

St. Dunstan's



Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

St. Dunstan's Motto : "VICTORY OVER BLINDNESS."



1. BLINDED MEN LEARNING BRAILLE READING AND WRITING. 2. MAT-REPAIRING SECTION OF ST. DUNSTAN'S WORKSHOPS.

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

ON March 15th, No. 2 London General Hospital, Chelsea—St. Mark's College as it was before the war—closed down; and thus ended the first and probably one of the most important steps in the lives of a very large number of the men who have been blinded in the war. By an arrangement with the War Office, blinded men were, when possible, sent direct to St. Mark's, or were transferred there from other establishments, for final examination before they came to St. Dunstan's.

The importance of getting in touch with the man as soon as possible after he had lost his sight, of telling him of the achievements of others who had been disabled as he had, of giving him hope and encouragement which was so sorely needed to enable him to overcome his trouble, were fully realised by Sir Arthur, who periodically went to the hospital himself, and who organised a regular staff of Braille teachers, readers, and visitors.

It was in St. Mark's that the majority of St. Dunstaners had to first face the fact that they were not to see again, and since we have, after our time at St. Dunstan's, learned to regard the loss of sight as nothing more than a handicap, to be reduced by thought and application to its lowest possible limit, we cannot help looking back to St. Mark's as a place of achievement, a place where our first battle was fought and won, a place of happy memories.

Mr. Huskinson elsewhere in this issue tells us of the happy memories he has of St. Mark's, and we cannot help backing up all he says from our point of view, and, in addition, telling him that much of this happiness is due to him. In the long roll of names which he tells us would have to be written if all who helped to make St. Mark's a happy place were to be mentioned, his name would surely come very near the top.

THERE will be found on another page a description of a remarkable machine that has been devised to enable a man who has lost his hands, as well as his sight, to typewrite.

Much credit is due to those who have interested themselves in this machine, for its construction and application are indeed triumphs over difficulties. We call special attention to this remarkable achievement, for it strikes us as being an excellent example of the way in which courage and perseverance on the part of the disabled man, and ingenuity and initiative on the part of those who are interested in him, have led to the solving of what, at one time, seemed an insuperable problem.

WE would draw our readers' notice to the fact that original contributions to the REVIEW have been falling off in numbers of late. We hope everyone who has a story to tell—and as we go about the world we cannot but encounter experiences—will send it along. With his ability to type, the St. Dunstaner will find few better occupations for a spare half hour than writing, and it should be remembered that an exchange of ideas and of experiences is always interesting and often helpful.

Editor.

NOTES BY THE CHIEF

SOME years ago a friend of mine told me of a walk in the country he had taken with a little blind boy who was greatly interested in things around him, but who showed a truly regrettable ignorance of the world as it really exists. For example, while he knew that a cow had four legs, he thought that they were like his own.

This seems very absurd to us who know what the world and its inhabitants of all kinds look like, but why, after all, should this little boy, who had lived in a town all his life, have formed any other kind of idea?

When I was in New York I was interested to inspect at the Museum of Natural History a collection of models which are kept there for the special benefit of blind folk. Some kindly person left a bequest to the Museum some years ago, the interest on which is used to pay the railway or car fares of blind people who care to visit it, and quite a number of blind folk avail themselves of this opportunity, and parties of blind children are often taken there in order that they may be given an opportunity of acquainting themselves with birds and beasts and other objects as they really are.

The official who showed me round told me that only the week before a little blind boy had been very surprised to find that a swan had only two legs. He thought that all birds had four legs.

The models do not only comprise birds and animals: there was a very interesting one of the Panama Canal, made to scale and about ten feet in length, another of an Eskimo summer tent made of skins, and a plaster of Paris model of an Eskimo winter hut of ice blocks.

My only criticism was that some of the models of animals were rather too small, and I suggested to the Curator the advisability of having in all possible cases actual stuffed animals.

I hope the day is not far distant when every school for blind children in this

country will be well equipped with models of all sorts and kinds. It is quite wrong that children should grow up with such quaint ideas as those possessed by the two little boys I have mentioned.

I HAVE more than once been asked whom I consider to be the ablest living blind man. Ability is of so many varying descriptions that it is rather difficult to pick out an individual, but if I were to do this I should name Dr. Babcock of Chicago.

He is now sixty years of age, and lost his sight completely when he was fourteen. As he grew up he decided to enter the medical profession, in spite of the apparently insuperable difficulties involved.

How Dr. Babcock overcame these difficulties is a long story, but the success with which he did so may be judged from the fact that he has for many years past been regarded as one of the leading specialists in the world on diseases of the heart. His book on this subject is regarded the world over as a great standard work.

In addition to his work as a heart specialist, Dr. Babcock has a large and lucrative general practice in Chicago.

I had the pleasure of a long talk with him when I was in that city, and was greatly struck by his charm and ability and the modest manner in which he disclaimed the idea of having accomplished anything at all remarkable.

THERE is a lot to be learnt out of doors at this time of year. I wonder how many of you can recognise the different song birds by their notes? It is really a good exercise of that tremendously important sense of hearing to try and learn to pick out the various songsters as they carol away.

The sense of touch, too, can be most usefully and interestingly developed by experiments on the almost countless varieties

of leaves and flowers. Last Spring I improved myself quite a lot by practice of this kind, and I recommend all of you to have a try at this sort of thing during the next few months.

A VISITOR who came to St. Dunstan's the other day told me that he was more than amazed at the light-hearted way in which the fellows to whom he spoke took the misfortune that had befallen them. I ventured to suggest to him that this was the only sensible manner in which to face such a situation as that in which we people of St. Dunstan's find ourselves, and went on to illustrate my point by telling him a rather good story of the Front which I heard the other day. It was a very hot trench, and shortly

after the relief party had arrived the sergeant came to the end of the hottest section and shouted, "Is Private Smith all right?" A reassuring reply came back, and about five minutes later the same question was asked and the same answer given. In another five minutes or so the performance was repeated, and Private Smith began to get a bit rattled.

"What's the blighter always calling after me for?" he asked.

"Why, you mug," was the reply, "he's drawn you in a lottery, and if you get hit first he's seventeen bob ahead."



Notice to Men who Have Left St. Dunstan's

THE following two circulars have been issued during the month by the After-Care Department. Owing to the possibility of non-delivery through loss in the post notice is given so that any man who has not received his circular may communicate with Captain Fraser.

- (1) *19th March*.—Letter and form to masseurs in connection with their settlement in private practice.
- (2) *1st April*.—Memorandum sent to mat makers concerning selling price of mats.

Men who are supplied with materials by the After-Care Department are urged to forward remittances of any value by cheque, registered post, or money order made payable to Captain Fraser. It is not safe to send Treasury notes in unregistered envelopes, for in case of loss in the post—an occasional happening in these times—there is no means of tracing them.

Men who send goods for disposal at our sales depôts must please use our special labels which are sent to every man when he leaves St. Dunstan's, and further supplies of which may always be obtained

on application to the Department. Particular care should be taken to fill in the space provided for the sender's name, and when a mat has to be returned after shearing, or an article is to be disposed of in some special way or forwarded to some special customer, full instructions must be sent at the same time as the consignment.

Men are reminded of these details, for neglect of them has occasionally led to delay

St. Dunstaners in the Guards' March Past

SIXTEEN St. Dunstaners took part in the March Past of the Guards on Saturday, March 22nd, some of them coming up to London especially for the occasion. They were welcomed by their regiments, and many of them met friends with whom they had served in France.

A NUMBER of tourists were looking down the crater of Vesuvius.

Said the American: "That looks a good deal like the infernal regions."

An Englishman who overheard: "Good gracious! How these Americans do travel!"

A Great Ideal

SOME THOUGHTS PROMPTED BY ST. DUNSTAN'S 4th ANNIVERSARY DAY

"THE men of St. Dunstan's are taught to play as well as to work." This simple phrase, which Sir Arthur frequently employs when telling the story of St. Dunstan's, probably comes nearer to expressing the great secret of victory over blindness which has been won in the little township of the blinded soldiers in Regent's Park, than any other of his striking utterances.

We had the privilege of accompanying Sir Arthur on a round he made of the various annexes of St. Dunstan's on the night of March 26th, the fourth anniversary of the memorable day when sixteen blinded men and a small staff moved from their temporary quarters at Bayswater Hill to the beautiful mansion of St. Dunstan's, which is now a centre of what, with its seven hundred odd inhabitants, can only be described as a little world of the blind.

The private hospital, which is the latest addition to this little world, was the first place visited, and here one could not help noticing the comfort and orderliness of the place and the cheerfulness of the men, whose one thought seemed to be to get well and return to their difficult task of learning to be blind. We next found our way to the Braille Room, and as we entered this excellent concert hall it was difficult to imagine that the larger part of the audience could not see, and this thought was more than ever forced upon us as we went through the Lounges in each annexe where a dance or a supper was in progress. St. Dunstaners and their lady friends, V.A.D.s, and other members of the staff, all formed the happiest of parties, and we felt that men who could cast away their difficulties and play like this, and enjoy the pleasure of normal people in such a way, had indeed fought their initial battle and had won.

The visitor who knew nothing of our workshops would surely have said that men who could play like this were just the fellows to tackle and overcome the more serious difficulties that faced them in their daily training and re-education.

A whistle called for silence at each gathering, and Sir Arthur prefaced his few words of greeting with his usual cheery "Good evening, everybody"—a salutation that was met with delight and applause.

