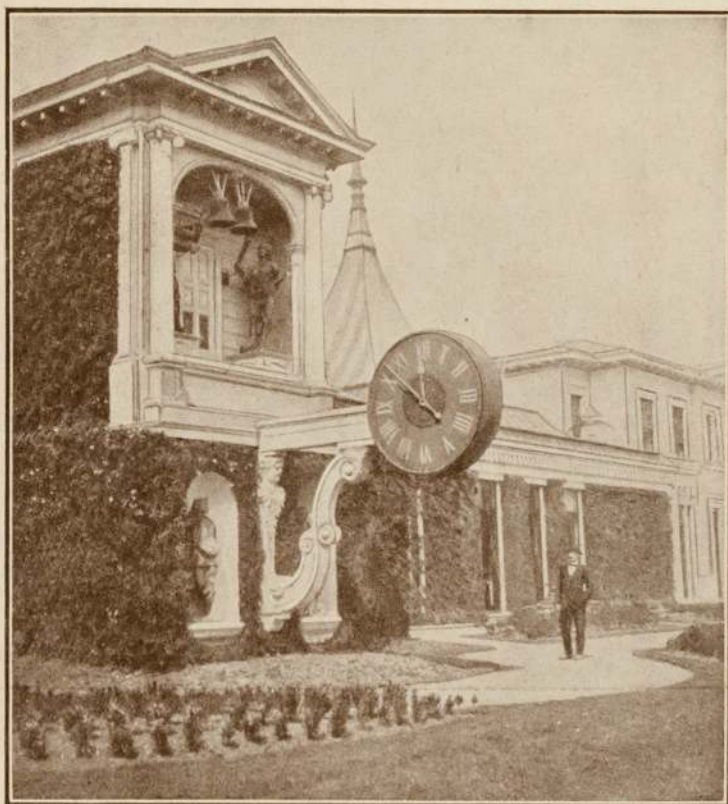


# St. Dunstan's



## Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

St. Dunstan's Motto: "What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't grieve about."

Monthly, Price 6d.



## The "House" at St. Dunstan's



*This photograph should be of particular interest to St. Dunstanners, for it depicts the original house lent, nearly three years ago, to Sir Arthur Pearson by Mr. Otto Kahn, the well-known American financier. Taken from the front, near the giant mulberry tree on the lawn, it shows the house itself, and on the right Mr. Kessell's offices. The terrace with the steps and grass slope is in the picture, of course, and Matron's office, "where the tobacco comes from"; then we see, on the left, the pagoda-shaped roof above the lounge, and a little bit of the Chapel, with a glimpse of the way to the outer lounge, which is as much as even a wide-lens camera could manage to squeeze in. The view shows a fine stretch of buildings, with a foreground of green lawn, but it can give only a very incomplete suggestion of St. Dunstan's, where many hundreds of men who have been blinded in the war are being trained and re-educated. St. Dunstan's, with its workshops and class-rooms, its offices and poultry-farm, and the Bungalow and College Annexes, has to-day the appearance, almost, of a little township.*

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY IAN FRASER

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MARCH, 1918.

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### EDITOR'S NOTES

**H**AVE you ever thought of what an appropriate name St. Dunstan's is? If you have, it is ten chances to one that you arrived at the conclusion that there must have been some saint or other who was blind and that his name must have been St. Dunstan. This common belief, for it is very common, is quite picturesque but unfortunately nothing more. St. Dunstan's was the name of the house which was originally lent to Sir Arthur Pearson for blinded men, and which now forms the centre of the vast organization which bears its name.

Though St. Dunstan himself was not blind he was evidently a good fellow, and the interest which he took in the finer handicrafts makes him a particularly suitable patron saint for the hostel. He lived in the tenth century, and had a very distinguished career, starting as a monk and teacher in Glastonbury Abbey, and ending up as Bishop of Worcester and London, and finally as Archbishop of Canterbury.

IN a recent letter which Sir Arthur Pearson wrote to the Press he spoke of the "Blind Battalion," for the men whose sight has been destroyed or seriously damaged in the war now number over a thousand. What could better express the feelings of comradeship which are such a feature of life at St. Dunstan's than that we should look upon ourselves as a regiment. A scattered regiment it is true, for many hundred blinded soldiers are busy all over the world filling up the gaps which have been made in the ranks of industry, while over half a thousand work every day at St. Dunstan's making themselves fit to follow on. The regiment of St. Dunstan's has a fine record, and is making it finer every day by showing the world that, though handicapped, it still intends to fight.

PAPER is very scarce nowadays, and we therefore intend to make use of the cover of the REVIEW which hitherto has remained blank. On the inside of the front cover will be printed some picture of interest to St. Dunstanners and in some way connected with the work of the hostel, while on the back cover will appear interesting news of the world around us. The REVIEW itself is larger than before, and will, if possible, continue to have thirty-two pages.

You, all of you, have had experiences and are still having them now, while most of you have already learnt to type. Do not keep these experiences to yourselves, but send them to ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW. Remember that the Editorial Box is situated in a prominent place in the Hall of St. Dunstan's, and that before the 1st of the month for each issue, contributions and suggestions should be placed there, or posted to—

*The Editor.*



## NOTES BY THE CHIEF

IT seems to me that the name of St. Dunstan's is too often used just to designate the original House, so generously lent to us by Mr. Otto Kahn, in which the work here began. Now this is not right. St. Dunstan's means the entire place, including the House in question, the College, the Bungalow, Sussex Place, the Workshops, Braille Typing and Netting Departments, the Poultry Farm, the Chapels and all the Offices. I think we must get into the way of talking of the original residence as "The House," and a man will consider himself as living at either "The House," "The College," "The Bungalow," or "Sussex Place," while all will consider themselves as belonging to and working at "St. Dunstan's."

ST. DUNSTAN'S will celebrate its third anniversary on the 26th of this month, and my notes in the next number of the REVIEW will be devoted to a brief review of what has happened here during the last three years. I cannot very well wish "Many Happy Returns of the Day" to St. Dunstan's on its birthday, but I do want to offer it, and those associated with it, sincerest birthday good wishes, coupled with congratulations upon what has been done in the past, and bright and hopeful anticipations of what will be done as long as it proves necessary to keep the establishment open. St. Dunstan's birthday will, I am sure, be observed throughout their lives by fellows who have left, and those who will, as time goes on, leave us. This REVIEW, which I intend to keep going when St. Dunstan's is ended, will always form a bond of union between St. Dunstanners themselves and between them and those who are interested in them.

Its character, of course, will change as circumstances alter, but I shall hope to continue my monthly contribution to it as long as I am able to dictate or use a typewriter, and I have cheerful anticipations that this will be for a good many years to come.

A VERY interesting point in regard to the importance of getting about by oneself has just come to my notice. Pte. Albert Law, who went through the massage course here, and who has since worked at the 3rd London General Hospital, to the complete satisfaction of Colonel Brace Porter and the medical staff, recently started in business for himself at Balham. He engaged the services of a guide, and set out to make calls on local doctors, with a view to interesting them sufficiently to induce them to recommend him to their patients. Law at first met with poor success, and found that he was very seldom able to obtain an interview with the doctor on whom he called. It then occurred to him that the fact that he was brought to the house by a guide might have something to do with this, and he started making his visits unaccompanied. There was an immediate change for the better. Doctors when they were told that a blind man had come to see them by himself, seemed to have been struck at once by his ability to go about without a guide, saw him, and promised to do what they could for him, with the result that Law is now getting on very well indeed. I think this should prove a useful object lesson to all St. Dunstanners, whatever their occupation may be. Nothing gives people who can see a more favourable impression of the ability of a blind man than to find

him able to get about freely and well by himself, and as the main thing we have to do is to impress the public with the fact that the loss of sight has not—as is so often thought to be the case—had a fatal effect upon our intelligence and ability, we should all of us, I think, for business reasons, make a very particular effort towards the greatest possible degree of independence in getting about by ourselves. The idea of regarding oneself, and becoming regarded, not as just a blind man, but as a normal person who cannot see, will be helped to an incredible degree by independence of locomotion.

SOME of you will remember a note in these pages in an early number of the REVIEW in which I described the remarkable way in which Blind Harry, who plays and sings on the front at Brighton, gets all over Brighton, Hove, and Kemp Town by himself. Harry walks along the middle of the pavement, dodging perambulators and bath chairs, and covering the ground with a rapidity and certainty which makes it almost impossible to tell that he is totally blind, as he has been since he was three weeks old. One has, of course, to recognize that these people who have always been blind have a great pull over folk who have lost their sight in later life, but I know many examples of men who have lost their sight after having grown up, and who get about nearly, if not quite, as well as Blind Harry. There is Mr. Percy Way, for example, our exceedingly competent massage instructor; he has been blind for about sixteen years, and goes about in a manner which strikes all who know him as little short of marvellous. Lots of fellows who have left St. Dunstan's have told me, and written to me, that they find themselves becoming adept at going about in a manner which surprises themselves, just as much as it does their friends. Like everything else to do with living one's life without sight, it is only a question of resolution, determination and intelligence, and you can all of you arrive at the highest degree of perfection if you like to do so.

[Mr. Percy Way contributes a remarkable article on this subject on Page 7.—ED.]

AMONG the disadvantages from which blind people suffer has been, in the past, inability to insure themselves against death or accident, except at a very greatly enhanced premium. I am glad to say that this disadvantage has now been removed. The Norwich Union Insurance Company accept blind persons for ordinary life insurance at the same premiums as they accept people who can see, and now we have also persuaded the Eagle, Star and British Dominion Insurance Company, Ltd., to include blinded soldiers and blind civilians as well in their general scheme, which embraces accident as well as life insurance. The accident concession is, I think, particularly good, for though I do not consider blind people any more liable to accident than anyone else, insurance against accident is a thing which I think everyone should go in for. Personally, I have had two accident insurance policies running for the last five and twenty years, but since I lost my sight they have only been renewed on the condition that any accident for which I claim did not in any way result from the fact that I was blind. This condition, of course, would be very apt to lay itself open to discussion and misunderstanding. Many attractive policies are offered by the Eagle, Star and British Dominion Insurance Company, Ltd., varying in amount to suit all pockets. Temporary-partial and temporary-total disablement are provided for by a special policy which insures against accidents come by in ordinary occupations, 15s. a year insuring 7s. 6d. a week in the former case and 30s. a week in the latter. Claims are, by arrangement, paid monthly, while premiums may be paid half-yearly or quarterly, if desired, with slight increase of payments. Full particulars can be obtained from the After-Care Department, either in Braille or in print.

THE other day, as I was walking through the hall, I heard a newly arrived inmate of St. Dunstan's speak rather grumpily to someone who had asked him whether he wanted to "see" So-and-So. He said, "You don't suppose I should be here if I could see, do you?" Now this is quite



the wrong point of view. I think we always ought to talk of "seeing" people, "reading" letters, and so on. It is a great mistake to point out the fact that one is anything but normal by going out of the way to twist phrases and talk about "meeting" people, and "having letters read" to one. As a matter of fact, we do continue to see in the truest sense of the word, for folk whose eyes are quite uninjured do not really see with their eyes at all, but with the extreme back of the brain, where the optic nerve terminates. The back of the brain is the true medium of sight, just as really as the sensitive film at the back of the camera is the true medium for the recording of the photograph passed to it by the lens and other mechanism of the camera. So now we see with those portions of our brains which respond to impulses given by the other senses.

I TAKE this extract from a letter which I have just received from Lieut Little, who was blinded and otherwise seriously injured at Gallipoli, and who writes from his home in Queensland, Australia:—"The volumes of Shakespeare arrived safely, though I feared they had gone down in the 'Mongolia.' The books are the greatest blessing, and I often pause when reading and wonder how I should have existed without them. Braille is a great companion to a blind man." Readers of the REVIEW will remember previous mention in my monthly notes of things about which Lieut. Little has written me. He is one of the many regular St. Dunstan's correspondents from whom I receive long and interesting letters by every mail which comes in from different parts of the Empire.

LIEUT. LITTLE'S reference to the "Mongolia," reminds me of a result of the U-boat activities which touches present St. Dunstanners very closely. There are now lying at the bottom of the Atlantic, two hundred and fifty Remington typewriters which were on the way over for

their use. I am afraid the sea serpents and other denizens of the vasty deep will not be able to employ them for their correspondence, but I am glad to say that the loss will not make any difference to us for in this, as in other matters, we are always well ahead, and a new consignment is, I believe, already on the way, and will, I hope, meet with better fortune. I was a little hurt at being asked to pay an extra price for the lost machines, to cover insurance risks, but evidently the makers were wise in exacting this.

