

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.



1. BLINDED SOLDIERS LEARNING GARDENING AT ST. DUNSTAN'S 2. CORIL MASON, ON HIS RETURN TO ST. DUNSTAN'S AFTER HIS ESCAPE FROM THE TORPEDOED "GALWAY CASTLE" (see page 15). 3. SERGT. MACAULEY, V.C., D.C.M., WHO WON HIS V.C. AT BOURLON WOOD, COACHES ST. DUNSTANNERS IN ATHLETIC SPORTS IN HIS SPARE TIME.

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY IAN FRASER

No. 26.—VOLUME 3.

OCTOBER, 1918.

PRICE 6d.
[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

EDITOR'S NOTES

IN another page of this issue will be found details of the regattas which closed our 1918 rowing season. With keen regret we say *au revoir* to Putney and Marlow, but as we say it we determine to be ready for the warmer months when they return again. The nearness and convenience of Regent's Park Lake make it possible for arrangements to be made for rowing practice all through the winter. We hope many men will avail themselves of this opportunity for sport.

As the winter months draw on we have to reconcile ourselves more and more to indoor amusements in place of the usual healthy outdoor exercise which is provided by rowing and swimming in summer time. The days are rapidly growing shorter, and entertainments, card games, and domino tournaments will fill up our evenings.

The St. Dunstanner is as keen as mustard to keep fit, for fitness is the first essential to winning a game—especially when the player is handicapped—and are we not, all of us, apt to regard the overcoming of our peculiar difficulties as a game? It is harder to keep fit in the winter than in the summer, but tug-of-war contests, physical exercise classes, and other healthy sports, will fill the place of rowing and swimming.

We want to see as much rivalry and competition as possible, for the St. Dunstanner is a thorough sportsman, and though the wish that must be uppermost in his mind is that his particular house shall win, yet he is always ready to be beaten by a better team. In sport, as in everything else, we want to set the pace, and it is up to each one of us to get all the coaching and to put in all the practice we can.

We welcome to St. Dunstan's Captain J. M. MacNeil, late 1st Gordon Highlanders, the Scottish sportsman who has just been charged with the responsibility of managing our games and amusements for us. A sports captain with a record like his is indeed an addition to our staff of which we may be proud, for Captain MacNeil was in 1914 Champion Bayonet Fighter of Scotland, and represented that country at Olympia in the same year. He should be invaluable, too, as a tug-of-war coach, for among his other athletic achievements he was a member of his regimental team.

St. Dunstan's leads the way in the blind world in work and play. Let us see to it that we increase this lead.

The Editor.

NOTES BY THE CHIEF

ST. DUNSTAN'S DAY was a huge success. There have been many Flag Days for St. Dunstan's in the Provinces; in fact, I scarcely think there can be a town or city outside the great Metropolis which has not had one. But for one reason and another no big concerted effort has been made in London until this year.

It was, I think, a happy augury that St. Dunstan's Day, the date of which, of course, was fixed far in advance, should have come along at a time when the Allies were meeting with unparalleled successes. Some of you fellows have lost your sight on all the Fronts on which the war is being waged, and I know how keenly you must have followed the great events which your own sacrifices have led up to.

And the sun, who had shown himself so little during September, shone out in full autumnal splendour on October 1st, helping in no small measure to brighten the lives of you who will see him no more.

I feel that I am speaking for every St. Dunstan, past and present, when I thank with most whole-hearted sincerity the thousands of people who helped to make St. Dunstan's Day the great success it was—the talented artists who assisted at special performances, the ten thousand ladies who sold tokens in the streets, the many who assisted in the organisation, and the many more who in response to a special appeal sent cheques for large and small amounts.

The little city which St. Dunstan's has to-day become, and the After-Care Organisation, are not run on fourpence per week. I am proud to say that the generous-hearted public are so convinced of the fact that St. Dunstan's is conducted on sound business principles, as well as in a spirit of broad human sympathy, that each and every appeal to its generosity meets with a most liberal response.

ST. DUNSTAN, after whom our abode is named, presented in his career some curious points of resemblance to the St. Dunstan's of to-day. He lived nearly a thousand years ago, and from humble beginnings rose to be Abbot of Glastonbury and Archbishop of Canterbury. He ordained that every priest in England should learn a simple trade in order that he might instruct those who were incapacitated from following one of the vigorous outdoor employments which were then the usual means of gaining a livelihood. Legend tells us that the Devil once appeared and tempted him, whereupon the lusty prelate seized a pair of pincers and tweaked the nose of his Satanic Majesty so shrewdly that he fled in howling dismay. The St. Dunstan's of to-day banishes with equal promptitude the devils of despair, hopelessness and apathy. Altogether it seems to me a singular freak of fortune that our home should, long before we inhabited it, have been given a name which has turned out to be so appropriate.

I HAVE just received a very interesting letter from Harris Turner, the Canadian St. Dunstan, who, as readers of the REVIEW will remember, was returned as a Soldiers' Member for the Legislature of Saskatchewan. A portion of his letter, giving some account of his experiences as a Member of Parliament, appears in another part of this issue.

Besides sending this interesting information, Harris Turner tells me that by the time his letter reaches me the first number of a new publication called *Turner's Weekly* will have appeared.

The journal will be devoted principally to independent, original comment on current events. It will not be connected with any organisation. One of the objects of the new weekly will be to print a *resumé* of the doings of returned soldiers in different parts of the Dominion.

Efforts will be made to secure interesting articles from prominent public men throughout the Dominion. The scope of *Turner's Weekly* will not be confined to Saskatchewan, although Western problems will be freely discussed.

I know that Harris Turner will have the good wishes of all St. Dunstanners, past and present, for the success of his journalistic venture.

EVERY Monday I am given an exact census of St. Dunstanners past and present. For some time past the numbers of those in residence and those who have left have been approaching one another, and last Monday it happened, curiously enough, that they exactly balanced at five hundred and eighty-three.

In the immediate future I fear incomers are likely to over-balance outgoers, as there are a very large number of fellows in hospital, but the things that are happening on the different fronts as I dictate these notes lead one to anticipate the end of the war before so very long, and that, of course, will mean that outgoers will gain steadily on the incomers until St. Dunstan's, as it now exists, passes away.

ABILITY to remember telephone numbers is, I think, quite important for people who do not see, and who are therefore unable to refer to a telephone book. I discovered a trick a little time ago which I find works very well indeed. It is to think of numbers in pairs; for instance, the number of 21, Portland Place, where I live, is five, four, six, five. I always think of it as fifty-four, sixty-five. It is just as easy to remember fifty-four as five and sixty-five as six, at least I find it so. I have got quite a number of telephone numbers stuck tight in my head by this means. Of course, the plan does not work where there are only three numbers, as in the case of St. Dunstan's—six, four, five. Personally, I naturally find this number easy, as it is so like the one at my house. However, I think even three numbers easier to remember as a double and a single than as three singles, and

five numbers easier to remember as two doubles and a single than as five singles. I shall be interested to know what any of you think of this idea.

DURING the last few weeks we have had a guest at St. Dunstan's whom I expect many of the fellows who are now here have met. I refer to Mr. McInnes, a clever young blind Canadian who has for the last two years been pursuing an exceptionally successful scholastic course at Balliol College, Oxford.

Mr. McInnes lost his sight in early childhood, and, like so many others who have been blind for years, does many things in a way which makes a man who has only recently lost his sight very envious of his proficiency, but which I think should also make him very confident as to his own future. The ease with which Mr. McInnes gets about is quite uncanny, but then, as he laughingly says, "You will all be doing just the same thing when you have been at the game for a few years." And so you will.

Mr. McInnes enjoys, I think, a quite unique distinction. He lives at Vancouver, which, as you know, is on the extreme Western side of Canada; he went to school at Halifax, which is on the extreme East. Home and school were more than 3,000 miles apart. He travelled this distance backwards and forwards no fewer than thirty-two times by himself, the journey occupying five days and nights. I should scarcely think that anyone since the world was made has travelled 100,000 miles going to and from school, and I am quite certain that no blind person has ever done this.

Mr. McInnes became the guest of St. Dunstan's, as he wishes to find out all about what is done here in order to equip himself in the most up-to-date manner possible for work which he hopes to do for the benefit of the 7,000 blind people of Canada when he returns home.

Arthur Pearson

News of St. Dunstan's Men—

THE following is an extract from a letter Sir Arthur Pearson has recently received from Harris Turner, who, after being re-educated at St. Dunstan's, has returned to Canada, where he is taking a prominent part in public affairs:—

"You will, no doubt, be interested to know something of my Parliamentary career. The sessions of the Provincial House are very short, lasting from five to six weeks, and I have attended only one, but I can give you some idea of the practicability of a blind man holding such a position. I found that it was hardly possible to take an intelligent part in the proceedings without having someone to assist me whenever the session was not in progress. All the different Bills and resolutions, all the business before the House, are printed, and unless I am acquainted with the contents of this mass of printed matter before each sitting of the House I find it very difficult to follow the proceedings. Of course, after the House is actually sitting, and I have a fair grasp of what might be expected to crop up during the course of the day, I have no trouble at all in following the debates, and in taking what I hope is an intelligent interest in them. If I wish to speak on a certain subject under discussion I give my name to one of the pages, and he notifies the Speaker. Then, when the Member who has the floor at the time my name goes in has finished, the Speaker calls out my name, and I proceed to 'devastate' the politicians, if such a course seems necessary. This method of getting the floor is not unusual, and I have to ask for no special privileges or consideration. I found during the session, however, that there was an extreme readiness on the part of any of the Members to assist me at all times.

