



D 7738L (L) *Der Kamerad: Wochenschrift der Kriegsgefangenen auf Torrens Island, S. Australien*
Comrades: weekly newspaper of the prisoners of war on Torrens Island, South Australia.

No. 1 of 18 pages published on 12 June 1915, No. 2 of 16 pages published on 19 June 1915 and No. 3 of 16 pages published on 26 June 1915.

Translated by Rosemary Radden, Volunteer at the State Library of South Australia, 2015

The translation of the text is shown next to small images of the 50 pages of the newspaper. Full size images of the newspaper can be viewed, downloaded and printed from [SA Memory](#)

The State Library would be pleased to receive suggestions for alternative translations of words in the text.

Translator's introduction

Historical background

Torrens Island is situated in the estuary of the Port River north of Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. It was developed as a Quarantine Station for those visitors who arrived in South Australia by sea. In December 1914 as the war became more serious and more likely to be a lengthy affair, the island became a World War 1 Internment Camp for enemy nationals. Held there as prisoners were men of German or Austro-Hungarian descent, who were then joined by the officers of a German ship which arrived in port as war broke out and had been detained.

The first German settlers had arrived in the colony only months after its foundation in 1836, many as refugees from religious persecution, but also others with welcome skills seeking a more secure lifestyle or prosperity and who were happy to live in a 'free' society and were well accepted. The Unification of Germany in 1871, however, affected community attitudes, those of some Australians towards the German settlers and those of some of the new settlers looking back at a now newly created Fatherland. Some conflict of interest and loyalty was inevitable.

At a meeting of the Liberal Union at Murray Bridge on 3 August 1914, several members of the South Australian House of Assembly present, of German and Australian descent, commented on the question of loyalty: What would Germans in South Australia do in the event of Great Britain becoming involved in war with Germany? Friedrich Pflaum said, *'I will tell them that, in such a case, the Germans who have lived under, and enjoyed the privileges of, the British flag, will go with their fellow Australians, and stand shoulder to shoulder with them to retain this beautiful land as a pearl in the British crown.'* The next day in Parliament, Premier Archibald Peake commented: *'I hope that it will be borne in mind that we are all fellow-citizens, and that the loyalty of South Australians, no matter from what stock they may have come, is thorough and undoubted.'* This was followed by all joining in the singing of the National Anthem.

These quotations are from page 15 of *Interned: Torrens Island 1914-1915* by Peter Monteath, Mandy Paul and Rebecca Martin (Mile End, South Australia: Wakefield Press, 2014).



Life in the camp was very similar for both the internees and their guards. The island was barren, infertile and unattractive. Internees and some of the guards, who were drawn from the Citizens Military Forces, were accommodated in tents. Apart from their domestic chores there was little to do but general maintenance, improve their tents, cook, play cards and gamble. While internees were allowed to send two letters a week—subject to censorship—they were not allowed books or newspapers. The first camp Commander, Captain Butler, was comparatively tolerant towards the relationship between the guards and the prisoners, but he was then replaced by George Edward Hawkes who was much more of a disciplinarian and inclined to inflict corporal punishment. From that time onwards the military authorities began to receive complaints about the mistreatment of prisoners, and the camp was closed in August 1915 with the remaining internees transferred to New South Wales.

Der Kamerad

During the camp's few months of existence, one of the internees, Walter Emde, edited and published three issues of a newspaper in an effort to establish a healthy community spirit, with a concentration on sport. Later, attempts were made to introduce other interests such as a drama group, several music groups and so on, but as there were no female detainees, the opportunities were limited. Each issue of the newspaper began with an editorial and this was followed by a variety of material, such as articles on the developments in the sporting programs, restricted general news items, camp news and the announcement of future events. After these came articles, poetry, stories, cartoons and sketches submitted by the internees themselves, original, newly created or retold. Each issue contained advertisements at the end or occasionally inserted elsewhere. Some of the simple offerings were genuine, but some were very much escapist literature, attempts at humour and so on.

Problems posed in translation

These newspapers were created to bring and bind together the diverse members of the German prison settlement on Torrens Island, people of different backgrounds, ethnic culture, different languages and dialects, different historical tales and experiences, but all with links to the German-Hungarian Empire, now Australia's 'common enemy'. Naturally there were within the group those who were highly educated but also those who had had little exposure to formal education. The newspaper had to cater for and appeal to everyone, hence the variety of topics and 'literary' styles.

For the translator this poses several difficulties. The workers on the Hamburg dockside, wharf side merchants and so on, would pronounce and speak very differently from the administrative and social classes. They would use local and current idioms and slang unknown even to some of the locals of their region. This adds to the difficulties of the translator without personal experience of the milieu. There is also the added problem of having to distinguish under such circumstances between truth, irony and humour and jokes. Add to this the historical and environmental background of the period and setting, and the sensitivity of the translator is challenged. It is hoped that the reader will therefore be tolerant of any mistranslations, in the knowledge that the translator made an honest effort to interpret the essence of the journals.



1.1

Comrades: Weekly newspaper of the prisoners of war on Torrens Island, S. Australia, published by W. Emde.

12 June 1915.



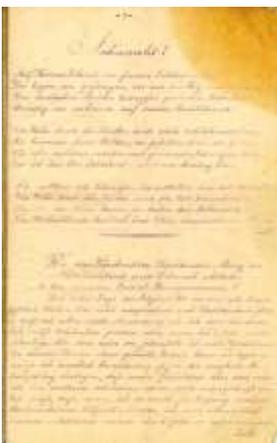
1.2

What we want

We begin the series of our weekly newspaper with strong conviction and good intention and, what is even more important, with an endless good will towards our readers. We know very well that we are not excessively gifted with talent and wit. But we are not ashamed of the fact that on the contrary each critic in so far that they do not doubt our intentions is asked to comment themselves about our patient aims. We will stop and, if the possible reproaches seem just, we will make particular note of it. A few minutes cheerfulness and conversation for our comrades is what we aim to create. And should one or

the other of you dominant personalities among us feel that an opportunity has been only slightly recognised, we ask that he restrains himself, and consoles himself with the knowledge that, whilst his personality serves as a topic for conversation, he has earned the respect of all of us and can trust us. As a conclusion let it be said that hopefully what we all feel is that we are harmless. Our pen does not sting us, it serves as ink for us. We will find that our best reward is in the voices of our readers, our ready to help uninvited comrades and those of the editorial staff working together in a single beautiful harmony.

Good luck, Comrades .



1.3

Longing!

On Torrens Island in the distant Southern Ocean,
We lay there imprisoned, how heavy were our hearts;
The German Brothers fighting for the beloved Fatherland,
We stay here inactive on this island beach.

The father and the mother and also the dear little sisters,
They mourn their hero who has fallen on the Seine;
But we must simply wait here with grim silence,
There is malicious Destiny - this is our sad lot.



We wanted to fight and protect our beloved women at home,
For father and the mother and for dear little sister
For those, who lose their lives, to die a hero's death,
For Germany's freedom and honour, enwrapped in the red light of morning!

How the Principality of Lichtenstein explains war on Germany and Austria

From our Special Correspondents.#

I will never forget the first days of August 1914. What exactly drove me towards Lichtenstein of all places I myself do not know; even less do I know how I came there. On second thoughts I must have been drunk. However that may be, my memory in this respect is somewhat hazy. But before I begin, I must seriously protest against the possible statement that my recollection of what I will describe in further details is somewhat imperfect. I know that if I was not so when at the beginning of my stay in Lichtenstein, nevertheless I gradually became more and more sober and am now as temperate and lucid, as a normal human being.



1.4

A kick awoke me and I will add at once that a similar act of violence towards me, took place later in the Principality. In short, before I was quite awake, the person to whom the foot belonged, disappeared outside my range of vision. However I had justifiable ground to accept that it was the foot of one of the city police.

The immediate, following, somewhat painful events I pass over without loss of time in order to approach the point. Lichtenstein was in a state of fearful excitement. The inhabitants were as a body out on the street gesticulating violently and discussing a question which, as I later found out had become urgent for the Principality, the Austrian declaration of war on Serbia and Germany and France and Russia. People whispered about it, yes, several even stated that they knew exactly that the prince, the head of the state, the Finance and the business people had come together in order to talk over the latest incidents.

