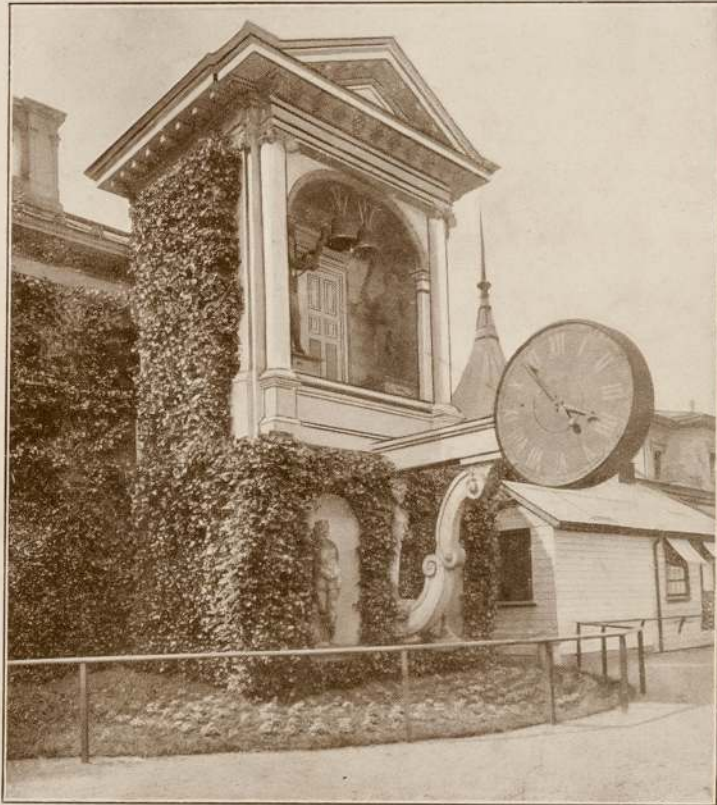


St. Dunstan's



Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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



THE QUEEN OF SPAIN AND PRINCESS VICTORIA IN THE TYPEWRITING DEPARTMENT.

St. Dunstan's Review

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EDITOR'S NOTES

AS these words appear in print, the men and staff of St. Dunstan's will all be busily preparing for Christmas and the holidays which start on the 17th December and end on the 6th January. To all our readers we wish good cheer at Christmas and good luck in 1920. Many will be leaving to start up the business or take posts in the professions they have learned at St. Dunstan's, and to them we wish success similar to that which has attended the efforts of so extraordinarily large a percentage of those who have passed through St. Dunstan's before them.

It cannot but be with mixed feelings that many of us will leave St. Dunstan's for the Christmas recess, for when we return it will be to find that a great change has taken place. The original mansion of St. Dunstan's, which Mr. Otto Kahn, the well-known American financier, so kindly lent us for nearly five years, has to be given up this Christmas, and with it go all the temporary buildings which immediately surround it. This move had inevitably to be met, and though it will in no way affect the efficiency of the organisation of St. Dunstan's, yet it will not be without feelings of regret that Sir Arthur, the staff and men who occupied the house will vacate the quarters which have housed them so comfortably.

There is something sad about the first evidences of the closing down of St. Dunstan's Hostel, though it must be remembered that the training which has loomed so large in the public eye during the last five years, is but part of Sir Arthur's scheme for the care and welfare of the men who have lost their sight.

After training comes settlement in the profession or business learned, and the office which has undertaken this work, and whose resources are now taxed to the utmost, deserves the greatest credit that can be assigned to it for the way in which it has found houses where no houses were and fitted them up when no workmen were available to work. But even training and settlement are not sufficient. The scheme goes farther, and provides for the permanent care of St. Dunstaners. Our After-Care scheme is at present but a part of the whole, for though close on 800 men come under its influence, there remain still over 600 whose training is not yet complete. The time will come, however, when what is now the After-Care Department will be the whole organisation of St. Dunstan's. St. Dunstan's After-Care Fund will finance the various activities which the men who are already settled now find so helpful, so that as long as a blinded soldier be alive he will feel that St. Dunstan's is not closed down, that it is behind him, backing him up and helping him in a thousand ways to reduce the handicap of blindness.

Let there be no mistake about the situation. For the next year or so training and re-education will be carried on at high pressure at St. Dunstan's, for though

the House is to be given up, there remain all the workshops and class-rooms, the poultry farm, the bungalow, Cornwall Terrace, Sussex Place, Townshend House, and the country and seaside Annexes, and for some little time, too, the Colledge Annexe.

At the end of 1920, and for some years, there will probably still be a few men whose sight will deteriorate as a result of war service, and for these, of course, some sort of provision will have to be made. Meantime the After-Care scheme will gradually grow till, in about a year's time, it is at its full strength, and whether now or then, no man need leave St. Dunstan's without knowing that the organisation will follow him to his home, keep in touch with him, help him with his work, and be ready in cases of sickness or business difficulty to advise and assist. The realization of the full significance of St. Dunstan's, and of the fact that this helpful scheme for the future is already working satisfactorily, tempers to some extent the feelings which accompany the shutting down of the House, though much sadness remains; for who can leave the place where so many battles have been fought and won, where so much that looked gloomy has been shown to be bright, without feeling sad?

Editor.

NOTES BY THE CHIEF

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR to all St. Dunstaners, past and present.

THE first Christmas that the REVIEW appeared I little thought that the population of St. Dunstan's would at this date still be well over six hundred, and that nearly one thousand men would have passed through.

THE letters which I receive all the while, and the reports which I read from visitors, tell me that the old-fashioned Christmas greeting is no mere figure of speech so far as the men blinded in the war are concerned. May the future hold many more Happy Christmasses for you all.

IN a letter which I received the other day from a St. Dunstaner who gets about by himself very well, the writer spoke jokingly, but at the same time rather feelingly, on the subject of rasping his knuckles against a wall, as the result of swinging his arm as he walked along. I have done this before now, and know what an aggravating thing it is, particularly if it happens as the result of having been polite enough to move out of the

way of someone approaching. It is a thing which may always occur, and I am afraid there is no way out of it, except to wear gloves, keep the hand in the pocket, or not swing the arm.

I REMEMBER Blind Harry, the very expert Brighton blind man, who died last winter, and of whom I wrote several times in these Notes, showing me a badly damaged hand one day, which he had scraped against a rough wall while on his walks abroad. When I chaffed him about it, and told him that I thought so expert a blind walker as he was ought to be able to avoid this sort of thing, he told me that he did not care how clever a blind man might be at getting about, it was quite impossible for him to judge his distance from a wall within an inch, and this, of course, was perfectly right.

TALKING of knocking ones knuckles, one of our massage experts knocked his against something a good deal softer than a wall the other day. He was doing some exercises, and his wife came into the room without his hearing her. At the moment he was standing with his back to the door and his arms raised and flexed towards the shoulders. His wife thought

the opportunity of tickling him in the ribs too tempting to be lost, and crept quietly up behind him to do this, but just as she approached the moment came for him to swing round and strike out. This he did with all his force, and caught the unfortunate lady full in the face, with dire results. In recounting the incident, he told me that he really thought he had killed her. He is a very muscular fellow, and I should hate to have him give me a tap like the one his unfortunate spouse received.

Moral, to playful wives of blinded soldiers: Don't play tricks on your husband while he is doing his exercises.

I HAVE given a lot of hints in these Notes since they first began to appear, and am free to confess that my stock of them has about run dry. I think it is now time that some of you should help out in this important matter. I feel sure that I have not by any means exhausted the methods of coping with the little difficulties which one encounters, and that many of you must have found out for yourselves useful tips of one kind and another. I wish any of you who feel you have discovered something which would be useful to others would write and tell me about it, whether it may be in regard to getting about, dressing, feeding, or anything else.

THE following letter explains itself:—
"To the Directors of the Pelman Institute.

"Gentlemen,—I have just received from your Manager the gratifying intimation that you have been so generous as to arrange that the special course on Pelmanism which your experts have been at such pains to prepare for the use of blinded soldiers and sailors, and blind people generally, will be given them without the payment of any fees.

"As the Council of the National Institute for the Blind has decided to print in Braille the necessary booklets and forms, and supply them free, the members of the blind community will have the advantage of acquiring your most interesting and useful system entirely without cost.

"I gather that your generous offer extends to all blind people in the United Kingdom, and that you wish it to be understood that if any blind person is inclined to pay a fee this fee will be transmitted by you to the National Institute for the Blind.

"Please allow me, on behalf of the blind community, to offer your Directors an expression of very sincere thanks for their generosity.

"Everyone knows how very greatly Pelmanism has been appreciated by scores of thousands of people who can see, and who have vastly improved their mental equipment by acquiring its methods. I have no doubt that a great many blind people will benefit from the study of Pelmanism in no lesser degree now that an opportunity of acquiring it has been so kindly and sympathetically placed within their reach.

"Yours faithfully,
(Signed) "ARTHUR PEARSON."

The necessary books and cards are being printed now, and will be ready before very long. When they are an announcement will appear in the REVIEW, and I hope that plenty of St. Dunstaners will avail themselves of the generosity of the Pelman Institute.

ONE of my very numerous St. Dunstan's correspondents asked me the other day whom I considered to be the blind person who had done the most remarkable work. It is a little difficult to answer this question, but I think the palm must be given to either Herschoff, Huber, or Dr. Babcock.

Herschoff is the extraordinary American yacht designer who designed the yachts which have kept the America Cup on the western side of the Atlantic for so many years. It seems to me that the designing of racing yachts, in which so many considerations enter, is a very remarkable thing for a blind man to have excelled in.