"I experienced the usual difficulty in getting around, both at the Legislative Buildings and in the city of Regina, where they are located. To accomplish anything

as a Member it is necessary for me from time to time to interview certain Ministers and heads of Departments. While at the Legislative Buildings it is always easy to secure one of the pages to act as guide, but when outside I have to have a permanent attendant. As a matter of fact, to do the work, or I might more correctly say, to fill the position, one really ought to have a secretary; but, of course, the remuneration does not provide for that expense. However, I was fairly satisfied with what I accomplished. I do not mean to insinuate that I was of great assistance in carrying on the government of the Province, but I want to make it plain that I was not discouraged in regard to my ability to fill the position. There will be another session this fall, and I expect to have more time to form an idea of the possibilities of the Parliamentary trade for blinded soldiers."

H. Hargreaves, who has started work as a poultry-farmer at Clayton le Meers, Accrington, Lancs., sends the following account of his first six months' experience:

"I have just reckoned up my books for the first six months of poultry-farming, and I thought you would like to know the results.

"I find that after paying all expenses I still have a bit over in cash, and that I have raised stock which I have had valued at £40. I consider this very satisfactory, for what I have gained in experience has been worth a great deal to me, more, in fact, than I can tell you, for now I am confident that I can make my farm pay.

"I have had some lessons since I started, the worst of which was the losing of my first batch of chicks (nineteen in number) through poisoned chaff, which I afterwards found came from some stables near to a chemical works. This was a big set-back to me, for I had hoped such a lot from my first hatch of chickens,

—From all parts of the World

and to lose them when they had reached the age of a month, and when I thought them pretty safe, was a great blow. I thought I should never get over it, but I have not lost many chicks since then, and my stock is as healthy as any around here. . . ."

Sir Arthur has received the following letter from R. A. Clarke, of Gunnislake, Cornwall, another poultry-farmer. Clarke gives a gardening tip, which may be useful to other St. Dunstanners. We note with interest his remarks about his blind neighbours. There is always a definite though small amount of blindness due to mining accidents, but we think his experience must be unique:—

"As I have been in my new home just six months, I thought perhaps you would like to know the results of my work for that time. I had a very successful breeding season, and hatched about 150 chicks, out of which I reared about 130. I also hatched and reared a few ducks. Unfortunately there are an extraordinary number of cockerels amongst them; I reckon there were quite three cockerels to one pullet. However, I have about fifty pullets, and these should give me a lot of eggs this winter. I am glad to say that I haven't a sick bird, either old or young, on the place.

"The people round about here are rather old-fashioned in their methods of poultry keeping, and a good many come to see the incubator and foster-mothers at work. According to them, when you keep chicks in 'a big box with a little lamp to keep them warm, and feed them on hard food, they ought, by rights, to die,' but now, when they see my fifty pullets running about, they think there must be something in it after all.

"The garden has done splendidly, and the people often remark how well everything looks. As they are mostly farmers, I suppose they should know something about it.

"I found planting rather a difficult matter until I hit upon the idea of using a wire instead of a garden line. It takes a good deal of pressure to make the wire curve, and it does not sway about like a cord. I use two wires, the length of the rows, and move one at a time, so that I don't lose the position of the preceding row, and I find that by this means I keep them far straighter. This tip may be useful to some of the other fellows who look after their own gardens.

"When we first came here I was surprised to find that my neighbours on either side of me had both lost their sight in mining accidents. There seem to be a good many such cases round here. The way in which I made the acquaintance of one of them was rather funny. I heard someone driving cows past the house several times, and one day I happened to be in the road when he came along. He wished me 'good morning,' and passed on. A day or two after that he stopped and spoke, and after we had been chatting for some time he told me that he had lost his sight some years ago. This man does all the milking and the cleaning of the houses himself, as well as a lot of market gardening. . . ."

We hear good news of L. Jackson, of Rock Ferry, Cheshire, a basket-maker, who left St. Dunstan's at the end of May to start work at home. He has been very successful, and has had an order for fifty shopping baskets, which he hopes to execute by Christmas. Jackson (it will be remembered) has returned to his former work as a barber, with success. Though he is quite blind, he regularly shaves many of his old customers.

Writing to Sir Arthur lately, W. J. Burnett, who has just set up as a boot-repairer at Exeter, says:—

" . . . I am very thankful for the great kindness you have shown towards

me, and for the training I have received at St. Dunstan's.

"I have received my outfit, and I must say I was surprised to find such a good stock of materials, and I shall try to do my best to uphold St. Dunstan's name.

"I started well on the first day I opened my shop, and I have been busy ever since, and I have done all that is in my power to show the people that we from St. Dunstan's can do very superior work, thanks to the instruction we have received.

"I must say that I already miss the social life of St. Dunstan's, for we were always so happy and cheerful there.

"I have been telling the folks around here what a wonderful place the Hostel is. They cannot understand all that is done there.

"I have been in touch with Vigar, another St. Dunstanian, who has kept a shop in Exeter for about ten months, and he tells me that he is quite well and very happy, and is getting on excellently.

A representative of a local paper came to interview me at my work the other day. He told me I was the first blinded boot-repairer to start work in Exeter. He said it was impossible for a blind man to repair a pair of boots, so I told him to wait while I showed him what I had been taught at St. Dunstan's. When I had finished he could hardly believe it was the work of a blind man.

"I must say that people are doing all they can for me, and I am going to do my best to make a real success of my trade. . . ."

Disabled Ex-Service Men's Exhibition

DURING the fortnight from September 7th to 21st, more than 100,000 people visited an exhibition organized by the Y.M.C.A. at Manchester, with the object of demonstrating the work of disabled men.

From all quarters we hear that the St. Dunstan's exhibits attracted more attention than any other. A little body of blinded soldiers were to be seen busily

at work repairing boots and making baskets, mats, trays, picture frames, and many other articles. Specimens of these were on show, and many orders were taken.

One of our stenographers, who is shortly to take up a post in Liverpool, surprised everyone by his speed at taking down shorthand notes and his accuracy in transcribing them. Among the letters he took down was one dictated by Miss Porter, the daughter of the Lord Mayor, to Mr. Lloyd George. The Prime Minister wrote him, congratulating him on his excellent typing and wishing him success.

The Ilkley Annexe

A NEW Annexe has just been opened at Ilkley, Yorks, for the accommodation of twenty-four men. It is intended primarily as a permanent home for those men who, besides having lost their sight, have received wounds which make it impossible for them to take up any work. It is also to be used as a convalescent home for those men settled in the North who may need a rest.

The house and grounds are situated right in the middle of the moors, amidst beautiful scenery and in bracing air.

A little poultry-farm, which provides occupation for many of the men and chickens and eggs for the house, has just been started in the grounds of the Annexe.

Fat Men's Collars.

A "COLLAR EXCHANGE" has been opened in Berlin, by a public benefactor with a keen sense of business, for ex-fat Huns whose necks have grown thinner "owing to the British blockade." He advertises:—

"For a fee of 3d. a-piece this institute will accept second-hand collars which have become too large for the owner, and exchange collars that will now fit him."

Daily Mail.

G. SHAW, who is at present convalescing at the Annexe at St. Leonard's, caught a codling weighing 3 lbs. when fishing off the pier the other day.

St. Dunstan's Day.

EVERYTHING combined to make St. Dunstan's Flag Day, which was held in greater London on Tuesday, October 1st, a remarkable success. The sun beamed upon us and the news from our fighting fronts was brighter than it had ever been.

No doubt was left as to St. Dunstan's place in the generous heart of London. Many thousands of flags were sold and the booklet "All About St. Dunstan's" was eagerly sought for by purchasers at Hotel and Restaurant Stalls, and in the various shops lent to help on The Day. The hammocks, trays, baskets and mats made by St. Dunstan's men were greatly admired and quickly bought up. Everybody, too, was interested to see photographs of blinded men at work and play, and the new Illustrated Souvenir, "The Camera Story of St. Dunstan's Daily Round," found a ready sale.

There were two Matinees, one at the Palladium, one at the Criterion, and a Concert at the Æolian Hall, while in the suburbs, concerts, matinees and processions were arranged to help swell the grand total. Auctions were conducted at the two West End theatres, and the many lots offered brought generous bids. The two pet lambs from the Bungalow Annexe realized £76.

In the middle of all the merriment, Sir Arthur made a little speech at each theatre, making one feel as if suddenly transported, as one St. Dunstanian said, "to the quiet Lounge at the Hostel."

Several of the leading newspapers, in reporting this speech, gave it the heading "Sir Arthur Pearson's Life Work," and quoted this outstanding sentence:—

"My life has been a very full one, in work and in play. When I lost my sight I determined to make my most engrossing pursuit the overcoming of this handicap of blindness, and the soldiers who have lost their sight make the heartiest of comrades in this most fascinating occupation."

A telegram was read out which crowned the happenings of St. Dunstan's Day with the good wishes of the Blinded Soldiers' Royal Patroness, Queen Alexandra. Her Majesty wired from Sandringham this gracious message to Sir Arthur:—

"My thoughts and best wishes will be with you on St. Dunstan's Day, for our brave blinded soldiers and sailors. I sincerely hope that your noble work may receive the support of all, that the occasion may prove successful in every sense of the word, and that St. Dunstan's, in which as Patroness I take the keenest interest, may materially benefit therefrom."

In My Little Dug-Out

WHEN I'm sitting in my dug-out,
And have got my plate and mug
out,

And am relishing a meal of beef and
bread;

Oh! my heart goes back with pity
To you poor chaps in the City,

Who, for all you know, may very soon
be dead.

You get hustled by the cusses
Of the drivers of the 'buses.

And at night-time Fritz bombards you
overhead.

Still, I do admire a feller

Who has pluck to leave the cellar,

And can walk across the Square when
all is dark;

And the man who lit two matches
Should be mentioned in despatches,

For the hero smoked a fag in Regent's
Park.

You can't stand it; you'll go "balmy,"

Take my tip and join the Army,

You will find a dug-out ready when
you come.

Life's too precious; pray don't risk it,

Take the shilling, then the biscuit,

The bully beef, and last, not least, the
rum. *Ex-Soldier.*

The Bad Penny

BLINDED SOLDIER TORPEDOED ON THE "GALWAY CASTLE."