Herr. von Schwanenbauch had reminded the high level meeting about in how general a way Lichtenstein was ignored by Austria and Germany for centuries and trodden underfoot. Baron Eihy von Tapetenmüster had described the financial situation in the rosiest fashion; Schümachermeister Knieriemen had established that he would be ready to place his richest store place in cattle hide top boots for disposal from the cheapest to a high price when they were ready. Certainly this patriotic act was presented as that of a very selfish, competitive devil by Master Schümacher Dreibein with whom I myself later spoke.

At all events this news served to arouse the worst desire for war among the people. This was reinforced from now on by the



1.5

S.P. Torrens Island K.1. Marienstrasse

speech of a member of one of the oldest noble families of the country who then pointed out in how extraordinarily difficult a place Lichtenstein would find itself so long as it remained passive; How it would bring about the breakdown of the old glory of the state as long as even one Lichtensteiner was able to get a rifle, an enemy who trespassed on sacred land. He shot with it to be able to save an immediate declaration of war on the sworn enemy of the state. A resounding cheer was the reward for his effort.



1.6

The crowd, of whom there were dozens, waltzed around in front of the castle and sang the National Hymn and the Prince's family song to show that their appearance was in order to, if possible, instil even more courage. It did not last very long and the old Prince appeared, supported by his successor and the even younger Princess. A slight, elegant movement of the hand brought the tumultuous crowd to order. All hung respectfully on his lips as he began to speak: ' My dearly beloved, brave people. At last the longed for moment has come, a new glory, new conquests, but which also promises difficult sacrifices. We, the heir and I, have in serious meeting with the experienced leaders of state affairs

decided to mobilise our army. (Continuous unending, willing shouts of ' Hurrah '). I know that we will encounter a strong and determined enemy, but God is with us and against him. - Within the memory of man, in our fatherland culture and civilisation have been fostered to a level never before achieved , indeed in general were seriously created. My people, should we surrender our sanctified goodness to the Barbarian? Should what our spiritual heroes have built up with painstaking work with head and hand, be trampled underfoot: Shouts among the people: Down with the enemies of culture.) I say with you ' No, never again.' 'And furthermore. It is our duty too, to improve the holiest good of the remaining nations. - I know that the old harmony between prince and people this day will be renewed and strengthened. I agree with the call: Long live our dear Fatherland. Hurray! Hurray!' The rousing cry resounded, whilst the exhausted Prince and the highest ranking of the family retired into the highest room.

I was completely shocked. Here was a people about whom in our arrogance we had never heard.



1.7

Should an attack be launched on our part, at the moment of the greatest danger to himself, he thought of the greatest good of other nations and was ready to share. Remorse moved me. Love for this people and its worthy Prince gripped me. The next morning, tired after a wakeful night, I was brought out of bed to the window by an earsplitting drumroll. Troops of the national defence - 25 in number- drawn up in line under shouts of 'hurrah' from the people and the noisy blast of the trumpets, of the city oboeists sure of victory against the enemy.

Who, I wondered, can withstand this army? Poor, poor Germany! Yet on the same day the first news appeared, it was announced that Prince von Laureangel who had brought the declaration of war to Vienna, was to be arrested and brought to the madhouse. The anger of the people was indescribable. Vengeance was sworn against the traitor on every street corner. What were treaties worth, if they, as in this case, concluded at the Hague Conference, were treated as ordinary pieces of paper and were torn up. I was ashamed of my Fatherland and decided to take on Lichtensteiner nationality. And yet it was destined to end up differently. In the evening the following special edition was nailed up at the Castle door. The existing German and Austrian enemy army corps was repelled in spite of a more than thousandfold superiority. The enemy losses were enormous. Its dead and wounded consisted of more than 2000 men. Our army is intact. We are following the enemy with all our energy.'

'Sacred cannon.....' thought – no, I must have said it really loudly. For at once from all sides blows from fists struck me in the eyes, kidney punches in my flanks, kicks to the back of my head. Half elated, half sliding, I hoisted myself up through the Lichtensteiners through the door and over the frontier. I sat down here regretting my stupidity, beating my chest and complaining.

But if I consider it properly, the question forces itself on me: Was I perhaps too drunk the whole time?

Wippehen!



1.8

Dedicated to the memories of the three freedom seekers.
(Melody: The education of three lads -).

It was raining very heavily one evening. It was long past eight by the lamp. Three fellows crept through the fence. The watchmen were sleeping, it is almost unbelievable.

They hurried along the dark shore until one of them found a boat there. They climbed in. They bent over the oars until they found themselves in Semaphore: And there exhausted they made a halt and stopped in an isolated shack. They wanted to gain strength after a long journey as is



proper for Germans in the German way, and as they opened their haversacks the door opened and there stood Mac. Then they were seized with horror and wild anxiety .’Back to the island. Adieu, freedom.’ Arms bound tightly to their bodies, going off in the boat so completely without ‘rest.’ They were received with wild hurrahs. We have them back again! Victoria! They were accommodated in the Town Hall, ‘There was little to eat and nothing to drink’. They were released after 13 days with long hair and gray beards. And the moral of this story. ‘Do not run away from Torrens Island. ‘

Breakfast [*caption to drawing*]



1.9

A seaman’s apprenticeship and years of travel.

The rascal

I am going to describe in an open, honest way what fate threw at me on the desolate coast during the many months I spent there uselessly through my own folly and external events. My readers may think of me what they will. I myself would scarcely have liked to miss the experience of all these years of wandering. Others among you may think differently. I can be only as I was created.’

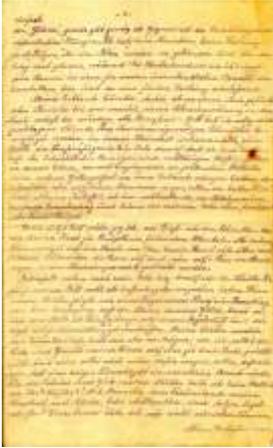
I do not respect the fact that I was born the son of a teacher in a Gymnasium (an academic Secondary school) any more. Life has shaken and jolted me considerably and left its traces on me in its own way.

All well and good. I was born for something better. But as far as I can remember, from my governess and parents, from neighbours and teachers, comments and warnings about me were grim. Naturally I did not take any notice; but I now recognise their justification ‘You lout, you will even fricassee the devil. You will still end up on the gallows, quite certainly in the penitentiary. Dog of the devil, damn you!’

My good father! What trouble you gave yourself to make a decent man out of me! All in vain. Already as a six year old boy I turned on the taps of all the barrels of petroleum in the cellar of businessman Karnehl on our street corner. I cut myself a magnificent startling red Indian coat out of my mother’s best dress, to the envy of my comrades.

It was cleverer and beautiful to creep along in the native heathland as the leaders of a band of Indians, then suddenly from the ambush of a juniper bush make a surprise attack on Liese and Lotte, so they are all called, who were peacefully picking flowers, and sentence them to coldblooded ghastly torture.

Now I have given you a somewhat different interpretation of the girls and the responsibilities of a man towards them.



1.10

In those days it was simply the 'Gohren' were scarcely good enough to be an object of the scorn of a respectable youth. No screams, no threat of telltale. They were bound to a pinetree and left there for hours whilst Old Shatterhand (that was me) and his henchman discussed in another, unknown language uttering a grim threat here and there.

As she made one of her dreaded visits to us, my aunt Eusebia stuck a pig's tail to her frock so that the worthy, old spinster – may God bless her - wandered about our small town a full hour, to the mockery of the street lads, without being aware of her original jewellery. Then one year later she died and left behind her considerable fortune to a charitable foundation. My poor parents, who had put up with the numerous visits of this true scourge of God aunt with the patience of an angel, on account of the filthy lucre but useful Mammon, inherited half a dozen silver teaspoons, I a kind, profound exhortation of Bible texts and a frightful thrashing with a stick from my father.

