

THE LINK



DÖBERITZ
EASTER
1917



Luton Culture 2014

Dum ☞
vivimus
vivamus

THE LINK

A Souvenir Book
Published by British
Prisoners of War
interned at Doeberitz,
Germany. 1914-17

Edited by
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R. N. V. R. London



(AT HOME)

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Doeberitz Edition

FOREWORD

"O, for a muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!"



reasons for the untimely decease of the "Döberitz Gazette" were sufficiently exposed in the third and last number. Although many rumours have reached us, but few of the 1000 Party have returned and more of our lads in Khaki and Blue (including one of the Editors) have been sent away. Obviously the reasons for not publishing a magazine still hold good, and the writer has therefore been dragged from the daily round to find some weightier reason to excuse this production.

Our friends in England displayed a very lively interest in the Gazette. They expressed their appreciation of it in no measured terms, and they have shown deep regret that it was not to continue. This alone, in spite of the great difficulties in the way, not least of which is the printing (not to mention arbeit and other local diversions) might have moved the editors to reconsider the matter favourably, and finally a definite demand for a fourth number has been received from one who may not be refused — Miss Hartley — to whom the R. N. D. especially owes a debt of gratitude which cannot be repaid.

This is to be the answer, not indeed, a fourth number of the defunct Gazette, but, to the many friends who have laboured so tirelessly in our behalf and who have succeeded so well in keeping us in health and comparative happiness, a Souvenir from Döberitz, a link in the chain which binds us to home.

"If we offend it is with our goodwill
that you should think we come not to offend.
But with goodwill to show our simple skill . . .
Our true intent is all for your delight."

J.



DOBERIDGE AND NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Doberidge and neighbourhood is full of movement. The name is derived from Döberitz, a place in the Environs of Berlin to which a road, aptly called the Döberitzerstrasse, runs, and that is possibly as much as many Berliners know about it. Nor can we increase their knowledge because Doberidge is not Döberitz. For one thing, the DO is pronounced as in (English) D-O-U-G-H, and the Dö is pronounced as in (Indian) Durbar. And for another thing — What can we know of Döberitz who only Doberidge know? There you are. That's a nasty one but the answer is of course . . . Nothing. And while we are on asking questions — What can they know of Doberidge who only know Doberidge? The answer is not a Lemon but the same again . . . Nothing, sweet — nothing at all. And that is why we have to speak of Doberidge and neighbourhood. The neighbourhood of Doberidge is where we meet the neighbours and the area now extends so far that men have said "O! O to be in Doberidge!" and have felt a form of homesickness for . . . Doberidge, and have debated among themselves "What are they doing in Doberidge now?" Doberidge might almost be Blighty sometimes.

If you want to know the extent of Doberidge and neighbourhood, ask the Parcel Party, and they will answer in harmonious fours "Ask Ned Tether or Humphrey" because they all know that Ned or Humphrey can tell the whereabouts of every Doberidge citizen offhand if so be their mouths are not full of string. But do not show the Parcel Party a bottle, they have seen them before — taken out of parcels. And if local colour is required, go to R. Q. M. S Lawes or C. P. O Munday for an introduction to some experienced traveller like Gunner Bloxham, spend an evening on a shelf and listen with ears and eyes.

Doberidge thinks no small beer of itself, which is a remarkable fact because the beer there is of the smallest, and the inhabitants live from hand to mouth. Anybody's hand will do so long as it is one's own mouth. Extraordinary results happen and will happen to the end of the chapter, perhaps the most extraordinary being that practical community exists between individuals; not



between all the individuals together, naturally not, but between little groups of individuals and that is something in this imperfect world. A few points are common to all Doberidgers. Night follows day and sufficient for each is the evil thereof. Nobody carries over trouble and those who anticipate it may be known by their gloomy dials and funny way of talking. The early morning is reserved for Liver, just like in the best regulated families, and we tread the various soils of Doberidge and neighbourhood with but one thought next our hearts, although there are many ways of concealing it. Pic-nic parties are fashionable and impromptu meals. Everybody is free to watch anybody else work or eat. Sometimes a friend will drop round and offer to knock off one's canister or give the latest news for 20 pfg. Neither offer is worth acceptance. Some men introduce their conversation by a burst of song, others prefer a few steps of double shuffle. Arguments are plentiful. Our opinions are sufficiently forcible when backed by a readiness to wager, without being required to pay one Mark, and the greatest excitement occurs when nobody can hear a word except his own. Then anything kickable is kicked for a longer or shorter period — inanimate objects of course, ranging from mishapen footballs to empty tins. Sporting challenges are frequent even if most have to be played out on the fields of imagination. The heroic days of Crown and Anchor have happily faded almost from memory; days when the magnates of the ring used to meet the rovers calmly stake for stake, and it was make or break for one or the other. Pontoon and House have taken a place in the exciting pursuit of Fortune and it has become pretty generally recognised that the gamble is for nothing much better than chips. Then — watch the busy knitters, peep over the shoulders of the readers and gather round the yarn spinners Mons and Le Cateau, Antwerp to the Aisne, for we have to be rather old fashioned and like the old tales and the old songs in our scanty hours of leisure when the stove is alight and the tea is wet. We are great thinkers too, and have found that shutting the eyes assists the thought.

Doberidge and neighbourhood is full of funny faces and figures. In order of importance, first the N. C. Os and their opposite numbers the P. Os — but this has not been well started. Let it rather be written that there are many well known characters in Doberidge and neighbourhood. They come and go. They are missed here and are welcomed there. Where is Yakoob who knows everything on four legs in both Ridings, and the winner of the Leger since 967 A. D. Absent pro tem is Dan, the abused and the abuser, the seller and sometimes, according to his own showing, the sold. Picture cards have never had so lively a circulation since the train carried you off to Kommando shouting

"who wants the last Synagogue!" to a sweating arbeiter in the station yard. Tim Gill with his cry of "Bootter" which never failed to evoke a cheer in the old butter days. Parsons and Oakley, twin spirits of Comedy; have they ever been seen together on the stage of the Doberidge Empire? If so, how you lucky Doberidgers of the period must have laughed! Cornish the ever-ready who makes a Gaff of hard work for others. "Good News" Gillespie the Camp Interrupter, always, on the go and sometimes a bit gone. Lowry who is getting bald; Wildon and his fellow knock about who still lingers in the cold North; Beresford the window breaker; Schroder and all the humourists in the carpentering, shoeing and tailoring line; Charlesworth impersonating Napoleon refusing the stripe; Bridson wielder of the shaving brush; Brain . . . and a host of others. Names bring up more names, and faces. As characters of Doberidge, let those who have been respectfully mentioned serve to recall the rest. There are the several, the many parties, Orchestra, Gaff, Post, Hospital, Bureau and other unassuming public utility organisations; there are the Kommandos great and small, near and far, little peoples in themselves, and so we come to all of us . . . Doberidge characters every one without, perhaps, much of a character left to any of us in this our third Doberidge year.

Far hills look greenest, but there is one prospect which becomes no less pleasing because we are getting closer. It can't last much longer, we say. It's on too small a scale. And nobody in Doberidge is ever wrong. E. F. O.



- Where'd they nab you?
- Meads
- Meads? Lummy! - I never saw yer!



Cecil R. TOOKE R.N.V.R. 1917

THE MISSING LINK TO THE "LINK" — "WELL, GOOD-BYE OLD SPORT, GIVE MY LOVE TO THE GIRLS!"

By C. A. Tooke.

"THE EDITOR'S VICTIM"

Hut 2 West, 4. 3. 17.

My dear Nobbie,

I am getting up a Magazine for Easter and should be so glad if you would send along a drawing, together with perhaps an article. Try and make it "eggy" and about our Camp life.

*Yours very sincerely
A. B.*

There's a thing to spring on one — — — he knows very well I can't draw for toffee but as to an article, I don't mind having a shot.

He received it about seven hours afterwards with the following letter: —

Hut 2 East, 4. 3. 17.

My dear A. B.,

Thanks for your letter — — why the deuce you ask me to draw I don't know but I am enclosing an article of 250 words which I think will meet with your request.

*Yours very sincerely
Nobbie Jr.*

Two days passed and this came back: —

Hut 2 West, 6. 3. 17.

Dear Nobbie,

Thanks for your article, it's just a little too long for what I wanted. Cut it down, to say 200 words, and let's have it back as soon as possible.

*Yours sincerely
A. B. (Editor)*

I confess I was cut up about that, such a rotten start, you know. However I wasn't going to be done so I cut it, and with it sent this: —

Hut 2 East, 7. 3. 17.

Dear A. B.,

Enclosed please find amended article cut down as you suggested.

*Yours very truly
S. C. Clark.*

I went to bed shivering all over wondering whether my article would find a place; but not yet, for I found this on my "pillow" in the morning: —

Hut 2 West, 8. 3. 17.

Dear Mr Clark,

Making up a rough copy of the "Link" last night found me with only half a page for your article. Could you condense it a bit more? Make it a little more to the point, then, I think, it will be all right.

*Yours truly
A. B.*

My article was now about 100 words; not much is it? My friendship with A. B. was rapidly falling, as you can see in our letters.

Could I make sense of my article by cutting it down any more? Believe me — — — a two-and-a-half years' story of a prisoners camp to be told in 50 words was no small contract, and yet I did it, yes I cut it.

As I was leaving the camp next morning, this letter was left in my hands. Mind you I immediately recognised the writing and began to feel funny all over but you might as well read it: —

Hut 2 West, 9. 3. 17.

Sir,

I am forced to disappoint you again, but I have just received a good drawing which I must put in. Can you go the whole hog and cut it a bit more? We are going to press in the morning.

*Yours truly
A. B. (Editor)*

Our friendship was now strained to the last thread. How was I to cut this article so that it would fit a penny stamp? Yet it had to be done to save my name. I didn't intend to be done by the Editor. No!! I was now in a fever and expecting to be taken down to the Hospital any minute on a Stretcher, and after cutting a bit more out sent it along to the Editor by a messenger. Then bathing my head in cold water, lay down on my bed to sleep, which was essential to my failing health.

How long it was before I received an answer, I don't know, but when it came I hadn't the courage to face the contents myself, so got my pal to read it out to me.

I heard him say "He wants you to cut —"

The rest was oblivion.

I had swooned.

Five hours later I knew my last chance had come. Before I left for hospital, I cut, slashed, rubbed, and scratched out most of the remaining words, leaving two that were any sense at all, and they were: —

FED UP!!!

After all we are still the best of pals.

S. C. C.

THE P. O. W'S PHILOSOPHY.

(Mainly Misquotations)

Happy in that we are not overhappy. On fortune's cap we are not the very button. For us no question of to be or not to be — but to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Something have you heard of our transformation; so I call it, since nor the exterior nor the interior man resembles that it was. But to expostulate were nothing but to waste night, day and time; to persevere in obstinate sorrow a course of unmanly grief; 'twould show a mind impatient of what we know must be. Why should we in peevish opposition, take it to heart?

