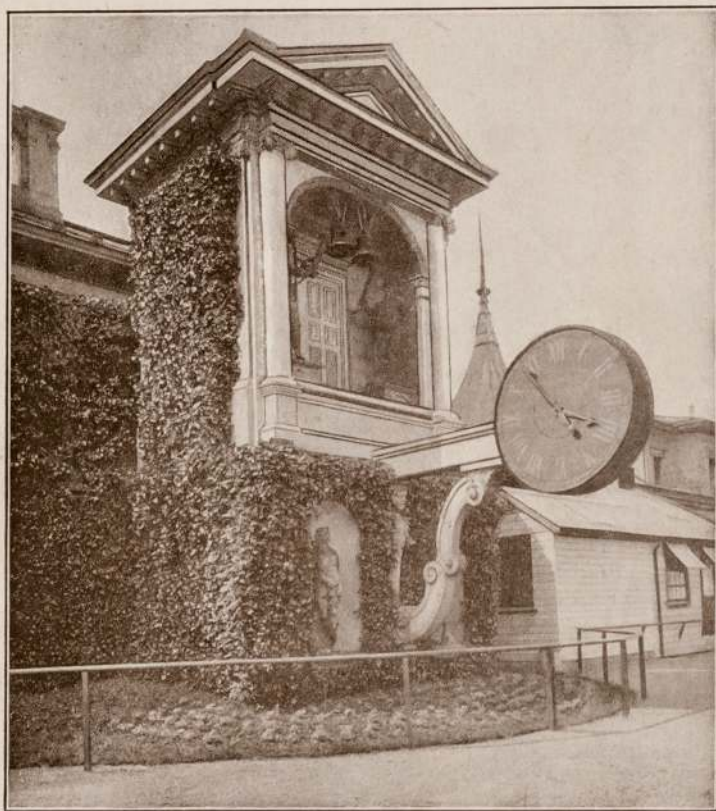


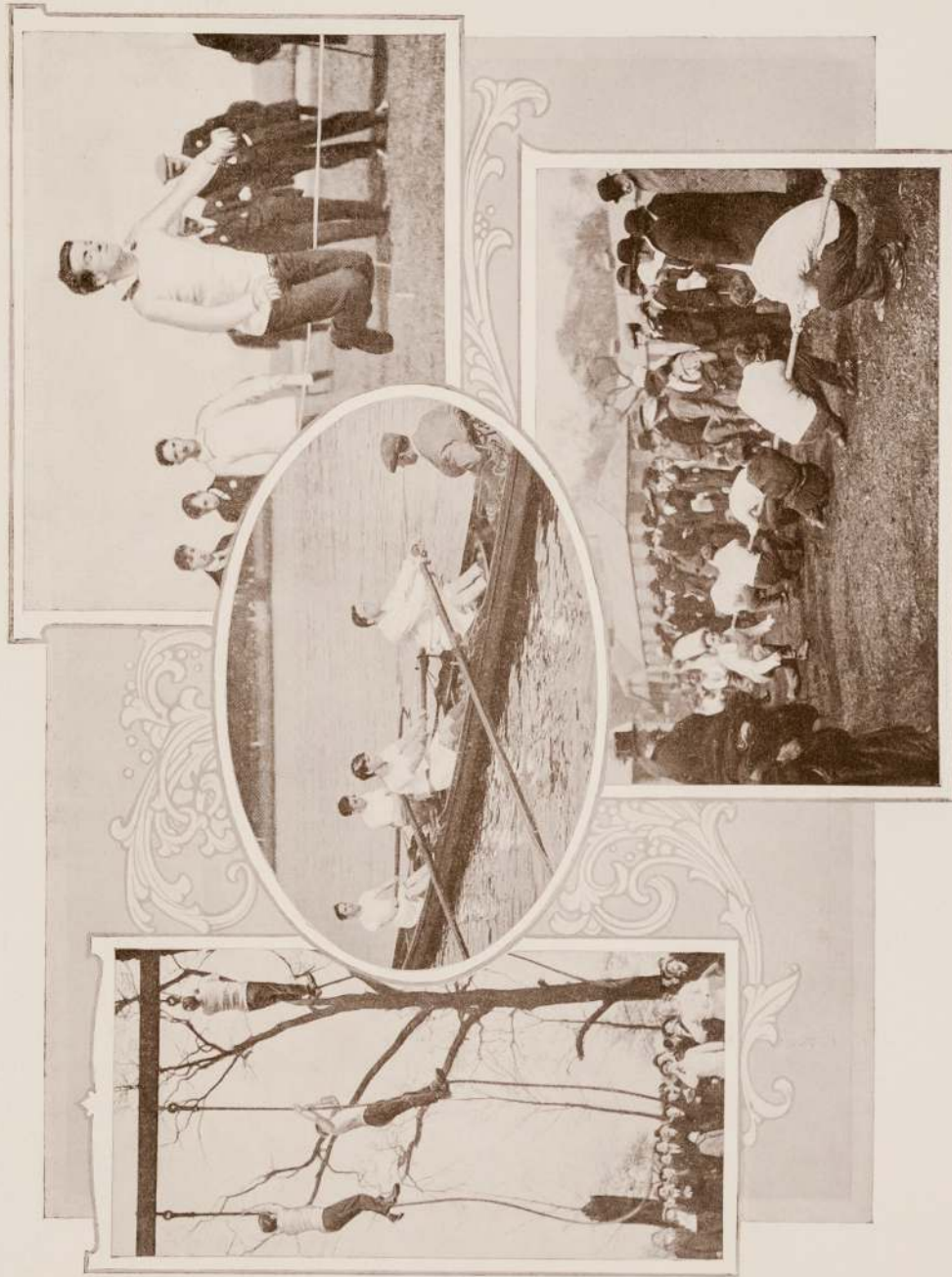
St. Dunstan's



Review

For the Amusement and Interest of Men Blinded in the War

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



SCENES AT ST. DUNSTAN'S SPORTS MEETING, ATTENDED BY THE SPORTING PRESS.

St. Dunstan's Review

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EDITOR'S NOTES

THE fifth birthday of St. Dunstan's has come and gone. It was celebrated on the 26th March by dances, concerts and entertainments at the various Annexes. Sir Arthur Pearson must feel very proud indeed when he thinks of the unique organisation he has created, directed, and still directs to meet and successfully deal with one of the most difficult problems presented by the war. St. Dunstan's has the distinction of being the only organisation which has been able to deal with the rehabilitation of a large class of most seriously disabled men in a complete and thorough manner, for it is the fact that in spite of the most overwhelming difficulties—the greatest of which is probably that of housing—every man who has lost his sight directly or indirectly as a result of war service has been or is being given a suitable training and has been or will be settled in surroundings which enable him to turn his newly-acquired knowledge to good account, while St. Dunstan's After-Care Scheme has most effectively made provision for the reduction of the handicap under which a blind man must necessarily work. We feel sure we are expressing the feelings of our readers when we offer Sir Arthur our congratulations and good wishes for the future.

ON another page of this issue appears an account of a fire which took place at the College Annexe early on the morning of the 26th March. Though considerable damage was done to a part of the building and most of the linen of the Annexe destroyed, fortunately there were no serious casualties. A fire in a building housing one hundred and fifty blind men is a very serious matter, and the fact that no serious accidents occurred is testimony to the discipline and coolness of men and staff alike. Everyone behaved splendidly, and we offer our heartiest congratulations to Miss Power and the V.A.D. staff, as well as to the men and orderlies, and last, but by no means least, that very gallant body of men—the London Fire Brigade.

OUR readers are probably aware that one of the directions in which the National Institute for the Blind is most helpful to blind folk is in connection with the production of machines and apparatus for their use. The Engineering and Joinery Department of the Institute has been responsible for the production of very many of the special tools used in the workshops, and for a number of the tools and appliances supplied to men with their outfits, while recently the production of shorthand machines and Braille writing machines has been undertaken. Now that this latter work is under the direct control of the Institute's engineers, we can feel certain that the very best results will be obtained. Recently an authority called the "Inventions and Research Committee" has been set up at the Institute to supervise the production of all kinds of apparatus and to look into any new ideas. Capt. Fraser, Chairman, and Mr. Black, a member of this Committee, particularly represent the interests of St. Dunstaners, and will be happy to receive any helpful suggestions from readers of the REVIEW. *Editor.*

NOTES BY THE CHIEF

THE Dog Tax season has led several St. Dunstaners to write asking if they are correct in their belief that blind men may keep a dog without a licence. This is, and is not, the case. The blind man who uses a dog for the purpose of leading him about may keep it without a licence, just as a shepherd may keep a dog to help him in his work. These are the only two classes of person who are permitted to own a dog without paying the State for the privilege. Dogs which are kept for pleasure, or for any other use than these two, must be licensed, whether their owners can see or no.

THE loss of one's sight is rather apt to teach one how stupid are some of the ideas which sighted folk possess. It is quite the usual thing to hear people, especially ladies, proclaim that they cannot ride in a train with their back, or perhaps their face, to the engine. I have yet to hear this from a person who cannot see, for the very simple reason that I do not believe it is possible for a blind individual to realise in which direction a train is going unless informed of this by the onrush of another train, the plunge into a tunnel, or the draught from an open window. I have over and over again when seated in a train tried my hardest to determine whether I was facing or backing the engine, and have asked many other blind people to do the same thing. I do not believe it to be possible to make the discrimination. I wonder whether any blind reader of these notes has ever had a feeling one way or the other about the direction in which he or she is travelling, and whether loss of sight has or has not led to an alteration.

I HAD a letter the other day from Col. Davidson, of St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A., telling me that as the result of having read some of the speeches I made while in America rather more than a year ago, he had learned to use a typewriter, and found an immense amount of gratification in

keeping up an animated correspondence with many of his friends. This will sound rather a mild statement to St. Dunstaners, who all learn the use of a typewriter, but its full significance will be appreciated when I add that Col. Davidson has passed his eighty-second birthday, lost his sight comparatively recently, and suffers from the severe typewriting handicap of chronic rheumatism in his hands and arms. The example of this gallant old soldier is one which I think we may all lay to heart. Not many men of his age and with his serious disability would be capable of re-adjusting themselves as he has.

I WISH someone would write a book in which there was a blind character who was not either an impossible wonder or hopelessly incompetent. There have always been normal blind men, and to-day there are many, many more of them than there have ever been before. I do most sincerely hope that the next author who introduces a blind man into a book will make the acquaintance of one of them.

Except in Mr. H. G. Wells' "Country of the Blind," which is not a book, but a long short-story, I do not ever remember reading a portrayal of a blind person which struck me as being natural and true to life, excepting in some magazine stories which have appeared during the last few years, and have been written by people familiar with St. Dunstan's.

