PTE MAIDMENT

ARMY BOOK 138.

12,000-24-2-1903.

BOOKS 138. 80

Mrs Moore
36. Heather Road
Leicester

A CONCERT AT LEDSMITH

An enjoyable concert was given on the 26th ult. in the Theatre, kindly lent by the General Hospital, Ta Camp, Ladysmith, under the patronage of Sir Wenton, R.A.M.C., C.M.O., of Sir Bantock and Squire, R.A.M.C. The short programme was ably conducted by Dr. Tyler, C.M.O. (specially conducted), and Sergeant J. Leech, R.A.M.C. The business was inaugurated by the band of the 53rd. Dover Light Infantry, in excellent style. Dover Light, R.A.M.C., gave a violin solo, "Star of Love," eliciting much applause. The Hospital, R.A.M.C., gave "Gen. Jones." Corpl. Jenowitz, and K.R.R., gave "Tommy," and replied to a vociferous encore with a "Scots Fiddling of Our Tiny to popular Ladysmith consumption." A.O.C., the "Acme" with good effect. Pte. Maidment R.A.M.C., gave an excellent ventriloquist display, being continually encored. Old Bagnold, being continually encored, by laughing Mr. Hengest, and conducted by Corpl. Jenowitz, gave "Pat the Rebel." (Like a Scots Fiddling of Our Tiny and also widely encored. Dr. Rabin, C.M.O., was called on at short notice, and gave a good song. The Allan Bro Corpl. Jenowitz West Hot, the Bugle, "nearly bumping from the boards, upset a little, but responded with "Ladysmith." The following were Along the Dark Blue Sea." Dover Light Infantry, "Hide Thy Face." Dr. Hopkins, "Summer Is Coming." Corpl. Jenowitz, "Hey Hey." All encored, all of which were greatly appreciated. Many thanks are due to Lady Sims, Red and Yellow Cross Nurses, and Mr. Wilson, in which they played the piano accompaniments.

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

—The entertainment given in the Mechanics' Hall last Friday evening under the management of Mr. Selley was well attended and the programme was carried through successfully. Before the concert, Mr. J. C. Allan gave an exhibition of the powers of that marvellous invention of the 20th Century—the Apollo Piano Player. The pieces played were Tito Mateo's "Grand Valse de Concert" and Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso."

The opening piece on the programme was a selection by the orchestra of the Hamilton Hotel. During the evening Mr. Bert Fischer played a cornet solo and Professor Stockbridge a violin solo—both of which were encored. Mr. Mooney, the pianist of The Orchestra, not only played a fine Valse de ballet, but also contributed the accompaniments to the different songs. As to the vocal numbers on the programme, Messrs. Crabtree, Selley and Sam Lewis contributed the sentimental songs, Mr Harry Lewis the comic ones. The cake walk by the Messrs. Lewis must also be enumerated among the comic items. Mr. Weis-Smith sang a fine sea song.

In the first part of the programme, Mr. Maidment gave his clever ventriloquial entertainment; Professor Campbell wound up the evening's programme with his feats of mesmerism which were as astonishing as they were amusing. If the financial success of the entertainment prove equal to its musical success, there will be little cause for discontent on anybody's part.

VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

On the first page is the advertisement of a variety entertainment to be given in the Mechanics' Hall on Friday evening. The programme is an excellent one; and it ought to draw a big house if merit counts for anything in this town. The musical numbers by the Hamilton Hotel Orchestra, with Professor Campbell's Mesmeric entertainment and Mr. Maidment's Ventriloquial exhibition as special features—with the vocal numbers added, combine to make as promising a programme as one can well expect. The ventriloquial work by Mr. Maidment is equal to that of any fireless professional and ought to prove a great attraction. We hope to see the hall well filled on Friday evening.

Bro. D. Smith, of Winwick, again provided some excellent items on his gramaphone, and Bro. G. C. Maidment, of Warrington, gave several ventriloquial imitations and sketches very acceptably, and which were much enjoyed, his boy "Jimmy" being particularly funny and creating much merriment.

by Bro. D Smith, of Winwick, and a ventriloquial sketch by Bro G. G. Maidment, R.A.M.C., of Warrington, proved highly interesting and amusing. Bro. Maidment's boy "Jimmy" was a treat.

The entertainments this year were supplied by Private G. C. Maidment R.A.M.C., from the Barracks, whom we have to thank heartily for having volunteered his services.—The items consisted of ventriloquism and mimicry—and in our experience we may say we never heard better. Whilst absolutely free from any suspicion of vulgarity of any kind, Private Maidment confined himself to productions which would exhibit to the best advantage the marvellous talent he undoubtedly has of so controlling his voice, as to accurately denote nearness or distance and also in other ways. Perhaps his best items were the voice proceeding from the box—and his edition of the human gramaphone—which few could have told from the real article.

One of the best features of the entertainment was contributed by Mr. Maidment, who gave an exhibition of ventriloquial feats which many professional performers would probably find it difficult to emulate.

Mr. Maidment's ability to cast his voice to a considerable distance, as shown in "The Man on the Roof" and the "Orange Peddler" is really marvellous, and well merited the liberal applause and repeated encores he received.

YOUNG'S HOSPITAL.

