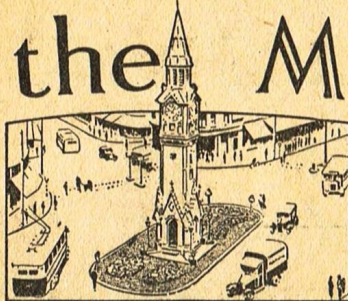


ROUND the MEMORIAL

Gossip of the Week

By ----
Observer



Book for Dog Lovers

DOG-LOVERS will undoubtedly appreciate as a Christmas gift a copy of a new book entitled "Doggerels," a collection of attractive verses by Muriel A. Julius about life as a dog might be imagined to see it, which is on sale at Messrs. Brooker and Saville, Robertson-street, at 2s. 6d.

The book has a particular local interest, for the writer of the verses (which are accompanied by sketches by Will Topham) is a native of Hastings.

Miss Julius was born in a house at York-buildings, facing the Memorial, and her earliest recollection is of a phenomenally high tide and people rowing in boats round the Memorial.

A Hastings Family

HER father, Dr. Stanley Julius, was a keen member of the Old Volunteers and served for 18 years in the Cinque Ports Rifles.

As an Admiralty doctor, his duties included visiting the coastguard stations and passing in recruits.

He was keenly interested in the Royal East Sussex Hospital and in local Freemasonry and political matters.

He built a house in Cornwallis-gardens—No. 19—on the corner of Holmesdale-gardens, and the family moved there in 1880.

Miss Julius went to the Hastings and St. Leonards Ladies' College, when it was first started in buildings at the top of Warrior-square

She was there for eight years, and when she left, Sheila Kaye-Smith, the famous Sussex authoress, had just come to the school.

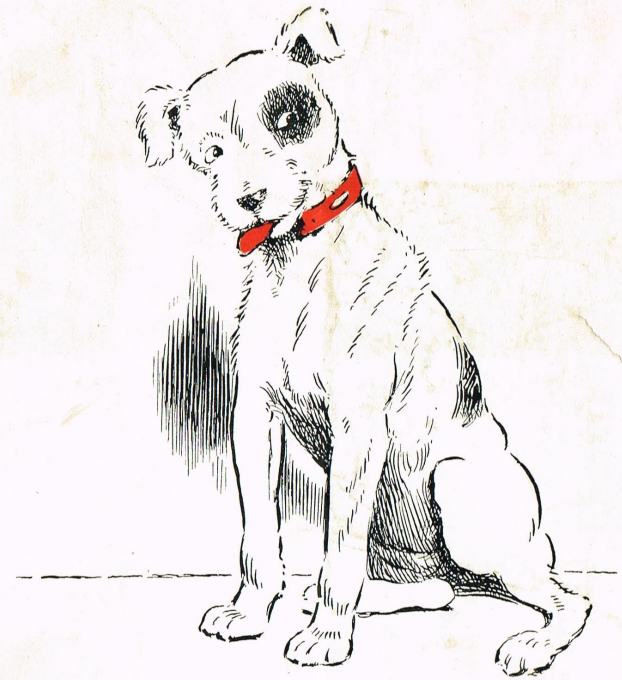
Later Miss Julius played for the Sussex Women's hockey team, and during the Great War joined the Women's Royal Naval Service.

Her brother, the late Colonel S. de V. Julius, joined the Royal Sussex Regiment and commanded the 2nd Battalion.

During the war he served on the staff in Mesopotamia and was one of the Kut prisoners.

In 1919 he served with the British military mission in Russia, which went to the help of General Deniken.

DOGGERELS



"I'm only if the truth were told
A Mongrel dog with heart of gold."

By M. A. JULIUS

Sketches by WILL. TOPHAM

DOGGERELS

By
M. A. JULIUS



STOCKWELL

B/49.

With love from the Author

M. A. Julius

February 1943.

DOGGERELS

By
M. A. JULIUS

Sketches by
WILL TOPHAM

LONDON
ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL, LTD.
29 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.4

DEDICATED

To YOUR DOG
AND
MINE

“The truest friend you'll ever know,
Who'll stick to you come weal, come woe,
Whatever you may say or do,
He'll only see the best in you.”

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A Mongrel Dog



I'm not the kind of dog that's rare,
Nor yet the sort to make Folk stare,
I'm only, if the truth were told,
A Mongrel Dog, with heart of gold.