PTE. NICOL, who has just come to St. Dunstan's after a long period of convalescence, tells me of a very remarkable coincidence in connection with his injury. When his battalion was lying in reserve on the Arras front in May last he found an old magazine in a disused trench. It was almost unreadable owing to the mud that smeared it, but in the only readable part was an article on St. Dunstan's. He had never before heard of St. Dunstan's, and had never seen a soldier blinded, indeed, the only blinded soldier of whom he had heard was Captain Towse, who was hit in the Boer War. The next day his battalion advanced, and almost at once he heard from one of his comrades of the fact that Captain Hutcheon had been severely wounded in the face, and that it was thought he would be blind. During a short rest Nicol took the opportunity of telling the man who had informed him of Captain Hutcheon's wound, of what he read in the magazine about St. Dunstan's, and later in that day, as he sprang over the parapet, a shell from a German field gun burst between three men, knocking out the other two, and blinding Nicol—just one day after he had read of St. Dunstan's. Captain Hutcheon, to whom Nicol refers, has just taken up his residence at the Officers' quarters.

*Arthur Pearson*

## ST. DUNSTAN'S GOSSIP

ST. DUNSTAN'S is known and its news appreciated in all parts of the Empire. We hear this month from Mrs. Young, organising secretary for St. Dunstan's Indian Fund, that the REVIEWS which she distributes all over India are eagerly read. Mrs. Young and her fellow workers have been most enterprising in their efforts to help St. Dunstan's. She tells me of various arrangements that were made to interest people in the work, and particularly mentions a most successful "St. Dunstan's Week," the net result of which was a collection of over £700.

WE hear from Jerome's brother that Matheson, Jerome, Smith and James have arrived in Australia quite safely. Jerome's brother has a fortnight's special leave for bringing down a Hun aeroplane with his machine gun.

THE dancing classes are still going strong, and the "Boys" at the Bungalow will shortly be a body of expert dancers. A new class has been started in the Braille Room for beginners, and on commencement night the "Boys" turned up in force. Monsieur Kersakoff is to be congratulated on the splendid results he has so far had with the classes.

The Times Book Club recently presented one hundred novels to St. Dunstan's. Needless to say, the books are greatly appreciated.

PRIVATE "JOCK" PRENTIE has been singing at the Bedford Music Hall in Camden Town for a week. His first appearance at a London music hall was a great success from the start. His popularity among the many frequenters of this well-known variety theatre grew rapidly as the week progressed. In both song and story Private Prentie proved himself an artist and a real comedian.

MORE ladies are wanted to teach elementary dancing at the College on Monday evenings, at 5.30. So great is the popularity of dancing among the men of the College that the kind ladies who come up there to put beginners through their "preliminary paces" cannot cope with the "demand." To teach the Fox Trot, and so on, is not necessary. What the new boys require most of all is a good "grounding" in the Waltz and Barn Dance.

THE weekly competitions which Miss Critten arranges for St. Dunstan's men are always a very popular amusement. They take place every Thursday evening, the prizes being given to the best papers sent in. During the month there were four competitions, each consisting of a score or so of questions which the competitors have to answer in some special way. The following is a list of prize winners:—1st Prize: Sergt. Harris, Nelson, Varley, Harding, Hardy, and McCue. 2nd Prize: Varley, Wilson, Hardy, Heeley, Foyle, Leslie King, Simes, and Holman. 3rd Prize: Lawler, Thomson, Peter Clarke, Halpin, and Harding.

THIS month Miss Critten is preparing what she describes as St. Dunstan's cinematograph, featuring St. Dunstan's jesters and philosophers in a series of humorous and dramatic word pictures, in which the performers with their voices will endeavour to portray characters and scenes so vividly that St. Dunstanners will clearly see them in the mind's eye, and the sighted part of the audiences will be asked to close their eyes in order to give the pictures the right perspective. Rehearsals are in full swing, and any further particulars can be obtained from Miss Critten. There are always vacancies to be filled, and she will gladly welcome any new men who would be keen to help her "fill'm."



WE hear that the massage men at Sussex Place have formed a rag-time band of their own. This is quite an unofficial formation, and though it only consists of a cornet, a trombone, an unlimited number of hair combs and pieces of tissue paper, and what was once a banjo, it is said to make a delightful noise.

THE Staff welcomes most heartily Mrs. Holland as Matron, and anticipates a very happy service under her administration.

ON February 1st, the staff congregated in the Braille Room to say good-bye to Matron Hughes, and to present her with a parting gift. Mr. Kessell took the chair, and in a very sincere speech thanked Matron for all she had done for St. Dunstan's. He presented her with the signatures of those who had given towards her present, saying that he was sure Matron would value that even more than the gift itself. Matron said a few words of thanks, and then shook hands and said good-bye to each one individually. The "Boys" on Saturday, February 2nd, gave her a wonderful "send off," and Wilson, on their behalf, made a very excellent speech, and presented her with a dressing-case with silver fittings. After Matron had said a word or two, the refrain, "For she's a jolly good fellow," was started, and immediately taken up by all. Miss Hughes will surely never forget her "send off" from St. Dunstan's. We learn with great regret that the nervous breakdown which led to Miss Hughes's resignation has proved to be much more serious than was anticipated. We are sure that all who knew her will join us in wishing her a speedy recovery.

MISS HACKING, who for over three years has been Quartermaster at the House, has moved to a more important position at a new Annexe. We all very deeply regret her departure from the House. Her place is being taken by the Misses Vallumay and Toignebee.

MRS. SHIELDS is joining Miss Hacking at the new Annexe, and her place is being

taken by Miss Foster, whom many will remember as a former Lounge Sister.

MISS HOWELL, who distinguished herself last year by winning the Sisters' Sculling Races, and Miss Smail, so famous for her morning cry of "anyone want buttons," have both left us to undertake Government work in connection with timber-cutting in Devonshire. Miss Coode has also left, and she, we believe, is going to do canteen work in France.

ON the 9th February the "Boys" met to bid farewell to the Bungalow Matron (Mrs. Craven), who is leaving us to return to her work in France. Private Rawlinson, speaking for them all, said: "We are taking this opportunity of bidding farewell to our Matron, which we do with feeling of regret, and, paradoxical as it may seem, pleasure. A regret that the Q.A.I.M.N.S. should find that they have to call her to sterner duties of the war, and a pleasure that our loss should be the gain of men who are going through what all we men have done." He then presented Mrs. Craven with an attaché-case, in which to carry any personal correspondence and passports, and remarked that he hoped it would do that, but that if it had been as big as the Bungalow itself it would never be able to hold the good wishes and God-speeds of the fellows of the Bungalow. He also presented her with a silver calendar, which was inscribed with the following: "From the men of St. Dunstan's Annexe, Feb. 11th, 1918," and on the bottom, "The best wishes that one soldier give another, 'Carry on.'" On February 11th, the day of her departure, the V.A.D.'s of the Bungalow presented her with a silver clock and paper-knife, as a token of their appreciation of her work amongst them. The Adjutant (Mr. McMahan), who handed the gifts to the Matron, made a short but brilliant speech, in which he touched on the need of devotion to duty and efficiency in our work in these times of war—both of which Mrs. Craven had shown, and was still showing, so splendidly.

## On "Getting About Alone"

BY PERCY WAY

The author of this article is a most remarkable example of an independent blind man. Mr. Way, who is largely responsible for the training of blinded soldier masseurs at the National Institute for the Blind, has himself been without sight for some twenty-four years. Originally trained in massage by Dr. Fletcher Little, he went through a further course at the National Institute for the Blind, and entered for the examination of the Incorporated Society for Trained Masseurs in 1916, passing first with distinction. He is the only blind man who has entered for a Swedish Remedial Exercises Examination, in which he again passed out first with distinction. A man of many accomplishments, he is among other things a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists. The wonderful manner in which Mr. Way tackles the difficult task of "getting about alone" certainly gives credence to his interesting remarks on the subject of a sixth sense, the nerves of the face.—ED.]

OF all the problems which confront the newly-blinded, that of "getting about alone" is perhaps the greatest. The St. Dunstan's man faces it with that cheery optimism with which his efforts in all other directions are so conspicuously marked. Only those who have tried it know what courage the first plunge in this direction calls for, but once it has been taken many of the supposed difficulties disappear with surprising rapidity. Excellently helpful as is the system of rails in existence at St. Dunstan's in creating the first sense of confidence, I cannot too strongly recommend a man to get away from them as soon as possible. No real progress in the direction of absolute independence can be made until their help has been dispensed with. Their work is only initiatory. The proper place for a blind man under ordinary circumstances is in the *middle* of the foot-path—not at its sides—and when we consider the countless obstacles with which a beneficent borough council encumbers its kerbs, and the villainous irregularities in the contour of walls and palings, the truth of this remark will be readily grasped. Moreover, in the centre of the path, the blind man has the advantage

of being able to swerve easily to right or left in order to avoid the straggling pedestrian who keeps consistently to neither the one side nor the other.

"But how," I am always being asked, "can a man steer a straight course down the middle of the pavement without the assistance of wall or kerb?" My answer is: "By the development of a sense latent in us all, but not developed by the sighted, because not needed by them." We depend on the extraordinary sensitiveness of the nerves of the face; these become, with a little practice, far more reliable than hearing or the use of the stick, and a skilful combination of all three factors will make an excellent substitute for sight—though not of course a perfect one—in the matter of "getting about alone." The natural sensitiveness of these nerves can easily be demonstrated by holding an object a few inches in front of the face of a totally blind person without previously warning him. He instantly becomes aware of its presence, though it may make absolutely no sound. By the exercise and cultivation of this sense, a man can walk parallel to a wall or fence at a distance of several feet, becoming at once aware of the fact if he for a moment lessens or increases the distance between himself and it. At first this requires a good deal of concentrated attention, but very soon it becomes a matter of second nature, and requires practically no attention at all. In this way, stationary objects can easily be sensed and avoided when hearing would be quite useless. The method has also the advantage of being quite unnoticeable to the casual passer-by; and which of us is not anxious to avoid drawing undue attention to our disabilities?

The crossing of busy thoroughfares remains, and must always remain, a difficulty, but let us not scorn to seek the assistance of a passer-by; these are never wanting in a busy street, and are only too



ready to lend a helping hand. I have never found a courteous request in this direction meet with anything but a ready response, and a word of thanks seems to be regarded as ample reward for any trouble taken. Thoroughfares of a less busy nature can easily be adventured alone, but care needs to be exercised in one respect. I warn all inexperienced hands against the danger of crossing in front of a slow-going, horse-drawn vehicle. These move so slowly that one is often tempted to cut across in front of them, forgetting that the noise they make may cover the approach of a quiet, fast-travelling car, which may catch one uncomfortably in the middle of the road. Perhaps our greatest pest is the cycle, for it is a stealthy foe, and its riders seem to be among the most inobservant people in the world. I have learnt to listen carefully for them on wet days, when their approach is audible on a muddy road, and to ignore them on dry days, when it is often difficult for the keenest ears to detect them at any considerable distance. One has the consolation of knowing that the cyclist usually comes off second-best in any difference of opinion as to right of way. It is well to remember that it is always safest to cross a road in a leisurely manner, and, if in a tight corner, to stand still and let the traffic avoid you.

Another great help in the matter of "getting about alone," and also in behaving generally like an ordinary sighted person, is the power of "visualizing." Here the St. Dunstan's man, newly-blinded as he is, and with a number of years of perfect sight behind him, has a great advantage over those born blind. He knows exactly what the world looks like, and the sounds he hears immediately conjure up correct mental images. This power of visualizing, or seeing things in the mind's eye, rapidly becomes a habit, and the habit second nature, so that, in a little while, the blind man develops a kind of mental vision, by which he sees without effort the exact shape and character of any room he has once explored, or the general outlines of any road with which he is familiar. True, the room or road he sees may not exactly resemble the

actual thing in every detail, but what of that? He "sees" the objects which he knows are there, and to them he can go without hesitation or blundering.

And how much more normal and interesting does life become when every sound suggests a mental image, when with our mental sight we "see" with more or less accuracy our surroundings. We turn instinctively and look at our companion when conversing instead of staring blankly in front of us; we look instinctively in the direction of any sound which attracts our attention when in the house or street, and so behave by habit, and without effort, like our sighted brethren. When at the theatre, a whispered word of explanation at the beginning of each scene will serve to start off our mental picture on the right lines, the voices, speeches, and changing positions of the players suggesting appropriate action, while tone of voice suggests at once the expression on the speaker's face.

