospital at Lewisham awaiting his ticket, and Pte. G. F. SCUFFLE is employed at the War Office and has quite recovered.

From L/Cpl. TED CARR 28th October 1918.

"Arrived home safely at last. We got to Bombay on the 25th August and stayed at Alexandria Dock War Hospital for two days and embarked on the hospital ship "Devanka." From Port Said we travelled by Red Cross train to Alexandria, where stretcher cases (including your humble) were again put in hospital. Eight days after we embarked on the "Wandilla" which by the way was under the command of a Spanish Officer. Half way to Marseilles we came upon the boats and wreckage of the French troopship "Admiral Charmer" (?) We did not touch the boats but promptly cleared off as hard as we could go and I for one was not sorry to do so either.

At Marseilles we disembarked and were put on a French Red Cross train and ambled across France for three days, stopping a few hours at Lyons and Rouen and by Jove we didn't do too badly either! Fancy coming from that blighted hole in the East where you see the most miserable and ugly things in skirts it is possible to see and then to a big town like Lyons where the girls came shouting round tho' what the hell they were shouting for I don't know! What struck me most of all was the awful number of people wearing black.

We arrived at Havre early morning and hung about till midday, amusing ourselves meanwhile by chipping the "Waacs" working there. Some were driving lorries, others painting guns, so I imagine they must save a lot of men being employed. The same thing applied here, the work of the R. A. M. C. even to the cooking being done by these girls. We embarked this time on an ambulance ship, the "St. Andrew," a very fast boat employed in the cross channel mail service in pre-war days. At night, with all lights out, we dashed across the channel to Southampton. Then followed the sorting out and when I heard I was for Reading I was quite satisfied.

Just fancy being in Blighty again. I don't want to break you up entirely Nobby, but it is good. That train journey from Southampton was splendid, the fields look so small but wonderfully green after the parched appearance of everything out East. Then of course there are the "Blighty" girls—I had my head stuck out of the window from start to finish. It is funny to see them all in uniform, for more appear to be in uniform than out. Going to the hospital we came up a road that I recognized at once—it is where the Bath Road bends round.

In hospital the M. O. came and looked at me and said I wanted feeding up and a good rest. I wondered what he thought I had been doing in dock! Perhaps I had not been overfeeding but I have had a fair whack of resting. Anyhow I am still in bed and getting *some* grub. I am waiting for my discharge board but shall not get my ticket until I leave hospital. I have been put in a plaster jacket which will be replaced by a leather one when I leave. Any more I don't know at present."

## FIRST BATTALION.

Lieut. Gaillard met a very old 1-25th man in Lucknow in 2nd-Lieut. SPURGEON who was in the Battalion from 1908 to about 1912 and tried to re-enlist in T-25 in 1914 but apparently found we were full up at the moment. He wishes to be remembered to any old stagers left. He is now with the Middlesex.

Cyclist G. W. SIMS ("E" Coy.) is now with the Canadian Cyclists. He was in one of the last great pushes in which cyclists took a leading part. He particularly wished to be remembered to Major Stafford, Q. M. S. Broadbent, Sgt. Bailey, Pte. Robbins, Cpl. Pascoe.

Bugler DIXON, after being a few months in France stopped a Blighty packet.

From "Jock" RIDOUT (Old "C" Coy.) to Sgt. Lewis 13th October 1918.

"Just a line hoping you are in the pink on the second anniversary of the day that Fritz gave me a packet. Well old sport I got your letter safe six months after I got my discharge! It had been to Lowestoft, Beccles, Havre, the front, and to O. I/c Records, taking 10 months in all, so if you get this letter as quickly the war will be forgotten.

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**DO YOU FEEL WASHED OUT****AS A RESULT OF****HOLIDAY STRONG AS POSSIBLES?****A DOSE OF****BOSPHERINE**

WILL SOON PUT YOU RIGHT.

ON SALE AT MESSRS. C. O. SERGEANTS, LTD ,

CODE ADDRESS—A B C D.

I went to Lowestoft and back in the summer and ran into some of the 25th including Capt., SEYMOUR (the adjy.) and L. ARTHUR, "A" Coy., who was with me in France, his brother is missing and none of the draft that I went with are left. The remaining two were captured in the German push this spring.

I heard from LANGRIDGE (Snooky), a few days ago. He is driving a camel in Egypt and like the camel he's got the hump.

Amongst the others, I have met ASHEY WHITE who is a Corporal in the R. A. F. at Bromley and we had a "quiet evening" together.

Old PARSONS the boot repairer at the Grand is working at the Arsenal close to where I work. My pals are all "conchys" and fancy breeds, who don't mind making munitions but object to "stopping" them.

I don't know what has happened to old KEN (?GORDON—ED) he wrote to me about two years ago saying he was "spliced" and I was so disgusted that I didn't reply.

How are all the old "C" Coy. boys getting on? Fed up I suppose but better than blown up fighting for "democracy"; kindest regards to all the "boys."

## SECOND BATTALION.

Rupert HORN, of old "H" Coy., who left the Battalion at Sheringham, to join the motor transport section of the A. S. C., now has his discharge and is in London. He went to France at some unknown period and contracted stomach trouble, which led to his discharge. His address is 1 Dryburgh Road, Putney, S. W. 15.

A letter, dated 4th August 1918, from Aldershot, brings news of G. H. PERCEVAL, also of old "H" Coy. Towards the end of 1917, he was in a convalescent home, at Wynberg, South Africa; recovering from fever. After 2 months he went "up the line" again, in G. E. Africa, with his Battalion (25th Royal Fusiliers) where they had a very rough time. Ultimately they were ordered to a rest camp, his company marching in 6 N.C.O.'s and 8 men strong, of which he was fortunate enough to be one. After 5 days he had fever again and was returned to base and so gradually to War-es-salam; there became a "walking" case, but had a relapse and was invalided to South Africa. Reached England on New Year's Eve, and was sent to Hounslow, and thence to 29th Battalion

(C of L) Regiment. Had 17 days' leave followed by a little more coast work, and was next attached to R. F. A. details in Clacton, and did 10 days gun-drill. Further three weeks' leave. He put in his papers about this time, and after the usual interviews and rather a long delay, his acceptance came through, and the letter left him working hard at the Aldershot A. S. C. School, No. 2 Cadet Coy.

The following information has been received from Lt.-Col. GILBERTSON-SMITH, T. D.

The following Officers went overseas in July:—

Captain H. C. MORTLOCK.  
 Captain A. R. CHURCHILL.  
 Lieut. A. B. CARPENTER.  
 Lieut. P. C. H. GRIST.  
 Lieut. R. SELICK.  
 Lieut. R. UPTON.

Lieut GRIST has been killed. Lieut. SELICK wounded and foot amputated.

CARPENTER wounded. Lieut. LASCELLES (formerly Sergeant) killed.

Sgt. BALDING is now a subaltern in the Army Cyclist Corps.

L.-Cpl. SMITH, owner of the "Water Rat" Light Car, is now a subaltern in the Army Service Corps, and believed to be in Palestine.

Sgt. WELLS is now a 2nd-Lt. in the Army Cyclists Corps.

Sgt. WOOD, formerly Corporal of Motor Cyclists, is now an Observer Officer in the R. A. F. France.

Lieut. H. G. SMITH was wounded again in March last. Now all right again, received the M. C. a few days before Mr. Dix got his.

Captain RANSFORD is employed at the Ministry of Munitions.

Captain POLLARD is in France again.

Lieut. R. G. UPTON is an Asst. Staff Captain in the Brigade here.

Lieut. (Acting Major) HARRISON is back in England and posted to this Unit.

Captain BARTON is expecting to go to the R. A. F. as Gunnery Officer any day now, which leaves only the Colonel, the Major and the Adjutant of the original Officers of 1914 still with the Unit.

Sgt. WATTS, H. H., is a cadet in the R. A. F., also Cyclist Driver DAY L. H., and Cyclist Driver BARTLETT is a 2nd-Lieut. in the A. S. C.

Some confusion has apparently arisen between L.-Cpl. SMITH of the "Water Rat" and Captain (late Sgt. "C" Coy.) V. H. SMITH reported in our last issue as having died of Malaria in German East Africa. For information about L.-Cpl. Smith see above.

Sgt. R. J. WHITE, Sgt. STONNARD and Capt. CHURCH wish to be remembered to the old "A" Coy. boys.

Sgt. MILLER has obtained a commission and is now in France with the Lincolns.

We have received a letter from "PEGGY" at E. Stbourne wishing to be remembered to 'the boys'.

Can any "C" Coy. men remember a big fair rather freckled man who left the second on the East Coast to join some Yeomanry Regiment? Bloxham met him in Egypt but does not remember his name. He is now in the Camel Corps.

We regret to hear that Sgt. G. MILLER old "B" Coy. was killed in action in September last.

### THIRD LINE.

A good deal of information about third line boys will be found in Sgt. Weaver's letter.

GLENISTER is now at Farnborough. While with the 7th Londons he got trench fever in February 1917 and returned home. He returned to France in August 1917 and was home again January 1918. In December 1917 he was slightly wounded returning to his unit in February 1918, soon after he was taken ill again and got to "Blighty" again. He was sent to the Ypres district in August 1918 and soon had a return of trench fever. He mentions that Billy CORY went to France, he has lost trace of NICK CARTER but CARTER, EWENS, HALLWORTH and CAVERS were on the casualty list during the last week in December, Ewens and Hallworth killed and Cavers trench feet. Cavers was lucky as he dodged a D. C. M. for "pukkaroin" coke from a Belgian farm.

We have extracted the above from a letter from Glenister. It will be observed that there is some discrepancy in the dates.

Cpls. Millward and Hancock.—Have just returned from France after 18 months working with the tanks. Millward is an instructor and is expecting his third up any day.

Sgt. Archbold.—Brought back the D. C. M. with him and is now waiting a commission.

Sgt. J. Brace.—Is well and is sticking to his old bus—in France.

