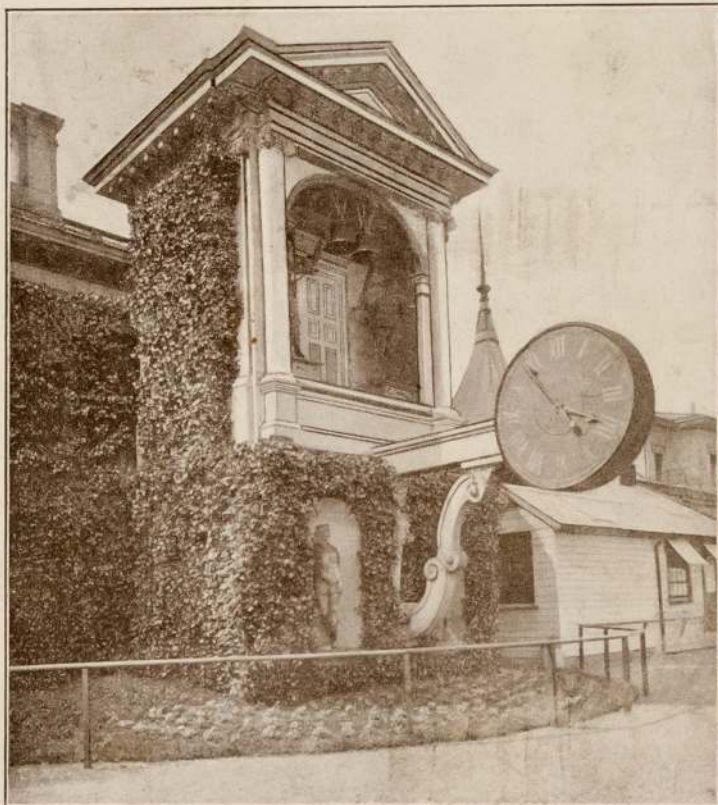


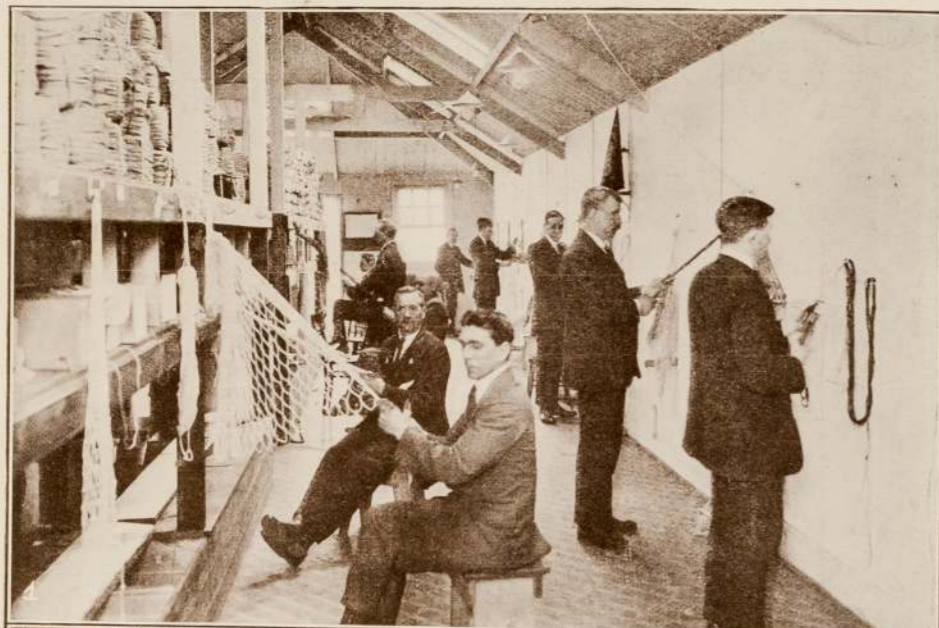
St. Dunstan's



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."



1. THE NETTING ROOM AT ST. DUNSTAN'S. 2. THE ST. DUNSTAN'S BAND.

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY IAN FRASER

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EDITOR'S NOTES

WE deeply regret that what is most certainly looked upon as the brightest feature of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW will be lacking this month, for seeing that Sir Arthur's departure from New York for this country has been postponed till February 15th, there are no regular "Notes by the Chief." Fortunately, however, a little message from him has arrived just in time for insertion, and will be found on the following page.

When this REVIEW is published he will be on the water, and before the end of the month he will be with us again, so that we may look forward to reading of his doings in America and Canada in our next issue.

There have come to hand a number of cuttings from American and Canadian papers, from which we gather that Sir Arthur has paid visits to Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other American cities, where he was met with a cordial welcome, and where the speeches he has made before various gatherings of influential folk have been received with as much interest and enthusiasm as have the lessons of St. Dunstan's been taken to heart by those responsible for the welfare of blinded soldiers and civilians.

From Toronto we have received even more enthusiastic reports of his welcome. Soon after his arrival Sir Arthur formally opened Pearson Hall, which, readers of the REVIEW will remember, is to be a permanent club and centre for Canadian blinded soldiers.

We reprint on the next page a graphic description, from a Toronto paper, of a dinner which was given in Sir Arthur's honour by the twenty-seven blinded Canadian soldiers who foregathered to meet the Chief from all parts of the Dominion. On this page, too, will be found some remarks about Sir Arthur, from the *Baltimore Sun*, which are typical of the notices which have appeared in all the leading American papers concerning his visit.

On the day following the dinner at Pearson Hall, in the Massey Hall, before a gathering of many thousands of representative Toronto folk, Mayor Church presented the Chief with a beautiful silver loving cup, with a warm welcome on behalf of the citizens.

The wish that Sir Arthur should have a pleasant and safe return journey is as surely in the hearts of St. Dunstanners and of all who know him as is the determination to match, and, if such a thing be possible, outmatch, our Canadian friends in the welcome we will give him on his return. There can be no doubt whatever that the loss we have sustained by his absence is counter-balanced by the immeasurable gain to the blinded soldiers of America and Canada, and, indeed, to the whole blind community across the water, who cannot fail to have absorbed from Sir Arthur something of the spirit of St. Dunstan's, which we all know to be our chief driving force.

Editor.

A Message from the Chief

I SEND you all this little word of greeting from the other side of the Atlantic. I shall not be back with you as soon as I had hoped for—America is a very difficult place to get out of nowadays. Passenger ships are few and delays are many. However, I believe I really am sailing on February 15th.

When I get back I shall have a great many interesting things to tell you in regard to the Canadian St. Dunstanners, the American soldiers who have lost their sight, and the great improvements in the condition of the blind population of Canada and the United States which are going to result from the immense interest which has been aroused by the way in which the men of St. Dunstan's have learned to live their lives.

I have told the story of St. Dunstan's to audiences numbering thousands in the principal cities of Canada and the United States, and I am going to tell it several times more before I leave. Everywhere it has been received with the most remarkable interest and enthusiasm.

You fellows should every one of you be proud of the fact that the example which you have set and are setting is going to prove of untold benefit to others who, like you, have lost their sight, but who, unlike you, have in the past not received a full opportunity of regaining it.



The following cutting, which is typical of many which have been received from American and Canadian papers, is taken from the *Baltimore Sun* :—

"LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

"Sir Arthur Pearson is one of the blind leaders of the blind who contradicts a Scriptural text. He is leading them not into a ditch but out of it. His life is a sermon on light by one who has been submerged in darkness. And to those who have been suddenly made his comrades by the war, as well as to those deprived of physical sight by other causes, he seems to have been assigned by providence as a messenger of hope and good cheer.

"One feels impelled to think of him as especially selected for the work he has undertaken. Just such a man with just such a message was needed for this time. Looking back, his career of success appears to have been shaped and directed for precisely this end. Only a man who carried sunshine and light in his heart would have been fit for this task. Equipped with the proper character and temperament, and with business ability that insured financial success, he was put in training for his blind leadership just before the war came on. And now this blind man with the

torch of hope and courage, is furnishing light and spiritual sight to many who would otherwise despair.

"It looks as if Sir Arthur had received a commission from the Commander-in-Chief."



Canadian St. Dunstanners Welcome to the Chief

(From a Toronto paper of the 7th Jan., 1919.)

THEY toasted their Alma Mater, St. Dunstan's, and its head, last night.

They toasted it lovingly and they toasted it royally. It was truly a Victory banquet. Twenty-nine blinded soldiers who had bought victory with a fearful price celebrated a double victory. They celebrated a mastery of the Hun and of themselves. Fate had flung them into utter darkness, and they had faced her blithely with a light on every countenance. So with their "Old Chief," who had shown them the light, they feasted last night.

Not since hundreds of exquisite white orchids crowned the huge supper table for the Yacht Club's regal welcome for a royal duke, has there been a more beautiful banquetting table than that spread last night at Pearson Hall.

Soft green curtains fell from the great windows of the old mansion's dining-room, where many a famous guest has been entertained. Lovely primroses and cyclamen decked the fireplace, and the light of many candles was reflected in the gleaming mahogany walls of the panelled room. Against this veritable frame was a vision of flowers and lights. Pale yellow bowls filled with the red roses of old England and white narcissi were the centres of each table of a hollow square. Between them were massed mauve primroses and cyclamen that looked like hundreds of delicate orchids. Bowls of vivid fruit and two great silver candelabra radiated still more colour and light. Many of the men were in khaki and the four V.A.D.'s who acted as waitresses, lent still another picturesque touch.

Corporal Viets, the first Canadian graduate of St. Dunstan's, was chairman. To his right was Sir Arthur Pearson, to his left Mr. L. M. Wood, president of Canada's National Institute for the Blind, which is trying to carry out St. Dunstan's ideals here. Next to him sat Lieut.-Col. Perrett, who had come from Regina for the reunion. Across from the evening's guest of honour with Dr. Dickson, sat Sir Arthur's host, Mr. W. K. George, who, with Mr. Wood and Pearson Hall's secretary, Mr. Rupert, were the only sighted guests. But only a close observer would have known it.

After coffee and cigarettes, Mr. Viets rose to toast "The King." Then he said: "We are here to do honour to our 'Old Chief,'" and a chorus of affectionate "Hear, hears," rang out.