It is extraordinary, too, how useful the sense of smell may prove in "getting about alone." How many times have I been saved from a sudden descent through an open coal-hole in the pavement by the unmistakable smell of coal! In picking out a particular shop in a long row it is often the only guide, and the St. Dunstan's man will do well to remember it when seeking light refreshment during his excursions abroad. Almost every shop has its own distinctive smell, which has been familiar to us from childhood, though we may never before have had reason to turn this familiarity to account. I do not, however, wish to suggest that a blind man should prance down the street nosing the air like a war-horse scenting the battle from afar, but merely that he should remember and make surreptitious use of this simple item of his equipment.

And so we find that after the first novelty of our new condition has worn off we can live cheerily and normally in this jolly world, gratefully accepting help when offered, courteously requesting it when needed, but for the rest, relying on our own resourcefulness and ingenuity to make ourselves useful and independent members of society.

## Comrades of the Great War

CAPT. TOWSE, V.C., AT ST. DUNSTAN'S

WHEN Captain Towse, V.C., came down on the last day of January to tell St. Dunstan's all about the objects of the organisation known as Comrades of the Great War, he found an eagerly appreciative audience.

All St. Dunstan's boys were ready to welcome him, and those who had known him in France were eager to exchange notes with the kind friend who cheered them up and had written home for them from the hospitals in Rouen and Boulogne.

It was in the South African War, when performing the act of self-sacrificing heroism that won him his V.C., that Captain Towse lost his sight. As most of the soldiers of to-day know, he was not content at the outbreak of the war to be pushed aside because of his blindness, but obtained permission to go at once to France, where, with his typewriter, he has been busy writing home letters for the soldiers wounded and in hospital.

Knowing, as he himself said, how badly it had fared with discharged soldiers after the South African War, he told St. Dunstan's men that he and his fellow-workers in the new organisation had firmly resolved to see that all discharged soldiers and sailors get their rights after the present war.

Captain Buchanan, V.C., who was blinded in Mesopotamia, and who has for the past four months been studying at St. Dunstan's, is a member of the General Committee of which Captain Towse is Chairman. Another St. Dunstanian, too, is interesting himself in this movement. Captain Blandy, whose sight was very seriously damaged in the battle of the Somme, has been appointed Commandant of the Reading Branch and President of the Reading Comrades Club.

Captain Towse briefly enumerated the main objects of this sound and practical organisation. "It is not a movement," he said, "of discharged soldiers and sailors against everybody else. We aim, rather,

to weld the country together in comradeship, that is why we are asking the civilians to assist us in our work of establishing branches and discharged men's clubs in all parts of the United Kingdom."

In thanking Sir Arthur Pearson for the very cordial welcome given to him at St. Dunstan's, Captain Towse made a point which was appreciated with much laughter. "I want you all to help by talking about the movement," he said, "for people will always listen to you. We blind people are interesting, you know, because we are curious, and if we had a chance of going about and speaking without a head at all, we'd be a jolly sight more interesting still!"

### The German Chancellor goes Shopping

I SAW him in our Stores to-day,  
And this is what I heard him say:—  
"I vondt a tozen Falkland Isles."  
The shopman rubs his hands, and smiles.  
"I also vondt a beeg Gibraltar,  
Und vot you haf of Englandt's Malta,  
Und haf you got zom goot Hong Kong?  
Jah? Goot!! Den bring it all along.  
I too vill take dot leetle Aden,  
For Germany we haf none made in.  
You zend dem all to me to-day?  
Ver' goot! But zend mit oud delay.  
I tell you, braps, if lader on  
I vondt to haf for me Ceylon;  
Und ven you haf sooch dings in stock  
Keep me von large Soudhampton Dock.  
Und don vorget to order, please,  
Dot book, *De Freedom of de Seas*.  
You need nod hurry mit de bill,  
I leave you zomdings in mein will.  
I now haf everydings all right;  
Zend dem dis evening. Danks, gcot-night."

The shopman bows, then gives a wink,  
And murmurs softly, "I—DON'T—THINK."  
H. B.



## Some Cursory Remarks

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

REVISITING the other day my pre-war haunts, I was welcomed with enthusiasm, and in honour of St. Dunstan's the office swear-box was opened. Burdened with its contents, I staggered towards Regent's Park, and there I deposited many coppers upon the table of the grateful treasurer.

NOW when I spent laborious hours in that office, there was no such thing there as a swear-box, and no one seemed to feel the need of one. Far be it from me to suggest that my withdrawal from the place it was which caused to be let loose a flood of objurgation which could only be dammed, so to speak, by the device of exacting a monetary penalty from all who transgressed the limits of the polite in conversation. Probably there always was a certain amount of language in that office, but it became noticeable only when members of the more refined sex came in to succeed those of us who, in 1914, discovered that we had business elsewhere. However this may be, the fact remains that in the space of a month the swear-box was quite worthy of being opened. Its contents were for the most part coppers, for it seems that to incur a fine greater in amount than the humble brown coin, something very stylish indeed is required in oratory. Nevertheless, there appeared in the casket no less splendid a coin than a half-crown. This apparition piqued my curiosity, and made me ready to wonder and admire. So great a sum, thought I, must have been exacted from some one of much power, fit surely to be the leader even of such an Army as that of ours, which, as we know, swore terribly in Flanders in the days of long ago. Inquiry showed that the half-crown had a history less romantic than one had hoped, but still somewhat picturesque. It had been deposited in the box as forehead payment for one month's freedom of speech, and the box had made a profit out of the

transaction. For he who had in the manner indicated purchased a season ticket, entitling him to thirty days of unfettered eloquence, fell sick upon the second day of the month, and was unable to attend at the office again until the period of his immunity from fine had expired. One result of this unhappy experience is that in future half-crowns will not be seen in this swear-box.

WHEN one is writing for such a reputable journal as the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, it is a little difficult to know what line to take in reference to the swear-box as an institution. The difficulty is not made less by the reflection that the swear-box is bound to become less and less efficient as a revenue-raising device in proportion as it becomes more and more effective as a moral agent. To put it bluntly, and not in the manner of the philosophers, the more you cuss the more you pay, and the less you cuss the poorer does the swear-box grow. Also, in parenthesis, as it were, the less you swear the more worthy are you as a citizen. Here is a quandary, for, to be quite frank, one had set out in these few remarks to advocate the institution of a St. Dunstan's swear-box in every haunt of men which the REVIEW reaches.

IN one of the most northerly islands of these realms the inhabitants, once upon a time, used to follow, at appropriate times and seasons, the pleasing and profitable occupation known as "wrecking." It is not quite certain that they actually lured unfortunate ships to their doom, but it is undeniable that they did not neglect the opportunities of profit offered by the stranding of ships on their rocky shores. A pastor coming to that island and ministering to its people, found himself faced by a problem very similar to that which one has endeavoured to set forth in the preceding paragraph. He was a great

## "Young Wallop the Wall"

THEY call me "Young Wallop the Wall."

But who cares a hang for their chatter?

I don't either stumble or fall,

And anything else doesn't matter.

The scrimmaging over in France

Has thrown on my eyesight a pall,

But still I have got a good chance,

With a stick that can wallop the wall.

I wallop my way to the square,

I wallop my way to the stall,

I wallop along everywhere,

I wallop and wallop the wall.

Don't waste any weeping on me,

For tears at the best are but folly;

I'm as blind as a bat, but you see

I've still got the heart to be jolly.

My loss it was great, but the others

In thousands have given their all,

And I have got sisters and brothers,

And a stick for to wallop the wall.

I wallop, &c.

Oh, no one more cheery than I,

And I don't look before or behind.

I've no room for a tear or a sigh

With the things that I see in my mind.

Oh, bless you, my memory's clear;

I still see the enemy fall,

And I've got—why, a barrel of beer,

And a stick for to wallop the wall.

I wallop, &c.

Oh, gaily I'll wallop through life,

With a dear little girl to share it;

She has promised to be my own wife,

And help me for ever to wear it.

And when we both go up above

And ask for old Peter and Paul,

If they don't let in me and my love,

With my stick I will wallop the wall.

I wallop my way to the square,

I wallop my way to the stall,

I wallop along everywhere,

I wallop and wallop the wall.

J. S. P.

man, and he found a way out which offended not his people, and, at the same time, did not violate his own conscience. When, as he was bound to do, he once a week petitioned for the safe-keeping of all in peril on the sea, he would add a rider to the effect that if it were the Divine will that ships should be cast away, the claims to consideration of the poor island of "So-and-So" might not be forgotten. Let us apply the moral. Man is a swearing animal, and is likely to remain so. Excessive use of what the police court charge-sheet picturesquely entitles "oaths and imprecations" is no doubt to be discouraged. But a moderate amount of certain eloquent expletives is not only, upon occasion, pardonable, it may indeed be described as admirable and salubrious. It is much to be preferred, for example, to the bottling up of wrath and annoyance which results in sulks and boorishness and all manner of childishness and petty passions. Therefore one is tempted to follow the example of the island pastor and to say, "Swearing is a regrettable habit, but if you must swear do it handsomely, and let your cuss be accompanied by the tinkle of a coin into a swear-box dedicated to St. Dunstan's."

## A Plucky St. Dunstanner

THE following little story, told by his wife, of H. Porter, who has been resident at the Bungalow Annexe for the past six months, is a remarkable instance of a blind man's courage in facing danger and promptness in realising the gravity of a situation:—"I had been upstairs and was coming down with a lighted candle in my hand, and whilst coming through the door, the light unobserved caught a towel which we kept for convenience hanging on the door. When I went to the door again I was astounded to find it all ablaze. I stood dazed, unable to do anything until my husband came to the rescue. He dragged it from the door and stamped it out. The door was terribly scorched and would have undoubtedly been burnt if he had not acted so promptly."



## "Englishman, Kamerad!"\*

By CAPTAIN GILBERT NOBBS.

THESE have been many books written about the war, most of them bearing some similarity to each other, but it can be safely said for this book that it is unique. The author was, before the war, a director of a great British business firm. To his work there he has returned since his release from Germany, with energy unimpaired, and he fills the post "to the entire satisfaction of his fellow directors," after a training at St. Dunstan's.

The first half of the book describes his departure from England and his five weeks in the fighting-line up to the time when he receives the shot which destroys his sight; the second half is an account of his three-months' experience as a prisoner of war in Germany. In short, pithy sentences the writer describes the characters with whom he is associated, and all the various incidents connected with his departure for the front and his brief spell of fighting there. The second half of the book is devoted to a brief account of his impressions of his blindness; accounts of his fellow prisoners whom he meets; and a general description of the life he led and the treatment he received.

More than once the writer pays a tribute to "the woman who waits," and he also lays strong stress on the apparent indifference, selfishness and greed of the civilian population at home. In speaking of the prisoners of war in Germany, he contrasts their treatment and employment as compared with the treatment of German prisoners of war in this country. He states that, in his opinion, British prisoners of war in Germany are, on the whole, treated better than they were in the earlier stages of the war.

With regard to his blindness, it is only necessary to quote the following passage, which is given without comment:—

"Let us think only of the glory of life; not of the trivial penalties which may be

demand of us in payment, and which we are so apt to magnify until we wonder whether the great gift of life is really worth while.

"Let us think, not of our disadvantages, but of those great gifts which we are fortunate enough to possess. Let us school ourselves to a high sense of gratitude for the gifts we have, and even an affliction becomes easy to bear. . . . .

"And the greatest gift of all, my sense of gratitude that, after passing through death, I am alive!"

\* Wm. Heinemann, London: 3s. 6d. nett.

## Ode To—?

WHEN to the House here I first came  
Who kindly enquired of me my  
name;

Then took me gently by the hand  
And led me off to "dispensaryland?"

That voice we hear above the din,  
"Dispensary, boys?" "Yes! Come  
right in."

Who greets you with "Good morning,  
dear,"

Or "You're next, old boy, just take this  
chair"?

Who cleans your windows and makes  
them clear;

Who pours the lotion in your ear,  
And sometimes pours it down your neck  
Despite your protests that it's wet?

Who is it when you're feeling queer  
Sends you to bed and stops your beer;  
Or, should you really feel quite ill,  
Brings doctor, hot milk and a pill?

No doubt by this time you'll have guessed  
To whom this little ode's addressed,  
Each boy can guess the answer, can't he?  
It's cheery, merry, sprightly "AUNTIE."

Colin McLean.

## "With Silent Friends"\*

By RICHARD KING

I MUST see what Richard King has to say this week," is the remark we find ourselves making as we seize upon the current number of *The Tatler*. "Fish's" freakish fancies, the portraits of beautiful damsels, the smartly-written gossip—all reminiscent, more or less, of paint, powder, and the foot-lights—will keep, but to Richard King we look for that rare "touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin."

And so we light our pipe and drop contentedly into his cosy corner while he chats to us of books and also of men, of women and beasts, of cabbages and kings, of things sublime and things ridiculous—fancifully, sadly, enthusiastically, quaintly and caustically, never pessimistically, though occasionally depressedly—for are we not all "under the weather" at times?—always humorously and also delightfully. And now it seems that Richard King is

\* Jordan-Gaskell, Ltd., London.

