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11,339 *September 17, 1936*

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Address .....

Please supply the Daily Express daily until further notice.

Signature .....

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Write Name and Address Clearly.

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Address .....

I have sent an order form to my newsagent and I enclose a stamped addressed envelope for your acknowledgment of my registration. Please register me as a regular reader for the benefits of your Free Insurance in accordance with the full conditions published in the Daily Express

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

Use ½d. stamp and do not seal envelope.

NEW BOOKS

He took off his tie...but not his accent

by

JAMES AGATE

HUGH MASSINGHAM

"I am not convinced that the East End had much confidence in Mr Massingham."

I TOOK OFF MY TIE
By Hugh Massingham
Heinemann. 7/6

LET'S talk about this slumming business. I take it that it is with slummers as with golfers.

A golfer of my acquaintance said to his professional: "I pay you five bob an hour to put my game right. Why in heaven's name don't you?" The professional replied with maximum succinctness: "Well, sir, it's this way. There's some gents as can play golf, and there's some gents as can't." There are some people who can slum and there are some who can't.

Slumming is the most delicate of all human impertinences. Take the question of coal and baths. I am in favour of so organising the coal industry that coal can be got to poor people at the lowest possible price consonant with the colliers getting the highest possible wages. I am in favour of a Bill whereby it shall not be lawful to build a working-class flat without a bath. But there I stop. I do not think that it is part of my business to poke my nose into working-class flats and object to the coals being kept in the bath!

Offensive Word

In my view, the very word "slumming" is offensive, and redolent of all the Victorian nonsense on the subject. Here let me confess that between me and Mr Massingham's page arises another page, that on which Dickens describes Mrs Pardiggle's visit to the brickmaker's. And it is the brickmaker who, in my view, says the last word on the subject:—

Is my daughter a-washin'? Yes, she is a-washin'. Look at the water. Smell it! That's wot we drinks. How do you like it, and what do you think of gin instead! Ain't my place dirty? Yes, it is dirty—it's nat'rally dirty, and it's nat'rally onwholesome; and we've had five dirty and onwholesome children, as is all dead infants, and so much the better for them, and for us besides. Have I read the little book wot you left? No, I ain't read the little book wot you left . . . How have I been conducting of myself? Why, I've been drunk for three days; and I'd a been drunk four, if I'd a had the money . . . And how did my wife get that black eye? Why, I giv' it her; and if she says I didn't, she's a Lie!

At this point Mrs Pardiggle leaves with a statement that she is still unfatigued and will visit the family again in their regular order. Whereat the brickmaker has the sublime—"So long as you goes now, you may do wot you like!"

Very much the same sort of thing happened to Mr Massingham when he took his slumming into the tap-room of an East End public-house. I give the passage in his own words:—

I went up to Mrs Carson, wished her "Good evening" and asked if I might have a drink. "May I have a glass of beer?" I said. Mrs Carson went away and when she came back one of the men walked up to the counter, took off his cap with a flourish, and said to her:—

"H'an mai H'ai harv h'ai glars of be-ar too, please, Mrs Carson?"

"It's not a very good imitation," I said. "I don't say 'ai'; I say 'I.'"

"H'ai was not talkin' ter you," said the man.

"If you want some lessons in the Oxford accent," I went on, "you'd better come down to my room one evening and I'll give you some."

"Dee-lalted," he said. . . .

As soon as I had turned my back, the man knocked my glass over and some of the beer went over my trousers.

"H'ai'm sure h'ai'm very sorry," he said. "It was h'ai pure h'accident, old boy."

"Well, you'd better buy me another one."

"H'ai'm orfully sorry, h'old man, but H'ai fe-ar mai 'orse did not come in ter-day."

Everybody was laughing with him and against me, and I could not think of any effective reply.

I am not surprised, and in any case effective replies weigh nothing whatever against the unpardonable intrusion which all slumming is.

When East Meets West

What would happen if a party of roughs proposed to blue their dog-winnings at supper in one of our expensive West End restaurants? It would, I think, be told that evening dress was compulsory. Even if the party was admitted I cannot feel sure that the grill-room habitués would have sufficient manners not to look askance at the intruders.

Similarly, coffee-stall proprietors should inform Oxford roisterers returning from night-clubs that caps and muffers are essential to the consumption of hot-dogs. And, in my view, the regular habitués of the coffee stall are entitled to look askance at the invaders.

