

# THE LONDONER.

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

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## ROUND AND ABOUT.

For the first time in many years the arms of the Battalion have been standardised; everybody, even the **The New Hipes.** Band for a while, now being in possession of a L. E. Mk3 rifle built to take Mk7 ammunition. (We have omitted the full title of these munitions despite the spirited protest that we anticipate will emanate from Sgts. Hogg and Squire.)

To those, who at Chasledon were unlucky in getting "bundoos," with worn or pitted barrels, which in the meantime they had not been smart enough to "budlee" into Aladdinlike change came as a veritable God-send, in spite of the brainfag consequent on the necessity for remembering two new numbers.

The Hospital Returns are now certain to show a marked decrease in admissions as the toil of trying to get rag-clean a rifle that had been carelessly left overnight in the inundated trenches round Sebastopol has, in the past, been responsible for many a man reporting sick with either nervous breakdown, physical exhaustion or both.

About the time we published the last issue the Battalion was in the throes of moving to Amritsar. **The Move.**

At the moment of writing it is not politic to detail the reason for our hurried departure from Jullundur. Suffice it to say that we were anyhow due a change of station whether we

liked it or not. It is now well over two years since, caked up with Burhan dust and grime we took over the palatial Wellington Barracks congratulating ourselves on our good fortune while promising ourselves a long stay in comparative comfort.

That our enjoyment was short-lived everyone knows but "absence makes the heart grow fonder" and on our return, or perhaps various returns would be better, we never failed to take full advantage of the playing fields and Institutes "than which" to quote a well-known advertisement "there are no better."

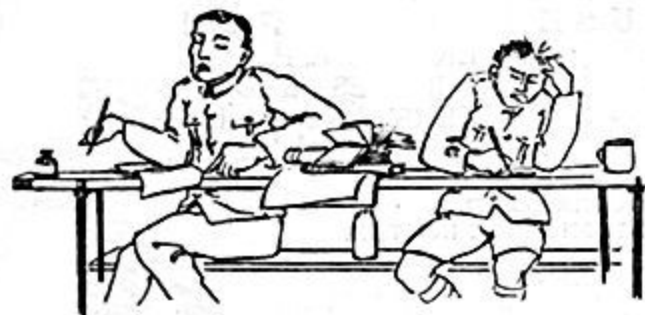
We are certain that we echo the sentiments of the Battalion as a whole when we say that if we have as good a time though, pray Heaven, not as long, at Amritsar as we had at Jullundur, we shall not have done too badly.

Sunday, 16th February, was marked at St. Luke's Church, Jullundur, by **The Unveiling Ceremony.** an interesting, albeit solemn, memorial service.

The occasion was the unveiling by Brig.-Gen. R. E. Dyer, C.B., of two brass tablets, one to Major Martin, who, it will be remembered, died last summer and the other to the three men who, being either killed in action or dying as the result of wounds, lie buried over the frontier in Waziristan. These were of course, L.-Cpl. E. W. Stone, Ptes. H. Burtenshaw and H. H. Gayler.

IF WE REMAIN IN INDIA MUCH LONGER.

ALL WRITE TO 'JOHN BULL' ABOUT IT



CHASE THE MEMS

BECOME INDIGENOUS



SEEK SOLACE IN THE CUP



ONE MORE 'KITCHEMERS TEST'



AND THUS!

Epiphany

The idea of a Home Address Book met with such general approbation that we have published one, copies of which can be obtained from Company Orderly Rooms or the "Londoner" office at As. 4 each.

Some members of the Battalion have, no doubt, changed their permanent residences and as it is obvious that the book must be kept up to date, we shall be pleased to receive any corrections, which should be addressed direct to the Editor. An amendment slip will be published in the "Londoner" whenever necessary, and so fixed in the advertisement pages that it can be torn out and put in the end of

the Address Book. It is possible that one or two names may have been omitted; will any one who is aware of such a case please send in particulars including, if possible, the address?

### BATTALION MEMORIAL FUND.

Sgt. J.W.C. Chipchase has forwarded a further sum of Rs. 20 being a donation from HARRISON, THOMPSON, HOWLETT and SIMPSON, who left the Battalion for the R.A.F. (Wireless) from Gharial.

We are glad to see that these old members of the Signal Section still take an active interest in the doings of the Battalion.

### A PRISONER OF WAR.

Captain L. R. Briggs, "B" Coy., 1/25th Battalion, London Regiment, who left us in 1915 to join the R. A. F., and who was subsequently captured by the Germans, sends the following account of his experiences:—

"I was on patrol over the German lines with five other machines, and had been over for about an hour, when one cylinder cut out, and I started losing height. I was then at 14,000 feet so I turned round and made towards the German lines, but, when I had gone some little way, I saw three H. A.'s flying to cut me off, one at my own height and two about 2,000 feet lower, and, as it would have been fatal for the first man to get above me, I attacked him and fired a drum at him as he passed at right angles to me. I then managed to get behind him, and having changed drums, was about to fire again, when my engine gave out altogether.

I then dived for home, but the other fellow had seen me go down and dived after me. He succeeded in hitting me, also my petrol tank, soaking me in petrol, and forced me down nearly vertically, firing all the time. He cut my aileron controls, and riddled my machine with bullets, though I threw her about as much as I could. I then passed into a cloud and he stopped firing, but on coming out I found myself right on top of another German machine. He promptly put his nose down, but I fired my drum off at the same moment, and for a few seconds we were travelling at the same pace; then a lot of smoke and flame came from his machine, and he sort of swung round, and passed underneath me.

The first man was firing at me again now! and it was all I could do to keep the machine under control; however I then passed through another light cloud and when I was 500 feet or so from the ground, he stopped firing, and I just managed to pull the machine up, making a very fast landing among a lot of shell-holes just behind the trenches in front of Bapaume. I tried to work the lighter, but could not do it with one hand, and as a machine gun was turned on me from the trenches, one bullet taking a clip from my side, I got into a shell-hole and sat down and trod my map into the mud at the bottom.

An under-officer then ran up with three men and took me prisoner, he spoke English and was not a bad fellow. I was marched up a road which we were shelling, to a dressing station where I was bandaged and the same men then marched me on, to Divisional Headquarters, I imagine. I was told on the way that I should very probably be shot for using tracer bullets, but I was so dazed that it did not impress me very much.

When I arrived outside Headquarters—a walled chateau—there was a crowd of German soldiers who yelled at me, and although the under-officer was helping me along, and they could see that I was wounded, one of them came up behind me and kicked me, thus causing huge delight to the other Huns; the under-officer, however, pulled me through the gate and slammed it. He took me inside, and an officer bowed, telling me to sit down and also giving me cigarettes. I told him what had happened, and he said that he



was sorry, but that it was the fortune of war. A few minutes later a General of the German Flying Corps came in and said that he would take me to hospital in his car. As we passed through the gate, the crowd started yelling again, but he stood up in the back of the car and bellowed at them, upon which the noise died down to a mere murmur.

The next day a flying officer came and tried to pump me; I told him my name and rank, and on his pressing me, informed him that my machine was a "Crosse-Blackwell" biplane, which he solemnly wrote down. They operated on me the next day, and started business before I was really off, which was unpleasant, though possibly unintentional. The following day another flying officer, an Englishman, was brought in and put next to me, but a Prussian Officer came in and separated us. That night I was taken on a stretcher to Velu—a casualty clearing station—where machine guns and bombs were going off all day. I was placed in a hut made of a tarpaulin thrown over some poles, and on the earth, there being very little straw. There were about forty in the hut both English and Germans, but the latter were only there for an hour or two, being then taken to a train. Personally, I was there for three nights and three days, and in this time I only had six cups of black coffee and six slices of black bread, being bellowed at, at intervals, by a Prussian N. C. O.

Eventually I was placed in a cattle truck with another flying officer called Elingenstein—an Englishman despite the name, and after twelve hours we were taken to the hospital at Candry, where I got my wounds dressed. I was in an awful state, the dressing room was beyond words to describe, and one or two nurses were even laughing at a wounded German who was yelling. There was also a doctor there who made men lie at "attention" when he passed.

I was at this place for a few days when I was put into a hospital train, after a few hours in an ordinary carriage. The former was made of converted 4th class carriages, but was hung with fairly comfortable cots, and the orderly on the train was very kind and did all he could for us. We arrived eventually Darmstadt, where we were treated quite well, except that we were always hungry. As you know, I then went to

Friedburg, and when I went into hospital there, I was treated just like one of their own men—a sister even used to smuggle me in apples. At Friedburg, of course, my eyes went wrong, and I got paralysis of the legs, but that got all right by the time I went to Augustabad. By the way the commandant at Friedburg was a man named Sturt—not a bad old man—and he told me that he had cousins of that name living at Weybridge.

On the way to Augustabad an officer was very Hunnish at Berlin, calling us swine and all the rest of it. At Augustabad, I got much better, and I accordingly made plans to escape with Murray, but I got worse, so Murray had to go with Hooky Walker instead—they were out for more than a fortnight before being recaptured.

After this I went to Lubeck, and was I treated better here than in any hospital that I have been in; they gave me the same food as their own men and nearly as much. At Heidelberg we were in damp huts and had very little coal, with the result that I got slight rheumatism in my arm, and I think that got me through the commission. On the way to Constance the German officer in charge was very rude, and of course, as usual, one got scowls, and fists shaken at one, so you can imagine what it felt like when we got smiles instead of scowls, after we crossed the frontier, also what it felt like to be in a nice hotel, after the squalor of lagers."

## AN APPRECIATION.

The following appeared in the Suffolk Chronicle and Mercury of February 21st:—

### PRESENTATION TO MR. W. H. BAILEY.

A pleasing ceremony took place before a large company of subscribers at the C. E. T. S. Hut, Saxmundham, on Thursday week when a presentation was made to Mr. W. H. Bailey, late Stationmaster at Saxmundham, now promoted to Malden. Miss Meinertzhagen was asked to make the presentation, which consisted of a handsome gold watch, with a Chesterfield sofa to Mrs. Bailey, and an illuminated address containing the names of the subscribers.

We are sure all the Suffolk lads wish him happiness and prosperity in his new sphere of duty. It was Mr. W. H. Bailey who so kindly gave them the use of the bath-room at his house before their regimental ones were built.

## THE PARADE BEATIFIC.

(In our last issue, we published a sample of what Battalion Orders would be like, if written in verse. We have been asked "why not extend this versification to other branches of army life?" The following is the unfortunate result):—

C. M. S. :—"I want some markers, one for each platoon.

Markers (emerging from their respective bungalows):—"Don't get excited, Sir, we're coming soon.

(They fall in facing C. S. M.)

C. S. M. :—"Oblige me, please, by coming to attention. (they "shun").

And turning outwards (they do so) I need hardly mention,

En passant, that the intervening space is Between each marker, roughly seven paces.

And now, as soon as all of you are ready, We'll carry out the movement known as "steady." (This is done)

The troops will now, each in his proper section, Fall in, that is, if they have no objection.

(Troops fall in.)

Thanks very much, and now, if they don't mind,

Sergeants of each platoon will try to find The total of (if any) absentees,

And their platoons they then will stand 'at ease.' (This is done).

(Company Officer comes on parade.)

C.S.M. :—"Company, shun!" (goes up to Company Officer and salutes. I'm happy to report, Sir. The Company—as many of 'em as ought Sir—Are present on parade.

Company Officer. 'You surprise me. You've no idea how much this gratifies me.

(to Platoon Officers).

Gents., to fall in I'm sure you'll be delighted. (to Company).

Company! You are cordially invited.

Imprimis, to attain to that position

Known to all men of martial erudition

As "shun" whereon my pleasure unalloyed 'ud be

If you would form in fours; then, overjoyed I'd be

If you would 'right,' on which, if in succession

You'd from the right advance, beyond expression

Would be my gratitude.

—I pray you pardon me

I clean forgot 'slope hipes'—please don't be hard on me

For this mistake. Thus, martially arrayed, We'll go on the battalion parade.'

(They go.)

'The Company, on the left, and at the halt Close column of platoons, without a fault, Will form.'

No. 1 Platoon Officer—

'Oh prithee, prithee, Number One,

At th' halt, on th' left form platoon. There! 'Tis done.

(Nos. 2, 3 and 4 Platoon Officers rudely refused to give their orders in verse. We have therefore ignored them altogether) (to Platoon Sergt.).

Anent their dressing please to act as mentor' Platoon Sergt.—

'Come up a little, damn you, in the centre.'

Coy. Officer—

'Company! Order arms and stand at ease, Stand easy.'

Coy. S. M.—

'Let us have no talking please.'

R. S. M.—

'Bugler, I'm pained to give you so much trouble

But please blow Orderly Sergeants at the double.'

(Bugler blows and O. Sgts. double up)—

Orderly Sergeants, please attend to me

Present Band, Signals, Drums, A., B., C., D.?'

(They all answer, present).

R. S. M. (to Adjutant)—

'Tallion reported present, Sir.'

Adjutant—

'The stuff

To give' em.'

R. S. M.—

'Orderly Sergeants, long enough

You've stood there, attention, slope hipes, 'bout tun'

And back to your respective companies run.'

Adjutant (to Senior Officer on parade)—

'Our worthy Se Major, Sir, informs me, Sir

The batt's., reported present and it warms me, Sir

To pass the joyful tidings on to you, Sir.'

Senior Officer—

'This is indeed most gratifying news. Er—  
(C. O. comes on parade)

Battalion, 'shun, slope arms. They all are here, Sir,

With Lewis guns, etcetera, in the rear, Sir.'

C. O.—

'Battalion, order arms.'

R. S. M.—

'Stand still! stand still!'

