

W. T. Bruce

The Ruheleben Camp

Magazine



May, 1916.

SPRING NUMBER

PRICE 40 PFENNIGS.

SEE PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 8.

GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT!

BY

THE RUHLEBEN INTELLECTUALS!!!

(Date not yet fixed.)

I.

SALOME DANCE Mr. DADD.

II.

Prof. PATCHETT
will deliver a Monologue entitled
FRAUST!!
or
90° IN THE SHADES!

III.

THAT WORLD-FAMOUS
BALLAD
"IN CELLE COOL"
will be sung by
SPECIALLY SELECTED
TROUPE.

IV.

Mr. CROSSLAND-BRIGGS
will speak on
GOODNESS KNOWS
WHAT!

V.

"VERBOTEN!"
or
THE SUNBATHERS'
LAMENT
will be given (in Costume)
by
A. HARYUN.

VI.

GRAND CHORUS.
ODE TO BERLITZ
or
OTTO, WHERE ART
THOU?
will be sung by
THE HUGONOT QUARTET.

VII.

DIRGE.
Specially written for the occasion
by that popular
Knockabout Artiste
DUNCANNY JONES!!!
'THE DEAD CANARY!'

(The audience are requested to remove
their hats.)

VIII.

Dr. LOGIE
WILL
TALK!

CURTAIN.

THE RUHLEBEN CAMP MAGAZINE

N^o. 3.

MAY

1916.

EDITORIAL.

THE Promenade Concerts which take place during the summer months have given more pleasure than any other Camp entertainment. The music is bright and popular and can be listened to in comfort by the whole Camp. Unfortunately however, it does not seem to occur to the people who attend these concerts that the performances require any support or encouragement, except applause. This is not the case, however, for although the performers give their services for the entertainment of the Camp, there are unavoidable expenses to be met in connection with the concerts and it is but reasonable to expect the Camp to do something towards meeting them. The only source of income open to the concert givers, and that is meagre enough, is derived from the sale of programmes. So many people, however, do not buy programmes that this source of revenue is quite inadequate. It is a pity that this should be so, for ten pfennigs a week is not a large sum to pay for a good concert. Perhaps this hint will induce men to loosen their purse-strings a little, and give the orchestra that support which is not only necessary but uncommonly well deserved.

* * *

There must be very few among our Ruhleben community whose thoughts do not turn to the blessed day when they will find themselves restored to freedom and friends — to say nothing of sweethearts and wives. It is a subject which fills the minds of all, whatever date, near or distant, we assign to that much longed for event. One constantly hears schemes discussed which only await the last line-up to be carried out; some of these ideas are visionary, others are practical; some are grave, others gay; but all have a common interest. We shall be glad if readers will let us have their views on the subject, and tell us what they would do if they were free, and had a month at their disposal to spend exactly as they pleased. An assortment of Ruhleben views on this subject would be of interest to us all, and might be of much use; for

there are many among us who are at a very loose end as regards the future. If correspondents will send us their suggestions as to the best way to spend a holiday under the circumstances we have indicated, we shall be glad to print them for the edification of all and sundry.

For the benefit of the few Ruhlebenites who, though brainy, have a few moments to spare we announce a novel and interesting Missing Word Competition. As will be seen, there is a prize for every blank.

1. "God bless Mr. —!" Prize. — Presentation pair of corduroys (as new).
2. "Stick it, —! Go it, —!" — Prize. — Key to all the jokes in the R.C.M.
3. "I was — in August, 1914!" — Prize. — Handsome jug.
4. "When do you think the — will be over?" — Prize. — Perpetual calendar.
5. "Are we—?" — Prize. — One year's subscription to 'Hearts of Oak' Society.
6. "You'll get — hours if you do that!" Prize. — Advice to young men.'
7. "What have they got at the Canteen?" — Prize. — Handsomely bound Stores catalogue.

Further particulars at some future date.

* * *

DO the people who decorate Camp hoardings with anonymous announcements realise that by withholding their names they deprive their utterances of all value? Anonymity, in such cases, only leaves the impression that the writer is afraid to attach his name to his remarks, and that he probably has a good reason for his reticence. This is all the more to be regretted as these notices are often of considerable interest, reflecting as they do the real opinions of the Camp on different questions of the hour.

* * *

THE two smoking concerts which were given in March were so successful that we hope that there will be a repetition of this form of recreation as soon as opportunity offers. A little honest fun and amusement are what the Camp wants — but does not invariably get. Without in the least criticising the admirable performances which are given by the Dramatic Society we think, and there are obviously many who agree with us, that more opportunity should be given to those of us who enjoy a pipe and a song to do so. Smoking concerts are a time-honoured and popular feature of our brighter moments in England, with the further advantage that they are more easily arranged than any other form of social diversion.

MOVE ON, PLEASE!



APRIL 30th, 1916.

Nautical Notes.



ALTHOUGH we have invited criticism on these notes in previous numbers, up to the present, the response to our appeal is limited, and as we feel sure a number of the seafaring fraternity are able to air their "growls" in a literary way, we again invite criticism.

As we have so little space at our disposal this month we are obliged to hold over reports to a later issue.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO STAND AND WAIT."

IT was Sunday in Port Said; the afternoon sun beat down with a semi-tropical fierceness upon a scene, not as usual, of blinding and deafening activity, but one of comparative quiet, disturbed only by a faint and distant rattle, which announced to the initiated the well-appreciated fact that, somewhere in the Harbour, a ship was in the unfortunate condition of being "worked" on the Sabbath.

One ship, lying at the tier farthest from the town, presented a silent and deserted appearance this afternoon. The heat of the sun had apparently driven the members of her crew to seek refuge in siestas, or in the cool shades of some accommodating café ashore. Upon closer inspection, one figure is observed, sitting in solitary state in a deck chair, upon the bridge-deck. He is evidently lost in reflection, for in his wide-opened eyes is a far away expression; and his pipe, hanging loosely from his mouth, has been out some time.

But he is not allowed to remain in this condition for long. A small boat approaches quickly, and a puffing perspiring individual, clad in white, jumps from it, hastens up the gangway, and greets our thoughtful friend with a hearty thump on the back, crying at the same time, "Hello, P...! how are you?" Without waiting for an answer, he goes on.

"I had no idea you were here, till old Ali told me this morning."

"Well, we only arrived late last night," answered the other; "I knew you were in, and intended visiting you, but thanks to Ali you've spared me the trouble. Well, heard anything of old Joe lately?"

"What! J...?" was the response in tones of amazement, "haven't you heard about him?"

"No; what is it?"

"Oh! he is locked up with that whining crowd of slackers in Ruhleben, petitioning the government to release them, and living at the same time a life of ease and luxury, indulging by way of recreation in the pleasures attendant upon cricket and football grounds, golf course &c., to say nothing of several tennis courts, and excellent facilities for all kinds of athletic sports. Then again, they are living shamelessly on the charity of the already overburdened ratepayer, and..."

"Sh!" interrupted the other, an almost impatient look threatening to disturb the serenity of his face.

"Not quite so fast, please; your eloquence is overwhelming. You seem to have prepared your case with all the pertinacity, but hardly the skill of a professional lawyer. Let us sift the evidence. First, you say he is locked up; do you realize what that means? I think not! The fettering and forced inaction, causing the stores of energy and vitality, at first employed in optimism and hope, to sink gradually into a dull despair, producing a demoralizing effect upon the spirit, till one's existence becomes nothing more than obedience to the behests of the most primitive instinct — self preservation."

"But the compensations!" ventured the visitor. Our philosopher turned sharply and retorted.

"Rot! Your imagination runs away with you. You talk glibly of cricket, and immediately you see the Oval or Lords; of football, and the shouting, cheering crowd at the Crystal Palace occur to your memory; of golf, and the pleasant vistas of Sunningdale or Walton Heath are open to your view; of tennis and athletics, and your imagination is stimulated by recollections of pleasant days spent at Wimbledon and Stamford Bridge."

"Do you really think, my friend, that poor old J... 's leisure hours are so well catered for? If you do, you are more credulous than I supposed. You seem to forget, that, after all, they are prisoners, and not a Cook's tourist party."

"Steady, now! that's too much; I didn't mean —"

"Of course not, I know that quite well; but you receive an impression through a doubtful medium, and retail it in that distorted atmosphere, doing incalculable harm. While, if you thought a little and brought your intelligence to bear upon it, the facts of the case would present a very different aspect. Again, how do you suppose these people, whom you describe as living on "overburdened ratepayers", manage to indulge in expensive pleasures, when their assistance from that source consists merely of a few shillings weekly, which is, so I've heard, strictly in the way of a loan?"

He paused and looked questioningly at his companion, as though expecting a reply, but, receiving none, he continued,

"You also remarked that they were living in ease and luxury, and, in the same breath they are "whining for the government to release them." How do you reconcile these two statements? The former implies smug self-complacency and satisfaction with their lot; the latter, dissatisfaction, and a very natural desire to be free once more. So you see, your case for the prosecution has not even the bare merit of consistency, and consequently crumples like a pack of cards upon the application of a little common-sense investigation."