Cpl. Hilling.—After 18 months with the tanks received a wound during a scrap on August 8th,—is now back in England.

Sgt. Staples.—Killed while taking his tank into action at Cambrai.

Pte. Muldocks.—Captured at Cambrai in same tank as "BILL" SWIFT.

L/Cpl. Kirk.—Wounded at Kemmel Hill after taking over M. G. position from Cpl. MILLWARD—first meeting for 3 years.

Corporal ALLEGRO is now a 2nd-Lieut. in the 13th Divisional Cyclists, M.E.F. George WARREN is in France and going strong. 2nd-Lieut. GARSIDE who enlisted as a private at Richmond in 1915 is out with the 10th Middlesex.

### SUFFOLK NOTES.

Late members of old "H" Company will regret to learn that Lt. COTTIS is now a prisoner of war in Germany.

### MIDDLESEX.

HOLLINSHEAD PERRIS GARDNER AND MELHUSH are in the Battalion Signal Section. DEEKS was employed in the E. F. Canteen but at the time of writing (October) was down with fever, while EDWARDS was at Baghdad on a cooking course. 2nd-Lieut. HAWKINS, (late L.-Cpl. 7 Platoon) is with the 36th Sikhs at Bareilly.

PRIESTLEY is invalided out of the country and FENDER has now recovered from an attack of appendicitis.

Freddy PITHER who left the Londons at Dalhousie to join the M. G. Corps is in the same brigade and often meets his old pals.

Of the Jullundur Draft three have lately died, WALKER was drowned in the Tigris, his body never being recovered, MARTIN died of heat-stroke and BAVIN of debility.

GROUND sniped a month's furlough at Bangalore.

"BARRA'S" description of the scenery:—You get a beautiful view of F. A. (query Field Artillery Ed.) for miles and miles and more miles to the horizon.

FROM PTE. DICEY.

Meso. 22nd September, 1918. "SID COX has sniped a 'cushy' job in the E. F. Canteen, I tell

# THE LONDONER.

JULLUNDUR, FEBRUARY 1919.

EDITOR ... L-CPL R. S. MADEN.  
ASSISTANT EDITOR, PTE. P. STEVERSON.

As this number of the "Londoner" marks yet another change of editorship, perhaps it will not be out of place briefly to discuss the vicissitudes to which this office has been subjected since the inception of the magazine in October 1916, when Sergeant (now Lieut.) Gore and the late Pte. R. B. James acted as joint editors. The latter carried on alone until his transfer to the Somerset Light Infantry in March 1917, from which time Pte. Ingram and our late comrade Bert Gayler took over. After the death of the latter in action at Kundy Wam in the following summer, Ingram, having found that the duties of editor demanded more time than one man could devote to the magazine, advertised for an assistant, which post was filled in February 1918 by Pte. Maden. Ingram in November last, finally severed his connection with the editorial chair, and having taken over from him we cannot but feel a sense of doubt as to our worthiness to fill a position so ably held by our predecessors.

Since the Waziristan campaign, publication of the "Londoner" has been fraught with considerable difficulty. The battalion has been considerably scattered, our illustrations are printed in Bombay and our letter press in Lahore, and, further to add to our difficulties, we have experienced considerable difficulty in getting our matter expeditiously passed by the censor. The flu' has also been responsible to a considerable extent in retarding the publication both of this and the previous number.

A comparison of Vol. I, No. 1 and Vol. III, No. 1 is not without interest. The former contained 36 columns of matter while the latter consisted of nearly 70 besides ten illustrations. The "Personal" column also has swollen from just over two to nearly eleven columns. We take this opportunity of thanking all those

who have kindly lent us letters from old members of the "batt." This is our only "news" feature, and we shall be extremely grateful for any information concerning absent "T. 25" men. Letters handed to us will be returned, if required, within a few days.

The progressive disintegration of the battalion has had a radical effect on the distribution of the magazine. The circulation of our first number was confined almost exclusively to the regiment, and to friends in Blighty. Probably about 40 per cent. of the number of copies sold now finds its way to old members of the battalion in different parts of Europe, Asia and Egypt.

It is doing bare justice to the late R. B. James to say that he has had by far the greatest influence in establishing the "Londoner." In the early days contributors were much shyer than they are now, and "Jimmy" could more aptly have been described as the author of the magazine than its editor. Latterly however "copy" has come in more freely though even now we could well do with more contributors.

As we hope at the time of writing to publish fairly early in the New Year we take this opportunity of offering to all our readers the heartiest of seasonable greetings coupled with most sincere wishes for an early home going to dear old Blighty.

### *Concluded from overleaf.*

you all the London heads are on snips. Here is a list as far I can mumble:—

"PATO"—Brigade cook; BARACLOUGH AND WOODLAND, P. R. I. POLLY ALDFORD, Divisional Office, TOM BOWDEN, "B." Coy., Orderly Room, DICK BLOCK, Colonel's Bat., "BINKS" Post Corporal, Baghdad, self M. O. Middlesex.

GUY PRYOR has gone to the Caspian Sea, E. F. and hopes to help stave the Turks there—also old Tiger Doy. TED BROWN joined us here for two days and then went down with fever and is now somewhere down the line. PHILLIPS has been through a brigade bombing course and is now in possession of a Divisional Instructors Certificate. JOHNNY JOHNSON has just rejoined and is in good health at present.

Give all the boys my very best and tell them to hang on to Good Old India the ideal soldiering country."



## OBITUARY.

Pte. W. H. Higgins, of No. 2 Platoon who died from influenza on October 26th, joined the Third Line at Feltham in 1915, serving with them there, and afterwards at Ashford and Richmond Park. He was one of the draft which joined the First Battalion at Hebbal in September 1916.

From the beginning "Bunkey," as he was affectionately called, endeared himself to his comrades by his never-failing good-humour and happy little ways, and we fear that it will be many days ere it is fully realised that so jovial a spirit is no more.

As an enthusiastic sportsman, he was valued by his platoon in several sports, notably hockey, and his chums convey to his relatives at Home their most sincere expressions of sympathy in a loss which, in the light of recent events, is doubly sad and regrettable.

We deeply regret to announce the death of 2nd Lieutenant F. S. Boshell, who died in action a few weeks ago shortly after his marriage and return to the front, and we take this opportunity of expressing our sincerest sympathy with his wife and parents.

He joined the Third Line at Putney early in 1916 and was, we understand, employed on work in connection with poison gas, having transferred to the Royal Engineers. To quote a letter from one of his closest friends "He voluntarily left a comparatively 'safe' corps for the hundred-fold greater risks attaching to an Infantry Commission. No 'C. O.' ever hated war and militarism more whole heartedly than he. And to one of his fibre the sacrifice of a principle would be the hardest sacrifice to make, yet he felt it to be his duty. He was under none of the conventionally 'patriotic' illusions about war. He saw with disgust the attitude of some of our own extremists, and deplored the militarist obsession of those who calmly contemplate an indefinite prolongation of the slaughter and waste unseparable from war. His was, I think, a higher degree of heroism than that of less reflective and critical minds, who see romance and glamour in the thought of dying a soldier's death, or of those to whom the struggle presents itself as a simple and straightforward

issue between light and darkness—between unsullied good and unqualified evil."

Pte. A. W. Jennings, (known to his many friends in the Regiment as "Jenner"), joined the Second Battalion on August 29th, 1914 and shortly afterwards was transferred to "A" Company of the First at Lowestoft. Here his cheerfulness and his willingness always to help a 'pal' gained him much deserved popularity and the boys of old "A" Company will always remember him as a true comrade.

Soon after our arrival in India, he went to Secunderabad as a nursing orderly, and while on duty there, he unfortunately contracted enteric, being sent as a convalescent to Wellington.

He eventually rejoined the Battalion at Jullundur, and continued his duties as nursing orderly at the Station Hospital, later also at Jutogh Hospital. His quiet patient nature earned him the heartfelt praise and appreciation of all who came under his care.

His loss will be felt throughout the Battalion, and our deepest sympathy goes out to his parents in their sad bereavement.

The death in action of Second Lieutenant Wansey Smith of "C" Company of the Second Battalion is grieved, not only by his old Company but by the Second Battalion as a whole, for his numerous friends were by no means confined to his own Company. He would have gone to Chiseldon with the draft from the Second, but for an illness which placed him *hors de combat* on the very eve of departure. He was then a cyclist, having reverted from the rank of corporal at his own request, but in the spring of 1916 he was again promoted and went to Flanders as a lance corporal, where he saw a considerable amount of fighting. He was subsequently given a commission and sent back to England to an O. T. C. at Rhyll, but was soon out again for the second time. He eventually transferred to the R. A. F., having had pre-war experience of aviation, and it was in that corps that he met his death. He was on observation duty, flying low over the

German lines near Ypres, when his pilot was wounded, and, it is thought, fell on the controls, thus causing the machine to crash, luckily within the British lines.

Medical aid was on the spot, but nothing could be done to save his life. We take this opportunity of offering our sincerest condolences to Wansey's parents in their terrible loss, in which condolences, we are sure, all who knew him will join.

Our late comrade Pte. W. Lewis joined the 10th Londons in July 1916, and came out in the draft which joined the Battalion at Burhan. He was always a good soldier and well liked by those who knew him, both in barracks and in Waziristan in which campaign he served, being sent "up the line" with the second draft from Jullundur.

He leaves behind a wife and three young children, the eldest a girl nine years old, and has two brothers serving in France, to all of whom our sincerest sympathy is extended.

He was 32 years of age.

On October 25th, with very deep regret, No. 7 Platoon lost a good comrade by the death of Pte. F. H. White.

"Fraser" as he was always called by the platoon, joined the First Battalion before the war broke out, and in February 1915 was transferred to "A" Company of the Second Battalion, being posted to No. 7 Platoon when both battalions joined forces at Chiseldon in December 1916. He served with the Battalion in the Waziristan Expedition last year.