C. O.—

'List to me for a moment, and I will

Impart to you a little information

Which I, last night, acquired from the Station

Staff Office—and I hope you won't get wroughty

About it—we're out here till nineteen forty

And—(but at this juncture, feeling that it

*would be inconsiderate, not to say callous to allow our readers to be harrowed by any further gruesomeness we gently, but firmly, smothered the author of this atrocity with the office duster. And we think you'll all agree that he damn well deserved it—Ed.)*

### "MAGNA EST VERITAS."

It was in the bar parlour of the—well,—a house not many miles distant from Barnes Common that it all happened. I had met half a dozen or so of my pre-war friends, all of whom had seen service in France, and we were exchanging reminiscences of the great war—

"And regally they spat and smoked,  
And fearsomely they lied."

We were taking it in turns to explore the higher realms of mendacity, and, as none of my companions had ever been to India—not even on a Cook's tour.—I was "quids in." In addition to this, I may say, without false modesty, that I am gifted with a singularly vivid imagination, and under the inspiring influence of the incomparable product of the Dublin people "who sell no other brown stout in bottle," my natural ability with the long bow soon made itself manifest—had the late Baron Munchausen been one of the company, I am pretty confident that he would have died

from sheer envy. Accustomed as I am to my own capabilities, I astonished even myself. So convincingly did I lie, that the rest of the gathering could not but believe even my tallest stories.

Encouraged by early successes I allowed my imagination (I have already said it is vivid) to run absolutely riot. I related stories of barracks and all the inhabiting soldiery being washed completely away in the monsoon rains, of whole brigades being exterminated in a single night by cholera, plague or other fell diseases. I recounted instances of fearsome reptiles—of snakes and alligators—more improbable than the wildest hallucinations of delirium tremens (with an appendix on how "I'd shot 'em"). I touched on the hideous excesses committed by natives during religious festivals, throwing in an extremely neat little story of how I had escaped from a horde of fanatics during one Mohurrum, disguised as a sacred sow. I dilated on the sanguinary nature of the fighting which is being continually waged all over Northern India our casualties at Phillour in 1918 I stated as being 37 killed and 81 wounded). I spoke of riots, risings, and rebellions. I told them of huge human sacrificial offerings made during the hot season. I narrated incredible feats of forced marches performed by troops in connection with the widespread unrest in the Punjab, stories which reduced the march to Kandahar to the level of a comparatively "cushy" dog and stick parade. I harrowed my audience with tales of the wild and intractable Dhoobis, the slippery, cunning Mehtas, the fierce and fanatical Dirzees, and many other savage Frontier tribes who, on occasion descend from their mountain fastnesses and exterminate an outlying frontier station. Altogether, I depicted India as being a locality compared with which a highly specialised Purgatory would be Elysium itself.

But at last came débâcle. I had been applying my imaginative talent to a description of our first day's march up from Tank to Kot Khirgi. I had described with a plethora of highly unveracious detail how we loaded up all our stores on "barbary" mules and "musth" camels; how we moved off in inky darkness, punctuated by the vivid flashes of the light artillery with which the enemy, under the direction of German gunnery officers, were harrying



our column; how our advance guard had become heavily engaged with a force of the enemy about a thousand strong, just before daybreak; how they were all but overwhelmed, when the timely arrival of a couple of reinforcing companies saved them in the nick of time; how the foe were pushed back by means of a brilliant bayonet charge and how we fought our way stubbornly, yard by yard, along the twenty-seven miles of river bed separating Zam from Khirgi.

I had enlarged upon the terrible agonies of the wounded, and upon the frightful difficulties encountered in bringing in casualties from picquets; upon my own meritorious performance in carrying down, under heavy fire, two wounded men, with arms and equipment, from a picquet four and a half miles away and about twice as high; upon my topi and messtin being liberally perforated with bullet holes in the process, and upon the '303' which I found embedded in a copy of the Decameron (unexpurgated) which I carried in my pack (this struck me as a rather neat diversion from the usual yarn); and upon the spate, which, roaring down the river-bed, had swept away nearly half our second line transport. I paused for breath amidst tumultuous

applause, punctuated by vociferations for a further supply of G.....'s.

And then even imaginations such as mine cannot go on for ever I decided to fall back on the truth, for a sort of mental "stand easy." "And, on top of all this" I said, "you've got to remember that we were operating in the most fearful heat. The water in our bottles (while there was any left) got too hot to drink, and our R. Q. M. S., who went out in a faint when we got to Kot Khirgi, was several weeks in hospital with burns, caused by the heat of the stones on which he had been lying."

Again I paused expectant of further applause and perhaps another bottle of G——. But—

"All the air a solemn stillness held," and my oldest friend, rising without assistance from his seat opposite to me, said—

"Look here, old boy. I daresay that all that you've been telling us about India is true enough, except those last two yarns about the heat, and I'm damned if I'll swallow them. Water in your water bottles too hot to drink, eh? Huh! Burned on the stones, what? Hell!"

It was hard luck, wasn't it, when those were the only true things I had told them during the whole evening?

## PERSONAL.

Interest in this feature of the "Londoner" is now mainly centred on the names of people who have "got their tickets," but we print below one or two letters descriptive of the concluding stages of the Great War and of other matters which may be of interest to our readers. Most of them are very out of date, but this is unavoidable.

From PTE. J. M. MOSS—(late of 10 Platoon):—

"In October we left for Tekrit, stayed there a week, and then took part in the operations which culminated in the surrender of the Turkish army at Shergat. It may be of interest to you to hear that when we forded the Zab at 6 p.m. in semi-darkness on October 25th, the river was waist deep and pretty fast. Also we were in the 33 mile march mentioned in the papers as taking place on 27-28th October. After that we were booked for return to the Zab where we arrived in time to hear of Turkey packing up. Three or four days later news of Austria's surrender followed, and a few days

after that, it rained. On November 11th I was on picquet and it rained like the deuce. We heard of the armistice at 10-30 p.m. in the mud and rain. Next day we returned to Fattah, and as my foot was too bad to march, I rode in an A. T. cart to a place called Jift where I was bunged into C. F. A., and November 26th found me in dock in Baghdad. Two days after I had a slight operation on my ankle, and on December 23rd I left for Kut. Here I had a tolerably decent Christmas, and reached the base on the 31st. I stayed in dock here till the 25th of January and have now been out 3 days, awaiting shipping orders to England. I had a letter a week or two ago from HOUTEN (10 Platoon—Ed) who is now I expect in Salonika with MALEIN and MERRITT" (both 9 Platoon—Ed).

"From G. WALLINGTON ("F" Company, 2nd Battalion):—

"I arrived in England early in November and managed to get two months' leave—had a

gorgeous time and am now gloriously broke. I met CAPT. RANSFORD in Piccadilly the other day—he is now 'Radium Controller,' and has a jolly nice little office in Piccadilly, and a jolly 'cushy' job. VIC. (ALLOWAY old "F" Company 2nd—Ed.) is in Germany at present, but is coming home on leave soon."

From COLONEL GILBERTSON-SMITH, T. D. :—

"I am now disbanding the battalion, and have only about sixty men left. R. S. M. CLEVERLEY is still with me, but will go soon and I myself thought that I should get home by Easter, but have been told that I shall be employed on another job till peace is signed!! I couldn't send my usual Christmas greetings this year as this post office was unable to take any wires of this description, being full up with those of other varieties—demobilisation, President Wilson, etc."

From "HICKY"—(late Motor Cyclist 2-25th):—

"We went over on August 21st in a blinding fog, and all day we played 'blind man's buff,' and old Jerry didn't half bang the dust out of us. My company was very lucky, but one or two battalions caught a nasty cold. After this we spent a day or so tinkering up, and then I went over again at Achiet-le-Petit. We had several tanks knocked out there. Several of us had to go down the line to draw new ones, and while I was at the base, they bunged me into bed with dysentery. I had a sharp spell of it, though it was 'bon' in hospital. When I rejoined the battalion, Bapaume had fallen, and we afterwards moved up to a place called Morchies, from there to Pronville and then over the top at Inchy and across the canal du Nord. Later we went up to support the Canadians by Cambrai and the day after Cambrai fell I was sent back to England as Sergeant Tank Commander with a new battalion. I had a soft time for a week or two, and then the armistice was signed and that put the lid on army work for me. A concert party was started, and all I did was a few hours' rehearsal every day, being excused all duties and parades. I was on it!!

We gave several very decent shows, and when on February 6th my papers came through. I went to the Crystal Palace, and now here I am a blinkin' civvy again.

2nd Lieutenant ALAN VAUGHAN JONES is

still with No. 16 Squadron, R. A. F., and finds life very dull now and 2nd LIEUTENANT MIZEN is with the M.G.C., somewhere near Doullens.

PTE. BOXSHALL was demobbed about three weeks ago, and just came to see me for a few minutes, before he went. He seems to be all right, and quite satisfied with married life.

PTE. YEOWELL got his ticket about twelve months ago, but according to all reports is O. K. again.

'Embryo Pilot' OVERALL has disappeared into the blue, nobody has heard from him for months, but he was flourishing according to the last reports.

SERG. 'BERT' DAVIS (of Toll'orth-Ed) was badly wounded in the throat at Inchy on September 27th, but when last heard of was one of the football 'eads at Portsmouth or somewhere, so he's all right and has evidently been using his napper.

PTE. BILL BOWLES was last seen by myself in a little dugout by Pronville, brewing his 799th dixie of tea and surrounded in his usual Jackdaw fashion, by every German souvenir imaginable.

PTE. YERBURY, when last heard of was in love for the umpteenth time, this time with a V. A. D. who was nursing him."

From CPL S. H. WHITE (late 7 Platoon):—

"I, together with H. L. SMITH of "D" Coy., landed here (Bushire) on January 24th after a rather monotonous voyage. We had only been in the place a short time when we learned that MR. KITTOE was here—as O. C. 101st Mule Corps. We also received a visit from EWENS who is in the Signals, and at present on the Bushire Telephone Exchange, and there are two other of our chaps somewhere up the line, but we have'n't come across them yet. The affair here is similar to the Waziristan 'gaff' but as we are at the Base, we are getting the 'jam.'

I have had another letter from DEVERSON of No. 7 who went with the Middlesex draft, and he tells me that everything is going on all right with the boys up there—he is now a full Sergeant. He says that our boys in Mesopotamia went through the thick of the last scrap just before the armistice, and had a pretty rough passage. There is one thing more which might interest the hockey players and that is that CAPT. TENANT (now Major) who was in the Brigade Office at Jullundur is up here, and on a pretty important job too."



W. H. CARTER, writing from the Central Flying School, Upavon, Wilts, announces that "he is still falling on his feet" having gone to Italy by boat and overland home. While in Aboukir he met 'GUSSY' DEMETZ and ran across TAYLOR (late M. G. Section?) in London. He wishes to be remembered to all the old boys.

TED CARR is in "civics" once more, having joined the ranks of the 'Silver Badgers' on December 20th last, after a very quick recovery from his illness, and SMAGGASGALE, who was invalided home last summer is awaiting his discharge. He reports having met several third line men Q. M. S. POND, CAPT. COLLINS, LIEUT. KINNAIR and, in spite of many rumours to the contrary, SERGT. CRUMP, who has been reported as killed twice, and blown up several times. He also ran across DUD PAYNE at Blackdown.

"BINKS" says that he is "sweating" on going home, but is otherwise in good health. He recently saw PERKINS who is now in Persia, and expects to stay there for six or seven months. NASH was wounded in the last "scrap" but is now well again, and DAY is in Persia. PATES DICEY, COX AND SUMPTON have all kept fairly well but E. T. BROWN has been sick most of the time for a year. R. E. WILSON, late "B" Coy. is waiting at Deolali for despatch to the U. K., and SID COATES who has now got his ticket is employed in T. R. O., and drawing 13/-per week malaria pension.

We hear that "BUCK" WEBB and HEWITT have left Basrah, also CPL. CROUCH, and that the former two have embarked from Karachi on the "Chakdaca."

Packed like sardines—sleeping on rafts for lack of hammocks—yet all would have been well had not "Buck's" famous parrot flown from his shoulder, to alight, alas! in the Indian Ocean and there, despite valiant efforts to regain the ship, the unfortunate fowl met a watery grave. R. I. P.

A. M. THOMSON, late Signal Section and now with "B" Flight 63rd Squadron, R. A. F. Eaggad, wrote on the 7th February from Bagdad that he hoped to go home shortly.

HARRISON and HOWLETT are at Samarra and SIMPSON at Bagdad.

CPL. H. F. READ, R. E. of "A" Company, wrote on January 29th that he expected orders for home very shortly. He had just had 14 days' leave in Persia.

CPL. C. V. HISCOCKS, "A" Company, who left with the draft for 1-9th Middlesex, is now a clerk in the Expeditionary Force Canteen, Salonica. His address is E. F. C. Base D., Salonica.

Friends of the ever effervescent FREDDY NUTT, of old "A" Coy., 2nd Battalion, will be pleased to know that he is quite fit and as 'lively' as ever. Since leaving the battalion at Holt, he has been on munitions at Gwynnes, Chiswick,—important aeroplane work. HEN BALL, who will be remembered as a really great full-back, is at the same place.

We are very glad to announce, though at a belated hour, that CORPL. G. H. J. WHITE has been mentioned in despatches for services in Mesopotamia. He is now Staff Sergeant to the 18th Divisional Signal Coy. We apologise to Sgt. H. G. White, to whom we are indebted for this information, for having inadvertently overlooked it in our previous issue.

SGT. SYD KING (—Company 1st Battalion), who was, for a time with the Lincolnshire Yeomanry at Canterbury has gone with the British Expedition to Russia, and PTE. A. E. KING, who was invalided home last April, has been discharged as unfit, and is now grouching because he can get up and go to bed at whatever hour he fancies.