## Scotia's Bit

BLACK Watch, Seaforth's, Cameron men,  
Called from the hills and mountain  
glen,

Called to make good our oath once made  
To a brave wee state to render aid,  
Should she by powers be forced to war,  
Which scatters her plains with wreckage  
and gore.

Black Watch, Seaforth's, Cameron men,  
Marching on through infernal din,  
Comrades are falling, wounded and killed,  
But the gaps in the ranks are steadily  
filled;

Fighting, aye fighting o'er Flanders' plains  
To retake from a bully his ill-gotten gains.

none other than our friend "Mr. H," and that we, having eaten our cake, can yet have it, in spite of proverbs, and sit and pull out the plums at our leisure, to our heart's content. For Mr. Huskinson has published his contributions to *The Tatler* in book form, and in doing so has translated into action yet one more kind thought for St. Dunstan's, for he is generously presenting his "Author's profits" to our "Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Children Fund."

That the book may bring our friend much fame, and our fund much money, is, we are sure, the grateful wish of all St. Dunstanners, and also that the faint rustle of the blue bird's wings, to be heard now and again in his pages, may become a real whirl when he realizes how much of the love and affection he bestows on them is reciprocated.

"Looker-on."

Black Watch, Seaforth's, Cameron men,  
Some won't return to their mountain glen,  
Leave behind widows and kiddies too,  
Mothers and dads drink a bitter brew,  
Thinking of dear ones they'll see no more,  
"He died a grand death," but—

Oh God! Is this WAR?

No Name.

## Generosity of Oxford Library— Braille Books for Students

THE Librarian of the Oxford Public Library, which has one of the best collections of educational Braille books in the country, has generously put these at the disposal of any blinded officers or men who have studied at Oxford or any other University. Application for catalogues and particulars should be made to—

The Librarian,  
The Oxford Public Library, Oxford.



## Work Amongst the Limbless

BY WILLIAM GIRLING

IT is nearly a year since I left St. Dunstan's to fill a position as masseur at the Pavilion Hospital, Brighton, where I have during that time been putting into actual practice the lessons which were taught me so splendidly by St. Dunstan's teachers. I remember being told by a visitor to this hospital who had been to St. Dunstan's Annexe in Brighton that she found the spirits of the limbless less bright than those of the blind, and that they seemed to take their misfortune more to heart. I was happy to realize that this was not the case, for I was not amongst them long before I discovered how splendidly they bore their troubles, joking over their lost limbs, overcoming all the discomforts and difficulties which the loss of an arm or a leg entails, and helping each other tactfully and cheerfully as only those handicapped in the same way can. Their spirit is unbroken, and they do their utmost to be as little trouble to others as any A1 man.

All of them—even those who have lost both legs, and sometimes have an arm *hors de combat*—are unanimous in their opinion that the loss of sight is a greater loss than theirs. For reasons of my own, I always reserve my opinion on this comparison.

I find no difficulty in giving the treatment outlined for them, and can recognize all my patients by their characteristic marks, their voices telling me whether I am correct in my identification of them. It is often some days before they realize that I am without sight, which I think in itself proves how naturally and independently we work and get about.

In concluding this, I will say that these limbless "Tommies" uphold their reputation for pluck and sticking power, which has always been given our fighting men, and if only the troops now on active service do likewise, there will be something very painful in store for Fritz.

## CHANGES :

WHEN I was a lad and didn't do well  
My parents would tell me I'd go  
down to hell,

And Oh! but they did make a fuss.  
But now that I'm old, and I hope much  
more wise,

I know there's a hell that is up in the  
skies ;

And I know that it comes down to us.

When I was a lad and lived by the sea  
The briny was then quite delightful to me.

We'd the finest house ever was seen.  
But now that I'm older and live at a farm

My house at the sea could not now keep  
me warm :

It was shelled by a Boche submarine.

When a lad, up to Town we would go in  
the season,

The Gaiety theatre, perhaps was the reason,  
But now it is worse than the "Front."

You can't, in the park, take a walk with  
your lover

Without being ordered to go and " TAKE  
COVER,"

And 'twill take you a month at least to  
recover

The effect of the Home Forces' " STUNT,"  
" Third Reserve."

## One-Handed St. Dunstanners

A DOUBLE HANDICAP

THERE are at St. Dunstan's a considerable number of men, who, in addition to having lost their sight, are doubly handicapped by the loss or disablement of a hand or limb. The greatest care is taken in the choosing of an occupation for these men, and in the re-education which is to render them once again capable of earning their living.

A special device has been added to the ordinary typewriter, with which every man who passes his test is supplied, which is operated by the knee and enables the one-handed man to write capitals, figures, etc., an operation which would otherwise require two hands, while a special paper feed has been designed which ensures that the paper is inserted straight in the machine. Among the trades which have been successfully undertaken by these fellows are poultry-farming, telephony, newspaper and tobacco-selling, and string-bag-making, while one man, W. Hopper, is a very clever carpenter, and on his last visit here presented Sir Arthur with a beautiful little cabinet of his own making. These men are, of course, all fitted with the very best Roehampton artificial limbs, while the greatest care and thought are given to the weakened arms and distorted hands and fingers to enable them to become useful for their life's work. Everything possible is done by the doctors and masseurs, while Mrs. Knutford, who has considerable practical experience in surgical splint making, devotes herself to this particular branch of work. All the difficult cases are taken by her to the Surgical Requisite Association, Mulberry Walk, where casts are made by Miss Acheson, a sculptor, whose brilliant work is known to many hospitals. On these casts, cases (or splints) are made of papier mâché. They are then cut off and waterproofed by the use of a solution of copper and ammonia. These splints are of astonishing lightness, and protect

any sensitive part of an arm, wrist, or hand from pressure or the weight of clothes.

An appliance of this type has been used to protect an elbow that was shot so that the nerves were exposed and the arm very sensitive. A flat aluminium band which passed down the outside of the arm was hinged at the elbow joint in order to give to the movements of the limb, and was joined at either end to two papier mâché bands, which, bracelet fashion, fitted round the arm, one above the elbow and one below, being kept in place by a light webbing strap and buckle. When worn under the sleeve this contrivance could not be seen, and it effectually protected the elbow from accidents and all pressure, and gave the joint the opportunity to gradually strengthen. Little papier mâché cases for the protection of fingers during work are also most useful. The casts are again used in order to glove damaged and ill-proportioned hands. Sometimes devices in aluminium are sewn inside, while elastic pulls are attached outside to help straighten out the contracted fingers. All men suffering from arm and hand troubles are provided with a good pair of well-fitting gloves for winter wear, should they wish to have them. The wooden hands are also fitted, even if it means sending them to the works at Worcester for that purpose. For cases of weak and dropped wrists an ingenious rubber sponge roller is used. It is placed across the palm and connected round the hand by a piece of webbing which keeps it in position. From the centre of the webbing is attached a piece of strong elastic which is pinned on to the wearer's tunic sleeve. The action is thus two-fold, for while pressing the rubber roller, not only are the fingers in action, but there is a strong pull upwards in the wrist, bringing many muscles into play.

St. Dunstan's owe many remarkable cures to Mrs. Knutford and her ingenious friends.



## My Experiences as a Prisoner

BY A REPATRIATED BLINDED SOLDIER

AN unusually interesting and informative narrative of experiences in the earliest days of the war is furnished to the REVIEW by Private E. J. Burgess, late of the 1st Gloucesters. He says:—

"My lot went out to France on August 11th, 1914, and fought in the Battle of Mons. That fight is too well known to need repeating, but, speaking for myself, I came through all right until August 28th when fighting at Le Cateat. I was wounded by shrapnel in the leg and back, and was taken to Laon to a hospital, where I found myself to be the only representative of the British Forces.

"As the British made their fighting retreat, the Germans entered Laon and took over the hospital, the first intimation of which I had was seeing German officers enter. A German came to my bedside, and asked, 'Aren't you sorry you came to fight for England?' 'No,' I answered, 'I am an English soldier.' He then offered me a cigarette, which I refused, as it was easy to see this was a bribe, and that his apparent kindness was not to last. He asked me the strength of the British Army. I replied that I did not know; he called me 'a damned liar.' After a brief spell, I told him we had all the Indian Army behind us. This information did not altogether please him, as one can imagine, but he consoled himself by saying, 'We shall be in Paris in a week.' I muttered something about the likelihood of his being in Paradise by that time. It was evident this General was not the only person who could speak English, as this remark brought me a smack on the ear from one of his companions.

"A French lady came into the hospital two days later to see her husband; she told him that she had been outraged by five German soldiers. These brutes demanded a champagne supper, which the poor woman had to provide or pay the consequences. As it was, she was

turned out of her home, and had to return to the hospital.

"For three weeks after this conversation I was alone in hospital, then, to my great delight, four English soldiers arrived, badly wounded. It was great luck to have someone to whom to talk.

"Early in October (I forget the exact date) we had to leave Laon Hospital. My leg was still in plaster-of-Paris; nevertheless, I had to walk five hundred yards to the 'bus. We were cheered by the French people in the village. We started to an unknown destination, and arrived at a little village called Sissonne.

"Our arrival at Sissonne was very different from the send-off at Laon. Five hundred German wounded soldiers jeered, called us 'English swine,' and attacked us; they cut off some of our buttons for souvenirs, and we were only protected from further insult by the German Principal Medical Officer, who threatened our tormentors with a revolver. We were each placed in a separate room, without fuel or boots, and only the clothes in which we left hospital. Here we were kept for three days, receiving two meals each day. On leaving this place at seven o'clock in the morning, we travelled in a motor-'bus about twenty kilometres to the station. Then came the usual interrogation by several German high officials: 'Weren't we sorry we were fighting for England?' All five of us answered, 'No.' We were then bundled into one cattle truck, and given one small piece of black bread as ration. After travelling for two days and two nights through Belgium and Luxemburg, without anything at all to eat or drink, with the exception of the piece of black bread, we reached the German town of Gessen-ober-Bressen, and arriving at the hospital were told we would have to wait until mid-day for food.

"Our stay in Gessen-ober-Bressen lasted three weeks, when we were again

moved, under the same conditions. Traveling for two days and two nights, we came to a little siding named Klein Wittenberg.

"On alighting, we found we were joined by French soldiers and were received by about a hundred German civilians, who assisted us into the camp by kicking and beating us. When at last inside the camp we were ranged in the snow in front of German officers and soldiers, and kept standing without boots and very scantily clad for two hours and a half. The snow lay six inches thick on the ground, and we were searched, and had more buttons carried away as souvenirs. We were ushered into one barrack room, and there we met some Russian soldiers. They told us afterwards that they had been taken prisoners in Poland during mobilisation, and had had no opportunity to fight.

"The Russian soldiers were helping to build the camp, and we had more to do with them later on. One washing-bowl was given out for the use of three men, and this we had to use for our soup. Later on we were issued one small blanket and a bed which the Russians had been sleeping on before.

"Our opinion of the Russian soldiers, at this period at any rate, was anything but a good one. They had been sleeping in their clothes, neglecting to wash, and the bed we had was lively in more senses than one. We were confined in this room until December 20th, and during this time nineteen British and two hundred Russian soldiers joined us. The place was not fit for habitation. We all knew that disease was imminent, indeed, typhus fever broke out before Christmas. Two men were taken to the hospital, and died. Rumour had it that their death was due to ill-treatment.

"Then came Christmas Day, 1914. Being British we naturally expected, although prisoners, that we would have a little extra, but this is what happened. At six o'clock in the morning we had half a pint of barley water. It did not take me long to dress, as my clothing was serving as day and night apparel. We 'enjoyed' ourselves parading up and down the room until ten o'clock, when we received one loaf weighing five lbs. for ten men. At one o'clock, Christmas dinner arrived,

which consisted of pea-water—at least we thought it was pea-water, because occasionally we saw a skin. At six o'clock some stewed pears came to the room, but the supply was so meagre that it worked out at one pear to fifteen men.

"In January, 1915, the camp was closed, as typhus was in full swing. Major Harold Edgar Priestley, who has recently received the Gold Medal of the West London Medico-Chirurgical Society and been decorated by the King, came to us at this time. Hundreds of Russian and French soldiers were taken to one bungalow, which was half built. I had occasion to go there every morning for dressing, only to be told there was no iodine or bandages. Men were all over the floor on one blanket each. I saw men down with the deadly fever rise to their knees and drop dead. As no assistance was forthcoming from the Germans, the prisoners had to help one another as best they could.