And the very air tingled with emotion. Sir Arthur will have many a tumultuous greeting on this side of the water, but never can last night's wonderful scene be equalled. As Mr. Viets said :—

"No mere words could voice our feelings to-night. All would fall short. We welcome to-night not so much the man of title, friend of kings and queens and princes, but our old friend, the friend of the blind soldiers, the man with the big heart, the man who had the courage of his convictions to tackle this big proposition of training the blind soldiers, the man

who came to us in our hour of gloom and pointed the way to the light."

But it was Mr. Bill Dies, the one of us who has probably sacrificed more than any of us, that Mr. Viets called on to propose the toast to St. Dunstan's and its head. He paid a tender tribute to both, and declared that any courage or anything he had had got through St. Dunstan's.

Not only did the boys rise with their glasses high, but three good rousing cheers were given.

Then came words from Sir Arthur that made an outsider feel an intruder on almost sacred ground. He called on his pals, old and new, and spoke of his gratitude to them, for he had learned as much from them as he had given. He declared he was more than proud and happy to have lived with "you fellows and come very close to you." Now that there were close on 700 at St. Dunstan's, he was not able to see so much of the boys individually as he had the first ones. But he was proud that the lines on which St. Dunstan's had started had continued. He told them how it had been enlarged; gardens had now become buildings, and bungalows and a private hospital had been added.

"There had never been established any discipline there, the honour of St. Dunstan's is in the keeping of its men," said Sir Arthur, who declared he was extraordinarily proud of his Canadians.

"There are a first-rate lot of fellows going to join you," said he, "and I congratulate you upon your place. Mr. Wood has been in St. Dunstan's and has caught the feeling of it. I am more than delighted to see the charming way in which all the appointments here have been carried out. Here are beautiful furnishings, charming flowers, just as you found them at St. Dunstan's. The old idea that white-washed walls and deal furniture was all the blind needed is done. (Laughter.) We know we can appreciate beautiful surroundings as keenly as other people, in fact, I believe a little more so.

"You must take particular care never to lose that feeling of seeing. Never sit about in the dark. Remember, we see with our brains. Eyes are just the instruments that convey the impression to our

brains. Some folks never start to see until they lose their eyes.

"You want intelligent companionship. You want to use your own head. Loss of sight is after all only loss of sight. But what we lose in one way we gain in another. It's a great, great gain. Remember, 'God never shuts the door without opening a window.' Blindness brings some inability, some minor inconveniences, but it also brings an improvement in one's mentality and a general brightening of the faculties. The ordinary human being takes himself as he finds himself. But when you lose your eyes you've got to go all over yourself; you've got to take yourself seriously; you've got to think, think, think. Exercise improves the brain as much as it does the muscles. Necessity for concentration improves one's mentality. Balancing everything, I believe that you gain as much as you lose."

Sir Arthur and his audience together laughed at the old idea that a blind person was a semi-demi idiot, and St. Dunstan's Chief impressed it upon his hearers that their success to overcome all obstacles would mean so much to the blind generally.

He warned them about their dread of going to new places. He had had this himself until recently, but had got over it since he had recently made a break, and advised them to do likewise.

In closing, Sir Arthur thanked them for the charming welcome, and declared he would thrust himself upon them as often as he could do so. He even hinted he might make it a yearly visit.

Not only did last night's gathering pay tribute to St. Dunstan's, but to Lieut.-Col. Perrett was given a toast to propose to Dr. Dickson, whose inspiration had brought them together here. He also paid tribute to Mr. L. M. Wood. Dr. Dickson voiced his delight in the opening of Pearson Hall, which above all else would provide a home life.

To Mr. MacDougall was given a toast to propose to the Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment, and with it was coupled the name of Capt. Baker, who responded. He spoke of the help that Dr. Dickson and Mr. Sherman Swift had been, and

hoped that Sir Arthur's visit would mean fresh inspiration and yet fuller co-operation.

"We have but carried our torches from St. Dunstan's, where they were lit," concluded Captain Baker.

After the third toast the guests adjourned to the comfortable lounge, where Mr. Cowan proposed the final toast, to the National Institute, to which Mr. L. M. Wood responded.

On behalf of the boys Mr. Viets presented Sir Arthur with a Canadian-made plaid travelling rug, and they were delighted with still more happy words from the Old Chief.



Comrades-of-Mine

THEY fell like the leaves in an Autumn wind,

Which fluttered awhile in play;
But their songs rang high to the starlit sky,
While their forms grew cold on the clay,
To be kissed by the winds of the passing night,

Comrades-of-Mine, who had fallen in fight.

Kissed by the winds that were full of prayer,

Voiced in the silence of love,
Watched by the stars with a tranquil smile,
From the vaulted dome above,
To guide them their souls thro' the shadows of night,

Comrades-of-Mine, who had fallen in fight.

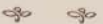
To guide them their souls to the fullness of dawn,

From the reddened and moistened clay,
While the dead faces answer the smile of the stars,

And the winds in their wanderings pray
For the souls of the heroes enshrined in the night,

Comrades-of-Mine, who had fallen in fight.

T. H. Dennison.



A Letter to a Headmaster

"DEAR SIR,—Please excuse Frank's absence from school yesterday. He fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige.—His Mother."

Departmental Notes

The Braille Room

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

Reading Test—C. B. Baker, J. Boyd, F. Clark, R. Gifford, T. Horsfall, W. M. Jones, Mr. Pemberton, W. P. Phelam, S. Redmayne.

Writing Test—R. Atkinson, R. W. Bowen, A. T. Brookes, W. F. Cork, M. Doyle, J. Doubler, G. L. Douglas, S. R. Dyer, R. T. Harding, P. Holmes, J. Healey, L. C. R. Jenkins, J. Knights, F. Marshall, J. Pamplin, R. Smith, J. Thomas, W. W. Walters.

It is with very great pleasure that we record that J. Boyd, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, has passed his Reading Test while still in hospital.



The following books are amongst those which have been lately added to the National Library for the Blind:—

"Happy-go-Lucky"—Ian Hay.

"In the Grip of the Nyika"—J. A. Paterson.

"Winter Pilgrimage"—Sir H. Rider Haggard.

"The Secret of the Island"—Jules Verne.

"Double Four"—E. P. Oppenheim.

"Monsieur de Rochfort"—H. de Vere Stacpoole.

"No Man's Land"—Sapper.

"Captains All"—W. W. Jacobs.

"Montezuma's Daughter"—Sir H. Rider Haggard. D. P.



Netting

THERE is now a rapidly increasing demand for garden nets of all kinds, and After-Care workers who wish for direct orders for special measurements are asked to write to the Superintendent, After-Care Department.

We shall be glad to receive, as soon as possible, all orders for fruit, vegetable and

poultry nets, and will send quotations for the cost of all such nets.

The large increase in our numbers has brought the daily attendance at the Netting Room up to about 250 men, and our large output of work makes it desirable to aim at a greater variety in our standard articles. One of the new features is the coloured swings, in addition to the white ones, and we find that they are much liked.

G. H. W.



Shorthand, Typewriting & Telephony

WE heartily congratulate the following men on having passed their Typewriting Tests:—

O. D. Amos, C. T. Campbell, J. Downie, J. Greenwood, E. T. Humphries, Mr. Lee, W. R. Meaker, H. Nievens, G. Roden, G. F. Smith, Mr. J. Swales, A. B. Taylor, J. Whitlam, A. F. Williamson.

H. Morris, a shorthand-typist, recently commenced work with a London firm as dictaphone operator.

Kingham, a telephonist, has also just left, and has a position with a London firm.

We wish both these men every success in their new careers. E. McL.



News from the Workshops

RECENT weeks have been marked by a very considerable advance in skill generally and a remarkably uniform level of workmanship throughout each department. Many men have made exceptional progress, but the outstanding feature has been the absence of poor work and the steady advance made by practically every man.

Since the holidays our numbers have reached a very high level, and at present in the various shops we are accommodating the following number of men:—Boots 211, Baskets 106, Mats 78, Joinery 39.

The pupil teachers have returned to their work with renewed interest and vigour, and the keen personal attention

which they give to their men proves that they realise their personal responsibility. Two most useful pupil teachers have left us—D. G. Morgan (Boots) and T. Gibbins (Baskets). The latter, and also A. Highet and E. A. Steel, have done extremely well throughout the whole of their course in Baskets, and it is worthy of note that each of them are now combining Poultry and Baskets.

The Staff of the workshops send most cordial greetings for 1919 and the future to all "Old Boys," with best wishes for their happiness and success.

The following men have recently left and have been settled in various parts of the country:—R. Bell, R. B. Backshaw, H. Blakeley, W. Cavanagh, H. Chave, C. G. Clark, K. Gateril, R. Horner, A. H. Kay, G. H. Matthews, F. Mussell, R. Popple, W. J. Sims (Boots); R. Archer, H. Fordyce, G. Green, G. B. Swanson (Joinery); A. Edmunds, G. James, E. Johnson, J. Marrison, J. Martin (Mats); W. McLean (Mats and Boots); R. A. Newton, B. E. Varley (Mats); C. Brooks, W. W. Bailey, H. Blease, G. Burt, T. W. Chamberlain, J. Cox, P. Clark, T. Clark, J. Moeller, Henry Smith, S. E. Varley (Baskets).

The extension of the workshops has now been completed, and consists of an addition of fifty feet to the former Joiners' shop. This has made possible a more compact arrangement of the benches. In the elementary department there are ten benches, while in the advanced section there are as many as twenty-seven benches. A number of promising men have recently moved from one section to the other, and they have been chiefly engaged in making their tool-chests.

The mahogany table illustrated in last month's REVIEW—the work of T. W. Stratfull—has been graciously accepted by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

Several Australians have recently entered the Basket shop, and they are working almost entirely in whole cane, as that is the material chiefly in use in their Colony. The following is some of the basket-work worthy of special mention:—Cane hamper, W. Martin; round soiled linen basket, E. Beckham; basket chairs,

made by G. Williams and W. Richie; fitched waste-paper basket, W. Simons; large square lunch basket, Sergt. Martin; square flower basket, F. Ashworth; clothes and baker baskets, F. J. Brown; square work, A. Blyde; centre cane baskets, T. Campbell and A. Emery.

