

# St. Dunstan's

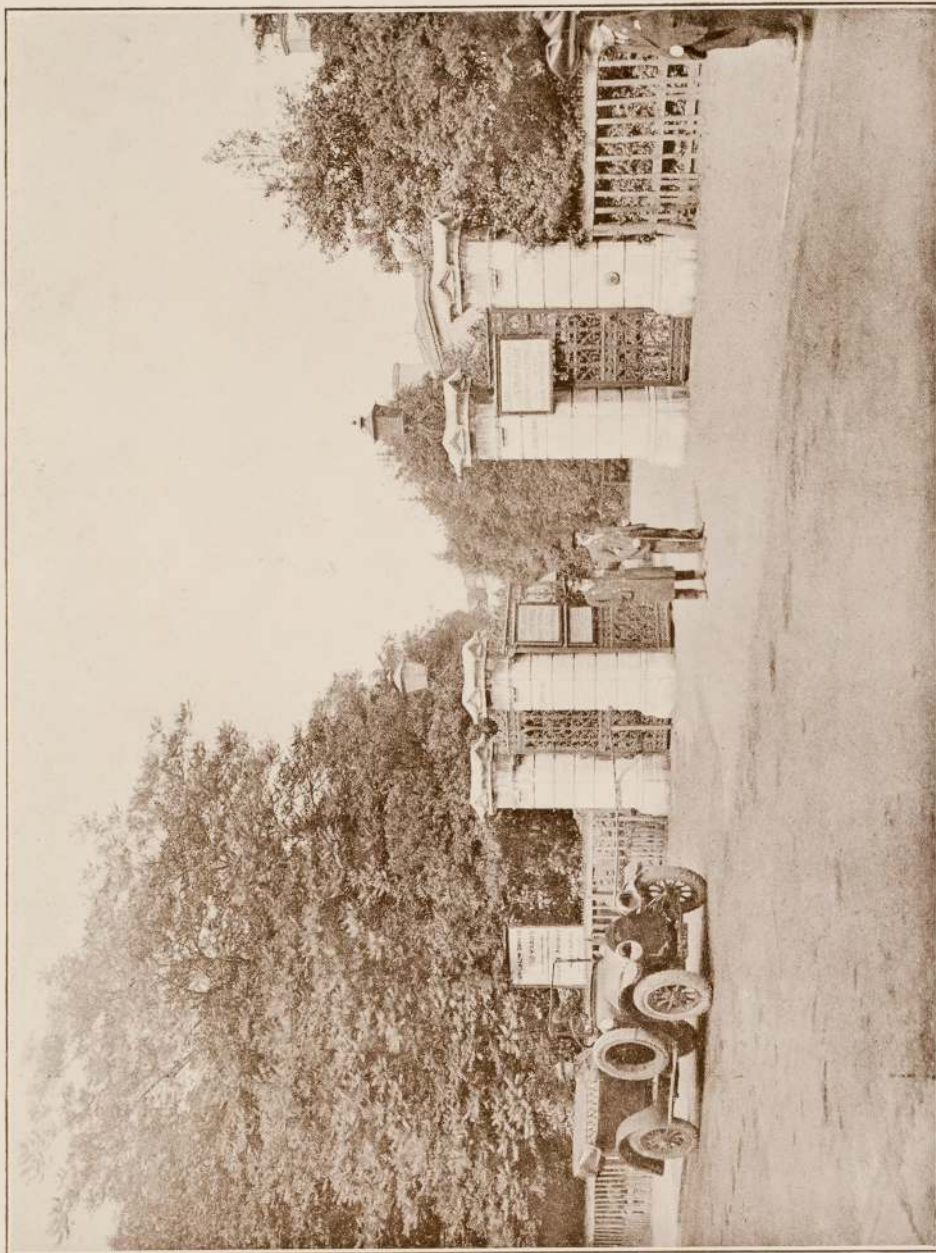


## Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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

THE MAIN GATE, ST. DUNSTAN'S.



# St. Dunstan's Review

A MONTHLY RECORD OF WORK AND SPORT

EDITED BY IAN FRASER

No. 37.—VOLUME 4.

OCTOBER, 1919.

PRICE 6d.

[FREE TO ST. DUNSTAN'S MEN.]

## EDITOR'S NOTES

**A**RRANGEMENTS have now been completed by which our readers may have the back numbers of the ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW bound in suitable cloth bindings. The work will be done by the National Institute for the Blind, and will be charged for strictly at cost. The charge for binding the volume will work out at about 5s. 6d., though it may be a little less if a large number are required. During the last year we have saved a fair number of each issue of the REVIEW, and we have, too, a very limited number of sets for previous years. These will be bound, and will be available for sale at 7s. 6d. each. Any St. Dunstaner or subscriber to the REVIEW who wants his or her back numbers bound should forward them without delay to the Editor, ST. DUNSTAN'S REVIEW, St. Dunstan's Hostel, Regent's Park, N.W.1. Volume I. contains REVIEWS from June, 1916, to June, 1917, inclusive; Volume II. from July, 1917—June, 1918, inclusive; Volume III. from July, 1918, to June, 1919, inclusive.



ABOUT a year ago we took up the question of insurance for blind people, and discovered that there was no company which would insure the lives of people who cannot see without rating up their premiums or imposing some restrictions or other which made the policy less valuable than a similar one issued to a sighted person.

One or two of the leading companies in this country were consulted, and it transpired that they had no statistics to work upon, and that their medical advisers were of the opinion that blind folk must run greater risks in every-day life than those who can see. Why a matter of this sort should have been referred to medical men we were unable to understand, for it is a question of common-sense and not of medicine. We pointed this out to the companies in question, and put forward the argument that far from being exposed to greater risks than sighted people, blind persons were more favourably placed because they were by their very disability forced to take infinitely greater care in their walks abroad, or in their movements about a house, than a sighted person ever took. Blind men, we argued, don't make a practice of getting under motor-buses if they can help it, and they fall downstairs and coal-holes no more often than their sighted friends. The ordinary blind man does not travel about a great deal alone in absolutely unfamiliar surroundings, and when he does he would make no progress unless he took the very greatest care of himself.

Two of the leading Insurance Companies in this country accepted our point of view, and agreed to issue policies of all sorts to blinded soldiers recommended by St. Dunstan's After-Care Department, without charging them any increased premiums or imposing any particular restrictions.

We remind our readers of these negotiations for, as this REVIEW goes to press, we have before us figures showing the amount of insurance business done by the After-Care

Department during the year these facilities have been available. Life and Life Endowment policies to the value of nearly £13,000 have been registered, and many scores of men have insured themselves against Personal Accident, Fire, and Burglary.

Blinded soldiers can, as a matter of fact, insure themselves at less cost than sighted folk, for the After-Care Department deducts the commission it receives on business done from the premiums policy-holders have to pay. Full particulars of these matters can be had from Capt. Fraser, who will be glad to advise any man who cares to write him or call to see him about insurance business.

*Editor.*

### Supposed Oldest Man

SAID TO BE 131

**J**OHN SHELL is the Grand Old Man of America. According to his story he has just celebrated his 118th birthday, although others insist, on seemingly good authority, that he is 131. The National Geographic Society at Washington has been asked to investigate the claim that Mr. Shell is the oldest person in the civilised world.

Henry Chappell, a near neighbour, now past ninety, says Mr. Shell is 130. He declares that he has frequently seen a tax receipt held by Shell dated 1809. Allowing Mr. Shell to be twenty-one, the age at which a man pays his first tax in the U.S.A., he assuredly is 131.

Other old men in the vicinity agree with Mr. Chappell's contention. But without question John Shell is the oldest and most remarkable personage living in his country. To his legion of acquaintances in Eastern Kentucky he is "Uncle Johnny." He is still hale and hearty, enjoying his three meals a day, and looks many years younger than he himself claims to be.

He is proud of his marksmanship, and his sight is still as good as that of the average man of fifty. He can read the finest print. He eats wild honey, which he collects for himself, and fish of his own catching. A reporter spent a night in the old Shell home—the party sitting up late at night listening to the early history tales of the country—how he made his way through the unbroken forests and wilds encountered frequently by the traders.

"My life," he said, "has been an open book. I have lived next to Nature; I eat pure food, drink pure water, take ample exercise, use a moderate amount of pure

whiskey, chew tobacco—to all these I attribute my long life and good health. I spend much of my time in the mountains, enjoying the wonder-working of Nature, breathing pure air.

"I never took a dose of medicine. In fact I don't want anything to do with the new-fangled doctors; they can't do you any good."

In the old-fashioned country shooting matches on Greasey Creek, Leslie County, where he abides, every Saturday Uncle John Shell is there with his rifle, which he carried with him across the mountains into the mountains of Kentucky, where he blazed the trail to civilisation. With his old rifle he wins many of the prizes.

Recently Uncle Johnny cut his third set of teeth and he now has splendid grinders. He is living with his third wife, the mother of a four-year-old boy. He is the father of eleven children, has a host of grandchildren, many great grandchildren and scores of great great grandchildren, all living in his locality.

Shell has lived close to Nature since earliest youth. When the Indians hunted in Kentucky the settlers always worked with a rifle close at hand. "It has been my constant aim to take life easy and not to worry," he says, and to this he largely attributes his longevity. It is not uncommon to see the old man set out and walk to Hyden, twenty miles over rough mountain roads, and return the same day. "I can out-walk, out-work, out-eat and enjoy life better than any of my neighbours and friends of forty," he declared.

—*Popular Science Siftings.*

### NOTES BY THE CHIEF

**I** AM reminded of some of the out-of-the-way occupations followed by St. Dunstaners by the receipt of a long letter from Lance-Corpl. Gilbert Speight, who was with us in the early days. Speight married Miss Illingworth, daughter of the Superintendent of Henshaw's Blind School, Manchester, and he and his wife were invited to become the Principals of the Educational and Industrial Schools for the Blind, Palamcottah, South India. After Speight had gone through a period of necessary training, he and his wife took up their positions in India early in April of this year.

This is an extract from the letter to which I have referred:—

"I have three schools under my control, one Boys' and one Girls' Elementary Educational, and a Combined Industrial. In the Elementary schools we receive children of all ages, and they remain there until they pass the fifth standard, after which they are transferred to the Industrial Section. The work done in these schools is very similar to that done in the English Elementary schools, though the standard is perhaps a trifle lower; but when taken into consideration with the lower physical and mental status of the children with whom we have to deal, the results are very good.