Two of the most popular books of modern times have been "The Rosary" and "Sonia," into each of which stories a blind man is prominently brought. The blind man of "The Rosary," although a person of a high degree of intelligence, failed to recognise a lady who acted as his nurse after the accident which deprived him of his sight, in spite of the fact that they had been on terms of most familiar friendship for a considerable time before the accident happened, and that furthermore she was possessed of a particularly distinctive voice. The best thing this dear

lady could think of for the comfort and convenience of her blind patient was to arrange strings from the chair in which he always sat to different parts of the house, so that he would be able to move about without assistance—and this, mind you, was in a house with which he was perfectly familiar.

The blind man in "Sonia" was so wonderful that a very short time after he lost his sight he was able to so conduct himself that nobody realised he was blind.

I remember, too, having seen some very impossible blind men on the stage.

It does seem a pity that authors who wish to write about blind people do not take a little more trouble to acquaint themselves with their subject.

WITH reference to the subject of bandaged eyes to which I have referred in my notes in the last two numbers of the REVIEW, I think my readers may be as interested as I was in the following extract from a letter on the subject which I received the other day from Mr. P. L. Way, the clever blind man whose services have been of invaluable help to our massage students:—

"In my opinion, the possession of a pair of eyes in a fair state of sensory health is a great asset to a blind man. The surface of the eyeball is the most sensitive on the exterior of the whole body, and it is almost impossible for one to keep the eye open, if anything is brought into close proximity with it. The skin covering the lids and the area immediately round the eye are only a little less sensitive, while the skin of the forehead and lower parts of the face does not possess anything like the same keen sensibility.

"It happens that I have only one eye, which is, by the way, quite insensible to light. I find that, when going about, I become conscious of the proximity of obstacles at the face-level somewhat more easily by means of that side of my face in which the eye is still present. If I close my eye, this keenness of perception is lessened, while covering the eyes with a bandage, or even putting on spectacles, makes me comparatively clumsy and uncertain in my movements. Of course,

the sensitiveness of our faces is abnormal, and is only gradually developed by use. The wearing of dark glasses or bandages over the eyes, however necessary it may be for a time, should be given up as soon as possible, as it impedes progress towards that independence which is our ultimate aim. If a man's eyes are unsightly and there is absolutely no hope of the recovery of sight, he had, in my opinion, better have them removed and replaced by artificial ones, as this course at least leaves his eyes exposed, which, as I remarked above, are only a little less sensitive than the eyeballs themselves."



A Royal Visit.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA visited St. Dunstan's on Thursday afternoon, March 25th, and Her Majesty, who was accompanied by Princess Victoria and attended by the Hon. Charlotte Knollys, was conducted through the building by Sir Arthur Pearson and members of the Hostel. Queen Alexandra went through the various workshops and departments, and spent about an hour in the Hostel, showing the keenest interest in the work of training St. Dunstan's men.

LADY: "I want a pair of shoes for this little boy."

SHOP ASSISTANT: "Yes, certainly; er—French kid?"

LADY: "No, sir. He is my own son, and born at Brixton."

ARTIST: "Now, I want you to give me your candid opinion of my latest picture, old chap."

FRIEND: "My dear boy, its absolutely worthless."

ARTIST: "Yes, I know that, but I'm dying to hear it, all the same."

News of St. Dunstan's Men—

G. MOORE, a basket and mat maker, who is living in Canterbury, wrote:—

"Just a line to let you know I am still progressing very nicely in my little shop. There is still a steady demand for my paint and brushes, which my wife looks after. This gives me no excuse for stopping my own work at mats and baskets. The people here are very fond of my baskets and I can sell them almost as quickly as I can make them."

C. Roach, a poultry farmer and mat maker, settled at Darlington, recently wrote as follows:—

"At present, as you may guess, I am fairly busy with my incubators and chickens with which I have been fairly successful considering the earliness of the season. Orders are plentiful and already what chicks I shall have to spare out of my next hatch are asked for."

A. G. Wise, who left at the beginning of 1919 to start work as a boot repairer and mat maker, writes:—

"I am pleased to say that I and my wife are going on very nicely with plenty of work one way and another. I have now gone in for a few fowls and am getting a fair amount of eggs."

R. Harding, who has been set up in a tobacconist shop in Cirencester, writes the following letter to the Director of the After-Care Department:—

"I am pleased to tell you that I am now quite well again and feel A 1. I am also glad to be in a position to inform you that my business is prospering in a very satisfactory way, and trade is still increasing. I am patronised by all classes of the community, and I am doing a very good first class trade."

"When I commenced in business I made up my mind to transfer my profits into stock, and I am still working on this

principal now, and intend to do so for the next twelve months.

"I am sure it is no use for any St. Dunstan's man to take a business and not to keep accounts; I find it is one of the most essential parts of the business, and without keeping accounts I should be unable to say whether my business was worth the while."

H. V. Thompson, a boot repairer and mat maker, living at Finsbury Park, says in a recent letter:—

"I have now had my shop opened three weeks, and you will doubtless be pleased to hear that I am doing very well. I have, up to the present, had more boots in hand than I can cope with."

"I have also received orders for several mats, but up to the present I have not been able to start work on them."

The following is an extract from a letter to Sir Arthur from Donald McPhee, a New Zealand St. Dunstaner, giving a very vivid description of a passage through the Panama Canal. It shows the keenness with which the writer appreciated what was going on around him:—

"About three o'clock on the morning of the 28th we arrived at Colon, the port at the entrance of the Panama Canal; and at nine in the morning we started on the most interesting trip through the Canal. The inlet to the entrance of the Canal was very picturesque, having most beautiful forest scenery on either side, making a striking contrast with the miles and miles of water through which we had passed during the last few days. We then passed into the Gatun Lock where we had to be risen to the height of eighty-five feet, the first lock raising us about twenty-seven feet. There were three locks to raise us to the proper level. On either side of the locks were electrical engines known as "tin mules," which were the means of keeping the boat in

—From all parts of the World

position in case of any accidents. Wire ropes were fastened to a drum on the engines, one of which was fastened to the bow of our boat, one amidships and one to the stern. These on either side keep the boat in position if one of the locks were to give way. There was also an emergency lock below the main lock, so that if anything did go wrong the boat would come to no harm.

"In passing through this lock we came into a huge lake dotted with numerous islands. This lake had originally been a large basin covered with bush and here and there one could see the tops of the trees which are now submerged. The next item of interest was the great Culebra Cut, which in some parts was cut through

solid rock. The space on either side of the ship was only about fifteen feet, and on the banks very pretty greenery and a few little waterfalls. The further end of the cut presented a wider appearance; here large landslides had occurred, causing a good deal of trouble in the construction.

"We then came to the Pedromguell Lock, which was the first stair into the Pacific waters. Here there were only two locks in which the ship was lowered about forty feet in all. There was only a short stretch then until we came to the Miraflores Lock, where we descended into the Pacific. Here is the port of Balboa and Panama in the distance. We did not call at either place, but went straight out into the lonely ocean."

St. Dunstan's Billiards Day

LOVERS of billiards (and there are more of them to-day than ever) will be interested to learn that Monday, May 17th, has been fixed as the day on which all billiards played in every hall and on every table in the United Kingdom will be for the benefit of St. Dunstan's Home for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors.

There are many St. Dunstaners who used to enjoy a game of billiards as much as anybody and the realisation of what they have missed is stimulating everyone interested to make "The Day" a very great success.

Dealing more particularly with the London district, we wish to indicate some of the attractions which will be provided.

All the big halls have been given free for this date.

At one hall the leading amateurs will play a Flying Handicap of 100 up.

At a second hall the leading professionals will play a Flying Handicap of 100 up.

At a third hall the veterans will play a Flying Handicap of 100 up.

At a fourth hall the rising young players will be similarly engaged.

This will enable the public to see several of the most famous players of the past, present and future during a sitting, with all the sporting interest which usually attaches to flying handicaps.

This is not the main object, however. The most important thing is to get every table in the country to make a contribution and it only needs to be known to be done.

All interested should communicate with Mr. Harry Young, 306, Regent St., W.1.
Note the day—May 17th, 1920.

EARNEST INQUIRER (collecting statistics for a work on temperance): "And how many glasses of beer would you—er—consume in a day?"

THE DRAYMAN: "Well, I can't say, guv'nor. Some days I 'as about twenty or thirty; an' then again another day perhaps I might 'ave quite a lot."

A LONDONER once asked a Wigan collier what he thought of London. "It'll be a fine place when its finished," was the unexpected answer.
George Formby.

Departmental Notes

The Braille Room

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

Reading.—J. Foreman, F. T. Bocock, F. W. Boorman, E. C. Oram, J. H. Palmer, J. L. Brooke, W. Wells, F. T. Dance and T. Cockburn.

Writing.—D. F. Aldridge, G. W. Killingbeck, F. W. Wenborn, A. Adams, R. Riddell, A. Hazel and W. J. Hare. *D.P.*

Massage

THE past month has been a busy one with examinations. Both Massage, Remedial Exercises and Medical Electricity Examinations have been held, but at the time of going to press the results of only the Massage examinations have come to hand. The successful candidates are as follows:—Lieut. Britton, Lieut. Gibson, Lieut. Nash, V. Jackson, T. Roden, J. McPherson, J. McGowan, A. Sowter, M. Smith, W. Taplin, F. Hughes, M. Doyle, J. Fitzgerald, and R. Giffin—who are to be congratulated on the successful results of their labours. We hope to publish the results of the Exercises and Electricity Examinations in our next issue. *F.G.B.*

Shorthand, Typewriting and Telephony

OUR best wishes go with W. A. Westall and W. Underwood, both very successful shorthand-typists, who are leaving us this month. They have done extremely well.

We congratulate the following men on having passed their typewriting tests:—W. F. Farr, H. McAtee, C. Davey, A. J. Burtenshaw, R. E. Hill, G. H. Barratt, J. Henry, D. Ironside, T. L. Evans, W. H. Byrd, J. H. Whitton, I. Corns, C. R. Newell, H. Bridgman, C. Hutchinson, W. Strachan, C. S. Johnson, F. Peacock, A. Knotwell, J. Smith, D. S. Munro.