Sir,—In the article you quote on hospital sisters, the writer says that a regimental man is a "weedy" lot of 20. I beg to contradict. The orderlies in the R.A.M.C., up to the commencement of the war, were trained men, and not a word was then said against them. The hospitals against which complaint have been made are composed mostly of St. John men, volunteers, and civil nurses. Apart from that, I doubt whether the complaints are justified. The men only carry out superior orders but, of course, somebody has to be blamed. Tommy is the unlucky one. It is untrue that "the most highly trained orderly acts as coalheaver and odd man." The *Daily Express* article also states that the R.A.M.C. gets poor food and pay. The R.A.M.C. is one of the best paid and best fed corps in the Army, and have therefore no need to "lost" the patients' food, and they never do a rationless 12 hours' night duty—a [illegible] supposed to the night duty men; and they never do a 12 hours' shift. The most they do is three hours on and three hours off for 12 hours. The War Office only is to blame for not keeping enough trained men at Home in time of peace, thereby causing young recruits, volunteers, and St. John men, who have had no practical experience, to be sent out, expecting them to do the work old R.A.M.C. soldiers have done. Do you think a raw trained orderly is going to be ordered about by a sister with a quarter his experience? A man in our hospital has complained to me of one sister, who comes into the ward every time he has his leg dressed, and does nothing but laugh and giggle the while, and chat to the doctor, while the patient is undergoing terrible pain. If these are the ones who are going to nurse Tommy, "God help us out of our trials."—I am, &c.,

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SESSITCALBY LUCKEN.—On Tuesday evening the scholars and teachers had their annual party in the hall (late Druids' Hall), Sankey-street. A capital tea was provided, and the youngsters' wants were first attended to by the seniors, who afterwards had tea. After the room had been cleared the children enjoyed a few games and an entertainment was given. Mr. Leopold Edwards supplied two violin solos, Miss Furness a Lancashire recitation, and Mr. C. Knox a banjo solo, for which he was encored, giving a second in response. Mr. Joseph Foster was the accompanist. Mr. Maidment (Oxford Barracks) delighted everybody with some ventriloquial imitations in which he used a comical-looking figure which he called "Jemmy." During the evening the President of the society (Mr. Stout) presented the prizes for good attendance and also for recitations. Five children of one family named Delphin had never been absent or late during the year, and were specially commended as worthy examples to the remainder of the scholars. This is not the first year in which the same children have made this record.

DALBURY LEES

CONCERT.—On Saturday evening, September 29th, an excellent musical entertainment was given in the Schoolroom by Mr. and Mrs. John Shirley, in aid of the fund for placing a new organ in the Parish Church of Dalbury. The following programme was most successfully carried out:—Part I.: Pianoforte solo, Miss Smith; song, "Galico," Miss Treece; song, Mr. G. Shirley; song, Mr. Smith; duet, the Misses Treece; ventriloquist entertainment, Mr. Maidment. Part II.: Pianoforte solo, Miss Smith; ventriloquist entertainment, Mr. Maidment; duet, the Misses Treece; song, Mr. Smith; song, Mr. G. Shirley. The number of encores showed the appreciation of the audience. The entertainment given by Mr. Maidment caused great amusement, and was cleverly done. At the close of the concert a vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Batchelors to all those who had so kindly contributed to the evening's enjoyment, which was heartily accorded, after which the National Anthem was sung.

BEMROSE AND SONS', LTD.,
INSTITUTE.

The third of the series of "ladies' nights," which took place on Saturday last, at Bemrose and Sons', Ltd., Institute, quite eclipsed all previous records for attendance, and a number of people had to be turned away. The evening's amusement commenced with a whist drive, at which 34 tables were occupied. The prizes were awarded as follows: Ladies: 1, Miss Milton (drinks set); 2, Mrs. Hinckley (epergne); surprise, Miss Martin (fruit dish). Gentlemen: 1, Mr. Clements (ball set); 2, Mr. Haddon (dressing case); surprise, Mr. Beeston (letter rack). Major F. Worgan occupied the chair at the concert which followed, and welcomed the visitors. The best thanks of the committee are due to the artistes, who carried out an excellent programme. Mr. Adams, our old favourite, was in capital voice, as were Messrs. Biddulph and Willetts, who were heartily applauded. Mr. Alexander created an excellent impression on this his first visit, while Mr. Oliver Ardrew the well-known impersonator, was, as usual, a success. An exceptionally clever ventriloquil performance was given by Mr. Middment, whose imitation of a phonograph was a very realistic piece of work. Major Worgan admirably rendered "The charmed cup," and was deservedly encored. The usual votes of thanks, followed by the National Anthem, brought a most successful evening to a close. The next ladies' night is on December 9th.

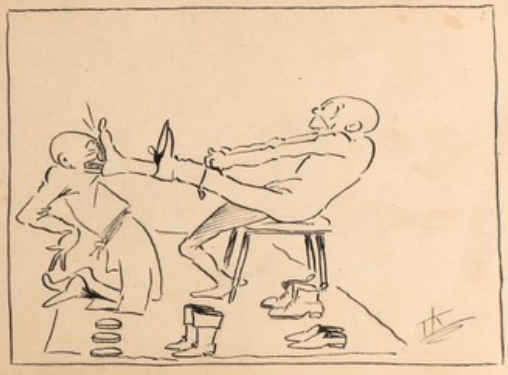
"Wot's all this about married men, Bill?"
"They objects to go above the lodgers!"