"In the Industrial Section weaving is our staple industry; we keep sixteen looms employed, and this number will soon be increased, as we are adding four looms to the girls' side. We have seven mat looms also on which mats of the Koira grass variety are woven, but we do nothing in the way of fibre mats, as the demand for them is very small and is more than covered with the work done in the gaols. There is a fair demand for chair and cot caning, but not enough for this work to be done on a large scale. Our girls make light baskets of various kinds, but as the finished article is sold at a very low figure this is not a profitable industry.

"With regard to boot and shoe repairing, the Indian Caste problem is the stumbling block, for as this kind of work is only done by a definite caste, any attempt at its introduction would probably cause a small riot. I am making careful inquiries about other work, and hope I shall soon be able to introduce something which will find a ready market in India."

I AM very glad to hear from Mr. Askew that the distribution of arrears of additional pension money arising from the increased scale has led to very substantial additions to the sum deposited in the St. Dunstan's Savings Bank. I think that fellows now in residence at St. Dunstan's, and particularly those who have no family calls upon them, would do well to avail themselves to the utmost of the financial advantages offered by the St. Dunstan's Savings Bank. A ten per cent. addition to amounts deposited is not to be despised, and when the time comes to go out into the world a substantial nest-egg will prove a most useful help in working up a good paying business.

I AM very delighted at the growing popularity and success of the Saturday Sports. The Saturday before this note was written the number of contestants exceeded two hundred, and I hope that it will go on growing. I think that Captain Williams has shown a great deal of ingenuity in devising and adapting different kinds of contests, and am very pleased that his energies in this matter have been so well appreciated. Lack of healthy exercise is a disadvantage from which the vast majority of blind people suffer very severely, and anything which tends to stimulate outdoor activity is undoubtedly of the utmost value.

*Arthur Pearson*

## News of St. Dunstan's Men—

**W.** C. DIES, who returned to Toronto in July, 1918, has now opened a stationery and tobacco store. He sends us the following interesting account of his doings :—

"I thought possibly you might be interested to hear of my whereabouts and the way in which I am now occupied. Since my last letter to you I have branched out as a merchant; that is to say that I am now in the tobacco, stationery, and cigar business, and to say the least of it, am doing exceptionally well. In the middle of May last I started business and was very fortunate in having the help of my brother, who had just returned from France. He, of course, has been an invaluable addition to the fixtures which I have surrounding me. Since taking the stand over I have tripled the business turned over to me by the party whom I succeeded. Of course we have remodelled the whole place.

"You will also be pleased to hear that in addition to carrying on the above business I have purchased a fine corner lot in this district, which is quite near my home, and in the course of a week or two I have hopes of running another store in the same line. I have erected another store on the same corner, where I intend to start a confectionery business, so you can see that up to this time I have been very fortunate in getting established.

"There are a great many St. Dunstaners returning to Canada in these days, at least there seem to be, for every time I visit Pearson Hall, which by the way is at least once a week, I find some new faces. This, of course, makes it more like home every day. Miss Thorne, who came out from St. Dunstan's, is here, as well as a few other V.A.D.'s who have recently returned from hospitals in England. The former is busy getting the boys interested in the bag business, and they are certainly beginning to make the market feel that some great concern has started a real flood. Up to now, however, I have not been able

to handle any of these wares, as they are not exactly in my line. The trays and baskets which they manufacture are pretty well displayed on the four walls and in the window of my store, and we are getting a fairly steady sale for them. Occasionally I get them to make a tray which is somewhat different and more of a novelty, and these naturally attract the eye and boom the business a little.

"I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Ayre, who happened to be in these parts last month during her visit to Canada. I was very pleased to hear from her that everything was so prosperous at St. Dunstan's, and can assure you that I shall never regret the days, or possibly I should say months, which I spent there.

"We are to be honoured by a visit from the Prince of Wales. He has not as yet reached this city, but will, I understand, do so next week, when he is to review all the veterans, and there should be a great gathering. At the same time he is going to present the various medals won from time to time by the boys. This, of course, means that I am at last to receive mine after a two-year wait, but better late than never, I suppose. He is also expected to open our Exhibition, which will last for two weeks, and is the largest permanent exhibition in the world.

"Sincerely wishing that all the graduates at St. Dunstan's are as successful as I have been in my small way. . . ."

W. Farneli, who after his training as a joiner, returned to Canada last June, has also set up a tobacco and stationery business in Toronto. The following is an extract from his letter to the head of the Joinery Department :—

"I have been awfully busy getting a business ready, and I guess you know they can't be started in a day. I have bought a store and am starting a tobacconist and stationery business, and will do carpentry work and netting as a side line. I have got one of the best stands in the

## —From all parts of the World

city and the place is growing all the time. I entered a hammock, tray and bag in an exhibition and won three prizes—first, second and third. The hammock won the first, the tray the second and the bag the third. I have not done much carpentry work since I came back, with the exception of making seats for baby swings, but I can't do much until I get fixed in my store. I have got most of my tools, but am waiting for a chamfering plane, mitre cramps and mitre cutting machine. The first two have to come from the States and the latter I shall have to wait a little while for. I have got a combination plane, which does away with a lot of the smaller plane work, but it was a little difficult to handle at first."



In a recent letter to Sir Arthur, G. Chapman, a boot-repairer and mat-maker, living at Finedon, Northants, wrote :—

"I must tell you of the sport I had last Monday, when a free luncheon, followed by sports, was given to discharged and demobbed men. The tug-of-war was the only thing I could enter for, and I got into the winning team. There were eight teams, which means we beat seven. I was the only blind man, and many of the lookers on expressed surprise at my pulling, and when I asked the reason they said, 'You are blind,' and when I answered, 'No, I don't think I am, only I cannot see quite as well as you,' they laughed. I know they do not realise the confidence we have and that we owe all of that to you and St. Dunstan's. Hoping you and all the staff of St. Dunstan's are quite well, and thanking you for all your kindness to me and my family . . ."



Writing to Sir Arthur, W. G. Parker, who has been working as a telephonist in the office of the Town Clerk, Nottingham, gives some useful advice to all St. Dunstaners who want to take up cycling:

"I am pleased to say that everything is going along well with me and my work.

I noticed in the REVIEW that you had received a letter from Coulson about his cycling venture, and I thought I would write a few lines, as I imagined they might be useful to Coulson and any of the other boys who go in for cycling. My first ride on an ordinary cycle was at the College Annexe about the middle of 1917, when I was taken for the first time up the College drive. Since then I have ridden steadily.

"I thought that many of the boys were riders or I should have written and told you about it before. I, like Coulson, prefer a lady's machine for mounting and dismounting, but I would advise Coulson to let his wife hold his arm so that he can have full control of his handle bars; he will thus have a better idea of what his front wheel is doing and will feel more confident, and he would also be able to do the braking and bell-ringing when his wife warns him to, but she must remember to tell him when to stop, and he must remember to keep on till she says all is well. She will find that she can balance him quite easily if he will only do as he is told, but she must just tell him when they are turning to the right or left. To mount she should stand about six or eight yards behind him and mount, then come slowly up behind, and when about half-a-yard away should say 'Go!' He should then mount, and while he is mounting she will be able to come up alongside and then, taking his arm, they will be able to go straight ahead. When dismounting she should steer for the centre of the road and pull up slowly, thus giving him plenty of room and confidence. As soon as she says 'Get off' he should dismount, and on letting go she should just push half a wheel in front before dismounting, so as to clear him. Here is another little tip for safe riding, though I did not appreciate it at first. Have two cards with the word 'Blind' printed on it in letters about an inch long and put one on the handle bar. Then cut the letters from the other and paste them on the mudguard, so that they read

downwards, and you will find that people will respect you much more, otherwise a few will think that you are a pair trying to 'swank,' for the public are unaccustomed to seeing a blind man on a cycle. Always ride on the inside and let your companion ride on the outside, nearest the traffic, as that is the safest way.

"I have lately been looking for a tandem, for I have always thought that would be best for me, and I have hit upon just the very thing—a tandem of which both seats are for ladies, so that my wife can take me out on it—and with a three-speed hub. My wife has a little record which is not, I think, equalled by many. She had only ridden for three weeks on an ordinary machine when she took me for my first run on the tandem. Ever since then we have been going backwards and forwards to work on it. She is waiting now for me to go out.

"From my own experience I think that it is possible for the blind to go in for cycling without much danger. I have been a few hundred miles myself, and hope to go a few thousand yet.

"If any of the boys would like to hear more about the tandem and how to set about getting one with a lady's front, so that their wives can take them about, I shall be glad to help them if they will drop me a line."



T. W. Chamberlain, a poultry-farmer and basket-maker, living at Keelby, near Brocklesby, Lincs, in a letter to Sir Arthur, writes:—

"Since I have been here I have got to know my way about the village, though it is a very nasty one for anybody who has not seen it, as it is full of cross roads, so that one has to be careful when out alone. I have now mastered it and I can now go about by myself and call at any shop I want, so I do not think I have done badly, for I only came here at the end of January this year, and have never seen it with my eyes before, as I am a complete stranger to the village. I think it is great sport to go out and try to find out where the different shops are, and I like doing it by myself. I sometimes got lost at first, but I had a tongue in my head and I asked

the way if I could not find it, till I got to know exactly the whereabouts of any place and now I can go anywhere I like."



G. Stobie, who after his training as a masseur, returned to South Africa in December, 1918, to set up a practice in Durban, in a recent letter to the manager of the After-Care Department, wrote:—

"I was delighted to receive your letter and the very good news about the coming of the Pantostat, for which I thank you exceedingly. I must also thank you for the REVIEWS, which are very welcome.

"I am longing for the new machine to arrive, as I will then be able to do quite a lot of work I have had to refuse up to now, and I have patients awaiting its arrival for ionic medication and sinusoidal current treatment. No one seems to know anything about the practical use of electricity here, and I shall be able to do such a lot in comparison to the present limited amount that I have scope for.

"I still miss the dear old home that I had with you all, and doubt if ever any man could be better off and happier than the men at St. Dunstan's during their stay there, and I hope they will not all long to be there again as I do.

"Business has not been very good lately with me. I had been doing very well until the papers got hold of me and kept me in the public eye, though I hardly think that is the reason for dull business. Every business has its slack times and it is a pretty general state here just now, even though the season is in full swing.