From SGT. JACK BALE, "D" Coy. 2nd Batt.) :—  
" Sergeants NELSON, GEORGE CHAMPION and CHAPMAN are in France. They came up from Etappes to the 2-23rd Londons just in time to find that the armistice had been signed a few days previously. Chappie had been in hospital on arrival in B. E. F. (flu), but when I last heard they were all in the Battalion. They have gone back with the 5th Army and are awaiting orders for Blighty, lying just 27 miles south of Calais.

The old battalion finished up at Rendlesham in Suffolk. I will just give you a list of moves since Holt :—Holt, Bungay, Beccles, Halesworth, Saxmundham, Wickham Market, Rendlesham (I've missed one move—a townsouth of Wickham Market on the G. E. R., the name of which I've forgotten.)

Poor Old JOE PRYOR (Sgt Pryor) was cut nearly in two by a piece of shrapnel some 12 months ago, but casualties among the old 'uns transferred to France lately are few.

GODLEY is now a flying officer—lieutenant in the R. A. F."

From R. B. SHAW, who is now in the 381st M. T. Coy., A. S. C., at Weymouth, we learn that SID MORRIS (1st) is a prisoner of war captured in the retreat of March '18. He went out in July '17 with the L.R.B.; also that BARTLETT and L. H. DAY, (both 2nd), are Lieutenants, the former in the A. S. C. and the latter in the R. A. F.; and that THOMAS W. A., (2nd), is in France with the A. S. C. FREDDY TURNER who went out to the R. B. at Easter is at home wounded.

We are sorry to hear from J. ROBERTSON, late "A" Coy., who is fit and well, that TUNSTALL (one of the Jullundur draft who went to the 1-9th Middlesex) was killed in action shortly before the conclusion of hostilities against the Turks.

SERGEANT MURRAY of old "H" Coy., has left Pindi arsenal to proceed to Egypt for duty with the E.E.F., and CHARLIE WATTS, late Sergeant of "B" Coy., was seen by some of our athletic team in Calcutta. He is now C.S.M., but in spite of that added dignity, still keeps his gay spirits, and his rendering of "Old Mother Reilly" is still as good as ever. Some of the athletes also saw SERGEANT ROBINSON (late Pioneer Sergeant), L. C. HOWARD of the band, CHARLIE STEVENS ("B" Coy.) and DAWES. They embarked on the 'Chaupra' on February 28th for Blighty, but unluckily for them the vessel grounded about 20 miles down stream, and was brought back to Kidderpore Docks to be overhauled. L. J. ROBBINS, late 5 Platoon, is a full Corporal with the R. E.'s at Kirkee.

We print, *in extenso*, the following letter from PERCY TAYLOR who is now in the Rhine Army of Occupation:—

"As you see, I'm back again, this time on the "Victory Trail" or "Cambrai to Cologne." Although everybody said I should never see France again, I wasn't much surprised to get marching orders on October 28th. I had three and half days at home and crossed on November 3rd, and after two days at the Base, I was sent up to the 8th K. O. R. L. Two days in the train, wandering over the awful desolation of Somme battlefields, took me to Cambrai, and I set off from the Divisional camp there on the 9th with 3 officers and 27 other ranks to join my brigade, but when we reached our destination the brigade had gone. So we got

food and billets for the night and went on next day, joining up near Mons, just after the armistice had been signed.

We stayed in a village for five days, marched to Manbenge, and then set off for Germany on November 20th. Owing to the state of the railways and roads, the transport was all ways, and we had to stop some days for supplies to come up. We've lived on rations only ever since, no canteens or luxuries, and we can only buy potatoes and sometimes a loaf of bread from the people. We were off again on November 24th and had three days' hard marching over very heavy roads, then a day's rest, three more marches, three days' rest, now three days' marching from to-morrow, another rest, and then over the frontier. It's been some march, every village decorated with flags and arches of fir trees, the people cheering and clapping as we go past. They treat us very well too, often the men are billeted in cottages, and the people give them potatoes (all they have to give) and make them at home. Last night I was in a little four-room cottage and the people gave me a bed, clean sheets, and more blankets than I wanted. The Boche treated them cruelly taking nearly all the stuff they grew, and all the cattle. If you see anyone with boots they're rich—most wear wooden sabots.

I had a joy ride to Namur the other day and saw King Albert. It is a fine town, and I was glad to see a town again, for we've been in the country, and in little villages. Two nights ago we billeted with the village curé, a jolly old boy who couldn't do enough for us, and once before that, I had a merry night at a café.

The marching is hard—up at 6 or 5-30, parade 8 and march till 12 or 1 or 2 roads terribly muddy and lately very hilly and pretty country."

We offer our envious congratulations to the following Officers, N. C. O.'s and men who have been demobilised. (We might add parenthetically that there was a time when we cherished hopes of being 'demobbed' ourselves but now alas! we have 'ceased to sweat.')"

To compete in Army Boxing finals.—SGT. C. J. WHITE.

To resume Civil Employment in India  
CAPT. E. R. AUSTIN CAPT. H. C. P. MITCHELL,

*As Demobilisers and Pitotal men.*—2ND LIEUT. J. KENNEDY, SGT. W. J. BATE, SGT. C. M. TOPHAM, L.-SGT. H. A. MORRIS, CPL. R. W. BARTLETT, L.-C. SIG. W. R. FREETHY, L.-C. W. S. M. MARRIOTT, PTE. A. DAWES, PTE. J. W. THOMPSON, PTE. A. DAVIES, PTE. F. WOOD, PTE. C. J. BIRCH, PTE. P. STEVERSON, PTE. H. E. BRAZIER, PTE. W. H. CANNING, PTE. P. HORNER, PTE. F. W. DOWDEY, PTE. N. BARTLETT, PTE. H. GOLDSTEIN, PTE. F. G. FERGUSON and SIG. A. E. PATTISON.

*Return to Pre-war work.*—PTE. G. W. PEARCE.

*Furlough for three months on Re-engaging.*—L.-CPL. L. RITCHINGS, PTE. A. W. RITCHINGS and PTE. J. GOULDING.

*Furlough for two months on Re-engaging.*—PTE. A. W. DUTTON and PTE. J. S. LOVELL.

*Unable to remain another hot season in India.*—SGTS. M. J. MORIARTY, W. F. HOLDSWORTH, H. G. WHITE, A. G. HEROD, W. L. LOWRIE, A. L. TREBLE, E. W. APPLIGATE; A.-SGTS. C. FENWICK and J. H. DADE; CPLs. A. BERNs and G. D. GROVES; L.-CPLs. C. DENTON, E. A. BRUNWIN and E. WRIGHT; SIG. H. D. CUDDEFORD and PTEs. E. MURRELL, C. H. MORRIS, J. A. LAWRENCE, H. G. GLEADOW, T. W. POTTLE, J. R. STEVENS, H. G. POCKLINGTON, E. J. WAKEMAN, C. H. TATNELL, G. F. SHAW, A. NEWMAN, H. CLEMENTS, T. SILVER, E. F. COLEMAN, D. SMITH, S. G. ENGLAND, G. M. SPRING, S. BOWN, W. J. BARBER, J. SILVERSTONE and L. J. LEAK.

Ptes. A. A. HARRINGTON and A. W. FROW have been granted one month's furlough in the United Kingdom.

The following further draft of nine unfits let us on the 2nd April for transfer, as sick, to the Home Establishment, none of them being eligible for demobilisation. PTEs. R. A. EFFORD, A. HOFFMAN, W. SPELSTEAD, W. MURRELL, G. DOOLEY, A. LILLY, G. W. REEVES, C. FLETCHER and W. WARD.

Still our list of the fortunate ones is unfinished. PTEs. F. SOLLY ROGERS, H. H. CASE and J. MELLARD, embarking at Karachi, en route to the U. K.—four days before L.-CPL. F. J. NEWTON, PTEs. I. O. M. EWENS and J. W. C. THOMPSON who sailed—on the same happy errand—from Bombay on the 21st March.

PTE. E. J. EDWARDS, late 14 Plat. and "F" Co. 2-25th, who left us at Gharial with the Middlesex draft, writes to say that he and SEYMOUR

(now once again L.-Cpl.) left Jekmit (Meso.) for England on March 15th.

We also understand "from our Bombay correspondent" that SGT. CHIPCHASE and CPL. TAYLOR (? late M. G. Sect.—Ed.) passed through there on the way to Deolali—and Home, somewhere about the middle of March.

2ND LIEUT. C. C. TALBOT (late M. G. Section) is now with the 2/19th Punjabis at Chakdara, North-West Frontier Province; 2nd Lieut. J. Baily ("A") is with the 2/11th Gurkhas at Peshawar; 2nd Lieut. F. P. Yare (late M. G. Section) is also at Peshawar with the Armoured Cars; 2nd Lieut. V. F. Pickford (late M. G. Section) is with the 2/128th Pioneers at Arangaon Camp near Ahmednagar and Pte. Payne (late M. G. Section) is with the M. A. D. Poona.

## WHAT THE BATTALION IS ASKING.

Who are the members of "the Clutching Mitt"? If it is not high time the old "rickshaw" joke with reference to marking on the range was allowed to die a well-deserved natural death.

Whether the S./Sergeant in charge of a Regimental Office found his 'civvy' suit unexpectedly expensive and if his recent winnings over an "end of the war" bet were of any assistance under the circumstances.

If it is a fact that an old standing C. Q. M. S. remarked, by way of congratulation, to one who had just attained that dignified rank "Ah! another rogue!"

If, when the wind has dropped, it would be as well to amalgamate the various Golf Clubs in the Battalion with, say, "TOWNIE" as Secretary.

Who was the N.C. O. who mistook the Station Hospital, Pindi, for the School of Musketry?

Who was the Orderly Corporal who warned "Drummy" for Rations?

If the Battalion Headquarters should not, in a fairness to the majority, be transferred to Poona.

## WHEN ARE WE GOING HOME?

(This is for the third and last time of asking. If any of you know of any just reason or impediment why these two (ourselves and "Blighty") should not be joined together, ye are to declare it).



TO GET ON THE LIST

for

# BLIGHTY

You must tell a darned

**GOOD TALE.**

READ MY BOOK ON

**SICK PARADE ELOCUTION,**

PRICE As. 8.

It is full of useful hints to beginners.

DRAFT, DUSTMAN & Co., Ltd.

Note New Address :—

ARMI ON THE RHINE.

**BEER!**

**BEER!!**

**BEER!!!**

IF YOU ARE THIRSTY

**COME TO ME.**

I AM SURE TO HAVE JUST RUN OUT.

I ALWAYS HAVE HUNDREDS OF  
BARRELS

"ON THE RAILWAY"

(NEVER ANY ON THE SPOT).

**W. E. B. STER.**

(BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.)

**SMALL WANTS, ETC.**

I WANT TO GO HOME.

APPLY, SUBADMEE.

**SMALL ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

**THE ROGERS SIGNALLING CO.**

ARE THE PEOPLE TO SATISFY

**ALL YOUR WANTS!**

YOU REQUIRE A TELEPHONE?

YOU'VE HAD IT!

YOU NEED A LOG LINE?

THEIR DI CABLE IS IT!

**THEY CAN DO ANYTHING**

(EXCEPT LAY A LINE OR MAKE A

SWITCH ED.)

**MESSRS. TILSON, YOUNG & Co.**

ARE DELIGHTED TO ANNOUNCE

THAT IN BETWEEN TRAIN, MAIN,

QUARTER, WATER AND HOSPITAL

GUARDS THEY WILL UNDERTAKE

TO SUPPLY MESSES & CLUBS WITH

MUSIC BY THE MILE OR HOUR

(SPECIAL QUOTATIONS FOR MAUNDS)

If you Feel Like Creasing up  
Messrs. S. G. HUNT & Co., Ltd.,  
Respectfully Beg to Announce  
They Supply "Teak" Coffins.  
PRICES Range from Rs. 30  
to Rs. 40.

Of interest to those on list for Blighty.

A Comprehensive Pamphlet containing Addresses  
of all Hotels and Rest Camps at Port Said, Suez,  
Alexandria and Cairo can be seen at the  
P. R. I. OFFICE.

# THE LONDONER.

JUNE 1919.

EDITOR ... CPL. A. S. CLARK.  
 ASST. EDITOR ... L.-CPL. SIG. J. E. NICHOLSON.  
 EDITORIAL OFFICE.—IN THE OPEN.

**NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.**—Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only. If you do not wish your name to appear, sign your contribution with initials or a nom-de-plume; but in any case write your name and platoon number at the foot. This is for the Editor's information only, and will be treated as confidential. Contributions should be placed in the box in the canteen or handed to the Editor.

It is with no little regret that we have abandoned the familiar blue cover, which has clothed the "Londoner" since its inception, but a further rise in the price of paper has made that particular variety altogether too expensive. This same increase, by the way, has compelled us permanently to raise the price of the magazine from three to four annas, but then, we don't publish very often, and four pence can by no means be described as a very large sum.

We have been frequently asked recently "what is to become of the 'Londoner' when the Battalion goes home?" and this is by no means an easy question to answer. We are conceited enough to imagine that the majority of men in the battalion would prefer

to see the magazine kept on, it being, of course, taken for granted that "T.25" will continue as an active territorial unit; but the difficulties in the way are many and formidable, and publication would be even more "now and then" than at present.