SNAKES IN IRELAND

Life.

Life's a jest, and all things show it
I thought so once, and now I know it.

— John Gay



WEARIE
"WILLYUM"
THE
"HIGH
PRIEST"
OF
KULTUR.
(ON THE
RAZZLE.)

16-2-16 by 33844 16

THE RESULTS OF KULTUR

THE "HUN PIRATES" RULE IS
WOMEN & CHILDREN FIRST.
(TO BE TORPEDOED.)

Aldershot 16/2/16.


HANDS UP!
NERVOUS LADYBIRD:
IF THAT'S A ZEPPLIN BOMB
I SURRENDER.


GGM 25.3.16

A. MAN OF WORDS

Vertikop

Whatever you are, be that!
Whatever you say, be true!
Straightforwardly act! be honest in fact!
Be nobody else but you!

J. S. Allin
28.9.16

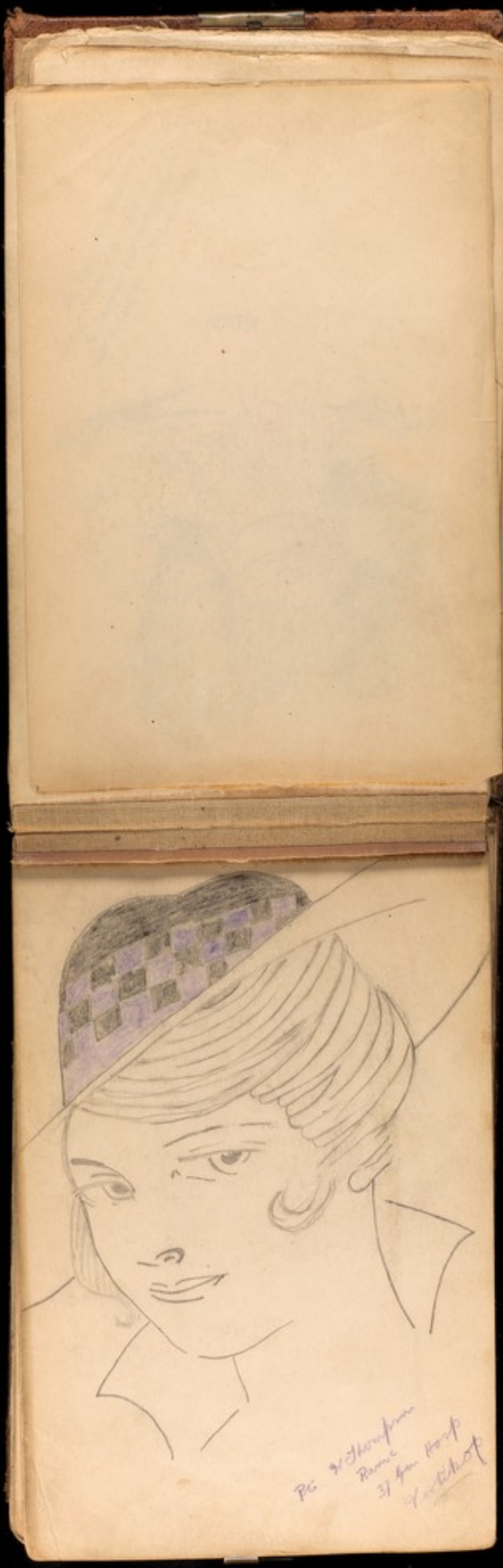
From an admirer of your sex.

Down and you if you do you shall,
And you love you that love for be;
Be will I love if me love for,
Read see that me but not my got.

Jr. Cathmaine Hockin.

Vanity.