Then some time later – as a joke – I pulled out all the tempting nails from a stretch of about a kilometer of rails from the branch line at the edge of our town which led to the main line. With that I crowned myself for all my earlier heroic deeds. I was on the verge of being sent to a state reformatory.

At all events my father took me out of school shortly afterwards He must have considered my case as really hopeless. Then one day my mother showed me a letter from Hamburg from which it emerged that a man named Glöde was ready to give me a job as cabin-boy on a sailing ship and to procure the necessary outfit. My mother did not reproach me, but held me with her eyes as if I had set too hard a test for the love and patience of my parents and now I myself had to worry how, instead of an eternal ne'er-do-well, I would become a respectable man. I had no understanding of the tears and goodness of my mother. What? To sea? To America, the dreamland of my childhood, to Africa, soon to be captain of a proud sailing ship? I could not wish for anything better.



1.11

On saying goodbye to my mother, I realised that my heart had sunk down to my boots. She was inconsolable and even my brother and my two sisters seemed depressed, although I was presented to them as a frightful example, as long as they had been able to think, and we had never been able to bear each other. Shortly before the departure of the train, my mother pressed an envelope furtively into my hand without my father noticing it. On it was written: 'To my beloved son in case of need.' So I went out into hostile life.

To be continued.



The lecture hall.

Contributions of every sort for our comrades are very welcome, advice for improvement will be willingly received as especially in the future this column will be available so that you yourselves and the editorial staff can 'work' together in intellectual exchange. To this end, we ask those in the editorial building to make frequent use of appropriate letterboxes. The responsible editorial staff reserves the right however to read the incoming article possibly to modify or shorten the too lengthy submission. Each article submitted must be supplied with the name of the writer. To all of those who want to write with self-seeking intentions, we must take the wind out of their sails, we must at once stress that it is in no way our intention to make a profit, but that we want to serve the majority. Therefore there can be no doubt if we from time to time – in the next number for the first time - publish our disassociation. The greater part of our edition and success comes first. If there should be a surplus, it will be used for the benefit of the paper.

Storm soup [*caption to drawing*]



1.12

Storm floods on Torrens Island

1. Stormy the night,- the morning gray.

The winds swept over the island;

Fields and water had vanished

The leaves of the linden tree rustled loudly

2. The gloomy day was spent anxiously

Patching tents which had fallen down

Everyone is asking

What more might happen today.

3. Past noon the storm has not yet abated

The water (level) rises endlessly ;

In order to reckon that the leaves may alter,

Everyone hopes that the wind might still change

4. They stand pale faced on the edge

Looking out at the surging waves,

There is therefore hardly anything to do

Can no one imagine something?

5 The feast cakes already in the kitchen, spoiled,

Fleeing, they carry home

what remains to be eaten,

They put up their beds .



6. One of those, his head tormented by power
As if having found a way out of the dilemma
'I have it ' called out Fritz,
We will now dig dykes.

7. They got hold of diggers and built a dam
With hedges right round the tents.
Fritz Topp, the tall one, was always at the head
As if his life was at stake.

8. Anxiety and misery is over at last.
The flood begins to diminish slowly
The summons of the cook to dinner
Will as a consequence be obeyed by everyone.



1.13

Sports news

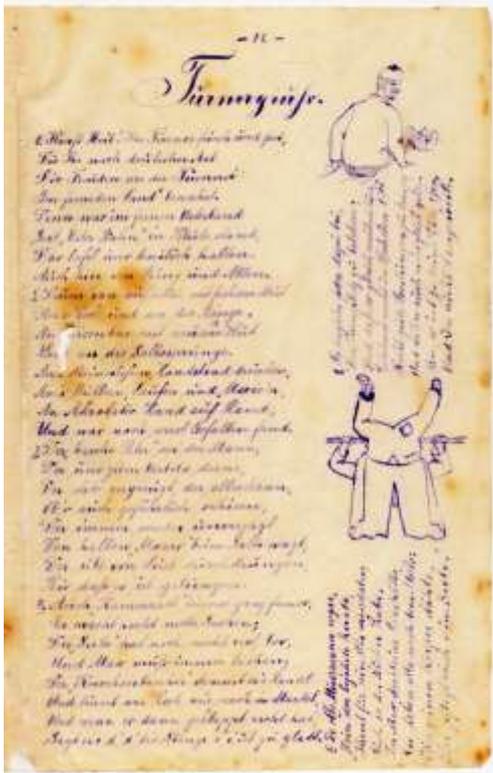
'A healthy mind can only live in a healthy body! '

Everywhere when Germans find themselves together in a community there is a disturbance fostered hot-bloodedly in favour of the dear Fatherland, under 'Vater John', and cultivated. Again this war shows how discipline and physical exercise carried out with German thoroughness bring about a good success. So not only in war, but also in all situations in life, gymnastics is one of the most useful and stimulating forms of exercise. So here in this strange land in captivity we do not want to be disloyal to the German customs, but

to promote gymnastics with all our strength. Who in recent weeks has been aware of the sense of joy to be found in the lively interest in sport which is displayed more and more from day to day. As we are able to convince ourselves to our satisfaction one or the other seems to apply to the most brilliant, possible performance whether it be on the horizontal bar, in jumping or with rings. Would it not be better however if all the strengths were brought together now, in order to create out of the disorderly confusion, an orderly Something. Why not establish a squad of gymnasts with fixed hours of training? Then in the future gymnastic displays could be organised which would show even the simplest training exercise performed correctly will give pleasure and many others will be persuaded to join in gymnastics.

Horizontal bar gymnast.

In this area quite reasonable success has been achieved. There is already a number of gymnasts, who perform difficult exercises like stem turns, rotating turns, giant circles, sudden deep dives etc. with considerable success. Now we want all gymnasts to apply themselves to greater correctness in deportment and in entering and departing; each exercise works so much more harmoniously and increases its value to a special degree. So too those who lack strong muscular structure raise their score. So our favourite gymnasts Käppene Büdel, Turkish Peter, Kämerralt (Albert) and several others care about it in a humorous way.



1.14

Gymnastic greetings

1. Hail Strength. You gymnasts healthy and free
You who in the German way
Preserve the joy in gymnastics
In a foreign land.

Since 'Father John' stood in blood
That allows us to consider
Here too are young and old

2. That is why anew with cheerful courage
on the horizontal bar and on the rings
With new fury on the iron bar
And with leaping somersaults.
Putting the shot, doing handstands,
Doing one's daily dozen, running and Mexican(?),
With acrobatic(s) hand over hand
And furthermore one usually found pleasure in it.

3. 'Turkish Peter' .. 'may be ' the man
Who serves as our role model,
He stands intrepid, he who can do everything,
Even if it also seems dangerous.
Who, always again. undaunted
Dares the half ' Moars ' with somersault
Who practises imbued with desire
Until he is successful.

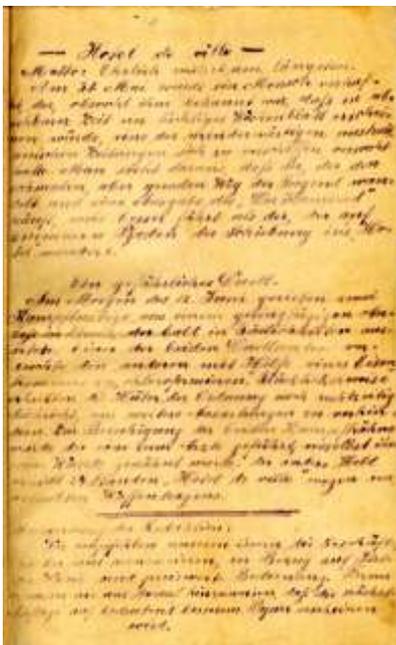
4. Also ' Kamerratt ' very famous gymnast
He does really good things correctly;
The ' Serb ' too is always on the ball
And Max has to laugh all the time;
The ' Bone breaker ' lifts the dumb-bell
And practices on the horizontal bar but still in his overcoat'
And if he has not been clapped
He says: The pole is too smooth.

