

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.

SPORT AT ST. DUNSTAN'S



1. A TUG-OF-WAR CONTEST AT ST. DUNSTAN'S. 2. H. E. SCRELL AND E. LAKE, OF THE BUNGALOW ANNEXE, PUTTING THE WEIGHT.

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY IAN FRASER

No. 24.—VOLUME 3.

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

EDITOR'S NOTES

ON July 23rd all work will stop at St. Dunstan's for the summer holidays, which will last for one month. The men will leave on the 24th, 25th, and 26th July, and will return on the 19th, 20th, and 21st August, work being resumed again on the 22nd.

The Convalescent Annexes at Brighton and St. Leonards, and the Cornwall Terrace Annexe in London, will be kept open during the holidays.

The After-Care Department will continue its work all through the holidays, the supply of materials being stopped only from the 12th to the 23rd of July during stocktaking.

Quite a number of men left us in June, and a larger number still will leave during July. To them we can only wish one thing—that they will be as successful in all their endeavours as have been the five hundred fellows who have gone before them. From all parts of the world we constantly receive news of St. Dunstanners, and it is invariably good news.

When he speaks of the Hostel, Sir Arthur Pearson often says: "We learn not only to work, but also to play, and we consider the one to be quite as important as the other."

Of all the indoor and outdoor games and sports St. Dunstanners enjoy, perhaps none gives so much pleasure and provides so much interest as rowing. This summer has differed in no important degree from the two summers which preceded it. The standard of skill is as high as ever, and the only change to be noted is that the number of rowing men has, like our population, increased enormously. Perhaps the friendly rivalry between the various Houses and Annexes of St. Dunstan's is more noticeable, but we look upon this as a good sign which should be encouraged.

For the first time, our officers, whose numbers have increased in their due proportion, have been able to enter more or less generally into St. Dunstan's rowing. In previous years one or two only competed, but July 18th will see officers' "four-oared," "pair-oared," "double-sculled," and "single-sculled" boats racing in the annual Regatta at Putney. Old St. Dunstanners will be represented by similar boats, and as it would be invidious for us to wish any particular boat luck, we wish them all luck.

There is, perhaps, no wish more universal, and there is certainly no wish better than this; and we extend it most heartily to all St. Dunstanners, past, present, and future, and to all those who work so patiently and untiringly for our instruction and amusement.

The Editor.

NOTES BY THE CHIEF

LAST month a notice appeared in these pages expressing the great regret which all associated with St. Dunstan's felt at the sudden death of Miss E. W. Austin, a member of the Committee. I am very happy to be able to announce that her place on the Committee is now occupied by that fine old statesman and sportsman, Lord Chaplin. "The Squire," as Lord Chaplin is always called by his exceptionally large circle of friends, among whom I am proud to number myself, has been a notable figure in the public and social life of this country for more years than his keenness would lead one to think possible. Most of you have heard of the famous Derby which his horse Hermit won, and all of you, I am sure, know something of the able and genial man who will, in future, join in the deliberations at which the affairs of St. Dunstan's are settled, and will feel with me that the addition of his ripe experience to our counsels will be of great advantage to us all.

ON the 23rd of July Capt. Ian Fraser, who so ably and successfully superintends our After-Care arrangements, and who, as I think you all know, was totally blinded at the Battle of the Somme just two years ago, is marrying Miss Mace, a Commandant of St. Dunstan's. Miss Mace has been of untold assistance to me since my sight failed, and I am extremely happy in the thought that her marriage does not mean that she will be disassociated in the future from the work which she has done so much to help. I am quite sure that all St. Dunstanners, both past and present, will join with me in wishing Capt. Fraser and Miss Mace every possible happiness in their married life.

I HEAR that there are many regrets in the Shorthand Department at the fact that Lieut. McLaren is no longer assisting there. I quite sympathise with these regrets, for I know how exceedingly useful Lieut.

McLaren's help was to shorthand pupils, and how greatly he assisted Mrs. McLaren in this difficult department of her work. But St. Dunstan's is not going on for ever, and Lieut. McLaren has his future to think of. All of you will, I am sure, extend with me to Lieut. McLaren our best wishes for success in the business appointment which he has accepted. He is working under the direction of an old friend and school-fellow of mine who tells me that his competence and ability are a source of surprise in the Publicity Department of the National War Aims Committee, of which my friend is the Chief.

THE simple and necessary personal detail of cutting the finger nails seems to often present difficulties which really do not exist at all. Most people take it for granted that a blind man cannot cut his own nails, and he is very apt to take this for granted himself, with the result that he gets into the habit of depending upon somebody else for this little service. Now, it is perfectly easy to cut one's own nails with ordinary nail scissors or to pare them with a sharp knife. I used to employ sometimes one method, sometimes the other, but lately I have taken to filing my nails. If a quite fine file is used—unfortunately these are not very easy to obtain nowadays—the nails can be filed in a very few minutes, and the result is apt to be more even than if scissors or a knife were used. Remember when you have finished the side-way filing to give a few downward strokes with the file, as this does away with any little roughnesses which are otherwise likely to remain. From the point of view of tidiness I think it very necessary that blind people should keep their nails rather extra short, for in a small way there is nothing more unsightly than dirty nails. It is, of course, impossible to tell if one's nails have become dirty, and this is far less likely to happen and

far more easily corrected if it does happen if the nails are short than if they are long. Toe nails I cut with a pair of scissors.

A FRIEND of mine told me the other day of something he had seen which struck me as being quite a good tip for St. Dunstanners. He observed a blind man crossing one of the busiest London thoroughfares and securing his safety by holding above his head a stick at the end of which he had tied his handkerchief. Generally speaking, I think there is seldom any difficulty in securing the escort of a friendly policeman or passerby if one is alone and wishing to cross a busy street or square, but if at any time the necessary aid is not forthcoming, this stick and handkerchief plan strikes me as a good one. In the very early days of St. Dunstan's, a blind gentleman who has an extremely prosperous business as a masseur in London, and who always goes about by himself with amazing speed and certainty, had a talk with the few fellows who were then with us. I asked him what he did if he found himself in difficulties when crossing the street. He replied that he always sat down promptly, and on my remarking that his trouser-cleaning bill must be rather a heavy one, he replied that it was better to dirty a pair of trousers than to meet with an accident. I quite agree with this point of view, but I am not by any means an advocate of the sitting-down scheme. The stick and handkerchief appear to me as being very preferable.

I READ a newspaper cutting the other day which reported that some members of the Sharp Brigade had been milling the edges of pennies and passing them off as florins to our fellows. I think this was a flight of imagination on the part of the contributor, for so far as I can ascertain no one at St. Dunstan's has had one of these faked florins palmed off on him. The nearest thing I have heard to it was the case of a Bungalow Annexe man who took a farthing with badly milled edges to be a sixpence. This, I think, was probably accidental, for anyone mean enough to impose upon a blind person in this way would probably prefer a profit of 1s. 11d.

to 5d. and would practise on the larger coin. I wonder why silver coins have milled edges while the edges of copper ones are plain. I do not suppose the authorities at the Mint were looking after the interests of blind people when they made this arrangement.

"HASTEN SLOWLY" is one of the world's well-worn maxims. It was popular with the Greeks and Romans, and is, I think, particularly to be laid to heart by people who have lost their sight. I do not believe in dawdling or loafing, but I do believe that people who do not see as well as others should begin by doing things, and particularly moving about, slowly and deliberately. Always move naturally and normally, but let speed come with practice. It took a good many hard knocks to convince me of this, but once I learnt the lesson I gained confidence, and with confidence came a normal degree of quickness. One is very apt to be exceedingly discouraged by bumps and blows. Moving slowly, but always naturally, does away with the necessity for groping and hesitating. A speed of movement equal to that of folk who can see quite well comes gradually, but very slowly if too great an effort is made at the start.

I WAS interested, as I daresay you will be, to find how many of our fellows have been prisoners in the hands of the enemy. Twenty men who are now at St. Dunstan's or who are coming shortly, and twelve who have left, were for longer or shorter periods prisoners of war. The record for length of imprisonment belongs, I think, to Pte. Ernest Burgess, 1st Glosters, whose articles on his experiences in recent numbers of the REVIEW you will remember. I fancy the record for shortness of term of imprisonment must be held by five fellows who were taken in the German push at the end of March, and who, lucky fellows, reached England after about six weeks' incarceration.

Arthur Pearson

News of St. Dunstan's Men

WE are always glad to receive letters from St. Dunstanners telling of their work, their amusements, or any interesting experiences they may meet with. Good news of old St. Dunstanners is of the greatest interest to men at the Hostel, who will, in their turn, leave to start work in their homes all over the world. As everybody is away we do not publish the REVIEW in August, but hope, particularly, to be able to print in the September REVIEW news of the summer holiday, and will welcome letters from any men telling us of their doings.—[ED.]

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON has heard from Sgt. W. F. Woods, who returned to New Zealand in July, 1916, to take up work as a masseur at the Sanatorium, Hanmer Springs. He writes:—

"The rumours you heard about courtship, Sir Arthur, were quite accurate, for I became engaged to the bonniest girl I have ever had the good fortune to meet shortly after my return to New Zealand. We were married in Christchurch on the 26th December, and after a thrilling time down in Timaru returned to Hanmer, where I had previously fastened on to an ideal little home, standing on a good broad acre of this country, overlooking forestry with sheep stations in the distance. Amidst these congenial surroundings we are living in perfect happiness. I could not call my home anything but St. Dunstan's, and in my mind's eye I can see a very pretty St. Dunstan's Calendar on the wall above my typewriter. The lads are arriving for treatment in regular drafts, and just at present the hospital is likely to become more crowded than ever before, not to mention the floating crowd of civilian patients who are arriving and departing all the season. Just recently a 'Defence Expenditure Commission' has awarded the chief masseur and myself an extra £1 per week on to our salaries, for such time as we

continue to treat soldiers, so I guess you will agree with me that I have every reason to be well satisfied with things in general."

J. Lomas, of Walthamstow, who has for the past seventeen months been working as a boot-repairer and mat-maker, writes:

"Work with me still continues to be busy, both in boot repairs and mats, especially the former, and I am giving every satisfaction with both. Am receiving my *Nuggets* each week, and find it very interesting reading; am reading it to my wife, who says that it is quite a change having a book read to her."