Therefore we throw to earth this unprevailing woe. Receive what cheer we may the night is long that never finds the day. So put we on



THIS YEAR, NEXT YEAR,
SOMETIME ?
By M. E. Day.

our boldest suit of mirth. What should we do but be merry? Masks, Dances have, to wear away this long age of three years. Plays, merry, and tragical, tedious, and brief. They that play them hardhanded men that work in Döberitz here. Thus shall we swear that such a time was never wasted there. And after; every of this happy number that have endured shrewd days and nights shall share returned fortune.

Beggars that we are, we are even poor in thanks; but we thank you, dear friends in England. Health and fair time of day, joy and good wishes. We hope we shall not spend a large expense of time before we reckon with your several loves and make us even with you.

J.



Clby go
to Switzerland?

ON SOMETHING.



itting on my bed watching the undoing of mails from far away homes, and having failed to click myself, I was trying hard to remember not to covet my neighbour his ox, his ass, nor any parcels that might be his. Suddenly I espied a somewhat bald head rising gradually from the foot of my bed platz. "Look out you ass" I cried, but it was just too late as he had already shoved his blooming knee right into my last pot of "Plum & Apple," flooding my spare boot and also his own leg. As he scurried off to scrape himself he fortunately did not hear my further remarks. Later in the evening I again saw the same head and shoulders above my bed, but this time they appeared floating about above me, grasping an enormous pair of compasses with red hot points in one hand, and in the other a paint brush from which drops of liquid flaming fire fell. All at once he changed into one of Norman's elephants, with a forbidden Coat-of-Arms in flaring colours hanging from each huge ear, and with strange noises issuing from deep down his throat. At last, whilst trying in vain to dodge the falling drops of fire, I distinguished the noises as "DO SOMETHING FOR OUR EASTER MAG" each word being accompanied by a vigorous prod of the hot compasses. "I don't think I can," I whispered in my awful agony; upon which he expanded to an even larger size and bellowed "You must, You must, You must" to the tune of "Love me and the Wor—r—r—rld is Mine," at the same time seizing my ague-stricken feet in what seemed to be his white hot tusks, he began pulling off my toes one by one.

In excruciating agony and a pool of sweat, I suddenly AWOKE, to find old Toookie pulling my foot and saying, "It's grub time and I'm after you on the fire."

R. W. B.



ON NOTHING.

At last I take up my pen to attempt something for the LINK. I have dodged the column for fourteen solid days and nights. In the daytime salving conscience with the usual "keine Zeit" and at night times saying that solid application was out of the question, in that the burning of midnight oil would cause the voice of authority to shout "Licht ausmachen!"

An unexpected holiday has ruined my prospects of further procrastination. Hence these bubblings.

The Editor wrote me a very nice letter concerning his new venture and in it intimated that what he wanted was something bright and sparkling; Bright and Sparkling were in heavy capitals and garnished with inverted commas. Shades of honest Wilfred Shadbolt, it's like ordering a bottle of "Veuve Cliquot" in a house whose licence only permits the sale of Beer.

Further down in the Editorial screed I find "Politics barred and something about Easter preferable". It is said that those who dwell "In the Street of Adventure write their Christmas Stories in the Dog days". But between Fleet Street and this barrack is a great gulf fixed: they at any rate can avail themselves of spiritous inspiration which for us is "streng verboten!"

No politics — another nasty jar to the amateur article-maker. One recognises the impossibility of airing one's views on Offensives, Big Pushes and the like, and perhaps the inadvisability of an effort such as "Gentlemen I have worked for in Germany." Granted these subjects as off, why shouldn't one cover a couple of pages with a merry and bright article on the new English Cabinet? "Lloyd George as an Otter Hunter" sounds like the Strand Magazine in the good old days. I wonder if the Right Hon. Gentleman remembers Cemaes Bay in 1907. I shall never forget the artistic appearance he presented with locks overflowing his collar and a tremendous keenness for the sport in hand.

You who spend secluded lives in Staff barracks would probably fail to appreciate a monograph — good word monograph if you remember the immortal Sherlock Holmes always wrote monographs which the unfortunate Watson was compelled to read — a monograph on Modern Instruments of Torture, beginning with the comb and piece of paper and the Jew's Harp, tracing their gradual improvements through the Tin Whistle and the Mouth Organ, culminating in their as yet most elaborate form — Zithers at fifteen Marks a time. At the present moment the Zither merchant is sadly and reverently thumbing out "Lead Kindly Light" The effort is well meant in view of the quality of illumination supplied by the local gas works. Can anything be more distracting to him

who, scorning the delights of the gambling table, is labouriously trying to jerk back the opening chapters of Mr Motti's Russian Grammar; all the time, like the celebrated brook, two mouth organs assail the ears with "General's Inspection March." I don't know whether it has any other name, but all Swaddies will recognise it when I mention that the words appear to be a repetition ad nauseam of "Somebody sat by the Door."

Preceding this paragraph an interruption, the writer having had to adjust an altercation between two of the cavalry. I refrain from giving their real names; suffices to say that George surnamed "The Constable" fighting weight twelve stone, has made a savage attack on "The Pelican" who never scaled more than seven stone wet through. The latter makes up for a deficiency in biceps by an abnormal amount of neck muscle. On this occasion in reply to a few pleasantries in re his appetite; his tuo quoque involved (1) References of an insulting nature to Devonshire, (2) The morality of the town from whence George hails, (3) Some distinctly personal remarks verging on the rude anent his immediate ancestry. After sorting the affair out, the results might be summed up as a thoroughly wrecked bed surmounted by a ruffled pelican with the motto "You clumsy hulking dastard".

They say that the smoking of cigarettes stimulates the flow of ideas. I inhale a Woodbine and after the ensuing fit of coughing has subsided, the thought occurs — I wonder how the new parcel wheeze is going on. Imagine the feelings of those described as having a talent for letterwriting, those gentle souls beloved of godmothers. Think of some of the Head Lads in England writing to their adopted ones at the latter end of November. Dare one imagine some such card as the following arriving at the Dolmetscher Büro: —

Dear — — — Although in many respects I may claim to be a specialist in relieving-work, I regret that it is impossible for me to answer your appeal, as on and after December 1st the sending of parcels containing articles of an edible or perishable substance will be in the hands of a Central Committee. Believe me my dear — — — your affectionate godparent W.

The first arrival under the new regime caused great excitement in our local Food Exchange. Bully Beef Shares slumped horribly and despite feverish attempts to steady the market by the free issue of a pamphlet describing the thousand and one ways of cooking this article, there were few buyers. Biscuits proved a welcome surprise. The Bears were prepared to rush the market on the New Year's Ration Biscuit, but the arrival of large quantities of the squashed-fly and petit beurre variety foiled the movement.

By the way, here's a recipe for jam tart which may be new to some of you: —

Take six ration biscuits, dip them in water, and reduce to pulp in a bowl: spread the pulp evenly on a plate and strew over with a few fragments of margarine, cover with a piece of cardboard and place in the ashes under the stove. When the cardboard has burned through, the tart is done. Blow off the ashes and serve with jam or syrup.

Anticipating the remarks which will escape the unwary reader who has toiled thus far, remarks such as "Why couldn't the ass write about one subject instead of drivelling over half a dozen and making a hash of them all." I would remind you that "Auf Kommando" many incidents occur that would make good copy, but

Jüterbog, 1917.

J. E. R.



THIS IS THE ROTTENEST WAR
I WAS EVER MIXED UP IN!

By J. W. Bygrave.

ON CISSARAT KALIFA
36th FRENCH COLONIAL INFANTRY.

We're just the same — there's nothing queer
Except a bit more black!
We found that you weren't in the rear
The night of our attack!

You've been the same just all along
Amidst the bullet showers
Your grin the night when all went wrong
Was just the same as ours!

Though doubly white the snow-flakes glance
Against your swarthy head
The blood you lost down there in France
Was just the same old red!

Nimbo.



A. Elliot Barber
R.N.Y.R.
Döberitz 1916.

PEACE.



It was breakfast time, morning parade was over. Seated on my folded sack of straw — you can only do this if you have an upper berth — I was thinking of Peace. I had nothing particular to do — it was one of those moments when you can just sit and think. Peace came into my mind, and the thought decided me to worry other people about their views on the matter.

My first enquiry was put to the owner of the bed opposite. I thought he would be a good subject to approach; one of those quiet Non. Coms. of our Army who know their Field Service books from the first page to the last. His battalion — so he informed me — had been a victim to unlucky 13. Extraordinary coincidences were revealed to me regarding the fateful number. Embarked for war on the 13th, captured thirteen days later, having passed thirteen months in exile, he smiled enigmatically and was about to mention another 13 when I stopped him, dreading to hear what he might say further.

My next enquiry was addressed to my "oppo" on the right and I knew what his optimistic answer would be before asking. His cheery countenance expresses a buoyant spirit which, like the sprinkling of hair on the top of his shining head, refuses to be kept under. We all know the type; they keep us going from Hell to Breakfast-time, and make the days go faster. He told me that the pigs had appetites difficult to satisfy; he had weeded out his kit bag and ditched all superfluous gear and, feeling hungry, he suggested a tin of meat which meant another one for dinner. It was rather extravagant under the new parcel scheme, but I could not resist him.

During the morning I had some business to transact in the Schreibstube or, as we know it, the Office. What better place for information? There they are usually in the know, not only as to affairs in general, but also about the men who are coming in from Kommando and the many men who have to pack up their all, from a frying pan to their last home letter, and get. The fortunate, or unfortunate, individuals who sit at the odd assortment of tables are often inundated with enquiries and requests, and a litter of papers, indices, soap-cards and other articles proves the amount of work performed. Here I found that an enterprising Frenchman had brought out an elaborate pari-mutuel system as to the probable date of our return. Unfortunately the gentleman who made the book had gone away with a working party, together with any paper money he was lucky enough to have received. Fate had rob-

bed me of the opportunity of interviewing him or finding the average of the dates recorded. It appeared that those who had ventured to stake their money and choose a date, would soon be spending the anniversary in the same place. Under these circumstances, I was unable to create any interest in my request, and if they were much too polite to suggest that I, possibly, had another scheme to unfold, they certainly appeared to eye me with suspicion. The Office is situated between the Dentist's consulting room and the Cells. Of course this information is for the benefit of those who have not had that most interesting of all experiences a visit to Döberitz.

My next house of call boasted a flag-staff and rustic benches outside, but lacked a Licence. I went round to the Dug-out. On the steps, fuel was being exchanged for food; I heard the muttered declension of a Russian word from one, the cry of "Pass two No Trumps" from another, and I thought my visit was inopportune. At last somebody volunteered the information that the rate of Exchange had gone up, and someone else, who assesses war news in terms of carats of gold, murmured "eighteen" which, I imagine, did not refer to the year.

Further round the Camp, an old trench chum, in the midst of receiving "Empfangsbescheinigungs", clogs, old rags and other miscellaneous collections, claimed my attention. Soon after our return, he is in honour bound to take me out to dinner up West; the result of a bet, in our early days of captivity, as to the date of our release. He knows a charming little restaurant hidden away in Soho, not far from the smell of Pickles, where one can obtain exquisite omelettes and beautifully cooked French dishes. After such a surfeit of Continental cooking, I think I shall hint that there is a good old fashioned restaurant in the Strand. How good it will be to see the roast saddle of mutton propelled towards you, and the rich gravy oozing out at each cut of the knife! I think it will be advisable to order only a small tankard of the old brew. To find oneself at Vine Street would not be a good finish, and the Magistrate would, perhaps, not overlook what it means to be outside barbed wire.