In the Boot Department we welcome three new Instructors—Mr. Coyne, Mr. Luck, and Mr. Nash.

In the Mat Department there has been a change of pupil teachers. A. Ballard having returned to finish his course in boot repairing, his place has been taken by E. Woodward. The latter, by the way, has recently finished a beautifully executed lettered mat, "Victory over Blindness." The work of D. Batchelor stands out very remarkably among recent men.

A simple device is now in use to assist the men in making letters. It consists of a small board with yarn stretched over it to represent the warps. At each point where the "thrum" of fibre is to be inserted a nail has been driven in by the aid of a wooden guide, which can be moved up a line at a time, the man is thus able to tell practically how to "thrum."

It is difficult to refer to every piece of good work, but we may mention this month the work of B. Toomey, S. McDowell, A. C. Smith, and F. Thatcher.

W. H. O.

Advertising Blunders

WANTED, a Furnished Room, for a single gentleman looking both ways.

WANTED, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York. Willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

WANTED, two Apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family.

WANTED, an industrious man to take charge of 3,000 sheep who can speak German.

WANTED, a strong boy for bottling.

FOR SALE, a Bulldog. Will eat anything. Very fond of children.

FOR SALE, a Piano, by a lady, in elegant walnut case on carved supports.

St. Dunstan's Discussion Club

A BRISK discussion took place on the 15th January, on the subject, "Is the Competitive System the best for the Community?" It was opened in the negative by S. A. Chambers, who pointed out the waste of labour and the terrible expense in rival businesses when each required commercial travellers and extensive advertising. As regards railways, he remarked that competition meant the multiplication of boards of directors, large offices and advertising, whereas if the railways, together with the mines, were nationalised the profits would go towards meeting the rates.

Sergt. Nicholls, in opposing, cited several unfortunate results of recent Government control, causing lack of competition and consequent profiteering on a large scale. He stated that he was a firm believer in open competition, for which thousands of business men were now appealing.

F. Stratton pointed out that although there had been a general tendency towards eliminating competition, that had not been the aim of the Government; no system could insure against unscrupulous dealing.

W. Peary strongly supported international competition. He admired the competitive "one-man" business and feared that Government railways would be much slower and that the fares would be much higher than under the present competitive system.

On January 17th, Mr. Prady spoke on the subject of "Donkeys" with a wealth of historical allusion and not without many touches of humour.

On January 20th, Mr. H. B. Irving gave an excellent lecture on "Shakespeare's Criminals," when he showed an intimate knowledge of the human nature of these characters and gave interesting details of the motives of the crimes in Shakespeare's plays.

On Monday, February 10th, Captain Russell-Roberts gave us a very interesting

account of his African big-game hunting experiences.

The Committee arranges a lecture or a discussion for each Monday evening, at 5.30, in the Outer Lounge of the House. On February 17th there will be a discussion on, "What about Total Prohibition?"

Entertainment Notes

A VERY excellent concert took place on the 10th January, in the Inner Lounge. Being the first day after the resumption of work following the Christmas holiday, an air of festivity still remained. Miss Mary Law, the famous violinist, played several exquisite solos, which brought forth prolonged cheers and applause, and it was nice to hear Miss Helena Millais again in her character songs.

A great treat was provided one day at lunch time by Mr. Arthur Jordan and Mr. Bertram Brennan. They were both in khaki, and the former sang some of the songs which he has made so popular at the Albert Hall, whilst the latter accompanied. Mr. Brennan also played some wonderful pianoforte solos and gave many humorous imitations of other musical instruments.

Mr. Jack Goodson's experiment of bringing the chorus from "Violette," on the evening of January 16th, was most successful. The extended platform was erected in the Outer Lounge, and the gay singing and dancing of the party was thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

By the courtesy of Lt.-Col. W. E. James, the band of the 24th Battalion A.I.F. paid us a visit on January 21st, and played in the Outer Lounge for a couple of hours. Bandmaster Bright's selection of pieces was excellent and proved most popular.

Mr. Reginald Dawson's concert on the 23rd of the month was spoken of as the best we have had for a long time. Every item was thoroughly enjoyed. E. K.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

WE are all very sorry to learn that our Assistant Chaplain, the Rev. L. G. Tucker, is leaving us at the end of February. He has been working here for over two years with all his heart, and has helped to make our services bright and interesting. He has made many friends among the men of St. Dunstan's, and he will be much missed. We are also sorry to learn of his ill-health, and trust that, after a good rest, he will be fit again. We give him and Mrs. Tucker our very best wishes and thank them very heartily for what they have done for us in connection with our Chapel.

The Hon. Chaplain, the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, has been able to take some of the services for Mr. Tucker during January and February, and the Bishop of Willesden is kindly paying a visit on Septuagesima Sunday, February 16th.

The Rev. Ernest Williams, M.A., Senior Chaplain of the Eastleigh Casualty Clearing Station since July, 1915, hopes to be here on March 1st, to succeed Mr. Tucker as Assistant Chaplain.

Mr. Williams comes to us with an excellent record of work. Over 6,700 men have passed through his hands at Eastleigh. We are told he is an excellent speaker and an admirable organiser, and that his musical talents and athletic record have materially helped him in his work. A hearty welcome will await him at St. Dunstan's.

Catholic Chapel Notes

The stained glass windows for the twenty-six upper panes of the Chapel arrived at the beginning of the Term, so that the series is now complete. As before, the majority show the emblems of British Saints, and form a very representative group, while the rest include the Great

Fathers of the Church, and St. Gregory, who sent St. Augustine to England. To the donors, amongst whom are many old friends, our best thanks are offered.

On 26th January, J. Doubler, of the Bungalow, sang Santley's "Ave Maria," and on the following Sunday, assisted by Miss Sheldon, he gave a rendering of the Plain Chant, "Tota Pulchra es Maria." M. Doyle, J. McGowan and B. Collins have promised solos in the near future.

The Chaplain would be very grateful for the names of any Catholics among the new comers.

Births

MAKIN, son - - - - Dec. 5, 1918
 A. KEAN, son - - - - Dec. 6, 1918
 J. SHINNER, daughter - - Dec. 10, 1918
 J. SELBY, daughter - - Jan. 15, 1919
 H. RUTTER, daughter - - Jan. 15, 1919
 H. ELBORN, daughter - - Jan. 20, 1919
 G. PERRY, daughter - - Jan. 23, 1919
 F. JOHNSON, son - - - Jan. 23, 1919
 C. E. BOLTON, son - - Jan. 25, 1919
 H. HARGREAVES, daughter
 J. R. GREEN, daughter - Feb. 9, 1919
 E. J. HANCOCK, son - - Feb. 9, 1919

Marriages

ON Friday, December 20th, W. Murray was married at Innerleithen, Peebleshire, to Miss M. L. Nottman.

On Saturday, December 21st, J. E. Plunkett was married at The Church of Our Lady, St. John's Wood, to Mrs. H. A. Nicolls.

On Saturday, February 8th, J. D. Cockerill was married to Miss M. J. Todd.

Sports Club Notes

SINCE the return from the holidays, sport at St. Dunstan's has been booming, and great keenness has been shown in the Tug-of-War. The Bungalow Canadians, who are still on top of the League, seem likely to maintain their superiority to the end, and they are to be thoroughly congratulated on the excellent way they are sticking to it. There have been some splendid pulls during the course of the League, the most notable of which was between teams representing the College Rangers and House United. This pull lasted nine minutes, and both these teams deserve great credit for the sportsman-like qualities they showed. The following are the positions of the League table to date:—

	Points			
	Plyd.	Won.	Lost.	obtd. pos.
Bungalow Canadians	10	9	1	28 ... 30
House United	8	7	1	20 ... 24
Bungalow Athletic	8	4	4	11 ... 24
House Rovers	9	2	7	8 ... 27
College Rangers	7	2	5	7 ... 21
College Athletic	6	3	3	6 ... 18
Bungalow Rovers	8	1	7	4 ... 24

The tit-bit of the season has been the competition for the Pearson Challenge Cup, open to teams of eleven, from the House and Annexes, at catch-weights. At the first round the House gained victory over the College, after two strenuous pulls. Owing to the difficulty of raising a team Cornwall Terrace scratched to the Bungalow, and this left the Bungalow and the House to compete for the Cup. Both teams had been training hard, and excitement was at fever heat. The pull took place on the 30th January, in Regent's Park, at 12.15, before the largest crowd yet seen witnessing such an event at St. Dunstan's. The first pull was most stubbornly contested, and lasted six minutes, and only by dexterous turning on the rope did the Bungalow win. Unfortunately, the strain was terrific, and one man of the House team was unfit to

pull again. D. R. Swenerton, of the 31st Canadian Infantry (Captain of the Bungalow team), promptly ordered that one of his team should be left off for the next pull in order to leave the teams equal. This evidently had its effect, and the second pull fell to the House. The third pull was more evenly contested, but at last victory fell to the House, which has now won the Cup four times in succession. Both teams were simply splendid, the first pull, in the opinion of the Judge, being one of the best he had ever seen in thirty years' experience of Tug-of-War. The Cup was presented, in the unavoidable absence of Sir Arthur Pearson, by Captain Ian Fraser, chief of the After-Care, who, in a happy speech, congratulated the winners and the losers on the magnificent display. The services of Mr. James (London Police Force), who officiated as Judge, were keenly appreciated. The names of the teams are as follows:—

House Team:

H. N. Hardy (Capt.), R. Young,
 W. Lilley, H. Simes,
 J. W. Macauley, C. Fankhauer,
 J. Triggs, W. H. Hildick,
 A. Gribben, W. J. New,
 T. McLarg, Earle (Coach).

Bungalow Team:

B. R. Swenerton J. W. Ogletree,
 (Capt.), W. Barnes,
 F. Makin, W. Mitchell,
 R. Riddell, E. House,
 T. Cavaghan, G. Eades,
 G. J. Farrell, J. W. Green
 R. Young, (Coach).

