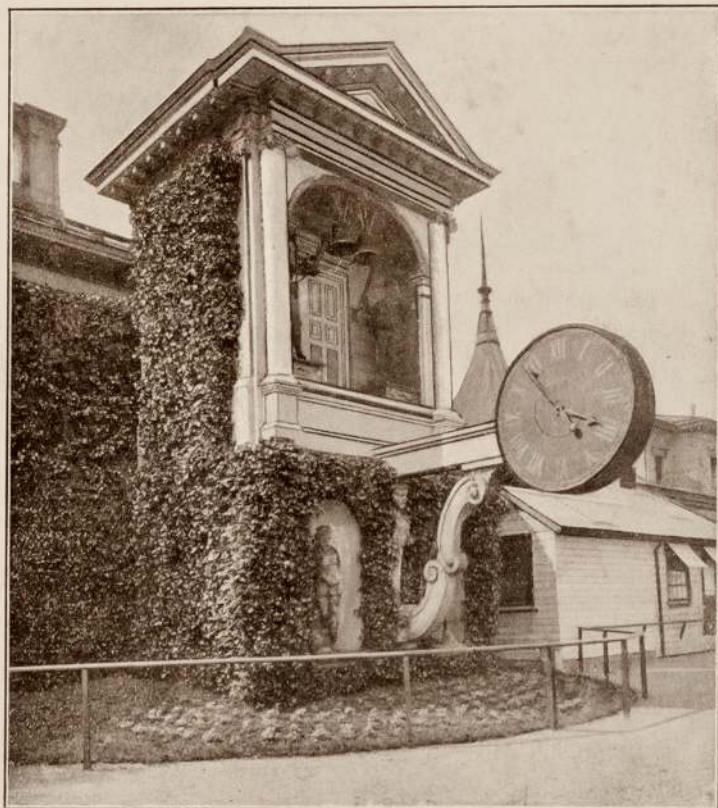


St. Dunstan's

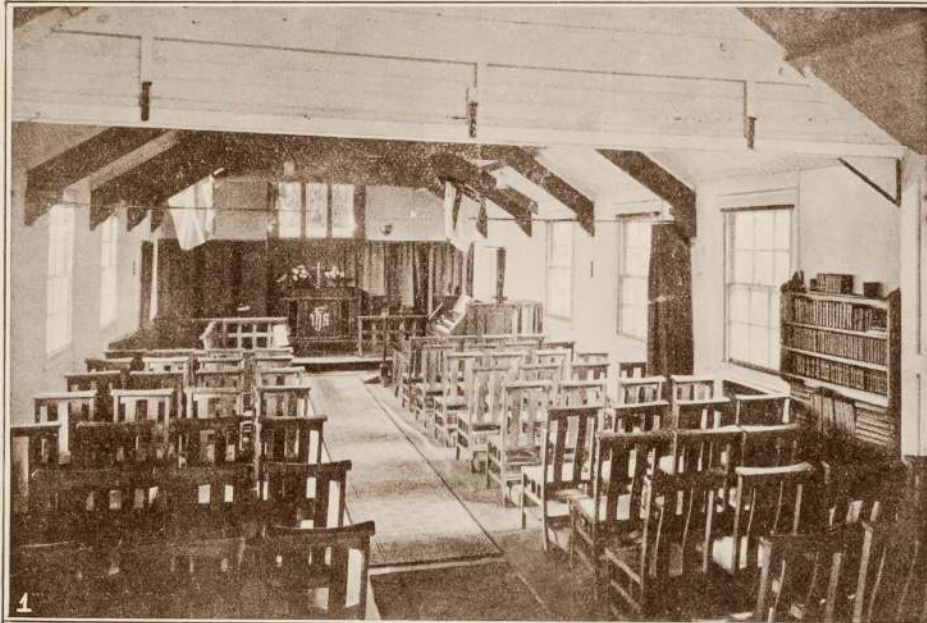


Review

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."

INTERIOR VIEWS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S CHAPELS.



1. CHURCH OF ENGLAND CHAPEL. 2. ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY IAN FRASER

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[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN]

EDITOR'S NOTES

SIR ARTHUR arrived back at St. Dunstan's on Wednesday, February 26th, after an absence of nearly two months in Canada and the United States. As he drove in the gate he was met by a large number of the men who left the workshops and class-rooms and welcomed him with shouts and cheers.

On Thursday, after lunch, Sir Arthur spoke for about three-quarters of an hour to the men and staff in the Outer Lounge, telling of his many speeches and interviews, and of the cordial reception he everywhere enjoyed.

Men and women came from all parts to see him, and the heads of the Canadian and American Governments consulted him on reconstruction and rehabilitation matters in general and on the welfare of our blind communities in particular. The genuine interest that is taken in these problems is evidenced by the fact that at every meeting which Sir Arthur addressed were present large numbers of the leading business men—a feature which, unfortunately, would not be noticed at similar gatherings in this country.

Sir Arthur concluded by saying that St. Dunstanners should be exceedingly proud of their accomplishments, for not only had they conquered their own difficulties, but they had set an example which was being followed by all the English-speaking nations of the world, as well as by other peoples who had been engaged in the war and had disabled men to care for. "St. Dunstan's," he said, "is a model which all who are interested in the problem of the disabled soldier are only too anxious to follow, and I am proud to say that wherever I went in the United States it is regarded as the most complete and efficient effort that has ever been made to return folk who suffer from a physical handicap to normal life."

On his return Sir Arthur found an accumulation of work waiting for him, and an immense volume of correspondence which demanded his immediate attention. He had intended to resume his regular contribution to the REVIEW this month, but we regret that this pressure of work made it impossible.

ON March 27th we shall celebrate the Fourth Birthday of St. Dunstan's. It would be out of place to wish the Hostel the usual greetings as, since hostilities have ceased, the number of men who have been blinded in the War has stopped growing, and it is more than likely that by the time another year has passed the work of training men and fitting them for their new lives will be nearing completion. We do, however, wish those who are with us now, and their comrades who have passed through St. Dunstan's whose interests are being watched over by the After-Care Department, many years of prosperity and happiness. To look back on the achievements of the last four years, on the many hundreds of individual battles which have been fought and won, and on the difficulties great and small which have been surmounted is a wonderful thing, and each and every one of us should be proud of the success that has attended St. Dunstan's, and that has made its name known and respected in all the world.

Editor.

News of St. Dunstan's Men

WE congratulate W. G. Speight, who was at St. Dunstan's from October, 1915, to September, 1918, on his appointment as Principal of the South India Schools for the Blind. We understand that he and Mrs. Speight are leaving for India shortly to take up their new duties. The best wishes of all St. Dunstanners go with them.

L. Jackson, who was trained at St. Dunstan's as a basket-maker, says in a recent letter:—

"Let me here thank you for your letter to me and the kindly interest it contains. I can assure you that I am progressing very well, and am doing good business, in fact I scarcely have time to write, as orders are coming in all the time. This week my brother brought an order from Plymouth. You ask me if I have any little dodges which assist me to overcome my handicap. Well, I have only one dodge, and that I learnt whilst at St. Dunstan's: that is to be natural. I go about by myself in those places that I know, and I go at my old pace, not hesitating to run if need be. In places that I am strange to I saunter along, as though I had all the day to myself. I get very few knocks, and only once have I been brought off my feet, and that was by a low truck. I got nothing worse than a bit of a shake, and within a minute of that I bumped into a cart; but, in spite of these mishaps, I got home without a bruise.

"Did I ever tell you that I took my first walk alone within a month of being hit?"

"I arrived home from hospital on July 3rd, having been wounded on June 7th, and on July 4th I left home at 9.30 to visit a few of my friends round about. I arrived home again about an hour afterwards, much to my wife's relief. Although I am deprived of both eyes, I do not consider myself blind, and I never intend to be blind. Give this advice to all the boys: 'Be natural.'"

F. G. Braithwaite, who left St. Dunstan's in October, 1916, to start work as a boot-repairer at Guildford, writes:—

"I think both the work I turn out and my earnings are improving. This is due to the greater rapidity with which I work. I had a hard year's work in 1918, for I was busy the whole time. I would like to say how much I appreciate the visits of the After-Care Visitors. I find the Boot-repairing Instructor an immense help, for, though when a fellow is at St. Dunstan's he is taught his trade thoroughly, many details which help to improve the work so considerably can be given him by the Visiting Instructor. I have often thought my work good, and was inclined to get rather a swelled head, when he has pointed out several places where it could and ought to be improved. Had it not been for him these errors would have gone unnoticed.

"I enjoy having the REVIEW very much. I think it a great idea to have a column containing news of the old boys. After St. Dunstan's has finished this will be the only means by which one fellow will get to know of the doings of another.

"In closing, may I thank you and the people concerned with the After-Care for making it possible for me to have got my earnings to the standard I have, and I trust, with your help, that I may have a still better year during 1919."

