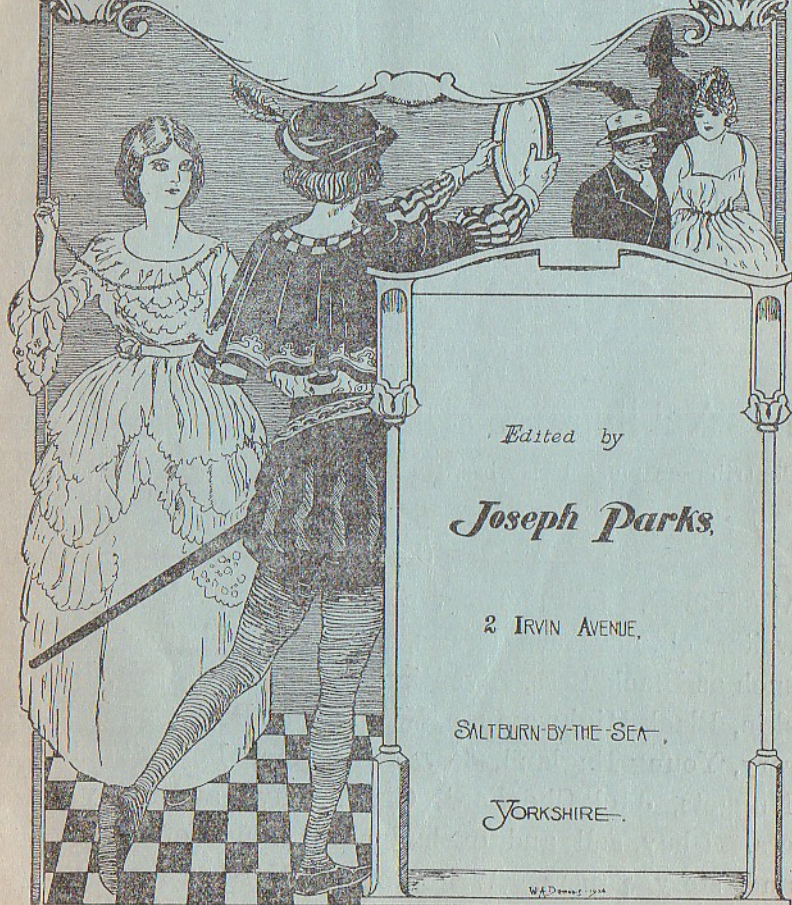


VANITY FAIR

An Illustrated Amateur Magazine.



Edited by

Joseph Parks.

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No. 25, Vol. 3.

Threepence.

September, 1926.



REFLECTIONS

BY J. HULL GOSS.

IN the "Searchlight," an American amateur magazine, Mrs. E. D. Houtain a former President of the National Amateur Press Association has given us her "Impressions" of England and the English. It is always interesting "to see ourselves as others see us;" but it is annoying to find the foolish opinions of a traveller obtruded as "impressions," as in Mrs Houtain's article. Some of her genuine impressions are interesting; but her opinions are ridiculous. Take this example of the latter: "The English Radio Programmes are bad the Announcers are unintelligible to one who speaks English as the English do not do. If a Philantropist wishes to do some good in the world, he will send missionaries to England with a shipload of dictionaries, and some clubs to enforce them." The implication is, of course, that we need lessons from the Americans on

how to speak our own language! I need only say in reply that if my readers will recall the English (!) of the Americans they have met, they will at once see the absurdity of Mrs. Houtain's remarks. An even more impertinent criticism is this: "England is going to be 100% more up-to-date and willing to accept the fact that *tempus fugit*, when she gets rid of her King." Nonsense of that kind needs no refutation and can only discredit its author. In some respects we may be a backward nation; but when we think of "up-too-date" Prohibition, with its chemical "whisky," secret drinking and gunmen "bootleggers;" of Ellis Island and the callous officialism permitted there; of Tammany elections and political and judicial "graft" in America; *then* we know how enlightened and *free* England really is.

THE WOMAN THOU GAVEST US.



BY NIGEL VAN BIENE.

THE King rose up and spake: "Hear ye. This woman shall be thy guide, councillor and friend," And lo! The people rejoiced and flung high their hats, shouting: "Forever! Forever!"

And so it came to pass that this dominant woman was the peoples' friend, even to the teaching and recreation and thoughts thereof.

And the time came when a dissentant voice rose in the land, saying: "Who is this ye have appointed to rule? Are there not Kings and Councillors she has broken?"

And the people said: "Aye!"

And the voice continued! "Has she not usurped her power—broken even Presidents and Vice-Presidents—even to the peoples of the Kingdom?"

And the people shouted: "Aye!"