"Look here, old man" he added, more gently, "please do not form these hasty judgments upon scanty and ill-considered facts, but try and appreciate the circumstances; and, above all, keep your sense of proportion well adjusted." He stopped, lit his pipe, and resumed his former contemplative attitude, while his visitor, slowly turning away, began to pace the deck in moody silence.

MIDDLE WATCH.

C. OMES M. INUS S. TAMP

Mr. WALTER BUTTERWORTH

(from Manchester).

ALTHOUGH Mr. Butterworth's present address is Ruhleben, Manchester has the privilege of claiming him as one of her worthiest citizens. For that favoured though sunless city, which is the headquarters of Free Trade, Democracy, and a Ship Canal in good going order, enjoys the further distinction of numbering Mr. Butterworth among its ex-Councillors. In this civic capacity Mr. Butterworth has acted with conspicuous success, while in private life he is a patron of art, and a boon companion in Lancastrian literary circles.

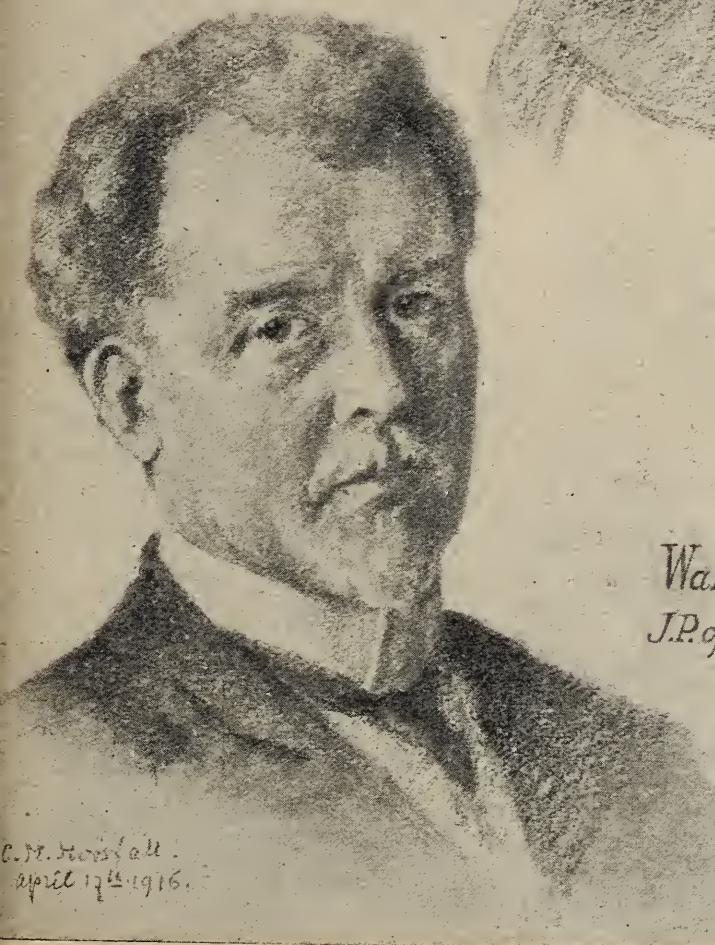
Mr. Butterworth was one of the 'first to arrive in Ruhleben, and from an early date has interested himself on behalf of his interned fellow-countrymen in general, and Lancastrians in particular. The Lancastrian Society owes its inception to Mr. Butterworth's enterprise, while the only democratic institution in the Camp — the Debating Society — owes a good deal of its success to his work and influence. But it is as Chairman, of course, that Mr. Butterworth stands, or sits, pre-eminent among his fellows; — the Père la Chaise of Ruhleben. For where two or three are gathered together for discussion there will Mr. Butterworth be found, occupying the Chair. A natural aptitude for this distinguished function, together with constant practice in its exercise have combined to make him a Chairman who reaches as near perfection as erring mortal can.

In spite of what has been said above, Mr. Butterworth has his moments of leisure. These he occupies in Dutch and Danish literature, — for the taste for foreign languages is now universal. In still lighter moments Mr. Butterworth resorts to a certain Club, at the back of Barrack 7. Of this institution we can only say that its members are intellectual without being offensively so; it is a haunt of certain artistic and musical people who do not court publicity, and who shrink from the fierce lime light that beats upon a Ruhleben public character. Would that there were more!

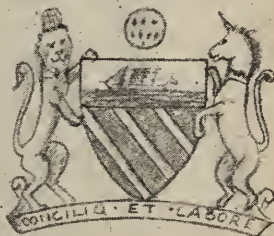
For a short period Mr. Butterworth acted as Captain of a Barrack; but that is another story.

IT has been found necessary to raise the price of the Magazine to 40 pfennigs. This increase, which the publishers very much regret, is unavoidable, as the cost of production makes it impossible to adhere to the old price, although all contributions are voluntary. Rather than reduce the size of the Magazine this small increase of price has been made, and it is hoped that readers will appreciate the necessity under which this step has been taken.

*M^r W. Butterworth,
Lord Mayor
of Ruhlbez.*



*Walter Butterworth Esq.
J.P. of the City of Manchester.*



*C. M. Hoosfall.
April 17th 1916.*

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PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

ANGELICA WHATNOT, a poor but dazzlingly beautiful blonde. Is engaged as a typist, and is in love with HECTOR FITZ MARJORIBANKS-MARJORIBANKS, (telegrams and parcels, MARJI, LONDON); tall, beautiful teeth, immensely strong, blue eyes, 50-inch chest, very old Bayswater family, and a triple Oxbridge 'blue'.

MAISIE MOABIT, handsome, dark and feline; drinks; crème de menthe, smokes, and is suspected of being 'fast'.

SNOOKEY OOK, an international crook, in partnership with Maisie; wears a signet ring, and has bloodshot eyes.

In addition to the above, many other characters of absorbing interest will appear in this palpitating romance!



CHAPTER I.

THE CASINO.

It was a calm, clear evening in May. A fashionable and cosmopolitan throng of gay and wealthy loungers loitered in the vast assembly rooms of the Ruhlleben Casino.

Among these habitués of the Lager's most exclusive rendezvous stood Hector Fitz Marjoribanks-Marjoribanks, a look of faint boredom on his handsome clean-cut features. Immaculately clad in evening dress, he presented a striking figure. A scarlet silk handkerchief, carelessly thrust in the

folds of a low-cut waistcoat (one of Beinstock's latest creations) betrayed his patrician taste; and although the week was well advanced, — for it was Friday evening — his collar was dazzlingly white. Between his lips hung a half-smoked Flor de Spandau.

The last sobbing strains of that haunting morceau, "His Master's Voice!" were reverberating along the frescoed corridors, and Hector was about to leave the gay assembly (for it was already 9.30 p.m.), when his arm was touched by a dark, broad-shouldered man who had approached with panther-like tread.

"Come with me, Hector Fitz-Marjoribanks-Majoribanks!" he said.

"Who are you?" asked Hector.

"I am Alltop!" replied the other.

Even Hector's aristocratic composure was startled! And not without reason! For all Ruhleben knew Alltop, the Chief of the Ruhleben Secret Service, whose skill as a sleuth was the admiration and envy of Europe's most experienced detectives. It was Alltop who had unravelled the strange affair of the missing B. B. B., and it was his master mind that had solved the mystery of the disappearing deck-chair!

The two men left the Casino, and proceeded in silence to Alltop's office, which was close at hand.

A Spécial Service man, bearing on his left sleeve the dreaded armband of official rank, opened the door.

"The pass-word?" he demanded.

"Rhartz!" replied Alltop.

"Good!"

The two men entered, and the door, turning noiselessly on its well-oiled hinges, hid them from view.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE GREEN ROOM.

In the Green Room of the Ruhleben Theatre of Contrarieties sat Maisie Moabit. The hour was late. Maggi Wurfel, the Camp's favourite comedienne, had quitted the building, accompanied by a bevy of admiring pittites; save for the tramping of some belated mariner on the concrete overhead the building was silent.

Maisie's jewelled fingers toyed with a decanter of her favourite liqueur, and from time to time she blew clouds of fragrant Woodbine smoke from her scornful lips. She was about to yawn when a gentle tapping on the door arrested her attention.

"Herein!" cried Maisie, for this accomplished woman was a linguist of no mean order; "is that you, Broker?"



But the man who stood before her was Snookey, the Crook!

Maisie nodded carelessly to her confederate, then filled a glass with liqueur, and handed it to him.

"Mahlzeit!"

"Prosit!"

The long silence which followed was broken at length by Snookey's guttural accents.

"Any news, Maisie?" he enquired anxiously;

"Nichts zu machen!" replied Maisie; "nothing doing, old bird!"

"Do you know what you are saying, woman?" cried Snookey, livid with rage. "Have you not succeeded in ruining Hector Marjoribanks-Marjoribanks yet?"

"I did my best", said Maisie sadly, "but it was only a waste of time! I took him shopping in Bond Street, but there was nothing on sale! How can you ruin a man on a bottle of gum and a sheet of last season's fly paper?"

"Anything else?"

"Yes; I lured him to the Summer House, hoping to get him involved in that haunt of the Ruhleben Four Hundred!"

"With what result?"