Both on and off the playing fields, Fraser was always of a bright and cheerful disposition and he will be badly missed by his friends.

The deepest sympathy is extended to his parents and relatives in their most unhappy loss.

Another loss is sustained by the Battalion in the death of Corporal Barber who was one of the few remaining peace-time 25th men. On the outbreak of war he went to Lowestoft with the First Battalion ("F" Company), and in the amalgamation at Chiseldon he was posted to

"B" Company, till he joined the Drum and Fife Band on its inception. When the Waziristan Field Force was assembled, he returned to No. 7 Platoon, receiving his second stripe at Tank. On the return of the Battalion he was appointed Sports Secretary and was also placed in charge of the Billiard Room, in both of which capacities he worked hard and efficiently.

Only a week before his death he returned to Company duty at his own request in order to become re-accustomed to Company routine, as he had applied for a commission. He was liked and respected by everyone alike, and the news of his death came as a melancholy surprise to everybody.

On October 20th, Pte. Sproston of 12 Platoon "C" Company died at Tank, and the news of his death came as a shock to all. He was not a native of London, but came up from Staffordshire in order to enlist in a cyclist corps. Joining the First Battalion at Chiseldon, he at once became popular in his platoon, and as he became better known this popularity extended not only to his Company but to the whole Battalion. He represented the Londons at football both in the Battalion and Third Line teams and also played regularly for his platoon and company.

Jack, as he was known to the great majority of the battalion, was always ready to help a friend in any way which lay in his power, and everyone was sorry when he volunteered for service as sanitary man with the Miran Shah Moveable Column, though we little thought when he went that in that service he would find his death. He was one of those men of whom it could be truthfully said that in sport or in anything else he always played the game. Requiescat in pace!

The late Pte. T. E. Smith of "A" Company, joined the First Battalion at Lowestoft in 1915, and after thirteen months service came out with us on the "Ceramic." He joined the Lewis (Gun Section at Burhan, and remained with them till his death.

He was a splendid all round athlete, and represented the Battalion at Football, Hockey and Boxing, being also a swimmer and runner of no mean repute.

# ROLL OF HONOUR.

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SECOND LIEUT. K. N. MARRIOTT.



Killed in Action in Egypt.

PTE. A. W. JENNINGS.



Died from Pneumonia, October 23rd, 1918.

LANCE-CORPORAL DAVENPORT.



Died from Pneumonia on November 11th, 1918.

CORPORAL E. C. BARBER.



Died at Jutogh on October 22nd, 1918.

PTE. J. SPROSTON.



Died at Tank on October 20th, 1918.

PTE. T. E. SMITH.



Died from Pneumonia on October 21st, 1918.

PTE. W. H. HIGGINS.



Died at Jutogh on October 26th, 1918.

PTE. F. H. WHITE.



Died at Jutogh on October 25th, 1918.

PTE. W. LEWIS.



Died from Pneumonia, October 1918.

SERGEANT H. BATEMAN.



Died in Paddington Hospital on August 3rd, 1918.



His death was very unexpected, for only a few days previously he was in the pink of condition, having been in training for some time for the All India Boxing Championships. He was a real sportsman in every respect, and his death is regretted throughout the Battalion.

2nd Lieut. R. W. N. Lewis, we regret to hear, has died of disease. He joined the Battalion early in 1917 and was posted to "D" Company. He took part in the Waziristan Expedition, and shortly afterwards re-joined his old regiment in Mesopotamia. We understand that he accompanied the British Expedition to Baku and apparently it was there where he contracted the illness from which he died.

He came to the Londons from the Worcester Regiment. A capable officer, he won popularity with all ranks.

We regret to announce the death of yet another 25th man—Sergeant-Instructor W. A. Savage, who transferred from the Third Line to the 10th Londons and was killed in France about the middle of October. He was a brilliant "all rounder" who participated in every branch of sport and won numerous prizes. He was a member of the Century Road Club, and the news of his death will be received with sorrow by clubmen generally, and especially by frequenters of the Great North Road where he was a familiar figure.

It was with deep sorrow that we learned of the death, from dysentery, of Corporal Siggers at Lahore. Enlisting in December 1914, he at once joined the First Battalion at Lowestoft, and went through his recruits' course at Pakefield eventually being posted to "A" Company.

He was promoted Lance Corporal in February 1916 on his way out to India, and at Tank, at the commencement of the Waziristan Campaign, he was made full Corporal, and transferred from "C" Company to "A" Company. On his return from the Frontier his health was unfortunately considerably affected. He was transferred from the Battalion to the R. A. F. at Lahore, and his excellent services were thus lost to us.

Quiet and unassuming in manner, he was yet

a most reliable N. C. O. Our heartfelt sympathies go out to his bereaved parents.

[We have made diligent inquiries in the battalion for a photograph of Siggers, but the only one we obtained was a small snapshot, unsuitable for reproduction. If anybody possesses a photograph, we shall be very much indebted for the loan of it in order to reproduce a likeness of our late comrade in the next number of the 'Londoner'—Editor]

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Lieut. K. N. Marriott, better known to the Battalion as 'Taters.'

Educated at Harlington College he joined the 25th on March 17th 1914, at the age of seventeen, and served with the Battalion up to May 1917 when he left us to take a commission; subsequently going to Mesopotamia with the R. A. F.

The circumstances of his death are peculiarly distressing. He was flying over the Turkish lines, when engine trouble caused him to descend, and the Turks, thinking that he was coming down to bomb them, fired on him with fatal results.

He was always willing to help in the interest of sport, and was the pioneer of Battalion hockey, doing much in our early days in India to popularise this sport. Of a cheerful and happy disposition, he will be missed by all who knew him, and we all join in offering our deepest sympathy to his parents who have lost four sons in the war.

He was twenty-two years of age.

The last name on our melancholy list is that of L/Cpl Davenport, and his perhaps was the saddest death of all, for he succumbed to pneumonia subsequent to influenza, immediately after the signing of the Armistice.

He joined the First Battalion in January, 1915 and was posted to "H" Company joining the Q. M. Staff at Burhan.

A fuller obituary notice will appear in the next publication of the 'Londoner.'

*And the stately ships go on,  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!*

## JOHN JERVIS—EARL ST. VINCENT.

## 2ND PART.

In our last issue the early life of Earl St. Vincent was portrayed, leading us to the battle of St. Vincent, from which point the narrative is continued.

ONE or two incidents of the fight may be of interest, showing the spirit of the men whom Jervis had trained. The *Culloden*, (Capt. Troubridge), was steering towards two enemy three-decked ships and the First Lieutenant reported that a collision was inevitable. "Can't help it Griffiths let the weakest fend off." The *Culloden* stood on till she could see through the gun ports of the Spaniard and fired double shotted broadsides with such effect that she went about, and the *Culloden* passed through the line. As soon as she had done so, the signal was made by the flagship "Tack in succession." Immediately the signal was made the "reply" fluttered at the *Culloden's* mast-head, her helm was down, and her sails shaking as she came up with the wind, for anticipating the order, the answering flag had been hoisted with a "stop" round it. "Break stop down with the helm!", cried Troubridge as soon as he saw the signal.

Jervis was delighted. "Look" he cried "Look at Troubridge there! he tacks his ship in battle as if the eyes of all England were on him, and would to God they were." The fight was a hard contested one and one in which individual ships particularly distinguished themselves, especially the *Culloden*, and Captain flying the flag of Nelson, who was the second on board the *San Nicholas*, closely followed by the men of the 69th Regiment, now the 2nd Welsh Regiment, who were doing duty on board as marines. Whilst the *San Nicholas* was being secured as a prize the *San Joseph* fell on board her in a disabled condition, and she in turn was boarded by Nelson. He jumped into her mizzen chains followed by his men, and he had the satisfaction of receiving the swords of the officers of two battleships on her quarter deck. The Spanish Fleet with the loss of four battleships discontinued the action at dark—on the following day the two fleets remained becalmed in sight of each other, and on the 16th, Jervis

proceeded with his prizes to Lagos Bay where they anchored.

It has been suggested by some that the pursuit of a fleet so disgracefully beaten would have increased the British triumph, but Jervis was not the man to risk a substantial success for a doubtful gain. The victory so essential to England at the time was won, the worthlessness of the Spanish Navy was proved, and it could no longer be accounted a factor in the political situation. For this action Jervis was created Earl St. Vincent with a pension of £3,000 a year, numerous rewards were made to his subordinate commanders, and a medal was struck for the Fleet.

St. Vincent now made the Tagus his base, Portugal being in alliance with England, and the Spanish Fleet was blockaded in Cadiz, the main object being to prevent their junction with the French and Dutch Fleets. Whilst in the Tagus two events happened, namely the victory over the Dutch at Camperdown by Admiral Duncan, and the mutiny in the Fleet at the Nore and Spithead. The seamen had many grievances, but it was in part the work of political agitators. Their grievances were to a great extent rectified but we must realise that they were rough times; we were at war for our very existence as a nation, and that in fleets which were commanded by resolute and just commanders the seamen were above reproach.

From time to time however, ships from England arrived in the Tagus and the spirit of unrest was abroad in the fleet, and one or more instances of the manner in which St. Vincent maintained discipline will be quoted to show his wonderful character and spirit. By his action, he stiffened the backs of the loyal men and awed the demagogues and agitators into submission. On board the *King-fisher* (Captain Maitland) the crew refused to weigh anchor. Captain Maitland singled out one of the ringleaders and had him seized up for punishment. One of the petty officers however cut the seizings and released him. On this Captain Maitland drew his dirk and the laid offender dead or mortally wounded



on the deck. He was well supported by his officers and the marines who remained as ever faithful to their King. The anchor was weighed and the ship proceeded, and on joining the fleet Captain Maitland demanded a court martial on himself for murder. He was acquitted but admonished to be more careful in the future. Had the crews under St. Vincent been allowed to set discipline and loyalty at naught a national disaster of incalculable extent must have ensued. The Spanish fleet would have joined the French. Buonaparte would have secured command of the Channel, and, with Ireland panting for revenge, England's position would have been well nigh desperate.