E. McL.

Netting

ON the occasion of the visit of Queen Alexandra on March 25th, Her Majesty expressed her interest and appreciation of both the Netting and the Rug work, and she chose for herself a Teddybed and stand as well as a wool rug. Her Majesty was particularly interested in a rug made by a one-handed worker, and we should like this opportunity of drawing the attention of all After-Care workers, who are handicapped in this way, to this easy occupation. The After-Care visitors have all learned the work and we should like to hear that more men on the After-Care are taking it on. There is an increasing demand from all the big business houses for these rugs, and we have at present large orders placed with us which we should like to put among the After-Care workers. *G. H. W.*

St. Dunstan's Discussion Club

ON Monday, March 22nd, Captain Norwood paid a return visit, and gave a most interesting lecture on "Constantinople." He traced the history of this historic city from its foundation, and gave much instructive information about its present condition and its connection with present-day European politics.

On March 29th, Mr. Arthur Sowerby gave us an address on "China and Manchuria," and as he has travelled and explored very extensively in these countries the lecture was both instructive and interesting. The attendance on both evenings were excellent. It is hoped to continue the Monday evening lectures on the last three Mondays in April.

H. E. G.

MOGGS: "Thought you said the coffee was rotten at this club? What did you order it for?"

BLOBBS: "Oh, I use it in my fountain pen."

News from the Workshops

THE close of another term at Easter has naturally made a considerable change in the personnel of the workshops. A considerable number of the men are terminating their course of instruction and, in addition, we are losing the valuable services of several pupil teachers.

Mr. A. Marcus, an Instructor in the Boot Department, joins the After-Care Staff, and will probably be visiting men in the South and South West of England, while Mr. Urquhart becomes technical visitor to the boot-repairers living in Scotland and the North of England. The change which will interest the largest number of readers is the transference of Mr. Portsmouth (Jack) to the After-Care Department. He will be working in the London area, so that the men in the district who have passed through his hands may shortly anticipate a very welcome visit. We should like to put on record our sincere appreciation of Mr. Portsmouth's unfailing efforts on behalf of the men under his charge. Mr. W. Dixon has temporarily been doing similar work to men wishing to take up mats, while new mat instructors are making themselves familiar with St. Dunstan's methods.

For nearly three years, T. Boteller has done very useful work in the Mat Shop in preparing and balling up the yarn and, in spite of largely increased numbers, we could always rely upon his industry being able to meet the constant demand for balls of "thrums." He is now having a little work on the frames, in preparation for leaving. W. Paul, who is now returning to the Boot Shop to complete his course, has also done extremely useful work, and both his pupils and himself will look back with pleasure on his six months of helpful service. S. Batten is to be congratulated on the successful standard he has reached after much

patient perseverance, and J. Worthington for his successful work in spite of his double handicap. J. Henry is doing very satisfactory work and, considering his short period under instruction, W. Last has done remarkably well. S. Brazier has a good general idea of the work, as also has J. W. Thom. Several design and lettered mats have been very well executed, and we may mention especially a black and red diamond by A. Gauthier, a black border and initials by F. V. Hesketh, and a key border and lettered mat "Use Me" made by J. H. Palmer. C. R. Newall has maintained an excellent standard on all his recent work.

Mr. Harry Smith, an instructor in basket-making will, after Easter, become a technical visitor, and we wish him a success equal to that he has had with his pupils in the shop. His place will be taken by Mr. R. W. Hill. Among the beginners in the Basket Shop, we may particularly refer to J. Hesketh who is gaining considerable confidence on his round work. S. Goodwin is showing the keenest interest and has made good progress on barrels. A. Sneddon has gained a much better control of his material, and the square arm baskets of different sizes he made recently were thoroughly sound. The range of work made by J. Cooney has been quite wide, including barrels, work baskets, soiled linens, and square arm. It is a real pleasure to notice the cheerful determination of S. Evans, who is always at work, and ever anxious for something fresh. The same may be said of B. Wood, who has been most persistent in overcoming difficulties and uniform in his standard of work. In spite of ill-health, L. M. White gets a very nice touch with his work, his last effort being a soiled linen basket. J. V. Tweedie and A. B. Tanner have been revising the whole of their course with the greatest success; their work has included round and corner soiled

linens, suit cases, small portmanteaus, and pigeon baskets, in addition to small work. A soiled linen has been nicely made by J. Galloway, and a suit case just finished by W. H. Whiteside was of very good quality. S. Goodman has a very light touch in working and his baskets have a very neat appearance. C. R. Masters is working practically unaided on round cane feeding baskets and getting splendid results. E. T. Humphries proceeds in his usual quiet fashion, and has just done exceptionally well with a corner soiled linen. Our visitors, particularly those who have themselves lost their sight, are always astounded with the mastery that John Rose now has over every shape of centre cane work. Even though they see it done, they find it difficult to believe that a totally blind man who has lost his arm can, without assistance, make a work basket with a foot and lid, perfect in shape and fitting.

Mr. E. A. Heath's lectures on boot-repairing continue to arouse keen interest and move the men to many questions, and also experiments on their own account with the different makes of boots. Among the new men in the shop, H. T. Mummery and F. Cooper are making good progress. A. Hazell is also doing very well indeed, and R. Wylie is making good progress on all kinds of work. W. A. Simmons is giving up pupil teaching owing to ill health; he proved to be quite a careful and capable pupil teacher. A. Adams, having reached a very good standard on both boots and clogs, has been working very actively as a pupil teacher since early in February. R. Young turns out a good solid job with a nice square edge. G. B. Bond is making progress since his return, and the same may be said of work done by C. Ridout. In spite of broken time owing to sickness, W. Redhead has a good all-round idea of the work. A hand-sewn job done by L. E. Carter attracted considerable attention. E. R. Breed maintains an excellent standard, and C. E. Porter in the same section has made remarkable advance recently. The work done by E. E. Callow is always very well finished, and we must again commend

J. Palmer for the high standard he has reached. The last month has seen a very marked advance in the work of T. Cockburn. The work done by wives of the men on the machine at the finishing table and also on the bench has been remarkably good. B. Jarvill and C. Hutchinson, after making the fullest use of their time and opportunities, have completed their course by turning out excellent test work in both boots and clogs. Owing to a wounded right hand, C. Hutchinson had also to overcome the difficulty of bringing his left hand into work. J. Peel, who did not find the work at all easy, has, by sticking to it, made remarkable advance recently and passed his tests. A new man in the Clog Shop is M. H. Oldroyd, who has lost one of his legs. As the clog is held between the knees during nearly every operation, it will be realised that this man will find it very difficult, but he started with determination and has at once been able to turn out useful work. A. J. Hornsby is doing reliable work on boot clogs, cutting to shape and fixing of the upper being very good.

In the Joinery Department, W. E. Cook has taken up the work of pupil teaching, and has already shown ability in giving instruction in picture frame making. Capt. Foxon is making very good progress, and is turning out very neat handkerchief boxes, etc. Lieut. Oldfield is meeting with remarkable success, considering his double handicap, and the elementary course has been completed by E. Tebble, who has done very careful work. H. N. Matthews is making progress with his tool chest, and A. W. Birchall has completed his very well indeed. The work of A. Doyle on a tool chest and stool has shown steady advance. The meat safe made by Lieut. Swales has well repaid him for the care and patience its construction required. Lieut. Fryer and T. Kent have also been showing great interest in their work.

Following upon some bookshelves and a capital rabbit hutch, W. Higginson has now commenced a kitchen table. A meat safe, which is a splendid specimen of craftsmanship, has been completed by W. H. Farr.

The pupil teachers throughout the shop have done splendid work during this term, and have carried out their duties very tactfully and well.

Proficiency certificates were awarded during the month of March to the following:—M. Carey (boots), W. Last (mats), L. Heren (boots), W. Wells (boots), W. T. Baughan (boots and mats), J. Palmer (boots), W. J. Tuey (boots), W. T. West (boots), S. Haylings (boots), C. Hutchinson (boots and clogs), E. E. Callow (boots and mats), H. A. T. Pearce (boots), E. R. Breed (boots), J. V. Tweedie (baskets), J. F. McDonough (mats), C. R. Newall (mats), S. Goodman (baskets), A. Forster (mats),

J. Elder (mats and boots), G. Swindell (baskets), J. Stibbles (baskets), P. Bedding (baskets), S. Sephton (baskets), S. C. Pike (baskets), T. Parkinson (baskets), B. Heath (baskets), C. H. Gore (baskets), C. H. Glasspool (mats and boots), S. Brazier (mats and baskets), W. J. Gilbert (mats), J. Heepey (mats), J. Peel (boots), H. Maher (boots), B. J. Jones (mats), T. Cockburn (boots), F. C. Morgan (boots), C. D. Sullivan (boots), B. F. Jones (boots), E. W. Hall (boots), B. Jarvill (boots and clogs), A. E. Wilkins (mats), T. G. Sibley (mats), J. Whittingslow (joinery), J. J. Knight (joinery), G. Foster (joinery), W. Redhead (boots) and J. Hollinrake (boots).

W. H. O.

The Wonder Battleship

QUITE apart from any considerations of her size and fighting strength—though both are unprecedented—the entry into the Fleet of H.M.S. *Hood*, our six and a half million pounds warship, marks an epoch for sailors. To them it brings a domestic revolution: one of the greatest the Navy has ever experienced.

As compared with the crews of other vessels, the lucky tars who are drafted to the *Hood* will live in luxury and eat from the table of Dives.

From a description in *Answers* we find that from her kitchen fourteen hundred meals can be served in ten minutes, all smoking hot and without the necessity for hands touching them. No coal will be used aboard the *Hood* for any purpose. Even the ranges in her kitchens and the ovens in her bakeries are oil-fired.

Electricity, in fact, does most of the work of the ship's commissariat. It runs the bacon-slicers, the sausage-making machines, the mechanical potato-peelers, the "fish and chips" makers and the many other automatic appliances with which the "galleys" are fitted.

And instead of a great variety of dishes prepared to suit individual tastes, there will be one general menu for the whole crew at each meal. In order to ensure each man getting his proper share, all portions will be weighed, and when dinner

is served the food will go from the kitchen to the mess-decks by means of lifts, so that it reaches the men "all hot and tasty." After each meal all plates, dishes, knives, forks, etc., will be collected and sent to a mechanical scullery, where electrically-driven wash-up machines will cleanse them and pack them away in racks in readiness for the next time they are needed.

There are recreation-rooms, provision for cinema-shows and other conveniences, which, though not absolute innovations, are yet carried to greater perfection in her than any previous ship.

MRS. NEIGHBOURS: "They tell me your son is in the college football eleven."

MRS. MALAPROP: "Yes, indeed."

MRS. NEIGHBOURS: "Do you know what position he plays?"

MRS. MALAPROP: "Ain't sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."

"MY brudders," said a waggish darkie to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all ob your troubles, da is one place you can always find sympathy."

"Whar? Whar?" shouted several of his auditors.