"He cleaned them out at cribbage; borrowed three marks from the white-jacketed attendant; and left the Club with an Italian Grammar and a pot of geraniums to the good!"

"Curse him!" cried Snookey beside himself with passion, and grinding his gold-filled teeth, in spite of the dentist's warning. "Have you tried poison?"

"Yes!" replied Maisie, sadly. "I gave him some patent coffee extract, — a whole cupful! But he seemed to enjoy it! He said it improved his appetite!"

For some moments Snookey sat in moody silence, fingering his massive gold albert and medallion, — for he was a dressy man.

"There is only one thing to be done!" he said at length, rising to his feet.

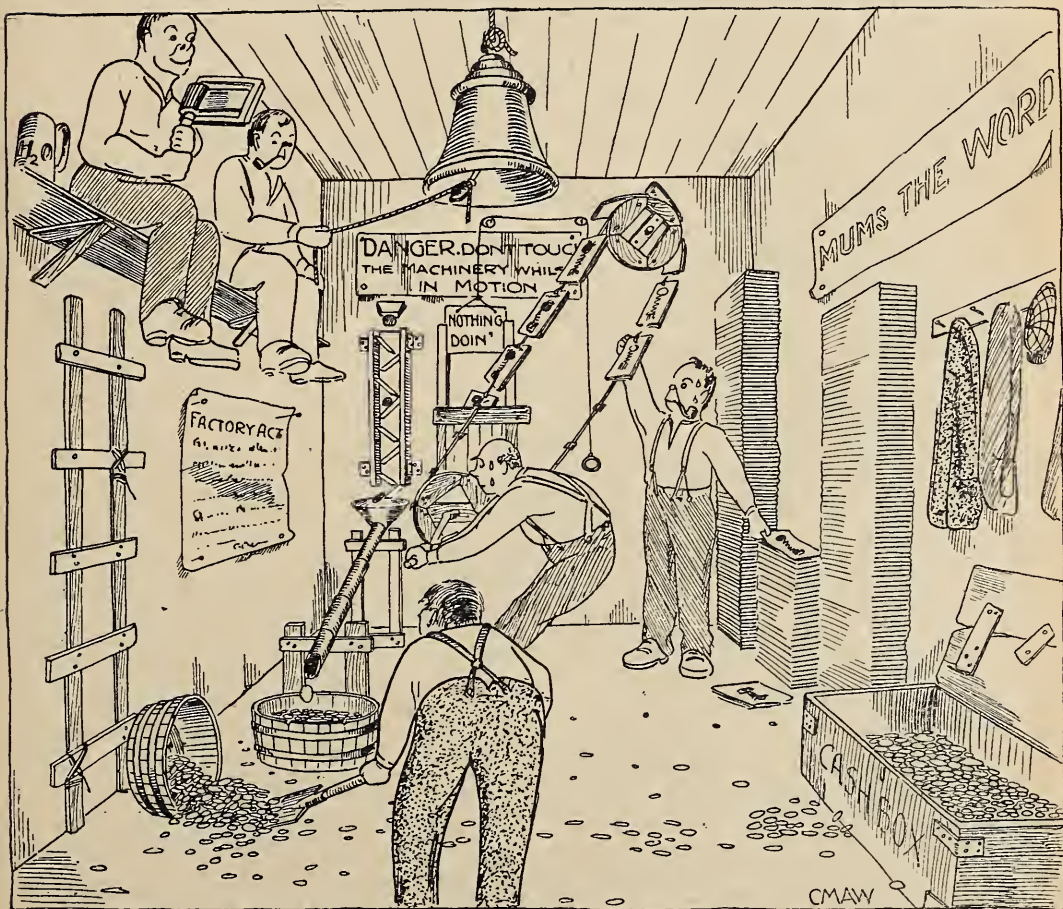
But at that moment a terrible uproar arose from the adjoining room; the air was filled with angry shouts, imprecations, and sounds of quarrelling.

"What the devil is that?" cried Snookey.

"The Entertainments Committee", replied Maisie; "they are receiving a deputation from the Dramatic Society!"

"Then this is no place for me!" said Snookey, and crushing his hat on his head, he strode from the room.

(To be continued in our next.)



THE above design, which has been drawn carefully to scale, will, we hope, satisfy the innumerable enquiries which we have received as to the inner working of the R. C. M. Automat.



RUHLEBEN MUSICAL SOCIETY.

NO small share of credit for the present gratifying standard of the Ruhleben Orchestra is due to Mr. Peebles-Conn. Valuable work was accomplished under his direction in connection with the production of "Der fidele Bauer", almost a year ago: and if the Promenade Concerts, which proved so immensely popular last summer, were of no great artistic worth, the advantage to the orchestra of regular practice and performance under such an able and well-equipped musician cannot be over estimated. The programme of the 6th Symphony Concert, which was given on March 26th., erred on the heavy side. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony is supposed to be a musical reflection of certain aspects of Scottish scenery and life which impressed the composer during a holiday journey in the year 1829. The work which was not completed until 1842, is neither particularly Scotch nor particularly interesting. In the Scherzo and Finale the composer has made use of "local colour" in a rather obvious and commonplace manner, but it is difficult to see anything characteristic in the first movement, while as for the long drawn-out Adagio one can only hope that the Scots are not quite so mawkishly sentimental as this part of the work would seem to imply! The work had been most carefully rehearsed by Mr. Conn, and a thoroughly sound and finished performance was the result. Volkmann's Serenade for Strings, with Mr. Dodd as solo 'cellist, and two overtures — Schubert's "Rosamunde" and Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor" were the other orchestral numbers in the programme. Mr. Charles Weber gave a really fine rendering of Schubert's "Der Doppelgänger", and highly delighted the audience by singing Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers".

Mr. Gordon Short, a gifted pianist hailing from Australia, was responsible for the arrangement of the Concert on April 2nd. The programme was not very happily chosen, the performance of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto and the inclusion of a couple of operatic airs being rather curious features in an entertainment advertised as a "Chamber Concert". One need not be too critical on this point, however, realising as one does some of the difficulties of concert-giving in Ruhleben: and, if the choice of works left something to be desired, the concert from the executive standpoint reached a very good level of excellence. Mr. Leslie Harris, a compatriot of Mr. Short, is a sincere and capable artist, whose appearances in Ruhleben have been mainly in the field of chamber-music. His powers as a soloist were put to a more severe test in the Violin Concerto of Mendelssohn, which he played in thoroughly musicianly fashion, and with adequate technical fluency. Mr. Short's solo numbers were rather unfortunately chosen. One had the feeling that he was out of sympathy with Chopin's Impromptu in F sharp, his rubato seeming forced and unnatural, the piece thereby losing much of its inherent dignity: and Mr. Short is far too good an artist to waste his gifts on rubbish like Reinecke's "Ballade". Indeed, it was only in the Trio of Arensky that he was heard to real advantage. But, in spite of his fine playing, and the excellent support accorded

him by Messrs. Harris and Schlesinger, one was unable to work up any enthusiasm for this work. The Scherzo is the best movement, having a good deal of that superficial brilliance which one most usually finds in the works of Jewish composers — such as Mendelssohn and Moszkowski: but not all the finished workmanship and polished elegance of the writing can hide the essential feebleness and insincerity of the ideas. Mr. Austin sang the Toreador Song and “Largo al factotum” from Rossini’s “Barber of Seville” — the former without much effect, the latter extremely well, displaying excellent diction, and a vivacity and animation of which one had scarcely suspected him.

B. J. D.



RUHLBEN CAMP SCHOOL.

EXTREMES MEET!



STANISLAS VOINAROVSKY.
Constable CASTLE of the Ruhleben Police.
PETER BONDARENKO.

OMAR REVISITS RUHLEBEN.

I.

Awake! for rosy Morn is here at last,
 And bids the Present put away the Past:
 The wakeful Barrack Cadi's piercing Eye
 Upon each laggard Slumberer is cast.

II.

Recumbent on a wood-stuffed Mattress, I
 Now hear a voice within the Barrack cry,
 "Forth! leave thy Bath, and join the waiting Throng,
 Nor stay that soapy Hide of thine to dry!"

III.

Another cries: "What matters your Attire?
 Go, bear this Can to yonder Boiler Fire;
 Condensèd Milk, Helvetian Bread, and Jam
 Will make a Breakfast such as we desire! . . .

IV.

A Suit-case from the Cubby Hole I bring,
 And in it all my Winter Garments fling;
 My rubber Shoon and nailèd Clogs I cast
 Therein, and laugh, for lo! it is the Spring! . . .

V.

Here with a Map I stand beneath the Bough,
 The 'B.Z.', and the morning 'Voss' — and Thou
 Beside me, striving Future's Veil to raise —
 The Present is mysterious enow!

VI.

Ah! my Beloved, let us rest and smoke
 This Mixture, aptly labelled 'Hearts of Oak';
 For Life, which neither Thou nor I with all
 Our wit can grasp, is but a sorry Joke.

VII.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 The first Tribune, and heard much Argument
 On many Themes, by windy Pros and Cons,
 But never wiser than I came, I went.

VIII.