"Mr. and Mrs. Vincent were here a few weeks ago, making a round of South Africa and getting the St. Dunstan's men fixed up. They are great fighters, and have been getting what they want for the men. We are very lucky indeed to have them for the After-Care Department out here, as no better people could have been found. Meaker has a fine little estate in the centre of Grahamstown. Mason, I believe, is now on his farm. Stayt is waiting till they find a farm that they consider good enough for him, and it will be a good one when they get it. Crawford I do not know about, but he will probably settle at the Cape on a farm.

"I am opening another room and intend when the Pantostat arrives to go in for electrical treatments of every description. This morning I engaged a lady to attend and learn all I can teach her, as it is necessary to have some one here to keep my rooms open, and when all is ready I intend to keep her busy.

"The new room and the lady will start on 1st August, after the holidays are over, and if the Pantostat has arrived by that time it will be GO from the very start, and I mean to make things hum, and, incidentally, make a little for myself.

"I have had headed note-paper printed in anticipation of all that I shall be able to do when the new machine arrives.

"Later on when I have got things in full working order, I will take another room when a suitable adjoining one falls vacant, and turn it into a bathroom for all kinds of electric baths, with two baths in it, and an electric geyser. But that is a little in the air still, as it will all have to be done from my profits.

"The Governor-General paid me a visit just a week ago. He was leaving the next day and apologised for not having come earlier, so that he might have had a treatment and given me the right to put up the royal arms. There may be better luck the next time that he comes this way, however. It was a keen disappointment to me, for knowing that he would come, I had hoped to give him massage, as it would have made me at once.

"He sent two reports to the two local papers about his visit to me, but lately there have been quite a lot of these reports in the papers, and business seems to have slowed down a good deal since. Perhaps the public are getting their breath back again before they rush me. They have been calling me the 'leading masseur in South Africa,' and greatly booming St. Dunstan's and all the fine work that is being done there.

"The Governor-General was very interested in all I told him of St. Dunstan's, and remembered meeting Sir Arthur on one or two occasions.

"Now I had better close up and not waste more of your time. With my sincerest thanks to you and Sir Arthur,

for the new machine, and with kind regards to all old friends. . . ."



The following is an extract from a letter from H. Bennett, who left St. Dunstan's about a year ago, to start work as a mat-maker at Bristol:—

"I should like to thank Sir Arthur and all the St. Dunstan's workers for all that has been done for me. I have been at home now just about a year, and find things are going much better than I ever thought they would before I went to St. Dunstan's. Now I am on my own I have to daily thank the After-Care Department and its technical instructors and social visitors for their help and assistance. I think myself that the After-Care Department is a real boon to us men and I send again and again my greatest thanks to them all."



P. Cashmore, a boot-repairer who left St. Dunstan's at the beginning of the year to start work in Birmingham, wrote recently:—

"Just a few lines to let you know that I am going on fine with my work. I am very pleased to say that I am giving every satisfaction to my customers by the neat way in which I execute my orders, and I am repeatedly told that my work is every bit as good as that done by any other shoe-makers in the district. I tell them all that my work is the result of the excellent and careful instruction given to all men at St. Dunstan's by the instructors in the various workshops.



The following is an extract from a letter to Sir Arthur from J. E. Plunkett, another St. Dunstan's boot-repairer living at St. Leonards-on-Sea:—

"I must tell you a little about myself. I am glad to say I am getting on fine with my boot-repairing business. I am also glad to say I have never had to wait for a job to come in as I always have plenty to do, and some weeks I get between thirty and forty pairs of boots to repair. Of course, these are not all soling and heeling jobs, but still they keep me very busy."

## The Song of the Shirt(y Brailist)

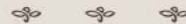
(WITH APOLOGIES TO THE SHADE OF TOM HOOD.)

WITH fingers weary and worn  
From chasing across the page,  
A blind man sat, with a book on his knee,  
Nursing it—and his rage.  
Braille! Braille! Braille!  
Infinitesimal spots!  
And still with a finger that felt like a nail,  
He chased the Damnable Dots.

Braille! Braille! Braille!  
As the sighted stand aloof!  
And Braille! Braille! Braille!  
Till the cats desert the roof,  
And each contraction seems  
More loathly and more vile,  
And you wish each dot was a poisoned  
pill  
For the brute called Louis Braille!

O men with two good eyes!  
O men who toddle us round!  
Do you wonder we want to have your blood  
And wish you were underground?  
Braille! Braille! Braille!  
Till you've scratched the whole page away,  
And each blessed dot is a yawning hole  
That lets in the light of day.

Braille! Braille! Braille!  
My fingers are lumps of lead,  
And the worst of it is he who held that  
name  
Has been for a long time dead.  
If only he were alive  
And I had him under my hand,  
I'd punch his head with a Stainsby-Wayne,  
A contraction *he'd* understand.



## Human Submarines

A FORTNIGHT in a bath! Night and day, sleeping and waking; most people think five minutes a long time, or, in the sea, ten or fifteen minutes.

In the whole of England there are almost twenty baths fitted up so that they can be really lived in, and quite comfortable the patients find them.

Each bath costs a big sum to instal. The flow of water into the bath and the waste have to be regulated so that the temperature remains just the same. The patient rests on a sort of hammock hanging under water, and, with the exception of the head and arms, is entirely under water himself. A comfortable pillow is provided for the head, and a board across the bath forms a table for the tray for meals or on which to rest a book while reading, rather similar to what is used for patients in an ordinary bed.

The entire bath is covered over with a quilt, so that to outward appearances the bath might be just a bed and nothing more. But the sharp eye notices the bed has no feet.

Suddenly a bell rings. That is an automatic signal that the temperature of

the water is either too hot or too cold—in reality, it is very rarely that the bell has any occasion to ring. Another time a sound like an alarm-clock going off is heard. This also is an automatic signal that the temperature requires attention. One signal means "too hot," the other means "too cold."

Sometimes the water is ordinary tap-water, and at others it has various things added to it, so that the patient is immersed in a special solution. It depends on what treatment is required as to what the doctor adds to the water.

Three hospitals have bath-wards, and each ward has from six to eight "bath-beds," or baths fitted up so that they can act as beds.

One patient may only be in a bath for three or four days; while another will have to remain under water for a fortnight.

It has been found a most successful treatment in certain cases, especially in the treatment of severe cases of burning, and as it was used abroad long before the war, now we have once started them in England they are sure to remain.

Answers.

## Sports Club Notes

### PUTNEY REGATTA.

OUR last Regatta of the season, at Putney, on Tuesday, October 7th, was held under perfect weather conditions. Everyone was in the best of spirits and delighted to think that we were able to hold the Regatta, as it looked a few days before as if it would have to be postponed indefinitely, owing to the difficulties caused by the strike.

The fact that this Regatta would probably be the last one in which the House and the College Annexe will participate added greater enthusiasm. Better races and closer finishes have never been seen at St. Dunstan's Regattas before. In many of the races the finish was so close that there was only a difference of a few feet between the boats.

The final of the Open Fours, between the Bungalow Annexe (J. H. Ham, H. Glendennan, A. H. Craigie, L. E. Carter, Miss Stein, cox.) and the College Annexe (W. Jones, F. Ashworth, H. V. Thompson, J. C. Robbins, Miss Gravelink, cox.) was a most exciting race throughout; it was anybody's race right up to the finish, the Bungalow eventually winning by a quarter of a length. In the *Sportsman's* report of the Regatta they say the Bungalow crew displayed very fine form, and have been so successful during the season that they are justly termed the "Old Invincibles."

The final of the International Single Sculls was also a splendid race; A. D. Kerstein, of South Africa, was leading all the way up to within a couple of boat-lengths from the finish, when H. N. Hardy (Australia) spurted ahead and won by about two feet. It was rather a wonderful performance on the part of Kerstein, who was only a novice in the last Regatta, to run to so close a finish such an experienced oarsman as Hardy.

J. W. Gimber (College) and P. D. Jensen (Bungalow) who won the Light and Heavy Sculls respectively, also put up very good performances.

The final of the Huskinson Cup was another very exciting race, F. C. S. Hilling (Cornwall Terrace) winning by half a length from C. A. Fankhauser (House).

### WINNERS OF FINALS.

Pair Oars (Light-Weight): H. V. Thompson and J. C. Robbins (C.); W. Trott and F. Aubrey (H.); W. J. Robinson and F. J. Brown (B). Won by half a length.

Novices Single Sculls Catch-Weight: F. Carter (H.); J. Smith (B.); G. F. Taylor. Won by a length.

Novices Double Sculls Catch-Weight: F. Carter and J. W. Birchall (H.); A. James and C. H. Gore (B.). Won by half a length.

Huskinson Cup Single Sculls Catch-Weight: F. C. S. Hilling (C.T.). Won by half a length.

Double Sculls (Heavy-Weight): C. Jack and W. T. Scott (C.); A. D. Kerstein and G. F. Taylor (S.P.); A. Blackwell and H. Glendennan (B.). Won by quarter length.

Double Sculls (Light-Weight): W. J. Robinson and F. J. Brown (B.); J. Palmer and A. F. Smith (H.); W. Clifton and W. H. Taylor (C.). A quarter length between each boat.

Pair Oars Catch-Weight (One-armed men): N. Downs and G. W. Killingbeck (H.); F. S. Owen and A. Radford (B.). Won by two lengths.

Pair Oars (Heavy-Weight): W. M. Jones and F. Ashworth (C.); H. N. Hardy and C. A. Fankhauser (H.). Won by half length.

Open Single Sculls (Heavy-Weight): J. W. Gimber (C.); A. D. Kerstein (S.P.); C. A. Fankhauser (H.). Won by three-quarters length.

Open Single Sculls (Light-Weight): P. D. Jensen (B.); W. T. Scott (C.); G. H. Thomas (B.). Won by one length.

International Single Sculls: H. N. Hardy (H.). Won by two feet.

Open Fours (Catch-Weight): J. H. Ham, H. Glendennan, A. H. Craigie and L. E. Carter (B.); W. Jones, F. Ashworth,

H. V. Thompson and J. C. Robbins (C.); C. Jack, G. A. Brown, E. C. Oram and W. T. Scott (C.). Won by quarter length.

An invitation was received from Miss Radley, of the Cecil Ladies' Boat Club, for two St. Dunstan's crews to compete against each other at the Hackney Peace Regatta, at Lea Bridge, on September 11th. The two crews selected were the first and second winners in the Open Fours at the last Regatta at Putney. The House Annexe crew were: H. N. Hardy, C. A. Fankhauser, W. Trott, F. Smith (cox., Miss Phillips); and the Bungalow Annexe crew: A. H. Craigie, L. E. Carter, J. H. Ham, H. Glendennan (cox., Miss Stein).