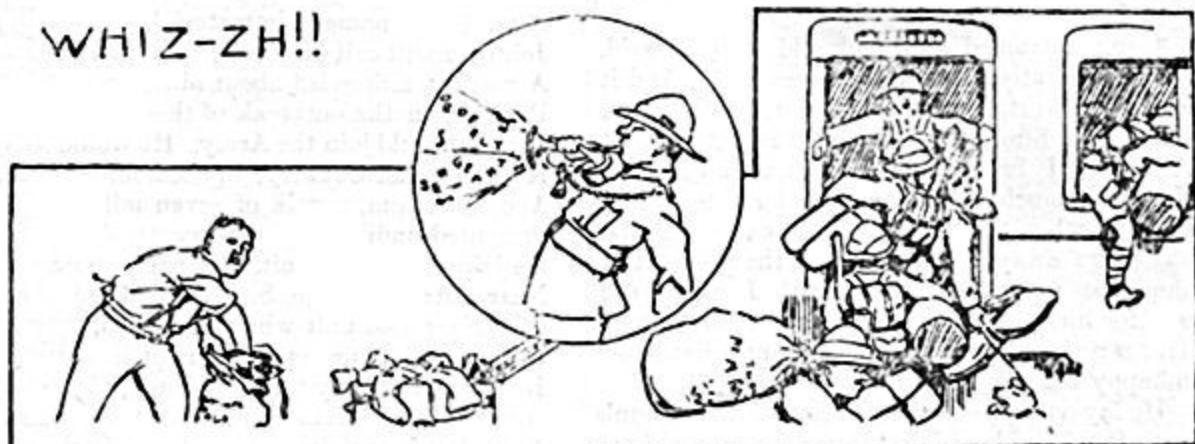
In the first place, the circulation would have to be confined exclusively to subscribers, and on the number of these being large enough, would the possibility of "carrying on" the magazine depend. Our circulation at present is roughly 1,600, but this would be materially reduced—probably 900 or even 700 would be the most for which we could reasonably hope. Also advertisement revenue would become, in all probability, practically *nil*, and this would necessitate a reduction in the size of the magazine, without, of course, any increase in price.

There are, we believe, several club, etc., magazines in existence, with a small circulation limited exclusively to subscribers, which, in short are carried on under conditions very similar to those under which the "Londoner" would come, but unfortunately we know nothing whatever of the *modus operandi* of such publications. Granted, however, a sufficiency of subscribers, we believe that the magazine could be published, at least quarterly, on a yearly subscription of, say, eighteen pence.

The advantages of keeping on the "Londoner" are manifest. In the first place it would be of great value in helping old members of the battalion to keep in touch with each other, and in organising company, etc., dinners and other functions. It would also form a link between those of us who reside in London, and our Suffolk and other provincial comrades. We trust also that publication would not be altogether lacking in interest as a magazine, and we should, of course, endeavour to obtain copious information as to the welfare of the many friends which men of both first and second battalions made in England, both on the coast and elsewhere.

We shall be very glad indeed to receive any criticism or suggestion with regard to this matter; doubtless there are men in the battalion who have some knowledge of how small magazines of this description are run, and we shall be more than pleased to have the benefit of their experience.

WHIZ-ZH!!





## "AND UNTO ME NO SECOND FRIEND."

"Isn't it damned hard luck, old man," I said, "to be separated after all these years?" And it really did hurt, I can tell you, for although I didn't like him at all when we first met at Chiseldon, I had come to respect and admire him very much since then; and on this fatal morning when the sudden news came that he was to go away, I realised, on the prospect of imminent separation, how much I really did care for him. Nobody who has not had to part with a real and dear friend can appreciate how unhappy I felt.

He lay on my bed—he had come into my bunk just after I had heard that he was to go—without saying a word, and I knew that he felt the parting every whit as bitterly as I did myself. We had been inseparable for so long— together we had carried out field-days at Burhan; together we had served through the heat and discomfort of Waziristan; together we had marched up to Gharial (and down again); we had done company and battalion training together in 1918; we had fired our musketry courses together each year—in short we were the truest and best of friends.

And now he was to go! One was to be taken and the other left! "It's rough isn't it, old chap?" I said again, I could think of nothing else but the coming parting. And he was to go at eleven that morning—we hadn't even had the chance of a farewell "night" together, so short had been the notice.

"I wonder, shall I ever see you again," I continued. But my old friend said nothing, he was too broken up for words. And I knew in my heart of hearts that the parting was to be for ever, unless a miracle happened.

The gong in the Sikh lines struck eleven. "Come on, old boy," I said "you'll be late. I'll see you as far as the guard-room."

The walk over to the guard-room was pregnant with poignant misery—our last walk together. We went in and exchanged a few commonplace remarks with the corporal of the guard.

"And common is the commonplace.

And vacant chaff, well meant for grain."

I nearly broke down. "Goodbye, dear old man," I said "God bless you. I don't know what I shall do when you've gone." Then to the R. Q. M. S. '858 Q. butt number 575. Poor Old *bundook*!

## A RUTHLESS STORY.

A youth his name is immaterial,  
John we will call him as I say a youth,  
A weakly, ailing lad about nineteen,  
Decided, on the outbreak of the war,  
That he would join the Army. He would serve  
His King and Country, in the hour of need.  
And, as to him, a walk of seven miles  
Presented undiluted purgatory,  
He joined a cyclist unit. Fulham House  
Near Putney Bridge, S. W., was H. Q.  
Of the especial unit which he joined,  
A dour, stern uncompromising pile,  
In close proximity unto an Inn.  
And not too far removed from several Pubs.  
But, after many drills in Bishop's Park,  
And "stunts" among the sunny smiling lanes  
Of Surrey, one dull November morn  
The regiment in which John was a Pte.  
Removed itself with haste incontinent  
Far from the fumes of the Metropolis  
Unto the shore of Sussex by the sea.  
And up and down those shores for many a month  
Did, John, with never-failing vigilance,  
Patrol; extinguishing unlawful lights;  
Reproving, and with sternness, those who strayed  
Upon the foreshore after it was dark;  
Searching the water for the periscopes  
Of hostile submarines; and all the time,  
Being a youth of very little strength.  
But with a heart whose greatness, overcame,  
The weakness of his limbs, did our poor John  
Suffer severely from that fell disease,  
The knock, and frequently he was in dock.  
And all his comrades pitied him and said  
"Behold the man has guts, but yet how hard,  
It is that he should be so far from fit.  
Poor lad! He has our deepest sympathy."  
The months rolled on. At length there came  
a day,

Towards the latter autumn of '15  
When John's unhappy unit found themselves  
From their beloved bicycles divorced  
By an unsympathetic Government,  
And made to face the world as Infantry.  
Torn were they also from the smiling coast,  
And hurled, without a warning into huts,  
There to withstand the mud and rain and frost  
Of watery Wiltshire in the winter time.  
And thus John's troubles grew by leaps and  
bounds

And, frequently he hardly could persuade,  
His weary limbs to take him back to camp  
From field-days, carried out upon the downs.  
And as his troubles grew, so did his friends  
Commiserate him more and evermore;  
And get, in fact, sincerest sympathy  
For John.

At length, on February 4th.  
Of anno domini one nine one six,  
The regiment proceeded overseas  
To India, then to sojourn for a space,  
And in the country John was broken up,  
Burhan and Bangalore, Waziristan,  
Jutogh, Jullunder, Dagshai, Gharial,  
At every place the Station Hospital,  
(Field Hospital, of course, when up the line  
Became a place of residence for John.  
He was the readiest recipient  
That ever the I. M. S. had come across).  
The R. A. M. C. either, as to that  
Of any kind of ailment. All in turn  
He had them—Jaundice and Malaria  
Enteric, dysentery and heatstroke too,  
And influenza (known as 'flu' for short),  
Which left poor John a hopeless invalid.  
And the commiseration of his friends,  
Grew, till it knew no limit and no bound,  
And he was hailed as martyr everywhere  
And all and sundry would remark 'Poor  
John!

The most unfortunate of all mankind  
I'm very sorry for him.' And they were.  
Then came that ever memorable day,  
Eleven of eleven of eighteen,  
The day that hushed the roar of hungry guns,  
The day that killed the lust for blood and  
death,

And ruin which, four agonising years,  
Had held all mankind in its baleful grip,  
In short, the day the armistice was signed,  
And John who was, of course, in Hospital  
By virtue of a sharp attack of 'flu.'  
Grew wondrous cheerful, and indeed his health  
From that day on grew more and more robust  
And gradually his category crept up  
Through all the divers medical degrees;  
And he was marked A. I. in February 19.  
Now John possessed a friend whose name  
was Tom.

And Thomas was the fittest of the fit.  
(I've called him Thomas in the previous line  
In order, as you'll see to make it scan).

Not once, in four long years of Army life  
Had Tom appeared upon the sick parade  
Much less had ever been in hospital,  
(It's true that he had dodged Waziristan).  
But, on the day that John was marked A. I.,  
Did Tom go sick, complaining of a pain  
Intestinal, a trivial complaint,  
Made merely to avoid doing a guard,  
And forthwith was admitted into dock,  
And kept then for a month and seven days.  
But, in the meantime, did the Powers that be  
Decree that all those soldiers deemed unfit  
In India to survive the summer sun  
Should be despatched, with all celerity  
To Blighty; wherefor as the troops perspire  
Profusely, to be put upon the list;  
And fearsome the mendacity of some  
Ament their hypothetical complaints,  
And first and foremost, I regret to say,  
Among the ranks of those who told untruths  
About their fitness was the friend of John.  
(Tom, as I've said already, was his name).  
And so it came to pass that when the list  
Had been prepared, of men who should  
proceed  
To England, who should head the roll but  
Tom.

But Johnny's chance was that of we in hell  
He failed in fact to start, being marked A.I.  
So Tom, who was as fit as any Top  
Proceeded overseas to the U. K.  
And John, who really was a *pukka* case,  
Through being marked A. I. was left behind.  
And stayed all through the summer on the  
plains.  
And sickened—went in dock—and there he  
died.

## OBITUARY.

The following is extracted from a November  
1918 copy of the Lowestoft Journal:—

### CORPORAL A. J. READ.

The funeral of Corporal Arthur John Read,  
25th London Cyclists, son-in-law of Mr. T.  
Catchpole, London Road, South Lowestoft, took  
place on Thursday, 7th instant at Kirkley Ceme-  
tery, the Rev. Webb officiating. Deceased died  
of pneumonia in the hospital at Yoxford and  
was removed to Lowestoft for interment.

This N. C. O., who was in the Cadet Battalion  
of the K.R.R., before the war will be remembered

as being in "A" Coy. in this Regiment when it was on the coast, in fact it was during this period that he met his future wife. He was 25 years of age at the time of his death.

We should like to take this opportunity of expressing our sincerest sympathy with the widow of our late comrade in her great bereavement.

We deeply regret to announce the death, from pneumonia early in March of 740738 Pte. T. H. COLLINS late of "C" Coy.

A Civil Servant, he was the first man of the Battalion to receive demobilisation orders, leaving Jullundur on January 7th and embarking 19 days later at Bombay on the H. T. S. MANDALA. He arrived in England on March 1st—having travelled by an overland route—and died a week later.

Always popular, he will be well remembered especially in "C" Coy to the members of which, in common with the rest of us, the news of his untimely decease came as a great shock.

He was in his twenty-fourth year.

We should like to put on record the sincere sympathy which we feel for the relatives of one we knew, and liked, so well.

There is a mournful similarity between this last announcement and the one which follows.

741296 PTE. F. O. BRYANT late of "A" Coy. left Poona—where for a short time he had been employed in the Military Accounts Department—on January 9th for the United Kingdom embarking with COLLINS on the H. T. S. MANDALA on the 26th.

He also arrived in England on March 1st—though apparently he had become parted from his equally ill-starred colleague through taking a slightly different route after leaving Egypt—only to die in hospital nine days later of bronchial pneumonia.

Whether it be as Platoon Sports representative or as the cheery Detachment clerk at Sabathu last year he will always be remembered by those who had the pleasure of knowing him (and their name is Legion) as a cheerful worker and a good pal.

We who knew him can appreciate, if only a little, what his loss must mean to his relatives, to whom our heartfelt sympathy is extended.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Now that a return to civil life is more or less imminent, numerous readers have written to us, asking advice and information regarding details of civilised conduct. We deal below with a number of enquiries:—

"S—d—y"—To check too impulsive a flow of language when driving nails, we recommend either a liberal use of "stickjaw" or leaving the job until the rest of the household has gone to church.

"Knut"—The detail for tying a tie is as follows:—On the word "one," grasp the ends of the tie firmly between the thumb and forefinger of each hand, keeping the silk to the front; "two", pass the tie over the head with a circular motion, turning the silk side to the rear; "three" pass the tie round the neck, keeping it as low as possible, then, with the right hand, wind the right end of the tie twice round the standing part, in a clockwise direction, and keeping the turns about six inches from the left end; "four", pass the right end of the tie up through the loop formed round the neck, and then through the bottom turn round the standing part; "five", pull up nearly to the throat and secure with tie pin (if any).

"Algy"—No! Brown boots and flannel trousers are not worn with a frock coat in the best circles.

"Bill"—Dirty plates, knives, etc., are generally taken to the scullery to be washed. The polite equivalent of "chuck over the.....roti," is "kindly pass the bread."

"Lofty"—We can hardly advise an orange shirt in view of your "auburn" locks.—No! The upper air is no more rarefied at home than out here so you will still be able to breathe without kneeling down.

"Mart"—All shops in England have fixed prices, from which it is not customary to deviate.

"Hiel'n' Laddie"—We are not prepared to offer any opinion on your query as to whether an eight anna piece could, advantageously, be pushed on the top of a London bus for a shilling. We shall be pleased however to discuss with you privately any scheme which you may have formulated in this direction.

"Anxious"—The demobilisation depôt for South London is Crystal Palace, but what the devil you want to know this for, we fail to see.