Good news comes from G. Rhees, a basket-maker, living at Battersea. He writes:—

"I am pleased to tell you that I am still kept busy, and what gives me more encouragement is that I get so many repeat orders. I had a special order for a waste-paper basket, and a lady who saw it ordered one, and remarked how well it was made. I thought I would tell you this just to let you see how well I am getting on."

Another basket-maker, A. S. Coulson, of Hornsea, Yorks, writes:—

"The work is going well, and orders come in quickly; in fact, more so than I can deal with comfortably."

H. Gardiner, a boot-repairer at Swindon, writing to Sir Arthur recently, said that he was getting on well and that he had a steady trade. He has come across a remarkable blind engineer, of whom he writes:—

"... He can do any electrical work, even putting lights in a shop. He can also repair a motor engine and use a lathe and turn anything, and what is more, he will go for a ride on the trams to collect all the saws from the butchers in the town,

—From all parts of the World

take them home, sharpen them, then take them back and give each one their own saw, though he does not put a name on them or mark them in any way"

R. Cordner, a basket-maker, of Great Yarmouth, writes:—

"We are going to Newcastle in August for our holidays. I am doing well at baskets, and have a standing order at Newcastle for all the baskets that I make. I have sent for more material to the After-Care Department, and will soon have to order again."

W. Read, a boot-repairer and mat-maker of Framlingham, Suffolk, wrote recently to Sir Arthur:—

"... I am pleased to tell you that I am getting plenty of work, in fact sometimes more than I can manage, which is through your kindness to me during my stay at St. Dunstan's"

J. R. Green, who left us only a few weeks ago to start work as a basket-maker at Holbeach, Lincs., wrote recently:—

"... I find I get about very well here by myself, as I was living in the place before the war, and I can also do a lot of useful things at home, which I had at one time nearly given up all hopes of. I am very thankful for the training which I received at St. Dunstan's; it is of great benefit to me and the other boys, and I can say that we all do appreciate the good work done for us"

W. Stamp, a mat-maker at Brocklesby, sends us an account of his doings during the last few months. He says:—

"... Everything is going well in the shop, and I have several orders for mats and string bags. One lady just lately has had 130 bags, and I have had several orders of tens, etc. . . ."

F. G. Holman, who only left St. Dunstan's last month to start work as a boot-

maker at Taunton, wrote to Sir Arthur shortly after his arrival home:—

"... I found my outfit all correct, and I must say that I was surprised to find such a good stock of materials to start with, and I shall try to do my best to uphold St. Dunstan's name. I have got some work to start on, and I want to show the people that we from St. Dunstan's can do very superior work, thanks to our instruction.

"I must say that I already miss the social life of the House, for as you know, I had a try at everything in the sport line and found it very good for my mind and also my general health, but what I miss most is my rowing. . . . I am happy, and that is, I think, the main thing, and I also have my Braille to read, and I am so glad to know that I stuck to my lessons, as it is wonderful the comfort it brings.

"I have been telling the folks around here what a wonderful place St. Dunstan's is, and a concert is coming off shortly for the funds, so although I am away, I have all my interest in the good old place where I learnt to forget my troubles and start afresh."

E. Deller, a basket-maker in Luton, wrote recently:—

"I am getting on quite well with my work, and I cannot thank St. Dunstan's enough for what it did for me. I have plenty of visitors to see my work, and they say how marvellous it is that we are taught to do basket-making. I have enough orders to last me two months, so you see I am not standing still for a job."

T. Willis, who left St. Dunstan's in May to take up basket-making at Via Colne, Yorkshire, recently wrote:—

"... I am very pleased to be able to inform you that I have got into a good workshop, and only a few yards away from our house. Also that I have made

a very good start and that things are just beginning to get into good going order. I have been at work about a fortnight, and have been kept very busy so far. In fact, I cannot make baskets fast enough. I am also doing a lot of repair work, and I am pleased that I learned that class of work when I was at St. Dunstan's, as I am the only basket-maker in this town. . . ."

Writing to Sir Arthur recently, W. Price, a poultry-farmer and mat-maker at Shrewsbury, said :—

" Meanwhile, the work is progressing satisfactorily. I am doing very nicely with my baskets and also with my poultry, and could not expect to be much more comfortable if I could see."

Another boot-repairer, F. G. Braithwaite, writes :—

" I have enclosed my half-year balance sheet ; it is much better than that for last year. I have been started nearly two years, and each quarter I find I am on the improve and my business is steadily growing."

P. Alvey, a telephone operator, who has been working with Messrs. Debenham and Freebody for the past six months, wrote recently :—

" I am quite at home at Debenham's, and am now quite used to my part of the switchboard, but after the training we get at St. Dunstan's we cannot fail to be good telephone operators. . . . I hope to get a holiday in July, and will try to see two of the old boys—Harding at Cirencester, and Bundy at Gloucester. As we were all the best of friends, it will be a very happy meeting."

J. Murray, a poultry-farmer and mat-maker at Kilkenny, wrote recently :—

"Just a line to let you know how I am getting on My Light Sussex birds have done splendidly since I got them, though they are all moulting at present. The last ten Leghorns I got are also doing well, and I am quite pleased with them. I received my rabbits and hutches from St. Dunstan's Farm at King's Langley last Monday, all in good condition, and I am

very pleased with the way I am getting on now. I had Mr. Maccauley, the After-Care Visitor, here on Tuesday.

"When I am not busy with my birds I find good use for a pair of clippers around my garden and my poultry-farm, and the people all around wonder how I can use them, and the rest of my time I am making small runs for my chickens next year, so you see that I am as happy as when I had my eyesight, and I do not feel it a bit difficult to get about my work."

A. Davies, a mat-maker recently settled at South Bank, Yorkshire, writes :—

"Just a few lines as to my mat-making business. I am doing well and have plenty of orders on my books for all sizes, and as I go through the book I see on order a coloured mat, 6 ft. by 3½ ft. I had an order from a person in Lancashire who got my address out of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW."

G. Rickard, a boot-repairer at Leighton Buzzard, Beds., writes :—

" I know you will be pleased to hear that I am getting on well at my work, having plenty to do all the time, and mostly from old customers, so they must be satisfied. I have good work from the ladies of the town, as they say my work is so neatly done."

A. Tucker, a boot-repairer and mat-maker, writes from his home in Bristol :—

" I find that my boot trade is keeping good, in fact, steadily improving. People seem somewhat surprised at the work we have been taught to do, never thinking that such work could be mastered by the blind."

As we were in the neighbourhood recently, we visited R. Stanners and J. Morton, of High Wycombe, Bucks. Stanners has an excellent little shop where he does a good trade, as well as a regular amount of boot repairing.

Morton has a comfortable place, and has sufficient orders for trays and picture frames and other articles to keep him busy.

The St. Dunstanner as a Telephone Operator.

VERY few people know much about telephone operators and their work, though everybody seeks their attention at some time or other. The outside world only hears the operator's voice, and knows little or nothing of what the latter has to do when a call is made.

A Private Branch Exchange telephonist generally works alone in a small sound-proof room. Independence of the right sort is therefore the outstanding qualification of a good operator, who must be relied upon to do everything himself.

The St. Dunstanner who wishes to become a Private Branch Exchange operator is first of all taught Typewriting and Braille. When he has passed his tests in both these subjects he is eligible for instruction in the working of a switchboard, and at the same time he begins to learn Braille shorthand so that he can take down messages quickly.

The blind person cannot, of course, work in a Public Exchange where the flashlight system is in vogue, but he is able to use the drop shutter switchboards which are to be found in practically all large buildings, offices and business houses.

There are two kinds of switchboards generally used in a Private Branch Exchange, both of which can be worked as quickly and accurately by touch and hearing as by sight. The one most commonly met with is about eighteen inches high, and is set up in front of the operator so that he can reach the top of it quite easily when he is sitting down.

Along the top are the exchange lines, seldom more than six in number. These lines terminate in small shutters about an inch square, which in the ordinary way remain in a vertical position, falling with a distinct click to the horizontal position when the exchange makes a call. Below the exchange lines come the extensions, three or four lines of them, but seldom exceeding forty in number. They are

represented by what are called "doll's eyes," which are ordinarily open, but which, when an extension calls up the operator, shut with an audible click. Underneath the extensions we find several rows of little holes that are called the "jacks." There is a "jack" for every exchange and extension line, each in a position corresponding to the line it represents.

The remainder of the board occupies a horizontal position in front of the operator, the whole being not unlike a piano of which the front boards have been removed for repairs or tuning. Furthest away from him are several pairs of plugs connected by cords. Nearer to the operator is a row of keys, something like lever handles and about an inch long, one key to each pair of plugs. On the right of the board is a handle which the operator turns to ring up the extension wanted. Finally, the telephonist has the receiver fitted over his left ear and the mouthpiece of the transmitter is held near the mouth by a band round the chest.

On hearing the click, which is the signal that he is wanted, the operator feels to see which line is calling, his fingers moving with unerring precision in the direction of the sound.

Although shutters and "doll's eyes" are made to pattern and are supposed to be identical, the highly skilled and practised blind operator can locate the falling shutter by sound only, without the necessity of feeling it with the fingers.

Having found it, he takes a plug and plugs it into the "jack" of the calling line. The shutter immediately returns to the vertical position. Then he pushes forward the key corresponding to the plug he has taken, thereby putting himself in connection with the calling line. He ascertains the line wanted, and plugs the "jack" of that line with the other plug. Then he pulls the key right back, and

rings up the line wanted. When they answer he restores the key to the upright position. Later, when he judges they have finished, he pulls back the key again and asks, "Have you finished?" Receiving no answer he clears the line.

It will be seen from this description that the brain, ear and hand of the operator must work in perfect accord to ensure that calls are properly dealt with.

The speed with which a blinded soldier grasps and overcomes these difficulties is very remarkable, taking as it does only from two to three months.

An elaborate teaching installation has been fitted up in one of the classrooms at St. Dunstan's, where blinded men are taught telephone operating, using the apparatus similar to that on which they will be expected to work when they leave. These switchboards are connected to a number of the offices and classrooms so that actual practice in dealing with business calls may be had at any moment.