The race was a most exciting one, and great enthusiasm prevailed throughout. The Bungalow Annexe won by about three-quarters of a length. A great reception was accorded our men when they were led by Miss Radley into the enclosure, where the Mayoress of Hackney presented them with their prizes. The prizes were offered by Mr. W. Sewell, Britannia Club and Smithfield Market Friends. We are

### St. Dunstan's Lectures and Discussion Club

THE Club has begun the winter season by electing a strong Committee, representing all the Annexes; this body arranges that a lecture on some subject of general interest, followed by discussion, will take place in the Outer Lounge of the House every Wednesday evening at 8.30 p.m. Any suggestions will be welcomed by the organisers.

At the opening meeting, when Captain Russell Roberts took the chair, Mr. Le Breton Martin asked "What is Bolshevism?" The name originally meant "majority"—from "bolsh," Russian for "more"—and came into being in 1903, when Lenin's party was in the majority over the Mensheviks, the "minority." While thus in masquerade as representing the will of the many, it is in reality now the tyranny of a few. For the 165 millions of Russian subjects are mainly peasants and illiterate; only half can even write their names, not a quarter have any education for independent thought or action.

most grateful to Miss Radley for her kindness in inviting our men down and giving them such a good time.

SATURDAY SPORTS are continuing to flourish. On Saturday, September 27th, we had a record number, there being over 200 entries for the various events. We shall be glad to welcome any men who have not already competed, if they will make a point of turning up on the first available Saturday.

TUG-OF-WAR.—Several tug-of-war teams are hard at work already. The Bungalow Annexe have formed a Ward Tournament and we anticipate some exciting pulls.

We regret that in last month's REVIEW a slight error was made, in stating that the four men rescued at Putney by Miss Stein presented her with a gold wristlet watch. This was presented by the men and Staff of the Bungalow, and the four men gave Miss Stein a very handsome purse.

Thus they are swayed by agitators, who in this case are German-paid, revolutionary and retrogressive—for Germany, thwarted elsewhere, sees in Russia her only possible sphere of expansion, and uses this characteristic method. It is worth considering clearly about this principle of a few who sway unthinking numbers, be it found in auto-cracy, strike leaders, Czarism or elsewhere.

*Fixtures.*—Oct. 15, "The League of Nations," by the Secretary of the League of Nations Union; Oct. 22nd, "Jerusalem," by Captain Layton, 60th Division.

### Braille Watches

THE After-Care Department has made special arrangements whereby all Braille watches belonging to After-Care men can be repaired free of cost. Will any man, therefore, who wants to have his watch repaired, send it to the After-Care Department, when it will be returned to him as soon as possible.

## Trapped in a Sunken Submarine

By HUBERT STRINGER.

THE E-boat Commander regarded his mangled fingers thoughtfully.

"Yes, we had some pretty lively games with the Hun in the North Sea at one time and another, but Fritz was not responsible for this."

"What happened, then?" I asked.

"Accident on manœuvres; it was about the nearest thing that ever came my way."

"We were into shore, and there was a bit of a fog settling down on the water when the crash came. We learned afterwards that it was the E—that did the mischief. We were both running on the surface at the time and she rammed us in the mist, and went clear to the bottom with all hands. We foundered, too, but more slowly, and about a quarter of our fellows managed to get clear."

"I was in the engine room when it happened, and it was obvious at once that we should be afloat only a few minutes, for we began to fill rapidly and tilt downwards by the head. I shouted to warn all of the crew within hearing and there was a rush past me as the men made for the conning tower hatchway."

"The men were getting out well, but only about a couple of dozen or so had got through when the circle of sky at the top of the hatch disappeared in a smother of foam and green sea came pouring down the ladder. Immediately the water slammed the hatch down on to the heads of two men who were fighting their way upward, and the light of day disappeared. Simultaneously the electric light failed all over the ship and we were left in absolutely rayless darkness, sinking rapidly."

"The outlook was fairly ghastly when a sudden hope flashed through my brain. I scrambled back to the water-tight doors of the engine room, shouting to all within hearing to follow me and I would try to get them clear."

"Either the noise was too great or those who heard did not care to trust my scheme—anyhow, no one came. Stumbling up

against the list of the ship I reached the bulkhead not a second too soon. After giving one last unanswered call, I shut tight the doors, grabbed at a hand rail and stood in the hot, greasy-smelling darkness, listening to the muffled sounds outside and trying to think out what was most likely to happen next.

"There seemed to me to be a reasonable chance of getting out alive, but it would need only the most trifling mishap to render my plan entirely futile and destroy all chances of escape. I knew that at the moment we struck we were cruising in no more than about twelve fathoms, so that when we reached the bottom the water-pressure outside the hull would be about thirty pounds to the square inch."

"The after part of the ship, including the engine room, was apparently undamaged, and would easily stand this pressure without collapsing. The thing I feared most was that the submarine, while sinking, might roll over more or less, and so bring my only means of exit—the engine room hatch 'skylight' near to the bottom. Such a calamity would have been quite fatal to my hopes."

"Presently we arrived at the bottom with a bump, like a lift stopping suddenly, swayed backward and forward a few times, and settled down on an almost even keel. There followed a deathly silence. I realised that every man left in the ship on the outside of my water-tight doors was by this time dead and I was left alone in my thin steel prison."

My plan of campaign was gradually to increase the pressure inside the hull until it was slightly greater than the pressure of the water outside, and then to open the 'skylight' suddenly and come to the surface with the large bubble of air that would be forced out. The danger involved was considerable. To get the requisite pressure it would be necessary to let in a fair amount of sea water, and also to release a large quantity of compressed air inside the engine room. I

realised that even if I were successful in getting out, I should run a serious risk in rising suddenly to the surface from so great a depth. Even a trained diver, after working in fifteen fathoms, has to be hauled up extremely slowly, with frequent pauses at different levels, when returning to the surface.

"Unfortunately I had no flashlight with me, and could not consult the gauges; there was, therefore, no certain means of telling when the pressures on each side of the thin steel hull of the engine room were equalised. However, I decided to make a trial. I found the control wheel of the sea valves and threw them open. When the water was up to my knees I closed the valves. Then I went over to a rack of 'air-bottles' (steel cylinders of compressed air—used for blowing the water from the buoyancy tanks when a submarine wishes to rise to the surface). I reversed the cocks of half-a-dozen bottles and blew them off into the room to raise the pressure.

"With my heart pounding away until I thought my head would burst from the sudden increase of pressure, I dragged out a battery-box into the middle of the grating and standing upon it, unscrewed the 'skylight.' I put my shoulder to the hatch and strained upward with both hands; it gave a little to my effort, but would not lift. Clambering down again in the pitch darkness, I opened the sea valves until the swirling waters were up to my arm-pits, and emptied two more batches of air-bottles; then I climbed up to try the hatch again. As I stood on the battery-box almost exhausted I was horrified to feel the water rising rapidly round my feet. I was quite certain that I had closed the sea valves, and it followed that my precious air must be leaking out through some damaged plate.

"Unless I could open that hatch and get through it within the next few minutes, the engine-room would fill with water and my fate would be sealed. In a frenzy of desperation I pushed upward with all my might. For an instant the hatch lifted and flew backward. I caught a faint gleam of weak daylight, and then the sea came in and slammed the steel door down

again. A great column of water took me full in the chest, knocking me off my perch on to the upper grating, which was by this time nearly three feet under water. I rose from my ducking and grabbed at a side rail; to my dismay, I found that half my right hand was missing—the closing hatch had sheared off the fingers as it fell.

"There was only one chance left—to increase the pressure so quickly that it would blow open the hatch before the leak in the hull allowed all the air to escape again. The control-wheel for the sea-valves was now about five feet under water, and I actually had to dive down to search for it. I opened the valves to their full capacity and left them open. Then I made a dash for the 'air-bottles,' and opened nearly every one that remained.

"By the time that I got to the hatch again the water had risen to the level of my armpits, and the pressure was still increasing as the sea poured in. I had screwed up the hatch before opening the valves for the last time, and I stood with my hand on the catch, waiting until the flow of incoming water should show signs of steadying up.

"I could now hear the air-leak roaring away somewhere aft, and as the air screamed out the water poured in, rising more and more slowly until it was up to my neck. Now was the critical moment—the pressures were exactly balanced. I hauled myself along and snapped open the last batch of 'air-bottles.' With my little remaining strength I clambered back beneath the hatch and, steadying myself for what might occur, threw over the lock.

"The door flew upward, and the great pressure inside shot me out like a cork from a ginger-beer bottle.

"After ages of floating upward in a greenish-grey twilight there came a blaze of blinding white light as I broke surface. Then everything went blank, and when I recovered consciousness I found myself in a hospital ward.

"The crew of the dinghy that picked me up told me later that I had been down below just over twenty minutes."

*Wide-World Magazine.*

## News from the Workshops

**S**TIMULATED by Sir Arthur Pearson's encouragement and support, the instructors of the Workshops have been spending a good deal of their leisure hours during September in preparation for the sports afternoon, which was held on the 27th of the month.

The weather was favourable, and we had a busy, jolly time, taking home enough stiffness to last over the week end.

Our Padre, the Rev. J. E. Williams, was most active in assisting in our preparations and during the afternoon, and Mrs. Williams very kindly distributed the prizes. Physical Instructor Turner marked the courses and acted as starter. A delightful tea was very welcome, and the presence of wives and children added much to the enjoyment of the afternoon.

Groping in a bran tub for various articles, and a smelling competition, arranged by Mr. A. B. Hall, were sources of great fun, and the following is a list of other events, with the names of the winners:—

Three-legged Race.—1, E. Goodall and H. Smith; 2, W. Plumpton and F. Darby.

Weight Putting.—1, S. P. Westward (23ft. 7in.); 2, D. Urquhart (23ft. 1in.); 3, H. Smith (22ft. 4in.).

Hammer Throwing.—1, D. Urquhart (50ft); 2, R. J. Bullen (49ft.); 3, T. Bridge (48ft. 5in.).