NEW COMPETITIONS.—A competition on the lines of the Pearson Challenge Cup has been arranged for Light-weight teams, each team totalling not more than 104 stone. This will be contested when the League is completed, following that there will be a competition open to teams of ten from Australia, Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, New Zealand,

South Africa, and other Dominions. Details regarding this have not quite been settled, but will be promulgated shortly. Teams may be drawn from the whole of St. Dunstan's.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.—Physical training classes are going strong, but not enough men are attending these at present. A few enthusiasts who regularly turn out every morning are deriving great benefit, and it is hoped that many more will take advantage of this pleasant means of exercise.

BOATING.—A small committee will shortly be formed to draw up a programme for the incoming season, and details of the arrangements arrived at will be published at an early date.

J. M. N.

What Germany Has Lost

ONE-SEVENTH of the able-bodied male population of Germany was pressed into service during the war as "cannon-fodder." According to Berlin's own figures, 1,580,000 Germans had been killed in battle up to October 31st, 4,000,000 wounded, 260,000 were missing, while 490,000 were prisoners in the hands of the Allies.

Germany's debt to her own people amounts to nearly £8,000,000,000. This is for war loans, and the people have now begun to realize that the normal methods of taxation, even under the most favourable conditions, are incapable of paying the interest on such a huge sum.

All the German colonies have been captured. German East Africa, with 931,460 square miles, is four times as large as Germany. Her Pacific possessions covered 96,160 square miles, her Asiatic colony 200 square miles. These, with Togoland, the smallest but richest, formed the basis of Germany's hope of a great colonial scheme.

LOSSES IN COMMERCE.

Except for trade with European neutrals and her one-time Allies, all of Germany's

trade has vanished. Her overseas exports before the war reached something like £300,000,000 a year. Her loss in trade during the past four years is estimated at not less than £1,500,000,000.

Through destruction, confiscation or internment, Germany has lost the bulk of her merchant marine. Hundreds of her best ships, including great ocean "grey-hounds," are now in the service of the Allies. America alone is said to hold £9,000,000 worth of enemy shipping.

Fully one-third of Germany's iron-ore deposits have been taken from her by the restoration of Lorraine; for it was from the Briey basin that Krupps got most of their material to make guns and ammunition. Some of the big potash beds were also in the reconquered provinces.

APPALLING WASTAGE.

The economic wastage due to the war will reach a figure of amazing proportions when Germany's balance-sheet is struck by History's accountant. Through lack of upkeep her railways are in terrible condition, and her rolling-stock nearly worn out.

Tens of thousands of motor-cars, lorries, and other vehicles are now useless lumber, their engines worn out, their wheels bereft of tyres owing to the rubber shortage. Trade is at a standstill, due primarily to the shortage of men and material, and now owing to the Bolshevik riot which threatens the capitalist class. What these losses are in money cannot be estimated.

And on top of all this there is the question of indemnities to be paid to the Allies and reparation and restitution to devastated nations. There can't be much fun in being a German for many generations to come.

BOXING INSTRUCTOR: "That will do for to-day. Coming round again next week?"

BATTERED PUPIL (after first visit): "Er—I think, if you don't mind, I will take the rest of the lessons by post."

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Country Life Section

LAST season we sent out a collection of seeds to all poultry farmers, and we propose doing the same this year. I think, perhaps, some men may care to make suggestions as to the varieties and quantities sent out. If this is so I should like to receive all letters on the subject before the end of the month.

The following is a revised list of the prices of foods sent out from this department:—

	Per cwt.		Per cwt.
Mixed Corn ...	25/-	Maize	25/-
Laying Meal ...	21/-	Grit	6/-
Offals (Course & Fine) ...	15/-	Shell	8/-
Wheat screen-ings	15/-	Chikko	30/-

All carriage paid as before.

Last Autumn, owing to the difficulties in obtaining wood, we suspended the sending out of rabbit outfits. We can now commence sending them out again. Will those men who are ready for the outfit write as soon as possible.

We have to thank Mr. C. E. Thornton for the gift of a R.I.R. pullet, and Mr. Gibbons for two rabbits.

C. S. A.

Poultry Hints for February

February is the most important month in the year to the breeder of heavy varieties of fowls for egg production. During this month every possible means should be taken to set eggs so that a goodly number of chickens can be hatched during the last week of the month and the greater part of March.

Owing to the somewhat unfavourable weather many poultry breeders find that their fowls are not laying very well, and while realising that the birds must not be forced to lay by giving them extra meat, yet they forget that perhaps the only reason for the scarcity of eggs is the lack of exercise. During the wet, windy and cold weather one frequently finds that the birds mope about in the fowl house or in

some more or less sheltered corner of the run, and use up much of the goodness of their food to warm and dry their bodies. On the other hand, if the birds have plenty to do in the way of exercise, that would warm their blood and keep them happy and contented, in which state they are much more likely to produce a fair number of eggs, even in the worst weather.

A miserable bird is never a profitable one. The mere fact that a good house and run is provided is not sufficient; there must be a good depth of litter on the floor, and for this purpose the best of all is straw or bracken, but when these are difficult to secure, a most excellent substitute is found in the chaff, cavings, douse, short straw and other waste material after threshing. If poultry farmers will make it a special duty to obtain a supply of scratching litter, or indeed anything in the way of dry, rough waste, such as short heather, hay seeds, or the packing straw from the china shops, and spread it to the depth of several inches on the floors of the fowl houses, and throw the morning feed of corn in this, then the birds will content themselves for hours scratching for their food, and by so doing will obtain warmth, dryness and happiness, which spells eggs nearly every time.

In the past a quantity of shavings from propellor works has been available, but this supply is now very limited, and perhaps this is just as well, for it was never a very good litter, nor was it good as manure on the land afterwards, while on the other hand, the cavings, chaff, etc., make really good litter and can be rotted down afterwards and used on the land. Also, in a great many cases, they can be procured for nothing other than a little trouble and perhaps a few coppers for labour.

Don't forget that mustard in the soft mash is excellent for the birds, also that tepid drinking water two or three times daily is much better than cold water.

J. P.

What Bolsheviki Really Are

THE EUROPEAN TROUBLE MAKERS

BOLSHEVISM is no new thing, even in Russia. Formerly its professors called themselves Nihilists, or Terrorists, or Anarchists. But by whatever name they went, their methods were, and are, identical.

The name Bolshevik is, however, comparatively new used in its present sense. It is derived from the Russian word "bolshinstvo," meaning literally "the biggest." The Bolsheviki go in for big things, so they say. The moderate revolutionist, the men of little ideals according to Bolshevik theories, are called Mensheviki, meaning "the smallest."

Mostly, the Bolsheviki are not true Russians; they are Letts. These people form the backbone of Trotsky's terrible Red Guards. They also constituted the bulk of the sailors who revolted at Riga and other ports, and committed the most horrible atrocities, burning one Admiral at the stake, and thrusting other officers alive through holes cut in the ice, as related by Meriel Buchanan, the daughter of the British Ambassador, in her book, "Petrograd: the City of Trouble."

These Letts are a tribe or community of Tartar origin, speaking a dialect of their own, and inhabiting a wild and desolate stretch of country in Livonia, bordering on the Gulf of Riga. They have always been a fierce, turbulent, and cruel people, and most of the political assassinations carried out in Russia during the past thirty or forty years have been perpetrated by them.

We in England even know something of their methods. The two men killed in the memorable "Sydney Street Siege," after murdering several policemen in Houndsditch, were Letts. So, too, were those other desperadoes who held up a tramcar in Tottenham, when also a policeman was shot dead.

Lenin and Trotsky, out to overthrow Kerensky's moderate revolutionary government, realised full well how useful

to them desperados of this type could be, and they enrolled and armed all the Letts they could get hold of. Then, in the late Autumn of 1917, they, and their armed rabble, seized the principal buildings in Petrograd, including the Winter Palace. After which anarchy!

The German Bolsheviki, by the way, call themselves Spartacists. It is a name of ill omen for them. Spartacus was a Roman gladiator, who headed an insurrection of the slaves in the year 73 B.C., and took up a position inside the crater of Vesuvius, then supposed to be extinct.

From small beginnings the insurrection spread until eventually Spartacus found himself at the head of an army of seventy thousand men. In the end, however, these were nearly all killed in a series of battles with the Roman legions; about four thousand survivors, who were taken prisoners, being hanged in chains along the road from Rome to Capua.

The methods and the ideals of the Bolsheviki, whether Russian, German, or any other nationality, are the same. They are out for "red ruin and the breaking up of laws." Especially obnoxious to them are the middle-classes, who own most of the property.

These are to be suppressed, root and branch. It is a crime in the eyes of your true Bolshevik to wear a clean collar, or to go about decently dressed. A recent Bolshevik edict threatened with death all use of tooth-brushes.



SERGEANT-MAJOR: "Now, Private Smith, you know very well that only officers and N.C.O.'s are allowed to walk across that grass."

PRIVATE SMITH: "But, Sergeant-Major, I've Captain Graham's verbal orders to—"

SERGEANT-MAJOR: "None o' that! Show me the Captain's verbal orders. Show them to me, then."

Some Hints to Masseurs by an Old Hand

THE stream of sick and wounded which has been pouring into the country during the past four years from every seat of war, has been steadily slackening since the armistice was signed, and has now practically ceased. As a natural consequence, many of the temporary military hospitals on this side of the Channel have already closed down, and others have informed their staffs that their services will soon be no longer required. It is probable that before the end of this year, the majority of the St. Dunstan's masseurs will be unable to continue hospital work. This fact need cause the men no anxiety, for our policy has always been to regard hospital work more or less as a continuation of training and as a means of obtaining practical experience, and men will now naturally transfer their energies to private work, at which a decent living can undoubtedly be made.

I hear with some amusement that the "After-Care Department" of St. Dunstan's has been asked by some of the men to "find them private practices." There is a little error here to be corrected. A private practice cannot be "found" for a masseur by any conceivable organisation, but must be slowly and laboriously built up by the grit and initiative of the man himself. An organisation can only advise, back up, and financially assist to the best of its ability. I have had ample opportunity of discovering that both the qualities referred to are marked characteristics of the St. Dunstan's masseurs, and I have little fear for their future, though patience will be required at the outset.

As an old hand, I may be permitted to throw out a hint which may prove of use in building up a practice, though I do so at the risk of being accused of riding a hobby-horse to death.