The preliminary instruction takes place on three switchboards. The instructor working the middle board, calls being exchanged between the two pupils at the other two boards.

Marriages and Births

Marriages

ON Saturday, May 18th, F. Marshall was married to Miss Geraghly, at the Hampstead Registry Office.

ON Thursday, May 30th, Lce.-Cpl. J. F. Buckley was married to Miss J. Lacey, at St. Mary's Church, Chesham.

ON Saturday, June 15th, J. Hodkin was married to Miss E. Jones, at the Church of Our Lady, St. John's Wood.

ON Saturday, June 22nd, W. J. Diamond was married to Miss Evans, at Holy Trinity Church, St. Marylebone.

ON Saturday, June 29th, S. Bull was married to Miss Caple, at Holy Trinity Church, St. Marylebone.

ON Saturday, June 29th, G. Brooks was married to Mrs. Reeve, at Holy Trinity Church, St. Marylebone.

ON Tuesday, July 9th, H. Ferrand was married to Miss Nichols, at Holy Trinity Church, St. Marylebone.

When the pupil attains a certain proficiency in working the board he practises taking down messages in Braille shorthand. Later, he is given the opportunity of working the main St. Dunstan's switchboard, which is certainly as busy a board as any he will ever meet.

This practice on a real live switchboard completes his training, and he is now ready for work in any business house.

In actual work the operator gets to know the peculiar nature of his employer's business, memorizes the telephone numbers most frequently used, and jots down in Braille the less common numbers, so that he can refer to them at any time without assistance.

An unruffled temperament, a courteous and cheerful disposition and a quickly working brain are the qualifications necessary for success in this work.

Many large business firms in London and the provinces employ St. Dunstan's operators and testify very strongly to their ability to manage the switchboards as quickly and accurately as any sighted telephonist.

ON Wednesday, June 26th, J. Lynch was married to Miss D. Moore, at the Church of Our Lady, St. John's Wood.

IN June, E. J. Hancock was married to Miss Lambkin, at Rochester.

ON Saturday, July 6th, C. Greaves was married to Miss Burrell, in Sheffield.

Births

G. DAVIES - - Son - - May 31, 1918.

W. S. MCCARTHY Daughter June 1, 1918.

J. W. CLARE - - Son - - June 3, 1918.

S. C. TARRY - - Daughter June 4, 1918.

A. S. ULYATT - - Daughter June 6, 1918.

J. MITCHELL - - Daughter June 13, 1918.

W. STAMP - - Daughter June 27, 1918.

J. ANDERSON - - Daughter June.

Baptisms

ON June 6th, Gwendoline Frances, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Holmes; and on June 27th, Douglas Gordon, the son of Sergt. and Mrs. J. W. Clare, were baptised in St. Dunstan's Chapel.

News from the Workshops

HOW can a man start learning again when he is grown up and his mind has set? At St. Dunstan's this question is being answered by each blinded man in his own way. If he is wise, he does not know too much at the beginning, but carefully examines his old knowledge and applies it to new conditions. He must be prepared to receive even elementary instruction in that which is quite new, and must "Make haste slowly." This method of learning is different from much of his school-room work of years ago, and resembles his early childhood's experiences of touching, testing and proving for himself. As he follows this course, each man discovers another secret of this "new learning" and that is to be his own teacher.

Enthusiasm is the one great power which carries the learner-teacher forward. He comes with the idea from the Chief that the "new learning" is acquired by all who set themselves to it. Enthusiasm launches him forth on his untried task, lifts him above great obstacles and brushes aside little difficulties. With it routine becomes a path beside which are many delights and which leads to ever new joys of achievement. It carries him on at such a pace that he must have a care lest he loses some things of value by passing too rapidly. "Don't rush it" sounds on his ear, and he listens to a voice of one who has trodden the way before and learnt and taught himself to control his enthusiasm.

The learner must be prepared to go back over a path more than once, in order that the way may be well known. Then with a sure and ordered knowledge of the track, he may go on more swiftly to the less known footpaths which he will traverse alone.

THE approaching holidays have turned our thoughts naturally to the men who are leaving to start work in their own homes. They have been making the

most of the time left in which to put the polish on their work. Most of the departures will take place in July, but there has been the usual number in June. McDonald and Gamblin have left the Joinery Department. Polley, Sheey, Worgan and Roylance reached a first-class level in mat making, while Worgan also undertook boots in his persevering way. Creasey and Holman succeeded well, especially with the ladies' boots; and H. Smith and Finch also made great advances. We shall miss very much Bliss and Trendall, both Pupil Teachers in the Boot Repairing Section. They did remarkably good and useful work with the "boys" and worked hard all the time.

Macaulay has been appointed as a Pupil Teacher in the Basket Section, and all who know him will be pleased that he will make a longer stay at St. Dunstan's. Windridge has taken up a similar position in the Joinery Section, and the best we can wish him is that he will be able to fill Blundell's shoes. Rowe came to us on April 12th and took up his old trade. He had spent his life in the Boot trade, but would not speak too confidently of what he would be able to accomplish. A short spell of work, however, satisfied him as to his ability to use his fingers instead of his eyes. At finishing, he is one of the best men St. Dunstan's has seen, and his appointment as pupil teacher is one on which we can congratulate him.

IN the Joinery Department beginners are showing great keenness and aptitude for their work. An office table made by Hallett deserves special commendation. It has been perfectly made and will bear the closest examination by anyone, even to the dovetailed drawer. Caven has also just completed two panelled doors for a cupboard which could not be beaten by a sighted joiner.

W. H. O.

Departmental Notes

Braille Room

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

READING TEST : A. F. McConnell, P. E. Olivier, Mr. C. M. Rogerson, L. Heren, H. Hague, G. B. Swanston, T. Marrison, J. R. McGill, W. A. Westell, A. Fuller, G. L. Douglas, T. Speed, W. E. Walsh, A. G. W. Peckham, J. Whittingslow, P. J. Lynch, C. F. Hornsby, W. Ward, Mr. A. Britton, V. H. Frampton, J. D. Cockerill, W. T. H. Brightwell, A. Scott, W. H. Harding, J. Pamplin, J. P. Robinson, F. W. Shelton, S. M. Usher, C. Temperton, J. M. McGowan, C. Purkis, P. R. Foyle and R. Caven.

WRITING TEST : E. W. Benton, Capt. A. Buchanan, H. A. Perrett, L. E. Turner, F. E. O'Kelly, H. Kidger, R. J. London, N. Toppin, E. H. Armstrong and J. F. Buckley.

IN the list of men who passed their reading test in June, P. W. Bowen should have read, H. Bowen.

THE Braille Room is very much missing Miss Watson, who has left it for a short time to work at the National Library for the Blind, where her help is much needed owing to Miss Austin's death. We all greatly regret her absence and hope her return will be a speedy one.

WILL all Brailleists, who have not already done so, let Miss Pain know what books they would like for the holidays not later than Friday, July 19th. They can all be sent by post, so they will not add to the troubles of holiday luggage.

THE following new books are amongst those which have been added to the National Library for the Blind during the last month :—

"A Study in Scarlet"—Sir A. Conan Doyle.

"Mr. Justice Raffles"—E. W. Hornung.
 "Children of the King"—F. Marion Crawford.
 "Nigger of the *Narcissus*"—Joseph Conrad.
 "Pip"—Ian Hay.
 "Deep Sea Plunderings"—Bullen.
 "Carette of Sark"—John Oxenham.
 "Man who Stayed at Home"—Tinker Beamish.
 "Heart of the Antarctic"—Sir E. Shackleton.
 "More Songs by the Fighting Men"—Soldier Poets.

D. P.

Typewriting

WE congratulate the following men who have qualified for their own typewriters by passing tests :—McGowan, Knott, Newlands, Westall, McConnell, Mr. Rogerson, Phillips, Lake, Heritage, Webb, Trott, Morgan, Anderson, Cox, Hornesby, Thomas, McDowell, Tebble, Purkiss, Edwards, Blease, Morris, Speed, Pekin, Northcote, Gavaghan, Underwood, Freeman, Stibbles, Batty, Frankhauser, Healey, Broadley, Nicholls, Mr. Hitchon, Mr. Ramsden, Smith, Whitham.

Netting

IT is pleasant to be able again to report a fresh development in our work, which is full of promise. We are experimenting on heavy types of nets, suitable for farm use, such as rick and pig nets, and on eel nets for the Board of Fisheries. Cricket nets are also being asked for, and we should like to accumulate sections of these in advance of orders. Will men please note that square netting is the proper method for all the above-mentioned nets, as well as for all kinds of garden netting.

G. H. W.

Settlement Notes

DURING this period of twelve months since last summer holidays over 240 men have passed through St. Dunstan's, and have been started in their various occupations by this department. In addition to supplying this large number of complete outfits, sets of tools, and other apparatus, many dozens of houses, shops, and workshops have had to be found, and in many cases alterations and decorations have had to be made.

The wisdom of men leaving in small numbers instead of, as formerly, fixing upon some holiday as their leaving date, has, I hope, been sufficiently proved. More individual attention can be given to men under such circumstances, and house and other arrangements carried through much more satisfactorily.

H. D. B.

Pension Notes

A GREAT honour has been paid to St. Dunstan's by the Pensions Minister. Realising, as he does, the efficiency of the St. Dunstan's organization, he has left to it the whole of the work connected with the administration of blinded soldiers' pensions and allowances. The St. Dunstan's Pensions Office is in very close touch with the Pensions Ministry, and can have mistakes corrected, new allowances made and appeals attended to with the least possible delay.

IN the matter of Attendant allowances, St. Dunstan's has been granted the powers of a local committee, and in the matter of initial grants, continuances or renewals, all recommendations are sent by Sir Arthur Pearson direct to the Ministry.

Special arrangements have been made at St. Dunstan's to deal with these matters, and the local representatives of the After-Care Department proved themselves to be very useful in keeping St. Dunstan's Pension Office informed of pension troubles as they arise.

From this time on, if men should be visited by officials from their local War Pensions Committees they should refer them to St. Dunstan's.