T. Willis, a basket-maker, settled at Barnoldswick, Lincs, writes as follows:—

"I am enclosing my accounts, drawn up from October, 1918, to January, 1919. You will see that I am getting on well. My work is still going strong, and I am kept busy, as plenty of orders keep coming in.

"I mentioned, when I wrote to you before, that I did a lot of repair work, and I think this is one of the best things a St. Dunstanner can do. I get all kinds of baskets to repair, and if one comes in

From all parts of the Country

that I take a fancy to, and if I have not made any like it before, I take full particulars of it, and when I have the time make a similar one. In this way I am constantly learning to make new types of baskets."

M. Colle, a Belgian, who was trained as a boot-repairer and mat-maker at St. Dunstan's, has returned to his home in Ghent. On his arrival he wrote:—

"I am pleased to let you know that I have arrived safely home, and that my people, who have stayed here all the time, are in good health. Our home suffered very little from the explosions which occurred in the vicinity when the Germans retired, but everything that was of any use to them they took away, including all the machinery of my father's brewery.

"I have written to Sir Arthur to thank him for the kind and generous way in which I was treated during my stay in England.

"This town used to be, before the war, one of the greatest industrial towns in the country, but all the cotton-mills are idle on account of the machinery destroyed by the Germans, and they say that it will take at least another year before business will be able to restart.

"My father was quite surprised when I told him the different things I had learned at St. Dunstan's. The first work I did after I settled down a bit was to repair my father's boots. He told me that during the war they used to charge £2 for repairing a pair of boots, and that they were not as well done as those I have repaired."

A. Tucker, another boot-repairer and mat-maker, who has settled at Bristol, writes as follows:—

"I have read the letters from men which appear in the REVIEW, and find them very interesting, especially when

there is one from a fellow you knew while at St. Dunstan's. As regards my own work, I feel quite satisfied with the progress I have made with my trade. I have been here nearly a year, and I have always had enough work with boots to keep me employed. I have had them all sizes and shapes, from a size which is too small to go on the last, which difficulty I get over by using the little stand with three lasts, generally used for home mending. I also get some boots which have to be toe-capped. At first I was nervous, but once when I had a pair in to do, the After-Care Department's Visitor helped me, and since then I have had no trouble with them. I have always got some mats on order. I never have time to make a mat to go in my window, and when I do put one in which is waiting to be called for plenty of people come in wanting to buy it."

M. Deegan, a basket-maker, settled at Mullinavat, Ireland, writing recently, says:—

"I am overjoyed at the work I am turning out, and the way in which it pays me; but best of all is knowing I give people satisfaction when carrying out their orders. We all know, of course, that this is due to the training I received at St. Dunstan's, to whose staff I am very grateful, and to whom I owe my sincere thanks for turning me out a proficient basket-maker and putting me on my feet again.

"About a month ago, having completed a basket in my workshop, I started off for a stroll, knocking over and nearly breaking a jam-pot on the kitchen-table. I had the pot taken into my workshop, and then started to 'look' through my waste cane, and I found enough to make a bottom similar to that of a basket. I started it in the usual way, placing the pot inside, and built it up like an ordinary basket, with a fancy border on top, and

when finished I filled it up with clay and planted a small shrub. This done I found I had made a nice flower-pot. I have since then done the same with jugs and other utensils. This uses up all my clippings, so that there is no waste, and brings in many orders from ladies. I am now constructing a linnet's cage, using centre cane instead of wire. My first attempt at this proved successful. My orders for baskets and fancy work are at present more than I can cope with. If any more turn up I shall have to introduce the forty-hour strike."



H. White, who has started work as a basket-maker and mat-maker, at South Croydon, writes:—

"It is now thirteen months since I left St. Dunstan's, and I consider that I have done remarkably well, far better than I ever anticipated. I have improved a great deal in basket work. I find re-handling baskets very profitable, and I do a great deal of this sort of work. My baskets, I am pleased to say, are very conspicuous during shopping hours.

"If you remember, I told you that we were keeping fowls. We have two houses, one of which we built ourselves, and which has withstood all gales so far. We have fifteen hens and one cockerel, seven of which we reared ourselves, and which are now eight months old, and all laying. We are looking forward to another batch of chicks, as they are so interesting."

The Perfect Batman

BY "SKY PIE."

THE officer was cross and the whole of the Royal Air Force mess was amused.

"What do you think that idiot of a batman of mine has done?" demanded the aggrieved one, "He has clamped my best tunic in the trousers-press! You should just see the thing!"

"The only perfect batman I ever had," he went on, "was in France. He really was a knock-out. I shared him with

another chap, and we lived in clover, while other chaps had a dickens of a time.

"The rummiest thing he ever did was once in a 'push.' We'd been going it like one o'clock, and at last it came to this, that we were miles from anywhere and had no grub! Imagine that!

"Well, we called this priceless lad and asked him if he could get us anything. He said he could do us a brace of birds. We sat up at that and asked him where he had got 'em. He just didn't answer, so we shut up. We weren't going to know anything, you be bound.

"The birds were just fine. He could cook, that lad. We enjoyed them thoroughly and talked about them for days. Then came a chit from headquarters. *Two valuable homing pigeons were missing* and had we seen, did we know, and all the rest of it. Well, the other chap and I, we looked at one another, then we called the batman.

"Where did those birds come from?"

"Did you like them, sir?" he asked.

"Never mind that. Where did they come from?"

"If you liked them, sir, you don't need to know where they come from," he said. So we showed him the chit. He read it and handed it back.

"It means a court-martial, you know, if it's found out," I said.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, look here. You needn't leave evidence about. What did you do with the basket?"

"He looked at me, 'Couldn't cook them without making a fire, sir,' he said.

"Now could you beat that? He was a genius, that lad, and he was a perfect batman."

A topsy-turvy war! Imperfection becomes perfection. But this point did not interest the mess at all. They continued to talk about batmen's crimes, and without doubt many ears tingled.



Captain: "What is strategy in war?"

New N.C.O.: "Well, strategy is when you don't let the enemy discover that you are out of ammunition, but keep right on firing."

Departmental Notes

The Braille Room

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

Reading Test: W. Joyce, J. W. Green, F. G. Freeman, W. Robinson, E. W. Jarman, A. Hayes, Mr. D. C. Lee, T. R. MacPherson, W. J. S. Pearce, Mr. L. A. Bissett, C. Durkin, Mr. J. Swales, S. Kelly, W. H. Thorpe, J. J. O'Connor and J. S. Whitelam.

Writing Test: W. P. J. Phelan, F. L. Morris, W. Trott, A. Bennett, G. C. Maltby, and W. M. Jones.



A new interlined book has just been published by the National Institute for the Blind, "The Navy under the Sea," by Bartimeus, which is in pocket edition.



Another of this month's publications is "Additions to Braille Musical Notation; together with some account of the methods known as 'Barby Bar and Vertical Score.'" It will be a special boon to all St. Dunstanners who are interested in music, as formerly the only text books were in old Braille.

"Instructions for Concertina," by Warren, has also been transcribed into Braille, and is now in circulation by the National Library for the Blind. *D. P.*



Pension Bonus Extension

SIR L. WORTHINGTON EVANS (Pensions Minister), replying in the House of Commons on March 6th to Mr. Pennefather, announced the decision of the Government with regard to war bonuses on Pensions.

The present bonus of 20 per cent. payable to disabled men and the widows and children of deceased men, which was awarded until the end of June next would be extended until the last pay-

Typewriting Tests

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

W. Birchell, W. Tremble, W. T. North, J. Bannister, Mr. Smith, Mr. Channings, G. Bayliss, S. W. Johnson, W. M. Jones, F. Clark, J. Anderson, C. Nelson, F. Marsden, W. J. Monaghan, T. W. Dee, D. O. Evans, W. Hildick, Mr. Littlejohn, H. G. Weeks, H. Shiers, S. Wright, R. Baker, J. P. O'Farrell, Mr. Pemberton, T. Corcoran, W. F. Folland, P. Brown, R. McCullen.

E. McL.



Netting Notes

IT is interesting to note this month that Occupation Rooms, to include the teaching of Netting and Rug Making, are being organised at our Convalescent Annexes at Ilkley and Blackheath. The ladies who will have charge of these work-rooms have been with us here, learning all our special ways, and we feel sure that they will be successful in their venture. We offer our very best wishes to everybody concerned.

With regard to the rugs, we want to draw attention to the excellent work now being done under the direction of Mrs. Morris. Designs in colour are especially attractive, and with the help of metal clamps now in use this rug work can be done by one-handed workers. *G. H. W.*

day in September next. This extension applied to all pensions and allowances in respect of which the war bonus was granted by the Cabinet decision of December last.