"Major Priestley and his companions were terribly handicapped, having neither hot water nor medicines. Major Fry, Major Sutcliffe and Captain Field sacrificed their lives in the attempt to cope with the typhus. Subscriptions from the men resulted in decent coffins being obtained for their burial, but the Germans held aloof. The three remaining doctors, with the assistance of French and Russian doctors, worked with unremitting heroism, there being at this time from fifty to sixty deaths in a day. Two bodies were placed in a coffin, taken to the cemetery, tipped out, and the coffins returned. The cemetery was five hundred yards away from the camp, and the German civilians jeered as the funeral processions wended their way there. At this time five inches of snow lay on the ground. We were allowed one box of coal per week, and as the majority of our men had no boots, socks, overcoats or even shirts, we all thought our days on earth very near an end. I took the fever myself and was placed in hospital. After getting over the fever, I found my eyesight was gradually going, but not until I arrived in Switzerland did I realize that I was fated to lose my eyesight entirely.

(To be concluded next month.)



## News from the Workshops

**THE BASKET DEPARTMENT**  
**T**HE men in this department are taking great interest in their work, and I venture to think that the standard of willow work at the present time is as high as it could be. McCue, Smith and Hudman will take a lot of beating in the forthcoming competition promoted by the Workshipful Company of Basket-Makers. McCue and Beattie have just completed their first baby-linen hampers. Great credit is due to them for this attempt, as these baskets are not at all easy to make.

W. Hudman and A. Smith have commenced work as pupil-teachers, and show great promise in their duties. All the instructors are working enthusiastically and Mr. Bridge has occasion to be proud of his department. Instructor Hails has had to temporarily relinquish work owing to ill-health. We hope he will soon be quite well again.

**BOOT-REPAIRING DEPARTMENT**  
 The boot-repairers are all very busy, and the instructors are working at high pitch. The work of Instructor Portsmouth is very creditable, and the way he imparts his knowledge of boot-construction at a series of lectures he is now giving is excellent. It is hoped that shortly a pamphlet on boot-construction will be available. Although it may be difficult for a blind man to make the whole of a boot himself, the knowledge will be very helpful when repairing, and it is important that all our men should be in a position to reply to any questions from critics.

**THE MAT DEPARTMENT**  
 Mr. Osborne would like to remind the boys that they have a reputation to keep up, and that when they leave the mat department their work should maintain a high standard.

Ballard, of the "College," has shown how level a mat can be cut with a knife,

and his is the best mat that has been done yet in this way. Roach has made a very good mat with his initials on it, while Macauley, too, has completed one with an inlaid red key and a brown border.

Of the new boys who are making good progress are Grocott, Thatcher, Summer and Davies.

**THE JOINERY DEPARTMENT**  
 Work in the joiners' shop goes on splendidly, and the number of men who are learning this seemingly impossible handicraft is increasing steadily. Seldom has there been an empty bench, and some fine examples of workmanship have been executed. The large number of different orders offered to men whom we have trained, show that people appreciate our good work, that their views are growing broader and their expectations much greater. This is not surprising, for we ourselves are astonished at what is achieved by the men in so short a time, and with no previous experience at their service. This month we feel the loss of Shields, Clare, Morton, and others who have made a name for themselves in the shop by the splendid specimens of work they did. There is no fear concerning their future if they keep up the high standard of proficiency maintained in the workshop. We wish them every success. One of the most prominent examples of patient determination to overcome a double handicap is to be found in Stratfall, who puts all in the shade when it is remembered that he has only two little fingers on his left hand. A kitchen table that Stratfall has made will bear the keenest criticism. Ralph has been promoted to pupil-teacher, and is rapidly proving his ability to impart the knowledge he has already gained. The reports from old boys are most encouraging. In all cases they are working to their full capacity and showing good returns, and we are pleased to note the quality of their work is of an increasingly high standard.

## Braille, Massage and Netting Notes

### Braille Notes

**W**E congratulate the following officers and men on having passed their Tests:—

**WRITING TEST:** Sergt. F. T. Harris, W. H. Taylor, H. Morris, Sergt. A. A. H. Brown, T. Corboy, S. Gobourn, W. C. Shaw, K. C. Gatrell, D. C. Morgan, and M. O. Leefe.

**READING TEST:** T. H. Ward, R. McDonald, H. D. Learmouth, W. H. Wright, P. Garrity, Mr. W. M. Millard, L. Jackson, T. Willis, G. J. Smith, G. K. Stobie, Herbert Thompson, M. Deegan, J. H. Burt, F. H. Kirkbright, G. Moore, and H. Flatt.

I SHOULD like to draw the attention of all St. Dunstanners to the Braille Correspondence Club, the President and founder of which is Mrs. C. A. Philips, who is a great friend of Miss Reynolds, the tireless and enthusiastic second-in-command in the Braille Room. Her address is: Braille-côte, Oaklands Road, Bromley, Kent. Any soldiers or sailors who would like to receive Braille letters from other blind men, or from sighted correspondents, will be welcomed as members. There is no subscription for membership to the Club, and only one rule, which is: "That any intending member must apply personally by Braille letter to the President for enrolment." Mrs. Philips will, I know, be only too pleased to welcome any of our Brailleists who would like to join the Club.

The "Student in Arms," by Donald Hankey, is now published in interlined Braille, and "With Silent Friends," by Richard King, is to be had from the National Lending Library, of which all St. Dunstan's men are honorary members.

D. P.

### Massage Notes

A PRELIMINARY massage examination was held in the Massage School last

week, under exactly similar arrangements to those of the I.S.T.M. examination. All the students—with the exception of one who was ill—gained sufficient marks to warrant their continuation of training for the June examination. The highest percentage of any student was 78 per cent., and the average percentage was 67 per cent. A very satisfactory result.

LESLIE KING has secured an appointment as masseur at an Officers' Hospital at Brighton, where he is doing very well.

We have several new students this month, including Lieut. Millard.

WE deeply regret Miss Thompson's departure. She has made many friends with her every-ready helpfulness and sympathetic interest in all. We wish her every success in her new work.

F. G. B.

### Netting Notes

THERE are two novelties to mention this month. The first, which was invented and presented to the Netting Room by an interested friend, consists of a wooden arch, the frame of which is filled by a detachable net. The idea is to replace the rustic work, which is apt to rot, by a net which can be taken down in the autumn and used again in the spring. We recommend this net, which can be made to fit any arch, especially for loganberries, whose prickles are so often the despair of gardeners.

OUR other novelty is a wooden winder, which will facilitate the making of long nets. The first fixture is such a success that we are looking forward to the time when these winders will be part of the general apparatus in the Netting Room.

G. H. W.



## Settlement Department

THE first reports of the men recently settled are encouraging, and, in spite of labour difficulties, the results of our efforts, combined with help from the men, have been gratifying.

CLARE has a very excellent shop just outside St. Paul's School, Kensington, where, by taking large premises and letting the other part off as flats, we were able to place him in a commanding position at a reasonable rent—its proximity to the school should ensure him a good trade in picture and certificate framing.

SHIELDS AND RANDALL—also joiners—are well placed in Cheltenham and Croydon respectively. The former should receive plenty of trade from the various schools by which he is surrounded, whilst the latter should do well, for Croydon appears to offer good support to any St. Dunstan's men.

AMOS ROBINSON is making well-maintained progress in his business, and each week since he opened has shown an appreciable increase in the takings. His pre-war knowledge of the newspaper business serves him in good stead, and by

## Typewriting and Telephony Notes.

WE congratulate the following officers and men on passing the typewriting test, which entitles them to their own Remington machine:—W. C. Shaw, Kirkbright, Perrin, Hamilton, Lieut. Crompton, McGill, P. Clark, Plunkett, Crowe, Lieut. Weeks, McPhee, Cockerell, L. Smith, Hinton, Corrigan, Dunn, Lieut. Millard, Roberts, Cross, Kerr, Capt. Buchanan, Meader, Perrott, Cavanagh, Buckley, Curnow, Roylance, Chave, Blackshaw, James, Thompson, Shortland, Douglas, Lynch, Cavan, Ellinson, Arthingstall, Sheehy, London, Hotson, Fairfield, Dellor, Lieut. Martin.

a lucky chance we were able to establish him in a shop within a few yards of where he had a "stand" for several years previous to entering the Army. Grattidge, too, has largely increased his newspaper sales, and again, his previous knowledge of the trade is proving invaluable.

I HAVE just returned from Paris, where I have had the opportunity of inspecting the very excellent wood-work training being carried on for the employment of French soldiers who have been maimed in the war, including a small number of blinded men. The establishment is most ably presided over by Madame Weill, with Monsieur Dubowsky as her technical adviser and works manager. A number of extraordinarily ingenious appliances have been devised and worked out in collaboration with a particularly able blind instructor and a soldier who has lost one leg. I have been fortunate enough to obtain duplicates of some of these, and hope to see them introduced at St. Dunstan's. Certain modifications of some of them will be necessary, such as graduating the measurements in inches instead of centimetres, but the general principles are of universal usefulness.

H. D. B.

THE telephonist class is going very strongly now, and the men turned out are proving very efficient operators. There are now about twelve men receiving instructions, several of whom have positions waiting for them.

PARKER has obtained a post with a firm in Nottingham, and we hear that he is doing very well. Alvey started work as an operator at Debenham & Freebody's on February 27th, and we cheerfully anticipate that he will give every satisfaction. Both of them have our best wishes.

E. McL.

## The Country Life Section

THE Council of the National Utility Poultry Society have kindly offered to elect our poultry-farmers members of the Society at half the usual subscription of 5s. per annum. We are paying the subscriptions for the first year, to encourage St. Dunstanners to join.

ON January 5th, Mr. W. G. Tarbet, Secretary of the above Society, lectured in the Outer Lounge. He laid great stress on the use of garden produce for feeding fowls, and also on the necessity for cleanliness in everything. He emphasized the importance of strain, and recommended breeding from two-year-old hens and a one-year-old cockerel. He also advised the sale of laying pullets before the moult, say in May or June.

WE will, of course, continue to supply St. Dunstan's poultry men with good quality food-stuffs at cost price. Buying as we do in large quantities, and seeing that carriage is paid from this end, this scheme is proving itself to be of great service, and will no doubt increase in usefulness as local buying become more difficult. Sacks are getting very scarce now, and I shall be much obliged if poultry-farmers will return all the empty ones they have.

DURING February the following officers and men were at our King's Langley Farm, undergoing a practical course of poultry-farming:—Mr. Leefe, Murray, Negus, Williamson, Shaw, Alexander; while the following relations went through a similar course at Meopham:—Mrs. Murray, Mrs. Negus, Mrs. Williamson, Mrs. Warren, and Miss H. Smith.

THE Poultry Examinations were held on February 5th, 6th and 7th, by Mr. T. R. Robinson, late Instructor to the Agricultural College, Wye. In his report, he says:—"I was much struck by the uniformity of the knowledge and interest

displayed. All the men identified the live birds by handling, and knew something of their economic qualities. They also identified the foods, and answered many questions as to their various uses, etc. The incubators and foster-mothers were handled, and the men explained the working of the machines in the most satisfactory way. Other points, such as mating, breeding, etc., both of fowls and ducks, were discussed by each candidate. Considering their short training and that they have had no previous experience, the examination reflects the greatest credit on the instructors and men alike. The results are as follows:—

FIRST COURSE (possible 50): Hamilton, 48; Cockerill, 48; Benning, 47; Lynch, 46; Emerton, 44; Hight, 43; Fairfield, 42; Craigie, 40; Sutton, 40; McGill, 40.

SECOND COURSE (possible 100): Warren, 95; Kirkham, 95; Gifford, 95; Edge, 85; Taylor, 82; Shaw, 80; Pink, 80; Leefe, 80; Rouch, 78; Harrison, 78; Artingstall, 75; Costello, 75.

AS several poultry-farmers left St. Dunstan's before the rabbit-keeping course of instruction started, I have asked Mr. Neville, who looks after our experimental farm at King's Langley, to write a small article on rabbit-feeding, etc. I have had this article and one by Mr. Playfoot on poultry food-stuffs printed in one pamphlet, and shall be pleased to send a copy to poultry-men who like to apply for it.

OUR thanks are due to Mrs. Alexander Graham, who has presented us with two sittings of White Wyandotte eggs, and to Mr. Thomas Duncan for a pure-bred Leghorn cockerel.

POULTRY-FARMERS are reminded that the *Poultry World* has given us £50 worth of free advertising space. Anybody wishing to make use of this generous offer should send their advertisements to me.