I'm neither elegant nor slim,
I haven't got a graceful limb,
My body's nearly round in shape,
I move about with rolling gait.

That's why I think 'twas good of God
That when He made my shape so odd,
He gave me eyes of liquid brown,
The kind that melts the sternest frown.

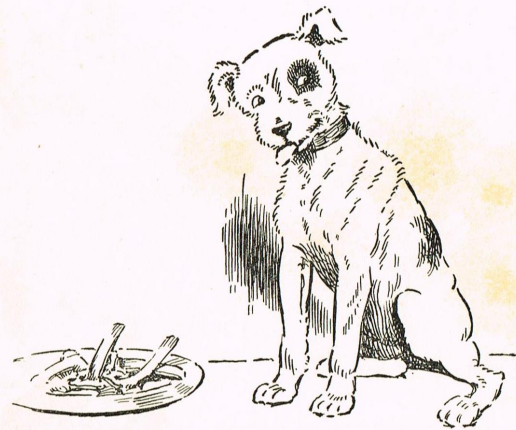
So when I feel I want to roam
In low-down haunts afar from home,
And sometimes stay out all the night,
Giving my Missis such a fright,

On my return I lay my head
Upon her knee, with nothing said,
Give her one glance from out my eyes,
And possibly, two deep drawn sighs.

Then straight away her frown has vanished,
 "My pet," she'll say, "You must be famished,
 "Away from home the live-long night,
 "With ne'er a scrap to drink or bite."

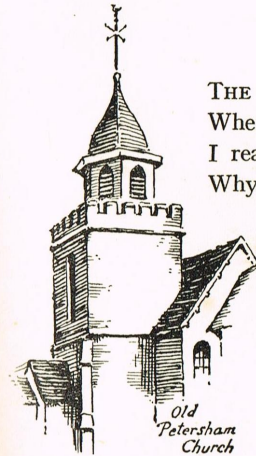
"Not e'en a pillow for your head,
 "And you who sleep on feathered bed,"
 To celebrate my restoration,
 She quickly serves a grand collation,

It's true my Missis is no fool,
 Yet I can use her like a tool,
 And just because a look Divine
 Is held in these brown eyes of mine.



A Dog's Philosophy

THE People call me "Non-Stop-Barking"
 When I begin to do some talking,
 I really cannot see the reason
 Why men should talk and dogs should listen.



So when I hear the Church bells
 ring,
 I raise my head aloft and
 sing,
 Such glorious notes in rising
 bars,
 I feel that they must reach the
 stars.



But all I hear is "Do be quiet,"
 And threats of a restricted
 diet,
 They seem to think no dog
 should raise
 His voice to God in joyful
 praise.



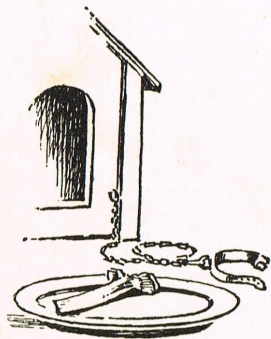
Yet, when I into Church do
 steal,
 And watch these good folk as
 they kneel,
 I often think that their prayers
 reach
 No further than my so-called
 screech.



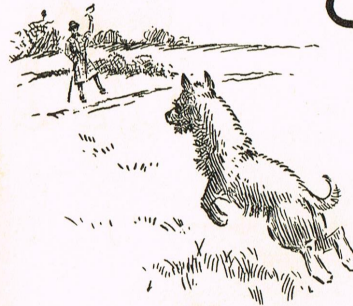
I dimly seem to recognize
A world which far above me lies,
I reach towards it, and never fail
To greet mankind with wagging tail.

I sometimes think the things that matter
Are not so much the prayers and clatter,
It's not the sounds which rise above,
But just how much you've learnt to love.

And so I am content to wait
To meet St. Peter at the Gate,
And let him judge which pleased the Master,
The dog that loved, or you the talker.



A Dog... on Clothes

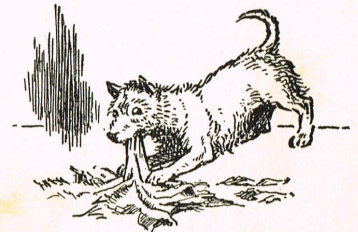


Of all the clothes my Mistress wears,
By far the best to me appears
The one that comes from "Harris".