"Then, all ye, haste to the booths and poll this woman begone. Let not Mussolini, Great Dictator of Italia, bear his name besmudged by hers. Arise!"

And the people shouted: "Aye!"

Then the voice became a man. And behold! It was Aj, the Lord of Ink, and he did say again: "Oust her, ye fools. Shall this canker forever rot the nation's heart and spew forth tirades of vicious balderdash? Nay! Abase her, my people—give her the dust of the land to eat thereof. Shall ye?"

And the people answered: "AYE!"

And so it came to pass.

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THE DEAR OLD "DREADFULS"

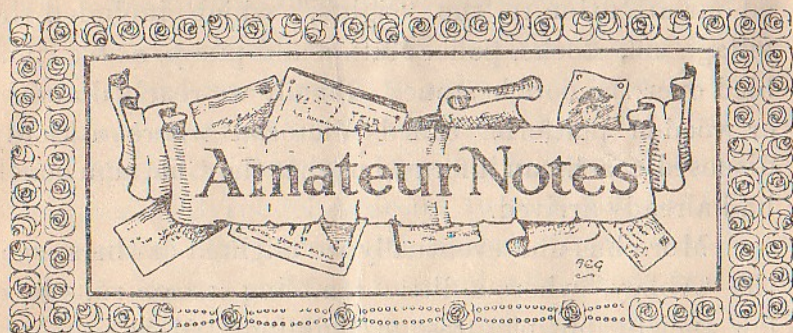
BY BARRY ONO.

I think I set the fashion in this mag. some years ago,
 Of rhyming on the many dear old dreadfuls I can show ;
 I've Sweeny Todd the Barber, come and have a look,
 With Handsome Harry, ne'er has been its equal as a book
 It seems I've started many poets on the same old tack,
 Who've rhymed on Ching-Ching, Harkaway, and good
 old Spring-Heeled Jack.

As amateurs, their metre sometimes, with a smile I scan
 They stumble o'er Three Fingred Jack, and Vile's
 Black Highwayman,
 Black Bess and Blueskin, Tyburn Dick, should figure in
 their lay,
 Perchance this hardened rhymster, once again can show
 the way,
 The old Boys Standard, don't forget Boys Leisure, Boys
 World too
 Young Englishman, Young Britain, now reduced to
 quite a few.

I'll make a sporting offer, when you're coming London
 way,
 I've umpteen dozen I can show you, spend a jolly day ;
 There's Colonel Jack and Claude Duval, Jack Rann the
 Gipsy Boy
 So if you are an epicure, I'll fill your heart with joy,
 The merry Wives of London, midst the scarce ones you
 will find,
 While Cartouche, Red Ralph, and Nell Gwyne are not
 so far behind
 The Lambs of Littlecote, the Island School and Happy
 Jack,

Are all by Burrage, nicely bound you'll find them in
 the stack
 I've Brett's and Fox's, Edward Lloyd's George Emm-
 ett's in galore
 But tired of gloating on my "lonesome", I'm just wait-
 ing for,
 Some of the dear old boys who loved them, when they
 have the time,
 To come along and see them, that's the object of my
 rhyme.



CONVENTION HUMOUR. LONDON, 1926.

BY IVANHOE.

THE sun had barely risen ere two youthful North country literateurs alighted upon the dusty wooden landing stage at Kings Cross, (and no wonder he is! Ed.) situated near the little village of London, and proceeded to stretch themselves. One knocked the ashes from his pipe whilst the other took a long and satisfactory dose of "Kendal Brown." (Snuff, Ed.) The two youthful heroes were Messrs. Herdman and Parks. After an hasty wash in an adjoining orange box, and an

attempted breakfast at the unsavoury palace of a flourishing Italian, the adventurous pair sat down to await the arrival of the Lord Mayor. Several hours later R. A. L. Breed arrived—a stalwart country youth without spectacles. More waiting and the slumbering Kitchell not arriving the three A.J.'s set out, entered a worm-eaten bus drawn by a dilapidated horse, and proceeded jauntily through the village. Breed kindly called our attention to the “sights,” which included the village inn, stocks, police station and pump, as we rumbled over the cobble stones. Finally we reached another wooden platform, called Victoria, where a kindly disposed coachman informed us that the Chatham coach had already arrived.

More bus and eventually we alighted at the sign of the “Abbey,” where a little rambling stream rolls by a few ancient, but picturesque buildings. More waiting! Two hours later, Stanley G. Kitchell, being aroused from his slumbers by the bed breaking through working overtime, we are amused to see him dashing towards us holding up his unmentionables in one hand and clutching a huge slab of cake with the other. More wait and three of the Chatham amateurs appear on the horizon, F. E. Hope, Drywood, and Miss Larcombe. Later, our little party is strengthened by the addition of two wild sons of Erin, Messrs Downes and O’Byrne. We again sally forth to view the neighbouring hamlets, O’Byrne getting lost in the crowd outside the circus known as Whitehall, who are gathered to see the artistes changing their horses.