"In the dictionary!" he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

Church and Catholic Chapel Notes

Church Notes

A PARTY of our Choirmen and Sisters again visited St. Paul's Cathedral on Friday, March 26th, and were most kindly granted seats in the choir. All thoroughly enjoyed the service, and the 'unaccompanied' singing was perfectly delightful.

Our Workers' Intercession services will be resumed after the Easter Vacation and I do hope that workers will make a special point of attending. We want to have a really live and helpful service: every Friday at 1.45 for about fifteen minutes. May we take the opportunity of thanking the Rev. Prebendary Sharpe for his deeply spiritual Lenten talks? He has helped us greatly.

Quite a good company of men have joined our Confirmation classes and are hopeful of being confirmed early in May. I shall be happy to receive the names of any others who may wish to join us.

There is still room in the Choir for more Soprano and Contralto voices. If any sister can sing, even just a little bit, please come and help us.

Holy Communion will be celebrated at 7.15 a.m. and 10.15 a.m., on Sunday, 25th April, St. Mark's Day, and on the other Sundays at 8 a.m., also on S.S. Philip's and James' Day, May 1st, at 7.15 a.m.

We are glad to learn that Miss Marks, our Chapel Sister, is recovering from a recent illness, and will be able to resume her duties shortly. She has been very much missed.

May I wish the very best of good wishes to all the men who are leaving St. Dunstan's this month? I want them to know that they are in our thoughts and prayers.

E. W.

Catholic Chapel Notes

ON Palm Sunday the Passion was read during the Mass, and afterwards the usual distribution of Blessed Palms took place.

The response to Easter Duties has not been very noticeable so far, but it is hoped and expected that every Catholic at St. Dunstan's will fulfil this obligation before the specified time expires, *i.e.*, May 30th. Attendance at Mass on Sundays and Holidays of Obligation and the reception of the Sacraments during Paschal Time are two public acts of faith that the Church calls upon her members to make.

April 23rd is the Feast of St. George, Patron of England. There is a very beautiful statue of St. George in the Chapel. May 13th is Ascension Day and a Holiday of Obligation—there will be Holy Communion at 7.45, Mass at 8.30 and Benediction at 5.30.

P. H.

Births

FAIRFIELD, E., daughter	Jan. 23, 1920
ALLEN, W., son	Mar. 10, 1920
HORSNELL, W., daughter	Mar. 18, 1920
GATTRELL, K. C., daughter	Mar. 22, 1920
VARLEY, B. E., daughter	Mar. 23, 1920

Marriages

ON Thursday, January 1st, G. Madieson was married, at St. James' Church, Brighton, to Miss E. Roessler.

ON Saturday, April 3rd, H. V. Kerr was married, at St. Luke's Church, Bermondsey, to Miss C. L. Cole.

MR. HOGGENHEIM: "Come and dine with me to-morrow?"

MR. WALKER: "Sorry, I'm fixed up; I'm going to see 'Hamlet'."

MR. HOGGENHEIM: "That's all right; bring 'im along with you."

Sports Club Notes

ON Tuesday, March 16th, about eighty representatives of the Sporting Press paid St. Dunstan's a visit to see for themselves what was being done in the way of training the blinded soldiers and sailors, not only with regard to their work, but their recreation also. As these representatives were limited for time, only having half-an-hour in which to see the Sports, we had to prepare a condensed programme for them, which consisted of a "Four" race on the Regent's Park lake, putting the shot, three standing long jumps, 100 yards sprint, throwing the cricket ball, climbing the rope, tug-of-war and a football game. Everything went off like clockwork, and the whole programme was got through in the half hour. The visitors were absolutely astounded with everything they saw. Quite a few very good photos were taken and appeared in the various illustrated papers, together with some very good articles. The following are from *The Times* and the *Athletic News*—

The Times.

"The work of Sir Arthur Pearson for blinded soldiers and sailors, which restores to them their confidence and fits them to take their place as fighting units in their own country, is known to everyone. But the blinded men at St. Dunstan's are not taught only how to work, but also how to play, and a really amazing exhibition of their ability to take part in the games they must have seen so often before the war was given at St. Dunstan's, in Regent's Park, yesterday. It has been known for some time that blind men could be taught to row, and indeed last summer several prizes at Thames regattas were won by blind crews. The exhibition given on the lake in Regent's Park yesterday by two "Fours" was, however, amazingly good. The time kept, the rhythm and the swing of the better of the two "Fours" was excellent.

"More amazing than the exhibition of rowing was the hundred yards race. The

grass of Regent's Park is not an ideal place for a sprint track, for it is lumpy and intersected with very steep inclines and ridges. Yet the winner covered the distance in 13 2-5 secs. And he ran in boots and trousers. A thin rope is stretched along the track, on the rope is a ring, and attached to the ring is a handkerchief. The blind runner holds this handkerchief and is guided by it. It is an easier way of running for a man who is blind than for a man who can see, for the latter continually bumps into the rope, a thing which the blind man never does. The running was followed by rope climbing, at which several of the competitors were so adept that one suspected that they were once sailors. There was also a most exciting tug-of-war.

"It seems impossible that blind men should be able to kick a football, but they showed yesterday that they could so do very accurately. A number of them shot numerous goals yesterday from a penalty mark against a goalkeeper whose sight was undamaged. They placed the ball themselves and felt for it for a moment, and then moved back and shot hard and straight. Some days ago Molyneux, the Chelsea goalkeeper, was beaten on eight occasions out of forty-eight by blind men who shot from the penalty mark."

Athletic News.

"One of the most notable Institutions brought into being by the ravages of the war is that of St. Dunstan's, which, thanks to the excellent lead and energy of Sir Arthur Pearson, is doing a wonderful work amongst the normal men who have lost their sight. They do not regard themselves as blind.

"Everyone knows that the soldiers incapacitated in this manner are being taught work which enables them to go back into the world from which they came as quite as useful citizens as they were before the war.

"The predominating feature of the curriculum of St. Dunstan's, however, is

sport, and it is sport that is making the residents there happy and better able to learn the work that is allotted them.

"The other morning I had an opportunity of seeing what these men could do in the way of sport, and the results were really marvellous. Practically every branch of athletics was embraced, and a little Sports meeting for the edification of a company of sporting writers proved highly diverting.

"Sculling on the Regent's Park lake, tug-of-war, rope climbing, sprinting, weight putting, standing jumping and shooting at goal were all included, and the challenge of Sir Arthur Pearson to match Capt. Fraser with any member of the company in a single sculling match was not taken up.

"The sprinting run of H. Northgreaves was something to ponder over; he ran the hundred in 13 2-5 secs. although unprepared with racing costume, and he had covered the distance in 12 4-5 secs.; a wonderful performance when one realises the method of running. A string is run from start to finish, on which is a ring with handkerchief attached. This the runner holds for guidance."

SATURDAY SPORTS.

The Sports are still going very well and we are glad to note that quite a few fresh men have recently joined. Several new events have been added lately, notably, throwing the cricket ball. We hope soon to have the use of the piece of land in the Park, which is to be allotted to us for the 100 yards sprint; we shall then be able to fix up wires so that three or four men can run at the same time.

FOOTBALL LEAGUE MATCHES.

A big majority of the men who entered their names to attend the League Matches each Saturday have been taken to the various games. They have all thoroughly enjoyed them, having been able to follow the games uncommonly well. We have received a large number of applications from the men for seats for the Final of the English Cup. Unfortunately these seats are most difficult to obtain, and so far our quest has been unsuccessful. We are still trying, however, and hope that we may be able to procure a few seats somehow.

SWIMMING.

Will any men wishing to go to the Swimming Baths this summer, kindly give in their names as soon as possible to their respective Sports Instructors, so that the Secretary will have some idea how many tickets will be required?

PRESENTATION.

In the Outer Lounge, on Friday, 26th March, Sir Arthur presented an illuminated address on behalf of the rowing men of St. Dunstan's to Mr. Fitte, the new president of the Vesta Rowing Club. The men had expressed a wish that an illuminated address should be presented to the Vesta Rowing Club, to show their appreciation for the splendid work done on their behalf by the late president, Mr. R. J. Calcutt, and also for the many kindnesses shown them by the members of the club.

The address was a very beautiful work of art. On the top was a splendid view of St. Dunstan's, in each corner appeared the St. Dunstan's badge, and at the bottom an excellent picture of the embankment at Putney, with two "Fours" coxed by V.A.D.'s in the foreground.

Mr. Fitte, in responding, said what a great pleasure it had been to them all to have been of service to St. Dunstan's, and assured Sir Arthur and the men that the Vesta Clubhouse would continue to be at their disposal whenever required.

The following is the wording of the address:—"This Address, signed by Sir Arthur Pearson and the Sports Captain of St. Dunstan's, on behalf of the soldiers and sailors blinded in the war, and especially framed by one of them, is presented to the Vesta Rowing Club, in grateful recognition of the loving labour bestowed upon the men of St. Dunstan's by the late President of the Vesta Rowing Club, Mr. R. J. Calcutt, and of the many kindnesses extended to St. Dunstan's by the members of the Club."

Mr. Calcutt's work will never be forgotten, whilst the high standard of rowing attained by the men of St. Dunstan's will ever be recognised as an eloquent tribute to the efficacy of his coaching, as well as to the kindly help afforded by the committee and members of the Vesta Rowing Club.

ROWING.

The season has now commenced and there is every prospect of some very good racing this year. There are several Pairs and Fours already in training and Mr. Gibson reports that there is some first class material for some real good crews. As there are quite a large number of men and Sisters having individual tuition from Mr. Gibson, this should improve the whole standard of rowing and coxing this season.

GENERAL MEETING.

At a General Meeting of the representatives of each Annexe held at the Sports House on February 27th, a new departure in rowing was adopted, so as to give every man a fair chance of getting a place in the Putney races. Instead of the men being classed solely as Novices and Seniors as formerly, they will be divided into three classes, viz.:—

Novices: Men who have not raced at St. Dunstan's.

Juniors: Men who have raced, but not won a first or second place at Putney.

Seniors: Men who have secured a first or second place at Putney. These classes apply to sculling only, rowing to be open.

FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

On Tuesday, March 30th, at 4.30 p.m., a very large and enthusiastic assembly of men and staff gathered to see the Final of the second competition for Sir Arthur Pearson's Football Challenge Cup.

Thirty teams from St. Dunstan's had entered for the competition, which was played upon the English Cup knock-out system, leaving the Shamrock United of the Bungalow to play against the Regents, Cornwall Terrace Annexe, in the Final.