Now, why did Mr. Massingham go slumming? He tells us that it was *not* to find an answer to Tolstoy's thunderous question of What We Ought To Do. He tells us that he went out of sheer curiosity. It seems that Mr. Massingham had previously gone to South Wales to study unemployment, that he had left the district with a sincere feeling of regret:—

I had met more saint-like people in that week than in all the rest of my life, and I suppose that this brought about a profound change in my outlook.

But, alas, Mr Massingham's second voyage of discovery turned out to be less happy. One does not insist that he should have discovered saints in the East End. But I think that he should have arranged for his cross-section to be representative. This one isn't. It shows the East End at its irredeemable lowest.

I have no doubt that there are doings and talk as low as those reported in this book. But I feel also that there is an enormous amount of decency and good fellowship which was just not revealed to Mr Massingham. Why? Because I am not convinced that the East End had much confidence in Mr Massingham. Why should it have? Mr Massingham took off his tie. But he could not take off his educated accent.

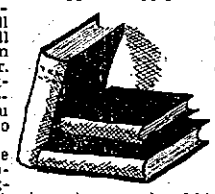
And if I were an East Ender, and a young gentleman without collar and tie but with beautifully laundered English came round to collect my rent, I should resent the demand and know it to be a cloak for slumming. Or, what the poor dread more, for spying. I should certainly not hand any such young gentleman the rent. I am afraid I should tell him to 'op it.

HUGH MASSINGHAM, youngest son of Editor H. W. Massingham, is a journalist. His brother, H. J. Massingham (with whom he edited "The Great Victorians"), and his sister are also writers.

ADVENTURE IN ALGERIA
By Brian Stuart
Herbert Jenkins. 10/6

SOME time ago my doctor told me about a lecture on hypnotism that he had attended the night before. The audience was entirely composed of doctors. One doctor had thrust a penknife through the lecturer's hand; another doctor had drawn it out. There had been no blood and nobody in the audience could find any trace of a wound.

My doctor swore by the world's supply of bicarbonate of soda that his story was true. I did not believe a word of it!



Now comes Mr Brian Stuart who tells me this about an Arab called Bou Siane:—

"You don't believe in magic, do you, *inglesi*? Well, what do you say about this?" He drew his dagger and thrust it right through the palm of his left hand. He bled profusely. . . . He held his hand out to me, told me to catch hold of his wrist with one hand, and pull out the knife with the other. I did so.

"Watch me now, *inglesi*."

As I watched him Bou Siane placed the tips of the fore and middle fingers of his right hand, one each side of the wound, spat on both the palm and the back of the injured hand and then held it out to me again. The wound had vanished.

I don't believe this either! Which does not prevent "Adventure in Algeria" from being an admirable book of travel.

BRIAN STUART left a London office to join the Foreign Legion; he was invalided out on account of eyesight trouble, but would have liked to stay in. Is now in the early thirties.

WERE I THY BRIDE
By Denise Robins
Ivor Nicholson & Watson, 7/6

THE business of a blurb should be to enhance a book. The blurb to this one cheapens. Here is part of it:—

Into the simple, suburban home of the Hortens comes the menacing drama of life: cold, pitiless, cruel. Nicola, the beautiful daughter, finds her sensibility blunted by new love, the family life is lashed by the primitive influence of passion. Suddenly the placid stream of their existence becomes a foaming, roaring, crushing torrent, carrying all before its relentless surge. Blind with adoration for Laurence Gray, the brilliant successful novelist, Nicola is swirled into a vortex of passion and excitement. . . .

Any sane person reading this would at once deduce a novel of the nurserymaid class. But Miss Robins writes better than that. In my view, she is just a realist recording something which is going on all over Balham and Bayswater and Belsize Park.

There are scores of brilliant successful novelists—see any publisher's advertisement—who have fallen out of love with wives like Isabel:—

There never lived a more practical or intelligent creature. She had dozens of friends and a variety of occupations. She helped to run a Girls' Club close to Victoria Station. She was secretary to a Home for Blind Children. She was a fine golfer. She played excellent bridge. She had striking good looks in addition to these things. . . . And Laurence had grown to loathe her excellence and dread her efficiency.

