

THE
TENEDOS TIMES

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THE "WAR LORD"

*"His Honour rooted in dishonour stood,
And Faith unfaithful held him falsely true."*

THE TENEDOS TIMES

A MONTHLY JOURNAL OF THE
MEDITERRANEAN DESTROYER FLOTILLA
DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE WAR

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*The Proceeds from the Sale of this Book, after Publishing
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Branch of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association*

7

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PREFACE

IT is probably unnecessary to say that the *Tenedos Times* was not expected by its Editors and contributors to circulate elsewhere than in the region of its birth.

First produced in the autumn of 1914 under the lee of the Island of Tenedos, its career was cut short in the following spring by the pressure of stirring events.

Many paragraphs and sketches touching on local affairs were dashed off at odd moments, and lack of time usually disallowed necessary overhauling.

The Editors, Commander G. C. Dickens and Commander R. T. Amedroz, had the ever ready assistance of Assistant-Paymaster W. P. Rainier in the work of production, while without the steady encouragement of Captain C. P. R. Coode, D.S.O., who was in command of the Flotilla, it is doubtful if the journal would have struggled on as long as it did.

The illustrations were mainly by the late Commander J. B. Waterlow, D.S.O., the most versatile of all the contributors, Commander R. T. Amedroz, and Commander G. C. Dickens.

Those who possessed copies with original sketches lent them for reproduction, and their kind co-operation is gratefully acknowledged.

C. SEYMOUR.

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VOLUME I



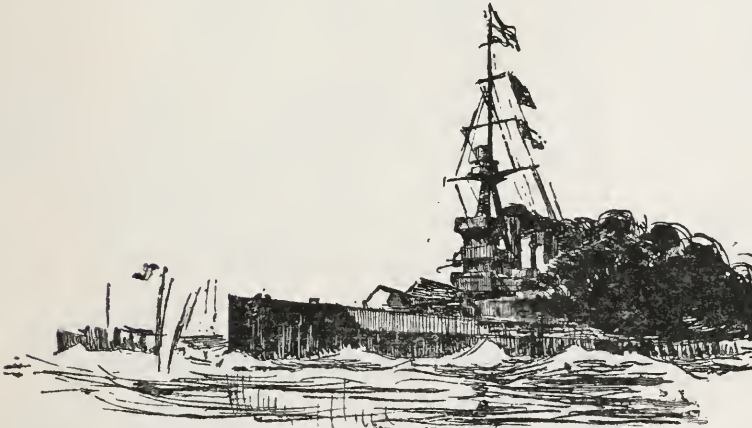
Crown Prince: "Himmel! my horse is not much for size, but the Russians must have lent Father that one to come back on."

To Kaiser: "Up our road, old 'un; there's nothing doing this way!"

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW

DO you want to know if the Teuton
Gay Paris will ever reach?
Or place his abom'nable boot on
Our England's inviolate beach?
Do you wish (their importance immense is)
To study (you ought so to want)
The impregnable modern defences
Of the an-ci-ent Hellespont?
Would you know, if base Turkey says War
(Or are you perhaps in doubt)
Whether *Goeben* and likewise *Breslau*
Will ultimate-ly come out?

For answers to all these questions,
For a list of all Germany's crimes,
For bright and most helpful suggestions,
You should study the TENEDOS TIMES.



WAR ORDERS



AID Captain (D),
"I clearly see
There's no doubt it is up to
me
To issue orders (two or more)
Designed for use in time of war.
Come hither therefore, gentle clerk,
And to my words of wisdom hark.

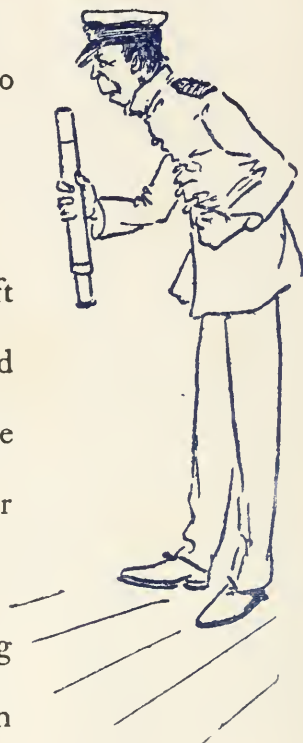


Take pen and ink, and swift
indite
My precepts wise and
maxims trite—
And if you dare make one
mistake
Your soul I'll from your
body shake!
Gr-r-r-r!"

Young Rainier, shivering
with fright,
Took fountain pen, began
to write;

While those who, fearful, stood without
Groaned at the frequent dreadful shout
Which rent the affrighted air in twain,
As when rude Boreas splits the main
Sail of a ship, and mad with fear
The tortured canvas beats the air!

Pitiful was the young clerk's plight;
Fear turned his very trousers white!
Wilting beneath that storm of wrath,
Hours passed ere he could stagger forth,





Broken in spirit, pale of face,
With shaking limbs, from that
dread place
Of torment. They who stood
without,
A quaking throng grouped
round about
The door, received his swaying
form,
And chafed his limbs ; poured
whisky, warm,



Swift down his unresisting throat—
One took the time : one made a note
Of “ How much alcohol was needed ”
(All estimates were much exceeded !)
“ To re-awake the vital spark
In bosom of expiring clerk.”



War
Orders

At length the brave lad (alca-hole
Works wonders on the frightened soul !),
Thrusting his hand within his vest,
Produced, from somewhere near his chest,
A bulky scroll writ closely o'er
With " Rules for Guidance during War."

All looked in awe, for all could see
'Twas signed and sealed by Captain (D) !

Contents of the Scroll—

I

Destroyer Captains, you must learn
Your signals to curtail.
" Respectfully submitted "
Are words of no avail.
Of such-like superfluties
Messages must be shorn ;
Pestilent incongruities
In no case can be borne.



II

As an ancient Jew, exhausted,
Sought to rest his weary
frame
In that warm and woolly
shelter,
The bosom of Abraham ;
So, when tired and black
with coaldust,
Creep to the *Blenheim's*
side,
Where ev-e-ry single
soul must
In confidence abide.



And though dirt, like some foul fungus,
Encrust you, blush not with shame ;
Yea—though covered with mundungus,
Use my bathroom just the same.

III

Never steal the little barrows,
Little barrows lent to coal,
For such conduct only harrows
So my feelings that control
Of them is lost completely,
Then, if yours the shocking deed,
Be wise—retire discreetly,
Ere there's time to be V.B.'d.

IV

Never cease to drill your quarters
Day and night at fire control.
Keep your bunkers full : he slaughters
Best who's full right up with coal.
At night be certain your vessel
Is dark as the mouth of hell ;
Only thus can you hope to nestle
Close enough to make boarders tell.

To be continued.



LATEST TELEGRAMS

From George's Agency—

BERLIN.—A terrific battle took place near CHALONS. The French Army fled in disorder, losing roughly 100,002 men, many guns, colours, gaiter buttons, and some water-bottles. The Crown Prince has addressed a modestly worded telegram to his wife, in which he states that no one can resist his heroic troops and his heroic self. President Poincaré has resigned, and odds against the favourite for the Grand Prix de Montmartre at Long-champs fell with a loud thud from 5 to 2 to 2 to 1.

PARIS.—Official news has been received in PARIS that the French Army made a great attack on the Germans at CHALONS, drove the Germans back for miles and eventually into the Rhine, where all the non-swimmers were drowned.

It is impossible to count the German slain. Thousands of cannons were taken and two days' fresh sausages for a whole Army Corps. It is known that the Kaiser is at his wits' end, and cut down with his "shining blade" (which he always wears at lunch) a trusted old family retainer because the latter handed him Brussels sprouts.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The *Goeben* has hoisted Siamese Colours in addition to the other eight National Flags she carries. Eight a.m. routine has become too much for the Signal Boatswain, who has been sent to hospital suffering from nervous collapse.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The Russians have entered the following Hungarian places—TOOTINGSKI, WALLAMGRUNBERG, PECKHAMRHINOFF. (You're quite safe, George—like most of your places, they're none of them on any map.)

BERNE.—Relations have become strained between THIBET and SWITZERLAND. The Grand Llama has resigned his membership of the Alpine Club. All the other Llamas are much alarmed. (Oh, George—how dare you!)

Etc., etc., etc.

Things we haven't
actually seen.
N^o. I.

The Page
at
Tenedos.



Yes Dear, you would have looked still more self-conscious had
you realized all these Toughs' had watched you drying
yourself every morning from
one of H.M. Ships.



Remark Column

"Bit of blight, you see my lord." "Darned alluring." "Buck up, with that job too." "Tut tut!" "My Pommee oast!"

THE RABBITS

FOR once the wind had died down, and, wonderful as it may sound, it was almost a flat calm. The sun blazed down on the destroyers forming the Day Patrol, and, awningless, they had become uncomfortably hot. Hardly a sound reached the ears of Lieutenant-Commander Trunnion in the chart-house of H.M.S. *Cuttlefish* as he lazily turned over the leaves of a two-months-old magazine.

Occasionally the melancholy wheeze of a feed pump came up the stokehold cowl just abaft him, and with it the faint voices of two stokers discussing far down below, with many vivid qualifying adjectives, the true facts about the European War. So original were these in comparison with all that he had heard among his brother-officers and had read in *The Times*, that it would have been amusing to have listened for a spell, but he had heard these conversations so often now among the sailors that they relieved his boredom not one whit.

Yes, he was bored, bored to tears. The *Goeben* undoubtedly would not put up a show, and the War would fizzle out, as far as his part of the world was concerned, without his ever having seen a shot fired. The watchful signalman snored lightly outside as he leant against a stanchion with his telescope pointed permanently at the Dardanelles and glued to a shut eye. Trunnion roused himself, went out, and up on the bridge to see where the tide had put the ship.

"I thinks as 'ow I sees a mine on the port bow, sir—leastways, which it may be a cask."

The skipper, knowing the speaker, the man at the wheel, to be one of those enterprising souls who exist in all ships' companies, who spends his time in seeing imaginary aeroplanes in the sky, submarines in the sea, smoke on a horizon of well-defined and extraordinary clearness and with as little blemish as the latest joined Vestal Virgin in ancient Rome, and flashes of guns at night, casually turned his powerful (?) glasses

(marked with the arrows of Portland and Dartmoor) and saw at once that it was merely an empty cask.

“Don’t add to the terrors of this holy”—only “holy” was not the word used—“War by volunteering unnecessary and stupid surmises—it’s a cask. Pay more attention to your steering.”

The Quartermaster, with the pained look of a genius not recognized by his generation, and murmuring “Which I knew it were somethink,” turned his watery eye on the compass and sought consolation by sucking his teeth loudly.

“Re this course, sir,” said the Officer of the Watch, with surprising lack of tact; “you haven’t forgotten we’re stopped, sir—been stopped for half an hour—and the ship’s head is eight points off it.”

“Oh, slow ahead both then, and get back on it. Keep your eyes skinned for smoke and —— casks.”

Having taken a bearing of “RABBIT ISLAND,” he once more descended to the chart-house. The signalman was still on the *qui vive*.

“Rabbit Island,” he mused as he stretched himself on the settee. “Wonder if it’s full of rabbits.

“Rabbits—Lord!” That opened up a new train of thought. If this War hadn’t started, he would have been now in his Surrey home shooting the little brown beggars. His mind travelled back to the last occasion on which he had done this. He had induced the only girl he had ever *really loved* to come out and see the slaughter. The slaughter had been little, partly due to his being very much in love and put off by her mere presence, and partly due to the delightful prattle emanating from that enchanting mouth. He could see her now looking at him with those laughing eyes; he could see, but more dimly, the keeper contemptuously replacing a ferret in the bag after yet another rabbit had been missed; he could see, still more dimly, his old pal Firebrace further away potting a hen pheasant long after all the superfluous female fowls of the pheasant species had been killed—in fact, he had been particularly asked not to fire at them; but that was just like old Firebrace—Firebrace, who had suddenly

The Rabbits

left the Service and had since disappeared, and never left a word behind him—— At this point he must have dropped off to sleep. With a start he discovered some one had thrust a wireless message into his hand.

“Land on Rabbit Island and see if there is an inconspicuous place where a portable wireless set can be placed.”

“Well,” thought he, “here’s something to break the monotony. Half speed both ! Away, sea boat’s crew !”

Not long afterwards, Trunnion found himself stumbling over the rocks on the foreshore of Rabbit Island. How deserted it seemed ! Not a sound, not even a bunny. Suddenly he came upon a deep gully. Down into it he went with the idea of climbing up the other side, but, wondering where it could lead to—it seemed to go downwards and get even deeper—he determined to explore it.

As he walked on, he noted the vegetation became more and more luxurious, and that now the sides of the gully were steep cliffs.

“Weird !” thought he ; “this isn’t much like the outside of the old mud-heap.”

Dusk was now at hand, and, where he was, little light remained. The beetling crags were dark themselves, except the very top of the eastern side, which caught the red glow of the sunset and threw deep shadows around him. He quickened his pace, and breathed more freely when he saw in the distance a sharp turn. Just as he reached it, he was aware that several figures had sprung out of some bushes behind him on either hand. In a moment he was seized. He tried to call out, but his cry was lost in something soft, saturated in an anæsthetic, and he collapsed like a log.

“Here you are, old son ; have a lap at this. You’ll soon be O.K.” As yet unable to collect his confused thoughts and realize where he was, he seized, without any protest, one might say almost through force of habit, a glass, and poured its contents down his throat.

“Tastes very much like a ‘Traveller,’” thought he. “Yes,

by Gad, there's a cherry at the bottom—where the hell am I?" He had said this aloud.

"Never mind about that," said a voice; "you'll soon be told all about it."

By this time Trunnion had got his wits about him, and noticed that he was lying in a large but low room, hung with many Eastern tapestries and curtains and comfortably furnished. The light was low and soft, the lamps being cunningly shaded. His gaze turned to the figure standing beside him. It was clothed in evening dress of irreproachable cut. Hullo! where had he seen that figure before?

"Good Lord! Firebrace, what the devil are you doing here? and where the devil *is* here? Am I merely dreaming or just bottled? Anyhow, I'm deuced glad to see you—where on earth have you been all this time?"

"First of all, Trunnion, you'll have another tail to bring you up to the mark, then you'll honour me by sharing my humble dinner, and after we've got soundings in the second bottle of bubbly, I'll tell you all about it."

Hereupon he clapped his hands, and a man dressed in some picturesque Greek country costume glided in with two glasses and a cocktail shaker. A minute afterwards, the bewildered Trunnion and his host had set themselves down to what the former could see was going to be a *recherché* little dinner.

After weeks of warfare, his sole preoccupation was to let nothing good in the way of food and drink escape him. He succeeded admirably.

The dishes, exquisitely served and cooked, appeared and disappeared in due course. The first bottle of Perrier-Jouet '04 disappeared. The second bottle was opened, and with a gentle gurgle, as though of protest, gave up its delicate vintage to the appreciative, not to say insatiable, maws of its masters.

"Now," said Firebrace.

"Now," said Trunnion, toying luxuriously with a perfect *mousse de jambon*, and not really caring for the moment if it was Christmas or Easter, or whether he was in east or west

The Rabbits

longitude—"Now, old man, throw some light on these mysterious proceedings, before I stagger back to my ship—Thank you, I will."

The latter remark Trunnion addressed to the handsome dark-eyed maid who had been helping to serve the dinner. A momentary qualm of conscience, during which he felt he should delay no longer in returning to his ship, faded away as he glanced at the girl and then at his plate. He thought of Antonio Buhegiah serving the evening meal on board the *Cuttlefish*, thought of the *kromeskés à la Russe* and the dirty tablecloth, and stifled a sigh of remorse with some of the mousse, and washed that down with the ever-ready champagne.

Firebrace, pushing some cigarettes towards his guest—he believed in the habit of smoking between the courses—and lighting one himself, commenced the following extraordinary and romantic tale.

To be continued in our next.

(If there is a next.—EDITOR.)



A POEM

By MARIA GEORGINA ANTOINETTE BLIGG

A LITTLE ship was on the sea,
It was a lovely sight,
They worked both watches all the day,
And half the "Pygmalion" night.



THE TWO "COLONELS-IN-CHIEF"
DURING THE BATTLE

Crown Prince: "Stick it, Father, but for God's sake don't let your own regiment capture you with those socks showing! I'll give you a hand with the boots in a second."

REMINISCENCES OF THE MESSINA PATROL

(Edited)

- A** stands for Armin, a cape we all know ;
 Though charts call it "a bright light" it's merely a glow.
- B** is for *Breslau*, the big German's pup,
 Alas! when we chase her we can't catch her up.
- C** stands for Captain, with (D) at the end :
 You will realize this if you're caught on the bend !
- D** stands for Dickens, who'll show you the way ;
 If ever you want him, seek rendezvous "A."
- E** is the *Ellerman* liner we board ;
 T.G. for the ice and cigars that they hoard.
- F** stands for Fuel, and whene'er it gets low,
 South twenty-eight west, back to Malta we go.
- G**'s for *Grampus*, *Grasshopper*, and *Geeben* as well ;
 They haven't met yet ! When they do there'll be hell !
- H** are the Houris we see on the beach
 Preening themselves, but, alas ! out of reach.
- I**'s the Italians, whose shores we can see ;
 We shall never forget them, where'er we may be.
- J** stands for "Jimmy," our bright blue-eyed boy ;
 When he boards, lady passengers' hearts burst with joy.
 (Or is it Jehovah, an intimate friend
 Of the virtuous Kaiser, as Germans pretend ?)

Reminiscences of
the Messina Patrol

K is our King, whom right gladly we serve ;
May no true-hearted Briton from loyalty swerve.

L is the Limit, three miles from the land ;
Outside it we fume, a disconsolate band.

M stands for "Mouldy," our weapon of war ;
If it hits you, you'll never be seen any more.

N are the papers we haven't yet seen ;
We're waiting to get one to see where we've been.

O are the 'orrible nights we have spent
Patrolling from Armin to Cape Spartivent !

P is the "perfectly peautiful" prize
In seeking for which we have all strained our eyes.

Q's the Quick-firer whose circuits we test
From morning to night without ever a rest.

R is the requisite sleep that we get ;
Or rather we don't, but we'll make it up yet.

S are the Stokers who keep watch and watch,
What wouldn't they give for just one drop of "Scotch" !

T are the Turbines once more in the ship ;
It's a wonder they haven't yet started to strip.

U is the use of the maxim we've got ;
It has never been known to fire more than one shot.