As my chum has been bitten once, he refused to be tempted a second time by a similar argument. I left him and went to the Canteen where all kinds of hardware, lemonade, and a wine with a curious after-effect, locally called "kick-em", can be purchased; to the Carpenters Shop where the glue pot and closed windows result in a strong combination; to the Shoemakers and to the Tailors. I heard many things, perhaps it is better not to repeat them. Somehow, in print, a wrong interpretation can be conveyed by a most harmless use of words.

In the Sergeant Majors' Bunk a quiet argument was taking place within the walls which partition it from the remainder of the Barrack. I did not like to interrupt, it might have been on the subject of charges for deficiencies. Moreover, there was a stream of applicants for hot water and a place on the stove. It was a pity to miss the Majors' remarks on the cessation of hostilities; they would have been worthy of note. I was unlucky. I always have been, otherwise I should not have been here.

Back in the Barrack again! The Bath House was purposely missed. Why do firebars require renewing and pipes burst when I want a bath? A tall soldier, whose last letters from home were couched in most affectionate terms, was sure that Peace was quite near. He had served in the South African War, he may be right. We always try to read between the lines, and imagine the unspoken word.

But, with all my information, I got no nearer my object. It is like taking part in the game of our childhood Nuts and May. We have been pulled over the mark, and just wait with Faith, Hope and Parcels from Home to be fetched away.

W. W. H.



EPITAPH.

*P*ast yon green field, 'neath whispering trees
 Which, nodding, seem to guard your perfect rest,
 Sleep on, tho' battle fields and troubled seas
 Divide your grave from all you loved the best.
 In life enfettered, held in foreign hand,
 Your spirit saddened, spent and breaking nigh,
 In one last struggle, soared, to land
 Victorious beyond the pale of man. On high,
 Ended all, when comes th'inevitable time
 For all to answer to the only Judge of man
 "You died a prisoner!" But the crime?
 Defending those you loved, your home — — and mine.

E. H. B.



This Museum
 Where you see 'em
 Is their lodging; this their song
 We 're a mixture
 And a picture —
 But a fixture — not for long.

HELPERS IN TOMMY'S INDIAN HOUSEHOLD.

INDIA! To the Tommy newly arrived in India, the Journey up Country is a wonderful maze of strange new impressions, of blazing sunshine, halts at innumerable Stations which seem constructed chiefly for the accomodation of Jelabe wallahs and "hubble-bubbles", of spicy odours mingled with a dash of garlic and curry, and a general blur of sights and sounds which aided by the heat reduce him to a state of limp dazedness.

As the Troop Special steams into Tommy's permanent station, all his would-be future servants rush forward to meet him, and to relieve him of his baggage and other things. These wonderful black servants will have been awaiting his arrival at the station probably for hours; their advanced knowledge of the coming of fresh young blood from England seems almost in the nature of a sixth sense.

The number of families, and of Officers conducting the draft, also greatly affects the number of followers, until we find Bearers, Khitmagahs, Khansamahs, Metahs, Bhistis, Syces, Dirzis, Punkah-wallahs, Dhobis, Nappis, Ayahs, Malis, Chowkidars, Munshis, etc. etc.; all absolutely essential servants to a well regulated household. Perhaps a word or so in explanation of the duties of these various naukahs (servants), might assist the uninitiated Tommy who has visions of India on the sky line.

The Bearer is a wonderful being, so silent, so graceful, and so light fingered, and his duties although not arduous, require great tact and training. He is more in the nature of a personal servant or valet, and will always do anything for his Sahib, that force makes him do.

A Khitmagah could perhaps be termed a table-servant or butler, and the speed with which they cut about their work is simply marvellous. At times they fairly take one's breath away, and anything else that might be within reach.

The Khansamah must not be classed with any other of these servants. He is a figure quite apart from the others, and commands the greatest respect from all the menial servants. His household duties are more or less in the nature of a "Chef-de-Cuisine.", and according to the number of different dishes he is able to serve from one six-anna "spring chicken", so is his rate of pay regulated. The Hindustani term "Murgi" or spring chicken, bears no relation



whatever to the English Vernal Equinox, but is derived from its natural jumping propensities, when food is sighted in the distance. A really first class Khansamah can make a six-course dinner from a mere nothing, but "nothing" is hardly the term to use for what he will make out of you.



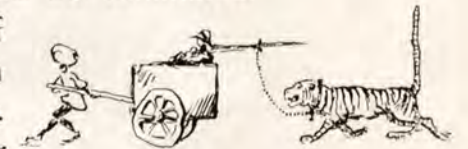
The Metah, or sweeper and Conservancy man, is looked upon as an individual of the lowest caste in India, and there is nothing too low for him to stoop to. The best proof of this for a new-comer, is to place a Rupee on the lowest portion of the room in which the Metah is about to sweep. They are very clever at palming coins too.

We now turn to the Bhisti, the Bhisti of Kipling's "Gunga Din" fame. He performs a double duty, and combines with that of water-carrier, the onerous post of "Germ-carrier" also. With his mussack, which consists of a goat-skin sewn together, slung across his loins, and a gait peculiar to his profession, he makes quite an imposing figure.

The Syce or native groom is mainly employed in whisking sand flies, gnats, mosquitoes, from his Sahib's ghora. With constant practice some have become extremely proficient in this art, and can use their horse-hair whisk for any period up to twenty minutes after being fast asleep. When not employed in driving away the flies, they are sometimes used for grooming the horse, but the brush and curry-comb do not always find favour with this caste.

The Dirzi must be looked upon as a most necessary individual to the British Tommy in India, for without the Dirzi, there would be no new Khaki or White suits. Given the material for two, (in case of accidents) he will always turn you out one good suit, with a small piece for patching, bucksheesh. They are most useful men, and are able to make anything, from a drill suit or a frock for the Mem Sahib, to as much as they can from the uninitiated.

Now for the Punkah-wallah. This type of man usually migrates each summer season from his native village to the nearest Cantonment. His duties require great mental exertion in order to "kinch" the rope the least number of times per minute without raising "Hell-fire and righteous indignation and wrath" from the Sahib inside the bungalow. His remuneration is good and some have been known to earn as much as 5 Rupees per mensem. But experience has proved that they can usually "make" enough during the six or seven months of the punkha-season, to keep them in plenty, till the hot weather comes round again.



During the hot season one of the most welcome servants of the lot is the Dhobi. This is the native laundry man, and as a class they are noted, throughout the length and breadth of India, for the enormous development of their biceps. By some authorities this has been attributed to the continual swinging of the garment which is being washed, above their heads, and the energy with which it is brought crashing down upon large flat stones at the dhobi-ghats. Buttons on garments, various and sundry, have sometimes been reported to have changed their position and shape, but it is difficult to prove this fact, because no authenticated record is available at present, of the return of a shirt with buttons.



The Nappi, yes, the Nappi, a truly mysterious individual, for no matter at what hour "Reveille" may sound, he has invariably been round the bungalow and shaved the whole Company, or Squadron, while the men were yet sleeping. The one shaving-pot of water is sufficient to shave every man in a company for at least three mornings.

The Nappi is not legally supposed to cut a sleeping patient, but should he perchance shed but one drop of human blood in the act, the Indian Penal Code provides no refuge for him against the consequences and results of his act. The promise of "char annas" (fourpence) per Sahib, per mensem, has a wonderful allurements for him.

Should Tommy aspire to linguistic attainments, char annas a month will secure for him the services of a Government Munshi or native teacher. The Munshi is invariably a highly educated individual, and is exceedingly useful in twisting Tommy's tongue to the intricacies of Hindustani and Pushtu.

Another notable character amongst the native servants is the Chowkidar. He performs the duties of night watchman or outside caretaker. It is believed that at least fifty or sixty years continual practice is necessary to turn out a really good Chowkidar. This theory is supported by the fact that one has never been known under seventy years of age. A peculiarity of the profession is what is known as the "Chowkidar's cough". This cough is always present on the approach of any individual in the dark and can be delivered equally well while asleep, as while awake.

There is one other very valuable native servant who cannot well be passed over without mention. This is the Mali or gardener. Although perhaps not possessing the abilities necessary to undertake the management of "Sutton's



Nurseries at Reading", he is wonderfully adept in the art of muttying a tennis court. This really consists of applying an even layer of mud, to an already hard and sunbaked court. The services of a Bhisti are also very necessary in the performance of this duty.

And in conclusion, just a word for the ladies. The only native female servant is the Ayah, who combines the duties of nurse and lady's-maid. The fact of these fair damsels having at least three heavy brass rings through the extremity of their nasal organs, and also many metal ankle-rings does not detract from their charm. The chief use of an Ayah appears to consist in luring all one's male servants from their legal duties, and in this art they have acquired great proficiency.



But let not the poor deluded Tommy think that all these native servants will prove a boon and a blessing; on the contrary, before many years have passed over his head in India, he will have arrived at the conclusion, that less trouble will be entailed if he attends to his own wants.

W. T. L.





SHE — "WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR DINNER, DARLING?"
 RETURNED GEFANG. — (absentmindedly) "DUNNO' OLD OPPO' —
 WHAT ABOUT AN ARMY RATION MIT SPUDS?"

By J. W. Bygrave.

A PO(E)TMESS.



sometimes think this little book's compiler
 A man far famed as Crippen or Delilah
 Has bought a pup, and jolly soon he'll know it
 If he persists in deeming me a poet.

No Muse inspires my brain with vivid verse
 But know me when I turn my lot to curse;
 Or quell the flame; or chase the roving roof
 And you will say "At these he stands aloof!"

Again behold the pride with which I hold
 The gate as did Horatius of old
 Alas! my pride soon fades. I hear the sound
 Of voices telling me my pate's not round.

That may or may not be, but this I know
 Great is the debt of gratitude we owe
 To him who in his leisure moments strives
 To cheer the dullish tenor of our lives.

Of men of talent we've a goodly number
 Whether they toil, or peradventure slumber
 Who shine in spheres of infinite variety
 Art, Melody and Sport, the Stage and even Piety.

So pass the years while hairs grow grey
 Minds moulder, teeth, like temples old, decay
 What matters it, for naught can hurt the heart
 If like our folks afar, we play our part.

The Editor now gently murmurs "Time"
 But ere I stay and in our native clime
 When thoughts of exile to our mem'ries crowd
 Of friends at home I'd say "They did us proud!"

"Bill" P. O.

PAST AND PRESENT — A MEDLEY.

Scene — Gefangenenlager Döberitz.

The Curtain rises.

Very extra permission having been procured, a number of distinguished spirits from another world have arrived on a special visit, amidst a scene of wild enthusiasm. A groan goes up from the assembled multitudes when it becomes known that no ladies have been allowed. The visitors descend from cars, chariots and waggons of all descriptions. True to the adage that birds of a feather flock together, Julius Caesar is seen, in a short time, walking arm-in-arm with prince PRETTYFELLOW (both wrapped in togas); CICERO and SHEM pair off, UNCLE and RICHARD III, CHING and the VENERABLE BEDE become "oppos" and so on.