ST. DUNSTAN'S ALLOWANCES

Sir Arthur has decided that all St. Dunstan's pensions and allowances will fall into line with this extension, the 20 per cent. bonus being continued until the last pay-day of September.

News from the Workshops

VISITORS, as they pass through the Workshops, show their keen interest rather more by their silence than words. We do, however, occasionally hear interesting remarks. The comment of an American Imperial Service nurse was, "Well, this is a real live show, anyway. I wouldn't have missed it for the world."

Several of the members of a recent conference of masters and men in the basket trade also spent some hours in the shop, and gave most whole-hearted commendation of the work they saw in progress. They considered it most creditable, and one said, "I have frequently seen the work of a much lower standard turned out by sighted workmen."

During the month the following articles have been made for the Disabled Soldiers' Exhibition organised by the Y.M.C.A., which is now in progress in Liverpool, and at which St. Dunstan's has a complete and representative exhibit:—

Joinery: Boot-stool, T. W. Strathfull; meat-safe, W. Lilly; pair of steps, T. W. Strathfull; oak tray, E. E. Barratt; handkerchief box, A. P. Archibald; handkerchief box, R. Caven; table, Sergt. Harris.

Mats: "St. Dunstan," A. Ballard; sinnet-centre, G. Polley; brown border "W.A.S.," W. A. Simmonds; key border, F. W. Douell; letters "F.W.D.," F. W. Douell; red cross, A. Hermon; red corners, W. A. Simmonds; "Victory over Blindness," E. Woodward; black diamonds (5), J. G. Nicol; kneeler, A. F. Williamson.

Baskets: Square soiled linen, G. Johnson; corner soiled linen, A. Smith; baby linen hamper, Sergt. Macauley; barrel and round arm, C. Negus; barrel, W. H. Hildick; round soiled linen, R. Beckham; cane waste paper, E. Bevans; cane rubbish, E. Bevans; barrel, J. E. Batty; oval arm basket, C. Williams; white

hamper, W. J. Richie; barrel basket, A. G. Blyde; baker's basket, F. J. Brown; work-basket, G. Francis; portmanteau, Sergt. Martin; French randed arm, W. Ellinson; open work-basket, W. Ellinson; open work-basket (green), W. Ellinson; rib rand waste paper, G. H. Rodgers; work-basket (cane and sea grass), G. H. Rodgers; round arm, G. H. Rodgers; open work-basket (green centre), W. J. Nichols; white oval arm, B. Collins; white waste paper, E. Fairfield; barrel, J. Vass; waste-paper basket, G. Moore.

A. Gribben has been appointed pupil teacher in the Boot-repairing Department, and F. Hackett has relinquished the position in order to take up mat-making before leaving. The latter has rendered most useful service to the men in his section.

R. Baker and J. Genet are now reaping the reward of their painstaking efforts, and are turning out good work. I should like also to commend the work of T. Horsfall, W. Jones, W. A. Simmonds, S. C. Smith, E. J. Summers, and E. Pannifer.

The Basket Department has lost the services of J. McCue, a pupil teacher, who has been most successful, and has always maintained a high standard of work. F. J. Brown will, we are sure, prove a worthy successor.

W. Holmes, W. Joyce and J. McGuckin have turned out some remarkably good work, and F. Hyde's cane hampers and log baskets have been much admired.

In the Joinery Department, under pupil teacher R. Caven, W. Farnell has completed the usual articles in a remarkably short time. In the more advanced section Lieut. Ramsden's tool-chest is a very

St. Dunstan's Discussion Club

ON Monday, February 17th, Mr. Le Breton Martin opened a lively discussion on "What About Total Prohibition?" He spoke of Nature's law of the "Survival of the fittest;" how America would soon be "all dry," with a resultant great increase of efficiency, and efficiency would determine the future positions of nations. We all believed in the value of the British race—was any sacrifice too great to maintain its position? Mr. Ramsden, Sergt. Muir, H. E. Lambert, Mr. Rattray, Mr. Fryer, F. Stratton, and Sergt. Nolan, made very varied and poignant contributions. Mr. Le Breton Martin, in closing, brushed aside the less important issues, for no difficulties were insuperable. We were now accustomed to some restrictions with excellent results, and the main issue lay between pleasure—of a sort—and efficiency.

On February 24th a discussion on "Infantry and Artillery" was opened by Sergeant Muir, and took a technical trend of great interest. Captain McNeil, in the chair, described some military positions for general comment, the whole discussion being made vivid and real by personal anecdote and reminiscence.

On March 3rd, Mons. Louis Graveline, late interpreter with the New Zealanders, the A.S.C., etc., delighted a large audience with his "Reminiscences of an Interpreter at the Front."

FUTURE ARRANGEMENTS.

March 17th—Lecture by Captain Reiss (Head of Housing Dept., Ministry of Reconstruction), "Housing—how the need is being met."

March 24th—Discussion, "Do we need more State ownership?"

March 31st—Miss Bishop, F.R.G.S., lecturing on "The Magic of India."

April 7th—Address by Mr. P. L. Way, of the National Institute for the Blind.

April 14th—G. Ives, M.A., F.Z.S., will lecture on "How Animals adapt Themselves."

credible piece of work. J. Petro has just completed a pair of steps, and W. Lilly a dog-kennel. W. E. Cook has also turned out some excellent work, and E. E. Barratt, F. G. Freeman and H. H. Hardy are doing very well with picture-frames.

We very seldom see a poor mat on our frames, and it is somewhat difficult to make a selection of some that are better than others, but there can be no question about the soundness of the work which we have seen this month, turned out by S. Anderson, T. A. Carter (kneeler), R. Gibbons, J. Gillabrand, P. Holmes, T. Sattery, W. Shurrick (kneelers), and A. F. Williamson.

The following men left St. Dunstan's Workshops this month:—J. Dunwoody (mats), W. C. Shaw (baskets), W. Simons (baskets), B. Pursglove (boots), F. Marsden (boots), and A. G. Wise (mats and boots).
W. H. O.

A TEMPERANCE orator was in the habit of holding forth in a workman's hall, and was constantly being interrupted. The next time he lectured in that hall he engaged a prize-fighter to sit in the gallery and keep order. He was contrasting the clean content of home life with the squalor of drunkenness. "What do we want when we return home from our daily toil?" he asked. "What do we desire to ease our burdens, to gladden our hearts, to bring smiles to our lips, and joy to our eyes?" As the orator paused for breath, the prizefighter shook his fist at the unruly members of the gallery and whispered in a loud undertone: "Mind, the first bloke what says 'beer' I heaves outside."

"I say," said the inquisitive next-door neighbour to the furniture remover, "are the people in that house moving?" "Oh, lor, no," replied the tired worker, as he staggered into the furniture-van with a wardrobe on his back. "We are just going to take all the furniture for a nice little drive to give it some fresh air."

Entertainment Notes

DR. LAMBERT LACK brought an excellent party of entertainers on the 6th February, the members of which were mostly drawn from Miss Lena Ashwell's Concert Parties, who have done such splendid work in France.

On the 6th February, Mrs. Alfred Morris, who has for some time past given so much voluntary assistance in the Netting Room, invited about seventy St. Dunstanners to her delightful house in Grosvenor Street. A very sumptuous tea was provided, followed by a concert in the drawing-room, for which many of the best known entertainers were engaged.

Mr. Goodson's concert on the 13th was much appreciated. Quite a number of excellent artists came with him from the Victoria Palace.

One of the most popular concerts ever given at St. Dunstan's was provided by the Tower Bridge and Old Kent Road Tradesmen's and Friends' Society on the 20th February. The programme was long and varied, including such turns as a child impersonator, a Komical Scot, banjo, mandoline, concertina and bagpipe players, as well as a comedian and many soloists.

At the Bungalow on the 3rd February, the entertainment provided by Mr. Reginald Dawson was much enjoyed.

At the College on the 12th February, Mrs. Liverson provided a splendid high-class concert.

Miss Beringer brought a delightful troupe to the College on the 25th ult. The items given suited all tastes, the "jazzy" songs being a most popular feature.

Miss Ella Shields and Alfredo were included in the programme of the concert which was held at the House on the 27th

February. The former created great enthusiasm by singing some of her old favourites, amongst which was "Gilbert the Filbert." The latter gave a wonderful exhibition of violin playing. *E. K.*

Death of Blind Harry

MANY of our readers will remember notes that have occasionally appeared in the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW about Blind Harry, the famous Brighton character. He showed most conspicuous ability in the matter of getting about alone. It is with great regret that we note the following paragraph which recently appeared in the *Daily Chronicle*:

"Thousands of visitors to Brighton will this year miss Mr. Harry Vowles, a notable character familiarly known as 'Blind Harry.'

"For thirty-five years he has taken up a prominent position on the Front, where he accompanied himself on a melodeon.