V's a Volcano, Mount Etna by name ;
To fix your position, take bearings of same.

W's for War, very bloody and bad ;
At the moment it's made most of Europe go mad.

**Reminiscences of
the Messina Patrol**

X is for "'Xcelsior," our shout as we board
At the head of our men with a fresh sharpened sword.

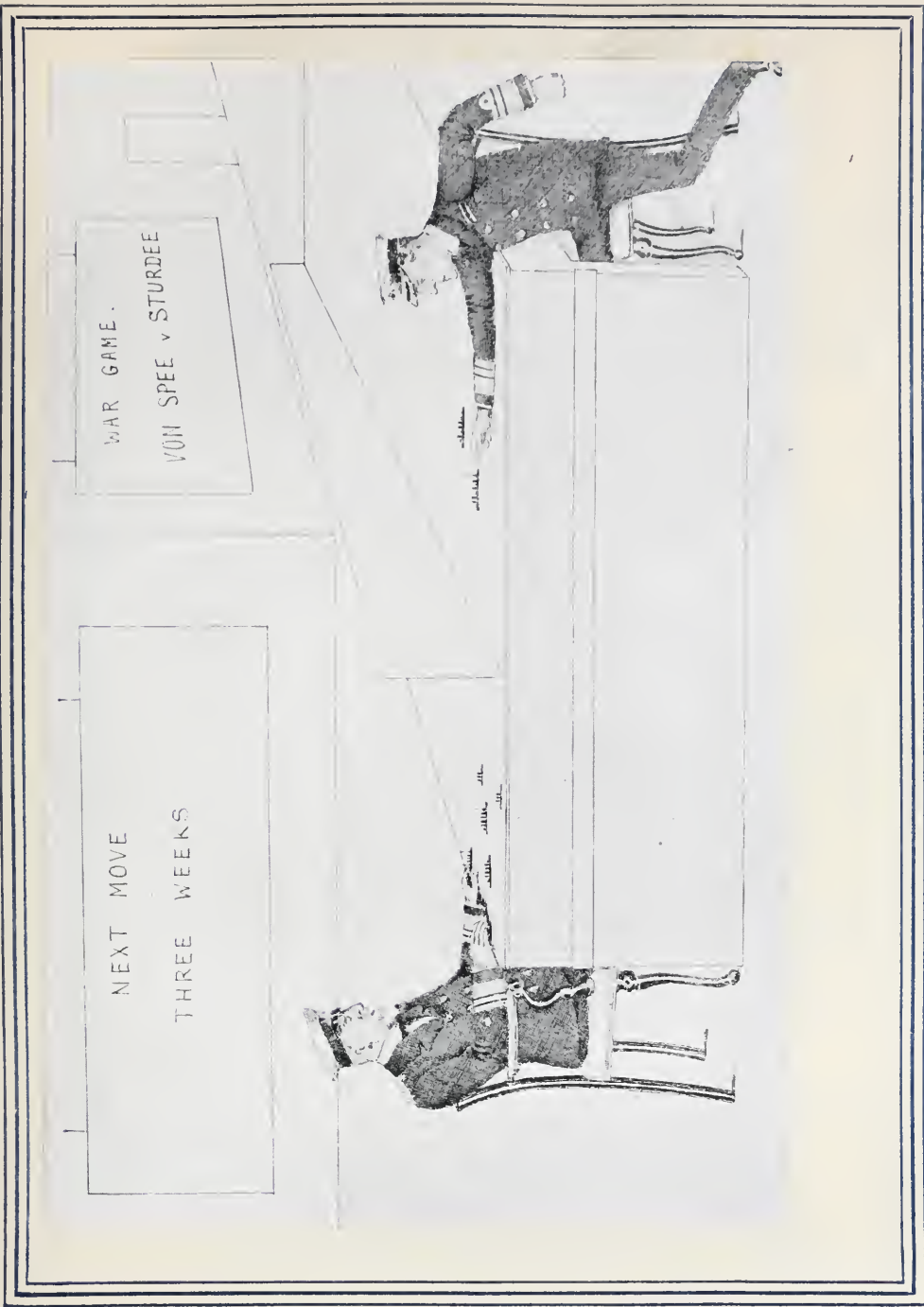
Y is the Yeast which we use to make bread ;
By its means we make very fine samples of lead.

Z is the Zephyr, the soft wind we feel,
Disarranging the "quiff" of the man at the wheel.

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"

HOLD not your life too dear,
Though life itself is sweet,
And all that you most love is somewhere there,
Where green trees meet
In tangled sweetness over some smooth lawn,
Starred with white daisies,
Greeting the day new-born,
Singing its praises,
And through the shining hours
Butterflies, loving the shining hours,
Flit through their mazes.

England has need of you,
Now in her hour of trial.
Go forth, and since God will you so to do,
Suffer awhile.
Though your soul's sick with longing
For that loved land,
And rushing thoughts come thronging,
Hear her command.
She calls, and you must hear her :
By that same love you bear her,
Answer her just demand.



Von Spee: "If I'd known that the English kept this screen up so long in a game, I wouldn't have played."

CORRESPONDENCE

"Inquirer" would like to know if "Tenedos" is derived from the French, and means "hold back."

No! It is derived from the old English "Tene-ment" and "Dosshouse," so called from the extraordinary amount of sleep to be obtained there.

EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR, *The Tenedos Times*.

SIR,—

I think the following episodes may be of interest to your readers, as a great many of them are doing the same work as myself, and if some of them, up to the present, have not shown that perspicacity which distinguishes me, this letter may help them to do so in future.

At 10.30 a.m. last Tuesday I boarded a vessel named the s.s. *Previenolos*, of the "Affi Lo Hon" Company. On meeting the Master, I said "Good-morning." He replied, "Affi lo hizieron, ni os pregunten."

This was trying my temper a little too much, so I at once said, "Where is all your contraband stuff stowed?"

He then made this appalling statement—

"Señor, fi el Espirita Santo, ya que mo me reparta lingua de fuego, repartiesse fuego a mi lingua, y adistrasse, mi pluma, defembarazendo el passo de los oidos."

He might have escaped the consequences, but the one word "defembarazendo" was too bad altogether.

I therefore shot him and sunk the ship.

Yours faithfully,

ADAM LYER, R.N.

2 *Sept.*, 1914.

OUOTH one, and his speech was laconic, "I'm coming alongside"—on the spot, Came the answer, most terse and ironic (We never waste words), "No, you're not!"

VOLUME II

WAR ORDERS

(Continued)

v

KEEP clean.—A mellow flannel
On the person of a man 'll
Cause unpleasant beasts to build their
 nests and swarm
On his dismal body. Clothing
Which is dirty shun with loathing—
Though undoubtedly it keeps you very
 warm !

vi

Do not mount the playful maxim
Where, entubed, torpedoes dwell,
For thus placed, if
 lyddite smacks
 him,
It will blow you
 straight to hell.

At this point in
those noble lines
Writ on the scroll,
the clerk showed
signs
Of being in ('twas
 feigned,perhaps!)

A state of imminent collapse.
His tongue lolled out, his voice grew weak,
A tear coursed down his poor wan cheek ;

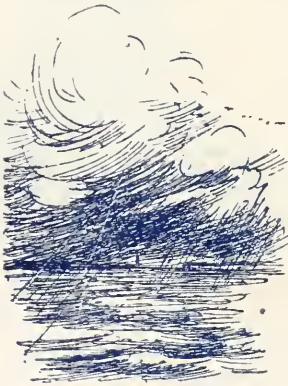


AUTHOR'S NOTE.—It is regretted that, owing to the necessity of chronicling the strange behaviour of the clerk at this time in some detail, space does not permit of the setting down of many "War Orders." It is hoped to correct this failing in the next number.

War
Orders

The crowd, his symptoms contemplating,
Opined he needed stimulating ;
So he who still retained the flask
Of whisky to his bosom clasped
(Some hinted they had seen him dip
In it a surreptitious lip,
But he met all such slanders vile
With patient and seraphic smile),
Swift thrust it on the clerk, who quaffed
From it a most prodigious draught.
Once more, as lightning lights the sky,
Fire lit his dull and fishy eye.
Once more refreshed—though, truth to tell,
A trifle thick in speech as well
(As who would not be, filled with such
A mort of courage men call “Dutch”?)—
He seized the scroll, and poured forth more
Inspiring orders for the war.

VII



In your signals
state precisely
What it is you
really mean.
Explain briefly
and concisely
Just exactly what
you've seen.
It's pathetic when
the warships

Which you say you clearly note
Turn out to be no more ships
Than one lone torpedo-boat !



War Orders

VIII

When you're out for target practice,
Pray remember that the range,
Though deplorable the
fact is,
Loves incessantly to
change.



Therefore take your
gun and cram in her
Her due portion of
cordite—

Perforate the disgusting lamina
By ever altering her sight.



If perchance you do not smack it
With the opening round you fire,
Use a bold and noble bracket
To achieve your heart's desire.

You will never crush a German,
But will only make him laugh,
By a timid, plaintive murmur
Of "Down two-five, left a 'arf."



And when the mellifluous rifle
Used for aiming you exchange
For the thunder-belching cannon,
DON'T forget the change of range.

Stir the laggard with a hat-pin
Deep imbedded in that rid-
iculous portion of him that in
Trousers is discreetly hid.

War Orders

Thus you'll force him to remember
The range's mutabili-tee
More than all the spotted pictures
Of that absurd Lieutenant (G).

So long this order, such the strain
Exerted on the clerk's dulled brain,
That he once more began to gasp;
His eyes roved to the whisky flask,
Now wellnigh void. The veteran who
Clasped the fast emptying flagon to
His breast, locked in a fond embrace,
As mother hugs her child, no trace
Of pity showed. Aloud he cried,
"Go to! You've much too much inside
Already, and there's little here—
Too little for us both, I fear."
With that the veteran, old but game,
Finished the bottle off "soi même."



Ah me! How oft occurs a slip
'Twi'xt cup and forth-protruded lip!
Pitiful now the young clerk's plight,
Baulked of his own. Dreadful the sight
To him of those last drops which ought
His yearning stomach to have sought,
Adown the veteran's throat slow trickling,
And his worn-out intestines tickling!
Full-filled with whisky and with grief,
In tears he found some slight relief.
His eyes swam: sadly drooped his head:
Athwart his cheeks once plump and red
A deathly pallor slowly crept—
A wan smile on his lips, he slept!

Oh Sleep! thou soother of the soul,
E'en though induced by alcohol!



*Half-drowned German Lieutenant,
after long swim from his sunken
ship : "Thank God! Land at last!"*

COAL !

THOUGH coal's a commodity useful, no doubt,
It's a thing, for a time, we could well do with-
out.

The amount that we've taken in during the War
Would last some people all their lives, some perhaps more.
Every time that we coal, it's right up to the brim,
And still they say, "Fill-up and trim."

Coal again, coal again,
Weary and grimy and sore ;
Though we coaled yesterday,
Yet to-morrow they say
We shall coal—once—more.

In Peace Time a coaling is looked on as sport,
And to beat the last record is every one's thought.
So all hands dig out, both with shovel and spade,
And are not above using the tricks of the trade.
If successful, your record is flashed through the Port ;
But now it is, "What are you short ?"

Coal again, coal again,
At Home it is looked on as sport ;
But it's poor fun for us
When the "stop-press" reads thus—
"How much are—you—short ?"

Still, what does it matter ?—it's part of the game
That England is playing to keep up her name.
Though Kaiser Bill thinks he's assisted by Heaven,
The English can take him on—one against seven ;
They've done it on shore, and their Fleet know quite well
If they come out of KIEL they'll be—blown into—well.

Coal !

Coal again, coal again,
We can do without labour from shore ;
If we want to knock spots
Off the *Goeben* (in knots),
We must coal once more.

Coal again, coal again,
Ne'er mind if you're tired and sore ;
Take your shovel and pick,
And let's get it done quick,
Ere we coal once more.

TO THE EDITOR, *The Tenedos Times*

“THE STUDIO,” SHYSTERBURG,
THE FATHERLANDSTEIN,
20th September 1914.

SIR,—

This celebrated etching, of which only one proof was ever pulled before the plate was destroyed, was made at the Emperor's command by his favourite artist, Freicherr von Shystein.

His Majesty presented it to me a few days ago, expressing a wish that I should have it shown in England, as he really thought, after the last week's battle, the British Army did not realize (as he charmingly put it) what they were up against. He said he thought that if his portrait were shown to Sir John French they would all go home.

A short description of this extraordinarily fine etching, so perfect in its representation of His Majesty, when His Majesty is in a good humour, is, we venture to think, not out of place here.

His Majesty is shown in the full uniform of the “Skull and Knuckle Bones Hussars,” a famous regiment since decimated by one French soldier, with a maxim gun, two bayonets, and his pressed-beef ration. He is holding in his right hand the hat of the uniform, and his left hand grasps the sword with that tremendous power of thought for which His Majesty is famous. His Majesty's Staff may be seen entrenched behind the hill upon which His Majesty stands. His Majesty's imperial standard waves in the sunshine of His Majesty's presence. In the sky, so beautifully serene and clear, may be observed a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, while on the ground, just in front of His Majesty, crawls a humble beetle, symbolical of the crushing force of His Majesty's cavalry, His Majesty's artillery, and last, but not least, His Majesty's infantry, cooks, camp-sweepers, etc. The middle distance is drawn with that perfect truth which only one artist in a century has the power of showing and——

EDITOR.—This description has gone far enough. We have every reason to believe that this is not an etching at all, but a pen and ink drawing, and a very bad one at that. Secondly, we think that the artist himself (if you can call such a person an artist) has written this description himself, and thirdly, that this description is very bad English, and very self-congratulatory where no self-congratulation is due. In fact, the whole thing is an impudent forgery.

ARTIST.—“Rotten! The Editor's English is worse than mine.”

VON SHYSTEIN, FREICHERR.



*"Gott gegen uns!
Then I'll do it myself."*

THE RABBITS

(continued)

CHAPTER II

TWO years ago," began Firebrace, "I was down on my luck—nothing shady. Didn't know where to turn or what to do. For various reasons I came to the conclusion that I'd have to leave the service. "Well, I determined, while I was trying to find a solution to my difficulties, to get somewhere abroad, but where, I could not decide, till my wanderings led me in a likely direction. You know, of course, that money is not one of my difficulties.

"Travelling in the same compartment with me from Calais to Paris was a rather distinguished foreign chap, with whom I got into conversation. He spoke English without any accent. He seemed a good sort, and we took to each other mutually.

"A collision on the line, when I managed to haul him out of the car by his boots, through a hole in the roof, his whiskers being by then well alight, cemented the bond of friendship, as the postprandial speaker says, and, while extinguishing the Prairie Fire round his face, he swore eternal friendship and his obligation to me for life.

"We stayed at the same hotel in Paris. One night in his rooms, expanding in the warmth of his sympathetic friendship, and perhaps one whisky too many, I told him all about my desperate position, and how I wanted to get away from the world for a few years.

"At the end of my story, the Baron (for he was one) paced up and down the room several times in deep thought.

"Suddenly he stopped opposite me—'You have saved my life, you have money, you are a gentleman.'

"I murmured the confirmatory protest usual on these occasions.

"Such being the case, I feel justified in offering you the

following outlet from your temporary difficulties. You shall become a Rabbit.'

"'Well, so I am—at tennis.'

"'Please do not joke, and permit me to explain.

"'First of all, you must solemnly swear you will not divulge one word of what I am going to tell you.' I swore.

"'In this island there exists the strangest collection of people ever gathered together—as you shall judge for yourself.

"'A colony has—practically unknown to the outer world—been formed of individuals, mostly notabilities, who, for various reasons, have made themselves too conspicuous in their careers.

"'Some have made things too hot for themselves, others have become sick of the fame and notoriety they can't shake off.'

"'To become a Rabbit is difficult.

"'One must have brains and money, and though one may have livened this old world up a bit, no actual criminal is eligible. The secret of the existence of this community is easily kept. The individual members mutually do not wish to give it away; also, each member has various financial interests in it of no negligible order.'

"'By this time the port had gone round twice, once for 'The King' and once for the Rabbits' toast—'May we never be snared.'

"'Further explanations are superfluous; you will now come with me to a big soirée at the club, at which you will see the Rabbits *en masse* and at their best.'

In a few moments Trunnion found himself following Firebrace down a garden path which led into another and larger property. Traversing spacious lawns and ascending some terraces, they came to a larger building, brilliantly lighted.

The strains of a string band could now be heard, and as Trunnion and Firebrace passed into the hall, the familiar buzz of a fashionable crowd's conversation, mingled with occasional ripples of laughter, made Trunnion feel as though he was going into "Princes" for some season's dance.

Depositing their head-gear with a powdered flunkey, our

The Rabbits

two friends, now in company with several other guests, went up a broad flight of steps, across a landing, and into a ballroom.

It was thronged with people of all ages and both sexes. Wonderful toilettes mingled with brilliant uniforms—diplomatic, civil, and military.

“The very man,” Firebrace exclaimed suddenly, as a guest in civilian evening clothes was seen to be making his way towards them. “That is Cook, of North Pole notoriety. He knows everybody here, and, in fact, runs the dance committee. Most amusing fellow, and, of course, a damliar. He’ll be delighted to trot you round.—Oh, Mr. Cook, may I introduce my friend, Lieutenant-Commander Trunnion?”

“Vurry pleased to know you, Lootenant—put it right here, sir; you needn’t be afraid of the chilblains” (this because Trunnion was so astonished that he had impolitely neglected to take the proffered hand)—“they’ve worn off years back. Want to meet some of our celebrities? Waal, I guess you’ve struck the right trail. Just you follow me round and I’ll fix you.”

They were soon jostling their way through the crowd. Trunnion realized that many of the faces were strangely familiar to him. Dr. Cook talked incessantly all the time, mostly about himself, his conversation being interspersed with a running commentary on the people they were passing.

“Did you believe I reached the Pole? Between you and me, I don’t believe many people did. How far did I get? Waal, up to the twenty-fourth story of a Noo York skyscraper, where I remained for some months. Then I wrote some fair harassing messages from the Arctic Regions, so blamed descriptive and vivid, that though the central heating was on full blast, icicles hung from my moustache. Say, there’s Prince William of Wied over there, looking pretty glum. We call him ‘Weedy Willy.’ Say, Willy, let me present Lootenant Trunnion, one of the boys off a British torpedo.”

