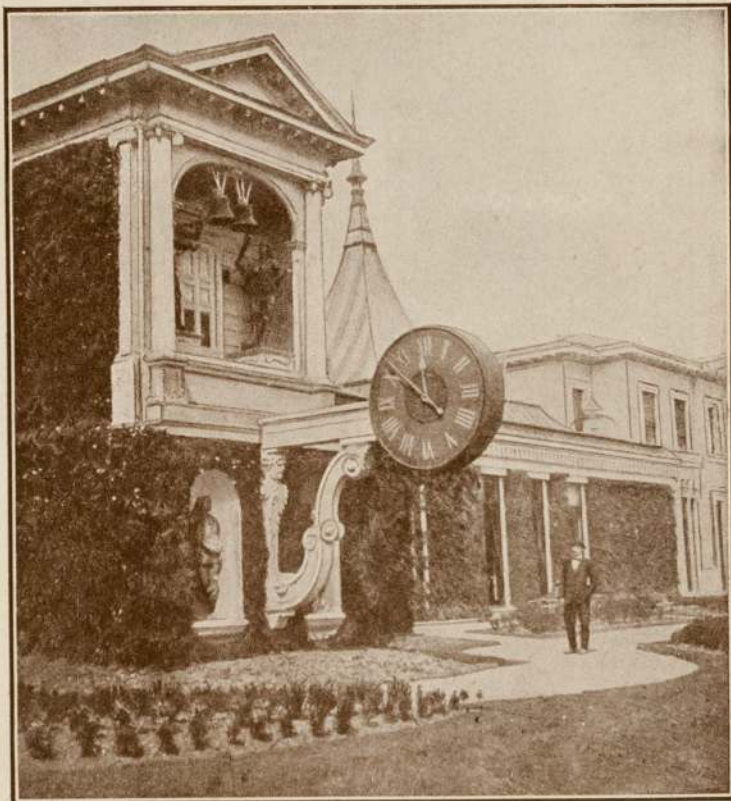


# St. Dunstan's



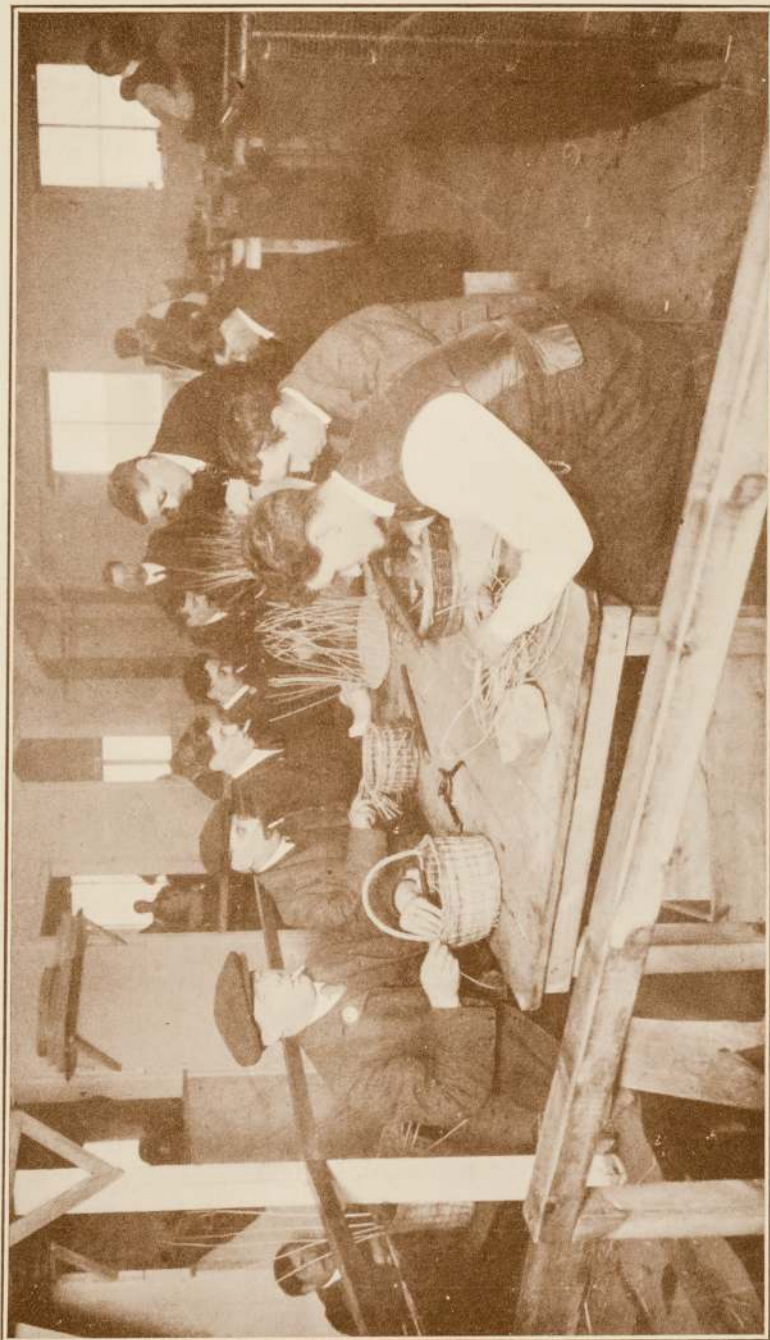
## Review

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.

A Section of St. Dunstan's Workshops



Blinded Soldiers learning Basket-Making at St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1.

# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY IAN FRASER

No. 22.—VOLUME 2.

MAY, 1918.

PRICE 6d.

[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

## EDITOR'S NOTES

WE offer our sincerest congratulations to all the basket-makers who entered specimens of their work for the recent competition promoted by the Worshipful Company of Basket-makers, and particularly to those men whose names appear in the list of prize-winners on page 25. We have every right to be proud of this work, which was shown at an exhibition held in the Girdlers' Hall, Basinghall Street, on Tuesday, April 9th.

Queen Alexandra, the gracious patroness of St. Dunstan's, who paid a visit to the exhibition, expressed herself delighted with the careful workmanship and excellence of design in the various specimens.

Many experienced members of the basket trade were present, and one who occupies an important Government position in connection with basketry, gave the opinion that he had seldom seen better work anywhere and never in any of the numerous institutions for the blind he had visited.

Stout hampers, soiled linen baskets, dog baskets and all manner of fancy and useful baskets were shown, special attention being attracted to a very well-made little chair which won a first prize.

The favourable comments of experts, and indeed of all who saw this remarkable exhibition of blinded soldiers' work, speaks well for the future of our basket-makers.

Perhaps one of the most interesting facts to be noticed in connection with St. Dunstan's is the very representative body of men there—men from every walk in life and from every part of the world—business men, scholars, farmers, engineers, chemists, and, in short, men from almost every known trade or profession.

Special courses of instruction have enabled some of the more fortunate to return with marked success to their former occupations. On the whole, though, the men blinded in the war, more than a thousand of them, have learned, and learned remarkably well, some trade or profession entirely strange and unfamiliar.

Linotype-operators have become boot-repairers, labourers have learnt basket-making or mat-making, a shop assistant earns his living as a masseur, men who have never used a typewriter have become shorthand typists—and so the story goes, one long succession of remarkable instances of well-thought-out training, of adaptability and of plucky perseverance.

That this has been possible—and one only has to look at the many letters constantly received from men and their employers to realize that their success is an accomplished fact—is all the more remarkable when one remembers that a man who leaves St. Dunstan's now to start out on the great adventure his new life must be, was perhaps less than a year ago, in a trench or behind a gun somewhere in France.

*The Editor.*

## NOTES BY THE CHIEF

ON Friday, 26th April, the first copy which came from the printers of the Third Annual Report of St. Dunstan's was sent to our gracious Patroness, Queen Alexandra. On the following Monday a messenger arrived from Marlborough House, bringing me a most charming letter from Her Majesty, and enclosing a donation to our funds of £100. In her communication Queen Alexandra expressed the sincerest interest in the letters from men who have left, their relatives and their employers, which occupy several pages of the Report. Her Majesty also expressed her desire to pay another visit to St. Dunstan's, with a view to making a thorough inspection of the College and Bungalow Annexes.

LAST month I gave a hint of a possible new industry for blind people. You will, no doubt, be interested to hear more of this. The work is connected with the electrical industry, and consists of winding coils for the armatures which form an important part of electrical motors. The process is a quite simple one, involving the covering of several strands of copper wire with tape, which has to be firmly and evenly wrapped round the strands, making them into one. I have satisfied myself by personal experiment that this is work which a blind person can do with complete ease and efficiency. The idea was first put into practice by Dr. Wheeler, of the well-known Crocker-Wheeler Electrical Company of New York, and originated from a remark made by Mrs. Wheeler while she was going through the Crocker-Wheeler Works one day. She suggested to her husband that the simple task of taping coils could be accomplished by blind people. He accepted the suggestion, and started some blind folk to work with quite satisfactory results. I saw an account of this in an American scientific journal, and at once got into communication with an old friend of mine, Mr. Hugo Hirst, the Director of the General Electric

Company of London and Birmingham. Mr. Hirst took the matter up with characteristic kindness and energy. He cabled to Dr. Wheeler, with whom he is well acquainted, for full particulars, and as the result Dr. Wheeler came over from America to supervise the starting of this new industry for blind people.

Dr. Wheeler paid a visit to St. Dunstan's the day following his arrival in England, and two days after this Mr. Hirst called, at his office in Queen Victoria Street, a meeting of the heads of the biggest electrical firms in the United Kingdom. This meeting was attended by Dr. Wheeler and myself. The matter was very fully discussed, and I was able to demonstrate to the experts present the ability of a blind person to accomplish the desired results. I suggested to the meeting that I should place myself in communication with Mr. W. H. Thurman, Superintendent of the Birmingham Royal Institution for the Blind, and suggest to him that he should install the industry on an experimental basis in his workshops, obtaining the necessary material from the Birmingham works of the General Electric Company, which are situated not far distant. To this Mr. Hirst and Mr. Thurman readily and generously agreed.

As I dictate these notes arrangements are being made, and Dr. Wheeler is to go to Birmingham and supervise the initiation of armature coil taping by blind people, and I have not the least doubt that the experiment will prove a complete success, and that it will open up a new and very valuable channel of employment for the blind worker. A very great merit of this industry lies in the fact that it is particularly suited for women; indeed, I believe that some 5,000 sighted women are at present engaged in it in this country. The earnings should be quite considerable, and a great advantage lies in the fact that no raw material has to be bought and no finished goods have to be marketed. The necessary materials will

be supplied by electrical firms, who will put the finished article to immediate use.

There is an objection to this work from the St. Dunstan's point of view, and it is to be found in the fact that the industry can only be satisfactorily conducted on factory lines. It is not suitable for home work. I think that in all probability it will be made an addition to existing industries practised in the Institutions for the Blind which are situated in cities in which there are electrical works. The only thing needed to ensure this will be the sympathetic co-operation of proprietors of these works, and this I am quite sure will be forthcoming. Of course it will take some little time to establish the fact that this is a really good paying industry for blind people, and the necessary arrangements cannot be accomplished in a day.

The sincere gratitude of the blind community of this country is due to Dr. Wheeler for his public-spirited and generous action in making the dangerous journey from the United States in order to give the benefit of his practical experience and advice. I have every hope that his action will mean congenial and profitable employment to hundreds, or perhaps indeed thousands, of blind women for whom at present there are practically no avenues of work open. It may be that eventually some of our fellows will become armature coil winders, but I think it more likely that as the industry is at present confined to sighted women so it will be in future principally practised by women without sight.

THE other day as I was leaving St. Dunstan's I heard a lady who was taking someone out for a walk chaffing him because he was trying to put a left hand glove on to his right hand. Now this is not a thing which should ever happen. It is true that if one pulls a glove on without taking the precaution to ascertain whether it is the proper one there is an even money chance that it will be, but there is no reason to take any risks at all in this little matter. The glove button is always under the thumb, and as one naturally takes hold of the bottom part of

a glove in order to pull it on it is as simple as possible to discover which hand it should be fitted to. In the same way, a man who cannot see is rather apt to put his hat on wrong side in front. Here again the least little touch tells one the whereabouts of the ribbon bow, which is always at the left-hand side or at the back. Attention to little details of this kind does away with the appearance of awkwardness and inefficiency which the world in general is so ready to notice.

BRITISH woodlands are falling fast before the axe. The beautifully wooded country on the borders of Surrey and Hampshire, in which I had my home for many years, is now, I hear, almost denuded of trees. I am glad that I have enjoyed the pleasure of it in a manner which will not be possible for a generation or more to come. So far the trees in the London Parks have been spared, but visitors to St. Dunstan's have lately been wondering whether our sturdy fellows were not trying to emulate the feats of the Canadian woodsmen who are levelling forests all over the country. It seemed to some of them quite right and proper that blind men should not be trusted with axes and should fell trees by the more simple process of hauling them down with ropes; but the apparent struggles to uproot some of the fine oaks on the borders of the grounds of St. Dunstan's and the park were not intended to add to the stores of the Timber Controller, they were just the practice efforts of tug-of-war teams, and a very ingenious way it is of getting fellows to pull together and utilize their weight and strength to the best advantage.

IT is very satisfactory to note that the Pensions Ministry has increased the allowances to children of soldiers and sailors disabled in the war. Particulars of the new scale are to be found in another part of this issue. From the first I felt that the old scale of 5s. per week for the first child, 4s. 2d. for the second, 3s. 4d. for the third and 2s. 6d. for the fourth and all others was, particularly in view of the present inflated prices, quite an inadequate one, and St. Dunstan's has, in the case of

blinded soldiers and sailors, always made an extra allowance, levelling up the figure to an even 5s. per week per child. The necessity for this further allowance now ceases, and in future the State will relieve our funds of a drain upon them which was becoming rather heavy.