5. Even old Müermann,
Hein 'the old chap'
And also the Becker Crow
Practice gymnastics
Also Max, little Hans and Otto
They all live according to the motto:



Whoever 'fine tunes' his body,
Also cares for his soul.

6. So everyone contributes
To animate the athletic grounds;
and in order to be mentioned straight away
He endeavours not to limp in
To bring in such good performances
And also he does not want to succeed at once
He is certainly in no hurry to do so
And will not bore you.



1.15

The town hall

Motto: Honesty lasts the longest.

On the 31st May a man was arrested who, although he knew that a good weekly paper was to be published in the foreseeable future had tried to publish one of the least worthy Australian newspapers one could obtain. From that it could be seen that he who seized the narrow straight path of virtue, wandered and bought a copy of 'Der Kamerad' travels far better than the one who wanders on the crooked paths of the graft in the 'Hotel'.

A dangerous duel.

On the morning of the 12th June, two combatants rode out ready to fight over a trivial dispute which soon degenerated into an assault. One of the two duellists tried to 'chloroform' the other with the help of a sledge hammer. Fortunately the guards still maintained the regulations and advanced to prevent further development. In order to calm down both fighting cocks, one of them was taken to the doctor where his wound was treated, the other hero remained for 24 hours at the Town Hall because he was carrying unauthorised weapons.

Editors comments.

We recommend to our readers that as announced the boxing of Jüte der Waare is well worth the money. Further allow us to add that the next issue will appear on significantly better paper.



1.16

'Electra'

Institution for new uses of electricity. G.M.B.H.

S.1 Beautification of the body :

S.2 Maintenance of the body :

S.3 Electricity inside and outside the house

Arno Oeser. Villa Kaisertraue
Telegrammadresse 'Blümchen'

Blue discount tickets will be taken in payment. Office also open on Sunday.

Professor Jockel zeit ii

Tattooing in an artistic design at the cheapest prices, also foreign designs created just as carefully as one's own.

Attention!!

For shoe or leather repairs

Arthur Räscher (2340)

For Sale for Demolition.

A wreck, badly affected by fate is for sale for destruction (2000 Reg. Ton with 25000 P.S steam turbines, steel hull) '

Bids are to be directed to

Norddeutsche-Bergungsgesellschaft

S.A.

Gustav Helbig

For the preparation of all printing in artistic design/execution. Kaul Preisen is highly recommended by the editors.



1.17

Photographic Workshop, esp. modern.

High quality prints in all sizes, using the latest processes.

Prices competitive with all other existing businesses.

Paul Dubotzki
Torrens Island,
High St. 5



1.18

Kaiser Café. Varied menu. High quality rooms, lighting and service. Cheap prices. All varieties of cakes delivered tastefully at short notice. Hot cocoa at all times. After several visits, we invite you to enjoy a Hamburger Willy.

At the Southern Cross. Tobacconists. Paul Dube. Cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, pipes etc. at cheapest prices.

Repairs and alterations. Walther Kalewe. Repairs, alterations, pressing, ironing and cleaning of clothes.

San Francisco Shipbuilding and Engineering Company Ltd. Peter Christensen. Ships of all sizes from the smallest pleasure craft to the largest ocean liner. Prompt and cheap repairs. Our speciality Torpedo-boats.

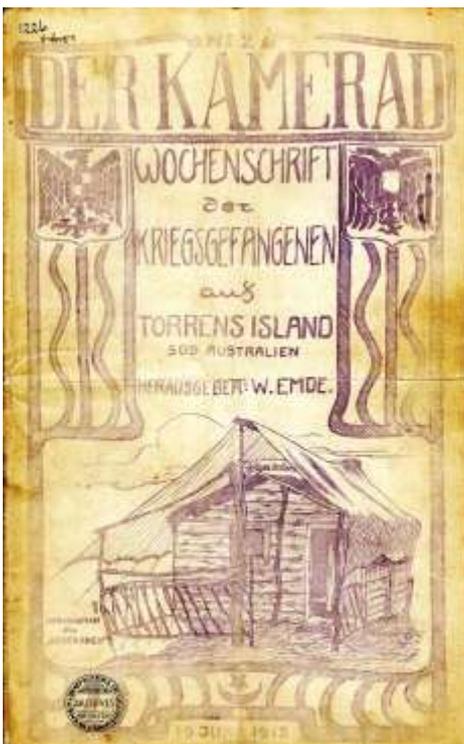
At the cheap shop. Guaranteed on small purchase 2% off already discounted goods, a token that will allow a slice of cake and a cup of cocoa at the Kaiser Café. H. Görike. Tent 2.

Hosiery. Cheap prices. Stockings – knitted F. Borstet. Tent 2.

Tobacconist. All sorts of tobacco, cigarettes. Cheapest prices. Fritz Schroder. Tent 6.

Found. Knife. To claim, contact Editor.

Stenography. ? Tent 2.



2.1

Comrades

Weekly newspaper of the prisoners of war on Torrens Island, South Australia

Publisher: W. Emde



2.2

We believe that we act in the name of all, when even in this place we give thanks for the loving care with which the Germans of Adelaide have thought of us. The articles of clothing were certainly welcome and we must be for ever grateful to our compatriots that they have thought of us so abundantly in these difficult times when everyone is more or less involved. Quite especially we have to express our thanks in this place to Harn L. Weste. Not alone, since the establishment of the campus he has done everything in his power to mitigate, he has also in the most kindly way, helped us in the founding of our paper. We also thank Herr Elkan for the friendly approach he has shown to our newspaper. Further we must not forget to thank Herr Captain Butler and Captain Hawker for granting permission for the printing of the newspaper. In particular we are obliged to Herr Lieutenant Marschall who stood aside with us instead of with Rat and Fat and was himself involved in many matters in order to do the best for us. Without his readiness to help us, the newspaper would not have appeared so regularly.
The Editor.



2.3

To music!

Music, O most glorious of the Muses,
How I long for you so very much
You who allow my breast to rise higher
Sometimes too make my poor heart heavy
How I long for your dear sounds
Which slowly caressing, move my soul
With your sweet melodies
And your moral songs of praise.

What are we without you on Torrens Island?

That we otherwise can perceive no joy on this island
Where only rushes grow and once
A rare small tree reached up to the sky
Where we, aloft in the strong rustling of the poplar
See only the sun's bright rays;
We are confined in a narrow kraal
And everywhere round about soldiers eavesdrop

We are poor creatures, without any pleasure! -
O musicians end our torment
And comply with our pious request
To play again as music was once played
We do not want the new compositions



Like country dances, songs about Mary, Lotty is dead ,
From swaying waltzes or rosy dawn.
You can spoil yourself in the practice of music.

We are greatly satisfied with old things
Like Bizet's 'Carmen', Wagner's 'Pilgrims Chorus,'
With Weber's 'Freischütz', Lortzingsche 'Undinen,'
With Verdi's 'a Traviata, Troubadour;'
With Teik'sehen Märschen, Schumann's 'Träumerei';
Even you were in your own reverie,
So long as for me there is a little Lü-tü-tü
Our modest wish will be fulfilled.



2.4

We ask you therefore, beloved musicians,
To bring to an end our sad fate;
We have certainly suffered enough already,
So give a nudge to your hearts
Let the sound of the horns resound once again
And when you have delighted, then that for which
Young and old are hoping, will also soon happen,
Then I will sing you a beautiful song of praise.

The Foundation of a German Theatre on Torrens Island.

When we consider the establishing of a theatre then we must be mindful of the indubitable fact that each time there have been important people who have not opened their minds to it, having lacked the opportunity to do so. Such people live among us too, - whoever does not believe this, prove to us the contrary in so far that they are gifted in specific fields yet they ought to be offered those opportunities lacking. In this sense let us allow to all whom it concerns the positive invitation not to hide their light under a bushel, but with the money which is given to them, to wish them and us good luck.

Unfortunately we have been left in in the dark as to the organisation or the way to establish such a project from the first suggestion of this idea. However time is too valuable and possibly only short and so it is necessary that people come together and the establishment of a theatre will lie in their hands. They will lay down what ought to be done and will expedite the raising of the necessary funds. The editors will help them with it with all the means at their disposal.