Happy recollections was the text of his speech. "Pleasant memories were," he said, "what he and those who associated with him in the care of blinded men would carry with them from St. Dunstan's, and it was his hope that his hearers, too, would have nothing but happy recollections of their stay at St. Dunstan's. Little did we think," he went on, "when we came to the beautiful mansion of St. Dunstan's with a handful of men four years ago, that our organisation would assume the enormous proportions which it now does. Little did we dream of the success which would attend our efforts. I am proud of St. Dunstan's," he told his hearers, "and I want you to be proud, too, for St. Dunstan's no longer stands only for the name of one of the most beautiful estates in London, but for an ideal of courage and resolution and for triumph over difficulties which has never been surpassed and which is recognised throughout the world."

As he walks through the work-rooms, class-rooms and lounges of St. Dunstan's, appreciates the industry of the former, the laughter or music in the latter, and the happiness in both; as he hears of the achievements of the men who have left, but with whom he is, through his After-Care Organisation, so closely in touch, there can surely be no prouder and happier man than him whom we blind soldiers love to call Chief.

St. Dunstaner.

Wireless 'Phoning Over London

(By kind permission of the Editor of "The Daily Mail")

IT is possible that the other afternoon wireless operators in London were surprised to hear snatches of topical songs, mingled with much laughter and chat.

It was a squadron of British aeroplanes passing over the City, the pilots of which were holding conversation by means of the R.A.F.'s jealously guarded invention—the wireless telephone.

This incident is splendid evidence of the claim that the Royal Air Force has produced the perfect wireless telephone. It could be added that it was one of the greatest achievements of the war.

In the system the receiver of an ordinary wireless telegraphy set can be adjusted to receive the Morse code, from a telephone transmitter. The Germans knew this, and at nine o'clock every night, for a very great distance on the Western Front, tuned their receivers to intercept the telephone messages from the British station at Dunkirk.

The British quickly found this out and played selections on the gramophone—heard by vessels in the Channel—including "Winding up the Watch on the Rhine" and "Another Little Drink." The Huns keenly appreciated the second song, but the opening bar of the first was always interrupted by "jams," Fritz getting very angry with the British humorist.

The perfection of the telephone has been the result of very extensive work at the R.A.F. experimental station at Biggin Hill, following original research work by the R.F.C. at the Army experimental establishment at Woolwich.

As far back as March, 1918, a British squadron of Bristol fighters operating over the German lines, was controlled by the flight leaders by telephonic orders to the pilots of the flight. A few weeks later a telephone conversation was held with the pilot of a machine flying more than 100 miles from the control station. To-day conversation can be held with

machines more than 150 miles away. The system is so perfect that a method has been introduced whereby trailing aerials in machines are no longer necessary. A miniature exchange has been placed in the pilot's cockpit by which he can talk to his passenger, to another machine, or to the ground, by operating a switch.

Conversations can also be held without talking through the lips at all. A special appliance, which includes a microphone, is placed round the pilot's throat, with connection to the observer's receiving head-piece. When the pilot speaks, the microphone converts the marks on the record into sound. The great advantage of this invention is that the pilot's message is not drowned by the roar of the engine.

The great merit of wireless telephony from a military point of view is that the pilot of a single-seater scout can direct all his attention to manœuvring and fighting his machine, instead of having to maintain communication with the land or his fellow pilots by working a wireless key.

It also simplifies the training of pilots, for it is very much easier to teach them to use a transmitter than to teach and maintain efficiency in wireless telegraphy.

It is not generally known that British machines were using wireless in 1912, and on the outbreak of war a number of R.N.A.S. machines were communicating by means of it, thanks to the naval officers and operators who carried out the pioneer work. To-day its capabilities are practically unlimited.

It is being used as a means of directing machines in flight. Waves sent out by two or more stations on a wide base and the exact location of which is known to the pilot are "collated" in a machine fitted with the necessary apparatus, and enable the airman to determine his exact position, although he may have previously lost all direction and locality.

News of St. Dunstan's Men

A. SMITH, a poultry-farmer, settled at Hartington, Buxton, writes as follows to Sir Arthur:—

"You must be thinking that I am a very poor correspondent as I have not written to you for so long, but though I do not write often, St. Dunstan's is always in my thoughts. I don't like to think of what would have happened to me if it had not been for you, and I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently for all you have done for me.

"I made my accounts up at the end of 1918, and found, to my surprise, that I was in pocket, which I thought excellent for my first year. I have got fifty-three birds now, and I put thirty eggs in my incubator on the 2nd of March, so hope soon to have some chickens. I had £8 worth of eggs in January, so I think I have not done so badly."

A. S. Hinton, a boot-repairer and mat-maker, who has settled at Malvern, writes:—

"Thank you for the letter I had from you a week or so ago. I daresay you thought I had not taken any notice of it. I intended to write to you before, but I have not had time for writing, I have been kept so busy at my boot trade. I would like through the REVIEW to tender my very best thanks to Sir Arthur, and the staff generally, for the great kindness which is shown to all who have been trained at St. Dunstan's, and for the care taken for their future welfare. Since I have been home I have had plenty of boot-repairing to do, and this has fully occupied my time. The visit of the Boot Instructor has helped me a great deal. People come into my workshop and look at the boots I have finished off, and tell me I could not have done them. The Instructor taught me a great deal about finishing off. I get a good class of work now. I used to get some rough work at first, but my wife used to look at it and

tell the people that I was too busy to do it. They don't come a second time. This morning I have received a card from a customer who has gone from Malvern to Bristol to live. He is sending me two pairs of boots to repair. He saw my work, and promised to send me some. I am not a very fast worker, but I do like to turn out good stuff. I really have had no time to make mats, but I hope to. I have felt many times that I would like a change, but the boots keep rolling in."

G. Green, who, since he left St. Dunstan's in December, 1918, has started work at Sheffield as a joiner, says in a recent letter:—

"I thank you very much for your letter and for the material, which arrived safely. I am pleased to say that I am getting as much work as I can get on with, and that ever since I opened I have had a steady run of orders, which come in more quickly than I can deal with.

"I am now on a very big order, which has needed some studying out. I have to fix photo frames all round a room in an hotel. Some of the frames are 5ft. long, and I have to fasten them on the wall with brackets. I have just finished two trays for a lady in Sheffield, and sent another to Inverness."

H. W. Strawbridge, who was also trained as a boot-repairer at St. Dunstan's in the early days, recently sent us a pair of boots he had made for his own use. Various experts at St. Dunstan's who examined them report that they are exceedingly well made and finished.

Boot-making is not taught at St. Dunstan's as an industry, for experiments have shown us that more money can be made out of boot and shoe repairing. All the more on this account, therefore, do we congratulate Strawbridge, for his achievement is a remarkable one. Though we do not recognise boot-making for the blind

—From all parts of the Country

home worker as a commercial enterprise, we like to think that some of our men do make their own boots, for it must undoubtedly be a good advertisement for them, and as Strawbridge says: "It provided me with a good deal of interest and my boots will last much longer than any I could have bought at the price they cost me to make."

M. A. Hutchinson, a mat-maker, living at Whipps Cross, in answering a letter from the Manager of the After-Care Department, said:—

"You say Sir Arthur was pleased to know I had made good at my work. Will you please tell him it was the training I received at St. Dunstan's that has enabled me to do so.

"I am afraid I hav'nt much more to write about, only that I am happy in my work and home life, and those are the two things that stand for happiness to a blind man.

"Thanking you for the interest you have taken in me and my work . . ."

S. Purves, who was trained at St. Dunstan's, is now being employed as a boot-repairer at the Wallsend Shipyard. The following is an extract from a letter written by the head of the firm:—

"We have pleasure in reporting that the blind soldier, Purves, employed as a boot-repairer at our Wallsend Shipyard, is well employed and doing well. He is being assisted by a brother, who is also, we are informed, a discharged soldier, and they have as much or more work than they can get through, and are working overtime."

R. G. Stanners, of High Wycombe, sends us a cutting from a local paper about a whist drive and dance which took place at the Guildhall, and at which he and Mrs. Stanners won the special prize for the best-danced waltz. "There were

thirty-five couples competing," says Stanners, "all the rest being sighted persons."

H. A. Wagg, a poultry-farmer and mat-maker, of Burnham-on-Crouch, wrote:—

"I am pleased to say that things are going on well, in spite of the awfully wet weather we have been having. I was busy when the After-Care Department's Visitor came to see me the other day, as I was just draining my bit of land. It seems that no one wants a job at present while the Government is doling out out-of-work pay, so I have decided to do it myself, as I find that is the best way of getting a thing done. I have just completed putting up my own runs for my birds and have whitewashed my two hen-houses—some job this. I am also doing my own gardening.

"I am at present hatching some White Leghorns for next winter, and I am carrying on with my mats at the same time. I find that work is a good tonic, as it keeps one very fit. I have only started just lately, and I must say that I am getting on very well at present. I am still keeping up my Braille as I find it a great refresher after a day's work.

"I am thinking of planting some apple trees later on. It is surprising what a man can do if he puts his mind to it. The other day, when I was busy putting up my runs, a man who I meet very often, asked me whether I could see a little. I replied I could not see at all. He was rather surprised to find out what we men could do."

W. Watt, a poultry-farmer living at Montrose, says:—

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am getting on alright. I am very busy, as my incubator is full, and I also have a few broody hens sitting."

He also sends us a cutting from a local paper describing a concert which was organised in aid of St. Dunstan's, and at which he spoke on the work of the Hostel.