Huber, who lived more than a hundred years ago, spent a great deal of his life in investigating the habits of the bee. He did this with no other assistance than that of a servant, who told him what the bees he

had under observation were doing. It is very generally acknowledged that Huber discovered practically everything there was to be discovered in regard to the lives of these wonderful little insects, and the methods which they follow in their curiously complete social organisation.

Dr. Babcock is a man who lost his sight at the age of fourteen, and in spite of this, when he grew up he decided to enter the medical profession. How Dr. Babcock overcame his difficulties is a long story, but the success with which he did so may be judged from the fact that he has for many years past been regarded as one of the leading specialists in the world on diseases of the heart. His book on the subject is looked upon the world over as a great standard work. In addition to his work as a heart specialist, Dr. Babcock has a large and lucrative practice in Chicago.

I think with these three examples in mind no blind man should be afraid of tackling anything.

I EXPECT a good many of you will remember my saying that the real bar to a blind man's progress is apt to be one of his own loving relatives, simply because they do too much for him. In the same way I think that one can do too much for oneself. By this I mean that one can make things too easy in one's own familiar surroundings. If one has all sorts of little helps about the place to tell one just where one is, the difficulties to be encountered in places which are not quite

familiar will be infinitely more formidable than they would be otherwise.

I remember when I first lost my sight being very much struck by the way in which the blind manager of some workshops in the North of England took me about his place. He went unerringly across quite large rooms, from one door to another, with nothing at all to guide him. I commented upon this, and he told me that it was simply a matter of practice, and that he had always steadfastly refused to have anything to show him the exact direction.

In the early days of losing one's sight I believe firmly in having every possible help; but as one gets along in one's new life I am quite sure it is a good thing to get out of the habit of relying upon definite methods of help, and to cultivate in every possible way the senses of direction and obstacle which can be of such immense value. In short, don't make things too easy for yourself, any more than you like other people to make things too easy for you.

ONE of my Australian correspondents asked me the other day: "What should a blind man do when offered a hymn-book in church?" I should say, accept it smilingly, and sing away—but be careful that you are holding it the right way up.



St. Dunstan's Homage to the Fallen

ON the anniversary of the Armistice Day, November 11th, about seventy-five men of the House and Annexes marched to the Birdcage Walk to join the "Comrades of the Great War" in their procession to the Cenotaph in Whitehall, to pay homage to those heroes who made the great sacrifice.

The procession was headed by Mr. McClellan and Mr. Vaile, and proceeded

via Portland Place, Regent Street, Haymarket, Trafalgar Square, and The Mall. The Mall was lined on both sides by troops as the King and President Poincaré were passing that way on their journey to the City.

When we arrived at the east end of the Birdcage Walk we found the "Comrades of the Great War" awaiting our arrival. St. Dunstan's was given the place of

the "Last Post" was sounded by four buglers.

We then marched back to the Horse Guards' Parade, where all the "Comrades of the Great War" formed up while the band played the National Anthem, after which we were dismissed and marched back to St. Dunstan's.



The following letter of thanks has been received from the Divisional Hon. Secretary of the "Comrades of the Great War":—

"I feel I would like to place on record the great appreciation of the 'Comrades' for the attendance of ex-Service men from St. Dunstan's at our Commemoration Service held at the Cenotaph.

"I trust they had a pleasant return journey, and with fraternal greetings to them all,

"I remain,

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) S. T. WILSON TAYLOR

"(Divisional Hon. Secretary County of London Division)."

Nemesis

(By Dornford Yates)

[Reprinted by kind permission of the *Windsor Magazine*.]

THE gates which it was obviously impossible to shut were dragged to, those of my organs which had been displaced sank back into position, four bells rang, and the train plunged forward. There was just enough play between my face and a smart little velvet hat for the two to collide violently.

"Ow!" said the owner.

"That was my nose," I said, "I hope it won't bleed."

"So do I," said the man immediately north-west of me.

Fifteen seconds later, without any warning, the train came to an abrupt stop.

"I'm sure it will bleed now," said I. "Nothing can stop it."

There was an uncomfortable silence. Then—

"I don't wish to jump to any hasty conclusion," said Jeremy, "but I think I saw a notice to the effect that there was more room in the rear of the train."

"You did," said I.

"Well, if that's true," said Jeremy, "they must be very crowded in front. You know," he added, "this is very nearly as bad as the Victory Ball?"

"At least there was variety about that function," said the major, half-left of my breastbone. "People removed their feet from your insteps every now and then, I don't mean to say they didn't put them back, but it gave the circulation a chance."

"Force of will," said Jeremy, "can do anything. Let's all pretend we're waiting to see Wilson."

The velvet hat shook slightly.

"As a matter of fact," said I, "it reminds me irresistibly of Earl's Court."

The allusion proved unfortunate, and it took us all several seconds to convince a lady with four parcels, whose hat appeared to have been caught in the gates, that the train was in fact going to Warwick Avenue.

When the excitement had subsided—

"Why Earl's Court?" said the man immediately north-west of me.

"Because this is the sort of thing you used to pay for," said I. "If you remember, you could ruin a dress-suit there for sixpence, while with eighteenpence and a little judgment you could become a confirmed invalid. Of course," I added, "you can't expect so much for twopence-halfpenny."

With a frightful jerk the train resumed its career.

The rearrangement consequent upon its arrival at Oxford Circus partook of the nature of a violent struggle for existence.

Under cover of the confusion I sought to recover a package which I had dropped at Piccadilly. My fingers encountered its surface, but when I tried to pick it up, it appeared to be attached to the floor. While I was digesting this phenomenon.

"Somebody appears to be trying to lift me into the air," said the major. "I may as well say at once that in the circumstance I believe such a feat to be beyond their strength."

Guiltily I wriggled the string of my package clear of his right spur.

Amid the frenzied bellowing of officials the train proceeded on its way. Two hundred yards further on it came to a dead stop.

Jeremy cleared his throat.

"It cannot be too widely known," he said, "that I propose to emerge at Regent's Park. The funny-looking man on my left front will accompany me."

The ripple of amusement that greeted this remark was rudely terminated by a coarse laugh from the conductor.

"You'll 'ave to look sharp about it," he said. "We don't stop there."

There was a roar of merriment.

I addressed myself to the major.

"A walk," I said, "will do that vulgar fat man good. If he had walked more in the past, we should not now be suffering quite so much inconvenience."

"Before we break up," said Jeremy, "I should like to say how much I've enjoyed this. I've been assaulted more times than I can remember, my ticket has been knocked out of my hand, and I've lost my gent's umbrella. It only remains for me to be robbed."

"All right as long as you don't carry anything in your hip-pocket," I murmured thoughtlessly.

The effect of my words was electrical. Simultaneously every man within earshot sought to assure himself that his hip-pocket was inviolate. The fact that everyone was wearing an overcoat further complicated a gesture which demands more than ordinary elbow-room, and in a moment the utmost confusion prevailed.

Jeremy braced himself against the gate.

"May I suggest," he said, "that everybody feels in the hip-pocket of the neighbour immediately in front of him? In this way the investigation now afoot will be greatly simplified and by an exchange of confidences."

Somebody laughed hysterically. There were unmistakable signs of panic.

"The first 'and as feels in my 'ip-pocket 'll get wot for," said an explosive voice.

The threat was launched inside the coach, and I felt glad we were on the platform.

Happily the train chose this moment to resume its journey.

The sudden burst of apologies which succeeded its impulse suggested that several hands which should have been straphanging were otherwise engaged.

The major spoke into my ear.

"I'm not a lawyer," he said, "but I should say that your friend has been guilty of a summary offence. Conduct more calculated to lead to a breach of the peace I never witnessed."

I screwed my head round.

"If I give you his address," I shouted, "will you promise to summons him?"

The major blanched.

"Heaven forbid!" he said, "I'd rather go back to France."

As we were walking down Marylebone Road, Jeremy demanded a cigarette. Before proceeding to unbutton my overcoat I eyed him suspiciously.

"Where are your own?" said I.

"Probably still in my case," he said gloomily.

"Well, why—"

"And that," said Jeremy, "was in my hip-pocket."

News from the Workshops

THE most prominent feature of the work in the shops this month is the preparation of stock in trade which is being made by the men who are leaving at Christmas. The accumulation of baskets of all types is considerable, for each man is revising all work he has done so that he may take with him to his new venture a sample of each basket he can make.

The men in the Bootshop have been producing some excellent unaided work in their best style, as a test of their ability. Similarly in the Mat Department the men complete a whole mat without any suggestion from an instructor, and also generally make a mat for themselves with a border or their own initials. All this work is extremely creditable and has maintained the reputation of St. Dunstan's workshops, and we offer to all the successful men our congratulations, and assure them of our high appreciation of their work.

It is becoming quite customary for the visitors to stay a while beside the table where J. Rose is working, and to admire the very accurate work he is producing with his capable right hand. R. Young, who also has one arm only, has followed his lead splendidly and his work has very good style. G. Richards is also doing very well with centre cane baskets.

A good quantity of small work has been turned out this month and some very fine samples of barrel baskets have been made by G. Williams, F. W. Wenborn, J. Stibbles, and E. Boden. P. McMullen has also made nice progress on these and on square arm baskets.

J. Taylor is proving a very keen pupil teacher and is very attentive to his men,

and we feel confident that F. C. Harris, whose round soiled linen baskets have attracted attention, will also be a capable man in a similar position.