CHARLES II (left standing alone) "Where is my Nelly? — I want my Nelly" (calls to MILLAIS) "Here! you can speak the bat! — ask them!"

Crowds of interpreters come up, and all tell him differently, CHARLES "leads off" at everybody furiously and is finally turned out—MILLAIS is then able to speak and directs him to Rohrbeck. Meanwhile PLUTO already looking "fed-up" and followed by a huge crowd of other guests, makes towards a small hole in the earth that might be a quick cut home.

They all throng to the doorway and commence to descend but immediately appear at the top again.

PLUTO "Gentlemen, I'm told that we've all got to go out!" (various untranslatable remarks from assembled spirits — one or two scallywags come out and attempt to smooth over the situation).

NOAH (calling through a sky-light). "Hi! don't you remember me? — as a boy?" (he is recognised by one of the youngest inhabitants and permitted to enter.) (The shade of TURNER, his nose lighting up the shade of VAN DYK, remains in conversation with several of the scallywags).

TURNER "Personally, I must admit a little liquid refreshment as the source of some of my best inspirations — what?"

Petty SCALLYWAG "Yes! — that's right! that's right!" — (produces hundreds of 'Fighting Temeraires').

TURNER "How pretty!" (puts them all in his autograph album and stows them away to be broken up!)

MILLAIS (joining them) "Do you know, I've sunk so low as to be reduced to portraits of prize-fighters — It pays, when you get a sitter of the — er — opulent type!" — (picking up a Cupid Card) "Who did this? — Speak! Speak!"

FRIAR TUCK (an utter scallywag) "Here he is, guv'nor! I'm the bloke!"

MILLAIS (Contemptuously) "Bah! Pot-Boilers!"

FRIAR TUCK "Pot-Boilers yourself! — what about "Bubbles?"

BUBBLES, His cap tight on his head to hide alas! that his curls have been cut, rushes up and joins them, to avoid being kissed by *Aesculapius*, who is seen coming from the Revierstube and looking as though he were lost.

AESCULAPIUS (to Cpl. Flipps) "Oh! young man! where are thy wits? — did you not assure me that yonder was the Revierstube, the place of healing?"

CPL. FLIPPS (at attention) "Yessir!"

AESCULAPIUS "But nay! — where are the wonderful herbs? — I could see nought but some most wonderful boots! — surely you have directed me to the Schusterei!"

He now bends his steps thither, and at the same moment a great commotion is heard. SOCRATES and PRIVATE O. JOKELY who have both been drinking hemlock since the commencement rush out of the canteen — VULCAN and his satellites scamper out to prevent anyone from dodging back! — in the centre of a huge mob JULIUS CAESAR is being hailed by: —

A VOICE "Hullo! — "Hullo! — what is your name? — I know it! Where are your trousers? I will make no exception! Everyone must wear trousers!"

CAESAR "Et tu, brute! — then fall, Caesar!" (falls — the sanitats and people retire in confusion).

ANOTHER VOICE (returning from his 150th Commando) "Cheer-up! old sport! what about making one?" (this has been specially bowdlerised).

CAESAR revives as Dr. SLOWGOLD and NEBUCHANEZZAR accompanied by the WHOLE TRIBE OF BENJAMIN pass along. Some of those present, seeing that NEBUCHANEZZAR has a new pair of shoes in his hands, scramble into the Schusterei to see if he has left his wife there. Cries of "Help! Help!" are heard and AESCULAPIUS comes rushing out with only half his gown.

Dr. SLOWGOLD (presenting NEBUCHANEZZAR to CAESAR) "dieser Mann bekommt *garnichts*, blos —"

NEBUCHANEZZAR bekommt a punch on the nose from CAESAR — the whole tribe of Benjamin immediately disperse and assume red cross badges, all except *one* who gallantly remains, kicks the prostrate Nebby, and then runs off and holds Caesar's chariot for him!

CAESAR "What art thou then, O slave?"

SLAVE "I am a Roman Israelite, allmighty, great and most noble Caesar!" (Caesar smiles and gives him 5 pfennigs)

CHORUS "A fight! a fight!"

Everybody tears in the direction of Barrack 1 — Here a party headed by ROBERT BRUCE (mit spider), SIR HENRY, J. WOOD, JOHN KNOX, SHELLEY and other high dignitaries of the church are holding the entrance to it against another party headed by HOTSPUR, SIMS REEVES, CHARLES KEAN and DAVID GARRICK who are striving to force their way into the theatre! SIR HENRY J. WOOD suddenly deserts with all his followers to the other side, and GARRICK AND CO enter the theatre in triumph. The band all strike up National Airs (three members excepted who find that their instruments have somehow got stuffed up with socks) ROBERT BRUCE tucks his spider under his arm and goes back to his Kingdom to quell an insurrection.

GARRICK (looking round him) "Wunderbar! — as sure as my name is David!"

A. SCALLYWAG "Will someone give us a song?"

Someone does — SIMS REEVES convulses and faints — SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER (the scallywaggiest of scallywags) runs forward and supports him.

INDIGNANT CHORUS "I thought you chucked in!"

SEMI-CHORUS I "We don't want none of your 'Sympathy': — out with him!"

SEMI-CHORUS II Hook it! Go home and keep your fires alight!"

SIR LUCIUS (in every language there is and isn't) "Pho! You are beneath my notice!"

MORPHEUS (aside to him) Can you give us a bed-tick mate?" (Sir Lucius blogs him and puts him to sleep)

SIMS REEVES (recovering — to vocalist) "I must apologise! — I didn't see the stripes on your arm!"

A WAG (not scally) "You might have looked at his trousers."

GARRICK "Ha! ha! very good!" — (aside to Kean) "Be careful, Charles! don't say anything to offend these people — their susceptibilities are very

delicate" — (aloud) "Yes! I can understand the success one hears so much of. Humour is evidently the secret."

CHORUS (applauding) "Humour! that's it!"

SEMI-CHORUS I "Pure Humour."

SEMI-CHORUS II "The Establishment is under entirely new control!"

CHARLES KEAN (tragically) "Alas! Poor thousand Party!"

A howl of disapprobation greets this remark. Empty tins, clogs, sticks, stones and a potato are pelted at him; BEAUMONT and FLETCHER and OTWAY are lifted shoulder high to the platform amidst roars of applause; Garrick and Kean fly for refuge to the shelter of the Bath House. A sepulchral voice is heard "All hope abandon, Ye who enter here"; they abandon hope and enter, encountering at the same time CARACALLA and SHELLEY, who emerge sneezing violently.

CARACALLA "Lovely!" — (turning to Shelley) "Percy, my dear, where is your sense of modesty?"

Shelley, finding he has forgotten to dress himself, goes back while Caracalla advances to where a large number of the distinguished visitors are now busily engaged in billying-up. More and more keep joining up with them, amongst whom one can distinguish DEMOSTHENES accompanied by A SHEPHERD, whose appearance causes everyone to hide their crown and anchor boards.

DEMOSTHENES "O Gentle Shepherd! Never has it fallen to my lot to address so vast a multitude; surely must nineteen sober citizens have listened to my oration."

They are followed by SAINT PATRICK, without a flock (alas! for them) and LOUIS IX smiling as ever, and bearing a rice-pudding and the scars that keep breaking out since his unhappy crusade. Behind them came CAXTON, extricating himself from a mass of cobwebs, and MR MUDIE.

CAXTON "O, select Mr Mudie, how great must be thy work! — the issue and the receiving back of so many volumes would exhaust the strongest of patrons."

MUDIE "Well, I am a bit fagged, old man, but my students are kind-hearted and save half the work you mention. I only issue the books. I do not see them again."

They join up the main body; MARK ANTONY comes scuffling along in a 2nd hand black toga and a pair of wooden shoes, heedless of SIR ISAAC NEWTON, stuck in a corner doing a little of his own research.

MARK ANTONY (shrieking to everybody and pointing to a low-lying building in the distance) "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears. If you don't want to lose everything you've bally well got, don't go in there!"

Nobody lends many ears; SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, who wears brass buttons, however, gallantly takes a golden band off his arm and gives it to SIR WALTER RALEIGH to put on his cloak, which hasn't.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY "Necessity knows no law"

The company, now a huge number are all engaged in lighting fires, scrubbing the seats borrowed from the Baths, swopping corned beef for smuggled vegetables, and making all arrangements for the festive board.

FRIAR TUCK

SIR LUCIUS

MILLAIS

BUBBLES

Others of their thriftless crowd

Terrific cheers from nearly everyone except Henry VII, who has "collected" seven parcels and goes off.

CHORUS "What's it to be?"

CHORUS of "Army Rations", "Maconochies", "Plum-pudding" etc.

TURNER "Condensed milk!"

(CHAS. LAMB casts a wistful eye at the Schweinerei and DE QUINCEY taps Aesculapius on the shoulder)

DE QUINCEY "Got a couple of opiums, old chap?"

HAMLET (contemplating a bowl of something he has 'drawn') "O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt!" Drinks it, while FRIAR TUCK and TENNYSON lift a gigantic tin of turkey and get it on to the table with a supreme effort.

TENNYSON (pointing to some hooded crows who are watching the proceedings with interest)

"Birds in the high-hall garden, when morning was falling
Maud, Maud, Maud . . ."

VAN DYK "Stow it! no arbeit to-day!"

FRIAR TUCK (jealously) "Here! what's this? has she been sending *you* parcels?"

SIR LUCIUS "Instead of sitting there grousing you two, what about drinking her health?"

DANTE "Her name's Florence!"

(Shouts of "traitor", "what's Beatrice done" from some and loud applause from the Florentines)

SIR LUCIUS "Well then, all their healths!"

He produces a bottle of nectar, (wangled) and with wonderful judgment divides it equally among all the assembled company; there is just one and a half drops each, but at this crucial moment GANNYMEDE appears, with a large barrel:

GANNYMEDE "Gentlemen, I promised you; Behold! old Casca has chanced his mit!"

Loud and prolonged cheers, becoming each time louder and prolongeder as the company fill up.

VULCAN "The fires are going down"

GOOD KING WENCESLAUS immediately rises; clogs are hurled at him, and he puts them all on the fire, together with a couple of Lollards given him by Henry IV

THE VENERABLE BEDE (supporting himself as he rises against a 'very gentle parfait Knight') "Letshall go down the Strand"

CHORUS "Order! order!"

CHING "Take away his mead"

CHORUS "Exchange him! send him home"

A SOOTHSAYER (soothsaying) "Before next Xmas!"

VENERABLE BEDE "O worthy brothers, nobles and scallywags, I regret that I must leave ye! I have just received this and I can't get out of the beastly thing!"

CHORUS of "what is it, what is it?" "jury summons?"

VENERABLE BEDE (dramatically waving a paper) "men! — — — I am mobilised!" (collects his crutches and staggers off).