W. J. H.

St. Dunstan's Savings Bank

THE Chief has decided to extend the scope of the Savings Bank, so as to permit old St. Dunstanners to take advantage of the facilities offered. Deposits may be made in sums of £1 or multiples of £1, and interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be paid on all deposits, while money may be withdrawn at any time without any restrictions. This will enable fellows still with us to transfer their savings from one account to another when the time comes for them to leave us.

W. J. H.

Anxiety for Sick and Wounded!

THOSE at St. Dunstan's who have had the misfortune to be prisoners of war, will perhaps be interested in the remarks the Kaiser recently made as to sick and wounded captured Englishmen :

"We Germans will preserve our conception of Christian duty towards the ill and wounded. We will so wage war, and so treat those beaten in battle, that one day, when all this terrible business is over, and men again extend a hand to one another, we may be able to recall with a clear conscience and without remorse every day and every act of these hard times."

A Walking Record

THERE are a number of instances on record of blind men accomplishing long distance walks alone. Blind Harry, a well-known character of Brighton, has frequently walked from London to Brighton by himself, while occasionally, when business is slack, he takes what he calls a holiday, and tramps over to Worthing and back.

The record for long distance walking is, we believe, held by a blind man, who walked from Blackpool to Margate, covering a distance of 460 miles.

The Country Life Section

POULTRY RATIONING SCHEME

THE Ministry of Food has authorized the setting aside of 50,000 tons of corn and meal for the feeding of poultry. Although men will still be able to obtain the best meal and other feeding stuffs from St. Dunstan's, they will do well to apply to the Secretary of the Feeding Stuffs Committee for their own particular counties, for additional supplies.

There is at the present time a large demand for rabbit skins. The Food Ministry has asked us to collect as many rabbit skins as we can from our men, and I am therefore making arrangements to forward any I may receive. They should be hung up to dry for three days and should then be put in parcels in the ordinary way and posted to me direct at St. Dunstan's. The minimum price given is five shillings per dozen, though good skins often fetch a higher price. We will, of course, accept any number, even if it is less than a dozen. The name of the sender must be carefully written on the back of the label.

The following is an extract from a letter I have received from Harris, of Billericay. I think the idea is ingenious, and other poultry men may like to adopt his plan:— "When I came to my place there was unlimited rubbish to burn, and in enlarging the garden I cut the turf off in squares, as it was too late to dig in. I built a small incinerator on the Army camp principle, using such things as pieces of old wire netting and any other pieces of old iron to make the grid, and for arranging the three ventilation holes at the bottom. In this I can burn wet grass and weeds straight out of the ground; in fact, almost anything, including hedge trimmings wet with rain. The burnt earth is a very valuable manure for the garden, and when I have been hard pushed, I have used it for the dropping boards, doing this in wet weather, when there is not much dry earth to be

found. This scheme is particularly advantageous for men who live in districts where there is no collection of rubbish by the local council. All rubbish can be put in a heap and disposed of periodically, without risk of burning litter being blown about."

Since January 1st this department has supplied poultry-farmers with 34 tons of grain and offal, 11 tons of laying meal, 375 gals. of oil, 1 ton of shell, and 2 tons of grit.

Poultry-farmers are advised to order sufficient food, etc., to carry them over the holidays, which start on July 24th. It is hoped that orders will be sent in early, so as to enable the rush of the work to be disposed of before the staff leave for their holidays. C. S. A.

Joinery Competition

SOME very remarkable specimens of blind craftsmanship were sent in for the Joinery competition arranged by the After-Care Department at the beginning of June. Many excellent trays, photo frames, and other articles were included, all of them well made and carefully finished. One section of the competition was devoted to work of an original kind, and in this class an ornamental and attractive table carried off the first prize, while the second went to a sliding book rest. Some attention was attracted to a wheel barrow, which certainly showed a great amount of care and originality on the part of its maker. The names of the prize winners were:—

CLASS 1:—(Trays) 1st Prize, £2 2s., G. C. Shields; 2nd Prize, £1 1s., R. T. Oliver; Highly Commended, N. McDonald.

CLASS 2:—(Frames) 1st Prize, £2 2s., W. Pettit; 2nd Prize, £1 1s., R. T. Oliver; Highly Commended, J. Clare.

CLASS 3:—(Table) 1st Prize £2 5s., F. T. Harris; (Book Rest) 2nd Prize, £1 5s., C. E. Bolton; (Wheelbarrow) Commended, H. E. Hill.

Sports Club Notes

THE SPORTS COMMITTEE

THE management of the Sports Club has been vested in a Committee, which is formed of representatives of all the various interests at St. Dunstan's. Each Annexe appoints its own representatives, through whom it is possible to receive suggestions from any members of the Sports Club.

Copies of the rules formed and a list of the officers and Committee members may be obtained from the Sports Secretary, St. Dunstan's.

The Committee wishes to place on record its appreciation of the enthusiasm and personal interest shown in all the details of its work by Sir Arthur Pearson, the President of the Club, and of the valuable services rendered to the club by Mr. L. G. Tucker, its captain, and to Mr. Calcutt (Vice-President), to Sergeant Barry, the world's champion sculler, and to the sisters and other helpers who have generously given their time and energy during the summer months.

As this REVIEW goes to press, the various House teams are training hard for the forthcoming Regatta, the Inter-House heats for which are being rowed off on Regent's Park Lake.

THE PEARSON CHALLENGE CUP

On Tuesday, 25th June, the House pulled the Bungalow Annexe for the Pearson (Tug-of-War) Challenge Cup, at which Mr. Hart very kindly acted as judge. The House, for the second time, won the Cup, and, as the trophy will be won outright by three successive victories, they are already training hard for the next contest, which will be decided after the holidays.

The names of the winning House team are as follows:—

H. Bowen, G. Fankhauser, F. Fishwick, A. Gribbon, H. Hardy (captain), W. F. Lilley, M. McPhee, A. Northcote, J. Sheehy, S. Sime, J. Triggs.

RACES FOR ONE-ARMED MEN

A very interesting morning's racing took place on Regent's Park Lake on June 26th, all the competitors being men who, in addition to having been blinded, have lost limbs. The results were as follows:—

Canoe Races: 1st, J. Davidson and Sister Phillips; 2nd, F. H. Kirkbright and Sister Stein.

Pair Oar Races: 1st, J. Davidson and W. Dies; 2nd, F. Hyde and N. Downs.

In the evening, Lady Stanley, wife of the famous African explorer, presented the prizes for these races, and also handed the Pearson Tug-of-War Challenge Cup to the Matron as representative of the House, and medals to the members of the winning tug-of-war team.

TONBRIDGE RACES

Two races in tub fours were rowed on the Thames, at Putney, on the afternoon of Wednesday, 26th June, between St. Dunstan's and Tonbridge School. In the first race Tonbridge First beat St. Dunstan's House Four by three lengths, and in the second race St. Dunstan's Scratch Anzac Four beat Tonbridge Second by five lengths.

REGATTA AT PUTNEY

The dates for the Regatta at Putney have been fixed as follows:—July 16th, Sculls and Pair Oars; July 17th, Fours heats (if any), Inter-House finals; July 18th, Outside Competitors, among whom are Emanuel Four and Worcester College (past and present.)

REGATTA AT MARLOW

A most enjoyable afternoon was spent on Saturday, July 6th, at Marlow, where a regatta was held for our crews and scullers by the Marlow Rowing Club. The party of forty left St. Dunstan's at 10.30 and arrived at Marlow in time for lunch at the Marlow Club House,

which was served in so generous a manner that it threatened to interfere with the rowing! Mr. Alfred Davis, secretary of the Marlow R.C., gave a few words of welcome, which were loudly applauded.

Rowing started at 2.15, and quite a large crowd had assembled on both banks, while the bridge which crossed the river at the winning post was packed with on-lookers. An orchestra played on the lawn by the boathouse, where Sir Arthur Pearson, the officers from Bourne End, Marlow Club members, and the St. Dunstan's oarsmen were assembled.

The first item was the heats for the single sculls, which was followed by the heats for the Fours, Double Sculls, and Pair Oars. The fours were scratch crews, owing to the fact that some of the regular teams had been broken up by influenza. The College Annexe Four beat the House Four in the first heat, while the Bungalow Annexe Four beat the Cornwall Terrace Annexe and Sussex Place Annexe Four in the second heat—both being easy wins.

Results of Finals:—Single Sculls: 1st, J. Burt (Sussex Place Annexe); 2nd, F. Hackett (Bungalow Annexe); two lengths. Pair Oars: 1st, W. T. Pratt and C. Williams (College Annexe); 2nd, B. Collins and

S. H. Edwards (Cornwall Terrace Annexe); half a length. Double Sculls: 1st, C. Thompson and T. Gavaghan (Bungalow Annexe); 2nd, W. W. Bailey and A. G. Marshall (House); three lengths.

Two most exciting races followed. First a four-oared race between the College Annexe and a crew of Service members of the Marlow Rowing Club. After a hotly contested race the Marlow team won by a quarter of a length.

The second was a single-scull race between Captain Ian Fraser, of St. Dunstan's, and Lieut. Fisher, of the Marlow Rowing Club. A very close race resulted in a dead heat. This was afterwards rowed off, and Captain Fraser beat Lieut. Fisher by a few feet.

After the prize-giving on the lawn, Mr. Alfred Davis expressed the hope that St. Dunstan's would accept another invitation from Marlow Rowing Club early in September, and in replying Sir Arthur Pearson thanked the Marlow Club for the most enjoyable day and also Miss Lapraik and her lady helpers for presiding so successfully over the lunch and tea. He then added that he was looking forward to the next visit in September.

H. V. S.

St. Dunstan's Officers' IV. v. Marlow Rowing Club Service Crew

THIS race took place in beautiful weather on the afternoon of June 29th.

The course was about half-a-mile up-stream, with the winning post opposite Abney House. The conditions worked out evenly on balance. If the Marlow Four were a scratch crew who had not practised together as their opponents had, the officers were pulling five stone extra of cox, and their stroke when the race started was within half-an-hour of retiring to his bed with the fashionable malady—Spanish influenza. The officers got off badly, and never succeeded in regaining what they lost at the start, but they were coming up steadily at the finish and were only eight feet to the bad when the winning post was reached. No better race, however, could be desired, and there was nothing in the result to depress a crew of whom three were racing for the first time in their lives.