Flat Race.—1, H. H. Wilson and T. Hitchcock; 2, S. P. Westward and A. Buckle.

Wheelbarrow Race.—1, T. S. Wilkins and S. Newsome; 2, S. P. Westward and A. Buckle.

Skipping Competition.—1 (Blind), P. Goulden and (Sighted), T. Hitchcock; 2 (Blind), S. P. Westward and (Sighted), D. Urquhart.

Stilt Race.—1 (Blind), P. Goulden and (Sighted), D. Urquhart; 2 (Blind), S. P. Westward and (Sighted), H. Smith.

Smelling Competition.—1, Mrs. Raven; 2, Mrs. Farley; 3, Miss Emms.

Three Jumps.—1, F. Farley (18ft. 7in.); 2, S. P. Westward (18ft. 6in.); 3, T. S. Wilkins (18ft.).

Hop, Skip and Jump.—1, S. P. Westward (19ft.); 2, T. S. Wilkins (18ft. 4in.); 3, W. S. Burman (17ft. 1in.).

Tug-of-War.—1 (H. Williams' Team), F. Varley, S. Newsome, H. Smith, C. Baker, M. Sullivan, W. Dixon, and T. Ward; 2 (W. H. Ottaway's Team), H. W. Brown, T. S. Wilkins, P. Goulden, F. Darby, S. Copp, T. Hitchcock and P. Westward.

Several rowing events will take place on Regent's Park Lake early in October, including single and double sculls for blind men, and open single sculls for blind and sighted men.

We have again to record some changes in the staff of Instructors. Mr. Hargreaves has gone to the North of England as a Visiting Instructor in Boot-repairing, while Mr. Baker has terminated a most useful period of service on account of the requirements of his business. He was ready to assist our men before coming to the workshops, and has expressed his willingness to give any St. Dunstaner assistance in the future. Mr. Perks takes Mr. Baker's place.

H. Abbey is acting as Pupil Teacher in the Clogging Department while he is looking for a shop. He succeeds T. Stevenson, whose career as a worker and Pupil Teacher has been a remarkable one. He was always very keen and reached a high standard in all the work he undertook in boots, clogs and mats. The work of J. Avery and E. Fitton on clogs is always excellent. S. Brydson is also showing great promise at clogs and boots.

J. G. Wishart and J. W. Macauley, Pupil Teachers in Boots and Baskets respectively, are now devoting their time



to revision of all their work, as they will be leaving at Christmas. Those men who have them will support our sincere reference to their kind, willing and skilful assistance at all times.



D. Batchelor has been appointed Pupil Teacher in Boot-repairing. D. Amos has just completed his course in Boots and Mats and maintains a good level of sound work. J. Attrell has done the same on boots. F. E. King, J. Lawson and S. C. Loram also turn out excellent jobs. C. Hutchinson got an excellent edge on a pair of brown boots, which were finished in good style. P. D. Jenson and J. Baldwin are painstaking men and give close attention to their work, while J. Bannister, F. R. Reason and J. P. Palmer turn out very good jobs all round. The progress made by F. Carter, W. G. Lloyd, E. Hughes and J. H. Hey is decidedly satisfactory.



F. Guiseley is progressing very well in boots and clogs. B. Jarvill is also very keen on both trades and turns out good work without assistance. S. Haylings is a very good man on boots and also maintains a uniform standard in the Mat Shop, and the good level of work reached by H. E. Hanney in both trades is the result of much patience and perseverance.



E. W. Hall is at his best on men's work. E. Read and P. C. Pratt are busy workers and tackle anything that comes along. E. C. Oram, J. Peel and L. Straw improve daily and M. Oldroyd is getting on very well. C. E. Porter is making rapid progress and A. Nightingale can handle almost any job without assistance. R. Riddell is a good independent worker. A pair of boots soled and heeled with quarter rubbers by W. Monaghan were very satisfactory. A. E. Taylor passed his tests in boots and mats with credit and has just left us.



#### BASKET DEPARTMENT

J. Taylor will act as pupil teacher until Christmas and F. Ashworth will continue to do so temporarily. J. D. Bruce made

very good progress on a course of round work. J. Johnson has been making a variety of baskets, selecting his own material and working very independently. Soiled linen baskets made by C. Negus, and oval arm baskets by J. Noble are worthy of particular notice, as well as a square arm basket by G. Swindle and barrels by E. Tanner. L. M. White and A. Charman regularly turn out very attractive baskets. To mention all the good barrel baskets seen in the shop during the last month would make too long a list.



#### JOINERY DEPARTMENT

All the picture-framers are making exceptional progress and turning out work of a good quality. T. Till and W. Lilley have been busy on a step ladder and their work has been of a very good standard. The oak book shelves begun by A. P. Archibald have been completed and this excellent piece of work which has been so much admired, now forms part of the Bungalow furniture.

A. Cook's kitchen table is now completed and it does him great credit. Considerable patience has been shown by W. H. Farr, who has taken up his old trade from the very beginning and has already overcome all the difficulties which first present themselves.

In the Elementary Section, Mr. W. M. Millard is making very good progress, while W. Higginson has commenced his advanced course and C. H. Hainsworth is very persevering.

We owe a great deal to all the instructors in this department who have used their best effort to cope with the great demand made upon their services owing to the considerable influx of new men.



#### MAT DEPARTMENT

W. Paul has commenced work in this Department as pupil teacher and is doing well. A. Jordan has "made good" in the same office, giving very careful attention to his men.

We are indebted to pupil teacher Woodward for a very valuable suggestion

#### ATTENDANT ALLOWANCE.

Attendant allowance will continue to be paid as heretofore, and is issuable in addition to the rates quoted.



Rates or Pensions issuable to inmates of St. Dunstan's from 3rd September, 1919:—

#### FLAT RATE PENSIONS.

Rank	Man.	Rank.	Man.
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Pte.	2 0 0	C.Q.M.S.	2 10 0
Corpl.	2 3 4	C.S.M.	2 13 4
Sergt.	2 6 8	Reg.S.M.	3 0 0

In the case of married men a further amount of £1 a week is issuable to a wife, 7s. 6d. for the first child and 6s. for each additional child, provided marriage took place prior to the commencement of training, and the dependants of single men are entitled to an allowance based on the amount of assessed dependency prior to their joining the Army, plus 20 per cent., with a maximum of 14s. in the case of a parent and 7s. in the case of other dependants.

#### ALTERNATIVE PENSIONS.

Issuable as in the case of men who have left St. Dunstan's. W. A.



#### Chess

READERS will remember that in the last number of the REVIEW we published a notice about Chess. A. L. Kauffman, who set the ball rolling, tells us that many men as well as instructors are taking a keen interest in the game. Four complete sets of chessmen are now ready and a general meeting will shortly be held, while one of the leading London chess players has promised to give an address on Instruction in Chess. It is hoped that if the interest increases a chess club might be formed. Will any other St. Dunstaners who are interested in this matter kindly get in touch with Kauffman at the Bungalow Annexe.



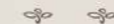
CURATE: "Tell your husband, Mrs. Mimms, that I will call round this afternoon and administer a little spiritual comfort to him."

Mrs. Mimms: "He'll be glad if you will do so, sir, 'cos the Red Cow's bin closed all the week."

with regard to the design of a hammer used by mat-makers. By abolishing the head and making both sides of the hammer alike, a treble advantage is gained. Two longer edges are available for hammering down the thrums. Either end of the hammer can be used for hammering between the warps, and more weight and better balance is given to the hammer when in use. This idea of Woodward's is clear evidence of the close and detailed attention he is giving to his work in assisting our men, and we are sure that it will be appreciated by all his comrades, past and present.

The following work has attracted attention during the month. Sound, regular mats by P. Bedding and A. Hazel, and a very good plain mat in all respects made by J. W. Gimber; excellent kneelers by W. McCombie and a lettered "B.R." Mat made by W. C. West are also well worthy of mention. In spite of a disabled hand, G. J. Radford is turning out good work and T. W. Collyer made his Test Mat very well.

W. H. O.



#### Pension Notes

RATES of Pensions issuable from 3rd September, 1919, to men who have left St. Dunstan's, are as follows:—

#### FLAT RATE PENSIONS.

Rank.	Man only.		Man, Wife.*		Man, Wife, 1 Child.		Man, Wife, 2 Child'n.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Pte.	2	0 0	2	10 0	2	17 6	3	3 6
Corpl.	2	3 4	2	13 4	3	0 10	3	6 10
Sergt.	2	6 8	2	16 8	3	4 2	3	10 2
C.Q.M.Sg.	2	10 0	3	0 0	3	7 6	3	13 6
C.Sg.Mjr.	2	13 4	3	3 4	3	10 10	3	16 10
Reg.S.Mj.	3	0 0	3	10 0	3	17 6	4	3 6

and 6s. for each additional child.

\* The additional allowance of 10s. for a wife is only issuable if marriage took place before the receipt of the wound or injury for which pension was awarded.

#### ALTERNATIVE PENSIONS.

The amount issuable will be based on the average weekly earnings for the twelve months immediately preceding the 4th August, 1914, plus 60 per cent., with a maximum of £5 a week, and is issuable, if more advantageous, in lieu of all allowances to which a man is entitled under the flat rate scheme.

## Departmental Notes

### The Braille Room

WE heartily congratulate the following men on having passed their Reading Test:—W. V. Clampett, H. Saunders, A. Tillotson, F. R. Aubrey, J. Bruce, C. E. Beck, W. Henry, V. A. Simmonds, A. F. Smith, W. G. Cox, S. Game, E. W. Stevenson, G. H. Richards, W. Hill, H. M. Steel, J. L. Ferry, H. Gregory, and G. Foster.

The following books are amongst those that have recently been added to the National Library for the Blind:—"Three Stories from the Green Flag" (Conan Doyle), "Star Chamber" (H. Ainsworth), "Lalage's Lovers" (G. A. Birmingham), "Man with the Club Foot" (D. Valentine), "The Zeppelin Destroyer" (Wm. Le Queux), "Courtship of Maurice Buckler" (A. E. W. Mason), "Men, Women and Guns" ("Sapper"), "By Desert Ways to Bagdad" (Louisa Jobb), "Abraham Lincoln" (J. Drinkwater).