Blind Guides "Blind"

A FORMER St. Dunstan, now resident in North Rosedale, Toronto, was returning home rather late one evening recently when he was accosted by a soldier, who had obviously been celebrating in a manner quite common in the days before the Ontario Government decided on prohibition. He inquired volubly but politely for directions to Exhibition Camp. Exhibition Camp, one of the centres for the training of Toronto soldiers, is situated in the extreme south-eastern part of the city, while North Rosedale is one of the extreme north-eastern points. Added to this Rosedale is a confusing jumble of curves, crescents, parks and gardens, so the St. Dunstaner was confronted with something of a problem to explain things to the befuddled veteran. He tried it though, but the reveller showed such a lack of interest in the proceedings that the St. Dunstaner decided the easiest way out of the difficulty was to take his companion in tow and guide him to the nearest car line. He took him over the most intricate part of the road, and explaining directions carefully, awaited developments. But again the soldier's wayward feet led him astray and it was necessary for the St. Dunstaner to start him out right. There were but a very few minutes left to catch the last car as the St. Dunstaner hurried the unsteady soldier along. The soldier, who had up to this time been studiously and volubly polite, now became sulky, and complained, with sundry expressive ejaculations, of a bad leg and defective vision.

In particular he harped on the latter until the St. Dunstaner, half amused and half impatient, explained his own condition, whereupon the soldier brought up with a jerk, refused to proceed further, and loudly cursed the fate which necessitated his being led around by a blind man. It was now a straight road to the car line, so the St. Dunstaner left him and started home. The soldier now became profusely grateful, so grateful in fact that he followed the St. Dunstaner, loudly shouting his

thanks. When last seen he was about ten minutes' walk from the car line, with the last car due to leave in about half that time. Nothing further was heard of him, so it is presumed that the Providence which is said to care for men in his condition looked after him well.

St. Dunstan's Discussion Club

ON Monday, March 17th, Capt. Reiss (Head of the Housing Department), not only gave an exceptionally informing address on "Housing, the Need and the Remedy," but dealt most satisfactorily with a regular bombardment of questions afterwards. Every detail of the new houses subsidised by Government—their size, arrangement, number, convenience, rent, cost, etc., revealed much judgment and consideration spent thereon; and his complete grasp of it all proved that the department was in excellent hands.

"And from the high grass there sprang out upon us six lions," observed Captain Russel Roberts in the opening incidents of his address on Monday, March 24th, on "Big Game Hunting." And thereafter the audience listened spell-bound to the blood-curdling habits of leopards, perilous encounters with rhinoceroses and thrilling adventures with elephants, culminating in the pursuit thereof through a vast swamp, the only foothold floating grass! Truly an evening to be remembered.

"The Magic of India" was Miss Bishop's subject on Monday, March 31st; it provided a highly interesting evening and much food for after-thought. What measures can possibly cope with a population increasing at the rate of one million per annum? When "the faithful" drink from "holy" wells wherein flowers and other offerings have been cast for years (and never cleaned out) and where every sort of sore and illness is bathed, how is health maintained? Is a city (Benares) really "holy" when its inhabitants sell faked goods?

Notice to Poultry Men

ALL farmers should by this time have received a packet of garden seeds. If any man has not had these delivered will he kindly communicate with Mr. Thompson-Brown.

The prices of feeding-stuffs supplied from St. Dunstan's have again been revised as follows:—

	per cwt.
Wheat	15s. & 20s.
Corn	18s. 6d.
Maize	16s.
Oats	18s. 6d.
Laying Meal	20s.
Chikko	30s.
Clover Meal	16s.
Fish Meal	25s. 6d.
Offal	13s.
Shell	6s.
Grit	4s. 6d.

J. T. B.

Care of Rabbits

RABBIT farmers should now be busy with their litters of young ones, because, although the weather has been so inclement the does that are well housed will carry on against all odds.

They must, of course, have extra good feeding at such time, and the egg-cupful of oats per day must be given, while a mash of scalded clover meal dried off with sharps, and fed just warm, is very beneficial to mother and young. Whatever green food is available must certainly be fed to nursing does, as at this time they must have it even if others go without. To a certain extent mashes will carry on the fattening of growing stock, although it adds slightly to expenses, but young grass is beginning to grow and soon green food of every sort will be plentiful.

See also that the hutch is standing on a level, dry spot, and well supplied with soft litter when the nest of young ones is expected, and the doe will then pack her nest quite well on the wire bottom of the hutch if plenty is allowed her to do it with. Should you be troubled with rats it will be necessary to prevent them from disturbing the doe, and as she will be staying

on the same spot for about three weeks it is best in this case to put the hutch on a board floor, or a similar place, and cover the wire bottom with about an inch of sawdust, putting the hay or soft litter on top of it, and when the young ones are running about nicely—say at sixteen to twenty days—gently move the hutch back to the grass.

Here please note that rats will never burrow under a hutch that is "moved daily," but if neglected and left long in one place they will soon be under and kill the young ones quickly.

The buck should also be generously treated at this time, an extra allowance of oats and a good mash occasionally being given him. At all times feed well, as young or old will not be profitable on a poor diet, and don't forget, although grass grows freely now onwards and is excellent feeding in the spring and summer months, unless your hutches are frequently moved about it your rabbits cannot eat it. Few people realise the amount of green food rabbits eat, and grass and weeds are to be had for the pulling, and your weedy patch in the garden is soon cleaned if your hutches are put on it.

Young rabbits should be ready to kill at fourteen to sixteen weeks old, and if fat and well nourished will be in great demand.

J. N.

French Blinded Soldier's Interest in St. Dunstan's

WE have pleasure in calling attention to the following letter, which has recently been received:—

Dear Sir,—I should be very much obliged if you could send me a specimen copy of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW as I should like to become a subscriber to it.

I am a French soldier, made blind by a wound received during the war, and I am very much interested by what your Institute is doing for my English comrades.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) H. SUQUET.

News from the Workshops

SIR ARTHUR paid one of his periodical visits to the Workshops on March 27th, and spent considerable time conversing with the men and Instructors. He began in the basket shop, where he was attracted by work of the following men:—Sergt. B. Martin (cane and willow hamper), C. Williams (cane hamper), W. Williams (very good barrel baskets for a beginner), A. G. Blyde (oval arm), F. Hyde (square cane hamper), E. W. Martin (cabin trunk), F. Ashworth (letter baskets, being made for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales), W. Joyce (counter basket), G. Polley (round soiled linen), C. Negus (oval arm), W. H. Whiteside (waste paper), E. Beckham (portmanteau), B. Collins (clothes basket), E. Fairfield (cane rubbish), W. Holmes (at work on square bottom), G. Moore (round waste paper), and W. J. Nicholls (handle basket).

From the basket shop Sir Arthur made his way through the joinery department, from the Elementary section to the picture framing, stopping on his way to admire the work of W. Ward (pair of steps), W. H. Thorpe (tray), F. G. Freeman (frame), W. W. Sergeant (frame), W. H. Carlton (rabbit hutch), W. Lilley (kitchen table), among the men, and that of Messrs. Swales, Pemberton, Hutcheon, Killingbeck, and Tupper in the Elementary section, and Mr. Parry (tool chest) among the officers.

In the boot and clog shops he examined the work which was being done by H. H. Sorrell, J. W. Gimber (new man), J. Worgan, J. Broadley (particularly nice lady's heels), F. E. King, J. Wood, and J. Robbins in the boots, and T. Stevenson (boot clogs), J. N. New (first clog-buckle), J. Blackburn (lace clogs), and W. Fitton (slipper clog) in the clogs.

Passing through to the mat shop Sir Arthur was interested in the mats made by the following:—W. Shurrick (mat on frame), J. Brockerton (shaped and repaired mat), A. Jordan (lettered mat), F. R. Reason

(bordered mat), W. Nash (kneeler), G. Hollins (sinnet-mat), and W. Cox (brushes).

To our great regret we have to record that the familiar voice of "Uncle" Cross will no longer be heard instructing his pupils in mat-making. He was one of the best known men in the workshops, and has left behind him an excellent record of very painstaking and sympathetic care for all the men who at any time have been under his charge.

E. Fairfield, who is leaving us shortly, has always maintained a good standard of work; and also W. J. Nicholls, who has devoted himself entirely to centre cane baskets.

Another Instructor, Mr. F. Coyne, from the Boot-repairing Department, has also joined the staff of the After-Care Department. His section has been taken over by Mr. Heath.

J. Brockerton, E. Evers, and J. G. Nicol have turned out some very carefully made plain mats this month. Kneelers by E. J. Burgess were a very good shape. G. Scott's repairs are worth special attention, and G. Hollins has made rapid advance in his work. Mr. Clarke and Mr. Dixon, having recently been demobilised, have commenced work as Instructors in this department.

Mr. Newsholme rapidly became familiar with the special requirements of blind people, and his section of new men in the Basket Department made very rapid strides. He has now left and joined the After-Care Department as a Technical Instructor in the North of England. He carries with him the good wishes of all in the shop. Mr. Sherratt has taken his place. W. Hildick, one of his men, has this month made several excellent open oval meat trays. Another beginner, J.

Victorian Association of Braille Writers.

WE have before us an interesting report of the work which is being done by the Association of Braille Writers of Victoria, Australia. The object of this association is to provide literature for the blind throughout the State of Victoria. There are 1,200 blind persons in this State, and the return of soldiers who have become blinded in the war has given a fresh impetus to the work and an increasing need for help. Twenty of these men have already returned to Victoria. Practically all of them have had the advantage of being trained at St. Dunstan's Hostel, and the Committee expresses its deep gratitude to Sir Arthur Pearson for his wonderful work in establishing such a home for the re-education of blinded men.

The library belonging to this association consists of 8,000 volumes, and books are now delivered to and collected from readers free of charge, so that each home is, as it were, provided with its own library. Furthermore, a teacher of Braille is sent to any blind person anywhere in Victoria without expense to the pupil. The occupation of re-copying worn-out books has been entrusted to some of the blind people who are unfitted for other than light employment. The work is done in their own homes, and is well paid.