By his regulations, inter-communication between ships was forbidden, and on arrival of a new ship from home he would sometimes transfer to her a Captain who had served with him. St. Vincent was just and considerate and showed himself untiring in his zeal to promote the comfort and health of his men. As an instance of this, when the *Alcmena* arrived from England with mails and letters from mutinous ships at the Nore, he was asked whether they should be withheld. "Certainly not, let every letter be delivered. I dare say the Commander-in-Chief will know how to support his authority"—on another occasion there was a shortage of tobacco in the port, he ordered the pursers to continue the supply even at its enhanced price and paid the excess out of his own pocket, at the same time he would not overlook the smallest breach of regulations on the part of officers or men and any man who neglected to take off his hat when the National Anthem was played would be most severely reprimanded.

We must see how St. Vincent dealt with the mutinous spirit which existed, and the villainous designs which lay beneath it. The *Marlborough* arrived from Berehaven where a violent mutiny had broken out on board, but had been suppressed by the exertions of the First Lieutenant. A court martial was held and one of the ringleaders sentenced to be hanged. The Commander-in-Chief ordered this to be carried out next morning on board the *Marlborough* and by her own crew. Captain Ellison of the *Marlborough* informed the

Chief that the crew would not permit this. St. Vincent listened in dead silence to the statement and replied. "What! Do you mean to tell me, Captain Ellison, that you cannot command His Majesty's Ship *Marlborough*? For if that is the case I will immediately send an officer on board who can." Captain Ellison thereupon asked for the assistance of the boat's crews of the other ships as was usual, for he really did not think the *Marlborough's* crew would carry it out themselves. St. Vincent sternly replied "Captain Ellison you are an old officer, have served long and lost an arm in the service. I should be sorry to take advantage of your advancing years. The man shall be hanged at 8 o'clock to-morrow morning and by his own ship's company, for not a hand from another ship shall touch the rope. You will now return on board Sir, and lest you shall prove unable to command your ship, another officer shall be on hand who can."

A signal was made to the *Marlborough*, which was moored in the centre of the fleet, that all her guns were to be housed and secured and that at daybreak all her ports were to be lowered.

A general order was then made to the fleet that all pinnaces were to be cleared for service with a cannonade and 12 rounds of ammunition, each under a Lieutenant with a trusty gunner's mate and four quarter gunners, the whole to be under the command of Capt. Campbell of the *Blenheim*. At 7-30 a.m. all hands were turned up to witness punishment and Capt. Campbell formed his force across the bows of the *Marlborough* at pistol shot distance. The prisoner was brought on board the *Marlborough* and at 8 a.m. was hanged. The *Marlborough* was then ordered to unmoor and take her proper position in the line. Capt. Campbell's orders were, that had there been any hesitation on board the *Marlborough*, he was to sink her in the face of the fleet.

[Owing to lack of space we have been compelled to hold over the remainder of this article until our next issue. An article on the Simla Hill States has also been held over for similar reasons.]

Copies of Vol. II No. 6 may be re-sold to our office at a price of as. 6 per copy.

## "THE FRIENDS THOU HAST."

**DIRECTLY** I opened the door of the hut, I was vaguely conscious of a feeling of something untoward having happened; and on entering I noticed, with something like a shock, that my old friend, my dear old friend, had gone out.

This may perhaps appear to be a rather trivial reason for my loss of equanimity, "a thousand things" I hear you say "might have happened to cause him to go out." But my friend was different from other people, he was so regular in his habits, and never when I had returned to the hut at about that time—9-30 p. m.—had I known him to be out before. He had always been there in the same place, not alone perhaps for he was a universal favourite, but alone or otherwise he was always at his accustomed post at the far-end of the hut, and this was the first night for months that I had known him to be absent from it.

I asked for information as to his whereabouts, but could get no more satisfactory reply than 'oh he's gone out, went out about an hour ago.' I sat down on my bed feeling chilled and cold at heart at his absence.

He was such a nice cheerful old fellow, so warmly companionable, and he had always been a particular friend of mine. I felt the loss of his kindly presence more deeply than I can express; everything seemed cold and unsympathetic without him and I found myself bitterly resenting his having gone out. 'He might have known I should want to see him' I muttered resentfully. It had always been my practice on returning from the canteen to go and sit with him for half an hour or so, and I had grown to look forward keenly to those little gatherings, in which a good number of the other inhabitants of the hut were accustomed to join. This night, the meeting was without its leading member, and his absence threw a gloom over everybody.

The old fellow was not perhaps a brilliant conversationalist but no gathering of the hut seemed complete without him, in fact such gatherings were invariably carried on near and round his place. He never said much on these occasions he used to sit there smok-

ing and listening to the conversation rather than joining in, neither did he ever join in the rough housing that sometimes went on in the hut, though I once saw him slyly throw a small piece of coal at a man who was sitting near.

But I liked best of all to have him to myself, and I positively revelled in a tête à tête with him. On these rare occasions we would sit opposite each other, both smoking quietly and saying little while I basked in the genial warmth which his rubicund face seemed to diffuse. Sometimes I would so far forget myself as to go to sleep, the atmosphere that the dear old boy carried with him was so soothing and restful to the nerves, and sometimes also he would show signs of abstraction, and I used to be in the habit then of poking him in the ribs with a stick. He never seemed to mind this, in fact it usually brought back the bright cheery look to his face.

Roll-call came, and still he was out. In answer to the inquiries of the orderly sergeant, we could only say that he had gone out, about an hour and a half ago, we didn't know where.

A settled gloom pervaded the hut. It seemed unnatural not to hear our old friend settling himself down for the night, an operation over which he usually took some time. His place was quite near to mine in the hut, only a couple of beds away, and often I would lie awake and listen to the old fellow's preparations for the night. Despite his age however he was always up and out before I woke in the morning. I could hardly sleep in my anxiety as to what had happened to him.

Oh it's the very devil at night, up in the hills, when the hut fire goes out.

## WHAT THE BATTALION IS ASKING.

Whether a certain Warrant Officer remembers Moorhouse Barracks, and if he hadn't better be careful?

Who was the sentry at Sabathu who halted the Orderly Officer with the words "Alt! Oo are yer"?

What does a certain C. S. M. think of cards ?  
And whether he wasn't right when he insisted that they are the road to ruin ?

Who is the drummer who got the "frozen mitt" from two of his chums in Simla when they got the "glad eye" from two "Scotch" "birds" ?

And did he appreciate the irony of their remark "See you later" ?

Who is the C. S. M., who, on a route march through Simla, and while the band was playing, marched for over a mile "the only man in step" ?

Who is the "Kutch wallah" who feeds his mule on Blighty chocolate ?

And would his Pa send him out such large parcels if he knew ?

If, when all the A. I. men of the Battalion were ordered to parade outside the Orderly Room, they were both late on parade ?

What are those little objects, attached to a piece of string, that the majority of the Battalion have been carrying lately, and what the medical authorities think about it ?

What exactly did the "A. D. M. S." want with a horoscope ?

And didn't he get to the wrong "theatre" for such a commodity ?

Who is the plutocratic head clerk of an important regimental office, who laid five to one on the war not being over by the end of 1918, and who made the pockets heavy and the hearts joyful of the staff of a senior office who took him ?

And will the humble "Scissor" have to be substituted for the inevitable "Flor de Smith" in consequence ?

How it is possible for troops to "take off rifles and equipment" after having piled arms ?

What was the "catch of the (piscatorial) season" ? [Ask the Band—Ed]

And what did the Lance Corporal do with his first day's "catch" ?

Does a certain N. C. O. in "B" Company "malam" "two deep" ?

To whom did a certain Aylesbury duck belong, which so "put the wind" up a certain Lance-Corporal the morning after Armistice night. [We are particularly anxious to know this—Ed.]

Where did a certain temporary N. C. O. sleep on the night of Minden Day ?

And wasn't he surprised when he woke up ?

And is he going to start a jam business in Blighty with the 'posie' with which he was issued at the office, the morning but one after the night before ?

What is the exact value of a casting vote ?

Whether "poonaitis" doesn't occasionally have rather more far-reaching results than a certain private imagined ?

And whether he enjoyed his spell in "dock" ?

What's this we hear from Lahore about a certain Sgt. Instructor and a hot water bottle ?

Whether "G. B." and others didn't think it rather hard lines to "click" for being absent from the second "strong as possible" in fifteen hours ?

Which of the two parades above was (numerically) the stronger ?

## WHEN ARE WE GOING HOME ?

### ODDMENTS.

#### *Overheard in Company Orderly Room*

C. Q. M. S. :—"What's your number ?"

Pte.—"74 • • • •"

C. Q. M. S. :—"Your name ?" Pte.—"L—"

C. Q. M. S. :—"Christian name ?"

Pte.—"Ain't got one."

C. Q. M. S. :—"What do mean "ain't got one" ?  
Why haven't you got one ?"

Pte :—"Cause I'm a Jew."

#### *Later.*

C. Q. M. S. :—"What your name ?" Pte.—"B—"

C. Q. M. S. :—"Married ?" Pte.—"Yes."

C. Q. M. S. :—"How long ?" Pte.—"Four years."

C. Q. M. S. :—"Any children ?" Pte.—"No."

C. Q. M. S. :—"What ? No children ?"

Pte.—"No."

C. Q. M. S. :—"What's the size of your boots ?"

*From the "Sketch," December 19th, 1917 :—*  
"Miss Cooper herself is, of course, the Jewish heroine, Marya Varenka, victim of persecution under the old regime in Russia. In private life Miss Cooper is Mr. H. G. Buckmaster."

*From the New Books—*"How to play Billiards."  
By Pot White. Illustrated by Dabal Bolk 8 annas nett. On sale at P. R. I. office.