One morning of
a Cockney
that a Cockney
Cockney
Cockney
Cockney

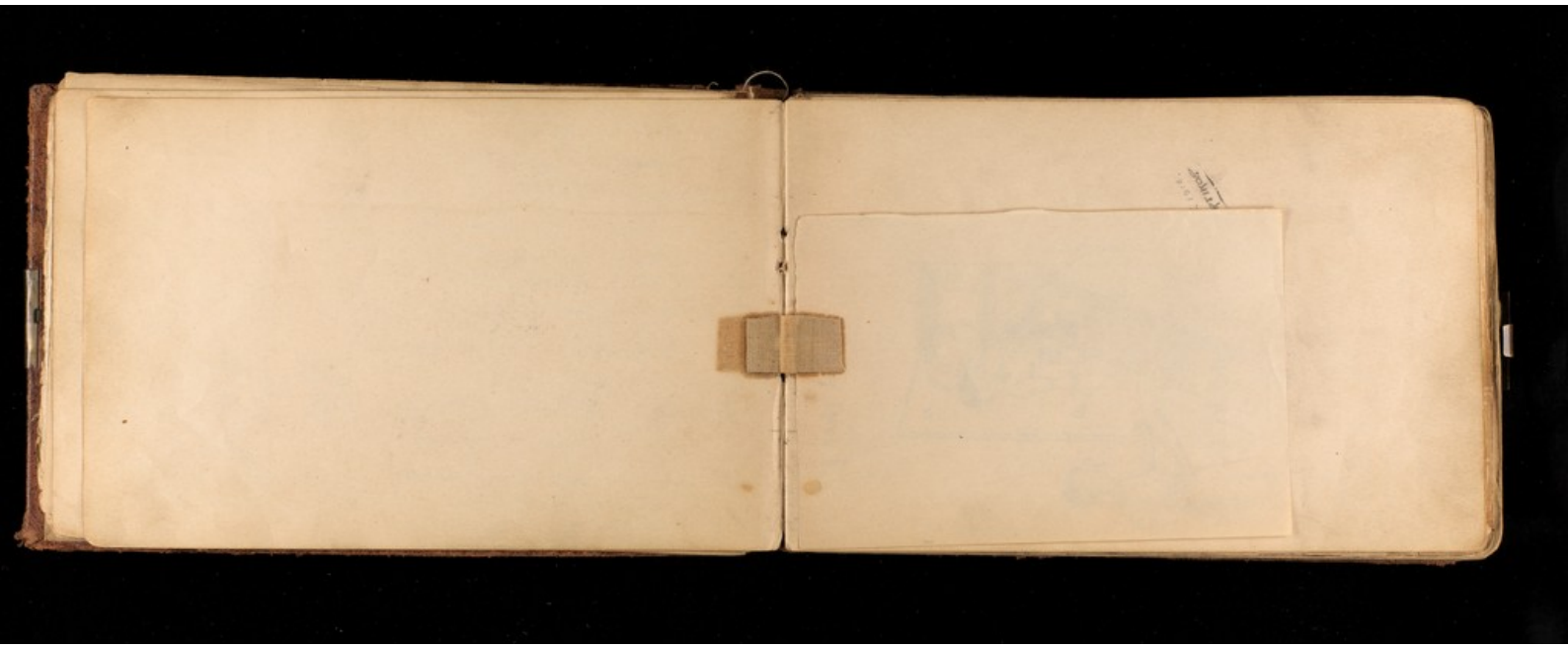


Gott-Mit-Uns

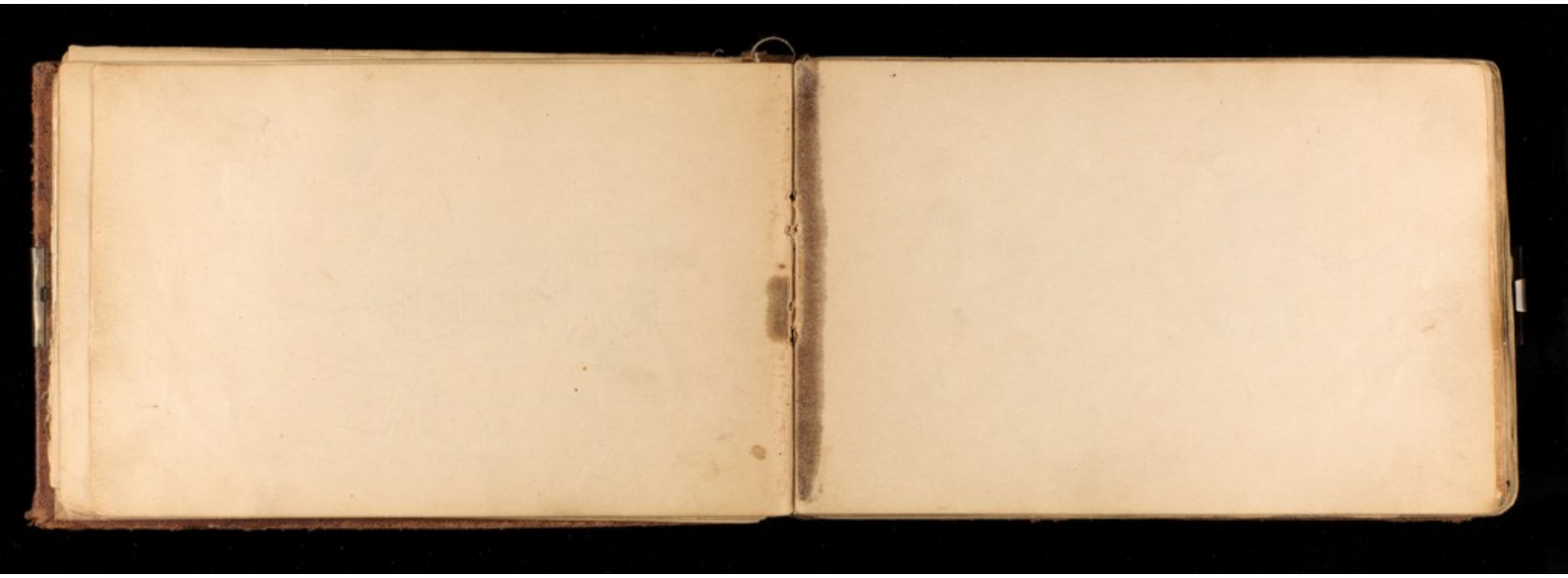
Gott mit Uns is the Boches' war motto
(God with us — proclaimed with guns)
By adding one letter they might go one
better,
And go the whole hog — Gott mit Kuns.