W. R. Whiteside has turned out some very good small work, so also has J. A. Dunlop whose picnic baskets were distinctly good. The waste paper baskets made by S. C. Pike have been up to a good standard, and J. V. Tweedie has made some excellent pigeon baskets.

In the Boot Department this month a larger number of men have been taking up handsewing. All of them receive instruction in the method of making a sole, but not everyone can actually do the work. Some very good handsewing has been done by S. Blackwell, P. C. Spurgeon, H. Bates, J. Lawson, and A. Adams. W. A. Simmons has commenced work as pupil teacher in this Department.

S. O'Connell, who was here in July, 1916-April, 1917, but who left as his eyesight considerably improved, has returned owing to his sight again failing, and is making good progress. A. Hazel is a new man in this Department and has started very well; and G. R. Wiltshire has shown, in his short period, that he will make good. A pair of single soles well shaped by G. Burnett, and some men's boots with quarter rubbers by R. Wilkinson, deserve every commendation. T. Cockburn has been doing useful work all round for some time, and also T. R. Roberts.

A very distinct advance has been made during the last month by R. J. Norrison, W. Lowe, and R. W. Wakeland. P. Yuile and R. Cheshire rivet very well and have

a good idea of shape and edge. W. T. West is doing well, and A. J. Burtenshaw and T. S. Meredith give promise of being successful men. R. Riddell has been doing some good work.

The ranks of the cloggers will be thinned this Christmas by the loss of those men whose work we have commended previously, and we shall look to S. Page, who has turned out some good new clogs, and A. Taylor, who is keen and doing well, to take the places of these men.

A very good start indeed has been made by F. T. Dance, E. J. Thompson, and A. T. Turrell in the Mat Department, and F. Jenkins has done some very regular work and made several kneelers very carefully. E. Fearn's kneelers were excellent. J. Hartley, J. Heapy and L. Heren are now getting hold of the work, and S. Ash and P. M. Austin thrum and border very well, and A. Gauthier is working in quite the right style. J. H. Twigg works on steadily, and J. H. Palmer is a good trier and improves on each mat.

Mats with designs and letters made by F. B. Reason and W. McCombie have attracted considerable attention, and T. McCann still continues his useful work as pupil teacher.

Proficiency certificates have been awarded to the following men during the month:—F. Mowtell (boots and mats), E. Read (boots and clogs), Sergt. Ross (boots), J. Morgan (boots), J. Brodie (mats), W. T. Jones (mats), T. Mardon (mats), J. Robson (mats), H. Weeks (mats), A. Jordan (mats), I. Clemenson (baskets), C. Hancock (baskets), G. C. Jackson (baskets), G. Johnson (baskets), E. A. West (baskets), C. Negus (baskets), W. Macaulay (baskets), M. Colle (boots), A. G. Blyde (baskets), E. T. Boden (baskets), G. W. Francis (baskets), T. Newman (baskets), G. Polley (baskets), W. Holmes (baskets), D. C. Evans (baskets), S. W. Taylor (baskets), A. F. Kite (boots), E. V. Thompson (boots), F. J. Guiseley (boots),

J. G. Wishart (boots and mats), W. Walters (boots), T. Gavaghan (mats), W. McCombie (mats), J. Patterson (mats), W. A. Simmons (boots and mat), E. Evers (boots and mats).

W. F. Cook has done some excellent work in the Joinery Department and made good progress, and is now engaged in making a smoker's table with Cabriole legs, an intricate piece of work which could only be trusted to a careful and steady man.

W. J. Pearce, G. F. Taylor, Sergt. Whittingslow, and A. Billingham have done exceptionally well in the Elementary Course and have now taken up advanced work.

An oak bedstead, a small cabinet, and a good kitchen table have attracted considerable attention from visitors.

Mr. Tuppen, who is making very good progress, has completed a bed-tray very creditably.

E. Barratt rendered valuable service as pupil teacher during Sargent's absence, and C. H. Hainsworth, F. G. Freeman, and P. J. Vorley are making good progress.

H. M. the Queen of Spain showed the greatest interest in the work of W. H. Farr, and was, of course, particularly pleased to find that he was a Windsor man who had worked on the Royal Estate. He was honoured by a request to make two small stools for Her Majesty's children.

W. H. O.

Netting Circular

TWO circular letters regarding Netting were sent out on November 10th and December 11th respectively, by Sir Arthur Pearson. Will all men who have not received copies apply to Capt. Fraser, After-Care Department?

Song of the Workshops

OH! there's music in the workshops
where we're toiling all the day,

Oh! there's music in the rattle of the tools,
For its there our fates we're forging as
we speed the hours away,

While we're singing on the benches
and the stools.

You may feel inclined to sorrow when
you know we cannot see,

But we only feel inclined to laugh and
play.

For we know that we're the masters of
the years that are to be,

And our triumph grows with each
succeeding day.

You can hear the hammers ringing and
the sound of many saws,

You can watch the baskets grow beneath
your eyes.

You can hear the sound of laughter's
song which never seems to pause,
Or the songs we whistle floating to the
skies.

There are skilful hands that guide us
through the problems we are set.

There are ready hands to help us if
we slip.

So that when the future claims us we
shall look back with regret,

To these splendid days of great good-
fellowship.

Oh! there's music in the workshops, where
we're toiling all the day,

Oh! there's music in the rattle of the tools.
For we've learning to be masters of the
years that are to be,

And you'll *always* hear us singing on
the stools.

W. V. Clampett.

Some Strange Occupations

RECENTLY a Mint official said that he was unable to account for the shortage of coppers, for more pennies were being coined than ever before. Yet there are one or two men in London, at any rate, who have nothing to complain of, and those are the copper-changers.

This is one of those odd occupations which are only known to a few, and are certainly not overcrowded. The copper-changer calls on publicans and others and either exchanges notes for coppers, or *vice-versa*, for a small commission. He has his regular customers, and it is surprising the amount of business he does. Always there is a shortage of one kind of coin in one district, and too much of it in another, and the copper-changer helps to balance things up.

Another occupation which has not been overcrowded yet came to light recently in a criminal trial. This occupation was that of dummy safemaking, and the defendant put up the ingenious plea that he made dummy wooden safes, all carefully painted, for small firms who could not afford

the big prices charged for the real safes, and yet who wanted to pretend to their customers that they had a secure place for their valuables.

The judge, however, put a different complexion on the story, for the dummy safes were really manufactured by the ingenious individual to supply burglars, who replaced the real articles by them in order to deceive the police as they looked in office windows to see if everything appeared all right.

There is only one snail taster in England. His job is to sample the consignments of edible snails which come from France to be eaten by gourmets over here.

Another unique occupation is that of dog tattooer, a man who specialises in tattooing dogs with their owner's name and crest.

Recently a mother and her daughter started a big rabbit farm near Brighton, and they are now supplying over a thousand rabbits a week to dealers, and making an excellent thing out of it. Rabbit farming on a big scale is certainly not an overcrowded job.

"The Seas are Free"

HOW OUR MINE-SWEEPING FLOTILLAS HAVE CLEARED THE WATERS AND MADE
OCEAN TRAVEL SAFE ONCE MORE

(By "Jackstaff")

[The following interesting article is reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of the *World's Work*.]

ONCE again the seas are free. Since the 5th of September the ships that bridge over the great waters for us have been able to go their ways as they list. Prior to that date all vessels to and from British ports were obliged to sail alone routes officially mapped out for them. Only by so doing could they be assured of immunity from destruction by mines. The Mines Clearance Service dispersed on November 30th.

During war-time countless thousands of these "domes of death" were scattered around our shores. None of them cost less than £200 each, some cost a good deal more.

Considerable numbers of these death-traps were destroyed whilst war lasted. But at the time of the Armistice extensive fields remained in being. Many parts of the North Sea especially were thick with them. As a consequence, the Admiralty had to control the movements of all shipping until normal conditions were restored.

For this purpose offices were opened in the chief commercial ports at which shipmasters, before starting a voyage, could obtain information as to the routes they must follow. Simultaneously with the adoption of this precautionary measure the work of removing the "eggs of frightfulness" from the ocean highways was taken in hand.

For this work a Mines Clearance Service was established with headquarters at the Admiralty. The men embodied in it were distinguished from the rest of the Navy's personnel by a silver "King's Badge for Mine-sweeping" worn on their left sleeve. Owing to the risky nature of the occupation all engaged in it received "danger pay" over and above their regulation wages.

In the fleet of ships detailed for "sweeping" duties were included drifters, trawlers, specially constructed twin-screw vessels and "tunnel" boats, the latter being shallow draught craft originally built for duty on such rivers as the Tigris. These ships were divided into flotillas, each of which had a special "ground" assigned to it.

Only ships with wooden hulls could be employed in certain areas, because the mines laid there would have destroyed any vessel built of steel or iron that went near them. For these mines were so constructed that immediately any but a timber-built ship approached the "field" a magnetic connection was established—up went the mine and the vessel with it.

People who think that submarine mines had to be hit before they would hit back again are imperfectly versed in the extent to which scientific methods of destruction advanced during the past five years. The "magnetic" mine was a British invention, but in the magnetic torpedo the Germans produced something equally formidable with it.

Happily for the Allies, the latter weapons did not come into use until towards the end of the war, when it was served out to the newer types of U-boat. As with the mine above described, so with this particular torpedo. There was no necessity that it should actually strike a steel or iron ship. If the weapon went anywhere near one of these boats a magnetic "pull" would cause it to explode.

Ordinary torpedoes passed, quite often, just ahead, astern, or under a ship without doing her any damage. With the magnetic type there was no such thing as "shot at, but missed," since a vessel could be sunk without being hit at all.