[St. Dunstanners have established a reputation for good luck in all their undertakings, but of all of them we think Corporal Mason, author of this article, can best claim to have been born under a lucky star. He was trained as a poultry-farmer at St. Dunstan's, and was returning to his home in South Africa to start work. He had with him a Remington typewriter and a complete poultry outfit, including several birds of the best strains, all of which were unfortunately lost. Messrs. Karswood, manufacturers of the famous Karswood Poultry Spice, have very kindly offered to replace his poultry outfit when he returns to South Africa. His typewriter and his personal belongings have already been made good to him by St. Dunstan's. His modesty prevents him from telling us that he played a large share in bringing the boat safely to the destroyer's side, handling one of the heavy oars himself. No doubt his rowing training at St. Dunstan's stood him in good stead.—ED.]

"SO glad to see you're back!" a phrase which may have a double meaning, but which I accepted in its kindlier form as a welcome on my return to St. Dunstan's after being torpedoed.

Having at last received information that the boat for which I had been waiting for some months to take me back to South Africa was due to sail, I left St. Dunstan's on Monday, September 9th, for Plymouth, where I embarked on the *Galway Castle*, which was sailing as the *Rhodesia*. The vessel sailed on Tuesday morning, and was convoyed with some twenty others by cruisers and destroyers for the first two days, at the end of which the convoys split up.

The third morning found us some 300 miles from Plymouth and the passengers were just beginning to stir, when at 7 o'clock a crash was heard which announced the arrival of an unwelcome visitor in the shape of a torpedo. A few minutes before I had been on my way to the bathroom, but having met the steward with my hot water, I had returned with him to my cabin and had barely started shaving when the torpedo struck us amidships, destroying the bathroom to which I had been going.

Hastily donning my lifebelt, I went up on deck with my mother, who was occupying the cabin opposite. We made our way to the boat to which we had been previously allotted, but on reaching this found it already crowded owing to some of the other boats having been damaged by the explosion. However, the Captain procured for us places in another boat, and from this we were eventually picked

up by a destroyer, whereas the one to which we had been originally allotted was swamped on being lowered.

Hardly had we reached the water, when the Captain exclaimed "Good God! they've not got their crew," whereupon a South African "Tommy," who was returning for his discharge, at once dived from the deck and getting into our boat assumed command. All those who were able, including the women, now got busy with the oars in order to get clear of the vessel, which appeared to be sinking rapidly.

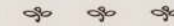
In spite of the heavy sea and strong wind we soon got clear, and the management of the heavy oars then naturally passed to the men, who were able to keep the boat head-on to the sea in order to prevent its being swamped. Nine hours hard work then followed, and it was not long before we picked up one of the sinking vessel's crew and four South Africans from one raft and a woman and child from another. But we were only able to do this as these rafts were ahead of us; had they been on either side any attempt at rescuing would have meant the swamping of our boat, as that could only have been done by going broadside-on to the sea. Destroyers came upon the scene within a few hours of the torpedoing of the vessel, and for some time busied themselves in dropping depth charges in places where the submarine might be lurking. Having satisfied themselves that all was clear they began to collect the survivors, taking up first those who were on the rafts and then later the occupants of the boats.

Our turn came at about 4.30 p.m., when we were bumped on the leeward side of the destroyer, and standing on the side of the boat were hauled aboard by the sailors who, by bending over the deck rails, could just reach our uplifted arms when a swell lifted the lifeboat.

The rest of the day was spent in picking up survivors, of whom there were a good

number, and when darkness came we set out at full speed for Plymouth, which we reached at 8.30 a.m. on the morning of the 13th.

At four in the afternoon we got into the train which was bound for London, and by midnight my mother and I had reached St. Dunstan's, where everything was done to make us comfortable.



Why Not Grow Your Own Vegetables?

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following account of the way Mr. Marriot, a blind masseur of some years experience, cultivates an allotment in his spare time. Mr. Marriot is a remarkably successful blind man, having a well established connection in Harrow. Not the least amongst his accomplishments is his extraordinary ability in the matter of getting about alone which is of so great importance to all blind people, which is of absolute necessity to one following his calling. Many St. Dunstanners look after their own gardens with complete success, but as Sir Arthur Pearson said recently: "This little game we are all playing is largely a matter of accumulated experience, and the more, therefore, we know about other blind people's doings, the better we shall be equipped to do things ourselves."—[ED.]

"Mr. Marriot's allotment, which we recently visited, is amongst many others, and is about five minutes' walk from his house, and consists of a long straight strip of ground of about ten rods, one end of which adjoins the road. Here Mr. Marriot has made a small wooden gate in the wire fence which encloses the allotments; he has also placed a cord about three feet high along the length of his own piece of ground. The allotment was started two years ago, the owner trenching all the ground unaided; he dug in the turf, as he considers 'turving' too difficult for a blind man.

"When the ground was trenched, he threw up the earth into narrow beds six feet broad, their length being the width of the allotment, and left between each bed

a path one foot wide. He reckons that he can reach three feet across the bed from each path, thus he is able by having a path on either side to work over the entire width of the bed, without ever having to tread on the planted ground. The smaller things such as carrots, onions, etc., were planted in rows across the beds. This facilitates weeding, as he is able to weed by hand from the pathways or run a short-handled hoe between the rows.

"It is no exaggeration to say that his allotment is one of the tidiest and best weeded of all those around, in fact his neighbours are quite envious. He has removed all the stones and taken infinite pains in breaking up the soil. This greatly facilitates straight sowing and planting, for the line may be so easily thrown out of the straight by a stone or lump of earth, without his knowing it. Netting, he says, serves best for training peas and beans, for if sticks are used a blind person is liable to hurt the face against them. The potatoes and celery were grown in rows, in the ordinary way, at the top of the allotment, the beds being used for beets, carrots, cabbages, onions, etc. Each pathway is marked by sticks fixed to the cord, so that he is able to find them without waste of time.

"Mr. Marriot recognises the different kinds of vegetables and weeds by the feel of their leaves—some feel warm, some cold, others rough or smooth, and so on. Though he has only a limited time for gardening, Mr. Marriot is able to supply his household with vegetables for the greater part of the year."

B. E. B.

Departmental Notes

News of the Braille Room

WE congratulate the following officers and men on having passed their Braille Reading Test:—R. Horner, B. Martin, C. J. R. Reddish, F. Stratton, T. L. S. Gibbins, H. McDowell, H. A. Stayt, G. E. Kingham, L. C. R. Jenkins, Mr. D. S. Gibson, Mr. N. A. Ramsden, F. Ashworth, C. A. C. Brigazzi, A. M. Johnstone, C. A. Blackett, J. Healey, G. Smith, T. W. Salter, W. Holmes, Mr. W. W. Hitchon, J. Knight, C. Fankhauser, Capt. Hutcheon, and R. Ashwell.

Once again this month we are delighted to record that a St. Dunstanner has passed his Reading Test in hospital before coming to the Hostel, the successful candidate being this time Sergt.-Major H. Nieven, of the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry.

It has been suggested by one of the men that it would be a good plan if St. Dunstanners would send on their Braille magazines and newspapers when they have read them, to a blind civilian who is not able to subscribe himself. This seems a very happy suggestion, and on enquiring into the matter we have heard of many St. Dunstanners who would be extremely glad of this opportunity of helping those less fortunately placed than themselves, and of many blind people who would appreciate such a kindly thought. Will anyone who would like to have the name and address of such a civilian apply to Miss Pain, stating at the same time the name of the magazine he would like to forward. In these days when paper is so short we should all do what we can to circulate our reading matter as much as possible.

In the June REVIEW we suggested that a Braille Music Class would be started if a sufficient number of candidates were forthcoming. Though a number of names were not given in at the time, we would

again remind men that Musical Notation is taught in the Braille Room, and anyone wishing to have lessons has only to apply to the Braille Room Office.

Some old St. Dunstanners seem to have been uncertain as to where they should apply for Braille paper after they have left the Hostel. All applications should be sent to Captain Fraser at the After-Care Department, where commodities of this sort may be had at cost price.

The following books are amongst those which have been added to the National Library for the Blind during the last two months:—"Far Away Stories," W. J. Locke; "An Airman's Outings," Contact; "Maiwa's Revenge," Sir Rider Haggard; "The Sowers," Seton Merriman; "The Last Bow," Sir A. Conan Doyle; "The Watcher by the Threshold," Buchan; "Behind the Throne," Le Queux.

D. P.

Netting Notes

WE hope before the end of the month to be able to take possession of the new extension to our workrooms. This has been estimated to accommodate another hundred netters daily, so that before Christmas we hope to have between three and four hundred men in training. We are very glad to be able to report that we are constantly discovering new markets for our finished articles, and if we continue to avoid making nets that can be manufactured by machinery, we feel confident of establishing a permanent demand for this class of work.

Will men who have left St. Dunstan's please note that we want to build up at our Sales Depot a good stock of rick nets and other heavy nets for farm use. Full particulars of this work will be sent on application to the After-Care Department.

G. H. W.

Massage Notes

A DEPUTATION from the Incorporated Society of Trained Masseuses—the premier examining body for massage—paid us a visit on Wednesday, September 25th. Nearly eighty members of the Society passed through the Massage Rooms, and many of them expressed their keen approval of the way the department is fitted up with models, etc. They were especially pleased with the plasticine models of small parts, which are made during the course of a lecture to take the place of printed diagrams for illustrating points which arise during the lecture, and in the subsequent discussion upon it. Newcomers to the Massage Classes include Lieuts. Britten and Gibson, who are living with Sir Arthur Pearson at the officers' quarters in Portland Place, and six Canadians who, in the early days of the war, were mistakenly returned to Canada. Finding no training facilities there, they have, at the instigation of the Canadian Invalided Soldiers' Commission, returned for re-education to St. Dunstan's.