A Braille magazine which is edited at and issued from the library monthly is much appreciated. The copies are embossed by hand.

There is a Braille music section, which has proved a source of great pleasure to music-lovers.

The Committee states that much of the success which has attended the efforts of the association is due to the constant help of its voluntary Braille writers. It is hoped that a new library will be erected shortly; this is rendered necessary by reason of the increasing number of books and consequent lack of space.

The Committee is confident that the new library will not fail for lack of support, since its inestimable value to all who lack the precious gift of sight is being more and more fully realized.

Taylor, produced a splendid round dog basket. In square work, a cane hamper made by F. Clarke, and one in willow by T. Kennedy, deserve commendation; and also a square portmanteau for which G. Johnson was responsible.

Pupil-teacher E. Pannifer has resigned in order to learn mat-making before leaving. His work has been much appreciated by the men. S. C. Smith has been appointed Pupil-teacher in this department.

D. F. Aldridge has shown remarkable improvement. J. C. Robbins and M. O. Anker have done very well on ladies' work, and R. Atkinson and E. Read on heavy bradded boots.

E. James, after hard persevering work, has become proficient, and the work of W. Mitchell always reaches a very satisfactory level. W. H. O.

St. Dunstan's Work at Disabled Soldiers' Exhibitions

ST. DUNSTAN'S was well represented at the Ex-Service Men's Exhibition which was held at Liverpool from March 6th to 22nd. Our working parties for mats, joinery, baskets, boots and nets were keenly appreciated by interested onlookers all day long, and a ready sale for our goods was obtained. The cheeriness and skill of all our men were much remarked upon, and we offer our congratulations to all who so ably demonstrated the good training they had received at St. Dunstan's. The Exhibition went on to Blackpool where we have no doubt our exhibits will yield the same satisfactory results.

WOULD-BE EMPLOYER: "Yes, I think you will suit. How long were you at your last place?"

APPLICANT: "Three months."

WOULD-BE EMPLOYER: "And what were you doing?"

APPLICANT: "Three months."

Anecdotes and How to Tell Them

BY GEORGE ROBEY

SOME are born story-tellers, some achieve story-telling, and some have story-telling thrust upon them!

In the first category I would place not more than three out of every hundred of the inhabitants of the globe. To the second division belong the ninety-seven per cent. As for those who have story-telling thrust upon them, it's generally a different kind of story, spelt with an "L," and, as such, does not enter into our calculations.

The temptation to tell a good anecdote is tremendous. I know, because I have suffered from it and because of it. With some people it amounts almost to a passion, a disease; something that cannot and will not be suppressed, but bursts forth at unexpected moments.

To be a good raconteur is an art, a gift—and rare at that.

The secret of getting a gag home is to give, in the fewest possible words, the greatest possible meaning to whatever one is attempting to describe. Which is also the true art of telling a story.

I've often marvelled at the extreme eagerness of obviously rotten raconteurs to take the floor and hold forth. The type of man I mean takes seven minutes preparing the ground, and then stutters: "Er—I'm not quite sure what happened then—but perhaps you know the end?"

You probably do, and tell him.

"That's it!" he exclaims joyfully. "Rattling good yarn, isn't it. Ha, ha!"

One day I happened to meet an old friend on a railway journey. I was busy with my thoughts when I heard him murmur: "Someone told me an awfully good story the other day."

Shuddering, I waited for the worst to happen. It did.

"Yes, it was about a fellow who kept ducks. . . . At least I think it was ducks—might have been fowls, I am not sure!" With knitted brows, he sat in deep thought; but the silence grew so

protracted that at length I said, helpfully, "It wasn't cows by any chance, was it?" There are some stories about cows.

"N-no! I feel sure it was birds of some sort," was the hesitating answer. Suddenly light broke on him. "Yes, it was fowls!" he shouted. "Wait a minute—I'm dashed if I can remember why the blighter kept fowls, but I know he did keep fowls. Ah!" he gave a yell of delight and grinned with intense satisfaction. "I knew I was right—it was fowls, and he called one of the chanticleers Crusoe! And why do you think he called it Crusoe?"

"Don't tell me," I said, annoyed, I am afraid, to find this classic story had degenerated into a commonplace riddle.

"Oh, you'll never guess!" he chortled.

"I give it up," I admitted at last. "And I've got to get out at this station."

"A-ha!" exclaimed my friend with glee. "He called it Crusoe—he called it Crusoe—because—oh, hang it all—he never called it Crusoe at all! I've told you wrong, old chap, awfully sorry, really. Should have said he called it Robinson, because it Crew so. . . . Awfully good, isn't it?"

He paused, and I regret to say there was a blank silence.

"That's what I meant," he continued cheerily, "when I told you I sometimes forgot the point. But it doesn't matter much, does it, as long as you get it at the finish? . . . You know there are some fellows who never get it right, even at the finish. I call them bores, don't you?"

"Yes!" I replied curtly as I got out of the train and took myself sadly home.

It's a sort of disease I think, they can't help themselves; it comes like a rash, and near neighbours, or unhappy companions, catch it as they might catch a rash—in the neck.

Of course you've met the cheery soul who revels in personal anecdotes; will tell you a lengthy yarn, invariably starting:

"When I was in Simla in 18—" or words to that effect.

His great forte is specific detail; dates he insists upon, and will often break off just at the end of a story to tell you that when he said he was in Simla in 1862 (a fact you have by that time quite forgotten) he was making a mistake. No; it was in '64; because that was the year his wife knitted him a scarlet woollen waistcoat! Not satisfied with dates, he adds also the names of towns, streets, houses, and people; and having mentioned someone by name, proceeds to tell you their entire family history: "Her sister, one of the Dunshire Deadbeats, y'know, married old Bluster in 1859—dashed fine horse-woman, by Gad, sir!" and so on, till the original story is pulp.

That is the way *not* to tell a story.

On the other hand, in all modesty let me offer a few hints on the best and most effective way to recount an anecdote, without inspiring murder in the hearts of your audience.

(1). Get the point of your story crystal clear in your brain before you start. If it is blurred, try another story that isn't.

(2). Boil down your sentences to the fewest possible words.

(3). Beware of unnecessary detail. It is astonishing how little padding a good story needs.

(4). Don't thrust any sort of story into any sort of conversation. Wait for a favourable opportunity. An anecdote gains enormously in value if told at the right and suitable moment.

(5). Cultivate the art of listening to other men's stories. If you are in surroundings that will allow you to spout yarns, there is sure to be another man—or two—there after the same job. Be patient—listen as though you loved it—and don't let the talker guess you are itching to have a go yourself. By the same token, don't break in on the last word with—"By the way, have you heard this one?" A decent interval may insure you a kindlier hearing when your turn does come.

(6). Never laugh at your own story—*till it is told*—and then not too much. The man who chortles while he is

recounting an anecdote has not mastered the most elementary rule of story-telling.

(7). If the only stories you can tell deal with your personal experiences, or the peculiarities of your offspring (if any)—keep silent for pity's sake—and your own reputation. It's strange that although Brown loves to recount his own doings and the screamingly funny sayings of his nearest and dearest, Jones simply hates to listen to such stories. Though when he starts himself, ten to one he'll embark on a tale about the little Joneses. . . . But make the story *impersonal*, and it generally gets home. You see, while you are telling the other man what little Willy said the other evening, that other man is not really listening at all—not he! He's busy thinking of something little Dickie said or did that will knock little Willie's effort into the middle of next year. And no sooner do you cease than he starts! Therefore avoid personal anecdotes as you would oysters in June.

(8). Remember that you are not the only soul who can tell a story—or thinks he can! Tell one—then give some other chap a chance.

(9). Get word perfect in your anecdote before you start. The man who really intends to tell stories must rehearse them—or expect and deserve the Bird.

(10). Avoid dialect in telling a story unless you have a real gift for it. Many a dialect story is quite good, when told in a man's natural speech. And many a dialect story is quite murdered by some anecdotist who cannot talk Scotch, or Welsh or Devonshire—but thinks he can. Read this again, there is wisdom in it.

(11). Make your point once, and leave it at that. The fellow who elaborates his best joke is a criminal.

(12). Do your best not to tell the same story to the same man more than once—in one evening. We have quite enough natural enemies in this world. . . .

(13). Select your stories with care—don't indulge in a tale about a man with a club foot, when one of your listeners is similarly afflicted. Not that you would, of course, but I have heard it done, without exactly uproarious results. Which is scarcely surprising.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

THE REV. J. ERNEST WILLIAMS, M.A., C.F., took up his residence at St. Dunstan's early in April, and will be with us for the Good Friday and Easter Services, due notice of which will be posted in all the Houses.

We hope that all communicants will join in the Holy Communion Services on Easter Day.

E.N.S.

REV. L. G. TUCKER'S PRESENTATION.

Rev. L. G. Tucker, who resigned his position of Chaplain to St. Dunstan's owing to ill-health, and is now settled down in the country, writes to thank the men and staff of St. Dunstan's for the silver casket which was forwarded to him on March 18th.

"I want to thank you all," he says, "for the handsome silver casket you so generously gave me. It will always have the place of honour in my study and will bring to me recollections of the men of St. Dunstan's for whom I have so high a regard. More than this I value the message engraved on it. This and the casket itself could not have been more tastefully chosen."

Catholic Chapel Notes

WE are glad to announce that Miss Kathleen Ruttle, a distinguished Catholic organist, has kindly consented to assist us at Mass and Benediction; furthermore, Miss Ruttle is a member of the "Catholic Occasional Choir," and has promised to give us the benefit of their services on a Sunday morning after Easter.