Now a contraption endowed with the power of initiating a deadly offensive, and rarely failing to exercise it, is not a pleasant

thing to go hunting after in a wide, wandering element like the sea. From this it will be apparent that mine-sweeping was not a cheery occupation.

International law says mines should be so constructed that they become harmless immediately they break from their moorings. But in this matter, as in so many others, international law spoke to deaf ears when it addressed the Germans.

Their mines remained "alive" whether loose or anchored. Ours did not. The Germans had to clear their own coastal waters; some mine-sweeping was done by the French; but the bulk of the work fell to the share of the British Navy, which carried it through in a thoroughly systematic fashion.

In the region assigned to them each of our flotillas had to keep a clear route for merchant shipping; also to "pick up" the "fields" charted within its sphere of operations. Everybody knows how barbed wire was employed ashore in making entanglements; likewise for other purposes offensive and defensive. Submarine mines were the "barbed wire" of the sea.

If you could have seen the confidential charts in possession of our fleet you would have noticed on them here and there groups of parallel lines. These indicated the "mined areas." By close examination you would have observed that these spaces followed a well-conceived plan.

Apart from the casual strewings done by both belligerents in the hope of catching opponents' ships, the mines were laid in places where they either kept the enemy out or kept the enemy in. Or repeating a parallel, minefields were dropped afloat much on the same system, and with precisely the same object that barbed wire entanglements were constructed ashore.

ALL SUSPECTED AREAS SWEEPED TWICE OVER.

These marine barrages were much the more difficult to remove of the two. Destroying them took practically a year, and was achieved by the following method:—

A flotilla of "sweeping" craft would leave harbour in the line ahead. Upon

reaching their "working ground" the vessels composing the squadron formed up in pairs with about five hundred yards distance between each ship. At a given signal the "sweeping" wires were dropped.

These consisted of long cables which stretched from stern to stern of each pair of "sweepers," and were kept at the required depth in the water by means of wooden "kites." One ship had been previously sent ahead to lay down a line of mark buoys.

After they had got out their wires the "sweepers" used to steam along this line at full speed. When a new field was being attacked the "sweeping" craft would move in a sort of echelon formation, so that each pair behind the leading one covered a part of the area that the pair next ahead had gone over. By this system of overlapping no chance was given for stray mines to slip past between the ends of the "sweeping" wires.

As each run finished the completed patch was marked off by buoys and the ships turned back again, biting deeper into the field. This proceeding continued until the whole of the area had been covered. Then it was gone over again.

All of the "mined" portions of the North Sea and other waters, too, have been "swept" twice over in this way; some of them oftener. But despite the care exercised it is impossible to say when all the "eggs" have been picked out of a nest. Occasionally mines will not rise from their sinkers until something touches them; that may not happen for years. And no matter how vigilant the search after them, loose mines may be drifted about by currents until some unlucky ship bumps into them.

In principle mine-sweeping was a simple enough operation. The theory of it was that when the cables stretched between, a pair of "sweepers" caught the mooring of a mine; the mine would be brought to the surface and there destroyed by rifle or gun fire. For the most part this theory worked soundly enough. But the exceptions to it met with showed that in actual practice sundry exceedingly awkward things were liable to happen.

Occasionally two mines brought together in a sweep would explode, seriously endangering the vessels near them. Much worse even than this was found to be the risk countermining; that is, one mine going off and detonating all the others.

A "sweeper" caught in such an upheaval, as many have been, dissolves into splinters in a few seconds. Yet this was a risk mine-sweepers were regularly confronted with in an occupation stuffed to repletion with nerve-testing uncertainties.

In some parts they found the sea bottom thickly bestrewn with wrecks, which snapped the cables as though they had been so much pack-thread and played the deuce with sweeping gear generally. Notwithstanding all the dangers and all the labours encountered, they stuck courageously to their task until they had completed it.

The X-Ray Eye

REMARKABLE tricks are resorted to by the native diamond miners in the Great Kimberley diamond region in South Africa and other parts of the world. So great has the temptation often become to steal diamonds, especially when an extra large one may have been suddenly unearthed, that these natives have been known to resort to the most unbelievable tactics in order to carry the diamonds out of the mine and to withstand inspection even when stripped, as practically all of them are before they leave the mine at the end of the day's labour.

One of the most successful schemes which has been worked out by the superintendent of a large South African diamond mine involves the use of a powerful X-Ray machine having several X-Ray bulbs excited simultaneously. As each miner passes before the X-Ray bulbs the examiner looks through his fluoroscope and rapidly swings it up and down so as to take in the entire body in a few seconds. This system of detecting the presence of a diamond, no matter whether it is buried in the flesh, resting in a throat cavity, or even in the stomach—an almost

An Emergency Flotilla is being retained in commission for a while; but most of the ships have been laid up and their crews demobilised.

A great proportion of the latter belonged to the Royal Naval Reserve. Having made the salt water lanes safe once again for our merchant argosies, some hundreds of officers and men returned to our fishing fleet and our trading vessels, there to continue the good work of helping to maintain Britain's maritime supremacy.

Back to this sphere of activity they go with the hearty esteem of their brethren of the Royal Navy, won by duty splendidly performed. They carry with them also the admiration and gratitude of all other of their fellow-countrymen, for right gallantly have they earned it!

unbelievable practice resorted to in several instances on record—the X-Ray examination quickly indicates the presence of the diamond.

It has been found that the diamond has a different transparency than any ordinary materials, including the bone and flesh of the body, which might happen to be in proximity to it at the time of such an X-Ray examination. Also the diamond is a most peculiar substance, and it has certain fluorescent properties which render the facility of the detection all the more possible under an examination by X-Ray, as it has a tendency to grow slightly when under the influence of X-Ray, which phenomenon is readily detected on a sensitive fluoroscope or X-Ray screen.

The X-Ray machine is connected to a battery of four powerful X-Ray tubes of the latest Coolidge type, as otherwise if the tube had to be moved up and down behind the subject considerable time would be lost in performing this operation, and where several hundred subjects have to be examined in a very short space of time it can readily be imagined that such a device is imperative.

Departmental Notes

Shorthand, Typewriting & Telephony

WE congratulate L. C. R. Jenkins on his appointment as a shorthand-typist with Messrs. Fry and Co., Bristol, with which firm he was previously employed as a clerk.

Sergt. M. E. Horan has obtained an excellent post as telephonist with a London firm, and our best wishes go with him.

We regret that in last month's issue it was stated that B. Newman had passed his test. This should have read R. V. Newman.

We congratulate the following men on having passed their Typewriting Tests, especially T. W. Walton, who only has the use of one hand:—J. P. Meighen, J. Cooney, H. E. Robinson, R. Wiley, A. Billingham, J. W. Gimber, C. F. Perrott, A. L. Kauffman, T. Batt, W. Last, P. J. Cotterill, S. Batten, W. J. Galloway, R. Edwards, J. W. Burchell, S. Sephton, T. W. Walton, S. M. Brydson, C. Smith, H. Glendenan, J. Foreman, W. T. Jones, W. G. Saunders, W. J. Tuey, J. C. Stephens, M. Carey, W. Alstone, H. Godfrey, T. Meredith, J. McFarlane, E. J. Laker, and E. H. Carpenter.

E. McL.

The Braille Room

WE heartily congratulate the following officers and men on having passed their Reading and Writing Tests:—

Reading: A. G. Loveridge, A. E. Smith, J. R. Pease, T. W. Stratfull, C. J. R. Fawcett, P. J. Sparkes, E. C. Slaughter, R. W. Baker, T. E. Mardon, A. Billingham, and A. Lawler.

Writing: G. H. Richards, H. Saunders, L. M. White, L. Ilsley, F. Griffee, H. M. Steel, J. L. Ferry, E. J. Laker, W. Henry, F. R. Aubrey, J. Bruce, C. E. Beck,

T. Kent, J. Woodhouse, E. W. Stevenson, W. McCombie, W. Cox, W. V. Clampett, Lieut. A. H. Tuppen, and Mr. A. M. Hunt.

Amongst the following books that have recently been added to the National Library for the Blind, the first two mentioned will be of special interest:—"Victory Over Blindness" (Sir Arthur Pearson, Bart., G.B.E.), "Englishman Kamerad" (Capt. Nobbs, an Old St. Dunstaner), "Safety Match" (Ian Hay), "The Life of R. L. Stevenson" (Graham Balfour), "Captain Margaret" (Masefield), "The Secret" (Phillip Oppenheim), "Human Touch" (Sapper), "Man Who Lost Himself" (de Vere Stacpoole), "The Time Machine" (H. G. Wells), and "Arsene Lupin" (Jepson, E. and M. Leblanc).

By the time this REVIEW is published we shall be on the point of breaking up for the holidays, so I take this opportunity of reminding any men who want to have books sent home, and who have not yet given their names, to do so at once.

D. P.

Netting

THE rug work has grown into such a large concern that we think a proficiency certificate should be granted, in addition to the usual netting certificate, to those men who learn the work thoroughly. A representative design done in blue and white has been engraved, and if the men who have left St. Dunstan's will apply to the Netting Room we shall be very pleased to send them their certificates.

We have one small novelty just brought into use. This is a wooden stand for Teddybeds, which very largely adds to the attraction of this toy. The cost of the stand is only 2s. 6d.