"He was born blind, but his life has been marked by long-distance walking feats, which he accomplished alone. Every year until a few years ago he tramped to Putney for the Boat Race week, and always found his way without assistance.

"Only once did he miss his way. At a junction he took a wrong road, but he had not proceeded far when the surroundings 'appeared' strange to him, and he returned to the cross-roads, there righting his error.

"'Blind Harry' always walked by night. The advent of motor-cars and their consequent danger to him caused him to stop the journey some years ago.

"He was married, and had nine children. He died of influenza on his wedding anniversary."

HE was a wounded subaltern. One evening the Sister had just finished making him comfortable for the night, and before going off duty asked, "Is there anything I can do for you before I leave?" "Well, yes," was the reply, "I should very much like to be kissed good-night!" Sister rustled to the door. "Just wait till I call the Orderly—he does all the rough work here!"

Sports Club Notes

TUG-OF-WAR

THE Tug-of-War League has been concluded. As was expected, the Bungalow Canadians ran out winners by two points from the House United. It was unfortunate that in the last few days of the League, owing to unforeseen circumstances, the College teams were unable to complete their matches, and the finish was thereby robbed of some of its keenness.

Heartiest congratulations are due to the Canadian Team, which during the course of the League has been comprised of the following:—

B. R. Swanerton (capt.), J. W. Green, A. Knight, E. Fairfield, J. W. Ogiltree, E. A. Howe, R. Mallory, W. J. Wallace, G. H. Simpson, R. Adams, J. Rawlinson, A. P. Archibald, A. Sugden and E. Eades (coach).

It is difficult to maintain keenness and carry on with training during such a long period as that covered by the progress of the League, but all those who took part and who had charge of the organisation of the teams are to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which the teams have turned out and competed. In all cases the sporting spirit has been foremost.

It is hoped that a Tug-of-War League, on similar lines to the one just completed, will commence shortly after the summer holidays and conclude before Christmas.

PEARSON LIGHT-WEIGHT CHALLENGE CUP

A Challenge Cup for Light-Weight Teams, on similar lines to that for the Catch-Weight Teams, was kindly presented by Sir Arthur Pearson, and the following teams entered:—

College A, College B, Hardy's House, Earle's House, Douell's Bungalow, Makin's Bungalow, Knight's Canadian.

In the first round the Knight's Canadian Team beat Hardy's House Team by two pulls to nil.

Earle's House Team beat College B Team by two pulls to one.

College A Team beat Douell's Bungalow Team by two pulls to nil, while Makin's Bungalow Team had a bye.

In the Semi-Final the Knight's Canadian Team beat Earle's House Team by two pulls to nil.

Makin's Bungalow Team beat College A Team by two pulls to nil.

The second pull was most stubbornly contested and lasted four minutes. Great praise is due to Makin, the coach, for it was really due to him that the team won.

The Final took place on Friday, 28th February, at 12.15 p.m. Both teams were in good trim, and an excellent pull was the result. In the end the Canadians won by two pulls to nil.

In Sir Arthur's absence the Cup was presented by Mr. H. Kessell, the General Superintendent of St. Dunstan's, and in his speech he congratulated winners and losers on the display.

The following are the members of the teams who reached the final:—

Knight's Canadian Team: A. Knight (captain), C. F. Hornsby, A. J. Cooper, R. Mallory, R. Adams, J. W. Ogiltree, E. Fairfield, E. A. Howes, F. Green, C. Ray, T. Roden, G. Eades (coach).

Makin's Bungalow Team: F. Hackett (captain), W. Mitchell, W. Hines, F. J. Brown, J. Corrigan, S. Anderson, A. Ballard, S. McDowell, C. F. Durkin, C. F. Thompson, F. Makin (coach).

ROWING

The Sports Committee was convened and held at St. Dunstan's on the 13th February, 1919, in order to reconstitute the St. Dunstan's Rowing Club and arrange details for the coming rowing season.

The following is a report of the meeting:—

1. Proposed by Captain McNeil, seconded by Captain Ian Fraser, and carried unanimously, that Sir Arthur Pearson be invited to be President of St. Dunstan's Rowing Club.

2. Proposed by Capt. McNeil, seconded by H. Hardy, and carried unanimously, that Mr. Calcutt should be invited to be Vice-President of the Club.
3. Proposed by Capt. McNeil, seconded by Mr. Calcutt, and carried unanimously, that Capt. Fraser should be elected Chairman of the General Committee.

Captain Fraser took the chair, and after stating that he had great pleasure in accepting this position and would do his best to further the interests of the Rowing Club, said that he felt sure that Sir Arthur, who was then in America, would be pleased to be President of the club, for, all St. Dunstanners know, he takes as great an interest in sport as in any other activity at St. Dunstan's, and is particularly keen on rowing and sculling, an exercise at which he is himself no mean performer.

He then welcomed Mr. Calcutt as Vice-President, and said that those who had known him in past years would be glad to know that his skill and friendship was still to be available, for all acknowledged the value of his services.

Mr. Calcutt thanked the meeting for electing him Vice-President and said that he put his services entirely at the disposal of St. Dunstan's rowing men.

The Chairman then said that in his opinion the General Committee was too unwieldy an instrument to properly organise sport at St. Dunstan's. He suggested that the Committee should act merely in an advisory capacity, being convened only when necessary, and that a smaller Executive Committee should be formed which would meet regularly and frequently, say once a week. The Sports Captain should be given very full powers to act as he thought best in all matters affecting sport at St. Dunstan's.

These general principles were adopted unanimously, and it was agreed each Annexe should appoint its own representative to sit on the Executive Committee.

The Chairman suggested that every effort should be made to find an eight sufficiently good to enter for races at Henley and at other regattas which are

likely to take place this year. All St. Dunstanners, including officers, should have an opportunity of competing for places in this eight, and the final choice should rest with Mr. Calcutt and Mr. Game.

The appearance of a blind eight at Henley Regatta had been prophesied by Sir Arthur at one of the earliest of the Club's annual dinners, and the matter had been discussed with enthusiasm at almost every meeting of St. Dunstan's rowing men. Such an eight would, by its novelty, create such excitement and attract such notice that it was essential that the very best efforts should be put forward to make it a success. He hinted that if a really good eight was found there might be no lack of invitations to regattas on the Thames and on other rivers. Mr. Calcutt very kindly offered to provide a "best boat" eight, and said he would see whether it was not possible for the Vesta Rowing Club, of which he was President, to provide a number of good sliding-seat boats.

Sliding-seat Boats.—It was unanimously agreed that every effort should be made to obtain lighter and better boats for races at Putney, and the Sports Captain was asked, with Mr. Calcutt's assistance, to make what enquiries he could in regard to this matter.

Division of Men by Weight.—It was proposed by Hardy, seconded by Mr. Huskinson, and carried unanimously, that in all races there should be two sections (a) for men weighing 10st. 7lbs. and upwards, (b) men weighing under 10st. 7lbs.

Rowing Programme.—Captain McNeil was asked to give his ideas of a rowing programme. The general terms of the proposal he made were agreed upon, and it was decided to refer details regarding fixtures, classification of races, &c., to the Executive Committee.

A TRAVELLER entered a village inn with a dog, and an Irishman asked what breed it was. "It is a cross between an ape and an Irishman," drawled the dog's owner, regarding his questioner insolently. "Faith thin, we're both related to the beast," was the prompt retort.

Poultry Examinations

THE Poultry Exams. were held on February 24th, 25th, and 26th, by Mr. Clem Watson, the well-known poultry expert. It is most satisfactory to note that in the First Course eight men obtained the maximum number of marks, and in the Second Course five. We specially congratulate Lieut. Hitchon and Q.-M.-S. Eades, as they obtained full marks in both their courses. Below we publish Mr. Watson's report:—

FIRST COURSE—

"It was quite a pleasure to handle this class of men, because so many seemed to have a full grasp of the leading points, while several could go into details with a great amount of accuracy.

"The fact that so many of the men had secured a clear knowledge of the industry showed the careful amount of class work given to them by the instructors, and the very large amount of hard work that must have been put in by the men themselves.

"With such a grasp of the chief points it is no wonder that several gained full marks, and this should mean a successful issue at the next course:

H. T. Coates, 50 (maximum); P. White, 50 (maximum); D. W. Taylor, 50 (maximum); J. G. Nicol, 50 (maximum); H. Stayt, 50 (maximum); H. Nelson, 50 (maximum); T. W. Jones, 50 (maximum); C. Brown, 50 (maximum); L. Marquis, 48; H. Jubb, 46; A. Hamilton, 46; T. Fisher, 46; T. Parkinson, 46; G. Craddock, 45; W. Meaker, 45; R. Glasson, 44; B. Martin, 43; T. Campbell, 39; W. Payne, 38.

SECOND COURSE—

"This was rather a big class, but most of the men exhibited remarkable interest in the industry, and their replies gave evidence of the pains they must have taken in the class room.