Wild disorder commences to reign at the far end of the table, WILLIAM TELL jerking a piece of bread away from TANTALUS, CICERO and SHEM hurling Phillipics at one-another, while HENRY I falls in convulsions at the feet of CAESAR BORGIA.

CICERO (to SHEM) "Am I never to be allowed to get beyond 'Quosque tandem'? Is this thy friendship that will not permit me a word in edgeways?"

HENRY I (rolling on his stomach) "Oh! Oh! I have had too many sardines" (dies; Aesculapius gives him an Aspirin).

CAESAR BORGIA (as Henry revives) "A—ha! You have been very near it to-night!

The disturbance originated by SHEM, leads to the breaking-up of the party (after singing "Auld Lang Syne") and they all now move off to the parade ground, where a furious gladiatorial display is in progress; the fighting appears about even when MORPHY suddenly receiving the ball, dashes back with it past the goal he is defending, past the cook-house, round all the temples, barracks, and Baths to the back of the opposing goal where he neatly touches down, pronouncing "Checkmate!"

THE LAST OF THE BARONS "I don't think much of that, old chap!"

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS "It's not playing the game."

ALFRED AUSTIN (climbing up on Richard III's hump to see what has happened) — "Golly! anyone could do that!"

MORPHY "Wait a bit! young feller my lad!"

He stuffs his valued meerschaum with some Virginia tobacco that RALEIGH passes to him but before he can embark on his argument, COLUMBUS taps him on the dome with the King-maker's battle-axe and stands him upside down. A cry of 'Parcels-up' is heard; everyone rushes away, and the distinguished guests immediately vanish into their respective chariots, etc. Private O. JOKELY dropping SOCRATES into his rickshaw en passant. The glittering cortège file out, turn to the right and take the road to Dyrotz, all except NEBUCHANEZZAR who is seen trying to mingle with the parcel orderlies. He receives another punch on the nose and turns to follow the distinguished company, but the gate is shut and the Curtain falls!

Nym.





We often hear the stories told
Of how the Knights in days of old
Went warring forth in manner bold
To sup on blood or die.

There's never a word of maids who strive
To keep their warlike lords alive;
They cook and stitch and so contrive
To do their share and sigh.

So here's a cheer from me to you
Heroines all of truest blue;
I often think, "What can we do
To thank you when we try?"

E. H. B.

KEEP SMILING.

My Dear T,

Can I give you an article for a Souvenir Book? Can I! I could give you something ornamental for having asked me. But I'm afraid that what I thought of giving you wouldn't look half as well in print, as in its real live colours! It's one thing to draw Cupids and another to go round looking for trouble!!

However they say we're all mad in some way or other. No doubt we are; and having in mind that fact I have lately been more observant than usual hoping to find out the most prevalent forms. For instance, on disturbing a chap who was sitting with a book on his knee and a pencil behind each ear biting his nails and looking peculiarly "brainy" I enquired, "What's up old chap?" "Writing poetry," he replied with a scowl. Glancing on his paper this is what I saw!

In foreign clime
We pass the time
In making rhyme
Just for a game.

Was he from Wales?

And then on New Years Day going into the Scotch Concert, (Don't be alarmed; I'm not going to inflict "wee katties" on you) there was a wee Mac in front of me with one pocket suspiciously bulky. With an enquiring look at the bulky pocket the man on the door remarked "Tickets please." "Oo aye," observed the "Canny Scot" as his hand went down towards the suspicious pocket — — "Wull ye tak' a nip?" The man on the door looked round, and seeing no guardian angel in view, murmured that he didn't mind. The wee Jock pulled out his ticket. "Then tak' it oot o' that," was all he said and passed on. That's all a form of madness of course.

And then all these "Van Biene's" and "Clifford Essex's." If we really do stay here another five years, as has often been suggested, there will be quite enough "busking swains" with their mandolins and fiddles, to serenade all those who have the "crack" in a different form! And although we Englishmen are familiar with the fact that we should be surprised if we could see ourselves as others see us, I suggest that our surprise would be nothing compared to theirs, if they could but see us as we see ourselves!

Perhaps all this is pardonable, or even to be expected after two and a half years of captivity, and I make that my excuse for the following:

Laugh and be merry together,
 Wait for the end with a song
 Laugh and be merry, remember that sometimes
 Things are just bound to seem wrong
 Better the world with your gladness
 Smile at the "barbed wires" of life
 Laugh and be glad that there's someone awaits you
 P'r'aps Mother, Sweetheart, or Wife.

Laugh just like Brothers, together,
 Mirth never did one much ill,
 Laugh that you've done what your country expected
 Yes! and you're doing it still!!
 One peal of laughter makes many
 Don't put a "grouse" in the way
 Laugh till the game is played right to the end
 Laugh and just think, "To the Day"!!!

That's only a temporary effect of the madness — — — — and I apologise
 for it's very amateur style. But this much I promise you. If you come to me
 in DÖBERITZ, say, in 1922 — — — — I'll give something worse!

Wishing you all that's "Eastery"

Believe me

Yours to an aspirin!
 Frank Mercier.



THE COGITATIONS OF MICKY DOOLAN.



es", said Private Mickey Doolan, gazing out over the
 expanse of watery waste, that stretches away to the
 Northward; "Shure it's a wundtherful prospict."
 He spat reflectively on the roof of the "Dug-
 Out", grinned, as tho' amused at something and
 continued his cogitations.

"Shure afther all there's somethin' humin and
 homelike in it. There's the same ould bogs an' the same ould wather ,an' there
 beyant an' the hill is the home av the "Gintlemen who pay the rent". Musha
 but it's fortunit pigs they ar', wid the illigant barrick to live in, wid lashins o'
 grub, an' four throe Britons to pandher to their whims." "Shure" he
 sighed reflectively "there's no accountin' f'r taste. There's the poor divils
 who're born to worruk, there's thim that have worruk thrust an thim,
 but the mintal condition av the man who asks f'r worruk is beyant me. Wid
 all me faults, me worst inimy couldn't lay that last agin me. The chasin's av
 Jason afther the Goolden Flayce or the Labers av Herkewls ar' pastimes,
 compared wid me ifforts to foind a job that doesn't nade doin'. An now I'm
 suffrin f'r me exertions wid a narvis breakdown an' as me friend Mullins says
 (He's a Thrade Union man an' a scholar is Mullins) onable to follow me usule
 occupation.'

It's the wundtherful thing it is; the sthrivin's an' sthugglin's an' slavin'
 av people to get rich in a hurry. There was me ould frind Lannigan now.
 He lift the ould Country f'r Australy, 'An' says he 'be dint av harrd
 worruk an' me own invintive janius I'll be making a fortin. Don't be arg-ing
 wid me', says he 'I've heard tell av ragpickers that have died millyunayres but
 I've a bether notion than that'. So what does he do, but thramp round day
 afther day from mornn till night, gatherin' up the bits av wool that was lift
 an the hedges an' bushes by the sheep. An be the result av this blissed
 institution "Hard Worruk" what do yo think he was worth whin he died?
 Shure I remimber the laads whin I tould 'em about it. 'God rist his sowl'
 says Brannigan 'an', I wundther what he's lift?' 'Every penny av tin thousand
 I'll be bound' says Riley who kept the little Shebeen by the river. 'Twinty'
 says O'Grady. 'A hundert an' twinty' says Daly who was always a conthrary
 ould divil. 'No' says I, 'Divil a ha' penny'! That settled 'em.

Musha, Musha, it's the sad man I am whin I think av all the good lads that hav been bit by this same divil "work". 'Here' says I to mesilt, 'Mickey it's the delikat constitution ye have. Ye have also a chit which forbids ye to look at worruk, and a good frind to "billy up" for ye. Ye can spind y'r time in pious contimplation as the ould Buddhists do. But contimplation is it? Arrah, how the divil can O'i contimplate or miditate wid the rush av worruk arround me. Shure they're not contint wid an ordinary day's worruk, the divils must be doin' overtime.

There's me own ould Sargint Major (as good hearted a laad as ye'd foind in a day's march) wid his band. Shure it's an illigant band wid as many languidges in it as the tower av Babel, an' the blissed Pether himself wid his gift av tongues, didn't make more use av 'em than that same Charley wid a band language av his own. 'Gintlemen' says he, 'Mossoors an Gospoda an' the remaining few av ye we will now make an Anfang, commincemong, or á "nachalau" av ye plase' an wid his bit av a sthick he knocks music out av thim in a way to make ould Sousa himself invious. Is he contint wid this? Divil a bit. He'll be up half the night wid his paapers and his pins, wid his counther points an' his fugues, wid all the conthraptions av harmony, an afther turning out a bran new Orathorio, be on parade at sivin a m. wid a smoile in his eye. An he's only wan av thim.

Theyres the laads av the Theayter; shure they'll be buildin' stages wan day and knockin' em down the nixt, they're rehairsin and makin new evenin' frocks out av ould jackets, an' singin' the blissed throats out av thim. Shure I admire their pluck, but it makes me ould bones ache to see the worruk they get thro'. Then Glory be to God, there's the Amatchoor Profissors av landguidges, there's the gintlemen who paint pictures, there's the fellows who run choirs an' the wans who run Crown and Anchor boards, the people who practise psalms an' the man who works the "Thrick av the Loop". The min who give lictures, an begorra they're about worruk too, from layin submarine caables to runnin Bucket Shops.

Shure it's dizzy I'm getting wid the rush of it all an' the mintal exertions have giv me an appetite, but says I wid me last breath: "The divil fly away wid the man who invinted worruk", an if me pal Danny hasn't "billied-up" be the time I get back shure there's throuble ahead f'r wan av us.

CAN.



"THERE'S NO-HO PLICE LIKE 'O-M-E!'"

By J. W. Bygrave.

You knock the dust from off your drums!
And grip the drum sticks in your hand
And gaze towards your native-land
And stand to greet the Hour that comes.

And then it seems so far away
The Hope you trusted was secure
Has left you - listless to endure
The passing of another day.

It is so long since you were free
The months, the weeks so slowly crawl
And sighing, as asleep you fall
You wonder - Will it ever be?

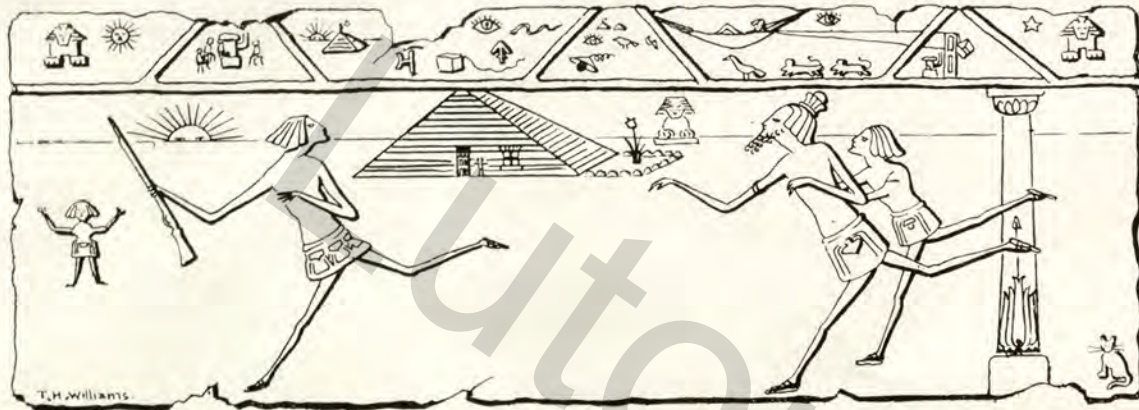
But you, who could not learn to cower
Who faced the steel - and bullet - hail
Your boyish spirit shall not fail
For ever nearer comes the Hour.