G. H. W.

Sports Club Notes

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

IN the Outer Lounge of the House on November 5th, Sir Arthur distributed the prizes won at the last Putney Regatta on October 7th. There were some very beautiful Cups, including one presented by Messrs. Ayling & Sons, Putney, for International Single Sculls, which was won by H. N. Hardy (Australia). Another very fine Cup was presented by Mr. Huskinson for Single Sculls, this being won by F. C. S. Hilling, of Cornwall Terrace. There were many other splendid Cups and prizes, but they are too numerous to mention.

Sir Arthur also presented the Pearson Challenge Cup (Tug-of-War Catchweight) to W. Trott on behalf of Miss Phillips, who was unfortunately unable to be present herself, the men having expressed a wish that this Cup should be given to her in recognition of her untiring energy and splendid services in connection with the House sports. In making the presentation Sir Arthur congratulated the House on having won the Cup six times, and also on having been unbeaten throughout the season. He also said it gave him great pleasure to make this presentation, as Miss Phillips had worked very hard in connection with the House sports, and in fact she was a real good fellow.

Sir Arthur expressed his gratification at the way in which the sports were going on, and also remarked on sporting qualities continually shown by the men. He also very kindly offered a special prize to be given monthly to the man whom the sports captain considered to be the best all-round athlete of the Saturday morning sports.

At the conclusion, Captain Williams called for three cheers for Sir Arthur, which were given with great enthusiasm by the men.

TUG-OF-WAR.

On Friday, November 7th, the final pull for last season's Featherweight Challenge

Cup took place on the cinder track between the Bungalow Annexe (holders) and the House. This resulted in a win for the latter by two pulls to nil.

On Wednesday, November 19th, the final pull for last season's Lightweight Challenge Cup took place between the House (holders) and the College Annexe. This pull resulted in a win for the latter by two pulls to nil.

On Friday, November 21st, the first round of the Lightweight Tug-of-War League took place between the College Annexe and the Bungalow Annexe. This resulted in a win for the former by two pulls to one.

On Tuesday, November 25th, the first round of the Featherweight League took place between the Bungalow Annexe and the College Annexe, and resulted in a win for the former by two pulls to nil.

On Wednesday, November 26th, the first round of the Catchweight League took place between the Bungalow Annexe and the College Annexe, resulting in a win for the former by two pulls to nil.

The League (Tug-of-War) teams are showing remarkable energy and keenness, and we anticipate some very good pulls before December 16th, when the League finishes.

SATURDAY SPORTS.

The sports are like Johnny Walker, "Still going strong." The men are very keenly competing for Sir Arthur's prize for the best all-round man. Points are given for each event, viz.: five for each entry, twenty for the winner, fifteen for second, ten for third, and where there are more than twenty entries for any event the fourth gets five points. The rope-climbing has proved very popular, and some of the men are quite good at it.

The Inter-House football team competition is also very popular. Each team consists of six men, viz.: three semi-sighted and three totally blind. Each man has one kick from the penalty line; but

if he scores he is entitled to a second kick. The team scoring the most goals wins. PHYSICAL JERKS.

The men are still turning out well for jerks. We congratulate the physical

training instructors on their persuasive powers in being able to get the men out on some of the mornings we have had lately.

J. D. V.

St. Dunstan's Lectures and Discussion Club

ON November 12th Mr. Culverhouse, Secretary of the Constitutional Labour Party, speaking on Labour and Trade Unionism, said: "The aims of Labour are to improve conditions of industry, to produce better results, and to make England an A1, not a C3, country." Trades Unions should not only be concerned about conditions under which goods are produced in this country, but, as we also should not benefit by dumped cheap goods—products of foreign sweating—the Trades Union system should be international. As for strikes, neither Trades Unionism nor even a Labour Government can wholly prevent them, but an atmosphere of mutual goodwill and confidence can be created and maintained. A bombardment of questions, well met by the lecturer, showed the keen interest of the audience in the subject.

On November 19th Mr. M. Iver, an officer in the Indian Police, delighted his audience with a talk about his eighteen years' experience of India. In a country where "cattle theft is a staple industry," and where the relatives of a murdered man demand several deaths in revenge, some of the difficulties of administering justice among wily natives can be inferred from the following incident. It is known that the offer of a bribe, which might propitiate a native judge, would only enrage a white man; hence a cute plaintiff secretly forwarded to the magistrate a sum of money *purporting to come from the defendant*.

Native trackers show amazing skill in following almost invisible tracks on hands and knees, even to a distance of five miles; or they can distinguish one set of footprints from among others, perhaps by the lines on the soles of the feet. Or

picture the cunning of cattle thieves, who lead their booty to a river and float it down stream several miles, to leave no trace behind! A high tribute was paid to the loyal body of native police who help to uphold justice during peace, and who volunteered *en masse* during the War. In passing, a glimpse of other Government schemes beneficial to India was gained from a reference to between three and four million acres of desert land, now irrigated and producing 9 per cent. of the world's wheat supply.

"I was born in Ireland and never got over it," began Dr. Alexander Irving on Wednesday, November 26, immediately gripping his large audience and sustaining their keen interest in his own career from a Glasgow "hotel" (via a packing-case already tenanted), via a coal mine, the Marines, a milk-cart, and Yale University to a pulpit, authorship, and the platform of the League of Nations Albert Hall meeting. The story of the lance-corporal boxing instructor told off "to punish that red-headed Irishman"—the victim's subsequent training for six weeks at 6d. a day (half his pay) and final revenge—"I know it isn't boxing, but it's what he did to me," such an incident mentioned in passing proves the determination and triumph over obstacles which brought about Dr. Irving's wonderful success. His beautiful tribute to his peasant mother, immortalised in "The Lady in the Chimney Corner," must touch deeply all who know of it.

But while his struggles call forth all admiration, one must rejoice in his ever-increasing success.

All thanks are due to Miss Greenwood for introducing Dr. Irving to St. Dunstan's.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

ARMISTICE DAY was wonderfully and sympathetically kept at St. Dunstan's, and will be long remembered. At the special early morning service there were seventy-five communicants, and the service was most impressive. The tenderness shown in the singing of the hymns, "How bright these glorious spirits shine" and "On the Resurrection Morning," was quite moving. The Chaplain's father, Rector of Bradfield, Suffolk, kindly assisted at the celebration.

Later on in the morning the two minutes' Silence was kept. At 10.30 a.m. the Chapel was crowded with the men, sisters, and workers, so that the Outer Lounge had to be requisitioned. This also was well filled.

All joined heartily in the hymn "Now thank we all our God," then a few words were spoken by the Chaplain, and it was eleven o'clock. The two minutes were kept sacredly and lovingly, not a sound was heard, and everyone was affected. A few simple, practical prayers, the hymn "O God, our help," a verse of the National Anthem, the "Last Post" (well sounded by A. T. Turrell, of the College), and the Benediction, brought a wonderfully simple but unforgettable service to a close.

I hope it will be possible to arrange that our Confirmation candidates may be confirmed by the Lord Bishop of London at St. Paul's Cathedral, on Saturday, December 13th, at 11.30 a.m.

December 14th will be the last Sunday of this term at St. Dunstan's. The services will be of a special character. The House will be closing, and I would like to take this opportunity of extending

my gratitude to Matron and all at the House for their never failing courtesy and sympathy, and for all they have done to further the spiritual work at St. Dunstan's. To all the boys who are leaving may we wish the best of good wishes? They will ever be in our memory and in our prayers that God will grant them good success in their work and keep them through all temptations.

Catholic Chapel Notes

THE event of last month was the celebration of Armistice Day. Benediction commenced just before 11 o'clock, so that as soon as the "O Salutaris" finished, the maroons sounded, and there came the Great Silence, followed by the "De Profundus" for the fallen. At the end the National Anthem was vigorously sung. The Chapel was crowded.

With much regret we chronicle the departure of the Misses Knight and Morrogh, who are leaving this term. For well over two years they have had charge of the Chapel and sacristy, and many are the compliments that have been paid by visitors to the Chapel to their splendid work. They have been most loyal, devoted, and unselfish, and will be greatly missed.

Will those who return on January 5th kindly note that January 6th (the feast of the Epiphany) is a holiday of obligation, and that there will be Mass at the usual hour, viz., 8.30.

An account of Father Bernard Vaughan's promised visit will appear in our next issue.

BEST CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S
WISHES TO ALL.

P. H.

Marriages

ON Monday, October 27th, W. Newland was married, at Brighton, to Miss N. Trill.

ON Saturday, November 1st, W. Redhead was married, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, to Miss F. Carter.

ON Friday, November 17th, A. F. McConnell was married, at St. Mark's Church, Wood Green, to Miss F. L. Grey.

ON Saturday, November 29th, H. Birley was married, at Christ Church, Telford, to Miss E. Barrington.

ON Saturday, November 29th, E. A. Pugh was married, at Moriah Chapel, Harlech, to Miss M. Hughes.

Dame Melba's Visit

ON Wednesday, November 19th, the Outer Lounge was full to overflowing after lunch to hear Dame Melba, who paid us a visit and sang for half an hour.

Owing to the fact that her accompanist had not turned up she began by singing a couple of Italian songs to her own accompaniment. The accompanist having arrived by this time, she gave the men the choice of "Bonny Mary of Argyle" or Tosti's "Good-bye." The former was chosen and cheered to the echo. After singing a less familiar song, she asked, "What would you like now?" The votes in favour of "Comin' through the Rye" and "Good-bye" being equal, she gave them both.