Except for Wednesday, March 26th, for which, no doubt, the St. Dunstan's anniversary festivities can be held responsibly, the attendance at the Lenten Benedictions has been most edifying. There was also an excellent attendance at

Mass on St. Patrick's Day and the Saint himself must have been pleased at the rendering of his hymn.

During the month the soloists have been J. Doyle, J. McGowan, and J. Doubler, to each of whom we offer our heartiest congratulations and hope to hear them again in the near future.

The time for fulfilling the Precept of Easter Duties began on Sunday, March 30th, and ends on Trinity Sunday, June 15th.

There will be two special services in Holy Week, viz., Holy Communion on Maundy Thursday at eight o'clock, and Statues of the Cross and Veneration of the Relic on Good Friday at two o'clock.

P. H.

Marriages

ON Thursday, February 20th, K. C. Gatrell was married at St. Thomas Church, Wandsworth, to Miss F. F. Johnson.

On Monday, March 17th, R. Finch was married at Dudley, Staffs, to Miss G. Brown.

On Saturday, March 22nd, W. Allen was married at Holy Trinity Church, Darwen, to Miss L. Thorpe.

On Saturday, March 29th, F. J. Gibbins was married at St. Stephen's Church, Norbury, to Miss D. Housley.

On Monday, March 17th, G. W. Lovett was married at St. Joseph's Church, Brighton, to Miss Smith.

Births

J. SHEEHY, son - - - Feb. 2, 1919
C. NORMAN, son - - - Feb. 12, 1919
J. KENNEDY, daughter - Feb. 14, 1919

Births, continued—

H. G. WEEKS, son - - - Feb. 15, 1919	J. FLEMING, son - - - Mar. 3, 1919
B. MARTIN, son - - - Feb. 16, 1919	A. DAVIES, son - - - Mar. 7, 1919
G. F. HALL, daughter - Feb. 26, 1919	H. G. GRANSBY, daughter Mar. 22, 1919
C. H. WHEELER, daughter Feb. 27, 1919	J. MCCUE, daughter - - Mar. 28, 1919
H. COLLING, son - - - Mar. 1, 1919	D. J. WILLIAMS, son - - Mar. 31, 1919

Records in Flying

The Struggle to Gain Air Supremacy

ALMOST every week we hear of some new triumph of aircraft. The latest, at the time of writing, is the arrival of a great Handley-Page at Karachi, in India, from England. It is possible, by the time these lines are in print, that the world will ring with the arrival of a huge plane now winging her way from Cairo, across the vast forests of the Dark Continent, to Cape Town. Within a few months we shall certainly hear of the first crossing of the Atlantic by air.

It is interesting to look back at some records of the past—the very near past—and recall some of the achievements of the earlier aviators.

Apart from the experiments of the Wrights and of Farman, the first really great achievement was the crossing of the Channel by Bleriot, in July, 1909. Early on the morning of the 25th he left Calais, and after a flight of forty-three minutes, at a height of no more than 300 feet, he landed at Dover, having covered a distance of thirty-one miles at forty miles an hour.

In 1911 came the circuit of England, won by Lieut. Conneau, with Verdrines second. The winner received the £10,000 *Daily Mail* prize, while £2,000 was subscribed for Verdrines.

Conneau, too, was the first man to cross France in an aeroplane. In June, 1911, he flew from Paris to Nice. Caught in heavy gusts above Avignon, he had a fearful struggle, and barely escaped disaster.

It was in the continuation of the same great flight that Conneau flew on to Rome, and so, for the first time, covered the 815 miles between the French and Italian capitals.

In that race Roland Garros was defeated by Conneau, but two years later, in 1913,

Garros achieved a world's record by being the first to fly from Europe to Africa. Leaving St. Raphael, near Cannes, he landed at Bizerta, in Africa, having covered 500 miles in less than eight hours.

In 1913 Vedrines was again to the fore, and flew across Germany, from Nancy in France to Prague in Bohemia, without a stop. It was a risky game, for even then, a year before the war, the Huns had flatly forbidden any French aviator to cross their sacred soil.

The United Kingdom

THERE'S a little bit o' bunting made up of crosses three,

St. George, St. Pat, St. Andrew, in
unison we see;

In it are three colours, Red and White and Blue,

For this little bit o' bunting what would
Britain's sons not do.

There's a tiny group of islands set in the
grey North Sea,

Where dwell four sturdy races in blissful
harmony;

Who aid the Weak and hold the Strong,
and bid the Tyrant pause;

In peace and war they set the pace to
further Freedom's cause.

This country holds a foremost place by
air or land or sea,

And the secret of her prowess there is
plain enough to me,

Right strenuous in work or war, still
strenuous in play,

No wonder then that Britain holds the
premier place to-day.

"Dunveagan."

An Analysis of Cases at St. Mark's Hospital

[We gather from the *Lancet* the following interesting facts from an analysis Major A. W. Ormond has made of the cases which come under his care at the Second London General Hospital. Many hundreds of St. Dunstaners have passed through Major Ormond's hands since the early days when he took over the duties of Ophthalmic Surgeon of this Hospital.]

OF the 684 men who came under his care up to the end of 1917, 340 or 50 per cent. were completely without sight, and 175 or 25 per cent. had no eyes, both having either been destroyed by the injury or removed subsequently. The cause of blindness was, in general, either the passage of a bullet or a piece of shrapnel through the face in contact with one or more orbits, or else the bursting of a shell or bomb in front of the face; the proportion due to the latter cause exceeded that due to the former in the proportion of 3·2, and showed a tendency to increase in the later stages of the war. Deliberate malingering was during the period dealt with very rare indeed. On the other hand, Major Ormond records thirty-nine cases of what he terms "concussion blindness," but which might more appropriately be called psychological blindness, since no definite damage to any part of the eye can be observed. These cases are usually the result of an explosion in the immediate vicinity of the patient, rendering him unconscious. On regaining consciousness the patient is unable to open his eyes, and believes himself to be blind. He is not a malingerer. At the same time, if the true nature of the condition is not recognised in the early stage by the surgeon the prognosis of the case is enormously prejudiced. Other points in the analysis which may be noted are the rarity of sympathetic Ophthalmia in this war, the disappointing ultimate results of the extraction of foreign bodies from the eye by the electro-magnet, and the too great proportion of cases invalidated on account of diseases of the eye, which, if the medical inspection of these cases on enlistment had been anything more than a farce, should have prevented them from ever entering the army. The rather high

proportion of injuries due to accidents not attributable to enemy action is also commented upon.

Return of Officers and Men Pensioned for Disability from Outbreak of War to December 31st, 1918.

Eyesight cases	13,011
Wounds and injuries to leg (necessitating amputation) ...	14,767
Wounds and injuries to arms (necessitating amputation) ...	7,019
Wounds and injuries to leg (not necessitating amputation) ...	65,061
Wounds and injuries to arms (not necessitating amputation) ...	46,324
Wounds and injuries to hands (not necessitating amputation) ...	22,249
Wounds and injuries to head ...	19,637
Hernia	4,183
Miscellaneous wounds and injuries	32,987
Total wounds and injuries...	225,238
Chest complaints: Tuberculosis	54,883
Rheumatism	33,764
Heart disease	48,259
Epilepsy	4,912
Nervous diseases: Shell shock, neurasthenia, etc.	32,091
Insanity	5,124
Deafness	9,121
Frost bite (including cases of amputation of feet or legs) ...	3,680
Miscellaneous disabilities: Bright's disease, debility, ulcer of stomach, varicocele, enteric and malaria, spinal, appendicitis, etc.	103,209
Total diseases	295,751
Not classified (awards made by War Office and Admiralty which have lapsed or not come up for renewal by Ministry of Pensions)	708
Total... ..	521,697

Sports Club Notes

TUG-OF-WAR

GREAT enthusiasm and interest have been shown in tugs-of war during the month; some splendid pulls have resulted and every credit is due to the teams and their coaches.

A competition for Feather-weight Teams was held recently, and teams from the House, College, and Bungalow Annexes competed, the Bungalow eventually winning from the House by two pulls to one. These pulls were exceedingly strenuous and there was really very little to choose between any of the teams which entered.

It was a great pleasure to all sportsmen at St. Dunstan's to have the Feather-weight Cup presented by Mrs. Bates, in the absence of Sir Arthur. We all know how great an interest Mrs. Bates takes in our sports, although her duties prevent her taking any active part.

The following were the finalists in the Feather-weight competition:—

Bungalow Team (Winners).—Feather-weight Team: J. W. Ogiltrie (capt.), C. F. Thompson, W. Mitchell, C. F. Durkin, T. Mooney, T. W. Murphey, W. S. Castle, C. T. Campbell, E. Fairfield, and R. Mallory. *Reserves*: R. Atkinson and J. T. Steele. *Coach*: F. Makin.

House Team.—Feather-weight Team: T. Cavan, W. F. Folland, T. W. Ward, C. Reddich, G. W. Moore, S. W. Smith, J. Palmer, P. Martin, A. J. Cooper, and R. Craig. *Reserves*: J. Bruce and W. J. Wallace. *Coach*: H. N. Hardy.

The Pearson Challenge Cup for Catch-weight Teams again attracted attention, and on March 18th, the Bungalow and College Annexes competed in Regent's Park for the right to challenge the House. The Bungalow won by two pulls, and met the House in the final on Tuesday, March 28th, amid great enthusiasm. The House Team were again victorious, winning by two pulls to one. They have now won the Cup five times

in succession. In the Lounge after the pull, Sir Arthur on presenting the Cup to H. N. Hardy, the House Captain, spoke of the splendid run of success which the House had achieved, and congratulated the team on their sporting qualities. He also said a few words to the Bungalow Team on the way they still kept trying.