"The fact that most of them had mastered details proves the thoroughness

of the instruction. Such men are a pleasure to examine:

"Capt. McLeod, 100 (maximum); Capt. Hutcheon, 100 (maximum); Lieut. Bisset, 100 (maximum); Lieut. Hitchon, 100 (maximum); G. Eades, 100 (maximum); F. Redmayne, 96; Lieut. Parry, 96; H. Weekes, 94; T. W. Gell, 93; W. G. Cox, 90; J. Crawford, 94; E. Nava, 90; R. Davies, 90; H. Lea, 88; J. Witham, 87; B. Wood, 86; Mr. Macrae, 86; G. S. Johnson, 86; W. French, 85; R. Mallory, 82; G. Bayliss, 80. C. S. A.

The Poultry Farm in March

OWING to the very unsuitable weather in many places the hatching of chicks is somewhat behind-hand, and as the end of the breeding season is not far distant it behoves all poultry-farmers to do their utmost to make up for lost time.

Generally speaking, it is not wise to hatch the heavy varieties after the second week in April, which does not give us much time in which to put down eggs. On the other hand, the light breeds, such as Leghorns and Anconas, may be hatched up to the second week in May; any that are hatched later will progress favourably for some time and then seem to hang fire and develop so slowly that many will not be full grown until the following spring, making them very expensive birds.

Do not overcrowd the growing stock, either by placing too many in the coops, foster-mothers or cold brooders, or by having them all thick on the ground. Supply all the free range possible and weed out cockerels at the first opportunity.

Vary the food, do not omit a plentiful supply of pure water or grit, and see that the houses, etc., are clean. It is seldom that disease is found on a place where cleanliness is made an important feature, not in one but in all possible ways. The grass will soon be shooting up fresh and green, but in the meantime it is important that some form of tender fresh green stuff is provided for the chicks, such as watercress; an excellent plan is to grow mustard in small pots and boxes, and use this when about two inches high.

J. P.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

THE REV. L. G. TUCKER'S many friends will be glad to know that he has been appointed Vicar of Cherrington in the Diocese of Coventry. We all wish him renewed health and strength and hope he will be very happy in his country parish.

The Rev. J. Ernest Williams, M.A., Senior Chaplain of the Forces, who has been Chaplain at the Eastleigh Casualty Clearing Station for over four years, is coming to take up work at St. Dunstan's. He will probably be taking the Sunday Services during March and will be in residence in April. Mr. Williams has been in touch with over 70,000 men during the war. Until he comes, the Rev. E. N. Sharpe will do all he can to keep things going and he would be glad to know if he can be of any service to any of the men. His address is 4, Albert Terrace, Regent's Park.

A short Service of Intercession will be held in the Chapel on Fridays at 2 p.m., lasting fifteen minutes. This is specially for workers at St. Dunstan's, but all will be welcomed.

Sunday Services during March will be: Holy Communion at 8 a.m. and Morning Service at 10.15.

Catholic Chapel Notes

On Sunday, February 2nd, owing to the Chaplain's illness, Father Pollen, S.J., of Farm Street, kindly said the mass. Afterwards he was shown over the chapel and expressed great admiration of its equipment.

It is with great regret we chronicle the resignation of Mr. Clayden, our organist.

He has held the post for over two years and only been absent three times and then through illness. We shall miss him very much and hope his successor will be equally reliable.

A disappointment was in store for us on Sunday, February 23rd, as M. Doyle had promised to sing Gounod's "Ave Maria," but at the last minute it had to be postponed. However, we expect to be successful next Sunday, and by the time these notes appear in print we hope that Doyle will have made his first appearance as a soloist in the chapel, and be preparing something else for a future occasion.

P. H.

Births

W. H. WRIGHT - Son - - Nov. 14, 1918
 A. BROWN - - Daughter Feb. 13, 1919
 H. CACKETT - - Daughter Feb. 16, 1919
 M. J. PRINTIE - Daughter Feb. 16, 1919
 C. S. TEMPER-
 TON - Son - - Feb. 16, 1919
 J. G. MOELLER - Daughter Feb. 19, 1919
 G. WORGAN - - Daughter Feb. 20, 1919
 H. HURST - - Son - - Feb. 20, 1919
 C. SHEPPARD - Son - - Feb. 26, 1919
 F. P. FISHWICK - Son - - Feb. 27, 1919

Marriage

ON Saturday, 21st December, G. Nancarrow was married, at Wesleyan Church, Indian Queens, Cornwall, to Miss E. Super.

Baptism

ON February 9th, Eric Arthur Clarke, the son of C. E. Griffin, was baptised at the Chapel.

"So your little boy wears glasses?"
 "Yes; his poor father wore them before he died, and it seemed a pity to waste them."

An Idyll of the "Red Duster"

A GONE up-Channel, with streaming plates,
 And the Plimsoll mark awash,
 To whining howls of the Nor'-East gale,
 And sting from the salt spume's lash,
 She rolls her way, does this grain ship, gay
 With the daubs o' camouflage,
 With food for the mouths of a million—
 But the sneaking Hun 's at large.

Her forefoot smashing the creaming swell,
 That swirls to her foc'sle rails,
 Groping her way through the mines that lay
 Strewn around like bloated snails;
 The "old man" straining his precious sight,
 While watching his convoy's smoke,
 He has food for mouths of a million
 Of the safe shore dwelling folk.

A heaved up hump, on the starboard bow,
 With the water sluicing off,
 A U-boat grey, that was born to prey
 With its swift torpedo's cough;

A grinning gun from the turtle deck,
 Unhoused in a moment's thought,
 To sink the food for a million souls—
 Aye, dearly that grain was bought,

By brains and skill on the bridge of the tramp,
 By nerve and muscle and thew,
 The forward gun was laid on the Hun
 By a tousled, unkempt crew,
 By a steady hand, a short command,
 And a splutt'ring gust of flame,
 The U-boat, ripped like a petrol can—
 She's gone—like her fleet's good name.

Back once again to the home fairway,
 To tunes from the tired screws' chug;
 Splitting the air with her siren's bray,
 For added strength of a tug;
 To pluck her into the berth she's won
 Through a thousand leagues of hell,
 With cargo of grain for a million—
 She's safe in her berth, "All's well."

F. M. Jobson.

Dover Patrol Memorial

Support from Blinded Soldiers

ON the 4th March a letter was received from the Mayor of Dover, thanking the officers and men at St. Dunstan's for the generous gift of between £20 and £30 which was made by them to the Dover Patrol Memorial Fund.

Chief Engine-Room Artificer Burnett suggested to his comrades that St. Dunstan's men would like to show their gratitude to the force which enabled them to cross the Channel in safety, and the response was ready. In appealing to his comrades Burnett said that every man who had been to France would realise that his leave was only made possible by the unceasing vigilance of the Dover Patrol. The Navy, he pointed out, had been one of the most generous supporters of St. Dunstan's, and it was felt that the

men would be glad of his opportunity of reciprocating. The Object of the Dover Patrol Memorial Fund is:—

(1.) To erect in Dover a Hostel for the use of sailors.

(2.) To erect a memorial on the Cliffs of Dover, not only to the men of the Dover Patrol, but to the memory of those glorious seamen who lost their lives at Zeebrugge.

(3.) To erect a memorial on the French side of the Channel, somewhere near Cape Grisnez, to the memory of the French sailors who shared in the perils of their British comrades.

(4.) To erect a memorial in America as a tribute to the part played by the American naval forces, from their "Comrades of the Mist."

The Great Net Barrier

By "SEAMARK"

WE reprint below an interesting article, by "Seamark," about the net barrier stretching from Folkestone to Boulogne, which appeared in a recent issue of *Answers* :—

"When, two years ago, Germany announced her 'unrestricted' submarine warfare, many nervous folks threw up their hands and asserted that we should never be able to devise an effective means of combating the new peril. Certainly, fresh problems were presented to our naval experts, and the great ones at the Admiralty had to set their brains very seriously to work. But the silent Navy was not worried.

"The Navy knew what the nervous folk did not know. That was why it was confident. It knew that a grave and tremendous submarine peril had been conquered during the early days of the war, the secret of which was as well kept as the plans of it were well laid. What had been done before could be done again.

"And the secret was the secret of the great Net Defence, of which now the Naval censors are non-existent, I may tell.

"Early in 1915 the British Navy accomplished one of the cleverest maritime feats of the whole war. At that time our cross-Channel transport was enormous. It was, moreover, increasing every day, for as our engagements increased in France and Flanders so our Army increased at home, and had to be conveyed across the narrow strip of water wherein so many forms of death might lurk.