It will be necessary to call personally on multitudes of doctors, and when doing so, the masseur should always go alone. The impression thus created is of the greatest importance, for one cannot expect

a doctor to have much confidence in the therapeutic value of the manipulations of a man who has to be led to his house for an interview and then led away again. Let us mentally picture a typical case. A masseur arrives with his guide either for an interview with a doctor or to administer treatment to a patient. If the guide remains at the house until the masseur is ready to leave, it will be almost inevitably difficult to know what to do with him. It may not always be convenient to have him sitting about in the hall or one of the living rooms, and he soon becomes a nuisance. If he wanders about outside, he may return two or three times before the masseur is ready to leave, causing the maid to answer the door unnecessarily, or the masseur may have to hang about waiting for him, and himself become a nuisance. A bad impression is thus produced which will militate against the success of the masseur. On the other hand, if the masseur arrives and leaves alone, he acts exactly as his sighted brethren, and inspires confidence in both doctor and patient. The effect of this courage and independence upon a neurasthenic patient is of great value, and such a one is encouraged to resume the battle of life by this example.

It is always possible for a man to get a friend to take him to the house of patient or doctor for the first time, the friend tactfully disappearing before the front door is opened. If the masseur be observant, as all blind people should be, he will have made sufficient mental notes on this first journey to enable him to find his way home, and also to dispense with assistance on that particular journey in the future.

I cannot too strongly urge the consideration of these few simple points on all who are setting out to build up a massage connection, and I speak with the authority of personal experience and not as a mere theorist.

Percy L. Way.

Some Experiences of a British Officer in Germany

WE are at present living in a very fine, modern country house, a few miles south of Cologne. The owner is, or rather was, a very rich landowner and sugar manufacturer, and a guardian friend of the Crown Prince. We have taken possession of his best rooms, so that he, his wife and two daughters have had to double up in the smaller and more remote apartments. This they do not like, and are very stand-offish in their manners. The climax was reached when we organised a shoot in his preserves, and killed fifty-two head of game with four guns. Herr von J— had the presumption to suggest that we should pay for them. As I know the lingo, I was deputed to tell him that we would do so when the German Government had paid for all the game which the Crown Prince had shot in France and Belgium, but that we should be very pleased to present him with three brace. These he accepted with avidity, because the Germans will do anything to get hold of something in the nature of meat to eat.

While the masters are stand-offish, the attitude of the servants' hall is quite the reverse. The other night when I went into the kitchen after dinner I found the gramophone playing and an impromptu dance going on. Indeed, the attitude of the lower classes has been friendly throughout. I think that they had been told such lies about us by their Government and newspapers for four and a half years that they expected to be invaded by a horde of savages. Even Prussian officials have told me that they considered the discipline and good behaviour of our troops wonderful. They are particularly impressed by the friendly relations which exist between officers and men.

The people are quite ready to revile the Kaiser and his Ministers, whom they accuse of having misled them. They admit that their Government caused the war, and that they have been beaten. They will even admit that the war was

carried on in an inhumane manner, but deny their responsibility, laying the whole blame on the German military caste.

The point of view of the upper, moneyed and official classes is very different. They will not admit that Germany was responsible for the war, the blame for which they attribute to Russia or Austria; they would like to include England, but this they dare not say to us. They deny that Germany committed any atrocities. They are still attached to the Kaiser, whom they say was misled by his Ministers. They do not, or will not, realise that their armies were beaten, and were on the verge of being annihilated, but attribute their defeat to the revolution at home, which was caused by our blockade.

The Germans are very short of food, whatever may be said to the contrary.

The march to the Rhine has been a wonderful experience. The two incidents which impressed the sense of victory most firmly in my mind were, firstly, when we halted for the night in Elsenborn Camp. There we ate our dinner in a large and splendidly fitted-out hall, which a few days ago had been the officers' mess of some of the crack German regiments. We ate off plates stamped with the regimental crests, and drank sparkling Moselle left behind by our enemies, and sold to us by a German mess waiter. On the second occasion, I was walking up a street in Bonn when I heard a cheer, deepening into a roar. The passing Germans turned pale with apprehension, and I hurried on to see what was the cause of the riot. I turned the corner, and there in the square, in front of the famous University, a football match between British and Colonial soldiers was taking place, while a couple of thousands or so of our men stood around cheering on their respective sides, while the police kept the crowd back. The German police and other officials still wear uniform, and salute British officers with obsequious politeness.

A St. Dunstan's Electioneering Experiences

BY W. T. CURTIS-WILLSON

POLITICS are generally supposed to be, and usually are, very dull, so that one would hardly expect a graduate of St. Dunstan's, the university of the joyous life, to be found amongst such gloomy folk as the aspirants for Parliament. I have found, however, that there are exceptions to every rule, and that a great amount of the spice of life may be found in the turmoil of a general election. At the recent election I had intended to stand for Parliament, but, at the eleventh hour, for certain reasons, I was unable to do so; however, I helped a very good friend of mine to fight a "forlorn hope" in a South-country constituency.

The particular constituency was a very scattered rural one of nearly two square miles, with a small market town at each corner, but none in the centre, so that we really had to fight four separate campaigns, and cover a tremendous distance by car.

Our opponent had a great advantage, for he had represented this same division for nearly 30 years, and was personally known, therefore, to almost every man and woman in the area. We did not win, but we made a good fight, and the experience I gained during a strenuous three weeks will prove useful should I be able to stand at the next election.

We started our campaign in the North-West corner of the division, and we arrived late one Monday evening in a neat little town which was to be our headquarters for the next few days. We were full of optimism, feeling sure, that with the help of the local organisation, and the aid of the "Lloyd George ticket," we were going to set the South-country alight. We expected much from our local committee, for there is a tremendous amount of work to be done in a short time—thousands of envelopes to address, poll cards and pamphlets have to be sent to each elector and personal canvasses have to be made. We were very disappointed, therefore, when we found that the local committee

had not yet assembled, for apparently they were all of the opinion that the struggle was a hopeless one. However, I was fortunate enough to get into conversation with a wounded soldier and I asked him whether he and any of his friends would care to help a Lloyd-George candidate to fight the election. Within half an hour I was explaining the voters' register to a dozen or so enthusiastic "Blue-boys."

The men entered upon their task with zest, and it was strange how the interest of the ladies began to make itself evident, particularly the younger ones, as soon as the word went round that the wounded men were at work in our committee rooms. Having got the clerical side of the work started we now began to arrange our meetings. I arranged and addressed nearly forty meetings during the whole period and found my trusty corps of "Blue-boys" most valuable.

Mass meetings were held towards the end of the campaign. Our opponent's meeting was not a success, as his chairman, being unpopular, was howled down and was not permitted to speak at all; consequently, I received sundry letters assuring me that I, too, would not be allowed to address the meeting, as retaliation. By the time the day of our meeting arrived the town was seething with excitement. When we arrived for the meeting we found the hall packed and distinctly noisy. In the first two rows were the wounded soldiers who had obtained special leave in order to give our man their moral support.

Cheers and counter cheers began to show the temper of the meeting, and immediately our chairman rose he was greeted with hoots, catcalls, yells, hisses and booing. He tried valiantly to get a hearing, but after several ineffectual efforts he subsided into his chair and I rose to carry on the good work. I stood up and, true to their promise, the opposing side did their best to howl me down. I just

stood there and let them go on until they had shouted themselves hoarse when eventually I managed to say a few words and introduced our candidate. He also managed to get a hearing and, exasperated by their ineffectual efforts to shout us down, the hostile elements in the hall decided to make a rush for the platform. The wounded boys anticipated this and decided to counter-attack. A free fight was soon in progress, eventually after much struggling and shouting the hall was cleared and we then addressed the crowd from the balcony amidst more exciting scenes.

It was long past the usual bed-time of this erstwhile quiet country town ere the meeting dispersed. Altogether a most exciting and exhilarating evening. Polling day came at last. We had made a good fight and although we could not anticipate victory, yet we were confident that we had given our opponent a shaking, and so it proved when the result was made known.

Cotton Charge-Bags for Heavy Guns

GERMANY is the only country that uses cartridges for guns of more than six-inch calibre, the shell and the charge for impelling it being put into the breach separately in the heavy ordnance of other nations. The cordite, or whatever explosive is used for the impelling charge, must be put up in containers made of material that will be completely consumed when the gun is fired, as any smouldering substances left over might prematurely explode the next charge. Until recently silk bags have been used exclusively to contain the impelling charge, and this material has proved entirely satisfactory. It is, however, very costly, compared with other textiles, while there has been a shortage in all countries owing to the war. These conditions have led the war authorities of the United States to carry out a series of experiments with a view to the use of chemically treated cotton, and so successful have these proved that it has been determined to prosecute them on a larger scale.

Baby Chicks by Parcel Post

HERETOFORE it has been the custom for those who wished to raise chickens to buy the eggs and hatch them for themselves. The procedure is now being reversed, however; more and more the hatching is done by the producer of the eggs, who, instead of shipping the latter, ship the baby chicks. America's biggest hatchery, located at Cleveland, holds as many as 660,000 eggs at a time, and in a single season hatches 2,000,000 chicks. The baby chicks are shipped by express or parcel post, anywhere within seventy-two hours rail journey, and ninety-eight per cent. of them arrive safely. The ten cent. stores in many towns handle the baby chicks; and, in fact, the "day-old" is fast overturning conditions in the poultry industry.

It may at first thought seem surprising to be told that a baby chick stands shipment better than an egg. The fact seems to be that hurried express handlers have no particular respect for eggs, but that subconsciously they grow careful when they hear the "peep, peep" of the chicks. It should also be borne in mind that an egg weighs as much as a chick, and must be carefully packed in excelsior, wood wool, or some similar material, while an order of baby chicks can be assembled in a corrugated paper box in a minute or two, and when ready for shipment will weigh less, and therefore cost less, than an equal number of eggs.

Another benefit is the economy of hatching all the chicks in one place. There is a smaller percentage of failing eggs, a smaller percentage of chicks that die, a smaller number of destructive incubator accidents, and a tremendous economy in fuel. In fact, so marked is the last-named feature, that the Fuel Administration has guaranteed the fuel supply of the hatcheries; while, of course, the individual hatcher must take his chance with everybody else.

So, on all grounds, it is after all not surprising that the chick is rapidly displacing the egg in the mail-order poultry industry.