H. N. Hardy, in accepting the Cup, thanked Sir Arthur for presenting it and also for the keen interest he took in sport at St. Dunstan's, and concluded by calling three cheers for Sir Arthur which were heartily given.

The following were the Teams:—

House: H. N. Hardy, C. E. Beck, C. A. Fankhauser, A. M. Johnston, T. McLurg, A. Northcote, H. New, R. Young, H. Sims, J. Triggs, and J. Elder. *Reserves*: G. Woodburn, W. H. Hildick, and W. Henshaw. *Coach*: C.-S.-M. Dunn (Scots Guards).

Bungalow Annexe: W. J. Wallace, W. Barnes, A. Blackwell, S. Campbell, J. Ogiltrie, C. Pike, C. Ray, R. Riddell, R. Young, M. Carey, and G. J. Farrell. *Reserves*: C. F. Thompson and F. Hackett. *Coach*: G. Eades.

ROWING

The rowing season has now commenced and has every prospect of being eventful. Many pairs and fours are already in training and going well together.

A permanent full-time Sports Coach has now been appointed at the House, Bungalow, and College Annexes, and will take charge of all Physical Training, Tug-of-war teams, etc.

THREE little girls received each a silver spoon as a Christmas gift, and they were bragging about them.

"Mine," said one of them, "says 'From Papa' on it."

"That's nothing," said the second, "Mine says 'From Your Loving Papa.'"

"Mine," said the third, with a superior air, "says 'Hotel Washington.'"

Departmental Notes

The Braille Room

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

Reading Test: W. C. B. Simons, J. C. Robbins, J. Greenwood, A. Abram, W. T. Scott, S. Pike, H. H. Wells, H. F. Porter, B. Hamilton, T. W. Ogilvie, S. Duncan, H. G. Manning, A. C. Robbins, Mr. D. J. M. Stevens, T. G. Roden, T. Grieg, H. Nelson, R. Mellory, A. Yates, S. H. Edwards, W. R. Meeker, Mr. Kerr, W. H. Hildick, T. M. Fisher, F. H. Hughes, and Sgt.-Maj. W. Farnell.

Writing Test: S. W. Johnson, C. A. Hancox, T. H. New, Mr. Bissett, Mr. Lee, F. Clarke, S. Wright, V. A. T. Guthrie, T. Boyd, F. G. Freeman, W. Joyce, J. E. Gunn, Mr. Pemberton, C. Durkin, and J. C. Robbins.

We are delighted to record that T. Boyd passed his writing test while still in hospital, for during the four years of St. Dunstan's he is the only man who has succeeded in doing this.

St. Dunstaners who have Braille papers to keep may be interested to hear that some new cases are now being stocked at the National Institute for the Blind, which are useful for filing, as a sheet can be either added or removed without disturbing the others. There are two sizes, to take the large and small Braille paper, and the prices are 6s. 9d. and 5s. 6d.

D. P.

Typewriting Tests

WE congratulate the following officers and men on having passed their Typewriting Tests, especially Sergt. Spencer, who has only one arm:—
L. Vancelow, R. Usher, W. Paul, L. Fry, H. Northgreaves, W. Higginson, J. E. Langham, P. Martin, F. Green, A. F. Kite, S. Haylings, Mr. Tuppen, Mr. Stevens,

Sergt. Bowen, J. Grieg, T. Fisher, P. Ross, E. Fearn, C. Durkin, W. Phelam, J. Taylor, J. C. Robbins, H. Harris, C. H. Ellis, F. Marin, W. Rushen, W. Shurrocks, Mr. Jones, Sergt. Spencer, D. Vorley, W. Lowe, J. P. Steeles, T. Parkinson, F. Guiseley, A. Phillips, J. Brockerton, H. Dakin and J. O'Brien. E. McL.

Netting Notes

IN connection with recent celebration of the fourth birthday of St. Dunstan's as a whole, it is of interest to note that the Netting Industry will keep its fourth birthday this month. It was in April, 1915, that netting was first started on simple experimental lines, but it was not until a year later that the Netting Room was established as a going concern. It has expanded greatly since then, both as regards numbers under instruction and also in variety of the work done. Since December, 1917, when we first began granting Proficiency Certificates, our register shows the names of over 300 certified netters, while our present daily attendance averages 250 men. G. H. W.

Pension Office Notes.

MANY enquiries have recently been received as to whether the wives of men who are married after the commencement of their training are eligible for separation allowance. This point has been before the Pensions Ministry for consideration for some time, and definite instructions have now been received to the effect that separation allowance is not payable in these cases.

As the result of a recent interview between Sir Arthur and the Pensions Minister, Sir Worthington Evans, it has been decided that appeals made on behalf of men at St. Dunstan's will, in future, be heard at St. Dunstan's instead of at 22, Abingdon Street, Westminster. The

Appeals Tribunal will sit at St. Dunstan's periodically—in all probability once a month—when as many cases will be heard as time permits. It is hoped that this arrangement will enable the appeals to be settled more expeditiously than they have been up to the present.

Buried in Parliament

BURIED in a cavity of the public staircase leading to the Committee Rooms of the House of Commons are cases, boxes and caskets containing valuable copies of the Imperial pound weight and yard measure. These said weights and measures are examined once in twenty years, and the last time they should have been examined was in 1912, but it has been postponed for various reasons, and the interesting and, to the public, almost unknown ceremony, is due to take place this season.

Part of the wall on the staircase holds a brass plate indicating the position of these Imperial treasures, and the ceremony of inspection takes place in the presence of the Speaker, the President of the Board of Trade, the First Commissioner of Works, a representative of the Lord Great Chamberlain, and other officials.

These standard measures have to be very accurate, for upon them depends the accuracy of weights and measures throughout the British Empire. The original standards were lost by fire in 1834.

The yard measure is of bronze, in the shape of a bar, thirty-eight inches long, on which thirty-six sections, each an inch long, have been marked by a special divider. The weight standard is a cube of platinum, weighing exactly sixteen ounces.

The most elaborate care is taken when examining these standards. After being weighed, the platinum pound is taken up with a pair of tongs, wrapped in Swedish filtering paper and gently laid in its silver-gilt case. This case in its turn is placed in a square, solid bronze case, and the bronze case put into a mahogany box, which is screwed down and sealed.

The yard measure is also kept in a mahogany box, and both boxes are enclosed in a leaden case, which is carefully soldered before in turn being placed in an oak

box. The whole is deposited in the cavity in the wall and cemented down for another twenty years.

In addition to these standards of the weights and measures, copies are kept by the Mint, the Royal Society and the Royal Observatory. After the examination a Parliamentary Paper is printed to signify that the standards were not destroyed, defaced or otherwise injured.

Typewriter for Handless Man

MISS KNUTFORD, who has devoted so much of her time and skill to the care and treatment of St. Dunstaners who have lost their arms and hands or had them badly damaged, together with our own and the Remington Typewriter Co.'s mechanic, have devised a most novel machine, which enables Sergeant Nicholls, who, besides being blind, has lost both his hands, to typewrite.

The machine is an ordinary No. 7 Remington Typewriter, to which certain devices have been added which overcome the particular difficulties to which Nicholls is subject. A lever has been fixed to the shift key in such a manner as to make it possible for the typewriter to change from capitals to ordinary type by an arrangement of the knee, while at the back of the machine are fitted supports which carry a roll of paper, and this makes it possible for Nicholls to type a large number of letters without having to get someone to put in a new sheet of paper every few minutes. The paper roll is perforated at suitable intervals so that the letters may be separated out after they have been written.

The keyboard and space bar are covered by a detachable metal case, with a funnel-shaped hole immediately over each key, and steps to indicate each row of keys. Nicholls has an attachment fitted to his artificial hand in the shape of a round peg with which he strikes the key.

The ingenuity of the inventors of this unique machine deserves the highest praise, but the patient tenacity and wonderful skill of the operator commands the utmost respect and admiration. Sergeant Nicholls, who has been practising on this machine, is now able to type accurately.

The Spirit of St. Mark's

ST. MARK'S—as the Second London General Hospital—has ceased to exist, and I, for one, am inexpressibly sorry. Not sorry, of course, in that it means the War is over—for that no words of mine can express my thankfulness—but sorry, in that it means “good-bye,” or rather, let us hope, it is only “Au revoir”—to very many good friends, a temporary severance of many very happy ties, a “blank” in the happiness of the Everyday which will always leave in my heart a sense of loss behind. For though St. Mark's was a hospital—and perhaps “happiness” is not the correct word to apply to any hospital—yet, in so far as a hospital can be called “happy,” St. Mark's was undoubtedly a very happy place. I speak, of course, of No. 2, 4, 4a and 6 Wards—since I know them best; but something of the happy spirit which permeated these Wards was apparent in other wards, too; even the T.B. Ward—surely the saddest in any hospital—held much of the joy which always goes hand-in-hand, as it were, with kindness and that happy gratitude which is the reward of true sympathy and unselfishness.