Molyneux, the well-known Chelsea goalkeeper, had very kindly consented to come up and take the difficult position of goalkeeper, but for some reason at present unknown he failed to appear. This was exceedingly disappointing, as the day and time had been fixed to suit his convenience. However, a very excellent substitute was found in the Rev. Father Howell, who very sportingly, at a moment's notice, took Molyneux's place between the posts and gave a splendid exhibition of goalkeeping.

The play was most exciting, and at half time the score was two goals each, whilst full time was called with the score four goals all. This necessitated a re-play, in which Shamrock United won by two goals to one.

S. J. Farrell (capt.), C. Gore, J. Deegan (2), C. Pike (2), scored for the winners, whilst J. Greenwood (capt.), C. Tatton, A. Greening, W. Moorcroft and C. H. Cornwall scored for the losers.

The following were the members of the two teams:—

Shamrock United: S. J. Farrell, C. Gore, J. Deegan, T. A. Wilson, A. Emerson, and C. Pike.

The Regents: A. Greening, C. Tatton, J. Greenwood, W. Moorcroft, H. D. Gamble and C. H. Cornwall.

As these Football Competitions are so popular at St. Dunstan's a new one will be begun immediately after the Easter vacation. J. D. V.

The Boat Race

THE Oxford and Cambridge boat race was witnessed by thirty St. Dunstan's men on March 27th, and they thoroughly enjoyed the race. Under the charge of Capt. Williams, they travelled by a special motor-bus to Mortlake, from which they had a good view of the finish, the grounds of Cromwell House—which was kindly presented to St. Dunstan's for the occasion—accommodating both the bus and the party, who were accompanied by their nurses and instructors. It was a very merry party, and the men thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The half-times of the F.A. semi-finals were announced to them at Wandsworth, and one of the party was particularly happy in the fact that he had won 1s. 6d. of the 3s. which he stood to win on the result of the Chelsea and Aston Villa match. His hopes were fully realised on the return journey, when the final scores were read out.

Disappointment was expressed over the easy win of Cambridge. As one remarked—"It would have been much more enjoyable had there been a closer finish." This is the right St. Dunstan's spirit.

A Fiery Ordeal

THE FIRE IN THE COLLEGE ANNEXE ON 26TH MARCH

IN the early hours of the 26th March, a fire broke out in the College Annexe of St. Dunstan's, and it was not long before the whole of London—and the provinces, too—were aware of the fact. Extraordinary interest was shown in the occurrence by the general public, and we are sure that it will be of exceptional interest to all our readers to have an account of what actually happened.

At 10 p.m. on the 25th, when Miss Cameron left the linen room of the Annexe, everything, apparently, was quite normal. But at 12.5 a.m., Miss Frances Lloyd, whom many St. Dunstaners will remember meeting at St. Mark's Hospital, where she worked before coming to St. Dunstan's, in ascending the stairs noticed a smell of burning. On opening the linen-room door, what was her astonishment to find the whole place in flames. With great presence of mind she closed the door, went quietly downstairs, and gave the warning to the night orderlies, who immediately proceeded to call everybody and telephone for the Fire Brigade.

The great point, of course, was to get the men on the first floor downstairs. The Matron of the College, Miss Power, was naturally one of the first called, and she rushed across to No. 8 Ward, which was the nearest to her, and roused all the men there. Someone else awakened the occupants of No. 9 Ward, and in less than no time all the men were led out of the danger zone without any difficulty whatsoever, and assembled in the Lounge which being in the East Wing, was absolutely free from danger. Everyone was perfectly calm and collected, but that is the attitude one naturally expects with St. Dunstaners.

The V.A.D.'s who were sleeping in the little rooms immediately under the roof, which open on to very narrow passages, found it impossible owing to the smoke with which these passages were filled, to come down in the ordinary way. They accordingly had to come down by the iron

fire escape into the garden. It should be mentioned here that without these escapes which Sir Arthur had caused to be erected to meet such an emergency, it would have been practically impossible for the V.A.D.'s to have descended to safety.

One of the V.A.D.'s, Miss Frankland, although there was a fire escape leading straight from her window, was unfortunately confused by the smoke, and instead of going to the window wandered out along the passage and found herself in a strange room. Under the influence of the fumes she then became unconscious. She was missed at once, and was, of course, looked for immediately in her own room. When it was discovered that she was not there, Orderlies E. Phipps and A. Tanner, both ex-service men, made a systematic search all over the building, and at last came to the window of the room in which the unconscious V.A.D. was lying. They broke the window, entered the room and rendered first aid, thus undoubtedly saving her life. The firemen then appeared on the scene and carried her down. She was still unconscious and taken to the Matron's room, shortly afterwards being removed to the Middlesex Hospital, where after a few hours she recovered consciousness.

Apart from this casualty, some of the sisters, in descending, suffered small bruises, for they were clad only in cloaks over their nightgowns, and had to climb down the iron fire escapes, some of them treading on the broken glass which had fallen out of the linen room windows.

Meanwhile, several fire engines had arrived, and the firemen worked with admirable energy and courage, but it was not before 3 a.m. that all danger of the fire spreading was over. The sisters then returned to their various rooms, those whose rooms were on the top floor being accommodated with other quarters.

In addition to the destruction of the linen room, No. 5 Ward, which is immediately under the linen room, was damaged by an avalanche of water which descended

from the linen room; and which, in appearance, might almost be described as a miniature Niagara.

Notwithstanding the chaotic state of affairs, at 7 a.m. sharp, breakfast was served for the orderlies and staff, which, although perhaps a small point, shows the splendid way in which the domestic staff kept their heads and saw to everyone's comfort.

Immediately after breakfast, at 7.30 a.m., the Matron went to the Middlesex Hospital and saw Miss Frankland, and was very much relieved to find her much better. Since the fire she has been in a nursing home, and has now, we are very glad to say, practically recovered. The Matron then went to see Sir Arthur to inform him as to the correct details of the fire. As can be seen, everyone behaved in a thoroughly praiseworthy manner; the sisters and orderlies showed great coolness and courage, and the discipline of the men was admirable.

It was indeed a fiery ordeal, but everyone came through it with flying colours.

"A Filthy Custom!"

THE cup of tea with which you refresh yourself after your work, has been handed down to you through many generations and its story is one of the romances of beverages.

The Chinese drank tea in the fourth century, valuing it for "relieving fatigue, delighting the soul, strengthening the will and repairing the eyesight." It was drunk by the Taoists as an ingredient in the elixir of immortality. The Buddhists used it during their long periods of meditation to prevent drowsiness. And, says *Answers*, it must effectively have done so, since their particular concoction was boiled with rice, ginger, salt, orange or lemon peel, spices, and sometimes onions.

In Japan, tea is practically a religion. There are special ceremonies in connection with it and special buildings in which it is drunk.

Tea has been praised and condemned and history records that it was even denounced as "a filthy custom." But it has survived for sixteen hundred years!

Fishing with Spiders' Webs

FISHING-NETS made of spiders' webs! These are among the curiosities of New Guinea and other islands of the South Seas. In the forests of New Guinea huge spiders' webs, about six feet in diameter, are to be found. They are woven in a large mesh, and vary from one inch to one-eighth of an inch in the centre.

These webs have great resisting powers, and the natives arrange for the spiders to spin their fishing nets for them. At the place where the webs are thickest, they set up long bamboos bent over in a loop at the end. In a short time the spider weaves a web on this frame.

The native then uses this net to catch fish of about one pound in weight, and the mesh of the net is not broken by the water or by the weight of the fish. The spider that spins these nets is about the size of a small hazel nut, with hairy dark brown legs, spreading to about two inches.—*Tit-Bits*.

Flying to Music

SOUND means music to the clever boy musicians, the blind twin brothers, Frank and Victor Auckland. Just lately they had an invitation to go up in a machine placed at their disposal by the Handley Page Aircraft Company at Cricklewood. The boys will doubtless reproduce what they characterise as "the musical sensations" of an aeroplane flight upon the responsive keyboard of their piano. For they "saw" and felt all the wonders of aerodrome, air and motion *in sound*, that being their way of enjoying life. They flew, they said, "in the key of C"; and they listened to the noise of the 350 h.p. engines, felt the rising of the plane from the ground, and clapped their hands when suddenly lifted through the air. They are just fourteen years old, these poet-pianists. Since early last autumn they have been touring the music halls, and their gifted fingers have made the piano bring many new delights to the crowds listening to them. "And *this*," said one of the boys, his handsome face lit up with enjoyment, as he stepped out of the plane on coming to earth again, "this means a thrilling new repertory!"

The Caves of Waitomo

MR. HUSKINSON sends us the following letter he has received from Mrs. Myers, whom many hundreds of St. Dunstaners will remember as being Lounge Sister at the House:—

"AUCKLAND, N.Z.

"2nd February, 1920.

"We have just returned from spending a delightful week-end at Waitomo. We left Auckland on Saturday by the Wellington express, which reached Hangitiki at 5.30. A waggonette drawn by five horses awaited us, and we had a beautiful drive, past native bush, bracken, ferns and little streams. The sky was a vivid blue, and the sun shone down on us. Little rabbits sported here and there, and darted down holes in the plantations, and occasionally a hawk swooped down on its prey.

"We arrived at the Waitomo Hostel, which has been installed by the New Zealand Government, and the manager received us with true Colonial hospitality—several visitors were on the door steps; growing around the verandah was sweetly scented honeysuckle.

"After a nice dinner, we were presented with blue striped cotton suits, by a bright little Maori maid. Much amusement was caused when we tried on these garments, till we found some to fit us fairly well, and funny enough we all looked in short knickerbockers (no skirts or hats are allowed in the Caves). To complete the costume, they made us wear the heaviest boots imaginable. Every dozen or so of the tourists had their own guide, and every third person carried an oil lantern. It was dusk by then, and we all felt very picturesque as we slowly descended the rocky path down the hill to the Waitomo Caves; after about one hundred yards, the front guide suddenly halted, and we saw a small opening, and stooping we crept through it and found ourselves in a wonderful lofty cave, with white stalactites hanging from the roof and

jutting out from the walls, and stalagmites in weird groups around us. We walked, almost slipping along, through cave after cave, each one more beautiful than the last. Some were vast and lofty like cathedrals, fifty-five feet high, others smaller and narrower. The largest stalactite was seventeen feet high. These stalactites are caused by the rain percolating through the soil for years and years, and mixing with the lime which abounds here. Everything was as white as snow, and glittered like crystal in the light of the lantern. It reminded one of a forest after a heavy snowstorm. Here and there we climbed up narrow wooden steps, or were helped up the rocky surface by an iron hand-rail, placed there by a thoughtful Government for our aid. My little daughter Lola caused a diversion by slipping down in the muddiest pool and reclining there full length, and we could not help laughing at her appearance when she was assisted to her feet again.