C. S. A.



## News of St. Dunstan's Men

HOPPER, who was the first one-handed blinded soldier to "try his hand" at joinery, paid us a visit the other day. He says he is able to overcome all the very great difficulties which are presented by his double handicap, though of course his work is at present rather slow. He presented Sir Arthur Pearson with a very well-made little cabinet, complete with three drawers, his first effort in this direction. This extract from one of Hopper's letters is an excellent example of the progress St. Dunstan's men make after they have left the Hostel. "I find that the sharpening of tools is the biggest obstacle that I have to contend with, and until the other day I had to rely on a third person. Now I can manage myself. I made a fixture to hold the tools in, and manage to put a keen edge on any tool now."

T. W. Groves, of Botley, near Oxford, writing to Sir Arthur Pearson, says that he is getting on exceedingly well with his carpentry, and encloses a list of his orders, which will certainly keep him busy for some time to come. An instance of the curious ideas some people have of the way a blind man sets about his work is shown in the following extract from his letter:—"The children are very interested in my work. They cannot understand how I do it. One boy enquired, 'Who holds the nails for you?' He puzzled over this for awhile, and then said, 'I know! Mrs. Groves holds them while you knock them in.'" Expressions of sympathy for Mrs. Groves' fingers followed, after which the matter was put right by Groves himself, who proceeded to hammer in nails without the least difficulty.

At a private concert recently, T. Tootell, who is being trained in singing, had the honour of being complimented on his performance by Princess Mary, who was one of the guests.

H. Elborn, of Peckham, who left us in February, 1916, is getting together a good connection in his boot-repairing business, and has the satisfaction of having repeated orders and recommendations from his customers. He is an excellent mat-maker too, and says that his two trades fit in well together, and that his friends in Peckham are really beginning to appreciate what a St. Dunstanian can do.

H. Sims, of Chobham Common, is kept very busy by local orders for mats, and letters he has received from people he has supplied point to his workmanship being very thorough. He is doing well with his poultry too, and says nothing was left out in the training he received at St. Dunstan's.

D. Lewis, who left us only a few weeks ago, has made an excellent start. He tells me that his profits for the first fortnight's work are over £3 10s. Lewis lives in a colliery district in which he is well known, so that he is fully confident that this success will continue.

I hear that W. Walker, who left at the same time as Lewis, has also made a very good beginning in Kensington as a boot-repairer.

R. Spry lives in the same part of the world, and he and Walker frequently meet each other when they are out alone, for Spry, too, is a very independent fellow. He is getting on well as a boot-repairer, and likes his work immensely.

G. F. Yarrow, a marine, who left St. Dunstan's at the end of last year, tells me that he has offered his services to a local troupe of boy scouts. I feel sure that with his long experience in the marines he will be very useful to them indeed.

We continue to get splendid news of the massage men. S. C. Tarry, who left

## In all parts of the Country

us in March, 1917, and is now working as a masseur at the Third London General Hospital, Wandsworth, is getting on splendidly. The following letter, received from a doctor-patient suffering from hemiplegia, is one of his most treasured possessions, for as Tarry says "I feel very proud to have got the letter, as doctors are the most competent people to judge our work." The doctor says:—"I write to thank you for all you have done for me during my two months stay at the Third London General Hospital. Your method of massage was very thorough, and I owe a great deal of my improved condition to your skilful handling."

I was pleased to see Harper during the month. He tells me that he and Hudson, both of them masseurs, are starting work on their own, and intend to settle down to a private practice in London, not far from St. Dunstan's. They have our best wishes for the success of their venture.

I was lucky enough to meet W. Girling on the front at Brighton one week-end. He has been working at the Pavilion Hospital for Limbless Men for several months, and I asked him to write me an article about his experience there. You will see this on page 14.

I hear from Mr. Brighurst, who is in charge of massage training at St. Dunstan's, that Corporal Stacey, who is working at the Bethnal Green Military Hospital, is getting on splendidly. He tells us that he is perfectly happy in his work, and earning the good report of the doctors and massage sister in charge.

The following cutting, which is taken from a provincial newspaper, speaks well of the progress M. Nolan has made as a mat-maker since he left St. Dunstan's:—

For some time past there has been displayed in one of the windows at the establishment of Mr. Robert Jones, Manchester House, High Street, a handsome door-mat, made to the order of

Mrs. Lloyd George, by Sergeant M. Nolan of Northrop. This mat displays excellent workmanship and has resulted in a very large increase in his trade.

D. Potts, who has recently been settled in Stockton, has as many mats on hand as he can manage. He is turning out good work, and his repeated orders show that he is giving satisfaction to his customers.

An excellent concert was recently arranged by W. Robinson in the little village of Welby, near Grantham. A great deal of credit is due to Robinson, who organised the concert himself, for the sum of £12 17s., which was sent to the treasurer of St. Dunstan's, is the largest that has ever been collected in the village.

I get good news of W. C. Carnell, of Bampton, Devon, who continues to prosper as a boot-repairer, and has distinguished himself by singing at a local concert in aid of the Nurses Association. I understand that Carnell was considered to be the "Star" turn.

P. A. Baker, who returned to Australia at the end of last year to take up poultry-farming and mat-making, writes saying that wherever he goes he is met with the greatest kindness. In a recent letter he says:—"When I arrived at Mudgee, my native town, all the townspeople were on the platform to cheer me. I was presented with something like £300 from local bodies with which I was associated before the war. The residents of the district are now building me a new home and poultry-farm complete, which will be of much value to me." Baker seems to have had one bit of bad luck however, for we read in another part of his letter, "I lost the box containing my rowing trophies, etc." We hope we may soon hear that he has found them, for he naturally values them very highly.



I hear from F. Dyson, who has settled near Oldham as a poultry-farmer, that he has been appointed a member of a Local Committee for Discharged Soldiers and Sailors, and that this committee has asked him to sit on the Local Pensions Committee for Saddleworth. We congratulate him on the interest he is showing in the affairs of other disabled men.

Chapman, one of our best boot-repairers, writes, saying, that he is getting on splendidly and that everyone is well-satisfied with his work. In a recent letter he told me that he had, with a little help from another boot-repairer, made himself a pair of boots. He is now wearing them and is quite convinced that it is not at all impossible for a blind man to do this work himself.

I. F.

After-Care Department.

## Church Notes

THREE candidates, viz., Thomas Darwin Tomlinson, George Hattrick, and Andrew Neil, from St. Dunstan's Annexe, Blackheath, were presented for Confirmation at St. George's Garrison Church, Woolwich, on December 13th, 1917. The service was taken by Bishop Taylor Smith, (Chaplain General to the Forces). The total number of candidates was over one hundred, the St. Dunstan's men being the first called to receive the laying on of hands. On March 20th there will be a Confirmation at Holy Trinity Church, when a number of men from St. Dunstan's hope to be confirmed. Their chums are invited to come and back them up in thought and prayer, and wish them good luck.

ON Sunday, March 10th, at 10 a.m., the Rev. Harold Gibb preached to a large congregation in St. Dunstan's Chapel. All St. Dunstanners will remember him as the plucky Padre who, when chaplains were forbidden to enter the Line, took a fighting commission in his old regiment, and went up to the Front, where he was subsequently blinded.

ON April 14th we hope to have the Rev. R. F. Gillingham again as preacher.

THE responses to the services for Prayer on Ash Wednesday showed how keen many men and sisters are. We expect to have large services on Sundays, but on a week-day there is so much going on that the Chaplain must acknowledge that he was very pleased at the response. The choir led the evening services splendidly.

FIVE minutes "Family Prayers" every morning are now being held at times suitable for the different houses.

THE Rev. E. N. Sharpe (Hon. Chaplain), is giving a course of addresses at the Friday two o'clock services.

THE Chapel is again indebted to Joinery-Instructor George Pell. How he managed to make so handsome and large a bookcase when he was so hard at other work, none of us can understand. It is proving very useful, and is greatly adding to the look of the Chapel. A small library of interesting books of a religious value is kept on its shelves, as well as hymn-books and prayer-books.

THE choir stalls, which have been provided by the staff as a Christmas gift to St. Dunstan's Chapel, are now at length fixed, and are very useful and attractive. There will be no difficulty for the choir men in proceeding straight to their places, and they will be infinitely better heard.

THE most interesting parts of Stainer's "Crucifixion" will be rendered by the choir on Thursday, March 19th, at 5.30 p.m., at St. Dunstan's, and on Palm Sunday at 6.0 p.m., at Holy Trinity Church, which is near Gt. Portland Street Station.

THE choir has recently welcomed Taplin, who is teaching Braille for the time, and Heritage, who is an experienced tenor. The members have greatly valued the help given by some of the orderlies, and by Mr. Sansome.

## Catholic Chapel Notes

FATHER PURCELL, R.N., Catholic Chaplain to H.M.S. "Dublin," paid a visit to St. Dunstan's last week, and was greatly pleased with all the work. As mentioned in the last issue of the magazine, the Catholic men of his ship sent in money for a statue to be erected in the Chapel. He now says he hopes to collect enough money from the officers and men to pay for two stained-glass windows at the end of the Chapel. The subject of one will be St. Sebastian, Patron Saint of Soldiers, and the other St. Nicholas, Patron Saint of Sailors. He says that all on board are greatly interested in St. Dunstan's.

THE Sisters of the Sacred Heart Convent at Roehampton have sent a new white silk altar frontal for use in the Chapel.

MISS SMAIL, who, in conjunction with Miss Murrough, has since the opening of the old Chapel looked after the Sanctuary lamp and the Chapel generally, has left us to take up other work elsewhere. Her place is now filled by Miss Knight. We all regret Miss Smail's departure, who before leaving gave a statue of the Sacred Heart to the Chapel. It stands near the altar rails, on the Gospel side.

PLEASE remember Easter Duties must be fulfilled not later than Low Sunday, April 7th.

P. H.

## Births

MARTIN, E. W., daughter	Jan. 15, 1918.
COOKE, H. G., daughter	- Jan. 10, 1918.
PARSONS, daughter	- Jan. 18, 1918.
MAKIN, D., son	- Dec. 27, 1917.
ARNOLD, A., son	- Jan., 1918.
ROGERS, T., daughter	- Feb. 19, 1918.
SHEPHERD, T., daughter	Feb., 1918.
DOWSON, T., twin daughters	Feb., 1918.

## Music at St. Dunstan's

THE St. Dunstan's Rag-time Band gave a concert at the Eagle Hut (a Y.M.C.A. Hutrun by the Americans), on January 24th. Sergeant Brown, V. Russell and W. Collins sang solos, which were much enjoyed by the audiences. Miss Dounan very kindly assisted at the concert, and she and W. Collins sang "The Voyagers"—a very excellent duet.

Miss Dounan's Singing Classes in the Type-writing Room on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays are deeply appreciated; it is very kind of such a busy professional artist to give so much of her valuable time to her pupils at St. Dunstan's.

The Band and Singers gave another concert in the Blinded Soldiers' Ward at No. 2 General Hospital. We understand that the patients have all survived the somewhat trying ordeal!

Mr. W. Bainton, who is well known to those who learn Braille shorthand, very kindly gives lessons in Braille music on Mondays and Thursdays, at 5.30, in the Braille Shorthand Room. He will be glad to have the names of any men who would care to join these classes. In a letter to the Editor, he says:—"Braille music is not very hard to learn, although it should be left severely alone until the ordinary reading and writing tests have been passed. If the study of Braille music is taken in conjunction with lessons in singing or instrumental music, I feel confident that fellows would progress even more than they do now, and would feel more inclined to carry on when they leave St. Dunstan's than I should imagine they would if they had to depend entirely on the kindness of others to play things over for them until they could pick them up by ear, or memorize them sufficiently well to be able to play without hesitation."



## Humorous Happenings

"FOGGED."

THE recent fogs have given St. Dunstanners their chance of showing their accurate knowledge of their surroundings and of rescuing wandering "seers" who, for the moment, are blind as bats. This amusing little story, which was told me the other day by a St. Dunstanner, illustrates my point. I give it in his own words.—ED.

"In one of the thickest fogs we had during the month, I set off with a friend to walk from St. Dunstan's down the Outer Circle towards Portland Place. We had not gone more than a few yards before it became evident that I was to do the escorting, and as I had often walked down this way alone before, I knew it all as well as did my friend. I proceeded to direct the wandering footsteps of my seeing companion down the Outer Circle at a fair rate. Now, St. Dunstan's men frequent this particular railing, for it is a most excellent place to learn to walk alone, and it has become a habit for them to rattle their sticks on the railing. This practice, which is ordinarily quite unnecessary and to be avoided as clumsy and very 'blind,' has its advantages here, where the presence of other blind people makes collisions possible. Well, I presently heard the familiar rattle, and guessing it to be a fellow St. Dunstanner, hailed him. 'Hullo, old chap, who are you?' To my surprise the reply was, 'British officer! Fed up with this beastly country! Can't see a blooming thing!' 'No more can I,' was my prompt answer, 'awkward, isn't it? Where are you going to? Perhaps I can help you.' 'I am looking for York Gate,' he replied, with hope in his voice. 'Well, if you go on this way, you will end up in St. Dunstan's,' I volunteered. 'St. Dunstan's,' he queried, 'that's where the blind fellows are, isn't it? Not a bad place to be, either, on a night like this.'