'For that, each person will strive to do what he can.
A small man is also a man '



2.5

Perpetual motion

For years mankind dreamed of finding the stone of wisdom
Work was hard, never any recompense,
In vain the efforts, the drudgery.

Now there is also a little athlete in the camp
Whose spirit and body resemble each other
He strives to enlarge the strength of his muscles
And attempts the same with his spirit.

He matures proudly I have found,
Here is perpetual motion
Someone takes a wheel made not out of steel but from wood,
Just as we see on a mill wheel

Half in the water, half of it swinging free
The friction is reduced as much as possible
Airboxes appear to be still there
That is, how I think of it for myself.

The boxes in the water want to come up,
Who does not know the uplift of Physics
They start the wheel running on the spot -
I forget that the axles are also creating friction.

And who now says to me that it is not working,
Must specify rules and laws to me,
Consider it impossible that it revolves
However much it also sharpens the tongue.

So long as he cannot prove it practically
That which I thought impossible,
So long will my courage not fail,
For I think: Theory is deplorable to man.

O little athlete, lucky in choice
How sad we are to say,
Your problem which was really about nothing
Our Paril has carried it to the paper basket.



2.6

Apprenticeship of a seaman and the journeyman's years of travel. Continuation. Hamburg.

My father did not say a word during the journey. But I sought anxiously for signs of the outskirts of Hamburg on the horizon, Yet even today though I certainly know Hamburg like the back of my hand, and held many a blue eye in St. Paulis, and have left more than one tooth there, the same longing draws me in. My impatience had no bounds as we finally drove over the Harburger Bridge and the masts of the sailing ships in the harbour beckoned us over.

On that day especially I was full of astonishment. The best thing would be running here and there from my father. On the Messberg we could only get through the buyers, the vegetable sellers, between baskets and carts with difficulty. Heavens, what a bustle! Everyone spoke and shrieked in confusion in a dialect which rang in my ears for the first time 'Coconut, coconut, all with milk, [Lút]' shrieks a seller whose cart had delayed us in the crush, and as a man approached us, turned towards his daughter [here follows 3 lines in dialect]

How I gaped with provincial mouth and eyes, as we went along the Long Mole In which direction should I really direct my eyes! On the left a tangle of one- or two- masted- sailing vessels and barges and antedeluvian houses, thickly pressed together and opened up and over all of them, the, to me, now familiar Hamburger fog and dampness. On the right one general store next to the other, dirty and untidy. In the window however, everything seemed to be set out that a young heart could wish for. Oil and underwear, boots in all qualities, new and used all higgledy – piggedly, above all every type of knife. Could one become a real sailor without a sou'wester, the long legged oilskin trousers, and that frightful sort of knife presented, like the one which I had so coveted, seen in my tenpenny novels.



2.7

It was a real wonder that I was not run over. Now over a bridge, along Steinhof, in front of Stomann's shipping business right up to the Elbe. I had not really envisaged it so myself. The devil seems to have travelled in all the steamers, all the tug boats and pilot launches. There were hoots, whistles, rumbles, driving in confusion stirring up the dirty water of the Elbe, as if the end of the world were approaching and each must save what he could.

All that did not seem to disturb my father. In fact for the first time for hours he opened his mouth, as we stood opposite Glode. He almost wanted to kill himself from pure politeness and addressed me as 'Herr

Aspurant'. 'Why not?' I thought. 'If I had made 15 trips already and a fairly powerful, robust lad, that is the best way to become Captain.'



My father's farewell was short and not very heartfelt. I believe that we were equally pleased that now we would not need to see each other any more. With that there was also the last bond to break between me and my homeland. Now I began to feel joyful and a feather must have felt with me how my heart skipped for joy as one after another all parts of a seaman's kit 'First Class' were adjusted and deemed correct. Out with the mirror! Thunder and lightening! I looked grand in the blue jacket and the 'shooting hat.' 'Hats off!' I was a fine young man! How everyone would stare when I appeared on the street in the state like that.

I did not stay in my new quarters quite nearby with 'Tetje' Müller for very long. I scarcely gulped down something to eat. To forget was everything, homeland, parents certainly – unbelievable – even the new uniform, of which I was still proud as a peacock



2.8

Sketch by S. P. named 'Turnplatz'



2.9

and had intended to take out with my overwhelming impression of the port of Hamburg. I was aware of it when even I could see myself as a foolish young man, as I went down from "Tetje' Müller's as far as St. Pauli's Landing Bridge, soon staring at the shipyards of Blohm & Voss, soon going on further, my head in a quite impossible position, toward the sailing ships harbour, the large swimming port or turned to the granary silos. Again it was a wonder that I arrived safe and sound at the round trip steamship.

How, in those days then must dozens of good angels have watched over me. Here for the first time I came across my ideal, of the typical Hamburger deckhand, standing on the pontoon ready to run and cast away with frightful, spitting bragging full of contempt for the world. A gray-bearded seaman asked him directly for the time of departure. '.....? [local dialect?] was his astonished question as the monstrous plug of chewing tobacco flew to earth. '.....' [local dialect?] came back. And I? now I began to feel smaller and smaller. Up until now, I had been no saint; but the one who in sweet, youthful, thick skinned impertinence had brought other people to despair. After I had seen how

the cables were thrown off and how with a magnificent jump the boy reached the already moving boat I forced myself forwards in order to be able to watch everything interesting at the best possible time, to feel brave, even when some spray splashed me from the moving harbour water. 'Oh, what joy to be a seaman!' With that, my ideal, the deckhand laughed at me from behind, without any respect for my uniform essentially like his, really disillusioning me. Something was lacking in my appearance and I resolved to buy some tobacco to chew at the next possibility, in order to spit large, brownish plugs too and be able to impress other louts like me. Away it went. Straight across the harbour, past the Kaiserhof to the Grasbrook in front of the Woermann -,



2.10

East Africa - , Austral - and Kosmos steamer and then to the sailing ships harbour. Happy time of youth. ! At that time I did not think how at Cape Horn up there in the masts in which I throw myself, I would curse the voyage, the ship, Cape Horn, God and the whole world if when fastening the sail, stiff as a board, it could not be shifted with either patience or strength. If I had known then, what I know now, I would have preferred to become a stone-breaker and not be sitting here. Now it cannot be changed. What's the use? When no one else wants to commit to youthful foolishness, drink away his money, love too much or go into debt, there will be no more seamen and only dunces, Mankind will slowly and surely die of boredom.

Back to the Landing Bridge and if I had not been forward opposite the swimming pool, just standing, I would not have met my friend 'Küddel ' and been the poorer for one of my most fantastic memories and experiences.

To be continued

The city hall.

To our great joy, several publications were forwarded to us, out of which it emerged that on the whole our attempt seemed to have found a favourable response. In this number we have in part followed to some extent the suggestions for improvement which have been made. We would like especially to express our desire to consider always the wishes of our reader. We would also like to mention a letter that implies that the writer recognises our goodwill.

We would now like to ask all our readers once more to work together and to give us their opinion without reserve at every time. We ask however that consideration be given to the fact that our paper has to comply with a strong censorship on the part of the military authority at all times.



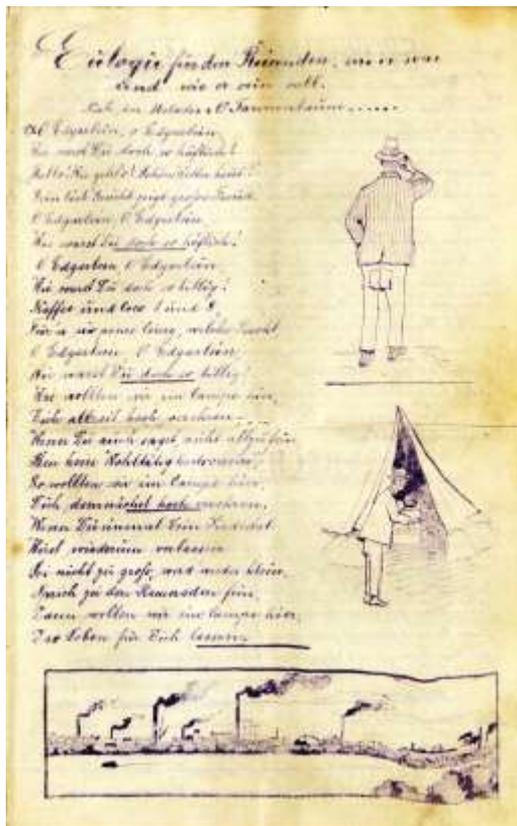
2.11

Eulogy for the traveller, as he was and as he should be.