Pensions Notes

MEN who have not yet appealed for their War Gratuity should go to their nearest post office and obtain Army Form No. 5063. This should be filled in carefully, signed in two places—where signature of claimant is printed, firstly in the middle of the page, secondly just under the dotted line—either with the man's own signature or with a mark. The certificate must then be witnessed, either by a clergyman, an officer of the Army or Navy, a Head Postmaster, or a member of the police force of or above the rank of sergeant. The form, when completed, should be folded and posted to the man's regimental paymaster—no stamp required. The lower portion will be returned to the ex-soldier showing the amount of the War Gratuity, less the Service Gratuity already credited to him on final settlement.

The Service Gratuity will be deducted from all men who joined for the duration of the war, but will not be deducted from men serving with the colours on the outbreak of hostilities, or mobilized reservists. The Service Gratuity amounts to £1 a year, with a minimum of £2 to all men who have served over six months with the colours; 30s. for men who have served under six months and who have not been discharged as invalids. £2 is the lowest sum issuable to invalids.

The amount of War Gratuity issuable to men who have served over six months with the colours is calculated as follows: Private, £5; Corporal, £6; Sergeant, £8; C.-S. or C.-Q.-M.-S., £10; W.-O., Class II., £12; W.-O., Class I., £15; for the first year, whether at home or abroad. And in addition to this, 10s. per month or part of a month, is given to all ranks who have served overseas, irrespective of the time spent abroad, and 5s. per month for home service men.

Example.—Private A—enlisted on 30th August, 1914, for the duration of the war. He went overseas on the 10th July,

1915, landed in England 25th July, 1915, and was discharged 30th August, 1917.

For first year to 29th August, 1915	£5 0 0
10s. a month for 24 months and one day, which counts as 25 months	£12 10 0
War Gratuity (three years and a part of a year which counts as)	£17 10 0
Less Service Gratuity	£4 0 0
Amount due	£13 10 0

The counterfoil, which shows the amount owing, and which is returned to the soldier by the Paymaster, should be carefully kept. In about one month a green post-card will be received from the postal authorities telling the men that the money has been deposited at the post office mentioned thereon and that he should call there with the counterfoil.

This money can then be withdrawn from the Post Office as follows:—Amounts up to £1 can be received on demand at any Post Office. The P.O. Savings Bank Book must be handed in and will be returned in the course of two or three days (when a further amount can be withdrawn if required). To withdraw amounts of over £1, a form (which can be obtained at any Post Office) must be filled in with the amount required and the name and address. The form should then be folded and posted to the address printed thereon. In a few days a warrant for the amount is received which should be taken to the Post Office, together with the P.O. Savings Bank book, when the amount can then be claimed.

Any man who is in receipt of an Attendant's Allowance and changes his address, should immediately notify the Pension Office, St. Dunstan's, otherwise the renewal of this allowance may be delayed.

Better Left Unsaid

"SLOW, isn't it?" "Yes, very." "Let's go home." "I can't. I'm the host."

News of St. Dunstan's Men

J. MITCHELL, who recently settled as a boot-repairer in Leith, has now made the experiment of resuming his duties with a large wholesale firm and carrying on boot-repairing as a spare-time occupation. He writes as follows:—

"On the 2nd January I met my old employer, who said that he wished all men who had been previously employed by him to resume some sort of employment with his firm once more, and that he could find work for all of them, however great their disablement.

"At first I declined the offer, as I thought I would not be able to perform my old duties. However, the St. Dunstan's spirit spurred me on, and I accepted. I therefore recommenced my old duties on the 6th January. My employer said that as the hours would not be long I could do boot-repairing in my spare time in order to keep my hand in, and I am now doing this. I will let you know shortly how I am progressing."

R. W. Spry, who was trained at St. Dunstan's as a telephone operator, writes as follows:—

"I left St. Dunstan's about three years ago, and commenced duties as a telephone operator in Kensington. I am still with the same firm, and although the switch-board is a very busy one, I find the work very congenial. I took up my residence in St. John's Wood, and every morning I used to get someone to put me on a 'bus that took me to Queen's Road. I then walked through Kensington Gardens to High Street, where my situation is. I used my stick as a tapper, as I had seen the blind do before, and although it was slow work, it served its purpose until one night in the Edgware Road I was struck by a pram. Then I adopted a method of holding my stick vertically before me as a protection. I found that my hearing had considerably improved, and that I could keep in the centre of the pavement

by sound. I went on this way for some time, but, while crossing a side-turning, I walked through an open gate and fell down sixteen steps into an area. I felt badly shaken, but found that I had only cut my knuckles. My next and final idea was to wear a leather glove with a rubber pad sewn on the outside, and to keep the base of my stick in motion, so that if it went between two railings again I could detect them. I can now travel quite easily to any part of London by myself, either by underground railway, 'bus, or by walking."

J. Nolan, a poultry-farmer, living at Northop, near Mold, writes as follows:—

"I have now completed my second year as a poultry-farmer. My first year was not a great success, as owing to the great crisis I found myself on several occasions unable to get foodstuffs, with the result that a large number of my stock died off. However, on commencing my second year matters had improved, as St. Dunstan's had arranged to supply all poultry-farmers with foodstuffs should they require it, an opportunity of which I took advantage. I started with forty-seven laying fowls, and now I am commencing my year with fifty-seven fowls, and look forward to the coming year with every hope of success, as, although the price of grains have increased, eggs have also gone up, and I have an order on hand for as many chickens as I can produce."

F. J. Harris, who is combining joinery with poultry-farming, at Billericay, Essex, writes as follows:—

"Soon after the appearance of the advertisement which you so kindly inserted for me, I had orders for five small oak trays, and also some orders for picture-framing, so I think that it has been a success. I am very busy now as I have purchased two milk goats, and there is plenty of hard work in getting them comfortably housed. I am lining a

From all parts of the World

pre-historic fowl-house of small dimensions, and have put in a half wood floor. Although I am working outside, in this snow and ice, from breakfast until tea time, with only the break for lunch, I keep much warmer than when sitting about indoors. The weather is very severe here, but my fowls are still laying very well, and average about seven dozen eggs per week from thirty birds."

In a recent letter, A. Osmond, a mat-maker and boot-repairer, settled at Northampton, writes as follows:—

"It is just over twelve months ago that I left St. Dunstan's to start on my own, and I am more than satisfied at the result of my year's earnings. Of course, in the first year there is a lot of experience to be obtained, and naturally the first two or three months do not count very much. One has to get the business together, and also get to know the people, but I have completely conquered both difficulties by now. I have got on my books many people who gave me work when I first started; they still bring me orders, so this proves that I give satisfaction.

"I made two mats for a lady just before Christmas; she came to me again the first week in the New Year, and said how pleased she was with them, and also gave me an order for five more. She told me that she knew that the mats we made were much better than those she had bought elsewhere. I myself find that it is much the best thing to take up two trades; sometimes boot-repairing gets rather slack, and then I always have the mats to go on with."

W. M. Williamson, a poultry-farmer, at Denton, near Manchester, also send excellent news:—

"I am pleased to tell you that I am making good use of all that I learned at St. Dunstan's. My poultry-farm is doing very well; I have had nearly 1,200 eggs

from the twenty birds since last June, and I feel, therefore, confident that I can make poultry pay. My netting and string work has proved a very interesting and profitable inside occupation. I am thankful that I persevered with Braille and typewriting, for I now find them both extremely useful. I am so happy and busy that I forget my blindness, and I cannot thank Sir Arthur too much for the training I had at St. Dunstan's."

R. K. Lowrie, another poultry-farmer, settled at Jedburgh, sends excellent news:—

"I am pleased to tell you that my birds are all doing exceptionally well, although I only started poultry-farming three months ago. I can confidently state that my twenty hens are competing most favourably with all the rivals in the district.

"I am gratified to think that the Allies have gained the victory, for now I feel that my sacrifice has not been in vain."

The following is a letter from C. Greaves, a masseur at the Rutson Hospital, Northallerton:—

"Many thanks for the REVIEWS, which I have received regularly. I find them most interesting, and the hints given in them are most helpful. Possibly to the sighted readers some of these hints may seem insignificant, but to us fellows they are most significant and extremely useful.

"A few weeks ago you received a sum of money sent by the British Farmers' Red Cross Society, which was made at a whist drive and dance. At this whist drive I had the pleasure of saying a few words about St. Dunstan's, and also undertook the presentation of the prizes.

"The 'St. Dunstan's Address Book' which was enclosed with the last REVIEW, will be exceptionally useful to all old St. Dunstanners, and it will now be quite easy to keep in touch with all the old boys."

Esperanto: A Second Language for All

The following article on Esperanto is instructive from two points of view. It gives us an insight into the origin and history of that most interesting language, and it points out the use Esperanto may be to the blind community.

To those of us who are interested in the affairs of the blind in this country there cannot fail to be pleasure and instruction in reading of the accomplishments of blind people in all parts of the world, and, whereas to the sighted person access to the literature of other countries is limited, it is even more limited to the blind man, whose stock of literature is in every country comparatively small.

We are convinced by Mr. Merrick's remarks—and Mr. Merrick, by the way, is himself an accomplished and well-read blind man who, by reason of his connection with the National Institute for the Blind, as a member of its Council and of its Book Committee, is in close touch with the production of Braille in this country—that the study of Esperanto would well repay any blind man by putting within his reach the literature of other lands; which could not so well be done by any other means.

A number of St. Dunstanners have found it worth their while to study French Braille, for it provides them with an additional interest, and puts at their disposal the literature of another country. Should Esperanto reading and writing become common among the more educated members of the blind community of the world, as we hope it will, it is easy to see how valuable the study of this international language might be.

Readers should note that the National Library for the Blind, 18, Tufton Street, Westminster, S.W., has a special section for Esperanto Literature, many hundreds of the best books being available.—Ed.]

ESPERANTO was invented by Dr. L. Zamenhof, an oculist by profession and a Polish Jew by nationality. As a boy he was distressed by the hatred existing between the different sections of the people of his native town, Bielovstok, who belonged to four races each speaking distinct languages, and he felt sure that if they only had a common speech in which they could discuss their differences they would live in greater harmony. Such a language, to be of use, must be a neutral one, easy to learn, and capable of fulfilling the requirements of literature as well as those of ordinary and commercial life.