"We parted very good friends at York Gate, which we found without any trouble,

for it was an old acquaintance of mine, but I don't believe to this day that he knows who rescued him from his foggy adventure!"

From Neil McDonald, Gordon Highlanders:—"We were all standing hugging the radiator and in the middle of a conversation, when the door opened suddenly, and in dashed Uncle Cross, saying, 'I can't eat nothing with these false teeth, so the best place for them is my locker.' One of the chaps said, 'I say, Uncle, have you got any cake in your locker, because, if you have, it will go West?' 'Oh,' says Uncle, 'Don't you worry about that, Old Sport, I'll put a glass eye in to watch it.'"

## Marriages

ON Saturday, February 9th, at 1 o'clock, the wedding took place of "Taffy" Pallfrey and Miss Kate Simms. The bride, who was given away by Q.-M. Strathmore, had long been in the service of Mrs. Meyers, a New Zealand V.A.D., whose cheery voice is so well known in St. Dunstan's Lounge. The best man was Sammy Hill, who is now quite experienced at this important post. Many friends from St. Dunstan's were at the church and wedding breakfast.

ON February 11th, at 2 p.m., Private C. F. Vigar, 31st Canadians, was married to Miss Frances Woodland at St. David's Church, Exeter. He tells us that everything went off well, and that they entertained about fifty friends and relations.

JOHN W. MAHONY was married to Miss Frances Long on Christmas Day at Brighton. Four St. Dunstan's men were present, and also Miss M. C. Bates. The happy couple were the recipients of a handsome plated cake basket from the men and staff of Sussex Place.

## A BLINDED SOLICITOR

THE following extracts from a letter received from Captain Blandy are very interesting, showing, as they do, that it is quite possible for a business man to carry on with his work even though his eyesight may be very seriously damaged.

In the summer of 1916, Captain Blandy, of the 14th Royal Berkshire Regiment, was wounded by a bullet which deprived him of the power of reading and writing. In spite of these difficulties, probably the greatest difficulties that a solicitor can have to face, he has returned with very great success to his practice in Reading.

"I started back in practice as a solicitor as soon as I left St. Dunstan's in June last. Of course, I had passed all the exams. before the war, and had actually been in practice for some fifteen months. Further, while I was at St. Dunstan's, I was able to rub a little of the rust off my legal knowledge, which had quite gone by the board during the time I was on active service.

"I had the further advantage of going back to my father's office, where I knew the ropes, and the staff knew and were out to help me.

"I do not think that I should advise anybody who had not had some training prior to being blinded to take up the law, unless he were a man of very exceptional ability. There is, in the first place, an enormous amount to read, and still more important, there is the experience which one has already gained. It would, I think, be very difficult for anyone to pick up all the diverse threads of a lawyer's business unless he had actually seen things in their working order for himself.

"As far as is possible in a country practice, I am trying to specialize in conveyancing and litigation. These two subjects happen to interest me most, and I venture to think that they are the most suitable for the blinded lawyer. Practice is all important, and with it one can pick up the points of a case, and trot

them out as wanted without any outside assistance. I confess to having been horribly nervous at my first re-appearance in the Court, and everybody was most patient, and so I managed all right. Almost all of the practitioners in Reading have offered to give me any advice they can, and I have freely availed myself of their generosity which is only typical of the kindness that one gets on all hands.

"Being unable to read has at least one advantage. The other day I learned in a roundabout way that an official of the Court expressed the wish that some of the other pleaders could not read, as it made them put down a lot of stuff on their briefs, and were sometimes inclined to be full of words accordingly, whilst I, being limited in this matter, had perforce to stick to the point. This may, or may not be true, but, at any rate, it is a comforting thought.

"I would advise the blinded man to keep off figures, unless he has a most amazingly good memory. Personally, I was never much of a mathematician, and now I regard accounts with horror and suspicion. It really is impossible to keep in your head long rows of figures, all you can do is to remember the totals. In most lawyers' offices there is a good deal of what is called 'family' practice, which comprises trusts and trust accounts. I have, to the best of my ability, avoided this particular side of the business, as I don't feel at all happy at the idea of making myself responsible for large sums of trust money without being able to check the accounts. And I do not see how Braille is going to help in this particular respect.

"Of course, a good confidential clerk is an absolute necessity. He (or she) must be a good reader, while shorthand and typing are also very valuable though not quite essential. Given a good clerk and plenty of patience and self-assurance on your own side, I do not see why a blind man should not make good at the law."



## Entertainment Notes

THE past month was prolific in the matter of first-class entertainments. Early in the month came Mrs. William Curnick, who sang so exquisitely that there were repeated clamours for an encore.

Eddie Comet was very funny. We all laughed to hear of his efforts to find St. Dunstan's. A little boy whom he accosted agreed to show the way, and as they walked along he asked the boy to attend his Sunday class. "What will you teach me?" queried the boy. "Oh! I'll teach you the way to Heaven," he replied. "Oh, would you now, and you don't even know the way to St. Dunstan's," said the youngster.

Allen McKelvin had a good reception, and Miss Ruby Holland's pianoforte playing was greatly appreciated. So also was the beautiful voice of Miss Marion Beeley.

Bob and Harry sang a number of rag-time songs, and so did Miss Elkan.

At the concert given by the *Daily Mail* Concert Party at the Bungalow, Mr. Ben Lawes sang several old favourites, brought bang up to date. "Come into the Garden, Maude," was extremely funny in rag-time.

Miss Amy Grimson was good at the piano, and Miss Ivy Angove's violin solos were immensely enjoyed.

"A Jolly old Cavalier" was contributed by Mr. Edward Dykes, whose fine baritone voice filled the Lounge.

Miss Mabel Truefitt had charge of the party, and was excellent in her soprano and comedy songs.

Mr. Chris van Bern did a screamingly funny imitation of a wedding ceremony on the banjo at Mr. Herman Darewski's concert.

Mr. Peter Bernard, the writer of Yaaka Hula, is always popular. He sang several rag-time songs, with his Piano Girl accompanying.

Mr. A. E. Nichols gave a banjo turn, and Miss May Windsor sang "Who Killed Bill Kaiser" to the tune of "Cock Robin." She asked the audience to sing at the end of each verse, "When they heard of the death of poor Bill Kaiser," and to cut off the Kaiser at double staccato fortissimo. And they did.

Mr. Fred Allendale and Mr. George Buck left us laughing so much that our sides were aching.

Mr. John Luxton, the well-known tenor, delighted everybody with his rendering of "There's an Old-fashioned House," and two other songs, and Miss Elsie April was a charmingly sympathetic accompanist.

"The Cheerohs," seven charming little ladies in short dresses and with enormous ruffles around their necks, did this jolly show: one played the violin to perfection, one coaxed all kinds of music out of the piano, and the rest the singing. It was an all-women show, and every item splendid.

The evening Madame Gabrielle Harris brought her party to the Bungalow Annexe we had what George Robey would probably call "a predatory incursion." In simple language, there was a raid, and Madame Harris and her friends must be congratulated on their determination to carry on.

"Inside the Lines" was a great success. The full Company from the Apollo Theatre came to St. Dunstan's on February 8th, and performed the play without scenery in the Outer Lounge. Mr. Alfred Beaumont, the business manager, told me that he wished he could have such an

audience at the Theatre. Mr. Stephen Ewart, who played the part of the Governor-General of Gibraltar, had never met such a fine lot of men, and said he considered the way the men at St. Dunstan's were making their present fight was wonderful, but, he added, "I'd love to get hold of the Kaiser for five minutes."

Miss Phyllis Lett sang for the best part of an hour one day in the Inner Lounge, and our men thought the singing "great."

"Germans used to be allowed to travel on the top side of a ship across the Atlantic instead of creeping along the bottom as they do now," said our old friend W. V. Robinson. His stories were exceedingly funny, and after that he played a mouth-organ as only he can play it.

Mr. Harry Merryless and Mr. Horace Bernard also told some good stories and sang amusing songs. The violin was heard to perfection in the hands of Mr. R. Magratti, and Mr. Dewey Gibson, the principal tenor from D'Oyley Carte's Opera Company, received a great ovation.

There was a good concert at the Bungalow Annexe on February 21st, when Miss Lucy Nuttall, Miss Nan Mayblin, and Mr. Sansome sang to the boys.

Messrs. Robert Pitt and Langton Marks were very funny in their rag-time and humorous duets. The latter also related humorous stories to his own accompaniment on the piano.

On Thursday, February 7th, the headquarters staff and men of the Army Service Corps brought up a big concert party to the College, and on the following Thursday, the concert party of the Canadian headquarters at Millbank, gave a concert at the College. This was a really first-class pierrot troupe of about twelve performers.

Mr. Benstead's concert, given on Sunday evening, February 10th, drew a good audience which thoroughly enjoyed an excellent performance.

March sees the inauguration at the College of a series of St. Dunstan's sing-songs to be given exclusively by the boys and the staff of the various houses. It is felt that there is a tremendous lot of talent in the place which is known only to comparatively few of ourselves. This talent is to become the universal possession of the whole of St. Dunstan's, enjoyed and appreciated by all. Everyone who "does something" should volunteer to appear at these fortnightly sing-songs.

The "Khaki Four," assisted by the Misses Olive Turner, Ivy Stevenson and Owen Ventigle, gave us an excellent concert on February 18th. In spite of the air-raid, the performance went off with a great swing, and all the boys joined in the chorus of Miss Turner's rag-time songs with much spirit. As the guns played a lively accompaniment, Miss Turner's song, "Where did that one go to, 'Erbert?" was most appropriate.

On February 25th the R.N.A.S. Concert Party gave us a most excellent performance. Mr. George Elliott's rag-time songs were popular as ever, while each and every other turn could not have been better.

Some time ago, a movement with a view to popularizing Shakespeare's works was started, with the Royal Victoria Hall (the "Old Vic.") as headquarters. Clubs have been formed for Shakespeare readings to take place. With this object in view Mr. Mytton, twice this last month, brought parties up to give Shakespeare readings. Miss Estelle Stead, the Editor of the *Review of Reviews*, gave a fine rendering from "The Taming of the Shrew," which was followed by scenes from Henry IV. Most of Shakespeare's works are in Braille, and it is hoped that some of the men will take an interest and learn speeches themselves, for Mr. Mytton says the "Old Vic." is waiting to welcome some of St. Dunstan's boys in productions at the Theatre.

E. K.



## COMPETITIONS

**N**O subject will be given for the March Literary Competition, but a first prize of 10s. 6d., and a second prize of 5s., will be given for the two best contributions, whether prose or verse, sent in by St. Dunstanners for the April REVIEW.

In this month's "After-Care Notes" will be seen an extract from a letter received by Sir Arthur Pearson from W. Hopper, in which he speaks of a cunning little dodge which has helped him considerably and made him very independent in his work. Blind people depend for their success on their ability to adapt themselves to new conditions, and to find little dodges to help them out of their difficulties. All of you must have invented your own pet dodges for making things (whether in work or play) easier for you, and an exchange of views on this subject should be very helpful. A prize of 5s. will be given next month for the best paragraph sent in on "My Best Dodge."

All entries for these competitions must reach the Editor of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW by April 1st.

### BASKET-MAKING COMPETITION

The Worshipful Company of Basket-makers have shown great interest in the work of disabled soldiers, and have made arrangements for a basket-making competition in which a special section is devoted to work of blinded men. All the judging of baskets will be done by the company's own expert, and an exhibition and sale of baskets will take place in the Girdler's Hall on 10th April, 1918.

There are three classes of work for which St. Dunstanners can enter, and the prizes are very good, including also certificates which, coming from so important a body, will be greatly valued by those who win them.

The closing date for the competition is mid-day, April 6th, but specimens must reach the offices of the After-Care Dept. at St. Dunstan's by March 31st at the latest.

### Last Month's Competitions

The subject for the Literary Competition was "The Funniest Incident in My Life at St. Dunstan's." It was won by Sergeant A. M. Nichols, D.L.I., who sent in the following contribution:—

"THE FUNNIEST INCIDENT IN MY LIFE  
AT ST. DUNSTAN'S."

"St. Dunstanners often have peculiar experiences, humorous and otherwise, and I think I may say that I have had a fair share of really exciting times since I became one of the growing crowd of fellows who constitute the inmates of the Hostel. It is the object of all St. Dunstanners to try and appear as natural as possible, and by introducing to you the following little incident, you will be able to form your own opinion of how it is possible to deceive the public and pass unnoticed in a crowd.

