

"Once they Trust You, they Trust You for Life."

The great Marquis of Dufferin, who was Ambassador at St. Petersburg, had ample opportunity of studying the Russian people, stated: "Take them altogether, there are no nicer people than the Russians. They have the defects of their qualities, but take them all in all, there are no foreigners whom I found more faithful and more agreeable friends. They are sometimes a little slow in admitting you to their confidence, but once they trust you they trust you for life."

The Russian women have been perfectly splendid. They have fought with the men in the defence of their country. One could wish British women could do the same.

The Power of the Press.

The party of Canadian editors have returned to Canada. They go home satisfied with the people in Britain—who would not be? "We were able," they state, "not only to see Britain in war time but, more important, to feel the spirit of the island. We go back inspired by what we have experienced. We feel the trip will fasten tighter the bonds of Empire and aid in the general war effort."

Dick Turpin Repudiates Insinuation.

Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, U.S.A., severely denounced the attack on the destroyer *Kearny*. Asked whether a protest would be sent to the German Government, he said that it was not customary to send diplomatic Notes to international highwaymen.

We feel sure Dick Turpin and other British "Gentlemen of the Road" would resent being associated with Teutonic murderers of the Hitler type.

Britain is Reborn—Where Stands America To-day?

Miss Dorothy Thompson asked the above question recently in a remarkable speech delivered to four thousand compatriots in New York, and abridged in the *Daily Telegraph*.

After giving us a well-deserved trouncing for self-indulgence in recent years, Miss Thompson realises that the war has awakened us; that all over England the people are up and doing; that we are happy because we realise to the fullest the grandeur of our inheritance; that all over the land we are singing "There'll always be an England, and England will be free." Then this apostle asks, "What is America doing? Shall we ask Britain to continue the fight alone?"

Fifty thousand men, women and children have died in explosions and fire on the British Isles. Shall we say, "Carry on, old fellow; we will be glad to ship you arms. You fight and we will produce. And when you've won we will tell you what to do"?

"I beg you as Americans," Miss Thompson added, "to rediscover your own power, and to begin to revitalise the democratic process. It is not too early; it can soon be too late. Across the seas the Old World, which, like our own, has aspired to freedom and equality since Pericles spoke in Athens, watches the New World in hope and in agony. We shall either be the most beloved nation on this earth or the most hated, the most admired or the most despised. We shall either be, with Britain, the co-liberators of the world, or we shall help to sell the world into slavery."

Bravo, little Lady! Propaganda is the best policy.

The Last of the Flying Barnwells.

The most heartrending group of heroes appeared recently in the *News Chronicle* portraits of Captain F. S. Barnwell, the designer of the Blenheim and the Beaufort warplanes, who lost his life testing a new aircraft in 1938,

and of his three heroic sons who have all lost their lives on active flying service. Richard, lost over Germany; David, "baling out"; and John, first to die! The mother who has lost all for Britain, is of the same mettle that sustained her fighting sons in battle. Four more beautiful typically English faces have never been grouped on one page.

Every heart will bleed for the wife and mother who has thus lost jewels beyond price.

Keep Them in Mind.

Do we keep in mind that there are thousands of our men prisoners in enemy hands? Week after week, month after month! The one thing the majority love are letters; keep all the little tit-bits of news, home affairs and pleasant events, and send them on.

"She has Not Gone Far Away."

We recently received a letter from a young soldier invalided out of the Army, the strain of whose loss for a time, wounds and disability, cost his invalid mother her life. The following lines, we think, are specially applicable to his bereavement. As he writes, "she has not gone far away":—

LINES TO A MOTHER.

Your loving presence haunts my garden yet,
A frail sweet ghost, intangible and dear.
Were you afraid perhaps I should forget
That you are always near?

In the still dusk, when silent shadows fall,
I see your gentle hands among the flowers;
Whiter than homing doves, how they recall
Remembered hours!

I'd watch you gathering lavender, and say
Its old-world fragrance matched your silver hair.
I heard soft laughter as I passed to-day,
And knew that you were there.

You always come when darkling grows the hill.
In the night's lonely hours I need you most,
So kind in life, in death more loving still,
My gentle little ghost!

H. TREVELYAN-THOMSON.

CIVIL DEFENCE AWARDS.

Brave Conduct at a Hospital.

The King has given orders for the following appointments and awards:—

M.B.E.

DONALD MORTON DUNN, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.,
house officer, London Chest Hospital.

BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL.

Miss DAISY JEROME, probationer nurse, London Chest Hospital.

The London Chest Hospital was severely damaged by enemy action. There were heavy falls of masonry in one wing and two elderly women, both seriously ill, were trapped. These and the patients of an adjacent ward, some of whom he had to carry single-handed, were taken to safety by Dr. Dunn. Nurse Jerome, who was injured while attending to a patient at the moment of the explosion, helped in the rescue work. Later she was knocked over and rendered unconscious, but on recovery she returned to the ward and continued to assist Dr. Dunn until all the patients were evacuated. Dr. Dunn and Nurse Jerome showed courage and great devotion to duty.

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