Our boss to Sgt Maudment
at Off. he is no doubt
Always cheery and patient
Never bosses us about
He was in charge of the linen Store
With Pte Rogers and myself
Acting as his assistants, for—
Well he could not do it himself
We had Mattresses and bounterpanes
Trousers blue and Grey.
Hauling these the live long day
Was how we earned our pay.
Now I'm at the end of my tether
So I must draw to a close
But I shall always remember
In whose tent I tried to prose

Pte W. Thompson
37th General Hosp
Salonica Forces



9. Nasty. Jar.



1914 I CAME

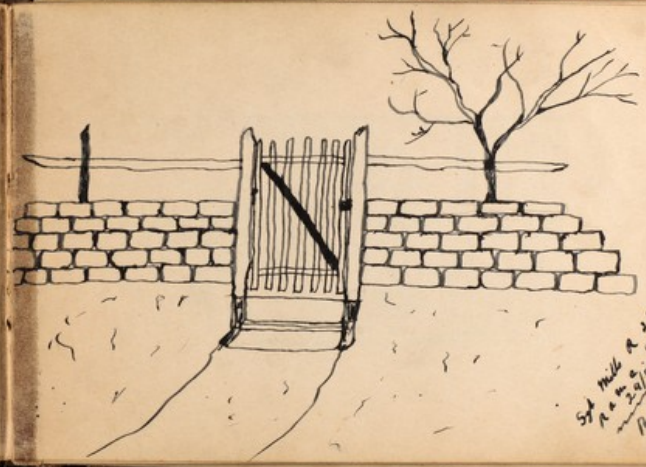
THE ARIZONA TERROR

H Taylor

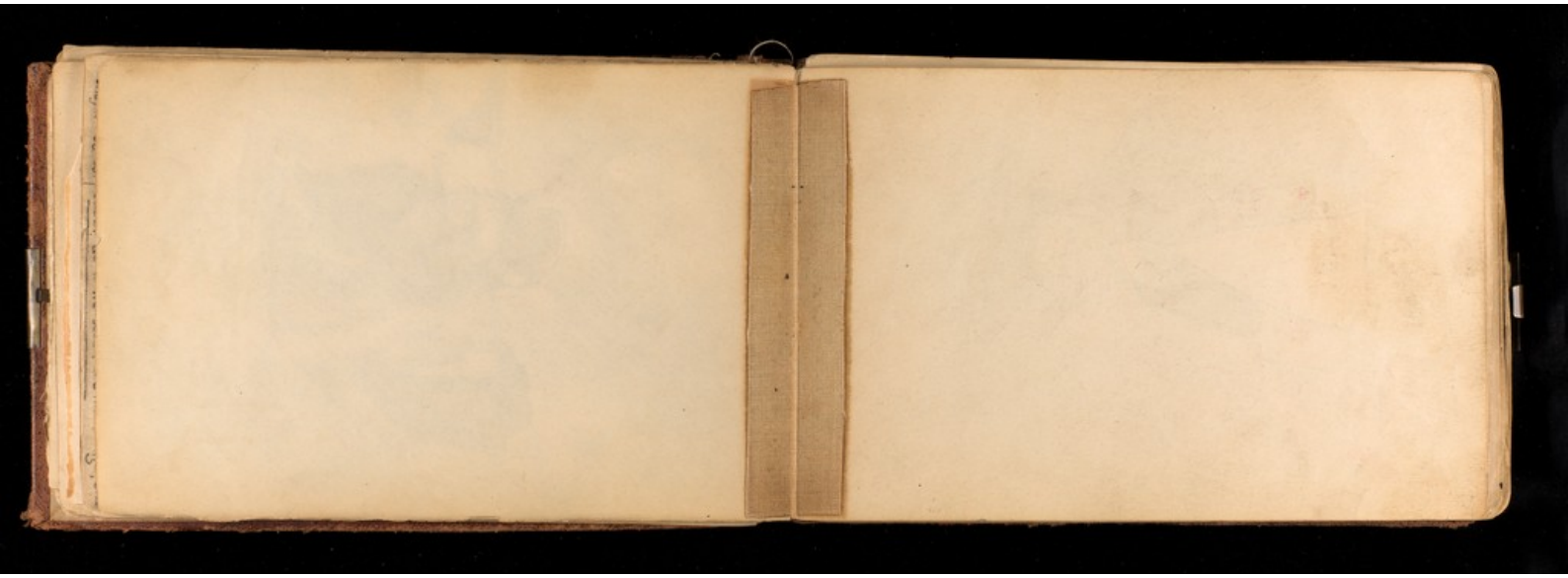

1914
I CAME.
1915.
I SAW.
1916
I CONQUERED

"KEEP THE OLD KETTLE BOILING
TILL THE WAR'S OVER"

Reading 1/10/16




They'll be torpedoin' us if we stick here much longer, BILL



"A 'BLIGHTY' ONE"

W. Wright
S.A.D.S. Lancs
20/8/17

What's all this about unmanned men?