I HAVE lately heard some more about arrangements which have been made for the training and re-education of American soldiers who may lose their sight in the war. A wealthy American lady has lent for the purpose of their re-education a magnificent house with large grounds on the outskirts of Baltimore. This place should afford the same kind of splendid facilities as have been afforded to us by the generous loan of St. Dunstan's from another American, Mr. Otto Kahn. An influential committee, consisting largely of persons interested in the welfare of the blind, has been formed, and there is not the least doubt that the blinded American soldier will receive every care and consideration. It will be remembered that in a recent issue of the REVIEW I told of the pains which American authorities have taken to acquaint themselves most fully with all that is done at St. Dunstan's.

I HEAR that a new establishment for the care of French blinded soldiers which has been recently opened in the outskirts of Paris has just been moved down to Tours on account of the long-range bombardment of the French capital. This is a great pity, for the place, which was organized by yet another American, Mr. George A. Kessler, would undoubtedly have been a model to other similar French establishments. It was Mr. Kessler's intention to model his place as closely as possible upon what we do here. At Tours there will obviously be difficulties in the way of reaching the high standard of perfection which would have doubtless existed in Paris. It is to be hoped that the temporary exile to the provinces of the French blinded soldiers who are to benefit by Mr. Kessler's sympathetic generosity will be only brief.

I EXPECT that a good many who read

this paragraph will remember my having suggested to them, when they came to see me in my room at St. Dunstan's, that they should touch with their calves the edge of the couch on which they were to sit while talking to me. This back-leg touch is a very important habit to acquire. A great many blind people get firmly rooted in the habit of stooping over and feeling a seat before they sit on it, a quite unnecessary action, which gives an impression of helplessness and inefficiency to the onlooker. One very easily gets into the habit of touching the edge of a seat with the calves, and thus making oneself feel happy about sitting down firmly in a quite ordinary manner.

A LITTLE while ago I read an account of arrangements which were being made in France for the special training of dogs to be used as guides for blinded soldiers. Very interesting particulars were afforded of the special training given to these dogs with the object of teaching them to keep exactly in front of the man whom they were taking along, to give him warnings of steps, to keep him from hitting against obstacles, and to note the approach of motors and other vehicles. As I read the article it seemed to me that it would need a very special brand of dog intelligence if the canine guide were to be brought up to a point which would make him really reliable. Besides this, I had a feeling which I have no doubt you fellows will fully share with me, that a dog at the end of a string is apt to remind one a little too much of the blind beggar with his tapping stick and shambling gait. However, I sent over to France for further particulars, for I do not believe in leaving anything untried which is likely to be of help. I was not very surprised to receive a reply telling me that the idea had not proved as practical as was expected, and had been abandoned.

*Arthur Pearson*

## Queen Alexandra

VISIT TO THE COLLEGE AND BUNGALOW ANNEXES

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, who is St. Dunstan's Royal Patroness, takes frequent opportunities of showing her kindly interest in the work of the Hostel.

When recently Her Majesty paid an informal visit to the House, the Workshops and Classrooms, she intimated her desire to arrange an early date to see some of the extensions of the work and inspect the adjoining Annexes.

Accordingly Her Majesty did us the honour to suggest a date early in May, and on the afternoon arranged Sir Arthur awaited the Queen-Mother's arrival at the College, where the Matron escorted the Royal party round the building and its spacious and beautiful gardens, in which everything was looking its best in the fresh sunshine of a bright May afternoon.

Re-entering her car, Her Majesty, who was attended by the Hon. Charlotte

Knollys, went with Sir Arthur to the Bungalow Annexe, where she alighted to continue her tour of inspection under the Bungalow Matron's guidance.

Her Majesty visited the kitchens, and, indeed, almost every room in the building, showing the keenest interest in and making the kindest inquiries about all the arrangements made for the comfort of the men.

A good few St. Dunstanners happened to be enjoying a half-holiday from work because they had been sitting for a Massage examination. To many of these Queen Alexandra spoke, and Her Majesty expressed her very gratified and appreciative interest when Sir Arthur told her how many of St. Dunstan's men had proved their skill as masseurs and had been appointed to responsible posts in Military Hospitals up and down the country.

## Judge Henry Neil's Message

"MEN, blinded in freedom's fight,  
Ye who gave with all your  
might,  
Britain has not lost her sight;  
She is coming with the light."

Judge Neil, one of the most renowned of America's philanthropists, is now on a visit to this country, and recently came to St. Dunstan's. The Judge is known throughout the length and breadth of the United States as the originator of a scheme for giving State aid to mothers of fatherless children, in order to enable them to provide for their proper education and maintenance.

The scheme has been adopted by the great majority of the States of the U.S.A.

## Silver Bag for "Auntie"

ON Wednesday, April 24th, Sister Read, known to all St. Dunstanners as "Auntie," was presented with a silver chain bag as a token of appreciation for her three years' service here. Engraved upon the mount of the bag were the words, "To 'Auntie,' from the Sisters and Boys of St. Dunstan's, March 1915-1918." The little ceremony took place in the Small Lounge of the House, the presentation being made by Sergt.-Major Davey. Corpl. Mackintosh made a very appropriate little speech, to which Sister Read replied in a few simple words expressing her great pleasure at the thought shown, and begging the boys to continue to seek her aid when in need of medical advice, assuring them of the pleasure it gave her to do anything for them. The ceremony ended with three rousing cheers for Sister Read.

## News of St. Dunstan's Men—

**J**OHAN DUFF, of Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, a boot-repairer and mat-maker, writes:—

"I have been at work for three months now, and am finding out the value of the training I received at St. Dunstan's. The people in the district are beginning to realize how much is being done for us at the Hostel. I have plenty of work, both with my boots and with my mats, and I think I must be giving satisfaction, as I have never yet had an idle day, and I can always manage a second order. This is a great pleasure to me as my heart is in the work.

"Busy as I am I always find time to keep my hand in at reading Braille, and the books I get are very interesting.

"I am so well acquainted with this part of the country (having lived here before) that I can walk for miles without the assistance of a sighted person. I am quite happy and contented, and am determined to succeed, knowing that it is up to me to keep up the good name of St. Dunstan's."

The following letter was received by J. Lomas, of South Hackney, from the manager of a local firm for whom he had made a special mat:—"I have much pleasure in forwarding 10s. 6d. for the mat, which gave entire satisfaction. I should like to add that I shall do my best to recommend your good and reliable work whenever possible. I shall be glad if you would make two more mats for us, particulars of which are enclosed. Wishing you every success."

We have an account of his first hatch from Sergt.-Major Middlemiss, a poultry-farmer, who has settled in Henham, Essex. He writes:—

"On the morning of the day on which my chickens were due to make their first appearance I came down very early, and remained with my ear glued to the

side of the incubator. Was that a 'cheep' I heard? No, it must be my imagination. In my eagerness I bent closer to the incubator, forgetting that the lamp was exceedingly hot, and in doing so I burnt my nose badly. With a howl of pain I jumped up, knocking down the chair on which I had been sitting.

"I went sulkily into breakfast, and maintained a stony silence, in spite of everybody's remarks about my appearance. As soon as I had finished I slipped away, and made for the incubator, taking care to approach it from the side farthest from the lamp.

"There was no mistaking the sounds coming from the incubator this time. I gave a shout of joy, and everyone rushed out of the house to see what was happening. We all held our breaths as I pulled the drawer out.

"'There it is,' came from all the spectators at once.

"'Keep quiet, or you'll scare it,' I commanded. I lifted it out gently and put it in the drying-box.

"The rest of the hatch came out in quick succession, and are doing well; in fact they will soon be ready for the table."

H. Elborn, one of the first men to leave St. Dunstan's and start his work as a mat-maker, has built up a flourishing business in Peckham. A thoroughly competent workman, Elborn specializes in mats with coloured borders, which he makes extremely well. He recently sent us a copy of a letter from a customer, of which the following is an extract:—"I have long meant to write and tell you how splendidly the door-mat you made for me last January does. I received it on January 18th, and it fits the recess perfectly. I shall send you another order for a larger one shortly."

G. Rickard, a mat-maker and boot-repairer, of Leighton Buzzard, writes:—

## —In all parts of the World

"At the back door we have one of the mats which I have made, and the other day a man who repairs mats came round to our house and immediately spotted it. He said to my wife, 'You have got the best mat in the street there; let's have a look at it.' My wife let him look at it, telling him it was made by a blinded soldier. He examined it carefully, and said it was one of the best made mats he had seen for a long time."

This month we have another example of the self-reliance shown by St. Dunstan's men under difficult circumstances. We hear from W. G. Parker, who lives in Nottingham, of an exciting experience he and his wife had when settling down after leaving St. Dunstan's. Parker writes:—

"When we were moving into our new home we found it very difficult to get any help, and I determined I would show that although blind I was not beaten, so I turned to and did things myself. We were putting together a spring mattress, and I had to get underneath in order to lift it up. In doing so I knocked the temporary plug out of the gas feed. My wife was too alarmed to help, so I had to get out from underneath the mattress as best I could, and rush downstairs and turn off the gas at the meter."

Parker has also been helping us by making an appeal at a concert recently held in aid of St. Dunstan's. He spoke for about twenty minutes on the work done at the Hostel, and raffled a string bag which he had made.

F. A. Kitson, of Everingham, Yorks, a poultry-farmer, writes:—"I have been getting on well with my birds, and have had 236 eggs from 13 birds in 28 days. I get over 50 a week regularly, and hope in time to do better. I am very pleased with my garden, which I have cultivated by myself, and which until my arrival

had only been a piece of waste ground. I have planted it with peas and a quantity of early potatoes and other vegetables besides. The potatoes which I grew last year have lasted me up to the time of writing, and I hope this year to do better still."

A whist drive, arranged by Mr. and Mrs. Hayward, was recently held in the Parish Hall at Sunningdale, in aid of St. Dunstan's. The prizes, which were made by the blinded men, were given away by Sergt.-Major Marrison, a St. Dunstanian, who was spending his holiday in the neighbourhood. The proceeds amounted to £10.

A. Osmond, of Walthamstow, a mat-maker and boot-repairer, writes in a recent letter to Sir Arthur Pearson:—

"If at first I had been told that I would be able to earn my own living I should not have believed it, but now I am more than satisfied in the way that I get on. I have one more month to go, and then I hope to let you have an account of my doings for the first half-year, and am sure it will be satisfactory.

"I find plenty of local work in the mats, so that I have not had to send any to the After-Care Department for sale. I have now on order five No. 5, three No. 4 and three No. 3, and one man in the country has promised to get orders for as many as I care to make. So you see this part of the business goes well. Now, with regard to the boots, I get plenty of work, and I have some come by post from Hampstead, Chelsea and Littlehampton. I myself find that taking up the two trades helps very much. I also get quite a lot of orders for silk and string bags, and I find this a great help as I am able to sit and do this indoors at odd times.

"The story you wrote about St. Dunstan's in the April REVIEW was fine, and

I am sure it would do well and be worth keeping if it were put into book form.

"The insurance scheme is a fine thing, and I am writing to Captain Fraser for details about it, as I think it is the duty of each of us to insure against accident.

"Thanking you and all your staff for all you have done for me in making me so useful in the world, . . ."

We offer our congratulation to Sergt. Curtis-Willson, a very flourishing St. Dunstan's poultry-farmer, who has been making a special effort in collecting funds in and around Redhill. Reporting on the work he did there, he writes:—

"I engaged the Market Hall, the best public hall in the town, and wrote to my artistes, who kindly offered to pay all their expenses from town and to give their services free. That was a good beginning. The hall people let me have the hall at a very reduced figure, including the use of a very decent piano. The printer met me liberally with the bills and tickets, and some friends in Horley painted a souvenir programme cover. I went to the auctioneers in the market place, and asked them to give me a few minutes' talk with the farmers.

"I spoke at Redhill, Horley, East Grinstead and Hayward's Heath, and the results of these meetings were very satisfactory. I then got permission to speak to the munition workers at Salford. I first tackled the day workers and then the night workers, and succeeded in creating a friendly rivalry between the two parties, the result of which was that they almost scrapped in their endeavours to outbid each other.

"I expect that you will be thinking that my farm has suffered somewhat through this business, but you are wrong. Things were never more prosperous. I have had several hatches of really strong, healthy chicks, and eggs are abundant. My birds are doing splendidly. I get up at 5 a.m. these days and help a farmer friend to milk. This gives me plenty of time before breakfast to prepare my birds' meals and get everything done, so that the whole of

the middle of the day I have been able to devote to the other work."

A. Rowley, a mat-maker, recently settled in Morley, near Leeds, writes to Sir Arthur Pearson:—

"I am getting plenty of orders, and I can't get a mat on stock, they are going as fast as I can make them, so I can't grumble. And now, Sir Arthur, I must express my deepest thanks to you and the staff of St. Dunstan's for my training and teaching. It is more than I can tell you on paper how thankful I feel. We who can't see as well as we used to do are marvels in the eyes of people who can see, because of what we have been taught since we have lost our sight. It is through being old St. Dunstanners that we are able to establish a good foundation and so compete with normal people. I may say I have been able to add £6 to my savings since I came home with netting and mats, and, as you know, I have only been here about a month."

Throughout the last sixteen months, during which Harry Cook has been working at the Alder Hey Military Hospital, Liverpool, he has made remarkable progress. In December, 1917, he became a Section Commander, and now we hear that he has been further honoured by being put in charge of a new department. In a recent letter to Sir Arthur Pearson he wrote:—

"Just a line or two to say I am getting on A1 at hospital. I have passed two exams. at Liverpool University in connection with the lectures I have attended since January. I am pleased to say I came out top of the whole list in both exams., with 90 per cent. marks, although all the others were fully sighted.

"I have been asked to take charge of a new hydro-therapeutic department which will be opened shortly.