Later on Captain Ian Fraser avenged his comrades by winning a sculling race over the same course by five lengths. He has improved much in style since last year, and showed excellent judgment in choosing the moment to come away. It should be remembered, however, that his opponent had only just finished a punishing race in the four.

CREWS:—

Marlow—Bow, L. F. Lunnon; 2, W. A. Porter; 3, Sec.-Lieut. F. S. Fisher; stroke, F. N. Jackson; cox, T. A. Smith. Won by eight feet.

St. Dunstan's Officers—Bow, N. A. Ramsden; 2, T. Irvine; 3, W. W. Hitchon; stroke, W. M. Millard; cox, H. A. Game.

Sculling—Capt. Ian Fraser (cox, Miss Mace); F. N. Jackson (cox, T. A. Smith); won by five lengths.

Worcester College for the Blind

THE COLLEGE v. ST. DUNSTAN'S OFFICERS

ON July 12th and 13th Worcester College for the Blind held their annual Regatta on the Severn, at which their own races and races between the College and old Worcester Boys took place.

At the invitation of the College, a number of blinded officers joined in the Regatta, competing in "four-oared," "pair-oared," "double-sculled," and "single-sculled" races.

On July 18th, return races will be rowed at Putney, when Worcester will be St. Dunstan's guests.

In view of the splendid way in which Worcester College won the races described below, great interest will be attached to the meeting of the St. Dunstan's and Worcester crews at Putney.

We learn that on Saturday, June 22nd, two races were rowed between King's School, Worcester, and Worcester College for the Blind. The races were rowed on the King's School course, up stream and against a strong wind, and resulted in Worcester College winning both events. The Worcester boat carried a cox weighing 12st. 7lbs., while the King's School cox weighed 9st. 7lbs.

Worcester started well in both races, their first team winning by eight lengths, and their second team by one length.

King's School, Worcester, is recognized as one of the best rowing schools in the West of England. At this school there are between 200 and 300 boys, and when it is remembered that there are at present only twenty-one scholars at the Worcester College, the success they have achieved is truly remarkable. Dense crowds watched the racing, and when they saw the great distance separating the boats they could hardly believe that the blind crew were leading.

St. Dunstan's joins with Worcester College in feeling proud of this performance, for T. Milligan, who left the Hostel at the end of 1916 to take up work as a masseur

at a Military Hospital near Manchester, and went to Worcester College at the beginning of this year for a course of higher education, is a most indefatigable and invaluable member of the crew. On July 18th, Milligan will be in the curious position of rowing for Worcester against St. Dunstan's, when two years ago he was one of the first St. Dunstan's crews to row on the other side against the College for the Blind.

Freak Typewriters

THE "boom" which of late has taken place in typewriters, both in this country and America, has produced the usual crop of "cranks"—of the human variety.

Some of the contrivances introduced by these gentry have certainly not lacked in ingenuity. Take for instance, the typewriter glove, a contrivance of wash-leather, upon which were embossed a set of rubber types. "Caps" were on the left hand; small letters on the right. The ink was supplied by a couple of pads, fixed to the palms of the gloves; and the alternate opening and shutting the hands was supposed to bring it in contact with the type. Then all that was necessary was for the operator to dab the impression of the particular letter he desired to use upon the paper in front of him. How the alignment was to be preserved, with even a tolerable degree of accuracy, the inventor did not even deign to explain.

Another curious machine was to be driven by electricity, the operator manipulating one key only, which in turn conveyed the power to the various types. There is something to be said for this idea, but up to now it has been found to be entirely unworkable.

Blinded Soldiers as Joiners

THE following extracts are taken from an appreciative article on St. Dunstan's Joinery, from the current number of the *Cabinet Maker*.

"Among many other useful services, St. Dunstan's Hostel for the Blind has demonstrated two important facts: (1) that blinded men, properly trained and cared for, are still a valuable industrial asset to the country, especially when we shall need the largest possible output we can attain; (2) that woodwork is a branch of industry at which they may be most beneficially employed. If any doubt exists on this point we think a visit of inspection to the Hostel workshops in Regent's Park, would effectively remove it. Basket-making and fibre mat weaving have long been recognised as suitable occupations for the blind, but when it was decided to introduce cabinet-making at St. Dunstan's workshops, the adventure was regarded at the time as being rather

experimental. It has, however, proved to be a complete success.

Last week we had an opportunity of looking through the workshops and the progress made by the men at work struck us as really remarkable. It is gratifying to note how good their spirits remain and how keen their mental interest is in the new craft they have taken up.

Naturally the blinded man goes in more for plain, practical stuff than for ornamental, and some good examples were shown us of kitchen tables and one quite ambitious cupboard with panelled doors, was on view.

There has just been a joinery competition in connection with the After-Care Department, and some particularly nice oak trays were on view as well as picture frames and other articles. Among other things a low occasional table in oak was shown us as the completed work of one man.

Getting About Alone

ALTHOUGH at the time I loathe it, yet on thinking it over afterwards, 'bus travelling and getting about alone are sources of delight and amusement.

I think one or two illustrations will best serve to describe the humours of getting about alone.

As I have occasion to go to and from the West-end every morning and evening, I have experienced one or two incidents that afterwards provoked much mirth. Here they are:

On one occasion, I was sitting opposite a foreigner and he was audibly discussing me to the passenger on his right. Such phrases as these caught my ears: "Can 'e see? Vere do 'e want to go to? Vill 'e know ven to out get? Shall I him tell ven ve to St. John's Wood get?" I stood this for a little while, and then leaning over, touched

him on the knee: "Are you discussing me?" I asked.

"Yes, I vas asking 'im vot and vere you vonted to leave the 'bus."

"Could you not ask me?" I continued.

"Ah, you see, sir, 'e can see and so 'e can understand me better than you vould."

When out walking alone one day I asked a girl to take me across a busy road, she said: "Where do you want to go?" "I want to go across the road," I answered. "Yes, but where do you want to go to?" "I want to go across the road," I reiterated. "Do you want Welbeck Street," she asked. "I want to go across the road, please." "This is Wimpole Street you are in now. Shall I take you down there?" I finally replied, "Yes, thank you." At the time, of course, I felt like boiling over, but to think of these things afterwards is one of my greatest amusements. G. D. W.

Baseball for the Blind

A HOWLING SUCCESS

THE introduction to England of Baseball coincided with the arrival of the first detachment of Canadian troops, but the game had not been seen in all its Transatlantic splendour until quite recently, when the sailors and soldiers of the United States invaded the Old Country. What influence this game may yet have upon our National Sporting Calendar it is difficult to say. Cricket is, of course, the English game par excellence, but cricket is a very leisurely affair. It may very well be that we shall not, at all events for some years, get back to the spacious summer days of the years before 1914, when thousands of us were able to spend hours at Lord's or the Oval, or one of the other County grounds, watching the slow and skilful progress of a game which had become almost sacerdotal in its ritual. We may desire to get on a summer's afternoon the same concentrated pleasure as is afforded by football during that part of the year when days are short and winds are cold. If these things come to pass, we can quite imagine that among British sports there may yet be found a high place for Baseball. A Baseball Match is comparatively short in duration, and if the players are tolerably skilful, it is plug-full of excitement from start to finish. And even if the players are not all that they might be, there is still plenty of fun for the spectators. The ball game crowd has no fear of the umpire, and not the slightest regard for the feelings of the players. It shouts all the time, and when it can find nothing to cheer it can jeer. For those of us who cannot see as well as other people, or as well as we ourselves once did, there seem to be infinite possibilities about Baseball. It is true that the game is complicated, and that to understand it requires a good deal of study, but a thorough knowledge of the game is not at all essential to the enjoyment of a Baseball Match. There are things to be heard as well as to be seen.

Indeed the crowd around the enclosure resembles by its conduct not so much what the reporters call a football spectatorate as a Greek chorus in a high state of excitement, or a holiday crowd in Ancient Rome when rations of Martyr were being served (without coupons!) to the inhabitants of the Imperial menagerie. So you do not need to understand Baseball in order to get some fun out of it; and the fact that you are unable to see what is going on need not make you at all diffident about expressing your views on the subject at the pitch of your voice.

Here is the sort of thing that happens. The scene is Windsor Great Park, and the match is between a team of United States flying men and a team of Canadian lumbermen. There is a Brass Band—a very Brass Band—making music of the Sousa sort, strident and strenuous. Two visitors from St. Dunstan's were piloted gently through the crowd to front seats. A courteous guide explained that the post of honour where they were to sit was also, appropriately enough, a place of danger, but that about a yard in front was a high and stout netting which would act as an effective barrage against the assaults of the flying ball. The match had not yet begun, but already the heroic band was meeting with considerable opposition. From all round the enclosure, except from that select quarter where the St. Dunstan's representatives were seated, there came what Milton would probably have called a "horrid din." The efficient baseball spectator is a man of leathern lung and throat of brass, but so eager is he to make the expression of his views public that he is not content to rely upon Nature's instruments. So he has ransacked the toyshops and he comes here with such ear-splitting devices as miniature syrens, shrill metal whistles and rattles that in the number and speed of their vibrations rival the angriest of machine-guns. Rattling, whistling and

cat-calling are almost continuous, and the infrequent intervals are filled up by warcries, exhortations and reproaches. A Canadian officer who accompanied us to the Opera the other night, and heard Mr. Mullings compete with success against a Wagnerian orchestra in its most turbulent mood, announced his intention of approaching Sir Thomas Beecham with a view to transforming the Tristan of the evening into a "Rooter" for Canada at future Baseball matches. That gives you an idea of the amount of voice that is considered desirable in a Baseball spectator!