The success of Bertram Mayell, who took his massage certificate two years ago, and is doing remarkably well in Toronto, has stimulated interest in the blind masseur in Canada. Several of the above men have met Mayell, who says that there is plenty of work for well-trained and certificated masseurs in the Dominion.

F. G. B.

Netting Competition for Men Who Have Left St. Dunstan's

THE After-Care Department has circulated particulars of a Netting Competition on similar lines to the mat, basket and joinery competitions which have been announced in former numbers of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW. Good prizes are being given for the best specimens sent in of hammocks and 2-inch square netting.

These competitions have provided a good deal of interest, and assist very materially in keeping up the high standard of work for which old St. Dunstanners are so famous.

I. F.

Typewriting & Telephony

A FIRM in North London has testified to the reputation for proficiency that our telephonists have earned by employing Sergt. S. M. Holmes, T. Speed and A. G. W. Peckham as operators. Another telephonist started work with a city firm last month. Our best wishes for their future success go with them.

W. T. Pratt, who has for some time been doing practice work in some of the St. Dunstan's offices, took up a post as Shorthand Typist with his old firm early this month. He need only maintain the high standard he reached in this his first effort to be entirely successful.

We congratulate the following men on having passed their typewriting test:—T. R. Purvis, W. E. Carlton, H. H. Wells, J. Kingham, H. A. Vickers, T. A. Crater, J. H. New, J. Palmer, F. Jackson, J. P. Biram, H. Abbey, W. J. Sims, W. J. Nash, P. J. Sparkes, A. Allen, H. Taylor, F. Ashworth, V. J. Fennell, A. Oldfield, C. F. Thompson, E. Nava, D. L. Morris, F. Mears, E. Howes, A. E. Taylor, H. S. Fordyce, A. T. Toomey, D. Bee, G. W. Francis, L. C. Jenkins, Sergt. W. J. Williams, T. W. Salter, J. Knights, J. Peel, M. O. Anker, E. Sheppard, G. Johnson, H. E. Sorrell, D. Lovie, G. E. Bishop, Sergt. B. Martin, J. Morris, Sergt. H. R. Pratt, T. Horsfall.

E. McL.

Back Numbers of the "St. Dunstan's Review"

THE EDITOR will be glad if any readers of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW who have back numbers previous to October, 1917, they do not want would post them to him at St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, London, N.W.1. Payment of 6d. a copy will be made and postage will be refunded.

Back numbers are badly wanted, for there is a constant demand for odd copies from other readers who wish to make their sets complete.

News from the Workshops

THE extension of the Boot Shop is now almost completed, and will give us benches for thirty-two more men, another finishing bench, and space for the instruction in clogging, which will be commenced on the 1st November. A small classroom has also been provided for the purpose of giving the men short lessons on the details of their work. It has been found helpful to give short lessons of about half-an-hour's duration, in addition to the instruction given while work is being done at the bench. The men then have an opportunity of consulting the instructor with regard to their difficulties.

The lessons have been arranged to assist the men as they progress from one kind of work to another, and have been carefully graded for that purpose. They will include also instruction as to the method in which boots are manufactured, and information as to material and its proper uses. Short summaries of the earlier lessons have been prepared, and are being issued from the After-Care Department to all men who have left.

There is a tendency with some men who have made a good beginning at boot repairing to feel that their work is learnt when they can succeed in securely fastening a new sole into its place, but they must realise that this is only the beginning, and that they must be prepared to acquire as wide a knowledge as possible of every type of boot, and how to overcome the difficulties in repairing when boots are badly worn. Another very important point is with regard to the whole finish of the job, as this is generally what gives the good or bad impression to the customer.

In the Joinery Department some very remarkable work has been executed during September in the way of fixtures for the shop of E. J. Blundell, who has settled at 27, High Street, Eton. A. R. Hallett has built a counter with a four-panelled front and projected moulded top, all correctly

framed together, which is the admiration of all who have seen it. A well-constructed fixture, finished with a crown mould at the top, to go behind the counter, has been made by T. W. Stratfull, who has maintained his usual high standard of work. This effort demands special note, for although Stratfull was a carpenter by trade before being blinded, he has had greater difficulties to contend with than most men, for he has lost his thumb, index and middle fingers of his left hand, and the index finger of his right hand. R. Caven has produced panelled work to case in the window, with glass lights at the top and finished with bolection moulding below. Even those of us who are getting used, to some extent, to the skill of St. Dunstan's men in this department, have been startled by the high level of workmanship which has been reached by these men, who have only been a few months at the trade. Very many men who have spent years as joiners would not be able to equal the achievement.

Blundell was one of our most successful pupil-teachers in the Picture Framing Section. He was noted not only for his neat and tasteful work and the skill with which he instructed other men, but also for the patience and invariable courtesy which made all work with him a real pleasure. We lose him with many regrets, and have confidence that his establishment at Eton will soon be quite a centre of interest.

In the Mat Department our staff of instructors has been increased by the arrival of Mr. W. Bunn, who brings a life-time experience to his new duties. Bennett, though only a short time a pupil teacher, did very useful work, and we wish him every success, in common with the following men who have also left:— E. Sheppard (Joinery); W. Diamond, H. Hague, A. Oldfield, S. Purvis, R. Dunn, R. Westwood (Boots); R. Stone, T. Randall (Baskets); A. Perrins (Baskets and Mats).

W. H. O.

Country Life Section

WE greatly regret to record that, owing to a recurrence of ill-health, which was brought about by service in the Army, Mr. C. S. Anderton, Superintendent of the Country Life Section, has been forced to take a complete rest for a few weeks. We wish him a speedy recovery, and hope that before long he may be able to return to the work which he so ably directs.

In his absence, all communications on country life matters should be addressed to Mr. Thomson Brown.

During the past month we have received the following gifts, for which we tender our best thanks:— 11 cockerels, from A. H. Patston, himself a St. Dunstan's poultry-farmer; 1 R.I.R. cockerel and 1 White Leghorn cockerel, from A. Varney, a member of our expert visiting staff; 2 rabbits, from Mrs. D. Nately; 1 Brown Leghorn hen, from Mrs. Grellier; 1 Brown Leghorn hen, from Mrs. W. Morris Vincent; 2 Buff Orpingtons and 2 White Wyandotte cockerels, from Mr. MacIvor Bassett; 5 poultry-houses, from Mr. F. R. Archer, Upminster.

E. Clarke left St. Dunstan's at the beginning of 1916, and was settled as a poultry-farmer at Edwinstow. He has since then started working an allotment, which has been most successful. In a recent letter he tells us that he took the first prize for the best potatoes and carrots at a local show.

Now that the colder weather is fast approaching, and fresh, succulent green food, so necessary for the birds' well-being, is getting scarce, our poultry-farmers may be glad to hear that we have in stock a quantity of clover meal, which we can supply at cost price in 56 lb. or 1 cwt. bags. Men who use it should always remember to well steep it first in scalding water and cover it up for several hours to steam and swell before it is mixed with

the soft food. Not only is it a most satisfying bulk feed, but there is nothing so good or cheap to assist in keeping up the egg supply. Do not wait until all your poultry food is used up before ordering more. We never know what unforeseen events, such as railway strikes, may occur, and "delays are dangerous"; so try and never have less than about ten days' food in hand. Also please purchase locally if a supply can be obtained at a proper price and of as good a quality as we can secure. We are always glad to hear of any stock of grain or meals for sale, so that we can send for prices and samples.

HINTS FOR THE PRESENT MONTH

In my remarks about moulting last month I advised the treatment of scaly legs at this time of year when the hens drop their feathers and the old leg scales; we must do all we can to have the stock birds in first-rate order for the next breeding season, which begins in another three months for heavy and four months for the light breeds. Any 1917 hatched pullets that are to be used for breeding in 1919 must be sound and fit in every way; for it is not enough for us to breed layers of large numbers of eggs, we must breed really healthy, vigorous birds, and we are not likely to do this if the parents are not in first-class, unforced and absolutely healthy condition. In fact, no bird is fit to be a stock bird unless it has had an entirely healthy existence from birth. Another very important point to remember is the great influence the male bird has on the laying powers, as well as other conditions, of his daughters. The male bird is nearly three-quarters of the breeding pen in value, and it is chiefly on the breeding pen that future success rests. It is extremely important, therefore, that the cockerel is bred from a really good and healthy hen, one that has not only laid a large number of eggs, but good-sized eggs, too. He should be nine to ten months of age when first mated, and to give the best results should have had a first-rate,

natural, and unforced up-bringing, apart from hens and pullets. See, too, that he has no structural defects, as crooked breast bone, wry tail, etc. Now is a good time to select the future "Sire," and look after him well for the next three or four months.

It is quite time, also, that the hens are selected for the next season's breeding pen. They must be carefully examined and should be of a fair size for the breed, as well as having a good laying record in their first season. Better to breed from a rather small pen of good birds than a large one of inferior quality and stamina. These hens must not be forced to lay through the winter, but be comfortably housed, and fed on an ordinary unforcing diet, not omitting some form of green food daily, such as cabbage, swedes, or clover meal.

Continue disposing of surplus cockerels as fast as possible, so that the pullets, which ought to be laying very shortly, can have more room in houses and runs. Do not force the pullets until in full lay.

J. P.

The Yanks Are In It.

"THE Yanks are coming," was the song we sung,
"The Yanks are coming," and the Yanks have come;
They have been some time about it, but now that they are here,
Let's extend the hand of friendship, and greet them with a cheer.

The Yanks are coming! Yes, the Yanks have come!
With their rifles and their bayonets and their sticks of chewing-gum;
They're coming in their thousands, and it does you good to see
Those stalwart sons of "Uncle Sam" march boldly up the quay.

The Yanks are coming! They are right at hand,
From Carolina, Texas, Tennessee and Dixieland;

Entertainments

THE St. Dunstanter hangs on to the summer with might and main, getting his enjoyment in life as long as possible out in the open. But when the summer decided to depart there were plenty of good entertainments generously provided by St. Dunstan's friends, so that the keenest sportsman was more than reconciled to spending an evening indoors.