## THE ALL-INDIA INTER-REGIMENTAL CHAMPIONSHIP BOXING TOURNA- MENT, 1918.

A few words on the history of this tournament may be of interest. At the time of the Delhi Durbar in 1911, at the suggestion of General McMahon an Indian Boxing Association on the same lines as the Royal Navy and Army Boxing Association of England was formed, to whom it was affiliated. A Challenge Trophy was purchased, the cost being defrayed by all British units stationed in India at the time. The first meeting was held at Mhow in 1912, the second at Meerut in 1913, the third, fourth and fifth in Ambala in 1914, 1916 and 1918, and the sixth in Calcutta in November 1918.

Of the fourteen men of the 25th who commenced training for the Calcutta Tournament, two alone remained to travel there and even then our usual bad luck followed us, Charlie Young going down with malaria on the very day of his first contest. He was very unlucky, for being very fit he stood quite a good chance in the "Lights." The death of T. E. Smith is a sad loss to the Battalion Boxing Team, he being one of the best of the "Bantams." We received many inquiries and regrets from members of the various regimental teams, for he was very popular and made a very good impression in the previous tournament at Ambala.

Our one remaining hope, Sergeant C. J. White, in the first round of the "Middles" met L/c Gordon of the 1st King's Dragoon Guards. "C. J." soon got stuck into him, a beautiful left hook to the jaw putting his man down to rise only just in time. He immediately received another in the same place and was carried unconscious to his corner. The bout only lasted a minute.

In the second round "C. J." met Bombardier Precious, 4th Battery, R. F. A., who, "C. J." says, is the second hardest man he has fought in India. Precious took a lot of punishment in all three rounds but also dealt out some, one blow to the body in particular testing "C. J.'s" muscles to the utmost. It was a grand fight and pleased the "fans" immensely. In the first round Precious stopped one on the jaw which would have put "paid" to nine men

out of ten, but he got up in time and was even strong enough to attack.

The second round saw him sent down twice, taking and giving a lot of punishment, but he would not go. From the corner it appeared that he might even outlast "C. J."

The third round saw a repetition of the previous rounds, the Bombardier going down three times, the final gong preventing him being counted out. Precious received the cup given to the pluckiest loser.

Pte. Phillips, 2nd North Staffords, fancied in certain quarters, was "C. J.'s" next opponent. C. J. acting on the defensive for the greater part of the first round was probably behind on points, but forcing the pace in the second, he forced Phillips to pack up half way through.

In the semi-finals Pte. Powell 1/1 Brecknocks S. W. B. stopped two to the body and three to the head in quick succession in the first round. He made a mistake in holding "C. J.'s" right instead of his left, and looked rather surprised. The remainder of the round was give and take with "C. J." leading on points. In the second round "C. J." did most of the attacking, Powell countering occasionally, "C. J." finishing still ahead on points.

The third round saw Powell getting in some two handed-work, but far from having things all his own way. At the finish both Powell and the spectators thought that White had won; but Powell got the verdict. It was a splendid bout, not a dull moment in it. In the final Powell beat Sergeant Gould, A. S. C.

"HOPPY."

## SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIP 1918.

Owing to various reasons the Battalion team were very short of training for the Swimming Championships at Calcutta this year, but despite this handicap they succeeded in winning three events, including both the Army Championships. The team sent was as follows:—

Sergts. Pizzey, H. G. White, F. C. White and C. J. White, L/Cpl. Beaman, and Ptes. Bonnett, Farndon, Green and Budd.

They obtained 1st, 3rd and 4th places in the 100 yards British Army Championship, 1st in the British Army Team Race, and 1st and 2nd in the Life Saving Championship. The chief

point of note about the visit was the fine form shown by Beaman and Budd, both of whom have improved wonderfully in the past two years, Beaman being in all probability the fastest swimmer in India at the present moment. The Polo team were very unfortunate in not being able to get any practice together before going to Calcutta, as there they had only two days in which to practice before their first match, and two days in two years is hardly a fair allowance against a team who have been training for months. Although beaten, however, our men were by no means disgraced, and they managed to show the "Locals" one or two side lights on the game which were new to them. The team are still rather keen to have another cut at Antola.

It is a great pity that the Championships are a one day affair, for had it been otherwise, one or two more "pots" might have been added to the collection, but, not being a machine, a man cannot be expected to swim in five or six events in one day.

#### 110 Yards British Army Championship.

For this event we had three starters in the persons of Sergt. H. G. White, L/Cpl. Beaman and Pte. Budd. L/Cpl. Beaman, from the start, made the pace a hot one, and at the end of 60 yards had broken up the field, leading by a good six yards. Swimming well within himself he gradually increased this lead, finishing a winner by at least ten yards, in 1 min. 18 secs.—several seconds inside record.

There was a fine struggle for second place which resulted in L/Cpl. Fudge just beating Pte. Budd, our other starter, Sergt. H. G. White coming in fourth. Ten competitors faced the starters.

#### 220 Yards Army Relay Championship.

There were only three teams entered for this—2/5th Somerset Light Infantry, 1097th Battery, R.F.A. and 1/25th Londons, the latter being represented by Sergts. C. J. and F. C. White L/Cpl. Beaman and Pte. Budd. The race developed into a procession, our team winning by about 25 yards from the Somersets, none of the men being extended in the least.

#### Open Life Saving Championship.

This consisted of swimming 55 yards to an object representing a drowning man and returning with the dummy. We had two entries—Sergt. F. C. White and Sergt. H. G. White,

and they finished first and second respectively, being, as the local newspapers said, too good for the opposition.

#### Water Polo Championship.

##### 1st Round, Londons v. College Sq.

In this game, the Londons, although without their regular goal-keeper, Bonnett, played well together, and beat their opponents by 3 goals to 1, Beaman netting a couple and Budd one. Team.—Goal, Pte. Green; Backs, Sergt Pizzy and Sergt. White F. C. J.; Half-back, Sergt. White C. J.; Forwards, Pte. Farndon, L/Cpl. Beaman and Pte. Budd.

##### Second Round Londons v. Antola S. C.

The Londons met the ultimate winners in this round, and were defeated by the large margin of 8 goals to 2. Although, man for man the London team were better players than their opponents, they were far too short of practice, and were well beaten by the fitness and combination of the winners. The team was the same as in the first round.

We append the following as a good example of the distinction which should be drawn between scratching one's nose and removing skin in bulk:—

"From 2nd-Lt. L. S. Dr-v-r.

To the Corporal of the Guard.

SIR,

I have the honour to inform you that yesterday at the Commandant's lecture I left a bayonet scabbard, on one of the front seats, in the first 4 or 5 rows, and discovered I had lost this when got home, and at 1-45 I sent my boy for it, but he misunderstood me and brought me one from No. 1. Bungalow, which is not mine.

Please inform me if mine has been found and let me have it.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,  
(Sd.) L. S. DR-V-R, 2nd-Lieut."

From the *Statesman* (Date unknown):—

"From October Chums to share room with married couple, South Park Street, close trams, good tennis, garage, stabling. Box-Advt. Dept."

From a newspaper account of a murder:—

"There had evidently been a previous quarrel, and this was at once re-opened by the dead man."

## A CANTEEN YARN.

Now you ask me to tell you a yarn boys,  
Well, yes, I won't and I will,  
'Cos I always tells the truth boys,  
Except when paying a bill.

We were stationed up Peshawar way,  
Never mind prezactly where,  
In these days of sense and censors,  
You can't have too much care.

We'd been there several months boys,  
Guarding a frontier post,  
For the tribesmen were out on the war-path,  
And there might have been ten or a host.

Our job was waiting and watching,  
Picquetting heights by day,  
Seeing convoys thro,'—but at night time,  
Well the niggers held the sway.

They tried all sorts of ruses,  
To lure us out in the dark,  
And their bullets—well they *just* woke us,  
Like the song of the morning lark.

Now we had a chap named Jenkins,  
One of the milkman breed,  
He was brought up on curds and whey boys,  
And 'my strong right arm' was his creed.

We call'd him Jake, and in a scuffle,  
In a bazaar where we'd no right to be,  
He laid out eight or nine niggers,  
And the rest—did'nt wait to see.

His grip was a holy terror,  
I've seen him break pice, like that,  
An' I've seen men he's hit in the ring boys,  
Spread their length for hours on the mat.

One night up there on the frontier,  
Jake was guarding the magazine,  
'Twas just a shack with a fence round,  
Quite different from those you have seen,  
Now Jake had managed that evening,  
To pukkarao something good,  
You see Jake had been drawing rations,  
And the bottle got mixed with the food.

Old Jake took his medicine reg'lar,  
When he could get it at least,  
But he did'nt believe the proverb,  
"Enough's as good as a feast."

So when Jake did his shift boys,  
He dozed a tora while,  
And did'nt see that nigger,  
Nip over the fence—like a stile.

The nigger crawled on his stomach,  
Right up to where Jake stood,  
And knifed him—right in the side boys,  
An' 'e fell—streaming with blood,  
The nigger broke into the shanty,  
And tapped the powder store,  
And half made a train to the fence, boys,  
And then went back for some more.

Just then old Jake gave a groan boys,  
And rolled over on to his back,  
The cruel knife had torn him deeply,  
But he was a tough nut to crack.

He crawled slowly up to that nigger,  
While he was kneeling there,  
Seraping some home-made matches,  
Just then, one set up a flare,

But Jake with one great effort,  
Had got him by the throat,  
And the mischievous match was smothered,  
Against his bloodstained coat.

In deadly embrace they struggled,  
In the powder they rolled to and fro,  
But Jake's hands had gripped that nigger,  
And in death he wouldn't let go,

And so the next relief found them,  
It took four men to break that hold,  
The nigger was nichy—the magazine saved,  
But Jake—he was stretched stark and cold.

That post has long since vanished,  
But the spot is out there on the trail,  
And the niggers say Jake sahib is watching,  
And his ghostly grip will not fail.