The Hour you shall not wait in vain
The Hour of Freedom and of Truth
That in the glory of your Youth
Shall hear you roll your drums again!

N. S. P.



"THE OLD 'UN'S YARN."



he juice" was off again, or in other words the electricity was kaput, consequently there was no light in the tent where about fifteen "Gefangs" were living. It was about seven o'clock one evening in December, and the weather was so cold that those who did not immediately "turn-in", were glad to draw their stools close to the small stove, which glowed cheery and red in the darkness. There were just six of them, as they sat in a semi-circle, including an old soldier, who sat at the end nearest the door. Over their pipes they discussed again the old, old topics, e. g. "When are we going home?" "Who has the most honours?" etc, etc.

Presently one of the party said to the 'old 'un' "Tom, tell us a yarn about Egypt." He answered "Now don't you pull my leg youngster," and continued reminiscently, "Ah, I had some glorious times out there."

"Seen the Pyramids?" asked another.

"Yes", he replied "Been on top of one of them signalling, with the sun hot enough to set your shirt afire. But they're a glorious sight."

"Did you ever have any scraps with the Dervishes?" said the chap who asked for the yarn, evidently trying to draw him on.

"Yes, there is always a bit of that going on. I remember on one occasion we were up at . . . , where we had gone to relieve the It's rather a lonely station and we hadn't taken up quarters more than a month, when we were troubled by frequent cases of theft. Sometimes a chap would lose his whole kit, other times it would be rifles, and so on. But we could not manage to lay hold of the thieves. At the time I am speaking of, the weather was as hot as blazes, and at night-time there was a sort of a creepy, mysterious feeling in the air, that made you jump at a shadow or the slightest noise. Of course we don't sleep far from our rifles out there." Here he stopped to replenish his pipe from a 'youngster's' tin and continued, "I had been down the

village to see some native sports and had returned to quarters pretty tired out. I 'turned-in' almost at once, but it was some time before I fell into a sleep, which only lasted a little more than an hour. I awoke with a very uneasy feeling that somebody had intended to do me an injury. As I sat up, my pal in the next bed did the same. He told me that he had just the same feeling as myself, and while we were talking, we heard a noise like someone shuffling about at the end of the room."

He stopped to light his pipe afresh, and the little crowd waited for him to proceed.

"Well," he continued, "As we were gazing hard in that direction we saw a dark figure making for the door. In a few seconds we had jumped into some clothes, and were after him. Outside we caught sight of him to our left, so keeping in the shadows, we followed, intending to track, in the hope of finding his haunt. Presently we lost sight of him behind a mud wall. On arriving at the spot we judged he had climbed the wall, so we did the same, gaining the bushes on the other side without mishap. Here we were at a loss how to proceed, as we could not see our man anywhere. Noticing a small hut in the hollow we decided to make for it. Of course, progress was slow as the growth was not very thick, and without care we should quickly have been spotted by the beggar. Eventually we reached the clearing around the hut and were just in time to see a figure, which we recognised as our man, disappear in the shadows. Judging he had gone inside, we decided to make a sprint for the spot. We crossed the space in a jiffy, and as we came up to the door of the hut — —"

Bang!! Crash!!! The door flew open, up jumped the little crowd looking quite scared. Over went the stools, and the 'old 'un' snatched up a spade and stood in a threatening attitude staring through the open door, his breath coming in gasps.

At last he said in a threatening voice "Who's there? speak up or I'll brain yer!" Nothing but silence. Two or three at last ventured out armed with a flash lamp, but with no results.

They gave up the search, realising that it was very cold and there was no chance to billy-up as the fire was completely out. They decided to 'turn-in' and 'let it sweat' until the morning. As I was getting undressed I thought I heard noises which sounded very much like somebody laughing with his mouth full of blanket. In the morning I noticed a piece of string attached to a nail at the back of the door and another piece through a couple of large biscuit tins lying on the floor, but when I pointed these out to the 'old 'un' he said he had seen them before, so I let it go at that, but I have my suspicions of that chap who sleeps in the hammock.

T. W.



Cecil A. Tooke R.N.V.R. 1917

A LINK.

*Is this to thee a weary day —
A Day that passeth slow —
A Day that burdeneth thine heart
With some new weight of woe?
Be patient. Know that this day
Is in life's lengthening chain
A necessary link between
Joys past and joys to come again.*

With Apologies.

ADOLPHUS AND CECIL.

Adolphus is certainly the youngest of all Gefangenen. I can never be quite sure whether his age is minus thirteen plus six, or minus thirteen minus six. Anyway he is my grandson, was born in 1930, and is now six years old. He does not like Gefangenschaft. When we are together, "let us", says Adolphus (his diction is sometimes very mature), "let us with one waft of the invisible wings of thought, get out of this beastly place". So we do so and sometimes he takes me by the hand and leads me to all his favourite haunts, which by an odd coincidence are also those of my favourite haunts, which harmonise with childish happiness.

Sometimes he climbs on my knee in the winter's dusk, and gathering his little boy and girl friends around us in the firelight's glow, bids me tell the stirring story of my warrior days. I tell, and let me say the story loses nothing in the telling. They hear how almost singlehanded I held Antwerp for weeks against countless hordes of the enemy. Sweet girlish eyes fill with tears and eager boyish faces glow as they listen to the dear old lies of long ago, and visualise the hecatombs of slaughtered foes that marked my devastating path in Flanders, in the bad old days when all the world was at war.

Of course, as a connoisseur of cause and effect, as a trained observer of social progress I know that Adolphus will have red hair, freckles, a snub nose and the name of Bumps. Also that when I suggest narrating some incidents of my prowess he will say, "No Baldy, no, I am fed-up with that tripe. Tell me how fighting Bob put Pompadour Jim to sleep a hundred years ago when you were a boy". Be it so. I shall sing for him that Saga of the nineteenth century and depict the valiant features of that great day at Carson City when Jim Corbett met his match, not forgetting Mrs Fitzsimmons' tremendous exhortation from the ring-side, "Slap him in the slats, Bob, you cain't never beat his jaw". Was I ever in Carson City? I was not. Did I know Jim Corbett? Not from a side of bacon. But will that stop Grandpa? Not if Baldy knows his job.

I feel sure you too have your Adolphus, though you dare not acknowledge him for fear you may be judged to have joined the great majority.(a)

Perhaps in your case the name is Mary and soft curls, alluring eyes and infrangible pledges are bound up with your shadowy visitant; perhaps your Adolphus wears spectacles, is rather bent with age and daily sacrifices some little of her comfort on the altar of yours. Adolphus, Mary, Sybil, Mother, Wife

(a) It is estimated by expert alienists among the prisoners that 75% of us are dippy, batty, balmy, puggled or otherwise mentally affected.

or Maid, God bless them all this Easter Tide and send them speedily the joy that cometh in the morning.

The intelligent reader, I have none other, may have formed the opinion that I am of an artistic temperament. I want the intelligent reader to unform that opinion as quick as he knows how. Not that I have never known anything of art. Far from it. For in the days when the "Döberitz Gazette" had the largest circulation of any Prisoner's Paper between Dyrotz and Spandau and before I had started to give my celebrated impersonation of the Wandering Jew in Russia I received an editorial command to interview A. B. Tooke and as a preliminary, made a study of art. Luckily we had a good library in camp. Failing to find the books I weeded in the index of authors, it was scarcely half a day's work to discover them in the classified indices. Building and masonry yielded "The seven Lamps of Architecture", Geology and Mineralogy "The Stones of Venice", while "Modern Painters" were (naturally) courting oblivion in the section devoted to home decoration (with supplement on Poker-Work and Enamelling). Had I thought to turn up the works of Ruskin in the first place, I should have been spared further search.(b) After a week's hard reading I felt competent to hold my own in an artistic interview with the P. R. A. himself. That my labour was in vain may be gathered from the following details of the interview.

"Tooke", I said, "we were having a bit of a discussion in the mess and decided to refer the matter to you as an artist. You know Benvenuto Cellini?"

"Of course I do. He's the little fat fellow who does the table slide for Bogganny's lunatic bakers. Or is that Bill?"

"That's Algernon Sidney Gustavus", I replied with a gaudy sarcasm that simply bounced off. Ben (plus four) played wing cover point for the Guernsey Auction Bridge IX at Wimbledon the year Persimmon, on ceding a rook, beat John Roberts for Dogget's Coat and Badge. But anyway the point we were discussing was whether Leonardo da Vinci —. "Leo Whatho de Whowho? who's he?"

"One of Capt. Woodward's performing Sea-lions", I replied bitterly for it began to look like a week's hard work gone west.

"M . . . m, funny name", he mused "but you never *can* tell with Sealions". This I confess pretty well staggered me but reflecting that a man may be well up in art and yet not know the name of every stiff that ever spoiled good Sail cloth I tried a fresh cast.

"Look at the colour effect over there", I said with well feigned enthusiasm, "just notice the chiaroscuro".

(b) Merely malevolent fiction. Our librarian was well informed and courteous and his indexing accurate and copious.

He laid a hand on my shoulder.

"Pic, old man", he said kindly, "why not go krank and see the doctor? that's the fat cook".

Then I exploded. "Oh, it is, Mr Blooming Tooke, is it, Master Budding Cecil? All very right. That puts the lid on. *And* screws it down. Right here is where I quit, and the next time I want to talk about High Art I shall read up all about dog-fights and how to make pie like mother did!"

Folding my arms like Napoleon giving an imitation of Little Tich, I fixed him with a baleful glare. Then I turned upon my heel and left him to his shame.

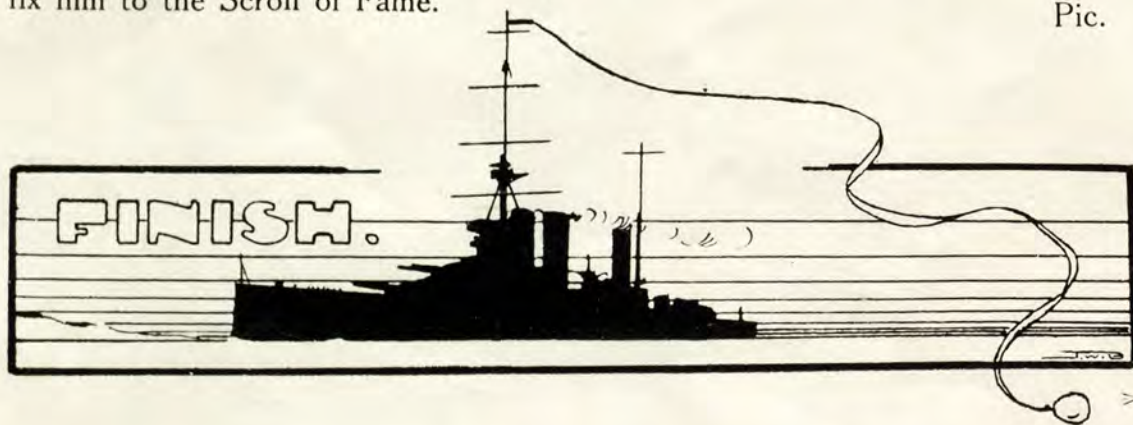
Even as I turned I heard him mutter, "Batty, plumb balmy, absoblooming-lutely bug-house".