Among the capital concerts recently enjoyed was one given by the Great Eastern Railway Musical Society, which in peace time numbers some 800 performers, while many other well-known artists and artistes delighted us with songs, jokes, stories and recitals.

The bands are looking well after St. Dunstan's. Every Monday evening, from 7 to 9, the 4th (National Guard) Battalion City of London Volunteer Regimental Band plays for dancing, and the Salvation Army Band comes here on alternate Thursday evenings.

To Fritz it was a good joke when the Sammies talked of war,
But now that they are in it, he is feeling glum and sore.

The Yanks are in it, and the Yanks have hit,
Now they've given over talking and are out to do a bit;
The German Eagle's wilting, his day is well-nigh done,
For the entry of America is the exit of the Hun.

The Yanks are very busy, they are on a business trip;
They have reached the Eagle's feathers and are tightening up their grip;
The day seems not far distant when Peace may raise her head,
And Prussia's power and "Kultur" at Freedom's feet lie dead.

Colin McLean.

Experience of a Blinded Soldier Home Teacher

SERGEANT-MAJOR COPE, who, after his period of re-education at St. Dunstan's, settled in Southampton as a visitor on the staff of the Home Teaching Branch of the National Institute for the Blind, sends us the following extremely interesting notes on his experiences when visiting civilian blind folk in his neighbourhood, together with his views on getting about alone and on Braille reading:—

"I visit about 170 people altogether, over a very wide area, and in addition to teaching any that desire it, Braille, or, in the case of those unable to tackle this, the old Moon type, I distribute monthly and weekly Braille magazines and newspapers and generally keep them supplied with literature. If they don't read themselves, I sometimes read them a short story or chapter myself, and yarn with them, and thus bring a little of the outside world into their darkened lives.

"Now for a few of the interesting characters with whom I have met. When I first left St. Dunstan's I stayed for a couple of weeks with a man who had only partial sight and whose wife was totally blind, and I had been in the house some hours before I became aware of the fact. She would not allow her 'hubby' to do a single thing about the house; she cooked and washed and cleaned and dusted, and sang like a lark whilst doing her work. I cannot think for the life of me, how she peels potatoes, makes pastry and the many other things; but the fact remains that she does do it, and do it well, too, for I never wish for better living or a cleaner and tidier place. And this woman never had any help whatever. But I have many other women whom I visit frequently, who to all intents and purposes run their own households, only getting occasional help, and I have found, without exception, that they are far away the most cheerful and bright amongst the many that I visit. I mention this because many of the boys have never had an opportunity of meeting

a blind lady, and they will be as astonished as I was to know what they are capable of doing.

"I visit several men who are quite expert gardeners. They, with the exception of a few trifling details, do the whole of their gardening themselves, and a capital job they make of it. The actual digging the ground with the aid of a stout line is a pretty simple job when one gets used to it, and so is the planting of potatoes, cabbages and the like; the greatest difficulty being the weeding of the small seeds, such as carrots, etc. One man, who is otherwise occupied during the day, contends that he has the advantage over the ordinary sighted man, for he need not hurry home to put in an hour before dark; he can get on with it whilst they are in bed!

"Now I would like to say a few words about my own getting about. Of course I have a guide, but I always dispense with him in the vicinity of my own district, as I have gradually extended my knowledge of this place, and I am confident that in time I will get all over Southampton by myself, although I have never seen the town. I know there has been some controversy about the advantages of a stick, but I use the light cane I got at St. Dunstan's and find it of the greatest service. One need not go walloping the wall, but if one walks along and gives an occasional side tap with the cane it gives one a certain amount of confidence and keeps one walking straight. Then the kerb, too, is of great assistance, for one can run the stick along it without attracting a lot of attention. Then, on stepping on and off the kerb, it is of the utmost importance, for it enables one to raise or lower the foot at the psychological moment without any scuffling at all. Similarly, in going up or down steps, the stick will indicate the top or bottom one without any hesitation. In walking along country roads I go for miles without touching my companion—the sound of his steps are ample guide. I used to zig-zag at first, but I walk quite

straight now. Of course, there will always be obstacles which one will meet when going alone, but hardly ever anything that need ruffle one's feathers, and one must not be disheartened by an occasional knock. "Braille, I know, is sometimes rather trying to most newly blinded men. I cannot quite understand why, for I was fascinated with it from the first. I would like to impress on the boys who do not take to it kindly, that it is of the utmost importance that it should be tackled in the early stages of blindness. I am afraid that if it is put off it will only be mastered with difficulty. Speaking for myself, I think that life would be pretty rotten without it.

"One of my experiences is that blind people who have not had the advantages that St. Dunstanners have had get into a rut or groove. I know people who have not been outside their own doors for years, although they are healthy and strong. The simple reason is that they settled down to it in the early stages of blindness and now nothing will move them. Nor will many of them ever do anything useful in their own house. This goes to show that even if it is somewhat irritating and trying at first, one should not take it lying down, but be determined to learn all one can in the first few months of darkness."

Congratulations

WE are told in Church Notes, in another page of this issue, that the Rev. Harold Gibb, who is a frequent visitor to St. Dunstan's, gave one of his welcome addresses in the Chapel on September 22nd.

Mr. Gibb will be remembered as the gallant Chaplain who, at a time when non-combatant officers had been forbidden to enter the danger zone close behind the lines, applied for a combatant commission, went up the line with his men, and was blinded in action.

We offer him our sincerest congratulations on an appointment he is to fill shortly, which came about through a notice of a service he took in the chapel which appeared in a recent number of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW. Writing to Sir Arthur in this connection, Mr. Gibb said:—

"I know you like to hear of any success connected with St. Dunstan's, and I fancy this must be a novel cause for congratulations!

"The ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW has proved itself an excellent 'Ecclesiastical Agency.' A mention of me which appeared in the March number had the happiest result, for a friend of St. Dunstan's, reading of my visit, offered me a living in Suffolk, which I have accepted, and we hope to move down there early next year.

"Thanks are obviously due to you again, for getting me a job as well as for training me to fill it. . . ."

Mr. Otto H. Kahn, the well-known American financier, who so generously placed the magnificent house and grounds of St. Dunstan's at Sir Arthur Pearson's disposal at the beginning of the war, has received from the President of the French Republic the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, in recognition of his distinguished services to the Allied cause.

No man did more to bring America to the side of the Allies than did Mr. Kahn. Sir Arthur Pearson has cabled him congratulations from all St. Dunstanners.

WE are pleased to note that Sergt. W. J. Gilbert, the eldest son of Private W. J. Gilbert, has been awarded the D.C.M. for bravery and signal devotion to duty. Private W. J. Gilbert, who is now at the Bungalow Annexe, entered St. Dunstan's in July. He has six sons, five of whom are now serving. The sixth has seen service in the Navy, and is now making munitions. He himself was in the Devon Regiment until invalided out. No St. Dunstanner, we think, can boast of so many sons serving.

Sports Club Notes

THE SECOND MARLOW REGATTA.

ON Saturday, September 7th, the Marlow Rowing Club again entertained a large party of our crews and scullers to an all-day Regatta. The weather was delightfully fine and warm, and all the races were keenly contested. The party arrived at Marlow by the 10.27 a.m. train, and the rowing, which comprised twenty-two heats and finals, commenced at 11 a.m. and ended at 5.40 p.m. Mr. Alfred Davis, secretary of the Marlow Club, officiated at the landing stage. Mr. W. Davis and Mr. H. J. Smith (Marlow Rowing Club) were the starters, and Lieut. H. V. Stockton acted as judge. Lunch was served at the Marlow Boys' School, and Mr. Davis, who took the chair, said a few words of welcome to the men, which received enthusiastic applause. Lieut. Stockton replied, and added a word of thanks to Miss Lapraik and her lady helpers who so successfully presided over the meal. Tea was served on the Club lawn, where an orchestra played during the afternoon, and at the close of the racing the prizes were presented by Lady Eardley-Wilmot.

The results were as follows:—

Single Sculls Final: 1st, J. London (Sussex Place Annexe); 2nd, J. Burt (Sussex Place Annexe); 3rd, T. Milner (College Annexe); won by $\frac{1}{2}$ length.

Double Sculls Final: 1st, F. Hackett and A. Pettipher (Bungalow Annexe); 2nd, A. W. Ballard and W. Robinson (Bungalow Annexe); 3rd, W. Sergeant and P. Holmes (College Annexe); won by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

Pair Oars Final: 1st, F. Hackett and A. Pettipher (Bungalow Annexe); 2nd, F. Jackson and F. Ashworth (College Annexe); won by 1 length.

Fours: 1st, Bungalow Annexe (J. Corrigan, J. Doubler, F. W. Shelton, C. F. Thompson); 2nd, House (C. J. R. Reddish, A. Gribben, W. Trott, W. W. Bailey); won after a thrilling race by a quarter of a length.

Fours v. Marlow Rowing Club.—The Bungalow Annexe Four, representing St. Dunstan's, raced Marlow Scratch Service Four, consisting of 2nd-Lieut. W. D. Boyt, R.G.A., H. J. Smith, W. A. Porter (late Bucks Yeomanry), and F. H. Jackson (late H.A.C.), cox Cadet R. Bath (R.N. College). St. Dunstan's won a fine race by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

PEARSON CHALLENGE CUP.

The semi-final for the third tug-of-war contest for the Pearson Challenge Cup was held in Regent's Park on Monday, Sept. 16th, and was between the Bungalow Annexe Team (G. Eades, B. B. Bowering, T. W. Gell, J. Attrell, H. A. Perrett, F. Hackett, C. H. Waters, A. Pettipher, J. W. T. Cason, F. Makin, T. Gavaghan) and the Cornwall Terrace Annexe Team (D. McPhee, V. Guthrie, B. Collins, S. H. Edwards, W. J. S. Pearce, A. H. Brown, G. J. Smith, H. Vickers, A. W. Burnett, J. Whittingslow, A. V. Lowther). The Bungalow Annexe proved the better team, but the Cornwall Terrace Annexe eleven, which had been coached by Mr. Vaile, put up a plucky fight, and only lost after a stern struggle.