It smells of heather and of peat,
It does not mind my muddy feet,
I hate the one from "Paris".

That falls in frills below her knees,
And has a scent that makes me sneeze,
So different from the smell of leaves,
That comes to me from "Harris".

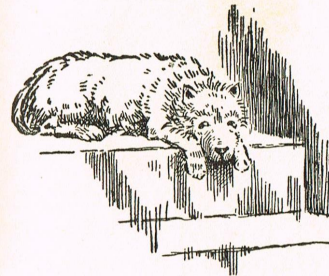
And there's the one she wears on Sunday,
She calls that her "Mrs. Grundy",
To me it means no walk 'til Monday,
It's just as bad as "Paris".



So I have made a plan, one day
To seize the "Paris" and the "Grundy"
And tear them both in tiny pieces,
They really do not suit my Missis.

And when she's nothing else to wear,
Then every day we'll romp and tear
Across the Moor, or by the river
In "Harris" tweeds that smell of heather.

And when at last we have to part,
I'll hold that memory in my heart,
I'll wait for her on Heaven's stair,
I know it's "Harris" that she'll wear.



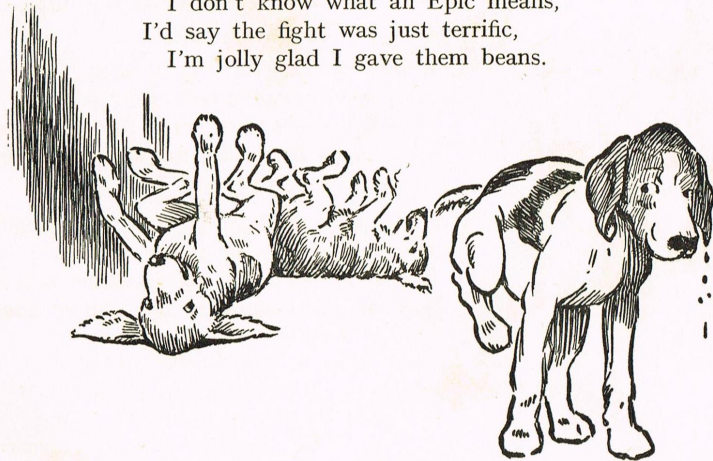
The Dog Fight

I CAN'T say who began the fight,
Or what 'twas really all about,
I only know from that first bite,
I ceased not 'til I'd laid them out.

And when I limped home with my wounds,
Dripping with blood from every pore,
The other two laid down in swoons,
And vowed that they would fight no more.

They'd tried to make a meal off me,
And chewed my hair away in patches,
My Missis said 'twas clear to see
That I'd been mentioned in "Despatches".

She said the fight was really Epic,
I don't know what an Epic means,
I'd say the fight was just terrific,
I'm jolly glad I gave them beans.



To the Cat next Door

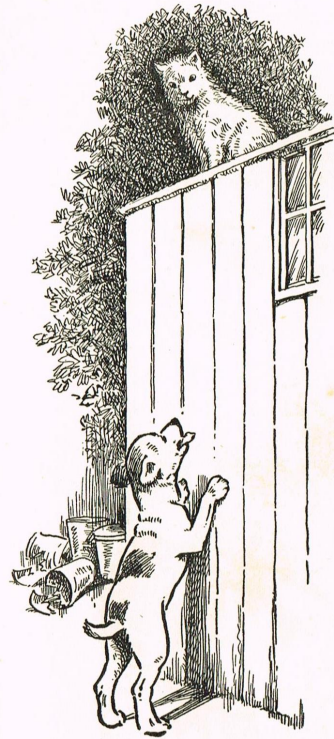
Her coat is red, they call her "Copper",
She'll see *and* look red, once I've got her,
She sleeps for hours upon the tool shed,
I really think she's very ill-bred.

She never seems to see she's slighted,
But sits as tho' she'd been invited,
To help me kill those rats inside,
As if I'd let her—I have my pride.

Hullo—the gardener's left his barrow,
Close by the shed, the gap's quite narrow,
I've only got to climb on top,
With luck from there it's but a hop.

Well, here I am on top of shed,
Of course that wretched cat has fled,
I might have known she'd never face me,
And what's far worse, she can out-pace me.