There are scores of little flibbertigibbets like Nicola:—

The very idea of going away with Laurence made her tingle from head to foot. She examined her nails, which were pretty and filbert shaped. She made a note that they needed relacquering. Laurence liked them a Chinese red.

The proper thing for Papa and Mamma Horten to do, in my opinion, was to paint Nicola a Chinese red all over and keep her on bread and water for a fortnight. And in my time this is what would have been done!

The odd thing about Miss Robins is that she is more right about the big things of life than the little ones. Laurence pours himself out a gin-and-French because he is in need of a drink and his throat is dry. This shows that Miss Robins knows nothing about a man and his gullet; gin-and-French is not, in any masculine sense, a drink.

Nor does she know much about the habits of novelists. Laurence Gray complains to his typist that he cannot write this morning, having just thrown off a sentence about "only her white slenderness cutting the denseness like a sword." Let me tell Miss Robins that the Laurence Grays realise that sentences like this are just about their high-water mark.

A very readable tale.

DENISE ROBINS, journalist and author of 40 romantic novels. Lives in Sussex. Has three daughters. Books include "One Night in Ceylon" (serialised in the Daily Express), "Jonquil," and "Love Game."

"A Walking And Talking Advertisement"

Once so crippled with pain that he couldn't even walk without limping—couldn't sleep—and had to be assisted to get his coat off—NOW this grateful man pays one of the greatest tributes to YEAST-VITE it has ever been our privilege to publish.

YEAST-VITE IS LIFE!

"I shall be pleased at all times to act as a walking and talking advertisement for your product." Less than a score of words, but what a depth of gratitude they convey. This man feels so grateful that he wants to DO something—to try and repay YEAST-VITE for what it has done for him. And he has chosen the finest possible way. He has decided to act as a "walking and talking advertisement"—telling every suffering person wherever he goes how wonderful YEAST-VITE is.

So amazing is the effect of YEAST-VITE that all over the country there are these YEAST-VITE Enthusiasts—Apostles of Health—spreading a message of New Hope and Happiness amongst those who are sick and suffering.

They cannot do enough really to impress on others the extraordinary benefits of YEAST-VITE.

HEADACHES and NERVE PAINS are relieved as though by magic!

EXHAUSTION and DEPRESSION are replaced by Vigour and Energy with lightning-like rapidity!

Weary, tortured victims of INDIGESTION appreciate once more the joys of eating without suffering!

Sweet SLEEP comes to the SLEEPLESS—Rest to the RESTLESS—Relief to the RHEUMATIC—Regularity to the CONSTIPATED!

Every WOMAN Needs YEAST-VITE

Weary, Worried and Ailing Mothers and Housewives need YEAST-VITE, too. They also can rediscover the joys of health and happiness with the aid of the World's Wonder Tonic. *In fact the health benefits of YEAST-VITE must be experienced to be believed,* so we ask that every suffering man and woman should instantly accept this Great Offer.

Dear Sirs, Leigh-on-Sea.

I feel it obligatory on my part to testify to the efficacy of Yeast-Vite.

I would state that for some considerable time past I have suffered most severe pains from Rheumatism, being unable to sleep at night through pain, and have walked with a limp owing to the pain in my knee. The pain was so acute in my shoulder that I had to be assisted in getting my coat and vest on and off.

However, after receiving medical treatment, also trying innumerable remedies, from which I received no relief, I was advised by a friend to try Yeast-Vite, as the same had completely cured him of Rheumatism.

I took his advice and within a very short period I found the pains diminishing, and they eventually disappeared. I am, however, continuing for the present taking Yeast-Vite as I find by so doing my general health is greatly improved.

I shall be pleased at all times to act as a WALKING AND TALKING ADVERTISEMENT for your product, seeing the remarkable benefits to my health I have received since taking same.

Believe me to be,

Your grateful correspondent,
(Signed) G. H.

NO CURE NO PAY!

This is unquestionably the most HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair-Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. For your health's sake accept it TO-DAY.

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Brand Tonic Tablets, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE," return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded at once and in full without quibble or question.

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DEPRESSION	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MIN.
"NERVES"	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MIN.
INDIGESTION	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MIN.
EXHAUSTION	*Animation*	In 15/30 MIN.
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MIN.
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CONSTIPATION	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
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T. C. B.