## BEFORE THE ARMISTICE.

*(We are indebted to L.-Cpl. E. A. Guest for the following graphic account—(written by his brother) of the fighting in the concluding stages of the war.)*

"On the 3rd of October, we relieved the 'Aussies' at the big Boche dug-outs in front of Le Catelet. It was a sickening journey marching up, for we were on the field the fighting had taken place that day, and every light and gun or shell flash revealed poor beggars lying in a crumpled heap. Anyhow we got in position, and as battalion scout, I was on duty guiding officers, etc., from one company to another. I had just finished my four hours, and got to sleep, when they woke me up and told me to go out on patrol, to ascertain how far the Boche was in front—you see we were still smashing through the Hindenburg line, and he was retiring. We crept out, four of us all to'd, and our first shock was a stray shell landing about twenty yards from us, luckily without hitting anybody. Then the enemy kept sweeping the ground with machine-gun fire, which made us lie mighty low, in shell holes for a time. However we got back before dawn, having found out that apparently he was holding a big ridge in front. We all thought that we were to hold on to our line, and you can imagine my surprise when I was given a message by O. C. Company, to tell those in charge of platoons to get breakfast and dish out the rum issue, as we were to go over the top at 6 a. m.

When I delivered the message, there was quite a scramble,—first breakfast, then rifles, bombs, etc., all had to be overhauled to make sure that they were perfect. To our disgust, battalion scouts were to remain with their companies, being at the disposal of any Platoon Officer. We came out and lined up before dawn and it was lucky that we did, for they soon started plumping big shells just near the mouths of the dug-outs, for being previously the enemy's the openings faced the way he had retired. The officers were looking at their watches and shivering with cold and excitement, and there weren't many minutes to go before the barrage was due to open. The battalion was in two lines, the first in extended order, and the second (the 'moppers up') in Indian file. My company were 'moppers up' unluckily, for these always 'click' most of the Boche barrage, the front

line getting through almost before he has had time to begin. Well, we started to go forward, and bang-bang-bang went three of our guns, and another hundred odd opened up immediately. You cannot imagine the awful din, and yet it was absolutely inspiring, and drowned the noise of the enemy's fire. Shells by the hundred were whistling through the air, and you could see shrapnel and H. E. bursting all round the position in front. Of course the enemy put up his barrage just in front of the position, and we had to go through it—watching it creep nearer and nearer. Yet you don't run through, you merely stroll through as though it were all bluff. My section was nearing the danger zone, and I was the last man of the section—we were watching fellows in front go down—a ghastly occupation—when suddenly I felt an awful thud, a burning sensation as a flame scorched my face and a dizzy singing feeling in my head and body, while I lay on the ground, half groaning and half crying, wondering whether I was killed or not. It seemed to take some time for me to ascertain that I wasn't, and I tried to find out where I was hit. After moving one leg and then the other, I came to the conclusion that I wasn't hit at all, so I got up to have a look round. The man in front of me was crying "they've got me" and the next was shouting for a stretcher bearer, but the others lay deadly still with blood on different features, and I confess that I knew what fear was then, finding myself the only one left out of my section. My rifle had gone west, gas mask torn to shreds, tin hat blown off with a gash through the brim and my clothes all black with mud and smoke. Luckily the bombs in my pocket didn't go off, or I shouldn't have felt anything at all. I suddenly realised that I must get through the barrage whatever happened, so I picked 'em up and ran through the gap in the second line, made by the absence of my section, to join the first wave, where I felt I should be safer. I came to a bank, over which I had just seen the wave go, and as I went to crawl up it, one poor chap came rolling off the top. Even as I stood looking at

him he said a few words and died, so I took his gas mask and tin hat and crawled up the bank, finding his rifle on top. I caught up the first wave, which was making for the village of Le Catelet, and although the enemy was sending over some hellish M. G. fire, nothing seemed able to stop us.

When we reached the foremost houses by a flank movement, we found several machine guns there and as I looked round a corner I saw a muzzle pointing through a hole in the wall, and by its movement knew that it was firing, though the awful din drowned the noise. I felt for a bomb, and was going to slip it through this hole with the pin out, but our second line men were firing their Lewis guns from the hip as they advanced, knowing where the fire was coming from, so I was rather nervous of getting accidentally hit. Anyway I took a good aim and fired at the gun, and as I wasn't more than fifty yards from it I had the satisfaction of seeing it jump and then stop. An officer had given the order to get round the back of these houses, so round we went, shooting at anybody who showed at the doors and windows. I followed an officer who dashed into the first house, and in the room was a machine gunner firing on our troops as they advanced. He heard us run in, looked round and saw a revolver pointed at him, and immediately let go the gun, stuck up his hands and shouted "Kamerad." The rest of the company were sweeping forward towards a low wall, and here I afterward joined them, for it was good cover. We were facing our left flank, not our front, but owing to a rise in the ground, Fritz couldn't see us, whereas we commanded a fine stretch of ground, including the back entrances to all these houses, also we had the cover of the wall. Anyhow, they soon started pouring out of the houses by dozens knowing that they were surrounded, and thinking only of getting away. I tell you it was like shooting rabbits, for we lay there pumping lead into them as fast as we could work our bolts, and never a shot coming back at us. The slaughter was terrible.

One by one, I had the satisfaction of seeing them drop as I pressed the trigger, and still they poured out. After it was all over, we found machine-guns by the score in these buildings—had we tried anything but a flank attack our losses would have been enormous. It was here that

three of us made ourselves advance scouts, and we went on some hundred yards or so in front of the first line. We had gone over the rise of the ground, and the dip in front was quite open to us, with the railway running down the centre. Under some trees a huge fire was burning, and afterwards I found out that there was something in it giving off fumes of a poisonous nature—no wonder we all had a chokey feeling round that part. As we proceeded, a big G. S. wagon, drawn by six horses came galloping across our front, and we dropped on the ground to have a shot at stopping it. I took a fine sight on a tree just in front, and, as it came galloping up, I waited for the driver of the first pair. I fired and he pitched over the side of the horse, and was dragged along the ground as his right foot was lodged in the stirrup. When we reached the cart a minute or so later we found that my bullet had passed right through his head—tin hat and all. Soon after this we met some real hard opposition, and their machine guns poured out such a deadly hail of lead that we had to retire owing to our heavy losses. When this strong point was taken the next day, it was found that all the machine guns there were fitted with telescopic sights, making them the most deadly of weapons. We were officially told that, had our attack failed, the consequent attack which eventually compelled Jerry to pack his mitt in could not have been carried out. The Australians (or "Aussies" as we always call them) failed to take it, but certainly they must have weakened the resistance for us. They stood on the hill and watched our brigade go over, and afterwards they told us that they had never seen anything like it before. Indeed it surprised us all how cool everybody was—strolling across with a fag on, and many singing choruses.

Retiring from the position was terrible, any man who was hit and couldn't struggle on had to be left—there was no help for it. Also Jerry, getting bolder, was scotching us up, and, being so few, we couldn't help ourselves. We stopped at the railway and dug in, but they soon had the range, also they were working round on our flanks, so we had to retire from there. The three of us out in front stuck together all the time, and one of the others and myself picked up a wounded man to bring in with us. He was hit in the knee and also had three fingers shot away, so of course we had to carry him,

Even while we were doing this a sniper caught sight of us, and the wounded man got yet another bullet through the left shoulder. However we got him back and saw him safely off on a stretcher, and I'm jolly glad to know that he pulled through all right.

When we retired from the railway, we occupied some shell-holes on the ridge we had gone over, and here he started shelling, at the same time sweeping the top with M. G. fire. I think that was the worst time of the lot, for every shell was nearer and nearer till at length one blew half the hole in on top of us, luckily not hurting anybody. Just then we received the order to retire to a sunken road, some 70 or 80 yards back, and you never saw such a scramble in your life. It was a case of up and run, and it is a wonder he didn't get the lot of us with his machine guns. When we manned the sunken road, we found that we had left our M. G. in the shell hole, so we crawled out to get it when

the fire slackened. However we were unlucky for a shell had cropped right in the hole (which we had only left a few minutes before) and had blown it to pieces. There wasn't much of interest after this, for we were relieved before Jerry counter-attacked. I found that something (probably a machine gun bullet) had gone right through my haversack, also through the tin of bully inside. Also there were two bullet holes through my coat, and the Lord only knows how they missed me. Altogether, for my first attack, it was damned exciting. When we heard that we had to go over again the next night we weren't at all pleased, still we did it. The two fellows with me got the D. C. M. and the M. M. respectively, but although I believe my name went in nothing came of it. However on the next stunt they both got wounded, so I suppose I've had my share of luck in being still here.

### TO ERR IS HUMAN.

We are genuinely pleased to note, and needless to add, heartily to reciprocate the sentiments expressed in the opening paragraph of the article headed "Where Angels fear to Tread" appearing in the Royal Sussex Herald (Vol. 5, No. 58) to the effect that "out of the four units of the Territorial Infantry Brigade the greatest spirit of camaraderie exists between the Londons and ourselves and therefore there is.....no danger of anything being said in unfriendliness." We most certainly have always got on better with the Sussex than with any other battalion, though naturally this does not deter us from carrying on the little controversy which started two issues ago.

In view of the unspoken, though obvious, apology published in the latest issue of the Royal Sussex "Herald" re "The Disadvantages of being a Civilian" it would seem, were it not for our duty to our (thank Heaven! humorous) readers, rather churlish to enumerate the admissions of our quondam critic. As this duty, however, is our first consideration, we will comment briefly on the reply of one who undoubtedly did us an injustice in his first article.

The point in regard to the use of the word "libel" has been ungrudgingly conceded us, and

the Rev. Thomas Davidson is now able to rest undisturbed. Not quite so ungrudging, but just as genuine, is the admission of inconsistency in the remarks on "utter ostracism" and the two extracts from letters in the "Herald" which we took the liberty of reproducing.

It is in the last five lines of his second reply that the whole explanation of the writer's misconception of our original article lies. These are—"So it was a frivolous article! We are indeed indebted for the information for we'll be shot if we could see anything frivolous in it. Perhaps however we are deficient in a sense of humour and the Londoner author is a new style in funny men." Yes, we reiterate, it was a frivolous article, and we note with pleasure the manly way in which this contributor to the Royal Sussex "Herald" has admitted the possibility of his being humorless, feeling sure that his editor will not allow him again to perpetrate such a glaring *faux pas* as the one he committed when he attempted to criticise "The Disadvantages of being a Civilian." In conclusion, let us point out that I. S. HALL at the foot of this letter was merely the *nom-de-plume* of one who thereby inferred that he, personally, fully intended to exchange army life for the "seething turmoil of the outer world."



## MUSKETRY 1918-19.

The following are the results of the Annual Musketry Course for the year ending 31st March, 1919:—

Best Shooting Company.

Best Shot in Battalion

" of Sgts. & Lce. Sgts.

" of Corpls. & Ptes.

" in each Company

740263 Sgt. Moriarty, M. J.

740263 " Moriarty, M. J.

740812 Pte. Moore, J.

740263 Sgt. Moriarty, M. J.

740058 L/Cpl. Guest, E. A.

741403 Sig. Williams, H.

740812 Pte. Moore, J.

'D' Company.

'A' Coy., Score 162

'A' " " 162

'D' " " 160

'A' " " 162

'B' " " 157

'C' " " 157

'D' " " 160

## COMPANY RESULTS &amp; AVERAGES.

Company.	Marks-men.	1st Class Shots.	2nd Class Shots.	3rd Class Shots.	Partly exercised	Not exercised	Aggregated average.	Order of Merit.
'A'	60	91	14	2	7	26	113.5	4
'B'	58	110	9	3	5	28	113.7	3
'C'	85	109	5	1	7	29	118.0	2
'D'	71	97	5	3	1	27	118.8	1
Battalion.	274	407	33	9	20	110	116	...

In view of these results it is interesting to note last year's Battalion and Company Results:—

## BATTALION AND COMPANY RESULTS, 1917-18.

Company.	Marks-men.	1st Class Shots.	2nd Class Shots.	3rd Class Shots.	Not exercised.	Partly exercised.	Aggregated average.	Order of Merit.
'A'	68	128	27	3	10	3	110.2	4
'B'	109	79	13	13	5	14	121.2	2
'C'	135	83	11	7	5	11	124.3	1
'D'	80	110	29	6	4	9	111.9	3
	392	400	80	29	24	37	116.8	...

It will be observed that although the Battalion average has dropped 0.8 since Gharial the Company Results show a greater consistency; there being only 5.3 difference between first and last as against 14.1 in the previous course.

We cannot help hoping that the opportunity to further close up the company scores towards co-incidence will be denied us.

## IMPROBABLE CONVERSATIONS.

*Orderly Sergeant.*—"I'm awfully sorry, Harry old man, but I'm afraid you'll have to go on guard to-morrow. Do you mind?"

*Private.*—"Not in the least, George, old, top, delighted in fact. I will put off going sick with my sprained wrist until Friday."

*Regimental Policeman (on barrack's).*—"Do you mind going round the other way please? You see I can't allow you to come along here, much as I should like to do so."

*Ragged and odoriferous native.*—"Please do not distress yourself over so trivial a matter. I thoroughly appreciate the fact that it is a part of your onerous duties to prevent Indian gentlemen from making use of this thoroughfare."

*Commanding Officer.*—"I'm very sorry Sir but you see my men had a rather rough crossing last night, and in consequence, they didn't feel like turning out on parade this morning."

*C. in C. (who is on a visit of inspection)*—"Don't mention it please. I shall be very happy to come and see them some other time."

*Gharri wallah.*—"My fare for driving you from the Post-office is five rupees each."

*Three Troops (in unison).*—"That is indeed moderate. Here are the five rupees with an additional rupee as gratuity for yourself."

*Orderly Sergeant.*—"I regret to announce that in future there will be no physical drill parade."

*Bungalow (Subadmi).*—"Oh, what a pity! We are sorry."

*Private.*—"Excuse me Quarters, but I believe you have given me too much money this month."

*"Quarter bloke."*—"On the contrary, you are still 93 rupees in credit."