With luck one day I'll catch her sleeping,
And put an end to all her leaping,
That "Copper" cat who pays no taxes,
It seems the Chancellor has queer lapses.



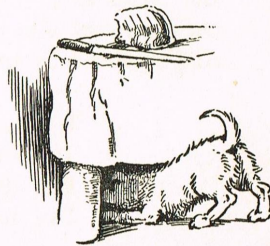
A Dog's Walks



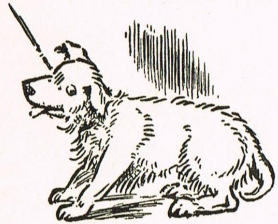
THE best of course is by the fields,
Where every step a fresh scent yields
Of water-rat or furry rabbit,
I know each hole that they inhabit.

But even when we go to shop
It's not so bad if I may stop
At all the ones that I like best,
I don't feel utterly depressed.

For there's the one that sells us meat,
I search the sawdust for a treat,
And swallow all I can with pleasure,
Then sick it up again at leisure.



My Missis says that I've been stealing,
I sometimes think she's got no feeling,
I'm dragged away and put on lead,
And told I've done a dreadful deed.



There's nothing then that I can do
But bark at all the dogs in view,
I tell them if they dare to taunt me
There's not a living dog can daunt me.

I'd even tackle a Great Dane
When tied to Missis by my chain,
For well I know she'd have to save me
From any kind of lip he gave me.

But tho' I think the town good fun,
There's better things that can be done,
To find a dead bird on a stroll,
To lie on it, and roll and roll.

I get up feeling oh! so posh,
But Missis says, "That means a Wash,"
On my return I'm put in pail,
And scrubbed by her from head to tail.



It takes me hours and hours of lick
To move the soap, which makes me sick,
But all the same, that bird was worth it,
I've made my mind up, I'll unearth it.



A Suburban Dog

Oh take me back to the Suburbs,
To the place where I was born,
Leave the country to the dullards,
Who like to stroll through corn.

Put my feet upon the pavement,
Where scores of dogs are meeting,
It's endless entertainment
To give the usual greeting.

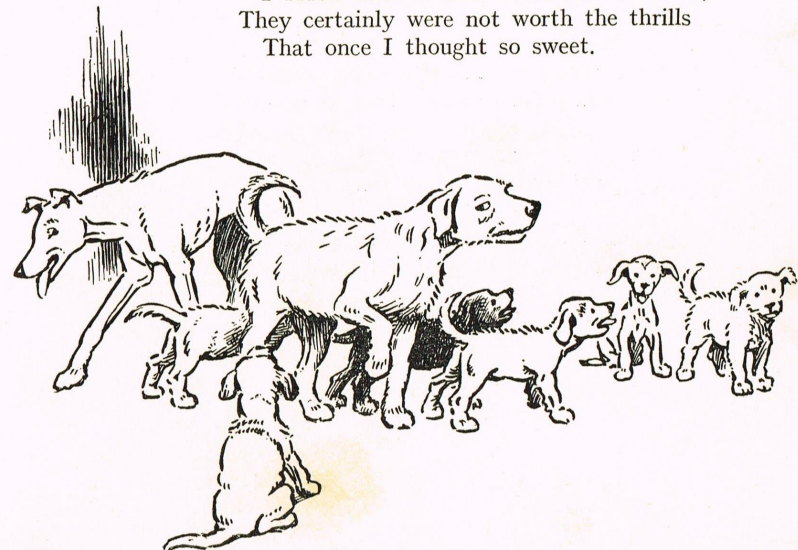
So take me back to Richmond,
With the Buses running round,
Far sweeter than a Dew Pond
Is the smell of the Underground!

Mésalliance

SHE was a Mongrel's daughter,
And a very bad match for me,
But nobody said "You oughtn't oughter"
The day that she came to tea.

She was all love and kisses,
What could I do but fall?
No time to ask my Missis
The day that she came to call.

Now there are six little Mongrels,
I blush when I meet them in the street,
They certainly were not worth the thrills
That once I thought so sweet.





WHERE did you come from Puppy dear?
Out of a Pedigree Kennel to here.

Where did you get those eyes so brown?
From noble Sire of high renown.

Who gave your tail that deplorable curl?
My flighty Mother with head in a whirl.