Sung to the tune of 'O Tannenbaum'

O little Edgar, O little Edgar,
How very polite you were !
'Hallo! How are you? Beautiful weather today!
Your dear face shows great joy,
O little Edgar, o little Edgar,
How polite you were!

O little Edgar, O little Edgar
How reasonable you were!
Coffee and cocoa 1 and 8,
For a sixpenny curry, what magnificence,
O little Edgar, O little Edgar,
How were you so reasonable!



We wanted here in the camp,
To respect you so highly all the time;
When you said to me not too politely,
I am no charitable society,
Consequently we here in the camp
Wanted to express our great respect for you.

When you want to leave
Your pedestal again one day
Don't be too big, be small again,
Speak politely to your comrades,
For here in the camp we would
Give up life for you



2.12

Sports news

Our suggestion, which we gave in the last number is already achieving results to our delight. A Gymnastics class is already in the process of development and we urge all our readers quite positively to be active whenever possible—and—when something might prevent this, whatever the circumstances—and one becomes inactive, to persist in this and so promote these good activities. As more announcements are made, the more the general desire for sport in the camp will grow and come into our general arid daily life in fresh ways.

The Sports selection of the last week was not good on account of the bad weather. The horizontal bar could claim to be only very weak, the boxing not at all. Only the tug of war seems to have found many adherents. It is only to be hoped that in order to avoid controversy, that sailors and firemen stand on both sides.

On supplementing the last number may we also comment.

Ground floor gymnasium and piloting.

Unfortunately because of the advanced time of the year, we can not start this beautiful sport satisfactorily as neither apparatus nor water facility are at hand as was the case in the bathing season. Hand over hand Acrobatics seems to have quite fizzled out, yet we hope that the interest in it so far will thrive again. As well both the baker (not to be confused with the ' Snowy Baker ') and the athlete Otto are especially to blame for this neglect. Also the latter have greatly resisted the piloting.

Rings.

With regret we must declare that since the horizontal bar was established, the Roman Rings do not rate to such a degree as they deserve any more. We point out that it also is in the nature of this apparatus that there are few experienced gymnasts to make good training possible.



2.13

Local news

A mistake of great consequence.

On the morning of 11th June in the East Public Baths, a man from Hesse was arrested, as he suspected a certain Gustav Weitz, to be the mountain ghost of the Riesengebirger and frightened he called 'Rübezahl. The Kamerad, feeling insulted, insisted on the Hessian's arrest. During the trial the latter wanted to apologise for it. He was partially blind! As he had already been convicted many times, no one believed this. The sentence was 14 days in the Town Hall.



On Friday 11th, a man named Richard Korn was arrested for making a great deal of trouble in the most suspicious way on the fortress on the North side. A sentry who was patrolling noticed that that the criminal was taking out packets of paper drawings and covering them with sand. For the present he is in prison.

Printer's error : correction: Instead of ' Papier korp ' use ' Papier korb ' . c.f. last line of 'Perpetuum mobile'.

At the southern Cross. Cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, matches at the cheapest prices. Paul Dube. High St.

New! Flying school. Details will be given by the newspaper boys.

Ducal court flight – Schulmeister. Paul [censored] Dessau. Torrens Island

Auditing. Receipts and expenses. Retail, subscriptions, paper, writing materials, ink etc. See Editor.

Found. Knife. See Editor.

For the drawing up of ships of all sorts and at the lowest prices I recommend myself. My shipyard especially recommended. Warships, Dreadnoughts, Battleships. Also artistic photograph frames. F.Eckert. Tent j3



2.14

Attention!

Kaiser Café.

Today, Sunday afternoon, there is a Café Konzert in my newly decorated and enlarged space Tables set up on the verandah in beautiful weather.

Especially recommended are the cakes and all sorts of especially prepared baked goods.

After several visits you are kindly invited to try a hamburger Willy.

Elektra.

First class Institute for tatoos etc.

Telegramme address – Little flowers.

Dept. 1 Beautification of the body to perfection. Success with painless treatment. Old tatoos as new etc. Lifelong guarantee.

NEW. Without precedence. Sensational! Strong and weak current. In shortest time. Excellent work.

Arno Deser, Direktor. Hauptstr.5.



2.15

Manufacture of carbide lamps. Latest designs, stylish. Original and foreign patents. Excellent product guaranteed. Manufacture of Dreadnought, submarines. Walther Grunewald. Walther Grunewald.

Repairs and restoration. Speedy and durable repairs guaranteed. Premzl, Hauptstr. [? 2.]

In response to demand, I will shortly be selling onions, vinegar etc. carefully chosen and at the cheapest prices. Wide choice of lagers. Also cigarettes, tobacco etc. H. Verecke. Tent 2.

Repairs, alterations, ironing, cleaning etc. Articles of clothing. Walther Kalewe. Z.40

San Francisco shipbuilding and engineering company.

'Verloosung' a model of the American Viermaster Barquendine, 'Aurora'. More models and photographs artistically framed at the lowest prices.

Wilh. Fick & Peter Christensen.

All sorts of tobacco and cigarettes at the cheapest prices. Fritz Schröder. Tent [? G]

First class Tooting Salon. Professor Jockel. Every trend and duration guaranteed. Come as desired. Professor Jockel, Hauptstr. [?]



2.16

Paul Dubotzki.

First class art works.

Price list follows.

Photographs, post cards – the camp at high tide the most beautiful views on the island etc.

Subscriptions to the newspaper.

Price list.



3.1

Comrades: weekly newspaper of the prisoners of war on Torrens Island, South Australia

Published by W. Emde.

26 June 1915

HH. [*Initials of the illustrator*]



3.2

Gesang und Chor

'Attilas Camp.'

Text von Hans Korth

Musik von Wilhelm Kürel

There on the South Australian coast
Rumbling dully from the surging sea,
Where the rabbits live in the sand
and poisonous snakes nest,
Where God allows no flower to bloom,
Where only the seagulls gather.

(Choir)

That is Torrens Island,
desolate and empty ,
And we were brought here
As prisoners by the Constables.

2. There are no herds here,
And no grass sprouting,
Only the beautiful sun radiating
Here to greet us.
What else did the seeking eye find here
Only reeds and marshy sand. Refrain: There is ...

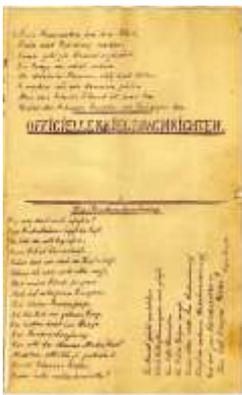
3. The winds bring over a sad song.
These gloomy waves murmur
No wanderer here points out the way
No little bells are to be heard,
And even the beloved birdsong,



Is not to be heard on this island. Refrain:

4. In the distance many a small ship
Moves along richly laden with goods,
Yet not one brings us from secret shores
No ship ever steers with skilful hand
Its passage to this shore. Refrain:

5. The German regions are so magnificent,
The valleys and the mountains,
Yet here there is only mysterious remoteness
Where the constables watch with hostility.
So no longing will be felt
Through this sad, dreary picture. Refrain:



3.3

6. Soon liberation is approaching,
Then we can think again of our homeland
Which we have not seen for so long.
As German men proud and valiant
So we will move thence
from dreary and empty Torrens Island
where the constables
Brought us here as prisoners.

Official war news

The Peace Conference.