* * * * *

Cecil A. Tooke, A. B. R. N. V. R. always looks as if he were thinking of something else. That expression broods over a Gefangenenlager but it is incarnated in him. Somewhen, somewhere, he will find what he is looking for and I hope he will be happy.

He made his mark in the early days with his famous Döberitz Arms. That struck the right note. Forty fathom deep Drake sleeps beneath the waves he loved and ruled but Plymouth Hoe remains. Barbed wire here, grim guards and inflexible rules but elsewhere white sails are dancing, dancing for us on the sparkle of sun-lit seas. There is honeysuckle growing in Kent and Brown beer being brewed for us; south from the bonny purple heather the wind sweeps fresh over Yorkshire Moors and down Derbyshire Vales to die in a whisper of beautiful Devon Lanes. A master of his art, Tooke helped to make us Masters of our fate. For that the English Kriegsgefangener is. Not I with my pen nor our artist with his pencil can add one cubit to his stature. But the amateur is arrogant, the Press is proud, the combination insufferable. Heedless of the cries of our victim I call upon my trusty Bow and with the arrow of immortality transfix him to the Scroll of Fame.

Pic.



ON NIKOLAJ KOMASCHKA.
4th RUSSIAN ARTILLERY BRIGADE.

Somewhere in far off Russia lies the place
The name he told me but I couldn't catch it!
It can't be helped! Besides, in any case
No rhyme on earth could have been found to match it!

Well, anyhow he turned his face away
From one he loved — (he says she's very pretty)
And went to fight! Some like it so they say
(How much more comfortable I find the city!)

He did his share! — he laughed at everything!
He fought all right! — he got a little 'mucky,'
With blood and dirt! and then he used to sing!
I've heard him too! — I'm generally unlucky!

He got cut off one day — that's why he's here!
He always says the war will end to-morrow,
You see him now smiling from ear to ear
He wants to tell you of his secret sorrow!

He thinks the little girl he left up there
Worries about him. — May she see his photo
And if she talks of his worn ghostly air
I think its time he broke it off — in toto!

N. S. P.



A SPLASH.



Jimmy" said the other occupant of the slim graceful skiff, that drifted lazily down the river, "why, O why so pensive?" She settled herself back comfortably amongst the cushions in the bottom of the boat and locking her hands behind her head smiled quizzically at her companion. Jimmy, otherwise Capt. James Dealtry, looked at the dainty muslin-clad figure in front of him, and jammed the baccy into his inoffensive briar, with quite unnecessary viciousness.

"My dear Betty" he said "eighteen months in the trenches is not conducive to pensiveness" and, with a rather wry smile, "I am afraid it is not even conducive to good temper". But frankly Betty I hate to see that cub Linwood so much with you; he's not the sort of man I care to see you with. He's — Oh hang it all, I can't enumerate all his peculiar attributes."

"But my dear Jimmy" with a tantalising laugh "I am afraid you are prejudiced, Mr. Linwood's a very charming man. He dances beautifully and his manners are perfect."

"Yes" grunted Jimmy, "they always are with that type of man."

"Oh Jimmy" she laughed "what an old bear you are, but after all" sitting up suddenly and causing the frail craft to rock, "why shouldn't I choose my friends where I will."

Jimmy gazed at the flushed beautiful face with its resolute little chin and sparkling eyes.

"I suppose" he said, his voice a little strained, "there's no reason on earth why you should'nt, but we've known each other so long — since you were a little dainty scrap — so high —, and I a lumbering schoolboy" and then he hurried on "I'm heaps older than you and I want to see you happy and I — I . . ."

"Yes, Jimmy" she said very softly.

"Nothing" said Jimmy lighting his pipe with a hand that shook a little.

"Oh ancient, wise and sapient friend" she said "don't let's quarrel, it's such a glorious day" waving a hand towards Sonning Bridge glowing golden red in the setting sun. "I've never seen it look more beautiful."

"Nor I", said Jimmy shortly but he only saw the gleam of the sun in her hair, the gleam of her teeth through parted lips, all the sweet wholesome vision

of femininity, that he had seen so often in the long months in France, a vision that broke in on his loneliness only to be repressed and dismissed.

"And besides" said Betty "I've just heaps of things to tell you about and you've only one short week of leave left".

"To be quite exact" said Jimmy a little grim smile at the corners of his mouth "I leave Victoria by the 8. 5 p. m. tomorrow."

"Tomorrow — tomorrow!" she said "But I thought — I thought —."

"Yes" said Jimmy "so did I, but I had a wire this morning and er — it's "Back to the Army again."

Her face had grown paler and she looked over the sunlit dancing water without seeming to see.

From up-river came the thud-thud of a launch's propeller and Jimmy picked up the sculls preparatory to making for the lock, when Betty stopped him.

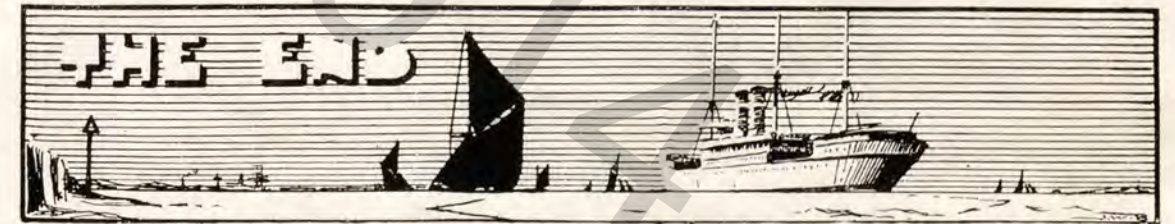
"We'll wait till the launch has passed Jimmy", she said, a sudden flush in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eye "There'll be heaps of time."

"Why not" said Jimmy, endeavouring to free the boat-hook which had hooked itself into a cushion.

The launch puffing and fuming swept by, the swell causing the frail skiff to rock. Betty with a glance towards the shore swayed suddenly to one side and in an instant they were both in the river. Jimmy came to the surface gasping and struck out desperately to where Betty's white frock came suddenly to view. As he caught her she sank heavy in his arms. A few strokes brought him to foothold and lifting her in his arms he laid her on the bank. Her eyes were closed and she was very pale. Jimmy dropped on his knees beside her.

"Betty! Betty! heart's love, speak to me." He caught her suddenly to him and kissed her with all the pent-up emotions of many months of longing, kissed her hair, her lips, her eyes. Then a wet white arm crept round his neck and a shaky voice in his ear whispered "Jimmy darling! — I couldn't let you go without — without — And" with a little flash of defiance. "I'm glad I did it!"

Haka.





Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guardports of the Morn!
 Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the Horn!
 Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us, main to main
 The coastwise Lights of England give you welcome back again!



Go, get you gone up-channel with the sea-crust on your plates;
 Go, get you into London with the burden of your freights!
 Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if any seek,
 The Lights of England sent you and by silence shall ye speak!



Kipling.

AN EASTER EPISODE.



In a military cantonment near the Northern Frontier of India lay a newly arrived British Infantry Regiment, who, notwithstanding their short time in the Station, were finding out that duty there was somewhat different to that which they had been accustomed to down country.

This particular station had always been notorious for its rifle thieves or "loose-wallahs" as they are termed, and the Royal Blankshire Regiment had already had several visits from them, all of which had proved unsuccessful owing to the vigilance taken in securing all arms.

Still, it was not expected that their lack of success in the past would prove a deterrent in the future. These men of the hills are always ready to risk their lives, in order to make themselves the proud possessors of one of these beautiful rifles and at the same time to become notabilities amongst the people of their tribes. News had been received that one of these bands had entered the adjacent city and would shortly be making their presence felt. This communication had been made to the Royal Blankshires and Private "Spud" Murphy and his bosom chum Macgregor, in their corner of the Canteen reviewed the matter from their own point of view, and, incidently spoke of their chances of encounter with loose-wallahs.

"Yis", said Murphy, "The nixt toime Oi mates one o' the bastes Oi'll let daylight into his black soul."

"Have ye met one already then Murphy?" questioned his friend Macgregor.

"Will, haven't Oi now. O'll till ye how it was my bhoys. It was only two noights ago. Afther laving here, Oi thought O'id slape on the verandah for the sake o' the frish air. How long Oi had slipt Oi can't tell, but Oi came to life again by feeling a hand on me. Oi opened a corner of my oye, and there was a black divil goin' through me pockets, whilst another hild a long knife over me. Oi couldn't spake a word but Oi haven't forgotten it and bejabbars Oi shan't do for a long toime to come. Not a cowrie did the beggar leave me.

"You gossoon", retorted Macgregor, "Why didn't ye fasten your teeth into him? That would have fixed him."

"Whoi didn't Oi? — Whoi because his knife would have fastened into me long before Oi could have gripped him. That's whoi."

"Right ye are my boy ; but don't forget to give a good account of yerself the next time ye happen to meet one."

"Bedad and Oi will or my name's not Murphy."

"Murphy! Guard tomorrow-night!"

"Roight! Sargint."

"And, Murphy, don't forget to keep your eyes and ears well open or you'll find yourself deficient of a rifle and perhaps a guard too."

"No fear of that Sargint, when Murphy has duty to be done, it's shure to be done smart."

The next night, Murphy all spick and span mounted guard and found himself in the first relief and on being posted proceeded at once to satisfy himself that all was correct in his immediate vicinity.

The night was dark and still and the Chowkidars cough in the various compounds and the bark of the pariahs in the Bazaar were the only sounds that disturbed the peaceful slumbers of the cantonment.

One thing only troubled Murphy, and that was a deep flushing drain which ran diagonally across his front and passed the end of his post at a distance of about ten yards ; on this drain he fixed his gaze. "Quoite a convenient drain for a black divil to sneak up by", thought Murphy "Oi'd niver see him a noight like this till he was most on top of me, so Oi'll get prepared."

How long he had stood he did not know — he had been straining his eyes into the darkness, but now he was suddenly brought to his senses by hearing a sound in the drain, and which seemed to him to be occasioned by something moving stealthily along the ground. Nothing could be seen, but the noise repeated itself and at last convinced him that there was something in the drain. He could hear it if he could not see it and what else could it be but a loose-wallah? Should he fire now and scare the blighter or should he run the risk of letting him get too close? Yes, he would wait. But there was the sound again! The beggar was getting too near to be comfortable as his previous experience of the knife flashed across his brain. It would never do to let him get too close and so, gauging the position of the intruder as near as possible, he fired.