Thou knowest Friend, the impulse of this Mind
 To Festival and Frolic so inclined;
 Behold me now; so changed by Circumstance,
 Forgetting Life, to Nothingness resigned!



DEAR INKSTAINS,

I wish I hadn't to write to you this month for, as you know, I am genuinely fond of the old talking shop, and hate to confess to any failure; but truth will out, and in common with all the respectable devotees of talkee-talkee I am feeling very fed up with our leading lights. It occurred to the Committee that it would be rather a stunt to have an oratory competition, and accordingly all the dark horses of the Camp were invited to come and talk to us on one of six or seven subjects of varying grades of fatuity, and to the one who talked best we promised a book of poems by a gentleman who lived in Australia, and to the one who talked next best a volume of Gilfillan's Literary Portraits. Had I been a competitor I should have been worried as to how to steer clear of the first prize, and yet be sure of snaffling the second; for I have a real weakness for old Gilfillan. In order to be sure of giving us a good show some gentleman were looked up by the Committee, and hounded on to talk. The evening arrived, and seven or eight speakers engaged our attention; then arose the judges and gave the worst display of bad taste and petty mindedness it has ever been my ill-luck to witness. Mr. Cohen opened the ball in his usual verbose style, indulging in a deal of cheap sarcasm at the expense of the unfortunate competitors. Mr. Crossland-Briggs followed him, and remarked at the outset that of one thing they might be certain: "No Burkes had been unearthed that evening!" Believe me, dear Inkstains, there is only one Burke, and only one Crossland-Briggs! Mr. Pearce wound up the show by objecting to an honest north country burr possessed by one of the competitors. This from Mr. Pearce whateffer! This is how we encourage young speakers! The first prize went to one Stockell, and the second to one Hodgkinson, both of whom are to be congratulated on their pluck and the self-restraint evidenced by them in accepting the prizes after hearing the criticisms. The sensible thing would have been to let the audience act as judges, and had this been done the result would probably have been different.

Our next evening was devoted to a discussion, or rather should have been devoted to a discussion as to whether legislation directed social reform. Mr. Ramm opened quite well, but somewhat alienated the sympathy of the audience by talking of a "return to nature", a phrase which invariably arouses a suspicion of crankiness. Mr. Farmer, who is always worth hearing, pointed out very clearly that without legislation social reform would be all but impossible, and showed the cunning of an old debater in skirting around the word "direct". Mr. Andrews was somewhat soporific, and failed to make any great points. Mr. Balfour continued his leader's good work, and succeeded in convincing the audience that the proposers were a lot of anarchists who wanted to do away with legislation. Of the following speakers Mr. Hodgson was the only one who got at the point that public opinion must of necessity be in advance of legislation, or the legislation would be promptly squashed, and therefore legislation could not be said to "direct" social reform. The audience voted wholeheartedly that legislation could and does "direct" social reform, but at least one can say for them that they didn't know they were doing so!

Yours ever,

THE MAD HATTER (2).



The 'Galley' Slave.

PHOEBE AND THE BENEFITS OF SPRING.

“YES, Phoebe, the Spring is one of the most important seasons of the year. It is in the Spring that things begin to sprout, — you will perhaps have noticed the remarkable crop of notices, which the Barrack notice boards have already brought forth; — it is in the Spring that nature calls us out at sunrise into —”

“Nonsense! It’s nothing to do with the Spring. That’s the alarm bell —”

“Do not interrupt, Phoebe; you spoil the flow of my thoughts. Spring as I was about to observe, is the season when people sit outside in the cold and pretend to enjoy it.”

“It seems to me they sit mostly in the dust. The condition of the Grand Stands is simply disgusting.”

“How so, Phoebe?”

“The seats are perfectly filthy, and covered with sand.”

“Well! so is the rest of the compound.”

“Don’t be ridiculous! The seats were kept clean last year.”

“But, Phoebe, things have changed since then. For instance, we have an official Camp tailor now.”

“What has that to do with it?”

“Everything. The more dirt there is on the seats, the quicker one’s suits get disreputable and wear out, the more new suits one needs, and — the more profits there are for the Camp fund.”

“And what is the Camp Fund?” asked Phoebe contemptuously.

“I haven’t the vaguest notion,” I was forced to confess.

“Nor has anybody else. Your statement about the tailor, like everything else you say, is absolutely absurd.”

“Phoebe”, I said with dignity, “we will return to the question of Spring.”

“All right. Go on sulking by all means, if it amuses you.”

“I had wished,” I resumed, ignoring the unjust inference in her last remark. “I had wished to point out to you the manifold advantages which will accrue to different members of the community owing to the arrival of the warmer weather. Nor,” I added with dignity, “will I allow my zeal for your instruction to be damped by your bad manners. In the first place then, the time for retiring to rest has already been set one hour later, enabling the wretched Boiler-house men to enjoy at least one hour’s freedom a day.”

“Do you think they are overworked?”

“Not bodily perhaps, but mentally. My dear Phoebe, I have frequently known the poor fellows to be so exhausted,

that they have been unable to differentiate between a request for half a pot of water and a demand for a whole pot; at least I can see no other reason for their innumerable errors in this respect. In the same way it will allow the Canteen workers to get a breath of fresh air, before submitting their weary limbs to the kiss of the blanket . . . Rather good that last sentence, what?

"It's cribbed, and not improved by the new setting, if you want to know. But I cannot conceive why the canteen officials should have weary limbs. I hardly ever see them except they're sitting in deck-chairs."

"That's just it!" I exclaimed. "They have such a lot to do, that by the end of the day they can hardly stand. It beats me how customers can have the heartlessness to grumble when they have to wait a few minutes for the poor fellows to recover. Customers had to wait longer than that in the old days of queues, I'm quite sure."

"But that is not nearly all. There are ever so many other people and institutions which will benefit by the change. There is the Camp Magazine, for instance, which should certainly be able to increase its circulation by a little judicious advertising, showing how it may now be read in the hours formerly allotted to sleep, without any loss of the precious time devoted to sterner work — everyone being notoriously busy here. There is the little enclosure at the end of Barrack 14, which may enjoy the popularity it deserves, but somehow seems to have lacked — owing to people having more time to break rules; there are the Captains, who will have an extra hour to make rules for people to break. Last, but not least, Phoebe, there is that great luxury, which we have had since May the first . . . We are one and all able to get up now at the same time as usual and yet an hour earlier; we are able to make use of sunlight an hour after it gets dark!

"What are you talking about?"

"The Daylight Saving Bill, of course."

"O, that! Why can't you say what you mean? Anyone would think you were speaking at a Debating Society evening; only the people there at least try to talk sense.

It was obviously useless trying to hold a conversation with Phoebe when she was in that mood; so I sadly put her away, as the Biblical saying goes, and walked home in silence.

OID IN RUHLEBEN.

Spandava tota fremit; captivorum per oppida facti
Rumor it, et magnum sermonibus occupat orbem.



1. The Plough; will be prominent in neighbourhood of Bar. 6 in early part of October, 1916.
2. The Peebles Constellation; may be viewed weekly from Promenade.
3. The Roker Star (fixed), surrounded by minor luminaries.
4. The Debsoci Nebula, composed of gaseous bodies.
5. Stella Italiana, Baraca X., attended by satellites.
6. One of a large number of comets which shine for short period only.

CHESS.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 1.

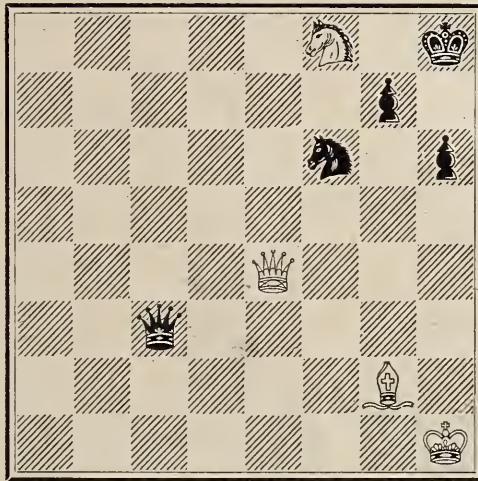
White (1) Q to B 4 (ch)

Black (1) P × Q

White (2) R to Q 8 (mate)

PROBLEM No. 3.

Black



White

White to move and mate in three moves.

The following game, played at Boston last October, is an interesting example of the Ruy Lopez opening. The final position being like a beautiful problem is remarkable occurring, as it does, in an actual game.