### Shorthand, Typewriting & Telephony

IN July, J. B. Dixon started as a telephonist with a London firm (Messrs. Vanden Bergh, Ltd.). The firm have been so pleased with his work that they have now engaged H. R. Pratt. We congratulate Dixon on the excellent start he has made, and feel sure that Pratt will show himself equally capable. C. T. Reddish, R. Smith, and W. Harding, each of whom are reliable operators, have also obtained very good posts, and our best wishes go with them.

We regret that we omitted to mention at the time that H. Kerr obtained an excellent post as telephone operator last November. He has done splendid work, and is giving every satisfaction to his employers.

We congratulate the following officers and men on having passed their tests:—

A. Brook, W. Howarth, G. H. Simpson, J. Burley, T. J. Floyd, B. Newman, S. Duncan, J. P. Ireland, W. Goding, W. Walker, Lieut. Clarke, Lieut. Oldfield, W. Clough, S. Pullen, G. Swindell, Lieut. Campbell, S. Page, A. Greening, J. Hartley, J. Griffiths, G. W. Killingbeck, T. Ashall, A. C. Payne, S. C. Loram, H. D. Gamble, F. Boorman, W. Tout, C. Hainsworth, M. W. Brown, C. M. Johnstone, B. Jarville, D. Yensen, H. Goodwin, R. W. Wenborn, J. Thomas, A. Lane, Lieut. Barbour, H. Hardy, F. Carter, E. C. Botley, G. Hutcheon, Lieut. Crouch, C. D. Sullivan, G. H. Hawkins, Lieut. N. E. Clarke, and G. Metrenin. *E. McL.*

### Netting

OUR range of articles suitable for hand-netting continues to extend. During the last month we have made, in addition to all the usual standard articles, hay nets, onion bags, sponge nets, and water-polo nets. The first three items promise to be in good permanent demand, and After-Care workers can receive instructions in making them either from their lady visitors or by writing to the Netting Room for written instructions.

Will wool rug workers please note that we have secured large stocks of black and coloured wool at a moderate price, and that we can now supply any amount. Applications should be made through the After-Care Department. *G. H. W.*

AFTER church parade the padre said: "I wish to speak to those of you who have not been confirmed. Will the men divide themselves into two parties, please? Those who *have*, fall out on the right, and those who *have not*, on the left."

Most fell out on the right. In the shuffle this remark was heard: "You been confirmed, Bill?" "Bet yer life. Got the marks on me arm yet!"

## Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

### Church Notes

THE excellent attendance of men, Sisters and workers at the various services throughout the month have been most inspiring. On several occasions the Chapel has been absolutely full, and I feel sure that the record can be well maintained.

There will be special celebration of the Holy Communion on the fourth Sunday in the month (October 26th), at 7.15 a.m., as well as at the 10.15 a.m. service. The special course of short Sunday morning addresses will be continued.

October 18th being St. Luke's Day, and October 28th being the festival of St. Simon and St. Jude, there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion at 7.15 a.m. on each day.

The Hon. Chaplain (the Rev. E. N. Sharpe, M.A.) gave the address on Sunday, 12th October, when there was an excellent attendance.

During the month I hope to be able to start Confirmation Classes for men and Sisters. One or two have already expressed their desire to be confirmed, and I trust we may be able to present to the Bishop quite a goodly number from St. Dunstan's. Will those who wish to be prepared for Confirmation, or who would desire to make any enquiries, please send their names to me as soon as possible so that we can commence our classes without delay?

*J. E. W.*

### Baptism

ON September 16th, John Dunstan Hitchon, the son of Lieut. Hitchon, was baptised in the Chapel.

### Catholic Chapel Notes

ON Sunday, Sept. 21st, J. Doubler paid us a visit, and very kindly sang a solo at Benediction. M. Doyle and J. McGowan, those old reliables, have also promised solos this time, but we are greatly in need of volunteers.

Any information regarding the Pilgrimage to Lourdes, about which several inquiries have been made, can now be obtained from the Chaplain.

Any boys who desire copies of the photos that were taken at the end of last term can have them on application.

Saturday, November 1st, is the Feast of All Saints and a Holiday of Obligation. Holy Communion will be given at 7.45, and Mass celebrated at 8.30. Monday, November 3rd, is the Commemoration of All Souls; there will be Mass at 7.30.

*P. H.*

### Marriages

ON Friday, August 1st, C. Mackenzie was married, at Auckland, New Zealand, to Miss D. Sawyer.

On Wednesday, August 3rd, H. Millar was married, at Holy Trinity Church, Notting Hill, to Mrs. M. Tween.

On Wednesday, September 17th, S. Goburn was married, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, to Miss Crichton.

On Tuesday, September 23rd, A. Rees was married to Miss O. Midwinter.

### Births

PINK, A., daughter - - July 3, 1919.  
WILLIAMS, A., daughter - July 25, 1919.  
JOBSON, F. M., son - - Sept. 5, 1919.  
MOORE, G., son - - - Sept. 12, 1919.  
HODKIN, J., daughter - - Sept. 12, 1919.  
BOOTH, J. E., daughter - Sept. —, 1919.  
WALL, T., son - - - Sept. 17, 1919.  
WALDIN, T., daughter - Sept. 20, 1919.

## Submarine Warfare

ADMIRAL SIMS'S REVELATIONS

"AT this time it is not too much to say that the salvation of the British Empire rested on Lord Jellicoe's shoulders."

That statement is made by Admiral William Sims in the first instalment of the war reminiscence which appears in the October issue of *Pearson's Magazine* under the title "When Germany Nearly Won." He reveals in fulness of detail the critical situation which was produced in the spring of 1917 owing to the volume of shipping which German submarines were sinking. The American Admiral was sent by his Government to this country on the eve of the intervention by the United States, and crossed the Atlantic under an assumed name and in civilian clothes; he was for the time "J. V. Richardson," and the vessel in which he was travelling was mined outside Liverpool—an early intimation that there was a war on. He was, first of all, impressed by the confidence expressed on all hands as to the issue of the campaign, and adds that he "found the same cheerful atmosphere everywhere in London." But when he went to the Admiralty, he learnt the gravity of the position, and he now reveals facts and figures which were not given to the Press. At that time Germany nearly won the war. Admiral Sims relates the alarming story of the shipping losses which the Admiralty was bound to conceal as nothing would have enheartened the Germans more than the knowledge of the extent of their success. He is full of praise of Lord Jellicoe, who was then First Sea Lord. This is the story of the first meeting of these two officers: "After the usual greetings, Admiral Jellicoe took a paper out of his drawer and handed it to me. It was a record of tonnage losses for the last few months. This showed that the total sinkings, British and neutral, had reached 536,000 tons in February, 603,000 in March, and that sinkings were taking place in April that indicated losses of nearly 900,000 tons. These figures showed

losses which were three and four times as large as those indicated by the very inconclusive statements which were then being published in the Press.

To say that I was surprised by this disclosure is expressing it mildly. I was fairly astounded. In my wildest moments I had never imagined anything so terrible. I expressed my consternation to Admiral Jellicoe.

"Yes," he said, as quietly as though he were discussing the weather, and not the future of the British Empire, "It is impossible for us to go on with the war if losses like this continue."

"What are you going to do about it?" I asked.

"Everything that we can. We are increasing our anti-submarine forces in every possible way. We are using every possible craft we can find with which to fight submarines. We are building destroyers, trawlers, and other like craft, as fast as we can. But the situation is very serious, and we shall need all of the assistance we can get."

"It looks as though the Germans were winning the war," I remarked.

"They will unless we can stop these losses—and stop them soon," the Admiral replied.

### THE KING'S ANXIETY.

Admiral Sims gives an account of his meeting with the King at Windsor Castle.

"After dinner we adjourned to a small room, and there, over our cigars, we discussed the situation at considerable length. The King is a rapid and animated talker, he was kept constantly informed on the submarine situation, and discussed it that night in all its details. I was at first surprised by his familiarity with all naval questions and the intimate touch which he was evidently maintaining with the British Fleet. Yet this was not really surprising for His Majesty is himself a sailor; in his early youth he joined the Navy in which he worked up like any

other British boy. . . . About the submarine campaign the King was just as outspoken as Jellicoe and the other members of the Admiralty. The thing must be stopped or the Allies could never win the war.

"Everything suggested that the situation would get worse. Ministers generally regarded the position gravely, but Mr. Lloyd George was optimistic."

### U-BOAT CREWS' BOASTS.

At this period the Germans had reached a conclusion as to the influence which the United States could exert in the war.

"They knew that on the battlefield we would prove a formidable enemy, but the obvious fact, to their eyes, was that our armies would never get to the front. The submarine campaign, they said, would finish the thing in three or four months; certainly in that period the unprepared United States could never summon any military power that could affect the result. Thus, from a purely military standpoint, the entrance of 100,000,000 Americans affected them about as much as would a declaration of war from the planet Mars.

"We confirmed this point of view from the commanders of the occasionally captured submarines. These men would be brought to London and questioned; they showed the utmost confidence in the result.

"'Yes, you've got us,' they would say, 'but what difference does that make? There are plenty more submarines coming out. You will get a few, but we can build a dozen for every one that you can capture or sink. Anyway, the war will all be over in two or three months, and we shall be sent back home.'

"All these captives laughed at the suggestion of German defeat; their attitude was not that of prisoners, but of conquerors. They also regarded themselves as heroes, and gloried in the achievement of their submarine service. For the most part they exaggerated the sinkings, and placed the end of the war at about 1st of July or August.

"The Berlin Government similarly exaggerated the extent of their success. This was not surprising, for one peculiarity

of the submarine is that only the commander, stationed at the periscope, knows what is going on. If he reports sinking a 5,000-ton ship, no one can contradict his statement, for the crew and other officers do not see the surface of the water.

"Not unnaturally the commander does not depreciate his own achievements, and thus the amount of tonnage reported in Berlin considerably exceeded the actual losses. Yet the discrepancies were not important, for while the Germans figured that the war would end in a couple of months, the English officials with whom I came in contact placed it at November 1st, always provided, of course, that some methods were not found of checking the submarine depredations."

Admiral Sims makes a very full survey of the outlook in the spring and summer of 1917, and quotes a memorandum which he himself wrote to Washington, in which he declared that, "briefly stated, I consider that at the present moment we are losing the war." He adds this final reference to the danger which threatened the British people:

"The fact is that no nation was ever placed in so tragic a position as Great Britain in the spring and early summer of 1917. And I think that history records few spectacles more heroic than that of the great British Navy, fighting this hideous and cowardly form of warfare in half-a-dozen places, with pitifully inadequate forces, but with an undaunted spirit that remained firm even against the fearful odds which I have described. What an opportunity for America? And it was perfectly apparent what we should do.