"Are any of the boys coming here when they get through their exams. in June? I think Captain Broad, the head of the massage department, wants several more masseurs from St. Dunstan's."

## Riding in the Dark

BY A BLINDED OFFICER

ONE of the greatest difficulties that a young man whom blindness has handicapped has to face is that of getting sufficient exercise.

So many forms of exercise are out of his reach that he must specialize on those at his disposal and make the most of them. The ever-increasing casualties lead to the entry of a very representative body of men to St. Dunstan's, and among them are men from our colonies and dependencies who, for the greater part of their lives, have enjoyed the freedom and pleasure of riding a spirited horse over open fields, prairie or bush. For them I write in the hope that my short experience may help them to realize that this form of pleasure and exercise is not altogether out of their reach.

I must first say that I am not one of those who has ridden every day of his seeing life either for business or pleasure. I have ridden a good deal, and though I do not claim to be a great horseman, I consider myself to be fairly safe, and do not anticipate disaster when I urge my steed to canter.

He who has lost his sight, who wishes to ride again, must realize his limitations. There may be blind men who enjoy jumping and managing a rough horse, but I have never met them. I prefer not to attempt these things, and content myself with a good ride in an open paddock or on the downs.

In the first place, choose your horses with great care. You will have no difficulty in controlling a horse as long as it is steady. Ask your friend who is going to mount you for a decent horse that will not play the fool.

I do not advise anybody to ride on a leading rein. In the first place it is quite unnecessary, and in the second place, unless your companion is a good horseman, it is very dangerous.

Personally I have done all my riding in company with someone who, two months before we first went out alone, had never ridden at all, and if the leading rein had been used I have no doubt that disaster would have followed. Ride on the inside of your companion, and keep your own reasonable distance by sound. You will be surprised to notice how many different noises a horse and his saddle and rider make. On the road, of course, his hoofs will always be a certain guide, and though these are sometimes quite inaudible on the turf, his curb chain, his bits, and alas! sometimes his overworked breathing apparatus, give the information necessary to enable you to keep your place beside him.

A word or two from your companion may be necessary, and of course decisions as to the advisability of pulling up or moving faster must rest with him. When I first started to ride I found I was continually going astray, and was continually being told to "come more this way," "more to your right," etc. I now find myself quite able to follow the movements of my guide's horse with scarcely a directing word.

I get a great deal of pleasure out of riding, and cannot too strongly urge anyone who has ridden before to take the plunge and ride again. Confidence is the only thing required to make riding possible to a blind individual. Confidence in his horse, confidence in his companion, and, above all, absolute confidence in himself.

SYMPATHETIC OLD LADY: "And how did you manage to get wounded?"

WOUNDED SOLDIER: "Me own fault, lady. I got scratched cuttin' the barbs off the enemy's wireless when I 'adn't my gloves on."—*Punch*.

## A Morning in the Life of a Masseur

NINE o'clock strikes as I enter the hospital to which I was appointed on finishing my massage training at St. Dunstan's. I wipe my feet, and as I do so a peculiar sound attracts my attention, which increases as I draw my feet over the mat, and the sudden noise of tearing paper brings to my bewildered brain the knowledge that I have been using the morning's paper as a door mat. I listen for a while and am relieved to find that no one is moving about in the hall who could possibly have witnessed the tragedy. Bending down, I pick up the damaged article, turn it carefully over and pursue my way to the scene of action.

After storming a position held by bath chairs, spinal chairs, walking-sticks, buckets of water, etc., I find a number of trollies, such as are used in the wards for carrying trays and instruments. Here I find a number of nurses behind a camouflage of waterproofs, bandages and boxes. I bid "Good morning" to the nurses and then proceed to put on my white coat, adopting my best professional air.

But what is this? No powder! "Nurse, can you give me a little powder?" I ask.

"Certainly, just a minute!"

The minute having elapsed, the nurse reappears and places in my hand a glass of fizzing fluid.

"Whatever is this, Nurse?"

"A small Seidlitz. I did not make up much as you only asked for a small one."

"Thank you, Nurse, but I meant boracic. You know—to be applied externally."

After obtaining the correct article I enter the ward with my usual "Good-morning, gentlemen!"

"Oh, I say!" comes from a corner, "I'm going out this morning, so will you ask Captain Blank if he minds me being done second?" I carry this message to Captain Blank, who replies—

"Tell him I'm going out too, and, by the way, rush over old Thing-a-me-bob, for I want to get out early."

I promise to do my best and return to Ward No. 1 with the Captain's reply.

"You tell Blank that he's no sportsman and that I won't introduce him to the girl from the Regal as I promised."

"Very well, sir," I reply, as I commence operations upon Mr. Thing-a-me-bob.

Everything goes on well for a time, then suddenly—crack! I have caught it right below the jaw. It is only Mr. Thing-a-me-bob's knee; he suffers from muscular spasms which draw his knees up with a startling rapidity. Some day I shall sit on that knee. I hate being taken by surprise. However, that's all in the game, so I just carry on and finish the patient. That task completed I wash my hands, bathe my injured mandible and pass into another ward to commence operations upon Capt. Blank.

"Ahem! Not much earlier, are you?"

"Sorry, sir, but if you like I can put on a bit of a spurt."

"Right ho! But before you begin you might hand me that paper." I do so, inwardly hoping it is not the one I used as a door-mat.

"Thanks. Oh, and you might go and tell nurse I would like a glass of hot milk for my lunch." I obey, and then, after much delay caused by finding a cigarette for the patient, I am enabled to resume operations.

"By the way," suddenly remarked the patient, "you might keep old What's-his-name in the corner there hanging on for a bit; I've got to meet a young lady he promised to introduce me to, and I don't want him to get in first."

And so the morning goes on. Interesting cases in different stages of progress to discuss, real soldiers' yarns whispered into my ear by young devil-may-cares, little outbursts of friction between consecutive cases to smooth over, and little puffs of temper, which really hide a strong foundation of esteem and gratitude, all combining to make one morning in the world of massage a whole life, and a pleasant one at that.

N. Oname.

## Sport at St. Dunstan's

### BOATING

EARLY morning boating commenced on April 1st, and, although the weather then was at times quite windy and cold, large numbers of men turned out and gave evidence of extraordinary keenness. Since then the number of early morning enthusiasts has gradually grown, until now every boat is out once or twice before 7.30. A ticket system of rationing boats has fortunately not yet proved necessary. Occasionally a man has had to wait a few minutes, but I think if the scheme for converting the old lake bar into a waiting room materializes we can successfully avoid the difficulties of such arrangements.

THE majority of the men show promise of becoming good oarsmen, some specially distinguishing themselves.

WE now have a very varied assortment of boats on the lake. There are 19 fixed-seat boats, 16 sliding-seat boats, 11 "doubles" and 2 fours, making 48 in all. We are trying to get more boats, but, like everything else, they are extremely difficult to procure. Sculls are scarce too, and we must do all we can to avoid breakages.

THE elementary races, which will take place during the second week in May, will be exceptionally interesting. Entries are numerous, and the events should provide plenty of excitement. Full particulars of the results will be given in next month's REVIEW.

THE house teams, of which there are five, are making splendid progress. Sussex Place Four was launched about April 15th, and the Anzacs took the water on the 22nd. The Bungalow and St. Dunstan's Four are as yet still "tubbing," but are expecting to be launched very shortly. The College are up to their

usual standard, and are determined to offer a severe struggle to any opposing team.

THE teams are composed as follows:—Parker has dropped out of the College Four, Milner has gone up to three from bow, and Williams is filling the gap. SUSSEX PLACE: Stroke, Sergeant-Major Robinson (a member of last year's Canadian Four); Turner, three; Collins, two; Vaughan-Russell, bow. ANZACS: Frankhauser, stroke; Simes, three; McPhee, two; Hardy, bow. ST. DUNSTAN'S BRITISH FOUR (now tubbing):—Holman, Bailey, Macauley, and Creasy. BUNGALOW FOUR: No. 1 Team, Popple, Pettifer, Dunn and Blakeley; No. 2 Team, Blackshaw, Gavanagh, Lake and Thompson. These races will take place at Putney the last week in May and will be worth seeing. It is hoped that we shall be ready to scull the finals on the same day.

THE one-armed men are not without their share of the lake. Drummer Downs and Davidson are what we might call "hot stuff" in the canoes. A canoe race for one-armed men is not at all out of the question.

THERE have been one or two mishaps this past month. Five men have already tested the depth of the lake, and in one case the award of the Albert Medal was merited by the rescuer of a damsel in distress. My own opinion is that at present it is altogether too cold to indulge in such frivolities. However, at St. Dunstan's we cultivate the true sporting spirit, and I noticed next morning that three of the men were on the lake again.

COXWAINS are turning out finely. Our thanks are due to the ladies from Bedford House, the W.A.A.C.'s, the W.V.R.'s, and old friends, such as Mrs. Johnson, the Misses Peplow, Longman and others for

## A Morning in the Life of a Masseur

NINE o'clock strikes as I enter the hospital to which I was appointed on finishing my massage training at St. Dunstan's. I wipe my feet, and as I do so a peculiar sound attracts my attention, which increases as I draw my feet over the mat, and the sudden noise of tearing paper brings to my bewildered brain the knowledge that I have been using the morning's paper as a door mat. I listen for a while and am relieved to find that no one is moving about in the hall who could possibly have witnessed the tragedy. Bending down, I pick up the damaged article, turn it carefully over and pursue my way to the scene of action.

After storming a position held by bath chairs, spinal chairs, walking-sticks, buckets of water, etc., I find a number of trollies, such as are used in the wards for carrying trays and instruments. Here I find a number of nurses behind a camouflage of waterproofs, bandages and boxes. I bid "Good morning" to the nurses and then proceed to put on my white coat, adopting my best professional air.

But what is this? No powder! "Nurse, can you give me a little powder?" I ask.

"Certainly, just a minute!"

The minute having elapsed, the nurse reappears and places in my hand a glass of fizzing fluid.

"Whatever is this, Nurse?"

"A small Seidlitz. I did not make up much as you only asked for a small one."

"Thank you, Nurse, but I meant boracic. You know—to be applied externally."

After obtaining the correct article I enter the ward with my usual "Good-morning, gentlemen!"

"Oh, I say!" comes from a corner, "I'm going out this morning, so will you ask Captain Blank if he minds me being done second?" I carry this message to Captain Blank, who replies—

"Tell him I'm going out too, and, by the way, rush over old Thing-a-me-bob, for I want to get out early."

I promise to do my best and return to Ward No. 1 with the Captain's reply.

"You tell Blank that he's no sportsman and that I won't introduce him to the girl from the Regal as I promised."

"Very well, sir," I reply, as I commence operations upon Mr. Thing-a-me-bob.

Everything goes on well for a time, then suddenly—crack! I have caught it right below the jaw. It is only Mr. Thing-a-me-bob's knee; he suffers from muscular spasms which draw his knees up with a startling rapidity. Some day I shall sit on that knee. I hate being taken by surprise. However, that's all in the game, so I just carry on and finish the patient. That task completed I wash my hands, bathe my injured mandible and pass into another ward to commence operations upon Capt. Blank.

"Ahem! Not much earlier, are you?"

"Sorry, sir, but if you like I can put on a bit of a spurt."

"Right ho! But before you begin you might hand me that paper." I do so, inwardly hoping it is not the one I used as a door-mat.

"Thanks. Oh, and you might go and tell nurse I would like a glass of hot milk for my lunch." I obey, and then, after much delay caused by finding a cigarette for the patient, I am enabled to resume operations.

"By the way," suddenly remarked the patient, "you might keep old What's-his-name in the corner there hanging on for a bit; I've got to meet a young lady he promised to introduce me to, and I don't want him to get in first."

And so the morning goes on. Interesting cases in different stages of progress to discuss, real soldiers' yarns whispered into my ear by young devil-may-cares, little outbursts of friction between consecutive cases to smooth over, and little puffs of temper, which really hide a strong foundation of esteem and gratitude, all combining to make one morning in the world of massage a whole life, and a pleasant one at that.

N. Oname.

## Sport at St. Dunstan's

### BOATING

EARLY morning boating commenced on April 1st, and, although the weather then was at times quite windy and cold, large numbers of men turned out and gave evidence of extraordinary keenness. Since then the number of early morning enthusiasts has gradually grown, until now every boat is out once or twice before 7.30. A ticket system of rationing boats has fortunately not yet proved necessary. Occasionally a man has had to wait a few minutes, but I think if the scheme for converting the old lake bar into a waiting room materializes we can successfully avoid the difficulties of such arrangements.

THE majority of the men show promise of becoming good oarsmen, some specially distinguishing themselves.

WE now have a very varied assortment of boats on the lake. There are 19 fixed-seat boats, 16 sliding-seat boats, 11 "doubles" and 2 fours, making 48 in all. We are trying to get more boats, but, like everything else, they are extremely difficult to procure. Sculls are scarce too, and we must do all we can to avoid breakages.

THE elementary races, which will take place during the second week in May, will be exceptionally interesting. Entries are numerous, and the events should provide plenty of excitement. Full particulars of the results will be given in next month's REVIEW.

THE house teams, of which there are five, are making splendid progress. Sussex Place Four was launched about April 15th, and the Anzacs took the water on the 22nd. The Bungalow and St. Dunstan's Four are as yet still "tubbing," but are expecting to be launched very shortly. The College are up to their

usual standard, and are determined to offer a severe struggle to any opposing team.

THE teams are composed as follows:—Parker has dropped out of the College Four, Milner has gone up to three from bow, and Williams is filling the gap. SUSSEX PLACE: Stroke, Sergeant-Major Robinson (a member of last year's Canadian Four); Turner, three; Collins, two; Vaughan-Russell, bow. ANZACS: Frankhauser, stroke; Simes, three; McPhee, two; Hardy, bow. ST. DUNSTAN'S BRITISH FOUR (now tubbing):—Holman, Bailey, Macauley, and Creasy. BUNGALOW FOUR: No. 1 Team, Popple, Pettifer, Dunn and Blakeley; No. 2 Team, Blackshaw, Gavanagh, Lake and Thompson. These races will take place at Putney the last week in May and will be worth seeing. It is hoped that we shall be ready to scull the finals on the same day.