WHITE. (J. F. BARRY).	BLACK. (B. KOSTIC)	WHITE. (J. F. BARRY).	BLACK. (B. KOSTIC)
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	15. Kt-R 5	Kt × Kt
2. Kt-KB 3	Kt-KB 3	16. Q × Kt	P-QB 3
3. B-Kt 5	Kt-QB 3	17. B-Kt 5	Q-B 2
4. P-Q 4	P × P	18. R-K 3	P-Q 4
5. Castles	P-Q 3	19. R-R 3	P-R 3
6. R-K	B-K 2	20. R-KB	P-Q 5
7. Kt × P	B-Q 2	21. Kt-K 2	P-B 4
8. Kt-QB 3	Castles	22. R-Kt 3	K-R
9. K Kt-K 2	R-K	23. B × BP	B-Kt 4
10. Kt-Kt 3	P-QR 3	24. B × RP	P × B
11. B-QB 4	Kt-K 4	25. R-Kt 8 (ch)	K-R 2
12. B-Kt 3	B-KB	26. Q-Kt 6 (ch)	Kt × Q
13. P-KB 4	Kt-Kt 3	27. P × Kt (mate)	
14. P-B 5	Kt-K 4		

NUMBER 1 of 'La Vie Française', our Gallic contemporary, has duly made its appearance and, if we may judge from opinions expressed, has come to stay. We congratulate Mr. Bell and his staff upon their production, which is worthy of its producers. We, who only write our mother tongue (and that with difficulty), envy our more gifted brethren, and wish them a career that shall be at once successful and brief.



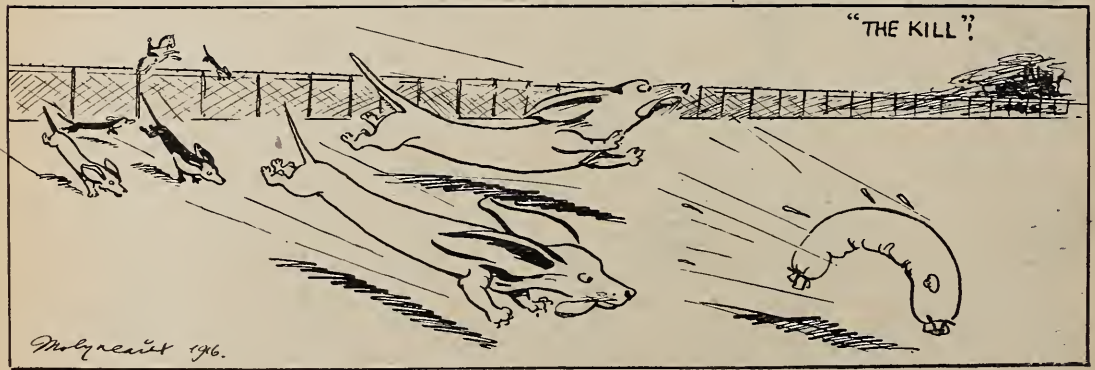
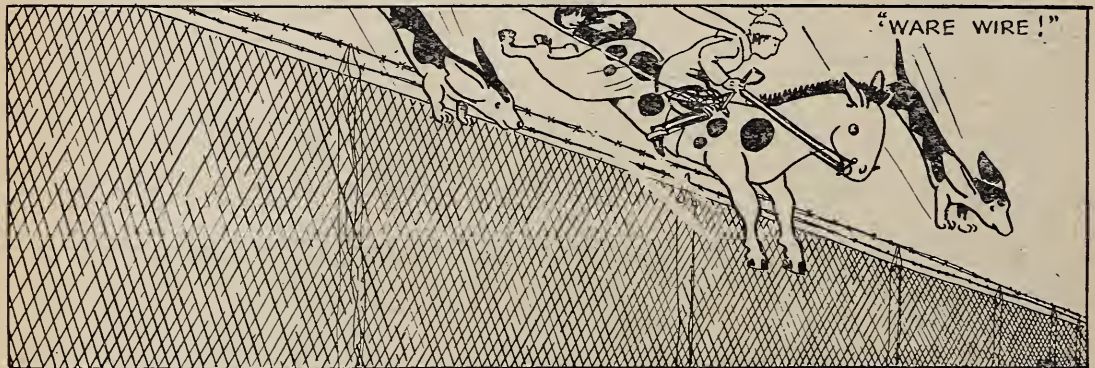
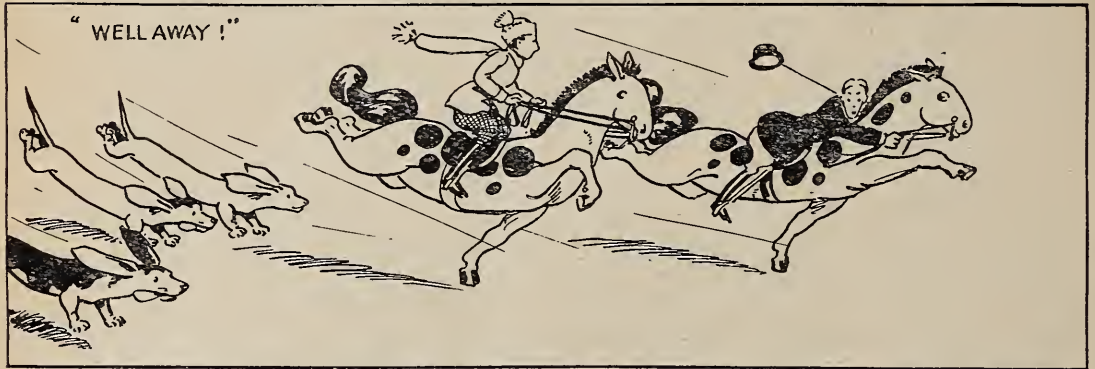
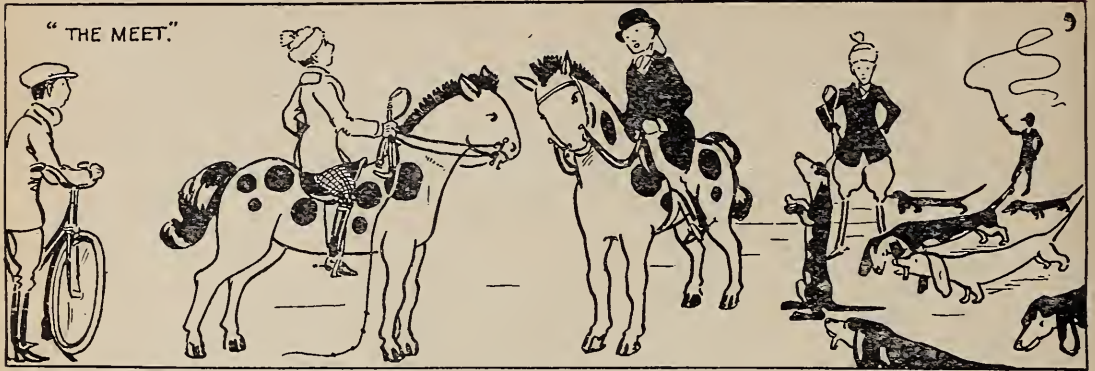
GUESS WHAT



H. Egremont

HAS HAPPENED.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE ENTERTAINMENTS COMMITTEE: WHY NOT ORGANISE A 'HUNT' ?



Molyneux 196.

OVERHEARD IN THE QUEUE.

I.

My name has appeared on the list,
 So I've taken my place in the queue,
 And I don't care a cuss for the cold,
 For at last I have something in view!
 My clothing has gone to the dogs,
 My wardrobe is far from complete,
 My coat is in rags, and my clogs
 Admit both the rain and the sleet. —
 What matter sartorial wants?
 Or the wind that is searching me through?
 A parcel from home has arrived,
 So I've taken my place in the queue!

II.

For the cannibal, naked and stark,
 Some suitable raiment is meet,
 But one thing I wish to remark
 I want something dainty to eat!
 Oh! Fortune be friendly to me,
 Remember my delicate taste,
 Let heathens with flannel make free
 But send me some anchovy paste!
 Elizabeth Lazenby, think
 Of the man who is thinking of you!
 Forget me not, Lipton and Pink,
 Remember the man in the queue!

III.

In my youth I have marvelled sometimes
 Why men for sheep-stealing were hung;
 My wants are more modest than theirs,
 I don't expect more than the tongue!
 To battle with joy I would go,
 Though I shrink from all barbarous scenes,
 For a herring, with hard or soft roe,
 For a ninepenny tin of sardines!
 Oh! Huntley and Palmer, give heed
 To the boon I am begging from you;
 You would, if you knew of the need
 Of the man who is here in the queue!

IV.

Some fairy godmother, perhaps,
 Has sent me a succulent ham,

With oddments to fill up the gaps, —
 Such as pickles, or chutney, or jam;
 Or Buszards have sent me a cake,
 Compounded of currants and plum;
 With joy of their gift I'll partake,
 And devour to the very last crumb!
 If Fortnum and Mason were kind,
 If Poulton and Noel were true,
 A parcel I surely should find,
 Addressed to me here in the queue!

V.

(Five minutes later.)

Is decency perished and gone?
 Is charity utterly dead?
 Not one of the things I required
 Is here, but I've got this instead!

(displaying parcel)

Each person I've mentioned above
 My grievous necessity mocks:—
 Here's a maiden aunt sends me her love,
 And a pair of blue hand-knitted socks!!!