"A few days after reaching London I cabled the Navy Department to send immediately all our destroyers and all the light surface craft which we could assemble to the vital spot in the submarine campaign—Queenstown."



HIS WORSHIP (to prisoner who has been up every month for years): "Ebenezer Noakes, aren't you ashamed to be seen here so often?"

"Bless yer worship, this place is respectable ter some places where I'm seen."

## Birds that Aid Criminals

THERE died recently in a London workhouse infirmary a man named Woodstock, better known to the police and the denizens of the underworld as "The King of the Coiners."

For years he flooded the "market" with his beautifully made spurious coins, and for years he escaped arrest, all by reason of a wonderful talking parrot he possessed.

Whenever Woodstock was at "work" he used to hang the bird's cage just inside the window of his "mint," which was situated at the extreme end of a court called "The Triangle," in the Borough.

He had trained the bird to give him timely warning of the advent of strangers in the court. Thus, the parrot would call out: "Boy with barrow," "Two men," "Policeman," "Woman with baby," and so on, thereby enabling the counterfeiter to hide or destroy all traces of his nefarious business directly a raid was threatened.

### A PEACOCK ACCOMPLICE.

Power, one of the most famous of the latter-day Australian bushrangers, trained a peacock to serve him after a similar fashion. The full story is told in Superintendent Hare's entertaining volume, "The Last of the Bushrangers."

When not out on one of his marauding expeditions, Power used to lodge with people named Quinn, friends and accomplices of his, and on these occasions his trained peacock always roosted on top of the building, and no stranger could approach it without the bird giving notice by uttering a shrill cry, when Power would promptly go into hiding amongst the dense bush which extended from the back of Quinn's house right away to the foothills of the Warby Mountains.

Virginia creepers on the walls of high houses are not in their leafless state pretty to look upon, more especially when rendered more unsightly, as is frequently the case, by sparrows' nests with trailing straws dotted here and there at lofty

altitudes. This fact was turned to account some years ago by a professional burglar and sneak-thief named James Robins.

### LINING HIS OWN NEST.

Provided with a telescopic ladder, such as window-cleaners use, it was his practice to call on the residents of such houses, and secure orders to displace the nests and clear away the litter. During the process, if given a chance, he would nip inside an unguarded window, and promptly annex any portable valuables he was able conveniently to lay his hands upon. Or, if this were impossible, he would take careful stock of the premises with a view to more extended operations under cover of darkness at some future date.

A while back the police all over England were greatly troubled by the depredations of certain professional criminals, known in thieves' patter as "dicky-dodgers." These men "worked" in gangs of three, and their method showed considerable skill and cunning.

Publicans were their most frequent victims. The three men would select some wayside or suburban inn, and choosing a slack hour of the day they would enter the saloon bar together, one of them ostentatiously carrying in his hand a paper bag.

### ACCORDING TO PLAN.

This, he would explain to the barmaid while he and his two companions were consuming a round of drinks, contained a prize canary worth £50, which he was taking to a well-known resident in the neighbourhood. The girl's curiosity would be excited, and she would express a desire to see the wonderful bird.

Thereupon the man would lean over the bar and open the bag, allowing, apparently by accident, the canary to escape. Immediately all three would start frantically rushing here, there, and everywhere about the premises, in a pretended effort to catch the bird, and in the confusion the till would be cleaned of its contents.

*Tit Bits.*

## A Blind Newsagent

THE following interesting account of a blind man's fight against misfortune and the success he has made of his newspaper business, is told by C. Vina, in an American magazine:—

On the north-west corner of the grounds of the capital at Denver, Colorado, there is a news-stand kept by Mr. E. J. Trotter, an energetic blind man.

"There is nothing strange about that," you say, and you are right if that is as far as you go. But buy a magazine from him, and you will see that he trusts you to tell him the name of the periodical you take. Of course, his best sellers are kept in stacks on the counter within his reach as he sits in the centre of his shop, but he cannot tell which one or how many of the others you take. He says that a few persons steal from him, but he just has to work harder to make up for that loss.

If you frequent that corner, which is a very busy one, you will observe that several times a day he leaves his stand open and unwatched, and that sometimes he is away for as long as a half-hour at once. He absolutely trusts people, and he finds that it pays to do so.

He does not capitalize his blindness, for his eyes are covered with large white-clouded spectacles. So if you merely heard him lustily yelling the headlines of the papers, or if you casually passed by at a little distance and just heard the cordial "Thank you very much," with which he voices his appreciation of any patronage, you might not think that he was blind at all.

Trotter has made a great many friends because he is always glad to have someone stop to talk with him. Even in the afternoon, which is his busiest time, and even between five and six o'clock, where he generally makes more than two sales a minute, he will "entertain" several friends who are waiting for the cars, for it is entertaining and interesting to talk with him.

Although there is a traffic officer on duty at that corner, there are many times

a day when persons will ask Trotter about the cars and streets, and where certain buildings and places are, and there are very few such questions he does not answer quickly and courteously.

"Getting" Trotter's story—to use a reporter's expression—was rather slow, for he would talk a good deal about his business to-day but very little about his past history. However, he came to Colorado in 1876 as a prospector. He held some copper mining property, which he sold when he went back East to be married; but he came West again, and when he struck silver in 1892, he opened a little mine of his own, doing all of the work on it himself with hired help.

He had uncovered enough ore to give the enterprise the dignity of a "shipping proposition" when he was made blind by an explosion in the mine. Then he formed a corporation of which he was president. In 1906 shipping was made impossible for a long time because of nine feet of snow; then three of the five directors voted to close down entirely. Everything that Trotter had was sold to pay the creditors; and then it was out to the poor-farm for him, very much against his will.

"But I wouldn't lie down," Trotter asserted.

He didn't either. He pays the largest taxes of any blind person in Denver country; and since he has been blind, besides doing his regular work, he has written "The Forbidden Fruit," a creditable little book on present-day paganism, in which religion he is a firm believer.

When Trotter was fifty-six years old he began his present business, starting in by peddling papers on the streets. Then, by saving his profits and adding to his stock, he became able to buy a red umbrella stand; but the high winds and his increasing business made a more substantial shop necessary. Thus he worked his way up.

Now, after only five years of the work, he owns the busiest news-stand in Colorado,

and has bought ten lots in Denver with his savings.

The qualities which have won this independence for him are his patient frugality, his courteousness, and his confidence in the honesty of the other fellows, even in spite of the villainy of a few of them. He has done more than make an honest living without any begging.

He wins and holds his trade, not because he is blind—although that, of course, makes people feel kindly towards him to begin with—but he earns what he gets; earns it

by giving good service and having a good stock. More than any other one explanation of his success, however, is his attitude of cheerful trust and friendliness toward his patrons.

If you think that the heart of mankind is not a large, warm thing which is well worthy of all confidence with which we can trust it, or if you think that one need ever lose hope and courage in face of severe difficulties, you had better think again, and think quickly, for Mr. Trotter has proved a strong argument against you.



### When Crooks Escape by Air

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the problems which Scotland Yard will have to cope with in the near future will be the pursuit of criminals through the air.

Plans for the organization of a corps of aerial trackers with a special Scotland Yard aerodrome from which detectives could make an immediate start in pursuit of wrongdoers who sought to escape the clutches of the law through the air, are already being carried out.

It may be some time before criminals include private aeroplanes among their equipment, but it will be a comparatively easy matter for the swell cracksman and wealthy murderer to arrange for an escape by air.

#### LOCATED BY WIRELESS

Whether he will succeed depends on the aerial organization of Scotland Yard and the alertness of the Customs and Coast-guard. Quick communication between the police and the latter may result in an easy capture.

As a member of the Criminal Investigation Department points out to the writer, although the air is wide the flying criminal has got to come down somewhere, and by wireless his description and that of his machine can be flashed over the world in a few minutes.

One method of stoppage and detection will be through the medium of a series of sound-detecting instruments along the coast, linked up by telephone with each other, also with corps of aerial police. The noise of the machine will be detected,

and if it does not land for inspection, as required by aerial navigation rules, it will be located and reported, and a strict watch will be kept at all points.

#### LITTLE CHANCE OF ESCAPE

Control of flying machines is being organized so that every machine entering Britain, for instance, will have to land for inspection.

The watch will be so strict that the possibility of evading the cordon of guards will be very slight. Other countries in accordance with the suggestions of the Aerial Advisory Commission of the British Peace Delegations, are adopting similar plans for the control of air traffic. The chances of the flying criminal escaping justice, therefore, are not of the rosier.

#### Til-Bits.



THE 'bus had stopped at Charing Cross, and many passengers had alighted. Liza Jones was one of them, and as she walked across Trafalgar Square she turned towards her companion, a burly costermonger.

"Say, Bill, did you see that bloke wot was a-sitting nex' to me in the bus?" she asked.

"Yus," replied Bill.

"Well, 'e was a perfec' gentleman, 'e was. Saw I looked tired so he made 'is missus stand up and give me 'er seat."

## The Romance of a Cup of Cocoa

FROM BEAN TO BREAKFAST TABLE

IF you lived in the days of Queen Anne and had the luck to be a "person of quality," you would have been wakened in the morning by your little negro slave bearing a bowl of steaming chocolate to your bedside.

Those were the great days of cocoa, for tea was still a rarity and beer no longer the regular breakfast drink as it had been a hundred years earlier.

London's most popular resorts were the cocoa houses. The oldest club in London, the Cocoa Tree in St. James', began life as a cocoa house; the chocolate house at Blackheath gave its name to Chocolate Street.

In those days (1702) the price was twopence a dish, or you could bring a can and take away a quart for a shilling.

But the chocolate of 1702 was not the thick, fragrant drink of to-day. The modern methods of grinding the bean had not been discovered. The beans themselves were simply boiled down and a flavouring of vanilla and a sweetening of sugar added.

Doctors, who now extol cocoa, were then its worst enemies, and one, a gentleman named Roach, penned an attack upon it almost as vicious as King James' famous "Counterblast" against tobacco.

This being so, it is odd to find that the man who in 1728 started one of the greatest cocoa and chocolate businesses in the world was himself a doctor.