"No less than a hundred destroyers were employed on escort duty connected with this arduous business of transport. It was a wasteful system, wasteful and vulnerable. While it diverted too many ships from other duties, it did not spell a sufficient measure of security; and, fortunately, this point was properly realised before our armies began to pour across the water in fullest force. Even now some of us are only just beginning to realise how much

depended upon the safety and unceasing flow of troops and stores to France; and yet, when we come to probe the whole matter, we find that our cross-Channel casualties were practically nil, in spite of the tremendous pressure exerted by the enemy during the latter part of the campaign.

"This wonderful result could not have been effected if the old cumbersome system had not been superseded by something better. It was not the outcome of chance, nor was it the natural upshot of a vast run of luck. It was made possible by the consummation of one of the greatest strategic manœuvres ever applied, even in the war-scarred history of the English Channel.

"It was a gigantic undertaking. Such a net had never been made or conceived before. It involved the employment of over 3,000 men and boys—all naval—in various towns on the East Coast, for the mammoth net was made in sections.

"When one realises how many people knew of this secret, it seems remarkable that it did not leak out.

"Here is a list of some of the items out of which the great net was formed. There were 25,000 miles of steel wire of various thicknesses—enough, that is, to encircle the whole world, though it was actually needed for little over twenty miles of it. There were 250,000 galvanised steel connection blocks; 1,000,000 screws were used to fasten and secure the net, to which may be added 200,000 glass buoyancy globe nets (hemp) and 10,000 T.N.T. mines.

"The net itself consisted of a tremendously strong system of interknit meshes of reinforced steel wire. Three different sized meshes were used. The glass globes and globe nets were used to keep the net in position in the water. The globes serving as buoys were fixed inside the hempen nets, while the deadly T.N.T. mines were strung out in the net itself in a vast diamond pattern. The whole contrivance presented an impassable barrier

to Fritz and his torpedoes. And how long, after the several parts were completed, did it take to lower the gigantic net into the sea and to stretch, adjust and fix it between Folkestone and Boulogne? The thing was done between the setting and the rising of the sun!

"One night, while we slept, the whole terrific enterprise was put through. We had no knowledge that, while perhaps we dreamed of our dear ones about to cross the water, their safety was being effectively ensured. After months of feverish knitting and splicing, the trawlers set out from Folkestone, unloading their unique cargoes as they went. Literally they drew a line of safety across the water. By morning the great net was making sheer into Boulogne Harbour, and the absolute safety of our cross-Channel transport service was secured.

"The night that witnessed this was one of the most momentous and significant in our naval history. It was a silent victory achieved by silent seamen. Yet in the chords of memory is there not an echo of certain criticisms that were directed, in those early days, against our Navy and its lack of spectacular triumphs?

"So the net was laid, and behind that steel rampart the ships of Old Britain could come and go as they listed. Fritz could fire off as many of his tin fish as he pleased. They did no more than hang up in the net, gifts to his Britannic Majesty when, as occasions arose, various sections of the net were raised for inspection.

"The net was practically an isthmus, transforming Britain from an island into a peninsular. This, at all events, was the effect of the barrier upon enemy boats. Before the barrier was set, German submarines, working from their base, could dash for our Channel transports by a very short cut, though admittedly not without some danger to themselves. They could descend upon us swiftly from the north-east.

"But just take a map of Western Europe, and note what a difference that barrier made to a U-boat commander's plans! In order to reach our transports he would have to steer a course sheer round the British Isles, and come up Channel from

the west to his destination, where he would arrive with empty fuel tanks. For the German submarines in those days were not the enormously powerful 'long-ranged' boats of to-day. They had very definite limits.

"Now-a-days they have been developed and improved out of all knowledge, but right up to the last the Great Net Defence remained one of the biggest stumbling blocks in Fritz's line of progress. And right up to the last the Navy 'laid low and said nuffin'!

"Passage through the net was only possible at Folkestone and Boulogne. We should have been hoist with our own petard had we left no opening for ourselves. But the available channels or 'gates' at either end were narrow, and vessels had to pass through in single file, close inshore, where they were under the comfortable menace of the shore batteries.

"Of the floating barrier it has been said that 'what England lacked in troopships was more than atoned for by the Cross-Channel Net Defence.' Day and night it was constantly patrolled by trawlers. It required a certain amount of attention and watching, as, for instance, when it now and again became necessary to replace sections of the line after one of the mines had justified its existence.

"It did not merely protect, that patient, unseen net; it could bite! Fourteen ocean highwaymen, either by accident or design, tried conclusions with her; she accounted for them all.

"These, like many another, are encounters which will never be described in history, and which will dwell only in the imagination of men."



NORAH and Pat were reading an article on the laws of compensation. "Just fancy," exclaimed Norah, "according to this, Pat, when a man loses one of his senses another gets more stronger. A blind man gets more sense of hearing and touch—" "Shure and that's true," interrupted Pat, "Oive noticed it meself. Now Mick Sullivan has one leg shorter than the other; but shure the other's longer."

A Tile Loose

ANOTHER "CHORLEY" TALE—BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

MR. CHORLEY was reading in the dining-room when his wife suddenly rushed in. "Henry, Henry," she exclaimed, "there's two working men going by with a long ladder."

"Well, what of it?" inquired Mr. Chorley, looking up from his paper. "If they had been going by with a two-headed calf or a white elephant, I could have understood your getting excited about it."

"Why, you know you said," continued Mrs. Chorley, "that if you could only borrow a long ladder for a few moments you'd go up and mend the tile that's loose on the roof."

"So I did" admitted Mr. Chorley. And, jumping up, he tapped at the window energetically. "Hi! Hi!" he called, and then he ran out and explained himself. If he could have that ladder for a few minutes it would be worth sixpence to them; and the bargain was struck at once. The men placed the ladder against the side of the house, while Mr. Chorley hurriedly assumed his old gardening coat.

Mrs. Chorley watched her husband making his perilous ascent with a lump of putty in one hand and a small trowel in his mouth. As soon as he reached the top she was able to breathe more freely; and then Mr. Chorley called down to say that there were three tiles loose, and that he wouldn't be coming down for a quarter of an hour or so. And as she could do no good by standing there and holding the ladder, Mrs. Chorley went indoors to see about getting supper.

Meanwhile, the two working men having disposed of the sixpence—it was a warm, thirsty evening—came back for the ladder. As nobody offered any objection, they concluded that Mr. Chorley had finished with it, and therefore they took it down and went on their way with it.

Mrs. Chorley continued to prepare supper. After a quarter of an hour had passed she said to Mary Ann:

"Your master will be coming down in a minute. Go and hold the ladder."

"Master must ha' come down long ago, mem," replied Mary Ann; "'cause the men has been and took the ladder away.

Mrs. Chorley rushed out into the front garden. The ladder certainly wasn't there. Then she heard a voice from the roof.

"Hi! What have you done with the ladder? Bring it back."

"The—the men have taken it away," cried Mrs. Chorley. "But," she added, recognising that it was a time for deeds and not words, "I'll send Mary Ann after them. They can't have gone far."

Mary Ann was at once despatched after the two working men, while Mrs. Chorley, counselling her husband to be patient, went indoors to put the supper in the oven again. She was in the middle of her task when a loud ring brought her in a hurry to the hall door. A small boy stood there in an excited state.

"Hi, ma'am," he exclaimed. "There's a man hidin' up on your roof. Directly he see me he tried to get behind the chimney stack, but I spotted 'im, I—"

"Will you go away, please?" said Mrs. Chorley in a tired voice.

Mrs. Chorley having dealt with the supper went into the garden again. She found her husband waving his arms from the roof and shouting.

"Where have you all got to? Why don't you hear me when I shout at you? That girl has gone and lost herself. It's no use waiting for her. Run down to the fire station and borrow the fire-escape. I can't stay here any longer—and you'll be half an hour gone as it is."

Mrs. Chorley, feeling rather guilty of having neglected to watch the ladder more closely, snatched up a hat and ran off. As she dashed out of the garden gate, a man called to her that there was somebody climbing over her roof; but she was in too much of a hurry to stop and argue.

The man, therefore, got curious, especially as Mr. Chorley was half hidden by a chimney stack, behind which he appeared to be concealing himself on a

system. So when the next passer-by came along, the man volunteered the explanation that there was a burglar on the roof and the lady had gone for the police.

A few minutes after that quite a tolerable crowd had collected. When people asked each other what was the matter, the reply was given that the police were chasing a burglar over the roofs. By the time the constable on that beat put in an appearance, there must have been a couple of hundred people outside Mr. Chorley's house. Some counselled Mr. Chorley to come down, while others moved by a mistaken sporting instinct, gave him a cheer and urged him to wait till it was dark when he could slip away.

The constable naturally felt overcome a little by the sense of his importance. He strode into Mr. Chorley's front garden and shouted out:

"Come on down out of that. It's no use trying to get away. I know yer!"

Mr. Chorley's reply was lost in the noise of the crowd. Some cheered the constable, while others called to Mr. Chorley to show his British pluck and hold on.