The final took place in Regent's Park on Thursday, Sept. 19th, between the Bungalow Annexe Team and the House Team (holders). The House team were the victors for the third time in succession, and thus won the cup outright. Immediately after the contest, Sir Arthur Pearson presented his Cup and the medals to the winning team. His announcement of the fact that the House had re-presented the cup for further contests was warmly received. He congratulated the winning team on their splendid victory, and hoped that the future contests would prove as equally exciting. Three rousing cheers were given for Sir Arthur. The following are the names of the victorious House team: H. Hardy (captain), S. McLean, H. W. Macauley, J. Triggs, H. Sime, C. Fankhauser, A. M. Johnston, A. Gribben, W. T. Lilley, F. Fishwick, and A. Northcote; coach, Sgt. Macauley, V.C.

WALTON REGATTA.

On Saturday, September 7th, at the New Zealand Regatta held in aid of St. Dunstan's at Walton-on-Thames, the Anzac Four (C. Fankhauser, stroke, H. Hardy, D. McPhee, H. Sime, cox, Sister Phillips) beat Kempton Park A.S.C. Four by five lengths.

PUTNEY RACES.

Some very interesting and keenly contested races were held at Putney on Thursday, September 26th. Twenty-five heats and finals took place, rowing commencing at 10 a.m. and ending at 4.10 p.m. Quite the most stimulating event of the day was the Single Sculls Competition for the cups presented by Mr. J. Phillips for novices. Although all the competitors were absolute beginners, who in some cases had only commenced rowing a week or so before the event, they all showed most creditable form. Our Vice-President, Mr. R. J. Calcutt, beat his own record by starting twenty-five races in one day, and although this proved no light task owing to a fairly strong breeze, every start was a good one. Our Sports Captain, Mr. L. G. Tucker, officiated at the landing stage, and Lieut. H. V. Stockton was judge. The results were as follows:—

SINGLE SCULLS.

Senior Heavy Weight: 1st, H. N. Hardy (House); 2nd, C. Thompson (Bungalow Annexe); won by 1 length.

Senior Light Weight: 1st, W. W. Bailey (House); 2nd, J. Burt (Sussex Place Annexe); won by 1 length.

Junior Heavy Weight: 1st, G. T. Shaw (House); 2nd, F. Ashworth (College Annexe); won by $\frac{1}{2}$ length.

Junior Light Weight: 1st, F. A. Rhodes (Cornwall Terrace Annexe); 2nd, F. V. Thompson (College Annexe); won by $\frac{1}{2}$ length.

Maiden Heavy Weight: 1st, V. Guthrie (Cornwall Terrace Annexe); 2nd, A. M. Johnston (House); won by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

Maiden Light Weight: 1st, J. Boyce (Sussex Place Annexe); 2nd, W. Taylor (College Annexe); won by 1 length.

DOUBLE SCULLS.

Advanced Heavy Weight: 1st, F. Hackett and A. Pettipher (Bungalow

Annexe); 2nd, P. Holmes and F. Ashworth (College Annexe); won by 1 length.

Advanced Light Weight: 1st, J. H. Greenway and C. Williams (College Annexe); 2nd, J. Corrigan and F. W. Shelton (Bungalow Annexe); won by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

Maiden Heavy Weight: 1st, G. T. Shaw and E. W. Martin (House); 2nd, H. A. Perrett and B. B. Bowering (Bungalow Annexe); won by 2 lengths.

Maiden Light Weight: 1st, S. Anderson and R. Popple (Bungalow Annexe); 2nd, A. Cooper and J. Triggs (House); won by 2 lengths.

PAIR OAR.

Advanced Heavy Weight: 1st, F. Hackett and A. Pettipher (Bungalow Annexe); 2nd, C. Fankhauser and H. Sime (House); won by $2\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

Advanced Light Weight: 1st, C. Williams and W. Pratt (College Annexe); 2nd, J. Corrigan and F. W. Shelton (Bungalow Annexe); won by $\frac{1}{2}$ length.

Maiden Heavy Weight: 1st, A. H. Craigie and L. E. Carter (Bungalow Annexe); 2nd, W. T. Lilley and S. McLean (House); won by 1 length.

Maiden Light Weight: 1st, F. H. Hughes and J. McGowan (Cornwall Terrace Annexe); 2nd, D. J. Morgan and W. Robinson (Bungalow Annexe); won by 1 length.

FOURS.

1st Class Crews: 1st, Anzac Four (C. Fankhauser, stroke, H. Hardy, D. McPhee, A. Sime); 2nd, Bungalow Annexe Four (J. Corrigan, J. Doubler, F. W. Shelton, C. F. Thompson); won by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

2nd Class Crews, Heat 1: 1st, College Annexe First Four (W. Pratt, C. Williams, A. Smith, J. H. Greenway); 2nd, House Light Weight Four (W. W. Bailey, A. G. Marshall, A. Gribben, C. J. R. Reddish); won by 1 length.

Heat 2: 1st, College Annexe Second (S. R. Dyer, F. Ashworth, F. Jackson, A. Yates); 2nd, Cornwall Terrace Annexe (A. W. Burnett, H. Vickers, S. H. Edwards, F. A. Rhodes); won by 1 length.

Final: College Annexe First beat College Annexe Second by 2 lengths.

PHILLIPS CUPS.

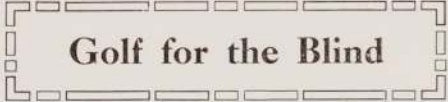
Final: 1st, H. Vickers (Cornwall Terrace Annexe); 2nd, A. S. McDowell (Cornwall

Terrace Annexe); 3rd, J. Boyce (Sussex Place Annexe).

FUTURE EVENTS.

We intend to continue the rowing practice on Regent's Park lake throughout the winter. Arrangements are now being made for tug-of-war contests, and it is proposed to form one or more leagues of inter-house teams. Physical training will also be a feature, and no doubt the services of qualified instructors will be secured. Details of the Tug-of-War Leagues and the Physical Training Classes will be announced later.

H. V. S.



Golf for the Blind

THOUGH, strictly speaking, it is not true to say that a blind man can play golf, a great deal of healthy amusement and exercise may be had on the golf course. Certain rules of the game have to be altered to meet the particular conditions of the blind player, and some concession has to be allowed when his ball gets into very rough ground. Putting, too, is not very practicable, but the golfers can play only to pitch on the green, counting two strokes to "hole out," or some similar scheme can be devised.

Writing of his experience of the game, an old St. Dunstanian says:—

"In pre-war days I was a member of the local golf club, and was passionately fond of the game. During my holiday recently I thought I would have another try, and must say I have proved to my own satisfaction that 'we, who,' to use the Chief's words, 'do not see as well as we used to,' can still enjoy many of the games we played before we lost our sight.

"I was accompanied by my brother, who tee'd the ball, placed the head of my golf club immediately behind it, and gave me the line of direction. It only remained for me to make a suitable stroke.

"With my driver, brasseys and driving-iron, I got a fairly long straight ball, and

was surprisingly successful with my mashie and niblick. Putting, of course, presented difficulties, but these did not discourage me.

"An experienced golfer on reading these lines will ask himself where the old maxim, 'Keep your eye on the ball,' comes in. The truth of the matter is that there is no need to keep your eye on the ball at all. The beginner is told to look steadfastly at the ball so as to prevent him from moving his head while making a stroke. I look in the direction of the ball, imagine I see it, and then keep my head perfectly still.

"Like all golfers my play varies considerably. Some days I get into all sorts of trouble with bunkers and other obstacles, and other days I get round very well. Once I did two short holes in bogey, and often I do the longer ones in just over bogey." "Golfer."

[We would welcome correspondence from any of our readers who have had similar experiences, whether at golf or any other game.]



The Hanover Gate 'Bus Stop.

MANY of St. Dunstan's workers have written asking whether it would not be possible to have a compulsory stop for all omnibuses at Hanover Gate.

This suggestion was put before the Company, and every effort was made to investigate the need for a stop. The Company went so far as to send an inspector to remain all day at that point and count the people boarding 'buses at Hanover Gate. It was found that only between twelve and half-past, at noon, and round about 5.30 in the evening was there any number of people wishing to stop the 'buses, and even at those hours the average number of waiting people would, they decided, by no means justify a compulsory stop, which is fixed only in very busy thoroughfares, at points where the need is from morning till night.

St. Dunstan's workers will readily acknowledge the fairness of this decision, and feel grateful, at the same time, for the trouble taken by the Company in going into the matter.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

THE Rev. Harold Gibb, an old St. Dunstan, spoke in the Chapel on September 22nd. Each time he comes the congregation is larger, nor is this to be wondered at, for he is able to put into words the deepest thoughts and highest aspirations of those who have been through the recent experience of being blinded. He has kindly promised to come again at an early date.

The Harvest Thanksgiving was held on October 6th. Too much cannot be said for the trouble Mr. Kingston-Stewart took in preparing the music for this occasion. A beautifully bound Bible, presented to the Chapel by Mr. Kessell, was first used at this service.

The Chaplain has a good many Braille volumes of the Bible and Prayer Book in hand, and would be pleased to supply any religious Braille publications to men who want them. L. G. T.

Catholic Chapel Notes

The visit of Father Gratty, the blind priest, which was mentioned in the September REVIEW, has not yet been fixed, but we hope to be able to welcome him shortly.

Twenty-two of the small stained glass windows are now in position, and the four others are undergoing alterations. They represent the emblems by which the saints are known in Christian Art, and form a very attractive collection. A detailed description is impossible in our limited space, but we may mention that St. George and St. Andrew are represented by their distinctive crosses, St. Patrick has his shamrock, St. Edmund his crown, St. Thomas of Canterbury his mitre pierced by a dagger, while our own

St. Dunstan is represented by the pincers with which, according to the legend, he is reported to have tweaked the Devil's nose. Our grateful thanks are due to the donors of these windows. It is now proposed to fill in the upper panes with similar emblems, and eleven of these have already been promised.