When she had finished Sir Arthur expressed everybody's feelings by confessing in a little speech of thanks that he was somewhat "choky." He then called upon everyone present to testify their appreciation of Dame Melba's kindness in coming to sing that afternoon. After the storm of cheers and clapping had subsided, Dame Melba expressed her pleasure at being there. "I have always wanted to sing to you," she said. "When I was out in Australia, singing to the men there, I always thought with pleasure of coming home to sing to you. You have saved the Empire and nothing is too good for you."

ON Saturday, December 6th, W. Oxenham was married, at St. Mary's Church, Stoke Newington, to Miss A. M. Holland.

Births

SUMMONS, E. J., son - - Aug. 5, 1919.
BUCKLEY, J. F., daughter Oct. 1, 1919.
KENNEDY, J., son - - Oct. 13, 1919.
TARRY, S. C., son - - Nov. 11, 1919.
SPINK, J., daughter - - Nov. 21, 1919.
LAWLOR, G., daughter - Nov. 30, 1919.

Baptism

ON Wednesday, November 26th, Audrey Stewart Ann, daughter of Capt. A. R. T. Peareth, in the St. Dunstan's Chapel.

Presentation to Miss Stein

ON November 25th Miss Stein was invited to New Scotland Yard for an interesting and gratifying little ceremony.

Sir Neville McCready, Chief Commissioner of Police, in addressing her, said that he had been requested by the Carnegie Hero Fund to present her with an inscribed gold wrist-watch in recognition of her gallantry in rescuing four blinded soldiers when their boat overturned at the Putney Regatta on July 18th, an incident which will be fresh in the minds of all St. Dunstaners.

He explained that the fund was instituted by the late Mr. Andrew Carnegie, and was administered by a committee whose duty it was to select, from among the many gallant deeds which came to their notice in the course of each year, the most exceptional cases of outstanding gallantry. By unanimous vote Miss Stein's name was among them.

Sir Neville expressed his pleasure at being privileged to make the presentation, and after he had wished Miss Stein a long and happy life, three hearty cheers were given for her by those present, who included many of the staff of Scotland Yard.

News of St. Dunstan's Men

THE following letter to Sir Arthur is from T. H. Ward, who, after being trained as a poultry farmer, returned to Australia in the summer:—

"At last I am able to write and tell you of my safe return to 'dear old Aussie.' We arrived on the 2nd July, but I have had so many friends and relations to see that I have found difficulty in letter writing. We had a fairly good trip out, stopping at Teneriffe, Cape Town, Perth, Adelaide, Melbourne, Sydney, and coming up from Sydney to Brisbane by train.

At Adelaide we were met by Marshall and Miss Wendt—the latter was a V.A.D. at the House, who had returned to Adelaide—and we spent a very enjoyable few hours.

"I have been to see Barnett twice since my return. He has a bonny little son, and seems very proud of the little chap.

"I do not expect to be discharged for sometime yet, as I am still under the doctor, and will probably undergo another operation, if thought advisable.

"I am at present doing a bit of netting. I have made several hammocks and swings, but find the string almost impossible to procure, and then it is frightfully expensive. Last week, I managed to get 120 lbs., and it cost £28, less 10 per cent. as I was a returned soldier. Queensland is in a bit of a turmoil at present, owing to a big strike in Townsville; consequently the shipping is being greatly hampered, and it is so much more expensive to bring goods in by rail.

"I have received the books, "Poultry on Money Making Lines," and "Victory over Blindness." Curiously enough my wife bought me "Poultry on Money Making Lines," and read portions to me on the boat. I have only had snatches read to me of the other book, but hope to read the whole of it shortly.

"I was very interested to get the June number of the REVIEW and to see about the rowing. I miss the rowing very much, although my wife is going to take me, or

rather I am taking her, for a pull on the Brisbane River.

"The other day, I met Stafford from Ipswich. I believe he was only at St. Dunstan's a few months. It is very nice to meet people from the House, and to talk about the good old times we had. I shall always look back on my time at St. Dunstan's with great pleasure, and if all goes well, I hope to bring my wife back for a holiday in a few years time, when I shall hope to see many old friends.

"With all good wishes to everyone at St. Dunstan's, and my kindest regards, and most grateful thanks to you. . . ."

V. Mullen, who was trained as a telephonist at St. Dunstan's, returned to East Malvern, Australia, at the beginning of 1918, and obtained a post with the Repatriation Department. In a recent letter to Sir Arthur he said:—

"You will notice that I have named my house 'Dunstani.' I was some time making up my mind as to what to call it. I wanted to name it after St. Dunstan's, and then I hit upon the present name.

"I have just completed my first year with the Repatriation Department and during that time I have done quite well. I started with twelve extensions on the switch-board, and at the end of the year I had reached twenty-three. I have also had an increase in my pay, so you see that I am doing well.

"In a week or two we are to shift into a new building and another branch of our department is to occupy a storey in the same building. All their phones will come through my board, and I expect to start off with thirty-five lines.

"My ability to do this, I have to thank you for, as well as for all the rest you have been able to do for me. I can honestly say that I never regret the day I went to St. Dunstan's; that name will for ever be in my mind.

"Thank you for the book, 'Victory over Blindness' which I received safely,

—From all parts of the World

and have had read to me. As I listened to it I could just imagine that I was back amongst all the old boys. People who have never been there could, I am sure, just imagine what kind of a place it is, and how wonderful. We boys who have been through it, would agree with them, but we would also add that it was all due to you.

"I would also like to thank you for the Braille watch you so kindly sent out to me. I have given my old one, which I brought out with me, a rest, and put the new one into harness.

"I have been in my new house about four months now, and have a nice lawn planted, and six different kinds of vegetables growing. I intend to keep a few fowls, and a friend of mine has kindly offered to hatch some chickens out for me, as she has a clucky hen. Another kind lady has given me a sitting of very good eggs.

"I think I have told you all the news that will interest you this time, so will close, once again thanking you for what you have done for me."

P. Alvey, another telephonist, who for the past twenty months has successfully operated a busy telephone switchboard at Messrs. Debenham & Freebody's, recently wrote to Captain Fraser as follows:—

"I feel quite a stranger, not having written you for such a long while, but I feel sure you have had plenty of letters to answer from the men who are just starting, and, as you know, I am in want of nothing in the general way. I was very sorry to hear you have been ill, but I sincerely hope that your operation has proved successful and that you are now yourself again.

"I am glad to be able to tell you I am still getting on well and as I have told you before, have a most comfortable job. I think I told you in one of my letters some time ago that the telephone system

at Debenham's was being enlarged. At the time it was thought they were going to instal the flashlight system which, of course, would have made a difference to my post, but I now understand they are to continue with the 'doll's eye' board, only on a much larger scale, so I hope I shall be able to stay there, as I have got used to the place and can find my way quite well to and from my work.

"So the house is really to close down shortly. I expect you will be setting up a good many of the boys at Christmas. By all accounts nearly all who have left seem to be doing well at the work they have taken up.

"It is good to see from the REVIEW each month that you are all getting on so well. I can tell you I look forward to receiving it each month, it is such an interesting little book.

"I don't think I have any more to say except that everything is going very well with me."

In a recent letter W. Nash, a boot-repairer living at Lowestoft, said:—

"I wish to thank you and Sir Arthur and all the staff at St. Dunstan's for the training I have received and the interest taken in me by the After-Care since I have left. I do not know what I should have done without the help of St. Dunstan's. We are very pleased indeed with our shop and house.

"There is one tip that I would like to pass on to other boot-repairers. It is about a punch for driving in the nails of—say Phillip's soles and heels. I had an ordinary punch myself at first, but it used to slip off the nails, and I would hit my hand. But now I have one with a counter-sunk point so that when it goes on the nails it can't slip off.

"Then there is a little tale I tell bad payers (you always get them). I tell them the gentleman who comes round to see me, the Instructor I mean, comes to look at my books and that St. Dunstan's will

not let me run tick. In that way I get them to pay without offending.

"Thanks very much for sending the Instructor down to see me, he helped me in every way.

"I am getting on very well and am going to try to make some slippers for Christmas. Wishing all the boys the same as I wish myself—the best of luck—and thanking you once again for all your kindnesses."



A. C. Evans, of Newport, Monmouthshire, a basket maker, wrote recently :—

"Just a few lines to tell you that I am getting on very well with my work and have plenty of orders in. I can sell my baskets as soon as I make them; in fact, quicker than I can make them. The After-Care Department's instructor came to see me to-day. I am always glad to see him, as I think there is always something to learn, and I am always ready to be taught."



The following is a letter from A. Knight, a poultry farmer and mat maker, living at Ottery St. Mary, who left St. Dunstan's in January, 1916 :—

"Very many thanks for your letters, which I am afraid I am a very long time in answering, but they say no news is good news. I hope that everyone at St. Dunstan's is well and free from these awful colds that are going about. I don't know what it is like in London, but the roads are very slippery about here. Six of my pullets are laying now, and since the 1st of January I have had 5,633 eggs from forty hens, which I think is very good, don't you?"



J. F. Buckley, who, after his training, returned to Vernor, Queensland, Australia, a year ago, to take up work as a stenographer at the Bank of Queensland, where he was formerly employed, sent us an interesting description of the conditions prevailing out there :—

"We chaps out here, being so far from the old place with its pleasant associations and memories, which will be jealously hoarded up in our minds to be told and

retold, are always more than pleased to receive news of what is going on, and that is where THE REVIEW plays its very large part.

"To be out here, at least to be just in this little corner of Queensland, is not quite as pleasant as it might be. For many months the land has been drought-stricken; there is not a blade of green to be seen for miles except the evergreen trees, and even they, hardy as they are, are beginning to show the effects of continued heat and dearth of refreshing rains. We, who live out in the country and have no water laid on, must depend for our water supply upon the rainfall and by conserving it in tanks, dams, wells, and other receptacles. When that is gone the nearest river or other permanent water supply comes into play, and people are forced to go day by day with tanks on their carts or waggons to keep things going.