On we rambled heeding not the heat or dust, each individual trying to make as much noise and get lost as often as possible. Poor old Breed! Herdman and Parks contrived to lost once looking for a bottle of Bass. Near to St. Paul's O'Byrne expressed a wish to try some of Parks's famous "Yorkshire Twist." Now he wishes he had'nt! We rushed him over to the "King Lud" and with the assistance of the landlord, saved his life. We then retraced our steps towards the "Abbey"

At one o'clock we dined, but being busy with the inner man I was unable to take much note of the proceedings save that we were joined at lunch by Miss Tutt and Mr Moore Anklng. Feeling full and consequently happier, O'Byrne felt a desire to sing, but was forcibly restrained. Perhaps it was Parks's "Twist." At 2 p.m. Mr Herdman, shaking his umbrella, arose, and midst hearty cheers and a cloud of snuff, declared the "ump-teenth" Convention open. Mr. S. G. Kitchell was appointed Convention Recorder, and sat taking notes like a modern "Pickwick," beaming genially over his "specs." Hope was also well supplied with notebooks. Kitchell had'nt any, so he borrowed one off Parks.

At the conclusion of the afternoon session, the party went out to make faces at the camera fiend, S. G. Kitchell. The photographer not having provided himself with a dark cloth, he was obliged to borrow one of the ladies' shawls. However we got it over at last and made a dash for tea, being sadly handicapped in our efforts by programme signing and autograph fiends. Miss

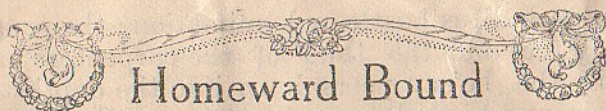
Tutt and Mr Anking were compelled to leave us shortly after tea.

More Convention, and more walking and searching for candy-rock shops. Miss Larcombe and Mr O'Bryne again got lost, and on this occasion, required the services of a search party. (Stop blushing Miss Larcombe, you are a Councillor now.) At 8-30 toasts were drunk with lemonade, and the party danced an hornpipe, and sang "Auld Lang Syne" around Drywood's attache case Herdman flourishing his umbrella vigorously. The party broke up as "Big Ben" was chiming ten for the wireless people. The last I saw of the Conventioners was when they tried to pull Herdman off the bus and make him a freeman of the village. The bus driver, however, had ideas of his own, and it would have warmed the heart of Charles Dickens to have seen him. He also pulled, and being a strong man, won.

This was the closing episode in a memorable Convention; one that will long be remembered in the records of British Amateur Journalism.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

- BRITISH (Printed) Amateurs' Advertiser, 2, South Eastern Amateur, 13, Bee, 23, Literary Amateur, 6 vol. 5, Cat, 88, 89.
 (M.S.S.) Gladiator, 16, Kangaroo, 3.
- IRISH (M.S.S.) Torch, 1.
- AUSTRALIAN (Printed) Australian 1 (Duplicated) Football, 1. 3.
- AMERICAN (Printed) Good Citizen, 2, 6, 7, Reliance Journal, 2, vol. 8, Brooklynite, 2, vol. 16, Tryout, 11, 12, vol. 10, Searchlight, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, vol. 28, Leisure Hours, 1, Novel Hunter, 2, vol. 3, Happy Hours, 2, vol. 4, United Amateur, 6, vol. 25, Coyotte, 4, vol. 8.
 (Duplicated) Inez, 4, vol. 3, Eagle, 1, Trail Blazer, 2.



Homeward Bound

BY IVANHOE.

THE lights of Ushant are gradually fading away astern in the cold grey dawn of a winter morning, and through the faint indistinct light, the green and fertile slopes of the Isle of Wight can be dimly discerned. A stiff breeze is blowing down Channel, and the numerous swiftly flowing currents have produced a heavy choppy sea, which insists upon coming inboard at frequent and unexpected intervals.