Suddenly there comes a silence. We are informed that the game is about to be opened. From the centre of the arena there comes a sonorous voice proclaiming the identity of the opposing teams. It speaks about three sentences, and then the trees of Windsor Great Park sway and stagger; the summer sky is rent; pandemonium has broken loose. We shall make no attempt to explain the game, one reason for this restraint being our utter ignorance thereof. The three principal actors appear to be the Pitcher, the Batter and the Catcher. The first and the last conspire to bring about the undoing of the Batter and his associates. If you happen to be tolerably near the Home Base you are able to hear the whack of the ball against the gloved hands of the Catcher. This seems to happen often, but occasionally there is a sharper crack, which signifies that the ball has been hit by the Batter. The whack is followed by a vocal demonstration which merely rocks the forest; after a crack the heavens are split. As the ear becomes accustomed to the din, certain eloquent sounds can be distinguished amid the general tumult. For example, it becomes evident that one player has been selected for special attention. That player is the Pitcher. The supporters of the batting side are all out to upset the Pitcher's nerves, to make him erratic and so to take the sting out of his deliveries. To achieve this end recourse is had to criticism, not merely of the Pitcher's qualities as a Pitcher, but to observations regarding his personal appearance and to speculations as to his ancestry, his general

reputation as a citizen of this world, and his probable destiny in the world to come. If the Pitcher is a well-seasoned butt, so to speak, he remains impervious and cool; if his mental hide is not of the thickest he becomes demoralized. Nothing pleases the crowd so much, we understand, as to get the Pitcher "all up in the air."

It will therefore be understood that although your eyes are not much good, you may, if you are gifted with a powerful voice and some facility of speech, play a worthy part in a Baseball crowd. You can begin with the Pitcher. It should be quite possible to obtain from a sighted neighbour a few facts regarding his weight, height, and general build, with a note or two regarding any outstanding characteristics, such as the colour of his nose or his hair. From the general demeanour of the crowd an accurate enough impression may be got of the Pitcher's prowess. With this catalogue in your head you should be thoroughly competent to play an efficient if not a distinguished part in the chorus around the Ring. Later on you may progress towards a knowledge of the general scheme of Baseball, and even to an appreciation of the subtle points of the game. But whether this be so or not, you can always yell, and yelling in the company of friends is grateful and comforting when you are sitting in the dark. *F. M.*

Hints to Housewives

THE following dainties, which have not been personally tasted, appeared in a recent list of edible offal, issued by the Ministry of Food. For a cheap meal I should recommend 'lights and melt' at 2d. per pound, but the gourmet would probably prefer 'runners, middles, bungs, and weasands,' at 3s. per set. Apparently one cannot get a bung without a weasand. 'Clean stale rop fat' at 5d. does not sound very appetising, but I fancy I would prefer it to 'wet and gutty rop fat' at 3d. 'Pluck,' 'brain,' and 'cheek' are not without their uses these days, and for hot weather 'thin skirts' at 1s. 1d. do not sound amiss. The cheapest dish, whose nature is rather too obvious, is 'searchings and pickings' at 1½d.—*Daily News*.

The Port Look-Out

By "BARTIMEUS"

THERE is a tendency among some people to regard war as a morally uplifting pursuit. Because a man fights in the cause of right and freedom it is believed by quite a large section of those who don't fight that he goes about the business in a completely regenerate spirit, unhampered by any of the human failings that were apt to beset him in pre-war days. Be that as it may, Able-Seaman Pettigrew, wearer of no good-conduct badges and incorrigible leave-breaker in peace time, remained in war merely Able-Seaman Pettigrew, leave-breaker, and still minus good-conduct badges.

He stood at the door of a London public-house contemplating the night distastefully. The wind howled down the muddy street, and the few lamps casting smears of yellow light at intervals along the thoroughfare only served to illuminate the driving rain. His leave expired at 7 a.m. the following morning, and he had just time to catch the last train to Portsmouth that night. To do Mr. Pettigrew justice he had completed the first stage of his journey—the steps of the public-house—with that laudable end in view. Here, however, he faltered, and as he faltered he remembered a certain hospitable lady of his acquaintance who lived south of the river.

"To blazes!" said Mr. Pettigrew, recklessly, and swung himself on to a passing omnibus. As he climbed the steps he noted that it passed Waterloo Station, and for an instant the flame of good intent, temporarily doused, flickered into life again. His ship, he remembered, was under sailing orders. He found himself alone on top of the omnibus, and walked forward to the front right-hand seat. For a moment he stood there, gripping the rail and peering ahead through the stinging rain, while the omnibus lurched and skidded on its way through deserted streets. Then his imagination, quickened

somewhat by hot whisky and water, obliterated the impulse of conscience. He saw himself twenty-four hours later, standing thus as port look-out on board his destroyer, peering ahead through the drenching spray, gripping the rail with numbed hands.

"Oh, to blazes!" said Mr. Pettigrew again, and sitting down gave himself up sullenly to amorous anticipation.

He was interrupted by a girl's voice at his elbow.

"Fare, please."

He turned his head and saw it was the conductress, a slim, compact figure swaying easily to the lurch of the vehicle. Her fingers touched his as she handed him the ticket, and they were bitterly cold.

"Nice night, ain't it?" said Mr. Pettigrew.

"Not 'arf!" said the girl, philosophically. "But there, it ain't so bad for us 's what it is for them boys in the trenches."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pettigrew, archly. "Them boys—'im, you means."

The girl shook her head swiftly. Seen in the gleam of a passing lamp her face was pretty, and glistening with rain.

"Not me," she said. "There was two—my brothers—but they went west. There's only me left—carryin' on." The omnibus lurched violently, causing the little conductress to lose her balance, and her weight rested momentarily against Mr. Pettigrew's shoulder. She recovered her equilibrium instantly without self-consciousness, and stood looking absently ahead into the darkness.

"That's what we've all got to do, ain't it?" she said—"do our bit?"

She jingled the coppers in her bag, and turned abruptly.

Mr. Pettigrew watched the trim, self-respecting little figure till it vanished down the steps.

"Oh, blazes!" he groaned, as imperious flesh and immortal spirit awoke to renew the unending combat.

Five minutes later the conductress re-appeared at Mr. Pettigrew's shoulder.

"Waterloo," she said. "That's where all you boys gets off, ain't it?"

"That's right," said Mr. Pettigrew. He jerked to his feet, gripping his bundle, and made for the steps with averted head. "Night!" he said, brusquely. The omnibus slowed and stopped.

"Good luck!" said the girl.

The port look-out gripped the bridge-rail to steady himself, and stared out through the driving spray and the darkness as the destroyer thrashed her way down Channel. He was chosen for the trick because of his eyesight. "I gotter eye like a adjective 'awk," Mr. Pettigrew was wont to admit in his more expansive moments, and none gainsaid him the length and breadth of the destroyer's mess-deck. None gainsaid him on the bridge that night when suddenly he wheeled inboard and bawled at the full strength of his lungs:—

"Objec' on the port bow, sir!"

There was an instant's pause, a confused shouting of orders, a vision of the coxswain struggling at the kicking wheel as the helm went over, and a man's clear voice saying: "By God! we've got her!"

Then came the stunning shock of the impact, the grinding crash of blunt metal shearing metal, more shouts, faces seen white for an instant against the dark waters, something scraping past the side of the fore-castle, and finally a dull explosion aft.

"Rammed a submarine and sunk the perisher!" shouted the Yeoman in Mr. Pettigrew's ear. "Wake up! what the deuce is up—are ye dazed?"

Mr. Pettigrew was considerably more dazed when he was sent for the following day in harbour by his captain. From force of custom, on obeying such summonses, the ship's black sheep removed his cap.

"Put your damned cap on," said the lieutenant-commander. Mr. Pettigrew replaced his cap. "Now shake hands." Mr. Pettigrew shook hands. "Now go on leave." Mr. Pettigrew obeyed.

For forty minutes the policeman on duty outside Waterloo Station had been keeping

under observation a rather dejected-looking blue-jacket carrying a bundle, and standing at the corner scrutinizing the omnibuses as they passed. Finally, with deliberate, measured tread, he approached the man of the sea.

"What 'bus do you want, mate?"

Mr. Pettigrew enlightened him as to the number.

"There's been four of that number gone past while you was standin' 'ere," said the policeman, not without suspicion in his tones.

"I'm very partickler about 'buses," said Mr. Pettigrew, coldly.

"Well," said the constable, "'ere's another one."

The sailor waited till it slowed up abreast of them. His blue eyes were cocked on the rear end.

"An' *this* 'ere's the right one," said Mr. Pettigrew.

He stepped briskly into the roadway, ran half-a dozen paces, and swung himself on to the footboard beside the conductress.

Chelsea Fair

THE grounds of Chelsea Hospital were brightened again this year by the fair held on 27th June. A Fancy Work Competition was held of the work done by disabled men in hospital, the articles afterwards being sold in aid of the Surgical Requisites Association, 17, Mulberry Walk, Church Street, Chelsea.

From St. Dunstan's, joinery, basket work and netting were sent in, and prizes were secured by the following:—

O. Windridge	-	Carved Oak Tray
J. D. Cockerill	-	Waste Paper Basket
D. Lovie	-	Work Basket
A. Coulson	-	Fancy Work Basket
H. D. Learmouth	-	Midget Strap Swing

Fame of St. Dunstan's

RECENTLY Mr. Huskinson received a letter from the South of France, addressed merely to "St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors, St. Dunstan's." Although not even the country was mentioned, the letter arrived within two days. Surely a sign of the far-spreading fame of St. Dunstan's.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

ON July 7th, Bishop Welldon paid us a visit and spoke in the Chapel to a large congregation. An old St. Dunstan, the Rev. Harold Gibb, who was a pupil of the Bishop's at Harrow School, took the service.

THE Sisters' Choir has been doing particularly good work lately. On June 2nd, they rendered an anthem by themselves, "Sorrow not for those that sleep," and well repaid the pains Mr. Kingston-Stewart took in the practices.

ON June 9th, Healey took the solo part in the anthem, "Oh, for a closer walk with God," and on June 23rd, the choir sang "The Radiant Morn." In both of these the tenors and basses held their parts splendidly. On June 30th, Collins, of Sussex Place, sang, "O, Divine Redeemer."

AT the close of the half-year's work the Chaplain wishes to thank the members of the choir, both men and Sisters, for their untiring energy and regular attendances.

THE visit of Dr. Bickersteth, Canon of Canterbury, on Sunday, June 9th, was much appreciated, and his talk was listened to with great interest.

ON Friday, June 21st, Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, conducted a service in the Chapel.

A SERVICE is held every Friday at two o'clock, and all who work at St. Dunstan's are invited to come. As on June 21st, we occasionally welcome a special speaker, but it is primarily a service of prayer for all at St. Dunstan's.