"It was a wet and cold night in November last, and I had missed a train through my orderly not appearing to time. I was accompanied by two friends, and they were holding on to me tenaciously. Being hungry, we decided to leave Victoria Station and get something to eat at a near-by restaurant. Here Fate intervened. Leaving the station yard the wind carried off my hat—no doubt some of you have seen a bowler hat with the wind behind it. I tell you it travelled "some," and collected quite a goodly proportion of the mud usually found in the street on a wet night. After waiting ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in the rain, one of my friends, who had the unenviable job of recovering the hat, returned with a very disreputable, filthy-looking mass of felt, and as it was impossible to wear without first going through a cleaning process, my friend decided to carry the hat until such times that it could be made wearable. The wind had blown my hair about a bit, and I was almost wet through, so you may guess I welcomed the shelter of a restaurant.

"Thus we entered, one of the ladies carrying something which no one but a detective would have recognized as my hat. We were met by the head waiter, who informed us, in his most polite manner, that there was not a table vacant. This was the last straw. To go out again was to me impossible under the circumstances. 6.45 p.m. did not strike me as being the time for a place like this to be crowded, and the general quietness made me realize that instead of being full it was practically empty. It is surprising how quickly thoughts flash through one's mind. Instinctively I guessed the truth. The waiter thought I was drunk. These are the exact words that completed the comedy.

"Sir, you will pardon me, I am not drunk. The reason I am not wearing a hat is because the wind has been unkind, and this is how it was recovered. Do you think it wearable? The reason these ladies are holding on to my arms is because I don't see so well as the average person." The waiter at once understood, and the apologies that followed beggar description, and the effect was electrical.

"We had a corner table and an excellent dinner, served by the head waiter himself, in record time.

"During the meal the hat was cleaned by another waiter, and on paying the bill I discovered that a very good bottle of Beaume and a very good cigar had been omitted. Finally we parted jolly good friends, and I had an open invitation to dine with the head waiter, who, by the way, was the proprietor."

*A. M. Nichols.*

The winning Limerick on "Rations" was sent in by J. Hodkin, K.O.Y.L.I.:—

We stood in a queue in all weathers,  
Till we go to the end of our tethers;  
Our ration's a lump  
Of chop that's all chump,  
Or one ounce of chicken with feathers.

*J. Hodkin.*

The following Limerick sent in by Sergeant Nichols is a very good second:—

The ladies once flew into passions,  
Their waists were too big for their fashions;  
Now there's no more of that,  
They cannot get fat,  
Lord Rhondda has put them on rations.

## Presentation to Mr. Ernest Kessell

**W**E know of his long years of service devoted not only to St. Dunstan's and all the Hostel's ways and works, but to the Fresh Air Fund, or else it would be difficult to realize that Mr. Kessell had reached the honourable landmark of his fiftieth birthday.

"Pearson's Fresh Air Fund," the Fund that brings sunshine and happiness into the lives of many thousands of city children every summer, was inaugurated in 1892 by our Chief, Sir Arthur Pearson, and has ever since then worked in co-operation with the Shaftesbury Society and Ragged School Union. It may interest St. Dunstanners to know that, in the period in question, the Fresh Air Fund has provided nearly four million

days out in the country and 40,000 have had a fortnight's holiday.

On the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, celebrated on February 22nd, Mr. Kessell's twenty-seven years as Honorary Secretary of the Fresh Air Fund were recognized by the members of the Shaftesbury Society in a most cordial and kindly way. A solid silver tray and tea-service were presented to him as an expression of appreciation. The handsome kettle which forms part of the service bears an inscription which will make it always a possession valued highly by St. Dunstan's Treasurer, whose heart has such a warm corner for the bairns, and who loves to give them the benefit of his untiring energies.



## Newcomers during the last Month

Archer, Private R., 4134	5th A.I.F.	2.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Armstrong, Private E. H., 781540	46th Canadians	31.1.18	Ch. of Eng.
Bailey, Private W. W., 16	R. Guernsey L.I.	4.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Barfield, Private J. H., 5958	11th A.I.F.	21.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Biram, Private J. P., 1193	19th A.I.F.	2.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Boden, Private E. T., 393346	1 9 County of London	6.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Bowen, Sergeant R. W., 100	2nd S.A. Infantry	27.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Burnett, Private W., 13798	10th Devons	29.1.18	Ch. of Eng.
Campbell, Rifleman T., 241054	2 5 South Lancshires	20.2.18	Rom. Cath.
Cooper, Private A. J., 769782	18th Canadians	26.1.18	Ch. of Eng.
Doyle, Private M., 53609	2 5 Manchesters	27.2.18	Rom. Cath.
Genet, Rifleman J., 32320	N.Z.R.B.	26.2.18	Baptist
Gray, Private C., 8285	11th Royal West Kents	16.2.18	—
Hornsby, Corporal C. F., 826382	47th Canadians	2.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Jubb, Private H., 18104	2 4 West Ridings	18.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Kneller, Frederick	—	25.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Monaghan, Private W. T., 13355	12th Cheshires	20.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Moss, Corporal E., 9576	7th King's Royal Rifles	20.2.18	—
McDowell, Lance-Corporal H., 48013	11th Labour Company, Liverpool	25.2.18	Presbyterian
McGowan, Private J., 26143	1st N.Z.M.G.C.	27.2.18	Rom. Cath.
Read, Private E., 45683	15th Worcesters	16.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Reddish, Private C. J. R., 4555	4th York and Lancshires	4.2.18	—
Robjohns, Corporal J., 6502	9th Devons	27.2.18	Wesleyan
Scott, Private A., 39874	12th Manchesters	4.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Scott, Corporal G., 8 3753	10th Company N.Z.	27.2.18	Presbyterian
Smith, Private J., 70126	1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers	18.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Smith, Bombardier G. F., 1285	Royal Field Artillery, M.M.	28.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Sowter, Private A. V., 325091	1 8 Royal Warwicks	27.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Stibbles, Private J., 43245	9th Black Watch	2.2.18	Presbyterian
Taylor, Corporal H., 11719	3rd D.L.I.	18.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Tremble, Driver W., 195948	Army Service Corps, M.T.	27.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Waters, Private C. H., 260085	1 8 Worcesters	18.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Watson, Lance-Corporal G. V. E., 2024	17th A.I.F.	20.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Whitham, Gunner J. W., 13904	Royal Field Artillery	10.1.18	Ch. of Eng.
Williams, Sergeant J., 235094	8th K.O.R. Lancshires	18.2.18	Ch. of Eng.
Wise, Private A. G., c.453	Army Service Corps, M.T.	16.2.18	Ch. of Eng.

## A Queue Dog

**I**N these times of queues and food shortage we should recommend all St. Dunstanners who have dogs to hurry up and train them as our *Daily News* friend has trained his.

An Edmonton munition worker living in Monmouth Road has trained his terrier dog to wait in meat queues. When its mistress requires meat she writes the order on a piece of paper and ties this to the dog's collar. The dog seems to understand the meaning of these preliminaries, and without more ado it runs off to a butcher's

shop in the main road about three-quarters of a mile away. Whenever a queue is waiting the dog is sure to get to the front by creeping under legs and growling at anyone who attempts to touch it. The butcher has appreciated the dog's sagacity by attending to his wants at once. He removes the piece of paper from the collar and places the ordered meat on one side until the owner is able to come for it. Owing to the meat shortage the owner has not thought it advisable to teach the dog to bring home the meat. The dog is a good shopper, for all attempts to drive it away are useless.

## The Triumph of the Doctor

**W**E gather the following very interesting facts from an article by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in the current number of a popular magazine. The way in which the Army Medical Corps has fought the awful diseases, which have been such a feature of previous wars is indeed remarkable.—ED.

"During the 30 Years' War, in the 17th century, the population of Central Europe was reduced from nearly 30,000,000 to less than 13,000,000.

"Napoleon's Army, when it landed on San Domingo, was 15,000. Owing to yellow fever and malaria, and before the army could sail, barely 3,000 were left alive.

"In the American Civil War the ratio was about six deaths from disease to one in battle. Almost the same ratio was maintained in the Spanish-American War and the Boer War.

"Now, instead of six to one, only one life has been lost by disease to every ten in battle. Deaths from disease at the Front have been barely half what they

were in barracks in times of peace. This magnificent result amounts to the saving of about 300,000 lives a year on the British Fronts only.

### TYPHOID.

"There have been only 2,000 cases all told during three years among some 3,000,000 men.

"Of the wounded who live long enough to be carried to the field ambulance 90 per cent. recover. Of those who survive to reach the casualty clearing station 95 per cent. recover. Of those who reach a base hospital 98 per cent. recover. Of all the wounded 80 per cent. are able to return to the Front within, on an average, a little over forty days.

"From the beginning of the war 85 per cent. of all the wounds were from shell fragments. This has since risen to 90 and 95 per cent.

"The actual death roll and loss of life from all causes in this war in the whole British Army has been barely 3 per cent. per annum of all the Forces under the Colours."

## A Rumour from a Canadian Correspondent

**A**BSOLUTE knowledge I have none,  
But my aunt's washerwoman's  
sister's son

Heard a policeman on his beat  
Tell a labourer in the street  
That he had a letter just last week  
Written in the finest Greek  
From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo  
That the negroes in Cuba knew  
Of a coloured man in Texas town  
Who got it straight from a circus clown  
That a man in Klondike had the news  
From a gang of South-American Jews  
Of somebody in Borneo  
Who had a friend who claimed to know  
A swell society female fake

Whose mother-in-law would undertake  
To prove that her seventh husband's  
sister's niece

Had stated in a printed piece  
That she has a son who has a friend  
Who knows when the War is going to end.

## The Newest Hun Camouflage

It is said that the latest device of the Germans is to paste the sides of the U boats with English jokes, so that when they are in the vicinity of the Scottish coast the skippers of the trawlers are unable to see them.—*Evening Standard.*





## Defence of London

[Extracts from a remarkable article from the February *London Magazine*, by C. G. GREY, Editor of the *Aeroplane*.]

**I**N the first place, the defences of the London area consist of anti-craft guns on the ground and aeroplanes in the air.

Naturally an enormous number of guns are needed for such defences as we now possess, for our anti-aircraft guns are now numbered by hundreds, where a year or so ago we only had them in two's and three's. When one considers that each of these guns has to be connected by telephone to the point from which its particular group or battery is controlled, and that each of these points again has to be connected with the central controlling point in London, one begins to see what a system of organisation is needed.

It must be remembered that this system embraces not only the guns themselves, but the searchlights which co-operate with the guns, and the observation posts in connection with them.

The popular idea of our artillery barrage seems to be an enormous line of guns, stretching for many miles to the north and south and along the east of London, all firing straight up into the air as hard as they can whenever a hostile aeroplane appears over the English coast. As a matter of fact no such extravagant waste of ammunition and wear of guns is permitted. The guns and ammunition are there right enough—for use when wanted—and they are by no means confined to the east side of London.

The point that ought to be understood is that the London artillery barrage is put up into the sky anywhere over or round London where it may be found necessary according to the line of attack followed by the raiders.

In the matter of guns, there are some curious illusions afoot. People talk glibly of mobile guns—having read the phrase somewhere in a newspaper. They imagine

that there are whole batteries of anti-aircraft guns, mounted on motor lorries, which run about the streets firing whenever they feel inclined, and apparently pursuing raiding aeroplanes from place to place, regardless of the fact that the top speed of a motor lorry is about twenty miles an hour, and the speed of a Gotha aeroplane is about ninety miles an hour. Perhaps the Censor will allow me to say straight out that they don't exist at all. No gun could make decent shooting from a springy platform like a motor lorry—at any rate, no gun of such calibres as are used for anti-aircraft work.

The four main features of the London defences, namely, aeroplanes, guns, searchlights, and observation-posts—are, of course, concerned with the London area proper; but there are indirect defences which also play an important part in defending London, though not under control from London.

There are, for instance, the seaplane patrols of the Royal Naval Air Service along the coasts, which attack or pursue raiders over the sea when they catch them low enough; patrol vessels in the Channel and in the North Sea; and also, the R.N.A.S. shore-going force in Flanders, based on Dunkirk.

It must not be thought that any air defences, however highly developed, can stop air raids altogether. If raiders start in sufficient numbers, some of them are bound to arrive. The only way to stop raids entirely is to prevent them from starting, and that can only be done by driving them out of their aerodromes in Flanders. The success of the London defences must not be judged by the number of enemy airships or aeroplanes brought down, but by their ability to drive off raiders before they do serious harm, and by their ability to prevent raiders from penetrating the defences. In these tasks the London defences have been singularly successful.