They say the place is haunted,  
And always steer clear of the spot,  
And rather than go at all near it,  
They'll pray on their knees to be shot.

They say when Jake's ghost is walking,  
Its a warning to you and me mate,  
Some say they've heard him talking,  
And 'e says "Yes—mine's a straight."

DONNINGS.

## TOO GOOD TO BE ORIGINAL.

A recruit was being coached on the Range.  
His first shot went somewhere near the target.  
His second obviously fell short. "Now how do  
you account for that?", said the Instructor  
who was thirsting for information. "Please sir,  
I didn't pull the trigger so hard that time."

## MEMORIAL FUND.

The following letters, dated 12th September 1918, and 20th September 1918, respectively, have been received, the former from Sgt. J. W. A. Chipchase, late of this Battalion, and now in Mesopotamia.

"I have this day despatched a money-order for Rs. 120, as a contribution from the old members of the Battalion, whose names appear below, towards the Battalion Home Memorial Fund. The matter came to the notice of two or three of us through the article on the subject in *The Londoner*, and on approaching several others we were unanimously in favour of contributing to such an excellent scheme. If it is possible, I should esteem it a favour if an acknowledgement could be given in *The Londoner* as I understand that the majority of the donors see *The Londoner* out here.

With every good wish to the Battalion."

C. S. M. Holdsworth, J. E.  
 L.-Cpl. Goodchild, T.  
 Sapper Fairbrother.  
 Pte. Turtle, S. G.  
 Sgt. Painton, C.  
 Sgt. Bligh, W. L.  
 Cpl. Machin, E. F.  
 Cpl. Crouch, W.  
 Cpl. Taylor, C.  
 Cpl. Read, H. F.  
 Cpl. Kloot.  
 L.-Cpl. Wiseman, W. T.  
 Pte. Coles, C. W.  
 Pte. Hesk, C.  
 Pte. Fisher, W. H.  
 Sgt. Gander, J.  
 Sgt. Probert, R. G.  
 Sgt. Clarke, F. W.  
 Sgt. Grove, G. B.  
 Sgt. Barnicott, J. L.  
 Sgt. Carmichael, A.  
 Sgt. Pratley, L. C.  
 Sgt. Day, L. G.  
 Sgt. Chipchase, J. W. A.

"On behalf of the Gharial draft of 80 men from the Londons to this regiment, we desire to write this letter in explanation of the sum of Rs. 68 duly forwarded to you.

"Although we are no longer in the 25th, we still preserve pleasant memories of our service with them, and for that reason we wish to contribute towards the Memorial Fund.

"To this end we have formed a committee, and sums will be sent from time to time.

"The amount recently forwarded is rather a large one, as we feel we owe a balance for the past months.

"At the same time this will form a medium of imparting news of the old boys here for publication in the *Londoner*, and so we shall keep in touch with the old regiment.

"We therefore wish you to place the amount of Rs. 60 to this fund, and the balance of Rs. 8, we should like placed to our credit for the purpose of a subscription for four copies of the *Londoner*, every issue, until the sum is exhausted, when we will remit further.

"The above sum was collected from less than half of the original 'eighty', so many being away from the Battalion on leave, sick, or convalescent, and the remainder in positions away from the regiment.

"Wishing the Battalion the best of luck.

(SD.) R. S. PHILLIPS.

T. WOODLAND.

W. G. HINDES.

R. E. WILSON.

It need hardly be said that this contribution is greatly appreciated. The money-order has been received and a letter of acknowledgment sent to each donor, whose address can be obtained from P. R. I's. office, should any member of the Battalion wish to communicate.

Arrangements have also been made to send the four copies of the *Londoner*, each issue. Following upon the contribution from "Mesopotamian Details" mentioned in the last issue, this present subscription from "old" Londons now with another unit, is greatly appreciated. We all wish them a speedy re-union with us in England very shortly.

## SOLUTION TO CHESS PROBLEM.

1. Q to Kt3, K to Kt4; 2 Q to B4 ch, K x Kt; 3. Q x P mates.  
 K to R4; 3. Q to B5 "  
 K to K3; 2 Q to K3 ch, K to Q4; 3. Kt. to K7 "  
 K to B4; 3. Kt. to R4 "  
 P to R5; 2. K to B7, Any; 3. Q "  
 Others; 2. Q to B4 ch, &c.

## ADVICE.

### I.

You say my friends, a flat stale history ours,  
As flat and stale as is our old friend Worth-  
ingtons,

When, with such mournful settlement, he  
dours

(Be he decanted very many hours,  
Lieu of retention in conserving tuns  
Hogsheads or casks, or even flasks);

Weary and worn our lives, and rough our  
tasks

You say. Of sympathy we are deserving tons.

### II.

But look mes amis, think where we have  
travelled

Since we debarked on India's shores so  
sulphurous;

What mysteries of the Orient unravelled,  
What 'knocks' we've had, how absolutely  
gravelled

We've been at times, truly there's been no  
lull for us

In wars and stunts on different fronts,  
(Even at Dera Ismail Khan in punts)  
It has not been too altogether dull for us.

### III.

Our tale nomadic destined not to fade is,  
And e'en in purgatorial Waziristan,  
That place accursed where not a bit of shade is,  
Whose climate, hotter by degrees than Hades,  
In frightfulness could vie with the severest  
Hun,

(Excuse this crime, I'm pressed for time,  
And really, truly, out of any rhyme  
That I can think of its the very nearest'un).

### IV.

E'en, as I say, in climes to which Gehenna  
Must cede first place, it hasn't been  
monotonous;

In all our travels wide, 'o'er moor and fen,  
o'er

Torrent and crag,' (apologies again are  
Due for this rhyme of most appalling  
rotteness.

I'm much afraid my tale's delayed  
Materially, by frightful rhymes I've, made  
Which truly are enough to give one totanus).

### V.

For why not totanus? We call it holibut,  
Though halibut's the usual orthography;

However I will not discuss this folly, but  
Pursue my theme. Had I the pen of Tolly,  
but

I haven't, I'd be just to our orthography.  
You will, I ween, admit, old Bean,  
That many interesting sights we've seen  
As testify our records in photography.

### VI.

Consider too, how absolutely jammy we  
Have been through four long years of Arma-  
geddon.

You say our life is tame and dull? Why,  
damme, we

Are better tame and dull than cold and clammy,  
We

Are not beneath the earth which others tread  
on,

The which, perchance, had we, in France,  
Participated in the last advance,  
Had been our fate—a shrapnel, or a lead'un.

### VII.

So, on the whole I'm confident my fellows  
That, on consideration of maturity

You will agree we've little cause for  
bellows

Against our fate; and, recollect, time  
mellows

Hard actual facts. We will defile the purity  
Of truth her well with tales we'll tell  
Of shows we've been to worse than Boje Khel,  
Taller than eggs of nomenclature curaty.

### VIII.

But let me, ere I draw to a conclusion,  
Act in an advisory capacity;

And let there, on this point, be no confusion,  
Be warned by me, and prithee, prithee do

shun

All stories of Munchausenish audacity  
With men you meet, in pub. or street  
Who've lived in India, (by the face of

beet

The colour you may know them.) Be discreet  
With these—don't try to lie about the heat,  
Or any other thing, et toute de suite  
Exaggeration from your tales delete  
Or else they'll quickly "rumble" your

mendacity.



## HOSPITAL STAFF.

The Station Hospital Staff, Jullundur, have sustained a loss in the departure of Sister M. Hilson, and we take this opportunity of expressing the appreciation of all of us who have come under her kindly ministrations. An exceedingly capable nurse, no trouble was too great for her to take in a serious case and her unflinching gentleness and good humour won the affection of all her patients.

Another member of the Staff has left us in the person of Major Weston, who went to Egypt at the end of last summer. He worked tremendously hard in the hot season with fever and heat-stroke cases, and no higher tribute to his professional ability can be paid than to point out that during the hot months not one of the Londons died, though several have to thank his knowledge of heat-stroke and fever alone for their lives.

## "SPARE PARTS."

### THE LISTENING POST.

*Dated 20th April, 1917.*

Let us hope that, after the war, the simplicity and directness of Army English may replace the ambiguous and involved wording of, say, the Marriage Ceremony, instead of "Wilt thou take this woman?" etc., what could be better than, "Dating from the 3rd instant, Jane Smith is attached to Thomas Jones for Rations, Duty and Discipline?"

He was a sinister looking case, painted an ugly drab colour, and marked "Rifles." I first saw him at the B. S. A. factory at Small Heath and when next we met, I recognised him at once by a very peculiarly shaped cut on his back. This was in Bombay, when he was disembarking from H. T. S. "Cimarec".

The last time I saw him was in sterner circumstances. It was in one of the little Frontier wars, to which nobody at home ever gives a thought, and the hillmen were pressing our boys hard. I was on transport, and we came to a khud up which the pack animals could not be taken. We therefore unloaded the baggage, including my old friend the rifle chest, but alas, he was too heavy to carry up the khud. We determined then to open him, and take up his contents only, rifles of course, as you all

know, being extremely portable articles (troops port them every day).

We threw back his lid. I shall never forget the horror of that moment. Instead of the rifles which we had imagined him to contain he was full of—*lingerie* I can say no more. (No you can't. Bus.—*Ed.*)

As we go to Press persistent rumours are reaching the office to the effect that hostilities on the western front have ceased. The situation on the Jullundur front, however, remains unchanged and in spite of our smashing victory on the Deethri, in December last, the enemy as yet shows no signs of exhaustion

## THE CHARWALLAH.

### I

On the Guard-room verandah a char wallah sat,  
Crying "Wallah, char wallah, char wallah";  
And I questioned him kindly (and eke in the bāt)

This wallah, char wallah, char wallah.  
And I interrogated him—"char wallah, why  
Do you sit there and make that ridiculous cry?"

But the only remark I could get in reply  
Was "wallah, char wallah, char wallah."