*Troop.*—"I wish to register this parcel" (parcel is addressed to Blighty.)

*"Dak-khana" Baboo.*—"Certainly Sir" (takes parcel and tenders change for a ten-rupee note and receipt for parcel in a space of thirty seconds.)

*N. C. O.*—"Would it be possible, Sir, for me to be put on guard next Thursday?"

*Regimental, S. M.*—"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid not. I've already had five applications for guard for that day. You might stand a chance for the following Sunday though."

*N. C. O.*—"Thank you very much, Sir."

*G. O. C., (inspecting "Blighty" draft).*—"I suppose you'll all be glad that you're going Home again?"

*Draft (in chorus).*—"Oh, no Sir! We are all very sorry that our health will not permit our staying in India a little longer."

*"Liquor-bar manager."*—"I'm very sorry, but I fear that my beer this evening is not up to the usual standard."

*Customer.*—"On the contrary, it is quite unusually excellent"

*Soldier.*—"You gave us a very good dinner to-day. I quite thought that I was back in civilian life."

*Company Cook.*—"Yes, it wasn't too bad. As a matter of fact, we hadn't time for any dinner ourselves."

*Editor, Londoner.*—"Will you have a drink at my expense?"

*Ex-Editor, Londoner.*—"No thanks, old thing, I had a shandy at dinner-time."

## AN ALLEGORY.

As far as I can remember X ('twere better to give no name and anyhow he was an unknown quantity) was one of the draft which joined us early in '17, while we were still at Burhan.

If I am a little doubtful as to the exact date this mob arrived, I am at least certain about X's character for it is safe to say that, though his companions were, for the most part, a hopeless set of scroungers, he, in this respect, easily beat them all.

Though perhaps appearing a little more clean outwardly than his comrades—who after their journey looked the dirtiest lot of wrecks imaginable—he let it be apparent, by his sullen demeanour, that having been forced into the Army he had not the slightest intention of working any harder for his King and Country than he was absolutely compelled to do.

The N. C. O. who was put in charge of the section which he disgraced despaired of ever turning him into anything approaching a credit to the Battalion, in fact he said as much to me one day when we were discussing the new arrivals. "What can you do," quoth he, "with a stubborn swine (excuse my language, old man. I know how particular you are) who eats, drinks and sleeps but flatly refuses to work unless intimidated. I am told that he has a knowledge of military duties but if this is so he takes darn good care to conceal it."

And the Corporal who had many broken spirits to his credit, shed bitter tears of mortification.

Time rolled on and still X showed no signs of becoming tractable to discipline. Punishment in various forms seemed to have no other effect than to give colour to the "injured martyr" rôle which he invariably adopted and so well did he act up to this latter that some of the softer-hearted chaps rather took pity on him—a few going so far as to aver that he was physically unfit.

An example of the way these fellows "saved him from himself" occurred on the journey down from Burhan to Jullundur.

We had drawn into one of the many Lahore Stations and, in common with the rest of us, X had got out of his coach to stretch his legs. So far so good, but when the bugle warned us that we must return to the train our hero (*sic*) took not the slightest notice—pretending, I suppose, that he did not know one call from another. The R. S. M. was just coming down the platform to take particulars when these chaps bundled X, willy-nilly, into his carriage thus saving him from "clicking" pretty severely.

He was not always as lucky as this, however, notably on the occasion when he absented himself from barracks for two days. He "stopped an awful draught" over that.

Suffice it to say that—every extenuating circumstance taken into consideration—he was a "king's hard bargain" who looked as if he were going to prove a rare exception by breaking the army authorities hearts.

But Nemesis (poor old overworked Nemesis!) personified by a stalwart ex-S. M. of the Guards, was yet to have her say.

How she must have chuckled when—through the booming medium aforesaid—she uttered those few words and observed their instant effect.

I, who was privileged to witness the scene, shall never forget the way X quivered with shame, or how—as much as he is able—he blushed with mortification.

And, when all is said and done, what greater insult can you levy at one, who in his time has put dozens into hospital, than to say to another, in his hearing "Catch hold of him, man! *He won't kick you!!*"

I can quite appreciate X's position. Misjudged and misunderstood; not even given credit for being a dare-devil he gave up the struggle and for the sake of peace so amended his ways that from being a vicious, squealing, biting, kicking mule he became a "kutchas" about which it can truthfully be said 'he is quiet to ride or drive; suitable for a lady or child.'

## MYTHOPLASM.

*The following—the translation of which from the Latin put years on the Editorial Staff—was forwarded by the D. L. O. to the B. O. R. who, in turn, passed it on to us.*

*Those who doubt the authenticity of this letter; who think, perhaps, that the immortals do not use the mails as a means of corresponding together, are at perfect liberty to apply to the Sgt. Drummer to whom we handed the parchment for use in drum repairing.*

DEAR OLD BOY,

I was just drying myself after my evening ablutions when Mercury, with little or no ceremony, burst into my wash-house and handed me the following memo:

Z. E. U. S./932784.

12th April 1919.

From—Jupiter.

Officer i/c Olympus.

On inspection it is found that you are next for duty, Hercules having reported sick to Hygeia with a sprained wrist contracted while opening a tin of Hellespont sardines.

You will proceed to the Mess of London Sergeants at Jullundur immediately for the purpose of discovering the reason, if any, for their action in lowering their Bar some nine inches.

Flying kit can be drawn from Mercury between 19 hrs. and 20 hrs.

Report of investigations to be on Bacchus's table by 9-30 hrs. to morrow (13th inst.) in duplicate.



To—Psyche,  
Olympian Bathrooms.

Now I put it to you, was it right to detail a fair and chaste lady (true I'm married, but only mythologically) to do a job like this? I rather suspect that old hag Venus had something to do with it. Anyway I didn't think it was good enough so, wrapping my towel more closely round me, I toddled off round to Jup's H. Q. and having sent up the cake of soap, which is my recognised visiting card, awaited the august summons.

It was no go, however, for instead of getting an interview I got the bird in the shape of the official "Na-poo"—a thunderbolt. Fortunately it was a small one or I should have gone out for the count seeing that it caught me just "abaft the beam."

Twigging, thereby, that I should get no satisfaction from this quarter I drew some Petty Cash from Croesus and having persuaded Juno to change me into the likeness of a concert party artiste got on with the "doings."

Arrived at Wellington Barracks I left Mercury's cap and heel wings with the Cpl. of the Guard for safe custody and strolled across to No. 3 Bungalow feeling, I must fain admit, a little nervous at the prospect of walking, unannounced, into the midst of so many male mortals.

But I needn't have worried. The secretary—who for the moment, until I looked at his hair, I mistook for Adonis—happened to meet me at the entrance and took me to that very portion of the building I wished to enquire about. By bad chance he turned round to make a remark, which, to my uncultured ears, sounded like "Watuave," (probably the secret password of the "Clutching Mitt") just as we were, apparently, about to go through a doorway, with the result that the next instant he was lying on the ground ruefully stroking his shins and muttering some barbaric incantation.

Closer inspection revealed the fact that the obstacle over which he had fallen was a length of smooth, hop juice stained planking which his next remark convinced me was the very article Bacchus wanted information about.

I wasted no time, therefore, in asking a sardonic looking gentleman standing near by—my original escort being busy at the time with some amber coloured liquid, which he explained

was a "liver"—the whys and wherefors of the epoch-making alteration.

Taking a foul looking (and smelling) pipe from underneath his moustache he replied: "So as to make normal sized individuals kneel down for their drinks."

This rejoinder, which I feel convinced was meant sarcastically, somewhat nonplussed me but determined not to abandon hope I walked up to one of the assembly who had the appearance of one who wields much power. Before I could open my mouth, however, he started on what seemed to be an explanation of how it was, on an inspection by the G. O. C. (one of Mars' minions I presume), he had been the only man in step. As his speech in extenuation seemed interminable I excused myself and moved on.

Finally, in a quiet corner, I was given the information I sought.

It appears that amongst mortals, the mightier one becomes in authority the smaller one becomes in stature—though curiously enough the thirst increases.

The Bar, which marks the division between the server and servee of diluted alcohol, proved to be too high for the comfortable leaning on of arms by certain of the "Heads" (supermen, these I gathered) consequently, despite the opposition of the younger centurions, the fatal decision to lower this most necessary portion of mess equipment was carried out.

Satisfied at last I made my departure to the chorus of "Well, Good Night, Miss"—politely meant, this last, doubtless, but very galling to one who has enjoyed legitimate marital happiness with you, dear Cupid, for so long.

In conclusion let me warn you not to take these mortals too lightly. They are not all fools, as I discovered when I called to reclaim my wings. The Guard Commander, anticipating the effect of his Z 16—a little prematurely I think—had cleared off to "Blighty" with them leaving a note behind to the effect that if I didn't mind waiting he would return them by Registered Post.

So here I am, Cupy, old bean, perspiring—I don't like the grosser term so freely used—on the arrival of the mail. Cheer! Explain the situation to Jupiter and tell the other, our bibulous friend, that "he's had it."

LOVE.

PSYCHE,

## SPORTS.

## HOCKEY.

## KOLAR CUP COMPETITION 1919.

## Results.

Company.	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Points gained.
D. ... ..	7	7	0	0	14
H. Q. ... ..	5	2	1	2	5
B. ... ..	5	2	0	3	4
C. ... ..	5	1	1	3	3
A. ... ..	4	0	0	4	0

## FOOTBALL.

## COBB CUP COMPETITION 1919.

## Results, 18th May 1919.

Company.	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.	Points gained.
D. ... ..	7	6	1	0	13
C. ... ..	6	4	1	1	9
B. ... ..	7	2	1	4	5
H. Q. ... ..	6	1	2	3	4
A. ... ..	8	1	1	6	3

## 16th DIVISIONAL SPORTS LEAGUE.

The above League, which was originally timed to start in January and had unavoidably to be postponed until March, owing to clashing with the Army Sports Tournament, has been brought to a successful conclusion with the results as below.

A curious and very satisfactory result was that each of the five games played (excluding the Boxing which was really a supplementary tournament and for which a separate cup has been given although the points counted in the grand total for the Championship Cup) was won by a different unit. The winners of the Cup were the 1/1st Kents, who are to be congratulated on a good all-round display. They were closely pressed by the 1/25th Londons, who, only four points behind, came in a very good second. The following shows the position of all the competing teams in the League and the winners of each particular game:—

Units.	Tennis.	Shooting.	Hockey.	F'ball.	Cricket.	Boxing.	Total.
1/1st Kents ... ..	8	10	7	10	12	6	53
1/25th Londons ... ..	12	8	8	7	10	4	49
1/4th Queens ... ..	2	12	3	8	6	...	31
Headquarters ... ..	10	4	8	2	6	...	30
2/6th Royal Sussex ... ..	6	6	3	10	2	2	29
Royal Artillery ... ..	4	2	1	5	6	...	18
40th Sig. Coy. ... ..	...	...	12	...	...	...	12

Tennis	...	...	...	...	...	1/25th Londons.
Shooting	...	...	...	...	...	1/4th Queens.
Football	...	...	...	...	...	2/6th Sussex.
Cricket	...	...	...	...	...	1/1st Kents.
Hockey	...	...	...	...	...	40th Sig. Coy.
Boxing	...	...	...	...	...	1/1st Kents.

## TENNIS.

With a view to finding a Battalion Team for the Divisional Tournament the Companies held a number of practice tournaments, as the result of which, a trial team was picked out. This in its turn had various games and matches arranged for it.

AS TIME WENT ON the team showed great improvement, all the members playing a hard game and learning to "kill" when necessary.

Great credit is due to them for winning all their matches. CPL. OWEN and PORTER were towers of strength, playing good sound tennis all through, and were well backed up by the rest of the team. PTE. CROOK was one of the latter who improved greatly.

From the following results it will be seen that CPL. OWEN only lost one set in the Singles and one in the Doubles, while when partnered by PORTER he went through the rest of the Doubles undefeated.

CPL. JEMMETT also shared the honour of being only once beaten in the Doubles:—

## LONDONS v. KENTS.

Doubles—	SUTTLE & TILSON	...	won 3	lost 0
	OWEN & ALLARD	...	" 2	" 1
	DAVIDSON & APPLIGATE	...	" 2	" 1
Singles—	SUTTLE	...	" 2	" 1
	OWEN	...	" 3	" 0
	DAVIDSON	...	" 2	" 1

RESULT:—Londons 14 Sets 46 Games—Kents 4 Sets 21 Games.

## LONDONS v. R. F. A.

Doubles—	OWEN & JEMMETT	...	won 3	lost 0
	TILSON & SUTTLE	...	" 2	" 1
	DAVIDSON & CROOK	...	" 2	" 1
Singles—	OWEN	...	" 3	" 0
	DAVIDSON	...	" 2	" 1
	CROOK	...	" 2	" 1

RESULT:—Londons 14 Sets 98 Games—R.F.A. 4 Sets 53 Games.

## LONDONS v. SUSSEX.

Doubles—	OWEN & PORTER	...	won 1	lost 0
	TILSON & SUTTLE	...	" 1	" 2
	JEMMETT & CROOK	...	" 2	" 1
Singles—	OWEN	...	" 3	" 0
	PORTER	...	" 2	" 0
	CROOK	...	" 1	" 0

RESULT:—Londons 10 Sets 75 Games—Sussex 3 Sets 44 Games.

## LONDONS v. H. Q.

Doubles—	OWEN & PORTER	...	won 3	lost 0
	JEMMETT & CROOK	...	" 2	" 0
	SUTTLE & DAVIDSON	...	" 0	" 3
Singles—	OWEN	...	" 2	" 1
	PORTER	...	" 2	" 1
	CROOK	...	" 1	" 2

RESULT:—Londons 10 Sets 82 Games—H. Q. 7 Sets 62 Games.

