

"I arrived in Bombay on 26th September. Off Malta a French destroyer came racing out to us, and warned the Captain of the 'Medina' that four hostile submarines were waiting for us, but by a very clever ruse on the part of the Captain we managed to escape them. We found it very hot indeed going through the Red Sea, and when we arrived at Aden there was a small battle in progress on the land.

"After hanging about Bombay for five days we got our postings. I was posted to the 90th Battery at Chakdara. This is merely a camp about 18 miles over the Frontier, situated in a deep valley, and one sees nothing but filthy sand and the flies are terrible. We are not far from the Khyber Pass and are camped on neutral territory, populated by hostile tribes, who have proved themselves to be very fine fighters. These men have some very objectionable customs, one of which is to cut up into small pieces any European they take in a fight, especially 'Officer Sahibs.' The camp has been attacked twice by several thousand of these tribesmen, but after a severe bombardment by the artillery they have been compelled to retire with great loss. They have adopted a system of sniping which is very irritating. For this reason all tents are dug in about three feet below the ground. They have been quiet for the last few weeks, but we are awaiting events.

"I was carted into hospital after I had been here a week, having caught sand fly fever, and was attended by Major Bates, a resident of Wimbledon. I am feeling fairly fit at the present time, but I have a very strong objection to the dust and flies."

The following extracts are from a further letter from  
LIEUT. R. E. N. JONES, dated from the Trench Warfare  
School, 25th November, 1915:

"Since last writing we have had rotten weather and the trenches have been in an awful condition. The communication trenches have been so bad up until recently that we have had to go and come from the front line overland, quite a ticklish trip I can assure you. The Company Major and I both lost our batman about eight days ago behind the lines on the very grounds over which we go and come when relieved.

"There are exciting times almost every day in the trenches of course, and when we have to get out in front at night to do a bit of diggin' or a bit of wire fixin', the star lights, and zing and swish of stray bullets, keep us very much on the alert. The last time we came out everything was lovely until we reached a village the Gerboys frequently shell with high explosives, i.e., 'Jack Johnsons', Coal Boxes or Black Marias. Just as about two-thirds of my company were leaving the outskirts I heard the unmistakable express-train like sound of an H.E. coming our way. The wind was with it fortunately. I was at the end of our line which was 'in single file, and just had time to shout 'flat,' and I verily believe we all went down together. The shell dropped about a hundred and fifty yards behind us, right on the road we had followed and only a very few yards in front of the head of one of our companies in the rear. Four more H.E.'s came over in quick succession and we dropped on three occasions altogether, the last two shells not sounding close enough to make men with mighty heavy packs on think it worth while to wallow in