THE one-armed men are not without their share of the lake. Drummer Downs and Davidson are what we might call "hot stuff" in the canoes. A canoe race for one-armed men is not at all out of the question.

THERE have been one or two mishaps this past month. Five men have already tested the depth of the lake, and in one case the award of the Albert Medal was merited by the rescuer of a damsel in distress. My own opinion is that at present it is altogether too cold to indulge in such frivolities. However, at St. Dunstan's we cultivate the true sporting spirit, and I noticed next morning that three of the men were on the lake again.

COXWAINS are turning out finely. Our thanks are due to the ladies from Bedford House, the W.A.A.C.'s, the W.V.R.'s, and old friends, such as Mrs. Johnson, the Misses Peplow, Longman and others for



giving so much of their time. It may not be difficult to turn out at 6 o'clock in the morning once in a way, but morning after morning is sure evidence of untiring practical sympathy and help.



#### BLINDED OFFICERS' BOATING

A LARGE house standing in spacious grounds on one of the upper reaches of the River Thames was opened at the beginning of the month for week-end and convalescent quarters for blinded officers. The grounds of the house extend for about a quarter of a mile along the river bank, affording excellent facilities for boating and swimming. Great interest is being displayed in sculling and rowing, and arrangements are being made for an Officers' "Four," which it is hoped may take part in St. Dunstan's Regatta, and may also row against Worcester College.



#### RUNNING RACES

THE running teams are getting ready, and their races will take place shortly.



#### TANDEM CYCLING

THE tandem cycle season has begun, and the men have been able to avail themselves of many pleasant spins with the orderlies. Before breakfast rides have been very popular. Often during the day in Regent's Park men may be seen enjoying a run.



#### "PUNCH-BALLERS"

DOUBLER and Morgan, of the Bungalow Annexe, who were excellent punch-ball artists, have found themselves still perfectly able to enjoy this form of exercise.



I HAVE found it necessary to depart from my suggestion of last month respecting the athletic badge, and now all Annexes of St. Dunstan's will wear the same colours: black, orange and royal blue. Should any further alteration be necessary it will be due to the present extreme difficulty of obtaining dyes.

#### TUG-OF-WAR CONTESTS

THE tug-of-war took place on Wednesday, May 1st. The contests were between the following teams from the House, Bungalow and College Annexes:—

THE HOUSE: Hardy, Frankhause, Northcote, McDonald, Trigg, Fishpick, McPhee, Simes, Sheehy, Joyce, Bowen.

BUNGALOW, NO. 1: Burgess, Bowering, Thompson, Lake, Douel, Doubler, Usher, Hinton, Sorrell, Philips, Hines, Perritt, Horrell.

BUNGALOW, NO. 2: Hackett, Walters, Heritage, Stone, Blackshaw, Roylance, Godwin, Goodman, Morgan, Pettifer, Bennett, Cashmore.

THE COLLEGE: Marrison, McFarlan, Ingram, Garrity, Milner, Christian, Williams, Taylor, Holmes, Mussell, Trigg.

The two Bungalow teams provided the light-weight contest. Burgess coached the No. 1 team, which by mutual arrangement had one more member than their opponents, coached by Cashmore. The difference in weight, however, amounted to only four stone.

The contest between the College and St. Dunstan's was a "catch-weight."

In a sense both pulls were rather disappointing, each struggle lasting scarcely a minute. No. 1 Bungalow team and St. Dunstan's were easily victorious. I am sure no one was more surprised at the results than the teams themselves, and previous to the contest everyone concerned was doubtful as to the final issue. Burgess attributes his victory to the "royal tonic" administered to his crew half an hour before the performance.

We may soon expect some further tussles. St. Dunstan's team were immediately challenged by the College, and Bungalow No. 2 team are bent on having revenge.

If anyone wishing to get together a tug-of-war team would speak to me all necessary arrangements will be made for coaching.  
R. H. S.



BILL: "This blinkin' sea's orful!"  
'ARRY: "O, I dunno. It's nice to see froth on somethink these days!"

—Punch.

## News from the Workshops

"TELL me where I am wrong, that is what I want to know. If there is a mistake I will take it down and start again." These remarks heard in the workshop during the month show the keen interest and pride in their work which ensures the future success of our men. These men who are keen to complete a piece of work are keener still to do it well. Their aim is perfection, and judging by the work, which is of the very best, we may consider that they succeed.



When we made our first rabbit hutch, or drew our first railway train or arranged our garden in childhood, we were content because we put into the work all we knew. So here in the workshops we see man after man putting forth all his powers to master his difficulties and to produce articles which bear his personality. This is how the love of the craft grows in the workman, and it should be fostered and nourished as his most valuable possession. The true craftsman is concerned chiefly with his work and is not constantly thinking of the money he will get for it. The amount of wages paid is not a measure of a man's craftsmanship. He does good work because he cannot be content with anything less. Love of the craft will maintain and deepen interest, and will develop a skill which a rise in wages might not secure. It will move men to accomplish things that will give them the greatest satisfaction in the world, for there is no greater pride than the pride of achievement.



The assistance rendered to the teaching staff by pupil teachers, of whom six new ones have been appointed this month, is very valuable indeed. Commenting on the amazing rate at which St. Dunstanners acquire their various handicrafts, Sir Arthur Pearson, in the Third Annual Report of St. Dunstan's Hostel, which was published last month, writes as follows:—

"The men at St. Dunstan's acquire their industries in a quarter the time that is usually supposed to be necessary to teach a blinded man a trade. The principal reason for this is to be found in the free employment of the blind teacher, who is not encouraged at ordinary workshops for the blind. The whole outlook of a man becomes different when he finds himself in the hands of a teacher who works under the same handicap as his own. The more intelligent and apt men are kept as pupil teachers, and are paid salaries. It may be readily imagined how stimulating must be the effect on a newly blinded man to find his first fumbling efforts directed by one who himself was blinded on the battlefield but a few months ago."



Owing to the largely increasing numbers of men coming to us from hospitals, we have been obliged to enlarge the workshops. It is now two years since the present workshops, which accommodate more than 200 men at a time, were completed, and the work of teaching joinery, basket-making, boot-repairing and mat-making was transferred there from the old workshops, which now form a store for raw materials and the Settlement offices. The plans, which are now complete, provide for an extension of each wing of the workshops as far as possible towards the Braille room.



G. Brown and W. C. Smith, two thoroughly proficient basket-makers, have left us to start work on their own, and many capable men are well on their way to follow them. J. McCue has earned the post of pupil-teacher with very painstaking work, and we feel sure that his assistance in this connection will be very valuable.



The number of men in the Boot-repairing section still increases, and we have

been obliged to put in eight more benches. D. G. Morgan, R. B. Blackshaw and F. Hackett have been advanced as pupil-teachers, and are already doing useful work. A. Chiltern and J. Shortland have left this department during the month.

Work in the Mat-making section continues to be very satisfactory, and a number of excellent mat-makers have gained their certificates this month. H. Bennett and A. Ballard have been appointed pupil-teachers, and W. R. Dunning, T. Heatherington, C. Roach, A. Prettyjohn and M. Costello have left us to start work in their own homes.

It is difficult to say which is the most promising feature of the Joinery Department this month, each class having met with an equal measure of success. The picture frames have shown a high standard of workmanship; two pictures framed in a wide black mould are about the best work that has been done during April. An ingenious little boot-cleaning stool, the invention of Mr. Black, of the Settlement Department, has been introduced during the month, and is now being made by some of the more advanced joiners. All through the Joinery Department attendance has been highly satisfactory, and the quality of the work speaks well for the future of the men.

### Pension Office Notes.

ANOTHER change in pensions has been made by a new pensions warrant which takes effect from Wednesday, May 1st. It will appeal more directly to those of you who are fathers, because the chief alteration is in the amount of the pension for children. For the purpose of comparison, I append both the new and old scales:

NEW		OLD	
1st child	6/8	1st child	5/-
2nd "	5/-	2nd "	4/2
3rd "	4/2	3rd "	3/4
all other children	4/2	all other children	2/6

Grants to motherless children are raised from 7/- for the first with 6/- for others, to 10/- for the first with 9/2 for others, per week.

WHILE the war lasts free medical treatment is to be given to men discharged through disability not attributable to service. During medical treatment the families will receive allowances.

IT should be noted that Mr. Hodge, the Pensions minister, has publicly stated that no medical board has any right to question men regarding their earning capacity.

THE Savings Bank has now been in existence exactly twelve months, during which time £10,500 has been deposited by 302 contributors. This gives an average of nearly £35 per contributor, and I am glad to be able to record that new comers, almost without exception, show they intend to take full advantage of the facilities offered, so much so that I feel justified in saying I am sure the second year will show even better results.

W. J. H.

### Netting Notes

BEFORE these notes are printed we expect to be working out of doors again, under cover of the fine new awning that is being put up for us. Netting is a particularly pleasant outdoor occupation; it is a simple one, too, for a strong hook into a wall or fence is all that is required.

NETTING certificates have been gained by 84 men since the Christmas holiday, which brings the number of certificated workers up to 150. These certificates, and the new netting registers which show the whole work done during training, are helping to maintain the high standard of finish which is so desirable.

G. H. W.

SAPPER (engaged in technical explanation): ". . . . and a sap is very often detected by the excavated earth which is left on the surface."

LADY (showing an intelligent interest): "Then why don't you bury it."—*Punch*.

## Braille, Typewriting and Telephony Notes

### Braille Notes

WE heartily congratulate the following officers and men on having passed their Braille Tests:—

READING TEST: L. E. Turner, F. J. Buckley, A. Sterno, Mr. Weekes, R. J. London, Capt. A. Buchanan, F. E. O'Kelly, A. J. Cooper, H. Kidger, E. Fairfield, W. E. Carlton, N. Toppin, and F. Tomlinson.

WRITING TEST: J. Boyce, H. V. Kerr, P. Garrity, J. Rawlinson, Mr. Furniss, H. McDonald, M. Deegan, J. S. Bailey, J. H. Burt, J. T. Walch, A. J. Mason, F. H. Kirkbright, F. Winter, and S. A. Chambers.

THE embossed maps of St. Dunstan's spoken of in last month's REVIEW are now to be had from the Braille office, and we strongly recommend them to everyone who is not already acquainted with them.

PRINCE LICHNOWSKY'S pamphlet, revealing Germany's determination for war in the months preceding August, 1914, has been published in Braille by the National Institute for the Blind. Other new publications are:—

"Nancy Stair"—E. M. Lane.

"The Black Arrow"—R. L. Stevenson.

"Races of Domestic Poultry"—Brown.

And amongst others the following three have been added to the Library:—

"With Roberts to Candahar"—Capt. Brereton.

"Over Bemertons"—E. V. Lucas.

"Fatal Ruby"—C. Garvice.

ARRANGEMENTS will be made for a Braille Music Class to be held two evenings a week in the Braille Room after lesson hours. This, of course, could only be joined by men who have passed their Reading and Writing Tests and who can read fluently. Will any such who wish to learn come and see Miss Pain, so that times may be arranged that are convenient for all?

D. P.

### Typewriting and Telephony Notes

THREE telephonists have left us this month to take up very good posts in London. Learmonth has gone to Bourne and Hollingsworth's, Webster to Jaeger's, and Fleming to an aeroplane factory.

WE wish to congratulate the following men on having passed their test, and especially Brett, who suffers under the double handicap of being blind and having only one arm:—Barrett, Nicol, Godwin, T. L. Gibbins, Pearce, T. Rodgers, Robinson (N.Z.), Davies, Carter, Maher, Nancarrow, Cashmore, Henshaw, Bowering, Harding, Ollington, Brett, Giffin, Hollins, Hammett, Jubb, S. E. Varley.

E. McL.

### St. Dunstan's Allotment

THE interest of both men and teachers in the Braille Room is at present centred on the latest undertaking—an allotment garden. The idea originated with Miss B. Brown, who, with her usual untiring energy, has got the work well in hand. She has enlisted many able helpers amongst the men and teachers, and they have been busy digging up a piece of ground behind the Netting Room on which are to be grown potatoes and other vegetables. The well-known agricultural expert, Dr. E. J. Russell, F.R.S., and Mr. W. G. Webster, the Superintendent of Regent's Park, have very kindly taken a great interest in the allotment, and have spared some of their most valuable time to come and see it and to advise the best methods for its cultivation.

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON'S recent visit to France to "see" the front, is to be emulated by Senator Thomas Gore, the celebrated American legislator who lost his sight nearly forty years ago.

## Settlement Department

THE further restricted railway services which came into force on May 1st will, if applied to goods equally with passenger traffic, render the task of getting outfits and supplies to the men more precarious and slower than previously. All packages for Ireland have been hung up for some time, and those for the far North of England and for Scotland have also been considerably delayed.

IN view of these difficulties men ordering goods should anticipate their wants earlier than formerly and send in particulars of their requirements well ahead, and thus, as far as possible, avoid the inconvenience and annoyance of having to wait for materials.

ANY practical points of interest bearing upon a trade, or suggestions which might lead to improvements in tools or materials supplied from St. Dunstan's, will always be welcomed and receive careful consideration, and it may often prove that a man who has left may as a result of necessity or experience have adopted a method which might with advantage be handed on to others still here in training. We have had an instance recently of a man obtaining from an apparently unlikely source some materials of which we have been badly in need, and whilst he has benefited by getting what he wanted himself, he has also materially assisted us to give to several others the same advantage.