After studying many languages, ancient and modern, he hit upon the ingenious

plan of borrowing a set of words which were most widely current in the European speech of to-day, and provided them with a grammar reduced to the simplest and most regular form possible, so that his language, though a new invention as a whole, should be in great part familiar to everybody.

In 1887, when he was about twenty-eight years old, he published the language at his own cost at Warsaw, in a little book in which he signed himself "Dr. Esperanto" (one who hopes), and the name stuck to it. Gradually, as the scheme became known, it gathered adherents in other countries, until, in 1905, it was decided to put Esperanto to a practical test as a spoken language by holding an International Congress at Boulogne. The success was beyond all expectations. Esperantists from many lands, whose mother tongues were as "double Dutch" to one another, met and conversed freely; all could follow the speeches and enjoy the plays and concerts at the theatre, and could take part in the elections of committees for the conduct of Esperanto affairs. So thoroughly did they enjoy the experience that henceforth the International Congress became a great feature of the Esperanto movement, and one was held in a fresh country every year, with constantly increasing attendance. The greatest of these gatherings was to have taken place at Paris in August, 1914, but unfortunately the war came, and we had to hurry home on the very day fixed for its opening.

The possible utility of Esperanto to the blind was recognized as early as 1902 by Mr. Harald Thilander, of Stockholm. I remember that he wrote to me about that time that he had just found a "beautiful and so easy language which, if we could learn it, would enable us to correspond freely in Braille all over the world." Fearing that he must be indulging in silly daydreams, I replied somewhat ungraciously that I had no time for such toys.

But I had quite mistaken my man. He has since shown in a most wonderful way what pluck, perseverance, and intelligence can do in spite of the most crushing bodily infirmities. At about the age of seven he was left an orphan, and became blind, somewhat deaf, and a cripple from paralysis following upon a childish malady, and was admitted into a home for incurables at Stockholm. Here he was taught Braille. When he got to know the rudiments of a language he at once applied to the chief blind institution in the country for correspondents, and it was through such an application to the British and Foreign Blind Association (now the National Institute for the Blind) that I became acquainted with him. He had an instinct for learning, and never forgot what you told him; he had a way of making his meaning clear despite his slight knowledge of English. Still, it never occurred to me that my now friend, by almost superhuman efforts, would work his way up until he had become the most notable leader of the higher education for the blind in Scandinavia.

Thilander's treatment of my discouraging reply was characteristic. For a time silence; then came a big parcel of Braille containing an Esperanto key—in English—which he had copied out himself, and a quantity of Swedish popular stories translated especially for me, because he knew that I was a keen collector of old legends of the kind. Of course, I took the bait, learnt Esperanto, and enjoyed the tales, and needed no further convincing of the value of Esperanto.

Whether he bestowed as much labour on converting all his other correspondents I cannot say, but in a year or so quite a number of us throughout Europe had taken up the language. Professor Cart, of Paris, one of the foremost of seeing Esperantists, raised a little fund and printed the key in Braille, in several languages, and started a magazine, *Esperanta Ligilo* (the Esperanto bond), of which Thilander afterwards took charge, and which circulated throughout the world, even penetrating into several countries where no Braille books have been printed. It was discontinued in 1916, owing mainly to the difficulty of

distributing the copies, but Mr. Thilander has just sent me a proof copy of a forthcoming "occasional number," which contains among other items a very interesting note on the practice of massage and other healing arts by the blind of Japan from one of its Japanese readers. Indeed, one could not wish for a better editor than Thilander; he gives translations from standard authors of many lands as well as original contributions of special interest from the readers themselves. He encourages his readers to correspond with each other by printing a list of their addresses in Braille, while two or three of them in each country act as consuls and collect and exchange information on matters relating to the blind. When the magazine is in working order again I can well imagine how eager the foreign readers will be to hear about the work at St. Dunstan's, for many of them, although blind, are teaching at schools or are at the head of blind institutions. All will have heard something of the great things Sir Arthur Pearson has accomplished, and will want to imitate him in their work for their fellow-countrymen.

I wonder if any St. Dunstanner would care to take up the language?

Even if it is regarded only as a hobby it is one which should help him to find seeing friends, for Esperantists are a kindly race, and the appearance of many blind fellow-students at the congresses has shown them that we can be accepted as equals. If a blind Esperantist should set up for himself in any profession or business in a centre where there is an Esperanto group he would immediately find himself among friends, who would help him in many little ways, both socially and in his business.

Those who wish to hear Esperanto spoken can do so any day by calling at the office of the British Esperanto Association, 17, Hart Street, London, W.C.1. Hart Street is near the British Museum Tube Station, or may be reached from Oxford Street after passing Mudie's Library. As regards Braille matters, books, etc., I shall be delighted to help anybody who will write to me on the subject.

W. Percy Merrick.

The Salving of K13

[Abridged from the January *Cornhill Magazine* by the kind permission of the Editor, and Mr. Bennett Copplestone, the Author.]

THE K 13 was a fleet submarine of a new type, more like a submersible destroyer than an ordinary under-water boat. She was over three hundred feet long and displaced 2,000 tons when submerged. A bulkhead cut off the boiler and engine-rooms from the central control-room, and another bulkhead forward divided the control-room from the foc'sle. The conning tower was large and humped forward, so that a man could stand upright under the hump, yet needed to stoop to reach the hatch, which was on the lower unhumped portion.

At noon on Monday, January 19, 1917, K 13 left her builders' yard—she was constructed by Messrs. Fairfields—to carry out diving trials in the Gareloch. A large party was on board. In charge of her was Commander Herbert and with him went Commander Goodheart, who had been appointed skipper of another K of similar type. Many of Fairfields' staff were there, for K 13 had not yet been taken over by the Admiralty. She went into the Gareloch and having passed successfully through her trial she was accepted for the Royal Navy by the Admiralty officials.

Then it was that the unexpected happened, as it always does at sea. Herbert decided to take one more dive. Though the order had been given to close down, and the reply received that the order had been carried out, the ventilators had been left open. Instantly the water poured into the engine and boiler rooms, drowning those within. The K 13 sank by the stern. The water flowing towards the control-room bulkhead compressed the air in the room and indicated immediately what had happened to the alert senses of Commander Herbert.

All this occupied a space of time measured in seconds. In a few more

seconds Herbert had all the compartments closed tight and the forward tanks blown. Overweighted by her flooded boiler and engine rooms K 13 sank to the bottom, grounding upright on the mud in twelve fathoms of water. This was at 3.30 in the afternoon.

While Herbert in K 13 had been struggling to rise, his efforts were detected and understood by skilled seamen above. An E submarine had been attending the trials and as soon as the Commander of the E boat marked the spot where the K 13 lay, he pressed at full speed for Greenock, flashing as he went aerial signals to the Senior Naval Officer in Glasgow. By the early hours of the next day, long before daylight, a fleet of seven vessels had collected at the spot below which, seventy feet down, K 13 rested motionless in the mud. In charge of everything and responsible for everything was the S.N.O. Captain (now Rear-Admiral) Brian Barttelot.

Meanwhile Fairfields in Glasgow was hard at work. A special staff of draughtsmen and mechanics were put on to the construction of two flexible tubes, one designed for the passage of air and food, and the other for bringing up the men one by one, if no other and better means were to be found possible.

I will return to half-past three on the Monday afternoon when K 13 settled fast down in the mud of the Gareloch. The fore bulkhead had been closed and in the control room were gathered the fifty-one survivors of the disaster. The air pressure in the compartment dulled the senses of all and induced an apathy which increased into hopeless fatalism as the slow hours passed.

At first there appeared to be little danger that the survivors would lack for air. The high pressure bottles were far from empty, and the bodies and minds of those within the K 13 were suffering from too much air not from too little.

The real dangers lay unseen below and around. A little water could not be prevented from leaking through the bulkhead and those leaks were the deadly peril. If the salt water reached the fully charged electric batteries, poisonous chlorine gas would have been given off and the central room turned into a mortuary. But though the salt water did not reach the batteries it did its best to suffocate the men, for it reached and short-circuited the switch, causing some of the cables to fuse and to give forth fumes of stinking smoke from the burning insulation.

It was on Tuesday morning that Goodheart obtained permission from Herbert to go out through the conning-tower hatch and to carry news of the disaster to the world outside. No one in the sunken vessel knew anything of the work of salvage which had begun within a few minutes of the K 13's last fatal dive. The risks of the issue from the conning-tower were beyond experience, but the attempt at any rate was accepted by the gallant Goodheart as a sacred duty.

It was decided to go forth by way of the conning-tower hatch and to use high-pressure air from the bottles to speed the passage. I have explained how one part of the conning-tower was humped. The general idea was for Goodheart and Herbert to climb up into the conning-tower and to take station together under this hump, where they had head room to stand upright. They would then close the lower hatch which gave upon the control room and have nothing between them and the upper outside water except a bolted sheet of steel. The density of the air cooped up with them would be roughly two atmospheres—28 lb. to the square inch—and the water pressure outside about 31 ins. If, then, the sea-cocks were opened, the water would flow furiously and would fill the lower part of the tower, but would be prevented by the imprisoned air from rising very high in the hump. There the men could stand, in extreme discomfort, no doubt, and under severe pressure, but nevertheless alive and active. Then those inside would turn on high-pressure air in large quantities so as to expel the water and give Goodheart a handsome lift from

behind when he sought to be gone through the upper hatch. Herbert went with Goodheart to help him, but with no intention of following in his path. His place was with his men. It was a path both tortuous and full of unknown dangers. Above the conning-tower was a chart-house, of which the roof opposed a formidable obstacle to a vertical ascent. There was a large manhole in this roof, but, unluckily for Goodheart's bold scheme, it was not cut directly above the hatch.