Speaking personally—and, after all, one has to speak personally of these things, and hope that one's own feelings may be shared by the majority—St. Mark's, and all that St. Mark's stood for, held some of the happiest hours in my life. My one regret is, that the “Authorities” didn't commandeer the Marylebone Workhouse, which would have brought, as it were, the first stage of St. Dunstan's so very much nearer. In St. Mark's I met some of the finest men and women I shall ever hope to meet in this life, and the memory of them, as far as I am concerned, will be a very gracious memory always. And when I write this, I know that I am voicing the thoughts of the hundreds of men who are in, or have already passed through, St. Dunstan's. There was something about St. Mark's which brought all that is best out of both patients, visitors

and nurses. Hospitals are not usually places wherein one hears the sound of laughter—and Military Hospitals are usually surrounded by red-tape as well as by barbed wire; but, taking it on the whole, St. Mark's was a place wherein laughter was rarely silent, and in the Blinded Soldiers' Wards it was, perhaps, the loudest and longest of all.

Of the men whom I met in these Wards, and elsewhere in the hospital, I cannot hope to express all my respect and admiration. Honestly, I did not know before that so many fine chaps existed. To know them was to lose the human pessimism of a lifetime. Whenever I think of them I feel a pride in humanity—a pride, only tinged with sadness by the thought that just a very few I knew passed into the Great Beyond before our mutual friendship could bear upon it the impress of Time. Men speak about courage on the battlefield, but the courage to bear pain cheerfully, the courage to hope one's way through depression, the courage to endure with a smile, is the greatest courage of all, and this courage was to be seen every day at St. Mark's and to be seen at its most glorious and best.

And I think everyone who knew anything about these wards at all will agree with me that, in Sister Padbury (“Mother”), one found, not only the nursing spirit in its most beautiful and unselfish guise, but, also the “Spirit” which belongs to St. Dunstan's and of which these wards were so often “the country of its birth.” Sister Padbury is a wonderful woman. I don't think there is anything she cannot do, from nursing a hopeless case back to life and health to making an omelette; I cannot imagine two more difficult accomplishments! No St. Dunstaner will look back upon his days at St. Mark's without a feeling of love and respect for Sister Padbury, to whom he owes so much of his recovery and the happy time he had under her care. Space does not

permit me to mention other names among the Sisters, doctors and workers at St. Mark's; or rather, space permits perhaps, but the danger that in making the necessary long list I might leave some important names out, forbids me venturing to do so. Each man who was there will make his own list, and in that list the number of who he does not think with a very moving sense of love and gratitude will be a very, very short one.

And very, very few men will, I know, think of St. Mark's but as a place where, under the circumstances, he spent a very happy time. Sir Arthur often speaks of “learning to be Blind.” Well, in that knowledge—which is not the unutterably sad knowledge which so many people believe, but one which, even in the midst of its hardest lesson, can be mastered by courage and a smile—St. Mark's was certainly one of the first and most important steps. Speaking from personal

experience, one could tell a man who had been through St. Mark's and one who had not from the very first moment. Briefly, in St. Mark's he had learnt all that St. Dunstan's stands for in the way of help and encouragement and sympathetic kindness. So he came to St. Dunstan's with the cheerfulness and the trustfulness in which one approaches a friend. He knew that St. Dunstan's was out to help him in every human way possible and, if he would also help himself—as all men must do if they desire to “make good”—he realised that all that St. Dunstan's wishes him would one day be fulfilled. St. Mark's first gave him that knowledge.

No wonder then, he came to St. Dunstan's with more than half his “battles” won and his biggest doubts and misgivings over, silenced so happily and for ever.

R. K. H.

Grin

(Songs of a Sourdough, by Robert W. Service.)

IF you're up against a bruiser, and you're getting knocked about—
Grin.

If you're feeling pretty groggy, and you're licked beyond a doubt—
Grin.

Don't let him see you're funkig, let him know with every clout,

Though your face is battered to a pulp, your blooming heart is stout;

Just stand upon your pins until the beggar knocks you out—

And grin.

This life's a bally battle, and the same advice holds true,

Of grin.

If you're up against it badly, then it's only one on you,

So grin.

If the future's black as thunder, don't let people see you're blue;

Just cultivate a cast-iron smile of joy the whole day through;

If they call you “Little Sunshine,” wish that they'd no troubles, too—
You may grin.

Rise up in the morning with the will that, smooth or rough,

You'll grin.

Sink to sleep at midnight, and although you're feeling tough,

Yet grin.

There's nothing gained by whining, and you're not that kind of stuff;

You're a fighter from away back, and you won't take a rebuff;

Your trouble is that you don't know when you have had enough—

Don't give in.

If Fate should down you, just get up and take another cuff;

You may bank on it that there is no philosophy like bluff,

And grin.

Fighting a Zeppelin

REPRODUCED FROM "THE TIMES," MARCH 19TH

REGULAR patrols, both day and night, along the outer fringes of our mine-fields in the Bight of Heligoland, were carried out throughout the war by Zeppelins from the sheds on the German coast. These Zeppelins annoyed the Navy people by spying on the movements of our ships, while themselves remaining out of gun range, and also by occasionally unloading a cargo of bombs, fortunately with little effect, on our submarines doing point duty along the line of buoys laid north from Texel by the Dutch to mark the edge of the mined area. Many of these Zeppelins were chased, and two were destroyed during 1917 by flying-boats, one of them being brought down in flames by a flying-boat from Felixstowe.

THE ALARM

In the days of the Royal Naval Air Service, when seaplane pilots wore blue and gold, and naval routine was followed at Felixstowe, the first lieutenant, one June morning, 1917, was awakened before daybreak by a telephone call from the Admiralty. Consider the ringing of the bell the pebble dropped in the sleeping pool, and observe how the ripples widened, and ever widened, until they broke on the coast of Germany!

The first lieutenant rang up the duty officer—who, wretched youth, slept, or rather did not sleep, with a telephone for bedfellow—for Number One, who suffered from insomnia, always developed a thirst for information between 11 o'clock at night and 3 o'clock in the morning. The duty officer turned out the duty flight commander, who, after pulling on an overcoat, crossed the quarter-deck.

Fifteen minutes later the flight commander was stumbling about in one of the dimly-lit seaplane sheds among the monstrous shapes of the flying-boats, when a Marine sentry, recognising him by his language, turned on the roof electric and flooded the shed with light. Flying-boat

No. 8,677, fitted with specially large petrol tanks for the job in hand, stood on its wheeled trolley just inside the doors. The working party pushed it outside on the concrete area in front of the shed, turned its nose towards the water and handed it over to the engineers, who started and tested the engines. The man told off for the purpose put on board a packet of sandwiches, the five-day emergency rations in case the boat came down at sea, the Red Cross box and the pigeons. The working party made fast a stout line in the rear of the trolley. It was now just beginning to get light; a mist lay on the water and an eight-knot easterly wind was blowing. The wireless operator and flying engineer arrived and climbed into their places, the pilots appeared in flying-kit and got on board, and the waders, in their weighted boots and waterproofed up to their armpits, came out of their hut. The flight commander gave the signal and the working party ran the flying-boat down the slipway. As the flying-boat entered the water she floated from the trolley, taxied clear and then, the first pilot opening his engines full out, the frail structure, driven along the water by 600 roaring horse-power, leaped forward and took the air. It was a quarter after five o'clock.

ACROSS THE NIGHT SEA

When '77 turned out to sea and steadied on her course, the first pilot saw below him through the mist, within the encircling arm of the harbour, the tall sheds of the station, the light cruisers and destroyers at anchor, the submarines nestling close to their mother ships, and the mine-sweepers disentangling themselves from their own particularly crowded dock preparatory to beginning the day's work. He then glanced back down the hull of the boat and saw the second pilot busy with note book and wind tables working out the course, the wireless operator, fingering his gadgets as he tuned in with

the station, and the engineer going over the petrol pumps. This was the eighth time the first pilot had been out on a similar errand but so far he had been unsuccessful. As '77 passed out and over the well-known buoys at the mouth of the harbour the mist shut in, so the first pilot brought the boat down to five hundred feet, throttling back his engines until she was doing a steady sixty knots. Fifteen minutes later the Shipwash Light-vessel was passed, the last thing to be seen until the Dutch islands were sighted, and from that time on the navigation was done by compass, dead reckoning and inspiration.

THE QUARRY SIGHTED AND DESTROYED

After '77 had plugged along for two hours and fifteen minutes, or a run of 150 miles, the second pilot, through the mist saw the flat shores of the Island of Vlieland. Here course was altered, and at half-past seven the flying-boat was off the Island of Amieland. Now sweeping in a twenty-mile circle, she headed back down the coast. The mist was lifting in patches. When off Vlieland again, at half-past eight o'clock, the second pilot, suddenly, through a rift in the mist, saw a Zeppelin five miles on the starboard beam, and at a height of only 1,500 feet. Her propellers were merely ticking over, and she was evidently looking for mines. The first pilot swung the bow of '77 towards the airship, opened out the engines, and climbed to 2,000 feet. The second pilot was at the bow gun, the wireless operator wound in his aerial and manned the mid-ship gun, and the engineer took the stern guns. '77 was now a thousand yards away from the Zeppelin and slightly above her. The look-out on the gas-bag evidently sighted the flying-boat, for the engines were speeded up, her course was changed, and two men were observed hurriedly scrambling to the gun in the tail and the gun amidships on top.

The flying-boat dived on the Zeppelin's tail at a screaming 110 knots and passed diagonally across from starboard to port. When about 100 feet above and 200 feet away the second pilot got in two bursts

from his machine gun. He used only 15 cartridges. As '77 cleared the Zeppelin, the first pilot made a sharp right-hand turn and found himself slightly below and heading straight for the enemy. He read her number, L 43. Her immense size staggered him. Then he saw that she was on fire. Pulling back the controls, he lifted the flying-boat over the Zeppelin, and just in time, for, with a tremendous burst of flame, she broke in half and, each part burning furiously, fell towards the water. The top gunner rolled into the flames and vanished, three men fell out of the gondolas, and turning over and over, struck the water in advance of the wreckage. Then the Zeppelin plunged into the sea and a heavy pillar of black smoke arose.