## LONDONS v. QUEENS.

Doubles—	OWEN & PORTER	...	won 3	lost 0
	JEMMETT & CROOK	...	" 3	" 0
	DAVIDSON & ALLARD	...	" 0	" 2
Singles—	OWEN	...	" 1	" 0
	PORTER	...	" 2	" 0
	CROOK	...	" 1	" 0

RESULT:—Londons 10 Sets 46 Games—Queens 2 Sets 21 Games.

Battn. Team:—CPL. OWEN, CPL. PORTER, CPL. JEMMETT, PTE. CROOK, C/SGT. SUTTLE, and SGT. DAVIDSON.

Reserves:—HANDMASTER, TILSON, PTE. ALLARD.

## SHOOTING.

There is not a vast amount to be said about the shooting except to congratulate the members of the team on their really quite good performances.

Although they only won two out of the four matches they contested—the other two competitors in the Championship not firing—their aggregate score was considerably greater than the sum of their opponents' points.

The first "shoot" resulted in a loss for us by 46.

SCORES:—LONDONS v. KENTS.

Fired off at Jullundur, 27th February 1919.

LIEUT. HAYWARD	...	...	68
C. S. M. TALBOT	...	...	77
SGT. MORIARTY	...	...	73
SIG. FARNDON	...	...	76
PTE. PHILLIPS	...	...	64
SGT. WHISSTOCK	...	...	78
PTE. WILLIAMS, H.	...	...	60
L/CPL. RIDDELL	...	...	63

Total ... 559

Kents ... 605

In the next match we secured an easy victory though we must not crow over it too much as our opponents, the R. F. A., on this occasion,



were firing with "bundoos" borrowed from us which they had never handled before.

Under these circumstances it is obvious that they could not be expected to compete on a level footing with our chaps, who had everything, including a knowledge of the range, in their favour.

#### LONDONS v. R. F. A.

Fired off at Jullundur, 9th March 1919.

PTE. CORKE ...	...	...	80
L/CPL. BILLING ...	...	...	54
PTE. CLARKE, O. ...	...	...	56
PTE. WILLIAMS, H. ...	...	...	62
SGT. NICHOLLS ...	...	...	57
" WHISSTOCK ...	...	...	71
LIEUT. HAYWARD ...	...	...	67
PTE. PHILLIPS ...	...	...	80
		Total	527

R. F. A. 328.

We, therefore, won by the handsome total of 199.

Six days later we met our old friends the Sussex whom we managed to beat.

#### LONDONS v. 2/6TH ROYAL SUSSEX.

Fired off at Jullundur, 15th March 1919.

PTE. CORKE ...	...	...	79
SIG. PERKINS ...	...	...	78
C. S. M. TALBOT ...	...	...	56
PTE. PHILLIPS ...	...	...	66
SGT. WHISSTOCK ...	...	...	70
PTE. DURNFORD ...	...	...	77
L/CPL. MITTON ...	...	...	86
" ALEY ...	...	...	63

Total ... 575

#### SUSSEX 491.

Thus the difference was 84 in our favour. Shortly after this we journeyed to Ferozepore to fire against the Queens, to whom we lost by a very few points.

The actual Butt Register is not to hand at the moment of writing but we know that we were something under 40 below their score.

We must put on record here the team's appreciation of their indefatigable coach, C. S. M. RICHES. Always prepared to give a tip here or a word of encouragement there, he was to be found at all sorts of extraordinary times on the range with a few, or all, of his enthusiastic followers.

## FOOTBALL.

The Football Team—as usual, always unlucky managed to gain only seven out of a possible twelve points for the Battn. in the Tournament.

It can honestly be said, as so often before, that with a particle of luck it is capable of putting up a good show against practically any Battn. Team in India *if only the forwards could score goals as well as the backs can save them.*

However, 'arm chair criticism' is very easy, so we will leave it to the inimitable "Derby" to report on the matches as seen through his eyes.

#### LONDONS v. KENTS.

This match was contested at Jullundur on February 27th.

*Londons Team*:—Goal; O'GORMAN. Backs; WHISSTOCK and CLAYTON, Halves; BESWICK, PETCH and GREENAWAY. Forwards; SAWKINS HALL, GLEESON, COTTON and PAPPIN.

The game was vigorously contested from the start, the Kents doing a lot of pressing and playing well together. Our team, on the other hand, lacked combination and did not seem to be able to get going.

A rather doubtful goal scored by our opponents in the first half proved to be the deciding factor in, what was for us, an unlucky game. Without being unsporting it is quite fair to say that a draw would have reflected the general tenor of the match more correctly.

WHISSTOCK and CLAYTON were, as usual, very good though it is doubtful whether the Kent's forwards quite relished the former's tackling. *Result*:—I.

#### LONDONS v. R. F. A.

This match was played on Saturday, March 8th, at Jullundur.

*Londons Team*:—Goal:—O'GORMAN. Backs:—WHISSTOCK and CLAYTON. Halves; PETCH, COSENS and GREENAWAY. Forwards; SAWKINS, GLEESON, HALL, COTTON and PAPPIN. Referee:—

SGT. STANTON, Sussex Regt.

This was rather a tame game for a Battn. match. In the first half the Londons were slightly the better team and GLEESON scored with a good shot. In the second the Battery improved and, scoring, levelled matters up.

After this the game was fairly even to the end and the draw in which the match ended was a very fair result.

*Result*:—Londons 1 . . . . R. F. A. 1.

WHISSTOCK at back played a fine game and COSENS at centre half was good. The forwards were rather poor and could not get going.

### LONDON v. SUSSEX.

This match was played at Jullundur on Saturday, March 15th.

*Londons' Team*:—Goal; O'Gorman. Backs; WHISSTOCK and CLAYTON. Halves; HALL, PETCH and GREENAWAY. Forwards; SAWKINS, GILDING; GLEESON, COTTON and BASSETT.

*Referee*:—BDR. RUTT, R. F. A.

The Londons were without DUTHOIT and PAPPIN while the Sussex lacked the services of CAPT. Robertson.

From the kick-off our opponents pressed hard and within ten minutes were a goal up. After this reverse our team took the game in hand and forced a corner. From this PETCH headed the ball towards the goal and gave COTTON a good chance which he made no mistake about.

For the rest of the first half play was very even, the whistle for the cessation blowing with score:— 1—1.

From the re-start the Londons took up the pressure and for a quarter of an hour had things all their own way, both GLEESON and GILDING being unlucky not to score.

From a breakaway the Sussex forced a corner and in the scrimmage PETCH handled the ball. The resulting penalty kick was taken by WILSON the Sussex goalie, who netted the ball. Owing to one or two men being over the line before the kick was taken, however he had to make the attempt again. This second effort, by the grace of Allah and the quickness of O'GORMAN'S eye, failed to score, the save eliciting much well-deserved applause.

The play continued to be of a very strenuous character, both teams trying hard for the winning point. This the Sussex managed to obtain two minutes from time, a long ground shot being the medium.

O'GORMAN was in top form while WHISSTOCK and CLAYTON were a safe pair of backs. The halves were good. PETCH at centre being the pick. GILDING and GLEESON were the best of forwards for whom BASSETT at O. L. played well. He is certainly worth another trial. *Result*:—Sussex 2, Londons 1.

### LONDONS v. DIVNL. H. Q.

Played on March 19th at Jullundur. We put out a very weak team. Our visitors could only rally ten men when play commenced.

*The least said about this match the better.*

*Result*:—Londons, 1, D. H. Q. 0.

### LONDONS v. 1/4th QUEENS.

Played at Jullundur on March 26th. Londons' Team:—Goal; O'GORMAN. Backs; CLAYTON and SHELTON. Halves; HALL, PETCH and GREENAWAY. Forwards; SAWKINS, GILDING, GLEESON, COTTON and GIRLING.

*Referee*:—BDR. RUTT, R. F. A.

This was the best team we could turn out with the exception of WHISSTOCK who was on the injured list.

The Queens put out a fairly strong side though several of their players were rather shaky owing to the strenuous football week they had had at Meerut.

The game—the best the Londons have played since Gharial—was well-contested and amply repaid watching.

COTTON, with a good cross shot, scored the only goal in the first half.

In the second the Queens seemed to tire and from a wide opening in mid-field GLEESON ran through and scored a nice point.

The game, up to this stage had been very lively and some good football had been witnessed. There was no further score.

CLAYTON and SHELTON at back played well, while the halves combined well in the defence and attack thus allowing the forwards to display better form than on any previous occasion.

BDR. RUTT again refereed well in his usual impartial manner.

## CRICKET.

### BATTALION CRICKET TEAM.

#### AVERAGES IN DIVISIONAL SPORTS LEAGUE.

	Innings.	Times Not out.	Runs	Highest score.	Average.
Pte. Wickens	4	1	123	43*	41.00
Sgt. Browning	4	1	110	53	36.66
L. Cpl. Holford	2	1	29	24*	29.00
Capt. Paget	4	0	105	40	26.25
Pte. Hall	4	0	95	77	23.70
L. Cpl. Vaughan	3	0	38	28	18.00
Sgt. Millikin	2	0	35	20	17.50
Cpl. Knight	2	0	26	23	13.00
Pte. Chapman	3	0	30	23	10.00
2nd-Lt. Lysaght	3	0	27	17	9.00
Sgt. Balk	1	0	9	9	9.00
Cpl. Porter	3	0	24	9	8.00

\*Signifies not out.

## BOWLING.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
L. Cpl. Holford	16.5	5	46	3	6
Pte. Chapman	12	0	44	5	8.8
L. Cpl. Vaughan	41.2	12	130	12	10.83
Pte. Wickens	38.3	6	96	7	13.71
Cpl. Porter	21	1	76	4	18

## LONDONS v. KENTS.

This match was played at Jullundur on March 8th, and resulted in a win for the Kents, by 3 wickets. Unfortunately we were weakly represented; four of our best players being away, to wit.—LIEUT. LYSAGHT, L./CPL. HOLFORD, L./CPL. PIEREZ and PTE. CHAPMAN. With such stalwarts as these absent, I consider the team did very well indeed, and if two catches had been taken early in the game, we should have won easily, as both HAYWOOD and SHARP, were missed before they had scored. HAYWOOD gave another easy chance on the leg when he was 10. For us WICKINS played a sparkling innings of 39. PORTER bowled well, without much luck. The fielding was not at all good and CHAPMAN was sadly missed, his fielding being a boon to the side.

## LONDONS.

Sgt. Browning	...	run out	...	10
Pte. Hall	...	b	Haywood	...
Sgt. Balk	...	c. Sharp	b. Ollerenshaw	...
Capt. Paget	...	b	Arnold	...
Cpl. Porter	...	b	Haywood	...
.. Vaughan	...	l. b. w.	b. Arnold	...
Pte. Wickins	...	c. Reeves,	b. Haywood	...
Cpl. Knight	...	c. Fuller,	b. "	...
Sgt. Millikin	...	b	Ollerenshaw	...
L./Cpl. Barley	...	b	Haywood	...
Pte. Walker	...	not out	...	...
		Extras	...	15
		Total	...	127

## KENTS.

Sharp	...	b.	Porter	...	50
Honey	...	run out	...	...	1
Haywood	...	b.	Vaughan	...	33
Gosling	...	c. Balk,	b. Porter	...	9
Col. Moore	...	c. "	b. Vaughan	...	7
Ollerenshaw	...	l. b. w.	b. "	...	0
Fuller	...	b.	Porter	...	0
Merralls	...	not out	...	...	15
Court	...	"	"	...	4
Reeves & Arnold	Did not Bat.				
		Extras	...	...	12
		Total	...	...	731

Porter 3 for 40, Vaughan 3 for 42.

## LONDONS v. 217TH BRIGADE, R. F. A.

Played at Jullundur on March 18th. This resulted in an easy win for the Londons, the R. F. A. score being passed with only 4 wicket down. LIEUT. LYSAGHT, L./CPL. HOLFORD and PTE. CHAPMAN made their first appearance in the League and undoubtedly made a difference to the side all making good scores,—17, 24 not out and 23 respectively. CAPT. PAGET also played a fine innings for 40 and was unfortunate in being run out. The side played well, all round, a marked improvement on the previous game.

## SCORES.

		R. F. A.			
Salter	...	b.	Porter	...	21
Wedge	...	l. b. w.	b. Vaughan	...	3
Green	...	"	b. "	...	1
Jeffries	...	"	"	...	2
Merry	...	"	"	...	20
Ormand	...	c. Wickins,	b. Holford	...	15
Martin	...	not out	...	...	17
Clark	...	b.	Holford	...	0
Shepton	...	"	"	...	0
Hampson	...	"	Wickins	...	2
Hughes	...	c. Lysaght,	b. Vaughan	...	4
			Extra	...	6
			Total	...	91

## LONDONS.

Browning	...	b.	Wedge	...	8
Hall	...	c. Wedge,	b. Clark	...	23
Chapman	...	c. and b.	Salter	...	8
Porter	...	b.	Salter	...	40
Capt. Paget	...	run out	...	...	24
Wickins	...	l. b. w.	b. Wedge	...	17
Lieut. Lysaght	...	c. Wedge	b. Martin	...	20
Vaughan	...	did not bat	...	...	23
Millikin	...	c. and b.	Clark	...	24
Knight	...	c. Martin.	b. Wedge	...	8
Holford	...	not out	...	...	8
			Extras	...	201

Vaughan 5 for 31, Holford 3 for 12, Wickins 1 for 24. Porter 1 for 18.