The two officers made their way to the conning-tower, secured the lower hatch, then through the opened sea-cocks in rushed the water. A moment later, according to plan, the high-pressure air from below was driven in and the bolts of the upper hatch withdrawn. Stooping under the open hatch Goodheart was carried forth, but, missing the aperture above, he was caught under the roof of the chart-house and drowned. There died a most gallant young officer, to whose memory, months afterwards, a posthumous award was made of the Albert Medal in gold. The powerful air, forced in by the pressure from the bottles, tore the helpless Herbert from his retreat under the hump. He was whirled out in the centre of a column of air and water, carried safely through a manhole in the roof of the chart-house and clear of the mast-stays and delivered up to the surface like a scrap of wreckage. He went up with both hands before his face, and declares, according to my authorities, that he breathed all through his ascent. He was picked up immediately, and insisted on giving all possible information to the salvors before accepting their kind offices for himself.

While Herbert and Goodheart had been making that effort at communication which had been so grievously costly, the leaden soles of a diver were planted on the submarine's deck. It happened that though outside talked to inside and replies were received, it was by no means easy to get inside to grasp and to carry out precisely what outside wanted done. And it was found to be particularly difficult to secure the essential co-operation of those within K 13 when the tube arrived which had been designed by Fairfields' to be screwed

into an ammunition joist upon the deck. This long flexible tube, seven inches in diameter, was to open up a clear passage between K13 and the upper air. The divers quickly got to work, and by eight o'clock on the Wednesday morning they had screwed the tube firmly into place.

By this time the unhappy men imprisoned within the submarine were approaching the limits of human endurance. The company of K 13 may be divided during this period of imprisonment into sleepers and somnambulists, and it was only because trained minds retained some small part of their habitual control over exhausted bodies that the somnambulists were able to understand and to co-operate sufficiently with the salvors to bring this story to the happy conclusion.

After the air tube had been fixed, the men who had for forty and a half hours lain buried in a steel coffin, were at length enabled to breathe fresh air. It was scarcely the fresh air of heaven, for it came out of an E boat's bottles, but it was a draught of infinite refreshment.

It was decided not to attempt the removal of the men one by one through Fairfield's big steel tube, the method was too uncertain. Instead of risking all upon this doubtful means of egress, Barttelot determined to throw all the energies of his plant and staff in raising the bows of K 13 above the water and cutting a hole through her double skin. The Ranger was on the way and would soon arrive. This famous salvage ship, under Captain Young—the most accomplished of living salvage officers—had often picked up wrecks a dozen times her size with almost miraculous ease.

In the afternoon she came, and Barttelot, though he remained responsible, gladly handed over the entire direction of the critical operation to Captain Young. They could not have passed into better hands. No experience in salvage in any part of the world counts beside that of Young and his Ranger. It was easy now to communicate with K 13 through the tube and to make clear how she was to help herself. She did not need to be tilted very steeply to bring her nose and upper bow plates clear of the surface. The

heavily loaded stern held tight in the Gareloch mud, but the bows were free, and, as the tanks were blown, they lifted rapidly. They heaved up through ten degrees, and the salvors who were watching for the movement instantly whipped steel hawsers under the forepart of the submarine and secured the ends to bollards and tugs alongside. K 13 was up, but would she remain up? It seemed most unlikely, and remained most unlikely until the end.

It was a fight for life against the ruthless devilleries of the sea. The supreme risk had to be taken of cutting a big hole through the outer and inner skins. If when it was cut, the hawsers parted, or K 13 by burying her stern still more deeply escaped from their embrace, all would be over. Inside the submarine, hope, which may have flickered a little when the air-tube was first opened, had given place to the old dull apathy.

Meanwhile the hole in the bows was being cut. An acetylene plant makes butter of steel plates, and it was very rapid work to draw the spouting white flame, fed from the Ranger's plant round a rough circle marked on K 13's bows. The outer skin was quickly cut through.

It was ten o'clock on Wednesday evening, January 31st, fifty-four and a half hours after K 13 had sunk, that her forty-nine survivors emerged into the blazing arc lights which shone from the Ranger's masts. They could not speak—many of them could scarcely walk. It is always cold in a deep-diving machine even in high summer. In the bowels of K 13, lying seventy feet deep, in the Northern mid-winter, the cold, though little noted at the time, had been paralysing. Forty hours of bad and poisonous air, fifty-four hours of bitter cold, had brought the bright flame of these men's life down to a poor flicker. But the recovery was rapid, and not one of the survivors disappointed by dying, those who had saved them.

Twenty hours after the last man had been plucked out of K13, the hawsers which held her up parted, and she sank to the bottom of the Gareloch.

The Ladybird Industry

THE following extracts are from an interesting article by Mr. Charles Ray, on "Scientific Fruit Growing in Britain and America," which appeared in a recent number of *Chambers' Journal*:—

"Fruit-growing as a science is in Great Britain still in its infancy. In all the various phases of fruit-growing the United States is far in advance of ourselves. Take, for example, its method of dealing with greenfly, that most prolific and destructive of pests. The orchards of California were over-run by greenfly, and every year it was estimated that the growers lost many million pounds' worth of produce through this pest.

"Now, the natural enemy of the aphid is the ladybird, and formerly, before man began to change the natural conditions, the ladybird was able to cope with the aphid in California. But the Californian farmers and fruit-growers, by scientific methods of cultivation, have been able to change the time when their melons and cucumbers come to perfection, making it later in the year; and the aphid (or greenfly) had adapted itself to the new conditions, and also appears later than it used to do. The result is that when the ladybirds wake from their winter sleep there are few aphides on which they can prey, and they die of starvation; while the greenfly has a free field for its depredations. The orchards were threatened with extinction; and the State University, with the California Commission of Horticulture, decided to appoint the Superintendent of the State Insectary (Mr. E. F. Carnes) to study the subject.

"He came to the conclusion that the solution of the whole problem lay in introducing the ladybirds to the orchards in April and May—that is, later than the time when Nature wakes them from their winter sleep. At this time the melon and cucumber vines are at their best, and the greenfly is beginning to get to work.

"The entomologist's investigations had convinced him that some ladybirds

hibernated in the snow-clad tops of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Great was his joy when he discovered that his theory was correct, and that millions of ladybirds did hibernate in these mountain-tops.

"Mr. Carnes collected some of the insects in sacks, and took them to the State Insectary at Sacramento, where he carried out some interesting and important experiments. The problem was to discover if the ladybirds could be kept asleep through the hot months of early spring by being placed in store. Mr. Carnes placed the ladybirds in boxes in dark chambers at a low temperature, and succeeded in preventing them from waking until April, and when let loose in the orchards they at once set to work devouring the devastating greenfly.

"Mr. Carnes's experiments and discoveries have led to one of the most remarkable industries in the world. At the beginning of November every year a band of men go into the mountains to the places that the ladybirds are expected to visit for their winter sleep. These men hunt and watch for the early arrivals, and then mark the spots on the maps.

"A little later on, in the depth of winter, collectors go up the slopes accompanied by mules, with hundreds of empty sacks, and guided by the maps prepared by the pioneers, they are able, with the least possible delay, to collect millions of sleeping ladybirds. For three months, from December to February, this work of collecting ladybirds goes on, and two men will generally collect from fifty to a hundred pounds of insects in a day. Often several feet of snow have to be dug away before the ladybirds can be reached; but all obstacles are overcome, and the loaded sacks are brought down the mountain to a camp whence they are sent to a railway station. There the insects are transferred from the sacks to boxes, and are despatched by train to Sacramento to the State Insectary, where they are kept in cold store for several months."



Pit-boy to World's Boxing Champion

The following interesting article is reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of "Tit Bits":—

THE Mighty Atom," "The Pigmy with a Punch," "The Giant Killer," "The Welsh Wizard," "The Pugilistic Phenomenon,"—these and a host of other titles have been bestowed upon Jimmy Wilde, the greatest fly-weight boxer the world has ever seen—the hero of hundreds of fights with men much heavier than himself.

"I remember," writes our boxing contributor, "seeing Wilde meet the previous champion of England, named Smith, give him eighteen pounds in weight, and knock him down fourteen times.

While other boxers have to train and diet themselves carefully for a championship fight, Jimmy never worries himself on that score. He will eat a heavy dinner before the weighing-in ceremony on the day of the fight, and then step on the scale fully dressed, even to an overcoat.

He looks such a weakling that kind-hearted old ladies have taken his wife to task for not giving him plenty of cod-liver oil and seeing that he always wears chest-protectors, etc.

The Army thought so little of him that he was twice rejected by a military tribunal on the ground that he was not heavy enough to make an effective soldier. Ultimately the authorities made him an Army Gymnastic Instructor at Aldershot, and many a lad in khaki has had the benefit of instruction from Sergeant Jimmy Wilde, the marvel of the ring.

Extremely quiet and unassuming, it is not easy to get Jimmy to talk of himself. But he once told me a little about his early days in the pit; of his poverty, brought about by an accident which might have crippled him for life; and of his happy marriage.

Jimmy's life, indeed, has been one long romance. He is now twenty-seven years of age, but long before he was fourteen

he was working as a pit-boy. For ten years he laboured in the coal-mines near his native town of Tylorstown. Passionately fond of boxing, he picked up the rudiments of the wonderful skill he possessed when and how he could. Many a mimic battle did the future world's champion fight with boys on the waste grounds of Tylorstown.

Then came a terrible accident, which threatened to put an end to Jimmy's ambition for athletic renown. The roof of a pit in which he was working fell in and he was buried beneath the débris.

For twelve months he hobbled along on crutches. "Then, just as my landlady was going to turn me out," he says "I started work, and then—I got married."

He now boxes for purses running into thousands of pounds, although, as he told me, his biggest reward in his early days was a sack of flour.

He has fought much since those days. After throwing his crutches aside he joined a travelling boxing-booth and fought scores of contests. Local champions challenged him, only to meet their Waterloo. As one antagonist said:—

"I believe if Jimmy stood blindfolded, he would find the point with his left. 'Taint boxing; it's magic!'"

That is the secret of Jimmy's success. He can punch at all angles, and it is difficult to realise how such strength comes from those thin, long arms.

Altogether, Jimmy has fought over 300 battles with the gloves, the only defeat in championship boxing he ever sustained being at the hands of Tancy Lee, the Scot, who beat him at the National Sporting Club, in seventeen rounds, four years ago—which Wilde avenged the following year by beating Lee in eleven rounds.

Tempting offers have been made to Wilde to go to America, but, as he says, he has quite enough matches to carry on with here; and we certainly cannot see too much of the "Wizard of the Ring."