"That is the position of the present time. In Vernor it has just come to this stage, but farmers in districts some ten or twelve miles distant have been employing the waggons for something like eighteen or twenty months. This is one phase in life that the Englishman does not look upon, and we who have to face it with the best grace possible under the circumstances thank God that all are not in a like predicament.

"I myself will soon be in a position to laugh at the dry weather, for I have purchased a comfortable little six-roomed house quite near Brisbane, where water is laid on and electric lighting is installed, and I am looking forward keenly to the time when I shall again take my place among the sighted workers of the banking world and know that I have gained one big step towards the independence we covet.

"I would like to say just here that on October 1st a daughter, May Joy, was born to me, and I should be very grateful if you would convey the news to Sir Arthur.

"Trusting that all is going well at St. Dunstan's, and conveying the good wishes of quite a number of St. Dunstan's supporters . . ."

Trains Without Wheels

A POSSIBILITY OF THE FUTURE

THE time may soon come when we shall all be travelling to and from our work in trains without wheels. This may seem a rather startling prophecy, but the idea is by no means new, and the present troubles of railway transport have forced it to the front as a possible solution of our difficulties.

But how can a train possibly travel without wheels? one will naturally ask. The answer is quite simple. The reader has doubtless often noticed that when two pieces of wet glass are placed together they slip about and glide over each other with perfect ease.

This is explained by the fact that the two pieces of glass are not really touching each other, but are separated by a thin film of water, on which they glide or float without the least friction. Directly the water is all squeezed out the pieces of glass stick together and are not easily moved.

This is the underlying principle of the wheel-less train. A French engineer has invented a method of replacing the wheels by means of hydraulic skates or shoes which glide over flat rails, and between the skates and the rails a film of water under pressure is interposed. As the water escapes it is recovered again by suction, and passes back into the water reservoir.

The train really slides along on a film of water, and magnets are used as a means of propulsion. Since there is no friction in this method, a speed of a hundred miles an hour or more can be obtained without much effort.

Furthermore, no brakes are required, for by shutting off the water-supply the train immediately comes to a stand-still.



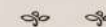
INDIGNANT OLD GENTLEMAN (to Bookie): "What, only two to one 'Balmly Boy'? I've just got twenty pounds to five over there. You'll hear more about this. I'm a member of an *Anti-Profiteering Committee*." *Punch*.

J. R. McGill, who returned to North Canterbury, New Zealand, in August, 1918, to start work as a poultry farmer, sends in an excellent report of the progress he is making on his farm. He says :—

"None of us know till we leave St. Dunstan's to start life over again the material and moral benefit that we have derived from our stay and training at St. Dunstan's.

"You will be pleased to hear that we have settled down in our new home now and are beginning to get things in order. I have been very busy lately hatching chicks and making hen-coops, and I have also had a paddock ploughed, and am growing mangolds in half an acre of it, and potatoes in the remaining acre. There are two paddocks, in one of which I keep the horse, and in the other the cow. I have also got two pigs and 150 fowls, so you will see we have quite a little farm. You will also see from what I have told you that we have no need to buy milk, eggs, butter, or bacon, not to mention cream. Considering the short time my wife has been at the game, she is proving a very good hand at butter-making, and we sometimes have a pound or two over to sell.

"We had a visit from Mr. Clutha McKenzie about a month ago, and had a real good talk about St. Dunstan's. We also had a visit from Genet and Mrs. Genet, but they only came for a day. They live about twenty-four miles from here, and we are expecting them back to stay for two weeks."



The Gaekwar's Visit to St. Dunstan's

ON Thursday, November 13th, His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda, accompanied by Mr. C. Rigg, paid a visit to St. Dunstan's.

The Gaekwar was shown over every department, where he displayed the keenest interest in everything he saw, and expressed his admiration for the various arrangements made for the training and re-education of the men.

Blind Man's Treasure Hunt

BY HUGH POLLARD

[We reprint below, by courtesy of the *Sunday Express*, the story of an amazing expedition, headed by a blind man, in search of buried Mexican treasure.]

MEN say that romance is dead ; but every now and then a little corner of the curtain of work-a-day common places that make up the daily round is swept aside, and we glimpse a fragment of some strange adventure.

An article brought me into contact with an expedition which will shortly leave for Mexico with the object of recovering an enormous treasure.

Incredible as it may seem, the organiser of the expedition, Mr. D. H. Kennion, is a blind man ; but in place of ordinary human sight this man has some strange gift that almost approaches a sixth sense.

Just as the people who have the faculty for finding water with the divining rod possess some abnormal power, so is this blind man able to locate the whereabouts of buried treasure.

It is obvious that anything approaching an indication of the whereabouts of the treasure must not be given lest the party should be molested ; but Mexico is full of prospecting parties wandering among the Sierras in search of minerals, and another party is hardly likely to be noticed.

FULL OF TREASURE.

Mexico is a land that is full of hidden treasure, for it is one of the richest gold and silver-producing countries in the world. In the old days, before the discovery of the New World by the Spaniards, the treasures of the Aztecs, Toltecs, and other pre-Columbian races, were stupendous. They consisted in the main of quantities of gold dust, golden idols, emeralds, and various ornaments of beaten or cast gold.

Great as was the Aztecs' treasure, it was in the succeeding centuries, when the viceroys of Imperial Spain developed the mining resources of Mexico, that the real gold hoards were made.

In those days of forced Indian labour the great bullion-laden argosies of carracks brought the riches of the New World across to Spain.

Bandits inland, and pirates and buccaneers along the coast, kept the country of Mexico in a tolerable ferment. Treasure convoys were looted, and in some cases the actual mines whence the gold was obtained were lost.

These mines were back in the wild hill country, many days' ride from anywhere. An Indian rising might wipe out the little garrison of Spaniards or half-breeds, and in the ensuing troublous times the very existence of the mines would be forgotten.

The Mexican peon has a dread of disturbing buried treasure, and, indeed, fears to go near the old buried cities or the tall hills of sacrifice. In the hot country vegetation grows apace, and in a year or two jungle growth will completely cover up the remains of masonry.

The treasure which is the object of the blind man's search is one concerning which true documentary evidence is in existence.

A century or more ago a mule convoy of gold and silver ingots, with a case or two of ecclesiastical jewellery, left the city of Guadalajara, bound for the port of Manzanillo, on the Pacific coast, whence it was to be shipped down to the Isthmus of Panama, and thence across to Spain.

The authorities knew that the bandits were going to make an attack on the convoy, and so despatched a bogus mule train with a heavy guard as a decoy.

Treachery defeated their plans, and the bandits, allowing the decoy to pass, fell on the real treasure convoy which followed, defeated the armed guard, and escaped with 120 laden mules into the mountain fastnesses.

Despite the vigour of their attack, a survivor of the treasure convoy escaped. He was a native Indian priest, who, stripping off his clerical robes, ran for his life,

and was able to out-distance the mounted bandits. He continued his flight till he reached the town of Tuxpan, and was able to turn out the soldiery in pursuit.

BANDITS BEATEN.

The bandits fought a rearguard action in the hills, and gaining time, were able to conceal the treasure in a mountain cave known to the band. The mules and prisoners were slaughtered and thrown into the river beneath ; but the soldiery outnumbering the bandits, carried the stronghold.

Mexicans do not give quarter, and by the time that the sudden tropic dusk fell all the bandits had been killed. With them died all knowledge of the treasure cache except that possessed by one Indian girl, who belonged to the bandit gang, and who escaped under cover of darkness.

In later years she confided her story to her sons, and from the survivor of her family descends the Spanish manuscript written early in the last century, which records the exact location of the treasure.

Mr. Kennion, the blind leader of the expedition, is a man in the fifties. He has spent fourteen years in Mexico, where he has held responsible positions. He has spent a long time investigating several Mexican treasure propositions, and he is confident that he has at last accurately located the Tuxpan hoard.

The outbreak of the revolution prevented him from prosecuting his search, for he realised that it would be impossible to secure the bullion until the country was quiet.

He treats the expedition as a prospecting venture, and is raising the necessary funds on a basis of the repayment of £100 for every £5 placed at his disposal by the members of the syndicate. It is in no sense an investment, but simply a straight-forward speculation just like "grubstaking" a prospector to hunt for mineral lodes in the hills.

The enterprise has been carefully legalised according to the requirements of Mexican law, and despite all disabilities, the promoter is absolutely sanguine of

success. The transport of the treasure when found will be a matter of some difficulty, but Mr. Kennion hopes to find someone who has had war experience of motor transport in roadless countries.

The distance to railroad or a town with a bank is not too great ; but, as he says, "The real dangers and difficulties do not begin till the treasure is found—for it is then that human nature is put to the test."

A GREAT ADVENTURE.

This expedition will be a great adventure, and whether it is successful or not, one cannot but admire the very real faith and bravery that take a blind man on such a perilous quest.

What will they find, the jewels and sacred vessels of a cathedral, the wondrous necklace of emeralds that decked the Virgin of Guadalajara, pyxes in native gold with inset green, glowing emeralds, opals from the mines, or caskets of pearls from the Gulf fisheries ?

No man can tell the worth of these, and they are but the latest part of the treasure, for in the old raw hide-bound mule trunks lie the squat ingots of pure gold and the black silver bars. Loot worth a quarter of a million sterling to-day.