A word of congratulation is due to the men on the improvement in the singing of the hymns, which is very noticeable.

Catholics are again reminded of the privilege of having a chapel in their own grounds, and should—out of gratitude to St. Dunstan's—make it a point of loyalty to attend their obligation mass there.

P. H.

Marriages

The Editor will be glad if men would inform him of full particulars of births and marriages when they want notices inserted in the "St. Dunstan's Review." Information should reach the Editor before the 1st of each month for that month's issue.

On Saturday, August 17th, F. H. Barnett was married, at St. Ann's, Paddington, Brisbane, Australia, to Miss M. Leggett.

On Tuesday, August 27th, D. O. Evans was married to Miss I. M. Webber.

On Sunday, September 8th, A. Hamilton was married to Miss A. Abbot.

On Tuesday, September 17th, H. Weeks was married to Miss R. Hendy.

On Saturday, September 21st, T. Horsfall was married, at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss Farr.

On Saturday, September 28th, J. Triggs was married, at St. Marylebone Parish Church, to Miss D. Choppin.

On Sunday, October 6th, A. Pettifer was married, at St. Marylebone Church, to Miss N. F. Careswell.

On Monday, October 7th, A. T. Coulson was married, at St. Lawrence's Church, Sigglesthorpe, to Miss W. Wyse.

Births

C. R. BEATTIE, son - - Sept. 24, 1918
 R. DODDS, son - - - Sept. 12, 1918
 J. BARLEY, son - - - Sept. 15, 1918
 R. VINE, son - - - Sept. 17, 1918
 A. CHILTON, daughter - Sept. 15, 1918
 R. J. THOMAS, daughter - Sept. 14, 1918
 W. THOMAS, son - - - Sept. 28, 1918
 T. COOPER, daughter - - Sept. 12, 1918
 H. EXALL, son - - - Sept. 9, 1918
 E. ALEXANDER, son - - Sept. 6, 1918
 C. ROSE, daughter - - - Sept. 26, 1918
 G. WARREN, daughter - - Sept. 28, 1918
 C. BURKE, son - - - - Aug. 28, 1918

Baptism

During the month, J. Gunn, J. Sattery and E. Jarman brought their baby daughters for baptism in the chapel.

Death

It is with great regret that we record the death, on July 8th, of Mrs. Curtis-Wilson, wife of Sergt. Curtis-Wilson, of Brunswick House, New Barnet, Herts.

Hun Inhumanity

A ST. DUNSTANNER'S EXPERIENCE

MORE than one of our St. Dunstan's men have had experiences as prisoners of war. One and all give point to the record of hardships which those who are unfortunate enough to fall into the hands of the enemy have to undergo and the humiliations to which they have to submit.

E. W. Martin was no exception. Called up on August 4th, 1914, and in France within a few days, his regiment fought in Mons and held the line at Le Cateau for nine hours. Martin was among the captured. For a start the prisoners were travelling in a cattle truck for three days and three nights without food or drink, or having any attention paid to their wounds. At the camp, says Martin, they were put to work, some clad only in blankets, others

in nothing but their shirts, and if they demurred or showed signs of uneasiness after working for twelve hours they were tied to stakes at waist and ankles, with feet off the ground; one of the prisoners, a Belgian, for no apparent cause, was hacked at by the sword of a Boche and cut in halves.

At one camp, Martin tells of a wily game the Germans used to indulge in, thinking to cheer the often flagging spirits of the townspeople. A party of the prisoners was collected together and paraded through the streets, while it was given out, each time, that a fresh batch of English prisoners had been captured. Our men were sneered at and insulted in every conceivable way as they were marched through the public thoroughfares, but they bore themselves gallantly, refusing to be dismayed or depressed by this humiliating treatment.

Martin has terrible facts to recount about the way in which the unfortunate prisoners were forced to do all sorts of unaccustomed work during the term of their captivity. The Germans, in trying to force some of our men to work against their will in coal-mines, became enraged, and even threw one man from the top to the bottom of the mine, breaking every bone in his body. Some more examples of this brutality caused a riot among the prisoners.

These terrible hardships continued, but Martin's comrades showed true British bulldog endurance and, he assures us, kept on smiling through it all. And those who, like Martin himself, got their exchange for "the return trip to Blighty" soon forgot their troubles as they landed at Southampton and heard the mighty cheer that went up from those on shore as they welcomed the weary and worn-out prisoners to their dear Home Country.

We learn with deep regret that a great French soldier, General Manoury, victor of the Battle of Ourcq in 1914, has been blinded in action, in France. This is, we believe, the first instance in which an officer of higher rank than that of colonel has lost his sight in the war.

My Prisoner

A POLICEWOMAN'S STORY—BY RAE G. CALDER.

IT was delightful there under the trees in the Green Park. I was not sorry to be off duty, and on my way home, with the consciousness of having put in a satisfactory day's work at my own particular job.

I belonged to the Women Police Service.

A little distance away from where I was sitting I noticed some people waiting to cross the road. A nursemaid, with several small charges; a couple of boys on their way home from school; and, apart from the rest, standing alone, quite close to the kerb, was a young Overseas Officer.

He was a tall, handsome man, very well set up; but I noticed he leant heavily on his stick, and that his head was bent in the direction of the oncoming traffic, as if he were anxiously looking for someone—or, was he listening?

There was a strange, tense look about him that compelled me to leave my seat and walk over to the little group. When I reached the soldier he swayed slightly, and I saw that he was blind. Blind—and he intended to cross the road along which a big Mercedes car was coming our way at full speed! In an instant I had caught hold of his arm and pulled him back from the road.

The car flashed past, and for a moment the soldier did not speak. Then there came from his lips so bitter a flood of invective that it scattered the nurse and children like a pack of frightened rabbits, and appalled me with its bitterness and misery.

"Curse you!" he finished. "Curse you! I've been six days trying to get my ears accustomed to the sound of the car, so that I could put my head under its wheels, and to-night I would have done it easily but for your — interference."

He was shaking from head to foot, so I kept hold of his arm.

"I'm sorry to have vexed you," I said gently. "I tried to help you."

He started. Evidently he had not thought of my being a woman.

"No one can help me," he said bitterly. "That is all over and done with. You have only hindered me. Please, go!"—and his hand came to the salute—"I did not know you were a woman."

I told him that to leave him alone was out of the question: if I did I should regret it all my life.

After a good deal of persuasion I got him to sit down, and begged him to let me take him to his hotel.

"Look here!" he said. "You've been so kind I feel ashamed to have spoken to you as I did—but you upset my plans altogether."

He went on to tell me that his name was Robert Allen, how he had come from Australia to fight for the Motherland, and had been blinded at — by the bursting of a shell.

"Before going to France I lived six months in your country," he said. "It was the loveliest spot I had ever seen. 'God's Island' I called it; and over there, among all the smoke and din of battle, I remembered the peace and beauty of England."

"As each month went by, bringing spring and summer time nearer, I thought of the smooth green grass, the blossom on the fruit trees, the primroses growing in the country lanes, and I vowed as soon as my work of soldiering was done, that I would come back to England and stay there as long as I lived."

"Well, I am back," he said, his voice growing hard and bitter, "and my soldiering is done; but I will never see anything again on 'God's Island' or any other island."

It was a few minutes before I could answer him. I had an insane desire to take his hands in mine and kiss them, in pity and in gratitude for his sacrifice, but

while he had been telling me his story I had made up my mind what to do, and I knew I must act quickly.

There is one great man in London—blind himself—who spends his life in helping others similarly handicapped. If I could only get this boy to see him, all would be well.

I knew I was up against something difficult, but I am a persevering sort of girl, and eventually Captain Allen said he would go and see the man "who made blind people want to live," provided I would accompany him. This I gladly agreed to do, and the result was better even than I had expected. After our interview Captain Allen agreed to place himself unreservedly in the care of the great man I had brought him to see, and when we shook hands at parting it seemed to me that some of the hopeless despair had left the young soldier already, and he thanked me charmingly for what I had done for him. . . .

All this happened eighteen months ago. At first I used to wonder what had become of Robert Allen, and whether he still resented my interference that day in the Green Park. It was not long before I knew.

One day he came to me at Headquarters, and afterwards across the table in a Piccadilly teashop he asked me to be his wife.

We have been married a year, and are just two of the happiest people in the world.

My husband learned to do great things during the training he had after our first meeting. He is a successful dairy and poultry-farmer, runs our farm in the heart of Surrey, on the latest scientific lines, and makes it a very good paying concern.

I see him crossing the lawn to me now—to root me out of my "den," as he calls it. A big, sun-tanned man, keen and alert with the joy of living, and with the idea of being handicapped put behind him forever.

"What are you doing, little woman?" he says. "Another yarn, eh?" He puts down an ancient pipe on the top of my MSS. "What is it this time?"

"I've been writing a true story," I answer—"our story."

"Really! And did you tell them you had to stop police work—that your last 'cop' proved too much for you?"

He lifted me out of my chair and kissed me.

"No!" I said. "I did nothing of the sort. I told them I got a life sentence for you—but with Love as the gaoler."

To the Newcomer at St. Dunstan's

WAIT, my soul, till thou awaken,
Just at present thou art shaken.
Leaves the locusts oft have taken—
Yet they spring again!

Think not life is harsh and brittle.
Think not thou can'st do so little.
Eyes have opened been by spittle—
Naught is done in vain.

Though thou see'st no sun a-shining,
"What's the use of still repining?"
Clouds have each their "silver lining,"—
Spring will come again!

In the Spring, the sap, returning,
Sets each little leaf-bud burning,
With a vigour there's no spurning,—
Fullness to attain.