## LONDONS v. SUSSEX.

Played at Jullundur on March 20th. An easy win for the Londons. Again the side batted well, declaring at lunch time, 228 for 6. HALL played an exceptionally fine innings, his 77 being one of the best seen



at Jullundur, and quite first class. He scored very quickly, did not give a chance, and made some really pretty shots. Curiously enough, at 77 he changed his bat, and two balls later he was out. BROWNING 41 not out, CAPT. PAGET 35 and VAUGHAN 28 also batted well.

The Sussex innings was brought to a sensational close, 4 wickets were down for 75, and the whole side out for 85, owing to HOLFORD'S deadly bowling. He captured the last 4 wickets in 5 balls. The fielding was excellent in every respect, BROWNING keeping a safe wicket. CHAPMAN made a wonderful catch at point, very low and wide, falling full length in the attempt.

Scores:—

LONDONS.

Capt. Paget	... c. Payne,	b. Langridge	...	35
Lieut. Lysaght	... c. Johnson,	b. Argent	...	4
Chapman	... b.	Nield	...	5
Hall	... c. Roberson,	b. Payne	...	77
Wickins	... St. Payne,	b. Gould	...	17
Browning	... Not out	...	...	41
Vaughan	... l. b. w.,	b. Norton	...	28
Holford	... Not out	...	...	5
Porter, Millikin and Knight did not bat.				
	Extras	...	...	16
	Total	...	...	228

SUSSEX.

Norton	.. c. Chapman,	b. Wickins	...	2
Edwards	... c. Knight,	b. Porter	...	8
Payne	... b.	Wickins	...	0
Nield	... "	Porter	...	47
Johnson	... c. Wickins,	b. Porter	...	16
Gould	... b.	Holford	...	0
Roberson	... c. Vaughan,	b. Porter	...	2
Stanton	... Not out	...	...	0
Argent	... c. Browning,	b. Holford	...	5
Wilson	... b.	Holford	...	0
Langridg	... "	"	...	0
	Extras	...	...	5
	Total	...	...	85

Holford	... 4	for 3	Wickins	2	for 9.
Porter	... 4	for 3			

LONDONS v. QUEENS.

This was played at Jullundur on March 27th. Again, chiefly owing to the batting, we won comfortably. Though on the whole the fielding was slack, one or two fairly hot catches were made, noticeably by WICKENS in the slips, MILLIKEN, who held a good one on the leg side and VAUGHAN who took a warm one off WICKEN'S bowling.

The first named (WICKENS) also shone in the batting; his 43 being quite a nice little effort of bright and fast cricket. As usual he gave no chances though his hitting was hard. His score included one 6 and five 4's. BROWNING'S was a merry innings in which he made some good hits, among them being numbered one 6 and six 4's.

Scores:—

QUEENS.

Porter	... c. Browning,	b. Vaughan	...	6
Huntley	... b.	Holford	...	11
Allen	... b.	Wickins	...	28
Helps	... b.	Chapman	...	27
Edenborough	... c. Paget,	b. Vaughan	...	34
Harry	... b.	Wickins	...	12
Steer	... c. Wickins,	b. Vaughan	...	28
Lusher	... c. Vaughan,	b. Wickins	...	1
Wickery	... c. Millikin,	b. Vaughan	...	0
Wosfold	... b.	Wickins	...	1
Port	... Not out	...	...	1
	Extras	...	...	7
	Total	...	...	153

Vaughan	... 4	for 40
Wickins	... 4	for 39
Holford	... 1	for 35
Chapman	... 1	for 14

LONDONS.

Capt. Paget	... c. and b	Huntley	...	16
Browning	... hit wicket	b. Huntley	...	53
Hall	... b.	Harry	...	0
Lieut. Lysaght	... c. Porter	f. Edenborough	...	6
Chapman	... b.	Huntley	...	2
Wickins	... Not out	...	...	43
Porter	... c. and b.	Edenborough	...	7
Vaughan	... Not out	...	...	8
Holford	... Did not bat.	...	...	
Millikin	... Did not bat.	...	...	
Knight	... Did not bat.	...	...	
	Extras	...	...	24
	Total for 6 wickets	...	...	159

So much for the Scores and Averages; now for a little criticism, flattering and otherwise.

The first match, against the Kents, should not be made to bear much scrutiny as we were admittedly without four of our finest players. The next two were not too bad, in fact it is safe to say, as of the curates egg, "parts were excellent" but the last game was, in many respects, rotten.

We certainly won, and that quite comfortably, but this was no fault (to become paradoxical) of the fielders. They were unquestionably slack.

It is darned unfair on the bowlers for the field to wander about as though it had got the whole day in which to fetch a ball. As they

rightly complain, what keenness can they be expected to display under these conditions?

No! Above all things let us see the sportsmanship for which the battalion is deservedly noted be always apparent rising above "that tired feeling" resulting from "chasing the leather" on a hot day.

LANCE JACK.

### HOCKEY.

Considering the practise it has had and the length of time the majority of the members have been playing together, the Hockey results were not exactly a credit to the Battalion Team.

Two-thirds of the possible points does not, at first glance, seem to be too bad, but when one considers how easily it might have been three-thirds the gilt, somehow, seems to disappear from the gingerbread.

IF ONLY, as is the case with most good English Teams, one corner in every three meant a goal.

IF ONLY, our forwards, once in the circle and whatever their position, would shoot first time.

IF ONLY PIEREZ had been able to fill the L. H. position in every match.

IF ONLY.—

But to cut the cackle.—As the able reporter on the first match has not gone out of his way to spare any one's feelings he may as well be allowed to "carry on."

### LONDONS v. KENTS.

The game started with the Londons playing against the sun, and the Kents began pressing almost immediately, but the Home defence played well, and the visitors could not get through to score during the first-half. DUDLEY the goal-keeper made two splendid saves, and BURTON at right back, relieved the pressure time after time. Our forward line, however, played particularly badly, and did not trouble the Kents' goalie much. They got the ball alright, but nearly always lost it immediately because they would not hit, this applying more particularly to the inside forwards. CAPT. PAGET at centre forward seemed reluctant to part with the ball, and when he did, it was generally by a gentle short pass to MAJOR SWINNERTON at

inside right which the Kents' defence found little difficulty in intercepting. It was painful and annoying to see the number of lost opportunities. Just before half-time CUDDEFORD had to leave the field owing to a nasty crack on the knee, but was able to resume after the interval. Half-time blew with no score.

On resumption the play seemed to liven up a bit, though never could it be described as really fast. Owing to his injury CUDDEFORD changed places with NUNN, who played a far better game at centre half than on the right. Our forwards seemed to press more, but their lack of dash prevented them from scoring. After about 15 minutes play the Kents' forwards rushed up. NUNN failed to tackle their centre forward, and a neat pass to the inside left, followed by a hard shot which gave DUDLEY little chance, put the Kents one goal up. A few minutes later, CAPT. PAGET got the ball just within the half-way line, and by a really clever piece of play, took it up on his own and equalised. In spite of determined efforts by both sides no further score was made.

The Kents had a good team, and their forwards especially played well together. The outside right was very fast, and CLARK, at left half, was neither fast enough or good enough to hold him.

*London's Team*:—Goal—DUDLEY. Backs—MAJOR STAFFORD and BURTON. Halves—NUNN, CUDDEFORD and CLARK. Forwards—MARRIOTT, GILDING, CAPT. PAGET, MAJOR SWINNERTON and PETERS.

### LONDONS v. R. F. A.

Nobody shone particularly in this match except perhaps NUNN—but then he is invariably brilliant.

We were always the better team and most certainly ought to have scored more than we did especially towards the end of the second half when the whole of our opponents' team was kept penned up inside its own "twenty-five" line.

However it is no use crying over spilt milk. We won by the odd goal in three and consequently got the two points. A result of 10-0 in our favour would have gained us no higher position in the Championship though it might have salvaged our pride a little.

RESULT:—LONDONS 2; R.F.A. 1.

**LONDONS v. SUSSEX.**

To avoid clashing with the football this match was played in the morning.

We were represented by the strongest side we had so far been able to field in the Tournament.

Play started with a break away by our forwards but it eventually settled down to a series of mid-field exchanges, neither side being given the chance to become dangerous.

Our chaps, whilst playing the better hockey were unable to make much impression on the Sussex defence, which was working very hard so that half-time arrived with the score sheet still blank (and one referee, at least, darned thirsty! Ed.)

Immediately after the re-start CAPT. PAGET scored after a combined run up the field by our forwards and almost directly after LOWRIE scored an excellent goal from a very fine angle.

The more scientific hockey of the Londoners now began to result in the Sussex defence being continuously hard pressed.

Their forwards could not get going despite some very clever stick work on the part of their centre forward, who, however, NUNN had got fairly well "taped." Just before the end their inside right netted the ball.

BURTON, NUNN and YOUNG were excellent in the defence while the forwards played a consistent game though again the shooting was poor.

RESULT:—LONDONS 2, SUSSEX 1.

**LONDONS v. QUEENS.**

This match at Ferozepore was played, much to the dismay of the visitors, on a grass pitch. It was a good ground but the surface was responsible for several of the Londons spending a considerable part of the game on their backs.

The visitors pressed hard from the start and sustained the attack for the first quarter of an hour. Following some even exchanges ROGERS scored but the Queens replied almost immediately with an equaliser and up to the interval the play was in midfield.

The second half was a real ding-dong struggle, perhaps slightly in favour of the Home team. This was in some measure due to the Londons' halves who were inclined to hang too far back while their forwards were attacking.

There were some very exciting moments in

both circles but nothing further was scored.

For the Londons NUNN AND MAJOR STAFFORD were excellent in the defence and the forwards were a level lot but slow in shooting.

RESULT:—1—1.

**LONDONS v. 40th SIGNALS.**

If they had won this game the Londons would have tied for top position in the Tournament with their immediate opponents, consequently the crowd expected a very keen match, nor were they disappointed. A very hard played first half in which the Londons were slightly superior ended in no score other than the number of "birds" collected by the visiting left half from the spectators for continually hitting the ball out of play.

Both teams went "all out" in the second half and just when a love draw seemed certain an error of judgment put the visitors one up.

After this whenever their goal seemed in danger the Signals rushed back and packed it so that the Home forwards had no chance to score.

YOUNG and NUNN again showed good form. The short passing game of the forwards was not a success against the Signals' strong defence.

Result:—Londons 0, 40th Signals, 1.

**BOXING.**

It was unfortunate that we were unable to take a bigger team to Lahore as there were one or two nice "Pots" going begging; in fact the Feathers and the Heavies would have been a gift. Either FERN or COTTON could have picked up the former while the latter should have been a good thing for OWEN.

Ours was the only battalion which had sent any one Home to fight for India so that the opportunity of gaining another cup and incidentally the Divisional Shield was denied us as we had no C. J. WHITE to put up against CPL. ("BABY") EDMUNDS of the Kents.

A scrap between these two should have been good.

**FIRST NIGHT.**

Bantams.—DMR. MOCKLER v. PTE. WHITEHEAD (Kents). WHITEHEAD started with a lot of confidence but MOCKLER stopped his right swings with the glove and countered nicely on the body. The second round was very similar to the first. In the third WHITEHEAD tried hard to finish it



off but did not know how.

MOCKLER obtained the decision easily on points.  
Light Weights.—CPL. HAWKINS v. PTE. HUGHES (Kents).

VIC. went right into his man who, not liking it, got flurried. In the second round VIC. carried on the good work and finished it off with a pretty one to HUGHES' jaw.

Welters.—SGT. MESLEY v. PTE. TURNER (Kents).

MESLEY used his long left to great advantage causing TURNER to cover up a lot thus precluding MESLEY from getting at him at close quarters.

In the second and third rounds our man tried to entice his opponent to lead and follow up but there was nothing doing.

Altogether rather a scrappy fight with MESLEY always on top, a lead which gained him the decision comfortably.

L/CPL. HOLFORD v. PTE. WEST (Sussex). WEST as usual started his whirlwind tactics, making a lot of show for little effect. ARCHIE, meanwhile, was content to wait, just shaking his opponent up with an occasional one to the body.

In the second round WEST, wild as ever, left his head uncovered just long enough to stop a nice right half-hook on the jaw. He just managed to get up again but ARCHIE, at once repeating the dose, put him out for the count.

Middles.—CPL. EDMUNDS (Kents) v. DMR. MOORE.

It was hard luck for MOORE to drop across such a tough proposition in his first fight. "BABY" hit him hard and often only, however, to see him come up, smiling time after time.

Though he put up a plucky show, MOORE finally took the count in the third round.

On the second night, of the two fights, only one was of any interest to us but it proved to be about the best of the whole Tournament.

Light Weights.—CPL. HAWKINS v. L/CPL. HINTON (Sussex).

It is a pity that VIC. did not meet HINTON in the finals as he was the only man there who could make "JERRY" go at all.

Boxing beautifully, having given up his playing to the gallery of the previous night, HINTON always had just the better of it although VIC. did not miss any chances.

The bout was fast and crisp right to the end, HINTON winning pretty comfortably on points.

### THIRD NIGHT.

Final of Bantams.—DMR. MOCKLER v. PTE. COBBELT (Queens). COBBELT was head and shoulders taller than MOCKLER who found it more convenient to hit his adversary's body, which he proceeded to do. COBBELT showed very little enterprise and weakened so much that in the third round every one expected to see him crumple up. He managed to last out, however, but MOCKLER won quite easily on points.

Final of Welters.—MESLEY v. HOLFORD.  
Quite a bloodthirsty scrap. MESLEY used his long and very quick left to great advantage and for two rounds managed to keep out of the way of ARCHIE'S right. In the third round however, HOLFORD forced the pace and using both hands well was given the verdict, though many present thought the decision a wrong one.

The five boys who made up our team are to be congratulated on the fine show they put up. To win two cups and have to fight out a final between themselves with only five entries is not too bad.

That they must all have trained themselves hard is apparent, for they were, without exception, in splendid condition.

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