"Our guide occasionally set fire to a little coil of magnesium wire, and the brilliant flare transformed the cave into a gorgeous glittering fairy scene.

"After a while we arrived at a little lake in a vast cave. We could just see the dim outline of the boat, and obeying our guide's instructions, we put down our lanterns and stepped into it. A wire was fixed right around the cave, rather high up; standing at the prow of the boat and holding on to the wire, passing hand over hand, the guide propelled the boat slowly round the cave. He enjoined us to absolute silence, as any noise disturbed the glow-worms. Looking up we discovered myriads and myriads of little lights; the roof was studded with them, and part of the walls. Turning his lantern on one of them, the guide showed it to be little thread-like worm, with a light on its head, and a thin thread, which is its web, hanging from it, by which it gets the mosquitoes that it feeds on. You cannot

imagine the wonderful effect of these little glow-worms; the roof of the cave resembled a canopy with countless stars, or a sombre roof with millions of pin holes letting in the bright daylight. It was like personally taking part in an Eastern fairy tale, as silently and mysteriously we glided round the cave on the smooth waters, and returned from whence we started. We stepped out of the small craft, and, retracing our steps, soon reached the entrance once more. The guide informed us that as a rule one could reach the river and return that way, but owing to the recent heavy rains, that mode of exit was temporarily impossible.

"Coming out into the open again, we found the darkness had gathered, and feeling rather tired, but filled with wonderment at the marvel of the Caves, we all climbed the slippery path and were thankful to arrive at the Hostel. Divesting ourselves of our heavy boots, now thickly crusted over with mud, we left them at the boot-room with the guide, and entered the lounge, where hot coffee and biscuits were being served. Everyone chatted for a bit, and then we trotted off up the wide wooden staircase to our rooms, and soon we were in bed and fast asleep. Next morning we breakfasted at eight o'clock, and at nine were down ready for the five-horsed waggonette, and away we went!

"I think the New Zealand Government should provide braces with the suits, as my pantaloons evinced a constant desire to slip down, and I spent some anxious moments readjusting them.

"We had an enjoyable drive in the fresh morning air, round the hills, and after ten miles on a good road we stopped, and leaving the waggonette we walked for about twenty minutes through the most beautiful native bush. Tall Nikau Palms, Puriri Trees and Tree Ferns fifteen feet high met overhead, and made a leafy bower, through which the sun's hot rays failed to penetrate. Sometimes we walked on ferns, brown and dry, sometimes on carpets of moss, and here and there old tree trunks served as a stepping place across thick sticky mud. At last we arrived at the Ruakuri and Aranui Caves. The latter were discovered some fifteen

years ago by a young Maori when out pig hunting, and for this wonderful discovery the New Zealand Government gave him £25. On reaching the small entrance we were amazed to find ourselves in a very large cave called 'The Sculptor's Gallery.' Wonderful stalagmites looking like Russian monks, elephants, Madonnas, and different models, seen with a little imagination, were grouped around, and again, as the previous night, we visited different caves, each most wonderfully decorated with polished white fringes and ornamentation. Sometimes through tiny apertures we saw another guide with another party of tourists, and through some of the long walks through uninteresting caves we sang songs which gained in volume as they resounded through the air; on coming out, several people thanked us for them, and said they sounded so prettily from the other side.

"When we came halfway through the Ruakuri Cave we heard the sound of rushing water, and suddenly arrived at a quick flowing river, bubbling and splashing along. We climbed down some slippery rocks very cautiously, and, leaning on a rail, watched the river and the wonderful weird stalactites reflected in it. We then wended our way up to the surface again, and rejoined the waggonette, and were soon on our way to the Hostel. We spent the rest of the day different ways—some of our party went riding, some boating, and some stayed on the verandah and enjoyed the beautiful view of the green slopes and bush and pasture lands, with the hazy blue hills in the distance. The peace of it all in the glorious sunshine was all-enveloping.

"We left the Hostel on Monday morning with the greatest regret and the happiest of memories. We enjoyed every moment of the drive to Hangitiki station. We arrived there in good time, and were amused to see a number of Maoris squatting about the little platform. The Thames Express soon came puffing in, and we boarded it and came back to dear old Auckland—and thus ended our week-end at Waitomo."

VIOLET BERNARD MYERS
(late Sister).

Some Prevalent Causes of Blindness

METHYLATED SPIRIT AND CHLORINATED LIME

IT is somewhat staggering to reflect upon the fact that, generally speaking, a poison has only been labelled a poison after someone has been poisoned. Knowledge gained at so heavy a cost should most certainly be propagated by every possible means, as it has been hallowed by sacrifice, and the continued existence of ignorance is simply a reflection on the energy of those who know. Therefore, we cannot too strongly impress upon our readers the fact that each day new cases are reported of death and blindness resulting from the internal use of wood alcohol or denatured alcohol, commonly known as methylated spirit.

Certain classes of people are addicted to drinking this mixture as a beverage without a knowledge of the terrible effects it produces. The extension of this habit for any length of time invariably ends in blindness. The alarm created by the new cases reported each day in the United States has led to a special appeal from the National Committee for the Prevention of Blindness to the Press throughout the country, to make known as far as possible to everyone the nature of this deadly stuff. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has also taken action in the matter, and has issued special instructions to all collectors of internal revenue and revenue agents. Certain additional matter is to be affixed to all containers, so that there may be no plea of ignorance.

In future—so runs the new regulation—in addition to the existing matter on the labels, the word "Poison" is to be printed in large red letters under the skull and cross-bones symbol, and the following statement is to be inserted at the bottom of the label:—

"Completely Denatured Alcohol is a violent poison. It cannot be applied externally to human or animal tissues without serious injurious results. It cannot be taken internally without inducing blindness and general physical decay, ultimately resulting in death."

There are without doubt, both in the States and in this country, despicable people who connive at the sale of this poisonous liquid as a beverage, and still more unscrupulous rogues who sell apparently harmless mixtures adulterated with wood alcohol. It is the bounden duty of any person who by chance meets with such illicit trading to denounce the offender at once to the authorities, so that the most careful investigation may be made.

To show the gravity of the above facts a special bulletin has been prepared by the National Safety Council on the subject, and will come to the attention of over five million workers in all parts of the United States.

There is another malignant and subtle cause of blindness to which we consider it important to call attention, and that is the household use of chlorinated lime. This disinfectant is an effective one, and in consequence is very largely used; but apart from that use it can cause, by careless handling, very dangerous eye burns. In recently reported cases the circumstances have been identical. The intending user prises open the lid of the tin container, and in doing so approaches his eye too near, with the result that particles of lime are blown into them by the escape of the compressed gas.

The accident in most cases is apparently due to the decomposition of chlorinated lime when exposed to a high temperature or a damp atmosphere, and it would seem that its prevention lies in a new design for the container. One large manufacturer has accordingly adopted a design which practically ensures safety.

The correct way, of course, to open one of the usual tins is to pierce a small hole in the top so that the pressure inside can be released; this method should be described in large type on every container.

Every effort should be made to spread such information as the above. A cause is often very slight, but effects are more often very terrible.

"Pussyfoot"

In a recent issue of *Tit-Bits*, the world-famous prohibitionist relates how he got his nickname.

MANY people wonder why I am called 'Pussyfoot.' It is necessary, if you would appreciate the significance of my nickname, to understand the liquor regulations of the United States at a time when, fifteen years ago, I set out to smash saloons and liquor pirates.

"At that time, apart from the prohibition which existed in certain States, and the powers then being invested in local authorities for the suppression of the liquor trade, there had been a strenuous campaign against disreputable saloons. Above all, every effort had been made to suppress the sale of drink to Indians.

"Whisky to an American Indian is life's greatest joy. His craving for it is irresistible. He will pay anything or give anything for a bottle of whisky. Taking advantage of this craving, 'bad men'—crooks and desperadoes—had reaped a big profit by selling him vile concoctions which were known to Indians by all sorts of queer names, such as 'Moonshine,' 'kidney cure,' 'white mule.'

"At that time I was head of the Bureau of the United States Indian Service. Oklahoma was raised to the rank of a State in 1905, and being extended to include the Indian territory, it became the happy hunting-ground of the liquor outlaws. From the surrounding States 'boot-leggers,' as these drink outlaws were called, poured into Oklahoma. The origin of the term 'boot-legger' is found in the fact that the illicit vendor of whisky to the Indians often carried the bottle in the leg of his jack-boot.

"Eventually things got so bad that President Roosevelt decided that steps must be taken to smash the 'boot-leggers.'

"I was called upon to do the smashing, having a wide knowledge of 'bad men' and the liquor traffic. I was given a free hand and told to go ahead.

"The desperate character of the campaign may be gathered from the fact that in six months several outlaws were killed and four of my deputies were shot dead,

whilst three others were badly wounded.

"In tracking down 'boot-leggers' I had to work swiftly and secretly. For five years I carried my life in my hands. The various owners of illicit drinking and gambling dens in Indian territory feared me to such an extent that they put a price of £500 on my head. One of my deputies, who somewhat resembled me, was actually shot in mistake, and the reward was paid.

"For five years I was engaged in fighting these illicit drink sellers, and during that time I and my deputies ran down and convicted over 4,400 liquor pirates, smashed 500,000 bottles of whisky, and burnt out 76 gambling dens.

"I was christened 'Pussyfoot' because of my fondness of tracking down these desperadoes as a cat does a mouse. The incident which really led to the name, however, was this. One day a man walked into my office at Muskogee with a message from a certain saloon-keeper of Haskell, intimating in a friendly way that if I dared to show my face in Haskell he would shoot me. Well, I put it to you, could I refuse an invitation like that?

"I sent a scout into Haskell and found that the saloon-keeper had never seen me, but had a good description of me. So one night I disguised myself and rode into Haskell. I tethered my horse to his verandah, and, walking into the bar, called for a drink.

"My fierce friend was a big man, but the thing that interested me most was a .45 Colt at his hip. He offered me a bottle which I at once said was too weak, and smashed on the bar. 'Give me hell fire,' I cried. He opened a secret trap in the floor and gave me some old whisky.

"My one object now was to get him to show me his back, and I manœuvred him until I was able to whip out his revolver, hold it to his ear, and introduce myself. The next day the local paper told the story and called me 'Pussyfoot.' That was how I earned my name."

The Battle of the Blues

THE Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, which, prior to the enforced lapse during the war, had been an annual event since 1856, was rowed again this year on March 27th, over the historic Thames course from Putney to Mortlake, and was witnessed by several St. Dunstaners. It will be interesting, therefore, to give some details of former races from an article by Mr. Francis Ward in the current issue of the "London Magazine."