WE should always be glad to hear, too, from men who have already left us of any vacant premises likely to suit another St. Dunstan, preferably of a different trade to a man sending us the information; in such an event we should be furnished with the names of the agent or owner of such premises. Clashing or competition between our men in one particular trade is not, of course, to be advocated, but there might well be mutual

advantages derived by two men—say, a boot-repairer and a basket-maker or a poultry-farmer—being set up in the same locality, apart from the genial companionship which such an arrangement might offer.

H. D. B.

## Massage Notes

AT the time of writing these notes there are fifty-five men studying massage in the Elementary Classes at St. Dunstan's and at the Advanced Classes at the National Institute for the Blind. Thirty-four men have taken the massage course, passed the examination of the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseurs, the stiffest exam. in England, and are now giving every satisfaction to both doctors and patients in military hospitals all over the country. The success of these men is most remarkable, and demands for more blinded soldier masseurs are continually being made.

There has never been a failure in the Massage School, and if, as we cheerfully anticipate, all the candidates for the next examination are successful there will still not be enough of them to fill the appointments offered us.

ON May 1st and 2nd a qualifying examination was held at St. Dunstan's School of Massage to decide which of the sixteen students at the National Institute for the Blind should sit for the examination of the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseurs in June.

The results of this examination lead us to believe that all the students have a good chance of passing in successfully. We must remind men, however, that a good deal of hard work must be put in between now and then to ensure that our previous high standard of work is kept up.

F. G. B.

## Items of Interest

### Adjutant's Illness

WE regret to announce that Captain F. Russell Roberts, Adjutant of the House, has been obliged to have a serious operation on his lung to remove a piece of a bomb which has been worrying him since he was wounded. The operation has been as successful as could be expected, and we hope that it will not be many weeks before he will be back with us again.

Major C. T. Holland has very kindly taken over the duties of Adjutant during Captain Russell Roberts' absence.

### Canadian Meetings

THE Canadians at St. Dunstan's are greatly indebted to Colonel Perritt (himself a blinded Canadian officer) for having arranged the most delightful and enjoyable meetings every Wednesday afternoon, to which he brings some prominent Canadian to speak to them and give them some news of home and of their friends at the front.

Among those who have visited us are Mr. Robertson, a Canadian War Correspondent; Col. Reid, Agent-General for Ontario; and Col. McCoombe, who has been sent over from Canada by the Department of Militia and Defence to inquire into the problem of the re-education of disabled soldiers.

Col. Perritt very kindly intends continuing these enjoyable informal meetings every Wednesday afternoon at 5.30 in the Outer Lounge at the House, and it is hoped that as many Canadians as possible will arrange to be present.

### Worcester College Boat Club

RACING ON THE SEVERN

ON Saturday, March 23rd, in perfect rowing weather, races were rowed between the First and Second Fours of the College for the Blind and the Royal Flying Corps Cadets stationed near Worcester.

The College made a better start than their opponents, and soon established a

good lead. Finishing with a spurt, they won comfortably by two lengths. This is the first victory which the College Boat Club has won against a trained sighted crew, and the success will no doubt encourage them in the considerable number of races in which they will compete next term.

The College First Four which, we understand, will represent Worcester at the St. Dunstan's Regatta at Putney, has been training here since February.

T. Milligan, who left St. Dunstan's at the end of 1916 to take up work as a masseur at a military hospital near Manchester, went to Worcester College at the beginning of this year for a course of higher education. He is, we are told, a very valuable member of their crew, and will this summer be in the curious position of competing against St. Dunstan's. Milligan in his time here was a most energetic oarsman and was a member of the First Four which won distinction at Putney in 1916.

### Little Blind Heroine

BROOKLYN GIRL SAVES 30 LIVES AT A FIRE

ROSA COHEN, a blind girl only nine years old, saved the lives of thirty others recently, when fire destroyed part of the Blind Children's Home at Brooklyn.

Rosa being roused from sleep by smoke, ran from cot to cot in the dormitory, awakening eight other blind girls.

Then she ran across the hall to the boys' dormitory, and called seven blind boys.

A blind leader of the blind, she marched these children to the "hall."

Knowing they would be safe there till other help came, she next awoke superintendents, nurses, and others. In a few minutes all the children and all the others in danger were in the street, most of them in nightgowns.—*Daily Chronicle*, April 22nd.

## The Angler and the Calf—a Remarkable Coincidence

IN an article in last month's REVIEW on "Trouting by Touch," reference was made to the fact that the blind angler would probably experience many adventures of a curious kind. One such adventure which befell the writer may be described here. He (the writer), returning home one evening along the river bank, heard a splashing in the stream and the lowing of a calf in distress. Listening carefully, the angler ascertained that the calf was plunging and scrambling desperately and hopelessly to get on to the bank. The weather was warm and the stream was low, so the gallant angler waded in and made for the sound of the lowing with the intention of lifting the calf out of its predicament. Time and again the calf came towards him; time and again he just missed catching hold of it. Becoming

tired of what appeared to be a very futile game of blind man's buff, the angler expressed his views on the stupidity of the calf, scrambled to the bank, and sent a message to the owner of the foolish beast. Presently the owner, a neighbouring farmer, arrived with a rope, and in a few minutes the rescue was accomplished. Next day the calf again found itself in the river, and again it had to be salvaged. When this occurred a third time the farmer decided that his calf had better be transferred to a field where it would be fenced off from the lure of the water. So the much-rescued calf was driven to pastures new. As it went it ran into a fence and stumbled over stones. Then they discovered that the calf, like its would-be rescuer, the angler, was blind.

*Jock Scott.*

## Good Advice.

A CLASS of young officers were being lectured by a very fussy staff officer. They were just about to be posted to batteries for service in France.

"It is," he concluded, "most essential that no guns fall into the enemy's hands in a serviceable condition. We will take an example. Your battery is close up to the infantry. By a surprise attack the enemy storms the trenches and breaks through. Your guns are in imminent danger of being captured. What would you do?"

He looked round the class, but nobody ventured a solution. All of a sudden an officer at the back, who had served abroad in the ranks, laughed softly.

"Well, Mr. Turner," said the lecturer spitefully, "what steps would you take?"

Turner's reply was instantaneous. "Damned long ones," he said, emphatically.—*3rd L. G. Hospital Gazette.*

## What Comes After this Life?

THE following is an extract from a New Zealander's letter, being one of several printed in the April number of a popular monthly on the subject "What Comes After this Life?":—

"I very humbly record my faith that a Divine presence was alive in the hearts of the men who fought on Gallipoli, and such could not be blown to shreds by a Turkish shell. I seemed to get the idea that each man's body was inhabited by a spirit derived from a Universal centre just as a million electric globes are lit from one power station. If a globe is smashed it does not stop the current from the power house, it merely means that another globe is required, and I felt that if one of my friends' bodies was broken it could not mean that his Divine current was cut off, it meant that the manufacturer of his original body would simply replace the spoilt casing by a new one."

## Music and Entertainments

ONE of the best enjoyed concerts St. Dunstan's boys welcomed this past month was given on the evening when Lady Pearson brought along her Blind Musicians. Up and down the country this party of blind musicians, attached to the National Institute for the Blind, and organized by Lady Pearson, has won golden opinions for itself, and many golden guineas to help carry on the work of St. Dunstan's. Last year £25,000 was raised by this Blind Concert Party. So St. Dunstan's had a very hearty welcome waiting for them.

And it was not just a lively sense of comradeship that won this appreciation. The audience had nothing but delighted praise for the performance they gave. Lady Pearson is justly proud of their achievements. They have all spent their lives in the dark, yet they bring light out of darkness, song out of gloom.

The party is under the direction of Mr. Avalon Collard, who describes the work of St. Dunstan's at every concert the blind musicians give. This, of course, he had no need to do when entertaining St. Dunstanners themselves. Instead, he said a few brief, heartfelt words on behalf of Lady Pearson, telling us all how proud she was of the response made by the British public and of the cordial reception given to her Blind Concert Party. She was proud twice over, we were told, first because of the recognition of the talent and the altogether admirable platform work of the musicians themselves, and again, because of the enthusiastic admiration everywhere aroused by the brave and cheery lads of St. Dunstan's, for whom they are working.

English part songs were given with tuneful and artistic precision by Miss Maggie Lister (soprano), Miss Margaret Maden (contralto), Mr. William Turner

(tenor), and Mr. Sinclair Logan (baritone). These singers also sang solo items, which were greeted with enthusiastic acclaim; perhaps a special favourite was the blithesome Fairy Song so gaily rendered by Miss Maggie Lister. Mr. John Arr's violin playing was of an exceptionally high standard, his phrasing and intonation were faultless, and in a rather exacting piece of De Beriot, which was one of those selected, won very special recognition from his audience. Miss Dorothy Capon was an always sympathetic and brilliant accompanist.

We had a big and delightful surprise when Mr. Ronald Gourley, the sixth of the blind musicians, took the stage. This brilliant young player has a keen sense of musical humour. He composes and plays gay little pianoforte pieces that would compel laughter from even the most persistent pessimist. He invited his audience to suggest three or four well-known melodies, and he would "mix them up" on the piano. Our Rag-time Bandsmen, nothing loth, called for "Down Texas Way," "Yaaka Hula," "Annie Laurie," and "Three Blind Mice." The resulting medley was a triumph of fun, which made the Outer Lounge a very noisy hall of mirth for the time being.

Miss Bald has arranged a very welcome series of concerts, which began at the end of April, and these evenings are to recur pleasantly once a fortnight, the stage being set alternately at the House and the Bungalow. The Rag-time Band is well to the fore, and all St. Dunstan's own crack singers come forward to help in these entertainments.

A banjo and mandoline band has been started under Mr. Landucci's direction, with Miss McAndrew accompanying on the

piano. The band's first appearance in public will perhaps be chronicled next month.



Mr. Eille Norwood, who made such a lasting impression upon us all when he played the leading part in "Inside the Lines," has won our grateful thanks again this month, for he presented in our Outer Lounge one afternoon recently two very delightful plays, "Their Mothers," in which his wife, Miss Bruce McKay, and Clare Greet appeared as the only two characters—a "Patrician" and a "Plebeian"—each of whom had sons at the front, and the other a merry little piece called "Hook and Eye," in which several members of Mr. Eille Norwood's company took parts, and were received as old favourites by St. Dunstanners, who remembered their successes in "Inside the Lines."



Mr. Peter Graham's Concert Party gave the Bungalow a splendid evening just recently. Every item was a success, and something very new and topical was presented when Miss Helena Millais gave her "Conversation in a London Dug-Out." This talk between a "fine" lady and a factory girl on an air-raid night was a bang-up-to-date idea.



During the summer months there will be no weekly Thursday evening concert, but first-class entertainments will be arranged once a month, commencing 8.15 and lasting about an hour and a half.



On Wednesday, April 17th, Mr. Ernest Pike, whose revelations in the *Daily Mail* regarding the internal situation of Germany have caused something of a sensation, came up to the College to give an account of Ruhleben Camp, near Berlin. Mr. Pike first of all told of how English people who found themselves in Germany when war broke out fared at the hands of the Germans. Then he went on to describe exactly how the camp at Ruhleben arrived at order out of chaos. Mr. Pike himself was placed

at the head of all the various canteen arrangements of the camp, and in this capacity was allowed to visit Berlin over a hundred times during his internment. When he left the camp a few months ago some remarkable progress had been made there among the interned British prisoners. The camp had its own schools, where a first-class education could be obtained, its own theatre and lecture rooms and sports ground, its own churches and chapels. In fact, it was a very remarkable example of the Colony System at work. Many of those present at the lecture considered that Mr. Pike must have given rather too roseate a description of Ruhleben, and some were so enchanted at the account of the life there that they declared they would not be at all averse to spending the August vacation there. However, Mr. Pike's final words of thankfulness that he was no longer in Germany probably gave a better picture of the truth. His lecture was followed with great interest by a huge audience.



### Swear-Boxes

IN the March number of ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW appeared an amusing article outlining the experiences of a St. Dunstanner who, on re-visiting the office in which he worked before the war, discovered a "Cuss-Box," the contents of which were dedicated to St. Dunstan's. An Irish subscriber to the REVIEW recently wrote to the Editor as follows:—

"I am enclosing the first fruits of the 'Cuss-Boxes' from the officers on the Staff at our Headquarters. The office from which the most was expected only contributed a penny, while one gave the record of 6s. 11d. Father's office would only have had 6d. had not a well-known correspondent of an English paper, on being shown the box, put his hand in his pocket, said a very loud 'D—n!' and dropped in 2s.

"We made the 'Cuss-Boxes' out of empty sealed toffee-tins, and stuck a notice on each with a quotation from 'Cursory Remarks' on it."

## Poultry, Fruit and Vegetable Farming

NOTES AND GLEANINGS: BY CAPTAIN W. OWEN

GIVEN a keen interest in country life and everything appertaining thereto, most profitable results can be obtained by the combination of poultry, fruit and vegetable farming. They can all be kept and grown on the same piece of land, and, as I shall explain, each one of them helps materially towards the success of the others.

First of all it is necessary to look ahead and plan out the system, so that it will carry on for at least twenty years. Personally, with the aid of a sighted friend, I commenced by measuring out the whole of my ground, and then made a mental picture of the entire concern.

Actual help will be required at first in putting up the fowl-houses, erecting the pens, and in planting the trees, although the major part can be done alone.

With regard to the selection of the birds, I am convinced that we should only keep the non-sitting variety of fowls, with the exception perhaps of a few others for hatching out our chicks annually, although where an incubator is worked successfully even these will not be required, for after all, egg production should be the main object of a blind poultry-farmer. The keeping of fowls for egg production is a clean job. No broody hens, no nest-boxes, no sloppy messes to deal with in the feeding line, but just clean houses, clean nest-boxes, clean eggs to handle, pack up, and send away, and no coops scattered all over the place. For a sightless person the main point is to centralize everything so as to save as much trouble in feeding, watering and attention as possible. Labour saving in everything ought to be our main object. I find that eggs pay very well, my returns easily covering expenses and the wages of my one man, and leaving a considerable profit. Of course, we all have our lean months when possibly no eggs are produced at all, but the balance should always be on the right

side at the end of the year, even allowing for considerable expenditure on improvements.