The guard hearing the shot was rapidly on the scene, the Sergeant demanding from the now excited sentry an explanation of his firing.

"Begorra, Oi've shot the brute!"

"Who?" demanded the Sergeant.

"Whoi, the loose-wallah of course ; shure and I foired at the blackguard in the drain Sergeant."

The Sergeant proceeded with a lantern and a file of the guard along the drain, Murphy bringing up the rear. They had not walked far when they came upon a dark form lying in the drain and on closer inspection, what a sight was revealed! One of the small donkeys, used by the Regimental Dhobies to convey washing to and from the dhobie-Ghats had become the victim of Murphy's deadly aim. It had evidently strayed from it's compound and getting into the drain, had wandered along it nibbling the most delectable morsels of grass.

Murphy's feelings can be better imagined than described and his face was an artist's study as he saw the laughter of his comrades.

"I think, Murphy", said the Sergeant, "that you will have to explain your waste of amunition to-morrow and you'll be lucky to come away without having a donkey to pay for."

"Yes, Oi suppose so, Sargint, and Oi hopes for better luck the nex toime Oi meets the loose-wallah."

A. H. B.





He's a natty little fellow is our Kim
 And worthy of the fuss we make of him.
 Have you ever seen him do it?
 How he puts his shoulder to it
 This little friend of all the world

OUR KIM.

"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME"



he was gentle and true when I left her at Kew!
 Has she changed with her work now I wonder?
 The sound of a gun
 Made her scream out and run
 Or even the noise of the thunder!

But she now spends all day in a bellicose way
 Making hardware that hurts when let "free"
 Will the maxims I've taught her
 No longer hold water?
 Will she turn a new Maxim on me?

Can she still be the same? can it be my one aim
 To be with her? It used to be heaven!

But when we are wed
 And I'm not home to bed
 Will she bring down a new 4.7?

If I come down to "breck" just a bit of a "wreck"
 And she says "Well, I see you're alive"
 Dare I thunder and shout
 If her answer comes out
 From a 9 or a 13.5

If she wants some more cash when perhaps I've been "rash"
 Her smile may grow sweeter and sweeter
 For she'll get her support
 And a nasty "report"
 From that huge 45 Centimetre

The smile that I wear with a dignified air
 As I point out the shoe where it pinches
 Will go mighty quick
 Now she's up to the trick
 Of the latest in one hundred inches!

Shall I hide from her view when I get back to Kew?
 Now her hand is so swift and unerring!
 And shall I draw back
 Just for fear of a smack
 From a thousand point *Nine Nine recurring!!!*

Does it lessen her beauty? her love for her duty?
 Let me meet her! Whatever befall
 Fire them all at my heart
 All those guns! We don't part
 For she's sweeter than ever! That's all.

Tank.



A 'MESS' AND A 'MISS'.

Hullo, Tubby, what the dickens are you making there?"
"What's that got to do with you, Nosey? You haven't got to eat it, have you?"
"Eat it! No, I should hope not! I thought you were mixing paint for the gaff. Thank goodness I don't belong to your mess. There — don't get wind up, Sonny. I apologise."

The clog shied by the irate Tubby fortunately (for me) fell short and landed neatly on the protruding toe of 'Fifi', who was enjoying a quiet siesta on the next bed. The gentle sleeper awoke with a cry of pain and an exclamation that was not gentle.

"Hallo, 'Fifi', had a bad dream, old sport?" I enquired.

"Dream be blowed. Who the deuce chucked — — — — Why, Tubby, what on earth have you got there?" asked Fifi, suddenly breaking off as he caught sight of the unsavoury looking mess Tubby was engaged upon.

"Indeed you might well ask" said I. "I thought it was paint, but it seems too thin for that."

"Smells a bit like dubbin to me," said Fifi, sniffing the air. "I lost that tin I bought yesterday, now I come to think of it."

"No, it can't be that," interjected Mac, the third member of our mess, lolling back on his bed and contentedly blowing smoke rings from his lips. "Baldy used that tin this morning to thicken his blancmange. I gave it to him in mistake for gelatine and he never noticed the difference."

To this gentle ragging Tubby vouchsafed no reply, but continued stirring his concoction.

"That's right Tubby my lad, I admire your spirit," said Baldy, sitting up to refill his pipe and somewhat riled by the last remark. "Take no notice of the inane criticism of the vulgar herd opposite. But seriously though, what *are* you making? It smells a treat."

"This, gentlemen and members of the firm opposite, is imitation Indian curry," announced Tubby with pride.

"Hallo, who's that talking about curry," cried Tom sitting up with an attentive air and throwing aside the LINK he had been absorbed in up till now. "When I was in India — — — —"

"Help", groaned Mac. "Hear, have a Woodbine Tom," said Baldy hastily handing him his cigarette case.

"No thanks old man, I prefer a cigarette," rejoined Tom as he calmly helped himself to my last Goldflake. "Well, as I was saying, I remember quite well how when I was in India, a chap — — — —"

"Hi, Tom, they are calling for you outside to unload a wagon of coal that's just come up" cried Fifi.

" — — — — — the coal, I thought I had finished for today," grumbled Tom slowly climbing off the shelf.

"Another Indian crisis averted," murmured Mac with a sigh of relief as Tom, still grumbling, went off.

"Say, you fellows," said Baldy, "Tomorrow's Easter, so what do you say to our two firms burying the hatchet for a bit and 'mucking-in' over the holiday? Let's make up a typical English dinner."

"Good idea, Baldy, old thing," agreed Fifi. "Pass round the pipe of peace. Tubby, I accept your apologies. Now to business. First — what have you chaps got in the grub line?"

"In the hands of a capable man like myself," said I, "You wouldn't recognise what I can turn out." (Hear, hear, interjected Fifi)

"Oh yes — you — you'd make a hash of anything," grinned Tubby maliciously.

"Here, stop that scrapping Mac, unless you want us to break off diplomatic relations," cried Baldy.

"Tubby lad, haven't you nearly finished with that stuff?"

"Give us a chance man," growled Tubby. "If some of you lazy blighters would give a hand instead of lolling about there, perhaps — —"

"Parcel for Baldy," yelled Tom, suddenly dashing up with an American Express box in his arms. "Come on and open it. This ought to settle the whole dinner question. It's heavy enough anyhow."

"Who's it from, Baldy?" asked Mac, as we all gathered round to watch the opening.

"I don't know — — can't find the name — — oh yes, here it is inside," said Baldy pulling out a card. "Well she *is* a brick. Saved the situation."

"Three cheers for the lady" said I.

"Here, I say, just what we want," continued Baldy "Why, here's our typical English dinner ready waiting."

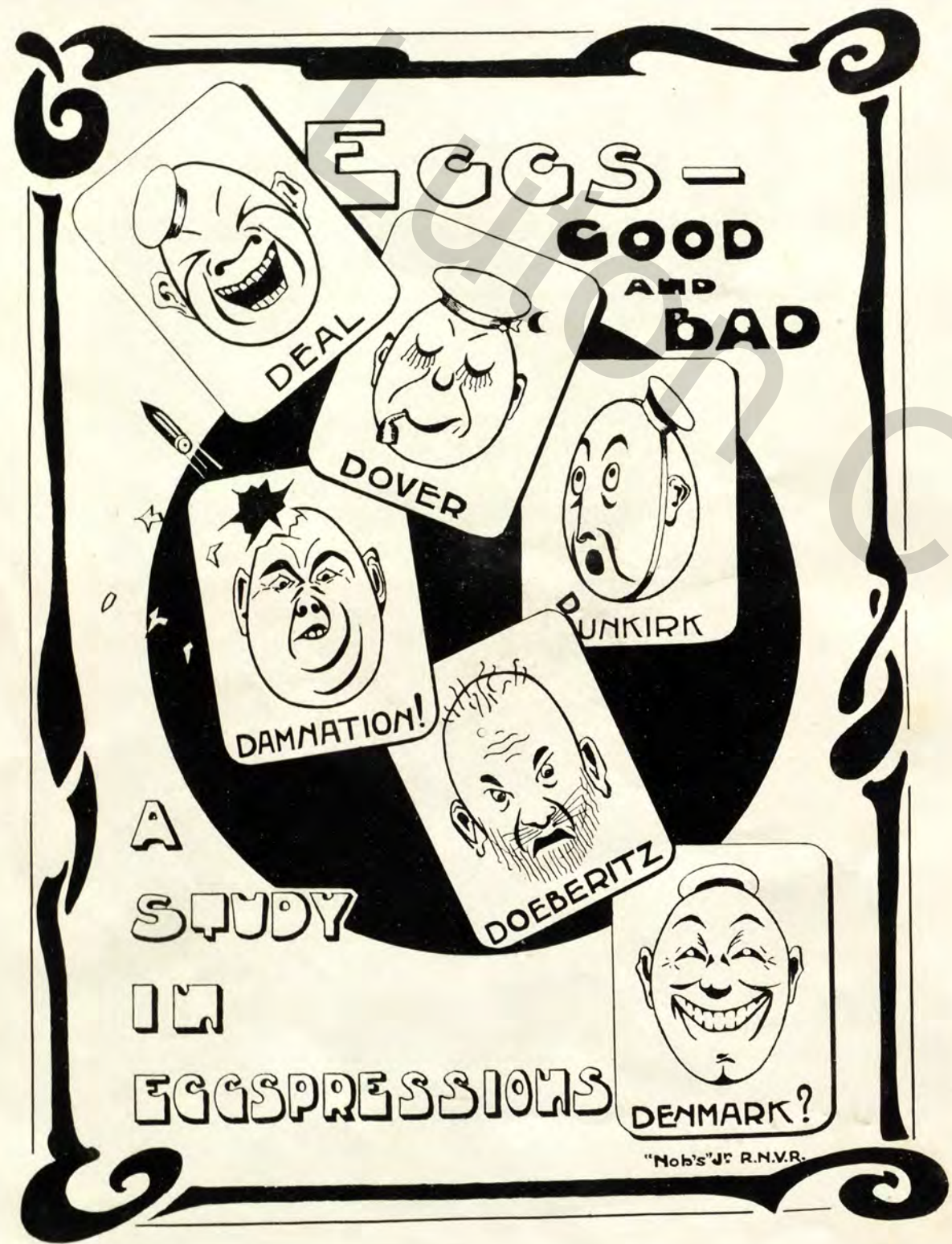
"Couldn't be better," agreed Mac.

"Oh well, I suppose that settles a pressing question satisfactorily," said Tubby, rather reluctantly, "But, I say, what about my soup?"

"Use it for washing up in," said I, dodging his foot as I dashed out to fill the 'billy' with water.

L. J. S.





When it comes to steering lifeboats through the roaring ocean foam
 Bacchanalian companions in their locomotion home,
 Guarding coasts or cracking bottles, winning smiles instead of curses
 Give me him who's peeling spuds, whose grinning dial's above these verses!

Be his language sometimes lurid or his yarns inclined a 'leettle'
 To the sort you wouldn't mention to a real *refined* black beetle,
 What's it matter? — Nothing earthly ever makes our 'Mac' to squirm
 Sport of sports and best of comrades! cheery tough old pachyderm!



EXCUSE MY
BACK