Then, when free from care and strife,
In the summer of thy life,
Happy children, happier wife,—
Happiness shall reign.

And, when Autumn holds her sway,
Thou shalt ripen, not decay,
And, like trees in winter's day,—
Stalwart still remain.

Patience yet a little while,
Till we've crossed another stile.
E'er perhaps we've gone a mile—
Happiness we'll gain.

"Third Reserve."

AMONG the visitors to the St. Dunstan's Day offices quite recently was a Putney lady, who, as a thank-offering, left 800 threepenny pieces, which she had saved from shopping.

An Electrical Chicken Farm

[The idea of a poultry-farm which is more or less independent of labour is a very novel one. Though perhaps it is beyond the scope of most blinded soldier poultry-farmers, this article, which is taken from the *Scientific American*, makes interesting reading.—ED.]

AN ingenious American poultry-man feeds his 1,500 hens with one-tenth the labour this work entails on other commercial poultry-farms of similar size. He accomplishes this result with electric feed distributors, using six, each of which has a capacity of twenty-two bushels of mixed grain. An electric time-clock is set to operate the feeder five times a day, at which times grain is automatically scattered over 4,526 square feet of floor space. On the other poultry-farms grain is scattered laboriously by hand from a pail.

The giant receptacles in which the grain is stored are made of galvanized iron, and much resemble huge tops, right side up, attached to the ceiling. They hang, with the scattering mechanism, to within about a foot of the floor. When the time-clock gives the word, an electric-motor mounted on a short vertical shaft starts to work. The outlet in the end of the tank is opened, and as the grain drops, a swiftly revolving paddle scatters it to the far reaches of the pen. Six of these distributors operate simultaneously.

One incidental advantage of this method is that it makes frequent feeding practical, a point which the owner, who had both champion hen and champion pen at the 1917 International Egg-laying Contest, considers very important. "Little and often," is a principle he adheres to in feeding, whereas on most poultry-farms hard grain is scattered only twice a day.

On most poultry-farms feed is mixed by hand. The usual way is to dump the feed in a pile on the floor and to mix it with a shovel, then storing it in barrels or bins. But this American farm has a better way, a way that has saved its cost several times over in the first year of use. The mixing is done in a 180-gallon hogshead mounted on a shaft placed horizontally through its head

centres. A steel pulley and a 1½-horse-power electric-motor complete the simple but efficient arrangement. Bran, shorts, gluten, beef scraps, and the other constituents of the mash, are dumped into the hogshead in the correct proportions, and the mixing process is completed in a jiffy. Then the grain is drawn off in drop-bottom boxes, mounted on a transfer truck, which conveys them to floor openings, through which the mash is deposited in three great self-feeding hoppers in the pen below. The hoppers hold fourteen bushels each, and the three together serve 1,500 hens without difficulty.

Still another ingenious device found on the farm is the electric fence which the owner put in after he had lost in a single season, from chicken thieves, skunks and foxes, 700 growing birds, valued at £250. Using good chestnut posts, he attached to the inside at the bottom ½-inch-mesh chicken wire, 18 inches wide. Six inches of this strip was below the ground level. Above the fine wire was a 36-inch strip of 2-inch mesh wire.

On the outside of the posts he strung three strands of wire, two of them plain, the other barbed. These were mounted on insulators, and he kept them charged with 220 volts of electrical current. Signs posted at frequent intervals announced the fact. So that he would be entirely within his legal rights, and after consultation with authorities, he set the fence line four feet inside the boundaries of his property. Thus any person coming in contact with the fence had already trespassed. The fence is nearly a mile long.

Built to last for years, this fence is rather expensive, but it has many times justified its cost. When the weather is favourable it is unnecessary to close poultry-house doors at night, which is a decided advantage, as the poultry can leave the houses at daybreak.

Balloon Jumping

A BALLOON ascent before the war was very romantic and very safe. A balloon ascent now is still romantic, but not a bit safe.

Romantic because the air is still and the world silent, and from your gently swaying basket you can survey the war for many miles around.

Not a bit safe because—*Bang! Bang!*

No, the bursts are not intended to bring you down; they are bursts to your flank sent up by the anti-aircraft guns to warn you that a D 3, a Pfalz Scout, or a Fokker biplane is on your track.

"Pull in!" you shout down the telephone, and soon the cable winds in and the earth draws nearer and nearer.

But every "balloonatic" knows that when a balloon is attacked it is only once in twenty times that it is saved. He knows that he will have to jump.

You climb to the edge of the basket, hold tight to the rigging, and look into space. Not for many seconds. There is a whirr—the low, ominous Boche whirr—and coming straight for the balloon at one hundred miles an hour is an evil-looking "bird."

Now the teaching is, "Don't jump too soon—don't jump too late." If you jump too soon you may jump unnecessarily, for the "Archies" may drive the "bird" away. If you jump too late the balloon

may have descended so far that the parachute will not open before you reach the ground, or the burning balloon may catch it up in its downward flight.

Meanwhile—*whizz! whizz!* Bullets fly past you, and the Boche, firing as he flies, takes not a scrap of notice of the anti-aircraft barrage.

"Jump!" shouts your fellow-observer.

Here again the teaching is not very helpful: "Don't think about the jump." No, obviously foolish! But the earth is far below, and the heavens are far above, and you feel so lonely and so human.

Yet who does not jump surely burns!

You jump.

Generally it takes four seconds for the parachute to open, and the fall is 16ft. in the first second, the distance doubling every succeeding second. You fall 200ft. Not far, it is true, but it gives opportunity for you to wonder; and to wonder whether the parachute will open. Happily it seldom fails.

A terrific sense of rushing wind, and then suddenly a pull on the body, and you seem to be ascending towards the sky.

You are really being wafted gently to earth. But you are not safe till a descending ball of fire—your balloon—has passed by you, and as you land you reflect that the "balloonatic" deserves the easy time which is his when not "up top."

L.S.M., *Daily Mail*.

Germany's Food Problem.

IN an interesting article in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, the Rev. J. A. F. Ozanne gives us the following table, comparing Germany's rations with ours:—

	PER WEEK.				
	BRITAIN.	GERMANY.			
Meat	16oz. (average)	7 oz.	Jam	Not rationed	6.56 oz.
Bread	Not rationed	3 lb. 13 oz.	Fruit	Not rationed	Not issued, too scarce
Potatoes	Not rationed	2 lb. 8 oz. (July)	Fish	Not rationed	0.87 oz.
Milk	Not rationed	1.5 pints	Eggs	Not rationed	1 egg per 4 weeks
Cereals	Not rationed	2.19 oz.	Vegetables	Not rationed	3.94 oz. dried vegetables
Cheese	Not rationed	1.09 oz.	Coffee	Not rationed	2.19 oz. substitute
Butter	4 oz.	1.05 oz.	Tea	Not rationed	1.75 oz. substitute
Sugar	8 oz.	5.83 oz.	Cocoa	Not rationed	Unobtainable
			Syrup	Not rationed	0.87 oz.



The Carrier-Pigeon in Wartime

THESE interesting extracts are taken from an article written by George Frederick Lees and A. Somerville, appearing in the September number of the *Wide World* :—

Carrier-pigeons are known to have been used by the Egyptians, by Cæsar, by Richard Cœur de Lion, and at the Siege of Liège in 1574.

In the Siege of Paris, 1871, a pigeon post was organized and proved a great boon, for not only by its means were the provinces able to get news from the besieged capital, but those in the capital could thus hear from their friends and relatives. Some 400 birds were taken out of the city in balloons, and about 100 returned, many of them having fallen to the German snipers. Those who reached the city carried about 150,000 official telegrams and 1,000,000 private ones.

The method followed was this. On a huge board were pasted letters, telegrams, and even newspapers. A photograph was taken of the board on a small slip of collodion not thicker than an onion peel and with a surface of from one-and-a-half to two inches. Two or three of these films were inserted into the tube of a goose feather tied to a pigeon's tail. On arrival at its destination the contents of the collodion films were re-photographed and enlarged on a screen, cut up into the various telegrams, and distributed.

The British Army has, on numerous notable occasions, been eminently served by these interesting birds; one instance in recent years being the Siege of Ladysmith, when 100 birds were used to keep in touch with the outside world.

When the present war broke out a very efficient pigeon service was quickly established, thanks to the initiative and patriotism of the National Homing Union. Pigeon-flying had long been a sport in this country, as in France, and breeders were in possession of some of the finest birds in the world.

The signalling section of the Royal Engineers has charge of the pigeons at the front. The birds are generally housed in London motor-omnibuses transformed into lofts, each 'bus holding some sixty birds. The outside top part of the 'bus is roofed in to form a cage, while the men occupy three-quarters of the inside, because the front part of the inside is also part of the cage, which is entered by a door from the men's room, and also a door from the top of the back staircase.

There is an opening in the front of the cage, cleverly arranged, so that the birds can enter but cannot fly out again. A board is deftly poised just inside the opening, so that when a bird steps on it an electric bell rings inside, announcing its return.

As soon as the birds arrive at the loft a man creeps into the cage, catches it, reads the message, writes it down in duplicate and sends a copy to the signal officer, whence it is sent forth like an ordinary telegram.

Birds are always sent in couples, each with the same message, in case one should be shot by the enemy.

The staff attached to a pigeon-loft generally consists of a driver for the omnibus, an expert pigeon trainer and an orderly. The birds are taken to the front-line trenches or to the batteries in a basket fixed to the carrier of a motorcycle, or by a horseman, in little boxes shaped to their own bodies. Several birds can thus be carried together on a waist-belt.

The messages are now inserted in a little aluminium case, weighing about one gramme, fixed either to the bird's leg by two little rings or to a strong tail feather.

Innumerable stories are told about the invaluable services rendered to our Army and Navy by pigeons. The very fact that the Germans have established a corps of sharpshooters, provided with special weapons for pigeon shooting, is proof positive that these winged messengers perform most efficient work.