Prince William roused himself and tried to look like Napoleon on board the *Bellerophon*, though he succeeded more

in resembling a cross between a cinema doorkeeper and a member of the "La Vallette" Band.

"Sorry to leave Albania, Prince?"

"Sorry! Mein Gott, nein—ach, what savages! Still," he pursued, "it is better to be an Mpret (wass für eine sprache—I can't even pronounce my own title) than to be a German prince these days."

The fallen monarch helped himself liberally to champagne and relapsed into gloom.

"See under those palms, right there—that's Abdul the Damned, talking to the Mad Mullah. A little further on is one of our newest members—vurry interesting—Mme. Caillaux. Only stipulation we made was that she had to leave her 'guns' at home, we didn't want her getting busy here. Ah, the Captain of the *Goeben*. Howdy, Cap'en: this is Lootenant-Commander Trunnion of the British Navy."

Trunnion smiled slowly. "Good evening, sir; we've been looking for you for some time—in fact, we're still looking for you. Hope you won't disappoint us. We're getting awfully bored."

The Captain of the *Goeben*, the hero of a thousand fights, scowled slightly and passed on, removing as he did his tarbush, and wiping his clammy forehead.

"I was out walking with him the other day, and we suddenly came over a rise near the sea, and close into the land lay the *Gloucester*. Say, did that sailorman emulate the manners and customs of the common or do-mestic fowl when that bird dashes from underneath the wheels of an automobile? Sir, he did that. Did he move? Some. However, this is dry work. Guess I've a thirst I could lean up against. Come along."

They moved to the buffet, where Trunnion was introduced to Norman Angell, who since the War had started had felt rather out of it. He then engaged in conversation with a pleasant young lady who turned out to be Miss Christabel Pankhurst. He wanted to offer her some "trifle," and felt a natural hesitation. She noticed it, and smilingly reassured him that for the time being she was not on hunger strike.

The Rabbits

Many other people who had been in the public eye at various periods, and who, tired of fame or defeated in their ambitious schemes, had drifted to this strange gathering place, passed before the gradually bewildering gaze of Trunnion.

One rather "nutty" male guest accosted him. "Of course, you don't know who I am. I was quite a celebrity, but luckily my features aren't generally known—'bunga, bunga!'"

"Well, I'm blown. You did upset the old *Dreadnought*."

"I know; well run, wasn't it? Well, I chucked other stunts like that in different parts of the world. Couldn't keep off it. They'd hang me—most countries. Last effort was fine, but ended in a fiasco."

"What was it?"

"Well, it took place during the Eucharistic Congress at Vienna. I decided to cheer the affair up by one of my small impersonations.

"I heard that an American cardinal was to be one of the first arrivals, and that the Viennese were very anxious to do him really well. I decided to forestall the cleric and get his reception. Wired that he had started by an earlier steamer.

"In the meantime I summoned two Varsity pals and rigged them up as my chaplains, while I got together a cardinal's rig. Of all my stunts, this was the most expensive.

"Well, we arrived at Vienna and got a great reception, and I blessed the crowd liberally and cursed my junior chaplain, who had exceeded the allowance of alcohol usually considered sufficient for sky-pilots, and who was gradually getting tanked.

"We had a great day and took 'em in completely.

"That night, when we thought the day's work was done, I couldn't resist my chaplain's request to have a small supper-party in the magnificent suite of rooms set apart for us in the best hotel.

"This enterprising young priest smuggled in three ladies from the local 'Reviews.' We fairly hooped it up. At the height of the fun, when two couples were dancing the tango, and the other was drinking out of the same glass, the door was suddenly thrown open, and in walked a deputation, consisting of the

The Rabbits

Bishop and several Monsignors. They had brought a special message from the Pope, it appears.

“Poor old Bish chucked a fit on the spot. We slammed the door to and nipped down the backstairs, hopped into a taxi, and drove to another hotel, where I’d had the sense to reserve a room, and where I had had sent clothes and disguises. Awful hue and cry next day, but we got clear all right.”

During the last few sentences of this narrative, Trunnion noticed that a stir of expectation had come over the company. People had gradually fallen back to the sides of the room, leaving a broad lane down the centre.

Suddenly in the distance a bugle blared, and some curtains at one of the entrances were drawn aside. In an instant there was absolute silence, and every head turned in that direction.

A moment afterwards a commanding figure dressed in a white uniform, with a silver helmet, stepped into the room.

In a second every one had realized that an extraordinary personality, that strange product of a mediæval régime in modern times, Wilhelm II, had become—a Rabbit !

The band crashed out the well-known anthem, and with the last chord Trunnion——

.
“Signal from the *Dublin*, sir—‘Board that steamer coming out.’”

SUBMISSIONS AND REQUESTS

SUBMITTED—

(1) That the indecent haste shown by the 1st Division in getting back to the lee of TENEDOS after their “nights out” should be more discreetly hidden.

(2) That it is high time the Senior Commander of the 3rd Division published his order of coaling hourly instead of annually.

(3) That the *Indefat.* must waste a lot of coal every night in avoiding the enemy’s torpedo craft and submarines !! (and our own).

REQUESTED—

(1) That the 2nd Division return to enjoy the blessings of the flotilla and the fruits of our labours (still up the DARDANELLES).

(2) That *Warrior* gives another pantomime to entertain the men closed up at their guns during the night watches.

(3) That the *Gloucester* and *Dublin* may have another chance of telling the *Breslau* what they think of her.

(4) That instead of 2 Supply Ships we have 92.

“Bow-Bow.”

VOLUME III

THE PARIAH



*I said to myself as I walked by myself,
And myself answered back unto me,
"Take care of thyself, take heed of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee!"*

(Old Rhyme)

THE MODERN ATтила

IN the dim, forgotten ages,
So the ancient legend runs,
Down from the frozen north land
Came Attila, king of the Huns,
And wrought such deeds of horror
As even memory shuns.

Pitiful outraged women
And the gospel of the sword
Were his gifts, and the ribald laughter
Of his brutal barbarian horde ;
For the lust of blood was his guerdon,
And cruelty his watchword.

With fire, and murder, and pillage,
His ruthless feet were shod ;
Sacked town and ruined village
Lay stark in the ways that he'd trod,
And his name has gone down to the ages
As "Attila, Scourge of God."

Then the nations rose against him,
Strong in their righteous wrath,
In defence of the white Christ's honour,
And drove him back to the north,
And decreed from his ice-bound fastness
He should never again come forth.

He passed : but his spirit was evil,
And lived on for a thousand years,
Secretly serving the devil,

**The Modern
Attila**

And battening on men's fears,
Hungry again to revel
In blood and pale women's tears.

Athwart the tapestry woven
On the roaring loom of Time,
Runs the trail of a hoof that is cloven,
Marring its beauty sublime,
Where Attila's devil's spirit
Lies brooding darkly on crime.

Till again a race has descended
From those barren northern parts,
Blind to humanity's progress
And the spread of the nobler arts,
And the crust of civilization
Lies thin on their brutal hearts.

Lust is the god that they worship,
Lust and the power of the sword,
And the vile doctrine of Nietzsche,
That Strength is its own reward,
And that Might is the only virtue,
And Truth, like Honour, a fraud.

Hypocrites, boasting of Culture
Whilst wantonly spreading distress ;
Blaspheming the name of your Maker
By calling on Him to bless
The bloody deeds ye practise
In the name of Righteousness.

Drive on to your doom. Your Kaiser,
Puffed up with a mad conceit,
Proclaiming himself "God's Regent,"
Leads you to sure defeat.
Hear ye the gathering nations,
And the tramp of their million feet?

The "Goeben"

Yet a little, and ye shall perish,
For your race is wellnigh run.
Blood and iron is the rule ye cherish,
By that rule shall ye be undone.
Blood and iron thou shalt have in full measure,
Wilhelm, the modern Hun!

THE "GOEBEN"

HOW shy you are, *Goe-ben* ;
Why do you hide beyond our ken ?
We're waiting here, you know—and when
You *do* come out,
Look out, *Goe-ben*.

So swift you were, *Goe-ben*,
Knots up your sleeve you kept quite ten,
Thus you avoided all our men-
Of-war—that's over
Now, *Goe-ben*.

Why not come out, *Goe-ben* ?
Just get it over, die like men ;
'Twill not last long, you know—and then
We'll meet in heaven
As friends (?), *Goeben*.

WHAT offers ? Two cross-bred Racers, *Goeben* and *Breslau*, both by *Germany* out of *Kiel*. Have been regularly hunted this season. Owing to the War, owner unable to use same. Apply, B. F. TURK, Esq., "The Dumping Ground," Chanak.

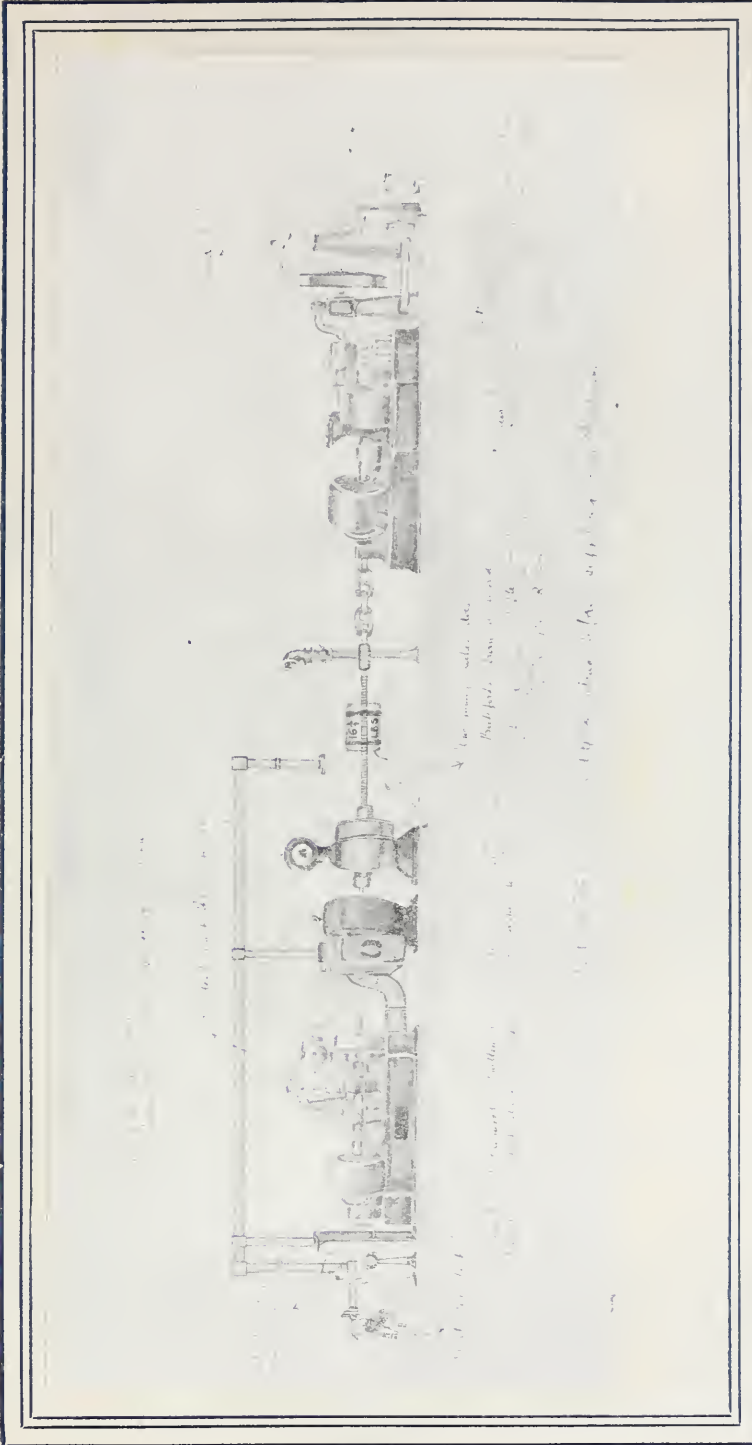
OUR LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST (OF TENEDOS)

WHEN the golden sun sinks o'er the way,
And the toil of Night Action's begun,
Though the time may seem long in the lilt of this song,
It seems five times as long at the gun.
It's a corner of Hades itself,
And I don't think I'm wrong when I say
That with "D" ruling there, why no ship can compare
With the *Blenheim* in Tenedos Bay.

There are hands that will welcome you back,
There are workshops below, and it's clear,
If you have a defect, why of course we expect
You to come alongside for repair.
Of over-head armament, true,
The ship shows a pitiful lack ;
But should aeroplanes loom
They would rush to their doom—
We've eight rifles on deck in a rack !

WHY are the officers of the Fifth Flotilla so very
efficient? Because they have such a high Coode to
live up to !

NOW all you little T.B.D.'s, just listen to my lay,
Do you not wait most anxiously for that thrice-blessèd day,
When you can slip the Depôt Ship,
And go in peace to "K" ?



→ The engine, water, etc.

Boiler, steam, etc.

→ The engine, water, etc.

Boiler, steam, etc.

→ The engine, water, etc.

Boiler, steam, etc.

SIR DAVID BEATTY

TO THE EDITOR, *The Tenedos Times*.

SIR,—

Those of your readers who have not seen the portrait of Rear-Admiral Sir David Beatty, published in the *Graphic* (by Philip de Laszlo de Lombos) a few weeks ago, may be interested in the present one, which was painted by Arty de Soszlo co Lombos, and is almost identical as far as the physiognomy is concerned.

In fact, we think Philip cribbed this one.

However, he is represented here at full length with his pyjamas, tooth mug, sponge, soap, and bath, where Philip knocked off at the shoulders.

It is obvious which is the better portrait.

I am sir,

Yours, etc.,

6th October 1914.

ARTY DE SOSZLO.

ARMIES on land—the FLEETS at sea,
What better alliance could there be?
We'll lead these German dogs a dance,
ENGLAND for ever—VIVE LA FRANCE!

Moins quelque mois, depuis cent ans,
Ces deux nations faisaient la guerre;
C'est fini, tout cela—maintenant,
C'est "VIVE LA FRANCE—VIVE L'ANGLETERRE!"

"MISSING"—that word that's worse than Death
itself,
For kindly Time at length with Death can cope,
But who can tell the agony of mind
Of those who almost hopelessly still hope?



SIR DAVID BEATTY.

A NIGHT ATTACK

The Captain stood on the bridge muffled up to the eyes.



Capt.

The Officer of the Watch was also muffled up to the eyes.



O.O.W.

The Man at the Wheel had lost his muffler.



Man at wheel.

The Signalman was peering into the darkness.



Darkness

Signalman

"What is that?" he cried.



The Captain leapt to the telegraphs.



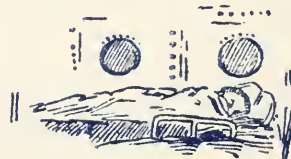
Telegraph

Capt.

"Is everything ready?"
"Yes!"



"Where is the Chief Engineer?"



Chief Engineer

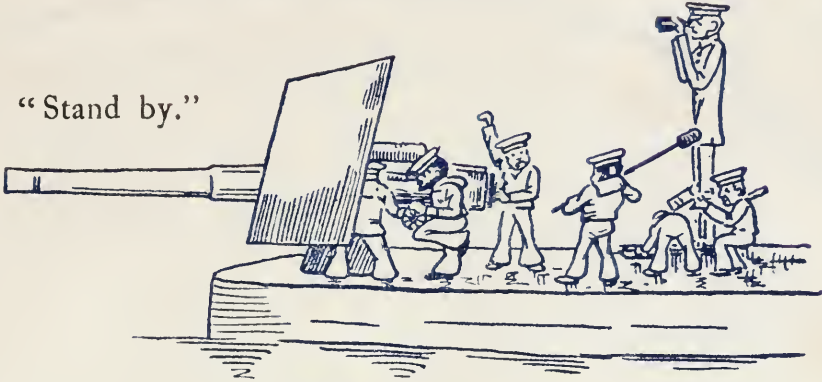
A Night
Attack

“Hard-a-starboard, Coxswain!”

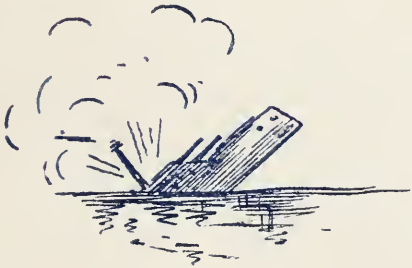
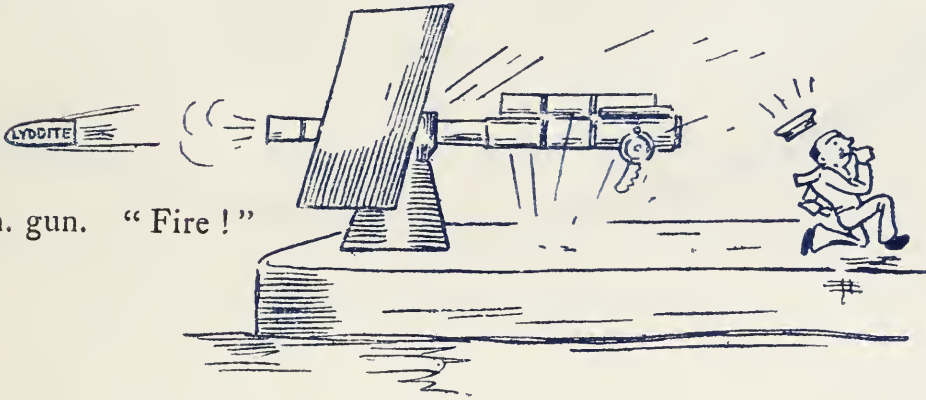


Coxswain

4-in. gun. “Stand by.”



4-in. gun. “Fire!”



Finale.

The next attack is postponed.

W. A.



"OH ! THE PRIDE OF IT"

VOLUME IV



German Emperor to Orderly: "What! Only one bomb left? Then I won't make my 'Triumphal Entry' into Nancy! —!! —!!!"

THE "GOEBEN" AND THE "BRESLAU"

With Apologies to the late Lewis Carroll



SEARCHLIGHTS were shining from the land,
Shining with all their might ;
They did their very best to keep
The watching ships in sight—
The ships that watched the Dardanelles
So closely, day and night.

The *Goeben* and the *Breslau*
In Sea of Marmora lay,
They wept like anything to see
Those silent watchers grey.
“We’re sold to Turkey now,” they cried,
“Why won’t they go away ?”