What does the blackbird like to sing?
Hopping from the willow tree to the air
He who loves, wants to touch;
For love is knowledge.
Therefore I too my head so hot
So long as I do not know everything ,
And my hands search
For deeply hidden things.
The unimportant womens' questions,
I will solve you in the green spring.
We had eight in the Hague.
At the Peace Conference
What should the dull foundation be, Child?
You should disarm quickly
That is Europe's wish;



Therefore keep stock still!
The blackbird peeps furtively
Through flickering green alders and whistles.
A deeper drawing of breath
Grazes the tops of the grasses.
Then all is still. On the willow stump
Hangs a lost girl's stocking,
And there two high-heeled shoes—
Now Europe is at peace!

Edgar Steiger

3.4

The learning and travelling years of a seaman

St. Pauli

2. Continuation.

I say, my 'Friend' Rüd̄del. For as he stood in front of me shabby, dirty, half starved, such a benevolent grin lit up his face, that I at once formed a plan, and quite apart from that I felt myself extraordinarily honoured through his address.

(dialect) – ' Yes ' . dialect follows – So much is clear, Rüd̄del seemed to know his people. One eye blinking, hands in pockets, with both feet firmly placed on the all too real earth thus he will remain in my memory. Schrum! (Done). His chewing tobacco carried through the air; splash! Into the Elbe. Truly! Rüd̄del had something impressive about him as I described him in 'Stortebecker' happy and proud to be allowed to keep him free.

Then in 'Tetje' Muller's small room, for the last time in my life, it happened, that I impressed other people. As my sleeping companions spread out, two other equipped future ships boys from Glóde, their ...?.. out, as I arrogantly pointed out the advantages of my friendship with a real Hamburger 'air mattress! How they may have envied me that night. But that also was for the last time. My condition the next morning, as I would admit to Rüd̄del as a hopeless beer corpse, had to be less envied.

At any rate, after I had played the cock of the roost for long enough and had promised to report on my experiences in St. Pauli on the side to my dedicated friends, I took my mother's savings from my pocket to meet Rüd̄del at the St. Pauli's ferry house. Actually I had hardly any conception of all that awaited me there behind Great Elbe Street. I walked in front of the saveloy miller, along David Street and had not allowed myself to think about how I would make the return journey from there. Rüd̄del was full of stupid jokes and as I now remember, his head turned to the left, to a particular place where there were some remarks, the meaning of which in my innocence I had only a very limited understanding. I will at the same time stress that I in certain respects had remained unsophisticated. We had little interest and hardly



any time for such things in my homeland.

3.5



dummer Witze und machte, ' (preceded by thanks for support from fellow Germans)

[*several sentences here are delivered in dialect and the precise meaning is unclear in this context*]

stupid jokes and made, as I now remember myself, head turned to the left in a particular place at a few remarks the meaning of which in my innocent way I had little understanding. Equally I would like to emphasize here that I had remained uncorrupted in a certain respect. In my homeland we young people had little interest and hardly any time for such conduct.

My comrade did his job well. He gave me St Pauli in small, sure and effective doses, in order not to spoil the taste from the first. The Beer Palace opened the process. And I must say that this first stop on our beer journey was not very pleasant. The smell seemed to be stifling to me, the cold beer hurt my teeth and I did not like the smell of the cigarettes. But in the remaining places it was on, although it was still early in the evening, and the real St. Pauli. Lions had still not left their lairs. Indeed the lions were no loss. At long tables, on benches and chairs they sat, remarkable glances at anything male and as it occurred to me, directed at me. In fact, I must have made a peculiar impression with my pure freshness, continually blushing and with my unusual downcast eyes. Yet the second half litre was already working. The music became merrier, the girls friendlier, and Rüdchel persuaded me to entrust him with my money as he knew better how to deal with pickpockets. Naturally, fool that I am, I did so. In agonised blind confidence even time and experiences have effected few improvements in me.

A sudden shout 'Rüdchel ' rose and waving violently: ' ...! ...! [*local*]', and as a pretty girl comes up (*more local dialect*)

Ach! What was I, an innocent angel . to experience everything.? Stinchen's loud voice and appearance were out of keeping. As she sat down and pointing towards me, Rüdchel asked: [*Local dialect*] ' I was almost dying from embarrassment on the spot. I moved here and there, rubbing my sweaty hands, a real fool. Stine was really pitiless. ' *local speech* '. In order to show off, I swallowed down the rest of my second glass . Then she said ' [*Local speech*]'. But Rüdchel, swanking, spared me my stutter. ' '[*Local*] '. Stine seemed then as if she had fallen from the clouds. ' (*Local* ')...... Consequently Rüdchel could not often be troubled by such generosity. At least seldom had he possessed the necessary drive. There was something else too. In his pocket, which seemed to be the only undamaged part of his trousers, clinked my emergency money, 98 whole marks



3.6

[local speech continues]

In order to show off, I swallowed down the rest of my second glass . Then she said [local speech]. But Rüd­del, swanking, spared me my stutter. [local] . Stine seemed then as if she had fallen from the clouds. ‘ [local ‘] Consequently Rüd­del could not often be troubled by such generosity. At least seldom had he possessed the necessary drive. There was something else too. In his pocket , which seemed to be the only undamaged part of his trousers, clinked my emergency money, 98 whole marks

Stine began to become more lively. And something frightful happened. A knee was laid on my lap, she whispered to me ‘you, would you like to ? I thought however that the whole crowd would have heard it. In any case it seemed that everyone stared at me. I would have most liked to box both of Stine’s ears. Rüd­del turned. (sentence in local speech). I had enough. Stine saw too that there was nothing doing. ‘ [Local speech] Rüd­del shouts after her and held out his hat.

To be continued

Imitation recommended!

He who gets up early in the camp,
Is not afraid of the morning’s cold
And goes to the camp’s corner
Where the Scharzfels tents stand

He sees a wonderful garden
Which is scarcely believable but true,
The Captain of Torrens Island has laid down
Sand with his own hand.

He can be seen each morning
As he with much trouble and care
His folding ruler in his right hand
In his pocket the centimeter tape.



3.7

Checks the growth of his plants
Certainly he has no bitter oranges
Certainly there are not any in Germany
His duty drives him much more.

After peas, also potatoes, beans
How beautiful to live in their shadow!
And further one can also
Make very good use of them.

If then the camp were to accept
How one so easily and without pain,
Can practice agriculture here and
Not just play skat .

Then boredom would disappear
And certainly no one could be found here
Who no longer knew what to do.
'When work is finished, it is good to rest'

Local news

Crimes against §11.

On 23rd of this month the well known shipbuilder 'Teddy Bear' was arrested. He had dropped a case of beer in the water on loading a supply ship. According to reports, he was said to be a passionate abstainer and only drink when he is either alone or in company. A Martyr in the struggle against intemperance he will have to defend himself against any charge of negligence.

Great insubordination.

On Wednesday this week a citizen was arrested, who did not obey the repeated order to carry heavy meat sacks to two people nearby. He stated that he was not a North German power athlete and knew that such a heavy load would damage his waist. As he was able to prove that he was not a vexatious unqualified liar, he was presented as Australian trash.

Public nuisance.

On the night of Saturday/Sunday, the week before last a young man was arrested who, we accept, feeling the need, at the South Gate not of his own urge, planted a 'Night watchman' there. Evidently this excited the professional jealousy of the other watchman who at once took steps to arrest him. The responsible officials have yet to decide to what extent he was guilty of an 'unfair competition'.

Lost property.



Found. A bunch of keys, a pipe and a pipe bowl; Inquire at the ['acronym'] Red. d._R.



3.8

Grieving, today we accompany our very dearly loved comrade to his last rest.

He was one of the best.

Prostrate from grief ...

Those left behind.



3.9

Allow me please!

To conquer oneself is the most wonderful victory!
Says Schiller, or Goethe? If it is true,
If that is the most splendid too in this war
We may quarrel with Phillip Lahr
Prospektor –Otto about this.
Both are upright young men
Who often have the most furious arguments;
The discussion breaks down and will become disagreeable
Says Otto with humour: ' Allow me '!

When in the evenings after nine we are still talking
Of war and peace and also of our beloved God,
And Philipp [sic.] never fails then
To say the word ' Kapott ' (? ruined)
When all become excited then exasperated :
And Phillip (sic.) endlessly raging ' Kapott '
The row in the tent grows enormously
Then Otto says with humour, ' Allow me '!