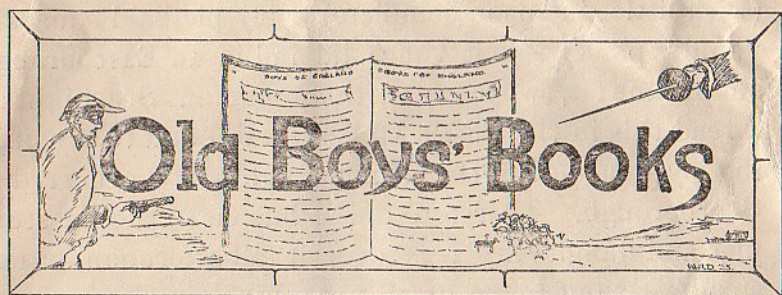
From the depths of the fore-castle, bright with the glare of a swinging oil lamp, and the ruddy glow of a roaring stove, comes the sound of hoarse and unmusical voices, and the moan of an ancient mouth organ which had parted with the bulk of its notes many years previous. The musician, to the best of his ability, endeavours to play the strains of "Soon we'll be in London Town," and voices of many nationalities, take up the rousing chorus. Perched upon the little round table in the centre of the stuffy cabin, is a bearded, weather-beaten Swede, busily engaged upon repairs to a well worn pilot jacket. •

"Na then Finn," says a young sunburnt giant of a Cockney, "No homeward bound stitches." A general laugh ensues, and "London Town" is broadcast with more vigour than ever. All the inmates of the fore-castle are enveloped in oilskins and seaboots, ready for the call on deck that is minutely expected and eagerly awaited. Rolling about to the pitch of the vessel, in a far corner, are a heap of kit-bags, all packed and locked, showing clearly the future intentions of their owners. •

On deck all is bustle and animation ; the sounds of pattering feet and the thud of the carpenters' mallet. Suddenly the bo'sun peers down into the depths of the fore-castle, and his bulldog voice arouses the sailors into galvanic action. "Turn out the watch, every mothers' son of you ! Look alive you crowd of Dutch farmers ! Jump to it !" The watch are soon on deck, busily engaged in the many preparations that are necessary upon a vessel that is nearing its port of discharge.

The wide and verdant heights of the Isle of Wight are now in full view with its numerous small churches and picturesque houses sparkling in the rays of the wintry sun. St Catherines, that grim and silent watcher of this mighty highway of commerce, is soon passed and left astern, and the Hampshire coast with its leafy lanes and woodlands, lies before us. The wild surging dull grey waste of waters with its many lightships, the ever changing coastline ; mighty cliffs and sandy beaches ; lonely coves, and pine trees that thrive on lofty heights above the sea. Shipping of all nationalities, all tonnage, and of all description. Small French fishing luggers, mighty East Indiamen, Channel Island pleasure pack-ets, liners and colliers, fishing cobbles and motor boats, the snow white sails and shining brass work of some rakish yacht, and the little pilot cutter that is heading out to sea to greet us. Past the white chalk cliffs of Dover, and on to that mighty hive of commerce, Father Thames.

We have left the sea and the gulls behind and cautiously we make our way through the tranquil but swiftly flowing muddy waters of the Thames. A few hours later the craft that for many months has safely carried us through danger and hardship, shared our joys and sorrows, lies silent and desolate, tied to the crumbling piles of a damp and dreary warehouse, and its crew scattered to the four winds.



MY OPEN-AIR READING ROOM

○○○©○○○

BY R. A. H. GOODYEAR.

○○○©○○○

MY dearest recollection of crooked passages is of reading in them, by the flickering gaslight, the latest number of the "Boys' Own Paper" or the "Boys' Comic Journal," papers as wide apart as the poles, but equally choice to a boy of ten, whose mind was imbued with the colour of picturesque adventure. Newsagents' shops drew me down Eastborough when I was a kiddy in velvetine breeches—dressed, I fear, in "The Little Lord Fauntleroy" type of suit, and lucky to escape a fusillade of dead herrings from the down-street boys—my sole object being to feast my yearning eyes on three-penny pocket novels—"Buffalo Bill among the Sioux," "Oriana, or the Castle of Gold," "Billy Bo'sun," "Tim Pippin in Giant Land," "Frank the Fisherboy," and "Don Zalva the Brave."

I could seldom afford to buy one of these literary bargains—not without sacrificing my box of lemon kali

(with little tin spoon complete) or my pie-bald square of "hanky panky"—but I once did find in an Eastborough shop a fine fat, twopennyworth of "Famous Sea Fights." I read this in the Castle Dykes, and found to my pulsing joy, that one of the famous fights had occurred at Scarborough. Therefore did I hasten to the far stone pier and dangle my legs over it all afternoon, gazing steadfastly out to sea until two ships got close to each other, and then fancying that terrific broadsides from Paul Jone's pirate ship were cutting away the rigging and staving in the sides of a shivering and mutilated Seraphis.

Be sure that there are Scarborough boys now who, despite interest in wireless are constructing such scenes for themselves as they watch the shinning waters, for the spirit of romance is born in every healthy-minded lad, and some of us Old Boys—I thank the goodness and the grace—can still colour our prosaic surroundings with the golden-and-sapphire hues of fancy.

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STOP PRESS.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Herdman, wife of Edw. F. Herdman, the well known Amateur Journalist, at Bishop Auckland, on Friday August 6th., 1926.

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