From
Fragments of Fiction
by
Pte. W. R. Hall
Vancouver

TOM STUART
COMEDIAN

A Novel in a nutshell

A pretty miss
A stolen kiss
A frolic,
A little talk
A pleasant walk
[illegible]

You ask [illegible]
Cornwall, [illegible]
[illegible]
But Love repeat
The last chime.

H. Clive.

(E. Hastier).

Pte H. Hunter Moss
3rd General Hospital
Etretat.
[illegible]

Dirty work at the old cross roads

" ZEPPELINS - OUTDONE "

a Soldiers Life

Examination.

Attestation.

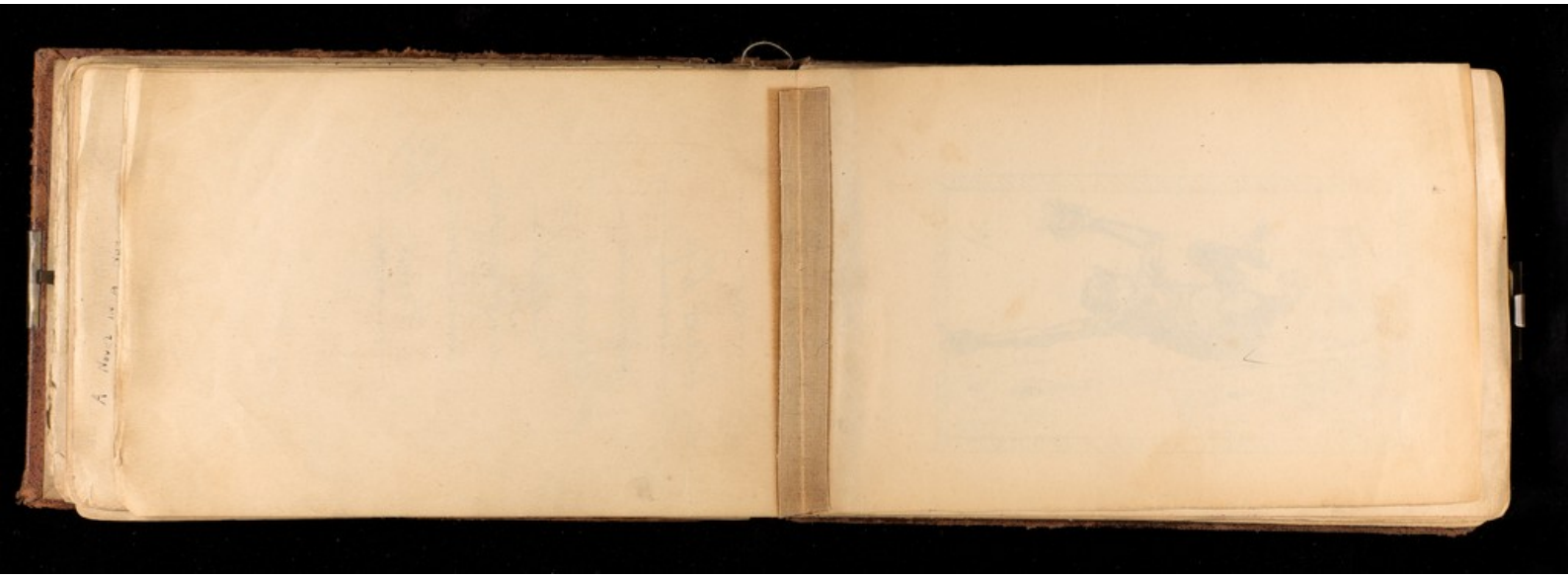
Inoculation.

Vaccination.

Annilation.

Finis.

[illegible] 1910



A House in a tree

As you were.

C.C. Maitland
Sept. 1915

"Well, you boys march left to — Leaves the army for ever."
"Well, will let you without us first. Nothing can be harder than that."

When a man as been a soldier
Fighting midst the din and strife
When a man as been soldier
He's a soldier all his life

While the battle it is raging,
Makes the heart grow bolder,
His dim eyes, flash
With an old times dash
To prove that he's been a soldier.

Florence Jane Tunaley
Marlborough Road
Derby

A [illegible]

The Optimist

He's such a cheery sort of chap,
His views are always bright,
If ever things go wrong with him
He starts to prove they're right.

For should his breakfast eggs be bad,
Then bacon is the best,
Next day, perhaps, the bacon's burnt,
He gorges eggs with zest.

Supposing he should break a lace,
His boots pinch (?) undone,
Or should he nearly miss his train,
He so enjoys a run.

He's never in a hurry when
His watch abruptly stops,
And if Bank Holiday is wet,
It's splendid for the crops.

Perhaps in theory it may work,
This "silver lining" plan!
But I prefer a pessimist
To such a cheerful man.

Royal Recriminations.

Kaiser and Crown Prince (simultaneously)
"Go 'way mit you! I dismiss you for incompence

A [illegible]

The CAMPERS 1916
MACEDONIA.