"Are you comin' down?" shouted the constable again, "or d'ye want me to come and fetch you?" This, of course, was mere brag, because the constable had no means of getting up to the roof; but it elicited another cheer from the crowd, while one carefully explained to those nearest to him that when you're a burglar, if you come down of your own accord it's only seven years, but if the policeman has to come and fetch you it's fourteen.

The constable turned to the crowd with a majestic air. He had never felt so important in all his life. "Somebody go and fetch a ladder," he commanded.

Several people accordingly went in different directions for ladders. Mr. Chorley waved his hand as though he wanted to speak, but his sympathisers in the crowd, mistaking the action for a further exhibition of dogged British pluck in the face of fearful odds, drowned his voice in a rousing cheer.

"Wonder if we couldn't fetch 'im down with a stone," said somebody, suiting the action to the word. The stone whizzed

past Mr. Chorley's ear, and he had barely time to crouch behind the chimney stack before a perfect volley was directed at him. The first assailant's bad example had been promptly followed. Unfortunately some of the stone throwers were a little out of practice, and a series of disheartening crashes announced the fact that several of the top-floor windows had gone.

Mr. Chorley put his two hands to his mouth and shouted something. Before the constable could quite make up his mind as to whether he was really being called an idiot or not, there was a fierce commotion in the distance. Shouts of "Hi! hi! hi!" accompanied by the rattle of bells, announced the fact that the local fire engines were out.

In another moment the fire engines had pulled up in front of Mr. Chorley's house, scattering the crowd like chaff, and bringing to their windows all the neighbours who had not hitherto been aware that something of an exciting nature was happening. Shortly after that the fire escape vigorously trundled by, about fifteen men swung into Mr. Chorley's garden, while a fireman anxiously enquired of the constable where the worst part of the fire was.

It appeared that when Mrs. Chorley had run breathlessly into the station and asked for the fire-escape, the natural inference had been that her house was in flames; and the engines had been rushed out accordingly.

While Mr. Chorley, in a state of some excitement, was climbing down the fire-escape, two men arrived with a ladder, which they had fetched in obedience to the policeman's summons. Then two more men came, and two more after that, till the road was black with men carrying ladders, on the understanding that the Government paid handsomely for this kind of thing when the capture of a burglar was in question.

It took Mr. Chorley the best of an hour to disperse the crowd and dispute the claims upon his pocket, and he had to do it single-handed, as the constable had prudently slipped away. It was no place for him.

Flying Boats—Craft for Sea and Air

(BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE EDITOR OF "THE TIMES.")

LITTLE is known generally in this country about flying-boats or their work, partly because they were attached to the Silent Navy and partly because they were produced in the Service.

For instance, few people know that Zeppelins have been brought down in the Bight of Heligoland by flying-boats, or that they bombed forty-four German submarines in 1917, or even that there were boats that flew. But these winged, wooden-hulled, Hydroplane-bottomed boats, which carried a specialized crew of four—first pilot, navigator, wireless operator, and engineer—were specially built for downing submarines, and so well did they answer their purposes that the Germans got out a seaplane-fighter expressly designed to attack them.

The greatest seaplane and flying-boat station in the world is at Felixstowe, on the East Coast in Harwich Harbour, a harbour opening out into the southern portion of the mottled, misty, treacherous North Sea. Across from it, in a south-easterly direction and some ninety miles away, lies the Belgian coast, where the Germans, until they were moved on by the Army, had submarine and seaplane bases at Zeebrugge and Ostend. Some 180 miles away, in a north-easterly direction, Terschelling Island, and once around the corner of this Island you are in the Bight of Heligoland. On a shoal half way on a line between Felixstowe and the Hook of Holland, and an equal distance, some fifty sea miles, from Harwich Harbour and Zeebrugge, was moored until recently the red North Hinder Light vessel belonging to the Dutch. German submarines from Wilhelmshaven, Heligoland, Emden, and Kiel on their way up and down channel, and submarines from the bases on the Belgian coast on their way to work north in the shipping lanes off the East Coast, or to lay mines for the benefit of the Harwich destroyer flotilla, used this light vessel to correct their navigation and fix their position. The

vicinity of this lightship, which lay in the centre of the 6,000 square mile area allotted to Felixstowe for patrol, was therefore an ideal place to hunt submarines, for here they travelled on the surface, saving or charging their batteries before or after groping their way blindly through our minefields and nets, as, contrary to general belief, a submarine cannot be seen from aircraft when below the muddy waters of the North Sea.

In 1914, the flying-boats weighed well under two tons and had engines giving a total of 180 h.p. These were comic machines, with comic engines, and the stout lads who tried impossible feats in them had usually to be towed back by destroyers. But improvements went steadily on. In 1915, there were large experimental flying-boats in existence, much larger than anything which at that time had been designed in the way of land machines, and in fact bigger than any land machine that was flown in this country until 1918. One of these boats, called the Porte Baby, was so large that it carried on its top plane a scout land machine with pilot complete, which, while the boat was in the air, was successfully launched and flown back to an aerodrome. In 1917 the boats in service weighed some five tons and had a wing span of ninety-three ft. They consisted of a long wooden hull, covered with canvas above the water-line, were flat-bottomed, with a hydroplane step which lifted them on top of the water and enabled them to obtain a speed at which the wings had sufficient lift to pick them out of the ditch. Inside the hull were the seats for the first and second pilots, side by side, and covered in by a transparent wheel house; behind the first pilot, the box of tricks with which the wireless operator sent and received signals, and father aft, the cockpit for the engineer, where he was within easy reach of the petrol tanks and his many gadgets. The engines were between the top and bottom planes, one each side of the hull.

They carried six-and-a-half hours' fuel at a cruising speed of 60 knots, their top speed being 80, and four 100 lb. bombs set to detonate below the surface of the water. Now in 1918, the latest boat to be completed and tested, called the Porte Super-Baby, has lifted a weight of fifteen tons, has five engines giving a total of 1,800 h.p., and is the most powerful aircraft ever flown.

Besides the perfecting of the boats, pilots had to be trained and the making of a seaplane pilot is a longer job than the making of a land machine pilot. The actual flying of the boat is the easiest part of the work. The pilot has to be able to navigate accurately in mist, fog, and rain, so that he knows where he is at all times—no easy job over a waste of water one square mile of which looks like every other square mile, while buoys, light vessels, and ships are few. He must recognize instantly the difference between our own and German submarines seen at strange angles and oddly fore-shortened; know the silhouettes of surface ships according to their kind; fight, possess the physical stamina to stand long patrols



Fixing Frontiers

OUR Army of Occupation has now left far behind the various signs which mark the boundary between France and Germany.

Where this boundary runs through forests a broad belt has been cleared, and is kept free from undergrowth. Along this belt, at distances of every quarter of a mile, are stone posts, rather like our milestones.

If the frontier runs along a road it is marked by tall wooden posts, which have the French colours on one side of these, and the German on the other. Until war broke out this front was jealously guarded by police and troops.

The frontier line between Germany and all other countries which were on her border was very similar to the ones our soldiers are now seeing. During the war the boundaries between Germany and Holland and Switzerland, were

and flying in rough weather, and the mental make-up to resist the monotony of long spells of unproductive work. From the repairing of the boats and the handling of them on shore, to the dropping of a bomb on a submarine, it was a business that had to be learned. Good pilots were few, and when found were usually worked until they cracked under the strain. Canadians seemed to be best fitted for the work, and probably as high as three-fourths of the good boat pilots have come from Canada. Both Zeppelins were brought down by flying boats flown by Canadians, and the records for the number of hostile submarines sighted and bombed are also held by pilots from the country north of the Great Lakes.

It was not until 1917 that the boats and engines were satisfactory, and the flying-boats came into their own. In that year 168 enemy submarines were sighted by aircraft operating from England, of which 105 were bombed. Of these, 16 were bombed by airships, 41 by float-type seaplanes, 4 by land machines and 44 by flying-boats.

wire fences, heavily charged with electricity in order to prevent the escape of prisoners.

One of the most curious boundaries in Europe is between Italy and Switzerland. In one place it consists of a tall barrier of wire-netting hung with bells.

Another curious frontier mark is where the Rhine crosses the boundary between Germany and Holland.

The frontier is marked by a row of pontoons, chained bow and stern to one another. The eastern halves of the boats are painted with the Hun colours, and the western half with the Dutch colours.

Wherever possible the boundaries between nations are natural ones, as a river, or a chain of mountains.

The boundary between the United States and Canada, for example, follows the Great Lakes and the River St. Lawrence for hundreds of miles.

Blind Serbian Singers.

THE following is an extract from a speech delivered by Dr. Michael I. Pupin, Serbian Consul-General in New York, at a dinner given by Dr. Schuyler Skaats Wheeler to Sir Arthur Pearson, at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, on January 31st, 1919.