For the successful combination of poultry, fruit and vegetable farming, there are several important points to be borne in mind.

Every pen should be divided into two sections, which arrangement allows the birds to have a change of ground and also keeps the soil free from taint. The central portion of each pen should be dug up and cultivated for the reception of the vegetables and the fruit trees, while a surrounding border of grass is left which provides grass-feeding for the birds.

With regard to the choice of fruit, I advocate apple trees, both of the eating and cooking variety, with perhaps a few good plum trees. They give very little trouble and are clean to handle, while apples are a most convenient fruit to pack for market.

I recommend that the birds should only be moved annually instead of every six months, as one cannot produce a full crop of vegetables in exactly six months, and also, in spraying the fruit trees with the poisonous winter washes in order to kill the infesting insects, one would risk poisoning any of the fowls who picked up these dead insects. The birds could be turned into that half of the pen already sprayed after a lapse of two or three months, and then the trees in the vacated half could be sprayed.

To conclude, I would strongly advocate every poultry-farmer to keep apple trees in all his pens. These trees will pay for themselves handsomely as the years go by, and they afford much necessary shade and also animal life in the way of insects for the birds, whilst in their turn the birds will help the trees by freeing them to a great degree of the insects, and also by providing all the manure necessary for their growth and well-being.

## The Country Life Section

I AM getting glowing reports from all quarters just now, and the majority of our men seem to be doing remarkably well. Hargreaves has a White Wyandotte hen that laid 45 eggs in 54 days; she then went broody, and after being shut up ten days started laying again and laid 26 eggs in 26 days.

SOME of the poultry-farmers have had excellent hatches, and are to be heartily congratulated on the handling of their incubators. Madieson got 46 chicks from 48 eggs, Wenlock 42 from 48, Horsnell 37 from 43, and G. Price 42 from 46. Price also got 11 chicks from 12 eggs set under a hen.

WE have sent out some excellent pens of birds this month, mostly White Leghorns.

I AM afraid a lot of inconvenience and disappointment is being caused owing to the delay of outfits and food stuffs on the railways. Under the present circumstances this is unavoidable, but I would suggest that in the case of foods men order well ahead of their requirements, allowing at least three weeks for transit.

WE have had an addition to the farm here in the shape of two pigs. They are about nine weeks old and have been presented to Sir Arthur Pearson by J. W. Culshaw (who left St. Dunstan's in May, 1917). Eventually we shall send them to King's Langley, but to comply with the Swine Fever regulations we have to keep them here for 28 days. Any man who lives anywhere near a camp might do a lot worse than try his hand at pig rearing. It is one of the most profitable things nowadays if—and this is a big if—an ample supply of waste can be obtained.

WITH young chicken fast coming on it is necessary to take the first opportunity

to weed out the older stock so that the 1918 stock of pullets is not cramped for room, for if we are to have a good supply of layers for the autumn it is a fatal mistake to keep these young birds too thickly in the house or run; they must have fresh air, good clean, roomy houses, and as much liberty as possible. The very day a breeding pen is finished with, the male bird should be disposed of and all young 1918 cockerels, with the possible exception of a very few for your own stock next year, or for customers, should be turned into money. Do not keep them on a minute longer than you can help, for food is dear and scarce, prices for young birds are high, and the land is badly wanted in many instances for the young pullets. In most cases stock cockerels for 1919 can be supplied in the autumn by the St. Dunstan's Farm at cost price, so that there may not be any need to retain any cockerels of your own breeding.

IF you have been very pleased with this year's breeding pens, and wish to retain some for next season, be sure to go over the birds carefully and only keep those that handle well, or have no bodily defects. Don't be afraid to dispose of any bird that appears to be ailing, thin, cramped, or one you know has laid badly in number or quality and size of eggs.

AT present prices of foods it is not even easy to make good birds pay well, so don't attempt to keep poor ones, and do give your pullets every chance to do well.

THE grass is growing and long; wet grass is bad for poultry, so either keep it grazed off with rabbits, goat or sheep, or have it mown and raked off.

WARMER days mean a greater need for shaded, clean water, and care should be

taken never to let the birds go short of this most necessary item. Keep the young stock growing by frequently shifting them on to fresh ground, and giving just enough plain, unstimulating food, a little grit, some green food and as much liberty as you can arrange. Don't let the youngsters perch before about four months of age, nor sleep on hard, bare floors. A crooked breast-bone is not sightly in a table bird, and in many cases

is detrimental to good laying. As the warm weather comes on the necessity for good dust baths, with a little disinfecting powder, increases.

I CAN now supply poultry-farmers with bran and middlings and also with medium and fine grit and with Oyster Limpet Shell. Application for any of these should be made to me.

C. S. A.

## Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

### Church Notes

ON Sunday, April 14th, the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, M.C., was the preacher, and all present were both thrilled by the yarns he told and impressed by his earnest sermon, which was right to the point.

ON Sunday, April 28th, the Hon. Chaplain, the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, was present at the Communion Service. A collection was taken, and the proceeds given to the British and Foreign Bible Society, who have provided a number of Braille Bibles, for which applications should be made to the Chaplain.

SERVICES were held on St. George's Day, the singing of St. Dunstan's Choir being a marked feature of the evening service.

THIS month we shall keep Empire Day, Friday, May 24th. At 1.45 p.m. Bishop Ryle, now the Dean of Westminster, is coming to conduct a service. There will be a specially strong choir, and the Chapel will be enlarged for the occasion. On June 9th the preacher will be the Rev. Dr. Bickersteth, Canon of Canterbury, and formerly Vicar of Leeds.

WE miss Singleton, who was one of the best basses in the Choir. Although four new members—Jarman, Westell, Brooks, and Jubb—have joined the Choir during the month, there is still room for more,

and the Chaplain would be glad to have the names of any men who would care to become members. The Choir not only affords St. Dunstanners regular opportunities of enjoying the simple but beautiful part-singing of the hymns and anthems, and helps those who come to the Chapel to enter heartily into the services, but also it prepares men for taking their place in choirs after they leave. We are greatly indebted to Mr. A. Kingston-Stewart for his expert assistance.

L. G. T.

### Catholic Chapel Notes

ST. GEORGE'S DAY, April 23rd, was kept with as much solemnity as possible, in accordance with the request of the Cardinal. Mass was said at 7.30 a.m. for the success of the Allied Armies, by the Rev. Fr. Nagle, of St. Charles's, Langham Street, W. Benediction was at 5.30 p.m., and after the "Adoremus" the first verse of "God save the King" was sung, for St. George's Day is the name day of His Majesty the King. Irishmen always keep St. Patrick's Day, and it is only right that Englishmen should follow their example by keeping the feast day of their Patron Saint. Let us remember the old English battle-cry of "For God, Our Lady and Saint George," and ask the prayers of this great saint for our beloved land.

THE order has been given for the erection of two stained glass windows at

the end of the chapel, and if all goes well it will be unveiled at Benediction on the feast of Corpus Christi, 30th May, by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Butt, Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster.

WE were recently visited by one of the gallant officers who took part in the raid on Zeebrugge—Lieut. Hegarty, R.N.R., a brother of Mr. J. V. Hegarty, of the Settlement Department. He was greatly interested in the work. He made particular inquiries about our naval men. Lieut. Hegarty has kindly promised to make a gift to the chapel in thanksgiving for his safe return from the dangerous expedition.

P. H.

### Marriages at St. Dunstan's

ON April 10th, with Popple as his best man, W. J. Galloway was married to Miss Mott. This was the first Bungalow Annexe wedding, and, thanks to the trouble taken by Matron and the Adjutant, the wedding and the breakfast all went off as though weddings were the customary thing at the Bungalow.

ON Thursday in Easter week J. Dennick was married to Miss Hewlett at Stanway in Gloucestershire. Among the guests was W. C. Street, a mat and basket maker, well known to old St. Dunstanners.

AT St. Cyprian's Church, Marylebone, on April 17th, R. Boyter was married to Miss Pratt. After the wedding the bride and bridegroom left for their home in Scotland.

ON March 16th, at St. Marylebone Church, Richard Cordner was married to Miss Hambling. They are now settled at Benwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ON March 23rd, at St. Marylebone Church, in the presence of many of his friends from the College, C. A. Stevens was married to Miss Dyer. The music was a feature of this wedding, the singing

### Births

CURNOW, J., daughter	-	Feb. 14, 1918.
HERRIOT, A., daughter	-	Feb. 23, 1918.
DENNIS, G., daughter	-	Feb. 27, 1918.
MCDONALD, N., son	-	Mar. 12, 1918.
HOLMES, A. E., daughter	-	Mar. 12, 1918.
PINNER, son	-	Mar. 16, 1918.
NORMAN, son	-	Feb. 12, 1918.
SEBBAGE, son	-	Mar. 20, 1918.
DAINTER, daughter	-	Mar. 28, 1918.
THORNTON, son	-	Mar. 28, 1918.
JEROME, daughter	-	Mar. 28, 1918.
HILL, H. E., daughter	-	April 9, 1918.
HARRIS, F. T., son	-	April 15, 1918.
LOMAS, G., daughter	-	April 17, 1918.
WEBB, A., daughter	-	Jan. 15, 1918.

being rendered as if a choir had been present. Bull acted as best man.

THE marriage took place at West Croydon, on Saturday, March 23rd, between Private A. R. Spence, 26th Battalion Canadian Infantry, and Miss Kitty R. Stokes. After the ceremony the guests were entertained by the bride's father and mother at their house in Handcroft Road.

ON April 14th, at St. Luke's Church, Kentish Town, James G. Moeller, late 2nd Battalion Manchester Regiment, was married to Miss Maud Buer. J. E. Plunkett, late Army Veterinary Corps, acted as best man. In the afternoon a reception was held at the bride's house, to which many of the men from the Bungalow Annexe were invited.

TWO other St. Dunstan's weddings took place at St. Marylebone Church during the month. On March 28th R. K. Lowrie was married to Miss Ridgwell, and on March 3rd J. A. G. Rennie was married to Miss May.

ON March 21st E. J. Blundell was married to Miss Lilian Kerswill, at Regent's Park Baptist Chapel.

### COMPETITIONS

#### BASKET-MAKING COMPETITION

The prize-winners in the recent competition organized by the Worshipful Company of Basket Makers were as follows:—

CLASS ONE (Whole Rod Work in buff, brown, or white rods or cane): 1st Prize, A. Smith; 2nd Prize, F. Champniss; 3rd Prize, G. Lawlor and W. Hudman; Special Certificate, G. Lawlor.

CLASS TWO (Skein Work): 1st Prize, J. McCue; 2nd Prize, F. R. Beattie; 3rd Prize, J. McCue; 4th Prize, C. Coulson.

CLASS THREE (Fancy Work, including straw, rush, esparto, etc.): 1st Prize, G. T. Dennis; 2nd Prize, G. Madieson; 3rd Prize, A. Evans; 4th Prize, M. Lane.

A Certificate of Merit was awarded to all prize-winners.

#### STORY COMPETITION

The Story Competition was won by W. G. Speight, of Colgate, W. Sussex, who left St. Dunstan's in December, 1916, to take up poultry-farming. A prize of half-a-guinea has been sent to him. His story, "A Romance of the War," appears on the next page of this issue.

The second prize of 5s. was awarded to R. J. Vine, Ewhurst, Surrey, who sent in the second best contribution.

#### MY BEST DODGE

The prize for the "Best Dodge" sent in goes to T. P. Drummond, a massage pupil resident at our Sussex Place Annexe. He writes as follows:—

"It is often necessary to sign one's name on a typewritten letter or document. I have overcome the difficulty of putting the signature in the correct place without the assistance of a sighted person in the following way:—

"When the letter is completed move the paper forward on the roller one full space, set the margin to the number on the Braille scale at which you want to commence your signature, and then strike

the full stop sharply. When signing the letter locate the impression on the back of the paper with a finger of the right hand, then place the forefinger of the left hand over it, and by touching this finger with the pen you have the point at which to commence your signature."

Captain Owen, a very successful St. Dunstan's poultry and fruit farmer, sent in the following useful suggestion for making a plan of a farm:—

"I had a large drawing-board punched with small holes, about a quarter of an inch apart, and provided myself with a number of small-headed nails, such as are used in the first Braille lessons. With this apparatus I was able to make a plan of my grounds, showing my garden, poultry sheds, orchards, paths, hedges, and buildings.

"The nails, of course, can be moved as alterations and improvements are made, and thus I always have with me a handy up-to-date plan of my farm."

The following is a list of the men who won prizes in the excellent series of competitions organized by Miss Critten during April:—

No. 1 (Theatres and Music Halls Competition): Hight, Dunning, Pekin, and Clarke.

No. 2 ("Alphabetical Celebrities of the War," told in rhyme): 1st Prize, Henshaw; 2nd Prize, Hodkin; 3rd Prize, Morris.

No. 3 (Flowers and Shrubs Competition): 1st Prize, Hodkin; 2nd Prize, Brown; 3rd Prize, Bailey.

No. 4 (Trades Competition): 1st Prize, Harding; 2nd Prize, Clarke; 3rd Prize, Johnson.

No. 5 ("Trees Competition"): 1st Prize, Harding; 2nd Prize, McKenna; 3rd Prize, J. Farrell.

Special Prizes for combined efforts of Doyle and Cooper (partners), Steel and Stratton (partners).