The greatest crowd ever seen on the course in past years was on the occasion of the Cambridge versus Harvard (U.S.A.) race in September, 1906.

The first Inter-Varsity Boat Race took place as far back as June 10th, 1829, over the Henley Course from Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge. It was rowed in heavy, clinker-built, irigged boats, similar to a warship's cutter, and was won easily by Oxford. Cambridge wore white shirts with a pink scarf, and Oxford wore darkish blue and white striped jerseys and black straw hats with a broad blue ribbon.

It was on the occasion of the second boat race, held in 1836, and rowed from Westminster to Putney, that the "blues" were adopted by their respective crews. Oxford stuck to their dark-blue colour, which has only changed to-day in the manner in which it is worn, being used as trimming to a white vest, instead of being in stripes over the whole jersey.

Cambridge again turned out in white shirts, but just before their boat was launched for the race, it was discovered that they carried no distinguishing colour in their bows. An Etonian member of the crew dashed into a near-by haberdasher's and purchased a piece of light blue silk (the Eton colours), which he stuck in the bow of his boat. Cambridge won that race and adopted what they considered the lucky colour as their own.

The boat-race was subsequently held intermittently till 1856, when it became an annual event.

Since 1845 the race has been held on the Putney to Mortlake course, except that in 1846, 1856 and 1863 it was rowed down river from Mortlake to Putney. The boats began to develop in 1846 when they were outrigged for the first time; but a revolution took place eleven years later when the present style of keelless boats were first used. They were introduced by the Chester Rowing Club, who walked away with the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley in 1856, rowing in this new type of boat. Experts maintained that nobody could sit them on the lively tideway waters, but Oxford was converted to the new idea and proved its vast superiority over the old style. Sliding seats did not appear until 1873, and from that date the style of boat has remained practically unchanged.

Certain years are marked as historic by unusual events apart from the development of boats. 1849 is the only year in which the Inter-Varsity Boat Race proper has been held twice. Cambridge won the first race, which was held in March, easily, although Oxford were pronounced by the experts to be far the better crew. Their boat, however, was so old and weak that it bent and buckled under the pressure of a racing stroke. Oxford were warned by their friends that they could not win in such a craft, but they obstinately stuck to it, and after leading for two miles, they collapsed under the strain, and lost the race. They immediately challenged Cambridge to a return match, which was accepted by the latter.

The second race took place in December, and was marred by the only foul which has ever occurred in the long series of races. The fault, which was not deliberate, was that of the Cambridge coxswain, but although Cambridge had a three-lengths lead from the re-start, Oxford rowed them down and won the race on its merits as well as on the foul.

In 1877 an accident resulted in the only dead-heat in the history of the race.

Cambridge led at the start, and were nearly a length up at Hammersmith Bridge on the Surrey side. After rounding the bend, Oxford caught them, and were half a length clear at the White Hart, when their bow suddenly sprung his oar. Luckily for Oxford the course from here onwards bends round to the right or Middlesex shore, so that the four strokes were pulling the three remaining effective bow oars in the right direction; but Cambridge were coming up at every stroke and drew level at the winning post amidst intense excitement. Ten years later, No. 7 in the Oxford crew hit a wave on the feather and broke his oar off short at the button, allowing Cambridge to win easily. In 1898 Cambridge again got swamped but managed to finish the course in game fashion, though a quarter of a mile behind Oxford.

Of recent dates two years stand out as remarkable. In 1909 Cambridge came to Putney as hot favourites with three successive previous wins to their credit. Their stroke of these three years, Mr. D. C. R. Stuart, again rowed in that position and had only to win this race to establish a new record in the 'Varsity Boat Race annuals.

Oxford were a powerful crew but very rough, and odds of three to one were freely laid on Cambridge. The Dark Blues were stroked by Mr. R. C. Bourne and coached at Putney by Mr. Harcourt Gold.

Stuart was always a quick starter, and even Oxford's supporters expected Cambridge to lead from the stake-boats, but relied on the strength and stamina of the of the Dark Blues to row their opponents down.

Not until they were just below Barnes Bridge, where the bend in the river at last favoured Oxford, did Bourne call on his men for a great effort. But the effort, when it came, was remarkable. Stroke by stroke Oxford forged ahead, while Cambridge, exhausted by their earlier efforts to get a lead, could not respond. In half a minute the race was over, and the Dark Blues went on to win by three and a half lengths in 19 min. 50 sec.

The 1912 race was in some ways even more dramatic.

Again there was an opportunity for a stroke to create a record of four successive wins in that position, and this time it was Mr. R. C. Bourne, who had deprived Mr. Stuart of that honour in 1909, and had stroked his crew to victory in the two following years.

The race was rowed in a raging gale, and Cambridge who had the Middlesex station, were half full of water before they started.

By Harrod's Wharf the water in the Light Blues' boat had risen to their knees and Cambridge sank, the gallant crew rowing on until their boat was actually under water.

Oxford, who were in little better case than their rivals, had to come out in mid-stream to shoot Hammersmith Bridge, where great rollers poured into their boat. They just managed to regain the bank when they also sank.

The crowd and willing policemen swarmed forward to help them, but Bourne shouted to them to keep back. By the laws of boat-racing, had any hand but that of a member touched the boat or oars, they were liable to be disqualified. One policeman did just touch the blade of an oar, but dropped it like a hot cake at a yell from Bourne.

The Dark Blue stroke kept an anxious eye on the bend round Hammersmith, not knowing whether Cambridge were coming or not, and exhorted his crew to empty out the boat and re-embark. This was quickly done and they rowed on to the finish. The umpire, however, ruled that it was "no race." It was re-rowed the following week under rather better conditions. Oxford won after a great race, and Mr. R. C. Bourne created the fine record of stroking four successive winning crews.

Oxford won again in 1913 but in the race before the War Cambridge broke the Dark Blue run of success and once more the little light blue silk flag passed the winning post first. Cambridge having won this year, Oxford have now thirty-nine wins to their credit, and Cambridge, thirty-two, while there has been the one dead-heat.

A Tonsorial Tragedy

(By "Sugar," a Canadian St. Dunstaner)

FEELING rather stupid and lazy on this particular morning, I decided to permit myself to be robbed of fifteen cents by the barber, and so save myself the trouble of shaving. So, donning my hat and coat, I stepped cheerfully out of the house and into the street, where my troubles were to begin.

During the night there had been a light fall of snow, just enough to make the walking rather more heavy than usual, and covering the curbs sufficiently to make them rather difficult to find.

I had not gone very far when I was brought to an abrupt halt. The sidewalk was undergoing repairs, and a barrier had been erected to prevent trespassers on that particular spot, so I stepped from the pavement and steered out around. When I judged myself well past the torn-up portion I again turned toward the pavement. The fresh snow prevented me from knowing when I had again reached the side walk—and I passed right over it, and on into the backyard of a grocer's shop. After wandering about here among and over boxes and barrels, I found my way back to the walk. Believing all to be clear now, I started off at a smart pace, and ran slap into another barrier. It seems that a space had been left for the grocer's team to pass through, and of course I found it.

A little further on I came to where I knew a building was being repaired, which made it necessary to have a staging erected over the sidewalk, and hearing the men at work, I once again stepped from the pavement to prevent any chance of an accident. I turned back again when I knew myself to be safe, and ran bang into a man standing there. I apologised, he stepped back, and I went on. Two steps, and bang again into another chap. He staggered back muttering something, which, although I could not hear clearly what it was, I did not stay to request him to repeat. These men were interested in the work being done on the building, and

had been gazing up at the progress which was being made. I hurried on rather more briskly, hoping that I might soon be out of earshot, when after a very few strides I stepped fairly on what must have been a very tender portion of a dog's anatomy. He gave vent to one awful ki-i-i-i, which so startled me that I gave one grand leap, hoping to clear the teeth which I felt sure were about to close on the rear portion of my unprotected body. In place of being caught from the rear, my foot caught in a step that just here jutted out over the walk, and I sprawled headlong. I could hear the dog yelping pitifully as he rushed off in the opposite direction, so I did not hurry about rising. When I did struggle to my feet, I dusted myself carefully, straightened my neck-tie, and after making quite certain that no bones were broken, resumed my journey.

I now discovered that the snow had been trampled down just here, forming a path in the centre of the walk with room enough for only one person to walk. The snow had begun to form balls on my boots by this time, and as I was turning a corner I stepped on the rounded side of the path, slipped, staggered, tried to recover my balance, but all in vain, and I found myself falling forward, so rushed headlong, moving faster each second, but was unable to check myself until my head came in contact with something soft and yielding that uttered agonising shrieks as it went down before me. The obstacle I had met with happened to be a dear old lady (rather inclined to corpulence) out on her morning's marketing tour. While I lay there gasping for breath, the "shopping" came raining down on me with such force that I felt convinced the lady had not been prepared for my advent, and in her surprise had flung her arms wide and her parcels high. When I had recovered sufficient breath I attempted an apology by explaining that I was blind. "And blind it is, ye are," remarks the good dame. "Shure and a

body don't need more nor two eyes to see that! A cryin' shame I calls it, and this a prohibition town. Things is come to a terrible pass when a respectable lady can't go out for a morning's shopping without being set on, insulted, and hauled about the streets by lazy, drunken dudes, and as soon as I can get to my poor old feet I'm a-going to go to that there policeman and tell him to arrest ye. Ye won't get very far, the cop'll know ye by the bag o' good flour that burst and fell over ye, when it fell on yer most prominent part."

By this time I had managed to get the brim of my hat up off the tops of my ears, and realising that nothing was to be gained by attempting an explanation to the lady while she was in her present mood, I stepped around and passed her, and into a drug store a few yards further on. I was well enough acquainted with the clerk to ask him to brush some of the groceries from my clothing, and to help straighten me out. I then related my troubles to him, and asked him to peep out and see if the coast was clear of my lady friend, as I was rather diffident about placing myself within her range of vision so soon after getting safely from her threats of a speedy vengeance. The clerk explained that a lady with her hat over one eye and a string of sausages gripped firmly in one hand was at that moment talking in a rather excited manner to a police sergeant just outside the door of the shop. Seeing that there was no help for it, I plucked up my courage and advanced to the door, my intention being to see the sergeant, explain my part in the mix-up, and again apologise to the much-tried female. There are two steps leading from the door of the store to the walk. These were covered with well packed snow, and there being still two balls of the same on my boots, when I stepped on the edge of the top step just one thing could happen, and happen it did with a vengeance. My feet flew out and struck the police sergeant just above the ankles. He shot forward as if he had been thrown from a catapult, landing full in the arms of our fair friend, and we all came to the earth in a heap.