What are the chances of success ? Here, again, no man can tell ; but Mr. Kennion's faith impresses one, and his experience and knowledge of the country and the natives, and such rough indications that he has given of the methods he intends to apply, all seem to promise well.

One can imagine the little camp of the adventurers, the stolid Indian miners and mule men, the little guard of picked fighting men, and the old blind leader of the expedition who has devoted a lifetime of thought to the problem.

Perhaps they may fail. But what if they do ? The costs of the adventure are small—little more than the cost of an ordinary holiday abroad. The syndicate gets more than a trip for its money. It gets something that millionaires cannot buy—real romance—the real thing, and very possibly it may find the treasure, too. Good luck to the venture.

Luckiest Town on Earth

WHERE EVERYONE GETS GAS FOR NOTHING

MEDICINE HAT, the Canadian town where the Prince of Wales recently witnessed a "blow out" of a natural gas well, was styled by Kipling "The Town that was born lucky." And the phrase is an apt one, especially in these days when gas costs twice what it used to, and is strictly rationed into the bargain.

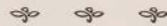
For in the earth beneath Medicine Hat is an immense and apparently inexhaustible reservoir of natural gas, which, besides serving as an illuminant, furnishes power for all the manufactories, which since its discovery have been erected there.

The street lamps are never turned out in Medicine Hat, for the city authorities argue, quite reasonably, that it would be

sheer folly to pay a man to turn off and on burners that consume what costs nothing.

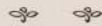
Nobody ever dreams of burning coals there; gas fires are universal as a method of heating the houses; gas ovens do all the cooking. And when distinguished visitors come to Medicine Hat the city fathers uncap one of the many reserve wells, and treat them to a sight to be seen nowhere else in the world—a fiery geyser of natural gas extending to the heights of the Nelson Column, and which illuminates the whole country for miles around.

Extravagant? Yes, but Medicine Hat can afford it; for the wells within the city yield nine million feet of gas every twenty-four hours.



EXASPERATED PASSENGER (after long delay at wayside station): "Why don't you keep better time on this line?"

IRISH GUARD (confidentially): "Well now, then, Ma'am, I'll explain it all to ye. The train before is behind, and this train was behind before besides. *Punch.*



A CERTAIN sailor who suffered from chronic sore throat was on leave in London, and thought he would seek medical advice regarding his troublesome ailment.

The doctor consulted, being a great believer in simple remedies, asked him if he had ever tried salt-water gargling.

"Have I?" replied the sailor scornfully, "I've been torpedoed six times."



PARSON (at christening): "What name?"

WOMAN: "Meliaranne, sir."

PARSON: "H'm! How do you spell it?"

WOMAN: "Well, there, sir—I'm like yourself. I can't spell it neither."

Punch.



OFFENDER (at police station, arrested for the ninety-ninth time): "Any letters?"

HE: "Fancy you getting married again, Mrs. Puddicombe."

SHE: "Well, you see, Pyke, I got so much washing to take home now, if I 'adn't married Puddicombe I should 'ave been forced to get a donkey sure 'nough."

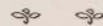


LADY: "Here, my poor fellow, is a quarter for you. It must be dreadful to be lame, but I think it must be worse to be blind."

TRAMP: "It is, mum. When I was blind they was handing me counterfeit quarters."



MOTHER OF AFFLICTED SPORTSMAN: "I expect you've got a chill standing between them goal-posts—nasty, draughty places."



"CAN you tell me, Johnny," asked the Sunday-school teacher, "what is meant by the quick and the dead?"

"Please, miss," replied Johnny after a tense pause, "the quick is them as gets out of the way of motor-cars and the dead is them as doesn't."

Doctoring in the Clouds

HOW AIRMAN'S NERVES WERE TESTED DURING A FLIGHT

By a Medical Pilot

I LEARNT to pilot an aeroplane because I found it necessary to have an aerial "consulting room." During my work as a medical officer with the Royal Air Force I was continually having to diagnose cases of sickness in the air, dizziness, lack of confidence, and fainting over the controls.

Observation of their behaviour when some hundreds of feet above the earth was the ideal method.

I used a stable type of machine, which allowed me to divide my attention between controlling the aeroplane and watching the effect of the flight on my patient.

The usual duplicate set of controls in the passenger seat was removed, for the frenzied grip of an apprehensive nerve case could quickly bring disaster.

With nerve cases I climbed the machine steadily to a thousand feet or more, adjusted my controls, and turned round and watched the effect on the passenger. Genuine cases of "nerves" and loss of confidence were quickly discernible. I used to watch their hands as they grasped the sides of the fuselage or struts. If their knuckles showed up prominently and white I realised that they had an unnaturally nervous grip.

SIGNS OF FAULTY NERVES.

The expression on a man's face when suffering from acute fear in the air is a conclusive guide. A furred flying cap frames the face and seems to accentuate any rigidity of the facial muscles. Fear has a drying effect on the throat and mouth, and those who experience it unconsciously run their tongue round their lips at frequent intervals. Such signs to a doctor tell their story of deranged nerves.

Frequent spirals and spins were the "medicine" I administered to patients who complained of dizziness in the upper atmosphere. At the conclusion of these

stunts I would switch off my engine, and putting the machine into a glide, lean back and talk to my victim. The coherency of his conversation soon proved whether the gyrations of the aeroplane had affected his sense of balance.

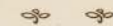
"HEIGHT" TESTS ON THE GROUND.

The test for aerial sickness was to take a man up in bad weather. The wind-bumps very quickly tested the strength of his internal organs.

I used to ascend to heights of 15,000 or 18,000 feet to observe patients who complained of distress when flying in the rarefied air at high altitudes.

An ingenious medical contrivance, known as the "bag test," has now made this unnecessary. The method is for the pilot to blow out a rubber-covered bag through a flexible tube. A clip is then placed on his nose, and he breathes no other air than that contained in the receptacle. This he continues doing until he evinces signs of exhaustion. An analysis of the air in the bag, in conjunction with the number of minutes the subject existed on it, reveals to the doctor the heights in thousands of feet to which the candidate could ascend without collapsing.

One of my most interesting flights took place when I tested the oxygen apparatus salvaged from a Gotha brought down during a London air raid. It was designed to enable the Hun pilots to fly at heights of 20,000 feet or more without suffering from the lack of air at such altitudes, and it was remarkably effective. I also tested the electrically-heated gloves and boots worn by German airmen. I took the precaution of having these devices well disinfected before I donned them.



JUDGE: "Can't you and your husband live together without fighting?"

WOMAN: "No, yer Honour, not happily."



"How We Kept the Seas"

AT Edinburgh on November 27th, Capt. E. R. G. R. Evans, R.N., D.S.O., gave a lecture on "How We Kept the Seas." He said his object was to tell the public something of the work of the patrol flotillas, and to throw the searchlight on to men and units who worked apart from the Grand Fleet.

What Captain Evans described as "the most picturesque miniature battle in the Dover Patrol" took place on the night of April 20th, 1917, when the "Swift" and "Broke" were fortunate enough to meet six modern enemy destroyers within seven miles of Dover. "Nothing," said Captain Evans, who commanded the "Broke," "could have suited us better, for although the comparison of numbers and armaments left much to be desired, the 'Broke's' four 4in. guns firing right ahead were equal to the broadside of any single German destroyer, and the 'Swift's' right ahead fire, consisting of one 6in. gun, was a nasty thing for a destroyer to come up against.

It was shortly after midnight. The enemy approached at moderate speed with six destroyers of a very modern type, and carried out a rapid bombardment of Dover. We in the 'Broke' followed the 'Swift' from our patrol station towards the gun-flashes at full speed, but we missed the enemy for some little time. Then the leaders were suddenly sighted by the 'Swift.' The 'Broke,' continued Captain Evans, "held her gunfire, and was conned with the intention of ramming the destroyer against which they had launched a torpedo, but before she had steadied on her course the controlling officer opened rapid independent fire with our foremost guns. Despard, the First Lieutenant, was watching the torpedo which he had fired from the bridge, speeding through the water. Suddenly he

yelled out, 'We've got her,' as the torpedo struck the destroyer from amidships.

"The intention had been to ram this destroyer, but it was not now necessary to do so, so we put the helm hard aport and eventually swung again in time to ram the next boat. A cloud of smoke belched forth from their funnels, and we got a momentary whiff of this as we tore towards her. It all happened in a few seconds, and the feeling of exhilaration as we were about to strike can never be repeated. We crashed into her portside abreast of the aft funnel and our strong bow ground itself into the enemy vessel's flank. In a blaze of gun-flashes we read her name 'G. 42,' and as her bow swung round towards us we carried her bodily along on our ram. In a few seconds after the shock of the collision a deadly fire was poured from our forepart on to the huddled mass of men, who, terror-stricken, were grouped about the enemy destroyer's deck. Most of them clambered up on our bow and got on to the forecastle only to meet with instant death from our well-armed seamen and stokers. I do not believe the enemy boarded us with the idea of inflicting damage—they came on board to save their own lives—but in the confusion of the action the 'Broke's' men were allowed to take no chance. We eventually broke clear of 'G. 42,' and left her a sinking, blazing wreck. Towards the end of the fight we made to ram another enemy vessel, but missed astern owing to loss of speed due to an explosion in one of the boiler-rooms. One hundred and forty Germans were picked up, and on the 'Broke' there were fifty-seven casualties, including twenty-one killed."

As an illustration of the generous nature of the British bluejacket, Captain Evans said that later when he visited the mess-deck he found his men giving the German prisoners a fried egg-and-bacon breakfast.