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day, raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee the mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But when she glanced to the far-off town, white from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest and a nameless longing filled her breast,—
A wish, that she hardly dare to own, for something better than she had known.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane, smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade of the apple-trees to greet the maid,
And asked a draught from the spring that flowed through the meadow across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up, and filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down on her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge; "a sweeter draught from a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees, of the singing birds and the humming bees;
Then talk'd of the haying, and wondered whether the cloud in the west would bring foul weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown, and her graceful ankles bare and brown;
And listened, while a pleased surprise looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me! That I the Judge's bride might be!
"He would dress me up in silks so fine, and praise and toast me at his wine.
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat; my brother should sail a painted boat.
"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay, and the baby should have a new toy each day.
"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor, and all should bless me who left our door."
The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill, and saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet, ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
"And her modest answer and graceful air show her wise and good as she is fair.
"Would she were mine, and I to-day, like her, a harvester of hay:
"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs, nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
"But low of cattle and song of birds, and health and quiet and loving words."
But he thought of his sisters proud and cold, and his mother vain of her rank and gold.
So, closing his heart the Judge rode on and Maud was left in the field alone.
But the lawyers smiled that afternoon, when he hummed in Court an old love tune;
And the young girl mused beside the well till the rain on the unraked clover fell.
He married a wife of richest dower, who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow, he watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red, he longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms to dream of meadows and clover-blooms.
And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain, "Ah, that I was free again!
"Free as when I rode that day, where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
She married a man unlearned and poor, and many children played round her door.
But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain, left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot on the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring brook fall over the road side, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again she saw a rider draw his rein.
And, gazing down with timid grace, she felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sweet as her narrow kitchen walls stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned, the tallow candle an astral burned,
And for him who sat by the chimney log, doring and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw, and joy was duty, and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again, saying only, "It might have been."
Alas for maiden, alas for Judge, for rich repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all, who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "It might have been."
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies deeply buried from human eyes:
And, in the hereafter, angels may roll the stone from its grave away!

Whittier.

57 CH. VERTE KOP.

THE HANDY MAN OF THE TEAM.

R. EECH
RAMC
SEPT 1916

A GLORIOUS ACHIEVEMENT.

KAISER. "Now we can say that the Germans have entered ENGLAND"

By Yashmatt 1915

There is no torpedoes in this sea!

"I could have sworn I saw
a Torpedo"

A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

TAKEN HOME THE COAL

"IF YER PLEASE MUM THE TELEPHONE'S BROKE
SHALL I RING SOMEONE UP TO MEND IT

Trench in Gallipoli. Quinns Post.

B. Thornton
3rd General Hosp
1916
Egypt


POLICE
TENT

За успомену на
мог друга и завод-
ника Енглеза у знак
пријатељства Зорфика у Во-
ланду.

Ђорђе Б. Марковић
поредник-ђак

Лозовик

26.I 1600
VERTECOB

A mon cher gnoran
colège, en souvenir
de mon séjour en
Hospital
de son gnoran
colège:
Marinovitch Sergent
sergent major ad-
idan. 3 compagn
2 bataill. 51 regim
zuda post. Ob.

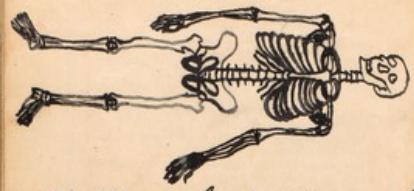
24.1.16
VERTECOP

"A Striking Moment."

"GEE WHIZ I'M COIN TO STAY SINGLE
ALL ME LIFE

RED STAR ROBERTS

A. Taylor



After Six weeks feeding at the
Sgts Mess G B D Summerhill.

Its easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along like a song
But the one worth while is the
Man who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

R.M.
Summerhill Camp

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar.

She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens.

She considereth a field, and buyeth it: with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard.

She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms.

She perceiveth that her merchandise is good: her candle goeth not out by night.

She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant.

Strength and honour are her clothing: and she shall rejoice in time to come.

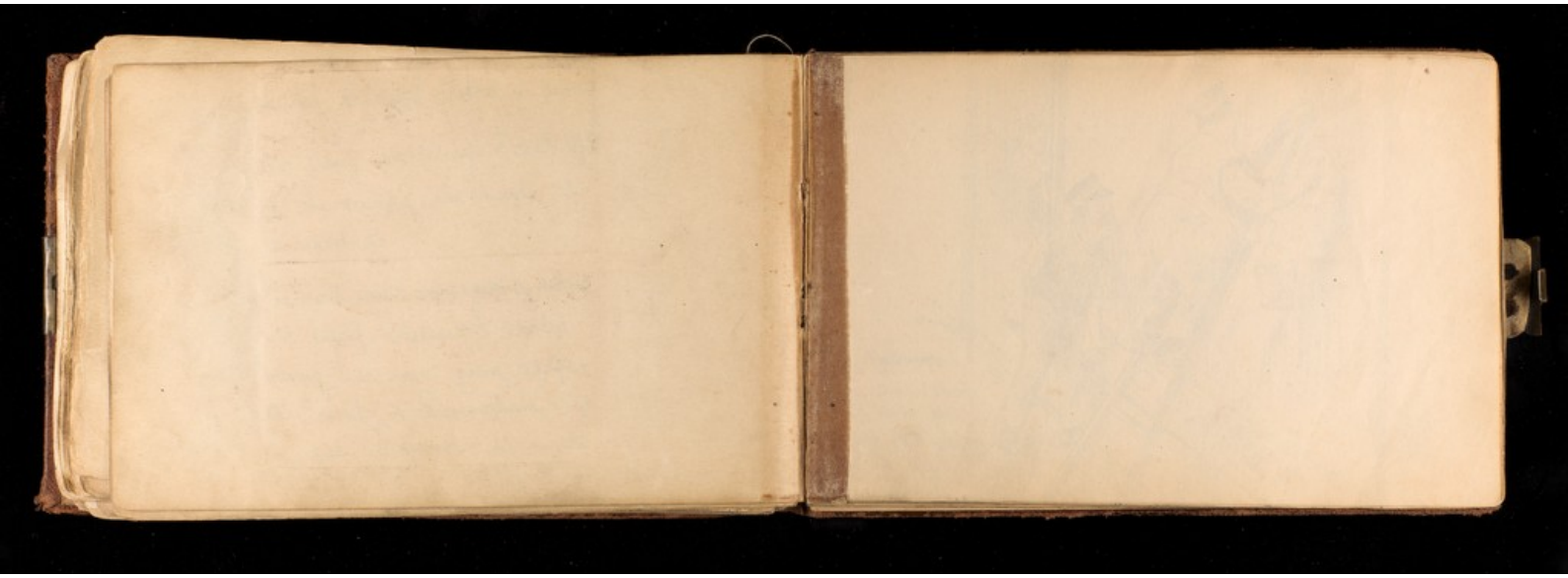
She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.