The first thing to break the silence was

a male voice lisping out: "Whereth my teeth?" in frantic tones of appeal. Then a female voice replied: "There's yer dirty china all wrapped up in the sausage me husband has to eat for his dinner. Ah, Sergeant, and its that murdering, drunken sot again, the one I was jist a-telling ye of, as tried to kill me a few minutes back. Arrest him immediat. Shure an it's no trouble fer ye to see his condition if ye'll take one look at him."

I waited for no more, but got to my feet, and while the sergeant was collecting his teeth, hat, the dinner for my lady's husband, assisting her to her feet, and consoling her, I beat a hasty retreat in the direction of the barber's shop, which luckily was only a few doors further on. I opened the door and hurriedly passed inside.

Both barbers were occupied, one cutting a man's hair, and the second holding the head of another over a basin half filled with water, and washing from his hair the soap with which he had been shampooing him. An old gentleman who was waiting his turn for a shave was seated in a chair at one side, balancing himself neatly as he tilted backwards, and quietly reading his morning paper.

In my haste at getting out of the policeman's sight before he could recall the cause of his misfortune, I rushed into the shop and planked my foot squarely on the tail of the pet cat. With one heart-rending meow-w-o-e-o-w he went straight up into the air, and came down on the red-hot top of the stove he had been lying in front of. He did not stay there long, but with another shriek leaped again, and this time hit fairly on the bald head of the old gentleman who was so gracefully tilted backwards in the chair. He went over with a crash and a roar. The man in the chair, who was having his hair fussed up, also shrieked, for the barber, being startled, had dug deep with the clippers, removing the skin and two or three hundred hairs from the top of his client's head. A great spluttering came from the rear where the basin was situated, and the individual who was being shampooed came up spluttering and spitting from the bottom of the basin,

where he had been thrust by his knight of the soap and razors.

After listening for a few seconds to the uproar my entrance had created, I decided it best not to linger, so turned and made for the door. I found it—with my head, and went half through the glass that ornamented its upper part. Breaking loose from this mess, and finding the handle of the door, I drove out into the street, my hat once more over my ears.

I turned up a side street and slunk along, picking glass from the more exposed part of my head and shoulders.

I now decided I had better return home, and started off, praying that I might not meet any of my newly-made acquaintances. The street leading to my home is rather steeply inclined. The snow was by this time well packed, and the youngsters were out in numbers, taking advantage of their opportunities to enjoy what is to them the prince of winter sports, sliding down hill.

I was walking quietly toward home up the hill, congratulating myself on getting so far safely, when suddenly my feet were swept from under me, and I sat down rapidly and very hard on the back of a small boy, who was stretched out full length on a sled, going pell-mell down hill. Naturally I went with him from that point, balancing myself as best I could, riding backwards, legs in the air and arms waving wildly. As may be supposed, we did not go very far, but all pitched off into the ditch, where we rolled over and over, sled, boy and myself, all mixed up together. I finally managed to check my speed, and got to my feet.

The boy at the same time recovered sufficient breath to utter one unearthly howl, and put off down the street as fast as his legs could carry him. I made no attempt to stop him, but felt very much relieved to know that a boy who had felt so soft and squashy was still alive and able to run.

I made the remainder of my journey home safely, and without further mishap retired to my room, and, sadly drawing forth my razor, proceeded to shave myself.

St. Dunstan's Competitions

LAST month we asked our readers to think of a joke. And they thought! In fact, the editorial staff has been for some time convulsed with laughter at the admirable examples of humour that have been sent in, and we can only regret that there is a single prize. The winning joke was sent in by J. E. Bell, Fulham, S.W., and is as follows:—

"The sergeant-major of a crack infantry battalion asked a young corporal to explain the meaning of a blank file. The corporal after a pause, replied smartly: 'A space in the rear rank occupied by a man when he is not there.'"

The prize of 10s., kindly offered by Mr. Chas. J. Jones, has accordingly been forwarded to J. E. Bell.

This month we have quite an original competition and Mr. Chas. J. Jones has again most generously offered a first prize of one guinea, and second and third prizes of 10s. 6d. respectively, to the St. Dunstaner who can send in the best description of a special hobby or pastime which he has originated for his own amusement. Now, boys, is the time to show your inventive powers! All efforts must be sent in to the Editor, St. Dunstan's Review, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, N.W.1., before the 5th May.



ABOUT a score of chaps from Wigan came up to London, and when they got outside Euston Station became dispersed in the crowd and lost sight of one another. One of them ambled along until he came to Trafalgar Square. Then he went up to a policeman, looked him up and down, and said:

"Excuse me, lad, but have you seen any of the others?"

The policeman, who had evidently met people from Wigan before, grinned at him, and by way of answer, pleasantly remarked:

"There are a lot of people here in London to-day."

"Ay, that there by!" was the reply. "There's a trip in from Wigan!"

George Formby.

The Return of the Fairies

(Reprinted by kind permission of "The Windsor Magazine")

MY WIFE turned from an open window, beyond which the sun was apparently setting, and sighed softly.

"Once upon a time," she murmured, "I used to believe in fairies."

"And a very poetic, if unprofitable, faith, too—for the very young."

"I am still very young, but they don't seem as real as they used to be."

"Ah?" I enquired with bewildered anxiety, for there were tears in her tone.

"They never, never failed to make my dreams come true, or to fulfil even the weeniest wish."

"Oh, I say," I said, endeavouring to be jocular and materially hearty, "they weren't as jolly generous as all that—what?"

"Yes, they were. I had only to whisper it to the elves which lived, each in a cluster of roses, outside my casement window, for my wish to be fulfilled."

"Good Heavens!" I gasped. "Can't you go back and ask for a Rolls-Royce, and a new pair of braces for your husband, and—"

"No, I never asked for those sorts of things," she murmured dreamily. "Besides, I should have had no use for the garment you mentioned."

"Garment!" I cried. "They're no garment at all. They're a requirement—and by Act of Parliament, if I'm not mistaken."

"It doesn't matter," she sighed, "I didn't require them. I used to wish for a ship of silver cloud to sail across the moon, or a sweet dreamy dream, or—or another happy day to follow."

The drowsy sing-song of her voice, following upon a very excellent brandy liqueur with which Parkins of The Poplars had provided me after luncheon, set me a-thinking, so that I did not comment upon my wife's last-spoken reverie. Therefore she continued, though she must have done so in any case.

"It was beautiful to think that my little fairies loved me so, so tenderly that they kept awake, until I ran up to bed, just to listen for their world-child's tiniest fancy."

"Beautiful," I murmured, "beautiful!"

"What is?" she asked without warning.

"Eh?"

"What is?" she repeated.

"That splendid feeling," I faltered, hoping that the ambiguity of my meaning would pass undetected. And so it did, to my vast joy.

"I'm glad you're listening. It's good to know that someone listens now—now that the roses are empty and the elves all left behind with the years of youth and make-believe."

To a man I could have said: "Have another, dear old cockroach, and work it off that way." But one must needs judge women by kinks of thought which would sneak by a battalion of men without striking any single one of them.

"Come, come, Sylvia, are there not clusters of magic roses outside your window now?"

"There are," she sighed, "but they are all, all empty."

"Not a bit of it," I affirmed stoutly, "no more empty than you wish to think them. Faith you know. That's it—*faith*, and—er—the trick's done. D'you see?"

"Yes, I think perhaps I do now," she whispered, as she came over and thanked me for resuscitating something or other which I really didn't quite consider worthy of resuscitation, but which appeared harmless enough.

But when, that same night, a whisper penetrated the roses above and informed my entire study that Sylvia was in love with "the sweetest necklace you ever saw," I saw harm enough—to my bank balance.

However, for once I impersonated something wonderful, and called back "Right O!"

Richard Norman.



A Comedy of Errors

I SUPPOSE that all St. Dunstaners, past and present, are more or less familiar with the rural beauties of Featherstone Farm. Those whose notions are somewhat vague about the beauty of its surroundings no doubt still treasure up memories of luscious cream and golden butter, of which there was always a plentiful supply.

Well, one Sunday recently we had a rare burst of brilliant sunshine. In fact, it was almost like a spring day. So someone, feeling the magical call of the spring, arranged for a party to go out to Featherstone Farm for tea. You can well imagine that I fell an easy prey to her persuasiveness, conjuring up pictures of the groaning table with its load of good things.

So off we started, seven of us all told, to catch the No. 2 'bus at the corner of Wellington Road. After standing about for half an hour, watching the 'buses come in and the 'buses go out, we discovered that No. 2 had been taken off. No. 2a, we were told by a local know-all, was the 'bus we were to take. At this juncture a "2a" drew up about thirty yards away. So off we dashed, one of the boys calling out "cabby" in his excitement. However, we did not get it, and had to wait till the next one came along.

We were told of all the interesting things by the way, even to the advertisements on the 'bus windows. We gathered most interesting information with regard to the building-up qualities of Hall's Wine; the disinfectant properties of Jeyes' Fluid; the soothing effect on the skin of Sanitas soap, and the certain cure of all chest troubles by Venos' Lightning Cough Cure. Best of all was a boot polish advertisement, a boot with a large tongue, and the words: "If this tongue could only speak it would say 'Nugget Boot Polish.'"

We had to change at Golders Green. The second half of the journey was quite

ordinary. In fact, I was driven to amuse myself by putting tunes to the ding-donging of the conductor's ticket-puncher. I made out quite clearly the opening bars of the "Barcarolle" when he punched our seven tickets.

Horror of horrors! When we got to the end of the stage, we found that we were at Church End, Finchley, instead of Church End, Hendon. There was nothing left for us to do but to have tea near at hand. It would have taken us ages to get back to the right Church End. Besides, we would have lost all the romance of spring. The sun would have been low on the horizon long before we had got there. So we took a penny fare to Tally-ho Corner. Here, again, the comedy of errors was still continued. One of the party complained about his tea being too sweet. Our guide, not being used to this particular kind of complaint, absent-mindedly put in another spoonful of sugar, plainly showing by force of habit what she was accustomed to hear.

After upsetting two lots of tea in an endeavour to play "Up, Jenkins," we sounded the "Tally-ho" and started for home.

The journey was quite an ordinary affair, unless I mention quite a fair-sized row between the conductor and an irate would-be passenger, for whom we had no room; a little chap who was bewailing the loss of his daddy, and a jolting 'bus.

You can call this little trip a "wash-out" if you like, but all the same we enjoyed the whole immensely. Featherstone Farm holds a double interest for me now. I intend to try again to get to this little Devon, let us hope with better results.



"They make shoes of simply every kind of skin nowadays."

"What about banana skins?"

"Why, they make first-rate slippers."