“If only they were not outside
There’s much that might be done—
Transports to sink, and lots of ways
For us to play the Hun.
It’s very rude of them,” they said,
“To stay and spoil our fun.

“If Turkey keeps the Straits shut up
To ships for half a year,
Do you suppose,” the *Breslau* said,
“Those ships outside would clear ?”
“I doubt it,” said the *Goeben*,
“They’d still be there, I fear.”

The "Goeben" and
the "Breslau"

"If all the Turkish ships of war
Were to come with us outside,
Do you suppose," the *Goeben* said,
"We'd lick 'em if we tried?"
Said *Breslau*, "No, the *Gloucester's* there,
We'd have to run and hide."

"Oh Turks, do come and join with us,"
The Germans now implore;
"We promise you such lots of things
You've never had before.
We'll officer your ships for you
And all your forts on shore."

Then all the Young Turks hurried up,
All eager for the treat.
Said they, "For real good fellows,
The Germans can't be beat;
They'll put our forts in order
And exercise our fleet.

"And everything they'll put to rights
That now is in a mess,
And in return, we'll join them—
In war? Well, more or less,
We won't unless it suits us to,
But that they'll never guess."

The *Goeben* and the *Breslau*
Steamed on a mile or so,
Then stopped to make decision
On whom to deal a blow.
And all the Turkish men-of-war
Lay near them in a row.

The "Goeben" and
the "Breslau"

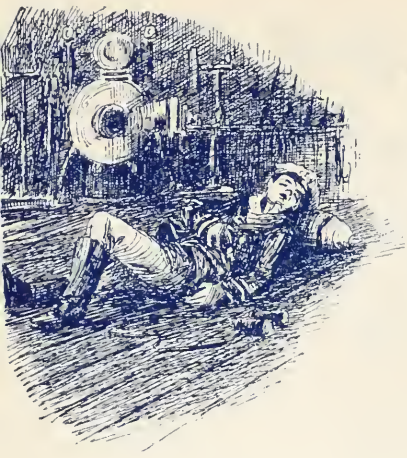
"The time has come," the *Goeben* said,
"To talk (I brag a treat)
Of how I'll lead these gallant ships
To victory complete.
Shall we land troops in Russia,
Or sink the English Fleet?"

"We'll have a go at Russia!"
With one accord they cried,
And straight into the Black Sea
They steamed in all their pride:
Some Russian warships hove in sight,
The fleet went back inside.

"On second thoughts, at England,"
They said, "we'll have a smack";
So cautiously they went along
Until they reached Chanak.
They saw the English ships outside,
And once again went back!

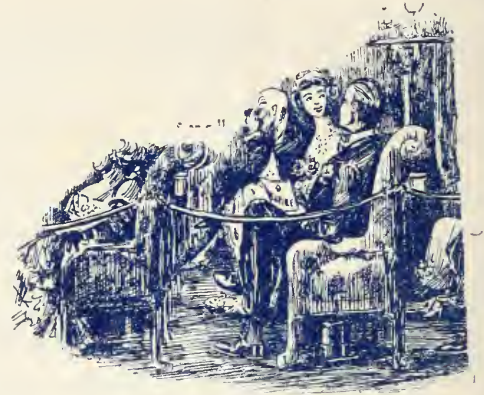
Now, shall she join the Kaiser?
Poor Turkey can't decide;
She's not so sure that Germany
Will humble England's pride.
So till she *does* make up her mind,
We must stop here outside.

IN THE LAND OF DREAMS



I LAY on the deck at midnight,
By a cannon's yawning breech,
With a lyddite shell for my pillow,
And glasses in easy reach ;
And I dreamed that I sat at the "Empire"
By a maiden fair as a peach.

Outside stood my priceless motor
(For I was a millionaire),
With its mighty engine throbbing,
A car beyond all compare ;
And its spotless brass-work twinkled
In the lights of Leicester Square.



I drove her to supper at "Oddy's,"
Through the glamour of London's night.
Oh ! the glint of jewels on white bosoms,
And the flash of eyes not less bright,
And the lure of soft curls nestling
On necks 'twould be heaven to bite !



In the Land
of Dreams



Champagne! How the
beaded bubbles
Winked at each crys-
tal brim!
How sweetly her red lips
parted
As she pledged me, rim
clinking on rim!
Soft and low were the
strains of the music,
Softly shaded the lights,
and dim.



She beckoned: I leaned
towards her—
My heart was pound-
ing amain—
Leaned o'er a master's
creation
Of "Homard à l'améri-
caine";
All about us a ripple of
laughter
And the plash of poured
champagne.



In the Land of Dreams



Mingled her breath's faint perfume
With the scent of exotic flowers :
Laughing eyes met mine, and held
them,
It seemed for voluptuous hours :
Hands clasped, lids drooped, and
dark lashes

Swept her cheeks like summer
showers.



Soft-stringed violins whis-
pered
A haunting love refrain,
A lilt of the lavish love-god,
Surcharged with delicious
pain ;
And passion swept over my
being,
And ecstasy flooded my
brain.

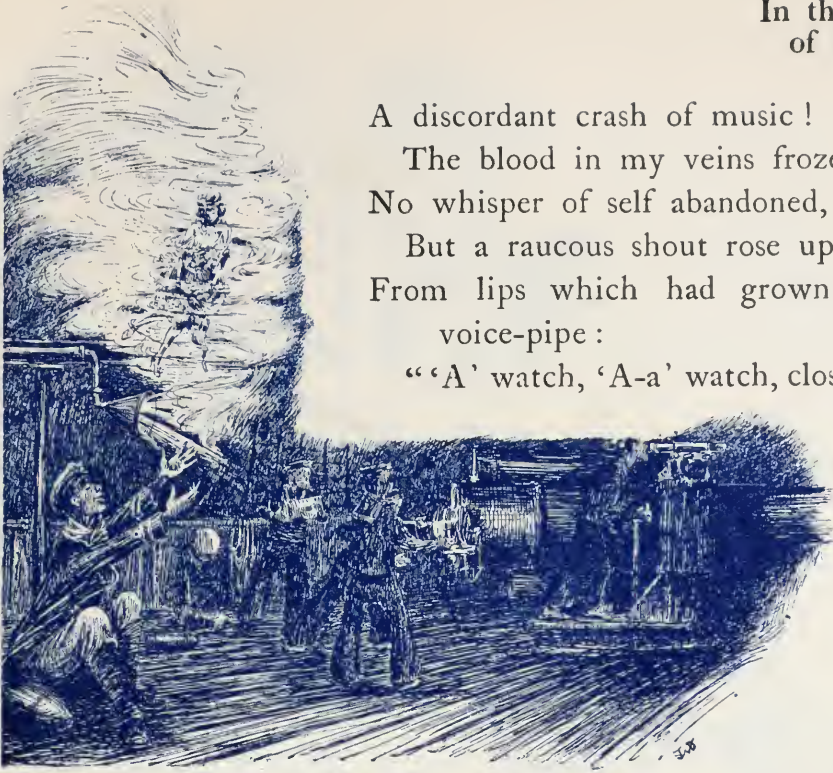


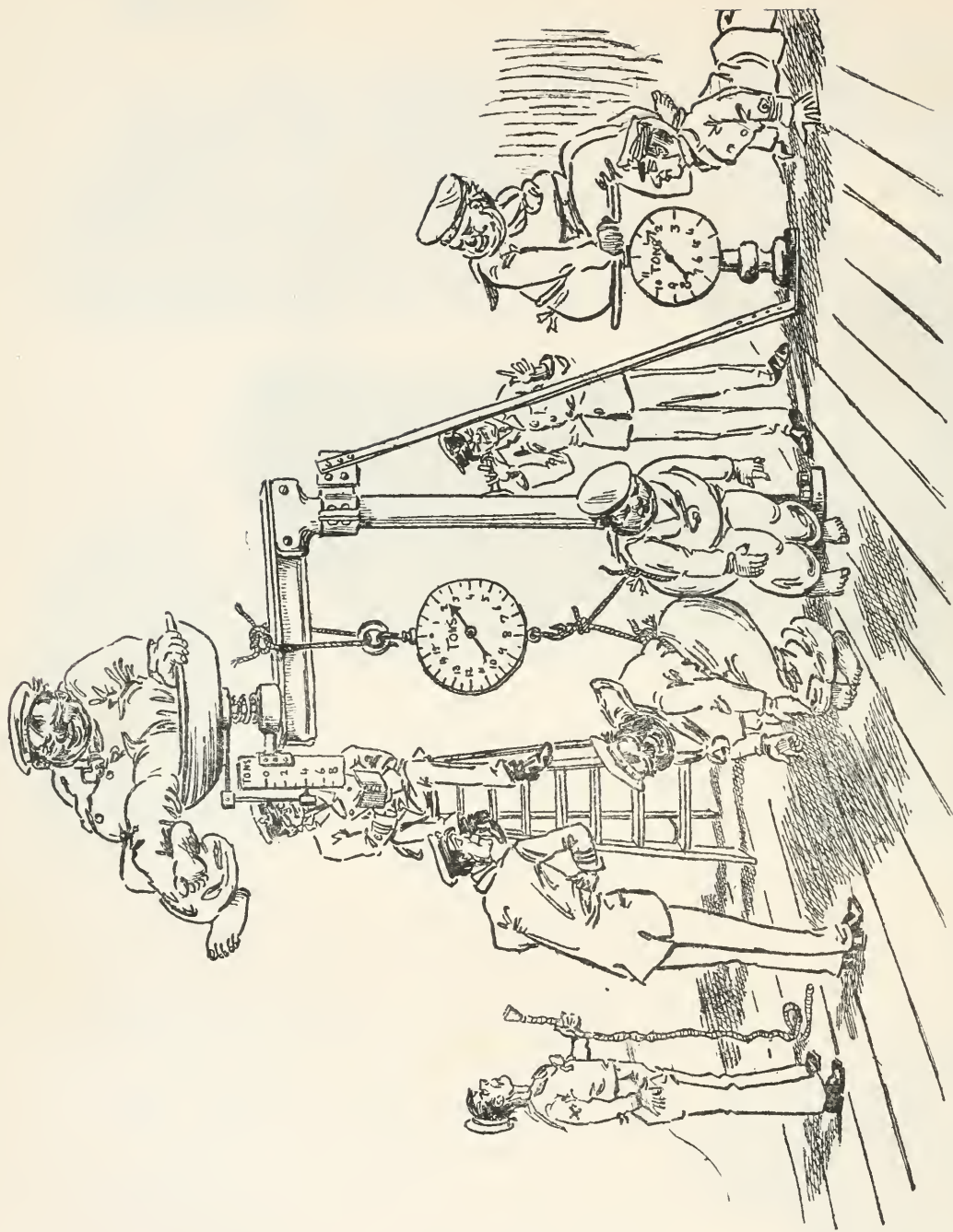
Nearer she leaned, now brushing
My cheek with her fragrant hair ;
Her warm lips, parted to whisper,
Caressed my enraptured ear :
Tingled my every fibre
At thought of what I should hear !



In the Land
of Dreams

A discordant crash of music !
The blood in my veins froze up.
No whisper of self abandoned,
But a raucous shout rose up
From lips which had grown like a
voice-pipe :
“‘A’ watch, ‘A-a’ watch, close up !”





TESTING BRACKET INTENDED TO SUPPORT VOICE-PIPE IN *BLENHEIM'S* 6-IN. BATTERY.

“YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILHELM”



YOU are old, Father Wilhelm,” the Crown Prince cried,
“And your hair every year grows more white,
Yet you’ve set every country in Europe ablaze—
Do you think at your age it is right?”

“In my youth,” said the Kaiser, “I promised my Dad
(And he said I was perfectly just)
That if ever I reached the Imperial Throne
I would conquer all Europe—or bust.”

“Do you think it wise for the English to show
Of respect such a casual lack?
Though our brave fellows don’t like their bayonets in front,
They will like them still less at their back.”

Said the Kaiser, “I’ve visited England, you know,
Fairly often of late, it is true,
And each time that I’ve seen a Review of their troops,
My contempt for their soldiery grew.”

“Though of course I don’t cavil at what you have done
In the matter of ‘Culture,’ it seems
You have carried that ‘Culture’ a leetle too far—
Look at Louvain, and Malines, and Rheims.”

“Wretched youth!” cried the Kaiser; “d’you dare to protest
At my methods, both humane and just?
The Almighty would still bless my deeds if I chose
To raze every d——d town to the dust.”

Books worth Reading

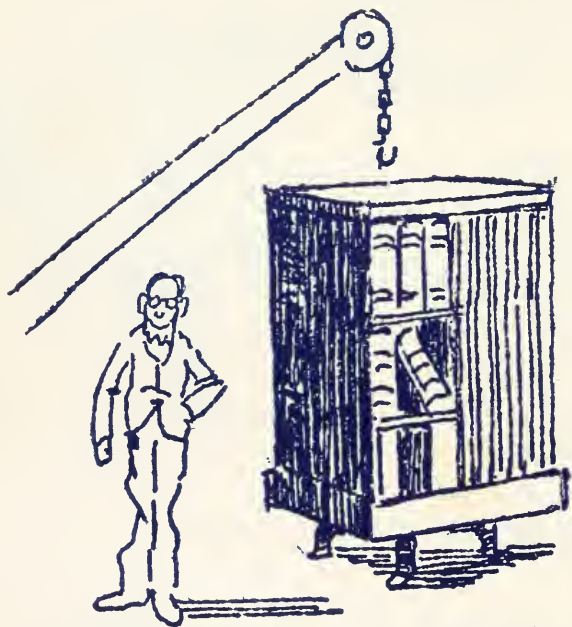
“You are old, as I’ve said once before,” cried the youth,
“And your health’s not as good as could be ;
Don’t forget, if by chance you should happen to die,
All the blame of this comes on to me.”

“Oh ! Of that there’s no fear,” cried the Kaiser ; “you know
‘Gott mit uns’ means ‘Immortal I am,’
If you want to know anything else later on,
Apply : ‘Kaiser, The Palace, Potsdam.’”

BOOKS WORTH READING

THE *Tenedos Times* History of the War. Unabridged.
You will read therein many things hitherto unpublished in similar works.

War Orders, in XIV Volumes. Handy edition in handsome oak revolving bookcase. A complete War Encyclopædia. No library should be without one. Small extra charge for librarian thrown in. Motor-driven derrick for hoisting out volumes. Send for our price list.



Librarian and Derrick
drawn to scale



Matelot, having read that prisoners in Germany are not being fed too well—

“My motto’s ‘Victory or death, no blooming surrender’—’ere, what flat-footed swab ’as been and sharked my bit of figgy duff?”

NURSERY RHYMES

(Up to Date)



LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Thinking how well he had coaled ;
When a ruddy great lump, with the hell of a bump,
Knocked him "A over tip" down the hold.

Dickory, dickory, dash,
I've dropped my cigarette ash.
When the clock strikes one,
In P.P. will run,
Dickory, dickory, dash !

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were '303—3—3.
His ambition, I maintain,
Was to shoot an aeroplane
And tumble it into the C—C—C.

The *Grampus* had a little gig,
Its paint was white as snow,
And everywhere the *Grampus* went,
Her gig was sure to go.

The *Grampus* has a little gig,
From the *Renard*, don't you know ;
For any trip while coaling ship
That gig is sure to go !

The bally *Beagle* blew a bloomin' buzz about !
Did the bally *Beagle* blow a bloomin' buzz about ?
If the bally *Beagle* blew a bloomin' buzz about,
What about the bloomin' buzz the bally *Beagle* blew ?

P—cy, P—cy, controversy,
How do your boats run, pray?
Oh! from the *Blenheim*—to the—er—*Blenheim*,
And back to the—er—*Blenheim*,
And so on all the day.

Sing a song of *Blenheim* :
One day, while coaling ship,
Four-and-twenty blighters with the ruddy pip ;
 When the coaling's over,
 They all commenced to sing,
“I'll cut you for a cocktail or any bally thing.”

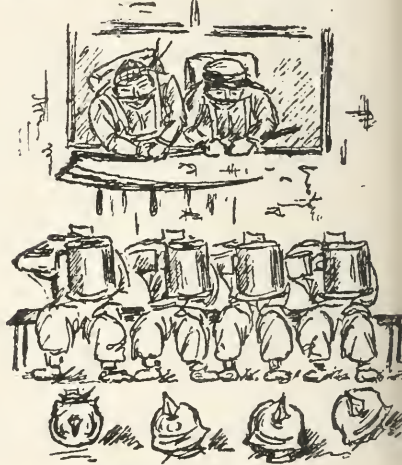
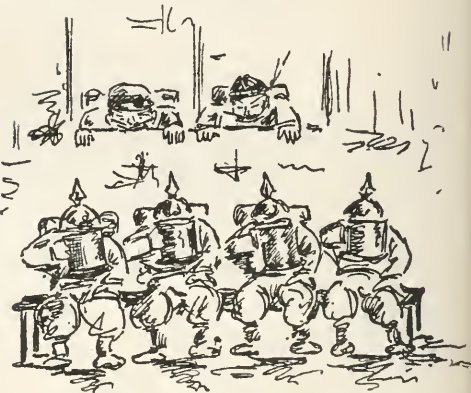
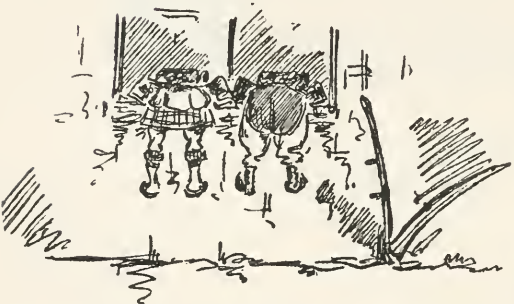
COME out, come out, my *Goeben* dear! Come out and
 have a fight ;
You little know how bored we are, watching for you at night !
You may bring your little baby, dear, to play with *Dublin*, and
If she's not enough for her, *Glosty* shall join the band.

There's another little family of twelve—but not so big—
To amuse you on your way to meet your “Grown-ups”
 further down.

And if you like to come in daylight, dear, to cheer you on
 your way,
There are three dear little baby whales who will love with
 you to play !

We will make you very welcome, dear, and I know it you
 will please
To teach Culture to the fishes which abound in Turkish seas.

PS.—Bring your friends with you.



A STORY WITHOUT WORDS.

THE "BLENHEIM" CRIME

SIR,—

I have discovered the criminal. Bertillon's method is nonsense.