At fifteen minutes after eleven, just in nice time for luncheon and having completed a flight of 377 miles, '77 entered the home harbour, her second pilot firing Very lights, and the handkerchiefs of the crew fluttering from the barrels of the machine guns.

Happiness

HAPPINESS is hard to find,
Ev'n in leafy grove;
Happiness is peace of mind,
Happiness is love.

Happiness shall ever be
With us all supreme;
Happiness for you and me,
Aye must be the theme.

Making others happy, too,
Seems to be the way;
Happiness for me and you,
May be found some day.

Happiness, like little child,
Leads us all the way;
Though our natures may be wild,
Love will gain the day.

Happiness I'm sure to find,
Find with you, my dear;
Happiness and peace of mind,
Love that knows no fear.

Third Reserve.

Agricultural Railways

AMONG the many problems recently investigated by the Ministry of Reconstruction is that of transport in rural districts. After careful study of the requirements and the available transport systems, the department concerned has recommended a network of light rail tracks with a two-foot "gauge," and these, as they are designed to foster agriculture, have been given the appropriate name of "Agrails." To some people, rails only two feet apart, may seem to form too small a track to serve any useful purpose. Such is by no means the case, however, many small railways used in factories and for carrying out important works being of two feet gauge, while hundreds of miles of this width have been employed for military purposes at the various Fronts. The agrails are to be laid by the sides of roads, where these are wide enough, or over ditches, so as to reduce to a minimum

the amount of land required. Single lines are proposed, with frequent passing loops, and a speed of twenty miles an hour is suggested. Where electricity is available, it will probably be used for traction on the principle of the electric tram. In other parts, steam or oil motors will be employed, and on branches to various farms the trucks may be hauled by horses. Some form of container that can be loaded at the farm and easily transferred to ordinary railway trucks is almost certain to form part of the scheme, while the introduction of vehicles adaptable either on agrails or roads is not improbable. Presumably the system will be self-supporting, while at the same time lowering the cost of transport and expediting deliveries. Military material is being utilised at Biggleswade by the Board of Agriculture for an experimental scheme on the above lines.

A New Card System

THE Research Department of the Ministry of National Service is employing an exceedingly interesting system of card index. Advantage has been taken of a very clever invention, known as the Hollerith system, to code the most salient particulars relating to each man. A card has been printed bearing various headings, and with numerous figures in columns. If, for example, the man's age is thirty-five, the figure 3 and the figure 5 are punched out of the card, round holes being left. Occupations, height, weight, and so on are similarly coded in figures, so that when the card has been "filled up" it looks rather like a scroll of pianola music. The cards are then put into a machine, which is so constructed that it will deliver them in batches under any desired heading—e.g., all the men of thirty-five; all men with defective vision, and so on.

The cards contain a great deal of information, and all the important points are covered. These include the region in which the man lives, his birthplace, his age, occupation, height and weight.

The colour of both eyes and hair has been noted, as it is well known in medical circles that colour and disease bear occasionally some relationship to one another.

The chest measurement is also recorded, and the vision. Next comes the "Cause of Rejection" and the "Principal Secondary Disability," if any, from which the man suffers.

A MAN, who, like a good many more of us, was greatly troubled in his mind by the present high price of gas, one day rushed home to his wife in a great state of exhilaration. "My dear," he cried, "I've discovered how to reduce our gas bills. The meter is full of little wheels, and when you blow down the pipe the wheels go backwards." So he blew down the pipe for a couple of hours. At the end of a month the gas man came and read the meter. "I don't know how it is, sir," he said, eyeing the other suspiciously, "but as near as I can figure it out from this meter, the gas company owes you £7 13s. 8d."

The Conquest of the Air

THE following interesting article on the conquest of the air, by Captain William Pollock, R.A.F., is reprinted from the April number of the *London Magazine*:—

Airships were terribly secret while the war was on. I had been flying for two years when chance sent me to the airship branch, and then I was perfectly astonished at what I saw and found out.

The reason of all this secrecy was largely due to the fact that airships were part and parcel of the Navy. They were organised and run by a special Admiralty Department, and used entirely in over-water work—mainly anti-submarine and convoying.

When the war broke out there were exactly two British airships ready for service. They at once began to patrol the Channel, looking for hostile warships, blockade runners, mines, and other enemy nuisances to our lawful command of the seas. It was quite a small show, but the uses and possibilities of airships were so apparent that there was no hesitation in going hard ahead of them.

And so, bit by bit, the service grew. At the time the Armistice was signed there were one hundred and three ships and sixteen stations in commission.

The ships ranged from S.S., or Submarine Scout—a small, one-engined, non-rigid up to the huge rigid type, nearly six hundred feet long, and with a gas capacity of over a million cubic feet. In between these were S.S. Twins—two engines—Coastals, Coastal Stars, Parsevals, and N.S.'s, or North Seas, the last being a particularly strong and weather worthy type of ship, designed to scout for the fleet and able to carry a normal crew of ten for twenty hour trips.

Festooned with bombs, which were often loosed off with devastating effect upon the undersea Hun, all these airships kept up constant patrol right round the coasts of England, Scotland, and Wales, and to the south and south-west of Ireland. They scouted for the Fleet, helped to

guard convoys of food ships, looked for U-boats, and kept prying enemy eyes from seeing what our minelayers were doing.

The duration of individual flights, or perhaps it is more accurate to say cruises, varied with the type and powers of endurance of the ships and with local conditions.

Taking a medium ship, however—a Coastal Star—the average duration of a cruise would be about ten hours. In the summer months ships got off the deck before dawn and did not return until dusk, or even later. When this sort of thing went on continuously for several fine weeks on end it will be seen that the strain on pilots, crews, ground officers and men—in fact, the whole of the personnel concerned—was very great.

Despite the excellence of their work during the war, non-rigid ships will play a very minor part in the ceremonial future of the air. This future, so far as lighter-than-air craft are concerned, lies chiefly with rigids.

Now, it may be well to explain here exactly what is meant by a rigid ship. As the term "rigid" suggests, it is not a ship of the flabby ordinary balloon type, but one of a firm nature. It is the "English Zeppelin," and the rigidity is ensured by means of girders. So far duralumin—in two cases wood—has been used for these girders; in the future steel will be employed. Covering this framework of girders is a fabric envelope, and inside the envelope are the ballonettes, filled with hydrogen gas, which buoys up the ship in the air.

The cars, or gondolas, slung from the envelope, carry the engine and provide the positions from which the ship is navigated, steered, and controlled generally; while up inside the envelope a walking-way runs practically the whole length—from bows to stern. To get from car to walking-way you climb up a short perpendicular ladder, and once there you can go for a stroll or lie down and sleep.



The Conquest of the Air—*continued.*

If you are further adventurous you may climb another ladder and bring yourself outside the ship and upon its top.

There will shortly be ready to take the air the best rigid this country has yet built. It will be a monster of just on seven hundred feet long. To fill its ballonettes 2,724,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas will be required; a crew of thirty, all told, will be needed to man it; and its full speed will be seventy-one miles an hour. Passengers, luggage, and freight to the weight of fifty tons could be carried in this ship, if employed commercially, and it will carry enough petrol to cruise for eight days seventeen hours.

I now ask you to contemplate an airship about twice as long, with a gas capacity nearly four times as great, and with a range of twenty thousand miles. Such a ship is coming.

To be known as "the ten-million ship," on account of its gas capacity, it is, among other things, going to provide the ideal means of getting round the world. It will have a roof garden, it will have a lift up to that roof garden. There will be dining-rooms, drawing-rooms, smoking-rooms—perhaps even bathrooms. For sixteen days, non-stop travelling at an average of fifty-one miles an hour, passengers will be able to cruise from place to place in this liner of the air. Truly the prospect is alluring.

There are two objections which are often urged against airships. One is the danger of fire; the other, a fact that hitherto a small army of men has been needed to land them safely.

To deal with the fire danger first. There does not seem any need for the frequently-demanded non-inflammable gas in place of hydrogen. During the war British airships did two million five hundred miles in the air, and only in one instance did a ship catch fire. The German Zeppelins, too, did a vast amount of scouting, and—apart from those brought

down by our gun-fire—only three were lost by fire in the air. So much for that.

Now with regard to a big landing party being necessary. This is a drain on man-power—and consequently finances—which should very soon be done away with. The commercial airship of the future will drop its landing ropes, a few men will seize hold of the ropes and attach them to winches—and mechanical power will do the rest.

The elaborate and costly shed at present in use will be abandoned, too. Mooring-masts, contrivances to which airships will be attached and kept riding out in the open, head to wind, have been experimented with for a long time past and have proved themselves adequate. Already a ship thus moored has successfully ridden out a sixty-mile-per hour gale.

I do not propose to enter upon a long comparison between airships and aeroplanes, because I do not believe they will turn out to be rivals in the coming air-age. Their jobs will be different; chiefly the aeroplane will compete with the train and the motor-car; the airship with the steamship. In time, the airship will be able to take passengers and merchandise anywhere a steamer can take them, and in half the time.

The taunt that airships are fairweather craft is not borne out by facts. In 1918, in the British Isles, where you get just about the world's worst weather, there were only nine days on which airships could not fly.

Finally, on the question of comfort and safety, the report of the Civil Aerial Transport Committee has this to say:—"In journeys where speed is not the most material factor, particularly where passengers are being carried and safety, of course, a paramount consideration, the airship offers advantage over the aeroplane in the way of comfort, ease of navigation, capacity of safe flight at low altitudes, and high ratio of disposable lift.

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