### II

Sweat stood on his forehead in tremulous beads,

Oh wallah, char wallah, char wallah;  
And the troops stood aghast at the sinister deeds

Of this wallah, char wallah, char wallah.  
For he dashed to his can and inserted his head  
In the contents thereof. He was very soon  
dead,

But in process of dying he audibly said  
"Oh wallah, char wallah, char wallah."

### III

Now I feel just as sure as I'm sure that I ain't  
A wallah, char wallah, char wallah,  
That nostalgia was really the actual complaint  
Of this wallah, char wallah, char wallah.

And if for much longer they keep us out here  
I'll drown myself also, and end my career  
But it won't be in char—'tis more likely  
in beer,

That I'll wallow, I'll wallow, I'll wallow.

## SPORT AND ATHLETICS.

Owing to frequent departures from Jutogh and Jullundur and other causes, sport in the Battalion seems to have been carried on in a rather haphazard way. However things seem to be improving with the re-union of the Battalion and the Jullundur detachment and we hope to be able to publish a more complete record of the sporting activities of the Battalion in future.

## CRICKET.

A match arranged between "A" and "B" and "C" and "D" on the 28th November at Jullundur produced some interesting play and an exciting finish, "A" and "B" winning by the narrow margin of two runs. The feature of the match was a pretty 71 by Vaughan though Pierez deserves mention for keeping his end up while Vaughan made the runs. Wickens did well taking 6 wickets for 43 runs and making a score of 70. Marriott headed the bowling averages with six wickets for 37 runs. Scores:—

## "A" and "B"

"Sammy" Hall b. Wickens	...	9
Pte. Barley c. Clayton b. Stanton	...	3
" Chisslett b. Wickens	...	0
" Bryant b. Wickens	...	2
Capt. Paget run out	...	20
Sgt. Squires b. Wickens	...	2
Pte. Pyle b. Stanton	...	2
L/Cpl. Vaughan c. Mitton b. Stanton	71	
Pte. Kincaid b. Hall	...	4
L/Cpl. Pierez	...	17
Dmr. Woodward c. Beswick b. Wickens	...	4
Pte. Marriott not out	...	3
Extras	...	8
Total	...	145

## "C" and "D"

"Derby" Hall c. Pierez b. Vaughan	...	4
Sgt. Browning b. Vaughan	...	18
B. M. Tilson b. Vaughan	...	0
Sgt. Stanton b. Marriott	...	0
Pte. Wickens c. Chislett b. Pierez	...	70
Sgt. Beswick b. Marriott	...	27
Lt. Cleere b. Marriott	...	1
L/Cpl. Denton c. Pierez b. Marriott	...	0
L/Cpl. Clayton c. Barley b. Marriott	...	8
C. S. M. Burnett c. Kincaid b. Marriott	...	3

Pte. Avery c. b. Pierez	...	4
Pte. Mitton not out	...	0
Extras	...	8
Total	...	143

L/Cpl. Vaughan won the bat presented by Major Swinnerton for the first fifty scored.

## LONDONS V. JULLUNDUR CLUB.

THIS was an armistice celebration match. Sammy Hall, Sgt. Browning and Ptes. Chapman and Barley opened up proceedings by caning the Club bowling severely while the club batsmen seemed altogether at sea with the Londons bowling. Pierez concluded the proceedings by coming on to bowl and taking the last four wickets in three overs for six runs. Major Knowles and Lt. Cleary made a good third wicket stand. Altogether the Londons have the making of a strong team if more practice could be obtained. Scores:—

## Londons.

"Sammy" Hall c. wicket-keeper b. Terry	...	65
Sgt. Browning b. Terry	...	30
Sgt. Ieswick c. Manders	...	8
Pte. Chapman b. Garson	...	32
" Barley b. Frizelle	...	45
Capt. Paget c. Briggs b. Terry	...	25
L/Cpl. Vaughan c. b. Terry	...	0
Lt. Cleere not out	...	7
L/Cpl. Pierez not out	...	13
B. M. Tilson	} did not bat.	
Pte. Marriott		
Extras	...	10
Total	...	235

## Jullundur Club.

Mr. Watson b. Vaughan	...	6
Maj. Knowles c. Tilson b. Chapman	...	20
Capt. Briggs l. b. w. b. Vaughan	...	7
Lt. Cleary c. Browning b. Chapman	...	23
Capt. Manders b. Vaughan	...	0
Maj. Gall l. b. w. b. Pierez	...	17
Col. Frizelle b. Chapman	...	1
Lt. Terry c. Cleere b. Pierez	...	3
Mr. Mellish Garson	...	2
Lt. Marsh b. Pierez	...	0
Lt. Stuart not out	...	0
Extras	...	8
Total	...	87

**FOOTBALL.**

**SOCCKER EIGHTS AT JULLUNDUR.**

Twenty teams competed and we imagine that at the finish a good many began to wish they had been knocked out in the first round. Anyhow a good many men looked decidedly played out towards the conclusion.

Results of the last three rounds :—

I. Sgt. Hall, Ptes. Rose and Miles, L/Cpl. Denton, Sgt. Beswick, Pte. Lilley, Sgt. Brace and Pte. Fairbrass, beat

A. (Attached Section) Sgts. Mynng and Grover, Cpl. Groves, Ptes. Varindell, Cockerton, Knott, McKinnell and Gudgeon.

J. Sgts. Browning and Stanton, L/Cpl. Garton, Ptes. Wickins, Parr, Dooley, Froude and Ellis, beat.

K. Sgt. Sawkins, Ptes. Woods, Madgwick, Bull, King, Smith D., Steeds and Munday.

R. Sgt. Stafford, L/Cpl. Ing, Ptes. Bryant, Higdon, Hillary, Whitehead, Lawson and Kincaid, beat

L/Cpl. Bartlett, Ptes. Leak, Murrell, Bailey, J. W. Gooch, Virgo, Finch and Barham.

E. Sgt. Summers, Ptes. Norman, Young, Marriott, Little A. Coombes, Cross and Bowler, beat

D. Ptes. Brain, Hall, Pearce, Eldridge, Castleton, Giles, Heidenrich and O'Gorman.

Semi-Final—J. beat I., E. beat R.

Final—J. beat E.

**"COBB CUP" "B." V. H. Q.**

The first match in the Cobb Cup League was played on Tuesday the 7th of January, between "B" and Headquarters the result being a win for "B" by 1—0.

The first half opened very evenly and Yates scored a good goal, from a break away. This goal livened up matters and play was very exciting for the remainder of the first half.

In the second half Headquarters pressed heavily for some time but "B" Coy.'s defence played a fine game and kept them out. "B" nearly got a second goal when Headquarter's goalie let the ball through his legs but it was saved on the line.

O'Gorman in goal for "B" and Markham for Headquarters played very fine games.

**BATTALION V. 1093rd BATTERY.**

OUR first encounter with the new arrivals took place on the Battalion ground on the

6th January. They turned out a far stronger team than the 79th, and won by one goal to nil. "Derby" was unable to play and Sgt. Mesley was away at Calcutta. This left the team rather weak. In the first half the Battalion seemed unable to get going and the "topes" fully deserved the goal by which they were leading at half time. In the second half the Londons woke up and kept their opponents' defence pretty busy. They maintained a steady bombardment of the enemy goal but failed to equalize, the referee finally calling time with the score Battery 1, Londons 0. "Pat." O'Gorman played a good game in goal but everyone else seemed more or less off colour.

Team :—O'Gorman; Harbour and Sgt Duthoit; Petch, Sgt. Beswick and Markham Sgt. Sawkins, Gleeson, Sgt. Whisstock, L/Cpl Clayton and Pappin.

**BILLIARDS.**

AN interesting inter-company tournament was held during Christmas week with teams of six, each pair playing for half an hour.

In the first round the Details sprung a nasty surprise on "C" Coy. beating them by 14. Coleman was very much off form and started the proceedings by giving the Details a totally unexpected lead of 10 on the first game. "Derby" Hall made a fine recovery and left the table having given "C" a lead of 35. After that everything went well for the Details. Scores :—

"C" COMPANY.		DETAILS.	
Pte. Coleman	71 ...	Dmr. Gleeson	81
Sgt. Hall	119 ...	R.S.M. Furman	74
L/Cpl. Clayton	73 ...	Pte. Chapman	81
Sgt. Beswick	68 ...	Pte. Budd	100
Pte. Tyler	69 ...	Bdm. Woodward	98
L/Cpl. Price	88 ...	" Avery	68

Total ... 488                      Total ... 502

The other first round match was "A" v "B" the latter winning by 85. Scores :—

"A" COMPANY.		"B" COMPANY.	
L/Cpl. Vaughan	85 ...	L/Cpl. Marriott	55
Sgt. Paul	68 ...	Pte. Stevens	83
Pte. Clarke	77 ...	" Eade	92
Sgt. Croxford	69 ...	" Tatnell	87
Pte. Percy	105 ...	" Hall	113
Sgt. Home	58 ...	" Pearce	117

Total ... 462                      Total ... 547

In the second round "B" Coy. easily defeated the Details, winning by 222. Scores:—

"B" COMPANY.		DETAILS.	
Pte. Hall	139	...	Pte. Budd 52
" Pearce	93	...	Bdm. Woodward 59
" Stevens	84	...	R.S.M. Furman 76
L/Cpl. Marriott	99	...	Dmr. Gleeson 67
Pte. Tatnell	103	...	Pte. Chapman 56
" Eade	84	...	Bdm. Avery 70
Total ... 602		Total ... 380	

In the other second round match "D" Coy. beat the attached section by 81. Mr. Lamberton was out of form, scoring only 81 against Spr. Jones 144. This was unfortunate as a large crowd had collected in anticipation of a good match. Scores:—

"D" COMPANY.		ATTACHED SECTION.	
Cpl. Owen	81	...	Spr. Harris 71
Mr. Lamberton	81	...	" Jones 144
Sgt. Millikin	85	...	Sgt. Hope 64
Pte. Currie	72	...	Sgt. Mying 56
L/Cpl. McDermott	128	...	Sgt. Edgell 38
Pte. Newman	87	...	Spr. Gudgeon 80
Total ... 534		Total ... 453	

The final ended in a win for "D." "B" started badly, Hall losing to Mr. Lamberton by 54. Tatnell played a fine game in the last match but could not win for "B" Coy. Scores:—

"D" COMPANY.		"B" COMPANY.	
Cpl. Owen	73	...	Pte. Stevens 71
Mr. Lamberton	107	...	" Hall 53
Sgt. Millikin	130	...	L/Cpl. Marriott 69
L/Cpl. McDermott	54	...	Pte. Eade 87
Pte. Currie	74	...	" Pearce 80
" Newman	58	...	" Tatnell 110
Total ... 496		Total ... 470	

Many of the games attracted a large crowd of spectators and some fine displays were witnessed.