At 10.25 a.m. this dreadful person arrived at "A" from about the direction of the dotted lines — — — and at once proceeded to "B." Here he had a drink. He then went as shown in the Track Chart to "C." This is the Ward Room of the *Renard*. He here had drinks as shown in Track Chart.

He then ran hurriedly to "D," where he——(ED.—Steady!) He then went back to "B," calling at Lieutenant-Commander (G's) office on the way.

He had drinks as shown in Track Chart. Time, 11.50 a.m. At this moment he started to go back to his boat, and stumbled, doing the appalling deed. His track is shown to his boat. His name is Cunningham.

EDITOR.—This is impossible. Lieut.-Com. Cunningham does not smoke.

Anyhow, he had all those drinks.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

L. T. AMEDROZ,

Lieut.-Comdr.

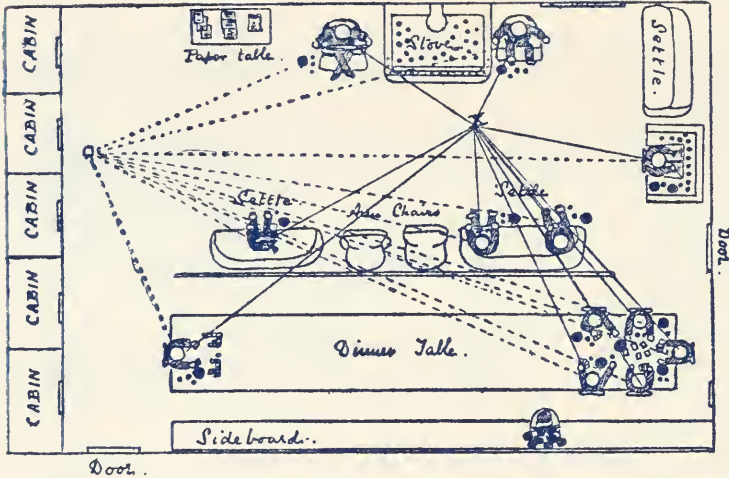
TO THE EDITOR, *The Tenedos Times*.

NOTICE.

The names of people and ships in the foregoing story are entirely fictitious, and nobody is responsible or can be had up for libel.

EDITOR, *The Tenedos Times*.

"Blenheim's" Ward Room.



- X Position of Ash.
- Drinks.
- Cigarettes.
- Empty Glasses.
- Position of Observer.

Accurate reconstruction of the terrible "Cigarette Ash" crimes committed on board H.M.S. *Blenheim* (almost any day of the week).

This reconstruction is done by the "Bertillon Method," and shows minutely the distances from observer to possible criminals, and also from possible criminals to spot where crime was committed.

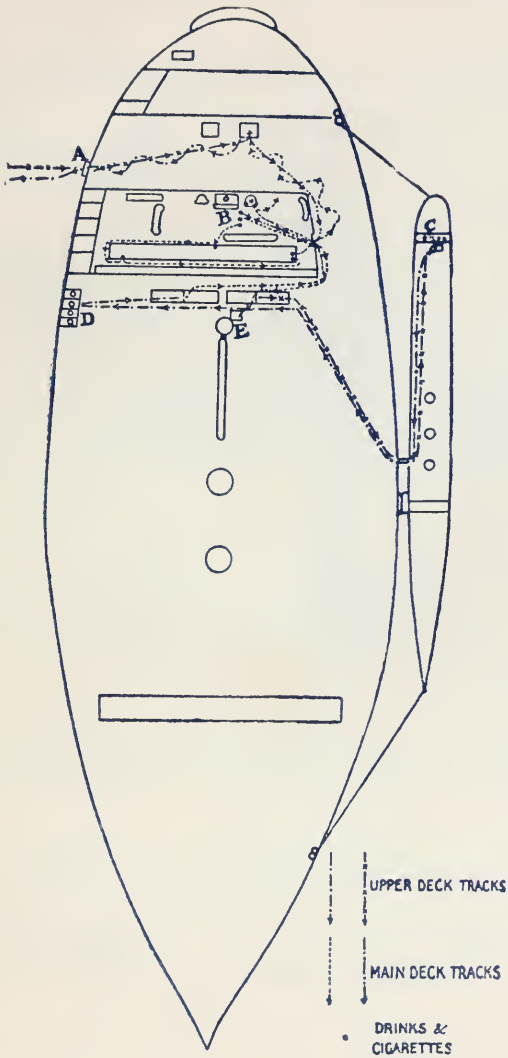
Time, about 11 a.m.

I have not yet discovered the dreadful knave.

(Signed) W. BERTILLON,

Crimes Reconstructor.

TRACK CHART OF "THE 'BLENHEIM' CRIME; OR,
WHO DROPPED THAT CIGARETTE ASH?"



- A *Blenheim's* starboard gangway.
- B Place where crime was committed.
- C Ward room of H.M.S. —
- D
- E Lieut.-Com. (G's) of-
fice.

SONG—"FOOLOSOPHY"

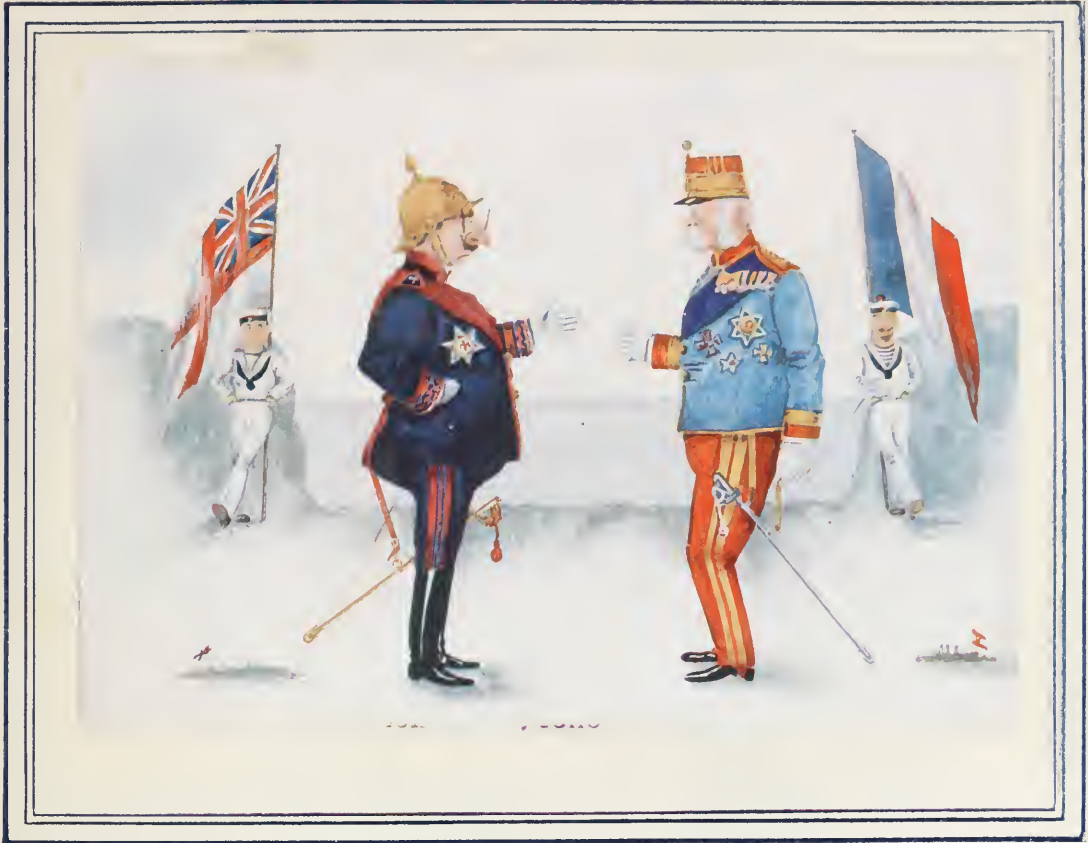
(With Apologies to Miss Margaret Cooper)

A DESTROYER found a floating mine,
All on a summer's day :
She plugged it once ; she plugged it twice,
And then she steamed away.

A ship was lent a maxim gun,
All on a summer's day :
They fired it once ; they fired it twice,
And then they walked away.

In the *Blenheim* I gambled for a drink,
All on a summer's day :
I lurked 'em once ; I lurked 'em twice,
And then I ran away.

It was *not* a mine, you see.
The maxim wouldn't gee.
The drinks weren't down to me.
Could such things ever be ?
Yes ! They're facts.



Kaiser: "Well, Franz, shall we play with them?"

Franz-Josef: "No, the chap behind me has no 'Culture.'"

Kaiser: "No more has this one. Let's go home and get some mines."

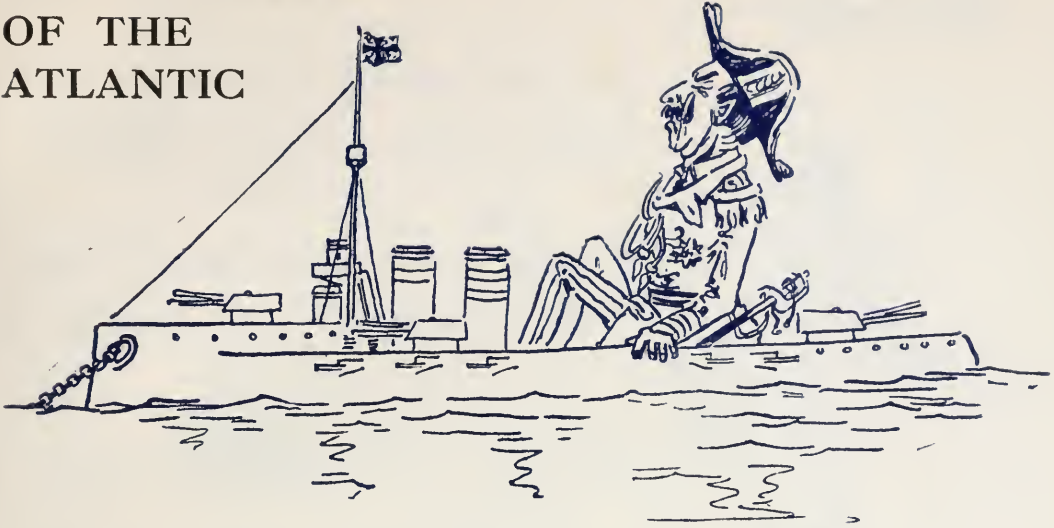
ODE TO THE "BEAGLE"

BEAGLE, *Beagle*, kindly creature,
From our lonely buoy we greet yer,
As, mindful of your namesakē's habits,
You chase around the Isle of Rabbits.
No callous clod your iron frames enclose,
You weave no plots to mar our deep repose ;
Our heart sinks not, nor falls our drooping jaw,
When from your bridge there wags the semaphore.
Full well we know what sort of cheery messages
Its sombre arms' insistent waving presages :
In port, "Come share our lunch and have a dram" ;
At sea, "Would you the latest Poldhu telegram ?"
Such words as these our aching hearts make glad,
As nimbly flies the pencil o'er the signal-pad.
But still we know beneath that winsome mien
There breathes a fiery spirit, fierce and keen
To burn and slay the *sacré Allemande*,
And make him wish he was a salamander.
With you, therefore, we'll split a pint or build a reredos—
Oh ! In *Memoriā Insulā Tenedos*.

DEEP NINE.

13th September 1914.

THE ADMIRAL OF THE ATLANTIC



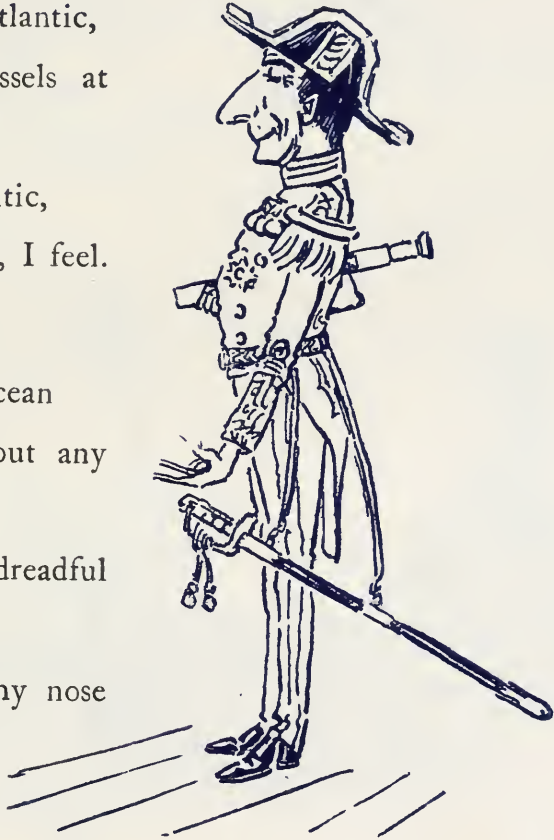
I'm the Admiral of the Atlantic,
And I sit with my vessels at
Kiel—

It may not be very romantic,
But it's very much safer, I feel.

For Jellicoe's riding the ocean
Just outside, and without any
doubt

There would be a most dreadful
commotion

If I ventured to put my nose
out.



The Admiral of the Atlantic

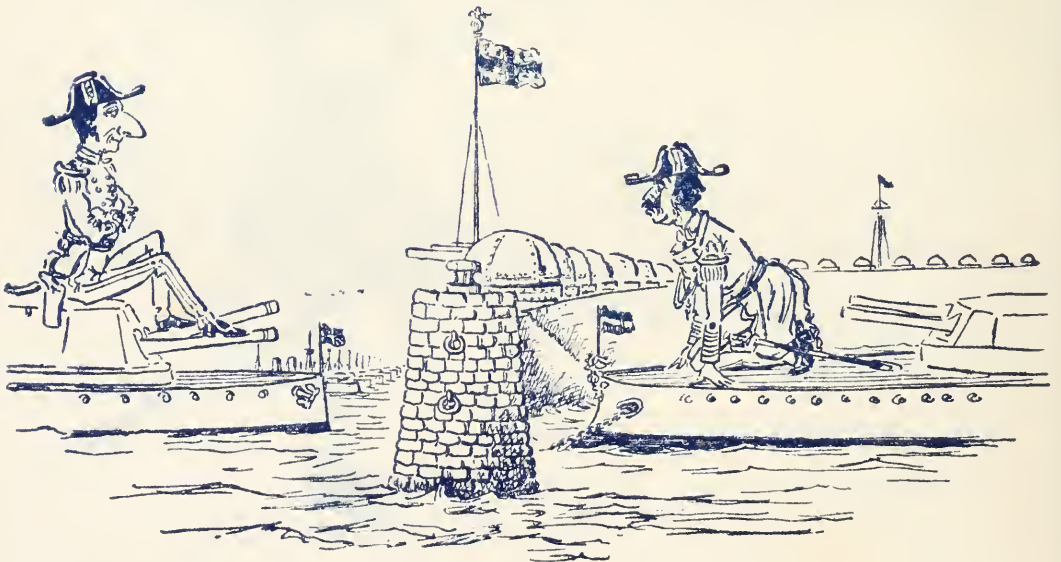


He sticks to me like some vile poultice ;
Yet my wishes were clear : but you've
not,

It has lately been brought to my notice,
Tried to carry them out, Lieber Gott !


Can't you see that you're driving me
frantic ?

How exceedingly vexed I must feel,
As "The Admiral of the Atlantic,"
Ruling only my harbour of Kiel ?



**“I’VE BEEN
WORRIED ALL DAY LONG”**

(With Apologies to Miss Grace De La Rue)

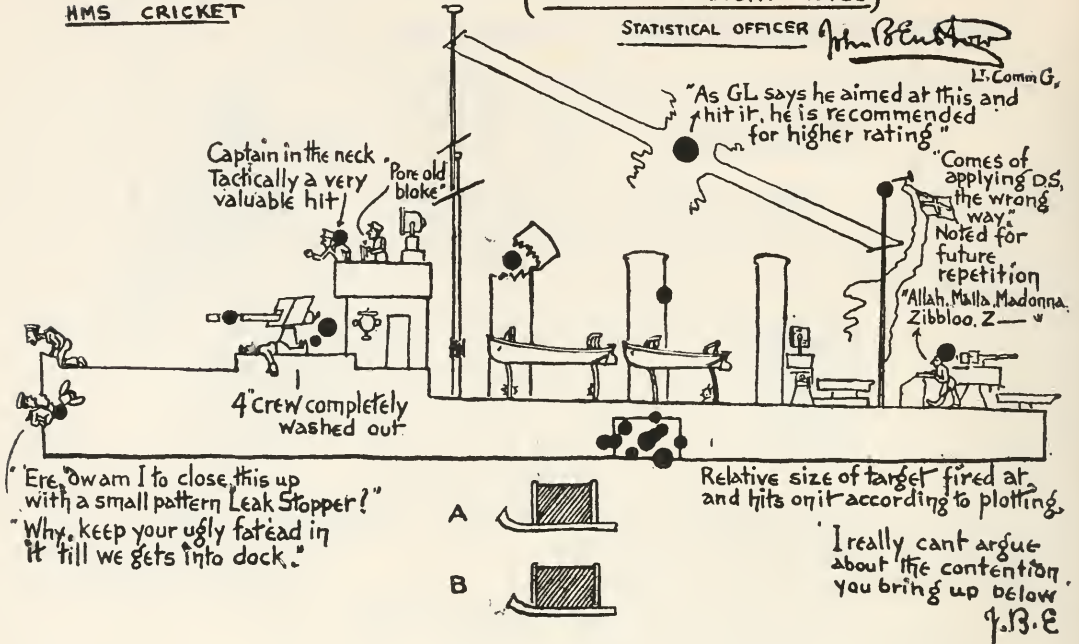
 I’VE been worried all day long—
That is why I sing this song ;
For alas ! I cannot say
Whose turn it is to go to “K.”
How I wish I’d stayed in bed ;
But they have to have their bread :
There’s no denying,
I’m always trying,
To see that all the men are fed.

I’m a Commander :
I didn’t want to be it ;
I’m frightfully clever :
But no one seems to see it.
I get so angry sometimes—
I get so sad ;
It is the Lieutenants
Who make me feel so bad.
I try to help them,
But they are really useless—
Quite pygmalion useless ;
One day they’ll drive me mad—
Really mad, beastly mad, frightfully mad ;
I wish that I could sit and smoke and play bridge
all day ;
But I expect you’re very tired of this dismal lay.
I wish that I were dead.