ON July 21st, the last Sunday before the holidays, there will be a Service to

which all St. Dunstanners, and especially those who are just leaving, are invited. All who are communicants are asked to join together for Holy Communion at this Service.

L. G. T.

Catholic Chapel Notes

AS this is the last number of the REVIEW before the vacation, a few notes about our recent work may be interesting. Like every section of St. Dunstan's, we can summarise all our doings in the one word "Progress."

A new chapel has been built and was opened by the Cardinal on December 14th, 1917. At Easter a two-manual pedal organ was added, and at Corpus Christi two stained glass windows (presented by the Second Light Cruiser Squadron) were unveiled by Bishop Butt, the Cardinal's Auxiliary. Two sets of Gothic Vestments have been obtained, and it is hoped eventually to complete the five colours in this style. Stained glass windows have already been promised for the twenty-six small panes round the Chapel and will be in position by the time the new term commences.

These notes cannot be concluded without an expression of our debt of gratitude to Sir Arthur for his never-failing generosity, kindness and consideration; to Mr. Kessell and the general staff, who have helped in all ways in their power; to Mr. Clayden, of the Settlement Department, who has been most devoted and self-sacrificing; to the Catholic V.A.D.'s, who have worked so hard in the Chapel; to the Misses Longman for their invaluable work on Sunday mornings, and to Masters Barry, Longman and Gethin for their services in the Sanctuary; nor must our generous benefactors, too numerous to mention, be forgotten.

P. H.

"My Chief Amusement" Competition.

THE ideas of amusement expressed by the letters which were received for this competition were widely different. The first prize of one guinea was awarded to a resident of the House, who calls himself "Chartagh," who in sending in his contribution says: "To me, chief amusement signifies that employment which gives most pleasure."

He writes:—

Dear Editor,

In the quiet restfulness of a short solitude, gained from the bustling, idly-chattering throng, Memory—that unforgetting, not too faithful friend—guiding the halting steps of Thought through the dim galleries of years long past, will often unveil scenes now lost to mortal sight.

Thus, sometimes, I obtain enchanting glimpses of that first garden, beloved of childhood's days; here, countless, many-coloured flowers in dazzling patchwork merged, and curtsying over them in hesitating flight, butterflies of every hue resplendent; there, smooth, green sward and softly rustling, shady trees; all crowned with fairest sky of summer blue.

The picture fades, and next before my gaze the playing fields appear; the happy, smiling faces of dear boyhood's friends, nor marred by worldly care or dearly purchased pleasure, but glowing, healthy, so innocently expressive. I mark them joyfully mingling in the game; the quick flash of the bright eye, the clean, straight limbs, now in repose, now straining to their utmost power in fine endeavour. The game is played, the players melt away, and Memory leads me on.

Now breaks upon my view a rolling panorama of wild, expansive, wind-swept moor, an eager, restless burn issuing from rugged glen, and noble, mist-encircled mountains of my motherland.

Her radiant glory, lost in mist, gives way to the hard, drab outlines of the city street, with glaring lights exposing all their wretchedness, and the pale, wan faces

of the passers-by, till all-forgiving Night enshrouds Man's hideous handiwork.

Then swift before mine eyes unfold strange scenes of other, distant lands. Until, at length, through intermittent rifts of smoke, and in the copper blaze of an eastern sun, I see the glint of steel, as wild-eyed men, laughing and crying, grapple in awful fury—and falling, bathe the poor, scarred earth in blood. Then darkness falls impenetrable.

This, then, is my chief amusement. Guided by Memory, counselled by Experience, I would try to apprehend the Truth that underlies the inconsistencies and vagaries of Man. I dream, consider and philosophise, and setting down my thought make entertainment for myself and those who care to read. Though all I say may have been said, Truth will not lose, but gains by repetition. And if the smouldering embers of my altar fire but light the lamp of Love in one soul's dark abode then it is not in vain I gather fuel.

Yours, "Chartagh."

The second prize of half-a-guinea was awarded to R. W. Spry, 66, Abingdon Villas, Kensington, W. 8. He says:—

Dear Sir,

My pre-war amusements were mostly of the outdoor kind, football, swimming and cycling being perhaps my favourites. These have lately been impossible with me, though I still have hopes of once more taking up the last mentioned. I have always been very fond of music, though until recently a performer on no instrument, and I am not blest with a voice to make any fuss about; I find my keenest enjoyment after a long day at the telephone switch-board, in singing some of the sweet old songs I know—accompanying myself on my banjo. And I am not the only musician in the room, for "Joey," my little canary, who is an artist of the first water, invariably contributes an obbligato, and we are both happy.

Yours, R. W. S.

Music and Entertainments

THE summer months, are, of course, the slack time for indoor entertainments. In the warm, bright weather St. Dunstanners like to give every spare moment to exercise in the open. Rowing events, then, and sports records are more to the fore in the hot-weather months than are stage and concert notes.

But the Covent Garden Fruit and Song Fête held on the Lawn last month, managed to combine all the pleasures. For the entertainment was out in the open, and the fruit merchants of Covent Garden, headed by Mr. Sam Isaacs, Mr. Lewis Jacobs and Mr. M. Jacobs, who most kindly gave the very delicious refreshments, had made special terms for the occasion with those who at present exercise a stern control over the gratification of the pleasures of the palate.

Many well-known stage artists looked in during the course of the afternoon, and took their turns in our improvised open-air theatre out by the big mulberry tree.

Among these were Wilkie Bard, Talbot O'Farrell, Bessie Clifford, three members of the Versatile Four, Wilson Hallett, Lily Lena, the Grumblers, Max Darewski and Sadie Adell. Every turn drew delighted applause, and the Holborn Empire Orchestra expressed itself, through its conductor, Mr. Harry Baynton, as quite astounded by the volume of sound that issued forth when St. Dunstanners joined in the choruses.

The new Sports Drive seems likely to become a permanent feature of the College summer evenings. With about eight different games, ranging from bowls to quoits and pinning the tail on the donkey, the men go from one to the other striving to win a prize in each or in all. Divided into heats, with the winners playing off at the finish, quite an amusing evening is thus spent, and as a change from dancing or a concert, these sports evenings are very popular.

One evening last month, artistically engraved certificates of merit were presented in the Braille Room to the most successful of the step-dancing pupils, who are taught by Mrs. Robson and Mons. Korsakoff. These kindly instructors give up two evenings each week to St. Dunstan's, and express themselves as much gratified by the enthusiasm and keen go-ahead spirit which animates their pupils.

What may, perhaps, be described as the last of the indoor concerts of the season, justified itself by its rattling success from start to finish.

The Brothers O'Gorman, in duets, patter and repartee, scored a big triumph.

A turn that interested the audience greatly was a mock duet, sung by Josephine Labarte, who made her voice equally convincing when taking the man's part as when singing the woman's high, clear notes.

Madame Lona had a good reception, and Edis and Sorbes provided a most excitingly interesting duologue.

Songs from Hilda Glyder, and mouth organ and tin whistle turns, as well as some of his quaintly humorous stories, from our old friend W. V. Robinson, kept the interest high; and another favourite turn was that provided by The Three Pearls. One of the three sang to us, another played the piano, and the third the violin.

Captain H. G. Bayes, C.A.M.S., gave a delightful entertainment last month to the Canadian men of the House and the various Annexes. A much-enjoyed meal was provided at 60, Regent's Park Road, and Major-General Foster, Director C.A.M.S., delivered a cordial little speech to the men, speaking in high terms of praise of their pluck, and strongly recommending all blinded Canadians to come to

St. Dunstan's to receive training for their future life before going home to Canada.

Major Carson then gave a few highly amusing recitations, which were greatly enjoyed by the guests.

Colonel Perrott, Lieutenant and Mrs. Hitchon and four Canadian V.A.D.'s were also of the party, and all present, at the conclusion of these pleasant preliminary proceedings, were taken by their host to "Chu Chin Chow" (at His Majesty's Theatre).

Statesmen's Gifts Auctioned for the Children's Fund

ONE day last month a quite unusual and very interesting scene was enacted with the business-like setting of the Coal Exchange.

Sir Arthur Pearson spoke from the dais, explaining briefly the aim of the Blinded Soldiers' Children Fund to give an allowance of five shillings a week, up to the age of sixteen, for every child born to a blinded soldier not provided for by the Government.

The Chief also gave some description of the work at the Hostel, speaking with pride of the way in which men trained at St. Dunstan's were making good in every part of the Home Country, as also in our Dominions Overseas.

Then the cheerful business of the afternoon began, when Mr. George Graves stepped up to the dais with his hammer and proceeded to offer for auction a number of interesting souvenirs given by famous statesmen and others to Sir Arthur Pearson to sell in aid of the fund.

The first announcement told of the great generosity of Mr. Reginald Cory, who paid in a cheque for £1,000 "to give things a start."

The diamond which was presented to Sir Arthur by Mr. John Hodge, the Minister of Pensions, and which is the second

At the College Annexe, last month, Professor Severn, the well-known phrenologist, of Brighton, kindly came up to give a lecture and demonstration. After an interesting discourse on phrenology he gave a demonstration lasting well over an hour, choosing for his subjects about fifteen men and twenty sisters.

Later on in the month, the Harums, a clever concert party, who have recently been entertaining the troops in various camps in England, came and gave a concert which had a strong element of rag-time in it, and was greatly appreciated.

diamond to be cut in this country by a disabled soldier, being, therefore, a souvenir of the start of what bids fair to be a flourishing industry for our disabled men, went for £250. Among the lots auctioned by Mr. George Graves was a favourite walking-stick with a huge crooked handle, very quaintly gnarled and twisted, presented to our Chief by the Prime Minister, and which was knocked down to one of the friendly coal merchants on the Exchange for the sum of £100. A blackthorn from Sir Edward Carson went at £55; Mr. Bonar Law's favourite and much-smoked briar pipe was bought for £55 by Messrs. Bewlay & Co., who are most generously offering it for sale, again further to aid the fund; a "fiver," signed by Mr. Asquith, sold for forty-five guineas; an engraved card case and cigarette case of Lord Milner's realized forty guineas; an initialled golf club from Mr. A. J. Balfour, knocked down at £30; a silver-headed cane of Lord Curzon's realized £21, another from General Sir William Robertson fetching ten guineas.