Otto pays great attention to the card game
He also demands that Backer who recently in the evenings
Was looking around in the course of the game,



Pay attention to the matter in hand and asks,
 What he was really doing there;
 Otto asked him 'Are you playing here or there? -
 Or, said Backer in America.
 And as he laughed mightily about it
 Otto said only ' Well then, allow me '!

To translate Hackels ' Morality '
 With foreign words so many in number,
 Otto at any rate can only ? [suggest]
 For ' plain English ' is not enough: allow me please!
 For ' Individium ' as you now know
 Does not mean ' Individual ' in English.
 So is one taught. With a quite banal smile
 Thereupon Otto said: ' Well then, allow me '!



3.10

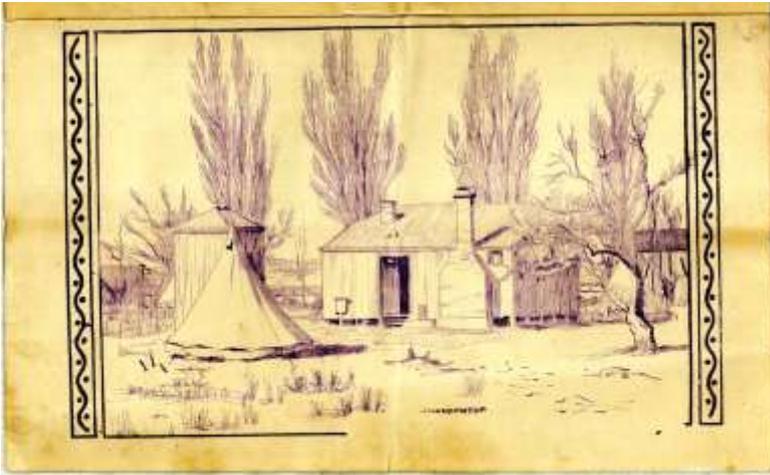
His motto is also self control,
 That every one here in camp should bear that in mind,
 As an example take Erich Prospector Otto
 Who dug for stones and gold for a long time.
 He was always so gentle and forbearing,
 He strove against the moustache the Cross and the lateral,
 He was always like this. Now don't be brutal,
 Always say in a nice kind way: 'Allow me please'!

What is the prisoner of war on Torrens Island?

- Someone who thinks constantly of freedom .
- Directing hatred of the enemy on himself
- Painfully watched
- Having no rights here
- Having few friends
- Never refreshing himself



Living in a tent,
Feasting upon storm soup
Always digesting pumpkin
Longing for beer,
Not despising whisky,
Smoking ' Capstan '
Hissing ' ?Hútzmacher '
Practising gymnastics,
Not liking ? ' Tomme '
Playing chess and skat
Feeling lonely
Sometimes quarreling
Working little,
Saying ' Excuse me please. '
Carrying tree trunks
Visiting the ' Kaiser Café '
A powerless refugee,
A great reader,
Dozing for hours,
Dreaming of home,
Forgetting ' Lights out '
Tormented by boredom,
A narrator of war stories
Not understanding ' War news '
Completely missing women,
Suffering from diarrhoea
Staying in the W.C. out of boredom,
Possessing no money,
Shaping the new,
Stared at by visitors,
Generally wretched
Very often arrested ,
Detained in the hotel,
Threatened by fate
Shackled at best
Enduring anger,
Never losing heart,
Pinned with a bayonet
At one time a frightful smelly
Genuine German
Michel!



3.11

Full page sketch titled nandantua



3.12

Sports news.

We regret we will no longer in the future be in the position to be able to bring further Sports News; yet we hope that the little that we have been able to bring to you up till now, will bear fruit. However we must in this last issue of 'Kameraden' not miss the opportunity to point out seriously that it is absolutely necessary in order to achieve success, to follow the orders of the leading gymnasts in the interim. Although this gymnastics team is absolutely not a party team, nevertheless discipline and order must prevail. For anyone who wants to appreciate, it is only through strict execution of the orders given that the aim of the club is achievable.

A resounding ' Good Luck ' (Gut Heil!) to the successful members!

Chess

A tournament organised during the last 14 days, in which 10 players took part , had the following result :

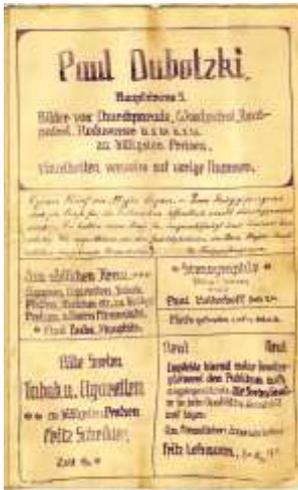
- 1 Prize. Comrade B rth with 24 winning points.
- 2 ' Comrade Ketterer with 22 ' ' .
- 3 ' Comrade Schmidt with 19 ' ' .
- 4 ' Comrade Kroll with 15 ' ' .

The general interest, which these tournaments would have engendered , suggests that further competition games will follow these first ones.

Library

(Letter to the Editor.)

Since the Camp Library only contains about 50 German volumes, comrades are urgently asked to pursue donations out of the ranks of comrades.



3.13

Paul Dubotzki.
High Street 5.

Pictures of church parades, wood patrols, boat patrols, high tide etc. at the cheapest prices. Refer to the last issue for details.

Open letter to Major Logan from two prisoners appealing against the injustice of their sentence.

At the Southern Cross . Cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, pipes, matches etc. Cheapest prices. Paul Dube. High Street.

All sorts of tobacco and cigarettes at the cheapest prices.
Fritz Schröder. Tent 6

Stenography Paul Heltechoff.. Tent 24.

Found. Pipe. Queries to the Editor.

New. Highly recommended to the public. All sorts of vegetables from my vegetable garden. Quality and quantity Fritz Lefsmann. ? Adresse.



3.14

Edgar Watkinson
O Edgarlein
How are you so cheap!
O Edgarlein!!

A true word expressed so Poetically
To the noble poets!

Here's to the editors who have given this service to the German people on Torrens Island So many thanks!

The truth is out! Do not believe cheapjack placards each time. Placards offering goods at under purchase prices including the damaged , do not belong to our business principles. He who trusts us with his handshake will find a large choice of excellent quality at moderate prices ..Known as the first established tent store since October 1914, our reputation for good products at fair prices is steadily growing. First tent and associated products established. Wide choice, good quality wares and fair prices.



3.15

Edgar Watkinson

Motto: Shoemaker stay by your last.!

For more than 30 years we have been successfully expanding our business.

Colonial goods department.

List of domestic and food goods listed with prices given e.g. cocoa, jelly, chrystals, condensed milk, vanilla essence, wine, tinned vegetables, sauces etc.

Tobacco, cigarettes, cigars, pipes, matches and cigarette paper. Greatest assortment at very low prices.

House Orders. For advantageous purchase of any kind of article desired.

Original bills produced. Acceptance of cheques, postal orders, money orders at any time of day. Payment in full.

Edgar Watkinson.

Tent Schatzstr 111 Edgar Watkinson

Colonial goods – foods, drinks, tobacco etc.

Notices, publicity, general wares.

Groceries etc. Tent Scharzfele 111



3.16

Attention Attention Kaiser Café

Every Wednesday until Saturday Evenings [?6] – 9h

Kafé --- Konzert

Specially recommended coffee - cakes and all sorts of pastries, well known for good preparation. After several visits we invite you to a Hamburger Willy.

“Elektra “ G.M.B.H.

First class Institute for electrical tatooring on site.

Telegram address: Little flowers.

Dept. 1. Body beautification to the highest level. Great success with painless treatment. Old tatoos refreshed. Guaranteed lifelong success.

New!! Without precedent! Highly sensational! New!

Unparalleled! Success!

Tatooring from photographs, unrivalled, similarity guaranteed.

Dept. 2. The Institute undertakes weak and strong conduction in the shortest time.

Arno Oeser. Director. Hauptstr.5.