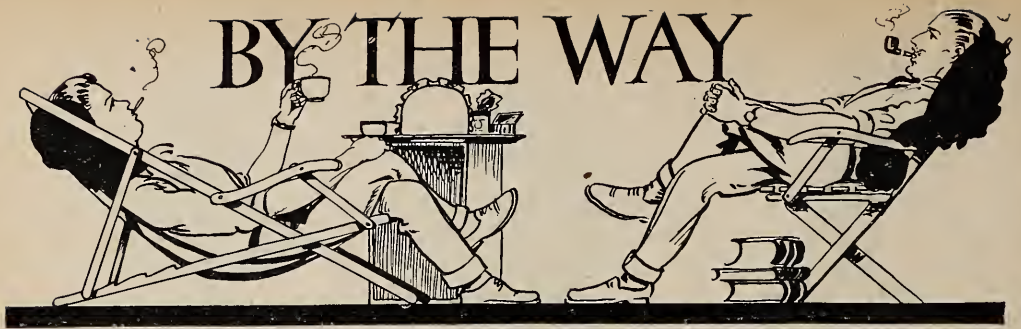
(exit, with appropriate language).





Robert Woelker

CAMP SILHOUETTES.



M R. Mortimore Howard regrets to announce that, although the "Exchange and Mart" is a private concern, he is unable to arrange private exchanges.

* * *

OVERHEARD.

A. I hear that you are giving a lecture; what is the subject?

B. Japan.

A. What language are you giving it in?

B. French, of course!

Hence the name — Engländerlager.

* * *

The Irish players, besides being patriotic, are sure of their own worth. "Give us a fair "Erin", is all they ask.

* * *

A notice recently issued by the "Ruhleben Daily News" states that "owing to shortage of paper there is no news to-day". — We had no idea that paper was so important.

* * *

The blossom's out, but we are not
Too pleased about the blossoms out. —
It seems to flout our wretched lot;
The blossom's out, but we are not!

* * *

We are told that all the policemen in Bond Street are good billiard players. This is not surprising; they have plenty of experience in handling queues.

* * *

We shall get plenty of good matches in the cricket League this season. So different from the Canteen.

* * *

The suggestion as to employing parrots in the different Barracks to squawk "Fire bell!" at frequent intervals is a good one. But why not train some of the sportsmen who yell "off side" to do this good work? It would be a welcome change for everyone.

THE PHOTO CRAZE

Weginald (dear boy) thinking it will be a nice present to his fiancée has himself photographed with his Barraek Soccer Team



Delighted with the result he joins the Physiological Circle with the object of being included in their Group



Of course he persuades his Box mates to be taken with him



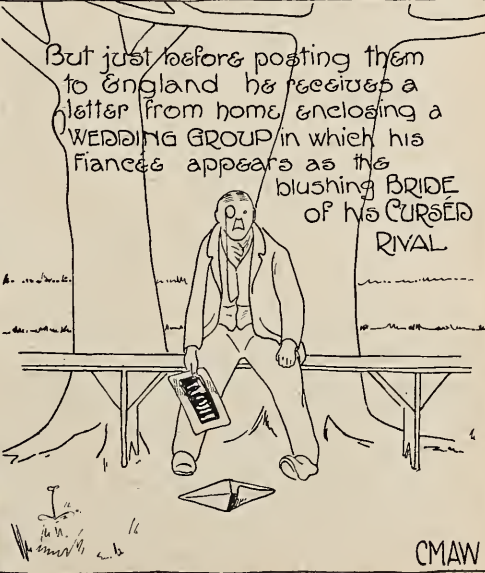
and now that the fever has gripped him he requires but little persuasion to honour his County Society with his presence



To make up a handsome set of photos which will endear him to the girl of his choice he is snapped in costume with the boys of the R.D.S.



But just before posting them to England he receives a letter from home enclosing a WEDDING GROUP in which his fiancée appears as the blushing BRIDE of his CURSED RIVAL





Our Theatrical Notes.

"And nothing was ever praised enough."

G. K. C.

"JIMMIE'S LAST CRIME", dramatised in the Camp by Messrs. Crossland and Hallam, was produced on the 29th of March by Mr. Hersee. Jimmy Valentine had the good fortune to win back to probity and the respectable monotony of a branch bank, marrying a sweet girl and escaping a richly deserved term of penal servitude. We hope that he will be satisfied with his fate.

"LE CONTROLEUR DES WAGONS-LITS", was one of the most enjoyable performances we have had the pleasure of seeing in Ruhleben. We are glad to have this opportunity of congratulating Mr. Goodhind on his first essay at production. His management is as thorough as his acting is brilliant. The play had not that fresh youthful joyousness that lent such charm to "La Petite Chocolatière", but in broad fun and ingeniously contrived situation it was infinitely richer, the last act being one long scream of laughter. In the title-rôle Mr. Eden displayed a verve and dash and a secure confidence in his own powers that gripped the house and swept it along to an enthusiastically applauded curtain. The end came all too soon. He was well supported by a good cast. The settings were cleverly designed and in good taste, as is usual in the productions of the French Society, the striking yellow background of the third act allowing an aptly conceived relief to the free burlesque and rapid movement which took place before it.

In England we are slowly recovering from an age of spurious things. In literature we had spurious verse, artificial prose; unreal thought and untrue emotion; on the stage reigned — and still reign — spurious situation and spurious wit. It was an immature, precocious time in which everyone was trying to be funny, in which the unpretentious good was consistently neglected for the cheapest of tinsel, and our great-

est thinkers deliberately played the mountebank to catch the public ear. There are signs that we are recovering.

"FANCY FREE", is a playlet bound down to this tyranny of the "funny". Its poor humour has not even the false brilliance of the average London society-play; it is the affected wit of an awkward country-lad strayed into the putrescent glamour of Picaddilly. The works are painfully visible, the characters boring at the height of their appalling funniness.

The playlet was badly produced and badly acted. Fancy was its saving grace; we agree with Fancy that the Cosmopolitan Lounge was dull, as wholeheartedly as we agree with each of the individual actors that the others were 'indelicate'. The yellow scene which, in the French play, had meaning and purpose, was plastered over with pictures, pink lamps, and a disharmony of blue furniture into a hideous incoherence.

"THE YOUNGER GENERATION" showed us Stanley Houghton returned to his own. God be praised for a play without an epigram; without even a hotel lounge. It is difficult to believe that these two plays sprang from one mind; this genuine piece of thought and feeling took one back to an England that was real, lovable. One cannot be too grateful to the producer, Mr. Davies, for the tact with which he has conserved its simple and direct truthfulness. The casting of the play showed true insight, and the acting was beautifully natural and genuine. After being almost convinced by Arnold Bennett that the heart and soul of provincial England was vulgarity, streaked with a cheap and clumsy cleverness, it is refreshing to come upon our fathers and mothers analysed by a man with a sense for real values.

To estimate the acting would be to praise each individual actor, with emphasis for Messrs. Greene, Thorpe, Alston and Kindersley, and a possible exception in the case of Mr. Dannhorn. Not that the latter's acting was bad. He played his conception only too convincingly; but one found oneself regretting that revelation and light should come from so vulgar a renegade from English Puritanism as the Uncle Tom given us by this player.

"The Younger Generation" is not a pretentious play, but it does more than it pretends. It clears away mountains of stupid conventions and absurd traditions — bowed to by our best — of our English stage, and points the way to a simple and greater art. This new spirit in English drama is, we regret to see, quite unrepresented in the theatre programme for the near future.

H. M.



R. F. A.

BARRACK CAPTAINS.

KILLING TIME.

ALL the boys having gone off to the Casino and left me alone in the Box, I strolled out to look up some of my friends. First of all I called on the Rabelaisians. Panurge was the only one in when I called, and he seemed to be rather glum and out-of-sorts.

"Hallo, old chap!" I said "What's the matter?"

"I'm tired," he replied; "tired of Supermen, Captains, Camp Schools, and Relief Fund squabbles;— tired of all these, for a restful deck-chair I sigh. I should like to buy a deck-chair and revert to the strenuous life of last summer!"

"Well, why don't you?" I enquired.

"I am afraid that if I buy one I shall offend the Civil Authorities, that a friend of mine in Berlin will write articles about it to the English Press, and that the "Daily News" will devote another column to us under the heading of "The Rühleben Work-Shies".

"Then you had better do without one."

"But without a deck-chair it is impossible to appreciate the cricket properly, or to sun oneself and doze all day. And after all if people go and spend money opening Cinemas in the Camp, which I certainly don't want, why shouldn't I buy myself, at my own expense, a harmless deck-chair which I most certainly do want?"

"Then damn the consequences and buy one!"

"But you know how sensitive I am; I don't want to help to provide material for more "Strange stories from a German Concentration Camp". People at home are very naturally rather fed up with us Rühlebenites and our "sufferings", and funny ways; and I think we ought to run no risks of attracting more attention."

"You are right, old chap, you'd better not risk it."

"On the other hand I have never, to my knowledge, cost the "British Taxpayer" a cent; in happier days I have even had the privilege of figuring under that august title myself, and I don't see why I should pay any particular attention to what outsiders are kind enough to think about my personal expenditure."

"Then buy your wretched deck-chair and have done with it!"

At this point Panurge complained that he did not see much use in baring his heart to my jeering gaze, and initiating me into all his troubles if I could not treat the matter seriously; so, seeing that he was getting into that state of amiability

which has endeared us all so much to one another, I thought it was time to clear out, and accordingly left him.

* * *

Walking down the "stalls of serried pain" I came to the Box where the Autocrat wastes his energy giving unappreciated pyrotechnic displays to his young friends.