#### "INGENIOUS JOSEPH"

Joseph Fry, descendant of an old Quaker family who lived at Sutton Benger, in Wiltshire, found his native village too small, and being a man of energy, went to Bristol, which then was the great port for the American trade. Here he gave up the practice of medicine and opened a shop in Wine Street, where he sold "chocolate nibs and cocoa."

He was a man with a big nose, high forehead, strong-lipped mouth—the sort who always succeed—and twice in his

life he had to move to larger premises. Before his death in 1787 he was sole owner of what, in those days, was a very large and important business, and was everywhere known as "Ingenious Joseph Storrs Fry of Bristol."

His widow and his son, Joseph Storrs Fry, carried on. In 1795, a tremendous sensation was caused by their installation of a Watts steam engine, erected, as a contemporary reporter wrote in the *Bury and Norwich Post*, "for the trifling object of grinding cocoa."

#### THE PROCESS OF ROASTING

Joseph Storrs Fry lived to see that queer, old-fashioned engine multiplied a hundred times over, while his grandson of the same name, who was chairman of the company up to his death in 1913, saw the original little factory grow to eleven gigantic buildings where several thousand hands are at work turning out many kinds of cocoa and more sorts of chocolate.

Chocolate first came to Europe from tropical America. To-day the finest beans are grown in Ceylon, Trinidad, and Central America. The cacao is a small tree not over twenty feet high. The odd thing about it is that the beans grow only on the trunk and the thick part of the branches. Inside the great airy factories at Bristol you see thousands of sacks of these sweet-smelling brown beans.

The beans are sieved and all imperfect ones thrown aside before roasting. The roasting is done in "roasters" which revolve over glowing coke fires. This is highly skilled work. Quality, flavour, and aroma all depend on a perfect roast.

After fire, wind. The husk is blown away by a fan-made gale, and then the clean little beans go through a giant grinding machine. Dry as a bone before, it is startling to see them come out as a thick paste. This is due to the oil, of which the bean contains nearly fifty per cent. To the paste is added the snow-white sugar and round and round the mixture goes in

great revolving pans which are slightly heated.

The paste that comes out in brown, rolling columns is pure chocolate. The difference between chocolate and cocoa is that chocolate retains its native oil, whereas the oil is expelled from cocoa. To make cocoa, the paste is put into strong canvas bags, which are squeezed in great hydraulic presses. Out comes the oil which is run off to form cocoa-butter, a substance that cooks have been glad to use for frying purposes during the recent fat famine.

In ordinary times cocoa-butter is used as the groundwork of pomades and the like.

#### AUTOMATICALLY WEIGHED

As for the powder that remains, this is cocoa. You may judge how fine this powder is when I tell you that it has all gone through sieves containing 3,600 holes to the square inch.

The powder is so fine that the girls who pack it wear white cowls over their heads to keep it from getting into their hair. There is wonderful machinery for weighing each packet automatically.

Now for the chocolate. The rich paste is mixed with vanilla and sugar in huge stone pans in which revolve endlessly vast granite rollers, and afterwards the brown dough passes through refining machines. Last stage of all, rows of men in white caps and aprons mix it with creams, or form it into one of the scores of different sorts of sweetmeats which few of us are too old to enjoy.

But the making of cocoa and chocolate, though the great centre of these enormous works, is only one of the many interesting things to be seen. The firm of Fry pride themselves on being self-supporting. For instance, they make all their own boxes, wrappers, and bags, print all their own labels, and grind and sift their own sugar.

Their sawmills are at Canon's Marsh, and here you may see stacked over £50,000 worth of timber, most of it from Canada, which has been unloaded at their own wharf. At Wapping—not the London but the Bristol Wapping—they have a steam sawmill with all the latest devices in planing and nailing machines. Here

are made 150,000 cases a week, besides trays and frames.

In another department you can see the boxes being made. The girls start with rough cardboard, and, aided by "cornering," "banding," and "edging" machines, turn them into boxes, some covered with velvet and satin and printed in gold and silver lettering. Five thousand boxes a day come pouring out.

The strangest looking machines in the whole factory are those which make bags. It is positively uncanny to watch them take the plain paper and with seemingly human intelligence turn it into double or lined bags at the rate of 10,000 bags per machine per day. They even label them.

*Tit Bits.*

### A Garden on Top of the Earth

FLOWERS AT THE NORTH POLE

THAT one should find blossoms in the ice-bound, dreary wastes of the North Pole seems incredible.

It is, nevertheless, a fact that there the explorer has found many thousands of acres of buttercups, heather, bluebells, dandelions, and rhododendrons. It is a veritable garden on top of the earth, a land of exquisite beauty at seasons, as well as of midnight sun.

June brings the first warm, bright ray of the sun. The Eskimo housewife starts spring-cleaning, and soon the flowers begin to show, even up to the most northern point of the land in the world, 380 miles from the Pole. A botanist has collected over 125 species of plants and flowers on the roof of the world. Even large, delicious mushrooms are there, while orange-coloured lichens are in abundance.

And, strange to say, all, with but a single exception, are perfectly odourless. Thousands and thousands of acres of flowers, and yet no perfume.

THE MILITARY HUN: "Ach, dey did not get our navy. They shall not haf our Kaiser."

THE NAVAL HUN: "Gott in Himmel!—you're not going to drown him, too?"

## Guns that Take Photographs

TEACHING AIRMEN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT

CLICK! The aeroplane dived past its opponent at a dizzy pace, emptying its machine-gun into the slower machine as it whizzed by.

Click, click, click went the gun; but nothing happened. No bullets hit the beaten enemy, for the gun was a camera-gun, a wonderful war invention for training young airmen.

When he lands it will be useless for the beaten pilot to protest that the bullets did not hit him; a roll of films will show just where the bullets would have found their mark in a real fight over the enemy's lines.

If the fight has been a long one, and the two pilots are near the end of their training, dozens of "snaps" may have been taken before the winner is satisfied that his gun has hit the enemy in a vital spot.

After the fight the films are developed, and the pilot whose "shots" have hit

vulnerable parts of his opponent's machine is adjudged the winner.

In this way the budding "ace" was able to undergo a complete course of battle practice before his first experience of "the real thing." The camera-gun also gave an added interest to the period of training, for there was always keen competition to be champion cadet at the various flying schools where the "scores" were taken in this way.

When practising aerial warfare no umpire can keep pace with the machines, which twist and turn and dive around each other until it seems that they must crash together and fall to earth. Even the pilots themselves do not know if their "shots" get home. But with the aid of the gun that takes photographs they can see just where they missed, and learn to avoid making the same mistake when the enemy is using real bullets instead of films.

*Tit-Bits.*

## Talking Down a Sunbeam

MUCH BETTER THAN WIRELESS ON SHIPS

THE Admiralty have just approved of a new method of talking between ships which is absolutely secret. One of the disadvantages the Navy suffered from during the war was that wireless could be "jammed" and any other form of communication "tapped" by the Huns, so that the new invention will be absolutely invaluable—if there is another war!

The invention is due to Dr. Rankine, who has discovered a method of talking down a beam of light. He uses the beam of light, in fact, as a telephone wire. All one has to do to speak is to turn the light, searchlight, or a ray of sunlight, on to the receiving instrument and talk as one would on an ordinary telephone.

The receiver has a little mirror attached to it, and this mirror vibrates as people talk at the other end of the "sunbeam telephone," and reproduces the speaker's voice. Already Dr. Rankine has kept up a continuous conversation with people over a mile away by means of his invention.

The great advantage of the new method of communication will be when a ship wants to talk to the shore authorities. All that the captain will have to do is to order a searchlight to be trained on the apparatus on shore, and he can talk to his heart's content. Moreover, his conversation cannot be overheard or tapped in any way, and he can only be cut off by the beam of light going out of action.



## Limbless Athletes

PLAYING GOLF THOUGH BLIND

THE recent match at Hoylake between two one-armed golfers—John Haskins and Norman Mycock, the latter being further handicapped by a crippled leg, necessitating the use of a crutch—reminds one of the wonderful athletic achievements of other limbless champions.

Some years ago Haskins was defeated in a match for £40 by another one-armed golfer named Scott, while a French professional player attached to a Paris club just failed to qualify for the Open Championship competition proper in Ayrshire in 1914, though his left arm had been amputated almost at the shoulder.

It is interesting to note that Captain E. B. Towse, V.C., who lost his sight through wounds in the South African War, can play golf. His only stipulations are that he is allowed to touch the ball with his hand to ascertain its position, and that his caddie may ring a bell to indicate the situation of the hole.

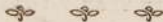
Although he lost a leg in France, Mr. Don Denton played cricket for

Northamptonshire last season. This will constitute a record so far as county cricket is concerned, but many years ago a match was played at Kennington Oval between one-armed and one-legged men. The latter won on account of the fact that they were more handy than their opponents in picking up the ball.

More wonderful still are the records made by one-legged swimmers. At the Bath Club, five years ago, the one-legged Cambridge swimmer, Mr. J. R. Resleure, won for his 'Varsity the 100 yards and quarter-mile races in record time.

Some astonishing performances have been put up, too, by F. Gadsby, the one-legged Nottingham champion. He once beat J. A. Jarvis, the world's champion swimmer, in a 400 yards race.

Australia and Canada have their one-legged champion swimmer also—A. B. Barry and Bert Evans respectively. Evans is like a fish in the water, and it is proposed, if possible, to arrange a competition between the two.—*Tit-Bits.*



## Khaki from Cuttlefish

IT is interesting to know the origin of colour—and here are a few extraordinary cases.

The exquisite colour Prussian blue is made by fusing horses' hoofs and other animal refuse with impure potassium carbonate.

Blue-black comes from the charcoal of the vine-stalk.

Lamp-black is soot from certain resinous substances.

A great many of the fine colours are furnished by the cochineal insects. A few of these beautiful colours are carmine, crimson, scarlet carmine, and crimson lake.

Turkey red is made from the madder-plant, which grows in Hindustan.

The colour khaki originates from matter supplied by the cuttlefish! From this fish we also get sepia, and when the cuttlefish is attacked it discharges a fluid into the water which renders all around it opaque.

Indian yellow comes from the camel.

The yellow sap of a tree of Siam produces gamboge.

Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighbourhood of Sienna, Italy, and raw umber is also the earth round about Umbria, which is prepared after having been burnt.