## A Romance of the War

BY W. G. SPEIGHT (YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY)

MARGARET DUNCAN studied her reflection carefully in the long mirror, noting with satisfaction the effect of her new evening dress. After a few finishing touches, she thoughtfully re-read the telegram—"Must see you to-night at eight; leave for the North to-morrow. Stewart."

She shrugged her shoulders, and for once her happy expression changed to one of disappointment. "So after all," she thought, "he is joining up—and as an ordinary Tommy, too! I might have guessed that my pleading would have been in vain."

She dreaded the thought of how her parents would receive the news. So far they had not opposed Stewart's advances, overlooking the fact that he was poor, for he was training for the Church and her uncle had promised him a good living as Rector of Kirkham, but how would they like the sound of "Private Stewart Macpherson"?

He had apparently ignored her persuasions that he should wait until he had completed his studies and then get a commission; perhaps her wishes did not count after all! She looked at the clock—and then hurriedly left the room, for it was two minutes to eight.

The farewell had not lasted long, and now Margaret stood alone in the garden where Stewart had left her. She could hardly realize what had happened; he had said something about "sacrifice" and "noble women," and had spoken softly of "Duty" and "Love," and now he had gone. She turned and moved slowly towards the house; she seemed weak and dazed.

It was not until that night, as she lay awake with a throbbing head, that she realized that Stewart had gone without giving her the name of his regiment or any address. "I don't care," she thought.

"Why should I correspond with a Tommy? What would the maids think? If he can leave me like this, then he doesn't care for me and I don't see why I need worry about him—I hate him!" And then she cried herself to sleep.

In the meantime, Stewart Macpherson was in a troop train with a crowd of London Scottish going away up to Edinburgh to train before going out to France. What a sad heart he had! But as he told himself, "Margaret was young, and so dear to him, that he couldn't blame her for the seeming cruel things she had said." Her words kept ringing in his ears—"Stewart, I thought I loved you, but I don't love you enough to marry a common Tommy, and if you love me, you wouldn't give up your studies and run away for a bit of excitement with a gun, when you know I won't ever be your wife if you do." Maybe it was well; the child was too good for him, and anyway, he would do his share in keeping the old Germans from all that England held for him. His parents were gone, but then Margaret was there to defend—and he would gladly give his life for such a cause.

How the days passed he never knew. Scorching hot days, long route marches on hot, dusty roads. Days of endless drills and aching joints, and always the thought before him—for the sake of fair women, and especially for the sake of one.

Summer was nearly gone. Margaret stood in the garden where Stewart had stood—it seemed so long ago now—"Where is he?" she wondered, and her heart was very sad. She rested her pretty little head against the tree under which Stewart had stood. "Oh, Stewart, if only I knew where you are, I would write and tell you I didn't mean to be so cruel." She had inquired of his landlady

as to his regiment, but the frumpy old woman couldn't remember it. At times Margaret would think Stewart didn't want her or he would have written.

Daily she got thinner and more pale with worry. Her parents were very much concerned, and all attempts to cheer her failed. So the months passed by.

St. Mark's Hospital was full. Who will forget the famous charge of the London Scottish! They had paid the price in blood, but it was worth it, as all the world now knows.

Stewart Macpherson lay in a bed in a corner of Ward 2. At times he fancied he could still hear the shouts and yelling of his battalion as they made the charge; he saw the enemy masses, and he remembered how fear was dispelled by the vision of a sweet English girl with wavy black hair and eyes that sparkled with innocent fun.

One day a wonderful voice spoke to him, and a reassuring firm cool hand took his. The voice, full of encouragement, told him of what he might yet achieve, but L.-Cpl. Macpherson, strong Scot as he was, almost gave way for a moment and two tears rolled down his cheeks. "But, sir, I am totally blind now, and you don't understand." The voice laughed softly, "So am I, old fellow," and passed on. He learnt afterwards whose voice it was, and learnt, too, what an important part that individual was to play in his life, as in the lives of all blinded soldiers.

Margaret Duncan was a great favourite as a reader at St. Dunstan's. The men liked her slight Scottish inflection, and as a rule the Scottish men were found listening to her reading or singing.

One afternoon she was practising a song in the lounge. It was one she had not sung since Stewart had gone away. The last notes of her song had floated away, but she sat there as one in a dream—thinking. A long-drawn sigh from the corner of the lounge brought her quickly back to reality. It was like a little moan almost. Margaret stood up quickly, and passed lightly over to the chair from

whence the sound had come. "I hope I haven't disturbed you; I thought everyone was at dinner, and I was just amusing myself." "Your song didn't amuse me," he replied, with a catch in his voice. "It made me think of other days." "Stewart, Stewart, is it you?" "It is. I am not only poor now, but blind into the bargain. Oh, Margaret, this is more than I can bear—leave me!" "Never!" she cried. "Stewart, I loved you all the time, and I have suffered too." "You want me, little girl, without my eyes?" "If you want me still," she answered. "Thank God for the charge of the London Scottish," murmured Stewart.

## Blind Rabbit's Warning

AN instructive series of articles by H. Mortimer Batten on "Rabbit Catching for the Nation" recently appeared in *The Scout*. We notice the following interesting paragraph from one of them: "The snare is one of the oldest forms of trap used by savage races for centuries past for all kinds of game—from the great moose and bear of the North American forests to Brer rabbit himself. If carefully set it is not unduly cruel; the cruelty begins when rotten wire or cord is used, so that the rabbit encountering the snare breaks loose with the tightly-drawn noose about his neck. Then an awful and lingering death awaits him. His head and neck begin to swell, he gets stone blind, and in this pitiable plight he hangs on to life for days, dragging himself from some sheltering nook to a patch of green sward, when he tries to nibble the grass, till at length a stoat or weasel finds him, wearily dragging one limb after another, and puts an end to his misery. Or perhaps he eventually gets rid of the noose and regains his strength—but as a blind rabbit! Every large colony has its blind rabbits—blinded by the faulty snare—and, like the blind buffalo which once led the prairie herds, these disabled members develop their remaining senses so keenly that they are often the first to give the alarm signal to the colony. . . . To avoid cruelty, therefore, never use old snares and you are safe."



## THE REVOLVER

BY JESSIE POPE

THAT sinister bulk of black cloud climbing up the evening sky meant thunder. Already hot gusts of wind swept in squalls across the main road and made the people on the motor-bus clutch wildly at their hats. Nancy Wentworth, however, did not clutch at hers, because the assistant at the hat shop had convinced her that the patent velvet lining would make it keep its place in any weather without even the use of hat-pins.

Possibly the approaching weather disturbance weighed on her spirit, or the aimlessness of her daily routine depressed her; in any case, as the motor-bus swayed and rattled her along through deepening dusk, the dark-eyed girl on the front seat was suffering from a sharp attack of the blues.

After all, what use was she, to herself or anybody else? she thought resentfully. Twenty-four years old, and nothing to show for them! The world was no richer for her being in it, and would be no poorer for her being out of it. She wanted to do something fine and noble, to come into line with the great human elements of achievement and self-sacrifice, to climb out of her narrowing groove into the cleaner, freer air of—

"Any more fares," came a feminine voice, breaking across her gloomy reverie. Possibly the atmospheric conditions affected the conductress also, for both her face and her manner were fretful. There were a few coppers at the bottom of Nancy's bag, but, as usual, they took some finding.

"Funny thing you can't 'ave your money ready, instead of keeping me standing about like this," snapped the girl.

Nancy, flushed with annoyance at being spoken to so roughly in public, and, as a retaliatory measure, immediately tendered the half-crown for a twopenny fare.

The conductress regarded the coin with a baleful glance.

"Smallest you've got?" she inquired.

"No; I had some coppers in my bag," replied Nancy, quietly conscious of having scored, "but you were in too much of a hurry to wait for them."

"Think that's all I've got to do, wait, I s'pose!" retorted the girl, getting her own back by giving two sixpences and sixteen coppers in change.

The bus went rattling on, the heavy clouds still climbed the sky, the waning dusk deepened prematurely to darkness, and a sudden gust of wind, striking the bus fair and square, lifted Nancy's twenty-nine-and-sixpenny hat clean off her head.

The thing happened so unexpectedly, and so great was her confidence in the patent windproof lining, that her hands flew up too late to save it, and, bare-headed and mortified, she turned to the seat behind to collect her property.

It was not there and she rose with soft strands of dark hair whipping across her face to search the other seats. The position was embarrassing, but her fellow-passengers were too occupied in restraining their own head-gear to pay her much attention. Nobody knew where the hat had gone to, or cared, apparently, and there was nothing for it but to go to the stair and tackle her old enemy on the subject.

"At? There's no 'at 'ere!" remarked that hard-faced, short-skirted individual.

"But it *must* be somewhere here," argued Nancy rather feebly; "it's just blown off, and its nowhere on the top."

"Well, what are you going to do?" said the girl. "Gettin' off or stoppin' on—which?"

"I'll get off," said Nancy, "it must have blown into the road."

"The conductress pulled the bell sharply—launching her parting shot: "Why don't you keep your 'at on your 'ead?" as the bus got up speed again and Nancy

stood alone in the dark, deserted, wind-swept road.

The windward side of the road was bounded by a high wall topped with densely-growing branches of high trees—there was no hat on that pavement or in the road. Neither was there any trace of it on the other side or any cover where it might be hidden, for the houses were all flush with the road, with one exception.

This was an old-fashioned, rambling, two-storied building, dark and tenantless, with "To Let Furnished" in the window, and a dilapidated garden in front into which a hat might easily blow. The gate was open—if it had been shut or locked Nancy would have climbed it, for she was desperate. No luck, however, came of her search among the bushes, and it was while she was poking round the creeper-grown lattice at the side that the black heaven suddenly opened its flood-gates, pouring down such a drenching torrent that she whisked into the porch for shelter.

Nancy was not one of those people who creep under a bed in a thunderstorm, but the flash of lightning, following a sudden breathless pause in the rain made her shrink instinctively against the door. To her surprise it was unfastened, and swung open before her weight. She stepped inside, pulled the door to after her, moved along the dark hall, knocking against a hat-stand on her way, till she came to the outline of an open door leading to one of the ground-floor rooms.

The heavy overhead battery gradually ceased firing; the house seemed so absolutely still that Nancy felt assured she was the only occupant, and was vaguely wondering why the front door had been left open when a vivid flash of lightning lit up the room before her and showed the figure of a man not five yards from where she stood.

He was a young man in khaki, seated in the corner of a Chesterfield drawn up against an open Davenport. His face was good-looking, though hard-lined and resolute, his hair was fair with a crisp wave in it, his eyes were very blue, and he was staring straight at her.

Explanation or apology was impossible with the thunder crashing and rolling all

about them, and before it ceased another flash revealed the scene again, and showed the motionless figure still sitting there, the blue eyes still staring straight into hers, and there was a gleam of a bright, metallic object in his right hand.

A sudden fear possessed her—there was something so weird and uncanny in that resolute, staring face. Nancy's heart beat thickly, she backed out of the room door, but as she did so her hand struck against the electric knob. Curiosity super-vened, and she turned the switch. Anyhow he wasn't dead, for there was a healthy colour in his face, and his fingers moved almost caressingly about that small object they held—the barrel of something bright and shining, half hidden in the hand by his side. His eyes were still staring at her, but he was unconscious of her presence, and Nancy suddenly realized with an intense shock of pity and horror that he was stone blind. A subtle flash of intelligence revealed to her mind the meaning of what she saw; the blinded soldier, the open Davenport, the lonely house, and that glimpse of the shining barrel which was to cheat for him his tragic destiny.

Nancy's heart leapt with the sudden shock of the inspiration. The girl's whole being rose to the occasion—the chance she had craved for had come, it was up to her to do a big thing, and she would do it. She would win through with all her woman's power and instinct and save him from himself.

Steadying her nerves with a big effort, she stepped forward, moving a chair in her way rather noisily as she did so. The blind soldier's face changed, and his hand closed quickly over the thing he held.

"Hullo, Plunkett," he said quietly, "you're back sooner than I expected. I didn't hear the car. Why—er—who—who is it?"

"It's only me," said Nancy, in her quick, impulsive way, "and I ought to apologise for being here at all. You see, I was sheltering from the storm in the porch and a terrific flash came, and as the door was open I thought it would be safer inside, so I just walked in. I hope you don't mind."

The rather hard lines on his handsome face softened at the sound of the soft, girlish voice.

"Of course I don't mind," he said, and she detected a forced lightness of manner in his tone. "Very sensible of you. I guessed the lightning was pretty vivid. Can you find a chair—I'd get one for you only I—"

"Yes, I know," she replied quickly. "Oo-oo—that was a close one," as another flash and roll of thunder interrupted her.

"Scared?" said the soldier smiling, and his smile was so attractive and yet, in the light of those sightless blue eyes, so pitiful, that it smote her to the heart.

"Not half so scared," she answered lightly, "as when I saw you sitting there, looking at me and yet not seeing me. I thought you were dead."

There was a moment's silence. "No," he said, "not quite, yet." She glanced at his closed hand with a throb of fear.

"Did—did you get knocked out in France?" she said, talking against time to steady herself. He nodded.

"Perhaps you'd rather not talk about it."

"Oh, I don't mind," said the soldier carelessly, "if it will interest you and make you forget the lightning. Yes, I got it in France, a sniper's bullet went in here and out there—just severed some rather necessary nerves and left the rest intact—quite a neat shot, wasn't it?"

"How long ago?"

"Oh—let's see—about nine months, I should say, but I've been about a lot since then, and time goes quickly."

"But you can't go about by yourself?"

"Oh, no, that's true. My chum Plunkett brought me here from St. Dunstan's to-night, for instance."

"And I thought the house was empty," said Nancy. "It had got a bill in the window."

"Yes, I know. I lived here before the war, but I don't want it any longer, and the idea was to let it furnished. But I came to have another look round at the old place, or another feel round, rather, and I told Plunkett to go away and play for a bit while I found something I wanted. I went up to my studio to start with and

nearly fell downstairs coming back—the fools had put a chair on the landing where one never used to be." There was a pause.