The Autocrat, Wilkins and Harris were all at their usual occupations when I came in; Harris had at last succeeded in securing Miss Victoria Cross's fascinating novel "Five nights", which is in such great demand at the Library, and was devouring it with obvious satisfaction; Wilkins was deep in a solid-looking volume, and the Autocrat was busy making remarks on things in general.

"What's the book, Wilkins?" I enquired.

"After years of curious pain," said the Autocrat, "Wilkins is at school again. He is reading Ibsen as becometh a budding Superman; but I am afraid he will over-do it, and impair his originality. The intuitive knowledge of the contents of the book, obtained by examining the binding, would stand him in much better stead. Too much ballast will impede his flights of phantasy; he has already discovered that Anitra did not dance "against the cold face of the rock," but on the sands of the Sahara, for the delectation of a dissipated Scandinavian upon whose purse the minx had designs. Wilkins would do better to study, and mould his style upon that of the Prisoners Pie."

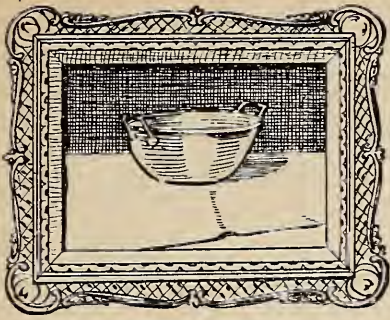
"Dry up, Autocrat, before you move your disciple to tears," I said, seeing that Wilkins was beginning to look annoyed.

"The tears of the Philistine are nectar of the Gods," replied the Autocrat, and as he is inclined to be a bore when he breaks forth into aphorism I fled, and went and finished up the evening in the Casino.

H. B. F.

R. F. A. FIRST LEAGUE.

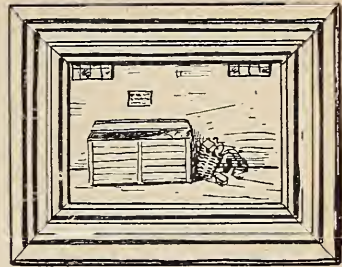
Barrack	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals		Pts.
					F.	A.	
9	20	18	1	1	67	13	37
5	20	12	7	1	60	44	25
11	20	12	7	1	65	49	25
10	20	12	8	0	50	33	24
8	20	11	7	2	43	33	24
4	20	9	9	2	46	35	20
3	20	7	9	4	38	53	18
2	20	7	12	1	31	65	15
20	20	6	12	2	32	41	14
7	20	4	14	2	31	57	10
17	20	4	16	0	24	64	8



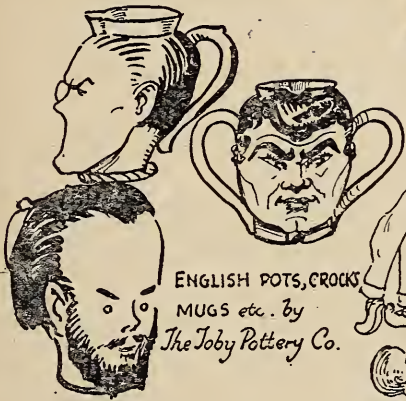
A STILL LIFE



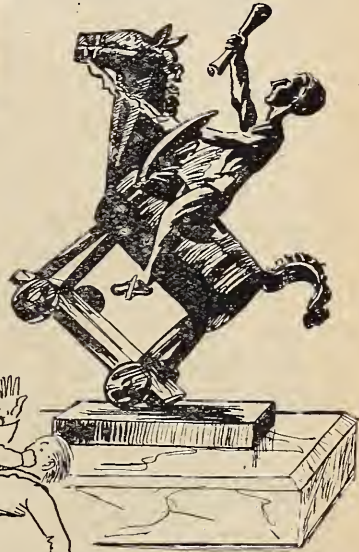
ANIMAL STUDY.



LANDSCAPE



ENGLISH POTS, CROCKS
MUGS etc. by
The Joby Pottery Co.



PAPER WEIGHT: EQUESTRIAN
FIGURE OF M^r. DUNCANNY-JONES,
AS AMUSE^d MOUNTED ON 'BEGASES',
BRONZE WITH GORGONZOLA BASE.



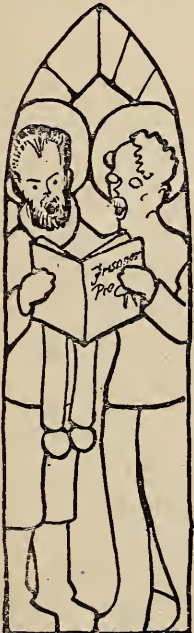
DESIGN FOR A STATUE TO BE ERECTED TO ALL THE
COMMITTEES WHO ARE SERVING OUR INTERESTS
SO FAITHFULLY AND WELL !



HAMMERED METAL WORK.



ARMS AND THE MAN.



TAE KWAE
BOW WOW
!

A Page of Works which our Arts & Crafts
Hanging Committee unfortunately had —
— to reject.

Joby



IN contrast with other "Markets" the state of the gardening market in Ruhleben is most undoubtedly brisk, judging from the activities displayed in all the four corners of the Camp, and it is really gratifying to note that in spite of the absence of good garden soil, and the difficulty in procuring any, gardens are springing up like mushrooms, all over the Lager, which seems to point to a successful season. By the time this article appears most of the seeds should be in the soil, and the gardens prepared to receive the seedlings, cuttings &c., which have been chosen for cultivation. Never sow your seeds in dry ground, and if the weather should be very dry give the soil a good soaking the day previous to putting in your seeds. Do not sow all your seeds at once, but reserve some to replace those which do not come up; then again, in the case of candytuft, sweatpeas and mignonette, make two or three sowings at intervals of, say 14 days, in order to attain a longer continuous period of blooming. I know this will be rather difficult where there is a very limited garden space, but it should be done where possible, so as to prolong the beauty of your gardens right through to the autumn. There is a wicked little weed, which I have only met with in this country, very similar to the chickweed, and it appears most in soil which has received a liberal supply of manure, but I find that if you give it your careful attention in its young days, that is to say, directly it shows itself (which it does about May) and that remove it at once, it will gradually disappear altogether. When your gardens are well established, do not omit to remove at once all dead stalks, flowers or leaves &c.; from the plants, as they spoil absolutely the appearance of the finest plants grown.

Pay particular attention to your pansies, viola, mignonette and geranium, and look them over every morning, cutting out all seed pods as soon as the flower is dead; if you leave them growing on your plants, they take the nourishment which should go to develop fresh flowers. No doubt, some of you will have noticed a pansy plant, for instance, during the early weeks of its existence, shows beautiful large blooms, and afterwards they become smaller and smaller as time goes on. This is due to the seed pods not having been promptly removed; and the same rule applies to all plants. One important rule, and one which must not be neglected is to keep your garden neat and tidy, removing all weeds as they appear, for they are only garden robbers. Flowers cannot flourish and weeds too, therefore "W.M.G.!"

Due care should be given to the arrangement of your plants, not putting them too close together, excepting, of course, those for bordering, and if you have only a few homely specimens to shew, and your garden is a well kept one, it will take precedence of all neglected ones, no matter what priceless plants they contain.

Proof that gardening is growing in popularity, is the fact

that a certain Barrack which never possessed a garden at all last year, have commenced one this season, even if only in the shape of a window box. This is at least a beginning, and may (?) lead on to other and greater things. It is a great pity that soil is so scarce, and I cannot close these notes without making known the fact that the taking of soil from any such heaps about the Camp as that near Spandau is strictly forbidden by the powers that be. Some very ardent gardeners had helped themselves to "just a little" a few days ago when the authorities intervened, — but I won't say what nearly happened! Still, don't you think that a nice assortment of sweet peas climbing up the inside of that little bit of wire fencing at the extremity of Bar. 14 would look very pretty?

FORGET-ME-NOT,
(i. e. your Garden).



SWEETS FROM THE SWEET.

"HARDIESSE" or A Dramatic Romance.

IT was night, and GEORDIE, COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG sat smoking a Salem (ASYOULEIKIT) cigarette on the balcony of his palace; beneath, the garden gleamed white and ghostly at the RISING OF THE MOON. No sound was heard, save the gentle cooing of the MUMMING BIRDS, and the croaking voice of Dr. Klaus-Jones, who was relating a false scandal concerning THE PRIVATE SECRETARY, MR. PREEDY — AND THE COUNTESS! Someone must have been listening in the garden below, for suddenly a lump of gravel AND ROCK LESSEN'D THE LIE ON his lips, by striking him full on the face. "WELL I'M D—D!" he spluttered. Geordie sniggered. "DONT LAUGH!" remonstrated the Doctor, "you must realise THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST in this matter, — listen!"

A melancholy wail was borne to their ears; someone was singing a verse of an old ballad:—

"O lay her in a SILVER BOX,
And to the church-yard trundle her;
For now within her arms she locks
THE GHOST OF JERRY BUNDLER!"

"Beautiful" murmured Geordie; "it reminds me of my childhood, when I used to hear my DEAR DEPARTED PA SING, OFF THE THIRD FLOOR-BACK in Dixie Land!"