DAY BATTLE PRACTICE OF CLASSES IV AND V CHART II

HMS CRICKET

(WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES)



- The Contention {
- A. Percy Pitts' capsizable target *before* being fired at.
 - B. Percy Pitts' capsizable target *after* being fired at.

The following conversation explains this diagram.

Scene: Wardroom, *Blenheim*. Enter excited Lieut.-Commander flourishing above gunnery sketch.

LIEUT.-COM.: "There you are—look at that! Isn't it magnificent? Jolly old Euston says mine's the best shooting ship in the flotilla."

SCOFFER: "Garn, you didn't touch the target."

LIEUT.-COM.: "Don't talk about what you can't eat. These diagrams *can't* be wrong."

VOICE FROM AN ARMCHAIR: "Silly old chump, you got all those hits because we had the rake round the wrong way! However, if you stand me a Gimlet I'll say nothing about it."

VOLUME V



HISTOIRE AUTHENTIQUE.

A bord de la *Vérité*, 20 septembre 1914

(blocus de l'Adriatique).

NURSERY RHYMES

(Up to Date)—continued



LD Kaiser Bill went to his till
But found not a pfennig in store :
With a terrible moan
He asked for a loan,
But the Nations had "had some" before.

Fe-fi-fo-fum,
I want the blood of all Englishmen ;
Be they alive, or be they dead,
Make doubly sure and break their head.

The King of Spies
Made up some lies,
Hoping the Press would greet them ;
But the Allies
Bowl'd out those lies,
And made the blighter eat them.

The Kaiser had a little plum,
He thought it was a beauty ;
Its wording ran, " Kill every man—
And woman ; it's your duty."

LES BÊTISES FRANCO-ANGLAISES

I

Il y avait une fois un emp'reur
Sans reproche (il le dit !), et sans peur ;
Il cherchait la gloire,
Likewise la victoire,
Mais n'en trouvait ni l'un ni l'*other* !



II

Dit Guillaume, " Mon âme est si pur,
Et le bon Dieu mon ami, c'est sur ;
En Belgique j'ai montré
Aux *Frenchmen* et Anglais
Ce que c'est le véritable 'Kultur.' "



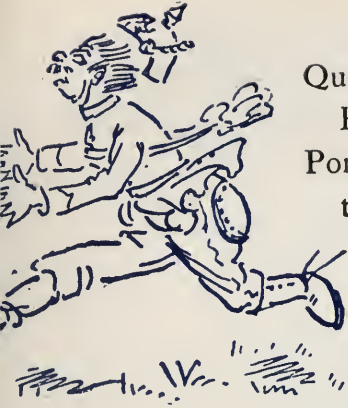
III

L'ours est un animal fort,
Enragé, fort terrible son
roar ;
Avec *wings*, avec *feet*,
Excessivement vite,
En entendant ce bruit,
l'aigle sort !



IV

Quelques soldats du
Kaiser, *I hear*,
Portent les pantalons
fondés en fer ;
Quand ils courent
au galop
Des sabres de
nos troupes
Ça garde bien le postérieur.



v

Dit le Kaiser, vif, "Tiens, mon
vieux !
Que fais Tu ?"—Il parlait à
Dieu !—
*"This contemptible flock,
My power they still mock—
Lèse majesté ! N'as Tu pas
peur ?"*



“CAVE CANEM!”

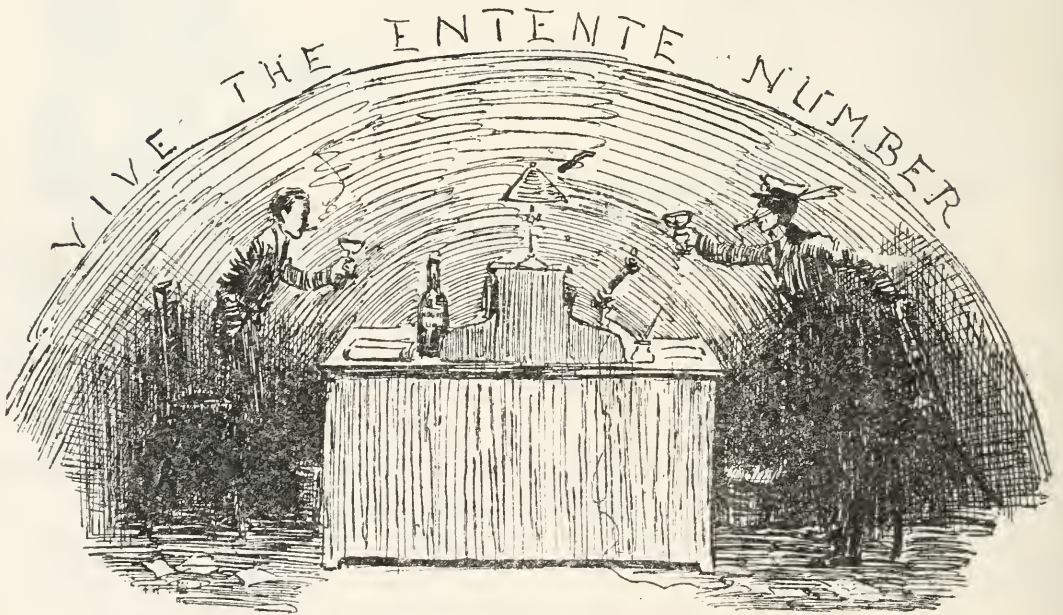
ENFIN las de poursuivre une croisière vaine
Les Cuirassés de garde aux Portes des Détroits,
Désireux d'affirmer leur force souveraine
Et des canons géants faire entendre la voix,

Sur les Forts Turcs qu'à l'aube on distinguait à peine,
Se mirent à tonner, libres pour une fois
De pouvoir hurler leur menace hautaine,
Sous l'égide invincible et fière des pavais.

Les batteries bientôt vainement ripostèrent :
Mais des côteaux lointains montaient vers le ciel bleu
Des fumées d'incendie que nos coups allumèrent.

Et le cœur ahouri par ce terrible jeu
Les mastodontes gris dédaigneux s'éloignèrent,
Laisant Helles en ruine et Koum Kali en feu.

R. G. L.





Sultan: "What about a try at this end?"

C.-in-C.: "I don't quite like the look of that smoke."

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW

If *it* is to be christened—

Horatio Dardanelles Nelson Mock Turtle?

If so, whether it will start and fall forward when it hears it?



If we are at war with Turkey, or is it only a buzz?



If it is true that we are only waiting for the Germans to complete the submarine which has been transported to Constant (vide *Weekly Times*) by rail?



How many more “new” enemies are we to be on the look out for?



If there are not a few telescopes of the pattern that Nelson used left?



Never look a “gift-submarine” in the mouth—it might bite you in the Dardanelles.



Mines may come and mines may go, but the *Blenheim* will blow up for ever.



If what George says is true, that the Turks are not such fools as they look?



“ Qui vive? ”—“ La France! ”

THE
FIFTH
FLOTILLA
OBTAINS
A GERMAN
MINE

(i)



“Go! Fetch me yon German mine!”

(ii)



The dangerous quest.

The Fifth Flotilla
obtains a German Mine

(iii)



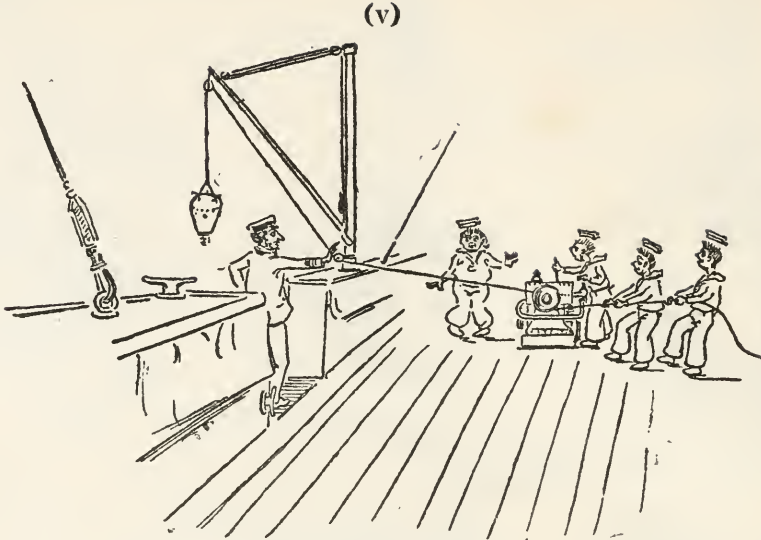
Unsuccessful Attack.

(iv)

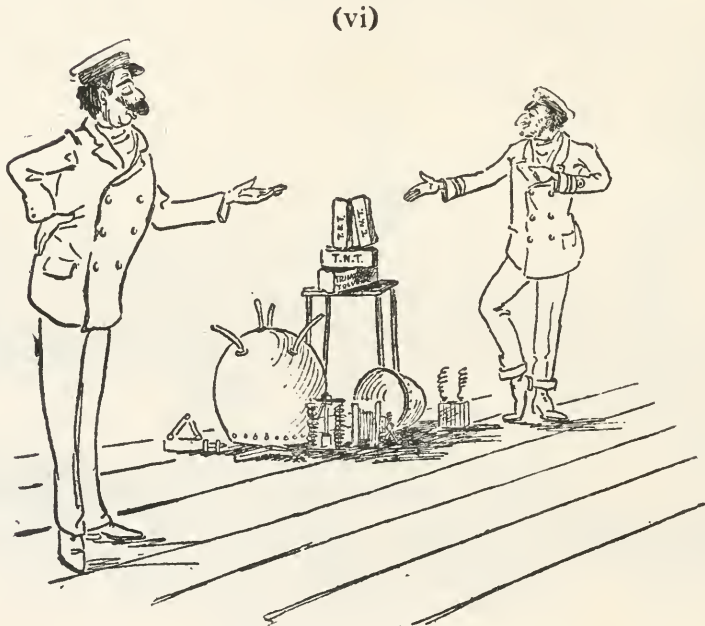


"Wolverine" to the rescue.

The Fifth Flotilla
obtains a German Mine



Perilous hoisting in.



Victor Triumphans!

“AVE ‘BEAGLE,’ ATQUE VALE”

BLAMELESS *Beagle*, blithely buzzing,
You have gone and left us cussing,
Such a winning way you'd got
Of livening our dreary lot.

Fiery, fearless, fancy-free,
Phantom ships you used to see.
When the wireless started humming
“*Beagle's* seen the Germans coming!”
So we chaffed you : yet we knew
Your very zeal had prompted you.
Weary we, with wistful woe,
Sadly saw you slowly go—
Glad for you whose lot is cast
'Mongst *real* enemies at last ;
Your gain our loss—your charm was such,
Beagle, we shall miss you much.
Vale ! in the wintry north,
Buzzing ever, go you forth ;
There, upon that storm-tossed main,
Surely you won't buzz in vain !

Down the North Sea surges sliding,
Daily diving dizzily,
A gallant little ship goes gliding,
Beagle buzzing busily.

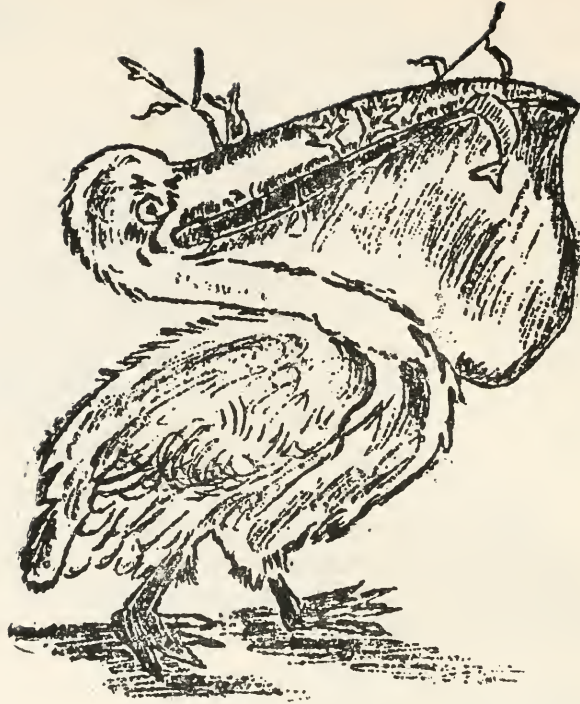
A RIGMAROLE OF RUBBISH

THEY say we're at war,
But it's hard to conceive;
Just look at our table—
You'd never believe
That it's four months or more
Since we saw Malta last:
We live just like kings,
Dinner—lunch—and breakfast.
Our messman of messmen
Is surely the boss,
That he feeds us so well,
Lying off Tenedos.
Are we mouldy or sad?
Oh no, not a bit!
For thanks to Herr Müller
We keep ourselves fit.
We have "bridge," "nap," and "canfield"
(A quiet distraction)
To pass the few moments
We're spared from "Night Action";
For the serious-minded
(No names I will mention)
We've our gallant Allies
They can polish their French on.
The tone of our mess is,
Though moral, quite hearty
(Not thanks to the work
Of the "Vigilance Party,"
For the "V.P.'s" determined
That any small jest,
If it's e'en slightly risqué,
Is promptly suppressed).
We've lost half our boats,
It is sad to relate,
And we earnestly hope
Scapa won't be our fate.

A Rigmarole
of Rubbish

Still, we've eight of them left
To go on with the work,
And we'd all dearly love
Just one rub at the Turk.
We've watched from afar
While the battle raged hot,
But this ship—sad to say—
Never fired a shot.
With her altered appearance,
I concur with you, sir,
They probably thought her
A big battle cruiser.
Still, we *have* been in action,
And soon, I suppose,
Though we mayn't get promoted,
We'll get "D.S.O.'s."

And when the War's over,
And Germany's undone,
We'll take our war "bounty"
And raise "Cain" in London—
That is, if we get it
Before we're all grey,
Though I fear we shan't see it
For many a day.
All this rhyme's utter nonsense,
So skip it, ye sages,
It's only to fill up
A couple of pages :
This is really the end,
For my brain's giving out,
And we none of us know
What the deuce it's about ;
But when wine's going round
You will drink—if you're wise, sir—
Just, "Stick it, the *Blenheim*—
To h—ll with the Kaiser !"



A WONDERFUL bird is the pelican :
His mouth will hold more than his belican ;
He can stow in his beak
Enough for a week—
I can't understand how the helican !



WE read daily that the Russians are winning pronounced victories, but our trouble is that we can't pronounce them.



Johnnie Walker: "Well, 'O.B.,' how's the 'Tenedos Times'?"
O.B.: "Like yourself, Johnnie, still going strong."
(With abject apologies to John Walker & Sons, Ltd.)

AFTER (A LONG WAY AFTER)
LORD A. TENNYSON

Goeben loq. :—

SUNSET and evening star,
And searchlights on the sea,
And may there be no waiting ships outside,
When we put out to sea.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark,
And may the night be black as very hell
When we embark.

But let the tide help us with all its pace,
Through the blockading lines :
And may the English ships meet face to face
Our drifting mines.

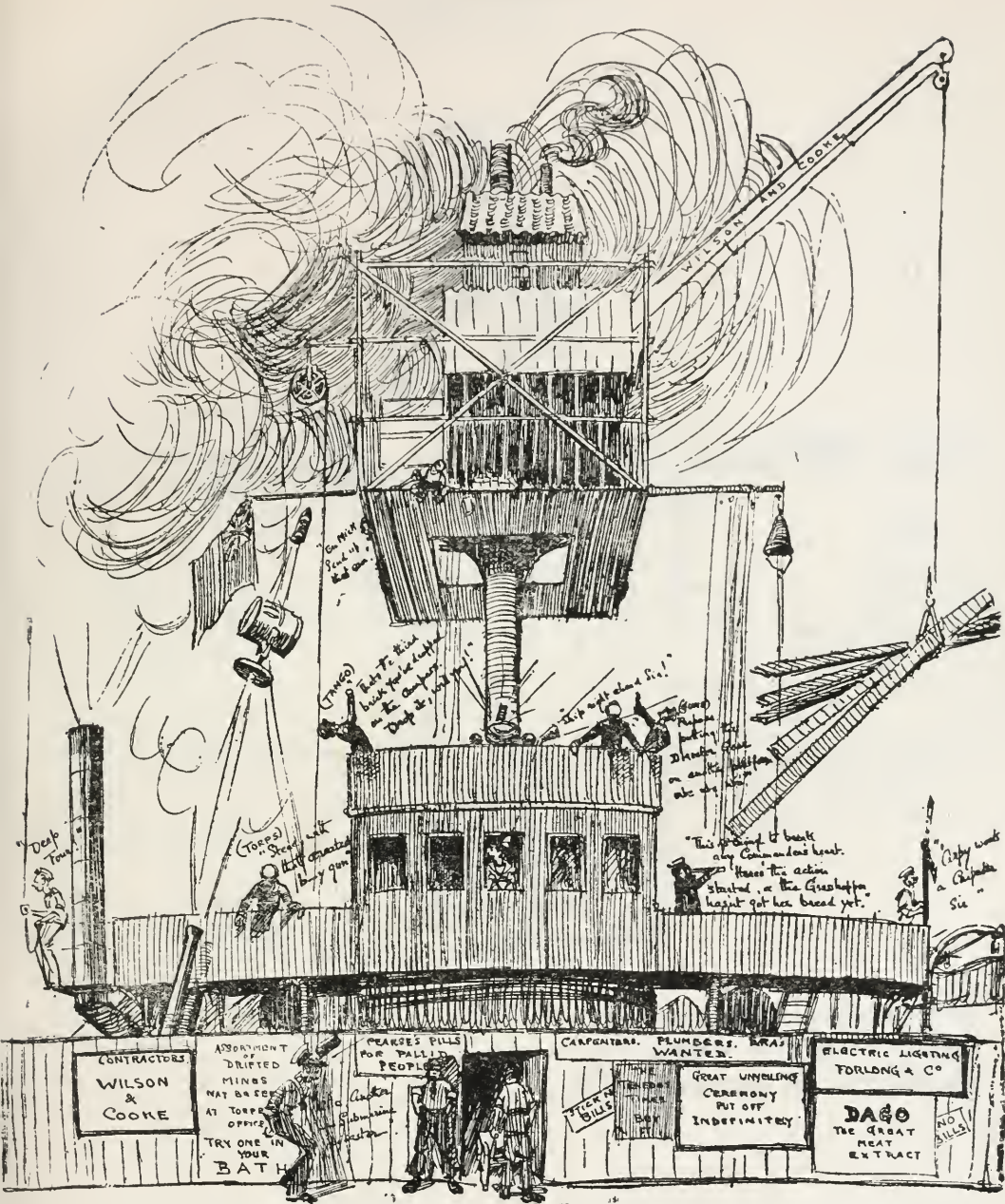
A LITTLE DITTY CROONED TO HIMSELF BY
A WEARY WATCHKEEPER ON "B" PATROL

(With Apologies to the late Mr. Pélissier)

SEARCHLIGHT, serenely shining
With a glare so bright,
You've such a charm about you
That I simply long to out you,
And so one night, searchlight, serenely shining,
You'll get such a fright ;
Many a gun for you is pining,
My searchlight !