Several of the newspaper descriptions of the auction bore the heading, "Walking Sticks of the Great," and it certainly would have been possible on that afternoon to purchase the nucleus of a most ambitious collection of famous men's favourite walking sticks.

My Artificial Limbs

THERE are quite a number of St. Dunstanners who have lost limbs as well as their sight. One, unfortunately, has been deprived of both hands, while two or three have lost one hand as well as a number of fingers on the other. Luckily, however, there has not, up to the present, been a case of a man being blinded and losing his two legs. We notice the following remarks made recently by a correspondent to the *Daily Mail* on the subject of artificial limbs:—

"I lost both my legs *above the knee* at Ypres last July, so may claim to know something about the matter.

"A firm in the West End was recommended to me, so thither I was wheeled in my chair one afternoon. The manager met me and took me down a long room with one end curtained off.

"Behind the curtain were a number of men, both officers and other ranks, in various states of undress. Some had their new legs on for the first time and were finding it difficult to do anything but stand. Others, who had had them for a few days, were walking about with the aid of sticks, and some even dispensed with this aid altogether.

"I was taken into a small room where plaster casts were taken of what little leg the Boche had left me; this was to ensure a perfect fit, and I was then told to come back again in a month's time.

"In due course I returned and 'tried them on.' The feeling of being once more in an upright position after having been so long in bed or on a chair was most curious and inclined to make one feel giddy, but it soon passed away.

"At first I could do nothing but hang on the necks of two strong men, who tried to march me up and down the room; I got most frightfully hot and tired and felt that I should never be able to stand, but eventually I managed to walk a few steps with the aid of crutch-sticks, and can now do my hundred yards with the best of them.

"There are three sorts of amputations that affect the ordinary man—above the knee, below the knee, and what is known as 'Symes.' This last is an amputation through the ankle bone. The patient retains his own heel and has an artificial foot—it hardly ranks as an artificial limb.

"If a man can keep his knee joint he is all right and will walk with scarcely a limp; I know one man who has lost both his legs below the knee who can walk ten miles a day every day, ride a bicycle, dance, and roller skate. With one above and one below there are few things that a man cannot do, though I think he will always require the help of a stick. Both legs off above the knee make things rather harder, especially steps and stairs, though with the aid of rails even this difficulty can be overcome. After four months I find that I can get about anywhere, provided there are no steps, and can drive a motor-car without any difficulty.

"I hope in this letter I have been able to show that a man may, with artificial limbs, well outlive his legs and get on excellently without being exactly as nature intended.

J. B. C. (Major)."

America's V.C.

ONE of the most sparingly granted of war decorations is the Congressional Medal of Honour, America's V.C. It is conferred by Special Act of Congress. In the Spanish War less than twenty of these medals were awarded altogether. In the Philippines campaign, which lasted off and on for several years, still fewer were gained. The Medal of Honour is of bronze, and its shape is that of a five-pointed star, with, in the centre, the head of Minerva, the Roman Goddess of War, surrounded by the words, "United States of America." It is encompassed by a laurel wreath, and is worn suspended by a ribbon from a trophy representing an eagle on a bar, the latter inscribed with the single word "Valour." Like our V.C., the C.M.H. recognises no rank. General or private, admiral or ordinary seaman, is equally eligible to wear it.—*Answers*, June 29th.



ECONOMICS OF THE PIG

IN an interesting article on the diet of Germany and England, a correspondent to the *Observer* recently wrote:—

“Shortly after the outbreak of war the Germans killed off numbers of pigs, their most popular animal, and straightway regretted it, because the pig was the most persevering producer of one of the greatest German needs, which is fat.

“The pig produces 32.7 per cent. of fat out of its 300lb. to 350lb. weight. It consumes about 1,500lb. of grain in so doing, or about five times its own weight; and, according to Herr Professor May, of Hamburg, who has delved in these figures, the pigs of Germany destroy enough food yearly for 36,000,000 Germans. The main question, therefore, to be considered, when in a besieged country there is a limited amount of food which both man and pig can eat, is, how many pigs should be kept to compete with man for it? If the people of the besieged country could get on without pigs the answer would be simple: Kill all the pigs. But it is complicated by the fact that the pig, in return for the vegetable food it consumes, produces fat. Therefore, it is prudent for the besieged country to keep as many pigs as it can afford for the sake of the fat. The right policy to be followed is that of keeping just as many pigs as will supply the amount of fat that the country needs, and no more.

“Another factor comes into play in striking this balance. In England we do not grow fatter on ‘the rations.’ The food in a closely rationed country is sufficient for maintenance, but it does not encourage people to put on flesh. That is true also of swine. If the pig is closely rationed it consumes all that it eats in maintaining itself; it becomes lean pork; it does not deliver the fat which is the excuse for its continued existence. Finally, therefore, the balance to be struck is one which, while

giving to the people of a country as much food of the bread and potato kind as possible, will also support just enough pigs to give as much fat as can be afforded. That, in a nutshell, is the problem that confronts Germany and all countries that have to ration.

STRIKING A BALANCE

“If any intelligent man will ask himself how and why England has been rationed in this or that food, he will see that the English policy has always been directed by this idea of balance. There are other things besides pigs to be balanced. Cattle, sheep, horses, poultry, are all competitors who make direct or indirect inroads on the cereals, potatoes, and other vegetable foods which are enough by themselves to keep people from starving, if they can grease them with a little fat. Now, it is rather a surprising thing that if an ideal balance were struck in England we could almost (not quite) maintain ourselves in a state of siege. A little more management and we could quite do it. There may be lean times after the war, when these balances will have to be struck, but we shall have the compensation of being self-supporting.

“The most interesting thing which emerges from all these considerations is that while Germany knows all about this scientific balancing of food, and could have fed her people without hardship by means of it, the course has never been taken because of the opposition of the Agrarian party, the Junkers, landowners and farmers, who have preferred to keep their stocks, and profit by them, while the people starved. Unscientific England has unconsciously adopted the scientific ideal, not from love of science, or of rations, but because of that unselfish public spirit of all classes, farmers first of all, which we call by the name of sportsmanship, or admire as fair play.”

ADDITIONS TO

The St. Dunstan's Address Book.

Creasey, F. R., 57, Chesterton-road, N. Kensington, W. London R.F. Regt. (Boots.)

Crook, A. P. V., 33, Goldsmith Mansions, Goldsmith-road, Peckham, S.E. K.R.R. (Boots and nets.)

Duguay, G., Newcastle Post Office, New Brunswick, Canada. Can. Regt. (Poultry and rough carpentry.)

Eames, G., 16, Alison-street, Lower Tranmere, Birkenhead. Cheshire Regt. (Poultry.)

Finch, R., 81, Dudley-road, Tividale, Tipton, Staffs. Worcester Regt. (Boots and nets.)

Gamblin, T., 1, Mill-stream, Kings County, New Brunswick. Can. Regt. (Carpentry.)

Gifford, R., Mount Stuart, Boness, N.B. R.G.A. (Poultry-farming.)

Giles, H.W., c/o E. R. Ronbery, Oak-lane, Manitoba, Canada. Can. Regt. (Baskets.)

Holman, F. G., 5, North Town, Taunton. R.E. (Boots.)

Murray, W., 156, High-street, Notting Hill Gate. Black Watch. (Baskets and nets.)

McDonald, H., North Sydney, Cape Briton, Nova Scotia. Can. Highlanders. (Carpentry.)

McDougall, D. J., Post Office Box 1059, Orillia, Ontario, Canada. P.P.C.L.L. (Massage.)

Rennie, J. A. G., c/o Mr. M. A. Madsen, North Kolan, Bucca Crossing, via Avondale, Queensland, Australia. A.I. (Shorthand and type-writing.)

Robertson, R., Clinkerstone-by-Bathgate, Linlithgowshire. Royal Hrs. (Poultry.)

Roylance, J. W., 10, Birch-road, Atherton, nr. Manchester. Man. Regt.

Sheehy, J., 27a, Polygon-buildings, Clarendon-square, Euston, N.W.1. K.O.Y.L.I. (Mats.)

Smith, H., 1, Bryden-terrace, Laymoor-road, Longwood, Huddersfield. West Ridings. (Boots.)

Trendell, F. G., 7, Tyler's Green, Penn, nr. High Wycombe, Bucks. Royal Fus. (Boots.)

Tulley, J., 36, Howard street, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Durham Light Infantry. (Telephony.)

Worgan, G., Commercial-street, Cinderford, Gloucester. Glos. Regt. (Boots and mats.)

CORRECTIONS.

Artingstall, A., 24, Earnshaw-street, off New Market-road, Waterloo, Ashton-u-Lyne.

Cackett, H., New-street, Chippenham Park Estate, Ely, Cambs.

Collyer, T. W., 39, Renness-road (Higham Hill), Walthamstow.

Fleming, J., 24, Westwick-gardens, W. Kensington Park, W.14.

Gray, D., 4, Colosseum-terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

Impey, A., 78, Hornsey-road, N.

Johns, P., The Nest, Fengate-street, Peterborough.

Johnson, E., 21, Union-street, Sandback, Cheshire.

Jose, W. C., 1, New-street, Penryn, Cornwall.

Lawlor, G., 2, Herbert-place, Bath-street, Irish Town, Dublin.

Leeman, F., St. Dunstan's Cottage, Winthorpe-lane, Skegness, Lincs.

Lomas, G., 293, Manchester-road, Burnley.

Lomas, J., 128, Longfellow-road, Markhouse-road, Walthamstow.

McClure, M., Gowanfield, Rothesay.

Millar, W., 6, Myrtle Cottages, Elm-road, Hook, Surbiton.

Pink, A., Riby-road, Keelby, nr. Brocklesby, Lincs.

Polley, F., 85, Rattray-road, Brixton, S.W.

Shepherd, C., 60, Sand-street, Longbridge, Deverill, nr. Warminster, Wilts.

Spry, R., 66, Abingdon-villas, Kensington, W.8.

Thomas, W., 8, Railway-terrace, Thomas-lane, Wakefield, Yorks.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM.

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Please send me the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW for $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{one year} \\ \text{six months} \end{array} \right\}$ for
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