"S—sh!" said the Doctor, "look there!" Three musicians stood in the avenue. The moon-light falling through the trees made them look a curious SPECKLED BAND. The tallest detached himself from the group and drew near, little guessing that the MASTER OF THE HOUSE was watching him. "Who is he?" whispered Geordie. "It's young MASTER BILL DARE", returned the garrulous Doctor, "THE PRODIGAL SON of a retired ELECTRA-chemist, who turned BALLAD MONGER in his dotage . . ."

From under a rose-bush appeared a pair of LEGS, AND THE WOMAN to whom they belonged crept out to meet the minstrel.

"This looks like some GREAT ADVENTURE", said wicked old Geordie, nudging the Doctor.

The lovers in the garden were conversing: "All is ready, love", Dare was saying; "MY PAL JERRY is waiting at the gate with a coach . . ." The girl hesitated and Dare continued. "You are just THE RIGHT AGE TO MARRY", he pleaded; "give it a TRIAL—BY DUE Reflection you will see it is best . . . Come! remember THE FIFTH COMMANDMENT, and avoid all STRIFE with your father . . ."

At the word "father", Geordie jumed from his chair, and peered at the couple below him — it was, yes, it was, his own daughter Ella! . . . "It's a SIN! DEAR!—ELLA!" he shouted, leaping over the balcony; but the lovers had fled!

"But WHAT HAPPENED TO JONES?" you will ask; — he was busy SPREADING THE NEWS.

All of which shows that there is no truth in the old French proverb which says:

ON EST PERE SANS DOULEUR!

NITCHEVO.

SHAKESPEARE, K. G.

OUR UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Help me hence ho! —

Macbeth, Act. 2. Sc. 2.

WORK.

Thou canst not say I did it! —

Macbeth, Act 3. Sc. 4.

???

The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him. —

Macbeth, Act 1. Sc. 2.

THE PESSIMIST.

There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune!
Hen. IV. P. 1. Act 3. Sc. 3.

THE R. L. and D. S.

You shall have time to wrangle in when you
Have nothing else to do. —

Ant. and Cleopatra, Act 2. Sc. 2.

IN COMMITTEE.

Hear me, you wrangling pirates that fall out.

Rich. 3., Act 1. Sc. 3.

O how this discord doth afflict my soul! —

Hen. IV. P. 2. Act 3. Sc. 1.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Canst thou remember

A time before we came into this cell?

I do not think thou canst. ---

Tempest, Act 1. Sc. 2.

THE CUP THAT CHEERS.

Pr. Henry. For the sugar thou gavest me,
'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

Francis. O Lord, sir, I would it had been two! —

Hen. IV. P. 2.

THE DAY OF DAYS.

Stand not upon the order of your going,

But go at once! —

Macbeth, Act 3. Sc. 5.



THEATRE ROYAL, RUHLEBEN.

LAWN TENNIS.

DURING the first week of April the weather was so beautifully fine and warm, that all tennis players were longing to get into flannels and begin another season at their favourite pastime, but as was to be expected, the fine weather lasted only a few days, and since then we have experienced wind, dust and rain storms which have prohibited the courts being opened. It is expected, however, that before this number of our Magazine is in the hands of our readers, tennis will be again in full swing. Thanks to the permission obtained by the Committee, two new courts instead of one will be available this season, and it is hoped to have all the nine courts ready and opened for play, weather permitting, during Easter week. It has been impossible for the new courts to be laid on a dead level, but the slope will scarcely be more noticeable than it was on court No. 7 last season, and any way they provide extra playing facilities for the largely increased number of members. All the courts have been carefully repaired and treated with top dressing of clay-loam and sand, and before being opened for play appeared to be in first-class condition; whether or not they will stand a whole season's hard usage, must remain to be seen.

In response to the general invitation given to any member of the Camp to join the Lawn Tennis Association, in accordance with the resolution passed at the General Meeting held in March, some ninety five additional names have been added to the membership list; among these are many novices who are taking

the opportunity of learning the game, and others who are joining chiefly for the sake of exercise.

It is hoped there will also be found some good experienced players who will help to raise the general standard of play, which last year, with the exception of a few good players, was scarcely up to average club form.

CRICKET.

BY the time these lines appear (if we are here) we shall have commenced our second cricket season. The pleasant manner in which this glorious game passed away the summer days of last year, both for players and spectators, is still fresh in the memories of all. Given decent weather there is no doubt that the second campaign will not be behind its predecessor in point of interest and cleverness of play.

As previously, an association has been formed for running the game in the Camp, with Capt. Fisher, as Chairman, Mr. Barber (to whom I am indebted for the following information) as Secretary, and a delegate from each Barrack. Mr. John Ross, who has rendered the R.F.A. such splendid help during the past season, has been appointed to take over the control of the ground, and it is certain he and his assistants will spare no effort to make the cricket fields as good as possible.

Attempts are being made to make wickets which will not be affected by the atmospheric conditions so much as they were last year.

There will be a First and a Second League. In the former will be 10 teams, namely, 2. 3. 4. 5. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12, and the four Barracks 17. 18. 20. and 21, who will combine and be called Barrack 20. The Second League will have 12 teams, including the above named Barracks, with the addition of the Boys.

It is hoped to open the season officially with an exhibition match on 7th. May. The following day the League matches commence. Representations are being made to the powers that be for the ground to be kept open all day, without being closed as at present from 11.30 to 2 p.m. If these efforts are successful the times of starting and finishing for the games will be:—

First Division	9.30 to 11.30
	1.30 to 6.30
Second Division	1.30 to 6.30

As usual a win counts 2 points, a draw 1 point.

There will be three practice nets which will provide ample opportunity for all. In connection with the practising I am asked to request those using the nets to avoid, as far as possible, the knocking of balls in the playing grounds during a match.

May I please make one suggestion to all those taking part in matches, and that is that punctuality in starting is a virtue greatly appreciated by spectators. Cricket is sometimes unjustifiably called slow. It's not really the cricket that's slow, but the players who make it appear so.

Cricket is more than a game or pastime; it is the standard of all that's fair and just in men. Let every one of us do our bit to maintain it's honoured traditions.

FRED. B. PENTLAND.

THE THIRD ART EXHIBITION.

THE necessity for going to press on the opening day of the Exhibition precludes more than a passing note on it. This is perhaps just as well. If one praises anything in Ruhleben one is accused of having lost all sense of proportion; if one expresses dissatisfaction one is reproached for having left out of account the conditions under which any artistic work is produced here.

The Exhibition as a whole was not very exciting; Mr. Tooby's group of drawings dominated one's interest, as Mr. Beckers lavish misuse of blue was unfortunately liable to dominate the eye. Mr. Tooby's portraits are certainly fine and show plenty of strength. Mr. Horsefall always gets a likeness, and is particularly successful in his portrait of Mr. Carrad; Mr. Goodchild in his portrait work endeavours with some success to get below the features of his subject by the aid of colour; his portraits were both interesting and promising. Mr. Hislop contributed a nice little piece of colouring in "Behind the Scenes". It seems curious that such a great deal of space should have been devoted to a poor picture of a coat of arms with Mr. Moloney beneath it. Mr. Wade reigned supreme in the section devoted to humorous topical work, which formed an outstanding feature of the Exhibition.

It is a pity that Mr. Winzer did not exhibit anything, and **very** surprising that no one has tried to capture on paper the wonderful cloud effects which we get in Ruhleben.



J. Gluck

A CORNER OF BOND STREET.

№2. WHAT IT FEELS LIKE —



— TO DELIVER YOUR FIRST RUHLIBEN LECTURE.

EUCLID IN RUHLEBEN.

A K. G. is a plain figure bounded on all sides by barbed wire.

Since all K.G's are equal, one K.G. is as good as another. Which is absurd.

A line-up consists of a number of K. G's placed in a row, and may be produced to any extent by ringing a bell.

A finite line is one which is limited by A—K and L—Z.

A Circle is a figure composed of any round number, the units of which meet, but never agree.

A semi-Circle is the figure which is formed when half the members of a Circle have joined some other Circle.

An acute wrangle is one in which opposing lines of opinion meet in the same box.



LE FRENCH CIRCLE



AGONISED VOICE :- "I say *Singer!*
is that flame over there MY toast?"

Concerning Lost Property.

FROM the inauguration of the Lost Property Department to the end of December, 1915, 252 articles had been handed in to the police station, of which only 96 were claimed.

The balance were sold by auction on 3rd. Jan. 1916, bringing in a total of M 110.65, which was handed over to the Camp Treasurer for the Camp Fund.

Since then January, February and March have brought in 272 articles of which 127 have been claimed.

This assortment is for the greater part composed of pipes, knives and articles of clothing.

Although a complete list is posted each month on the notice board outside the station and kept up to date day by day, it is surprising that more articles are not claimed.

It is possible that a certain number of people still do not know where to look for lost property, so we hope that the publication of this paragraph will help in this respect.

A half-yearly sale will be held about the end of May.

ALFRED E. BODGER.

Secretary Lost Property Dept.

Pear's

Soap



"Makes a 'clean sweep' of all dirt."