## BATTALION SPORTS MEETING.

A most successful athletic meeting took place on December 28, under ideal weather conditions in the presence of a large concourse of spectators including many visitors. The arrangement of the course and enclosures reflected great credit, on R. S. M. Furman, and the massed Indian

bands under the conductorship of Mr. Newman were much appreciated.

This year the events were open only to those who had never won a prize in a similar event in Regimental Sports before. The 3 mile and various heats were decided on previous days. Results:—

Three miles:—(1) Pte. Allard, (2) L/Cpl. Salter, (3) Pte. Hillary.

220 yards:—(1) "Derby" Hall, (2) Pte. Diamond, (3) Dr. Gleeson.

Time 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. A good deal of fouling took place in this race and H. V. Ward, the first man home, was disqualified—in the opinion of many spectators unfairly.

1 Mile:—(1) Sgt. Perry, (2) Cpl. Bartlett, (3) L/Cpl. Salter.

Time 5 minutes 13 seconds. Sgt. Perry won easily: he might make a useful addition to the Battalion team.

Veterans Race:—(1) Pte. Clark, (2) Sgt. Grosvenor. Time 12 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

Long jump:—(1) Dr. Froude, 16 feet 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, (2) Pte. Ward, H. V., 15 feet 11 inches, (3) Sgt. Whisstock.

Sack Race:—(1) Dr. Pearce, H. C., (2) Dr. Campbell.

880 Yards:—(1) Pte. Allard, (2) Pte. Davis (3) Pte. Diamond. Time 2 minutes 19 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

100 Yards:—(1) Pte. Ward, H. V., (2) Dr. Gleeson, (3) Dr. Froude. Time 11 $\frac{1}{2}$  second, A very close race.

1 Mile Walk:—(1) Cpl. Forscutt, (2) L/Cpl. Betteridge, (3) Pte. Collyer. Time 8 minutes 46 seconds. The race rather reminded us of the old Bangalore days.

Putting the Weight:—(1) Pte. Hills, 22 feet 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  inches, (2) Sgt. Dr. Young.

440 Yards:—(1) "Derby" Hall, (2) Cpl. Bartlett, (3) Pte. Pearce. Time 58 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds.

Bomb Throwing:—(1) Pte. Hills 142 feet 6 inches, (2) Sgt. Duthoit.

Cycle Race, 1 Mile:—(1) Sgt. Croxford, (2) Sgt. Holdsworth, (3) Pte. Burnett.

Inter-Company Relay Race:—(1) "D," (2) "C."

Boat Race:—(1) Drums, (2) 15 Platoon, (3) 10 Platoon.

Obstacle Race:—(1) Bds. Campbell, (2) Pte. Simpson, (3) L/Cpl. Cousins.

Visitors Race, 440 yards:—(1) Cpl. Foster, (2) Pte. Neerham, both Duke of Wellington's Regiment.

High Jump :—(1) Pte. Norman, 4 feet 10 inches, (2) Cpl. Jemmett, 4 feet 9 inches. A good jump for a chota wallah like "Micky."

Tug of War :—"A" Coy.

Four Legged Race :—(1) Dr. Jessop's team, (2) Cpl. Owen's team.

Band Race (Indians) (1) Bat Ram.

Pani Lao Race (open to Mr. Burt's "Strolling Bhistics") Winner G. O. K.

The Championship Medal presented by Lt.-Col. B. M. Hynes was won by Pte. Allard ("D" Coy.) with 15 points.

"D" Coy., won the Company Championship with 54 points, "C" Coy. being second with 44 points.

The proceedings terminated with the presentation of prizes by Mrs. Swinnerton.

[Reports of the Calcutta and Bombay meetings will appear in the next number].

### TENNIS.

The Corporals and Men of "C" and "D" Companies at Jutogh challenged the W. O's and Sergeants and a match was arranged on November the tenth. The result was a walk-over for the Corporals and men who won fifteen sets out of sixteen. The winners however were playing on their own ground.

Teams.—W.O's and Sergeants :—C/Sgt. Suttle and C. Q. M. S. Gerrard, R. S. M., Furman and Sgt. Evans, C. S. M. Brooks and B. M. Tilson, Sgt. Duthoit and Sgt. King.

Cpls. and Men :—Cpl. Jemmett and L/Cpl. Wright, Pte. Dade and Pte. Allard, L/Cpl. Keppler and Pte. Smith, Cpl. Owen and Pte. Crook.

Result.—Corporals and Men won by 15 sets to 1, and 98 games to 43.

A return match was played on November 24th on the Sergeants' courts, the Sergeants altering their team to :—R. S. M. Furman and C. S. M. Brooks, C. Q. M. S. Gerrard and Sgt. King, C/Sgt. Suttle and Sgt. Appleate, Sgt. Evans and Sgt. Duthoit.

Result :—Corporals and Men won by 12 sets to 4, and 84 games to 51.

### ARMISTICE WEEK TOURNAMENT.

Partners were drawn for, most of the weaker players standing out by arrangement, fifty-two players entering. The play was generally fast and exciting especially in the third and semi-

final rounds. The final was somewhat disappointing as the light was rather poor and Mr. Hayward, probably owing to fatigue or nervousness, did not maintain the form he had shewn during the previous rounds.

Results from the 3rd round :—

Third Round :—2nd-Lt. Hayward and Pte. Marriott beat Pte. Wade and 2nd-Lt. Lane (6, 4). Major Stafford and Sgt. Salmon beat Pte. Hensey and Pte. Young (6, 4); Pte. Dennis and Sgt. Davidson beat Capt. Paget and Sgt. Smith (9, 7); Capt. Drummond (Wireless) and Pte. Little beat Sgt. Anderson and Sgt. McDowall (6, 2).

Semifinal :—2nd Lt. Hayward and Marriott beat Capt. Stafford and Salmon (6, 4); Capt. Drummond and Little beat Dennis and Davidson (7, 5).

Final :—Capt. Drummond and Pte. Little won (6, 4).

### SHOOTING.

Partly as a preliminary round in the selection of men for the Shooting Team in the Divisional League, and partly to encourage shooting generally, an Inter-Company Team

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Shoot was carried out at Jullundur on Saturday, the 4th January 1919. The practices and conditions were the same as those for the Divisional League, viz. :—

			POSSIBLE POINTS.
200 yards	Snapshooting	5 rounds	15
300 "	Rapid	15 rounds 1 min.	45
400 "	Slow	5 rounds	20
600 "	Slow	5 rounds	20
Total ...			100

Teams consisted of eight men per Company and the results were as follows :—

" H Q."	434	points.
" D "	420	"
" A "	405	"
" B "	385	"
" C "	290	"

For the winning team to make practically only 50 per cent. of the possible points cannot be considered very satisfactory and the exceedingly low score of " C " Coy. can only we think be accounted for by insufficiently careful selection, seeing that at the present time they are in possession of the badges for the " Best Shooting Company." A great deal of course depended on the " Rapid " and this obviously is where we are all weak, the highest score being 36 (Dmr. Mockler, H. Q. team) while only four men in the whole shoot scored over 30. We still have a long way to go to prepare a team for the League.

Very great encouragement was given to the shoot by the Commanding Officer who put up a prize of Rs. 40 for the winning team (H. Q.). Major Swinnerton also gave a prize of Rs. 10 for the highest individual aggregate. This was won by Pte. Farnden (H. Q. team) with a total score of 73.

During the progress of the Team Shoot a Pool Shoot was held at each Range at as. 2 per shot. Out of 192 shots only seven individuals scored " Bulls," L/Cpl. Guest of " B " Coy. making two, and these lucky ones shared the " Pool " accordingly.

B. R.

[We have made careful enquiries and have satisfied ourselves that there is absolutely no foundation for the rumour current in some

quarters that the Coy. storeman issued "C." Coy's team with blank. Ed.]

" C " and " D " Companies at Jutogh spent a very interesting and enjoyable morning on November 7th, when a knock out competition and Pool Shoot were held, sixteen teams of four competing. As usual the " flag wagers " did well, but were knocked out at the semi-final by a mixed team of " C " and " D " after a tie and a re-shoot. The final was between two mixed teams of " C " and " D " the winners being L/Cpl. Pyett and L/Cpl. Pearce of " D " and L/Cpl. Wright and Fte. Tyler of " C." Prizes for winners and runners up were provided by the Officers and Sergeants.

The Pool Shoot was well patronized the " Bull " at the end of the morning being worth about eight rupees. But as no one was successful in finding it the pool was distributed amongst the markers.

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"PEARL STAR"	5"		( " " )	Rs. 50 ( " " )	" 35 per 1,000
"PEARL BOUQUET"	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	...	...	...	" 30 per 1,000
"PEARL SPECIALS"	4 $\frac{1}{8}$ "	Rs. 25 per 1,000		"FLOR DE PEARL"	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " Rs. 25 per 1,000
"PEARL QUEENS"	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" 28 per 1,000		"PEARL AMBROSIA"	5" " 25 per 1,000
"PEARL GEMS"	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ "	" 23 per 1,000		"PEARL WHIFFS"	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " " 15 per 1,000

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