Sir Arthur, in answer to a question, had explained that "beyond a sense of obstacle," the blind had never developed an extra sense. He told, however, of how, by being forced to develop their remaining senses to the utmost, the blind seem to be unnaturally gifted.

Dr. Pupin commented on this and cited the examples of the gouslars of ancient Serbia:—

"The gouslars, or blind bards of ancient Serbia," he said, "were the saviours of the race. Serbia, as you know, was under the brutal dominance of Turkey for hundreds of years. The Serbs were worse than slaves, worse than hunted dogs. Every attempt they made to maintain their nationality was crushed, the patriots being either tortured or killed. But through all this terrible persecution and tyranny the flame of nationality shone bright. It was the gouslars, the blind bards, who kept Serbia alive!

"These blind singers would travel from village to village, from settlement to settlement, gathering the Serbs about them and extolling the glories of their race. They would tell their down-trodden countrymen of the ancient glories, and hold out to them hopes of a brilliant future when Serbia would become a nation again.

"None but the gouslars could have done this. Without eyes, their other faculties were extraordinarily developed, their memories in particular being wonderful. They would know hundreds, even thousands, of the poems and songs of their country—it is related, on very good authority, that one famous gouslar could recite more than 80,000 lines without a mistake. More than this, the gouslars kept alive the great poems and songs of Serbia—they were critics and were famous for the literary value of their songs and

recitations. In addition to keeping alive the patriotism of their countrymen, they saved the learning and literature of Serbia.

"Their wonderful ability to remember and their splendid bravery in educating their people leads me, without hesitation, to make the statement that without them there would be no Serbia to-day. They saved their country."



My Little Love

WHERE are you now? my pretty dear,
The girl I loved at Armentiers;
A refugee, I greatly fear,
My little love.

A chubby maid with sturdy hips,
A smile upon her cherry lips,
She kissed to me her finger-tips,
My little love.

Cheer up again, my pretty dear,
You'll soon be back at Armentiers,
Perhaps, before another year,
My little love.

A little maid not four years old,
Her hair was flaxen more than gold,
My love for her can ne'er be told,
My little love.

She used to call me "Uncle Jim,"
She used to kiss me with a "vim,"
That somehow made me think of Him,
Whose name is Love.

When war is o'er; its sorrows dim;
And on your knees you pray to Him,
Just add a word for "Uncle Jim,"
My little love.

Third Reserve.



WITH an air of great importance, the small boy of a Sunday School imparted this happy fact to his teacher. "The devil is dead," he said solemnly. "What makes you think that?" asked the startled teacher. "Father said so," exclaimed the boy, "I was standing in the street with him yesterday when a funeral passed, and when father saw it he took off his hat and said, 'Poor devil! he's dead!'"

How Dog Stealers Work

THE dog-thief has his wiles, which are guarded as jealously as secrets of State. He belongs to a profession which is not without its tradition. He has to exercise a considerable amount of patience and ingenuity if he is to be successful, and has to be a careful student of canine as well as human nature.

The methods by which dogs are enticed are varied. One of the most notorious of the thieves bakes liver hard, powders it, and places the substance in the "turn-up" of his trousers. The intended victim, scenting the meat, follows him until the rascal considers it safe to pick him up, when he takes off the collar and replaces it with another, after which he takes the dog to some place of detention until he sees an opportunity of converting it into money. This is probably one of the most common of the tricks which are employed, the use of cheese being also frequently resorted to, though some thieves vary the procedure by saturating the meat with oil of aniseed or rubbing on their trouser-legs matter which will attract dogs and cause them to follow close at heel. At other times the man will be seen leading a female dog in the neighbourhood of the intended victim's house; the latter follows the decoy and his fate is sealed.

Then there are the "snatchers," who linger about, usually in couples, waiting for an opportunity to pick up a dog. If the dog be small it is put into some convenient receptacle by one of the men, who makes off rapidly, while his accomplice waits about to ascertain what happens when the thief is discovered.

Dog-stealing is occasionally done by women, who, dressed in excellent style, pick up toy dogs and place them in bags containing narcotics, in order that the animal may be prevented from raising suspicion by barking. It is stated that women attired in nursing costume have been found carrying drugged dogs in their arms, though to the casual observer they were apparently holding babies.

A trick by which detection is rendered difficult is that of soaking a hare's foot or piece of rag in aniseed oil and trailing it from the home of the coveted dog at the time when it is known to take its morning and evening run. The dog picks up the scent, and the thief, waiting a few streets away, welcomes him with open arms.

Having secured the dog the thief has to find some means of transmuting it into coin of the realm, and to the experienced "professional" the task presents little difficulty. The receiver is to be found in many places. Down East, up West and in the suburbs he thrives on the profits of his business. Sometimes he is of the same class as the thief, often he is of better education, and carries himself with the jaunty air of the successful man. His success is not all due to his profits in stolen dogs, for he usually carries on a bona-fide business in buying and selling, and occasionally breeding, dogs. He usually manages to keep himself from coming into conflict with the police.

To this "dog-fence" comes the thief who does not care to deal with customers at first hand, and from him he receives a small part of the real value of the dog.

When the "dog-fence" is ambitious he resorts to means of his own to obtain his supply of dogs. Men, women and children are paid by him to scour the neighbourhood for valuable dogs. Not long ago one of these scouts was caught, who had passed many hundreds of dogs into the hands of these well-to-do receivers, with the aid of a child. This man's method was to frequent the neighbourhood of better-class houses in the company of a little boy. The boy's business was to wait for the dogs as they were led out by servants in the early morning and entice them away. The advantage of this method is that, whereas a man seen loitering for a long period in a certain locality might arouse suspicion, the presence and gambols of the urchin are considered to be perfectly natural and suggest no thought of evil.



Did the Paravane Bring Peace ?

The following interesting article is reprinted by kind permission of the Editor of "Answers" :—

EVEN before the war ended squadrons of warships sailed through the thickest of mine-fields with impunity. When our vessels entered the Baltic they passed, without a casualty, through the most heavily-mined waters in the world.

It is now possible to give details of the wonderful instrument by which this has become possible.

The Paravane System of Protection Against Mines—or the P.V. as it is generally called—was invented by Lieutenant Chas. D. Burney. The Paravane itself is really a kind of water-kite and looks rather more like a miniature, inverted, and somewhat swollen-bodied aeroplane than anything else. It consists of a pear-shaped hollow metal body with a downward tilted metal plane fixed at its broader end. Thrown into the water, it would of course float; but if it be towed through the water by means of a rope fastened to its broader end, the plane at once drives it downwards. Once below the surface, a highly ingenious tail-rudder serves to keep it riding steadily at any chosen depth. The rudder is actuated by a very delicate hydrostatic valve.

If the Paravane, as it is towed, commences to plunge upwards in the water, the lessened weight of water on this valve deflects the rudder and drives the Paravane down. If it plunges too deep, the increased weight of water turns the rudder in the opposite direction and brings the Paravane up again.

Such a Paravane cast into the water and towed from a vessel would travel dead astern, *under the water*, at any depth to which the rudder-valve was set. But for the purpose of protecting moving ships against mines, it is necessary that the Paravane should not tow dead astern, but should stand a considerable distance away from the ship's side. To effect this one end of the depressing plane is weighted so that the Paravane when at rest, floats

in the water at a pronounced angle. In practice two Paravanes are always employed. They are towed one on either side of the vessel by steel hawsers fastened to a point as low down as possible on the ship's bows. When a vessel nears a mined area the Paravanes which are ordinarily stowed on deck, are dropped overboard. As the vessel moves onward, the bow towing ropes tighten, and the thrust of water sinks the Paravanes, and at the same time thrusts them outward from the sides so that the underwater towing-cables stand away at a considerable angle from the ship's bows. Once set, the two Paravanes maintain their position, one on either side of the vessel, at whatever speed she travels.

The effect of the Paravanes, with their towing-hawsers, is to form a kind of underwater protective wedge in front of the ship. The mooring-rope of any mine which the ship encounters is caught by the towing-hawser before the mine can strike the ship itself, and is deflected outward and away. As the wedge moves forward, the pressure of water causes the mooring-rope of the mine to slip outwards along the towing-hawser until it comes to the Paravane. Here it slips into a slot fitted with a sharp cutting apparatus, which instantly severs the mooring. Once the mooring is cut the released mine floats harmlessly up to the surface, and can be easily destroyed.

Since the use of the Paravane became general it is no exaggeration to say that the mine as a weapon can be considered almost extinct. Our secret was so carefully guarded that the Germans never knew what it was that enabled our ships to ride safely through their mines, but towards the end of the war, realising its hopelessness, they gave up the laying of minefields altogether.

The finest testimony to the effectiveness of Lieutenant Burney's invention is that since its employment only two ships have been reported sunk by mines.