WHO WON IT?


SERGENT: I SALUTE YOU!



FOREMAN—

ey, BILL, I think
ou'd better stop
ruing that winder—
—: its bendin'!


Johnnie Walker: "You can take a horse to water but you can't make him drink"
Old Gentleman: "That doesn't not apply to the man who knows the merits of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label

BLOW!

ly. tapping one of them on the shoulder.

You had both better shuv off the Orderly Officer will be here in a minute

RGA

chance, and looking down upon him, said: "My friend you now see that sinners stand on ~~sinful~~ slippery places."

The sinful one looked rueful up and answered: "Yes, I see they do, but I can't."

W. H. M.

Jan 16th 1906

Regimental

Murphy had been enlisted about a month & it was his turn for stable Picquet he was last relief. Everything went on well till about 11-45 P.M. when he espies two tall figures approaching his post.

Murphy Challenges.

Halt who comes there.

Visiting Rounds came the answer.

Well says. Murphy timid

You ought to have shoved it into the "Fur and Feather" an' asked fer an angel Sacked?

R. E. Chuck
Jan 16th 1906

Pointing the Moral

A certain minister, who was famous for seizing every opportunity to point a moral, was walking one day with one of his parishioners and expostulating with him on account of his sinful ways. Presently they came to a place where ice had formed on the walk, and the sinful man's feet flew from under him, giving him a bad fall. The minister quickly seized the

Loo. Smart

The head of the firm was
giving instructions to the new
office boy
Now my lad remember
you must be strictly punctual
You must be obedient
You must not idle away
your time
I shall expect you to be
truthful and honest
clean and tidy in yourself
and in your work
cheerful and ——
"Beg pardon sir" interrupted the
boy
You've made a mistake ain't yer
What!"
You've made a mistake.
Instead of advertising in the
Daily Dingdong's for an office boy

How can a man die better than facing fearful odds
for the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his gods.

Jones.

Vauxhall 26.07

Never . . . . . B. #

Never . . . . B. ♭

But always . . . . B. ♮

Ghosh
25-11-25

He punch all tickets & he
punced his tickets of course
I got into another compartment
& we left them arguing the
point on the Platform

H. A. Richmond
Jan 15th 1906

1

The Girl I could^n't Kiss

I would if I could, but if I could'nt how could I
you could'nt without you could couldie I could'nt
could you

Jan 15th 1906

Dad

Bloater to the string you &
your Family will be able to
sit down with your Plates &
bread & then start altogether
one after the other in turns
& point to the aforesaid Bloater
& thus it will be called the
famos Dinner entitled

Bread & Point

A. Mell
Jan 15 1906

The Ticket Puncher

One day while travelling
on the L. S. W. R. the Lobster
Shrimp & Winkle Railway a
Snapper's Head appeared in
our carriage Door & shouted
all Tickets Please & we all
produced our tickets with the
exception of one who sat reading
the paper & when asked for
his ticket he said Season
& the snappers said chuck it
up. & the bloke remarked my
fare is my ticket therefore the
Railway man replied I am here

A Peculiar Dinner

If you are ever short in
or hard up for cash go to pocket
a Fish Shop & buy a Penny
bloater & bring it home &
then get a piece of string
& hang to the hook in the
Ceiling where you hung the
Mistle toe last Christmas
which underneath you tied
to his the Girl who had so
many Winkles & you could
not tell her mouth.
Well when you have tied the

Nancy

She lies asleep
And from her parted lips her gentle breath
Comes like the fragrance from the lips of flowers
Her tender limbs are still, & on her breast
The cross she prayed to, ere she fell asleep
Rises & falls with the soft tide of dreams

E.C.M. 1905

Nancy

She was good as she was fair
None — none above her!
As pure in thought as angels are
To know her was to love her.

G.E.M. 1905