"Can nothing be done?" said Nancy.

"Nothing whatever," he replied, and added quickly:

"Well, I'm afraid I can't offer you any hospitality beyond a cigarette—most girls smoke nowadays—and I imagine it is a girl I am talking to."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so," said Nancy. "I've just had my twenty-fourth birthday. I do smoke sometimes, but I won't know—" She was watching him warily—the storm was passing, the rain had ceased—he would be wanting her to go—and, so far, nothing done.

"Do you know," she said, with no trace of her inward emotion in her voice, "rather a tragedy happened to me half-an-hour ago. I was on the top of a 'bus, and my hat, which was quite a new one, perfectly sweet and rather expensive, blew right off."

"And I'll tell you another thing," she said, all the artificial brightness suddenly fading out of her tone. "I'd been feeling very unhappy on that 'bus, thinking how I was wasting my life and how little good I was to myself or anybody else. And then I came in here and the flash of lightning showed you sitting there, and showed, too, what you had got in your hand. I suddenly knew I might be of some use after all if I could only save you from doing what was in your mind."

"Oh!" she cried, her voice breaking, "I know how awful it must be for you always to live in a world of lonely darkness, so young and strong, with all your life before you; but *don't* give it up! You may feel there are no compensations, and I know there can't be any, but, even so, don't go under and let it beat you. You've been a brave soldier, don't turn coward now—put that revolver right away. You may think I've no right to talk to you like this; I'm a stranger, but we're not really strangers. We're all human beings, one big family, we've just got to help each other, and I felt I must face your anger, and the danger of the thing going off, or anything that may happen, if I could only save you from—from—yourself."

Her voice faltered and failed. She felt suddenly tired, a low rumble of thunder died away in the distance, and the house was very silent.

"You say there are no compensations," he remarked quietly. "You are mistaken. There are lots of them. Blindness is not such a curse as all you far-sighted people imagine."

He spoke with a certain dry irony, and she knew he was trying to baffle her. "Before the war I could only paint pictures, my eye did the work and left most of my brain fallow. Now my vision is reversed I look inside instead of out, and have discovered new powers I had no idea I possessed. Hardship of blindness indeed! Upon my word, you superior people make me want to discourse upon the handicap of sight." He laughed carelessly. But Nancy was not deceived.

"You are playing with me! I know that!" she exclaimed. "You are just trying to put me off and get rid of me, so that you can get it over before your friend comes back. Oh! do give that wicked thing to me—do, *please* do! Let me take it right away—and then I'll go at once and never bother you any more."

"Well, it really would be more useful to you than to me. But as a matter of fact, I intended to give it to Plunkett. He lost his in France, and I remembered I'd got one in this drawer." He smiled, but Nancy only shook her head.

"Why do you keep trying to put me off," she cried passionately. "Oh, I must make you give it up! Do let me have it. I beg you to. You'll never, never regret it!"

"Very well" he said quietly. Come and take it."

"Thank you," said Nancy, heaving a big overwrought sigh of thankfulness that was almost a sob, as she sat down by his side. His hand lay on his knee, hers closed over it. Carefully, but firmly, she took hold of the strong but unresisting fingers and turned them back, then all at once let go with an ejaculation of dismay. The shining barrel revealed by the lightning flash was no death-dealing instrument, but merely the end of a miniature silver-plated electric torch.

The blind soldier laughed.

"Well, why don't you take it?" he said. "It's no good to me. That's another advantage I have over you; I never need a light."

There was no reply. Nancy's whole soul had gone out in her struggle—the sudden drop from tragedy to farce was too much. The tears of passionate pleading that had been brimming in her brown eyes suddenly overflowed. She crushed her hot face in her hands and wept.

"Oh, I'm so glad," came the broken, sobbing voice, "but what a *fool* I've made myself. Oh, I'll go now."

But a hand was on her shoulder.

"What's your name, little girl?" he said softly.

"Na-na-nancy Wentworth," she whimpered.

"Well, look here, Nancy. You make a bit of mistake about me, and no wonder, but listen a minute. A blind man has got to get his wits to work, and I've had plenty of time to figure this business out. Loss of sight can help a chap to see further sometimes than two good eyes. It may be a stiff handicap, but it's not going to stop me from winning the race. You may think I'm no more good than a bit of burnt paper, but that's another mistake."

"But," she faltered, "your pictures."

"That's true," he replied. "I can't paint pictures, but other people can, and if they do 'em worse than I did, at least I'm saved the suffering of having to look at them. That stray shot was a dud after all, for it didn't touch my brain, and I'm going to do big things and make money at it as well. Watch me and see if I don't. Hullo, there's Plunkett back in the car—I can give you a lift home anyhow."

Nancy dried her eyes hurriedly.

"Oh, I say," she said, "*don't* tell him, will you?"

"Tell him what?"

"What—I—thought you were going to do," she whispered.

"Why, my dear child," he whispered back, "that's just between you and me for ever. Where's your hand?"

And she gave it to him.

### Newcomers in April

Abbey, Private H., 405067	- - -	1/3 West Ridings, Fld. Amb. R.A.M.C.	13.4.18	-	Wesleyan
Ashworth, Private F., 52806	- - -	89th Labour Company	8.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Bakewell, Private S., 4221	- - -	10th West Yorks	29.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Baylis, Private G., 1925	- - -	2nd R.M. Batt.	18.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Bedding, Spr. P., 281380	- - -	1st W.T. R.E.	29.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Brown, Private P., 24256	- - -	1st Garr. Batt. S.R.	29.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Corcoran, Private T. J., 32544	- - -	16th West Yorks	5.4.18	-	Rom. Cath.
Duncan, Gunner S., 42437	- - -	R.E. 518th Ldn. Field Co.	15.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Dyer, Private S. R., 10361	- - -	5th Royal Berks	18.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Fearn, Private E., 123920	- - -	Labour Company	2.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Hyde, Lance-Corporal F., 780	- - -	36th A.I.F.	13.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Irvine, Private J., 11640	- - -	A. and S.H.	5.4.18	-	Presbyterian
Jackson, Private G., 16045	- - -	7/8th K.O.S.B.	13.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
James, Private G., 32819	- - -	6th Leicesters	4.4.18	-	Baptist
Jarman, Private E. W., G/70762	- - -	29th Middlesex	8.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Kirkham, Private W., 25736	- - -	Grenadier Guards	13.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Lovie Private D., 1078215	- - -	15th Canadians	25.4.18	-	Presbyterian
Lyons, Private J., 21287	- - -	1st East Yorks	5.4.18	-	Rom. Cath.
Maher, Private H., 5870	- - -	1st Queen's R.W. Surreys	5.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Martin, Sergeant B., 11763	- - -	5th R.I.F.	18.4.18	-	Rom. Cath.
Martin, Private J., 17214	- - -	6th Dragoon Guards	29.4.18	-	Wesleyan
Mears, Private F. J., 201388	- - -	2/4th Royal Scots Fusiliers	5.4.18	-	Wesleyan
Mitchell, Private A., 17878	- - -	8th Norfolks	5.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Morgan, Rifleman J. J., 5772	- - -	Royal Irish Rifles	5.4.18	-	Rom. Cath.
Newman, Private T., 26829	- - -	14th D.L.I.	2.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Pike, Lance-Corporal S., 3691	- - -	1/6th Devon Regiment	15.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Reason, Gunner F., 283274	- - -	R.G.A.	20.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Rushen, Private W., 13461	- - -	13th Essex Regiment	2.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Shanley, Private T., 037473	- - -	A.S.C. Remounts	2.4.18	-	Rom. Cath.
Sparkes, Corporal P., 925235	- - -	R.F.A. A Batt.	4.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Speed, Private T., 37627	- - -	18th Cheshire Regiment	8.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Stevenson, Private T., 260048	- - -	K.O.R. Lances	5.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.
Stracey, Private C. A., 27296	- - -	5th Middlesex	8.4.18	-	Ch. of Eng.

### Food from America

SIR WILLIAM GOODE, K.B.E., Liaison Officer of the Ministry of Food with the American and Canadian Food Administrations, contributes a most interesting article on America's Food Supply to the April number of *The World's Work*. We reprint the following extracts:—

"Few people seem able really to grasp the fundamental fact that we, in the United Kingdom, are to-day compelled to rely upon the United States and Canada for sixty-five per cent. of our essential foodstuffs.

"As early as May 20, 1917, President Wilson had asked Mr. Hoover—what the Allies owe to him is still but little realized in this country—to take over the work of Food Administration. In that interim, with the invaluable co-operation of the American Department of Agriculture, strenuous measures were taken to increase the cereal and potato crops. 1916 had been a bad year for both in America. Farmers' organizations were strengthened, hundreds of agricultural demonstrators were appointed, the cultivation of home gardens was increased by from 200 to 300 per cent., boys' and girls' pig clubs were formed, and every conceivable kind of propaganda was employed to stimulate the production of cereals, cattle and hogs.

"Mr. Hoover has also been able to compel the dilution of the wheaten loaf with 20 per cent. of other cereals, and to mill to 78 per cent. extraction, which approximates to our 'War' bread. In America they call it 'Victory' bread. It is estimated that the saving in wheat by this compulsory substitution will amount to three million barrels of flour a month.

"One of the very effective ways in which the food problem is put before the American public by the Food Administration is the following miniature leaflet headed:—

#### "TEAM PLAY.

"The United States is just US—you and I and the folk next door and the people across the way—just US.

"What we do counts to make or break the power of the United States—every minute, every act—to save or destroy US. In all we do, in all we spend, all we eat—we must have care.

"Food is our first and last resource, the dominant resource in this war. Our food supply is the final dependence of our Allies; the food situation is the worst worry in Europe—worse now than when we began to figure. On our food supply hangs their fighting power, their chance of avoiding famine, their hope of survival.

"We have already shipped to Europe every grain of this year's surplus wheat. To keep them going we must stretch our remaining supply—eat more maize and oats and potatoes. We must send them more meat—eat poultry and fish and beans.

"That means team play—going without wheat one meal every day and Monday and Wednesday every week; it means going without meat one meal every day and Tuesday every week; no pork on Saturday; a weekly sugar limit of  $\frac{3}{4}$  pound apiece.

"Team play—you and I and the folk next door and the people across the way—will do all that needs to be done. Let's help."

"With all these voluntary and legislative restrictions can you wonder that the following poem is having wide circulation?—

#### O YOU HOOVER!

My Tuesdays are meatless,  
My Wednesdays are wheatless,  
I am getting more eatless each day;  
My home it is heatless,  
My bed it is sheetless;  
They're all sent to the Y.M.C.A.  
The bar-rooms are treatless,  
My coffee is sweetless;  
Each day I get poorer and wiser;  
My stockings are feetless,  
My trousers are seatless;  
My! How I do hate the Kaiser!"



## The Meaning of Wealth

**T**HIS interesting extract is taken from an article by Mr. Frederick Harrison in a recent number of *The Fortnightly Review* :—

"To me, an old friend and comrade of workmen in their claim for legal rights, it is melancholy to note how great is the power over the men of to-day of catchwords—fraudulent, double-tongued, mendacious catchwords. 'The conscription of labour' is a masterpiece of trickery. Labour has no more been called to arms than has any other class, profession, order or rank. Do these conjurors mean that rich men and their children have not served and bled and died? The 'socialisation of land' is what the moujiks in Russia are doing when they have murdered the landowners. Socialisation of mines, railways, docks and forests means *in words* expropriation by the State—and the State means the labourers, voting by millions, men and women in a Single Chamber. Yes! no doubt *in words* there is to be compensation to the present owners. But compensation is a mere blind. The State could not pay 1s. in the £. The reason is that the wealth of the State is largely a matter of ledgers, confidence, credit and open market. Social revolution sweeps away all these at a blow—involves national bankruptcy.

"The conscription of men is the calling on citizens to do their duty. The 'conscription of wealth' is the other limb of the antithetic juggle. It is possible to conscribe labour—it was done by Abdul Hamid and other tyrannies. It is not possible to conscribe wealth in the mass by force and by social revolution. Wealth is exchangeable value—something for which others will give useful or valuable things. But the revolutionary conscription of wealth involves a social upheaval wherein values cease; where costly things are not worth exchanging; where there are no buyers. Wealth implies social order, trust, and credit, that debts will be enforced

and pledges kept. If faith in social order is destroyed wealth is sterilised, suspended, destroyed.

"The most ignorant communist can hardly believe that a 'millionaire' means one who has a million sovereigns in his safe; but many socialists talk as if that were their belief. In reality the millionaire may not have ten sovereigns in his house. What is the *value* of all the pictures, books, gardens, yachts, palaces, moors, preserves, shares, banks, in England? Nothing, if they were *all* brought to the hammer together in the midst of a furious social liquidation. To force on even the most blessed reforms by democratic violence, apart from a spiritual and moral regeneration of society, must end in anarchy, terrorism and famine—as Bolshevism has proved to us.

"Another of the mendacious catchwords by which the people are gulled is this—that the cause of high prices is 'the profiteering of capitalists.' It is true that some financiers, some manufacturers, are making great profits, for the most part automatically, in spite of enormous taxation and severe restrictions by a War Council. But this does not account for 10 per cent. of the increased prices. The dislocation of trade, U boats, less production, worse carriage, also affect prices. But the main cause of higher prices is 'the inflation of currency' by the reckless issue of notes without gold reserves. All the belligerents, all the neutrals, suffer even worse than we do, especially Russia, which has made the wildest inflation of paper money. Scores of experts in this *Review* and other organs have proved that excessive prices necessarily follow from excessive paper money. Our revolutionists, distorting economic facts as certain as the rising of the tides, cry out that 'profiteering' is the cause of high prices. And by forcing up higher wages they seek to force on more issues of paper—though that is the real cause of high prices."