Where did you get your habits depraved?
My poor Mother's lapses were deeply engraved.

Where do you think you are going to end up?
With Missis in Heaven if I have any luck.

A Dog's Complaint

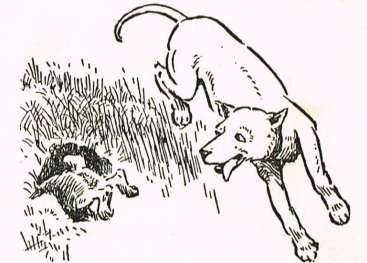


CAN you wonder that I howled all night,
I'm glad I gave my Missis such a fright,
For, unless I am mistaken,
There's a vow that she has taken,
That ne'er again a scrap of meat she'll bite.

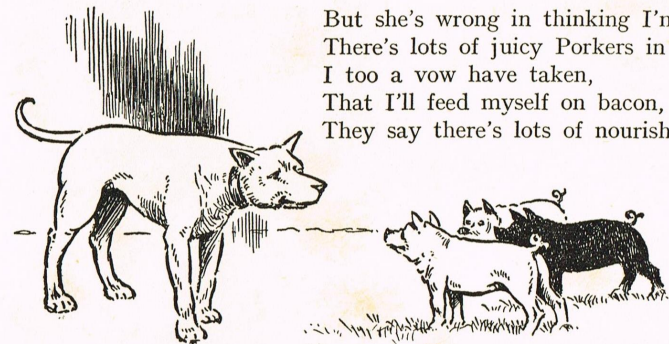
So to the kitchen out has gone her fiat,
To be fed upon a vegetarian diet,
And if I'm not deluded,
I too have been included,
Can you wonder that I mean to raise a riot?

It's true the other day I killed a Rabbit,
But it's really not at all my usual habit,
For their ways are too illusive
For a chase to be conclusive,
And my Missis would not even let me have it.

I rather think that she's gone in for slimming,
And mistakenly thinks vegetables are thinning,
But she says it was that Bunny
That's made her act so funny,
And hopes that this will stop me from more killing.



But she's wrong in thinking I'm to be debarred,
There's lots of juicy Porkers in the yard,
I too a vow have taken,
That I'll feed myself on bacon,
They say there's lots of nourishment in lard.



"Christmas Day"

LAST night when all the house lay sleeping,
I heard a kind of stealthy creeping
That moved about from door to door
And right across the Nursery floor.

Then in the morning when I woke,
As usual 'fore the other Folk,
I found laid neatly on my paws,
A bone, "With love from Santa Claus."

A kindly thought of Christmas fare,
A kindly thought that lets me share
With human friends in Christmas pleasure,
It is a thought I greatly treasure.

It almost makes me think I'll risk it,
And share with Pussy half my biscuit,
For Parson says it's best to share
With Folk for whom you do not care.

On second thoughts I think I'll wait
Until I've reached a higher state,
Though Parson says, "Put on the New Man,"
To share my food seems super-human.



A Voice from Beyond

I PROMISED you that I would wait
Until we met at Heaven's Gate,
The "Hunting Grounds" are in full view
While I sit watching here for you.

St. Peter says it's not good cricket
To keep him waiting at the Wicket.
The Gate last night he opened wide,
I would not even look inside.

He lured me in with talk of rats,
And put a Trunk Call through for cats,
But naught he said could make me enter,
I turned my back upon the tempter.

He said you'd got another Pup,
But please dear Missis hurry up,
For don't forget, I've no new Missis,
There's no one here to give me kisses!

It's weary waiting here alone,
I take no pleasure in my bone,
I know you thought I'd like to keep it,
But I no longer care to eat it!

I just sit watching on the stair,
And when you come you'll find me there.
'Til that day dawns, my heart goes lonely,
For as you know, I'm just yours only!



A Dog's Belief

THE man who looks into our eyes,
And yet to us a soul denies,
Is surely void of all discernment,
Are we less worthy of preferment?

When faced with sudden dire disaster,
Are we less plucky than our Master?
Does he when kicked from pillar to post
Still kiss the hand that beats him most?

We have not yet been taught to read,
Nor can we bark the Apostles' Creed,
But we have learnt the way to love,
By God sent instinct from above.

You see it shining from our eyes,
They're quite incapable of lies,
We live by Faith, with Hope and Love,
And so I know we'll meet above.