OUR BOOK SERIES—No. 1.

The Builders.



The *Blenheim* modified her bridge with her own resources while continuing on active service.—EDITOR'S NOTE.



German General disguised as a
Turkish Sergeant looking over
the Defences of the Dardanelles.

VOLUME VI

THE TENEDOS TIMES.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

1914.



IF ANYBODY WANTS A QUICK FUNERAL
WISH ME

A MERRY XMAS.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

(Air: "Good King Wenceslas")



KAISER WILHELM wandered round,
On a Christmas morning,
Looking for an army corps,
As the day was dawning.
"For," said he, "there's surely one
Somewhere in East Prussia";
But that army corps'd been done
For by troops from Russia.

Then he crawled down to the sea,
Hoping to hear what news
Of his fleet—there were but three
Ships, and they had not crews.
He called aloud in his despair,
"Mein Gott! I burn with anguish;
Does every single sailor-man
In some vile prison languish?"

"Beaten Bill," hedged all around,
Called for his adviser:
"Moltke, your advice was sound;
It would have been wiser,
My ambitions to have planned
On a scheme more lowly."
Then, his virgin sword in hand,
He—expired—slowly.

NEW YEAR'S EVE



FROM tower to tower the bells are madly crying,
“Ring in New Year” ;
O'er hill and dale the echoes wildly flying
From far and near :
Only the wind's sad voice seems faintly sighing,
“Good-bye, Old Year.”

Good-bye, Old Year—it's no use now repenting,
What might have been ;
Time will not wait, for Time is unrelenting,
As all have seen :
The year is past, and it is vain lamenting
1914.

Let not this War continue cruelly stealing
From life its zest ;
With Peace this year, all nations are appealing,
May we be blest :
For weary—sleep ; for sick and wounded—healing ;
For all, bring—rest.

J. B. W.



"THE MASTER."
(THE LATE COMMANDER J. B. WATERLOW, D.S.O., R.N.)

THE BALLAD OF THE "HINDUSTAN"

IT was the collier *Hindustan* that lay off Tenedos,
The mate a cheery soul was he, and Marshall was the
boss.

Of spuds and beer she did run out, of fresh meat ne'er a fillet,
And every time the bell struck one, they'd have to shift her
billet.

From north to south, from south to north, seven times a week
she'd shift—

Forsooth, a mouldy time they had, like clouds without a rift.

They scrubbed her down and polished her, till fit to beat the
band—

A smarter ship you'd never see from out of Sunderland.

They painted her from truck to hounds, from Plimsoll to the
gunwale ;

"To-morrow, sir," the mate he said, "I'll up and paint the
funnel."

At six a.m. the hands turned to and scraped so well and hearty,
That by seven bells all ready they were for the painting party.

No wind did blow the soot about to sully the smoke stack—
Alas, the mate no warning had to cause him to hold back.

The Ballad of
the "Hindustan"

He little guessed that from the dawn his stepmamma had seen
him,
And only played Brer Fox all day more thoroughly to bean
him.

The boss was pleased, and never thought his joy could be
diminished ;
Was not his ship a picture now ? Was not the funnel finished ?

Little they knew a dread Afreet did lurk on board the *Blenheim*,
And lay in wait the live-long day to charge their cup with
venom.

"Ha!" laughed the Djinn. "The *Hindustan* is gay, therefore
she must be slack,
The funnel looks quite well from here—tell 'em to paint it
black."

The mate he swore and cursed in vain, "I'd like to barst his
biffin ;
Why couldn't they stop me earlier, before I'd had my tiffin ?

"That's all the patent paint I've got, the lot it is expended ;
The job we did so carefully and personally superintended."

In very truth, it was a shame to so deal with poor Yoric,
No wonder he did curse that Djinn in language categoric !

TWO ILLUSTRATED POEMS

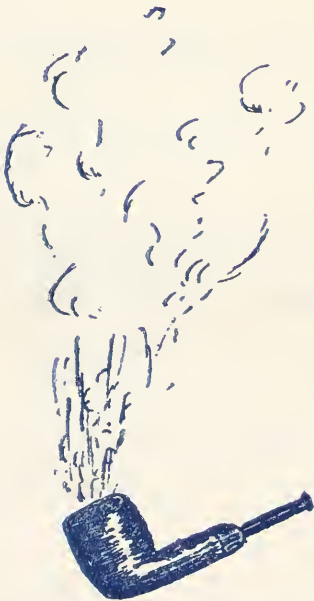
SAY, have you ever when on watch
At night,
Muffled up warmly, with your pipe
Alight,



Thought you have seen a dear face
through

The haze
Of your tobacco smoke, and in
Amaze,
Heard her sweet voice, and even
seen

Her smile?
E'en this is consolation for
A while.
Then, if your mind to poetry
Inclines,
For "Cynthia," put *her* in these
Few lines.



When "Cynthia" smiles,
The sun begins to shine,
And Nature in her gayest clothes
is drest,
The earth, the sea, the sky—all
these combine
To make the world appear its very
best ;
The long Night Watch—cold, rain
—all fade away,
The whole year round seems like
the month of May
When "Cynthia" smiles.

Two Illustrated
Poems

No ! but I have been on watch
At night,
Damn cold and with my pipe
Alight,

And thought I saw no faces through
The haze
Of my tobacco smoke : when in
Amaze
I marked the Captain's phiz ; I did
not see

Him smile ;
No consolation had I for a
While.
I know he didn't smile—just see his
Teeth ;
I've put a picture of him
Underneath.

On watch at night
The sun will never shine,
And Nature's always dismal ; dark,
and dank—
I don't know what "dank" means,
but it combines
With the other adjectives.

(Dry up.—EDITOR.)



A GENTLE HINT

(From the E.O.W. to the O.O.W.)

YOU may call us idiotic, you may call us ruddy fools,
But we do know how to play the game according to the
rules ;

You may think we're automatic (if you like to think such rot) :
Just come below one fine forenoon—we'll prove to you we're
not.

You may curse the smoke we're making, as you reign supreme
on high ;

You may play games with the telegraphs until the clouds
roll by,

But if you had been a "New-schemer," and kept a watch
below,

Understanding, you might sympathize with those who make
things go.

Be not angry with me, brother, if I've touched your gentle
hide—


More in sorrow than in anguish I've been driven thus to chide ;
But if I am sent to Yarmouth, just because I say I think
I'm a Revolution Telegraph, *don't put it down to drink !*



COMFORTS FROM HOME

Yus! it's orlright for you stokers to larf. I've only got 8 'elmets, 4 jerseys, 7 pairs o' drawers, 5 comforters, 10 pairs o' gloves, and a few pairs o' socks on, but I can't put on my swimmin' collar, I can't get near the wheel, and I ain't WARM!!

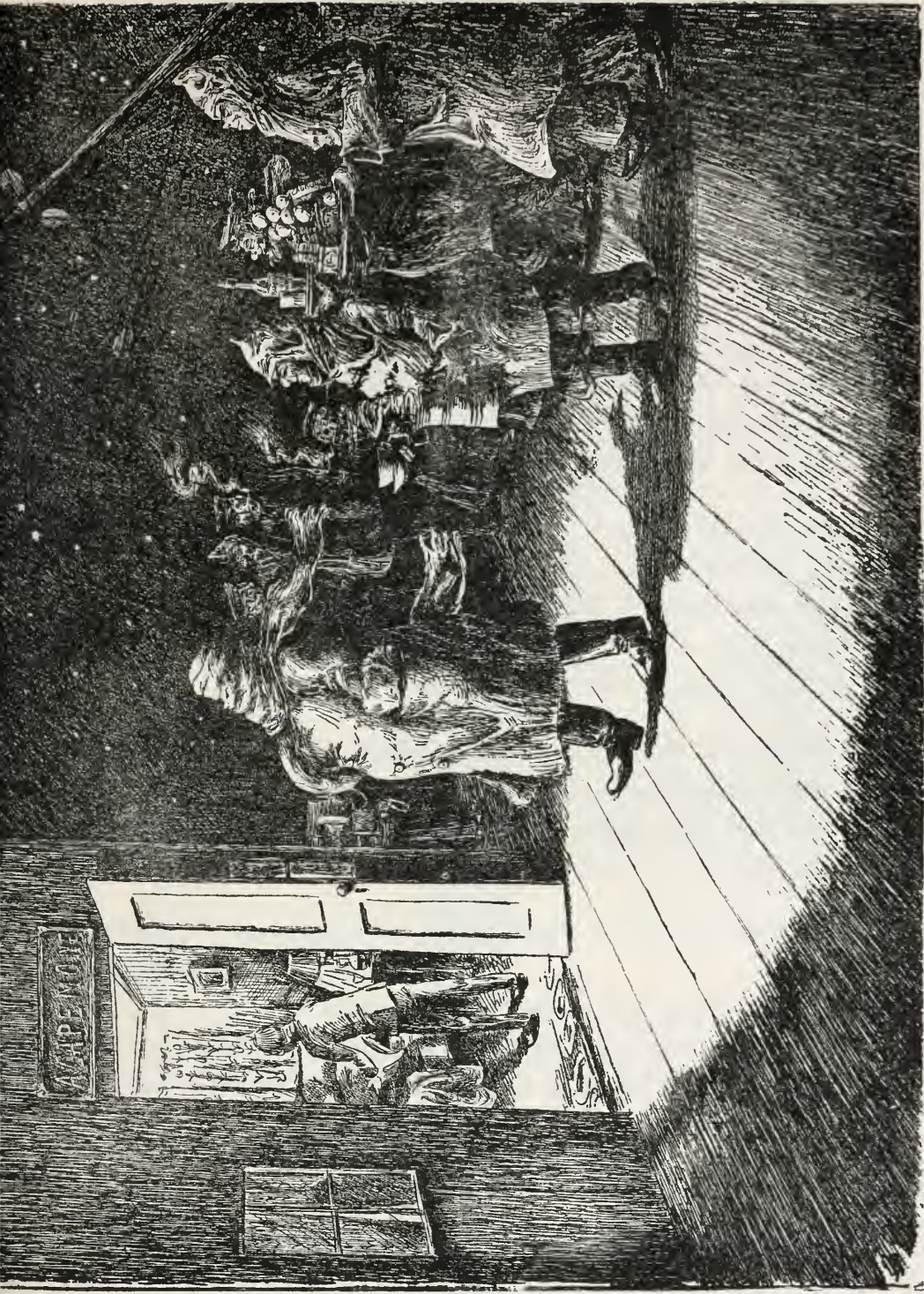
MEALS IN THE "BLENHEIM"

T breakfast we sit down and eat
In solemn silence hard to beat,
Till suddenly a voice is heard—
"How very silly! quite absurd!
The German Army will advance
Until they've overrun half France."

At luncheon time there may be found
A lot of "wits," who've gathered round
A gambling at a "Spelling Bee,"
And jibing at the luckless he
Who thought that he could doubtless win,
And satisfy his lust for gin.

There's nothing doing now at tea—
We all prefer our bunks, you see.

At dinner-time, the topics range
From "gunnery and "rate of change
(At one end of the table),
To subjects which are under ban,
And which *no* little "gentleman"
Mentions—if he is able!



**GALLANT O.O.O. OF "BLENHEIM"
PREPARING TO WITHSTAND THE
RIGOURS OF A WINTER NIGHT.**

"We owe to our gallant sailors, who by day and by night silently keep their ceaseless vigil, cheerfully and uncomplainingly enduring hardships of which we can have no conception, a debt of gratitude which we can never repay."
(Any English paper—any mail.)

OUR BABY



NOW we've got an anti-aircraft gun—a very pretty toy,
So look out, you aeroplanes and Zeppelins ;
The originator swears it is his one and only joy,
He's as proud as a young mother is of twins.

It is mounted every morning when the sun comes o'er the hills,
And it goes to bed at sunset every night ;
It has got its special mounting, and a little box of " pills,"
But the only thing I don't like is—the sight.

It will fire down upon the sea, or up into the air—
It will fire around in every direction ;
But the one thing I think's missing—though I'm not an expert, true—
Is—it hasn't got a dial for deflection.

Now, suppose an aeroplane comes booming up with whirring din,
And you want to bring it down upon the sea ;
You will hear them pipe the anti-aeroplane gun's crew " Fall-in,"
And the gun's crew then close up—they number three.

Now, a man may be a " gunlayer," a " marksman," " first-class shot,"

But I really think his temper it will sour,
If he's got to judge the distance in advance he has to pot,
To hit something flying at ninety miles per hour !

So it's obvious this is a very serious state of things,
If we want to feel prepared to meet the Huns,
And my idea is, if we want to hit these things with wings,
We should change it for a 1-inch " scatter-gun" !



“ BATTLE CRUISERS ! ”

CURRENT EVENTS DISTORTED

SING a song of Xmas, waiting on the coast,
All the ships are anxious a Turkey real to roast ;
When the stuffing's wanted, we shan't have to look far,
Because we'll raise some German "sausages" at Sedul Bahr !

At the classical Island of Tenedos,
This long stay will make a good many cross ;
 Though well fed by the "Dago,"
 We would rather to "K" go,
And consider we'd not met with any loss.

Rum, diddle, diddle, I've first dog and middle,
And in the forenoon we coal,
 Then we clear the "supply ship"
 (We hope it won't be her last trip),
After which pick up "X" patrol.

There was a young man of Chanak,
Who tried the Allies to attack ;
 He a T.B.D. hired,
 Then came out and fired :
Now his friends are all dressed in deep black !

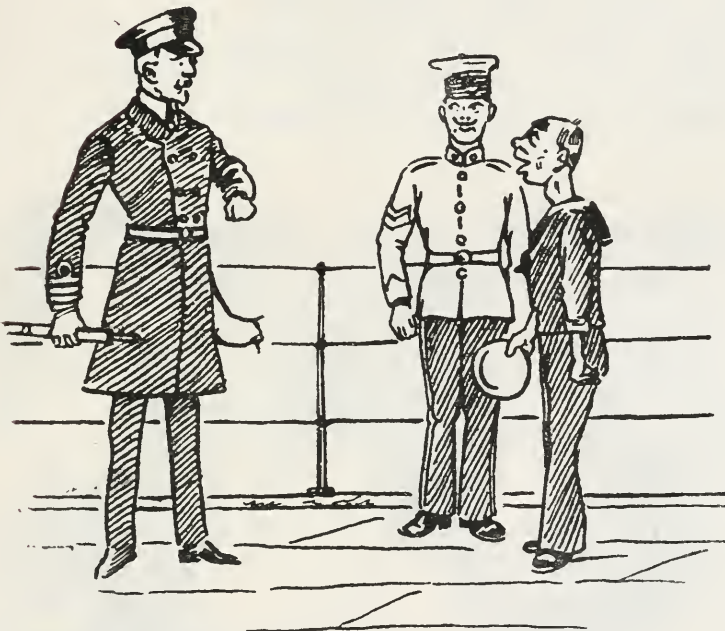
A little place called Akaba,
Was bombarded from afar,
Scourge and *Savage* Cain did raise,
But *Minerva* got the praise.

Mosquito one day did go,
To search a little inlet,
But from each side the rude Turks tried
To perforate her skinlet.

The Turks have all sworn now to hate "B I I,"
Though it's true she has shown them a short cut to heaven !



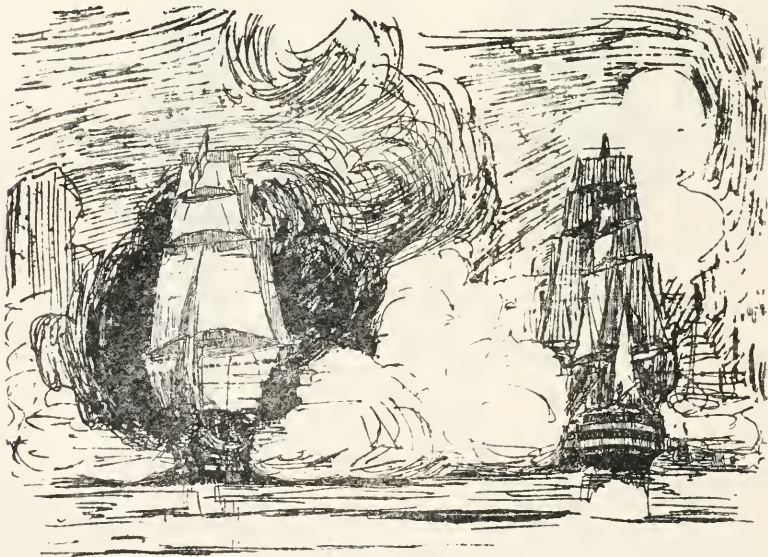
*Colonel of London Scottish giving his reasons
in writing for charging at Ypres.*



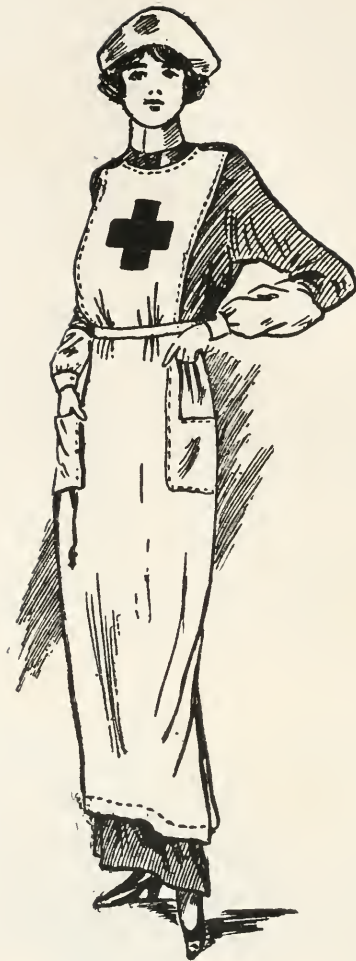
*Ship's Corporal : " This man returned on board, sir, absent
over leave 195 hours, sir."
O.O.W. : " Anything to say ?"
2nd Class Stoker : " Well, sir, it aint much good sayin'
I overslept myself, is it, sir ?"*

GOOD-BYE, TENEDOS

GOOD-bye, old Tenedos, inhospitable shore ;
We're leaving you : the hundred days are o'er
That we have spent here—north, south, east, and west,
Hunting around to try and find the best
And safest anchorage : each time the wind,
'Ere we had dropped the "hook," would change its mind.
Our orders are that we must now go forth
To the bleak greyness of the dismal north.
'Tis sad to leave your seas of sunlit blue
(We've not had too much sun of late, it's true) ;
Your stunted trees and olive gardens low
We change for regions of eternal snow,
And trawlers catching mines—since fishing's failed—
Replace your graceful caiques, lateen-sailed.
It's true we've cursed your climate hard and oft,
But when we first arrived, the winds were soft.
Another enemy we're fighting soon,
A "double eagle" 'stead of "crescent moon."
Still, such is life, our movements who can tell ?
So Tenedos, adieu, good-bye, farewell.



VOLUME VII



There *are* consolations, even if you
do get wounded.

WELCOME

FIVE little China boats, longing for a fight,
If you stopped out China-side, then perhaps you might
Have had a show—but here, oh no!
'Tis sad your hopes to kill—
You're wanted here as policemen, and
Your chance of scrapping's nil.

Five little China boats, hoping to attack,
Should the Turco fire first, you may then fire back ;
But please be careful where you place
Your shots, 'twould not be fair
To spoil his pretty earthworks, which
Took two months to repair.

Five little China boats, did you expect to find
A pleasant Isle of Aves, such as you have left behind—
A club-house, golf, and tennis courts,
And dainty ladies slim,
With p'raps a "G.Q." once a week
To keep in fighting trim?

Five little China boats, it's very, very sad,
To dash your hopes, perhaps you think my prophecies are bad ;
But when you've been here five long months,
Why then I think you'll curse
Me, not 'cause things are as I say,
But 'cause they're d——d sight worse.

Five little China boats, you'll soon pick up our ways,
Patrol at "A," "B," "C," "D," "E," and coal alternate days.
A cheerful life, you will agree,
Blockading Dardanelle ;
I hope *some day* you'll get a show
And blow the place to h—ll.

LIMERICKS

The fact of it being understood that the proper pronunciation of Cracow is Krakoof; Ypres, Eep'r; Rheims, Ranz, has given rise to the following effusions:—

A FLIGHTY young wife of Cracow,
Of Terpsichore's art gave a prow,
One fine moonlight night,
She felt merry and bright,
And the Gaby Glide danced on the row.

A bathroom attendant at Ypres,
Who strange sights had seen as a pypres,
Said a lady from Yser,
Climbed on top of the geyser,
And thought it warmer than coal, and far chypres.

A damsel from historic Rheims,
Who was built on—well, liberal plheims,
One day out for a ramble,
Sat down hard on a bramble,
And declared she'd been scratched by Uhlheims.

A certain fair dame of La Bassée,
Who became most decidedly passée,
Doffed the garments of pleasure,
And now reaps much treasure
In the garb of a Salvation lassee.



Teacher Nicholas: "Now, Mohammed, you've tried my map and I shall cane you and expel you. The other brat has already been punished by England. He can go."

“WHAT
ABOUT
IT?”

THIS magazine's
On philanthropy bent ;
All that we get
Is immediately sent
To the Fund—
To the Fund

That the young Prince is running—come, do have a try :
Don't say no,
Have a go ;
We want lots of new talent, so do not be shy.

Why should a few
Do all of the job ?
You think you've done
When you've paid your two bob ;
Come along,
Write a song,
It is strictly “anon.”—of your name there's no hint ;
Think of this,
And don't miss
Such a good chance of seeing your verses in print !

Our gallant Allies
Have done quite a lot ;
Their pictures and poems
Are really “red-hot.”
“Vive la France !”
Here's a chance
To write some “Entente” lines, and a prize to be earned
By the best :
And the rest,
If they're not in this time, they are merely interned.

But seriously,
All joking apart,
If something's not done
The *T.T.* will depart
To the lim—
Bo of dim
And dull, dreary nothingness. Send us some rhymes,
Lend a hand,
Nothing's banned
That will lengthen the life of the *Tenedos Times.*



"WE WILL NOW ENTER NANCY."

THE SONG OF THE GIRLS TO THE SAILORS ON FOREIGN SERVICE

OH ! men we love, so far away,
How can you know how, day by day,
We chafe against our weary lot :
Forget us not—forget us not !

They also serve who stand and wait,
But waiting is the harder fate ;
Though this is every woman's lot :
Forget us not—forget us not !

Love means to you a passing tide,
And life holds other things beside ;
But love makes all a woman's lot :
Forget us not—forget us not !

We will forgive your loves away,
Your little loves, that last a day ;
But keep your old loves unforgot :
Oh ! men we love—forget us not !

With the kind permission of the Authoress.



“WE WILL NOW ENTER WARSAW.”

THE HOURS WE'VE SPENT AT WAR

Air—"The Rosary"

THE hours we've spent at war, oh Lord!
Seem like a string of years to us;
We've lost all count of days, and weeks, and months—
At Tenedos—off Tenedos.

Each night a watch—each watch five hours;
What is the use, it seems such rot,
Since we have never been allowed to fire
One single shot—one angry shot?

When will it cease?—or shall we spend
All our short life 'tween "S" and "T,"
Wasting our lovely youth in this so drear
Monotony—monotony?



"WE WILL NOW INVADE ENGLAND."

THE IRISH SOLDIER'S DREAM

FAIX, nurse, I drimpt I was dead and in a swate little office, and there was St. Pether writin' in a moighty big book. He had a long beard, and eyes like dimints, and they just looked thro' you the way my baynit wint thro' Fritz (bad cess to him for landing me one on the head!); and there was a General in a shinin' hilmnet with a gold chicken on the top of it, talking to him as bold as brass, and he niver took off his hilmnet to the holy Saint, thinkin' he was only the hall porther, which showed his ignirince. But I knowed St. Pether the minit I sees him, havin' a little photo of him at home, over the oven.

"And who are ye," says the holy Saint, "and what can I do for ye?"

"I'm the Kaiser," says he, "Emperor of Jarminy, War Lord of Eurip," says he; "Top-dog of the World," says he. "Why ain't the guard turned out, and where's the band? Aint heaven full of Jarman soldiers?"

"Well," says the Saint, quite politely, turnin' over some pages of his ledger, "there is a sprinklin' there. Excuse my ignirince," says he, "but be ye the gintleman that burned down Louvain and killed a lot of women and childrin in Belgium?"

"I am," says he, twistin' his moustache. "But don't mintion such trifles. I could tell ye of hundreds of victories like that if ye cared to listen for an hour or two."

"Don't trouble yourself," said the Saint; "I've got 'em all down on the docket. Yer friends is expectin' of ye. They'll be moighty glad to see ye, and if ye don't get a warm reception," says he, "my name's not Pether," says he.

"Thanks," says the Kaiser, looking pleased. "I thought ye were a man of sinse, though no Jarman; and when does the lift go up?"

"Oh," says St. Pether, thoughtful-like, and suckin' the ind of his gold pen, whilst his eyes blazed like rubies, "ye've made a triflin' mistake, my man. *Your lift goes down!*"



"HERE'S LUCK TO OUR BRAVE LADS
AT SCARBOROUGH!"

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen :
That once on a time was my thought,
But now I am older,
And grown somewhat bolder,
And I have learnt perhaps more than I ought.

You can't take a maid of fifteen out to dine,
But you can take her sister of twenty ;
And a pert little miss
Has no use for a kiss,
While her sister will thank you for plenty.

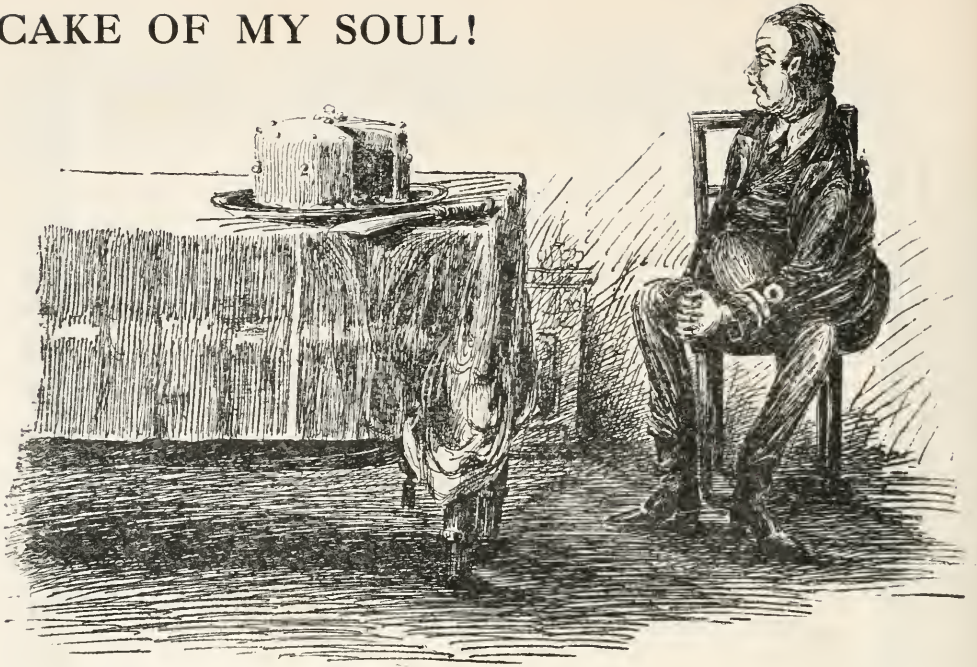
Supposing that she is just twenty-and-five,
And away up the river you go ;
There's just room for two
In a little canoe—
I have *tried* it, and that's how I know.

Now, if she is older, you'll have to take care,
For though she will still share your kisses,
This is part of her plan
Just to capture a man,
And she'll soon change the "Miss" into "Mrs."



"HERE'S LUCK TO THE CHAP WHO RELIEVES ME
IN WIPING OUT FRENCH'S CONTEMPTIBLE LOT."

CAKE OF MY SOUL!



THE FAT BOY, *loq.* :

CAKE of my soul, all cakes excelling !
Alas, that I should thus be swelling !
Alas ! each " morn I'm clothed afresh
In agonizing folds of flesh !"

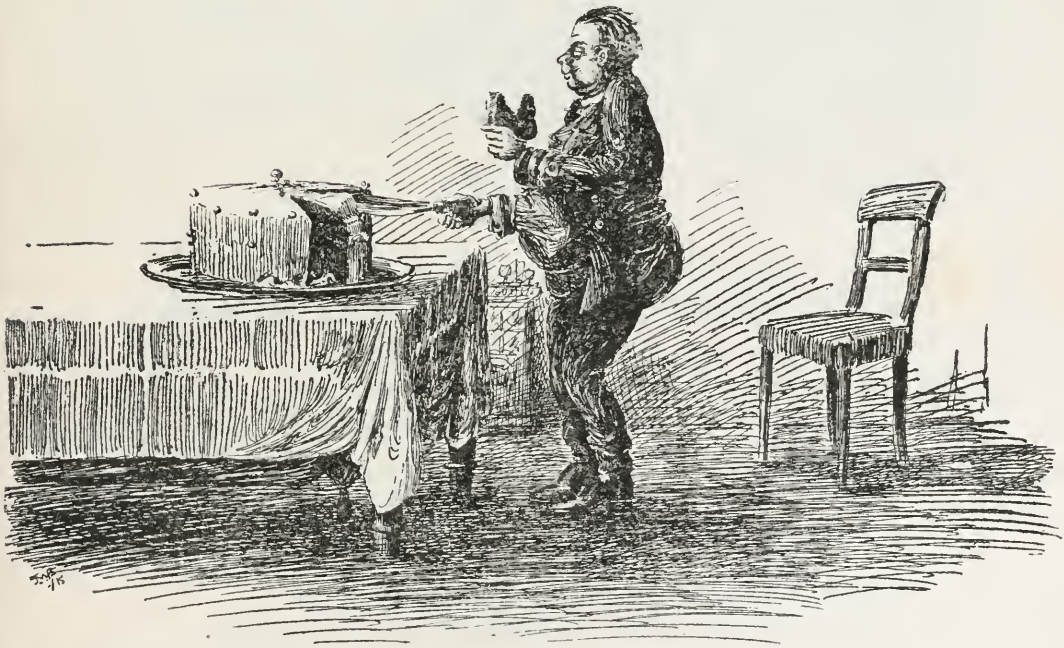
Already earthwards idly hanging,
So that my knees it's ever banging,
A vast and pendant paunch encumbers
My movements—my once svelt form lumbers ;
Huge sphere, a mort of food it holds,
And wrinkles, when I stoop, in folds.

Beautiful stomach ! grown immense !
The stress on your taut skin so tense !

To wink an eye I scarcely dare,
Lest the fair fabric builded with such care
Burst, and fall wrecked in thousand fragments on the air!

I've made a vow I'll neither eat
Nor drink, until once more my feet
I've seen; for many moons have passed
Since on their shapely forms I last
Feasted my eyes; so, glorious cake,
Tempt me not, lest my vow I break!

I cannot do't! Thrice accurs'd
Who let you go untasted!
Aye, better far that tummy burst,
Than such good food be wasted!



A LAMENT (?)

OH! say, is it true that at last we are leaving
These shores, where so many long hours we've spent?
Oh! say, is it true the bum-boatmen are grieving
No more they will pocket our Jack's hard-earned rent?

Oh! say, is it true that no more will we ramble
From Helles to Rabbits and back to Kum Kale?
No more in the glare of the searchlights to gambol,
Or steam in the track of the moonbeam so pale?

Oh! say, is it true that no more will we visit
The place known as "K" base, that haven of rest,
Where three times we went to recuperate—is it
Quite true that we've done with the "Isle of the Blest"?

No more will we hunt in the waters of Turkey:
For fresh hunting-grounds and for new game we'll roam;
We'll search for the Eagle, so cocky and perky;
That is, if this buzz is true, "We're going home."

So we'll bid farewell to the Star and the Crescent,
Although it will cause no heartrending to me,
So enough of this blithering rot for the present:
I'll give you some more when we reach the North Sea.



A YOUNG lady once lived on the Aisne,
Whose complexion came off in the raisne;
Said her mother, "Dear me,
After this you will see,
It's no use being so frightfully vaisne."

A young artist who once lived at Przemysl,
Was so proud of his drawings in pzenysl,
He refused every offer
His patrons could proffer—
Now he's painting a workhouse in stzenysl.

CORRESPONDENCE

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,

25th November 1914.

DEAR SIR,—

I am desired by the Prince of Wales to thank you and all who have been connected with the *Tenedos Times* very much indeed for your kind efforts, which have had the result of raising £25 for His Royal Highness's National Relief Fund. The formal receipt will be sent in due course from York House. The Prince of Wales has been much touched by the support given to the Fund by the Navy. Two years ago His Royal Highness went for a cruise in the Mediterranean with the "Grande Armée Navale." The *Suffran* was in dock at the time, and her captain, Mercier de l'Ostende, was attached to him for the cruise. He saw and went on board, I think, the *Vérité*: at any rate, her or one of her class, the *Democratic* or *Justica*. So will you be so kind as to let the authorities in those two ships know how deeply touched His Royal Highness is by their kindly action? I am also desired to wish the Mediterranean Detached Squadron all success in the splendid work that it is doing for the common cause.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your faithfully,

(Signed) HENRY P. HANSELL.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,

27th November 1914.

SIR,—

I am desired by the Prince of Wales to thank you for the donation of £25 which you have so generously given to the National Relief Fund, and to express to you His Royal Highness's warm appreciation of your kindness.

Your obedient servant,

(Signed) WALTER PEACOCK,

Treasurer to His Royal Highness.

CAPT. A. COOKE, R.N.

CORRESPONDENCE (*continued*).

H.M.S. "BLENHEIM,"
20th December 1914.

SIR,—

I have the honour to hand you the sum of Thirty-seven Pounds, which amount has been realized by the sale of Volume V of the *Tenedos Times*, and to request that you will be kind enough to forward this amount to "La Croix Rouge Française," as a slight token of admiration of their noble work.

We shall be much honoured if you will accept the original copy of the Entente Number of the *Tenedos Times* as a small souvenir.

Will you be kind enough to let me have an address to which it might be written for, in case it was wanted to be borrowed for a short time; as it is hoped, if practicable, to have all the volumes printed, bound, and the original pictures reproduced in colours, for which purpose it would be necessary to forward the original copies to a printer.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

C. P. R. COODE,
Captain (D).

LE CONTRE-AMIRAL GUÉPRATTE,
Commandant une Division de l'Armée Navale,
Détachée aux Dardanelles.

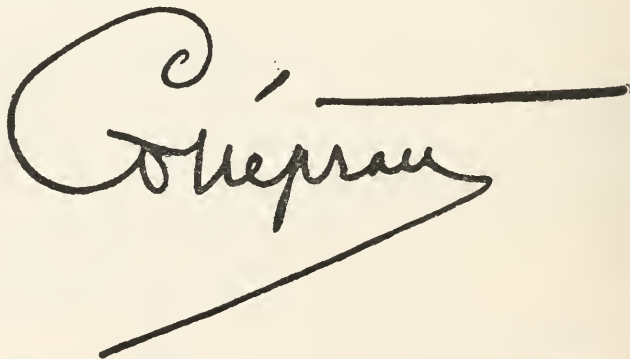
Division de Complément de l'Armée Navale,
Amiral.

"SUFFREN," *Rade*, le 29.I.15.

MON CHER COMMANDANT,—

Votre délicate et généreuse pensée en faveur de nos blessés m'avait vivement touché. Je vois—sans en être surpris—qu'elle a été hautement appréciée par le Président de la République Française et Madame Raymond Poincaré.

C'est vous dire le plaisir avec lequel je vous transmets cette lettre, en vous offrant, ainsi qu'à vos États-majors, les assurances nouvelles de ma plus cordiale et reconnaissante sympathie.

A large, elegant handwritten signature in black ink, reading "C. P. R. Coode". The signature is written in a cursive style with a prominent initial "C" and a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

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